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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun,

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

--AND THE--

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

--IN--

OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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BACK NUMBERS.

The demand for back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM *has been so great, and our stock is so reduced, that we are obliged to announce the following charges: For copies issued up to January, 1881, fifty cents each; for copies from 1881 to 1884, twenty-five cents each; for copies from 1884 to date, except when they are without covers, ten cents each; copies without covers, twenty-five cents each. There are some issues which we cannot furnish at all, and others of which we have only one or two copies. For these last a special price will be charged.*

WHAT WILL MAINE DO?

ON Monday last a petition was brought before the Maine Legislature praying that body to so amend the laws of the State as to make the dogging of deer lawful.

The abominations of deer hounding have so often been hailed that it is unnecessary to go over the list again. Its destructiveness, and the certainty that if it should be again put in practice in Maine the deer would soon all be destroyed, would seem to furnish an argument against legalizing it which would appeal to the meanest intelligence in all that great State. The people of that State are as intelligent as any in New England, and no doubt are as quick to see what is to their own advantage as any other community in the world. The people of Maine know very well that the game and fish found within their borders bring into the State an annual revenue amounting to millions of dollars. They know, too, that the number of those who resort to the beautiful lakes and woods of that region increases each year, and that as the game and fish, under the wise care of the present Commissioners, become each year more plenty, so the line of travel by those who desire to take this game and fish will tend constantly to increase. They know, too, that should the game and fish be destroyed in such numbers as to make them scarce, this tide of travel must diminish, and soon be reduced to nothing. The sportsman will not continue to visit empty covers and streams without fish. As the tourists become fewer in number, the dollars which they spend will also become fewer. So Maine may readily enough lose some millions of dollars each year should the selfish and foolish prayers of some of her most selfish and foolish citizens prevail.

How comes it that such a petition can be presented to the Legislature? How is it that any man or any body of men dare to bring forward a request so prejudicial to the general good? In most communities, if such a vicious measure were to be set on foot, one which takes out of the mouths of so large a portion of its inhabitants the very bread by which they live, a wave of popular indignation would overwhelm it as soon as the movement came to be known. It would be stamped out at once.

Why is it not so in Maine?

It is because certain portions of the State of Maine are cursed by a lot of most unmitigated ruffians, who do not hesitate to set at defiance the law and the officers of the law. These men are prepared to commit murder and arson and a hundred minor crimes in the furtherance of their illegal pursuits. They seem to think that the community exists for them alone, and if its will runs counter to their desires they punish the community, through its representatives, in their own way. Thus the officers of the law risk life and property when they attempt to perform their duty. Not very long ago a game warden had his buildings burned; more recently two unarmed officers were shot down in cold blood because they ventured to do their duty.

This is a shocking state of things, but it is not the worst feature of the condition of matters in Maine. More terrible is the astounding state of public sentiment there which permits such crimes to be perpetrated. Ruffians and scoundrels, murderers and incendiaries, may exist in any community, but the perpetrators of crimes are usually punished promptly, and the fear of such punishment lessens the number of criminals. In certain portions of Maine, however, it seems impossible to bring to justice those who violate the laws. A year or two elapses before an incendiary is convicted. Criminals are acquitted, not because there is not evidence to convict, but because that evidence is not accumulated, put in proper shape and brought forward in earnest by the prosecuting officer.

The State of Maine is disgraced by the condition of things now existing within its borders. Wise legislation, able and energetic commissioners, tireless and courageous wardens have given it a system of game protection which is by far the best in force in any State—a model for all others to follow—and which is of incalculable money value to its people. And yet, in some sections, a handful of lawbreakers laugh at the authorities and burn out or murder the officers of the law. Can the State of Maine stand this? Nay, more, can it throw away all that it has gained at such an expense of money, suffering and blood, at the bidding of those who have caused this expense, this suffering and this bloodshed? It cannot. We have faith enough in the strong intelligence and sturdy fearlessness of the people of Maine to feel sure that they will not allow themselves to be bullied into any such weak and foolish action by a band of criminals and their allies.

The responsibility for this attempted retrograde movement does not rest wholly with residents of Maine, nor even with the band of outlaws who have disgraced a portion of the State by their crimes. They would be less bold were it not for the aid and encouragement which they receive from people who live outside of the State, people who, occupying respectable positions, are yet willing to ally themselves in secret with men guilty of the foulest crimes. There is reason for believing that money has been contributed from without the State to influence the legislature, that men living in other States, who are greedy for the blood of the game that has cost Maine so dear, are trying to purchase the passage of the deer dogging bill through the legislature.

There is not much danger that these efforts will succeed. The actual practical benefits of protection have been so clearly proven that it is not at all likely that the people will permit any such backward step to be taken. We may await the event with confidence and patience. Meanwhile, it is the duty of every good citizen to lend what influence he can toward strengthening the hands of the Maine Commissioners and their subordinates, and toward building up a healthier public sentiment.

A MEMBER of the California Legislature has introduced a bill to legalize the killing of quail all the year round. There ought to be common sense enough among the other members to squelch such a foolish proposition as this once and for all.

A YAPHANKIAN PROBLEM.

IF IT takes the Long Island State "game protector" fourteen days to go from his home to the Brooklyn game markets, ninety-one miles, how long will it take him to go to Yaphank or Manorville, about one-fourth the distance? The answer may be six months or it may be six years. Either might be correct to judge by the immunity enjoyed by Yaphank and Manorville snarers, who have been shipping snared grouse and trapped quail to the New York market for months and months. One party in one week sent in twenty-five dozen birds. The actual definite solution of the problem, however, is not in the domain of exact mathematics, for the "protector," so far as we can learn, has not been there yet, and no one, even though gifted with second sight, can tell when he will go there.

Is not this pretty small business for the employees of the Long Island Railroad to be engaged in? Some railroad managers have had the sconce to see that passenger fares paid into the treasury of the road are of more value as revenue than the petty pickings of employees who for their own gain encourage and engage in this disgraceful traffic of contraband goods. The Long Island Railroad managers seem not to have comprehended this point, or they would put an end to the peddling of snared game by their employees.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE present our compliments to the New York *World* with assurances of the profoundest esteem, and take peculiar pleasure in announcing the engagement, equipment and dispatch of a FOREST AND STREAM National Yellowstone Park Midwinter Exploring Expedition, consisting of one man and a pack-horse. It is not the intention of this expedition to rival the *World's*, which musters twelve men all told, including "Crow scouts," with ambulances, mule teams and a detail of United States troops to go ahead and break the road. Our man and the pack-horse are, however, well hardened to the fatigue and perils of making the passage from one Park hotel to another, and we have instructed our explorer to stand by with the horse to extricate the *World* party from snow drifts, and to guard against the ignition of the *World* commissioners' Arctic clothing, should it come into too close proximity to the redhot stoves of the hostelries where they put up. As mail and telephonic communication is maintained between the Park and the outer world throughout the winter, we hope to have early advices from the two expeditions. Meanwhile, the public need have no solicitude regarding the fate of the *World* party; worst may come to worst, but we have every confidence that the FOREST AND STREAM'S Explorer and his pack-horse will see them through.

The contribution to our knowledge of the food of hawks and owls, published in another column, is perhaps the most important paper on this subject which has appeared. It certainly merits the careful consideration of that very large class who, for no very good reason, consider the rapacious birds necessarily noxious. The farmer who has lost one, or one dozen, chickens by hawks is apt to sweepingly condemn the birds of prey, never recollecting that the very bird which has destroyed one dollar's worth of poultry has very likely saved for him five dollars' worth of young fruit trees and of vegetables, which mice or insects would have destroyed. The tables published deserve careful study. It is noteworthy that among the thirteen hawks killed because "they had killed quails and chickens," only one shows evidence of having eaten such food. It would appear from such evidence as we have up to the present time, that the accipitrine hawks are those which are least beneficial to the farmer, and that the great horned owl is the only one which destroys poultry. More observations are needed, but those which have been made are extremely instructive.

There is some reason for hoping that the present muddled game laws of New York may be straightened out and reduced to an intelligible and consistent statute. There have been several conferences of the New York City Society with representatives of the game dealers, and it is proposed to attempt to draft a law to meet the approval of all concerned. The dealers ask for more time to sell certain varieties of game, and the Society is disposed to grant this. The great danger is that in the attempt to harmonize diverse interests the effect of an extended open selling season on the game supply will not be adequately

considered. It would be a grave error to license traffic in such game as woodcock at any time before the opening of the legal season for killing. Opportunity to sell openly would only stimulate the destruction of young birds now extensively carried on to supply the covert and illicit trade in them. It is a well established principle that an open season for the sale of game means a coextensive season for its destruction lawfully or unlawfully.

Abolish spring shooting. Favor every proposed law to that effect. Foster public sentiment to that end. It is no longer the part of wisdom in this country to make war on migrating game in spring and fall. One season or the other must be granted for their immunity; common sense dictates that spring is that season.

The regular annual prognostication that game has been extirpated by the severe winter weather has been made in several quarters, and it is suggested that a two or three years' prohibitory law must be adopted so that the supply may be replenished. This is timely talk, but next autumn the timely thing will be to go shooting, and there will be an abundant supply of birds, too, spite of all the cold weather we have had yet or are likely to have.

The Minnesota Sportsmen's Association is not specially active at the present time. Mr. W. S. Timberlake, of St. Paul, is the secretary, and to his individual efforts is largely due what good has been accomplished by the organization. It is to be regretted that there are not more public-spirited sportsmen in the State, for as things go now, the game laws are in a large measure a farce and laughing stock.

The Virginia Field-Sports Association numbers among its members many influential men, and there is abundant ground for the belief that in their hands the interests of the rod and gun in the Old Dominion will be advanced. Virginia sportsmen should support the Association and its course by joining the ranks and giving each one his individual aid and influence.

If the experiment noted in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13, of breeding wild pigeons in captivity, is successful, it is possible that our posterity may see some of these beautiful birds alive and outside of museums. Otherwise hardly so, considering their ruthless wholesale slaughter and rapid decrease within a score of years.

The adjective "doggy" is an abominable piece of word-making, but it appears to be coming into general use among manny and womanny correspondents on doggy subjects. The word expresses nothing for which there were not good enough terms before. Dog, kennel and canine answer every purpose.

The ruling passion is strong even in the White House. Secretary Bayard and Senator Kenna met the other day, one on his way to a Cabinet meeting, the other to a reception; and they talked bear and bear hunting so long that both were late.

Prince Henry of Battenberg is in luck. The extensive game covers at Osborne, which were once the exclusive preserves of John Brown, and have not been shot over since that worthy's death, are to be opened for the Prince and his friends.

A bill has been introduced into the Indiana Legislature to prohibit the sale of game in that State for a term of five years. Hon. Jacob Covert is its sponsor, and he deserves great credit for his efforts in support of the measure.

Col. Bob Crockett, grandson of Davy Crockett and whilom contributor to this journal, is a Senator in the Arkansas Legislature; and needless to say, he is sound on the game question, which promises to be a subject of debate.

The expedition sent out by the National Museum to secure buffalo specimens has returned with twenty-two, secured in northern Montana. The largest buffalo stands 5ft. 8in. at the shoulder.

It is proposed to start another New Jersey State sportsmen's association, with the double object of working for game protection and encouraging skill in trap-shooting. The two will not jibe.

Senate Bill No. 2436, providing for the care and government of the National Park, should be passed without fail in the present session.

The *American Kennel Register* pedigree entries closed for January with 103 additions, making the total number 4606.

The initial number of the *Audubon Magazine* will be that for February instead of January as announced.

Florida papers complain that winter tourist travel is being largely diverted to Southern California.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

UNOFFICIAL LOG OF THE STELLA.

LET me premise that the Stella is a beamy, comfortable yacht of 27 tons, which makes her way through a watery world by the combined power of steam and canvas. She was well known to Eastern yachtsmen under her old name of Leila, but does not appear on the list of New York yachts under her new name. She has made two cruises from Maine to Florida, and though not speedy is an excellent sea boat and good for ten miles an hour in fair weather. She is 68ft. in length, 15ft. beam and draws when stowed for a cruise 5ft. Her best point is her roominess below. She has three staterooms and two large combination lockers, with plenty of head room and can stow seven sleepers aft and four forward. The ship's company consists of the Captain, the Scribe, engineer, mate and steward. Objects of the cruise, health, enjoyment, the pleasure of doing nothing—or doing what you please, shoot, fish, cruise, camp, avoid the Northern winter and follow the robins north in spring. Of course we make calculations, which like all "schemes o' mice an' men," are liable to "gang agley."

For instance, the Captain and the Scribe get quite enthusiastic about exploring the Ten Thousand Islands in Ponce de Leon Bay, Florida, in the Stella's gig, with the little canoe for a tender. But the Scribe does not forget that he once went to Florida with a full determination to do the same thing, and he has not yet seen the mystical islands.

It was on Christmas morning that the Stella left her moorings and headed down New York Bay in a strong nor'wester that sent the spray flying to her taffrail and soon converted her decks into a skating rink. The Scribe went below and sort o' curled himself around the cook stove. He does not like arctic weather; and the fragrance of a Christmas turkey which the steward was roasting, brought recollections of home and friends who were keeping the day on *terra firma*.

The little yacht carried her four low-headed sails with a full head of steam, and although nearly every sloop and schooner we saw was reefed down, she ran along on nearly even keel with the wind off shore and a fairly smooth sea. It was a fine run; thirty-six hours from Brooklyn brought her to anchor in Hampton Roads. We were told that some yachts, taking the inside route, had been nearly a month in reaching Norfolk from New York. It was a brisk, invigorating dash for a man who had been listlessly lying around home all summer sick with malaria, and the Scribe felt it in his bones. He proved it by appropriating a liberal share of the turkey and voting Christmas afloat a decided success.

From Norfolk to Hatteras Inlet there was a tame, monotonous run through rivers, canals and bays; tying up one night at a wood wharf and anchoring the next under the lee of Roanoke Island; but from Hatteras Inlet to Cape Lookout the run was breezy enough to delight a man-o'-war's man. We made the light just at dark, and hauled on the wind at 7 P. M. for the tail of the shoals. This brought the wind abeam, with the shoals under our lee and a stiff sea running. She rolled some. If there was anything loose that didn't bring up to leeward in a loose condition, it wasn't the Scribe. Thirteen miles of running in the trough of the sea was supposed to make the tail of the shoals. But the night was pitch dark and it was safer to be five miles off than five feet on the rocks, so the Captain gave her eighteen miles of it to make sure. Then he turned and ran under the lee of the cape until within a mile of the light we had passed five hours before. For here was safe anchorage and the Stella found rest. The steward righted the cook-stove which had fetched away, and brought order out of a chaos of upset dishes, stools, boxes, etc., while the Scribe turned in, with the firm conviction that a sudden freshening of the northeaster would have run the whole business on the shoals.

Jan. 1, 1887.—And here we are yet, and here we are likely to remain until a favorable change of weather. For the wind is dead ahead, and we can see the breakers over and beyond the sand dunes, white, ragged and dangerous. The skipper has gone ashore in full rig for shooting, and I trust he may have luck, as we are out of fresh meat and the sea air is appetizing. But the birds, which come scudding in before the wind in straggling bunches, are very wild, and a dozen shooters who come on the beach by the lighthouse seemed to have very little luck. They scattered themselves along the beach for a mile or more, but got very few shots, and finally bunched themselves for a march inland.

I do not object to spending the New Year in this snug little bay. As well here as anywhere, and the place has points of interest to a stranger. In the first place the bay is a perfect fish trap, and a dozen powerful windlasses strung around the shore for hauling nets show what the natives think of it. The fish, following the shore northward, get pocketed in the bay naturally, and in skirting the shore to escape, the seines take them in to the tune of 12 to 18 cwt. each day during the season. The fish are packed in ice and sent North with the least possible delay. So says the skipper of a little smack, which is lying here waiting for a fare; and he ought to know, as it is his sole business to get the fish to market on time. "I may, likely enough, stay here a week, waiting for a run," he said, "and you had better trust to mailing your letters yourself." For we had thought he might reach postal facilities sooner than we should. Also, we tried the lighthouse keeper, with no better result. Therefore, we have no definite idea as to when or where we shall mail or receive letters; and there is at least one of us who doesn't much care. "No news is good news." For the wind has hauled to S.W., and the balmy, soft air from the Gulf is grateful to sore lungs and raw bronchial tubes.

The Nessmuk Jr. is safely nestled in the captain's gig, and it is doubtful if she gets floated this side of Georgia, There are three months of winter weather ahead, and we have all the time there is.

And again the wind hauled to the N. E. with a sharp, chill breath that froze the decks slippery with ice. The Sunny South seems to recede as we advance. The lighthouse man comes on board, and, being entertained with hospitality, becomes communicative. "It is a desolate coast and a dreary life," he says. "It is six miles to the mainland and thirteen out to the lightship, and it's seldom a vessel passes in sight of us, they keep outside. There's little to be seen the year round but sand and water, and when a heavy gale is blowing on shore it is a wild looking place. The work isn't hard, but the pay is small and the rations smaller yet. But, it is ready money, and money is scarce here. Hunting? Yes; there's good deer hunting a few miles inland. Mr. Rogers came down to Beaufort about a week ago and he's already shot four large deer. He is a New York man; comes here every winter to hunt. No, we don't have any wrecks here. Vessels bound up the coast keep in the Gulf Stream, and downward bound they keep outside the Gulf. Only once in a while a little fellow like you runs in here for a safe anchorage."

For three days the Stella swung to her anchors in that lonely bay, and the soul of the Scribe grew weary within him. Weary of the ominous humming of the gale in the rigging, of the dismal stretches of sand, of the "great mist-jotuns" that rose and swelled and faded on the shoals, of the ceaseless roar of the breakers and the clouds of white spray constantly sweeping over the beach. But at length the wind shifted to N. W. and blew half a gale off shore, the weather was clear and cold, barometer rising, and the Skipper decided to make the outside run to Charleston. It turned out a very breezy dash of thirty-six hours, and in going around Frying-Pan Shoal the yacht was buried up to her pilot house time and again. Her behavior raised the admiration of the pilot, who declared her as good a boat of her size as he had ever handled. And it is but fair to say that she has proved herself an excellent sea boat.

It was on the evening of Jan. 4 that we moored alongside the wharf at Charleston, and the crew, who had been on duty for thirty-six hours, turned in for an all-night watch below. The weather was intonsely cold and our pilot house was cased in ice, ice on our decks, on the rigging, ice everywhere.

We are told that the weather is more severe than the cold wave which swept over the South a year ago; and a merchant remarked that it looked bad for the orange interest in Florida. We shall soon see for ourselves.

Just at this writing we are on the dry dock through an unlucky accident that happened to our condenser; but with good luck we shall get off to-morrow for an outside run to Brunswick, Ga., where we propose to stop awhile, taking in such sport as we may find on Jekyl Island, for the island is the property of the Jekyl Island Club, and the Skipper is in receipt of a letter extending the hospitalities of the club and freedom of the island for "an indefinite period of time," as Mr. Bumble remarks, and there is said to be good shooting there in the way of deer, turkeys and wild hogs.

There are several yachts lying here, all bound for a warmer clime. An English yacht, the Duke of Sutherland's; the Magnolia, steamer, and the sloop yacht Regina; the two latter from New York and both of them mainly by the inside route. The Magnolia was badly cut by the ice. Except from Norfolk to Hatteras Inlet we have managed to scrub along outside, much of the time out of sight of land, and we propose to risk open water rather than trust the tortuous shoal creeks, sounds, canals and shallow bays of the inland route.

We hope to report next from Jekyl Island. NESSMUK.

ON BOARD THE STELLA, Charleston, S. C.

MOUNTED SPORT IN CALIFORNIA.

TO the lover of outdoor sports the mere suggestion of something new is more than welcome; and when an old friend told me one morning that he had discovered a new field amusement that involved some intricate horsemanship, my interest was aroused.

"What is your novelty?" I questioned.

"Never mind," replied my enthusiastic friend, "my horse will be here in half an hour; have your mare saddled, take a light rifle, and I will show you more fields of glory than it has been your good fortune to see for many a year."

I did as he requested, and a little later we were on the way to the broad mesa that reaches from Pasadena up to the base of the abrupt Sierra Madres. I had just been reading in a morning paper of a blizzard in the East, of trains blocked by snow; and it was hardly to be imagined that we, too, were in the winter months. Christmas was but a few days away; yet the entire stretch of the San Gabriel Valley was a perfect flower garden, the scene of a perpetual struggle between the wild flowers, orange grove and vineyard.

As we left the well-beaten road and took to the mesa the flowers, in dense masses, left their pollen upon our horses' knees, and the variation of color and tint had a kaleidoscopic effect upon the eye. Here, a few weeks later, veritable rivers of golden-yellow poppies were seen winding away for a mile or more, presenting such a vivid contrast against the fields of barley upon the highland that one could well imagine that the sailors saw the glow out upon the Pacific when they named the spot the "land of fire." The air was redolent with the incense of flowers, the song of birds of almost countless variety was heard everywhere; yet this was mid-winter in Southern California. Snow there was, but well up on the grim walls of the Sierras, near enough to watch it blown about by the mountain gale, yet so far that its effect was unnoticeable in the valley. We had waded through the flower banks for some distance when suddenly that gentle animal, cycloped by science *Lepus callotis*, and more popularly known as jack rabbit, appeared. It was a vision of long ears, tints of graded gray and black, rapidly moving hindlegs and bounds of ten feet or more. The moment the animal shot from the low cover my companion's horse seemed seized with a desire to buck, but the Spanish spurs jangled deeply and he bounded ahead. My own mount followed suit, and soon we were in a wild race, the rabbit being the apparent objective. The country was fair to look upon, but the carpet of flowers concealed numberless traps in the way of gopher, squirrel and badger burrows, any one of which was, when fairly stepped into, quite sufficient to bring down horse and rider.

Both horses knew the mesa well and successfully kept their feet, but the pace was telling and the animals soon would have been winded had not the rabbit, after the fashion of its kind, suddenly stopped and stood up to see what it was all about. This gave the horses a chance, and they shot ahead, my friend reaching within 100yds. of the jack before it moved; then guiding his horse to the r

he dropped the reins and fired quickly. The rabbit bounded off, while the sportsman, assisted by a terrific leap of his mount, shot up upon his neck and slid not ungracefully to the ground, hatless and gameless, but radiant with enthusiasm.

"You see the point?" he asked, as I came up.

"And this is your new sport?" I retorted.

"Yes," was the reply, as he hauled his rifle from the brush where it had lodged. "This is the new amusement, and if the old Roman was alive who offered prizes for such things, I think I should claim one. You see," he added, "it combines the features of foxhunting, polo, steeple-chasing and ——"

"Ground and lofty tumbling," I suggested.

"That's your own lookout," retorted my friend; "My horse is, as perhaps you noticed, a little brash at the sound of a gun, but that is easily overcome; though my man tells me that if a horse has a dash of broncho in him and don't stand fire he will get worse instead of better. However, mine does well, and I will give you a pointer. If your animal won't stand it mount with a revolver in each hand and fire simultaneously: the horse won't shy because the noise comes from both sides. I had my man try this, and the animal simply rose in the air."

"Bucked?" I suggested.

"Yes, I suppose one might call it that. But I kept this up for a week or so, and after my man expended about ten dollars worth of ammunition he had her well in hand; I began myself firing from her back. At first I could not hit the stable, but finally I struck the door at 100 paces, and now I can do very well."

"But no one could ever hit a jack rabbit from a horse going at full speed with a rifle?" I said.

"It would be hard," replied my companion, "but the secret is to do it with a shotgun. I wanted you to try the rifle to merely show you the difficult side; with the shotgun it is an easy possibility, and is magnificent sport, not to speak of the amusement it affords the jack rabbit." It was evident that this addition to various time-honored sports had the elements of much excitement, and was well worth attempting. In southern California there are numbers of horses brought over from Arizona and the adjacent country which have been used to the fire of a revolver in the hands of the modern cowboy, and if one of these animals can be secured this hunter may consider himself well mounted. My search for such a horse was replete with incident. The owners of various bronchos were unanimous in the opinion that one could shoot from their backs, but as to what would be the immediate results they did not commit themselves; in fact there was a gloomy suggestiveness about their reticence on this point that was so unpleasant that I gave up the quest, and taking my mare in hand, began a series of experiments of an entirely original nature. I first led her into a large corral then approached within 50ft. of her and fired. It was evidently a novelty, as she dashed off, then came at me on a dead run, turned, and let her hoofs fly in my direction in a style that was, to say the least, disconcerting. Repeated firing did not have a soothing effect, and it was given up. The mare would now snort and rear at the sight of a gun, which she did not do before. It was evident that she was retrograding. I next fastened a long rope to the halter, held the coil in my hand, and when I fired and she jumped I let her go, then hauled in on the rope. In this way I hoped to make her leap less every time, but they increased visibly. I then tied the halter rope to her foreleg (a friend who had shot elephants in Africa gave me this point), but the only result was that she almost stood upon her head, a prophetic exhibition. I next tied her to a tree and began firing at a distance, gradually drawing nearer, shooting pigeons and quail in the brush of the mesa, showing her the game and gun, arguing silently and combining an object lesson with it all. But the mare, though intelligent, evidently had fixed ideas on the subject of standing fire, and finally, in answer to appeals from friends who were certain that my neck would be broken if I continued, I gave it up.

Some time after this I again went out with my friend, who carried a small light 12-gauge shotgun. I intended tying my incorrigible steed to a tree and shooting on foot, when right before us sprang up two of the liveliest jacks that ever gladdened the eyes of a greyhound. My friend gave a shout, and without thought I dashed in pursuit over the stubble, through a heavy plowed field, now skirting a vineyard, again into the open we went, the horses bounding along and gaining at every step. As fortune would have it they turned at the edge of the arroyo or cañon bank, and we passed them at short range. My companion's horse was fractious, and in the excitement he snapped his gun or tried to without cocking it. The next second the jack, with ears like the bare poles of a ship, was over my left shoulder, and without thought of the dire results I let fly my right barrel. As the smoke blew away, I caught a glimpse of the jack as it struck the ground, then with a convulsive leap went into the air fully three feet to fall dead or dying.

I found that I was still in the saddle, much to my astonishment, for this wily horse that had for days protested against the gun, had not moved. Her objections to powder were dissipated in smoke.

In a country where one has to walk long distances in search of game the advantage of a horse that will stand fire cannot be overestimated; and where formerly a day's shooting was hard work it is now a pleasure. Quail, dove and even deer can thus be taken, provided that he combines with other qualities that of a good climber.

In rabbit shooting from the horse one is following a precedent to a certain extent of the old Los Angeles coursing club. Twelve or fifteen years ago the American and Castilian gentry of the old Mexican city took a great interest in matters appertaining to out-of-door sports, and chasing the jack rabbit and equally agile "cotton tail" with greyhounds, was one of the pastimes of the country. The hounds were bred for the purpose, and while the packs are not kept together to-day, good dogs are still to be had. The members of the coursing club met upon the Pasadena mesa, and ladies and gentlemen followed the dogs over a country that, as I have suggested, is hardly to be relied upon, not a few mishaps occurring in consequence.

"There were some curious experiences in those days," said my friend one evening, as we rode in from the mesa, "and some queer stories worth remembering, too. There was a Mexican gentleman, from San Luis Obispo, who, as the story goes, brought an English friend down with him one of the meets. He was said to be a famous cross country rider in the old country, and was large and heavy, too much so for our horses here.

"Well, to make a long story short, the hounds started a jack and away they went, the dogs mute, but the men in full cry, the bits and spurs jangling, as fine a sight as you could see anywhere. The ground was so arranged that the party could follow for a mile, then the dogs generally turned toward the mountain and then back. The jack gave them a long run and they had two miles of it before his ears began to lay back. The dogs were well up and the horses well behind, when the animal took a sharp turn and came so near the party that the Englishman, putting spurs to his horse, almost ran over it. The Mexicans shouted to him to reach down and pick the bagged animal up, an easy trick for them. Their guest attempted it, but he had an English saddle, and the consequence was he slipped, at the same time his horse stumbled and he took a header. When the party came up to him he was sitting up rubbing his shoulder. "Where's the jack?" was the first question.

The rabbit had disappeared; but as some one gave him a hand and helped him to his feet, there was the jack crushed out of all semblance of his former self, one of the most original ways of taking the game on record.

The jack rabbit is a feature of the Western country. In Southern California they are a menace to the tree grower, and, owing to their speed, are extremely difficult to kill, ordinary dogs being unable to keep up with them. But the increase in population is fast driving them out, and in a few years there will be comparatively few in the San Gabriel Valley. In certain parts of Nevada their numbers are beyond computation. I have seen fifty or more dashing across a clearing as the train went by; and as this was repeated for miles in the low brush country, their numbers may be realized. Their tall ears give them the appearance of diminutive burros, hence the name jack; and with their powerful hindlegs that seem to shoot them ahead, they present a curious and not to be mistaken appearance. They are in many instances remarkably cunning. When they are not noticed, or the intruder pretends not to see them, they will lie low until a horse is almost upon them, then bound away in a series of leaps, astonishing in their length and demoralizing to the new hand. I have seen an old jack dash off in this way through the brush, make a circuit of perhaps 100yds., and return to within six feet of the original point, there standing on its hindlegs with ears aloft to watch me until I made an aggressive move.

I once started one in a field covered with alfalfa, and the wily creature must have understood my methods, for it kept directly in front of my horse, giving me no opportunity to fire except directly over her ears, which I did not care to do, and in this marching order we took a thousand yards of hard running. Every movement of mine to turn the horse so as to get a shot over her shoulder seemed to be appreciated by the jack that kept dead ahead, and soon bounded into the greasewood and prickly pear patch that constituted its fortress.

Popular opinion is against the jack rabbit as an article of diet, and while I am willing to champion him as running game, I am inclined not to commit myself on this point. I can say, however, that I once dined upon jack that was as fine as venison; but later attempts were from an epicurean point of view utter failures, though doubtless, if properly cooked, and served with judicious condiments, it would be very acceptable to others than the hungry sportsman.

C. F. H.

PASADENA, California.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

DO SQUIRRELS HIBERNATE?

IN FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13 Mr. G. E. Walsh states that squirrels hibernate, while Dr. C. Hart Merriam in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks," says that they refuse to hibernate. Which is corect?

Whatever these animals may do in higher latitudes, I am inclined to think that in these temperate regions they do not hibernate, although my observations have not been sufficiently extensive nor so exact as to warrant my basing any positive opinion upon them. Of this much I am certain, however, that I have never been in our forests, even in the coldest of winter weather, when squirrels were not plentiful, and they are never more active than at this season. I have also dug out numerous nests, but have not yet succeeded in finding any of the family at home. They were not sufficiently dormant to be caught and had escaped by the back door, for the nest is usually placed beneath the snow, in an old stump or amid a pile of brush, and two or more tunnels lead from it in different directions to the surface.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Jan. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The house in which I live and have lived for fifteen years, stands surrounded by old forest trees, such as oaks, hickory, chestnut, etc. When I built the house the wood abounded in gray squirrels, which have continued to dwell here on terms of friendship with all our family excepting the dogs and cats. As I now write four wild squirrels are seeking their dinners of hickory nuts on the ground within 30ft. of me, and a pair of them have reared their young several times in a hollow chestnut tree that stood 20ft. from my window.

I once put a long ladder against this tree and examined the nest while the mother squirrel was off on a visit. The nest contained five young about half grown. I did not disturb them, but on coming away left the ladder against the tree, went into the house, stood at the window and watched. In about five minutes the mother returned and, after deliberately inspecting the ladder, ascended to her nest, a moment afterward reappeared with one of her children held in her mouth, as a cat carries her kitten. She then descended the tree, still bearing the youngster by her teeth, and carried it to another hollow tree about 200ft. away. This operation she repeated until the entire family was removed.

I have, of course, studied the habits of these graceful and intelligent animals carefully, and can state it as a fact without any kind of question, that the Long Island gray squirrel never stores away a supply of food for the winter, but forages every day for food. He never hibernates, and appears just as lively with the temperature at zero as at any other time. As I said, he never lays by a store for winter use, but in the autumn when nuts are on the ground he has a habit of burying single nuts here and there in the woods, apparently in a haphazard way, but when the deep snows of winter come you will see him dig up those same nuts for his breakfast. He never makes any mistakes, and even if the snow be a foot deep, wherever he stops and digs, there he finds a nut, and at once ascends the handiest tree to eat it.

With all his little taking ways the gray squirrel is in some things a thorough rascal. He robs our birds' nests and eats the eggs. His appetite seems to be omnivorous. One of his favorite side dishes consists of grubs, and if you offer him a pint of chestnuts he will carefully select a nut with a fine fat worm, eat the latter and search for more.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Jan. 22, 1887.

FOOD OF HAWKS AND OWLS.

IN March last we published a report by Dr. B. Harry Warren, of West Chester, Pa., bearing on this question, "Are hawks and owls beneficial or injurious?" With this report were a number of letters from some of our most eminent ornithologists, expressing in very decided terms their opinions on this question. There was but one sentiment among these gentlemen on the point at issue, and this was that the birds in question were beneficial. Since the publication of the report, Dr. Warren has continued his investigations of this interesting subject, and has tabulated the results which we are permitted to give below. This report will be printed as the report of the West Chester Microscopical Society. All the hawks recorded in the following table were taken in Chester county, Pa. An X in any column means that the food heading that column was found in the stomach.

**Red-tailed Hawk.—"Henhawk," "Big Chicken Hawk."* Buteo borealis. Gmel.

Sex.	Date.	Field-mice.	Insects.	Poultry.	Rabbits.
♂ ad.	April 20, '86.	.....	Beetles, etc...	.....	.....
♂ ad.	March 10, '86.....	X	.....	.....	.....
♂ ad.	March 14, '86.....	X	.....	.....	X
♀	Oct. 11, '86.....	X	.....	.....	.....
♂	Oct. 11, '86.....	X	Beetles, etc...	.....	.....
♂	Oct. 20, '86.....	X	.....	.....	.....
♂	Nov. 13, '86.....	X	Grasshoppers	.....	.....
♀	Nov. 16, '86.....	X	.....	X	.....
♀ ...	Dec. 4, '86.....	X	.....	.....	.....

Cooper's Hawk.—"Long-tailed Chicken or Pheasant Hawk." "Big Partridge Hawk." Accipiter Cooperi. Bonap.

Sex.	Date.	Food.	Remarks.
♂ ad.	Nov. 17, '86.....	Small bird...	Song Sparrow (M. fasciata)
♀ ad.	Nov. 27, '86.....	X	Meadow lark (S. magna)

Sharp-shinned Hawk.—"Pigeon Hawk," "Little Ho Hawk," "Bird Hawk." Accipiter velox. Wils.

Sex.	Date.	Food.	Remarks.
♂ yg.	Oct. 3, '83.	Small bird....	English sparrow.
♀ ad.	Nov. 26, '86.....	X	Song sparrow (M. fasciata)

Sparrow Hawk.—"Mouse Hawk," "Bird Hawk," "Blue-backed Hawk." Falco sparverius. Linn.

Sex.	Date.	Field mice.	Insects.	Small birds	Remarks.
♀ ad.	Feb. 8, '86...	.....	.....	X	Sparrow (M. fasciata)
♂ ad.	Feb. 9, '86..	.....	X	.....	Grasshopper, other orthoptera
♀ ad.	Feb. 21, '86..	.....	X	.....	Principally grasshopp's, beetles
♂ ad.	March 10, '86	.....	X	.....	Beetles
♂ ad.	April 3, '86..	.....	X	.....	Beetles
♂ ad.	April 4, '86..	X	.....	.....	[manuted to determine
♀ yg.	July 14, '86..	.....	X	.....	Too decomposed and com-
♀ ad.	Nov. 26, '86.	X	X	.....	Beetles and grasshoppers
♂ ad.	Dec. 1, '86...	X	X	.....	Grasshoppers and beetles
♀ yg.	Dec. 3, '86...	X	X	.....	Beetles
♂ ad.	July 3, '86...	.....	X	.....	Various species
♂ ad.	Dec. 9, '86...	.....	.....	X	Junco hyemalis (?)
♀ ad.	Dec. 9, '86...	X	.....	.....	

Red-shouldered Hawk.—"Winter Falcon," "Henhawk," "Strip-tailed Hawk." Buteo lineatus. Gmel.

Sex.	Date.	Field-mice.	Insects	Remarks.
♀ ad.	Jan. 3, '86.....	.....	X	Principally grasshoppers
♂ ad.	Jan. 26, '86.....	.....	X	Black-colored beetles
♀ yg.	Feb. 22, '86.....	X	X	
♀ ad.	April 3, '86.....	X	X	
♀ yg.	Nov. 23, '86.....	X	X	Grasshoppers
♀ yg.	Dec. 2, '86.....	X	.....	
♀ yg.	Dec. 1, '86.....	X	.....	† Hair of mammal
♀ ad.	Nov. 29, '86.....	X	.....	

Dr. A. K. Fisher, Assistant Ornithologist U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., in a letter dated Jan. 15, 1887, addressed to Dr. B. H. Warren, says: "Wednesday I received eight adult redtails and two red-shouldered hawks from a man in Maryland. * * * I find nothing but mice and shrews in their crops and stomachs (from two to five in each). I found two specimens of *Sorex* and the following specimens of mice: *Mus musculus, Hesperomys leucopus, Arvicola riparius*

*The tables giving food materials of different species of hawks refer only to the birds on which bounty has been paid under "Scalp Act."—B. H. WARREN.

Since the above has been written forty odd hawks and owls on which bounty has been paid have been examined; one bird, a red-tailed hawk, was found to have fed on chickens only; a second example of the same species had in its gizzard remains of a chicken and portions of a field-mouse. Two red-tailed hawks had fed on red squirrels, another pair of red-tailed hawks had taken rabbits. Eight sparrow hawks, included in this series of forty odd birds, revealed chiefly mice and grasshoppers. The remainder of the forty odd birds, ten of which were screech and long-eared owls, had in their viscera chiefly field and meadow mice. The owls, with the exception of one screech owl, that had in its stomach an English sparrow, had all subsisted on mice and insects, principally grasshoppers.—B. H. WARREN.

†NOTE.—The gizzard of this bird contained a few hairs of field mouse and some long black hairs which appeared very much like that of a skunk. The bird on dissection gave a very decided odor of pole-cat.

and *Arvicola pinetorum*. The hawks had been killed because they had 'killed' chickens and quail."

We are fortunately in a position to furnish an authoritative statement of the stomach contents of thirteen hawks, among which are the ten above referred to. All these are from Montgomery county, Md., and were killed between Jan. 5 and 14, 1887.

Sex.	Species.	Stomach Contents.
♂ ad.	B. borealis.	1 pine mouse (Arvicola pinetorum)
♂ ad.	B. borealis.	2 meadow mice (Arvicola riparius)
♀ ad.	B. borealis.	A. riparius and Hesperomys leucopus remains
♀ ad.	B. borealis.	2 Mus musculus, Arvi. & Hesperomys remains
♂ ad.	B. borealis.	1 shrew (Sorex), 2 M. musculus, Arvi. remains
♀ ad.	B. borealis.	2 A. riparius
♂ ad.	B. borealis.	1 Sorex, 2 Arvicola riparius
♀ im.	B. borealis.	3 Arvicola riparius
♂ ad.	B. borealis.	Stomach entirely empty
♂ im.	B. borealis.	3 meadow mice (A. riparius)
♂ ad.	B. lineatus.	2 M. musculus, 1 Hesperomys, Arvi. remains
♂ im.	B. lineatus.	1 house mouse (Mus musculus)
♀ im.	A. cooperi.	Remains of quail (C. virginianus)

A more careful examination, which will be made later, will probably increase the total number of mice by half a dozen.

Long-eared Owl.—"*Horned Owl,*" "*Cedar Owl.*"
Asio wilsonianus. Less.

Sex.	Date.	Locality.	Field-mice
♂ ad.	Nov. 25, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X
♀ ad.	Nov. 28, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Dec. 5, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Dec. 7, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Nov. 10, '78	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Dec. 10, '84	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Feb. 23, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Feb. 23, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♀ ad.	Feb. 24, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♀ ad.	Feb. 23, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Feb. 25, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Feb. 23, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Dec. 15, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Nov. 22, '79	Chester County, Pa.	X

Short-eared Owl.—"*Grass Owl,*" "*Swamp Owl.*"
Asio accipitrinus. Pall.

Sex.	Date.	Locality.	Field-mice.	Insects
♀ ad.	Nov. 21, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X	
♀ ad.	Nov. 25, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X	
♀ ad.	Nov. 27, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X	
♀ ad.	Nov. 1, '85	Chester County, Pa.	X	
♀ ad.	Nov. 7, '83	Delaware County, Pa.	X	Beetles
♂ ad.	Dec. 13, '83	Delaware County, Pa.	X	
♂ yg.	Jan. 4, '81	Delaware County, Pa.	X	
♂ ad.	March 17, '82	Purchased at Phila. mark't	X	
♂ ad.	Dec. 8, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X	

Screech Owl.—"*Red Owl,*" "*Gray Owl,*" "*Sparrow Owl,*" "*Mouse Owl.*" Megascops asio. Linn.

First specimen from West Chester, Pa., the remainder from Chester county, Pa.

Sex.	Date.	Mice.	Insects.	Sparrows.	Remarks.
♂ ad.	Nov. 10, '86	X			
♀ yg.	Nov. 27, '83	X			
♀ ad.	Nov. 25, '84	X			Field mouse
♂ ad.	April 22, '86	X			Beetles
♂ ad.	Aug. 20, '76		X		Grasshoppers and others
♂ ad.	Dec. 5, '79	X			
♂ ad.	Nov. 20, '80	X		X	English sparrow
♂ ad.	No[illegible]ne 2, '82				
♂ ad.	Ma[illegible]une 30, '83		X		Beetles
	[illegible]c. 20, '84			X	English sparrow
	[illegible]v. 1, '83			X	Junco hyemalis
Great-horned Owl.—"*Hoot Owl,*" "*Big Owl,*" "*Chicken Owl.*" Bubo virginianus. Gmel.					

First four and last two from Chester county, Pa., and remaining ones from Delaware county, Pa.

Sex.	Date.	Poultry.	Rabbit.	Sm. birds	Field mice.	Remarks.
	[illegible]r. 15, '86					Prince Henry of B[illegible]
♀ ad.	[illegible]covers at Osb[illegible] Yes		X			Lepus sylvaticus
♀ ad.	April, '86	X				Chicken feathers
♂ ad.	March, '86	X				Chicken feathers
♀ yg.	Sept., '78	X				Remains of chicken
♂ ad.	Oct. 20, '82				X	
♀ yg.	Aug. 7, '79			X		Blackbird, Q. purpur[illegible]eus
♀ yg.	Feb. 9, '79	X				

White Owl.—"*Snow Owl,*" "*Arctic Owl.*"
Nyctea nyctea. Linn.

Sex.	Date.	Locality.	Rabbit.	Meat	Remarks.
♂ ad.	Winter '79	Chester County, Pa.	X		L. sylvaticus
♀ ad.	Winter '79	Chester County, Pa.		X	Apparently beef

American Barn Owl.—"*Monkey-faced Owl.*"
Strix pratincola. Bonap.

Sex.	Date.	Locality.	Field Mice
♀ ad.	May 21, '86	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Nov. 14, '80	Chester County, Pa.	X
♂ ad.	Sept. '82	Philadelphia County, Pa.	X

Barred Owl.—"*Hoot Owl,*" "*Big Gray Owl.*"
Syrnium nebulosum. Forst.

All the owls in this table were taken in Chester county, Pa.

Sex.	Date.	Field mice.	Insects.	Poultry.	Sm. birds	Remarks.
♀ ad.	Oct. 28, '79	X	X			Beetles
♂ ad.	Nov. 17, '79		X		X	Beetles & rob. Merula
♂ ad.	Jan. 11, '81	X		X		Chicken feathers
♀ ad.	Jan. 20, '85	X			X	Lark. Sturnella magna
♂ ad.	Jan. 12, '84		X	X		Beetles & chick. feathers
♀ ad.	Jan., '80	X				

From these tables the Committee of the West Chester Microscopical Society concluded that with rare exceptions the hawks are beneficial rather than prejudicial to the farmer, the small amount of damage done being greatly overpaid by the destruction they cause of animal and insects injurious to the farmer.

The observations of the habits of owls indicate that they are particularly beneficial.

The Committee also made inquiries of the Commissioners of the different counties as to the number of birds and mammals that have been killed and for which bounties had been paid, and received answers up to July 1, last, from thirty-four counties. The number of hawks killed and reported up to that date was 9,237, at an expense of $7,365.10, and of owls 2,499 at an expense of $1,303.90.

In many cases, however, the fees of the magistrates were not included, but merely the bounties paid on the birds. The bounties raised for minks, weasels, foxes and wildcats, raised the sum reported to $15,165.95.

As the time included in the returns does not come down to date, and as only 34 out of 67 counties made reports, it is believed by the Committee that the counties pay annually not less than $50,000, under the law of 1885, of which the largest part is paid for the destruction of hawks and owls. That they are the best friends of the farmer, and that their destruction is to him a great disadvantage, the Committee thinks that it has already shown, by the letters of eminent ornithologists in its report of March 4, last.

The results of these examinations should certainly induce those who have been prejudiced against hawks and owls to modify their sweeping condemnation of these birds.

At the meeting of the Linnæan Society of New York, held on Friday evening, Jan. 21, there was a general discussion of the food habits of hawks and owls, preceded by a paper read by Mr. L. S. Foster, entitled "A contribution to our knowledge of the food of hawks, owls, jays and crows."

Mr. Foster drew his data from reports recently sent him from twenty-five American ornithologists widely scattered over this country, and evidently brought to his work an unprejudiced mind.

The following tables contain some of the testimony he presented, and the results of his investigation of the food of hawks and owls lead those present to a high appreciation of the service of these birds in behalf of the agriculturists, and the belief that few species, if any, deserve the contents of the farmer's gun.

Food of North American Hawks, derived from records of examined stomachs and nests.

Food.	Marsh Hawk	Sharp-shinned Hawk	Cooper's Hawk	Western Goshawk	Red-tailed Hawk	Red-shouldered Hawk	Broad-winged Hawk	American rough-legged Hawk	Pigeon Hawk	American Sparrow Hawk
Beetles						X	X		X	X
Birds	X	X	X		X				X	X
Caterpillars				X						
Centipedes				X						
Chickens			X		X					
Clapper rail	X									
Crayfish						X				
Crickets					X					X
"Darning needles"									X	
Frogs	X					X				
Grasshoppers					X	X			X	X
Gophers					X					
Ground dove		X								
Horned lark					X					
Insects	X	X				X				
Lizards										X
Mice	X		X		X	X	X	X		X
Moles	X				X	X				
Oven bird		X								
Pigeon			X						X	
Porcupine					X					
Poultry								X		
Robins	X	X								
Shrew						X				
Snakes	X					X	X			
Spiders						X				
Squirrel			X							
Toad						X				
"Tobacco worms"				X						

Food of North American Owls, derived from records of examined stomachs and nests.

Food.	American Barn Owl	American Long-eared Owl	Short-eared Owl	Barred Owl	Screech Owl	Great-horned Owl	Browning Owl
Beetles					X		
Birds		X					X
Bugs	X						
Chickens						X	
Clapper rail						X	
Crayfish				X			
Fish				X	X		
Frogs				X			
Gophers	X						
Grasshoppers	X				X		X
Insects	X				X		
Mammals, small	X	X	X	X	X		
Mice	X	X		X	X		
Moles	X						
Sparrows		X		X	X		
Squirrels				X		X	
Rabbits				X			
Rat	X		X				

That the prejudice felt against hawks by many farmers is not universal is shown by a communication in the *Cultivator* and *Country Gentleman* as follows:

Samuel Miller states in the *Rural World* that he had a young orchard in clover, and the mice being abundant there was much anxiety for the safety of the trees on the approach of winter. But several hawks were observed there every day, swooping down into the dried clover and reducing the mice. With this aid from the hawks, clearing the grass away from the trees, and treading down the newly fallen snow about the stems, not one of the fifty trees was injured. Not every one can command the assistance of these valuable birds, but every owner of young orchards may adopt the two last-mentioned remedies. We have seen over one thousand young trees in an orchard girdled in three days under a fresh fall of snow, and those who have not protected their trees with smooth solid mounds of earth should take the next best remedy.

NEW BRUNSWICK CARIBOU.—Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 19.—Henry Turnbull, who is engaged in hauling spruce logs on the Taxis, a branch of the Miramichi River, fifty miles from this city, on the 10th of this month, saw a herd of six caribou on his logging road; only one had horns. Where he is working, at this season, these animals remain about the banks of brooks running through low lands where such streams have overflown their ordinary channels and thus consolidated the snow, which is now 5ft. deep on the level in that part of the country, thus enabling them to walk with greater ease than in the deeper snow on the ridges. On the same day on which Turnbull saw these six caribou, the man who was engaged in chopping at the browse on the stream saw two more. Turnbull also says that sable are more than ordinarily plentiful where he is at work. His men who are engaged in chopping take their dinner with them, and when noon comes, kindle a fire and boil their tea kettle after the fashion of the northern woodsmen, and eat their dinner of bread and pork. When they return to the same place the next day they generally find that a sable has been there during the night and gathered up any fragments that may have been left. The caribou seems to have different times for shedding its horns; a very reliable friend of the writer on Feb. 7 last, saw, on Mount Katahdin, in the State of Maine, four of these animals with large horns.—EDWARD JACK.

POOR "ROBIN A DARE."—The notes of "Robin A Dare" in your issue of last week were rather far-fetched as regards Lockport, inasmuch as about the same hour that the paper arrived here poor Robin was handed to me by a gentleman who had seen him drop in his yard, and on going to it found he was dead. The verdict given was "that poor Robin had starved to death," as there was nothing in his crop (and what was worse he had no crop). But the probability is that he froze to death, as he was in good condition, weighing 2¼oz. He had (a) dared too much when he essayed to brave the rigors of our western New York winter. There is no doubt that the few that remain here find enough crumbs and scraps thrown into the yards to eat. But a few mornings since, I saw one feeding in my yard before it was fairly light, showing that in winter as in summer, they go on the principle "that the early bird catches the worm." And I do not know of a bird that is earlier abroad than the robin.—J. L. DAVISON, (Lockport, N. Y., Jan. 17).

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.—The State Farmers' Institute held its first session in this city last week, and among the most important questions asked was "what was to be done with the English sparrow?' The answer was "kill them." It was a good resolution, and should be carried out. Winter is the time to do it, when there are no other birds about to be disturbed, and now, when they are in flocks of thousands, as I saw them yesterday and to-day flying from place to place about the city, and as I see them gathered together about this time every year. This winter the flock is double what it was a year ago, and if there is nothing done, what will it be five years from now? I certainly think it is of more importance to the farmers than any other question raised during the sessions of the Institute.—J. L. DAVISON (Lockport, N. Y.)

HABITS OF THE BEAVER.—Cache Creek, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking through one of Messrs. Routledge's publications I noticed an article on Nova Scotia, by Lieut.-Gen. A. W. Drayson, R. A., in which the following passage occurs: "Two pine trees, growing side by side, will be cut down by the beavers' sharp teeth; the trees are counterparts of each other; the beavers will devote half an hour to running over one tree which they then will drag into the water and it will sink; they will then drag the other tree in the water and it will float." The writer, as authority for this statement which he evidently believes to be a fact, cites certain Indians and French Canadians. Can you or any of your readers acquainted with the habits of the beaver, throw any light upon this curious matter?—R. M. C.

OPOSSUMS ON LONG ISLAND.—Roslyn, L. I., Jan. 22.—A few evenings since, one of my boys met a 'possum in the middle of the highway, and only a short distance from the house. The 'possum did not attempt to retreat but faced the boy, who hit him a whack with a stick, picked him up by the tail, and brought him to the house alive; the animal weighed 11lbs. We cooked him, and don't want any more. Since September last more than a dozen 'possums have been taken in this vicinity. They are getting more numerous from year to year.—THOM. CLAPHAM.

A WOODPECKER'S NEST.—Philadelphia.—When in the country two weeks ago I found a woodpecker's home (deserted, of course) made in rather an odd way. A large limb had been split from the trunk of a tree some distance, and where the opening was about 2 in. wide the bird had bored its hole from the heart to the outside about four inches and then downward as usual. The hole was about 1¼in. in diameter and (supposed) 18in.—H. LOBEE.

MICHIGAN WINTER BIRD NOTES.—Grand Rapids, Jan. 19.—Several species of birds have been seen here late which are uncommon in this locality in mid-winter. They are: Several snipe, Dec. 24; one meadowlark, 30; one woodcock, Jan. 1; one red-headed woodpecker, Jan. 3; one red-shouldered hawk, Jan. 6. Several seen singly the first part of January. The mean temperature for the first ten days of this month at noon was 8½ .—E. L. MOSELY.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—2 polar bears (*Ursus maritimus*), 1 rufous wallaby (*Halmaturus billardieri*), 1 black wallaby (*H. wilcoxi*), 1 black-striped wallaby (*Halmaturus dorsalis*), 1 tailed kangaroos (*Petrogale penicillata*), 1 aoudad (*Ovis tragelaphus*), and 6 undulated grass parrakeets (*Melopsittacus undulatus*). Presented—1 white-throated capucin (*Cebus hypoleucus*), 1 white-nosed coati (*Nasua narica*), 1 opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), 1 solenodon (*Solenodon cubanus*), 1 lory (*Lorius torquatus*), and 2 red-tailed hawks (*B. borealis calurus*)

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ELK IN THE RIDING MOUNTAIN.

ELK there are in the Riding Mountain, but of little cheer is this to any but the Indian, whose time being nothing, can camp upon the trail, and thus by more than "dogged" perseverance some time come up with the game. It is the noisy hazel brush that hinders a man in any haste from being able to approach his quarry. Indeed this drawback holds in hunting the jumping deer, the blacktail, and the moose, but interferes less in coming up with the moose by reason of the altogether different mode of approach. Even with a suit of the Hudson's Bay duffle, which is exceedingly heavy woolen goods resembling blanketing, but being much heavier, with long nap, as little likely to create a rustle as a beaver skin—even with this soft, feathery suit one cannot make noiseless movements. The hazel rods and limbs will switch and scratch and screech, sawing across one another as you push a passage through.

A band of elk will lie well surrounded by these noisy signals, and will also stand to calculate in such places after having been disturbed. This advantage, together with standing up tip-toe high on the best points for outlook, and being able to look so penetratingly, insures this game against the following of any impatient hunter.

That piercing power of vision possessed by the elk is known to those who have paid, by experience, so dearly for the learning, or by those who have made the eyes of deer a study, it being conceded that the animals with the little bare tear course drained by the aperture from the outside into the nostril have the strongest vision, and can look for the greatest length of time steadfastly at a given mark, and are less affected by wind or anything which causes sight to weary or to blur. Well, with such eyes and with such tell-tale hazel brush the elk might be presumed to be, roughly speaking, safe.

It was afternoon when the Poet and myself from one point of the compass arrived, the other two members of the party having come from the opposite direction and pitched the tent. In addition to pitching the tent the boys had been out on the reconnoiter, had discovered and surprised the enemy, causing the "redcoats" to beat a double quick retreat. After a hasty dinner or "snack," we all assembled on the field of bloodless interview, now two hours silent since the advancing, surprising, charging, struggling for position, and final stampede, all of which was portrayed with demonstrative exactness and particularity to us of the detachment who had brought up the rear. We of recent arrival took our orders and all proceeded, covering a line of half a mile in breadth, certain that by keeping the trail between the two center men we should come up with the game, which to the two parties of the first part appeared so stupid as in twos they stood up against the sky on some promontory like a team of horses 17ft. high, even the two small ones were avowed "as big as any mules." The Poet inquired if the comparison was not with horses 17 hands high, but the excited narrator returned a hasty and chilling look which unequivocally reaffirmed the original terms as true. How perplexing to find that after tearing through hazel brush from bluff to bluff, the only chance for outlook, and where we expected to find the bucks which stood 17ft. high, with massive, branching antlers, presenting a large mark for a long shot, that we were round near camp, and that the shades were beginning to stretch and would soon reach us.

Yes, these four or five elk had run from height to height and circled as they ran, passing within a few hundred yards of our camp. The two inside men met on every hilltop to look and to confer, and from them we outposters received details at supper of how those fabulous creatures ran, and stood and pawed, and leaped and—left. Upon coming into camp we put on our overcoats of fur, turned up the lapels which reached quite above the ears, pulled on our fur mittens, mine fur-lined, and proceeded to prepare our meal. And so, "spruced up," we ate it; and thus we turned in with feet in two pair of woollen stockings, a pair of felt socks and moccasins—some of us wearing one or two pairs of insoles besides. It is interesting how quietly 62° of frost will change one's opinions about his being "hardy." Our bread stayed frozen though we sat so near that howling fire that our cheeks were slightly scorched. With the tent door near to those large hardwood logs inclosing the bushels of sparkling c[illegible]ls we slept. Beds of evergreen boughs, with a ground b[illegible]nket, two pairs of woollen blankets and a buffalo skin [illegible]or two was the rule. In such a temperature one wonder[illegible] at the smallness of the measure of warmth in the huma[illegible] frame. Every two "spoon it," you better believe. W[illegible] slept and waked and arose and built fires—which had [illegible]en frequently renewed during that long night—and [illegible], and started.

On the way to take up our elk trail and just at peep of day, the Poet saw, or thought he saw, deer hide. We all heard the tramping, and upon the order being given by one of the boys to "fire," that rifle went up and belched forth flame, lifting up an awful voice simultaneously. A bleat and frightened yell combined fell upon our ears from three rods distance, unmistakably coming out of a terror-stricken man. Not one of us could speak or move or breathe—for hours, it seemed. "Hello," cried the tall lean man of our crew, "what were you doing up that tree? You don't want to play wildcat else you'll get shot." As we stepped out there stood one of the provoking idiots who go into the woods in deer skin coats. Upon seeing him some of us wished that he had been shot as an example, and we had the heart to shoot him then, but for the unpleasantness on all sides that might ensue, although the fool deserved to be more than shot. How ineffably silly to dress in deer costume even to approach the deer. It is motion, not color, that attracts a deer's attention—more on this again.

It is enough to say that we were all converts to the white-suit theory for deer hunting, and we have not apostatized in faith. A white suit has the advantage on a hillside and in some other instances without the probability of being held dead upon by some hasty, or even cautious marksman. Again, in a party one does not miss shots through fear that the brown object is his companion's old dun coat.

How came it that the Poet missed his man three rods away? A twig certainly deflected the bullet for the Poet would put the bullet on such a mark at 200yds. conditions being favorable. For a fact, that mortal never knew that he was shot at, and never will. He was so much ashamed at having bleated, so frightened like, that he asked no questions, and we told him no—impromptu histories. We were in no courting humor and made no long stories, but pushed along to take up the trail and do as famously as we had done execrably the day before. The severe part of this remark refers to the members of the party who stood arguing about elk and "Hopkins's big bay hosses," until the elk and hosses became identical and more than hopped into the hazel and were gone.

After taking up the trail the difficulties connected with making time, and with determining, in a few inches of that light snow, which way the game was going, together with the mixing of tracks, old and older, when it is so difficult to determine the age of a track unless it is very fresh, sorely worried us. Many, many miles we traversed but not in a line direction. One of the party took a track, followed it, and upon abandoning it at last swung to the left to take up the trail of a greater number of the game when he struck the camp. Infuriated at this additional reverse he hastened back two miles and began again. After deciding that the tracks were going south the proper thing to do is to say, therefore, the game was going north. This is another way of stating that where the foot enters the snow looks like where the foot came out, judging by Eastern standards of moist snow.

Well, the forenoon's experiences were imitated somewhat closely even to the extent of stumbling upon the camp by mistake, having made this left hand turn again on a larger circle.

When I registered at the camp the second time against my will I was truly humiliated. The boys may never know that one of them did something quite so slack. I don't want to lower their good opinion of the party. Each man returned, having "cork-screwed" the whole mountain over without having seen or heard either elk or Hopkins's big bay hosses.

We were not sorry that engagements hindered us from repeating these most provoking experiences. Our report, hence, was that we "Hadn't more'n got bearn's when time gin eout," but the secret is so did we. HURON.

MAINE GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What should be done and what will be done during the present session of our Legislature interests all true protectionists in Maine. It is sure that most herculean efforts are being made to abolish the whole by the poachers.

We have had most diabolical and wicked acts committed by the poachers in this part of the State during the past two years, which ought to convince all reasonable men that there is but one way out of this dilemma, and that is, hold what we have; make minor changes with great care; give the Commissioners money and men to enforce the laws to the letter; and I would suggest in addition that there be a contigent fund appropriated to aid in the protection of life and property of wardens, and in bringing to justice those committing crimes against them. The last session of the Washington county court ought to convince any one of the need. Our blood has not cooled since the murder of Hill and Niles, and to hear such a yell as went up from the poacher corner of the court room when the foreman of the jury in the McFarland trial announced the verdict of "not guilty," was enough to arouse the indignation of all thinking men, for it shows the true animus of those who are now trying to break down our fish and game laws. What have they done? One of the most horrid of tragedies is theirs. It does not change facts because McFarland has been acquitted, nor do I say he ought to have been convicted on the testimony against him, but the demonstration was most cruel to the wife and children of poor Hill, and could not have emanated from any save those of most cruel hearts.

The facilities afforded for administering our criminal law do not seem equal to the emergency at this time when crime is rampant and so large a class of lawless men on the move.

I also believe there is a combination of poachers which extends from the Penobscot to the St. Croix, and to meet this crowd is what protectionists must do this winter. May all be wise and on hand to do their duty.

I can do no better than give the facts in one case that came up at the last session of court in Machias to show the cold-hearted wickedness of this crowd. In the cases of the two men convicted of burning Warden Munson's buildings the law court overruled the exceptions in the Devereaux Fenlason case and reported a few weeks before court, whereupon a conspiracy was planned to stay proceedings. A motion for a new trial was expected to be made on the ground of new evidence and the alleged discovery of the real criminal. Allen Fenlason, one of the main witnesses for the State, was arrested and incarcerated and many Shackers summoned to appear against him, but the plan was apparent, for a portion of the number testified at the trial and conviction of Day, when the attempt was made to clear Day, on the ground that Mrs. Munson, her brother and uncle burned the buildings for insurance. Some of this number said: "We knew Allen Fenlason burned these buildings when we swore against Mrs. Munson." It is needless to say the Grand Jury found no bill against Allen Fenlason. Can such a conspiracy be equalled by any, save poachers? Are innocent men to be convicted by perjury to save two notorious convicts from prison? Motion for new trial abandoned and Devereaux Fenlason was sentenced to twelve years of hard labor in State prison. Law Court has not yet reported in the case of Wilber Day, convicted of same crime.

Counsel in the McFarland trial endeavored to prove Graves's dog a bird dog or an ordinary cur and that the attempt of the wardens to kill this dog was enough to reduce the murder of the wardens by Graves from murder in the first degree to manslaughter. Have we not a right from this to infer that the life of a mean cur is worth more than that of a warden in the estimation of poachers? Will Graves be arrested? Where is he? He is in the hands of his friends, the poachers, and should he be arrested, unless the State of Maine takes the thing in hand and gives extra aid, he also will be acquitted.

PROTECTIONIST.

JANUARY 19, 1887.

FROM THE DUMPING GROUND.

NO better illustration of the true position of Boston marketmen on the question of selling game at any and all seasons need be asked for than has come to notice within a few days. The fact came up in the Legislature, now in session here, that some amendments to the fish and game laws would be asked for. This was sufficient to sound the alarm, and immediately a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was called to take action on the subject. The meeting assembled on Wednesday. Who were there? The same old couple of dozen of game dealers. The only wonder is that this important trade organization will allow its name to be brought down so low as to foster a meeting involving the interests of so few of its 800 members. But the attention of the majority has never been called to the nature of what the game dealers desire. The result of the meeting was to talk over the dangers that the business of selling game out of season in the States where killed, and hence illegal, was in from the fact that the "society of gentlemen"—the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association—proposed to ask the Legislature for some sort of changes in the game laws. In sentiment the voice of the meeting was that "we must be prepared to fight them." A big committee of ten was chosen to take the matter in hand, and it was curious to note that the committee included about every noted game dealer in Boston, except two or three, who are members of the "society of gentlemen." That committee held a meeting on Monday to organize, and as it was a secret meeting, or included only the members of the committee, the affairs have not yet become common property. But it is understood that all legislation looking toward the stopping of the holding and selling of game whenever it can be had to sell is to be fought to the bitter end. So it is. The interests of not more than a couple dozen men puts the whole fish and game protective interest of the State in danger. Of the State, did I say? Indeed, of every State, almost, in the Union where there is any fish and game to protect. All the Western game States contribute to Boston as the "dumping ground." Game can be sent here and sold here when it cannot be exposed for sale in the State where killed. The close time draws near. The unsold game is shipped to Boston, and Boston gets a flood of it. A single Minnesota concern has sent over 100 deer to this market within a week or two. Boston marketmen buy this venison very cheap. Last week not above 10c. per lb. for whole deer, and a good many lots were bought for 5 and 6c. But the marketmen are very reticent about what they pay. There is a profit in the business. For a piece of venison to roast they ask 25 or 30c. per lb., while venison steak is worth 30c. It is true, however, that these prices have just been broken by the surplus of deer which have been received.

Now, brother sportsmen, is not this an eyesore? Isn't here a plague-spot? But how shall we get rid of it? These few marketmen have every winter, for years, succeeded in making the Solons who assemble on Beacon Hill believe that they have an inalienable right to deal in that which is illegal in other States; to encourage the poacher and the market hunter to push even the last deer to extermination; to hold 300,000 quail, bought of these market hunters, in refrigerators from January to August; to be absolutely driving the last vestiges of game out of the country. All this they are able to do simply because a man has a right to trade. Well, has he a right to trade? Has he a right to exterminate by his trade [illegible] that which belongs no more to him than to you, good [illegible] reader?

The prospects for wholesome fish and game legislation in Maine are improving. The committee has got to work and a good many "leaves to withdraw" will be granted now that the hearings will begin to come off. In no [illegible] the number of absurd and ridiculous petitions that we may [illegible] mittee will receive is numerous. But unlike Massachusetts, fish and game protection in that State has become part of her creed, as it were, and petitions looking to the interests of the trader, the market hunter and scatter-sworn enemy of all protection, will respectfully [illegible]smen as a the go-by, and the petitioners will walk out of [illegible] mittee room feeling that their mission to Augusta might as well have been to Africa. *adv.*

There is very likely to be some good legislation on the lobster question. It appears that the testimony of an expert, or one thoroughly versed on the subject, is being employed. This expert gives out the following facts and figures: In 1886 eleven factories canned 11,320,000; 27 smacks sold $2,700,000; New York smacks bought 2,000,000; total catch, 23,020,000. He thinks 25,000,000 would be a safe estimate. In his judgment, the lobsters have diminished in size, as well as in numbers. Smacks that used to carry 1,500 to 2,500 now carry from 4,000 to 7,000. There are about 16 factories on the coast of Maine; 27 smacks of from 16 to 60 tons burden, and a large number of men are engaged in shipping in barrels. Several large New York smacks come each spring, and with the exception of a few who run to Nova Scotia, the whole drain comes on the coast of Maine. He believes that some wise law should be passed by the present Legislature and rigidly enforced. This, he says, will prevent the lobsters from being exterminated or the fishery rendered unprofitable in a very short time. SPECIAL.

THE MAINE DEER WARDEN CASE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A word in reference to the recent Maine tragedy. As I understand the case, the game warden finds two men, accompanied by a hound. The warden demands that the dog be delivered to him, and being refused, resorts to force and is shot. Is the presence of a hound in a hunter's camp or in company with hunters *prima facie* evidence that the hound is to be used or has been used for tracking deer? Does presumptive evidence by the Maine statutes warrant a conviction in a case of supposed deer hounding?—C. P. W.

A TAME RUFFED GROUSE.—Morris, Ill., Jan. 18.—The ruffed grouse I wrote about in issue May 6, 1886, as visiting one of our barnyards occasionally, taking food from the hand, and jumping upon the lap of the person feeding it, returned with a brood to her old quarters at the setting in of cold weather. She proved to be a female as I predicted. Quail are very nearly wiped out in this part of the State; I have made numerous inquiries and hear of but two small covoys of a half-dozen each. Prairie hens are in considerable numbers and are wintering well. Snow a foot deep, weather cold.—M. H. CRYDER.

VIRGINIA FIELD-SPORTS ASSOCIATION.

THE proceedings of the first meeting of the Virginia Field-Sports Association at Richmond, Oct. 21, 1886, have been published in pamphlet form. In their introductory note the officers of the Association explain the character and purposes of the organization as follows:

The character of our members is a sufficient guarantee that the movement is in the hands of responsible and earnest people. We are most fortunate in having our membership very well distributed throughout the State, in all sections. Every man in Virginia is interested in the question of game preservation, whether he be a sportsman, a farmer, a countryman, or a city man. Unless intelligent measures are promptly organized the day is not far distant when our game supply will be exhausted, and cannot be replaced.

There is nothing to which the proverb, that a stitch in time saves nine, applies with more force than to the preservation of game.

Local organizations are well enough, but they do not reach the case. What is needed is a State organization, with an admission fee so small as to admit everybody to membership; with its ramifications extending into and influencing all portions of the State; creating and fostering an intelligent and healthy public sentiment. If such an organization is established, it can, by correspondence and inquiry, ascertain what is necessary to preserve game; it will teach the people that such laws are not enacted for oppression, but for their own protection; and it will give us earnest men everywhere to see that the laws are not enacted at hap-hazard as they have been, and that they are not, because they are bad laws, brought into contempt and disuse by the people.

Such an organization as we propose will go before the Legislature of Virginia with laws which have been prepared by men who have studied the question, and containing provisions for each section of the State, framed after full conference and advice with the most intelligent and interested of their population.

The Legislature will listen to and pass laws of this character, and when they have been passed, the Field-Sports Association will take proper steps to have the laws published and enforced in the communities to which they are intended to apply.

Now, if such a law can be secured, how beneficial will it be, compared with the silly, neglected, and incomprehensible laws now on the statute books.

To bring about that result is our leading object, and it can best be obtained by the generous response of our fellow-citizens who have the same interests as ourselves in this question.

We appeal to you, individually, to join the organization, and give us the benefit of your name, sanction and influence in your community, to excite an interest in the question of game protection. The other features of the Association, while incidental to our main objects, render it a very pleasant organization. JOHN S. WISE, President.

BARTON H. GRUNDY, Secretary.

GAME IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"MORE deer have been seen in the central portion of the State the past summer and fall than before for twenty-five years," Mr. E. B. Hodge, the energetic and fearless game and fish commissioner of New Hampshire, and superintendent of the State hatching house at Plymouth, told a Manchester *Mirror* reporter, last week. "Deer have been seen the past summer as far in toward the center of the State as Alexandria. Two were shot there the past fall. They were also seen in the towns of ——mpton, Ashland, Holderness, Plymouth, Rumney, Dor——ster, and in most of the towns as you go further north. *Great*——r Rumney three or four were seen together at one

First f——In Dorchester one came to an oatfield, and was so one from ——hat it approached within two or three rods of the ——ho owned it. They were common in Conway and

Sex. | ——equently seen from the car windows on the Port- Da——Ogdensburgh Railroad. The increase in deer ——————he past three or four years in New Hampshire ——s really wonderful. As much progress has been ——Prince His direction as in any other branch of the game laws. ——ere is no reason why it could not be made one of the best deer hunting States, if men could be induced to let the deer alone in the time of deep snows. The slaughtering of them at this period of the year is what thins them out. When the snow is deep they go into yards, and then they are easily killed by lawless hunters. Last winter nearly twenty deer were killed in one day, in one yard, in the town of Bartlett, but in this case we made it hot for the parties. We secured eight convictions, while three of the guilty parties skipped to Maine. The great trouble the commissioners have to contend with is the disinclination of people to give information against those whom they know are guilty of a violation of the game laws. Let a commissioner go into a strange town, and if it is ascertained what he is there for, it is almost impossible for him to get evidence that will lead to conviction. However, I feel encouraged at the progress that has been made during the past few years. Between June, 1885, and June, 1886, the commissioners secured the imposing of between 500 and 600 fines in the State, for the violation of the game laws; from last June until now, not a single case has come before the courts. I do not say, mind you, that there have been no violations, but they have been so few comparatively that they have not come out. Fully 200 deer were killed illegally in this State last winter, and yet more deer were killed legally last fall than ever before, which shows the possibilities of the sport, if the animals were hunted only in the open season, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. There is an immense quantity of cover for deer in the central portion of the State, and if we can succeed in stopping this hunting and wholesale slaughtering in the winter, New Hampshire will, in a few years, become a great deer-hunting State. Speaking of tameness of deer, I knew an instance last fall where a deer came every day within a few rods of a man's house, and he had chance after chance to shoot him. The law was off, too, but the man didn't know it, and so the deer escaped. When the man found out afterward that it would have been perfectly lawful for him to have killed the deer, he felt very sore indeed.

"The men who kill deer out of season usually cut off their hindquarters and eat them and destroy the hides. There are a lot of cases, however, where deer are murdered in the woods, where the snow is too deep for them to run and escape, and left. In such instances they are killed out of pure cussedness. A case happened last winter where a doe, heavy with fawn, was killed and cut open, letting out two live fawns, and the brutes who did the work ate the meat. What do you think of that? Did I catch the offenders? Well, I did, and they had the law put to them to its fullest extent. I have one deer case on hand now from which some one will have trouble.

"There was less partridge snaring done in the State last fall than ever before, I think, and the express companies deserve a great deal of credit for the manly course they took in refusing to ship birds out of the State, if they knew they were snared. They issued orders to their agents not to take birds that were marked to go out of the State, and thus the amount of snaring was greatly reduced. The large number of snared birds in your market was due to the non-export law, and although the snaring was unlawful, the law preventing the shipping of birds out of the State enabled the people at home to eat and enjoy them. Partridges were very scarce in Boston markets last fall, for which the marketmen there largely blame the game commissioners of New Hampshire."

"It is but justice to say," remarks the *Mirror*, "that nothing like a systematic enforcement of the fish and game laws in New Hampshire was ever undertaken and carried out, until Mr. Hodge took hold of the matter, between three and four years ago. He is thoroughly in earnest when he starts out in pursuit of a lawbreaker, a perfect Indian on the trail of one, and unrelenting when he gets one in his grasp. He is resolute and strategic, and means business from start to finish. New Hampshire sportsmen owe much to him, and they appreciate his services."

HALCYON DAYS—IV.

LATE the following morning I decided to hunt up Chip, and started to go down to the store, where I expected to find him, but before I had taken a dozen steps there came a lively pattering of feet, and Snap bounded around the corner, gave a sniff at my legs, bounded away again, then came back, looking up into my face with a doggy laugh and a little bark, as if to say, "I'm ready for fun." I knew Chip was not far away, and going to the corner saw him coming, his fat, good-natured face beaming with pleasure. On his shoulder he carried a short, heavy smooth-bore rifle, an old family relic that had been given to him by his elder brother that morning, and he was going to take it with him on our visit to Old Shack. Chip was a proud boy that morning, and I was equally pleased, for he promised that I should share its use and we would "go shucks' in buying ammunition. There were no fixtures included in the gift, but we hunted up a couple of empty bottles and an old newspaper. I had part of a box of G. D. caps left over from the last Fourth of July, and an inventory of our cash disclosed enough to buy quarter of a pound of shot, and we went down to the store to make our purchases. We found Waxy figuring up the cost of a bill of goods that he had just sold to a customer, and with knitted eyebrows he was slowly reckoning "nine 'n' tew 's 'leven 'n' eight 's nine-teen 'n' three 's twenty-two. Tew tu carry tu three 's five 'n' five 's ten. Dollar 'n' tew cents. I'll put it tu ye at eight shillin' 'n' 'laow ye 'leven cents on the eggs 'n' fourteen on the butter." We awaited his convenience, and when he finally got through with his customer he turned to us with, "Mornin', boys; goin' huntin'?" And receiving an affirmative reply, as Chip presented his gun for inspection and explained the manner in which it came into his possession, Waxy took it, tried the lock, brought it to his face, and drawing a bead on a distant nail head, "'laowed he could fetch a squirrel in the head every time;" then handing it back, he filled our order, admonishing us as we left, "Naow be careful, boys, 'n' don't shewt yerselves."

We took the short cut up the old "dugway," which led through a large hickory woods and would finally bring us to the upper side of the wheatfield back of Old Shack's camp. We argued that we might find some squirrels in the woods and possibly a woodchuck in the wheatfield. Arriving at the edge of the woods we stopped to load, Chip claiming the right to the first shot, and as he proceeded with the operation of loading his look of earnestness and superior knowledge would have made a good study for an artist. Pouring out the powder in his hand and from his hand into the muzzle of the gun, the thickness of the barrel causing him to spill a portion of it, he tore off a large wad of newspaper, and pushing it down, began to pound it until the ramrod fairly bounded from the barrel. With every stroke the corners of his mouth would twitch and jerk in unison with the movement of his arm, and his countenance bore an expression of gravity that could not have been exceeded if he were performing the greatest feat of his life. Over the shot he put a lighter wad, merely pressing it down firmly, for he had been taught that to pound the shot would make it scatter. Then placing the cap on the nipple and pressing it down with the hammer, he gave the breech a tap to settle the powder, and looked up for the first time with an expression of satisfaction that he had done his work as well as any one could do it. There was a superstition among old hunters that to spill one's ammunition while loading was a sure sign that that load would fail to kill; and one old chap was known to actually withdraw his charge and reload with the greatest care to avoid any such catastrophe. While we were imbued with this superstition by the teachings of older heads, we did not deem it necessary to go to such extremes because Chip had spilled a part of the load; but whether from Chip's defective aim, or the hoodoo that his carelessness had put upon the charge, the sign proved good in this case at least.

Having completed the loading of the gun, we proceeded cautiously, stopping now and then to listen for signs. Occasionally a partridge would startle us with the whir of his wings as he rose from almost beneath our feet, but as neither of us thought of shooting at them on the wing they escaped unharmed. Once Snap caught sight of something and gave lively chase, but we saw nothing until he had been gone some time, when a fox came sneaking along the back track, laughing, no doubt, at the manner in which he had outwitted his pursuer, but spying us, looked a moment and scampered away again faster than he did when Snap chased him. Suddenly a crash in the branches overhead and the flash of a bushy tail as it glided rapidly along the limb toward the trunk caused us to stop and wait. I grabbed Snap to keep him quiet, and Chip brought his gun to his shoulder prepared to fire. In a few moments a little head peeped around the tree, a hoarse chir-r-r was followed by the appearance of the whole body of a gray squirrel, and Chip fired. With the report the squirrel came tearing down the tree, and fairly flew over the ground, with Snap after him, much to Chip's wonderment, for he could not believe that he had missed, and would not leave until he had searched the ground thoroughly and satisfied himself that such was the fact. Chip keenly felt his disappointment as he sadly handed the gun to me, for it was now my turn to shoot, and reloading with probably less assurance than he did, we proceeded. We saw no more squirrels, and soon reaching the fence inclosing the wheatfield, we hid ourselves behind it, poking the gun through the rails, and waited for woodchucks; but none appeared, and Chip said, "Yer won't see none till t'-night. They's all in their holes now." Crossing the field, we entered the woods back of the shanty. As I had not yet fired the gun, I was impatient to shoot, and anxiously watched every tree and bush, in the hope that something worthy of my aim would show itself. But I was disappointed, and as we approached the shanty I turned the gun over to Chip, who strutted proudly forward with an air of supreme contempt for any one who did not own a gun.

We did not find Old Shack at home, and as his skiff was absent we concluded that he was out prospecting, and as it was nearly noon would soon return. We built a fire to have it ready when he came. The fishpoles stood leaning against the shanty, worms were procured, and we commenced fishing. In the meantime Snap had disappeared, but his whereabouts were indicated by his short yelps as he followed some trail. After we had been fishing a while we were startled by a series of short, sharp barks and growls, then a yell of agony and more growling and snarling. It was evident that Snap had found an enemy. Chip dropped his pole and ran for the scene; I followed, but turned back to get the gun. When we reached Snap we found he had attacked a hedgehog, and with every grab he made at it his mouth and lips would become filled with quills. The pain made him desperate, and he continued to bite and snap at the bristling little ball until Chip, realizing that he was getting the worst of it, rushed in and pulled him away. Then resting the gun over a stump, I took deliberate aim and killed the animal. Snap, seeing his adversary stretched out, broke away and savagely attacked the dead animal again, only to receive more wounds, and finally gave it up, rolling over and over, biting the ground and pawing at his jaws. Poor Snap was in a sorry plight. It was his first experience with that kind of game, and it was many a day before he got rid of all his troublesome tormentors.

Returning to the shanty, we found Old Shack had arrived, and as we related the story of the fight, while Chip's eyes were half filled with tears in sympathy for his friend, the old man assured him that there was no danger and that the quills could be nearly all extracted, and after dinner he would help him do it.

Throwing a fresh supply of wood on the fire and picking up the fish that we had caught, Old Shack took from his pocket a large jack-knife and cleaned them; then getting some pork and his frying-pan and coffee-pot, he set the coffee over some live coals that he raked out and fried the fish and pork together. This, with some pieces of hard bread without any butter, constituted our meal. Simple as it was, it was relished far more than a greater and better variety would have been at home. After finishing it, Old Shack and Chip, with the aid of a pair of pincers that was found among the old man's effects, set to work extracting the quills from Snap's mouth. At first the dog objected and vigorously resisted Chip's efforts to hold him, but after a few quills had been pulled out and he found that the painful operation was for his own good, he lay quiet, only wincing occasionally as one pulled harder than usual.

"Puts me in mind of a pup I hed once when I was a young feller," said Old Shack. "I used tu hunt a good bit them days, 'n' hed that pup purty well trained, 'n' there wa'n't a better coon dog in them parts. I was purty pert 'n' run 'round 'mong th' gals consider'ble. One night I'd made it up 'ith some fellers t' go coonin', 'n' was gettin' ready 'n' th' pup was watchin' 'n' waitin', fer 'e know'd what was up 's well 's enybody. 'Bout 'n hour 'r so 'fore 't was time t' start, some fellers drove up 'n' sed they was goin' t' hev a big dance 't Si Dowberry's, over 'n Jones's Holler, 'n' thet broke up th' coonin' party, fer we c'ncluded we c'ld hev more fun 't Si's 'n we c'ld coonin'. Wal, when th' pup seen me dressed up in my party close he know'd his fun was spiled, 'n' 'e stuck 'is tail 'tween 'is legs 'n' walked off, 'n' I didn't see nothin' more 'f 'im 'til 'ong 'bout midnight, after we'd quit dancin' tu hev supper. We was all gettin' ready t' set down when the tarnal dog come sneakin' in with 'is tail 'tween 'is legs 'n' 'is back humped up 'n' 'is head hangin' down, 'n' laid down right under the table, stinkin' so 't everybody run fer th' door 'n' winders t' git out. He'd bin huntin' on 'is own hook 'n' tackled a skunk, 'n' when 'e got purty well soaked 'e cum tu me fer sympathy, I s'pose, but I tho't then 't was jist cut o' spite 'cause I'd disapinted 'im. It broke up the dance 'n' the supper tu, 'n' I heerd they didn't get the stink out o' the room fer more 'n a month." And the old man chuckled long and deeply as the remembrance of the occasion returned to him. "The pup let skunks alone after thet, 'n' I guess Snap won't tackle eny more porkypines agin, fer a while."

It was a long and tedious task, but after much patient work by Old Shack and Chip and endurance by Snap, the largest of the barbs were removed, and Old Shack said the others would not bother him much, "fer he'll git used tu 'em after a while 'n' they'll work out themselves."

During the surgical operation that had been going on Chip plied the old man with many questions regarding his mode of life and intimated that he would like to stay and camp with him, but received little encouragement. He seemed determined, however, to stay if permitted, and persisted so earnestly that Old Shack was compelled to either refuse or consent; and after many objections, in which the hardships of a winter's camp life were fully depicted, and the intimation that his "folks 'ld object," all of which was met by the argument, "I don't care; I c'n stand it if yer kin, an' the folks don't care enyway," it was decided that Chip could stay on condition that he would first obtain consent from "the folks" and be willing to share the discomforts of Old Shack's limited quarters. After arriving at this decision Chip was impatient to go

home, and said he would come back that night. "Wal, I'll du the best I kin fer ye," Old Shack said, and we started at once, but not until I had received a cordial invitation to "cum agin, 'n' mebbe we'll hev a better dinner fer ye next time."

As we passed the place where Snap had made his unfortunate mistake his back rose and he shied away with a low growl and gave the dead animal a wide berth. We did not stop to shoot woodchucks nor lose any time on the way, for Chip was so anxious to return to the shanty that he had no more taste for hunting that day.

In the evening, when I took my place on the bench in the store, Chip was absent, an occurrence so unusual that Waxy, after repeated glances in the direction of his accustomed place, came over and casually inquired, "What luck?" and when I explained the cause of Chip's absence he exclaimed in tones so loud that everybody heard him, "Wal, I declare!" Other boys were there, and one big, overgrown chap came and took Chip's place beside me, but his presence seemed like an intrusion. The place was void of any attraction for me, and when I found an opportunity to slip out unobserved, I went home discontented, but resolving that my leisure time should be passed at the shanty as much as possible. J. H. B.

MANSFIELD VALLEY, Pa.

UNEXPECTED GAME.

NOT "my kingdom for a horse," but a guinea for my Winchester. So thought I one bright November day in the season that has just closed, as a beautiful buck stood 200yds. from me in an open field while I held in my hand my little 12-bore Parker, loaded with bird shot. It was in this wise. I came cautiously through a piece of woods where a few days before I had seen a number of grouse, and stood just outside in the tall weeds that covered a field that ran up into a corner of the timber; my dogs were working in the low pine at my left; I saw in front of me, just over the brow of the hill what I thought was the motion of some dead mullen stalks. I thought it strange, but it was soon explained when I saw that the antlers of a deer were what I had taken for the weeds moved by the wind. He took a few steps toward me, and I knew from my repeated experience with the game, that my only chance of knocking him down with my light charge was not to make a motion and let him run on to me. Unfortunately the wind was blowing from me to him, and as he leisurely moved toward me he caught a scent of the tainted air, turned and in an easy lope was soon out of sight over the brow of the hill. I then dared to stir and quickly threw out the cartridges and replaced them with buckshot, and crawled carefully forward only to see the deer slowly running across the field 500yds. away. I followed his track across the plowed fields and through the meadows until it was too dark to see, then left it where it led toward a piece of woods in which I thought I might find him in the morning. I sent word back for my team and was soon telling them at home of my experience. My rifle was taken from its case and everything made ready for an early start. During the night a hard storm came up, and Thanksgiving Day was ushered in with sleet and a driving rain, too hard to face. The next day a message came to my office "They killed your deer." An old deer hunter had noticed his track in the snow and soon had him "hung up." I was sorry to lose him, but it was a treat to see this beautiful animal; it brought to mind the camps away out in the wilderness on Pine Creek, where winter after winter I used to carry my rifle, and we often had a goodly number to "bring out." But those days are passed and gone, and those camping places are all deserted, while the burnt stumps left by the lumbermen are the grave stones that sadly tell of what once was—but now is gone forever.

I have found but few quail here this season and was disappointed too in my trip South; having reached my shooting ground one night, only to find in the morning that a foot of frozen snow had covered the ground while I lay dreaming of the partridges.

What pleasant anticipations often go hand in hand with these disappointments. I oil up my guns and put them away, while I bring out my fly-book and write down the names of the flies that I must have tied, for the water in the frozen streams will ripple by and by in the warm May day, and the "winter of our discontent" will be ended. Then I look over a score of photographs of the Mastigouche Lakes and its rushing river; in the noise of the winter wind I hear the roar of the falls, and as it lulls I can hear the breeze as it comes through the birches high up on the mountain side. So I wait. SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, Pa., January.

COOTS.—Nantucket, Mass.—I notice in your issue of Jan. 13 an article on shooting coots this season. I supposed we had a Massachusetts law which prohibits shooting from boats, and as far as I know, that law has been respected around here. I have not seen or heard of a gun being fired from a boat. We consider the coot here a very poor bird to eat. Perhaps "Cooter" will publish his way of cooking, then we will not always have to give them to the hogs, or leave them where we shoot them. Thanks to the boat law, sheldrakes and whistlers are quite plentiful in our harbor. They tend around our shores and wharves; local sportsmen get very good bags, one shooting fifteen from the wharf in a very short time. Since returning from the West I have not had the courage to go out after game. It seems almost like looking for a needle in a haystack, still sportsmen around here think shooting very good, probably I should if I had not been out in Dakota. Should there be a good freeze-up the air hole shooting will be fine. In Dakota last November, one day about noon I was behind a rat house which served for a blind, when I heard the "honk" of geese. I turned and there were seven of them; I shot one with each barrel. I had in at the time No. 6 shot. The first one I winged, the other I killed; his weight was 12lbs. 15oz., so I call it a 13lb. goose.—W. N. F. [The law referred to does not apply to the waters about Manomet Point, to which "Cooter's" article referred.]

KENT COUNTY CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., held Jan. 14, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, E. S. Holmes; Vice-President, L. D. Follett; Secretary, A. B. Richmond; Treasurer, N. Fred Avery; Directors—One year, A. C. Horton; two years, T. Stewart White; three years, C. D. Spaulding; four years, W. C. Dennison; five years, H. Widdicomb.

A FIELD NOTEBOOK.

JANUARY 1, 1887.—Another shooting season passed; another column of successful shots and inglorious misses to foot up, another page of sweet memories and laughable incidents to refer to in memory's ledger. Twenty-one pages are written in this book, representing the shooting seasons which it has been my lot to enjoy with dog and gun.

As I look back over the first of these I see the old muzzleloader and the little barking cur, remembering all there was of a day afield might be summed up in the potting of a grouse or two, and mayhap a squirrel. Further on came a disposition for reading the literature of field sports, new ideas, broader views, a growing love for nature and her works, happy days when no game was found, or, when discovered, too wary for the tyro and perforce left for the use of more skillful followers. Then I note the time when my purse gave answer to the call made long before for a breechloader. How the ghosts of those old days arise! Should it be top snap or side, bar or back action locks, twist, laminated, or damascus barrels, foreign or domestic manufacture? Gun circulars innumerable littered my desk and table, filled my pockets and my mind. Friends were appealed to who kindly gave advice and experience, until finally the choice was made, the order given. Shall I ever forget when it came? Ten-gauge, 10lbs., fine damascus, well engraved, curled walnut stock, pistol grip; a thing of beauty; to me the harbinger of many happy and joyous days to come. What a thrill of pleasure as I brought it to my shoulder and caressed its polished surface with my cheek! Now the time of anxious waiting for a day when I could try its powers. This soon came, and for a time contentment was a sojourner in the household. Then from too constant perusal of the canine department of our favorite paper I became convinced that in order to round out the measure of my happiness I must possess a dog. Let me hint to the younger members of the fraternity to get their wives' consent before ever investing in this article; it will be to their comfort and quiet, and still more so to the comfort of the dog. My wife was not at first in favor of a canine addition to the family. Many a quiet argument was indulged in, until at last there came to our home a mild-eyed, quiet, loving little pointer gyp, which my lady immediately adopted for a pet, naming her Brownie from her silken seal brown coat. She proved a beautiful companion and faithful friend, at home or in field, without a fault. Her training was a pleasure, her intelligence a constant source of surprise. Although at the time I did not know of Mr. Hammond's book or his methods, his words of advice were more than true applied to her.

I now turn a page filled with sorrow and regret, possibly wet with tears. While ranging over the brow of a hill one day, Brownie flushed a bird which came directly toward me and I killed it. When she came in sight at my command, she brought the bird and laid it at my feet, but the order to "hie on" was for the first time in her life unheeded; instead, she came nearer, raising her head pitifully to me. I saw one eye closed, and separating the lids with my fingers, discovered that a stray shot had put out one of her beautiful eyes forever. My hunt for the day was ended. I took her in my arms to the carriage which was waiting for me. Brownie sleeps in her grave. Further on, the pages show her son Buff on the scene of action; a noble dog, companion of many a glorious day in field and wood, one of the few which are called good partridge dogs. He knows all the tricks and ways of an old cock grouse, and is all that could be asked for woodcock. He acknowledges but one master and yet is not jealous of other dogs in the field.

I have been told, and I think it is so held by many, that the pointer is not so courageous as the setter in bad cover. However, I have yet to see the setter that will venture where Buff refuses to go. Another saying is that letting a dog retrieve makes him unsteady. Where this is true, the fault is either that the dog is not of good parentage, or else was badly broken, possibly both. A dog which is made a companion, doing his work in love and not in fear, rarely lapses from his early training, for when he does a good deed he expects, and should have, his reward, which may be only a word of praise, but is yet as dear to him as to us who like to have our good deeds appreciated. Although these ideas are not new, and practically the same thing has been told over and over in the FOREST AND STREAM, it seems as though the demon of unmanliness were turned loose in some men as soon as they get behind a dog for a day's sport. They are cool and pleasant at home, in business relations and in other pleasures, but at the least mishap on their own part, or that of their luckless brute friend, and lo! a wonderful change. I have been witness to such exhibitions as made my blood boil with indignation, and I have blushed for manhood so debased.

In this vicinity our main dependence for sport is partridge shooting, and during the twenty-one years of my residence here there has been a gradual falling off in the number of broods raised each year. Of course, some years were better than others, but surely and notably the birds are growing less. The past season showed more broods than for three or four years previous, which I attribute in part to the favorable weather during nesting season. From careful observation I conclude that the fox is their greatest enemy. Where the little gray rabbits are plenty there reynard and his family are most numerous. Rabbits were getting very numerous about the years 1882-4 and the foxes were very troublesome. I saw many places during that season where they had caught and devoured birds. At last, about every boy in this section procured a ferret or an interest in one, when, the law notwithstanding, poor bunny, like the Chinaman, had to go; the war of extermination continued, and the season of 1885-6 saw nearly the last of them. As the rabbits disappeared the foxes became less numerous, and although few were killed, scarcely a track was to be seen in locations where a year or two previous they could have been counted by the dozen.

This may account in part for the good shooting of the past season.

Last and worst of all is the clearing and draining of swamps, brush patches and timber where the birds formerly found abundant cover. The insatiable desire for the present "mighty dollar" leads men to cut, burn and clear. Could they only see into futurity they would cherish and save, leaving to posterity something of value instead of barren hillsides, dried up springs and brooks, with only the remedy of planting new forests. The articles on forestry, published in these columns, should be sown broadcast throughout the land, and made to be read in public like the Declaration of Independence. BAR LOCK.

CORTLAND COUNTY, New York.

COL. CROCKETT IS LOADED FOR BEAR.—Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting for the season has not been good. Quail were badly hurt by a storm in June and owing to the absence of mast the ducks went by. Deer have been reasonably plenty and many have been killed. The Legislature is in session and no prophet nor son of a prophet can tell what is to become of our game law. At least twenty bills have been introduced, ranging all the way from a repeal to a more stringent law. In the Senate a bill has been reported favorably prohibiting the export of game and fish. This will probably pass, as we are cursed with pot-hunters for the St. Louis market. In the House the chances are that the act of 1885 will be repealed. We hope to stop it in the Senate, where Col. R. H. Crockett, a grandson of the celebrated David Crockett, is loaded for bear on the subject. If it can be stopped he will do it. All our sportsmen and our clubs are working against the repeal, but we have an up-hill task.—CASUAL.

WHAT FOLLY!—Forreston, Ill., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I this day received a circular addressed to any prominent duck shooter, from the Monmouth Shooting and Fishing Club, opposing the passage of a bill to prevent the spring shooting of water fowl, also a petition to the Legislature to the same effect, which they wished circulated. But as I am in favor of the bill I decline to aid them, and I am getting numerous signers to a petition in favor of the passage of the bill. I think it would be well for the friends of the bill to unite in getting up petitions in its favor, as I suppose the Monmouth Club has sent one of its petitions to every postoffice in the State.—C. C. P.

NO WHEAT IN ALASKA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the complimentary notice of "Our New Alaska" which you are pleased to copy from the "Magazine of American History," there is one serious misstatement (not yours) which may some day be charged against me, to wit, that the "wheat region of Alaska alone might feed the world." I cannot find a syllable in the text that can be construed into such an assertion, nor do I find the word "wheat" used in connection with Alaskan products.—CHARLES HALLOCK, Author, etc.

JAMAICA PLAINS GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Jamaica Plains Gun Club, held Jan. 10, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: S. D. Charles, President; A. W. Tice, Treasurer; A. B. Bradstreet, Captain; C. H. Cilley, Secretary; Executive Committee—Sam'l Bradstreet, A. W. Tice and A. T. Amsden.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Ruffed grouse and quail are displayed for sale in most of the up-town markets of New York. A game protector walking the length of Third avenue could average about one seizure for every two blocks.—MARK WEST. [Quail may be sold until Feb. 1.]

THE CONSOLATION THERE IS IN IT.—What a comfort the dear old FOREST AND STREAM has been to me through all these days of sickness. It has been the one paper that I was able or cared to read, and the one which I did read. —*Correspondence (Cedarville, O.).*

PENNSYLVANIA.—Little Marsh, Jan. 18.—Grouse are wintering well in this section, and as we have had no ice storms yet, and there is a good supply of birds, we may hope for good shooting next season.—TIOGA.

BROWN'S combined de-capper, re-capper, wad seater and crimper is highly recommended to sportsmen as a most useful tool to take on a hunting trip.—*Adv.*

QUAIL IN MAINE.—Portland, Jan. 20.—We are wintering Virginia quail (*Ortyx virginianus*) in barns, and outside also. A repeated experiment.—E. S.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Mr. G. A. Tilford, of Ridgewood, N. J., has in captivity a number of quail which he proposes to free in the neighborhood.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

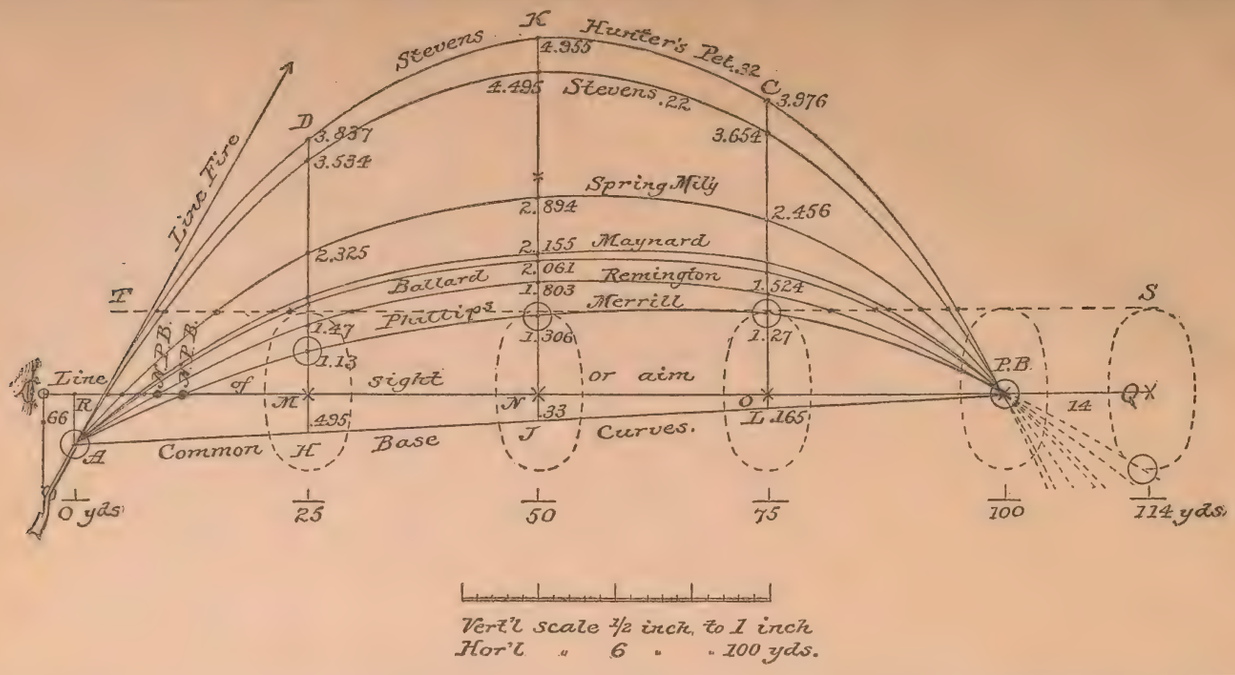
Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been my desire not to have anything in particular to say in reference to your most valuable test of hunting rifles made in September and October, 1885, at Creedmoor. But you may recollect that through your columns I early indorsed your report of this trial, as did many others, so that it now stands embodied in your pamphlet as an authoritative record of this trial, to the full extent of the rest. This report, among a great many other things, gives the heights of all the trajectories made by the respective rifles. To obtain these was the main object of the trial, and its end was to spread these before the public so that all might see them, and at a glance almost learn the true lessons they teach. The most prominent of all these is:

That rifles which make flat trajectories, shoot with greater accuracy along a range than rifles which make high trajectories, both rifles being here regarded as normally shooting steady.

As one whose muzzleloader was in this test, and who had for some years previous to this trial written much about the hunting rifle, especially in favor of the muzzleloader for its superior accuracy and power, but whose teachings were unheeded by some and ridiculed by others, I, who had and yet have a reputation to sustain in these matters, I, who stand fully sustained in all I have ever written by your report, will not now suffer that report to be perverted in its meaning nor my rifle to be misrepresented as in the letter here quoted in full, lest I be accused of garbling it.

Of itself it is hardly worth noticing, but remaining unanswered and being backed up by several others, and not denied by the several makers of the breechloaders, whose rifles it is unqualifiedly asserted beat my muzzleloader, and as this letter has been on record in your columns for now near six months and will soon crystallize into a fact, I here produce it. Napoleon Merrill had stated facts, and Mr. Burns, as a critic, steps in and denies them. He writes, "I wish to call the attention of Napoleon Merrill to the fact, that in your test of hunting rifles there was not a muzzleloading hunting rifle in the contest, the nearest to it being the one [the Merrill rifle] fired at the 100yds. range, and that one was beaten in regularity of bullet flight, *i. e.*, in accuracy, by 27 of the 33 breechloaders [only 31 were in competition] in competition. At 200yds. the muzzleloader [G. J. Romer's] target rifle, with all the appliances of a target rifle, beat all of the breechloading hunting rifles in the regularity of shooting [*i. e.*, in accuracy], the nearest one to it being the Maynard special, which was just four-thousandths of an inch behind the Romer muzzleloader [what a "tight fit"], the difference in elevation at 100yds. of the five shots:



Romer, .32; Maynard, .296; difference, .004 of an inch. The work of the breechloader is telling it.—R. H. BURNS."

First—It is not true that my rifle was not a hunting rifle, nor is it true as to Romer's. Heavier rifles than either are much used in hunting, especially in the East. The weight of my rifle, 11lbs. 6½oz. is just that of the one which I carried on our frontiers while in the Second Regiment of U. S. Dragoons, from 1843 to 1856, less three years out for the Mexican War, and which I ordered to be made for my frontier service, and I never thought it heavy, but a tenderfoot no doubt would.

Second—"All the appliances" Mr. Burns refers to as belonging to the Romer rifle (or to any other rifle at the test) had nothing to do in making a high or flat curve. He as a critic, and all his very knowing followers, should know this, and not have tried to humbug your readers with such insinuating stuff. Beware of such writers.

Third—What he says about the Romer rifle being so nearly beaten by the Maynard, is not true, but far from it. The Maynard was beaten—yes, more than "distanced" by the Romer rifle—this we intend to prove in our next article.

Fourth—As to his statement about the Merrill rifle being so badly beaten, there is not one word of truth in this, and we will proceed to prove it, and "show up" matters pretty generally. Your report must be sustained. We purpose to treat this matter in such a way that every rifle tested shall have its true place on the list of merit, for a flat curve or strong and good shooting. Such a record will be valuable as a reference.

SOME NECESSARY DEFINITIONS.—To have rifle shooting more easily comprehended some definitions are actually necessary, and I will give the following and hope they may be used:

The right-angled triangle, A R P, I denominate the triangle of the *negatives*. It height in this case is .66 of an inch and its apex is at the point blank.

The *negatives* are the vertical distances cut off from the heights of the trajectory by the "line of sight," and lying between it and the base of the curve. See for negatives lt A, M H, M J and O L, and A P for base of the curve. The negatives all take the — (minus) sign.

The *muzzle negative* is the vertical distance, A R, between the axis of bore and the "line of sight" or aim. See diagram. Its value can always be obtained by measurement, and for the same rifle it is a constant quantity. By knowing the muzzle negative the other negatives are easily obtained, thus negative at 25yds. is three-fourths of .66=.495 at 50yds., one-half of .66=.33 at 75yds., one-fourth of .66=.165.

The *base*, A P, of the trajectory is a right line connecting its two ends. See diagram. The trajectory begins at the axis of bore, and is regarded as terminating in target practice where the bullet strikes the target.

Near point blank is the first intersection of the line of sight or aim with the trajectory. See N H P in the diagram. We have once before given this definition in your columns, Sept. 17, 1885, while treating of the round ball for accuracy at 100yds.

The *error* of the rifle at any point of the range is the vertical distance of the trajectory or center of the bullet hole from the line of sight. It is measured from the line of sight. Now see the diagram and the definition stands explained. At N B P fine near point blank, and again at P B, the point blank proper, there is no theoretical or practical error under the definition, because the same shot (and under the same aim) makes a center at these two points, while at all other points in the range there is an error, either above or below, however great or minutely small it may be. Thus error for measurement refers to the line of sight and the curve or bullet's center. Of two rifles that which makes the least error is the most accurate, hence error and accuracy may be regarded in use as reciprocal terms, the former being the most proper. The above definition has been given once before.

Point blank is the second intersection of the line of sight or aim with the trajectory. See P B for this.

Trajectory "accuracy," or more properly *error*, for any point in the range (and beyond it) is the vertical distance from the line of sight or aim to the trajectory. Between the two point blanks the error is above the line of sight and is + (plus); from the muzzle to the near point blank it lies below the line of sight and is — (minus); beyond the point blank proper it is below the line of sight and is minus. Trajectory accuracy results from the superior power of the rifle.

With the definitions we can proceed understandingly in our coming demonstrations, and we think your readers will appreciate them. This will be our reward.

We will next introduce our original diagram. Our intention was to introduce only the lowest Rem.-Hep. .38-cal. trajectory and the highest Stevens Hunter's Pet .32-cal. trajectory, with the Merrill muzzleloader trajectory, and from these three to make our demonstration; but as the claims of the Maynard and Ballard have been specially mentioned by Mr. Burns and others as beating the muzzleloaders one or both, I have introduced their curve also. The Spring field Military is introduced only because it is a pretty well known trajectory and will serve as a kind of key or measure to all of the 33 trajectories made at the test.

1. The point blank range is 100yds., but the diagram is made to show the shooting for 114yds. The Merrill rifle, only, hits the target at 114yds., all the others shoot under it.

2. The Merrill muzzleloader beat all the 31 American breechloaders. Proof, it made the flattest trajectory, therefore it lies the nearest to the line of sight (or aim) from which accuracy is measured. The Bland rifle comes next in flatness of trajectory, and next comes the Rem.-Hep. .32-cal. So nearly does the Bland curve agree with the Merrill that it could not be plotted in the diagram.

3. The line of sight or aim R M N O P Q is one of the most important lines in the diagram, because from it the measurements for error (or accuracy) must be made—to be correct, ring measurements refer to this line. It is legitimately made common in the diagram for all the rifles, because it places each rifle on a theoretic par with the others. Practically a common base favors a little such of the breechloaders as have thinner barrels and lower sights than the muzzleloaders, but the muzzleloaders can stand this and yet have a broad margin in their favor.

4. The five dotted-line bullseyes are 2in. in diameter, and their centers M N O P Q are in the same line of aim, which is common to all the rifles, i. e., one aim answers for all the bullseyes and the error results are the same as if they were separately put up, not aligned and shot at.

5. All the 33 trajectories are regarded as placed upon a common base A P. This is fair and legitimate in every respect. The table heights of the series of 5 shots each for each rifle, all refer to a common base. The trajectories are but huddled in the table upon a common base, being removed from their separate bases on the screens and targets.

6. The height of the trajectory is measured from its base A P. See heights H D, J K and L C. The same is true for every point in the range from A to P. The height of any points in the trajectories, say at 50 and 60yds., may be obtained by simply applying the compass to them and the given vertical scale; trajectory heights take the + (plus) sign.

7. A flat curve is one which has little curvature, and it lies near the line of aim. Example, see the Merrill curve. It can only be made with a high velocity of the bullet. And this demands a high proportion of powder to lead. Rifles making flat curves are good shooters provided the bullets follow nearly in the same path; flat and steady shooting must combine in any rifle to make it the best.

8. A high curve is one which has relatively greater curvature than a flat one, and it lies relatively more remote from the line of aim. Examples, see all the breechloader curves in the diagram, especially the highest one, the famous "Hunter's Pet" Stevens .32-cal. A high curve results from a slow velocity of the bullet. Rifles making high curves are poor shooters along the range and beyond it, even though they shoot steady and make a good target at the end of the range. They shoot over along mid-range and rapidly too low beyond the range. Whether the makers of breechloaders can put powder enough into their ammunition to make flat curves and steady shooting remains for them to say and prove. From their thirty years or more of trial and experience, I would say they cannot. If they can, why were they so badly beaten in this test? This is the great question the public wish answered. Can they make very close and uniformly good shooting rifles?

9. A rifle which does not make a very flat curve and shoot steady for 100yds. does not make a good hunting rifle for small and large game.

10. No rifle yet invented will shoot very close for over 110yds., hence rifles are generally sighted 100yds. point blank. Muzzleloaders sighted for 100yds. and breechloaders for 80 or 85yds. give about the same errors at mid-ranges.

11. The same aim and shot which centers at the near point blank will again center at the point blank far away; all of these things are considered theoretically, practice will not quite sustain them in all respects, because the conditions may vary.

12. The Merrill rifle is the only one that hits a squirrel's head all the way from the muzzle up to 114yds. This rifle or such a rifle will bring down the game, encourage the hunter and feed the camp. To have it is a boon and blessing indeed, and so the early settlers of this country regarded it for over a century; it hits, as you see, within the 2in. circle, with the aim on the center; proof, see the diagram.

13. All the other rifles miss a squirrel's head and the circle except for the first few yards and the last few yards near the point blank. The dotted line T S, drawn but 1in. above the line of sight or aim, shows to the eye at a glance how soon all the breechloaders shoot over after the bullet leaves the rifle, and also for what a long distance in the range they continue to shoot over and miss all the small game. These rifles, as you see, shoot over at mid range all the way from missing a squirrel's head up to missing a goose, dog or a 9.0in. bullseye at 50yds.; for proof of all this and much more, see the diagram. Such weak shooting rifles will discourage the hunter, especially the beginner, because he cannot get the small game he shoots at. Hence it is no doubt that shotguns have largely taken the place of rifles within the past 15 years, for 40 and 50 years ago rifles were almost invariably used.

14. The heights of the trajectories all appear unnaturally great. This arises from the distortion incident to the great disparity between the horizontal and vertical scales. But the figures are held to be exactly correct and the curves are very carefully plotted. We make the diagram distorted, because we wish to have it very sensitive, so as to expose errors, if there be any of importance. You will see that an error of 1-10in. in any of the trajectories would show by a crook or unnatural bend in it.

15. The distances A R, M R, N J and O L are the negatives. As before stated they are negative errors, and take the — (minus) sign. Between the 2 points blank they must be subtracted from the heights of curve to get the error. This will hereafter all appear more plainly.

16. The curves, plotting so well, furnish good proof of the correctness of your test. The curves at the English test through screens, under the supervision of the editor of the London *Field*, in the fall of 1883, did not plot so well as yours by any means. In plotting the Holland and Bland curve (same rifle you tested) as we did on the same base for 150yds., they were alike wavy, unnatural and out of place at one point in the range by about ¾in. I think, however, your test, on account of variable winds, was not perfect, but could be bettered a little perhaps. Its merits will bear scrutiny.

17. And now, if the beginner with the rifle, as well as others, cannot understand my diagram demonstration and other explanations, then I must yield and be disappointed. I must say I have tried hard and at the expense of considerable repetition to be understood by all. My task is nearly done, and all *probono publico*.

THE MERRILL AND REMINGTON-HEPBURN .32-CAL. RIFLES COMPARED FOR TRAJECTORY ACCURACY AND POWER.

Merrill Rifle.—The Merrill muzzleloader, .42-cal., first in merit of all, was the only muzzleloader tested in the trial at 100yds. range. It was made by Phillips. The mean height of its trajectory, as reported at 50yds. midrange for 5 consecutive shots is 1.306in. This is the flattest and strongest trajectory made at this range, where 32 breechloaders were tested and one American breechloader "failed to act." But one other muzzleloader was present; this was the Romer rifle, which was tested at 200yds. only.

Rem.-Hep. Rifle.—The Remington-Hepburn breechloader, .32-cal., made the flattest and strongest trajectory of any of the American breechloaders and it stands third on the list of merit, as will hereafter appear. The Bland, English double express breechloader .45-cal., stands second on the list of merit; this will hereafter appear. The mean height of the Rem.-Hep. trajectory at 50yds. for 5 consecutive shots is 1.803in.

We therefore have the ratio of heights as 1.803R. to 1.306M. To find the best in flatness in the Merrill over the Rem. in per cent. we have 1.803 divided by 1.306, equals 1.38; hence ratio of 1 to 1.38 equals .38. Thus the Merrill rifle beat the Rem. in the flatness of its trajectory .38 per cent.; and now remember that this is the strongest shooting rifle (in velocity of bullet) of all the 31 American breechloaders.

But the heights of the curves at 50yds. do not declare the trajectory errors or accuracies of the rifles at this point, as well as of other points in the range.

From the respective heights of these 2 mean curves at 50yds. (omitting the other 3 screen points in the range) must be subtracted (in this case) .33 of an inch (see my diagram) which under my new and much needed definition is called the "negative" at this point. The error you see all lies above the line of sight at 50yds., and has a + sign, hence .33 must be subtracted.

To get the errors at 50yds.

Merrill height of traj.=1.306in.	Rem.-Hep. height=1.803in.
Negative=0.33in.	Negative=0.33in.
Error=.676	Error=1.473

Now these errors, .976 and 1.473, are but the distances these rifles shoot over the center N of the 2in. bullseye where the aim is. In other words they are the vertical string measurements to determine the accuracy (more properly the errors) of these rifles. The shooting is regarded as normal. For the muzzle beat in less error, called accuracy: We have the Rem. error=1.473in.; Merrill error=.976; thus Merrill beat in less error or accuracy .5C of an inch. To find the per cent. of beat in trajectory accuracy we have: Ratio of errors as 1.473 to .976; and 1.473 divided by .976 equals 1.50+; hence the ratio is 1. to 1.50. Thus the Merrill rifle beat in trajectory accuracy .50 of an inch at 50yds., and also 38 per cent. in the flatness of its curve and in bullet velocity, and velocity power; the weights of the bullets are not here regarded.

Note well that this .50 of an inch beat in accuracy and this 38 per cent. gain in power is solely due to the two types of rifles and their ammunition; and that these great merits have no connection here (or in this trial) with what we commonly call target "accuracy"—"accuracy," or the close bunching of the bullets on the target; and that to the above given accuracy for the muzzleloader must be added, to swell the amount, the further merit of target accuracy, provided that on a further trial for this purpose, the rifle is entitled to it. These remarks have a general application to all rifles and rifle shooting, and I do not believe these very important points have ever been demonstrated or published in this country, at least I have no knowledge of it.

We have shown above that the muzzleloader beat the breechloader by considering only the mean curve of each rifle for five shots; these curves we took from your report. But an effort has been made by Messrs. Burns, Clapp, "C. L. S.," of Texas; Leopold and Remus, and is still being persisted in, which goes directly to destroy the vital force of your invaluable report. They do not deny that the trajectory made with my rifle is flatter than any other made at the 100yds. range trial. No, the records show too plainly for this. Nor do they accuse my rifle of not shooting steady. No, for your report specially says it did. I will extract for this rifle: "The powder charge weighed 98.5grs., while two bullets weighed up respectively to 212.7 and 213.1grs. * * * The wind at the time came from the 5 o'clock quarter at the rate of 18 miles per hour. With such a charge from such a weapon the shooting was of course very accurate and a very flat line of fire (or trajectory) is shown" (pamphlet report p. 60). Again the report says, p. 8, the Merrill and Romer rifles "each maintained a high degree of accuracy." Of course they did, and yet the effort is to try and flood the public mind with the idea that the Merrill rifle was beaten in accuracy, as Mr. Burns declares, "by 27 of the 33 breechloaders in competition, and that the Romer muzzleloader came within .004in. of being beaten by the Maynard rifle." Such is the spurious doctrine these critics are trying to have believed. It repudiates and belies the true lesson of your report and of the trajectories.

Such heresies in behalf of the great interests of rifle shooting must be put down now and forever.

Perhaps these writers believe that because target and screen accuracy were disregarded in the test that therefore no one can set up accuracy in proof against them, hence if they boldly assert that my muzzleloader was beaten in accuracy and stick to it that they will be believed in the end.

If they so believe they labor under a sad mistake, as they must learn, and I hope this will lead to good results, one of which would be that they write no more about the rifle.

We will now proceed to ascertain how much the Merrill rifle beat the Remington-Hepburn .32-cal. in vertical error or trajectory accuracy in each of the 5 shots at 25yds., 50yds., and 75 yds. To make the work complete we will begin with the 5 shots on the first screen at 25yds. We select the breechloader because it made the flattest trajectory of any of the American breechloaders. If the Merrill rifle beats this it beats them all:

Remington-Hepburn rifle, 25yds.

	1	2	3	4	5	
Ht. traj's...	+1.513	+1.477	+1.443	+1.429	+1.478	above base at 25yds.
Negatives..	—.495	—.495	—.495	—.495	—.495	below line of sight.
Errors.....	+1.018	+.982	+.948	+.934	+.983	st'g 4.865 above l. sight.

Such are the vertical errors of each shot, and such is the string. The shots all strike over the line of sight, or center of aim at M on the 25yds. 2in. bullseye. Now see the diagram and you will understand this work. The string is commonly called one of "accuracy," but "error" is more proper. Next comes the

Merrill rifle, 25yds.

	1	2	3	4	5	
Ht. traj's...	+1.183	+1.230	+1.035	+1.170	+1.031	above base at 25yds.
Negatives..	—.495	—.495	—.495	—.495	—.495	below line of sight.
	+.685	+.741	+.588	+.675	+.536	st'g 3.178 above l. sight.

Such are the vertical errors above the line of sight for each shot and such is the string. The bullets all strike above the line of sight or center of aim at M of the 2in. bullseye. The measurements for vertical error are made from the line of sight. This may be termed trajectory accuracy as against target accuracy.

Explanations. The Merrill rifle had on peep and globe sights, but sights of any kind on the rifles had nothing to do in making a high or low curve. It weighed 11lbs. 6½oz., this again had nothing to do in the height of its curve; nor had the weight 7lb. 11½oz. of the Rem.-Hep. .32 anything to do with it. Now this comparatively light breechloader beat a lot of the heavier ones in the flatness of its curve, and if it could make a flat curve why should not the two muzzleloaders do the same, if they were as light as the breechloader, and yet the weight of the muzzleloaders must

always be harped upon as if it were their weight which caused them to beat. Eleven out of the 31 breechloaders weighed 10lbs. or more—why not harp on this fact?

The Merrill rifle was tested in a wind of 18 miles an hour, and the Rem.-Hep. in one of 7 miles. I know a wind of 18 miles will affect steadiness of curves, and I notice my curves were affected a little by it, and I think the screens were also, but it is all right and I accept it all in the best of faith. The muzzleloaders were, of course, bound to beat, for it was in them and their ammunition. I have often and often, in years past, given a reason for it.

Now to compare the errors (or inaccuracies) at 25yds.:

	1	2	3	4	5	
Rem. errors	+1.018	+.982	+.948	+.934	+.983	String 4.865.
Merrill errors	—.685	—.544	—.578	—.475	—.576	String 3.178.
Merrill beats	+.33	+.233	+.410	+.259	+.447.	1.687. Av. .34in.

Thus the muzzleloader beats at each shot for 25yds., and this quite badly, the least beat being in shot No. 2, .24 say one-fourth of an inch. This beat is in vertical trajectory error (commonly called accuracy) and is entirely independent of target accuracy, the latter is measured for a string, all around from the center of aim to the center of bullet holes, while the former is measured vertically from the line of sight or aim. Target accuracy is found at the end of the range, while trajectory accuracy is found all along the range. As before stated I would prefer to write error for accuracy.

Next pass on to 50yds. to examine the same shots:

Remington-Hep. Rifle, at 50yds.

Height of Traj's	1.815	1.870	1.970	1.777	1.801 above base.
Negative	—.330	—.330	—.330	—.330	—.370 above line of sight.
Errors	1.485	1.540	1.640	1.447	1.474. String 7.566in.

Thus this rifle shoots over the line of sight at midrange, the measurements being vertical, and from N, the center of aim on the 2in. bullseye, up to the trajectory.

Merrill rifle at 50yds.:

Ht. Traj's	1.573	1.498	1.397	1.051	1.210 above base.
Negative	—.33	—.33	—.33	—.33	—.33 below line of sight.
Errors	1.043	1.168	1.069	.721	.880 string 4.881 above L. S.

Thus this rifle shoots over at midrange, the measurements being vertical from N, the center of aim in the 2in. bullseye. See the diagram for the common base and for the line of aim on N at the center of the 2in. bullseye, and for the Rem.-Hep. and Merrill 2 mean curves at 50yds.

The five individual curves here considered would, if plotted in the diagram, fall a little above and below their mean curve plotted in the diagram.

Now to compare the errors at 50yds.:

Rem. errors	1.485	1.540	1.440	1.427	1.474 string 7.366
Merrill errors	1.043	1.168	1.069	.721	.88 string 4.881
Merrill beats	.442	.372	.371	.706	.594	2.485 Av. .50in.

Thus the muzzleloader again beats every shot at 50yds. As before stated, it beats in vertical measurements or trajectory accuracy, and this is entirely independent of target or screen accuracy. If at another trial specially for target accuracy the muzzleloader should again beat, then this amount must be added to the trajectory accuracy beat to get the total amount. The muzzleloader has always been a wonder for its close and constant shooting; the charge of fickleness has never been made against a good one.

Rem.-Hep. Rifle, 75yds.

Heights of traj's.	1.544	1.560	1.577	1.477	1.488 above base.
Negative	—.185	—.185	—.185	—.185	—.185 below L.S. at O.
	1.359	1.375	1.389	1.292	1.303 string 6.698in.

Thus the rifle shoots over O the center aimed in the common line of sight at 75yds. See the diagram for the line of sight and O and the common base for the mean curve of the 5 shots; the individual curves are not in the diagram, but only their representative, the mean curve.

Merrill Rifle, 75yds.

Heights of traj's.	1.270	1.205	1.419	1.051	1.421 above base.
Negative	—.185	—.185	—.185	—.185	—.185 below line of sight.
Errors	1.085	1.020	1.234	.866	1.236 string 5.441in.

Such are the errors or would be vertical measurements from the line of sight to the trajectories if the trajectories were plotted in diagram, but only their mean curve is in it.

Now to compare the errors at 75yds.:

Rem.-Hep. errors	1.359	1.375	1.393	1.292	1.303 string 6.698in.
Merrill errors	1.085	1.020	1.234	.866	1.236 string 5.441in.
Merrill beats	.274	.355	.159	.426	.067	1.277, Av. .25in.

Thus the muzzleloader again beats, this time at 75yds. As before stated it beats in trajectory accuracy, which is entirely independent of screen or target "accuracy" or more properly of screen and target error. I repeat these terms so as not to be misunderstood in my meaning—the bullet has no error when its center is in the line of aim, and its deviations therefrom are properly errors, not accuracies as generally called.

The rifle which shoots strong and steady will always beat in accuracy for the whole range the rifle which does not shoot strong and steady, and if we add to the former rifle (which imparts a great velocity and power to its bullet) the great merit of but little recoil at the same time, then such a rifle is worth a mint as a hunting rifle for all kinds of game, both large and small, and this, even though it shall require ten minutes to load it; quick loading without great and constant accuracy amounts to but a very little indeed, except for a very few special purposes. Of course the bullet in weight and diameter must be adapted to the purposes of the rifle. But powder it must have and enough of it too to give a high velocity to the bullet, the higher the better, provided it flies steady along the same course very nearly.

The diagram will teach better than all writing why the errors diminish each way from midrange to zero at the 2 points blank. It will tell why the muzzleloader beats all the breechloaders and this one by about one-third.

Summary of the Individual 5 Shots:

Point 1. We have now at considerable pains mathematically and practically proven that the Merrill muzzleloader beat the Remington-Hepburn breechloader in trajectory accuracy (less error) for each of the 5 shots in this test, and that, too, at 25, 50 and 75yds. We have also stated from your report that this breechloader made the flattest trajectory of any of the American breechloaders tested.

Point 2. The muzzleloader having thus beaten, with a heavy margin in its favor, the breechloader which made the flattest trajectory of any of the breechloaders, it is mathematically and practically true, that it beat the remaining 29 of them. Where does this leave the critics?

Many suppose that because the heights of the individual curves in your tables in the series of 5 shots with the different rifles differ but a very little (about ¾in., more or less), this conclusively shows and is proof that the bullets of each rifle were near together in their line of flight, and therefore must have made very close clusters in the screens and targets, so much so, as to cause the observer of the table heights to conclude they must have cut quite into the same common hole or break in the screens at midrange, and consequently that the rifles must have shot with great steadiness and accuracy (see some of the tables).

An examination of the tables very naturally leads almost any one to these conclusions, and we presume that 19 in 20 who have looked at them and hastily compared the heights of the curves, have formed a belief about as expressed above.

And yet such a belief as to the proof part is widely erroneous. The small difference in the heights of these curves does not prove either screen or target accuracy. The test itself, most fortunately, furnishes direct proof of this fact, as the large screens at midrange, as well as the large targets, have the 5 shots well scattered over them. The report teaches this fact, hence there is no necessity for seeing them on this point. The shots, the report says, were purposely scattered, and yet the heights of curves, measured from their bases, differ but a very little, and are just the same as if the bullets had not been scattered. The test was made on this theory, which is a correct one where the line of fire is a low one, as was the case in the test.

The tables are but the former scattered curves gathered and huddled together, as if on a common base.

The table differences show only in regard to regularity in the fall of the bullets. And regularity in fall is a good sign for accuracy, but it is not proof of it, for scattering bullets give small differences in heights, and the same differences, shot for shot, as if they do not scatter. Such was the correct theory of the test. The above principles apply to muzzle and breechloaders.

Close Shooting—What splendid shooting is here to be seen; this rifle misses (at most) only nine-tenths of an inch for 1143yds. Proof, see the column of "reduced errors" and the diagram.

The trajectory curved line corresponds to the center of the bullet, and hence the greatest trajectory error is but one inch and one-tenth (1.103) for 1143yds. Proof, see column of errors and the diagram.

Question—Does the muzzleloader shoot close?

Question—And can the sceptic or quibbler truthfully deny it?

Question—Can the breechloader ever hope to beat it for both target accuracy and trajectory accuracy, both to be made at the same time, with the same shots, in a trial of 50 or 100 shots? I am free to say I do not believe it can. I am writing as to hunting rifles and ranges only.

Test Shots 1 and 2—At the test my rifle for shots Nos. 1 and 2 had the same aim. Consequence: At 25yds. both bullets cut into the same hole, at 50 and 75yds. the centers of each bullet are within the size of a nickle, and at 100yds. both centers are within the size of a twenty-five cent piece. Proof, see the three screens and target. After shot No. 2 the aim was shifted by request at each shot, if otherwise a very close target would have been made.

If it had been tested at 200yds. it would have beaten the thirty-one breechloaders. Private trials with the same charge prove this to be so. Besides the charge of powder and weight of the bullet show this should be so. MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sea and River Fishing.

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SALMON ANGLING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

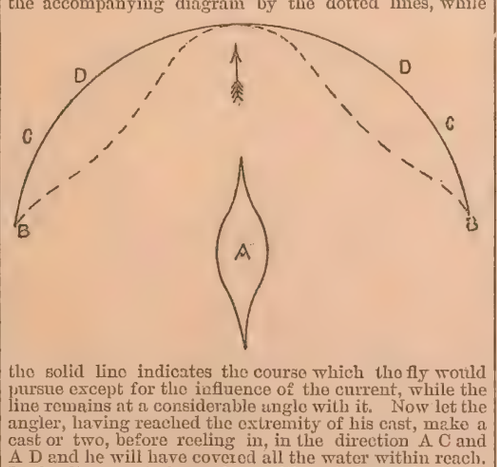
The subject of salmon fishing has been written about until there is little left to say that is new, but yet there remains a very little that will be new to some of the authors at least, and one or two little matters I propose to suggest with your permission, referring more particularly to Mr. Wells and his recent work, "The American Salmon Angler," which I have just read with keen pleasure. He advises, page 147, that after a fish has risen but refused, or missed the fly, the line should be gathered into the canoe by drawing it by the hand through the rings and allowing the slack to fall into the bottom of the canoe "thus preserving the exact range of the fish" while "resting him." Then, after the proper time has elapsed, he directs that casting should be resumed, paying out line in the ordinary method, except that it will not be off the reel but out of the coil, or more likely heap in the bottom of the canoe, until the exact spot where the fish rose is reached. This would be a capital plan if one could be sure that the fish he was after was the only one in the pool, but with fifty or perhaps a hundred feet of line off the reel, if a fish should rise and fasten, with a considerable portion of it yet lying in the bottom of the boat, the angler would be in a sorry fix. If he should attempt to hold the line in his hand while recovering the loose portion on to his reel, one of two things would occur, probably both. He would almost certainly get his loose line into a bad tangle, since he would be recovering from the bottom of the pile instead of the top, which would be fatal if the fish remained fast, but the chances are that he would have broken loose before that event could happen, certainly if held with a rigid hold. If the angler should attempt to give line by allowing it to slip through his fingers as the fish made a rush, he would probably have to resort to his medicine chest for sticking plaster for his lacerated fingers.

The writer tried this plan once in his callow days and the recollection has been a warning ever since.

A better way is to reel in properly and start fair, the range can easily be found again, or he may cast on the other side of the canoe for a little time if the conditions favor such a course, or if the fish run well on one side or the other of the boat he may simply allow his line to drift squarely astern until the proper time has elapsed, when he can make one or two preliminary casts in the air to free the line and fly from water and then drop it over his fish as gently as his skill will allow.

On page 139 Mr. Wells has furnished a diagram to illustrate his remarks on casting. His directions are clear and exact and his diagram is mathematically correct; theoretically they leave nothing to be desired except a rise, and it would appear that by following the directions closely all the water within reach would be perfectly covered; practically, however, it is not.

Salmon casting is almost never practiced in still water, but in sections where there is a moderately swift current, say from three to four miles an hour; now when the angler casts directly across such a current with a long line the inevitable result is that the line sags and the fly as it drifts down the stream, approaches the boat, until it is nearly astern, when of course the line straightens with the current and the fly reaches the furthest possible point from the caster, the course of the fly being indicated in the accompanying diagram by the dotted lines, while



the solid line indicates the course which the fly would pursue except for the influence of the current, while the line remains at a considerable angle with it. Now let the angler, having reached the extremity of his cast, make a cast or two, before reeling in, in the direction A C and A D and he will have covered all the water within reach. In the diagram A shows the position of the angler in his canoe and the arrow the direction of the current.

Now as to clogged reels, Mr. Wells gives on page 46 a graphic description of a calamity which has befallen most of us more than once, and very few of us know why. In such cases we curse the maker of the reel, and with some little reason, too, but we do not blame him for the right thing. We lay the blame on some defect about the click or the mechanism connected with it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that part of the reel is all right and trying to do its duty, but cannot for reasons which I will try to explain. Every one has probably noticed that calamities of this kind overtake us oftener on rainy than on bright days. They may happen on any day, but more often on rainy ones. It is the crowding of the side of the spool against the outer case of the reel that does the mischief, and this is caused either by very close and hard packing of the line on the spool during a hard and long fight with a fish, or by the expansion of the line by reason of too much moisture, either of which will crowd the sides of the spool outwardly, and friction does the rest. This happens more frequently on a wet than on a dry day because the line remains wet. On a dry, warm day the line, as it comes home to the reel, has most of the water brushed off as it passes through the rings, and reaches its place on the reel in a comparatively dry condition, while on a wet, rainy day it remains wet, packs harder and expands more after it is packed.

I shall never buy another shop reel, but shall have them made to order, and the sides of the spool shall be twice the usual thickness, or there shall be small anti-friction rollers set into the outer case for the edge of the spool to play on; probably the former will be the more practical, as it cannot add more than an ounce or two to the weight and will be far more simple of construction. These are little things of themselves, but success or failure often depends upon attention to a great many little things all kept in mind. I dare say I could think of many others, but I have written enough for once, I think. One thing I will add, however: I indorse most heartily Mr. Wells's opinion of spliced rods, and of dowels as well; I shall continue to fasten my joints together so as to prevent throwing apart, however.

If any one doubts the correctness of my theory of the cause which makes the salmon reel refuse to work at times, let him try the experiment, which he can easily do by wedging the sides of the spool apart by means of a stout stick very firmly pressed in between the sides of the spool, and he will soon be convinced. Of course, the narrower and deeper the spool the more danger from this source. SALMON ANGLER.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. A. N. Cheney's communication to the Eastern New York Game Protective Society, which appears in your impression of the 15th January, is most interesting. There are, however, some conclusions in it which my experience compels me to differ from, and these I will briefly enumerate.

Mr. Cheney doubts that the fish seen by Hudson in 1609 were salmon because they were low down the river in September. I do not know that the fish seen were salmon, but the above is no reason against the supposition. In Canadian rivers there is always a run of spawning fish in September, and these fish spawn all along the rivers, sometimes even in salt or brackish water (when, of course, the eggs are killed). As a rule it is only the early fish that reach the headwaters at all, unless the river be very high, when the later run fish get helped along wonderfully.

As to the average height salmon can clear being 12ft., a baggit heavy with spawn will not clear that height, I feel sure, and these are the most valuable fish. California salmon have been "planted" in the St. John and Tobique, but do not seem to thrive in our rivers. Certainly some other cause than temperature must be at work, as these rivers are fully as cool as the Pacific coast rivers in which they thrive. CHAS. T. BRAMBLE.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

BULLHEADS THAT GIVE DOUBLE PLEASURE.—Agawam, Mass.—As I read the accounts of the encounters of some of your correspondents with the mighty salmon and gamy trout, my mind goes back to the days of last June when I too went fishing, not with patent tackle and fluttering fly deftly cast for such aristocratic game, but with straight 18ft. cane pole, 75ft. of silk line, plain reel and wriggling worm, for just whatever fish would bite. And bite they did, for one rainy afternoon, although fishing in waters less than one mile from the center of the city of Springfield, Mass. (and which are strained each spring time and time again through a fine mesh net), in three and one-half hours, I caught 108 bullheads and 4 other fish; and few a days later, with a friend of mine, I had equally as good success. I never taste of these fish, but I number among my friends several to whom they are very welcome, so that I have the double pleasure of catching them and giving them away. As my work takes me across the ice these wintry days, I wonder where the fish are that I shall take next year and what they are doing now, and through what adventures by flood and field and hair-breadth escapes they must pass before they come to my basket. But after all to any one who loves the rod and the rainy day, it is only half of fishing to catch fish. My mind does not picture the biggest fish taken, but rather the scudding of the rain across the meadows, the flight of some wild bird or the splash and swirl of some great fish feeding; and then, too, the borders of the pond where I fish are made beautiful by the white water lilies, and I can almost catch their fragrance to-night; and over and above it all is the sense of the richness and gladness of a rainy day in June. After all "the happy hunting grounds" may not be all a myth. We may see them yet, and hunt among their mountains and fish in their waters; the great trees there will not be cut down or the prairies turned into wheat fields. At least let us hope so and be glad in the thought.—PINE TREE.

THE SIX-INCH TROUT LAW.—Fish and Game Protective Association, Utica, N. Y., Jan. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The assertion of "Angler" in your issue of 20th inst. that "trout in the third year will not measure six inches" is evidently guess work or buncombe. If the gentleman would revise his "facts" he would not make such an assertion, nor the other one that six-inch trout "do not frequent the riffles." The wording was "under six inches," and those who then wanted it five, now declare that even seven inches would be small enough. "Angler" will look long to find a trout under five inches that will measure three inches in May or June. He ought to apply for a special exception for himself, as that seems to be the rule in Jefferson county. The bill introduced by Mr. Coggeshall restores the six-inch law and makes the law uniform for the whole State April 1 to Sept. 1, salmon-trout and landlocks, April 1 to Oct. 1. Due regard for preservation would require a more limited season by the month of April, or part of it, cut off, but New York people are so strenuous in opposition that it is felt better to leave the season as above for the whole State. It would be unjust for one section of the State to have different seasons, or privileges than another. The public, however, have yet to learn that April trout are not prime. In regard to April shooting of ducks, the bill has been introduced to meet the general public sentiment in this respect. Spring shooting is now prohibited by Canadian laws, and there is every reason why we should protect them while they are on their way to nesting grounds.—U. F. & G. PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

FAIR HAVEN, Vt., Jan. 18.—At the annual and special meeting of the Eagle Rod and Gun Club, Albert I. Johnson, of Hydeville, was elected President; Rolland C. Reed, of Fair Haven, Vice-President; Geo. M. Fuller, of Fair Haven, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. Chas. H. Carpenter, Rolland C. Reed, Merrit T. Mead, Hugh S. Humphrey, of Fair Haven, and B. F. Graves, of Castleton, executive committee. The club hold meetings regularly once a month, at which some member reads an essay or an extract from some work. The club is now interested in stocking streams and the enforcement of the laws about fishing.—NED.

Fisheulture.

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A JAPANESE STUDENT OF FISHERIES.

TWO months ago Mr. K. Ito, a native of Japan, who has received a thorough English education at home, arrived in San Francisco. He came to study American methods of fisheulture, fish capture, and everything connected therewith. He went directly to Washington where he spent some time with Profs. Baird and Goode in the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, and then visited Mr. Frank N. Clark, in charge of the U. S. Hatchery at Northville, Mich., where he saw the process of hatching whitefish and trout. Then he visited the U. S. Salmon Hatching Station at Bucksport, Me., in charge of Mr. H. H. Buck, where he saw the operation of taking spawn, etc. At Greenport, L. I., he visited the menhaden fleet, and next summer he will inspect the oil and guano works near there. At Cold Spring Harbor he was the guest of Mr. Fred Mather, and there he saw the hatching of tomcods in salt water as well as the whitefish and trout-eggs. The tomcods were just hatching and Mr. Ito was greatly interested in seeing them come out of the egg and pass up the glass tubes and over into the aquaria. On Saturday last he inspected Fulton Market and dined with Mr. Blackford, and has now gone to Gloucester, Mass., to go out in the Grampus with Capt. Collins and see how the cod and the halibut are taken. Later he will visit Wood's Holl, and in May will attend the angling tournament in New York city, and then go to Washington to attend the meeting of the Fisheries Society. After inspecting the shad and striped-bass fisheries of North Carolina he will go to the Pacific coast and see the salmon catching and canning, and then return to Japan.

Mr. Ito is President of the Fisheries Society of the Island of Yesso, which has been recently settled by his people and he will, on returning there, make a report of what he has seen and learned in America and will ask for an appropriation for the purposes of fisheulture. He tells us that he is well pleased with what he has seen so far and that he has met with a kind reception everywhere he has been. We have been impressed with his intimate knowledge of many things pertaining to America, from its geography and history to the personnel of the U. S. Fish Commission and the work they have done. We are promised an occasional contribution from him after his return.

We learn that some Japanese rivers swarm with salmon and that this fish will receive the first attention in his proposed inauguration of fisheulture. He will also try to increase the mollusk, whose shell is used here for ornament and called Abelone or "Venus's ear," *Haliotis*, for it is much used as an article of food by the poorer people and tons of it are dried and exported to China. This mollusk is found on our Pacific coast, but is not used as food here, so far as we know, unless by the Chinese.

Besides those cosmopolitan fishes, the herring and the eel, the Japanese have the fresh water suckers, which are unknown in Europe, a species of horsefoot crab, smelts and many other forms common to the Eastern coast of America. In the salt water they have the red snapper (*Lutjanus blackfordii*) which is common to our southern Atlantic coast, and this fish is always served at wedding feasts, but if not in season or procurable, a wooden representative of it is placed upon the table. Crabs abound in the waters, and the spider crab is considered a great delicacy. Mr. Ito will present Professor Baird with alcoholic specimens of the marine and fluviatile fauna of Japan, and an exchange of the aquatic life of Japan and America will follow. We look for another visit from him on his return from the East in April next.

REPORT OF MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

WE have the 21st annual report of the Fish and Game Commissioners of Massachusetts, for the year ending December 31, 1886. There have been no complaints as to the working of the fishways, and only two applications for the construction of new ones. The report of Mr. Holmes, in charge of the Lawrence fishway, covers the time from May 1 to June 30, three days in September, and one in October. The run of fish through May and part of June, consisted of lampreys, alewives and suckers. On June 10 one salmon of 12lbs.; June 20 two salmon of 10 and 12lbs. respectivey; 22d two 12 to 14lbs., and two more on June 24 of 10 to 12lbs. The alewives stopped running on June 4, but the lampreys kept it up all through May and June. After the 1st of July the flow of water grew less and less, and on the 12th it was shut out of the fishway, as there was no water running over the dam and only a few suckers in the fishway. The river began to rise again about September 17 and the following day water was let in. The suckers began running the next day, and salmon were seen below. On September 21 one salmon of 8lbs. went up, on the 26th two of 8 to 12lbs., and on the 28th two of 14lbs. On October 5 two salmon of 6 to 8lbs. ascended, and the water was shut off again from October 10 to the 31st, and on November 4 the last salmon was seen.

The menhaden which were so plentiful in the bays years ago, appear in many cases to have entirely deserted them. The Commissioners say that the theory that no amount of fishing could materially lessen the deep-sea fisheries appears to be losing ground, and the intelligent fishermen are struggling for a law to protect the mackerel during their spawning season. They also say that the driving away or the destruction of the menhaden has decreased the catch of bluefish, and that if the New England States had combined and protected the menhaden in their bays and estuaries they would probably have added millions of dollars to the value of their in-shore fisheries.

The run of salmon in the Merrimac last spring was smaller than usual, and led to the conclusion that this was an off year for these fish, but the fall run was the largest that has occurred at that season. The hatching of these fish is done by Col. E. B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Commission, at the works under his charge at Plymouth, who reports that he received from Bucksport, Maine, 550,000 Penobscot salmon eggs and took 60,000 eggs from fish in the Merrimac river. The fry from all of these were planted in the Pemigewasset river.

Col. Hodge reports the number of brook trout eggs taken as 500,000, of which one-half were sent to Mr. Brackett, at Winchester, in February and March.

Shad hatching on the Merrimac was continued. Six hundred thousand fry were produced and turned into the river at North Andover. There was a decided increase in the run of fish during the past season, which is encouraging considering the low state to which the shad fisheries of the Merrimac had been reduced in 1881, and it is gratifying to learn that the propagation of this fish has tended to increase the catch. There is an extended reference to the old trouble between the Massachusetts and Connecticut fishermen and the Commissioners of those States, concerning the shad fisheries of the Connecticut river, to which we referred in our review of the report of the Connecticut Commissioners (FOREST AND STREAM, December 2, 1886). The report questions the accuracy of some statements that have been made concerning this difficulty, and says that the last Legislature of Massachusetts passed resolutions in regard to the fisheries of the Connecticut river which were forwarded by the Governor to the Governor of Connecticut, and which were referred to the Fish Commissioners of the latter State to investigate and report. Their report, which is given in full by the Massachusetts Commissioners, is said to be "at first glance a fair answer to a part of the resolutions, but it is nevertheless at variance to the real cause of complaint." Besides the pound nets at the mouth of the Connecticut, it is claimed that the dam at Enfield is an obstruction to the passage of shad, and that evidence before the legislative committee shows that the fish could not make their way over the dam at low water, but congregated in pools below, where they were caught. It is suggested that if all fishing could be prohibited for a reasonable distance below this dam better results would follow. The Commissioners take issue with the gentlemen from Connecticut on the statement by the latter that the real cause of the diminution in the number of shad is due to the result of the act passed by Massachusetts in 1881, which extended the fishing season from the middle of June to the first of July, and reduced the size of the mesh in the nets from five inches to two, and say that "while said act may have been unwise and perhaps prompted by a feeling of retaliation on the part of the fishermen for the injuries done them, and for which they have no hope of redress," they see no reason why this should be used to "divert attention from the well known cause of the scarcity of shad in the river." They state that heretofore there has been no difference of opinion between the Commissioners of the two States upon this point, and point to the fact that in 1879 through the success of artificial hatching the catch on the lower part of the river reached 436,981 shad, while the catch in Massachusetts for the same season was only 13,409, and the argument is continued further as to who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

This is followed by a report of Mr. C. C. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., who gives an account of the shad hatching done at Holyoke from 1837 to 1875, mainly by himself, and an account of the moneys received and sources from which it came, some of it, 1871 to 1874 paid by Connecticut, 1874 by Connecticut, Prof. Baird and Mr. Brackett for Massachusetts, and 1875 by Prof. Baird, of the United States Fish Commission; while from 1881 to 1883 he hatched at his own expense many millions of young shad and turned them into the river.

This dispute between these two States, one owning the upper and one the lower river, is very much to be regretted, as it seems as though among men of such exceptional intelligence as comprise the Boards of Fish Commissioners of these States, some basis of settlement of the disputes between their respective fishermen could be arrived at to the benefit of all concerned. We have not the slightest doubt that such settlement would be for the best interests of all parties, as it is probable that the United States Fish Commission might join in and help out in shad hatching, as the season on the Connecticut river begins after the work on the Patomac and other southern rivers is closed, but might not care to appear to take any part in any quarrel which was going on; in fact, the discussion on both sides has reached a point when it would be well to cease.

The appendices contain a list of the Fish Commissioners of the different States, list of ponds leased by the Commissioners, a quotation concerning the Connecticut river, from the Massachusetts report of 1878, with comment by the Commissioners—in which by invitation of the Committee on Fisheries of the Connecticut Assembly, the Massachutes Commissioners appeared before them and made a statement concerning the salmon in the Connecticut river. In the comments they say that "it was obvious from the outset that their errand was a vain one," etc.

It is cheerful to turn from this discussion to an illustrated article covering several pages on "Belostomidæ and Some Other Fish-destroying Bugs," by George Dimmock, which deserves more space than we can now afford it. The report closes with the laws and resolutions of 1886, and tables showing the returns of weirs, seines and gill-nets.

ALEWIVES IN MAINE.—From the report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of Maine, we quote the following on the disappearing of the alewife, by Mr. B. W. Counce, Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries: "In the summer this fish abounds in the coast waters of all the Atlantic States from Maine to Florida, in winter only south of Cape Hatteras. This fish is a very important one in this State as an article of food, but it is fast disappearing, and unless better protected will wholly disappear as the porgie has. The alewife is caught in Damariscotta and Georges rivers in large numbers and pays quite an amount of the taxes in Damariscotta, Newcastle and Warren. The right to catch these fish in Damariscotta Mills was sold in 1884 for $3,555, in 1885 for $2,510, in 1886, $1,055. The parties buying the right to fish at the Mills do not have the right to catch fish on the river or back streams. It will be seen by the above statement that the value of these fish is growing less every year. There are now on the Damariscotta River twenty-five weirs and on the Georges River fifteen, besides the nets. Such being the case, it makes it very hard for the fish to overcome those obstacles and reach the ponds to deposit their spawn. Something should be done to prevent such wholesale destruction of the young alewives as they return to the ocean. Thousands of them are ground to chum every season as they return by the mills on these streams. The last Legislature passed an act granting the town of Union the right to take alewives for two days in the week on the spending grounds in Georges River. 'This was the unkindest cut of all,' and such an act should never have been passed. The passing of so many special local laws is much to be regretted, as their workings are productive of much harm, and I hope the growing practice will be discontinued."

HAMMOND, Ill., Jan. 29, 1887.

U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

DEAR SIRS—To-day I made a test of shells and settled in my mind a long disputed fact in regard to the amount of times the U. S. shells could be reloaded. I took five shells from a box of 100, and shot them as fast as I could get them reloaded. The following is the result: First shell, 9 times; second, 11 times; third, 10 times; fourth, 13 times; fifth, 9 times. I could have loaded and fired some of them again, but the above result settled the question of their reloading qualities in my mind. I am sure all hunters and shooters ought to know of the good qualities of this shell, and I give you liberty to publish this, and will further say I am not in any way interested in any shell company, and give this letter for the benefit of all sportsmen. I am sure we are all seeking for the best, and if I can assist any one to find the best I will gladly do so, and this is my reason for sending your company this letter. Wishing you every success, I am, yours truly,

(Signed), L. S. CARTER.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR softens the cough, relieves the windpipe and bronchial tubes of mucus, tones the lungs and the membranes of the throat, and restores to the organs of respiration their natural strength and vigor. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

January, 1887.—Bench Show of Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Adams, Mass. W. F. Davis, Secretary.

Feb. 8 to 11.—Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association Bench Show, Fall River. A. R. G. Mosher, Secretary.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Bench Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1533, Providence.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

May 5 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 15, 1887.—Inaugural Trials of Tennessee Sportsmen's Association. Entries close Jan. 10. R. M. Dudley, Secretary, No. 64 Broad street, Nashville, Tenn.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4606.**

THE BEN HILL—LILLIAN HEAT.

WE have as yet heard nothing from Mr. D. Bryson in regard to his charges against the reporters at the recent field trials in Tennessee. We presume, however, he is hard at work formulating his allegations, collecting proof, writing out his manuscript in a clear, legible hand, adding a paragraph here, pruning another there, and perhaps even sending it out to have it type written, so that the compositors will be in no danger of making mistakes with it. It would seem that he has had time enough to have got the matter in shape before now, but possibly there may have been delays. It is conceivable that Mr. Bryson may have been sick, or may have had writer's cramp or perhaps may even have fallen down and broken his arm so that he cannot write. However, we trust that none of these calamities have overtaken him. No doubt to-morrow or the next day or at latest next week, we shall receive his manuscript, when we shall be able to lay before our readers the story on which Mr. Bryson based his insinuations of two weeks ago.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As to the question of the ruling of the Executive Committee of the National Field Trial Club in the matter of the protest of Mr. Rose against the changing of the running of Lillian and Ben Hill from the regular order. That the case may be understood we present the following record. In the first series of heats Lillian (owned by the Messrs. Bryson) was drawn to run against Gladstone's Boy, with Mr. Stephenson as exhibitor (or handler). Lillian won. Ben Hill (owned by Mr. Stephenson) in the first series of heats was drawn to run against Beaumont, with Bevan as handler, and won. Under the rules Lillian and Ben Hill would compete in the next series of heats, as Lillian beat Gladstone's Boy (these two dogs ran the first two heats). Mr. Stephenson, being secretary of the club, changed the running of these dogs, separating Lillian and Ben Hill, arranged that Lillian should run against Daisy F. and Ben Hill against Don's Dot, and Mr. Rose entered a protest against the change, claiming that Lillian and Ben Hill should run against each other. It is claimed by Mr. Stephenson that the change was proper under the following rule No. 2 of the National Field Trial Club:

"If two dogs owned or exhibited by the same person should be drawn to run together, or come together in any successive heat, the second dog shall change place with the next dog in the order of running." It is well at this point to inquire for what purpose this rule was adopted by the club. The purpose was to encourage as many entries as possible from one man and to prevent one man's dogs being run against each other and beating each other instead of a chance to win from an outsider, and to prevent one handler from handling two dogs either owned by one man or owned by different men. To illustrate, the rule written out in full would read as follows: "If two dogs owned * * * by the same person should be drawn to run together or come together in any successive heat, the second dog shall change place with the next dog in the order of running."

The application of this rule as written is this: Suppose Mr. Hammond had two dogs entered for the race, say both in Short's hands as handler, they could not run together because they both belonged to Hammond. Suppose one was in Tucker's hands and one in Nesbitt's hands as handlers, they still could not run as they both belonged to Hammond. They should not run against each other as long as it could be avoided, as Mr. Hammond should not have to make one of his dogs beat one of his own, but should rather have the chance of trying to beat some other one in the heat. The rule would give him two chances, where if he ran his own together he would have but one chance.

Again the rule would read if written out in full: "If two dogs, * * * exhibited by the same person, should be drawn to run together or come together in any successive heat, the second dog shall change place with the next dog in the order of running." Now to illustrate this (exhibited means handled) take the following example. Suppose Titus has a dog belonging to Mr. Smith and one belonging to Mr. Jones, he (Titus) is the (exhibitor) handler of both and should not for obvious reasons be required to run them together. Mr. Titus would find it much more agreeable and satisfactory, especially so if Messrs. Smith and Jones were present, to run each one of these dogs against some other dog handled by another gentleman, and besides a handler should not be compelled, if it can be avoided, to beat himself by running two dogs together which he himself is responsible for and may have trained, and besides he may (as is quite probable) be interested in the prizes; he therefore should have a chance to run the two dogs against outsiders, as it would give him two chances.

Now, as to the ruling of the Executive Committee, what does the record show?

First—Mr. Stephenson entered the race with Lillian (belonging to the Messrs. Bryson) as exhibitor (handler).

Second—Mr. Bevan entered the race with Ben Hill (belonging to Stephenson) as handler (exhibitor).

Third—Now was Mr. Stephenson the exhibitor (handler) of the two dogs? The record says not, therefore he cannot claim the application of the rule on that account.

Fourth—Was Mr. Stephenson the owner of the two dogs? The record says not, therefore he cannot claim the application of the rule for that reason.

Fifth—Suppose Mr. Stephenson should have come on the ground with Lillian, and Bevan should have come on the ground with Ben Hill to run their heat together, on what

ground could any one have properly protested against their so running? Bevan had already run a heat as handler of Ben Hill and was recognized as Ben Hill's handler (exhibitor). Stephenson had already run a heat with Lillian as her exhibitor, and was recognized as her handler by the judges. Could any one have justly claimed to the Executive Committee that under the rule referred to they should not run together? Could not Mr. Stephenson properly and justly have claimed that he did not own both dogs and that he was not the exhibitor of both, that he handled Lillian, and Bevan handled Ben Hill?

Sixth—If Mr. Stephenson could justly claim this, he certainly should not be able to change the running by any method of special pleading.

We will not go into the question of motive or the delicacy of the situation, or what the social or business relations of any of the parties to the question might be or whether one might prefer another to have a good thing rather than to have it himself, or whether one dog was better than the other. Such matter is not pertinent. The question is as to the rule and the application as made by the Executive Committee. We are decidedly of the opinion that the protest was rightly sustained. A gentleman undertakes to plead in mitigation for this offense of Mr. Stephenson, the social and friendly relations existing between Lillian's owners and himself and says, "The Executive Committee made a great blunder." We have shown this is not so. Again the gentleman says, "Mr. Stephenson was forced to cut his own throat." If Mr. Stephenson suffered that misfortune we contend that he was alone responsible for it. He could not plead ignorance as to the rules. He entered and ran three of his own dogs, and Bevan ran another (Ben Hill) for him in the All-Aged Stake. The Messrs. Bryson ran in this stake at least three, Pet Gladstone, Dan Gladstone and Chickasaw II. Bryson's dog Gladstone beat Stephenson's dog Lady C., and Bryson's dog Dan Gladstone beat Noble C., belonging to Mr. Stephenson. Besides this, Stephenson handled Bob Gates and still owned at least one in the Derby. Mr. Stephenson must have known the chances were largely in favor of his dogs and the Brysons' coming together, and it appears there was no thought of being placed in a false position until Ben Hill and Lillian came together. It appears that Bevan (who handled Ben Hill) was doing right well and performing his full duty until interfered with, so no complaint could be made on that score. So really it comes down to the question whether Mr. Stephenson could be implicitly relied upon to handle Lillian to the best advantage, and if by so doing he lost, any one could justly reflect on him. It was a matter entirely in his hands. He had a duty to perform, and he might have performed it to his own satisfaction and let the matter rest there. He could have done this as well as he could, had Bob Gates and Lillian come together, and he had to handle both, which was possible under the rules. What has the "cry that would have been raised" got to do with it? Are the rules to be applied in a certain direction to prevent any one from "crying" as they please? We hope not. Again, the apologist for Mr. Stephenson says: "Mr. Stephenson knew he was not jeopardizing any one's interest but his own." This we think a very broad and suggestive statement to make. We are of the opinion that the interests in this heat were not confined to Messrs. Stephenson and the Brysons. Every dog, handler and owner would be affected by the heat and the result of same, and if Mr. Stephenson and those who undertake to plead his case, do not know this and do not recognize it, they should at once assume and claim that when the rules in their operation conflict with the social or business relations of these gentlemen, they are of no binding force and all other interests should be ignored. We think differently, and we are glad that the officers of the National Field Trial Club appear, from the decisions made, to differ also.

The question was properly submitted to the Executive Committee and Mr. Stephenson was acquainted with the fact and what the decision was; whether the decision was right or wrong he assumed grave responsibilities when he set the decision at defiance by doing as he has admitted he did do, and now it remains to be seen what the Executive Committee will do under the circumstances. We believe we may safely wait with the full assurance that such men as Messrs. Harris, Logan, Stoddard, Renfroe and Stone will act justly and mete out actual justice to all concerned, to the Club and others in interest. PARLIAMENTARIAN.

RICHMOND, Va.

LICE ON DOGS.

[From the FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 23, 1884.]

WE have recently received several communications requesting information as to a sure method for ridding dogs of lice. Almost all of the various remedies that are recommended for their extermination will have the desired effect providing they are promptly applied. None of them will accomplish the purpose unless so applied. We have repeatedly stated that "eternal vilgance is the price of freedom from fleas." This axiom is especially applicable when seeking to circumvent the bloodthirsty *lus*. The main difficulty in getting rid of these troublesome pests is owing to a want of care in applying the remedy. The louse is very prolific and matures at a very early age, and as none of the various remedies will destroy the vitality of the egg, no matter how thorough has been the war of extermination, a day or two will see their ranks again full. It is necessary, therefore, in order to make a sure job of it, that the work be thoroughly done in the first place and thoroughly repeated at least once a week, until "the last armed foe expires." Persian insect powder, when rightly used, answers the purpose very well, and is perhaps the most cleanly and least troublesome method in cold weather, but as the powder only stupefies and does not kill the insect, it is necessary to follow its application with the fine comb, of course destroying by fire every captive. To apply the powder, place the animal upon a large sheet of strong paper, and with an insect gun or common pepper box thoroughly dust the powder into every portion of his coat, following this with a vigorous shampooing until every insect receives its share. Most of them will at once vacate the premises and fall upon the paper. Those that remain must be found with the comb and all thrown into the fire. This should be repeated every three or four days until the parasites all disappear. A decoction from quassia wood will also destroy lice. Take two or three ounces of the chips and tie them up in a muslin bag. Suspend them in a pail of water, stirring occasionally. After two hours the decoction is ready for use. Apply it freely with plenty of soap and rinse off with clear water. Strong tobacco water, applied in the same manner, may be used with good results, although it is apt to make the animal sick. Whale oil, freely used, is also sure death to lice. This should be thoroughly washed out of the coat within a few minutes after using on account of cleanliness. There are many other remedies that will accomplish that purpose, but those mentioned will be found amply sufficient. Mercurial preparations of all kinds are never to be used for this purpose, as bad results are always sure to follow. Neither can kerosene be recommended for the same reason. It is absolutely necessary that the kennel and bedding be attended to or all of your labor will be in vain. A good coat of whitewash put on hot, taking care to fill up all the cracks, will render your kennel almost insect proof. The bedding should be changed often. Cedar shavings make the best bed, although those of pine will do very well. The bedding of dogs who sleep in the house should be frequently scalded out in strong soap suds, and after rinsing in clean water, hung in the sun until perfectly dry. By closely observing the above rules any one can soon rid his kennel of both fleas and lice.

DISCIPLINE BY DOG TRIBUNALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You seem to have a fruitful subject for sermonizing in that "Ben Hill-Lillian" affair. I do not pretend to understand the matter in its details, and have no opinion to express on its merits or demerits; but the position you take, *i. e.*, that a wrong is a wrong, and should be reprobated as such, irrespective of the motives of the wrong doer, is so self evidently correct that I am puzzled to understand how an apologist for the wrong can be found.

But the most serious feature of such cases as this one is the slipshod, whitewashing way in which they are dealt with by the bodies whose special function it is to deal with them. Take the A. K. C. If there is one object for the accomplishment of which it can justify its existence, it would seem to be the punishment of the knaves and dirty curs that infest dog matters; the impostors who concoct false pedigrees; the swindlers who enter dogs at shows with wrong ages; the knaves who scheme to "work" the judging; the clubs who defraud exhibitors, or the easy-going fellows who enter dogs in classes knowing their ineligibility. Now, in all honesty, can it be said that the A. K. C. has yet done one act in this direction? Like—(somebody) I "pause for a reply." Look at the "burking" of the St. Elmo case, with the manifold kaleidoscope ages and pedigrees of the dog. Mark the dismissal of the "Chicago special" case; the beating of the exhibitor out of his dues for nearly a year is condoned because the money was used for club purposes! Note the fooling with the "Sensation" case at Boston, occurring nearly two years since; remember with astonishment that the "Sans Souci" case has been under advisement of one kind or another for over a year, and here is a man that hasn't been able to find out, after a year's trying, whether he is to be permitted to show dogs or not! We will see what becomes of the "Pewter-Medal" investigation: I predict a verdict of "not guilty, but don't do it again."

There is unquestionably an impression abroad that "dog" business is apt to be dirty business; that a "dog" man is a synonym for a trickster. Of course, like everything else in the world, it is true to some extent, but entirely erroneous to the extent commonly believed; but will you please point out a better way of confirming this impression than the shilly-shally way of dealing with culprits, that marks the course of all our dog tribunals? I have heard it stated that it is the certainty of punishment, not the severity of it, that deters criminals, and as a corollary it would seem to follow, that this certainty of prompt enforcement of justice would do more to disabuse the public mind of their erroneous views of "dog men" than all the platitudes and stuff about "gentlemen," "high position," etc., that the bootlick brigade give us such doses of.

It is not such a terrible task to clean out our Augean stable as is commonly supposed; the laborers at such a task will encounter some bad smells, and make some enemies among the "dirty dozen," but the fresh air of cleaned out quarters, formerly reeking with mal odors, is bracing and invigorating, and the hearty "well done!" of one decent man far outweighs the wrath of ten gutter curs offended by honest, wholesome "sitting down on." I speak whereof I know; I flatter myself that I have incurred the ill will of as many skunks as anybody, but I know I never lost a wink of sleep on that account, and the honest approval of one of the many decent fellows who have honored me with their indorsement overbalances the ill will of all the "gutter brigade" between here and Alaska.

Will not the A. K. C. take up its proper and urgent work in sincerity? Let it give us an earnest of its purpose, that as far as in it lies, the next year of shows shall be marked by honesty both in clubs and exhibitors, or some offenders shall be made such examples of, as to deter for one while others from following in their footsteps. In place of being so everlastingly good-natured, let them be cross and disagreeable for a while. In place of letting offenders go because they are "good fellows," let them put a few knaves in the pillory of public scorn and contempt that they have let down on their shanks. Nothing it can do will so surely elevate the A. K. C. in public estimation as an ornament to American dog affairs. Of course, it must not be understood that I lump all the parties to the cases I have named in one lot. Of the Sans Souci case I know very little positively; in the Sensation case I strove to have the A. K. C. take it up, decide that the entry was irregular, but that the manifold confusions that "construction" had left on this subject, the contradictory decisions of the N. E. K. C., and the fact that the dog had no competitors, so that no one was wronged, and its having been done openly, without deceit, made it expedient to dismiss the case as unworthy of further consideration. What I complain of in this case, is that the A. K. C. still has the W. K. C. on trial, and decides nothing. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Jan. 15.

COLUMBUS DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Columbus bench show opened on Monday the 21st with 175 entries and no absentees. For the first show this was a good one, and by next year we hope to have as fine a show as there is in the country. Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. E. Pitt's Douglass; 2d, Geo. A. Peteno's Ilford Hugo III. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Gillivan's Ashmont Bertha; 2d and high com., A. R. Wood's Nell and Judith. Very high com., J. L. Mock's Queen.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, G. H. Hill's Peter; 2d, withheld. Very high com., G. Luchtenberg's No Name. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, G. Stewart's Mollie. Com., W. Neddermyer's unnamed. SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* No entry. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, G. Stewart's Jula.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, G. H. Hill's Carl.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, G. H. Hill's Dart.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs* and *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Nicholson's Belle; 2d, Dr. W. Aspinwall's Daisy. Very high com. F. Talmage's Duke.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, L. Tolliver's Spring and Mohawk, Jr.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Todd's Ned; 2d, Sherman & Kalbe's Don. Very high com., C. Conrad's Don. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Geo. H. Hill's Clara F. and Kate. Very high com., F. W. Butler's Sue and C. W. Kuhnheim's Fannie. High com., Geo. H. Hill's Melissa. Com., W. F. Kuell's Maud.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, I. H. Roberts's Bruce; 2d, C. Velton's Don. Very high com., Geo. C. Urlin's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, I. H. Robert's Leigh Doane; 2d, S. S. Seiber's Belle. Very high E. Taylor's Bessie.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Hoddland's York; 2d, P. P. Collin's Hector. Very high com., G. V. Neal's Prince G. High com. Dr. J. R. Flower's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, B. F. Lewis' Rose and Rhoda. Very high com., Geo. V. Neal's Mab.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Flower's Don; 2d, T. McCabe's Echo. Very high com., Geo. V. Neal's Hairspring. High com., Geo. C. Urlin's Count. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Neddermyer's Corsicana Tobe; 2d, withheld. Com., J. L. Flower's Zip.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John Cummings's Capt. Muldoon.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, A. E. Evan's Tip.

COCKER SPANIELS.—LIVER OR BLACK—1st, J. Cummings's Bo Peep; 2d, R. L. Willie's Duke. Very high com., John Cummings's Lady Babcock.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Geo. H. Hill's Fanny.

BEAGLES.—1st, Geo. H. Hill's Banker; 2d, L. Bierstadt's Bob. Very high com., Geo. H. Hill's Gus. High com., M. Rigger's Lill.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, Geo. H. Hill's Wallis; 2d, J. E. Estep's Rupel.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Mullin's Rob Roy II. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. H. Hill's Elswica.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, T. D. Powell's Boxer.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis' Count; 2d, A. E. Pitts' Doc. Very high com., Dr. Wm. Aspinwall's Jim. High com., W. M. Brown's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Countess; 2d, withheld. Com., J. O. Gilbert's Baby.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, F. Talmage's Muggs; 2d, C. Kirk's Dude.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Frank Horn's Pansy.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. Metz's Rowdy and Dodger.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. Bartholomew's Tiny and Jip.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, B. F. Lewis' Patsy; 2d, Geo. H. Hill's Lad.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Wm. Bott's Kid.

BULLDOGS—1st, J. Dotter's Bob; 2d, C. H. Stimpson's unnamed.

PUGS.—1st and 2d, B. F. Lewis's Othello, and unnamed.

KING CHARLES.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Little Bangs.

BLENHEIMS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Lady.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Largest and best collection, Geo. H. Hill; 2d, B. F. Lewis.

There are many more specials, but things are so mixed up that it is impossible to give the details until matters are straightened out. WILL. F. KUELL, Sup't.

A. K. R.

BELOW are given the numbers and owners' names of the 103 dogs entered in the January number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

4503. Bonny, Chas. E. Johnson. 4504. Racer, A. C. Krueger.

BULLDOGS.

4505. Christabel, Edw. S. Porter.

COLLIES.

4506. Bessie II., Curtis Holgate.
4507. Bessie III., Dr. H. T. Dillard
4508. Bruce V., A. T. Sprague.
4509. Clare Ripon, J. H. Wilson.
4510. Clifton Nero, S. A. Fisher.
4511. Clyde III., C. P. Mattocks.
4512. Highland Belle, G. T. Mullett.
4513. Leighton Collie, J. F. Leighton.
4514. Lochiel, Chas. McDonald.
4515. Maggie, C. P. Mattocks.
4516. Miss Clifton, S. S. Mathews.
4517. Ollie O'Shanter, S. J. Adamson.
4518. Prince, Curtis Holgate.
4519. Queen, Curtis Holgate.
4520. Queen Madge, S. A. Fisher.
4521. Rosalind II., G. A. Fletcher.
4522. Rosemary, G. A. Fletcher.
4523. Rutland Jock, G. A. Fletcher.
4524. Shirley, J. D. Shotwell.
4525. Tip III., R. F. Burnham.
4526. Topsy II., John R. King.
4527. Trixy, Crosby Manig Co.
4528. Wild Rose, G. A. Fletcher.
4529. Yarrow IV., C. P. Mattocks.

DEERHOUNDS.

4530. Bras, J. E. Thayer. 4532. Perth, J. E. Thayer.
4531. Mercia, J. E. Thayer. 4533. Rob Roy, C. H. Cobb.

GREAT DANES.

4534. Bella II., A. Zimmerman. 4535. Sultan, L. Wichtendahl.

GREYHOUNDS.

4536. Sybell, F. S. Peer.

MASTIFFS.

4537. Ashmont Cromwell, A. J. Pierce.
4538. Beech Grove Annie, R. C. Pate.
4539. Beech Grove Delphine, G. S. Hutchinson.
4540. Beech Grove Norah, A. M. Carr.
4541. Beech Grove Princess, M. B. Danley.
4542. Brenda III., B. W. King.
4543. Hector III., C. P. Williams.
4544. Ilford Queen, W. E. Ramsay.
4545. Leo II., G. G. Stephenson.

POINTERS.

4546. Bangle II., C. Thompson.
4547. Bang Up II., H. W. Hopkins.
4548. Bob, Chas. E. Collin.
4549. Daisey Bang, H. W. Hopkins.
4550. Dart, J. W. M. Cardeza.
4551. Fanny Bang, H. Strong.
4552. Lady Bang II., A. Winter.
4553. Max Bang, A. H. Mason.
4554. Mortimer, B. Schurmeier.
4555. Ned II., E. F. Collin.
4556. Nick o' Time, F. H. Hatch.
4557. Patsey Bang, N. McAfee.
4558. Peggy, H. W. Hopkins.
4559. Peggy Bang, T. B. Simkins.
4560. Rip Bang, H. W. Hopkins.
4561. Zip, W. F. Britain.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

4562. Clyde, J. Marshall. 4564. Prince LeRoy, C. Vreeland.
4563. Mona II., Mrs. A. Reuter. 4565. Tantallon, J. Marshall.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

4566. Countess Zola, F. Pitzer.
4567. Joe, Edward Brook.
4568. Pearl Benton, W. C. Augur.
4569. Tobey's Choice, A. Reimann.
4570. Twinkle, Wm. H. C. Pike.

IRISH SETTERS.

4571. Blarney W., F. B. Williams.
4572. Brush, Geo. H. Dean, jr.
4573. Dash III., Geo. R. Wilcox.
4574. Dick II., N. J. Peaslee.
4575. Dim, T. McNeill.
4576. Glen, O. S. Anthony.
4577. Jimmie Blaine, John M. Chalfant.
4578. Kerry, Edwin F. Bishop.
4579. Lula III., L. K. Mullin.
4580. Rose II., Henry O'Brien.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

4581. Barney Brant, C. F. Hately.
4582. Bonny Brant, C. M. Nelles.
4583. Dick Obo, Geo. Miller.
4584. Guy, Fred Fawkes.
4585. Hoyt's Pony, J. I. Hoyt.
4586. Jessie Brant, Miss Katherine A. Walsh.
4587. Kappa, E. G. Herendeen.
4588. Mollie, G. W. Hodgetts.
4589. Mollie Brant, Wm. McDougall.
4590. Obo V., Geo. H. Carr.
4591. Rage, G. W. Hodgetts.
4592. Ranger, W. J. Furness.
4593. Risa, J. F. Paxton.
4594. Zita, Lowell H. Boardman.

TERRIERS.—BULL-TERRIERS.

4595. Snow II., M. Donovan.

FOX-TERRIERS.

4596. Lady Mixture, J. E. Thayer.
4597. Oxford Belle, R. S. Ryan.
4598. Raby Mixer, J. E. Thayer.
4599. Surrey Sweep, Surrey Kennels.
4600. Surrey Sue, Surrey Kennels.
4601. Surrey Spice, Surrey Kennels.
4602. Surrey Spruce, Surrey Kennels.

IRISH TERRIERS.

4603. Barney, W. T. Reynolds.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

4604. Dixie, J. J. Nussbaumer. 4605. Wrenny, J. J. Nussbaumer.
4606. Zip, J. J. Nussbaumer.

A LARGE ST. BERNARD PUPPY.—Newburyport, Jan. 15.—Having read in your issue of Jan. 13 a notice of a St. Bernard puppy ten months old, and thinking my puppy to be very large of his age, would like to know if any one has a larger one of the same age. I send his measurements. Erlking (A.K.R. 4423), whelped July 4, 1886, weighs 88lbs., standing 29in. at shoulders and measuring 67in. from nose to tip of tail. His head is 22in. round the skull, muzzle 14in. and his chest girths 33in. His forearm measures 17in., and above the first joint it is 10½in.—CHAS. WILLS.

DOG AND GAME PROTECTION SOCIETY.—At a meeting held in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 13, an association was formed for the purpose of prosecuting violations of the game laws and cases of dog theft. Following is a list of the officers: President, Dr. B. W. Smith; Secretary, R. D. Coe; Treasurer, C. S. Wertsner. Committee to draft constitution and by-laws, H. Malcolm, W. S. Diffenderffer, H. L. Clark, Dr. G. Massamore and T. H. Heintz. Committee on prosecution, W. R. Filles and J. Clark.

ACCIDENTALLY POISONED.—Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 11.—My setter dog Prince (A.K.R. 1038) died last night of poisoning, accidentally picked up, I think. This is the second setter I lost within twelve months from same cause, Theron (A.K.R. 715) having died Jan. 14, 1886. Prince was three years old Dec. 20, 1886, and was such an excellent ruffed grouse dog that money would not have induced me to part with him. Alas! "I've seen my fondest hopes decay."—EUGENE SNYDER.

BEAGLES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last winter I went hunting white hares in Massachusetts with a gentleman who had a small hound, say twelve to fifteen inches in height at the shoulder, well proportioned, with straight legs, and ears not longer in proportion to size, than are those of the English stag hound. This dog, which was the finest hound I ever hunted with, the owner claimed was a Scotch beagle, its mother having been imported from Scotland. Being desirous of obtaining a beagle of this kind I have corresponded with quite a number of dog fanciers to learn that no one with whom I have corresponded, knows of such a hound as the Scotch beagle. Now, perhaps, some of your readers may know where such a dog as I would like may be obtained. I do not care to have the long-eared, short and crooked-legged English beagle.—SUBSCRIBER. [There are undoubtedly good beagles in Scotland, but there is no breed peculiar to the country. If subscriber will correspond with some of the parties that advertise beagles in FORREST AND STREAM, he will undoubtedly find just the dog he is looking for.]

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—The first semi-annual collie sweepstakes, under the auspice of the Collie Club of America, for puppies born in the United States or Canada on or after Sept. 1, 1886. Entrance $5 each, to be paid to the secretary of the Collie Club at the time of entry. The sweepstake to be decided at a show in the fall of 1887, to be selected by the executive committee of the Collie Club. The winner to receive fifty per cent. of the sweepstake; twenty-five per cent. to go to the second, fifteen per cent. to the third, and ten per cent. to the fourth. In entering dogs for the show at which it is decided to hold the collie sweepstakes, it will be necessary to enter them according to the regulation of that show, paying the entry fee and placing them in such classes as the exhibitors may choose; and also specifying on the entry blank that they are "to compete for the collie sweepstakes." Entries close May 1, 1887.—GEO. A. SMITH, Sec.-Treas.

ETHAN ALLIN SETTERS.—We have received a letter from Mr. Ethan Allin, from which it appears that we misunderstood his previous letter and stated that he had sold all of his setters with the exception of two puppies. Mr. Allin informs us that being unable to attend to the rearing and training of his dogs he has made arrangements with a competent trainer to take charge of his kennel and that as heretofore he can supply a limited number of first-class ruffed grouse dogs as well as a few puppies. This we are sure will be welcome news to a large number of gentlemen, who for many years have shot over these capital dogs.

THE LARGEST MASTIFF BITCH PUPPY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weights of the mastiff puppies given last week in your journal were of dogs. I claimed the heaviest weight for a bitch pup, and now ask Mr. Allen if he can beat 106lbs. for a 7 months old bitch pup? I still claim my Alpha (A.K.R. 3921) to be the heaviest bitch pup at that age on record.—VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA POULTRY SOCIETY.—The officers of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society for 1887 are: President, Edward Gregg; Vice-President, Thomas Booth; Treasurer, C. A. Stephens; Secretary, C. B. Elben; Directors, B. F. Wilson, H. Hartley, W. C. Meyer, J. R. Henrichs and Charles Richardson.

COON DOGS.—New York, Jan. 10—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to know how to breed a first-class coon dog. If any of your readers can inform me how to proceed they will greatly oblige.—W. C.

THE BEAGLE CLUB.—Following is a list of the officers of the American English Beagle Club, elected for 1887: President, H. F. Schellhass; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Ashburner; Executive Committee, Elmer E. Shaner, Andrew Winsor and W. F. Streeter.

THE GORDON SETTER LON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of your readers give me the pedigree of the Gordon setter dog Copeland's Lon?—ALF.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dick Obo. By George Miller, Jersey City, N. J., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 15, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Toronto Jet (A.K.R. 86).

Telie Doc. By D. W. Oyster, Washington, D. C., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped May 27, 1886, by Fritz (A.K.R. 1351) out of Virginia (A.K.R. 1537). (Wrongly given as a dog last week.)

Derby Luke. By Geo. B. Talmadge, Derby, Conn., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1886, by Goodwin's Dash (Sensation—White's Grace) out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Glenmore G. By H. Gaylord, Elmira, N. Y., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 14, 1886, by Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Quail O'More (Rory O'More—Sampson's Nora).

Nora O'More. By Dr. M. Davis, Elmira, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 14, 1886, by Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Quail O'More (Rory O'More—Sampson's Nora).

Bacchante. By A. Perrin, Cambridge, Mass., for white, black and tan markings on head, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 2, 1886, by Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite) out of Trifle (Raby Tyrant—Judy).

Brookwood. By W. S. Brown, New York city, for orange and white English setter dog, whelped July 22, 1886, by champion Lark out of Flounce.

Lonwood. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1886, by Flute D. (A.K.R. 2388) out of Dixie (Elmore's Flute—Thorn).

Billie M. By Thomas Callahan, Stoughton, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1886, by Racer II. (Racer—Jewell) out of Jewell (Racer—Dolly).

Dix C. By Thomas Calahan, Stoughton, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1886, by Flute D. (A.K.R. 2388) out of Dixie (Elmore's Flute—Thorn).

Pansey D. By W. T. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 20, 1886, by Flute D. (A.K.R. 2388) out of Dixie (Elmore's Flute—Thorn).

Lady May. By Robert Bradley, Waynesburg, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 4, 1886, by Barney O'Shea (Rory O'More—Norah O'More) out of Red Rose (champion Biz—Lady Clare).

BRED.

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Victoria Lavcrack—Gun. Charles York's (Bangor, Me.) pure Laverack bitch Victoria Laverack (Tempest—Lilly) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Jan. 12.

Dora Royal—Paul Gladstone. F. I. Stone's English setter bitch Dora Royal to Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), Dec. 16.

Louise—Paul Gladstone. Thos. Greagery's English setter bitch Louise to Memphis & Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), Dec. 13.

Juno—Royal Duke. J. G. Blossom's Gordon setter bitch Juno (Glen—Flirt) to E. Maher's Royal Duke (Bob—Nell), Jan. 5.

Lorna—Elcho, Jr. Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Lorna (A.K.R. 246) to his Elcho, Jr. (A.K.R. 568), Nov. 28.

Ruby—Elcho, Jr. W. G. Simon's (Manchester, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Ruby to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (A.K.R. 568), Dec 17.

Bess—Sarsfield. G. H. Parkinson's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Bess to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Sarsfield, Dec. 14.

Juno—Royal Duke. James B. Blossom's (Morrisania, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Juno (Aten's Glen—Francis's Flirt) to Edward Maher's Royal Duke (Bob—Nell), Jan. 5.

Cute—Pap Smizer. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Cute (A.K.R. 2682) to Dayton Kennel Club's Pap Smizer (Meteor—Diana), Jan. 8.

White Pink—Baronet. John Forrest's (Randolph) bull-terrier bitch White Pink (A.K.R. 4487) to A. Perrin's Baronet (A.K.R. 4480), Dec. 2 and 4.

Victoria Lavcrack—Gun. Charles York's (Bangor, Me.) pure Laverack bitch Victoria Laverack (Tempest—Lilly) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Jan. 11.

Cushlar—Gerald. Wm. Scofield's (Bridgeport, Conn.) Irish red setter bitch Cushlar (Elcho—Firefly) to F. S. Parrott's Gerald (Glencho—Zelda), Jan. 10.

Linda—Duke of Leeds. C. H. Springs's (Newton, Lower Falls, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Linda (A.K.R. 2532) to E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535), Jan. 13.

Kate VIII.—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Kate VIII. (Donald II.—Bell) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 894), Dec. 8.

Countess—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Countess to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 894), Dec. 12.

Red Flash—Sarsfield. H. B. Draper's (Catskill, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Red Flash to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Sarsfield, Dec. 25.

Noreen—Champion Elcho. Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Noreen (A.K.R. 297) to his champion Elcho (A.K.R. 295), Dec. 27.

Nana—Cicero. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Nana (Sam—Titania) to their Cicero (A.K.R. 424), Jan. 12.

Dido II.—Duke of Leeds. John S. Sheppard's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard Dido II. (Barry—Dido) to E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535), Jan. 13.

Meersbrook Model II.—Ruby Jack. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Model II. (A.K.R. 4108) to their Ruby Jack (A.K.R. 3808), Nov. 30.

Di—Mixture. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Di (Raby Tyrant—Richmond Olive) to their Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), Dec. 4.

Shame—Mixture. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Shame (A.K.R. 2700) to their Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), Jan. 15.

Daisy—Plantagenet. L. W. Y. McCroskery's (Newburgh, N. Y.) English setter bitch Daisy (Royal—Madge) to W. Tallman's Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel), Jan. 15.

Atossa—Doctor Rush. Dr. F. S. Barton's (Norwood, Mass.) bulldog bitch Atossa (A.K.R. 3487) to W. N. Pond's Doctor Rush (Guillermo—Lillie Langtry), Dec. 23.

Belva—Mack B. A. E. Rendle's (Greenwich, Conn.) English setter bitch Belva (Foreman—Jessie) to W. Tallman's Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight), Jan. 11.

Daisy—Croftstone. G. W. Phillip's (Dedham, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy (Amory's imp. Bob—Amory's imp. Sal) to E. C. Alden's Croftstone (A.K.R. 3387), Jan. 22.

Fannie—Little Duke, Jr. Jas. Luther's (Dighton) beagle bitch Fannie (Pedro—Queen II.) to W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2388), Oct. 22.

Elspa—Champion Robin Adair. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Elspa (Bruce of the Fyide—Zulu Princess) to their champion Robin Adair (A.K.R. 892), Jan. 20.

Lassie—Glengarry. C. F. Tearing's (New York) collie bitch Lassie to Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glengarry (A.K.R. 2812), Nov. 1.

Sheila—Robin Adair. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Sheila (Marcus—Rothera's Lassie) to their Robin Adair (A.K.R. 892), Jan. 14.

Flora—Robin Adair. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Flora (Tweed II.—Elsie) to their Robin Adair (A.K.R. 892), Jan. 17.

Lady of the Lake—Robin Adair. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Lady of the Lake (A.K.R. 1423) to their Robin Adair (A.K.R. 892), Nov. 21.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Madge. McEwen & Gibson's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Madge (Highlander—Hasty), Jan. 1, five (two dogs), by J. Van Schaick's Scotson (Dublin Scot—Florry II.).

Bessie Glencho. H. T. Henshaw's (Rockville Center, L. I.) Irish setter bitch Bessie Glencho (A.K.R. 3209), Jan. 12, fifteen (nine dogs), by Sidney Dillon Ripley's Spy (Duke—Bell).

Lorna II. Hillside Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna II. (A.K.R. 350), Nov. 20, two dogs, by their Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726).

Rhona. Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Rhona (Snap Shot—Rose), Nov. 12, four bitches, by his Rapid B. (Bang Bang—Rue I.).

Judith. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) English bob-tailed sheepdog bitch Judith (A.K.R. 5164), Dec. 30, six (three dogs), by their Bob (A.K.R. 3163).

Donna. Chas. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) English setter bitch Donna (Royal Blue—Dryad), Jan. 12, seven (three dogs), by A. Hatch's Frank Dale (Grousedale—Lady Thorn).

Fannie. Jas. Luther's (Dighton) beagle bitch Fannie (Pedro—Queen II.), Dec. 24, ten (six dogs), by W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2388).

Zulu Princess. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Zulu Princess (A.K.R. 866), Jan. 19, seven bitches, by their Glengarry (A.K.R. 2812).

Cheviot Lass. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Cheviot Lass (Robin Adair—Sheila), Jan. 16, eight bitches, by their Glengarry (A.K.R. 2812).

Effie. Hempstead Farm Co.'s (New York) collie bitch Effie (A.K.R. 1221), Nov. 21, nine (four dogs), by their Glengarry (A.K.R. 2812).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flute D.—Dixie whelps. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1886, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to W. T. Deane, same place, and one white, black and tan dog each to T. Callahan, Stoughton, Mass., F. E. Handy, Wareham, Mass. and S. L. Farrar, Bath, Me.

Melise. Black, white and tan English beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 22, 1886, by Racer II. out of Jewell, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. L. Worth, Idlewood, Pa.

Dandy. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped August, 1885, by Rustler out of Viola, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to Samuel B. Gibbs, South Carver, Mass.

Racer II.—Jewell whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1886, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to T. Callahan, Stoughton, Mass.

Jewell. Black, white and tan English beagle dog, whelped January, 1885, by Whiskers out of Old Nell, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. L. Worth, Idlewood, Pa.

Runner. Black, white and blue-ticked beagle dog, whelped February, 1885, by Dan out of Sweep, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to Chas. Harding, same place.

Johnny IV. and Madge II. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1886, by Johnny out of Madge, by F. H. D. Vietie, Ottawa, Ont., to Edward Logan, St. Louis, Mo.

Chieftain—Berga whelp. Brindle deerhound dog, whelped August, 1886, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to S. W. Skinner, Jr., Auburndale, Ohio.

Rob Roy. Red smut deerhound dog, whelped June, 1886, by Chieftain out of Thora, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. Cobb, Bozeman, Montana.

Bras—Mercia whelp. Brindle deerhound bitch, whelped July, 1886, by Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Dr. A. G. Stoddard, Beaver Falls, Minn.

Bacchanal—Trifle whelp. White, black and tan markings on head, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 2, 1886, by Alfred Foster, Hyde Park, Mass., to A. Perrin, Cambridge, Mass.

Obo II.—Darkie whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 24, 1886, by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to S. T. Thayer, New Haven, Conn.

Bijou. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 20, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250), by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to W. H. Walton, Lynn, Mass.

Black Prince—Bijou whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1886, by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to M. V. B. Saunders, Detroit, Mich.

Black Pete—Bessie C. whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 20, 1886, by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to M. V. B. Saunders, Detroit, Mich.

Bang Bang—Countess whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 12, 1886, by Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., to Dr. Papin, San Antonio, Texas.

Naso of Kippen—Glauca whelps. Liver and white pointer bitches, whelped Oct. 2, 1886, by Westminster Kennel Club Babylon, L. I., one each to L. C. Cornell, New York city and Paul Francke, St. Joseph, Mo.

Hiawatha. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped March 24, 1885, by Shot out of Katie Gates, by A. W. Pearsall, Huntington, L. I., to L. A. Van Zandt, Youkers, N. Y.

Daisy A. (A.K.R. 2388). Black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1885, by Pete, Jr., out of Daisey, by E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., to J. Tougas, Worcester, Mass.

Dash—Zoe whelp. White and lemon pointer dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1886, by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Geo. C. Fitton, Rockville, Conn.

Derby Duke. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1886, by Goodwin's Dash out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444), by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Geo. B. Talmadge, Derby, Conn.

Brack. White and liver ticked pointer dog, whelped June 30, 1886, by Bracket out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443), by Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, to W. G. Brokaw, New York.

Robin Adair—Perkin's Lassie whelps. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped June 15, 1885, by the Hempstead Farm Co., New York, to Frank Moulton, New York; one sable dog to F. T. Lawrence, Brooklyn, N. Y., and one sable bitch to J. N. Rickens, New York.

Robin Adair—Zulu Princess whelps. Black and white collie dogs, whelped June 14, 1886, by the Hempstead Farm Co., one each to Dr. Finn, Hempstead, L. I., Mrs. Peters, Brooklyn, N. Y., E. W. Bliss, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Miss Utrich, Greenfield, Mass.

Robin Adair—Sheila whelps. Black, white and tan collie dogs, whelped July 15, 1886, by the Hempstead Farm Co., New York, two to G. H. Turner, Yonkers, N. Y., one to Mr. Booth, New York and one bitch to F. D. Solley, Bethel, Conn.

Robin Adair—Lilac whelp. Sable and white collie dog, by the Hempstead Farm Co., New York, to J. H. Purdy, New York.

Gordon—Lorna Doone whelp. Sable collie bitch, by the Hempstead Farm Co., New York, to Mrs. Terry, Hempstead, L. I.

Tramp. Sable and white collie dog, by Ben Ledi out of Tibbie, by the Hempstead Farm Co., New York, to L. de Sibourg, Washington, D. C.

Lowrie. Black and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 11, 1885, by Robin Adair out of Zulu Princess, by the Hempstead Farm Co., New York, to T. F. Ryan, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

Dash—Zoe whelp. White and lemon pointer dog, whelped Nov. 27, 1886, by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Western Connecticut Poultry and Pet Stock Association.

DEATHS.

Duke of Bergen. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped January, 1884 (Bang Bang—Fan Fan), owned by John Magee Watkins, New York, Jan. 12, from internal canker of the ear.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE BULLARD MATCH.

THE first match instituted by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co. thrown open to rifle clubs of this country and Canada, was fired during the last week, and the full returns transmitted by the donors of the prize shows that the contest was a close one and that the honors, which fell to the veterans of the Walnut Hill range, are worthily won.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We send you herewith the scores made by the various competing rifle clubs and military companies in our match No. 1, the prize being one of our best repeating rifles with all our recent improvements. As will be seen by the scores the Massachusetts Rifle Association won with a score of 765 points, the Gardner following closely behind; the score of the Gardner Club as given shows 768 points. We are informed that the last shot, a 6 made by Mr. Hinds, was shot on the wrong target, consequently under the rules cannot be allowed. This unfortunate shot loses the match for the Gardner Club. There are several competitors who evidently did not understand the target used, for no counts appear lower than fours. The Creedmoor target is used for a back to the smaller targets and the counts lower than four count as on Creedmoor target.—BULLARD REPEATING ARMS CO.

1. Massachusetts Rifle Association, Boston:

C W Hinman	8	5	10	9	10	8	8	8	9	9—84
C E Berry	5	8	9	9	6	10	10	10	7	10—84
J B Fellows	5	7	10	10	7	7	9	9	9	8—82
F J Rabbeth	8	9	9	7	9	8	8	6	7	9—80
G R Russell	7	10	6	8	10	7	10	7	8	5—78
N F Tufts	8	10	6	6	9	6	7	9	7	7—75
N C Nash	10	8	7	8	7	6	8	10	5	10—74
J N Frye	7	10	7	10	7	8	6	8	8	4—72
A L Brackett	7	5	6	5	6	8	6	10	9	8—70
H White	7	6	7	9	7	10	5	6	3	6	6—765

2. West Gardner, Mass., Rifle Club:

W C Loveland	10	9	7	8	10	9	10	7	10	8—88
G F Ellsworth	8	10	6	10	9	8	10	7	9	10—87
A Matthews	9	8	9	5	5	10	7	9	10	8—80
G C Goodale	5	10	6	7	10	9	10	6	8	9—80
T E Nichols	8	9	4	8	7	7	10	7	8	7—75
H C Knowlton	8	9	7	8	9	10	5	7	7	6—73
J N Dodge	6	10	9	9	8	7	8	4	7	5—73
C Hinds	7	9	6	8	8	6	10	6	9	*8—70
G B Warfield	7	10	7	5	10	6	9	5	8	7—72
C O Edgell	8	7	4	7	8	6	10	9	4	4—67—768
Corrected score										6

(*This shot was on wrong target and count not allowed). 762

3. Brattleboro, Vt., Rifle Club:

W M Farrow	9	10	7	10	9	9	7	8	9	8—86
W H Taft	10	6	9	8	8	9	9	7	7	8—81
N S Breckway	9	8	8	7	7	7	7	8	10	8—79
G B Read	7	7	9	7	7	8	10	7	9	7—78
C L Cobb	7	6	8	8	7	7	10	6	7	8—76
A S Nichols	5	7	6	6	8	7	10	7	9	8—75
A W Nichols	9	10	7	8	5	5	5	7	7	6—69
A E Knight	8	6	8	4	9	8	7	6	7	6—69
H C French	7	10	8	7	4	5	6	7	8	3—65
H M Wood	7	6	9	7	6	4	10	4	6	5—64—742

4. Company F, First Regiment, N. N. G., Carson City, Nevada:

W M Little	6	7	6	7	8	7	10	9	9	9—78
Jas Holbrook	9	6	9	10	10	8	8	4	6	6—75
Geo C Thaxter	6	10	9	6	5	7	8	10	6	8—75
F McCullough	5	6	6	9	10	10	7	5	10	7—75
G A Wilcox	7	8	4	9	7	5	7	7	8	8—70
H G Parker	5	6	6	10	6	6	9	7	8	4—67
Z T Alley	4	7	4	7	7	10	8	10	7	2—67
Geo Cowing, Jr.	5	5	7	10	7	8	7	3	4	3—59
S L Lee	7	5	7	3	8	3	5	5	8	7—58
J Saffell	5	8	4	5	6	6	6	5	5	7—57—682
Allowance for military rifles										50
										732

5. Nevada Rifle Association, Virginia City, Nev.

S Curnow	8	4	8	8	9	10	9	7	7	10—80
J E Weatien	6	7	8	10	7	7	8	7	10	7—77
M H Burke	6	6	5	10	9	10	6	7	10	7—76
J Spargo	5	7	6	6	8	10	10	5	6	7—70
B J Genesy	5	8	4	9	5	9	6	8	8	7—69
H Curdew	6	7	4	9	7	6	8	7	9	6—69
J C Tamlop	7	4	8	6	6	7	4	6	6	7—61
R S Wilton	6	6	6	9	5	5	6	7	7	8—65
X Stocker	5	8	7	5	7	5	5	5	4	8—59
J D Cameron	3	4	6	4	10	4	7	3	6	7—54—680
Allowance for military rifles										50
										730

6. Topeka Kan. Rifle Club:

G C Morrison	9	9	9	9	9	7	10	9	9	9—89
J L Paine	8	8	10	11	7	8	6	10	7	9—83
J P Williams	5	5	9	9	8	10	8	7	9	10—80
J H Leonard	7	7	5	10	7	6	9	7	9	9—76
F H Martin	9	7	8	9	9	7	7	5	7	7—75
Reed McCarter	9	7	8	7	6	5	5	7	7	8—69
C C Trimmer	9	6	10	7	6	6	4	6	7	5—66
C W Sherman	5	4	10	7	8	10	5	6	4	7—65
Robt Thompson	6	5	6	7	3	9	10	3	8	8—65
C R Paine	5	5	6	6	6	5	8	7	9	6—66—729

7. Pittsburgh, Pa., Rifle Club:

J P Sutch	10	10	6	9	6	8	6	9	10	5—79
W Duncan	7	3	7	10	3	10	9	6	3	7—65
J A Huggins	9	6	8	8	9	7	6	6	10	7—76
L F Ingersoll	7	3	9	8	8	7	5	4	8	10—69
Jas Brook	9	6	5	8	8	7	6	9	10	10—78
G Hodgdon	3	5	5	5	6	6	10	10	7	8—65
S Brehm	6	7	8	8	5	6	4	5	8	5—63
J B Jones	6	6	9	6	7	10	5	9	7	4—69
Painter	8	10	10	10	10	7	4	10	7	9—85
Q A McClure	8	5	7	8	9	8	5	5	7	8—70—719

Mr. L. Brehm, one of the most reliable shots, was sick and only shot to make up the team of ten men.

8. Lawrence, Mass., Rifle Club:

C Hill	9	7	9	7	7	9	10	9	10	8—85
E F Richardson	9	4	9	7	9	9	10	10	10	8—85
O M Jewell	9	10	1)	7	6	9	10	5	10	6—82
M W Daulton	6	10	7	6	10	9	7	9	8	7—79
J W Bean	7	4	5	10	6	6	7	8	7	9—69
W Fisher	6	8	6	8	5	6	9	6	7	7—68
C Frost	7	6	5	6	8	7	6	7	7	9—66
A W Rowland	10	4	5	9	7	4	5	6	6	9—65
M Beal	5	6	3	6	9	4	6	5	10	10—64
E A Rogers	4	4	7	4	6	8	6	5	0	8—47—710

9. Wheeling, West Va., Schuetzen Verein:

W Cox	9	8	10	6	5	6	9	7	4	7—71
O Jaeger	9	9	10	6	7	7	8	10	6	5	7—78
J Shirk	9	6	8	9	7	5	8	6	8	10	8—76
C Rumbach	5	7	5	4	7	5	9	5	10	4—61
H Blumenberg	6	4	10	10	3	6	3	6	7	5—60
C Tunt	7	4	9	8	9	7	7	8	10	4—73
E Schentler	7	6	9	5	6	7	5	7	8	7—67
R S Steward	7	9	7	10	9	5	6	10	9	6—78
Thos. Schreiber	9	9	7	6	6	7	10	10	6	7—77
L Fuhr	3	7	5	5	5	10	5	9	6	10—65—706

10. Manchester, N. H., Rifle Club:

A B Dodge	9	9	9	9	8	9	9	8	10	7—87
C D Palmer	10	8	10	10	7	10	9	6	7	7—84
G A Leighton	6	6	7	8	8	8	10	8	9	9—79
C W Temple	7	8	5	8	7	8	10	6	6	8—73
E C Paul	8	6	9	8	8	7	8	9	4	9—73
W M Poothby	6	7	4	8	6	8	7	5	10	5—66
L W Colby	6	7	5	6	7	4	8	6	8	8—65
E J Drake	9	6	3	4	7	4	6	10	8	7—64
E I Partridge	7	5	6	6	9	6	5	6	6	4—63
J A Barker	6	7	3	8	6	6	8	9	6	6—60—711
										7
Corrected score										704

11. Cincinnati, O., Rifle Association:

M Gidcle	7	9	8	9	8	8	9	10	4	10—82
H N Nieman	9	6	8	7	6	9	6	7	6	9—73
N Seacrist	7	6	5	7	10	5	9	6	9	5—66
J Gabelmhen	7	5	9	6	5	9	7	5	10	5—68
R Weinheimer	6	5	9	8	8	7	8	10	9	4—74
A Drube	9	7	7	8	9	6	4	4	9	10—71
L Stegner	10	5	5	6	7	5	6	5	6	5—60
J Gorman	8	7	7	10	3	7	7	5	7	7—68
H Stickels	8	9	8	6	6	4	7	5	8	7—68
C Ilyers	8	6	7	6	6	7	6	6	9	10—71—701

12. Chautauqua Sportsman's Association, Jamestown, N. Y.:

N J Baker	9	5	5	4	7	9	7	10	7	7—70
J R Brown	5	7	7	8	8	7	7	9	8	8—74
F L Norton	5	4	6	8	7	8	5	6	6	8—63
Dr L Hazeltine	10	9	9	9	5	6	8	10	7	8—81
H N Watson	5	6	4	9	7	8	6	4	6	8—63
R H Burns	9	5	6	5	9	9	9	6	6	6—70
E E Kapple	6	8	7	5	8	8	8	8	5	7—70
S N Ayres	9	4	8	8	8	9	10	10	5	10	7—80
H A Ahlstrom	7	8	5	5	5	8	7	6	6	7—64
H L DeLisle	5	5	6	5	6	6	7	7	5	7—63—697

13. Canton Rifle Club, Collinsville, Conn.:

J D Andrews	9	6	10	6	9	8	10	9	10	10	6—84
J H Bidwell	7	9	10	7	5	6	7	6	10	9—76
O B Hull	9	9	6	4	10	7	5	9	4	7—70
G J Case	10	6	8	6	3	9	7	7	6	9—70
G F Lewis	5	5	6	4	9	10	7	7	6	9—68
S J Lyon	8	7	6	9	7	6	5	6	5	8—67
G Barber	5	5	5	6	7	10	8	6	9	5—65
W Hanry	7	7	7	8	5	10	4	7	6	4—65
J Laubenstein	6	8	6	4	10	6	6	9	6	5—64
D A White	4	7	6	5	10	5	4	8	9	5—63—692

14. Springfield, Mass., Rod and Gun Rifle Club:

H Engle	6	7	10	6	10	7	7	4	10	8—75
C Gassner	6	9	6	6	9	5	6	6	10	9—70
H K Cooley	4	9	4	10	7	7	5	10	4	6—66
L H Mayott	7	10	6	6	5	6	6	6	8	8—68
J A Wilson	6	4	9	5	4	8	6	7	6	6—61
O W Hoor	7	5	7	4	6	9	6	7	10	10—71
Z C Talbot	7	6	7	5	5	5	10	7	9	8—69
F R Bull	7	4	6	7	8	9	8	6	7	7—69
T B Wilson	7	4	7	7	10	0	8	10	9	10—72
R T Hare	4	9	5	7	10	6	4	3	7	8—63—684

15. Third Division Rifle Association, Albany, N. Y.:

William E. Fitch	10	9	5	10	8	6	6	6	10	10—80
William C. Gomph	10	5	9	5	7	10	9	6	10	7—78
Buel C. Andrews	6	7	9	10	5	5	7	10	7	6—72
Chas H Gaus	6	6	4	9	10	7	6	7	7	9—71
William T Mayer	7	6	7	7	8	8	8	7	9	10—71
Benj E Spelman, Jr	7	9	5	5	5	10	10	3	8	9—71
James I Miles	10	6	6	6	3	9	6	6	5	9—66
William T Miles	5	4	6	7	5	7	6	7	8	6—61
Valentine La Point	5	5	4	8	3	3	6	6	7	7—57
Leonard Geiger	5	4	4	4	5	10	5	7	6	5—55—682

16. Central Valley, N. Y., Rifle Association:

Lorman Hawes	4	7	5	3	4	5	4	7	5	10—54
Wm Tiejens	5	6	7	7	6	5	10	6	5	7—64
E F Payne	5	6	9	10	7	8	7	5	5	7—69
Merritt Hawes	7	3	5	6	4	5	10	7	10	4—61
De Long	4	8	9	6	7	9	3	9	8	5—68
Herman Gralphs	9	4	7	4	10	10	5	7	4	3—63
H L Leonard	6	6	7	4	5	5	3	7	4	7—54
Richard Ficken	6	4	6	6	4	5	8	6	9	4—64
Dr A A Leonard	7	4	10	3	5	10	8	3	6	8—69
Capt Hiram Hawes	8	5	6	8	4	7	7	7	6	5—65—629

17. Greenville, Ohio, Off-Hand Rifle Club:

A N Wilson	10	7	6	8	8	10	5	6	8	10—78
J Chas Hahne	10	4	5	9	6	9	10	8	6	8—75
G A Katzenberger	9	6	4	6	8	5	5	10	10	4—67
John Schwabe	6	6	7	5	5	10	4	10	6	6—65
Frank Culbertson	5	7	7	7	9	6	6	6	4	6—63
A E Messerly	6	3	9	9	7	6	5	5	3	10—63
Chas P Johns	6	5	6	10	5	6	6	4	3	7—57
A J Marling	9	7	4	2	7	7	5	5	4	5—55
D S Hime	6	4	4	8	9	5	4	7	5	5—52
James Knick	5	6	6	5	5	4	8	7	6	2—51—626

18. Co. B, 2d Regt. inf., M. V. M., Springfield, Mass.

Pvt M W Bull	10	6	6	6	7	8	9	4	6	6—69
Lieut H McDonald	8	4	10	7	8	5	3	6	10	5—66
Pvt T T Cartwright	4	3	7	10	6	9	4	7	9	5—64
Pvt Sydney Bowers	8	7	5	6	6	6	9	5	5	6—63
Pvt E T Stephens	5	6	5	7	5	7	3	8	6	10—59
Sergt A E Sterling	8	4	4	5	5	9	6	4	5	7—57
Pvt W E Hosmer	3	7	8	4	5	5	5	5	6	0—48
Sergt J C Morgan	3	8	7	3	3	3	6	8	0	5—46
Pvt W H Daggett	4	7	4	6	5	4	5	5	5	3—44
Capt F G Southmayd	4	8	4	4	4	3	4	5	6	6—45—559
										4
Corrected score										563
Allowance for military rifles										50
										613

19. Holyoke, Mass., Rifle Club:

C L Newcomb	10	8	9	5	10	10	4	5	8	6—75
C S Axtell	6	4	7	8	2	10	10	9	7	7—70
H E Ferry	4	7	10	5	6	6	7	6	7	8—67
M W Prentiss	9	5	9	3	5	5	5	9	10	4—64
R Winchester	5	7	10	9	6	7	5	4	3	8—64
T Hibbard	6	3	8	3	5	7	3	9	9	4—66
S B Wiuchester	5	8	5	5	0	7	8	4	4	5—63
H Whitney	8	3	6	8	3	4	6	7	6	0—63
F F Whitcomb	5	6	10	7	4	4	5	3	3	4—51
W B Miles	10	6	6	6	8	6	6	4	8	5—15—597

20. Co. D, 12th Regiment, N.G.P., Williamsport, Pa.:

Capt G W G Lenora	4	5	8	5	0	5	4	0	0	0—29
Sergt W H Moyer	8	6	4	0	5	0	5	9	0	0—37
Pvt Scott Jamison	0	5	0	0	0	0	4	6	9	0—24
Corp Boyd Fulmer	6	4	6	5	6	8	6	6	8	4—59
Pvt Amos Bennett	6	6	4	6	0	7	0	6	7	0—42
Pvt Wm Spotts	0	8	5	7	7	6	5	0	0	10—48
Corp Jas Cummings	4	6	5	6	4	5	6	9	6	4—58
Pvt Aaron Winder	0	7	6	0	7	6	10	4	0	7—48
Pvt Wm Fry	6	7	5	7	8	8	5	5	7	5—65
Pvt H Galbreith	0	0	10	9	6	4	10	5	6	10—60—470
Corrected score										74
Allowance for military rifles										50
The targets show threes and twos not counted.										594

21. Wilmington, Del., Rifle Club:

C Heinel, Sr	9	7	8	8	7	6	6	5	10	7—73
H B Seeds	8	4	9	9	3	8	5	6	8	7—67
S Miller	6	6	6	5	6	7	6	5	7	9—63
J Manz	8	6	3	6	7	7	4	7	8	9—66
W H Haines	5	5	6	10	7	4	5	4	6	6—57
W F Seeds	8	6	6	4	5	6	7	8	3	7—55
E M Clark	5	4	5	5	6	8	7	6	6	7—54
W O'Connor	4	5	5	4	6	7	6	5	4	4—53
W A Baccu	7	8	8	4	7	8	5	8	7	5—62
J F Newman	6	8	4	0	4	8	5	6	6	5	0—50—584

22. Tyrone, Pa., Rifle Club:

D P Ray	7	3	6	6	5	5	5	3	6	4—51
J Stewart	3	3	3	5	3	6	3	8	6	2—42
John Rush	4	4	6	7	8	3	6	6	10	7—61
John Hamer	5	5	5	5	8	4	5	9	4	7—57
Wm Guger	7	7	3	5	4	7	4	9	7	0—53
Wm Carns	5	5	10	5	7	6	3	9	3	5—58
B Wallace	5	4	7	5	5	8	3	5	7	4—51
J M Hanscomn	4	3	3	4	10	3	4	5	4	7—47
L Goodman	6	5	4	6	4	5	9	3	6	5—53
Jas Eschbach	3	3	9	4	9	10	7	7	3	7—62—541

23. Orillia Rifle Association, Orillia, Ont., Canada:

A Paine	6	6	0	0	0	4	5	0	7	0—28
G Whiten	5	6	6	4	10	5	6	7	10	5—65
N Paine	4	0	0	0	7	0	0	10	0	0—21
F Toogood	6	5	10	7	5	6	6	0	10	5—60
H Bingham	4	7	7	0	0	7	0	0	0	7—32
C Wright	4	5	6	4	9	4	6	4	5	6—53
R Strathoni	0	0	0	0	10	5	9	5	4	0—33
J Des Fortier	4	7	5	0	4	0	6	0	4	8—37
J S Nelson	6	0	6	4	0	5	5	4	0	4—40
C Wood	6	0	8	6	7	0	7	6	9	7—56—425
										76
Corrected score										501

Threes and twos not counted; shown on targets.

24. Williamsport, Pa., Rifle Club:

H W Whitehead	5	0	0	4	6	5	6	5	5	5—41
J G Piatt	7	6	4	5	0	5	6	6	6	5—50
J D Kelly	6	7	6	10	4	0	7	4	0	8—52
J H Millspaugh	0	4	6	9	0	4	6	4	9	4—46
N A Hughes	6	4	6	5	6	6	7	7	4	5—59
R H Crum	0	4	9	10	6	0	8	4	7	0—48
G W Harder	7	6	7	6	6	5	0	4	7	0—48
H D Hunn	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	6	5	6—21
S C Stuber	5	4	0	10	4	0	6	5	5	5—44
W H Johnson	4	0	0	0	0	4	4	6	0	5—23—432
										69
Corrected score										501

Threes and twos on target not counted.

25. Cuyahoga Rifle Club, Cleveland, O.:

C H Prichard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
C H Price	0	6	0	4	0	6	5	4	5	0—30
F L Chamberlin	7	4	5	8	0	4	6	6	5	4—49
W R Huntington	6	5	5	6	8	6	9	5	6	8—64
Wm. J. Akers	4	0	0	0	4	0	4	0	4	9—25
A S H Brunner	7	6	5	8	0	6	0	4	4	4—44
P J Prophy	9	0	0	0	7	0	4	8	5	0—33
F D Bosworth	6	4	6	0	7	0	4	5	0	9—47
W H Price, Jr	4	0	5	5	0	6	4	9	5	5—44
Dr P J Spenzer	4	5	8	5	0	5	8	0	4	4—45—379
										87
Corrected score										466

Threes and twos on target not counted.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—The attendance of riflemen was limited at the range at Walnut Hill to-day on account of the cold weather. A high, variable fishtail breeze prevailed in the morning, but toward night it settled into the southwest. Only a few scores were completed. Appended are the results of to-day:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

C B Edwards, A	10	5	10	10	4	10	9	8	8	8—82
J R Missam, A	6	8	9	8	8	10	7	7	8	9—80
H Cushing, D	10	7	6	8	7	10	10	10	7	5—80
N F Tufts, A	7	8	8	10	6	9	7	6	10	8—79
W H Oler, D	7	5	6	9	7	9	8	10	7	9—77
R Dadman, A	6	10	8	6	5	10	7	8	10	6—76
J N Frye, C	6	4	7	8	9	5	6	8	9	4—66

Rest Match.

J R Munroe, F	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10—96
D D Luck, A	10	9	10	10	9	9	9	8	9	9—92

Jan. 22.—A large number of riflemen were in attendance at the rifle matches to-day. The weather conditions were very good. A team match for practice was shot, and J. B. Fellows lead the winning team with a line score of 89. Following are the scores made to-day:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

J B Fellows, D	9	9	8	8	10	10	10	8	7	10—89
C E Berry, A	7	7	8	10	9	8	10	10	8	7—84
H Cushing, D	7	9	9	9	8	4	10	9	9	9—83
W Charles, A	7	9	8	10	8	8	10	6	8	7—81
A L Brackett, A	10	8	10	9	9	8	8	4	7	7—80
J A Cobb, C	9	10	6	5	10	8	6	7	6	8—78
F Carter, D (mil.)	9	9	5	7	8	9	10	7	7	8—77
J N Frye, C	10	6	7	4	7	7	5	9	6	8—71
A C Gordon, A	4	5	8	10	10	10	6	8	5	5—71
G F Hall, A	5	7	9	5	9	4	7	8	6	10—70

Rest Match.

J Francis, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—99
S Wilder, F	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
J R Monroe, F	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	9	10—96

Team Match—First Team.

J B Fellows	9	6	8	8	10	10	10	8	7	10	—89
C E Berry	9	8	7	10	5	8	9	7	8	5	—76
A S Brackett	4	6	9	8	10	9	6	6	10	7	—75
F Carter (mil.)	8	8	5	4	8	5	6	9	6	7	6—6+5—71
R Davis	3	7	8	7	8	8	5	9	8		—68
C Williams	8	4	10	7	1	3	3	4	4	8	—52
W Chardon	3	5	4	4	5	7	5	5	8	4	—50—481

Second Team.

W Charles	7	7	8	7	8	6	9	9	7	8—76
H Cushing	5	8	7	9	7	7	7	10	5	10—75
J R Munroe	8	5	9	7	8	5	8	5	9	9—73
N O Good	5	8	6	6	6	3	7	10	7	8—66
G F Hall	4	9	4	6	9	6	7	6	7	7—66
J A Cobb	8	3	5	6	7	5	6	7	8	9—64
J N Frye	4	7	5	5	5	6	6	6	4	6—57—477

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 18.—Much interest was felt in the contest which took place to-day between J. L. Paine and Robt. Thompson on one side, against G. E. Morrison and C. C. Trimmer, on the other; 50 shots per man were fired. Wind was from the 2 o'clock quarter with the light running from bright sunshine to fleeting clouds.

Robt Thompson 32-40-185 Union Hill Rifle:

10	6	6	9	7	10	10	8	9	4—79
4	7	8	6	8	10	8	6	5	7—69
10	9	9	7	10	9	10	7	4	6—81
7	5	5	7	7	6	7	5	6	9—64
7	6	8	7	5	9	7	6	6	6—67—360

J L Paine 32-40-175 Rem. Match Rifle:

7	6	8	8	9	7	8	9	6	7—75
6	6	9	7	8	8	7	3	6	5—63
9	10	5	4	6	8	10	8	7	9—76
8	7	9	7	7	10	8	7	6	6—75
4	8	5	9	9	7	8	8	8	5—71—360
									729

Geo E Morrison 38-50-330 Bal. Rifle:

6	8	6	10	5	9	8	5	7	7—71
5	8	7	9	10	9	7	10	8	6—79
8	10	9	6	8	8	8	9	10	5—81
9	6	6	7	7	7	8	9	8	8—75
8	10	5	8	9	8	7	9	8	10—82—388

C C Trimmer 32-40-210 Union Hill Rifle:

4	10	6	5	5	7	6	8	8	7—66
8	10	7	7	10	9	10	4	7	6—78
8	6	5	4	5	6	7	6	6	4—57
4	6	5	4	6	6	5	6	10	9—61
8	5	7	5	7	9	5	6	7	5—64—327
									714

ROCHESTER, Jan. 20.—The Grand Army deer shoot took place at Scottsville to-day, distance 40 rods, open sights, on rest, 2½ft. Creedmoor target, 23 out of 5 shots being a possible score:

Budlong	00101—2	Sherman	25455—21
Perry	00223—8	Cargle	33334—16
Wilkenson	12121—10	Cargle	45344—20
Stekley	33352—14	Cargle	55553—23
Budlong	44251—17	Ever	00022—4
Schwikert	05204—11	Schwikert	54225—18
Stokoe	22431—13	Harvey	35155—19
Fleisher	23341—12	Terry	34533—18
Cargle	14134—15	Cargle	82354—17
Clapp	42334—19	Schwikert	43444—19
Fleisher	10110—3	Cargle	24132—12
Wood	52514—17	Schwikert	45545—25
Scott	03061—6	Harmon	32545—19
Schwikert	52346		

First tie: B. Cargle 15, F. Schwikert 15. Second tie: B. Cargle 21, F. Schwikert 22. The deer was won by Schwikert, of Rochester; it weighs about 225lbs. and is in good order. Mr. Schwikert will give all the sports a chance to kill the deer at the next shoot, which will occur in about two weeks.

HAVERHILL (MASS.) RIFLE CLUB.—The following scores were made by the Haverhill Rifle Club on Jan. 22:

J Bustield	9	9	7	9	8	9	7	7	6	9—80
J F Brown	8	9	7	5	8	9	6	7	8	6—73
Re-entry	8	7	9	6	10	9	9	8	8	6—80
A Edgerley	7	7	10	8	9	7	8	6	7	6—75
Re-entry	8	6	8	7	5	10	8	8	6	10—76
V Johnson	8	8	8	6	6	7	5	13	7	7—75
Re-entry	6	7	9	10	7	9	6	8	6	8—76
H Turk	6	7	7	8	8	8	10	9	6	6—75
F Merrill	0	8	5	4	8	6	5	10	9	7—71

RIFLE AT WORCESTER, Mass.—Some of the members of the Worcester Rifle Association went out to Pine Grove Range Jan. 22 for the r weekly meet. The shooting was off-hand, distance 200yds. The detail score of the best strings of 10 were as follows:

Record Match.

A C White	10	9	10	8	10	10	8	9	6	10—90
S Clark	9	8	8	8	9	8	6	6	7	8—74
T Leighton	8	7	7	7	6	5	7	10	9	6—72
I C Jones	8	4	3	9	9	8	7	7	6	8—70

Practice Score.

A C White	8	9	8	9	10	5	8	6

ST. CATHARINE, Ont., Jan. 22.—The annual shoot of the Welland County Sportsman's Association, has just closed after a three days' session. The weather was very much against large scores. The first day, the 19th, a very strong wind was blowing from the left rear and very cold, but the live birds, on the whole, were a very good lot. The Niagara Falls blackbird was also tried for the first time here, and was very satisfactory. The visitors gave them great praise for the good flight they made in the heavy wind, and the home shooters found them as hard to get on to as the live bird. Quite a number of shooters from New York State were present, among them being Mr. Ed. Hudson, of Syracuse, N. Y., who did some very fine scoring. Match No. 1—12 live pigeons, gun below elbow, 1¼ shot, H. & T. ground traps, 26yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, shot under Dominion rules, 6 prizes:

C Forsyth	111101111111—11	W Stroud	111101111011—10
T S Clark	111111111110—11	Ed Hudson	010111111111—10
J E Stroud	111111101111—11	Beldan	111111001111—10

Thirty-eight contestants retired after missing 3 birds each. In shooting off ties Forsyth won first, J. C. Stroud second, Clark third. Ties on 10 divided fourth, fifth and sixth prizes.

Match No. 2.—9 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 18yds. rise, National rules, 3 prizes:

Clarke	001111111—7	Adams	010111011—6
Neff	010011110—5	Lansing	111101010—6
Harrison	001111000—4	Reade	111000100—4
Felstead	110110111—7	Smith	010001101—4

First and second divided.

Match No. 3.—9 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise:

McArthur	100010011—4	Harrison	110110111—7
Dyer	100101110—5	Hudson	111111111—9
W Stroud	110111111—8	Clarke	111110110—7
J Stroud	100101010—4	Adams	111111111—9
Neff	010110110—5	Felstead	111101111—8

Hudson first, Felstead second, Clark third.

Match No. 4—9 Niagara Fall blackbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, 2 prizes:

Adams J	110001111—6	McArthur	011001110—4
Lansing	001001101—4	Hudson	111111110—8
Clark T	111110101—7	W Stroud	111011100—6
Felstead	111110111—8		

First divided, Clark second.

Match No. 5—Niagara Falls blackbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, 2 prizes:

T Clark	111111101—8	Adams	101111111—8
Ed Hudson	111111101—8	McArthur	001001101—4
Felstead	011101101—6		

First divided.

Match No. 6—9 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise:

H Graham	010001011—4	Neff	011110110—4
T Clarke	101111001—6	Hudson	111111111—9
McArthur	110101101—5	Adams	110110011—6
Felstead	111111101—8	George	111011110—7

Match No. 7—18 blackbirds, 2 prizes:

Felstead	111110110—7	Hudson	111111110—8
Clarke	011111011—7	Graham	010111011—6
McArthur	110110110—7	Smith	011110111—7
George	101011110—6	George	111001101—6
Neff	100011110—5		

Hudson first, second divided.

Match No. 8.—9 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, 3 prizes:

Felstead	011101101—6	Schwartz	110001101—5
McArthur	110101110—6	Gibson	100010110—4
Clarke	111011010—7	Talsma	101011111—7
Hudson	111111011—8	Wayper	111110110—7
Adams	111111111—9	Neff	011101110—6
George	101111111—8	Rogers	010101011—5
Koch	110111101—7		

Adams first, Hudson and George second, Clark third.

Match No. 9.—9 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 3 traps, 15yds. rise, 3 prizes:

Koch	101111011—7	Schwarz	000101101—4
Clarke	010110011—5	Gibson	010100111—5
Adams	111000101—5	Talsma	111110011—7
Hudson	011111111—8	Neff	011100110—5
McArty	101000101—4	Wayper	111110100—6
Felstead	011100001—4		

Hudson first, second divided, Wayper third.

Match No. 10—3 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, 3 prizes:

Koch	111111111—9	Talsma	110111101—7
Wayper	110110011—6	Clarke	111101110—7
Neff	111100101—6	McArthur	010101000—2
Hudson	111111110—8	George	010111001—5
Felstead	101011110—6		

Koch first, Hudson second, Talsma and Clarke third.

Match No. 11—9 blackbirds, 18yds. rise, 2 prizes:

Koch	111111101—8	Clark	111100010—5
Talsma	010111101—6	Wayper	000100[illegible]
Harrison	010001101—4	G Rogers	111101100—6
Felstead	010011001—4		

Koch first, Rogers and Talsma second.

Match No. 12—McArthur challenged Clark to shoot at 12 blackbirds for $25 a side, 18yds, 3 traps:

Clark	111100011101—7
McArthur	111110010001—7

In shoot off Clark won. Another match was arranged between these gentlemen at live birds to take place at Buffalo for $50 a side on Jan. 26.

KINGSTON-MIDDLESEX.—Kingston, N. J., Jan. 19.—The return match between the Middlesex Gun Club and the Kingston Gun Club, at clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 18yds. rise, was shot here this afternoon. The wind and cold made it anything but a desirable day to shoot or make a good score:

Kingston.		Middlesex.	
C McDonald	000001110010011— 5	Wyckoff	110011100110110— 9
C Allen	010101111111110—10	Craft	011001111111111—12
F Pullen	111001000111000— 7	Force	110001100111011— 8
J Stryker	010101011110111— 9	Squire	000001000000011— 3
G Snook	110011010101110—10	Smith	111011000101110— 8
F Aaron	111010011001101— 9	Darley	010101010100111— 7
J Blackwell	011111010100101— 9	Williams	101100110101011— 9
I Pullen	010111111010011— 8	Terry	010110010010110— 6
M Force	010111111000101— 9	Dickins	000010110.01000— 4
	76		66

In the morning two sweepstakes at live birds were shot, the first with 12 entries: C. Sampson first, C. Houstan second, Williamson and Smith divided third. The second sweepstake had 16 entries: Sampson and Dickins divided first, Houstan second, Fox and Fouler divided third.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 19.—The Washington Gun Club held their first regular shoot of the season at Dexter's Park, L. I., to-day, for a gold badge and money prizes. Out of 98 birds shot at 68 were killed and 30 escaped. The score is as follows:

J Newton, 25yds	1111110—6	E Gateson, 21yds	1001011—4
A DeGraw, 25yds	1111111—7	J Moller, 21yds	0100010—2
A Rockfeller, 25yds	1101110—4	F Feldhus, 25yds	1111111—7
J Boling, 25yds	1011101—5	J Smith, 25yds	1111111—7
C Rockfeller, 23yds	1110111—6	R Jones, 23yds	0011111—5
A Altenbrand, 21yds	1111000—4	D Morgan, 23yds	1110110—5
C H Smith, 23yds	0011011—4	H Winants, 23yds	0101011—4

Ties divided.

TORONTO, Jan 17.—Some of the members of the St. Thomas Gun Club favor the use of the English sparrows instead of pigeons as targets at the shoots of the club. The quarrelsome, dirty, noisy, and destructive little sparrows, they claim, are of no earthly good and no better use could be found for them than for trap-shooting. Those favorable to the change contend that there are plenty of reasons good and sufficient for such a course. In the first place the flight of the birds is such as would make them very good marks and then another good feature is the readiness with which they may be trapped. Trap-shooting my be called a sin, but charity covereth a multitude of such, and even in trap shooting there is a charity—in ridding the country of such a bird. Our advice to the club is to go ahead and try them, as they would undoubtedly make first-class marks and a pleasing change from the targets generally in use.—*St. Thomas Times.* The attention of local gun clubs is directed to our contemporary's remarks. Sparrow pie does no go amiss occasionally.—*Toronto Mail.*

Jan. 20.—A blackbird shoot took place at John Oulcott's, Eglinton, to-day. Five sweepstake matches were shot during the afternoon. There were two prizes in each. Following is the score:

First sweep, at 9 birds, 18yds. rise—W. McDowall 6, G. Carruthers 5, C. Duncan 4, J. Baillie 3, T. Loudon 2.

Second sweep, same terms—G. Carruthers 7, C. Duncan 6, F. Loudon 5, W. McDowall 5, J. Baillie 4.

Third sweep, same terms—C. Duncan 7, T. Loudon 6, G. Carruthers 5, T. Baillie 4, W. McDowall 3.

Fourth sweep, 6 birds, 18 yds. rise—T. Loudon 5, W. McDowall 5, G. Carruthers 4, T. Baillie 3, C. Duncan 3. In shooting off Loudon hit three straight and took first prize, McDowall hitting two out of three.

Fifth sweep, 6 birds, 18yds. rise—G. Carruthers 6, W. McDowall 4, T. Baillie 4, C. Duncan 3. In shooting off ties for second prize McDowall won with 2 out of 3, Baillie only hitting 1.

Yachting.

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HOUSEBOATS AND HOUSEBOATING.

As the winter passed there was evinced a deep concern as to what the club should do in the . . . . summer; . . . . and various were the schemes proposed. . . . . Water entered largely into all the projects that were advanced, with a marked reservation . . . . in favor of the calmer variety. . . . . Finally one evening the Owl sat down in his place, with an expression on his countenance indicative of the agreeable possession of an idea; and . . . . said:

"Boys, I know what we'll do next summer."

"You do!" said the club; "out with it."

"We'll hire a canal boat." . . . . .

The Owl proceeded to unfold his plan; and after the first blush of insanity had faded away from it, the club became deeply impressed with its practicability and attractiveness. . . . . .

At last fortune smiled upon them . . . . they found in the dock a new and neat-looking boat. . . . . A bluff, hearty and well-favored navigator came up . . . . from the cabin. The boat was new, he said . . . . and he finally consented to charter . . . . at seven dollars a day.

The next day all was bustle and activity. . . . . A new coat of paint was being put upon her deck, and Rossil . . . . had his wagons going all day, collecting bric-a-brac, canvases, easels, draperies, cushions, palettes, portfolios, and all manner of effects, domestic and personal. . . . . A colored gentleman of a culinary turn named Daniel . . . . was promptly commissioned to buy a large stove and all the necessary utensils of his craft. . . . . He came down to the boat with five tons of ice, a big refrigerator, a small cooking range, about one hundred paper parcels, 200lbs. of fresh beef and mutton neatly sewed up in bags to go inside the ice house, quantities of vegetables and two coops full of . . . . . chickens.

Daniel made a splendid impression. He . . . . saluted each one with an obeisance . . . . looked upon the wealth of color and rich trappings without betraying the faintest trace of the plebeian emotion of surprise . . . . and . . . . betook him to arranging his kitchen and putting away his various stores. His kitchen inspired confidence, and his appearance in snowy linen cap and jacket and long white apron was most reassuring.

The Committe on Decoration and Home Comforts covered itself with glory. With unlimited bric-a-brac and tapestry, and stuffs oriental and domestic at its disposal, the interior . . . . underwent a surprising transformation. If it erred at all it was in the direction of positive luxury, but the artistic and decorative effect that was produced was excellent. To those who looked at it . . . . from the point of view of having to dwell in it . . . . it was particularly grateful. The divans that were easily translated into beds; the cushions, that were but pretexts for the diurnal concealment of pillows; the piano, the violins, the big dining table, the smokers and hammocks, the neat pile of fresh tablecloths and napkins, the excellent glassware in the sideboard, the decency of the cutlery, the neat student-lamps and Chinese lanterns, and a certain grace in the profusion, and a quality of ease in the general disposition, were extremely alluring.

The day of departure . . . . The last valise was on board . . . . it was evening . . . . a small parasite of a tugboat . . . . towed her to the comparative privacy of the outer river. Great apprehension had been felt that the cabin would be insufferably hot, but . . . . a delicious draft of cool air entered at the forward hatch and swept through the room from end to end, producing a most agreeable temperature. Hot as the weather subsequently was, the cabin was always pleasant, and upon no evening . . . . . was it desirable to sleep without more or less covering or without partially closing the inches. . . . . The city crept slowly by, darkness descended on the scene, the lights on the shore came out one by one, and everybody went below.

. . . . . Daniel . . . . laid the table . . . . and . . . . brought on a most fragrant repast. . . . . There were porterhouse steaks done to a turn, devilled kidneys, cold roast beef, roast potatoes, hot biscuits, fried chicken (after the fashion of Daniel's native Baltimore), tea, coffee, and the club's regular b—everage. . . . . In the conversational pause that ensued, the consumption that took place was little short of marvelous . . . . the faculty of speech began to be restored . . . . and the members reclined in their armchairs and sent long wreaths of smoke out of the hatches.

. . . . . Later . . . . there was music. . . . . It was after midnight when the pipes and lamps went out by common consent, and the club retired in great comfort.

. . . . . and . . . . the gray mist had stolen down between the hills . . . . and hung low upon the river. Nothing was visible around but the still water melting into the soft cloud, and nothing was to be heard but the gentle ripple of the eddying current.

—*The Tile Club Afloat.*

The fascinating story, from which the foregoing has been culled, of the primitive houseboating (for such it really was) of the Tile Club, might well inspire the reader with a desire to share in similar enjoyments. Not that there is anything particularly new in a houseboat, for from the time of the first one of which we have any record, in which Captain Noah must have found it a task of no ordinary difficulty to provide for and provision his varied crew, these fashionable dwellings have in one form or another subserved purposes of utility and pleasure in all ages and nearly all maritime countries.

With the mere utilitarian houseboat this paper has little to do, but the reader who has resided in China will readily call to mind the sights and sounds of its floating population, the thousands who live and move and have their being in apparent happiness, and more or less of comfort on board junks, which are not only houseboats in the broadest meaning of the word, but which in many instances, in their size, and in the nature of their uses, aspire to the dignity of emporiums.

In this country the houseboat is almost unknown, but a rude form, which might more properly be termed a "houseraft," has already had its uses as a safe retreat and a defense, when in the early days the marauding Indian would have annihilated the encroaching paleface, and the early settler drove his plow afield with a musket in the hollow of his arm. On the foundation which these rude forestalkers so firmly laid has been built a civilization which has brought with it new desires, motives, aims and methods as well as conveniences and enjoyments to which we are so accustomed that we have come to regard them as necessities.

In England the houseboat is of the latter class, and has of late years multiplied so rapidly that its genus can now be met with snugly moored against the banks of nearly every picturesque lake and navigable river, or swinging to an anchor in quiet coves and cozy inlets of the sea wherever a sheltered harbor and pleasant surroundings can be found.

But the pleasure and luxury of life on a houseboat, its freedom, comfort and healthfulness, and its immunity from the host of cares and annoyances which beset the summer cottage owner, or hotel boarder on shore, are not yet thoroughly appreciated or even understood in this country. Occasionally a returned traveller from England brings with him the story of a brief sojourn on one of these pleasant floating dwellings, and treats his hearers to an enticing description of the morning plunge into the sparkling waters, the sun bath on the upper deck, the keen appetite and the tempting breakfast, with the summer breeze playing through the cabin windows; the morning smoke under the deck awning, the row in the launch up the river, the lunch at the neighbors in the next houseboat, the return with the tide and the ladies at the oars, the perfect cooking of the dinner which awaited them, the enjoyments of the musical evening which wound up the pleasures of the day, and the deep and dreamless slumber in the luxurious stateroom preparatory to kindred enjoyments on the morrow.

In his eager rush from place to place, the Europe-trotting American does not, as a rule, see much of all this; but occasionally one more fortunate or wiser than his fellows comes back with a story like the above, and puzzles his hearers with the query: "Why has no the houseboat been introduced into this country?"

The houseboat, as its name implies, is a house and a boat in one. Like other houses and other boats, it is costly or otherwise according to its size and fitting and the means and desires of its owner. For a few hundred dollars a single man who finds pleasure in "roughing it" can own a houseboat, in which he can compass his simple enjoyments in a thoroughly satisfactory way. Add to the above figures until they become say a couple of thousands, and a houseboat can be produced in which a gentleman and wife will find in saloon, stateroom, bath room and domestic conveniences, completeness and even luxury, which cannot be duplicated for twice that expenditure on shore; while to the fortunate few who can contemplate the addition of yet another cypher, can be insured a floating palace with which, for its purposes, no yacht at three times the cost can compare.

Though comparatively costly in the first building, for it would be unwise to construct it in any but the best manner, the houseboat has many features of economy which are denied the summer dweller on *terra firma*. No costly lot of land has to be bought to build it on, and the maintenance of fences, walls, lawns, terraces, fruit, flower and kitchen gardens do not figure on the expense account. In domestic management the houseboat is freed from the wasteful tyranny of the Bridgets. The peaceful serenity of the houseboat mistress is not disturbed by any questions involving the issue of "Sundays out" or the desirability or otherwise of Bridget's "young man," for all the work on board is usually done by men, and from stemhead to rudderpost the genus Bridget has no necessary place.

In small houseboats, one man to act in the role of cook, steward and general utility is sufficient. A larger boat may make advisable the addition of a boy to wait at table and "help round," but even in the family houseboat of say four staterooms besides the saloon and domestic offices, two good men will not only do the work with ease, but it not kept too busy with the tender to and from the shore, will find lots of idle time upon their hands.

In furnishing the houseboat, the expenditure necessary for furnishing an equivalent house on shore need not be exceeded, and in "running" the houseboat the same rule will apply. Perhaps the last remark is not sufficiently strong, for in point of fact, the intelligent service of the men on board, as against the almost invariable incompetence of hired "summer help" on shore, will, in the majority of cases, show a marked advantage in favor of the purse and temper of the houseboater.

One of the pleasantest of the larger English houseboats is owned by a retired East India merchant, and has, or had, for its crew, three coolies. One is monarch of the kitchen, another looks after the "below deck" and the third is responsible for the "on deck" arrangements from entry port to signal halliards. This boat lies moored stem and stern so close to a bold bank in a lovely river that a swinging drawbridge reaches from entry-port to shore.

In another case of which the writer has very pleasant memories, a family houseboat with three staterooms, the service is most excellently rendered by a man and his wife, old and trusty servitors of the family. Here the man performed all on deck duties, while the wife, with her husband's occasional assistance, took charge of the kitchen and entire "indoors," and made this houseboat lays to an anchorage under the lee of a small island some little distance from the shore, a steam launch is added to the man's responsibilities.

Another houseboat, one of the smaller kind, has for its occupants and owners, two clerks, than whom no more enthusiastic houseboaters can be found. A convenient inn on the river bank furnishes their meals and guards their property while during the day they are attending to their business in London, and as these clerks (who are, by the way, very jolly and exceedingly hospitable fellows) attend to their own bed making, dusting, and other domestic duties, they avoid the expense of hired help and live a life of exceeding independence and enjoyment. In their case economy and contentment evidently go hand in hand.

But even houseboats though always economical in the sense that small expenditure gives comparatively large returns) can be conducted in a costly manner. The writer calls to mind one case, a large and exquisitely appointed vessel which usually summers (or used to) in the romantic regions of the North of Scotland, to which a domestic staff of eight adults and eight boys is attached. The business of the boys is to look as pretty as possible in their natty man-o'-war uniforms, and to row the owner, his family and his guests from place to place in the handsome eight-oared galley in which all such excursions are made. When the boys are not at this duty, an admirable course of study employs their minds and fits them for the more serious duties of the life before them. The boys themselves are selected from the street waifs of Edinboro, Glasgow and other cities, and the wise extravagance of their employer may, and probably will, save eight souls from prison or worse. With such a numerous retinue, a servant's houseboat is a necessity, and one is in this instance moored well out of earshot of the other, at night the servants, save one man on watch, withdraw to their own boat, where ample sleeping accommodations are found, and where the large cabin used by the boys as a school room gives them facilities for the social evening which ordinarily winds up the pleasant duties of the day, for one of the unwritten laws of houseboating is that everywhere, above and below deck, in the saloon or in the servant's quarters, at all times and under all circumstances, Happiness, with a big H, shall reign.

It would not be surprising if, to the minds of those who may be here gathering their first information on the subject, comparisons between houseboats and yachts may at present present themselves, but the truth is, no such comparisons can fairly be instituted. As a houseboat the yacht is of necessity both incomplete and unsatisfactory; while as a yacht, the houseboat proper has really no claims to consideration at all. The desire or the need for the one cannot possibly be satisfied by the possession of the other, and although the enjoyments pertaining to each are of close relationship, that very fact establishes an *entente cordiale* and emphasizes the absence of any competition as to merit or desirability.

The majority of yachtsmen find their chief pleasure in sailing, in moving their craft from place to place by the agency of wind or steam, and more especially of the former. Of these an influential majority of even vessels of sufficient size to "keep the sea," to cruise from port to port and to risk the chances of wind and weather. On board such vessels the spaciousness and completeness of the below deck accommodations and the convenience of the appointments enable one to live and reside with considerable comfort.

But even on the largest yachts, the "domestic," so to speak, arrangements are not of a nature which admit of such craft being devoted to family uses for any extended periods without considerable discomfort of a certain kind and some inconvenience. On small sailing craft, the designs for which ought not to be influenced by any considerations whatever, save those of speed and safety, the sacrifice of the former probably and of the latter most certainly, must always attend an endeavor to combine small tonnage, great speed and disproportionate below deck accommodations. Yet strangely enough the endeavor almost invariably continues to be made, and a craft as unsafe as it is uncomfortable, and therefore wholly unsuited to family yachting, is the result.

From this it naturally follows that yachting is mainly restricted to the sterner sex, and the married yachtsman is compelled to consent to temporarily "shelving" his family ties, duties and pleasures, or else has to forego enjoyments in which those who are nearest and dearest to him cannot conveniently share.

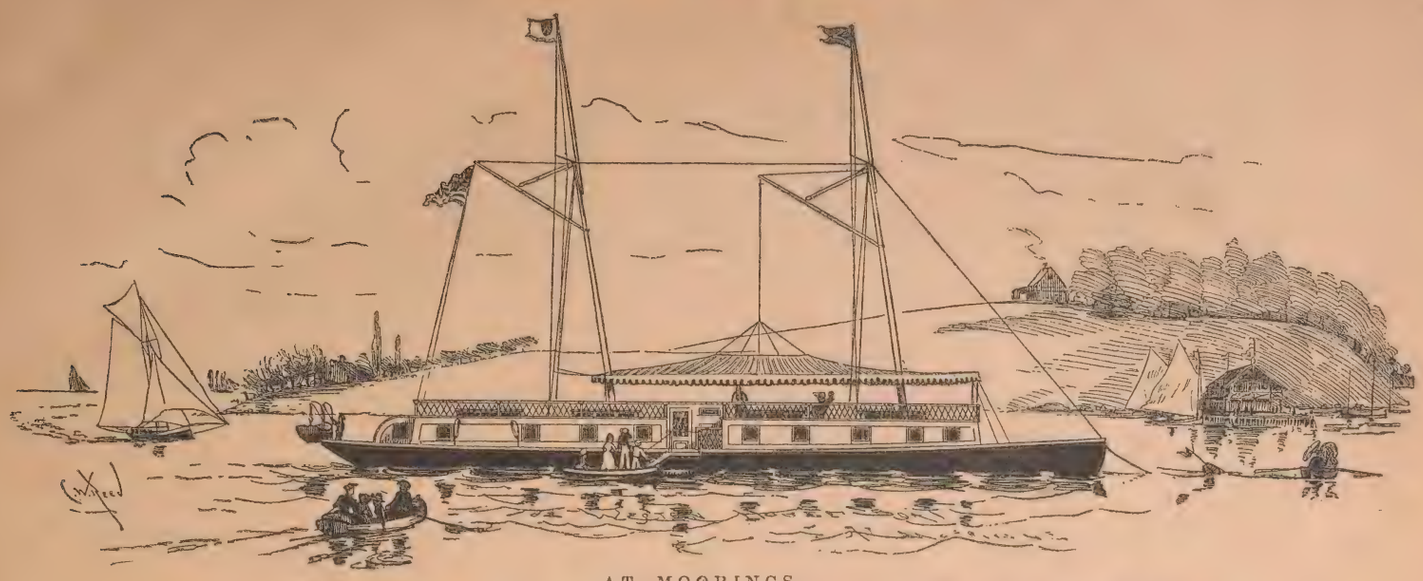
To the married man then, the man with a family, the institution of the modern houseboat should surely commend itself. It literally bristles with good qualities which appeal to him most strongly. In its perfect safety the fond mother and father are relieved of anxieties which on other pleasure craft often take the keen edge from their enjoyment. Its roomy and well-fenced deck affords ample and secure playground for the children, where they can indulge unrestrictedly in the healthful use of limbs and lungs in the open air, and at the same time be assured the most absolute immunity from undesirable associations. As a house it can be in every way as complete and convenient as a dwelling on shore, and in some respects (no fatiguing stairs for instance) it can be even superior; while as a boat, not even the largest yacht—when at anchor—can be considered in any particular a more satisfactory abode.

The houseboat has many features peculiar to itself and not shared by other pleasure craft. One of these is its inability to move from place to place without outside assistance. To some this might appear in the light of a deprivation, but by the genuine houseboater it is regarded as a privilege. And such indeed it is, for stability of location and well as stability of model all go to add to the enjoyable features of the "house" part of your craft without detracting from those of the "boat." The ability to change the location of your house when it is desirable to do so, and the lack of temptation to do so unless it is desirable, are items which have a very direct bearing on your comfort and enjoyment. Your naval architect, free from all problems involving centers of effort or sail-carrying power, has given you a form of hull in which great initial stability and prodigality of cubical contents have been most successfully combined. And your interior architect, taking up the thread where his brother dropped it, has so divided, apportioned and decorated the space at his command, that it has become in arrangement a very marvel of convenience, and in design and adornment a realization of beauty in a way which would not have been possible had the exigencies of boiler space or other means of self propulsion entered into the calculations.

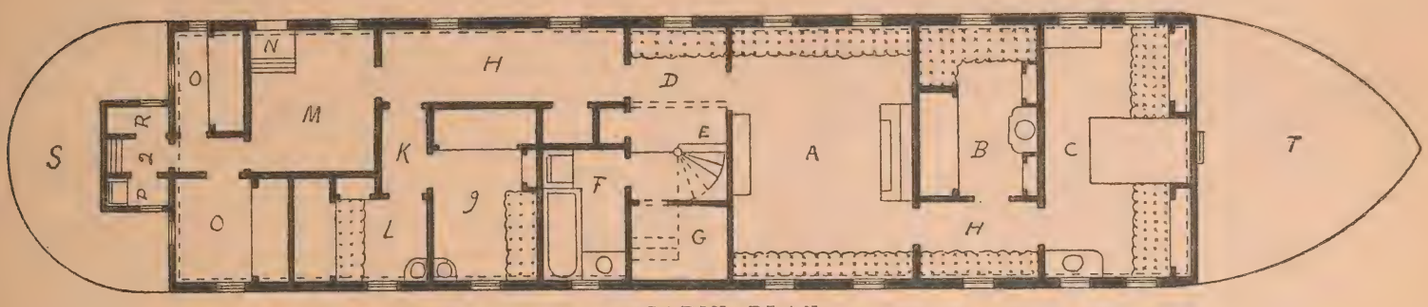
And the moving of the houseboat is not, after all, a matter of much difficulty. A skilful utilization of wind and tide and the assistance of a couple of men in a rowboat are often all that are necessary, except when great distances or too swiftly opposing currents have to be traversed, and in such cases the ubiquitous towboat will take your hawser and bear you with rapid ease to your destination at an expense which, comparatively speaking, may be termed trivial.

But, it may be urged, to live on a boat and not be able to sail, would be as incomplete as to live on shore and not be able to ride or drive. Before arriving at any such hasty conclusion there are many things which should be taken into consideration. At the worst (if such a conclusion has to be admitted at all) it is only a question of compensating advantages, and no houseboater will for a moment allow there is opportunity on that point for argument. You cannot but concede that, were you living on shore, you would not take your house for a ride or drive, but you would order your horse or your carriage. So, on the water, you do not take your houseboat for an outing, but if you wish to row you take one of your tenders. Should the breeze be propitious and sailing be

A WESTERN HOUSEBOAT.

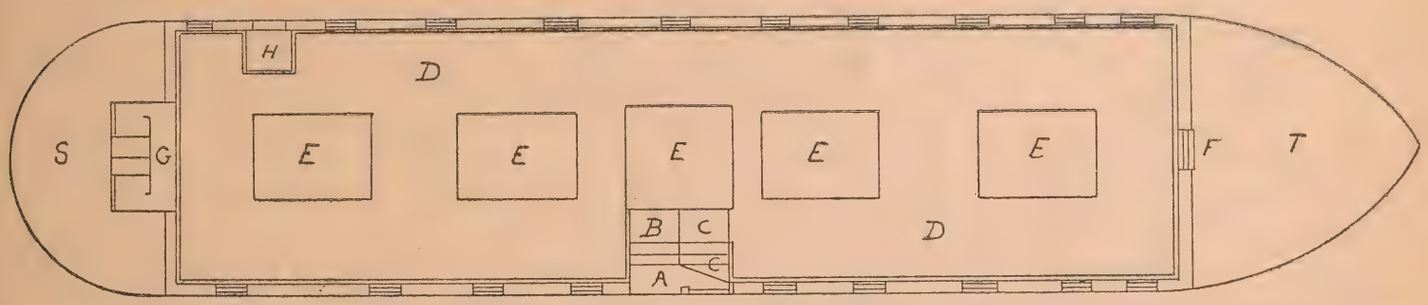


AT MOORINGS.



CABIN PLAN.

A, Saloon, 12×17, with piano, sideboard and transom sofas. B, Guests' stateroom, 8×12, with berth, sofa, two wardrobes and washstand. C, Family chamber, 10×17, with double bed, two sofas, two wardrobes, bureau and washstand. D, Reception room, 6½×8½, with one sofa. E, Stairs to entryport. F, Bathroom, 5¼×8¼, with w. c., washstand and bathtub. G, Store closets under entryport. H, Corridors. I, Stateroom, 7×11½, with two berths, washstand, wardrobe and sofa. M, Galley or kitchen, 8½×9½. N, Entry to galley. O, Servants' quarters, four berths. P, W. c. Q, After hatch. R, Icehouse. S, After deck. T, Forward deck.



DECK PLAN.

A, Entryport. B, Cockpit. C, Steps to deck. D, Deck, 17ft. wide, 70ft. long. E, Monitor tops to skylights. F, Steps down to forward deck. G, Whaleback over hatch. H, Galley entryport. G, Galley entryport. S, After deck (stores under). T, Foreward deck (stores under).

the direction of your desire, your staunch, swift and uncapsizable singlehander tugs impatiently and pleadingly at her moorings near by. And what a boat! No example of an endeavor to crowd a quart into a pint measure is she. You have on your houseboat every accommodation you require for your residence, every comfort, every opportunity for ease. Your sailboat on the contrary is your opportunity for healthful and enjoyable work. Absolutely uncapsizable, a beautiful combination of the elements which insure safety and speed, what can compare with the pleasure of sailing in a craft like this, the tiller in your own hand, and perhaps your own little boy at the sheet, proud of his responsible post and alert for your slightest order? As you speed away with a free sheet, your houseboat, with the absence flag flying at the cross-trees, looks fully as beautiful to your eyes as does your friend's big schooner which has just come to an anchor outside you in the deeper and rougher water, and when, after a run to leeward, you haul on the wind for the homeward reach, and your boy takes in the sheet until you stop him with a gruff "belay," you give her a good rap full and lay the lee rail well down to the water with no fear as to what may happen to pots and pans below, no smoke from galley fire to blow into your eyes, and no anxiety as to the cook's comfort, or the welfare of the soup, the joint, or the pastry, for you know that on board that other craft which rides on an even keel over yonder, your cook is busily happy, with your savory dinner sending its enticing odors from oven, pot and pan, and that if this breeze holds, you will be there in less than half an hour to attack it.

And then as you dispose your knees beneath the cabin table and enjoyably begin to assuage the pangs of your ravenous appetite, your memory may perhaps revert to many a jolly, even if uncomfortable, meal "underway" in your bygone yachting days. Assuredly as you contrast the now with the then, your infinite content with the present will not be diminished, and later, with a little choice Margaux to moisten the post-prandial Havanna, you will lay comfortably back in your easy chair, or loll on the transom cushions while your eyes wander with lazy content over your surroundings. There is ample roominess in your cabin, but that does not in the least detract from its air of coziness; and there are vases scattered about and filled with fragrant buds, while living ferns and flowers are growing in the hanging baskets and filling with perfume the ozone-laden air which enters through the cabin windows. And the last benison of the expiring day, the flood of sunshine which comes slantingly through the skylight, kindles the rugs on the floor with more vivid colors, lights up the open piano, gilds the fireplace, flashes from the mirror, glorifies the pictures which are hung upon the wall, and laughs its approval of the ornaments on the mantelpiece, the knick-knacks scattered around, and the thousand and one accessories to comfort and enjoyment which, however out of place and impracticable on board a yacht, are in place, practicable and eminently satisfactory, on board your well appointed houseboat.

FRANK W. WESTON.

YACHTBUILDING IN FLORIDA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in a November number that one of your correspondents asks about shipping a 55ft. sloop to Florida, also whether such a boat could be purchased there. Such boats are not, as yet, very plentiful here, yet several have been built in this vicinity that have proved very successful, good sea boats and well adapted to use on this coast. By what I have heard of prices of boats of that size, and under, I am quite sure any yachtsman could have his boat built down here for less money than it would cost him in the North, besides saving the expense and risk of shipping. The boat he would get down here would probably not be as finely finished, but of good material, well put together, making a strong, comfortable boat, yet light draft, for to get the most pleasure out of such a craft it should not draw over 2ft.; less would be better, as in winter the tides often run quite low, and a few inches less draft would enable one to be on the move. Most northern boats that have been brought down here are too deep, and their bottoms are mostly soft lumber, which is liable to rough up, and the toredo gets in and does bad work. Good heart yellow pine is better, and is generally used here, though some use cypress and juniper; the last is best for light boats, it being a close-grained, light wood, and does not absorb water as badly as most other woods. For spars they generally use what we call here spruce pine. They are tall and straight, are very light and strong. For knees and timbers they use Madeira, black mangrove, (red) cedar and liveoak. I mention these so that your correspondent may know what a boat would be likely to be made of, and there are plenty of builders that can put up such boats as Turpin's Honest John (which he said was not a cutter), and some that can build almost any style of boat that might be wanted. There is probably no finer cruising ground than this Gulf coast of Florida from Cedar Keys south. There are already several boats along the coast owned by Northern people who come and use them during the winter and house them during the summer, or leave in care of some one. In that way one can always have his boat ready, and at very little expense. By writing to the captain of the Edgewater Y. C., Dunedin, Fla., your correspondent could find out more about it, or perhaps what he wants to know. B.

DUNEDIN, Fla.

ELECTIONS OF OFFICERS.

Corinthian Y. C.—Jan. 19.—Commodore, B. W. Crownshield; Vice-Commodore, I. S. Palmer; Treasurer, Everett Palmer; Measurer, William Eddy; Regatta Committee, E. H. Tarbell, F. M. Wood, A. S. Browne, J. F. Randall, C. S. Denison; House Committee, E. W. Hodgkins, F. A. Seamans, George A. Stewart; Membership Committee, W. S. Eaton, Jr., W. H. Mills, B. B. Crowninshield, R. C. Poor, W. W. Keith; Finance Committee, H. W. Savage, A. S. Browne, C. L. Perrin.

Great Head Y. C.—Jan. 13.—Commodore, Henry E. Turner, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, H. A. Joslyn; Secretary, C. G. Bird; Treasurer, Albert E. Prince; Measurer, Henry M. Belcher; Board of Directors, Charles K. Tewksbury, Clarence H. Billings, E. H. Bradshaw and C. C. Hutchinson; Regatta Committee, Harry Hutchinson, S. A. Freeman, Edward Dixon, J. S. Cushing and Fred M. Melvin; Membership Committee, L. H. Billings, C. B. Belcher, C. P. Flagg, R. H. Mitchell, J. Theodore Washburn, H. T. Crocker, Dawson Miles, Jr., L. T. Harrington and Frank Bradshaw.

Buffalo Y. C.—Jan. 6.—Commodore, Harry D. Williams, re-elected; Vice-Commodore, H. W. Chisholm; Secretary, M. C. Provoost, re-elected; Assistant-Secretary, Henry L. Chisholm, re-elected; Treasurer, W. G. Cowles; Measurer, John H. Swanson, re-elected; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley, re-elected; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. Mickle, re-elected.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The rapid and prosperous growth of the Larchmont Y. C. has made it imperative that they should enlarge their present accommodations, and undertake some further improvements which the needs of the members and the fleet demand, but as they do not own but lease the present site it has not been deemed advisable to expend any more on improvements there. The club, however, has lately had an opportunity to purchase the Carver estate, adjoining the present property on the N. W., and at the last meeting it was finally decided to make the purchase. The grounds, about 10 acres in extent, face directly on the harbor, commanding a far better view than from the old location, while the floats will be about as far from the center of the harbor as the present landing, and as easily accessible. The house, a large country mansion, is fitted up in modern style, with running water, gas machine, and all conveniences, and can readily be adapted to the wants of the club. On the estate are two fine springs of water, the only ones in the vicinity. The beach has ample room for railways, laying up in winter, etc., while a good bathing beach is near by, in a secluded part. The price paid was $100,000, to raise which 30-year coupon bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest, will be issued. Twelve members have already guaranteed to take the entire amount of the bonds if necessary, and the former owner of the estate will take $25,000 at par, in part payment, but it is probable that the entire sum will be taken in smaller amounts by a large number of the members, thus distributing the debt throughout the club, which will be more desirable than having it in the hands of a few. To accomplish this the bonds will be sold in as small amounts as the purchasers wish. As the lease of the present property has not expired, the new purchase will not be used at once, but will be leased this year. This purchase gives the Larchmont Y. C. a permanent foothold on the Sound in a most desirable location, one that is unequaled by any other club about New York; and with its permanency assured the club can undertake such improvements as will alternately make Larchmont all that a yachtsman can demand.

BUOYANCY OF DEERSKIN.—The fact that a full-coated deerskin will support a considerable weight in water has long been known, and a full discussion of the subject was had some years ago in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. A practical application of this familiar fact has been made by a Norwegian engineer, and the results are noted in the London *News*. It would seem that the experiments detailed below have a practical value of no small importance, and while they bear merely on the buoyancy of the reindeer skin, the conclusions drawn are equally applicable to the winter skins of most northern deer, and in part to the prong-horn antelope. The United States Life Saving Service might take a hint from these notes, and experiments with skins of caribou, elk, mule deer, and mountain goat, and with belts and cushions of antelope's hair would undoubtedly give very interesting results, and possibly be the means of saving many lives. The account referred to says: "A Norwegian engineer, Herr W. C. Möller, has made some important discoveries as to the buoyancy of reindeer hair and skin. He has found that a reindeer skin weighing 1 7-10 kilogrammes, rolled up with the hair outward, will support for ten days the same weight as an ordinary cork life-belt. Moreover, the reindeer skin has the advantage of warming a person if formed in the shape of a life-belt and worn around the waist. He has also constructed collapsing boats, sledges for rescuing people from drowning in the ice, etc., from reindeer skin, and life-belts filled with reindeer hair, equal to those of cork. Herr Möller further finds that a suit made from reindeer hair, weighing only one-half kilogramme, will save a man from drowning even if it has been in the water for some time. It can be made in any thickness and is warmer than other materials. He is confident that suits made from reindeer hair will in time supersede those made from oilskin. The life-saving establishment at Gothenburg has already procured several of these articles."

THE PLANS OF THE THISTLE.—The Boston *Herald* calls on the FOREST AND STREAM to admit that the plans published by them came from Mr. Watson's office, and that they are the working drawings of the new yacht. We have never denied that they originated in Mr. Watson's office, or that they relate, more or less closely, to the Thistle. The term "working drawing" is rather indefinite, and may mean anything from the first crude sketches to guide in making up estimates to the carefully prepared plans and details from which the yacht will be built, the latter being the proper meaning. According to the first interpretation these are "working drawings" made for the purpose we have before specified. We maintain, however, as we have done from the first, that there is no evidence supporting the statement that they give the accurate length, breadth and depth of the Thistle. In proof of this is the fact that now, four weeks after their publication, there is just as much doubt as to the Thistle's length as there was before they appeared. Many yatchsmen in New York believe that the Clyde yacht will be from 70 to 75ft. long, while according to a late statement of the Boston *Herald* Mr. Burgess so far discredits the plans as to look for a yacht of 90ft. length. Mr. Watson has declined to make any statement concerning them. It is reported that the keel of the Thistle was laid last week, and that her frames were all bent and ready for erection. No doubt when her size is made known it will be a surprise to many, a surprise in no way lessened by the "great scoop" of the Boston *Herald*. She may be 80ft. long, but she is just as likely to be 70 or 90ft, and until the so-called "plans" have been corroborated by ample evidence, yachtsmen will continue to discredit them.

THE OCEAN SWEEPSTAKES.—No other owners have yet come forward to join Messrs. Bush and Colt. As centerboards are to be admitted in the jubilee race, it would seem the proper thing that some provision be made for them in the way of a race across. Mr. Bush has replied as follows to Mr. Colt's letter of Jan. 16: "NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1887.—John H. Bird, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club: Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge the receipt from you of a copy of Mr. C. H. Colt's letter to you of the 16th inst., signifying his intention to enter the Dauntless for an ocean race with the Coronet. Permit me to say that I am much gratified to learn that the Coronet will have at least one competitor, and I would be much more gratified if several other gentlemen owning keel schooner yachts would enter their vessels in the race with the Dauntless and Coronet. Kindly say to Mr. Colt that from the 1st to the 15th of March would suit the Colonet better than the 15th of May, and that my only purpose for naming so late a day was in hope that owners of some of the smaller keel yachts would send them across in May, whereas if the start were to be made in March they would probably stop to consider. Yours very respectfully, R. T. BUSH."

ICE YACHTING.—A race was sailed on Jan. 19 with the following starters: Grover Cleveland, George Coley, first; Uncle Bob, William Haviland, first; Kitty, James B. Weaver, second; Georgie, Charles Throckmorton, second; Typhoon, R. Chaudler, second; Flirt, A. Brown, second; Joe Owl, Charles Allen, third; Zero, Ed Throckmorton, third; Snowflake, Charles Henderson, third. The course was 12½ miles, and the start was made at 11:35:15 A. M. The Cleveland won in 46m., taking the championship pennant. Kitty won the club pennant, time 48m., and the Joe Owl won in third class. Typhoon, the new latecn, capsized. On Jan. 20 a race for the North Shrewsbury pennant was sailed over a 12½ mile course by the second class boats. Kitty won in 41m. 45s. In first class Uncle Bob and Grover Cleveland raced for a gold-lined silver goblet, the Cleveland winning in 43m. A race for second class, prize a set of knives, was won by Kitty, with Typhoon second. The weather on the Hudson has not been favorable for ice yachting.

A NEW SURVEY OF LARCHMONT HARBOR.—At the request of Com. Alley, of the Larchmont Y. C., the engineers of the U. S. Coast Survey when at work on Long Island Sound made an accurate survey of Larchmont Harbor and its approaches. A copy of the completed chart with the accompanying letter has lately been received by Com. Alley: U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey Office, Washington, Dec. 30, 1886.—Com. W. S. Alley, Larchmont Y. C.—Dear Sir—By direction of the Superintendent I have had the tracing made for which you asked in your letter of Oct. 7. It gives me great pleasure to forward this tracing in token of the recognition by this office of your services and kind attention to our parties engaged in the survey of Long Island Sound.—Yours respectfully, B. A. COLONNA, Assistant in charge of office.

STEAM YACHT RACING.—At the last meeting of the A. Y. C. the Secretary reported the $10,000 prize was being made by Tiffany & Co., and also read a letter from the Royal Yarmouth Y. C., notifying the club of a prize, £400, offered for a race in honor of the Jubilee year, which prize is open to American steam yachts. It was proposed to hold two regattas this year, and one at least over another than the club course. The club is now taking action to secure a site for a permanent club house, and $75,000 has been subscribed for the purpose. The matter is in the hands of Messrs. J. P. Kennedy, G. W. Hall and Henry A. Taylor. The membership roll shows 200 names, or 40 increase, with a fleet of 23 yachts.

THE LOSS OF THE OUTING.—The little sloop Outing, in which Capt. Cloudman started on a cruise around the world, was wrecked on Jan. 18 off the Florida coast, near Jupiter Inlet. Outing left Jacksonville on Jan. 1, and St. Augustine on Jan. 12, bound for Nassau. Besides Capt. Cloudman, a passenger, George Muller, of Rondout, N. Y., was on board. The weather was bad, and on Jan. 18 the yacht went ashore in a heavy sea, being a total wreck. Her crew were washed ashore after a narrow escape from drowning, and found refuge in the life-saving station.

CENTERBOARD YACHTS IN THE JUBILEE RACE.—The Royal Thames Y. C. has decided to throw open the ocean race to centerboard yachts. As it has been "conclusively proven" that the centerboard is faster than the keel, the only questions left is which of the American centerboards shall take the 1,000 guinea prize.

NOTES.—Larline, steam yacht, will leave New York early next month for a cruise about Florida. Her owner will join her at Savannah.... Commodore Rhodes of the New Bedford Y. C., has ordered a steam yacht 70ft. long from John Mumm. Mr. Mumm has also in hand a 35ft. launch.

NOTES.—Em-Ell-Eye, the fast Boston catboat, will have a hollow mast this winter and may come out as a jib and mainsail boat. Mermaid—The purchaser of the Mermaid is Mr. W. D. Anderson, Jr., of East Orange, N. J. North Star, sloop, will change to double head rig.

A NEW SHARPIE.—Mr. Thos. Clapham is at work on a non-pareil sharpie with the Roslyn yawl rig, for a New York yachtsman. She is 31ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, 3ft. draft, with keel and no centerboard, and will be uncapsizable and non-sinkable.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—At a meeting on Jan. 19 it was proposed to hold a series of trial races and to select two boats each from first, second and third classes, and issue challenges to all clubs in Massachusetts to sail for a cash prize of $200.

MR. BURGESS ON YACHTS.—On Jan. 19 Mr. Edward Burgess delivered a lecture before the Society of Art, at Boston, on the "Evolution of the Modern Yacht."

MAYFLOWER.—The report has been current for a few days past that Dr. J. C. Barron had purchased Mayflower, but it is contradicted by Gen. Paine.

THE NEW Y. R. A. RULE IN AMERICA.—The first American club to adopt the new length and sail area rule of the Y. R. A., is the Royal Nova Scotia, of Halifax, N. S.

STEAM YACHTS FOR SALE.—We have received from Messrs. Field & Young, of No. 6 State street, N. Y., a list of steam vessels of all kinds for sale by them, among which are a number of steam yachts of all sizes.

ANOTHER NEW MODEL.—Mr. John L. Frisbie, Instructor in the School of Naval Designing in Boston, has completed a model 75ft. L. W. L., 21ft. 6in. beam and 9ft. draft, which will be sent to the New York Y. C.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, has paid its policy-holders over $11,200,000 for death and disabling injury.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE A. C. A. AND THE W. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time has come when we may look for ratification of the errors which led to the establishment of two canoe associations in America. There is a good prospect of reunion. Therefore, Mr. Editor (and through you the members of both associations are appealed to), let us not waste time in worse than useless recapitulations of old misunderstandings, but go right straight to the point and reunite. Let the American Canoe Association, without preamble or hesitation, invite, by resolution of its Executive Committee, the Western Canoe Association to become the Western Division A. C. A., under its own officers, and let these then join their comrades in the task of completing the constitution and getting order out of the present chaos. In less than a year we may have, if we act wisely, an organization equal to and ready for the national character it is achieving. ROBERT W. GIBSON.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1887.

W. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME.

THE general programme is as follows:

Monday, July 18, formation of camp.

Tuesday, July 19, general cruising and visiting and review of fleet.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, July 20, 21, 22, 23, following races at discretion of Regatta Committee.

Race No. 1—Sailing 3 miles, open to all classes; no limit to ballast or rig.

Race No. 2—Sailing; Class B, 3 miles; no limit to ballast or rig.

Race No. 3—Sailing; Class A, no limit.

Race No. 4—Paddling, Class II., 1 mile.

Race No. 5—Paddling, Class III., ½ mile.

Race No. 6—Paddling, Class I., 1 mile.

Race No. 7—All classes 3 miles, sail first half mile, paddle second, sail third, paddle fourth, sail fifth, paddle sixth. The sails to be entirely lowered and stowed away each race.

Race No. 8—Double paddling, 2 men; Class IV., ½ mile.

Race No. 9—Classes I. and A, 30ft., upset.

Race No. 10—Sailing; all canoes, ½ mile; open to novices only.

Race No. 11—Paddling, Class IV., ½ mile.

Race No. 12—All classes, sailing, 6 miles, no limit to ballast or rig. This race to be for the Gardner Challenge Cup.

Race No. 13—All classes, ½ mile, sailing, upset with sails up; must have open cockpit; no hatches or special appliances allowed.

Race No. 14—Hurry-scurry, open to all men, 100yds. swim to canoe, paddle 200yds.

Race No. 15—All classes, sailing without ballast 3 miles.

Race No. 16—Hand paddling 100ft.

Race No. 17—Tournament.

Friday evening, Canoe hop at Wehrle's parlors.

Thursday evening, annual meeting for election of officers for ensuing year.

5 P. M. Saturday, presentation of prizes.

THE PROPOSED REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Regatta Committee have asked us to look over the proposed regatta programme for 1887 and see what changes can be made in it for the general good, so here goes for an opinion.

Event 1 says that open canoes shall be propelled with a single blade. The idea was, I suppose, to put all on as even a footing as possible. It seems to me that this change will not accomplish that object because nearly all Class II. and III. canoes are paddling craft pure and simple, and nine-tenths of them are propelled with double blades, and I venture to state that the majority of their owners will deck their canoes with cotton, canvas, or cedar sooner than discard their double paddles which they have found by experience to be so much faster than the single blades. The decking may only weigh from 5 to 10lbs. and will be a decided advantage to them in rough weather in keeping the water out, while it will make no perceptible difference in their speed.

This being the case it is proposed to ask Class IV. men to paddle their comparatively big and heavy sailing, or general purpose canoes, against the crack paddlers of the A.C.A. who have Class II. or III. canoes, which seems to me would be most unfair because a man who sails has to have a heavier and stronger built canoe to stand the strain of the large amount of canvas they carry, besides the extra weight of centerboard trunks, centerboards, mast tubes, air chambers, rudder, etc., which amounts to considerable.

I would suggest that we have a paddling race for Classes A and B sailing canoes, it could be paddled at the same time as the other race, would not lengthen the programme, and, it seems to me, would give general satisfaction. For though Class A men have smaller craft to paddle they are, as a rule, smaller in stature than their B. brethren, and that would just even up the account.

The next article that I struck a snag in was No. 4, and I beg to place myself down as a kicker against a 75ft. limit, without ballast, as it is legislation directly favoring small canoes, and I see no reason why they should be so favored. As many of them can only carry 75ft. in an ordinary breeze, while some of the larger craft are built to carry 100ft. and over, and if no ballast is carried to even up matters the machines will take this race every time. I do not know why the 75ft. limit was ever adopted (it was before my time), but I understand it was considered a cruising rig, if such was the case let us all carry a load then such as we cruise with, make the canoe and load weigh, say 150 or 200lbs., the same as in the loaded paddling races last season, and give those members who have canoes big enough to sleep in comfortably a chance for the race.

Race No. 8 again tells right against those who use sailing canoes in this race. The average canoe that is fitted for sailing weighs 100lbs., while the average paddling II. or III. canoe weighs about 50 or 35lbs., and you ask the general purpose canoe to carry 75lbs., or a total of 175lbs., and the paddling craft, pure and simple, to carry 75 or a total of 105 or 110lbs., which can be seen at a glance is a big handicap on the sailing canoe. I would suggest that if we must paddle our general purpose craft against strictly paddling canoes that the "canoe and load" weigh a stated number of pounds.

With reference to No. 10 the Regatta Committee will have to be careful that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does not drop on them for adding that extra half mile. I was in three of the mile paddling races at the last meet, and with the aid of the experience I have had have come to the conclusion that a mile race is a good test of endurance and skill, and for anything over that distance you have to put in just so much more training, which makes the sport smack of professionalism. You must remember that some of us general purpose fellows go into two paddling and one combined event in one day, which, with a sailing race or two between times, makes a very heavy day's work. I would like to hear from some of the '86 racing men on this point. We will now pass on to the International race for the Challenge Cup. This is *the* race of the A. C. A., and should favor no one, but let the best canoe win. Rule 12 says: "American contestants to be chosen from the leading men in events Nos. 4 and 9. No limit to rig or ballast." Now why that No. 4 limit race should count for a race that is going to be unlimited I cannot for the life of me see.

I was going to say that a foot race would tell you just about as much, but that would be getting on the shady side of truth. I know a member who was in the first ten in the unlimited race in '86 and who only took twenty-third place in the limited race. The tenth place showed what he really could do when he sailed his canoe as he pleased, and the twenty-third place showed the best he could do when they handicapped him by saying you can only carry 75ft. of sail in this race.

By all means let us have only unlimited races to count for the unlimited International Challenge Cup race. I would suggest that we have an extra unlimited race that would not count on the Record, but that taken with event No. 9 would count for the International. The A. C. A. only comes once a year, and if you break a line or some of your gear gets out of order in No. 9, you cannot tell how you compare with the other sailors for at least another year. I have a word or two to say with reference to the club race, but as I have spun this out much longer than I had any intention of doing, I will postpone it for some future time. MAC.

TORONTO, Jan. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The generally admitted defects in the old A. C. A. programme for paddling races were that no distinction was made in the different classes between a light open canoe and a heavy sailing canoe, and that consequently most of the races were won by what might almost be called paddling machines; also that owing to the small amount of competition in Class II. (and in Class A, sailing) a 20in. had a very unfair advantage in the Record competition; and that, thirdly, there was no need for two races in each paddling class, as one race sufficiently tested both men and boats, and the second race only served to render the programme long and tiresome.

The Regatta Committee evidently intend to even up things between the open and decked canoes by compelling the crews of the former to use the single paddle, which is now generally admitted to be slower than the double; but would not the owners of the open canoes add light decks to their boats and paddle with the double as before, while the owners of Class IV. decked canoes would give up paddling in disgust?

Even if the open canoes were paddled with the single, how could there be a satisfactory race with probably between thirty and forty contestants? Last year about this number entered in Classes II., III. and IV., taken together. A better system, in my opinion, would be to have five classes, as follows, and only one race in each class, either with a cruising boat or not, as might be thought best:

Class I. Any canoe.
Class II. Decked canoes, Classes II. and III.
Class III. Decked canoes, Class IV.
Class IV. Open canoes, Classes II., III. and IV., double paddles.
Class V. Open canoes, Classes II., III. and IV., single paddles.

There is not much difference between Classes II. and III., and probably there would not be a sufficient entry to justify more than one class, while the large entry in Class IV. would necessitate a separate class. Thirteen entered last year in the class.

Class IV. would provide a class for those who paddle open canoes with the double.

Class V. would give some encouragement to those who use the single paddle, and there would probably be a large entry, as the single is the generally preferred implement for propelling an open canoe, and it is only the greater speed of the double which has brought it into use for racing. All Canadian clubs are now offering special races for the single, and the Association ought to follow suit.

This programme would be too long for two races in each class, but why have more than one in each class? I never met a paddler yet who considered the second race anything but a nuisance, and who would not have been glad to see it abolished. If it were necessary for Record purposes, give the winner of a paddling race twenty points. W. A. LEYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to the invitation of the Regatta Committee I beg to offer a few comments on the proposed programme of races for the A.C.A. Regatta 1887.

The rule to compel open canoes to use single blade paddles is an excellent experiment. So is the No. 6 sailing race "man overboard." I trust both those novelties will be tried.

In sailing race No. 4, or any other race with limited sail, the sail limit or 75.t. should be retained because it is, after all, a necessity that settled rules should be conservatively treated, and 75.t. rig is generally conceded to be a fair moderate amount. Everybody does not want to get a new rig every year to suit some new limit, and on the other hand it is desirable that clubs and the A.C.A. should at some uniform and general rules (the Western C.A. has, by the way, just adopted the A.C.A. rules). Therefore, let us be conservative and keep 75ft. as the limit. The load proposed is carried as a cruising equipment test; let it be real actual cruising equipment and a fair quantity, about 50lbs. To allow shot or lead would be to encourage ballasted boats under false colors. Why should the crew sit inside? As well stipulate that he should smoke or otherwise make himself largely comfortable. If we race even in cruising trim we are to make an effort, and I doubt whether anything is to be gained by a limitation which men would not, if cruising under like conditions, impose upon themselves.

The club race will be a great event, but the conditions should be such that each club is induced to put in as many representatives as possible. As at present arranged the safest way would be for a club to trust to its best men alone. Probably a good plan would be to simply let every man score on the average record system; or, perhaps, to allow as many to race as any club can enter, but only the first three of any club can score for it. Whatever the Regatta Committee decide, I for one will accept and thank them for a good stimulating effort at novelty in the programme. These comments are frankly given, as they are invited, in the hope that they may be of use and are not to be read as criticisms. R. W. GIBSON.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late issue you give the site of the A. C. A. meet, Bow and Arrow Point, as being about twenty miles from Plattsburgh. Allow me to correct you on this point, also give distances from other places from which the site is accessible: Plattsburgh, about 7½ miles; Burlington, Vt., about 18; Swanton, Vt., 10; Rouse's Point, N. Y., 20. I am well acquainted with the locality and can assure you these distances are very nearly correct.

WHITEHALL, N. Y. WM. C. BLODGETT.

CANOE VS. SAILING BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer has some ideas, which, if erroneous, he would like to have corrected. He thinks the majority of canoeists in the A.C.A. live on water, which, strictly speaking, cannot be termed narrow, winding or abounding in rapids. The proof of this is apparent to any one who will locate A. C. A. members on a map. He also infers that most canoeists use their canoes mainly for afternoon sailing and short runs of a day or two. His reason for this is observation of the club of which he is a member, and the meagre number of cruises published in proportion to the number of canoeists. Now, if these ideas are not wrong, why would it not be a benefit to the majority of the A. C. A. to devise a cruising boat, which for use, other than in rapids or narrow winding streams, would have every advantage over a narrow cruising canoe? The writer thinks that a decked rowing and sailing boat can be built which will row single handed faster than any all-decked canoe can be paddled by one man. She will cruise the same canoe "with ridiculous ease," as Mr. Clapham has it. She will crown her in a sea. She will be a steadier, dryer, safer, pleasanter boat to sail, and will handle in all weathers with more certainty. She can be hauled ashore for sleeping purposes or into the boat house by one man with ease. No, you could not portage her any great distance, dear narrow canoeist, neither can the average man a Monican No. 2, or any other successful sailing and paddling canoe of to-day. Now, don't think the writer wants you to give up your pretty craft. Do as your own good judgment dictates, but do not labor under the hallucination that a narrow decked canoe will outsail a properly rigged sailing skiff or that she can be paddled by one man faster than the skiff can be rowed single-handed.

It is simply nauseating to read how this or that canoe or small boat beat the yacht Worthless. The writer has known an 18ft. sailing skiff to outrun for a short distance in a strong puff a smart 50ft. steam yacht with her throttle wide open, but what sensible man would claim the skiff to be the faster boat. The writer does not assert that a match between a sailing skiff to be a fair one for the canoe. What he does claim is that the skiff is the abler, faster boat and should of necessity be such. SAILING SKIFF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of the 13th inst., I noticed an article from a Buffalo man, Mr. Shamp. To say that I was surprised and greatly amused at that portion of the gentleman's article which refers to the cutter yacht Vera, is expressing it mildly. Allow your imagination an unusual flight and see if you can reconcile yourself to the statement made by Mr. Shamp, that a cockle-shell of about 15.t. over all and less than 4ft. beam could carry all plain sail, when the Vera was obliged to put on a double reef; the Vera, bear in mind, being 40ft. over all with 11ft. beam, draft 6ft. with good ironboard. The Vera was designed, I believe, by E. A. Cary Smith, of New York, and her owner, Mr. Andrew T. Ball, of Port Dover, Ont., Can. When ordering her model from Mr. Smith, he informed him, as he told me, that he wanted a boat that would stand anything and everything, and it is the general opinion that Mr. Smith

carried out his instructions to the letter. Among the many good points of the cutter, if there is one which predominates, it is her ability to carry canvas when it blows. Mr. Shamp must have thought it odd, that while the Vera carried a three-reef mainsail (each being the case, instead of two, as he stated), that she also carried an enormous topsail and double headsail. The Vera being of the Buffalo Y. C. fleet, often surprises, most agreeably, her cousins in "the States" with a visit. On the occasion of her last visit, about Nov. 15, she was favored with a 35 or 40-mile wind, and coming into the harbor, or rather, in crossing the mouth of the Niagara River, the wind being dead aft, she jibed her boom and it broke about 10ft. from the jaws, and when the boom was repaired it was found to be too short to carry more than a three-reef mainsail.

On the morning of Nov. 21, when our friend, Mr. Shamp's cockle-shell performed its wonderful feat, the Vera people said their adieus, and myself and some other members of the club who were present, took their places and gave them headway to clear the dock. So light was the wind, however, that the cutter slowly but surely drifted over to the lee side of the slip, and was finally warped along the dock to clear water. Meanwhile my friend Shamp was well up to windward, as he says. After the Vera had pounded in the sea for about two hours she put back under the Government breakwall to wait for sufficient wind to go home with, which came about sundown, when she went on her course. I should have left the defense of the Vera to Mr. Ball, did I not understand him to be absent from his home, and, therefore, not likely see the article in your late issue.

I doubt not my fellow yachtsmen will be amused at Mr. Shamp's article when they recall the cutter's behavior in 30-mile breezes, for many of us have seen her in such weather with all canvas spread, in fact it is Mr. Ball's boast that the Vera has never had her rail under water, and it is not for the want of trals that she has kept it above. I understand that Mr. Shamp's article has roused the ire of several members of the Buffalo C. C., and that it is quite likely that he will have an opportunity of backing his fresh-water Mayflower against some canoes here of less renown.

I trust that you will pardon me for having taken so much of your time on a matter of so little consequence.

HARRY D. WILLIAMS, Commodore B. Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The remarks of Mr. W. P. Stephens in your last issue express exactly the desires of last year's Regatta Committee when they placed the unclassified race upon the programme.

"Mr. Stephens can perhaps set the matter right," says Mr. Clapham. I think he has effectually done so as far as showing that the Red Jacket or any other unclassified canoe were not barred from a race of the Association, and I hope we have heard the last of his assertions to that effect. There was a race provided for which Mr. Clapham's boat was eligible, but for some reason best known to himself he did not choose to make an entry for it. Had he done so he would have had plenty of competitors, as two at least of those who competed for the Challenge Trophy expressed themselves to me as being willing to give him a race should he enter.

I would be sorry to think that Mr. Clapham would intentionally interfere with a racing canoe. However, I can only reiterate what I said before, that complaint was made of his boat for interfering with the racers, and the extremely lengthy gentleman whom he so sarcastically refers to as doing a "deal of incomprehensible and unnecessary shouting," did so at the request of the Regatta Committee, and although Mr. Clapham calls it incomprehensible now, he evidently understood it at the time.

I will not enter into a discussion as to which is the faster, a canoe or a sailing boat, as I do not believe that can be proved on paper, but I cannot allow Mr. Clapham's insinuations that the A. C. A. is not on a level with other modern boating fraternities, and that canoeists hang 50 or 60lbs. centerboards and stow shot in their canoes to pass unnoticed. As to the first, I would like to know where there is an organization for a like purpose that compares with the A. C. A. in membership, or with a more liberal or honest sportsmanlike spirit among its members. From the latter any one not knowing better would infer that all canoeists had centerboards weighing 50 and 60lbs., and in addition, shot to their taste. Such is not by any means the case, for of the hundred or more canoes at our last meet I will venture to say that there were not ten whose ballast and centerboards together would weigh 50lbs. I think it has been proved that canoes like the Red Jacket do their safest and speediest sailing when light. J. B. MCMURRICH,

OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 17. Chairman Regatta Committee, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to "Perch's" remarks on my former letter, I never considered my boat a marvel; would willingly undertake to build one that would beat her. The "sloop-rigged clinker," not carboat, was not the Arrow, but a lapstreak boat, sharp at both ends, of about the proportions mentioned. I do not consider the skiffs let at the boat houses worth sailing against. I have never sailed on the river, prefering the lake; have heard of some fast boats on the river, notably the Snake. I presume Perch owns one of these fast boats; if so, I will sail him a series of races—one on the lake over a triangular course; one on the river over a course he may select, and the third, if necessary, to be decided on later; open to any skiff, one man to each boat, the loser to furnish a pennant to be held by the winner until won from him by some other skiff. I did not intend to depreciate the Vera, but to show what a small boat could do. I agree with him that the cutter could drown out, not the majority, but any of the yachts here. Would say to Mr. Leopold that I may try the weather grip next season; my objections were its extending so far outside of the boat, 3ft. on each side, making with the boat's beam nearly 10ft., so that it would have to be unshipped in narrow places, and the room it would occupy when unshipped. D. C. S.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

AN ENGLISH SUMMARY OF THE PAST SEASON.—"Reviewing the status of canoeing now at the close of 1886, there cannot be a question but that the deck sitting and steering position must considerably influence the design of canoes in the coming season and thereafter; and if extreme types be guarded against, the allpowerful deck position will be found to supply the sailing counterbalance hitherto obtained by lead. Stability before the wind (when the deck position is non-effective), and in the absence of lead, must be gained by a flat floor and moderate sail area, and that racing speed can be attained under such conditions has been amply proved in the American matches. How craft according with these conditions will perform in English blowing weather with sharp, relentless squalls, is a blank page to be filled up during the next season. One great result, however, may be looked for with confidence; that is, a diminution all around of size and weight, and consequently an increase of popularity for canoe sailing."—*W. Baden-Powell in the Field.*

A LESSON FOR NOVICES.

THE new member was holding forth after the usual manner of novices. Said he: "There's nothing like it. If it's calm, you paddle; if there's a wind, you sail; if it blows too fresh, you reef. Then at night, no hunting for a sleeping place, no bad supper at a worse hotel. You just bend your tent over the cockpit and turn in." Delightfully salt and full of zeal was the new member. This and more like it was said by the enthusiast to a group of canoeists toasting their shins at the radiator. Most of them were knowing old birds who had moulted the pin-feathers that were the plumage of the new member. One of them had the rheumatism and another had a cough, and even the best of them had, at times when none but the elect were within hearing, inveighed against canoeing. But let an outsider come within range, how quick the tune changed, and blue skies, soft winds and quiet waters became the theme. On this occasion there was no outsider, but there was an enthusiastic beginner, full to the lips with the poetry of canoeing, and with a brain well stocked with "Canoeing in Kanukia," and "Canoe Handling," not to mention the classics of "Rob Roy" and Baden-Powell.

It is a pleasing attribute of human nature that causes an old man to forget that he was a boy once, and which impels the experienced to clip the wings of fancy and fervency with which the inexperienced are fluttering. The season did not admit of a bodily illustration of some of the unpleasant features of the sport; but in duty bound one of the sad sea dogs, after lighting a cigar given him by the new member, proceeded to administer a mental capsize. "I've noticed," said he, "when paddling has to be done, it's always under a broiling sun, and when the breeze comes it does not always blow in the way you wish it; in fact, as a rule, it never does——"

"That's what Vaux says," interrupted the new member.

"Confound your interruptions and quotations," says the old 'un, "you'll now and again find there are some things outside the books. Now here's a bit of a yarn, and the Colonel there, or the Commodore or George Washington, will stand sureties for the truth of it.

"A couple of years ago——"

"Three," interposed the Colonel.

"Yes, you're right. Three years ago the party I have cited as witnesses concluded to take a little cruise up to Nine-Mile Point, to look after the black bass which rumor reported were waiting to be hooked. G. Washington and myself started from the bay about noon Saturday, and the rest of the fleet were to come on that night. Standing on the pier at Charlotte and looking eastward, the long, finger-like projection called Nine-Mile Point, doesn't look very far off, and it isn't when one has the brisk west wind G. W. and I had. We didn't notice how lively the wind and sea were until we made a leg for the shore. Then we felt the wind, and the waves that had helped us along so nicely when we were going their way, did not look so pleasing when we had to cross them.

"Half way in, the clutch on George's boom blew off, and while he was fishing for it I made the shore. I suppose I did it in ship-shape manner, any way, I did it quickly and didn't get much wet. After sticking up and hanging out the wet things, we walked up and ran foul of a family picnic. G. W. knew one of the party and accepted an invita ion to supper. We went back into the country a mile or so, we had a tip-top meal, and after it I was treated by the farmer to some of his birch bark reminiscences when he was lumbering in Canada, while G. W. talked with his daughter, a deucedly pretty girl."

"That's it," put in the new member, "everybody treats canoeists well, and all the pretty girls ——"

"Wait till I have finished. The tune will change shortly. Well, we got back to the boats and fixed up for the night. The wind let up at sundown, and about midnight the Commodore and Colonel, together with B. and A., whom they had picked up at the Bay, put in an appearance. The Commodore and the Colonel came tandem, and B. and A. sailed that romantic old craft the Rowena. Sundry bulkheads and a liberal supply of lake water made her untenable, and the Sofronia only had cabin room for her skipper, so the Colonel and B. and A. camped out under one blanket, no very great hardship, for the night was warm, the sand soft, and there were no mosquitoes."

"When does the tune change?" inquired the new member.

"It changes now. About 5 o'clock in the morning the wind chopped around into the east and the weather turned cold. By 8 o'clock the wind had hauled into the northeast and a lively rain began. Lake Ontario hasn't much patience with a northeast wind and by 10 o'clock the rollers were booming on the shore. No getting away that day. We made a pilgrimage across country to a village—I won't impose on your credulity by stating how many miles it was—hunted up a telegraph operator and wired to the city. You see we didn't desire to have the community alarmed and we knew of several business men who might view an unaccounted for absence in an unpleasant light. In the afternoon the clouds broke away and the sun came out, but the wind increased to a gale and had shifted to the northwest. We dug out of the sand and braced up for a wind break, a centerboard from some wrecked schooner, and built a driftwood fire behind it.

We turned in early. B. and A. and the Colonel bunking between the fire and the centerboard. Under the canoe tents it was cosy enough, but during the night the wind got around to its old quarters and the two out-lyers woke up half perished. Their nosing around the bottle of strong water which the Commodore had, wakened the entire party, and rebuilding the fire we watched the day dawn over a waste of troubled waters. The gale held all that day, and it required an effort of imagination to believe it was July, for though the sun shone brightly, the wind was particularly frigid. Do what we could the hours were very long and most of the day was passed in trying to solve the problem why, no matter which way the wind blew, the smoke would always blow into one's eyes. Finally night came, and moving our quarters back from the shore and into a barn we turned in.

About nine o'clock the Commodore awakened us with the intelligence that the wind had dropped and the sea was going down. An hour later we were ready to shove off. There was a nasty swell on and the getting away was sharp work. While we were at work little puffs of wind began to put in from the northeast, and during one of them the Commodore and the Colonel put off and went lying up the lake. G. W. came next, then I started. When B. and A. tried it a big roller drove his stern into the sand and unshipped his rudder. In trying to aid him I got a big wave in the chest, and finally he had to go overboard. At last he got off. I was wet, and the wind being particularly cold, I feared the inaction of sailing would give me a chill, so I buckled down to the paddle. Paddling out to gain an offing I found G. W. endeavoring to toggle up his boom clutch which had parted. Chancing to look back, there stood my lantern on the shore. It looked so desolate and lonely that I put back after it. After I had rescued the lantern and put off for the third time, I caught a passing glimpse of the Rowena's sail standing, apparently, out to sea. Then it disappeared and I was left alone. The shore line was dim and indistinct and the wind, which was growing fresher, was beginning to put white caps on the waves. I could hear them hissing after me, and now and then a big fellow would catch the canoe and hurl it forward. It was too dark to see the waves coming and the navigating had to be done by hearing and feeling. The worst feature was that of utter loneliness, and at times it grew into quite a panic. I sang at the top of my lungs and shouted to keep up my courage. Gradually the wind was drifting me on shore, and knowing that there was a point ahead with several bad rocks lying off it, I tried to make a little more offing. A short trial convinced me that it was too much for my strength, and that the best thing to do would be to run the gauntlet of the surf and beach my craft.

Along the shore at various spots, little creeks came into the lake, and at the mouth of each grew clumps of trees. Fixing on one of these spots as a likely place to land, I put on steam and headed for it. It didn't take long to run in, and the nearer I approached the higher the line of breakers seemed to grow, and the roaring they made was anything but assuring. It was too late to back out, so holding her bow straight on to a bunch of stunted trees that marked the delta of the little run, I worked the paddle with all my energy. An unusually big roller gave me an unexpected lift and threw canoe and crew together on a pile of drift wood and tangled roots. I don't know that I followed all the directions the books give for beaching a canoe in a gale of wind, or whether I performed the details in their regular order. At any rate, I found myself on shore, with some remarkably uncomfortable roots jabbing me in the ribs, and with the canoe on top of me. Hauling her high and dry, I made the canoe fast to a tree, to show she was not a derelict, put on the hatches, and, lantern in hand, struck out for the railroad track that skirts the lake shore. Carping critics and pin hole investigators have wasted a deal of valuable time in debating what Bobby Burns really meant by 'comin' thro' the rye." I settled that question to my own satisfaction by floundering through an interminable field of rye, and know that Jenny could have "dranglt a' her petticoatie" in that field of malt-weed as completely as if she had walked in a river. Getting out of the rye, I stumbled through a patch of woods, then wallowed over a bit of swamp, and finally got into a pasture lot full of cows. They must have taken me for the milkman, for they all followed me, and when about half way across began to exhibit a humorous tendency. I never did appreciate cow fun, and in my haste to get to a fence failed to take the proverbial look before I leaped, and fell in a ditch.

Extricating myself from the mud and casting about for some landmark to steer by, I discovered a telegraph pole on the hill above me, and in a short time I was counting ties toward home. Reaching the bridge over the outlet of the bay, I saw a strange nondescript figure prancing about on the abutment. It was George Washington, who had tied his waterproof apron about his hips to keep the cold wind off his legs, and was dancing to restore circulation. With great judgment (he claimed), I call it luck, he had hit the outlet and run in safely. For upward of an hour we tramped around, but no light, either up or down the lake, gave token of the other members of the party. We could do them no good by waiting, so we packed into George's canoe and lay a straight course for the club house. Words are too weak to describe the comfort of the blankets we crawled under or the beneficent effect of the "medicine" we forced ourselves to take.

Two hours later we were awakened by a call from B. & A. Belated by the waves and miscalculating the distance and range of the Charlotte light he had gone off his true course so far that it took a three mile beat dead to windward to get back to the outlet. Cold, cramped and exhausted he could hardly get out of his canoe. We dosed him and put him to bed and turned in ourselves. It must have been half past eleven the next morning when we heard the hail of Huff on the bay, and we scrambled out to see the Commodore land from a rowboat. They had missed the outlet and gone ashore a mile or so below, and after a miserable night over a smoky fire, had discovered at daybreak that they were camped in front of and not two rods from the summer cottage of a friend. B & A. was laid up a week, G. Washington dates his neuralgia from that cruise, the Commodore had a cold that hung to him and spoiled his singing at the meet that year, I had the rheumatism, and the Colonel, well he's a seasoned old fish, and he escaped.

And the new member was idiot enough to say: "I wish I had been with you." ROULEZ-BOULEZ.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

FORREST.—The address asked for last week is Forrest & Son, Kelso, Scotland.

R. O'S., St. John.—1. The kennel has some well-bred stock. 2. The wood can be had of J. Coggill & Son, 432 Washington street; J. H. Monteath, 151 Centre street, or Daniels & Co., 202 Centre street, New York.

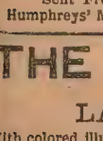
G., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Meteor was by Garnet (Pilkington's Tory—Pilkington's Jessie) and out of Pilkington's Jilt (Viscount Downe's Mars—Lord Sefton's Jilt). Tory by Garth's Drake (Rap—Doll) and out of Moore's Mab, pure edge blood. Jessie by Lord Sefton's Monarch (Manton ——) and out of Lord Sefton's Juno (Sam—Duchess). Mars by champion Drake (Rap—Doll) and out of Viscount Downe's Mite (Lord Derby's Drake—Lord Derby's Daisy). Lord Sefton's Jilt by his Met (Lord Sefton's Beau—Legh's Merry) and out of Peg (Major—Drab).

MABIE, Whitby, Canada.—1. Please state distinction between Wilson, Jack, English and Grey snipe. 2. We have a speckled trout here weighing over 3lbs. Is this a brook trout? If not, what is it and how are we to distinguish them from brook trout? Ans. 1. Wilson's, Jack, English and Grey snipe are local names for the same bird (*Gallinago delicata*). This bird is closely allied to the "Jack Snipe" of Europe, and up to a short time ago was regarded as identical with it. 2. There are but two red-spotted trouts on the eastern coast of America. One of these is the common trout and the other is the bineback trout unless the new fish found in New Hampshire proves to be distinct from the latter. It is safe to say that your fish is the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) which grows to 10lbs. weight in Maine.

EXTRACT from letter received by the U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., from Mr. Frank Hart, of J. Heart & Co., bankers, Doylestown, Pa., dated Jan. 21, 1887: "I have about come to the conclusion that your .22 short rim-fire cartridges are the most reliable in the market, and they are beginning to be appreciated by those who know where a bullet ought to go when they pull the trigger." —*Adv.*

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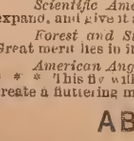
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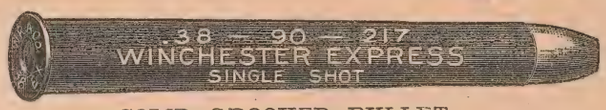
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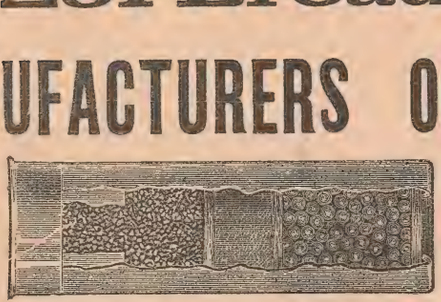
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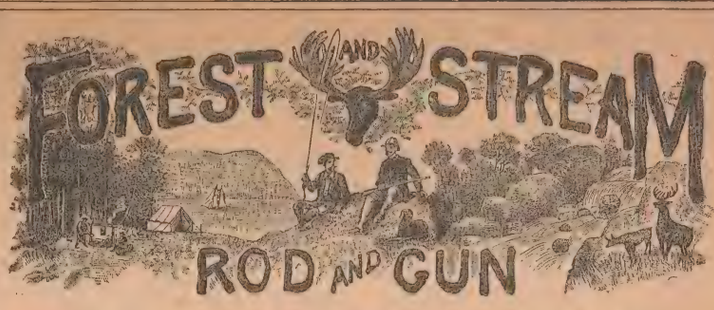
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Readers old and new of the FOREST AND STREAM may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1886 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM as legitimate journalistic methods. In other words, we have kept faith with subscribers by devoting our reading columns exclusively to honest reading matter, and have not given up our pages to extended paid puffs of railroad routes clumsily disguised as accounts of sportsmen's travel, nor alluring descriptions of wonderful agricultural regions, all paid by the column. The conviction that a sportsman's journal for sportsmen could be conducted without resorting to such questionable makeshift expedients have proved quite correct.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

records scores of meetings and matches, discussions of topics pertaining to the butt, gallery and trap. Secretaries of gun and rifle clubs are invited to send their scores for publication.

Canoeing.

This country is a land of magnificent water courses, and Americans are just beginning to appreciate the canoe as a means of enjoying the delectable charms of river and lake, and bay and canal. The men who are making fortunes by making canoes know best how rapidly the ranks of canoeists are multiplying. Novices and old hands will find in the FOREST AND STREAM canoeing columns, in charge of a practical canoeist, accounts of cruises, lines of new craft, and hints and helps and suggestions without number. Closely allied is

Yachting,

in which the FOREST AND STREAM is the only competent, all-the-year-round, intelligent exponent. Our reports of races are full, prompt and accurate. The numerous illustrations of lines of new yachts make an invaluable record of the development of yacht building.

Weekly, $4 per year; $2 for six months.

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Wanted.

WANTED.—A FEW EXPERT WORKMEN familiar with the building of small steam and sail craft. Must be competent to draught and lay down their own work. Also some No. 1 small boat and canoe builders. Steady work; no lost time the year round. Write with terms to R. J. DOUGLAS & CO., Boat Builders, Waukegan, Ill. jan27,2t

WANTED.—A FEW PAIRS OR ODD BIRDS of the following species: Green-winged teal, blue-winged teal, widgeon, redheads, canvas-backs, hooded merganser, golden eye and buffle-head ducks. Will buy or exchange tame wood ducks. FRED MATHER, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. jan6,tf

COPIES WANTED.—JAN. 4, 11, 18 and 25. FEB. 1, March 8 and Sept. 13, 1883; Feb. 7 and 14, March 6, 1884. We are short of these issues, and would be obliged if any of our readers having one or all of these numbers that they do not want will send to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39 Park Row, New York City. mar26,tf

For Sale.

TO FISHERMEN.

The undersigned will sell to sportsmen lakes and streams well stocked with trout and easily accessible, in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, where the fee of a few salmon fishing chances can yet be had. Tracings on linen on a large scale of any rivers there, showing granted lands, furnished to order. Address EDWARD JACK, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Can. jan6,tf

FOR SALE.—ONE WESTLEY RICHARDS hammerless B. L., highest quality, 10-bore, 30in., 8½lbs.; has never been used; guaranteed to be the best made by this celebrated maker. Cost $465; will be sold low. Also a double Express .50-cal. rifle, made by E. M. Reilly. Can be seen at HENRY C. SQUIRES, 178 Broadway, N. Y. jan27,2t

10-GAUGE, 30-IN. REMINGTON $80 GRADE, with handsome cleaning rod, and a Havens wool-lined gun case; price $50. 12-gauge, 28inch Parker, $100 grade, with handsome cleaning rod, canvas case and loading tools, $50; Marlin repeating rifle, .45-cal., 70grs. Government cartridge C. F., with heavy canvas case and strap, brass pointed cleaning rod, wiper, complete reloading tools, bullet mould, 1,000 brass primers, 200 brass shells, 500 grooved bullets, $18. Maynard rifle, .38-cal., 50grs., pistol grip, checkered fancy stock, Swiss and shotgun butt, Vernier and wind-gauge sights, 25 shells, 100 patched bullets, complete reloading tools, $28. Stevens 32-cal., 28in. Premier, Swiss butt, fore end, Vernier and open back and globe sights, 25 shells, 200 bullets, complete reloading tools and bullet mould, $18. Address E. C. VICK, Rochester, N. Y. jan27,2t

SHOOTING AND FISHING BETWEEN THE Atlantic and Chesapeake. Profitable lands, good buildings, combining shooting (geese, ducks, quail, woodcock and salt water birds), fishing good and abundant, oyster rights excellent; 8 hours to New York in a sleeper. Write BROWNE, JACOB & CO., Accomack C. H., Va. dec30

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LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

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In fine condition. Western birds. E. B. WOODWARD, 174 Chambers street, New York.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—ONE JOHN A. Nichols' B. L., 12-bore, 30in., 8½lbs., finest Quality, elaborately engraved, highly finished and perfectly new. Will be sold at one-half the original cost. Can be seen at H. C. SQUIRES, 178 Broadway, New York. sept2,tf

BAMBOO POLES.—25,000 BAMBOO FISHING poles, 12, 13, 14 and 15ft., in bundles of 50, for sale at 29 Burling Slip, N. Y., by BURDETT & DENNIS. jy8,tf

BROOK TROUT EGGS AND YOUNG FRY of superior quality furnished in quantities to suit purchaser. Trout pond for sale. Address R. E. FOLLETT, Indian Hollow Brook Trout Fishery Windham, Conn. nov25,tf

The Still-Hunter,

—BY—

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IN THE STUD.

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Having purchased these dogs, together with the champion bitches Lorna Doone and Bal Gal from Dr. J. F. Perry (Ashmont), I offer the dogs in the stud, and will be able to supply pups from the bitches.

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Champion rough-coated St. Bernard **Cæsar** A.K.R. 22); fee $25. English pug **Sam**; fee $10. Pups for sale. Address with stamp. Portland, Me.

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IN THE STUD.—Black, white and ticked dog **ROY MONARCH** (Dashing Monarch—List), to a limited number of good bitches. Fee $25.

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Imported from Mr. Llewellin's kennels (he is bluest of the blue), by Dashing Bondhu ex Novel. He is also a grand field dog, as his record shows at the late trials of the N. F. T. Club at Grand Junction, beating such noted dogs as Gladstone Boy, Mainspring, Bessie A., Gath's Mark, Trinket's Bang and other fine ones. Fee $35. A. M. TUCKER, 85 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.

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Weight 45lbs. Fee $15.

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ROYAL DIAMOND.....(A.K.R. 4311)
White English terrier, weight 18lbs. Fee $15.

Pups by above dogs for sale. Address J. W. NEWMAN, 87 Hanover st., Boston, Mass.

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IN THE STUD.

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MT. PLEASANT GORDON KENNELS.—For Sale—Thirteen solid black and tan Gordon setter dog puppies, out of Chloe Beaulah and Bell Mont, by Argus II. First-class Morrison pug puppies out of Judy and Puggings by Dude. All prize stock; Prices low; satisfaction guaranteed. C. T. BROWNELL, P. O. Box 335, New Bedford, Mass.

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WANTED.—BULL-TERRIER DOG, ABOUT 25lbs., must be pink white, good disposition, young, good-looking. Address with price and full particulars W. W. W., Forest and Stream. jan27,1t

FOR SALE.—VERY SUPERIOR SMALL-sized liver and white cocker bitch, 2½ yrs. old. C. E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N.Y. 1t

Mastiff Dog & Bitch

For Sale—Dictator (A.K.R. 1503), 2½ yrs. old. Annette (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449 ex Antea, A.K.R. 200), 17 mos. old. RIVERVIEW KENNELS,
1t Clinton, Mass.

FOUR LLEWELLIN DOG PUPPIES FOR sale, comprising the blood of Gladstone, Druid, Leicester and Rake. Take them at your own price. Address G. J., 1,015 Washington ave., New York. jan27,2t

FOR SALE.—ENGLISH BEAGLE HOUND pups, from good hunting stock, 8 mos. old, full pedigree; also one foxhound, well broken. Address with stamp GEO. L. BARNES, Tyringham, Mass. jan27,tf

FOR SALE CHEAP.—HANDSOME PUG bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885; extended pedigree; kind, healthy and house broken. J. D. WALSH, New Haven, Conn. 1t

FOR SALE.—THREE SETTERS, PUPS, OR will exchange for foxhounds. C. E. JONES, Welchville, Me. 1t

FOR SALE CHEAP.—BLACK FIELD SPANiel bitch, good on rabbits, woodcock and partridge; pedigree. Box 30, Cooktown, Ontario, Canada. 1t

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12 mos. old, kind, 30¾in. high, fawn color, 130lbs. weight, house broken. Price $100. *No deviation.* Inquire for pedigree and dog of

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FOR SALE.—PURE LLEWELIN PUPPIES by Dashing Lion, sire of some of the most noted field and bench show winners; $15 each. OHIO KENNELS, Washingtonville, Ohio. jan6,4t

FOR SALE.—THE LANDSEER KENNEL offers choice bred Scotch Deerhound and English greyhound puppies, bred only from stock of well-known field qualities. These are the aristocrats of all dogs. DR. VAN HUMMELL, Denver, Colo.

I WILL SELL FINE RED IRISH SETTER pups, 3 mos. old, champions Elcho, Derg, Hutchinson's Bob, Ponto and Venus blood at $10 and $15, or brace $20. Write me; printed pedigree. Address H. A. FLETCHER, 241 Commercial street, Portland, Me. dec23,tf

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN KENNELS,

LITTLETON, N. H.,

Have for sale a few fine bred bull-terrier, fox-terrier and beagle dogs and pups. jan13,tf

FOX AND RABBIT HOUNDS.—A LIMITED number of sure trailers, with good voice, at $20 each. C. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. jan13,tf

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The Kennel.

FOR SALE—A CHOICE PAIR OF

Great Dane Pups.

Thyrus II. (A.K.R.), solid light tan color, grand head and eyes, fine large form, house broken, follows finely, a beauty, *splendid disposition.* His mate, **Nina** (A.K.R.), is nearly solid light mode color, with small white spots, very large and fine every way, but not so well trained, having been kept more in the kennel. She is *gentle, affectionate*, with fine eyes. Both are very fond of children and intelligent, and will make a pair of grand dogs and will be immense fellows, whelped Sept. 26. **I will sell the pair for $100.** Their sire is **Imported Thyrus**, the finest Great Dane stud dog (cabinet photographs 25 cts.), dam **Caro**, imported in dam.

English mastiff **Boss** in stud; also **Thyrus.** Fee $50 each.

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Claire-Reeta Kennels.

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Irish and Gordon setters for work as well as show dec17,tf

Setter Puppies for $5.

We have a number of setter puppies from 5 to 10 wks. old, dogs and bitches, of all colors; we will close out for $5 each. Dogs of same breed from 6 mos. to 1 yr. old, $8 each. These setters are of good native blood, fair nose and not gunshy, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every case.

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We offer for sale at the following extraordinary low figures the following Swiss St. Bernards:

Rough-coats, stud dogs: Barry I., Hadjar and Alvier at $200, $175, $175. Tromba, young bitch (had a litter of 9, 7 dogs, by Eiger, in Dec.), $175.

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The above is a bona fide offer, made low in order to close out, and is good for January only. The stock is of the very best that is to be had in Switzerland. All the specimens are guaranteed to be as represented, and are sure to make their mark either on the bench or as breeding stock.

Orders booked for a litter by champion Otho—La Duchesse (champion Duke of Leeds—Sheila); a few Hector—Belline bitch puppies left, for sale cheap. THE HOSPICE KENNELS,
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AT A GREAT SACRIFICE IF TAKEN AT once.—One pair red setters; one pair English mastiffs; one mastiff male puppy; rough and smooth-coated St. Bernard puppies, all of prize-winning and registered stock. Address with stamp, PROGRESSIVE KENNELS, Flatbush, L. I. jan20,2t

I EXPECT A LITTER OF LLEWELLYN setter puppies about the last of February, by Gun (Gladstone—May B.) out of Pearl Blue (Royal Blue—Dryad). I am taking orders now. For pedigree, prices, etc., enclose stamp to CHAS. YORK, 9 & 11 Granite Block, Bangor, Me.

SMALL IMPORTED PUG DOG SILVER Shoe. The above is a fine built animal, all life and style and very best of points. I limit him to one bitch every fourteen days. Fine puppies for sale (Silver Shoe ex Lady Flora. Particulars and pedigree. JAMES BOWDEN, 631 Hudson st., New York City. jan27,tf

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Foxhounds—Two dogs, one bitch, 2 yrs. old, thoroughly broken; one Irish water spaniel bitch, 3 yrs. old, good breeder; one English bull bitch pup, 3 mos. old, out of imported stock. Address SHAFER & HULL, Berlin, N. Y. 1t

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WM. GRAHAM, NEWTOWNBREDA, BELFAST Ireland, is prepared to purchase and ship dogs for importers. Dogs purchased from him had the following prizes awarded to them: At New York and Chicago, 1883, sixteen firsts, nine special, three second and one third. At New York, 1884, seven firsts, six specials and one third.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1887.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 2. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THE NATIONAL PARK BILL.

ONE stage in the fight to save the National Park has been passed, and a victory won. The result is so decided and affords so much promise of ultimate success, that all who are engaged in the struggle should take heart and be inspired to renewed efforts. On Saturday last Senator Vest's bill (Senate 2,436), providing for the care and government of the National Park, passed the Senate by a vote of 49 to 8. The debate on the bill was long, many Senators desiring to express their views on the importance of the measure. The overwhelming majority by which it was passed shows very clearly that the United States Senate thinks with the people on the subject of the Park.

The bill was amended in only one particular of importance. This was in the direction of more carefully guarding the rights of persons accused of crimes and misdemeanors, and gives those sentenced by the Commissioner to imprisonment the right to appeal to a district court of the Territory of Wyoming.

The cutting off of two miles and a half on the north side of the Park and of half a mile on the west had no hidden object, but was done merely to bring the whole reservation within one Territory, and to avoid jurisdictional conflicts.

The success of the bill in the Senate is due almost wholly to the energy and dogged persistance of Senators Vest and Manderson. For years they have struggled against discouragements and defeats in this matter of the Park, but they have declined to be discouraged or defeated. All the while public interest in the Park has been growing. First the people and now the Senate have come over to their side. We hope that the House is prepared to do the same. The House of Representatives should at once take up the bill and pass upon it. The time is short in which to accomplish anything. Only four weeks of the session remain, but the bill will accomplish so much, is so evidently for the benefit of the whole nation, and is so wholly without objectionable features that it should certainly receive the immediate attention of the people's representatives, and go through without a dissenting voice.

At present the Park is without a government. There is no law there, no provision for the safety of the lives and property of those who visit it, nor any protection for the wonderful natural curiosities which exist there, for the forest nor the game. This bill provides everything that is now lacking. Its passage will give the Park a government, will enable the 10,000 tourists who annually visit it, to do so with safety to life and property, will furnish a force of men to carry out the regulations established for its proper protection and will save the forests, the game and the geysers from the speedy destruction which now threatens them.

By saving the forests, which keep full the sources of the rivers which rise within its borders, it will be the salvation of the farmers who cultivate the arid plains on either side of the mountains. Without some measure which shall protect these stream heads these farmers will be ruined, and a fertile region be converted into a desert. A year's delay in passing the bill will work damage which will be irreparable. It should go through at this session. Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court, puts the case tersely and forcibly when he says of this bill, "It seems to me to meet the requirements of the case. To accomplish what is needed there must be a government, and I do not see how any less than is provided for can be made sufficient. If it is worth while to have the Park, it is worth while to see that it is preserved for the purposes for which it was intended. It should either be abolished altogether and be permitted to go into the hands of private owners for the purpose of extortion, or else it should be kept as a national institution and cared for as such."

The bill now goes to the House and will probably be referred to the Committee on Territories. The fact that it was so fully discussed in the Senate, and that after this full discussion it passed that body by such an overwhelming vote, should insure its prompt consideration by that committee and an early and favorable report on it. It remains then to be seen what action the House will take. The bill has the strong support of all of those who are best acquainted with the needs of the reservation. Its passage will not only save natural wonders which are sure to be destroyed unless it becomes law, but will also be an actual economy of money to the Government, for the maintenance of the troops in the Park costs a great deal more than would be expended under the operation of this act.

No effort should be spared to carry the bill through the committee and to the House at once, and every one who is in the slightest degree interested in the preservation of this wonderful region ought to do his part toward helping forward the bill. A little neglect now may cause a year of waiting, another anxious time and irretrievable loss.

A SUPERINTENDENT OF PROTECTORS.

THE working of the New York system of State game protectors is of more than local importance. Other States are regarding the experiment with interest to see whether its success warrants adoption of the plan. It must be confessed that as at present conducted the system does not accomplish all that it ought to. This is owing in large measure to the official delinquencies of the protectors. These delinquencies are possible in some instances because the officials are not accountable to any head. The system is not complete. Having appointed these wardens to watch poachers, the State must now appoint a superintendent to watch the wardens.

As things go now, a State game protector is not accountable to any superior official. He may be guilty of grossest neglect of duty, yet draw his salary with regularity and equaminity. The Commissioners of Fisheries are ostensibly to exercise supervision over the protectors, but the Commissioners have not the time to devote to the work, and being unsalaried, they perhaps cannot justly be asked to give more than their present perfunctory service. What is needed is an energentic, interested superintendent. The bill introduced at Albany last session making provision for such an office should be revived at the present session and passed.

IT will be remembered that a year or two ago the Maine Supreme Court decided that in common law a dog was not a domestic animal, but must be classed among the *ferœ naturœ*. A bill has been introduced into the Maine Legislature to give the dog better standing. The bill is said to be the shortest one ever introduced into the Maine Legislature or any other. Its full text is this: "Sec. 1.—The dog is hereby declared to be a domestic animal. Sec. 2.—This act shall take effect when approved." The Legislature will do itself credit by passing that bill.

WARY BIRDS.

THERE are knowing birds who are not to be taken with any device of the fowler. They have too often barely extricated themselves from the snare and do not mean again to let their feet be defiled with birdlime. In his efforts to spread the AUDUBON SOCIETY movement, the Secretary has here and there come into contact with agricultural residents, possessed of wariness of a high degree of development. They have presumably been "worked" by the genuises who make a specialty of getting a farmer's signature to an agreement to receive some sort of a present, and then by mysterious processes, best known to themselves, convert the agreement into a note which takes all the astonished and unhappy signer's spare greenbacks to cash when pesented to him by the county bank. The victim who has been taken in and done for by such sharpers does not propose to let any New York city chap come it over him with so transparent a snare as a pledge not to destroy useful birds. Once in a while the Secretary receives an intimation like this from Wisconsin:

> It is hardly fair to ask people to pledge and doubly sign their names without any responsible names, even singly given, to guarantee the pledge-signers against foul play. We are advised by nearly all our local papers not to sign our names to papers presented by strangers by reason of liability to find them attached to something not intended to be signed. In the present instance I have no authority nor indeed ability to guarantee the signers to the pledges that they shall receive no harm for their good intentions. The Forest and Stream Pub. Co. I have no doubt are reliable and I see their periodical often quoted from in other papers, but no responsible name has come to me from them, * * and if any one is harmed curses will follow and perhaps prosecution. * * * Hoping that confidence and esteem may be strengthened between us I am yours with respect, ——."

SNAP SHOTS.

BY a note printed in another column it will be seen that the course pursued by Game Protector Godwin is such as to commend itself to the Commissioners of Fisheries. It appears that from the very first Godwin was cognizant of the extensive illegal traffic in ruffed grouse in this city, and it is to be inferred from his letter to Mr. Blackford that he at once took reasonable action to suppress that traffic. The contrary is true, however. Godwin did not bestir himself until after his delinquency had been adverted to in these columns. His "proclamation" to dealers to stop the sale of grouse did not appear until fourteen days after the season had closed. That this sort of masterly inactivity is acceptable to his superiors may be lucky for Godwin, but it is certainly discouraging to such as believe that the only reasonable way to enforce game laws is to enforce them.

It gives us great pleasure to publish from Game Protector Lindley his account of work carried through in his district. We have taken occasion in the past to commend Mr. Lindley's energy and fearlessness. In view of this record, it is all the more unfortunate that by neglecting certain gross violations of the law, though repeatedly brought to his attention, he should have merited the criticisms we recently made. If Mr. Lindley's contention that his field is too big for one be well founded, then the State should furnish assistance. Mere statutes cannot protect the fisheries of inland New York lakes; there must be an adequate force of officers. The Commissioners of Fisheries are empowered to detail other protectors to work in any given district; and if Mr. Lindley needs help he should have it from the Commissioners.

The thirteenth annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, at Boston last week, was the occasion of a very pleasant gathering. The addresses of Lieut.-Governor Brackett and President Boardman of the Senate, gave ample evidence of the public appreciation of the character and work of the Association and the place it holds in the estimation of the executive and legislative departments of the State. The Association contemplates no attempt to change the game law this year, but will use its best exertions to hold the present law intact.

In connection with the international fisheries disputes it may be remarked that the Canadian authorities made a blunder when they appointed Capt. Quigley to the command of a Dominion cruiser. Among the Blue-noses Quigley is generally known as a crank. To put such a man in his present position was unwise and impolitic.

A NEW CREEDMOOR.

THE Directors of the National Rifle Association have set about the work of transplanting Creedmoor to a spot where it will not die of neglect. The move comes none too soon. The old Queen's county range is magnificent for its purposes. No such lawn exists anywhere the world over as a pathway for bullets. But it is doomed none the less because it is out of the track of travel. It is a toil and a tax to get there, and the pleasure and profit do not compensate for the outlay. The vicinity of the metropolis has been well canvassed. Lieut. Zalinski, U. S. A., of the Board, has been a persistent worker in this regard, and he has discovered a plot of 100 acres on Staten Island, where a range he thinks may be established. A cost of 30c. for a round trip ticket and a lapse of half an hour land the visitor within pistol shot of the proposed firing point. Behind the targets that are to be, stretches the shoal waters of New York Bay. Those shoal waters are navigated by fishermen who go out for a day's pleasure on the bay and would not care to undergo a bombardment. Then, too, it is important, if not imperative, that the targets shall bear away to the north from the firing points, so that the rising or the setting sun may not dazzle and blind the marksman. These and other points will be made clear when the surveyor's map shall be placed before the Directors at their next meeting.

Some there are who feel a bit of sentiment for the mother range at Creedmoor, who think that it would be a pity and something even of a rude shock to leave the name behind when the new spot is taken as the range of the future. Perhaps it would be a good idea to carry forward the name in some way, to at least embody in the new some reminder of the old range.

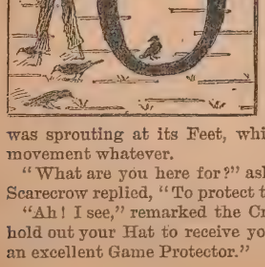
With the new range so convenient as is claimed, it is to be hoped that the military authorities who manage the movements of the guardsmen of this city and Brooklyn may see their way clear to make a more efficient use of it than has been the practice at Creedmoor. Rifle shooting skill is after all a matter of individual skill. Why not, then, recognize this fact in the use of a range, instead of getting the men together in uniform and sending them down in bodies to fritter away a great deal of time and effort in useless formalities and evolutions? Why not arrange it so that each soldier may go down as best suits his convenience, out of uniform if you will? And when he reaches the range, let him find there a shooting master, one who will give his individual attention to the individual soldier, and then something may be done. If a man is never to become a marksman, nor even a tolerable shot (and there are such), the shooting master will soon find it out, and that soldier may be invited to a place among the non-combatants. Some require more teaching than others, and they would get it. A shooting instructor, paid for his services and carefully chosen, might be in attendance on the range five months during the shooting season, and every one of the men in the two brigades, properly identified, could get such advice, coaching and instruction as his condition demanded.

The Directors hope to see a revival in the popularity of the sport. The endeavor will be to make the new range a resort where all may go for an outing, and where such as wish may shoot. Millionaire Austin Corbin chose to choke Creedmoor out of existence. Millionaire Erastus Wiman steps in to clear the way for the new National range, where perhaps the opening days may see an international match by Mr. Wiman's fellow-countrymen from Canada against a team from the United States, or perhaps the Queen's birthday may be remembered on this side by something of an appropriately like sort.

IT WOULD BE a great mistake to license a single big-gun on the wildfowl waters of Virginia. The intelligence that a scheme of this sort is on foot may well be received with alarm by every resident of Virginia, and every visitor to its coast shooting resorts. The newly organized Virginia Field-Sports Association should give this their attention, and make it their first business to see that the big-gun schemers are balked.

A "FOREST AND STREAM" FABLE.

The Crow and the Scarecrow.



ONCE upon a time a Crow, approaching a Corn Field, beheld with terror a Scarecrow of most frightful Mien standing in the middle of it, but coming nearer to it and pulling a few spears of young Corn in the Edge of the Field, saw that it made no movement to stop his Pillage. Then he ventured quite near it, and at last pulled a Hill of Corn that was sprouting at its Feet, while the Scarecrow made no movement whatever.

"What are you here for?" asked the Crow, to which the Scarecrow replied, "To protect this Field of Corn!"

"Ah! I see," remarked the Crow, "and if you could but hold out your Hat to receive your Salary, you would make an excellent Game Protector."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

UNOFFICIAL LOG OF THE STELLA.—II.

JEKYL ISLAND, Ga., Jan. 16.—It was not until the 9th of January that we scraped the Charleston mud off our shoes and steamed away for Tybee Roads by the inside route, for the breakers on the bar were too savage for small craft, and our pilot feared a capsize.

Our memories of the much cracked city will not rate among pleasant reminiscenses. We don't complain of the slight shock in the earthquake line which rocked us gently on the morning of the 5th. Nor do we blame the place for the abominable weather, which was one continuous freezing drizzle for the entire five days of our stay. And it was nobody's fault that we had to go on the dry dock for a new condenser, the old one having broken down completely. But we were forced to put in coal and water; and the coal was wet, dirty stuff, at $7 per ton, while the man who furnished water presented a bill for 700 gallons. As the Stella's capacity is only 375 gallons, the Skipper demurred strongly, but could only get the bill reduced to 600 gallons. The charge of $25 for docking the yacht was more than double New York charges. This the Skipper endured with equanimity; but when we were ready to go and the dry dock man presented his bill for another $25 on the ground of "lay days," he was inclined to kick. It was of no use, however, and he paid the bill, more in sorrow than in anger, I think. What added to the grievance was the fact that, in raising the yacht, they had cramped her so her doors would neither open nor shut. As the locker which held our fluids happened to be shut we were on the dry dock in a double sense. The Skipper worked at the door for an hour trying to burgle into his own locker, but it was solid and fast. As he desisted from his efforts and put away the chisel he had been using, he indulged in remarks like this: "I don't approve of earthquakes as a principle, but given the necessity and granting that it is inevitable, can't help thinking that it made rather a sensible selection."

It was well, on the whole, that we were forced to take the inside route. In going outside you have a waste of tumbling waters on the port beam, and on the starboard a thin ribbon of white sand beach topped with a dark fringe of green-black pines. This and nothing more. On the inside route you pass through the country with a variety of changing scenery. Cotton and rice fields, swamp, marsh, creeks, inlets, sounds and bays, with isolated dwellings of all degrees, from the negro cabin to the pine palace of the planter, with here and there a village or small city. You are also constantly meeting tugs, rafts, small sailing craft, and all styles of small boats. All the rafts and most of the open boats and barges had fires burning on a bed of sand, around which the darkies were huddled with outstretched palms, for the weather was bitterly cold and they were miserably clad.

Just at dark we came to anchor near the mouth of the North Edisto, and all hands had a night watch below.

Got under way at 8 A. M. on the 10th and had a fine day's run to Tybee Roads, anchoring after dark in Broad Creek, which is a safe and pleasant anchorage.

The morning of the 11th was pleasant with light winds, and we stood out to sea for an outside run to Brunswick, or, rather, Jekyl Island. It proved the pleasantest outside run of the cruise. All day the sea was smooth and the skies bright, and all day the Stella pegged away rapidly at the knots, picking them up in a quiet, effective way, that brought us opposite the club house a little after sundown, where we let go our anchor and saluted the club yacht Howland, according to the code in such case made and provided.

Jekyl Island is historical ground. In *ante bellum* days it yielded a large revenue in sea-island cotton and slaves, and in the olden time was a favorite port for slavers, which could run in around either end of the island, and in case of pursuit by a government vessel, could easily get away by one channel while she was entering by the other. It was on this island that the yacht Wanderer landed the last cargo of negroes ever landed on American shores, and some of their descendants are still living on the island. The Du Bignon family then owned the island, and it was to the elder Du Bignon that the cargo was consigned. The landing was successful, and the Wanderer was turned adrift to be picked up by a revenue cutter, as slavers are occasionally disposed of after a successful middle passage to the Spanish West Indies, even to this day.

These were golden days for the owners of the island; raising slaves and sea-island cotton for market was coining wealth, and the Du Bignons could live in baronial style. It was not a healthy place for New England Yankees and abolitionists, and none came near the island, save in government vessels. The war changed all this. Slave property melted away before the emancipation proclamation like a June frost, and raising sea-island cotton without slave labor was not a success. The owners of the island fell into a state of decadence, and the descendants of the Wanderer's cargo came to the front. They did not care to labor, they had had enough of that. And for a while they did little but fish, hunt and bask in the sunshine. They swarmed on the island and virtually took possession thereof for a time. The Du Bignons had secreted a large quantity of the very best cotton which they succeeded in keeping until it was worth $1 per lb., and this helped out for a while. But the island ceased to give a revenue, and the family shared the usual fate of wealthy slave owners—they became poor.

The island was worth little to sell and less to keep, save as a game preserve. For agricultural purposes it would not sell for much more than government price; but, as daily happens in the South, Northern men and Northern capital came to the rescue. A party of rich Northerners formed a club and purchased the island at a cost of $125,000.

Jekyl island contains about 14,000 acres, and is well stocked with deer and turkeys, with an abundance of wild hogs, wild cattle and even horses. The Jekyl Island Club proposes to kill off the hogs and cattle and give the deer a better chance, and also to stock the island with quail, a project which may succeed if the quail do not prefer to leave for the main land, as very likely they may. I much doubt if they will find the requisite food here; and I could not repress a rather broad smile at the proposition of one gentleman, to sow buckwheat at various points on the island to "feed the birds." I hope he may live to see a bushel of buckwheat raised on any island between Savannah and Key West. When that happens we shall raise fine crops of bananas on Cape Cod.

A fine club house is in process of construction at a cost of $50,000, and the brick walls are already up to the fourth story. This, with the club yacht and other etceteras will bring the cost of the plant well up to $200,000; and an old woodsman finds it difficult to see why there is more genuine sport in it than in an inexpensive bark camp among the dense forests, and by the cool, clear springs of the Upper Susquehanna. But there is no doubt as to its exclusiveness, and I do not care to moralize. The club has treated us with genial cordiality, gave us the freedom of the island for shooting, and helped forward our views in every way. And if they choose to spend a quarter of a million on shooting grounds and club houses, why they have got it to spend, and the money goes to those who most need it.

The Captain and the Scribe have been out several times ostensibly to hunt deer, though the Scribe does not believe in a deer hunt that commences after a 9 o'clock breakfast. His wood lore leads him to prefer being on the ground as early as a man can see his sights.

The Captain, however, succeeded in shooting a couple of wild pigs, which, instead of being red, lank, big-headed, bristly specimens, looked wonderfully like plump, well-fed Berkshires. And the Scribe, who had laughingly offered to skin all the pigs the Captain could shoot, found himself in for a job. Did you ever skin a pig, or a bear? If so, you know how it is yourself. The skin will not peel, but must all be cut off with a sharp knife, inch by inch. The Scribe came to time, however, and was rewarded by a square meal of roast pig, fat, tender and delicious, with a distinct gamy flavor. All hands pronounced it an improvement on the domestic article, and the Scribe is ready to submit his testimony that wild pork is superior to venison.

A notable feature of the club grounds is a fine artesian well which gives a constant 4in. stream of pure, clear water, looking, as it runs off in its channel of white sand and white shells, very like a Northern trout stream; but it is only in looks. The water has a temperature of about 80°.

Very pleasant is this loafing and loitering a-down the coast, only if the weather would grow warmer. Last night (the 17th) there was a furious norther and the Stella dragged her anchor, though in a landlocked channel. She was brought up by the best bower, and this morning her decks are again slippery with ice. The Reva (P. Lorillard's yacht) came to anchor here on the evening of the 16th, and the Magnolia is expected hourly. The southward bound yachts make haste slowly, and the Stella is no exception. We have been here a week to-day, but shall go, as soon as the norther lets up, for Fernandina and St. Augustine. NESSMUK.

A TRIP TO THE NIANGUA RIVER.

ONE bright October morning, a party of four left their home on the bank of the Missouri River, near the central part of the State of Missouri, on a hunting and fishing expedition to the southern part of the State. Our conveyance was a covered spring wagon drawn by a span of mules that would take us over any road. George carried a Richardson shotgun, Charlie a Remington shotgun and Ballard rifle, and I a Parker. Our camping outfit was complete, and as we rode along we talked cheerily of the trip before us. We traveled east along the bank of the river for a few miles, then turning south crossed the little Saline River and a strip of prairie eight miles wide, and came to the Moniteau River, where we stopped for dinner and a little rest. At Tipton we crossed the Missouri Pacific Railway and following the road due south arrived at the Moreau River early in the evening, where we camped for the night. We saw some game during the day, but had said we would not fire a gun the first day out. At supper we cleaned up about all the lunch, so it was a case of necessity to catch or kill something for the next meal.

In the morning Charlie and George went after squirrels and I tried the stream for fish. In a couple of hours I caught twenty small sunfish and one half-pound bass. While I was cleaning the fish the boys came in with three squirrels and one pigeon. All was soon prepared for the pan, and when cooked we sat down to a royal feast.

From this point to Versailles, the county seat of Morgan, the country is rolling prairie, and we passed many fine farms and herds of cattle. Rabbits and quail were abundant, and some of the latter were knocked over for future use. At Versailles we leave the prairie and come almost at once into the Osage hills. The timber we pass through is chiefly oak, there is scarcely any underbrush, and the woods have the appearance of a cultivated park. A hard, flinty rock seems to be every where, and it was a matter of wonder to us how such rocky soil produced fine timber and grass.

We camped that night on the bank of a little stream called the Proctor. Just before we reached there, a gang of turkeys ran across the road ahead of us, but we could not get a shot. Charlie marked the spot, and I knew the dawning of the morning would find him there. The next morning, finding the Proctor too muddy to do any fishing, I went after squirrels. A quarter of a mile to the south was the Osage River, and to the north a short distance was a ledge of limestone 100ft. high, which extended along the valley for some distance without a break, except where the Proctor came through. It was a fine morning, and the squirrels were out in full force to enjoy the fresh air and their breakfast of hickory nuts. I was sorry to break in upon their picnic, but we had to have something to eat.

When I reached camp the boys were already in, bringing with them a fine young turkey which George had shot.

After a hearty breakfast of our own providing, we were once more on the road, which led through the valley for a short distance and then up a steep hill a mile long. Gaining the ridge we found we were in one of the numerous horse-shoe bends common to the Osage River. At the foot of the hill on the right, the river ran directly west and on the left directly east. Following the ridge for a few miles and down a long hill, we came to Crittenden, a little town named in honor of the Governor of the State, where we were taken across the Osage in a flat boat.

Eight miles further on we came to Bollinger Creek, where we stopped for dinner. A little way from here is located the Osage Iron Works, which was in a flourishing condition years ago, but the men got on strike and let the iron chill in the stack, and the furnace has not been started since. The company own two thousand acres of land and a lot of dilapidated houses; the land has several veins of coal and iron and any quantity of limestone.

At 5 o'clock we arrived at the Niangua (Nee-ŏng-wä) River, and put up our tent close to the dam opposite Arnholtz's mill. Anxious to have fish for supper, two of us started fishing at once and succeeded in catching some small catfish and white perch. About dark it began to rain and continued nearly all night, which raised the river three feet and made the water quite muddy. The next morning, finding the ford looking rather dangerous, we got a boy to pilot us across. Arriving at the mill we found the proprietor, Mr. Geo. Arnholtz, sitting on a millstone hammering away. This jolly Dutchman has lived here for forty years and is well-known for miles around. We explained to Mr. A. that we had come to hunt and fish for a few days, that we had got pretty wet the night before and wanted a dry spot to sleep on. Mr. Arnholtz had a room in the mill which contained a cook stove and bed, that he said we could have as long as we wanted to stay. The room suited nicely and we soon had our traps unloaded, fire built, clothes dried and everything in good shape. After dinner Charlie and George took to the woods and I fished all the afternoon, taking one bass, two white perch and a lot of small catfish. The boys brought in several gray and fox squirrels.

During the afternoon a party from Versailles had come and camped in the school house. They brought trotlines with them, and I noticed they selected the swiftest deep places and set the lines slanting across the river. In the evening Mr. Arnholtz came down to chat with us for a while. As he kept a pack of hounds and had hunted deer for many years, his talk was very interesting to us. Before turning I took a look at the hand-lines, and was much pleased to land a channel cat weighing 7lbs. In the morning the Versailles party brought in over 100lbs. of fish, one channel cat weighing 53lbs., another weighing 30lbs.

To-day we visited a famous cave about half a mile below the mill. A great many stories are told about this cave, and we were anxious to see what had furnished a hiding place for horse thieves, bushwhackers and wild animals in times past. The entrance to the cave is about 50ft. above the river, and is quite narrow. For a short distance inside, the floor is wet and slippery, but further on it is hard and dry. We passed through numerous rooms and halls, until we had gone fully half a mile—our guide told us we could go two miles, but we had had enough and were willing to return to the outside world again. Many of the passage-ways were only two or three feet high and quite narrow, allowing only one person to pass at a time, while the rooms were very large around and from 30 to 50ft high. Almost the entire roof and floor was covered with stalactites and stalagmites, and when the cave was lighted up it formed a beautiful and interesting sight.

Returning to the mill we soon prepared dinner, which consisted of steaks from the 53lbs. catfish, squirrel, fried onions, potatoes, pickles, Halford sauce, canned peaches, bread, butter and coffee. After dinner we secured an old scow and started up the river. The channel was narrow and the hills high and abrupt, giving one an idea of being shut in. We came to another cave said to be connected by a narrow passage with the one below the mill. We took their word for it.

A couple of miles up, we ran the scow aground and took to the woods after game. We hunted about two hours, bringing back a few squirrels and an owl. Once more afloat we soon arrived at the mill. The next morning we bade good-by to Mr. Arnholtz, and continued on our way. Seven miles from the mill we came to Linn Creek, the seat of Camden county, and crossed the Osage a mile above town and just below the mouth of the Niangua. We had considerable sport during the day. Quite often a squirrel would run across the road in front of the wagon, and away we would scamper after it, falling over rocks and brush, all the time trying to keep our eyes on the picture, until the game was treed, then the firing began and lasted until there was a dead squirrel. We kept this sort of thing up pretty much all day. As one of the boys said, "It beat still-fishing all to pieces." We reached the Little Gravois River late in the evening and put up our tent near the stream. At dawn in the morning I was off to the river fishing, while the others went hunting. I caught several small jack-salmon and one bass.

While we were eating breakfast a gang of turkeys walked across the road about 100yds. from camp, in plain sight. The idea of getting a shot at turkeys drove hunger away instantly, and dropping knives and forks we took our guns and started off in different directions. I had been out about twenty minutes when I heard two shots in quick succession. Stepping behind a bush I pulled both hammers back and waited, hoping that fate would send the turkeys my way, and after waiting a quarter of an hour I concluded they had crossed the river and I might as well return to camp. About half way I found Charlie sitting on a log with two turkeys beside him. I was a little provoked that he should get two and I none, but before I had time to explain my feelings Charlie picked up one of the turkeys and told me to take the other and go around and come into camp from the direction I took in starting out. George did not even ask, but took it for granted that we had each shot a turkey, and he does not know to this day but that I killed the one I brought in that morning.

On the road that day we played the same game with the squirrels that we did the day before. It was lots of fun for us. At a farm house we traded one of the turkeys for bread, milk and onions. That night we camped at the mouth of the Big Gravois, and a few yards from the Osage. The Osage is a half mile wide here, and at this time was very high, backing its muddy water up the Gravois for nearly a mile, beyond that the Gravois was clear and afforded us some fine bass fishing.

Ducks and squirrels were abundant and we did not have to work very hard to get enough to eat. We stayed here three days enjoying ourselves completely. The fourth morning we were up and had breakfast before daybreak. The packing up was done in a sorrowful manner, for we all regretted to leave this beautiful place. But once on the way we forgot the blue waters of the Gravois and the muddy Osage, in the anticipation of the bird shooting we were sure to have when we reached the open country again.

About 2 o'clock we were well out on the prairie, and coming to a nice camping place concluded to stop for the day. We were once more among the quail, plover and prairie chickens, and after a hasty dinner we all struck out across the prairie. I walked for an hour without getting a shot, and was returning to camp when I saw a flock of mallards drop in a pond quarter of a mile away. I crawled within twenty yards of the pond, then showed myself, and when the ducks rose I let go both barrels into them and scored nothing; not even a feather dropped. I could not account for the miss, as it was as fair a shot as I ever had. Much disappointed I started toward camp. On the way I saw another pond off to the right, and following the swale leading up to it I was soon peeping through the weeds across the water. Almost the first thing I saw was a mallard drake sitting on a little island about twenty yards away. I looked carefully to see if there were any others and came to the conclusion that this was a lone duck. As the result of the afternoon's sport (?) had been 0, so far; I resolved to take this lone duck "on the wing." Shoving the gun through the weeds I took deliberate aim at the sleeping greenhead and banged away. In an instant there was a terrible splash and flopping of wings and about forty mallards got up so flustrated that they flew in every direction. The sudden and unexpected noise fairly frightened me, but in a second or two the hair lay down on my head again, and I had sense enough left to let go the other barrel into the thickest of the flying ducks, dropping three of them. Gathering up the four greenheads I struck out for camp feeling pretty joyful over my luck. We had quail for supper, something we had not eaten before for several days. Just as we sat down the sun went to bed, pulling a bright red blanket over his head. Clumps of trees and herds of cattle dotted the prairie in every direction, and away off to the south a dark line of timber showed where the Osage hills began. It was a pretty sight, but what interested us most just at that time and added so immensely to the picture were the few feet of ground directly before us upon which our supper was spread.

For the next few days we traveled across strips of prairie and through belts of timber, stopping as often and as long as we wished wherever we found game. All through this country the quail shooting is excellent; prairie chickens are rather scarce but there are enough to afford some sport. There are thousands of rabbits, and ducks and geese are quite plenty during the winter months. These last stay on the sandbars in the Missouri River at night and in the day time resort to the corn and wheat fields on each side of the river, often flying as far as thirty miles to feed. As we neared home we were reminded of corn husking and other work to be done on the farm, and we would have to sit down to tame food again—such as pumpkin pies, ham and eggs, hot biscuits and honey, apple dumplings and cream as thick as your finger; but Charlie "'lowed we would have to stand it—for a while." JACK.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 15.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE TERNS OF MUSKEGET ISLAND.

FROM time immemorial Muskeget Island has been a famous breeding place for terns and seagulls. Over its iron shores the herring gull and the blackback hover in winter, and sometimes the great white-winged gull, wandering from the ice-laden ocean of the far North, stops here for a little while. But in spring, when the leaden clouds have left the sky, and the smooth sea shines brightly blue under the serene heavens, when the shoals of fish begin to move northward, and the hardy fishermen prepare their nets and push off their boats from the shore, then the terns, joining the advancing army of bird life, come to us from the south, and revisit their summer home at Muskeget. And what thousands of them there are. How they circle and whirl and dart about the island; or go off in little fishing parties out to sea, or along the shore, or at midday roost at ease upon the black rocks, which are turned to white by the downy plumage of the beautiful birds.

They are innocent little things, doing no harm to any one, and in fair weather serving a useful purpose by often guiding the fisherman to the distant shoals of mackerel or menhaden, while, in foul, the clamor which they make about their rock-bound home warns the sailor of the neighborhood of a dangerous coast. One would think that the terns and the gulls might live here in peace, but it is not so. The hat bird butcher wanted their skins, for women will have terns to wear. So he went to Muskeget when the birds were breeding, and the ground was covered with their eggs, or with their helpless downy young, and began his slaughter. For years, too, he kept it up, until the birds became sadly reduced in numbers.

Not very far from Muskeget Mrs. Richard P. White has her summer home. She is deeply interested in all animals, and when she learned of the butchery of these sea birds which add so much to the attractions of life on the shore, she put forth every effort to have it stopped. Often at the sound of a gun she would hurry from the house, and stepping into her light boat, would row over to the island to remonstrate with those who were killing the birds. But this after all did but little to put an end to the destruction. So a year ago last autumn she spoke to Mr. Isaac Folger, a gentleman living in Boston who is greatly interested in birds, and he expended much time and effort in trying to persuade the Massachusetts Legislature to pass a law prohibiting the destruction of the terns up to the first of October each year. Such a law was passed, and this was thought to amount practically to an entire prohibition, for the terns by the first of October are supposed to have started on their journey southward, but it is said that last autumn they did not leave the island until the middle of the month, and that before they started great numbers of them were killed.

But it was not enough to secure the passage of this law. The island is some distance from the mainland, and it was evident that some one must be at hand to see that the law was enforced. So Mrs. White and Mrs. Wm. Appleton, both of whom are vice-presidents of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, contributed a liberal sum of money to pay a man for watching over the birds. This he has done, and it is thought that during this past summer, for the first time in many years, the terns were allowed to rear their broods in comparative peace.

Mrs. White gives some account of the cruelties which are attendant upon this needless and wholly inexcusable killing. A reliable man who stopped at the island on the day following a visit of the butchers, counted and killed on the ground, sixty birds which were so badly wounded as to be beyond hope of recovery.

Of the number of adult birds slain here no estimate can be formed. To count the birds by thousands would not give an idea of it, we are told. The slaughter amounts to tens of thousands of adults, and besides these, how many nests of starving young and of deserted eggs. And all this destruction went on so that a few women might wear pretty birds in their hats.

It rather shakes one's faith in the tender-heartedness of woman, does it not?

AN OFFICIAL EXTERMINATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 13 you reprint from the Proceedings of the National Museum the account by C. H. Townsend, Agent of the Smithsonian Institution, of what must be judged from the narrative itself to be the final and complete extinction of the California sea-elephant.

It is interesting to know that the National Museum has by Mr. Townsend's expedition secured specimens of this rare animal and that the biologists and naturalists of the future will not be left quite so badly off, in regard to it, as they are to the rhytina, the dinornis, the dodo and the solitaire, not to say the great auk. This is, however, the only consolation permitted the casual reader of this account. Nothing more cold-blooded, remorseless and heartless has fallen under my notice for many a day. We have been treated of late to many touching appeals for mercy to the few remnants of once mighty tribes of living beings. We have been told with what senseless fury the inhabitants of a region in France, who had discovered a family of beavers living on an island in a river—the species having been supposed to be long ago extinct—fell upon and slew every one instead of, as one might have hoped they would be wise enough to do, taking all possible pains for their preservation. We have been led to believe that it was only heartless pot-hunters or ignorant and thoughtless people who were guilty of exterminating game, but in this account we are treated to something novel, viz., the story of deliberate and, so to speak, "official" extermination of the sea-elephant. The expedition was undertaken under the directions of Prof. Baird. The search continued for two months and included every place where sea-elephants had been seen or heard of in recent times, though it was already pretty well known that there was only one place, a lonely beach on the peninsula of Lower California, where there was any hope of success.

Says Mr. Townsend: "Thirty or forty years ago the sea-elephant was found in many places on the coast between Santa Barbara Islands and Cape St. Lucas, but continual persecution has almost exterminated the species." In view of what follows of Mr. Townsend's own action one can but wonder what meaning he intends to give to the word "persecution." After giving an account of the expeditions of oil hunters during the last few years, and telling how the last ship but one killed ninety-one sea-elephants, but left "a few females and young undisturbed," and how the last ship, arriving a month later, "and, finding no large animals, killed the females and young animals spared by the crew of the former vessel—forty in all," he goes on to state how his own schooner arrived at the beach and found three young sea-elephants. "After unsuccessful searching elsewhere, returned Nov. 18 and killed a female, the only animal on the beach. After another trip as far north as San Diego, returned again Dec. 31 and found fifteen animals, all of which were carefully preserved and are now in the Smithsonian Institution." After this cool statement of the final tragedy, without a word of explanation or palliation of his own act, this narrator goes on to say, "From this it would appear that this interesting and valuable animal has heavy odds to encounter in its struggles for existence. No sooner were the three hundred or more that had appeared during the years of their seclusion discovered than they were speedily made away with. That a pretty clean sweep had been made of them was evident from the meagre results of our own careful search, during which we not only inspected the coast line, but circumnavigated the islands of the region both large and small."

Here then we have the full story. This trained man of science, ostensibly working in the interest of science, actually commits, with all possible deliberation and full understanding of his deed, the very act which all science and all humanity should deplore, the final extermination from the face of the earth, so far as himself and all others can judge, of what he himself calls "an interesting and valuable animal." I submit that the like of this story has not been encountered of late, and that unless there are parts of it published in the original "Proceedings" but not given in the FOREST AND STREAM, and which make some attempt at justification, the whole affair is abhorrent to every right-minded reader. Out of sixteen animals found after the most exhaustive search, just sixteen were slaughtered, not even a single pair of them being spared for the possible continuance of the species. If by any chance any straggler has been omitted, no thanks to Mr. Townsend. One wonders if in all this he were only living up to explicit instructions of the august head of the Smithsonian Institution. C. H. A.

BOSTON, Jan. 29.

WHERE DO MEADOW LARKS WINTER?—The communication of "J. H. D." in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 20, telling of a great flight of meadow larks on the eastern shore of Maryland last fall, has just caught my eye, and reminds me that not three weeks ago while looking from the car windows near Princeton, N. J., I saw seven meadow larks rise from a snowy field beside the railway. I have never seen one of these birds in New England in the winter and the sight surprised me in New Jersey. Do they winter so far north in any numbers? The day was very cold and the ground well covered with snow, and to me the larks seemed far from where sensible larks should be at such a time.—C. H. A. (Boston, Jan. 27).

DO SQUIRRELS HIBERNATE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A pair of little red squirrels (*Sciurus hudsonius*) have taken advantage of a knot hole in the siding to the bay window front of my house; they enter here and live inside between the plastering and the frame; they are heard by my family every day as they rattle and gnaw nuts throughout the winter months. Whenever bright sunshiny periods occur, no matter how cold or how much snow, these little animals run out into the tops of several tall pines which stand overshadowing the roof of my house, frolic there and return at short intervals. Though they make a very loud and really disagreeable noise at times during the winter days, yet my children have become so attached to them that I have not been permitted to disturb them. I wish they did hibernate, but I know too well, now, that they don't and they won't.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

EAST ROCKPORT, Cuyahoga County, O., Jan. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

G. E. Walsh says, in your issue of Jan. 13, that squirrels are hibernating animals, that "They coil themselves up in their nest and remain dormant for a long while, varying from several weeks to a month." The squirrels in this part of the country don't do that way. They don't lay up any food for winter either. I have been in the woods after fresh snows, when the thermometer stood 10 to 18° below zero, and have seen squirrel tracks in the snow and numbers of holes where they had dug out the snow to get at a nut or an acorn. I have cut trees in the winter that were the homes of squirrels, and have never found any stores of food in any of them. I have observed the habits of squirrels closely, and have yet to see evidence that will cause me to believe that they store food or hibernate. Our squirrels here are the fox, gray and an occasional black one. They bring forth their young in March and April (the first litter) and sometimes another in the summer. Coons hibernate here but do not store any food. J. F. LAYSON.

SALEM, Nebraska.

HABITS OF THE BEAVER.—"R. M. C.," in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan 27, mentions that in an article on Nova Scotia, by Lieut.-Gen. A. W. Drayson, R. A., it is stated that "Two pine trees, growing side by side, will be cut down by the beaver's sharp teeth," etc., that one of these will sink while the other floats. Gen. Drayson has evidently been imposed on by his Indians, to whose stories officers of the English army usually give too much credit. The beaver when he stores up his wood for his winter's supply of the bark, on which he feeds, sinks it by piling it up at his front door; and I have heard some credulous hunters say that these animals had some mysterious way of keeping it below the water. As respects the deception practiced occasionally by the Indians of New Brunswick on English officials, an amusing instance came under my own notice. The Hon. Arthur Hamilton Gordon, when governor of New Brunswick, made a trip in the forests, of which he published a description in a pamphlet entitled "Wilderness Journeys in New Brunswick," or something like this. In this pamphlet he mentioned that his Indian Gabe was unable to find Nashuaak Lake. This I knew was all nonsense, for I was sure that master Gabe was quite as well aware of the position in the forests of Nashuaak Lake as I was. One morning not long after I said to Gabe, "Governor says in his book that you could not find Nashuaak Lake." To this Gabe replied, "Ugh! did not want to find lake." The fact was that they were at the forks of the Nashuaak, one branch of which presented tangled thickets and bad traveling, on this the lake was situated; the other branch was followed up by a lumberman's portage, which extended across to the Miramichi River, whither the party was bound, and this was of course the route which Gabe led the Governor, of whom he was not very fond. His opinion of that worthy expressed to me was that "he was a sugar candy man."—EDWARD JACK (Fredericton, New Brunswick).

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE POISON.—Habana, Cuba, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The usual treatment of serpent poisoning by the medical profession has been to fortify the nerve centers against encroaching paralysis, by alcoholic stimulation continued during the length of time required by nature to eliminate the poison from the blood by its excretory organs. Specific antidotes to neutralize the poison in the blood and thus arrest its action, have as yet been either undiscovered or little known. In the year 1882, Dr. J. B. de Lacerda, Subdirector of the Laboratory of Experimental Physiology of Rio de Janeiro, published forty cases of venomous snake bites treated with entire success by hypodermic injections of one per cent. solution of the permanganate of potassa. These cases, it is claimed, have proved this drug to be a specific neutralizer of the noxious virus of the *Crotalus.* Five or six injections were introduced in and about the wound made by the fangs of the serpent. I am informed that this treatment is rapidly becoming vulgarized in Brazil and is meeting with uniform success. A little case containing a hypodermic syringe and a one drachm bottle of one per cent. solution of permanganate of potassa could easily be carried in the vest pocket of a person liable to accidents with venomous reptiles, and might prove a precious addition to their equipment.—NEMO. [The results of Dr. Lacerda's treatment have been given in these columns before. Our correspondent's suggestion of providing the antidote and means of use is worthy of adoption.]

ANIMAL LIFE NEAR TOWN.—Toronto, Canada.—The papers report that Mr. David Kennedy, the reputed oldest sportsman around Toronto, recently shot a magnificent red deer close by his residence at Lake View Park, three miles from town. The animal was being pursued by two hounds, who must have been in the chase for a large number of miles, as the dogs were almost worn out when the animal fell. The deer was heading straight for the lake. He tipped the scales at 150lbs. This visitor is quite as big a curiosity as the beaver which found its way to the northwestern part of the city a couple of years ago. Another example of animal recklessness in this section may be noted in the fact that last week a large horned owl flew into the city, and as the acme of audacity perched on a telephone pole in front of W. M. Cooper's gun store. The owl was more fortunate than the deer, for he got away without molestation.—W. R. W.

GROUSE AND THE SNOW CRUST.—Maine.—I often read or hear in roundabout ways of the ruffed grouse being imprisoned by heavy crusts and thus perishing, but having always lived in a grouse country and being much in the woods without ever having met any evidence to make me believe that such is the case I am inclined to class the notion with the "hoop snake," and like fallacies. If any one does personally know of an instance in which a ruffed grouse has come to its death in such manner, they will interest at least one reader by making the facts known. The mere circumstance that grouse often bury themselves in a light snow I do not think should be taken as evidence that this proves disastrous to them, for it seems to me that he is too wary a bird to allow himself to get sealed in, and "Kennebec's" article in your issue of Jan. 20, points to the same conclusion. For eleven consecutive winters a flock of ruffed grouse "budded" regularly on a birch tree in our door yard, and nothwithstanding the many bad crusts during that time, I never knew their numbers to decrease in consequence. Some seasons fewer representatives would survive the shooting season than those of the preceding year, but their numbers never diminished during a winter. The eleventh winter only one bird made its appearance soon after close time, and this one met its fate from the gun of a poacher, who was fined accordingly.—BLACK SPOT.

MIDWINTER APPEARANCE OF THE RED LINNET (*Carpodacus purpureus,* Gm.).—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 27.—During the past three weeks the peninsula of Halifax has been visited by numerous flocks of these birds, many of which have been captured alive by all sorts of contrivances. Our weather has been unusually changeable, hardly the same for twenty-four hours at a time; one day quite warm and spring-like, the next day a jump to zero, then hail, sleet and rain and a rattling storm from S.E. The usual time for the linnet to visit us is about April, and I believe this is the first instance known in the memory of our "bird men" of its appearance in midwinter. They must find it difficult to obtain their accustomed food, but apparently manage to eke out a subsistence on the seeds of the withered plants which raise their heads above the snow, notably the common burdock (*Lappa officinalis*). Some, however, have been found dead, showing that they succumbed either to cold or hunger. It would be interesting to know whether the visit of this bird at this season has been confined to Nova Scotia or not.—J. MATTHEW JONES.

A DUCK'S HOMING.—Charles Bradford, of Manchester Center, who deals quite extensively in fowls, recently sent a box containing five ducks to a gentleman in Wadley Falls, Strafford county, N. H. Among the number was a black duck whose wings had not been clipped. Last Monday Mr. Bradford received a note from Wadley Falls informing him that the box had arrived all right. About 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon Bradford heard a great commotion among his fowls, and on going into the yard discovered in the center of a group of much-excited ducks, geese and hens the identical black duck that had been sent to New Hampshire only a few days before. He had flown back nearly 200 miles, evidently believing that there is no place like home.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.—At a meeting held Jan. 3, 1887, the Academy of Science elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, H. W. Harkness; 1st Vice-President, H. H. Behr; 2d Vice-President, G. Hewston; Corresponding Secretary, H. Ferrer; Recording Secretary, Chas. G. Yale; Treasurer, John Dolbeer; Librarian, Carlos Troyer; Director of Museum, J. G. Cooper. Trustees—Chas. F. Crocker, D. E. Hayes, S. W. Holladay, Thos. P. Madden, J. M. McDonald, E. J. Molera, E. L. G. Steele.

SNOWY OWL.—North East, Erie Co., Pa.—A party on a recent gunning expedition shot a large white or snowy owl near this place that measured 5ft. 6in. from tip to tip of wings. Only one wing was injured and it was captured alive, and is now on exhibition in a prominent show window. It is the first I have heard of captured in this section for some years.—A. A. A.

AN ALBINO QUAIL.—High Point, N. C., Jan. 30.—A party of gentlemen from the Bellevue Hotel, while out quail shooting last week, flushed a snow white quail, but failed to bag it. The bird is still here, and whether any one will be fortunate enough to secure it remains to be seen.—POINT.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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NO man was ever known to prevaricate as to the number or size of the fish that he captures, to stretch the blanket as to what he has done with his gun, or to lie about the performances of his own dog! Once, only once, did a doubt pass through my mind. A friend told me that he captured, with a light bass rod, a catfish that weighed 400lbs. besides the head. I raised my eye and looked at him, but his solemn visage and his reputation for truth and veracity, which at least was equal to my own, instantly dispelled every shadow of doubt.

But I started out to write about my dog Pete, not because Pete is ambitious to see his name in print, but for the benefit of science. I notice in FOREST AND STREAM that Sir John Lubbock proposes a new departure in the way of measuring the intelligence of the dog. His printed cards and colored sheets are all well enough in their way, but it struck me that if a few dog owners who read the FOREST AND STREAM—men of unquestionable veracity—would come to the front with solemn facts that have come under their own observation, that they have seen with their own eyes, in working their dogs, dogs of high intelligence, both by blood and education, it would do more toward settling the scientific questions which Sir John is striking at than any amount of experiments with common curs.

With this end in view, hoping that others may emulate my example, I propose to put upon record a couple of solemn facts relative to Pete. He is now an aged dog. Our acquaintance began in puppyhood, that is, in Pete's infancy, not my own. His highest ambition now is a cozy place on a blanket by the kitchen fire, with a plate of soft victuals now and then to satisfy the inner dog; I guess that expression is allowable, at least, I can't see why it is not just as appropriate as "inner man;" but now to the facts.

About five years ago I was out with Pete after quail—he on one side of the creek and I on the other. The weeds were high and I lost sight of him. I called him, whistled for him, sat down on a log and waited for him, but Pete did not come. I went down the creek over four miles to a log, crossed over and then back on the other side up to where I had lost sight of him. After wandering for over two hours I at last got sight of him. He was fast in the crack of a rail fence, his head and foreleg through upon one side, and his feet nearly touching the ground upon the other, upon his right side and his tongue hanging out. I rushed at once to his relief, but just before I got to him, to my utter astonishment, I flushed a flock of quail! My dog looked at me completely disgusted, but crawled through the fence and came up to me wagging his tail. Of course I understood it all. Just as he turned sideways to slip through the crack he scented the birds, and true to his blood and training, he instantly came to a point. This was years ago, when in full possession of all his faculties. But now for fact number two, indicating not only great intelligence on the part of the dog, but showing that he fully appreciates a joke.

My better half, inclined to be a little plump, is not so tall as myself by a full head. I called her one day playfully, in presence of Pete, "My little quail." Instantly he came to a point, as naturally as if she had been a real quail, except that he had one eye shut, and the end of his tail, instead of that rigidity that the hunter never fails to notice when his dog makes a true stand, was gently swinging from side to side. The fun of it is that now that woman never goes into the yard, in my presence, but old Pete instantly comes to "a point." Here we have memory, intelligence and a sense of the ludicrous combined. Can any other truthful reader of your paper come forward with any dog facts for comparison?

SOL. M. FACT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A WHITE HARE SHOOT IN SCOTLAND.

THE snow is a foot deep in the strath, and a short way up the hoary-headed bens it lies now and then in drifts wherein a man might sink far out of sight were it not that a sharp frost has covered all the snow with a thick scintillating crust. It is the very best time for steaming hot hare-soup, rich and fragrant with spices, to make one think of approaching Christmastide, and tenant's balls, cheery with the giddy whirling of Highland lasses and braw gillies, threading the mazes of the Reel O'Tulloch, and skipping to and fro in honor of Sir Roger de Coverley, may his shadow never be less!

I was very busily engaged in wrapping wire netting around the trunks of our young fruit trees, for soon the rabbits would no longer be able to scratch and dig through the snow, and then the pear and apple trees, yea, and the gooseberry bushes, so overladen but a few months before with the wherewithal for the tarts and rolly-pollies, would be stripped of their tender bark by the long incisors of the white-tails, unless protected.

The head keeper of the adjacent shooting chanced to pass by:

"Have ye any catridges loaded, lad?" he asked.

"Aye, that I have, Angus," I replied joyfully.

"Aweel, then I'll coom for ye in the morning, or mebbe ye'd better be up to the lodge, and we'll tak' three or four o' the lads an get some white hares the morrow."

He went away whistling "Jennie's bawbee," and when I ended my task I returned to the house, elated at the prospect of the morrow's sport, and not a little proud at finding that a little icicle was hanging to my moustache, a proof positive that I possessed such an article, a fact most strenuously denied by the majority of my youthful acquaintances.

The next morning I sallied forth to the keeper's lodge, my gun well greased, my boots well oiled and my cartridge bag replete. I had made but a few steps when I had to turn down the flaps of my thick cloth cap over my ears, for they tingled with the cold, and I ran along the hard road to warm myself.

"Will ye hae a drap o' this, lad?" inquired Angus, handing me not a puny pocket pistol, but an obese quart bottle that he fished out of his game bag.

"No, thank you, Angus," I said, "I never take it."

"Sae young and yet sae wicked," he remarked.

"What do you mean by that, Angus?" I asked.

"Weel, ye see," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his keen gray eye, "in all the temperance lectures I ever heerd, there was a half a baker's dozen, that is about six men and a boy, as was awful examples that had been redeemed from perdition by whoskey, so I got to thinkin' all the temperance folk must hae used to get foo afore they took to the other way."

The two under keepers and the four drivers laughed very heartily, out of respect for the head keeper and his bottle. I did the same out of general policy, and we started for the hills.

At first we made our way over lowland fields, and saw the partridges all huddled up under the lee of tall stone fences, and the pheasants grouped around stacked sheaves of wheat, placed here and there for their benefit. A few sheldrakes went flying over our heads, taking a short cut over the big bend in the river. Then we began rising and rising until we were on the moor, and could see the heather peeping at rare intervals from beneath the crumbling frosted snow.

Now and then a cock grouse arose before us with his alarmed cry, not knowing that all danger was over until the next 12th of August, and winged away his flight out of harm's reach. A couple of black cock sat far away on a stone fence, big black dots upon the snowy sheet.

The four drivers left us, and we kept on rising upon the spur of a big ben, until we reached the top, then we scattered along the summit and sat behind big boulders

awaiting results, with our cartridge bags beside us, for there might be some lively loading.

In the meanwhile the drivers were beating the peat-bogs at the foot of the mountains, shouting lustily and scaring away the hares from their hot forms. Soon I heard the guns popping near me, and presently I saw a big white hare climbing up toward me, looking on the snow like some weird, shadowy thing. Bang, and he rolled over; another comes, and he lies kicking beside the other. While I am loading a big fellow passes by me, but I manage to turn just in the nick of time and bowl him over. They keep on coming for a few minutes until the drivers reach the top of the hill and begin to pick up the dead and wounded. They are all stretched side by side upon the snow, forty odd, while we all take a rest. Then we take a long turn through the peat bogs and topple over a good many more as they arise before us. Then we turned toward home, wishing that some of our game might miraculously and on the spot be turned into reeking bowls of the savory soup, for we are very hungry and cold, and there is but a scanty remnant left in the big-bellied bottle.

The way home seemed short enough, however, for albeit Douglas Jerrold hath said that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, I have not found it so, and think that since his time either the Scots have changed or else Douglas knew not whereof he spoke, and right merrily we jested on our way home, and spoke of just such another hunt for the next week.

G. V. S.

ON THE TRAIL OF AN ELK.

SINCE taking up my residence in the Centennial State, I have made a practice of taking at least one month of each year to gratify a natural liking for hunting, fishing and a general good time among the beautiful scenery with which nature has provided the peaks, passes, gorges, plains and parks of the Rocky Mountains. Here we find country fitted to the needs and habits of a great variety of game. The rolling prairie is the natural home of the antelope. Rough and almost inaccessible mountain sides and peaks furnish comparative safety for the sure-footed mountain sheep, while the thickly wooded and more level portions abound in deer, elk, etc. Bear, mountain lion, wildcat, lynx, beaver and many other species of game are met with in their natural haunts, while the innumerable streams afford trout fishing seldom equaled. He would be a very exacting sportsman indeed who could not find sufficient use for both rod and gun while passing through the hunting and fishing grounds of western Colorado. So much for an introduction, and now that I come to the story part, one hardly knows which hunting yarn to tell first.

The incident of which I write occurred during the return journey of a month's hunting trip up in the Rabbit Ear Mountains and North Park region. My two companions and myself were on an old Indian trail crossing the mountain toward home, with our saddle and pack horses, traveling when we felt like it, fishing and hunting as inclination or our larder required, and having a time that no sportsman who could endure our mode of travel or manner of living could help enjoying.

We had left the Rabbit Ears early in the morning, and after crossing the Grand River struck into the Arapahoe Mountains heading toward the snowy range or Continental Divide.

Six miles from the ridge of perpetual snow we came suddenly upon one of the beautiful parks so often met with in these mountains; it contained about 400 acres, nearly as level as the prairie, and was inclosed on all sides by dense woods and rough mountains. Through the park ran a little stream that was literally swarming with trout, and whom should we here encounter but a party of Boulders' citizens with well-filled trout baskets, having a most exciting time pulling the fish from the clear waters of the stream. We were invited to take dinner with our friends at their tent, and in the course of an hour or so were enjoying ourselves as hungry hunters generally can when traveling through the mountains, and in this clear, pure, appetizing air. Elk, antelope and deer were furnished from our supplies, while trout in abundance were furnished by our friends. Flapjacks were our bread and coffee our drink. No wagon could get where we were and of course dishes were not in great abundance, but hunters in the mountains soon accustom themselves to knife, fork, spoon, tin cup and plate; cotton sacks serve as pepper box, sugar bowl, for sacks will not break and still more important, will pack. Some of the party concluded to rest at camp, some to fish, while five others with myself concluded to hunt in the adjacent hills for deer and elk. Shouldering our rifles we struck out for an afternoon's ramble for what we could find. I had never hunted with any of the party, but before going very far it became apparent to me that if I got any game I must go it alone. So leaving the noisy crew I took my course along the side of the mountain until I came to some soft ground, where a little spring of clear water came bubbling from the side of the hill, forming by its moisture a green spot below for several rods. Upon looking carefully I saw elk tracks with muddy water in them. I watched the water for a moment, and as it cleared so rapidly I became convinced that my approach had frightened the elk away, and that it had been drinking the water from the spring or eating the grass from below it. In either case I concluded that he was not so very far away, and thought I would follow his trail as far as I could and try and get a shot if possible. To my joy I found upon tracing him down to the cañon below that he had gone toward camp and against the wind, two circumstances greatly in my favor.

After tracing him as far as the ground would permit I concluded that he would not leave the gulch until reaching an easier place to get out than the steep sides which run along for some distance in advance of me. Thus reasoning I cautiously followed the gulch, which was from 10 to 40yds. in width. Keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, peering around each bend and angle before exposing myself to view. I went in this manner for some distance, but no game gladdened my sight. The only thing that kept my spirits up was that the sides of the gulch had been so steep since I lost the trail on the hard ground that I was reasonably certain that I was on the right track. Keeping on a little way further I came to a little draw taking out of the main gulch, and upon examination I found fresh tracks leading up toward the ridge and in the direction where I thought the boys were. This began to look bad for me for it placed me to windward and traveling directly from camp, but determined to try a little longer, I made my way up on top of the ridge, and looking carefully around caught sight of a splendid pair of antlers about 150yds. away and moving slowly along, but the trees hid him too much to allow anything like a sure shot; and not wishing to be long directly to "wind" from him, I concluded to go down into the gulch again, retrace my steps a short distance, come up in advance of the elk and wait for him to come along. Just as I thought I was far enough down and was making my way carefully up the steep sides of the ravine, I was getting right down to some of the finest Indian stealthiness ever practiced when bang! bang! bang! bang! went four rifles, and rattle-te-bang they went again as fast as two Winchesters, a Maynard and Sharps could be fired, right ahead in the immediate vicinity of my elk. I thought surely I had driven the game right on to the boys and they were having the greater part of the sport while all my hard work and nicely laid plans were knocked in the head, and determined to be in at the death anyhow, so I went quickly up the hill about 200yds, where I found the rest of my party peppering away at a grouse up in the top of the tall spruce trees. The bird was finally shot. Dr. E. told me that at the time they began firing at the bird he imagined he saw something stirring a little way up the ridge, but thinking he was mistaken, he had turned his attention to bombarding the grouse with the rest of the boys. I told him my impression was that he did see something stirring up the ridge, and had he waited a few moments before firing at the bird he might have had something worth shooting at, an elk, for instance. He then asked if I knew anything about an elk being there, to which I replied that I had a faint inkling of the whereabouts of some such an animal, as I had been chasing him for the last three hours and had finally located him at about the place he mentioned. I then went there and found evidence that I was correct in thinking the doctor had seen my elk, or rather that the elk had been there and had turned squarely around in his trail and taken the back track. About discouraged, yet concluding, as the trail led nearly in the direction of camp, to follow it on a little, I again made a start and had reached a point about a quarter of a mile directly south of camp when I lost all trace of the game. The country was quite level, and so hard that no tracks could be found. Tired by this time I concluded to take a rest, then march into camp with the same shell in my rifle that I left with. Seating myself comfortably upon a fallen tree, I was thinking matters over, when to my astonishment I saw my elk, or at least an elk, walking slowly along 70yds. from me and almost directly in front of me. It was probably the one that I had been after all the afternoon and had in some way passed, but now I knew he was mine. Bringing my Maynard to bear on the right spot of the noble animal as he passes nearly broadside to me, I touch the trigger and have my reward for the four hours of tramping and trailing. And now, as I think of that half day's trail, I am certain it gives me more pleasure than it would had I shot him at the spring where I first discovered him, for then I would not have had the keen anticipation of coming excitement and sport which sometimes give more pleasure than the results themselves.

MAYNARD.

IN THE UPPER PENINSULA.

O'TRAIN, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking an item from this great game and fish resort, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, would interest your readers, I offer you the following, my experience with a lucky Ohio editor, my part in the incident being that of "guide and companion:" My lucky man was Mr. J. H. Newton, editor of the Newark, Ohio, *Daily Advocate*. He came to this locality, to fish and hunt, in the latter part of August last. After engaging my assistance we made proper arrangements, providing ourselves with the necessary supplies, and started down the south shore of Lake Superior, in a small boat in a little inland lake called Beaver Lake, which is some twenty-five miles eastward of this place. On our way down we stopped at what is known as the old Bay Furnance dock, to catch trout and camp for the night. Around this old dock are occasionally to be found as large and fine specimens of speckled trout as swim in Lake Superior. The water, however, being still and deep, Mr. Newton was not very successful in catching them with flies or any of his artificial devices. Angle worms were not to be found here, and minnows were exceedingly scarce. After hard work I succeeded in capturing three small minnows, and with these Mr. N. was not more than fifteen minutes in landing three fine trout, averaging 2¼lbs. each. That evening and the next morning he took in all nine of these handsome trout, all weighing from 2 to 3lbs.—seven being taken with live minnows and two with artificial devices. We then went on to Beaver Lake, which is situated close to the shore of Lake Superior, where we went into camp. Here we found excellent opportunity for fishing and hunting. The little lake was full of small-mouthed black bass and the brook that carried its waters into Lake Superior, with its many little cataracts and cascades, was full of small trout. We found it an easy matter to take more bass and trout than we knew what to do with. Mr. N. one day took two fine small-mouthed bass (one with a fly and the other trolling with a phantom minnow) that weighed over 7lbs each. These were the finest specimens I had ever seen, even in this region. On the night of the 26th of August I took Mr. N. out on the little lake to hunt deer. He had never hunted deer before in his life, and it was plain that he was a novice. But the result showed that what he lacked in skill and experience he made up in pure luck. I had a Winchester rifle which I instructed him how to use, and after giving him such other instructions as he needed, I placed him behind the head-light at the front of the boat, and we started around a small bay or arm of the lake. We had scarcely proceeded half-way around the little bay, when the reflection of our lamp came in contact with a deer's eye. It resembled a ball of fire gliding on top of the water. In an instant another "ball of fire" was espied about ten feet behind the first one. Two deer had attempted to swim across the little bay, and were then directly in front of our boat. Our light confused them, and I rapidly pushed the boat toward them. Seeing they could not pass in front of us they turned about and started to swim from us. I pushed the boat forward as quietly as possible and gained upon them at every stroke. The deer again changed course and started to return to the shore they had come from. I followed close behind and continued to gain upon them until their heads and necks were in plain view, and Mr. N. had a splendid shot. In a whisper I told him to shoot. He raised the gun and commenced taking aim, but he seemed so slow about it that I began to get nervous. "Shoot," said I again, in a louder whisper. He continued to take aim, but to my utter disgust failed to pull the trigger. The two deer were swimming close beside each other and were fast approaching the shore, but at this instant one of them passed in front of the other, so that both were directly in line with the barrel of the Winchester, and Mr. N. was still taking aim at them as if he was determined to either make a sure thing of it or allow the deer to get away without a shot. Again I said "Shoot," and he finally blazed away. I instantly saw that he had killed them both, for they immediately dropped over in the water; but not knowing what he had done, Mr. N. threw out the old shell and again raised the rifle. "Hold on, they are both dead," said I. "The deuce they are," said he, looking forward in the utmost astonishment, whereupon he proceeded to give utterance to a series of ejaculations and exclamations, expressive of his surprise and astounding amazement, which he continued for about five minutes. In the meantime I pushed the boat forward to where the deer were bleeding and struggling in the water. One of them was a fine large doe and the other a yearling buck. The Winchester ball had crashed through the neck of the doe, breaking the spine, and through the head of the little buck. A more effectual shot could not have been made by the most skillful marksman and hunter, but my editor insisted it was only chance luck. The next day we carved an account of our exploit on the trunk of a tree close to our tent. We remained in camp some eight days and feasted on venison, trout, bass and huckleberries, which my editorial companion seemed to enjoy immensely. We could have killed more deer as we saw them every day, but Mr. N. seemed to think it would be cruel slaughter to kill more than we could use, and I cordially coincided with him in his humane views in this regard.

GUS DOUCETTE.

BEAR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Bruin," in issue of Jan. 20, says he has spent several hundred dollars for dogs, trying to get the right kind for hunting bears.

I have killed 73 bears, and the best dog I ever saw to follow and stop a bear was a little short-legged yellow cur. He would nip the bear's hind parts, and as the bear whirled to catch him, or threw himself backward for a grab, the little dog, always on the alert, would skip back just out of reach of his enemy's paws, and as soon as the game started to go, he would "chaw his bacon" again, and in this way so annoyed the bear that he soon came to bay.

A dog of great courage that will make a strong grab generally pays for his tenacity with broken limbs or his life. Still it requires courage in a dog to attack so large a beast as a bear, and the dog must possess a strong capacity for scenting, as the bear leaves a very small quantity of odor, especially after the track is twenty-four hours old.

A bear broke the chain of the trap in which he was caught last September, in the town of Phillips, Me., and the boy who went to tend the trap, took his little cur dog with him, and with the dog followed the bear two miles. When the boy came up the cur and bear sat a few feet apart eyeing each other, the dog barking just enough to let his master know he had him.

It is not common for a bear to tree when followed by dogs, preferring to stand a chance of embracing his enemy, and woe to the poor brute that gets into his clutches.

I know your correspondent's brother, the bear hunter of Roxbury, Me., and a successful one he is, too. Two years ago he killed nine bears in one oak grove. J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Correspondent "Bruin" speaks with pride of his dog jumping on a bear's back after the bear had struck him with his paw. That will do to tell to marines. A hunter knows better—unless it was a cub that struck the dog. When an old bear gets in a blow on a dog, the latter "has had his day." A few years ago a bear got disturbed in his den, and all the dogs in several towns had a try at him with their owners, for fourteen days, and no dog brought the bear to a stand, but several got their backs broken. This was in Franklin county, Me. URSUS.

BIG-GUNS IN VIRGINIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is the best authority for stating that parties in Alexandria, Va., have conspired to introduce into the State Legislature (which will soon convene) a bill authorizing State, district or county officers to sell licenses for use of large guns (now illegal) in shooting ducks, etc., and that they have secured the services of an able and well-known lawyer of that city to manage the affairs by lobbying and otherwise.

If such a bill should pass, and the license fee be set high, then a comparatively few pot-hunters and wealthy men may monopolize duck shooting in the State, and if the fee be moderate or low, then so many might avail themselves of the privilege as to keep the big-guns booming everywhere ducks venture to alight. In either event, the result would be nearly the same, for those fowl that escape death would seek safer and quieter regions.

The FOREST AND STREAM reaches a good number of those legislators who must vote on the proposed bill, and in that way and otherwise it may prove a defender of the interests of the great army of gunners who do not desire to kill for the sake of filling the market, and have neither inclination nor leisure to indulge themselves in licenses for wholesale destruction of water fowl of any kind. Give us your aid to frustrate the plan of the selfish few in the interest of the better many. H.

KENT SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE.—At a meeting held recently in Grand Rapids, Mich., an election of officers of the Kent Scientific Institute of that city resulted as follows: President, E. S. Holmes: Vice-President, W. A. Greeson; Secretary, C. A. Whittemore; Treasurer, Samuel L. Fuller; Corresponding Secretary, E. S. Holmes; Director of Museum, W. A. Greeson; Curator, E. L. Moseley; Librarian, E. L. Moseley.

OPENING THE CHICKEN SEASON.

IN this famed valley of the Northern Red, where the earth lies spread out for miles on miles flatter than the flattest pancake, where waving fields of ripening wheat are interspersed with strips of meadow and grassy slew, where the hum of the reaper startles the timorous grouse, and the gayly-plumed mallard fans the morning zephyr with lusty wings, the opening of the autumn season is indeed a gala day with sportsmen. Excited gunners, eager dogs and conveyances of every description begin to swarm over the golden fields of bristling stubble long before silver-footed Thetis rises from her coral-studded ocean chamber to clinch the eastern sky, and ere the lark leaves her nest to greet the smiling morn are heard the whirr of wings and the booming of guns. The lawyer is there to file his ever ready demurrer, the scribe to keep the "cases," while the jolly medicine man comes prepared to "bind up the wounds of the afflicted," and when at early noon we gather beneath the shade to revel in sandwiches, titled monarchs could not possess lighter hearts nor better appetites.

The pale crescent of the harvest moon peeped out now and then from behind laggard clouds, and from the belfry tower the deep-toned bell clanged the hour of midnight, Aug. 14, 188—. Here and there the dim light of a dingy lantern or the rattle of carriage wheels announced the departure, countryward, of divers and sundry parties of sportsmen, each intent on circumventing the "other feller" in the selection of shooting grounds within easy drive of the slumbering city. Squire M., Jake B., Billy P. and the writer made up one of these parties. For days beforehand the proposed "grand opening" had monopolized conversation to the exclusion of everything else pretty nearly; the best locality, all things considered; the probable condition of the weather, all were discussed; the lack of greater diversity of opinion being largely due to the fact that only four took part in these preliminary exercises. But the auspicious moment arrived at last, and as we boarded the canopy-topped "Tinckin" behind a spanking pair of sorrels, a happier party of men and dogs it would have been difficult to find. A couple of hours' drive over a smooth country road, and we halt in close proximity to an inviting slew where M. and B. alight, while Billy and I restrain the impatient dogs, leaving the ubiquitous Jehu to hold the even ribbons over the scarcely less restive horses. Bangety—bang—bang! and a couple of hooded mergansers fall to a neat double from the "Square's" Baker, while Jake scores a teal with his right and a clean miss with the left barrel of his "s—sk—sky-scraping old S—S—Scott." The handsome William had alighted with two powerful setters in leash—for the expressed purpose of stretching his "bean poles," when, as the sharp reports awoke a sleeping shikepoke hard by, and the able-bodied descendants of Gordon and Llewellin began to sniff fun in the air, about six feet of humanity, strangely commingled with dog meat and maledictions, lay kicking and squirming amid the damp grass. To the interested onlookers the scene was ludicrous in the extreme, but no smile wreathed the countenance of the genial William, as he slowly picked himself up and eliminated the grass and dog hairs from his comely person.

Another half hour's drive and the "Square's" "pinter" comes to a beautiful stand near the edge of a freshly gardened wheatfield. The remaining two dogs, which, since the episode at the slew, had been kept in close confinement by way of punishment, were now released and backed the rigid pointer in fine style. The dexterity with which P. got his "Ithaca" in shooting trim was sufficient evidence that his ardor had not been dampened by his recent fall, even if the grass was wet, and I had scarce filled my pocket with shells and gotten well into line when a "chicken" rose with a bur-r-r, only to tumble headlong to his well-directed aim. Four more birds from this bevy of eight, all told, in due time found their way to our game pockets, while three, having run the gauntlet, escaped. After beating the cover carefully without an additional rise, we proceeded to find another covey. For some reason, somewhat to our disappointment, chickens did not prove so plentiful as we had hoped, which suggested that sundry pot-hunting scapegraces, devoid of the law-abiding honor of sportsmen, had, probably, carefully "reconnoitered" this locality before our visit. This hypothesis was very much strengthened by the fact that when, after the most diligent hunting on the part of the faithful and well-bred dogs, a stand was made and four guns were thrown into position in anticipation of a big covey, a lonesome cock or an old hen would flush wild and make off with much querulous sputtering, followed closely by half a pound of No. 8 shot as eight barrels cheered on his or her fast gathering speed.

Ten o'clock found us drawing near to a chain of pond-like slews, having only three ducks and thirteen chickens in the ice-box, and a dazzling sun was beating down upon us most unmercifully. As we drew near the first pond the suffering dogs, disregarding all commands, dashed through the heavy margin of grass and reeds, and were soon paddling contentedly in the cooling waters beyond, causing a couple of teal to take wing. One of them the "Square" carefully stowed away in the capacious game pocket of his shooting coat a few moments later, while the other gracefully tumbled to my right barrel. Sending the team to a neighboring farmhouse, where branching shade trees and a cool-looking veranda extended a mute invitation for a delightsome nooning, we proceeded to take in the slews by way of adding a trifle of keenness to an already tolerably robust appetite. Patiently and zealously we threaded the tangled slew grass without a shot, until, wearied with the exercise, we threw our tired limbs upon the soft meadow grass to rest and hold a council of war. With what a charming sense of solid comfort did we drink in the sweet perfume of the flowering meadow. But oh! how Old Sol did pour down his sizzling rays upon our already blistering necks. "Mark south!" Sure enough, there go seven bouncing mallards into a slew about half a mile from our resting place. Instantly every man is on his feet, the scorching rays of the sun forgotten, and with stealthy steps we draw near to reconnoiter. Cautiously each in turn takes a peek. There sit the mallards proudly floating upon the glassy pond. As the slew is some 300yds. in length, the "Square" and B. conclude to go round to the head of the pond, leaving the now exultant William and myself to "take 'em" as they come out, provided there are any left to come out after being interviewed by our veteran comrades-in-arms. Impatiently we wait, hugging the tall grass and semi-occasionally taking a peep at the unsuspecting ducks paddling well up the pound. Presently the helmet caps of the "Square" and his companion can be seen approaching from the opposite direction. The mallards begin to straighten up their long necks suspiciously, and a moment later bound into the air with one magnificent sweep of powerful wings. Three of them stop to the sharp reports of the two guns, while the remaining four, badly "rattled" and flying widely apart, come sweeping down the narrow pond directly for our stand. Now, if ever, was the opportunity for Billy and me to show the "Square" and Jake "just how it ought to be done." On came the ducks, and with finger on trigger we held our breath and waited. "Now's our time!" says P., and with the simultaneous reports of our arms, a pair of old drakes pitch into the grass; and as the remaining brace climb higher toward the zenith a couple of ounces of shot send the feathers flying skyward, while two inanimate mallards bowl headlong into a neighboring cornpatch. "Good boys!" comes from the further end of the slew, and we feel that the compliment is merited.

Twenty minutes later we were seated upon the shady porch of the farmhouse, and the manner in which a beautiful cold luncheon and a generous pitcher of rich, creamy milk disappeared would have created a panic in the average boarding-house. The party then repaired to a newly built granary, where tired limbs were stretched upon clean, sweetly-smelling pine boards, and men and dogs enjoyed an hour's refreshing sleep.

The arrival of another hunting "outfit" awoke us in time to be the eye witnesses of an impromptu scrape between the dogs belonging to our party and those of the newcomers. This trifling unpleasantness was, however, nipped in the bud, and as the western heavens unmistakably betokened a heavy thunder shower, we judged it best to hitch up and jog homeward, stopping to levy tribute upon any chance covey of birds the dogs might locate. The first few miles of the way proved uneventful, P. devoting his time to making valuable suggestions to the driver, while the balance of us found temporary relief from anxiety—as the muttering thunder grew momentarily louder and the heavens darker—in bursts of laughter at the interesting fragmentary dialogues which ever and anon took place between that worthy and Sweet William. As the harsh roar of the gathering storm increased in volume, the deep-chested, mettlesome steeds settled to their work and the long swinging trot had already left the "longer half" of the turnpike behind, when the necessity of forthwith seeking shelter forced itself upon our attention as great, splashing drops of rain rattled upon the buggy top and pitted the dusty roadway like so many bullets. "Just as I told you," apostrophizes the querulous William, "here we are a mile and a half from nowhere and a 'regular old he' cyclone upon us. We ought to have stopped when I wanted to, back there at the house by the creek." A hasty glance at the gloomy situation more than half verified P.'s ominous forebodings. Great masses of inky black clouds were rolling and tumbling and vomiting forth forked lightning, while the general roar of the fast approaching tornado was now and then drowned in crashes of thunder so terrible that it seemed as if the nervous horses would spring through their harness. Bad as the situation certainly was, the only thing left for us was to continue our already uncomfortable journey until we could make a farmhouse a little more than a mile further on, where, from the appearance of the outbuildings, we felt sure, shelter for our horses could be obtained. On we sped, quartering the now bursting tempest, the "Square" drawing the ribbons, while chunks of mud very plentifully bespattered everybody and torrents of rain and frequent down-pourings of savagely biting hail increased the discomfort of man and beast. Ear-splitting thunder claps, dazzling lightning, flying sheaves of grain, yelping dogs, swaying buggy and well-nigh frantic horses completed a picture, sublimely entrancing and long to be remembered; but thanks to the strong and skillful arm of "Square" M., the dilapidated "Timkin," with something of the mud-scow-in-action appearance, finally rolled up under the sheltering roof of a spacious shed. The dripping horses were quickly rubbed down and blanketed and each of us gazed into the mud-begrimed countenances of the others with a feeling of temporary relief, while the drenched and shivering dogs with drooping ears and tails hugged dispiritedly between trembling limbs sought the grateful comfort of a straw pile.

For a full hour we are glad to look forth upon the terrible tempest of whose fury we had lately been the sport, and when, at last, "the clouds roll by, Jennie," another start is made, notwithstanding that the rain still descends, though in somewhat less blinding sheets. A mile on our way a chicken is spied upon the sheltered side of a shock of wheat, while three elongated necks stretch up from the dripping stubble to view the strange caravan. This sight is too much for the "Square," who draws rein with the remark, "We came after chickens, you know," and forthwith prepares to "limber-up" his Baker. P. and I follow suit, and in exactly two minutes by the watch four more chickens are tossed into the buggy and the cavalcade moves on to close the chapter of our first outing, without mishap or further incident.

A. B. GUPTILL.

FARGO, Dak.

NEBRASKA NOTES.—Salem, Neb., Jan. 25.—We have had a very open winter, with but one snow to amount to anything. The few quail that were left after last winter's blizzards did well last summer; if we have no such weather this winter we will have some to shoot next season. Prairie chickens are doing well and seem to be as plentiful as last season. The "city chap from town" is exterminating our prairie chickens. He pays no attention to the law, but goes out with dog and gun in July and August and wipes out whole broods before they are strong enough to get out of the way. Robins, blackbirds and meadow larks are here yet, and act as though they intend to stay with us through the rest of the winter. Last night I heard a flock of geese going north.—J. F. L.

THE MAINE DEER LAW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No action has yet been taken on the petition before the Maine Legislature to permit the hounding of deer in that State, though it is pretty certain that it never can get beyond the committee. But the true inwardness of the movement is none the less apparent. The way the FOREST AND STREAM handled the matter last week editorially was simply grand, and such a strong argument is bound to be felt, even in the State House at Augusta.—SPECIAL.

SUCCESS WITH WILD CELERY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some three years since I wrote you making inquiry about wild celery, where to obtain the seed or bulbs preparatory to sowing or setting the same. In response I received a short note announcing that you were not sufficiently posted in regard to the matter to give me directions, or to post me upon the same. You, however, did send me a copy of your paper published Jan. 5, 1882, in which was an article on the subject, written by Mr. D. W. Cross, of Cleveland, Ohio. It was stated to me in your letter that this was the best article you had seen written upon the subject, and advised me to write to Mr. Cross, when I would most likely find out all he knew upon the subject, and get such instructions as he might be able to give in the matter.

I had for a number of years shot in the fall, at the pond north of this city known as Wood's Pond, or Big Sandy Creek Pond, on the bank of Ontario Lake, Jefferson county, and near Big Sandy Creek. I have always felt considerable interest in this pond. There is and has been for years there a heavy growth of wild rice, which proves attractive to ducks in the fall, especially of the more common class. There was no wild celery at this place. The result was that ducks calling for this kind of feed frequented this pond only in limited numbers, say redheads, canvasbacks, etc. I was, of course, much interested in regard to the growing of celery at this place. I wanted, if possible, to make this pond attractive for all kinds of ducks. I conversed with many who knew the ground well (perhaps better than I did). I was discouraged. It was said the ground was not adapted to its growth. Suffice it to say I wrote to Mr. Cross (who, by the way, proved to be very much of a gentleman as well as a sportsman). He knew, if not all, much about wild celery. He gave me many new ideas regarding its reproduction, and proffered to me much advice. I made an order through a friend of mine, for seeds and bulbs, and through his advice and by his directions sowed the seed and planted the bulbs at various points on the pond known as Big Sandy Pond.

In your letter to me you desired me to write and inform you of my success in the undertaking. Last fall, late in October, I went there again. I found the wild celery seed sown had taken fully and well. The bulbs also had proved effective and had come up in great abundance. But few parties residing there knew what it was. Examination showed, that in the short time since it was sown and planted it had come up in great profusion and that even now the plant has become quite abundant. It has taken root where I really had but slight hopes of its coming and is now proving to be quite abundant. Instead of the ground being unadapted for it, the reverse is true, and it grows splendidly. I find it grows well on the marsh ground when the water is less than a foot deep. I find it grows well on hard ground, shallow water, or on same ground, water 5 to 8ft. deep. In fact I find no difficulty in producing it anywhere about this marsh. I call it a grand success. There is no doubt but what the inhabitants will be perfectly satisfied in three years from now that they have all the wild celery on their grounds they want. At the present time it has become quite abundant and there is no doubt about its success. Poperly sown or planted, I have no doubt that it can be raised on most any marsh about the country. The seed is easy to get, and it is not hard to get the bulbs. A little care exercised in sowing and planting is about all required.

S. E. KINGSLEY.

THE MICHIGAN CONVENTION.

THE twelfth annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association assembled at the Pioneer Rooms in the capitol at Lansing, Tuesday evening, Jan. 18. Delegates were present from the Bay County Sportsmen's Club, of Bay City; Kent County Sportsmen's Club and the Pottawatomie Club, of Grand Rapids; Kalamazoo Game and Fish Protective Association, of Kalamazoo; Battle Creek and St. Joseph County Field and Sporting Club, of White Pigeon. A number of individual members were also present, and a number of the members of the Legislature were present during the various discussions and some of them took part.

After the usual routine business of opening, the Association invited members of the Legislature and all others interested in the subject under discussion to attend and participate and then adjourned until the following morning.

On reassembling in the morning, Mr. H. H. Briggs, of the California State Sportsmen's Association, who was present as a visitor, kindly favored us with a description of the work done and the results accomplished by the California Association.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of Messrs. A. H. Mershon and A. J. Holt, deceased, members of the Association, were read, adopted and ordered spread upon the records.

The Association then listened to the address of the President, which was a resumé of the work of the Association for the past twelve years with a statement of its results as they appear on the Michigan statute book, and an earnest appeal for the appointment of game wardens.

The Committee on Law made a report recommending that the Association use its best efforts to induce the Legislature to pass laws.

1. Providing for game wardens.
2. Prohibiting spring shooting.
3. Making possession of game out of season *prima facie* evidence of illegal killing.
4. Amending the criminal trespass law so as to require owners of lands to post the same before they could prosecute a trespasser criminally.

Considerable discussion arose in regard to the details of the report, the manner of appointing wardens, their power, duties and compensation, spring shooting, etc. At the close of the discussion it was unanimously resolved that the Association earnestly request the Legislature to enact laws upon the subjects recommended by the committee, and particularly that it enact the game warden bill, introduced by A. L. Lakey, a member of the Association. After recess for dinner the Association listened to the reports of the committee on enforcement and publication, which were short. The publication of the next volume of the Association's proceedings was left in the hands of the directors with power to act.

The annual reports of the officers were then read and approved. The next annual meeting was ordered held at

Detroit, Jan. 19, 1888. The following officers were then elected: President, E. S. Holmes, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Secretary, M. Norris, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Treasurer, N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek. Director, four years, A.L. Lakey, Kalamazoo.

The following delegates were elected to represent the Association at the next annual meeting of the National Association for the Protection of Game Birds and Fish: E. S. Holmes, M. Norris, E. C. Lancaster, H. Widdicomb and E. C. Nichols, after which the meeting adjourned *sine die.* M. NORRIS, Secretary.

HOME-MADE EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An acquaintance of mine says, "You are liable to pick up a useful point from any darn fool," and you are partially indebted to the saying for this communication. I noted "Mark West's" inquiry concerning explosive bullets. Five years ago he answered in FOREST AND STREAM a letter of mine, and I freely acknowledge that I was benefited. Now, perhaps, I can give him a point in return. I have used explosive bullets for years, but only in one pattern of rifle—the military Snyder-Enfield .577 bore. The bullet in the service ammunition is very soft. In attempting to drill a hole in the point to make a "spatter ball," I discovered that in the interior was a cylindrical cavity about .18in. in diameter, and ⅛in. long. I cut the point of the ball square off so as to expose the hollow and reamed out the front slightly with an old woodscrew countersink. I then filled the hole in the front of the bullet with fine powder. Taking an iron, headless shoe nail, such as the old people here call a "sparrowbill," I pressed the point down through the powder till it stood firmly on the lead at the bottom, and the length of the nail being slightly less than that of the hole in the bullet, this left the head end flush with the bottom of the countersink. Then I took a Berdan shotshell primer (called "sauce-pan primers" by boys here), and with a punch seated it carefully but firmly on the nail head. This closed the cavity. The nail acted as an "anvil" to aid in igniting the primer. The very slightly projecting rim of lead kept the primer from being unseated by an unlucky blow, and in a magazine gun I should think it would prevent its being exploded by a blow from the butt of the succeeding cartridge. At the same time it does not injuriously affect the ignition of the primer, for in my opinion a bullet should not explode in an animal before touching a bone. There would be danger in one that did, and I would fool with no dynamite bullet.

The above described is as deadly a projectile as I would care to use, and I think one on that principle could be made for any rifle. Carefully planted, it would knock the life out of any animal that walks. Fired into a green white maple it exploded within an inch of the surface, and in the end of a dry spruce log on a line with the grain of wood within three inches. I have seen the main part of the bullet twisted into the form of a small rod of lead four inches long. If this description is not clear, and your correspondent would care to see a doctored cartridge, I could send one by express. L. I. FLOWER.

MACDONALD'S CORNER, N. B.

THE MEGANTIC CLUB.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing the Megantic Fish and Game Club, was held in the Parker House, in this city, on the evening of January 27. A number of enthusiastic sportsmen, who had visited the Megantic and Dead River Regions, and had enjoyed the rare sport that is offered there to all lovers of the gun and rod, had some time previously formed a temporary organization for the purpose of protecting the fish and game in that section, and as a result about 130 gentlemen had signified their intention of becoming members of the club when formed. The territory to be operated lies on both sides of the International boundary extending from the Spider Lake and Megantic region across to and including some of the Seven Ponds in Maine.

The party sat down to a beautiful dinner at 7:30 o'clock. It was expected that Col. Gustavus Lucke, United States Consul at Sherbrooke, P. Q., would preside, but in his absence Mr. Ubert K. Pettingill, of Boston, was elected chairman. It was voted that the association be called the Megantic Fish and Game Club, and that the objects of the association be the enforcement of the fish and game laws, the propagation of fish and game, the leasing, hiring and purchasing of lands and waters for hunting, fishing and shooting purposes.

The usual articles relative to the election of officers, qualifications for membership, etc., were gone through with and consented to as far as could be done at this meeting. It was discussed to place the capital stock of the corporation at $50,000 divided into 500 shares at a value of $100 per share, or a capital stock of $12,500 divided into 500 shares at a par value of $25, and subsequently place a premium upon the shares. In either plan it was decided to issue 200 shares at a value of $25, and after they were disposed of to issue 100 more at $50 per share; after these were all taken no more should be sold for less than their full value ($100), none of the remaining 200 shares can be disposed of till voted upon by the board of directors. This will give the club an available capital of $30,000, not including income yearly from assessments, and it was voted that an assessment sufficient to carry on the operations of the club, which, however, cannot exceed $10 in any one year, shall be levied on each share. To gain admission to the club a nine-tenths vote of all the members present at a regular meeting of the club is required, and the applicant must be the possessor of at least one share, but the possession of a share does not necessarily entitle a person to membership; in other words, any person may become a stockholder but not a member until he is voted in. The annual meeting of the stockholders must be held in Maine, the annual meetings of members and the annual dinner in Boston. The regular meetings of members for social purposes and receiving reports must be held on the second Tuesday of January, March, May, July, September and November; the May meeting in Sherbrooke, P. Q., the July and September meetings at the club house, the November meeting in New York and the remainder in Boston, which is constituted the headquarters of the club. Steps will be taken as soon as possible to incorporate the club under the juristion of the Province of Quebec. These officers were elected: President, Col. Gustavus Lucke, of Sherbrooke, P. Q.; Vice-Presidents, Ubert K. Pettingill, of Boston; I. O. Woodruff, of New York. Secretary, Heber Bishop, M. D., of Boston; Treasurer, Geo. C. Ainsworth, of Boston; Directors—Major W. A. Morehouse, Francis P. Buck, G. Henry Gorden and D. Thomas, of Sherbrooke, P. Q.; Hon. Henry Aylmer, of Richmond, P. Q.; Rufus H. Pope, of Cookshire, P. Q., and Alexander H. Ross, of Gould, P. Q.; Capt. C. W. Hinman, Erastus Willard, Dr. Fred A. Cook, Chas. S. Hanks, Col. S. Harrington, J. P. Bates and J. N. Frye, of Boston; Henry W. Nason, Prof. Alfred M. Mayer and John W. Mason, of New York; Clerk of Corporation, Mr. Harry Butler, of Portland, Me.

It was decided to leave the appointment of game wardens to the Executive Board, which will meet shortly, but at the urgent request of Dr. Bishop, who put forward the claim of the pressing needs of a paid warden at once, owing to the great depth of snow already in the region and the nearness of the close season, it was voted that the secretary be given the authority to select one warden on the Canadian side of the boundary at a salary not to exceed $2 per day, and his duties to commence immediately after receiving confirmation from Quebec. Dr. Bishop recommended Mr. Peter Matheson, of Winslow, P. Q., a former government game warden, for that situation, and he was unanimously appointed.

The appointment of a head fish and game overseer and resident manager was left over till the meeting of the Executive Board, together with other appointments of assistant wardens in Quebec and Maine. At this meeting also the constitution, by-laws, rules, etc., will be finally passed upon, leases and purchases ratified, the plans and specifications for the club house passed and a building committee and other committees formed.

It was voted that in consideration of the kindness and assistance rendered the club by Messrs. Chas. P. Hazeltine, L. A. Knowlton and Wm. H. Hall, of Belfast, Me., who have leased the exclusive hunting and fishing rights pertaining to their township, lying alongside the international boundary to the club, they be made honorary members with full privileges.

At the close of the meeting 155 of the 200 shares issued were taken by members and their friends, including a reserve for the directors in the Province of Quebec, and subsequently 15 more, and it is expected that the remaining 30 of the $25 shares will shortly be taken up. The company broke up a little after midnight feeling well pleased with the flattering success of their first meeting.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 31.

WHOOPING CRANES.

ONE evening in the latter part of November, 1884, (I was then living near the Missouri River) I took my single shotgun and my .32-cal. 18in. pocket rifle and went up to a small lake, expecting to get some ducks. Not finding any ducks on the lake and hearing some sandhill cranes making a good deal of noise out on the river, I went out to see if I could get one of them. When I came in sight of them they were in the edge of the water on the opposite shore from me and among them were four white cranes. As I had never killed a white crane I was particularly anxious to get one of these and wished for my .40-90 rifle, but had no great expectations of getting one with the .32 short. Walking up to within a few yards of the water I elevated the sights of the little gun, and drawing down to the barrel on the front sight, I fired at the nearest of the white birds, which I guessed to be about 100yds. away. At the report of the gun, the white cranes and a few of the sandhills rose and flew toward my side of the river, and when they came nearer I saw one of the white ones had a broken leg. They went down the river about 250yds. from me and the wounded bird settled in some shallow water, but the others went back to the main flock. I went down to get my crane, and as it was still able to stand I kept my shotgun at a ready; and when I came within perhaps 40yds. of it it got up and started for Mexico, but I sent a load of shot after it which caused it to come down before it had gone more than 250yds. It was not quite dead when I got to it, but was not able to fight. The rifle bullet had broken the left thigh and entered the cavity. It was a beautiful bird, and after taking it home I found that it measured 7ft. 2in. from tip to tip of wings and 5ft. 8in. from tip of bill to tip of toes and weighed 13lbs. It was larger than any sandhill crane I ever killed and was as good eating as the sandhills are. J. F. L.

SALEM, Nebraska.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13, Wells, of Victoria, Texas, asks how many of your readers have ever killed a whooping crane. I was up on the Platte in the spring of '84, trying to have some sport with the geese. One morning, soon after daylight, I discovered a pair of white cranes in some cornstalks a quarter of a mile away. My friend had a gentle old cow that I had successfully punched up within shooting distance of small flocks of geese, and I decided to try that scheme on the cranes. Just as I got the cow started and was stooped down to keep out of sight, in about as uncomfortable a position as can be imagined, my friend stepped out and said by way of encouragement, "You need not try that; men who have lived here fifteen years have never succeeded in getting a shot at one of those fellows." But with vigorous pokes of the gun barrel I went on with the cow until within about 100yds. of the cranes, when she suddenly changed her mind and ran away, leaving me in full view of the birds, which started at once. I shot the first barrel at one as they were leaving the ground, and although he was hard hit he got away; but the second one fell stone dead to the second shot with a No. 7 buckshot through the heart; distance (measured), 94yds.; weight a little over 19lbs. The toughest and most unpalatable bird any human being ever attempted to eat.

RANDOLPH, Ia. W. L. B.

CAMP GROUNDS FOR CHICAGO INQUIRER.—Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to inquiry of "Constant Reader," Chicago, Ill., for camping grounds, would advise him to go to the lakes of Steuben county, Ind. From Chicago take L. S. & M. S. R. R. to Waterloo, Ind., and from there to Pleasant Lake or Angola, distant but a few miles on a branch of L. S. & M. S. James Lake, near Angola, is all that can be desired, as is the chain of lakes reaching out northwest from Pleasant Lake. Hog Back Lake is a grand place to go to for hunting and fishing. Would be pleased to answer further if desired.—JOHN P. HANCE.

FEEDING THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that winter is upon us with its snow and frost, poor little Bob White should receive a share of our attention, as sometimes he has hard work to get his daily rations. It is a charity to the little fellows to spare them a few quarts of grain during the winter, and in the summer they will return us thanks by piping a merry note on the old rail fence or stump of tree near our homes. A little chaff, mixed with some rye, wheat or buckwheat, or if chaff cannot be obtained, the sweepings of the hayseed from the barn floor, will help keep the little fellows from suffering and starvation. A pint of grain each day while snow and ice covers the ground will sustain fifty quail.

Care should be taken to feed them under heavy cover where hawks in passing over cannot see them; for where the hawk gets one to-day he will surely come again to-morrow. My way of feeding is to first find a heavy thicket of briers in the swamp or under hedges, and cut a small opening at the bottom, just large enough to get an old broom in. I sweep out the snow and lay the feed there. By scattering the chaff or hayseed around they will track it up and soon find the grain. It is a good plan to feed in the same place every day, provided it is where the hawks will not trouble them. Some parties make it a practice to put out cornstacks, and feed around the stacks, and make openings in the stacks for the quail to roost in. This, as I have learned by experience, is a great mistake, as the cornstacks always harbor mice, and in the night the cat, which is the quail's greatest enemy, prowls around the stack for mice and kills a great many quail, and finally drives them away from their feed altogether. It is also too exposed, as birds feeding on the snow show a great distance, and are an easy prey to hawks. I feed my birds every day all winter, not because it is necessary, but because I like to see them.

ALFRED A. FRASER.

THE CEDARS, Long Island.

THE NEW YORK GAME PROTECTOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing recently your comments upon the non-enforcement of the game law, as respects ruffed grouse or partridge, I beg leave to send you herewith a communication received from the fish and game protector, Mr. Godwin, in answer to one of mine calling attention to complaints that had been made to me on the same subject.

It is a matter of considerable doubt whether any conviction could be secured under the present law, and I would say further that I have always found Mr. Godwin to be very prompt and active in noticing all infractions of the game law, and if you should have access to the District Attorney's office, I have no doubt you will find there several pigeon-holes full of complaints that have been made by Mr. Godwin, but which the District Attorney has not as yet found time to prosecute.

E. G. BLACKFORD.

NEW YORK FISHERY COMMISSION, New York, Jan. 26.

Mr. E. G. Blackford, New York State Fish Commissioner:

DEAR SIR—Your letter came duly to hand with one inclosed from the party living in Brooklyn, calling your attention to the fact that grouse were exposed for sale in the New York markets after Jan. 1, and wanting to know why the protector of game allowed it. Permit me to say in reply that at the commencement of the close season I had already found that they were so exposed, and upon investigating the cause found that a large number of dealers in game had letters and verbal opinions from a gentleman of this city (he being a lawyer and a prominent member of a game protective society, upon whose judgment and advice I think great weight should be given) that it was not probably intended under the law of 1886 to prohibit their sale during January, and he did not think it would be enforced. Such being the state of affairs I felt it necessary that I should, before taking any action in attempting to prosecute any one, seek proper advice in the matter, which I did, and found that under the letter of the law I had to prosecute. Such being the case I was not to be the judge, whether the law as it is was a good or a bad one; and not desiring to take advantage from any mercenary motive of the position the dealers had taken in good faith, and as I did not think it my duty to use my authority as protector to persecute them, I placed notices of my proposed action in the matter in several of the city papers, as you probably saw, giving them notice that the law required I should enforce the close season as it is on grouse. Since that time I have placed in the hands of the District Attorney of New York city suits for grouse in possession, the penalties of which amount to nearly $6,000. How soon any action will be taken and what disposition will be made of them, judging from the long delays in the number of cases I have already put in his hands for prosecution, I cannot tell. Respectfully yours, J. H. GODWIN, JR.,

State Game and Fish Protector for the Second District.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.

AN EDITOR APPLAUDS FOR A POTTER.—The Hawkinsville (Ga.) *News* editor says: "Mr. W. A. Smith, of this county, gathered his gun on the day of the big snow and went out in the search of game. He struck the trail of a covey of partridges, and, getting the birds in a close bunch he pulled the trigger, killing ten. Pretty good for one shot."

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—The officers of the Kent County Sportsmen's Club for 1887 are: E. S. Holmes, President; L. D. Follett, Vice-President; A. B. Richmond, Secretary; N. Fred Avery, Treasurer; Directors, A. C. Horton, T. Stewart White, C. D. Spaulding, W. C. Dennison, H. Widdicomb. Practice shoots, Saturdays, P. M., during summer.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—The officers of the Pottawattamie Club for 1887 are: President, E. S. Holmes; Vice-President, W. C. Dennison; Secretary, George H. Davidson; Treasurer, John Brennan. The directors are the above officers and Mark Norris and Henry B. Grady.

HAMMOND, Ill., Jan. 20, 1887.

U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

DEAR SIRS—To-day I made a test of shells and settled in my mind a long disputed fact in regard to the amount of times the U. S. shells could be reloaded. I took five shells from a box of 100, and shot them as fast as I could get them reloaded. The following is the result: First shell, 9 times; second, 11 times; third, 10 times; fourth, 13 times; fifth, 9 times. I could have loaded and fired some of them again, but the above result settled the question of their reloading qualities in my mind. I am sure all hunters and shooters ought to know of the good qualities of this shell, and I give you liberty to publish this, and will further say I am not in any way interested in any shell company, and give this letter for the benefit of all sportsmen. I am sure we are all seeking for the best, and if I can assist any one to find the best I will gladly do so, and this is my reason for sending your company this letter. Wishing you every success, I am, yours truly,

(Signed), L. S. CARTER.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE thirteenth annual dinner of the Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was given at the Parker House, Boston, Tuesday evening, Jan. 25. President E. A. Samuels presided, and among the guests of the evening were Lieut.-Governor J. Q. A. Brackett, Hon. Halsey I. Boardman, president of the Massachusetts Senate; Fish Commissioners E. B. Hodge and Geo. W. Riddle, of New Hampshire, H. Brainerd, of Vermont, and E. A. Brackett. F. W. Putnam and E. H. Lathrop, of Massachusetts; Hon. Chas. Levi Woodbury, Hon. Patrick D. Dwyer and Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds, editor of the FOREST AND STREAM.

An unusually large number of members and others were in attendance, the list being as follows:

J. F. Stetson,	R. H. Jenness,
William F. Ray,	C. A. Lewander,
Charles J. McKenzie,	R. H. Fuller,
George W. Wiggin,	J. R. Glover,
Walton C. Taft,	William Prior,
A. B. Bradstreet,	G. H. Morey,
Joseph Warren,	D. T. Curtiss,
Samuel Hanson,	George A. Moore,
F. H. Johnson,	Herbert A. Rhoades,
S. M. Johnson,	Waldron Bates,
W. R. Davis,	Frank E. Simpson,
Francis Fitz,	H. H. Kimball,
Joseph Guild,	H. C. Litchfield,
James N. Frye,	C. G. Gibson,
Luther Little,	A. L. Carpenter,
James H. Jenkins,	A. W. Robinson,
Winthrop M. Merrill,	Mark S. Field,
C. A. Jones,	Nathan D. Blake,
Jay C. Smith,	Charles M. Blake,
E. B. Newton,	Levi L. Cushing,
B. C. Johnson,	George O. Sears,
J. R. Johnson,	William F. Alney.
Marshall Johnson,	Albert C. Hill,
J. H. Freeman,	E. R. Hunnewell,
Charles O. Pratt,	J. Walter Sanborn,
D. F. Eddy,	George W. Wadsworth,
James Zenas Loring,	George Loring,
J. W. Roberts,	Gen. Joseph R. Scott,
A. C. Walker,	F. R. Shattuck,
H. L. Roberts,	B. C. Clark,
Wesley Jones,	E. E. Small,
B. F. Nichols,	W. Hapgood,
Rollin Jones,	Charles Darrow,
Charles D. Appleton,	William S. Hills,
E. S. Tobey,	Thatcher Magoun,
Dr. W. S. Stroms,	John P. Woodbury,
Wm. H. Parmenter,	Charles E. Lauriat,
J. Allston Newhall,	Henry R. Beal,
Col. H. T. Rockwell,	William A. Garbett,
Walter W. Brackett,	Thomas J. Holmes,
John Fottler, Jr.,	A. M. Davenport,
O. P. Ricker,	Charles I. Goodall,
H. J. Thayer,	James Russell Reed,
John C. Tripp,	Chas. Langdon Gibson,
A. T. Jenness,	Capt. Gould.

The address of President E. A. Samuels was as follows:

"Gentlemen: It is again my pleasant duty to extend, in the name of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association, a most cordial welcome to our friends who are with us here this evening. We may all be proud, gentlemen, of such a gathering, for it shows that, although we are now one of the veteran associations, this being the 13th year of our existence as a society, we are not losing our interest in the objects for which we exist, but that we are as enthusiastic as ever in the work we have undertaken to do. The presence of so many distinguished gentlemen from far and near is also an encouragement for us and an assurance that our labors are appreciated by an intelligent portion of the community. The results of our past year's work are second in importance to none in the history of this association. Thanks to the labor of members of this association, in and out of the Legislature, we have at last on our statute books a wise, a strong law, a law for the better protection of our game and insectivorous birds that can be enforced, and we will cause it to be enforced, if work will do it. Already have we attained most encouraging success in the prosecutions of offenders, and we now see no loophole for the escape of evildoers. Our present law is, in my judgment, the best we have ever had, but it is not perfect. A provision that allows the selling of quail until May 1 is not wise, for so long as there is a market for any quail for four months after our close season begins, our own birds will be killed and sold. It is impossible, or next to impossible, to prevent it. In my opinion the near and utter extermination of this beautiful bird in this State is assured if the market is not shortened very considerably. I believe, however, it is the best judgment of this association that we had better be content, for the present, with the law we have, good as it is in nearly every respect, rather than endanger its many good features by endeavoring to have it perfected.

"The gradual but certain decline in our lobster fishery indicates the near exhaustion of one of the choicest and most valuable food products of our waters, the increase of demand, caused by a rapidly growing market, is telling surely upon the supply, and unless a halt is called, the lobster will become a luxury obtainable only by the wealthy. Modern methods of refrigeration and transportation have created a demand that is insatiable, and unless there is by law an absolute close season adopted by all the States that possess a lobster fishery, there will, before many years, be no occasion for such a law, for there will be practicably no lobsters to save. The Fish and Game Commissioners for this State favor the establishment by law of a close season during the most critical egg-bearing period, and our association will do a good work in advocating such a measure before the proper committee of the Legislature.

"The calls on us in various ways have been so many and so urgent that our expenditures have been unusually heavy. The money, therefore, that has been donoted to us by a number of friends came most opportunely, and the donors are entitled to the lasting and most sincere gratitude of our society."

Mr. Samuels then called upon the guests present, interspersing their speeches with the apparently inexhaustible flow of his own stories and wit and wisdom. What the speakers said was summarized as follows in the next morning's *Herald:*

Lieut.-Gov. Brackett was loudly applauded, and after thanking the association for the honor done him and extending to it the good wishes of the executive of the commonwealth, said that the society was organized for the promotion of the public good, and for the enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and of game. Ignorance of the law excuses no man. If you shoot a book agent or a lawyer, or any other man who seeks to do you good for a slight pecuniary compensation, it is no excuse for your doing so ungentlemanly an action that you are ignorant of the law. In diffusing knowledge of our game laws you are doing a good work. Mr. Brackett then read extracts from the game laws, giving the various dates between which the killing of certain kinds of birds is prohibited, and humorously depicted the perplexities of a sportsman who goes hunting at almost any time during the year. "He sees two birds on a branch," said Mr. Brackett. "He looks at his calendar to see what day of the year it is, and then at his copy of the game laws, constantly carried in his hip pocket, and then he says to one bird: 'I'll see you later,' and to the other, 'Your time has come.' This association is doing worlds of good in disseminating knowledge for the benefit of the sportsman. Becoming serious, Mr. Brackett commended the association for its work in enforcing the laws, and wound up with two or three good fish stories, and urged his hearers to go on promoting the public good of the commonwealth as they have been promoting it in the past.

President Boardman of the Senate followed in a felicitous address. He remembered the work which President Samuels had done, and done so well, two years ago, for the protection of game. He told some good stories of his own early hunting experiences, and said he had come to the conclusion that hunting was not his best hold. He doubted if all present had caught as much fish or shot as much game as they had eaten to-night, but this all goes to prove the disinterestedness of the members of the association. He painted in bright colors the pleasures of hunting and fishing, and thought that their reward, if it did not come through well-filled bags, it might at least be found in rounded cheeks, elastic muscles and glowing health. He said that in an economic point of view, it is more important to preserve the fishing interests of Massachusetts than the game. The use of traps, seines and weirs would result in the killing of the goose which lays the golden egg if not speedily checked. The work which the association attempts to do is of great difficulty and of great value. Whatever of judgment and study can be brought to the question are all needed to secure the purposes which these gentlemen are struggling for. Mr. Boardman promised his hearty co-operation in the good work being carried on by the association, and sat down amid applause.

Mr. E. B. Hodge, Fish and Game Commissioner of New Hampshire, said that the good which such an association can do is illimitable and can never be reckoned up in dollars and cents. Who can calculate the amount of work done in unseen channels by deterring men from breaking the game laws? Referring to what had been done in New Hampshire, Mr. Hodge said that a law had been passed prohibiting the exportation of game birds from that State, and had resulted in decreasing the snaring of those birds some seventy-five per cent.

Commissioner Geo. W. Riddle, of New Hampshire, said that the influence of the association had extended all over New England, and that New Hampshire's commissioners would endeavor to do all in their power to assist the society in its work.

Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, followed in a brief speech. It had been a part of his work, he said, to get the fishermen of the State to make returns of the number of fish they catch. If is very difficult to make the fishermen understand the importance of making such returns. The statistics show that not only are the lobsters doomed to go, but all the fishes in our waters are bound to go with them, unless some measures are taken to stop their ruthless destruction. The seines and the pounds are very dangerous to our fisheries. Something must be done by the Legislature to restrict their work of destruction, and protect the fishes in the bays as well as in the streams. The salmon have already been brought back to the Merrimac, and something should also be done to get the shad back into our streams. It remains for this association to create a healthy public sentiment, which will bring to our statute books laws relating to fisheries even better and more stringent than those relating to the protection of our game.

Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury talked about deep-sea fisheries. He brought out a hearty laugh over the adventures of Captain Jonah of Biblical fame, but said that those stories were nothing in comparison to those narrated by the two modern Bracketts. The lobster was learning something. He could shrink up into a 10-in. limit in the trap and get himself thrown over again to be given a chance to grow. There are hopes that either this or the next Congress will pass some law for the protection of the mackerel in the spawning season. He thought that a short close season should be established. The sea fishery has to proceed slowly and carefully. Two years ago, at a meeting of this society, a movement was inaugurated to protect American fishermen. Where are we now? Last night the telegraph brought us the glorious news that the Senate, by a vote of 47 to 1, had agreed to stand by the American fishermen. The same bill will probably go through the House, and we shall see that the whole power of the United States will not only protect the fish, but will protect the fisherman as well.

Mr. A. Brainard, Fish and Game Commissioner of Vermont, came next and spoke of the hand-to-hand contests which the officers had had with poachers at home and the great difficulty which the Commission had encountered in enforcing the law. Vermont has a law prohibiting the snaring of game birds, he said. He humorously referred to the gigantic lobster industries of Vermont and sat down amid shouts of merriment.

Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds congratulated the Massachusetts Association on its persistence in good work and said its influence cannot be bounded by Massachusetts or New England, but radiates throughout the country.

Mr. E. E. Small spoke of the protection of the deep-sea industries. There is not one law upon our books for the protection of the great staple fisheries, he said. He advocated a law that would prevent the setting of a trawl in Massachusetts Bay for ten years, a law which would prevent seining during the spawning season of the mackerel. The mackerel are hounded throughout the whole season. Every barrel contains from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 eggs. It is an experiment worth trying to give these fish a chance to deposit their eggs, and see if the mackerel catch cannot be increased thereby. During April and May the haddock throw their spawn, and should be protected. Let the society do its best to create a healthy public sentiment in this matter, which will bring the needed legislation. Referring to the international question, he said the Senate has at last passed a law to the effect that every American seaman is an American citizen and every American shall be protected, and congratulated his hearers on the brighter outlook for the American fisherman on account of this manly stand.

Commissioner Lathrop, of Massachusetts, wanted to enforce the lesson that the primary object of the association was to educate the public as to the importance of the preservation of fish and game. From this city has radiated over the country the sentiment that the song birds of America must be preserved. He then spoke of the protection of salmon in the Connecticut River, and said it had been the effort of the Commission to educate the people at the mouth of that river to aid Massachusetts in the protection of these fish. The Massachusetts Commission has become tired of putting fish into the river only to have them fall into the traps and pounds of the Coenecticut fishers, who are killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. To protect game birds, educate people not to eat game birds out of season, and then Boston will no longer be a "dumping ground for the game birds of the West." Let the Western States enforce non-export laws, and they will need no longer to complain of the "dumping grounds of Boston."

It was a representative gathering of Boston's business and professional men, whose dignity would have graced any assembly even though convened for graver purposes than this festal gathering, where the talk was of field and stream experiences, and to "give and take" fish stories was the rule of the hour. There was a noticeable proportion of silver-haired gentlemen among the hundred odd who sat down to the two long tables to discuss the menu. The menu cards bore original and handsome designs, provided for the occasion by Messrs. Beckman and Punchard, the Parker House, proprietors and the menu was as follows:

* MENU. *

Blue Points, Deep Shell.

SOUP.

Green Turtle. Puréc Game.

FISH.

Chicken Halibut, à la Hollandaise. Smelts, à la Tartare.

REMOVES.

Saddle Venison.

Wild Goose. Capon, Purée Celery.

ENTREES.

Oyster Croquettes, Bechamel. Chartreuse Grouse.

Lobster Croquettes, Cardinal.

Spaghetti, au Gratin. Fried Bananas. Apple Fritters, Wine Sauce.

Roman Punch.

GAME.

Redhead Duck. Black Duck. Quail.

SWEETS.

Charlotte Russe. Omelette Soufflée. Grape Meringues.

Biscuit Glacé.

Oranges. Bananas. Apples. Grapes. Dry Fruits,

Ice Cream. Sherbet. Coffee.

THE OHIO ASSOCIATION.

AT a meeting held at Columbus, O., Jan. 12, the Ohio Game and Fish Protective Association was organized. The convention was attended by delegates from a number of clubs from different parts of the State, the Sherman Gun Club, of Columbus, taking prominent part. The objects of the association are set forth in the constitution:

ART. II.—The object of the Association shall be the protection and increase of game and fish, the bringing about of the enactment, by this and other States and Territories, of laws for the protection and increase of game and fish, and for the better enforcement of such laws.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Gen. W. B. Shattuc, of Cincinnati; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Wm. Shepard, of Columbus; Corresponding Secretary, Geo. L. Graham, of Columbus. Vice-Presidents: District No. 1, J. P. Murphy, Cincinnati; No. 2, Col. L. A. Harris, Cincinnati; No. 3, Seth W. Brown, Lebanon; No. 4, Edwin Best, Dayton; No. 5, 6 and 7 were the only ones not represented by appointees; No. 8, H. B. Ingalls, Huntsville; No. 9, Dr. T. B. Cotton, Mt. Vernon; No. 10, E. D. Potter, Toledo; No. 11, Hon. J. A. Turley, Portsmouth; No. 12, A. D. Corwin, Waverly; No. 13, C. H. Damsel, Columbus; No. 14, W. P. Mickey, Shelby; No. 15, C. E. Vergess, Lowell; No. 16, E. Z. Hays, Coshocton; No. 17, W. H. Gorbey, Bellaire; No, 18, L. C. Cole, Massillon; No. 19, Jules Vautrot, Warren; No. 20, Dr. W. C. Jacobs, Akron; No. 21, E. C. Beach, Cleveland. Law Committee: J. P. Murphy, Cincinnati; E. L. Taylor, Columbus; H. B. Ingalls, Huntsville; L. D. Waters, Akron; W. H. Harris, Cleveland. Delegate to attend the convention to be held at Ionia, Mich., Mr. W. R. Leflet, of Toledo; delegate to represent the Association at the National Association, B. F. Seitner, of Dayton. The next annual meeting will be held at Dayton, January, 1888.

OLD AND NEW RIFLES.

Editor Forrest and Stream:

These long winter evenings give one ample time to review, in memory's mind, the many hunting scenes of years gone by, as well as to post up on the improvements constantly being made in the utility of arms. To hold trade old firms of standing and reputation are compelled to be up and doing. In reviewing an article from the pen of J. J. M. in Dec. 31, 1885, number, I am led to think his ideas in answer to "Mississippi Lowlands" and Mr. Van Dyke, were well taken, and would apply with equal force to counteract certain statements recently made as to the wonderful merits of the muzzleloader as a hunting gun. Surely the day for selling muzzleloading hunting rifles is past; all admit that. It has been a nauseating pill for the muzzleloading devotees to swallow, and as might have been expected, drew forth from a certain few all the invective threats imaginable. The breechloader, however, has come to stay, and is well liked. It has the merits, and as J. J. M. remarks, what the late arm now being furnished the English army did at Enfield, putting ten consecutive shots into a card 5×9in. at 500yds., proves that there is nothing in the mere

mechanism of the breechloader to prevent its fully equaling the accuracy of muzzleloaders.

It is claimed that the muzzleloader made the flattest trajectory in the FOREST AND STREAM test at 200yds., and is for that reason the best hunting rifle. By referring to that report I notice that a muzzleloading gun of 14lbs. 12oz. weight, charged with 130grs. of powder to 270grs. of lead, made a trajectory at 100yds. of 6.399in., while a breechloader, double-barrel, of 8lbs. 13oz. weight, with 110grs. powder and 310grs. lead, made a trajectory over the same distance of 7.930in. Now I ask, with all candor, what the probable effects would have been had the powder and lead been changed from one gun to the other before firing? Does any one suppose that the results would not have been changed? If not, then why was this target rifle, burning almost one of powder to two of lead thrown, put into competition with light guns throwing from three to four times as many grains of lead as they burned of powder? Secondly, if some of the many firms of breechloading guns had anticipated the catch and sent in a 20lbs. gun loaded with 150grs. powder and carrying a ball of 200 or 250grs. lead, and it had reduced the trajectory down to 5in. at 100yds., would it be good argument to say that the breechloader was the better gun for hunting for this reason only? I think not, as I have yet to learn that the ratio of one of powder to two of lead, may it be ever so necessary, can be used to advantage in either breech or muzzleloading hunting rifles. For example, take a .40-cal. gun weighing 8½lbs., about the standard weight of English guns, load it with 60grs. of powder and 120grs. lead and you have all the recoil allowable to do good work, while the ball is entirely too light for hunting deer or doing steady work at target. What is the remedy? Cut down the powder charge and increase the lead, when it will suit nine customers out of ten. It is the same in furnishing a gun for the plains. While they order a 10lbs. gun carrying 60 to 90 grains powder, a ball of 180 grains would not suit them. Trajectory is sacrificed for more lead. Many prefer a ball of 400 to 500 grains in weight. Put one-half this weight of powder behind the ball and we have 200 or 250 grains powder. This would require a gun of more ponderous weight than one hunter in a thousand would like to go hunting with. Any firm turning out such ponderous weapons would soon be compelled to go into bankruptcy for lack of custom. And still it is possible that now and then an enthusiast could be found writing columns in praise of them. Claiming that they could be used equally well for hunting game, or with extreme accuracy at target. I don't think from what I can learn, however, that the change would warrant many firms in ordering new, or repairing old machinery to fill all O. K. orders received for this class of work. The position is so ludicrous and untenable that only a certain few extremists ever venture to uphold it. It would be like Bogardus substituting the old Queen's arm for one of W. W. Greener's late hammerless ejector guns before going into a glass ball match with some worthy competitor striving for champion honors. CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, Jan. 26.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE ONEIDA LAKE NETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have received several copies of your paper containing an article headed "Good for Nothing Game Protectors," and in reply thereto beg leave to state a few facts, so that if you have occasion to again write upon the subject you may not unwittingly repeat the injustice of your editorial of Jan. 6.

When I commenced work on Oneida Lake there was only one bay that was not crowded with nets, and it was stated, I believe, that any man's life was in danger who should be bold enough to interfere with these nets. It was rarely they were disturbed, and even then only under cover of night or by parties sufficiently strong to repel any attack upon them by fishermen. The vindictiveness of these men to any one interfering with these nets is well known, not only at Oneida Lake, but on all other waters whether in New York, or Maine or elsewhere. It follows as a sequence, and seems to be an inherent trait of character that when their illegal business is disturbed, boats have disappeared, cattle have been killed, barns and belongings to persons believed to have opposed or interfered with these desperadoes, have been burned. In the face of all this and against the advice of friends I undertook to break up and prevent netting in Oneida Lake, and on several occasions did risk my life in seizing nets, and time and time again was warned and threatened.

For two years before my appointment I worked without compensation, when I could have received hundreds of dollars if I had abandoned the lake. I was, however, determined to carry out my work, but at the time of my appointment I had learned from experience that neither I nor any protector could do effective work without other facilities than a mere rowboat and a single assistant. You will readily see that looking after thirty miles of water, covering over fifty thousand acres, is no boy's play; and will just as readily appreciate the absolute necessity of a steamboat to meet the emergencies. Unfortunately, the State of New York does not furnish steamboats, and I must do so at my own expense or abandon the work. No person familiar with Oneida Lake, its length and breadth and numerous bays and uncertain water, would expect me or any protector to accomplish decided work with ordinary facilities; but with a steamer bought with my own money, manned by my own paid help, without one dollar of expense to the State, and with only slight assistance from any person, it is expected and demanded that I shall use my boat for the exclusive benefit of the public, and failing to do so I am excoriated, spitted and condemned.

It may be thought a good joke by some, but it is not a pleasant or consoling situation to be awakened in the dead of night to find the incendiary with torch in hand to burn your house. Yet that is just what occurred on my boat. It is not one of the hopes of life, while doing your duty, to be met with a Winchester in the hands of a desperado who threatens to make a target of you. Yet that is just what occurred to me on the banks of Oneida Lake, while attempting to enforce the laws forbidding illegal fishing. It is not quite so comfortable and restful to remain in a swamp at night in the rain, to get evidence against men having no regard for law or the rights of others, as it is to be under your own roof with peaceful surroundings. Yet that is just what I have done these last three years time and time again.

I would have you bear in mind that the most of the nets used in Oneida Lake have leaders from thirty to forty rods in length, with traps that will hold a ton of fish, and that to raise these traps to the deck of the steamer requires the combined efforts of three men, and that such nets are sure death to all fish, except the smallest, the only consoling thought connected with them being the fact that these identical fish, so caught, find a ready market in the city of New York.

In 1883 I captured 21 of these large nets, besides a number of smaller nets, and commenced several suits for penalties in Oneida, Onondaga, Oswego and Madison counties. In 1884 I captured 57 nets valued at over $3,000. In 1885 I captured 84 nets valued at over $3,500, and in 1886 I captured 57 of these nets in Oneida Lake, probably worth $2,500.

Since the purchase of my steamer I have used it over 100 full days in doing my official duty, and that, too, without one dollar of expense to the State, and with no further compensation than that received by any other protector.

I have now awaiting trial five cases in Onondaga county, seven in Madison, and eight in Oswego; with all of which I have thus far borne the traveling and hotel expenses of my witnesses, and it is in only one case that any of these counties have been called upon by the District Attorney for an advance of trial expenses; although the law expressly states that the District Attorney may do so. My actual expenses for 1886 exceed my allowance $111.69, and I have yet to look after the several cases referred to above.

It is true the counties are liable, to an extent, for services rendered in their boundaries, but the economic spirit so prevalent in all county boards asserts itself in auditing the accounts of game and fish protectors. For instance, one of my accounts of $28 was reduced to $9, and this is illustrative of others.

The simple, plain, unvarnished fact is, that the State appropriation is not commensurate to the absolute necessary expenses and services and time of capable men.

So you see that the road to Jordan is really rough and hard to travel. I neither ask nor expect any consideration or commendation to which I am not justly entitled, and by all sense of honor and right I should not be condemned unless I am guilty. WM. H. LINDLEY,

State Game and Fish Protector.

CANASTOTA, N. Y., Jan. 24.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Lindley has just got a judgment of $100 and costs each, against six men, for fishing with nets in Oneida Lake. I write this that you may know that he is not idle, although apparently so to some.—ONEIDA.

LANDLOCKED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to trespass on your columns, so far as to ask a little more light on the habitat of the above named variety of the species *Salmo*. When I read your statement a short time since, that "he was a native of the State of Maine and did not exist elsewhere except transplanted," I mentally added, "in the United States," after elsewhere, supposing that to be your meaning, as I do now. Now in your columns of Jan. 6 both Mr. Hallock and "Monatiquot" give a pretty wide range to this species, which agrees exactly with verbal information given me by Commissioner E. B. Hodge, of New Hampshire, who has taken them in the very waters mentioned by "Monatiquot".

Mr. Hallock, in his "Gazetteer," also speaks of them as found in the Averill Ponds, in northern Vermont, near the Canadian line, and I have been told that they are also found in Maidstone Lake in northern Vermont, about twenty miles south of the Averill Ponds. These are the only two places "in the United States" where I have ever heard of them being taken, except in Maine, until they were planted in them.

I have already written you of the great improvement in size produced by transplantation of this fish from Grand Lake Stream to Squam, Newfound and Sunapee lakes, and I believe that this difference in size is the only reason for the statement that there are two varieties of them in Maine. Now, I know nothing about them personally, except in Maine and New Hampshire, but I have formed the idea that they are a distinct and widespread Boreal or almost Arctic variety of *Salmo*, found only in one or two instances south of latitude 45, as in Sebago Lake, which is about on the 44th parallel, but known to exist in various places in the British Dominions and likely to be found in many more. I have very great doubts about there being any "landlocking" about it, and am very sick of the jaw-breaking misnomer, as I consider it. We might as well call it by its Indian name, the winninish, as call the great lake trout *Salmo namaycush*.

Again, in your issue of Jan. 20, is another letter from Mr. L. H. Smith speaking of the trout of Lake Superior, in which he says he may have made a mistake in calling the red trout of that lake, the lake, the landlocked salmon, and in your comment you state that there are only two varieties of lake trout in Lake Superior, viz.: the *namaycush* and the siscowet. Now, in Messrs. Orvis & Cheney's "Fishing with the Fly," in the article entitled "A Trouting Trip to St. Ignace Island," the author gives on page 100 a list of ten local names for varieties of trout found in the lake, and which he suggests are partially hybrids, but in which in addition to the "lake trout," or *namaycush*, and the siscowet, he also mentions the red trout or "pugwashoo'neg," and speaks of the high color of its flesh and its superior excellence for the table.

Again, on pages 113–114, he refers to it as being spoken of by the local fishermen as a landlocked salmon, and of its remarkable similarity to the *Salmo salar* of the St. Lawrence, or even more to the one of the Frazer River.

Now, I can see no similarity in the mottled and vermiculated livery of any of the proper fresh-water trouts, with these yellow spots, even if they have not the crimson ones, to the sober black and white garb of the true salmon or his fresh-water cousin, whom we now have under consideration, nor can I consider it possible for any mistake to be made about this matter of resemblance, and I fully believe that careful research will locate the *Salmo winninish* all the way north of latitude 45° or 46°, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mr. Hallock knows more about him than almost any one, and I hope he will give us some more light on this subject and the benefit of his opinions on the question. Tell your correspondent "Mabie," of Whitby, Canada, that if his trout has red spots and a square tail, he is a brook trout; if yellow spots only, and a forked tail, he is a lake trout, or *namaycush*.

VON W.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Jan. 28.

[Our late ichthyological writers, Bean, Jordan, Goode, and others whom we follow, give only three trouts to Lake Superior. These are the brook, the lake, and the siscowet, and Jordan ("Synopsis of the Fishes of North America") says of the latter, p. 318: "It is probably a local variety rather than a distinct species."]

LOCH LEVEN TROUT.

THIS variety, or species, for its exact status is now in dispute by the anglers and ichthyologists of Great Britain, is a trout which takes its name from the lake in Scotland where it is found. It is described by Günther ("Catalogue of Fishes of the British Museum") as a distinct species under the name of *Salmo levenensis*, but it is claimed by many that they are identical with the common brown trout, which is the brook trout of Europe, *Salmo fario*. Others go still further and claim that the sea-trout, *Salmo eriox*, and the Great Lake trout, *Salmo ferox*, are all identical with the brown trout, but vary in form and color only.

At the Howietown fishcultural establishment of Sir James G. Maitland, at Stirling, Scotland, the Loch Leven trout has been selected as the best of all the species for cultivation. The hatchery is about twenty-five miles from Loch Leven, and being the same elevation, the temperature of the water is about the same. Last year Mr. Maitland presented a quantity of eggs of this fish to Prof. Baird for the United States Fish Commission, and these on arriving at Cold Spring Harbor were sent according to orders from Washington to Mr. Frank N. Clark, at Northville, Mich., and to the hatchery of the Bisby Club in Oneida county, of which Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Fish Commission, is president. None were retained at the Long Island hatchery because they had been supposed to be a trout requiring the deep waters of lakes, a belief which was afterward found to be incorrect, as it was learned that the fish had been introduced into the streams of England.

As near as we can learn at present, outside of form and color, the only difference between the Loch Leven trout and the brown trout is in cæcal appendages to the stomach, those blind sacks which have a vermicular appearance, and if this be true we should not think this one fact of importance enough to give them specific rank, and that their proper designation in this case would be *Salmo fario* var. *levenensis*.

Sir James G. Maitland has this winter presented to the United States Fish Commission 48,000 eggs of the Loch Leven trout, which sustained some damage to the upper trays in transit, but of which about one-half will be saved. These have been assigned by Prof. Baird to the Cold Spring Harbor station, where they are now in process of hatching.

At a meeting of the Linnean Society, of London, last month, Dr. Francis Day read a paper on the Loch Leven trout, in which he said: "These fish are known by their numerous cæcal appendages, and up to their fourth or fifth year they are of a silvery gray, with black, but no red spots. Subsequently they become of a golden purple, with numerous black and red spots. Undergrown ones take on the color of the burn trout. Remove these fish to a new locality, and they assume the form and color of the indigenous trout. In 1883 a salmon parr and Loch Leven trout were crossed, and the young have assumed the red adipose dorsal fin, and the white-edged margins to the dorsal and ventral, also the orange edges to both sides of the caudal—all colors found in the brook trout, but not in the salmon or Loch Leven tront. The maxilla in this form not extending to behind the eye, the absence of a knob on the lower jaw in old breeding males, and the difference in the fins from those of *Salmo fario*, were shown to have been erroneous statements."

IMPROVED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A new and interesting problem in fish propagation has come up, growing out of the fact that the salmon which enter the Restigouche River in Canada, being of as many different sizes and clans as there are tributaries of the main stream, are used indiscriminately by the government fishculturists for breeding purposes. There are in all five (5) clans, and the question at issue is, whether the fish are likely to deteriorate or improve by the miscegenation. My attention was first called to the subject by Dr. J. H. Baxter, U. S. A., of this city, who owns a magnificent fishing privilege on the Restigouche, and he has submitted to my examination some correspondence and references which show that it has already received some incidental attention from U. S. Fish Commissioner Baird, State Commissioner Atkins, of Maine, Gen. W. Y. Ripley, and several others interested in fish propagation in this country and Canada. This simple statement, as I have written it, is of itself of sufficient interest for comment, as the investigations which are likely to result from incipient inquiry will probably lead to something of practical value in the production of estimable fish stock. When they will materialize for permanent economic advantage is a question of time and patient study.

Physically, as far as experiments have reached, the effect of introducing new blood in breeding animals and crossing plants of the same species from different localities, is found to tend toward improvement; and this is the written opinion of Commissioner Atkins, in respect to salmon; referring, I assume, especially to their commercial and edible qualitities. There are others who hold to the belief that mixed fishes—large stock crossed with small—must be of inferior size, and more than that, deficient in the game qualities demanded for good sport. They claim that observation has discovered that such products are hybrids, barren and bereft of the natural instinct or desire to return periodically to the sea after spawning, though I think this has not been sufficiently proven. Such opinion, however, is based upon the asserted fact that the number of kelts (spent fish which remain in the stream without going to salt water) is annually increasing, and that the average size of Restigouche salmon is less than it was six years ago, and that their game qualities are less conspicuous than they formerly were and at present quite inferior to those of the salmon of the York, Dartmouth, Marguerite and other rivers, where artificial propagation is not prosecuted to a like extent, or not at all.

All the foregoing testimony has its value. The facts must be accepted, while the inferences to be drawn may vary. Without professing to be wiser than other men, and not being a practical fishculturist, although I have watched the progress of fishculture from its beginning on this continent, I am free to say that the pith of the question immediately lies as between the inherent superiority of wild salmon over those which are, so to speak, domesticated; of those which breed naturally and feed naturally over those which are manipulated and to a certain extent fed. There are some, indeed many, ani-

mals and plants whose quality and traits are improved by cultivation and domestication, but salmon do not come under this list. Their natural virility and *elan* are "improved" out of them. I have no doubt that domestication tends to eliminate the instinct to go to sea, so that they stick to their flesh-pots just as domesticated wild geese do to the barnyard. Their edible qualities may be improved, in the opinion of some, but their characteristics will be changed. Even their size may be increased, like stall-fed cattle; but like deer in a paddock, or falcons on the wrist, their natural traits are modified. They are genuine *ferœ natura* no longer. Their "game qualities" are gone. I have no idea that the salmon products of crossed clans are barren, but it is quite probable that the instinct of procreation is suppressed—first by the unnatural alliance; second, by the artificial manipulation; and third, by the loss of generative energy resulting from prolonged absence from the salt water.

Günther, I see, notes a marked frequency of hybridism in the salmon family, with regard to which he says: "As with other animals, the more certain kinds of fishes are brought under domestication, the more readily do they interbreed with other allied species. It is characteristic of hybrids that their characters are very variable, the degrees of affinity to one or the other of the parents being inconstant, and as these hybrids are known readily to breed with either of the parent race, the variations of form, structure and color are infinite." Promiscuous breeding is assuredly less desirable than selection, and it may at least be said with regard to the progeny of the mingled clans of the Restigouche, that the type will not be constant or the size uniform, but will indrive rather to variations such as we perceive, for instance, in the human family, where strains are not generally respected.

Washington, D. C. Charles Hallock.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read the letter of Mr. Chas. T. Bramble, in last Forest and Stream, pleasantly commenting upon my communication to the Eastern New York Association, and I will explain why I drew the conclusions that I did in regard to the presence of salmon in the lower Hudson in September. Prof. Goode says: "In America the southern streams seem to yield the earliest fish (salmon). In the Connecticut they appear in April and May, in the Merrimack in May and June, in the Penobscot most abundantly in June and July, although some come as early as April, and in the Miramichi from the middle of June to October. I can only account for this seeming paradox by the theory that, while salmon are not harmed by extreme variation of temperature, they may be averse to sudden changes, and though strongly impelled to seek the spawning grounds, are prevented by the cold."

From the above Mr. Bramble will see that what may be true of the movements of salmon in one river may not be true of the movements of salmon in another river far removed.

Prof. Goode does not state that salmon come into the streams that he names at other times than during the months given, nor does he state that they do not; but I assumed that they did not in any appreciable quantities. I was the more ready to do this because, in the case of the Miramichi, at least, the limits of the salmon run seem to be given.

If this is true my conclusions are sound and in no way differ from the observations of Mr. Bramble (which are corroborated by Prof. Goode as above), for the Hudson is located further south than any of the rivers named in the quotation, and certainly the run of salmon should take place as early in this river, provided it was a salmon stream, as in the Connecticut, and should extend no later.

Glens Falls, N. Y. A. N. Cheney.

WAYS OF THE SEA FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 20, Mr. S. C. Clarke, of Georgia, has his say in regard to the New England fisheries, charging the menhaden fishermen with destroying their food, etc. The mistake Mr. Clarke makes, and all others that have not made a study of the fishery question, is in attributing scarcity of fish to man, which theory has been exploded by Huxley, Baird, Buffon, Goode and other scientific and disinterested authorities time and again. To rescue Mr. Clarke from the quagmire in which he is floundering, we will cite for his benefit a few facts from the many in our possession.

Sea bass were plenty on this coast thirty years ago; thousands of barrels were taken in the Scoconnet traps and sold for manure. Soon after they left and were gone twenty-five years. They made their appearance in 1882, and have been as plenty as of old ever since.

Codfish have been selling from vessels in New York city this winter for less than one cent per pound. Within the last ten years codfish and mackerel have been very plenty in Cape Cod Bay, and it is a safe prophecy to make that they will be plenty again within the next ten years. Since 1880 mackerel have been so plenty it hardly paid to catch them. A false prophet (Rice by name) delivered a lecture before a learned body in Boston during 1878 or '79, stating that mackerel were gone never to return, unless taking them in purse seines was prohibited.

Sheepshead many years ago were plenty in Narragansett Bay, but not one has been seen here during this generation. Scup made their appearance in 1800, were mostly gone during 1870, were plenty as ever before known in 1874, and have been plenty and scarce twice since that date. Squiteague used to be plenty in Narragansett Bay, left and were gone about thirty years; came back during 1870 in unheard of quantities, and since the latter date have been off and on once or twice. Tautog were mostly frozen during 1856; it was hard to find a specimen the following summer, but in five years they were as plenty as ever; were again frozen during 1875 and were plenty again during 1880; have since disappeared, and small tautog which will be a large crop during 1889, made their appearance last spring.

The last strange phase in the fish supply is the appearance of young sea herrings in immense quantities between Cape Cod and Delaware Bay. The farmers of Rhode Island hauled hundreds of barrels of them ashore in mosquito netting last fall, and used them for manure. Another stranger is the butter-fish, which seem destined to crowd out the scup, for the off-shore waters between the Delaware and Cape Cod seem to be full of them. D. T. Church.

Tiverton, Rhode Island, Jan. 24.

CHATEAUGAY AND PLUMADOR.

THE heat of July was an excuse, but a longing which is born, not bred, in every sportsman, for that state of primitive life was the true reason for my trip to the home of the trout.

Those who have read that delightful letter of "B." in Forest and Stream of Nov. 19, 1885, will need no description of the route, the beautiful lake, nor of Dick Shults, the unique acanthopterygian who keeps at Indian Point. That is rather a long word, but it is so expressive. As his hotel is 1,600ft. above the level of the sea, words which contain much gas are apt to expand. Dick's house is not grand, but is an excellent place for those who are willing to leave behind them the dust of the city to breathe the balmy odor of the great woods. The table fare is excellent. This is not an advertisement, but a slight acknowledgment of favors which are alike to all.

After dinner on the day of our arrival, we repaired to the piazza to talk over plans for the campaign, and here, sad to relate, I received the startling information that had I come the week before or could I wait until the middle of August, fishing would have been or would be better. Brother fishermen, we get toughened to such news, but for all that, bear me witness that it does hurt. We build great expectations, cover them with tinsel and get on our knees to worship them. Then some unfeeling noodle pricks them with a needle of experience and the collapse is so sad. My visions of trout like a shark dwindled into trout like a minnow, and sadly I selected my smallest flies and weakest leader as most fit to allure the pigmies I had journeyed 200 miles to conquer.

Everything being ready Dick rowed me to the mouth of Rocky Brook, and talked incessantly, stopping at intervals to take breath and set the spring for another tune. "Now," said he, "cast over there in the channel," which I proceeded to do again and again with gradually lengthening line, when with startling suddenness something seized the fly. A minnow, eh? I've struck a splended trout and my rod is bowing gracfully in acknowledgment of his backwoods salute. Back and forth he flashed rather than moved, when of a sudden the strain ceased and my flies came viciously back in my face. Dick looked at me for a moment and I could detect the symptoms of a brutal sneer; then he quietly said, "Mr. S. that was a lunker." The floodgates were open, and while he talked I silently untied the forty-eleven double bow knots which had somehow been tied in my leader, and resumed casting. Success was fair, though no more monsters disturbed our equilibrium. Trout of 4 to 6oz. were caught, until a sudden dash of rain told us to quit. It rains wonderfully easily at Chateaugay; no clouds are needed; a little fog peers over the mountains and then it rains. We reached the landing well satisfied. Our catch was cooked and we sat down to a nicely prepared supper.

The next morning (Sunday) dawned bright though breezy, and from the front piazza I viewed a prospect which is worth a journey in itself. The Ellenbury range to the north, Lyon Mountain to the east, W Mountain to the south and numerous other peaks fitly frame the lake, an ever-changing picture of which none can ever tire. Glorious Adirondacks. God made you beautiful, but man is trying hard to despoil your beauty with railroads and the smoke of charcoal kilns. The beautiful and the practical are here not wisely betrothed; unless New York forbids the banns, soon there will be no place within her borders where one can say "Behold what the Lord hath wrought." The Iron Company is building a railroad through to Paul Smith's; and between the locomotive and the dogs, the deer now so plenty will ere long live only in the traditions of the guide.

Monday morning Dick brought forward my guide to be, and introduced him as George Cook, adding in that truly modest way so characteristic of other great men, that George, as a guide and fisherman, was second only to R. M. Shults. Cook was a spare man of moderate stature. My experience with him afterward proved that in his specialty he has few equals. In one thing his superiority is so great that none can question, that is in catching chubs. He can catch them when other men have to content themselves with trout, and he has the good sense not to chuckle over it either. His other virtues are taciturnity (at intervals).

Several days passed pleasantly. Rocky Brook, West Inlet, Cold Brook and South Inlet yielded good though varying sport, and many warrior of the spring holes gave his life—a victim to the Canada, Montreal or Jenny-Lind. When the "conditions" are right, plenty of good fish may be taken from Chateaugay by one who knows how to cast a fly. There is fly-casting and fly-casting. The difference is as great as between the music of a Cremona in the hands of an Ole Bull and that of its namesake on the back door yard fence.

One afternoon we started for Plumador. George had for several days been dropping into poetry, and something had to be done, especially as the stanzas were set to music. I knew that if he was allowed to drop into poetry he would be apt, like Mr. Wegg, to get above his business, so we started. Up South Inlet we paddled, through and under the alders which arched the narrow stream so close to the water that it was only with much difficulty that we could force our way. After traversing what seemed about fifteen miles of winding stream I asked how much further it was to where we were to spend the night. "Only about a mile further," said George. I picked a dry stub out of my ear, rubbed my nose just then slapped forcibly by an overhanging branch, and pushed on, thinking how true it was that the longest road has finally an end. Another thought struck me and I asked how far we had come. "About two miles," he answered. "Only two miles?" I exclaimed, "is it any better the rest of the way?" "Worse," said he; and he told the truth, as he always does.

About sunset we arrived at the Springs, and after mooring the boat George took the pack and led the way to a little log cabin fifty rods from the stream. This was his base of supplies and starting point for fall deer hunts. After supper he told story after story of great success, sore privations and hair-breadth escapes. Finally I asked whether there were any panthers there. Some, he said, and then went on to tell how about a year or so ago while sleeping in this very cabin one came on the roof and how he expected every moment that it would break through the frail bark. I asked no more questions but laid down and tried to sleep, which thanks to fatigue I did quickly, in spite of nervousness. Suddenly a tremendous clawing on the roof awoke me. Mercy on us, thought I, the panther has come for us now, sure. George was sitting beside me scratching matches, which somehow failed to ignite. "Strike a light," said he, "and we will get him." "Get him!" I murmured, "I only hope he won't get us." Meanwhile the clawing approached the door which, in the pitchy darkness, I could hear creaking as it slowly opened. Just then the lamp was lighted, revealing not a panther but a large porcupine hanging by the doorpost. He dropped down and got away into the bushes, not, however, without a stroke from a piece of rotten stump, which we found in the morning filled with quills. The following day I cautioned George about walking too fast through the woods, as I had a sore knee and did not wish to strain it. So he promised to go very slowly, and as it was only six miles, with moderate exertion we would get into camp by noon and I could rest half the time. The direction, as he said, was due west and almost as direct as the crow flies. Never has my faith so cruelly suffered. When we started out we went nearly due east, and when I asked the reason George said it was always necessary in the wood in order to get a good start and acquire momentum. We finally reached Plumador at one o'clock, six miles in seven hours, but I firmly resolved never to go there again on the air line route.

Plumador is a beautiful lake or pond, about a fourth of a mile in diameter and nearly round, quite shallow and fringed with rushes, excepting the eastern shore, which is rocky. It is framed in by the grand primeval forest, and abounds with excellent trout. A recent storm had stirred it, so that it was far from clear; but so calm it lay and still that one could hardly think that its bosom had ever been rippled by the paddle or that its shores had echoed to the crack of the rifle. On the opposite shore was the bark shanty on a gentle slope, seeming to invite us to rest from that dreadful six-mile walk. But the pond must first be crossed, so I stretched myself on the mossy bank while George went to get his boat, which was safely hidden from stray seekers. He was gone so long that I sank into a quiet doze. Thought was busy, and the witchery of Cooper's Mohican came over me. Nucas was outlying on the track of the Mingo. The caw of the slow-flying crow was the signal of Hawkeye, and I seemed to hear the splash of the beaver startled by the singer's silent figure. George was returning, and the splash of his oars completed the spell and awoke me at once. Yet the dream did not instantly vanish. Perhaps on this very spot the beautiful sisters had rested on their long weary ride, while their dusky captors caught fish for their evening repast. Could these silent shores tell the story of things they have seen during the ages, what a tale would they unfold. Tribe has succeeded tribe, and all have passed away, but the beautiful lake remains. She spreads her sparkling circle still unchanged. The trees look old with long sprays of moss hanging from their boughs like hoary beards. The lake smiles youthfully in the sun. Men act their part, grow old and moulder away. Lakes and rivers never grow old.

We soon crossed to the other shore and gladly reached the hut, which was a rude shed of bark, the back closed by boughs piled loosely, the front open. This gave excellent ventilation, especially when the wind blew strong. One great charm of the Adirondacks is the air; there is always plenty of it and some to spare. George then built an excellent bed of balsam boughs. It was very soft and balmy, but I found myself on the bare ground in the morning, while George was cozily curled up in the middle of it. When we awoke in the new day all was still. A duck quacked in the rushes; birds piped in the treetops a homesick-looking chipmunk perched himself on a neighboring stump and eyed us with mild curiosity.

The lake invited us; and breakfast finished, we sought the most attractive looking spots, but cast I ever so deftly, not a rise could be had. Flies were changed without success and we finally made up our minds that the trout must have gone visiting. We went back to camp and spent the remainder of the day in loafing.

The next morning a gentle breeze was ruffling the water and playing tunes in the trees while we were breakfasting on the remains of canned beef, dry bread and no fish. On calling George's attention to the latter fact he promised that it should not occur again, if he had to come down to worms for bait; but as the camp needed some repairs he thought best to "fix up" before trying the lake. Everything finally being to his mind we sallied forth a little before noon, a nice breeze from the west making the lake dance and sparkle, while great masses of cloud caused shadow to chase sunshine over the water and changed the forest alternately from muddy brown to vivid green.

George had declared that we should have some trout; and we did. Near the inlet is a large patch of water lilies, covering perhaps half an acre, in water 6ft. deep. My first cast raised a fine fellow, which I failed to hook. At a second attempt he met his fate. This was the beginning of fun. The water seemed almost to boil wherever my flies touched the surface. Few of the trout hooked weighed less than half a pound. Several times two were taken at a cast, weighing over a pound each. As I did not wish to overdo it, I soon ceased casting excepting when a promising wake gave token of a larger trout than the average. This was a success and I had several royal battles with beauties, some of which drew the spring of my pocket scales down to the 2lb. notch. But more days were to come, and as we had all that could be cared for, and more than could possibly be eaten, I reluctantly told George to row to camp. He did so, grumbling, however, at the "pusillanimous foolishness," as he called it, when jerked trout was almost equal to herring.

For dinner I ordered boiled trout to his utter astonishment. "Why!" he said, "they are not fit to eat; you mean broiled." "No," I said, "put a good-sized piece of butter in the water and don't let them boil to pieces." My recipe as to the butter is modeled after my mother's recipe for mince pies. "Put in all the spices you dare to, then shut both eyes and throw in another handful." Butter is generally so scarce in the woods that there is seldom danger of overdoing this, and trout so cooked are to my taste most delicious.

This was one of several days of unmixed pleasure. We had found the home of the trout, and when conditions of wind and water were right the sport did not fail us. One day, casting near a bunch of lily-pads, I allowed my fly to sink somewhat deeply, and giving a gentle twitch, was about to recover, when with a mighty swirl my leader was taken off as though cut with scissors. Quickly rigging another I tried vainly to raise him again. He was thirty feet long and weighed a ton. If you doubt it, ask George.

The days passed quickly; and one morning I stepped into the boat for a final fish. After two hours of sport we returned with twenty-six splendid trout, which weighed, as taken from the water, a few notches over twenty pounds. These were cleaned and packed carefully in cool moss for carrying out. Camp was broken up, the lake crossed, the boat carefully concealed as before, and soon the forest veiled dear delightful Plumador from our view.

And so are hidden from the present our joys of the past. Some day we part the shrubbery on the top of the "divide" and fix our gaze on the gone before. While writing I have been sorely tempted to change the past to the present tense, so fresh and vivid all its scenes have been. I hear the night wind sighing in the trees, the owl hooting dismally from the swamp, the crackling of the camp-fire as a sudden gust catches and tosses the flame. I watch from my balsam bed the gray glory of the coming dawn, until the uprisen sun first whitens then chases away the smoke-like fog hanging so closely to the slumbering lake. I breathe the odor of the woods. Then the fury of a winter storm raging without tells me that months have passed and months must come before my wrist will feel again the spring of the pliant rod, or my ear hear the swish of the flying line and the splash of the eager trout. Truly 'tis not all of fishing to fish.

H. E. S.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE TROUT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Those petitioners who have asked the Maine Legislature to extend the close time on trout and landlocked salmon in Moosehead Lake to May 15, or up to June 1, as their petition at first read, are understood to have been given leave to withdraw by the Committee on Fisheries and Game. The story is that a body of sportsmen, together with some of those interested in the hotels and steamers on Moosehead Lake, were desirous of preventing the taking of the usual large quantities of trout in the early spring by bait-fishing, and that they resolved to petition the Legislature to make the close season longer for that purpose. The petition was signed by a number of prominent fly-fishermen from both New York and Boston, and set forth the damage to the trout from the practice of this early bait-fishing. The measure was opposed by several prominent sportsmen, who like to go to the lakes early, among them the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin. It seems that the force was too great against the measure. Even the Commissioners are understood not to have favored the measure, though they of course believe in giving the trout all the protection possible. But from a matter of principle they are against special legislation for localities, not only because more difficult to enforce, but because of the injustice to those who wish to indulge in bait-fishing.—SPECIAL.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has been complimented by having a new brand of cigars named after it by the well-known manufacturers Messrs. Wm. Eggert & Co., of Pearl street, this city. The familiar vignette of the paper ornaments the cover of the box, and the manufacturers say that they have made the brand worthy of its name.

SUBSCRIBERS who may chance to receive mutilated or defective copies will confer a favor by returning them to this office, and others will be supplied in exchange.

A PAIR OF WADING TROUSERS.

ABOUT Christmas time the expressman left a package for me which contained a pair of wading trousers with boot attachment. There was no card, nor even an express mark on the package to denote who had been so kind as to send them. Coming well under the armpits of a rather short man, they must give him the appearance of Adonis and add a charm to the landscape wherever he may be. The boots fit well and should the wearer slip on a mossy stone and then conclude to lie on his back in the stream and cool off for a while, there is room for several gallons of water and a half bushel of chubs in the legs. All efforts to locate the unknown sender of the trousers have failed. I wish, however, to thank him for his kind remembrance, and to send him the first trout caught while wearing them. Can it be that at some time I have said that rheumatism had of late followed wading, and its horrid spectre appeared to view at every opening in the bushes and that the dancing shadows on the trout pools often suggested the shooting pangs which come later? If so some friend has sent this present as a solution of the difficulty, perhaps to wean me from a later fondness for boat fishing on lakes and to try and bring about a reconciliation for an earlier love. As ordinary rubber boots are a delusion and a snare to the wader, keeping the promise of dry feet to his eye but breaking it to his hope, there is no compromise between low shoes, which let the water in and out, and wading trousers which keep it out. After thanking the unknown donor and admiring the present for a while, I sat down at the desk to try how they would fit on the bank of a stream. The following soliloquy was found on the table next morning:

To wade, or not to wade, that is the question:
Whether it is better in the legs to suffer
The slings and arrows of rheumatic torture,
Or wear rubber trousers in the cold wave's wetness,
And by protection end them? To wear, to sweat,
No more; and by wearing to say we end
Sciatica, and the rheumatic stings
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To wade, to slip;
To slip, perchance to fall; aye, there's the rub;
For in that slip on back what waves may come,
When we have slid from off a mossy stone,
And fill our trousers to the very neck,
Must give no pause; there's still the boat
That bears us dryly on the wood-bound lake:
For who would bear the pinchings of neuralgia,
The doctor's visit, the hypodermic syringe,
The drowsy opiates and the nurse's poultice,
When he himself could all these ills avoid
By use of boat? Who would heavy trousers wear,
To slip and sweat under a weary load;
But that the dread of something after damp;
The dancing imps along sciatic nerve,
The fiendish tortures, whose most dread return
No angler e'er desires, puzzles the will:
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

F. M.

IMPROVED CARE OF ANIMALS.—Every thoughtful observer must have marked how in late years the devices for the comfort of our dumb servants have improved. Better cars for their transportation, better yards for their keeping, better stables, stalls and feed for their comforts. People find that it pays to keep good stock and to keep them well. Interest and humanity both demand good keeping. This extends to their care in sickness as well as in health, and this improvement reaches further than is generally supposed. Strolling into an extensive establishment where some of the best stock in the country is kept, a fine animal was brought from his stall evidently suffering from severe colic. He could not stand a moment, scringing with pain, pawing and could be hardly kept on his feet. The foreman, eyeing him for a moment, stepped to a little case, opened it, took a small bottle, and with a little bent glass tube ejected a few drops upon the tongue. The horse was soon easier, and after a second dose in half an hour began nibbling his hay. "That's the way we do it," said the foreman; "no hottling, no balling, no bleeding or blistering for any disease, only Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. They cure every time. We have not for years used any other medicines, and don't lose any stock from sickness." They are being used everywhere.—*Adv.*

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

THE MAINE COMMISSION.

FROM the report of the Commissioners of Fish and Game of the State of Maine, for 1886, we have already quoted the interesting article on lobster protection in our issue of Jan. 20, and in the next issue we gave an extract concerning the alewife. The report opens by saying that the two years that have passed since the last session of the Legislature have severely tested the new fish and game laws then enacted, while the increased pecuniary benefit has evidenced the wisdom and foresight of the lawmakers, and then follow some extracts from FOREST AND STREAM and other papers which are inserted to show the approval of the laws by persons outside the State.

Of all the rivers of the Atlantic slope of the United States the Penobscot is the only one which furnishes salmon eggs in sufficient quantity to provide them for stocking other rivers, and had it not been for the work of the State and the United States fish commissions there would be few or no salmon left in the river to-day. The increased population and facilities for transportation, together with the obstruction of the water courses by mills, and all those other encroachments of civilization, including the rapacity of the fishermen, would have thinned the annual runs of salmon to a few stray fish, had not propagation come to the rescue. The Commissioners say:

"No salmon ever ascends above the tide-water dam at Bangor that is not a breeder seeking its spawning ground. These fish should be protected. To be angled for with hook and bait or flies is all the license that should be permitted. But the law has been openly set at defiance. Parties from Massachusetts have been induced by the avarice of persons on the east branch of the Penobscot to participate in the felonious sport of netting our brood fish. Not only have the fish been netted, but dynamite has been and is used as an effective means of fishing by the local poachers. Application was made to the last Legislature to again legalize netting two days in the week on the east branch. The question was asked in response: 'Would they guarantee to enforce the law if granted?' The answer was: 'No.' The Penobscot can be made self-sustaining if the State will provide money to protect the salmon from destruction when above tide-water. If not, then provision must be made for 1,000,000 of salmon fry to be turned into the river and tributaries annually. By adopting one or the other of these two methods alone, can the salmon in the Penobscot be preserved from utter extermination. The benefit to the inhabitants of upper Penobscot from visiting sportsmen to fly-fish for salmon, would far exceed in value all the salmon captured by net, spear and dynamite, while an equal opportunity is open to them to fish by legal methods with their visitors. The testimony of many men can be adduced in Bangor and Calais, who never dreamed of the possibility of taking a salmon with what was termed a fish pole, who are now converts to the rod and fly, and fierce opponents to any other methods above tide water, such is their enthusiasm for the newly-experienced delight of killing a salmon in a fair struggle of skill. Salmon do not spawn oftener than once in two years, a portion ascending the rivers each year. Since the enforcement of the law forbidding netting near the dams on the Penobscot and St. Croix rivers, the salmon collect at every tide in considerable numbers, undergoing a sort of preparatory acclimation before making a lengthened journey to their spawning grounds in the fresh water, thus affording excellent sport to the angler. Both the St. Croix and the Penobscot, if proper means of protection are furnished, will yield an increased revenue to the State from the advent of anglers to enjoy this noble sport, which with us is free to all."

Salmon planting in the Saco has been a success. The first plant was made in New Hampshire in 1879, and this has been followed at other points on the river, and in 1886 "salmon of large size have appeared in considerable numbers at the mills at Saco, and at the dam at Bar Mills, where a fishway is urgently called for by the local inhabitants." In 1886 there were planted 1,200,000 salmon fry in the waters of Maine. Of this stock Prof. Baird contributed 500,000. The distribution was: 700,000 to the Penobscot, 200,000 to the St. Croix, 100,000 to the Saco, and 200,000 to the Kennebec. Of those contributed to the St. Croix, Mr. Frank Todd, of St. Stephen, has always paid for the hatching and distribution. The salmon works at Orland purchase the fish from the nets at market rates, and after stripping them of their eggs the parent fish are returned to the waters, a system of great benefit to the river.

The landlocked salmon has not been found in Maine waters unaccompanied by the smelt, which seems to be their favorite food. The smelt spawns in the spring and its young are hatched about the time the young salmon begin to feed. The Commissioners have never known the landlocked salmon a marked success in any waters, unless there was a plentiful supply of dwarf spring-spawning fishes. "If there have been marked failures they have arisen from an insufficient supply of food adapted to the new-born fish. In Rangeley Lakes there are red fins, blacked-nosed dace, and doubtless other dwarf fishes. The landlocked salmon is a success in Rangeley, as is evidenced by a fine show of salmon at the spawning grounds near the village. Many landlocked salmon fry have been planted at Moosehead; the dwarf fishes are doubtless to be found there, but in both cases, at Rangeley and at Moosehead, we shall never be entirely satisfied with the plant until a strong colony of smelts is introduced into both waters. A foolish notion is widely entertained that a surplusage of fish food (or minnow food, perhaps, will be better understood) will injure the fly-fishing. Just the contrary is the fact. Trout and salmon will rise to the fly even with minnows in their mouths. Webb's Pond, in the town of Weld, is noted for its fine pickerel and trout. The tributary inlets of the ponds are large and of swift running water over a gravelly and rocky bottom, affording abundant protection to the trout from the vile pickerel. The pond is full of smelts, indigenous to the locality. Ten years since we commenced stocking this pond with landlocked salmon. Some few of the fry we introduced were from Sebago salmon eggs, but the main supply was from Grand Lake Stream. The increase of these fish in their new locality is truly wonderful, many of all sizes from 1 to 8lbs. being yearly taken on both fly and bait. In the spring of the present year, a spent male salmon was taken, that weighed 11lbs. 2oz. This fish in full condition must have weighed 15 or 16lbs., probably more. On a recent visit of the Commissioners to the pretty little village of Weld, they found the people quite elated over their great run of salmon on the spawning grounds."

Sebago Lake has been a great source of expense and trouble. It required more money for wardens to protect it than the Commissioners had. Their only resource to save the few salmon left in Sebago waters has been to build a weir, stopping every fish as near the mouth of the river as possible, to take the spawn of every ascending salmon and hatch the product at a house built at a convenient point for the purpose, all to be turned back into Sebago waters. Sebago may thus be made one of the most popular fishing resorts in the country, and of inestimable value to Portland and all the railroads centering there. The demand for landlocked salmon fry has been far in excess of the supply or its possibilities. The device contrived to check poaching on Crooked River was a fence weir built directly across the river near its mouth, with a plank walk on top, to enable a man with a rake to clear away any refuse collecting between the rails of the fence, endangering the safety of the structure from any suddenly occurring autumn freshet. From time immemorial the spearing of these fish has been the only method of taking them by the local inhabitants, and is continued down to the present day, until the fish have become nearly extinct. Weir has been amply sufficient to take and hold all the ascending fish. If the lake could now number one salmon to an acre of water, the Commissioners should have required weirs capable of holding as many hundreds as they have now units.

It seems that as many landlocked salmon can be bought at the rivers as there are funds to pay for, while at Grand Lake Stream the waters are limited and the crop of parent fish is proportionate. A new field has been opened at Crooked River, Sebago Lake, the large size of the fish taken there yielding many hundreds of eggs per fish more than those at Grand Lake Stream, one female taken there weighed 25lbs., and an increase in the future supply is looked for.

THE INDIANA COMMISSION.

IN his report, recently issued, Mr. Enos B. Reed, Fish Commissioner of Indiana, says: While on the subject of carp, permit me to say that since testing them as a food fish I have quite changed my mind regarding them. From my own experience, and the experience of others related to me, I am led to believe that the carp is about as edible a fish as swims, when it has been properly raised and properly prepared for the table. No fish taken from a pond all mud would be palatable, and the misfortune is that carp ponds are not properly built or supplied with sufficiently pure water. If it should be asked, could not other fish be as profitably raised as carp? I would answer no, for the reason other fish cannot be so easily propagated, and there is none save the pike that grow so rapidly. When a 3in. carp in one year will reach to a growth of from 12 to 14in. and be fit for table use, the wonder is not that there is such a demand for carp, but why there is not a carp pond on every farm in the State. Each year adds to their growth until they reach the weight of good-sized shoats, and are fully as palatable. It has been said, by those who profess to know, that carp will eat whatever a hog will. Certain it is that they will eat almost anything.

In my opinion there are no fish that could be introduced into our rivers, creeks and lakes of a superior quality than those, I might say, "native and to the manor born." We have four or five different varieties of fish of as excellent a flavor as can be produced anywhere. I might name the small and large mouth black bass—as gamy as any fish of their size that swim, reaching to the weight of four, five and six pounds—the goggle or red eye—in some localities called rock bass, a most juicy and toothsome fish and long lived withal. The crappie or bachelor, or Campbellite—a delicate fish, and none sweeter if eaten on the same day that it is taken. Then there are small perch and sunfish and the dace, which latter, though small, are equal to any trout that ever were caught. The lake perch—raccoon or striped—which are so abundant, is a most solid fish, the roe of which—and almost every raccoon perch seems to have a roe—is like the pie of four-and-twenty blackbirds, "fit to set before a king"—and we are all kings in this country. I do not mention the mud and channel cat, which some fishermen affect to despise, while the latter is as rich as a whitefish.

All these fish are plentiful—or would be if left alone—in the river, creek and lake from one portion of the State to the other—but the misfortune is they are not let alone, but are subject to the vandals of the seine and dynamite, who have been accustomed to laugh at the laws made for the protection of the finny tribe.

If I was asked to say in one word what was needed in order to make fish more plentiful in our streams, I would say, "Protection! Protection! Protection!" Let this be provided and Indiana needs precious little else. But how can we have fish in plenty when in some of the counties a Grand Jury does not indict those who are known to seine and dynamite and the prosecuting attorney is afraid to prosecute?

There is not a lake or a stream in the State which, if protected from the seiners and dynamiters for from two to four years, would not be full of edible fish that would seek the bait and ask to be "taken in out of the wet." Then might the fly-fisherman or the live-bait angler ply the gentle art with success and to his heart's content.

FISHING ON A FOGGY MORNING.—Casting a meditative glance toward where the sun had gone down, the old rounder began: "Well, gentlemen, I had a little experience of my own once. I went down the Chattahoochee River, in Decatur county, to visit an old friend. He had often told me of the splendid fishing there, and I was anxious to try it. It was late in the evening when I got there, and I retired early so as to be ready for the fun next day. I asked how far it was to the creek, and they told me it was only a few hundred yards just beyond the fence. By light next morning I was up and secured a good tackle and a few sawyers. I started off toward the creek. The fog was so heavy, for it was woods' burning time, that I could not see any distance, so I groped my way as best I could across the little clearing. Reaching the fence I climbed over, and picking my way carefully, for I did not want to fall into the creek, I proceeded slowly down the slope until I thought I must be near the water's edge. Baiting my hook I threw it forward, and just about time enough for it to strike the water I felt a pull, and with a jerk I brought in a fine fellow. For ten minutes I stood there and pulled them in, and then, fearing that I would spoil one day's sport, I regretfully retired, and by accident I reached the house through the fog. After breakfast the fog lifted and we got ready for a day's enjoyment. You may imagine my surprise when on going to the place where I had caught so many early in the morning, I found it was a full 100yds. from the bank of the creek. The truth is, I had not touched the water, but just stood there and caught them out of the fog.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP TERRAPIN.—Mr. Edward H. Strong was in Chestertown recently, and gave some interesting information about the diamond-back terrapin. Mr. Strong is a farmer, but, living near the water, and being fond of all the sports which it affords, spends a great deal of his time in his famous canoe, the Mayflower. He states that terrapin are easy to catch in the spring, but the trouble has always been how to keep them until winter, the time at which they are in demand. If you confine them in a pond of water they will become very poor and very often die; if kept in the air they are sure to die. The high price they bring in the city during the winter is the result of the difficulty experienced in preserving them from the spring until the winter. It is nothing unusual for fine diamond-back terrapins to bring from $50 to $75 per dozen in Baltimore or New York city during the Christmas season. Last spring Mr. Strong caught a great many, and resolved to try several experiments in order to see whether or not he could find a successful plan of keeping them. About the 1st of June he placed seven in an iron box and hermetically sealed it; he put nine in a wooden box that was not air-tight, and then took twenty-six or twenty-seven and buried them in the earth about 18in. deep. A few days ago he determined to examine the terrapins. All of those he had put in the iron and wooden boxes were dead, while all those he had buried were alive, fatter and in better condition to eat than when they were buried last June.—*Baltimore Sun, Dec. 5.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 8 to 11.—Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association Dog Show. Fall River. A. R. G. Mosher, Secretary.

March 8 to 11.—Second Annual Dog Show at Buffalo, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Secretary, Hornellsville, N. Y.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 15, 1887.—Inaugural Trials of Tennessee Sportsmen's Association. Entries close Jan. 10. R. M. Dudley, Secretary, No. 84 Broad street, Nashville, Tenn.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4606.**

THE BEN HILL—LILLIAN HEAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Careful investigation of this National field trials business has forced me to the conclusion that FOREST AND STREAM has not demonstrated its usual clear-sightedness in dealing with one of the offenders.

Your able and fearless report of the disgraceful proceedings was nothing more than one expects from a paper which occupies the proud position of indisputable pre-eminence in matters canine. It is not over that report we differ, nor yet over your lucid and forceful editorial, furnished at a time when at least one of your contemporaries was dodging about in search of its overcoat. But I do think, as do others with whom I have conversed on the subject, that certain parts of your footnote to Mr. Bryson's letter, as well as subsequent requests for information, lack the generosity of feeling usually employed by you when seeking or distributing knowledge.

We have recently been informed that Mr. Bryson is an "honorable gentleman," and he probably feels aggrieved and discouraged by the course you have pursued in trying to force from him facts which, if made public, might lead to the punishment of the givers of "something valuable" as well as the receivers.

Mr. Bryson has done more than any other man for field trials in this country; he is a practical man, and he knows more about the vulpine doings of certain persons than any other being, excepting, perhaps, the Chicago leader and editor. Tired of having to shoulder the responsibility and disgrace which association with these people naturally involves, Mr. Bryson's conscience yields at last to the ever increasing pressure put on it, and he comes forward and frankly tells what has been done in the past, and what may be done again in the future. The boodle alderman who turns State's evidence earns immunity and saves his bacon; and yet you insist that this "honorable gentleman," after having disclosed facts such as have never been divulged by any other person, is doing wrong just because he doesn't find it convenient (I think that is the proper word to use) to let you have the last link in the chain of evidence—the link that might bind the future and the past by an inseparable, if not uncomfortable, bond.

I feel confident that FOREST AND STREAM, after having given more careful consideration to some of the facts in this case, will become a generous advocate of pardon for Mr. Bryson, and will exonerate me of any intention of attempting a defense of an unworthy subject. Mr. Bryson writes: "Lillian will beat him (Ben Hill) ninety-nine times in every hundred," and, "I contend the circumstances which caused Mr. Stephenson to have Ben Hill pulled was a greater wrong than the pulling." Here is a straightforward and manly acknowledgment of things which have hitherto been held sacred by certain parties. Mr. Bryson, a successful competitor at National trials, knows that dogs which cannot fairly win more than "one heat in a hundred" have by some mysterious (to us) process been transformed into winners, and he and his friend, Mr. Stephenson, in order to avert a ninety-nine-to-one-chance victory in the Ben Hill—Lillian heat, ordered Mr. Bevan to pull Ben Hill. Messrs. Bryson and Stephenson having a big "say" in the appointment of the judges at these trials, should know when it is necessary to make sure doubly sure. Don't you see? Remember, please, that I know nothing of the judges at these trials, and don't wish to. My defense of Mr. Bryson is based solely on evidence supplied by prominent members of the club.

If ninety-nine-to-one-chance dogs had not been successful at previous trials Messrs. Stephenson and Bryson would not have had reason to fear Lillian's defeat. Ben Hill would not have been pulled and the dog-loving community would have been spared disgraceful exposures. Undoubtedly, as Mr. Bryson states, "the circumstances which caused Mr. Stephenson to have Ben Hill pulled was a greater wrong than the pulling." Thanks to Mr. Bryson, all this is perfectly clear.

Now sir, perhaps you can tell us where to find full recorded particulars of these ninety-nine-to-one-chance victories. I have not examined the back numbers of your esteemed contemporaries, the *Turf, Field and Farm* and *Breeder and Sportsman*, but of the other old established papers devoting a column a week or more to dog matters, only one (FOREST AND STREAM) has a record for having exposed trickery and fraud at field trials. The evidence supporting this statement is voluminous and conclusive.

Do you, sir, suppose that Mr. Bryson is ignorant of these facts? There is not a grain of evidence to show why he should be. By your courtesy I will continue my queries and ask, have you forgotten that within the last few years certain snipe-nosed, dish-faced, light-eyed, prick-eared, tucked-up, small-boned, ring-tailed, leggy rabbit-coursing dogs have been entered for competition at our shows, and under ninety-nine-to-one-chance judgments have been juggled to the front when competing against English setters? How these worthless looking brutes were written up by a certain paper, their defects magnified into sterling qualities, and the judges who placed them complimented for their sound judgment, must be fresh in your memory. FOREST AND STREAM and *Sporting Life* effectually put a stop to that business; but how about the other papers?

When and where did they ever give particulars of this unsavory business? These facts, the astounding ones disclosed by Mr. Bryson's letter, and perhaps many others of the same color, are in Mr. Bryson's possession; his insinuations are founded thereon. Certain papers failed to report crooked work of which Mr. Bryson was an eye-witness. The reporters were either blind, or incapable, or they were silenced by some means. No newspaper would send a blind reporter to a field trial or to a dog show, and at least one of our papers which has always withheld information that was not complimentary to a certain clique, has frequently advertised its reporters as practical men. To what, then, does all this point? It seems to me that Mr. Bryson instead of insinuating should have affirmed. His reasons for not having done so are best known to himself and the delinquent reporters. Mr. Bryson has told so much that it is only fair to suppose he would tell the balance could he do so without personal inconvenience. His conduct is most commendable inasmuch as he has clearly shown that ninety-nine-to-one-chance dogs, when owned by the right parties, do scoop in the boodle at certain trials; and that a dog may be ninety-nine-times better than an opponent and yet not be able to win unless the heat is made absolutely airtight by fixing the handler of the ninety-nine-to-one-chance dog; and that at least one reporter has been "sweetened." Truly "the circumstances which caused Mr. Stephenson to have Ben Hill pulled was a greater wrong than the pulling." Mr. Bryson has told his share; let some other penitent supply the missing link. It's the "circumstances" you want to be after. CHAS. H. MASON.

NEW ROCHELLE, Jan. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have never attended a field trial, but have read your reports with a great deal of interest. The Ben Hill—Lillian affair appears to me to have been an outrage and I sincerely hope that the National Association will deal with the perpetrator of it in a manner that will prevent such occurrences in the future. Mr. Bryson's letter in your issue of Jan. 20 leads me to believe the matter to be worse than your report of it makes out. We are given to understand that Ben Hill is a very ordinary dog, yet his owner found it necessary to "pull" him in order that he might not beat Lillian. Is it possible that the field trial merit of Lillian that we have heard so much about has all been earned under similar conditions? If so a very great wrong has been committed, as it is well known that it takes a lot of money to purchase a dog of the breeding she represents, and a portion at least of the value is supposed to be represented by actual field merit proven by honorable competition in public. Is it possible that other records have been obtained in like manner? Mr. Bryson's insinuation about "pay-me handsomely" reporters leads me to believe that there are strong grounds for suspicion in the case and that he may know something of the matter. I therefore second your demand that he make a clean breast of it and give us all the facts in order that we may know just where we stand, and so far as possible make a revision of the records. ALTOO.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You are quite Puritanic in your ideas, and want "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and contend that Mr. Stephenson should be punished regardless of the cause that provoked the act. I think in every case the cause should first be well weighed before the act itself is reached. Suppose a burglar should enter your room, and in a struggle with him to protect your property he should kill you; his crime would be murder and punishable by death. But suppose you should kill him, would you think you had committed murder and deserved the same punishment he did? Although you had committed the same act he had you would be honorably acquitted and he hanged. In reply to the criticism of "Inquisitive," I will say Mr. Stephenson refused to make any charge for handling Lillian, both before and after the trials. What he did receive was a present some days after the trials, and he was perfectly ignorant of what it would be until he received it. His interest in Lillian was a handler's, which is often regulated by the winnings. His interest in Ben Hill was an owner's, and could not be lessened by his being handled by another. I received all the entries in the All-Aged stake and Mr. Bedford received the money. I knew Mr. Stephenson entered Ben Hill, Lady C., Noble C. and Minnie S. in person, and the entrance money came out of his pocket. I did hear another person claim to have entered Ben Hill, but I now have written evidence from six of this man's nearest neighbors, who are the best citizens of the county, which convinces me to the contrary. Mr. Stephenson was at a fire, soaking wet and threatened with a chill (but Bob Gates was not with him; what if he had been?); it was raining and totally unfit to run the heat. As one good turn deserves another, why was not Mr. Rose, Daisy F. and the judges sent to hunt him up if he had bolted?

Dr. Young is not related to Mr. Stephenson, but is a cousin of Mrs. Stephenson. If his winning first prize is due to this relationship would it not be well to inquire if his grandfather did not at some time give the grandfather of one of the judges at High Point a chew of tobacco, or some of his remote ancestors trade horses with the ancestors of one of the judges at Grand Junction in '85 and Canton in '84? "Inquisitive's" informant must have been quite nervous about the revolvers being handed around. The first I heard of them was when I saw it in print. If they were being handed around they failed to give me one or notify me "to be ready in case of emergency." Drowning men catch at straws, and frightened children scream at their own shadows. Straws are saw logs compared to the imaginary cobwebs "Inquisitive" clutches at when he suggests these surmises to be facts. If the committee based their decisions on such facts (?) as these no wonder they made such a blunder. They should have dealt with facts and not the fancies of a frightened brain, which could see phantom revolvers floating in the air "ready for an emergency." The rule is exactly as I quoted it, and for once I agree with "Inquisitive" its purpose and spirit should be considered. I have answered all of "Inquisitive's" questions to the best of my ability, and wish to ask him only one, which he can easily answer without betraying his identity. Do you reside at Knoxville? If you do, mail me a card from there with "Inquisitive" written on it by yourself.

Now, a few words about reporters. I do not think my expression conveyed the idea that all reporters could be bought. I had no such intention, as I have the highest regard for an honest, independent reporter, one who would scorn any attempt at bribery and treat it as an insult; one who would consider it base to eulogize an advertiser's dog above its merit and detract from the well-earned laurels of another from spite or revenge. Whenever a paper unjustly writes up some dogs and writes others down it matters not whether it is from favoritism, envy, jealousy, revenge or bribery, its report should be treated with contempt by the public and looked on as an imposition on their confidence. D. BRYSON.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

ANOTHER LARGE MASTIFF BITCH PUPPY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a mastiff bitch puppy, sired by Ilford Caution, which, at 7mos. of age, weighed 106lbs. Why won't Mr. Haldeman give us the measurements of his puppy? Weight is not all we are striving for. Below are some of the measurements of mine: Length from tip of nose to stop, 3¼in.; girth of muzzle, 13in.; girth of skull, 22in.; girth of neck, 22in.; girth of body behind forearms, 33in.; girth of loin, 28in.; girth around stifle joint, 19½in.; girth below elbow, 10½in.; girth of forearm, 9in.; girth around pastern, 6¼in. This puppy is not for sale.—E. H. MOORE (Melrose, Mass., Jan. 28).

A PLEA FOR PUPPIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We sent our promising puppies to the shows last spring, healthy, strong, and so full of life that they could hardly be persuaded to take any pace slower than a gallop. During the first day they were frisky and jolly, excited by the strange sights and babel of sounds, and quite wide awake until 10 o'clock emptied the hall of people. Then they seemed to think it was cold and very far from home. The next morning they were brought into the judging ring, but already the novelty had departed; teazing and caressing visitors had worried them, breakfast had not had its usual relish, they had missed their early game of romps out in the exhilarating morning air, and with utter indifference most of them faced the judge, one or two even declining to stand up and greet him. Then back to their stalls they went, very proper and quiet, without tugging at their chains or giving the attendants any trouble. The day wore away and with it all their energy. Sleep, happy sleep, was all they craved, and visitors could hardly rouse them for a friendly hand shake. A kind friend whom they remembered enough to greet with hoarse bark of welcome, gave them a run around the hall, and even took them out into the street for a blessed half hour, so that they were quite fresh and bright when evening thronged the hall with people again. But how wretchedly weary and forlorn were the poor things when the third day began. So meek and apathetic had they become that they swallowed pills without a murmur, and even submitted to the administration of a generous dose of salt with which a wiseacre sought to revive them and make them "show up" better. Two walks they had, out of doors, and one in the hall, besides other kind attentions, and really seemed like themselves for a time. But at night they pined for a change of air, and all the tedious hours of the fourth and last day they were so dull and stupid that visitors found them very uninteresting and openly wondered that such dogs had won any prizes. At last the show came to an end, the pups were hurried from their benches and into their crates to catch the midnight train, homeward bound. More weary hours in the crowded car, and home at last, drooping, dispirited, worn out, thin and languid. In a day or two they seemed to regain something of their former condition and spirit, but within a week all were ill with distemper, and the disease had also attacked some of their stay-at-home kennel mates. For months our kennels were only a series of hospitals, and several besides the unfortunate prize winners succumbed to the dire disease.

This is no fictitious case, but a statement of sad fact. How many other breeders can tell a similar tale? The spring shows are at hand and more victims are being prepared for the sacrifice, for what breeder worthy the name lacks ambition, and what breeder thinks he has no puppies to show? Since there will be puppy classes and puppy entries to fill them can we not do something to ward off distemper? Gentlemen of the bench show committees, will you not think of the puppies as well as the grown dogs in making out your schedules? Would it not be a good thing to let all puppies go home at the close of the second day, while they have some strength with which to combat distemper should it attack them? I am told that this plan has succeeded admirably, and I wish it might be tried at our shows this spring. Brother breeders, have you all resolved never to show any more puppies after the losses of last year? Or have you forgotten your trials and are you ready to exhibit a few more grand puppies presently. What do you say to a two-day limit for puppies and a four-day limit for grown dogs? Or would you prefer to have no puppy classes? A SUFFERER.

OUR FIELD TRIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We, who live so far from the scenes of the great field trials that we cannot conveniently avail ourselves of the opportunities to judge of the merits of our dogs that those contests would afford, concluded recently to inaugurate a series of local field trials to decide which of us possessed the best trained dog. Christmas day, selected for our first meet, dawned clear and balmy as May. Many of the owners and handlers of the dogs entered had been up late the night before assisting in the distribution of presents to the children from the various Sunday school Christmas trees in the city (so they said), and in consequence of the fatigue incidental to these festivities, failed to appear in time for the start. However, two enthusiastic individuals with their canines were promptly on hand, and nothing daunted at the paucity of contestants, determined to carry out their part of the programme. As the negroes, with their "Zulus," have potted all the birds in the immediate vicinity of town, it was necessary to go some distance to find suitable grounds for the contest. The dogs that came to the scratch were Webster's celebrated liver and white pointer Dash Blank and "Guadalupe's" famous English setter Count No-Account.

A little difficulty was experienced at the outset, as the dogs on being put into the back part of the wagon at once began to fight like a couple of Kilkenny cats. They were separated eventually, after having been admonished with a club, one was left in quiet and safe possession of the rear part of the wagon, and the other given a seat in front. Arriving on the ground, the brace was put down (I believe that is the correct phraseology) near an extensive hedge, and immediately got to work. After a short run Dash Blank pointed and drew on, working out a bevy that was running in the hedge. The Count lay down to bite a grass burr out of his foot. He was kicked up by his handler, and exhibited a fine burst of speed getting out of the way. Seeing Dash standing rigidly on a point and looking in his direction, the Count evidently concluded it was a challenge and went for him in fine style. Alarmed at the tumult the bevy—a large one—flushed with a great racket, which attracted the attention of the fighting dogs, who left off chewing each other and lit out after the birds. After running the best part of half a mile, unmindful of the vigorous blowing of whistles and shouting on the part of the handlers, the dogs having failed to catch any of the birds, returned and lay down in the shade to rest. One chase was scored against each dog.

After cooling off they were sent on and shortly came together on a point close to the hedge. Webster, to order, flushed, but it was a cotton tail rabbit which he missed very neatly with both barrels. He also missed the dogs, but it was a close call for all concerned. After the dogs discovered they could not catch the rabbit they returned, got down to business again and, in a short time, were racing up and down the hedge in pursuit of a bevy that would neither flush nor stand still long enough for the dogs to get in a respectable point. Webster was ordered to flush, but he couldn't. The hedge was of Cherokee rose, 12 to 15ft. wide and averaged about 8ft. high. In the expressive language of Dash's owner, "if they didn't want to flush, they didn't have to." He also suggested that a mark be scored against the birds, but as that was a proceeding I could not recollect ever having seen chronicled in the published reports of field trials, I objected, and advised that he fire into the hedge and scare them out. This advice being acted upon proved entirely successful. The birds were marked down in the middle of the field, but as soon as they touched the ground they set out in a run for the hedge on the opposite side and succeeded in getting there ahead of the dogs. It was a pretty race, but the birds won by about five dog lengths. One mark was scored against each dog for not beating the birds and getting between them and the hedge.

Arriving there we found both dogs pointing beautifully. The bevy was flushed without much difficulty, and as they rose four shots rang out almost simultaneously. One bird dropped, winged and started to run, but Dash had his eagle

eye on it and after a short chase caught it. On being ordered to retrieve he laid down and began to chew the bird. Webster got to his dog as quickly as possible, but alas! all that remained of the bird was an unrecognizable mass of flesh and feathers. When excited, as on this occasion, Webster has a peculiar manner of addressing his dog. He said: "Dash blank your Dash-blanked hide; I've a great notion to shoot your Dash-blanked head off."

The Count next made a fine point to a single, which his handler flushed and winged. The dog was sent to retrieve and worked very prettily. After catching the bird he brought and laid it at his handler's feet, when it jumped up and ran into the hedge, where it was safe from further pursuit.

Dash now made a point at the hedge, the Count backing him nicely. Webster approached cautiously, and spying a cotton-tail under the brush in front of the dogs, he blew its head off at about 10ft. distance. After much scrambling and scratching Dash succeeded in getting under the thorns far enough to get hold of the rabbit and draw it forth. The Count immediately seized the game by the opposite end and a tussle began for its possession, which resulted in its being torn in two. This was such a palpable error on the part of both dogs that it could not be overlooked, and while we were debating as to how it ought to be scored the Count lay down and ate his half of the rabbit.

They next started a jack-rabbit, and away they flew in a race for life and death, the rabbit in the lead, Count second, and Dash a good third. A couple of charges of No. 8s sent after them failed to stop any one of the trio. The dogs, with their embarrassing peculiarities being out of the way, the handlers got in some good work on the birds, making a fine bag. When lunch time arrived we adjourned to the wagon to enjoy that intermission, and see if we could hear anything of the dogs. We found them under the wagon with lolling tongues and panting sides. After treating them to refreshments from the end of a stakerope, they were tied to the wagon and left there for the balance of the day, which the handlers put in with the birds.

After comparing notes on the heat it was decided a draw. The dogs appeared to have equally good noses and each paid about the same amount of attention to the commands of his handler. It was admitted that Dash Blank could get furthest into the hedge, but this was offset by the Count's superior retrieving, and as we were not at the outcome of the race after the jack-rabbit, that event was not taken into consideration. I am convinced that very few field trials result so satisfactorily to all concerned as did ours. We propose to renew the contest on the first favorable opportunity, when we hope for a larger attendance and an increase in the number of entries. Parties from abroad wishing to enter their dogs should apply care of FOREST AND STREAM to GUADALUPE.

VICTORIA, Texas.

BOSTON DOG SHOW.—Boston, Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Bench Show Committee of the New England Kennel Club have completed their premium list, which is to be ready for the public in a few days. The statement is made that it is exceedingly liberal. Some of the more noticeable features of which is the large amount of money offered, the addition of a third prize in all classes, a large money special for the best kennel of not less than four dogs (one owner); and the club stud dog medal when two best of his get are shown; also the insertion of a new rule allowing puppies to be withdrawn on the second day of the show. The list of judges is as follows: Messrs. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I., mastiffs, St. Bernards, and pugs; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., pointers, English setters, greyhounds, deerhounds and foxhounds; W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., Irish and Gordon setters; A. Clinton Willmerding, New York, spaniels; T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., bull-terriers; Ronald H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa., bull-dogs, fox-terriers, Newfoundlands, dachshunde; S. T. Mercier, England, collies; H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., beagles; Edward Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., Skye, Scotch, Bedlington, wirehaired and Irish terriers, toy spaniels and Yorkshires. The benching will be in the latest English fashion, introduced by Spratts Patent, Limited, and has open wire-work partitions, porcelain-covered feed and water dishes, class numbers, prizes, etc., etc. The addition of these novelties will assuredly prove a great attraction, and add much to the success of the show.—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.—There will be a dog show at Buffalo, N. Y., March 8 to 11; Mr. J. Otis Fellows has been appointed superintendent. He writes that there will be 72 classes provided for with premiums of $10 and $5, and $5 to puppies in the open classes and a sweepstake of $5 in the champion classes with $5 added. There will also be some valuable special prizes.

THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIAL DERBY.—The entries for the English field trial Derby, to be run in April, closed with 149 nominations, 84 pointers and 65 setters.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Robert's Mark, Mary Anderson, Lady Queen, Madam Langtry and Kent Queen II. By Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, for liver and white pointers, one dog and four bitches, whelped Jan. 27, 1887, by Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway) out of Kent Queen (Dash III.—Daisy).

Claudius, Belle of Waverly and Jule. By T. H. Dwyer, Waverly, N. J., for liver and white pointers, one dog and two bitches, whelped Nov. 26, 1886, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4391) out of Polly (Beaufort—Nymph).

Go Bang. By Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped May, 1886, by Bang Bang out of Phœbus.

Gretna. By Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., for liver curly-coated retriever bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Old Don (Regent—Betsy) out of Lucy (King Coffee—Lady Truth).

Flounce. By W. S. Brown, New York city, for orange and white English setter bitch, age and pedigree unknown.

Blanche. By Jas. E. Maddrah, West Winsted, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped May 8, 1886, by Count (A.K.R. 3178) out of Miss Doonie (A.K.R. 2193).

Sagamore Norah. By Sagamore Kennels, West Medford, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 13, 1886, by Joe (A.K.R. 4567) out of Bessie II. (A.K.R. 3965).

Flossie. By F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1886, by Racer (Rally—Lill) out of Maggie (A.K.S.B. 3211).

Speculation. By F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., for white, black and tan and ticked beagle dog, whelped Aug. 11, 1886, by Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Fanny.

Madge. By Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., for red and white Irish setter bitch, whelped May 25, 1886, by Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen) out of Meg (Elcho—Rose).

Cassius, Hercules, Brutus, Evangeline, Corinne, Lucretia and Erminie. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernards, three dogs and four bitches, whelped Dec. 10, 1886, by Tell II. (A.K.R. 5835) out of Flora II. (A.K.R. 3016).

Bingo, Bigingo and La Petite. By Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., for stone fawn pugs, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey) out of Bijou (Dandy—Little Nell).

Alpine Kennel. By J. H. Long, Boston, Mass., for his kennel.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Myrtle—Gus Bondhu. H. Merriam's English setter bitch Myrtle to A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu, Jan. 18.

Dora Gladstone—Gus Bondhu. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) English setter bitch Dora Gladstone to his Gus Bondhu, Dec. 25.

Lynn—Gus Bondhu. E. E. Hayden's English setter bitch Lynn to A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu, Jan. 21.

Bessie II.—Gus Bondhu. A. M. Tucker's (Charlestown, Mass.) English setter bitch Bessie II. to his Gus Bondhu, Jan. 27.

Amie—Otho. B. H. Warder's (Springfield, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Amie (Tell—Noma) to Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), Dec. 8.

Apollonia—Otho. Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) smooth St. Bernard bitch Apollonia (A.K.R. 4418) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), Dec. 3.

Clio—Otho. Alta Kennels' (Newport, Ky.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Clio (A.K.R. 1441) to Hospice Kennels' Otho (A.K.R. 483), Dec. 25.

Belline II.—Hector.—Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Belline II. (A.K.R. 3033) to their Hector (A.K.R. 4425), Jan. 29.

Susie—Hero II. S. Mason Bines's (Kimberton, Pa.) mastiff bitch Susie (Bruno—Nellie) to Victor M. Haldeman's Hero III. (A.K.R. 1705), Jan. 28.

Tipy—Tom Thumb. Wesley Baughart's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Tipy to Geo. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey), Dec. 5.

Topsy—Tom Thumb. William Swartzwelter's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Topsy to Geo. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey), Jan. 20.

Queen V.—Argus II. H. W. Thayer's (Franklin, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Queen V. (Gem—Rose) to Geo. E. Brown's Argus II. (Argus—Beauty), Dec. 9.

Bredna—Dash B. Manitoba Kennels' (Winnipeg, Man.) English setter bitch Bredna (Mark—Betsy) to their Dash B. (Dash Bryan—Lilly), Jan. 22.

Cambria—Mark. Manitoba Kennels' (Winnipeg, Man.) English setter bitch Cambria (Cambridge—Pet Laverack) to their Mark (Druid—Star), Jan. 24.

Novelette—Royal Prince II. Manitoba Kennels' (Winnipeg, Man.) English setter bitch Novelette (Royal IV.—Novel) to F. Leonard's Royal Prince II. (Sir Alister—Novelty), Jan. 24.

Village Belle—Bacchanal. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Village Belle (Volo—Beauty) to A. Belmont's Bacchanal (Belgravian—Bedlamite), Jan. 1 and 5.

Jeanette—Don Quixote. H. E. Burkmar's (Rockland, Me.) pointer bitch Jeanette (A.K.R. 2475) to F. W. White's Don Quixote (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), Jan. 23.

Noreen—Elcho. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Noreen (Garryowen—Cora) to his Elcho (Charlie—Nell), Dec. 29.

Romaine—Elcho, Jr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Romaine (Elcho—Rose) to his Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen), Jan. 24.

Ruby—Elcho, Jr. W. G. Simons's (Manchester, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Ruby (Berkley—Siren) to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen), Dec. 17.

Lorna—Elcho, Jr.—Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Lorna (Elcho—Rose) to his Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen), Nov. 26).

Bess—Sarsfield. G. H. Parkinson's (Middletown, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Bess (Glencho— ———) to Wm. Jarvis's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Belle II.), Dec. 14.

Red Flash—Sarsfield. H. B. Draper's (Catskill, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Red Flash (Glencho— ———) to Wm. Jarvis's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Belle II.), Dec. 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

La Duchesse. Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch La Duchesse (A.K.R. 3022), Jan. 11, five (two dogs), by their Otho (A.K.R. 483). One bitch dead.

Lady Pluto. Geo. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Pluto (Obo II.—Blackie III.), Jan. 7, five (four dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' Doc (A.K.R. 3795).

Bijou. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) pug bitch Bijou (Dandy—Little Nell), Dec. 20, four (three dogs), by his Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey).

Lorna. Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Lorna (Elcho—Rose), Jan. 26, twelve (five dogs), by his Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen).

Flora II. Eugene Taylor's (Lynch's Station, Va.) English setter bitch Flora T. (Rebel Wind'em—Fleeta), Jan. 6, six (five dogs), by Henry Colquitt's Comedy (Dashing Rover—Trinket).

Lucy. Manitoba Kennels' (Winnipeg, Man.) English curly-coated retriever bitch Lucy (King Coffee—Lady Truth), Nov. 20, six (one dog), by their Old Don (Regent—Betsy).

Belle. Manitoba Kennels' (Winnipeg, Man.) English setter bitch Belle (Cable—Bredna), Jan. 6, six (four dogs), by their Royal Prince II. (Sir Alister—Novelty). One dog living.

Dudley Rage. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Dudley Rage (Pickle II.—Frantic), Jan. 5, five (three dogs), by A. Belmont's Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic).

Kent Queen. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City) pointer bitch Kent Queen (Dash III.—Daisy), Jan. 27, twelve (six dogs), by Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Doc—Rhea whelps. Black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Nov. 24, 1886, by American Cocker Kennels, Camden, N. J., one each to Thos. F. Hickey, Trenton, N. J. and Samuel Margerum, same place; one black, white and tan dog to Harry Curnow, Philadelphia, Pa., and one black with white frill bitch to J. D. Baldwin, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nick of Naso—Polly whelps. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1886, by Thos. H. Dwyer, Waverly, N. J., to Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., and two bitches to W. Hepsley, Jersey City, N. J.

Royal Prince II. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped January, 1884, by Sir Alister out of Novelty, by Manitoba Kennels, Winnipeg, Man., to F. Leonard, Pawtucket, R. I.

Daphne K. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 26, 1884, by Currier's Prince out of Currier's Chip, by Fred W. White, Worcester, Mass., to Wm. A. McCausland, Washington, Pa.

Royal Prince and Luretta II. Liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 4, 1886, by Croxteth out of Van, by R. G. Hall, Portland, Me., to S. G. Bennett, North Woburn, Mass.

Romaine (A.K.R. 638). Red, white spot in cheek, Irish setter bitch, whelped June 17, 1881, by Elcho (A.K.R. 295) out of Rose (A.K.R. 295), by G. F. Wells, Boston, Mass., to Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.

Miss Bracket. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 30, 1886, by Bracket out of Rosa (A.K.R. 1443), by J. H. Phelan, Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, to M. Fielder, Newark, N. J.

Rosa. White and liver ticked pointer bitch, whelped May 2, 1882 (A.K.R. 1443), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, to J. P. Cartwright, Augusta, Ga.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

CONSTANT READER, Frostburg, Md.—The defect will probably not at all interfere with the dog's usefulness in the stud. Both organs are probably present, one not having descended.

RIFLE.—What had I better give my 3yrs. hound for worms? He is in fair condition, but they appear to annoy him and he "passes" them as often as I have observed him? Ans. Diet your hound for 24 hours, giving nothing but milk. At the end of this time give one teaspoonful of powdered areca nut rolled into a ball with lard. This may be forced into the throat far enough to prevent the dog from throwing it out. After three hours give a thorough purge of castor oil, a tablespoonful. You may commence treatment with a purge also.

B. F.—My Irish setter seems to be in good health but sheds his hair badly. He does not scratch at all, so the trouble cannot be caused by mange. What shall I do for him? Ans. Give your dog two or three doses of castor oil or two or three of calomel—5-grain doses. Then commence with 5-drop doses of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in food. Keep up treatment for one month and report.

M. R. G.—1. I have a bitch 9yrs. old. She has never had puppies. She is very fat. Would it endanger her life to have puppies now? 2. What is best book for breaking or training puppies? Ans. 1. It would be better to have the bitch thinner. It would probably not endanger her life, however, to have pups. By exercise, cathartics and limited diet you should be able to bring her flesh down. 2. Hammond's book, "Training vs. Breaking," is the best.

H. S. C.—My fox-terrier bitch has been shedding her coat very badly for the past two weeks; vomits sometimes two or three times daily; at times the matter seems digested, at others indigested, and again nothing but greenish fluid; otherwise she seems very well and lively, but rather subject to shivering for no apparent reason. Ans. Give 10grs. of calomel in two doses—morning and evening. Diet her, feeding very little meat. Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food morning and evening for 3 or 4 weeks.

J. S. W., Toronto.—I have a spaniel bitch, 10½ mos. old, which will, I suppose, soon be coming in heat. I do not want to breed her. Please say if I can give her anything to shorten the period. Her hair also comes out badly. Is there any way of stopping that? Ans. When the bitch comes in heat you might try ten-grain doses of bromide of potash in solution daily. The best way to keep her from breeding is to tie her up during the heat where dogs cannot get at her. Give five-drop doses of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening to improve the skin. Keep the bowels free.

F. E. P., South Boston.—My two beagles stuff up in the nose, and sneeze very hard and almost constantly, especially toward evening. Otherwise they are in good health and active. The older dog has been this way for nearly two months, and the other has just begun. They have a habit of scratching the inside of the ear a good deal, also. There is no smell, and I can see no eruptions nor matter. Can a puppy of 6 mos. have canker in the ear? Ans. Very likely the puppies have canker. Get the following: Of bromo-chloral and of laudanum one dram each; of water six drams. Mix. Drop a little in the ears night and morning after cleansing. Give four drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning in the food. Keep the bowels in order with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REVOLVERS.—New Haven, Conn.—Is there now on the market, or is there likely to be soon placed on the market, a neat, well balanced, well made and accurate shooting revolver, with which satisfactory target practice can be had, whether the target be stationary or moving? I am aware that there are plenty of revolvers now for sale, but they are all nearly worthless for practical purposes, both on account of their general make-up and the ammunition which they use. Many alterations and improvements are needed in both before any degree of perfection can be attained. [There are now on the market revolvers with which accurate work can be done. See report in our issue of Nov. 25, 1886, of work done at Conlin's gallery, this city, with Smith & Wesson and Colt .32cal. revolvers.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The challenge of Mr. Dorler, of the Zettler Rifle Club, published in your paper, was accepted by Mr. Snellen, of the Essex Rifle Club, of Newark. Terms, 150 shots each in the Zettler gallery, 150 shots in the Essex gallery, Newark; 12-ring target, usual gallery conditions. Following are scores of first 150 shots, in Zettler gallery:

Dorler.											Snellen.										
12	12	12	12	12	11	12	11	12	12	—118	11	11	9	11	11	11	12	12	10	11	—109
12	11	10	12	12	11	12	11	12	11	—115	11	12	11	12	11	10	10	12	11	10	—111
12	12	12	12	12	12	10	12	12	12	—118	12	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	11	10	—115
12	12	11	12	10	11	11	12	12	12	—115	12	12	12	12	11	12	11	12	12	11	—117
12	11	12	10	11	12	12	12	12	12	—116	12	11	10	12	12	10	11	12	10	12	—112
12	12	12	11	12	12	11	11	12	12	—117	11	11	11	12	12	12	11	12	12	11	—115
12	12	12	11	12	12	12	11	12	12	—118	11	10	10	12	12	10	10	11	12	11	—109
11	11	12	12	12	11	12	12	12	11	—116	11	10	12	11	12	12	12	11	10	12	—113
12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	11	—119	12	12	12	12	11	10	11	12	12	12	—116
12	12	12	12	12	12	12	11	12	12	—119	11	11	12	12	11	11	12	12	10	12	—114
12	12	12	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	—118	12	12	12	10	12	12	11	12	9	12	—114
12	12	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	12	—117	11	10	10	12	12	11	12	12	10	11	—111
12	12	12	12	11	12	12	12	12	12	—119	11	11	10	12	12	12	11	11	12	12	—114
12	11	10	12	12	12	11	12	12	12	—115	12	12	10	11	12	11	10	12	12	12	—113
12	11	12	11	12	10	12	12	12	12	—116	11	12	12	11	11	12	10	12	11	12	—114
										1,757											1,697

The concluding stage will be shot at the Essex Rifle Gallery, Newark, Feb. 2, 8 P. M. The Zettler Rifle Club will match two members against any two men in the United States, usual gallery conditions, any number of shots, for a trophy or anything else that may be mutually agreed upon. While the above match was in progress Pres. Coppersmith, Essex Club, challenged Pres. Walther, Zettler Club, to shoot 50 shots. Result:

Walther	114	113	117	115	112—571
Coppersmith	111	111	112	115	116—565

N. D. WARD, Sec.

SEATTLE RIFLE CLUB, Seattle, W. T.—Bullard score:

H Argens	8	4	5	8	6	5	3	9	8	7—63
J Green	5	7	7	9	4	8	7	9	6	9—71
W A Hardy	5	5	3	5	7	5	10	9	4	6—59
E R Clark	3	4	7	4	5	8	7	5	7	7—57
W R Thornell	6	10	3	4	5	9	8	7	7	7—66
R H Hummel	6	9	3	4	7	9	5	3	7	8—61
J R Smith	5	5	9	8	3	3	5	6	5	4—53
E Anderson	3	6	6	9	6	3	3	3	7	5—51
W A Hasbrouck	3	3	9	5	3	3	5	3	3	6—43
J W Wilkinson	4	5	7	10	5	10	4	6	5	6—62—586
Allowance for military rifles										50
										636

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 26.—The weather being both clear and mild, with but little wind, made the day a fine one for rifle shooting. The following are the scores at 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

First Match.

H B Seeds	6	6	10	5	5	7	8	8	8	6—69
Tom Jones	7	7	6	8	4	8	8	9	4	4—65
R Miller	7	5	6	3	6	8	6	8	8	4—61
J E Newman	4	6	3	9	6	6	10	5	3	9—61
E M Clark	8	9	6	6	4	8	4	5	6	5—58
H Simpson	3	3	6	4	9	4	6	2	3	2—42
W A Bacon	1	2	4	4	1	5	2	1	4	6—30

Second Match.

R Miller	6	10	6	7	7	10	9	6	6	9—76
Tom Jones	4	10	9	9	8	8	8	9	5	5—75
E M Clark	9	9	7	4	6	8	4	6	5	5—63
J E Newman	6	4	4	10	4	4	5	9	4	8—58
H Simpson	6	9	2	6	4	7	5	3	4	5—54
W A Bacon	5	5	3	6	5	4	4	3	3	5—43

Third Match.

H B Seeds	8	6	9	4	8—35	E M Clark	5	4	4	7	4—24
R Miller	9	6	4	6	9—34	W A Bacon	5	6	6	4	3—24
J E Newman	3	6	4	5	9—25	Tom Jones	7	5	4	4	3—23
H Simpson	3	6	5	6	4—24						

BOSTON, Jan. 29.—There was a fair attendance at Walnut Hill to-day, although the disagreeable weather conditions made high scoring out of the question. The record:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W Charles, A	8	9	9	10	6	10	10	7	10	7—85
J Francis, A	6	10	10	9	10	8	10	9	8	8—82
A L Brackett, A	8	7	8	10	9	9	9	8	6	8—82
W H Oler, A	6	10	9	8	8	6	7	7	10	9—80
R Dadman, A	6	7	8	7	6	9	8	6	10	9—76
J N Frye, C	4	8	10	5	9	10	6	9	7	6—74
A C Gordon, A	9	7	4	8	6	10	8	5	7	10—74
F Carter (mil)	9	8	8	5	6	5	6	5	6	5—73
M Gassam, A	6	9	6	7	6	8	5	8	7	8—70
R Davis, C	5	6	6	9	7	6	9	9	6	5—67
G F Hall, D	8	3	5	8	4	5	4	7	10	10—64
J A Cobb, C	7	3	7	8	7	10	6	5	5	5—63
D F L Chase, A	4	8	3	5	7	8	7	7	5	7—61

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—98
W H Oler	10	9	10	10	9	10	8	9	10	9—94
H Smith	10	10	7	10	8	10	9	10	9	8—91
E G Pond	6	10	9	8	8	10	9	9	9	10—86

A NEW CREEDMOOR.—A special meeting of the board of directors of the National Rifle Association was held during the past week to hear the report of the committee appointed to examine a plot of ground on Staten Island that has been offered to the Association for a rifle range. For a long time there has been a feeling against Creedmoor on account of the high rate charged by the Long Island Railroad Company, and the great amount of time required in getting to and from the range. In view of these facts Lieut. Zalinski has been quietly examining several sites that might answer as a rifle range. In his report, as chairman of the committe, he stated he had succeeded in securing the refusal of a piece of ground containing 100 acres, which he considered admirably adapted for a range, and that Mr. Erastus Wiman, on behalf of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company, had guaranteed to sell round trip tickets at thirty cents each, and also erect a station on the railroad within five minutes walk of the range, where all trains should stop. Lieut. Zalinski also stated that he had been promised several thousand dollars toward the purchase money if the Association decided to buy the property, and that he thought the balance of the money required could be raised by an appeal to the public. The meeting adjourned till Feb. 15; in the meantime a survey of the land will be made by a Government engineer.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE PRACTICE.—Col. Horace T. Rockwell, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice in the State Guard of Massachusetts, has submitted an interesting report of the work performed, while the comments of such an experienced shot as the captain of the now champion military team of the country are worthy special attention. He puts the growth of rifle practice in the State in a clear tabular form, as follows:

	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.
No of qualifications, sharpshooters	94	96	78	121
No of qualifications, first class	133	184	204	271
No of qualifications, second class	253	268	362	431
No of qualifications, third class	139	156	234	317
Requalifications	780	1273	1915	2757
No qualified or requalified during the year	509	644	878	1159
Issue of badges, all classes, aggregate	545	795	1058	1442
Marksmen in service close of year	51	66	66	68
Co.'s performing armory practice	42	64	65	66
Co.'s performing field practice	37	54	56	63
Co.'s entering teams, State match				150;

The list of sharpshooters for 1886 is: Highest possible score, 150; requisite for qualification, 129; viz., 43 at each of three distances, 500, 600 and 800yds.

1 Col H T Rockwell, A I G, staff commander in chief.....160
2 Capt C W Hinman, I R P, 1st brig.....141
3 Capt J B Osborn, 2d M, 1st brig.....132
4 Capt J P Frost, I R P, 2d brig.....140
5 Capt A A Hall, Provost Marshall, 2d brig.....137
6 Sergt W M Merrill, bugler, 2d brig.....138
7 Lieut Henry White, Co D, 1st regt.....142
8 Lieut S S Bumstead, I R P, 2d regt.....159
9 Priv M W Bull, Co B, 2d regt.....138
10 Priv F R Bull, Co G, 2d regt.....140
11 Priv J Kimball, Co G, 2d regt.....132
12 Priv T B Wilson, Co G, 2d regt.....140
13 Lieut R B Edes, I R P, 5th regt.....137
14 Sergt J E Darmody, Co G, 5th regt.....132
15 Priv W C Johnson, Co C, 1st corps cadets.....136
16 Priv F D Gartlett, Co D, 1st corps cadets.....136
17 Priv L Grant, Co D, 1st corps cadets.....148
18 Sergt C A Parker, Co D, 1st corps cadets.....140
19 Priv M W Daulton, 2d corps cadets.....136

Taking the foregoing record by itself, a degree of progress is indicated greater than that recorded in any previous year. But other striking evidences of improvement are to be found in the averages of performance at the State rifle matches, in the scores at the mid-range match held for the first time this year, and in the success of the team sent to Creedmoor. On the whole, it may be said that more interest has been shown and better results achieved than ever before.

Of the 100 rifles, latest pattern, received early in the year, it was possible to distribute only 56 to companies; and, as one of the objects of obtaining them was to place in the hands of the most expert men fit arms with which to enter into national competitions, the distribution was made upon the basis of the record of the highest class of marksmanship in the companies. This accomplished the purpose in the fairest way possible; but when the time came for our State matches it was felt by some that companies holding the new rifles possessed an undue advantage. It is my judgment that individual work at 200yds. depends very much less upon the arm than upon the individual capacity and habitual practice with the piece used, and that the "advantage" (at the distance named) of any particular arm is somewhat fanciful. Nevertheless, I deem it desirable that a sufficient number of the new rifles be obtained to place at least two in every company in the militia.

I have obtained returns from the entire militia of the State of some useful details of their armory arrangements, the provision made by local authorities as to targets and the expenditures of ammunition over and above State allowances. From these it appears that there are very few companies which have not provided themselves with permanent appliances for armory practice; but that quite a large number have thus far been unable to secure any co-operation from their town authorities in respect to facilities for field practice. This is one of the matters which regimental inspectors may be expected to assist in rectifying.

It also appears that a majority of the companies, and particularly those which show the result of faithful work, use a great deal of ammunition beyond that furnished by the State. Probably much of it is reloaded ammunition; and it would hardly be possible that companies should continue their large expenditures if they were to purchase fixed ammunition at factory prices. It is desirable that the use of reloaded ammunition shall be encouraged and it is but just that those companies which are doing so much at their own expense should be assisted as much as possible. Therefore, while recommending that the general issues of ammunition be made upon the same basis as heretofore, I recommend an additional issue, in cases indorsed by regimental inspectors and approved by superior officers of the materials for reloading (excepting shells and powder) to such an extent as may be found within reasonable limits of expenditure.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 2.—The challenge rifle match, 100 shots per man, between T. T. Cartwright and O. W. Horr, of Springfield, Mass., and A. B. Dodge and C. D. Palmer, of this city, which was to have been shot to-night, did not take place because of a request from Mr. Cartwright that the match be deferred, as he was to shoot a money match to-day, and believed that the shooting of a match the night before would unfit him for the more important event of to-day. Mr. Palmer put in a practice string of 100 shots Thursday night, scoring a total of 480, making a run of 34 consecutive bullseyes, and again a run of 21.

Jan. 24.—The match between T. T. Cartwright and E. T. Stephens for a purse of $40 was shot Saturday and resulted in a very close and exciting contest, considerable money changing hands on the result. Mr. Cartwright's friends took all bets offered. The scores were as follows:

Cartwright.										Stephens.										
5	6	8	9	8	7	9	6	7	9-74	6	9	8	8	7	9	6	7	7	6-73	
4	5	8	6	9	9	6	4	7	5-63	6	7	7	6	6	6	7	8	8	5-66	
7	7	10	7	6	10	7	6	10	7-213	5	9	6	6	6	5	6	9	7	7-69—208	

Mr. Cartwright used a Bullard single shot rifle. He also shot a single shot match with T. B. Wilson, both using military rifles, the result being 358 in the latter's favor, decimal count, and 219 to 218 Creedmoor count. Mr. Wilson used a Springfield rifle and Mr. Cartwright a special military made by the Bullard Arms Company. The distance was 200yds. off-hand on the Hinman target.

Jan. 25.—The weather conditions for rifle shooting were first class this afternoon, yet with the exception of C. D. Palmer the riflemen who gathered at the West Manchester range shot below their average. Mr. Palmer did some very fine work and succeeded in making the best 10-shot card of his life. There was a team shoot with the Maynard Rifle Club of Chicopee Falls, Mass., but the scores made are withheld until after Saturday next as the Maynard club will not shoot its scores until Saturday. The prize shooting resulted as follows:

C D Palmer	10	8	8	9	8	10	6	10	10	10—89
"	7	10	10	9	8	9	4	7	10	9—83
F J Drake	5	8	6	7	6	9	6	10	10	10—73
"	7	8	5	5	5	8	8	5	6	8—69
W Morris	9	5	10	10	6	7	7	6	9	4—73
A A Dodge	8	8	7	6	9	5	6	8	6	8—71
G A Leighton	6	3	5	9	7	6	7	8	6	7—66
W J Schonland	4	3	6	5	8	2	3	8	6	2—47

There were several other riflemen participating in the shoot who did not finish cards.

Jan. 29.—The second rifle match between A. B. Dodge and Clarence D. Palmer, of this city, on the one side, and T. T. Cartwright and O. W. Horr, of Springfield, Mass., as their opponents, took place this evening, the conditions being the same as in the first match, viz., Creedmoor target, off-hand, 50ft., bullseye ¾in. in size and each man 100 shots, which gives a possible 500 per man. The first match was won by the Manchester representatives and they also won this evening's contest by an increased lead. The shooting of Mr. Dodge was phenomenal. He consumed an hour and five minutes in the making of his string, while Mr. Palmer put in his 100 shots in 43 minutes, besides doing his own marking and loading. The scores follow:

A. B. Dodge	5545555555—49	C D Palmer	5555554555—49
	5555555555—49		5455555554—47
	5555455555—49		4555454455—46
	5545555545—48		4555444545—45
	5555555555—50		5545555554—48
	5545545555—47		4545555555—48
	5555555555—50		4555554455—47
	5455555544—47		5555455545—48
	5555545554—48		4555544554—46
	5555555545—48		5555545554—49—473
Total of both			960

The score of the Springfield riflemen was. T. T. Cartwright, 457; O. W. Horr, 457; total, 915; a lead of 46 for the home experts. In the first match Mr. Dodge made 473, Mr. Palmer 474, total, 952; Cartwright 451, Horr 461, total, 912.

The next team match in the Bullard Arms Company's series will be shot Feb. 1, weather permitting, when the range will be open all day. The team will consist of Messrs. Dodge, Palmer, Boothby, Colby, Leighton, Paul, Drake, Temple, Partridge, Knowlton.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan 21.—The Springfield Rifle team held its regular weekly shoot at the range on Perrin's farm, south of the city, this afternoon. The shoot was at 200yds, off-hand. Some of the boys did not shoot as well as usual, probably because the sudden and severe changes in the weather during the past week had unstrung their nerves. Henry Croft, Sr. carried off the palm, his score of 90 out of a possible 100 points in his second series of 10 shots being very fine. Mr. Croft attributes his success in that series of shots to the use of "patched balls," which are as perfect in every way as it is possible to make them. Following the detailed score:

H Croft, Jr.	8	8	7	7	9	9	6	5	8	5	7—71
	6	7	10	8	9	9	8	8	8	6	8—82
	10	6	8	9	10	7	8	8	10	6	8—81
	6	9	9	10	7	8	4	7	6	10	7—76
J E Perrin	10	9	8	7	10	5	9	5	7	3	7—70
	7	5	6	10	7	7	6	6	6	7	6—67
	10	5	8	5	8	5	9	8	5	5	5—68
C H Rice	3	5	8	9	4	7	6	8	6	8	5—65
	5	6	9	6	5	6	5	6	10	6	6—64
	7	8	7	4	6	5	10	5	8	9	6—66
J C Trimmer	7	9	8	4	7	6	5	7	8	5	6—66
	10	5	6	8	5	6	7	7	7	7	6—68
	5	7	6	6	8	7	9	8	8	5	7—72
H Duke	10	7	9	10	5	6	5	5	8	8	5—73
	7	8	5	6	6	6	9	9	4	3	6—64
	7	7	4	5	7	6	9	4	5	9	6—65
H Croft, Sr.	10	10	9	10	10	6	9	7	9	10	9—90
	8	9	8	5	10	6	8	6	6	7	6—73
Smith Davis	6	8	6	5	7	5	3	9	5	6	6—60

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 23.—M. A. Thurber won the medal of the St. Louis Pistol Club's weekly shoot with a score of 110 out of a possible 120. The shooting was very close and exciting, the winner getting there by just one point. Following are the scores:

M A Thurber	11	10	10	11	11	12	11	12	10	10	—110
F A Fodde	12	10	11	11	12	12	10	11	11	9	—109
O Neuhaus	11	12	11	11	12	10	9	8	12	12	—108
W Bauer	10	11	10	12	11	11	10	12	10	11	—108
W E Field	12	11	11	10	9	12	10	9	12	11	—107
W J Laird	12	8	12	12	10	11	10	11	11	10	—107
W G Sims	11	12	11	11	9	11	10	9	10	12	—106
L V D Porter	12	12	12	9	11	12	10	8	10	10	—106
W J Wells	9	11	12	12	10	11	11	11	10	9	—106
A E Beegal	10	10	9	11	12	11	12	10	10	11	—106
W H Hetel	10	9	12	11	9	11	12	8	10	11	—103
W A Jones	11	10	11	12	10	9	11	8	8	12	—102
W H Bonnell	11	12	10	9	11	7	10	10	10	10	—100
W B McDoncll	9	12	9	7	7	11	9	12	12	10	—98

Jan. 29.—The struggle to-night between W. J. Laird and W. G. Sims, for the medal of the Pistol Club, was very exciting, and after shooting off two scores was finally won by Laird. In the first score they tied on 110; in the shoot-off Laird made 109, when Sims again tied; in the last shoot Laird made 110 and Sims dropped to 106. Scores:

W J Laird	11	10	12	10	12	10	11	10	12	12	—110
W G Sims	12	11	12	12	9	12	10	11	11	10	—110
A E Beegel	12	12	8	10	11	10	12	12	12	10	—108
F A Fodde	11	11	12	10	9	11	11	11	10	11	—107
W L Wells	11	10	11	11	12	11	12	9	12	8	—107
M A Thurber	10	11	11	11	9	12	12	12	9	8	—105
W E Field	6	12	12	11	12	11	12	11	9	8	—103
W Bauer	11	11	12	9	10	8	9	10	11	11	—102
W Hettel	8	10	10	10	12	9	9	12	11	9	—100
W H Bonnell	11	11	11	12	11	8	9	8	9	8	— 98
W Clark	11	10	8	11	9	7	10	10	11	11	— 98
O Wallace	7	12	6	12	10	11	9	10	6	9	— 92
J G Schaaf	7	10	6	8	7	7	10	8	7	7	— 77

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 16.—The following scores were made to-day by members of Co. G, N. G. S. C., at the 200yds. range, Sharps military rifles:

Capt Hall	4443555554—42	Pvt McMillan	2323444444—36
Sergt Mott	4444442244—36	Pvt McKenna	3443445434—37
Sergt Sewell	5444444444—41	Pvt Klein	3324355433—35
Corp Quinn	3422434453—35	Pvt Viemeister	3334452254—35
Pvt Bouse	4445444444—41		

Scores of honorary members, same range:

Capt Coffey	4444454444—41	Sergt Little	4544444533—40
Sergt Hughes	3444545544—42	Corp Hughes	5544455545—45

Jan. 23.—Notwithstanding the exceptionally fine day for rifle shooting there were no regular matches among the rifle teams at Shell Mound Park ranges. R. G. Moore of Company A and F. P. Coulter of Company F of the Fifth Infantry, however, engaged in a practice shoot at the ranges, and made creditable scores as follows:

200yds.		500yds.	
Poulter	4454445554—44	Poulter	5555455545—48
	5444554546—45—89		3454545454—43—91
Moore	5545555444—45	Moore	5455454355—45
	5554444444—43—88		4555554554—47—92

At the ring targets:

Moore	25	17	19	20	23	15	17	18	17	19	—190
	22	21	15	22	14	20	24	10	16	23	—187—377
Poulter	24	17	15	19	25	17	18	17	22	25	—199
	17	19	16	19	22	19	23	17	18	15	—185—384

WHITWORTH.—The death of Sir Joseph Whitworth, the famous rifle inventor, which took place at Monte Carlo on the 22d ult., was announced from London on the 24th. Sir Joseph Whitworth, Baronet, F. R. S., was born at Stockport, England, in 1803, and when fourteen years of age was placed under the care of his uncle, a mill owner in Derbyshire. When twenty-two years old he went to London, thoroughly dominated by the idea of attaining perfection as a mechanician. Sir Joseph's name first came prominently before the public when he exhibited his plans and other improvements at the Exhibition of 1851. In 1853 he was a commissioner to the exhibition in New York, and in 1854, when the English Government was anxiously seeking to perfect its military armament, Sir Joseph turned his attention to the improvement of the rifle, and it is his work in this direction which has made his name most widely celebrated. At a time when the Enfield rifle was considered an admirable weapon, the performances of the Whitworth rifle astonished everybody. The rifle was not stumbled upon by accident, but was accurately thought out from the first. His success in this direction soon made him a competitor with Sir W. G. Armstrong in his efforts to produce perfected ordnance and projectiles. The system of polygonal rifling invented by Sir Joseph is still in use to-day. In his great works at Charlton street, Manchester, may be seen regiments of steel ordnance and an army of those flat-headed steel projectiles which Sir Joseph has persistently advocated. In 1868 he founded the "Whitworth scholarships" in mechanical science, thirty in number, of the annual value of $500. He was made a baronet in 1866.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 29.—A special from Pueblo to the *News* says: Colorado lawyers have made use of the Supreme Court decision on the invalidity of criminal convictions by information to obtain the release of Hamilton, alias Burton, from the penitentiary at Albany, N. Y., where he is serving a sentence for robbing a mail stage near Alamosa in 1881. He had built a pile of brushwood across the road in the woods, and set up blackened sticks in such a way as to look like gun barrels pointing at the coach. Having stopped the coach, Hamilton made all the passengers form in line. He then made motions back toward the supposed band of riflemen, telling them not to shoot until he ordered them to do so. While the supposed riflemen were covering the passengers with their guns, the latter were robbed of their valuables by Hamilton, who escaped into the mountains.

NEWARK, Jan. 27.—Our Own Rifle Club shot this evening on the new range at No. 93 Mercer street for the club trophy, a diamond badge for teams. Each man fired ten shots, with a possibility of scoring fifty. The result was as follows: Team No. 1—G. Snellen, Captain; Ferd. Freiensehner, 44; Weider, 39; Friedenbeit, 41; Klem, 29; Kiefer, 37; Snellen, 47; total, 237. Team No. 2—John W. Gill, Captain; Limberger, 39; Bertram, 39; Drexler, 36; Dietzel, 38; F. A. Freiensehner, 42; J. W. Gill, 37; total, 231.

WALTHAM, Mass.—The several companies of firemen in Waltham have organized a rifle tournament; 30 matches will be shot, 3 each week. The contest opened Jan. 25.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 26.—The long talked of pigeon shoot between Jacob Koch, of this city, and George Radger, took place at the Buffalo Driving Park, $250 a side, 60 live pigeons, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary. The Canadian led up to the 17th bird, after that he lost:

J Koch.....0110111101111111111111111101011111111111101011111113—43
G Rodgers.....1111011111111101101011110111111011111110111100—39

BROOKLYN, Jan. 28.—The last regular meeting of the Long Island Gun Club took place to-day at Dexter Park, Jamaica Plank road. Out of the large number of members present, thirteen put down their names to compete for the silver cup and money prizes. The birds were supplied by Chas. Durrier, and proved such good ones that out of the 195 shot at 48 escaped, only to be knocked down by the scouters who lined the fence. Mr. Brown, 26yds., did the best shooting and won the cup, after tieing with Pfender. As it was the last shoot of the season the prizes were afterward awarded for the best individual scores. Each man had to shoot at eight of the twelve meetings to entitle him to a chance for a prize. They were awarded as follows. Class A, H. Knebel, $50; Class B, E. Tipping, $20; Class C, E. A. Vroom, $10. Some sweepstakes were shot afterward. Tipping and Pfender divided the first, Brown and Knebel the second, and C. Crecknell took the third. W. Mills was trapper and handler. Score of shoot:

E Tipping, 25yds	1110010—4	P Post, 25yds	0000000—0
H Knebel, 25yds	0010110—3	E Vroom, 23yds'	0100111—4
J Akhurst, 24yds	0101101—3	P Pfender, 25yds	1101111—6
W Green, 27yds	0111011—5	J Smith, 24yds	1011000—3
M Brown, 27yds	0111111—6	F Remsen, 23yds	1111015—5
R Jones, 24yds	1010011—4	I Siscord, 24yds	1111000—4
R Midmer, 25yds	1000110—3		

In shooting off the ties Brown won first and cup, Remsen second.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 26.—Match at live pigeons between Chalmers L. Dick of Johnstown, Pa., and E. B. Engelhard, of Raleigh; 22 birds, 5 ground traps; 5yds. apart; 28yds. riser 5 minutes allowed to retrieve birds; use of both barrels; English rules. Dick used a 10¼lb. 26in. Lefever gun, 10-bore; Engelhard a 10lb. 30in. Parker gun, 10 bore. Score:

Dick	1011111111111111011111011—19
Engelhard	1111111101111001011111118

Dick had right quarterers 7, left 11, incomers 2, drivers 10. Engelhard right quarterers 8, left 7, incomers 2, drivers 10. The wind was blowing almost a gale, and the birds were strong and fast flyers.—S. I. J.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 22.—A clay-pigeon shooting match was contested between the Arlington and Pimlico gun clubs, at Arlington, Baltimore county, this afternoon. The following is the score:

Arlington Club.		Pimlico Club.	
D E Ensor	0101111111111—13	W Bland	1111111111111—15
J O Devries	1111111011111—14	P Bland	1110111001011—11
E Bland	1111111111111—15	E Bowers'ks	0101101011111—11
D Bland	0001111010101—9	S Bland	1011110111111011—12
	51		49

Another match will take place soon.

TORONTO, Jan. 23.—The Owl Gun Club is only in its third season, but has a membership of between forty and fifty, the majority of whom are wing shots of more or less ability, some being among the best in the country. In fact the Owls are a very flourishing institution. To-day they dined—at night, as became them—and at their own roost, 171 King street, east, where comfortable and commodious rooms have been taken. The tables were placed in the billiard room and were elegantly laden with a choice cold collation. Union jacks were draped over the windows and trophies of the chase with works of art illustrative of natural life adorned the walls. Conspicuously placed on the cross-table in front of the chairman, Mr. T. H. Tabor, vice-president, was the handsome and costly Moore challenge cup, which, by the way, was originally made on the order of FOREST AND STREAM as a championship challenge trophy of America. Flanking the chairman were Mr. J. Humphreys, president of the Owls; Ald. Maughan, George Waring, John Wilson and James Douglas, while around the table were John Townson, Robert Chariton, J. C. Unwin, Charles Kemp, W. J. Dwyer, H. Townson, A. J. Symon, William Unwin, F. Mallett, A. H. Lockhart, James Maginn, W. Smith, L. Longbotham, F. Fensom, William Douglas, George Orr (the bicyclist), A. Trebble, Charles Doherty, Jr., and P. Clark. The eatables having been disposed of, a few toasts were proposed and responded to, and then, Mr. Lalor retiring from the chair in favor of Ald. Maughan, the most interesting part of the programme was carried out. This comprised some excellent solo and duet singing by Messrs. Humphreys, Lalor, Wilson, Wells, William Douglas and T. Carlyle, the last named accompanying himself on the bango, and also performed during the evening some exceedingly clever feats of legerdemain. Mr. Charles Doherty, Jr., was the accompanist, and favored the company with a capitally-played piano solo. The whole performance was thoroughly artistic, and much enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to be present. Indeed it was a revelation to the guests and to many of the members themselves, who had no idea there was so much talent in the club. Ald. Maughan, in winding up the proceedings, said that he thought that the "Owls" was almost a misnomer, and that the "Nightingales" would have been more appropriate, and he isn't far wrong. The Owls will have a shoot at Eglinton on election day, Feb. 22, when one of the events will be a match at 15 birds for $25 a side, between W. Dwyer and J. Maginn.

Jan. 22.—The Toronto Gun Club held a very successful shoot at the Woodbine this afternoon. Snowbirds were shot at, 20 to each man. Mr. A. Elliot won the first prize with 19 killed, Mr. Leroy coming next with 18. There were several 17s and 16s. In fact the shooting was particularly good all round. A large number of members were present.

Jan. 24.—A shoot took place at Eglinton to-day. The second sweep was at 9 blackbirds, three prizes. Score: W. Filstead, 9; J. Baillie, 7; S. Carruther, 7; W. McDowall, 7; T. Lowden, 5; A. Jewell, 4; R. Dickson, 4; J. Leroy, 4. Third sweep.—T. Lowden, 8; J. Baillie, 6; W. Filstead, 5; A. Jewell, 5; S. McKillop, 4; R. Dickson, 4; J. Leroy, 4; W. McDowall, 3. McKillop and Jewell shot a match at 6 birds, McKillop breaking 5, Jewell 3.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAP SHOOT.—An extensive shotgun trap-shooting carnival is to take place on the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club, Wellington, Mass., May 30, 31, June 1, 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the New England Shooting Tournament Association. It will eclipse anything ever before attempted in the line of shooting with shotguns. It is hoped to have an international contest, and an invitation has been sent to England, requesting that country to send a reprcsentative team of ten men to meet an American team of the same number. In the shotgun

TORONTO, Jan. 27.—It is 16 years since a few thorough sportsmen met together and organized the Toronto Gun Club. From the first the enthusiasm was so great that the success of the organization was assured, but of late years the club has made great strides, and in spite of the organization of two or three other clubs in this city, the father of them all has gone onward and upward, until to-day it numbers no less than 150 active members. To-night the annual meeting of the Toronto Gun Club was held in the club rooms on King street. There were between 50 and 60 members present. The president, S. W. Downey, being in the chair. Business of a domestic nature occupied the club for two hours, during which reports were presented, showing the institution to be very flourishing, both in membership and financially. Then the election of officers took place with the following result: President, G. Pearsall; Vice-President, J. Wightman Millar; Secretary, J. E. Beswick; Treasurer, R. J. Kidd; Executive Committee, F. Martin, G. H. Briggs, A. Elliott and J. Worden; Auditors, J. C. Forman and J. Wright. Votes of thanks to Mr. Downey, who had occupied the presidential chair for three years, and other retiring officers closed the proceedings.

ON DIT.—A match is set down between L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., and W. W. Leves, of Elizabeth, to shoot at 35 live birds each man, at Dunellen, Feb. 8, 2 P. M., for $100 a side; birds to be furnished by Campbell, 30yds. rise, 5 traps, dio to be thrown previous to each shot, one barrel, gun below elbow until bird is on the wing; boundary, back the club grounds as shown by the line of stakes; in all other cases the boundary is to be 1yd. from fence. $50 forfeit has been placed in the hands of Alfred Heritage. W. C. Budd and Wm. Graham, we are informed, are both entered for the big sweep for $100 per man at the tournament of the Middlesex Club, at Dunellen, Feb. 22, and a return match between these redoubtable shots similar to last match, is positively asserted. The match to take place on the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club at Marion, some time during the month. Also a match is being arranged between the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club and J. C. H., 15 or 20 men each club, 10 birds each; for the birds, glory and a good time.—JACOBSTAFF.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 29.—The Wellington Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot this afternoon, a goodly number of gunners being present to participate in the sport. In the medal match Shumway won in Class A, Wardwell in Class B, and Wilson in Class C. Following is the result of the other events: 1. Six blue rocks—Stanton and Moore first, Shumway, Snow and Schaefer second, Warren and Brown third, Sanborn and Wardwell fourth. 2. Six clay-pigeons—Shumway first, Warren and Moore second, Snow third, Wardwell and Short fourth. 3. Six clay-pigeons—Snow first, Sanborn second, Kimball third, Shumway fourth. 4. Six blue rocks—Shumway, Stanton and Sanborn first, Moore and Snow second, Wilson third, Schaefer fourth. 5. Six blue rocks—Swift and Moore first, Shumway and Ames second, Wardwell and Schaefer third, Warren fourth. 6. Six blue rocks—Stanton first, Snow second, Shumway third, Schaefer fourth. 7. Ten clay-pigeons—Swift first, Stanton second, McCoy and Wardwell third, Wilson fourth.

FITCHBURG, Mass.—The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club will hold a shooting tournament on its grounds Wednesday, Feb. 16. The principal event of the tournament will be the tenth competition for the climax diamond badge, now held by H. W. Eager, of Marlboro, a member of the Worcester Sportsman's Club. The events will be at artificial targets. All the principal shots of New England are expected to participate in the tournament.—G. W. WEYMOUTH, Sec'y.

MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The third competition for the elegant gold badge in the Macomber badge shoot, will be held at Walnut Hill range, Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—J. E. LEACH, Sec'y.

EXTRACT from letter received by the U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., from Mr. Frank Hart, of J. Heart & Co., bankers, Doylestown, Pa., dated Jan. 21, 1887: "I have about come to the conclusion that your .22 short rim-fire cartridges are the most reliable in the market, and they are beginning to be appreciated by those who know where a bullet ought to go when they pull the trigger." —*Adv.*

Canoeing.

THE REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the Regatta Committee have published their programme for the 1887 meet and have requested comment on same before its final adoption, I would inquire why they still keep the triangular course for all sailing events. It is admitted by all that the test of a boat's sailing qualities lies in windward work; but can you get windward work at all times with a triangular course? Take the trophy race at the 1886 meet as an example, the only windward work was one long leg and a short one; not enough by any means to test the sailing qualities of a canoe. Why not make the course 2 miles to windward or leeward and return? The starting line is stated to be 50ft. in length. This, I think is entirely too short, and to attempt to start 40 or more canoes across a line of this length would be an utter impossibility without numerous fouls, and even then the foremost boat to cross the line would be 100 and probably 200yds. ahead of the hindmost. As the first leg is to the windward the starting line could just as well be 500 as 50ft. and give all the canoes a more even start. A canoe starting from any point on the line would have exactly the same distance to travel to reach the windward buoy. This starting the canoes to windward, if the course is a true windward one, is a good move on the part of the committee, as it does away with jockeying for position and blanketing to a very great extent.

Our club expects to have a very good delegation at the next meet, even if we do have to travel 1,200 miles to reach it, and we are solid for a windward course and a starting line broad enough for all to get somewhere near an even start. MADELEINE.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

CANOE VS. SAILING BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Certain editorial remarks in your paper of Dec. 20, under the heading of "Canoes vs. Sailing Boats," are calculated to place me, at least, in a false position, and therefore I am forced to state that, while fully agreeing with you in regard to the excellence of square stern sailboats, sneakboxes and counter stern sharpies for various purposes, I do not now advise, nor have I ever advised, that anything but a canoe, as defined in t e first sentence of Rule I in the Sailing Regulations of the A. C. A., should be admitted to the privileges of the Association.

My proposition was and is, that a new class of canoes be admitted of sufficient beam to render them safe and comfortable under sail, and when managed by inexperienced persons who really take their lives in their hands every time they go sailing in a canoe 15ft. in length by say 28 to 31in. beam.

In other words, I insist that a canoe of the Association "must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man."

Now, I can efficiently paddle a canoe 48in. in width, but some men may not be able to do so. Therefore my suggestion was, and is, that a limit of beam in the proposed new class be fixed somewhere between 36in. and 48in., on a limit for say 15ft.

Further than this, I believe that no sailing canoe should be allowed in a race of the A. C. A., if her hull, including centerboard, weighs more than 140lbs., and no ballast should be used. Any canoe, of necessity, becomes a "sailing canoe" the moment a sail is hoisted over her.

Now, fellow members of the A. C. A., I beg of you to weigh this matter carefully, banishing from your minds mere personal feeling, and see if it would not be for the best interests of our Association to give us a new class with a little more beam.

Thirty-six inches would be a great gain in the direction of safety. Thirty-eight inches beam would insure us a fine comfortable little cruiser under sail, and an efficient paddler as well. Nobody desires to force you to give up your narrow boats, but we, the minority, would like to enjoy our kind of sailing without being regarded as outside the fence. Think it over, gentlemen.

ROSLYN, N. Y. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in favor of wide canoes. I am building one. It will be 12ft. long, 90in. beam, perfectly flat flottom, perpendicular sides, 3in. deep amidships, 9 at bow and 7 at stern. She will be fitted with the Novelty Folding Centerboard (a new thing), 7sq. ft. immersed area, and will carry for cruising 150sq. ft. of sail. She will be an able paddler. True, she will be rather slow, but by running a plank out over the bow to sit astride of (ballast the stern to trim) and paddle *à la* Grant Edgar and sneakbox, she will go. She will be named the Stiletto. OMI.

A LIGHT CANADIAN CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inquiries have appeared in some of your late issues respecting the value of canvas canoes for tramping and portaging. As one having considerable experience in such matters, allow me to place the result before our brethren of camp and rod. I have tried the canvas boat, and find it fairly light and easy to portage; but it requires too much care in the water for real comfort. Running rapids with it is out of the question, as a snag might be fatal to it; and on a long trip the canvas is apt to wear, to become soaked and heavy, and lose its paint and waterproof properties. Pretty much the same objections apply to a birch bark, though it is easier to mend, but is not quite so easy to carry. I have also tried a light skiff, 60lbs. weight, to carry and be carried by two; but for rough portaging it is very awkward, especially where the ground is rocky or much second growth prevails.

I heard great things of a composite canoe; wooden planks with canvas hinges, but it seems to have been more or less a disappointment. So last spring found me still searching for the desideratum, a craft light and handy enough to make portages a pleasure, and still enough to permit of casting a fly or landing a maskalonge, with strength enough to stand occasional rocks or snags and the wear and tear of protracted cruising. I write this for the benefit of brother campers, in the full belief that my search is ended successfully.

The Kyd, the present companion of my tramps, was built to order for me by the Ontario Canoe Company, of Peterborough. She is 11½ft. long, 28in. wide over all, and built of tongued and grooved cedar strips, 1in. wide and 3-16in. thick. She is decked in 3½ft. bow and 3ft. stern, and has a 2in. coaming around the well. The decking is of very thin cedar, the coaming of hard wood. With two tin air tanks 2ft. long in each end, she only weighs 30lbs., and is easy to portage either on the head or by slings around the shoulder. Her strength is immense, and owing to her peculiar construction she has never leaked a drop, and will not short of actual smash of the sides. Her width and flat bottom render her very steady, and she has proved herself quite equal to the swells on Lake Ontario. One word more in her favor, she was cheap; a big matter when connected with success in other particulars. By using oiled linen decking and omitting the air tanks, her weight might be still further reduced.

I trust that this may be the means of robbing the portage of its terrors for many an outer, and of making it, as it ought to be, a pleasant change from the *far niente* of the camp. OLD RUG.

A CANVAS CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago I saw in the columns of your entertaining paper an inquiry relative to canvas canoes. Having built one several years since and used it continually from the time it was finished until the present, the following may benefit the inquirer and others:

If I remember rightly I gleaned my information as to model and details of building from an article written by Mr. Stephens in the *Scientific American*; at least it was in the winter of 1880-81 that the boat was built and launched about May 1, 1881. The size of the boat was 12½ft.x36in., 12in. deep amidships and 16in. at stem and stern, and it was built as follows: The keel was a piece of white oak 1in. square by 11ft. long, fastened by screws to the stem and stern pieces of hackmatack, cut so as to be 1in. thick where they were fastened to the keel, and shaved to less than a quarter of an inch where they cut the water and above, and curved so as to make just 12ft. length of boat over all. A single mould 36in. long, 12in. deep, set crosswise in the center of the keel and fastened securely, served to give the proper sheer plan and shape, to which was tacked the middle of two strips of white oak, 1x¼in., the ends of the latter being then bent around to the stem and stern pieces, which had, of course, also been securely braced after being screwed in place and made plumb. Of these thin oak strips I had provided a dozen, six for each side, and they were fastened to the ends by small brass screws below the waterline, and iron above. After the first two were on, however, running from the top of the mould in the center to the top of stem and stern, and making a beautiful sheer, I placed in the ribs.

These were made from some rock elm, two pieces of which I bought from a wagon maker for fifty cents, they being, when I bought them, 6ft. long, ¾in. thick and 3in. wide. With a rip saw I cut them into nine or ten pieces, each ¾in. wide, ¼in. thick and 6ft. long. I then marked out on a large sheet of white blotting paper, about 2ft. square, used on office desks, the shape of what I considered the rib should be, beginning at the center ribs and making the ribs aft and forward of the mould in the center alike. After they were marked out on the paper I cut them out with a pair of shears, laid them on a wide board, drew the plan of them on that, and then drove nails 3in. apart down the line on the board, one on each side, from the top to bottom of the rib plan. Then having steamed the elm strips in a wooden box or trough 4in. square and 6ft. long, made for the purpose, into which I inserted the spout of a common tea kettle through a hole bored in the center of the bottom, when resting on the backs of two chairs I bent the elm nicely around between the projecting nails along the line or plan of the rib drawn on the board, making a pair of each, each rib reaching from gunwale to gunwale, all in one piece.

I then mortised holes through the keel from one side to the other ¼ by ¾in. wide, just large enough to allow the rib to go through, tight fit, and 6in. apart. Through these holes I inserted the ribs, each in its place, fastening the same in the center, through the keel with a brass screw ¾in. long, and at the sides to the gunwale by an iron screw ½in. long, ribs outside of gunwale. I now ran another oak strip from stem to stern, outside of ribs, fastening that to inside wale by copper wire running through each and around the end of each rib, so as to bind all together firmly. One foot from each end I put in a pine bulkhead, made of ½in. stuff, flush with the ribs. Having fastened everything securely I now took the frames from off the stocks, leaving the mould in frame, however, in the center, and turned it over, bracing it in the center and at the ends, and put on the balance of my oak strips, spacing them about 4in. apart, running from stem to stern and each screwed to the ribs where they crossed each other.

The directions then said to stretch on the canvas, to paint and the boat is finished, but preferring strength to lightness I procured from the planing mill some light stuff they had stored away composed of butternut, pine and some walnut, not over ⅛in. thick; this I fastened to the bottom in strips of about 4in. wide, narrowed at ends so as to fill the spaces between the oak strips, and in such a way as to make a smooth bottom. Not water-tight, of course, but smooth enough to act as a foundation for the canvas, and extending about 3in. above waterline. This I then painted with thick white lead, then took my canvas, two widths sewed with double seam up the center, 12ft. long, being then wide enough to reach round the bottom from gunwale to gunwale, tacked the seam down the keel, drew the sides down to the gunwales (she was upside down), fastened them lightly, then drew them out at stem and stern very tight, fastened it there, turned her over, drew up and fastened canvas over gunwales, and in such a way that I got the most perfect set of waterlines you ever saw, using small copper tacks; put bottom boards inside, decks from stem and stern to bulkheads, rowlocks, etc., two coats of white lead outside, and she was done. Total cost $4.35.

I have used the boat every week of every month during the summer time since, and for two years every day almost without exception during the summer months, and that, too, the very roughest kind of usage, around the city docks, up and down from dock to water and over logs and rafts until I thought at times she was surely a goner, but to-day she is just as good as the day she was launched, with the exception of a few scars in the canvas where I have tacked and painted over slits made by sharp sticks and nails. She draws only 2in., light, has, of course, a very flat floor, sails well only before the wind, runs like a zephyr with oars and works beautifully with double paddle; but, more than all, will hold a man upright without dumping him over one side when he happens to look over the other side. I have again and again taken four, five and six persons down the river to Saginaw Bay in her and then had 6 and 7in. of freeboard; and although we could not travel around her deck much, she was as steady as a church, weighs but 60lbs., and the older she gets the tighter she becomes. I have been induced by Mr. Bousfield, of this city, who so beautifully carried away the first honors last year at the A. C. A. meet for the highest average record of points in racing, to buy a canoe, and have now building a smoothskin 15ft.x31½in. canoe by a local builder, but in spite of the fact that I promise myself a good time in her, and lots of sport and excitement at the meets, which I shall try and attend, I am inclined to believe that when I want a good time and desire to take a chum or two for a sail or fishing excursion, without fear of capsizing, and wish to take comfort, that I shall have to leave the new boat at home and fall back on my old canvas-back.

I must say that I heartily agree with Mr. Clapham in this matter, and believe that instead of ballast and racing machines, a wider, safer, more comfortable boat is far to be preferred.

BAY CITY, Mich., Jan. 23. N. C. HARTINGH.

CANOEING IN ILLINOIS—Peoria, Ill., has several canoeists, and a club will probably be organized in the spring. The Illinois River offers good sailing, paddling and camping, with plenty of fish and game.

THE A. C. A. AND UNATTACHED CANOEISTS.—Belleville, N. Y.—"Mac" asks in your issue of the 20th ult. why only 10 per cent. of the Passaic River canoeists are A. C. A. men, and why all do not join, attend the meets and there urge a salt-water meet. In the first place I believe only three of the above members have ever attended any of the meets and the supposition is, if the whole number of canoeists should join, as few in proportion could attend and they certainly would have no more influence in locating the meets than the members of the three large New York clubs who are not twenty miles away. The trouble is the canoeists cannot attend the distant meets and so do not care to join. We do not ask to have the principal meet here every year; simply to have one near New York city, to warm up the luke-warm and bring in the outsiders and then we will be better able to take care of ourselves. There being no camp to attend within reach a great many cannot make up their minds to start for a cruise with nowhere definite to go to, and never starting do not know how much they miss. If they had something to start them they would probably make good cruisers. Of course there are a number of exceptions to the above, some take long cruises, notably one who cruised to Newport, R. I.; one who cruised nearly the whole length of Long Island Sound in a canoe built by himself; another who ran the Delaware and a number who have gone to Sandy Hook. But even to such the A. C. A. is of very little practical benefit. For instance I cruise whenever I have a few days and every vacation is spent that way. I have not been able to attend any of the meets (and I doubt if I could this year, even if it was close at hand), and although I joined before my first canoe was finished, some three years ago, I have never derived the least benefit, nor seen the least advantage in being a member, with the exception of the satisfaction I have had in knowing I belonged to a first-class organization of good fellows and flying their flag and the hope of some day attending a meet and making the acquaintance of those whom, thanks to your good paper, already seem like old friends. To me this is worth the $2, but the great majority do not look at it in that way and don't like to pay for what they have no hope of ever getting.—IDLEMERE.

CANOE BUILDING AT CANTON.—Mr. Rushton has been busy at his extensive shops throughout the winter preparing for a large trade in the spring. He has sold few canoes, but several sneak boxes and cruisers for the South. The new catalogue is now partly completed, but will not be ready until March. The latest novelty in the way of canoes is the new smooth lap, two samples of which, a Vesper and Bucktail, are now on exhibition at Squires, in New York. The edges of the plank are each beveled, so that the lap is flush inside and out. The new Vesper is a far handsomer and fairer boat than any of the lapstreaks of the same model, and both she and the Bucktail are no heavier than if built in the usual way. A novelty that we cannot commend is a sliding seat, a frame across the canoe on which slides a deck seat on which the crew may sit far to windward. In brasswork Mr. Rushton has lately got out a very handy little hook for a tent, small and compactly made. The upper end is driven up under the gunwale and the lower is held by a single screw. Another neat fitting is a snatch block of a new pattern.

OAKLAND C. C.—The annual meeting was held on Jan. 15, the officers elected being, Commodore, W. W. Blow; Vice-Com., A. D. Harrison; Secretary, E. R. Cooper; Treasurer, F. W. Tallant. The fleet now numbers 22 active members and 18 canoes, with four more building. On Jan. 16 a race was sailed for the Mayrisch gold badge, seven boats starting. The wind was light and variable from N. E. The summary was as follows: Sailing race, first class; prize, Mayrisch gold challenge badge. Tide high at 5:15 P. M., wind light easterly. Regular club course, three miles:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Time.	Dif.
Mystic	3:40	1	4:54	1:14	...
Echo	3:40	2	4:54:15	1:14:15	15s.
Coney Island	3:40	4	4:57	1:17	3m.
Zoe Mou	3:40	5	4:59	1:19	5m.
Sampler	3:40	6	5:00	1:20	6m.
Shadow	3:40	3	5:04	1:24	10m.
Flirt	3:40		Did not turn the stake.		

ARLINGTON C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Arlington C. C., of Arlington, N. J., was held Jan. 4, 1887. C. V. Schuyler was elected Commodore; Richard G. Molloy, Vice-Commodore, and Irving V. Dorland, Secretary-Treasurer for the ensuing year. The reports of Secretary and Treasurer show a membership of nine, eight of whom own canoes and are active canoeists; a boat house built and paid for, and the club out of debt, which we think a good showing for our first year.—IRVING V. DORLAND, Sec.-Treas.

HARTFORD C. C.—The annual meeting of the Hartford C. C. was held on Jan. 18, the following officers being elected: President, Dr. Geo. L. Parmele; Commodore, L. Q. Jones; Treasurer, W. B. Davidson; Secretary, John D. Parker; member of Executive Committee, W. G. Abbott. The Treasurer's report showed a good balance and it was voted to call in four of the house bonds, choosing them by lot. The first camp-fire will be held shortly.

THE A. C. A. AND THE W. C. A.—Albany, N. Y., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your compositor in putting into print my letter in last issue, made the words "rectification of errors" read "ratification of errors." There is a slight difference between these two expressions.—R. W. GIBSON.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The officers of the K. C. C. elected on Jan. 13, are: Commodore, Henry Stantou; Vice-Commodore, E. W. Brown; Secretary, E. C. Griffin, 54 and 56 Duane street, New York; Treasurer, M. G. Foster; Measurer, A. S. Gardner.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

YACHTING AS A NATIONAL SPORT.

AMONG all sports the foremost place has long been conceded to yachting, as the one best calculated to develop a strong and hardy people, and to encourage that love of maritime pursuits that is the most efficient safeguard of a nation. Situated as the United States is, with an ocean on each side and great bodies of water to the north and south, to say nothing of the immense inland water courses; its maritime interests are of the most vital importance. The part which a pleasure navy may play in the development and building up of a merchant marine and of a national navy is generally admitted, and yet it is beyond question that American yachting, in spite of its many grand achievements, is far from being thoroughly national in its character. However successful its growth, it has been uneven and local, and the day is yet distant when yachting, throughout the length and breadth of the country, will be under an intelligent and competent governing power that will direct its growth from a national point of view, in place of the isolated and independent efforts of the various clubs. England and America have thus far stood together as the two great yachting nations, and this statement is true to a great extent of both. In France yachting has never attained the popularity that it has in the other two countries, and it is not surprising that its condition is still more unsettled and chaotic.

For some years past our contemporary, *Le Yacht*, has been doing good work in the building up of a better spirit, and in furtherance of the same effort it makes the following strong appeal, written by a French yachtsman, which we translate from its columns. It is interesting as showing the efforts that a friendly rival is making, but still further it is of value in that it applies almost as directly to American as to French yachtsmen. Its lesson is broad and general, not limited nor local; learn from all, most of all from the most dangerous rival, but choose or reject intelligently and without prejudice, keeping in full view the whole field of yachting and not the temporary advancement of any one branch at the expense of the general good. Foremost in this work must be the creation of a national type, a vessel that shall embody in the highest degree the three requisites of safety, speed and accommodation, and that shall be suited to all the requirements of American waters and conditions. Not that any one vessel can combine many contradictory qualities, but that the typical yacht shall be based on sound and correct principles, its details of keel or board, of depth and beam, being modified within safe limits to the special conditions of each case.

Unlike France, the United States has possessed a distinctively national type of yacht, a type which we are glad to say has practically passed away, leaving a condition of affairs somewhat similar to that in France, where the fleet is made up of all varieties, from the modern keel mine to the extreme skimming dish. It is this state of affairs, the confusion and uncertainty that follows every revolution, that is responsible for the lack of entries in American races to-day, as well as for the very small number of yachts building in spite of the strong and general interest in yachting that prevails throughout the country. Not until the present confusion has given way to a more settled condition can any great increase in the entries of existing boats be expected; nor can yachtsmen set to work earnestly to replace the ancie racing fleet by a newer and far better one.

The FOREST AND STREAM has opposed the ancient sloop from a belief, now generally acknowledged, that it was founded on utterly false principles; and on the other hand we have fought for the modern cutter because whatever modifications may have arisen from measurement rules or other local considerations, the model and rig have been based on sound and safe principles. Thus far we have seen the cutters increase while their adversaries have abandoned the field entirely. Now the question is between the cutters pure and simple and the new compromises, but even the final result of this may not settle entirely the question of the future type. Certainly the cutter has been proved to possess in a higher degree than any of her rivals the three essentials of safety, speed and accommodation, and we do not anticipate that future races with the compromises will prove anything to the contrary. If they do not the remaining question is, what class of cutter is best adapted to American wants, four beams, five beams, or six beams, and what can be done to improve still further the best existing boats. This is the task that we believe is ahead of American yachtsmen, and we can only hope that they will address themselves to it in the same liberal and patriotic spirit that is displayed throughout the following:

Should we, as far as it concerns yachting, be English, American or simply French? This is the question placed now more directly than ever before French yachtsmen. For some years they have discussed without end the various nautical questions; they have experimented; they have written; they have bought abroad, and they have built at home all the various types of yachts; and yet the end is not reached. Truly, it is pitiful to see the compatriots of Sauvage, of Papin, of Depuy De Lome, who possess still on their side engineers and seamen of the first order, completely eclipsed by the names of Englishmen or Americans, whose works are loudly extolled by their admirers.

Certainly it is praiseworthy to be able to recognize the qualities of one's adversaries; it is even of the greatest utility from a practical point of view; but to carry this admiration to the extreme of annihilation and distrust of oneself is a deplorable thing. Without discrediting the English and American yachts, are there not grounds on which to base a national claim in favor of French yachts, past, present and to come? Have we not amateurs, builders and sailors, capable of creating yachts to navigate our waters and about our coasts, to satisfy conditions that are neither those of England nor of America? Naval architecture is as much our property as that of other nations; neither the forms, the rigs nor the total of qualities which contribute to good construction are the sole privilege of any one country. The French corsairs were the first to have lead in their keel; the United States did not exist when France first had centerboard boats. When English regattas were still unknown the cutter-rigged vessel plowed our seas. This does not contradict the fact that the cutter rig and the lead keel seem to be the peculiar attribute of England and the centerboard a special appliance of Americans; but it proves to us that we are wrong to follow contentedly the footsteps of others in naval construction.

The excellence of our small yachts goes far to protest and to show that we know what fast boats are; we have the technical treatises on navigation and construction, we have the books that enlighten us upon all questions of surface friction, of displacement, of speed, etc.; they are less special to yachting if it is true than English publications, but to adapt them to our sports it is only necessary to make one step. If our engineers are called on to construct yachts, why will they not make them as good as our torpedo boats and our cruisers, in which classes they have never yet found their masters? And if, on the other hand, an experienced and practical amateur produces a yacht from his own design, why not accord to him the credit which foreign amateurs receive?

We have had the energy to shake off the English yoke which weighed so heavily on our yachting in the question of measurement. The new formula has now been tried for a year. If it is not perfect it is perhaps justly entitled to consideration as an excellent middle course, and if one considers that it leaves us full liberty of action, there is room for sincere rejoicing. The time has come, then, to live a life of our own and it is for us to show whether or not we are capable of constructing yachts. After this preamble, inspired by a sentiment of national self respect that all doubtless will approve of, we will endeavor to demonstrate that we can without fear throw aside the English vessel, guard ourselves from an American invasion and provide ourselves with yachts from our own workshops.

While the prestige of the English yacht has been strongly assailed of late by the successive victories of Puritan and Mayflower, it occupies still a very important place in French yachting, its apostles are still very numerous, so that it will not be superfluous to return once more to this well-worn subject. The modern English yacht is a marvel, let us commence by recognizing that it is a marvel of naval science, as well as over the regatta courses. The starting point being given, the English have chosen a most advantageous course, and have accomplished the great feat of converting a bad beginning into a successful ending. But this ingenious expedient, invented to meet the requirements of a certain fixed case, while warding off or strongly defending against assaults from without, was likely to fail some time, when exposed to unforeseen tests. The contest that has lately been lost on the other side of the Atlantic has proved this. The English have been punished in their weakest spot; their exclusiveness has operated to close their eyes and their despotic rules have little by little brought the English yacht to such a condition as a special machine, that it has, by its weakness abroad, made some amends for its faults in principles.

Here then is a first and serious rebuff. The English have written in enormous letters, Puritan, 140 tons Y. R. A. and put beside it Genesta, 80 tons; they deceive neither themselves nor any one else; the two yachts were practically equal in size, being almost the same length and of the same power. To pretend that Puritan is much larger than Genesta is as great an error as to say that the latter is larger than her rival because she displaces 43 tons more. Standing aside from any special or prejudiced point of view, one can see that the battle was fought with equal arms, and one must imagine a great simplicity on the part of the combatants to believe either capable of facing the combat with the knowledge that they labored under any real disadvantage. On the coast of America the English have experienced a second disappointment, and the blow has been so much heavier in that they had prepared for a long time for the strife, and believed themselves sure of victory, even though following their deplorable system of protection and ostracism in yachting, and in deforming their yachts in order to further perfect them. Without, however, placing France on a footing of equality, while unfortunately it is not yet possible to show our flag in the grand records and in international regattas, we can assert that the English yachts suffer strongly from the pressure of a measurement that no longer favors them. Our neighbors and ourselves were used to seeing yachts of a power double to ours enter in our regattas and cover themselves with easily won laurels. Such a yacht, out-classed in England, came to France and found itself in the first rank. Small or large, racer or cruiser, the English yacht profited enormously by this measurement. What has been the result? Yachts were purchased on the other side of the Channel, but the anglomaniacs met with a certain deception, and it is necessary to believe that the non-entrance of English in the Havre regatta is a consequence of a new state of things. We may now commence to hope that French construction can in its turn take a place and play an important part. As we have said before, the proof is found in the small yachts. In the smaller classes the English boats have had numerous defeats. Unfortunately the records have been neglected, and the small size of the yachts tends to make them forgotten.

It would be tedious to recount against the English yachts all the criticisms, well or ill founded, that have been made against them; but it will be difficult in an article destined to rehabilitate ever so little our national yachting, to pass in silence their unanifest defects. The perfected type of English yachts, the modern racer, has first the grave fault of being extremely costly; the second and no less serious is that it is ill adapted to the navigation of our coasts; it draws too much water. There remains the third and principal question which includes speed and seagoing qualities. As to speed we cannot now say. The Americans have proved that the English have not always the advantage on this point. But as to seagoing qualities we do not overstate the matter in saying that they could be improved. It has been well said that at times the English craft sail under the water, for us is necessary a model that will raise itself over the wave, and we have the choice among those of our coast. Let us hasten here to acknowledge that we do not speak now of English construction. Its qualities have been proved often enough, and we would not depreciate them. Here, also, while criticising, let us render due praise to the perseverance and the high qualities as mariners of the English nation which has carried yachting to the highest point of development it has yet attained. But we are of the opinion that, though there is much for us to learn from them, we are not obliged to copy the types which they have created, excellent on certain portions of the English coast, but not adapted to ours. The praise which we have accorded to the maritime science of the English people we give equally to the Americans. But when it concerns the decision as to what sort of construction is best adapted to our coasts, it is necessary to guard ourselves as well against one nation as against the other. In effect it cannot be too often repeated, each country has its special needs and navigation, and the types which it creates should, above all, satisfy the requirements imposed by the general configuration of its seacoasts. The American seaboard, more sheltered in general, dotted with low coasts, with large rivers and with numerous small streams, compelling a special navigation, has from the first dictated a type with small draft of water, with or without a centerboard. The result of this state of things has been naturally to lead the American yachtsmen to build vessels of a limited draft of water and of great beam, those which they distinguish by the name of sloops. All familiar with yachting know entirely or in part the history of the sloop and of the beamy American boats. I will confine myself, then, to a consideration of what are the good qualities and defects of the American yacht, and her actual influence on French yachting.

While the American type has succeeded in the recent strife in scoring a brilliant victory over the English type, how does it happen that the American yachts imported into France have not attained here the prestige of their rivals? There are several reasons. The first is that the measurement does not favor them; the second is, that we have better boats to oppose to them in the classes where we are not disarmed for the many reasons which I have enumerated above. The third is that they were not in the fashion; for there is a fashion in navigation as in all other things.

Let us say here, the true American racing sloop, such as she was once known in principle, has been almost abandoned; they have at last recognized that she was too wide, too shallow, too heavily rigged, too dangerous, defective in many of the points of her construction and rig; and the Americans, to retain a trophy acquired in the days of racing schooners, in the time when England had not yet evolved her favorite champion, have not resolved before the most radical modifications, have not hesitated to borrow from the enemies themselves the necessary lines for defense. This tardy awakening, however, has not brought about a radical modification of the type; the principle remains the same, the American yacht is still wide and relatively shoal, but it has benefitted enormously by the knowledge acquired by experience, which in this case is not confounded with routine. If then we consider the American yacht from the point of view of her relation to French yachting we find the following material facts: First, that the old type, to-day entirely neglected, has never attained a wide popularity in France; we speak, be it understood, of the seagoing class of vessel. Second, that foreign modifications have made the present type far superior to its predecessors. It is difficult then to say what should be understood by a national type.

But on leaving aside this question we may fairly ask whether the so-called American type is really that best adapted to our uses. Putting apart the question of speed in the absence of any definite solution, does the shoal centerboard boat represent the perfect racing and cruising yacht for French waters? Assuredly no. No more than the English cutter. If it has the advantage over the latter of being beached without any great inconvenience, and of navigating in shoal water (provided it is not necesearv to use the board), it does not answer to all that we should demand in a yacht, neither in its rig nor in its form. It is not necessary to deceive ourselves, our seacoast is difficult, the sea is heavy and the waves have a long sweep. A vessel carrying a large sail plan and not easily handled, low on the water, of light draft, of light displacement, of limited stability in spite of an exaggerated breadth, such as the pure American type, never can take our yards, and the question of speed (a most important consideration for a yacht) being from the first reserved, we are justified naturally in disregarding the American type as we have disregarded the English. I know that an objection will be made in behalf of the names today so famous, the Puritan and the Mayflower; but, I repeat, these vessels are no more than compromises in which the primitive type has been modified, and the principles underlying their design are no more American than English. The question then is greatly simplified, and, in conclusion, we can say that it is necessary to copy neither American nor English. Whether our yachts should be keel or centerboard matters little. If for open water we build keel vessels they need be no more English than those centerboard boats which we build for our rivers and bays, or the sheltered waters of certain parts of our coasts, need be American. As I have said above, yachts are derived from other marine types born in the regions where they are built. Our fishing boats, our pilot boats (without speaking of our ships, which less closely resemble the yachts by their form and their requirements) are they of a type at once original and national? Yes, certainly, and is this type the best? Yes, beyond question. Our cutters of the channel, our chaloupes of the Gulf, our Breton sardine boats, our Provençal tartanes, need fear nothing from the similar boats of other countries; quite to the contrary. These vessels give constant proof of speed and of marvelous endurance, especially when one considers the primitive means at the disposal of their builders. Now, take one of these excellent models as they abound in our working vessels, lengthen the waterlines of the bow, according to modern ideas, add a graceful stern in harmony with the elegance of a yacht, employ all the refinements of modern building, such as lead, sail, etc., and I am certain we will have the essential of an excellent yacht. A priori, we can easily understand that we have nothing to gain in choosing between two types equally exaggerated. The truth should be found in a happy medium and we will have no cause to seek inspiration solely from abroad.

I believe that in France we can construct good and beautiful yachts; I believe we can aspire to our complete independence, and this conviction is founded on the fact that France is a great maritime nation, that she had a glorious past and that at the present time she is lacking neither in engineers nor constructors capable of designing and constructing yachts that shall be worthy of carrying the national flag with honor.

ELECTIONS AND MEETINGS.

Bunker Hill Y. C.—Jan. 26.—Commodore, George T. D. Wilcox; Vice-Commodore, I. Henry Porter; Fleet Captain, W. H. Webber; Secretary and Treasurer, B. F. Underhill, Jr.; Financial Secretary, George W. Abbott; Trustees, W. H. Tolman, J. W. Rich, George H. Barrows.

Cooper's Point Corinthian Y.C.—Commodore, H. Clay Funk; Vice-Commodore, Wm. Cook; Rear-Commodore, Theodore M. Jones; President, John Denis; Vice-President, C. W. Oswald; Secretary, A. B. Mutchler; Treasurer, C. H. Anderson; Measurer, Henry F. Walbridge; Trustees, John Denis, A. B. Mutchler, C. H. Anderson, H. Clay Funk, Charles Allgaier; Regatta Committee, H. Clay Funk, Wm. G. Cook, The. M. Jones, C. Anderson, C. W. Oswald, J. Denis, H. F. Walbridge; C. Clark Thorman was elected Captain by the Board of Examiners.

Boston Y. C.—The twenty-first annual meeting of this, the oldest yachting organization east of New York city, was held at the Parker House, Boston, Mass., on Jan. 26, Commodore Jacob Pfaff presiding. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Commodore, Augustus Russ; Vice-Commodore, J. B. Meer; Rear-Commodore, J. P. Phinney; Secretary, Thomas Dean; Treasurer, D. A. Dorr; Measurers, D. J. Fowler, J. B. Smith; Trustees, Benjamin Dean, Thomas Manning, Eben Denton; Regatta Committee, J. H. Stetson, J. P. Phinney, L. S. Jorden, G. R. Howe, W. L. Welman; Membership Committee, J. B. Meer, Alfred Mitchell, E. H. Tarbell. Mr. Pfaff, on resigning the chair to the commodore-elect, spoke feelingly and regretfully of the necessity he was under of severing his official connection with his fellow members, and Commodore Russ, who was the leader of the founders of the club twenty-one years ago, reviewed the pleasant and harmonious progress of the organization in a very interesting manner, concluding with an impressive eulogy on the energy and ability displayed by Commodore Benj. Dean, when a few years back the club passed through the only critical period which it had experienced since its foundation. The treasurer's report, which showed the club to be in an exceedingly flourishing condition, was read and accepted. A preliminary appropriation of $600 to the Regatta Committee was passed, and the business portion of the meeting was terminated with a unanimous vote of thanks to the retiring officers.

THE SCHOONER YACHT HELEN.—Philadelphia, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The schooner yacht Helen, of Philadelphia, owned by me, arrived in the St. John's River, Florida, Jan. 13, I will return to her in a short time, when she will sail for Havanna. Her grounding in Core Sound, as reported in your paper of Dec. 30, 1886, was caused by misplaced buoys and extremely low water, and as she was perfectly land-locked, she received no injuries whatever. All yachts of any draft of water going through Core Sound this fall and winter have had the same trouble on account of the buoys, and if they are not placed in their proper positions some one will come in there in a hurry some time and get wet. —CHAS. D. MIDDLETON.

YACHTING NOTES.—Wanderer, schooner, is fitting out at New Bedford for a cruise to Bermuda and Barbadoes....Minitaga, steam yacht, is at Tebo's pier, for a new engine and alterations to cabin. A steam launch is also building at the same place, of 50ft. L. W. L., 8ft. beam, 4ft. hold and 3ft. draft. She will have a triple expansion engine, 4, 6 and 10½in. by 8, with a coil boiler. Her wheel is 38in. The boat is for Messrs. Boyer and is intended for speed....At East Boston Martin is at work on a 23ft. cutter for Mr. Cummings, of Woburn, Mass.

BOSTON YACHT AGENCY.—Messrs. Clark & Co. write us that the present edition of their catalogue is exhausted, but that a new and larger one will be ready by Feb. 15.

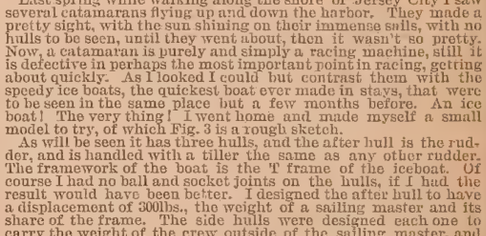
YACHT STOVES AND CATAMARANS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cold weather naturally brings the stove question to mind once more, so I send you drawings of a stove I had made for my 27ft. cabin yacht last spring. Fig. 1. is a small stove, it weighs 7lbs. and is built of cast iron, holding over a gallon of gasoline. Two gallons of gasoline was all we used on a week's cruise for a party of three. A is the reservoir, B is the bulb pump for compressing the air which forces the gasoline up the syphon shown in the center; into the burner C is the air nozzle. By opening this in case of any accident the air escapes, the gasoline flows back to the reservoir and the light goes out. An explosion is impossible, because air cannot get to the gasoline and thus no vapor can be formed. D is a layer of asbestos, which keeps the heat of the burner away from the reservoir and absorbs any leakage. E is the needle valve which regulates flame from the size of a pinhead to one that will boil a tincupful of water in three to four minutes. F is the bail to carry it with. Near F can be seen the hole for filling reservoir. Should any one be foolish enough to try to fill it while the stove is lit, the flame will be instantly extinguished. I use a drum over the stove for heating. We were out sailing Nov. 28, and this stove kept the cabin warm and comfortable. We do not lay up until the river freezes over, and will be out again March 1, so you see we needed the drum.

The old stove was not satisfactory because the burner was defective and once in a while it would blacken everything up; the new stove has never made a grain of soot. As I am the proud possessor of a 42ft. cabin sloop I set my brains to work to make a large stove suitable for the parties that go in her occasionally, with the result shown in Fig. 2. I bought a dismantled three-burner gasoline stove, old style, with overhead reservoir (too dangerous around a boat). I detached the reservoir, took off the burner and top from my old stove and connected them with a globe valve, D. The reservoir holds about six quarts of gasoline, it is pumped up as in Fig. 1, but is burned through the three burners, E E E, either or all of which can be burned at will, and leakage of oil or food is caught in pan, F, and cannot possibly reach any wood work. This is the handiest stove I ever had anything to do with, and my wife uses it as well as I. Both these stoves are entirely original according to the best of my belief, and in my opinion superior to any other that can be made for yacht work.





Last spring while walking along the shore of Jersey City I saw several catamarans flying up and down the harbor. They made a pretty sight, with the sun shining on their immense sails, with no hulls to be seen, until they went about, then it wasn't so pretty. Now, a catamaran is purely and simply a racing machine, still it is defective in perhaps the most important point in racing, getting about quickly. As I looked I could but contrast them with the speedy ice boats, the quickest boat ever made in stays, that were to be seen in the same place but a few months before. An ice boat! The very thing! I went home and made myself a small model to try, of which Fig. 3 is a rough sketch.

As will be seen it has three hulls, and the after hull is the rudder, and is handled with a tiller the same as any other rudder. The framework of the boat is the T frame of the iceboat. Of course I had no ball and socket joints on the hulls, if I had the result would have been better. I designed the after hull to have a displacement of 300lbs., the weight of a sailing master and its share of the frame. The side hulls were designed each one to carry the weight of the crew outside of the sailing master, and the whole weight of frame and rigging. I used cat-rig because it is the most effective, and if you build a racing machine you want it to go.

As my model was too small for a crew I laid greased ways across the forward plank and hauled a box of cobblestones from one side to the other with a tackle from each side. Perhaps if she had not gone about so quick that box would not have gone over, but I am not amphibious and I don't like racing machines anyway. Some one else, perhaps, can make it work better than I could.

I am through experimenting with it, but I cannot help thinking that there is some merit in the idea, especially for those who like racing machines. From the crude tests I was able to make her head resistance was but little more than an ordinary catamaran, while the three hulls presented greater resistance to leeway, and she went about considerably quicker than I wanted.

All in all I believe with a full crew and a boat built large enough to carry them, a boat of this kind will beat a catamaran largely on windward work. Going free the catamaran would have a slight advantage. CHAS. L. WORK.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

ICEYACHTING.—On Jan. 28, the Orange Lake I. Y. C. sailed its first race this season over a 10 mile course for the champion pennant presented by Messrs. Beggs and Moore. The entries were Snowdrift, H. C. Higginson; Impulse, J. B. Miller; Cold Wave, Willett Kidd; Alert, Geo. S. Trimble; Esquimau, H. S. Ramsdell; Helen, F. G. Woods. The wind was S.W., blowing very hard and Helen and Esquimau were disabled before the start. Snowdrift won in 83m. 12½s., with Alert second and Cold Wave third.

At last the long-looked for race for the challenge pennant of the Poughkeepsie I. Y. C. has been sailed, the winner being the new Reindeer, built and sailed by Mr. J. Buckout. The race was set for Feb 2, but the prospects of a storm caused it to be called on the previous day by the committee, Messrs. Johnson, Booth and Van Kleck, and at 3:44 P. M. a start was made over a 12 mile course, two rounds. The starters were Bessie, N. P. Rogers; Reindeer, owned by George Bech; Jack Frost, Archibald Rogers; Icicle, J. A. Roosevelt; Scud, J. B. Weaver; Northern Light, J. H. Barron; Great Scott, E. H. Sanford; Gracie, Louis Edwards; Haze, Richard Knight; Jessie B., Charles Lamb. The wind was strong from the north throughout the race. Reindeer led from the start, winning easily. The times were: Reindeer, 1.5.40; Northern Light, 1.9.50; Bessie, 1.12.00; Scud, 1.12.40. Haze parted her bobstay and withdrew. Several minor races were held at other points on the river, reports of which have not yet been received. The race for the Challenge Pennant of America was set for Feb. 3, but the snow will probably cause a further postponement.

THE "FIELD" ON THE GREAT "REPORTERS' SWEEPSTAKES."—The report that the Royal Thames Yacht Club intended to offer 1,000 guineas for "an ocean" race open to all the world was telegraphed to America, and forthwith an ubiquitous *Herald* reporter was instructed to find out what the "ocean match" meant. He naturally first waited on Mr. Beavor-Webb, who by this time has learnt pretty accurately the sort of news the newspapers like when the direction of public expectation is known. Mr. Webb thus humorously tickled the ears of the reporter: "The race offered by the Royal Thames Yacht Club has been thought of for some little time past. This matter has been well considered by the English yachtsmen, and it is intended to test the staunchness and the seagoing qualities of the competing yachts, as well as their speed. Seamanship and skill in navigation is also to be tested, for the course will be from the Nore across the Atlantic Ocean, out to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, and return, a distance of about 6,000 mile. You may depend upon it that this is the intended course."—*Field, Jan. 15.*

A CRUISE OF THE KATIE GRAY, 1886.

PUFF, puff, puff, was tediously detonating in the ears of the members of the Oswego Y. C., who were fortunate enough to be owners or guests on the annual cruise. Through the lack of wind the sail of 60 miles was quite impossible; a puff of smoke, a rumble over the waters and against the timber of the breakwater, and the tug which had been chartered steamed to our yacht (the flagship) for orders, and the yachts were picked up according to size, making a pretty array as they tailed out behind the tug with their side lights burning and a liberal display of Coston and colored fire. All through the hours of the night the high-pressure engine sent out its volleys of puffs, broken only by the picking up of a yacht which had wandered away from the fold. A small tug towing seven good-sized yachts does not make over 5 miles an hour, that we found out as we noted our time of arrival at Charlotte next morning.

The Fourth of July was a perfect day, and with the Atalanta, Ariadne, Emilie, Ethel, Cygnet, Katie Gray, Vision, Irene, Cricket, Laura and Ella riding at anchor off the hotels, no prettier sight could be desired. The lake surface was like a mirror during our two days' anchorage. A large party was invited by the Commodore on board the Cygnet, her owner kindly tendering her as our flagship could not accommodate so many; and a glorious spin of two hours followed. A very hospitable invitation was received from the owner of the Magnolia Cottage to make our headquarters at his beautiful summer home. The fifth of July, in the evening, was turned into day by the illumination on land and sea. At midnight all was still save the rattle of sheaves as the different yachts hoisted sail; anchors were broke and the Atalanta, Ariadne and Katie Gray pointed for the north shore. The Oswego fleet again took the tug's line and were soon on their way toward home. It was hard work for our man at the wheel to keep his eyes open—in fact he did not; at times we were at the mercy of the winds, heading W. instead of on our course, N½ E. with the S.W. breeze. At six bells the three yachts were about abreast. At daybreak our taffrail log showed only 15 knots, and the lofty topmasts of the Atalanta and Ariadne were discernible close to each other, a couple of miles ahead of us. In the course of fifteen minutes they disappeared as if by magic, as a mist shut them from sight. The sun rose red and clear and presaged a beautiful day.

About 6:30 A. M. the big yacht hove in sight, coming out to meet us; all hands turned out and we cracked on sail, our spinnaker being set to port. When we were in sight of Presque Isle, we caught it so heavy out of the bay that we were forced to put in a couple of reefs, while the larger yachts managed to work with cabin tops under, to an anchorage off Brighton. The hour and a half spent in reefing at anchor off Presque Isle taught us something, never to lime sails before starting on a pleasure cruise; the canvas was like sheet iron, and the reef points like wire. As we got under way and beat through the channel, we were surprised at the frequency of lighthouses, no less than five in a radius of three miles. We were nearly exhausted when we pulled the lanyard out of our little gun as our anchor sought holdings in the muddy waters of the bay. A cheery sound was wafted to our ears from the quarter deck of the Atalanta, in the shape of an invitation to breakfast from her charming hostess, which was readily responded to and heartily enjoyed. An energetic grocer from the village a mile and a half distant, who must have sighted the spars of the yachts, was on deck, and a good square account was scored against us before he sculled to the Ariadne.

We were now among old friends, it was needless to inform us that we were in a foreign land, as we seated ourselves in our brother yachtsman's dog cart with the reins thrown over the shoulders of his young and rosy-cheeked sister; glances of "it's English, you know," were exchanged between the sunburned New Yorker and the commodore. The dust was flying like clouds of spray. As we pulled up at the porch of the old mansion and were ushered into the cool and stately drawing-room. A pleasant visit on board our yacht in the evening and we bade them goodbye, called aboard the Ariadne, and after agreeing to make an early start, turned in and dreamed of nothing—for the sleep of a weary Jack tar knows naught of dreams.

Wednesday morning we were astir at 6:30, and after our apothecarey had rowed the dingey to the Ariadne and roused them from their slumbers, a light, hot breakfast was disposed of, and with our two reefs still in, we let go and were soon at the Presque Isle light, at which point we threw our log overboard, and the following readings were taken as we jogged along down the north shore of Lake Ontario:

		Log.	Distance. Nautical miles each hour.
A.M.			
7:35	Presque Isle	44.50	....
8:35	" "	50.50	6.00
9:35	" "	56.88	6.38
10:35	" "	60.50	3.62
11:25	Salmon Point	65.25	....
11:35	" "	66.25	5.75
P.M.			
12:25	Log Point	69.50	....
12:35	" "	70.00	3.75
1:35	" "	75.50	5.50
2:35	" "	82.00	6.50
2:55	South Bay Point	84.60	....
3:35	" "	86 50	4.50

As this run was made with the wind after us, the early portion of it double reefed, and the latter with spinakers, we note it down as an illustration of the correct distances and the average speed of a 33ft. boat, with everything favorable. We made the distance from Presque Isle to South Bay Point, 46 78 statute miles, in 7h. 20m., averaging 6.50 miles per hour, not an extraordinary performance, but in all probability if we had no log we would have all taken oath we were making ten miles per hour. I might mention that our apothecary took the quarter miles while we were apparently moving the fastest and found that a fraction over 9.75 miles was the greatest speed attained.

After we broke out our spinaker the scene was worthy an artist's brush; the big Ariadne with spinaker set, foaming along; and the Katie Gray groaning under the pressure of her canvas, endeavoring to keep up with her powerful consort. It was our fight for half an hour, when a little sea made up and the big boat forged ahead. As we were bowling along the shore a hull and two naked spars loomed suddenly up out to sea. We read the name Eliza Quinlan as we passed under her stern inside of the shoal, on which she had met her death. As we hauled on the wind around South Bay Point, the Ariadne was far out in the Lake, reaching for the Duck passage. We set our jibtopsail, but were forced to take it in again, as the heavy puffs struck us from off the head of Amherst Island. It kept freshening, we staggered along and held our lower canvas by carrying half a full until we weathered Indian Point, when the wind went to N.E. and screeched until we had to put in two tucks before the wind and watch her very closely. The Ariadne came to anchor about four miles below the stone mills. We were about to drop anchor off Davy's Island, as we saw a large number of people on its shores, when a big steamer came along and depopulated the island, so we continued on until becalmed at dark at the foot of the beach, where we dropped anchor, having sailed 83 miles in 12 hours, an average of 7 miles per hour, with the wind ahead for 10 miles.

From the appearance of the high wooded banks we supposed we were very close to shore, but a large side-wheeler coming along at a high rate of speed and passing inside of us, convinced us that we were decidedly mistaken. After some argument as to who should go, two of the boys seated themselves in the dingey and started to find some farmhouse for milk. After a long pull to shore they clambered up the steep bank and found themselves confronted with a dark forest; still persevering they encountered the inevitable dog, which struck terror to the souls of the wretched yachtsmen. Happily the farmer awoke, and learning the wants of the intruders he called in his dog, dressed himself and filled the can with foaming milk.

Thursday.—The wind was ahead and blowing hard. We got under way, and after tacking a few miles in company with a big scow, we were compelled to reef. We threw the lead over Capt. John's shoal, and starting our sheets, went flying up the bay. The wind fell light and finally died away, leaving us a helpless drift near the sunken schooner. Baffling puffs were moving here and and there; the afternoon was half gone when we fetched the Belleville Light, where a puff hit us which put our lee rail under and sent us foaming up the harbor to our moorings. We were now in the Katie Gray's old home, and many a word of welcome was wafted to her. On these waters our craft had participated in many an exciting contest. Of the thirty-seven races engaged in by the Katie Gray, sixteen were sailed at Belleville; nine of these were firsts, five seconds and two thirds. The old-timers told us that the most exciting struggle ever witnessed there was at the time the sloop Emma contested for the supremacy of the bays. They came together on the 25th of September, 1880, for $100 a side. Cuthbert sailed the Emma and Dora Claus the Katie Gray, the latter putting her main boom at the end of the Emma's bowsprit and staying there to the finish.

Our visit in the city of Belleville was a most pleasant one; most of the yachtsmen we met in the days of yachting in the old open boat Phantom were gone, some to their eternal sleep, some to distant climes. An invitation from the officers of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. was accepted, and stepping on board of a steamer, we were soon on our way toward the lower waters of the river Trent. As we sped along my eye was attracted by a white city on the water's edge. I was informed that it was Belleville cemetery, and under its beautiful surface were resting the remains of the late ex-Commodore Jim Clark. What a resting place for a yachtsman on this silent shore, within easy hail of the passing sail, and almost touching the shadows of the white-winged craft as they glide by.

They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

My reflections were broken by the announcement that we were sighting the embankments of the Murray Canal. This waterway will connect the yacht clubs on the North Shore with the Bay of Quinte, avoiding the long twist around through the Gap. After inspecting the entrance to the canal we turned our course toward Trenton, ran alongside of dock, and turned our attention to a game of base ball, which we learned had been in progress since early in the day. It was now about four o'clock, the fifth inning was on, the score stood Trentons 98, Belleville 12. Our Canadian friends have something to accomplish before they can boast of playing base ball.

As we were preparing to leave Trenton we fell in with a couple of gentlemen from Syracuse who were anxious to catch a train at Belleville. Our host invited them aboard and we were soon bound for the city. As we neared Belleville a skiff containing four hard-pulling fishermen was overtaken, the engine stopped and the skiff was taken in tow. We were amply repaid for our trouble, as one of the gentlemen possessed a bass voice of tremendous scope. "Launch the Lifeboat," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and one or two nautical ballads were rendered. After a lively entertainment at the Dafoe House we turned in.

The Ariadne got under way at 8 A. M. At 11 o'clock we hoisted sail and, accompanied by the Iolanthe, with a fair wind went out of the piers and bore away for Massasaga Point. After visiting on shore for a time we again got underway, exchanged salutes with the Iolanthe and found ourselves as Deseronto about 2 o'clock, and Commodore Rathbun, of the A. C. A., came on board. After looking the place over we again embarked and had a hard tussle under two reefs working down the beach. We anchored off Davy's Island about 6 o'clock. We fell in with a party from Napanee and passed a pleasant evening in the parlor of the hotel with music and singing; turned in at a late hour after sitting on deck for three hours to enjoy the moonlight.

After breakfast we took a run to the Stone Mills. The landlady claims to have been American born, and whenever a Yankee is known to be within sight she runs up an immense American flag. If you look likely to possess a five cent piece she will shake hands with you, and by secluding yourself carefully behind the kitchen door you may manage to be presented to a bottle of pop. At this beautiful resort we met an old yachting friend, one of the famous quartette of the yacht Gracie, who, with his wife, called on board. The wind was fair, and as all the points had been touched as per programme, and as our vacation was nearly exhausted, we shaped course for Oswego, but were brought to a stand-still at Indian Point by a head wind and heavy sea. The first time we were compelled to turn from the bent of our inclination and await the calming of the briny deep. At 7:30 P. M., the sea having gone down, we started on our home stretch, about 50 miles. The wind was dead after us and fresh. At 9:35 we passed South Bay Point. As we got away from the land we found a long, heavy swell on the lake, the sensation of gently rolling up one side and down the other of these big fellows was very pleasant. We steered a westerly course for Oswego, sighting land above Lewis Bluff. Our log made 89,743 revolutions on the run across, indicating 52 79-100 miles. Our actual time under way on the cruise was three days and three nights, during which we covered 324 miles. At 8:50 on the morning of the 12th of July we rode at our buoy off the Oswego Y. C. house, our cruise ended as far as crawling out at 8 bells is concerned, but alive in its pleasant recollections and food for our scrap book in the FOREST AND STREAM.

KATIE GRAY.

A NEW YACHT CLUB ON STATEN ISLAND.—For some time past the scheme of a yacht club in connection with the Staten Island Athletic Club has been talked of, and the matter has at last taken definite shape in the appointment of a committee to arrange the details of organization. This committee consists of Messrs. A. L. Ferris, R. K. McMurray, Vice-Commodore Brooklyn Y. C., and W. F. Dessosway, all, of course, members of the Athletic Club. The club now owns a large and valuable property facing the Kill von Kull, on which it has a fine club house with restaurant, a ball field, running track, tennis courts, and lawns for croquet and archery, while its water front extends for 250ft. along the Kills. Here a new club house is now building to replace the one lately carried away, and in connection with it will be a suitable anchorage for the yachts. The grounds are nearer New York than any similar club, being only 35 minutes from the Battery, while the club house and other attractions will make the new club a most desirable anchorage for yachtsmen.

THE NEW STEEL YACHT.—Work is going on at City Island on the new Burgess boat, and she will soon be in frame. Her dimensions are given as follows:

Length over all	82ft.
Length l.w.l.	69ft. 09in.
Beam, extreme	21ft.
Beam, l.w.l.	19ft. 11in.
Depth from plankseer to keel	12ft.
Freeboard	3ft. 02in.
Draft	8ft. 09in.
Draft, with board	16ft. 09in.
Displacement, long tons	75
Ballast on keel, long tons	30
Area midship section	67sq. ft.
Mast, heel to cap	72ft.
Topmast	35ft.
Bowsprit, outboard	24ft.
Boom	68ft.
Gaff	38ft.
Spinaker boom	64ft.
Hoist of mainsail	46ft.

The centerboard is 20ft. long.

DAUNTLESS AND CORONET.—Both of these schooners are now busily preparing for the ocean race next month. Dauntless has hauled in next the screw dock and is in the hands of riggers and shipwrights. Mr. Phillip Low will take out both of her masts and they will be shortened about 5ft. Messrs. Poillon will do all the woodwork, including a shortening of the bowsprit by 3ft. and the main boom 5ft. Captain Samuels is superintending the alterations. Some repairs are being made in her hull and some lead will probably be added to her keel. Coronet is receiving a general overhauling and she, too, it is reported, will have 10 tons of lead bolted up outside.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A meeting was held Feb. 1 to consider the question of a club house, the result being that after some discussion it was decided to go to the Sound rather than New York Bay. The sites considered were College Point, Throgg's Neck, Larchmont, Captain's Island, Cold Spring Harbor, Monhasset Neck, Glen Cove and Calf Island. The committee will report again in two weeks. It is proposed to erect a very fine club house, costing upward of $75,000.

THE WESTON HOUSEBOAT.—Mr. Frank W. Weston, the architect of Boston, so widely known among wheelmen as one of the first promoters of the bicycle in America, is the author of the plans in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, which a ruthless printer entitled a "'Western' Houseboat." Mr. Weston has of late turned his attention to the houseboat, and is doing much by his writings to encourage the introduction of this useful craft.

A NEW STEEL STEAM YACHT.—Mr. Burgess has designed a steam yacht for Mr. J. M. Forbes, and the vessel will be built by the Atlantic Works, at East Boston. She is 108ft. L. W. L., 17ft. beam, and resembles the Hanniel, designed by Mr. Burgess last year. Her plating will be of ¼in. steel.

A NEW KEEL YACHT IN BOSTON.—Mr. Burgess has ready the design for a keel yacht, 36ft. load waterline, 12ft. beam and 7ft. 8in. draft, to be built by Lawley & Son for a Boston yachtsman. She will race in the same class with Shona.

METEOR.—Vice-Com. Bateman's steam-yacht has been fined $500 for calling at Tampa, direct from Havana, mistaking the former place for a port of entry. Application has been made to Washington for a remission of the fine.

THOUSANDS are born with a tendency to consumption. Such persons, if they value life, will not permit a cough or cold to become a fixture in the lungs and chest. The best known remedy for either is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. W. R., New Haven.—See Rifle columns.

F. C. R., Logan, O.—Future litters probably will not be affected.

E. B., Boston, Mass.—Write to Wm. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

J. T. W., Waterbury, Vt.—There is no objection if the dog is mature.

E. B. F., New York.—We know of no centerboard pilot boats for many years back.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—The gun stands well. It can be had of any one of the New York dealers.

W. P. L., Richmond, Va.—Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" is the best on the subject. A more general work is Norris's "American Anglers' Book."

S. A. W., Toronto.—You will find full sizes for such a canoe in "Canoe and Boatbuilding for Amateurs," together with explanation of terms, such as rabbet. A method of converting an open into a sailing canoe was given in the London *Field* of Jan. 1, 1887.

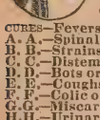
J. G. B., North Vassalboro, Me.—What book do you publish, if any, in regard to the hunting of ducks and geese, their flight and habits, but more especially the mode of hunting them? Ans. Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer."

SUBSCRIBER, Boston, Mass.—Will you kindly inform me whether a person owning the whole of an island on the coast of Maine has a right to shoot deer that are on it at any time of the year and by any method? Ans. He can lawfully take the game only in the season and by the methods sanctioned by law.

R. M. C., Kingston, Ont.—1. I have camped out for the last few years, but always in the woods and building my own shanty, but next summer I intend to go with another fellow to the shore and take a sailboat and tent. I would like to know what sort of a tent and boat would be suitable for us. I may say that we are neither of us good sailors, so we would like to get a pretty safe boat. 2. Is a 12-bore gun heavy enough for ducks? Ans. 1. The FOREST AND STREAM Cruiser was designed for such work, and is a safe and easily handled boat. The Clyde tent, described in "Canoe and Boat Building," is large enough for two and very convenient in form. 2. Yes.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, has paid an average of 21 claims a day in the accident department since it started.—*Adv.*

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We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will still be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

Scientific American: "When so arranged the wings offer less resistance to the air in casting. As the fly is slowly drawn toward the angler the wings expand, and give it a fluttering, life-like motion, much more alluring to the fish."

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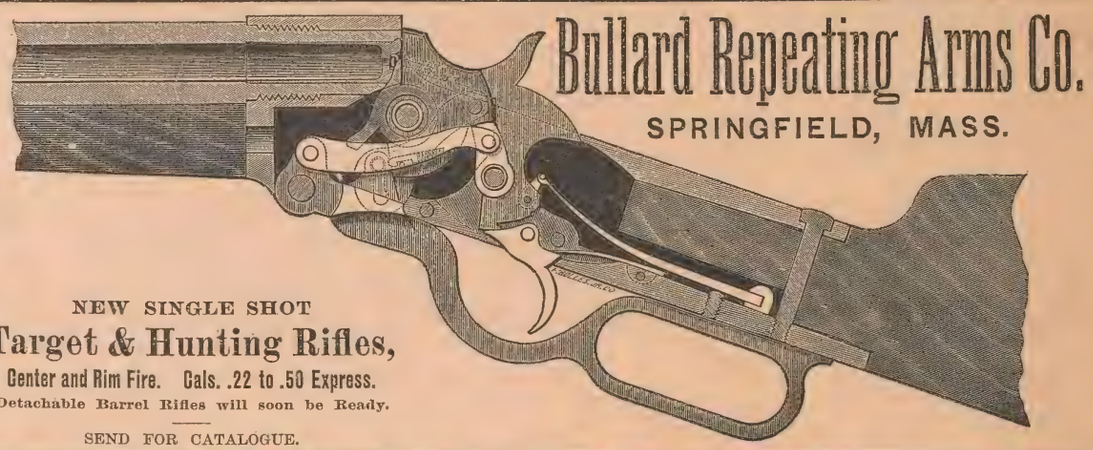
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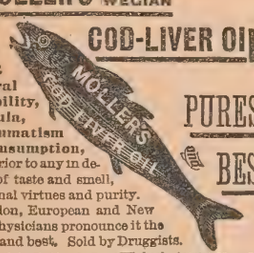
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A WORD IN SEASON.

Readers old and new of the FOREST AND STREAM may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1886 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM as legitimate journalistic methods. In other words, we have kept faith with subscribers by devoting our reading columns exclusively to honest reading matter, and have not given up our pages to extended paid puffs of railroad routes clumsily disguised as accounts of sportsmen's travel, nor alluring descriptions of wonderful agricultural regions, all paid by the column. The conviction that a sportsman's journal for sportsmen could be conducted without resorting to such questionable makeshift expedients have proved quite correct.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

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This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

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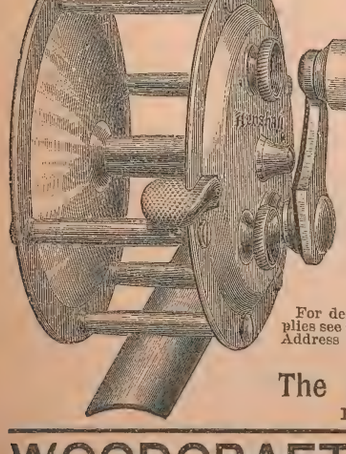


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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE NATIONAL PARK BILL.

THE bill to provide a government for the National Park has been referred to the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives, of which Hon. T. R. Cobb, of Indiana, is chairman. It is hoped that it may be considered this week by the Committee and favorably reported. There is the more reason for this belief because the House once before passed a bill quite similar to the one now before it, which bill failed to become a law only because the Conference Committee of the Senate and House could not agree on some details of the bill. Of the widespread interest felt in the fate of this measure there is no doubt. Each mail brings to us letters from individuals, clubs and societies in all parts of the country urging us to aid the bill by every means in our power, and promising to lend their assistance.

The time remaining in which to take action on this measure is so short that it demands energetic and concerted work by each one who feels an interest in the subject. Those who have visited the Yellowstone Park, and many who have not, believe that that reservation is worth preserving, that the persons and the property of the tourists who visit it ought to be made safe, that the forests ought to be protected from fires, the geysers and hot spring craters from mutilation and the game from wanton slaughter and speedy extinction. If every man and every association of men who feel in this way will take the proper steps to interest their representatives in Congress in this matter, there is hope that the bill may become a law at this session. It is not enough that these representatives should be asked to vote for the bill. They should be urged to take an active interest in it, to see that it be called up whenever there is a chance for it. This they will do if they are made to understand that their constituents desire such action on their part.

In another column will be found a letter from Mr. Phillips to the Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, answering very ably the one or two objections which have been made to the bill. The document is clear, concise and forcible, and should carry great weight. This letter should be read with the one from Mr. Hague to Senator Vest, of Feb. 4, 1886, which we published nearly a year ago. The two furnish an unanswerable argument in favor of the protection and extension of the Park.

The influence of the forests on rainfall is so little understood, that it is probable that few Congressmen appreciate the dire results which must follow continued neglect of this great forest preserve. It has been estimated that the waters drawn from the Yellowstone Park supply between 9,000 and 10,000 miles of river length. The banks of these rivers are now, or will be as the country settles up, made fertile by irrigation from these waters. It is believed that on an average a territory five miles in width, or two and one-half miles on either side of these streams, can thus be made arable. But this can only be done if the streams remain at their present level. If they are diminished in volume the lands furthest from the rivers cannot be reached by the waters, and any serious diminution of the volume of the streams, such as would be caused by extensive forest denudation, would reduce the water in the creeks and rivers to so low a point that any irrigation would be impossible.

According to these figures, therefore, the arable character of a territory containing from 45,000 to 50,000 square miles depends upon the proper protection of the Yellowstone Park. This is so important a matter that it surely ought to receive the attention of the House of Representatives.

THE GOOSE KILLERS.

THE fable of the youth who killed the goose that laid every day a golden egg for him, has been told by tongue and print so often and for so many years that every one must have heard or read it, but it would seem that few had profited by it when year after year so many go on killing the geese that lay eggs of gold for them. It is no great matter of wonder that the thoughtless and purely selfish should do so foolish a thing, but it is almost past accounting for that those who are forecasting and prudent in the general affairs of life should be so blind to their interest. When the wild geese come honking along the April sky, and wild ducks tarry a little on their journey in waters just unsealed, and snipe drop down on the thawing marshes to rest and feed, and flocks of shore birds skirt the long coast, all on their way to summer homes to lay eggs that would be golden in golden autumn, the goose killer is in wait for them all along their thoroughfare at every halting place, greedy for the most, craving the last of them. Then when he has wrought what havoc he can, though not the half he would, with these, and the frightened survivors of the harried flocks of migrants have gone their way to the savage but kinder far North, he amuses his bloodthirst a while with spawning bass and trout fry too small to wear a visible spot, and boasts shamelessly of the numbers he has caught.

Presently the woodcock are hatched and able to fly and so are the young grouse, and the half-grown plover are making short flights across the fields they were born in and were never outside of, and the goose killer is in his glory now, for he can smell powder and taste warm blood again. It matters little to him what the husbanded chances of the future might bring, he counts a tough morsel to-day better than a tender feast to-morrow. A lean waterfowl in spring, an untimely taken fish, a half-grown woodcock, or grouse or plover in summer time are more to him than the dozen or score of each that might be hatched from the golden egg, and might be taken by and by in their proper season—by some one else, perhaps. Aye, there's the rub that brings upon the world the calamity of the goose killer's existence and evil deeds. He must have what he will to-day, lest some one get more to-morrow, though there be nothing left for any one to-morrow. If there were no hounding of deer, the world might come to an end before he could boast of killing one, he, meanwhile, eating his own heart with bitter sauce of envy, beholding the skillful hunter kill his stag often by fair and sportsmanlike methods. What is it to him that there should be no deer in all the woods twenty years hence, so that he to-day clubs to death one suckling doe?

Nor is this so-called sportsman the only goose killer whose wrongdoing makes us all suffer. For his and the milliners' profit and the barbarous ornamentation of women's head dress, another ruthlessly slays the harmless and useful beautiful birds, to the world's loss of song and beauty and goodness. The farmer and the lumberman strip mountain and swamp of forest growth for a little present gain and the world's irreparable loss, the loss of copious springs and streams, and loss by disastrous floods. A few greedy speculators combine to spoil the nation's park for their own selfish gain, shameless, unscrupulous; and the nation looks on almost unconcerned, with but here and there out of the millions concerned, a voice lifted in condemnation of the outrageous scheme of destruction.

So the ceaseless warfare against nature goes on, till one is almost ready to despair that the race of goose killers shall be removed from the face of the earth till the last goose that lays an egg of gold shall be killed; that the destroyer shall pass away only when there is nothing left for him to destroy.

SNAP SHOTS.

FINN'S bill has been put in. Finn is from New York city. His bill is designed to repeal the short lobster law. Finn says the change is asked for by the fish dealers of his district. Finn is probably mistaken; and his little bill will probably be squelched. Finn stands for a band of avaricious dealers who want to open this port for the reception of immature lobsters, traffic in which is forbidden by the laws of other States. Finn's backers are scheming to provide a market for this illicit merchandise. So that they make a dollar to-day, tomorrow may look out for its own lobsters. Finn and his clique do not fairly represent the fish dealers of New York. The Legislature ought not to be inveigled into believing that he does; but the Legislature, we regret to say, can be inveigled into believing anything. On matters of fish and game protection the average Assemblyman takes a positive delight in being bamboozled.

The sundry civil bill provides an appropriation for the Park as follows: "For every purpose and object necessary for the protection, preservation and improvement of the Yellowstone National Park, including compensation of superintendent and employees, forty thousand dollars; two thousand dollars of said amount to be paid to a superintendent of said Park, and not exceeding nine hundred dollars to each of ten assistants, all of whom shall be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior and reside continuously in the Park, and whose duty it shall be to protect the game, timber and objects of interest therein; the balance of the sum appropriated to be expended in the construction and improvement of suitable roads and bridges in said Park, under the supervision and direction of an engineer officer detailed by the Secretary of War for that duty."

Mr. Erwin, of St. Lawrence county, has introduced into the New York Legislature a bill to exempt his district from the operation of the song bird law. It cannot be that Mr. Erwin fails to recognize the wisdom of the law; he is probably acting at the instance of some of his foolish constituents. The law is a good one, and it is just as good for St. Lawrence as for the rest of the State. To pass Mr. Erwin's bill would be to add to that jumbled collection of special laws and exceptions to laws, which is a disgrace of long standing.

The widow of Hugh Conway has protested that some of the trashy fiction which purports to have been written by her husband did not come from his pen. This is very likely true enough, and we extend our sympathy to Mrs. Conway as well as to the writers whose reminiscences of the late Ned Buntline have been hashed over and put forth as his own by one "Will Wildwood."

The Agassiz Association, established by *St. Nicholas*, has outgrown the space which that magazine can devote to it and it is to have a journal of its own, the *Swiss Cross*, to be edited by the president of the association, Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, of Pittsfield, Mass. The *Swiss Cross* may prove a valuable adjunct of the *Audubon Magazine* in the latter's special work.

A bill recently introduced into the Indiana Legislature prohibits the shooting of quail and prairie chickens indefinitely, but makes no provision against unlimited trapping and snaring. There is a very large African in that woodpile.

A New York astrologer, convicted of sending girl dupes to their deaths in Panama, has been given the righteous sentence of fifteen years in the State prison. Florida land-sharks, who inveigle entire families down to the miasmatic wastes of southern Florida, go scot free.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SAM LOVEL'S THANKSGIVING—I.

BEING SOME MISSING LEAVES OF "UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP."

ONE gloomy day in November several of Uncle Lisha's friends, realizing the fact that it rained too hard to "work aou' door," that it was too wet even for comfortable hunting, and that it was too late in the season for fishing, betook themselves singly and in couples to the shop to pass away the time which hung with unendurable heaviness upon their hands at home. There was a genial warmth radiating from the full-fed rusty little stove, and a mild sunshine from the kindly face of the old shoemaker that made the rude interior seem exceedingly comfortable in contrast with the dismal chill and dampness of the outdoor world, and the clatter of the hammer on the lapstone was a much more cheerful sound than the leaden patter of the rain on roof and pane and fallen leaves. But though the newcomers gave some impassive signs of appreciation of the change from outdoor discomfort to indoor comfort, they seemed to have brought in with them too much of the exterior atmosphere; it exhaled from their wet garments and dulled spirits till their host felt it and resented it.

"Good airth an' seas! boys, what's the motter ails ye, all on ye? Ye aint no sociabler 'n a passel o' snails holdin' a meetin' 'n under a cabbage leaf! 'Taint a fun'el. By mighty, it's wus, for the' haint no preachin' ner singin', ner even sighthin' ner cryin'. Why don't some on ye up an' die an' kinder liven up things a leetle mite, hey?"

While Solon Briggs was swelling up with explanatory words too big for speedy utterance, Joseph Hill remarked, as he searched all his pockets for the pipe and tobacco that he never knew where to find, "I 'spect, as Joel Bartlett says when he takes a notion to start off on a preachin' tower, 'at we've all on us got a weighty consarn on aour mind, Uncle Lisher."

"Wal, Jozeff hes spoke, an' that's incouragin'. Naow let another, as Brother Foot says in prayer meetin'."

"Jozeff's speakin'," continued Uncle Lisha, after waiting a moment for a response, "puts me in mind o' his dawg 'at he uster hev, 'at nob'dy never knowed to du nothin' on'y eat an' sleep, an' bark a' folks goin' 'long 'baout the' business, an' at the moon nights, when folks was extry tired an' wantin' t' sleep more 'n common but couldn't, 'caount o' his 'tarnal bowwowin' an' yollopin'. Jozeff, howsever, was allus a tellin' what a good dawg he was, an' even went the length o' sayin' 't he was harnsome! A yaller dawg, an' harnsome! Haint that so, Jozeff? Don't ye deny it!" he roared, glaring at his visitor between his eyebrows and the rims of his spectacles as he began to fashion a slow, dubious "wal" with his lips. "Yes," he continued, "good an' harnsome, he said he wus. You never seen a man 'at hed him a dawg 'at wa'n't a braggin' 'baout him on some pint. That's one reason 'at I don't hev me a dawg. I haint no gift o' braggin'. 'Nuther is, I haint no use for a dawg in my business. Wal," picking out the soggy "heel" of his pipe with a crooked awl, "one day when Samwill here an' 'mongst 'em was exhaltin' of the' horns an' a blowin' on 'em 'baout the haoun' dawgs, Jozeff he up an' bigin blowin' his'n abaout his'n. Someb'dy nuther ast him, 'What'll he du? Did he ever tree a coon?' 'No,' says Jozeff. 'Er hole a woo'chuck?' 'No.' 'Er drive a k'yow er a hawg?' 'Wal, not ezackly drive 'em.' 'Er ta' keer o' the haouse?' 'Wal, he's allus there, but I do' know 's he raly takes keer on't.' 'Wal, then, what on airth is he good for?' 'Wal,' says Jozeff, says he, arter c'nsid'able c'nsid'rin', 'he's comp'ny!' An'," said Uncle Lisha when he had blown through his pipe after clearing the stem with a waxed end, "I'll be dum'd 'f I wouldn't druther hev Jozeff Hill's ol' yaller dawg for comp'ny 'n t' hev sech a consarned mumpin' set as you be."

The only responses were a general though feeble and perfunctory laugh and an apologetic remark from Solon Briggs that "when the caloric of the warmth had penetrated the water aouten their garments they would be more conversationabler," which Antoine endeavored to make more easily comprehended by explaining, "Yas, Onc' Lasha, when we'll got aour froze t'aw aout we'll got aour speak t'aw aout."

A little later the constant searcher for information broke the silence by asking Joseph Hill, "Whatever be become o' that 'ere dawg 'at Uncle Lisher ben speakin' on?"

"M'ri sol' him tu a peddler," said Joseph with a sigh of regret for his lost companion, "M'ri didn't never set no gret store by dawgs, though the' be women 'at likes to hev a dawg 'raound, for all the' makin' b'lieve hate 'em—likes to hev 'em 'raound to lay things onter, bad smells an' sech, an' broken airthenware, an' t' 'buse—wal, I do' know as 'buse ezackly, but tu vent the' feelin's on. But M'ri never 'bused Liern, though I don't think he raly 'nj'yed her comp'ny, 'specially moppin' days an' when she was sweepin' aout."

"Wal, I do' know's I blame anybody much for mumpin' sech weather," said Uncle Lisha, relenting, as while he ground the pegs from the inside of a newly topped boot, he gazed abstractedly out of the rain-pelted little window upon the blurred landscape; the sodden dun fields bounded by the gray wall of mountain with its drifting coping of mist—all dun and gray but for one poplar that shone like a pale flame among the ashy trunks and branches of its burned-out companions, and when a gust fanned it, showered down its yellow leaves like sparks from a flaring torch. "I do' know 's I blame any on ye much; sech weather 's turrible hefty on the sperits. 'F I hed me a pint, er mebby a quart o' cider brandy, er ol' Jamacky sperits, I raly b'lieve I'd git so condemned boozy 't I couldn't see aouten the winder—'f 't wa'n't for makin' an' mendin' these 'ere dum'd ol' boots an' shoes, I would, by golly blue!"

"I snum! I sh'ld like ter help ye, Uncle Lisher," said Joseph Hill, smacking his lips.

"'N' it's mos' Thanksgivin' time," Lisha went on; "I b'lieve the day's ben sot by the Gov'ner, haint it? Seem's 'ough I seen it in the last *V'monter*. Jerushy!" He called so loudly and suddenly that it startled all his guests, and again "Jerushy!" with a roar that made the battered stove pipe jingle. "Be you deaf or be you dead?"

"What—on—airth?" asked the mildly astonished old matron as she opened the door just wide enough to let her nose and voice into the shop.

"Gim me that 'ere last paper; I wanter see 'f Thanksgivin' day 's 'pinted. It's eyther in the stan' draw, erless in the cub'd, 'f ye haint got some 'o yer everlastin' yarbs spread onter it in the chahmber."

"Yarbs!" Aunt Jerusha replied from the "house part," where she could be heard wrestling with the refractory stand drawer and then rummaging among papers, "why, good land o' Goshen, Lisher, my yarbs was all dried an' in the' bags 'fore ever that 'ere paper thought o' bein' printed! Naow, seem' 's 'ough you took it to wrap up Miss' Bartlett's bootees in t'other day. O' no, here 't is"—reappearing in the doorway—"I b'lieve, le' me see," 'tromboning' the paper to get the proper focus of her glasses, "October the thirty—yes; here Lisher," groping her way to her lord through the tobacco smoke and rubbish and legs of visitors, and then as through the reek, she began to recognize one and another—"O, hope I see ye well, Mr. Briggs, an' Mr. Hill, Miss Briggs an' Miss Hill, be they well? Turrible spell o' weather we're a hevin' on. Why, haow du you du, Samwill? Be you well, Antwine? an' haow's your womern? My! haow you men du smoke! I can't scasely see who's who. Wal, I s'pose terbarker is comfortin' sech weather for them 'at c'n stan' it, but I never could," and she retreated, tapping her snuff box as she went.

"As if snuff wa'n't terbarker!" Uncle Lisha snorted after her; "Le's see," spreading the paper on his knees and staring at it naked-eyed while he wiped his glasses on his shirt sleeve; then adjusting them astride his nose with unusual care. "Le' me see—'Scott an Raymon' offer —m—m—'Patrick Foster, groceries an' p'visions' (an' hoss rum) m—m—m—'B. Seym'r, hats an' caps an' highest price fer fur'—O, here 't is—'Proclermatiern by the Gov'ner—'Cordin to suthin nuther usage 'n' so f'th, 'n' so f'th, hm—m—m—I du hereby 'pint Thursd'y the twenty sev'mph day o' November as a day o' thanksgivin'.' Wonder what they allus hev it come a Thursd'y for, and Fast Day Frid'y? Dum'd 'f I know. An' 'lection day an' taown meetin' an' the leegislatur' begin settin' a Tuesday. Mebby that's so 's 't the men c'n hev clean shirts on; though the' haint time for i'nin on 'em—more likely it's cause the men folks is fresh f'm the disciplyne o' washin' day, an' more cal'lated to du the' duty. Hm! so Thanksgivin' comes tew weeks f'm nex Thursd'y, hey? What be I goin t' du f'r a turkey, I sh' like t' know? We haint raised none, an' I can't 'ford to buy one, an' I've got tu ol' an' dim-sighted t' shoot one tu a shootin' match—do' know 's the' 's goin t' be one, anyway."

"Yas," some one said, "Hamner 's layin 'aout t' hev a turkey shoot, Thanksgivin'."

"Ya-us," Joseph Hill contemptuously assented, "he's a cal'latin tu hev what might posserbly be called a turkey shoot. He's got him fifteen er twenty leetle teenty tawnty faowls 't he calls turkeys—hatched in August, do' know 's they was fore September, nary one on 'em bigger 'n a cardy bird*—do' know but they be bigger 'n cardy birds, but pliggid little to speak on, an he'll set 'em up forty rod, I do' know but fifty, at a York shillin' a shot! The' haint nob'dy erless it's Sam here, c'ld hit one shootin' a week that fur off. 'N' one on 'em would n't more 'n go 'raound 'mongst tew hearty folks—do' know 's the' 'ld be 'nough for tew. He hedn't ort to set 'em up not to say more 'n fifteen er twenty rod, ner ast over 'n above fo'-p'nce ha'p'ny a shot, at sech leetle teenty tawnty insi'nificant creeturs, an' then he'd make money aout on 'em."

"Hamner is tew narrer, c'ntracted an' peniverous tu be very satisfactual tu his patrings," Solon Briggs remarked. "He is a very parsinumerous man."

"Did ye notice haow Solon's bloat went daown," Joseph whispered huskily, nudging with his elbow the ribs of his neighbor on the seat behind the stove, "when he got them big words aouten on him?" He'll hev one on 'em in him some day 'at'll swell up an' bust him 'fore he gits red on't, see 'f he don't. Do' know 's it'll bust him, but it'll strain his riggin' turribly—yes," he said aloud, in confirmation of Solon's opinion of the unpopular landlord, "he's all o' them. They du say as he waters his ol' Medford rum 'at costs him thirty cents a gallern, an' him a sellin' on't at fo'pence ha'p'ny a glass. Anyways, it's dreffle weak. A man 'ould git draounded in't 'fore he'd git tu feelin' good on't. I guess he would putty nigh."

"Good airth an' seas! I don't b'lieve the critter keeps nothin' but hoss rum. Tew drinks on't clear 'ould knock a feller higher 'n Gilderoy's kite, so it's a massy to them 'at drinks it 'at he does thin it wi' water," said Uncle Lisha, as he generously daubed the edges of the tap with lampblack and oil. "I tell ye what you du, Samwill. You gwup to Hamner's turkey shoot an' git me a turkey—git tew 'f ye'r a minter, an' come t' aour Thanksgivin'. The' 'll be a turkey for me 'an Jerushy, an' one for you—one for us tew an' one for you tew, 's the Irishmun said when he was dividin' the four dollars 'twixt himself an' his tew frinds. Er she c'n hev the necks o' both—she's allus a tellin' haow the necks is the bes' part of a faowl, an' you 'n' I'll take the stuffin' an' what's left. I'll pay for tew shots an' you pay for tew, an' 'f you can't git tew turkeys aout o' four shots you haint the man 't I take ye t' be. What d' yo say, Samwill?"

"I'd a good deal druther git ye some patridges, Uncle Lisher. Dum this blazin' away at a poor mis'able turkey sot top of a barrel with his laigs tied, scairt half to death with the balls zippin' raound him. 'Taint no fun for me. I'd druther go out in the woods an' git ye tew three patridges."

"Well, patridges then," said the shoemaker, "I don't keer, on'y patridges aint ezackly sech reg'lar Thanksgivin' meat as turkeys is."

"But the' 's more meat in one good Tom patridge 'an the' is in the hull flock o' Hamner's turkeys," said Joseph Hill. Then, after a little consideration of this statement, "Wal, I do' know 's the hull on 'em, but half on 'em, say."

"Wal then, call it patridges," said Uncle Lisha, with a sigh of resignation. "We'll go it on punkin pie an' patridges. Will ye git 'em, Samwill?"

"You sh'll hev 'em, Uncle Lisher," Sam said, sitting upright from leaning against the wall, his promise emphasized by the creak of the roll of sole leather he sat upon, "'f the's any in the woods."

"O, the woods is popular with 'em," said Solon.

"I scairt one aouten my woodshed yist'd'y mornin', er mebby 'twas day 'fore yist'd'y mornin', any ways I scairt one aout on't when I went aout arter kin'lin', an' I tol' M'ri on't."

"Proberly the's so much wood in your shed, Jozeff, 'at he thought he was in the woods," said Uncle Lisha, whittling a plug of tobacco on his cutting board.

* Nuthatch.

"Bah gosh!" cried Antoine, who had long suffered with silence, "'f dey don't tick in de hwood! an' he don't 'fraid more as hen was. Bah gosh, t'odder day, seh, when Ah'll was be choppin' in de hwood dey was one of it flewed raght in ma face an' Ah'll bite hees head wid ma mouf! Ah'll peek ma toof more as two nour 'fore Ah'll got de fedder off of it. Bah gosh, Ah'll got all de patridge Ah'll wan' for heat more as dis year, dot tam, me."

"Git Antwine to set his maouth an' ketch ye some, Joseph suggested.

"He'd pizon 'em with his dum peasoup lies," growled Uncle Lisha, as he brushed the tobacco into his hand and began grinding it between his palms. "Say, Samwill, haow was you a-cal'latin' to spend yer Thanksgivin' this year? Naow, 'f yer 'goin' huntin' for me, I want ye t' 'tend right tu yer huntin' an' nothin' else."

There was a roguish twinkle in the corner of the eye nearest the reclining hunter as the old man asked, "Boys, I do' know's I ever tol' ye 'baout this 'ere gret hunter's a-goin' foxhuntin' one Thanksgivin' Day back o' Pur'n'-t'n's, did I?"

"Uncle Lisher," Sam drawled in a slow, impressive monotone, "if you raly want me tu git you some patridges for Thanksgivin', you don't wanter tell no stories baout my Thanksgivins."

"You mean it, Samwill?" Lisha asked, pausing in the lighting of his pipe till the match began to fry the wax on his thumb.

"Sartinly I du," Sam answered.

"Wal, then," said Lisha, "I want them patridges, an' I got t' hev 'em," and though Antoine cried "Tol' it, Onc' Lasha, tol' it! What you cared? Bah gosh, Ah'll know where dat turkey Hamny's roos', an' 'f Ah don't gat you more turkey as you'll heat an' A'n' Jerrushy in four day, Ah'll give you masef for roas'! Ah'll bet you head, boy, dat Sam shoot fox an' he'll ant hit heem!" and though all beset him importunately, the old man utterly refused to tell the story, and presently his visitors departed in as bad humor as they had come. As they separated at the door yard gate to go their several ways, the inquirer turned back to ask, "Say, Jozeff, haow much did M'rier git for that 'ere dawg?" ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[The untold story will be given next week.]

CANADIAN GAME AND FISH RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of your paper I see that you invite travelers and subscribers to send in information relative to hunting and fishing grounds of which they have knowledge, for the benefit of others, the shortness of whose outings will not permit them to spend time in seeking for hunting grounds; and as I have recently returned from an extended tour in the Canadian Northwest, I will briefly sketch the hunting opportunities offered by the various localities in which I stayed. Taking the localities in the order of their proximity to Toronto, first is Sundridge, on the Northern Railway, eight hours due north of Toronto. I did not stay here long enough to do any shooting myself, but gathered what information I could and took special notice of all incontestible tangibilities in the way of specimens and photographs. In front of the Queen's Hotel, at which I stayed (and where, by the way, the sporting visitor will find excellent accommodation, and in Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, a genial and sympathetic host), lies Stony Lake, surrounded by hills, still clad in primitive forests of pine.

As I am no fisherman I can get up but little enthusiasm on the subject, and as the fame of this lake as a trout pond has already been published abroad by your paper, I shall do no more than say that here the keenest piscator my sate his appetite for sport in a single week. I was shown photos of newly caught trout taken "100yds. from the verandah," and was told the weights of various specimens up among the pounds, but I did not make notes. Deer are plentiful almost in the "town." Moose also are found near by, while partridges and other small game are abundant. While I was there a large lynx came out of the woods near by the hotel. I went after him, but failed to get a shot.

My next stop was at North Bay, Lake Nipissing, 10½ hours from Toronto. I spent a day around the locality ascertaining the sporting possibilities of the region, which, by the way, is not by any means of the boreal character that most of us imagine. Through the kindness of Mr. Burke, of the Pacific Hotel, I was enabled to make a general inspection of the country about the town, and was not a little surprised to see what promise of a great future lay in the unlimited stretches of fine rolling land—true, it is at present covered with a heavy growth of timber, composed chiefly of white pine, black spruce, red cedar, balsam, tamarac, hemlock, white, yellow and sweet (*lenta*) birches, sugar maple and swamp elm, with a few oaks and beeches in limited localities, but there is no doubt that many a hopeful emigrant who spent nearly his all in transporting himself and his family to the dreary summer-frosted prairie solitude of Minnesota and Manitoba, within recent years, would if he again had a chance to strike out, hasten gladly to settle in the long hidden though rich loamy lands of the Nipissing water system, where he would no longer feel himself banished from civilized life, and where he would be less persecuted by the climate and better supplied with wood to meet its inclemencies.

North Bay is situated just on the line of demarcation between the respective ranges of the caribou and the Virginian deer. While judging from the heads that I saw the moose also must be plentiful in this region. I was shown the head of what I, in my simplicity, took for some sort of whale; but I was told that it was only a 22lbs. lake trout! Jackfish and speckled trout also are abundant. I once met a New Yorker who had visited the country to the south, some seven years ago; he said that there was simply too much game for sport. In one morning they could catch more trout and kill more deer than they could consume in a fortnight, so he came away only half satisfied and never returned. Certainly the game is much less abundant now in the immediate vicinity of the town, but still Parry Sound District and the shores of Lake Nipissing must be looked on as excellent hunting grounds. For the second essential, guides, I refer visitors to Mr. Burke, and as to hotel accommodations, I do not think that the most fastidious New Yorker will find fault with any of the arrangements or appurtenances of the Pacific.

On the C. P. R., along the north shore of Lake Superior, I stayed at Schrieber, and again at Port Arthur. At both

places the evidence of specimens and information went to show that caribou, spruce and birch partridges (*Canace* and *Bonasa*), fish and fur, were plentiful a few miles back.

My next stop was at Rat Portage, on the northwestern bay of the Lake of the Woods. This country is rated as an A1 fur district in the books of the H. B. Co. In the immediate vicinity of the town there is no game, but guides are easily obtained, and ten miles back various birds, beasts and fishes are common, the following being the chief game: Moose, caribou, hares (*L. americanus*), spruce partridges, birch partridges, prairie chickens (*Pediocetes*, first observed at Port Arthur), and various ducks, etc. From Rat Portage several steamers start weekly for various parts of this great lake, and among their landing places is the Northwest Angle, famous in history and notable as being the most convenient point for reaching the Great Roseau Swamp, which here touches the lake. Of this swamp I need say nothing, its promises as a hunting ground have been sufficiently set forth by a recent writer in this journal.

At Winnipeg, my next halting place, I stayed a week, and was shown elk, moose, caribou and jumping deer (*Cervus macrotis*) heads by the dozen, also hares, prairie chickens and ducks by the thousand. But I did no shooting myself, being desirous of pressing on to my old home at Carberry before I began to burn powder.

Carberry is on the C. P. R., 105 miles west of Winnipeg; 1886 was a great year for game, and the following list will give an idea of the sporting attractions of the locality:

Moose—Not uncommon in the Big Swamp.
Elk—Rare.
Jumping Deer—Tolerably common; becoming more so.
Hares—Enormously abundant; too many for sport.
Geese—Common in fall.
Ducks of all kinds—Very abundant.
Snipe, etc.—Abundant.
Partridge—Common.
Prairie Chicken (*Pediocetes*)—Exceedingly abundant.
Prairie Hen (*Tympanuchus*)—Rare, but becoming more common.

As I am preparing a more extended article on Carberry hunting and have already published an account of one of my own hunts in that region, I shall not enlarge on the subject at present, but in conclusion must warn all prospective tourist hunters that I never yet saw a hunting ground where large game could be bagged without a great deal of toil or where anything worth mentioning could be killed from the hotel windows.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

TORONTO, Jan. 30.

A COURSING MEET.

DOWN in the lowlands of Scotland, in a gorgeous smiling farming country, that produces untold bushels of potatoes to the acre and turnips of a wondrous size, that in turn have to do with the evolution into beef of great glossy-flanked Polled Angus and Ayrshire cattle, several hundred men have arrived by train to see the great coursing meet. There are ruddy-faced squires in broad corduroy shooting jackets and leather gaiters, each one enjoying a pipeful of cut Cavendish or even of strong smelling black pigtail. Canny old Scotchmen are cracking heavy and rather indigestible jokes among themselves, and pass around the big snuff-box, and every man helps himself by means of the little ivory spoon, and daintily insinuates into each nostril a charge that would be any other man's death of sneezing, providing he had not had the privilege of having been born north of the Cheviot Hills.

Men are leading about braces of lanky greyhounds, and the lithe and graceful animals seem already to scent the sport, and frequently give their short leash a strong tug, but soon relapse into good behavior upon a word of the master. The owners are of various descriptions, some are hearty, broad-smiling fellows, who evidently run their dogs and stake their money for the pure love of the sport. Others are keen-eyed and cautious-looking men who make a business of it, and do not entirely course for fun. These always take some time to think before they make a bet, and are apt to haggle a little before they enter their wagers in their little books.

The whole crowd walks down the road and through the village, and a number stop for a few moments at the Mac-Something-or-other Arms, and their are loud calls for gills and mutchkins of the best.

Then all are assembled in a broad pasture ground, and the judges on horseback move hither and thither, and ask the crowd to step back, for the wood just opposite is going to be driven. Two names are called and a couple of men step forward, each one leading a hound. The dogs are leashed together and the sport begins. A hare starts from the wood, bounds into the clearing, and is away at a rattling pace. The leash is slipped and the eager greyhounds are after poor puss in hot chase. One of the dogs, a sinewy strong-boned animal, of coal black hue, is very close to her heels in less than a minute, but the hare takes a sudden turn just in the nick of time, and her pursuer's tremendous pace carries him way beyond her before he can turn. The other dog, however, which was a few yards behind, has been able to take a sharp turn too, and does the running now. The hare turns and twists and darts about, but both dogs are after her again. One of them manages to head her off, and she nearly falls into the eager jaws of the other, but he misses his spring and away she goes once more. This time she goes through a wire fence, with both dogs neck and neck behind her, but alas for the big black fellow, he has failed in his hurry to see the treacherous wires, and as he sails along the ground he sharply strikes one of them, and falls into the ditch with a broken neck, while a minute longer pussy meets her death as the other dog catches her after one more turn.

The owner of the dog that has been killed mutters some imprecation against wire fences and sorrowfully picks up the body, but in the meantime another couple are ready, a hare is found and killed after a short struggle.

The coursing goes on, one pair after another, every one is exciting, the accident has been forgotton. The betting grows brisker every moment, five pound notes are changing owners at a great rate, and all look happy except a few that have been hit rather hard in the betting.

At last the prize winners have all been picked out, and the coursing is ended. We all go toward the station, and not a little of the day's fun is enjoyed over again in the train.

G. V. S.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FLORIDA BIRD NOTES.

HERONS, EGRETS AND SPOONBILLS.

FLORIDA has long been noted for the abundance of its herons and egrets. Quite justly, too, for they abound here in great numbers. In this locality I noticed the great blue, white-crowned, night heron, the black-crowned, little blue, green, Louisiana and snowy herons, as well as the American egret. On several occasions I saw the great white heron on the coast, but was unable to get a shot.

The great blue heron is common everywhere on the coast, along the rivers, about the lakes and ponds, in fact you will meet it wherever it can find suitable food. It breeds in the State, and about four miles east of St. Marks is an extensive swamp, where I noticed several hundred in February, 1886. I once caught one on an outline in shallow water in St. Marks River. He had been wading around looking for food, and discovering the bait attempted to swallow it, when the gag hook became fastened in his throat. He made things very lively in the morning when I approached him and fought desperately. Another time I saw one on the shore of Lake Jackson that was followed by a large alligator that evidently wanted heron for dinner. The heron kept just out of reach and seemed to pay little attention to the 'gator, but at the same time kept well out of the way.

The white-crowned night heron was seen twice. On March 28 I killed a fine specimen in full plumage at Lake LaFayette, and in June I saw a pair at Lake Jamonia. The black-crowned, like the preceding, was very scarce, only being seen a few times.

The blue heron winters further south and appears at this place the latter part of March, or first of April. They breed in colonies of 200 or more and usually select young cypress trees for this purpose. Near the Natural bridge, on the St. Marks River, are numbers of these rookeries. I visited one on April 10 and found a great many nests that already contained the full complement of three or four eggs. One large rookery there was destroyed by crows, which devoured all the eggs. You will always see crows in the neighborhood of one of these rookeries, and at the slightest opportunity they will devour the eggs.

The green heron was plenty early in April as a migrant, but a few can be found all winter.

The Louisiana heron does not come in any numbers until the middle of May. I never saw them inland, but always on the coast or breeding on some island near the shore. About eleven miles west of the St. Marks lighthouse, is a small island of several acres. The island is but a few feet above the sea, and is covered with a rank growth of rushes and low shrubs. These rushes grew to a height of 6 or 8ft. and then lopped over. So thick were they that they would almost sustain the weight of a man. On these rushes, thus bent over, hundreds of gulls have annually built their nests and reared their young. The persecution of late years has been inhuman. Fishing and hunting parties visit the island almost daily. If incubation has begun in the eggs, they destroy or carry them away, and on visiting the place several days later they find plenty of fresh eggs. I was on the island in June, 1885. There were probably 1,500 gulls around it, but on landing and looking it over carefully I did not find over 40 nests containing young or eggs. This season I found it even worse. On May 16 I visited the island and found no eggs at all. The Inspector of Customs at St. Marks showed me a dozen eggs of the black-headed gull, and stated that he had been to the island the day before, but only got about 100 eggs as some one had been there the previous day and got them all. He had saved a dozen of those marked the nicest and eaten the balance. A month later I was again on the island and found no eggs or young birds of the gull, so I am sure that no gulls reared their young this year on Bird Island, as it is called, which for scores of years has been the breeding place of the black-headed gull. Immediately after the arrival of the Louisiana heron on this island, they commenced constructing their flat nests on the low bushes or on the ground underneath. About 200 breed here every year, but if the persecution continues, they will be obliged to abandon the island entirely.

About two weeks after the Louisiana heron, the beautiful little snowy heron arrives, and what space on the low bushes is not already taken by the Louisiana heron is quickly taken by the snowy. In a few days the shallow nest is completed and the complement of three or four eggs deposited. On the arrival of the snowy heron persecution commences in earnest. Nearly every fisher, sponger or other craft is prepared to kill these birds whenever seen, as of late years they have found out these birds are valuable, for nearly all have seen or heard of the advertisements in northern papers for white heron or crane wings or skins. I went aboard a sloop from Apalachicola one day and noticed very nearly half a bushel of eggs of these herons that were taken on the island. Suspended from the yard arms were several skins of white pelicans and cormorants, and hanging by the broad bill in the cabin was a roseate spoonbill. On inquiry, I found out the heron's eggs formed part of their daily bill of fare, and the skins (what there was of them) were for some parties in Chicago. None of the skins were prepared so as to be of any practical use. I dare say that after the arrival of the snowy heron not a day passes until their departure but what some fisher, sailor, or plume hunter visits the place, and as a result the birds are very wild. By the middle of June the young of the American egret are full grown, and with the parent bird have gone to the sea coast. This island is also their roosting place at night. During the day at low tide they feed on the oyster bars and mud flats, and about sundown they commence winging their way to the island, which by dark is literally covered with them. A few roseate spoonbills roost here nearly every night. Last June I spent ten days in the Apalachee Bay, and collected many fine skins. The reader would naturally think that where such an abundance was to be found it would be an easy matter to procure as many as might be desired; but this is by no means true. Let a boat once approach the island and every bird will at once take wing and alight on oyster bars and other places out of reach. The Louisiana herons soon return and do not seem to care much for the stranger's presence, as they are seldom shot at, but the snowy herons keep well out of the way until he is gone.

I wanted a few of these birds skins very much for my cabinet, and after repeated efforts during the day, I determined to try my luck at night. On the afternoon of June 20, 1886, my companion and I left our camp at Shell Point, three miles east of the island, with our minds made up to stay on the island all night, if necessary, to get some of those tall white fellows. Shell Point is noted for its fisheries, and is located eight miles west of the St. Marks lighthouse. Annually, in the fall of the year, numbers of wagons come from southern Georgia for a supply of fish. Just back of the shore is an immense windrow, half a mile long, of broken shells that have been washed out by the waves of the sea; just back of this windrow is an extensive sand flat, level as a floor. The tide sometimes covers this. It is favorite feeding ground of the snipes. Many a time have I seen acres of it covered with such birds as the sicklebill curlew, willet, greater yellowlegs, red-breasted snipe, ring plover and sandpipers. Here is where the pot-hunter can have a picnic. I don't claim to be that kind of a hunter, but my stock of ammunition being low, and the large camp kettle empty, I took the shotgun one day and went back of the camp, where there were thousands of birds. They took wing and came wheeling by in a cloud. The 10-bore spoke twice and we gathered up thirty-two willet, red-breasted snipe and ring plover. All were fat, as the feeding ground was good. As we pushed our boat from the beach the sight was one worth seeing. The sun was going below the pine trees in the west, the sea was calm as there was but little breeze blowing. All nature seemed to be alive with animal life. About 100yds. from shore thirteen large cormorants go sweeping by in a V-shaped line. A clapper rail, with a brood of six young, scampers from the grass near the water, and running over the shells, is soon lost in the rushes of the salt marsh. Ring plover and small sandpipers by dozens are running along the beach. Back of the camp the loud clear notes of the willet as he utters his *pill-will-willer*, can be distinctly heard, and others can be seen feeding along the water. Flying over the water or beach are a number of least terns, their silky white plumage glistening in the light of the setting sun; there are a few common terns and blackhead gulls flying over the marsh. Further north toward the dark pines, two large eagles are whirling in majestic circles. An osprey has just seized a fish from a school of mullet in shoal water and is bearing it away, but alas, the pirate of the air is watching with his keen eye, and an exciting race follows; the eagle gains rapidly and is soon within a few yards when the osprey drops his prey and the eagle, with a graceful swoop, catches it in his talons before it can reach the earth. Half a dozen ospreys can be seen fishing any time during the day at this point, and their movements are closely watched by the eagles. I have seen the eagle capture his own fish on the inland lakes, but on the coast he prefers to rob the more industrious fish hawk. Half a mile from the shore are seven stately white American egrets busily procuring their evening meal. On an oyster bar near by are three great blue herons and a wood ibis also feeding. Near the bar are a number of brown pelicans flying about and every few moments one will dash with terrible force in the sea, sending the spray and water high into the air as he seizes some unlucky fish. In some scrub bushes near the shore some noisy boat-tailed grakles chattering, a pair of gray king birds, whose nest I have looked for in vain, are pursuing winged insects, and on the top of the tallest shrub that king of songsters, the mockingbird, is making the evening air ring with his clear and varied notes. Such was the scene at Lonely Shell Point that sultry June evening. There are places where more species can be seen at one time, but where can a more interesting number be found?

I have often been told by people living in and about St. Marks that not more than twenty years ago a boat could be loaded with eggs at any of the islands in the bay, and there were myriads of birds there compared with the number to be seen now. Surely if this was the case the work of destruction has been going on at a rapid rate. But enough yet remains to make the place deeply interesting to the naturalist and sportsman. About a mile off shore is a sharpie that has been turtling for several days, and a little further on a schooner with a raft of cedar logs for the mills at Cedar Keys. Away out at sea is a schooner that has just come around South Cape, and near the lighthouse can be seen the sails of seven other vessels making for the mouth of the river. They are the spongers and fishers returning from the sponging grounds off shore. But we can't tarry here, for it will be dark in a few hours and we want to do a little hunting before dark, so turning the prow of our boat westward and hoisting the sail we are soon skimming over the water, leaving a broad wake behind. After going about a mile three large white pelicans are sighted about a quarter of a mile ahead and my companion remarked that one of them would not look bad mounted in a collection. We lowered the sail and took the oars and carefully rowed toward them. We reached within a hundred yards when they took wing. Our firearms consisted of a 10-bore breechloading shotgun and a .22cal. Remington rifle. Two loud reports from the shotgun as we hurled 2½oz. of turkey shot at them, and several shots from the Remington are heard, but all to no avail. They kept on in a straight line out to sea. Half a mile further on are a large number of oyster bars, and on these are some cormorants, willets and four fine sickle-billed curlews, the prince of all bay-birds. These we left undisturbed and we are soon plowing our way under the lea of a long narrow island, and it is just getting dark. Coming from the land are five large birds that alight on the edge of the island a few hundred yards from us, and commence feeding along the shore. By looking carefully we see that they are of the most beautiful species of the South, one that we have tried many times to capture—the roseate spoonbill. The sail is lowered once more and a paddle substituted, and we approached carefully. They seemed to pay very little attention to us so intent were they feeding. To my dismay I discovered I had forgotten all the heavy shot at the camp except the two loads I fired at the pelicans and had nothing but No. 6's. It was too dark for a successful shot with the rifle. They let us approach within 50yds. before flying. As they arose I fired two shots, but to no avail, and we would have to be contented by thinking how near we had come to killing a roseate spoonbill.

From this point we could see Bird Island, which now looked like a great white snow bank rising out of the sea. The herons and egrets could be seen coming from all directions and alighting. Not wishing to go to the island for an hour, we rigged our fishing tackle and tried fishing for a while, but caught nothing but a dozen catfish and a hammerhead shark 4ft. long; he made a lively fight, but was finally captured and lay floundering in the bottom of the boat. Giving up fishing for this time we took the oars and paddled as quietly as possible to the island. A few of the birds were startled, but they quickly lighted. We anchored the boat among the rushes and crept up the bank carefully. It was a sight worth many miles of travel to behold. Every inch of ground seemed to be covered and the birds must have numbered several thousand. I took aim in the bushes, 30yds. distant, and fired two shots. Hastily loading I beheld a large egret circling just over the ones I had shot and another load soon killed it. The birds flew around the island a few moments and then began lighting on the oyster bars, where most of them remained all night.

Knowing that the roseate spoonbills passed over this point about daylight, we determined to stay all night. On going to pick up our specimens we found five large egrets (two adult and three young), six fine snowy herons and two Louisiana herons. Taking the sail from the boat, we rigged it into a low tent under the bushes, under which we carefully placed our birds, and made ourselves a bed of our two blankets. By this time the herons that had nests commenced returning and taking their places on them. These we did not disturb as we had the specimens we so much desired. We were awakened once during the night by the tide rising and wetting us to our knees. H. A. Kline.

Forreston, Ill.

Gun or Field-Glass?—Milford, Mass., Jan. 28.—In the *Scientific American* of Jan 22, an article by E. M. Hasbrouck on "Our Warbler," is a strong plea indirectly for the formation of Audubon Societies. He says, "I wonder how it is that men can be so wrapped up in this world as to be insensible to the presence of the many beautiful forms in nature that surround them, and are intended to cheer them on their path through life." This beautiful sounding sentence is given as a thought passing through his mind while watching a beautiful black-throated green warbler (*Dendroica virens*). Then immediately follows, "To become acquainted with these beautiful creatures one should go into the woods about the first of May *and search them diligently* (italics are mine); *take a small gun with you.*" There is no need of further quoting; let the reader supply the rest. I should think it was a pretty good way "to become acquainted with the many beautiful forms in nature intended to cheer one on the path of life" to "search diligently about nesting time with a gun." Nature probably intended these beautiful songsters to cheer one through life about this way. Further on in the same article Mr. Hasbrouck refers to the Almighty and his wise care that provides for the safety of nests and eggs, and yet in the same breath he advocates the wanton slaughter of the parent birds, without which the nests and eggs will be worthless. Shame on any advocacy of shooting these beauties in May. If they must be taken sparingly for science, let it be when all feelings of humanity are not shocked by the murder of the innocents. My plan gives more satisfaction in studying nature. When you go out take, instead of a gun, a good field-glass, and instead of pointing the deadly gun at the birds to kill them, focus the glass on them and enjoy their innocent ways, watching their search for food and playful antics. Many is the hour I have passed watching and studying the little wood folk, and they have been none the worse for my presence. Noted in this way they do indeed "cheer one on his path through life."—Sumner.

Hawks and Owls.—At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, B. H. Warren, of West Chester, delivered a lecture on "Food Materials of the Hawk and Owl Tribe," after which there was a free discussion as to the merits of the scalp act. Last year there was expended in bounties for scalps of animals about $100,000, 60 per cent. of which was paid for hawk and owl scalps. A vote was taken at the close of the meeting, with an almost unanimous result for the repeal of the entire act, and a resolution was adopted in accordance with the sentiment, asking the Legislature to wipe it out.—Victor M. Haldeman.

THE TERNS OF MATINICUS ROCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being a constant reader of your vauable paper, I was surprised, not to say displeased, to see in the edition of Jan. 13 a communication headed "The Terns of Matinicus Rock." If you wish for particulars in regard to the shooting of the Medrick gulls or terns there, I think it no more than right that you should have the true particulars. As I am the C. E. Cahoon referred to, and as the article attacks, not only my business, but my honor and humanity also, I hope you will allow me space to vindicate myself and correct some of the misstatements made. My business at present is collecting bird skins, for both scientific and millinery purposes. However, I never discriminate between the different orders, but always send perfect made skins, and never send the breasts as Mr. Grant would infer. As long as the people demand bird skins I shall probably make collecting my business; and as long as I never kill or collect either insectivorous, song, or game birds, I do no not see how I can consistently be found fault with. I pay attention to the tern entirely. This bird, as all naturalists know, is of no use whatever except for decorative and millinery purposes, being neither insectivorous nor a song bird. In nature's economy it is a destroyer, feeding entirely on young food fishes, such as the mackerel, bluefish, etc., which it destroys in large numbers. Mr. Grant's communication would lead your readers to believe that I used wounded birds for lures, and left the young to die of starvation, etc. The insinuation is base and false, and I am sorry that such testimony should come from the hands of an honorable and respectable man like Commander O. A. Batcheller. In denial, to begin with I did not go to Matinicus until the terns had finished breeding, and I did not "give out" that I was seeking recreation, "and only wanted a few birds to stuff." I went about my business and had the hearty co-operation of the good people of Matinicus. They certainly made it very pleasant for myself and wife, and offered me the loan of their boats. Several of the men and one young lady worked for me while I was there. As to Mr. Grant, he invited me to come there, and said he did not care if I killed all the birds. He writes, "The people tell me that he entirely exterminated the birds from Seal Island, Wooden Ball and Green Sedge, before he came to the rock." This is a falsehood. One of the islands spoken of I did not visit at all, and the terns were seemingly as thick when I left the other as when I came. I have knowledge that "the people" did not tell him so. If the terns are protected during breeding time, extermination is an impossibility. I will guarantee that Mr. Grant's boys killed more young birds by stoning, than I did of the old by collecting. When Mr. Grant says, "he would get eight or ten at a shot," he shows a lamentable amount of ignorance and an overgrown imagination. Mr. Grant never threatened me with the law, and as I knew the law on the subject before I went there, he could not have troubled me any if he had. The gentleman who followed me down, was a well-known collector, who wished to buy some skins for scientific purposes, and the "taken for debt" part was a malicious fabrication of Mr. Grant. If you wish for true and full particulars concerning the shooting of gulls at Matinicus, I can give you a full and comprehensive report, with the aid of my diary. The people of Matinicus will uphold me in my statements, and I have proof for all I have said. If I hear further from Mr. Grant I will (with their help) endeavor to enable you to see for yourself what his testimony is worth. I regret that Commander O. H. Batcheller should have received so disreputable a report of me. C. E. Cahoon.

Taunton, Mass.

Game Bag and Gun.

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THE NATIONAL PARK BILL.

Following is a copy of a letter from W. Hallett Phillips, Esq., some time special agent of the Interior Department to report upon the Yellowstone National Park, to the chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands. The letter gives a concise and perspicuous summary of the reasons for adopting the bill S. 2,436, now before the Committee:

Washington, D. C., Feb. 8, 1887.

Hon. T. R. Cobb, Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands:

Dear Sir—Referring to our interview on the subject of the Yellowstone Park Bill, it may serve some advantage to state shortly the main reasons why the bill should become a law. The act of 1872, organizing the Park, gave the control of it to the Secretary of the Interior, upon whom was conferred the power to make regulations for its preservation. Strange to say no jurisdiction was conferred upon any tribunal over the Park, nor were any penalties prescribed for the violation of the regulations. During the years immediately succeeding the passage of the organic act, as the travel to the Park was small, these omissions in the law were not much felt, but as soon as the Northern Pacific Railroad was completed to the Park, the tide of visitors commenced to pour in, until now between five and ten thousand persons visit it annually. The necessity of some jurisdiction to punish offenses within the Park has become imperative, and unless the requisite legislation is had at once the Park will soon be in such a condition that there will be nothing left worth protecting. In my report on the Park made to the Secretary of the Interior in January, 1886 (S. Ex. Doc. 51, 49th Cong. 1st Sess.), I called his attention to the urgent need of Congressional action to afford some judicial machinery by which order could be enforced in the Park and offenses against person and property punished. In his first annual report the Secretary points out the fact that the Park could not be protected unless action in the premises was taken by Congress.

In his report, made at the present session, he says: "While the acts of Congress confide the care and control of the Park to the Secretary of the Interior, and confer upon him the power to make rules and regulations, no penalties are provided for their violation, nor is it clear where the jurisdiction over crimes committed within the Park resides. For all practical purposes, it is a Government reservation, and the laws of the United States governing such reservations should be extended over it. It is certainly unfair that the people shall be invited into a Park set aside for their benefit and enjoyment by the national laws, and yet find when they reach it, no adequate protection for their persons or property. The bill unanimously reported from the Committee on Territories of the Senate during the last session of Congress, I believe to be well constituted for the object in view. This or some similar measure should become a law during the present Congress, if it is proposed to preserve this Park for the purposes covered by the original act."

During the past season men were arrested in the Park for setting fire to the forests, killing the game and injuring the wonderful formation around the geysers, and yet all that could be done was to order them to leave the Park, and they were left at liberty to return and renew their devastations.

The bill now before your Committee was carefully framed and considered by gentlemen who have given much thought to the subject. It received the approval of the Senate by the very unusual vote of 49 affirmative to 8 negative votes. The Chief Justice of the United States, who has always manifested much interest in the Park, having twice visited it, in a recent letter says: "I have read the Yellowstone Bill, and it seems to meet the requirements of the case. To accomplish what is needed, there must be a government, and I do not see how any less than is provided for can be made sufficient. If it is worth while to have the Park, it is worth while to see that it is preserved for the purposes for which it was intended. It should be either abolished altogether and be permitted to go into the hands of private owners for the purposes of extortion, or else it should be kept as a national institution and cared for as such."

So much for that part of the bill as deals with the administration of justice. The other point to which I desire to call your attention is in regard to the boundaries of the Park. When it was established by the Act of 1872, there was a very indefinite description of its boundaries. The boundary lines of the adjoining territories were not then surveyed by the United States. The boundaries as established by the bill under consideration, have been fixed with the approval of the Interior Department so as to have the whole Park within the limits of Wyoming, whereby the criminal jurisdiction of that Territory might be established over it. A narrow strip to the North, about two miles in width, has been given back to Montana in order that the Montana line should constitute the northern boundary. To the south, some eight miles has been added, and to the east, a lofty mountain range, with peaks rising from 11,000 to 12,000 feet in altitude, has also been added. The object of these additions has been to increase the great forest preserve—the most important object of the Park—and to protect the game which abounds in the mountains. The country is wholly unfitted for agriculture, and as shown by the reports of the geological surveys, is destitute of minerals. There are no settlements to be found there. It may be added that a bill substantially the same as respects boundaries with the one now before you, passed the two Houses at the last Congress, but failed to become a law by reason of the failure of a conference committee to agree on an amendment adopted by the House of Representatives. The bill came from the Senate. The amendment cut off from the Park a large section of its northern portion and made the Yellowstone River the boundary. The object was to allow the right of way to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad. As the House at the present session has refused by a decisive majority to permit the railroad to enter the Park at the point indicated, I take it for granted that they will not sanction that any portion of the Park should be cut off for the same purpose.

In conclusion, I beg leave to append for the information of the committee, a letter written by Mr. Arnold Hague to Senator Manderson. Mr. Hague has had charge for many years of the United States Geological Survey of the Park, and from his long experience of the country can speak with more authority on the subject than any one I know of.

If your committee should wish any additional information I will be very glad at any time to furnish it.

Respectfully yours, W. Hallett Phillips.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Friends of the National Park must necessarily be pleased that the Senate has appreciated its worth and importance, and that a healthy reaction has set in as regards legislation toward preserving to the people what I may modestly venture to assert is the Switzerland of America. But the end is not yet. We are oppressed by a fear that Senator Vest's bill may not pass the House. I would therefore suggest and urge the importance of concerted action, of personal appeals to Congressmen and a thorough ventilation of the subject through the press by those lovers of the Park who have been there and can wield a fluent pen in its behalf. The little I can say may not be of much practical use, but if each one will throw in his mite a mass of popular opinion may be produced so strong in its character that Congress may be influenced to devote a small, yes, in comparison with the stupendous blocks of our surplus which Congress is lavishing round, a very small sum of money and the much-needed legislation. I am not going to say anything about the many natural wonders, the magnificent scenery, the delightful and bracing air of this elevated domain, they are self-evident facts to the many who have enjoyed them; but I do wish to call attention to the preservation of large game, and to the possibilities, nay probabilities of great future increase, which must follow an assured National Park, providing proper protection to those animals whose instinct has driven them as a last resort within its boundaries. Sportsmen, bear this in mind, for I am firmly convinced that for the future hunter, whose sole object is not a wanton and disgusting slaughter for heads, but such an one to whom the delights of camp life, the scaling of rocky heights, the noiseless stalk in the unbroken solitude of some great pine forest, the faithful shooting pony, his companion for many a day and many a weary tramp, the genial glow of camp-fire fragrant with appetizing fumes of broiling steaks, the result of prowess within bounds—for such an one I repeat, the Yellowstone National Park means everything. Game will breed there, will multiply there, and naturally will overflow, and of this latter the future sportsman will partake sparingly if he is a manly fellow. Urge, therefore, upon your Congressman the importance and humanity of passing the bill; explain to him the frightful slaughter, the almost absolute extermination of some of our wild animals, bid him think twice before he condemns all to the same fate. Tell him the Park has plenty of game in it, that twenty men of the right sort can easily, for a small outlay, protect and guard all the Park contains. Wake up, brother sportsmen, cast aside your natural modesty and pitch in before it's too late.

Archibald Rogers.

Hyde Park, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a regular meeting of the Sherman Gun Club, of Columbus, O., Jan. 20, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The National Government, in its wisdom, set aside a large tract of the public domain as a perpetual natural national reservation, and called it Yellowstone Park; and as yet no adequate laws have been enacted which will secure the proper protection for the numerous species of fish and game and the many objects of scientific interest and value within its limits; it is, therefore,

Resolved, That Senators and Representatives of this State in Congress are earnestly requested to use every honorable means to secure adequate and proper protection to all pertaining to Yellowstone Park, the people's museum of natural wonders.

Resolved, That the Sherman Gun Club of Columbus, Ohio, heartily join the Waltham (Mass.) Farmers' Club and the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association in calling the earnest attention of members of Congress to the bill reported by Senator Manderson from the Committee on Territories, May 17, 1886, for the better government of Yellowstone Park, and designated as Senate Bill No. 2436;

Resolved, That the secretary of this club be requested to send to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress a copy of these resolutions.

It may be well to say in these days of making and unmaking Presidents that the Sherman Gun Club is not a political organization, but named in honor of Josiah Sherman, who was one of the principal originators of the club, but has long since gone to the happy hunting ground. P.

Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 7.

Narrow's Island Club.—Currituck Sound, N. C.—Game, such as canvasbacks, redheads, common ducks, snipe, swan, and geese, was unusually plenty on the club preserves the season just closed. The scores were generally good; one member, Mr. F. J., having a record of over 80 geese and 600 ducks of all kinds. But it is not all of hunting to hunt. The home-like conveniences (I might say luxuries), the health-giving open air exercise, the jolly after dinner relaxation in the spacious club-room, where billiards, whist and reading rule the hour, go far to make such a relief from overwork a renewal of health and vigor with the sport and game thrown in.—D. W. C.

A Quail Problem.—Edenton, N. C., Jan. 2.—Two persons go for a two-days' tramp among the quail. Number one shoots a 12-bore gun, number two a 16-bore. The first day number one bags fifteen birds; number two twenty. Second day number one gets fourteen and number two gets ten birds; and they shoot one together. Total score, sixty birds in the two days. They hunt two dogs, keeping together, and dividing all doubtful birds. Number two shot a few more shells than number one. How many extra shots was number two entitled to on account of the smaller bore gun?—W.

WISCONSIN DEER HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the fall of each year the western part of Wisconsin swarms with hunting parties from all parts of the country, who, knowing the ground from previous experience, or attracted there by reports from sportsmen who have preceded them, came equipped for from three to eight weeks of roughing it in the pineries. Of all points in the northeastern part of the State, Florence is probably made the starting point for the greatest number of deer slayers, that is to say the most important place of all these, where the conveniences of railroad travel are abandoned and teams taken for transportation to remote and isolated camping places in the wild woods. It is, doubtless, not an over estimate to say that from this place alone last fall between one and two hundred hunters started to try their luck in the haunts of Wisconsin's most noble game, and that each one was rewarded with at least a fair share of success. In no other place can a more hospitable set of people be found. Notable among these who are always ready to welcome genuine sportsmen is C. S. Osborn, of the *Mining News*, who is an excellent hunter, and who knows the country so thoroughly that he can and does give advice willingly as to where the best grounds are to be found.

Last fall your correspondent, with four Fond du Lac gentlemen, hunted ten miles southwest of Florence, between Sea Lion Lake and the Pine River, and succeeded in securing fourteen deer in four weeks. An Ohio party three miles north of us shot sixteen. Three Wisconsin men about the same distance north shot six in ten days, and two novices, who were poor shots, killed three. A noticeable feature of the hunting was the predominance of old bucks, as of the deer killed by our party all but four were bucks, one weighing dressed 208lbs.; another 192 and a third 185lbs. The Ohio party shot but one doe, and the other hunters in our vicinity killed nothing but bucks. Reports from other hunting parties around Florence were to the same effect. This peculiarity is accounted for by the fact that wholesale slaughter of does and fawns is carried on during the summer by headlight hunters who haunt the lakes. In fact, a resident informed the writer that the previous summer he and partner during July, August and a part of September, had killed nearly 200 deer for their hides, and that they accomplished this by using headlights and consuming a barrel of salt in making salt licks. His statement was corroborated by a settler, and during our hunting we found quite a number of skeletons about the woods where the fellow claimed to have hunted. The result is that where deer were so plenty three years ago that during a two hours stroll through the woods five or six deer could be seen, a day's tramp will often be rewarded by the sight of not a tail. Market-hunters also fill the woods during the fall, and it is estimated that in one year recently the Northwestern road alone in Wisconsin and Michigan handled in the neighborhood of 10,000 venison carcasses.

The deer are so rapidly being exterminated that this winter a strong attempt will be made to have the shooting season shortened and competent game wardens appointed for different sections of the State. At present northern Wisconsin, with its majestic forests of pine and hard wood, and its lakes and streams abounding with trout and bass, is almost a hunter's paradise. If action is not taken, however, to correct the evils mentioned above and to abolish the trading posts, where pot-hunters and Indians find a ready market, deer in Wisconsin will soon be almost exterminated. C. R. BOARDMAN.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Jan. 17.

MAINE GAME SUGGESTIONS.

A VETERAN sportsman of the Maine woods and waters called upon me to-day with the view, as he put it, of seeing if he could not do some good. He has visited some parts of the Maine wilderness every year for some twenty-six years, and is a true lover of what Dame Nature has done for the best good of the sportsman who knows how to see and use her gifts. He believes most thoroughly in the protection of both fish and game, but not in the artificial propagation of fish. In this latter respect he does not believe that it is possible to improve upon nature. He believes in the most thorough protection of the trout on their spawning beds. For this reason he would have the close season on trout and landlocked salmon begin Sept. 15 instead of Oct. 1, as now. He would make this change because of the great numbers found on the beds before the end of September; where on no conditions should they be distured. His idea is that it is not possible to take the trout about ready to spawn and, as he terms it, "commit an abortion upon her" with perfect success. He believes that offended nature will show her revenge somehow. Either the young thus brought into the world will be dwarfed, or they will, after being put into the water, prove incapable of taking care of themselves, since they will lack the strength of the little trout hatched in the stream naturally. He would have the money that is now being spent in artificial breeding put to the better protection of the trout in their natural breeding places.

On the game question he is a strong protectionist. He would, however, put the beginning of the Maine open season on deer and caribou back to Sept. 15, instead of Oct. 1, as now, in order that the sportsman might "drop the rod and take up the gun," though he is of the opinion that the deer and caribou need all the protection that is now granted to them. But he would extend the open season only to Dec. 1 instead of to Jan. 1 as now. On the moose question he says that "the close time should be extended from Jan. 1, 1887, to Jan. 1, 1897. They should have the freedom of the forest unmolested for 10 years; anybody killing one should be punished both by fine and imprisonment. The noble moose is rapidly disappearing, and unless this protection is granted, it will not take more than 10 years to exterminate the race." He believes that this extra protection is necessary on both fish and game for the reason that the railroads are gradually entrenching upon the game territory, and that year by year it grows easier and more easy to reach the fish and game regions; that the sporting fever is spreading; that there are already more sportsmen than fish or game. Above all he would inculcate into the ideas of guides the value of deer on the hoof and trout in the water, their value to the guide himself, to be used as lures to draw the sportsmen. The open season on partridges he would not have begin till Oct. 1, since the young birds are not full grown till that period, and because they follow the mother bird nearly all that month, are in flocks, and it is but the work of the merest novice or pot-hunter to bag the whole brood.

As to local game wardens in that State, our veteran sportsman does not believe in them at all. They are hampered to utter inefficiency by their neighbors. It would have to be a greater crime than the taking of a trout out of season or the killing of a deer when the law says no—a deer which is perhaps divided among the neighbors, even Mr. Local Warden himself getting a slice—to make a man complain of his neighbors. This gentleman of much experience in the Maine woods, as well as Maine neighborhoods, would have a system of paid game constables, whose duty it is to see that the law is enforced. They should be located nowhere, but be sufficiently plenty to drop in upon the lumberman or the market hunter at any time. The time of their coming should not be known, but they should be liable to pay the trout-hog or the market-fisherman a visit several times a year. These game constables should be the most thorough woodsmen to be found in the State. They should be selected from the ranks of the guides even by the Fish and Game Commissioners. The best of these men should be selected, and the State should make it an object for them to turn game protectors. Their pay should be such that they would enter into business with the will that they sometimes display in evading the game laws, but their appointment should extend only during good behavior, and their fitness for the position should be determined by the number of the offenders they were able to bring to justice. SPECIAL.

The chances are said to be really excellent that the Libby bill, so-called, introduced by Senator Libby, is likely to contain the main features of all the changes which are to be made in the Maine game laws this winter. In the main, the bill is patterned after the recommendations of the Commissioners in their biennial report. In the first place, the new law will, if passed, make it a fine of $500 to kill, or have in possession at any time, the hide or any part of a cow moose. To hunt moose, deer or caribou with dogs is to be punished with fine and imprisonment. Any person owning or having in possession any dog for the purpose of hunting deer forfeits not less than $2 nor more than $100. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer or caribou. The bill adds the month of September to the open season in which bull moose, deer and caribou may be lawfully killed, but does not open transportation for such game out of the State. It makes the attempt to transport it in the close season punishable by a fine of $100 for each and every bull moose, and $40 for each deer or caribou. A law like the above I have heard highly commended by some of the best sportsmen who visited the Maine woods. There is some growling about it, to be sure, but this feeling comes from those who desire to take their dogs into the woods with them. The proposition to open September to the hunting of bull moose, deer and caribou, is being received with a good deal of favor. In short, it is making friends for the game laws of that State. As it now looks there is not the ghost of a chance that the law to permit the hounding of deer in Maine will ever get beyond the committee. Indeed, there is a deal of mischievous legislation proposed by the enemies of fish and game protection in that State, but it is of no use. The die is cast! There has been too wide a step in the right direction in that State for a few disgruntled poachers to succeed in making such radical changes. But still, as the friends of wholesome game laws are well aware, they need a good deal of sharp watching. As Commissioner Stillwell once remarked, "I have no love for such poachers; they would kill a partridge on her nest if the opportunity offered." SPECIAL.

A Monson, Me., correspondent writes under date of Feb. 2: For three years we have been aware that a nest of poachers were located in Elliottsville plantation every winter who slaughtered deer, but each time that we have heretofore attempted to ferret them out they have escaped us. This year our society determined to punish them if possible. We have employed Warden Tripp, who has done his duty very faithfully. The result is that on Tuesday two men were sent to Bangor jail for killing deer. Yesterday Tripp seized the hides of five deer. He found old pieces of deers' feet and other evidence of the killing of several more. This was at the notorious "Doctor" Brown's cabin. One Bodfish is also in for one fine. I think Bodfish will pay rather than go to jail. Brown may go to jail. Both may appeal; but in any event we have broken up this nest of Elliottsville poachers.

WOGDEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of your paper a correspondent asks for information about "Wogden."

It is the first time that I ever saw the name in print, but as no one else so far as I know, volunteered any information in reply, I will say that Wogden was one who, more than a century ago, had achieved celebrity as a maker of firearms.

During the war of the American Revolution a party of Federal troops under the command of General Dearborn, who, by the way, was a friend of Washington, intercepted and killed Sir Francis Somebody or other, a bearer of dispatches to the British commander. The baronet's pistols were retained by the General as a trophy, and many years ago, when a guest in the family of his son, General H. A. S. Dearborn, of Roxbury, Mass., I used to see them hanging among other curious arms in the library. The younger general was the same who gave his name to the fort where Chicago now stands.

These pistols bore engraven upon their silver butts the initials of their then owner, H. A. S. D. They were horseman's weapons, of moderate size for the time in which they were made, silver-mounted, iron ramrods, finely finished, and with flint locks, of course. On the barrels was the name "Wogden."

I last saw these arms a few years ago in the possession of Mr. H. G. R. Dearborn, of Roxbury, to whom they had descended. He told me that they were very accurate, and added that Wogden was the Joe Manton of his time, as he inferred from having read in an old novel a description of a duel, which stated that the principals were "prepared with Wogdens."

Your correspondent has an interesting relic of the olden days. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Jan. 31, 1887.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 2.—At the meeting of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club last evening, this resolution was adopted: Whereas, After careful investigation we find that the shooting of wildfowl and other migratory game during the spring is rapidly diminishing our game supply and driving the birds from the breeding places, Resolved, That we unanimously deprecate the practice and that we use our personal influence for the protection of game during the spring migrations. Resolved, That we send a copy of this memorial to the members of the Legislature and earnestly petition that a law be passed abolishing the shooting of all game during the spring.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe your note entitled "What Folly!" While I am in favor of all protection for game and fish, I do, like many others, object to being cut off from the most of our shooting, while the wholesale slaughter goes on in the South and the 50,000,000 of eggs are shipped from the North. Let the evil be righted where it will do most good. The Monmouth Club mentioned (with whom I am personally acquainted) are perfect gentlemen who are as earnest in all laws for the benefit of game and fish and the people who enjoy such as "C. C. P." can be. They feel, no doubt, just as they stated in a circular which accompanied their petition, which I and others here received and worked for. Trusting that "C. C. P." and others will look at this matter in a correct light, I am with you for protection. GEO. R. MERRELL,
Sec. New Boston (Ill.) Gun Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every true sportsman must plainly see that if spring shooting is allowed to continue for the next ten or fifteen years, many of our game birds, which can now be seen at certain seasons in enormous flocks, will then be as scarce game as the bison is at present. The birds which I refer to principally are the many varieties of ducks, geese and brant which frequent our coast and inland lakes and rivers, some of them all the year round and others the greater part of it. As the law now stands these birds have only about four months out of the year free from persecution. From the time they start on their southward migration until they arrive on their northern breeding grounds.

There are many men who plead that business compels them to go shooting, if at all, in the spring. It may be possible that some are unable to leave business, but I think that if the law prohibited spring shooting many who now shoot in the spring would find time and means to take their vacation in the fall instead of spring. The very same men who shoot both spring and fall are often the loudest to cry down the market-shooter, who shoots for his living during all of the open season, but who can blame him for carrying on a business sanctioned by the law, and when he does it as a means of existence, while others are doing the same thing for pleasure only. If these birds were protected during their northward migration in the early spring, both sportsmen and market-shooters would be equally benefitted by the increase. Of all our game birds there are none that, if properly protected, will increase as rapidly and give as much sport as the ducks, geese and brant which now fairly swarm along our eastern coast. If a law was passed and enforced in most of our Eastern States prohibiting spring shooting, they can be preserved in fairly large numbers for many years to come if this law is adopted. C. N. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in a recent Chicago daily that notice had been served on the United States and American Express Companies that they must not carry game out of season. While many censure the companies for carrying fish and game during closed season, allow me to say—and I know whereof I speak—that the instructions to their agents are against any act which is contrary to the laws of any State in which they operate. While we must admit that some rules are broken, it is done without their knowledge or consent. It often happens that the agent is innocent, and in such cases, like the company he represents, he is free from guilt. Our State Legislature is in session, and no doubt the subject of prohibiting spring shooting will be taken up. A daily of last Saturday contained the following: "An East St. Louis man wrote Mr. Messick, Representative: 'For God's sake try and kill the bill forbidding spring shooting and crown yourself with glory.'" No doubt the gentleman from East St. Louis is a person who cannot hunt at any time but in the spring, but the chances are stronger that he is some pot-hunter from St. Louis. Whoever he may be, he can get all the shooting he need take any spring from the Mississippi River. He has an advantage over us who live in the center of the State, and his appeal should not have a feather's weight of influence. I will guarantee that Mr. Messick will be crowned with more glory in helping to stop the slaughter at a time when the game is not fit to eat and when there is no demand in the market, than by opposing a popular sentiment among the largest-hearted people of our land. We must not forget that the spring time is the breeding season of all our game, and who could count the thousands more there would be in the fall if the game were left unmolested in the spring. The argument is advanced that the ducks do not nest with us. We must admit that fact, for it is practically true at the present time, but it is no fault of the ducks. With an open shooting season the poor birds get no chance. In this latitude mallard, teal, and woodducks would nest on our prairies and creeks if they were not killed off while trying to build their nests.

Allow me to thank you for the manly stand your good paper always takes on these subjects. I feel that the saying is still true, constant dripping wears the stone away. Shooting with us has been lessened by the severe weather this winter. Last fall this part of the country afforded no shooting, excepting jacks, which were never known to be in such numbers. A party went from here to one of our resorts duck shooting, and did not shoot enough to supply the table. There is no accounting for this unless it was caused by the dry season. Our gun club is in a prosperous condition, and has its share of good shots, who enjoy their Saturday shoots. NIMROD.

BATAVIA, Ill.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, has a surplus of $2,088,810.39 for the protection of policy holders.—*Adv.*

PENETRATION TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have heard a great deal of discussion regarding the penetrating power of shells loaded in certain ways, and to satisfy myself I made some experiments this afternoon, the result of which I give to your readers:

2½ drs. powder, 5 thick wads, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad..... 50
2½ drs. powder, 4 thick wads, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad..... 70
3 drs. powder, 3 thick wads, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad 85
3 drs. powder, 2 thick wads, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thin wad..... 75
3¼ drs. powder, 2 thick wads, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thin wad 90
3⅛ drs. powder, 2 thick wads, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thick wad.....120

The gun used was a 12-bore W. & C. Scott & Son, 7¼lbs., modified choke, at 30yds. The outside figure refers to the number of pages perforated of a Government Agricultural Report, about 50lbs. calendered book. The powder was Laflin & Rand No. 3 Eagle Ducking, and the shot No. 8 drop. The experiment showed that the wads have very little to do with penetration, and that powder is the main thing. I think the result would have been better had I fired a charge of 3½ drs. and only an ounce of shot. After this experiment I tried one shot with No. 1 shot, 3¼ drs. and 1oz., and perforated 170 pages of the same book, all the shot put into it flattening. J. M. W.

Augusta, Ga., Feb. 2, 1887.

HUNTING HARES IN CALIFORNIA.

It is the exercise of skill, tact, nerve and judgment that brings delight to the true sportsman in pursuit of game; hence there is little real pleasure in bagging game that does not call into requisition these acquirements. True he may get the exhilarating benefits of the tramp through field, forest and glen, and listen to the "sermons" nature preaches in "stones" and in her "running brooks," and these undoubtedly will make him a better man morally, mentally and physically; but the zest and keen enjoyment of shooting arises from pursuit of game that is fleet of foot or swift of wing. To bag game requiring no skill in its capture is much like murder in the first degree, or robbing from nature's great market without any adequate compensation.

The hares of California can be slaughtered in this way, but when properly hunted will afford keen and lively sport. They are quite plenty in the lower foothills, flats and valleys of the Nevada Mountains, keeping generally in the sparsely timbered sections, seeking for cover the tangled chapparel or manzanita. They are less frequent in the higher timbered region, generally keeping below the deep snow line. When found in these sections, my experience has been that they are somewhat larger than those found below. I have weighed one turning the scales at six pounds, and think I have seen them that would have weighed much more. To me they are not inviting food, being somewhat rank and not tender unless par-boiled thoroughly before cooking in any manner for the table. A dish once or twice during the fall or winter may be acceptable, but oftener than that one becomes tired of it. There is little trouble in shooting them after the fall rains, when the grass has started fresh and green. One need only go quietly and take a station beside the cover and near a grassy spot, when, as the sun goes down, they will amble out for their evening meal, and can often be picked off with the rifle or shotgun; but this affords little pleasure to one who is willing to give game a fair chance for its life ere taking it. In hunting quail your dog will occasionally start a hare from his cover within gunshot, when, if you care to take so big an incumbrance, you can blaze away at him.

But the only real sport in hunting the hare is derived while hunting him with a dog and on horseback. One moderately fast running, good trailing hound, and two men on horses that are not gun-shy make up the party that suits me. The horses are convenient in going to and from the hunting ground, and also in going from one point to another to gain a position where the hare is likely to pass while being driven by the hound; and from the elevation of the saddle one can get a better view of the slight openings and cattle paths among the thick cover in which one must be prepared to make his shot as the hare in his flight presents himself for an instant—and, if one has any luck in bringing his game to bag and desires to take it home, he will find that he can do it much easier while tied to his saddle than when strung on his own shoulder. For these reasons I generally did my hare hunting on horseback. When the hare is once started the real sport begins, and he will lead your dog as lively a race as his speed may dictate, always finding an "extra link to let out" whenever occasion requires, or he is hotly pursued by the dog. No foxhound can worry him seriously, and the ground is generally unsuited for the fleetness of the greyhound. The hare will wind about from ridge to ridge, much like a fox when pursued by hounds, but will never strike off from the point of starting more than a quarter or half a mile, and his locality and course can generally be determined by the baying of the hound. If you judge that he is making for a certain point put spurs to your mustang and get there before him; and if you get a sight of him, even for a couple of bounds, let him have "the best you have got in the shop," for the next instant he will be hidden in the dense cover. Quite likely you will be a little late in getting to your position and a glimpse of your game may require you to do your shooting while your pony is on the run; or the hare may have heard the tramp of your horse and dodged in behind you, causing you to turn in your saddle and give him a stern shot like a fleeing ship. It requires quick shooting and no little skill in the saddle to meet with success, but it is lively and enjoyable sport.

I once had a little excitement for which I was not entirely prepared, and which afforded my companion the best end of the fun. My friend, Tom B., a Missourian, good fellow, excellent shot and expert horseman, started out with me one day to ride about four miles where there were plenty of hares, in a comparatively open country. The pony I usually rode on such occasions being away, I took a wild mustang, so wild that he would not allow me to mount with my gun in my hand, but it had to be handed to me after I was in the saddle. I intended to ride to our hunting ground, where I expected to hitch my horse and take my sport on foot as best I could. We had just got to our hunting ground and I was riding on the top of a small ridge while Tom was below me some eight or ten rods, when I heard him exclaim, "Look here; there comes a hare!" Almost at that instant I saw the game cross in front of me, and without stopping to consult my pony in the matter, I flopped my gun from my shoulder directly over his head and banged away. The mustang was strictly on time with his part of the performance, for, at the crack of the gun, he settled back on his haunches whirling to the right on his heels like a flash, when overboard went your humble servant, and then away went the pony on a keen run through the chapparel toward home. I neither dropped my gun from my hands nor cigar which I was smoking from my mouth, but just as I gained my feet, Tom came riding up and says, "Where is your horse?" Oh, how he laughed when I pointed down through the bushes in the direction he had gone, and away he went at full speed in hopes to head him off before he gained the road. This he accomplished, driving him back, when I joined in the chase, and Tom finally succeeded in throwing a lariat over his head, choking him into submission; then I found that the machere of my saddle was gone, and we began following the back track over the ground we had raced until I found it. Then I secured the pony to a tough young sapling and we began our regular programme; and in a few hours had six of the big fellows hanging by their heels.

It is somewhat amusing to shoot one while running rapidly down hill, for his speed will often cause him to turn like a hoop for some distance. The breaking of one, either fore or hind leg, will not give your dog a chance to fasten upon this fleet-footed quadruped without a long chase. If they were better food the sport of this chase would be somewhat heightened, but as it gives play for quick shooting, and a fair test of one's capacity in the saddle, and is an exhilarating exercise, it may be classed as a fairly good sport. A.

WINTER GAME NOTES FROM THE PARK.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last night Mr. F. Jay Haynes, photographer, with three assistants, came in from the Park via Yancey's. Mr. Haynes started out from here with Lieut. Schwatka's "exploring expedition" as photographer for the party. The exploring party soon came to an end by the collapse of their chief at the Norris Hotel, but Mr. Haynes engaged help, and with three men, Dave Stratton, Charles Stoddard and Ed. Wilson (old hands in the mountains), went on to Geyser Basin, back to Norris, then to the Falls and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, then over Mt. Washburn to the Springs. The party were three days making the trip from the Grand Cañon to Yancy's, twenty-two miles. They were lost several times during a blinding snowstorm, one day returning to a point within a mile of where they started in the morning. As they had no bedding nor provisions, expecting to make the twenty-two miles in one day, they suffered some hardships. Mr. Haynes secured some seventy-five negatives of winter scenes in the Park; he deserves great credit for his pluck and enterprise in securing these pictures. The explorers who started out with him found the Park much more difficult to explore than Alaska, or floating down a river on a raft. It requires the expenditure of considerable muscle to snowshoe it through the mountains, besides enduring some hardships and exposure.

Very little game has been noticed lately, for most of the travel through the country where it is has been stopped. Elk are seen by those on the road to and from Cooke City. A few buffalo are reported to have been seen near Soda Butte. Antelope still stay on Mt. Evarts. Soldiers acting as herders drive them back when they attempt to go down on the flats, fearing they will stray into Montana and be killed; but as they are liable to starve where they are, there is more danger of death to them than in Montana, where there is some feed and protection as well, for the game law is now in force.

The snow is constantly increasing in depth, a little falling every day. At this date there is more snow throughout the country than there has been in an entire winter for years. Even the elk find difficulty in getting about, the high winds crusting the snow very much. Snow slides frequently occur in Gibbon Cañon, on Mt. Washburn, and in many other places in the Park, where they have never been known to have run before. The place where a snow slide occurs can be readily distinguished, even in summer, by the timber, rocks and rubbish it brings down with it, littering the ground where it stops.

The rod and gun clubs of Montana are doing every thing in their power to induce the Territorial Legislature now in session to pass a bill making the close season commence December 1, instead of January 1, as now. They are also trying to make the law as protective as possible. This law, if passed, will be of great benefit to the game in the National Park, for the antelope, etc., as they drift into Montana during the winter, where they have often been killed for hides and heads. The Bozeman and Helena clubs are the ones doing most of the work to secure the new law, and deserve great credit for their efforts. The soldiers stationed here have very little to do, the deep snows prevent their moving around except to the town of Gardiner, where some of them manage to fill up with "tangle foot," preventing their return to quarters on time. This offense is punished by a few days in the guard-house. No whisky is sold to them in the Park—nothing but beer; this can be had at one of the hotels in this place.

All freighting between Cooke City and Cinnabar has stopped. The mails are carried from Soda Butte to Cooke by men on snowshoes. Cooke City, as a mining camp, is almost dead; even a railroad would not be of any help to it now. The Park branch of the N. P. which it was proposed to continue through the Park under the name of the Cinnabar & Cooke City R. R., is virtually closed; the last trip made over it required three engines and forty men three days to get to Cinnabar from Livingstone, a distance of some fifty-two miles. The last train took Lieut. Schwatka down to Livingtone after his Park trip. X.

The Massachusetts Snow Bunting Case.—Boston, Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In justice to the Essex Gun Club, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association wish to make a statement regarding the "snow bunting" case mentioned in Forest and Stream of Dec. 23 ult. Upon inquiry by us the Essex Gun Club promptly expressed their regret that, unintentionally, they should have broken the law, and made amends for the same. We understand that the members of the club have done good work in the past for the preservation of game, and are heartily sorry for the unfortunate occurrence. For the association, Henry J. Thayer, Secretary.

WITH THE BEARS IN COON BAYOU.

MAJ. M. HAMBERLIN, who lives on Little Deer Creek in Sharkey county, Miss., is noted for his success as a bear hunter. He lives in a region where this game is often plentiful, is the owner of a pack of fine dogs, well trained, is fond of the grand old forests and on leisure days often indulges in his favorite sport, generally in company with one or more congenial companions. He is considered no mean hand with the rifle, being abundantly able at the critical moment to put a ball where it will do the most good.

B. V. Lilly, equally fond of the sport and equally successful, is regarded as the most rapid and unerring shot at running or flying game with a rifle in the country, and as to indulging in the sport, he has literally lived in the woods for nearly two years. He says he has "gone wild," and one who knew his history for the past two years would almost think so. I saw him last April for the first time. A party of three of us were off on a turkey hunt and had struck camp in the dense swamp on the east bank of Steele's Bayou, fifty miles by water above Vicksburg, Miss. Night had come on; we were enjoying our first camp-fire when the musical notes of a horn were heard a mile or so away. Off in another direction the baying of a dog could also be heard. The horn was evidently a call for the dog. An hour later the breaking of vines and the rattle of brush not far off announced the approach of something—at that moment we knew not what. Our curiosity and interest were not a little aroused when the man of the horn and dog came up. He introduced himself as Lilly, and from that night until this time Mr. L. leads my list of men who love the free life in the forests where game and fish are plentiful. On that particular day he had undertaken to move camp from the vicinity of our location, at the head of Big Island, to Coon Bayou, a distance of but a few miles, but unfortunately for this ardent sportsman the camp plunder was precipitously abandoned early in the day for the pursuit of a bear which had been jumped by the dogs. L.'s intelligent Indian pony not being at hand the chase was given on foot through the roughest kind of swamp, which was continued for hours by jumping logs, tearing through vines, wading shallow sloughs and swimming deeper ones, racing through prickly palmetto slashes, taking short cuts where feasible, but following with spirit and hope on the straight reaches. Some fifteen or twenty miles had been gone over and the pursuer had sought our camp at that hour in the night, leaving bruin at liberty with a sound hide in which to store away during the following summer the juicy pigs and succulent roasting ears of the Deer Creek planters. The vines, briers and brush had put in some effective work on L.'s clothes, though physically he appeared sound, buoyant and apparently without fatigue. In a rapid conversation, a brief summary of his experience in the vicinity of our camp, where he had been for two weeks, was given. Among other game he had killed fourteen turkeys. Likely places for us to hunt them were suggested. Early the next morning our new acquaintance took his leave with a cheery "good bye," wishing us good luck, and was off for another effort to move camp. Since then I have learned more of this "gone wild" man. He is a resident of Louisiana, where he is in comfortable circumstances, being the owner of three plantations. Being a widower his children were placed in school and his plantations leased before he took his leave for his long stay in the woods. Since last April his home has been in the woods in the heart of a game country with his dogs, his pony and a faithful negro servant as his chief companions. He leaves his camp for an occasional visit only to the plantations. He is not essentially a "backwoodsman," as one might expect, but intelligent, using good language fairly free of slang, entirely free of oaths; he touches no tobacco, uses no strong drink, not even coffee, and Sunday is said to be a hallowed day with him; the wildest animal is free to nudge him in camp on that day if it wants to, but is warned to leave no tracks for Monday. His pony wears a bell, muffled when the horse is used, when left, the clapper is released as an aid in finding the animal during the day, and if not returned to the intelligent creature returns unerringly to camp at night, where his master is generally found, though not always, for he has been known to sit all night under one tree for a very old gobbler, and another night at the root of another tree in the hollow trunk of which a bear had taken refuge, each game being killed early the following morning. Such is Lilly, the most ardent hunter in the Mississippi swamp.

Maj. H.'s residence being but two and a half or three miles from Coon Bayou, the two sportsmen were not long in joining hands in the chase, their two packs of dogs becoming one for making havoc along the "stepping paths" of the black bear. These two gentlemen are reputed to have killed more than thirty bears last summer, twenty-seven of them having been killed during the months of June and July.

The requisites for a pack of good bear dogs are that some of them have good noses, trained to follow no other trail than that of a bear, and that others have fighting qualities with ample courage to tackle a bear, combined with caution and alertness sufficient to keep beyond the reach of his powerful fore paws. The bear, having been trailed to his lair by the hounds, is jumped and pursued by the pack. As he runs the fighting dogs nip him in the rear, and, if there are a sufficient number of them, he is compelled to stop and defend himself. As soon as the dogs are forced to a distance his bearship makes another break, but is soon overtaken and forced again to fight. It is fight and run, run and fight, until the bear becomes satisfied that running will not save him, when he gets in a dense thicket or cane brake, if he can put his back in as much rubbish as possible to protect his rear from the onslaught of the dogs and gives himself up to the business of defending himself. Woe to the dog then that gets within reach, for an ugly wound or death would be meted out to him. Valuable dogs are often killed in a fight of this kind. While the fight is progressing the hunters make all haste to the scene of conflict, and the first to arrive generally wins the honor of bagging the beast. It is often a critical proceeding at close quarters, where a fine dog may be shot, if indeed the bear is not made furious by awkward work and the life of the hunter himself put in jeopardy. Experience and coolness are needed about that time. A black bear, however, is not considered dangerous by those most experienced in hunting him, except in certain cases. Females, to protect their cubs, or, occasionally wounded ones, will show fight.

When one does turn upon the hunter some effective work on the defensive is to be done, and done quickly, or the bear will prove victor, wounding his pursuer if indeed not killing him, though the latter result is very rare.

A short time ago Mr. Lilly was compelled to show his back to bruin and pick up his heels in no absurd haste. The animal was a tremendous one and in a previous fight had killed one of his most valuable dogs. This probably led the hunter to be a shade rash in venturing too close. Eleven .44 Winchester balls had been fired in rapid succession, when the bear turned furiously upon his antagonist. At this juncture the magazine of the rifle became empty, and the knife was resorted to. This was a large and heavy implement, weighing 2 or 3lbs. A lick with this cut an ugly gash diagonally across the nose of the bear, which howled with pain. L.'s activity and swiftness in pursuit of a bear is something of a marvel to those who have seen him in the chase on foot, but his powers as a runner had not been taxed to their utmost until he was put to retreat. At this time he admits having executed some movements entirely superior to all former efforts. The rifle, the faithful rifle, that had never failed him before, was empty; the knife had only served to aggravate the beast and make him more furious; and anyway its use required a contest at entirely too close quarters. In L.'s mind there was no question as to what should be done. It was flight, and nothing but flight.

The pursuit for a short distance was so hot that L. sprang behind the first large tree he could reach, but by this time the wounds of the bear had so weakened him that when the tree had been reached, he reeled and started off in another direction. L. promptly reloaded from his pocket this time and gave the animal a ball that killed him. L. was alone on this hunt, and it is conceded by himself as well as Major Hamberlin, to whom he gave a graphic account of the affair, that had the contest taken place in the cane, or a dense thicket, as is usual, instead of in a tolerably open place, the bear would have killed him without giving him sufficient time for even a brief prayer.

It was with no little pleasure that some three weeks ago, during the holidays, on going to Major H.'s on business, I found that a big bear hunt had been planned, and I was invited to join the party. Coon Bayou was said to be fairly alive with bears, and we were dead certain to get one up early in the day. An early start was to be had, and all necessary preparations were made in advance. As the locality was one of dense undergrowth, tangled and tied together with many varieties of vines, the pursuit of game was very difficult, and the chances of securing it depended largely on the number of hunters, so quite a number had been invited, and it was expected that bruin would be worried somewhat on the morrow. As this was to be my first hunt for bear, I was much interested in everything pertaining to it. It was suggested by the Major that I was as likely to kill a bear as any one of the party, owing to the denseness of the thickets preventing the experienced hunters from riding fast. I was not altogether certain that I wanted to kill a bear, though I was fully resolved to go into the woods and see whether the spirit moved me to do so. About then I thought of my legal friend Miller, of Princeton, Ind., who some years ago was a guest of a couple of natives in Arkansas, who took him out on a bear hunt. The bear being put up was vigorously chased by the dogs, and finally brought to bay in a dense cane brake. The hunters galloped through the open swamp to the edge of the cane and dismounted. There was considerable racket going on not very far in the brake. One of the natives proposed to hold the horses, but Miller promply and emphatically said he would hold the horses, and he did hold them, much to amusement of the Arkansas gentlemen, who had organized the hunt for Miller's especial benefit.

C. O. Willis, of Vicksburg, was expected up on the night train. Foote, Sheriff of Sharkey county and one of the finest shots in the State, was to be down from Rolling Fork on the early morning train. Mr. Smith, a good bear hunter, of Mayersville, would be with Foote, and Lilly would be there. Well, Willis failed to put in an appearance. About 2 o'clock in the night, every one at Major H.'s was awakened by the blowing of horns and the yelping of dogs. This commotion was created by the colored servants of Foote and Smith, who had brought their "bosses'" dogs and horses. Breakfast was had early, and not long thereafter Major H., myself and the two servants were in line riding over to the railroad station of Onward, about a mile away. Here I made my first fizzle as a bear hunter. A horn had been given me, and my efforts to blow it were practically failures, creating some merriment at my expense. At the station I got rid of the horn by giving it to Smith, who weighs 275lbs., and can blow a horn that can be heard all over Sharkey county. Swift, the storekeeper at the station, also joined us. He was a tenderfoot along with me. Lilly had not yet shown himself, but it was predicted that when the dogs opened he would be soon heard from, and this proved to be the case. We filed off from the station, an interesting spectacle. First Major H., next Smith, then Foote, Swift, the Scribe, first darky, second darky, and scattered about on the sides, front and rear, the fourteen dogs. Horns were blown, dogs yelped, the hunters talked and laughed, and even the steeds seemed to partake of the animation of the party.

We rode out of the field, down into the clearing and beyond into the woods. A wagon road served us a while, then a path and finally we took to the brush and vines, leading a devious route in a general easterly direction. It took no little dodging and winding about to get to Coon Bayou. A few shins were scraped, hats knocked off and faces and hands scratched, but when we reached the bayou the party was in fair shape. Here a brief council was held. The Major was to remain on the southwest of the bayou with the dogs, Foote, Smith and one servant would cross, while Swift and I concluded to dismount and take our chances along the bank of the bayou on foot, leaving our horses with colored boy No. 2.

In crossing the bayou we found it a little boggy. Foote and even Smith got over comfortably on their horses, but the black boy who was riding a mule bogged. This necessitated a dismount and a slight wetting, which, however, was not considered to amount to anything on a bear hunt.

It was not long—perhaps twenty minutes—after Major H. had disappeared among the vines, when the energetic yelps of the hounds told that a warm trail had been cented. A pack came to the bayou about 300yds. above and crossed. They went off in a northeast direction and soon gave tongue with so much animation that even an amateur was satisfied that bruin had been aroused. Another pack led off southeast, but with much less spirit. After listening to the dogs awhile it was a plain case to Swift and me that there was no blood for us before either of the packs; so I walked down a hundred yards or so to where he stood to condole with him. Just previous to this Lilly had hastily ridden up, taking in the situation and spurring his pony in hot haste across the bayou, taken out after the northeastern bear. The vines were seen to open up across the bayou and let him in, then to close up and shut him out from view, and that was the last seen of him for several hours. Swift and I were not in for blood, as I have said, but it was because the bear had dodged us. We were there to do our part and could have done it had he only shown up.

Not long after Major H. rode up, dismounted and sat down by us. He corroborated our theory that two bears were up, a northeaster and a southeaster. The southeaster had "lit out" for foreign parts; the northeaster he thought might be brought to bag. Was not Foote over there? Was not Smith the vinebreaker over there? had not Lilly, with blood in his eye, gone there, and was not Foote's servant over there with his gun loaded to the muzzle? And shots had been heard in that quarter, though they might have been made by others. But hark! what is that? Listen! We listened. We continued to listen. We listened for ten minutes. A baying could be distinctly heard in the distance, continuing apparently in the same place. The Scribe draws a compass and locates the sound a little east of north. "That dog (calling his name) has a bear," says Major H. Swift proposes to the writer to go to it. "How far is it?" "About 1½ miles," says Major H. Being that distance the writer sanctions the journey. Swift and he proceed down the bayou 150yds. to a log where they cross, leaving Major H. sitting on the bank. Here they made what they conceive to have been a narrow escape. Ten minutes after they crossed over a large bear is seen by the Major to cross on the same log in an opposite direction. Just to think of the bear having been ten minutes earlier or us ten minutes later! The bayou is not very wide, but there is plenty of open space about there for quite a little scene. As in the case of McPherson and Blenerhasset, who was entitled to the right of way? By Blixen! somebody would have had to take to the water, and it was a cold day too, or there might have been more than a scene, possibly a catastrophe. The Scribe is really glad he is here to write this letter to dear old FOREST AND STREAM.

Well, the twain proceed toward the 1½ mile distant bear. Swift (who is not swift) gets tired and wants to rest. The writer consents. They rest. They go on, and soon, very soon, Swift gets tired again. They rest again. They proceed and rest again. Swift is great on resting, and his companion is clever and waits for him—under protest. They journey on, and the notes of the dog are much more distinct and still in the same place, a little east of north. Swift thinks that is fine music and wants to listen to it a while; and they listen. S. suggests that probably it is a turkey treed. The journey is resumed with vigor. A dog that is with them leaves and joins the other dog. The barking is something furious and "tolerable" close. Too much rumpus for a turkey. Swift is very tired, and proposes that the writer go on to encourage the dogs and wait for him, and give him the first shot. Writer is willing to give S. first shot, but would like to have S. hurry up and take it, but S. sinks down on a log to rest. The writer progresses, but the vines prevent rapid progress. It can't be more than 60 or 75yds. away now. Jupiter! those dogs are cutting up furiously. Wonder which one of those two thickets they are in? Guess it's the nearest one. Let's study a minute to see how the bear ought to be shot. Yes. Just behind the fore shoulder, a little below the middle. That'll fix him. Hope he can be got at on the side. Hard to kill a bear from the front. "Swift; oh, Swift!" No answer. Bang. Ten seconds, during which only the dogs are heard. Bang and crash. Swift yells to the writer whether he heard him fall. The intervening space of 60yds. is rushed over by the 1½ mile trampers and a third party opens up to view. It is Foote with an expression of satisfaction on his face. He has killed the bear. Swift and the writer are much put out. Had they had any idea that Foote was in that part of the woods the bear would have been killed a quarter of an hour ago. The writer especially regrets now that he dilly-dalleyed resting and waiting with S. S. be hanged!

Three long, resonant notes are blown by F. After a bit they are repeated. It is the call to the other hunters that the game is killed. F. blows a horn splendidly. Guess he feels good any way. He blows again and again. In fifteen or twenty minutes Smith and the negro ride up. Foote and Smith proceed to abuse each other about another bear, the first one put up by the dogs—a very large one. Foote was expecting every moment a more favorable opportunity, had even raised his gun to shoot when Smith, coming up on the side, had turned the animal. Smith was also maneuvering for a shot, had a good chance, but thought to get a better when Foote turned the animal. This led Smith to some hasty movements for a shot, when his spur, catching on some vines, threw him backward on a log in such a way that he could not quickly get up. About the same time the negro had taken a shot through the vines at a distance from the bear of about twenty-five feet. The bear turned again, came close to Smith, still tied up, took a good scare at him and lumbered off in great haste, leaving the trio in possession of an empty swamp. It was certainly a ridiculous figure Smith had just cut with his 275lbs. of corpulency tied up in the vines, flat on his back, while a huge bear cavorted around with six or seven dogs in full play. Such a moment as that for triumphant work comes to most sportsmen never at all. It was a moment of supreme excitement even to this experienced hunter, who enjoys the enviable reputation of having killed his bear in many a close contest. But he was decidedly beaten this time and there was no help for it. As a retribution he desired that Foote give him a good kicking, saying the punishment would really feel good to him.

As the two men talked of the failure to stop this bear, it occurred to a man up a tree that some awkward work had been done. It seems that Lilly's system should have been adopted on this bear, viz., to fill him up with lead. No matter which part is presented it is rapidly stuffed with a repeater. No better opportunity is waited for, and all opportunities made the best of. Swift and the Scribe ought to have been there; they would have fixed him in hot haste and put these cool-headed hunters to shame.

This ended the hunt. The party in at the death of the little bear (for it was a small one) determined to get out of the woods. An attempt was made to load the bear on the servant's mule, but an emphatic objection was made by his muleship in the shape of a vigorous and promiscuous kick at the entire party, missing all but the luckless negro who was holding the bridle in imagined security at his head. Just how the negro was hit is not known. It was a feat of no little dexterity for even a mule, and is supposed to have been the result of an old grudge. At all events the mule did not want to carry that bear and he didn't carry it. The negro had thrown down the reins when the mule took to his heels remarkably fast for that vine-tangled region, with his head toward his home at Rolling Fork, twelve or fifteen miles distant, and he was not seen nor heard from during that nor the next day. The bear was securely tied behind the saddle of Mr. Smith's horse, which seemed familiar with the proceeding. The negro, of course, had to walk back to Major H.'s, who, along with Smith and Foote, took the most direct route, while Swift and the writer took, as they thought, the nearest way to Coon Bayou, where they had crossed, but they missed the direction a few degrees, passed to the east of a big bend in the bayou and went fully two miles out of the way. S. continued to complain of fatigue, but got along much faster than he had done in going over to the bear. The bayou was reached a long way below the horses, but the journey back was enlivened by the notes of a horn up the bayou which continued at intervals to send forth its blasts. It proved to be blown by Lilly, who had gone to our riding animals and waited for us to show us the way out of the woods.

The party were all in at Major H.'s by dusk. In comparing notes it was ascertained that four bears had been put up during the day, three of them having been seen. Lilly had given chase to the one Foote, Smith and the negro had scrambled after, but being behind had failed to overtake it. A shot, yelling, and the silencing of the dogs told him that the bear had been killed not far ahead, but thinking that some of our party had done the work, he turned to give chase to another bear that was up. It was not until the party had collected that it was ascertained that an outsider hearing the dogs had gone to them and killed the game before Lilly had come up; and it was too late then to get in a claim for the meat. In cases of this kind it is customary for the party doing the killing to promptly notify the party owning the dogs by blowing the horn or otherwise, when the game is usually divided among all parties concerned.

The error that had been made during the day, as brought out by the conversation at night, was mainly in permitting the dogs to be divided, there not being a sufficient number of dogs with either of the large bears to stop him. One dog only had been hurt during the chase; a bear had cut a gash two or three inches long on one hip.

The meat was divided, and the skin falling to Foote, who had done the killing, was given to Swift for his valor in his magnificent effort to be on hand to do the killing himself. It was a fitting reward richly earned.

It was not the least interesting of this chase to sit over a warm country fire of blazing logs and listen to a rehearsal of the day's events, which dogs were after this bear and which after that, which had shown courage, and which had gone off on a trivial trail of coon or possum; how a certain bear might have been secured; how the party should be placed at the next hunt, etc. The ludicrous situation of Smith was not a little laughed over, especially by Foote, who appeared to be getting even with Smith in settlement of some old score, such as having on a former hunt shot a bear in the foot, or something of the kind.

I shall long remember this hunt as a pleasant affair, though I shall continue to regret that I stopped so often to rest Mr. Swift. I might as well have drawn blood on that little bear as not, and Foote being an old hunter would not have missed it from his score. If the Major and Mr. Lilly propose to continue to slay bear in that region, I shall try and happen in on them on business again some time, just when they have organized for a big hunt. They are both men who are companionable to the fullest extent, in the woods as well as out of them. To any man fond of hunting it is worth a long journey to spend a day with them after game. W. L. P.

VICKSBURG, Miss.

AN OLD TRICK.—A correspondent sends this note of how a tenderfoot was tricked "sniping" game, which has been repeated several thousand times since the world began. Bunco steerers find ready victims in city streets and the "bag game" of the woods will never cease from lack of verdant material to work it on: "Five of us were camping in the Adirondacks. L. was green. F. asked him if he would like to go out with him and trap a few partridges. They set out with a pack basket, blanket and some corn meal. F. placed the basket with its mouth along the ground and sprinkled the ground near by with the meal, and told L. to get behind the basket. F. then placed the basket over both, so as to completely cover everything, but the mouth of the basket, and giving L. instructions to keep quiet, and in case a partridge should walk in, to throw the blanket over the mouth, left him to the gnats, and started to beat the bush, being careful to beat in the direction of camp. There he told the others about it, and we all had a good laugh. L., poor fellow, waited under the blanket for nearly half an hour, when F. returned, saying he could not scare up any game, and asked the 'basket man' if he had heard any. L. was pretty sure that he had, for he heard a sort of quick step and a cluck, but none had come near enough to catch."

HAMMOND, Ill., Jan. 20, 1887.

U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

DEAR SIRS—To-day I made a test of shells and settled in my mind a long disputed fact in regard to the amount of times the U. S. shells could be reloaded. I took five shells from a box of 100, and shot them as fast as I could get them reloaded. The following is the result: First shell, 9 times; second, 11 times; third, 10 times; fourth, 13 times; fifth, 9 times. I could have loaded and fired some of them again, but the above result settled the question of their reloading qualities in my mind. I am sure all hunters and shooters ought to know of the good qualities of this shell, and I give you liberty to publish this, and will further say I am not in any way interested in any shell company, and give this letter for the benefit of all sportsmen. I am sure we are all seeking for the best, and if I can assist any one to find the best I will gladly do so, and this is my reason for sending your company this letter. Wishing you every success, I am, yours truly,

*** (Signed), L. S. CARTER.

"Hunting Without a Gun."—Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 30. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondents' notes about hibernating squirrels recalls an experience I had last January in Chatham county, this State. Two of us on horseback, squirrel hunting, were accompanied by an odd character named Cooper, who went along on foot and was provided with a small club ax, hanging through the leathern girdle or belt, which served the purpose of suspenders as well as to carry ax and knife. We were in the thick woods, the wind blowing a gale and it was snowing. The dogs were heard to open, and off went Cooper with a rush ahead of the dogs, peering up into the largest trees. In a moment more he had divested himself of shoes, coat and hat, was climbing an oak 2ft. through as rapidly as a boy. He was soon out on one of the largest limbs astraddle, peering down into a hole which led back into the body of the tree. His ax was out and he was cutting an opening a foot below in the tree. The old hat was stuffed into the upper hole and in went his arm into the lower one. With guns cocked we were anxiously awaiting to see the squirrel bound up on some of the limbs to see who should get the first shot. Imagine our surprise and my disgust when I saw Cooper's arm drawn from the hole, squirrel in hand and the creature's neck broken by a quick bite, and the booty thrown to the ground, dead as a stone. In went the arm and out again, another squirrel in hand. The same process of killing was gone through until he had thrown down five from this one hollow. Not a squirrel did we see until Cooper had killed them all. We followed them until late in the evening. The same maneuver was gone through, and in each case he killed all the game, and we would not have had a shot but that we, finally growing disgusted at this kind of a "squirrel hunt," protested. Out of nineteen squirrels we gunners killed five, and Cooper the remainder. At one large post oak he found in the hollow nine, killing them all as I have described, much to our disgust. —M. T. L.

Wolves in Wisconsin.—Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 4.—Since our legislators repealed the law (some four years ago) which provided State bounties for the destruction of wolves, those voracious animals have increased at an alarming rate, in the central and northern portions of Wisconsin. In the county of Marathon they are especially numerous, and it is an every-day occurrence for farmers and woodsmen to be hunted and treed by the hungry brutes. Large numbers of sheep and hogs are being destroyed—often in the presence of their owners—who are powerless to act agains the formidable numbers of the enemy. A friend of the writer, who is engaged in lumbering in Marathon county, was lately pursued by a pack of the "varmints." He said they numbered about twenty, and were within ten rods of him, when he, luckily, succeeded in climbing a half-grown pine tree, but he was so terrified and exhausted from the proximity of the wolves and the distance he had run to reach this particular tree, the only one in the vicinity that could be climbed, that he came very near falling down into the mouths of his terrible pursuers. It was a close call. The people of that section are urging upon the Legislature the necessity of enacting rigorous laws for deliverance from these dangerous pests.—Muskeego.

Massachusetts Woodcock.—Taunton, Mass., Jan. 24. —I have been a resident of this section for more than thirty years, have had personal experience in woodcock shooting, and am familiar with all the woodcock covers within twenty miles. I have interviewed most of the gunners in this section and find no very large scores of woodcock for the last season. The numbers bagged by two noted market-gunners were 8 and 13 respectively. I have known one of these gunners to kill more than 200 woodcock in a single season on the same grounds. I fear the scores that "Cohannet" gives in issue of Jan. 13, were made a little early in the season, as he claims to have shot five in a half day's hunt this year during September; from the 10th of July until about the 20th of September is what is generally known to sportsmen as the molting season of the woodcock, they are seldom found during that time. The snow that came early in December saved a great many quail, the deep snow made difficult tramping for the gunners, and few were killed in December.—Woodman.

MAUD.

A THRENODY.

"Only vast silence, like a strong, black sea,
Rolls in 'twixt us and thee."

How sullen fall the flakes of snow!
How sullen seems the earth around,
As, gazing the thick smother thro'
I see a lone sepulchral mound,

'Tis there she lies, my beautiful!
Safe sheltered from all storms and strife,
Who, year by year, so dutiful,
Found favor in my heart and life.

One year ago how braw she seemed,
In yonder stall, and gave low neigh
To welcome me. I little dreamed
How dark would end that winter day!

Thus all things pass. The flower, the fruit,
The nearest kin, the dearest friend
An instant known when, at the root,
Death gnaws and silence is the end!

Yes! silence followed hard upon
Thy taking off. Aghast I stood
To see thy seal of mystery won
So suddenly, O, Maud, so good!

Fair as the May, my mare, wert thou!
A grateful memory thy bequest,
Of all thy virtues I hold now,
Among my memories the best.

Thy travels past I journey on
To goal like thine—the end of all!
Thou hast my love, memento won,
I have thy bit, thy empty stall!

O. W. R.

The Mutual Life Insurance statement in another column shows forcibly the sound condition of that great institution, the assets footing up the total of $114,181,963.-24. The company has nearly 130,000 policies and annuities in force, amounting to $393,809,202.88.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE SUNDAY FISHERMAN.

This man above, on fishing bent,
One Sabbath morning left his tent.
The tent, Λ

He took his can, and very quick
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.
The Pick, ⊢ The Worms, ᔕ ᔕ

In case some fish of size he'd get
He took along his landing net.
The Landing Net, ℸ

As fishermen get hungry, too,
Of pretzels he procured a few.
The Pretzels, ᘐ ᘐ ᘐ ᘐ

Some lines he took along on spools
To teach them to the finny schools,
The Spools, ⊢ ⊢ ⊢

He had some entertaining books
Of highly tempered Limerick hooks.
The Hooks, J J J

And thus prepared, he got his boat,
And out upon the stream did float.
The Boat, 〓

Some bites he straight began to get,
It was the gallinippers bit.
The Gallinippers, ⋉ ⋉ ⋉ ⋉

One of his lines spun off the reel;
He landed in the boat an eel.
The Eel, ᔕ

Then quickly it began to rain,
But his umbrella was in vain.
The Umbrella, ⊤

Above his head the thunder crashed,
And all around the lightning flashed.
The Lightning, ≷

The storm blew, and the boat upset,
That man went down into the wet.
The Upturned Boat, 〓

And as he sank, the bubbles rose,
Smaller and smaller toward the close.
The Bubbles, o o o o o

—*Tid Bits.*

MY SECOND SALMON.

I am almost ashamed of myself when I think of it; to think that I, a grown man, should have been guilty of such undignified and altogether absurd antics; but, after all, I was very young, not in years, alas, but in experience. It was my first season on a salmon river and only my second fish. I had gone to a pool not frequently fished, some three or four miles from the delightful camp which my companion and I had established sixty miles from tide water on the finest salmon river on this continent, all things considered. Two hours of rather awkward casting had yielded not a rise to my fly, although the salmon were at home, as was made apparent by frequent rises and leaps in portions of the pool other than those covered by my efforts.

At last there came a great surge, just a flash of his silver sides, and I had him; he was a beauty, too. I knew it "by the pricking of my thumbs," and he was fast, that I knew by that indescribable something that tells us at once that we have him safely hooked, or that puts us in such a nervous flutter that we feel half beaten from the word go. I had this fellow, and I knew it, greeny though I was. It was, as I have said, only my second salmon, but in looking back at it over the many years that have passed, I do not see how I could have played that fish more judiciously if I had been a hundred years old, and after a lively fight of half an hour he turned his white sides up to the sunlight and became obedient to the slightest pressure from the rod, but there was life in him yet, as appeared later.

Slowly and most carefully I drew him near shore. The water was shoal for a considerable distance from the beach on which I stood—a bad landing place, but the best there was.

My gaffer, Tom, waded into the water twenty or more feet to a point where it was some two feet deep. Slowly the great fish, still struggling feebly, was drawn and coaxed toward the gaff, at last he was within reach and with a quick, yet deliberate, stroke (no better gaffer than Tom lives) he was fastened. My strained muscles relaxed and my lungs expanded with that long breath of intense satisfaction and unalloyed happiness which is never fully felt by any one except the angler who sees his long fight crowned by such success as seemed to be fully within my grasp.

Suddenly something inexplicable, something terrible, happened—what, I did not quite know, but the fish was gone, and Tom was making frantic plunges in every direction at once. Before I could well comprehend the situation the fish again appeared at the end of the gaff and Tom, with agony depicted in every line of his features, was making long strides, with a great splashing of water, toward the shore. Again that fearful something happened and the fish disappeared, and again Tom was striking here and there, apparently at random, this time accompanying each stroke with profane ejaculations, sometimes in the best English at his command, but resorting to the Micmac whenever the occasion demanded especial energy of expression.

Once more the fish became a captive, and this time was borne some four or five feet up the shelving beach, when he slipped off for the third time and Tom, abandoning the gaff, threw himself bodily upon the fish, now flopping about as lively, apparently, as ever. The other Tom (there were two Toms in my canoe that season) ran in and threw himself upon the struggling heap, and I, not knowing exactly what to do but feeling that I ought to take a hand in somehow, laid down my rod and threw myself on top of the whole.

Reaching down I got what I supposed was a fair hold and commanded the two Toms to get up, when, with a mighty effort, this thrice gaffed fish tore himself out of my feeble grasp and regained the water.

The leader was of course broken by this time, and, partly on his side and partly on his back, he managed to keep himself just beyond the reach of the three pairs of outstretched hands until he gained a point where the water was three or four feet deep, when, with one supreme effort, he got himself right side up and disappeared in the deeper water, leaving a great trail of blood behind him. "Phancy our phelinks" as we stood there waist deep in the cold water staring at each other.

The cause of this misfortune was not far to seek, it was, as I have said, my first season, and my tackle was new and untested (it is seasoned and tempered by the fire of many battles now), and the gaff proved, upon examination, to have been made of soft, worthless metal, which had given way under the strain and opened out so far as to allow the fish to slip off. To say that I was greatly disappointed would be putting it mildly. I was just sick. There was no use in getting mad, but if the man who sold me that gaff had been within reach at that moment —well, never mind, something would have happened to him. Sadly I laid my rod and the treacherous gaff in the canoe and mournfully we commenced our return to camp; dead silence reigned, the birds sang not for us and even "the springing trout lay still;" there was no sunshine in the sky and the ashes of desolation settled thickly on our dejected heads; we felt that life was a mockery and that our doll was stuffed with sawdust.

So we sadly crept toward home. Suddenly Tom of the bow addressed to Tom of the stern a few words in his native Micmac, which he of the stern translated to me thus: "We go down little way, p'raps we fin' him dead somewhere, mus' be dead, gaff him three times, mus' kill him less he ghost—think so."

To be sure, why not? I ought to have thought of that myself, but I was very young then. So we drifted back to the point where we last saw the salmon, and letting the current take the canoe where it would, assuming that it would take us in much the same direction that it had taken the fish if he were indeed dead, we stood up to watch the bottom.

Now that we had a new hope born within us the sun shone again, the birds sang, and all was joyous. The pool was a long one, two hundred yards at least; but the salmon usually lay in the upper end at the foot of a heavy rapid, and it was at this point that our misfortune had occurred. Below this point the water became quite still and gradually deeper, until at the lower one-third of the pool it was twelve or fourteen feet deep, but very clear. We had passed over nearly the entire length of the pool and despair was fast overtaking us again, when I saw our friend feebly struggling near the bottom, but far beyond the reach of the gaff, which we had put into shape as well as we could with our hands. Only a few feet more and the fish would be in the jaws of the long rapid below and his recovery a matter of grave doubt. What could be done had to be done quickly.

Fortunately I had in my pocket a stout cord, a habit of carrying which I had acquired by association with the companion before mentioned, and with this the gaff-handle was bound to the end of one of the setting poles, and while Tom of the stern held the canoe in the proper position, Tom of the bow for the fourth time inserted the gaff into the fish, and gently, oh how gently, lifted him over the gunwale, and at last he was ours. Ah! then how I laughed, how I shouted, how I sang. I patted and I petted that fish. I am not sure that I did not kiss him; I talked to him like a dear friend and behaved like a crazy man generally. And this brings me back to the point where I commenced, I am almost ashamed of myself when I think of it; but I was very young—it was only my second salmon and he weighed twenty-seven pounds.

What would you have done if you had been in my place? S. A.

Rutland, Vt.

EARLY MAINE FISHING.

Though it is hardly past midwinter, yet there are those who are already thinking seriously of the early fishing trip to the Maine waters. They talk about it, and it is pretty sure that they dream about. Indeed I had the pleasure of inspecting the outfit of a new camp that is about being built, only yesterday. The builders are Boston gentlemen, very well known in the printing trade. Indeed if it was to be styled a printers' camp, it would not come far out of the way. The camp is to be built in the Narrows, Richardson Lake, Maine, or better understood between Lakes Welokennebacook and Molechunkamunk. It will probably be located on the high land nearly opposite Metalic Point, so long well known to the former visitors to that part of the Androscoggin Lakes. But the extra flowage, put on to that lake six or seven years ago, covered Metalic Point and made the Narrows one of the most celebrated fishing grounds for spring trolling of any in the lake regions. The primary projector of this new camp in the Narrows is Mr. C. P. Stevens, well-known to the whole printers' trade of New England, as one of the firm of Wild & Stevens, of printers' roller fame. Joined with him are his nephew, F. H. Stephens, bookkeeper at the firm's place of business, No. 12 Hawley place; Mr. E. J. Shattuck, in the printers' ink firm of Geo. H. Morrill & Co., 34 Hawley street; and James N. Smart, of the well-known printing firm of T. J. N. Smith & Co. These gentlemen have decided to build a camp 24x24, to be completed in season for the spring fishing. This will have to be rather early, for Mr. Stevens is noted for being one of the first at the lakes. It was this gentleman of whom the Forest and Stream had an account last year as having gone up to the Narrows before the ice went out, in order to be on the ground for the early fishing. That time he had the pleasure of rowing seven miles to the mouth of Mill Brook for minnows for bait, since there are no minnows to be found in their usual haunts thus early in the season. Besides, he had the pleasure of tenting out in a fresh snow fall of four inches. This spring Mr. Stevens has a large number of minnows in a spring somewhere on his route ready as soon as the ice goes out of the Narrows. By this early fishing Mr. Stevens has made his score to include the greatest weight for the number of any score included in the fisherman's yarns. The five, and even up to the seven-pounders, are very plenty in his record.

Mr. Stevens starts in a day or two locate his camp, although the lumber has been hauled up to the Narrows for some time, but the party desire to have the best location on high ground to be found in that vicinity, and Mr

Stevens will make a winter trip to select the site. The camp is to be built by Adana Brooks, the well-known guide, from Upton, Maine; the same Adana who run the Middle Dam camp for so many years, and made a host of friends in so doing. Adana, with Steve Morse, of the same town, has guided Mr. Stevens and his party for a number of trips. Mr. Morse is the guide who really took the great trout now in the Smithsonian Institute, the largest *Salmo fontinalis* on record. The camp will be called Vine Vale camp.

It seems that the parties from Andover, Maine, who desired to put in steamers for public travel, in opposition to Chas. A. J. Farrar, the veteran steamer man of that part of the lakes, did not succeed in obtaining a charter from the Legislature now in session. The last report says that the committee returned the petition for a charter of that kind, indorsed, "Inexpedient to legislate." This is as it should be, for Mr. Farrar has labored hard, and received but little of real profit. SPECIAL.

SURFACE SCHOOLS OF TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few years since while casting for trout from a canoe on Moosehead Lake, Me., one fine afternoon in September, between Farm Island and Hardscrabble, I witnessed what to me seemed a very strange occurrence. I had taken some fine trout, when suddenly they stopped rising, and the lake being very smooth, suddenly within a few feet of the canoe and as far as I could see, trout of all sizes, ½lb. to 6lbs. each, appeared near the surface, with their dorsal and caudal fins above the surface, moving very slowly and remaining in sight perhaps four or five minutes; then they sank below the surface as quietly as they had come. During this time they took no notice of the fly whatever. They did not seem to be feeding nor in want of air. I have cast the fly many seasons and in many waters, but this was the only time I ever saw the like of this. Our old guide, Uncle John Coombs, also gave it up. Will some of your readers give us light?

JOHN H. WAY.

The same phenomenon was witnessed at the Mastigouche Lakes last season by our correspondent "Spicewood," who wrote of it in issue of Oct. 21, 1886, as follows:

"As we sat by our camp-fire the evening before, P. had told us of a strange sight he had seen as he came across the lake. A large school of fish swimming on the top of the water with their backs out of water so that he could see them packed like sardines in a box. In the dusk he was unable to see what kind of fish they were, but plainly saw they were of good size. We hoped in the morning to solve the mystery. We had been in our canoes only a short time when we saw here and there over the lake often a score of these schools in sight at once. We moved carefully toward them or put our boat in their course. As we came near them we found them to be trout; as soon as they saw us, with a swirl that made the water boil, they went out of sight. We repeatedly tried to have them take our flies, making long casts so as not to frighten them, but they always passed the bait unheeded. After they had disappeared we let out a long line, trolling deep and drawing it through the place where they went down, and often took fine, gamy fellows. Tom proposed that I "should scratch their backs." A school was passing us some 40ft. away, I cast my line, the leader fell right among them; a quick jerk and I hooked one in the back; the only smile I saw upon the Indian's face while I was in the woods with him was as he watched the antics of this trout with his back scratched. * * * Will some of your readers give a reason for the trout going in the schools as I have described; we only noticed it in this one lake and our guides had never seen anything like it before in any of the many lakes in these woods where they had fished for a score of years."

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—Secretary Gonzalo Poey, P. O. Box 3049, New York, has issued a circular which says: "The Fifth Annual Tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association will be held at Central Park on May 25 and 26. As much interest is shown in these contests, and generally the latest improvements in rods, reels, etc., are brought forth, we deem it to the advantage of the trade to support us in carrying out these tournaments by donations of prizes to be given to competitors. Heretofore the leading firms in the trade have cheerfully and generally contributed to this end, and we call for a continuance of such favors. At the same time we would say that each contribution will be so acknowledged as to prove of value as an advertisement to the donor. Should you feel disposed to contribute, please inform us to that effect before the first of March next, or send your contributions to the Secretary. The committee would suggest that the classification of prizes be left to them as far as possible, *i. e.*, that the prizes be not restricted to certain classes, and would add that it is not their intention to give fishing tackle as prizes in the Expert Fly Casting Classes." The Committee on Prizes are Messrs. Jas. L. Vallotton, C. G. Levison, H. P. McGown and T. B. Stewart.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY UNION.—Representatives of the various fishing industries met with the U. S. Menhaden, Oil and Guano Association at New York on Jan. 12 and formed a working organization under the above title. A circular has been issued inviting all interested to attend a meeting at Gloucester, Mass., on Feb. 23. "It is desired that a full representation be present, a permanent working association be organized and immediately enter upon such work as may be thought best for the advancement of all the various branches of the fisheries, including salt and fresh-water food fish in all its branches, cured and fresh; oils, fish and whale, oysters, fish fertilizers, etc., etc."

TROUT FROM SUNAPEE LAKE.—There are now on exhibition with William Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York, three stuffed specimens of fish belonging to Mr. J. D. Quackenbos, which will interest anglers. One is a seven-pound specimen of the new trout from Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, of the blue-back or Oquassa type concerning which much has been said in our columns by Mr. Quackenbos, Col. E. B. Hodge, and others. A brook trout of six pounds weight is also shown, and the third fish is a male landlocked salmon of the planting of 1877 which weighed twelve pounds.

IMPROVED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article under above heading in FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 3 opens a most interesting question. The influence of domestication on the sexual development of the Salmonoids has long been to me a subject for inquiry and experiment; so also has the influence generally which the introduction of fresh and often alien blood brings to bear on the habits and final type of the original inhabitants of a stream, whether trout or salmon.

Instances connected with trout (*S. fario*) have frequently cropped up, which seem to point to a loss of pluckiness and characteristic wildness under domestication. In all cases where a stream has been for a long series of years replenished with young hand-reared trout, the adult and takable fish seemed to grow gradually tamer though not less wily so far as the angler was concerned. Furthermore—and this is remarkable if it be found to be a truth—I was led to think that domestication was the direct cause of barrenness, from the fact that so many fish handled during spawning time were devoid of organs of generation, and were supplied with them only in an elementary condition. This conclusion was reached on a river in the south of England noted for its large, splendid breed of *fario*, some miles of which were under my absolute control. I asked if this fact had been noticed by other observers through the columns of a fishing journal, and a well-known fish breeder undertook to deny the inference I drew. The occupation of that man would have certainly been gone had it been a fact that artificial breeding tends to weaken the natural breeding powers, and I felt satisfied at the time that sufficient attention had not been directed to the subject. It was, in my experience at least, an otherwise inexplicable fact that from my stream, which had been largely stocked with fry each year for many years, the percentage of barren fish was quite ten per cent., while a contiguous stream never stocked showed less than one per cent. of such fish on careful calculation.

Again, I know it to be a fact that crossing a good strain of fish—large and gamy—with a smaller breed, improves the latter but deteriorates the former. "It needs no ghost come from the dead to tell us this," the reader will say. Then why, I ask, is this truth ignored by fishculturists, in England at least? The Thames trout are a *fario* of unrivalled beauty and pluck, and going up to 15 and 16lbs. weight, and because they are scarce the sapient anglers and fishculturists of its neighborhood insist on introducing a *fario* of distinctly inferior size, never, in fact, growing over 5lbs. The experiment is bearing fruit now in more trout and inferior average size. Thirty years ago, when my father was held to be the champion trout fisherman of the Thames, 10 and 12-pounders were common; now the average is nearer 4lbs. *Verb. sap.*

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

SIZE AND AGE OF TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The publication by the FOREST AND STREAM of a private note has given more length to the discussion of age and size of trout than was intended. Perhaps, however, it was a subject of sufficient importance to warrant further notice. The authoritative if not lucid response from Utica, accompanied by some discourteous reflections upon Jefferson county anglers, ought to settle the matter in some way, although the article by Mr. Mather would seem more satisfactorily conclusive. He, however, makes the admission "there is no way to tell the age of wild fish."

We must again premise that it was the size of trout in the spring of the third year that was the question, and not at three years of age, leaving, we suppose, some margin of difference in possible growth. Mr. Mather admits, we think, that in the spring of the second year trout would not reach 6in., but places that measurement at the age of 1½ years, so that assuming there would not be much growth from the latter part of the second to the opening of the third year, we were perhaps not so far out of the way in our fear that they would not measure quite 6in. at the date in question. The Utica "authorities" seem to regard this a very wild guess.

As to the "conditions" being good where we fish we cannot pass an intelligible opinion. During the past two seasons the fishing has been upon the upper waters of the Oswegatchie and Mad rivers, and we supposed we were stating facts when we said that 6in. trout did not frequent the riffles—allowing proper latitude for the "frequent." Less than 2 in 10 of legal trout has been the average, leaving 8 out of 10 to be returned to the water mutilated, with pierced eye or bleeding gill, to take their chance with life anew. Other fishermen may have had similar or different experience, but at the close of our day's sport the spoil has been so meagre that our share has been donated to fellow fishermen to swell their catch and make one respectible whole, while we have borne in meekness the gentle chaffing of home. We do not wish to moralize over this matter, but we suppose all slaughter would be unbearable but for the spoil. What gunner so hardy as to slay his victims only to leave them uncared for and untouched? Make the law 7in. as intimated by the authorities mentioned and many an angler, possibly not all, would be placed in still greater perplexity. As to 7in. trout frequenting our riffles we would state as a cold fact that we have heretofore taken 40 fish in a day's catch, not one of which would measure it. Anglers who have means and can afford to go far, or who have choice localities largely controlled by them where large fish abound, should not, we think, lose sight of the probability that it will be difficult to control the poor fellows of moderate circumstances who go out for a day to take a few trout, and it may not be wise to go too far in fixing limits that would practically debar their catch, as would a 7in., 8in., or 10in. law (where will the matter stop?), forcing them to believe the law unreasonable or unjust.

In conclusion, we believe protection should be afforded during two years for very obvious reasons, and are willing to rest the matter there. If the hoped for 6in. requirement is made a law, we shall be found quite as faithful, we trust, in its observance as members of Utica's F. and G. P. A. ANGLER.

GAME PROTECTOR LINDLEY.—New York, Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I usually make several trips each season to Oneida Lake, New York, I was interested in your editorial of Jan. 6 regarding protector Lindley. About every time I have been there his visits were the gossip of the day, and his steam launch could frequently be heard at night or seen during the day, scouting around the fishing grounds or looking after illegal duck shooters in the fall. Many yarns of the narrow escapes from Lindley have been spun by the "natives" for the edification of our party, and from my observations I am sure that they doubt not his bravery, and fear his coming; and I only wonder in the face of all he has to contend with that he or any one else accept the appointment for the paltry sum allowed by the State. That he takes his life in his hand whenever he goes out to the lake is undoubted, and that he has been fired at and looked down the muzzle of double-barreled shotguns is asserted by the net-fishermen. I recognize the fact that when a man accepts the appointment he should be held strictly accountable for its proper fulfillment; still, I think, particularly in this case, the district is much too large, and if he were confined to the Oneida Lake exclusively, and the expenses of his steam launch allowed him by the State, he would soon stop this illegal fishing. When you take into consideration the large number of people on the shores of the lake engaged in fishing and the profits derived from it, you can readily see the difficulty of a conviction. That you will understand that I have no interest in this matter or Mr. Lindley beyond the protection of fish and game I will say that I never met him, nor have I any acquaintance whatever with him, and stand ready to contribute toward his loss in the difference between what his expenses were and what was allowed him for 1886. I inclose clipping from the Syracuse *Standard* of Jan. 28, as follows: "W. H. Lindley, of Canastota, State game protector for this district, on Wednesday received judgment in Madison county against William Case, Fred Wright, DeWitt Wager, Edward Jacobs, John Springer and William Phillips, all of Lakeport, for $100 each and costs, for catching fish in nets in Oneida Lake in violation of the game law. Such convictions represent thorough and difficult work on the protector's part, as the poachers are apt to make all possible trouble for those who might testify, by destroying or damaging their property."—JEEMS.

AN OLD TROUT.—The Elmira, N. Y., *Advertiser* reports that a brook trout belonging to James Sherman, of Lafayette, N. Y., is dead. It was undoubtedly the oldest trout of which there is any record. It was put in a well on the Sherman place thirty-five years ago last summer, and was at least a year old then. It began to show the effects of old age five years ago. Its spots faded away, it became a dull gray color, and began to shrink in flesh. It weighed less than 4lbs. when it died. It was at one time two pounds heavier.

RE-NUMBERING OF FISH HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to your remarks in your issue of Dec. 30.

Although my firm claims to be the largest fish hook and tackle manufacturers in the world, they do not ask tackle dealers or anglers to adopt their system of numbering. In Redditch, which is the principal seat of the trade, all the manufacturers of any repute have one uniform system of numbering all standard patterns of fish hooks which are well-known by fishermen, and to change that system to which anglers have been accustomed for the last half century would cause great confusion, and simply mean an absence of system of numbering.

Uniformity of all pattern hooks and sizes never will take place so long as anglers introduce modifications of various standard patterns, each claiming his modification as "the best killing hook." These new pattern hooks are noticed by authors of books on angling, and illustrations are given with the numbers or sizes adopted by the introducer, and when ordered the manufacturer is bound to make them according to that particular size and shape given in the illustrated notice, whether it is the Redditch or Kendal system of numbering.

It is not a question of expense of altering the system in use by my firm. If it were possible to compel every one to conform to one system of numbering it would be much better for us, but only a person of utopian ideas will ever dare to hope for such a reform.

The reform "Mechanic" advocates is rather one for the wire manufacturers than for the hook manufacturers; but, if this was carried out, it would be much better to adopt the metrical system than to use the inch as the standard. The inch after all is only an arbitrary measure, no better than the notch which he imagines Stubbs to have filed in a piece of steel. The metre, as a definite portion of the earth's radius, has a much better *raison d'être*. But, after all, the change in numbering would have very little practical use, unless one could persuade all fishermen to adopt one pattern of hook. Then the proportion between the size of the wire, the length of the point, and of the shank and the width and shape of the bend might be expressed by a number. But this will never be done; for, without counting the whims and fancies of fishermen, many different shapes and proportions of hooks are absolutely necessary to suit different kinds of fish, different styles of fishing and the different baits used.

The person who has been the chief agitator of this question, who has written and caused to be written a great deal of nonsense on this subject, has at last disclosed his reasons for doing so. In a letter which he has just published, he says he has appointed an agent for the sale of his hooks, and in a letter which he has addressed by post to fishing tackle dealers, he has touted for orders for this agent.

It remains to be seen if fishermen will allow themselves to be led, under pretext of re-numbering hooks and such other nonsense, to pay an extra price for their hooks, simply to allow some one to step in between themselves and the legitimate salesmen and draw a commission for writing up a particular make of hooks.

REDDITCH, England. S. ALLCOCK.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

AMERICAN FISH EGGS FOR ENGLAND.—Fisheries Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford has shipped via the White Star steamer Adriatic 1,500,000 whitefish eggs and 10,000 brook trout eggs to the National Fishculturist Association, of South Kensington, England, as a present from the United States Fisheries Commissioner, in return for a shipment of Loch Leven trout received from the European association. The eggs were packed under the supervision of Commissioner Blackford in large cases. The eggs were placed in single layers in wooden trays, the bottoms of which were made of Canton flannel. Thirty-five thousand eggs were placed in each tray, and the trays were placed one above the other and were then packed with ice and sawdust. The object of the ice is to retard the development of the eggs, so that they will reach Europe in good condition to go into the hatching trough in South Kensington.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—United States Fish Commissioner Baird has presented to the New Hampshire Fish Commission 100,000 Penobscot salmon eggs, 30,000 landlocked salmon eggs, 5,000 Saibling trout eggs, 5,000 brown trout. Dr. Quackenbos, of New York, has also presented 30,000 Loch Leven trout eggs brought from Scotland, the product to be placed in Sunapee Lake. Nearly 2,000 eggs will be hatched this spring at Plymouth and Sunapee hatching houses, which will be distributed in the waters of the State.

THE TEN-INCH LOBSTER LAW.

A BILL has been introduced in the New York Legislature to repeal the law which forbids the sale of lobsters which are under 10½in. in length, exclusive of the claws. We do not know in whose interest this is done, but it is certain that it is not in the interest of lobster protection. The law, as it stands, is a wise measure to prevent the destruction of infant lobsters and to keep up the supply of a valuable food animal which is now extinct in some waters where once it was plenty, and is becoming scarce in others. The supply of lobsters is decreasing both in numbers and in the weight of individual specimens. Twenty-five years ago the sizes of lobsters in the markets ranged from 2 to 10lbs., averaging about 4; now they range from 1 to 3lbs., averaging perhaps 1¾, for the smaller outnumber the larger ones.

At the eleventh annual meeting of the American Fisheultural Association, held at the Directors' Room of the Fulton Market Fish-Mongers' Association, in New York, April 3and 4, 1882, Mr. S. M. Johnson, of Boston, a large lobster dealer, sent a letter to Mr. Blackford on this subject, which appears in the report of the Association for that year, page 41. In that letter Mr. Johnson says: "We are making sacrifices of future good to gratify present demands. In using these small lobsters we are hypothecating our stock in trade and cutting off our future supply. * * * I wish to put myself on record as advocating a just and wise law for the preservation of lobsters."

Mr. Blackford said: "Mr. Johnson is greatly interested in the 10½in. lobster law, as the only way to preserve the lobster fisheries. Last year [1881] lobsters sold as high as twenty-five cents per pound at retail and even higher. Small lobsters are sent here for sale, notwithstanding the law against it, and many go to New Jersey, where there is no law on the subject." Many fish dealers in Fulton Market were present at this meeting and approved the remarks of Mr. Johnson.

The argument, as we understand it, in favor of repealing the law is that the small lobsters now go to New Jersey and that New York might as well have them. This is no argument at all, merely an excuse, and only shows that New Jersey should pass a similar law. Maine cried out for protection for her depleted lobster fisheries and passed laws forbidding the killing of the infants. Massachusetts did the same, and these two States, the principal lobster producing ones, called on New York to close her markets to all lobsters under the above named limit. This was done, and it only needed other States to fall in line in order to give the little lobsters a chance to grow to a size profitable to both fisherman, marketman and consumer.

Now comes Assemblyman Finn, of New York, who says that the fish dealers of his district demand the repeal of the so-called "Dunnell Law," which protected the lobster in its infancy. His bill ought to be squelched in committee.

THE WISCONSIN COMMISSION.

THE second biennial (11th) report of the Commissioners of Wisconsin for 1885-86 is prefaced with a view of the new hatchery and ponds at Fitchburg, near Madison, which gives a good idea of the appearance of the grounds. The report says that the new hatchery will compare favorably with any in America and that in the successful propagation of trout and pike Wisconsin leads all competitors, although in the planting of whitefish, Michigan with her several hatcheries, liberal appropriations and long experience, leads. The enormous flow of clear cold water at the Nine Springs hatchery, which comes from at least a dozen springs, will admit of more than double the present hatchery capacity, provided the Legislature furnishes the means.

The report of Mr. James Nevin, the Superintendent, makes an excellent showing. From him we learn that the new hatchery is the most convenient of its kind on the continent. It is 100x25ft. The main building, used for hatching purposes, is 88x25ft. Under the floor of this part is a raceway extending the whole length and covered with gravel, over which a strong current of spring water is constantly running. When the fish in the large pond immediately below are ready to spawn, they naturally seek the rapid water, and by means of trap-doors forming part of the main floor in the building, are readily caught and handled, thus saving an immense amount of time and labor and unnecessary handling of the fish.

The following are the numbers of fish shipped in the respective years: Brook trout, 1885, 1,520,000; 1886, 2,275,000; rainbow trout, 1885, 600,000; 1886, 620,000; wall-eyed pike, 1885, 14,550,000; 1886, 345,000; German carp, 6,065. Of Mackinaw trout (lake trout) there are this winter 1,000,000 eggs on the hatching trays. For a number of years the Commission did not hatch any of these fish, as it was thought that the fry did not show up to advantage, but during the past summer quite a number were caught in the lakes at Madison weighing from 5 to 8lbs. each, and the fishermen report seeing them there by the thousand.

Of the brown trout 1,000 eggs were received from Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., last April. They came in fine condition, and hatched the following day, and were kept in the hatchery six weeks with little loss.

At the branch hatchery in Milwaukee there are now some 50,000,000 whitefish eggs, the largest number obtained since the organization of the Commission, although great trouble was experienced in getting them on the lakes on account of the stormy weather. In 1886 the following plantings of whitefish were made: Milwaukee harbor, 15,120,000; Fort Howard harbor, 9,450,000; Ashland harbor, 2,250,000; Green Bay, 2,700,000; Manistique, 2,610,000; Waupaca, 450,000; Medford, 450,000; Madison, 180,000. Total, 33,210,000.

Fishermen have complained of the scarcity of large whitefish, and the great quantity of small ones, for which they get little or no price. In the neighborhood of Green Bay over two hundred tons of whitefish were taken that weighed less than a pound each, and fully twenty-five per cent. not more than a quarter of a pound, and for these the fishermen could only get from one to two and a half cents a pound.

Two years ago the Legislature passed a law regulating the size of the meshes in the pound nets. When the first bill was drawn it was "iron-clad" for a 4in. mesh. Senator E. S. Minor, who has taken a deep interest in the fisheries, had the bill sent to the fishermen throughout the State. All acknowledged that the pound nets required regulating, but said that they could not afford to go to the expense of new pots for them. Mr. Minor, after consulting with various parties, came to the conclusion that "half a loaf was better than no bread," and the bill was compromised by allowing two sides of the pot to remain as they were, and the other two sides to be 3½in. mesh. This, however, has done little or no good, for the fishermen in lifting their nets, instead of drawing up the side with 3½in. mesh, and allowing the small fish to escape, lift the fish on the smaller mesh and take everything, small and large, thus violating at least the spirit of the law.

Mr. Nevin says: "I claim that were it not for our Milwaukee hatchery and those of the State of Michigan, there would be no small fish for them to catch. Where do they come from? If, as the fishermen complain, there is a great scarcity of the larger ones or breeders, there being now only one caught where four years ago there were ten, it stands to reason that these younger ones must be the fruit of the United States, Michigan and Wisconsin hatcheries, and unless the law is altered so as to strictly prohibit the present fearful havoc among the young fish, I would recommend the closing of the Milwaukee hatchery. It seems a useless expense to raise millions of fry and turn them into Lake Michigan to be caught when they weigh from one-quarter to three-quarters of a pound, and bring no more than from one to two and a half cents a pound. By altering the law so as to have a uniform size for the meshes of 3½in. or more, or else making it unlawful for fishermen or dealers to sell or buy whitefish of less than a pound in weight, it would enable the young fish to attain such an age as to propagate and such a weight as to bring a remunerative price."

An appendix to the report gives the laws now in force respecting fish, fishculture, fishways, etc., in Wisconsin, and the report concludes with a notice of the death of one of the Commissioners, Mr. James V. Jones, of Oshkosh, who died suddenly on Jan. 6, 1887, aged 60 years, after the report which he had signed was printed.

THE VERMONT COMMISSION.

THE biennial report of the Fish Commissioners of Vermont for the year 1875, is a very interesting document. The survey of the waters and streams of the State has been largely extended. As the State appropriation was insufficient to do many desirable things the Commission has been aided by the United States Fish Commission, and by joining with New Hampshire procured eggs and fry at reduced rates, and, by contracting, in some instances fish have been planted in the ponds at one-fourth the usual cost. The State owns no hatchery, yet individuals have been successful in hatching several species of fish, and it is hoped that in the future a considerable supply will come from such sources.

Since the last report there have been planted 70,000 landlocked salmon; 224,000 Penobscot salmon; 70,000 brook trout; 10,000 California trout, and 40,000 lake trout. One hundred and thirty-four ponds have been stocked with carp from which very good results are reported. Twelve hundred black bass have been put in many waters, and in some cases where it was considered that the food supply was insufficient, rock bass were placed with them for the black bass to feed upon. It is a question, however, if these rock bass will prove to be as desirable for the black bass as some of the softer finned fishes, such as chubs and dace.

A list of ponds of the State is much more complete than any former list. Some of these were visited and surveyed, and others are located and described from information given by fish wardens, town clerks and others. This list gives the names of the ponds, town where situated, description, such as clear, gravelly, muddy, etc., the kind of fish inhabiting it, and its area in acres. This is followed by a description of the creeks, brooks and rivers, which appears to be quite full.

There has been great improvement in the enforcement of protective laws; a large majority of the towns have appointed fish wardens, and their work has had a good effect, even though in some cases prosecutions have not ended in convictions. Three of these wardens make reports of seizures of nets, or their destruction, and of men arrested and fined for having fish in possession out of season. An appendix gives laws for the preservation and propagation of fish, game and birds, and also special enactments for the protection of fish in certain described ponds.

NEW YORK FISH HATCHERIES.—Utica, Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The present season bids fair to be a remarkably favorable one at the various State fish hatcheries. Supt. F. A. Walters, of the hatchery at Lake Brandon, in the Adirondacks, writes that there are 430,000 brook trout and 800,000 salmon trout eggs on the trays. Some have already hatched and the fry are very strong and healthy. There are also 20,000,000 of frost fish at the hatchery, kept in Chase hatching jars. Half a million eggs of the Penobscot and landlocked salmon eggs procured from Maine are expected to arrive soon. The temperature of the water in the hatchery has kept nearly uniform at thirty-six degrees above zero thus far, while the temperature of the air outside has sometimes been as low as thirty degrees below. This shows an admirable quality of water for fish hatching purposes. Superintendent Walters is confident that the hatching at this station will be as successful as any ever done in the State.

WHY THE CARP DIED.—Mr. W. H. Turner, who has twelve large ponds stocked with carp, says in the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* "In the five years that I have been raising carp I have had none to die. I am always very careful to keep a hole some four feet square open every day when the pond is frozen over. One of my neighbors lost all his fish in this wise: His pond froze over, and the water came in on top of the first ice and froze a second time. He forgot to cut through the lower ice, and when the ice melted his fish were all smothered. I have another neighbor that never cut a hole in his pond, and when the ice melted his fish were all dead. I think it is very essential when the ponds are frozen over that the fish have air every day."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 8 to 11.—Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association Dog Show. Fall River. A. R. G. Mosher, Secretary.

March 8 to 11.—Second Annual Dog Show at Buffalo, N. Y. J. Otis Fellows, Secretary, Hornellsville, N. Y.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 5 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 15, 1887.—Inaugural Trials of Tennessee Sportsmen's Association. Entries close Jan. 10. R. M. Dudley, Secretary, No. 84 Broad street, Nashville, Tenn.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4606.**

THE COLLIE STUD DOG STAKES.—Philadelphia, Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Executive Committee of the Collie Club desire to make a change in the Stud Dog Stakes. The entrance fee has been changed to $10, and the owner of the stud dog is to state the service fee, which fee he agrees shall stand for the balance of the year. In other respects the conditions are as you have already published.—GEORGE A. SMITH, Sec. and Treas.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club at the St. James Hotel, New York, on Tuesday evening. The committee on revision of the running rules reported that Rule 4 relative to the age of Derby entries be stricken out, as the rule is given in announcement of the stake. To the rule describing the manner in which the dogs shall be run is added that they shall be hunted as in ordinary shooting. Regarding the exclusion of bitches in season is added, "or unduly attracting the attention of the competing dog." Rule 21 (now Rule 20) is changed to read: "The last dog beaten by the winner of the first prize shall compete for the second prize with the best of those dogs previously beaten by the winner of first prize. The winner of this heat shall be declared the winner of the second prize. The discretion is given to the judges of deciding which is the best of these beaten dogs in the competition for second place by selection or by running extra heats between them. After the first and second winners are ascertained, the judges may name the winners of any other prizes from any of the dogs in the stake without further running." In instruction to judges, in the sentence "A dog drawing on or pointing game shall be afforded ample opportunity to locate the game without competition," the words "without competition" are stricken out. A new rule as follows was added: "Rule 21. The last dog beaten by the winner of first prize shall not be obliged to run more than two heats on the same day, but at the option of his handler may run the final heat for second place on the following day." It was voted that the above changes be adopted.

Messrs. A. M. Hunter, New York, and J. N. Cochran, Philadelphia, were elected members. It was voted to offer the usual medals for field trial winners at the coming show of the Westminster Kennel Club.

It was decided to hold the field trials of 1887 at High Point, N. C., beginning Monday, Nov. 21, with the Derby for pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1886, with $400 to first, $200 to second, and two equal third prizes of $100 each. Also a breeders' cup, value $100, $10 forfeit, $20 to fill; entries close May 1.

The next stake in order is the All-Aged Setter Stake, with $300 to first, $150 to second and two equal third prizes of $50 each, $10 forfeit, $20 to fill. Entries close Oct. 1. The All-Aged Pointer Stake comes next with the same prizes and conditions as the setter stake. To close with the champion sweepstakes, $10 forfeit, $15 to fill, with $100 added. Entries close Oct. 1, except to winners of this year. The Members' Stake will begin Nov. 17; $100 to first, $75 to second and $50 to third. Entries close evening previous to running.

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB.

THE American Mastiff Club offers a challenge cup valued at $150, for the best mastiff dog or bitch bred in America. Following are the rules that will govern the competition:

I. This prize shall be offered for competition at a show in the spring of each year, to be selected by the Executive Committee of the American Mastiff Club, due notice of which shall be given by publication.

II. The competition shall be open to all American-bred mastiffs in the Champion, Open or Puppy classes which are entered for that purpose with the Secretary of the American Mastiff Club, within the same limit of time that entries are open for the show at which the competition is to be held.

III. The dam of any competing mastiff must have been owned and resident in this country the four consecutive months prior to the whelping of the competitor.

IV. A guaranty will be required for the return of the cup, in good condition, to the Secretary of the Club, or his order, at least one month before the next competition.

V. A silver medal will be presented to the winner, and in the event of an owner winning the cup three times with the same dog, he shall be presented with a gold medal, and shall have the option of duplicating the cup at his own expense.

Challenge cups for American bred mastiffs are offered, open to members only, under the following rules:

I. There shall be two challenge cups of the value of $100 each, one for the best mastiff dog, the other for the best mastiff bitch, the property of any member of the American Mastiff Club.

II. These cups shall not be offered for competition at any show where champion classes are not provided; nor shall they be competed for oftener than four times in the course of a year. The competition shall be open to all dogs in the champion, open and puppy classes.

III. A silver medal shall be presented to any member winning either of the cups. In the event of a member winning either cup three times with the same dog, he shall be presented with a gold medal.

IV. A member winning either cup three times with any dog or bitch, shall have the option of having a duplicate made at his or her own expense.

V. The winner or winners of the cup or cups having it or them in his or her possession shall be responsible for their safe custody, and in case of the loss of either or both of them by fire or any other means, shall make good the loss thereof. But it shall be at the option of any member winning the same to allow them to remain in the custody of the club.

VI. The winner or winners of the cup or cups shall be entitled to retain possession thereof until fourteen days prior to any show where the same are to be competed for, and on the written application of the secretary shall within seven days return the same to him.

VII. In the event of the dissolution of the club the cups shall be returned by the last winner thereof to the committee and be treated as the property of the club.

There will also be a puppy sweepstake for all mastiffs born in the United States and Canada on or after March 1, 1886. Open to members only. Entrance $5 each, to be paid to the secretary of the American Mastiff Club at the time of entry. The sweepstakes to be decided at a show in the spring of 1887, to be selected by the Executive Committee of the American Mastiff Club. The winner to receive 75 per cent. of the sweepstakes; 25 per cent. to go to the second.

In entering dogs for the show, at which it is decided to hold the mastiff sweepstakes, it will be necessary to enter them according to the regulations of that show, in their regular classes and also specifying on the entry blank that they are "to compete for the mastiff sweepstakes." Entries close March 1, 1887.

Mr. R. H. Derby, 9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York, is the Secretary.

FAKED REPORTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After the close of our late bench show in this city I sent a Chicago contemporary a report of the same, and included in it some complimentary references to the judge (Mr. Chas. H. Mason), which were well merited in my estimation, and in that of all the exhibitors, with, I believe, not one single exception. The Chicago editor, for reasons obvious to all, "faked" the report. After this I sent the same editor a copy of a set of resolutions passed by our club at a regular meeting, indorsing Mr. Mason as a judge, and setting forth the great satisfaction he had given the club. For the same reasons as those which prompted him to fake the report of our show, the Chicago manipulator refused to publish the resolutions. His conduct in this matter is a direct insult to respectable journalism as well as to our club, and I feel it to be my duty to give these facts to your numerous readers, so that they may attach the necessary amount of importance to his reports which have appeared or which may appear of shows judged by Mr. Mason.—H. W. WILSON, (St. John, N. B. Feb. 5),

THE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

IN commencing an article on the Yorkshire terrier, it is necessary to trace back their origin as far as possible. With this object in view, I have been at some trouble in looking up several old fanciers, one of whom, John Richardson, of Halifax, is now in his 67th year. And very interesting it was to hear this aged man go back to the "good old days" of over half a century ago. I regret, however, that, although we can find men who have been in the fancy so long, the origin of the present Yorkshire terrier is somewhat obscure. Fifty years ago there was in Halifax and the immediate neighborhood a type of dog called at that time (and even within these last twenty years) a "Waterside Terrier," a little game dog, varying in weight from 6lbs. to 20lbs., but mostly about 10lbs. weight—a dog resembling very much the present Welsh and Airedale terrier on a small scale. At this period these dogs were bred for the purpose of hunting and killing rats. They would go into the river and work with a ferret, and were just in their element when put into a rat pit. An almost daily occurrence at that time was to back them to kill a given number of rats in a given time. It seems almost a pity that such a breed should have become extinct. Mr. Richardson himself owned a little bitch called Polly, who weighed 6lbs., and she was frequently put into a rat pit with a dozen rats, the whole of which she would speedily kill against time. She would also swim the river and hunt with the ferret. This little bitch, I am told, had four or five inches of coat on each side of her body, with a white or silver head. At that time, however, the average specimen was a shorter-coated dog, with grizzle-gray, hardish coat. It, however, seems to me, and is also the opinion of many old fanciers whom I have consulted, that they were the ancestors for the present breed. There is no doubt, also, that the blood of the Skye terrier was introduced at some remote period, which may account for the longer coat and long body that existed some ten or fifteen years later. No care or definite object, however, seems to have been aimed at in breeding at this time beyond getting a dog thoroughly game. It seems that it was more by good luck than management that about twenty or thirty years ago a longer and softer-coated dog became known. It must also be borne in mind that at this time their coats were not cultivated as they were later on. Dog shows were almost unknown in those days, and even later were scarce.

We now come to about twenty-three years ago, when shows became frequent, and classes were made for this breed under the name of "Scotch Terriers," and, in fact, it is only very recently they were properly named the Yorkshire terrier. About the first to make a name at this time was Mr. John Inman, of Brighouse, one of the most respected and best judges of the breed now living, and to whom I am greatly indebted for much of this early information. Just twenty-two years ago Mr. Inman was at the top of the tree with a little dog called Don, weighing 6lbs. This little dog had on his sides about 9in. of hair, of a good blue color, and the head and legs were a wonderfully rich golden tan. This little dog won eighteen prizes, and was sold to Mr. Peter Eden, of Manchester, for whom he also won a great number of prizes. This dog takes us as far back in the history of the breed as I am able to trace any of note, and he is doubtless responsible for many good dogs since. But, to show the difference in sizes that were allowed, I will mention that Mr. Inman, about the same period, won nearly forty prizes with a dog called Charley, which weighed over 14lbs. About this time, Mr. Inman informs me, richness of tan was considered indispensable, and he is strongly in favor of color over coat. A Mr. J. Dewhurst, of Halifax, Mr. Dinsdale, and Mr. Teal, of Leeds, and one or two others were about the only exhibitors at this time, three or four being an average number of entries at shows; and most of the exhibits were on the big side, some of them weighing over 15lbs. each.

Then became very common a breed of dog peculiar to Leeds, a sort of cross between a Maltese and wire-haired fox-terrier, taking after the latter in build, and the former in quality and quantity of coat, and it is presumed they were crossed with the strain of Scotch or Yorkshire terrier. The result was a dog much on the lines of the present Yorkshire terrier, but almost white or silver-haired, having no tan but a vast quantity of hair, and these were called "Silver-haired Terriers." Classes were provided specially for them at some of the leading shows, but I am pleased to find they are fast dying, and that the fancy is fast returning to a class more resembling the old breed of blue-and-tans. It is just about twenty years ago that a dog called Huddersfield Ben made his appearance. He weighed about 9lbs., and belonged to Mr. J. Foster, of Bradford, the well-known exhibitor of the present day. Huddersfield Ben was, perhaps, the nearest approach to the present Yorkshire that then existed. He was not a very good tanned dog, and not anything like so heavy coated as some. As a sire he proved very valuable, a great many of the present winners having his blood in their veins, this dog and Inman's Charley having the run for several years, both at stud and on the show bench. It is not necessary to go further, as from this date the breed was firmly established, and has continued to progress, each breeder vying with another to produce a superior animal. There can be no doubt that the present breed are very much in-bred, in fact, as I have stated, the breed is confined to Halifax and its immediate neighborhood, so it is almost impossible to breed from dogs that have not some relationship. This accounts in a great measure for their delicateness and smallness, and very few of them would now look at a rat, much less kill one.

Even if they were disposed to it would not be wise to permit it, especially with small and valuable dogs, for fear of accidents. It is a great mistake to imagine that it is necessary to breed from long-coated and small specimens to produce the like, as bitches of 16lbs. weight have bred toys weighing only 3 or 4lbs. when full grown; while bitches of 5lbs. weight have bred dogs that have reached 14lbs. when matured. They are constantly throwing back, no matter how good and well chosen the parents. In a litter of Yorkshire terrier pups, when they are grown, I select the largest bitch of the lot, irrespective of quality, and I put her to a small dog of the best blood. I am quite as likely to breed high-class specimens in this way as if I breed from the best bitch ever seen on the show bench. In fact a bitch with a long coat would be ruined while having the care of a family. I have known really high-class winning bitches that were own sister to a rank bad one, so far as appearance went; but I would just as soon breed from the worst looking one, if put to a really good dog—and the dog above all others that I should select would be one that was most likely to produce richness of tan on head and legs.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features in connection with this breed is that the pups, when born, are quite black and smooth-coated, like a black and tan terrier. It has been my lot, on more than one occasion, to sell a Yorkshire terrier bitch in pup to a first-class dog, and afterward to receive a most insulting and indignant letter saying the pups were mongrels, and had, in consequence, been drowned—simply because they were black. In fact, so little knowledge exists in some parts of the country of the peculiarities of this breed in their early days, that I do believe some people expect them to be born with a long silky coat, ready parted, etc., simply because they never see this breed except when on the show bench. Yorkshire terriers might, in fact, be called the Halifax terrier, seeing they are almost exclusively bred in Halifax or the environs, and even when bred in other towns they can always be traced back as coming originally from Halifax. Very few outside the fancy can imagine the tremendous amount of care and attention that have to be given to this breed before they are good enough to make a name in the prize ring. I have known men spend many long years in breeding, and still never have one good enough for competition. This is, no doubt, one of the chief reasons that account for the scarcity of good winning Toys. Where one champion turns up fifty others are only very average specimens. Still, it must be borne in mind, that even the good ones are not got to perfection without continuous labor and care. Another reason for their scarcity is the large and continual demand from all parts of the world for these little beauties. It is a remarkable fact that they are mostly bred by workingmen. The result is, that as soon as the puppies begin to show their quality they are mostly purchased by others and sent to all parts of the country to be afterward lost sight of. I have myself sent over 300 away during the past twenty years, and only a few days ago sold five very choice specimens, two of which are going to India, one to America, and another to Africa, while the other remains in London. This shows how they are admired all over the world. I must also note that far more good specimens die than are reared.

It is not the actual scarcity, however, of this breed that makes the classes so poorly filled at some of our leading shows. But it is absolutely necessary that some one should go with them to exhibit them to the best advantage, and also to attend to their coats and general comfort, as a few days' neglect can easily do more harm to a good heavy-coated dog than many weeks of care and attention could remedy. Another great reason for personal attendance is that the "best dog does not always win," and I think it most unfair for gentlemen to undertake to judge this or any other breed if he does not feel himself thoroughly competent to do justice to the post. There can be no question about it that the Toys are the chief attraction of a show, and it is a pity more care is not taken to give them "fair play" and let the best dog win, no matter "whom it belongs to." Gentlemen are invariably selected to judge this breed who probably never see one except when on the show bench, and, to speak plainly, it is positively painful to see the way they are misjudged at some of our leading shows. I am very pleased, however, to find that many judges have studied the points of the breed, and are trying as quick as possible to become proficient. Just recently, also, there has been formed a Yorkshire Terrier Club. The first meeting was convened during the Halifax Dog Show last year. Mr. J. W. Berrie, of London, afterward elected as president, had worked hard to get the fancy together, and gave me all the assistance in power, I acting as secretary *pro tem.* A very good meeting was the result, and after many other meetings a standard of points was drawn up and finally settled as follows:

General Appearance.—This should be that of a long-coated pet dog, the coat hanging quite straight and evenly down each side, a parting extending from the nose to the end of the tail. The animal should be very compact and neat, the carriage being very "sprightly," bearing an important air. Although the frame is hidden beneath a mantle of hair the general outline should be such as to suggest the existence of a vigorous and well-proportioned body.

Head.—This should be rather small and flat, not too prominent or round in the skull; rather broad at the muzzle, with a perfectly black nose; the hair on the muzzle very long, which should be a rich deep tan, not sooty or gray. Under the chin, long hair, and about the same color as the center of the head, which should be a bright golden tan, and not on any account intermingled with dark or sooty hairs. Hair on the sides of the head should be very long and a few shades deeper tan than the center of the head, especially about the ear-roots.

The *eyes* should be medium in size, dark in color, having a sharp intelligent expression and placed so as to look directly forward, but should not be prominent. The edges of the eyelids should also be of a dark color.

Ears.—Cut or uncut; if cut, quite erect; uncut, small, V-shaped, and carried semi-erect. Covered with short hair. Color to be a deep dark tan.

The *mouth* should be good and even; teeth as sound as possible. A dog having lost a tooth or two through accident, not the least objectionable, providing the jaws are even.

The *body* should be very compact, with a good loin, and level on the top of the back.

Coat.—The hair as long and straight as possible (not wavy) which should be flossy, like silk, not woolly. It should extend from the back of the head to the root of the tail. Color, a bright steel blue, and on no account intermingled with fawn, light or dark hairs.

Legs.—Quite straight, of a bright golden tan color and well covered with hair a few shades lighter at the ends than at the roots.

Feet.—As round as possible; toenails black.

Weight.—Divided into two classes, viz., under 5lbs. and over 5lbs., but not to exceed 12lbs.

Value of Points in Judging.—Quantity and color of hair on back, 25; quality of coat, 15; tan 15; head, 10; eyes, 5; mouth, 5; ears, 5; legs and feet, 5; body and general appearance, 10; tail, 5; total 100.

On my resignation as secretary, Mr. H. W. Alderson (of Leeds) was elected, and the club is to be congratulated upon having made such an excellent choice. As far back as I can remember, Mr. Alderson was always strong in the fancy, and I believe was almost at the top of the tree in Yorkshires twenty years ago; although of late years his name has not appeared among the list of exhibitors, he is, I know, as much interested in the Yorkshire terrier as ever he was. Mr. Alderson had a famous dog about thirteen years ago, called Mozart. This celebrated Yorkshire terrier won 164 prizes, viz., 142 firsts, 17 seconds and 5 thirds, including no less than 36 silver cups, etc., the other celebrities about the same time being Reckless und Sandy, owned by Mr. Alderson; Mr. P. Eden's Albert, Hoyle's Tasso and Delhi, Taylor's Willie, Burgess's Kitty, Spink's Doctor; Alice, Bright, Emperor, Dundreary, Bruce, King, King William, Morning Star, Prince, etc.

I trust I may be excused in passing a few criticisms of the above standard of points, as I know they were drawn up after much careful thought by the members of the club. Of course, it is one thing putting on paper what ought to be, and quite another thing to produce the exact ideal. I know of no breed so likely to vary in points as the Yorkshire terrier. But if judges will try to select the dogs nearest to the above standard, then the objects of the club will be accomplished. Personally, I confess a weakness for color over quantity of coat, as I contend it is quite possible to produce a vast quantity of coat on a specimen otherwise indifferent. From boyhood, I remember my father (now deceased) being a great breeder and fancier of Yorkshire terriers, and he could not tolerate a dog without the rich golden tan, and I certainly inherit his weakness, and think the points most difficult to obtain should be thought most highly of when they are produced. I am rather afraid that of late years too much thought has been given to length of coat in preference to good color and moderate coat combined. "A lot of hair, with a dog attached," does not constitute a perfect Yorkshire terrier. Another point, also, that I would like to mention is the weight. It will be observed the club standard says—Weight, divided into two classes, viz., under 5lbs. and over 5lbs., but not to exceed 12lbs. Well, now, unfortunately, the managements of the various shows in the past have not divided the classes, and I regret to say, have not, in most cases, made a class at all for this breed, but put them in as "Toys, any variety." This, of course, prevents a good big dog being shown except in a variety class. What I am anxious to impress on the minds of the fancy is that where all sizes are shown together, "a good little one should always beat a good big one." No amount of argument would persuade me otherwise. From a life-long experience I know that good little dogs are much more difficult to breed than big ones, and when produced ought certainly to have the preference, like a diamond among precious stones, simply from its scarcity. I have often been amused at some of our leading shows to see a judge go to a dog about 7lbs. or 8lbs. weight, and take the hair on each side to notice its length, and then walk up to another in the same class about 3lbs. or 4lbs. weight, and go through the same performance, shake his head and think how much longer the big dog's coat was, seemingly never taking into consideration the proportionate difference in size, etc. Probably the small dog's coat would reach nearer the ground than the bigger dog's would. I contend that a dog at 4lbs. weight, with 9in. of hair on each side of his body, is much longer proportionately than 12in. on each side of a dog weighing 8lbs.

And all must admit that it requires much more care to rear a very small dog, especially one that is straight in limb and body; hence my contention. I have often been asked how these wonderful long coats were produced, and to make this article as complete as possible, I will give as full an explanation as I am able to of the method I adopt. As I stated at the outset, the pups, when born, are quite black, with tan markings and smooth coats like the black and tan terrier. Beyond taking care of them and keeping their beds dry and warm, very little notice is taken of them till about three or four months old, when the hair has got rough and begins to show signs of altering color on the skull and down the center of the back. Then begins a long and tedious preparation of daily brushing to cultivate a parting in the coat. I then slightly grease them all over with the following, which I have always used: Six ounces of neat's foot oil, six drachms of tincture of cantharides, six drops of oil of rosemary; put into a bottle and always shake well before applying. This is certain to cause the hair to grow. One of the main causes why we always keep them greased is to keep the coat straight and free from clots or matting together. They are usually washed once a week, and greased again the same day. I also keep each foot tied up in a small stocking or bag to prevent them scratching or catching their claws in the coat and dragging it out. It is really wonderful the great change and improvement that can be seen each week. When washing I use a bit of good plain soap. Dog soaps as advertised are too strong for their delicate skins. After washing they should be well dried with a soft towel and placed on a stool in front of a good warm fire, and afterward carefully combed and brushed. I say carefully combed because it is easy to pull off more hair at one time than can be grown again in many weeks, and they should always be combed and brushed till every hair is thoroughly free; if any small clots are left in it will only be so much worse to get out next time. This weekly process must be continued through life if one desires to have the dog's coat perfect. Some dogs grow much more coat than others, however, and all the care and attention in the world won't make some dogs ever carry but a moderate amount, and no matter how well bred, there will always be "good, bad, and indifferent," and more by far of the last.

Now a few words as to diet. It is not advisable to give these beautiful little creatures much meat if they will eat anything else. Personally, however, I give my Toys a little meat every day. I usually cut up very fine a small quantity of good beef and mutton from our own table, and mix it with a little potato, gravy, and soaked or crumbled bread, and I never feed my dogs more than once a day, and even then never allow them to have too much. Better far give them two meals with half the quantity than let them overfeed themselves. They are usually kept in a small cage, with a wire front, and never allowed to lie about in front of a fire. They require as much exercise as possible in some quiet place; the dangers of the public street are too great to risk, and they must not be taken into the open air at all if cold and wet. They do not require much in the way of drink, but the best thing for them is a little milk-and-water or sweetened tea-and-milk. In the case of dogs with a lot of hair on the head it is advisable to comb it from the face and tie it back, otherwise it becomes very dirty and uncomfortable by falling into their food, etc., which will rot the hair.

If care and attention be paid to their diet they require very seldom any medicine; it is far better to study their habits and requirements in food than to constantly keep physicking them—their little frames cannot stand it. But when really required nothing is safer or better than a teaspoonful of good castor oil. If it should do them no good it cannot harm them. One of the greatest possible dreads is distemper. This fearful disease has swept some thousands of promising youngsters away. It usually (as in other breeds) attacks them between three and six months old. I have found the best remedy to be, on noticing a puppy look the least bit unwell, to at once give it a very small portion of Rackham's Distemper Balls. It usually causes them to vomit, and brings up a quantity of clotted phlegm away from the stomach. If this matter is attended to at once I have generally found the puppy to progress favorably. But should distemper once fairly settle on to a puppy of this breed the chances are very much against its life being spared, and if the distemper be accompanied with fits it may be looked upon as a very hopeless case. There is so little of them to start with that a very few days (and sometimes hours) are quite sufficient to finish them off. For those that do linger on, however, nothing will surpass warmth and care. Much patience is required in bad lingering cases, as they invariably refuse their food and have to be fed from a teaspoon. It is a great mistake in these cases to give them beef tea or anything of a greasy nature, as it causes violent purging. A little arrowroot and milk is about the best. In cases of violent purging, the very best remedy I have ever found is mutton suet, scraped up very fine and put into a little milk and allowed to simmer gently until the suet has melted away; it is remarkably nourishing and soothing. Another almost infallible remedy for purging for a puppy that will eat is a little beef bone (from roasted beef), crushed up very fine.

I have dwelt somewhat on purging because it is a very common and often a very fatal ailment in these small pets. Still, I don't wish my readers to get the idea that they are a delicate dog when reared. Once over the distemper (many never have it), they are as hearty and sound as possible, and often live to a great age. I have only quite recently lost a little bitch, about 4lbs. weight, who was over fifteen years of age, and she never had distemper or a day's serious illness. She must have run some hundreds of miles after my father prior to his death. In drawing this somewhat lengthy article to a close, I would have liked, were it possible, to have mentioned some of the best dogs of recent years—but their names are so familiar that it seems a waste of time. It is also impossible to enumerate all the breeders known to me during my career. As their names are legion, and I might easily omit the names of some that deserve to be placed in the first rank as breeders, I would rather, in conclusion, say that, if I have omitted any feature that any of my readers would have liked to have seen mentioned, it may be taken for granted that it is an oversight; and at their request I would gladly give them all the information in my power. I trust the day will soon come when suitable classes will be provided for this breed at all our shows, and that gentlemen may be appointed to judge them who "understand them"—and then only may we hope to see at our leading shows good classes of the most beautiful of all dogs, the Yorkshire Toy Terrier.—*G. H. Wilkinson in the Stock-Keeper.*

PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—Philadelphia, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Philadelphia Kennel Club will hold a dog show April 19, 20, 21 and 22.—E. COMFORT, President.

HARE DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In northern New England we often hear this question from sportsmen: "Why is it we cannot get reliable rabbit hounds?" It is a fact that our best rabbit, or properly speaking, hare hounds will, at times, and often, too, lose one of these "racers" in the most aggravating manner. After diligent observation and inquiry, I have yet to learn of a single dog that was even approximately infallible in the pursuit of these timid denizens of our fur thickets. We have a goodly number of hounds hereabouts that will follow a fox for several days over as rough fox country as there is in the United States, with the ideal fox-hound sagacity and perseverance; but not a hare dog that will not lose from one to half a dozen hares every time he is taken out. Gentlemen in my own town have gone to great trouble and expense in procuring dogs for this fascinating sport; but as a rule they prove to be useless. There are reasons for this difficulty, I think. Firstly, our hares give out very little scent anyway. Secondly, they are generally hunted after a snow storm, which in these latitudes are by no means always damp storms. Thirdly, the hares take long jumps in running. Fourthly, the dog's barking jumps other hares, which will often cross, or follow along in for a distance the runway of the hare first jumped. Finally a small dog will sink in nearly out of sight in the deep, dry snow, of which we have so much on our mountains, and a large dog in a light fall of snow will run altogether too fast. Unfortunately, we cannot always have such a depth of snow as will be adapted to each kind of dog. I am convinced that dogs which will do well on the kind found south of us are almost useless on Southern hares. Beagles we find too small and large hounds too fast.

Is there no remedy then? I think there is. By crossing beagles with hounds of the Virginia foxhound blood, for instance, both sire and dam being trained on hares and nothing else, and with an occasional new infusion of blood of the same character, obtain, in due course of time, the much desired result—a dog of good nose, cunning and grit, with the strength to make his way through deep snow, and not too fast. I am a firm believer in the laws of heredity, and I opine that characteristics of mind and body may be cultivated and improved in dogs by painstaking breeding, as surely as one or the other or both have been in the cases of hogs, cattle and horses.

Many of the patrons of your journal must have hare dogs, let us hear from them as to how their dogs were bred and broken, and, although numbers of them may not support me in my statement as to the present inefficiency of the hare dog they may enlighten these who have made observations similar to DALG.

THE DOGS OF ANTIQUITY.

CANINE historical times take us as far back as the ancient Egyptians, whose regard for those intelligent animals was so great as to lead them to exalt them to the rank of deities. However preposterous this fact may now appear to some of us, it may strike one that the bewigged inhabitants of the Nile Valley were not so dark in mind as in body, for, grateful for the important sanitary services rendered by the scavenger dogs that abounded in their great cities, they showed their appreciation by paying them homage after their fashion. Then let us not glance with such a consciousness of enlightment at the puppy mummies that stare so inanely from the glass cases of the British Museum, for some day future *rejctoris* of the "coming race" may look with a grim smile upon the tombstone of Darwin.

Laying aside some mongrel forms, two distinct species only are depicted on the ancient Egyptian monuments, one a tall, strong-limbed greyhound, either spotted black and white, or of a dun color; the other a terrier-looking little beast, very similar to the oft-recurring jackal, but different in a characteristic tail.

The Assyrians of old were keen sportsmen and rivalled, or, perhaps, eclipsed, the boasted record of some of our mighty Nimrods, for they fearlessly hunted the lion and tiger in an age when repeating rifles and breechloading shotguns were yet buried ages deep in the future.

In the royal battues the game was brought down with no other weapons than bow and arrow and the deadly javelin; but the huntsmen were accompanied in the chase by huge, fierce dogs, resembling the gigantic Thibetan mastiff, on whose courage they greatly depended for their safety. Relays of the somewhat gaunt-looking steeds of the country and period must have been necessary to enable the Ninevehan grandees to follow the strong-muscled hounds after their favorite prey, the swift-footed wild ass, and rich must have been the sport as they careened in full cry through plain and over rocky hillsides. Probably to a similar breed belonged the dog sent as a present to Alexander the Great by the King of Albania, which Pliny mentions in his "Natural History." This dog, when turned loose before bears, wild boars and stags, refused to attack them. This conduct so disgusted the monarch that he ordered the animal to be destroyed, but the King of Albania hearing of this, sent him another, with the recommendation to put before the noble animal antagonists worthy of its strength and courage. Thereupon Alexander had a lion provided, and the dog was liberated. In twenty seconds the back of the lion was broken. An elephant was next selected for an encounter with this Molossus, with equally fatal results; the mastodon, bewildered by incessant and lightning-like attacks on all sides, gradually became giddy and finally came down with a crash, the ground shaking with the fall, to the intense and demonstrative delight of the great conqueror.

In ancient times dogs apparently "took the shilling," as we have an account of a king of Garamantes being brought back from exile by 200 dogs "which he maintained to combat against all his opponents."

Pliny also tells us that "the people of Colonophon and Costaboh kept troops of dogs for the purpose of war, and these used to fight in the front rank and were never known to retreat; they were faithful auxiliaries," and what was quite an item required no pay except food and lodging. History does not inform us whether the regimental cook ever worked up surplus or decrepid dogs into bolognas—sometimes silence speaks more eloquently than words.

Wolf dogs and greyhounds, with a smaller spaniel-like breed, are the dogs oftener recorded by Greek art. The two former seem to have been chiefly used by the chase, and the latter appears as a favorite with the gentler sex, depicted on the decorated vases of the time. In the scene illustrating the recognition between Ulysses and his faithful dog Argus, we find "the dog is of the large sporting kind with long head, square muzzle and curved tail."

Homer mentions table dogs; these in paintings and sculptures of banquet scenes are shown picking up crumbs, a privilege they sometimes shared with favorite roosters, the silver spurred "royal games." But we are sorry to say our faithful friend and servitors have not been equally well treated in all countries. In Sygaros, an island lying off the promontory of Ras-el-Had, they were sedulously expelled from the interior and left to wander and die on the seashore, a most extraordinary proceeding which is wholly unexplained. Cruelty of some character appears occasionally pleasant to mankind, and such exhibitions as those afforded by the Roman circus have their modified representations in the tournaments and jousts of the middle ages, as well as in the bull fights of the present day.

Sculptured specimens of Molossian dogs may be seen at the entrance of the *Sala degli Animali*, in the Vatican. In the Græco-Roman saloon of the British Museum there is a statuette representing the metamorphosis of Acteon; the indiscreet huntsman being attacked by his hounds, which are of the wolf-dog variety. In the lower room there is also a capital marble group of two greyhounds at play, from the Monte Cognolo, near Rome.

It is noticeable that none of the old greyhounds have the thinness of limbs of our modern ones, and the puppy trails of those in the latter specimen are very evident. Ancient writings give us so many testimonials of the dog's fidelity and intelligence that it would require a volume of no mean size to hold them. FRANK HEYWOOD.

COON DOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "W. C." in yours of Jan. 27, I would say that when I was young coon hunting was my steady diet. When a collegian, Bose and Tiger absorbed much more of my attention than Cæsar's Commentaries or Davies's mathematics. The result of my observation was that a cross between a hound and a "yaller" dog was the best coon dog. If the "yaller" was a collie, it did first rate; a snapping dog is the thing to handle a coon singly, and if a wildcat is stirred up by mistake, nothing but a "snap and let go" dog has any business there. A hold-fast like a bulldog would be disembowelled in short order. Nowadays that we have got past "yaller" dogs, I would suggest the cross of a hound on a Bedlington or other large terrier. If the Airedales are thoroughly good vermin dogs, I should think they would be the thing, adding weight, power and "varmint" capacity to the cross. An old hound who has lost the edge off of his speed often makes a good coon dog, but my observation was that the hound lacked the vermin-killing taste that is wanted in a coon dog. What glorious fun coon hunting is. Fox hunting is well enough in its way, but if in a deer district some of you "sportsmen" are sure to kill a hound if the unfortunate gets on the trail of a deer, and if there ever was a hound that wouldn't run a deer trail or chivy a goat, I wouldn't have him, for he wouldn't be able to scent his dinner if ten yards away. Then, there is no knowing where a fox chase may lead you to, and the most ardent hunter has legs that will get tired climbing over hills and rocks. A coon chase is so easily gotten up, has such a free and easy way about it, no wrangling about "There, Flute is ahead," followed by "You're a liar, it's Lead," a lot of wrangling about something they know nothing of, and in the nature of things can't know anything of. Then the fun of climbing a tree after a coon, to find that the dog has "lied," is immense, not in the eyes of the climber, but in those who witness it, and who are not the owners of the dog that "lied." Then again, the murderous instinct of mankind is gratified in a coon chase, for the rule is that you "kill something," while if you do it in a fox hunt the chances are you don't see it.—H. S.

MR. H. WYNDHAM CARTER.—At Maidstone, on Saturday, before Mr. Justice Denman, Harry Wyndham Carter, described in the calendar as a journalist, was charged with feloniously wounding Frederick Willson, with intent to maim. Mr. Kemp, Q. C., and Mr. Grain appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Cock, Q. C., and Mr. Gill defended. Two bailiffs were trying to enter the house of the prisoner under a bill of sale. The prisoner came to the window, which was a projecting one, warned the bailiffs three times, and then fired down upon one of them with a revolver but missed him, as he took shelter underneath the window. The other then called out that Carter was a coward to shoot at the head. On this Carter fired at the second man. The revolver was loaded with cartridges filled with No. 8 shot, which Carter had had made for the purpose. The bailiff was shot in the face and head, and one of the shots entering the eye, caused loss of sight. It appeared that Carter, in consequence of threats uttered against a collector of income-tax, had been bound over to keep the peace on a former occasion. In the result he was found guilty of unlawful wounding. The judge, in giving sentence, said it was a very bad case, and inflicted on him the maximum penalty of five years' penal servitude.—*The (London) Times.*

LARGE MASTIFF PUPPIES.—Fair Haven, Vt., Feb. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Mr. Heldeman's communication of Jan. 27, claiming the largest mastiff bitch of which there is any record, I agree with him that his is a very large one, but not equaled by several I could give, sired by Mr. Winchell's Boss, at 7mos. old. I gave the weight of my Boss's Zulu, 132lbs.; Boss's Major, 124½lbs.; Boss's Joe, 118lbs. The two bitches of this litter were sick with the distemper nearly one month previous, and weighed only a trifle more than they did at 6mos. Boss's Meg weighed 113½lbs., Boss's Venus, the titman of the litter, weighed 109lbs. Mr. Winchell's Boss's Minnie (A.K.R. 3374) at 7mos. weighed 119½lbs., now at 13mos. weighs 153lbs. I doubt if the weight of any one all in one litter was ever equaled before. Also, I question if there ever was a mastiff stud dog that shows such a record.—CHAS. R. ALLEN.

BESSIE'S PEDIGREE.—Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 20 Mr. W. B. Wells of Chatham, Ont., states that Bessie's pedigree is false. If it be true why did not Mr. Wells or Mr. Brown dispute it in 1885, when she was advertised for sale in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Harrington; also when she was exhibited at Boston in the same year by A. R. Fowler, Newburyport, Mass. When I purchased Bessie from G. H. Lang, Haverhill, Mass., he gave me the following pedigree of Bessie: black and white ticked. Bred by A. W. Harrington, Ruthven, Ont., whelped April, 1884, owned by J. B. Bolton, Newburyport, Mass. She is by Mingo out of Fausta II. If this pedigree is genuine, as they claim it to be, let them come out and show their colors.—I. TENNEY.

THE PROVIDENCE DOG SHOW.—The first show of the Rhode Island Kennel Club will be held at Providence, R. I., March 29 to April 1. The premiums offered are silver medals in the champion classes, and $10 and $5, in all of the prominent classes, with $8 and $4 in the others, and diplomas in the puppy classes. The Secretary writes that $250 in cash is already offered in special prizes and that enough more is expected to give each of the classes a handsome sum. We have no doubt that the entry list will be a large one. As this will be the initial exhibition of the Providence Club it is greatly to be hoped that the organizers may meet such success as will encourage them to give other shows in the future.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Field Trials Club at the Burnet House, Cincinnati, Ohio, at 10 A. M. on Monday, February 21, for the purpose of investigating the charges preferred in the matter of the handling of Ben Hill in the Ben Hill-Lillian heat at the recent trials, and for the consideration of such other business as may properly be brought before the committee. Members of the club and all interested are invited to attend. By order of the Executive Committee.—W. B. SHATTUC, President.

SPANIEL SWEEPSTAKES.—The American Spaniel Club offer a sweepstake for field spaniels whelped in 1886, also a sweepstake for cocker spaniels.—A. C. WILMERDING, Secretary, 17 Murray street, New York.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—The New England Kennel Club are making every effort to have their coming show the best that has ever been held in Boston. The premiums offered are very liberal, $20, $10 and a medal in nearly all the classes, besides a large number of special prizes, many of them being in cash. The club have taken the lead in allowing puppies to be withdrawn the second day of the show. This is a very sensible arrangement that we are sure will be pleasing to exhibitors, and the example will doubtless be followed by other clubs.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Boyd Noble. By Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1886, by Count Noble out of Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277).

Alf Boyd. By Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., for blue belton and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1886, by Count Noble out of Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277).

Zoraya. By Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1886, by Count Noble out of Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277).

Clifford's Bow. By Geo. E. Wilson, Van Wert, Ohio, for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1886, by King Bow out of Sue.

Queen. By Hiram Card, Elora, Ontario, for black Newfoundland bitch, whelped Nov. 25, 1886, by Sancho out of Juno II. (Carlo—Juno).

Tagliont. By Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., for liver-ticked pointer bitch, whelped August, 1886, by Bob (Bang—Princess Kate) out of Mollie (Don Carlos—Regalia).

Black Aggie. By Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 24, 1886, by Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

Madam. By John H. Sutcliffe, Louisville, Ky., for tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 18, 1886, by Merchant Prince (Bayard—Pastime) out of Nun (Monk II.—Abbess II.).

Maxie. By R. L. Houston, Birmingham, Ala., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 29, 1886, by his Bob H. out of Minnie Belle.

Norah V. By C. W. Rodenburg, Hoboken, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 10, 1886, by Glencho (Elcho—Norcen) out of Norah O'More (Berkley—Tilly).

NAMES CHANGED.

Mustard to Happy Obo. By Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1885, by Obo (Farrow's Obo—Farrow's Betty) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Queen Obo—Doc. American Cocker Kennels' (Camden, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3082) to their Doc (A.K.R. 3795), Jan. 25.

Royal Fan—Gunner. Hiram Card's (Elora, Ont.) foxhound bitch Royal Fan to H. Card's Gunner, Feb. 1.

Chimer—Blue Cap. Hiram Card's (Elora, Ont.) beagle bitch Chimer (A.K.R. 669) to his Blue Cap (Blue Cap—Blue Bell), Jan. 31.

Zylpha—Dick Laverack. Samuel S. McCuen (New Orleans, La.) English setter bitch Zylpha (Count Noble—Sanborn's Nellie) to his Dick Laverack (A.K.R. 2051), Jan. 22.

Fairy II.—Doctor. L. Gardner (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fairy II. (A.K.R. 4387) to W. Crawford's Doctor (imp. Pilot—imp. Madge), Jan. 30.

Lass—Planet. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lass (Sleaford—Dawn) to Idstone Kennels' Planet (Meteor—Accident), Jan. 30.

Lady Croxteth—Planet. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lady Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass) to Idstone Kennels' Planet (Meteor—Accident), Oct. 29.

Spinaway II.—Planet. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Spinaway II. (imp. Bang—Spinaway) to Idstone Kennels' Planet (Meteor—Accident), Oct. 31.

Roxy Vera—William Tell. C. A. Parker's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Roxy Vera (Pete, Jr.—Roxy) to his William Tell (A. K.R. 2640), Jan. 10.

Nellie D.—William Tell. J. H. Jewett's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Nellie D. (Vandevort's Don—Daisy B.) to C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640), Jan. 25.

Mavis—Clipper. Jas. Watson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Mavis (Eclipse—Nesta A.K.R. 1494) to his Clipper (Eclipse—Nesta (A.K.R. 1494), Feb. 7.

Irene—Scot Free. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) collie bitch Irene (Bounce, A.K.R. 2456—Ailsa, A.K.R. 1217), to their Scot Free (A.K.R. 3632), Jan. 24.

Louise—Scot Free. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) collie bitch Louise (A.K.R. 3363) to their Scot Free (A.K.R. 3632), Jan. 18.

Peg—Suil-a-Mor. C. F. Chase's (Manchester, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Peg (Dash Elcho—Ruby) to Jos. Hayes's Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—Dido), Feb. 1.

Red Flash—Sarsfield. H. B. Spencer's (Catskill, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Red Flash (Glencho—Daisy) to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Belle II.), Dec. 25. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I sent a correction to the above a week ago, but I see it has not been corrected. Will you please have it correct? It is customary to publish pedigree, is it not, in the weekly FOREST AND STREAM? Please answer and oblige HENRY B. SPENCER, Catskill, N. Y. [We cheerfully publish this correction, which it would not have been necessary to do had the note been properly written in the first place, as we find that the copy is exactly as the item was published last week.]

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Blackberry Girl. Jas. Watson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Blackberry Girl (Rutland—Strawberry Girl, A.K.R. 3494), Jan. 16, eleven (three dogs) (two dead), by his Clipper (A.K.R. 2529).

Princess Helene. Ramapo kennels' (Mahwah, N. J.) English setter bitch Princess Helene (Thunder—Bessie), Jan. 13, six (two dogs), by Duke-Rhœbe Kennels' Buckellew (A.K.R. 20).

Florrie II. N. Leonard's (Boston, Mass.) English setter bitch Florrie II. (Lancaster—Florrie), Jan. 31, nine (six dogs), by his Prince (Pride—Florrie).

Passion. Wm. Tallman's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) English setter bitch Passion (A.K.R. 3424), November, 1886, six (three dogs), by Herman F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg).

Lady Croxteth. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lady Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass), Jan. 2, six dogs, by Idstone Kennels' Planet (Meteor—Accident).

Brownie. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) cocker spaniel bitch Brownie (A.K.R. 3072), Jan. 29, one dog, by his Obo—Crit (A.K.R. 4100).

Spinaway II. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Spinaway II. (Bang—Spinaway), Jan. 5, eight (three dogs), by Idstone Kennels' Planet (Meteor—Accident).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fritz (A.K.R. 1351)—Virginia (A.K.R. 1357) whelps. Lemon and white pointer bitches, whelped May 27, 1886, by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., one each to John H. Hodges and W. W. Labburner, Chicago, Ill.

Alpha (A.K.R. 3931). Fawn, black points, English mastiff bitch, whelped June 8, 1880, by Victor M. Haldeman, General Wayne, Pa., to F. A. Page, Bath, Me.

Bodkin. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Aug. 27, 1886, by Buckellew out of Nellie Druid, by Duke-Rhœbe Kennels, Flatbush, L. I., to E. R. Watson, Kearney, Neb.

Clifford's Bow. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1886, by King Bow out of Sue, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Geo. E. Wilson, Van Wert, O.

Koko. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 14, 1886, by Ranger (A.K.R. 4392) out of Fannie, by W. J. Furness, Ogdensburg, N. Y., to G. H. Carr, Hartford, Conn.

Bess Obo (A.K.R. 4092). Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 24, 1886, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Dr. J. T. Wheelock, Waterbury, Vt.

The Earl—Cully whelp. Black and tan points cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1886, by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to G. B. Drummond, Minneapolis, Minn.

Belthus—Passion whelps. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped November, 1886, by Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., to A. M. Hunter, New York city.

Mavis. Sable collie bitch, whelped July 27, 1884, by Eclipse out of imp. Nesta (A.K.R. 1494), by A. R. Kyle, Sound Beach, Conn., to Jas. Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mustard. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1885, by Obo II. out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by Hubert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., to Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt.

Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071)—Althea (A.K.R. 843) whelps. Four black cocker spaniel dogs and two bitches, whelped Oct. 24, 1886, by Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., one each to George J. Payson, Englewood, N. J., Fleetwood Kennels, Delhi, Delaware county, N. Y., Dr. J. T. Wheelock, Waterbury, Vt., F. C. Evans, Moretown, Vt. and F. E. Atkins, Burlington, Vt.

PRESENTATIONS.

Bob H. Black and white English setter dog, whelped March 31, 1885, by Count Noble out of Belle Boyd, by Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., to Hon. A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga.

DEATHS.

Heather. Brindle Scotch terrier bitch, whelped March, 1882 (Kilsey—Gyp), owned by J. H. Naylor, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 29.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. B., Pawtucket.—Keep the bowels free and in good condition with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses. Give five drops Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening in the food.

J. S. W., Waterbury, Vt.—Your dog has canker of the ears. Get the following: Of bromo-chloral one dram, of laudanum one dram, of water six drams. Mix. Drop in the ears morning and evening a few drops only, after cleansing and drying.

C. E., Charlestown. Two cocker pups, 5 mos. old, have been sick for two weeks. Symptoms: running water at nose and eyes; eyes gum up if not washed daily; slight cough and inclined to choke at times. Treated for distemper at first, but think it is worms now as I have found some. They eat well and appear smart. Sneeze and snuffle all the time. Ans. We think your pups have had both distemper and worms. Purge with castor oil and then give thirty grains of areca nut powdered and made into a large pill to each dog. Feed only on milk for a week. Give three grains of quinine three times daily in pill form hidden in a morsel of meat. If they have fever give two drops of tincture of aconite every hour.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

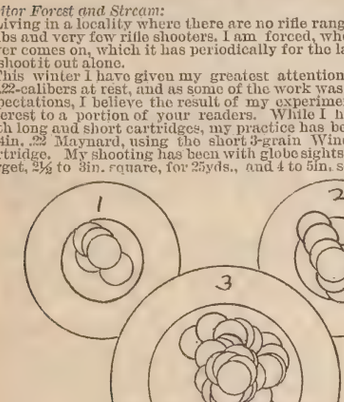
RANGE AND GALLERY.

REST SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Living in a locality where there are no rifle ranges nor shooting clubs and very few rifle shooters, I am forced, when the shooting fever comes on, which it has periodically for the last thirty years, to shoot it out alone.

This winter I have given my greatest attention to the shooting of .22-calibers at rest, and as some of the work was beyond my own expectations, I believe the result of my experimenting will be of interest to a portion of your readers. While I have barrels for both long and short cartridges, my practice has been mostly with a 24in. .22 Maynard, using the short 3-grain Winchester rim-fire cartridge. My shooting has been with globe sights at a plain white target, 2½ to 3in. square, for 25yds., and 4 to 5in. square for 50yds.



The shooting was done from a little 8x12 building, well warmed and comfortable, from which I could laugh at snow and rain.

In all cases the center of the target was the center shot at and measured from.

In 50 consecutive shots at 50yds., the only shots fired from the gun that day, the total measurement was 25 14-16in., and not a shot outside a 2in. ring.

In 100 consecutive shots at 25yds., the total measurement was 22½in., an average of 2¼in. in each string of 10 shots, hitting a ½in. bullseye 8 times in 10.

Inclosed are exact copies of 3 targets of 5, 10 and 30 consecutive shots in each, all at 75ft. In the first the 5 shots are entirely inside a ½in. ring; in the second the centers of the 10 shots are inside, and in the third all the 30 shots hit a ½in. spot.

In the vast amount of shooting that has been done with .22-calibers in galleries and elsewhere, there may have been many targets made better than these; but to make them requires not only a good shooter, a good gun, good ammunition, great care and pains, but a certain amount of good luck with all the rest.

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich. H. M. AVERY.

BOSTON, Feb. 5.—The light proved trying to the eyes of the riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day, but the other important condition, wind, proved to be excellent, and the large number of riflemen present enjoyed themselves immensely.

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

J Francis, A	7	9	7	10	9	10	10	9	7	10—88
H White, D	9	8	8	6	6	9	9	7	10	10—82
C E Berry, A	7	8	5	7	8	9	9	10	10	9—82
W O Burnite, A	7	10	10	7	9	4	8	10	9	8—82
W Charles, C	8	6	7	10	9	10	10	8	7	6—81
A L Brackett, A	8	5	9	8	10	8	10	5	8	8—79
W Gardner, C	9	8	9	8	9	6	6	7	8	6—76
H Withington, A	6	4	9	8	7	9	8	8	7	10—76
J N Frye, C	8	6	8	8	6	5	9	8	8	9—75
H Severance, A	7	9	6	7	4	10	7	6	9	9—73
N F Tufts, A	9	6	5	7	9	9	10	9	8	8—73
D L Chase, A	8	7	5	9	4	9	9	7	8	6—72
J R Munroe, A	8	7	8	5	10	1	8	10	7	6—70
G E Hall, D	7	7	8	8	7	5	7	6	6	9—70
F Carter (Mil.)	6	9	7	5	5	9	6	6	8	8—69
J A Cobb	7	8	3	7	8	8	5	6	10	5—67

Bullard Team Match.

F J Rabbeth	5	9	9	9	10	9	8	9	9	7—84
G R Russell	10	9	8	10	7	6	9	10	7	7—83
C E Berry	9	8	10	8	9	7	9	7	4	7—80
J B Fellows	7	7	7	8	9	5	7	9	8	10—77
C W Hinman	7	7	7	7	7	9	9	6	10	10—73
N F Tufts	7	5	7	9	7	7	10	6	6	10—74
H S Harris	6	10	7	7	9	5	10	9	6	8	5—74
Henry White	10	6	3	7	5	9	8	9	9	6—72
N C Nash	6	6	7	6	5	5	9	6	8	7—65
A L Brackett	6	6	7	6	5	5	5	10	6	5—61—746

Rest Match.

S Wilder, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—99
D L Chase, F	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—98
J R Munroe, A	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10—98
H J Foster, A	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—98

Pistol Match.

J Francis	8	6	9	9	5—37					
A C Gordon	9	8	8	4	6—35					

SALEM, Feb. 5.—The Salem Rifle Club, at their range to-day, had a small attendance, but the scores were good, as the figures show:

Practice Match—Standard Target, 200yds. Off-hand.

G A Wilson	6	6	6	6	9	10	6	10	10	8—77
B Wilkins	4	5	8	7	5	4	7	5	7	5—57
W B Elverton	6	10	4	5	4	3	6	8	4	5—55

State Militia Match—Creedmoor target, off-hand: G. A. Wilson, 44444—20, which fills his score for a bronze medal.

G A Wilson	44544—21	44445—21	44544—21	44454—21	54555—24
W Bacheller		45344—18	43345—19	34544—20	45444—21

The association will hold a shoot Feb. 22 for prizes.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Feb. 1.—In the first Bullard prize rifle contest, two teams from this city entered to shoot, the Williamsport Rifle Club, organized September 1886, and the old and reliable team of Company D, Twelfth Regiment N. G. Pa. Company D's total score, adding handicap, was 594; and the score of the Williamsport Rifle Club 591. After the scores were received through your valuable paper, a series of three matches was arranged between the two clubs, distance 200yds., using the Massachusetts' Combination Ringed Target. The team losing two matches out of the three to furnish an oyster supper for both teams. The first match, January 24, was as follows. Very windy day and score much lower than the second match:

Company D, Twelfth Regiment N. G. P., Geo. Gilmore, Captain:

Fullmer	7	5	9	8	10	9	9	9	10	7—83
Spotts	12	4	12	4	8	8	6	0	5	7—66
Fry	6	6	7	6	5	0	5	4	6	10—55
Winder	8	9	7	0	7	10	7	7	12	3—70
Galbraith	5	9	4	6	4	7	9	11	7	12—74
Cummings	0	5	11	7	8	5	6	10	11	6—72
Cook	4	0	3	5	9	7	7	4	9	3—51
Stair	0	3	3	7	4	3	8	8	3	8—48
Jamison	10	7	9	5	5	0	6	10	4	3—59
Bennett	6	11	9	9	9	10	5	4	9	9—77—655
Adding handicap										50
Total										705

Williamsport Rifle Club, N. A. Hughes, Captain:

Hughes	5	8	8	10	11	6	9	9	6	11—86
Piatt	10	12	7	11	7	5	0	6	7	8—73
Kelley	12	9	9	9	9	9	5	11	6	10—89
Millspaugh	10	4	9	5	8	11	7	9	8	7—78
Johnson	0	9	4	9	11	5	7	7	11	5—68
Crum	11	6	0	9	7	7	8	6	6	3—56
Harder	8	5	10	5	8	0	4	6	10	6—62
Whitehead	0	5	6	5	11	6	10	9	8	8—68
Heller	10	8	8	0	9	3	8	8	12	3—69
Rothrock	6	6	0	4	0	9	0	9	5	3—42—691

Second Match, Jan. 31—Company D, Twelfth Regiment, N. G. P., Geo. Gilmore, Captain:

Fulmer	9	12	10	9	9	12	12	11	9	7—100
Spotts	7	9	5	5	8	6	0	0	9	11— 60
Fry	7	7	6	10	9	11	8	11	6	7— 82
Winder	6	10	9	5	11	10	7	4	4	8— 74
Galbraith	7	10	8	10	10	11	10	5	8	8— 87
Cummings	3	9	0	5	5	7	7	9	8	8— 63
Cook	7	10	10	12	6	9	10	9	8	10— 91
Stair	0	7	5	11	7	10	6	6	6	7— 65
Jamison	10	9	5	10	8	0	4	9	6	8— 69
Bennett	8	8	9	8	11	10	5	6	8	4— 77—768
With handicap										50 — 818

Williamsport Rifle Club, N. A. Hughes, Captain:

Harder	5	11	11	9	11	9	6	10	8	6— 86
Hughes	8	8	11	8	10	8	6	9	6	9— 83
Heller	9	7	10	7	11	8	6	9	6	9— 80
Piatt	11	4	6	9	9	10	0	7	5	9— 78
Crum	8	9	7	12	10	6	12	9	8	6— 85
Rothrock	5	5	8	6	6	6	8	8	6	6— 64
Millspaugh	10	10	6	9	5	7	9	8	9	10— 67
Kelley	9	9	11	10	7	8	11	6	9	12—92
Johnson	6	5	12	12	10	11	6	7	8	12—89
Whitehead	7	9	10	5	8	0	9	12	12	9—90—814

First match Company D won by 14; second match by 4, total 18. The Rifle Club will furnish the oyster supper next Monday. The two matches were close ones, and considering that the club was only organized four months ago, and that the first time they ever shot at 200yds. was on Dec. 18, the shooting was good; and in the near future you can look for better scores.—WILLIAMSPORT.

Give distance and target when you send scores.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 6.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club on Saturday, Feb. 5., Bullard Team Match (No. 2):

E. F. Richardson	9	9	10	10	9	8	10	8	9	10—92
O. M. Jewell	7	9	6	8	9	8	8	7	9	10—81
Wm. Fisher	5	8	9	10	6	7	5	7	10	9—76
C. Hill	7	7	10	8	9	7	6	8	7	5—74
F. Clark	4	8	4	5	10	9	9	7	10	6—72
M. Beal	5	6	5	7	9	7	9	8	7	5—68
C. Frost	3	10	7	6	9	7	5	8	8	7—67
J. W. Bean	7	6	6	5	6	6	7	9	5	6—63
D. P. Norris	4	7	4	9	10	3	8	10	3	5—63
I. F. Butler	6	3	4	4	8	9	4	10	3	3—54—710

Practice match:

E F Richardson	10	9	8	10	7	9	7	8	7	10—85
O M Jewell	9	10	7	8	10	8	7	10	7	6—82
Wm Fisher	7	8	10	5	8	7	9	9	9	10—82
J W Bean	4	7	6	5	7	9	7	8	9	10—72
I F Butler	7	5	4	9	8	6	8	7	10	8—72
C Hill	5	8	6	4	9	8	10	9	8	4—71
D P Norris	9	5	10	7	7	10	8	5	5	4—70
C Frost	6	8	5	9	9	6	5	7	7	7—69
M Beal	6	6	5	9	5	9	7	9	6	8—67
F Clark	5	10	8	4	7	5	3	4	7	6—59
H Preston	3	5	5	5	10	6	5	5	4	9—57

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 3.—The prize shooting at the Manchester rifle range at the meeting to-day was as follows, 200yds., off-hand:

C D Palmer	8	10	8	7	8	6	10	8	10	9—84
Re-entry	6	10	7	7	10	10	9	8	8	8—83
Re-entry	8	8	8	9	9	10	8	9	8	8—85
A B Dodge	9	7	8	7	9	8	10	8	7	7—80
Re-entry	7	9	7	9	8	7	8	8	10	8—80
C W Lyman	7	7	9	4	8	10	6	8	4	7—70
E J Knowlton	10	9	7	6	5	9	3	8	8	5—70
W Morris	7	8	5	9	8	6	6	5	7	6—67
F J Drake	7	8	5	7	8	5	8	5	6	8—67
Re-entry	6	8	5	5	7	5	8	6	10	6—67
E O Paul	5	10	4	5	3	10	8	8	7	5—66
E I Partridge	8	3	7	3	7	8	8	5	7	4—60

BOSTON, Feb. 2.—At Walnut Hill to-day the weather conditions were poor, and there was a small attendance in consequence. The Bullard match was postponed. A team match for practice was shot, but very few scores were completed. The scores:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

J Francis, A	7	10	8	9	7	9	6	9	8	10—83
C E Berry, A	10	9	7	9	8	9	7	10	10	4—83
W O Burnite, A	8	9	6	7	10	9	6	9	10	7—81
	10	10	8	4	6	9	9	9	7	7—79
N P Tufts, A	10	6	8	6	9	7	9	6	8	6—75
	6	7	7	10	6	10	7	8	8	6—76
A L Brackett	9	9	9	9	8	7	7	7	7	6—78
W H Oler, D	10	10	7	9	6	5	5	10	6	9—77

Team Practice Match.—First Team:

W O Burnite	10	9	7	7	9	9	6	10	5	6—78
C E Berry	7	8	9	7	9	9	8	8	7	5—77
N F Tufts	8	4	7	6	4	10	8	5	8	8—68—223

Second team:

J Francis	7	10	8	9	7	9	6	9	8	10—83
H Dadman	8	6	6	6	9	9	8	9	7	6—74
A L Brackett	6	5	7	5	9	10	4	5	6	7—64—221

Give distance and target when you send scores.

SCHUYLER.—Mr. Jacob Rutsen Schuyler, who was the senior member of the firm of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, died at his home, at Bergen Point, Feb. 4. He was stricken with paralysis several months ago and never recovered. Two weeks ago he fell, injuring his head, and the shock caused his death. The deceased, who was 70 years old, amassed a fortune during the war by furnishing military equipments. When the city of Bayonne was incorporated in 1869 he was selected as one of the Town Council and was first president of the Board of Council. He resigned two years later. The deceased was a lineal descendant of Phillip Picterus Van Schuler, who left Amsterdam, Holland, in 1650, and settled at Fort Orange. His mother was a member of the Van Rensselaer family. Mr. Schuyler married a Miss Sarah Edwards, a descendant of Jonathan Edwards. She died about ten years ago. He leaves two sons and four daughters, all of whom except two are married.

NEWARK, Feb. 2.—The return match between Mr. Dorrler, of the Zettler Club of New York, and Mr. Godfrey Snellen, of the Essex Club of this city, was shot in the Essex range to-night, in the presence of a large number of riflemen from both cities. Mr. Dorrler took the lead at the start, and won by the most remarkable shooting. In fifteen strings of ten shots each, with 120 possible he made 1,752. His lowest string was 113, and he made 119 twice, 118 four times and 117 five times. Snellen's lowest string was 106, his highest 118 and his total 1,716. Dorrler's average was 116 4-5 and Snellen's 113⅗. The prize was worth $50. J. Coppersmith, of the Essex team, has made a match of 100 shots for $50 with Mr. Walter, of New York.

Give distance and target when you send scores.

WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 3.—The Wilmington Rifle Club is now equipped for indoor as well as field shooting. Having arranged for gallery shooting some of the members assembled at their headquarters this evening for a match at short range. I inclose a plan of the target we are using for gallery practice. It is a modified Hinman target, reduced in proportion from 200yds. for 12½. it was necessary to drop the 5 and 7 circles as well as the divisions of the bullseye, because so great a reduction brought the rings too close together for practical purposes, but the bullseye and remaining rings are in exact proportion to the 200yds. target. We count a bullseye as 9, because that is the average value of the Hinman bullseye. Our target is a steel plate with a ½in. hole for bullseye, leading to the gong hammer back of the target, and the circles are traced on the face. The members are well pleased with the target, as a score made on it will correspond very closely with one made in the field on the larger target, as the reduction of the "possible" compensates for the absence of the rings. I inclose score made this evening, but it is not up to average as our light was not good:

H B Seeds	6399692693—62	W O'Connor	2199231444—42
J E Newman	2916491944—55	H A Heinel	0646413342—42
C Heinel, Sr.	6396146643—51	C Carleton	4451436623—36
E J Darlington	2463344092—49	W A Bacon	0404120643—24
H Simpson	44433094?2—44		

H. SIMPSON, Secretary.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 5.—Worcester Rifle Association, Pine Grove Range, regular meet;

Record Match.

A C White	7	8	9	8	7	7	8	6	7	7—74
C D Eames	6	7	8	8	7	6	6	6	5	10—69
Tim Leighton	5	5	9	7	7	7	6	3	8	7—65

Practice Score.

A C White	10	6	7	8	6	9	6	10	10	8—80
Tim Leighton	6	6	9	7	9	10	8	6	6	9—79
Re-entry	9	7	9	10	7	10	9	6	5	6—78
S Clark	8	7	9	8	7	10	5	9	6	7—76
C E Eames	8	8	7	7	6	8	7	7	8	6—72
C Crown	8	7	5	8	10	6	8	7	6	6—71

TORONTO, Jan. 29.—The Scarboro Rifle Association held its annual meeting at Mr. J. W. Kennedy's, Agincourt, this evening. The officers elected for this year are: Simpson Rennie, President; Geo. Chester, First Vice-President; R. Park, Second Vice-President; A. W. Granger, Secretary; J. W. Kennedy, Treasurer. These officers, together with Isaac Stobe, R. McCowan and S. Kennedy, form the Executive Committee. This association was started less than one year ago; it has now over fifty members, and after paying all expenses had a balance on hand of over $31 at the close of the year. The club is one of the best in the Province.... The Newmarket Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, T. Ratcliff; Vice-President, W. Brunton; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Gower. Match Committee: G. W. Wilkinson, T. T. Bailey, A. T. Doan and the officers....At a meeting of the East Toronto Gun Club in Leslieville, on Feb. 3, John McLatchie was elected President; Thomas Sawdon, Vice-President; W. Scarfe, Secretary; Samuel Greenwood, Treasurer. The President presented to W. Felstead a handsome silver cup suitably engraved, the gift of Capt. Cooper, Felstead having won it three times in succession.

Give distance and target when you send scores.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

A NEW SCORE BOOK, entitled "Miss Annie Oakley's Climax Score Book," is published by the U. S. Cartridge Co. for gratuitous circulation. Miss Oakley is an Ohio girl, 20 years old, who has used firearms for ten years. A personal sketch in the Score Book says: "Ever since a toddling child she has had an inherent love for firearms and hunting, and at the age of ten she, as often as ammunition was obtainable, would smuggle her brother's musket and steal into the woods, where game at that time was plentiful. Naturally she was a good shot and came home well supplied with game. At the age of twelve she was presented with a 14-gauge muzzleloading shotgun. With this she improved rapidly and became such a fine shot that she rarely missed quail or pheasant; and at the age of fourteen she had paid off a mortgage on her father's homestead with money earned from the sale of game and skins, shot and trapped by herself alone. Then came a local reputation, and with improved firearms she attracted wider notice. For the past five years she has been shooting before the public with great success. The first two years before the public she devoted to rifle and pistol shooting, and there is very little in that line she has not accomplished. At Tiffin, O., she once shot a tencent piece held between the thumb and forefinger of an attendant at a distance of 30ft. In April, 1884, she attempted to beat the best record made at balls thrown in the air, using a .22-cal. rifle. The best record was 979, made by Dr. Ruth. Miss Oakley used a Stevens .22-cal. rifle and broke 943. Her first attempt at clay-pigeon and trap-shooting was made about three years ago in Cincinnati, shooting with such fine shots as Bandle, McMurchy and other noted shots.

"In February, 1885, she attempted the feat of shooting at 5,000 balls in one day, loading the guns herself. In this feat she used three 10-gauge hammer guns. The balls were thrown straight away from three traps, 15yds. rise. Out of the 5,000 shot at she broke 4,772. On the second thousand she only missed 16, making the best 1,000 ball record—984. This feat was accomplished near Cincinnati, O., in less than nine hours.

"Besides the thousands of exhibitions she has given, she has shot in 21 matches and tournaments, winning 25 prizes. Her collection of medals and firearms, all of which have been won or presented to her, is considered the best in America.

"She has hunted in many of the game sections of America and Canada, and says, with a pardonable pride, that she has shot quail in Virginia, ducks in Illinois, prairie chickens in Kansas and deer in northern Michigan. Her style and position at the trap is considered perfection by such critics as Budd, Stice, Erb, Bogardus, Cody, Carver and the English champions, Graham and Price. Shooting clay-pigeons she has a record of 96 out of 100. At live pigeons her best record is 23 out of 25, made in a match for $100. What makes Miss Oakley's feats more surprising is the fact that she is small in stature and weighs only 110lbs."

TORONTO, Jan. 29.—The second competition for the silver cup presented by the Canada Blackbird Company, of Niagara, Ont., which was first shot for in Mr. McDowall's tournament last December, took place at Eglinton to-day. Fourteen competitors entered the contest, among whom were some from Hamilton and Niagara. The day was bright and clear, and could not have been better suited for artificial bird shooting. About 100 spectators were present, and were treated to some fine shooting by Messrs. Stroud, of Hamilton, and Wayper, of Hespeler, who, having tied at 18 out of 20 at 18yds., went back 5yds. and tried again at 5; then tied again, breaking 3 out of 3 each. After this it was miss and out. Wayper missed his sixth bird, Stroud got his 6 straight, thus winning the cup by the splendid score of 31 out of 34. D. Blea was referee. Following is the score:

Eglinton, Jan. 29.—For the Canada Blackbird Co.'s challenge cup; 20 birds each at 18yds. rise.

J Wayper	13	J Sawdon	12
W Stroud	18	F Moffatt	12
Geo Griffith	15	A Elliott	11
Geo Smith	15	W McDowall	10
W Felstead	14	J McClure	10
W Smyth	13	T Loudon, retired.	
G Carruthers	12	J Quarrie, retired.	

Shoot off ties of 18:

At 21yds., 5 birds each.		At 24yds., 3 birds each.	
W Stroud	5	W Stroud	2
J Wayper	5	J Wayper	2

At 27yds., miss and go out.

W Stroud	6	J Wayper	5

A sweep at 10 birds was also shot, in which 11 entered. The winners were:

W Stroud	8	Geo Griffith	7
W McDowell	7	W Felstead	6

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 5.—There was a good attendance at the Wellington Gun Club shoot to-day. In the badge match, Short won in Class A, Lamson in Class B, and Warren in Class C. Following were the winners in the several events: 1. Six clay-pigeons—Sanborn first, Wilson second, Shumway third. 2. Six blue rocks—Sanborn first, Wardwell second, Tucker and Lawson third. 3. Six clay-pigeons—Wilson first, Lawson and Wardwell second, Tucker third. 4. Six blue rocks—Sanborn first, Shumway and Lawson second, Ames third. 5. Six clay-pigeons—Wardwell first, Wilson and Tucker second, Ames third. 6. Six blue rocks—Wardwell first, Shumway second, Lawson and Wilson third. 7. Ten clay-pigeons—Stanton first, Short and Swift second, Lawson third, Warren fourth. 8. Six blue rocks—Swift, Wilson and Snow first, Stanton and Sanborn second, Wardwell and Warren third, Lawson fourth. 9. Three pairs clay-pigeons—Wardwell and Short first, Shumway, Wilson and Warren second, Stanton third, Ames

and Baxter fourth. 10. Six clay-pigeons—Ames first, McCoy and Swift second, Wilson third, Snow and Stickney fourth. 11. Six clay-pigeons, novelty match—Stanton first, Lawson and Swift second, Short third, Warren fourth. 12. Ten clay-pigeons—Swift first, Stanton second, Nye third. 13. Six clay-pigeons, straight-away—Swift and Stanton first, Sanborn second, Wardwell third. 14. Five clay-pigeons—Sanborn and Swift first, Nye second, Brown third. 15. Six clay-pigeons—Swift first, Sanborn second, Short and Stanton third.

NEWARK, Feb. 5.—The monthly shoot of the Nimrod Club came off on the Bloomfield avenue grounds this afternoon, and the prize, a dog's-head pin in gold, was won by Warren Goble, who broke 8 out of 10 clay birds. W. J. Beatty broke 7 out of 10. A sweepstakes was shot afterward. The club will buy a lot and build a house in a few months.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

A SUMMER'S CRUISING.

AFTER a pleasant stay at Grindstone Island during a part of the meet of 1885, in the afternoon of Aug. 8 I left the camp with its many pleasant recollections, and in company with Messrs. Phil. Wackerhagen and Stanton, of the Mohicans, had a pleasant cruise among the islands. We stopped at Decker's Island for supper, but did not stay long, as the mosquitoes were too thick. When we landed at Alexandria Bay it was just getting dark and everything was illuminated. We foraged around for supplies and hauled our canoes upon a coal dock, where we camped for the night.

Aug. 9.—We had to get out early in the morning, as folks were rather astonished at the sight of the canoes set up on the dock, so we pulled out and camped on an island close by. We stayed "at home," and fixed up, as it rained most of the day.

Aug. 10.—It was still raining, but cleared up early in the day, so I bid my companions good-bye with a hope that we would soon meet again, and started down the St. Lawrence with Messrs. Stanton and Greenleaf, of New York. We had a fine easy cruise, as it was not the kind of weather for hard work, stopped for the night at Brockville, a lively place, and it being a civic holiday almost everybody seemed to be out and the river was full of all kinds of craft. We met Messrs. Baldwin and Richards at this place.

Aug. 11.—We left on good time, and the weather being fine, took it very easy; got out of the islands and at last reached Ogdensburg, a fine place, where we packed up and parted. I sent my canoe to Rouse's Point, stayed over night, and took the steamer next day to Montreal, making a short stay which was very interesting, but soon became tired of cruising on land, so went by rail to Rouse's Point.

Aug. 14.—I looked up my canoe and found it in a freight house with about a car load of freight piled on top. I naturally expected to find something smashed, but fortunately my canoe is built specially strong and was all right, but I gave the company a good blessing for carelessness. The canoe was soon packed and supplies in shape, as I was anxious to get on the water again, so started in the evening with quite a crowd to see me off. Some of the spectators had never seen a canoe and could not see how such a little thing could sail, so I had to answer plenty of questions. The weather was rather stormy, so I had to make camp early, but unluckily struck a bank of fain white clay. However, I managed finally to get settled.

Aug. 15.—The day turned out bright and clear, and for a wonder the wind was in my favor, as it generally seems to blow from the south during the season as stated by natives. I had to reef, but at last made Plattsburgh. The wind was strong around Cumberland Head, so I went rapidly. Stopping at Port Kent I had a look through Au Sable Chasm, which no one should miss going through, and then pushed on and struck a fine camp about five miles further on. I felt much better after a good warm supper.

Aug. 16.—The weather was still fine, bright and clear, and I cruised through beautiful scenery and a fine country, making camp in sight of Split Rock Light, one of the finest points on the lake.

Aug. 17.—This day was clear but windy, blowing the wrong way and making hard work paddling, ending in a regular gale. I am satisfied that a canoe properly made will stand almost anything under paddle with proper care. I stopped at Port Henry, got supplies, made camp near fort, and after a hearty supper turned in, as I had had a hard day's work. I stopped at Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga, the trip through the lake was fine with its many points of historical interest.

Aug. 18.—The weather was bright and clear, and I managed to find my way up the creek to Ticonderoga and stowed canoe for the night.

Aug. 19.—I found old Jack Sardine and got him to transfer the canoe to Lake George, where I found more head winds and beautiful scenery. As I was getting ready for camp three jolly canoeists passed along. I hailed them and we all made camp together. The boys were roughing it, had home-made canvas canoes, one blanket and an old tent for shelter at night, and seemed to prefer the soft side of a rock for a bed, although cedar boughs were plenty. I made quite a contrast with a solid cedar canoe, Mohican tent, rubber bed, plenty of blankets and grub-box well filled. I gave the boys what information I could, for they had the canoeing spirit, and this season they will come out with five canoes and good outfit. We cruised through the rest of the lake together. During the day, while passing one of the cottages, I received an A. C. A. signal, which I answered and pulled for the shore, expecting to find some member, but instead found a very pleasant party. One of the ladies had been told of the signal and concluded to try it and found it correct.

Aug. 20.—This day was calm and pleasant; the boys got up a huckleberry dinner and we passed the night on the Canoe Island. The boys camped in Dr. Neide's cabin.

Aug. 21.—The weather was threatening, but I got to Caldwell safely. I hated to leave the lake with its beautiful scenery, but at last packed up and shipped my canoe to Albany. My acquaintances went as far as Fort Edward, where they took the canal and Hudson River home. I have heard since they were all spilled out in rapids before getting to Troy.

Aug. 22.—I reached Albany and hunted up Commodore Oliver, having hard work to find him as there was a strike at his establishment, and I was collared by strikers as they thought I was after a job. I managed to explain things and the men apologized for their mistake. Of course I received splendid treatment from the Mohicans which I will never forget.

Aug. 24. I shipped the canoe to Pittsburgh, and thought I would cruise on land a while, so visited at Saratoga, New York, and vicinity, and Boston. I also stopped at Philadelphia on the way to meet my canoe.

Sept. 1.—In Pittsburgh I could not find any canoeists at home, most of them were still cruising. I left Pittsburgh on September 2, with the river at a good stage, and made thirty-five miles in half a day.

Sept. 3.—Made a stop at East Liverpool, and the people at the potteries offered me lots of specimens, but I had to decline them as I had no room for stowing. Made a short stop at Steubenville. Found plenty of good camping places on the river.

Sept. 4.—Rainy part of day, had to keep waterproofs handy; made a short stop at Wheeling, where the people thought I was a curiosity and did not see why I was making the trip.

Sept. 5.—A quiet day with few showers; the river was very crooked and the water muddy.

Sept. 6.—Weather cleared up finely. I stopped at Parkersburg for supplies. As it was Sunday I made an early camp, striking a fine spot, everything calm and clear. It is a fine country to cruise through, but one has to hunt the wells for drinking water. The river is too muddy and springs are scarce.

Sept. 7.—I had a fine trip through a manufacturing country and could enjoy it, as the weather was fine. I made short stops at some of the towns. At Gallipolis the people wanted to know what I was advertising and would not believe I was traveling for pleasure. I got to be quite familiar with the crews on large steamboats and they would hail me regularly when we passed.

Sept. 8.—I got a little more rain, but it cleared up toward evening, but was still sultry and close. I camped for my first night in Kentucky, near Catlettsburg, just on the edge of the big tornado, which destroyed Washington Court House, Ohio. It was a grand sight in the distance, the sky was inky black and I could see terrific flashes of lightning. Above it was clear and bright. I was ready and expected to be blown away during the night and felt much relieved when morning came. Next day I heard of the results.

Sept. 9 and 10.—Quiet cruising, stopped at Ironton to mail letters and get supplies; had quite a crowd of boys following me and some of them wanted to know when I would have a street parade, as they took me for a traveling showman. Made a short stop at Vanceburg and met a young man that had the canoe fever badly, so I had to explain my rig to him.

Sept. 11.—Weather fine. I stopped at Ripley to see some friends.

Sept. 11.—Arrived at Cincinnati in the morning and stowed my canoe at a boat house, after which I hunted up some friends. I called on Dr. Heighway but could not find him at home; stopped here a couple of days taking in sights. I unfortunately drank some of their river water, which was very poor (I don't indulge in anything stronger). I was under the weather for a while.

Sept. 14.—I left Cincinnati at noon, clear and pleasant, plenty supplies, and made nearly forty miles and felt well enough to again camp in canoe.

Sept. 15.—A perfect day. Made a short stay at Madison.

Sept. 16.—The weather was getting pretty warm. I got to Louisville about noon, pulled up, and stowed things at the club house, cruised on land for a few days, to the Mammoth Cave and to Frankfort to see some friends.

Sept. 23.—I was glad to get on the water again, weather pleasant. I had a lively trip over the falls, covering about five miles in little over fifteen minutes. The water was rough and the wind blowing up stream.

Sept. 24.—Quiet and clear. I stopped at Brandenburg, where I found a couple of good live springs of water, which were very welcome, as I had only struck three good running springs the whole length of the river. Passed a quiet, lazy day, cooked dinner in the canoe while floating down stream.

Sept. 25-26.—All quiet and pleasant; made few stops and was much amused at the remarks made by the natives. One man wanted to know how much I had bet on the trip.

Sept. 27.—I stopped at Evansville for supplies, and laid in a good stock. Near here is the great bend in the river. Before evening rain began; I had struck the beginning of the equinoctial storms, which continued for four days and nights. It rained steadily day and night, and I had to wear rubbers all the time. It was very disagreeable, but I kept dry and got through all right to Cairo, which was the end of the river.

Oct. 1.—I found lots of darkies, all pretty lazy, and I induced one to help me pack up, and found out afterward when I had unpacked that he had stolen one of my rubber blankets. I was pretty well tanned by sun and from washing in the muddy river water, but managed to clean up and struck steamboat the same night for St. Louis, where I stayed a few days. There I met Dr. Neidé, and we took a trip to Creve Cœur Lake over Sunday, in company with Mr. Andrews of the Petrel. I finally reached home but after a short stay packed up and went to St. Paul. I left St. Paul October 17, in the evening, and cruised a few miles until I found a fine camp and good clear water. There were plenty of fine springs, something I missed on the Ohio.

Oct. 18.—The day opened bright, clear and frosty. I passed Red Rock, a point where Indians used to have a grand pow-wow once a year, and made a short stop at Red Wing and Maiden Rock. Both places have Indian names and some legend connected. I camped for the night near Lake City, which is situated nearly half way down Lake Pepin. The lake is about twenty-five miles long and three or four miles wide, and is very rough in stormy weather so it is dreaded by boats that push large lumber rafts down the stream, and many a raft has been smashed up by striking storms. I struck head winds and rough water, but worked through safely.

Oct. 19 was cold and frosty. I had breakfast ready and set up a temporary table which tipped over and spilled everything. As it was the last of the grub I had to go without breakfast. I made good time until I filled up my box again, and the food seemed much better after my mishap. It turned cold, rainy, and very disagreeable, but I struck Winona about camp time and found a good boat house where I stowed things and put up at a hotel, which I duly appreciated at times, as the rain turned to snow and ice.

Oct. 20.—It looked very wintry with the ground covered with snow and still blowing. I fixed up in good shape and started out in spite of bad weather, making a short stop at La Crosse. The weather cleared up but it was still cold.

Oct. 21.—Very cold but clear and bright with about half an inch of ice on edge of river. I pulled out early as it was getting late in the season and I had to make good time. I stopped with friends at Lansing for a short time. The river was crooked and narrow. I struck camp early each night, as the air was sharp and frosty and made one hunt up all extra bedding.

Oct. 22.—The weather was getting milder, so I made a short stop at McGregor with some friends. I wanted to make time, and my bow-facing oars came in handy, as I made sixty-five miles in about eight hours. I stayed in camp with a party of friends for several days. There was not much fishing, as the fishermen scine everything.

At last I finished my summer's trip with nothing but pleasant recollections and with regret that I could not continue. I made several short cruises later on and made my last trip on Dec. 1, with my log showing 2,500 miles to the credit of the Estella, No. 780. No. 780, A. C. A.

CANOES VS. SAILING BOATS.

THE "sloop-rigged clinker" mentioned by Mr. Shamp in his letter of Jan. 27 must have undergone some radical changes, as it was certainly printed "catboat" in his first letter. Mr. S. is in error when he thinks I owe one of the fast skiffs on the river; but if he wants to race and will kindly waive my ownership of the skiff (or perhaps canoe) I sail, and have the race open to no one else, and sail the boat mentioned in his article of Dec. 16, I will be happy to accommodate him for fun or for a prize, provided it becomes the personal property of the winner, as I have no skiff wherewith to hold it. I do own a canoe, but what her speed and ability are in comparison with his boat has nothing to do with the case, as I am willing to freely admit that many of the skiffs can beat her, and Mr. S.'s boat certainly ought to. Mention would not be made of her now but for fear of some future misunderstanding. My only excuse for inflicting this matter on a suffering community is to let those know, who consider the affair worthy of attention, that there are men in Buffalo who think we have skiffs that can beat any 15ft. 3in.x46in. boat. I trust that no further recourse will be had to these columns in this matter, as we are residents of the same city.

Did it ever occur to members of the A. C. A. that statements like that of Guenn's (he is certainly prominent enough to voice their sentiments) that boats outside the A. C. A. limits "have nothing in common" with canoes, might retard their progress in increasing their membership. Chambers's American Encyclopedia—a pretty good authority—says canoes have been built large enough to hold 20 or 30 hogsheads of sugar. In almost every club there are men owning so-called "wide" canoes, or boats, if it will please you better, but no 20-hogshead ones, I think. These "wide" men are generally as energetic, companionable and fond of cruising as the average. They are perfectly willing you should stick to your narrow craft if you please, but they do think they are worthy to be more than nominally admitted to the fraternity, that all virtue does not lie in a 15×30, that in all but extremely narrow or rapid streams they can hold their own, and do it with more comfort and safety—those are the words—not speed, for speed is not to be desired above everything on a cruise; and that the love of nature—the woods and waters, and their wonders, and the similarity of tastes, and means of gratifying them, should be more of a criterion than whether your boat is 33½ or 40in. wide. Does the A. C. A. gain anything by fighting these men, saying they "have nothing in common?" Which do you suppose has the most influence with the average canoeist—the desire for the society of the men with whom he sails, camps, eats, sleeps, smokes, chats around the cheery camp-fire; or that of an association, few, perhaps none of the members of which he ever saw? Will he be eager to join an association which says he "has nothing in common" with his chums, and which bars them out? And they wonder why the "wide" man doesn't attend the meet. He would rather be cruising or camping with kindred spirits who do not stop to ask the dimensions of his craft in inches before admitting it to their circle, than in a hostile camp. Racing is not his only joy. I have been a member for two years of a canoe club that has races occasionally, and never even saw one sailed or paddled, but I venture to say that, with one exception, who took a 300-mile trip last summer, no "true canoeist" in the club cruised more or camped oftener in that time than PERCH.

BUFFALO, Feb. 14.

A SPLIT IN THE I. C. A.—At the last regular meeting of the I. C. A., the admiral and the executive committee were both absent, so there was no quorum. In this emergency two candidates for membership who were present at once proceeded to elect each other, the ballot in both cases being unanimous. They then proceeded to impeach and remove the admiral and entire board of officers, after which a new election was called, resulting in the choice of Mr. E. W. Brown for Admiral.

A NEW CANOE ANCHOR.—The patent stockless anchor made by Mr. Wasteneys Smith, of England, is now made in sizes as small as 8lbs., especially for canoe use. The anchor is of gunmetal, and having no stock, lies flat and stows easily.

SQUARE STERNS VS. COUNTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reading of the qualities of the various craft that have been developed from the modern canoe, the Tomboy, Cassy, Viper, Mersey canoes and canoe yawls, the question arises as to wherein lies their superiority.

That the long pointed stern is superior to the square stern I, of course, can see; but is this long stern better in any way than the ordinary sailboat stern with an overhang or counter?

I have just ordered from Mr. Wickes, of Amityville, a boat similar to Mr. Martin's, 18ft.×5ft., pointed bow and stern as in a canoe.

The question as to the advantage of such a stern is now important to me, as I may alter the plans.

To judge from the prevalence of the overhanging stern and the rarity of the canoe stern I should infer that on the same outside dimensions a better boat could be built with a keel 15 to 16ft, and an overhanging stern 2 or 3ft., giving a broader deck at stern.

Will you, through your columns, kindly tell me and the many others who would, I am sure, profit by the information, which of the two examples above mentioned would make the better boat and why?

Does the canoe stern leave the water more easily? Does it rise more quickly to a following sea? Does it add to speed or to safety? G. H. S.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.

[If the question be put in the form of "what is the best boat on a given waterline, say 16ft.," it would be easy to answer it by designing one with a handsome little counter, adding to the deck room and permitting a much fairer and better afterbody than with a square-stirned boat. The cost, however, would be considerably greater than with the latter. If, now, instead of the 16ft. boat being cut off with a square stern she is run out to 18ft. with a double end, she is a larger and abler boat, the lines may be ended better, and the extra cost is very small owing to the ease and simplicity of the construction. This is the chief reason why we have advocated the "canoe yawl" type, as a strong, staunch and able boat may be had for much less than the orthodox counter-stern yacht would cost.]

THE RUCKAWAS.

LESS than a year ago two enthusiastic young men agitated canoeing in Dayton, Ohio, and could any old canoer have sat round the groaning board and listened to the flow of soul at their camp-fire, Jan. 26, he would not have supposed the club was just entering the second season of its existence.

Sixteen sat round the table in the ordinary of the Beckel House. They were all members of the W. C. A. Twelve were Ruckawas: Captain Gaddis, Mate Woodruff, Purser Fowler, Fox, McKee, Van Ausdal, Patterson, Bunstein, Daniels, Craighead, Crawford and Iddings. The guests were from the Cincinnati, Miami and Jabberwok clubs, Messrs. Crane, Stedman, Shiras and Warder.

The club with a big R. has enjoyed a limited membership of 15, but in view of the erection of a $300 boat house and several applications for membership, they have increased their limit to an even score.

The table was perfect. Heaped high in the center was a bank of flowers, the gift of Mrs. Gaddis, while the silver and tinkling candelabra were kindly furnished by Mrs. Fox.

The menu was all that Senegambian-French could deftly originate, the Hock and Mumm incomparable, and the cigars entirely too good to be wasted upon such smoke consumers.

In three hours the entire party, including the new member Craighead, magnanimously forgave the unfeeling (?) A. C. A. her past coldness, plied her present vicissitudes and resolved to eat no more humble pie for youthful indiscretions of the wayfathers of the W. C. A., but to pursue her even tenor, gladly welcoming the new members and pointing with pride to the bulged appearance of the treasurer's wallet.

Ruckawa—running water! Could a more suitable title be selected for a club of enthusiastic actual cruisers? The paddle is their totem, the rushing rapid the cadence of their name. Happy indeed the stranger who finds himself near the blue Miami, the Ruckawas are the soul of hospitality, their hands and hearts are ever open, the latchstring always out. JABBERWOCK.

QUAKER CITY C. C.—The Q. C. C. C. held their first camp-fire on Jan. 18, at their city headquarters on Sixth street. The subject, "Canoe Tents and Camp Beds," was freely discussed, beginning with the shelter tents and continuing with the Mohican, "A" tents, etc., for canoes; then the Clyde, marquee, wedge tents, etc. The tents having been discussed the next question was canoe beds. After a variety of sleeping bags, quilts, rubber pouches, etc., were discussed the camp-fire ended, every one being pleased with the evening's entertainment. Jan. 23 being a warm day three members launched canoes and paddled about for an hour.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The annual dinner of the K. C. C. was held at Morello's on Feb. 5, the club and a number of invited guests being present. Letters of regret from President Cleveland, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Governor Hill, Sergeant Billings, Uncle Mike Delaney, and many other prominent personages, were read by the secretary. In the center of the table was a figure of a sea orse, the club's totem, presented by Messrs. Scavey and Fowler, the handiwork of the former gentleman. Speeches were made and songs were sung, the evening passing off very pleasantly.

A. C. A.—A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. to consider the unfinished business left from the November meeting, has been called for Feb. 12, at New York. It is probable that several applications for new divisions will be made.

BAYONNE C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Bayonne C. C., the following officers were elected: Louis F. Burke, Commodore; Fred. B. Colins, Vice-Commodore; William Rumble, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer.

YONKERS C. C.—At a meeting of the Yonkers C. C., held Feb. 1, the following officers were elected: F. K. Shears, Commodore; Talbot Simpson, Vice-Commodore; Louis Simpson, Secretary.

Yachting.

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THE CLASSIFICATION OF RACING YACHTS.

WITH a large number of small organizations engaged in the same object, working for the same ends with the same means, and with all interests in common, it would seem the most natural thing possible for all to combine in a union that would join them closely together, rather than that they should continue to stumble along in a helpless independence of each other. The former course has been followed by many of the clubs connected with outdoor sports in this country, such as the League of American Wheelmen, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and the American Canoe Association, in all of these cases with the best results; but while the necessity for such union of yachtsmen is just as apparent, the many attempts which have been made toward one have all resulted in failure. The reasons for these failures it is not necessary to consider here, as we do not propose now to inaugurate another attempt. The usual mode of organizing, that followed successfully by the canoeists for instance, is to call together a number of representatives, who will elect officers, adopt a constitution, and enact laws which will be generally recognized by the followers of the sport; but this method has been tried more than once in yachting, and always without a show of success.

The need of some sort of general legislation in regard to yachting is more apparent each year as the relations of the clubs become closer and each is concerned, to a certain extent, in the doings of its neighbors. It is not so many years since not only each locality but each separate club was a law unto itself, independent of others and caring little what they did. Not only did the boats confine their racing to home waters, but inter-club racing was far less general. Now, however, all has changed. Not only the larger yachts but many small ones are in the habit of knocking about between Boston and New York, to Larchmont, Marblehead, Newport, New Bedford, wherever a prize is raced for, while the races of each club are generally open to the yachts of fellow clubs. This being the case, it is readily seen how great the need is for some general direction of affairs, and for a certain amount at least, of general legislation.

As we have stated, the attempts to organize a national association which should accomplish certain ends have all failed; what we propose to show now is how some of these ends may be directly attained, with the best possible effect on American yachting; while this action in itself will be a great step toward the formation of an association when the proper time comes. Were such a body in existence there are many important questions involving the future of American yachting that would demand its fullest consideration, but the most important are those governing the

design and construction of yachts. It should be within the province of such a body to enact laws that would encourage a class of yachts in every way calculated to further the growth and popularity of the sport both in the racing and cruising classes; and also to prohibit, as far as may fairly be done, the construction of racing machines, and all other acts detrimental to the general good.

One of the most pressing questions now before the clubs, one in fact in which prompt action is necessary if much confusion and trouble in the immediate future is to be avoided, is that of a uniform and systematic classification of the racing fleet. That it is needed for the promotion of the races of this year and next, for immediate use, is shown by an inspection of the classes of the leading clubs of the "Atlantic system," if we may coin a term, in which is included the bulk of American yacht racing. We take only the cabin sloops, cutters and yawls, as what is true of them is also true of the schooners, while the classification of the smaller open boats is not only under different conditions but is much less important than the larger sloops and cutters.

The classes in the five larger clubs are as follows, the waterline length being taken in the New York, Seawanhaka and Eastern, while the Atlantic and Larchmont use the corrected length for classification as well as for time allowance. Before going further it may be well to state that we have not the slightest intention of reviving a discussion of the measurement question; most yachtsmen realize by this time that measurement and time allowance is one thing, while the classification of yachts is another and very different matter. Even if all the clubs should adopt a uniform system of classes for the racing fleet, any club would still be at liberty to adhere to its pet absurdity in the way of measurement, no matter how bad it might be. It will be noticed that even in naming the classes no system is followed, some clubs using Class I., II., etc.; some First Class, Second Class, etc., and some Class A, B, C, etc.

TABLE I.—RACING CLASSES.

New York—Class I., over 70ft.; Class II., 55 and under 70ft.; Class III., 45 and under 55ft.; Class IV., under 45ft.

Seawanhaka—First Class, 71ft. and over; Second Class, 55 and under 71ft.; Third Class, 45 and under 55ft.; Fourth Class, 35 and under 45ft.; Fifth Class, under 35ft.

Larchmont—Class C, 55ft. and over; Class I., 42 and under 55ft.; Class II., 33 and under 42ft.; Class III., 25 and under 33ft.; Class IV., under 25ft.

Atlantic—Class C, 60ft. and over; Class D, 50 and under 60ft.; Class E, 42 and under 50ft.; Class F, 35 and under 42ft.; Class G, 30 and under 35ft.; Class H, 26 and under 30ft.; Class I, under 26ft.

Eastern—First Class, 75ft. and over; Second Class, 55 and under 75ft.; Third Class, 40 and under 55ft.; Fourth Class, 30 and under 35ft.

The same divisions are shown more clearly in Table II., where the letters and figures to the left of the column of names show in each case a class division of some club; thus, N. Y. I., above 70ft., denotes the lower limit of Class I. in the New York Y. C.

Thus it will be seen that a yacht that races with her equals one day may be classed with boats of twice her size the next in some other club. An instance of this occurred in the E. Y. C. last year when Ulidia, 42ft., was put against Clara, 53.7, and Active, 50.2ft. Further than this, the tendency naturally is to build up to the class limit, and when yacht building fairly begins again this will be done. A yacht then built to the E. Y. C., second class, just under 75ft., will in the N. Y. Y. C. races be classed, not with the Class II. boats, 70ft., but with Priscilla, 85ft., and this maintains among all the clubs and in all classes.

What, then, is the remedy and how can it be applied? The matter is simple enough, and no association nor machinery of that kind is required. Let one of the clubs named bring up the subject at its next meeting, put it in the shape of a definite proposal, to save time and correspondence, and submit it to the other clubs asking their coöperation. Acting together the matter may be easily and quickly arranged, and the system adopted by all, in which case its adoption by the smaller clubs must speedily follow. It is so manifestly to the interests of all that no objection seems possible; besides which, if such action be taken by only three or four clubs, the others cannot afford to stand aloof. If this manner can be carried through successfully in the above manner a double end will be gained; not only will a most important reform have been accomplished, but a practical method of reaching similar ends will have been inaugurated, and the first real step toward a union of the clubs will have been made before they are themselves aware of it. After this a similar course will naturally be followed with other questions as they come up, the ice will have been broken, and the question of a national association is only one of time.

Just now the occasion is specially propitious, the question of measurement has been laid at rest, for some time, we hope, while the leaders are turning their attention to other and much needed reforms, as shown in the new sailing rules of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in another column. The question of vested interests cannot yet be advanced as an objection and the change can at once be made without jar or friction. The fleet at present is in a state of transition highly favorable to immediate action, and if anything is to be done a better opportunity will never be found.

It is rather curious that while the interest in yacht racing has never before been as strong nor as widely spread, no racing yachts were built last year and few are now building. We do not include the large boats built only for a special purpose, as they show little as to the growth of yachting in general, but last year only Cinderella was added to the fleet, and thus far but two yachts have been commenced, and both of those with reference to the Cup races of the coming season. Why is this when American yachting is profiting from the successes of the past two seasons? We attribute it solely to the uncertainty in which the races of 1885 and 1886, in spite of much self-congratulation and spread-eagleism, have left American yachtsmen. Two years ago the ancient sloop was completely abandoned and only one more victory for the cutter was necessary to bring down off the fence the many weak-kneed ones who had almost succumbed to the logic of events, and cause them to go to extremes in lead and depth that would have astonished the crew of a British racing three-tonner. A victory for Genesta would have seen a cutter craze inaugurated here that would have sent the price of lead up higher than gold in war times; beam and depth would have exchanged values, and there is no telling to what extreme the new fad might have been carried. It is needless now to state that the decision was postponed," first to 1886 and now, for the last time we hope, to 1887. The new "sloops" were hailed on all hands as the saviors of American yachting, the acme of design and construction, and, overlooking the origin of their salient features, the cutter came in for universal condemnation.

In spite of all this the facts do not show any pressing hurry to supply the places of the old boats with the new type, and we believe that yachtsmen, in spite of much confident talk, are perfectly willing to see the fight fought to a finish before risking their ducats in a boat that is likely to be soon left behind in the rapid progress now making toward something better. It is certain that few yachtsmen want narrow cutters just now, but it is equally certain that they are not building "sloops," and not until some more definite conclusion is reached will an earnest effort be made to revive the racing fleet. It must come some day, wealth and a love of outdoor sports are both increasing, and a glance at the list below shows that most of the present fleet, many of which have only earned a place on the list by virtue of one or two races in the last two years, must speedily disappear. Now, when the component elements of American yachting are in this plastic state, is the time when a change may most easily be made, and also when, for the future good, it is most important that it should be.

What, then, are the essentials of such a system? We place first stability, the certainty that when a yacht is built to a fixed class she will not be forced into another. This is essential to promote building, as a man who builds to beat a certain class or boat is likely to consider himself defrauded if forced into another by any change, or if his adversary evades him by escaping into a higher or lower class. This feature is assured by a waterline length, the proper basis for bringing yachts together on fairly equal terms, to be further adjusted by a suitable time allowance. The waterline length of a vessel remains practically unchanged, unless extensive alterations of hull are made, and there need be no serious difficulty in classing by it. When, as sometimes happens, a yacht is so near the limit that the matter is at all doubtful, as in the case of Bedouin, only 1¼in. over 70ft., she may, if built prior to the enactment of the rule, and if she does not exceed the limit by over a foot, be allowed to register permanently in the lower class. Of course no actual unfairness would result, as she still allows time on her actual measurement. This was finally done in Bedouin's case as, she was put with Gracie and the rest of her size, though technically classed with Mayflower and Priscilla.

Besides being fixed and not subject to change at any time, the classes should be such as to exert the best influence on the boats and to encourage those sizes that experience has shown to be most desirable; and they should be so divided as to bring the boats together in groups of about uniform length, thus minimizing the necessary inequalities of all time allowance systems. For instance, the third class in the E. Y. C., 40 to 55ft., and the Class I. in the L. Y. C., 42 to 55ft., practically disbar a yacht of 42 to 45ft. when matched against one of over 54ft.

Another important point is more closely connected with this question of classification than is commonly supposed. Each year renewed complaints are heard from regatta committees as to the paucity of the entries, and many reasons are advanced for the same, such as lack of big prizes, measurement rules, etc. We believe that the chief trouble arises from such inequalities as we have quoted, where the second-rate boats that are near the lower limit of the class decline to enter against one or two newer boats built up to the full limit. This difficulty is increased by the fact that the fleet in any open regatta is made up of boats built at various times and under many different club rules, an assorted lot of sizes, and this would in time disappear if settled classes were formed, as the racers would naturally gravitate to the upper limit of each class. Just now its working may be plainly seen in any large race.

The objection to many classes is the expense of prizes, but this is not worth considering for a moment. The large yacht clubs are essentially racing clubs, and it is through racing mainly that many of them are kept alive. This racing means at most two regattas each year and more probably only one. Now the extra prize or two required would amount to $100 or $200 at the most, and may make just the difference between a success and a failure. If the club has not this money when let the total sum be divided into more and smaller prizes, but let every man have a chance at them, and the result will be far more satisfactory. Big money prizes are not yet common with the clubs, the figure seldom runs above $250 for the largest schooner races, and $100 would be much nearer to the average value of money prizes in the leading clubs. Yacht racing as a money making business has not yet been introduced here, and what each owner wants is sport. This can best be had by breaking the fleet up into many small groups of evenly matched boats, in any of which a man will have as fair a chance as the qualities of his boat, himself and his crew entitle him to. We may cite the Atlantic Y. C. as an instance, the prizes are of moderate value, but there are no less than nine classes for single stick boats, with the result that every yacht in the fleet can find a place with several of about her own size. Every year this club turns out the largest fleet in the June regattas, while the Knickerbocker and Larchmont clubs can show a similar experience. It may be said that this is due to the small boats in these fleets, but this is only a minor reason, as the surplus is made up mainly of yachts that are no longer in the first rank, and that will not enter and face a new crack of greater size.

To sum up, then, the system must be of such evident merit that its permanency is reasonably assured; it must group the boats fairly together; it must encourage the most desirable classes, and finally, it must work as little injustice as possible to existing boats.

How many yachts constitute the racing fleet from Boston to New York? The following list is compiled from the books of the five clubs mentioned, with the aid of the list of races for last year, and includes nearly all above 35ft. that can fairly be called racing yachts; in fact, any one going over the list carefully will be able to check off a large number as no longer capable of prize winning. The list from 30 to 35ft. includes the leading boats, enough to show the average sizes, while below 30ft. it might be much increased, both from the New York and Boston fleets, but a fairly representative lot are given:

TABLE II.—RACING YACHTS.

Existing Classes.		Ft. In.	Proposed Classes.
	Mayflower	85.00	Class I.
	Priscilla	85.00	
	Atlantic	82.01	
E. First Class, 75.	Puritan	80.00	—75
S. First Class, 71 and over.			
N. Y. Class I., over 70	Bedouin	70.1¼	Class II.
	Gracie	69.04	
	Iselin Boat	69.09	
	Shamrock	70.00	—65
	Fanny	65.09	
	Ileen	65.04	
	Stranger	65.00	
	Thetis	64.02	Class III.
	Huron	63.00	
	Hildegarde	61.06	
A. Class C, 60 and over.	Mischief	61.00	
N. Y. Cl. II. S. 2d Cl. / L. Class C. E. 2d Cl. 55	Wunonah	60.09	—55
	Clara	53.07	
	Whileway	53.00	
	Cinderella	52.00	
	Isis	51.05	
	Athlon	51.02	
	Oriva	50.11	Class IV.
	Thistle	50.09	
	Active	50.02	
	Eclipse	50.1½	
A. Class D, 50	Gaviota	50.00	
	Bertie	49.00	
	Roamer	48.10	—47
	Valkyr	47.04	
	Regina	47.03	
	Daphne	46.03	
	Hesper	45.10	
	Fanita	45.05	
N. Y. Class III. / S. 3d Class. 45	Bayadere	45.00	
	Rover	44.08	
	Maggie	44.07	Class V.
	Adelaide	44.06	
	Vixen	44.01	
	Penguin	44.00	
A. Class E. / L. Class I. 42	Ulidia	42.06	
	Imperia	41.10	
	Espirito	40.10	
E. 3d Class	Muriel	40.06	—40
	Crocodile	39.11	
	Madge	38.09	
	Ittiva	38.03	
	Hope	38.00	Class VI.
	Mona	36.06	
	Schemer	36.04	
	Lapwing	36.06	
	Polly	36.00	
S. 4th Class. / A. Class F. 35	Surf	35.04	—35
	Hera	34.11	
	Mariota	34.00	
	Elephant	34.00	
	Shadow	33.08	
	Iseult	33.04	
	Zégir	33.00	
	Shona	33.00	Class VII.
	Wawondah	33.00	
L. Class II., 33	Daisy	32.09	
	Delvin	32.00	
	Culprit Fay	31.00	
	Ilderan	30.02	
N. Y. / E. lower limit Cl. IV., 30	Magic	30.02	—30
	Arab	28.00	
	Aria	27.04	
	Iolanthe	27.00	
	Yolande	26.06	
	Vivien	26.03	Class VIII.
A. Class H, 26	Nora	26.01	
	Merlin	25.00	
	Stranger	25.03	
	Fad	25.02	
	Gem	25.02	
L. Class III., 25			—25
S. 5th Class, all under 35			Class IX., 21.
L. Class IV., all under 25			Class X., 18.
A. Class I., all under 26			

The list includes seventy-five yachts, keel and centerboard, from 85ft. down to 25ft. L.W.L., and of these fifty-two are above 35ft., and may be taken as the main division of the fleet, being large enough to make passages and to seek prizes beyond their home waters. It has been the general custom in existing classifications to make the interval between each class either five or ten feet, the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs being exceptions, but there is no reason for so doing; in fact, there is a very good reason to the contrary, as the intervals should increase regularly in length as the size of the boat is greater; thus, where the small classes differ by five, the intervals between the larger should be greater as the size increase. If it were possible to disregard all existing boats and to start entirely unrestricted, the class divisions might be placed so that the intervals should increase by some fixed rate of progression; but while this would be theoretically correct it is manifestly impossible, as it would throw out the existing fleet.

The question then is, "What can be done without too radical alteration?" Two plans suggest themselves, one easily carried out and answering fairly; the other, more difficult to bring about, but far better in the end. Looking at Table II., the lowest division is 25ft., the starting point for such yachts as we are now considering. Scanning the list upward, the best point for the first break is at 30ft. This would make the class, in the usual phraseology, "25ft. and under 30ft.," and the same method of designating each class will be followed throughout. Continuing upward the next point is at 35ft., bringing together a lot of boats reasonably close in size. The interval here is the same as in the class below and that above, 5ft.; and while this does not quite coincide with theory, it makes a good division of existing boats and is not far out as a standard for future classes.

The next division then is at 40ft., and this will include half a dozen boats that are very fairly matched. The smallest boat in the class, Surf, was built to suit the class below and has always raced in it, so she should be allowed to remain in it if she so elects her length being only 4in. over the limit.

The limit of the second class above has long been fixed in nearly all the clubs at "under 55ft," and now it would hardly be possible, to change it very much. No such necessity exists, however, as the limit is a very convenient one; the only question being to so divide the long interval of 15ft. (from 40 to 55) as to strengthen one of the worst places in the existing order of things. The point we have fixed on is at 47ft., including a lot of boats that together may still make good sport, but that have no more business with Clara and Cinderella, to say nothing of future additions to the class, than they have with Mayflower. As far as most of them are concerned the limit might have been left at 45ft., but then the next interval, 10ft., would have been too great. As it is they are well grouped, but the two lower ones in the class above, Valkyr and Regina, should be allowed to remain with them, being only 3 and 4in. above the limit.

The next class remains as now and shows a fairly matched lot. Of course Clara and Cinderella will always remain at one end in the racing and the others will come in pretty much as they now stand in the order of length, but no classification nor time allowance can or should change this, so they cannot grumble.

Thus far it has been all plain sailing, but now the trouble begins. The next existing limit is 70ft., but this is not in every way the best possible, as the interval is too great (15ft.), while all but two of the boats are from 60 to 66ft., these two being 70ft. A due regard for the rights of the boats concerned, Bedouin, Gracie, Shamrock and Mr. Iselin's unnamed craft, would dictate a retention of the present limit, say 70ft.; and unless the owners of these yachts consented to a change it could not fairly be made. Apart from this consideration the proper division would seem to be first at 65ft., leaving in one group a lot of yachts of about one length, few of which can now be called first-rate, or that will be "in it" with the latest additions to the class as it stands. Three of these, Fanny, Ileen and Stranger, are slightly over the limit, but they would be provided for as in the previous cases, remaining where they would find their nearest rivals. We place the limit at 65ft. rather than 66ft., as the interval of 10ft. from 55 to 65, and also from 65 to 75, is more correct than the intervals of 11 and 9ft. would be. The limit for Bedouin's new class would be "under 75ft." and would include, besides her, Gracie, Mr. Iselin's new boat, and Mr. Maxwell's new Shamrock all practically of 70ft., and making a fine nucleus for a class that will soon be well built up to. It may be objected that this would subject these boats, built to the limit of an existing class, to the chance of being, to a certain extent, outbuilt by new boats that may be some 5ft. longer. It is also possible that Stranger might object to being parted from her pet rival among the cutters. These considerations make the case a difficult and delicate one to deal with, but it would seem that the future interests of this most popular size of yacht would be better promoted by placing the classes at 65 and 75 than by any compromise; and if this is so there are few individual owners who would not sacrifice their wishes to a certain extent for the general good. If the class were maintained at 70 or 71ft. it would leave a long and awkward interval (15ft.) between the two classes, that would exist long after the yachts in whose favor it was made had dropped from the racing fleet, while so many will have been built by that time as to make a change impossible. The evidence then seems to be in favor of placing the limits at 55, 65 and 75ft., leaving all above 75ft. for the large class, which needs no maximum limit.

This then would make eight classes as follows:

Class I .....75 and over	Class V. .....40 and under 47
Class II.....65 and under 75	Class VI. .....35 and under 40
Class III .....55 and under 65	Class VII. .....30 and under 35
Class IV. .....47 and under 55	Class VIII. .....25 and under 30

Another division that would increase the intervals more regularly would be 25, 30, 35, 41, 48, 56, 65, 75, the successive intervals above 30ft. being 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10ft. This would not interfere materially with any existing boats, though it would raise the limit in the 55ft. class to 56ft., while it would be a more reasonable and systematic plan for future building.

A careful examination of both methods and a comparison with the list of yachts will show, we think, that each possesses the main requisites set forth above, and that it will work at least as well as any similar plan, both in relation to the present and the future fleet. Supposing one to be adopted by all or any of the clubs we have mentioned, some care and discretion would be necessary for one or two seasons. Some of the classes might not fill, though we anticipate that more entries would at once result. Some concessions and some latitude in the strict enforcement of the rule on the part of regatta committees might be needed to make all run smoothly in the first season, but after that in all probability no further trouble would occur. The need for some action is obvious; matters are bad enough as they are, but they must grow rapidly worse if nothing is done, and we believe that this plan, with such modifications as may suggest themselves after a thorough discussion, will not only answer well in the future, but can be put in immediate operation as easily as any. To correct, in one or two seasons, evils that have been many years in existence, is no small task, and some difficulty must be expected. One advantage on the score of expediency that this plan possesses is that it would prolong the racing career by a few years of some half dozen yachts from 60 to 66ft., whose day is over as things are now with two new boats and Bedouin in their class, while the same would be true in the class from 40 to 47ft.

Our proposition then to put it in working shape is that the leading clubs unite in the adoption of a common system of classification such as is given above, with the following proviso added: "Yachts built or building up to (for instance) May 1, 1887, that exceed the highest limit of any class by not more than one foot, may be formally enrolled in that class and shall then remain in it." All new yachts would, of course, be built to the new classes.

The schooner classes we have not considered for lack of space, but a similar course is necessary with them.

As to the sizes below 25ft., they are not of the same importance as the large yachts, as their racing is mainly local, but there is room for improvement with them. The proper limits for small cabin yachts, either keel or centerboard, seem to be 18 and 21ft., carrying the proposed classification down to two more classes. The keel class in these two sizes is as yet in its infancy and nothing has been done toward its systematic development by any of the clubs that encourage it. Now we suggest that the friends of this class of yacht in the Larchmont, the Seawanhaka, the New Rochelle, the Corinthian of Marblehead, and similar clubs in which these boats have found a footing, take action at once to formulate a class limit, say for lengths of 18, 21 and 25ft., which shall encourage a safe, handy and not too costly boat; that, while fit for cruising, may find plenty of good racing with others of its class. It is a prime requisite for the success of this class that the cost shall be kept low, as it is for the special use of young Corinthians, most of whom possess pocketbooks in inverse ratio to their love of sport. All such boats as the modern three and five-tonners must be excluded, as they are far too costly; but what is needed is such craft as the Columbine, Witch, Windward, Fad, Saracen, Mignonette, the new Burgess keel cats and others. To secure this end it will be necessary, perhaps, to restrict draft, say to 4ft. 6in. for an 18ft. boat, keel say 1 ton, and sail area to a fixed figure, with limits to spinaker booms, topsails, etc., if considered necessary. Of course, the various class limits must be purely arbitrary, but it has been done successfully by foreign clubs; and those specially interested in this class of boat, and they are many already, can easily lay down proper restrictions. The Kingston and Munster (Ireland) clubs have done the same with the results that they have built up very fine classes of small yachts; while the Bangor Corinthians, by a similar course, have created a class of 25-footers, one of which, the Bedouin, by Wm. Fife, Jr., is as handsome and wholesome a boat as one would wish to see, and would serve excellently as a model on which to frame a 25ft. class. Of course, there would still be a place for other types of the same length, but what is needed now is a special movement in behalf of a suitable fleet for the young Corinthians. We have considered thus far only the yachts in a limited locality, but if this classification be generally adopted it will not be long before a Class I. or II. boat will be the same throughout the United States.

We realize that a certain amount of difficulty must attend any such reforms as we have proposed, due to the inertia of the average yachtsman in all that relates to legislation and dry discussions. He is perfectly willing to stand quietly by and let others work, go on committees, and propose laws without securing enough of him at a meeting to make a quorum for their passage, and all this time he reserves the inalienable right of kicking if his own interests are in any way threatened. There are, fortunately, in all clubs, others who have the interests of yachting strongly at heart, and to them we speak in the hope that good may come. As so important a matter requires to be thoroughly discussed and understood before final action is taken, and as, from the nature of the case a general meeting of the parties interested is not possible, we invite criticism and suggestions through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, promising such aid as is in our power.

THE THISTLE'S DESIGNER AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THE following is a copy of a letter from Mr. Geo. L. Watson to the editor of the New York *Herald*, relating to a reported interview by a *Herald* correspondent. It calls to mind a remark made by another *Herald* reporter last fall while he and others were in hot chase after Mr. Watson, then on a visit to New York. The reporter said: "I do not want to trouble Mr. Watson or to talk to him, but let me only get near enough to say 'How do you do, Mr. Watson,' and I'll tend to the interview."

The letter has not yet (Feb. 9) appeared in the *Herald*, but it probably will be given an early place.

JAN. 26, 1887.

Editor New York Herald:

I am in receipt of the *Herald* of 14th inst., in which there appears what purports to be an interview with me by a representative of yours hailing from Greenock. As I was treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy by your representative when in New York, I should be sorry to see your paper in any way imposed on, and therefore think it fair to let you know that no such interview ever took place. Your correspondent has been singularly unfortunate in choosing his date for the supposed interview, as it happened that on the morning of Jan. 13 I was on my way home from London, only getting to the office late in the afternoon, where I stayed only a few minutes to write a letter, seeing no one, and went off home.

The only press man who interviewed me regarding the authenticity of the plans published by the Boston *Herald*, was a Glasgow *Herald* reporter (this was in the first week in January, when the news had only been cabled across), and to him I gave the answer which I have given to every one, viz., that I must decline to give them any information whatever on the matter.

Once for all I may say that in my opinion we should be guilty of a grave discourtesy to the New York Y. C. were we to disclose the dimensions of the Thistle, unless through them, and as the conditions of the deed of gift stipulate that the challenge, with the accompanying dimensions of the vessel, be lodged, "not exceeding seven months from the date of the race," it must still be a little time before they are made public. I am sir, faithfully yours,

G. L. WATSON.

In a private letter concerning the alleged plans of the Thistle Mr. Watson says: "Now, as to the plans, they are undoubtedly copies of one of the lithographed plans issued by us to builders along with the specifications, to explain details of structure and give them an idea of the nature of the work: but I asked tenders for some eight new boats this year besides Thistle, and the chances of these plans being Thistle's are matters for a very simple calculation. * * * If, therefore, yachtsmen, or rather newspaper yachtsmen, chose to put 2 and 2 together and make 14, I am not going to hinder them, nor am I going to say whether in my opinion 2 and 2 makes 14 or 47."

NEW SAILING REGULATIONS OF THE S. C. Y. C.

FOR some time past the question of a thorough revision of their sailing rules has been under consideration by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and last November a committee was appointed to make such a revision and submit it to the club. The result of their work has lately been printed and sent out to the members and will come up for ratification at a special meeting on Feb. 14. The new rules, as given in the report of the committee, show a great improvement in two respects; first, the general arrangement of the matter has been much improved, the most important rules, those relating to the actual handling of yachts while racing, having been collected in one rule, No. XXXIV., under the heading "Right of Way," which is in turn divided into several sub-heads. This arrangement is far more convenient and systematic than the old. The principal change, however, is in the rule relating to luffing, which has been so altered as to prevent the orthodox "luffing match" as fully as can be done. The new rule prohibits luffing after an overlap has been established. The general rules as to crews, entries, sails, etc., have not been changed to any important extent, the wording only being altered to make the meaning clearer. One new rule, however, has been added to this part as follows: "Boats, Lifebuoys, etc. (1) First and second class schooners, sloops, cutters and yawls shall carry on deck during club races a serviceable round-bottomed boat, with oars and tholepins or rowlocks, lashed in, measuring not less than 12ft. in length; third class sloops, cutters and yawls a boat not less than 10ft. (2) All yachts shall carry on deck two serviceable lifebuoys ready for use."

The following extracts contain the most important points of the new rules, and we commend them to the careful consideration of all yachtsmen, as they embody the most intricate questions of match sailing. Every change has been carefully considered and discussed, and an effort has been made to put the matter in a form that will not call for alteration in a long time. A change will be noticed in Rule XXXIII. (2), where the mast is taken for the measuring point, instead of "any portion of hull or spars," an arrangement that coincides better with general practice in the similar cases of starting and finishing. The Special Rules are both new and cover important points in sailing. They were only adopted after thorough discussion:

RULE XXXIII.

START AND FINISH.

(1.) All starts shall be flying.

(2.) The time at the start and finish shall be taken when the point marked by the foremast in schooners, and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls, crosses the given line; but if this point in any yacht be on or across the line before the signal for the start in her class is given, she must return and re-cross the line.

(3.) A yacht so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the signal for the start has been made, must keep clear of, and give way to, all competing yachts.

RULE XXXIV.

RIGHT OF WAY.

I. *General Rules.*

When two yachts are sailing on courses that will involve risk of collision, one of them shall keep out of the way of the other, as follows:

(*a.*) A yacht overtaking another shall keep out of the way of the yacht which is being overtaken.

(*b.*) A yacht which is sailing free shall keep out of the way of a yacht which is closed-hauled.

(*c.*) A yacht which is close-hauled on the port tack shall keep out of the way of a yacht which is close-hauled on the starboard tack.

(*d.*) When two yachts are sailing free with the wind on different sides, the yacht which has the wind on the port side shall keep out of the way of the other.

(*e.*) When two yachts are sailing free with the wind on the same side, the yacht which is to windward shall keep out of the way of the yacht which is to leeward.

(*f.*) A yacht which has the wind aft is deemed to be sailing free, and to have the wind on the side opposite to that on which she carries her main boom.

(*g.*) When, by the above rules, one of two yachts is to keep out of the way, the other shall keep her course.

II. *Special Rules.*

(*a.*) In case a yacht close-hauled tacks in proximity to another yacht, she must have filled away on her new course before she becomes entitled to the privilege of a yacht on the starboard tack or of a yacht being overtaken.

(*b.*) When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging, by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind and are in danger of collision, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to leeward shall keep out of the way.

III. *Overtaking, Luffing and Bearing Away.*

(*a.*) A yacht may luff as she pleases to prevent an overtaking yacht from passing her to windward, provided she begins to luff before an overlap has been established.

(*b.*) A yacht shall not bear away out of her course to prevent an overtaking yacht from passing to leeward.

(*c.*) An overtaking yacht must not alter her course until so far ahead as not to interfere with the yacht which she has overtaken.

IV. *Rounding and Passing Marks.*

(*a.*) Yachts when rounding or passing marks shall be governed by the foregoing Rules on Right of Way, except as hereinafter provided.

(*b.*) If an overlap has been established between two yachts when both of them can fetch by a mark, the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark.

(*c.*) A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

(*d.*) A mark is any vessel, boat, buoy, or other object used to mark out the course, and does not, in this rule, involve any question of obstruction to sea room, for which see Section V. of this Rule.

(*e.*) An overlap is established between two yachts when the overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass.

V. *Obstructions to Sea Room.*

(*a.*) When two yachts are approaching a pier, rock, shoal, or other obstruction, so that the inside yacht is in danger of running aground, or of fouling such obstruction, and cannot avoid it by altering her course without coming into collision with the outside yacht, then the outside yacht, whether she be the windward or the leeward yacht, must at once give room to the other, on being hailed to do so by the owner of the inside yacht or his representative.

(*b.*) In case the outside yacht is obliged to tack, in order to give room, the owner of the inside yacht or his representative shall be bound to see that the helm of his own yacht is put down and that she tacks at the same time, or as soon as she can do so, without risk of collision.

(*c.*) A mark is not an obstruction within the meaning of this rule.

RULE XXXV.

DISQUALIFICATION.

(1.) Every yacht must go fairly around the course, and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another yacht.

(2.) Any yacht causing a markboat to, in any way, shift her position, to avoid being fouled by such yacht, shall be disqualified.

(3.) If a yacht, in consequence of her neglect of any of these rules, shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any yacht, mark, or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified and shall pay all damages; and any yacht which shall wrongfully cause another to luff or bear away in order to avoid a collision, or shall, without due cause, compel another yacht to give room or tack, under Section V. of Rule XXXIV., or shall herself fail to tack, as required by paragraph (*b.*) of that section, or shall in any other way infringe or fail to comply with any of these rules, shall be disqualified.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has always been noted for its efforts in the promotion of yachtsailing and racing, and in the adoption of the above rules it has accomplished a work that will add still further to its reputation. Of course only time can give a thorough test of their value, but we look to see the club's action ratified by a wide adoption of the new rules by other clubs.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has lately been incorporated, and at the special meeting on Feb. 14 at 8:30 P. M. at Delmonico's, beside the consideration of the rules as above, action will be taken to effect the change in the organization of the club consequent on its incorporation. The Secretary has received the following letter:

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB, 7 Albemarle street, W., London, Jan. 21, 1887.

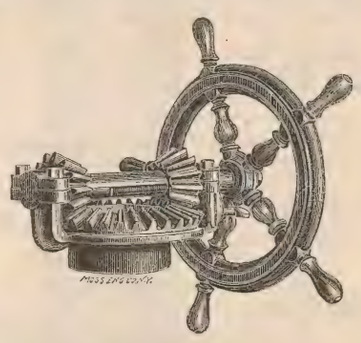
Dear Sir—The Committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, desire me to say that they trust that any of your members coming over for the Jubilee Ocean Race, will consider themselves honorary members of this club during their stay.

Yours faithfully, THORNTON SCOVELL, Secretary, R. T. Y. C.

To the Secretary of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., New York

A NEW AJUSTABLE STEERER.

WHILE there are many yachts of 20ft. or under, whose owners prefer the wheel to the tiller, the ordinary makes of steering gear are too large, and occupy more room than can well be spared in such small craft. To suit one of this special class of boats Mr. Oliver Adams, of the Gannet, Larchmont Y. C., has lately devised the steerer shown herewith, the main object being strength, simplicity and compactness, while an additional advantage is also obtained. The main portion is a strongly-proportioned casting, having two projections on top which form the bearings for the shaft. This



casting is let in the deck and strongly bolted down.' It is bored out internally and the upper face is turned, making a seat and bearing for a bevel wheel, which latter is fitted to the rudder post. As the bevel wheel fits snugly in its seat, the rudder head is firmly held, while it is prevented from rising by the two gears on the shaft. As the latter is of good diameter, and the bearings strong and only 8 to 10in. apart, there is no chance for the shaft to spring. Of course one of the pinions is an idler, simply serving to steady the large gear, while the other is keyed to the shaft. Both pinions have keyways cut, and the keyway in the shaft extends from bearing to bearing, so that with a hammer the key may readily be removed from one pinion and inserted in the other, thus reversing the action of the wheel. With the key as shown in the after pinion the wheel acts as the tiller, while with the forward pinion keyed the wheel acts as a ship's wheel. The gear is quite powerful and a small wheel may be used, while from its compactness and the strength of its parts, it is little liable to breakage. A clamping screw is provided for locking the rudder. Mr. Adams has an application now pending for a patent.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.—Mr. R. T. Bush has written as follows concerning the entry of centerboards in the ocean races:

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1887.

John H. Bird, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club.

Dear Sir—There has been so much talk about admitting centerboards in the proposed keel schooner race between Sandy Hook and Queenstown, that I think it would be an excellent plan for the centerboard people to get up a race to be started the same time with the Dauntless, Coronet and other keel schooners, and make the entry fee, if they choose, much smaller, say $1,000 or less. If such a race should be organized and open to keel schooners, I would be glad to enter the Coronet in that race also, as the boats would all start at one time, and would necessitate only one trip across. This would leave the race between the Dauntless and the Coronet and other large keel schooners that might be entered distinctive, and taking a hand in the centerboard race by the keel schooner owners would simply be for sport. Such a race would also be useful in comparing and testing the seaworthiness and sailing qualities of centerboard craft, as well as to determine in some measure the relative ocean speed of the keel and centerboard type. Yours very respectfully, R. T. BUSH.

It is most probable that the restrictions against centerboards, that have long excluded this class of yacht from the English regattas, will this year be removed, and at last a fair opportunity will be given to the American type to vindicate itself in foreign waters. The ocean passages of the little Alice are famous in American yachting annals, and it is only this unjust discrimination that has prevented other famous boats from winning as glorious laurels abroad as at home. After the successful ocean passages of such racing machines as Genesta, Galatea, and even the little Clara, of course none of the fleet will hesitate a moment about coming to the line on March 15, and this season will no doubt see such glorious names as Grayling, Comet, Nirvana, Albatross, Palmer, Peerless, Madeleine, it would be easy to run the list up to a score or more, as brilliantly and ineffacably inscribed on the page of British yachting, as on the glorious roster that has the stars and stripes at its head.

ANOTHER JUBILEE RACE.—The Royal London Y. C. now proposes to offer a prize, probably a cup of the value of $1,000, for an open race. The date will be in July or August and the course probably around the Isle of Wight. It is not decided whether centerboards will be admitted.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The annual meeting and election was to take place last evening. Several important changes in the constitution and by-laws were to be acted upon. Thirty-six new names are on the list for election.

COLUMBIA Y. C.—The Columbia Y. C., of New York, gave their 20th annual ball on Jan. 31.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SMALL CRUISERS.—In answer to an inquiry in the *Field*, Mr. J. W. Wilcocks, of Plymouth, Eng., makes the following interesting comparisons between the Mignonette and narrow boats: "In reply to 'Alectum,' I cannot say if any boats have been built on the lines of the Mignonette by any British builder (p. 146, plate xvii., of 'Small Yachts' by Mr. C. P. Kunhardt). She is given as a very successful light-draft keel yacht, yet draws 4ft. Much must depend on the cruising intended to be undertaken, but more head room can be given certainly with 4ft. draft, or an inch or two less. Her least freeboard is 1ft. 9in., and her greatest beam 7ft. 9in.; but there is no reason that a small yacht may not have more freeboard, somewhat less beam, and be a faster and drier boat to windward, without any or with little increase of draft of water, and yet have more head room, which is a matter of great importance in small craft. If 'Alectum' will look at the half-breadth plan of the Mignonette (plate xvii.), he cannot but notice a hollowness of L.W.L. and W.L. 2 in the fore body; this, it may be said, is more than compensated by her beam, which is considerable for her length and draft. Is it not better to have a little less beam, no hollow, and the same or a little more draft? At page 165 (plate xxiv.), we have the Columbine as an instance under the head of deep-draft keel yachts, and on inspecting the half-breadth plan we find that these lines, although still hollow, are much less so than those of Mignonette, that she has 7ft. instead of 7ft. 9in. beam, and 2ft. least freeboard as compared with 1ft. 9in. of Mignonette. It is true that she has 4ft. 4in. draft, but the additional 4in. can scarcely be considered detrimental, and is, of course, beneficial on a wind. The hold of the water in Mignonette is to the depth of 18in. below the rabbet amidships, and is obtained by the keel, which, as a matter of course, if she should ground without legs, must throw a considerable strain on the garboards; but in boats of deeper body and less rank keel, with a keel of greater breadth the same hold is obtainable, with increased internal depth, but without any increase of draft of water. I should, therefore, look on the form of Columbine as superior as an all-round boat to Mignonette, as she has a broad modern keel, 2in. across at its under part, and 9in. across the bottom, with a depth of 2ft. 9in. at amidships. This, however, seems overdone, as her keel is very rank for grounding, except on legs, and any cruising yacht should be strong enough to bear grounding on her side on fair ground without damage, to which end, although she must have a broad keel, it need not be nearly as deep as that of the Columbine, unless for racing; and we are now considering a cruising craft, which certainly should carry part of her ballast inside, of which there is no mention at p. 165. At p. 366 of 'Yacht and Boat Sailing,' Mr. Dixon Kemp gives us plans of a single-handed cruising 8ctben yawl, designed by himself for Mr. Percy Aylmer in 1885, having length over all, 27ft. 3in.; stem to sternpost on deck, 23ft. 4in.; on W.L., 22ft.; extreme beam, 6ft. 6in.; extreme draft of water, 3ft. 10in.; weight of lead keel, 18 tons. Her least freeboard is 2ft. 3in., which is a great gain over Mignonette. The difference in deck room is against the yawl—6ft. 6in., as compared with 7ft. 9in.; but if the beam were brought up another 6in.—namely, to that of the Columbine, I think 'Alectum' would find it sufficient. On examining the half-breadth and body plans, the contrast between the forebodies of Mignonette, Columbine and Mr. Aylmer's cruising yawl will be at once seen, particularly between the first and last named, from which all hollow in the latter design is carefully eliminated from the forebody. With 7ft. beam, the yawl might have a little less rise of floor, an advantage in grounding without legs, which must always be anticipated and provided for in a cruising small craft, who may frequently require to ground in dry harbors, which larger vessels are afraid to attempt. As regards the rig, I cannot see any room for improvement; for the canvas, being divided into four working sails, is all easily handled. The mainsail is a powerful sail, and with the mizzen off, this yawl is practically possessed of the propelling power of a cutter with reefed mainsail; the pole mast is also an advantage, a topmast being better dispensed with in craft often sailed single-handed, and when a topsail is desired, it can be set flying on a pole, as shown at plate lxiv. in the sail plan. As a matter of practice, however, it is found that small craft go so well under the four working sails, or even under three—namely, mainsail, jib and jib-headed topsail—that the topsail is only exceptionally used. With a beam of 7ft. instead of 6ft. 6in., 2ft. 6in. width could be obtained between the sofas, less than which seems rather contracted. Supposing 6in. more beam were added to Mr. Percy Aylmer's yacht, some additional ballast would be requisite to put her down to the desired draft. A little lengthening of the lead keel, and less taper in its sectional form, would provide this: and I would suggest a little less camber of keel, as in dry harbors there is often a run felt, and occasionally a bore-tide occurs, under which circumstances a craft is inclined to pivot with a cambered keel in taking ground on the ebb, or floating with the flood. I should recommend an American elm bilge strake, 2¼in. thicker than the planking to extend two-thirds through the length of the yacht, which will almost give the strength of another keel, if the craft is grounded on her bilge by accident or design. The edges will, of course, be champered off to bring the seams right for caulking."

NEW YORK Y. C.—The first regular meeting of 1887 was held on Feb. 3, with Vice-Com. Haight in the chair. The officers elected were: Com., Elbridge T. Gerry; Vice-Com., Charles Coolidge Haight; Rear-Com., Frank C. Lawrence, Jr.; Sec., John H. Bird; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch; Measurer, John Hyslop; Regatta Committee, Gouverneur Kortright, Alexander Taylor, Jr., and Stephen Peabody; House Committee, D. Henry Knowlton, Elijah A. Houghton, James N. Winslow, and Howard M. Durant; Committee on Admission, Chester Griswold, John S. Dickerson, Henry C. Ward, G. L. Haight and George L. Ingraham. The following members were also elected: S. Morris Pryor, John Cartlidge, Robert McCoskey Butt, Edward S. Wenwick, F. E. Day, H. C. Roome, L. Hopkin Smith, T. A. Bronson, Dr. F. H. Markoe, George B. Holt, William M. Singerly, Jordan L. Mott, Randolph Grymes, E. B. Havens, E. B. Underhill, Henry W. Eaton, Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, William Gould Brokaw, William Arnold, George L. Seney, John M. Burt, E. S. Porter, S. L. Parish, Robert Underhill, Robert L. Crawford and William A. McL. Ilhaunsey. Lieut. William Henn and Capt. J. H. Merryman, U. S. Revenue Marine, were elected honorary members. The initiation fee was raised to $100, to take effect on Jan. 1, 1888. The America's Cup Committee submitted a report on the races of 1886.

THE GOELET CUPS.—Mr. Ogden Goelet has renewed his offer of two cups for this year according to the terms in the following letter:

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1887.

J. H. Bird, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club.

Dear Sir—In a letter received from my brother, Ogden Goelet, he desires me to offer for him the following prizes. One cup of $1,000, to be sailed for by schooners of the New York Yacht Club; one cup of $500, to be sailed for by sloops of the New York Yacht Club. These prizes to be competed for at Newport, R. I., on the same day during the month of August next. The day to be selected by the sailing officers. The course to be decided by the regatta committee. The race to be sailed under their jurisdiction according to the rules of the club, and with the time allowance as in races for the cups given by him in August, 1885-'86. Yachts shall have the right to enter up to 8 o'clock on the morning of the day of the race, and there shall be no limit as to the time in which race is to be made. Should a foreign yacht or foreign yachts be in our waters next summer, my brother begs to reserve the right to allow any one or all of such yachts to enter for this race should he so desire. Yours truly, ROBERT GOELET.

EASTERN Y. C.—The annual meeting was held on Feb. 8, and the following officers elected, Com. Hovey declining to serve again: Commodore, W. F. Weld; Vice-Commodore, J. Malcolm Forbes; Rear-Commodore, F. Gordon Dexter; Secretary, Edward Burgess; Treasurer, P. T. Jackson, Jr.; Measurer, Edward Burgess; Members of Council at Large, C. O. Foster and H. S. Hovey; Regatta Committee, Daniel Appleton, G. A. Goddard, H. C. Leeds and H. B. Jackson; House Committee, J. H. Sleeper, George H. Warren, B. W. Crowninshield, C. L. Tilden and Hugh Cochraue.

THE NEW STEEL YACHT.—The two sections of the keel have been received at City Island, and the frames are nearly all bent, but the stem, sternpost and plating are not yet on the ground. Mr. Piepgrass has the planking stripped from the Palmer, some new timbers and a new stem and sternpost, as well as the framing for the counter are in place. Beside her lies Cinderella, the work on her keel being now completed. Her topsides have been scraped and she will be painted white.

JULIA.—In a letter from the owner of the Julia, lately received in this city, he speaks in the highest terms of the new vessel. On her late run of 68 hours from Florida to Nassau she lay for a long time becalmed, with a heavy sea running, and her behavior under these trying conditions was most satisfactory. Later on a gale struck in from S. while she was crossing the Gulf Stream, and in her progress through it, on the wind, she made a fine showing of her weatherly qualities.

STEAM YACHTS FOR SALE.—Mr. Samuel Holmes, 120 and 122 Front street, N. Y., has lately issued a large list of steam vessels for sale or charter, including steam yachts of all classes.

PURITAN'S CUPS.—The Goelet Cup, won by Puritan in 1885, has been presented to the Eastern Y. C., to be held in trust and to be awarded each year to the yacht of the Eastern Y. C., making the best record on corrected time in the annual regatta. The cup presented by the N. Y. Y. C. in 1885, has also been presented to the E. Y. C., to hold in trust.

ALVA.—Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht Alva arrived at New York on Feb. 7 after a very successful passage from her builders' yard at Wilmington. She left there on Saturday afternoon with her owner and his wife, accompanied by Messrs. D. M. Haight and J. F. Tams, and after adjusting her compasses came along easily. She will fit out at once for a cruise to the West Indies.

YACHTING NOTES.—Ariel, steam yacht, has been sold to go to Florida ... Lurline, steam yacht, has been out on the screw dock, prior to her departure on a Southern cruise.

FIXTURES.

MARCH.

15. Ocean Race, Start.

JUNE.

9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.

AUGUST.

6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.

THOUSANDS are born with a tendency to consumption. Such persons, if they value life, will not permit a cough or cold to become a fixture in the lungs and chest. The best known remedy for either is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. A. W., Boston, Mass.—You can get the cats of Reiche Bros.

M., Ottawa.—The address is S. Moreton Thomas, Cilgwin, Llangadock, South Wales.

G. F. D., Pennsylvania.—The Pennsylvania law was printed in our issue of Oct. 21, 1886.

I. L. G., Bay Ridge.—Guns are usually tested at a 30in. circle, 40yds. By variation of powder and shot you can determine best charge.

CHICAGO CAMPERS, Chicago, Ill.—Write to Geo. R. Merrell, New Boston, Ill. He will give you hints, and is moreover a steamboat man.

BLUE, Stoneham, Mass.—The book you quote gives the wrong pedigree. Blue Dan is by Dash III. and out of Opal (Rake—Fanny).

V. F., New Orleans—The size must be determined by the choke; or more accurately, use only such charge as will pass through the choke without too great compression.

A. M., Allentown, Pa.—I wish you would give me the size and color of the eyes of the snowy owl. Ans. Write to G. Wallace, No. 16 North William street, New York, for snowy owl's eyes.

F. C. M.—Put a wad in from muzzle down to point of constriction by the choke. Then chamber the shot on the wad, and having determined correct number use that layer in loading.

A. W. B.—You can procure the catalogues by writing to the rifle manufacturers and gun dealers, whose addresses you will find in our advertising columns. The arm you name will give satisfaction.

R. W. ALDRICH.—Baird's "Birds of North America" consists of two volumes quarto, one of text and one of plates. The atlas does not contain plates of all N. A. birds, but deals chiefly with those of the West.

NIPISSING, Boston.—Possibly some of the readers of your paper could give me some desired information in regard to the shooting on and about Lake Nipissing, Ontario, and whether there is good wood and black duck shooting there in September; also, whether the wild rice and celery are to be found growing in the lake, and what part of the same is most desirable for headquarters? Ans. See articles in issue May 6, 1886, and in present number.

WILD GOOSE.—While in Minnesota shooting last fall, I bought six wild geese which I used for decoys. A boy had hatched them under a hen, and raised them in a barnyard with their wings clipped. They are far tamer than the ordinary barnyard fowl. They are last spring's geese; three ganders and three geese. Will they mate or is it best to have but one gander with the geese as with the barnyard fowl? If they lay would it be better to put the eggs under hens or let them care for their own young? Ans. Probably your geese will not breed before they are three years old. They will pair and should be allowed to hatch and rear their young.

EXTRACT from letter received by the U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., from Mr. Frank Hart, of J. Hart & Co., bankers, Doylestown, Pa., dated Jan. 21, 1887: "I have about come to the conclusion that your .22 short rim-fire cartridges are the most reliable in the market, and they are beginning to be appreciated by those who know where a bullet ought to go when they pull the trigger." —*Adv.*

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

In conversation with a gentleman who passed through here a few days ago, he told me that on his way in he passed sixty wagons loaded with game. We will say that the average load of each wagon was ten deer. This is a small estimate, as many of the wagons had on four-horse loads. I do not wish to exaggerate—the truth is bad enough. Sixty wagons containing ten each would make a total of 600 deer hauled out of this county in one week. Nor is this all. It has been proven that this class of hunters wound and kill three times as many as they get. To load these sixty wagons 1,800 deer were slain. At the commencement of the hunting season, as a general thing, the weather is too warm for meat to keep, and the consequence is one-half the loads that are sent out are dumped beside the road. I have seen many loads hauled out of town and thrown away, because there was so much in the market people would not take it at any price. It is a self-evident fact that something should be done to stop this useless slaughter of our game.—*Routt County (Col.) Pilot.*

As this is the gunning season and stories of big game bags and gunning accidents, and intelligent hunting dogs are in order, it is but proper that we record the faithfulness and thorough training of Dr. Gilpin's setter dog "Sank," of the Gildersleeve strain: One day this week the Doctor had driven out from town, and with a friend was gunning in a swamp, some four miles from town. As the evening's shooting was drawing to an end at the close of the day, a last bird was pointed by the dog, and flushed; a shot was fired, but owing to the darkness and thick bushes, it was decided the bird had not been killed. The sportsmen then walked to the main road where their carriage had been left standing, leaving the dog in the branch where the bird had been shot at. By the time they had unhitched and team ready to drive the dog was at their side. It being then quite dark no particular attention was given to him except that he was noticed running beside the carriage as it was driven along. Upon reaching home the carriage was driven immediately to the stable within which was the dog's kennel. The dog was told to go into his box, which he did, and where he was found the next morning with the bird lying at his side. With the exception of having been divested of a considerable number of feathers it showed no injury received from the dog, who had kept pace with the carriage and carried it a distance of four miles and then guarded it over night.—*Middletown (Del.) Transcript.*

LIGHTHOUSES AND WILDFOWL.—Mr. Herbert B. Bradley, a veteran sportsman of New Haven, was at the Astor House last night on his way home, having concluded a successful winter duck-hunting expedition to Montauk Point in company with Messrs. Henry L. Sperry and Willard Eakin, of Brooklyn. The men took good bags of fowl during the daily flights of the birds from the ponds and inlets with which the eastern end of Long Island is studded. "But the thing that impressed me most," said Mr. Bradley, "was the wholesale slaughter of wildfowl by the lantern at the light in thick weather. I had often heard it spoken of and had read of it in the papers, but I never supposed it to amount to much. On two occasions while we were there, once on a foggy night and once during a snow storm, there was, I should judge, a small cart load of fowl killed by flying against the lantern. The ground at the foot of the light was literally covered with the birds and blood and feathers. The people living there said it was occasioned by the birds' bewilderment in the thick atmosphere. When in this condition they come upon the light, it seems to dazzle them and they fly directly into it and are killed."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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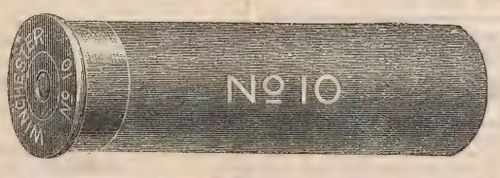
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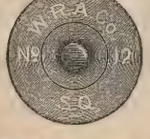
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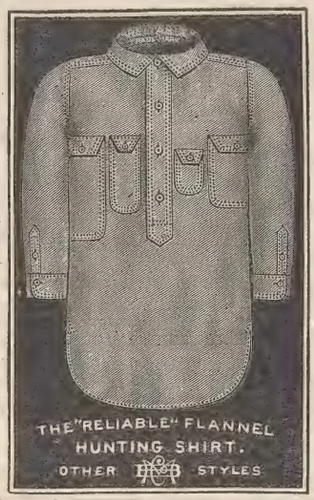
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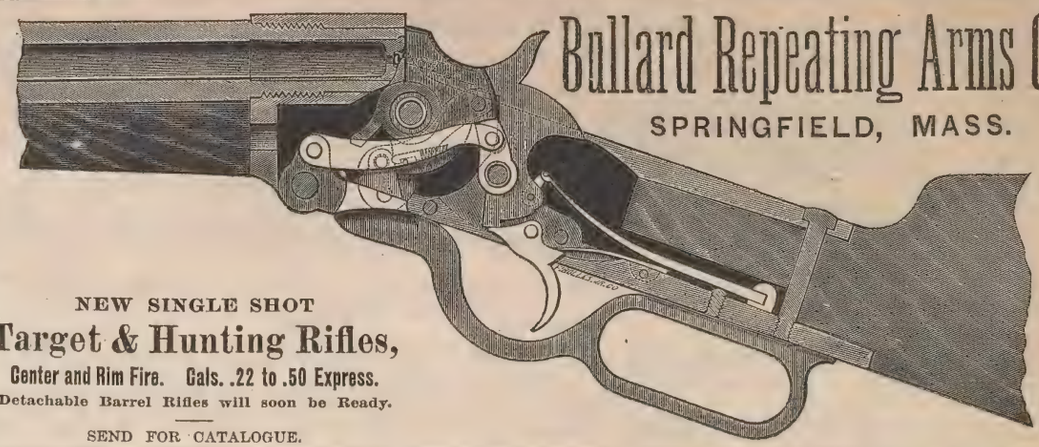
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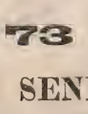
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAN THEY HOODWINK THE HOUSE?

THEY are trying to very hard. But will they succeed? A good many people thought last December that the project for running a railroad through the Yellowstone Park had, under the opposing leadership of Mr. Cox, been finally defeated. That is where the public failed to do the railroad gang justice. After having been crushed under a vote of 170 to 65, the railroaders gathered up their flattened forces, and retired into their holes to wait. Their opportunity has come again, and they are plotting fresh schemes.

Judge Payson of Illinois is still their leader, and as he is a member of the Public Lands Committee he has a fine opportunity for helping his co-conspirators, and for injuring the National Park. Such an opportunity he is not going to let pass him. Judge Payson is no such man. Although he has been in the National Park, knows what it needs, and knows that the public demands that it shall be protected, he cares little for Park or public when the question of the dollar comes up.

We understand that he has so manipulated matters in the Committee on Public Lands that an amendment has been added to the bill, making the Yellowstone River, East Fork and Soda Butte Creek the northern boundary of a portion of the Park. This cuts off from the reservation an extensive strip of territory, throws open to occupancy a number of natural wonders, of which Soda Butte and Soda Butte Springs are the most important, and—here come in the railroaders—opens to any corporation a way for a railroad up the Yellowstone, East Fork and Soda Butte Creek to the Clark's Fork mines.

The strip thus cut off from the Park contains a great body of timber, which protects the waters of tributaries flowing into the Yellowstone from the north; it is an important range for game. Elk are found there, so are a few mountain sheep, so are the most of the few buffalo yet remaining in the West. To cut off this strip is to pollute with sawdust the waters of the Yellowstone from the mouth of the East Fork down; to strip the mountains on the northeast side of that river of their timber, and turn them into barren, desolate wastes of volcanic rock; to destroy a considerable part of the game which still remains in what was once the greatest game country in all the West.

This is a cunning dodge on the part of the railroad gang under Judge Payson's leadership to pull the wool over the eyes of the House of Representatives, and to obtain by trick and device what the House squarely and flatly refused to grant them when they asked for it in an honest and open manner. Will the railroad gang succeed in getting what they want? Will the House in all simplicity pass the bill as amended, and turn over to the railroad many times more than the railroad asked for when the request was refused? Or will some one be found in the House with intelligence enough to fathom the deep game of these astute land grabbers and to expose their plots?

The public desires the passage of the Park bill as it came from the Senate, and sooner or later its demand must be granted; but the public is not ready to have a large section of its Park taken, just to please a band of schemers like the Hobarts championed by Judge Payson.

Two years ago a condition of things nearly similar to that now existing prevailed. The House passed a Park bill containing this same amendment, but that bill failed in conference committee just at the end of the session. This amended bill, if it should pass the House, will go to the conference committee, where it will be likely to meet the fate of its predecessor. The amendment is a piece of barefaced robbery, added to the bill for no other purpose than that of cheating the House into giving what has been already refused. It will benefit no one but the railroad gang. It will be a serious injury to the whole public. It is as shameful a piece of covert special legislation as has been introduced into any bill in a long time. If the House understands the purpose of this amendment, it will kill it with great promptitude.

The railroad gang show their usual shrewdness in using the bill advocated by the friends of the Park as a catspaw to draw out their own chestnuts. It is the old cry, "If you don't give us our railroad we'll bust the Park."

Will the House, after having taken the stand it has, let them "bust the Park?" We hope not.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE many Americans who, on the occasion of angling and hunting excursions to Canada, have tested the ever ready and never failing courtesy of Mr. J. U. Gregory, Chief of the Bureau of the Ministry of Marine, at Quebec, will learn with pleasure that his collected sketches have just been published in book form. The title is "Recits de Voyages en Floride, au Labrador, et sur le Fleuve Saint Laurent" (Accounts of Travel in Florida, Labrador and on the St. Lawrence River). Many of these papers appeared originally in the FOREST AND STREAM, whence they have been translated into French for the present volume, to find a new circle of readers as they deserve. Mr. Gregory is an accomplished angler, a master of woodcraft, a quick and intelligent observer and a traveler who keeps both eyes open. He has enjoyed unusual opportunities to explore out of the way nooks and corners and observe various interesting phases of life. His book is a valuable addition to the already extensive literature of Canadian life and travel.

Land owners in certain parts of Long Island, having tried every other means of protecting the birds, have at last come to the conclusion that the only effective means of accomplishing this is by posting their land. This course is being so generally adopted and so strongly recommended by the local papers that it seems likely that next autumn strangers who go there to shoot will see trespass boards staring them in the face all over good old Suffolk county. The land owners are not only doing this, but they are trying to care for the birds in winter by feeding them and putting up shelters for them. All this is good for the birds and good for the farmer. There seems no reason why the latter should not derive some profit from the birds reared on his farm. He does from the sheep, the chickens and the ducks, why not from the quail?

A New York genius claims to have invented a batten for a canoe sail. The sail batten has been employed by the Chinese for centuries, and some years ago the device was copied and used in England, whence it came to this country and many canoes have been fitted with it. The "inventor" now comes on canoeists to pay him a royalty. This is something like the rawhide-backed bow "invention." That style of bow had been in use by American Indians and Eskimos for no one knows how long, but when the archery craze was in full blast a shrewd Yankee who had traveled among the Indians "invented" the rawhide bow and made money out of it. When the archery fever was over this same genius let his hair grow, cultivated a venerable appearance and went into the manufacture of "magnetic" garments warranted to cure every time.

"Capt." Cloudman, who has gained some degree of notoriety by his misadventures with the yacht Outing, in which he set out ostensibly to circumnavigate the globe, appears from all accounts to have been a land-lubber of aggravated type. He is said not to have known starboard from port, nor the jib from gafftopsail, while the soundings on the chart were incomprehensible mysteries. It is no wonder that in such lubberly hands the yacht went ashore full tilt on Jupiter Inlet; and that the "Capt." himself was not drowned must have been due to extraordinary exertions by the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft and mistook Cloudman for an actual sailor man.

Herostratus, "the fool who fired the temple of Ephesus," has been infamous for 2,000 years; but the name of the man who introduced the English sparrow pest into this country is already a subject of dispute. Another candidate for fame is the enterprising gentleman who proposes to bring live rabbits from Australia to the United States. The peril attendant upon the introduction of such pests has already been pointed out in these columns. One game importing "crank" can bring upon this land a nuisance beyond the ken of this generation to cope with. The time to stop importing foreign species of hares and rabbits is before it is begun.

The proposed amendments to the New York game law sent to Albany by the New York Fish and Game Protective Association are a combination of good and bad. The change in the woodcock season, by which July will be an open month, is a grave mistake, a retrograde step, and directly in opposition to the general and approved efforts now making in several States to abolish all summer shooting. This amendment should not be permitted to pass. Other points of the bill will be considered when we have its full provisions.

Memorials praying for the passage of the National Park bill (S. 2436) have been adressed to the House of Representatives by the American Humane Association, Linnean Society, the Mystic Anglers, St. Augustine (Fla.) Gun Club, Megantic Fish and Game Club, of Boston, Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gun Club, Valley City (East Saginaw, Mich.) Gun Club, National Gun Association, Amateur Sporting (Wellsville, O.) Club, and a number of others.

All sorts of folks go shooting, among them practical jokers. One of these creatures was with a Beverly, Mass., hunting party recently, and on the way home rushed ahead to the wife of another of the party and as a joke told her that her husband had been shot. The woman fainted, remained unconscious for a long time and on recovery was insane. There is no moral to this. Practical jokers will joke to the end of the world; their race is tenacious as that of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiots.

The people of Georgia are becoming interested in the protection of game in that State. They have in existence local laws for nearly one-half of the counties, and at the recent session of the Legislature a very stringent law was passed for several other counties. The new law has been approved by the Governor, and considerably curtails the open season on all game and makes the penalty very heavy for violations of the law.

Paul, a restaurant proprietor, of this city, successfully finished his task of eating two quail per day for forty-one days, last Monday. It is said that $10,000 changed hands on the result. This is the second time under game protector Godwin's regime that a public quail-eating task has been accomplished in close time without molestation.

Capt. Nathaniel Clock, of the Mischief, died at his home in Islip last Tuesday. Capt. Clock was one of the most expert and famous yacht skippers of America, having commanded the White Cap, Vixen, Magic (when she beat Comet), Madcap and Mischief (in which he beat Atalanta).

No less than eighteen bills have been introduced to repeal the Arkansas game law. Public sentiment sustains the law.

Abolish spring and summer shooting.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

UNOFFICIAL LOG OF THE STELLA.—III.

READER, should you ever have occasion to visit Jekyl Island (near Brunswick, Ga.), do not forget to call on old man Du Bignon, who lives in an old-fashioned cottage about one mile from the club house. The house is small, decidedly Southern in build and surroundings, a good deal run to seed, but surrounded by the finest live oaks on the island; and underneath these oaks you will not fail to notice all that rust has left of an immense square iron cauldron. This is historical. It is the cauldron in which beef was boiled and soup was daily made for the sable cargo of the Wanderer; and when the cargo was safely landed the cauldron was set up ashore and kept in daily use until the cargo was disposed of and dispersed to the various plantations along the coast. And from that time until the present the huge silent witness has slowly rusted away under the oaks of Jekyl Island.

No man can give the history of this island and the famous daring venture of the law-defying Wanderer as can old man Du Bignon. It was to him that the cargo of human chattels was consigned. It was owing to his vigilance and thorough knowledge of the country that the Government was unable to lay hands on a single negro of that cargo, of which he had the disposal, and he succeeded in placing the stock where it was supposed to do most good. In those days the Du Bignons lived in (Southern) baronial style. They owned Jekyl Island, and dealt largely in "niggers" and Sea Island cotton—two articles that paid princely returns.

Latitude and longitude considered they were a fine race of men. Of fine physique, energetic, brave, courteous and just, as they believed in their hearts, they were yet intolerant, ultra Southern, and bitterly pro-slavery. The Sea Islands at that time offered few inducements to the average Bostonian as a winter residence, and it was a sickly country for Yankee peddlers. The war changed all that. There was not a slave or a pound of cotton on Jekyl Island, and the Du Bignons were in a state of needy decadence until a lucky sale of the island gave them the command of money once more. We had a young man of the name for guide and director on a deer hunt, and a finer specimen of young manhood or a better horseman would be far to seek.

Old man Du Bignon is in the sere and yellow, and an ugly cancer is eating out the little life he has left, but he is not averse to talk, and he will give you a clearer inside view of old-time life in the Sea Islands than you will ever glean from Uncle Tom's Cabin or Whittier's poems, added to all the files of the *Liberator*. He has no lack of children to cheer him in his old age, there being some fifty on the island and in the neighborhood who claim him as father. They are mostly coffee-colored, and the straightforward old sinner, whose morality is not of the Plymouth Rock type, has no compunctions about it.

We find many yachts from the North cruising in Southern waters, and the general disposition to fraternize, exchange visits, or afford mutual assistance, is one of the pleasant features of yachting. We meet and pass them, or they pass us in the most unexpected places. In narrow creeks, in bays, sounds and rivers, or we come to anchor in the same waters and "gam" with them.

In Jekyl Creek we were anchored near the Magnolia and the Reva, and when we ran up to Brunswick we found them both there before us; and the latter yacht was in difficulty, having lost her second engineer, who had been shot by a Brunswick policeman. The citizens were bitter on the policeman and declared the act no less than murderous. "And what makes it look blacker," said a leading merchant of the place, "is the fact that this is the seventh man that same policeman has shot. He will get 'stopped' on this shot." We see by the Florida papers that the wounded man has died and his slayer is in prison on a charge of manslaughter. It is bad policy for Florida ports to thin out yachtsmen by pistol practice, and the people see it. Yachtsmen buy liberally and pay well for what they require.

We meet some queer craft in these waters, and one of the most curious is a New Haven sharpie, which started from New Haven with a crew of nine men some time in November, bound for St. Lucie, on the Indian River. She was expected to make the trip inside of a month, as she was propelled by a kerosene engine in addition to her cat rig. An open boat, with less than a foot of freeboard and no cabin at all, nor even a small boat to go ashore with, her only protection for the crew at night or in stormy weather consisting of tarpaulins and blankets stretched over the boom, she was by no means the craft to run outside, while comfort and cleanliness were out of the question. Seven weeks out she passed us in Jekyl Creek, puffing and roaring as kerosene boats will, and with a crew of seven, two men having left her in disgust.

We ran outside to Fernandina, and lay there for one day, then took the outside run to St. Augustine, where we spent several days; and while lying at anchor there what should come puffing up the bay but our kerosene friend from New Haven. We had supposed her at St. Lucie, but she had been working the inside route without a pilot, and had got a trifle mixed. At Matanzas Inlet she had ventured outside for a run to Mosquito Inlet, but hardly had got out on the open sea when there came an ominous change in the weather. The wind was ahead and fast rising, the clouds rolled up black and threatening, and the sharpie turned her nose up the coast and made her best speed for a harbor at St. Augustine. She made it by a close shave, with nothing to spare. An hour's delay would have swamped her. She tied to the wharf over night, left early the next morning, and we supposed we had seen the last of her. Not at all. We loitered along the coast—always outside—and while lying at anchor near the little town of New Smyrna, along came our friends from New Haven. They had worked through by the inside route, slowly and with some difficulty, and had been nine weeks *en voyage*, whereas they expected to make the trip in a month. They were in a demoralized state, rather. An open boat, with a kerosene engine and plenty of salt water, does not give the right conditions for wholesome cookery or cleanliness, and they were badly mixed. The boat was destined for the oyster trade on Indian River; and six of her crew were engaged to work for "the company," being given free passage on the boat on condition that they furnished and cooked their own food. The only man under pay was the captain, the pay of the others commencing on their arrival at St. Lucie; and they had rather anticipated a sort of free and easy picnic. But the cruise had not panned out according to promise.

"If," said one of the crew, "there is such a thing as a tramp element in yachting, we represent it. We live like pigs, there is only thirty-six cents among six of us, and we are out of tobacco. Thank heaven we are only three days easy run from St. Lucie, and if I am ever caught cruising from Connecticut to Florida in an open boat again, I hope I may drown."

The Stella's crew stocked them with tobacco, and they are at the end of their weary cruise ere this. But an old woodsman may be pardoned a hearty laugh at the comical ending of such a lugubrious picnic.

Every intelligent reader is supposed to know something of "Old St. Augustine," the oldest city in America, and, perhaps, the most written about. And so many have read descriptions of the massive old Spanish fort—now Fort Marion, that description here might be deemed superfluous.

But everybody has not seen Chief Geronimo's band of 448 Apaches now confined in the old fort, though Geronimo has been sent to Fort Pickens, as it was thought best to keep him apart from his tribe. They are camped in 147 tents, nearly all of which are pitched on the broad walks of the fort; and if there is a dirtier tribe of Indians anywhere on this continent I have not seen them.

As Captain H. had letters to the officer in charge of the post (General Ayers), we had no difficulty in getting a pass, and a sergeant who has been with the band since their surrender, and can speak their lingo, was detailed to put us through. We were warned that it would be as well to keep anything in the way of watch chains and ornaments out of sight, as they are a freehanded lot of beggars and do not stand in much awe of the white man, whom they have been trained from infancy to look upon as legitimate plunder.

We found them enjoying rather more than the usual aboriginal amount of dirt and coarse paint, the latter put on in thick daubs of what looked like red and yellow daubs of plaster of paris. A few of them were clad in Apache costume, which looked picturesque rather than cleanly, but the larger portion of them wore the cast-off toggery of civilization, and the various ways in which they wore it passes description. Many of the boys had bows and arrows, with which they had already learned the Indian begging trick of shooting pennies or nickles from a cleft stick. "Where do they get the timber to make their bows?" the sergeant was asked. And he answered laconically, "Wood-pile." There are 147 men and boys in the band, while the women and children number 301. Youngsters under six years of age were especially numerous, and the Indian women are exceedingly fond of their children, whom they manage with admirable tact and gentleness. It seemed to us that this was their one redeeming trait.

As to the tribe generally, they chafe grievously at their unwonted abridgment of liberty; and the officers at the fort believe they are only kept from a wild outbreak by the understanding that they are to be put on a reservation of their own in early spring, and left free to do as they please.

In spite of all reports to the contrary these Apaches are and have been exceptionally healthy in their captivity, there having been but seventeen deaths among them since their surrender. But, accustomed as they have always been to the freest life and the pure mountain air of their native fastnesses, it is likely the low, malarious lands of southern Florida may soon solve the Indian question so far as they are concerned, and it is as well so. Humanity has no use for them.

NESSMUK.

A TRIP FOR BOB WHITE.

BY agreement, my brother, who lives not far from Little Rock, Arkansas, and myself met at the Exchange Hotel, in Richmond, Virginia, on Dec. 3 last, on our way to visit relations in the county of Goochland. Among the inducements to take this trip was an assurance on the part of "M., of Northside," that in addition to all the pleasures which his house could afford, he could show us a great many coveys of Bob Whites, and give us an opportunity of displaying our skill with our fine guns. He of Arkansas had with him his gun with two pairs of barrels, each 12-bore, and I had a hammerless 14-gauge, and a second gun, which I have called in honor of the donor Lucy Green. He supplied himself with loaded shells from a dealer in Richmond, while I, using an uncommon size, took with me about 200, charged according to my own notion of what was right.

Soon after leaving home on the Thursday night preceding, I discovered that Boreas or somebody else had plunged his javelin in one of the mountains near the North Pole, and the frigid winds had greatly lowered the thermometrical elevation. When I reached Weldon the air was freezingly cold, and so it continued all the way to Richmond. After a rather unpleasant night spent in a cold room, we took the Richmond & Alleghany Railroad. It had been cloudy since sunrise, and the train had not gone more than seven or eight miles before the snowfalls were descending rapidly. When we arrived at our station, the ground was covered with a white mantle, destroying all hope of our indulging in any of the pleasures of the field that afternoon. Our friend "M., of Northside," (I do not comprehend the reasons for his *nom de plume*), was on hand with his vehicle. Reaching his portals we were welcomed by his lovely wife, who, "though the storm without might roar and rustle," was blooming like a violet, and charmed us by her cordial welcome. A glowing fire cheered us with its heat and protected us from the fury of the driving snow. It was then a little past midday, and for hours the snow was falling. The next morning there seemed to be no abatement, and when it did stop the ground was covered about eight inches. This saved Bob White from any possible molestation by our guns, and ended all hope of any sport in the county of Goochland. Still we passed the time pleasantly in conversation and otherwise. We not only enjoyed ourselves at the dwelling of our host and hostess, but braved the weather and were the recipients of kindness in the homes of some of the neighbors. Indeed, a gentleman, once a resident of New York, but now occupying a lovely seat upon the James, although past his "three score years and ten," waded through the snow to call on us and invite us to dine with him. We accepted his offer and were met with a "kindly welcome."

But we did no hunting in Goochland. Thursday morning we took the cars to Richmond. The streets of that city were a sight. Dirty snow for several inches in depth covered the paving stones: the sidewalks were slippery and not safe for sober and well-balanced men. From here we set out on the Chesapeake & Ohio R. R., and going rapidly forward, snow, snow on every side, until the train drew up at Frederick's Hall, and before a great while we alighted at the hospitable home of Dr. L. S. P., and were ushered into a nice parlor, warmed by a blazing fire of oak logs. Mrs. P. soon came in and made all things "more cheerful and more bright" by her friendly greeting. There being no "heritages of the Lord" at this place, the doctor and she "who caught his youthful fancy" make pets of beagles and setters, and devote much time to the gentle art of fishculture. The madame seems to take great interest in her husband's hobbies—if I may so speak—and is of great assistance to him in the management of his kennel. They had some fine specimens of the dogs which I have named, and allowed them to take the "freedom of the city." Among them were a pair of splendid setter pups which they had raised, and meant as a present to my brother. He dubbed them Lew and Nan in compliment to the givers.

Directly after dark our friend M. made his appearance, and we had a pleasant time, talking of dogs, guns, ducks, Bob White, sage hens, willow grouse, speckled trout, black-tailed deer and elks. My brother has spent more than a month for each of the past several years in the mountains of Colorado enjoying himself with the rough sport which that locality affords, and entertained us all with his narration of "the uncos that he saw and heard" in that mountainous land. On the following morning the snow still covered the earth, but M. and the Doctor concluded that they would take their guns and go out in quest either of Bob White, ruffed grouse, or wild turkeys. My brother and I showed more wisdom by remaining in the house. When they returned they had four squirrels, and reported that they had seen signs of grouse and turkeys. The next day, "listening to their enticing voices," I was induced to go with them. In that there was folly. I walked a half mile from the house, saw nothing, and did "the better part" by toiling back to the place whose comfort I had left. The others went on. They returned with no game, but M. reported that he had shot at a gobbler.

That night we left the hospitable dwelling with pleasant recollections of its occupants, and all of us took the eastern bound train—my brother to his home in Arkansas, M. to Louisa Court House on professional business, and I went where I was met by my kinsman W. J. L., who escorted me to his home. And here I received the warm welcome which had been my lot on two former occasions—one of which was when I visited the place at the invitation of some young friends, students of Randolph Macon College, which is located here, to deliver an address before the society of which I was a member "in life's morning march, when my bosom was young." I spent a quiet Sunday, conversing with the family and with Professor B. who did me the honor to call.

After dinner the following day, when I was listening to the interesting conversation of Col. J. M. P., Prof. S. of the College made his appearance. To my great surprise, he informed me that he had seen posted upon the trees in the campus that —— was in Ashland, and would meet the members of Washington Hall at 5 P. M. Soon thereafter a committee came down and formally invited me to accompany them. I did not resist the appeal, and soon entered the Hall. It rapidly filled with the boys, and then I was introduced to their acquaintance by Professor S., of Connecticut. They wanted a speech—and they got one. I commenced on a high key with the words "*Non in hæc fœdera veni*," and proceeded to "rousticate," to the best of my skill, on whatever subject came into my mind. I do not know what I said. It might have been tolerably good, somewhat indifferent or very bad, but it took. College boys make an appreciative audience. They are easy to satisfy, they applaud vociferously. After months of hard study, trying to master Cæsar or Horace, or to unlock the mysteries of Taylor's or McLaurin's theories, anything is a relief, and they welcome the arrival among them of a stranger who can stand up and talk. The boys enjoyed my speech, and I enjoyed their enjoyment. But speaking is not my business now; "Othello's occupation's gone." I look after spindles and looms and cotton, and am, as some people say, a laboring man. When I was otherwise engaged I loved to talk to boys—to college boys—and tell them some things, partly jocular and partly serious, with the view of pleasing and benefitting them. They always welcome me, and I really think that a few days before the commencement at —— the bulk of the students at that institution are quite as much pleased to hear that I would be in the chapel at morning prayers as they would be to hear that John Robinson's or some other circus had arrived with a full supply of acrobats, horses and clowns. Well, hurrah for the boys!

Perhaps some one may ask me where I will begin to describe my hunt. I answer, not in this communication. There was no hunt at all. I was ready, but the land was not visible. It was hidden from my vision. I did not see it. No doubt there was land somewhere, but it was out of sight. My little gun was admired by everybody because of its looks. They all thought it was capable of doing its part. And so it was, but it did not perform.

Leaving my generous friends on Tuesday morning, I was soon in Richmond and that night at 7 o'clock I was in Raleigh, the guest at the house of one of North Carolina's noblemen, a gentleman well known to intelligent men throughout the country, as one who is honest in all his dealings and capable of discharging any trust with which he may be invested. He and I have long known each other and both have tried to "do the State some service." He has succeeded. At present he occupies one of the highest standings which the people can confer. We discussed matters of private business and some subjects which pertain to the public. The following day my duties called me to visit one of the public institutions and to assist somewhat in its management. The next day there was a similar demand and at night I was on the train, bound for home.

I do not regret my trip. It was an enjoyable one. There was no hunting, it is true, but then I had pleasure. I met with kind and hospitable people. If I had been

accompanied by my friend Mud, as I had hoped, he would have contributed largely to our joys, and added much to the enjoyment of those whom I visited. They had heard of Mud, for I had immortalized him through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. He deserved it all.

We have had bad weather in North Carolina. Just as I was fully ready to try the birds, down came the snow and ended all my joyous anticipations. At this season they fly fast, and the sportsman has no time to count ten after they spring up from their cover and seek another. He must be "quick on trigger" or they get beyond range.

I see that you have another "Wells." Which of us has the prior right? If he, then I will take another name. Otherwise, will he? But for the present I will subscribe myself WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Jan. 13.

SAM LOVEL'S THANKSGIVING.—II.

AS hunting was dearer to Sam Lovel than feasting, it very naturally happened that on a certain Thanksgiving Day morning he was out on the hills with Drive rather than at home enduring the fuss and bustle of the "women folkses'" preparation of the great dinner. Such endurance he thought would be poorly paid for by all the good things that the feast would furnish forth, to be gorged at noon in a silent and business-like manner, as if to eat a little more than one's comfortable fill was the best, if not the only observance of the time-honored holiday that was required.

Sam was out betimes. As he took his way across the narrow fields to the woods, the dun grass land, the black squares and oblongs of fall plowing, the gray of the deciduous trees and the "black growth" of the woodlands were blurred together in the first light of the early morning, nothing distinct but lines and patches of the first snow, left by the ensuing warm days, and the serrated crest of the mountain now sharply cut against the eastern sky. The hound, quartering the way toward sunrise, came into sight and vanished, now to the right, now to the left, first white spots and then a dimly defined dog, then white spots and no dog, nor any indication of his nearness but his loud snuffing and crisp crush of the frosty herbage under his feet. Presently he gave tongue on a cold scent, and puzzling out with his miraculous gift of smell the devious course of the fox over knolls and through swales of matted mouse-haunted wild grass, and by and by, when daylight had set well-defined bounds to field and forest, led his slowly-following master to the ridge of the first hill. Then the sun began to burn its way up the sky with so intense a flame that it seemed to be consuming the stubby trunks and low-spread branches of the stunted evergreens bristling in blurred silhouette on the mountain crest. Sam followed the trend of the long ledge that formed the top of the hill, a sheer steep abutting toward the west, a long rough slope slanting to a dark gorge on the east. Out of this came from time to time the tuneful baying of the hound as he worked southward on the scent, so cold that only in those places that held it best it greeted his nostrils with an aroma strong enough to bring forth his bugle-like challenge. The intervals of silence became longer between the bugle notes, sounding now fainter and further away, till at last unheard at all, though the murmur of a mountain brook changing with wafts of the light breeze, the monotonous song of the evergreens swelling and falling with its varying touch, and a hundred nameless mysterious voices of the woods fooled the hunter's ear now and then. But he had an abiding faith that at last Drive would get up the fox and bring him back along this ridge, and so he listened and waited, sitting on a moss-cushioned log while all the chickadees of the neighborhood came and visited him with inquisitive friendliness, and the jays, at more respectful distance, squalled a protest against his intrusion on their haunts. A solitary crow, belated in his migration, discovered the silent and motionless figure and made as much pother as if it had been a featherless owl or a furless fox, but when his clamor failed to bring any response from the brethren now far beyond the sound of his voice, he flapped away in silent disgust. A red squirrel scampering over the matted leaves in quest of buried treasure, sat up at the toe of Sam's boot, and after a short inspection of this queer black stump, ventured on to it, and then as far as Sam's knee, whence a wink of the hunter's gray eye frightened him in a sudden panic, from which he recovered sufficiently when he had gained the vantage of a tree trunk to rattle out a volley of abuse. When these visitors had all departed and Sam had listened long in vain, he moved on to a bald peak of the hill from which a portion of the valley could be seen, with its cleared fields and wooded cobbles, and farm houses and outbuildings strung along the frozen black road like nests on a slender leafless branch. Some were as deserted to-day as the vireo's nest that hung in a fork of the witch hazel beside him, the inmates away for one day's thanksgiving as the birds were for months of it. But from the chimney of one red-painted homestead, which Sam's wandering glances always came back to, a banner of smoke flaunted, denoting occupancy.

"Someb'dy stayin' to hum t' Pur'n't'ns," he soliloquized. "Guess most on 'em 's gone some'eres tu Thanksgivin', f' the' haint nob'dy stirrin' 'round aou'door. Guess they haint keepin' on 't there, for 'f they was ol' Gran'ther Pur'n't'ns shay 'ould be a loomin' up 'long side o' the barn like a tew storey haouse afire. Wonder 'f the' haint nob'dy t' hum, 'n' the dum'd haouse is afire"—as the chimney belched forth a greater volume of smoke. "Do' know but what I'd better go an' see. That 'ere fox is an ol' N' Hampsh'r traveller, an' he'll tow Drive clean t' the C'net'cut River 'fore he gives it up an' comes back, an' I'll be dum'd 'f I'm a goin' to set 'raound here a waitin' for him 'till t'morrer night. I b'lieve that dum'd ol' haouse *is* afire!" And listening one moment more for the voice of the hound, almost afraid that he might hear it, he started down the sheer hillside, checking now and then his headlong course with clutches on bushes, saplings and tree-trunks, till he reached the level of the alder-bordered brook that wound along the base of the hill. The red winter berries glowed there in vain to catch his eye, and he crushed unseen beneath his feet the scarlet cones of the white turnip drooping on their withered stalks as he breasted the tangled sprawl of the alders. When beyond them he came in sight of the house again, he caught a glimpse of a trim figure as the kitchen door opened for an instant, the flash of a dishpan and the glitter of its discharged contents, and a few notes of a clear voice singing, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The figure and the voice made his heart beat quicker, but he slackened his pace as he taxed his wits for an excuse for his call. When he crossed the chips in front of the woodshed, he had decided that his first idea was the best to act upon, and that if he did not quite believe it now, he really had believed that the house was on fire. He knocked at the kitchen door and waited long enough for flames to have made great headway, while he listened to the clear voice singing with all the freedom from embarrassment of one who sings without a listener, and for the singer's sole pleasure—

"If ever I chance to go that way,
And she has not resigned me,
I'll reconcile my mind and stay
With the girl I left behind me."

He did not knock again till the words ended, and the singer began to hum the tune in a lower voice. Then the singing and the accompanying clatter of dishes and swash of "wrench water" suddenly stopped, and Sam knew that in the ensuing hush Huldah was wiping her hands on the towel behind the buttery door, that the few quick footsteps took her to the looking glass in the door of the clock, whose ticking he could now hear, and now she was coming. When she opened the door such a bright pleased surprise shone on her pretty face that he could compare it to nothing but the brightness of that morning's sunrise.

"Why, good land sakes alive! Samwell Lovel, where on airth did you come from?"

"Wal," said Sam, his cheeks as red as hers, "I was a huntin' up on Pig's Back, an' I seen the smoke a tumblin' aouten your chimbly at sech a rate 't I was afeared the haouse was afire. I thought most likely 'at you'd all gone off t' Thanksgivin', an' suthin' nuther hed ketched, an' so I come ri' daown. I'm sorry t' I troubled ye, but I'm dreffle glad 't the' haint nothin' afire. Guess I'll be a goin' naow."

"Why, what's yer hurry, Mr. Lovel? Come in an' seddaown an' rest ye a spell. Aour folks is all gone, father 'n' mother 'n' Sis, up to Gran'ther's, an' lef' nob'dy t' hum but me 'n' the cat. I didn't keer no gret 'baout goin' an' so I staid t' hum to keep haouse. Come in an' seddaown a minute, won't ye? whilst I gwup stairs an' look o' that sto'pipe—it *hes* ben kinder aouter kilter. Come in an' take a cheer. The kitchin looks like all git aout [it was as neat as a new band-box], but I wa'n't 'spectin' nob'dy, an' the haint no fire in the square room. I'd take yer gun but I dassent—set it in the corner, er heng it up on the hooks over the mantel-tree there. Father's gun's gone t' V'gennes a bein' altered over tu a—a cap-lock, is 't you call 'em? He thinks they're better 'n flint-locks. Du you think they be, Sa—Mr. Lovel, I mean?"

"Wal, they be handier an' sartiner to go off, but I do' know but what a flint-lock gun is 'baout as good—to heng up, as yer father's does mostly," Sam answered, looking up contemplatively at the hooks where his own gun now hung.

"Make yerself t' hum, Samwell—why, haow I du keep a callin' on ye by yer fust name! excuse me, *Mr.* Lovel—whilst I gwup an' see 'baout that 'ere sto'pipe"

The stovepipe must have been found in satisfactory condition, for Huldah presently reappeared in a smart new calico gown, and with her hair neatly brushed and fastened with a high tortoise shell comb.

"Is it usuil, Mr. Lovel," she asked, after she had set away her dishes, and drawing a chair to the stove, sat down and folded her hands in seemly fashion over her check apron, "for folks to knock at the door when they think a haouse is afire?"

I wa'n't a knockin'!" Sam said, dropping his abashed eyes from her roguish glance, "I was a beginnin'—kinder mawdret, ye know, to bust open the door. I didn't wanter skeer nob'dy, s'posin' the' was anyb'dy t'hum, which I hedn't no idee the' was."

Huldah could not help laughing at this absurd explanation, nor could Sam help joining her, and when they had had their laugh out they found themselves much more at ease and became very sociable. When Huldah again corrected herself for addressing him by his first name, he reminded her of their old school days when she had never thought of calling him anything but Sam. "We wus putty good frien's them times, Huldy, but I'm afeard you haint a feelin' so frien'ly tow-wards me naow, a-Misterin' on me so. I do' know who folks is a talkin' tu when they says *Mister* Lovel; seem's 's 'ough they was mistakin' on me for father or gran'ther."

"Wal then, Sam! 'f 't suits ye any better," cried Huldah, and he declared that it did suit him better, "a dum'd sight."

"I hedn't made no cal'lations on gittin' a reg'lar dinner tu-day, bein' 'at the' wa'n't nob'dy here but me," Huldah apologized, looking up at the clock as it warned for eleven. "I'm dreffle sorry 't I didn't naow, but I'm a goin' t' git ye some nutcakes an' pie an' cheese, an' you'll hafter stay yer stomerk wi' them. You mus' be hungrier 'n a bear, eatin' of your breakfas' 'fore daylight I s'pose, an' a traipsin' raound in the woods all the fo'noon," and she bustled away to prepare the lunch in spite of Sam's protesting that he "wa'n't the least mite hungry, an' 'ould druther set an' talk 'n t' eat."

"It does beat all natur'," she said with an emphatic and rather petulant toss of her head, as she returned from the pantry with a pie and a plate of doughnuts, "'at anybody can enj'y traipsin' raound, up hill an' daown, all day long, arter a leetle insi'nificant fox! An shoolin' an' stumblin' raound the lots all night arter coons! Ketch me, 'f I was a man. But you men folks du beat all creation!"

"Shouldn't wonder 'f we did, putty nigh, 'xceptin' the womern part on't. That beats us, all holler. But I'd a good deal druther ketch ye jest as ye be. I haint hed a chance tu speak tu ye 'lone 'fore in a dawg's age!"

"I do' know 'f nothin' 'at the''s ben t' hender, 'f ye wanted tu," Huldah said, pouting her red lips, "erless you'd forgot where we lived. You haint ben anigh f'r I d' know haow long, an' ye wouldn't t'day 'f you hedn't a thought the haouse was afire 'n' nob'dy t' hum," and the pout changed to a smile.

"If I c'ld raly b'lieve at the time seemed long sen' I'd ben here t' anyb'dy but me, I sh'ld be turrible glad on 't, an' the' wouldn't be no need o' settin' the haouse afire t' fetch me. But ye see, Huldy, yer father he don't set no gret by folks 'at goes a huntin', no more 'n his darter does, 'n' so I haint felt ezackly free 'baout comin'."

"Why Samwill! I wa'n't sayin' 'at I hed anything agin folkses huntin'; I was on'y wonderin' what makes 'em lufter."

"Wal, it's kinder natur' I s'pose, borned inter some on us same's 't is inter haoun' dawgs, an' we can't help a runnin' off int' the woods. Suthin' takes us. An' when 't 'aint none tew pleasant for a feller t' hum, like 'nough he goes off a huntin' er a fishin' oftener 'n he would 'f t'was pleasant. Naow, 'f I hed a haouse o' my own an' someb'dy t' keep it—wal, say as this is kep'," looking around the neat kitchen with a look of admiration that grew as it returned and lingered on the bright face of the young housekeeper, "an' wa'n't allus a scoldin' an' findin' fault, I p'sume to say I wouldn't go a huntin' more'n onct a week in the season on't, 'thaout 't was when oncommon good days come oncommon often."

"The' haint no daoubt," Huldah said, rising in some confusion, and, taking the tea kettle from the back of the stove, going out to fill it, talking back through the open door as she went to the pump, "but what you c'ld *hire* someb'dy nuther to keep haouse for ye"—then the squeaking and gurgling crescendo of the pump's voice drowned hers. "I'm a goin' t' make ye a cup o' tea," returning with the kettle and setting it on the stove, and giving the fire an enlivening punch.

"I wa'n't a meanin' no *hired* help," Sam said—"no, don't make me no tea—I'd druther you wouldn't take no sech trouble—no, not no hired help, but someb'dy at 'ould—'at thought they could stan' it to—to go snucks along wi' me a ownin' of a haouse, an' keepin' on it for me an' her."

"Why, Samwell Lovel! Haow you du go on! Did anybody ever!" cried Huldah, glowing with blushes. Then she held her breath to hear what, she was sure, her lover now must ask. But Sam was frightened into dumbness by his own unwonted boldness; and at last when the silence was becoming painfully awkward, she not knowing what else to say, broke it with the unfortunate remark that "The' was some other nat'ral borned hunter up on the hill, she guessed, for she hearn a haoun' dawg a yollupin' up there." Sam hurried out to listen, and she followed him.

"Wal, by the gret horn spoon!" he exclaimed, as the familiar long-drawn notes of his own hound struck his ear, "I'll be dum'd if that haint Drive, as sure as shootin'! He's brung that 'ere fox back f'm the Lord knows where! Yes, sir," as the musical cry swelled louder from the nearest ridge, "he's jest a shovin' on him, 'n' he's a goin' t' cross by the Butt'nuts, 'n' I b'lieve I c'n head him!"

Sam was in the kitchen and out again with his gun, in an instant, and speeding across the fields toward the well-known runway where three great butternut trees crowned a knoll with a wide spread of thick, ungraceful ramage. Sweetheart and doughnuts were forsaken, love almost forgotten and hunger quite, in the ardor of the chase, though it must be said in palliation of Sam's abrupt departure that he longed to give Huldah an exhibition of his skill as a hunter, to shoot the fox before her eyes and presently bring her the furry trophy of his prowess. But, alas, for his hopes! Before he was within the longest possible gunshot of the knoll he saw the fox crossing it, halting for a moment to look after the bellowing hound, and then disappearing with undulating lopes on his way to the western range. He would probably play when he reached those lines of ledges, Sam thought, and after a little hesitation and more than one wistful glance back to the red house, he went forward. He was ashamed to return now, so unsuccessful.

"My!" Huldah said to herself, as with her plump hand shading her eyes, she watched the receding form of her lover, "I hope to goodness he'll git him!" Then when the fox appeared and disappeared far out of Sam's reach, she exhaled her 'long-held breath in a great sigh, not wholly of disappointment. "Wal, I don't care, he'll come back naow." But when he went on with a swinging stride that speedily took him out of her sight, her eyes filled with tears of vexation. "The 'tarnal great fool! I hope 't he won't never come anigh me agin 's long 's I live an' breathe, an' I hope 't that won't be long—I do! What a plegged fool I was t' up an' tell o' hearin' a haoun'! I wish 't the' wa'n't a haoun' dawg ner a fox in this wide-livin' world for men t' go shoolin' an' runnin' an' traipsin' arter when they might be a doin' suthin' wuth while. He cares more for a mis'able sneakin' fox 'an he does for me, or anything on airth, to run off arter one an' leave me jest when—I wish 't *I* was a fox, an' then mebby—Oh! wouldn't I keep him a moggin' a spell—I won't never speak to him agin so long 's I live an' breathe! Let him hev his ol' haoun' an' his foxes an' his hateful ol' gun an' his everlastin' huntin' 'f he likes 'em better'n he does me. I don't care, so there, naow!" But she was choking with alternating tearful fits of sorrow and anger all the afternoon, and when her father and mother and little sister returned from the Thanksgiving at "gran'thers," they wondered to find her so woe-begone.

"I hedn't no idee," said her father to her mother after furtively watching her as he sat warming his hands at the stove, "'at Huldy keered a row o' pins 'baout goin' t' father's."

When miles away on one of the furthest ridges of the western hills, Sam at sundown shot his fox, and gave the dying brute a spiteful if merciful finishing kick in the head, he said, "Blast yer pictur', I wish 't you hed ha' gone clean t' N' Hampsh'r 'n, I never 'd seen er heard on ye, dum ye! You've cost me more 'n any fox ever cost a man afore sen the' was foxes an' men an' women folks in this world!" He bore an aching heart for many a weary day before he forgave himself or was forgiven by Huldah. How her forgiveness came may be told some time.

One day in the winter Huldah came to Aunt Jerusha on an errand. "I wanter borry your wool caards, Aunt Jerushy, to caard some rolls for father some socks. Aourn is lent, we do' know where." In the conversation that accompanied the borrowing and lending of the cards, Aunt Jerusha asked when Huldah had seen Samwill Lovel, to which Huldah replied with a show of spitefulness that her wistful eyes belied, that she had not seen him since about Thanksgiving Day, "an' didn't wanter, as she knowed on!" Whereat Aunt Jerusha was surprised and grieved, for it was her cherished hope that these two, her favorites among all the young folks of Danvis, would some day make a match. After some coaxing Huldah told her old friend her grievance, and so Uncle Lisha came to know in part the story which we have told for him.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A WEEK IN BEAR CREEK VALLEY.

IT is a terribly rough day out of doors. The snow flies in blinding flurries while the wind roars among the branches, whistles around the corners and beats in surging waves against the house, reminding me very vividly of my experience in a mining cabin among the mountains of Colorado, and that reminds me of the killing of my first mule deer, or in fact my first deer of any kind. I had seen wild deer previously, but had never been able to call them mine. Four young, at least not very old, men, of whom I was one, owned a hole in the ground called a mine. We didn't call it mine, but ours, and many weary hours have we spent in that shaft digging prospective wealth. It was 3,000 feet higher than Georgetown, which was claimed with much pride by her citizens to be the highest mining town in the world, being about 9,000 feet above the sea. We generally went up to the mine Monday morning, taking "grub" for the week, and returning Saturday to slick up for Sunday and be civilized again. Of course there were a great many who were compelled to "back" it, and naturally we improved our weekly holiday in fraternizing in our dens, where we smoked, exchanged experiences or indulged in music. Many of these "dens" were shaky cabins of one room, built of rough boards battened, and when the wind descended from the mountain tops and ran amuck down the valley, everything rattled, and in winter discomfort was uppermost. Many cabins were braced with trunks of trees, and some anchored to the rock with iron rods. I remember very well lying awake nearly all of one night when the wind was high and howling, fearful that the next wave would send us all flying, but before another night came I had dragged two large pine saplings from the mountain side and braced the cabin securely.

Being naturally fond of hunting I had improved several opportunities for short trips, killing grouse, squirrels and rabbits, and once very foolishly following a "lion" the better part of a day in the snow, armed with a disreputable old carbine, the like of which I never saw before or since. Fortunately I did not come up with the beast. I had seen a deer or two, but got no shot.

One night as three or four of us sat in a friend's cabin smoking, the conversation turned on hunting and Rogers said he would like to go over to Bear Creek Valley after deer for a week if he could find some one to accompany him. I quickly replied that I was the "some one" he was probably in search of, but that I had no suitable gun, to which he replied that if I would go he would get me a fine Henry rifle which was new and owned by an acquaintance from Boston, who, judging from what I saw of him and from his appearance, was afraid to shoot his gun. Tenderfeet were not infrequent in those days, who made their appearance with valuable guns and belongings and did most of their hunting around the billiard table. Rogers was a companionable young man whom I had known in the "States," but I had never suspected him of a fondness for hunting, though I had known him to be the dear's man. His appearance was decidedly distingué. He was tall, well formed, black-eyed, and of dark complexion with black mustache waxed à la Napoleon. He was generally attired in a broad-brimmed felt hat, the brim turned up on one side and down on the other; a short coat of the shooting style; velveteen trousers tucked into knee boots that shone from top to sole, and you would have declared that the most of his blood was Spanish. He had been sent out by the owners of the Astor lode, lead, crevice, mine or hole in the ground, to look after the same, and like many other ventures, the output was not sufficiently large to worry the owners or Rogers as to its disposition.

Well, the gun being secured, much hunting talk indulged in, preparations made, bright anticipations indulged, the day set and a horse engaged at the livery stable, one fine morning late in October found me with my impedimenta prepared to mount. The broncho led out for me looked gentle and docile enough, without an undue amount of evil in his eye, but "put not your trust in princes." I mounted and we moved off in a respectable manner, but just as I was getting settled in my saddle the beast stopped without any apparent cause and there was a decided and instantaneous upheaval. I took in the situation necessarily. Fearful of need I had buckled on a pair of wicked Texas spurs with very sharp rowels, and as we struck ground I sunk these rowels into that beast with all the power at hand—or leg. There was another ascension, a flying panorama of man, gun, rations, blankets, etc., and we hit the earth again with a demoralizing impact and more very vigorous rowel work. A third time we left *terra firma* and a third time the spurs got in their legitimate work, when the horse started down the road in a business way as if it had suddenly dawned on him that he had an urgent errand somewhere and had wasted valuable time. As for me, "Barkis was willin'." The fastenings had all held and nothing was lost except time, and I hardly think that was lost, for the brute vexed me no more.

It was a glorious morning. Georgetown had hardly waked. There was a suggestion of frost in the air which was clear and still and of wonderful transparency. In magnificent array on right, left and rear rose the mountains, above which the sun would not show his face for three or four hours. Afar up the mountain sides could be seen here and there stretches of trail leading to mines, the dumps of which were occasionally visible, while now and then a cabin, perched against the rocks or showing its face from among the pines, looked like a child's toy. Wood slides appeared at intervals, down which, from the upper heights, wood for use in the valley daily shot with frightful speed, waking the hoarse echoes of the cañons and taking the final leap of 50 or 100 or more feet over the sheer face of a rock wall, to crash in bruised and splintered heaps at the base. Clear Creek, on my right, kept me delightful company, and we ambled along together until we reached the reduction works, a mile below town, in which Rogers had a room and where I was to breakfast with him.

Breakfast was not ready, for the cook had slept late, but he was already skirmishing with the frying pan and coffee pot, and before long we had filled up. Rogers had saddled up, and with pipes alight we rode off down the valley in high feather. And was there not good reason? We were young, strong and lusty. The morning was perfect. Our mount was good and the unspeakable delights of the chase and exploration of new territory were before us. Cause enough for exhilaration.

The valley narrowed and widened as we rode, Clear Creek babbled and boiled at our side, or far below in rocky gorges, while frequent tunnels in the rocky mountain sides, or sluice boxes and abandoned gulch mines spoke of the greedy search for riches. Downieville, Mill City and Fall River, with naught but its name to remind one of the busy Eastern city, were passed, insignificant places all, and about noon we reached Idaho Springs, fourteen miles from Georgetown, where were and are famous hot springs for the "healing of the nations," according to the proprietors. Hot and cold springs, in close, neighborly rivalry, pour out their waters impregnated with sulphur, soda, magnesia, iron and what not, for which bathers pay their money and take their choice. There was quite a good hotel here and a little hamlet, enlivened daily by passage of stage to and from Denver, and ox teams freighting to the mines. Our way left the dusty valley road here, and after a short halt we turned to the right and took the trail leading over the mountains into Bear Creek Valley, a ride of eight miles over a hard trail. After we had ridden well up the mountain side we stopped for lunch, which being dispatched as we reclined under the pines by the side of the trail, I made a few trial shots with my Henry, which I had never fired, and I became satisfied that if a deer would stand still at 75yds. and allow me to choose my rest, he was my meat. We mounted and rode on. The way became steeper and the trail dimmer as we climbed "Old Chief," that, with the "Squaw" and "Pappoose" (of which almost every mountain region has a counterpart in name) kept silent and eloquent company. Ere long we rode into snow and the trail disappeared, but blazes guided us until we had passed the crest and began our descent into the valley, of which occasionally, between the trees, we had beautiful glimpses.

How impressive is a ride through a vast forest, far removed from the busy haunts of man (sounds natural, eh?) where the snow lies unbroken or otherwise on the ground. A vast white waste stretches afar on every side (this is not stretched). Vanishing vistas and tortuous aisles of ermine are outlined by bare boles and asthmatic pines, through whose shivering branches soughs the breeze sou' by sou'west. Not a sound is visible. An awful stillness pervades the circumambience. It is the stilliest kind of stillness ever instilled or distilled, and like the man o'er-come by influence of vinous fermentation, "Shoost as shtill like he had a fit." You have heard of the "stilly night;" well, the stilly day pushes it pretty close, along about dark. As you note the dead bodies (ugh!) of the fallen monarchs of the forest (familiar again) wrapped in their clinging winding sheets, the goose flesh comes out all over you, and at this funereal moment the only incense to be had arises from the nostrils of your horse. Perchance, from afar in the lonesomeness comes an unearthly sound, half sob and half scream, like a wail of the lost (pat again) and visions of savage beasts "dance through your mind." Your hat begins to rise, and a spookiness begins to develop, while the gooseflesh grows more prominent. But it is only the limb of a giant impinging on another as they scratch each other and give audible vent to their enjoyment. Again silence reigns. What solitude is this! How unlike the busy, bustling, boiling, banging, boodling marts of trade. Scarce two points in common unless mayhap it be the bears. Now the wind rises. Old Boreas careers upon the—But hist! Hark! "Rogers, what is yon delicate footprint on the snow forceninst ye? By the jumping Jerboa, it is, it is, the outline of a deer's foot." Sentiment to the winds. Forward!

But we had no time to follow deer trail then, so we followed our own, which zig-zagged down the mountain, now on a bleak, wind-swept bit of barrenness and now winding through pleasant shaded vales, thickly carpeted and shaded by dense pines, where pure spring water, cold and sweet, bubbled up and ran off down to meet the waters of Bear Creek far below. We passed a huge log bear trap, tenantless now, but it was easy to see "with the mind's eye, Horatio," a tremendous cinnamon pacing back and forth in his massive prison endeavoring to lift the huge logs that inclosed him. Toward sundown we rode into the valley, and turning to the left went down past a ranch or two, and about dark pulled up at our destination, the ranch of Mr. W. E. Sisty, where we received a cordial welcome from mine host and his pleasant wife. The horses were soon unsaddled, ablutions performed and we were summoned to the cheerful board, the summons being obeyed without the necessity of a repetition. I think I can see that table now, as we sat around it enjoying the good things provided and talked of the prospects for deer, trout, sheep or mayhap a grizzly or lion, listening to tales of adventure and experience from our host. With what delightful anticipation we drank it all in with our coffee, eager for the morrow when we should bowl over the watchful deer. After supper we seated ourselves outside, where with pipes asmoke, we watched the darkness settle down from the environing mountains and the stars shine out "in quiet skies" as we laid our plans for the coming day. It came, after a night of refreshing sleep, and after breakfast and directions from Mr. S., Rogers and I set out on foot diagonally up the valley toward a high ridge, down which led a deer trail, over which deer passed frequently, crossing the valley to the opposite mountain.

We crossed Bear Creek, and after a short walk reached a beautiful glade where the grass grew luxuriantly, and noble pines at intervals stood looking down on a most beautiful natural park. It was a charming spot, and while I was slowly walking along admiring the loveliness of the scenery, and thinking what a fine place it was to knock over a deer, Rogers being on my right at a distance of a hundred yards or so, I saw a movement ahead and a little to my left where the ground sloped downward to a little stream that flowed at the foot of the mountain. I stopped instantly, dropped my gun from my shoulder to a ready, and as I did so a doe walked up into view, took a few steps forward, took a glance around, and then as if satisfied with the outlook, began feeding. She was followed in an instant by a fawn, then came another doe and her fawn, followed by another deer that I supposed was another doe, the distance being too great to distinguish clearly, and bringing up the rear was a lordly old buck with a grand head. He took a long look around and then all six strolled forward, feeding daintily along whenever they spied a choice nip. I glanced at Rogers. He was motionless, with his eyes on the beautiful picture. As I said they came from my left and passed not at right angles to my direction, but quartering so that gradually they were nearing me, but would pass much nearer Rogers on my right, if unmolested. I thought of what a relative once told me of "buck fever." He was an experienced hunter and had had it badly, and predicted that I would know all about it when I should see my first deer. I wanted the buck badly. I wanted those antlers. I judged the distance was 100yds. But just as I was awaiting the most favorable moment the buck stopped behind two huge pines that started from the same root and separated just above ground. I could see a narrow strip of his body between the trees, and part of his face to the right of the right hand tree. No buck fever yet, thought I, and then Rogers's gun spoke. The deer threw up their heads and stood motionless. Bang! went Rogers again, and this time the deer, locating the mischief, wheeled and took the back track like the wind. All whirled from me but one, which turned my way, and as he presented his broadside I gave him mine, only to quicken his motion. Down went the lever, up went the gun, and I sent another bullet after him, only to see him straighten himself yet more. Rogers came running toward me, saying something, and as he did so I saw the deer pitch headlong. "Hurrah!" shouted I, and it was neck and neck to the quarry. As we reached him my knife was out and quickly in his weasand. There he lay, my first deer, and though he was a full-grown two-prong buck, he was not nearly so large as I thought he ought to be. How beautiful were his sleek sides. What grace and strength in his sinewy limbs. How pitiful were his full dark eyes, fast glazing. How large were his ears, and what a fine taper to his delicate nose. How proud I was of my first deer. But Rogers did not seem very enthusiastic, and vaguely hinted that perhaps he might have had a hand in the slaying. Up to that moment I had not a doubt as to the responsibility, and indeed there was none, as I soon convinced him by the location of the wounds and size of bullets, his being considerably smaller than mine. Both shots had struck; the first through the paunch and the last square through the heart. Glory enough for one day. We soon dressed the game and hung it up in a tree, held a council of war, and started, Rogers to follow the trail, and I to go straight up the ridge, meeting him at a designated point in an hour or two. I picked my way up the mountain, stopping now and then to breathe, which afforded me a good opportunity to try and locate that tree that bore the beautiful deer fruit. I have many times since passed gloomier days than that. Arriving at the top of this ridge or spur of the mountain, running parallel with the main range for quite a distance, I took my way along its backbone and soon struck into a deer trail which ran along the ridge and appeared to be regularly used; and the thought popped up, "There's plenty of time, it's a fine day, there's one deer safe, why not sit down a while and keep this trail from running away while we smoke a pipe?" I fell in with the idea to rights, the light wind being in my face, filled my pipe, sat down on the pine needle cushion that presented itself, put my back against a rock just off the trail, where I had a good view, and with my gun across my knees took a half hour of solid comfort.

It was, indeed, a most lovely day. The air was mild and soft and just a trifle hazy, a typical Indian summer air. The mild November sun, just warm enough to make one comfortably lazy, glinted among the pine needles and powerfully encouraged my *dolce far niente*. The smoke rose and floated away on the gentle breeze amid a silence that was absolute. Neither bird, nor beast, nor creeping thing broke the quiet that rested on the mountain, and after listening in vain for Rogers's gun or voice, I rose and proceeded, pipe in mouth, along the trail. After some minutes walk, the top of the ridge being almost devoid of timber, I bent my steps diagonally to the left for some score paces toward a growth of young pines four or five feet in height, and when within about fifty yards of the growth, which was quite dense and in the nature of a fringe, I was stopped suddenly by the appearance of something that had suddenly and but once moved above the tops of this fringe. The wink of a deer's ear suggested itself to me. I waited a few seconds, silently cocking my gun. There was that something left of the wink, but motionless. Was it an ear or only a tip of a pine? Suddenly it disappeared and then came into view again. I suddenly raised my rifle, forgetting my pipe which was in the right side of my mouth. The gun hit it and the ashes flew into my eyes. I held the gun up with my left hand, wiped my eyes out with the right, changed my pipe to the other side of my mouth, thinking as I did so, "Where's your buck fever?" and drawing down to where I thought the deer's side should be, if he stood as I thought he did, let go, rapidly throwing another cartridge into place. That ear, or whatever it was, was still in position. "Too high," thought I, so I dropped a little lower and spoke again. Then there was trouble. That ear disappeared and there was quickstep music *diminuendo*. I took the same time *accelerando*, and found that some three-legged creature had gone down the mountain in great haste, plowing the carpet recklessly. I followed for nearly 200yds., keeping the trail ahead, when on a big pine I saw blood and hair, and reaching it I found square to the left, six or eight feet distant, the owner of the ear, a fine fat doe, *in articulo mortis*. I leaned my rifle against a tree, put my knife to her throat and cut a pigeon-wing that Morlacchi (If I'm right), or any other danseuse would have given all her drapery to accomplish. More glory. I was chock full of whoop, but I didn't let it out for I did not know but Dame Fortune intended to keep me in deer now that I had gotten fairly at it, and I didn't want to do anything to discourage her. So I went through the motions of ecstasy and settled down to business, which was to relieve the doe of useless viscera and get her up into a tree secure from any loitering "lion." After much tugging and heaving I accomplished it, and straightway filled another pipe in honor of my prowess. I have killed a good many deer since, but never has my cup been so full to overflowing as just then. After stroking myself down and swelling myself out a while, I ascended to the ridge and waited some time for Rogers, but not seeing nor hearing him I strolled onward in hopes of getting another shot, gradually porting my helm and pointing for the ranch which I reached about noon, finding Rogers at full length on the lounge making fearful grimaces with a toothache. Quoth Mr. Sisty:

"You had good luck this morning."

Said I, very carelessly, as if I had always killed one before breakfast each day, "Yes, I got a couple."

"Got what?" said both, as Rogers rose on one elbow.

"Got a couple," said I again.

"You didn't, though," said Rogers.

"Rogers," answered I, "You shouldn't contradict, it isn't good manners, and especially such an old ramrod as you know me to be."

"Well," said Mr. S., "We'll take the pony after dinner and bring them in—if we can find two."

"If your pony can't carry two deer you want to take another one along," said I, and proceeded to remove the stains of battle. We were soon seated around the table, where the story of my exploit was drawn from me, very reluctantly, of course, and I was heartily congratulated. After dinner we mounted our horses, and with much talk and good feeling soon had No. 1 across the saddle of Mr. Sisty's pony, after which, after some meandering, we found No. 2, and the pony carrying double without any trouble, delivered them at the ranch without mishap, and we were fed on venison during the remainder of our stay.

After supper we went to a beaver dam some distance down the creek, and tore away the dam to some extent, hiding in the bushes to get a shot when the beavers should come to repair it. But although we could see them in the moonlight some distance up the dam, and hear an occasional slap of a tail, they kept away from the break until we were tired of waiting and went back to the house.

The next morning we were early afoot and out after deer, Rogers going in one direction and I in another, to meet on a distant mountain about noon. I saw much deer sign and hunted carefully, but without success, as did Rogers. We were gone all day, and had a long, tiresome tramp, with nothing to show for it but a rabbit. It was a lovely day and I enjoyed it immensely. The clear blue sky, the rocky steeps, the wooded slopes, the beautiful valley threaded by the pretty stream whose gleam appeared here and there, combined to form a lovely picture. What comfort it was, when tired, to sit down on the mountain side with pipe alight and plenty of time and enjoy it all *ad libitum*.

After supper that evening Rogers and I went to the dam to watch for beaver again. We found the dam fully repaired and everything in order. We tore it away again enough to lower the water some and hid to watch; but it was useless. We saw the wake of one or two swimming, but none came near the break, and after waiting until we were thoroughly chilled and sleepy, we returned to the house. The next morning I rejoiced at signs of snow, but Rogers's tooth ached so badly that he decided to go home and have it pulled. Mr. Sisty said he had a pair of shoemaker's pinchers that he thought would fit R.'s mouth, and tried to find them but without success. I told R. that I would tie a string to a bullet and the other end to the tooth and I felt sure I could fetch it if I pushed on the gun, but I think he was homesick, for he would not consent, and after breakfast saddled up and departed up the valley, leaving me to stay the week out.

The question of trout fishing arose, and Mr. S. said he knew of one hole up the cañon where he thought the trout wintered, that it was the deepest of any he knew of, and that if they were not there we could scarcely hope to find any at this season in this part of the valley, so we took lines and guns and rode away. After following the creek quite a distance we came to a point where it issued from the cañon, and as it would have been difficult, if not impracticable, to follow it, we kept up the main valley to the right, with the low range or spur of mountain between us and the creek. After going two or three miles we turned to the left and ascended the mountain to the top, perhaps a thousand feet, hitched our horses—for we could not descend with them—and picked our way slowly down afoot to the bed of the creek. Here we found the hole, covered with ice, excepting a small space where the water entered over a little fall. Snow covered the ground on each bank, and winter reigned. We had expected to find bait of some kind, but it was impossible, so we took a bit of green leaf, put it upon the hooks, and let it float down under the ice. A tree had fallen across the hole a few inches below the entrance. One of us stood on this and the other just above the entrance where he could see down into the hole under the log. Then the hook was dropped gently down and the current carried it down under the tree. The trout were so sluggish that they were not particular whether they had any green leaf or not, but came up toward it in a very indifferent manner, half taking it in and spitting it out again, but at last, when the watcher above the entrance saw a trout take it in, he gave the signal and out came a fine trout. He was laid on the snow, where he was a very cold corpse in a very short time. We cut the belly-fins from him for bait, and in a little while we had on the snow nine fine fellows that averaged nearly a foot in length. Then the sport ceased, for no lure that we could invent was of any avail. So we strung the fish upon a twig and laboriously climbed to the horses, and slowly rode homeward, keeping a sharp lookout for deer, but without success. We saw considerable beaver sign this day, but no beaver. That night Ed. Sisty (the son) and I went to the dam again, tore it away as before, but could get no shot.

Snow sign was all gone the next morning, but I went out as usual after deer, having a line in my pocket. I found any number of fresh tracks, but although I hunted faithfully, I was unrewarded. Walking along the side of a mountain, when I had concluded to descend into the valley, I saw, sixty or seventy yards ahead of me, near a ledge of rocks, a white rabbit sitting looking at me. I said to myself, "Ole har, I'll take you along." So I sat down at a convenient spot, held the gun across my knees, drew my eye "well down into the sights," but not so far but that I could get it back again, and fired. "Br'er Rabbit sot dar, he did," just the same. I pumped in another cartridge and drew fine on him, and when the smoke cleared away there was "Br'er Rabbit, and he wink he eye slow." I began to be interested now, and yet once again I pulled on him, but though the dust flew, Br'er Rabbit stood the storm like a veteran, and "kep on sayin' nuthin'." I looked at my gun, lock, stock and barrel, examined the sights, looked at objects around to see whether I was cross-eyed, and, called on the spectre again. Then he must have heard something unusual, for he turned and went "lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity" toward the ledge, disappearing behind it, and I saw him no more.

I laid my course for the creek then, and struck it near quite a large hole, and concluded to discover whether all the trout had descended to the Platte, as had been reported, so I baited my hook with an entomological specimen that I found under a log, and in less than a minute I had a trout on land, and I continued to pull them out until I had eight good ones, but not as large as those of the previous day. Then the sport ended and I went to the ranch.

The following day was Saturday, my last in the valley, and I determined to put in every hour faithfully that I might take some venison home to my "bach" partner. I started early and went over to the "big mountain", to ground that I had not hunted over. Sign was plentiful. I hunted very leisurely, stopping often and using my eyes and ears faithfully, but with all my care and caution the deer refused to materialize. Not a deer did I see or hear, but I enjoyed that day's tramp exceedingly nevertheless. I enjoy to the full being in the wilds alone, and especially in a strange country. The fascination of the woods, mountains and streams took possession of me when but a boy and has held possession ever since, growing with my growth. What possibilities are there in the solitude of the forest. What graceful combination of branches and boles. What chants from leafy boughs. What "music in the air." What a grand chorus when all nature is in harmony. What symphonies in grays and browns. What lessons in architecture. What studies in perspective. What plays of light and shadow. What a subtle, undefinable influence that takes possession of one amid such surroundings, banishing, for a time at least, the rasping cares that, born of intercourse with men, worry and harass the should-be peaceful life. Happy indeed is he, who

> "Finds tongues in the trees,
> Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything."

So passed my week in Bear Creek Valley, every day full of solid enjoyment, brightened by the kindness and cordiality of host and hostess, who could not do too much for the "stranger within their gates." I never and shall never think of them without a benison. May their lot always be cast in pleasant places. O. O. S.

JAMES M. LE MOINE.

[The following paper, from the pen of our occasional correspondent, Mr. Charles Lanman, will appear in the second series of his "Hap-hazard Personalities."]

AS I remember the good old times, when I frequently visited Canada for the purpose of catching salmon and sketching its scenery, I never fail to recall my intercourse with James Macpherson Le Moine. He was always ready to do his best for the gratification of all tourists from the United States, and by means of his industrious pen, he has honorably and permanently linked his name with the history, the scenery and the people of the Dominion. He was not himself a fisherman, but well posted in regard to all the more interesting localities, where sport was to be found, and his advice as to the best methods for traveling and camping out was always freely given and highly appreciated by its recipients.

Mr. Le Moine was born in Quebec on the 25th of January, 1825, his paternal ancestors having been people of distinction in France, while his mother was descended from the Macphersons of Great Britain. He spent his early youth at St. Thomas, under the care of his maternal grandfather, Daniel Macpherson; was educated at the noted Seminary of Quebec; studied law, came to the bar in 1845 and practiced the profession for several years with the late Charles Holt, of Quebec, of honorable fame; but but having a decided taste for literature, he subsequently devoted the most of his time to the writing and the publishing of books, in both the French and English languages. As an author his career has been marked for its untiring labors, resulting in a large number of works, chiefly connected with Canada, and all of which have been eminently successful. In the Historical Library of Quebec are to be found not less than twenty of his publications; but those which I would designate as my favorites are the "Legendary Lore of the Lower St. Lawrence," a series of essays entitled "Maple Leaves," "Quebec Past and Present," "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," "Ornithologie du Canada" and "Les Pecheries du Canada." To these, in the purely historical line, might be added two volumes devoted to Generals Montgomery and Montcalm, the former production having done much to make the people of Canada better acquainted than they were before with the exalted character of the American general. By his descriptions of scenery, happily blended with the traditions of the land, he has proven himself the possessor of a poetic mind; by his investigations in natural history he has won the applause of scientific men everywhere; and by his perseverance and skill as an antiquarian, he has rescued from the past very much information, which will hereafter be of great value to the writers of systematic history. Possessing in an eminent degree all the instincts of a true conservative, he has won the respect and affection of both the French and English races of the Dominion; and had he chosen to descend to the purely political plane of public life, he would probably have won the highest accessible honors of his time. Rather than yield to the sordid temptations of public life, he has ever preferred the quiet sphere of a man of letters, and his beautiful home, known as Spencer Grange, has ever been the meeting place of the most cultivated society of Quebec and their chance visitors from abroad. It was on the occasion of his building a new tower at this happy home that his numerous friends—the best people in Quebec—gave him a grand reception and presented to him, for that tower, a handsome Dominion flag, as a tribute of the high regard in which he was held by the people of Canada, for his many and important services. In the long and minute address that was made on that occasion the speaker gave, among many others, the following reason for the honor conferred: "He has described and made us proud of our Canadian homes, pointing out to the readers of his works and to the numerous travelers who visit this city that our residences are scenes of domestic virtue, honorable living and Christian happiness. In no Canadian home is this more remarkable than in his own. If we, who are his friends and neighbors, recognize this, what more royal present can we give, than by crowning his residence with a flag, and claiming our right as free men, to plant our standard of good will and friendship on the tower of our honorable friend's house—Spencer Grange."

In one of the volunteer speeches made on that occasion, an incident was mentioned, which, I think, for its general interest alone, should be repeated in this place. "I casually met," said the speaker, "a stranger, a titled gentleman, who told me he had met me before. 'You are from Quebec. Do you know Mr. J. M. Le Moine?' said he. 'Right well,' I replied. 'Are you aware of the service he rendered my family by helping me to make good my descent from the most illustrious old Canadian family—the house of Longueuil. Through his researches and with the help of Lord Lorne and his great adviser, Sir John, I am now, by the gracious act of Queen Victoria, Baron de Longueuil.' Thus, most unexpectedly and strangely, was forced on me another proof of services rendered through the writings of our guest."

Another tribute, which, for its gracefulness, I cannot refrain from reproducing in this place. It is in the form of a sonnet and comes from the pen of William Kerr, of Niagara:

> "I love Quebec for three good reasons, one,
> Her matchless beauty that so takes the eye,
> Her famous history in the years gone by—
> And last for sake of him, her worthy son,
> Bone of her bone, whose facile pen has run
> Through tomes of legendary lore that vie
> With what the world loves best; and so love I
> Quebec for these good reasons, and upon
> The plinth of Wolfe and Montcalm lay my hand,
> And call to witness all the varied land
> Seen from the lofty Cape's embattled coigne,
> Mountain and vale and river, isles that gleam
> Resplendent with the memories that beam
> Upon them from the pages of Le Moine."

On five different occasions did the Royal Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, founded under the auspices of Lord Lorne, select Mr. Le Moine for their President, and he was also made an honorary member of many other societies in New Brunswick, France and the United States; and for many years past he has held the responsible position of Dominion Inspector of Inland Revenue at Quebec, which has done much to help him in his historical investigations.

In further illustration of the characteristics of my Canadian friend, I must not omit to mention one or two additional particulars:

When Dean Stanley visited Canada and was the guest of the Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, his Excellency requested Mr. Le Moine, as the historian of Quebec, to play the part of assistant host in the investigation of the city wonders.

In speaking of Mr. Le Moine's home, known as Spencer Grange, as a charming center of refinement and culture, I should not omit to mention one of its peculiar charms, as follows: Prompted by his devotion to ornithology he built himself an aviary and filled it with the beautiful creatures whose habits he loved to study; and appended to it a regular museum of natural history specimens, as well as an extensive collection of books, old-time engravings and curios, connected with the history of Canada. When George Augustus Sala happened to be a guest at Spencer Grange, he was greatly pleased with all that he saw under the roof of his host; and it so happened that his surprise knew no bounds when he found himself surrounded by a host of goodly citizens of Quebec, who had come together to celebrate an annual grape festival, organized and perpetuated by the owner of the Grange.

In concluding my brief notice of Mr. Le Moine I use the language and indorse the sentiment of a paragraph which I find in the "Cyclopædia of Canadian Biography," as follows: "He has had the good fortune to handle Canadian history and its burning questions of creed, race, etc., with so much impartiality that rarely have his views been challenged. * * One wonders how and when he could have found time to treat of so many subjects. * * Hospitable, genial and courteous, he is respected for his talents and beloved for his large heart."

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

DO SQUIRRELS HIBERNATE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by your last issue that certain correspondents want information on the question of squirrel hibernation. I would like to add a little negative evidence, which seems to indicate that the squirrel does not hibernate.

In Manitoba, after once the winter sets in, it usually continues with steady frost, and in the fall of 1886 the cold weather closed in as usual about the end of November, and from that time up to the middle of January when I came away, the thermometer usually showed from 10° to 30° below zero, with a minimum of 38° below, and I believe a maximum of 10° above. I was out shooting nearly every day, and nearly every day I saw red squirrels running about among the oaks, either foraging or playing, much as in the early fall.

As late as Dec. 28 I find in my diary the following note: "While camped for dinner several red squirrels chattered in the branches overhead. Two were chasing each other from tree to tree, over the snow, and during their excitement several times came within six feet of where I sat." I have no note of the temperature that day, but it was certainly at least 20° below zero.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

TORONTO, Feb. 5, 1887.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of squirrels and whether they hibernate, store up food for winter use, etc., I noticed a curious thing a day or two ago. I was walking in the country. By the side of the road was a path firmly trodden. The ground was wet, but the path was firm and hard. I noticed a gray squirrel in front of me and stopped to watch the little fellow as he hopped slowly along with his nose to the ground, smelling on first one side of him and then the other, as if trying to locate something which he knew to be in that neighborhood. Finally he seemed to find the right spot, and began digging in the path with his paws. After a while he drew forth something which he immediately began to eat. Before he had finished I accidentally made a slight noise, when the squirrel, turning his head, saw me, dropped his prize and ran off. Upon going there I found a large white oak acorn, sound, partially sprouted and about half eaten by the squirrel. It had been buried in the ground to the depth of 1½ to 2in., as I could plainly see from the impression of the acorn in the ground (the hard path) from which the squirrel took it.

Now, how did that squirrel know that acorn was there? Did he bury it there last fall and remember the spot? Or, did he smell it and find it by scent? Either solution attri-

butes remarkable power to the little animal; the first necessarily accredits him with the forethought of seeing the necessity of laying up winter stores, and the wonderful memory that enabled him to locate the particular spot at which he had planted the acorn. The second solution accredits the squirrel with a nose which would do credit to a pointer or setter. Yet he appeared to be searching by scent when I saw him find the acorn. AH-PE.

MADISONVILLE, Tenn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It must appear positively plain, I think, after what has been said on this subject, that neither red nor gray squirrels hibernate, at least in the latitudes of the United States. But nothing has been said about the little chipmunk. He goes into winter quarters in early November, and does not show his head until April, thus making five good months at least, underground, in northern Maine. They are a pest about the orchard, not so much for what they eat, but because they will cut off the apples very fast, dropping them to the ground, all through the fall months, thus destroying lots of fruit. He is very sly about digging his hole, carrying the excavations some distance away from the mouth of the hole, so that it has been said that he begins to dig at the other end of his burrow. He lays in large quantities of supplies of corn, nuts, etc., for winter use, and we may well suppose he spends some of his long winter evenings making way with his stores. J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

"GUN OR FIELD GLASS?"—Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I dislike to pick a quarrel with any one, and do not intend to now, but with your permission I would like to say a few words in response to what was meant for a cutting criticism which appeared in your columns for Feb. 10, on the sentiment of my article in *Scientific American*, which owing to a misprint was entitled "Our Warbler" instead of "Our Warblers." In the first place the article was written for the purpose of bringing the study of birds before the mind of the average person, as will be seen by reading the first eight or ten lines. Mr. Sumner evidently has not studied birds much, or else he is a very slack student. How is it possible to study birds and know what species you are studying unless you do kill occasionally for identification? Mr. S. suggests "using field glasses." All right, take your glasses and go into a country containing a bird fauna with which you are unacquainted, (if such an one can be found) and see of how much service they will be to you, until you have learned to distinguish at sight the various forms. Bear in mind the statement that the article was written mainly for those unacquainted with this family, or with birds in general, and then tell me whether or no my statement will not justify me. Further on, Mr S. alludes to the shooting of the parent birds for identifying the nests and eggs, in a disparaging manner. Here again he is mistaken. Of what value would a nest and eggs be to science without being identified, and if I find a nest and eggs, and fail to recognize the parent bird, am I not justified in killing it to identify, providing I do not repeat the performance on that species again? I have studied birds constantly for eight years, and have yet to commit an act in the woods that would cause shame to a true naturalist. Mr. S. speaks of "wanton slaughter." Where in my article do I allude to "wanton" or any slaughter? I would state for Mr. Sumner's benefit that after I have once seen a bird, and know what it is, I seldom fail to recognize it a second time, and if I do, have no scruples in killing it a second time. If Mr. Sumner's method for identifying birds, and studying them scientifically, differs from this, I should be glad to hear from him and receive some suggestions.—E. M. HASBROUCK.

HABITS OF THE BEAVER.—Bethel, Me.—Your Cache Creek correspondent "R. M. C." wishes some light thrown on Gen. Drason's assertions about the beaver's sinking one pine tree and floating another. I hunted among the beavers for twenty-five years of my life, and have seen a great deal of their works. I have never happened to see where they cut pines for food; they cut everything that is handy for building dams and houses, but their food consists more of the willow, birch, maple and ash than any other, although they do use some other kinds of wood when hard pressed for a choice. The process of sinking their food timber has been and is still a mystery to hunters and everybody else. The Indians say that after the wood is cut into lengths (usually about two or three feet) a beaver gets at each end of it and sucks the air out, when it immediately sinks; others say they load it with mud and sink it, but it is a fact that they do sink all their winter food in the pond they have made with their dam, and then dive down through the under door of their house, under the ice of the pond, and bring up a stick, as wanted, into their house and eat off the bark and throw the stick away on top of the ice or on the bank near their house.—J. G. R.

RISSO'S DOLPHIN IN AMERICAN WATERS.—Angelo Heilphin, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, in a note to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, says: "It may be of interest to many of your readers to know that the cetacean recently stranded at Atlantic City, and recently brought to this city, is a form practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and, indeed, as far as I have been able to determine, one which has never before been noted as occurring on the American coast. It is the variety known to naturalists of *Grampus rissoanus*, Risso's dolphin, a form peculiar to the Mediterranean and adjoining seas, and first described in 1812. The animal is apparently of full size, measuring about 11 to 12ft., and is readily distinguished from other allied cetacean forms by the peculiar slaty lines which traverse the body in all directions. Its occurrence on our coast is an interesting feature in geographical distribution, and proves the impracticability of drawing sharp lines of demarkation in the delimitation of marine faunas."

SHORT-EARED OWLS IN ILLINOIS.—Carrolton, Ill., Feb. 7.—The short-eared owl (*Asio aicipitrinus*) is quite plentiful in this vicinity this winter. I obtained three specimens within the last four weeks, two of them almost in our city limits. A friend informed me that he shot six in his cornfield last week and saw more than a dozen other specimens in the same field. I presume our resident birds have been reinforced by migrants driven from the north by the severe winter.—J. G. HENDERSON.

ROBINS AND CHINA BERRIES.—Bainbridge, Ga.—The robins come here in January, remaining until March; they keep together in large flocks and feed upon various kinds of berries. They are especially fond of the berry, a seed which hangs in clusters to the china tree, which is found everywhere in Decatur county. They will eat so many of these seeds that they frequently fall from the branch to the ground and are occasionally picked up dead; whether the seed intoxicates them or not I do not know, but after a surfeit of them they are often caught alive under the trees lying on the ground. The robin when feasting on this favorite seed frequently flies off to the nearest pool or stream to drink, returning again to the tree. The wild black cherry which grows here has the same effects on some other birds as the berry of the china tree has on the robin.—EDWARD JACK. [The intoxicating effects of the china tree berry on robins was noted in our columns a few years ago by "N. A. T.," of Texas.]

THE WEIGHT OF QUAIL IN THE SOUTH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this section of country we have two varieties of quail—one "uses" (as the negroes term it) about the swamps, while the other "uses" in the pine hills and highland fields. The swamp birds weigh at least two ounces heavier than the other birds, and are considerably darker in color. I killed one of these swamp birds some time since that weighed 7½oz. The average weight of the highland bird is 5½ oz. Have any of your readers noticed this before? What is the average weight of quail in the North and East?—J. M. W. (Augusta, Ga.).

THE WHITE GOAT.—Victoria, B. C., Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the letters on white goat hunting, by J. W. Schultz, which appears in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 30 and Jan 6. Mr. Schultz has not taken advantage of the ignorance, which to a very great extent prevails respecting the mountain goat, and sacrificed truth for the sake of sensational "tall talk," but so far as my experience goes with this animal, he has painted it in its natural colors, and I take the liberty of thanking him for his indorsement of what Mr. Griffin and myself have written on this subject.—JOHN FANNIN.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

BEARS AND BEAR DOGS.

I WAS much pleased to find in the FOREST AND STREAM a few lines from my esteemed friend, J. G. Rich, of Bethel, Me., in which he gives a brief sketch of his experience in bear hunting. May we entertain the hope that he will give us a full account of the days which he spent alone in the wilds about the Rangeley Lakes, especially in those cabins hid away in that lonely region, at the extreme end of the vast arm of Richardson Lake? It would have great interest for me, for I camped with him almost twenty-five years ago. I recall those long winter evenings when I sat by the camp-fire, thinking could those old logs speak what rich tales they would tell. Did he ever catch fur nearer home than we did that winter? We found that an old lynx was at the door nights after the crumbs thrown out from our meals, so we built a "cat house" at the shore a few steps away and caught the old villain, also a fine mink in the shed by the door. We had found he was stealing our trout, so we took him and had his skin stretched in less than an hour after setting the trap.

I wonder if "J. G. R." remembers how he lost a drink of tea by not smelling of the bottle, and thinking it empty because it was light. I will relate how this occurred, that no other hunter may be caught in the same fix and go without a drink when it can be had by the taking. One cold, wet night late in the autumn, on returning from our traps, we found our friend "J. G. R." at the camp very wet and tired, having come from the foot of the lake. He had been at the camp some time; said he had "exhausted all means to find our tea," knowing that there must be some there. There were a number of black bottles; how many times those were shaken I don't know, but the fact that they were well filled with tea was not discovered by our friend. Always smell in the bottles.

I agree with Mr. R. that a small dog will often stop a bear when the bear and dog can be got together, but when a dog has to follow a bear a long way into the dark swamps to come up with him, such a dog would be of no account. In following bears on the first snows it is as difficult to get near him as it would be to do so were he a fox, therefore good tracking dogs must be employed.

Our friend "Ursus" seems to think that a bear hunter has little regard for truth and only draws his bow to suit the game. Our friend "J. G. R." can tell if my brother or myself would be likely to tell a cheap lie. I understand why I was not believed; it is because he is a resident of Maine, where they do not believe a dog can stop a bear because such mongrels as they own will not do it. A good dog costs money. How can it be supposed that good dogs can be found in a community where, in a day's travel, not a person could be found that would pay over five dollars for a dog; and I think it safe to say that a blooded dog could not be found in a day's ride. I was laughed at for supposing that a dog could be found that could be depended on to stop a bear, but after much effort for several years I have convinced those skeptics that it can be done. I do not depend on one dog, but have taken the advice of my Southern correspondent and got dogs for tracking and dogs for fighting. I have one dog that can dodge a bear so as to escape its claws and in an instant be upon the bear again. Had our correspondent seen the froth upon an old she bear's back last fall, he would think the truth had been told fit for an honest hunter to read. I don't believe the story of "a bear with a lot of dead dogs around him." In over twenty-five years of hunting and travel among hunters I never knew of a dog being killed or disabled by a bear; will "J. G.R." tell us if he has such information, or can "Ursus" give us proof that one dog got killed or badly hurt? and tell us more about this great hunt, did they kill the bear? Who owned one of those dogs that got a broken back, and does a bear kill a dog every time he paws him?

A bear does not strike a blow sufficient to kill a lamb, as can be proved by a great number of wounded sheep and lambs, showing that they were cut through upon the sides by the claws; in all cases the claws did the work. The only dog I ever saw wounded by a bear had been clawed up and left with a sore back. In all cases the bear depends upon the cut of the claws, and only strikes to produce such an effect. Put a muffle upon the claws of a State of Maine bear and he might paw over a dog all day and not hurt the dog in the least. I don't think this would apply to a grizzly bear. They always attempt to fasten to their prey and draw them in toward them to enable them to use their teeth. Let us hear from others upon this subject. The bear is the only large game that can be hunted when you please and as you please. Fine sport can be had with good dogs among the bears. Mr. Haughton laughed last fall, when we went on a bear hunt, because some one took a rope to drag out the bear with. So upon returning with his colt that evening, he came leading the colt up the road with his handkerchief tied over its eyes, to "prevent it from seeing the bear." But you ought to have seen how cheap he looked when he saw a fine bear lying in the yard. He now has more faith in our way of taking bears.

Can any one tell me of one person in New England that ever made any special effort to hunt bears with dogs for that purpose, or ever tried different dogs? or did anything more than to try whatever curs they might chance to have? I lost much time fooling with hounds; they are lacking in courage. BRUIN.

SALEM, Mass.

SEAFOWL SHOOTING AT BERWICK.

THE ancient historic town of Berwick stands on the north side of the river Tweed, in what, in geographical strictness, ought to be the southeast corner of Scotland, but which legally and politically constitutes the northeast extremity of England, a portion of some nine square miles having been snipped off from its natural affinity and united by Act of Parliament to the southern adjacent country.

The town itself stands at the junction of the river Tweed with the German Ocean. The eastern wall of the ancient fortification, the inner rampart of which still remains nearly entire, though disarmed and partially dismantled, approaches within 200yds. of the edge of the sea-cliff, the base of which is washed by the waves every tide, and from the southeast angle of the cliff a substantial stone pier extends in a straight line 220yds. to the southward, when it turns off at a right angle and runs eastward out to sea some 800yds., and is surmounted at the end by a neat stone lighthouse. At the landward end of the pier the seacliff has a height of about 30ft., and from this point it rises gradually for about two and a half miles, when it culminates at Marshall Meadows in a precipice of 300ft. It then sinks again in a short distance to some 200ft. and maintains that average elevation for nearly twenty miles, when it terminates in the black and frowning precipices of St. Abb's Head, the eastern extremity of the vast mass of basaltic whin which forms the bleak and barren range of the Lammermuir hills.

These riven and contorted cliffs, at the base of which the billows of the North Sea beat incessantly, afford a refuge and breeding place to countless myriads of seafowl of various species—cormorants, razor-bills, puffins, guillemots and gulls, from the great blackback with its 5ft. of wing-spread to the kittyhawks of 30in. Besides these, hooded crows, jackdaws and rock pigeons have their special quarters, and in the most rugged and inaccessible recesses two or three pairs of peregrine falcons have established their aeries.

This iron-bound coast extends along the northern arm of Berwick Bay, while its southern arm is encircled by the low and sloping shore which, commencing a short distance south of the mouth of the river Tweed, sinks down into the oozy expanse of Goswick Sands and Fenham Flats, and terminates in the bold promontory of Holy Island or Sindisfarne, southward and eastward of which lie the Farne Islands and Staples Rocks, the scene of Grace Darling's heroic rescue of the crew and passengers of the wrecked steamship Forfarshire, in 1838. These islands are the resort in the breeding season of numerous gulls, terns and other sea and shore birds, and especially of that grand bird, the eider duck, at one time nearly extinct, but now strictly protected against the incursions of gunners and egg hunters.

Every day when the tide answers, the gulls leave their roosting places at St. Abb's Head to forage for their living, and while some of them troop off northward to the sands of Dunbar and the shores of the Frith-of-Forth, others wing their flight southward to their feeding places on Goswick Sands, Fenham Flats and Holy Island beach, returning in the evening to their homes on the Head.

To intercept these in their flight, the sportsmen of Berwick have made what they call "gull-holes" on the projecting points of the cliff, by digging on each a hole about 8ft. diameter by 4 or 5ft. deep, in which the shooter can crouch unseen by the birds until they come within killing distance. From these blinds gulls are shot at all seasons; but the principal time for enjoying this sport is during the months of August and September, when the young birds have attained their full size and plumage, and are able to accompany their parents in their flight to their distant feeding places. The most favorable condition is a breeze from the southeast with an ebb tide.

One evening near the end of August, 1884, having awakened rather earlier than usual, and not feeling inclined to sleep again, I arose, took my gun, a single barrel of 7lbs., 20-gauge, and sauntered along to the "Genesis" gull-hole, about a mile and a half from my dwelling. When I arrived there the sun was still below the horizon and his beams were irradiating the edges of a long low-lying streak of cloud which appeared to rest upon the extreme verge of the sea. The surface was as smooth as a mirror, only agitated by the faint ground swell which ever rises and sets in that stormy region; the tide was receding, and pretty well out. From my lofty perch, 100ft. above the water which rippled gently among the rocks at the base of the cliff, I looked out over the expanse of Berwick Bay and noted the flight of the solan geese passing along in strings of 8 or 10, their large white bodies close to the surface, their long necks stretched out straight before them (whence their local name of poker-necks) and their black wing-tips ever and anon dipping in the brine. A few solitary gulls, well out to sea, were winging their deliberate way southward, and two or three of a smaller species kept hovering and circling

about the edge of the rocks, occasionally alighting on the water to pick up a fragment of food, and rising on the wing again to look for more. I stood thus watching the spread of light as the sun rose higher and higher above the horizon, and his rays illuminated in succession Berwick pier and lighthouse, the sands of Spittal point and beach, the links of Goswick and the castles of Bamborough and Holy Island, until my watch pointed the hour of seven, and the bell of the town clock boomed out its solemn confirmation, and I was beginning to think of home and breakfast, when I observed a dark line creeping up the glassy surface from the southeast, the harbinger of the wished for "gull wind," and soon the smooth water between my stand and Holy Island became streaked with the "catspaws" which precluded the coming breeze.

While thus watching the advance of the wind, which began to fan my cheek in intermittent puffs, a shadow crossed the point in front of me, and looking up I saw a large gray gull hovering within 30ft. of my head. To seize and pitch my gun was but the work of a second, and the bird fell, dead shot, and lay upon the sloping turf at the edge of the bank. I was undetermined whether to load up again or to pick up my bird and walk home, when casting my eyes to the northward I observed a wavering line of white objects following the sinuosities of the shore. I made all haste to reload, and was just in time to meet the first of the line with a charge of No. 4 shot, and I continued shooting until sixteen large gulls lay dead within a space of ten yards square, and my gun became so hot that I dared not put another charge of powder in. All these birds took the inland side of my hiding place, and were all shot within twenty yards of the gun muzzle, and with the first one killed made seventeen killed without a miss.

By this time the whole of the first flight had passed, and other companies coming I soon secured all I wished, so picking up half a dozen birds, as many as I could conveniently carry, and giving the remainder to a party of fisher women and children, who had been gathering bait from the rocks to the northward, I started for home and breakfast with a light heart and a heavy burden.

These birds are chiefly valued for their feathers, the flesh of the old ones being tough and fishy; but the breasts, wings and legs of the young ones, laid over night in salt and water, and made into a pie with a piece of pork or beefsteak, make a dish by no means unworthy of the attention of a gourmand. S. D.

BELLEVILLE, Ontario.

WINTER IN CAMP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have eaten my supper and put the camp to rights. A furious storm is raging without, but with a cheerful fire the camp is cosy and I am prompted to give you a screed.

With the fading of the leaves I began to experience longing for the woods, and one Monday morning in September I started with a crew from the last settlement on the east branch of the Mattawamkeag for its headwaters to build a camp. The route was by old, disused logging and tote roads, and required a great deal of swamping out; so that it was nearly dusk when we reached our destination and pitched the "Nessmuk" tent, and made snug for the night. The spot was on a bank of a cold spring brook, and a noted runway for caribou. At the end of the week a nice camp of peeled logs 10x12ft. inside, with a wood shed annex of the same size, was, except some inside work, completed. October 1 I started in with a span of horses and a jumper loaded with my winter's provision, such as flour, pork, beans, onions, codfish, molasses, sugar, tea, canned goods and other condiments. I expected to find plenty of game, but experience had taught me that one cannot live on game alone for any length of time. For a few days at first, by cooking in several ways, one can live almost wholly upon it. After that an occasional meal is all that is desired. After fitting the inside, banking the outside with earth and boughs, with a deep layer of boughs on the roof, I put in my time in pleasant weather fitting and piling my stock of wood which I had cut sled-length and hauled up while having the team. I don't like the plan of cutting from day to day as needed, and wallowing waist deep in snow, green wood at that. But that is the way with most hunters. With a good stove and plenty of dry, hard wood, I can laugh at the rigors of this coldest of winters. A fire is seldom kept up later than nine o'clock evenings, yet the vegetables have not been chilled.

My lines of traps are not extensive, owing to my lameness, a legacy of that little "picnic" down in Mexico in '46-'48. I have shot two caribou near the camp, and seen a dozen or more handy by that I could have shot if so disposed. But those I got were all I could use, and there is yet enough of the meat to "spring out" on.

A few hunters from the settlement have made brief calls and brought my mail, among which is the highly prized FOREST AND STREAM. I have always been a reader of the paper, but never with so much pleasure as this winter. I might have had a camp mate, but, like Daniel Boone, I like camping by myself; besides, a long winter in camp is trying to dispositions. So, too, there are many sportsmen in the cities who would jump at the chance and pay well for a home in my cozy camp and a crack at the caribou. But I am not "built that way." Sixty winters have frosted my head, but have not chilled in me the least my love for a hunter's life. WARFIELD.

CAMP CARIBOU, Aroostook county, Me., Feb. 4.

RIFLE SIGHTS. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* For several years failing eyesight, incident to old age, has made it extremely difficult to get satisfying aim even on large game. My near sight is a "buckhorn," and the sides of the semicircular disk caused a blurr. I have filed off the horns level, and a little of the V-shaped notch, and cut down the bottom with a flat, square-edge file as was recommended by a writer a few years ago in your columns. The improvement is great.—WARFIELD (Camp Caribou, Aroostook Co., Me.)

NOTES FROM SOUTHWESTERN GEORGIA.—Bainbridge, Ga.—Deer, mink and otter are found here, and I am informed that the beaver is yet occasionally met with. Quail are very abundant in the pine woods, and as one can ride anywhere among the trees, afford a convenient game. The wild turkey is also met frequently in these splendid woods. Rabbits so abound that they have become a nuisance to settlers.—EDWARD JACK.

MONTANA NOTES.

BOZEMAN, Mon., Jan. 20.—Montana Territory is having an unusually heavy dose of winter weather, and cattle are having a wretched time on the range, with nothing but sage brush and snow to live on till a chinook comes to their relief. The deer will not suffer while they have rose brush in plenty, and the same is true of the grouse. A few mallards winter here on the West Gallatin River, which never freezes, on account of its great swiftness; and the little water ouzel, too, braves the cold wherever open water is to be found.

Following the good example of the bear, my partner and I have "holed up" for the winter, and FOREST AND STREAM adds very materially to our enjoyment.

One of the principal trespassers of the Crow Reservation stopped at our "shack" last night, and, visitors being rare, we talked till late at night on matters national and territorial. Most, indeed all, the cattle that were on the Reservation when the order of evacuation and destruction was issued will winter there, as they have for several winters past, being taken off in the spring as formerly. A show of rounding up and driving off of the stock was made, but the stock men found that ice had already formed along the sides of the Yellowstone, and the cattle refused to enter it. If forced into the river, the ice on the opposite side would have prevented their climbing out, and they would simply have drowned. To drive them into the mountain, on the south of the Reservation, would have been equally impossible in the winter, so they concluded to turn the cattle loose again and take chances.

Some buildings and corrals were burned, some were not. Those of Nelson Story, another of the trespassers, escaped from their being just without the boundaries, his cattle, however, range on the Reservation all right enough.

It is true enough that what few cattle the Crows own would, if they were driven in at round-up time with cattle belonging to white men, be immediately claimed as mavericks (unbranded cattle) and marked with the brand of the finder; but, on the other hand, the Crows levy a very considerable tax by the surreptitious killing of a fat beef whenever they want it, and also get considerable beef from the carcasses of cattle killed by the railroad. In such cases the animal is killed by the railroad employees, or rather they hire some Indian to do it, as the railroad company has the hides of such animals sent to St. Paul that the brand may be proved; the beef is claimed by the Indians.

Few cattlemen would object to the Indians' killing now and then a beef, if all the meat be taken and none wasted. It is the finding of a fat steer with only a sirloin or part of a ham taken, which is often done by predatory bands from the North, that arouses the cowpunchers' ire, and the determination to make "good Indians."

IPSARRAKA.

NEW YORK LAW.—At the last meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, President R. B. Roosevelt read the amendments to the game laws, which will be sent to the Legislature. The amendments provide that game birds may be sold until Feb. 15 and venison until March 1. They forbid the hunting of deer from Nov. 1 to Aug. 14; the killing or having or selling of wild duck or goose or brant from April 1 to Aug. 31; of quail, robin, meadow larks or rabbit from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30; of partridge, pinnated grouse, or Canada partridge from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30; of woodcock from Jan. 1 to Sept. 30; of black or gray squirrel from Feb. 1 to July 31. Every offense is punishable by a fine of $25. The only summer shooting under the new laws would be woodcock in July. Protection will also be given to trout of the brook, speckled, German, California and brown varieties from Sept. 1 to Feb. 28, except in the Adirondack preserve; to lake trout and salmon trout from Oct. 1 to March 31; to muskallonge, Oswego bass, black bass, pike, perch, wall-eyed pike and fresh-water striped bass from Jan. 1 to May 20. Each violation of these laws will entail a fine of $10. The Fishmongers', the Gamedealers', the Marketmen's and the Hotel associations approve all the proposed amendments. The association decided to ask Governor Hill to remove George W. Whittaker, game constable in Suffolk county, for incompetency. —*Times, Feb. 15.*

DAVY CROCKETT'S STAMPING GROUND.—Dyersburgh, Tenn.—This is the finest country for field, forest and stream sport that I ever saw. It seems to be no trouble in our beautiful dry Indian summer weeks for the sportsmen to find all the game they wish. You can take all the fish in the lakes and bayous that any heart could desire. Parties bring them to town in wagons, on horseback and some come carrying them. Deer are brought in in the fall. The part of the country here, where deer, bear, wild hogs, turkey, etc., are the most abundant is the Mississippi bottoms. The timber is mostly cottonwood and cypress, though sometimes a dense forest of hickory may be found, the latter is found on what is known by the natives as ridges. The white sand is found in the lowest parts of the bottom and is literally roofed in by large tall cypresses, which grow close together and form a dense forest. Here is where the turkey hunter loves to saunter, and it is needless to say that deer and bear are plentiful. Not far away, over toward the Mississippi, was Davy Crockett's stamping grounds, where he hunted for a number of years. Not long ago a party of us went by what is known as Davy Crockett's camp. We found the marks of his existence very dim; nothing but the sign of his chimney remains.—T. T. P.

THE IDEAL MANUFACTURING CO., of New Haven, Conn., makers of reloading tools for rifles, pistols and shotguns, have had the misfortune to be visited by fire. Luckily, however, their damage was confined mostly to a wetting down, and a few days will suffice to put them in complete running order again. They are to be congratulated on their fortunate escape.

ENLARGEMENT.—Messrs. Von Lengerke and Detmold, of this city, dealers in general sporting goods, announce that owing to an increased business which has outgrown their present facilities, they will move on the 1st of May to larger quarters on the ground floor of No. 8 Murray street.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., issued 2,426 life policies in 1884.—*Adv.*

AN ANALYSIS OF THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Concluded from Page 9.

THE MEAN TRAJECTORIES.

I WILL next consider the mean trajectories as I find them laid down in the tables in your pamphlet report, also in FOREST AND STREAM. I will consider them in the order of their merit for flat trajectories as established in your report.

No. 1.—MERRILL'S .42-100-213, ratio 1:2.13. Wind 18m. per hour. Theoretic fall of ball 5.224in.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height of Traj's	.0	+1.130	+1.506	+1.273	+0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	+.635	+.976	+1.108	—0	
Semi-diam. ball.	—.21	—.21	—.21	—.21		
Reduced errors.	—.45	+.425	+.766	+.898	+0	from the L.S. to the cut of bullet.

Above we have the heights of trajectory; the + sign shows that they are above its base. Next below are the negatives; the — sign shows they are below the line of sight and are to be subtracted. Next comes with the — and + signs the vertical trajectory errors or measurements for "accuracy," from the line of sight to the trajectory. And last is the semi-diameter of bullet, which is to be subtracted to get the "reduced errors". After these the rifle misses.

No. 2.—BLAND'S .45-110-275, ratio 1: 2.50. Hollow pointed express bullet. Wind 12m. Theoretic fall of ball 5.865in.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100
Height of Traj's	.0	+1.257	+1.466	+1.304	+0
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0
Errors	—.66	+.762	+1.136	+1.139	+0

The Bland rifle shot with great power and force. Compare the height of trajectory with the Merrill trajectory.

Second trial, rifle not cleaned. Wind 12m. Theoretic fall of ball 5.336in.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100
Height of Traj's	.0	+1.175	+1.334	+1.223	—0
Negatives:	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0
Errors	—.66	+.680	+1.004	+1.118	+0

This trajectory is virtually the same as the Merrill.

Third trial, solid ball, 110-310, ratio 1: 2.81. Wind 23m. Theoretic fall of ball 5.040in.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100
Height of Traj's	.0	+1.052	+1.410	+1.283	+0
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0
Errors	—.66	+.557	+1.080	+1.118	+0

This trajectory at 50yds. is only 1-10in. higher than the Merrill one. I happened to have this rifle in my possession when the FOREST AND STREAM announced its purpose to have a rifle test, and the makers consented to have it entered. It was very kindly sent to me to test its trajectory, for I had ascertained that its trajectory and the Holland trajectory of the English trial were crooked, alike wavy and unnatural, and I desired to find the cause of it. As I was an entire stranger to Bland & Sons when they shipped me the rifle, it shows they had confidence in me and their rifle.

No. 3.—REM.-HEP., .32-40-120, ratio 1:3.

Yards	0	25	50	75	100	
Height of Traj	.0	+1.468	+1.803	+1.525	+0	
Negative	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	.973	1.473	1.360	0	Th. fall, 7.212in.
Merrill errors	—.66	.635	.976	1.108	—0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats	—.0	+.34	+.50	+.252	+0	1.988in.

And this, remember, is the flattest trajectory of all the 31 American breechloaders tested. A beat of .50 in 1.47, about 33 per cent., and almost 2in. in the fall of the ball.

No. 4.—BULLARD., .50-115-350, solid ball ratio 1:3.04. Wind 18m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100
Height of Traj	.0	1.598	1.817	1.957	—0
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0
	—.66	+1.103	+1.487	+1.492	+0

Th. fall, 7.268in.

The muzzleloader beats this rifle, as will be seen, a little more than it did the one above.

Same rifle, .50-115-300, expl. ball, ratio 1:2.61. Wind 15m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	0	1.690	2.047	1.873	0	
	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	.66	+1.195	+1.717	+1.713	+0	Th. fall, 8.188in.

The muzzleloader beat the Bullard with the express bullet considerably more than it did with the solid one. Notice the difference in the fall of the bullet for the range, as well as the ratio of powder to lead in the charge. Do this as you proceed through the rest of the 31 trials.

I have omitted to state in the proper place that — (minus) .66 shows that the trajectory or bullet starts from below the line of sight. See the diagram to explain this.

No. 5.—BALLARD, .40-85-370, ratio 1:4.47. Wind 11m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	0	+1.708	+2.061	+1.821	+0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	1.213	1.751	1.656	0	Th. fall, 8.244in.
Merrill	—.66	.635	.976	1.108	—0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats	0	+.578	+.755	+.448	+0	—3.02in.

This trajectory is in the diagram. At 50yds. the muzzleloader beats in less error, or in accuracy, as string .976 is to string 1.751; and the theoretic fall of its bullet for the range is over 3in. less (3.02).

No. 6 Marlin .45cal. shot wild; ruled out, not reliable; "only 1 shot in 25 rounds," says the report, "hit all the screens and the target." Heights, 1.161—2.12—1.61—0—one shot only.

No. 6.—MARLIN .32-40-165, ratio 1: 4.12. Wind, 10m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	0	+1.773	+2.128	1.868	+0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	+1.278	+1.798	—1.703	+0	Th. fall, 8.512in.

No. 7.—MAYNARD., .40-70-240, ratio 1: 3.40. Wind, 18 miles.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height of Traj	0	+1.758	+2.155	+1.895	—0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	+1.263	+1.825	+1.730	+0	Th. fall, 8.620in.
Merrill	—.66	.635	.976	1.108	+0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats	—.0	+.628	+.849	+.622	+0	—3.395in.

This curve is in the diagram. The muzzleloader beats it in less error or greater vertical accuracy at 50yds. as .976 is to 1.825 or nearly as 2 to 1; and in the less (theoretic) fall of its bullet by 3.4in.

I should have before stated that the fall of the bullet in air is a little more than the theoretic fall in vacuum.

In all 33 cases or shots the line of fire or axis of the bore practically points above the point blank PB on the target, a distance a little greater than the theoretic fall of the bullets as we give them.

No. 8.—BULLARD .40-70-230, ratio 1:3.30, wind 18m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Heights of traj's	.0	1.740	2.157	1.888	0	
	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	+1.245	+1.827	+1.723	—0	Th. fall, 8.628in.

No. 9.—WINCHESTER .50-95-512, ratio, 1:3.28; wind, 18m.; shot No. 3 out:

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	0	1.740	2.203	2.210	0	
Negatives	—.66	.495	.33	.165	0	
Errors	.66	+1.245	+1.873	+2.045	+0	Th. fall, 8.812in.

No. 10, BULLARD .45-85-290; ratio, 1:3.40; wind, 11m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	0	1.791	2.210	1.891	0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	.66	+1.296	+1.880	+1.726	+0	Th. fall, 8.840in.

No. 11, WINCHESTER .40-60-210; ratio, 1:3.50; wind, 18m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	0	1.903	2.290	1.973	0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	.66	+1.408	+1.960	+1.808	+0	Th. fall, 9.160in.

No. 12.—WINCHESTER .50-95-200, ratio 1:3.16, wind 15m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Heights of traj's.	0	2.090	2.388	2.136	0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	.66	+1.595	+2.058	+1.991	+0	Th. fall, 9.552in.

No. 13.—WHITNEY-KENNEDY, .40-60-210, ratio 1:3.50. Wind 6m.

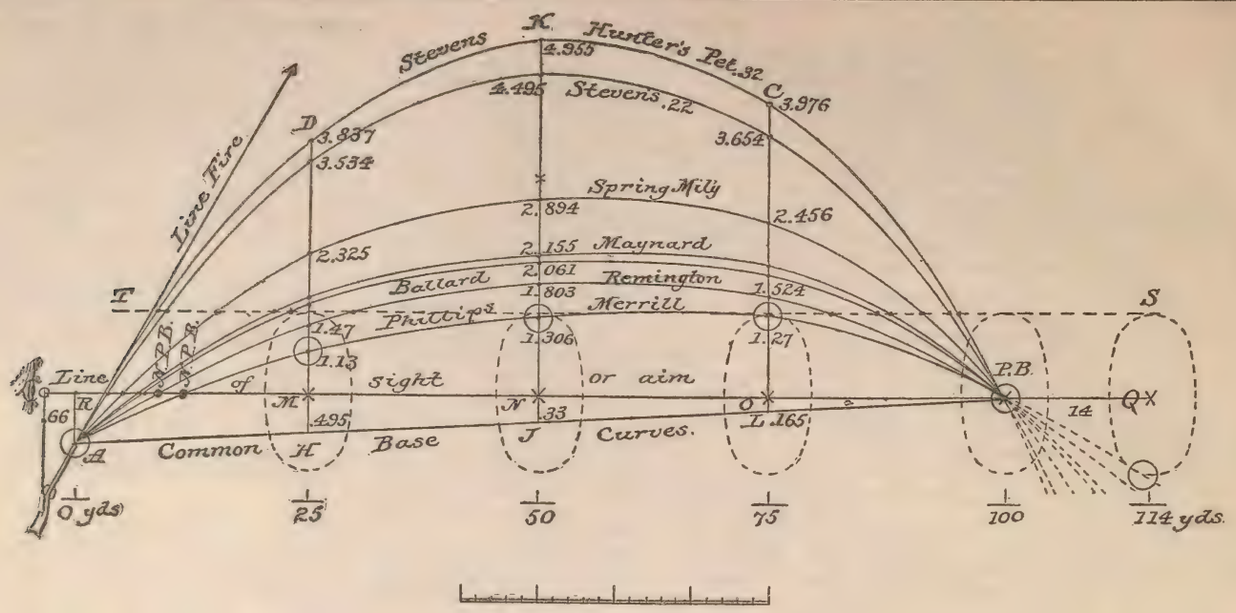
Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	.0	1.864	2.453	2.107	—0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors	—.66	+1.439	+2.093	+1.942	+0	Th. fall 9.692in.

No. 14.—BULLARD, .32-40-150, ratio 1:3.75. Wind 18m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj	.0	2.047	2.443	2.087	0	
Negatives	—.66	—.495	—.33	—.165	0	
Errors	—.66	+1.552	+2.113	+1.922	+0	Th. fall, 9.772in.

Shots Nos. 5 and 6 are out—series 1 to 7 shots.

No. 0.—BULLARD .38cal. "refused to act" or work, hence it failed, See p. 76, pamphlet report.



Vert'l scale ½ inch to 1 inch
Hor'l " 6 " 100 yds.

No. 15.—BALLARD, .40-70-330, ratio 1:4.71. Wind 8m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	1.999	2.452	2.116	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.504	+2.122	+1.951	+0	Th. fall, 9.808in.

No. 16.—MARLIN .40-60-260, ratio 1:4.33. Wind 10m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	1.991	2.453	2.104	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.496	+2.123	+1.939	+0	Th. fall, 9.812in.

No. 0.—WHITNEY-KENNEDY .50-95-512, solid ball; result unreliable, and ruled out here. Height trajectory 1.477 +1.78 +1.32 —0. See Report, p. 42, for particulars; the bullet had great gyratory motion, etc.

No. 17.—WHITNEY-KENNEDY .50-95-300 express; ratio 1:3.05. Wind 15m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	1.723	2.530	1.629	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—1.65	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.228	+2.200	+1.464	+0	Th. fall, 10.120in.

No. 18.—WINCHESTER .45-75-550, ratio 1:4.66. Wind 13m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	1.997	2.532	2.159	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.502	+2.202	+1.994	+0	Th. fall, 10.128in.

No. 19.—MARLIN .38-55-255, ratio 1:4.63. Wind 6m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.134	2.610	2.202	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors..... —.66		+2.059	+2.280	+2.037	+0	Th. fall, 10.440in.

No. 20.—STEVENS .38-40-145, ratio 1:3.62. Wind 14m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.065	2.619	2.241	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors .....—.66		+1.570	+2.289	+2.036	+0	Th. fall, 10.476in.

No. 21.—SHARPS .40-70-405, ratio 1:5.78. Wind 5m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.081	2.620	2.230	0	
Negatives .....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors .....—.66		+1.580	+2.290	+2.065	+0	Th. fall, 10,480in.

No. 22.—REM.-HEP. .40-65-325, ratio 1:5. Wind 4m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.113	2.620	2.260	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors .....—.66		+1.618	+2.290	+2.095	+0	Th. fall, 10.480in.

No. 23.—REM.-HEP. .58-50-320, ratio 1:6.41. Wind 12m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.220	2.774	2.239	0	
Negatives... ...—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.731	+2.444	+2.124	+0	Th. fall, 11.096in.

No. 24.—SPRINGFIELD MILITARY .45-70-500, ratio 1:7.14. Wind 18m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.325	2.894	2.454	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.830	+2.564	+2.289	+0	Th. fall, 11.576in.
Merrill errors..—.66		—.635	.976	1.103	—0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats...—0		+1.195	+1.588	+1.181	+0	6.332in.

This trajectory is in the diagram. The rifle is a very good military arm, and it is, among breechloaders, a close shooter. The velocity of this rifle is a little greater than the average of the thirty-one American rifles.

No. 25.—COLT .32-20-100, ratio 1:5. Wind 10m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj....	0	2.316	2.899	2.453	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors..... ..—.66		+1.821	+2.569	+2.288	+0	Th. fall, 11.596in.

No. 26.—REMINGTON MILITARY .45-70-450, ratio 1:7. Wind 19m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	2.332	2.986	2.469	0	
Negatives.... ...—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+1.837	+2.656	+2.304	+0	Th. fall, 11.944in.

No. 27.—STEVENS .32-13-90, ratio 1:7. Wind 7m. Shot No. 2 out, 1 to 6.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	2.932	3.746	3.138	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+2.437	+3.416	+2.943	+0	Th. fall, 14.984in.

No. 28.—REMINGTON .32-13-90, ratio 1:7. Wind 4m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	+3.154	+3.968	+3.245	+0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Rem. errors.....—.66		+2.659	+3.638	+3.080	+0	Th. fall, 15.872in.
Merrill errors...—.66		+.645	+.976	+1.103	+0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats.... 0		+2.014	+2.662	+1.972	+0	10.648in.

Each rifle at the near point blank has another 0, but we omit it.

No. 29.—WINCHESTER .22-5-40, ratio 1:8. Wind 4m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	+0	+3.256	+4.209	+3.478	+0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+2.761	+3.879	+3.313	+0	Th. fall, 16.836in.
Merrill errors...—.66		+.645	+.976	+1.103	+0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats.... —0		+2.116	+2.903	+2.205	+0	11.612in.

No. 30.—WESSON .44-28-214, ratio 1:7.64. Wind 16m.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	3.499	4.532	3.730	0	
Negatives. .....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors .....—.66		+3.004	+4.202	+3.565	+0	Th. fall, 18.128in.
Merrill errors...—.66		—.645	—.976	—1.103	—0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats.... 0		+2.359	+4.226	+2.457	+0	12.904in.

No. 31.—STEVENS'S HUNTER'S PET .32-9-85, ratio 1:9.44. Wind 13m. Shot No. 3 out, 1 to 6.

Yards.	0	25	50	75	100	
Height traj.....	0	3.837	4.955	3.976	0	
Negatives.....—.66		—.495	—.33	—.165	—0	
Errors.....—.66		+3.342	+4.625	+3.811	+0	Th. fall, 19.820in.
Merrill errors...—.66		+.645	+.976	+1.103	+0	Th. fall, 5.224in.
Merrill beats.... —0		+2.697	+3.649	+2.703	+0	14.596in.

But it is the beat at 50yds. and the heights of the mean trajectories at 50yds. which, under the test, we must consider mainly.

FALL OF BULLET FOR TEN YARDS.

The following shows the fall of the respective bullets from the respective lines of fire for the first 10yds. in the 100yds. range at the FOREST AND STREAM trial for trajectories, 1885. They are deduced from the practical heights of the several trajectories at mid-range, as laid down in the report. The falls of bullets are in decimals of inches. The Merrill rifle only is a breechloader:

Nos.	Rifles.	Calibers.	Fall Ball.	Parts of 1 in.
1	Merrill-Phillips.....	.42.....	.0522	1-20in.
2	Bland, Bland, English.....	.45, three trials.....	.0536	1-20in.
			.0564	1-16in.
			.0586	1-16in.

American Made Rifles.

3	Remington-Hepburn.	.32.....	.0721	1-14in.
4A	Bullard.....	.50 solid bullet.....	.0726	1-14in.
5B	Bullard.....	.50 express bullet...	.0818	1-12in.
6	Ballard.....	.40-85-370.....	.0824	1-12in.
0	Marlin.....	.45 1 shot only failed.	.....	.....
7	Marlin.....	.32.....	.0831	1-12in.
8	Maynard.....	.40.....	.0862	1-12in.
9	Bullard.....	.40.....	.0863	1-12in.
10A	Winchester.....	.50 solid bullet.....	.0881	1-12in.
11	Bullard.....	.45.....	.0884	1-12in.
12	Winchester.....	.40.....	.0916	1-11in.
13B	Winchester.....	.50 express bullet...	.0955	1-11in.
14	Whitney-Kennedy...	.40.....	.0969	1-11in.
15	Bullard.....	.32.....	.0979	1-11in.
0	Bullard.....	.28 solid bul.,failure.	.....	.....
16	Ballard.....	.40-73-330.....	.0981	1-11in.
17	Marlin.....	.40.....	.09812	1-11in.
0A	Whitney-Kennedy...	.50 solid, failed..	.....	.....
18B	Whitney-Kennedy...	.50 express bullet...	.1012	1-10in.
19	Winchester.....	.45.....	.1013	1-10in.
20	Marlin.....	.38.....	.1044	1-10in.
21	Stevens.....	.38.....	.1047	1-10in.
22	Sharps.....	.45.....	.1048	1-10in.
23	Remington-Hepburn.	.40.....	.1048	1-10in.
24	Remington-Hepburn.	.38.....	.1109	1-9in.
25	Springfield Military.	.45.....	.1157	1-9in.
26	Colts.....	.32.....	.1159	1-9in.
27	Remington Military.	.50.....	.1194	⅛in.
28	Stevens.....	.32.....	.1498	1-7in.
29	Remington.....	.32.....	.1587	1-6in.
30	Winchester.....	.32.....	.1684	1-6in.
31	Stevens.....	.22.....	.1798	1-6in.
32	Wesson.....	.44.....	.1809	1-6in.
33	Steven's Hunter's Pet	.32.....	.1982	1-5in.

The different falls of the bullets at 10yds. are as the respective heights of the curves at mid-range. Example, take the two extreme cases, the Merrill and the Steven's Hunter's Pet rifles, we have

.0522 : .1983 :: 1.406H. : 4.955H.

where $\frac{.1983S}{.0522M} = 3.797$ and $\frac{4.955\ S.\ H}{1.306M.H.} = 379$

Ratio, as 1 to 3.79=Ratio as 1 to 3.79.

We also have .0522 : .1982 :: 1 : 3.797. Inversely, the Merrill velocity of bullet is represented by 3.79 and the Stevens velocity of bullet is represented by 1, thus giving a rate of 5¾ miles speed for the Merrill rifle to 1 mile for the Stevens. The powers and effectiveness of these rifles are about as an 8 years old boy is to a fully matured man. Query—Is this one of Mr. Burns's 27 breechloaders which beat in accuracy the Merrill rifle?

SUMMARY.

1. Flatness of Trajectory.—The Merrill muzzleloader beat, and very badly, too, all the 31 American breechloaders at 50yds., to wit, it beat them all in the flatness of its trajectory, all the way from 38 per cent. as the least (Rem.-Hep. .32) up in graduation to 273 per cent. as the greatest (Stevens Hunter's Pet .32) as we have proven.

2. Velocity and Power.—As the heights of the Merrill, the Rem.-Hep., and the Stevens Hunter's Pet, may (without violence) be taken to represent adversely (but not directly) the velocities of the bullets which made them, also the power of the rifles, we have in this case the Merrill velocity of bullet and power of rifle, 38 per cent. greater than the Rem.-Hep., and 278 per cent. greater than the Stevens Hunter's Pet.

3. Trajectory Accurracy.—The muzzleloader beat, and very badly, too, in trajectory accuracy, all the 31 American breechloaders at 50yds., viz.: it beat them from ⅛in. (Rem.-Hep.) as the least, all the way up in graduation to 3.70in. as the greatest (Stevens Hunter's Pet) and from 50 per cent. as the least beat up to 379 per cent. as the greatest.

4. Individual Shots.—The muzzleloader beat in trajectory accuracy and power at each of its 5 shots, each and all of the 155 individual shots of the 31 American breechloaders (as has been proven).

5. This case is very plain, and the proof overwhelming. Neither the lessons of your report nor its integrity shall be denied, perverted or traduced by designing persons. It was a gift from FOREST AND STREAM to its readers, and of great value to the public.

Please to regard my muzzleloader merely as a text in this case, and not as a weapon that requires any defense at my hands. I trust and believe that the great majority of your readers will fully appreciate my feeble efforts in this article to try and advance the cause of truth and rifle shooting. If so, my purpose will be met and myself richly rewarded. I sent it forth greeting, with the kindly compliments of the season to all brother sportsmen everywhere.

MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream: Please make the following corrections in my artitle "An Analysis of the Trajectory Test" in your columns of Dec. 27: Par. 10 (The right), for "it" read "its" (height), 2d line. Par. 14 (Near point), 2d line, for "N H P" read "N P B." Par. 15 (The error), 4th line, for "N B P" read "N P B." Par. 18 (With), 1st line, for "the" read "these," after "can" read "now." Par. 19 (We will), 1st line, for "introduce" read "explain." Par. 21 (A flat), 1st line, after "has" insert "but." Par. 27 (All), 1st line, for "the circle" read "4 circles." Par. 36 (Now these) 11th line, after "accuracy" read "50 per cent." or ".50 of an inch." Par. 37 (Note well), 1st line, after "inch" read "or fifty per cent." Par. 40 (Perhaps these), 3d line, for "bodily" read "boldly." Par. 43 (Table I), 2d line, for "negatives" read "negative." Par. 45 (Table 2), 3d line, under "negative" insert "errors +." (Table 7), 3d line, under "negative" insert "errors +." (The diagram), 4th line, erase "about one-third," and after "by" read "38 per cent. in trajectory power, and 50 per cent. in trajectory accuracy." Summary—Par. 3 (Many suppose), 3d line, after "less" read "that." Par. 12 (Question 5), 2d line, for "made" read "done."—H. W. M.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIVE DOLLARS A POUND.

THERE is trout fishing, and fishing for trout. Trout large and trout small. Trout to be caught from a boat in deep water, and trout to be waded for. But the kind of fishing which tells is that which is found in our smaller mountain streams. There is no aristocracy about it, except the fish, and they are generally small enough to belong to that exclusive class. If one did not know, as he travels through these mountain passes, he would never think of looking in these little streams for anything large enough to get a hook in its mouth; but there is scarcely a stream of any size, provided it has not had its fish destroyed, which is not alive with these active little beauties. Unfortunately for one who loves the sport there are so many others who are of the same way of thinking that the streams are whipped continually from the opening to the close of the season, and from the spring from which they start to where the water becomes too warm for them. The water is always cold, and in order to come any speed one must seek the head of a stream and wade it to its mouth. It goes all right at first until the continual application of the icy water has extracted all the animal heat from one's feet and legs, and then it becomes rather monotonous unless the fish are so lively as to make one forget his lower extremities. Rubber boots are all right if one can stand on his feet, but when he gets tired, when he strikes a slippery rock and lies down for a rest, or to get a new start, or when he takes a premeditated header into some deep hole to see if there are any fish there anyway, his hip boots are useful to carry a supply of water for which he is not apt to find any special use.

I had made several of these excursions which were so delightful—to tell about when the discomforts were things of the past, and suppose I must have painted the pictures in tolerably bright colors when relating them to a particular friend with whom I had camped two seasons when we fished for bass in Canada. You know how it is. You do not intend to go into the Annanias business, but there is all the difference in the world between the actual experience and the most truthful statement of it afterward. The hardships are all forgotten and the remembrance of the pleasure alone remains. So it must have been in this case. I received word from him that he would come up some time and have me initiate him into the mysteries of this most aristocratic sport. I put him off for a time, hoping to get away from business long enough to hunt up some stream where there were some trout which would be a little longer than one's finger, before he should come. While I was trying to get away, he wired me that he could get off the next day and would meet me on the train in the evening. As I was in for it, hit or miss, I concluded to take him to a stream where I had never been myself, and run the risk. We met on the train in the evening, and I found he had bought a bran new trouting outfit.

We reached our destination all right, and put up at the hotel for the night. When we went out in the morning the rain was pouring down as if it meant business. And it did, for it kept it up all day. After getting directions we started for the stream. It was not long until we came to it, but when we tried it we caught only chubs. Of course we then knew that we must get higher up where the water was colder, for those streams always have chubs below the trout limits, and the two are often

found in the same part of the water where the trout begin to thin out. Looking ahead we discovered a break in the mountains, and concluded that, as the stream must come down through it, we would take a near cut and thus save time. No sooner said than we commenced to work our way through the thickets in that direction. When I tell you that nature had sowed that stretch of mountain with locusts, and that they stood as thick as the hairs on the proverbial dog's back, and that they had an unusual number of thorns on them, and that they were moist and getting wetter, and that every time we stooped to get through the tangle something poured water down our necks, you will begin to understand the felicity of the trip. And when we did at last get there, we found the hollow as dry as a bone. There was no stream, and never had been one there. It was now about noon, and our train was due at five. Not satisfied with our recent experiment, we concluded to take our way over a spur of the mountain to where we knew the stream must be; so off we went. It was tolerably smooth going for a while, and we were congratulating ourselves on our good luck, when just as we struck another thicket of locust and greenbriers, a mountain fog came down on us. We could see about ten feet away, just far enough to see nothing. We took our bearings by the compass and went ahead. About two o'clock we raised a shout of triumph, for we were out of the woods, and on the long lost stream. We had no time to go up and fish down, so commenced casting with bait and flies as we waded up. After going a hundred yards I caught something. It was so gloomy, and the fish was so small, that it required close inspection to prove that it was really a trout. When I had made sure of this, and had located the spots so as to be able to point them out to one who had never seen a spotted beauty, I called to the Doctor to come and view the game. He hurried to where I was standing and after looking at it a long time he said: "And that is a trout? Well, by George!" I assured him that it was a veritable specimen of that celebrated fish, and that this was the place and the usual method of capturing them. We fished as long as our time would allow, catching a dozen or two; then struck out for the station and boarded the train for home.

When we came to the station where I had to leave the train, the Doctor handed me his new fishing kit, saying that he was glad he had been fishing for trout, and while he had not caught many, they were enough to last him a lifetime. Two days after he wrote me, saying he had counted the expense, and they just cost him five dollars a pound; but counting the experience, he thought they were cheap at that. HOMERUS.

SURFACE SCHOOLS OF FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 10, under the caption "Surface Schools of Trout," J. H. Way says that "on Moosehead Lake, Me., trout of all sizes appeared near the surface," etc. "Spicewood" *idem* says he saw "a large school of fish and * * * found them to be trout." He also says that these fish all refused the fly, although cast with great caution, but that he succeeded in hooking one in the back, but does not say whether he landed the fish thus accidentally fastened.

Will you permit me to hazard the opinion that these fish were not trout at all, but some other species of the finny tribe. My partner and myself had almost precisely this same experience two years ago in fishing Fletcher Lake in the Muskoka district, or rather about fifty miles to the northeast of the Muskoka lakes. These fish appeared in large schools early in the morning and late in the evening over the deeper portions of the lake at some little distance from the shore. They seemed to be playing, not feeding, and refused both fly and bait. We were unable to procure a specimen, notwithstanding various efforts to that end. But we came to the conclusion that these fish were not trout, but what are known among the settlers in that country as herring. These fish frequent the deep water during the summer and only approach the shores at the beginning of cold weather in the late autumn, when they are caught in nets and, after curing, packed away for winter use. The fact that "Spicewood" caught trout "with a long line trolling deep" where they went down is by no means conclusive evidence as to their identity with the fish seen swimming on the surface. If the latter were herring they would have paid no more attention to the troll than to the fly, but large trout lying in the same water would have responded to the troll precisely as they did with us, under like circumstances.

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the summer of 1878, while at Plumador Pond, I often noticed surface schools of trout. When first noticed the guide told me there was no use fishing either with bait or fly, and that that was the only place he had ever seen them act so. As I remember now the trout acted in this way on sultry afternoons; they would appear in the middle of the pond and roll along a short distance, like porpoises, except they never showed their tails. I was on the pond for a week to ten days, and, perhaps, saw them four or five times. In the morning there would be fair fishing, but by 4 or 5 P. M. the trout would rise and I would not attempt to fish in deep water but would try at the outlet where I could get enough small fish for supper.

The reason for their rising in this manner I can't explain, unless it was on account of an approach of a thunder storm, for the last days of my stay there were accompanied with a violent storm. In the schools there could not have been more than six trout, but I noticed some five or six schools about the same place.

EDWARD BROOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Twenty years ago I often went to the Adirondack lakes for trout in the spring, and camped on Tupper's Lake. I have seen on this lake when still, just at sunset, acres of trout playing with backs and tails out of water, and neither fly nor worm would tempt them. They would stay up about ten minutes and come within 20ft. of the boat if I kept still, but at the least move or noise on the water would fly, but they would soon return to the surface again. In those days there was no trouble in catching all the trout we wanted, and we returned hundreds that we gave an airing just for fun. D. W. T.

MARLBORO, N. H.

THE DEATH OF MR. FRANCIS FRANCIS.

FEW who then belonged to the great brotherhood of anglers, and who still live, have forgotton the wave of sorrow that swept over the fraternity when it became known that Thaddeus Norris had gone to his eternal rest. Not only to those personal friends to whom his genial nature had endeared him, was this confined. Thousands who had never heard his voice and to whom his personal appearance was but a picture of the imagination—all who had ever read "The American Angler," felt as though a dear personal friend had gone from them forever.

A similar misfortune has befallen the anglers of Great Britain, and American anglers will not be slow to extend their sympathy. Indeed, the loss is ours as well, for the beneficial effects of Francis Francis's life-work were by no means limited by the Atlantic.

Though a voluminous writer, it is his "Book on Angling" which has done most to endear him to the many who will mourn him in this country—a book which is, and will continue to be, a land-mark in the literature of angling second to none in prominence.

Angling may be said to be practically confined to the English-speaking Peoples. As the passing years mark the progress of the art, its votaries, born under whatever flag, should draw closer and closer together in sympathy, and recognize in a common love a common bond of gentle good-fellowship and union. Such I believe to be the fact. It is fitting, therefore, that in a case like this—when every English angler is mourning the death of Mr. Francis Francis—that we American anglers should not only feel, but should also express our sympathy.

With him who has departed is now "that peace which passeth all understanding." His is the gain. But to those whom he has left behind, only the kindly hand of time and the hope that the parting is not forever can bring consolation. But if present consolation be impossible, it may still be some gratification for them to be assured that the value of his life-work is widely recognized, and that he won the affection and respect of thousands and thousands of his fellow-men who never saw his face—in the New World as well as in the Old—in the Southern as well as in the Northern Hemisphere.

HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1887.

BLACK BASS IN THE MOHAWK.—A correspondent of the Albany *Argus* writes to that journal as follows: "We should expect to find the black bass in abundance, or large size and gamy in such a river, and this is a fact. For years the river has been known to be very productive, those who have fished in it by scientific methods pronounce the fish of large size, full of fight, and reasonably plentiful. The extent of the river is sufficient to furnish all the fishing that anglers in its neighborhood could ask for. I have recently made some investigations, and I find that throughout nearly its entire course it has been infested with nets. Along nearly its entire course are men who live by trapping the bass in nets, and peddling them about the country. There are men who openly defy the law, and say they will fish opposite their property anyway. There are others who do it slyly, watching the movements of the proper officers. As soon as the ice is out of the river in the spring, hundreds of nets go into the river. So flagrant and great has been the abuse of the law that even in winter when the bass are sluggish, holes are cut through the ice, nets are put in and the fish are captured in their dormant state. There is no means of judging, but it is well known that many tons, possibly amounting to a hundred tons, are each year taken in nets. The country fish peddler can be found throughout nearly the entire valley of the Mohawk, summer, fall, winter and spring. Only last week two negroes were arrested and fined in Schenectady and three nets secured and destroyed, in which were found six large bass. There is not a mile of the river that is not poached upon during the entire year. Men too lazy to do anything else, openly defy and violate the law, getting a meagre living from their murderous work. A river which extends a distance of one hundred and fifty miles presents three hundred miles of shore. It is very nearly equivalent to a lake three hundred miles around. Of course a lake would have shoals at a distance from its shores, occasionally, and there would be islands, but practically the Mohawk River is equivalent to a lake from two to three hundred miles around, as far as its adaptability to black bass is concerned. The protection of such valuable water as this has been almost entirely neglected. If we had a lake of vast size in our neighborhood, it would most assuredly be protected. In recent years the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River has, by its efforts, driven the netters away. The Eastern New York Association should do the same with the Mohawk. It will in a very short time give lovers of the rod and line all the sport they ask for. It is not a question of chance, but it is a fact that, if the nets can be kept out of the river, black bass will be found in great abundance. It is the intention of the Eastern New York Association to take vigorous measures during the coming season and to drive the netters away from the rivers, and compel them to seek other means of livelihood. All persons interested in angling, in outdoor life, or in a pastime which gives prosperity where it exists, and health to those who indulge in it, should give the association their influence as members, thus adding to the funds necessary in carrying out the work."

LANDLOCKED SALMON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I did not receive satisfactory answers to my note in your paper about this fish. I will now try to be more explicit. There is a fish in the Lake Superior waters called by the natives the red trout, or landlocked salmon. It is not the common lake salmon or salmon trout. The fish I mean is, to look at, very much like the salt-water salmon, *Salmo salar*, and its flesh is quite pink. On the table I think this fish is quite equal to the *Salmo salar*. What is the name of this fish? Is he the landlocked salmon, if not, what is he? He grows to a size of 30 to 40lbs. Your readers must not confuse this fish with the common lake trout whose flesh is white. Can any of your readers give me the name of this grand fish and say whether or not he will take the fly?—L. H. SMITH (Strathroy, Ont.).

THE LONDON FLY-FISHERS' CLUB.—At the annual meeting, in January last, the secretary announced that the club now numbers over two hundred and seventy members, and has over five hundred dollars in the treasury. Arrangements for house dinners and the reading of papers were discussed, and several interesting papers were promised for the meeting following the dinner on March 3. The former committee were re-elected, the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Francis Francis being filled by the election of Mr. W. Pingo Horton.

THOUSANDS are born with a tendency to consumption. Such persons, if they value life, will not permit a cough or cold to become a fixture in the lungs and chest. The best known remedy for either is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE volume before us is Part XII., Report of the Commissioner for 1884, and is, like its predecessors, a bulky work filled with information of various kinds. These reports are valuable, not only to fishculturists, but to the practical fisherman engaged in any branch of the commercial fisheries, as well as to the zoölogist. The report proper is divided into two heads; an inquiry into the decrease of food fishes, and the propagation of food fishes in the waters of the United States. Under the head of inquiry are prosecuted researches, not only into the habits and characteristics of the fishes themselves, but into their general relationship to each other and to man; the statistics and methods of their capture; the influences exerted upon their movements by physical and other causes; and in short, whatever information is necessary for a satisfactory and proper treatment of the general subject. Among the noteworthy points which have engaged the attention of the Commissioner during the year are: The vigorous prosecution of the work on the Wood's Holl pier and breakwater, the completion of the quarters and water tower buildings, and the commencing of the hatching house; the construction of oyster ponds at Wood's Holl and St. Jerome stations, and the investigation of the oyster beds of Chesapeake Bay; the trip of the Albatross to the Caribbean Sea for the purpose of prosecuting hydrographic and fisheries work; the investigation of the Florida shad fisheries by the steamer Fish Hawk; the examination of the oyster beds of Long Island Sound by the steamer Lookout, under the direction of Mr. E. G. Blackford; the investigation of the fish epidemic in Lake Mendota and other lakes of Winconsin; the collection of specimens of cetaceans, through the co-operation of the Life-Saving Service; the construction of a third car for transporting and hatching fish and eggs; the introduction of the cod gill net upon the Pacific coast; the occupation of Fort Washington on the Potomac River, for shad hatching, by permission of the Secretary of War; the occupation of a station at Weldon, N. C., for propagating striped bass or rockfish; the efforts to hatch the codfish at Wood's Holl station; the planting of lobsters in Chesapeake Bay; the importation of blue carp from Germany, and of the European trout (*Salmo fario*) from Germany and England, and the appointment by the Senate of a standing committee on fish and fisheries, to consist of seven Senators.

The principal stations of the Commission in 1884 were as follows: For investigation and research there are three, Gloucester, Mass., Wood's Holl, Mass., and Saint Jerome, Md. At the former it was possible to secure a great amount of help from the fishermen in the way of contributions of information and specimens brought in from the Banks. The office was at first in charge of Capt. S. J. Martin, but in February, 1885, it was reorganized with Mr. W. A. Wilcox in charge, and Capt. Martin as assistant. The information gathered at this station is expected to be of great value, as the treaty of Washington with Great Britain expired on June 30, 1885. At Wood's Holl, which was in charge of Capt. H. C. Chester, since deceased, there were prosecuted special researches and the practical propagation of cod, mackerel, lobsters and other sea fish. At Saint Jerome, which is in charge of W. de C. Ravenel, practical experiments in oyster culture are made.

For the propagation of Salmonidæ there are eight stations. Grand Lake Stream, under the direction of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, is devoted to the propagation of landlocked or Schoodic salmon. Bucksport, Maine, also in charge of Mr. Atkins, is primarily connected with the multiplication of Penobscot salmon. Northville, Mich., in charge of Mr. F. N. Clark, is devoted to whitefish and trout. Alpena, Mich., is an auxiliary station for the whitefish service, and is also under the direction of Mr. Clark. Baird, Shasta county, Cal., on the McCloud River, has been devoted exclusively to the cultivation of the California salmon, for which it is eminently adapted, but the work was suspended during the year. Trout ponds near Baird are situated five miles from the salmon station mentioned above, and the station is devoted to keeping up a large stock of California trout to supply eggs for Eastern waters. Wytheville, Va., this station is rented from the Virginia Fish Commission, in order to obviate the expenses otherwise attendant upon the transporting of the young Salmonidæ, such as California trout, brook trout, landlocked salmon, etc., from other stations to different points, especially to the southern Alleghanies. Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.: Here are hatched the eggs of the salmon from Maine and the whitefish from Michigan for introduction into the rivers and lakes of northern Pennsylvania and New York. It is in charge of Mr. Fred Mather, who carries on, simultaneously, work for the State of New York and for the United States; the place being in convenient proximity to New York, enjoys excellent facilities for transportation and distribution.

For the propagation of shad there are three stations, Battery station at Havre de Grace, Md., Fort Washington, Md., and the Central station, Washington, D. C., the latter, which is established in the old Armory Building, is now an important point for hatching shad, herring, salmon, whitefish, etc., and receives its supply of eggs from the other stations.

For the propagation of carp there are two stations, the Monument Reservation, Washington, D. C., is the principal one, where are cultivated the leather and mirror carp, gold fish, golden ides and tench are all raised in considerable numbers. At the Arsenal Grounds in Washington the scale carp only are cultivated.

A great deal of useful information is contained in the appendix, which may be divided into five heads, and which consist of 42 separate papers treating upon matters relating to the work of the Fish Commission.

Reports of Steamers and Stations.—The first article is by Lieut.-Commander Z. L. Tanner, and gives a report of the work of the steamer Albatross during 1884, illustrated by three plates. In this report are also included subordinate reports by Lieut. Seaton Schroeder, Passed Assistant Engineer G. W. Baird, Surgeon James M. Flint, Naturalist Jas. E. Benedict, and various tables of temperatures, specific gravities, stations occupied, records of dredging and trawling, and lists of fishes, invertebrates, etc., taken. Next is given a report by Lieut. W. M. Wood, on the work of the Fish Hawk, during 1883 and 1884; and a report follows by Mate James A. Smith on the work of the Lookout during 1884. The twelve papers which follow relate mostly to the propagating operations of the Fish Commission, and consist of the reports from persons charged with the work of propagation, distribution or investigation. They consist of three reports on fish hatching, shipping eggs to foreign countries, and receiving them from foreign countries at the Cold Spring Harbor station, by Mr. Mather; the operations at the

Northville and Alpena stations; the salmon breeding and trout breeding work on the McCloud River, by Mr. Stone; the work in Maine in propagating Penobscot salmon and Schoodic salmon, by Mr. Atkins; the shad hatching operations at Fort Washington station, by Lieut. Babcock; the shad work at the Havre de Grace station, by Mr. Hamlen; the work with oysters at the Saint Jerome station, by Mr. Ravenel, and a report on the water supply of the station at Wood's Holl, by Dr. Kidder.

The Fisheries.—The fifteen papers in this section are of a somewhat general, or statistical nature, giving a view of the fisheries of this country and of northern Europe. The first article is a report by Col. McDonald on the protection which should be afforded by law to the fisheries of the Atlantic coast. A paper follows on the New England fishery for swordfish during 1884, by Mr. A. Howard Clark. Next comes an article giving the statistics of the United States' imports and exports of fish and fishing products, the tonnage of fishing vessels, etc., for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, compiled by Mr. Smiley from information furnished by the Bureau of Statistics. Captain Collins has an article on the use of gill-nets in the cod fisheries, with a description of the Norwegian cod-nets and a history of their use in the United States, illustrated by twelve plates; and another paper giving an account of the trips of three Gloucester schooners to the Iceland halibut fishing grounds. The fisheries of Iceland are treated of in four papers, each being a translation from the Danish. The statistics of the Norwegian fisheries in 1880 are given by Boye Strom, after which a translation from the Danish on the need of a central management for the Norwegian fisheries. A valuable paper is given by Dr. Rudolph Lundberg on the fisheries of Sweden, illustrated by a plate showing some of the kinds of apparatus used. This is followed by an article from the Swedish by Prof. A. V. Ljungman on the future of the herring fisheries on the coast of Bohus; and another from the Danish by Lieut. Carl Trolle on salting fish in Jutland. The last paper of the section is a translation from the Danish on the salting of herring, giving valuable information and suggestions in regard to this work.

Fishculture.—The first of the five papers in this section is a review of the failures and successes of artificial fishculture, by Von der Wenyen. This is followed by a long article, by Carl Nicklas, on pond culture, being specially applied to the methods of carp culture in Germany, illustrated by forty-four figures and provided with a table of contents and special index. Next is an article by Charles W. Smiley on some results of carp culture in the United States, which consists mostly of statements of persons thus engaged. An article by Dr. Horst, translated from the Danish, on the development of the European oyster, is illustrated by two plates; and is followed by a statement, translated from the Danish, on oyster culture as seen at the London Fisheries Exhibition, by S. A. Buch.

Scientific Investigation.—Of the five papers in this section the first is a report by J. Walter Fewkes, on the Medusæ collected by the Albatross in the Gulf region in 1883-4, illustrated by ten plates. The next is an article on the origin of heterocercy and the evolution of the fins and fin rays of fishes, illustrated by eleven plates and eight figures, by John A. Ryder. Messrs. Chittenden and Cummins furnish a paper on the relative digestibility of fish flesh in gastric juice, with tables of their experiments. Two translations from the German follow; the first on the migrations of eels, by Dr. Hermes, and the second being a contribution to the natural history of parasites as affecting certain kinds of fish, by Dr. Kerbert.

Miscellaneous.—In this section is a statement of the status of the U. S. Fish Commission in 1884, by G. Brown Goode; while the appendix is concluded by a paper from the German on the results of the London Fisheries Exhibition in their practical value for Germany, by Dr. Benecke, being a general review of the subject and of the articles exhibited.

This series of forty-two papers contains many of high value, and is illustrated by nearly one hundred plates and figures. Nine of the longest articles are provided with special indexes, as it is often desirable to issue these papers in separate pamphlet form for distribution to specialists not interested in the contents of the entire volume.

FROG CULTURE.

EVER since fishculture became an established industry in America the culture of frogs for the table has been talked of. Each year finds us no nearer to it than the last, but the newspapers keep printing glowing accounts of mythical frog farms in different parts of the country, always at some distance from where the paper is published. We have carefully looked up these reports and in every instance found them to be without foundation. Last summer a Western paper located a great "froggery" on Long Island, within a few miles of the State fish hatchery, but no man on the island ever heard of it. Some years ago a fishculturist advocated frog culture and wrote much on the subject, and tried to induce others to go into the business of raising frogs, but took care not to invest his own money in the scheme.

This subject is brought up at this time by the receipt of a letter from a man in Detroit, well known to us as an enterprising fisherman, who says: "Some time since I saw in a paper that a party had formed a company for the purpose of raising frogs for market. I have a fine marsh for this purpose, and should the company wish to go in with me I will put up a freezer to hold them for the winter market. I have written to Seth Green last year, but could get no information about frogs."

In our opinion frogs cannot be reared artificially and leave a margin for profit. They can be hatched by the million, and the tadpoles can be cheaply fed and perhaps protected from their numerous enemies. In the tadpole state they do not require much room, and can therefore be crowded in small pools, but the trouble will begin when this stage is passed and the young frog comes out in the air to catch insects for a living. Then each frog requires space to forage in, for it will be impossible to furnish insects for them, and no other food has been discovered which the young will eat. Sour milk has been proposed, and we have been waiting to learn of its successful use, and have declined to believe it until some one demonstrates it. Another trouble is the cannibal habits of the frog. They will eat a little one or try to swallow a larger one and kill it in the attempt.

In a state of nature the frog is a solitary and unsocial animal except at the breeding season. He sits alone and passes his time in either contemplation, catching insects, worms, etc., or in chanting his own prowess. They never go in herds, as do the fishes, but distrust their own kind, hence the difficulty of rearing them by hand. We believe that all attempts at frog culture will result in the gaining of experience alone, and we do not believe that there is a frog farm in America where they are reared artificially and fed to marketable size. If we are wrong in this matter we ask to be set right, and any successful frog raiser is invited to enlighten us on this subject.

THE WOOD'S HOLL STATION.—The marine hatchery at Wood's Holl, Mass., of the U. S. Fish Commission, is now, since the death of Capt. Chester, and the resignation of Prof. Ryder, in charge of Mr. Chas. G. Atkins, of Maine. Mr. Atkins still has charge of the Maine stations at Orland and Grand Lake Stream, where the salmon and the land-locked salmon are hatched, and is assisted at the latter places by Mr. W. C. Buck. At Wood's Holl the experiments with cod, mackerel, lobsters, etc., will be continued and have met with success. The English soles there are kept in tanks and are growing finely, and their increase is confidently looked for in time.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 8 to 11.—Second Annual Dog Show at Buffalo, N. Y. Geo. H. Chadeayne, Secretary, No. 6 Brown's Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, 17 Murray street, New York.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1833, Providence.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4697.**

ENGLISH SPANIEL CLUB STANDARDS.

THE following points and descriptions of the different varieties of spaniels have just been issued by the English Spaniel Club:

THE ENGLISH WATER SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head and jaw, and eyes, 20; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 10; forelegs, 10; hindlegs, 10; feet, 5; stern, 10; coat, 15; general appearance, 10—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Feather on stern, 10; topknot, 10—total negative points, 20.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Long, somewhat straight and rather narrow; muzzle rather long, and, if anything, rather pointed.

Eyes.—Small for the size of the dog.

Ears.—Set in forward, and thickly clothed with hair inside and out.

Neck.—Straight.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Ribs round, the back ones not very deep.

Nose.—Large.

Shoulders and Chest.—Shoulders low and chest rather narrow, but deep.

Back and Loin.—Strong, but not clumsy.

Hindquarters.—Long and straight; rather rising toward the stern than drooping, which, combined with the low shoulder, gives him the appearance of standing higher behind than in front.

Stern.—Docked from 7in. to 10in. according to the size of the dog, carried a little above the level of the back, but by no means high.

Feet and Legs.—Feet well spread, large and strong; well clothed with hair, especially between the pads. Legs long and strong; the stifles well bent.

Coat.—Covered either with crisp curls or with ringlets; no topknot, but the close curl should cease on the top of the head, leaving the face perfectly smooth and lean looking.

Color.—Black and white, liver and white, or self-colored black or liver. The pied for choice.

General Appearance.—Sober looking, with rather a slouching gait and a general independence of manner, which is thrown aside at the sight of a gun.

THE IRISH WATER SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head and jaw, eyes and topknot, 20; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 10; forelegs, 10; hindlegs, 10; feet, 5; stern, 10; coat, 15; general appearance, 10—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Feather on stern, 10; white on chest, 3—total negative points, 13.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Skull medium length, rather broad, with very little "stop," muzzle long and broad to the end.

Eyes.—Dark brown and very intelligent looking.

Ears.—Long and covered with curls.

Neck.—Long, slightly arched and muscular.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Fair-sized, barrel well rounded and well ribbed up.

Nose.—Liver-colored, large and well developed.

Shoulders and Chest.—Shoulders long and oblique, chest deep but not very wide.

Back and Loin.—Back strong and flat; loin strong, fair length, and a trifle arched.

Hindquarters.—Long, hocks well let down, and the stifles straighter than in other varieties of spaniels, neither turned inward nor outward.

Stern.—Strong at the root, and tapering to a fine point; the hair on it must be quite short, straight and close-lying.

Feet and Legs.—Legs well boned and quite straight, somewhat long; feet rather large.

Coat.—All over little curls, hard but not woolly. The topknot of long hair should fall over the eyes in a peak, and the legs should have as little feather on them as possible.

Color.—A rich dark liver—white on toes or breast a defect, but not a disqualification.

General Appearance.—That of a strong, somewhat leggy dog.

THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head and jaw, 25; eyes, 5; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 20; forelegs, 5; hindlegs, 5; feet, 5; stern, 5; coat and feather 10; general appearance, 10—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Light nose, 10; curled ears, 10; curled coat, 20—total negative points, 40.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Large, square and massive, flat on top, ending in a peak at occiput, round above eyes, with a deep stop; muzzle heavy and freckled, lips of upper jaw slightly overhung; skin under eyes dropping and showing hair.

Eyes.—Dark brown, slightly sunk and showing haw.

Ears.—Large and well covered with straight hair and hanging slightly forward, the feather not to extend below the leather.

Neck.—Very thick and powerful, and well feathered underneath.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Very long and heavy, and near the ground. Weight of dogs, 55lbs. to 65lbs.; bitches, 45lbs. to 55lbs.

Nose.—Square and flesh-colored.

Shoulders and Chest.—Wide and deep—shoulders strong and muscular.

Back and Loin.—Back straight, broad and long; loin powerful and well let down.

Hindquarters.—Very powerful, with thighs placed well at back of body.

Stern.—Set very low (while retaining the more important point of a straight back), well feathered and carried about level with the backbone.

Feet and Legs.—Feet large and round, well covered with hair; legs short, thick and strong; hocks low.

Coat.—Long, plentiful, soft and straight.

Color.—Plain white with lemon markings; orange permissible, but not so desirable; slight head markings, with white body preferred.

General Appearance.—Should be that of a very long, low, heavy, massive dog, with a thoughtful expression.

THE SUSSEX SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head and jaw, 15; eyes, 5; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 15; forelegs, 10; hindlegs, 10; feet, 5; stern, 5; coat and feather, 10; general appearance, 15—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Light eyes 5; narrow head, 10; weak muzzle, 10; curled ears or high set on, 5; curled coat, 15; carriage of stern, 5; topknot, 10; white on chest, 10; color (too light or too dark, 10; legginess or light of bone, 5; shortness of body or flat-sided, 5; general appearance, sour or crouching, 10—total negative points, 100.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Should be moderately long and massive, with depth in proportion, to obviate a flat appearance; skull broad and forehead prominent.

Eyes.—Hazel color, fairly large and languishing, not showing the haw overmuch.

Ears.—Thick, fairly large and lobe-shaped; set moderately low, but relatively not so low as in black or other varieties of spaniels; carried close to the head, and furnished with wavy hair.

Neck.—Muscular and slightly arched.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Long, with well-sprung ribs, and a fair depth behind the shoulders.

Nose.—Liver color; muzzle large and square, with lips somewhat pendulous and nostrils well developed.

Shoulders and Chest.—The shoulders should be oblique, and the chest deep and wide.

Back and Loin.—Back level and long, and loin broad.

Hindquarters.—Strong, thighs muscular and hocks low down.

Stern.—Docked from 5in. to 8in., set low, and not carried above the level of the back.

Feet and Legs.—Legs short and strong, with immense bone and a slight bend in the forearm. Feet large and round, and moderately well feathered, with short hair between the toes.

Coat.—Bodycoat abundant, flat or slightly waved, with no tendency to curl, moderately well feathered on legs and stern, but clean below the hocks.

Color.—Dark golden liver, not a light ginger or snuff color, but rather of a rich bronze tinge, not puce; the color will vary and go darker when the dog is kept out of Sussex, especially in those parts where the climate and soil differ materially from that of Sussex.

General Appearance.—Rather massive and muscular, but with free movements and nice tail action, denoting a tractable and cheerful disposition—weight from 35lbs. to 45lbs.

BEAGLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I know a great many of your readers are deeply interested in your kennel department, and among them all the members of the American-English Beagle Club, I take liberty of sending you a few words about the beagle. The breeding of these gamy little hounds is steadily increasing throughout New England, for the sportsmen here find them of great value in rabbit shooting, and that is the favorite winter sport here. They follow just slow enough to allow the hunters to keep near them on foot, while briers and thickets have no terrors for them and their cry is melodious in the extreme. There are probably a dozen sportsmen in Rhode Island who have good hunting beagles, and among these are several that are pretty sure to get a marking at the spring bench shows. The largest owner and breeder here is Mr. A. H. Wakefield, who was so successful at the shows of 1886, and his kennel is now in better condition than ever. He recently bought out the interest of his partner, Mr. Andrew Winsor, and now controls the kennel. During the winter his pack of beagles have been hunted in different parts of the State, and have invariably done grand good work.

Last week Mr. Wakefield made a trip to Mr. Dorsey's kennel at New Market, Md., and purchased two beagles there, My Boy (Lee—Diana) and May Belle II. (Lee—May Belle), which are good show dogs and have hunted well. Mr. Wakefield's trip was a most enjoyable one and his accounts of it have made several hours pass most pleasantly at the rooms of the R. I. K. C. The Southerner and his Northern brother met on the broad platform of true sportsmen and should Mr. Dorsey ever visit Providence his stay will be made pleasant. His plantation is a large one and his sixty or more beagles have the full run of it and are hunted a good portion of the season; he breeds for the field, but produces show dogs as well, which is the acme of beagle breeding. Of his kennel, Lee, his head stud dog, now eight or nine years old, is as good a beagle as stands in America to-day, and his progeny includes many good ones. Mr. Dorsey's pet pack can out-style and out-hunt any pack of small hounds that stand to-day, and if they could be shown at a field trial would astonish the champions of big hounds as well as delight lovers of the beagle. Most of them stand from 14 to 15in. high, are white, black and tan, deep in chest, with true hound head, and the pleading beagle eye so desirable. Mr. Wakefield also visited Dr. Downey, who is so well known as a beagle expert, and at Baltimore was entertained by Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, of the Woodbrook Kennels, who has shown some very good hounds on the bench.

There is a great deal of work being done here in preparing for the first annual show of the Rhode Island Kennel Club, which is set down for March 29 to April 1, and though new in the business the club hopes to have a good show. The premium lists have been out a week now and provide for 118 classes, the champions all to get medals, while for the open classes thre are prizes of $10 and $5, and $8 and $4. The champion medals will be of solid silver and will be very handsome and valuable. The judges so far arranged for are Dr. H. Clay Glover, Mr. Chas. H. Mason and Dr. Wm. Jarvis.

REYD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 8.

We made preparation for a rabbit hunt with the beagles on Jan. 31, and as luck would have it it was, as Mr. Parry said, "a likely looking day to run rabbits," and so it proved. We started off about 7 A. M. with five beagles, two old ones and three puppies, one of them 8 months and the other two 12 months old. We reached the rabbit grounds about 8:30 A. M. and did not have to wait long for a start for the old boys struck scent immediately on entering the swamp, and the rabbit gave the whole pack a good run of five minutes, and then went to burrow and we did not get a shot at him. It was not long before they had another one going, and it was better luck this time for he went right by within 15yds. of us, and Mr. Parry downed him at once. It was about twenty minutes before they got up another one and he did not run over a minute before he took to a burrow and when we came up to the dogs they all were at the

burrow and we had hard work to call them off, but after a while they came away and it was only a few minutes before they had another start, and such driving I never saw. We had worked up a hill and we got on top of a high rock and watched the fun, and such music as we had for twelve or fifteen minutes was worth walking a dozen miles to hear. It was a good open place and the rabbit must have been an old settler for he went round that hill six or seven times and two of the dogs kept gaining on him so that the last time he went round he made for a swamp about an eighth of a mile distant, but the two dogs were a little too much for him for he had not covered more than half the distance before they were on him, and by the time we got to them the rabbit was hardly in condition to put in a game pocket. It was now about noontime and as we wanted to get back by 5 o'clock, we started toward home and on our way we started four more, two of them going to burrows and the other two we shot. We arrived home at 3:45 pretty well tired out, but with the satisfaction that we had had a glorious good hunt. The way our dogs worked fully satisfied us that the beagle is the dog for rabbits. You have got to have a good one about here to get any rabbits for they are scarce as hen's teeth. We have been out before now all day and not got more than two, and once or twice it has been one, but we have never been skunked. The beagles take hold and hunt well when they are six months old and there is no breaking needed; all that is necessary is to buy a good one from good hunting stock, and the chances are he will go in good shape when he is nine or ten months old, at least that has been my experience, and I have had three puppies the last eighteen months and they all would hunt well at six months of age.

W. S. CLARK.

LINDEN, Mass.

THE TENNESSEE FIELD TRIALS.

FOLLOWING is a list of entries for the Field Trials of the Tennessee Sportsman's Association to be given at Athens, Ala., this week.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

FRED W. (B. F. Wilson), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Spark).

KATY D. (B. F. Wilson), black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

KING NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr.) blue belton dog (Count Noble—Rosalind).

NORTIER (J. W. Bessover), black, white and tan dog (Paul Gladstone—Bo Peep).

FANNIE WHITFIELD (Dr. R. Douglass), blue belton bitch (Dash Bryson—Daisy Whitfield).

DASH BRYSON (A. M. Young), black and white dog (Dave Bryson—Jackson's Rose).

POINTERS.

RICHMOND (J. E. Gill), lemon and white dog (Don—Beulah).

DON'S DOT (J. E. Gill), lemon and white bitch (Don—Cremorne).

DERBY.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

FRED. W. (B. F. Wilson), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Spark).

DIXIE BELTON (J. I. Case), black and white bitch (Dick B.—Belle Benton).

KING'S DAN (J. I. Case), blue belton dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

FLORA (P. Kinnard), lemon and white bitch (Charm—Hilda).

RODIRAKA (Dr. J. N. Maclin), black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gem).

POINTERS.

DON'S DOT (J. E. Gill) lemon and white bitch (Don—Cremorne).

THE ATLANTA DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first dog show of the National Poultry and Bench Show Association was held here last week. The attendance was very good, the show being patronized by our best society; nearly one hundred dogs were shown, and the officers of the society feel encouraged to put forth efforts for a show next year that will surpass anything of the kind ever seen in the South. Major J. M. Taylor, of Cleveland, Ohio, judged the setters and pointers, and the superintendent, Mr. T. F. Rackham, of Grovestend, N. S., the remaining classes. I send a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. W. Smith's Turk II. *Bitches:* 1st, D. Morrison's Flora. *Puppies:* 1st, R. W. Smith's Turk, Jr; 2d, B. Torbett's Vic.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* No entries. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. A. McDuffie's two unnamed.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d and com., D. Morrison's Kate and unnamed.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, and high com., W. R. Joyner's Fly and Tom; 2d, R. D. Williams's Snowflight; very high com., T. W. Francis's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, T. W. Francis's Kate.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Major J. W. Renfroe's Paul Jones and Jim Bludsoe; 2d and very high com., J. S. Clarke's Blackstone and Clipper. High com., W. E. Venable's Baden Baden. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Hyde's Daisy Dot; 2d, F. C. Hand's Flida. Com., C. L. Lloyd's Flora. PUPPIES.—10 TO 18 MONTHS—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, D. Morrison's Tasso Royal and Daisy Royal.—UNDER 10 MONTHS—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Renfroe's Prince; 2d and high com., D. Morrison's Glad and Gleam, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, D. Morrison's Gladys.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. B. Thomas's Gordon. *Bitches:* No entries.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Rode's Jean; 2d, D. Morrison's Queen Dido. *Puppies:* 1st, F. P. O'Brien's Bob.

POINTERS.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, F. C. Hand's Neptune. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, D. Morrison's Princess Nettle. PUPPIES—10 TO 18 MONTHS—*Dogs:* 1st, Foshell & Eliott's Rock of Marco; 2d, G. Enbank's Alabama Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, W. E. Venable's Dago. High com., D. Morrison's Lady B.—UNDER 10 MONTHS—*Dogs:* 1st and high com., J. W. Renfroe's Flash and Flake; 2d, E. H. Hyde's Pendennis. *Bitches:* 1st, F. J. Pollard's Kate F; 2d, D. Morrison's Dell.

SPANIELS.—BLACK—1st, Dr. A Green's Flo II. Other than black, prizes withheld. Very high com., D. Morrison's Ruby.

FOX TERRIERS.—1st, W. T. McAlee's General Grant. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. N. Shepherd's Lady Winnis.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, O. P. H. Scott's Burno; 2d, withheld. High com., D. Morrison's Jock.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st and 2d withheld. Com., J. B. McDonald's Cline and W. C. Spark's Foxey.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, L. Evans's Dandy.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st and very high com., J. J. Harrison's Don and Dandy.

PUGS.—1st and very high com., Miss M. Bannistor's Jumbo Jr. and Jim; 2d, D. Morrison's Gipsy Queen.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best pointer, Rock of Marco; best dog bred in Georgia, Paul Jones; cocker spaniel, Flo II.; spaniel, Ruby; largest collection, D. Morrison.

HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—Hartford, Conn., Feb. 7, 1887. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* We claim April 26, 27, 28 and 29 for our bench show. We wish to hear from exhibitors regarding puppy classes.—HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB (A. C. COLLINS, Secretary).

SPANIEL SWEEPSTAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The American Spaniel Club has decided upon offering the following sweepstakes, to be decided at the show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, to be held at Newark, N. J., next month. Sweepstakes for field spaniels whelped in 1886, open to members only; entry, $3, with $10 added by the club to go to winner. Forty per cent. to winner, 30 per cent. to breeder of winner, 20 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Entries close with the secretary March 10. Entries must also be made in their regular classes at the Newark show.

A. C. WILMERDING, Sec'y.

17 MURRAY STREET, New York.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the 91 dogs entered in the February issue of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

4607. Dan, W. E. and H. L. Ellis.
4608. Dot IV., J. Satterthwaite.
4609. Gip, J. Satterthwaite.
4610. Jick, J. Satterthwaite.
4611. June, N. R. Tatum.
4612. Leo. II., Frank Dow.
4613. Look, J. Satterthwaite.
4614. Sport II., J. Satterthwaite.
4615. Tick II., J. Satterthwaite.

BULLDOGS.

4616. Doctor Bush, W. M. Pond.
4617. Juno, John E. Thayer.

COLLIES.

4618. Bessie Wildfire, R. I. Curry.
4619. Bruce VII., Miss Eleanor W. McGhee.
4620. Collie II., A. M. Webb.
4621. Daily, Isaac Oldham.
4622. Davy Crockett, J. F. Dougherty.
4623. Gypsy D., J. R. Draper.
4624. Kit, R. Rathvon.
4625. Le Madge, Robt. I Curry.
4626. Lord Duff, Miss Lillian Rushmore.
4627. Lucy D., H. C. Cuming.
4628. Mac II., Henry Fink.
4629. Nora II., W. R. Rathvon.
4630. Ramsden's Bruce, Miss Mary Ramsden.
4631. Ramsden's Trusty, Miss Mary Ramsden.
4632. Shanter, Clamp Jackson
4633. Tam o' the Clyde, Herbert S. Barnes.
4634. Zoe. Miss Jennie R. Kroch.

DEERHOUNDS.

4635. Glengarry, J. M. Ide.
4636. Lance, J. E. Thayer.
4637. Lyndhurst, E. M. Whittemore.
4638. Sheila, J. M. Ide.

MASTIFFS.

4639. Ah Sin, H. L. Haldeman.
4640. Ashmont Duke II., F. P. Campbell.
4641. Beech Grove Grover C., P. K. Jones.
4642. Brother, T. S. Armstrong.
4643. Bruce II., F. S. Baston.
4644. Neva, L. T. Hazen.
4645. Susie Queen, S. M. Bines.

POINTERS.

4646. Blanche Sensation, F. Pitzer
4647. Bowdoin, F. F. Harris.
4648. Button Heard, J. P. Cartwright.
4649. Clip, G. F. Bell.
4650. Dan II., Grasmere Kennels.
4651. Doctor, W. Crawford.
4652. Duke Royal II., F. E. Clark.
4653. Lanetta II., S. A. Bennett.
4654. Leah, J. C. F. Moran.
4655. Lillie Langtry, H. C. Miner.
4656. M'liss, H. E. Jones.
4657. Puritan, A. Liddle.
4658. Rob Roy II., S. F. Colt.
4659. Royal Prince, S. A. Bennett
4660. Telie Doe, D. W. Oyster.

PUGS.

4661. Douglas II., A. E. Pitts.
4662. Goldine, E. G. Riedinger.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.

4663. Hector II., W. R. Watts.
4664. Queen Dido, Grasmere Kennels.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

4665. Bob White, Jas. R. Milner.
4666. Boss, Louie S. Miller.
4667. Brookwood, W. B. Brown.
4668. Doctor, Geo. Graig.
4669. Idylwoof, A. S. Hoffman.
4670. Lady Saddler, W. E. Scott.
4671. Lord Saddler, W. E. Scott.
4672. Peero, A. H. Harwood.
4673. Pep Bondhu, T. C. Robertson.
4674. Phidippides, E. M. Shepard.
4675. Sagamore Morah, Sagamore Kennels.
4676. Scott Saddler, F. Clements.
4677. Victoria Laverack, Chas. York.

GORDON SETTERS.

4678. Royal Duke, E. Maher.

IRISH SETTERS.

4679. Brandy, Wm. E. Ramsay.
4680. Chip II., S. C. Steuben.
4681. Flash, W. E. Ramsay.
4682. Glenna, H. A. Bridge.
4683. Lady May, R. Bradley.
4684. Mack II., Geo. L. Myer.
4685. Mike II., C. W. Badeau.
4686. Nora V., C. W. Roedenburg.
4687. Red Flash, H. B. Spencer.

SHEEPDOGS—BOB-TAILED.

4688. Dame Bruin, W. Wade.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

4689. Black Jock, E. D. Hicks.
4690. Hornell Spot, Hornell Spaniel Club.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

4691. Blanche, Jas. E. Maddrath.
4692. Daisy, J. E. Coleman and G. A. Barrett.

FOX-TERRIERS.

4693. Mt. Toby Mixture, C. I. Bailey.
4694. Viper, Maitland & Bunker.
4695. Vixen, Maitland & Bunker.

SKYE TERRIERS.

4696. Snip, Geo. A. Barrett.
4697. Topsey, R. T. Palmer.

INTELLIGENT DOGS.

MR. BARNES, of this city, owns a lemon and white setter named Don, who cut his foot on some glass. One day he tied some cloth on his dog's foot and let him out, telling him that if he lost the rag he would have to come in. In a little while he lost the rag, and therefore was obliged to come in the house. Don seemed very uneasy and ran from one room to another; finally he came running to his master, holding a piece of cloth in his mouth. He then placed his sore foot on his master's knee. His master could not refuse; he bandaged Don's foot up once more and let him out.

The next time he came into the house, the rag was all right. He never lost another rag off his foot. If that was not reasoning what was it?

LITTLE RHODY.

PAWTUCKET, Rhode Island.

Mrs. B. T. Rogers, of Kenosha, is the possessor of a wonderfully intelligent collie dog. Two weeks ago Miss Rogers lost a valuable gold watch, and although large rewards were offered for its recovery, and many Kenosha people joined in the search, no trace of it could be found. The watch was finally given up for lost, when on Sunday morning the dog walked in the house with the missing article in his mouth. The Rogers family firmly believe he heard them talking about it, and that he instituted a search on his own account.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Connecticut has just lost, in the death of Carlo, a dog of Farmer Tucker of Oxford, one of her most intelligent residents. It is said that it was common for Mrs. Tucker to send dinner by Carlo to men at work about a mile from the house. The workmen would send him home for a pail of water and he would return with it. Two of the men after cutting wood on one side of the mountain went over on the other side. Carlo finding an axe, and thinking it was left there by mistake, brought it home, a half mile or more. He would lead a horse by the halter. He knew different tools by their names. He knew a few families by name. Mr. Tucker one day holding a letter in his hand and saying, "I wish Mrs. Chatfield could see this letter," Carlo unbidden advanced took it in his mouth, and carried it past several houses to the house of the person named, and presented it to her.

A dog owned by Colonel Newton, of Cromwell, goes twice a day to the railroad station for the morning and evening paper. He goes of his own accord, is always on time, and waits about where the baggage car is to stop, in the morning at one place and in the afternoon at another. There he waits until the bundle is thrown off and opened by the station master, when he takes his paper in his mouth and immediately starts for home. If the weather is rainy, he has a piece of oilskin which is kept in a place where he can get it himself, and of his own accord he carries this with him, and the station master wraps it around the paper before giving it to him in order that it may not get wet. On his return home, he puts the oilskin away in its place, against the next rainy day. He knows the papers and insists on having the right one. Once he was fooled. In opening the bundle the station master slipped one that was two days old out of his pocket and handed it to the dog. Demo took it in his mouth and started for home. Arriving there he took it to his master, and was rewarded by a pat on the head and a kind word. Colonel Newton adjusted his spectacles and began to read. Of course he at once discovered the trick, although he thought at the time it was only an error. Calling Demo to him, he told him to take the paper back, and reprimanded him for making the mistake. I don't know what it was he said to him, but the dog seemed to understand it, for he hung his head and really looked ashamed. In a short time he was at the station, with the old paper in his mouth, and going to the agent laid the paper at his feet and, looking in his face, gave a short and very decided bark, as much as to say, "Give me the right paper and do it now." He was offered one that was a day old, but after sniffling at it for a moment refused to take it, and not until he was given a paper of that date would he have anything to do with it. Since then, although an attempt has been made several times to fool him again in the same way, he cannot be deceived, and so, as I said before, it seems as though the dog must be able to read.—*Middlesex County Record.*

OUR DUMB RELATIONS.

IT WAS said of St. Francis of Assissi that he had attained through the fervor of his love, the secret of that deep amity with God and his creation, which, in the language of inspiration, makes man to be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field to be at peace with him. The world has never been without tender souls, with whom the golden rule has a broader application than its letter might seem to warrant. The ancient Eastern seers recognize the rights of the brute creation, and regarded the unnecessary taking of the life of the humblest and meanest as a sin; and in almost all the old religions of the world there are legends of saints in the depth of whose peace with God and nature all life was sacredly regarded as the priceless gift of heaven, and were thus enabled to dwell safely amid lions and serpents.

It is creditable to human nature and its unperverted instincts that stories and anecdotes of reciprocal kindness and affection between men and animals are always listened to with interest and approval. How pleasant to think of the Arab and his horse, whose friendship has been celebrated in song and romance. Of Vogelweid, the Minnesinger and his bequest to the birds. Of the English Quaker visited wherever he went by flocks of birds, who, with cries of joy, alighted on his broad-brimmed hat and his drab coat sleeves. Of old Samuel Johnson, when half blind and infirm, groping abroad of an evening for oysters for his cat. Of Walter Scott and John Brown, of Edinburgh, and their dogs. Of our own Thoreau, instinctively recognized by bird and beast as a friend. Emerson says of him: "His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler, the apiologist, that either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him. Snakes coiled round his legs; the fishes swam into his hand; he pulled the woodchuck out of his hole by his tail and took foxes under his protection from the hunters."

In the greatest of the ancient Hindoo poems—the sacred book of the Mahabharata—there is a passage of exceptional beauty and tenderness, which records the reception of King Yudishthira at the gate of Paradise. A pilgrim to the heavenly city, the King had traveled over vast spaces, and one by one the loved ones, the companions of his journey, had all fallen and left him alone, save his faitful dog, which still followed. He was met by Indra and invited to enter the holy city. But the King thinks of his friends who have fallen on the way and declines to go without them. The god tells him they are all within waiting for him. Joyful, he is about to seek them, when he looks upon the poor dog, who, weary and wasted, crouches at his feet, and asks that he too may enter the gate. Indra refuses, and thereupon the King declares that to abandon his faithful dumb friend would be as great a sin as to kill a Brahmin.

"Away with that felicity whose price is to abandon the faithful!
Never, come weal or woe, will I leave my faithful dog.
The poor creature, in fear and distress, has trusted in my power to save him;
Not, therefore, for life itself, will I break my plighted word."

In full sight of heaven he chooses to go to hell with his dog, and straightway descends, as he supposes, thither. But his virtue and faithfulness change his destination to heaven, and he finds himself surrounded by his old friends and in the presence of the gods, who thus honor and reward his humanity and unselfish love.—*John G. Whittier, in Our Dumb Animals.*

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—The third dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, to be held next month, promises to be the best show in many respects that the club has yet held. The premium list provides for thirty-two champion classes. The prizes in the most important classes will be $20, $10, medal and diploma. Several of the other classes have $15, $10, medal and diploma. Nearly all the other classes have $10, $7, medal and diploma, while a few of the minor classes have $10, medal and diploma. Puppies have three prizes, one of cash, a medal and diploma. There will be a large number of valuable specials offered in addition to the regular prizes. The American Spaniel Club's sweepstakes for spaniels will be decided at this show, as well as the Collie sweepstakes and the Tomboy fox-terrier stake.

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.—Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich., will judge the pointers and setters at the Buffalo dog show, and Messrs. C. H. Mason, New Rochelle, N. Y., and James Watson, Philadelphia, Pa., are announced to judge the remaining classes, but Mr. Watson writes us as follows: Philadelphia, Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that the Buffalo premium list has my name as one of the judges. I wrote some time ago to Mr. Fellows saying that he would oblige me by withdrawing my name. I cannot go to Buffalo show, and must forego the honor imposed upon me. I feel assured that Mr. Mason will be fully able to judge all the classes not taken by Mr. Davidson and give every satisfaction to fair-minded exhibitors.—JAS. WATSON.

HARE DOGS—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think "Dalg" is exactly correct as to how to breed rabbit hounds. I am the owner of several beagles, and I find that while they positively have better noses and lots of grit, they have too little speed. One advantage a beagle has over a foxhound is he barks less; too much and too often barking is not desirable. On the other hand a foxhound is to be preferred to the beagle for one reason, he has more go in him. Show me rabbit dogs, the get of a first-class beagle bitch, thoroughly broken on rabbits only, and a smart, well-bred foxhound, the latter must be broken to hunt rabbits, and you will find the best rabbit hounds that can possibly be procured. I speak from actual experience.—JERSEY.

MR. H. WYNDHAM CARTER.—When the editor of the *Kennel Review* first entered upon the stage of the British kennel world it was as a devoted lover of St. Bernards. He soon undertook the important role of honorary treasurer to the St. Bernard Club, having for a colleague as secretary the Rev. Arthur Carter, who is well-known as a successful St. Bernard breeder and exhibitor. Being of the same name it was often believed they were brothers, but we understand they were not related. Intimately connected with them at that period were Messrs. Krehl and J. Grant Crawford, both members of the St. Bernard Club Committee. Mr. Carter's long list of difficulties had its commencement in an incident arising out of his club's show. The well-known Swiss breeder, Mr. Schumacher, of Berne, had sent to the English show some dogs which he desired to sell. A reference to our English files at this date shows that Mr. Carter became possessed of these dogs, and various serious charges arising out of the transaction were preferred against him. He was twice brought before the committee of the Kennel Club. On the first occasion he was let off with a caution, which mentioned that he had not been straightforward; but on the second, he was found guilty of discreditable conduct and suspended from exhibiting for six months. The St. Bernard Club followed suit and expelled him. With this the flood of his wrath and bitterness burst the gates and poured down upon his former friends. Mr. Murchison, a well-known name in the history of the St. Bernard breed and a member of the Kennel Club, first felt its effects. No charge was to foul to hurl at Mr. Murchison, and in his blind fury Mr. Carter did not hesitate to accuse his opponent of poisoning his dogs. Mr. H. Stephens, the secretary of the Kennel Club, was the next subject for his vituperation, which only ceased when the victim turned upon his tormentor and administered personal castigation. It is said that Mr. Krehl, who at that time conspicuously figured as Mr. Carter's defender, interposed in this scene and saved Mr. Carter from the full assault that was intended. Mr. Stephens' only offense had consisted in being, as secretary, the mouthpiece of the Kennel Club's verdict, and because the Rev. Cumming Macdona was the chairman, and the Rev. A. Carter the secretary of the club that expelled him, they also now fell under his lash. His malignity to Mr. Macdona extended to circulating broadcast pamphlets containing injurious remarks when that gentleman was seeking a seat in the British Parliament. The Rev. A. Carter he held up to public contempt as a corrupt judge and an unworthy clergyman. Several other gentlemen in the English dog community shared in the abuse that filled the editorial columns of the *Kennel Review*, Messrs. Vero Snow, Gresham, Dalziel, Clement, Sewell, etc. But the greatest surprise came when he turned upon the gentleman who had hitherto befriended him in all his troubles, Mr. Krehl. In this instance Carter finished as he began with the culminating charge of poisoning his dogs. Such frenzied accusations were rendered harmless by their own pitiable ludicrousness. Still, the tone of the *Kennel Review* became even wilder when we read that his solicitor had to suffer the insinuation that he had purloined his client's letters. Even public bodies could not escape the extravagant suspicions of this distracted mind, and the English post office was charged with appropriating his letters, money and stamps. He had succeeded in constituting himself the terror of his surroundings and the dog community. It is related that in the shows he visited of late he carried a swordstick and pistols. His protecting star began to pale, old friends he had alienated and new ones were not to his tastes. The extraordinary immunity he enjoyed from retaliation, legal and physical, must be attributed to indifference. The nervous few who continued to lend him countenance doubtless did so under the fear that their characters might be the next he would fly upon and rend. Monetary difficulties invited the final catastrophe, when, accompanied by a hired gang of men, he forced his way through bailiffs and entered his house. Directly after he appeared at a window, and upon the man who represented his creditor refusing to leave, fired at him with a revolver, another man called him a coward for shooting at the first named and struck at him with a stick, then Carter fired down on him, and a shot entering his eye the sight was destroyed. At the trial evidence was brought forward to prove premeditation and he was found guilty. Then evidence was given of former threats to shoot tax collectors, and the judge remarking it was one of the worst cases he had ever tried, sentenced Carter to five years penal servitude. The news came like a clap of thunder to all who had ever heard of him. So terrible is the sentence that many of his victims, the most deeply wronged, are struck dumb. The most charitable construction we can put upon the case is that excitement and spleen must have unhinged his mind as they certainly warped his nature and blasted his career. Those who have met him speak of him as the pleasantest and brightest of companions, boundless in hospitality and generosity. The awful penalty of the law should hush unkind comment. We will only deplore the condition of a state of society in which such events have been possible.

THE PROVIDENCE DOG SHOW.—Providence, Feb. 14. *Editor Forest and Stream:* The following-named gentlemen have agreed to act as judges at the Rhode Island Kennel Club bench show, March 29-April 1. English setters and pointers, Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont; N. H.; Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. H. C. Glover, New York, who will also be veterinarian; collies and beagles, Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md.; all other classes, Mr. C. H. Mason, New Rochelle, N. Y. The list of special prizes will be announced as soon as completed.—NATHANIEL SEABURY, Sec'y.

MASTIFF SWEEPSTAKES.—Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first mastiff sweepstakes, for puppies born in the United States or Canada, on or after March 1, 1886, for competition among members of the American Mastiff Club, will be decided at the third annual bench show of the New England Kennel Club, held at Boston, April 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1887. Entries close March 15. Entrance, $5 each, to be paid to the secretary of the American Mastiff Club at the time of entry.—RICHARD H. DERBY, Sec'y. (9 West Thirty-fifth street, New York city).

RIVERVIEW KENNEL.—Clinton, Mass., Feb. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Bates, of Shaw & Bates, has sold his interest in the Riverview Kennel to me, and I will thank you if you will announce the fact in your kennel department.—CHAS. E. SHAW.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

E. E. L., Boston.—1. What will remove a doggy or strong odor from a St. Bernard? She scratches herself some, but has no mange. 2. Is there a book published on St. Bernards a treatise or treatment of? Ans. 1. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food, and wash every two weeks with carbolic soap. 2. None specially devoted to the breed.

A. B. C.—Kindly give recipe for making a gallon of mange cure. Dog has had it on and off for a year. Difficult to cure. Ans. One of the best cures for mange is 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic and 3 grains of the citrate of iron and ammonia given together night and morning in food. Your druggist will make it up in any quantity you desire.

SAGAMORE.—One of my setter puppies, 8 weeks old, weeps continually in both eyes. On examination I find that the lower lids are turned in so that the hair causes constant irritation. As yet no purulent discharge has occurred. I wash with borax and camphor. Would it be necessary to have a surgical operation, or do you think the lids will come right in time? Ans. An examination would be necessary to answer your question. You had better have an oculist look at the puppy. It might be possible to pull out some of the lashes which are causing the trouble.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Hardee, Purdee and Atmee. By E. S. Bettelheim, New York city, for two black collie dogs and one black and white collie bitch, whelped Dec. 16, 1886, by Notre (Nector—Julie) out of Madame Angot (Charles II.— ——).

Furness's Jet Obo. By W. J. Furness, Ogdensburg, N. Y., for black cocker bitch, whelped July 7, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Critic (A.K.R. 303).

Trixcy. By Geo. Ayers, Providence, R. I., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by his Dick out of ——.

Little Pompey. By G. L. Tarr, Hopedale, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 2, 1886, by Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071) out of Marie (Obo II.—Gem).

Lady Vinnie. By E. A. Hawes, Newark, N. J., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 8, 1883, by Joe out of Underhill's Jane (Sensation—Lill).

Floss. By G. L. Tarr, Hopedale, Mass., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 18, 1884, by Scribner (Spider—Cute) out of Smudge (Col. Stubbs—Mollie).

Smudge. By G. L. Tarr, Hopedale, Mass., for liver, white and tan cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 19, 1881, by Col. Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of Mollie (Dash—Topsy).

NAMES CHANGED.

Bess Obo to Kiddy Obo. By Dr. J. J. Wheelock, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 24, 1886 (A.K.R. 4092).

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Polly Blue—Yale Belton. Carmody & Hinkley's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Polly Blue to Warwick Kennels' Yale Belton (Belton—Blonde), Dec. 22.

Lendime—Yale Belton. Jas. Seeley's (Stratfield, Conn.) English setter bitch Lendime (A.K.R. 3153) to Warwick Kennels' Yale Belton (Belton—Blonde), Jan. 6.

Lady Vinnie—Tammany. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Vinnie (Joe—Jane) to F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany (Tug—Moonstone), Feb. 7.

Countess—Count. Frank F. Dole's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Countess (A.K.R. 4481) to his Count (A.K.R. 3178), Feb. 1.

Miss Norah—Count. W. A. Shaw's (Delaware, Ont.) bull-terrier bitch Miss Norah (Dutch—Norah) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), Jan. 26.

Bertha—Count. John Whitaker's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Bertha (A.K.R. 4103) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), Dec. 30.

Gussie—Jack Snipe. G. H. Nixon's Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Gussie (Beaufort—Maggie) to S. S. Norris's Jack Snipe (Joker—Lady Mac).

Jersey Trix—Bacchanal. W. H. Joeckel, Jr.'s (Hoboken, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Jersey Trix (A.K.R. 4496) to A. Belmont, Jr.'s Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite), Dec. 2 and 5.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Daisy. Warwick Kennels' (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Daisy (A.K.R. 4453), Feb. 4, eleven (nine dogs), by Warwick Kennels' Yale Belton (Belton—Blonde).

Lucia. D. S. Gregory, Jr.'s (New York city) pointer bitch Lucia (A.K.R. 209), Jan. 24, nine (five dogs), by F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany (Tug—Moonstone).

Bruna. Charles E. Marshall's (Bergen Point, N. J.) mastiff bitch Bruna (A.K.R. 2622), Jan. 28, eight (three dogs), by E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution (A.K.R. 2980).

Lento. Woodbrook Kennels' (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Lento (Ringwood—Norah), Jan. 26, four (one dog), by their Rattler III. (A.K.R. 2798).

Myrtle. Woodbrook Kennels' (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Myrtle (Minstrel—Handmaid), Feb. 9, seven (five dogs), by their Rattler III. (A.K.R. 2798).

Queen V. H. W. Thayer's (Franklin, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Queen V. (Taylor's Gem A.K.R. 379—Rose A.K.R. 1189), Feb. 7, seven (six dogs), by Geo. E. Brown's Argus II. (Argus—Thayer's Beauty).

Lady Mc. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady Mc (Faust—Gertrude), Jan. 20, nine (six dogs), by Bob White (Joker—Gussie).

Dorcas. G. F. Pinkham's (Central Falls, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Dorcas (Glencho—Siren II.), Jan. 11, nine (six dogs), by his Goldstone (Arlington—Flora).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Scamp. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 15, 1885, by Gus Bondhu out of Donna, by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to A. King, same place.

Dell B. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 9, 1886, by Roderigo out of Gypsey Maid, by Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., to A. P. Gardner, Hamilton, Mass.

Forest King. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 20, 1886, by Rattler III. out of Myrtle, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to F. McKie Thayer, Colorado Springs, Col.

Jet Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 7, 1886, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Critic (A.K.R. 303), by G. H. Carr, Hartford, Conn., to William Furness, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

EXCHANGED.

Miro—Dashing Noblesse and whelps. S. S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., has exchanged his Newfoundland dog Miro with George W. Schone, Burlington, Ia., for his English setter bitch Dashing Noblesse (Dash III.—Mollie) and two of her whelps, dog and bitch, by Pride of State (Brussels—Jenny Lind).

DEATHS.

Quail O'More. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 16, 1882 (A.K.R. 3004), owned by C. A. Bowman, Elmira, N. Y.

Black Joe. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1886 (Shady—Nellie), owned by G. F. Willard, Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 9, from distemper.

Black Dora. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 14, 1886 (Shady—Nellie), owned by G. F. Willard, Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 12, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

EXPERIENCE WITH REVOLVERS.

Editor Forest and Stream;

Allow me a little space in your valuable paper to inform its many readers, and especially the gentleman from New Haven, who, in the issue of Feb. 3, asked regarding the market of a neat, well-balanced, well-made and accurate shooting revolver, what I have found out concerning revolvers by actual experience. I do not wish any one to infer from this that I am engaged in a business that requires a revolver constantly at hand, for such is not the case, but I consider myself one of those individuals who can get considerable amusement out of target shooting (especially when I score several bullseyes), and from this standpoint I wish to be viewed.

I have been on the lookout for several years back for such a revolver as the New Haven writer spoke of, and am happy to say that I think that I now have in my possession a revolver that will "fill the bill." But this was secured only after a great many disappointments. First I bought a pocket rifle, and this cheap concern soon convinced me that it was not what I wanted. The barrel only had three rifles, or what was intended for three rifles, but to me and my comrades it looked like a three-cornered hole. The trigger pulled at between 8 and 9lbs. and the balls would not go through an inch board at ten paces and more, three out of every five struck side ways. This weapon was .22-cal. and gloried in the name "Essex," and I sold it at "greatly reduced prices."

Next this I turned to a four-barreled Sharps, then to a Standard, then a "Bulldog," next "Rangers," "Blue and Red Jackets," "Czar" and almost any of that sort you might name, until finally my comrades and myself determined to invest in Remington's .38-cal. two cylinder revolvers.

We soon decided that the cartridge cylinder was a nuisance as none of us could hit a barn with it, and so we determined to test the loose-ammunition cylinders to the utmost. At first we loaded them full and had the same result as with the cartridges. With those loads the revolvers had an awful desire to wrench themselves from our hands, so we came down the scale on the powder and were not long in discovering an equal decrease in the recoil. In this manner we experimented for some time and finally decided that between 8gr. and 10gr. of powder was the proper charge for our revolvers, and we procured the smallest powder cans we could and "doctored" them so as to measure this charge, and also provided small brass punchers to seat the bullets on the powder.

We used round bullets and carried them in tin boxes, bullets well greased in cocoanut oil, and with this equipment we did considerable shooting, for the simple reason that it was cheap.

At this time we were not very much on target-shooting, although fine shooting could be done with these revolvers, for they were well balanced, and not over-loaded. One of my friends could hit a nail-head at ten paces every once in a while.

We spent most of our time and ammunition shooting at fruit cans, tossed into the air, at about six paces, and we considered ourselves pretty fair shots when we could show five or six holes in a can out of a round of six shots. For a long time I considered this the revolver of revolvers, and the one I had been looking for, but I soon tired of its slowness in reloading, its looks, and for these and several other reasons it soon parted company with me. One of comrades purchased a Smith & Wesson .44-cal. Russian model, and after firing it several times I knew that was no revolver for me, it being the same old story of too much "kick." After considerable time and trouble I managed to satisfy my desire to get such a revolver as I had pictured in my mind as a good one, and I feel confident that I now have in my possession the king of the revolver tribe, at least of the tribe now in existence.

I wrote an arms company in St. Louis asking if they could furnish me with a Smith & Wesson .32-cal. revolving rifle with the barrel cut off to eight or nine inches in length, and their answer was in the affirmative, which resulted in me having the revolver now about to be described and praised.

This was only intended for another experiment, but I will now say that if I am not able to become an expert shot with this revolver I never will with any other.

This weapon weighs nearly 3lbs., has rifle sights that can be elevated to suit distances, and in my eyes it is stylish, and to my hand it seems pretty well balanced.

The cartridge I use is S. & W's. .32-cal. rifle, which uses 17gr. powder and 100 lead, about as well-proportioned revolver cartridge as there is on the market. One great advantage of this cartridge is that it extends to the mouth of the cylinder thereby preventing the ball from tipping before entering the barrel. Other advantages of this shell are that you can load according to the kind of shooting that you want to do, without using wads, the shells can be carried loose in a pocket without greasing it all over, and they are quickly and easily reloaded. I can also use the small .32-cal. S. & W. cartridge in my revolver. Regarding the "well-building" of this revolver I need say nothing, as everybody knows what Smith & Wesson can do in that line.

As to penetration, I will mention that I have shot through six ⅞in. pine boards, which I should think would be force enough for a target revolver. The trigger pull can be hardened or lightened at will by turning a small screw in the hammer.

Now for the final and most important part of the business—the accuracy of this revolver. I have not had it long enough to become very expert at target shooting, and I know it will never do any remarkable shooting in my hands, as I am none of the best at this business by a long way, but all you have to do is to hold it right on the bullseye, as fine as possible, making no allowances of any kind, and you may be sure the bullet goes straight. Poor as I am at a target, I have made several respectable-looking scores at 12 paces, and have hit a cent at 50 yds. on two different occasions. I always stop shooting when the first two or three shots hit the center for fear of spoiling the target.

Shortly after procuring my revolver I saw that S. & W. began to make their .32s and .38s with extra length barrels, and one of these I would have had, had I not been equipped already. As it is now, I would not trade even, for I think mine far superior to their common revolver, with or without extra length barrels, as to my mind weight is the most important factor in true shooting, and I surely have it in my favorite. What I would like to see would be my revolver, or one similar, in the hands of a good revolver shot, and I am sure the result would substantiate all I have written about it.

One word about lubricating. I read of a good many persons in your paper in search of something to prevent a rifle from leading, and to such I would say use more lubricant, as most leading is caused by the balls being too dry or shooting too often without cleaning. I use cocoanut oil, which resembles vaseline very much, to grease the bullets of my revolver and rifle. This oil melts more readily than tallow and I have used it for the last five years with the best of success. In greasing the rifle bullets I do as the Winchesters advise—only dip the ringed edge, but in my revolver I use the dry ball and then fill the shell even full of the hard oil.

I take greater delight in shooting at flying objects with a revolver than at stationary ones and in this pastime the most of my ammunition has been expended. Experness with the revolver in this direction is not so easily obtained as one would think, for a good many things have to be taken into consideration. The hitting of a silver dollar at 10 paces with a rifle or the smashing of clay-pigeons with a shotgun are easy compared to the hitting of a dollar at 6 paces with a revolver. I have spent considerable time and ammunition in all three of these branches of shooting and I know whereof I write. SIPPO.

WHITE CITY, Kas., Feb. 10.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Feb. 12.—The weekly shoot of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club was fairly well attended to-day, nine members being at the range and taking part. The shooting of Mr. Z. C. Talbot with his new Bullard .22cal. c. f. was quite a surprise to the members present. His rifle was not finished until noon, and he called at the factory on his way to the range and took it with him and a box of Union Metallic ammunition, .22-10-45, his first string of 10 shots being 61, and his second 35 on the Hinman target. The day was poor for rifle shooting, it blowing a perfect gale, some of the marksmen using 4½ points windage. Mr. Talbot used an open front sight. T. T. Cartwright used a .22cal. Bullard that had never been fired out of before he shot it at the range. In fact, the rifle was in a rough state, just as it left the machines. He used 48 grains powder and 185 grain bullet patched. He made 8 consecutive bullseyes the first 10 shots, fired off-hand. The target used was the Hinman, at 200yds., off-hand.

	Record Match.									
T T Cartwright	9	10	8	8	8	8	6	3	8	7—75
E T Stephens	5	5	5	7	6	10	9	9	9	7—72
Z C Talbot	9	6	7	5	5	3	6	6	5	9—61
Lt H McDonald	9	7	6	6	3	8	5	3	8	8—60
J Russell	7	6	8	4	6	8	3	7	3	5—57
C M Dean	6	6	3	4	5	6	5	7	5	4—51
	Re-entry Match.									
Z C Talbot	7	6	7	9	8	9	9	8	10	7—80
E T Stephens	9	7	6	10	7	10	5	8	8	7—77
Re-entry	7	8	4	10	8	9	8	10	8	7—79
T T Cartwright	6	9	9	7	10	8	8	8	6	4—75
H M McDonald	10	6	6	6	9	2	5	6	6	5—61
J Russell	8	5	7	5	6	8	4	6	5	5—59
C M Dean	6	4	5	5	5	4	3	6	6	4—48

The rifle used by the new candidate, Russell, was a Bullard .22 cal. c. f., the same that Cartwright made 48 and 50. Creedmoor count, on a properly reduced Creedmoor target for 125ft. at the Bullard inclosed range.—.22 C. F.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, Feb. 12.—200yds., standard target:

A Edgerly	10	9	6	10	6	5	10	9	6	8—79
J F Brow	9	9	6	4	8	9	7	9	8	10—79
H Tuck	6	9	6	7	6	8	8	9	8	8—76
S E Johnson	8	6	5	8	8	8	7	7	8	6—71
E Brown	5	6	8	8	6	8	8	10	4	6	5—66
F Merrill	10	9	3	6	5	7	7	5	5	5—62

BALTIMORE, Feb. 12.—The gold badge offered by the Maryland Rifle Club, at 200yds., was shot for at Darley Park this afternoon. Creedmoor target:

Dr C Counselman	4554444444—42	A G Alford	3343355553—34
Prof Martin	4544344545—42	C J Bell	5434333334—35
Chas Schreiner	4454534444—41	L Bell	5444444445—42
J S Weaver	4443444444—39		

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION at its meeting in Temple Court, Tuesday, elected Gen. G. W. Wingate President, and John B. Woodruff Vice-President. The report of the Committee on Range consisted of the introduction of a resolution that in view of the difficulty of raising the funds required to fit up a new range it was inexpedient to discuss the matter further at present. Laid on the table. The committees appointed were those on Prizes, consisting of Col. John Ward, Major Duffy and Major Fox; on Finance, Col. Bridge, Capt. L. C. Bruce and Mr. Duane; on Range, Gen. Robbins, Major Shorkley, and Lieut. Zalinski, and on the Annual Programme Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Duane, Major Bell and Lieut. Zalinski. Capt. Louis Wendel, of the First Battery, was elected a life member.

THE SECOND BULLARD MATCH.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find scores made by the various rifle clubs and military companies of the United States and Canada in our match No. 2 for the Bullard single shot target rifle at 200yds. off-hand. The severe winter weather interfered with many of the clubs shooting. The scores are lower in nearly all cases than in the previous match. The winning club will be seen by reference to the scores, is the Ingersoll Rifle Association, of Ingersoll, Canada. Five of the team used a military rifle, and five sporting rifles. The following used the military rifle: Messrs. Henderson, Beck, A. A. Henderson, A. J. McCarty and H. McInnis; their scores being 80, 84, 79, 77 and 68 respectively, which we believe are the highest scores ever made by five men, 10 shots each in a match with military rifles. The only full score, Creedmoor count, made during the two matches was made by Mr. E. F. Richardson, of Lawrence, Mass., whose 92 points was a full score, Creedmoor, and his fourteenth full score Creedmoor; he used his .32-cal. Bullard single shot, using 40 grains powder and 185 grains patched bullet, 8lbs. rifle. The details for the second series will soon be completed and published in the sporting papers. THE BULLARD REPEATING ARMS CO.

1. Ingersoll Rifle Association, Ingersoll, Ont., Canada:

D S Henderson	9	10	8	9	10	6	8	10	10	9—89
H Buchanan	8	9	10	7	10	10	5	9	10	7—85
G Beck	8	6	9	8	10	7	10	10	6	10—84
J L Brouse	7	9	8	8	9	10	8	10	9	6—84
A A Henderson	10	8	5	10	9	10	6	10	5	6—79
G E Perkins	9	10	4	10	7	5	9	10	10	7—78
A J McCarty	9	10	8	9	7	10	3	8	5	10—77
H McCarty	5	6	5	6	4	8	6	9	10	10—71
H McInnis	5	7	7	10	7	2	8	3	10	9—68
H McHurmett	3	7	5	5	7	7	10	9	7	7—67—782
Corrected										1
										783

2. Gardner Rifle Club, West Gardner, Mass.:

G F Ellsworth	7	9	9	9	10	9	10	9	6	10—90
C Hinds	7	7	7	9	6	6	10	8	10	9—79
W L Loveland	3	7	8	8	7	10	6	9	10	9—77
H C Knowlton	5	7	5	8	6	9	9	10	7	8—74
G R Warfield	7	7	8	6	7	7	5	9	7	9—74
F E Nichols	7	7	7	9	5	8	9	7	9	5—73
J N Dodge	5	5	7	6	9	9	10	8	7	6—72
A Mathews	8	5	6	6	5	10	9	4	6	10—73
C N Edgell	7	6	3	8	6	7	6	9	6	10—68
G C Goodale	4	6	6	7	8	6	6	7	7	10—67—747

3. Massachusetts Rifle Association, Boston, Mass.:

F J Rabbeth	5	9	9	9	10	9	8	9	9	7—84
G R Russell	10	9	8	10	7	6	9	10	7	7—83
C E Berry	9	8	10	8	9	7	9	7	4	7—80
J B Fellows	7	7	7	8	9	5	7	9	8	10—77
C W Hinman	7	7	7	7	7	9	9	6	10	10—76
N F Tufts	7	5	7	9	7	7	10	6	6	10—74
H S Harris	6	10	7	7	9	5	10	9	6	5—74
Henry White	10	6	3	7	7	5	9	8	9	9—72
N C Nash	6	9	7	6	5	5	9	9	8	7—71
A L Brackett	6	6	7	6	5	5	5	10	6	5—61—746

4. Topeka Rifle Club, Topeka, Kan.:

G E Morrison	10	8	5	10	6	8	8	10	10	8—83
J L Paine	7	6	10	8	6	7	10	10	7	10—81
J H Leonard	10	6	10	6	10	7	6	7	10	10—82
C C Trimmer	7	8	7	7	6	10	9	5	9	8—76
J T Williams	3	8	7	9	4	10	7	9	10	7—76
F H Martin	6	5	3	9	9	10	7	8	7	8—72
E W Sherman	8	6	7	7	7	6	7	7	8	7—70
C R Paine	6	7	6	5	6	7	7	10	5	10—69
O H Hicks	5	4	5	8	10	6	6	9	9	5—67
Reed McCarter	5	3	5	6	9	6	6	5	10	10—64—740

5. Cincinnati Rifle Association, Ohio:

M Gindele	10	9	10	9	9	8	6	7	9	9—86
H Niemeu	8	7	10	7	10	8	7	8	8	10—83
A Drube	10	10	10	4	7	10	5	9	8	8—81
J Gabemen	7	6	9	9	6	10	5	4	8	9—75
H Stickels	10	8	10	5	6	7	8	6	8	6—74
C Rivers	9	6	7	5	9	8	10	7	7	5—73
J C Orton	9	7	8	5	8	6	3	8	7	7—68
R Weinhelmen	7	9	10	5	8	6	5	5	5	5—65
B Simon	7	8	6	7	6	6	5	8	6	5—64
L Stegner	5	6	7	4	6	7	6	5	5	5—56—725

6. Pittsburgh Rifle Club, Pa.:

J B Sutch	9	10	6	6	6	10	10	10	8	8—83
J W Rothwell	8	8	7	6	10	7	10	8	8	8—82
J A Buggins	6	9	9	6	7	10	10	6	10	10—82
J Brooke	5	6	9	7	7	3	8	10	9	9—73
Q A McClure	3	8	9	6	4	8	9	7	9	6—69
J A Jacobs	9	4	6	6	5	6	8	4	10	6—64
G Hodgdon	9	7	9	9	7	9	6	8	8	7—79
W Duncan	5	6	7	5	9	5	5	5	7	7—61
J B Jones	6	5	7	7	7	4	10	5	9	8—68
W George	6	9	6	6	6	8	6	6	5	6—64—725

7. Brattleboro Rifle Club, Vt.:

H S Brockway	9	9	10	6	9	7	10	5	9	7—81
A W Nichols	9	10	8	5	8	9	8	4	10	6—78
H M Wood	9	9	10	8	6	9	6	8	4	8—77
C L Cobb	7	6	8	5	8	9	10	5	8	10—76
G B Read	8	10	7	8	7	8	6	0	10	5—75
A S Nichols	10	8	6	6	7	6	5	6	9	9—75
W H Taft	8	7	5	7	9	8	6	8	7	6—71
A E Knight	6	9	5	7	8	5	5	7	5	10—67
G H Sargent	6	6	7	4	5	7	8	5	6	4—58
H C French	5	5	5	3	8	5	6	6	9	5—54—712

8. Lawrence Rifle Club, Mass.:

E. F. Richardson	9	9	10	10	9	8	10	8	9	10—92
O. M. Jewell	7	9	6	8	9	8	8	7	9	10—81
Wm. Fisher	5	8	9	10	6	7	5	7	10	9—76
C. Hill	4	8	0	8	9	7	6	8	7	5—74
F. Clark	7	6	4	5	10	9	9	7	10	6—72
Col. M. Beal	5	6	5	7	9	7	9	8	7	5—68
C. Frost	1	10	7	6	6	7	5	8	8	7—67
J. W. Bean	3	6	6	5	6	6	7	9	5	6—63
D. P. Norris	4	7	4	9	10	3	8	10	3	5—63
I. F. Butler	6	3	4	4	8	9	4	10	3	3—54—710

9. Company F, 1st Regt. N. N. G., Carson City, Nev.:

G C Thaxter	6	9	6	7	9	7	8	6	8	9—75
Geo Cowing	7	4	7	9	4	7	5	9	10	9—71
H G Parker	10	4	7	8	7	2	9	7	7	10—71
Z T Alley	10	6	8	7	8	6	7	6	6	6—70
Geo Cowing Jr	10	7	8	6	4	9	4	5	10	5—66
G A Wilcox	10	6	4	9	5	7	6	6	5	7—65
Jas Holbrook	6	7	6	5	9	6	5	6	5	8—63
F McCullough	6	5	9	6	6	5	6	7	4	7—61
J Saffell	7	5	7	5	10	8	3	5	7	4—61
W M Little	5	6	7	6	4	5	8	6	6	3—56—659
Allowance military rifles										50
										709

10. Chautauqua Sportsman's Association, Jamestown, N. Y.:

J R Brown	5	8	6	6	8	10	9	7	10	7—76
S W Ayres	4	6	6	5	8	9	8	10	10	10—76
F L Norton	6	6	6	10	8	5	10	9	6	9—75
Dr R N Blanchard	10	9	7	7	4	10	5	8	5	7—72
Dr L. Hazeltine	8	5	10	9	10	6	4	9	5	6—72
R H Burns	5	8	7	7	10	7	4	6	7	10—71
E E Kapple	6	4	7	9	7	7	6	4	6	8—64
H W Watson	10	3	5	10	4	8	6	4	6	8—64
S D Norton	3	5	4	10	4	8	6	1	10	5—30
W J Baker	6	8	6	7	6	5	3	6	6	3—57—687
Corrected score										1
										688

11. Wheeling Schuetzen Verein, West Va.:

C Tunt	7	6	7	7	7	6	8	7	10	4	5—67
O Jaeger	7	8	5	10	8	7	6	7	7	10	—75
C Rumback	5	10	7	8	5	4	4	3	6	7	5—59
W Cox	6	5	8	10	10	6	10	7	8	7	—77
R Steward	10	7	8	7	7	5	7	9	7	6	8—74
T Schreiber	5	10	10	6	7	7	9	3	7	8	—72
E Schenfler	8	8	4	9	7	10	3	5	7	8	—68
L Fuhr	7	5	9	8	4	10	3	4	5	7	—57
H Blumenberg	8	7	3	8	5	9	10	8	7	6	7—71
J Shirk	7	6	7	7	6	8	7	10	4	5	7—687

12. Greenville Off-Hand Rifle Club, Ohio:

J Chas Hahue	8	9	7	9	7	7	9	4	8	8—76
Frank Culbertson	10	10	9	7	7	6	6	8	8	6—76
John Schwable	5	10	10	10	6	6	9	10	4	5—75
Chas Culbertson	7	9	5	9	10	6	6	5	9	6—72
Chas S Johns	3	5	6	5	10	9	8	6	9	8—69
A N Wilson	9	9	10	9	4	5	5	8	8	6—68
D S Heime	5	7	10	5	8	5	5	9	7	6—67
Andrew Jackson Marling	7	5	6	6	7	7	4	4	9	5—60
A E Messerly	8	4	7	3	5	7	6	8	7	5—60
Ed Culbertson	4	6	5	5	7	6	6	7	4	9—59—692

13. Springfield Rod and Gun Club, Mass.:

M W Bull	10	4	7	6	9	5	7	9	6	10—73
T T Cartwright	6	7	9	6	9	9	6	8	10	3—73
E S Field	8	8	5	7	4	7	10	7	8	6—70
J C Gassner	7	9	5	4	7	7	7	5	5	8—64
H Engle	5	10	5	7	8	9	6	6	6	6—68
L H Mayott	7	8	7	9	5	7	9	6	6	6—70
T B Wilson	9	8	7	5	7	6	6	7	7	6—68
F Witherell	3	4	9	7	5	7	9	10	6	5—65
J C Talbot	5	6	8	9	5	8	7	5	6	5—64
O W Horr	6	4	6	7	7	7	4	8	8	5—67—672

14. Canton Rifle Club, Collinsville, Conn.:

J D Andrews	10	9	6	8	10	7	9	9	5	6—79
O B Hull	7	9	10	6	6	9	9	7	8	8—78
H Bidwell	7	5	6	9	8	5	5	9	6	8 10—75
S J Lyon	7	8	6	7	7	7	8	7	8	7—72
G Barbour	7	5	9	8	7	3	7	6	10	5—67
D White	9	5	5	7	10	5	6	6	6	6—66
H Terry	10	8	9	6	6	5	6	4	5	4—63
J Laubenstein	5	4	5	6	7	4	8	6	9	6—60
F Hawks	7	4	9	4	4	6	4	7	5	7—57
G J Case	4	5	8	4	4	8	5	5	7	5—55—672

15. Williamsport Rifle Club, Pa.:

John Kelly	7	8	9	10	8	9	5	8	4	6—74
Jas Piatt	5	7	6	7	5	7	10	4	8	5—69
R H Crum	4	7	9	6	4	8	5	9	7	7—68
N A Hughes	9	4	7	9	8	10	10	10	10	5—82
G W Harder	9	4	8	5	8	7	6	5	4	10—61
W H Johnson	5	4	5	8	8	4	8	6	6	8—58
Harvey Whitehead	7	5	5	4	8	10	7	8	8	4—69
S C Stuber	3	5	8	8	9	3	10	9	6	3—59
Cyrus Haller	3	5	3	8	5	3	6	6	4	4 3—42
J H Millspaugh	8	3	3	5	8	6	3	4	5	9—54—612

16. Central Valley Rifle Association, N. Y.:

Lonhan Hawes	5	4	8	6	6	5	6	4	5	5—54
Wm Tietjens	3	2	7	7	6	7	3	9	8	9—60
Ed Payne	8	5	4	6	4	4	6	8	6	3—54
Merritt Hawes	9	9	4	8	5	9	7	8	4	4—67
Dr Long	4	9	9	4	8	5	8	5	5	8—65
Herman Grahlps, Jr	4	4	8	9	3	10	8	3	5	5—59
H L Leonard	5	6	8	7	7	9	6	4	4	8—63
Richard Ficken	6	6	5	7	8	4	6	3	6	3—54
Dr W D Leonard	6	4	7	6	6	5	5	7	8	7—61
Capt Hiram Hawes	10	4	6	10	10	7	10	6	6	6—74—611

17. Cuyahoga Rifle Club, Cleveland, Ohio:

F D Bosworth	5	4	4	9	6	9	7	8	6	7—65
W J Akers	3	7	5	7	6	4	5	3	4	6—50
P J Prophey	5	5	3	7	6	6	4	7	5	6—54
Dr P Q Spenzer	5	4	5	3	4	4	7	6	4	4—46
F L Chamberlin	9	6	7	8	8	7	8	5	9	8—75
W H Price, Jr	10	8	6	3	6	9	7	5	10	8—72
W R Huntington	10	8	9	6	7	7	5	5	5	7—69
C R Price	8	8	3	2	3	5	7	5	5	8—54
A H Brunner	3	5	2	4	5	3	8	3	5	6—41
Thos Sobey	8	6	7	7	4	6	5	5	9	3—60—586

18. Orillia Rifle Association, Ontario, Canada:

R B Strathorn	5	7	5	7	7	3	4	4	5	6—53
G E Whiten	8	6	6	5	9	7	4	6	6	4—55
F Toogood	5	4	5	3	9	3	3	5	3	8—48
W W Wood	3	3	8	4	3	7	6	3	7	7—49
A Paine	4	3	7	8	3	6	6	4	8	7—56
W Paine	8	4	3	4	3	5	3	9	4	7—57
F J Delany	7	6	6	8	7	6	8	9	6	10—75
C Wood	5	3	6	7	5	7	7	3	7	9—59
J Des Fortier	9	5	5	6	4	5	9	3	4	8—58
T Reid	4	3	5	8	6	9	7	6	9	6—63—573

19. Wilmington Rifle Club, Del.:

R Miller	8	5	7	8	7	10	3	5	6	7—66
J E Seeds	5	7	6	4	6	10	4	8	7	9—66
W F Seeds	6	10	5	4	6	8	5	5	5	10—64
H B Seeds	7	7	6	5	3	5	8	6	7	8—63
J E Newman	3	4	6	10	5	7	7	9	6	5—63
E M Clark	4	3	9	7	6	4	6	9	4	7—59
J Scott	3	6	7	5	5	6	10	6	5	3—56
H Simpson	2	4	3	10	6	3	5	6	6	5—50
W O Connor	3	3	5	6	4	3	5	3	5	7—44
W A Bacon	2	4	3	3	3	6	7	4	3	3—58—569

20. Tyrone Rifle Club, Pa.:

D P Ray	3	3	6	2	5	4	0	10	6	3—43
Wm Carnes	6	7	10	4	6	3	7	4	10	10—67
B Wallace	3	4	5	5	8	5	9	8	6	5—58
J A C Stewart	3	3	4	6	6	8	6	5	5	9—55
J Rush	3	4	6	3	5	4	5	8	3	6—47
S Rush	5	7	7	3	3	9	6	4	3	5—52
J Eschback	10	10	6	4	5	6	6	5	5	10—67
John Hamer	8	4	10	4	5	7	4	7	4	5—58
Wm Guger	3	9	4	5	3	8	6	5	10	6—59
J M Hanscomn	4	4	7	6	3	6	4	6	7	6—53—559

21. Company D, Delaware N. G., Wyoming, Del.:

Capt C M Carey	7	7	6	4	4	3	3	5	4	4—48
Lieut F H Thomas	6	3	7	3	3	3	7	4	7	6—49
J W Carpenter	6	7	6	5	5	10	5	7	5	5—61
S H Thomas	9	5	7	5	5	4	8	7	4	5—59
D W Black	6	10	2	4	3	4	5	6	3	9—52
J T Moore	3	6	6	3	7	6	3	6	7	6—53
R A Black	5	3	4	7	6	4	7	3	4	3—46
M A Jones	5	5	6	3	3	3	6	5	9	5—50
J S Case	5	4	3	3	5	3	7	6	6	3—45
A H Connor	4	2	7	4	6	3	2	4	3	6—41—504
Allowance military rifles										50
										554

DORLER VS. SNELLEN.—The match between Mr. Dorler, of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York, and Mr. Snellen, of the Essex Rifle Club, of Newark, N. J., the first part of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 3, was concluded at Newark on Feb. 2. The scores as follows. Possible total, 3,600:

Dorler	116 117 117 117 116 119 113 118 117 119 117 115 115 118 118—1756
Previous score	1757
	3513
Snellen	106 115 114 113 114 118 117 116 114 114 117 116 117 115 110—1716
Previous score	1697
	3413

On Feb. 7 President Walther, of the Zetler Rifle Club, and President Coppersmith, of the Essex Rifle Club, shot a match on the 12-ring target, 10 shots each target, possible 120, 100 shots each side, scores as follows. Possible 1200. Shot at Zettler gallery:

Walther	117 115 117 117 114 116 116 117 117 115—1159
Coppersmith	108 114 114 110 117 117 117 115 110 115—1135

On the same evening, at the same place, a sweepstake match was shot, 50 shots, $2.50 entrance, one-half winners and one-half losers. Scores as follows. Possible 600:

M Dorler	118 117 118 116 115—584	Co'p'rsmith	112 113 114 109 114—562
B Walther	115 119 117 113 118—582	C G Zettler	109 115 110 113 114—561
C E Gench	117 115 118 112 115—577	A Weigman	113 110 110 116 112—561
J Weigler	116 109 111 116 116—568	Steinbach	111 114 112 107 113—557
J H Brown	114 113 112 115 113—567	D Miller	110 113 113 111 110—557
A Lober	112 116 116 110 112—566	B Zettler	111 110 106 114 107—548

NEW YORK, Feb. 7, 1887—C. G. Zettler, Esq., No. 207 Bowery.—Sir—On behalf of the New York Rifle Club I challenge your club to a friendly gallery match to take place at 8 P. M. Thursday, Feb. 17, at Twelfth Regiment Armory, Broadway and Forty-fifth street. Teams—10 men from each club, 10 shots per man; rifle any .22cal. under 10lbs. weight and over 3lbs. trigger pull. Would shoot a return match at your gallery, or such other place in New York as would be agreeable to you. Please let me know your decision as soon as possible, I can settle minor details with your captain. Yours, etc., JAMES DUANE, Captain N. Y. R. C.

The above has been accepted by the Zettler Rifle Club, but date and place changed to suit the convenience of the N. Y. R. C. to Friday, Feb. 18, at Zetter's rifle gallery, 207 Bowery. Return match at Twelfth Regiment Armory, date to be named hereafter.

On Feb. 8, a 100-shot match between Messrs. Walther and Dorler was shot for shoes and hats. Result as follows (possible 1,200):

B Walther	115 119 118 115 117 113 116 114 115 118—1160
M Dorler	117 117 115 117 115 113 112 112 115 113—1146

W.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 12.—At the regular weekly prize shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club this afternoon the following were the best scores, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target:

O M Jewell	10	8	10	10	10	6	9	9	7	10—89
C M Hill	7	9	10	8	9	9	6	8	6	8—80
J W Bean	5	6	5	7	10	8	10	7	9	10—77
I F Butler	9	9	8	6	5	5	10	6	3	10—71
M Beal	7	6	6	7	5	5	7	9	8	8—68
D P Norris	4	8	5	6	5	8	7	7	7	7—64
H Simpson	7	8	5	10	7	8	4	5	7	6—64

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 7.—W. G. Sims won the medal at last week's shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club in the Laclede gallery. As yet the trophy has not fallen to any one twice in succession. Wells and Peret have won it twice, Fodde, Felld, Lard, Sims and Thurber once.

POSTON, Feb. 12.—The riflemen assembled in large numbers at the Walnut Hill range to-day. A high wind prevailed:

Decimal Off-hand Match, 200yds.

W Charles, C	8	10	8	10	8	7	8	9	9	10—86
W O Bumite, A	8	10	10	10	10	7	6	6	9	10—86
C E Berry, A	7	8	9	9	7	10	8	10	8	7—83
F Carter (mil.)	9	8	8	8	8	9	8	8	6	10—82
J Francis, A	7	6	8	10	10	8	7	10	8	8—82
H Cushing, A	6	7	8	8	8	10	10	5	8	9—81
W H Oler, A	10	9	7	6	9	5	8	9	10	8—81
W Gassam, A	10	10	3	6	5	9	8	10	8	7—81
D L Chase, A	9	7	8	8	10	6	7	10	5	5—75
J A Cobb, C	9	7	9	9	10	7	7	3	4	9—74
J R Munroe, A	10	5	6	10	6	4	8	9	8	8—74
Hall, D	7	9	6	7	10	7	5	6	7	8—72
A L Brackett (mil.)	9	8	5	5	10	7	6	6	7	4—67

Pistol Match.

J Francis	10	8	10	7	10	—45	10	6	5	9 10—40 10 7 6 6 10—39

BOSTON GALLERY SCORES.—The result of the past week's scoring at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery stands:

E W White	97 93 93 91 90 87 86 85 85 82—897
C H Eastman	98 98 98 87 86 86 86 86 86 86—967

Military Match.

H C Arnold	46 45 45 45 46 45 44 44 44 44—447

Amateur's Match.

J Hunt	48 48 45 45 44 44 44 44 43 43—448

Special Match.

J Felix	97 94 94 93 92 92 92 91 90 90—935
W Wilder	93 92 92 92 92 91 88 87 87 86—900
J W Blake	95 94 92 90 89 89 88 85 85 85—893

Pistol Match.

C O Ming	86 86 86 85 84 82 82 80 80 79—832
B W White	88 88 85 84 83 83 80 80 79 77—829

Decimal Off-Hand.

J Felix	89 86 85 84 84 83 83 83 83 82—842

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 30.—The monthly medal shooting of the National's shooting

NEW JERSEY SHOOTING.—The match between L. R. Campbell, of Little Silver, and W. W. Lever, of Elizabeth, came off on the 8th inst. at the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, Dunellen, and proved quite an exciting affair. Considerable money changed hands, the betting being largely in favor of Campbell; in fact, until the 25th bird was shot at the odds were 10 to 4. Campbell became demoralized and missed his 28th, 29th and 30th; he also lost one bird shot on the ground and one dead out of bounds. The following is the score at 35 birds, 30yds., one barrel, gun below elbow, 5 traps, Campbell furnishing all the birds. Quinlan judge for Lever, Van Schaick judge for Campbell, John Bishop, referee; John P. Day, trap puller; W. J. Ritch, scorer:

Campbell.....0111111111111101100101111010011010—24
Lever.....1111101011001111111111101011011101—26

Campnell had 16 drivers, killed 13; 6 incomers, killed 6; 6 right quarterers, killed 2; 7 left quarterers, killed 3.

Lever had 14 drivers, killed 9; 6 incomers, killed 5; 5 right quarterers, killed 4; 10 left quarterers, killed 8.

They were a fair lot of birds, and considering 30yds., 5 traps, 1 barrel and the excitement, the shooting was good.

The regular monthly shoot for the cup of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club took place on their grounds at Marion on the 10th inst., and was as usual a pleasant affair. Previous to the shoot for the cup and to get the boys in good trim the following sweeps were had: First sweep, 3 birds, $2 entrance, J. C. H. G. C. rules:

W Siegler	1 1½—2½	W Taylor	1 1 1—3
Hughes	0 1 1—2	W Terry	1 1 1—3
Collins	1 1 0—2	Blauvelt	1 0 0—1
South Paw	0 1 1—2	Cummins	1 0 1—2
Quinlan	0 0 0—0		

Taylor and Terry divided first.

Second sweep, same conditions.

Collins	½1 0—1½	Cummins	1 0 1—2
Quinlan	1 1 1—3	Hughes	½1 1—2½
Terry	1 1 1—3	Ritch	1 ½0—1½
Taylor	½0½—1	J Von Lengerke	1 0 1—2
Burdett	1 0 1—2	J Wrong	0 0 1—1
Siegler	1 1 1—3	Lager	0 0 0—0

Ties divided.

Third sweep same conditions.

Collins	0 0 1—1	Blauvelt	1 1 1—3
Quinlan	1 0 0—1	Burdett	1 1 0—2
Taylor	1 1 1—3	Jones	1 1 1—3
Hughes	1 0 0—1	Siegler	1 1 1—3
J Von Lengerke	0 1 1—2	Moritz	½1 1—2½
Cannon	½1 1—2½	Badgely	1 0 1—2
Cummins	0 0 1—1	Ritch	1 1 1—3
Terry	0 1 1—2		

Fourth sweepstake, same conditions:

Cannon	½1 1—2½	Burdett	1 1 0—2
Siegler	0 1 1—2	Collins	1 0 1—2
Quinlan	1 1 0—2	Badgely	1 1 1—3
Moritz	1 0 0—1	Hughes	1 1 1—3
Lindsley	1 0 1—2		

Fourth regular shoot for the cup for the year:

Quinlan, 28yds.	1 1 1 0 1 0—4	V'n L'g'e, 27yds	1 1 1 1 1 0—6
Siegler, 28yds.	1 1 0 0 1 0—3	Lager, 22yds	1 1 0 0½ 1 0—3½
Heritage, 26yds	0 0 0 0 w	Taylor, 27yds	1 1½½ 1 0 0—4
Cannon, 27yds.	½ 1 0 0½ 1 0—3	Cu'mins, 25yds.	0 1 1 1 1½ 0—4½
Cramer, 27yds.	0 0 1½ 1 1 1—4½	Lindslay, 26yds.	0 1 0 0 0 1 w
Burdett, 25yds.	0 0 0 1 w	Wrong, 23yds	0 1 0 1 0 w
Terry, 23yds	1 1 0 0 1 1—5		

Von Lengerke cup and first money, Terry third, Cramer and Cummins divided third.

They were a magnificent lot of birds, never better on the Jersey grounds, and they beat the guns badly. They were the get-up-and-get kind. Some of them twisters and grounders and good carriers of lead, especially until they got just beyond the boundary.

There is expected to be a big time at the Middlesex Club tournament, at Dunellen, next week. I hear from one of the members of the Middlesex committee that they now have 12 and they confidently expect to have 16 or 18 entries for the big $112.50 sweepstake on the 22d. I hope to be there.—JACOBSTAFF.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Chatham Center Gun Club's first trial of shooting from the trap, and it was a cold, windy day. Match at 100 Peoria blackbirds, 21yds. rise, New Long Island rules:

Milton Powell	1111100110—7	F M Fowler	0000100010—2
Jesse Goodrich	0000010000—1	George Bogardus	0000000000—0
A B Chichester	0000000000—0	Charles Minsee	0101000010—3
J V Williams	0100000000—1	Bert Lamberee	1101111111—9
A H VanAlstyn	0100000000—1	E T More	0100100010—3

The officers of the club are: President, J. J. Wilbur; Captain, Milton Powell; Secretary, A. B. Chichester; Treasurer, J. D. Goodrich.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 30.—Today John Ferguson, of San Francisco, and H. L. Harland, of Pleasanton, shot a match at twenty single birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, for $50 a side, at Bird's Point, Alameda. The morning was foggy and the birds hung on the trap, the majority of them being incomers, but still the shooting was above the average. Off the twenty birds both men killed eighteen and tied, when it was agreed to shoot off the tie at four singles. Again the men tied, and as neither one felt much confidence in beating the other it was agreed to call it a draw. The money was then returned by the stakeholder. W. L. Eyre acted as referee and referee. Messrs. Ferguson and Feltis shot a match against Messrs. Harland and Bardolph at six birds, $5 a side. The first match resulted in a tie, and the stakes were doubled and a similar match was shot over again, Ferguson's side winning. In a similar match under the same conditions Ferguson's side again won by two birds.

TORONTO, Feb. 10.—The West End Dog Sports and Gun Club had an afternoon's shooting to-day on the grounds of the Dufferin Hotel. The weather being fine there was a large turnout of members. The competitors were divided into two classes, the first of which, it will be seen by the undermentioned scores, did some rattling good shooting. First class—At Peoria blackbirds, 21yds. rise, 15 birds each: Dollery 15, Bailey 14, Brown 13, Clark 12, Wilson 11, Carruthers 10, Davies 8. Second class—At Peoria blackbirds, 21yds. rise, 10 birds each: Spiller 7, Beatty 7, Howell 6, Hill 6, Boswell 4, Bull 4, Tonnersall 4, Gorman 2, Gentleman 2. In shooting off their ties at 7, miss and go out at 24yds. rise, Spiller hit 2 and Beatty missed his second; the former, therefore, took first prize.

WELLINGTON GUN CLUB.—The Wellington Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on the 12th, and the pleasant weather brought a large number of gunners to the grounds. In the medal match, Shumway won in Class A, Bancroft in Class B, and Haskell in Class C. Following are the winners in the other events: 1. Swift and Ames first. 2. Shumway first. 3. Shumway first. 4. Stanton first. 5. Swift first. 6. Bancroft, Nichols and Stanton first. 7. Shumway and Stanton first. 8. Haskell first. 9. Swift first. 10. Stanton first. 11. Swift and Stanton first. 12. Stanton and Haskell first. 13. Shumway and Stanton first. 14. Stanton and Snow first. 15. Stanton and Snow first. The Wellington club will hold an all day shoot on February 22, and on February 24 a picked team will visit Brockton to compete with a local team there for the Massachusetts glass-ball badge.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 10.—The Unknown Gun Club, of Brooklyn, had a shoot to-day at Dexter Park, L. I., which was remarkable for the number of shooters. Twenty-six names were put down to compete for the prizes. The shooting was not first-class, as out of the 196 birds shot at, 98 escaped the gunners. The first prize was won by J. Tomford, 25yds., with a clean score of 7 straight kills. H. Knebel, Jr., 25yds., won the second with 6 out of 7, and R. Monsees, 25yds., the third, with 8 out of 10, after tieing with four others. The scouters had a good time.

HYDE VS. HALL.—In a pigeon shooting match at Bartow-on-the-Sound on Feb. 10, Ike Hyde, the noted Long Island wing shot, defeated J. Hall, an Englishman, by a score of 17 to 13 out of 18 pigeons shot at by each. They shot under Hurlingham rules at 50yds. rise, for a stake of $200. Considerable money changed hands.

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB.—Knoxville, Tenn.—The officers for 1887 are: Sam B. Dow, President; J. W. Slocum, Treasurer; C. M. Woodbury, Secretary.

HAMMOND, Ill., Jan. 20, 1887.

U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

DEAR SIRS—To-day I made a test of shells and settled in my mind a long disputed fact in regard to the amount of times the U. S. shells could be reloaded. I took five shells from a box of 100, and shot them as fast as I could get them reloaded. The following is the result: First shell, 9 times; second, 14 times; third, 10 times; fourth, 13 times; fifth, 9 times. I could have loaded and fired some of them again, but the above result settled the question of their reloading qualities in my mind. I am sure all hunters and shooters ought to know of the good qualities of this shell; and I give you liberty to publish this, and will further say I am not in any way interested in any shell company, and give this letter for the benefit of all sportsmen. I am sure we are all seeking for the best, and if I can assist any one to find the best I will gladly do so, and this is my reason for sending your company this letter. Wishing you every success, I am, yours truly,

*** (Signed), L. S. CARTER.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PURSUANT to the call of the Commodore a meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. was held on Feb. 12 at the rooms of Mr. William Whitlock, in New York. The members present were Com. Wilkin, Vice-Com. Gibson, Rear-Com. Barney, Pursers Brown and Davidson, and Messrs. Parmele and Whitlock of the Executive Committee, besides Mr. C. B. Vaux, of the *Canoeist*, Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the FOREST AND STREAM, and Mr. Matt Angle of the Rochester C. C. Mr. Whitlock was appointed secretary pro tem. Much business was transacted, the details of which will be given as soon as the secretary's minutes are revised. The principal action taken was the election of a secretary-treasurer in place of Dr. Neidé. Mr. Whitlock nominated Mr. Wm. M. Carter of the Crescent C. C. of Trenton, N. Y., seconded by Vice-Com. Gibson, and Mr. Carter was elected. A letter was read from Mr. E. B. Edwards of Peterboro in regard to the formation of a Northern Division, whose boundaries should not be political, but which should, if possible, embrace both shores of Lake Ontario.

Messrs. Gibson, Parmele and Brown were appointed a committee to further amend the constitution to meet the growing want of the Association. The following recommendation was made to the committee: That they devote special consideration to the limiting of A.C.A. expenses to a minimum for the publication of annual book and of camp programme, and the payment of actual disbursements by officers and committees for preparation of camp, the payment of secretary's expenses and disbursements, and for the hire or construction when necessary of a landing place, an official A. C. A. marque and proper sanitary camp arrangements. All other camp requisites such as steamers, store, camp fires, etc., to be made self-supporting, remembering that it is the policy of the A. C. A. to return as soon as possible to the rate of subscription of $1; the committee to consider the practicability of holding a meeting of new executive committee at the annual camp to elect a commodore and to do general business; new commodore not to assume office, however, until annual meet.

That the committee be instructed to give the fullest publicity to these suggestions.

The following were also carried: That the A. C. A. hereby extends a cordial invitation to the W. C. A. to unite as a Western Division of the Association, making such proportionate contribution to the general fund as this and the other divisions may, with the A. C. A., mutually agree upon.

Further, that the secretary-treasurer be directed to communicate this invitation to the secretary of the W. C. A., together with a copy of the resolution directing the committee on constitution to consider the desirability of returning to the rate of subscription of $1.00.

The committee will proceed at once with the work of revision.

A "NEW INVENTION" FOR CANOEISTS.

CANOEISTS are by no means ungrateful, and are willing to make every acknowledgment in aid of those inventors whose skill or ingenuity has been exercised in their behalf, but there is little doubt as to the way in which they will receive the latest benefit that has been conferred upon them. It takes the shape of an "invention" patented by the "inventor," Mr. W. N. Griswold, of New York, and described by him as follows:

"*A.* Represents reef boom, made of good tough material. When in use the reef boom is inserted in a pocket formed by stitching a cloth of the same material as the body of the sail at the reef band, flat. This pocket should be no longer than required to take the boom. The boom need be no larger than say one-quarter the diameter of the main boom, as every inch of it is braced by the sail. The boom is fitted with a jaw of wood or rod iron as thought best, which, when the boom fits on the mast, prevents springing forward.

"*B.* Represents the down hauls, which also act as spilling lines as the sail comes down—in numbers as found convenient—passing through thimbles set in the sail, OVER and CLOSE to the reef boom, with the standing part made fast to the main boom on one side, and the running part through cleats or thimbles attached to the main boom on the other side, then to a block at the mast, and then aft to the hand of the man steering, or made fast to cleats on centerboard, trunk or rail. *C.* represents main boom. *D.* represents mast.

"This invention explains itself at once to the eye of an expert. First—At all times and under all conditions, the sail is under the absolute control of the man at the tiller. Without leaving his seat, without losing steerage way, at a moment's notice, he can put his boat or canoe under short sail, or from short sail make all sail WITHOUT LEAVING HIS SEAT. ALL that he has to do is to slack away the halliards and take in the slack of the down hauls. When the reef boom is down on the main boom, make fast down haul—then the sail is reefed. To make sail—let go the down hauls and hoist the sail up. All this can be done with the boat ON or OFF the wind without changing course. Second—The boat or canoe can be sailed closer to the wind by one-half point, for the reason that the 'bag' is taken out of the sail by the reef boom. Third—The boat or canoe can be handled—no matter how large—BY ONE PERSON, for the reason that no earrings are to be pulled out or reef points tied. There is no drifting off to leeward, rolling in a sea way, anchoring or running ashore to shorten sail. In a moment the work is done without the trouble or the danger always attendant reefing as in the past.

"Parties wishing information will have it gladly extended them on application, either in person or by letter.

"The expense of rigging a boat or canoe with the boom is merely nominal, rarely exceeding $5 or $6."

The illustrations are merely very crude cuts of two boats with battens in their sails and the vertical parts of the reef lines shown, without blocks, rings or other gear. Accompanying this modest document is the following which will be still more interesting to the hundreds of canoeists, yachtsmen and boating men who have used battened sails in America for the past eight or ten years, both with and without reefing gear attached:

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1887.—Mr. ——, I enclose herewith circular describing the Patent Reefing Invention of W. N. Griswold. The patent has been examined by some of the most expert patent lawyers in this country, who have pronounced it perfectly good, and *controlling* in all cases where a sail is reefed by the use of wooden sails or booms, one or more, set in the sail. The royalty paid by large vessels, per year, is $5 and upward for each sail upon which the invention is applied. For canoes, the royalty will be $2.50 per year per sail. I am informed that you are using it; if so, please call here and receive a license to use the patent, which will be given on payment of the royalty. An early answer will oblige your obedient servant, G. S. VAN PELT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 71 Broadway.

These two circulars have been sent to canoeists in Newburgh, Hartford, New York and elsewhere; now step up, gentlemen, and pay from $10 to $15 per year for your racing and cruising rigs, to this benefactor of the sailing world. Mr. Griswold's patent, recorded in the *Official Gazette*, vol. 21, pp. 383, is numbered 253,371, and was applied for on Dec. 5, 1881 and granted Feb. 7, 1882. To go into the history of the batten sail is unnecessary, it is well known that the idea was derived from the Chinese and has been in general use in England for a dozen years. Several methods of rigging it were described in the first edition of "Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing," in 1878, while two years previously, in 1876, the Nautilus canoe with battened sails and reefing gear was illustrated in a large plate in "Yacht Designing" by the same author. Later, in 1879, a series of articles appeared in the *London Field*, from the details in which Mr. W. P. Stephens, at Rahway, New Jersey, in the winter of 1879-80, rigged the pearl canoe Queen Mab, with two sails having three battens in the mainsail and a hand-reefing gear on the lower batten; and for four years he continued to rig, use and sell sails rigged in the same manner. In *Brentano's Monthly* for May, 1880, Mr. Stephens described the batten lug sail as used by Messrs. Baden-Powell and Tredwen, with reefing gear, the battens being shown in the accompanying illustrations. The description is as follows: "They (battens of light wood) are inserted in pockets sewn across the sail, as at (b), and are parreled to the mast, the reefing points being made fast to them, or else a reefing gear is rigged, so that simply pulling a line while halliard is eased off takes a reef snugly in." In the spring of 1881 Mr. Stephens also issued a catalogue of canoes in which the same gear was fully illustrated. The batten in the sail may be traced further back and is of general application, being used on the yawl yacht Emerald in San Francisco.

In an interview with Mr. Griswold he professed an entire ignorance of any published description of the device as well as of the literature of the subject, including the standard works we have mentioned, and he also stated that his device had been approved as a valuable novelty by the boat clubs of Staten Island, the very spot where it was first generally used in American canoes two years before the date of his patent. He claims that the device has been passed upon by experts and the patent pronounced good, and declares his intention to enforce his asserted rights, but offers now to make liberal terms with those who are willing to recognize them.

The principle involved, however, is one that every sailor in the country is directly interested in, as if Mr. Griswold's patent can be sustained it opens a wide field to "inventors" who possess a similar ingenuity and search as diligently into the previous history of their devices. If the batten is patentable then the mast, the gaff, the oar, or the tiller must come under the same ruling.

THE LOSS OF THE ZEPHYR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I at first concluded to make no mention of the loss of my son's canoe, but on reflection, as time has softened the excitement and distress of the occurrence, I see that it may be a service to some young members of the fraternity. If the boys can only be persuaded that they are not expected to sail for all they are worth every time they get into their boat, but to go along slowly and comfortably, much of the risk would be overcome. The Zephyr was, I think, about the first sailing canoe brought to this coast; I got her just about ten years ago—in October, 1876—and she had been here a year or two I think. She was considered about the prettiest model in our fleet and has made the best time over our racing courses. W. W. BLOW.

OAKLAND, Cal.

Doubtless one would think that after the rough treatment the O. C. C.'s received in their trip on the bay when the Spray was lost and the other craft suffered such humiliation is that these canoemen would be a little shy of these treacherous waters. But it required yet another lesson and it was taught as follows: On Nov. 21 Mystic, Flirt and Zephyr set out with a fair wind and tide to go to Goat Island. There was just a good lively breeze, which made a reef comfortable, and starting about 11 in the morning a nice run was made for a mile or so down the creek, when the breeze died out. As the tide was favorable and would turn about 2:30 P. M. to come back with, our voyagers kept on under paddle. But not for long, for soon a catspaw from N. W. came creeping over the water, gradually increasing. With a hitch and a leg they soon reached the mouth of the creek, and by this time the wind and adverse tide had kicked up a nasty sea. Flirt and Mystic stopped to consult, and after reefing, concluded the outlook was too risky for a pleasure trip. Zephyr, meanwhile, sailed by the Commodore's 15-year-old son, had made several tacks out into the bay, and was clear out of hailing distance. The wind had been steadily increasing and Flirt had squared away for the creek.

Zephyr had probably gotten nearly a half mile away and to windward, with never a fancy but that the larger boats were behind. Mystic had just finished tying in a close reef, and commenced to draw ahead, hoping to be able to overtake the youngster and perhaps be of service in the rough weather, when Zephyr, looking back, noticed the Flirt squaring away and Mystic apparently waiting for him to come back. By this time the wind was blowing a gale, and the boy's only chance to turn was by lowering sail. The Zephyr, 14ft.x28in., had small chance of keeping right side up, sailing with that wind and sea behind her, and scarcely had the youngster attempted to fill away before she went like a flash. It was a cold, raw day, and it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save the boy. Frantically Mystic yelled to Flirt (who by this time was well to windward) and signalled in the direction of the capsize. Taking in the situation immediately, the gallant little Briton brought his boat up into the wind and dashed to the rescue. If ever men prayed and toiled, those two in the Flirt and Mystic did in the endeavor to save that life. Imagine it! a little fellow, fifteen years of age, out in the middle of San Francisco Bay, fully a half mile from the nearest landing, capsized in a gale of wind and on a miserable cold day. Imagine the father's feelings to have witnessed the whole proceeding and with no help but these frail canoes in sight. But they did not despair; with coolness and determination they pressed to the rescue, the Flirt impelled by the bravery and fidelity of a true man, the Mystic by the tie of kinship, to save his first born and only son.

From Flirt's position at the start, she was enabled to head up nearly to where the lad was struggling, while Mystic had to make several tacks. The boy held to the canoe as best he could at first, but was washed off several times. He then found she was getting loggy and finally began to sink, and seeing the other boats coming to him concluded to swim for it. He managed to get his coat off and struck out. Fortunately he had been taught to swim early, and was a strong swimmer. The first that Flirt saw of him he had thrown his arm up as he mounted a wave and hallooed for help about a hundred yards off the port beam. Promptly the Flirt went round on the starboard tack, and a few minutes later was put back on port tack with a few feet of the now thoroughly exhausted lad. Carefully Flirt approaches. It is not so easy to take any one into a canoe from the water, especially when lashed to a foam in a gale of wind. He reaches a paddle out but the boy is so weak he cannot grasp it. Finally, by laying out on deck he can just reach him with his hand, and balancing to a nicety drags him into the boat. All honor to the skipper of the Flirt, for he has saved a life at the risk of his own. All this is witnessed from the Mystic, a hundred yards or so astern.

The rest is soon told. With grateful hearts they fill away for home, and arrive there safely after a rough run before the gale. The boy is a strong lad, and in a day or two fully recovered from the shock and excitement. The poor little Zephyr has not since been heard of.

Now there are some useful lessons to be taken to heart from this mishap. First, let all canoemen devote much time to practice of swimming; next, be absolutely certain of the quality and sufficiency of air tanks. Those in the Zephyr were known to be defective, but they were to have been improved. Say to all canoeists, don't go out another time until you have the floating capacity of your boat assured. And be sure your rigging is all right. The boy said he tried to take the sail down, but the halliards stuck in the blocks, wouldn't run free.

Also enter a plea for larger canoes and smaller sails. Most of the canoes here are 33 to 36in. beam, and they are small enough for comfort and safety. Of course it will be a difficult matter to persuade the racing paddlers that there is any fun paddling so heavy a craft. But when you are cruising go a little slower, that's all, you'll get there all the same, and be much more comfortable all around.

And, lastly, cruising is not racing, impress on all cruisers the importance of keeping together. Keep within hailing distance all the time, tack together, and when you find yourself ahead slack off the sheets and wait for the others. The progress of a fleet should never be faster than its slowest boat. An upset amounts to nothing when help is near, but when a quarter or a half an hour elapses before a rescue it opens too widely the portals of eternity.

MOHICAN C. C.

THE Mohican C. C. held their second meeting in 1887 at the house of the very active Turtles, Will and Phil Wack, around the new canoe, built for their captain, R. S. Oliver, by Charles Piepenbrink and J. Herrick, of Albany; Piep. may be recollected by many canoedlers who attended the A. C. A. meet last summer. He is on the high road to rival friend Rushton as a builder.

Oliver's new canoe is a beauty in looks and lines; what she will be able to do on the water later reports will tell, when the ice has left us.

The new secretary, who has acted as such since last summer, when Fernow resigned, has not told canoedom of the flourishing condition in which the Mohicans found themselves at their annual meeting in January. Thirty-three members with twenty-one canoes in commission and a goodly sum of money in bank. The officers for this year are the same as last year: Captain, R. S. Oliver; Mate, H. R. Pierson, Jr.; Secretary-Purser, W. H. Brown.

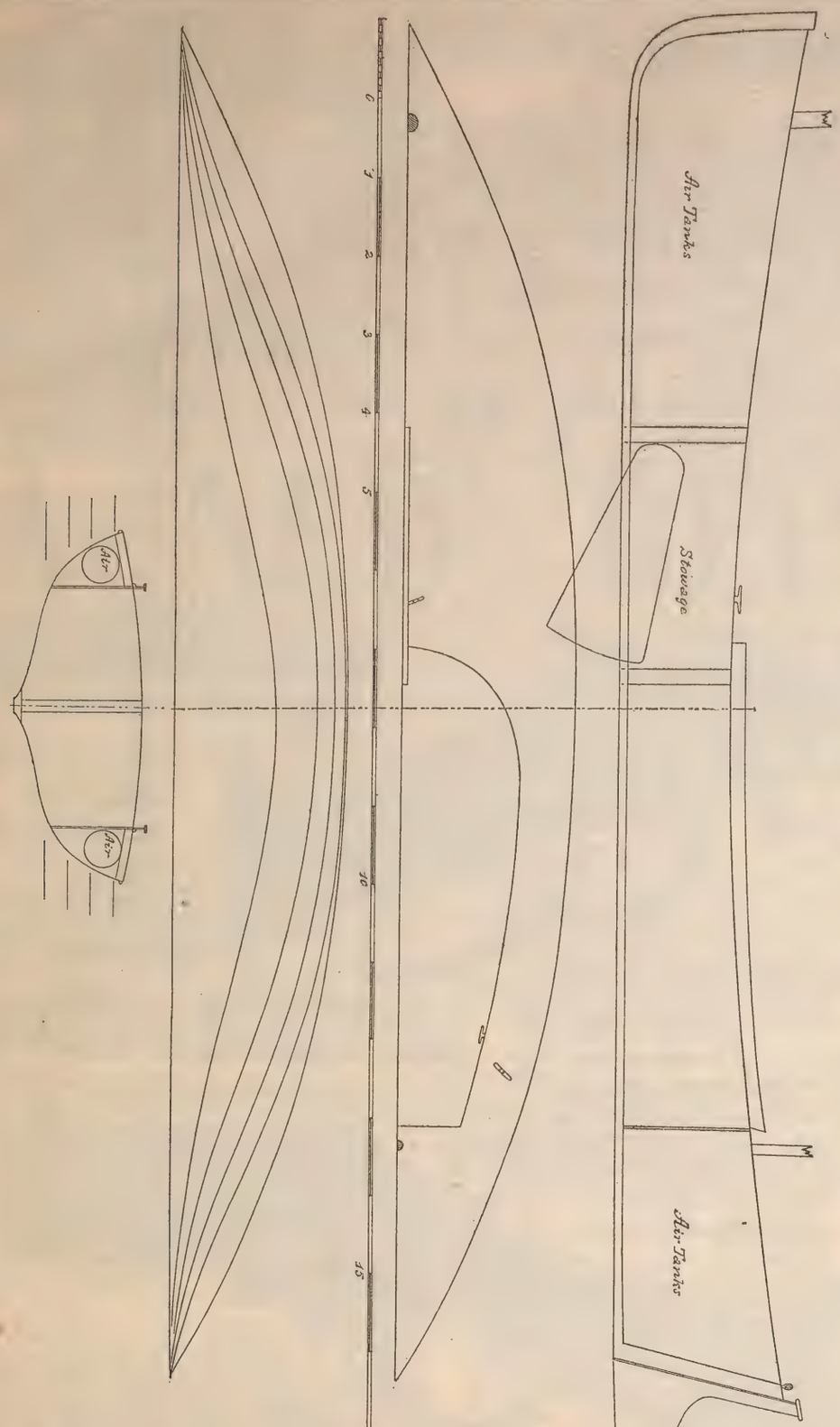
The business transacted at the last meeting was slight. Correspondence from outside was looked over and answers decided by vote. Fernow resigned from the club because he is opposed to "deadwood" in a flourishing organization like the Mohicans and is obliged to consider himself as such on account of his illness. He was elected "honorary Turtle" and voted the thanks of the club for past services.

J. Herrick, already mentioned, had sent to the meeting a new centerboard model contrived by him. Clever in a way, but your correspondent fails to see its claimed superiority over the Atwood and Radix.

Bushton had sent a 60ft. sail of his new pattern, which was displayed half reefed in Oliver's new boat. It looks nice, but may be liable to bag very much. The FOREST AND STREAM contained a description of it a few weeks ago. A PAIR OF SHOES.

A. C. A. MEMBERS.—The following names have been sent to the secretary for admission as active members to the A. C. A.: George Bullock, Cincinnati, O.; Harry Inman, Amsterdam, N. Y.; Jas. F. Latham, Chicago, Ill.; Eldridge W. Graves, Dubuque, Ia.; R. C. Brown, Troy, N. Y.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Frederick Good, known to our readers by his nom de plume "Ægir," died last month at Hull, Eng., where he was the Danish Consul. Mr. Good was the author of the sketch "Lumber Canoeing," in our Christmas number, and of "A Winter Reverie," published a year ago.



CENTERBOARD CANOE YAWL "ANNIE."

A CENTERBOARD CANOE YAWL.

MOST of our readers are familiar with the Mersey canoe yawls such as Vital Spark, Tomboy, Viper and others described at times in our columns, all keel boats. The boat shown in the accompanying plans is a modification of the other boats to the needs of shoal water sailors and also to those who wish to house their boats when not in use. Her leading dimensions are: length 18ft., beam 5ft. The drawings show a slightly smaller boat, but a scale was used in building which brought the beam up to 5ft. The Annie was built at Oswego, N. Y., for Mr. Geo. N. Burt, by Joseph Henley, who made the model from the owner's instructions. She has been used on Lake Ontario with great success, proving fast as well as safe and comfortable for pleasure sailing. As the hull is light it can readily be hauled in or out of the house by one man, quite a consideration in some localities. The Annie is planked with 7-16in. cedar and white pine in alternate streaks, the timbers being ⅞×⅛in., spaced 4in. The deck is of cedar, on chestnut carlins 1×1¼in., spaced 6in. The cockpit is 7ft. 2in. long and 3ft. 5in. wide, with a 3in. coaming of butternut. The centerboard trunk is 8ft. long and the board is of boiler plate, 26lbs. The total weight of hull is 500lbs. The ballast consists of six bricks of lead, 25lbs. each, stowed in the space abreast the trunk, besides which two bags of sand, 50lbs. each, are carried in the well. The lead bricks are covered with canvas and have rope handles, so they are quickly carried in or out. The spaces in each end are filled with air tanks, one being placed also on each side of the well as shown. No oars are used, a paddle being carried for calm weather, but the boat is expected to sail whenever there is any wind. She is rigged with a boom and gaff mainsail and a sprit mizen. The mainmast is 17ft. heel to head, and 3in. diameter; main boom 12ft., gaff 5ft. 4in., mizen mast 11ft., and 2¼in. diameter boom 5ft. The hoist of mainsail is 12ft. 4in., and of mizen 8ft. The main gaff has peak and throat halliards, the former with double block on mast and single on gaff. Both halliards lead through fairleaders on deck to the after end of trunk, where they belay. The rudder is fitted with long steering lines. There are no fixed thwarts, but movable seats are used. A spinaker is carried on the mainmast, the boom being jointed for stowage. She has been through some bad weather on Lake Ontario, proving herself a fine roughwater boat, riding lightly and going well to windward in rough water. In ordinary sailing she is very fast, and with two or three persons aboard carries her sail easily.

CANOES VS. SAILING BOATS.—*Editor Forest and Stream* I regret to see that your correspondent, "Perch," greatly misapprehends a remark of mine, used when discussing a question of measurement, viz.: that the wider boats "have nothing in common with canoes," and uses it as a text from which he preaches me and, as he supposes, a majority of canoeists into a position of antagonism to the world of jolly cruisers using another type of craft. Now, Mr. Editor, this seems too bad. Your yachting columns last week very ably show the necessity of fixed classification for all large boats, and in my correspondence with Mr. Clapham all I have tried to insist on is this very point of the necessity of classification for racing and the impossibility of racing boats together on an equal basis when of widely different types. This is all my remark can be made to mean, and from a long and wide experience I doubt if any canoeist, or body of them, can possibly have justified "Perch's" assumption that we have "nothing in common" with any one who is worthy to be classed as a lover of nature as she shows herself to those who seek her on the water, whether in birch canoes or steel yachts. I invite your correspondent to know us before condemning and believe he would change his opinion.—GUENN.

BROOKLYN C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. officers were elected for 1887 as follows: J. F. Newman, Commodore; Geo. N. Messiter, Vice-Commodore; Morton V. Brokaw, Purser; John Johnson, Measurer. A regatta is being arranged for Saturday, June 18, and cruises for every month in the season.

THE EASTERN DIVISION MEET.—A meet of the Eastern Division A. C. A. will be held for three days, May 28, 29 and 30, at East Haddam Island, 32 miles below Hartford, and 12 miles above Saybrook on the Connecticut River.

ALLEGHENY RIVER.—A correspondent who intends to cruise down the Allegheny River next June wishes to learn something about the stream, camping places, fishing grounds etc.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIXTURES.

MARCH.
15. Ocean Race, Start.

JUNE.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.

JULY.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.

AUGUST.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.

SEPTEMBER.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.

MR. FORBES'S STEAM YACHT.

THE Atlantic Works, of East Boston, have commenced on the steel steamer designed by Mr. Edward Burgess for Mr. John M. Forbes, not for the owner of the Puritan, as generally reported. The dimensions are: Length over all, 120ft.; l.w.l., 108ft.; beam, 18ft.; draft, 6ft. 6in.; freeboard, 3ft. 6in. The general specifications are as follows:

Bar keel of No. 1 rolled iron, in not more than two lengths, scarfs 12ft. long, size 5¾x½. Sternpost and rudderpost of rolled iron 5¾x2½in., with suitable eye and hub for stern pipe, lug forged on rudder top. Stem of rolled iron, 5¾x1½, to extend 5in. above rails, rabbeted to 2ft. below w.l. Frames spaced 21in. centers of angle iron, 2½x2¼x5-16; under engine, 2½x2¼x⅜; at bulkheads, double. Floors one piece of steel 13in. deep, ¼in. thick, and increased to 5-16in. thick under engine; to have 2½in. limber holes in each floor. Reverse bars of angle iron, 2x2x¼in., to line of cabin floors and in engine room to stringers; keelson on top floors 7¼x5⁄16in. plate, with 3x2½ x5-16in. angles. Plating run in fair lines, in and out strakes, of mild steal; garboard and sheer strakes 5-16in., remainder 3 B. W. G. thick; sheer strake to form bulwarks. Butts 7in. wide, lining pieces, spaces between outer plating and frames to have solid filling pieces in one length. Stringers on beams of steel, 3 B. W. G., 16in. wide, tapering to 12in. at the ends, connected with sheer strake with 5x5½in. channel iron. At break of deck on beams, stringers 16in. wide. At break in continuation of main deck stringers of angle iron, 6x3x⅜in., rivetted to clips on frames and to attach to bulkheads.

Deck beams on every frame, of angle iron 4x3x3-16in., with bracket ends 10in. deep. Beams forward and aft of half length, reduced in size. Thwartship bulkheads of iron 3-16in thick, with angle iron at top at fore and after ends of after cabin. Side lights as determined by inspector, eight on each side, 10in. drain. Rail of oak, 6x2¼in., hook scarfed and fastened to angle iron on top of sheer strake. At after cabin to be worked so as to show same as rail from outside. Sheer moulding 1½in., half round iron. Tie plates to run fore and aft at each side of hatches, steel, 6x¼in., riveted to deck beams with countersunk rivets; butts closely fitted and double rivetted; two stringers on each side of 3½x2½x5-16in. angle iron, rivetted back to back. Breast hook on the deck stringer and also at loadline of ¼in. steel plate, fastened to reverse bars by 2x2x¼in. wrought iron, extending over three frames. A collision bulkhead forward of 3-16in. steel. One water-tight bulkhead aft at foreward end of stern tube of 3-16in. steel, and bulkheads at aft end and after cabin. Engine and boiler room bulkheads 3-16in. steel, stiffened with angle iron 2½x2x¼in., spaced 30in. apart. Coal bunkers of 3-16in. steel. with T or angle irons arranged as per plan. Stem, sternpost and keel double rivetted, butt straps double rivetted, other rivetting single. Size of rivets, ⅝in., spaced on plating from 2⅛ to 2¾in.; spacing on frames, reverse frames and floors, 4⅜in.; bulkhead, ½in. rivet, 2in. apart; butt covers 6½in. wide for ¼in. and 8in. wide for 5-16in.

Rudder to draw in at head 2⅞, at heel 1⅞; wrought iron frame, plated with 3-16in. steel; width of rudder, 36in.; rudder stock to have quadrant fitted to top. A wrought iron pipe of 3-16in. steel to be flanged to counter and plate on deck. Bottom to be covered with good Portland cement carried up on the bilge. Deck to be of white pine, 2½in. thick, in long lengths, fastened with screw bolts having heads let in and plugged, or fastened from below. All iron work of deck where covered with wood to be well painted. Ceiling of white pine, ¾in. thick at forward and aft cabin and at forecastle. Cabins to have double ceiling, inside to be ½in. thick, of white pine. Floors of cabin of white pine tongued and grooved 1¼. Beams for cabin and forecastle floors of white pine 3×3½ on 3×3×5-16in. angles. Seams to be run with white lead.

Cabin finished in white pine above top line of top of sofa. Doors, sideboard, sofa fronts, outside of pilot house, skylights and companionways of mahogany. Top of pilot house of white pine and inside of pilot house white pine. Top of pilot house covered with canvas and painted. Main rail from pilot house aft fitted with brass rails and stanchions. Wheel 48in. in diameter. Mahogany connections to rudder fitted complete. Two pairs of galvanized steel davits, with blocks and falls, stepped just inside of rail. Awning stanchions of galvanized iron about 6ft. apart, 5½ft. high over break of deck.

The vessel will be schooner rigged with pole masts.

The engine is an ordinary compound, 12½ and 25×20, with a pressure of 140lbs. The main valves will have Stevenson's link motion and a Meyer cut off. The boiler is similar to the Herreshoff.

The main saloon will be forward, and the sleeping rooms abaft the engine space. The yacht is to be finished by June 11, 1887.

A NEW HERRESHOFF STEAMER.

THE Herreshoff Mfg. Co. have now on the ways in their fine building house at Bristol another steam yacht for Mr. Charles Kellogg, of Athens, Pa., for whom they have already built two smaller boats, both named Lucille. The first of these, a cabin launch, was followed in 1885 by a full decked steam yacht that has cruised for two seasons about the St. Lawrence, and the new boat, named Clara, will be still larger and faster. Her dimensions are:

Length over all	98ft.
Length L.W.L.	92ft.
Beam extreme	13ft.
Draft	5ft.

The construction will be the same as in the Ladoga, Lucille, Stiletto and others of the class; oak keel, steamed oak frame with malleable iron knees, steel diagonal straps across the frames, and double skin and decks. The garboards are of 2½in. oak, but the upper planking has an inner skin of ⅜in. white pine and an outer one of ¾in. yellow pine. The two are fastened to the frames with brass screws, while galvanized screws are used from inside through the inner to the outer skin. The planksheer is supplemented by an additional thick strake of oak about 2ft. below it. The deck is of white pine in two layers each ½in., the boards being 3in. wide and laid in white lead with brass screws. The rail will be of brass. The pilot house and deck fittings are all of mahogany.

The hull is divided by four bulkheads of galvanized iron, all uncut and watertight. The main saloon is 14ft. long and abaft it is the companion and a laboratory. Adjoining the latter is the owner's stateroom, all being finished in mahogany. The forecastle, galley and officers' quarters are forward.

The engine space is 17ft., in which is a triple expansion engine and a Herreshoff boiler. The cylinders are 7½, 12 and 19in. by 10½. The entire frame of the engine is of steel and it weighs complete only 3,100lbs. The working pressure is 225lbs. The propeller, skag and balance rudder are all of composition or bronze, and the shaft is of 3in. steel with a copper casing. The new boat is intended for speed. She will be rigged as a schooner with lug-footed sails.

The firm have also a launch 48x7ft. 4in., a sister to the Henrietta, for a New York owner.

Messrs. Herreshoff furnished a model of a yacht to Mr. William Zeigler, but it is reported that the negotiations are off. This vessel was to be 82ft. over all, 69ft. l.w.l., 19ft. 2in. beam, with 35 tons in her keel.

DILWORTH.—The New Jersey Y. C. has sustained a serious loss in the death of Com. Wm. H. Dilworth, which occurred at his home in Hoboken on Feb. 10. Mr. Dilworth was well known as an ardent Corinthian yachtsman and a leader in his club. He owned the open boat Dare Devil some years, and for two seasons past has been part owner in the sloop Wayward. A meeting of the club was held at their house on Feb. 12 at which it was resolved to attend the funeral in a body, and that a floral design representing the Commodore's pennant of the club be offered. The funeral took place on Feb. 14 from Trinity Church, Hoboken.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on Feb. 14, to ratify the amended sailing rules of the club, and to complete the changes necessary to its incorporation. The importance of the meeting brought out a good attendance, and the many intricate questions which arose as the rules were read and discussed, made it after 1 A. M. before an adjournment was moved. Although the changes have been discussed in committee for several weeks, and have been laid before the members in printed form for their consideration, there are still some doubtful points, and as it is desired to do the work thoroughly and permanently, these points were left for further consideration, the body of the report being adopted as below. As Com. Canfield, who presided, is chairman of the special committee, he called ex-Com. Tompkins to the chair. The proposed rules were read by the commodore, and on his motion the title was changed to Racing Rules instead of Sailing Regulations, as they are intended to govern races only, the ordinary rules of the road continuing of course to govern general sailing. In accordance with this change the Sailing Committee will hereforth be known as the Racing Committee. The first rule was read and passed as printed, but the second, relating to classification, was after discussion amended so the classes for cutters, sloops and yawls are 75ft. and over, 65 and less than 75; 55 and less than 65; 45 and less than 55; 35 and less than 45; 25 and less than 35. The schooner classes were unchanged. To correspond with this change the numbers of the classes were altered whenever they occur in the rules. The article in Rule IX. relating to professional crews was, after much discussion, amended so as to allow professional crews on first class, over 75; second class, 65 to 75; and third class, 55 to 65ft. Rule XII. relating to drafts of lines, was referred to the special committee and the measurer for revision, and will come up for subsequent action. Rule XIII. was amended to read:

Yachts are restricted to the following sails in races:

Schooners—Mainsail, foresail, foresaysail, jib, flying-jib, jibtopsail, fore and main gaff-topsails, main topmaststaysail and spinaker.

Cutters, Sloops and Yawls—Mainsail, mizzen, forestaysail, mizzen staysail, jib, flying-jib, jibtopsail, gafftopsail and spinaker.

All or any of the foregoing sails may be carried as balloon sails, gafftopsails excepted.

Schooners and first, second and sixth class cutters, sloops and yawls, are permitted to carry light sails over working sails at pleasure. A gaftopsail is a jib-headed topsail that does not extend above the truck nor beyond the gaff end.

Rule XVII., abolishing the time limit in all races, was carried after discussion. Rule XX. relating to courses was referred back to the committee, as it is necessary that the starting point in the Narrows be changed, and a movement is now on foot in the New York and Atlantic clubs, in connection with the Seawanhaka, to establish uniform courses in the Bay for all three. Rules XXII. and XXIII. were slightly changed in the wording, but the sense is as before. Rule XXXI. relating to ballast, etc., was changed to read:

(1) Yachts contending in a race shall keep their floors down and bulkheads standing.

(2) No ballast shall be shipped or unshipped during the race or after 9 P. M. of the day previous to the race, and no water shall be started from or taken into the tanks during the race or after 9 P. M. of the day previous to the race.

Rules XXXIV., and XXXV. were finally adopted in the following form, the arrangement being considered more convenient. The substance of some of the rules has been materially altered from the first printed form. Sections 5 and 7 were referred back to the committee for further consideration.

RULE XXXIV.

Right of Way.—When two yachts are sailing on courses that will involve risk of fouling, one of them shall keep out of the way of the other as follows:

Free and Close-hauled. (1) A yacht sailing free shall keep out of the way of a yacht close-hauled.

Port and Starboard Tack. (2) A yacht close-hauled with the wind on port side, shall keep out of the way of a yacht close-hauled with the wind on starboard side.

Free with Wind on Different Sides. (3) When two yachts are sailing free with the wind on different sides, the yacht with the wind on port side shall keep out of the way.

Free with Wind on Same Side. (4) When two yachts are sailing free with the wind on the same side, the windward yacht shall keep out of the way.

Before the Wind. (5) A yacht before the wind shall keep out of the way of any yacht on any other point of sailing.

Overtaking. (6) A yacht overtaking another shall, so long as an overlap exists, keep out of the way of the yacht which she has overtaken.

Tacking to obtain Right of Way. (7) A yacht close-hauled which tacks in close proximity to another yacht must have filled away on her new course before she becomes entitled to the privileges of a yacht on the starboard tack or of a yacht being overtaken.

Converging Close-hauled on Same Tack. (8) When two yachts, both close-hauled on the same tack, are converging, by reason of the leeward yacht holding a better wind, and are in danger of fouling, and neither can claim the right of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht to the leeward shall keep out of the way.

Converging Before the Wind. (9) When two yachts before the wind, with their booms on opposite sides, are converging, are in danger of fouling, and neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken, then the yacht having her boom on starboard side shall keep out of the way.

Luffing. (10) A yacht may luff as she pleases to prevent another from passing her to windward, providing she begins to luff before an overlap has been established.

Bearing Away. (11) A yacht shall not bear away out of her course to hinder another yacht passing to leeward.

Rounding and Passing Marks. (12) Yachts when rounding or passing marks shall be governed by the foregoing rules, except as hereinafter provided. If an overlap has been established between two yachts, when both of them can fetch by a mark, the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

Definition of Mark. (13) A mark is any vessel, boat, buoy, or other object used to indicate the course, and does not in the foregoing section involve any question of obstruction to sea room, for which see Section 15.

Definition of Overlap. (14) An overlap is established when of two yachts on the same course, either of them cannot luff or cannot bear away without risk of fouling.

Obstructions to Sea Room. (15) When a yacht is in danger of running aground or of striking a pier, rock, or other obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another yacht, then the latter shall, on being hailed by the former, at once give room, and in case the latter is forced to tack or bear away to give room, the former shall tack or bear away, as the case may be, at as near the same time as is possible without risk of fouling.

RULE XXXV.

Disqualification. (1) A yacht touching a mark, unless wrongfully compelled to do so by another yacht, shall be disqualified.

(2) Any yacht causing a mark-boat to shift her position to avoid being fouled, shall be disqualified.

(3) If a yacht, in consequence of a violation of any of these rules, shall foul another yacht, or compel another yacht to foul any yacht, mark, or obstruction, or to run aground, she shall be disqualified and shall pay all damages; and any yacht which shall wrongfully cause another yacht to alter her course in order to avoid fouling, or shall, without due cause, compel another yacht to give room, under Section (15) of Rule XXXIV., or shall herself fail to tack or bear away, as required by that section, or shall, in any other way, infringe, or fail to comply with any of these rules, shall be disqualified.

Rule XXXVI. now reads:

(1) Protests must be filed in writing, before 6 o'clock P. M. of the day succeeding the race, with the chairman of the Racing Committee, and must be signed by the owner or his representative.

(2) The Racing Committee may also, without a protest, disqualify any yacht, should it come to their knowledge that she has committed a breach of the rules.

(3) All questions arising in any race, not covered by these rules, shall be decided by the Racing Committee.

(4) The decisions of the Racing Committee shall be final, unless they see fit to refer any question at issue for the decision of the Club.

Rule XXXVII. reads as follows, the portion relating to sailing masters being omitted:

"Should an infringement of these rules be proved against any yacht, she may be disqualified, for such time as the club may see fit, from sailing in club races."

Mr. Wetmore, of the Law Committee, presented a report stating that the articles of incorporation of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. had been filed, and moved that the present officers of the club be approved as the officers of the new organization, which was carried. The constitution and by-laws were formally adopted, and the old S. C. Y. C. was declared to have ceased to exist. Some minor changes were made to comply with the laws governing corporations, and the date of the May meeting was changed to the first Wednesday in May. The Secretary was instructed to reply to the letter of the Royal Thames Y. C., thanking the club for its courteous action. The Trustees reported the election of one new member, after which the meeting adjourned.

LARCHMONT Y. C.

THE Larchmont Y. C. held its annual meeting on Feb. 9, at the Hotel Brunswick, the following officers being elected: Com., W. S. Alley; Vice-Com., G. C. W. Lowery; Rear Com., Arthur Hunter; Sec'y, Randolph Hurry; Treas., Eugene L. Bushe; Measurer, Frank E. Towle; Trustees—Augustin Monroe, William Murray, Francis M. Scott, Eugene L. Bushe and William S. Alley.

The following amendments to the constitution, by-laws and general regulations were all adopted:

Article 3 of constitution to be amended as follows: Strike out the line "The membership shall be limited to 400," and insert "Sec. 1. The membership, exclusive of life membership, shall be limited to 500." To add as follows: "Sec. 2. Life Membership.—Any member in good standing may become a life member upon the payment of $400, which shall be in lieu of any further annual dues. These payments shall constitute a sinking fund for the redemption of the outstanding bonds of the club. Life membership shall be limited to (50) fifty."

Chapter III. of By-Laws.—The first sentence to be amended, to read as follows: "The yearly dues of each member shall be twenty-five dollars, payable at the annual meeting." Chap. XII., Regattas.—To be amended by adding, "and a fall regatta, to be sailed on the first Saturday in September." Chap. XIII., Prizes.—First line, strike out "regatta" and insert "the fall regattas," also make "regattas" "regatta" in second line. Rules, regulations and conditions relating to the pennant regattas of the club.—First line, strike out "Pennant regattas shall be held in June and September of each year on days," and insert "a pennant regatta shall be held in June of each year on a day." Sailing Rules and Regulations.—Under heading Prizes, add at end as follows: "The owner of every winning yacht in the regattas of the club shall, within 24 hours of the finish of such race, and before the awarding of the prize, file with the regatta committee the names, occupations and addresses of his crew, and his certificate that they are amateurs under the rules of the club. The regatta committee shall not award any prize unless the above provision is complied with." Uniform.—Under heading "Buttons," amend to read as follows: "The club button shall be of black vulcanized rubber for members, and of gilt for the crews, and of two sizes, large and small." Under heading "Designation of Rank," add as follows: "Sailing masters, a fouled anchor 2½in. in length, unbordered in silver on the right sleeve in front and above the elbow. First mate, same as for sailing master, placed on left sleeve and in front above the elbow. Second mate same as first mate, the anchor being embroidered in white silk instead of silver." Uniforms for Sailing Masters and Mates.—Coat: Single-breasted sack coat of navy blue flannel, to button with the large gilt club button. Trousers of navy blue flannel. Waistcoat of navy blue flannel or white duck, to button with the small gilt club button. Cravat of black silk. Cap: Regulation club cap with a small gilt club button on each side. Straw hats, Humit or Mackinaw straw hats, with a black band, may be worn in warm weather for service dress by sailing masters and mates. Uniform of crews.—Shirt of navy blue flannel, with wide navy collar, with the name of their yacht worked in front. Trousers of navy blue flannel. Cap: Round white cap of navy blue cloth, with black ribbon band having the name of the yacht thereon in gilt letters. Jerseys: Blue woolen Jerseys, with the name of the yacht worked in white letters in front may be worn in lieu of the shirt for service dress.

The yearly dues were formerly $20. The fall pennant regatta has been dropped and a regular club regatta has been substituted. The following members were elected:

Addison Cammack, C. P. Buchanan, Jenkins Van Schaick, R. L. Cutting, Jr., S. B. French, H. Victor Newcomb, J. T. Atterbury, D. B. Van Emburgh, J. Rogers Maxwell, E. M. Padelford, W. A. Boyd, J. R. Andrews, Henry H. Anderson, F. S. Rook, J. P. Paulding, E. P. Steers, Dr. J. B. Kinney, D. B. Gilbert, H. W. Bucknall, E. H. Shethar, L. C. Smith, J. Leland Hoppock, H. E. Payson, R. Renwick, William Kenwick, G. H. Mitchell, Thornton Motley, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., A. Wallace Higgins and A. R. Cazauran, of this city; B. F. Carver, Larchmont; L. Z. Leiter, Joseph Leiter, N. K. Fairbanks, Kellogg Fairbanks and John T. Lester, of Chicago.

The bonds of the club issued to cover the purchase of the Carver estate have all been applied for, and the cash in hand now is $7,974.35, an excellent showing financially. The club will hold another oyster boat race this year, and will offer another prize to the most expert boat sailor on the schoolship St. Mary's.

SHAMROCK.

AT Bay Ridge Mr. George F. Mumm is busy with the new yacht for Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, of the Atlantic, New York and Larchmont clubs. Mr. Maxwell having sold the Daphne, previously built by Mumm from her owner's model, to Vice-Commodore G. W. C. Lowery, Larchmont Y. C., is now building for the second class, the new boat being intended primarily for a racer in hopes that Thistle will prove to be in that class. The model has been made by Mr. Maxwell, while in the calculations he has been assisted by Mr. H. C. Wintringham of the Atlantic Y. C. The dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	78ft. 3in.
Length on load waterline	66ft. 9in.
Beam, extreme	20ft.
Beam on load waterline	19ft. 3in.
Draft of water	7ft. 6in.
Least freeboard	2ft. 10in.
Center of buoyancy abaft middle of length of load waterline	2ft. 4½in.
Center of buoyancy below load waterline	2ft. 1in.
Meta center above center of buoyancy	7ft. 1in.
Center of gravity below load waterline	.. 6in.
Meta center height	5ft. 3in.
Mast	52ft. ..
Topmast	43ft. ..
Boom	67ft. 6in.
Gaff	42ft. ..
Masthead	9ft. 6in.
Bowsprit outboard	32ft. ..
Spinaker boom	65ft. ..
Sail area	4,600ft. ..
Midship section displacement	68 tons.
Keel	24 tons.
Length of centerboard	19ft. ..
Drop of board	9ft. ..

The keel is white oak, two logs being used. An improvement has been made over the method employed in the Atlantic, and instead of the two timbers lying side by side for their full length, they will work by each other, thus the end of one will extend some distance aft, taking the sternpost, while the fore end of the other extends forward to the forefoot. The keels of Cinderella and Mayflower were constructed in this manner last year. The frames will be of hackmatack, sided 3in., moulded 6 and 4in. and spaced 16in. The hull will be planked with 2in. yellow pine, with oak wales and garboards. Sawyer will make the sails, and it is proposed to have the Shamrock in sailing trim by May 30.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—Camden, N. J., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Quaker City Y. C. was held on Feb. 9, at the rooms of the Wheatly Dramatic Association, in Philadelphia. The following officers were elected: Com., Charles E. Ellis; Vice-Com., Thomas S. Manning; Rear-Com., William H. Mickel; Pres., Dr. William H. Vallette; Sec'y, Samuel B. S. Barth; Corresponding Sec'y, William S. Hoffman; Treasurer, Joseph J. Garbut; Measurer, Thomas G. Wilkins; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. William G. MacConnell. Board of Trustees—Robert P. Thompson, Alfred Box, Samuel A. Wood and Oswald McAllister. Regatta Committee—William J. Thorman, A. F. Bancroft and Chas. L. Wilson. The club afterward adjourned to Rudolph's restaurant, where a banquet was partaken of. The new constitution and by-laws went into effect at this meeting, one of the principal features of which is the changing of the club signal, which hereafter will consist of a white ground with a red Keystone in the center. Three new yachts were enrolled and several new members joined. The finances of the club are in a very prosperous condition, and the outlook for the coming season is bright.—MARLIN.

ANOTHER MODEL FOR A RACER.—Mr. John L. Frisbee, of Boston, has sent to the N. Y. Y. C. a model of a racer of the following dimensions: Length on deck, 87ft., L. W. L., 74ft. 6in.; beam, extreme, 22ft. 6in.; L. W. L., 20ft. 3½in.; draft, 9ft.; freeboard, 3ft. 3½in.; lead keel of 40 tons.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Social, schooner, has been sold by Mr. C. W. Lippitt to Mr. Oscar Smith, of New York. Lena, sloop, has been sold to Mr. H. H. Salmon, Jr., of Brooklyn. Lotus, sloop, formerly Oriole, has been sold to Mr. H. Robinson, of Staten Island.

A RACING CLASSIFICATION.

THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C., at the last meeting, followed out partly the suggestion in our issue of last week, making the larger classes 55, 65, 75 and over, but the schooners were unaltered. This is an improvement as far as the club is concerned, but it does not affect the question of a common classification. We hope to see the matter pushed further by the clubs in concert, as suggested in the following letter from the owner of the Puritan. The error he mentions was corrected in Table II., the classes being correctly given there:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest your suggestion that the leading yacht clubs should agree upon a uniform classification.

The committees appointed by the N. Y. Y. C. and Eastern Y. C., who arranged the existing classifications, believed that a small number of classes was better than many for the interests of yacht racing, and therefore only arranged to have three classes for schooners, and four for sloops, cutters and yawls.

I believe that the present classification was made in the Seawanhaka, Atlantic and Larchmont clubs before the building of the large sloops, which obliged a new arrangement of the first in the New York and Eastern clubs and made it necessary for the Atlantic and Seawanhaka clubs to make a special class last season in their annual regattas. It ought not to be difficult for one or more delegates, with full powers, from each of the five or six leading clubs to meet and arrange an uniform classification to be adopted by these clubs that would be more satisfactory than the many now used. The clubs having many small boats, such as the Atlantic and Larchmont could have a class for boats measuring under 30ft. and 25ft. and over. Their first class could be the same as the second class in the N. Y. Y. C.; then in case they offered prizes for the larger boats to compete for they could always make a special class or race for the occasion. I hope that something can be done in the matter before the season opens.

J. MALCOLM FORBES.

P.S.—The fourth class in our Eastern Y. C. measures under 40ft. and 30ft: and over, not as given in the FOREST AND STREAM, 35 and 30ft.

BOSTON, Feb. 14.

A WILD TIME IN A YANKEE CATBOAT—Mr. C. P. Kunhard has, single-handed, undertaken and brought to a successful termination a voyage in the Coot a cat (anglice Una) rigged centerboard boat, only 20ft. long on the waterline, from New York to Pamlico Sound, in South Carolina, and back, which for pluck, endurance, spirit of adventure, consummate seamanship, coolness of head and readiness of resource in moments of danger, by which alone he and his clever little boat were brought safely through perilous hazards, from which escape seemed impossible, are probably without a parallel in single-handed sailing. The following extract from the log of the Coot, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, will serve to illustrate the high old times occasionally enjoyed by the solitary voyager: * * * "The actual distance sailed by the Coot was 1,500 miles, the time occupied in accomplishing it nearly eight months. During the whole of this period Mr. Kunhardt lived and slept (excepting two nights) entirely on board his wee barkie, in a tiny cabin some 7ft. 6in. long, its greatest width about the same, and only 4ft. in height." [This is the stuff of which the Anglo-Saxon race is made. What wonder then that it is a conquering race, pervading the world to its uttermost confines, carrying with it its arts, sciences, and civilization, wherever a keel can float, discovery be sought, or adventure encountered, and so it will be in spite of all the effeminate fads of the modern school of sentimental radicalism. 'Tis the nature of the beast—lions are not lambs, nor tigers sucking doves.—Ed. "E. P."]—*Exeter (Eng.) Evening Post, Jan. 19, 1887.*

NOTES FROM BELLEVILLE, ONT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The only work that is being done here this season is on a new craft for the second class, which was begun some months ago by ex-Commodore Roy, from a design of his own, but which, owing to his removal to Peterboro, he sold to parties in Montreal, for whom she is being finished. That she will be fast is shown by her fine lines, while she is deeper and a little longer than the famous Iclanthe. Ex-Commodore Roy will be very greatly missed by the club, as he was not only an enthusiast, keeping alive the sport by his sayings and doings, and skilled in the theory and practice of designing, building and sailing his own craft, but a big-hearted, generous and obliging gentleman. Another serious loss to the club is the removal to Toronto some months ago of ex-Vice-Commodore Pike, who was a most valuable member of the club, and who also built and sailed his own yacht. Mr. John Bell, Q. C., is having the Norah rebuilt and remodeled by Capt. Cuthbert in Ratbun's ship yard at Deseronto. She is being lengthened some what, her bows and stern fined down and lead bolted on her keel. Should she sweep the board in the first class this year I shall not be surprised. Your correspondent "Katie Gray" is a little astray as to the match race between the Katie and Emma, which the former won by some two minutes or thereabouts. But it was a good race nevertheless.—PORT TACK.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Norman L. Munro, owner of the launch Henrietta, is now building at Bath, Me., a light draft passenger steamer with feathering paddles for service between New York and the Shrewsbury River.... A steam yacht for extremely shoal water is now building at Greenpoint, N. Y., for Dr. E. P. Huyler, of New York. Her length is 75ft., beam 18ft., and draft of hull, 1ft.; her twin screws, 30in. diameter and 50in. pitch, being fitted to raise and lower. The engines will be 7×7in., with a vertical steel boiler, working 200lbs. The depth of hold will be only 5ft., so the cabins will be entirely on deck. The yacht will be named Edmarth. ....The steam lighter built by Samuel Ayers last fall for San Domingo proved of too great draft, so he has laid the keel for a similar one 50ft. over all, 12ft. beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft. ..Wallin and Gorman have the new Mignonette ready for final painting, and will lay the keel of an 18ft. cruising cabin boat in the shop. They have just completed a nice looking catboat for Mr. S. L. Blood, 17ft. 10in. l.w.l., with a neat little counter stern, partly immersed....Gitana, schr., Com. Wm. F. Weld, has had her jibboom replaced by a single round stick....Two of the thieves who robbed the yachts off City Point, Boston, last year, have received long sentences.

CRUISING NOTES.—Magnolia, steam yacht, is on her way to Indian River from St. Augustine....Lieut. and Mrs. Henn have been for some time on Indian River in the sloop Rambler....Ladoga, steam yacht, left Beaufort, N. C., on Feb. 9, for Charleston. ....Metcor, steam yacht, arrived at Savannah on Feb. 11 bound for Charleston; Vice-Com. Bateman denies that Metcor has been fined $500 as was reported....Ruth, steam yacht, Mr. Swits Condé, Oswego N. Y., was ashore in the inlet off Beaufort on Feb. 10, but came off without damage. The spar buoy on the inlet is reported as out of position....Wanderer, schooner, has refitted at New Bedford and will leave this week for Bermuda, Trinidad and Barbadoes, with her owner, Mr. Geo. W. Weld, and two guests on board. Capt. Ricketson will command her.

THE THISTLE'S PLANS.—In commenting on Mr. Watson's letter to the New York *Herald* published in the FOREST AND STREAM last week (which, by the way, has not yet appeared in the paper to which it was addressed) the Boston *Herald* calls on Mr. Watson again to deny that the alleged plans are those of the Thistle. Mr. Watson has pursued a consistent course throughout in declining, for perfectly obvious reasons, to make any statement. If he is to deny that the Thistle is 80ft. long, then it only remains for some enterprising journals to publish "working plans" of 70ft., 75ft. and 90ft. yachts for Mr. Watson in turn to deny, and the matter is soon settled. Strange to say, Mr. Watson has denied the modest request of the *Herald's* Glasgow correspondent, to be allowed to photograph the yacht in frame.

THE OLD THISTLE.—It is reported that Mr. Zeigler has abandoned his idea of building a new yacht, and will once more build an old one. As, notwithstanding the silver bottom that was put on the Thistle last year, to say nothing of many previous alterations, she has failed to beat anything in the third class, she will now be lengthened to fit the second class, so Bedouin had better look to her laurels.

THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPION PENNANT.—The long deferred race for the champion pennant of America was sailed on Feb. 14. Twelve yachts started over a 16-mile course off Poughkeepsie, and after a close race Mr. Archibald Rogers's Jack Frost won, with Dr. Barron's Northern Light second.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. W., New York—There is no strain of black Irish setters.

INQUIRER, Milford, N. H.—We would not advise breeding the bitch to her uncle unless you cannot find a suitable mate of other blood.

EXTRACT from letter received by the U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass., from Mr. Frank Hart, of J. Hart & Co., bankers, Doylestown, Pa., dated Jan. 21, 1887: "I have about come to the conclusion that your .22 short rim-fire cartridges are the most reliable in the market, and they are beginning to be appreciated by those who know where a bullet ought to go when they pull the trigger." —*Adv.*

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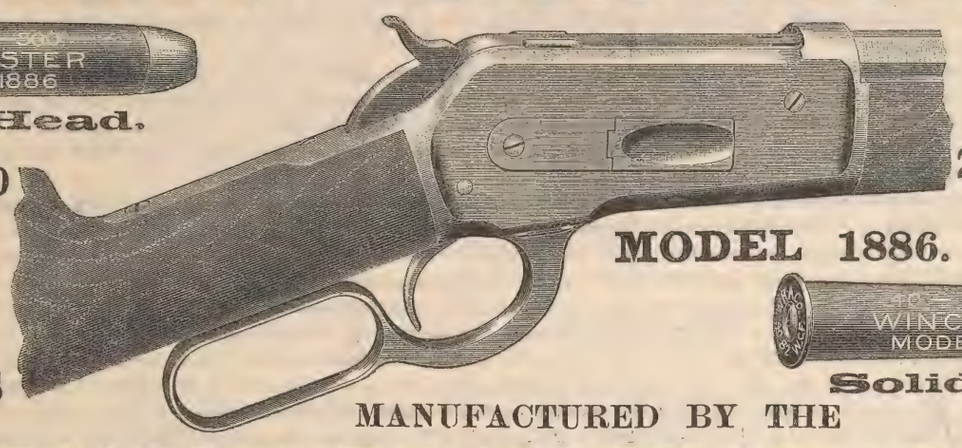
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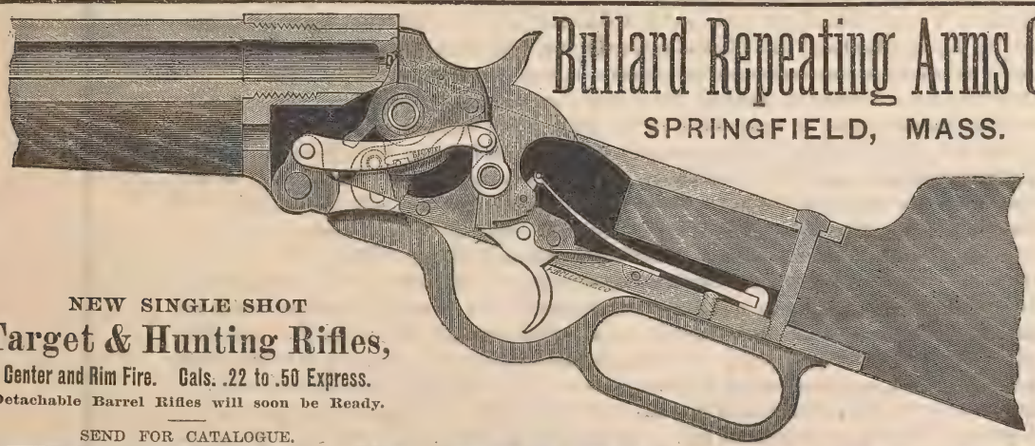
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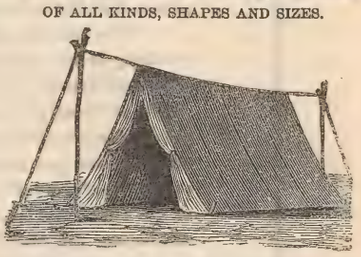


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SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

To Whom It May Concern.



THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

New Haven, Conn., January 10, 1887.

Some weeks ago we wrote to our customers advising them not to sell Winchester ammunition for .32, .38 and .40-caliber Marlin Rifles, for the reason that the cartridges made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in these sizes were not properly constructed. Under date of December 10th, 1886, the Winchester Co. issued a printed circular to the public, making some remarks to which we deem a reply necessary.

To begin at the beginning: The first Marlin Rifles which we made were .45-caliber, and intended to take the United States Government regulation cartridge. We were soon satisfied that the large primer used in the Government cartridge was not the proper one for a Magazine Rifle, and we induced both the U. M. C. and the Winchester Companies to furnish ammunition for our rifles using small primers. These .45-caliber cartridges are still made in that manner (See page 63 of the Winchester Catalogue, dated October, 1886).

Shortly after this we brought out the .40-60, an entirely new size, ammunition for which was made by both companies, also with a small primer at our request and from our gauges. Some time after that, we called on the Winchester Co. with a model and gauge for the .38-55 cartridge; after examining the model cartridge, and having noticed that it was made with a small primer and flat pointed ball, one of the officers of the Winchester Co., who was present, remarked that we were evidently intending to use this cartridge for a magazine gun. We affirmed that this was our intention, and a further remark by this said officer, saying that this was the proper way to get up a cartridge for that purpose. We introduce this incident to show that the Winchester Co. fully understood the point at issue. The .38-55 cartridge as well as the .32-40, which latter we brought out at the same time, were also made just like the .40-60 and .45-70 had been, *with a small primer.* These cartridges are so advertised in their Catalogue of November, 1885, page 66. A significant fact in this connection is that the .40-60 Winchester cartridge (which was made to compete with our .40-60) was then and is *now* made with a small primer. We claim that ammunition for Repeating Rifles, where the cartridges follow each other consecutively in a tube, should in all cases have SMALL primers to insure perfect safety, as when large primers are used, there is more or less liability, if the weapon be severely jolted, to an explosion of one or more cartridges in the magazine, because the bullet of one cartridge abuts against the primer of the next. If small primers are used, the apex of the bullet will not touch the primer but come against the solid head of the shell, thus insuring perfect safety in that respect. We guarantee the Marlin Rifle to be PERFECTLY SAFE, and therefore insist on small primers as the only proper ones.

In the matter of the Army Trials to which their circular refers, and in which they claim that the Board tested large primers with entirely satisfactory results, the Report of the Board shows that an exhaustive test was made on this point, and that large primer cartridges twice exploded in the magazine, thus proving that our objections to ammunition so made are well taken.

Some months ago we began to get complaints of misfires. These complaints continued to come in from all parts of the country, parties usually claiming that the cause must be some defect in the Arm. We investigated and found in each case ammunition of the Winchester make had been used, and then for the first time we discovered that they had altered the cartridges .32-40, .38-55 and .40-60, and substituted large primers; we also found that the primer pockets had been made nearly 1-32 of an inch too deep, so that the first blow sent the primer deeper into the pocket, and it required another blow to explode it. We were much annoyed, had been put to considerable expense, and as a large amount of the Winchester make of Marlin cartridges were on the market distributed all over the country, it would have been serious for us to allow the matter to go any further. We called twice on the Winchester Co. to have the matter remedied, but received no satisfaction, and when we found, on the issue of their Catalogue of October, 1886, that they did not intend to accede to our request to go back to the original style of Marlin cartridges, which had been made from models and gauges furnished by us, we concluded the only way to protect ourselves and prevent our Arms being condemned and driven out of the market by faulty ammunition, was to take the same course that the Winchester Company claim they had to take with regard to their own arms, and guarantee our rifles only when used with ammunition *properly constructed.*

We do not question the ability of the Winchester Co. to make good ammunition, as we have had abundant proof that they can do so, but what we claim, is, that this particular ammunition is not properly made for the purpose it is intended for. We are not makers of ammunition, and it is for our interest that any and all makes of cartridges can be used in our Arms. If the Winchester Co. will see fit to go back to first principles, we shall take pleasure in advising the use of their cartridges for Marlin Rifles equally with those of other manufacturers.

One other point: In the Winchester Circular a fling is made at the quality of our Arms. The best comment to be offered upon this point is, that, with the prices of our Rifles about 20 per cent. higher than the Winchester, the sale during 1886 has INCREASED 35 PER CENT. over any previous year, and we have never been obliged to meet their prices to do all the trade our facilities would permit.

We do not like controversies, and regret the necessity of this circular; but we desire to have the matter put in its true light, and to keep our goods properly and favorably before the public.

Respectfully yours,

The Marlin Fire Arms Co.

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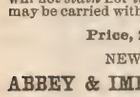
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1887.

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THE BEN HILL—LILLIAN HEAT.

THE announcement in another column of the result of the meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Field Trials Club is full of significance. This meeting passed sentence on Stephenson and on Bevan, and took action looking toward the dissolution of the old National Club. A new club was organized under the name of the American Field Trial Club.

The verdict passed on Stephenson and Bevan will seem to many severe, but must be regarded by all who have the best interests of field trials at heart as eminently just. An offense of the most serious character was committed by these two men, and it was fitting that they should be punished. While we cannot but feel sorry for them, we must applaud the wisdom of those who passed sentence on them. If Whitford's jockeying tricks had been dealt with in a similar manner in 1880, Stephenson and Bevan might not now occupy the position which they do. It has been the fashion for the authorities in canine matters to overlook offenses—to pass them by because the perpetrator was a "good fellow." The result of this easy good nature is seen in the commission, at frequent intervals, of all sorts of violations of rules and regulations, of frauds like the Sans Souci matter at Philadelphia, and the pulling of Ben Hill. It is high time that an end was put to all this business, and it is a good thing that men have been found with pluck enough to look at things from the standpoint of justice merely.

A spade is a spade whether it be in the hands of a friend or an enemy. In matters of public interest things must be called by their proper names. Stephenson has no one to blame but himself. He seems to have gone into this matter with his eyes open, to have made no secret of what he was doing. Bevans's case is a harder one. He is an Englishman, not long in this country, presumably unfamiliar with our ways, and was acting under orders. To him a year's suspension is a serious matter. While we are heartily sorry for these two men, we cannot regret the action of the committee. Dog jockeys will remember their action, and tricksters will govern themselves accordingly at subsequent trials. Sharp practices will not be so popular in the future as they have been in the past.

General Shattuc and his associates have shown themselves men of pluck and courage. Let them root out all the rottenness that they find, and the honest men in the dog world will heartily applaud and sustain them.

Comment on the action of the committee looking toward the dissolution of the National Field Trials Club may be suspended until a full report of the meeting is received by mail.

WILD CELERY.

THE reports from a Syracuse correspondent relating his success in growing wild celery in wildfowl waters are encouraging. The introduction of wild rice to waters where it was not indigenous has, in many cases, furnished an attraction for wild ducks and provided excellent shooting. If wild celery can be successfully grown, as in the case narrated, the shooting on old grounds may be, by this means, vastly improved and new ones provided. Now that the cultivation of wild celery has been tested and proved practicable, it only remains for clubs, associations and individuals to take up the work and add to their annual wild duck supply. This is not an expedient that need be left to organized clubs who control shooting grounds. The wildfowl shooters of any locality might join in the scheme of stocking their grounds with wild celery, the benefits from the enterprise to be shared by all.

Mr. Cross, to whom our correspondent alludes as the one who secured celery seed for him, might perhaps be willing to assist others in the same manner, for we know him to be most obliging; but it is quite possible that the attention necessary to be given to the subject in compliance with repeated demands, might be too great a tax upon his time. If some one on the Chesapeake Bay or elsewhere, where wild celery abounds, would undertake to supply the seed and bulbs, he might find enough profit in it to pay for the labor.

A writer in *The Epoch*, noting the diminishing canvasback duck supply, suggests that by feeding domestic ducks and other poultry on wild celery they can be made to equal the wild duck in gastronomic qualities. That may do for the *bon vivants* and gourmets of city restaurants, but no cunning device of poulterers nor alchemy of modern science can impart to barnyard fowl the distinct and peculiar flavor which attaches to a wild duck which a man has traveled five hundred miles and lain cramped in a battery eight hours to shoot.

THE NEW YORK LAW.

THE New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, the Fulton Fish Mongers' Association and the Marketmen's and Game Dealers' Protective Association have, after a number of conferences, prepared and forwarded to Albany the draft of a new game bill. For an authorized copy of the document we are indebted to the courtesy of Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, president of the first named society. A summary of the provisions is given on page 87. It has been announced that the bill was to be a codification of existing laws, with such amendments as the conferring parties might deem expedient. As a codification the document is clumsy, carelessly drawn, disconnected, involved and on certain points obscure. Some of the amendments, whether wise or unwise, have at least the merit of pleasing the particular classes for whose special benefit they are presumably intended. Thus (Sec. 1) the month of May is made an open season for deer, this no doubt as a concession to city anglers who visit the North Woods at that time and want their trout and venison together all in the merry month of May. To suit these same Adirondack frequenters the ruffed grouse season up there is made to open a month earlier than elsewhere (Sec. 2). July woodcock shooting is allowed (Sec. 2) as a concession to the dealers: and it will also open the hotel kitchen backdoors for chicken partridges to be placed as a sweet morsel on the plates of guests who know a good thing when they can get it in July. Protection is removed from bobolinks, warblers and numerous other small birds as a concession to the gourmet who wants to line his "fair round belly" with reed birds, and to the milliners who want song bird feathers for hat decoration.

The seasons for sale of game are materially lengthened (Sec. 6), and with the times as here prescribed it is understood that dealers will be satisfied and will aid in enforcing the law. This last consideration is important because the bill (Sec. 29) repeals the State game protector law and leaves us dependent upon the pleasure of those who, as they choose, may or may not observe the statute. The privileged midsummer atrocities of hounding wet does into Adirondack lakes and killing them there is still retained (Sec. 7) as a concession to the New York brokers and near-sighted old maids who do that sort of thing. The "absolutely necessary" phrase in Sec. 15 is an all-embracing concession to the corporations who are polluting our rivers and bays with their deadly refuse.

There are numerous other points on which comment would now be premature, for what the bill is now and what it may be, after all the other interested classes have harangued the game law committee into "codifying" for their special benefit, is a mystery which only time will reveal.

QUAIL FOR EUROPE.

ONE of the noteworthy branches of activity in fostering a game and fish supply is the transplanting of various species from one country to another. Australia and New Zealand have been stocked with trout and salmon from Europe; America has received new food fishes from the same source, and given others in exchange. The introduction of foreign game birds has been undertaken on a growing scale in this country. Now, American "Bob White" is to sound his whistle in Sweden. Mr. James Frederic Dicksen, of Gothenburg, Sweden, has commissioned his friend, Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Portland, Me., late United States Minister to Sweden, to procure for him a supply of American quail, which Mr. Dicksen proposes to put out on his shooting preserves on the peninsula of Onsala. The birds will probably thrive there. The preserves, many thousand acres in extent, comprise cultivated fields, interspersed with rocky knolls covered with scrub, trees, bushes and heather. The thermometer in winter rarely goes below +15° Fahr., and the light snows melt off in a few days. The European partridge abounds and thrives there.

Mr. Dicksen's experiment will be watched with interest, and we hope in time to chronicle its complete success.

"JACK DARLING'S LITTLE CASE."

OUR readers may remember that the suit brought by Jonathan Darling, in June last, against the American Express Company for failure to deliver certain deer and caribou skins, horns, etc., which were seized at Bangor, Me., by Game Warden Allen, resulted in favor of the express company, and that Darling appealed from the finding of the Court. The appealed case came up for hearing in the Superior Court for Suffolk county, on February 8, current, before Barker, J. The parties were represented by the same counsel as on the former trial, Messrs. Reed & Curtis for Darling and Louis D. Brandis, Esq., of the firm of Warren & Brandis, for the express company. Substantially the same story was told by Darling as before—that on March 17, 1886, he had brought to the company's agent at Olamon, Me., a shoe box nailed up tightly and containing beaver, fox and muskrat skins, two deer's heads, with skins, etc., for mounting, and two caribou heads with horns and neck skins; that the agent marked the box and received and receipted for pay for forwarding it; that the box, when delivered in Boston, looked as if it had been renailed, and the deer and caribou skins were missing. Mr. Edward Kakas, the consignee of the articles, told the same story as to the box. Darling had never seen any notice by the American Express Company refusing to carry deer hides, etc., though he identified on cross-examination some newspaper articles, etc., which showed his knowledge of such a regulation. In his opinion, deer and caribou skins were "fur," a point, however, in which he differed from Mr. Kakas and the defendants' witnesses. The only point upon which his memory had been refreshed was as to the conversation with the express agent when this box was delivered. The express receipt reads, "a box said to contain furs." The agent testified that Darling told him it contained "furs" and that he would have refused to accept the box if he had not so understood it, and that Darling knew he would refuse. Darling's subsequent recollection is that the agent said, "I suppose these are furs?" and he answered "yes." This, he claims, was not a fraud upon the express company, whether the other was or not.

The defense contended that, as the contract was pro-

cured by the fraud of the plaintiff, they were not liable; that as the company had forbidden their agents to accept these goods and as the plaintiff knew of it, the agent had no authority to bind the company; that the seizure of the goods at Bangor was by lawful authority which the company was not called upon to resist, and that failure so to resist was not the "fraud or gross negligence" for which alone the defendants were to be liable under the special contract of the express receipt. Upon the first two grounds the Court found in favor of the defendants, and Darling has decided not to carry the matter any further. From all which it appears that if you want to test the validity of an express regulation you must begin in some other way than by deceiving their agents into violating it.

SNAP SHOTS.

HOW old must a man be to lose interest and pleasure in the field? The Canadian correspondent who wrote last week of "Seafowl Shooting at Berwick" tells us that though now seventy-six years of age and no longer equal to the exertion of ranging the woods in pursuit of game he can still take his place at the trap and make fair scores at glass balls and other targets. And there is President Grévy, of France, eighty years of age, who makes good bags in his holiday shoots at Marly, and who, his friends think, could successfully compete for a prize at a pigeon shooting.

"The Turkey Shoot at Hamner's," which is a sequel to the first (not last) part of "Sam Lovel's Thanksgiving," is in hand and will be given in an early number. We take the liberty of printing this appreciative mention of the series, contained in a letter from Dr. J. H. Baxter, Chief Medical Purveyor, U. S. A., Washington: "I am deputed by Senator Platt, of Connecticut; Senator Fry, of Maine; Hon. Wm. Steward, M. C., of Vermont, and many other friends, who come weekly to my house to listen to the reading of "Sam Lovel" and "Uncle Lisha," to thank you for resuming the publication of these sketches. For beauty of description and perfectness of dialect we have never seen their equal, and we beg that you will continue their publication."

The generous extracts which we take from the recent reports of army officers detailed to the various militia camps, together with a similar article about a year ago in our columns, will give the reader a very good idea of what the arming of the uniformed militia of the country really amounts to. The exhibit is not altogether a pleasing one. There are but few States provided with a decent arm, and fewer still making anything like a proper use of them. The authorities cannot hide behind the bulwark of ignorance of the condition of affairs, for the reports made are full, explicit and reliable.

Major Merrill's paper on the trajectory test, which has been printed in our gun columns, will repay very careful study; it is a valuable exposition of facts relating to the flight of rifle balls. The Major should have credit for his lucid exposition of the laws of projectiles, a subject to which he has given much study, and the literature of which, outside of the text-books, is meagre; indeed it would be difficult to find anywhere a clearer explanation than his own of the trajectory curve with its relation to the line of sight and the axis of the bore.

Among the clubs which have memorialized the House of Representatives, praying for the passage of the National Park Bill, are the following: Nimrod Club, Newark, N. J.; Middlesex County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Middletown, Conn.; Bismarck (Dak.) Gun Club; Hudson (Wis.) Rod and Gun Club and Game Protective Association; Poorman's Spring Fishing Club, Harrisburg, Pa.

The account of Mr. Batelle's experiments in ruffed grouse domestication is very instructive, and his paper will rank as a novel and important addition to the literature of wild bird captivity. It is to be hoped that further experiments may be made in the same direction.

Trap-shooting affairs are taking a lively turn. More pigeons are raised for trap-shooting now than ever before in this country; and the consumption of artificial substitutes is assuming enormous proportions.

Subscribers who may chance to receive mutilated or defective copies will confer a favor by returning them to this office, and others will be supplied in exchange.

The ardent gunners who go shooting in close time appear to have a peculiar knack of blowing each other's heads off.

Is it a sign of the times that gun and target manufacturers are publishing testimonials from champion girl shots.

Wild geese flying north honk the coming of spring.

Ohio has a new trap shooter's league.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE CRUISE OF THE HIRONDELLE.—II.

BY J. M. LE MOINE.

THE yacht was careening over under a stiff westerly breeze; the flood tide had just turned; an experienced old yachtsman, Mac of the Isles, held the helm. The low rocky shores of Seal Rock were fast disappearing as the Hirondelle, close reefed, plowed merrily through the surf in the direction of St. Jean, Port Joly Church. To the north a flock of silvery gulls were disporting themselves in the shallows, while the descending orb of day shed his mild radiance on the leaping waters.

"Pass around the Garcias," sung out the Commodore to the cabin boy, "Let us have a glorious smoke before casting anchor at McPherson's House, Crane Island."

"We have plenty of time before reaching there," replied the Antiquary, "suppose, most illustrious Commodore, you give us one of your jolly hunting stories, an account of the *grande chasse d'automne* you made with the lamented Luc Le Tellier at Sorel."

"Well, gentlemen, be it so, light your cigars and give me your attention.

"The famed hunting resorts," said the Commodore, "about fifty-five miles lower than Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, and one hundred and twenty-five above Quebec, are known to Quebec and Montreal *chasseurs* as the Iles de Sorel. These islands and surroundings are the favorite feeding grounds of the snipe and various kinds of plover, curlew, woodcock and other beach birds, as well as several varieties of ducks, the black or dusky duck, redhead, divers or fall ducks, blue and green-winged teal, in fact all the aquatic birds frequenting the fresh waters of the Province of Quebec. Sorel Islands consist of Ile du Moine, Ile des Barques, Ile à la Pierre, Ile de Grace, Ile du Pads, Ile St. Jean, Ile aux Grues, Ile aux Ours and many others less noted, the Commune de Yamachiche, la Baie Febvre, les Baies de Maskinongé et de Yamachiche, with the miles of reeds which skirt Lake St. Peter on both shores as well as the islands, some of which are covered with soft maples and other deciduous trees, while the others are simply reedy islands, when the water is very low, and at other times completely flooded. On the higher lands, which are commons under the control of the municipalities, the farmers of the vicinity allow their young cattle, horses and hogs to run wild. The latter, being much given to feed upon the bulb of a variety of reeds, root them up, making bare patches, which are capital feeding grounds for snipe. One, however, needs a quick eye to mark a bird down, should he drop into the high reeds or wild hay near by, or the service of a first-class retriever, else one is sure to lose many more birds than are brought to bag.

"On the sandy point of some of these islands, such as the Pointe au Pécaud or Ile au Sable, flocks of golden plover, curlew or beach birds may be often found, and late in the fall numbers of Canada geese on their journey to the south, light and feed in the bays and even in the fields back on the higher lands. When the ice breaks up in the spring, thousands of muskrats are slaughtered by the inhabitants. Some have been known to kill in one season 200, with a simple weapon—an iron spike fastened to a pole—to pry the rodents out of their winter quarters, disturbed by the motion of the ice, lifted from its winter bed by the rush of the waters during spring freshets.

"In October, 1866, I visited the Islands of Sorel, accompanied by Lieut. Montgomery and Ensign Lane of the Rifle Brigade, one of H. M.'s crack regiments, then quartered in the favorite garrison town, Quebec. Last evening, just twenty years later, one of the party, now Lieut.-Col. Lane, on his return from British Columbia to Halifax, where he is now stationed as military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Alexander Russell, burst into my sanctum where I was enjoying a quiet smoke, and related to me his sporting adventures, since the capital sport he and I had enjoyed on that memorable occasion when we tramped through the marshes at Sorel, bagging one hundred and fifty snipe in two days to our three guns, and bringing back a champagne basket full of birds. We had listened to the stories of the French Canadian guides, anent the marvelous bags of snipe, woodcock and duck got by the late Colonel Alphonse De Salaberry, Judge Coursol, W. H. Kerr, Harry King, Fred Austin and hosts of others who flocked each season to these islands. Well do I remember the snug quarters on one of these beautifully wooded spots, for many years the favorite hunting box of Judge Coursol and his friends, with its rows of nails all around well under the eaves of the roof, hanging from which could be seen bunches of snipe, woodcock, duck and plover, placed there in the shade and cool air for preservation, and my own cosy quarters in a room of the Ile au Raisin or Ile à la Pierre lighthouse.

"Of the old guides of those days one is still hale and hearty and happy to lead a party to the haunts of game. Maxime Monjeau, of Ile du Moine, although now near his 70th year, covered with silvery locks, can yet handle a paddle and bring down a duck when it comes to his decoys in La Baie du Moine (opposite his little shooting cabin annually set up on the edge of the island, and where he happily passes his days, having handed over to his sons his home, further west on the Ile du Moine). He continues to enjoy the sports to which he is so devotedly attached. Another, poor old Baptiste Martel, of La Baie du Febvre, now fully eighty years of age, still talks and dreams of the day when he tracked the grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains, where he spent twenty-five years of his earlier life in the employ of the American Fur Company as a *voyageur*. Upon his giving up this occupation, with his hard earned savings, he purchased a home and a few acres of land near his native village, and tried to settle down to the toils of a small farmer's life, but he could never thoroughly do so. He would cheerfully drop the spade or hoe, and conduct the sportsmen from Quebec or Montreal to the woodcock coverts on the uplands, or snipe marshes of the renowned Baie du Febvre. He is now very feeble. I was recently told by a neighbor of his that last summer the poor old man begged his son to drive him to the old duck grounds bordering the lake that he might once more feast his eyes on the beloved haunts of other days. He was carefully seated in a cart well filled with straw, and slowly driven down to the lake shore, which cheered him up wonderfully. He asked his son to stop the horse, and stretching out his withered arm pointed out the many spots so dear to his memory, rapidly relating his exploits with the many gentlemen he had guided over the spot, and the big bags of game they had shot. Feeling weak and tired the poor old *chasseur* completely broke down; in sobbing words he bade farewell to the loved spot, and was conveyed home, as he said, to prepare himself for another world. Poor old Baptiste, how often have I followed him over the coverts and what glorious sporting hours we have spent together!

"Of the other guides of twenty years ago, one was a remarkable character called Charlo Paul, a capital fellow when not given too much spirits. He has now joined the 'great majority' doubtless in better hunting grounds—gathered to his fathers. Charlo did not live to the ripe old age of Maxime or Baptiste, no doubt owing to his love for strong waters to which they were not so much addicted, and evidently live the longer in consequence.

"Twenty years ago among the islands and bays below Sorel, large and varied bags of game could be made. On more than one occasion a brother sportsman and myself have been the fortunate possessors, after three or four days of shooting, of as many as 40 to 50 ducks, 60 to 70 English snipe, and 30 to 40 golden and other plover, and have come home thoroughly revived in health and spirits.

"On one occasion I had the honor of having the lamented Hon. Luc Le Tellier de St. Just, then Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, as my guest, our quarters being in the lighthouse at the east end of L'Ile à la Pierre. It was during a week's living in one small room with this renowned politician, that one learned to love him as few men have been loved by their own sex. On this occasion our bags of ducks numbered among us, namely: the Governor, his Aid-de-camp, Capt. F. E. Gauthier; his cousin, P. B. Casgrain, MP., and myself, from 40 to 50 ducks per day, and some snipe shot by me. It was on this memorable occasion that the Governor of the Province of Quebec and companions narrowly escaped with their lives. The popular and always obliging Captain Labelle, then in command of the steamer Quebec, plying between Montreal and the city of Quebec, had offered to stop his boat and take us off the island on his way down when we would desire it. We despatched a messenger early one day to Sorel, about seven miles off, to notify him that we would be all ready when he would pass that evening, and to request him to please stop his boat to take us on board. By some means the message was not delivered to Captain Lebelle. We, however, not knowing this, made our preparations, got all our baggage, game, dogs and ourselves with the lighthouse-keeper and one man, in a small boat, very much overloaded, but as we only intended going out a short distance in the shallow water to meet the steamer's boat which we expected would draw too much water to come near the shore, we did not fear any danger from swamping. We saw the steamer about 9 o'clock at night coming full speed, evidently paying no attention to us, when we actively swung a lighted lantern to and fro to draw attention. After the steamer had passed us the captain was evidently informed of our attempts to stop her; knowing the Governor was of the party, he ordered the boat to stop and reverse, the channel being too narrow to turn her. The Governor, with his usual anxiety to give as little trouble as possible when he was personally concerned, insisted upon our attempting to reach the steamer by the man sculling our boat out to her. This, against our advice, was done. The current being very strong, and the huge wheels of the steamer churning the water against it, created a strong eddy, which drew us under the guards of the steamer. Being in the forepart of the boat, I caught hold of one of the paddles of the wheel and with difficulty hung on to its slimy surface. The Governor received a very severe blow on the head from one of the stays which nearly stunned him, and we greatly feared our boat would swamp as it filled with water. One man completely lost his presence of mind and dropped the oar overboard; to the great strength and coolness of the Governor we owed our lives. He called for a ladder. This being let down, we rapidly mounted it just in time to escape from being crushed by the great wheel, which was immediately after set in motion; fortunately the boat containing the lighthouse keeper and our luggage had drifted away from danger, and eventually was propelled ashore. When we reached the cabin, we found we were much bruised but not seriously hurt; our clothing was covered with slime; we presented a sad appearance. Means were taken to give as little publicity as possible to this incident. This was the last shooting expedition of Governor Le Tellier de St. Just. Some months after his health broke down; he soon after died, sincerely regretted by all who intimately knew him. His gun, an excellent 10-bore, was sold by me to Judge G. P. Hawes, of New York, who, I believe, still retains it.

"I fear I have digressed very much from the subject of describing the shooting grounds of Sorel. I can only say that occasionally fine bags of snipe, woodcock and ducks are still made there, but I find that the number of the disciples of the gun, since the past twenty years, have wonderfully increased, as well among the amateur sportsmen who shoot for the pleasure of an outing, as the pot-hunter who slaughters game night and day for the market.

"Snipe are such capricious birds that one can occasionally make as large bags as formerly, but not so often. Woodcock are very much more scarce. As to black or dusky ducks, mallard and wood ducks and teal, the great number destroyed at night on their feeding grounds has been the cause of driving these valuable birds to other and safer quarters. The pot-hunter chooses a favorite spot among the reeds which extend out on the shallows for nearly a mile from shore; with a sickle he cuts off the heads of the reeds, well under water, in a space large enough to make an open water basin of about 30 to 40 yds. diameter. On the edge of this basin he plants a number of trees in front and on each side of his log canoe or dug-out, which he carefully conceals, and then sets out in the most natural order from ten to twelve live ducks fastened by a string, with a soft leather loop to a leg and anchored with a stone or half a brick in about 3ft. of water. These ducks, which are a cross between a wild black duck and an equally black domestic one, make perfect decoys, and call any passing birds to them and to sure destruction.

"On both sides of Lake St. Peter such *cachés* may be found occupied by one or two pot-hunters every three or

four acres apart, right after night, before and after the 1st of September, notwithstanding the game laws being strictly against it. You may well imagine such work has greatly interfered with the pleasures of being quietly paddled through the reeds and getting a true sportsman's shot at a rising bird, for the ducks now shun those dangerous feeding grounds. This, however, only applies to the species of duck visiting the shallow waters near shore. The bluebills and other fall ducks, called by some the divers, still frequent the lake in enormous numbers; in fact I have seen this fall as large flocks as I ever saw on the waters in Florida, where, from their number covering such great space, they are called raft ducks.

"For the lover of shooting, possessed of a good dog for snipe and another for woodcock, and who can spare the time, I know of no more delightful spot to camp on than some of the beautiful islands of Sorel. The scenery is charming; the channels among the many islands most intricate and interesting; the different fresh-water fish, from the maskinongé to the perch, plentiful; and intelligent and reliable guides with canoes may be had at the usual charges. But he who possesses a light draft sail boat, with fair accommodation for a genial companion and self, and who can sail away with his quarters to new spots made bare by the falling of the waters, which often occurs to the extent of from 5 to 8in. in one night, especially if the weather is dry and the wind blows strong from the west, such a one will find snipe, when others on the old ground are wondering if there are any birds left in the country. My experience shows that snipe have a strong liking for new ground, and he who can follow them or take advantage of being on some new, known spot where the waters uncover, is sure to be rewarded for his pains."

ON THE WEST COAST.—I.

IN the winter of 1883 I set out to visit Florida by water on a trip combining business with pleasure. Taking no pleasure in going alone, I hunted up a companion, a Swedish gentleman, who was both sailor and artist. After laying in a goodly store of useful things for a cruise among the keys and along the west coast, we took steamer for Key West about the first of January. On the third day out we passed Carysfort Reef light, the extreme easterly light of the long line of reefs. There are hundreds of these reefs, some inhabited and others roosting places for birds; and varying in size from miles to yards in height by a few hundred yards to feet in width; all are low and most of them timbered. We steamed along the outer or submerged reef, the northern barrier to the deep blue Gulf Stream, carrying thirty fathoms to the coral rock of which the reef is composed. This is surmounted by screw pile lighthouses at intervals of about thirty miles along the whole distance to Key West. Between the lighthouse reef and the keys is a large body of water similar to Long Island Sound, with plenty of depth; north of and between the keys the water is very shoal, excepting two channels, which carry 12 to 14ft. of water, the rest of the thousands of narrow crooked channels have only from 3 to 5ft. We landed in Key West on the third day after a very pleasant trip. The weather was a pleasant contrast to what we had left in New York. We found the flowers blooming, trees in full leaf and the lively little mosquitoes quite frolicsome, the thermometer at 80° and the atmosphere delightful. The town is quite interesting to a Northerner. It has a population of about 10,000; the principal industry is cigar making, out of the wonderful Havana tobacco, although I saw a schooner (the same one I had seen loading in New York) unloading a full load of Western tobacco.

Our first move was to hunt up a yacht and gain information as to channels and water supply; the latter is very necessary to look after, as it seldom rains in midwinter in southern Florida. We found a suitable sloop of about three tons, in good order, into which we soon loaded the supplies, shipped from New York. We purchased a lot of heavy fishing tackle and grains, it being perfectly useless to have any light tackle. Then we shipped a cook and pilot combined in a native. Sail was made and the boat headed in an easterly course. The Bessie made good headway in the light breeze, and the sun was warm enough to render the shade of the sail agreeable. Winding and twisting through the many small channels, whose rocky bottoms are covered with sponge growth, with an occasional clear patch of sand, the water a deep blue; then suddenly running into deeper holes, in which lie silent and dangerous swordfish or man-eating sharks, and having everywhere an abundance of food fish of various kinds in the waters beneath, and in plain sight; all this makes cruising among the keys very interesting to a Northern yachtsman. Many of the small keys passed are entirely under water at high tide, and have a dense growth of mango bushes covering the surface of mud; others have a rocky surface of coral, with stunted growth of timber and elegant limestone soil, which can be only cultivated with hoe and spade, so rocky is the surface. Generally on some portion of the keys that are cultivated are low spots which grow to perfection the Florida mosquitoes; they are immense insects, as we found to our entire satisfaction the first night of the cruise. After passing an eventful day bumping on sand bars (our pilot knew where they were), graining swordfish, sharks and jewfish, and reeling in a few sheepshead, we dropped a tripped anchor off the east end of Sugarloaf Key, to be driven at sunset still further off shore by the mosquitoes that swarmed out to us in clouds. The first night on board is generally an uncomfortable one; the bed is hard and the yacht uneasy. Then the sand flies that came on board.

In the morning we turned out at sunrise, built a smudge in the cabin and had breakfast, consisting of ripe tomatoes, baked sweet potatoes, boiled kingfish with lime juice, hard tack and coffee. After breakfast we pulled ashore in the dinghy, and were met by the only inhabitant, an old man of 60, who lived in a hut entirely built of palmetto, the leaves being used to thatch both sides and roof. We found he had about two acres under cultivation, raising tomatoes, bananas and yams. His greatest difficulty was in protecting them from the small deer that range all over the keys, wading or swimming from key to key. We also found two other varmints that roamed over the keys, and they kept us very much interested in how we moved about on shore; they were the large rattlesnake and the wildcat. The snake was a terror to the key people. The death of one young man was caused by rattlesnake bite shortly before our arrival. As soon as we heard of that lamentable fact we fortified ourselves then and thereafter against snake bite by the usual pleasant remedy. The artist made, as usual, a pen and ink sketch of the native and castle, perhaps he would have made a better looking likeness of the hermit if he had not got a scolding for tramping on his plants; sailorlike, weeds and plants looked alike to him. After hunting here and getting a glimpse of some of the smallest deer I ever saw, but not getting within shooting distance (they were about as tall as sheep and as red as the palmetto they disappeared in), we tripped the anchor and stood on for Little Pine Key, distant fifteen miles dead to windward. We passed several rocky keys, the rendezvous of wreckers, spongers and charcoal burners, the last a tough crowd. Wind hauling to S. E., we kept on and made No Name Key, a spongers' hamlet of four houses, plenty of red wild hogs, fleas, mosquitoes, with small attempt at cultivation.

We gradually discovered the that Bessie drew about one foot too much water and harbored about a million too many mosquitoes. Having a good tent on board, we scribed a line along the outside of our cabin and sawed off the top, leaving height enough to the side for a 10in. combing; then we could get rid of the mosquitoes by raising our tent under the boom, stopped down on deck with a mosquito net in the after end. We were then masters of the situation; and great comfort we had in hearing the gentle buzzing outside. The natives build smudges inside of their houses, driving out everything by smoke; then rushing in they shut up everything and turn in to rest, and they seem to enjoy it.

A sponger's outfit consists of a smart small sloop or schooner with a crew of from three to five men, carrying two or three skiffs with as many long-handled two-pronged rakes, and water glasses (made out of water pails with the wooden bottom knocked out and a glass one in to fit. There is always a big smell aboard caused by the decayed sponges; and the devil-may-care crew, as occasion may require, turn their hands at wrecking some luckless vessel on the outer reef, fishing, or now and then a turn at smuggling from some passing craft from Cuba or Nassau. Fishing for sponges can only be carried on during calm weather. A man, taking a glass and rake, jumps into a skiff and rows off to clean rocky bottom. Taking the glass (or pail) in one hand, with bottom down in the smooth water, he puts his face into the pail, excluding the light as much as possible. This gives him a good view of the bottom where the sponges grow. Using his right hand and shoulder as a lever to the long rake, he secures the marketable sponges that grow fast to the rocks. They are black and glutinous when first caught. Each day's catch, when convenient, is taken to some sheltered place and dumped into a pen or crawl made of sticks stuck upright into the sand under water. If they have not decayed enough they remain a short time and are then trodden out, washed, strung a dozen together, and hung up to dry; afterward limed, washed and then sold at auction at Key West.

The weather being all a yachtsman could desire, plenty of wind, thermometer ranging from 71 to 80°, we made sail for Big Pine Key, wind S. E. and increasing. After coming out from under the land we hove to and tied in a single reef, the clouds threatening a big blow. If there was one thing more than another that our pilot was looking for, it was a "harricane" from the S. E. We concluded he was about right before the end of our cruise in the Bessie. After passing a few small keys we dropped anchor abreast of Mr. Lowe's end of the key, and going ashore found a well cultivated farm of about ten acres. Here were growing tomatoes, yams, bananas and small vegetables, of which we laid in a stock. Weather remaining unsettled we stood on for the southerly end of the key for better harbor, wind piping through the rigging. Heaving to we tied in another reef and ran for the shelter of Summerland Keys, dropped anchor on the edge of a sand bar, the wind still blowing a gale, causing us to drag off into a deep water channel, and the roar of the breakers reaching us over the keys from the outer bar, distant three miles. This channel, Bahia Honda, is the first deep water channel running north and south throug the keys east of Key West, through which vessels carrying 14ft. may pass, going to or from the Gulf of Mexico. Although unlighted it is buoyed out. We found excellent fishing in the channel, and soon had the sport of landing a dozen or more kingfish. To a hungry man, after a hard day's sail, a kingfish boiled in salt water, well buttered and served with lime juice, has no equal. We hove our tent down to the second row of stops, thereby reducing the height 3ft., turned in and dreamed of the dreadful "harricane" that did not reach us this time.

In the morning we found that we were not alone at our anchorage, for during the night wreckers, spongers and fishermen had dropped in until quite a fleet was gathered. A cruising party being such a novelty they became suspicious that we wanted to occupy some of the many fertile keys on which they had squatted. Some of these key gardens have been made the source of considerable revenue by the most thrifty. They raise garden truck for the New York market, sailing into Key West on steamer day and reaching the market in fair condition at an excellent profit. Tomatos in January at $2 per half peck, leave a good margin for the Key Conch as the native inhabitant is called. Our artist, as usual, made sketches of the surroundings. Here we had to dive our anchor loose; it had caught under a rock, our pilot being wise beyond his years in failing to trip it when cast. He didn't mind going overboard several times a day (excepting in sight of a shark) to shove off from a bar or shoal. We shook out the reefs and under full sail and a nice breeze from the westward, stood over for Key Vacas. This is the home of Captain Watkins, who has altered his boat-scraper into a hoe, and has turned farmer to good advantage. In the day's run of about twenty miles we were obliged to keep a man aloft on the gaff most of the time, looking for the channels; twenty miles would represent the distance in an air line. We passed several large turtles lying motionless on the surface. In one of the deep channels we passed over some devilfish or sea bats, and as they scuttled out from under her bottom they made the Bessie pitch and roll as if she were in a seaway. The man aloft having sighted them on the white bottom coming toward us head on, suffered considerable uneasiness as to whether they would go through, over or under us; the channel was narrow and not over five feet deep, and our dinghy towing astern was filled by the commotion, for after running into open water we lay to waiting for the sundry articles lost out of the capsized dinghy to drift along.

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Natural History.

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DOMESTICATING RUFFED GROUSE.

IF THERE is any game bird that has thus far escaped the domination of man, that bird is the ruffed grouse. Independent, always alert, crafty as a fox and of indomitable spirit, he is a primeval denizen of the wilderness, and cares as little about contact with civilization as the deer or the panther. Other varieties of the grouse and the Virginia quail increase as the settlements widen, but the ruffed grouse moves further and further back, and seeks to shun all contact with the greatest enemy of his race.

It seems to have passed into a tradition, both written and unwritten, that the ruffed grouse is incapable of domestication. Old hunters tell you so when you mention the matter, although not many of them base their belief on actual experience. The books all express the same opinion from Wilson down, and the encyclopedias have reiterated the assertion. Of late days we have become so accustomed to taking this proposition for granted that experiments looking to its correctness have, to say the least, been exceedingly rare. My own investigations in this field have been attended with so much of interest and pleasure, and have resulted so differently from the generally accepted belief that I have jotted down this very unsatisfactory account for the information of your readers. These experiments, I regret to say, by way of preface, cannot be regarded as entirely successful, yet they were so beyond my expectations, and their failure, in so far as they did fail, did not arise from any inherent difficulty but to untoward accidents, which did not affect the main issue.

In the fall of 1884, having successfully reared a fine brood of native quail from a pair of birds confined in the yard, I was seized with the idea of trying a similar experiment with the ruffed grouse. I knew very little about them, and what I could learn was not very encouraging to any attempt looking to their domestication. The task of procuring live birds showed quite conclusively that they were about the most difficult creature abroad to capture, and that the majority of the few which had been "reduced to possession" had been taken by accident. These inquiries also showed that for some unknown reason, nearly all these captive birds were females. In all I succeeded in getting track, during the winter, of but six grouse in confinement, scattered about in different parts of the country, at least two of which were not for sale. But the first week in April, 1885, I secured from a gentleman in Fremont, O., a live bird supposed to be a male, and the same week another from Springfield, Mass., said to be a hen. They were put outdoors on April 23 following in a double or L-shaped coop, built against the house, each part about 4ft.x12ft., with ground floor and wire netting side and top. These coops fronted to the south and west, and as they stood at right angles with each other, they were connected by a small opening about a foot square, which was closed by a swinging door operated from the outside. This gave as much privacy as was possible on a small city lot flanked on two sides by streets.

My principal effort at this time had been directed to the securing of a pair of grouse, but with the single exception of the Ohio bird, all were set down as hens. Being a little fearful that I might not have obtained what I wanted, a commission of experts was appointed, comprising two of the most experienced huntors in town. These gentlemen, having carefully examined my two birds, gave it as their united opinion that the Ohio bird was a male, and the Massachusetts one a female. Thereupon I breathed easier and waited for developments. Perhaps it should be stated just here that the former had been in confinement about a year and the latter about six months, and both appeared to be sound and well.

On the 11th of May my notes record that a place was prepared in the further part of the more secluded coop, for the hen to nest. This was arranged by putting in dry oak leaves about a foot deep and placing over them a number of pieces of brush. The weather for the few days following continued warm and hazy with occasional light rains. Meantime my notes, under date of May 12, say: "The male (Ohio) grouse has for several days manifested the greatest uneasiness, constantly walking back and forth in the front coop. The other bird seems quiet and perfectly contented when not disturbed. Think the male bird's actions indicate the mating fever." (I quote this latter remark as simply going to show how little I knew about the matter.) The diary continues: "May 15.—The first grouse egg was laid to-day, and it seems probable by the alleged male grouse."

May 21 I returned home from a five days' absence, to find that the Ohio grouse had five eggs in her nest. In order to test the matter thoroughly the two birds had been shut up into separate coops, and all the eggs were with the Ohio grouse. What was the most unfortunate feature was the discovery that these eggs, and any that might be laid by the other hen, were necessarily sterile. (I pass by in silence my feeling of disappointment at this most unexpected turn of affairs.) About this time I made what was undoubtedly a hazardous experiment by shutting the laying hen into the other coop. Here she yielded to necessity, made a new nest and went on laying as if she had never been disturbed. The Massachusetts hen showed no signs of laying, but her companion continued laying with occasional intervals of a day, until on the 5th of June, having deposited fifteen eggs in all, she began sitting. Four game bantam eggs were placed under her, and on the 28th of June these were hatched out, the grouse eggs, of course, proving infertile. My experience with these chicks, all four of which the foster mother brought to maturity, has already been given and need not be repeated here. It is worth mentioning that while the Massachusetts hen failed to show any tendency to nest, while the other hen was sitting she became seized with a desire to assist in the incubation, and it finally became necessary to remove her from the coop. Thus ended my first year's attempt at breeding grouse in confinement. Of the second I shall hope to write in another paper.

In the early part of October, '85, I received from the Muskoka country, in Canada, a male ruffed grouse. This bird had wandered into an old barn and been captured

with slight injury, the tip of one wing having been broken. He was placed with the two hens, which by this time had grown quite tame, and seemed to take quite philosophically to confinement, doubtless favorably influenced by the placid demeanor of his two companions. The latter had passed through the summer without mishap, and having moulted in August and September, were in fine condition. The Massachusetts hen was a perfect beauty, and in her deportment "every inch a lady." The three birds being from such widely divergent localities, it was extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to determine their sex by any comparison of the plumage and markings, but after watching them a few weeks, one soon learned to notice a marked difference in their manner and actions. The male bird was bolder and more independent and tamed much more rapidly than the hens had done, although this, I think, partly accounted for by the reason already given. In form the male bird was of a more "stocky" and heavier build than the females, and that would seem to be generally the case. In other respects there was nothing in the demeanor of the male bird toward his companions (except immediately at the breeding season) which served to distinguish the sex—none of the little gallantries and attentions and none of the domineering so marked in most of the males of the Gallinacæ. His disposition at feeding hours, when he promptly appropriated for his own use any little delicacies he could reach first, and his indifference at all ordinary times were in most striking contrast with the behavior of a male Virginia quail of my own rearing in an adjoining coop. Bob White in winter and summer was always pervaded with the consciousness that he was the head of the family and always polite, affectionate and generous in his conduct toward his wife. To see him standing over some little dainty, his back arched and head bent downward and his wings drooping to the ground, while he clucked his cordial invitation to his spouse, was one of the prettiest sights imaginable.

By the middle of the December following all the grouse had grown so tame (the male with the others) that they came readily at call, and fed without hesitation from my hand. It will be understood without saying that from this time they became more than ever a source of entertainment and pleasure. I never came near the coops that they did not appear promptly, no matter where they might be, and though always a little shy of strangers they were a source of constant and marked interest to the many incredulous visitors who were naturally led to revise some opinions of long standing. Meantime the birds went through the winter, which was about an average northern Ohio season, in apparent content, and evidently had adjusted themselves entirely to their new environment.

With the close of the month of March came indications of the advent of spring, although fitful and uncertain as were befitting that month in our latitude. Naturally I was still a little incredulous as to the sex of my Canadian captive after my experience of the previous year, and I began to watch him a little more closely. My notes say that about this time "the Canada bird occasionally has shown a sort of pugnacious impatience when I came near the coops, lowering his head and extending it on a level with his back, striking the ground with his bill, and scratching (or 'pawing') restlessly with his feet." Under date of April 7, I find this note: "Within the past few days the Canada grouse has developed a peculiar marking. The superciliary membrane of the eye has become a bright orange red. The color is so vivid as to be plainly noticeable 30ft. away, and the change is evidently incident to the breeding season. This membrane showed a very faint orange tinge last fall and winter, but not nearly so intense. Neither of the hens show any color above the eyes." During the past winter I examined a large number of birds on the market and in the various stores where dead game was exposed for sale, and almost without exception the specimens which seemed to bear other indications peculiar to the male grouse bore also this orange marking. After my two years experience with grouse in confinement, however, I venture to express the opinion that the "mental characteristics" of the male will always serve to identify his sex as soon as he has become sufficiently accustomed to confinement to allow them to manifest themselves, aside from his peculiar actions in the mating season.

The first week in April had been marked by a heavy snowfall, the heaviest, indeed, during the entire winter. But this soon passed away, and the remainder of the month seemed brighter and warmer than ordinary, and my notes speak of the season as being at least two weeks in advance of the average spring. On the 14th I arranged the nesting coop for the grouse, putting into it a fresh supply of oak leaves and some oak brush to which the dead leaves still adhered. This coop was quite secluded, with a warm southerly exposure, and the rich browse, oak leaves and brush made just such a nesting place as one might imagine the birds would select if they had a whole forest to choose from. And this seems a proper place to suggest that one great secret in inducing wild birds to nest in confinement is to provide suitable nesting places and materials. I have known quail in confinement to pass through the first few weeks of the spring without showing the least disposition to nest, but as soon as the desired material was furnished them, the male began building the nest at once, and in a few days (four or five at furthest) the first egg was deposited. The male grouse, on the other hand, takes no interest whatever in domestic matters of this nature, and if no eggs were laid until he prepared a nest, the grouse family would soon become as rare as the Dodo.

On the morning of April 19, going out early to the coops, I found the Canada grouse standing on a small log, with ruff erected and thrown forward, tail expanded into a perfect fan, and wings drooping to his feet. His eye burned with demoniac fire, and the children, as soon as they saw him, tiptoed cautiously away, and named him "the devil." There was no longer any mistaking the sex, and the sight fully repaid me for all my waiting. The two hens seemed to regard these unusual demonstrations with wonder and dismay, and managed to keep the width of the coop between them and their transmogrified companion. As for the male bird himself, he paid little attention to spectators, and during the first few days devoted the greater part of his time to strutting up and down the coop like a turkey gobbler in miniature. The weather for the week ending April 22 was unusually warm and dry for the season, and on the date named the thermometer stood at 75° in the shade at noon.

On the afternoon of the 23d, the Massachusetts hen having made a nest in the farthest corner of the nesting coop, laid her first egg in the oak leaves. As already noted, this bird had given no signs of laying the preceding spring, nor, indeed, did she manifest any of the restlessness and uneasiness which were displayed by the Ohio hen prior to her nesting at that time. The Ohio hen did not lay her first egg till the 3d of May, but this was twelve days sooner than the previous year. Both hens, however, began laying in the same nest, an unfortunate arrangement that afterward proved the indirect cause of disaster.

On the 23d of April, the first day since the 19th, the male grouse remained quiet and perfectly dejected till toward evening, when he began to strut again as usual. Have noticed that the last day or two he besieges the Ohio hen almost constantly.

April 25.—Up to this date I have seen no evidence that the grouse have mated. Both the hens still seem very coy of the male and keep as far away from him as possible. This afternoon I shut all three birds in the back coop and removed all the perches so they could not get off the ground. After, it became evident that I was interfering with things that I knew nothing about, and accordingly restored the coops to their previous condition. At no time while they remained together were the birds ever seen to mate, the hens remaining shy and distant to the last. What their actual relations were (if any) could only be determined by subsequent examination of the eggs.

May 9.—The male grouse has once or twice showed a disposition to attack the Massachusetts hen and once gave her a severe drubbing, since when she has been very much afraid of him. This pugnacious disposition became so marked that on the 14th I removed the male grouse and confined him in a smaller coop by himself. On the same date the Ohio hen was shut in the back coop, where, after a day of much uneasiness and restlessness, she made a new nest and laid an egg in it on the 15th. This, as before, was a rash experiment, and evidently involved no little risk, but it proved successful so far as to give each hen a nest of her own in separate coops. On the 22d, returning home from a week's absence, I found that the Ohio hen had five eggs in her new nest, but that the Massachusetts hen showed no disposition to sit, although she had evidently stopped laying.

May 27.—The Ohio hen stopped laying to-day; the total number of eggs from the two hens aggregated twenty-two, but as both were laying in the same nest it was impossible to divide the credit. Some careful tests, however, which were completed about this time, with marked eggs, developed the very singular fact that while the eggs of the Ohio hen were fertile, those of the Massachusetts hen were sterile. This would seem to account in some measure for the hostility manifested by the male bird for his Eastern companion. One of my correspondents (Mr. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y.) believes that the grouse is monogamous and that this would explain the action of the male, but the weight of authority seems to be against him.

On the 29th of May the Ohio hen began sitting with nine eggs, the majority of them known to be her own and the remainder in doubt. The Massachusetts hen soon showed the same spasmodic disposition to aid in the incubation as the previous year, and I was obliged to shut her out as before. Thus far, in spite of numerous obstacles and difficulties, all these experiments seemed to progress in the main toward a favorable result. But alas for all human calculations! After sitting five or six days, the hen became nervous and restless from the noise and repeated disturbance about the yard, and early on the morning of the eighth day came off her nest, and at the expiration of the usual time showed no disposition to return to it. The morning passed and not till nearly noon did she go back to her eggs, and then only for a short time. The afternoon was spent again in loitering, and although she returned to the nest at night the mischief had been done. The eggs were put under a common hen, but only one of them ever hatched, and the resulting chick disappeared mysteriously, no one ever knew where. An examination of the eggs confirmed the previous tests, and showed that the majority of them contained chicks in a partial state of development.

That there were numerous mistakes in the plans and methods adopted in these experiments need not be stated. But since everything was of necessity done in the dark, with no precedents as guides, this was not at all surprising. Looking back over the ground it seems probable that all these mistakes could be avoided another season, and yet most unfortunately I find myself without any means of renewing the attempt the coming spring. My original trio of grouse died in July and August last from disease that might have been prevented, if not cured. What became of the three birds obtained last fall Dr. Grinnell has related in the very able article which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 20. I conclude by saying that I am still confident that the ruffed grouse can and will yet be successfully reared in confinement, doubtless by some one who has more skill, if not more enthusiasm than I. J. B. BATTELLE.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Feb. 15, 1887.

[NOTE: The foregoing dates on which the first eggs were laid by the different game birds named are of interest as going to confirm the belief that under favorable circumstances these birds will nest as early in captivity as in a state of nature. It will also be observed that the dates given in each year are earlier than those of the year preceding. 1884, Virginia quail, July 16; 1885, ruffed grouse May 15, Virginia quail May 16, Arizona quail May 30; 1886, ruffed grouse (Mass.) April 23, ruffed grouse (Ohio) May 3, Virginia quail May 5, Arizona quail May 13.—J. B. B.]

SHORE BIRD NOMENCLATURE.—New York, Feb. 5.—I know none of the local Cape Cod names for shore birds, but am pretty well up in those used at Nantucket, which is almost a part of the Cape. In Nantucket the golden plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*) is generally called greenhead. The later flight, when spoken of separately, are called pale-bellies. The black-breasted or shore plover (*Charadrius helveticus*) is called the beetle-head, the Hudsonian godwit (*Limosa hudsonica*) is known as the humility or hook-billed curlew, while the common name for the turn stone (*Strepsilas interpres*) is craddock. The small Esquimaux curlew (*Numenius borealis*), which flies with the golden plover, is called the doebird. The semi-palmated and other small sandpipers are called peckies.—B.

HIBERNATING SQUIRRELS.

IN my article, published in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 13, I made the statement that squirrels are hibernating animals, which I notice has been taken exception to by several correspondents of the paper. One in particular adds to his own personal observations the corroborating statement, "that squirrels do not hibernate in the Adirondacks," by an eminent writer on natural history. Both correspondents lay stress upon their own experience with squirrels, the animals being seen almost any day in midwinter running about in the woods and fields. This fact we know to be true, for in our own Central Park, the small creatures are met with on the coldest days of winter; but in less numbers. They are not perfectly hibernating animals; that is, they do not enter into a state of unconsciousness on the first approach of cold weather and remain so until the warm spring winds renew life again. In my article I qualified my statement by adding the clause, that "from various reasons it is certain that they wake up during the winter time and supply themselves with food." A perfectly hibernating animal does not do this, as, for instance, the bats, hedgehogs and reptiles. The bear is called a hibernating animal, and yet any hunter will tell you that he has frequently met one of these unfriendly creatures roaming about the woods in the dead of winter, a warm spell of weather having awakened him, and the pangs of hunger sent him forth in search of food. The phenomenon of hibernation is still shrouded in considerable mystery, not being so well understood as one could wish; but it is evidently a physiological condition, and not produced simply by cold, though it is favored by it, because cold induces sleep, which may afterward pass into hibernation. The long slumber which many reptiles, mollusks and other inferior organisms undergo in the dry season in very hot countries, is analogous to hibernation, and is certainly not induced by the cold. Many instances are on record where sheep have been buried in snow drifts in Scotland for several weeks without sustaining any injury. During this time the animals were evidently unconscious, and were, in a sense, hibernating, although respiration was maintained during the whole time of their imprisonment.

The fact that squirrels are met with in the winter time should not be construed as convincing evidence that the creatures do not hibernate. It is evident that animals feeding on insects and succulent vegetables could never survive a northern winter but for the sake of hibernation which suspends the need of food. The squirrels lay up a store of berries and nuts for their winter use, and thus probably guard against perfect hibernation, although liable at any moment to pass off into such a state. Much depends upon the system of the animal as well as upon the temperature of the atmosphere. A strong, healthy animal will resist the inclination to sleep longer than a weaker one.

My own experience and observations in this field lead me to believe that squirrels do pass into a state of hibernation during the winter time, although I have never had the opportunity of seeing one in that condition. In a grove of trees close to the house where I was living for two winters on Long Island, two families of squirrels had taken up their winter quarters. I watched them carefully and, while scarcely a day passed but I saw one or more of the small creatures, I soon discovered that some of the family were invisible for weeks at a time. In extremely cold weather I noticed that the animals kept themselves very close in their homes, seldom venturing out except when necessity demanded it. Upon the approach of warm weather, however, every one of the creatures were out, running about in the woods and leaping in playful moods among the branches of the trees. Under these circumstances, I could not say definitely, from my own experience, that squirrels do hibernate even for a short period, but there is room left for a strong belief that they do.

To substantiate my own conclusions I will quote the words of Mr. W. F. Kirby, joint author of "Introduction to Entomology," and writer of the article on hibernation in the new Encyclopædia Britannica, which is still in the course of publication. "Several animals," he says, "belonging to this order (*Rodentia*) hibernate more or less completely, among which we may mention the hamster, the porcupine, the dormouse, the squirrel and the marmot. Several of these awake at intervals to feed and therefore lay up a store of provisions before they retire, although they all become very fat before winter. Other species of this order hibernate less perfectly, or only occasionally, like the hare, which will lie beneath snow in a small cavity just large enough to receive her body, for some weeks unharmed." GEO. E. WALSH.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE TERNS OF MATINICUS ROCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 10th inst. Mr. C. E. Cahoon, of Taunton, Mass., expresses his regret that "an honorable and respectable man" like myself should have been deceived in the matter of his killing terns or Medrick gulls near Matinicus Rock.

I thank him for the full value of his estimate of me, and only wish to say for Mr. Grant, who may not see his letter, that Mr. G.'s letter to me was written at my request, as I hoped the fish and game commissioners of Maine might be able to prosecute Mr. Cahoon. Finding there was no law under which this could be done, I authorized the publication of the letter to which Mr. Cahoon takes exception.

In regard to Mr. C.'s statement that he "did not go to Matinicus until the terns had finished breeding," I can say that on my visit to Matinicus Rock, early in July, I was officially appealed to to stop the slaughter. At that time the terns were, to my personal knowledge, breeding.

I have perfect confidence in Mr. Grant, and am satisfied that every statement he has made, as of his own knowledge, is correct. If others gave him incorrect information it was not his fault. I do not wish to be hard on Mr. Cahoon when I add that it remains to be seen that such was the case. E. A. BATCHELLER,

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 15. Commander U. S. N.

WORDS NOT IN THE DICTIONARY.—The undersigned will be greatly obliged to any readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who may favor him with local phrases and idioms, particularly such as refer to sports of the field; words that have crystallized among the hill towns of New England, or that have sprung into being with new camps out West and grown up with the country. There are idioms and phrases perfectly intelligible in certain localities, but not heard nor understood elsewhere; old words acquire new shades of meaning, and new words are invented. Some of these terms are not to be found in the dictionaries of the day, but the editors of the great Century Dictionary, now preparing, propose to omit nothing that should have a place in its pages.—C. B. R., care of FOREST AND STREAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

DEER PACKING IN ALASKA.

THOSE who go to southeast Alaska to hunt must adopt one of two means of getting their game to the water's edge; they must either carry it themselves or employ Indians to do it for them, for no pack animals can be obtained there. One superannuated mule was a resident of Sitka until last year, when rumor said he died. He was a relic of the army which occupied the Territory after its transfer, and when the country was evacuated he was too worthless to carry away, and he became, therefore, the sole representative of the equine race in Alaska, and consequently was an object of interest to sightseers. The hunter might adopt the plan of killing all his deer on the beach and thus avoid the trials of packing. Deer make frequent visits to salt water for the purpose of eating the seaweed. They come down for the salt in the early morning and in the evening, and he who hunts them in this way must paddle cautiously along the shore, or anchor his boat in a good spot and cover it with bushes.

Few people, I fear, will appreciate the difficulties of hunting in Alaska until they have been there—the amount of rainfall, except in very favorable seasons, the rocky nature of the region, the density of the undergrowth, the tangle of fallen timber, and the spongy character of the soil they will be obliged, at times, to tramp over.

The first time I went deer hunting in that country I had an Indian with me who did the packing, and I then studied his method, though I did not immediately put it into practice; in fact it was not until I had nearly broken my back carrying the game in the old way that I resorted to the Indian mode, and now I would never attempt any other. The first deer I helped to pack out of the woods I saw on the beach, as a comrade and I were paddling along shore in a canoe; but before we could make a landing the deer had disappeared in the woods unalarmed. I noted the direction in which it went, landed above it and then entered the timber myself. With the aid of a deer call in a little while he was brought near enough to me to receive the fatal bullet. It was a two-year-old buck and it looked so pretty in its entirety that my companion, who came to my assistance at the sound of the rifle, insisted that we carry it down as it lay. It was but a few hundred yards from the beach to where the deer fell, but I can yet feel very vividly how hot the carry was and how deeply the pole cut into my shoulder; every few yards one of us would cry a halt, and the distance was more than doubled by zig-zagging to avoid the tangles of underbrush and timber, but we got the deer into the boat without mutilation.

The next time I had such an experience we lay at anchor in one of the long branches of Clarence Strait that runs into Prince of Wales Island, named by us McLean's Arm. It was virgin hunting ground for the white man, and my comrade and I were the first to get ashore for the purpose of hunting. The time was an afternoon in the early part of September. We landed at the mouth of a little stream, whose valley at this point is not much wider than the stream itself. The water tumbles over a ledge of rock about six feet high, and beyond this the land broadens out into a rounded valley of not very large dimensions. Where the fresh water mingled with the salt the salmon were jumping up in a lively manner, and a few had succeeded in surmounting the falls and were in the pools above. As we proceeded up this valley we saw more bear signs than we had seen anywhere else in southeastern Alaska. The ground looked as if it had been plowed up by a drove of hogs; it was done, however, by the bears after the root of a broad-leafed plant, known up there as the "skunk cabbage." Along the sides of the pools where the salmon were they had worn dusty paths in their efforts to get at the fish, and the trunks of the trees around about were clawed as high up as they could reach. However, we did not see any, for the bear is a wily animal, more cautious in his movements, I think, than the deer.

We soon left the valley and ascended one of the hills sloping to the eastward, where the ground was open and where the deer signs were thick and fresh. We seated ourselves on the right edge of this space, a few feet distant from a small tree; but we were not under any cover whatever. The ground, comparatively open, sloped away from us to a little stream, and the further bank, about one hundred yards distant, was covered with trees and undergrowth. I began blowing the deer call, given me by an Indian at Port Simpson, the ribbon of which was a piece of the yellow silk used to hold the bundles of cigars together. I had been blowing the call, I think, about ten minutes when we heard a noise as of bushes crackling on the opposite side of the little stream, and very soon two deer emerged into the clearing, crossed the stream and came to a standstill about seventy-five yards away from us. As they were approaching us we were as immovable as the tree trunk which was near us. Deer do not seem to detect danger in stationary objects; they depend more upon their sense of smell and on moving objects to warn them when to flee. As soon as they came to a stop I opened fire. The first shot missed, because I had rested my elbow on my knee, which was shaking, the foot not being flat on the ground. The second shot took effect, but the deer bounded off badly wounded.

I now turned my attention to the second deer, which had not moved away, but stood as if stupified, though my companion had been popping at it all the while with his little Colt's revolving rifle. At my first shot he tumbled in his tracks, shot through the neck. This deer I believed to have been only creased, for the bullet passed through the upper and fleshy part of the neck near the base of the skull, but the vertebra was not touched. However, we did not give him time to recover from the shock but settled his "hash" right then with the knife. We then began the search for the first deer, which was very shortly found tumbled into a hole about 50yds. away. All the deer which I have killed, excepting the one just mentioned, have run a greater or less distance after being hit. This has been a surprise to me, for with my rifle, which is of large caliber for such game—.45—I had expected to see them fall to the shock, at least. I have, therefore, concluded that one does not often knock a deer down by a shot through the cavities of the body. I have likewise noticed that when mortally wounded, as all of mine have been, they have always succumbed to some obstruction in their path, such as a hole or a slight elevation of the ground; had the latter been level they would, no doubt, have continued running much further. Our next proceeding was to disembowel the deer and cut away all useless parts, for we had to get them down to the water a mile or so away, and did not wish to be burdened by needless weight. We carried them in the old way, slung a pole between us, and the same amount of fatigue and pain were undergone; finally we were so exhausted that one of the deer had to be left by the way, which necessitated a second trip over our tracks.

The Indian proceeds in the following manner: He makes ropes by twisting the slender branches of the yellow cedar until they are pliable, and with these he sews up the abdominal cut and binds together the legs of each side, a fore and hind leg, after cutting them off at the first joint. He thrusts his arms up to the shoulders through the legs thus tied, and binds the two sides together across his chest by an end of one of the withes left for that purpose. The weight is evenly distributed and firmly bound to the body, his arms and hands are free, and he carries the deer pick-a-pack, neck upward, the head, of course, being cut off. This method of packing deer, when the hunter has to get them out of the woods himself, is so superior to all others that I am acquainted with, I believe it might be adopted with advantage anywhere.

The next time it devolved upon me to pack my own game down to the water's edge, we were at anchor in Steamer Bay, at the upper end of Etolin Island. One morning, as I sat below reading and smoking my after-breakfast cigar, I heard a voice on deck sing out "bear," and quickly seizing my rifle and cartridge belt I hurried up. On the beach, abreast the vessel, about 500yds. away, a big black bear was nosing in the tall grass totally unaware of our presence. We were debating the chances of approaching it in a boat, when one of the men forward, in his excitement, fired a rifle at it and the bear scampered off into the woods. Two of us got into the canoe and paddled ashore to see if we could head off the brute.

We saw we easily could have approached the bear unobserved. The tide was low and a ledge of rock jutted out from the shore, behind which we could have gotten within good rifle distance. We concluded he had gone up a ravine to the right and we therefore bore off to the left to get the wind and to head him off. If allowed a little time to get over his fright he would probably soon stop and begin rooting up the skunk cabbage, if he had not finished his breakfast.

When we reached the higher ground the deer signs looked so fresh and promising that we concluded to halt now and then and call for them. At the third stop I had scarcely begun blowing the call when my companion whispered, "Hold on, there's one;" but as he did not shoot and as I did not see it, I gave another low call, when it leaped into an opening in full view of both of us. It evidently saw me, for I was standing up in plain sight of it. It stood head on, and as I wished a side or quartering shot I blew again to make it move. It advanced, but without changing its relative position to me. I therefore took aim at its forehead and pressed the trigger, and as it swung around to make off my comrade fired. We saw it fall a short distance away from us. My ball had gone through the base of the right ear, and as I stood upon higher ground it entered the body again on the same side, just in front of the hip bone, plowed along the rectum and emerged at the base of the tail. The other ball struck on the same side, about three inches in front of mine, where it entered the body the second time, passed through and to the rear, shattering the left thigh and lodging in the skin of that side. Either shot would have been fatal, but the deer was awarded to me. We soon had it prepared for carrying out, and I mounted it on my back in the most approved Indian fashion, and was surprised to find how easily and comfortable it could be borne. I carried it a distance equal to any of my previous packings, which I found so laborious, and the ground was as much broken and as thickly wooded; I did this not only without fatigue, but without once stopping to rest myself, and at the same time carrying a 9lb. rifle in my hands. Of course the pursuit of the bear was discontinued, and as we were returning to the beach in as straight a line as we could go, we crossed a branch of the larger ravine, up which we imagined the bear had retreated. What was our surprise to find that the bear had gone up this small ravine and was rooting up cabbages a few hundred yards from us at the time we shot the deer.

We got on board just as the others were sitting down to their noonday meal.

T. H. S.

MARE ISLAND, Cal.

GROWING WILD CELERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am invited by you to give a plain and detailed statement just how to put out wild celery seed. You ask me to give you just the information I myself was seeking when first I wrote you upon the subject.

I have been instrumental in sowing wild celery seed and planting bulbs in Big Sandy Pond, Jefferson county, contiguous to Lake Ontario. It would be useless for me to advise my friends what to do in case of a desire on their part to raise wild celery. I will simply say to all what I would do myself, did I desire to again reproduce this most valuable plant.

First and above all, this plant calls for wet ground—very wet ground—a pond of water, a real, genuine, old-fashioned slough, plenty of wet muck and loam with an abundance of water. If the water sets over all from one to ten feet all the better. You all know what kind of a pond or marsh is needed to make a first-class feeding ground for ducks. I should make my order for seed or bulbs for a couple of barrels or more. I would place some of the seed at most or all the good places in or about the marsh. I am satisfied this seed will grow in almost any fresh water marsh. What it would do in a salt water marsh I do not know. Whenever I come upon a desirable spot, I would sow a fair sprinkling of seed upon it broadcast, as farmers sow wheat. I would now and then plant a little of the seed, and occasionally a bulb. I would do this at all the desirable places found until my seed was exhausted. Everybody knows how to sow seed broadcast. No instructions are in order as to the matter of sowing. Do it in the usual way.

As to planting. Have made a tin tube, the length depending upon the depth of water it is to work in. Have a plunger made to work upon the inside of the tube. Form a wad of earth, and in the wad inclose a few pods containing celery seed. Place it in the bottom of the tube, inserting it fairly tight. Run the tube down to the bottom of the water, force it into the soil a trifle, and with the plunger force the wad, seed and all, into the mud or soil below. Then let the seed take care of itself. In this way I would continue my endeavors over all the likely places about the pond. I would plant the bulbs on the marshy ground where the water would stand, say about 1 or 2ft. deep. I would plant them the same way as seeds. Were I now to try again, having seen what I have, and knowing what I do about the raising of this plant, the above programme would be very close upon what I should try to do. For seed I would address Mr. D. W. Cross, of Cleveland, Ohio. This plant grows thereabouts in great profusion. Mr. Cross is a gentleman, and withal a sportsman, and I think he knows as much about wild celery as any man in the circle of my acquaintance. He can give as good advice and directions, and furnish the seed or bulbs, or both, at as reasonable cost as any man within my knowledge. I think he wrote me during our correspondence he would charge for seeds and bulbs only the actual cost of harvesting, preparing to ship, and incidental expenses. I think that the seeds and bulbs can only be obtained in the fall, when the water is at its lowest. I know of no other man to order celery seed from.

S. E. KINGSLEY.

HUNTING RIFLES.

My Dear "P.":

The record of your bullet, as written up in the January and February *Rifle*, has given me "more light" upon that cranky lump of inert matter that have all my prior education and experience with that little understood projectile. Never before had I fully realized what was meant by "shock" when that word was applied to the effect of a rifle ball striking an animal. True it must be that if a rifle ball is so constructed that when it strikes an animal it expends its force then and there upon that animal, it must produce more nerve destruction and be more destructive to life than it would were its force but slightly obstructed by passing through that animal, I thank you for that before not fully realized truth.

I shall not agree with you in your statement with reference to the comparisons you make of the 114-330 rifle and the "usually designed American sporting rifles." If a rifle ball has sufficient power to overcome the life of an animal when it strikes it, then a million times more power would be wholly useless; and with reference to the trajectory of such rifles, most of the wild animals that are shot in this country (I mean deer, antelope, elk, bear, etc.) are shot at a sange averaging about 100yds. Let your Bullard .45-85 be sighted for a point blank at that range, and the fall of the ball at 200yds. will not exceed 6 or 8in., if that much. Your 114-330 ball will fall from 4 to 6in. under like conditions, giving it an advantage of but 2 to 4in. Now when you come to make a hasty shot at an elk, deer, antelope or bear, at 200yds. off-hand, or with a catch rest when excited and in a hurry to shoot, is not this a small margin to cavil about? Is there not too much of the "tweedle dee and tweedle dum" Don Quixote windmill about it? I may be wrong with reference to the trajectory of the guns under the conditions named, but I do not think that I am with reference to the difference of the trajectories of these two guns. This wave of low trajectories may have struck you too hard, as has doubtless the theory of the inefficiency of the breechloading rifle when compared with the muzzleloader Major Merrill.

Do you realize that the rapid decimation of all kinds of game in this country has occurred since the advent of the breechloading rifle and shotgun? For a number of years I have made an annual pilgrimage to the once noted hunting grounds of Arkansas. When we first went there there was not a breechloading rifle or shotgun in that part of the State. Every man had his rifle, but it was a muzzleloader of the old Kentucky style. In rainy weather it was too wet, the powder and caps would get damp and would not explode nor the powder ignite, and it was too much trouble to load it anyhow. In cold weather it was too cold, the fingers would suffer in loading, and then only one shot could be had at a drove of deer. In fact it was necessity and not pleasure that induced its use. On our first trip we introduced the breechloading rifle, and from that time they have rapidly taken the place of the old muzzleloader, until now there is seldom found in all that country a muzzleloading rifle, but almost every man of eighteen years and upward has his Winchester, Bullard or Kennedy repeating rifle, and it is in use upon all wet, dry and cold days, it is easy to manipulate and no amount of rain wets its ammunition or cold dampens the ardor of the hunter. Its destructive qualities with the real pleasure that it gives in its use, causes it to be more often used than was the muzzleloader and by a greater number of persons. It is the lazy man's gun, and the lazy man as well as the energetic one, hunts if he does not have to exert himself too much to do so. The result has been the extermination (or nearly so) of the game in that at one time famous game country, and this has been accomplished by the introduction and use of this magazine rifle.

It is useless to try to legislate the game back into its old haunts by the enacting of game laws, leaving lengthy open seasons to the death-dealing magazine rifle and the breechloading shotgun. Make it a felony to own or be in possession of any breechloading firearm and you would have the best game protecting law that could be placed upon the statutes. None of us could now enjoy hunting to the extent that we do if we were driven back upon the use of the old muzzleloader (always, of course, excepting Major Merrill). Such a law would have saved the buffalo and other about extinct game animals that before the introduction of the breechloader roamed in countless millions over the plains and prairies, and in the forests of our country.

To illustrate, let it be a felony to have in possession, or to in any way use a seine net or other device used for the taking of fish other than with a hook or line. In other words, abolish from the United States every device for the taking of fish other than with hook and line, and in less than ten years our lakes and streams would swarm with fish; but such a law can never be enacted. We live in an age of bustling, rushing progress. Years of time are forced into months, and months into days. It is an age of "God save the hindmost," for we have no time to fool away in doing so.

MESTIER.

TALK ABOUT AMMUNITION.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading the letter of your correspondent, "J. M. W.," on the penetration of shot, dated Feb. 2, and am at some loss to imagine what results he expected to get. Did he start out with the idea that increasing the wads would increase penetration? If so, he overdid the matter in a curious way. He starts with no less than five thick wads on 2¼drs. powder, in a 12-bore choke gun, and gets a penetration of fifty sheets of paper. Then he takes out one wad, leaving four, and gets a penetration of seventy sheets. Then instead of trying three wads, and then two, with the same charge of powder, he tries the three wads with an increased charge of powder, or 3drs., and gets a penetration of eighty-five sheets, and then tries two wads on 3¼drs. powder and gets ninety.

Now, it is a wonder to me, that with five wads in such a barrel, he got any penetration at all. It must have nearly exhausted all the force in the powder to blow the wads through the barrel, without leaving any for the shot. No force is gained by increasing the wads beyond enough to confine the gas of the powder so that it will not escape by it. There has been an absurd notion of late years that much is to be gained by greatly increasing the wadding, but there is no sense in it.

I got some excellent results in penetration last fall, while comparing my old Hollis & Sons muzzleloader with a new Fox gun, belonging to one of my sons, with only one pink-edge Ely and one Baltimore felt wad on the powder and one cardboard on the shot. I am sorry I did not preserve the records, but we were testing more for pattern than penetration, and the Fox beat my old weapon badly.

By the way, if the Baltimore people want to keep the market for those wads they must furnish a more perfect article. The box which I bought at Read & Sons, in Boston, contains wads varying from ½ to ⅝in. in thickness, and many of them have crescents cut out of them where the previous wad was struck and are worthless. If "J. M. W." will repeat his experiments and reverse them, putting the heavy wads on the heavy powder, and *vice versa*, or trying all varieties of wad with the same charges, the result will be worth having.

If we were not "knee-deep" in snow, I would go out and do it myself, but it is impracticable in this region just now.

I pity the grouse and squirrels in our woods this winter. Alternations of snow, rain and cold have covered the earth deep with an impenetrable coat of ice that nothing can get through for search of food. We have a family of red squirrels living in our attic and in the hollow walls of the house this winter, and it is safe to say they don't "hibernate" much, in the common acceptation of the term. I am so deaf that they do not trouble me, but my family scold about them not a little. VON W.

IN A GOOSE PIT.

HAVING so much pleasure from reading accounts of hunting, boating and fishing trips in the FOREST AND STREAM, I feel like giving my mite. In the fall of 1885 I was residing on the shores of one of the larger lakes in the park region of Minnesota and was having a grand time boating, fishing and duck shooting. One fine morning about the middle of October, my wife told me she did not want any more ducks brought home; she had had more than were wanted; and I had a well-founded suspicion that my neighbors did not hanker far any more just then. But here I was, right in the best of the season, game plenty, and I had just got my hand in full swing. I did not want to shoot for the market and a game butcher I despise; but something had to be done. I knew the wild geese were feeding on the wheat stubble out on the prairie, and I made up my mind to "lay for them" with shotgun and shoot out of pits. I had had enough of crawling from eighty to forty rods to get within two or three hundred yards of them to shoot with the rifle. I went to C., one of my neighbors, and told him of the trip. C. was plowing, but he had the right stuff, called his hired man and said he would go. We were to take a boat and rig out for camping out two or three days. With a nice breeze abeam, in the warm hazy autumn weather we started for the south shore of the lake, three and a half miles away. Half way across we started some pelicans sunning themselves on a stone reef and almost too lazy to fly off as we slowly sailed by.

At 3 o'clock we landed, and pulling the boat up as high as we could, made fast, shouldered guns, decoys and spades, and went southwest over the prairie a mile and a half, where we came on a flock of geese feeding on the stubble of a wheat field. Of course, they lit out as soon as we appeared. Here was our chance. Walking up to the spot we found two pits already dug, which showed there had been shooting here before. This saved us considerable work. We set out decoys and jumped in, promising ourselves that we would do some terrible execution when the evening flight commenced. In a short time we heard the welcome honk, and a single goose came in our direction from the lake. We lay low, the decoys did their work, and when the goose swung by C.'s musket and my double breechloader paid their compliments and the goose dropped. We felt able to "scoop" Bogardus. Then came honking again. Carefully looking over the edge of our pit we could see to the southwest two flocks coming our way, one a mile off and the other we could just see against the sky. We squatted down low and now they were right on us. Three reports woke the welkin, but instead of half a dozen or so, the least expected, not one goose fell. But there was no time to fool around; the other flock was coming our way. I could hear C.'s iron ramrod pounding while he was muttering something, and I slipped in a couple of shells with a hearty approval of C.'s remarks. But here they were wheeling close by us, now we would have them sure; our guns banged again, but not a feather dropped. We looked at each other with blank astonishment. After a short while another flock gave warning, there they were coming straight for us; we were ready for them with blood in our eye; now they were straight over us, and not—I will draw a veil over our feelings when, in response to our three shots, not a goose nor a feather dropped. It was dusk, and without a word we crawled out of the pits, took our guns and the single goose and started for the boat, which we reached about dark. C. built the camp-fire while I prepared our lone goose. At bed time we crawled under the boat tent, where we were warm and comfortable and soon fell asleep.

But a bad beginning sometimes ends well. We spent one day and a half in the same pits, had glorious weather, took our noon nap when the geese were not flying, shot all the geese we wanted for our own use, had some to spare for our neighbors, and in fact, enjoyed a splendid time, and that ought to satisfy any reasonable sportsman. S.

BELOIT, Wis.

A CAROM ON BRUIN.

THE frequent mention of remarkable shots reminds me that the man that shoots much will be quite sure to score some remarkable hits, also some remarkable misses. But the most remarkable shot that I remember just now, was made by W. Stone, who shot at a live mark for the first time. It happened in this wise. Several hunters started one morning (after a light snowfall) to drive some bears out of a windfall, and with much urging they persuaded Stone to make one of the party, also furnished him with an old musket loaded with an ounce ball. They put Stone on one of the several places where they supposed the bears would be likely to run, and some of the hunters took in other runways, while one or two men put for the windfall. About one hour had elapsed when the roar of Stone's old musket was heard, accompanied by tremendous yells and hallooing, which brought two men on a dead run to learn what the trouble might be. They found Stone standing in his tracks, and pointing toward a bear about twelve rods distant, which lay kicking with its back broken. Stone says that he saw the bear running past and had no time to get a sight, but pointed the gun that way, shut both eyes and fired. While Stone and the two hunters stood over the bear, the third man came up. He was a hawk-eyed old fellow, and before he got up to the trio, he noticed that a bullet had grazed through the frozen bark of a beech tree, and scattered the dust on the new show. Here was a matter that must be looked into, and he did not stop investigating until he had ascertained, first, that the beech tree was about eight rods from where Stone stood when he fired, and that the grazing was a long way out of a straight line toward the bear, and that the ball glanced off on a tangent of 45 or 50 degrees to strike the bear. Had the bullet not turned its course it would have passed the bear some 25yds. one side. The hunters considered that such an unheard of result from such wild shooting was past joking about, and Stone all the while declaring that it was the most remarkable shot ever made, and no one seemed to feel inclined to dispute it. Stone had never been known to fire a gun before, and I have never known him to fire a gun since.

The shooting of that bear, as above described, is an exception to all bear rules, and very likely never had a precedent. I am sure that a bear has as many lives as a cat, which is generally rated at nine. I have never hunted grizzlies, having never lost any, but I have lost several black bears, some of which were mortally wounded, and cost me many miles travel. But his get-away powers are marvelous. Where there seems to be only one chance in ten to escape, he will invariably get the benefit of that one chance. ANTLER.

GRANDVIEW, Tenn., Feb. 14, 1887.

MAINE WINTER NOTES.

IT IS the season when the gun rests harmlessly in the case, and yet when the sportsman reflects that it is the time which tries the game that he loves to hunt, he mentally asks, "How fares the game? Was the last blizzard—the last snow storm—destructive to the grouse? How did the quail stand it? Have the partridges been crusted under this winter as badly as last? Is the snow very deep in the woods where the deer are yarding? Are the last of the lordly moose to be crusted this winter?" This is a string of questions that would be difficult of answer as they should be answered, but here and there a hint from the game regions may give us some light. In the first place the snow is remarkably deep in the north woods, that is, in the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire and New Brunswick. Even down the coast as far as Nova Scotia, reports indicate a hard winter, with very deep snows. One guide of long experience in the north woods of Oxford county, Maine, writes me that he fully intended to have spent the greater part of the winter gumming, an occupation at which he has made $2 per day in other winters, but the snow has fallen so deep and generally so light that he has staid at home, though he hopes to get into the woods on the crusts of March. He says that he has never known the snow deeper in that section. Once he had been into the woods for gum, but gave it up as a bad job after a day or two out, and turned his attention to gathering pine for pillows, which pine he sent to Boston. By the way, these pine pillows are becoming a feature in the best rooms of the Hub houses. takes a fancy to, and filled with the fine-cut boughs of the pine and balsam fir. Then as the husband or brother of shooting and camping prolivities, when he happens to feel blue or bored with cares, why he justs takes that pine They are made of silk, or of whatever material the maker pillow, gives it a shake, buries his face in it, with a long-drawn sniff, and is in the woods again, in imagination, with gun in hand and the balsam trees all about him.

But we started out to look after the game and not to shoot it, even in imagination, though I believe that the laws do not prohibit that sort of shooting, even in close time. The guide writes me that so far as his trips into the woods have extended he is of the opinion that the partridges are wintering well. There have been no snow crusts to trouble them in that section. The deer are remarkably plenty; they are well yarded up by this time and it is greatly to be hoped that the temptation to crust them will not be too great. At Kingfield, Me., in the northern part of Franklin county, three or four live deer have been taken by the boys in the woods where they were lumbering. The snow was so deep that they could run but a short distance, and they were secured without difficulty or injury and brought down to the village for the captors' friends to see. It is understood that the deer were then allowed to depart in peace.

Letters from lumbermen to lumber merchants here indicate that the snow is from five to seven feet deep in the woods of eastern and northern Maine, and if such be the case, as it is without a doubt, then God pity the deer in the Michigan region. The feeling is such that they will be slaughtered there for their hides, if not out of pure spite against those who are trying to protect them. In New Brunswick also the snow is so deep that the lumber teams are getting out of the woods, and the chances of the moose and deer are hard. What the results will be, if these deep snows are followed by crust in March, remains to be seen. At any rate the chances are against the larger game more than for two or three winters previous, which have been characterized by very light snows in February and March—one year with the ground so bare that the lumbermen had to leave the woods for the want of snow, and following which Commissioner Stillwell wrote that nature had saved the deer for one season at least, by giving no snow on which to crust them.

The increase has been wonderful up to this year. Why at this very Kingfield, where the deer have been taken alive by the boys, thirty years ago, such a thing was unheard of? The deer came up to the deep snows of this winter holding their own remarkably well. The Boston market did not get them, and the law was better obeyed among the local sportsmen than usual, but now it looks as though the chances for crusting were to be bad for the game. But those who would like to crust-hunt will be more careful than formerly, for the law is more widely known and understood, and well-meaning people will hesitate more than ever about breaking it. Would that the Maine Commission had the means whereby the law might be enforced as it ought to be enforced. It is painful to think of, that a few idle poachers and crust-hunters can, if the snow happens to be deep and covered with a crust, go into the woods and destroy the whole work of years of deer protection in a few days, when the winter is so far passed that but for the miserable slaughtering proclivities of these game thieves, the worst would soon be over and another season of increase would follow.

SPECIAL.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A Malone, Franklin county, N. Y., paper has this to say of the Adirondack deer:

"We hear reports every now and then that deer are being killed in the country to the south of us by crusting them, and that the practice is more prevalent this winter than before in many years, There would seem to be a field here for the investigation of a game protector if the State has one in this section who is not afraid to do his duty. Another paper says that Albert Mann, while surveying in the Adirondacks last week, had occasion to cross Twin Ponds, in township No. 9, Malone, and while near the neck between the waters saw an object moving on the ice, which on approaching proved to be a dog eating a deer. The deer was yet alive, but the dog had mangled the body in a fearful manner, the hide was stripped from the flesh in several places, and as Mr. Mann approached, the dog was eating from the hind part of the carcass. The ice for a space of ten rods around was covered with tracks and blood, which indicated that a fearful death struggle had ensued. A short distance from this Mr. Mann discovered another object, and on going to it found it was the half eaten carcass of a noble buck, which had met a fate similar to the first not more than a day or two before. On Tuesday Mr. Mann saw the dog which was killing the deer at the shanty of Charles J. Adams' lumber camp, located in the northwest corner of the town of Duane. The dog is a black shepherd and is owned by a teamster drawing logs to Mr. Adams. At this season when the snow is deep and the crust is sufficient to carry a dog, but not sufficient to hold a deer, it is an easy thing for a dog to overtake a deer while the animal is yet alive, and something should be done to prevent such outrage."

The above, if true—and there is no reason to doubt it—is an outrage on humanity and the people of the Empire State alike.

This comes from the home of Assemblyman Hadley, chairman of the committee on game laws, whose action as such chairman more than that of any other man, made it possible for such an outrage to occur. The writer attended the hearing of the Senate committee at Albany last winter, and listened to arguments in favor of hounding. The speakers said that hounding made deer shy, that dogs never caught deer; that deer simply played with dogs; that they loafed around until they tired of their company and then ran off; that they could run three miles while a dog ran one, etc., etc. When it was suggested that a dog under certain circumstances could catch a deer, they scouted the idea, and when it was said that dogs sometimes ate their victims alive these gentlemen simply laughed the notion down as unworthy of argument.

Here is one case reported. How many have gone unreported? How many deer has this one dog killed and eaten? How many has he killed or helped to kill that have been eaten by the workmen at this lumber camp? How many other camps could be reported in like manner if the truth was known? Dog deer in summer for the pleasure of Mr. Hadley, Dr. Ward & Co. Dog deer in winter for the sustenance of the lumbermen and starving curs. And how long will you have deer? The dogs must go or the deer will have to. Which shall it be?

There ought to be no question in the matter. The Legislature of the State of New York should take the matter up, and in the interest of humanity, if nothing else, make such cruel slaughter of our noblest game impossible. Will they do it? Or has the baying of the hound—so different from the howling of the wolf—and the soft argument of a few persons who want to sit on a log and listen to the music, such a soothing influence that they forget the horrible cruelty perpetrated? Shoot the dog that worries sheep; everybody—even his owner—says so. Make that owner pay the damages, everybody says that is justice. Shoot the dog that eats deer alive, make his owner pay damages, and then let our Legislature express in emphatic language its disapproval of any law that makes it possible to feed lumber camps and howling curs on deer meat in midwinter.

J. H. RUSHTON.

CANTON, N. Y., Feb. 16.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, Feb. 19.—In the Municipal Court on Wednesday, F. A. Belcher and Gilbert F. Quinn, doing business as F. A. Belcher & Co., provision dealers in Dock Square, were arraigned on complaint of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, on charge of having in possession ruffed grouse (partridge) during the close season. The case was not pressed because the defendants, who had just started in business, could not have paid the fine and one would have gone to jail. They were let off with costs.—HUB.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the Auburn Gun Club, held at their rooms Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, 1887, the following was acted upon and adopted:

Inasmuch as it is in accord with the sentiment of sportsmen in general and those of the Auburn Gun Club in particular, that the abolishment of spring duck shooting will be beneficial as a means of preserving that species of game and increasing the same; therefore,

Resolved, That the members of this club do hereby respectfully request the members representing this county in the Senate and Assembly of New York State, to use all honorable means in their power for the enactment of such law or laws as will do away with the destruction and murderous custom of killing ducks while breeding and on their way to breeding grounds in the spring.

Resolved, That the secretary of this club be authorized to make copies of this preamble and these resolutions, and forward them to our members at Albany.

CHAS. W. TUTTLE, President.
H. R. KIDNEY, Secretary.
S. F. RATHBUN, Treasurer.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 17.

The following circular sent out by the Monmouth Shooting and Fishing Club, sets forth the opposition of some Illinois sportsmen to the proposed law:

OFFICE OF THE MONMOUTH SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUB.—Monmouth, Ill., Jan. 17, 1887.—DEAR SIR—A bill has been or will be introduced at the present session of the Legislature of this State which has for its object the abolition of spring shooting of waterfowl. Believing such a law would be unjust, we inclose you a blank petition with the request that you get as many signers as possible and forward to your Representatives with as little delay as the case will permit. Our reasons for not wanting this law to pass are numerous, some of which we submit.

First—We believe it is being pushed by a comparatively few who are interested pecuniarily. Just who are the chief backers of the intended change we can only guess. Certainly we know it will put thousands of dollars into the hands of artificial target men, and will not hurt, and may possibly benefit the business of the professional market-hunter, for they can go south and shoot through the winter, while the great majority of hunters are men of moderate means and will not be able to stand the expense of such a trip in order to gratify their love of the sport.

Second—The abolition of spring shooting means to most sections of this State, nothing more or less than the abolition of all shooting; because, as a rule, we have low water in the fall, and low water means no ducks.

Third—It will do no good. The market never has been glutted by birds killed in this State; for where one bird is killed in this State ten are killed in the Southern swamps. Missouri is agitating the question of abolishing spring shooting, but that such a law will be passed is doubtful, and until it is, to ask that the hunters in this State be deprived of their sport in order that the market-hunters of that State may profit thereby is an insult. Nor is this all. For every duck shot in this State while they are passing north, hundreds of eggs are taken from the nests in the north. Eighty millions of eggs were last year shipped out of Manitoba, and yet with this drain on the ducks in the south and on the eggs in the north, we are asked to fold our hands, lest forsooth we will glut the market and exterminate the ducks. Let the change be made at the ends and then it will be time enough to consider the middle. We can possibly stand it to be spit upon but protest against its being rubbed in.

Be expeditious, the other side is hard at work and are backed by somebody's money. We must work also. We would suggest that copies of the inclosed petition be made and circulated in your county so as to save time. Yours respectfully,

MONMOUTH SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUB.

PROPOSED NEW YORK LAW.

FOLLOWING is a summary of the bill prepared by the New York Game and Fish Protective Society, with others, and to be submitted at Albany:

Section 1. Forbids the hunting of deer during the months of November, December, January, February, March, April, June, July and the first fourteen days of August, and the sale or possession of fresh venison during the same time, except during the first fifteen days of November and except as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 2. Forbids the killing, sale, or possession of wild duck, goose, or brant during April (?) May, June, July and August; of quail, robin, meadow-lark, gray or black squirrel, rabbit, prairie chicken, spruce grouse or Canada partridge, during January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August and September, and ruffed grouse or partridge in the same season (except that in the Forest Preserve [Essex, Franklin, Hamilton, Fulton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren and Washington counties] September is an open month); of woodcock during January, February, March, April, May, June, August and September; plover, tatler, sandpiper, willet, godwit, curlew or bay snipe, during January, February, March, April, May and June.

Sec. 3. Forbids catching, killing, sale or possession of brook trout, speckled trout, landlocked salmon, California trout, brown or German trout or salmon during January, February, March, September, October, November and December. In the Forest Preserve the close months are January, February, March, April, last 15 days of September, November and December.

Sec. 4. Forbids catching, sale or possession of lake or salmon trout during January, February, March, October, November and December, and of mascalonge, Oswego bass, large or small-mouth black bass, pike-perch or wall-eyed pike, or fresh water striped bass, commonly called white bass, during January, February, March, April and the first 20 days of May.

Sec. 5. Forbids any person to kill, net, snare, or take by any device or have in possession or sell any night hawk, whippoorwill, swallow, martin, tern or gull, linnet, bluebird, yellow hammer, yellow bird, thrush, woodpecker, catbird, pewee, oriole, kildee, snowbird, grass-bird, grosbeak, phœbe bird, humming bird or wren, or destroy their nests or eggs. Naturalists' permits may be had as under the present law.

Sec. 6. Permits sale and possession of ruffed grouse or partridge, prairie chicken, quail, rabbit, or squirrel during the month of January and the first 15 days of February, and of fresh venison during the months of November, December, January and February, and of salmon trout or lake trout, during the months of January, February and March, provided it be proved that such bird, game or fish was lawfully killed during the period allowed by this act, and not transported contrary to its provisions, or was killed outside the State, at a time when such killing was lawful where killed.

Sec. 7. No person shall at any time in this State kill any fawn while in the spotted coat, or have in possession its carcass or skin, or set any trap or spring-gun or other device for killing wild deer; or hunt them with dogs, except from Sept. 1 to Oct. 5 in each year; nor pursue deer with dogs in St. Lawrence and Delaware counties at any time. Dogs chasing deer in close season may be lawfully shot. No wild deer shall be killed in the counties of Suffolk and Queens at any time within five years from the passage of this act. No person or company shall transport deer or venison killed or caught in this State, except from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15, when they may transport one carcass for any one passenger who is the owner and accompanies it. Does not apply to heads or feet.

Sec. 8. Forbids crusting and yarding deer.

Sec. 9. Forbids at all times chasing or capturing moose.

Sec. 10. Forbids any person or corporation to export from this State to a foreign country, any prairie chicken, partridge, quail, woodcock, wild goose, duck or brant, under a penalty of $10 for each bird exported. It is also forbidden to hunt or kill wild duck, goose or brant, except with a common shoulder gun. They may not be hunted in the night, and no sail or steam vessel may be used in hunting them, except in Long Island Sound, Lake Ontario, and the Hudson River below Iona Island. Floating batteries forbidden; bough houses or decoys to be used not further than twenty rods from shore. This section does not apply to the waters of Peconic Bay, Lake Ontario, St. Lawrence River, Hudson River below Albany. In Great South Bay of Long Island, west of Smith's Point, batteries are permitted in October, November, December, January and February. Sea coots not protected. Snaring and trapping grouse and quail forbidden. Trespass for shooting or fishing forbidden.

Sec. 11. Forbids taking trout or bass or landlocked salmon otherwise than by angling. Forbids taking brook trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon through the ice.

Sec. 12. Forbids use of poison or dynamite for taking fish; forbids taking fish on spawning beds.

Sec. 13. Forbids transportation companies to carry trout, salmon trout, landlocked salmon from Forest Preserve, except when accompanied by owner as passenger. Forbids taking black bass in waters of Lake Mahopac, or of Columbia county, or of Schroon Lake or river, or Paradox lake, in the counties of Essex or Warren, or of Friend's Lake, in Warren county, or of Skaneateles Lake in the counties of Onondaga and Cayuga, between Jan. 1 and July 1, or in Lake George or Brant Lake, in Warren county, between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1. Forbids killing of trout less than 6in. in length, or black bass or fresh-water striped bass or salt-water striped bass less than ½lb. in weight or 8in. in length. Forbids taking of bullheads in Lake George or tributaries between April 1 and July 1, or pickerel in Lake George between Feb. 15 and July 1.

SEC. 14. Forbids the catching of any kind of fish in public waters by shutting off any portion of the waters.

SEC. 15. Provides that no person or company shall permit any dye stuff, coal-tar, deleterious substance, to flow into or upon any lakes or streams of the State or any bays or inlets along the coast, except when "absolutelely necessary."

SEC. 16. Forbids fishing with seines, gillnets or pounds, the meshes of which shall be less than 2½in. stretched, or 1½in. square (except for bait); to bring fish so taken to the shore or offer them for sale, and such nets, where found, are declared a public nuisance and may be destroyed without liability for damages.

SEC. 17. Relates to private parks, trespass, etc.

SEC. 18. Provides bounty of $30 for grown wolf, $15 for pup wolf, $20 for panther. Prescribes who may recover for violation of the game law and in what manner.

SEC. 19. Relates to jurisdiction, prosecution, etc.

SEC. 20. Supervisors are empowered to legislate for further protection of game.

Sections 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. Authorize search warrants, provide that all penalties shall go to informant; that any district attorney may discontinue suit; that game and other constables, sheriffs and deputies, shall have same powers as game protectors; and that no witness shall be excused from testifying on the ground that his testimony would tend to incriminate himself.

Sec. 27. Provides that nothing in the law shall apply to Lake Ontario within certain limits.

Sec. 28. Land owners may kill birds or animals damaging fruit or poultry.

Sec. 29. Repeals former conflicting acts.

Sec. 30. Provides that seized game may be destroyed or given to public hospitals.

FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH A BUCK.—Brockville, Can., *Times* of Feb. 11 give this account of a fatal adventure with a deer: "Edwin Warren and a companion, Haslip, one evening set some hare traps in the woods. Next morning they went to visit the traps and discovered the tracks of an otter. They at once started to follow the trail, but had not gone far before they were confronted by a large buck deer which the dog had started. The animal at once made an attack upon Warren, who held a short gun in his hand. The young man being on snowshoes could not get out of the way quick enough, and the animal which was mad with rage struck and knocked him down. He managed to get up again, and when the buck made another attack, he struck him with the gun which was loaded. This caused it to go off, the load entering the right leg near the hip joint, shattering the bone. Haslip and the dog succeeded in keeping the animal at bay, which soon afterward disappeared. The snow being very deep the progress of Haslip, who started to give the alarm, was very slow. However, after a couple of hours, the injured man's father came. The unfortunate young man was fast freezing to death as the weather was bitter cold. The old man in his hurry to get to his son forgot to bring some matches, and the terrible fear of being frozen stared them in the face. The injured man kept up good spirits and was kept warm by the dog lying upon him. The old man started to take his son home, but the weather being extremely cold and the snow being four feet deep, the progress was very slow. More help arrived, however, and the party at once started to light a fire, the wounded man being the only one who could strike the matches, the men being benumbed with the cold. A start for home was made. It was an awful journey, the time made being one mile every two hours. The injured man kept up well, and after ten hours of pain and agony he arrived at the village. Medical aid was summoned, but upon examination it was found that the unfortunate young man could only live a few hours, as the leg which had been broken was frozen to the body. Medicine was administered to ease the terrible pain, and after a few hours death put an end to his sufferings. The young man had only six months before taken unto himself a wife, who is nearly distracted over the sad and terrible end of her husband. The funeral was one of the largest that has ever taken place in Parry Sound."

THE PROPOSED ALASKAN EXCURSION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received from the two brief notices that appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, letters from numerous people in the United States and England. Most of the letters are from sportsmen. The letters all contain the same general inquiry: "What is being done?" It has taken much longer than I had anticipated to make the necessary arrangements on the Pacific Coast, in which I have received and am yet receiving valuable assistance from Mr. J. M. Buckley, Assistant General Manager Western Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Tacoma, W. T.; also Mr. Wm. H. Whittlesey, custom-house broker and agent of Northern Pacific at Port Townsend, Wash. Ter. The latest news is that the steam schooner Leo is suitable and can be secured, and that they are in communication with her captain as to terms and will advise me soon. The general plan, so far as yet outlined, is to go to Tacoma, on Puget Sound, in a car which the railroad will be only too glad to give a party of thirty for its exclusive use, with a baggage car for the baggage. From Tacoma to Cook's Inlet, Alaska, it is proposed to go in a vessel chartered for the purpose, to remain with the party all summer. While on the coast it is proposed to live aboard and camp out inland. The largest number of mammals, the breeding grounds of water fowl, and the finest salmon known are found in the section we propose to visit. The regular line of steamers from Port Townsend to Alaska only touch at Wrangel, Juneau and Sitka, in the southern portion of Alaska, and her, access to the interior of the country is barred by mountains. But the portion of Alaska accessible from Cook's Inlet is the sportsman's paradise, for here are found brown and black bears (the brown as large as the grizzly and as fierce), deer, reindeer and the woodland caribou, big-horn mountain sheep, beaver, land otter, large gray wolves, lynx, wolverine, marten, mink, ermine, and many others. The bears have been seen feeding in droves of twenty, and trails have been worn over the hills and mountains by them. A brown bear, shot at the Kenia Mission in the summer of 1880, measured 9ft. 2in., and reindeer have been killed by the hundreds merely for their skins while crossing the Kivachak River. Here are also found grouse, both white and ruffed; geese, ducks, sandhill cranes, and the great northern swan, in countless numbers. Those who accompany this party can really say they have been out west, for one place we will visit is the island of Attoo, which is 2,800 miles west of San Francisco, as far west of San Francisco as Calais, Me., is east. It is desired to make the party up of "old campaigners" who can put up with inconveniences for sport's sake, and this is the reason I have not encouraged the scientific and college men, because they are unaccustomed to roughing it. Some of our English cousins have expressed a desire to accompany the party, among them Mr. A. W. Craig, of the Junior Carlton Club, London, who hunted in Wyoming two years ago. Those who desire such a summer's sport with the salmon, large game, and water fowl, I hope will communicate with me at once. Starting from New York, May 15, or June 1, we expect to return by Sept. 15, and the cost including the round trip and board will probably be $500, but may be more. This can only be determined after further news from Puget Sound.—J. E. PALMER (115 Greenwich ave., New York).

HAWKS, OWLS AND GAME BIRDS.—Mr. Daniel Steck, of Harrisburg, Pa., writes of the effect of the scalp law on the game supply: "Poultry was never so plentiful and cheap in Williamsport as during the present season, and greater quantities were sent to distant markets than ever before. Game was never more abundant in the history of the county. The cause is of course attributed to the destruction of owls, foxes and mink during the winter of 1885 and 1886. If each of the 1,700 animals killed had destroyed during the whole season but a single brood of pheasants, a brace or two of rabbits, and as many chickens and turkeys, the amount would have been enormous; yet it would be an insignificant amount of food for each animal to consume in a whole year. The writer has known a single pair of minks to destroy twenty-seven half grown chickens in one night. A single dealer in poultry and game in the city of Williamsport reports having handled the present season 2,700 pheasants, not quite so many rabbits, because every marketman that backed his wagon to the curb dispensed the cottontails with a liberal hand. Of the pheasants about one-third were shipped to distant markets, for the reason that the market here was overstocked. Never had enough to supply the home demand before. It would be safe to estimate that Lycoming county is richer at this time by more than the whole sum paid for the scalps of noxious animals since the passage of the bounty act, from the sale of game and poultry to distant cities, that never would have grown to reach a market but for the protection it furnishes. That citizen manifests but little consistency who asks for enactment to protect the game and fish of our forests and streams—to prevent hunting and fishing except for a few months each year—while at the same time clamoring for the repeal of an act that prevents thousands of hunters and fishers from plying their vocation from day to day during the whole year. (Minks destroy thousands of trout after they ascend the smaller streams to their spawning grounds)."

T. B. ALDRICH AS A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.—A good many years ago now, a small bare-legged boy set out from his home in Portsmouth, N. H., for an afternoon's sport with a gun. He rambled along, as boys will, with his eyes wide open for everything that came under them, as well as for game that was the special object of his expedition, and he had not gone far when he saw a chaise approaching, driven by the Governor of the State. The Governor was a very popular and distinguished man, who was being talked of for the Presidency, and we should not have liked the small boy if he had not been a little overawed by finding himself alone in the presence of so august a personage. He was equal to the occasion, however, and as the chaise reached him he stood aside to let it pass, and gravely presented arms. The Governor at once pulled up his horse and looked with amusement at the little fellow standing there as serious as a sentry with his gun held rigidly before him. "What is your name?" said the Governor. "Thomas Bailey Aldrich," said the boy, with a military salute. He was invited into the chaise, and though he lost his shooting, what was that in comparison with the distinction of riding into Portsmouth town with Governor Woodbury.—ST. NICHOLAS.

Buffalo Domestication.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In 1872-73, in northwestern Kansas, I secured between forty and fifty buffalo calves. Of these I managed to raise seventeen, which ran with the cattle on my father's ranch. About three-fifths of the calves caught would die, although I have had no trouble in raising nine out of ten antelope in the same way. We gave them nothing but milk. When I left the ranch the buffalo were three and four years old. We had several half-breed calves from our native cows, but none from the buffalo cows. One of the buffalo would never leave the ranch house to go further than two hundred yards, unless it were to follow my mother when she would take her evening walk. He was much attached to her, but was quite belligerent toward the rest of us. This buffalo had been picketed when a calf, and the strain of the rope had gradually turned his horns until they grew down his cheeks with the points turned in.—F. T. Webber (Fillmore, Utah).

A Pennsylvania Case, in which a big fine is involved, is reported by the Troy, Pa., *Gazette*. Four boxes recently delivered at the Adams express office at Towando, and consigned to New York parties, were found to contain quail, which were out of season. The shippers, G. C. Barnes, of Asylum, Pa., and his son, were arrested, convicted and a fine of $2,212 has been imposed. The case has been appealed.

A Successful Hunt.—Toronto, Canada.—Last fall I went with a party of hunters and trappers on a moose hunt and we had good sport capturing two moose, one very large black bear and a number of red deer.—C.E.R.

Havre de Grace Ducking.—Philadelphia, Feb. 18.—Advices from Havre de Grace state that the ice is going out and that they expect shooting in a few days.—Red Irish.

New York Life Insurance Company.—The report of the New York Life Insurance Company, which we print this week, gives some interesting facts and figures on the growth of a well managed company. After forty-two years of existence it has reached a point where it has a total income of over nineteen million two hundred thousand dollars, and makes payments to policy holders of nearly eight million dollars. Its interest income is over three million seven hundred thousand dollars, being over 5½ per cent. on average net assets, and over nine hundred thousand dollars in excess of losses by death. It shows an increase of over three million dollars in income, over two millions in surplus, over eight millions in assets, over sixteen millions in insurance written, and of over forty-four millions of insurance in force, over the figures of the preceding year, and has over three hundred million dollars of insurance in force, Jan. 1, 1887. This is certainly a remarkable showing and should prove deeply interesting to all who have life insurance under consideration.

Sea and River Fishing.

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FISH AND FISH PROTECTION.

IT MAY seem odd that at this late day it is necessary to say a word in favor of the protection of fish in our waters, but notwithstanding the fact that rigorous laws have still preserved salmon in the rivers of Europe amid densely populated districts, and have preserved brook trout in streams near large cities like New York, where, but for these laws, they would have been netted out a generation ago, there are still those who oppose all legislation on the subject. In the State of New York there are persistent bands of poachers who resist the officers of the law at times, and not only receive the approval of their neighbors, but also the support of the legislators elected from their districts. It was at the instance of the members of the Legislature from Yates and Ontario counties that the bill was passed permitting the spearing, netting and catching through the ice of fish in Keuka and Canandaigua lakes, and the presumption is that this measure is in accord with the wishes of their constituents.

It is a well known fact that there are no worse enemies to the laws for the protection of fish than the people who live on the boarders of the large interior lakes of New York. They consider that the fish in these lakes are their exclusive property, and resent all interference by the people of the State, who are the real custodians of the fish in all public waters. The farmers near the lakes of Yates and Ontario counties have, since the early settlement of the country, been in the habit of taking lake-trout from the spawning beds and salting them down for winter use, and they still look upon this as their inalienable right, a view that is so radically wrong that their minds should be speedily disabused of it by the people at large through their representatives at Albany.

The Commissioners of Fisheries have the power to aid in this matter by instructing the superintendents of the State hatcheries not to stock nor supply fishes of any kind to lakes where spearing, netting or fishing through the ice is permitted by law, and we hope to see some action taken by the Board at its next meeting, to instruct the superintendents to refuse all applications for fish which are made for waters where such fishing is permitted. If public sentiment in any locality is against protecting fish, then that community should be cut off from all benefits in the way of having their waters stocked by the State.

Surface Schools of Fish.—In regard to this subject "under fire," I agree with "Jay Bebe" in his article in the Forest and Stream of last week. During very many years trout fishing, especially trolling in Round Lake and the Saranac lakes, I have every spring witnessed schools of fish floating leisurely along on the surface of the water, and have had them within 10ft. of my boat. The subject has been many times fully discussed by sportsmen and guides, and the conclusion arrived at is that the fish are suckers, schooling before seeking deeper water, and I am convinced of it. The writer has never seen them except when the water was getting quite warm, and he has seen them every season for the past thirty years. They were not trout. I have tried in vain to catch them.—Delta Adirondack Suburbs).

ANGLING IN THE HEBRIDES.

THUMP! thump! all night long, beat the pulse of the steamer Dunara Castle, and two loquacious Scotchmen spent nearly as much time, just outside of my berth, in trying to find a "night-cap" that would fit. This they accomplished at last, or perhaps the night-caps gave out, and I was left to twist my eight feet (only two requiring shoe leather, the others preferring trowsers and coat) in a five-foot berth.

Balmy sleep (we had a load of cattle aboard) came at last, and then the next thing I heard was a rough voice say: "We're off Colonsay." We were to disembark here, so in a few moments I was on deck. We were anchored in a little bay a few rods from shore. The dozen houses had emptied themselves of the natives, who were now busy in shouting Gaelic (garlic as pronounced by them) and launching a huge long boat to come for us. When they had rowed their ark alongside, very little was to be seen of the boat, for every available inch was occupied by a man or boy. Barrels and boxes, baskets and bundles of all kinds and sizes tumbled into the boat as she rose and fell in the surge. Finally our turn came, and what a time we had! Waiting till the boat rose nearly to the bottom of the ladder we would step off and then down, down would sink the boat seemingly from beneath our feet, and then recovering itself would go rushing up the iron sides of the steamer in a frightful way, though fascinating. Seen from the steamer, the long boat appeared clumsy and logy, but now after resting for a moment in a pocket of the waves, then mounting to the top, she would swim down the other side like some huge sea-bird full of grace and life.

Upon landing we were stared at by that small portion of the inhabitants who had not gone off in the boat to meet us. After collecting our twenty-two bundles (the twenty belonging to the ladies), we inquired for Donald, our cousin's Poo-Bah, for he was the coachman, skipper, gardner, weather prognosticator and adviser on all subjects of Oronsay. Withal he was a modest man, and so he was the last one to be asked "Are you Donald?" Acknowledging himself to be that all-important personage, he produces for carrying five people, who attained their growth several years since, but whose bundles appeared to have grown and multiplied indefinitely ever since leaving Greenwich, a dog-cart. Donald looks at us, then at the bundles, finally at the cart, and murmurs in his soft voice, "It *is* a bit wee." We get in, however, three on the front seat and two on the back (told to sit hard and heavy), and taking such bundles as we can hold, give the horse his head. This not being sufficient, the whip is added with the desired effect.

How wild and desolate everything is. Masses of heather-covered rocks; ragged hills, unsoftened by trees; meadows of rank grass, on which feed some tawny Highland cattle. It is like a forgotten sketch of an artist, rough though strongly drawn, but with the coloring—the warmth of life—unpainted.

The two islands, Colonsay and Oronsay, are connected for an hour at low tide by a narrow stretch of sand showing above the water and covered with the pyramid markings of the sand worms. The flowing tide covered these and nearly a foot of our wheels before we reached the other side, but the horse splashed on as though he were on a turnpike. Donald amused himself by telling how, a few weeks previous, the west wind blowing in the water quicker than usual, the wheel of the cart struck a sunken rock and pitched him headlong into the water. Each of us instinctively sought the middle of the cart when he finished, and we had looked at the icy water. We reached Oronsay in safety though, and a few moments more brought us within sight of the monastery. Generations ago a small band of monks persecuted and at last driven from the north of Ireland, first landed here, and the lonely island afforded them a safe haven for their prayers and meditations. Of the original chapel and cloisters only the thick stone walls and a small portion of the roof remain, but enough to show the rough beauty of the carved pillars and windows. In one corner of the chapel lay three or four stone coffins, the last resting place of the holy men, with their images carved on the slabs. Time and exposure had scattered even the dust from within. A few yards from the building stood a stone cross, exquisite in shape and proportion. The dead gray of the sky, the beating of the ageless sea upon the rocks, the crumbled mass of the sacred buildings, all were of the past. The cross alone remained. The more modern building our cousin had made habitable for a month or so in the summer, and life was not wanting there, nor comfort and plenty.

We spent four days on Oronsay and did nothing twice. The first evening about 8 o'clock Donald produced two poles 10ft. long, to which were attached by strong linen lines two huge yellow flies, and asked if I wanted to go fishing. I always say "yes" to such invitations, but was somewhat staggered by the looks of the tackle. A few moments found us rowing outside the breakers, Donald working the oars, while I sat facing the stern, and having inverted the poles with their tother ends in the water sawed them up and down, apparently seeing how many times I could "touch bottom" a minute. What antics those flies cut up a few feet astern! Swish, went the line, circling toward the bow with a tremendous rush. My tackle, thanks to its size, held, and in a trice a fish of about 2lbs. lay struggling in the boat. The Gaelic name for it I have forgotten and its looks—well, it was a little like a herring and more like a trout. It was all so novel. The small boat tossing near the breakers as they rolled from black to foamy white; the soft light of the sunless sky; the gulls shrieking in our wake for a fish; an old gray seal drying his whiskers as he looked around out of the water for the same purpose.

The next morning we started out to examine the lobster creels we had placed the night before. We only found four, but one creel was alive with delicious crabs. What a bloodthirsty set they were! Crawling around on the bottom of the boat, the moment two of them came together, there was trouble, and the weaker generally scrambled away, wiser to the tune of a "lost cord," or rather claw. Before we had landed the boat looked like a pension office on pay day, so many veterans were limping around on wood. After a dinner made of lobster principally, while Donald was testing some "Lone Jack," puffing out great clouds of smoke after each deep breath, and wondering where it all came from (being used to molasses-soaked "plug" which required an exhaust pump to keep the fire in it from going out), I asked him what we should do the morrow. His lips scarcely opened, but the delicate trail of smoke formed "trout" in feathery letters.

Early in the morning the dog cart, with lunch and borrowed rod and tackle, was ready, and then an hour's roll over the sandy reach to Colonsay, and back over the barren hills and half way down the other side a turn to the left and—"Are there trout in that place, Donald?" I asked, wondering how a high-toned color fish like a trout could soil his spots in such dirty water. It was like that in South street, New York, when the East River gets its back up. We soon found the one boat, and after getting the tackle in shape tumbled in and almost tumbled out again, for that boat, in spite of its ample bottom, had a habit of spinning around that was decidedly skittish and unbalancing in its tendency. My first cast proved conclusively that the bow seat was the place for me, for every motion of my wrist and rod was followed, and instantly, too, by a counter motion of my feet and the boat, and in my efforts to keep erect snap went the tip, short off. An extra tip was found, and taking a seat this time, the flies flew to the desired place and spat! spat! went half a dozen fingerlings, as they somersaulted out and in the water again. The trout seemed to be of but two sizes, scores of little shavers and now and then a handsome one of a pound. Three hours later I had thirteen of the latter in my basket and had sent five times that number home with the toothache. The next day we took a long walk along the rocks and coarse grass by the shore, flushing every now and then, though the season was late, an eider duck ("duke," as Donald called them). Going to the place where they got up, we would find from two to five huge eggs, protected in a rather unsavory way by the old "duke" the last moment before rising.

Scores of seals, big and little, were to be seen sleeping or sunning themselves out on the rocks left bare by the fallen tide. Clicking two stones together would start them for the water in an ungainly waddle and a moment later they would pop their heads out of the water, their protruding eyes curious to see what it all meant. On our way back we ascended a high hill and, driving hundreds of "bunnies" before us into their burrows, examined the summit where there was once one of the forts of the islanders, to which they retreated on discovering the approach of the dreaded ships of the Norsemen. Little remained besides the mound of earth and heaps of shells to tell of the unequal struggles against murder and starvation.

A month later I stood in the National Museum at Christiania, Norway, examining the much written about Viking ship, the very one, perhaps, that carried terror to the hearts of the peaceful dwellers of Oronsay.

F'LIN.

THE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

WE learn that many prizes have been secured for the coming tournament in May, and that there is every prospect of a successful meeting. A proposal has been made to establish something like a social club, and a circular has been issued from which we quote as follows: "Four tournaments have been held with much success, and the one for the coming May promises to be still more successful. But heretofore nothing has been done toward the cultivation of the fraternal feeling of the constitution. This the officers of the Association now desire to do by renting one or more rooms in some locality of easy access in this city, furnishing the same and providing a suitable angling library for the use of its members. By this means members would become acquainted with each other, and those living out of town would have some convenient headquarters where they could pass their leisure hours. Whether this plan is feasible depends on the activity of those at present in the Association in securing membership, and in the liberality of all concerned. We would be happy to hear from you on this subject, particularly as to what you personally are willing to do to further the same."

Social angling clubs are common in England, and the members meet and have dinners and sometimes listen to papers on various subjects connected with angling. One of the most valuable of these is the Fly-Fisher's Club, of London, which has just issued its second annual report and balance sheet, which was presented at the annual meeting on Jan. 27. From this we learn that the club is progressing and has at present 271 members, made up as follows: Town members, 120; country members, 143; honorary members, 8; and the balance in the treasury amounted to nearly $600. The annual dinner takes place at the Holborn Restaurant, Feb. 24, and by the rules of the club each member is allowed to bring two friends, dinner tickets cost about $2 in our money.

It has been said that the anglers of America are not as sentimental nor as gregarious as those of England, and we will watch this proposition to form a social club with interest. We think it a most excellent idea and hope that it will meet with favor from the members and that a strong and healthy organization may result from circulation of this circular. Those who are interested may address the Secretary, Mr. Gonzalo Poey, 24 State street, New York.

Portrait of Francis Francis.—We have been requested by Mr. Hallock to publish the letter given below and to request a response from any reader who may know anything of the missing picture. Mr. Francis writes as follows: "The Firs, Twickenham, Jan. 17, 1887.—*Dear Mr. Hallock:* A good many years ago—over twenty—a portrait was painted of my father by Rolfe and a man named Forster—Rolfe painted the fish. The accompanying engraving was taken from it, but the engraver has barbered and valeted my father a little on his own responsibility. The picture was eventually sold to some one (an American?) who took it to America. Rolfe is dead, and Forster (who was a sort of assistant of his) can give no further information than this. As the picture was the only one ever painted of my father, I should like, if possible, to trace it: if it were to be bought reasonably to buy it; and if not, at any rate get a copy of it. It seems a hopeless task I admit, but if the owner knows whose portrait it is, it is just possible that the whereabouts of the picture may be known to some of your sporting friends. Can you suggest any means of tracing it, or any scheme of advertising for it, that would not be absolutely ruinous? Yours faithfully, Francis Francis, Jr." The picture represents Mr. Francis and his gillie seated by a mountain stream, and before them two salmon. Francis holds a rod and the gillie a gaff.

A STRANDED MUSKALONGE.—During the freshet in the River Raisin in Michigan a few days ago, the bottom lands and meadows along the stream were suddenly inundated to a depth of 3ft. When the waters subsided dozens of pickerel and perch were left stranded in the meadows. On the farm of Levi Buck, three miles west of Monroe, a muskalonge, weighing 30lbs., was found "alive and kicking," duly captured and eaten by an appreciative party. Fish of this species have been rarely seen in the river for several years, and seldom, if ever, further up the stream than a mile from Lake Erie. The point where this huge specimen was taken is six miles from the lake. Spearing fish through the ice on the lake has afforded unusually fine sport during the winter, and some very large catches are reported. The late break-up has put an end to the same, and the fish houses were removed to the shore just in time to secure them.—J. M. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK FISHING LEASES.—Anglers should not neglect to note the advertised sale of fishing leases in New Brunswick. The date of sale has been postponed to March 30.

IZAAK WALTON'S HOUSE is among a number of ancient London dwellings reproduced in the Old London Street exhibition just opened in this city.

Fisheulture.

THE COLORADO COMMISSION.

THE report of the State Fish Commissioner of Colorado for 1886 is noteworthy as showing the great interest taken in this important work in a State as new as Colorado. There is but one Commissioner, Mr. John Pierce, of Denver, who says in his report that on taking possession of the office in April, 1885, he found at the State hatchery about 7,000 breeding brook trout from one to three years old, 16 rainbow trout three years old, 16 carp of the same age, 3,000 rainbow trout fry, 100 carp of one year old and 150,000 fry of the brook trout. The rainbow trout were retained at the hatchery for breeders, while the brook trout were distributed in public waters. The hatch of 1886 was as follows: Brook trout 300,000; rainbow trout, 20,000; lake trout, 10,000; landlocked salmon, 8,000.

Section 10 of the fish laws of the State allows the Commissioner to sell fish to private parties, corporations and associations, owning lakes or ponds, and Section 1 of the same laws allows him to issue permits to parties who desire to stock lakes, to catch fish for this purpose by other means than with hook and line. The Commissioner states that both of these clauses are liable to abuse and have been abused in almost every case, and that he has adopted the rule to put all trout hatched by the State into public waters and has issued no permits for netting or trapping. The result has already shown the wisdom of this course, for some of the persons who were formerly in the habit of purchasing fry from the State hatchery have now built hatcheries of their own and there are at present in the State seven of these private hatcheries in successful operation, which have a capacity of about 1,000,000 eggs, and these, while they belong to private parties and of course do not help stock the public waters of the State, they actually add so much to the food products. The value of trout to the public waters of the State is not so much the value in the number of pounds of food which they will produce as it is in the attraction to visiting sportsmen who leave much more money in the State than the value of the fish which they catch. The Commissioner very truly says, "it would be safe to estimate that every trout caught in Colorado by visitors from abroad costs the catcher at least $1 and that each fisherman will spend $10 a day while he is in the State, and if only 100 fishermen are in the State during the fishing season, they will leave in the State $150,000, while the market value of the fish caught in the season is not far from $60,000."

Under the head of fisheulture the Commissioner states that he has received and answered over 500 letters concerning the culture of the different varieties of fish, and having no literature on the subject for distribution, the task of answering these letters has been enormous, and therefore he gives some hints regarding the culture of fish adapted to the waters of Colorado. It appears to us that his predecessor should have turned over to him the reports of the United States Fish Commission, which are in themselves a liberal education on the subject of fish and their culture if he had them, and that besides these reports there are standard works on the subject which should be in the possession of a novice in the art. Among the fish which he recommends are trout of three varieties, "which, though usually classed as one, are sufficiently distinct in their form and habits to be described as distinct varieties." And here is where we get mixed between the "black speckled trout," the "orange trout" and the "Twin lakes trout." When we get down to the rainbow trout we think that we recognize the species, also that of the English trout (*Salmo fario*), which the Commissioner says grows to one-fourth of a pound the first year, but in our experience, which has been as large as that of any person in America, we should cut this down to one-half of that weight, while concerning the eastern brook trout (*S. fontinalis*), which is credited with "growing to one-half pound weight in the first year after it is put out," we can only say that we never saw any such fish of such a weight. It is thought that this fish will prove a failure as a breeder in the mountain streams of Colorado, for like the *fario* it "spawns in November, just at the time that the anchor ice begins to form in all the mountain streams, and the chances are that the ice will destroy the eggs."

In a description of a hatchery on page 12 the statement runs very well until we reach the bottom of the page, when we are told that the bottom of the trough should be covered with "clean washed gravel, sifted through two sieves, so that the gravel will be about one-fifth of an inch in size." This was the mode in use 20 years ago, when we began fisheulture, but has not been used in any hatchery which we have visited within the last 15 years.

Among the other fish introduced into the State is something called "strawberry bass;" what it may be we do not pretend to say, but it has proved wonderfully prolific in the prairie lakes, so much so that in some of them they are said not to grow large because of the scarcity of food. Last year 20,000 young black bass and pickerel were planted in four lakes and have made a wonderful growth, said to be three pounds in one and a half years, although which species made this growth is not stated. It is possible that the Commissioner has made a serious mistake in introducing the pickerel, which consume more good fish in the course of a year than ten times their own value.

Under the head of ways and means, the Commissioner, who, under the law, was allowed to draw $500 as salary and $500 as expenses, makes the following statement: "The value of the hatchery to the State, not only for its contributions to the public waters, but the actual value of the breeding fish on hand is so great that I have preferred working for nothing rather than stopping the work there. I have received from April 8, 1885, to Dec. 1, 1886, $197, which about covers actual expenses that have not been charged." This is an exceedingly creditable showing for a commissioner who might just as well as not charge the round sum of $1,000, and shows that he is a man whose heart is in the work, and will, no doubt, unless politics or some other thing intervenes to remove him, make a most valuable and efficient officer for the State. His report is condensed, and although brief, contains a complete record of the work in a small compass.

THE NEBRASKA COMMISSION.

THE eighth annual report of the Nebraska Fish Commission for 1886 has been received. It opens with a commendation of the efficient labors of Superintendent Martin E. O'Brien, and a recommendation that his salary be increased. The culture of carp is on the increase, but difficulty in obtaining reports from individuals who have received fish causes rather meagre returns of the success, many persons have reported, and as a rule their reports contain facts that are encouraging, no case having been reported of a failure through accident or misfortune. The Commissioners commend the food quality of the carp, and say that the facilities in the State for private fish ponds are not excelled by those of any other State in the Union, and that there is no doubt that within a few years the fish-growers of Nebraska will be found in the markets with the product of their ponds alongside of those of the fields.

The brook trout planted by the Commission in 1884, 1885 and 1886 in the streams of the northern and western parts of the State have lived and made excellent growth, while the work of the Commission with black bass has been attended with gratifying results. In every instance where these latter fish have been planted reports have been received that the fish are doing well in private as well as in public ponds or lakes. The Commission has increased the facilities for breeding these fish and will, no doubt, be able in a short time to supply black bass for all the waters of the State. The wall-eyed pike has also received much attention, and it is recommended that the work of supplying them to the lakes and streams should be continued until every lake and stream adapted to them shall be well stocked with valuable fish.

The Commissioners again recommend that the law prohibiting the taking of fish in the inland waters of the State with seines, nets or other devices except hook and line, should be amended so as to more clearly define the distinction between private and public waters. They also recommend that an appropriation be made for establishing a museum in connection with the fisheries, where specimens of the different fishes of the State may be collected and preserved for purposes of study.

Commissioner W. L. May makes a report to his colleagues concerning the fish exhibit at the Nebraska State Fair, held at Lincoln, under instructions of the Board, in order to further the interest in the subject of fisheulture and to show to some extent the character of the practical work accomplished by the Commission in introducing and propagating the species best adapted to Nebraskan waters. Live specimens of fish cultivated at the State hatcheries and specimens of native fish, such as pickerel, black bass, hickory shad, buffalo fish, catfish, bullheads, sunfish, quillbacks and other varieties, with a varied collection of specimens of water inhabitants not belonging to the class of food fishes, were exhibited. Included in the display were hatching jars and other apparatus showing the methods of propagating, and illustrating to a limited extent the character of the work done at the hatcheries.

From Superintendent O'Brien's report we find that there were distributed last year 5,050,000 wall-eyed pike, 108,000 brook trout, 55,000 salmon trout, 9,000 California mountain trout, and 8,720 German carp, leaving 3,000 of the latter on hand to be distributed in January of the present year. During the past season the facilities for hatching and distributing fish have been greatly increased, and the Commission now has the capacity for handling 35,000,000 young fish annually, besides increasing the facilities for hatching. Two new fish ponds have been added, making altogether twelve ponds, with a surface of about three acres, which contain a stock of about 55,000 fish of different varieties, from one to three years old. This is followed by directions for the construction of carp ponds, and a list of the number and kinds of fish in the stock ponds, and also the details of the distribution last year.

FISH PROPAGATION IN MICHIGAN.—The State Fish Hatchery at Detroit was inspected a few days since by the Legislative committee, consisting of E. B. Chamberlain, of St. Ignace; E. Z. Perkins, of Cheboygan; R. Y. Ogg, Detroit; S. Baker Monson and C. Wellman, Port Huron. The work accomplished by the hatchery during twenty-five months ending October 31, 1886, was reviewed and showed that during the time named there were distributed and deposited in designated streams and lakes in Michigan 101,620,000 white fish; 1,127,000 brook trout; 705,000 lake trout, 1,806,244 pike, 71,000 salmon, 325,000 eels, and 5,510 carp.—J. M. B.

FORESTRY CONGRESS MEMORIAL.

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

Your undersigned memorialists respectfully call attention of the National Legislature to the urgent necessity, so long overlooked, of considering the requirements of the country in regard to a more conservative forest policy.

Whereas, favorable agricultural conditions of a country are largely dependent upon a proper amount of well distributed forest areas;

Whereas, the forest statistics of our country show that we are now, with only a population of sixty millions of people, using more wood material than can in continuity yearly be produced on the existing forest areas in their present status and under present methods of utilization;

Whereas, forest property and forestry business, for the purpose of producing valuable building material, is not attractive to private investment, involving large capital, tied up for a lifetime without returns, and exposed to considerable risks of loss, deterioration by fire, and otherwise;

Whereas, therefore, it is apparent that only Government, State, or Nation can have an interest in the proper maintenance of forests for the benefit of future generations, and for the preservation of favorable agricultural conditions;

Whereas, the denudation of mountain slopes and hillsides by fire, and without regard for renewal, has already begun to injure agricultural interest in the Western mountain regions and elsewhere by disturbing favorable distribution of water supply:

Therefore, the undersigned memorialists, imbued solely by a desire to further the best interests of the country at large, and cognizant of the disastrous consequences necessarily involved in a continued policy of unconcern, most respectfully pray that you will, at an early date, give most deliberate consideration to this important interest, and enact such legislation as will tend to avert any anticipated danger.

Your memorialists especially request—

That the timber-lands still in possession of the General Government, mostly situated on the Western mountains, be immediately withdrawn from sale or other disposal;

That these timber-lands be either committed in trust to such of the State governments as have provided in satisfactory manner for the protection of the same and for their conservative management and perpetuity in forest, or else be retained by the General Government and efficiently protected and managed;

That a National Department of Forests be instituted for the protection and management of such forest lands as are retained by the General Government, and for the purpose of assisting, advising, and co-operating with local authorities and individuals in the prosecution and extension of systematic forestry;

That in connection with such a Department of Forests a system of extensive forest-planting be established on the military reservations of the treeless plains for the purpose of directly assisting and encouraging, by example and by plant material, the tree-planters of the plains, and benefiting the agricultural interests of these lands.

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS,
GEO. W. MINIER, President, Minier, Ill.
B. E. FERNOW, Cor. Sec., Washington, D. C.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., has solid cash assets of $8,055,533.39.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 8 to 11.—Second Annual Dog Show at Buffalo, N. Y. Geo. H. Chadeayne, Secretary, No. 6 Brown's Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Feb. 28.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, 17 Murray street, New York.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence. Entries close March 15.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 5 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4697.**

ENGLISH SPANIEL CLUB STANDARDS.

[Continued from page 79.]

THE BLACK FIELD SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head and jaw, 15; eyes, 5; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 10; forelegs, 10; hindlegs, 10; feet, 10; stern, 10; coat and feather, 10; general appearance, 10—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Light eyes, 10; light nose (fatal), 25; curled ears, 10; curled coat, 10; carriage of stern, 10; topknot (fatal), 25; white on chest, 10—total negative points, 100.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Should be quite characteristic of this grand sporting dog, as is that of the bloodhound or bulldog, its very stamp and countenance should at once convey the conviction of high breeding, character and nobility. Skull well developed, with a distinctly elevated occipital tuberosity, which, above all, gives the character alluded to; not too wide across muzzle, long and lean, never snipy nor squarely cut, and in profile curving gradually from nose to throat; lean beneath eyes, a thickness here gives coarseness to the whole head. The great length of muzzle gives surface for the free development of the olfactory nerve, and thus secures the highest possible scenting powers.

Eyes.—Not too full, but not small, receding, or overhung; color, hazel or brown; grave in expression, and bespeaking unusual docility and instinct.

Ears.—Set low down as possible, which greatly adds to the refinement and beauty of the whole head; moderately long and wide, and sufficiently clad with nice setter-like feather. If the ear be well set on, it need not be very long in feather, which is a practical disadvantage.

Neck.—Very strong and muscular, so as to enable the dog to retrieve his game without undue fatigue; not too short, however.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Long and very low, well ribbed up to a good strong loin, straight or slightly arched, never slack; weight, from 30lbs. to 40lbs.

Nose.—Well developed, and with good open nostrils, thoroughly well developed, and always black in color.

Shoulders and Chest.—Former sloping and free—latter deep and well developed; but not too round and wide.

Back and Loin.—Very strong and muscular, and slightly arched; long in proportion to the height of the dog.

Hindquarters.—Very powerful and muscular, wide, and fully developed.

Stern.—Well set on and carried low, if possible below the level of the back, in a perfectly straight line, or with a slight downward inclination; never elevated above the back, and in action always kept low; nicely fringed, with wavy feather of silky texture.

Feet and Legs.—Feet not too small and well protected between the toes with soft feather; good strong pads. Legs straight and immensely boned, strong and short, and nicely feathered, with a flat or waved setter-like feather—feathering below hocks objectionable.

Coat.—Flat or slightly waved, and never curled—sufficiently dense to resist the weather, and not too short—silky in texture, glossy and refined in nature, with neither dulleness on the one hand, nor curl or wireness on the other; on chest, under belly, and behind the legs there should be abundant feather, but never too much, and that of the right sort, namely setter-like. The tail and hindquarters should be similarly adorned.

Color.—Jet black throughout, glossy and true. A little white on chest, though a drawback, not a disqualification.

General Appearance.—That of a sporting dog, capable of learning and doing anything possible for his inches and conformation. A grand combination of beauty and utility.

ANY OTHER VARIETY OF FIELD SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Similar to those given in black variety.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Subject to color. Similar to those given in black variety.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Similar to that of the black spaniel, save in color.

Eyes.—The color in all cases to match the coat and markings, viz.: Black and tans, hazel or brown; liver and tans, rather lighter than in black and tans, but of good rich tone; livers, light hazel color; black tan and white roans, etc., somewhat similar to black and tans; liver and tan roans, etc., somewhat similar to liver and tans.

Ears.—Similar to those of the black spaniel, except in color.

Neck.—Similar to that of the black spaniel.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Similar to that of the black spaniel.

Nose.—Variable, according to color of coat and markings: Black and tans, black; liver and tans, dark liver color; livers, liver; black and tan and white roans, black; liver and tan roans, liver.

Shoulders and Chest.—Similar to those of the black spaniel.

Back and Loin.—Similar to those of the black spaniel.

Hindquarters.—Similar to those of the black spaniel.

Stern.—Similar to those of the black spaniel.

Feet and Legs.—Similar to those of the black spaniel.

Coat.—Similar in quality, substance and texture, and in all other respects, except color, responding to that given for black spaniels.

Colors.—Various, such as black and tan, liver and tan, liver, black, tan and white roans; liver, tan and white roans, etc.

General Appearance.—Similar in all respects, except in regard to color and markings; identical with the general description given before for black spaniels.

THE NORFOLK SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head, jaw, and eyes, 20; ears, 10; neck, 10; body, 10; forelegs, 10; hindlegs, 10; feet, 5; stern, 5; coat and feather, 10; general appearance, 10—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Carriage of stern, 5; topknot, 5—total negative points, 10.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Skull long and rather narrow; a stop; the muzzle long and broad to the end.

Eyes.—Rather small, bright and intelligent.

Ears.—Long, low set and lobular.

Neck.—Long, strong, slightly arched.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Fairly heavy body; legs rather longer than in other field spaniels, but not so long as in Irish. Medium size.

Nose.—Large and soft.

Shoulders and Chest.—Shoulders long and sloping; chest deep and fairly broad.

Back and Loin.—Back flat and strong; loin rather long, flat and strong.

Hindquarters.—Long; hocks well let down; stifles moderately bent, and not twisted inward nor outward.

Stern.—Docked; low carried—*i. e.*, not above the level of the back.

Feet and Legs.—Strong boned legs, inclining to shortness; feet large and rather flat.

Coat.—Hard, not wooly; not curly, but may be broken.

Color.—Liver and white and black and white.

General Appearance.—An active, useful, medium sized dog.

THE BLACK COCKER SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Head and jaw, 10; eyes, 5; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 15; forelegs, 10; hindlegs, 10; feet, 10; stern, 10; coat and feather, 10; general appearance, 10—total positive points, 100.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Light eyes (undesirable but not fatal), 10; light nose (fatal), 15; curled ears (very undesirable), 15; curled coat (curly, woolly or wiry), 20; carriage of stern (crooked or twisted), 20; topknot (fatal), 20—total negative points, 100.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Not so heavy in proportion and not so high in occiput as in the modern field spaniel, with a nicely developed muzzle or jaw; lean, but not snipy, and yet not so square as in the Clumber or Sussex varieties, but always exhibiting a sufficiently wide and well-developed nose. Forehead perfectly smooth, rising without a too decided stop from muzzle into a comparatively wide and rounded well-developed skull, with plenty of room for brain power.

Eyes.—Full, but not prominent, hazel or brown colored, with a general expression of intelligence and gentleness, though decidedly wide awake, bright and merry, never goggled nor weak, as in the King Charles and Blenheim kinds.

Ears.—Only moderately long, and rather broader than in the large field spaniels, for when too long they are practically a hindrance in dense coverts; and also set rather higher than in the before-mentioned variety, nicely protected with a sufficiency of wavy feather (never curled); indeed this merry and most useful old-world sporting dog should carry only a truly sporting ear.

Neck.—Strong and muscular, and neatly set on to fine sloping shoulders.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Not quite so long and low as in the other breeds of spaniels, more compact and firmly knit together, giving the impression of a concentration of power and untiring activity; the total weight should not exceed 25lbs.

Nose.—Sufficiently wide and well developed to insure the exquisite scenting powers of this breed. Color black.

Shoulders and Chest.—The former sloping and fine, chest deep and well developed, but not too wide and round to interfere with the free action of the forelegs.

Back and Loin.—Immensely strong and compact in proportion to the size and weight of the dog; slightly drooping toward the tail.

Hindquarters.—Wide, well rounded and very muscular, so as to insure untiring action and propelling power under the most trying circumstances of a long day, bad weather, rough ground and dense covert.

Stern.—That most characteristic stamp of blue blood in all the spaniel family, may, in the lighter and more active cocker, although set low down, be allowed a slightly higher carriage than in the other breeds, but never cocked up over, but rather in a line with the back, though the lower its carriage and action the better, and when at work its action should be incessant in this, the brightest and merriest of the whole spaniel family.

Feet and Legs.—The legs must be well boned, feathered and straight, for the tremendous exertions expected from this grand little sporting dog, and should be sufficiently short for concentrated power, but not too short as to interfere with its full activity. Feet firm, round and cat-like, not too large, spreading and loose-jointed. This distinct breed of spaniel does not follow exactly on the lines of the larger field spaniel, either in lengthiness, lowness, or otherwise, but be shorter in back, and rather higher on the legs.

Coat.—Flat or waved, and silky in texture, never wiry, woolly, nor curly, with sufficient feather of the right sort—viz., waved or setter-like, but not too profuse, and never curly.

Color.—Jet black; a white shirt frill should never disqualify; but white feet should not be allowed in any specimen of self-color.

General Appearance.—Confirmatory of all indicated above—viz., a concentration of pure blood and type, sagacity, docility, good temper, affection and activity.

ANY OTHER VARIETY OF COCKER SPANIEL.

POSITIVE POINTS.—Same as in the black variety.

NEGATIVE POINTS.—Subject to color. Similar to those of the black variety.

DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

Head.—Similar to that of the black cocker.

Eyes.—Dependent on color and markings.

Ears.—Similar to those of the black cocker.

Neck.—Similar to that of the black cocker.

Body (including size and symmetry).—Similar to that of the black cocker.

Nose.—The color will be dependent on color of coat and markings, in all other respects similar to the black cocker.

Shoulders and chest.—Similar to those of the black cocker.

Back and Loin.—Similar to those of the black cocker.

Hindquarters.—Similar in all respects to that described in the black cocker.

Stern.—Identical with that of the black cocker.

Feet and Legs.—Similar to those of the black cocker.

Coat.—Similar in every way to the coat of the black variety, except in color or markings.

Color.—Black and tan, liver and tan, black, tan and white, liver tan and white, lemon and white, roans, and in fact nearly any combination or blending of colors.

General Appearance.—In all respects agreeing with the description given for the black variety of this breed.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—The bench show committee of the club for the coming show in April have already put in some good work, thousands of premium lists and entry forms have been sent out all over the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Congratulations have poured in on the committee for their liberal efforts to bring out the most noted and celebrated dogs in the world.

The entries of some of the most noted dogs in the country have already begun to come in, and the mail received daily at the rooms of the club in Hotel Boylston contain hundreds of requests for additional entry forms, besides new special prizes from the friends of the club, with other matters that assure its success, among which is one from Mr. John E. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., who will exhibit for the first time his lately imported fox-terrier Raby Mixer, and will afford his numerous friends a much desired opportunity to see this celebrated dog.

The following additional sweepstakes have been received: The first mastiff sweepstakes for puppies born in the United States or Canada on or after March 1, 1886, for competition among members of the American Mastiff Club, to be decided as follows: 75 per cent. of stakes to first and 25 per cent. to second.

The American Spaniel Club's cocker spaniel sweepstakes, open to members of the Spaniel Club, will be decided as follows: 40 per cent to winner, 30 per cent. to breeder of winner, 20 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third, with $10 added by club. HUB.

THE WORCESTER FUR COMPANY.

A VERY large and enthusiastic meeting of the company was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, at the store of E. S. Knowles, dealer in sportsmen's supplies.

It should be borne in mind that the company meets nearly every evenidg during the fox-hunting season at the above-named place, and this one differed from the others only in being a regular meeting for the choice of officers and "the transaction of any other business that should properly come before said meeting." It was the same audience that assembles nightly, only larger, and the members were so accustomed to informal talks that it was with some difficulty they were made to realize that they were really in a regular meeting for the transaction of business under parliamentary rules.

"Uncle" Nathan Harrington was in the chair. The first business being the choice of officers for the ensuing year, it was moved and seconded that Uncle Nathan be our president another year. Owing to the extreme modesty of the old gentleman one of the brethren put the motion, which was unanimously carried. E. S. Knowles was nominated for secretary and was also unanimously elected.

The meeting was then open for other business and brother A. B. F. Kinney took the floor and stated that he had important business to present in the form of a very serious charge against a brother member, that he proposed to put the charge in writing and should endeavor to have the paper ready at the next meeting. This announcement threw the meeting into a perfect fever of excitement, about half a dozen members attempting to talk at once, and it was with some difficulty that the venerable president restored order. To the inquiry as to how much time would be required to write out the charge, Mr. Kinney stated that he thought he would be able to have it ready in ten minutes. The idea of waiting could not be entertained and a recess was taken while the document was being drawn up, the time being occupied in lighting fresh cigars and discussing the last fox hunt. When Mr. Kinney came forward to read the "charge" there was perfect silence and a breathless anxiety to catch every word. It was in effect that he was in possession of reliable information that ex-Alderman John R. Thayer had loaned his dogs to a man to kill foxes out of season, *i. e.*, between March 1 and Oct. 1; that the man did kill two young whelps; and furthermore, that if there should be any attempt at denial he would put in the skins as evidence. After reading the charge Mr. Kinney moved that the ex-Alderman be requested to make an explanation to the meeting. The motion was carried and Mr. Thayer took the floor and proceeded to explain that he was obliged to plead both guilty and not guilty. That while he was at church a man did on two successive Sundays in September whistle his dogs away from their kennels and did kill the foxes as charged. He thought, however, that he ought not to suffer for attending church though he was willing to allow that a member should have kept his dogs so secure as to prevent the occurrence a second time.

There was much discussion as to what should be the penalty, and it was finally moved that the company smoke at Mr. Thayer's expense as it was his first offense and not likely to occur again. Mr. Thayer thought the penalty reasonable and proceeded to settle. Adjourned to meet at same place Saturday evening, Feb. 12, at 8 o'clock.

The adjourned meeting of the company was called to order by the secretary in the absence of the president. There being a small attendance the business of the meeting, viz.: to make arrangements for a grand fox hunt to be held before March 1, was postponed and the meeting adjourned to Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, when it is expected there will be a large attendance and the arrangements for the grand hunt will be completed.

It is proposed to have the hunt on the first good day after the arrangements are completed, on which occasion we hope to bring out every member and every dog owned in the company. E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 14, 1887.

HARE DOGS.

PINCONNING, Mich., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 10, "Dalg" asks for information in regard to breeding good hare dogs. I find in northern Michigan as much use for good dogs as anywhere. I have ever had the luck to use them and have taken great pains and trouble to get one to perfection, which I think I have in a cross between a pedigreed beagle bitch of medium size and a common Virginia black and tan foxhound of good hunting stock, one that has been used for the last five years every fall and winter. Great care must be taken in training them as the beagle blood makes them a little timid, and a hound is very easily spoiled for the field by being handled wrong from the first. As a rule they do not mind good and are apt to get many whippings when they do not need them. If "Dalg" wants a good hare dog that will stick to the trail I would advise him to learn him to run hare before he knows what a fox or deer track is, and after he has that to perfection let him try the fox, but remember that about three-fourths of the dogs you get are no good and never will be, so do not waste too much time on them, as they will take to it very readily when they are the right age and will enjoy the hunt as much as you do. I often think that the hound is to be pitied as he is kicked and cuffed and called no good when he is not to blame; poor dog, if we could only follow him through swamp and thicket for a day or two, perhaps we would think more of him. Some time I will try and write a story or two on how we hunt in Michigan and what fun we have with our pedigreed stock and mongrel hounds after the buck and doe. A. E. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of Feb. 10 a letter from "Dalg" on hare hounds. He wishes to know "why we cannot get reliable hare dogs." I have hunted hares and rabbits for some years and my experience is, that while a pure bred beagle is very good on gray rabbits, his small size debars him from competing with a larger dog on hares. The most of the hunting on hares hereabouts is in thick swamps of cedar, maple and a sprinkling of other growth mixed in. The ground is very rough from the hummocks, caused by the decayed and moss-grown stumps, etc. Here and there is a large deadfall covered with moss, which has lain for years, and a small dog is soon winded by these obstacles. Some hares run very large circles and the average beagle does not bark heavy enough to be heard all the way round the circle. I have seen beagles that did very good work, but for a dog to do a hard day's work with no shirking toward night give me a cross between a beagle and foxhound, both to be good blood of course. I think they make the best and most persistent hound it is possible to get for rabbits. Such a dog should be of medium size, tough, have a good bark; should have well-proportioned head, not too large; good ears, set low down on head. A good square chop is a good sign; tail should be thick and strong—not too short. I think if "Dalg" could see the good old dog work that I have in my mind he would agree with me that it is possible to get good hare dogs. He will account for every gray rabbit he starts and the hare is lucky that escapes. These dogs are easily broken, are docile and obedient and possess good scent. E. W. R.

TAUNTON, Mass., Feb. 12.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 21.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Field Trials Club was held at the Burnet House today, being in session from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Those present were:

T. A. Logan, Chairman; L. A. Harris, F. I. Stone, E. F. Stoddard, J. W. Renfroe. B. M. Stephenson tried and found guilty of conspiracy to pull Ben Hill and expelled from membership of the club. H. S. Bevan found guilty and barred.

Committee appointed to consider the dissolution of National Field Trials Club; to report some future time. American Field Trial Club organized upon entirely new and sound basis; Gen. W. B. Shattuc, President; J. W. Renfroe, 1st Vice-President; T. A. Logan, 2d Vice-President; John S. Wise, 3d Vice-President; C. W. Paris, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE TENNESSEE TRIALS.

THIS is a belated copy of a special that came to the FOREST AND STREAM last Friday. It gives the result of the Tennessee field trials at Athens, Ala.:

"Flake fairly beat Richmond (Spottswood—Fannie). In the Derby, Joy beat Ruby (Spottswood—Dot), Flake a bye; only Joy awarded second. Every heat protested. Counsel retained to prosecute."

LAWRENCEBURG, Tenn., Feb. 19.—Richmond won first in All-Aged Stake; Fanny Whitfield second, Dash Bryson third. Don's Dot first in Derby, Joy of Prince William second, Ruby D. third.

THE BEN HILL—LILLIAN HEAT.—Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I, with many others of your readers, thought when you said your columns were open to me to expose the tricks of certain reporters, you meant what you said and really wanted your readers to know why I had made insinuations against reporters. You called on me more than once to explain, and when I did make charges against the editor of ——, all of which I am fully able to prove, you cut it out of my article without giving your readers any intimation whatever that I had written it, thereby changing entirely the tone of my letter. It is not only due to me, but to your readers, that you should publish my article just as I wrote it or return it to me so I may have it published in some other paper.—D. BRYSON. [We asked Mr. Bryson for something that would justify his insinuation that reporters at a field trial must be paid handsomely or else they would give unfair reports. We still call on him for any facts he may have to warrant his insinuations. Mr. Bryson has as yet sent us nothing of the sort. What he did send (and we refused and refuse to publish) was something altogether different and not pertinent to the question at issue. Mr. Bryson alleged that a certain editor having borrowed a sum of money from Mr. P. H. Bryson and having been compelled to repay the loan, out of revenge colored the ——'s report of a certain field trial heat in which one of Mr. P. H. Bryson's dogs ran. Mr. Bryson further alleged that, had this editor not been called upon to pay the money he owed Mr. P. H. Bryson, the same field trial report would have been of an exactly opposite character. Mr. Bryson also intimated that Dr. Young having on a certain occasion threatened to kick this editor or his reporter down-stairs, the threatened kicking also influenced the editor to publish a false report. That the editor borrowed the money, was made to repay it, and did out of revenge publish the report in question, may be true enough, but even so it has no bearing on the case, nor can Mr. Bryson by his illogical involutions make the reporters responsible for the vagaries of money-borrowing editors, or of editors who have been kicked down-stairs.]

MEASUREMENTS OF ALPHA.—Bath, Me., Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having purchased of Mr. Haldeman the bitch puppy Alpha, which is undoubtedly the heaviest and most massive on record, I will, for the benefit of the public, give her exact measurements, immediately after her arrival, having been on the road for two days and a half and being in rather poor condition: Length of nose, 3¾in.; girth of muzzle, 13½in.; girth of skull, 22in.; girth of neck, 21¾in.; girth of body behind forearms, 33½in.; girth of loin, 28½in.; girth of stifle joint, 19¾in.; girth below elbow, 10¼in.; girth of forearm, 9½in.; around pastern, 6¾in. This puppy is not for sale.—FRED. A. PAGE.

JUDGES AT NEWARK.—Mr. K. E. Kopf, St. Bernards; Mr. Jacob Hemingway, all spaniels; Messrs. L. and W. Rutherfurd, fox-terriers; Mr. Norman Elmore, beagles and bassets; Mr. J. F. Kirk, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, foxhounds, pugs, dachshunde, bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, Irish terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Bedlingtons, poodles and miscellaneous class. As Mr. Mercier will not be able to take the collie classes, the Collie Club will make another selection. Messrs. H. Clay Glover of New York, and W. H. Arrowsmith of Jersey City, veterinaries; Mr. Jas Lindsay will superintend.

THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB will hold their show in the Elite Rink, at Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, and President Comfort states that it is better adapted for holding a show than the Industrial Art Hall, and that the exhibitors will have no cattle sheds this time.

PREMIUM LISTS.—We are in constant receipt of requests for premium lists and entry blanks of the different dog shows; in many instances on the day on which entries close. If the secretary of any association holding a show will send us copies we will cheerfully distribute them.

KNICKERBOCKER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With great sorrow I announce to you the death of my pointer dog Knickerbocker. Being my constant companion for several years on all my shooting trips, I feel his death as one who has lost a dear and devoted friend. Many a day, aside from our regular yearly trips, have he and I, starting long before the break of day, hunted, with but a short intermission for our noonday lunch, until the waning light interrupted our mutual pleasure, and darkness again found us tired but happy wheeling along back to from where we made our early start. Though some days game was scarce and our bag light, and of late years after an all day's hunt his gait was not as elastic as in days of yore, no preparations, were they ever so slight, would fail his notice, and his eagerness would proclaim his anticipations of a day afield. His place I will find hard to fill.—GEO. L. WILMS (Jersey City, Feb. 19).

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bloodstone, Stickstone, Sandstone, Harry Glencho, Boss Arlington, Fred Arlington, Flora's Baby and Dorcas's Baby. By Geo. F. Pinkham, Central Falls, R. I., for red Irish setters, six dogs and two bitches, whelped Jan. 11, 1887, by Goldstone (Arlington—Flora) out of Dorcas (Glencho—Syren II).

Little Swell. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Vickey (Racer—Vic).

Mort of Naso. By M. Mills, Jersey City, N. J., for orange and white pointer dog, whelped May 8, 1886, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4388) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1590).

Brandy. By Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Peg W. By Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Naso Boy. By M. Mills, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 8, 1886, by Nick of Naso (A.K.R. 4388) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1590).

Bang-Up. By Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 21, 1885, by Bang (Bang—Vesta) out of Rita Croxteth (Croxteth—Little Nell).

Maud Sarsfield. By Harry A. Fletcher, Woodford, Me., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Julo 4, 1886, by Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.) out of Maud II. (A.K.R. 986).

Goldnie and Sister. By Mrs. Chas. A. Leonard, for two fawn pug bitches, whelped June 7, 1886, by Joe (Comedy—Clytie) out of Pudge (Young Toby—Titania).

Beau-Naso. By Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 26, 1886, by Nick of Naso (Naso II. —Pettigo) out of Polly (Beaufort—Nymph).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Krueger's Dot—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Krueger's Dot (Bunnerman—Floss) to his Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), Jan. 10.

Marjory—Cameron's Racket. Geo. H. Hill's (Madeira, Ohio) beagle bitch Marjory (Duke—Midget) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), Jan. 19.

Nell III.—Johnny. F. H. F. Mercer's (Ottawa, Ont.) clumber spaniel bitch Nell III. (Smash II.—Romp II.) to his Johnny (Ben—Joan), Feb. 10.

Nell—Hero III. Victor M. Haldeman's (Milford, Del.) English mastiff bitch Nell (A.K.R. 3647) to his Hero III. (A.K.R. 1765), Feb. 17.

Freckles—Cameron's Racket. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) beagle bitch Freckles (Duce—Juno) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise), Jan. 23.

Vanity Fair—Naso of Kippen. R. M. Hutchings's (Galveston, Tex.) pointer bitch Vanity Fair (Bang Bang—Bellona) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie), Feb. 5.

Lalla Rookh—Bang Bang. Luke W. White's (Mahwah, N. J.) pointer bitch Lalla Rookh to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (Price's Bang—Princess Kate), Feb. 3.

Yum Yum—Naso of Kippen. Paul Francke's (St. Joseph, Mo.) pointer bitch Yum Yum (A.K.S.B. 4252) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie), Feb. 16.

Happy Medium—Naso of Kippen. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York city) pointer bitch Happy Medium (Croxteth—Fan Fan) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie), Feb. 19.

Modesty—Bang Bang. F. R. Hitchcock's (New York city) pointer bitch Modesty (Croxteth—Trinket) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (Price's Bang—Princess Kate), Feb. 20.

Brunette—Turk III. Chas. E. Bann's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Brunette (A.K.R. 3549) to La Fayette Cole's Turk III. (A.K.R. 4049), Feb. 11.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Belle. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Belle (Jock—Pigeon), Jan. 13, six (three dogs), by his Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise).

Edith. C. E. Gilchrist's (Charlestown, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia), Feb. 13, seven (four dogs), by F. H. Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Krueger's Myrtle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 6, 1882, by Minstrel out of Handmaid, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Mrs. C. E. White, Cleveland, Ohio.

Bunnerman. White and lemon beagle dog, whelped November, 1882, by Marchboy out of Dewdrop, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to F. T. Lane, Glencoe, Ill.

Bang Bang—Kerry whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by T. F. Rivers, Bridgeport, Conn., to A. J. Klofanda, Eau Claire, Wis.

Brandy. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to William E. Ramsay, Saginaw, Mich.

Belfast. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 22, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to Arthur K. Hunt, Portland, Me.

Prince (A.K.R. 1968)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelp. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to Israel Potter, Cranston, R. I.

Prince (A.K.R. 1968)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y.

Peg W. Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to Charles A. Worden, Allenton, R. I.

Happy Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1885, by Obo II. out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to Dr. W. S. Webb, Burlington, Vt.

Maud Sarsfield. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 4, 1886, by Sarsfield out of Maud II., by J. C. Lester, Parkville, Conn., to Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me.

Maud Wind'em. Blue belton Llewellin bitch, whelped July 15, 1886, by Rex Gladstone out of Countess Wind'em, by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to W. P. Dichl, Necodah, Wis.

Rex Gladstone. Blue belton setter dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1882 (A.K.R. 2167), by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to W. A. Poland, Trenton, N. J.

Prince (A.K.R. 1968)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to B. E. King, Belvidere, Ill.

Prince (A.K.R. 1968)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelp. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me., to L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y.

Jubilee. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped June 4, 1886, by Heather out of Madge, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to I. D. Carpenter, Bozeman, Mon.

Iron Duke (A.K.R. 2633)—Trusty Gladstone (A.K.R. 1550) whelps. Three blue belton dogs and one bitch and one blue belton with tan markings, bitch, whelped Dec. 25, 1886, by George Jarvis, New York city, one each to E. Halpin, White Plains, N. Y., W. F. Streter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.; C. Sherwood, New York city, and two to C. F. Snell, Danbury, Conn.

Foreman and Plantagenet. By W. A. Tallman to C. F. Crawford, of Pawtucket. They will still be shown by the Blackstone Kennels, in which Messrs. Tallman and Crawford are interested.

IMPORTATIONS.

Royal Albert. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped January, 1884, by Sir Alister out of Novelty, by C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., from J. Shorthose, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. Royal Albert has won one second, three firsts and two specials for best setter in show.

Lucifer and Media. Fox-terriers Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinor), Media (Tackler—Lady Disdain). By Mr. August Belmont, Jr.

DEATHS.

Knickerbocker. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 19), owned by Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 14.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. C. C., Marietta, Ga.—A collie bitch about five years old has always been in perfect health. About a week ago I observed that she kept her eyes nearly closed and rubbed them with her paws as if distressed. No fever apparent, and her appetite has not failed. I washed her head with warm water, nothing more, and the trouble rather increases. Can you tell me what ails the bitch and what to do for her? Ans. Keep her bowels free with syrup of buckthorn or salts. Wash with weak solution of alum or sulphate of zinc or copper, one grain to the ounce of water. As a tonic and alterative nothing is better than Fowler's solution of arsenic, five drops night and morning.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

MILITIA RIFLE PRACTICE.

THE reports made by experienced army officers on the several State camps of National Guardsmen held during the past summer, make very interesting reading, as much in what they find to praise as in what they find to criticise. In the matter of rifle practice the great majority, too great indeed, of the reports tell of obsolete arms, of arms in bad condition and of practice almost at a standstill. The officers speak to the point, and the following extracts from the report to the Adjutant-General tell the whole story. The location of the several camps and the officer making the report is shown in the following assignment of stations:

Alabama.—At Mobile and Selma, by Capt. R. G. Howell, Second U. S. Art.

Connecticut.—At Niantic, by First Lieut. C. A. L. Totten, Fourth U. S. Art.

Dakota.—At Aberdeen, by Lieut. E. F. Townsend, Eleventh U. S. Inf.

Illinois.—At Springfield, by Capt. G. Lawson, Twenty-fifth U. S. Inf.

Indiana.—At La Fayette, by Maj. R. Lodor, Third U. S. Art.

Iowa.—At Oskaloosa and Marshalltown, by Col. R. I. Dodge, Eleventh U. S. Inf.

Kansas.—At Fort Riley reservation, by Lieut.-Col. C. E. Compton, Fifth U. S. Cav.

Kentucky.—At Crab Orchard Springs, by Capt. J. L. Tiernon, Third U. S. Art.

Maine.—At Bangor, by Capt. E. Field, Fourth U. S. Art.

Massachusetts.—At South Framingham, Hingham and Essex, by Capt. C. B. Rodney, Fourth U. S. Art.

Michigan.—At Island Lake, by Maj. A. C. M. Pennington, Fourth U. S. Art.

Minnesota.—At New Ulm and at White Bear Lake, by Maj. J. M. Bacon, Seventh U. S. Cav.

Missouri.—At Sweet Springs, by Capt. T. Schwan, Eleventh U.S. Inf.

New Hampshire.—At Concord, by Lieut.-Col. H. W. Closson, Fifth U. S. Art.

New York.—At Peekskill, by Maj. R. H. Jackson, Fifth U. S. Art.

Ohio.—At Washington Court House, Springfield, Mount Vernon, and Sandusky, by First Lieut. A. P. Blockson, Sixth U. S. Cav.

Pennsylvania.—At the various regimental encampments, by Maj. W. J. Volkmar, Asst. Adj.-Gen.

Rhode Island.—At the State camp ground, by Col. C. L. Best, Fourth U. S. Art.

Vermont.—At Burlington, by First Lieut. W. H. Coffin, Fifth U. S. Art.

Alabama.

In addition to the 170 muskets in camp, the colonel informed me that he had a reserve of about forty. These latter, however, were mostly in an unserviceable condition. A majority of those in camp were in serviceable condition, though nearly all of them evinced a great lack of care. Probably fifty of them were almost totally unserviceable from neglect. Out of probably a dozen that I examined in one company there was not a single gun that I would not anticipate unfortunate results from in case it was fired and this in consequence, principally, of the guns being eaten up with rust.

From the Selma camp Captain Howell reports:

"The command is armed with the Springfield rifle, and in general the guns are in pretty fair condition for service, though nearly all are suffering from rust and a large proportion are deteriorating rapidly from this cause. A general indifference on this point is obvious. Each company has in its possession 1,000 rounds ball-cartridges, which are kept constantly on hand for actual service. The companies, with a few exceptions, are quite well drilled in the school of the soldier and company. But little attention, however, has been paid to skirmish drill and target practice. During the encampment, however, target firing was carried on daily in a systematic and most creditable manner. The method practiced in the United States Army was adhered to."

Connecticut.

Besides the small arms in the hands of the brigade, the State owns, in store at its arsenal, 248 Peabody and 327 Springfield breechloaders, caliber .45. One regiment in camp was armed with Springfields, the other troops carrying Peabody guns. The arms were in good but not in excellent condition. They are only cared for by regular armorers. This is probably necessary in the National Guard, as the arms are necessarily left at the armories. Under existing circumstances, however, a soldier can hardly feel a special pride in his own weapon, and understands but little of its care. All this changes in protracted active service and will right itself. I only saw the arms used with blank cartridges, and was surprised to find that at least 10 per cent. of the shells stuck so badly in the Peabody arm that they had to be extracted with the ramrods. Three or four stuck in this way after every discharge in several of the companies behind which I was standing during drill, and had they been ball cartridges in action the men would, in these days of wonderful arms, been demoralized. I examined these shells and found them so peculiarly crimped that they split almost invariably and anchored themselves.

The State keeps 100,000 rounds of ball cartridges for the small arms constantly on hand at its arsenal, and probably had sufficient for an emergency in the camp. It used blank ammunition very freely during the encampment, but not wastefully.

There is no range at the State reservation, and no ball cartridges were issued or used. All target practice takes place at home, each town where there are companies of the National Guard being required by State law to provide a suitable range for practice. This practice receives about as much attention as in other States, and excites no little interest. Thirty-five shots per season are allowed within which to qualify, and accurate annual reports thereon are made by the inspectors of rifle practice, which are incorporated into the State Adjutant-General's report.

Dakota.

The arms are the Springfield rifle musket, model 1866, caliber .50. They were in a fair condition, with the exception of a slight looseness at the hinge-pin and the lock-screws. This last may be due to the shrinkage of the stock. There was no target practice during the encampment, neither could I learn that any had been had by any of the companies, with the possible exception of one. Company A, First Regiment, has had a few practices during the past year, and have qualified a few marksmen. If any other company had any I did not hear of it.

Illinois.

All the infantry are armed with the Springfield rifle, caliber .45; but they are not all provided with the safety notch. The cavalry are armed with the Springfield carbine, caliber .45. Considerable interest was taken in target practice—distances fired, 100, 200, 500 and 500yds. Lieut.-Col. Thomas C. Clark, inspector of rifle practice of the brigade, had charge, assisted by the inspector of each regiment. On the north side of grounds is located one of the best target ranges, from 100 to 1,000yds., I have ever seen. Great credit is due to the officer, Col. J. A. Shafer, general inspector of rifle practice, who personally superintended the work, for so promptly getting the grounds in condition for the encampment. Shelter was provided for the markers, and many other minor details were looked after and provided which would be well if we had on the Army ranges.

Target practice was under the supervision of Lieut.-Col. James M. Rice, inspector of rifle practice of the brigade. A more zealous and painstaking officer could not have been selected. On the range there were seventeen "Laidley" revolving targets. Markers were hired for the occasion, and communication by telephone was kept up between the firing point and the markers.

A battalion of four companies occupied the range; four in the forenoon and four in the afternoon, each under command of a field officer, assisted by the regimental inspector of rifle practice of the regiment to which the troops belonged. Great interest was taken in this matter from the commanding general down.

The following rules determined the classification: Those who make 60 per cent. in one score of 5 shots at 100, 200 and 500yds. are classified as marksmen; those who make 60 per cent. in one score of 5 shots at 100 and 200yds. are classified as first class; those who make 60 per cent. in one score of 5 shots at 100yds. constitute the second class; those who have had practice during the "target season," July 1 to Nov. 1, at 100yds., are as third class; and all officers and men, whether present or absent, who fail to practice during the "target season" are put in the fourth class.

The following is the figure of merit of the regiments in this command: General and staff, 26; Fifth Infantry, 30.60; Sixth Infantry, 32.48; Eighth Infantry, 34.79. Figure of merit for the brigade of 32.04 against 21.41 for the year 1885.

Last year (1885) this command had 113 marksmen; this year (1886) they have 195. This shows great progress, and can still be increased by a little more attention to aiming drills and gallery practice.

Indiana.

Of the United States breechloading rifle musket, caliber .45, and in all cases serviceable. Their condition showed me that considerable care was manifested in keeping them in order. After the sham battle I found but few pieces that had not been properly cleaned.

Iowa.

All the Iowa National Guard is well armed with the Springfield rifle. About half the companies have the .50-cal. (some the old bright barrel); the other half have the more recent .45-cal. These arms are generally in good condition and seem to be well cared for. At present, however, companies of the same regiment have arms of different caliber—a condition likely to lead to mistake and disaster. It would be far better could the whole force of the State have arms of the same caliber. If this is not practicable, such transfers of arms should be made as will result in each regiment having the same caliber for all it companies.

There is no attempt at target practice as it is understood in the United States Army. The State allowance to each company is but one thousand cartridges a year, which, if distributed among all the enlisted men, would give each but two or three shots in the year. Recognizing the uselessness of this practice, the present custom is to make up teams of six men from each company on the principle of the "old time" shooting matches, the men known to be the best shots being selected for the teams. During the encampment these teams shoot in competition with each other, the team making the best score winning a prize.

The company allowance of cartrides is expended in preliminary practice and in the final contest by these teams, the consequence being that the only "target practice" is had by those men of each company who least need it. The large majority of the men get no practice whatever. I recommend that this mode of practice be discontinued (if no more cartridges can be issued), and that in lieu of the present allowance of ball cartridges an equal amount of money be expended on blank cartridges to be used in volley and file firing, to inure the men to flash and recoil.

Kansas.

The troops are armed with the Springfield rifle, furnished by the United States upon requisition by the State authorities. The command had no target practice at the encampment. The commanding officer of Fort Riley offered the use of movable targets for service in the camp and the freedom of the rifle range of the post, but no time could be spared to be devoted to this exercise.

Kentucky.

The arms in use are the Springfield rifles, caliber .45, model 1873, and, with few exceptions, are in good condition; the accouterments are in good order. No rifle practice in camp.

Maine.

Target practice was the most important feature of the Maine encampment, and a marked contrast to most State encampments, where this part of a soldier's duty is apt to be done in a very perfunctory and lifeless manner.

The inspector of rifle practice is Col. E. Farrington, probably the best inspector in the New England States; judging by the results attained, should say one of the best in America, for any one who has had much knowledge of the militia knows under what disadvantages and discouragement rifle practice is carried on. There is almost an inevitable conflict between the inspector and company and regimental commanders. So much is to be done in so little time that the man who is zealous in drill and tactical exercise naturally grudges the time devoted to something, which, however valuable and necessary, does nothing toward attaining that military bearing and proficiency by which largely the ability of captains and colonels must be judged by the critic and by the public at large.

The first contest that I witnessed was on Wednesday morning, and was what is known as the company skirmish match, conditions not less than 25 men to compete; distance 250 to 100yds., unknown to companies; rounds 10 (5 advancing and 5 retreating); to halt and fire at the whistle, off-hand, one shot at each halt. Twelve companies competed, with the result given below. The men were formed at such interval as the size of the company would admit, from 3 to 6yds.; the command "advance" was given, then a signal from the whistle, a halt, and one shot fired; then the signal to advance, and so on up to near the 100yds. limit; then retreat, with halts as above. I was struck with the admirable practical discipline enforced and shown in this exercise; the skirmish line was well preserved and aligned, both in advance and retreat; not a single man fired before the proper time; there was not a musket fired before being carefully aimed; not the faintest indication of haste or flurry; and not the smallest accident of any kind. As will be seen by an examination of the table, the average was very good. Not a single company did badly, considering their very limited opportunity for practice compared with time devoted in our own service.

Four companies made over 350 points, that is, over 200 hits out of 250 shots, while the work done by the Eastport company is, I think, very remarkable—out of 250 shots 233 hits, 2 miss fires, 4 shots lost; so that the actual score fired was 233 hits, 21 misses. This company deserves special mention, being composed of the very best material in the town, which enjoys the distinction of being the most easterly settlement in the United States. Almost every man in the company is a crack shot; almost every profession in the town is represented—lawyers, physicians, business men. Their pride in the organization and *esprit* is so strong that in steadiness, sobriety, quick and cheerful obedience they might be well taken as a typical representation of the best elements of American manhood. I append the tabulated score, 10 shots per man, 5 advancing and 5 retreating, third class target; distance 250 to 100yds., unknown:

Organization.	Men	Bulls	Cen-ters	In-ners	Out-ers	Hits	Score
Co C, First Reg.	27	13	42	49	52	156	484
Co F, First Reg.	35	11	45	50	61	167	487
Co G, First Reg.	35	17	95	106	75	293	933
Co H, First Reg.	29	5	50	44	46	125	369
Co A, Second Reg	37	9	64	72	81	226	679
Co B, Second Reg.	36	13	70	68	57	208	663
Co C, Second Reg.	36	21	104	88	72	285	929
Co D, Second Reg.	31	13	89	103	93	298	916
Co E, Second Reg.	35	20	102	86	53	261	872
Co G, Second Reg.	38	5	39	50	34	128	395
Co H, Second Reg.	31	9	23	43	57	132	380
Frontier Guards, Eastport	36	16	151	121	45	333	1167

The next match was 50 men from each regiment, taken from different companies, distances 400 to 100yds., unknown; rounds 20, 10 advancing and 10 retreating; second class target. In this match the men were more crowded and the number of shots twice as great; distance nearly double. The same admirable order and discipline prevailed. Owing to the fact that the first 80yds. was in a field filled with stumps, and separated from the target by a high rail fence, the first three rounds advancing and the last three retreating had to be fired from the shoulder; that is to say at the very longest distances. What was very noticeable was the admirable instruction shown on the part of officers. The sights were only changed once; all the shots within these two elevations were aimed by allowance; and at each halt you would hear the officers' instructions, so much "below the bullseye," "just below the 4-ring, etc. By inspecting the table it will be seen that only 201 bullets in the First regiment and 142 in the second failed to hit the

target out of 1,000 shots; the inners outnumber outers and centers outnumber inners:

Organization.	Men.	Bulls.	Centers.	Inners.	Outers.	Hits.	Score.
Second regiment	50	230	290	214	118	858	3,218
First regiment	50	180	278	314	119	799	2,932

This days' shooting concluded with an exhibition match, made up on the ground, 100 men from the brigade, conditions the same as in the regimental match. In this contest the men were so crowded that it was practically a line of battle. The fact that with at least four or five different positions assumed there was not a premature discharge or the smallest accident speaks volumes for the practical discipline which could bring out such results. Just before the 100yds. limit was reached the target was so shot away that the dirt falling through from the butt brought it to the ground and a new one had to be substituted, a fortunate occurrence, as otherwise the bullseye and center would have been practically obliterated, and a count would have been impossible. Many of the spectators were veterans of the war, and they agreed that the fire from these 100 men would have annihilated any 1,000 men that either side could have produced during the war; that in such a fire Ricketts' Division could not have got half way across the open ground. My experience in skirmish firing is very small, as we have been unfortunate in having no range for the past five years, but it struck me as being quite marvelous, and as justifying in itself the existence of the Maine militia.

On Thursday morning was the regimental team match; five men from each regiment; ten rounds each, five at 200 and five at 500yds., as follows: First regiment team, 200yds., 91, and 500yds., 88—total 179; Second regiment team, 200yds., 84, and 500yds., 88—total, 172. The day was hot and the men tired. There were no flags or means of estimating force and direction of the wind, which was high.

In regard to habitual practice, all of the companies in the Second regiment, except F, have target practice constantly and regularly. More attention is paid to skirmishing than to known distances, or, rather, more time devoted. In the First regiment four companies have regular and constant practice; the others pay little attention, being in the cities where the facilities for constant practice are wanting, and every incentive is present to the company commander to devote all time possible to drill and appearance.

Massachusetts.

The arms (Springfield rifle, caliber .45) and equipments are no longer inspected in camp, experience showing that this work can be more thoroughly performed in the armories. Target practice received considerable attention, and both brigades have a fair proportion of marksmen. The State compels a certain amount of practice when practicable, and makes a fair allowance of ammunition, but this allowance shoud be increased.

Michigan.

The arms in the hands of the troops are Sharp's and Springfield rifles, caliber .45, the former being largely in excess of the latter. Out of 38 companies only 8 are supplied with Springfield rifles. The Springfield rifles are in perfectly serviceable condition. The Sharp's rifles have been in the hands of the troops for many years, and should be replaced by the Springfield as rapidly as the exchange can be effected. They are not generally in good, serviceable condition; the bayonets are not interchangeable, the exterior diameter of the muzzles varying. The mechanism is too complicated. There was a complaint that many of them would not explode the cartridges. On the morning that I inspected the command these arms were generally rusty and in bad order. These arms are cared for in the armories by armorers, and in camp the men are not supplied with the means for cleaning them. In each of the regiments, however, I noticed companies in which all the members had cleaned their arms. The Sharp's rifle having no hammer, the troops cannot bring their arms to the "support arms" prescribed in the tactics, but use the "carry arms" of Scott's tactics. This produces a want of uniformity. No target practice was held in camp. I believe some attention is paid to it at home stations, but as far as I can learn it is not pursued methodically. The expenses attending rifle practice in 1885-'4 was $3,172.60 for the two years.

Minnesota.

The infantry were armed with Springfield breechloading rifles, caliber .45, except the Luverne Guards (armed with the obsolete Springfield breechloading rifle, caliber .50). A large number of the rifles have been supplied with the last improved sights, and there were many old guns without the safety notch and badly worn, which should be exchanged for serviceable rifles.

The calvalry were well armed with the Springfield breechloading carbine. The range for target practice at 100, 200, 300 and 500yds. was very good. Practice was had under the supervision of the inspector of rifle practice, First Lieut. E. W. Bird, according to regulations promulgated by the Adjutant-General's office of the State of Minnesota. Much interest in the subject was manifested, and as high a state of excellence attained as possible in a single practice week; the conditions differing from those laid down in Blunt's Rifle and Carbine Firing, no comparison could be made between the shooting of these troops and those of the Army.

In addition to the above report from Camp Hubbard, Major Bacon speaks as follows of the camp at White Bear Lake: "The rifle range, though the best that could be obtained in the neighborhood, was over a marsh and not good. The practice was conducted by the regimental inspector of rifle practice, First Lieut. C. M. Skinner, being at the same distances and under the same rules as those governing Camp Hubbard. Officers and men evinced a commendable zeal in this duty, and made a most creditable record."

Missouri.

The troops were all armed with the Springfield rifle, caliber .45, without safety notch, and having the old sight. Though serviceable, the rifles were not, as a rule, in good condition, barrels and rear sights being more or less rusty, stocks battered, and generally showing rough usage. In many cases the fouling of the bores from the previous days' firing had not been removed. To the general neglect noticeable in this respect the rear company of the Second Infantry constituted a notable exception. No target practice was had during the camp period.

New Hampshire.

The infantry was armed with the Springfield rifle, caliber .45, in good condition. There was some skirmish drill but no target practice, and no blank cartridge practice. Skirmishing and the fire exercise are, I think, of the utmost importance, and might well monopolize the time to the exclusion of more dramatic exhibits. There is some difficulty in securing ranges at the company armories and vicinity, and the scant State appropriation, from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars yearly, limits the ammunition supply. General orders, Nos. 1 and 4, this year's date, show that a beginning has been made in the matter of target practice from which good results may be expected.

New York.

There was no target practice at the camp this year. The Adjutant-General of the State, who was also the commanding officer, informed me that it had been determined at Albany that the regiments and separate companies should practice at the home ranges so as not to interfere with the practical instruction in drills and recitations at the camp. The New York and Brooklyn regiments have their range at Creedmoor and the other regiments and companies have target ranges of their own.

Ohio.

The infantry is armed with Springfield rifles, caliber .45, regulation belts; McKeever cartridge boxes, etc. Nearly all these rifles have been in service nine or ten years, are much battered, and not kept in good order by the men. A few of the latter patterns have been in use for a year or two and are in good condition. The Adjutant-General informs me that he is going to send all the old rifles to Government arsenals as soon after the encampment as practicable, to be thoroughly repaired, refitted with improved sights, etc. The State has altogether, in use and in armories, 6,228 rifles. There is on hand about 135,000 rounds of rifle ball-cartridges and about 500 rounds of shot and shell for field-guns, most of this being at the Columbus Arsenal. No infantry target practice was had.

Pennsylvania.

Referring to such of my report last year upon the National Guard of Pennsylvania as relates to their wretched supply of arms and ammunition, I most earnestly renew my recommendations then made. Interest in a soldier's weapons cannot be very great when he knows that they are inferior, obsolete, and almost absolutely worthless. The day may not be distant when these troops will be called upon suddenly for most important State or national service, and the deplorable effect upon the *morale* of the men caused by the miserable arms and ammunition in their hands is not to be estimated. If would seem well, then, if an earnest, united effort was made by the national guards of all the States to secure passage by Congress of some one of the several bills already introduced in that body providing for exchange by the National Government of worn out or obsolete arms now in the hands of the militia.

Rhode Island.

The infantry portion of the brigade is lamentably deficient in the most important duty of target practice. That is conceded on all sides. Last year 360 men had a practice on the State range of 10 shots each (quite too few), when an accident (killing a cow, I believe) occurred, and practice was suspended. Thus far this year there has been no practice at all, from insecurity of the range or want of appropriation. Pity 'tis, for with such ignorance of the use and capabilities of his weapon as must be the case under such circumstances, the soldier is illy prepared for a call to active duty in the field.

Vermont.

I consider the arms and accouterments unserviceable and very discouraging to the men into whose hands they are put. The rifle with which they are armed is the Springfield breechloader, caliber .50, and has been in use by these troops some twelve years. Many of these pieces are without sights; the majority of them have some defect in the mechanism of the locks or breech-block, or both; many cannot be fired at all; and, as a whole, they might be considered as almost useless, or at least unreliable. Most of them are so rusty and fouled that I doubt if any of them could be fired with effect. Proper care does not seem to have been taken of them, but it must be said they have been long in use, are old and out of date, and the men do not take that pride in them which I am satisfied they would do were a more modern and better weapon placed in their hands. But little attention is paid to target practice. The facilities for a range are, with most of the companies, excellent, but the inferiority of the rifle, the difficulty in obtaining ammunition, and the absence of any provision for assembling the companies for such practice are discouraging in the extreme, and many of the companies have had none at all, and what little has been had by the others has been unsatisfactory. There were no facilities for target practice in camp, and it would be difficult to find a suitable range for such practice on the average ground selected each year for the encampment. Were a permanent camping ground established a rifle range could be fitted up and the usual facilities for practice during the encampment had.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ZETTLER VS. NEW YORK.—These two crack clubs put their first teams in competition at the Zettler gallery on Friday evening last and a remarkably fine score was made by the winning Zettlers. Secretary Shepherd had his glasses so dimmed by the hot air of the gallery that he was compelled to discard them and his score suffered thereby. Case was a sick man and out of condition. The other scors speak for themselves as follows, 30yds., off-hand:

Zettler Team.		New York Team.	
M Dorrler	5555555555—50	A Howlett	5544555555—48
L Flack	5555444444—44	M Herrington	4554455544—45
Jos Wilger	5555454555—48	J S Case	4545434343—39
M Engel	5455555554—48	Thos Dolan	5445555544—47
H Walther	5555455555—49	T Mahoney	5454545444—44
V Stembach	5554555555—49	J S Shepherd	4444452444—39
M L Riggs	5554555545—48	N O Donnelly	4554544545—45
B Zettler	5445555544—46	E Edgar	5454445554—45
C Zettler	5455445445—44	C E Taintor	4555555556—49
A Lober	5555454545—47	L V Sone	4555555555—49
Aggregate	473	Aggregate	450
Average	47 5-10	Ave age	45

The target used in the match was the Overbaugh gallery diagram with a bull 1¼in. diameter and a center 3¼in. diameter. A return match will be shot and the second team of the Zettlers will try and beat the senior record.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—The attendance at the range at Walnut Hill to-day was fair; a variable wind prevailed. J. Francis made two clean scores of 100 in the rest, and Mr. Cushing an 89 and Mr. Charles an 86 in the off-hand match. Matches C and F will close with the shoot of the 22d inst. Below are the records at 200yds. to-day:

Decimal Match.

H Cushing, C	8	10	10	9	10	10	7	6	9	10—	89
W Charles, C	9	7	8	10	6	10	10	10	7	9—	86
C E Berry, A	8	9	10	6	8	10	7	10	9	6—	84
W H Oler, A	9	9	5	8	10	7	5	10	10	9—	82
J R Missam, A	7	8	8	8	10	8	7	8	10	8—	82
R Dadman, A	7	10	8	7	8	9	8	8	6	9—	80
F Carter (mil.), B	8	8	8	5	10	10	9	6	5	10—	79
A L Brackett, B	10	10	9	7	7	8	7	6	7	8—	79
N F Tufts, A	8	7	6	9	7	9	7	7	8	6—74	
J N Frye, C	5	7	6	9	7	10	7	6	7	8—	72
H Withington, C	7	9	8	7	8	8	7	3	4	10—71	

Rest Match.

J Francis, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—	100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—	100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—	99
S Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—	98
	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	10—	97
W H Oler	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	8	10—	97
H Withington	8	9	9	10	9	10	9	8	10	10—	92

Pistol Match at 100ft.

J Francis	40	40	43	00
A C Gordon	40	40	40	49
J N Frye	40	39	39	00

BOSTON, Feb. 19.—The riflemen had a very enjoyable time at their range at Walnut Hill to-day. The attendance was large, but the weather conditions were not favorable, a high wind blowing. A team match was shot during the day between the members of the Massachusetts rifle team who were present, which was won by Capt. Fellows' team, which led by one point.

Team Match—200yds., Capt. Fellows' team:

J B Fellows	8	10	9	6	8	9	9	8	8	—84
C E Berry	10	9	9	6	6	9	10	6	5	9 —79
F Carter (mil)	8	5	6	5	4	7	9	5	7	6—82+5—87
D L Chase	4	7	7	7	4	8	6	6	5	7 —61
W Gardner	0	9	5	5	8	5	6	6	5	8 —58—349

Capt. Charles' team:

W Charles	7	8	10	8	6	9	8	10	4	10 —84
A L Brackett (mil)	6	6	10	5	6	9	5	6	7	7—67+5—72
H J Foster	4	6	6	8	6	9	6	6	10	6 —68
J N Frye	5	6	5	7	8	8	5	4	5	7 —62
J A Cobb	7	7	5	7	3	5	7	9	8	4 —62—348

Decimal Off-Hand Match—200yds.

H Cushing, C	10	9	9	9	8	10	7	7	9	10—	88
W O Burnite, A	8	10	9	10	9	8	7	9	5	9—	88
	6	8	8	9	8	9	9	10	8	8—	83
C E Berry, A	10	5	10	8	9	7	9	9	8	9—	86
	9	9	9	7	6	7	9	9	8	9—	82
W Charles, A	8	10	8	10	6	7	9	8	8	10—	85
	6	9	10	7	6	9	8	10	8	10—	84
J B Fellows, A	8	11	9	6	9	8	9	9	8	8—	84
W H Oler, A	6	7	10	9	10	8	9	7	10	8—	84
R Dadman, A	7	8	9	7	8	10	9	7	8	10—	83
J R Missam, A	10	9	9	6	9	9	10	6	5	9—	79
	7	9	8	9	10	4	8	9	5	10—	70
A L Brackett (mil)	9	9	7	6	10	7	8	6	6	9—	77
J N Frye, C	10	8	8	10	5	7	5	9	6	9—	77
	8	8	5	8	8	8	9	9	6	7—	76
W Gardner, C	7	9	8	6	8	10	6	5	7	6—	72
H J Foster, A	4	6	6	9	6	9	6	6	10	6—	68
D L Chase, A	6	6	6	8	6	7	10	7	5	5—	66
J A Cobb, C	7	7	5	7	3	7	5	9	8	4—	62

Rest Match—200yds.

H J Foster	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—	100
	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	9—	97
S Wilder, F	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	9—	97
F Carter (mil)	7	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	10—	93
W H Oler	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	7—	93
R Dadman	10	9	9	8	10	9	10	9	8	9—	91

Pistol Match.

J N Frye	45	41	37	36	36

BOSTON GALLERY SCORES.—There was a lively tussle all last week at the Mammoth Rifle Gallery in the various matches. The "special match" has attracted great attention, and the score of Mr. Eastman is certainly wonderful. The records in all the matches are appended:

Special Match.

C H Eastman	100	99	99	98	97	97	97	97	95	95—	974
W Wilder	98	98	97	97	96	96	96	96	96	96—	966
J Felix	98	97	97	97	96	96	95	95	95	95—	961
H R Bradley	96	95	95	94	93	93	93	92	91	90—	932

Decimal Rest Match.

C H Eastman	98	98	98	98	97	96	96	96	96	96—	969
B W White	95	93	93	91	90	87	89	85	85	82—	857

Decimal Off-Hand.

W Henry	93	90	89	89	88	87	86	86	85	85—	878
J Felix	89	87	86	86	86	86	85	84	84	84—	857

Amateurs' Match.

J Hunt	48	48	45	44	44	44	44	44	43	43—	448
P Sumner	45	44	43	43	43	43	43	42	42	42—	430

Pistol Match.

B W White	91	91	89	89	89	88	88	87	87	89—	888
C O Ming	90	90	89	88	88	87	86	86	86	86—	875

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 17.—The following is the score made during the week at S. J. Clinton's gallery, 50yds., possible score 168:

E B Colton	165	James White	162
A B Rice	164	A O Guillott	161
E W Marlbourgh	163	E R Stone	160
G C C Capell	162	Dr Tammen	160
P A Duprey	162	Geo Wilson	160

Pistol match, 15 paces, possible 60:

Pirtit Proctor	60	James White	59
E B Colton	60	E R Stone	58
D B Rice	59		

WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 14.—The weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club took place at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. The scores are as follows out of a possible 100 points on Standard American target:

At 200yds.										
R Miller	6	8	7	7	6	8	7	6	7	6—68
W F Seeds	4	4	5	5	4	9	8	7	9	6—61
J E Newman	2	2	3	5	7	7	6	9	4	2—47
W A Bacon	4	3	4	5	6	2	5	6	5	6—46
H Simpson	2	1	2	6	6	7	5	4	8	4—40
W O'Connor	7	4	5	3	3	1	3	2	6	5—39
C Frederick (mil)	0	1	4	3	2	4	3	7	5	1—30
At 100yds.										
R Miller	9	8	9	7	9	8	8	8	10	9—85
W A Bacon	8	6	7	10	10	9	8	6	5	10—79
H Simpson	9	9	7	5	10	8	8	6	6	7—75
W O'Connor	6	6	10	8	6	7	7	8	6	7—71
J E Newman	5	10	7	7	8	10	6	5	9	7—67
W F Seeds	8	5	8	7	8	5	6	6	9	5—67
C Frederick (mil)	2	5	9	6	4	4	6	2	5	5—48

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—At Shell Mound Park this afternoon the members of Battery A shot for the marksman's badge for pistol shooting. The distance was 100ft. with a possible 50. The following excellent scores were made by those who took part in the shooting:

Sergeant Darcey	5544555555—48	Lieut. Fletcher	5454454444—43
Captain Smith	5455534555—46	Cor. Mckenhauser	4543444544—41
Al Smith	4554445555—45	Sergeant Stillwell	4444444444—40

A second match with a possible 100, resulted in the following totals: Sergeant Darcy 82, Mickenhausen 79, Al. Smith 77, Captain Smith 75. Another round gave Captain Smith 87, Sergeant Darcey 85, Al. Smith 76, Mickenhausen 69. Sergeant Darcey then shot a string alone and made the remarkable score of 96.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 12.—The Manchester Rifle Association won to-day, in the match with the Maynard Club, of Chicopee Falls, Mass.:

Manchesters.		Maynards.	
C D Palmer	82	C Garsner	82
A B Dodge	78	H Eagle	77
F J Drake	73	Z Talbot	73
G A Leghton	69	T T Cartwright	67
W Morris	68	O W Horr	62
W Graham	62—422	F N Withrel	61—422

There is but one point difference between the aggregate of the scores made by the first three men on both teams. The clubs are likely to shoot another match.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, Feb. 19.—Very high wind, standard target, 200yds., off-hand:

Tuck	6	10	10	7	10	8	6	8	6	7—81
A Edgerly	7	5	9	9	6	6	7	10	8	10—77
S E Johnson	7	8	7	10	6	7	8	10	8	10—75
J Busfield	7	8	5	8	8	4	8	9	5	10—72
J F Brown	5	6	8	8	7	10	8	10	5	4—71
F Merrill	5	7	7	7	7	7	5	10	9	6—70
C Bliss	7	6	8	7	6	7	7	10	6	5—69
E Brown	4	4	8	4	7	10	8	8	5	6—64

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—The bitter cold wind blowing across the bay from snowy Tamalpais did not prevent an unusually large number of ardent shootists from putting in an appearance at Harbor View Park today. During the morning the targets were kept busily moving by the bullets of the Swiss Shooting Club, who were practising for a festival to be held in the immediate future. In the afternoon the members of the California Schuetzen Club were out in full force, the occasion being their monthly medal shoot at ring targets. Some exceedingly good scores were made, the general average being very much better than the ordinary. Strecker's 430 out of a possible 500 is the best score made this season. The following are the names of the medal winners in their respective classes: Champion class, A. Strecker, 430; first class, A. Johnston, 417; second class, A. Fields, 391; third class, H. A. Kuriinke, 349; fourth class, M. Reubald, 336. A young man named Val Smith, who has lately joined the club, scored 412, but not having yet been classified was not awarded a prize. At the conclusion of the medal shoot pool shooting was indulged in by the members, A. Rahwyler being mos successful, scoring 73 out of a possible 75, J. Utschig coming a good second. The monthly medal shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club was also held during the afternoon, with the following result: First class—1st, Louis H. Kauffung, 395; 2d, Gus. Robertson, 353. Second class—H. F. Roepke, 365; V. Smith, 320. Third class, F. Krug, 303. L. A. Kauffung was also the winner of a prize for the best center shot, scoring 23 out of a possible 24, and also for the last best center shot, scoring 24 out of 25.

TARGET TRAP SHOOTING.—The Raub magazine target trap is coming into general use for rifle practice, and the manufacturer proposes that those who use it adopt some set of rules, that their scores may be intelligible to others. He says: "To make uniformity in practice and giving every person using the Raub trap an understanding of what others are doing with it, I submit the following rules, on which I ask for practical amendments: Divide the shooting into two classes, single and repeating. Directions of trap, 10, 11, 12, 1 and 2 o'clock, the supposed positions of figures on clock dial. Single Class.—First, trap stationary 12 o'clock, 10ft. high, 20ft. line, any rifle, then say 10 shots in each direction. Handicapping by longer line or higher throw. Second, blind the trap, employ an assistant, stationed behind the shooter to work the revolving line, throw the targets so as to give equal number in each direction. In the repeating class follow above rules and keep record of time, counting the greatest number of hits in given time.

TORONTO, Feb. 18.—The West Toronto Junction Gun Club held the fifth competition for the cup presented by Wm. M. Cooper, at 15 Canada blackbirds, 18yds. rise, thrown from three screened traps. The following is the score: Wm. A. Clarke 12, E. Brown 12, P. Wakefield 10, W. Wakefield, 10, F. J. Brimer 10, D C Walton 9, D. Blea 8, W. David se 8, A. H. Royce 8, A Royce 8, B. W. Clarke 7, F. Wakefield 7. Shoot off at 5 birds each: Clarke 4, Brown 3. W. Clarke having won the cup three times, the trophy becomes his property.....The members of the Owl Gun Club commenced a handicap shooting match to-day on Chas. Ayre's grounds for a gold breastpin, presented by the officers of the club, to be won twice before becoming the property of any competitor. Ten shots at Peoria blackbirds. Following are the scores: J Townson 13, J. Montgomery 13, W. McDowell 13, F. Mallet 10, C. Ayre 7, C. Kemp 7, W. Smith 6, A. F. Beatty 6, D. O'Halloran 2, R. Clark 3.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

TORONTO, Feb. 12.—C. Ayres' shooting grounds presented a rather lively appearance this afternoon when a large number of local shots turned out to try the new Niagara blackbird for the first time in Toronto. The five city gun clubs were all represented in the score. There were fifteen contestants for four prizes. S. McClure, of the East Toronto Gun Club, won first; Geo. Carruthers, of the West End Gun Club, second; E. Dollery, of the same club, third, and W. J. Clark, of the Toronto Junction Gun Club, fourth. The Torontos and Owls were left out in the cold, and very cold it was, for a regular blizzard blew across the traps nearly all afternoon, a fact that undoubtedly accounts for the low scores of the winners, which were as follows: Conditions, 12 birds each from 3 traps at 18yds. rise:

S McClure	6	E Dollery	5
Geo Carruthers	6	W J Clark	4

Mr. J. Wells was the efficient referee.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Feb. 19.—The following were the first prize winners today in the various events: 1. Six clay pigeons, Henry and Babson. 2. Six blackbirds, Ames and Stanton. 3. Six blackbirds, Henry. 4. Six clay pigeons, Shumway, Staaton and Ames. 5. Six blackbirds, Stanton. 6. Six blackbirds, Ames and Stanton. 7. Six blackbirds, Swift. 8. Six clay pigeons, Shumway. 9. Six clay pigeons, Stanton. 10. Six clay pigeons, Swift. 11. Six clay pigeons, Stanton. 12. Three pairs bluebirds, Snow. 13. Ten clay pigeons, Stanton and Shattuck. Badges won by Shattuck, Snow and McCoy. Miss and out, Snow and Stanton. Three pairs blackbirds, Snow and Ames.

THE MIDDLESEX TOURNAMENT.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Feb. 21.—The first annual tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club opened at Dunellen, N. J., on the 21st inst. under very favorable auspices. Many were the fears of bad weather from the snow storm of the evening before, but the weather moderated, and though the sun failed to come out in full force, the air was mild and the snow soon disappeared. There were numbers from abroad. Among the celebrated trigger men (and far more will be on hand to-morrow) we recognized Stice, of Winchester Arms Co. (and, by the way, he handled one of their new single barrel repeating shotguns with marvelous success); Stark, Dickey and Straighter of Boston, Budd from Iowa, Hudson and Luther from Syracuse, Organ from Chicago and others from a distance, to say nothing of our local celebreties from all over the State, not to forget "the Mayor of Bound Brook." Great credit is due to the committee, Messrs. Fred Quimby, W. I. Ritch, E. H. Robinson, F. H. Stevens, M. W. Mulford and S. G. Smith, and more especially to Messrs. Quimby and Ritch for the grand success of the first day, and, in fact, for all. First was a miscellaneous sweep. In fact, there were three different sweeps going on at the same time, one at the five traps in the center and two others at the double traps at the wings, as it were, and the cracking was incessant, while the air was filled with the smoke of the burnt powder, and at times hung a little heavy, but many used the Wood and Schultz powder, which lessened the annoyance considerably.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

The shooting will commence at 9 A. M. and continue until 5:30 P. M. of each day. The live bird shooting will all be from 5 ground traps, under the Hurlingham rules, except gauges, weights of guns and powder charge. No gun larger than No. 10 bore will be allowed. Powder charge unlimited, shot charge must not exceed 1⅛oz. Dixon's No. 1106 struck measure. The guns will be handicapped according to weights, without regard to gauge, as follows: Under 8½lbs. at 29yds. rise; 8½lbs. and under 10lbs., 30yds. rise; 10lbs. and over, 31yds. rise, except in double live bird shooting, when the handicaps will be 20, 21 and 22yds. for the above weights. The grounds are inclosed and except the rear boundary the fence is 80yds. and 6in. from the center trap, and a bird lighting on or striking against the fence is out of bounds and lost. The rear boundary is marked by a line of stakes, 55yds. from the traps, and a bird passing or falling outside of that line is a lost bird. Guns must not be loaded until the shooter is at the score, and no one, unless by permission of the referee, will be allowed to fire off a gun inside of the grounds except when at the score, and then only at the bird or birds to be sprung from the traps. Any one violating this rule will be fined $5. If a party so fined refuses to pay said fine, he will be expelled from the grounds, and any entrance money he may have paid in will be forfeited. The club have adopted the Ligowsky clay-pigeon for sole use in this tournament. The shooting at clay pigeons will be governed by the National Gun Association rules, excepting that the club will not deduct any percentage from the entrance moneys. The moneys in all the sweepstakes will be divided as follows: When twelve entries or less, into three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; when more than twelve entries there will be four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The sweepstakes will all be class shooting, and the committee and referee shall have power to disqualify any contestant that intentionally misses a bird to drop into a lower class. The ties may be either shot off or the money divided, but unless all concerned agree to divide, the tie must be shot off. Ties in the 50 live bird sweep will be shot off at 5 birds each, and after that number have been shot at all those still remaining in the tie will shoot off, miss and out. The ties in all the other live bird sweepstakes will be miss and out. In the clay-pigeon sweepstakes the ties will be shot off at five birds each until decided.

First miscellaneous sweep (not down in the bill), 10 clay-pigeons; $1 entrance, 40, 20, 20, 10 per cent., National rules, Ritch and Mulford, judges; G. B. Eaton, referee. Stark 10yds. all the rest 18yds:

Stice	1111111110—9	Hudson	1001110100—5
Stark	1111111111—10	Fox	0111011001—6
Miller	1001110000—5	Kleinz	0110110000—3
Smith	1101111111—9	Waggoner	1011111101—8
Davis	1011011101—7	Allen	1110111101—8
Manitz	0110101001—5	Luther	1111011111—9
Dickey	1110111100—7	Wyckoff	0110010111—6
Straighter	1110010011—6	Leigh	1100101010—5
Brewer	1100111101—7	Complete	1100110100—5

Stark first money; other ties divided.

First regular sweep; 20 Ligowsky clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, National Gun Club Rules, 40, 50, 20, 10 per cent., $5 entrance:

Stice	1111111111111101111—19
Stark	1111111010111111111—18
Brewer	1111111111101110011—17
Dickey	1111111111101101110—17
Straighter	1101111111111111111—19
Kleinz	1101100001000010 w
Davis	1001111010001111101—14
Complete	1000100010010110100—7
E Hudson	1101010001111111010—14
M C Smith	0111111101011111101—16
J Wyckoff	1101101011111101110—15
Fox	1101110101111011011—14
Allen	1111111111010110111—18
Luther	1111011101111111111—18
Waggoner	1111111111011111101—19

All ties divided.

First sweep at 10 live birds, $10 entrance, Hurlington rules, except weight of guns, which were handicapped, G. B. Eaton, referee. The birds were a very inferior lot ("Baltimore birds," old Miles says) and the traps were set so as to open toward the shooter, nine-tenths of all were incomers; out of 319 birds there were but a dozen drivers and some two dozen that could be called good birds. But the committee promise better to-morrow. They will change the traps and give the birds an airing outside for a while instead of trapping right from the club house. Score:

Brewer (31yds)	1111111112—10	Stice (30)	1111111211—10
Budd (30)	1121111212—10	Wadsworth (30)	1112111221—10
Stark (29)	1211110211—9	Dickens (30)	1112111011—9
Kleinz (30)	1001111121—8	Gillespie (31)	1111111111—10
G Heft (31)	1110030120—7	Bob White (30)	1211222121—10
Straighter (30)	1210121111—9	Manitz (31)	0111010111—7
Cracknell (29)	1111212111—10	Hudson (31)	1021110112—8
Jones (30)	1111211111—10	Miles Johnson (30)	1211111111—10
Eley (30)	1111112121—10	Luther (31)	1111112110—9
Dickey (30)	0111111202—9	Complete (30)	1011110111—8
Bowers (30)	0110112110—7	F Class (29)	1021121211—9

Ties, miss and out, for first, Budd, Eley, Stice, Gillespie, Bob White and Johnson tied again on 8 and divided; Cracknell 6, Wadsworth 3, Brewer and Jones 0. For second, Straighter, Dickey and Luther tied on 11 and divided, Stark 3, Dickens 10, Class 0. Hudson and Complete divided third. Figure 2 denotes second barrel.

Ten pairs clay-pigeons, $5 entrance, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.:

Budd	11	00	10	10	01	11	11	10	11	11—14
Dickey	11	10	10	11	11	11	11	00	01	10—14
Stice	10	11	10	01	11	00	10	10	11	11—13
Stark	11	01	10	11	11	11	01	10	11	11—16
Swafer	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	10	10—15
Davis	01	00	11	00	11	11	10	00	10	00— 9
Complete	00	10	10	11	00	10	00	01	01	00— 7
Hudson	10	11	11	00	00	11	11	10	11	00—12
Wagner	10	10	01	10	11	01	00	01	00	10— 9
Heft	10	01	11	00	11	11	11	11	00	10—13
Jones	11	10	10	10	10	11	11	11	11	10—15
Smith	11	11	11	01	11	11	11	11	11	11—18
Gillespie	10	10	11	00	01	10	11	11	00	00—10
Luther	11	01	10	01	11	11	11	11	11	10—15
White	01	11	11	01	11	01	01	11	11	11—16

Smith first, Stark and white divided second, Swather and Luther divided third, Jones, Budd and Dickey fourth.

There were other sweeps at the clay disks on the wings which we did not get.

The Second Day opened very inauspiciously, dark lowering clouds with a very moist and uncomfortable drizzle that threatened anything but fair weather, but the club, with its usual good luck, not only got the big shooters there but they foreclosed their mortgage on Stice and he made the latter part of the day all that could be desired.

The day opened with the 15 clay-pigeon shoot, which took place outside of the grounds and which, in our anxiety to get at the preliminaries of the big live bird shoot, we failed to note. The big race of the tournament that had called together so many of the celebrated disciples of the trigger, was started about 11, with 15 entries, among them some of the best trap shooters in the country and we might say in the world; and here, as in other business, luck has more or less to do with success; some had easy, some hard birds; notably, Williams, Brewer, and Stewart killed some very good birds among the many that fell to them; Stewart especially had good luck. Stice was more than fortunate in having 8 out of 10 incomers. His first miss, the second bird, hit the fence and dropped dead. Most of the money was placed between Graham's and Budd's score, and the western men got away with it. There were many incidents of an exciting character in the match, especially toward the last, and some money changed hands. The birds were better, or at least livelier, than the day before. Grand Sweep, open to the world, 50 single live pigeons, 5 ground traps, entrance $112.50, including the birds; Hurlingham rules except as to guns, which were handicapped by Middlesex Gun Club rules, viz., under 8½lbs., 29yds.; 8½ and under 10, 30yds.; over 10, 31yds. The shooting of Eley and Stice was superb. Wm. Siegler, of Montclair, referee, and a good one; W. I. Ritch, scorer, another good one:

Graham, 29yds	1111011111211011111111111 2111211102201212101111011—43
Mannix, 31yds	2120010101000211212101011 10021001110 w.
Brewer, 31yds	0121102222201212121010111 12101101220111110111111111—43
Waring, 29yds	1221501121202222311011031 02201012002102011110102—34
Eley, 30yds	2111121111111111111111111 11111120111121212121111—48
Stark, 29yds	1011111101121011111111211 11011121211111111111211—46
Budd, 30yds	1112122100121212121 1 1121110011211112111111111—46
Williams, 29yds	0112101111121001111-1015 01111220100 w.
Sampson, 31yds	1010010000021011102-1010 w.
Wardsworth, 31yds	1221212012201101212120100 1101010021 w.
Kleinz, 30yds	2020112121221222212105.01 1202210110211211021112211—42
Stewart, 30yds	1001112121211122103101001 0111102221011011210101111—41
White, 30yds	1210111120011110211212 1211111101021011 w.
Geo Davis, 30yds	1211011022121212111210 2112121011210201212201111—48
Stice, 30yds	2011111111121121111211 1111111112110211111111—48

Many of the second barrels were shot when not necessary, either at a bird with crippled wing or even dead hit, Hurlingham rules allowing the same; and they are abominable; who would do that at quail or grouse in the field? Bah! Eley and Stice divided first money, $600; Stark and Budd divided second, $450; Graham, Brewer and Davis divided third, $300; Kleins took fourth, $150. And thus ended the second day. JACOBSTAFF.

THE FITCHBURG TOURNAMENT.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Feb. 17.—There was a large attendance at the tournament yesterday at the River Street Range of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. The weather was all that could be desired. Among those present were George T. Ellsworth, of Gardner; C. W. Burbank and L. M. Harris of Leominster; E. T. Smith, W. L. Davis, W. S. Perry, E. F. Swan, W. R. Dean, M. D. Gilman and Frank Stone, of Worcester; George Sampson, of Clinton; H. W. Eager of Marlborough; Knowles and Bates of Lowell; Aldoes, of Brockton; O. R. Dickey, Stanton and Swift, of Boston; C. M. Stark, of Exeter, N. H.; George W. Weymouth, E. N. Cummings, H. I. Wallace, A. W. Baker, W. J. Fox, J. O. Converse, B. W. McKay, H. D. McIntyre, Charles Dean, S. D. Sheldon and George Colony, of this city.

The principal contest was for the Climax badge, offered by the United States Cartridge Company of Lowell. The conditions are that it shall be shot for twelve times, 10 clay pigeons and 10 blackbirds, and it is to become the property of the one winning it the largest number of times. The contest yesterday was the tenth of the series. Your correspondent not being acquainted with the alias or shooting name of some who contested is not able to give the correct name of all who shot for the prize. The result of the contest yesterday, with that exception, was as follows:

	Clay-Pigeons.	Clay Birds.
Stark	1111111111—10	1111111111—10—20
Davis	1111111110— 9	1111111111—10—19
Croun	1011111111— 9	1111111111—10—19
Eager	1111011101— 8	1111111111—10—18
Smith	0111111111— 9	1111111011— 9—18
Gilman	1111011101— 8	1111111111—10—18
Swift	1111100111— 8	1111111111—10—18
Sampson	0111110111— 8	1110111111— 9—17
Holden	1100101111— 7	1111111111—10—17
Dickey	1111111011— 9	1151111110— 8—17
Perry	1111110011— 8	1111011011— 8—16
Stanton	1011011101— 7	1111111110— 9—16
Swan	0011111101— 7	0111111111— 9—16
Cummings	1111110111— 9	1000111111— 7—16
Arnold	1011110111— 8	0111111011— 8—16
Weymouth	1001110111— 7	1111110011— 8—15
Wheeler	1101010011— 6	0111111111— 9—15
Burbank	0011011100— 6	1101111111— 9—15
Beaudry	1000111101— 7	1110011011— 7—14
Knowles	1110100110— 6	1111110011— 8—14
Bates	0001010110— 4	1011111111— 9—13
Gore	1101111000— 6	0111111010— 7—13
Dean	0000100001— 2	1111011111— 9—11
Longley	0001001101— 4	1011110110— 7—11
Aldoes	1000011000— 3	1010101111— 7—10

The badge has now been won ten times as follows: Henry W. Eager, of Marlborough, with a score of 20; A. F. Cooper, of Exeter, N. H., with 19; Theodore Strater, otherwise called Stanton, of Boston, with 20; C. M. Stark, of Exerter, N. H., with 19; Eager, with 19; Stark, with 18; Strater, otherwise Stanton, with 17; Strater, with 18; Eager, with 19; Stark, with 20.

During the day there were nine other events, as follows: Six bats, with 22 entries; 6 blue rocks, with 24 entries; 10 clay-pigeons, 21 entries; 6 blue rocks, straightaway, 25 entries; 10 clay-pigeons, 15 entries; 6 clay-pigeons, 25 entries; 10 clay-pigeons, 24 entries; 6 blue rocks, 26 entries, and 10 clay-pigeons, 17 entries.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 16.—The regular shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club at the half mile track, Parkville, to-day, notwithstanding the almost impassable state of the roads, was well attended. Fourteen members shot for the club prizes, while a large crowd looked on. The first was won by Secretary G. L. Ayers, the second by L. Davenport, the third by J. E. Lake and the fourth by H. Monsees. Score:

H McLaughlin, 25yds	0	½	1	1	1	1	½	—5
L Davenport, 26yds	1	1	1	½	0	1	1	—5½
A Schwartz, 27yds	0	1	½	1	1	1	1	—5½
R John, 27yds	½	0	0	1	1	1	0	—3½
F Lanzer, 21yds	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	—5
J Lane, 21yds	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	—5
H. W Blattmacher, 24yds	1	½	0	0	0	1	0	—2½
H Monsees, 21yds	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	—4
J Smith, 28yds	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	—3
G L Ayers, 24yds	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—6
J Courtney, 21yds	1	0	½	1	1	1	½	—5
R Grace, 26yds	0	0	1	1	½	½	1	—3
H P Donnelly, 22yds	0	1	½	1	0	1	0	—3½
M Liebener, 21yds	0	½	0	1	½	½	1	—3½

Sweepstakes.

McLaughlin, 23yds	1 1 0—2	J Courtney, 21yds	0 0 ½— ½
R Grace, 26yds	1 1 0—2	S Garrison, 21yds	0 1 0—1
L Davenport, 29yds	½ 1 1—2½	A Schwartz, 27yds	½ 0 1—1½
M Liebener, 21yds	0 0 1—1	G Ayers, 24yds	½ ½ 0—1½
J Lake, 21yds	1 ½ ½—2	J Smith, 28yds	1 0 0—1
H P Donnelly, 22yds	1 0 1—2	H Monsees, 21yds	½ 1 1—2½
P Lanzer, 21yds	1 1 1—3	R John, 27yds	1 ½ 0—1½

R. Grace and H. McLaughlin divided third. Referee and scorer, L. P. Van Pelt.

BOGARDUS DEFEATS MEADERS.—St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 22.—The championship match between Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Capt. Andy Meaders was shot to-day in execrable weather, in consideration of which the scores are wonderfully good. 100 live birds, 30yds., ground traps, 1dr. powder, 1¼oz. shot, Bogardus using 12-bore, 7lbs. 10oz. Scott; Meaders 12 bore, 7lbs. 12oz. L. C. Smith. Score:

Bogardus	2201111121211212121221121111010121121111111111 1101012111220102111121222113130111102111111111—93
Meaders	1211110111201122221111220111112101111222111 2211221213021112121300102021202121212111121212—89

2, second barrel. o, dead out of bounds.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—At a meeting of the New York German Gun Club at 154 William street, the following officers were elected: President, F. Boesenecker; Vice-President, August Schmitt; Treasurer, F. Kunz; Secretary, F. Schlicht; Captain, F. Sauter.—TELL.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 17.—The semi-monthly contest of the East End Gun Club for the club badge was held to-day at the range near the foot of Cornell street. The day was all that could be desired, and the occasion was made more interesting by the presence of a number of visitors from the Cleveland Gun Club. They cordially accepted an invitation to participate in the shoot. The contest was for 20 birds from 5 traps, 19yds. rise. Among the visitors were Rev. Dr. C. S. Pomeroy, who is a great lover of trap-shooting with inanimate targets, and Mr. E. A. Wetmore, of Marquette, Mich. Messrs. Phare, Auld and Maygo tied for first money, and in the decisive shoot Mr. Maygo was declared the winner. The next meeting of the club will be held on Thursday, March 3. Following is the score:

A Class.

H Phare	1011111111—9	1111100110—7—16
Paul North	1101111001—7	1001111111—8—15
D Auld	0101111101—7	1011111111—9—16
T Maygo	0111101111—8	1111101011—8—16
C Elford	0101030001—3	0100110110—5— 8
C McCracken	0110111110—7	0100110001—4—11
W Nicklous	0011001001—4	1101111010—7—11
E Brick	0111100100—5	0100111010—5—10
J Bern	1001111000—5	01100w.
C A Beidler	0110010101—5	0110010000—3—

B Class.

A B Jones	1010111011—7	0100101111— 6—13
W Sweetman	1101101011—7	0111100001— 5—12
Visitors:		
L O Jones	1110011111—9	1111111111—10—19
J J Wightman	0111111111—9	0111011100— 5—15
D Upson	1010011001—5	0011111111— 7—12
F L Chamberlin	1010101111—7	0010110111— 6—13
H L Cross	0001001100—3	0011011001— 5— 8
C C Hebbard	0110111101—7	1101111110— 8—15
Harry Glidden	1110110010—5	0000100001— 2— 7
W R Hunter	1111101000—6	1110110001— 6—12

CHOICE OF TARGETS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During this week there was a representative meeting of Ohio sportsmen to form the Ohio State League, of which meeting doubtless your regular correspondent will send you full particulars. I address you a few lines on one special subject, hoping that the same will prove a warning to brother sportsmen in other States. An attempt was made at the above meeting before it had been barely organized to capture the same in the interests of two target companies who were the only companies that had their agents at the meeting. This by springing a resolution to adopt two certain targets for the league or association. Such a resolution springing spontaneously from the shooters would be apropos, but coming from interested target manufacturers, plainly indicates an attempt to pack and to utilize such conventions in the interest of such manufacturers and should be promptly shut down upon, as was so efficiently done in the above instance. The energetic remarks of H. F. Robinson, of Cincinnati, speedily opened the eyes of the meeting, and to their credit be it said, the gentlemanly representatives of the Ohio clubs rejected the resolution and thus declined to allow themselves to be used as "cat's paws." The general opinion prevailed that for the present the State Association tournament programmes should be arranged with matches at all the various targets and thus the hundreds of shooters would be able to exercise their judgment intelligently and not be dragooned into buying a trap which they will probably be inclined to discard upon seeing another. Of course if the committee having the matter in charge being familiar with all targets and with the desires of their members should see fit to adopt some one standard target, as was done in adopting the Ligowsky target for the Middlesex Gun Club tournament at Dunellen, N. J., Feb. 21-25, 1887, and as was similarly done by the Texas State Sportsmen's Association in 1886, is entirely a different question and is undoubtedly justifiable on the principle of "survival of the fittest." The point for sportsmen to avoid in all such cases is the suspicion of being utilized through favor, affection or good fellowship to cast their vote in favor of some one target, when their candid judgment, unbiassed by any consideration, would select another.—NEMO.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

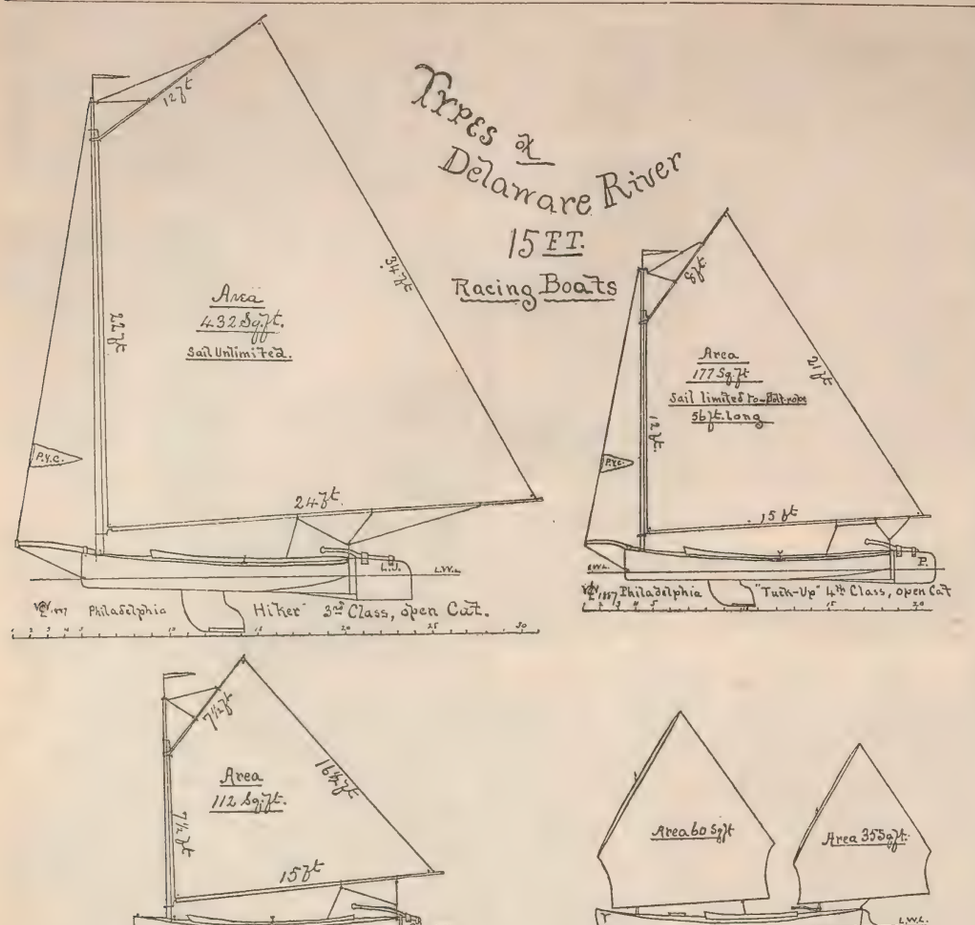
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

IDEAL CRUISING ASSOCIATION.—New York, Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The notice that appeared in your issue of Feb. 10 was the first information I had of my election to the office of admiral of the I. C. A. Our secretary has no record of the meeting referred to, and as I have no way of finding out who the aspirants for membership were, I take this means of calling their attention to Art. CXXVIII. of the Constitution, which says: "A quorum shall consist of one member, and no meeting shall have power to transact any business unless a full quorum is present." They must therefore see that their action is null and void. I take this opportunity to set at rest rumors of a split in the I. C. A., and will explain their origin. During the latter part of December all the members except the admiral were out of town traveling for their health. They all happened to meet in a salt mine and decided to hold a meeting. We had learned from our "official organ," the FOREST AND STREAM, that our admiral had accepted a position on the A. C. A. regatta committee, thus grossly violating Art. II. of the Constitution. Our meeting unanimously passed a resolution requesting an explanation from his highness. His explanation completely exonerated him. He called our attention to the changes he had caused made in the programme by which cruisers would benefit greatly. To quote from his official reply, "I am in the enemy's camp to destroy the racers." We were greatly pleased at his subtle strategy, and are now prouder than ever to look up to him as the head of our Ideal Cruising Association.—THE SNAKE CHARMER.

DURABILITY OF CANVAS CANOES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A letter on a "Light Canadian Canoe" has attracted my notice in your issue of Feb. 3. As I have had very considerable experience in canvas canoes, I believe that the danger of a well-designed boat of this description being injured in running rapids, etc., are very much exaggerated. I have run innumerable rapids, and grounded on snags repeatedly in single skin canvas canoes, and have never once had the boat injured while navigating it. Of course, one man's experience does not go for much, still one would like to know, when an accident occurs to a canvas boat, the description of craft, thickness of duck and previous experience of the navigator. It would be interesting for instance, to know what percentage of coracles are injured, as some hundreds of them are in daily use for fishing on the rivers of the west of England and Wales, and though snags are not so common there as in the rivers of America, shallow rapids with rocky bottoms are common enough. It has so frequently been my lot to hear this statement about snags being fatal to canvas boats that I wonder if my experiences have been very exceptional or if the assertion is made on data as unreliable as the celebrated information about Jack Robinson's death. "Somebody had told me, as somebody said, that he'd read in some newspaper."—C. M. DOUGLAS.

A BRITISH CANOE MEET.—A strong effort is now being made to organize a canoe meet for July or August next at some point in England. The Norfolk Broads have been named and seem to meet with the most favor, as the Scotch and Irish lakes are too far away. The Royal C. C. has invited other canoeists to cooperate in making the meet a success, and it is not unlikely that in the event of a good location and some races being assured, some American canoeists may attend.

MEET ON THE PASSAIC.—A meeting will be held in Newark on the evening of March 19, to arrange matters for a regatta and camp of all canoeists on the Passaic River, to be held about July 4.



CANOES VS. SAILING BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Pictures speak sometimes louder than words, for which reason I add the inclosed sketch to the discussion of canoes vs. sailboats, believing that it will illustrate one of the reasons why a broad canoe is better than a toothpick one. The drawings are all made to one scale and are accurate. All four boats have the same waterline length, but vary in beam and depth, viz.:

	Canoe.	Ducker.	Tuckup.	Hiker.
Beam	31½	48	54	56
Depth	11	13	14	16
Sail area, square feet	95	112	177	432

Whatever advantage is given in the drawings is in favor of the canoe. Last year there was only one canoe on the Delaware River that carried 95 sq. ft. of sail—it went out three times and upset twice, so that 95 sq. ft. is certainly the maximum amount of sail for it. With the ducksers, however, there are two on the river that have carried 150ft. for several seasons, but as 112ft. is the usual rig, and ducker men are usually men who have graduated out of hikers and are satisfied to take things cool, the larger sails have not become fashionable.

The tuckup could swing 300 sq. ft. if desired, but the clubs limit sails to 56ft. length of boltrope and that restrains them within limits.

The hiker is unlimited as to sail, with the result shown; to keep a hiker right side up requires nearly as much ingenuity and is quite as great strain on the mind as to prevent a canoe turning turtle.

We have a new canoe club at Gloucester, organized in December.

C. L. W.

A GOOD IDEA IN TENT BUILDING.—A new tent, invented by Capt. Newburgh-Steward, R. N., is described by *Land and Water* as follows: "The novelty consists in the manner in which the gallant sailor has avoided the necessity of anything like sticks or poles, or even tent pins, and the economy in space and weight thus effected. The framework of the tent is composed of eight ribs, or laths, of American elm, which are socketed together at the top. A staple is fitted in at the point of junction, and the tent is skillfully stayed in either of two ways. Either a rope is passed through the staple and threaded through a double galvanized iron block, secured by an ingeniously simple and holding staple of Capt. Newburgh-Stewart's invention, which is let into the center of the floor of the tent and hauled taut, till the ribs of the tent bend into the beehive shape so commonly seen in gipsy encampments, or a weight is suspended from this rope, which has the same effect. In this last case the advantage is obvious. Traveling in a desert, where there would be no hold for the staples, pins, or stays, an empty bag, of no weight to carry, may be used and filled with sand, after it is suspended, until the required strain is attained. The particular tent I saw was beautifully made of an extra stout unbleached duck. The doors and windows are a vast improvement upon those of the older types. They are oval apertures cut in the tent and fitted with blinds working up and down within canvas doublings, like those in use in railway carriages, which effectually close them. Time, weight and space Capt. Newburgh-Stewart economizes."

DRAWBRIDGES OVER NAVIGABLE WATERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been frequently compelled to go ashore while canoeing and unship masts while coming to a drawbridge, by the bridge-tenders refusing to open the bridge, saying that "them little fellows (canoes) aint got no right to make us open the draw." They seem to draw the line somewhere between a ducker and canoe. Can you give me any information regarding our status in the different States?—IANTHE. [A search through the laws of New York and New Jersey disclosed no reference to obstruction by drawbridges, but no such obstruction of the navigable waters of the United States is permitted by the laws of the United States, and no discrimination is made as to the size of the boat. Bridge-tenders, as a rule, are averse to opening for small boats, but an application to headquarters will sometimes prove effective, as the law is on the side of the boat. Perhaps some of our readers who have had experience in the matter can give further information.]

CANOEING PROSPECTS.—A correspondent in Dubuque writes that they have seven canoes and more in prospect for the spring. Some of the canoeists will visit Ballast Island in July. Mr. Rushton has just received an order for eleven open canoes from Dayton, Ohio, and one Mohican No. 1 from Cincinnati. He is now busy on an order for fifty Douglas canvas boats for Squires, and up to Feb. 18, the month's orders are in excess of those for the same time last year.

A NEW FOLDING OUTRIGGER.—Thos. Laughlin & Son, of Portland, Me., have just introduced a new outrigger and row-lock for canoes and boats that may be folded inboard when not in use.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIXTURES.

MARCH.

5. Ocean Race, Start.

MAY.

28. Oswego Cruise.

JUNE.

9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
18. Hull Penn., Hull.
25. Cor. Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

ON Feb. 16 Messrs. Colt and Bush met at the New York Y. C., and in their presence the following agreement was drawn up by the secretary, Mr. J. H. Bird:

"R. T. Bush, owner of the Coronet, and C. H. Colt, owner of the Dauntless, with respect to the terms and conditions of the ocean race between their respective boats, agree as follows: The yachts will start from Owl's Head at 1 P. M., on March 5, 1887, provided the Coronet can be got ready by that time. If she cannot be got ready by that date, then the start will take place at as early a day thereafter as possible from the same place and at the same hour. The regatta committee of the New York Y. C. will signal the start. The yachts may carry any sails at will. The Dauntless will burn a blue signal light at night, and the Coronet will burn a red signal light at night in presence of passing vessels. The finish will be off Roche's Point, Cork harbor, when the light thereon bears east southeast (magnetic). The yacht Coronet in crossing the finish line will fire five guns in quick succession, and immediately thereafter discharge three red rockets, one perpendicularly, one due east and one due west; and the yacht Dauntless at the finish will fire three guns in quick succession, and immediately thereafter discharge three blue rockets, one perpendicularly, one due east and one due west. The sum of $10,000 each shall be deposited by the giving of a certified check to the order of F. W. J. Hurst, treasurer of the New York Y. C., between the first and the fourth days of March, 1887, the entire amount of which, less the expenses of the judges' boat, shall be paid by him to the winner upon the receipt by him of definite knowledge to his satisfaction of the result of the race. The start shall not be made unless the wind is westerly or tending thereto. The offer of the Royal Cork Y. C. to judge at the finish is accepted with thanks by both parties."

Dated New York, Feb. 16, 1887.

In presence of John H. Bird.

(Signed) R. T. BUSH.
CALDWELL H. COLT.

Some discussion has arisen over the question of signals, and at Mr. Bush's suggestion the yachts will display the club signal, a green, red and green Coston light at night, Dauntless burning a blue light immediately after and Coronet a red one. It is also stated that rockets can only be used as danger signals under the English law, and so the signals at the finish must be changed.

The Dauntless has been lowered from the screwdock where she has been refitted under the direction of Capt. Samuels, who will command her. Some six tons of lead have been removed from inside and cast in the keel at various places. Eight spaces have been cut in the wooden keel and filled with lead. As the boat has been lightened a shoe 6in. deep has been added. Her copper has been well cleaned and repaired and the topsides are newly painted. The masts have been shortened 5ft. and the topmasts lengthened as much, while the jibboom is 3ft. shorter. Masts and spars have been thoroughly scraped and varnished, the rigging has all been removed and put in perfect order at Mr. Low's loft before being replaced, and Mr. Sawyer has gone over all the sails. The topmast and jibbooms are so fitted as to be quickly housed. Coronet has been at Poillon's yard, where Capt. Crosby has had charge of her fitting out. She also will have some ballast transferred to her keel, about 15 tons of iron being removed from inside and 8 tons of lead cast in the keel. The foremast has had 4ft. cut off the heel. The bowsprit is strengthened with a truss, two wire ropes passing from heel to outboard end, and over iron struts set over the stem. She has not hauled out yet and may not be ready by March 5, in which case the start will be postponed until she is ready for sea.

NOTES FROM THE DELAWARE.

THE Southwark Y. C. has had trouble for a long time on account of no water at low tide at their headquarters foot of Mifflin street, and are agitating for a removal to better quarters. Any place would be an improvement over Pitt wharf.

The owners of club houses at Gloucester have been annoyed lately by a thief who has broken into three houses. A short time ago the owners held a meeting, formed the Edgewater Protective Association, appointed a watchman, and offered rewards for the apprehension of the thieves, and since then no further trouble has occurred.

The water front for nearly a mile at Gloucester is covered with boat houses. There is no other city in America that can show such a front, and it is well worth inspection by visiting yachtsmen.

The Quaker City Y. C. held its eleventh annual meeting at 1227 Chestnut street, followed by a banquet given by the newly elected officers at Rudolph's. The officers elected were: Chas. E. Ellis, Commodore; Thomas S. Manning, Vice-Commodore; William H. Mickle, Rear-Commodore; William H. Vallette, President; S. B. S. Barth, Secretary; William S. Hoffman, Corresponding Secretary; Joseph J. Arbelo, Treasurer; Rufus G. Wilkins, Measurer; Prof. W. J. McConnell, Fleet Surgeon. The new Board of Trustees are Robert P. Thompson, Alfred Box, Samuel A. Wood and Oswald McAllister. Regatta Committee, William J. Thorman, A. F. Bancroft and Chas. L. Wilson. The new constitution was adopted after some little argument, except the clause relating to time allowance, which was referred back to the committee. Some few fossils are trying to do away with time allowance altogether, but the progressive members will win and a modern table of allowances will be adopted eventually. The secretary reported that 31 new members had been received in the past year, making 105 members on the roll. After this, to use the general objector's words, the deadwood was cut out, leaving the club with only active members in full sympathy with it. Three new yachts were enrolled, the steam yacht Volante, Alfred Box, owner; first class sloop Vesper, R. S. Nickerson, owner; third class sloop Gretchen, Chas. L. Work, owner, making 37 yachts enrolled on the club list. After adjournment the banquet was discussed with considerably more vigor than any previous motion, to an accompaniment of a gentle flow of wit from the president, ably seconded by the C. K. (constitutional kicker).

The yacht Volante, enrolled by Alfred Box, was formerly the steam yacht Rosaline, owned for several years by Jay Gould in your waters. Mr. Box has taken out the old Herreshoff boilers and put in two new boilers of his own construction. They are coil boilers with horizontally inclined tubes, and give him greatly increased speed. She is now the speediest yacht on the river.

C. L. W.

THE JUBILEE RACES.—No further particulars of the proposed races have been made known, but the course announced by the Royal Thames Y. C. has been generally criticised by English yachtsmen as well as by Americans. Lt. Henn has written strongly against it, proposing the substitution of one of the following courses: From the Needles or other points in the English Channel around one of the Azores, distance about 2,300 miles. Round the Berlengas Islands, off the coast of Portugal, and back, distance about 1,700 miles. Round the Fastnet Rock, Cape Clear, Ireland, and back, distance between 700 and 800 miles. As no final arrangements have yet been made, it is to be hoped that the R. T. Y. C. will decide to change the course for a fairer one. An English yachtsman writes to the *Field* as follows: "As an old member of the R. T. Y. C., and having sailed round Great Britain in my own yachts sixteen or seventeen times, I am desirous of adding my testimony to that of Mr. Frank Willan as to the inexpediency of choosing such a course for a sailing match. So uncertain would be the result, that the owners of the yachts competing might as well draw lots before the start for the possession of the prize.—W. ORD MARSHALL (Algiers)."

NEW YACHTS FOR THE DELAWARE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of some fine views of Mr. Wm. Howell's cutter, built by Collins, Cooper's Point. She is full blooded in form, and is receiving a thorough cutter rig at Cramp's yard. Doctor Howell, though approving his son's choice, adheres to the yawl rig especially for cruising. "When we make changes we do not expect to fully realize our anticipations. But when the results are in excess as in the Sea Gull (yawl) then indeed we have cause to rejoice. I put her to a crucial test last year on the coast in as bad weather as I ever experienced, and I could not have wished her to do better," said the Doctor with some warmth. After she has been altered forward she will closely resemble a low-bilged cutter, and will perform even better than now. The Minerva, of Trenton, has had four feet taken off her mast, and gaff proportionately increased. More lead will be placed on bottom. Commodore Charles Ellis will probably give Mr. Burgess an order for a 70ft. sloop. In that event Mr. Colburn, owner of the Venitzia, will, no doubt, vote strongly for a suitable time allowance.—R. G. WILKINS.

CRUISING.—Mr. Waterbury's steam yacht Lurline made the run from Sandy Hook to Beaufort, N. C., in 32 hours, arriving on Feb. 18, and stopping for coal before proceeding to St. John's River. On Feb. 19 she sailed for Savannah.... Wanderer, schooner, Mr. Geo. W. Weid, left New Bedford on Feb. 18 for Bermuda and the West Indies.....Norma, steam yacht, is fitting out at South Brooklyn for a cruise to Florida.....Magnolia, steam yacht, arrived at Key West from Fernandina on Feb. 18, and on the same day the Saus Peur, steam yacht, left Key West for a cruise along the coast.....Schooner Helen, Mr. Chas D. Middleton, arrived at St. Augustine, Fla., on Feb. 13. Should the cruise not be changed her southern objective point will be Cuba. The owner is very much pleased with the trip and the way his ship behaves and expects the log to make a good showing on the return to Philadelphia. The run will be off shore.

OSWEGO Y. C.—A hard rubber button is being introduced to take the place of the brass button which, although it has never been officially adopted, has found its place in every buttonhole in the club. Mr. Burgess's new design for a 38ft. racing sloop for ex-Vice-Commodore Ames, is the sensation of the day; she is being built by Lawley, and it is expected that the long, uninterrupted series of victories that has fallen to the Canadians will be abruptly terminated when the small Puritan flaps her wings as she rounds the home flag. The Ariadne is for sale; Mr. Sackett wants a larger craft.—K. G.

WORK AT CITY ISLAND.—The name of Titania has been chosen for Mr. Iselin's steel boat. The material is now on the ground, the frames are bent and punched, the keel laid and the centerboard trunk nearly completed. The stem is bent and drilled, and as a number of men are at work the frames will soon be in place. Mr. Burgess is to visit City Island this week and inspect the work. Cinderella has been launched from the railway and now lies afloat in the basin. The new timbers are in place in the Palmer, and her bottom is being replanked with oak.

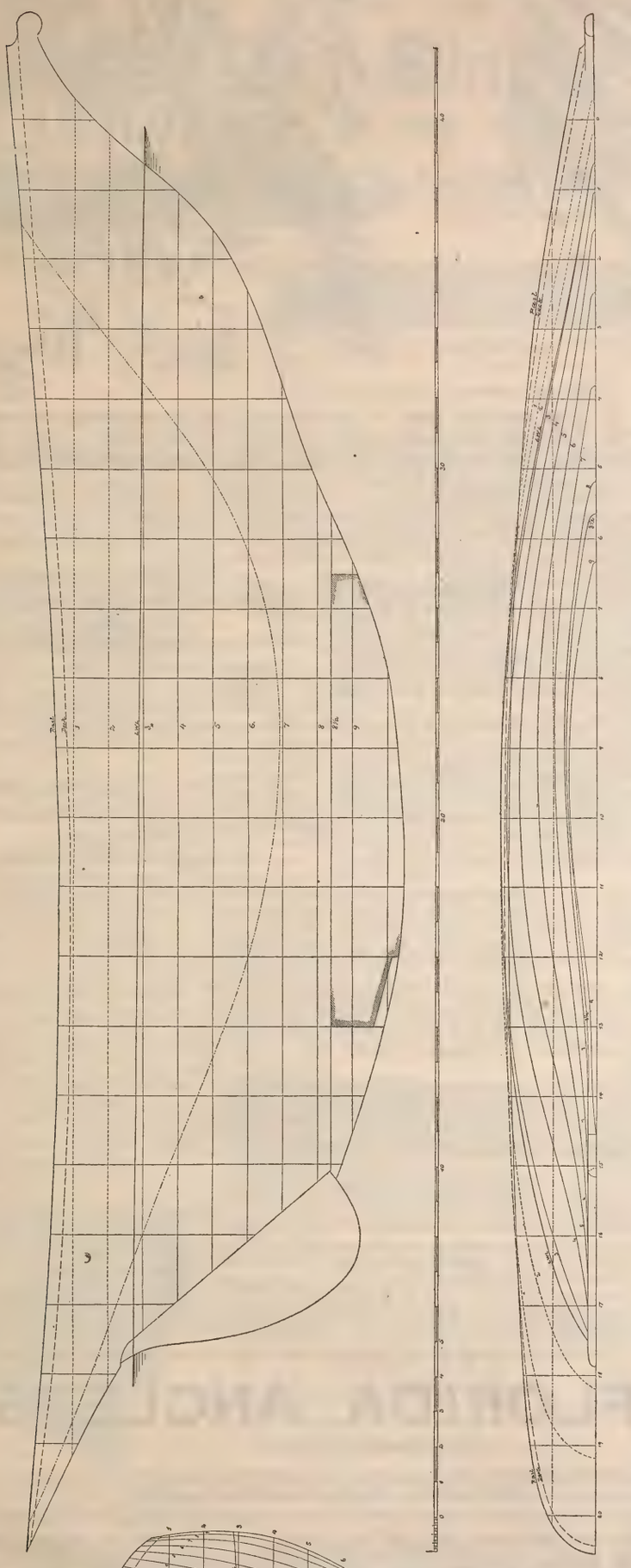
A NEW CATBOAT.—Thomas Fearon, of Yonkers, N. Y., has now in frame a catboat 28ft. over all, 25ft. waterline and 12ft. beam, to draw 2ft. She will have a cabin house about 7ft. in length, cockpit and companionway to be finished in mahogany; she will steer with a wheel and be fitted with one of Mr. Fearon's patent reefing booms. Those who delight in good workmanship would be pleased with this craft. She is building for Mr. R. Underhill, of sloop Adelaide.

ALVA.—On Feb. 15 the Alva left the foot of Sixty-fifth street, North River, N. Y., and steamed down the bay bound on a short cruise to Bermuda and the West Indies. She anchored off Tompkinsville over night and passed out to sea about 7 A. M. on Feb. 16. Besides her owner and his wife and children, were Messrs. W. S. Hoyt, Gould Redmond, F. O. Beach and Dr. E. L. Keyes. The crew number 55 all told.

ICE YACHTING.—The North Shrewsbury I. Y. C. has challenged for the pennant won by the Jack Frost, and a race will be sailed soon. The following races are now to be sailed as soon as the weather permits, for the Edwards challenge pennant, and for four silver prizes presented by Judge Gildersleeve, of New York. A proposition has been made to form an association of all the clubs in the Hudson River.

THE BRETAGNE.—We learn from private advises that Mr. Henri Say's fine steam yacht is offered for sale. It will be remembered that she is an American built vessel, being built in Baltimore in 1881. Her length is 240ft, and beam 32ft. 6in., and she is bark rigged. Her equipments and furnishings are of unusual elegance.

NAMOUNA.—The Namouna, with Mr. Bennett and a party of friends on board, was at Aden on Feb. 4, *en route* for Bombay.



FIVE-TON RACING YACHT JENNY WREN.—DESIGNED BY R. E. FROUDE, ESQ.

A MODERN FIVE-TON RACER.

THE adoption of a length and sail area rule in Great Britain opens up a wide field of conjecture as to what type of boat will be the ultimate outcome; but, whatever the final result may be, it seems probable that for some time longer the narrow boat will continue to hold its place at the head, as far as the small classes are concerned. With Queen Mab and Doris at their head the ten and five-ton classes are tolerably safe for some time to come, in spite of the boats that may be built under the new rule to beat them. The yacht herewith illustrated is one of the latest additions to the five ton class and represents the most advanced type of narrow yacht, as, though two years old, the narrowing process had practically stopped within that time. Doris has so far overtopped her class and has sailed so high when compared with larger boats that it is no discredit to rank second to her, and this place Jenny Wren may fairly claim. In 1885 she sailed 10 races and won 9 prizes, 6 of them firsts; the sum of her winnings being £54. In 1886 she scored two firsts and one second prize, with a total of £25.

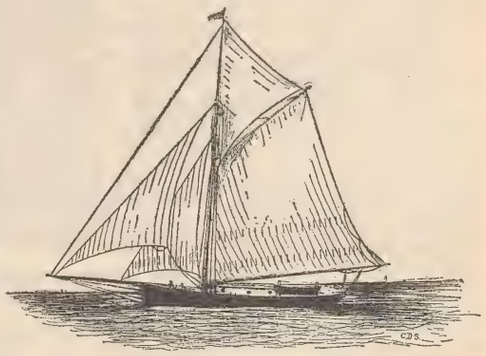
Jenny Wren was designed by her owner, Mr. R. R. Froude, who has for some time been in charge of the experimental station of the British Admiralty at Torquay, England, lately removed to Gosport. Mr. Froude is the son of the late Mr. Wm. Froude, so widely known from his investigations concerning the laws that govern floating bodies, and while following successfully the line of theoretic research so ably carried out by his father he is a practical yachtsman also. While his design follows in proportion and general features the usual type of narrow cutter, a special effort has been made to gain the greatest possible advantage from the ballasting, and the lead is disposed of as low down as could well be done, while at the same time the lateral plane is so cut away as to facilitate turning. The principal dimensions and elements of the boat are:

Length, over all	42ft. 9in.
Length, l.w.l.	33ft. 9in.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 5½in.
Beam, l.w.l	5ft. 5½in.
Freeboard, least	1ft. 10½in.
Midship section from stem	18ft. 7in.
Displacement, long tons	11.4
Keel, lead, long tons	7.5

Jenny Wren is of composite build, from the yard of Simpson & Dennison, at Dartmouth. As originally finished she had too great a weight of skylights, hatches and deck fittings for a racer, and suffered in stability accordingly; but last winter these were much reduced and her keel was recast, the result being an improvement. This year she has sailed well, but the demoralized condition of A Class racing in the south of England has affected the fives in a very unfavorable manner, and there has been but little sport. With all the old boats she has done well, and though the northern crack proved too much for her when they finally met, she made a good fight against a boat that may well be called invincible. Our drawing shows but little of her appearance when afloat, but her photographs, especially one taken at anchor, prove her to be a very handsome craft.

A CRUISE OF THE TEMPUS, 1885.

PART FIRST.



IN THESE days of snow and ice, when yachts lie snug in winter quarters, many a sailor's thoughts linger over the pleasures of the past season; and as we sit about the wide old fire-place, when the driving no'theaster howls down the chimney, and story and song while away the evening, perhaps the log of our spring cruise may not come amiss. It was in a part of the Atlantic almost unknown to yachtsmen, but its picturesque scenery and quiet, land-locked harbors make an humble claim for place among the summer cruising grounds of the New England coast.

First, let me introduce the yacht whose hospitality the writer has found unfathomable. She is a deep sloop, 55ft. long, 10ft. beam, 6ft. draft, and 12 tons displacement. The cutter rig, after long trial, has been adopted, because most easily managed by her small crew. Under full sail she is readily handled by one person, and she will creep to windward surprisingly, as many a rival will testify. "Bedecked, ornate and gay, with all her bravery on and tackle trim," she is about as good an all-round boat as one will often find.

"Adaptability to surroundings is a chief requisite to life aboard a small yacht," says the skipper of the Coot. The cabin of the Tempus is an almost perfect adaptation of means to ends. Two berths are on each side, where by day snowy linen and warm blankets lie perdu behind portieres. Forward a chest of drawers makes a buffet for table napery, knives, forks and spoons, and above it are piled the "Coast Pilot," sailing directions, charts and knick-knacks. Lockers here and there are for dishes, canned goods, spare ropes and the impedimenta of the sailing master. Ice cooler and binnacle sit lovingly side by side on the shelf, and below are magazines and other reading matter. Under the companion way the water cask never seemingly runs dry. Garments of various shapes and purposes, both masculine and feminine, burden hooks in convenient corners. The clock and barometer have the place of honor by the mast with several fine engravings, marines, of course, on each side. In the fok'sle is the galley, whose mite of a stove always fills me with reverence for the skill of him who can not only cook on it an entire bill of fare, but can keep it hot, too. Pots and skillet garnish the side, while flour, sugar and green groceries are packed in convenient places. In the forepeak is the ice box, where such perishables as butter, milk and eggs repose in frigid silence. And the coils of cable deserve notice, too, thas have been tested in many a "dry sou'wester." The interior maket a compact home, whose details have been evolved from many a cruise or spare hour on shore.

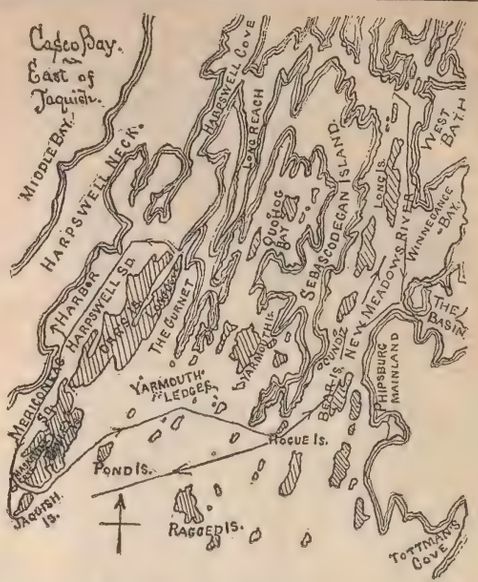
Her owner is a young physician with a love for salt water like that which fired the hearts of the old Berserkers. The yacht is his idol and he is happiest when, grasping the spokes of her wheel, he is the host, whose guests are expected to be happy like himself. When sailing two topics seem to be the ever-present skeleton, "Nate, can you pick up that black buoy yet?" and "Skipper, got enough grub for the crowd?" When I say—and surely a personal experience of the worst gale of the summer, lying to ten miles out at sea all night, ough to be a sufficient ground for judgment—that the Tempus is a good sea boat, comfortable, fast enough and always "well found," she ought to please any fair-minded sailorman.

History is written in the past tense, yet the scenes of our cruise are as fresh as if present. Thursday, the 28th, has come. The morning slips away, all to quickly, in stowing away coal, wood, spare rope, bedding and the other necessities of a week's trip. Finally at 3:40 the ensign is run up and we hail the order "Cast off your mooring." The deck is soon ship-shape, ropes coiled away and before Bug Light is abeam, most of us have already begun the do nothing of yachting.

But below is confusion worst confounded. Everything in the way of grip-sacks, clothing, rugs, rubber boots, camp-stools, fresh bread, pastry, boxes and things in paper bags is piled upon the cabin floor. The gentle westerly breeze, an earnest of the summer trade-winds, heels the vessel, under full sail, and the sun, already hot, is smiling its prettiest upon us. Willis is sent to the wheel and the captain and sailing master strip for the fray. Flannels and once rejected unmentionables are the correct style, and for an hour "there was the sound of revelry" below. Everthing is finally in order above and below and the entire crew muster on deck.

At the beginning of every cruise some one is deputed to keep the log. This year the initial page is headed thus: "Station Bill, Captain, Dr. B.; Sailing Master, Nate Young; Bos'n, Capt. Brewer





(an old salt who has plowed the sea for thirty years, but at last has come to anchor with us); Bos'n's Mate, Willis with a G. (who has built yachts and sailed them over every foot of the Maine coast); Unable Seaman, Perkins (who thinks he knows more about sailing than the Bos'n); 'Doctor', Perkins, assisted by all hands."

In the midst of the chatter about him Willis suddenly hails the Captain, "Well, Skipper, what's the course? Where shall I head?" "Anywhere you please," is the reply, "just where all hands want to go, Harpswell, Boothbay, Camden or Bar Harbor will suit me." After a moment's thought Willis says, "Ever been up New Meadows Run? If not, I think you would enjoy that region, especially if it is new to you." "Go ahead, you have the wheel," is the assent, and the route is settled.

We are in the inside passage to Harpswell Neck, with Fort George on the right and Big and Little Diamond beyond, looking bright in their spring foliage. The breeze freshens, and in an hour we are off Little Chebeag, with its summer hotel not yet opened. The water is as smooth as a country mill-pond, protected as it is her abouts from the swell of the open ocean by the many islands that lie between us and the open water—Cow, Long, Hope, Crotch, Little Barys, Stave, and the rest. The chart is well studied as we thread the intricate passages about Thrumb Cap and Pott's Harbor. At five o'clock we round the end of Harpswell Neck, leaving Haskell's Island on the right, and get the first ground swells as we sail gently into Mericoneag Sound.

The chart of the coast of Maine looks much like the fringes of a shawl or, better, like the fingers of one's hand. Sailing in these bays and sounds resembles the tracing of a line up the finger to the tip, then down the side back to the hand, then up the next finger, to round its point and come down its side to the hand again. Just so do the "necks" and inlets of Casco Bay interdigitate. For there extend off from the mainland long promontories and then, in lessening size, islands and reefs and single rocks, something as if a mighty harrow had been drawn northeast and southwest off the shore, and the debris, caught in its teeth, had been dropped into the ocean. Between these are innumerable waterways, usually deep and with abrupt sides, along which the tides rush far inland for many a mile.

Like the equator, "an imaginary line" is the boundary line between Mericoneag and Harpswell Sounds. Their outermost eastern boundary is Bailey's Island, which has a famous refuge for seiners and coasters—Mackerel Cove. Next above is Orr's Island, famous as the home of the heroine of Mrs. Stowe's novel, the Pearl of Orr's Island; its rounded crest checkered with woods and farms; some three miles long but only half a mile wide.

The lovely afternoon goes on apace, while the wind, dead aft, drives us by headland and cove, and the further we sail the more does the quiet landscapes delight us. The sun is retiring behind the Harpswell Hills, though loath to release the charms of shore and water. "Haul aft your main sheet and give a pull upon the jib and staysail." The wheel is put over and just between Dog's Head and Much Zeke's islands we run through a narrow pass and enter the head of Long Cove. At 7:45 we dropped anchor, twenty-five miles from home.

The night toilet of the yacht claims first attention from the crew, while the galley funnel shows the presence of the cook below in the fo'k'sle. The welcome call of the bos'n rings out upon the ear, "All hands below for rations," and the companionway steps rattle under the answering rush. There is plenty of room in the cabin, yet none to spare, and a transverse horizontal section of it would be berth, campstool, supper table, campstool, berth. Sundry evolutions of twistings and genuflexions about the board are doubtless enjoyed by the cabin lamp, though not a flicker betrays its emotions.

It is too early in the cruise to spend much time on things gastronomic, and soon the entire company are on deck, and using up their entire stock of adjectives. The young moon silvers the ripples of the cove, and touches the birches and spruces with the brush of fairy land. An exploring party starts away in the gig. The world hereabouts is still, with that intense stillness of the woods, and we can hear the creak of the rowlocks long after the gloom has swallowed up even the sparkle of the oar drips. The report shows that the cove is appropriately named, for it is a mile and a half long, though only two hundred yards wide. The shores are from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet high, and even at low tide six feet of water can be found through nearly its extreme length. Surely there can be but few such bits of quiet loveliness.

Early to bed is the Captain's order, and after chaffing the cook and planning for to-morrow, we wish

"To all, to each a fair good night,
And pleasant dreams, and slumbers light."

Not a sound disturbs us until Friday's sun pours through the skylight, and shows the good judgment of our pilot in selecting so safe and picturesque a harbor. The only break in the circle of land is to the left, the gap through which we entered last night. On the right are the bold wooded shores of Sebascodegan and Orr's Islands, connected by a newly repaired bridge over a tide-way. The young flood was rushing through it, forming a channel for boats from the Gurnet, one of the reaches east of Orr's Island. The sides are cut sharp as if by a giant's plow, and fringed by a thick underbrush, while black rockweed sways to and fro at the water's edge. This tideway is a short cut from outside into the cove, for we rowed only a few hundred feet to reach a point that the yacht sailed twenty miles to make afterward.

Astern, as we lay at anchor, a little point jutted out from the mainland, upon which was a small weather-beaten story and a half house. It was evidently inhabited, for, late in the morning, smoke from the chimney drifted lazily away. At length a nondescript looking individual, sex not recognizable, hobbled down to the water's edge to stare at us. Many were the surmises why Dame Fortune had allotted to some unfortunate a home in this lonesome place. A belated fisherman, hurrying homeward from an early clamming visit down the Cove, answered our hail with the reply, "It's the poor house." "God help them," was our united prayer; "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow," seemed to express the subject best.

All sail was set and at 9:30 the anchor was weighed. The sun was hot, wind south and light, but promising to do better later. We retraced the course of yesterday as far as to the mouth of Mericoneag Sound, where Bailey's Island was rounded to the east through Jaquish Cut, the usual course for coasters is outside of Jaquish island, as the Cut is shallow and dangerous except for light draft vessels. Jaquish is like a great wedge of rock, whose point extends some hundred feet into deep water, and on it the long swells rolled and broke. It looks quiet and sleepy enough this morning, but in an easterly storm its mood changes to that of a roaring, frothing monster.

While under way we usually dine *al fresco*, so at noon we munch hard tack and sandwiches, sardines and olives, "hermits" and Maine doughnuts, washing them down with coffee and "jest and youthful jollity," as we square away eastward for the course of the afternoon.

We take our departure from Jaquish, keeping well in to land. Bailey's Island is on the left, and then Orr's Island above it. On the right are Pond Island Ledges and Pond Island, then the middle grounds to Ram Island. What a peculiar nomenclature has the ocean and its belongings. Associations, local or wide as the ocean itself, cluster about points and reefs and bays, peculiarities or accidental happenings inflict themselves as titles and are finally accepted.

With a good sailing breeze abeam, the course is east by north, between Yarmouth Ledges and Elm Island for Jenny's Island, which makes the western end of the mouth of New Meadows River. Around this region names are evidently suggestions. Two-Bush Ledge, David's Castle, Ragged and Mark Islands, Ballast-stone Ledge, Yellow Rock and Jenny's Nubble. At 1:40 we make Rogue Island in the mouth of the river. STANLEY P. WARREN.

CHARTS OF THE BRITISH COASTS.—American yachtsmen will this year look with some interest on British waters as the location of two or three, if not more, important races, and many who cannot cross themselves will follow the matches on the chart. We have just received from Mr. Geo. Wilson, No. 20 Glasshouse street, London, a full list of British charts and guides to navigation. Mr. Wilson also sends a long list of yachts of all sizes for sale by him.

SALE OF THE YACHT C. G. GREEN.—This steam yacht has been sold to Mr. S. S. Ingraham, of Hamilton, Bermuda, who will put her under the British flag, changing her name to Intrepid, and will use her for mail and passenger service among the Bermudas. Her hull and engines are receiving a thorough overhauling.

HULL Y. C.—The regatta committee, appointed by the executive committe, are Messrs. M. J. Kiley, Chairman; L. M. Clark, Secretary; J. J. Souther, Com. Whitten and Vice-Com. Converse. A change in the sailing regulations is under consideration.

A SCHOONER FOR ENGLAND.—It is reported that Mr. D. J. Lawlor has designed a schooner yacht for an English yachtsman, to be 100ft. l.w.l., 24ft. beam, and 12ft. draft. Mr. Lawlor has in hand also the design for a 60ft. yacht for a Boston owner.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The second regular meeting of the S. C. Y. C. for 1887 will be held at Delmonico's on Feb. 26, the date being advanced as it is desired to take immediate action on the report of the special committee on location.

NIRVANA.—Gen. Perkins's schooner left New York for Bermuda about Jan. 12, and thus far has not been reported as arriving there or at any of the West Indian ports.

CROCODILE.—This fast sloop has been sold by Mr. J. G. Prague to Mr. Wm. Thorne, of Bay Shore, L. I.

NORSEMAN.—Mr. Goelet's schooner is at Tebo's pier, where she is receiving new masts.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

WINCHESTER.—You might hire the rifle at some of the gun stores or shooting galleries.

C. S. R., Loudonville, N. Y.—Liver and white is more common than orange and white. There are good ones of both colors.

HOOSIER, Indianapolis, Ind.—Malite (Meteor — Vanity) won Western Derby 1885. Rod (Meteor—Dell) won second at the Western field trials in 1887. Fred (Meteor—Flash III.) won second at the Texas field trials in 1887. 2. Train oil and whale oil are the same.

B. F. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—The best authority on the subject is "Small Yachts." There is nothing cheaper. Such a boat as you intend to build will cost several hundred dollars, exclusive of labor, and the cost of the book will be saved many times over before your boat is completed.

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THE SPRINGFIELD ROADSTER is a new bicycle put on the market by John P. Lovell's Sons, Boston, Mass. It is described as strong, because made of the best weldless steel tubing and steel forgings, and as having speed because a larger per cent. of the power expended is gained by the use of the lever than by the crank motion. The safety of this machine is a point upon which the company lay special emphasis as resulting from the device in its construction, which is alluded to as rendering it impossible to take a header. In their circular describing it the company refer to this feature, and in explaining why headers cannot be taken they say: "When the large wheel strikes an obstruction the pivotal point is changed from the axle to the point of contact with the obstruction. The power being applied back of the center of large wheel and directly underneath the weight of the body with the levers forced downward, it relieves the blow, and the tendency is for the wheel to pass over the obstruction without materially checking its revolution. But should the revolution of the large wheel be checked for an instant the momentum would raise the rear wheel sufficiently to lock the fork and backbone to the clutch and thus force the large wheel over the obstruction by its own momentum and the power applied by the levers. The locking of the backbone and fork to the clutch prevents them from traveling forward after the speed of the large wheel has been retarded and the weight of the body, combined with the power of the lever, forces the wheel over the obstruction. In short, without clutch-lever the backbone and fork cannot be forced forward without revolving the large wheel. By this means we change the pivotal point from the axle to the point of obstruction, thus preventing the rider from traveling faster than his wheel and taking a header by coming in contact with an obstruction." Besides the above they make the following points in favor of this machine: "That it is especially adapted for hill-climbing; that it is safe for coasting; that from the use of the lever instead of the crank long distance road riding is made easy and that it commends itself to business men and all riders as safe under all circumstances."

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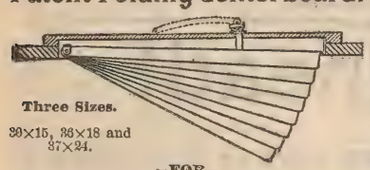
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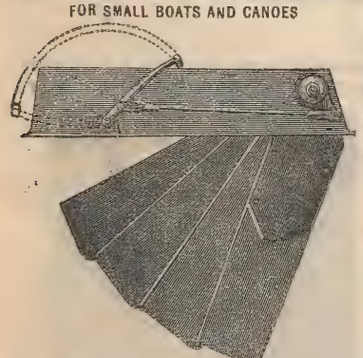
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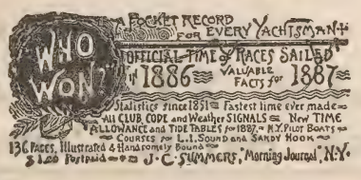
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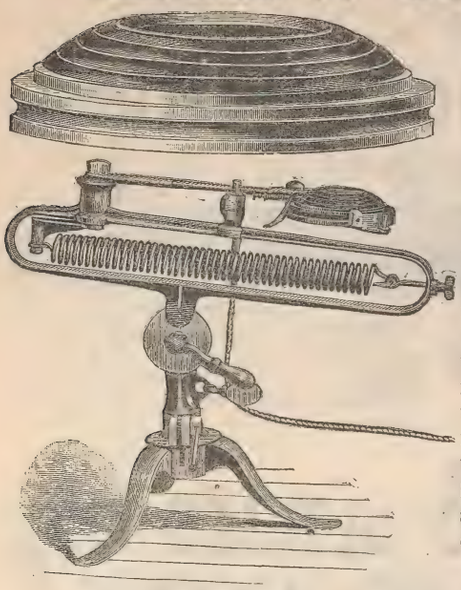
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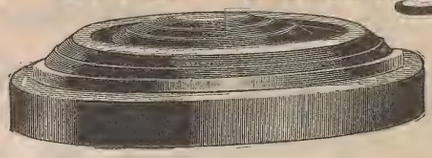
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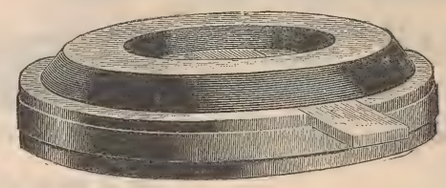
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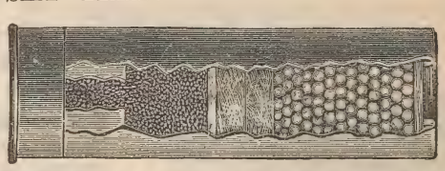
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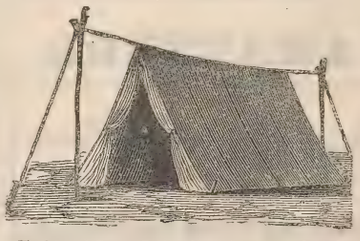
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The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

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Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

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—OF—
DOGS
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

To meet the demands on its columns this number of the FOREST AND STREAM *has four additional pages, thirty-two in all.*

IT HAS FAILED.

THE closing days of the forty-ninth session of Congress are here, and the Yellowstone Park bill has not passed the House. It should have become a law. In the Senate, the bill was very fully and carefully discussed. Those Senators who were opposed to it brought up all the arguments that could be urged against it, and these arguments were so satisfactorily answered by the friends of the bill that the measure passed by the overwhelming vote of 49 to 8. Then it went to the House, where instead of being referred to the Committee on Territories, which would have seemed to be the natural body to consider it, it went to the Committee on Public Lands. This was unfortunate. A prominent member of that committee is Judge Payson, of Illinois, who is known as the champion of the gang of railroad schemers, who for years have been striving in one way and another to secure for their own selfish ends the Park which was set aside by Congress in 1872 for the benefit and enjoyment of the whole people. Judge Payson's attempt to engineer this railroad scheme was not crowned with any very flattering degree of success. The House, under the able leadership of Mr. Cox, of this city, had promptly declined to grant the desired right of way, and now, when the Yellowstone Park bill came before the Committtee on Public Lands, Judge Payson had a chance for aiding the railroad project or for killing the bill. He had determined to report it with an amendment cutting off a large tract of land from the north side of the Park, and by this cunning device giving to the railroad speculators the right of way which Congress had already refused. This design we exposed, and his scheme having been ventilated and brought to the attention of the House, he felt that it could not be carried out. He failed to report the bill in time for it to be considered, and at the present writing it seems improbable that it should come up.

This is the second time that we have been in sight of the promised land, the second time that a good bill for the care and improvement of the Park has passed the Senate by a great majority, and has then, at the last moment, failed in the House.

The present Congress has made a record which is disgraceful to itself and scarcely less so to the people of these United States. Lacking the wit to appreciate the signs of the times, incompetent, dull, slow, it has passed few good measures, many bad ones, has neglected to act on many others of very high importance, and now finds itself with almost all the appropriation bills unpassed. Our Representatives are too many of them looking only to what may inure to their own advantage, and care little or nothing what becomes of the interests of the people. If there are shining examples who are exceptions to this rule, men whose moral fibre has gone through the furnace of political struggle and come forth unwarped and unscorched, they are but few in number—the exceptions which make the sordid partisans governed by low motives seem more base.

That the bill should have failed again is discouraging. To those who have, for four years and more, labored faithfully and without reward for the protection of that Park which belongs to the nation, this failure means more work, which in the face of every discouragement will be as faithfully and earnestly performed as it has been in the past. For ourselves we have every confidence that some measures will be taken by the next Congress to protect this reservation. We feel sure that when Congress next meets the people will make known their will in such unmistakable terms that that body will no longer delay the performance of its duty. Signs of the deep feeling existing on this subject have already been shown in various sections of the land.

In the meantime the Park is in charge of Captain Harris, a gentleman deeply interested in its protection. He will do everything in his power with the troops under his command to protect it from harm and from spoliation, and for the present we must leave its care to him.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE patent coffee mill is grinding away at a great rate at Albany. A dozen or more bills have been introduced into the Assembly. Among the queer notions embodied in the bills is the project of Assemblyman Davies, of the game law committee, to name Wm. N. Harris of New York county, Franklin Brandreth of Westchester, W. W. Byington of Albany, Rufus J. Richardson of Lewis, Eli J. Seeber of Jefferson, Solon S. Hunt of Oneida, Seth Green of Monroe, W. F. Weston of Essex, and Joseph McNaughton of St. Lawrence, as "a Commission to act with the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State in preparing a bill for the protection of fish and game within the State." The enactment of this measure and its enforcement would be nothing less than cruelty to the Commissioners. The president of the board already has his hands full in trying to engineer a bill to suit everybody, including deer hunters who want to hunt in May, and woodcock shooters who want to shoot in July. If in addition to all this, Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues should be compelled by Mr. Davies's proposed law to listen to Byington's plea for deer hounding twelve months in the year, and Rufus Richardson's contention for thirteen; while McNaughton would want to do away with hounding *in toto*; and Green would require a man to paste on his bait box a certificate of good moral character from his Congressman before fishing in any of the private waters stocked with State fry from Caledonia—the resultant "codification" would be interesting chiefly as a harmless enigma.

Did you ever, while sitting on a log waiting for that deer, reflect on how much happier was your lot than that of the poor devils in Chatham street, New York, who run their sewing machines on pantaloons eighteen hours a day for seven days in the week for fifty-two weeks in the year, with never a respite but to get together Saturday night and drink beer?

A fire of unexplained origin which broke out in the FOREST AND STREAM office early in the morning of last Thursday did considerable damage, chiefly by the destruction of valuable files. Among other things a large number of *American Kennel Registers*, reserved for binding, were burned. The full extent of the loss has not yet been determined, but it is quite probable that it will be found necessary to reprint some of the *Register* numbers, as the demand for bound volumes is constantly increasing. It will take something hotter than a newspaper office fire to affect the prosperity of the A. K. R.

The members of the National Field Trials Club, who have formed a new organization with the expressed intention of dissolving the old one, have evidently taken this step as the readiest way to get rid of rotten timber. Instead of trying to regain lost public respect for a body that has repeatedly permitted field trial rascality to go unwhipped of justice, they have made a new start altogether. The public will welcome the change, and will be more than ready to accord to the American Field Trials Club all the support its direction may deserve.

By the way, when those gentlemen at Cincinnati, the other day, came to the conclusion that the National Field Trials Club was "in bad odor," we wonder if they recalled, among other causes leading to unsavory reputation, the club's action a few years ago, when, in direct violation of good faith, it turned over to a Chicago publisher certain kennel pedigree registries which the club had secured from the FOREST AND STREAM only with the distinct understanding that no such disposition should ever be made of them. That stud book venture has so far had the retributive bad luck that sometimes hangs over a scheme conceived in iniquity.

Col. Tom Picton, pupil, companion and biographer of Frank Forester, once thought it would be a bright notion to establish a sportsman's club room in New York, where anglers and shooters might congregate for social intercourse. This scheme may be realized if the National Rod and Reel Association shall put into execution its social club project. Picton, by the way, has a most remarkable vocabulary, and an astonishing command of it in writing or talking.

Here is another triumph of fishculture. In our review of the Georgia Fish Commission in another column will be found the statement that no shad were found in the rivers that empty into the Gulf of Mexico until these waters had been stocked with them. Since the plantings nearly every river in Georgia, and some in adjoining States, which empty into the Gulf, have shad in them. These plantings were all made by the United States Fish Commission.

Worse than good for nothing are two Adirondack officials, who regularly draw their game protector salary, and one of whom last summer, camping with a party, put out his own hounds and ran deer in close season; while the other one, having arrested and jailed a man for taking trout through the ice, himself sat down to eat with relish trout caught in the same unlawful manner by another individual.

The oldest member of the Piegan tribe of Indians out in Montana bears the name of Almost a Dog. Into Atlanta, Ga., the other day came an old man who thought himself altogether a dog. Georgia State Lunatic Asylum officials had him in charge, leading him by a string tied to his coat lapel; the old gentleman barked like a dog, and tried hard to prick his ears forward when he saw anything interesting.

Among the clubs memorializing Congress to pass the Yellowstone Park bill, was the Jersey City Heights, (N. J.) Gun Club. It is hoped that the numerous clubs and associations which have shown such an interest in this matter may renew their efforts when the subject again comes up at Washington.

Little baby lobsters boiled to a bright red are sometimes set forth as "free lunch" bait in barrooms. Assemblyman Finn has introduced a bill at Albany to repeal the law which forbids traffic in little baby lobsters. Finn runs a barroom in New York city.

A Maine lumberman states that it costs only 87½ cents a week per man to board his logging crew. How much crusted venison is to be included in the provisions?

When in debate on game or fish legislation a man howls for "cheap food for the people," he will bear close watching.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE TURKEY SHOOT AT HAMNER'S.

THE morning of the day before Thanksgiving was bright and still, promising such a day as a rifleman would wish for target shooting, and before the middle of the forenoon almost every man in Danvis who owned a rifle, and some who did not, but were enough in favor to borrow one of owners too old to use one, or too impecunious to share in a sport that called for a "York shillin'" a shot, was at Hamner's hostelry, or hurrying toward it across lots or along the rough frozen roads. And as many or more than these were those who went with hands in pockets, otherwise empty, to look on enviously, and rugged-faced old mountaineers whose dim eyes could no longer sight a rifle and whose palsied hands had shaken off all their cunning, to criticise the younger shooters and tell marvelous tales of what they could do and had done in bygone years; and also penniless and stingy topers who scented occasional free drinks among the possibilities of the meeting. One of them, standing in the middle of the road, slowly spelled out the words on the sign which the proprietor had lately hung out under the eaves of the smart and flimsy new piazza, "H, a, m, Ham, n, e, r, s, ner's, h, o, t, hot, e, l, le, hottle! Humph! I wonder if the rum-m-m, [his lips clung fondly to this comprehensive name for all alcoholic intoxicants] in a hottle is any better 'n what it uster be in a tarvern? I'd a darn sight druther see the ol' sign stuck up on the post aout there, 'Tarvern—ent'tainmint for man an' beast.'"

"Wal, it sartingly did look more horsepitiful," said Solon Briggs, turning his critical glance from the new sign to the old post still standing, though uncrowned, by the roadside. "But this is a age of reprovement, 'Niram, an' ol' things is dis-pearin' an' new things is a-pearin'."

"Say, 'Niram," cried the most smartly dressed young fellow in the crowd on the piazza, "Du you ever drink anything naow-er-days?"

"Wal I du," thirsty Adoniram promptly respondéd, "When I can't git snow t' eat!" and casting out his quid he bent his steps in the direction of the prospective treat, following close at the heels of the young man as he led the way into the barroom. When Adoniram had poured his gill of raw spirits down his throat, his entertainer called his attention to a showily-trimmed rifle standing within the safe precincts of the bar. "There, 'Niram, is what you may call a linger gun. Reach it aout here, Hamner. That's the weepon 'at's agoin' t' pop the turkeys to-day! Haint it a steeple-picker?" brushing its German silver ornaments with his coat sleeve and sighting one of the tack heads which held a horse advertisement to the wall. "Thirty-five dollars in money I paid Varney for makin' on it, an' he warr'nts it t' fetch 'em every time! The' haint nob'dy livin', you know, 'at c'n beat Varney—Burl'nt'n, you know—a makin' a rifle. Naow, look a here," seating himself on the bunk, which was the principal article of furniture in the room, and motioning Adoniram to a place beside him, and lowering his voice to a privately confidential mumble, "when they git a turkey sot up, an' I'm a goin' tu hev a shot, I want you, 'Niram, tu kinder gwoup half way er so, an' kinder drop yer hat off, sorter accident'l, so 's 't I c'n see haow much wind the' is a stirrin' aout there. 'F you'll be clever 'nough t' du that much for me, 'Niram, you sha'n't suffer none f'm bein' dry t'day!"

"I will du it, *Mister* Putman!" said Adoniram, emphasizing his promise with a strike of his fist upon his knee, "not 'at I keer a darn for hevin' a drink er tew gi'n me, but aouten clear frien'ship! Me an' yer father was allus frien's, went t' school together, 'n' got lickin's, 'n' fit 'n' eat one other's nutcakes, 'n' everything, an' I'm a goin' t' du his son a good turn whence ever I git a chance, I be! Yes, *sir!* Ahem! Seems 's 'ough that 'ere spoo' f'l o' rum was a feelin' kinder lunsome in my in'ards, *Mister* Putman."

"Ex-cuse me, Niram, I was jest a goin' to ask ye 'f you wa'n't a gettin' dry. Set aout yer best, Hamner; 'taint none tu good for my frien's."

"Hamner's rum an' the river is putty clust neighbors," Adoniram remarked, remembering to smack his lips only when the last drop of his generous potation had passed them. "This 'ere don't seem to take a holt much."

"That's the clear quill, 'Niram," said the publican, pouring a spoonful into a glass and smelling and tasting it. "The clear quill, fourth proof, cost me—le' me see—"

"Clear quill!" Adoniram broke in on his calculations, "Duck quills an' geese quills, I guess like 's not. They was a tellin'," bestowing impartial winks on the son of his friend and the proprietor of the hotel, "haow some-b'dy 'nuther faound a minny alive an' kickin' in his sper-its here t'other day!"

"Hello, Jeems! Hello, 'Nirum! well named, wa'n't ye? Allus nigh rum when it's araound!" cried a big bluff newcomer with a heavy rifle lying as lightly as a reed in the hollow of his arm. "Come, Hamner, set up them 'ere poultry an' le's hev a crack at 'em!"

"Wal, it is about time we was at it," young Putnam assented, hauling out a gold-plated watch and consulting it ostentatiously, "seven minutes t' ten!"

"Sartinly, sartinly, Mr. Dart; I was only a waitin' for the folks tu rest 'em an' stiddy the narves an' re-fresh 'emselves up. You're a lee-tle faster 'n what I be, Mr. Putman," said Hamner, looking at the barroom clock.

"I sot my watch by Austin's t' V'gennes last week, an' he reg'lates the sun," Putnam asserted.

"Pshaw, Hamner!" said Dart, after looking at the tall clock and listening attentively a moment, "yer pleggid ol' m'chine 's stopped runnin'! You'd orter hev a crank stuck int' yer ol' minute mill an' take a day an' grind aout time anough t' last ye a week! But I see yer idee. You wanter git us so 's 't we can't see a hole through a ladder 'fore you let us shoot! Wal, le' me speriment wi' yer pison. I'll resk one drink. Come Jeems an' 'Nirum, le's die together. Here 's a hopesin' 'at we'll pass away kinder comf'table. There, Hamner, 's a nimep'nce, an' that 'ill pay for aour drinks, bein' 't we're all light drinkers, 'specially 'Nirum. Naow, Hamner, you take it an' don't ye grumble. You c'n buy a pint o' proof sperits wi' nimep'nce, 'n' that'll make a gallern o' sech nourishment 's this. Say, boys, hev another an' I'll give him a quarter. Little haint much, an' twicte haint often! No? Wal, then, le's go 'n' kill one of Hamner's chickadees 'fore we die."

The outbuildings of the tavern straggled along the bank of the intervale, on the broadest part of which was room enough, too much, some thought, for the range. Beyond the stable was the stand, which was simply a plank with one end resting on a horse, the other on the ground, and out toward the furthest curve of the little river stood a dry goods box on which the turkeys were to be placed. "Thunder in the winter!" Dart ejaculated, as he looked over the range with a half shut, calculating eye, "you call that forty rod, Hamner? M'asured it with an injin rubber string, didn't ye, 'n' pulled like a yoke o' stags? I sh' like t' buy the interv'l 'cordin' to that m'asure. But set one up!"

The long, lank, sharp-faced publican directed an assistant to bring out a turkey, and after a fluttering commotion in the stable he reappeared with a half-grown one under his arm, and took his way across the flat toward the dry goods box. "O, what a turkey!" Dart shouted, "Haint ye got no aigs ter set up? Wal, Hamner, you be tough, tougher 'n a biled aowl! But nev' mind, I 'm a goin' ter shoot—that's what I come here for. But a feller might jes' 's well shoot at the moon—'t aint much furder off, an' it's bigger."

"Wal, yes, some bigger, John," said Joseph Hill, taking off his hat and scratching his head meditatively, "leastways when it's full, which it don't seem as 'ough that turkey was."

"Oh you shet up, Joe Hill!" Hamner snarled, "Turkeys is what's called for, an' that 'ere 's a turkey, haint it?" and he glowered a sidelong glance at the giant Dart, who, good-natured as he was, looked too big to quarrel with.

"Sartinly, Mr. Hamner," said the amicable Joseph, "that's the name on't, I haint no daoubt. A turkey 's a turkey soon 's he's hatched."

"Say Bill!" Dart shouted after the bearer of the turkey, "got any lunchern in yer pocket? You'll git hungry 'fore you git there. An' say, Bill, holler when ye git yer gobbler set up, so 's 't we'll know. He's most aout o' sight now!"

At last the poor bird was placed in position, Bill retreated to a safe distance and the cover of the river bank, and Dart lying down on the plank rested his rifle across the end of it. After much sighting and squinting he cocked his piece and taking careful aim, fired.

"Sol', for a nimep'nce!" he proclaimed as the turkey was seen to flutter and fall from upon the box.

"Don't b'lieve ye teched him! He's only scairt!" Hamner snarled, unwilling to believe that his turkey had gone for so little money. But all doubt on that score was removed when Bill took it down and began his journey toward them, a dozen of the party running out to meet him.

"'T won't take 'n more half on ye tu bring in that turkey," Dart called after them. "Naow, Hamner, you be ketchin' another tu set up. I want a mess whilst I'm 'baout it an' got my hand in."

"Not by a gol darned sight you don't hev another shot! You s'pose I'm a goin' tu hev the bread took aouter my maouth that way? One turkey 's 'nough for anybody but a darned hawg!"

"You're jest right, Hamner. One turkey 's as much as anybody 'd ort tu eat tu oncte, an' all I want is one a-piece for the fam'ly. The' 's five on us, none on us very hearty t' eat only gran'maw 'n' the baby, an' five turkeys is all 't I want. But the' haint nothin' small 'baout me only my feet," holding out a No. 12 "stogy" for inspection, "which you may not think they be, but a feller's boot haint his foot. Mine 's small, but a big boot fits 'em best. I don't push for the nex' shot. Here's Mr. Putman, which he's got him a rifle 'at cost him thir-ty-five dollars in money, an' Varney made it, which that means all you've got t' du is tu show it a turkey an' it fetches him! An' Mr. Putman wants a few. 'N' here's Peltier Gove, he's got the Widder Wiggins's rifle, which it was Pete's, an' he give Hatch the price of a ye'rlin' colt for it, an' the' 's some 'at says haow Hatch c'n make jes' as good a gun as Varney any day, an' Peltier wants tu find aout. An' here is Jozeff Hill; he's a luggin' 'raound one o' Seaver's ol' fewzees which they say he *hes* hit a barn with it, bein' 'at he was on the inside on 't an' all the doors shet. An' the' 's lots more on 'em 'at hes tu heng on t' the' guns tu keep 'em f'm goin' off arter turkeys. I'm willin' for half on 'em tu hev a chance whilst I rest my gun a spell, for it's turrible strainin' on a gun t' shoot so fur. Wal, here's Bill mos' tuckered aout a luggin' of that turkey aout there 'n' back 'thaout restin' much 'n' nothin' t' eat all the time. Le' me see where I hit him. Right in the butt o' the wing! That's where I allus hit 'em—when I don't miss on 't. Haint he an ol' sollaker! Sary Ann 'll hefter put the stuffin' on the aoutside—the' haint room 'nough on the inside,"

Presently Bill went out with another turkey across the flat, the light snowy covering of which began to show a dun path in the direction of the target. Following him went 'Niram with unsteady footsteps till he got half way across the range, where he halted and threw up his hat with a lusty, if obsolete, cheer for "Tippycanew an' Tyler tew!" As the hat dropped beside him, hardly slanting to the light breeze in its fall, in the exuberance of his spirits he kicked at it, and missed it, and too top-heavy to balance himself, found himself suddenly seated by it. Regarding it for a little with tipsy solemnity as if wondering "how came we here?" he picked it up, knocked the snow off it, set it upon his head, slowly got himself upon his feet and meandered back to the stand. The turkey was in position and the foppishly dressed young man of the name of Putnam got himself upon the plank with a great flourish of preparation.

"Naow Jeems," Dart advised as he was sighting his rifle, "you'd better le' me onbutten the strops o' yer trousers, erless you'll pull the tricker off 'm that thirty-five dollar gun o' yourn er bust yer strops!" But Putnam fired without taking this precaution, and the trigger and straps came safely out of the ordeal, and so did the turkey.

"You 'd orter pulled harder, strops er no strops, an' kinder pushed tew, mebby; a bullit needs helpin' sech long shots. I gi'n mine a boost, 'baout ninety weight, nigh 's I c'ld cal'late."

"This 'ere John Dart a-pears tu be a very jokus individdwil," said Solon Briggs to Joseph Hill, "we hed ort tu give him a invite tu jine aour sore-eyes up to Lisher's, he would make 'em more convivualler." Joseph hardly understood him, but recommended an alum curd poultice as the best remedy for sore eyes, "thaout 't was lobele steeped intu sperits."

"These 'ere half len'th rifles haint wuth a soo markee fer long shots!" Gran'ther Hill whistled savagely, though toothlessly, casting a scornful glance at the thirty-five dollar rifle and its owner. "I wish 't I hed me my gun here, 'at I hed tu Hubbar'ton an' Bennin't'n, I'd show ye! An' I would ha' hed it 'f I'd hed me a flint 'at hed any more fire in 't 'n a hunk o' col' johnny cake. Couldn't find nothin' in the haouse but a Injin arrer. Ye can't git a decent flint naow-er-days sen these pesky cap locks come in fashi'n. Flints is the thing tu tech off paowder, I tell ye! They burns it slow, an' yer ball don't git started fer t' go ontwell the paowder 's all afire, an' then, sir, it goes tu kill! Fo' foot in the berril that 'ere gun is, an' when it's pinted at a thing, you knows it, an' so does what it's pinted at!"

"It ort tu, 'f 'taint tew fur off," Dart said too loudly.

"Fo' foot in the berril!" the veteran repeated, taking no notice of the interruption but to frown on the speaker, "an' it haint a inch tew long! Ethin Allin hes shot it, an' so hes Seth Warner, an' so hes Remember Baker, an' so hes John Stark! An' the' don't nobody 'at's here a shootin' popguns tu-day 'at wants ter up an' tell me 'at they wa'n't shooters an' men 'at knowed what guns was! John Stark says he tu Bennin't'n, says he, 'Them red cuts is aourn, boys, er Molly Stark 's a widder! Come on, Josier!' An' tu Hubbar't'n, Seth Warner says he tu me, says he, 'Josier, I want ye tu pick off that 'ere British offycer wi' that long gun o' yourn.' An' sir, a minute arterward that offycer was scase! I was in the fust bwut 'at went aouten Hand's Cove on the tenth o' May, in the mornin' airly, seventeen hund'ed an' seventy-five, an' Ethin Allin was a standin' in the bow, an' he wa'n't a mite afeard, 'cause I was a settin' right behind of him. Bennydick Arnil was along, tew, the damned traiter, an' I wish 't I hed a done what I wanted tu, chucked the cussed hook-nosed hen-hawk int' the lake, blast him! Wal, sir, when we landed an' was drawed up inter line, an' stood a waitin' an' a waitin' for the rest on 'em tu come over, Seth an' mongst 'em, an' it begin tu grow light in the east, an' a rwuster begin to crow up tu the fort, Ethin he begin tu git turrible oneasy, an' at last says he, 'If we wait for the rest on 'em any longer, daylight 'll spile aour plan. Every man 'at's willin' tu go for'ad naow, pise his firelock!' An' sir, every man jack on us did it, quicker 'n ever hell scorched a feather! Then says Ethin, says he, 'Is Josier Hill here?' 'I be', says I. 'All right,' says he, 'for'ad, march!' 'Fore we got tu the gate, the' was some squabblin' 'twixt Ethin an' Arnil 'baout which was a goin' in fust, an' Ethin come putty nigh a jabbin' Arnil with his sword; but they finally fixed it up an' went in 'long side o' one nuther, though I b'lieve I was a leetle mite ahead on 'em, a chasin' the sent'nil 'at snapped at Ethin."

"Golly blue! Father 'll be a takin' Canady 'f he gits another underjawful o' Hamner's fightin' rum!" said the veteran's son in mild alarm, and such an exploit seemed not unlikely to be undertaken by the ancient warrior, for he now began to sing in a voice half croak and half whistle, to a small but appreciative audience:

> "'We're a marchin' on tow-wards Quebec,
> Whilst the drums is loudli bea—tin,
> For Americay hes gained the day
> An' the British is retrea—tin!'"

"Bah gosh! Ah'll goin' help it!" cried Antoine, who had been prancing from group to group in search of listeners to what he had to tell concerning shooting. "Dat mek me rembler one tam dey have it shoot-turkey in Canady, an' dey'll ant let you see dem turkey, bah gosh, no! Dey'll have it 'hind a hill of it, an' you'll gat for guess where he'll was an' den shoot. Yes sah! Well, boy, Ah'll was be dere, an' Ah'll se' dawn an' listen for hear, an' bombye pooty soon Ah'll hear dat turkey beegin for gobbler. Houkle, houkle, houkle! Den Ah'll pont up ma gun up so Ah'll tink de ball was drop off where he'll hit dat nowse, an' Ah'll shot off, pluck! 'Squowk!' Ah'll hear dat turkey said, an' bah gosh! You'll ant b'lieved me, dat ball stroke it raght bit-tween hees backs!"

"O, beeswax!" said Dart, "They never hed no turkey shoot in Canady! They uster shoot peas at a kittle, an' the one 'at got the most peas into 't 'ould hev the pot o' pea soup made aouten on 'em!"

"Bah gosh, you'll ant know! You'll never was be dere. You'll gat so far from Danvis you'll can' smell spruce gum, you'll ant never fan your way back! Hein! boy?" Antoine retorted.

Putnam made several ineffectual shots, with each his pride in his gun and his faith in its maker falling and failing. Then Pelatiah tried his luck with the work of the rival maker, but its famed killing qualities seemed to have departed with its deceased late owner, much to the sorrow of poor Pelatiah, whose slender weasel skin held but one half dollar, the proceeds of his fall trapping in the Beaver Meadow Brook, and two more shots would exhaust his scant hoard.

Meanwhile Sam Lovel was out in the woods, where he had been long before the shooting began, in pursuit of Uncle Lisha's promised partridges. The frozen leaves, showing a crinkle of brown and here and there a streak or patch of yet unfaded October red and yellow through the light powdering of snow, were noisy under the lightest tread. The squirrels scampering over them in quest of their Thanksgiving fare, could be heard thirty rods away, and a dozen partridges went whirring and crashing away unseen through the haze of gray branches and dark clouds of evergreen boughs before Sam drew a bead on the head of an old cock who strutted an instant too long on his last spring's drumming log and then verified the truth that pride goeth before a fall as he tossed up a flurry of leaves and snow in his death struggle. So our hunter went on through this range of wooded hill, exhausting its present possibilities of game when he had killed another partridge, but all the while enjoying his solitary tramp. He heard the intermittent popping of the rifles at Hamner's and in soliloquy mildly anathematized the shooters as "a pack o' dum'd fools." In a different spirit Joel Bartlett, hearing the frequent reports as he foddered his cattle in the barnyard, sighed loudly and sorrowfully and said in the sing-song tone that would now certainly be heard next day in the Fifth Day meeting, "A snare of the evil one, an' a-nuther pitfall digged for the feet of the onwary! These men a shootin' at innocent faowls of the air, is a follerin' of a custom, an' a practyse, an' a observance o' them 'at hung Mary Dyer, an' grieviously pussecuted many formerly."

When Sam had come to the top of the hill the shortest

way to the next likely hunting ground lay past Hamner's and a natural curiosity drew him to the shooting ground.

Fortune had frowned on all the contestants but the amiable giant, Dart, who by his weight and good nature and the possibly better gift of luck, seemed always to make his way, and having now got three turkeys Hamner was disposed to debar him from another chance. "I do' know haow on airth I 'm a goin' tu divide three turkeys 'mongst five on us," he said, "but I never was wuth a snap at figgers. Mebby Sary Ann 'll make hash on 'em." Luck, certainly not skill, had taken one of Joseph Hill's bullets into deadly contact with a turkey, and he, following Dart's hint, was telling his friends that M'ri would make a dumpling, the bird to be the core of the savory compound which would have been the stuffing of a larger turkey, "erless she took a notion tu fry it 'long wi' a slice o' pork, same as she would a patridge."

Poor Pelatiah was in doleful dumps, having fired three shots without getting a turkey, and now debating with himself whether he should hazard the remainder of his treasure on another. "I hit a nine-inch ring three times aout o' five, forty rod as I paced it up behind the barn t' hum, yist'd'y, wi' that gun," he confided to Sam, "Widder Wiggins's rifle, the best one the' is in Danvis, so ev'b'dy says, an' tu-day, Samwell, I can't hit a ten acre lot!"

"It's fifty rod f'm here tu that box if it's a rod!" said Sam to Pelatiah, and partly to himself, "the dum'd ol' cheatin' cuss! Look a here, Peltier, if you wanter try agin I'll pay for yer shot if it's a miss. Don't ye be in no hurry. You might," measuring the distance to the hill across the road with his eye, "you might forgit tu put any cap on, an' snap tew three times, an' then hol' high! Aim at the top o' Tater Hill 'f your a minter—'taint nob'dy's business if your shot 's paid for. But don't ye graound your ball this side o' the turkey!"

"Goin', Mr. Lovel?" Hamner asked, as Sam shouldered his ponderous gun, known far and near as the "Ol' Ore Bed;" "I was a hopesin you 'd jine us."

"No," Sam replied, "I can't hit a turkey forty rod off. I'm goin' up on your hill tu try 'f I c'n git another patridge. They 'pear tu be turrible scase t'day."

"Tell ye what, Lovel," said Dart, "I b'lieve Hamner's chick-a-biddied 'em all intu his barn wi' a ha' bushil o' buckwheat, an' sot 'em up for turkeys! These things we ben a shootin' at is patridges, an' the scruff eends o' litters at that!"

"Re-freshmints up tu the hoe-tel, Mr. Lovel," Hamner said, taking no notice of these derogatory remarks; "Meant tu a hed some austers, but I guess they haint hed time to bring 'em raound sence it froze up."

"Was you thinkin' of importin' an auster up here, Hamner?" inquired the irrepressible Dart. "They don't bite, they say, in no month 'at haint got an R in 't, an' the' haint ben quite three sech, so the' haint ben time tu move one up for ye, but I'd druther resk the chance o' gittin' one o' Hamner's turkeys at his forty rod, 'an tu try gittin' an auster aouten a plate o' his soup."

"Naow, *Mis*-ter Dart," Hamner asked, more in sorrow than in anger, "*du* you, *can* you expeck tu git a pailf'l o' solid meats aouten a plate o' austers at nimepunce a plate?"

Sam left the oyster question unsettled and made speedy way to the hill which overlooked the whole range.

Pelatiah bestowed his ungainly length upon the plank once more, and three times pulled the trigger with no responsive explosion of cap and charge. "G—o—s—h!" he exclaimed, with well simulated surprise, "I never thought tu put no cap on!" This oversight having been duly remedied, at the next pull the Widder Wiggins's rifle responded with its wonted spiteful crack, which was more loudly repeated from the hill behind, and the turkey, with a few feeble flaps of its wings, sank upon the box.

"Sam Hill! What an e-cho!" Joseph ejaculated, taking in vain the name of a possible ancestor, and then looking toward the rough steep beyond the road he saw a thin film of smoke wafted upward through the evergreens. After one breathless moment of open-eyed and wide-mouthed wonder, he doubled himself up in a paroxysm of smothered laughter.

When the turkey was examined some one remarked that the "Widder Wiggins's rifle made a onaccaountable big hole," but Pelatiah bore home his prize in triumph and with unquestioned right. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

MY RIDE IN A BIRCH CANOE.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago found me on the shore of the Upper Mississippi, 100 miles above St. Paul, planning a trip down the river to Rock Island. It was in the early spring and the ice had just gone from the river, while the warmth of the northward creeping sun was making daily havoc of the last lingering snowdrifts.

How should I make the trip? The roads were in fearful condition, stage fare was high, and the lonely shores of the upper river were yet unvexed by the discordant screech of the locomotives. I determined to try a birch canoe. Familiar from earliest boyhood with the log canoe or dugout, I had never yet tried a birch. A five-dollar note quickly tempted a Chippewa Indian to sell me the most beautifully modeled canoe I ever tried. It was 12ft. long by 26in. in width, and with a grace of outline possible only to the patient Chippewa. I wonder if such canoes can be found to-day? When I read some time since of a birch canoe formed of the bark of a single tree, gathered in folds at the ends, I could not help smiling as I thought of my old-time birch, with its beauty of model unapproached by any craft I have ever found among civilized men. A delicate framework of cedar, covered with its blanket of birch bark formed of many pieces, cut to fit exactly, and stitched together with slender willows the size of a pipestem, split in two and bent toward the heart of the twigs, as tough almost as a buckskin string. Over the seams on the outside of the boat was spread a coat of pine pitch, and the fairy craft sat upon the water like an egg shell. Stowing my bedding, provisions and cooking utensils in the bow, I added about fifty pounds of stone to their weight to balance my own weight in the stern, and having provided an extra paddle for emergencies I crept cautiously aboard, careful to prevent the bottom of the boat coming in contact with the rocky bank, seated myself in the stern and pushed off. The current was swollen by the melted snows, and the swiftly flowing river, taking the tiny craft in its mighty arms, raced onward toward the Gulf with a speed that mocked the creeping stage coach. Rounding a bend of the stream, I turned to wave a final good-bye to the group of friends gathered upon the shore to see me off, and on we sped, my beautiful boat and I.

And what a graceful thing she was! How quickly we became acquainted. How she responded instantly to the most delicate tip of the paddle. Like a mettlesome steed she seemed alive and trembling with eagerness to obey my slightest wish. How she galloped over the waves of the rapids as with the fiery eagerness of youth I drove her down the watery steep with straining nerve and bending blade, rejoicing to see her display a steadiness and seaworthiness of which I had not dreamed. And well did I need all her grace of outline, all her supple strength, and all her marvelous speed before that voyage ended.

For a time all went smoothly, while the subtle charm of the continually unfolding landscape in front and the gliding panorama on either shore, speeding steadily astern to fold and fade behind me, took full possession of me like some beautiful dream. For hours I floated on upon the bosom of the great river, past shores that bore little or no impress of the coming tide of civilization and which had not yet echoed to the roar of the paddles of the panting steamer. It was a lovely day, bright and warm, with not a breath of air to ruffle the surface of the water, and only the faint rippling under the bow and the tinkling of the water drops from the occasionally uplifted paddle broke the silence of the wilderness and grew gradually into a music, the very monotony of which blended perfectly with the wondrous charm of the surrounding solitude. What enjoyment awaits the canoeist—the true lover of Nature I mean, who finds his pleasure in this silent communion with the lonely goddess. The recollection of that strange canoe ride stirs my blood after all these intervening years.

Rousing at length from my reverie to give chase to a black loon that suddenly appeared in front, a couple of miles more were quickly covered, and my admiration of the staying powers of this strange bird greatly increased when, having many times appeared far in advance, he finally eluded me by a long dive, appearing at length far behind, and leaving me to continue the journey alone. Night approaching I landed, and unloading the canoe, carried it up on the bank, where, having built a fire and eaten supper with the appetite given only to the lover of the open air, I crept under the upturned boat and slept the sleep of the tired canoeist.

Early morning found me again afloat, and soon the straggling village of Sauk Rapids appeared upon the left bank, and the roar of the rapids warned me to land at the upper end of the village, and take a look before venturing upon waters I had never seen.

A couple of men came down to the shore to meet me, and learning that a portage necessitated a carry of three-fourths of a mile, I inquired if it was possible to run the rapids with the canoe. They replied that the Indians sometimes ran them in the spring, in time of high water. "Where do they enter the rapids?" I asked. "Close to the other shore," they answered. What a thing is youth, when touched with the taint of foolhardiness that later years have taught me to be ashamed of. "What the Indians have done I can do," I replied, and without pausing to examine the rapids, I turned the bow of the boat up stream, and with a vigorous use of the paddle succeeded in crossing the stream until within 100yds. of the opposite shore before entering the rapids. A glance ahead caused me to brace more firmly in my seat, take a full breath, and bend to my work with a will, preferring always to run bad water with plenty of steerage way.

Away we went. How the trees along the shore raced backward, and with what inimitable grace did that glorious little canoe avoid each threatening peril and prove herself a credit to the skill of the untaught savage who formed her. May he live a thousand years. The long race was nearly run, and the smooth water of the river below appeared in sight, and I turned to wave a sign of triumph to the men who were watching me from the shore, when I felt the boat plunging downward. Turning instantly, I saw the canoe going over the worst pitch we had yet met, and which had not appeared until that instant. It was nothing dangerous, but about four rods below it, hung something that very evidently was. A long sawlog, escaped from the log-driving lumbermen, had saddlebagged across a rock and the upper end pointed diagonally across the stream to the left directly in my course. The first glance showed the channel to the left, and impassable rocks to the right. I must go to the left, even though the terrible obstruction toward which the boat was rushing with fearful speed, projected ten feet to the left of the canoe's course. In any other boat I had been lost. I had my paddle on the right side of the boat, and bending forward I drew a mighty stroke that whirled the birch like a top to the left until the bow could pass, and then threw my weight on the paddle, which was now braced across the stern, to check the speed and pry the stern over to the left in time. We made it—the birch and I—but with a margin so narrow that, as we shot past and glided down into the smooth water below, my heart rose with a great leap.

Did I remember the lesson? We shall see. The trip from here to the falls of St. Anthony was without incident. There a boom stretched half way across the river above the falls, filled with sawlogs, barred my course and forced me once more to land on the left bank of the river. The great waterfall, 40ft. high, was yet unbroken by dams or aprons and the view was grand. Just at the foot of the fall, within 50ft. of the foot of the precipice, I found a small factory or machine shop on the bank, and making a portage down to this I launched the birch from its steps. For about a mile below the falls were rapids which ran with fearful speed. Forgetting all past perils I pushed off and pulled hard to reach the middle of the stream to avoid the rocks along shore. I gained the middle of the river and the speed became terrific. There were no regular waves, but an indescribable tumult of waters instead. Nearing the foot of the rapids with white water all around us, suddenly the dashing waters seemed to give way under the birch and the angular corner of a mighty rock rose from the vortex of waters directly in front and almost under the boat. Down we went, squarely upon it. It struck the canoe amidships with a blow that crashed through the tough birch and the cedar framework, leaving a hole through which I could thrust my boot. I was pitched forward by the shock until my face almost touched my knees, the paddle flew from my hands and was lost in the foaming waves. Instantly the tumultuous waters closed again, tossing the boat upward like a cork, and on we swept again. Seizing the extra paddle I turned the bow to the left, toward a long gravel bar that lined the shore below the rapids and began a race with the inrushing water that was fast rising around me. I was in dead earnest now, for I well knew that no swimmer encumbered with clothing could live long in that icy flood, and that the stones in the bow of the birch would take her down like a plummet. Keeping the bow down stream to get the help of the current I paddled for life, and when the boat grounded on the gravel, I sat in the ice cold water that rose to my waist, and not two inches of the gunwale of the faithful birch showed above the surface. Jumping out I unloaded the boat, emptied and carried it up on the shore, turned it bottom upward, straightened out and fastened the broken bark, made a fire and warmed the kettle of pitch I carried in the bow, paid the broken seam, and again the little birch was tight and dry as a milk pan.

Wringing the water from my wet blankets I spread them on the bushes in the sunshine until partially dried, when I loaded up and started on. Coming to the mouth of the little stream that flowed down from the falls of Minnehaha, I landed and walked up to the beautiful waterfall, and for an hour stood and drank in the beauty of the lovely scene, as yet untouched by hand of vandal. I have never seen it since nor do I wish to. Years after I saw a painting of Minnehaha, after the stupid attempt had been made to "improve" it; and I could only regret that the loveliness of that wonderful scene had been so marred. Returning to the boat I paddled on down to St. Paul where I landed to secure supplies. A man soon appeared eager to buy the little birch. He proved to be the steward of a small stern-wheeled steamer named the Hazel Dell, from Pittsburg, Pa., and desiring to take a birch canoe back to his friends at home, offered me my passage to Rock Island on the steamer in exchange for my boat. The bargain was made and the voyage ended, when the beautiful little birch, the only one I have ever owned, was carried in triumph to the hurricane roof of the steamer, no longer springing forth to the stroke of the paddle, but trembling with the motion given by the steam engine of civilization, started her long journey to Pittsburgh. UNCLE FULLER.

THETIS, Wash. Ter.

ON THE WEST COAST.—II.

THERE are singular features in all the rock formation of the keys. Below the surface of the water, where it is covered with mud, a stiff pole can be shoved into the rock to a depth of a foot or more. On the keys under the soil it can be cut with an axe, showing a perfect coral formation. The branch coral, under deep water ten fathoms or less, is hard and brittle, and seems on close examination to be in active formation by the coral insect. I know of no prettier marine sight than a favorable view through a sponger's glass of the bottom, covered by branch coral, as white as snow in all its beauty.

We filled up our empty water vessels, and laid in some yams and fresh tomatoes and some cocoanuts. Each settler has his own cocoanut grove. Bidding farewell to Key Vacas, we headed N. E. for lower Mattacomb Key, distant about 25 miles; wind S. E., thermometer 72, passing on our left Horse Neck, Lemon, East Horse Neck keys; on our right DeWitt, Estella, Duck and Long keys, some of them habitable and others entirely covered with mango trees, the limbs of which have a peculiar feature of growing downward through water and mud, and striking new root, the beginning of a new tree. They grow either in brackish water or the blue salt water of the Gulf. Here we found a landlocked harbor off the lower west end of the key, formed by a circle of bars, and we entered by a narrow channel, perfectly secure in every direction and in plain sight of Alligator Reef Light, and in hearing of the loud roar of the breakers as they dash on the lighthouse reef. We killed with the grains in the day's run three sharks, one swordfish and two large skates, and caught an abundance of kingfish, some of them going as high as 25lbs. They were taken with the trolling lines procured from Key West, all of our bluefish squids brought with us having long since been used up; they are entirely too light for key fishing. Grains for spearing fish are made with two sharp parallel prongs 6in. long, with barbs inside, fastened to the usual harpoon socket, for receiving a 14ft. pole, straight, tough and light. Six feet of small chain are fastened to the socket, a line is fastened to the chain, the end of the pole is placed in the socket, the line is hauled taut and two half-hitches are taken around the upper end of the pole, which holds the grains in place. When the fish is struck it springs forward; this unships the pole, and then commences the mad race. If you have fastened well into a big one and you are in the dinghy, you will be kept too busy for a half hour to answer many questions in your endeavor to keep your boat on her bottom and bring in your fish.

Our guns had not been idle. We had with us one 10-bore shotgun, one .44-cal. rifle and two heavy revolvers, which were not of much use. We had killed deer, pelicans, cranes, cormorants and a great many varieties of snipe; in fact since we left Key West we have not been out of the reach of fowl or fish, although we have taken more pleasure in the sailing than in either fishing or shooting. The climate is simply superb. The prevailing southeasterly trade winds keep the temperature very even. The nights are perfect. The tent is dry in the morning, not enough dew falling to dampen it; in fact the only objectionable features of the keys, as far as visited, are the mosquitoes in the early morning and evening. Still we managed to keep them out, so we could not complain. This strikes me as being the perfection of climate for all pulmonary complaints. The inhabitants enjoy excellent health and show healthy complexion and clear eyes, so different from what we observed in the mainlanders—the name by which the key people know the rest of the Floridians.

Our cable having too much scope we swung with the tide and grounded on a bank during the night; taking a list she dumped the artist out on the floor, he, grumbling and half asleep, made a dive for his bunk, only to roll out again on the floor. We found a flight of snipe along the bars with a good many duck, so taking our guns while the cook was preparing breakfast, we went ashore. The artist, as usual, sitting down and making a sketch. I succeeded in killing a good bag of snipe of several varieties. We then stood on for Key Largo, the largest of all; with a stiff breeze abeam we made reckoning on reaching Tavernier Creek about noon. We had run about five miles when we brought up all standing on a

bank. Seeing a forlorn chance of getting afloat in the next hour or two, I jumped into the dinghy with the grains and poled over to the first channel through our bank. I did not have long to wait, for along came a big shark. He saw me about the time when I let drive the grains. Striking him fair in the back, he darted off, making the line hum as it went over the bow. I went down in the stern, grasping the line in both hands, having it rove through the ring in the stem. I waited for the strain; it came soon enough and at right angles to fore and aft, slewing the little boat around. We went off with a rush, making a wake like a tow boat. It was all right enough as long as he stuck to open water, but the rascal, he dodged through the channel, turned the corner and stranded me on the bar, he kept right on with the grains. This made the second pair lost.

After warping the Bessie off the bar we continued on our course for the creek, missing it by standing on too far and getting our bearings on Low Key; we about ship and finally found it by running on a mud flat at its mouth, hidden by a small mango key. The artist and I took a run up the creek to make observations and found it alive with fish and game. On passing through the creek with the Bessie we had the tide against us, which gave us plenty of exercise with the poles. We worked through to the south side of Key Largo, and stood N. E. for Captain Albury's plantation, where we received a very hearty welcome indeed. He has a large number of acres under cultivation, raising tomatoes, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, etc. This was the first and only place where I saw pineapples thriving. They can be profitably cultivated as far north as Key Biscayne Bay Keys, for profit but not further north. The land is very broken and stony, and one can step from stone to stone. The soil is remarkably fertile, the produce growing to perfection. We passed a very pleasant afternoon and evening with the family. The next morning they would insist on loading us up with an abundance of the good things from their gardens, one bunch of lady finger bananas being all our cook could carry. We had no pilot now, as we could find the bottom about as readily as he could, so we turned him into a cook without prejudice. The pineapples, ripe and just off the plants, were fine.

We were next bound for Taylor's River on the mainland, west of north from Tavernier Creek. Although the captain told us we drew too much water to reach it, we were bent on trying, so running back through the creek, with fair wind, we ran north for Taylor's River, keeping to the westward of Low and Walker Keys. After sailing along a narrow sand bar for several miles, we ran through a narrow channel about 15ft. wide and entered Barne's Sound. We found Taylor's River at sunset, after a two days' run. We passed very many game birds on the bars or wading in the shoal spots, including a great many flamingoes, curlews and plover, ducks and cranes. Here we saw our first alligators, there were lots of the bulls bellowing all night. The banks of the river are low and composed of hard yellow clay, which had the appearance from a distance of being rock. All sand and stone had disappeared, and there was nothing but the softest kind of mud on every hand. We cruised up the river for a whole day. The water was about 10ft. deep and 200yds. wide, the low banks covered with palmetto and cane brake growth, and occasionally a broad savannah dotted with islands. Probably in the wet season the whole country is under water; I saw high water marks 10ft. above the banks. It is the most forsaken and forlorn place I ever beheld. The color of the water is brown, the current sluggish and all one way, showing it to be one of the many outlets of the great everglades and lakes of southern Florida. So we left without regret, although it had at first interested us very much.

Passing along to the westward, we looked for Altahoochee River, which is a cut off, leading from Barne's Sound into White Water Bay. Following each bar and shoal we were gradually forced to the southard and then eastward, when we became convinced that Capt. Albury was right. Then to get back was the next move, which it took two more days to accomplish. From the gaff I saw two porpoises near at hand; trying a shot at them with the rifle, they headed outward and ran through a small channel that we had passed, and which proved to be the one we had passed through four days previous, so then and there we toasted the two new pilots with a will as they disappeared to the southward showing us the way to deeper water.

Again arriving at the channel through the long bar off Tavernier Creek, after an absence of several days cruising we were more than convinced that a boat drawing more than 14in. of water is not suitable for key cruising.

Our next course was southwest, back to Duck Key and then northwest to Cape Sable, passing between West Horseneck and Middle Shoal and west of Sand Key, reaching Cape Sable at sunset of second day. Part of the time we were out of sight of land with 4 to 6ft. of water; distance run, two days sailing from Indian or Channel Key to Sable forty miles. We found a harbor off a creek at Northwest Cape and had an all night drumfish serenade under the boat's bottom. Our tent in the morning was wet with the dew for the first time.

Ran into Harney's River next day. Shot two pink curlews—a beautiful bird. Saw hundreds of alligators. By shooting from the gaff they can be killed as they swim. This is a difficult thing to do from deck, for they only show their eyes and the tip of the nose above water. The ball from deck is apt to skip, when a plunging shot from aloft will kill every time. The 'gator sinks, turning his yellow belly up, and can be easily seen and picked up on one's return several hours afterward. We saw any amount of deer tracks on shore, and finding a crossing on the river we killed two in the evening of about 100lbs. each, a buck and doe. The mosquitoes after sunset are dreadful; with the hooting of the owl and the bellowing of the 'gators it keeps things pretty lively after nightfall. This is another river full to the brim of everglade water running through a perfectly flat country covered with tall grass and canebrakes, in which lurk bears, deer, wildcats, rattlesnakes and moccasins by the thousand. We see them every day and with the 'gators to keep it lively it cannot be a very nice place for a nervous person to reside in. The artist has a great fondness for bathing, which he gratifies by stripping in the dinghy towing astern, then taking a pail of water and having a shower bath. He went over backward yesterday (the maneuver being caused by a sudden jerk on the painter) into about 10ft. of water, which was alive with sharks. He lost no time in getting on board the dinghy when we cast off the line; ordinarily he is the most deliberate man I ever saw; some might call it laziness, but he forgot his deliberation for a minute.

Running up the several rivers in passing along the coast we found a great similarity in scenery. We stopped at different favorable points on the beach, sometimes for a sketch by the artist, and again for wood for the stove. I have long since on former cruises thrown overboard the oilstove, with all its nastiness. My attention, while walking along the sandy beach hunting rare shells, was one day attracted by the wild exclamations of the artist, who as usual had lingered behind sketching a cabbage palm. Running back and looking to where he pointed I saw rising above the tough beach grass the heads of two large rattlers. Beside them lay the artist's sketch book, and to this day it has remained a mystery why he was not bitten. Keeping at a safe distance he asked me to hold them while he got the gun out of the sloop. He brought the shotgun and I gave them a barrel apiece, which finished them up in fine shape, and we soon had them stretched out on the sand alongside of tape line. One had twelve rattles and measured 6ft. 5½in., the other nine rattles and measured 6ft.; one measured 14in. in circumference; the odor from them was immense.

At the Ten Thousand Islands we entered one of the many channels, first at low tide fishing up a bag full of oysters. We cruised among the islands for two days, when after the second day it was only by close attention to the compass that we found our way out of the labyrinth of deep channels all full of brown swamp water. Some of the islands at a distance showed the foliage as white as snow, from the droppings of the birds, for here were the roosts of millions of birds of many kinds. Chocoliska and Casimba keys each contain one immense shell mound, perhaps 100ft. in diameter and 50 to 75ft. in height. There are smaller ones further up the coast. On digging into them we found several kinds of shells perhaps carried there by the Indians. These are the first elevated grounds north of Cape Sable. They are occupied by spongers. At several places in the vicinity there has been a feeble attempt at cocoanut and sugar-cane growing. The soil is rich enough, but the annual overflow causes very uncertain results. It is hard to remember that it is winter, with such perfect weather, enjoying every hour as we cruise along, finding plenty of harbors and a surfeit of game and fish. A full account of all our experience would fill a volume. V. W.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

"OFFICIAL EXTERMINATION."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 3 is a communication entitled "Official Extermination," and signed "C. H. H.," which severely criticises Mr. C. H. Townsend for having been instrumental in procuring for the U. S. National Museum the skins and skeletons of sixteen sea elephants. Prof. Baird is also condemned by the author for having instructed Mr. Townsend to obtain these specimens. As Mr. Townsend is by reason of absence unable to speak for himself, I take the liberty of briefly replying for him and furnishing "C. H. A." with the facts in the case.

Mr. Townsend, while in San Francisco, made arrangements with the owners of the schooner Laura to accompany that vessel on a sealing trip, for the purpose of obtaining sea elephants, a liberal offer having been made in order that the skins and skeletons of such as might be killed should be preserved for scientific purposes instead of being made into commercial hides or thrown away. This trip was unsuccessful, and Mr. Townsend returned to Washington, leaving his offer still open. On the next trip of the Laura sixteen sea elephants were killed and preserved, although owing to the unfortunate absence of Mr. Townsend the skeletons were rather roughly prepared, and reached Washington in a decidedly mixed condition.

This act of "official extermination" thus resolves itself into the fact that a price was placed on the skins and skeletons of sea elephants sufficiently large to induce the dealers to save them instead of allowing them to rot upon the beach. But for the foresight of Prof. Baird and the energy of Mr. Townsend there would be to-day hardly a specimen to show that this huge animal ever existed, and Mr. Townsend is to be congratulated on having secured for science even a few immature individuals of this, our largest pinniped. Had the critic's assumptions been correct and the "final tragedy" taken place under the eye of Mr. Townsend, it would still have been far better to have secured all the specimens possible for scientific purposes, although at the risk of exterminating the race, than to have left the survivors to the tender mercies of the seal hunters. "C. H. A." himself bemoans the fate that befell the rhytina, the dodo and great auk, and yet he equally bewails the fact that the sea elephant has been rescued from the same rapidly impending doom. For doomed this huge animal was from the moment of its discovery, both by habit and location, and its final extermination has been merely a question of time, and of very little time at that. There is no case on record where sentimental considerations or even a chance of possible future profit has spared the life of a single creature whose death would cause the immediate gain of a single dollar. "After us the deluge" seems to be the motto of the American race, and the sea elephant does but mark the path of extermination down which so many denizens of our woods and waters are being hurried. We learn from Mr. Townsend's paper how the few animals spared by the Liberty in 1884 were promptly swept out of existence by the crew of the next vessel to appear upon the scene, and it is too easy a matter to imagine how long would have been the lives of any spared by the Laura. Lower California is quite beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, but did the territory lie within our boundaries it is the merest folly to suppose that the law which is powerless to protect the seals on the Farallone Islands could do so anywhere else.

From the sixteen individuals secured, specimens have already been sent to the British Museum, to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the American Museum of Natural History and the Philadelphia Academy of Science. It is just possible that "C. H. A." would prefer that these skins should have been made into leather and their bones left to whiten on the shore, but it is to be hoped that this supposition is not correct. No one deplores the destruction of animals more than does the present writer, and yet he deems the slaughter of the sea elephants not only justifiable but commendable. F. A. L.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1887.

NAVAJO METHODS OF CURING AGUE.

BY DR. H. C. YARROW.

[Read before the Anthropological Society of Washington.]

FROM the earlier periods of historic time up to the present day, the practice of medicine has partaken largely of an occult and superstitious character, which does not, even with more advanced mental enlightment, improve as we have reason to expect. To-day we hear among our own people of faith and prayer cures for the relief of disease, of the laying on of hands, and of the miraculous effect of certain waters, charms, relics and conjurations, and this being the present civilized status, we should with all charity be tolerant of the peculiar views held with regard to the cure of physical and mental disorders by the Indian doctor and his patient.

No one will venture to say that the earlier physicians sprang into the performance of healing functions at once; the growth of the art has been gradual, and largely empirical, and this has been the case not only with the more civilized races, but also with the savage ones. It is true, as has been stated by our distinguished president and others, that the Indian has no absolute and definite knowledge of the causation of certain diseases, believing that many of them are produced by evil demons, spirits or gods. But that he is absolutely ignorant of the cause and effect with regard to remedial agents I do not believe. If we deny empirical observation to the Indian, we must then ascribe to instinct alone the faculty he evinces in choosing certain herbs, or other medicinal substances for the care of his ailments. Animals are their own physicians, and it must be instinct or transmitted hereditary experience which leads them to select particular plants and herbs to relieve occasional ill health. The question may well be asked, what part do instinct and experience play in this choice? Any one familiar with the gradual progress of medical science must admit, if not biased by the views of a particular school, that etiology is not of prime necessity in therapeutics, as we find different men of different pathological views, prescribing opposites quite frequently and having equally good success.

Briefly, it may be said then that the Indian's primary view of disease (excluding surgical injuries) is that it is caused by a bad spirit or evil god, his secondary idea of it being derived from actual empirical observation. And, acting upon these two theories, he applies as best he can the means at his disposal. To meet the necessities of the first he hires his shaman or medicine man, for the second he uses such simples as he has been taught by experience will be of benefit. The Indian is a tolerably fair anatomist and a moderately good surgeon, he seems to understand the relation of certain muscles to the bones, and in his treatment of fractures he often puts to shame his white brother. He knows that in delayed parturition, in some cases prolonged epulsine efforts are necessary; and he has certain methods of bringing about this result which, if not quite as elegant as those taught by the schools and approved by Lucina, are equally effective. This is the result of reasoning pure and simple, and I think we should be unjust did we fail to ascribe to him more reasoning powers and reflections in this regard than whites have usually credited him with. That he believes more than his original theory of the demoniac origin of disease, cannot be doubted, for when he finds that the prayers and incantations of his medicine man fail to relieve his suffering, how sagely in many instances do we find him applying to his white brother for relief.

It will be noticed that throughout this entire narrative, although the medicine men perform certain rites to dislodge the evil spirits, at the same time from the decoctions given, we must infer that they recognized the existence of fever and sought to reduce this by means of diuretics, diaphoretics and sweating, this certainly indicates something more than a mere belief in exorcism by noise and prayers. Crude as the observations may be I have brought them before the society hoping that in the discussion which may follow we shall be able to obtain an interchange of opinion which will be of value to all of us who are interested in Indian medicine.

I should state that the greater part of the information regarding the Navajo method of curing ague has been furnished me by my friend Mr. A. M. Stephen, of Keam's Cañon, Ariz., well known as a conscientious and careful observer of Indian myths and customs. With this slight introduction I may be permitted to read the notes sent me by Mr. Stephen:

KEAM'S CAÑON, Ariz., Sept. 16, 1886.

MY DEAR DOCTOR— * * * You may remember having met here a Navajo friend of ours, one of their silversmiths, whom we familiarly call "John the Jeweller." He went over to the Kohonimo Cañon and stayed there four days. The day after leaving the cañon he was taken with ague, and every day for twenty subsequent days he had a chill followed by fever and delirium. The strangeness of the disease had an extraordinary depressing effect on him, and during these twenty days he was in a state of utter collapse. He is a medicine man, a minor priest of considerable repute, and numbers of his friends came to see him. But none of them knew aught about, or had ever seen such a disease. The priests and the patient were inclined to attribute it to "a bad smell" emanating from the Kohonimos; but as there was also a band of wandering Pah-Utes there during the time of the patient's visit, they are still uncertain. Possibly the "bad smell" may have originated with the Pah-Utes. The friends concluded in this emergency to call in the best mediciners of the region. The sequence of the different mediciners in this case may be taken as typical in similar cases, that is, where the patient is suffering from some uncommon or unknown disease, or one considered specially dangerous.

It is to be understood that each of these mediciners is also a priest, in the sense of being a recognized medium of communication between men and the gods, by virtue of the rites and song-prayers pertaining to the priesthood or fraternity. Each priesthood or fraternity has its own exclusive beliefs, rites, fetiches and song-prayers. Each

priest, or commonly two associates of the same fraternity, while they are practicing upon a patient, cannot be assisted in their own particular rites by a priest of a different fraternity. But in the chorus of song-prayers and in the dances, in preparing fetiches and sand-picture altars, and in the erection of singing-house and sweat-houses, it is expected that all male visitors will give willing assistance. These ceremonies are always liable to interruption—numerous classes of accidents arising either from chance or design; or the happening of some bad omen may cause an abrupt adandonment. But the fee of the mediciner is invariably settled upon before the treatment begins, and must be unconditionally paid, no matter at how early a stage an accident may have compelled the priest to desist. Nor is it reckoned whether, after the close of the treatment, the patient may be better or worse. In other words, payment of the mediciner's fee is considered a religious duty, because it is well understood that the gods never listen until a gift is proffered them. The exaction of the fee in these degenerate days is now, I fear, prompted by a more sordid motive. But there are still very evident traces among both Moki and Navajo that in earlier days the "medicine fee" was merely indicated by the gift of an emblem from patient to priest—a feather, a shell, a pinch of pollen, a whiff of smoke. A substantial fee is now usually produced and appraised before any of the ceremonies are entered upon.

The following memoranda must be taken as but a brief summary of the ceremonies. I aim in this to give you but the gist of the *curatio*. I have ignored a multitude of minor rites, etc., which, although interesting as studies, would be tiresome to recapitulate in this instance.

The first priest to officiate was Oj-kái-yós-na (Osh-ki-yos-nah). *Theory*—The rites and song-prayers of this priest are directed immediately to the Yè who dwells at the mouth of the pit through which all people came up to this world, and through which the spirits of the dead return to the lower worlds. This pit, Ne-chro-yose-cha-chee, is in the concave summit of that mountain in the north called Tjolĭ-i (Cho-le-he), described by Dr. Matthews in his "Part of the Navajo's Mythology," p. 6. Between the patient and the mouth of that pit, this priest makes a fire with certain woods, and beside this fire the priest sings prayers to the Yè who "sits on this side" the mouth of the pit. He beseeches the Yè not to call the patient to descend the ladder leading to the regions of the dead. He rubs the ashes and pulverized charcoal of his medicine fire all over the body of the patient—first having rubbed him with a mixture obtained by melting the fat of the bison, mountain sheep, elk, deer and a small portion of the fat of the domestic sheep. The patient is rubbed with this fatty mixture so that the coals and ashes of the medicine fire may adhere closely to the skin. The priest sings at the fire, and after having rubbed the patient with coal and ashes sings the same songs beside him. In other words this priest stands between the patient and death. His rites lasted two days and nights and his fee was one horse, say $50.

The next physician summoned was Kuma bi-ge (bi-geh). *Theory*—Good medicine smell—the inhalation of fumes from burning herbs. In the sick man's hut the mediciner makes a small medicine fire. A little, hollow mound of clay is made, and within the hollow three stones are set. On these are laid splinters of piñion and cedar which are then set afire. When they have burned to embers the priest shakes his rattle and sings to the Yès of his (the priest's) father. (See Kuma further on.) He then lays upon the embers five herbs. The patient is then laid naked upon the sand—close to the fire-place—and a blanket is spread over the fire-place and patient, who thus lies there inhaling the fumes of the herbs, while the mediciner sits beside him—outside the blanket, of course—shaking his rattle and continuing his song. The dry herbs were als bruised fine in the mediciner's hands, and after being mixed with water in a bowl were rubbed over the entire body of the patient. This treatment is performed at sunrise and sunset, and should last four days, with songs and dances and other ceremonies at night. But in this instance at the close of the second day an embarrassing circumstance occurred—the patient's wife was taken ill. This at once put a stop to all further treatment by this priest. Fee, one horse, say $50.

After the wife got well Et-sĭdĭ bĭ-kĭs (be-ges) was summoned. *Theory*—Inherent virtue of the winds. The mediciner signs to the "Leader" of the four winds, viz.: White (east), Blue (south), Black (north), Yellow (west). Before the people emerged from the lower world, these winds were taken up the pit at Tjolĭ-i (Cho-le-he) by the "Leader" and their directions were assigned them by him. He caused them to blow upon the muddy surface which was still new and damp until the world became dry enough for habitation. The winds expelled the evil influence of the bad Yès and the new world became beautiful. So it is to this "Leader" that Et-sĭdĭ bĭ-kĭs sings, asking him to bring all these winds together and expel the evil influence that threatens the patient. The ceremonies last four days and nights and consist of song-prayers, the exhibition of fetiches, shaking the rattle, blowing the whistle and swinging the Tsĭn-bo-os-ni. This is the same performance as swinging the Thunder Baho with the Mokis. Fee, a large horse, or say $60.

The next one called was Hostin bĭ-kân. *Theory*—Administering the herb roots, both raw and infusions. These are of the same number—five—as those used in the medicine fire, but they are entirely different plants. The raw root of the *Datura meteloides* was given the patient at sunrise, noon and sunset. Each dose was something less than half an ounce of the recently dug root. This was chewed and swallowed. Closely following each of these doses he was given a piece of the stalk of golden alexander, about six inches long and as thick as the thumb. This he chewed, swallowing the saliva, but not the fibre. Between the songs during the day and night, infusions were given the patient to drink in quantities never to exceed a half a pint at once. These were separate infusions from the roots of herbs known to the Navajos as Azé Klo-hĭ (laughing medicine or medicine hay, *Arenaria aculeata*), Azé bĭ-ni (bad talk, dreaded medicine), To-jo-zhe-tso (Great Chief of all medicines). These three herbs were jealously guarded, thus I have had no opportunity to examine them. This old fellow's ceremonies lasted only a day and a night. His fee was one horse, say $50.

The last and most potent of the priestly mediciners called to complete the cycle of exorcism, was Kumà. Perhaps you may remember him. He is the chief of the gens to which the patient belongs, and lives about thirty miles southwest from here. *Theory*—Sweathouse decorated upon outside with rainbow in colored sands. Singing-house (built for this special occasion); sand pictures—altars—upon floor of the singing-house. Dances of the four, and of the twelve participants, etc. A series of elaborate ceremonies very similar to those which Dr. Matthews observed at Fort Defiance three years ago and which will be described in an elaborate report to the Bureau of Ethnology by Dr. Matthews and Mr. Stevenson. Kumá's prayers were directed to Hos-djch-hog-wan (the Killer) and Hos-dje- yeltĭ (the Talker) guardian deities of Tjolĭ-i (Chi-le-he). But all these prayers are more immediately addressed to the Yès who dwell in the "Half-White-House," asking their mediation, that the "Killer" might withhold his hand, that the "Talker" might withhold the word—of death. I am under the impression that the ceremonies Dr. Matthews observed were addressed to the Yès of the "Half-Red-House," but the motive is very similar.

Apropos of these Yès. I suppose you know there is a mythic region in the North. It extends from Nadir to Zenith and has no horizon. It is a land of vertical strata of various colored sandstone, each stratum reaching from the below to the above. At the junction of each stratification is the house of a Yé—half in one stratum, half in the other.

Kumá's ceremonies lasted five days and nights. Every morning at sunrise the patient was placed in the sweat-house for about twenty minutes—that is about ten minutes in each. Nothing of special significance was done during the day, but from sunset until dawn the maskers danced before the singing-house, the priests sang their prayers, made the prescribed sand pictures and placed the proper fetiches upon these pictures. For a fee Kumá received a fine horse and colt worth at least $100.

Aside from all these fees, sheep were killed to provide mutton, and other provisions were purchased to feed the priests and their associates, the dancers; and the numerous gathering of idlers and spectators that flocked around when any of these religious ceremonies are in progress. In these expenses, however, the patient is usually assisted by some of his relatives.

In these ceremonies, with the alternating days, three weeks went by—every day an attack of ague. At the end of that time the patient said he was "looking down the descending ladder." His friends then covered him up on a saddle and brought him here muffled up in a blanket—just like a bag of bones—and we had him dumped in the wool room. This was four days ago. We had no calomel, so we gave him a generous dose of blue mass—about 30 grains. The following morning we administered a liberal dose of castor oil, and then we gave him about 30 grains of quinine in four doses daily. Two days ago his ague left him and he is now almost well.

This morning he and his friends returned home, and just as he was leaving he told me he was feeling so well he thought by to-morrow he could resume the performance of duties, which in an Indian's mind stand for the acme of physical and mental vigor.

OLD-TIME NATURAL HISTORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reading a quaint old volume, which was published nearly half a century since, I found quite a number of interesting items of the early natural history of Long Island. The title is as follows:

HISTORY OF LONG ISLAND;
CONTAINING
An Account
OF THE
DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT;
WITH OTHER
IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING MATTERS
TO THE
Present Time.

By BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON,
Counsellor-at-Law.

NEW YORK:
1839.

The work contains the usual preface, which is followed by a general description of Long Island, its geology, discovery and Indian tribes, and an account of the Dutch, English and Colonial governments. The bulk of the work, however, is devoted to the history of the counties and towns of Long Island. The early records, Mr. Thompson states, are all made in the Dutch language.

When writing of the discovery he quotes from a "History of New York," by Joseph W. Moulton, as follows: "When Hudson first arrived within the waters of Sandy Hook, he observed them swarming with fish, and sent his men to obtain a supply. It may well be that they landed upon Coney Island, in the town of Gravesend, which was the nearest land. Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago, being the 3d of September, 1609, the chivalric Hudson first saw the shores of this island. On the 4th, it is related, he sent his men on shore in a boat, who, according to the words of his journal, 'caught ten great mullet, a foot and a half long, and a ray as great as four men could haul into the ship.' Here, he says, they found the soil of white sand, and a vast number of plum trees loaded with fruit, and many of them covered with grapevines of different kinds. They saw, also, a great quantity of snipe and other birds." The natives were clothed, he says, "in the skins of elks, foxes and other animals."

"*Seawan* was the name of Indian money, of which there were two kinds: *wompan* (which signifies white) and *suckauhock* (*sucki* signifying black). Wompan, or the white money, was made of the stem or stock of the metauhock or periwinkle; suckauhock, or black money, was manufactured from the inside of the shell of the quahang, a round thick shellfish that buried itself but a little way in the sand and was generally found lying on it in deep water, and gathered by rakes or by diving after it. The *seawan* was manufactured most abundantly on Long Island which abounded in shells and was called, for this reason, Seawan-hacky, or the Island of Shells. The poquanhock or quahang and the periwinkle were extremely plenty."

In speaking of the Indians of Kings county he says: "They depended, in great measure, upon the flesh of the deer and other wild game, and the great abundance of fish, clams and oysters which were found on every shore and in every creek and harbor."

It is also stated "that when the English first commenced the settlement of Long Island the Indians annoyed them much by the multitude of dogs they kept, which ordinarily were young wolves brought up tame, and continuing of a very ravenous nature."

Part of the rental James, Duke of York, promised for himself, his heirs and assigns, was "Yearly, and every year, forty beaver skins."

Among the statutes passed March 1, 1665, by the deputies assembled at Hempstead was the following: "The value of an Indian coat, to be given to any one who shall bring the head of a wolf to any constable on Long Island, provided it be killed up the island." "On November 2, 1717, an act was passed for destroying foxes and wildcats upon Long Island, they having become both numerous and mischievous. The reward for killing a wildcat was nine shillings, and for a fox five shillings."

The careless use of firearms, it seems, is a hereditament which has descended to us from the earlier times. Mr. Thompson quotes from *Rivington's New York Gazette*, Jan. 16, 1774, as follows: "From Huntington, on Long Island, we are informed that last Christmas-day, Mr. Ebenezer Platt being hunting deer with some other young men near that village, they surrounded a swamp where the game were, and agreed with each other not to enter any part of it. Mr. Platt seeing a buck at some distance, rushed forward, and one of his companions, hearing a noise in the bushes, immediately fired and lodged five swan-shot in Mr. Platt, three of which entered his arm and two his body, which render his life despaired of."

The natives, when selling what is now known as the town of Easthampton, covenanted as follows: "Alsoe we, the sayd Sachems, have covenanted to have libertie ffor ourselves to ffish in any or all the cricks and ponds, and hunting upp and downe in the woods, without molestation; they giving to the English inhabytants noe just offence, or injurie to their goods and chattels. Alsoe, thoy are to have flynnes and tayles of all such whales as shall be cast upp, to their proper right, and desire they may be friendly dealt with in the other parte. Alsoe they reserve libertie to ffish in convenient places for shells to make wampum. Alsoe Indyns hunting any deare they should chase into the water, and the English should kill them, the English shall have the body and the Sachems the skin. And in testymony of our well performance hereof, we have set our hands, the day and yeare above written.

Signed,

In presence of Richard Woodhull, Thomas Stanton, Robert Bond, and Job Sayre.

POYGRATASUCK, ×
WAYANDANCH, ×
MOMOMETOU. ×
NOWEDONAH, ×

At a general court held in the same town, March 7, 1650, it was "Ordered that any man may set guns to kill wolves, provided they be not set within half a mile of the town, and also to take up the guns by sunrise; and further, that it shall not be lawful to sell any dog or bitch, young or old, to any Indian, upon penalty of thirty shillings."

From Fisher's Island, which is a part of the town of Southhold, "An attempt was made in the year 1712, to transport a pair of moose deer to England, as a present to Queen Anne, which failed by the death of one and the other breaking its leg; and Her Majesty was finally presented with the horns only."

The town of Brookhaven seems to have been an earthly paradise for sportsmen, and also to have possessed a poet to perpetuate some of its charms in verse:

"THE GROVES OF MASTIC.

Far in a sunny, cool retreat,
From folly and from noise remote,
I shun the scorching noonday heat,
Contented in my peaceful cot;
Thro' towns and glades I often stray,
Of turn somewhat monastic,
And spend the solitary day
Amongst the groves at Mastic.

Dame Nature, in a kinder mood,
When things were first created,
Decreed this spot near ocean's flood,
An Eden when completed;
Here all the luxuries of life,
She spreads with hand all plastic,
Beyond the reach of noise and strife,
Among the groves at Mastic.

When spring her annual visit pays,
Sol puts a brighter face on,
And Zephyr fills our creeks and bays,
With brant and geese in season;
Here, on Smith's Point, we take our stand,
When free from toils gymnastic,
Where Death and lead go hand in hand,
Among the fowl at Mastic.

Sometimes the tim'rous trout we wait
Along the streamlet's border,
With well-dissembled fly or bait,
And tackle in good order.
Or catch the huge enormous bass,
Be his course e'er so drastic,
While sitting on the verdant grass,
Close by the groves at Mastic.

The grouse, the pheasant and the quail,
In turn we take by changes,
Or hunt the buck with flippant tail,
As through the wood he ranges;
This strings our nerves! oh, pleasant toil,
We want no epispastic,
Nor doctor, with his castor oil,
Among the groves at Mastic."

The deer hounders of the present day are only following the bad example set them by the early hunters of the town of Islip, of whom it is related, "The extensive forests which border upon this pond (Ronkonkoma) are stocked with herds of deer, who, when hard pressed by the sportsman and his dogs, often, as a last resort, betake themselves to the water in the hope of escape; but this resource avails them not; boats are procured and the poor

terror-stricken animals are soon overtaken and destroyed."

In the town of Huntington, on Dec. 27, 1685, it was "ordered that the Indians have ten shillings for as many wolves as they kill within our bounds; that is, ten shillings a year, if they make it evident they were so killed." It is also stated that "At the first settlement of the town, wolves, wildcats, wild turkies, swans and pelicans were found in abundance, and wolves were so mischievous, that bounties were freely given for their destruction."

In the town of Hempstead in the year 1658, "six bushels of corn was allowed by the town for the killing of a wolf."

That stocking ponds with fish was carried on to some extent is evident from the following: "In 1790 my uncle, Uriah Mitchell, sheriff of Queens county, and myself, went to Ronkonkoma Pond in Suffolk county, a distance of forty miles, in a wagon, for the purpose of transporting alive some of the yellow perch, from thence to Success Pond. We took about three dozen of those least injured by the hook and put all but two in Success Pond in good condition and in two years thereafter they had so multiplied as to be caught by the hook in every part of the pond."

That wolves also troubled the people of the town of Jamaica is potent from the fact that "In 1661, Jan. 15, it was ordered that a rate be made to pay for a wolf of Abraham's killing, and one that John Townsend's pit catched," and that the town "Agreed, Feb. 6, 1663, that whoever shall kill any wolf, the head being shown to the town or nailed upon a tree, shall have seven bushels of Indian corn."

In the town of Gravesend "Wolves were both plentiful and mischievous at that time, appears from the fact that on the 8th of August, 1650, three guilders were offered for each wolf killed in the town, and two guilders for a fox."

The town of Flatlands tried to exterminate the wolves by authorizing "The constable and two overseers to pay the value of an Indian coat for each wolf killed, and cause the wolf's head to be nailed over the door of the constable, there to remain; as also to cut off both the ears in token that the head is brought in and payed for."

The town of New Utrecht seemed to have been the only one that was troubled with a ministerial scandal, in which case the sentence of the court was "a fine of two hundred guilders and forty beaver skins." WM. DUTCHER.

NEW YORK CITY, February, 1887.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM BUFFALO.

THE Washington *Evening Star* says of the National Museum buffalo: "On the floor of a large room in a big wooden building adjoining the National Museum building are stretched out the furry hides of two dozen buffalo. In corners of the room are boxes and bundles of bones, and here and there are bleached bison skulls, picked up on the plains. These are the trophies brought home by Mr. William T. Hornaday, the naturalist and taxidermist who went recently on an expedition for the Smithsonian Institution, to secure specimens of the American buffalo before the species became extinct. Millions of buffalo once roamed the plains, and in the days of Daniel Boone were found in West Virginia, southeastern Pennsylvania and other places about the Appalachian range; but to-day the buffalo has become so rare an animal that Prof. Baird deemed it desirable, in the interest of science, to send out a special expedition to secure specimens. Mr. Hornaday, who has followed the chase in the interest of science in African forests, in the monkey-haunted woods of Borneo and the jungles of India, was naturally chosen for the work. He made Miles City, Mont., the base of his operations, and with a well-equipped party of cowboys went on a hunting expedition which resulted in his securing within two months over twenty-five buffalo, beside specimens of antelope, deer, wolves, badgers, porcupines, sage cocks and grouse. Only a few years ago buffalo were so numerous that trains on the trans-continental railroads had often to stop while large herds crossed the tracks. Now Mr. Hornaday figures that there are but 200 in the country outside of the small herd of about 100 that range through the Yellowstone Park and are there protected by law from the hunter's rifle. Where Mr. Hornaday hunted he thinks there are twenty-five or thirty buffalo left, but they will all be killed next spring or the following spring when the cowboys make their annual "round-up." The terrible work of destruction following upon the completion of the railroads has been done by hunters who killed scores for sport, men who shot buffalo for their hides, and when buffalo were in large herds, used to be able to take a "stand" near a herd and shoot them by the hundred, and cowboys that never see a buffalo without shooting. In the buffalo that were killed by Mr. Hornaday in several instances bullet marks, encysted bullets, or bones shattered by rifle balls, were found, showing how closely and relentlessly this last remnant of a great family had been pursued. The plains were a few years ago whitened with the bleaching bones of the slaughtered animals, but even these traces of the buffalo are being rapidly removed. The bones are gathered up and shipped to the cities to be ground up and used as fertilizers. There are about 100 buffalo left in the panhandle of Texas. The specimens brought from Montana by Mr. Hornaday, some of which will be mounted for the National Museum, comprise eight old bulls, eleven young bulls, six old cows, five young cows, two yearlings and one three-months-old calf. The calf which was secured on Mr. Hornaday's visit to Montana last spring, and was brought here alive, but soon died from a colic contracted by eating damp clover. The animal has been mounted, and now stands as a sentry in front of the taxidermists' work room in the old armory building. Last spring Mr. Hornaday shot also three or four buffalo, but they were then shedding their coats, and the skins are considered useless for the taxidermist's purposes. Mr. Hornaday brought with him also sixteen complete buffalo skeletons, besides fifty-one skulls, picked up on the prairie. A sufficient number of these specimens to give a fair representation of the buffalo, from the naturalists' standpoint, will be prepared for exhibition in the National Museum, and the remainder will be kept, to exchange with other institutions. One huge skin Mr. Hornaday points to with special pride. It is that of a huge bull that stood 5ft. 8in. high. Mr. Hornaday gave chase to the bull on horseback and brought him to bay. The bull turned to charge, but a shot crippled him, so that he tumbled to the ground. The bull regained his feet and stood motionless. Mr. Hornaday leaped from his horse and made rapid sketches of the fine animal as he stood. Such an opportunity of sketching a buffalo in life could not be neglected. So by rapid work he secured considerable material to aid him in his work as a taxidermist before he gave the animal his death shot."

PRAIRIE OWLS AND SCORPIONS.

AMONG all the birds of America there are none better deserving to receive the protection of the laws than the little prairie owls of the Pacific slope. Although very numerous they are harmless and unobtrusive. They may generally be seen sitting on a heap of sand thrown up by the prairie dog in digging his hole. This hole is appropriated by the owl for his house, and as you drive past, he never fails to salute you with a very polite bow, and in the style of the real gentleman. The female may often be seen with her half-grown brood sitting at the entrance of the invariable prairie dog hole. Should you come too near she makes her obeisance and retires with her little ones as gracefully as might a fashionable lady. Because of the positive good he does in the destruction of many harmful insects and reptiles, and especially of the scorpion, he should have protection. In southern California and the warmer parts of Utah and Arizona, every summer evening brings forth great numbers of scorpions. They get into the houses and infest the paths and walks about door yard and gardens; and but for the appetite and industry of the owl they would become an intolerable nuisance in those hot climates for three or four months of the year. At such seasons our little owl comes quietly about the house at dusk every night and picks up the scorpions by scores. Usually he has some place near by, as the cornice of the house or some broad beam in the barn, where he deposits his load and eats what he desires. He devours only the soft part of the body of the scorpion, leaving the head, claws and tail of the reptile until there may often be found a quart or more of such remnants at the place he has chosen for his nightly banquet. One owl having selected a perch under the cornice of my house as the spot for devouring his nightly catch of scorpions, left in a few weeks so large a quantity of remnants as to prove he must have destroyed the reptiles by the score every night, and of course the yard about the house and the garden were correspondingly thinned of these most unpleasant creatures. This good work, as well as the grave courtly manners of our little prairie owl, have made him our special friend and induce us to speak a good word for him. GEO. H. WYMAN.

ST. GEORGE, Utah.

THE HERMIT THRUSH (TURDUS PALLASI) NEAR BALTIMORE, MD., IN WINTER.—In a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, Feb. 11, 1880, on birds to be found wintering near Baltimore, Md., I made the following remarks about the hermit thrush (*Turdus pallasi*), which I will quote verbatim: "Twice we (my brother and I) observed thrushes during the winter season, one specimen a few years ago, Feb. 6, 1876, while the ground was covered with snow for some days previously; a second specimen a few weeks ago, Jan. 29, 1880, also a very cold day. Unfortunately, however, neither one I could obtain so as to identify the species, which can not be easily done when the bird is at a distance from you, all our thrushes bearing more or less the same color. Nevertheless, from the fact that none of our thrushes, with the exception of the hermit, winter north of the Gulf States, I infer that this was the species, for it is altogether a more northern bird than our other thrushes. However, I could not say positively it was that thrush." What I could not do at that time I am able to do now. On Jan. 8, 1887, a very cold day, the thermometer about 10° below the freezing point, while on one of my ornithological rambles through the woods, about five miles north from this city, my friend, F. Fisher, who was with me that day, shot a thrush, which I at once recognized as our hermit thrush. Mr. R. Ridgway, of Washington, to whom I wrote about this observation, informed me that in the severe winter of 1879-80 the same bird was found near Georgetown, D. C., in sheltered ravines. Our bird when shot was sitting on a fence, not very far—about 10 or 20yds.—from a farm house. The other two I found more in the woods. It would be interesting to know how far north this bird can be traced during winter.—ARTHUR RESLER (Baltimore, Md.).

THE JACK SNIPE A HARDY WINTER BIRD.—Under date of Feb. 1, your mountain correspondent "P.," in a private letter, asks: "Do you know much of the jack-snipe? A pair of them have been caught, probably by the excessive snow blizzards up here, and not being able to get away are spending the winter here, and thus far they have passed through a very severe winter all right, the only water open for them being three or four springs of very small extent. I saw them yesterday, Jan. 31, after a —36° night, and yesterday with the highest temperature —25° during the day." I am unable to satisfactorily answer this interesting question of natural history, and perhaps some other person will do it. How these tiny, bare-legged birds can live up in that very cold region, about 5,000 feet above sea level, is a wonder to me, and let the naturalist note the fact, for "P." is a man of truth.—H. W. MERRILL.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEW PLUMED PARTRIDGE FROM SONORA (*Callipepla elegans bensoni*).—Characters: Similar to *C. elegans* (Less.), but with throat much more heavily spotted with black (this color predominating); rusty of scapulars, tertials and flanks much duller; lower back, rump, and upper tail coverts much grayer; tail and breast more bluish gray, and under tail coverts edged with much paler buffy. Hab. Sonora (Campos).—Five specimens of this interesting and handsome new partridge have recently been received by the National Museum from Lieut. H. C. Benson, U. S. A., to whom I take great pleasure in dedicating it, as a testimonial to his zeal in ornithological investigations along our Southwestern frontier.—ROBERT RIDGWAY (Smithsonian Institution, Feb. 26, 1887).

WHERE DO MEADOW LARKS WINTER?—It is a little surprising that "C. H. A." should ask if meadow larks winter so far north as Boston, as a stroll through the borders of almost any salt marsh (and salt marshes abound near Boston) would answer the question in the affirmative.—L.

WHAT ARE THESE BIRDS?—Sheridan, O., Dec. 16, 1886. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 25 is a note dated Madison, Wis., Nov. 15, by C. F. Carr, on eagle measurement, wherein he states that a friend of his in Nebraska had shot an eagle that measured 10ft. 3in. from tip to tip and 40in. in length. I have in my possession an eagle's head from a bird that measured 10ft. 4in. from tip to tip and was 42in. in length and weighed over 23lbs. I am not certain about the weight, but it was near about the above. I am sorry to say that I could not get the body, as the person that killed it just saved the head and wings and threw the remainder away. By mere chance I got possession of the head and had it mounted. It was a female bird of the gray eagle species.—CHARLES WHITMER.

GOLDEN EAGLE IN RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, R. I., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to put upon record in your valuable paper the taking of a golden eagle at Westerly a few days since. It is a magnificent specimen and is (presumably) a female; weight, 12lbs. It will be mounted, of course, and is the only one I have known taken in Rhode Island in an experience of over thirty years hard work in natural history.—NEWTON DEXTER.

BELATED NOTE OF AN EARLY ROBIN.—Bradford, Pa., Jan. 31.—"Robin (a dare)" was on hand Sunday morning, Jan. 30, with his whistle.—SIALIA.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A BEAR IN A HOLE.

THIS bear story of so long standing seems yet to remain fresh in my mind, while other things that happened long since have faded and gone from recollection. As nearly as I can recollect, it was in the winter of 1840 that David Moreland (who was quite a sportsman and who afterward became my father-in-law, and for the last twenty years has been sleeping the sleep that needs no waking) came to my cabin, situated on the south bank of the Big Turkey River, formerly known as Peck's Ferry (now Osterdock), Clayton county, Iowa, for the purpose of taking a hunt with me. When we had finished our hunt we concluded to hunt through the timber some ten miles to his place, which is now owned by Mr. Jacob Smith, three-quarters of a mile south from Colesburg, Delaware county, Iowa. Our hunt was to be up the Peck Branch, a tributary to the Turkey, putting in on the south bank one mile below my cabin, and heading near Mr. Moreland's place on the prairie. According to arrangements, we started from the mouth of the Branch, he taking the east bluff and I the west. I think we did not meet until we reached his house after dark.

On relating our hunt and discoveries (as hunters will) he told me that he had seen the tracks of a bear, but the snow had melted so that he could not track it. The consequence was that I took the bear fever right away, but the next morning I was able to start with rifle and tomahawk, following Mr. M.'s tracks some four miles to where he had come out into a trail leading to his house. Following this track probably three miles further, I discovered the dim tracks of a bear in the ice from melted snow, and I began trying to trail it out. After a lengthy hunt, circling back and forth, I found where I thought the bear had gone into a cave in the rocks, where I concluded it had previously made its headquarters in the fore part of the winter. I then cut poles and fastened up the hole, and returned well pleased to Mr. Moreland's and reported. Arrangements having been made, a jolly sled load started next morning, equipped with guns, dogs, among them a large bulldog, axes, ropes, stone hammers, knives and everything that we thought necessary. We cut our way through the timber and went to the den. When we got there and unfastened the hole the first thing was to break off some rock to enable me to get through. The next thought was a light. Bad luck for us. The big beeswax candle had been forgotten. What next? Go back badly disappointed. "Not yet," said I. "Gather some dry bark and light a torch." That being done, I went down into the den; the torch was handed down to me burning nicely, and I started in search of the bear. But as there was no circulation of air the candle would not burn, and the den was soon filled so full of smoke as to compel me to get back and hand out the torch and get out as soon as possible. After giving the smoke time to clear away, I descended again with a butcher knife and told them to hand me down the best dog in the lot. No sooner had the dog landed than he commenced a fierce barking; but he would not go any further than I pushed him along ahead of me. About that time a little daylight or candle light would have been very acceptable, but as I had neither, I pushed the dog along, at the same time stabbing ahead with the knife in different directions, until I struck the bear with the knife in some place, at the same time springing back toward the entrance. Dog and bear both landed on my feet and legs, and you can safely wager that I got out as quick as practicable, and it was not necessary to call the dog after me. My next move was to cut a slim pole, leaving a long limb, and cutting the top off above the limb. In the meantime we kept the hole closed to prevent his getting out. Then with the crooked pole and limb I punched around the rocks and got him so enraged that when I would draw the pole back he would follow it out around the rocks where we could see him, and he would fight and strike the wickedest kind. I then gave the pole to some one to work, and fixed a slip-noose on a rope and let it down, and when he would rear up to strike I'd jerk the rope. Finally I got him fast by one paw, including a part of his toes. We then pulled his foot up gently to where we could reach his foot. We then fastened the other end of the rope below. Then loosening the first knot, we unfastened the hole and began trying to drag him forth. But we soon discovered that all of us could not drag him out forthwith. He would brace against the rocks, and it was only by steady and hard pulling that we could move him a little at a time. Finally we got him out; and then for a dog and bear fight, big bulldog and all. The dogs fought him until they were tired out, but the bear did not seem to

mind it. There were trees enough that we could take turns around in any direction with the rope to keep the bear from us. When the fight was ended and the fun was over, I told one of the two boys who had come along (and they are now my brothers-in-law) to get a gun and shoot him. This ended the fight, or what you may please to call it. He was then loaded up and taken to Mr. Moreland's. I don't know how much he would weigh; I have shot larger ones. He was two if not three years old.

If this should ever come before the public, I suppose that, like other bear tales and fish stories, the truth of it will be doubted. If so, I should be glad to furnish a good recommend from any and all the best men in the country that I am acquainted with. The above statement is the truth, word for word, as near as I can recollect true. It is a long time ago that it happened. My two brothers-in-law are still living in this State. They saw it all. Excuse the OLD PIONEER.

GAME OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IN HIS forthcoming book, "British Columbia: Forest, Stream and Mountain," Mr. John Fannin, curator of the Provincial Museum, Victoria, British Columbia, will give the following account of the game of that province. By his contributions to the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Fannin is known to its readers as an enthusiastic sportsman and a close naturalist:

MOUNTAIN SHEEP (Big-Horn, *Ovis montana*).—This animal is found on nearly all the mountains of the interior, from the forty-ninth parallel to the Arctic slope, approaching the coast in the neighborhood of Howe Sound to within a distance of eight or ten miles. Very abundant in the mountains of the Similkameen and Ashanola rivers, Bridge River and Douglas. A wary animal, keen of scent, fleet of foot and difficult of approach, it affords the hunter the rarest of sport. The general color of the mountain sheep is dark brown, with portions of the under parts, muzzle, and a large patch on the buttocks, white. The coat, which is of hair, resembles that of a caribou. Both male and female have horns, those of the female small and curved backward and outward. The flesh of the mountain sheep is excellent, and with some hunters stands at the head of all our game in this respect. An adult male will weigh 300 pounds, the head and horns alone weighing fifty or sixty pounds.

MOUNTAIN GOAT (*Aplocerus columbianus*).—Abundant throughout the mountains of the interior and coast range, from our southern boundary to the watershed of the Arctic. On the mountains of Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound, on the Hope and Similkameen Mountains, and in the neighborhood of Pitt and Harrison lakes are the places most convenient to the settlements where this animal may be found in fairly abundant numbers. Although an animal of the mountain peaks, yet during the winter months it may be found on the lower levels within a short distance of the salt water, and, in fact, are sometimes caught during summer swimming rivers and narrow portions of the inlets and sounds. The average weight of the mountain goat does not exceed 100lbs., probably less, and its coat, which is pure white, is of two qualities, namely, a fine wool next the skin, and a long, straight and coarse hair. The Indians of nearly all the coast tribes make their blankets from the fleece of this animal, but not nearly to such an extent now as in former days or before the advent of the whites. These blankets are made in the following manner: The wool is taken from the hide and spun by the squaws by twisting it with the palms of their hands on the bare knee. It is then wove on a rude kind of loom by passing the weft over and under the warp with the hand only and without the use of a shuttle. Both male and female of the white goat have horns of jet black, those of the female averaging longer than the male. They bring forth their young in April, below the timber line and not on the remotest peaks as some think. They are a very clumsy looking animal, with short, stout legs and large hoofs, but probably the most sure-footed one in the mountains. The flesh is coarse and unsavory and will hardly, I think, be relished by many. The mountain goat is not an animal of speed, and even under the most trying circumstances, when the report of the hunter's rifle warns it of the presence of danger, it does not always show an inclination to increase its naturally slow gait. Owing to the great difficulties which generally have to be encountered in reaching the home of this animal and the very few people who have hunted them, very little is known respecting it, and a few writers, taking advantage of this ignorance, have told some wonderful stories concerning it, all of which have about as much foundation in truth as the one told me this fall by a hunter of the Similkameen, which was to the following effect: "That the animal when closely cornered had the power of sticking out its hair to a great length, thus giving itself such a prodigious appearance, at the sight of which the average hunter generally threw down his rifle and fled for his life!"

MOOSE (*Alce americana*).—This animal is strictly an inhabitant of the far north, and its occurrence on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, in British Columbia, is rare, though it has been taken in the neighborhood of Fort George and Stuart's Lake; and I have been informed by a gentleman of this city, whose opportunities for knowing are unquestionably good, that the distribution of the moose has changed materially in the last two years, and that its occurrence in these two localities above mentioned is now more frequent than formerly. It is plentiful in the Peace River country and in the district of Cassiar. The moose is the largest of the deer family, the weight of a full grown male being, by some, placed as high as 1,500lbs. The horns are palmated, of immense size, and after the second year are shed annually, during December and January.

WOODLAND CARIBOU (*Rangifer caribou*).—Irregularly distributed through the interior of the province from the forty-ninth parallel to the water-shed of the Arctic. It is found in the Selkirk Mountains, in the Caribou country, along the North Thompson, Skeena, Naas and Stickeen rivers; and in the far north when deep snows cover the high hills and arctic frosts have chained the rivers and lakes, the chase of this animal is the chief sport of the hardy miners who brave the long winters of Cassiar. The Barren Ground Caribou, which is said to be a distinct species, though its only difference is that of size, the woodland being the larger, is found north of the sixtieth parallel of north latitude.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.—I take the liberty here of quoting the following authors on this subject: Sir John Richardson, ("Fauna Boreali Americanu") says: "The old males have, in general, the largest and most palmated horns, while the young ones and females have them less branched and more cylindrical and pointed, but this is not uniformly the case, and the variety of forms assumed by the horns of the caribou is indeed so great that it is difficult to comprehend them all in a general description." Prof. Owen ("Anatomy of Vertebratis," London, 1860,) says: "The chief peculiarity in the skull of the deer tribe is the annual development, from the frontals, of the solid deciduous ecostosis, which serves as weapons during a portion of the year, in the males of all kinds, and in both sexes of the reindeer." The Hon. J. D. Caton, the best living authority on all subjects relating to the deer family, in his "Antelope and Deer of America," says of the caribou: "Antlers of the male curved, long and slender, with branches more or less palmated and very irregular in form. Antlers of the female smaller and less palmated." My own experience with the caribou, so far as it goes, certainly confirms the evidence of the authors above quoted, nor would I allude to it here were it not for the fact that many hunters and miners with whom I have conversed on this subject maintain the absence of antlers on the females at all seasons, while many others as stoutly affirm that they are so armed like the males, and it seems strange that in British Columbia, where the opportunities for observing this animal are so frequent, where it is to be met with in the neighborhood of nearly every mining camp from Big Bend to Cassiar, such a difference of opinion should exist concerning it.

ELK (Wapiti, *Cervus canadensis*).—This noble animal at one time ranged through many portions of British Columbia, where it is now and has been for years, unknown. It was found on the peninsula between Burrard Inlet and Fraser River, and from there to the boundary line; also at the head of Pitt Lake. A few places yet remain not too remote from the settlements where it may be hunted with success, such as Campbell and Salmon rivers, and other localities further north on this island.

MULE DEER (*Cervus macrotis*).—Habitat, east of the Cascades only. They are abundant along that portion of the country lying between the Hope Mountains and Kamloops, and southward to the boundary line. They are generally found occupying the higher altitudes. Some of the most extraordinary forms occur in the antlers of these animals, and in their growth nature appears to revel in abnormal and fantastic shapes. A pair now in the possession of a gentleman at New Westminster is peculiarly interesting in this respect. The weight of the mule deer runs from 200 to 350 pounds, and when in good condition its flesh is about as fine an article of food as the hunter generally falls in with in the mountains.

WHITE-TAILED DEER (*Cervus leucurus*).—Much the same distribution as the last species, and it is said also to occur west of the Cascades, though I have never met it there. It may be found along the willow bottoms and borders of streams, and in the many wooded ravines which occur in the open districts east of the Cascades. I also found it on the summit of Mount Ah-ach-ho, valley of the Ashanola.

BLACK-TAILED DEER (*Cervus columbianus*).—A Pacific coast species, which does not extend its range much east of the Cascades. It is abundant along the coast of British Columbia from our southern boundary to Alaska. It is found on Vancouver and nearly all the islands of the Gulf (not on Queen Charlotte), and is the one so plentiful in our markets during the season of game. White deer of this species have been frequently taken along the lower Fraser and Pitt rivers. The weight of the deer runs from 75 to 200lbs., the latter weight being rarely exceeded. Some very fine specimens of this deer are taken at the Skeena, Naas, and in the neighborhood of Wrangel. On Vancouver and other islands of the Gulf, the opportunities for still-hunting this animal are more favorable than on the adjoining mainland, as the tangled network of undergrowth so characteristic of the coast district of British Columbia, sets up an almost absolute barrier in this respect, in consequence of which the rather unsportsmanlike method of hounding is sometimes resorted to.

RUFFED GROUSE (Partridge, Pheasant, Drummer, *Bonasa umbella sabinei*).—This is the Pacific coast variety of the bird which is known in the Eastern and Northern States as partridge, and in the Southern States as pheasant. The two birds are essentially the same, the only difference being that of color. It is abundant along the coast of British Columbia from the southern boundary to Alaska, on Vancouver Island and most of the islands of the Gulf. Along the borders of creeks, in crab-apple thickets, in patches of the wild rose and the different kinds of berries peculiar to the Province are favorite resorts of the ruffed grouse, and its loud whirr sometimes startles the hunter as he explores the gloomy solitude of the deep forest. The drumming of the ruffed grouse may be heard every month in the year, though more frequently in the spring. This is the bird so abundant in our markets during the open season.

GRAY RUFFED GROUSE (*Bonasa umbella umbeloides*).—Another variety found only east of the Cascades, along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, in Cariboo and southward to the boundary line. A magnificent looking bird. Tolerably abundant.

DUSKY GROUSE (Blue Grouse, Mountain Grouse, *Canace obscura*).—From the Rocky Mountains to the sea coast, and from our southern boundary to Alaska. It is abundant on Vancouver and nearly all the islands of the gulf. In some portions of the Province, for instance, some of the islands up Howe Sound, on the summit of many of the mountains along the Similkameen and Ashanola valleys, this grouse is exceedingly plentiful. Richardson's variety of this bird, lacking terminal band on the tail, occurs east of the Cascades. I have found blue grouse breeding within a short distance of the sea level and also above the timber line.

FRANKLIN'S GROUSE (Spruce Partridge, Fool Hen, *Canace canadensis franklinii*).—In the timbered districts east of the Cascades, north to Dease Lake, south to the boundary line. Not found on the coast. Abundant on the summits of the Hope Mountains, in the Caribou districts and nearly all the wooded portions of the interior. It is strictly an inhabitant of the thick timber, among the groves of spruce and fir. A beautiful bird, but not so highly prized an article of food as any of the former, though it often occupies a very welcome place on the bill of fare at the camp-fire of the hunter and miner. Stupidity appears to be peculiar to this bird, and the most simple means are often used in its capture.

SHARP-TAILED GROUSE (Prairie Chicken, *Pediocœtes phasianellus*).—Irregularly distributed throughout the open grassy country east of the Cascades. Tolerably abundant in the Similkameen Valley, the Nicola and north and south forks of the Thompson, as well as other places along the line of the C. P. R. By the lovers of sport with the dog and gun this bird is much sought after.

BLACK-TAILED PTARMIGAN (*Lagopus rupestris*).—Pretty well distributed throughout the Province, from the Rocky Mountains to the coast and north to Dease Lake; also Vancouver Island. Fairly abundant along the summits of the coast range. Under tail feathers black at all seasons.

WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN (*Lagopus lucurus*).—Much the same distribution as the last species, though I do not think it approaches so near the coast. Both are found in the Cascades, and in Cassiar and Caribou. In winter the white-tail is often found in the willow patches along river banks. Both species change their plumage from white in the winter to a reddish brown or mottled gray and white in summer. Specimens of all the above birds can be seen in the Provincial museum.

SHOOTING IN CUBA.

HERE is a report of two days' quail shooting in the province of Habana, Cuba, by the Vice-President of the Havana Field Sport Club. It is told after the manner approved by "Critic," as follows:

January 29, 1887, killed 40, retrieved 35.
February 13, 1887, killed 43, retrieved 40.
In addition he also bagged sundry wild guineas, rails and wild pigeons.

Those who do not approve of "Critic's" literary methods have the unreserved permission of the author to extend the above written matter into two or more columns of commentaries upon meteorology, natural history, hygiene and general philosophy, which will have the very great advantage that all tastes may be thus gratified.

First, as to meteorology. Ye shivering Nimrods, fix your attention upon the dates and the thermometer at 65° to 70°. Do you like the picture? Next, as to natural history; the intertropical flora in charming forms, verdure and luxuriant growths upon all sides, a strong temptation to the poetic fancies and dangerous to cold critical judgments which do not thrive in this latitude; then the fauna, or that part of it that forms the chief element of the above scores, is the real *Ortyx virginianus cubanensis*, with all the enticing game qualities of his Yankee prototypes.

About the question of hygiene, there was a time, still recent, when it was treated with almost contemptuous neglect in the sunny clime, when it was supposed that old Sol imposed his relentless *non possumus* on all physical exercise out of doors; when the brilliant, quick wit which endows the nervous-billious temperament wrought out by these climatic influences and slave labor were relied on as the fountains of intellectual and social happiness not elsewhere to be attained. That dream is past. The "Siempre Fiel" is now in the process of an awakening of the most cruel severity to the fact that physical and intellectual cultivation and activity is the only possible means to the industrial social and political regeneration required, first to drive famine away, and then to obtain an honorable position in the ranks of modern civilization. Gymnasia, bathing houses, base ball, shooting clubs and skating rinks are now naturalized here, and the supposed tyranny of the god of day is found to be only a weak invention of the arch enemy indolence. Necessity is proved again to be not only the mother of invention, but also of progress in its multiform evolutions, and no weak inventions can do more than retard its course here or elsewhere.

The legitimate benefits of field sports have already secured a recognition as useful elements in the new departure, and the Habana Club, entering upon the third year of its existence, sends its fraternal greeting to its kindred clubs at the North, and assures them that the quail here are quite as lively and astute as theirs, and "at home" from October to March, and are never snowed under.

If our brother sportsmen in Yankeeland can show us better bags than ours, we will feel greatly obliged if they will tell us in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM where they are to be had, when, perhaps, some of us may feel inclined to go there occasionally to try our sensations on better fields. Our close season is from March 1 to Oct. 1, and the Habana Field Sport Club last season made a gallant fight under peculiar difficulties for the enforcement of the then new game protective law, and succeeded in preventing open sales in the public markets during the close season. It will make still further efforts during the coming season, will continue faithful in such efforts, and as we have no hard winters to decimate the bevies of quail, it has well grounded expectations of largely increasing the stock of our principal game bird in this province.

This club has also been making efforts to import into and acclimate in this island other species of game birds, such as the partridge of Spain, and others, but of these only 20 out of 400 gathered together in Spain have arrived alive and continued in good health up to the present time.

The officers of the club during its first year were: Don Emilio A. Prida, President; Dr. José Clairac, Secretary; Don Perez Galvan, Treasurer. In its second year, now about to terminate on March 1, Don Emilio A. Prida, President; Dr. E. Wilson, Vice-President; Dr. José Clairac, Secretary, and Don Ricardo Narganes, Treasurer.

Considerable interest is manifested in the club in its acclimation experiments, and as the habits of the Spanish partridge are so nearly similar to those of the quail it is believed its introduction may succeed. Perhaps the sharp-tailed grouse may be the subject of experiment in the spring of 1888. Any suggestions in regard to the possibilities or probabilities of its success or otherwise, communicated in your columns, would gratify the members of our club. NEMO.

HABANA, Cuba, Feb. 16.

A VIOLENT COUGH continued through the winter often brings consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the cough yields and the danger disappears. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

A CANADIAN DEER HUNT.

AS I sit before my blazing grate to-night there come memories awakened by a pair of lordly antlers that grace the wall over my mantle, and hold out toward me their grim arms.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

How well I remember the day and date when the royal buck which proudly bore these branching antlers was brought low. It was but one incident in the fortnight spent in the forest of Canada when, with two friends of my own age, and in the full vigor and rush of twenty-five, we determined to brave the untried rigors of a Canadian winter among the big game.

Mackland, a hunter skilled in woodcraft, is engaged with his dogs. He brings his sleigh freighted with a well-fatted carcass of mutton, bred, biscuit, tea, sugar, coffee, pepper and salt. Our clothing was chosen with special reference to the probable exposure in the forests; fur leggins and moccasins, tanned as soft as a kid glove, the universal heavy Mackinaw blanket overcoat with a hood, and coon skin or fox skin caps. We stowed ourselves away in the sleigh among an abundance of robes, with our rifles between our knees. The ride was a merry one, and we glided over the snow, the sleigh skimming along its frozen surface like a bird, now past clearings, then through dense forests of pine, hemlock and fir, which greatly relieved the monotonous dazzling whiteness of winter landscape. We at length reached the lake Opeonga, and the log dwelling of the hunter, and were glad to gather round the roaring, blazing, crackling fire in the huge chimney place, while the hospitable hostess and two bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked daughters bustled about getting us a substantial lunch. The juicy venison steaks, rashers of bacon, baked potatoes and fragrant coffee rise up before me even now a "sweet-smelling savor" through the long interim of nearly forty years, and the picture is made not less inviting by the trim figures and shy glances of the nimble maidens skipping about to do honors to the visitors. The room was what the common room of a hunter and backwoodsman might have been expected to be, the walls garnishsd with rifles, powder horns, bullet pouches, shot pouches, steel traps, while here and there the indications of a feminine taste at decoration were observable. The hour for retiring in the settlement was perforce an early one—there was "nothing to set up for" as one of the boys said. But before we had been there twenty hours there seemed to be a good deal to "sit up for." Rolled up in our blankets and furs we ranged ourselves around the fire on the floor, and slept the refreshing sleep which is indeed tired nature's sweet restorer.

At the earliest dawn there was a movement. Your backwoodsman and true hunter rises with the lark, but the city bred young gentlemen made many a turn and twist and remonstrance, but finally, with much effort and rubbing of eyes and horrible yawning and inward anathematising the folly which induced them to join a party one form of whose insanity was to get up in the middle of the night, they pulled themselves together and arose. A hearty breakfast was prepared and duly dispatched. Our host and his sons mustered their dogs, and the hunters separated to place themselves in pairs at the runways toward which the deer would be driven by the dogs. The lake was a beautiful expanse of water some fifteen or twenty miles long and a mile or two wide, surrounded by fine woods, and studded here and there with small islands, some of them densely wooded. The scenery here when nature puts on her gorgeous livery of autumn is sublime; the sugar-maple displays its multitudinous shades of crimson and scarlet, verging into deep and paler orange; the birch and elm flaunt in yellow livery; the ash and basswood put on their sober suits of brown, while the deep green of the fir tribe forms an effective setting for the glories of the picture. Fish abound, and the balsamic odors of the forest fill the air with health-giving properties. But now everything is held in the icy fetters of winter, the branches of all the monarchs save the firs are barren, the waters are fast locked in ice 20in. thick and covered with snow, no wing of bird about it or upon it, yet with the warm days of April come myriads of wildfowl and the place is transformed into the sportsman's paradise.

On our way to the runways we were met by three shabby looking chaps with long rifles, who were lounging along through the woods, one of them a settler who generally gave up the working of the farm to his wife, while he passed the time on the trail of deer and foxes in the winter and other game in their season. They reported "no game" to be seen and soon were out of sight in the opposite direction, while we were at once posted at our different stations on the runways by our leader. My partner and myself took up our watch at a point indicated by the recent tracks of a deer in the snow, passing from north to south among the pine and spruce trees. We walked to and fro partly concealed by a large hemlock, our "shooting irons" ready at hand. Not a sound was heard in the wood save the occasional tapping of the woodpecker, now far off and faintly, now loud and close at hand. The snow was not more than a foot deep, the dense woods protected us from the wind, and the heavy fur moccasins and leggins made us quite insensible to the cold. Nevertheless, we waited impatiently for the baying of the hounds; the forty minutes seemed two hours when sharp and loud came the welcome notes of Turk and Howler, and a few seconds later the crackling of breaking twigs told us the game was moving in our direction; then a noble buck flashed upon our excited vision. Aye, a noble fellow he was, a hundred and a quarter pounds weight, brown sides, snowy white belly, bushy tail erect, bounded toward us. He was "end on" in bad position, but delays being dangerous I concluded to take things as I found them, and pulled "Old Cromwell," my never-failing ally, on the oncoming game. A sharp crack was followed by a violent leap into the air, and the beautiful animal fell fully ten feet away. Immediately regaining his feet he was bounding away again when the bullet from the rifle of my companion arrested his headlong career, and he once more lay struggling in the snow. The keen blade of my hunting knife quickly dispatched him, but we had not time to dispose of the carcass before a sharp report at some distance to our left caused us to at once place ourselves in readiness for another shot. The baying of the hounds, however, told us that the game was not coming down our way, but in the direction of the party on our left. We heard the crash through the underbrush, another report of a rifle and a shout: "Hi over there! there's three—I've got one, look sharp now!" With the last words a young buck dashed by us with the speed of a cyclone, which no bullet could hope to arrest, although it was essayed by both of us.

"I think he was wounded slightly," said my partner.

"So slightly that you never will know how much, young man"—and he never did.

While we were considering future proceedings, another yelp was heard, and a plump doe rushed past us about twenty yards distant. A fatal bullet and a charge of buckshot sped from two barrels, and she plunged forward and fell near the trunk of a fallen tree. The long hunter, who was close in pursuit, reached her first, and fleshed his knife in her neck. We tied the legs of the two deer, thrust a branch through each and dragged them to the sleigh at the edge of the wood, requiring "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together."

We were soon joined by the hunters, who brought with them a fine doe and a fox, and all proceeded to the rendezvous at our host's, when we discussed the exciting events of the day and a stupendous dinner, wherein a haunch of venison, well larded, roasted partridges and rashers of bacon figured conspicuously, to which a couple of succulent mince pies of ample proportions formed a fitting accompaniment. It was a jolly meal, and we were in no hurry to bring it to a conclusion. Our host had many an adventure to relate, and each one of the rest was fully competent to "keep his end up." Mackland related that one day, when looking for a stick of timber in the forest, he espied the dogs coming toward him running for dear life. Presently a large wolf appeared in full chase. The hunter stepped behind a tree, and as the varmint passed close to his place of concealment he reached over with his tomahawk, and with a dexterous blow disabled the beast, dispatched it with another, and carried home the skin.

Wolves become dangerous in these Canadian forests after the heavy snowfalls, and instances are related of travelers being attacked and killed by the ravenous brutes while journeying from the military posts to the settlements.

An explorer of the line of the military road while alone near the Meganatawan River, was suddenly surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves barking and howling for their prey. He tried to escape, but there seemed no avenue. He shouted himself hoarse in the endeavor to make his axemen hear; this also kept back the beasts for a time, but he would undoubtedly have been destroyed had not the axemen at last heard his cries and rushed to his rescue. An instance of extraordinary craftiness in wolves was related to me by a friend living near Quebec. He was once on the wooded heights commanding a view of the picturesque Lake Memphremagog. It was near sunset, and at some distance below him was an open meadow where a solitary deer was seen grazing; presently two wolves issued from the forest and glanced at the unsuspecting deer. They were apparently planning an attack, when after due deliberation one went off and circling around the deer lay down at some distance behind it; the other then made an open attack, when the deer turned and fled, but as it passed the first wolf lying concealed, the creature sprang up and fastened upon the unfortunate animal, which was speedily devoured by the two wolves.

The second day at our hunters was as successful as the first, and two more deer were added to our number. The third did not prove so good, our host being the only one of the party who brought down his venison, though we put in a long day in the woods, and standing in a runway for hours; watching for the expected game is by no means an exciting or exhilarating occupation. One of our party was disabled by a fall caused by tripping over a hidden branch in the snow, and striking his knee against the sharp point of a projecting limb. Altogether we secured five splended deer in four days' hunting, having been gone six days. These we carried in triumph to town, and the antlers from the big buck which grace the wall above my mantle, are the direct suggestion of this brief chronicle.

FRANK HEYWOOD.

CAPE COD RABBIT SNARES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in report of the thirteenth annual dinner of the Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, contained in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM. I believe President Samuels of the association right in his prediction of the early extermination of quail in Massachusetts, unless provision be made against the sale of these birds during close season. I also believe that another valuable species of game, the rabbit, is in great danger of speedy extermination, at least in some portions of Massachusetts, unless the pernicious practice of trapping them be stopped.

While surveying woodlands in Plymouth and Bristol counties, a few years since, I first observed the wholesale and inhuman method of destroying rabbits. It is no exaggeration to say I saw miles of the little hedges upon which were set numerous snares, which were far worse than death-traps, *i. e.*, traps producing immediate death to the timid little victims. These traps were generally found in the thick woods, quite remote from human dwellings, and I was told that the game caught was sent to New York and Boston markets. As the trapping is done in cold weather there is no danger of the captured game spoiling in the traps, consequently they are not visited for the removal of game very often, for to make the round of these long lines of snares gives the trapper a long tramp which he does not care to take oftener than necessary. Hence many rabbits are suspended for days and perhaps weeks, being caught forward of the hind legs around the body by the fine wire, head downward, swinging about in the air as their struggles spring the sapling to which the wire is attached. Perhaps a limber sprout to which the unfortunate rabbit is hung will allow it to reach, in its efforts to free itself, twigs or other sustenance, and this only defers death by starvation and prolongs the torture. Our surveying party destroyed every trap we came across—released rabbits which must have been hanging for more than one and perhaps two weeks, everything eatable within reach had been devoured, and when liberated they were unable to stand, breathing being about the only sign of life. I visited Plymouth county lately to hunt, and found that rabbit trapping had been carried on to such an extent that in many sections this game is well nigh exterminated. It seems as if this most inhuman mode of trapping the rabbit should be stopped not only because of its cruelty but that it is fast exterminating a game which, as food, is delectable and valuable, and the sport of hunting which with the musical beagle is fascinating and healthful.

I sincerely hope the Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, which has rendered such praiseworthy and valuable service in the protection of game will, in due time, do something in the way of influencing the enactment of a law or, if there be one already, to cause its enforcement against this cruel and destructive rabbit trapping.

G. K. O.

MY LAST PARTRIDGE.

PARTRIDGE shooting had not been quite up to the average, and usually we were satisfied with a bag of seven to ten for one day. Just before the first snow fell, Fred and I thought we would try a new place, for we had heard of a section where, according to reports, they could almost be clubbed from the trees. Rising at 4 o'clock one November morning we started. It was a pleasant ride but for the south wind which made us button our coats to the neck. When out about a mile we took in the older of our pointer dogs, Rex, and let Grace continue her run, taking in every piece of brush along the road, and once when passing a turn in the road we found her on a point to a brush pile, but when I was about to get out the gun out ran a cat.

At 8 o'clock A. M. we arrived at our hunting ground and were soon at it. In the first pieces we entered three birds were raised, two shots fired but not a feather; turning back toward the horse I saw one leave the brush ahead of us and fly forty rods across the road to another woods. I told Fred "That is one of those birds I like to get, old, wild and cunning." Walking to the road and looking the brush over I concluded that I would walk around her and leave Fred on the outside to guard the flight backward. Passing into the timber twenty rods below I began to work toward where I supposed she lit, and to my surprise I saw her coming directly toward me. Standing still she passed within a few feet of me; I turned and gave her my right barrel; immediately she rose and and wheeling around and around until she was above the tops of the trees, swinging behind me she again passed me and I gave her the left barrel; she struck a high limb of a beech tree and came reluctantly to the ground. During this performance Grace stood at my heel, and now was anxious to retrieve the game. Calling Fred we proceeded to surround the spot, thinking perhaps she would rise again. When within 20ft. both dogs took the scent and pointed. I knew she was not dead, for they will not stand a dead bird. We told Rex to "fetch" and he obeyed. Fred reached to take the bird, and as Rex opened his mouth off she flew, much to our surprise and chagrin, as we had put the hammers of our guns down and were not prepared to shoot. Following her, Grace pointed a log pile and I told her to fetch. She went in and it was some seconds before she was able to capture her bird. She brought it to me and the prize was bagged. On dressing this bird it was found to have only one shot mark, and that in the head, hence those strange movements.

It now began to rain and we repaired to the barn and remained two hours, when, the rain having slacked, we started out, Fred to drive down the road, I to work out a short neck of heavy timber and meet him. When within a short distance of where Fred stood waiting for me, Grace came to a point. I bade her flush him. Out came a cat and started toward the road, and climbed a hemlock tree. The cat being gray with dark stripes around its body, and Fred getting an indistinct view of it as it mounted to its perch on a high limb, he exclaimed: "By the horn spoon! here is a coon," and the way he dismounted from that wagon and leveled his Ithaca at that coon in double quick, while I stood laughing to myself. He rushed into the brush to bring out his coon, but returned empty-handed. Rain falling now in torrents we returned to the barn, ate our lunch, concluded to adjourn and drove home in the storm and mud with thirty miles' drive, one partridge and no coon.

G. P. B.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention was called to the subject of explosive bullets by an article treating of them contributed by your correspondent, Mr. L. I. Flower, and published in your issue of Feb. 3. I am using a 12-gauge gun provided with an inserted rifle barrel taking a .40-50-260 cartridge. Following the directions very carefully, I doctored one of these cartridges, and fired it into a 5in. basswood block. It passed through the block, an inch pine fence board, struck a box and fell to the ground. On examining it I came to the conclusion that I was not a good doctor, as it had not exploded. I then conceived the idea of inserting a .22 long revolver cartridge into the end of the rifle cartridge. The process was simple in the extreme. Cutting off the part of the bullet which projected beyond the cartridge, it was introduced into a cavity of sufficient depth and diameter, which had been drilled in the end of the rifle bullet and pressed down until the flange on the head of the cartridge rested upon the end of the lead. The effect of this projectile is shown by the section of a hard maple block which I send to you. After numerous experiments, I consider this a sample of what it will do in a block. The question yet remained, What would it do to "bears and things?" By a combination of circumstances an opportunity to settle this question soon presented itself. A friend of mine had a sick hog which he requested me to shoot. A more expeditious manner of putting a sick porker out of misery cannot be conceived. I shot a distance of four or five rods, and planked one in just back of the shoulder. The unclean beast immediately appeared uncommonly dead. I sent another, this time square between the eyes. We peeled off the scalp and found the skull completely shattered. With the point of a knife pieces of the skull were turned back, and the entire contents of the head were found blown fine; the eyes also had been forced from their places by the explosion within the head. On examining the effect of the first shot, a small hole was found where the bullet en-

tered, just the size of a .40-cal. ball, while the small cartridge had exploded just beneath the skin, making an opening sufficiently large to receive a man's fist. The vitals were terribly lacerated, being a shapeless mass. On the further side two holes were discovered, each larger than the bullet fired. These were about two inches apart, and doubtless occasioned by rough pieces of lead. This is certainly a very effective missile, as shown by the execution it did in this instance, and will doubtless work as well in the field as in the barnyard. It is also very easily constructed and as safe to carry in a magazine gun as any cartridge. Next.—DYNAMITE.

INTRODUCTION OF FOREIGN RABBITS.—Washington, Feb. 20.—The Agricultural Department has received many letters from different parts of the country with reference to the introduction of Australian rabbits into this country. Commissioner Coleman has prepared the following in answer thereto: "For some time past the press of the country has contained paragraphs relating to the expected introduction in the United States of the 'Australian rabbit,' and the gravest fears have been expressed concerning the probable effect of such importation upon our agricultural industries. Hence a few facts concerning this rabbit may prove of interest. In the first place it should be stated that in reality there is no 'Australian' rabbit, no species being native to that country. The rabbit that has done so much harm in Australia and New Zealand is an introduced species, namely, the common rabbit of Europe (*Lepus cuniculus*). Not only did this rabbit become a pest to the gardener and fruit grower, but it soon multiplied to such an extent as to seriously interfere with sheep raising, by destroying the pasturage. In New Zealand the Legislature took the matter in hand in 1876, and began the enactment of a series of stringent laws for the suppression of the rabbit scourge. In 1881 more than 500,000 acres of sheep runs had been abandoned on account of the rabbits, and the loss to the exports of the colony was calculated to be $2,500,000 per annum; and it was estimated that upward of 180,000,000 of rabbits were killed in New Zealand in little over three years. In the United States we certainly have enough rabbits of our own, and the injury they now inflict upon our agricultural industries is by no means insignificant, if any reliance is to be placed upon the complaints of fruit growers in the Mississippi valley and in California. As to the power of an officer of the Government to prevent the introduction of the pest in the United States, I know of no law conferring any such authority. Congress might enact a law conferring upon the Commissioner of Agriculture the power to prevent the landing of any animal, bird, or other pest in any port of the United States that, in his opinion, would be injurious to agriculture, on the same principle that it prevents the introduction of cattle affected with contagious diseases. Unless there is premeditated importation by dealers, there would seem to be no occasion for alarm, as this rabbit has, during three centuries of communication with Europe, not been introduced or at least has not become established, and there would seem to be still less danger from Australia."

THE ARKANSAS GAME LAW.—The Senate bill which inhibits the exportation of game from the State has passed the House by a vote of 46 to 40. As the bill passed the Senate, fish were included, but the house rejected this. Quite a fight was made against its passage. Many men who oppose the game law do so because the moment the open season begins hundreds of hunters from other States teem in and kill off the game by the wholesale, and ship it away by car loads. It is thought, therefore, that this bill will tend to make the game law more popular and protect the game more successfully. It appears also that if the game law were changed so as to permit the killing of deer on Aug. 1 there would be scarcely any objection to it. Farmers contend that the deer fatten in their fields, but are killed off by sportsmen of leisure in September, when the farmers are picking cotton. They argue that deer are fat and fine in August and that is really the only month of leisure they have.

IOWA.—Nelson D. Merrill writing from Creston, Union county, southwestern Iowa, Feb. 22, says: "We have had quite a cold winter and considerable snow, but not as much as last winter. I saw a flock of wild geese going north last night. There are more prairie chickens here this winter than common, as last winter was very dry and good for the young chickens; but the last winter, from its great severity, nearly killed off the quail, and I rarely see one now anywhere on my farm or the prairies. —H. W. MERRILL.

THE RABBIT PEST IN VICTORIA.

CONSUL-GENERAL MORGAN in a recent report on the rabbit pest in Victoria says:

It is doubtful whether many persons are aware of the immense loss that has been sustained in this colony through the ravages of the rabbits, but it is an undoubted fact that as much £24,000 has been expended to clear one estate and keep the pests under, and in many others it has cost owners large sums, from £15,000 downward. In addition to the expense incurred by private owners, shire councils and the government in destroying the pests, the great depreciation in the value of land and its grazing capabilities has to be considered. For instance, the stony rises, consisting of about 20,000 acres, and surrounded by some of the finest grass land in Victoria, has been rendered of little value except for rabbits, the owners of the land obtaining a small rental from trappers, and about 4,000 acres were, some while back, disposed of at the low figure of 10 shillings per acre. In the discussions in the Colonial Parliament on the introduction of the late "Malle Pastoral Leases Act," it was clearly pointed out that the country (12,000,000 acres) affected by the bill had been rendered almost useless and uninhabitable through the damage caused by the ruthless invader. Stations on which smiling homesteads, fine orchards, and other improvements had, a few years back, existed, were fallen into ruin and deserted by all living creatures except the rabbits. Here, where the grass and salt bush in 1875 were sufficient for nearly 700,000 sheep, enough did not grow in 1882 for one-seventh of that number, the loss during the past five years being estimated as at least three-quarters of a million sterling, besides £40,000 decrease to government in rents, and £20,000 expended in destroying the pests. To illustrate the damage here, I cannot do better than attach the particulars given of a few stations in the above discussion:

Year 1877, Bruin Station carried 36,000 sheep, rental £500; in 1879, 10,000; run abandoned; relet under grazing license for £56. Wonga and Nipo, once carrying 20,000 sheep, rental, £400; now not a sheep on the run, which was also abandoned and relet for £20. Lake Hindmarsh carried, in 1877, 33,000 sheep; lost 25,000 in two years; rent £700, now £72. Corong, 1877, 36,000 sheep, now 3,000; rent £1,050, now £150; and several others were mentioned as being in an equally bad position.

In the years 1875 and 1876 the production of wool in the Mallee country was about 6,000 bales, value £100,000. In 1882 this had fallen to 900 bales, worth, say £18,000. Eighteen runs in this district in the year 1878 yielded 1,700 bales; in 1882, only 332 bales. The runs were all abandoned and the land held from Government under grazing leases, at an almost nominal rent, by persons who trusted that something would be done to improve the tenure under which the land could be held, and give them an opportunity and sufficient inducement to endeavor by combined action to destroy the rabbit pest, and render the land once more fit for profitable occupation. Whether the lengthened tenure now given to this part of the colony will enable the desired result to be achieved remains to be seen.

During the past three years the Government has expended about £30,000 in Victoria on the extirpation of the rabbit, the principal means used being poison, such as phosphorized oats and wheat, arsenic mixed with bran and chaff, and bisulphide of carbon. The various shire councils in the badly infected districts have also adopted similar means, though in the majority of cases the rabbit act has not been strictly enforced, many of the shires not being in a position to incur the extra expense necessary to do so.

In addition to the means above mentioned, the councils have arranged for the purchase of rabbit skins or ears and scalps, and have been assisted by the Government to the extent of a bonus of 3d. per dozen on all the skins or ears and scalps purchased by them. From reports published at various times in the papers, and inquiries made, the number of rabbits destroyed has been considerable—at least 157,000 dozen, equal to 1,884,000 scalps and ears and skins, being paid for in less than two years, the St. Armand and Swan Hill shires being the largest purchasers.

THE WORCESTER FUR COMPANY.

THE papers have been full of it. The ministers, lawyers, doctors, business men, the ladies, in fact, almost everybody have talked about it. It is over. A pleasant event long to be remembered by those who participated in it. To say that the hunt was a great success would be drawing it mildly.

There was, however, an accident early in the day which marred the pleasure, especially until it was found that the wounded man's condition was not likely to prove dangerous. The following is a correct account of the accident: Mr. Samuel Thayer was descending a steep slope when he stepped on ice which was hidden by the snow. His feet slipped from under him and in falling he threw up his arms and lost his grip upon his gun, and went sliding down the slope with the gun following about twenty feet behind him. In some way—just how will never be known—the gun was discharged and about thirty pellets of No. 1 shot entered the fleshy part of his back near the hip. He was at once removed to a farmhouse near by and from there to his home as soon as a carriage could be made ready. His physician arrived soon after he reached home and after a thorough examination pronounced the wound by no means dangerous though probably to be quite painful for some days. Mr. Thayer is about sixty years old, an experienced fox hunter, and exhibited great nerve after the accident, remarking as the team drove away that he "should hunt foxes some more yet." He had two sons in the hunt who did not learn of the accident till several hours after it occurred.

At the meeting of the Fur Company last Wednesday evening, after the final arrangements had been completed, ex-Alderman John R. Thayer remarked, "You won't have a decent day, and you needn't expect it," and so thought the party, for the weather had been rough and windy for two weeks. Sunday night was cloudy and gave promise of a storm, but with the dawn of Monday it was found that about an inch of snow had fallen during the night, with mild weather and no wind. Briefly stated, it was a perfect day for a fox hunt. The meet was at Heywood Farm, on the edge of Shrewsbury, about four miles from the city, and thither the hunters were wending their way soon after 6 o'clock. There were fully fifty men and about thirty-five dogs in the party. About a third of the number were not really fox hunters, but came out merely to hear the music and see the sport; among this class were professional men and several prominent business men, who remained the entire day till darkness closed the hunt. The ground chosen consists of three ranges of hills running parallel, each about two miles long, and a direct line struck across the three ranges would be from two to two and a half miles. The one to the west is Bond's Hill, on the north end of which is "Hillside," the beautiful home of the late John B. Gough. The middle range is Sewell's Hill, and the one to the east is known as East Ridge. The latter being highest a man occupying a high point has a lovely view of all these ranges with three pretty lakes and meadow land between. The atmosphere was so clear that men could be plainly seen on the new snow from one hill to the other, a distance of a mile or more.

It was thought best to divide the company and the dogs, sending a party on to each range. About 7:30 the first fox was "on his pins" on Bond's Hill, driven by a pack of six dogs; and at 8:30 there were three more being chased by as many packs of hounds on the hills to the eastward. Brother sportsmen, stand with me now on a high point on East Ridge facing west. There is just the least bit of a breeze from the northwest. Listen now and hear four packs of hounds at full cry driving four foxes, and if there is blood in your veins it will surely tingle. Look the country over; every high point on land, the barways in the meadows, every probable runway is coverd by an expectant hunter. Hark! hear the pack on Bond's, away to the north end. Hear that! Bang goes a gun about a half mile north of the Gough mansion. A few minutes later the pack stop barking and soon two men are seen coming down the hill toward the road; they are going down past us within easy call—Andrew Thayer and Fred Sears. "Hello, Andrew, what have you done? He holds up a splendid large dog fox. "Good enough; first blood for you!" And the happy hunters go on down the road. Hark, now! That pack to the south are swinging toward Sewell's Lake. Look! do you see that fox going up the lake? There go the dogs, five of them; isn't that grand? It's a sight never to be forgotten.

Reader, did you ever attempt to describe a fox hunt? Possibly, a hunt with one pack of dogs, or perhaps a hunt where ladies and gentlemen on horseback with a pack of hounds chase a half-tame fox across the open country, but never a hunt like this, for I am satisfied it is the first of the kind on record, and I confess my inability to do the occasion justice. Your correspondent, with a horse and carriage, spent the entire day making the rounds from point to point that he might be able to give a better idea of the hunt to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM than he could possibly do if he remained on some favorable runway trying to secure a fox. There were many amusing incidents, a few of which I will attempt to relate.

Mr. Joseph Gross, a wealthy German resident, has taken to shooting and has provided himself with dogs and equipments. He joined in the hunt with much enthusiasm and stationed himself on an excellent crossing. It was, however, simply luck, for as a fox hunter he is an amateur. Driving down the road past his stand I found Joseph in deep trouble, and he insisted on my stopping to hear his story. To fully appreciate one should witness the gestures and the excitement of the teller. His dog had failed to "get on" with the pack and he held him by his side. Following is the story, imperfectly given, in Joseph's broken dialect: "Well, now, I hear dem dogs and I see dot fox vite up by dot leetle pine trees. Vell he turns and comes vite to me. Says I dot fox ish mine. Vell now I musht let go mine dog to shoot—dot dog he holt vite for dot fox. Vell dot fox don't come to me some more, he turn right up over der hill! It vos too bad, but I couldn't shoot mine dog. See!" "Yes, Joe, I see, and it was too bad. Good-by," and the writer left him mourning over his ill-luck.

Mr. R. L. Golbert, last manufacturer, is a bird shooter, but has always turned up his nose at fox hunting. His superintendent, Mr. M. A. Linfield, is, however, a great lover of the sport, and coaxed his employer out with the determination of putting him on the right spot to kill a fox. A pack of dogs were coming toward them and Linfield saw the fox coming right lively. "See him, Robert," says he, in a whisper, "now give it to him." The fox was passing within easy range, but Robert was looking away off toward the dogs. Linfield was frantic, and seizing Gilbert's arms, pointed the gun toward the fox. "Oh! I see him," said Golbert, but before he could get ready it was too late and he gave him a shot at long range, only to see him run the faster. "Oh dear," said Robert, "I would have given fifteen dollars to have killed that fox," and his stock in fox hunting has gone up several points.

One more incident was the crowning event of a long and most delightful day's sport, and occurred just before darkness closed the entertainment. The hunt had been very exciting throughout the entire day, with no time that there was not a fox being driven in the immediate neighborhood of some of the party. Only two had been killed, but eight or nine members had been favored with good shots, and some of them were within easy range, but somehow the shooters failed to connect. It was near sunset and the fellows were leaving their stands and coming together preparatory to going home, and nearly a dozen had gathered on the road under Sewell's Hill, bordering the lake, when Asa R. Jacobs and "Jumbo" and three of Kinney's pack broke in hearing from the south and swung over the "Randall Rocks" west of the lake. Making a sharp turn the fox broke on to the lake and came down nearly half a mile in full view of the hunters. The men had spread out and the fox must run plumb into the arms of somebody. The dogs were in close pursuit; it was red hot, and the excitement was at the highest pitch. He was a beauty and coming right toward Wm. S. Perry; but now he bears away, and as it is a last chance Will gives him a long range shot. On he fairly flies right into the face of three men who were standing together; three more shots at 20ft. range. On past another man, and then another, who give him two more shots at easy range—and the little beauty has run the gauntlet of about a dozen guns and gone on over the hill apparently unharmed. It was as quiet as a Quaker meeting for perhaps two minutes, no longer. Then the men huddled together and began to sass each other and call each other "pet names." But the scene can never be fittingly described, and I leave it to the imagination of the reader.

It was fast growing dark and the tired hunters separated to their teams and to their homes. In the evening they began to gather at the rendezvous, which is the store of the writer, and by 7:30 o'clock it was "standing room" only. The men talked over the events of the day, and all agreed that the first grand fox hunt of the Worcester Fur Company had been an immense success. It was the first, but I prophesy it will not be the last. E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES, Sec'y.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 22.

HUNTING RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The FOREST AND STREAM is a welcome visitor to my household every week. I have long been a lover of the rifle, and will discard it only when no longer able to "draw a bead."

You have allotted much space of late to the advocates of the muzzleloader. All that I now ask is that you accord to me space enough in your valuable paper to make a fair and impartial statement of the matter, viewing it from my standpoint. This I do with the kindest feelings for all parties who have entered into this discussion; but I do it more in the interest of the young men of the country not posted in such matters than anything else. Young men who can ill afford to buy more than one rifle, if influenced to buy muzzleloaders for hunting purposes, will, in nine cases out of ten, be sure to regret it. When twelve years old I was allowed to go to the woods with a rifle, a muzzleloader. That was forty years ago. Since that time I have never been without a rifle. In after years, when the breechloader came into use, I discarded the old-fashioned rifle and adopted the new. Now I say to the young men of the country that there is very little difference between the two kinds as regards accuracy and trajectory, but as regards convenience and rapidity of action, there is the greatest difference, with the advantages all in favor of the breechloader. Maj. Merrill has labored very hard to prove that he has the best rifle, and that a muzzleloader. Any one who has studied the trajectory test of the FOREST AND STREAM during the fall of 1885 would not buy Maj. Merrill's rifle, or one like it. Shot No. 4, with that rifle, in that test, will condemn any rifle of any make for any purpose whatever. At 25yds. the bullet is 1.170in. above the point blank line. At 50yds. it is 1.051in. above, and at 75yds. it is the same as at 50. Such a record would kill any rifle on earth. A good rifleman would tell you that he would not have it. But, says one, this is not a trial of accuracy, but of trajectory. Be that as it may, by that single shot No. 4, this Major Merrill muzzleloader has shown to riflemen that it is not accurate. If a man tells four truths and one lie in five trials, no one would be willing to trust him afterward. So it is with the Major's rifle.

The Major seems to have a particular spite against the little Remington-Hepburn .32 breechloader, which was also in that test. Now I ask the Major to point out a single shot by that little arm that was not perfectly natural. That rifle made a splendid record. I ask the young men of the country to study this trajectory test before buying rifles. It is the surest guide to go by that I know of. It shows which rifles are accurate, and which are not.

The Major says his rifle beat all the breechloaders as regards trajectory. Not a single American breechloader in that trial used Curtis & Harvey No. 6, imported powder. The two muzzleloaders were the only rifles that used it. Well, I cannot say what the Merrill rifle would do at a distance of over 200yds., as it was not tried over that distance, and I can say that its record for trajectory has been beaten by a breechloader of much less weight, less powder and more bullet. As will be seen, the Romer rifle weighed over 14lbs., and used over 130grs. of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 powder, and a bullet weighing 267grs., being as one of powder to about two of lead, its trajectory height was 6.399in.

At a test near Bozeman, Montana, during the spring of 1885, there was tested a Sharp's breechloading rifle, weighing 9¾lbs., using Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 powder, 113grs., with a bullet weighing 270grs., and the trajectory height was 6.130in. over 200yds. Here we see a breechloader of much less weight, using less powder and more ball, beating the Romer muzzleloader, the great muzzleloader in favor of which so much has been said.

Now I trust the friends of the muzzleloader will not ascribe this defeat to the difference in climate, for at that very place some other rifles were tested that were tested at the FOREST AND STREAM trials, and the trajectory in Montana was about as high as at New York. For instance, the Winchester .45-75-350 was tested at both places, and in New York the trajectory was 11.979in., and in Montana 11.820in.

But Major Merrill says that the muzzleloader was tried when the wind was blowing eighteen miles an hour, and when the little Remington-Hepburn was tried it blew only seven miles an hour, and claims a disadvantage to the muzzleloader on that account. Now the truth of the matter is, that when the muzzleloader was tried the wind was blowing from the five o'clock quarter, going almost in a direct line with the bullet and was, therefore, a great help instead of a hindrance. Not so with the Remington-Hepburn. The wind was only blowing seven miles an hour it is true, but it was blowing from the ten o'clock quarter, which was almost square against the bullet, and therefore a great disadvantage. The Remington used one grain of Hazard powder to three of lead, while the Merrill used one grain of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 imported powder to 2.13 grains of lead.

Under all the circumstances, I say that the Remington .32 beat the Merrill in that trial, as regards trajectory; and as regards

accuracy no one will pretend to deny that the record of the Remington is the best.

For further proof of the accuracy of the breechloader I refer all admirers of the rifle to the targets lately made by Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, of Boston, Mass., and others. He also uses a Remington-Hepburn.

No, Messrs. Merrill and Romer, you must march along with the arts and sciences, or go down into North Carolina where the boys are still voting for General Jackson, and shooting muzzleloading rifles. SMALL BORE.

EVANSVILLE, Ind.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I rather regretted to see the somewhat flippant article that appeared in your last issue, in the shape of an open letter to "P." from "Mestier."

Either "Mestier" must be a very superficial student or his mental caliber is to small to enable him to properly appreciate the very great value of the careful experiments made by "P." and his able deductions therefrom.

The point established, that a very flat trajectory, combined with a fair degree of accuracy, can be obtained from an express cartridge shot from one of our quick twist target rifles, is of the highest importance.

"P." shows that his gun is capable of giving a flatter curve and a higher degree of accuracy than has been obtained from the slow twist English express rifles.

The result is especially gratifying to me, as I advanced the opinion, some years ago, that a quick twist would present no obstacle to a satisfactory performance of these particulars, provided that the bullet was correctly proportioned, both as to hardness and diameter.

I find that I must differ from "P." in the opinion that a patched bullet is essential to accuracy when a high powder charge is used. I can see no reason why a properly designed cannolured bullet should not perform well. Those heretofore used have generally been too soft, and the cannelures have been too few and too deep.

My experience has been that, with the same powder charge and weight of bullet, a cannelured bullet will give an appreciably flatter curve (due to less friction between the well-lubricated surfaces of contact) than will a patched one. While in dirty shooting (the only practical style for hunting) the advantage in accuracy is likely to be with the naked bullet.

I would ask "P." if there is not danger of the patch being roughened and abraided by exposure to moisture and careless handling, so that the cartridge will enter hard and the patch be stripped from the bullet in firing, giving wild shooting with a tendency to leading. I have not used a patched bullet in fixed ammunition to a sufficient extent to be sure on this point, but should think that this difficulty would be likely to occur, especially if the cartridge is carried in a belt.

In conclusion, I wish to thank "P." for the valuable data he has already furnished us, and to express the hope that no ill-considered criticisms may deter him from continuing in well-doing.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1887. JAMES DUANE.

A MODEL GAME LAW.

WESTERN N. Y. CLUB, Feb. 14, 1887.—*Dear Sir:* In view of the adverse and selfish opinions upon the subject of protecting fish and game, and confusion of laws, the proposed draft of a law is submitted for your approval. It is deemed sufficiently broad and comprehensive to satisfy this diversity and selfishness, afford all "consistent" protection and latitude, and is concise and easily understood. With an influential following in this direction, it is thought you are the best man to recommend, and have the honor of getting it through. It is approved by this Club and by all marketmen. It will be cheerfully obeyed by pot-hunters. Yours, etc., B. FROG, President.

An Act to protect and regulate the killing, transportation and sale of fish and game.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The lawful season for killing fish and game of all kinds, shall commence on the first day of January and end on the 31st day of December in each and every year. During the period aforesaid fish and game may be lawfully sold, transported or had in possession, but not until after caught or killed.

Sec. 2. All persons violating this law shall forfeit all rights of fishing or hunting prior to the violation.

Sec. 3. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent or contrary to the provisions hereof are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. State game protectors may enforce this law according to discretion, and use their best efforts in aid of the political candidate by whom they are appointed.

Sec. 5. This act to take effect immediately.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SURFACE SCHOOLS OF FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to notice in the late numbers of your paper that the discussion of "Surface Schools of Fish" is in order. In reply to "Jay Beebe" in your issue of Feb. 7, I have no doubt whatever that the fish I saw were trout; my party, guides and all, agree in this. I failed to land the fish I hooked, but we all were often within a dozen feet of the schools, so near that we could see their mottled backs, and I do not think it possible that we were mistaken. Again, in this chain of lakes, I am not aware that any other kind of fish are taken; none to my knowledge, except now and then a sucker. During several seasons' fishing I have seen over a thousand speckled trout caught and not a dozen suckers; so I again state with the greatest certainty that we saw "schools of trout swimming with their backs out of water packed like sardines." Further, let me state that they were "out on business," their uneasy ways impressed us so; they were not feeding or playing. The most satisfactory explanation given me is, that they were seeking their spawning beds; it was late in the season and some of the fish we dressed were filled with roe. Another friend suggests that as the water was low and very warm it might not have held a full supply of oxygen, and they came to the surface to "get their breath." I am glad "the question is now before the house." SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest several letters concern- trout playing on the surface of the water. I give you an instance or two which have come within my experience, and which, though they differ to a certain extent from what is related by your correspondents, may throw some light on the matter.

Some years ago I had the good fortune to fish on a lake in Finland, the time of the year was June, and as the days were hot and the water clear, most of our fishing was done in the short nights. At time about sunset (at that time of the year the sun only dipped below the horizon for about two hours) the surface of the water would be broken in all directions by large fish. The rise lasted about half an hour, when they left off. These fish were apparently not feeding, as they would not look at the flies I offered them. All we caught in the lake were caught with an artificial minnow. Later in the year, however, I believe they are caught there with a large red- or black-palmer.

Two years ago, in the autumn, I was fishing in Norway, in a rapid stream flowing from a large lake. The day was cold and cloudy, threatening rain. We had rather poor sport, the fish we caught were good ones. About midday the rain came down in torrents, and the fish immediately began rising in great numbers. I never saw so many fish before nor since. With each throw we covered three or four rising fish. Our flies, however, were not right, the fish were feeding on a small iron blue dun, which had suddenly appeared in swarms on the water. I had left my book of small flies at home, and only had with me a lot of larger and rather brilliant flies, which I found most serviceable on the same river a day or two before. My friend changed his hooks several times, and hooked one fish by the back fin, which being a two-pounder led him such a dance that the rise was over before he got him into the boat. I have seen the same sort of thing happen in other rivers, and I am sure that unless one has the exact fly the fish are taking it is very little good fishing at all. For when there is a large rise of a certain fly, the fish leave all other food and even other flies, and confine their attention to the one sort alone.

All this is experience from the other side. Whether trout have the same habits and customs here as their cousins in the older countries, I hope to learn this spring. KISMET.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb., 28, 1887.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 17, "Jay Beebe" hazards the opinion that the fish referred to were not trout. I happened to be fishing in another of the Mastigouche lakes on the same day that "Spicewood" noticed the peculiar actions of the fish. I had been out all day with my wife in a canoe trout fishing, and as we had rather poor success before noon, were on our way back to camp, but stopped for a short time near an island in Lake Seymour, where I tried a few casts. The surface of the lake was like a mirror, unbroken save where an occasional riffle showed where some wary trout had discovered an unsuspecting insect and taken him in out of the wet. After several ineffectual attempts to seduce some of the more eager fish into accepting the artificial for the natural, I was about putting up my rod when my wife called attention to a peculiar appearance on the surface of the water about 100yds. from us. A space of 15 or 20ft. in diameter seemed to be alive with fish, which kept the water in a perfect boil, the whole school moving slowly toward our boat. When they passed within a few yards of us, we saw they were trout, apparently of all sizes, rushing back and forth so close to the surface that their dorsal fins were visible. I made several casts right among them, but succeeded in hooking only one, and that near the tail. On landing the fish I found it to be a plump, healthy trout of about 10in. in length. The school had disappeared as suddenly as it came and we saw no more of it that afternoon. The old guide with us, who had been on these lakes for years, said he never saw anything like it before. On speaking of this novel occurrence in camp that evening, "Spicewood" and two of his friends, who had been camped on another lake for two or three days and had just returned, spoke of the same thing as having been seen by their party several times during that and the previous day, and there was not a doubt in the minds of any one that the fish seen were genuine *Salmo fontinalis*. The supposition of "Jay Beebe" that they might be herring is not borne out by the facts as noted by eye witnesses. The Mastigouche Lakes are full of genuine speckled trout, and no other fish are known in these waters except suckers and such small kinds as serve for food for the trout.

The theory of an old Yorkshire fisherman residing in this city, to whom I mentioned this phenomena, was that in lakes with a soft bottom, when the trout could not find sand or gravel beds to clear themselves from parasites, they collected in schools and rubbed against each other for the purpose of getting rid of obnoxious company.

I have fished in numerous lakes in our Laurentian region for a number of years, but never saw nor heard of any such peculiarity among the trout before.

HENRY W. ATWATER, Sec'y M. F. C.

MONTREAL, Canada.

BASS AT BREAK OF DAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With the wind shrieking and howling and the mercury nearly out of sight "below," there is little out of doors to attract the attention of the sportsman. The best that can be done is to sit by a glowing grate, whose warmth seems the more cheerful as compared with the chilling blasts without, and read the FOREST AND STREAM between intervals of dreaming of pleasant days that are passed, and in planning for those to come. The trim little rifle we see resting on the rack reminds us of days devoted to squirrel and woodchuck in which it played so important a part. Trustworthy and companionable we always found it, and its whip-crack was ever to our ear the sweetest music. The less shapely, though none the less business like shotgun, brings pleasant recollections of days afield, when every tree and shrub was clothed in autumn's rich and varied tints. Again we feel the thrill caused by a grouse springing from cover and whirring away through the tree tops like a small cyclone, to come again to earth with a dull thud, while a shower of feathers come floating back on the air; or, quite as often, to safely disappear while we look ruefully at our smoking barrels. In memory, a rabbit starts from beneath a tuft of grass at our very feet, and bounds away with springs that scatter the dry leaves from his path. Instinctively our gun comes to shoulder, a hasty glance along the barrels, a sharp report, a prompt recoil, and, through the drifting cloud of smoke we see a tuft of white cotton describing circles in the air, and when the smoke clears up, there, on a bed of moss, lies our game ready for the bag as soon as a fresh shell is placed in the gun.

None the less pleasant are the recollections of days spent upon the water with rod and line. The reading of a correspondent's first acquaintance with bass recalls my first experience with that gamy fish. All preparations were made the night before. Very early we started, for the day's sport was to be prefaced by a ride of ten miles through the keen air of a frosty October morning. In due time we reach favorite fishing grounds along the "Old Susquehanna," with which my companion is well acquainted, and without disturbing the inmates of a farmhouse on the river bank, who are not yet astir, we leave our team in the barn, procure a boat, and are soon afloat; and even before the first faint blush of the approaching dawn appears in the east we are ready for the sport.

The boat—a good one for the purpose—is moored squarely across the stream by nsing two anchors in water 12ft. deep. Our tackle is of the simplest kind, consisting merely of lines 25yds. in length and furnished with two hooks, sinker and float. After being duly baited with live nummy chogs, the hooks were thrown out below the boat and the lines paid out as they floated gently away with the current, the float keeping the hooks from fouling the bottom.

And now we impatiently await a strike. At last it comes, but is not quite what we had expected. And, as we manipulate the line, we quickly conclude that the accounts read and the stories heard told of the gamy qualities of this much-talked fish must have been decidedly "fishy." Our catch is quickly towed alongside (no other terms will express the manner of doing) and, in extreme disgust, we drag a bullhead into the boat. But as the first rays of the morning sun gild with light the topmost pines on the mountains at our right, and awaken to busy life the occupants of the farmhouses at our left, the bass give us their attention and very quickly secure ours. The glorious dawns, the grand old mountains, the gently flowing river, the peaceful rural scenes, all are forgotten in the excitement and pleasure of landing bass after bass in rapid succession; and we were soon ready to believe everything we had heard of their good qualities. Those we took that morning were not very large, but the quantity was all a reasonable sportman would ask. The largest one hooked was lost, as is usually the case, as, with exultant pride, we raised him over the side of the boat. There was a quick slap of the broad tail on the rowlock, a splash, a swirl in the water, and we stood looking where he disappeared, and we felt—well, if you are a fisherman you know how we felt.

As the dinner hour approached, a call from Farmer B. summoned us ashore, and a genial, hospitable gentleman we found him. He took pride in showing, for our amusement, the accomplishments of a fine pointer of which he is the owner. We had noticed him during the forenoon hunting in the willows along the river bank. We fished a short time in the afternoon and added six to our string, but the best of the fishing was had in the early part of the day. Our score numbered thirty-six black bass, one goggle-eye and a pickerel that tipped the scales at 2¼lbs., besides the aforementioned bullhead. Two better pleased anglers never beached their boat and took from it their catch at the end of a day's fishing; and I seldom joint a rod or bait a hook without thinking of that—my first day with black bass. BON AMI.

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, Pa.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

THE following letter from Col. Marshall McDonald, of the U. S. Fish Commission, to Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., is of great interest. Now that there is a prospect of having salmon in the river, as was evidenced by the capture of five er six adult specimens last year, it is important that steps should be taken to protect them not only while they are becoming established, but for all time. The recommendations of Colonel McDonald are excellent, and to the point. He writes:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 31, 1887.

Mr. A. N. Cheney:

DEAR SIR—I have been greatly interested in your communication to the Albany *Argus* in regard to salmon in the Hudson, but have been so overwhelmed with official work for weeks past, that I have not had time before to give it the consideration and thought it well deserves.

The success of the experiments already made with salmon, indicates that fish (fry) placed in the Hudson, are under favorable conditions for growth, and that after migrating to salt water they will return to the river to spawn.

To render the Hudson permanently a salmon river; furnishing a great addition to the food supply for the people; affording fine sport for the anglers and greatly enhancing the attractions of that section of the State drained by its headwaters; bringing greater influx of visitors, greater profits for your hotels and boarding houses, better markets for home supplies, profitable employment for guides and boatmen, and directly or indirectly profit to the community generally, three things are necessary:

First—To open the way over natural and artificial obstructions so that the sea-run-salmon may find a ready passage from salt water to the extensive and favorable natural spawning grounds at the sources of the river.

Second—To continue the work of artificial hatching and planting until an abundant annual run of salmon is established in the river.

Third—Stringently enforced laws for protecting fry, parr, grilse and salmon, from capture by any means whatever, for a period of years; and afterward by a close season and prohibition of their capture by other means than hook and line above tide water. Their capture in tide water should also be regulated.

During the past season, in October, I spent several weeks on the Mohawk, and gave it most careful study. The habitual clearness and purity of its waters and the low summer temperature, indicate favorable conditions for salmon. In these respects, and in the pale amber tint of the waters in mass, I was strongly reminded of the Tay in Scotland, which is a stream not so large as the Mohawk, but affords the finest salmon fishing in Scotland, and yields to the proprietors of its fisheries an annual rental of £40,000.

Above the falls at Cohoes there are no material obstructions on the Mohawk. The dam at Schenectady has now an efficient fishway, which will, I think, demonstrate to afford an easy and accessible passage for all species of fish; moreover the dam itself being only six feet high will be no obstacle to salmon which will readily pass any part of it in ordinary or full stages of water.

At Cohoes the total height of the fall to be overcome is about 110 or 120 feet, vertical. This locality presents unusual engineering difficulties; a part of the way would be through tunnel in solid rock, and all parts would have to be of the utmost strength. The cost of a fishway there would be from $15,000 to $20,000—to erect such a construction as I would recommend.

I think it would be wise to concentrate all interests concerned on the Hudson for the present. I do not know the aggregate height of the obstructions, natural

and artificial, on the Hudson. As a general estimate the cost of fishways would not exceed $100 per foot in height or fall of dam; that is, for a ten foot dam, $1,000. The fishways to be built in the strongest manner, giving four to six feet in width of water-way and thoroughly protected against damage. The fish chute in the dam at Troy, properly located, can be readily converted into a suitable fishway protected against damage at a cost of $1,000.

My experience in New York last fall, and studies based on that experience, has enabled me greatly to simplify and strengthen construction; and it also enables me to get rid of sand and mud automatically, so that none can settle in and clog the working of the fishways.

I note what you say in regard to strength of fishways; permanence of construction is a *sine qua non*. This is a question to which I have given special attention in studying the conditions to be encountered in your New York rivers, and there is no difficulty in assuring that fishways shall be as stable as the dams to which they are attached. This requires in general that they shall be covered, but there is no objection to this; indeed, it is, I believe, an advantage in the case of the bass and all of the *Salmonidæ*, and I am not sure that it is objectionable in the case of the shad. In regard to amount of water, I would say that a fishway easily practicable for salmon can be provided with a flow of water amounting to ten cubic feet per second or 625 pounds per second. The consumption of water in that case is equal to a little over one horse power for every foot of fall—or for a ten foot dam the loss of power by reason of the fishway would be equal to about twelve horse power.

A fishway of this capacity would be from three to four feet wide, would be covered with heavy timber and would receive the shock of ice, logs or timber without damage. Yours very truly, MARSHALL MCDONALD.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

AS our columns have always been open to the discussion of the effect of the menhaden oil and guano industry on the supply of food-fish, we quote the remarks of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island, in their report for 1886, in their entirety. They say:

The important problem whether the bay and coast fisheries should be protected by statute, is one that is fast solving itself. With few exceptions (those of shad and rock bass), this kind of fishing seems to be in a fair way of becoming extinct, or at least, so destroyed by the menhaden fishers and trappers, that instead of furnishing one of the cheapest kinds of food for the masses, it will become the dearest, as the extremely high prices which have ruled the past season show.

From information obtained from wholesale fish dealers of the prices of the various kinds of food-fishes natural to the waters of the State for the last five years, it is apparent that the prices have been steadily advancing, and the supply as steadily diminishing until the season of 1887 shows higher prices for nearly all food fishes than was ever known before. The only remedy which suggests itself to the Commissioners is a law preventing menhaden fishing in the bay or within three miles of the coast, and for the shore fisheries a close time law which can be enforced (the present law having been found by previous experience, difficult in this respect), should be enacted. Menhaden and other trap and net fishing is, in the opinion of the Commissioners, largely the cause of this scarcity of fish, and they are sustained in this belief by the reports of Commissioners of other States. As an illustration they quote from the report of the Commissioners of New Jersey, 1884-1885, page 8: "The colonies of fishermen at Seabright and Galilee were loud in their denunciation of the menhaden fishermen, and, as at Holly Beach, threats were made of procuring cannon and firing upon the marauding steamers. In speaking of this matter an old fisherman said: 'There is no certainty about the fishing. The oil fishermen destroy everything that comes in the compass of their immense nets, and spoil the fishing not only off shore, but in the bays and sounds along the Jersey coast.'

"They are always on the lookout, and at the first sight of a school of fish making for an inlet or skirting along shore, they are out with their boats, and in a twinkling the purse net is around the school, and all, pursued and pursuers, big and little, menhaden, bluefish, weakfish, drumfish, Spanish mackerel and all are gathered in to be ground into pulp and pressed for oil and manure, that a few rich monopolists may grow richer at the expense of the thousands who depend upon fishing for their bare existence. This thing is all wrong and should be stopped; it is crippling a great and vital industry and robbing the State. It robs the shore men of thousands of dollars every year. The oil manufacturers claim that they give employment to hundreds of men, but at the same time they are robbing thousands. One of the most profitable sources of income to the bay fishermen exists in catering to the anglers who come to the shore every year. They are growing fewer every season, because the fishing is being destroyed. These thousands of men spend money freely among the fishermen, farmers and boarding-house keepers. It is safe to say that for every dollar spent in the State by menhaden fishermen, the anglers spend hundreds. Nor is this all; the wholesale destruction of food fishes, as the bluefish, weakfish and mackerel, is a wicked waste of what Providence provides for the poor and hungry, and to continue to permit the piratical invasion of the menhaden boats along the coast in the face of a common protest, is a great wrong to the whole people. It was announced at the close of the season that the menhaden fishing had been unprofitable, and that the business would probably be relinquished by many of the companies. This looks like an effort to forestall legislation by quieting the opposition.

"It is to be hoped that it will not succeed in producing any indifference to the great evil which now exists and which will certainly continue until the last fish is caught or driven from the coast. The enormity of the business may be understood when it is known that over 200 steamers, each with a capacity of catching from 40,000 to 50,000 fish per day, are constantly patrolling the coast."

The Commissioners say that the same applies to the waters of their State, and some action should be taken which shall prevent this wholesale destruction of the shore and bay fisheries. So important has this subject become that Congress has been appealed to for special legislation in this matter.

MAINE WATERS.—Fishermen are preparing for the summer campaign. Going into one of Boston's largest dry goods jobbing houses the other day, the head of the firm brought me the catalogue of a well-known rod maker, with the remark that he was going to purchase a couple of rods, and he desired my advice in the selection. Of course I advised him to purchase no maker's rod without first seeing it. The gentleman is something of a novice in the business. It was only a year ago last June that he made his first trip to the Maine trout waters—the Seven Ponds—but he is none the less an enthusiast. He made that first trip at the earnest solicitation of a friend, but it converted him. He has talked a great deal about it since. Last year he was kept at the store by the illness of another partner—lately deceased. Mr. C. P. Stevens, whom I mentioned in a former letter as about ready to start for the woods to locate a camp he is building, with four of his friends, on the border of the Narrows, Richardson Lake, Maine, left a week and a half ago. Not a word has been heard of him since he left the settlement at Bethel. He there found four or five feet of snow, but also a report that there was a road up the lake to the Narrows, and a road from Sunday Cove to the Middle Dam. Mr. Stevens wrote that the next day he was to have his first experience on snowshoes. No fears are entertained for Mr. Stevens's safety, for he is in the good keeping of Adana Brooks and four or five other thorough woodsmen; only it is probable that the recent blizzards and snow storms have cut them off from the mails for a season. They propose to camp on the spot and get into the new camp as fast as it is built. It will hardly be *Vive Vale*—the name that the camp is to be called—at first up there. By the way, the telegraph made a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM get that name "Vine Vale" instead of the Latin term, which means to live well. This latter name has a sound something like grapes or strawberries, but Mr. Stevens and his fellows hardly expect to clothe that piece of the wilderness in "the figtree, the olive and the vine" just at present. To be honest about it, they prefer trout and about as much of wilderness thrown in as can be had to the square rod. As for grape juice—well, true sportsmen do not use it.—SPECIAL.

SALMON ANGLING IN MAINE.—The success of those who fished for salmon with the fly near Bangor, on the Penobscot last summer has attracted much attention, and we hear of several anglers who will visit Maine during the next salmon season to test their skill and the excellence of the fishing. The river has been well stocked during the years past, and the results of the plantings are now apparent. Last year there were many salmon taken by local anglers, most of whom were novices in fly-fishing, and several visitors from outside the State also fished the river, and their success was recorded in our columns. This has attracted attention far and wide, and the result will be a movement of anglers toward Bangor when the season opens.

SUBSCRIBERS who may chance to receive mutilated or defective copies will confer a favor by returning them to this office, and others will be supplied in exchange.

THE FISHING MAIDEN.

SHE was full of cunning crinkles, little tricks and wily wrinkles
to catch crabs and periwinkles in the waters of the bay.
She knew all the leading jobbers in fish tackle, reels and bobbers,
and she always caught the robbers that would steal her bait
away.
She could see without her glasses how to catch her trout and
basses, and she gathered in by masses victims of her wily
skill.
Only one thing was the matter—she could fish but couldn't flatter;
and that made the young men scatter—she could never fill the
bill. —*Seneca, in Railway Advocate.*

Fishculture.

THE GEORGIA COMMISSION.

THE fisheries and fishculture of Georgia comprise a department under the control of Hon. John T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture, assisted by Dr. H. H. Cary, Superintendent of Fisheries. We have the report of the Commissioner embracing the years 1885 and 1886, which contains several pages devoted to the fisheries, from which we learn that the subject of the artificial propagation of migratory fish that naturally seek the waters of Georgia, has never received the full meed of attention from the State authorities which its importance and peculiar interest demands. The supply of shad has greatly diminished within the last thirty or forty years, from several causes, chief among which is the increasing demand of the population, the facilty with which the fish may now be distributed to distant northern markets, and the consequent undue encroachment upon the supply of spawners. Every device has been resorted to at the shad fisheries in the endeavor to capture all the shad that enters the mouths of the rivers. In addition to this, most of the rivers of Georgia are so obstructed by dams that it is practically impossible for the shad to reach the upper waters. This not only deprives the dwellers in the up country of this source of fish supply, but the barely ripe spawners are hemmed in, so to speak, below these obstructions, and until quite recently were taken day and night by the fishermen.

Under date of Oct. 16, 1886, Superintendent H. H. Cary submits his fourth biennial report covering the time since his last report dated Oct. 16, 1884. A very limited appropriation has limited and embarrassed the work of fishculture, but with the means at his disposal the Superintendent has advanced the work of the Fish Commission as far as possible. He alludes to the fact that nearly all the rivers in the State have more or less obstructions to the passage of anadromous fishes to their spawning grounds, which consist mainly of dams constructed for milling or manufacturing purposes, and suggests that these may be overcome by the construction of fishways. From careful observations extending nearly the entire length of the Atlantic coast and of a portion of the Gulf of Mexico, he is satisfied that the shad is the only anadromous fish, with perhaps one or two exceptions, that would be profitable to attempt to propagate in Georgia.

In 1885 the Legislature passed an act authorizing the Commissioner of Agriculture to appoint one or more game wardens, who should have power to make arrests for violations of the fishery laws. Immediately after the passage of the act the Superintendent made a tour of inspection to most of the fisheries in the State, and found that little attention was paid to the laws at any point. In about a month after the appointments were made a second tour of inspection was undertaken, and it was found that the fishermen on receiving notification had promptly stopped fishing.

There is but one fishway in operation in the State, and there is no law requiring any. The one mentioned is in the dam at the head of the canal near Augusta, and was the result of the compromise between the State of South Carolina and city of Augusta. It has never received proper care and attention, and has been choked up with material brought down by the floods. The United States Fish Commission has made many plantings of shad in the State, and the fact is stated that before the artificial hatching and propagation of shad fry no shad appeared in the rivers that empty into the Gulf of Mexico, but now they have appeared in nearly every river emptying into the Gulf, not only in Georgia but in adjoining States. Grown shad have been taken both at Columbus and Albany. None have been taken, so far as known, in the Chattahoochee above Columbus, from the fact that they cannot pass the obstruction at that place. It is recommended that the fish wardens give the sturgeon the benefit of the protection which they extend to the other migratory fish, also that the State should take some action in the matter of oyster culture.

The number of carp ponds in the State is very large, and where proper attention has been given success has resulted.

THE RHODE ISLAND COMMISSION.

WE have received the annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Rhode Island for 1886. From it we learn that in January, 1886, 10,000 trout spawn were received from the U. S. Fish Commission, and were very successfully hatched, which, together with 30,000 other trout fry purchased by the Commission, were distributed in the various waters of the State. They also received from the U. S. Fish Commission, in May, 1886, 1,500,000 shad fry, which were placed in the head waters of the Palmer River, and from the same source 2,000 German carp were obtained in November, 1886, which have been freely applied for by parties interested in their culture.

Concerning salmon, it is the opinion of the Commissioners that if proper fishways could be constructed at the dams of the manufacturing companies along the Pawtuxet River to allow the fish to pass up and return to the salt water, that this fine stream could be restocked with this game fish.

The Commissioners state that from personal observations, as well as from information derived from other valuable sources, they are convinced that the efforts to re-stock the streams of the State with trout, which were once so plentiful, have been rewarded with a very satisfactory degree of success, and that the present system of placing a few thousand trout fry of the various kinds, which they can obtain from the U. S. Fish Commission, from other States and by purchase each year, would be a judicious course to continue to pursue.

Black bass continue to thrive and increase, and are being more highly valued each year as a food and game fish. At the May session, 1886, on petition of citizens of North Scituate, all restrictions upon the taking, or fishing for black bass were removed from Moswaneicut Pond, thereby allowing this fish to be taken at all times, not affording them any protection during the spawning season. This oversight has been brought to the attention of the General Assembly and will probably be corrected.

Since the State began the re-stocking of its waters with shad, this fish has shown the best results, as evidenced by the increased catch each year. It is a matter of doubt with the Commissioners whether the waters of the State are adapted to the successful cultivation of the German carp. The wide distribution of the present invoice may enable them to determine this more satisfactorily later on. In another column we give their views on the coast fisheries and the menhaden question.

THE WISDOM OF FISHCULTURE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 10 "Special" quotes the suggestions of a veteran Maine sportsman relative to game protection. The majority of his views are sound, and I for one heartily indorse them, but cannot agree with him on the subject of artificial propagation, for on many of our streams and rivers I believe propagation has solved the question of protection to an extent otherwise nearly impossible. For instance, we will take Crooked River, where our Commissioners so successfully operated this fall. Here some three miles of the favorite spawning beds of the *Salmo schago* lie surrounded by woods and away from habitations, the residents have from earliest history practiced spearing, and many of them to-day consider that they have a "divine right" to kill a spawning fish, and no one warden, be he paid ever so well, can thoroughly protect them. He may be able to procure evidence and prosecute, but even that is not protection in its fullest sense, for the mischief has been done, and the loss of one female fish heavy with eggs is great, and only time can repair the damage. And with the difficulty of procuring witnesses and unbiased juries, I believe an ounce of protection to be worth many pounds of prosecution. This year the Commissioners constructed a weir and pound as near the mouth of the river as was practical, and held and guarded every salmon that entered it. After delivering them of their eggs they were again returned to Sebago Lake without the loss of a single fish. Whether the million of eggs taken and now in the hatching house at Edes Falls prove a failure or not I am willing to let time decide, but will acknowledge that I shall be greatly surprised if good results do not come from them. Of one thing I am certain, that for once landlocked salmon have enjoyed protection while in Crooked River, and in no other way do I believe it could have been so efficiently accomplished at the same expense. For another locality where I think protection and propagation would go hand in hand take Roger's Brook, a tributary to Long Lake and a stream with which your correspondent "Special" is also familiar. Here again the spawning beds are surrounded by woods for a distance of nearly two miles, and I would not fear to wager that once a week during the spawning season, were I so disposed, I could take a salmon from it undiscovered, even if it were constantly guarded by two of the best wardens procurable, and they experienced guides; but the establishment of a weir by the Commissioners (and I have reason to believe it will be done next season) near the mouth of the brook for the purpose of taking eggs for artificial propagation would not only hold the fish where they could be better protected, but would, I believe, be productive of good results in stocking our waters. —J. C. MEAD.

THE PERILS OF FISHCULTURE.—R. J. Richardson has a game preserve three miles north of Dunbar's Hotel at Stillwater on the Beaver River, Adirondacks. Mr. Richardson procured some young fish at the State hatching house, and having two men to assist him, started with the fry for his preserve. Sheriff Hugh Mullen, of Lewis county, either by invitation or from curiosity to see the country, accompanied them. They drove to Dunbar's Hotel and thence to the end of the road 1½ m. toward the waters to be stocked. From there they were obliged to draw the fish the remaining 1¼ m. on a hand sled. This required much labor, and the Sheriff, who is a large, powerful man, took hold, for he is of that make that was never known to look on and see others work without taking hold himself; and in this case report says that he did more than the others. Not being accustomed to walking on snow shoes, he became much exhausted. They planted the fish and late in the afternoon started on their return to the hotel. The Sheriff became so paralyzed that he proceeded with difficulty. The two men soon left him behind with Richardson. They had not proceeded far,

when, crossing a pond, the Sheriff became so paralyzed that he could not walk nor even stand up, but sank down on the ice. Here he was abandoned by Richardson, who went to the hotel. When he arrived at the hotel he persuaded two young boys of Mr. Dunbar's to go back where he left the Sheriff. The boys said they found him lying on the ice with his head nearly buried in the snow by his struggles. He did not have on his overcoat, nor any mittens on his hands, and was insensible. His clothing being wet by perspiration caused by hard labor through the day, and lying on the ice for three hours or more since abandoned by Richardson, he had become chilled beyond sensibility. The boys put on his coat, and mittens on his hands, cut some evergreen boughs and put under him, and built a fire by his side. Thus, left alone with this almost dead man, the boys cut wood and kept a fire burning on the ice all that long night. In the latter part of the night one of the boys while chopping wood cut his foot so badly that he had to leave for home for fear of bleeding to death, thus leaving the youngest boy alone with the Sheriff. Although informed of the condition of affairs by the boys' arrival at the hotel, I am informed that Richardson and his men did not start out to render aid until after breakfast next morning. They carried the Sheriff to the hotel and sent for a physician, who, owing to distance, did not arrive until about midnight. The Sheriff was insensible for more than twenty-four hours, fourteen or fifteen hours of which he lay on the ice. He is still delirious and very low, and his recovery is doubtful. Two physicians attend him. Had the boys arrived an hour later life would undoubtedly have been extinct. Much blame is attached to Richardson and his two men for leaving the Sheriff to lie on the ice all night, when the whole party could have reached him from the hotel early in the evening.—NORTHWOODS. [Sheriff Mullen died at Stillwater last Saturday. He was a veteran of the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, and was shot through the right lung in the seven-days' battle. He was elected sheriff of Lewis county in 1875, and has served in that capacity ever since.]

THE SHORT LOBSTER LAW.—Boston, Mass., Feb. 28.—The law court has scored another victory for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, or more particularly for one of its most earnest workers, Mr. F. R. Shattuck. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have been made familiar with the celebrated short lobster cases which that gentleman has brought to trial, and they will remember that Mr. Augustus Russ, the attorney employed by a large number of the arrested lobster fishermen, asked the lower court to allow one of the fishermen to plead *nolo contendere* in the case of a few lobsters, and to allow him (Mr. Russ) to test the validity of the statute before the full bench. This the lower court concluded to allow him to do. Mr. Russ contended that the clause in the statute making the possession of lobsters under 10½in. in length *prima facie* evidence to convict was all wrong; that such evidence could not be construed as *prima facie*, and hence that the statute was faulty and could not be enforced. He has carried up this case, in an extended brief, to the full bench, and that body has rendered its decision. This decision maintains the validity of the law. Mr. Russ also claimed that the law is repugnant and inconsistent; that the complaint did not set out any criminal offense, and that the defendant could not be convicted under it. In overruling the defendant's exceptions, the court is of the opinion that the law is sufficiently clear and explicit in its provisions and that it is valid. The penalty is $5 for each offense, and now Mr. Shattuck proposes that the five or six other cases, which were to abide by the decision, shall walk up and pay the fines. He expects, however, as some of them are poor, that the plea of poverty will be set up, and that it may be claimed that the enforcing of the law is oppressive. Mr. Russ is full of fight in these cases, and his defense has several times taken on something of the nature of abuse, and it is very gratifying to the Fish and Game Protective Association to find that they are thoroughly sustained by the full bench. It is especially gratifying to find that the possession of game out of season, or of illegal proportions, can still be used as evidence to convict, since this clause is pretty generally interwoven into the fish and game protective statutes of the State. The lobster protective laws will continue to be enforced in Massachusetts, at least so long as Mr. Shattuck is able to look after the lawbreakers; and the public may soon look for more cases, provided certain fishermen do not suddenly begin to mend their ways. Speaking of lobsters, it is a curious feature of the present market that these shellfish are so scarce as to be worth a high price, and yet, according to Mr. Shattuck, the buyer gets about double the usual portion of shell and consequently half the usual quantity of meat; or, in other words, the lobster has not yet filled up his shell since the time he cast off his old one and donned the new. By April, however, these shells will begin to be full again, and by the last of May a lobster which now weigh's 3lbs. should weigh 4½lbs.—SPECIAL.

EVERY policy in The Travelers, of Hartford, is sure of payment whether any other policy holder pays or not; the Company has $8,055,000 assets and $2,089,000 surplus to rely upon.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 8 to 11.—Second Annual Dog Show at Buffalo, N. Y. Geo. H. Chadeayne, Secretary, No. 6 Brown's Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Feb. 28.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, 17 Murray street, New York.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence. Entries close March 15.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4697.**

TENNESSEE FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE first annual trials of the Tennessee Field Trials Association came off at Athens, Ala., commencing Feb. 15, and lasting three days. It was thought, until a short time before, that the running would take place at Galatin, Tenn., but after drawing the grounds the association decided to go to Athens. There was quite a good crowd present and the local sportsmen turned out in force, many of whom lent their aid to make the meeting a success, foremost among these latter it gives us pleasure to mention Dr. Moebes and John Tanner, Jr.

THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

It was decided to run the All-Aged-Stake first. This stake closed with nine entries, four pointers and five setters, many of these first class both in field and breeding qualities. As none of the judges named by the association were present, the owners and handlers without a dissenting voice decided upon Mr. B. Waters as their choice for judge, to which Mr. W. was very much opposed, but after being shown the necessity for using his great experience and talent in this work and the favor he would be granting, he reluctantly consented and right well did he fill the place. In our opinion a better selection could not have been made.

Tuesday opened very unfavorable, raining in the morning, but about 9 o'clock it was decided to start. The drawing resulted as follows:

A. M. Young's Dash Bryson, black and white English setter dog (Dan Bryson—Rose),

against

J. W. Besserer's Nortier, black, white and tan English setter dog (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

J. E. Gill's Richmond, lemon and white pointer dog (Don—Beulah),

against

J. R. Purcell's Flake of Flockfinder, lemon and white pointer bitch (Flockfinder—Ione).

Dr. R. Douglass's Fannie Whitfield, blue belton English setter bitch (Dash Bryson—Daisy Whitfield),

against

J. R. Purcell's Lady Spottswood, lemon and white pointer bitch (Flockfinder—Ione).

After driving three miles south of town the first brace was cast off in a very pretty bird country, but one in which too much stock had been pastured.

TUESDAY.

First Series.

DASH BRYSON AND NORTIER.

Dash Bryson, handled by Carlton, and Nortier, handled by Davidson, were cast off in an open cornfield. Both dogs went off at a good rate of speed, drawing the cornfield and a large field of sedge grass blank. They were then worked over into another sedge field, down a branch set with briers. At the edge of a thicket Dash made game and moved on. Nortier returned from a cast, came up the branch and pointed the bevy, Dash locating them about the same time. To order Carter flushed, shot and killed, Dash was unsteady to shot but stopped to order and to order retrieved. Moving on on scattered birds, in a ravine and branch, Nortier established two nice points on singles after being ordered out in the open, for which he got no credit. On the last point he was unsteady to wing. Ordered on, Nortier made an excusable flush down wind, both dogs being crowded by handlers. After drawing several fields blank, and being worked into a large open sedge field, Dash flushed three outlying birds of a bevy, and dropped to a point on the remainder. As Carlton went up the birds flushed wild, both dogs steady to wing. On after the scattered birds, dogs working close together and roading, two birds flushed wild, both dogs steady to wing. Before they were ordered on several more birds flushed. Sent on, Dash pointed in thicket. No birds. Moved on he established a nice point on a single. As the handler came up bird flushed wild, Dash steady. Running down edge of thicket Nortier pointed foot scent, discovered the bird was gone, roaded out into weeds and flushed, steady to wing. Just then another bird got up to Davidson's left, which he shot and killed. To order Nortier retrieved nicely. Ordered up at 12:03. Dash won. Down 2 hours 38 minutes. This was a very close heat, and was quite fast all the time, showing both dogs to be good stayers, Dash winning by his superior range, speed and style, though Nortier was not far behind him in either, showing himself to be a good dog.

RICHMOND AND FLAKE OF FLOCKFINDER.

At 12:30, Richmond, handled by D. E. Rose, and Flake of Flockfinder, handled by owner, were cast off in open sedge field to be hunted toward the lunch wagon. Soon after starting, Flake stopped to a flush of one of the scattered birds from the bevy that the other brace had been worked on, and while Richmond had been making a wide cast he stopped to the scent of some stink birds in grass. Flake coming up, backed for a moment, then broke her back, ran in and put them up. No more work was done before we reached the wagons and at 12:49 they were ordered up for lunch, for which the party were indebted to Mrs. Dr. Moebes. After lunch we drove about a mile, dogs cast off in large weed field which was drawn blank as was a swamp and some woods which the dogs were worked through. Working out into a field where the cover was very short, Richmond ran over two outlying birds of a large bevy while going at a great speed down wind, the Major at the same time hallooing to Flake to make her steady to wing, causing both dogs to come toward handlers, flushing the remainder of the bevy. Ordered on after scattered birds where they had been marked down in a fence row and in woods, Richmond wheeled to a point on a single in some briers; Rose flushed and shot, Richmond steady. Ordered on over the fence, Richmond picked up a single immediately after clearing the fence, Flake stopped to a back close up, broke her back before her handler got to her, ran in front of Richmond and pointed. Rose flushed, no shot, Richmond steady to wing, Flake a little unsteady. Sent on, Richmond soon established another point on a single in leaves, Flake not up to back, Rose flushed and shot; Richmond steady to wing and shot, remainder of covey flushing wild. Scattered birds were followed into a swamp, but the dogs were soon ordered out on account of water, and were worked out in open field for a fresh bevy. After drawing two wheat fields blank Flake pointed in sedge. As the Major went up two birds flushed, Flake broke, the Major shot and killed; Flake picked up the bird but would not retrieve. Ordered on in pines after scattered birds, Richmond going at great speed across wind, flushed a bird, stopped to wing when several more birds flushed wild. Ordered on, Richmond stopped to a point, but the bird flushed wild. Ordered on in pines, Flake pinned a single in good style; before her handler could get to her she moved her position and the bird flushed wild. Moving on, on bare ground, Richmond flushed a single down wind. Soon after this both false pointed and backed each other. After drawing several other large weed fields blank, Richmond, passing a plum thicket and catching scent, came back to the edge of the thicket and pointed. To order, Rose flushed, shot and killed. Flake broke shot and mouthed the bird, Richmond steady to shot. The judge threw the bird out and to order Richmond made a beautiful retrieve. Ordered up at 3:25, Richmond won. Richmond had the better range, speed and style. Flake is a very promising little bitch, but needs work. Down one hour and fifty-three minutes.

FANNIE WHITFIELD AND LADY SPOTTSWOOD.

At 3:30 Fannie Whitfield, handled by John Carlton, and Lady Spottswood, handled by owner, were cast off in open weed field to work on scattered birds of last bevy. Fannie flushed a single and was unsteady to wing, but soon established a point on one which flushed wild before her handler got to her. Ordered on across the hill near some briers Fannie pointed four birds and was well backed by Lady. To order Carlton flushed, both dogs unsteady to wing; ordered on down a thick ravine Lady pointed a single in good style; Fannie not up to back. To order the Major flushed, shot and missed, Lady broke shot. Moving on Lady established another point in thick weeds; as the Major came up the birds flushed wild. About this time Fannie, off to right, drew on and pointed when a single flushed wild, Fannie a little unsteady. Moving on around some brush Fannie established a point on single, as handler came up bird flushed wild and Fannie was a little that way herself. Moving on after another bevy Fannie made game at the corner of a cornfield, both dogs began roading; after going about 125yds. both pointed. Lady started and broke in followed by Fannie. Major shot and killed. Lady retrieved. Scattered birds were followed in wood, where Fannie soon pinned a single in good style. To order Carlton flushed and killed. Fannie broke shot and retrieved. While she was retrieving Lady pointed a single further down the hill for which she received no credit. Dogs were ordered up at 5:05. Fannie won. Down one hour thirty-five minutes.

Fannie had the advantage in range, style and speed. Both were sadly in need of work. This ended the work for the day and finished the first series with the following result:

First Series.

Dash Bryson beat Nortier.
Richmond beat Flake of Flockfinder.
Fannie Whitfield beat Lady Spottswood.

WEDNESDAY.

Second Series.

On Wednesday the party went five miles north of the town on the Bridgeforth Farm, where we found a large tract of open country.

RICHMOND AND DASH BRYSON.

At 10 o'clock Richmond and Dash Bryson were cast off in cornfield. Before starting the owner of Dash said if there was no objection he would put Dash in Mr. Davidson's hands for that heat. There being none Mr. D. took Dash in charge, Rose handling Richmond. Both dogs went off at great speed, and after drawing a cornfield and sedge blank, Richmond drew to a point on a nice bevy in cornfield. To order, Rose flushed, shot and killed. Richmond steady, and to order he made a nice retrieve. Dash not up to back but came rapidly in to report of gun, and Davidson found it rather hard to control him. At this time his owner asked consent to his putting him again in the hands of Carlton. Sent on after scattering birds in corn Dash pointed a single and was well backed by Richmond. To order, Carlton shot and killed, Dash unsteady and to order retrieved. Sent on Richmond made an excusable flush across wind and stopped to wing. Sent on, Richmond stopped to a point and the bird flushed wild, the dog being steady. Sent on to hunt for a fresh bevy, Richmond, at the edge of sedge grass, pointed a bevy. Dash, coming up from the opposite direction, stopped to a back. To order, Rose flushed. As the birds went directly over Dash, through courtesy to the other handler, Rose did not shoot. Sent on after scattered birds Richmond pointed a single on edge of branch. As Rose went up bird flushed wild. At 10:45 dogs were ordered up. Richmond won. Down forty-four minutes. In range and speed Dash had a slight advantage, but on point Richmond out-styled him and showed superior judgment. This ended the second series, Fannie Whitfield having a bye.

Tie for First Place.

RICHMOND AND FANNIE WHITFIELD.

After twenty minutes given Mr. Carlton to get Fannie up, at 11:30 Richmond and Fannie Whitfield were cast off to run for first money. After working some distance Richmond, while making a wide cast, made the typical point of the trials. Coming around on a clay bank he wheeled to a point on a covey in grass about twenty steps away. He stood with head high, neck slightly arched, tail a trifle elevated, and as motionless as a statue. In all our experience we have never seen a more taking picture. To order, Rose flushed, Richmond steady, Fannie not up to back. Sent on after scattered birds over fence in sedge grass both dogs pointed. To order, Carlton flushed, shot and killed. Fannie broke shot and to order retrieved. Richmond steady. Sent on Richmond made game and pointed. Fannie coming up forced him off point and the bird flushed out to one side. Sent on Richmond and Rose failed to find. After the dog was sent on one of the spectators kicked a bird out of thick grass just where the dog was pointing. After some other work around a sedge field, at 11:52 dogs were ordered up and the heat and first money were given to Richmond. Down forty-two minutes. In range, style and pace Richmond had decidedly the advantage. Fannie is a very industrious little bitch and if properly broken would make a good one.

Tie for Second Place.

FANNIE WHITFIELD AND DASH BRYSON.

After lunch Fannie Whitfield and Dash Bryson, the best two dogs beaten by Richmond, were put down to run for second money. At 1:07 they were cast off in a cornfield. Working toward some weeds, Fannie pointed a bevy and held them some time. Dash coming up down wind flushed an outlying bird and dropped to wing, the remainder flushing wild. Fannie steady. Following the birds over a fence, Dash pointed, went on and located a bird. Carlton flushed, but failed to shoot. Sent on, Dash pointed on foot scent. Fannie at same time began to road, Dash joining her. They roaded 100yds. across a cornfield, when Fannie pointed and Dash backed. To order, Carlton flushed, shot and killed. Both dogs unsteady. To order, Fannie retrieved. They were ordered up at 1:37. Down thirty minutes. Fannie was given the heat and second money. Dash had the range and speed; in style they were equal. Dash did not run up to his form in this heat, for while he had the advantage of the bitch in some respects, she outworked him on birds. The judge decided that Dash was entitled to third money under the rules, and it was so awarded. Following is the

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Dash Bryson beat Nortier.
Richmond beat Flake of Flockfinder.
Fannie Whitfield beat Lady Spottswood.

Second Series.

Richmond beat Dash Bryson.
Fannie Whitfield a bye.

Tie for First Place.

Richmond beat Fannie Whitfield, and won first prize, $75.

Tie for Second Place.

Fannie Whitfield beat Dash Bryson, and won second prize, $50.
Dash Bryson was declared winner of third prize, $25.

THE DERBY.

This Stake was commenced immediately after the conclusion of the All-Aged Stake. As Maj. Purcell preferred two judges Dr. Otto Moebes was agreed upon to act with

Mr. Waters, who had judged the All-Aged Stake. Ther were only five starters.

RUBY D. AND JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

At 1:47 Middle Tennessee Kennels' black, white and tan English setter bitch Ruby D. (Sportsman—Gem), handled by D. E. Rose, and Maj. J. R. Purcell's lemon and white pointer bitch Joy of Prince William (Flockfinder—Ione), handled by owner, were cast off in a big field near where the All-Aged Stake was concluded. After drawing some cornfields and weeds blank, Joy pointed a sparrow and Ruby backed. Soon after, in some weeds, a bird was flushed by spectators, dogs were turned back and sent after it, when it was flushed by one of the handlers. Sent on over a hill at the edge of sedge, Joy pointed a bevy. Ruby returning from a cast to the right came up on the other side and also pointed. To order, Maj. Purcell put up the birds, shot and killed. Joy broke shot notwithstanding the Major's efforts to restrain her. Ruby dropped to shot. Birds went down a ravine in woods and were not followed. Sent on over a hill Joy pointed a hare and chased. Sent on Joy false pointed. Then a large tract of open country was drawn blank. A bevy was flushed and marked by spectators, and the dogs were worked toward them. Joy pointed and was well backed by Ruby. To order, Maj. Purcell flushed and shot. Joy broke shot, Ruby steady. Sent on after scattered birds Ruby pointed on foot scent, and her handler coming up flushed the bird behind her. Sent on Joy pointed a hare. Taken up at 3:43, to be put down again next morning.

DON'S DOT AND LADY SPOTTSWOOD.

At 4 o'clock Mr. John Gill's liver and white pointer bitch, Don's Dot, (Vandevort's Don—Cremore) handled by D. E. Rose, and Major Purcell's lemon and white pointer bitch, Lady Spottswood, (Flockfinder—Ione) handled by owner, were cast off near where the last brace were taken up. After drawing several fields blank Dot pointed a bevy in sedge. To order Rose flushed, shot and killed. Dot steady and to order retrieved. Lady not up to back. Sent down a ravine after scattered birds, handlers flushed a single. Crossing a branch both dogs stopped to a point, Dot nearest bird. Rose put it up, both dogs steady. Sent on Lady pointed a single in grass, Dot coming up from an opposite direction stopped to a back. To order Major Purcell flushed, shot and killed. Lady broke shot, Dot steady. Sent on into another field Lady pointed a bevy in edge of sedge, and was stylishly backed by Dot. To order the Major put them up, but did not shoot; both dogs steady. Sent after scattered birds Lady false pointed and Dot backed. A little further on Dot nailed a single, Lady backed to order. Rose flushed and shot; Dot steady, Lady unsteady. At 5:23 dogs were ordered up. Down one hour and twenty-three minutes. Dot wins. In speed and style of going they were equal; in style on point Dot had decidedly the advantage. Dot showed good training, the other showed a need of it.

FRIDAY.

RUBY D. AND JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

At 9:55 Ruby D. and Joy of Prince William were cast off in a cornfield to finish their undecided heat. They were worked over a good deal of ground. In stubble both dogs began to draw and soon pointed, Joy standing to the right of birds, Ruby to left. Birds were flushed. Rose shot and killed; the bird fell just beyond Ruby and she dropped to shot. Joy broke shot. Sent after scattered birds in corn, Joy drew about and pointed and was backed by Ruby. No bird was found, and the Major claimed it was where some crows had flown from. As the birds were not well marked, the dogs were sent to hunt for a fresh bevy. After drawing a good deal of ground blank, Ruby pointed a bevy at edge of sedge. Joy, coming up, pointed the same birds. Rose flushed, shot and killed. Ruby dropped to shot, Joy unsteady. Ordered up at 10:55 and the heat given to Joy. Down, altogether, three hours and thirty-eight minutes. This was a very close heat. Ruby D. showed to be one of the best broken dogs in the trials, but was in no condition to run; was very soft. She had been tied up for three weeks, and had just arrived by express from Riceville, Tenn., where she had been bred to San Roy. This ended the first series, Flake of Flockfinder having a bye.

DON'S DOT AND FLAKE OF FLOCKFINDER.

At 11:06 Don's Dot and Major Purcell's lemon and white pointer bitch Flake of Flockfinder, handled by owner, were cast off in an orchard on the Nelson place and worked across a branch. Dot pointed in fine style a bevy that Flake had passed. Flake was called in and to order backed; birds were flushed but not shot at, dogs steady to wing. Sent on in corn Flake pinned a single in good style and Dot backed. To order, Major Purcell flushed and shot. Flake broke shot, Dot steady. After drawing a good deal of ground Flake pointed in corn and Dot backed a good piece off; the Major shot and killed, dropping his bird right at Dot's mouth. Dot picked it up at once and came in with it, Flake unsteady to shot. The scattered birds were followed. Flake false pointed. Sent on in sedge both dogs pointed about the same time. As her handler went up Flake jumped in and flushed. Dot was steady. Dogs ordered up at 11:50 and Dot given the heat. Down forty-four minutes. In pace and range they were equal; in style, especially on point, Dot had decidedly the advantage.

Tie for First Place.

DON'S DOT AND JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

At 12:07, Don's Dot and Joy of Prince William were cast off in sedge, where the other brace was taken up to run for first money. Joy did not show the dash that she had in her former heat, and it was some time before her handler could get her to leave his heels. After drawing a good deal of ground blank, Dot pointed in edge of weeds and Joy came up and pointed near her. Rose went in to flush but not finding, both dogs began drawing. After going about thirty yards they again pointed. Rose flushed a large bevy, shot and killed. Dot dropped to shot. Joy broke and got entirely from under control of her handler. Sent on after scattered birds, Dot made an excusable flush down wind. About this time a very hard rain began to fall, and the dogs were ordered up, and Don's Dot was declared the winner. Down thirty minutes. In speed and style there was little difference, but as a bird dog Dot out-classed Joy in every respect.

Tie for Second Place.

JOY OF PRINCE WILLIAM AND FLAKE OF FLOCKFINDER.

At 1:30, after the rain was over, Joy of Prince William and Flake of Flockfinder, both owned and handled by Major Purcell, were cast off to run a short heat for second money. After drawing a sedge field blank, on a hill Joy pointed, and the dogs were ordered up and Joy given the heat, the judges deciding that she was much the better of the two.

The judges being of the opinion that Ruby D. was the best dog previously beaten by Joy of Prince William, gave her third money.

SUMMARY.

The first annual Derby of the Tennessee Sportsman's Association, open to all setter or pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1885. Purse $90; $50 to first $25, to second, and $15 to third. Closed with eleven nominations, five of which filled.

First Series.

Joy of Prince William beat Ruby D.
Don's Dot beat Lady Spottswood.
Flake of Flockfinder a bye.

Second Series.

Don's Dot beat Flake of Flockfinder.
Joy of Prince William a bye.

Tie for First Place.

Don's Dot beat Joy of Prince William and won first prize.

Tie for Second Place.

Joy of Prince William beat Flake of Flockfinder and won second prize.

Ruby D. won third prize.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the executive committee of the National Field Trials Club, held at the Burnet House, this city, Feb. 21, for the purpose of investigating the charges against B. M. Stephenson and H. S. Bevan, for conspiring to defeat the dog Ben Hill at the trials of the club last December, action was as follows: The members of the committee present were Hon. Thomas A. Logan, chairman; General W. B. Shattuc, E. F. Stoddard, F. I. Stone and Colonel L. A. Harris. The investigation of the charges was the first business in order. Following is the text of the charge and specification:

"Charge—Unlawfully conspiring to defeat a dog in a field trial contest.

"Specification—That at the field trials of the National Field Trial Club, held at Grand Junction, Tenn., on the 16th day of December, 1886, in a heat wherein the dogs Ben Hill and Lillian were competing, the said B. M. Stephenson and H. S. Bevan unlawfully conspired together to pull and thereby defeat Ben Hill in the heat."

Letters were read from Messrs. Stephenson and Bevan. That from Mr. Stephenson was not satisfactory. Mr. Bevan stated that the explanation of Mr. Stephenson at the handlers' meeting at Grand Junction was correct. The investigation was then closed, and by unanimous vote Mr. Stephenson was declared guilty and expelled from the club and debarred from competing in any capacity at future meetings of the club. The case of Mr. Bevan was disposed of by proposing the following resolution:

"Resolved, That H. S. Bevan, by the unanimous vote of the executive committee of the National Field Trials Club, having been found guilty of misconduct at Grand Junction in the heat between Ben Hill and Lillian, is hereby debarred, from this date, from any participation whatever in any of the exhibitions or competitions of this Club, whether as owner, exhibitor, handler, or in any other capacity, from entering any dog or dogs therein, and that under no circumstances will any official recognition be extended to H. S. Bevan."

The committee on constitution and by-laws asked for an extension of time, which was granted.

After a discussion of the subject the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the executive committee the National Field Trials Club should be dissolved for the reason that its efficiency has utterly failed, the original reasons for its organization have not been fully observed and from many other causes its usefulness is impaired if not wholly destroyed.

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to take such measures as are provided by the constitution for the legal dissolution of the club and to report same to the executive committee.

Resolved, That, until the coming in of the report of the said committee, this club cease all active operations in the way of field trial exhibitions, etc.

Resolved, That when this meeting adjourns it adjourns subject to the call of the president for future action under these resolutions."

The committee appointed were Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Hon. T. A. Logan and E. F. Stoddard. The meeting then adjourned.

A meeting was at once convened for the purpose of organizing a new club. Gen. Shattuc called the meeting to order, and Mr. F. I. Stone, of Chattanooga, Tenn., was made temporary chairman, and Mr. C. W. Paris of Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected secretary. It was unanimously agreed that a new club be organized and the following were appointed a committee to draft constitution and by-laws: Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Hon. T. A. Logan and Col. J. W. Renfroe. This committee offered a report and submitted the following constitution and by-laws, which were adopted:

NAME.—This Association shall be known as the American Field Trial Club.

OBJECT.—The object of this club shall be to encourage the breeding of setters and pointers; to hold competitive trials wherein may be demonstrated by practical tests in the field the merits of individual dogs of such breeds; to make such trials elevating in tendency, instructive in method and refining in influence to encourage legitimate sport with the dog and gun, that thereby, as part thereof, the dog, the most intelligent of dumb animals, may be more highly appreciated, and finally, that gentlemen who favor these objects may be assured of honorable example and cordial fraternity.

CONSTITUTION.—The following shall be the constitution of the club:

ARTICLE 1. Officers.—The officers of this club shall be a President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Third Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer.

ART. 2. Board of Control.—There shall be a Board of Control of nine members.

ART. 3. Duties of the President.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the club and of the Board of Control, to propose such matters for consideration as, in his judgment, are for the benefit of the club, to announce the business before the meeting in its proper order, to state and put all questions properly before the meeting; to preserve order and decorum and to decide on questions of order (subject to appeal) and to do all within his power to advance the interests of the club in every direction. The president shall appoint the judges and provide for other necessary service for the trials, with the approval of the Board of Control. * * * *

ARTS. 4 and 5 define duties of secretary and treasurer.

ART. 6. Board of Control.—The Board of Control shall have entire charge of the management of the club. Four members shall constitute a quorum and it will require at least four affirmative votes to adopt any measure. The board shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting of the club and a majority of all the votes cast shall be necessary to a choice. At the first annual meeting there shall be elected a full board of nine members, three for a term of three years, three for a term of two years and three for a term of one year. At each subsequent annual meeting there shall be elected three members of the board to serve a term of three years next ensuing. The Board of Control may appoint a representative who shall act for them at field trials, in such matters as they designate.

Committee on Field Rules.—There shall be a committee of five of the Board of Control, whose duties it shall be to submit from time to time such changes in the field rules, for adoption by the board, as will be for the interest of all concerned. This committee shall be elected annually in the same manner as the officers of the Board of Control.

ART. 7 provides for annual election of officers, and Art. 8 for proxies.

ART. 9. Meetings.—The annual meetings of this club for the election of members of the Board of Control shall be held on the first Tuesday of January, at such hour and place as may be designated by the Board of Control through the secretary, who shall give written notice thereof to each member of the club at least fifteen days previous to said meeting, but it may be adjourned for cause, in which case officers shall serve until their successors are elected. Meetings of the Board of Control may be held at any time on five days' written notice from the president or any five members of the board. The Board of Control shall have power to remove by the affirmative vote of six members of the board any member of the board for any breach of the rules or conduct unbecoming a member, and shall have power to fill all vacancies.

ART. 10. Membership.—Applications for membership shall be made in writing and indorsed by two or more members of the club, and the applicant may be elected at any special or regular meeting of the Board of Control, by the unanimous vote of those present. To entitle any member to vote at the annual meeting, he shall have signed the constitution, and his initiation fee and all other indebtedness to the club shall have been paid in full. Those who are in arrears for dues 90 days from the annual meeting may be dropped from the list of members at the discretion of the Board of Control.

ART. 11. Expulsion.—Any member who shall act in a manner unbecoming a gentleman or disobey any of the rules of the club may be suspended or expelled from the club at any regular or special meeting of the Board of Control by five affirmative votes. The accused shall have at least a twenty days' notice of such meetings and copy of the charges against him.

ART. 12. Dues and Initiation Fees.—The initiation fee shall be $10, payable within thirty days of the date of the election of the member, and the annual dues shall be $10, payable on or before the annual meeting.

ART. 13. Resignations.—All resignations shall be in writing and addressed to the secretary, and may be accepted by a majority vote of the Board of Control, providing the member's dues and all indebtedness are fully paid.

ART. 14. Disqualification.—The Board of Control may bar a member or any other person from handling or entering dogs in any trials given under the auspices of this club for reasons satisfactory to a majority of the Board of Control, and no man barred by this or by any recognized club from making entries or handling, shall be permitted to enter or handle dogs in trials given by this club, and this rule shall extend to all dogs owned by such person but offered for entry in the name of another.

ART. 15. Expenditures.—No debts shall be contracted on account of the club without authority in writing of the Board of Control.

ART. 16. Quorum.—Five members present at any meeting of the club shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; in the event however of there being but five members present, any action taken must be by the unanimous vote of those present.

ART. 17. Amendments to Constitution.—This constitution may be amended by the affirmative vote of seven members of the Board of Control at any special or regular meeting, provided ten days notice in writing, together with a copy of the proposed amendment is given to each member of the board.

ART. 18. Rules, Regulations, Etc.—The Board of Control may adopt by-laws and pass, amend or repeal the same at any regular or special meeting and adopt special rules for the management of trials, etc., and regulations not conflicting with this constitution, provided that this does not authorize the Board to change the running rules, except at a proper time.

The charter members are: Gen. W. B. Shattuc, Hon. T. A. Logan, Col. J. W. Renfroe, F. I. Stone, B. P. Holliday, Hon. John S. Wise, Col. L. A. Harris, E. F. Stoddard, C. W. Paris. These also constitute the Board of Control.

Officers: President, W. B. Shattuc; First Vice-President, J. W. Renfroe; Second Vice-President, T. A. Logan; Third Vice-President, J. S. Wise; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Paris.

Committee on field trial rules, E. F. Stoddard, L. A. Harris, B. P. Holliday, F. I. Stone.

The running rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club were adopted, subject to a revision by the committee.

The first trials will be held next December, Messrs. Stone and Holliday to recommend to the Board of Control grounds for trials.

Entrance fee for the Derby, $10 to nominate and $15 additional to start.

Derby Stake to be $750, to be divided into three prizes, viz., $300, $250 and $200 respectively.

Entrance fee for the All-Aged Stake was fixed at $10 to nominate and $20 additional to start, prizes same as in Derby. Champion Stake entrance fee $50, prize $200. Three dogs required to start and run to a finish, and only winners of first prize in All-Aged Stake eligible to enter. Champion Stake to commence immediately after the running of the All-Aged Stake.

The meeting then adjourned. REPORTER.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.

AT a recent meeting of the committee it was deemed in advisable to take action on the proposed standards until after the spring shows of 1887, and it was so ordered. The subject of offering prizes to be competed for by members of the club at this spring's shows, was brought up and the following prizes and sweepstakes were decided upon:

FIELD SPANIELS.—For field spaniels, whelped in 1886, open to members only. To be decided at the spring show of the New Jersey Kennel Club. Entry fee, $3, with $20 added by the club to go to winner of first. Sweepstakes to be divided as follows: Forty per cent. to winner, 30 per cent. to breeder of winner, 20 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Entries close on March 10, with the secretary, at 17 Murray street, but all entries must be previously made in their regular classes at the Newark show (entries for which close on March 5.

COCKER SPANIELS.—For cocker spaniels, whelped in 1886, open to members only. To be decided at the spring show of the New England Kennel Club, Boston (April 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1887). Entry fee $3, with $20 added by the club to go to winner of first. Sweepstakes to be divided as follows: Forty per cent. to winner, 30 per cent. to breeder of winner, 20 per cent. to second and 10 per cent. to third. Entries close on March 10, with the secretary, at 17 Murray street. All entries to be made in their regular classes at the Boston show.

Special Prize.—For the best clumber spaniel, owned by a member of the club, exhibited at the New York show, $10. For the best spaniel (any breed) owned by a member of the club, exhibited at the Buffalo dog show, $10.

A. CLINTON WILMERDING, Sec'y.

17 MURRAY STREET, New York, Feb. 20.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entry books for the spring show of the New Jersey Kennel Club will remain open until March 8. They will close promptly on that date. Following is a list of the judges: K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J., St. Bernards; Chas. E Wallack, New York, mastiffs; Jacob Pentz, Brooklyn, N. Y., pointers and setters; S. R. Hemingway, New Haven, Conn., spaniels; A. S. Apgar, New York, and Martin Dennis, Yonkers, N. Y., collies; L. and W. Rutherfurd, New York, fox-terriers; Norman Elmore, Granby, Conn., beagles and basset hounds; J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Canada, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, pugs, dachshunde, bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, Irish terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Bedlingtons, poodles and miscellaneous and selling class. Colin D. Anderson, New York, Skyes, Yorkshires, King Charles, Blenheim spaniels and toy dogs.—A. CLINTON WILMERDING, Secretary.

THE DENVER DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first dog show of the Denver Kennel Club was held here last week. Many fine dogs were on exhibition and I understand that the club are so well satisfied with the results that they will give a show each year. The judges were Mr. E. E. Pray, pointers and setters; Mr. C. G. Page, greyhounds; and Mr. E. F. Thomas the remaining classes. I send a list of awards; many of the stalls had no name of dog attached and consequently I can in some cases give only name of owner. In nearly all classes dogs and bitches competed.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, F. C. Graves's Max; 2d, H. R. Walker's Humbold.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, F. C. Bair's —; 2d, F. McKinney's —.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, W. Baker's —.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. N. Jenkin's Nebraska Jack; 2d, J. Winfield's Dude. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Winfield's Big Casino; 2d, J. Masconi's Lady Trump. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. G. Lighthall's Gold Dust and Blue Wing. Very high com., C. F. Hoeckle's Fly and L. H. Gilmore's Nada.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, J. Masconi's Denver Belle; 2d, E. N. Jenkins's Happy Jack.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, J. Manat's Joe.

POINTERS.—1st, H. M. Bostwick's Rebel. Com., R. A. Morrison's —.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—1st, A. H. Jones's Paul; 2d and high com., J. Arnaud's Prince Keys; 3d, W. Hawkins's Sport. Very high com., L. H. Gilmore's Don and F. Lyndhurst's Shevron. Com., W. Belfield's Dave.

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, T. White's —; 2d, R. W. Brown's Judy; 3d, J. R. Walsh's —. Very high com., J. Jones's Buff II., E. Farder's Biddy and W. H. Carter's —. High com., Mrs. D. J. Eziekiel's Sam and J. W. Coolidge's —. Com., W. H. Lawrence's Hunt.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, G. P. Borden's Ben Hur; 2d, L. Appleman's Monk; 3d, J. Jones's Grouse.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, M. Krause's Obo K.; 2d, Slater's Cute.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. D. Todd's Jet II.; 2d, W. S. Downing's Dixey. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, M. Krause's Gipsey and Josey; 2d, C. Barron's Gipsy.

COLLIES.—1st, H. Rathvon's Kit; 2d, Dr. A. G. Roger's Noche.

BULLDOGS.—1st, A. Park's Sullivan; 2d, O. Gardner's Dick.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, M. Rainey's Pat; 2d, P. Williams's Tough.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—T. W. Bartel's Trix; 2d, L. Dingle's Rags.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, S. L. Bigelow's Hero; 2d, A. Carman's Dolly; 3d, Miss Annie Zips's Judy. Very high com., S. K. Bigelow's Rats.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, C. W. Dunmore's —; 2d, M. Clements's —; 3d, Dr. B. W. Rogers's —.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. A. M. Andrews's Lucky; 2d, Mrs. V. Weinier's Mingo. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. H. C. Farrar's Fannie; 2d, Mrs. E. J. Binford's Susie; 3d, E. L. Keehan's Fannie. *Puppies:* 1st, E. L. Keehan's Punch; 2d, Mrs. Onthank's Beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, H. Altman's Hector; 2d, H. Dauphine's —. Very high com., L. H. Gilmore's Pelon. High com., L. Smith's Barney. Com., Miss Frounstine's Booze.

Several special prizes were awarded that went to winners in their respective classes. The prize for the best collection of sporting dogs was awarded to C. F. Hoeckel, and for the best collection of hounds to J. M. Norman. DENVER.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 18.

THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Clumber spaniel standard adopted by the English Spaniel Club, in the description of the coat, there appears to be a grave error. It reads thus: "Coat.—Long, plentiful, soft and straight." Surely there must be some oversight or misprint in this! It is universally acknowledged that the coat of the Clumber spaniel should not be long except in feather; of course it is long in comparison with that of the fox-terrier, but it is considerably shorter than that of the other large breeds of spaniels. I quote the two leading authorities on the dog, Vero Shaw and "Stonehenge." The former writes in his "Illustrated Book of the Dog," as follows: "The coat should be silky, but quite free from any curl, which is a most objectionable feature in a Clumber spaniel's jacket. Though profuse the coat should not be too long, as it would interfere with a dog when at work in a covert. The latter, in "The Dogs of the British Islands," says: "The coat must be soft and silky, slightly wavy, and though abundant, by no means long except in feather." This, I take it, shows pretty conclusively that in the opinion of these eminent authorities, the coat of the Clumber spaniel should not be long. It stands to reason that a short coat, comparatively speaking, when at the same time as dense as that of the Clumber, should be better adapted to thick, thorny coverts, and at the same time to marsh, and consequently water, shooting, than a long one.—CLUMBER.

NOTES.—Mr. German Hopkins, well known in England as a breeder and exhibitor of fox-terriers, has recently arrived in this country and is to take charge of the kennel of Mr. August Belmont, Jr.....Mr. C. Fred. Crawford has returned to his old love and has re-purchased an interest in the Blackstone Kennel, and is now the owner of Foreman and Plantagenet. These two, with the recently imported Royal Albert, and some promising youngsters, will make a strong team for the spring shows....The New England Kennel Club announce that at their coming show a "lunch will be served in the dining-hall from 12 to 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the first day of the show, to which all exhibitors are cordially invited as guests of the club."....The Pacific K. C. has voted to purchase one or two good non-sporting dogs to be owned by the club and used for stud purposes. The breed particularly mentioned is St. Bernard. Members desiring to contribute to the fund should communicate with the secretary, Mr. James E. Watson, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal. This is a step in the right direction and the example is one that other clubs throughout the country may follow with great benefit to themselves and the public.

THE PROVIDENCE DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rhode Island Kennel Club offers at its inaugural bench show, March 29 to April 1, special kennel prizes, each kennel to consist of four or more dogs shown by one exhibitor, as follows: For the best kennel of mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, deerhounds, beagles, English setters, Irish setters, pointers, spaniels (field or cocker), collies and fox-terriers, $25 each. For the best kennel of Gordon setters and pugs, $15 each. For the best kennel of bull-terriers, to consist of three, shown by one exhibitor, Mr. E. S. Porter, New Haven, offers $25. The Royal Disinfectant, furnished by Brown Bros. & Co., Providence, R. I., will be used to deodorize the show. A. G. Spalding & Bros. will feed the dogs on "Challenge Food."—NATHANIEL SEABURY, Secretary (Providence, Feb. 28).

THE NEWARK SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Everything points toward a large and successful show at Newark. The medals and diplomas offered are very handsome; the latter will accompany every award from that of champion down to commended. The neat, not to say ornamental, new benching of Spratts (used here for the first time) will without doubt attract many visitors. The attention of all puppies intending to visit this show to exhibit themselves is called to the fact that their menu will be particularly inviting, as it consists of broth, milk and puppy food. Certificates for returning the dogs free will be required by the Baltimore & Ohio and the American Express companies; other companies do not demand it. These certificates may be had of the secretary on application to him at the show.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—The premium list of the New England Kennel Club's third annual dog show is ready for distribution. The prizes offered are liberal. The kennel prizes especially are well worth competing for, each kennel to consist of four or more owned by one exhibitor. The best kennel of mastiffs will receive two cash prizes, one of $50 and one of $25. The best kennel of St. Bernards will receive the same. Deerhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, field or cocker spaniels, beagles, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and King Charles spaniels each have kennel prizes of $25 each. The best stud dog, with two of his get, in many classes will receive the club stud dog medal. Many valuable special prizes are already offered, and the list is constantly increasing. Following is a list of the judges announced: Mastiffs, St. Bernards and pugs, James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I. Irish and Gordon setters, Wm. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y. Pointers, English setters, greyhounds, deerhounds and foxhounds, John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Spaniels, A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York. Collies, S. T. Mercier, England. Bulldogs, fox-terriers, Newfoundlands, dachshunde, basset hounds, Italian greyhounds and poodles, Ronald H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa. Bull-terriers, Thomas R. Varick, Manchester, N. H. Beagles, H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y. Remaining classes, Edward Lever, Philadelphia, Pa. Veterinarian, Dr. George Walton, Boston. Superintendent, John Read. Entries close March 19.

"OUR PRIZE DOGS."—Mr. Chas. H. Mason will devote the coming dog show season to the compilation of a book with the above title. Each dog winning a prize at Buffalo, Newark, Providence, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Hartford and New York will be accurately and fully described, giving age, owner, breeder, sire and dam, color and markings, with weight and height when necessary, as well as an impartial criticism of both the good and bad qualities of each animal. The work will be handsomely bound and profusely illustrated with photographs from life of not less than fifteen typical specimens of the more prominent breeds. Mr. Mason informs us that it is his intention to publish such a work each year, if the venture is sustained by the public. That the work will be heartily welcomed by exhibitors, breeders and buyers throughout the country there is not the slightest doubt. We know of no one so competent to compile such a work as Mr. Mason, and we have no doubt that "Our Prize Dogs" will win for its author both fame and shekels.

THE BUFFALO DOG SHOW.—The prospects for a good show at Buffalo next week are encouraging. There will be quite a number of dogs shown that have been recently imported, some of them having a world wide reputation. The owner of the celebrated greyhounds Balkir and Lancashire Witch informs us that they will be sent to Buffalo if in good form. Mr. Thayer will also show his new fox-terrier Raby Mixer. We have also heard whispers of a mastiff or two that will open the eyes of fanciers of the breed. Exhibitors should bear in mind that the entries close March 5.

DEATH OF GLENCHO.—Mr. Wm. H. Pierce has had the misfortune to lose by death his Irish setter dog champion Glencho. He died on Monday from pleuro-pneumonia. Glencho was well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, having often been described in our reports of shows. He was a noted winner on the bench, and said to be a capital performer in the field. Mr. Pierce will find it hard to replace him.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Buck Noble and Count On Me. By O. D. Thees, New York city for one orange belton and one blue belton English setter dog whelped Nov. 5, 1886, by Buckellew (Druid—Ruby) out of Bessie Noble (Count Noble—Lady May).

Countess Flora K. By Ad J. Klofanda, Eau Claire, Wis., for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1886, by Clipper (Ponto—Meg Merrilies) out of Rosa (Snap Shot— ——).

Western Bang Bang. By Ad. J. Klofanda, Eau Claire, Wis., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394) out of Ferry (Tammany— ——).

Perseus and Pandora. By E. Eschenbach, New York city, for white, black and tan markings dog and white, black markings fox-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1886, by Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite) out of Hazel (Raby Tyrant—Fay II.).

Captain Bogardus. By Dr. W. F. Spring, West Winsted, Conn., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1886, by Captain Fred (Pete, Jr.—Woodbridge Nellie) out of Lady F. (A.K.R. 2744).

Wilkes. By J. H. Conklin, New York city, for white bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 15, 1886, by Saxon (A.K.R. 1703) out of Dr. Wauner's Nellie (Saxon—Zook).

Diana. By Swail & King, Belvidere, Ill., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by Prince (A.K.R. 1968) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Donald III. By W. T. Payne, New York city, for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 14, 1887, by Lord Palmer (Donald II.—Lady Bang) out of Sweet Brier (A.K.R. 2748).

St. Lawrence. By Dr. Abbott, Montreal, Canada, for red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 1, 1886, by Sarsfield (Garryowen—Curror Bell II.) out of Florrie (A.K.R. 2679).

Badger State Kennel. By Ad. J. Klofanda, Eau Clare, Wis., for sporting dogs.

NAMES CHANGED.

Go Bang to Saskatchewan. By Manitoba Kennels, Winnipeg, Man., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June, 1886, by Bang Bang out of Phœbea.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Lady Snow—Bracket. Floyd Vail & G. L. Wilms's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Snow (A.K.R. 3651) to Graphic Kennels' Bracket (Graphic—Bloomo), Feb. 24.

Judy Obo—Shady. Geo. E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu) to F. H. Perrin's Shady (A.K.R. 3085), Feb. 22.

Suzette—Newton Abbot. W. T. Payne's (New York city) spaniel bitch Suzette (Sport—Suwanee) to A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot (Black Prince—Newton Abbot Lady), Feb. 24.

Bizreena—Glenmar. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Bizreena (A.K.R. 2876) to their Glenmar (A.K.R. 2881), Jan. 22).

Nell II.—Jim. Onota Kenuels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Nell II. (A.K.R. 2034) to their Jim (Elcho—Jim), Feb. 8.

Vida—Riot. P. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Vida (Ringwood—Belle) to A. C. Krueger's Riot (Rattler—Spider), Feb. 21.

Excellence—Riot. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Excellence (Bannerman—Rena) to his Riot (Rattler—Spider), Feb. 14.

Roxana—Racer. P. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Roxana (Ringwood—Belle) to A. C. Krueger's Racer (A.K.R. 4504), Feb. 20.

Bannergirl—Racer. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bannergirl (A.K.R. 4007) to his Racer (A.K.R. 4504), Feb. 21.

Maggie—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Maggie (Sport—Fannie) to his Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), Feb. 27.

Trixy—Cameron's Racket. P. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Trixy (Ringwood—Belle) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), Feb. 22.

Lill—Cameron's Racket. F. Eibel's (Lancaster, Pa.) beagle bitch Lill to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), Feb. 18.

Polly—Cameron's Racket. J. Annin's (Caledonia, N. Y.) beagle bitch Polly to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), Feb 17.

Nellie II.—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Nellie II. (Victor—Nellie) to his Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), Feb. 15.

Thorn II.—Flute Ringwood. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Thorn II. (Sport—Thorn) to his Flute Ringwood (Ringwood—Trinket), Feb. 18.

Wrightsville, Pa., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 24, appears the notice of the breeding of E. W. Jester's beagle bitch Freckles to my Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010). This is an error as Freckles was bred to my Racer (A.K.R. 4504). Please make the correction.—A. C. KRUEGER.

WHELPS.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Cadess. Weimer & Lincoln's (Boston, Mass.) rough St. Bernard bitch Cadess (Cadwalader—Myra), Feb. 14, two one dog), by Blakemoore's Bayard III. (Bayard, Jr.—Hero); dog since dead.

Belle B. L. A. Boli's (Hamilton, O.) English setter bitch Belle B. (A.K.R. 3564), Feb. 19, nine (five dogs), by Count H. (A.K.R. 3338).

Daphne II. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Dapane II. (A.K.R. 489) Feb. 23, nine (four dogs), by E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince.

Bernaline. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Bernaline (A.K.R. 3239), Feb. 18, eleven (six dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Rudolph II.

Lyra. Charles Wills's (Newburyport, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lyra (Alp II.—Brenner), Feb. 22, eight (three dogs), by Duke of Lancaster (A.K.R. 2802).

SALES.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Colleen Bawn. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 20, 1886, by Dirk out of Maud II., by J. C. Lester, Parkville, Conn., to Harry A. Fletcher, Woodfords, Me.

Buckellew—Count Noble whelps. One orange belton English setter dog and bitch and one blue belton dog, whelped Nov. 5, 1886, by Oscar D. Thees, New York city, one each to C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn., Henry Pape, Hoboken, N. J., and Thos. Ebert, New York city.

Boy. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1884, by Lee out of Diana, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I.

May Belle II. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 4, 1884, by Lee out of May Belle, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I.

Mars. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped April 3, 1886, by Lee out of Venus, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to F. McKie Thayer, Colorado Springs, Col.

Juno. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 4, 1886, by Lee out of Flight, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to F. McKie Thayer, Colorado Springs, Col.

Black Knight. Black cocker spaniel dog (A.R.R. 3448), by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to J. P. Willey, same place.

Bang Bang—Ferry whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by J. F. Rivers, Bridgeport, Conn., to P. McGill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marquis. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 20, 1886, by Merchant Prince out of Nun, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to J. B. Stacy, Pulaski, Tenn.

Apollinaris. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 16, 1886, by Apollo out of Brunhild, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to J. B. Stacy, Pulaski, Tenn.

Norfolk. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 4, 1886, by Essex (A.K.R. 931) out of Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Elwyn W. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

Johnny III. Lemon and white clumber spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1886, by Johnny out of Jess, by Jos. Hickson, Montreal, Que., to Dr. Languiard, Boston, Mass.

Sensation's Rose. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1886, by Sam out of Fan, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., to J. Bardwell, Chicago, Ill.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

IF "SAGAMORE" will write to me and give his address, I will tell him just how to cure his puppy. I speak from experience. Not one veterinary in a dozen will do him any good.—E. N. BURR (Box 189, Kansas City, Mo.).

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIXTURES.

March 10.—Hiram Furth, of Erie, Pa., against R. E. Sheldon, of Cleveland, O., at Erie, Pa.

March 16.—Fitchburg, Mass., Climax Badge Tournament. A. W. Baker, Jr., Secretary.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

REVOLVERS.—I am very glad to see that some one besides myself is interested in revolvers, and the able article written last week in FOREST AND STREAM coincides exactly with my own experience. Why is it that manufacturers of arms who provide a light, short-barreled revolver with rifle ammunition, do not carry out the same principle and provide cannon ammunition for their rifles? They seem to be under the impression that a pistol with a 2in. barrel, handle at an obtuse angle with line of recoil, and held with one hand, should be able to carry heavy balls with the same relative accuracy as a rifle having in turn light ammunition, held by two hands, and braced by the shoulder. This is, of course, wrong, and goes without saying, and still it is seen every day. I have had many pistols but have yet to find a good shooter. In the first place the average revolver is made on bad principles, and in consequence when fired the muzzle flies up and throws the ball up too. What is the reason? Simply this, that the horizontal line of recoil is met by the resistance of the handle at an obtuse angle, the handle is forced down into the hand, hence the muzzle naturally goes up. Now if the handle were placed at an acute angle the muzzle would go down and so to correct this fault the axis of the handle should be at right angle with the recoil. Colt's revolvers come as near to this as any. Now for weight. This, of course, should be arranged according to size of cartridge required. Say we take a .32-cal. S. & W. double action as an example (an elegant pistol in its way but too light). This pistol should have barrel double the thickness and so heavier (and for practice), 2in. or more longer, and the metal carried well out to muzzle so as to keep it steady, the cartridge to contain same amount of powder (or less), but ball shorter and very much lighter, reduced by one-half if possible. This pistol, with the right-angled handle, of fair size, made with the usual exactness of the S. & W. or Colt's, would be an arm of accuracy, and no doubt would fill the want where at present there is none such. I would like to see more written on this subject, as it may be the means of the turning out of a better revolver.—PISTOL.

ZETTLER DEFEATS NEW YORK.—New York, Feb. 24.—Return match between the New York Rifle Club and the Zettler Rifle Club at the Twelfth Regiment Armory; Creedmoor rules and targets, graduated to distance 156ft.:

New York, J. Duane, Captain.		Zettler, A. Lober, Captain.	
A Howlett	5445554555—47	M Dorrler	5555555455—49
J Duane	5554444454—44	B Zettler	5444455545—45
M Herrington	4555555444—46	C S Zettler	5545554554—47
T Mahoney	4545455455—46	V Steinbach	5554454455—47
T J Dolan	5554444554—45	B Walther	5455554555—48
N O Donnell	5555544554—47	J Wiegler	4555555555—49
C Edgar	4544554545—45	M B Engel	5545365555—49
A McInnes	5455554444—43	G Zimmerman	5555544455—47
T Frost	4444444445—41	M L Riggs	5554454445—45
L V Sone	5455555554—48	A Lober	5555554454—48
	452		474

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 23.—A few of the members of the Worcester Rifle Association braved the driving snowstorm and at Pine Grove Range celebrated Washington's Birthday. Shooting off-hand, 200yds.:

A O White	7	10	7	10	9	8	8	9	7	10—85
A Brown	8	10	7	10	8	8	8	7	9	10—85
T Leighton	10	9	8	7	10	8	7	7	7	8—81
J French	10	7	7	9	5	7	7	9	8	9—78
V W Eames	8	7	10	7	10	6	8	7	7	6—76
C D Eames	9	6	9	5	8	10	6	6	8	6—73

BOSTON, Feb. 22.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association held an all-day shoot at their Walnut Hill range to-day. Matches C and F closed. Appended are the scores of the team match and the names of winners in the matches which were finished:

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

W O Burnet, A	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	9	7	6—89
W Charles, A	6	10	9	10	8	7	10	10	10	8—88
G Ellsworth, C	10	6	10	10	10	00	7	10	8	7—88
H Cushing, C	10	9	8	5	9	9	8	8	10	10—86
C E Berry, A	9	8	7	9	7	8	10	9	8	10—85
W H Oler, A	8	10	8	10	9	9	7	9	8	7—85
R Dadman, A	9	7	9	7	8	10	8	6	9	10—83
J B Fellows, D	6	10	9	9	9	10	7	8	6	9—83
A L Brackett, D	8	8	7	9	8	9	5	10	9	10—83
Henry, D	5	10	10	9	6	5	10	8	10	8—81
Wright (mil.), A	10	7	9	7	10	8	8	7	6	7—79
H Severance, A	7	8	6	10	9	6	7	10	8	7—78
N F Tufts, A	6	10	7	9	9	6	5	7	9	9—75
R Davis, C	7	8	10	5	7	9	9	5	8	6—74
N Newton	3	9	5	10	6	7	8	9	9	7—73

Rest Match, 200yds.

G Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
D L Chase	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9—98
H Severance	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	9	9—95

Team Match, 200yds.

First Team.		Second Team.	
W Charles	85	J B Fellows	70
Ellsworth	81	W Henry	77
H Severance	78	W O Burnet	74
A L Brackett	76	C E Berry	74
W Gardner	62—382	O Lost	55—359

Prize Winners Decimal Handicap Match.

H Cushing	84	86	87	88	89	—434	10	—444		
J Francis (mil)	80	80	81	83	85	—409	25	—434		
J P Bates	72	72	74	75	78	—371	60	—431		
W Charles	84	84	85	86	86			—425		
G F Ellsworth	81	81	86	86	88			—422		
W Gardner	75	76	76	79	79	—385	25	—410		
J N Frye	75	76	76	77	79	—383	25	—408		
H Withington	71	72	72	73	78	—360	45	—405		
W Henry	75	76	76	78	84	—389	15	—404		
R Davis	79	73	74	78	81	—375	25	—400		

Rest Match Winners.

J Francis	100	100	100	100	100			—500		
S Wilder	99	99	99	99	99	—495	5	—500		
D L Chase	100	100	100	98	90			—498		
N Washburn	99	98	98	98	97			—490		
H Severance	99	98	96	95	95	—483	5	—488		
J R Munroe	97	96	96	95	99			—478		

WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 22.—A team of the Wilmington Rifle Club went to Wyoming, Del., this morning to shoot the match which had been arranged with the rifle team of Company E, D. N. G., and not only brought home victory, but the recollection of one of the most pleasant trips ever taken. A dinner was served, and the shooting immediately followed, occupying all of the afternoon. Considering the stiff wind that was blowing there were very few wild shots. The following are the scores on standard American target out of individual possible 100 points and team possible 800:

Wilmington team, 200yds.		Wilmington team, 100yds.	
C Heinel, Sr	67	H B Seeds	83
J B. Bell	62	C Heinel, Sr	81
H B Seeds	55	J B Bell	77
W F Seeds	51	W F Seeds	72
W O'Connor	51	J E Newman	67
J E Newman	49	W O'Connor	63
E M Clark	47	H Simpson	61
W A Bacon	44	E M Clark	60
	426		564—990

Company E team, 200yds.		Company E team, 100yds.	
J T Moore	61	C M Carey	71
C M Carey	47	F H Thomas	71
D W Black	46	D W Black	70
F H Thomas	41	H B Sterner	67
J W Carpenter	41	J W Carpenter	66
S H Thomas	36	S H Thomas	63
H B Sterner	36	M A Jones	63
M A Jones	38—341	J T Moore	60—531
Allowance for mil. rifles	40	Allowance for mil. rifles	40
	381		571—952

The Wilmington Rifle Club now holds the cup subject to challenge from any team of riflemen, either military or citizen, in this State, on the same conditions as those by which it was won. It is expected that the Company E team will shoot a return match with the Wilmington club in this city in a short time.

OAKLAND, Md., Feb. 22.—Washington's Birthday was celebrated here by a target match, which was participated in by two militia companies from Cumberland, one from Frostburg and the Garrett Guards, of this place, composing the second battalion. The match was held to obtain a team which will take part in the great national contest at Washington, D. C., in May next. There will be eight marksmen only from this battallion to take part in the Washington contest, and those making the highest eight scores in the match to-day will be entered for the national match. The shooting was at a regular Creedmoor target, 200, 300, 500 and 600yds., standing at the first, kneeling at the second, and lying down with the head to or from the target at the third and fourth distances. The shooting took place under the most unfavorable circumstances, weather cold and wind blowing a steady gale, possible 25 at each range:

	200	300	500	600			200	300	500	600	
Wardwell	15	21	18	12	—66	Stoyer	20	21	17	11	—69
Gordon	12	14	9	6	—41	N C Browning	16	14	19	8	—57
Chisholm	19	16	16	17	—68	Hunt	20	14	3	8	—45
Jamison	14	19	15	15	—62	Workman	21	4	6	2	—23
Bartlett	13	18	5	4	—40	E A Browning	13	18	2	11	—44
Browning	17	20	16	18	—71	Hammersmith	17	13	12	..	—42
Painter	19	19	21	15	—74	Dawson	17	13	10	9	—49
Sweeney	18	15	..	2	—35						

The following having made the highest eight scores will enter for the national match: James Painter, Capt. Browning, Corp. Stoyer, Capt. Chisholm, Col. Wardwell, Lieut. Jamison, N. C. Browning and Private Hunt.

MALDEN, Feb. 22.—The Malden Rifles, Company L, Eighth Regiment, M.N.G., held a shoot at their range at "Bear's Den" today. The event of the day was the team match between seven men from the Malden Rifles and a team from Company E, First Regiment, of New Bedford, seven shots each man:

Malden Rifles.		Company E.	
Corp Cook	30	Priv Gill	29
Lieut Parker	30	Corp McBey	29
Serg McSorley	30	Lieut Morgan	28
Capt Benjamin	29	Priv Dahill	28
Priv Whittaker	27	Priv Barnorim	28
Serg Erickson	27	Priv Bradloy	28
Corp Richards	25—198	Serg Pope	23—193

HAVERHILL (Mass.) RIFLE CLUB.—Score Washington's birthday:

A Edgerly	9	10	8	10	9	5	6	10	8	10—85
J F Brown	10	9	8	7	7	7	8	7	10	7—80
J Morgan	8	8	6	6	9	8	5	9	10	8—77
L Jackson	8	3	8	7	6	4	8	6	9	7—66
F Merrill	6	5	6	7	10	6	6	5	6	4—61

Badge match, Feb. 26, 200yds., standard target:

J Busfield	9	10	8	10	5	4	9	9	7	5—76
T J Brown	8	8	6	6	10	7	7	10	7	6—75
H Tuck	8	5	9	8	6	7	9	10	6	7—75
F Merrill	7	6	5	7	7	6	8	7	10	7—70
C Bliss	8	8	5	6	5	8	7	5	8	6—66
L Jackson	6	8	4	4	1	9	6	7	7	7—59

Busfield gold badge, Brown silver. Rrecord match.

H Tuck	10	8	9	7	8	8	9	7	8	7—81
A Edgerly	8	5	6	9	7	9	6	6	9	4—69
J Busfield	8	8	5	7	6	8	5	8	6	7—68
J F Brown	5	5	7	8	8	7	4	7	9	7—67
F Merrill	8	3	7	7	5	6	4	5	8	10—63

A driving snowstorm, poor light, and low scores.

SALEM, Feb. 21.—At the prize shoot of the Salem Independent Rifle Association held to-day there was a large attendance. Six prizes were offered in three classes. The weather was favorable and good scores were made. Great interest was taken in the militia match. The score: Creedmoor target, 200yds. off-hand, military rifles, 20 rounds, possible 200: W. H. Merritt 86, G. A. Lawrence 85, C. C. Redmond 84, S. R. Ayers 82, R. B. Dawson 79, W. M. Ward 74, C. G. Hinman 73.

Scores in the special match for prizes, 200yds., standard target, off-hand, military rifles, possible 200: First Class, first prize, W. G. Hussey, 142; second, G. A. Wilson, 134. Second Class, first, W. E. Bachelier, 109; second, W. M. Ward, 105. Third Class, first, A. N. Locke, 83; second, C. E. Ropes, 68.

In the shoot for the Challenge Association medals, standard, off-hand, 200yds. First Class, S. Ayers and W. G. Hussey tied on 93. In shoot off, Ayers 29, Hussey 22. Second Class, E. Ropes 85.

GARDNER, Mass., Feb. 25.—The deep snow has interfered with the regular meets of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range. The following are recent scores which have been made, shooting off-hand, distance 200yds. First meeting:

G F Ellsworth	84	86	—170
A C White	77	86	—163
W C Loveland	80	78	—158
G C Goodale	75	78	—153
G R Warfield	65	82	—147
C N Edgell	73	67	—140
H Prine	71	69	—140
C Crabtree	62	69	—131
E B Taylor	60	69	—129

Second meeting:

F E Nichols	88	79	—167
A Mathews	83	75	—158
L Walker	77	80	—157
Ellsworth	78	80	—157
Goodale	76	83	—159
Edgell	77	74	—151
Taylor	64	64	—128

BOSTON, Feb. 26.—There was a small attendance at the range at Walnut Hill to-day. On account of the storm, only a few scores were completed:

Decimal Off-hand Match, 200yds.

O L Brackett, D	9	8	8	9	6	8	10	9	10	7—84
H Cushing, D	9	7	9	9	8	9	8	7	8	10—83
J B Fellows, D	8	10	9	6	10	8	4	8	10	10—83
C E Berry, A	7	7	9	10	10	7	7	8	9	7—81
W H Oler, A	10	10	8	7	9	7	8	8	7	6—80
R Dadman, A	6	9	7	7	6	9	9	9	6	10—80
F Carter (mil) B	7	6	10	8	7	4	8	9	8	7—74
C Williams (mil)	5	3	3	7	9	10	7	6	8	6—64

Rest Match, 200yds.

S Wilder	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9—98
W Howe	7	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10—96
W H Oler	10	9	8	8	10	10	9	10	10	10—94
Pond	7	10	9	10	10	10	8	10	8	9 91

Pistol Match.

A C Gordon	37	37	37	37	37	38	38

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 26.—The Lawrence Rifle Club held their weekly shoot to-day in a severe snowstorm, but several members succeeded in making excellent scores as follows; distance 200yds., standard American target:

C M Hill	10	10	7	10	10	8	9	8	10	7—89
O M Jewell	10	7	9	7	8	10	10	7	8	8—84
Wm Fisher	9	8	7	6	7	9	10	4	9	8—77
J W Bean	9	8	6	6	8	8	7	9	7	6—74
M Beal	8	5	8	6	8	8	7	9	7	6—72
F Clark	7	7	5	7	7	7	10	3	10	7—70
D P Norris	10	6	6	5	4	10	8	9	2	5—66
H Preston	6	5	10	6	9	6	4	6	3	5—60

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—The weekly shoot of the St. Louis Pistol Club took place at the Laclede gallery Wednesday evening and was largely attended. The members are improving rapidly, and as it is expected that the medal will be won on the average each member is doing his best to raise it, and at the last shoot 16 of the 19 members present raised their average. The average of the best 10 men at the last shoot was very good, the average being over 112. Messrs. Perrett and Sims tied on 115 in the last shoot. In shooting off the tie Perrett made 112, which won, and he will wear the medal for the week. Following are the scores made, possible 120: Perret 115, Sims 115, Field 114, Wells 113, Fodde 113, Thurber 111, Hillmeyer 111, Lard 111, Mohrstadt 110, McDowell 108, Bengel 108, Bauer 107, Clark 100, Jones 101, Wallace 101, Neuhaus 96, Hettel 91, Sieminskie 75, Schaaf 73.

CENTRAL VALLEY RIFLE AND ROD ASSOCIATION.—Central Valley, Orange county, N. Y., Feb. 28.—The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: Dr. James F. Ferguson, President; H. L. Leonard, Vice-President; R. Ficken, Treasurer; A. B. Talcott, Secretary; W. B. Barclay, Assistant Secretary. The name was changed to Central Valley Rifle and Rod Association. We would be glad to confer with other associations in reference to friendly matches with rifle or rod. We have a range of 200, 500 and 500yds. over level ground, and a mere for casting.—WM. B. BARCLAY, Assistant Secretary.

NEWARK, N. J.—The latest combination is a shooting and singing club. The Rutgers Rifle and Glee Club was organized last week with the following officers: Eugene A. McCraith, President; John Hilderbrant, Vice-President; J. A. McArdle, Recording Secretary; T. J. Butler, Financial Secretary; W. H Smith, Treasurer; Frank Osmum, Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs now (March 3) organized, teams to be of 5 men each. A club may enter more than one team. The match will be at artificial targets, particulars will be given in our next issue. The entrance fee will be $5 per team. All entrance moneys will go to a purse to be divided into prizes.

The prizes will be: First, the FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy. Second, 50 per cent. of the entrance fees. Third, 30 per cent of the entrance fees. Fourth, the remaining 20 per cent. of the entrance.

Full details will be given next week.

NEW HAVEN GUN CLUB.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 22.—Event 1, 5 American clay birds, 18yds., 3 angles:

C H Sterry	10100	F Potter	11111
Wm Hanson	11111	L W Widman	11110
O B Treat	01000	G H Saunders	11110
W Nichols	11010	N D Folsom	11011
A W Dwyer	11011	F P Clark	01011
R B Meacham	10100	Patterson	10001
G F Hendrie	01010	A L Traeger	10111
F N Brown	11110	C B Bristol	11111
Capron	00111	H H Bates	00011
T J Beers	11110	C E Longden	11110
Venter	01110	S O Bartram	11000

—5 —4 —2 —3 —5 —4 —2 —3 —5 —4 —2 —3

First divided, Widman second, Venter third, Hendrie fourth.

Event 2, 6 American clay birds, 18yds., 2 angles:

D B Treat	101101	Hendrie	111110
C B Bristol	110111	T R Waite	100101
G H Saunders	111111	Capron	111111
Vibberts	110111	Nichols	101011
Traeger	110100	W Clark	100010
N D Folsom	101110	Sterry	111001
Brown	111101	McMullen	110010
Clark	111111	Bates	000111
F J Beers	111000	Hanson	101011
Robbins	000001	Yerrington	100101
Chields	101011		

—4 —5 —4 —3 —4 —3 —4 —3 —4 —3 —4 —3

First divided, Bristol second, N. D. Folsom third, McMullen fourth.

Event 3, 3 single and 2 pairs American clay-birds:

O B Treat	111 10 10	W Clark	011 11 10
N D Folsom	111 11 10	Nichols	000 01 10
McMullen	110 10 00	Sterry	110 01 10
C B Bristol	111 11 10	Hendrie	011 11 10
G H Saunders	110 11 10	Hanson	111 00 10
Vibberts	011 10 10	F P Clark	100 10 00
F H Brown	111 00 11	Bates	101 00 10
T J Beers	001 10 11		

—4 —2 —3 —4 —2 —3 —4 —2 —3 —4 —2 —3

First, second and fourth divided, Vibberts third, McMullen and Bates fourth.

Event 4, 15 American clay birds:

Bristol	111011111011100	Patterson	110111111111011
Vibberts	111111111111111	Robbins	101010110110000
Treat	010111010111111	M Clark	000100010010000
Traeger	101111111111111	Widman	100101110110111
Saunders	101011101011011	Burr	011110111111100
Brown	111111111101111	Bates	011011111110000
Sterry	110111111111111	Bartram	100110000110010
Folsom	111011110011110	Capron	011010011100111
Chields	001100110113011	Hanson	111110110110111
Yerrington	111111011110011	Dolbear	000100110100000
McMullen	110101101111001	Waite	111101110010111
F Clark	110111111110111	W Clark	110000110010110
Hendrie	111110011111111	Stone	111111110100010
Nichols	000010010101111	Longden	010001010ow

—14 —15 —13 —14 —13 —12 —11 —13 —10 —11 —12 —13 —10 —7 —10 —6

Ties divided.

Event 5, 5 American clay-birds, straightaway, 21yds.:

Sterry	11110	Treat	11111
Brown	11111	Saunders	11110
Bristol	11111	Neal	00100
Traeger	01111	Dolbear	00000
Folsom	00111	Longden	01111
Nichols	01010	Patterson	11100
W Clark	01111	Carney	00000
Hendrie	11000	F Clark	11101

—4 —5 —4 —2 —3 —4 —0 —4 —0 —3 —2 —4

Ties divided.

Event 6, 7 American clay birds:

Saunders	1000011	Beers	0111011
Venter	0010110	Traeger	1011111
Bristol	1110010	Folsom	0110010
Sterry	0100111	Penn	0000101
Brown	1101001	F Clark	1111111
Hendrie	0110111	Hanson	1101110
Longden	1101000	Meacham	0101001
Treat	1111110		

—5 —6 —5 —3 —5 —3 —5 —3 —5 —2 —6 —4 —5 —3 —6 —4

Ties divided.

Event 7, 4 single and 3 pairs American clay-birds:

Bristol	0000 11 00 10	Saunders	1111 10 10 11
Brown	1111 01 01 11	Hanson	1011 01 10 10
Hendrie	1101 00 10 10	F Clark	1011 11 01 10
Treat	1101 01 11 00	Sterry	1301 10 10 00
Folsom	1111 01 10 10	Widman	1101 10 10 01
Venter	1110 10 00 01	Beers	1011 10 10 10

—4 —7 —4 —6 —4 —5 —4 —5 —4 —6 —4 —6

Ties divided.

Event 8: Miss and out, straightaway, 21yds.: Hanson and Brown divided on 5 each. Sterry 2, Bristol 2, Treat 4, Beers 0, Hendrie 0, Saunders 2.

L. W. WIDMAN, Secretary.

MIDDLESEX TOURNAMENT.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Feb. 23.—The third day of the tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club opened with a good assemblage of shooters and rather disagreeable weather at first, but it came off better later in the day. Some exception was taken to our comments in last week's issue in regard to Hurlingham rules and the second barrel at the bird on the ground. Mr. Organ, one of the prominent sportsmen attending the tournament from the West, explained to your correspondent that it was at the request of the Humane Society of England that the second barrel was originally incorporated in the Hurlingham rules to save the suffering of the birds. Well, that is all right and praiseworthy. Shoot the suffering birds on the ground or anywhere if you can't gather them, but don't let it count the same as first barrel. Let it be a bird or no bird. No one in the field would put a second barrel into a quail with a broken wing, but he would gather it as soon as possible. Some of the birds shot to-day are perfectly useless for market or the pot, absolutely blown to pieces at point blank range on the ground, 15 or 20yds. distant from the shooter. Out on such sportsmanship! Let it be one barrel and one bird, and second barrel a bird, with such retrievers as Al's Duke, and good shots will be made and the birds will not be allowed to lie suffering.

The day opened with first sweep, 20 clay-pigeons changed to 10 clay-pigeons, $5 entrance and the birds, same handicap as days previous, Al Heritage referee, as he continued to be throughout the tournament on clay-pigeons:

Stice	1110111110	Stark	1110111110
Budd	0111001011	Davis	0011000111
Dickey	1011101110	Brewer	1110111111
Smith	0010101010	Wagner	1110110100

—8 —6 —7 —5 —6 —6

Brewer first, Stice (4 to Stark's 3) second, Dickey third.

Second sweep, 10 live birds; Ritch, referee; $10 entrance; tournament rules:

Stice (30yds.)	1011112201	Stark (29yds.)	0011122021
Budd (31)	2121111111	Dickey (30)	1211202221
Graham (29)	1112212121	Straitor (30)	1111112121
Brewer (31)	2111112212	G Davis (30)	1210121121
Klintz (31)	0121112122	James (30)	1111122100
Heft (31)	1212002210	W L Davis (30)	1121022212
Jones (31)	1111021121	Lever (30)	0121011221
Luther (30)	1111011200	Vandever (30)	1111220011
Eley (31)	1121211210	Wagner (30)	1011210122
Bob White (30)	1112110102	Hudson (30)	1212000111
Wadsworth (31)	1011222210	Complete (30)	0211101122
Gillespie (31)	1111022111	F Collins (30)	1111121011

—10 —9 —8 —8 —7 —6 —8 —8 —7 —7 —8 —9

Budd, Graham, Brewer, Straitor and Eley divided first; Jones, Gillespie, Dickey and G. Davis divided second on shoot off; Stice, Wadsworth, James and Lever divided third on shoot off; Stark, Vandever, Wagner and Hudson divided fourth on shoot off.

Third shoot, 5 pair live birds, $10 entrance, handicapped:

Budd	11 11 11 11 11—10	G Davis	10 10 10 10 01— 5
Stice	11 01 11 01 11— 8	Cannon	10 10 11 10 10— 6
Brewer	11 11 11 10 10— 8	Pilkington	10 11 01 10 00— 5
Wadsworth	01 11 11 10 11— 8	Straitor	10 10 01 10 00— 4
Gillespie	11 10 10 11 11— 8	Lever	11 11 11 11 11—10
Stark	11 10 11 11 11— 8	Dickey	10 00 10 10 10— 5
Eley	11 11 11 10 11— 9	Wagner	11 11 10 11 10— 8
Klenitz	11 11 01 11 11— 8	Vorhees	10 00 11 10 11— 6
Heft	11 11 10 11 11— 9	James	10 01 11 10 11— 7
Graham	11 11 11 10 11— 9	Jones	10 10 10 11 11— 7
Bob White	11 11 11 10 11— 9	Collins	10 10 10 11 11— 7

Budd and Lever divided first; Eley, Graham, Bob White and Heft, second; Stice and Brewer third, on shoot off; James, Jones and Collins fourth.

Fourth sweep, 10 pair clay-pigeons, 18yds., $5 entrance:

Budd	11 10 00 10 10 10 01 11 10 01—11
Stice	11 11 10 11 01 00 11 11 11 10—15
Stark	11 11 10 10 11 11 01 10 10 11—15
Wagner	10 10 10 10 11 11 10 01 11 11—14
Davis	11 11 01 11 11 00 11 01 11 01—15
Pilkington	10 10 11 01 10 10 10 01 00 00— 9
Dickey	10 11 11 11 10 10 01 11 11 11—16
Brewer	11 00 11 00 01 11 10 11 11 11—14

Dickey first; Stice, Stark and Davis second; Wagner and Brewer third.

Some fault was found, we observed, by some of the Western men with the Ligowsky clay-pigeon. They don't always break even when hard hit. We noticed ourself several times the saucer would be completely turned over in the air by the contact of the shot and yet not break, and it would be scored lost. But what will you get that is better? Mr. Kirkwood, the Ligowsky agent who assisted the committee in running the clay-pigeon part of the tournament, did all he could in an intelligent way to give satisfaction; the traps were certainly of the best and worked to perfection.

Fifth sweep on programme, miss and out, changed to 5 live birds each, $5 entrance:

Stice (30yds.)	10111	James (30yds.)	11111
Budd (30)	11111	Clark (30)	11110
Stark (29)	11110	Gillespie (31)	11111
Bob White (30)	10111	Williams (29)	01101
Vandever (30)	01111	Dickens (30)	11111
Eley (30)	11111	Smith (30)	11111
H White (30)	11111	Dickey (30)	11111
Graham (29)	10111	Davis (30)	11010

—4 —5 —4 —3 —4 —3 —4 —3 —4 —3 —4 —3

On shoot off, H. White, James, Smith and Dickens divided first; Stice, Bob White and Graham divided second; Williams and Davis divided third.

Feb. 24.—The fourth day opened with a high cold wind that increased in force during the day and sent the clay saucers boomingly, while the animated feather targets took decided advantage of boreal aid and got away lively. This will account for the difference in the scores of Eley, Stark, Brewer and others, that stood so high before. First sweep changed from 50 single clay to 25 single clay; entrance $10:

Stice	1101111111100101101101111—19
Budd	1110101111001011111111110—18
Gillespie	0100011100101101111101101—15
Stark	1101100101001111101101103—14
Wagner	0000010000000101001011110—7
Dickey	0000101000001011001010000—8
Brewer	1101100101111111111011110—18
Davis	1000130011111111130100001—13
Fox	0001010110101000000w
James	0101000101101110010110111—14

—19 —18 —15 —14 —7 —8 —18 —13 —11

Stice first money, Budd and Davis second, Gillespie third.

The second sweep, same day, was the great feature, and proved very interesting, at times exciting. Twenty live birds, $25 entrance and the birds. Neither Mr. Ritch nor myself kept this score, therefore we are unable to designate the first and second barrels; Hurlingham rules, both barrels counting as one. Eley came to grief and pulled down his average considerably. The wind didn't seem to bother Stice much, for he killed his birds so quick, within a yard of the trap, that the wind had no time to catch them. Kleinz's score under the circumstances was magnificent also.

Brewer	11111011010111011111111—17	Stark	11011101101111011111—16
Eley	01100111111001110001—12	Greeley	11011110111011011111—16
Stice	11111111111111111111—20	Lever	11111011010110111011—16
Budd	11111111111011101111—18	Kleinz	11111111111111111111—20
Graham	11111111111111111011—19	B White	01111111110110101w

Stice and Kleinz first, Graham second, Budd third, Brewer fourth.

The fifth and last day, Friday, Feb. 25, opened with a sweep at 10 live birds, $10 entrance, usual conditions as to handicap, etc.; considerable wind and very cold, Wm. Siegler, referee:

Stice	1111111111—10	Hedden	0021012100— 5
Budd	1221211110— 9	Dickens	2110211211— 9
Brewer	2121121121—10	Cannon	1011121210— 8
H White	1110221112— 9	Bob White	1111111022— 9
Wadsworth	1221212120— 9	Lever	1120112110— 9
S G Smith	2211222021— 9	James	1101212121— 9
Eley	1121001121— 8	Smith	1101012022— 7

On shoot-off Stice and Brewer divided first, Wadsworth and James second, Eley and Cannon third. Here is where luck and fortune comes in. Budd, White and Dickens, after making a good score, got hard driving birds and were shot out on their fourteenth birds; others earlier.

Second sweep of 20 single clay-pigeons, $5 entrance, usual conditions:

Stice	01111100011110111111—15	Campbell	00010101000 w.
Budd	11010001011111111010—13	Fox	01001011110111000111—13
James	11110111011110000111—15	W Siegler	11111101011011111100—16
Allen	01110100010110101111—12	Brewer	11101110110101111111—16
Hedden	10000101001101 w.		

Siegler and Brewer divided first, Stice and James second, Budd and Fox third.

Third sweep, 10 pair live birds, $10 entrance and the birds; and here is where the fun came in. Al Heritage refereed this match. Wm. Siegler, who refereed many of the other live bird sweeps, took his place with the shooters, and it paid him more money, besides the fun. A cold wind helped the birds considerably:

Stice (21)	01 11 11 11 01 10 01 11 10 10—14
Budd (21)	11 10 11 11 10 01 11 10 01 01—14
Brewer (22)	11 01 11 10 11 11 10 10 01 11—15
Eley (21)	11 01 00 11 00 10 11 11 11 11—14
Williams (20)	01 11 10 10 00 11 00 10 11 11—12
Cannon (20)	11 00 11 00 10 10 00 01 10 10— 9
H White (21)	10 11 21 11 11 11 01 11 11 10—17
W Siegler (21)	11 11 10 ∞ 10 11 10 11 01 11—14
Lever (21)	10 10 10 11 1o 01 11 01 11 11—14
Vorhees (21)	11 01 11 1o 11 10 11 10 10 00—13

o Dead out of bounds.

Shoot off ties for third money: Stice 1, Budd 4, Eley 2, Siegler 4, Lever 3. White first, Brewer second, Budd and Siegler divided third.

There was some delay in the arrival of live birds, so previous to the last sweep an impromptu was gotten up, $2 entrance at 10 clays, South Paw, referee:

Stice	1111110111—8	Fox	1010111110—7
Brewer	0111101110—7	Eley	1110100111—7
Budd	0111101111—8	James	0110111010—6
Allen	0011101010—5	S G Smith	1101110110—7

Ties divided.

It was drawing toward the close of the afternoon, and it was easily to be seen that the boys were getting tired. The committee, President Robinson, Quimby, Ritch, and in fact all had worked hard and unitringly for the five days to make this their first tournament, a success. That they have done more than that the high words of praise often spoken by the visitors, both from the East and the West, amply testified. It has been a success in more ways than one. It has brought together distinguished trigger men from a distance who have clasped hands and engaged in friendly strife at the traps. Not a disagreeable incident has taken place; not a rough or harsh note sounded; and financially the Middlesex Club may be proud of their committee's work. Some 2,500 live birds have been shot, many more of the earthen saucers are past repairing; and the club has a large commodious grand stand some 56x20ft., beneath which is an ample kitchen, dining-room, etc., the whole front length. This, at an expense of some $400, all of which will be paid for and a margin left for other incidentals or to bank. The Middlesex is a live club and they deserve their success. Trapshooting, both at the clays and live birds, is on the increase decidedly, we have noticed it for months in the number of new clubs springing up, numbers engaging in the breeding of pigeons, etc. This tournament will give another send off to the same. But where was the Jersey City Heights Club all this time? They have on their roll some of the best shots in the State, or the United States. They have beaten the Middlesex one match and tied them on another, and yet in their whole roll we counted but six of their members shooting at this tournament, and then only at one or two minor sweeps; and moreover of these six, four of them, Dickens, Conners, Jones and J. von Lengerke, are members of the Middlesex. The J. C. H. ought to be ashamed of themselves.

I remarked that the committee were getting tired and so were the shooters. A five days' shoot is too long. Quite a number left for home on Thursday evening, and all the rest felt relieved when the last sweep, a miss and out, was called about 5 P. M. A number of the crack shots were anxious to remain until the last competition was over, as there was considerable interest as to the final prizes of $50 for best average on both clay and live birds. The books are not made up yet therefore we cannot give the lucky ones. In the live birds it will lie between Stice, Eley, Budd and Brewer, we think. Clay pigeons, the same with a variation.

Last sweep, miss and out, and the meanest kind of sweep, a great deal depending on the luck of the shooter in his birds. A good shot may be flummoxed the first shot, and a mediocre shot last almost indefinitely. $5 entrance, usual handicap, $35 in the pool:

Stice	12112221—8	Brewer	11221212—8
Budd	11210 —4	Cannon	10 —2
Eley	11112111—8	Collins	210 —2
Williams	11210 —4		

Stice, Eley and Brewer divided, and thus ended the first tournament of the Middlesex Gun Club.

At the close of the second day's shoot Mr. Organ, of Chicago, asked the attention of the audience and said that he was prepared to make three matches to back W. C. Budd with Wm. Graham for from $250 to $1,000 a side, one to be shot at Dunellen, one at Erb's, Newark, and one at Chicago, and he then and there placed $300 ($100 for each match) in the hands of Justus von Lengerke. There were no takers, and probably will not be, although the money is still at Von Lengerke & Detmold's, 14 Murray street, New York city. But two matches were made between the friends of Mr. Graham and our Jersey boy Jack Brewer. One match to be shot on the grounds of the J. C. H. G. Club at Marion, N. J., on March 17, the second at Philadelphia, March 24. Both matches for $250 a side, 100 birds; Hurlingham rules. The money is up and it will be a close thing. JACOBSTAFF.

NEW JERSEY TRAP NOTES.—A gun club has been formed at Seabright with W. H. Cook as president, C. W. Osboru, secretary, and Capt. D. L. Longstreet, treasurer.... The Dover Gun Club organized recently with seventeen member. Postmaster G. C. Hinchman is president, and Mr. David Young is secretary and treasurer. The club has furnished itself with traps for clay pigeons and glass balls, and other accoutrements.... The West Newark Gun Club officers are: O. Horinch, president; C. Burgess, treasurer; A. Zade, secretary; G. Beisler, Wm. Dody, H. Habig, J. Adelman, J. Abdes, A. Assman, J. Lamb, L. Raber, C. Bonnet, H. Hilfert, Committee. Essex Gun Association's second monthly shoot was held on the 19th ult., on the grounds of the Southside Club, and that organization again won a victory. Five teams of five men each shot, and each man attempted to break 20 clay pigeons. The club scores were as follows: South Side 73, Nimrod 55, East Orange 46, Woodside 38, Mountain Side 38. The veteran, Sam Castles, shot with the Nimrods, and made the highest score.... W. Floyd Jones and Dr. Knapp, of the Westminster Kennel Club, shot at 100 pigeons each for $1,000, in the presence of 200 ladies and gentlemen who came on a special srain to witness the shooting. Dr. Knapp took the match by 6 birds, Knapp 83, Jones 77. Dr. Knapp was defeated in a similar match last week by Henry Livingstone.... The Fifteenth Avenue Gun Club had its first shoot on the 22d ult. at 20 glass balls, 25yds. rise. The breaking was as follows: J. Reiboldt 18, C. Wenzell 17, J. Jacquin 14, H. Blace 13, L. Schilling 10, J. Weber 11, C. Spahn 11, C. Meisei 14, P. Traudtfetter 9, E. Grobmann 12, H Maybush 10, M. Bauer 11 and Mr. Doerzbacher 8.... The West Newark Gun Club shot a match at glass balls and pigeons at 21yds. rise, on the 22d. Five live birds—C. A. Doty, O. Hornich, C. Burges and J. Ables, 5; J. Adelman, G. Deisler and W. Bonnett, 4; A. Assman and A. B. Wade, 3; L. Reiber, F. Hilford and H. Habig, 2, and J. Lamb 1; scores at 25 glass balls: C. A. Doty 23, J. Adelman 21, O. Hornich 20, A. Wade 19, G. Deisler, 18, W Bonnett 18, C. Burgess 16, F. Hilford 16, A. Assman 15, J. Lamb 13, H. Habig 9, L. Reiber 8, J. Ables 7.... The long deferred shoot between the Southside Gun Club and the Elizabeth Club will be shot March 4, at the Southside grounds. The match will be between teams of ten or fifteen men, each man shooting at 20 clay birds.

CHATHAM CENTER GUN CLUB.—Chatham Center, N. Y., Feb. 26.—Match at 10 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds., New Long Island rules:

M Powell	1100101100—5	G Bogardus	0010001000—2
J Goodrich	0101011000—4	C Minisee	1101100001—5
B Chichester	0001010010—3	Edward More	1110101101—7
J Williams	0101010111—6		

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Lockport Gun Club sweepstake shoot on the Fair Grounds. No. 1. Sweepstakes, 7 bats:

L Andrews	1111110—6	Margetts	1011111—6
W McCarthy	1101111—6	Barker	1100011—4
G H Moody	1111110—7	Greene	1001011—4
Jeff	1000000—1	Myers	1011111—6
E Clark	0011101—4	Moyer	1111111—7
Atwater	0100101—3	Brong	1110001—4
Barvey	1110000—3	Ward	1111101—6
Hurd	1111110—6	Welsher	1111101—6
Besser	1111011—6	Whitcomb	1001006—2
B Tolsma	1111111—7	Moody	1011111—6
Koch	1101101—5	Kellogg	1101110—5

G. Moody, Tolsma and Moyer divided first, Andrews and E. Moody divided second, Koch and Kellogg divided third, Barker won fourth.

Shoot No. 2, 10 bats, sweepstakes:

T S Clark	1010101111— 7	J Koch	1011101111— 7
I H Andrews	1111111111—10	A Welsher	0001100110— 4
E H Smith	0111111111— 8	A Besser Jr	1111111011— 9
B Tolsma	1111111111—10	E M Moody	1110111111— 9
Jeff	1001011000— 4	Geo Margetts	1111110011— 8
W M McCarthy	1110110010— 6	P G Myers	0111001001— 6
Geo Moody	0110111111— 8	W C Greene	1011111011— 8
Geo Barker	1101111111— 9	W H Case	1111101111— 9
B Reynolds	1011011011— 7		

Tolsma and Andrews first, Moody and Case second, W. C. Greene third, S. T. Clark fourth.

Shoot No. 3, 15 bats:

I H Andrews	111111111111111—15	B Tolsma	111100110000111— 9
T S Clark	100101011101111—11	Geo Margetts	110010111111110—11
W M McCarthy	111011000001101— 8	W H Case	111111111011110—13
O Besser, Jr	111101101011111—12	W C Greene	111111011100111—12
P G Myers	111101100100000— 8	E H Reynolds	101111110011111—12
C F Hurd	111101110111010—12	E M Moody	101111111111114—14
Geo Moody	111011011101011—11	D E Brong	101010010110111— 9
E H Smith	111111111111101—14	C A Ward	111011111110110—12
Harvey	101010101000011— 8	J Atwater	101101010001100— 6
Geo Barker	110100101110111—10	F J Moyer	101111001111111—12
J Koch	111111000111111—12		

I. H. Andrews first, E. M. Moody and E. H. Smith divided second, W. H. Case third, J. Koch fourth.

Shoot No. 4, 10 bats, sweepstakes.

T S Clark	1110101110— 7	Geo Barker	1111101010— 7
W M McCarthy	0110011111— 7	E H Kellogg	1101110111— 8
I H Andrews	1111111101— 9	O Besser, Jr	1111001111— 8
E H Smith	1011001110— 5	E M Moody	1111111111—10
Geo Margetts	1000111111— 7	W H Case	1111110011— 8
P G Myers	1001010101— 6		

E. M. Moody first, I. H. Andrews second, E. H. Kellogg third, T. S. Clark fourth. The great success of the shoot and the large attendance decided the sportsmen here to reorganize their club and put it on a paying basis. From out of town were I. H. Andrews, Spencerport; H. Besser, Buffalo; E. Smith and J. H. Jewett, La Salle; George R. Barker, Niagara Falls; B. Tolsma, J. Kellogg, Messrs. Koch, Clark Price and McArthur, Buffalo; C. H. Hurd, Medina; J. Margetts, Clifton, Ont. Andrews missed but two bats out of 48 during the entire shoot.

THE WORLD'S TRAP-SHOOTING CARNIVAL will be held on Wellington Gun Club grounds, Boston, May 30 and 31, June 1, 2, 3 and 4. On account of unavoidable delay in hearing from the British contributors, it will be impossible to get out the official programme before April 1. Special railroad rates will be arranged for shooters from west or south who signify their intention of being present to our secretary.—C. B. SANBORN, Secretary N. E. Shooting Tournament Association, 29 N. Market street, Boston.

OTTAWA, Feb. 19.—Simon Glover, of Carleton Place, in a contest to-day against W. L. Cameron of this city, for the Ligowsky clay-pigeon championship medal, won by a score of 22 to 21 out of 15 singles and 5 doubles.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 23.—At the Coal Mine Brook range yesterday, in a 100 clay-pigeon match, William Dean 82, H. W. Webber 76.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE following are the official minutes of the Executive Committee meeting on Feb. 12, as taken by the secretary *pro tem.*, Mr. Wm. Whitlock. They give the details of the business transacted so fully that no explanation is needed, but we would call special attention to the feeling which is evidently shared by all the committee, that the dues should be reduced to and maintained at $1 throughout all the divisions. The change from the small and compact organization of the A. C. A. as it has existed since its formation, confined mostly to Ontario, New York, New England, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, to a more complex body that shall be capable of indefinite extension, has been looked forward to with much apprehension by many old members, one of whom, ex-Com. Edwards, speaks in the following report. Now, that the crisis has really appeared, it looks, from the action of the Executive Committee as well as from the general feeling among canoeists, as if the change would be made with very little clashing or friction, and that in a year or two we may see half a dozen strong and self-sustaining divisions working harmoniously together. The revision of the constitution is now in the hands of a most able committee, but it is not enough to throw the work entirely on them. It is also in the hands of every member of the A. C. A., and it is his duty as well as privilege to aid the work by such comments and advice as may occur to him. Before any final action is taken the draft of the proposed revision will be made public in order that all canoeists may know fully what is proposed, and may commend or object freely. The report of the Executive Committee is as follows:

Minutes of the meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, held at No. 247 Fifth avenue, Feb. 12, 1887, in pursuance of the call of the Commodore, and to complete business left unfinished at the meeting of Nov. 13, 1886. There were present Messrs. R. J. Wilkin, E. H. Barney, George L. Parmele, W. B. Davidson, R. W. Gibson and W. Whitlock. The meeting was called to order by the Commodore, Mr. R. J. Wilkin, and on motion, Mr. Whitlock was elected Secretary *pro tem.* On motion, the meeting adjourned to the house of Mr. E. W. Brown (who was unable to go out), who thus became also present at the meeting. The minutes of the previous meeting (Nov. 13) were read, and, on motion to approve, were objected to and laid on the table. The Commodore made a report stating the object of the meeting as fully set forth in the call issued by him to the Executive Committee.

It was moved by Mr. Brown, seconded by Mr. Davidson, that the constitution be amended as follows: "At all meetings of the Executive Committee five persons shall constitute a quorum; and, when in the opinion of the Commodore, a special meeting is not necessary, all questions may be voted upon by letter to the Commodore. A member of the committee may appoint by letter any other member to vote for him in his absence at any meeting of the committee." Mr. Gibson moved an amendment that seven members shall constitute a quorum, and, further, that a member of the committee may appoint by letter any other member from his own division to vote for him in his absence. After discussion it was decided that this meeting could not amend the original motion, because of the constitutional clause requiring the approval of two-thirds of the whole committee. The amendment was thereupon withdrawn, and the original motion was unanimously carried, having been previously approved (by letter) by two-thirds of the whole committee.

It was moved by Mr. Davidson, seconded by Dr. Parmele, that the following resolution be adopted:

Resolved, That Article V. of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows:

"Article V. The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer, and for each Division a Vice-Commodore, a Rear-Commodore and a Purser. The Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer shall be elected by the Executive Committee at their meeting, or at some subsequent meeting of that Committee, and they shall hold office for one year from the date of the annual meeting of the Executive Committee, or until their successors are elected. In the event of one or more of the Division officers being chosen to fill these positions, the vacancies so caused shall be filled by the members of the Executive Committee from the same Division to which the officers vacating the positions belonged. The Vice and Rear Commodore and Pursers shall be elected by the members of their respective Divisions at the Division's meat, or at the General Annual Meet of the Association, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected. All officers shall be elected by ballot."

The above resolution, having been approved by two-thirds of the Committee, in person or by letter, was carried unanimously.

On motion, the name of Mr. William H. Carter, of Treuton, N. J., was then presented by Mr. Whitlock as a nominee for the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Association for the ensuing year, and was seconded by Mr. R. W. Gibson. There were six votes cast for Secretary-Treasurer, all in favor of Mr. Carter, who was declared unanimously elected.

On motion, meeting then adjourned to 247 Fifth avenue, having first tendered a vote of thanks to Mr. Brown for the use of his rooms.

Mr. R. W. Gibson moved as follows: That the commodore appoint a committee of three to arrange a constitution embodying recent amendments and such others as they may find necessary. This was duly seconded and carried. The Commodore appointed as such committee Messrs. Gibson, Parmele and Brown.

Mr. Gibson then moved that the said committee be instructed to consider the following suggestions: 1. A payment of all debts by members to Division pursers, and the payment by them to the secretary-treasurer of proportionate parts for A. C. A. expenses. 2. The limiting of A. C. A. expenses to a minimum for the publication of Annual Book and of camp programme, and the payment of actual disbursements by officers and committees for preparations for the camp. The payment of secretary's expenses and disbursements, and for the hire or construction, when necessary, of a landing place, an official A. C. A. marquee, and proper sanitary camp arrangements. 3. That all other camp requisites, such as steamer, camp-fires, etc., be made self-supporting—remembering that it is the policy of the A. C. A. to return as soon as possible to the rate of subscription of one dollar. 4. The committee to consider the practicability of holding a meeting of the Executive Committee at the annual camp, to elect a commodore and to do general business; the new commodore not to assume office, however, till the annual meeting of the Executive Committee, as at present. 5. That the committee be instructed to give the fullest possible publicity to these suggestions. Mr. Gibson's motion was unanimously carried.

A letter was then read from Commodore Edwards, making application for a Northern Division. The letter read as follows: "Peterboro, Ont., Jan. 27. My Dear Commodore—I am instructed by the committee appointed at a meeting of northern A. C. A. men held at Grindstone Island in August last, to apply to the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. to set apart a Northern Division under the constitution, and I therefore beg that you will be good enough to bring the application before the Committee at its next meeting. The clubs chiefly interested in the movement are those of northern and western Ontario. At the same time we are anxious to preserve as far as possible, even in the Divisions to be formed, the thoroughly international character of the A. C. A. as originally instituted, and we therefore ask the Executive Committee—whose duty it is by the constitution to define the geographical limits of the Division—to include, if possible, such portions of the United States, or such clubs therein, as can from their position be most satisfactorily included in the new Division. We have not yet corresponded with such clubs as Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, etc., and I therefore suggest that the Committee should at the present meeting recognize the status of the new Division, leaving it to a small sub-committee to set out its boundaries after full consideration. It is suggested that it cover all of Ontario west of Kingston. The name suggested is 'Northern Division' avoiding such terms as 'Canadian,' etc., which might indicate a national distinction. As you are aware, I am personally averse to divisions of the A. C. A. Still, they have been adopted, and, apparently, it is necessary to have them, and there has grown up a desire to have another meet at Stony Lake, to which all our local men could go. I do hope that the new division may bring strength rather than weakness to the A. C. A. It is only this hope that has induced me to have anything to do with the movement. With regard to a meet at Stony Lake, which is contemplated for the two weeks preceding the general A. C. A. meet, a very hearty invitation is extended to all members of the A. C. A. to be present. We count upon welcoming you in particular to a spot where you helped so thoroughly to make the first Canadian meet a success, and I trust that we shall see many old as well as new faces at Stony Lake from across the border. In spite of both our Governments we are determined that the A. C. A. shall be no party to the doctrine of non-intercourse, and that the fisheries of Stony Lake shall be free alike to the true canoeists of both countries. Very truly and heartily yours, E. B. EDWARDS, Chairman Committee."

It was moved by Mr. Whitlock that the committee now headed by Com. Edwards be authorized to form a Northern Division, composed of such clubs or members as may elect to join it, and that such committee be requested to forward the names of the officers of such division, and of the representatives elected in accordance with the A. C. A. constitution, to this committee, and that such officers and representatives will be recognized in future. Seconded by Mr. Barney and carried unanimously.

It was then moved by Mr. Whitlock, seconded by Dr. Parmele, that the committee on revision of the constitution be instructed to consider also the following suggestions: That representation be based as follows: For each recognized division three officers—vice-commodore, rear-commodore and purser—and if such division exceed one hundred members, then for each one hundred additional members they may be entitled to one member on the general committee. Carried unanimously.

At Com. Wilkin's suggestion, the committee on constitution were instructed to consider the following: "In the event of a vacancy by death or otherwise of the commodore of the Association, he shall be succeeded by the ranking senior officer of any division of the A. C. A."

It was moved by Mr. Gibson, seconded by Mr. Barney, that the purser of the new Northern Division is hereby authorized to collect fees and account to the general treasurer for $1 for each member, and that former members of that division be authorized to resume membership without new initiation fee, should they desire to do so. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Gibson also moved, seconded by Mr. Whitlock, that the American Canoe Association hereby extends a cordial invitation to the Western Canoe Association to unite at the ensuing meet of the A. C. A. as the Western Division of this Association, with such officers as they may select. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Gibson then moved, seconded by Dr. Parmele, that the Secretary be directed to communicate to the W. C. A. the resolution directing a committee to report upon the advisability of re-adopting the subscription of one dollar after the current year, and invite their opinion and assistance in the matter. Carried unanimously.

The officers of the Eastern Division, present, announced that they had decided on a meet at Haddam Island on Decoration Day, and that the date was approved by the Commodore.

On motion by Mr. Whitlock, seconded by Mr. Barney, the Commodore was given power to call Committee meetings at any time.

The names of ladies proposed for honorary membership at the meeting of November 13, were then taken from the table, and Mrs. Harriman, also the next lady on the list, were elected to honorary membership.

On motion of Mr. Whitlock, the question of continuing the Secretary's allowance was fully discussed, and it was decided, for this year at least, to make no change. An appropriation at the rate of three hundred dollars ($900.00) per year was, therefore, voted to Mr. Carter for the ensuing year.

The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the Commodore. (Signed) WM. WHITLOCK, Secretary pro tem.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1887.

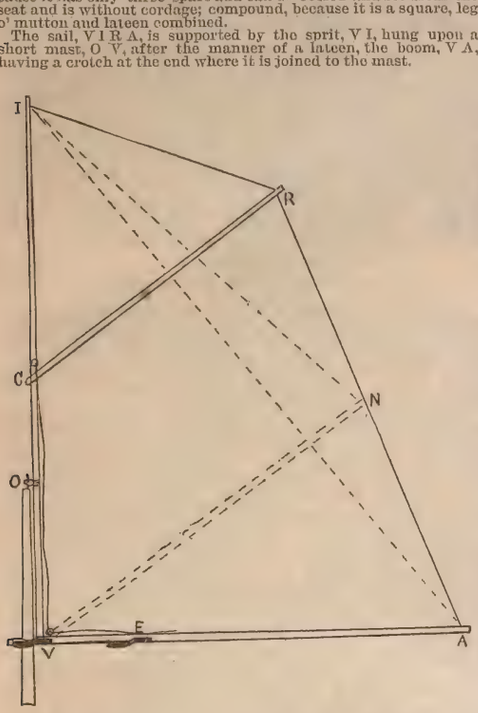
QUAKER CITY C. C.—The Q. C. C. C. held their second camp fire on Feb. 4, at the residence of Mr. Jackson; a number of invited guests being present, among them Mr. Richard Binder, of the Keystone C. C. The subject for the evening was "Sails and Rigging," a chapter from "Canoe and Boat Building" being read and discussed, after which followed some good singing of canoe songs, and some fine piano playing by Messrs. Binder, Jackson and Leary. On the 14th a special meeting was called for the purpose of adopting a uniform. With this object in view the secretary borrowed a wire figure whose length and beam were something like 5½ft.x16in., this was dressed with a pair of knickerbockers, shirt and stockings and topped off with a red Tam o'Shanter, to aid in selecting a uniform. The uniform adopted consists of dark navy blue knickerbockers with broad fall fronts, shirts navy blue, regular navy cap, black-ribbed stockings, and slippers.—J. A. B.

ANOTHER CANOE SAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send herewith a plan of a simple compound sail, simple because it has only three spars and can be reefed and set from the seat and is without cordage; compound, because it is a square, leg o' mutton and lateen combined.

The sail, V I R A, is supported by the sprit, V I, hung upon a short mast, O V, after the manner of a lateen, the boom, V A, having a crotch at the end where it is joined to the mast.



The sail is further spread by a sprit, C R, supported by a cord rove through a ring at C, passing down through ring at V, and out on boom, where it is fastened.

The sail may be reefed by untying this cord, when the sprit falls and we have the leg o' mutton, V I A, the leach being supported by a cord from I to A sowed to the sail.

Or the sail may be reefed by lowering the boom to crotch E and tying in the reef points from V to N, and further, by the removal of the sprit. VIRA.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1887.

INVENTION OF BATTEN AND REEF GEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your review of the "New Invention" for canoeists settles Mr. G.'s claim, sufficiently, but I can give an earlier instance of publication, at least in this country, than the review contains. The *Scientific American Supplement*, No. 133, dated July 20, 1878, describes with full page plans of a "new cat-rig," an essential feature of which is a reef batten with gear (practically same as shown on Dot's sail).

Batten is not in a pocket, but half of it on each side of and laced by grommet holes. The plans show it applied both to a yawl and a catboat, the latter being to a scale of about ½in. The design is given by R. B. Forbes, Milton, Mass., July, 1878. His letter contains this clause: "* * * just as a Chinaman reefs by lowering one bamboo," which clearly indicates the origin of his plan—"invention" I mean. The article being now before me its correctness can be relied upon.

The *Supplements* are always in print, so any one can readily verify this.

Between 1877 and '78 two friends and myself "evolved" the reef-batten for use on a proposed catamaran. I have now a sketch book of August, 1878, containing a plan of a sloop-rig with battens on both sails; some for reefing, others—from their location—only to keep sail flat (evidently we had much faith in lots of timber about them). As some knittles are shown, we clearly had not thought of gear. Battens are shown laced to sail. As we caught the catamaran fever by reading of the proa, it is quite likely that the batten idea was taken from pictures of junks or other craft with some such sail rig.

Certainly none of the trio knew until years after that others had applied (our scheme remained on paper) it to civilized craft. So I can see how Mr. G. may really believe his "invention" patentable. The grant is a sorry showing for the Patent office, however, in view of the easily proved fact of both actual use and publication in several countries, long prior to the application even. F. G. D.

GREENWICH, Conn., Feb. 21.

SPRINGFIELD C. C.—A meeting of the Springfield C. C. was held on Feb. 25, at which Mr. C. M. Shedd was elected Commodore in place of Com. Knappe, who declined the renomination for a fourth term. Messrs. F. D. Foote, F. A. Nickerson and E. C. Knappe were appointed a committee to arrange for a reduction of the dues. Eight active members are proposed, and eight gentlemen and twenty-five ladies were elected honorary members. A club supper will be given on March 10 to Mr. Barney in honor of his victories last summer. Two new club boats will be added, making five owned by the club for the use of members. A new club house will be built at Calla Shasta in addition to the one at Springfield. It will be 30×35ft., with a big fireplace in the center and bunks for members around the side.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIXTURES.

MARCH.

5. Ocean Race, Start.

MAY.

28. Oswego Cruise.

JUNE.

9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
18. Hull Penn., Hull.
25. Cor. Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF RACING YACHTS.

SINCE the discussion of the question of classification in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 10, some action has been taken by one club and the matter is now under consideration in another; but as yet none of the clubs have attempted to deal with the matter except in so far as they are individually concerned, and no joint action, such as we suggested, has been undertaken. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has reorganized its classes partly on the lines we indicated, but the improvement is of limited extent and by no means covers the whole field. The single-stick classes were arranged as follows: 25ft. and under 35ft., 35ft. and under 45ft., 45ft. and under 55ft., 55ft. and under 65ft., 65ft. and under 75ft., 75ft. and over. The change in the larger classes, 55ft. and over, will be noticed at once as a substantial improvement, but unfortunately the same cannot be said of the three lower classes. As we have previously shown, the intervals of 10ft. are too great with boats of 40ft. and under, and the result must be that the present boats near the lower limit of each class will not enter against boats of 7 to 9ft. greater length. As a rule to build to it is equally bad; as, while a man will change his design a little to accommodate it to a fixed class, he will not go into an entirely different size of boat to do so. For instance, if a man is ready to build a boat of about 38ft. to meet certain requirements and to cost a certain sum, he will not object to making her just under 40ft. to fit the class if it exists; but under the present division he must increase or decrease the size of his proposed craft considerably in order to fit the limits of 45ft. or 35ft. The result is easily seen, he chooses the size that suits his wants or pockets best regardless of the club's classes, and the regatta committee are called on to drum up entries from a lot of odd sizes.

Looking at the table previously given (Feb. 10) with a view to the effect of the present classes on entries, it seems plain that boats of 28 or 36ft. have no place in the smallest class, and that in the 55ft. class the long list of old boats of about 45ft. are practically excluded if Clara and Cinderella race this year. Thus it would seem that even as far as the club itself is concerned the division is faulty, and that it militates against the smaller boats, which must always be the main element of strength in a purely Corinthian club. Further than this, even if the classes should be suited to a large club which concerns itself but little with smaller sizes, as the New York Y. C., the division is still open to grave objection, as it is not a system that can be adopted by those clubs whose boats are from 50ft. downward, and so defeats the main end and object of any reform, the establishment of a uniform system of classes for all American yachting.

The action of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. is specially important, as it is likely to be followed by the New York and probably other clubs, in which case the classes adopted by them may be regarded as fixed for an indefinite time. Considering this point all will realize the importance of such action as will be suitable to the smaller yachts and the clubs in which they are enrolled.

No attention has yet been given to the schooners, but matters with them are in as bad a state as with the single-stickers, though not so noticeable from the lessened importance of schooner racing. The classes in the various clubs before quoted are: New York—Class 1, 100ft. and over; Class 2, 80 and under 100ft.; Class 3, under 80ft. Seawanhaka—First class, over 85ft.; second class, 85 and under. Eastern—First class, 75 and over, second class, 50 and under 75ft.; third class, 30 and under 50ft. Atlantic—Class A, 72ft. and over; Class B, under 72ft. Larchmont—Class A, 75ft. and over; Class B, under 75ft. The principal schooner yachts of the fleet are as follows, many of them, however, doing little or no racing:

Ambassadress	120.05	100 feet and over.
Coronet	123.00	
Dauntless	116.07	
Dreadnaught	115.09	
Wanderer	106.03	
Resolute	105.00	
Fleetwing	104.09	
Palmer	104.00	
Mohican	100.09	
Republic	98.06	80 feet and under 100 feet.
Gitana	97.04	
Fortuna	96.00	
Madeleine	95.60	
Montauk	94.08	
Ruth	93.04	
Atalanta	86.07	
Sachem	86.00	
Miranda	85.00	
Grayling	84.04	65 feet and under 80 feet.
Phantom	84.04	
Foam	82.04	
Crusader	81.00	
Speranza	81.00	
Halcyon	79.03	
Estelle	78.05	
Clytie	78.03	
Comet	73.04	
Albatross	72.07	
Rebecca	70.03	
Clio	68.00	Under 65 feet.
Peerless	66.03	
Haze	62.09	
Triton	61.10	
Agnes	55.03	
Fearless	54.03	
Ray	50.00	
Leona	46.04	

How the yachts are divided at present by the various clubs is shown by the preceding list of classes. In the Seawanhaka, for example, the only division is at 85ft., with the result that schooner racing is so nearly extinct that the classes might as well be dropped and the money devoted to them given for prizes in the smaller classes of single-stickers. An entry of more than three schooners is unusual, and less rather than more is to be expected in the near future. The New York Y. C. fares better, as it brings out a separate keel class each year, and the Eastern has a respectable fleet of large schooners which race, but if schooner racing is worthy of retention as a desirable form of sport, then it is deserving of some systematic regulation and encouragement.

Following the same course with the list of schooners as we did before with the single-stick craft, the proper points of division would seem to be: under 65ft.; 65 and under 80ft.; 80 and under 100ft.; 100 and over. How this would affect the existing fleet is indicated in the table. There would be at most but one more class for each club, a matter of $75 to $100 per year more; while the prospects of the sport would be far better, both in the near and more distant future.

Yachting in America has seen three distinct and well marked stages of development; the first from the days when it took root, in the form of boat sailing about the Hudson River and gradually extended as yacht clubs were formed; the second from the time that the *America* set a famous victory, down to the day when the keel of the first modern cruiser was laid in America; the third, that through which it is now passing, a time of destruction, experiment, trial and rebuilding. To this latter will soon succeed, we believe, a far more prosperous stage than it has yet known; a period of healthy growth and development along the thousand miles of lake, river and sea coast. Now, before this period is upon them is the time for American yachtsmen to lay firmly and permanently the foundations of the future fleet, a work that is easy if taken in season, but that each year becomes more difficult. Before the keel of another yacht is laid the question we have discussed should be taken up and pushed to a satisfactory conclusion. We have presented a scheme of classification which we believe to be practicable and permanent, at least one that is available as a basis for criticism and improvement, it rests now with those who control the legislation of yachting to take it up and act upon it. This power lies with the clubs, which means that it is in the hands of a few men in each club who take an interest in such matters and who are able to influence in any proper direction the action of the club as a body. To them we commend the subject in the hope that they may realize fully its importance, and that any efforts in its behalf will be more than repaid by the added good which a short time will bring to national yachting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with care and pleasure your remarks upon the classification of yachts, and trust your efforts may result in a uniform classification being adopted by all the seaboard clubs, the reasons you advance for such being indisputable. We on Lake Ontario have a uniform classification, all clubs belonging to the Lake Yachting Association, our races of late years all being sailed under the rules as laid down by that body, which up to the present time have been quite satisfactory, but I think the time has arrived when a change could be made in this classification that would result in much good to the yachting interest in this section, and with that object in view I would suggest the dividing of the present Class I. into two classes, viz.: 50ft. corrected measurement and over, and 38ft. and under 50ft.—the present Classes II. and III. would remain unchanged except as to number of class.

As at present we find such yachts as the Verve, Cygnet, Ethel, and others, sailing against such large yachts as the Oriole, Aileen, Atalanta and Norah, where they are quite outclassed even with their time allowance.

Under the proposed classification we would have in Class I., 50ft. corrected measurement and over: Schooner Oriole (73), cutter Aileen (55), sloops Atlanta (64). Norah (57.6) and Ariadne (52.6); total, 7.

Class II., 38ft. corrected measurement and under 50ft.: Cutter Verve (50), sloops Cygnet (42), Ethel (40), Ella (35), Garfield, White Wings and keel sloop Condor (38.8); total, 7.

Class III., 25ft. corrected measurement and under 38ft.: Cutter Cricket (27), sloops Iolanthe (30.6), Katie Gray (28), Laura, Kingston (32), Laura (Oswego), Gracie (30), Fascination and the Ames boat (building); total, 8.

Class IV., under 25ft.: Too numerous to mention.

There are other yachts that I have not mentioned as they are seldom found among the racers, and in addition to all, if reports are true, we are to have added this season one new Class I. boat, two new Class II. boats, and two new Class III. boats, all racers, consequently there will be no lack of contestants in any class.

I trust the different yacht clubs belonging to the Association will thoroughly consider this matter and send their delegate to the next meeting (May) prepared to act for the change suggested.

ONTARIO.

[While the Lake system is to a great extent independent of the Atlantic system, it would of course be better if the same rules could be adopted by both, as it is likely for some time to come that yachts will continue to be purchased on the coast for lake use. There is no need for the full number of classes on Lake Ontario that are required about New York and Boston, but the fewer classes on the lakes may easily conform to the limits we have previously given. The classification by corrected length now in vogue is objectionable and should be altered in any case, as the waterline length is less liable to change. When sail area enters into classification a change of class is possible in some cases by a slight alteration of length of boom or height of topsail block, and this is undesirable. The clubs along the coast now class all boats by waterline, and the L. Y. R. A. will be safe in making this change also. We have added in most cases the waterline length to our correspondent's list above, and it will be seen that the classes can well be made: 25 and under 35ft. L.W.L.; 35 and under 55; 55ft. and over. Of course, in adopting this classification it would be necessary to admit existing boats into the classes in which they race at present; thus the Ariadne, 52ft. 6in., we believe, would be allowed in the class 55ft. and over. In view of future development, it would be best to adopt the full classification from the smallest size upward, leaving all but the three classes now in existence in abeyance until the growth of lake yachting shall cause them to be built up to. The need for a class between the present first and second classes will soon be apparent, as such a size of boat is a most desirable one, say about 45ft. Whatever is done must be done thoroughly and promptly, and we hope to see the entire subject taken up by the clubs of the Atlantic coast and the L. Y. R. A. invited to cooperate with them in the establishment of a uniform system. The yachtsmen of Lake Ontario have thus far shown a spirit far in advance of their salt-water neighbors in the subject of organization, and in this matter as in that of measurement and uniform sailing rules they will not be slow to follow in any movement for reform.]

THE SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extended water front about New York, and the deep water courses in the Bay, and in Long Island Sound, the question of a suitable and permanent location is one that has overshadowed all others in every club about the city, and not one has as yet solved it in a satisfactory manner. The New York Y. C. has in time past sunk large sums in the efforts to establish a suitable station on the Staten Island shore, and at last has given up the attempt and fallen back on a club-house in the city. The Atlantic Y. C. has had for some years a foothold in a comparatively good location, after being driven from its old home in Gowanus Bay, but even now the presence of sewers near the anchorage, the neighborhood of a large chemical works, the refuse from which is said to have a destructive effect on copper, and the constant pollution of the waters of the Bay, which increases each year, threaten to drive the yachts away; while any basins, such as are absolutely necessary on the Bay Ridge shore, fill up rapidly owing to the set of the tide, and require constant dredging. Above the city the Knickerbocker Y. C. has had its quarters at Port Morris, a location that answered very well for the smaller yachts, but it is liable to be compelled to move at any time, at the orders of the owners of the property. Further on the Larchmont Y. C. has a location, in many respects most desirable, but the anchorage is by no means all that is desirable for a yachting station.

In common with the other clubs, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has experienced the same trouble, being unable to obtain a suitable location except on short leases. The last location at Tompkinsville was by no means adequate to the club's needs, and since the division of last year it has passed from the club's possession. Last season an attempt was made to provide temporarily for the fleet by leasing the old basin, formerly occupied; but it was so shoal and in such bad repair that it was unused during the season.

The immediate necessity for some action that would give the club a permanent home has engaged the attention of its members for some time, and many plans have been proposed. Some time since a committee consisting of Commodore Candler, Mr. Chas. H. Leland and Mr. L. F. D'Oremieulx, was appointed, and this committee has considered carefully all the schemes brought to their notice, the results being given in a report that was submitted to the club at a meeting on Feb. 26. The report is most thorough and exhaustive, and deals with the subject of location near the city in a way that has never before been done. A lack of space prevents its reproduction entire, though the matter is one of general as well as club interest, but we give such extracts as will sufficiently outline the new scheme of the club.

Among the locations considered were the Jersey Beach, Horse Shoe, Gravesend Bay, the shores of Staten Island, and Bay Ridge, Pelham Bay, College Point, Larchmont, Whitestone, Greenwich, Cold Spring and Oyster Bay. Of these Bay Ridge, Whitestone and College Point were the only ones where water, land and quick transit could be obtained together, and the former, besides being now the home of one large club, is open to the objections given above. Speaking then of an out of town club-house the report reads:

"Your committee will not burden the club with the plentiful arguments adduced against each locality by the advocates of some rival plan. Suffice it to say, that upon the following grounds your committee opposes any plan involving a club-house beyond Hell Gate, as a permanent and definite location for the Seawanhaka Y. C.: To attract the attendance and use necessary to success, a fully equipped country club-house would be required, provided with a good restaurant and bar; with reading, sleeping, billiard rooms, and possibly the addition of certain supplies for yachts. The expenses of installation, and the inevitable expenses entailed upon a club restaurant; the necessity of constant direct supervision and control, coupled with the fact that such a plan places the club in direct comparison, if not competition, with a phenomenally successful out-of-town yacht club, were sufficient to condemn the scheme in the judgment of your committee. The success of the only two really successful clubs of this nature, the Larchmont and Country Clubs, although, perhaps, not due to local support to the extent generally supposed, is undoubtedly due to local nursing by resident members of the house committee, and by that indispensable set of men who have the time, opportunity, and inclination to make the club's concerns largely their business. In the case of the Larchmont, originality of plan and such local supervision, combined with an exceptional location, both as to actual situation and means of access, have secured success; while in our own case these features would certainly not exist in the same degree. The attractions to all classes of members of a club-house and anchorage on the Sound have been very fully detailed to your committee, and have been recognized and thoroughly appreciated by them; but the doubtful success of out-of-town clubs, the outlay required and the conditions deemed essential, have increased rather than diminished upon a more extended consideration of the subject." * * * * * * *

Having endeavored to place briefly before the club the considerations in regard to the questions of location and policy, as they presented themselves when under discussion, your committee would now submit for the examination and judgment of the club the plan which, in their opinion, offers for the future the widest range and the brightest promise.

Your committee, recognizing the necessity for immediate action, has been baffled by the expense and uncertainty of the plans previously discussed; it has sought for a scheme which would present, in its originality, attractiveness and freedom from injurious competition, and, moreover, harmonize with the character and develop the powers inherent in our body. After most careful consideration and consultation, it has reached the conclusion that in the words of the second article of our constitution, of more extended range than its framers could have imagined, is contained in embryo the policy of our future growth: "To become proficient in all matters pertaining to seamanship."

That these words are not merely a sounding phrase, and that in

the practical application and systematic development of the idea expressed, is contained the study of subjects of most extended and absorbing interest, will be patent to each in proportion as such subjects have already claimed his attention.

Our position as a yacht club may fairly be attributed to such proficiency in seamanship as was at our command. By us the theoretical side has been treated with conspicuous ability, and in practice the Corinthian principle has been carried beyond the point aimed at in institutions of a like nature. We have been, on board our vessels, not mere passengers, but, to the best of our ability, and in the best sense, seamen; the endless questions and reasons of practice and precedent have secured our ready attention; the ship, big or little, has ever appealed to our sympathy, not as something inert and material, but rather instinct with life; our example has stood a vigorous and successful protest against the effeminate yachting of the past; in a word, we have been true votaries of our chosen sport; such are the real reasons for the past and present position which we have attained.

No subject has offered a more rapid and interesting development than that of yachting; from the stone ballasted vessels of half a century ago to the elaborate and beautiful creations of the science of to-day. All the wonderful changes in the perfecting of the vessel have not superseded the importance of handling, steering and judgment; the value of the personal equation in yacht racing, far from sinking in prominence, has risen with the perfection of the means supplied. Many questions of vital interest in marine architecture will be solved only as problems in the construction of racing vessels, and many experiments as to strength and weight in spars, rigging and construction, are forbidden by economic considerations in other fields. On a higher range, the subject of the relations of resistance and power is treated from a standpoint of almost purely scientific experiment. Interpreted from this point of view, yacht racing assumes its true and proper value.

The whole subject of present and national interest of our coast defenses must, in the light of modern experience, be regarded, not upon purely theoretical grounds but from the point of view which would belong to men of liberal education who had made the subject of seamanship in its broadest sense their study. The expenditures upon navies and defenses are frequently in an inverse ratio to the definite and practical knowledge possessed, and in our present ignorance no detail is too insignificant to assume an unexpected importance. Proficiency in seamanship among amateurs deserves, as a rarer knowledge, at least such recognition as is bestowed on voluntary military training.

As to the material means and the plan in detail: Your committee proposes that as a permanent headquarters and location for the club, a house or rooms be secured in the city. The advantages of such headquarters are apparent, specially to those who have experienced the difficulty of meeting to transact and arrange the present business of the club. For the regular committees and for the meetings incidental to the arrangements connected with the club races, the convenience would be very great. But most important, undoubtedly, will be the means and opportunity thus afforded for the encouragement and development of the social element among such a membership as our own, and your committee believes that the possibilities in this direction would contribute largely to the success of a club-house established in the city.

As a yachting center, in the best sense of the term, the club-house should, in view of our keen and appreciative interest in all yachting matters, prove a success in the hands of a club held together so well by the ties of this common interest. A means would be secured for the proper display of the large and interesting collection of the lines of prize winners in the past races of the club, now practically inaccessible and useless. As a place for regular meetings the possession of a home for the club would, by inducing a larger and more regular attendance, prove of direct and practical benefit.

Your committee further proposes to increase as far as possible the number of meetings to be held during the year, according to the interest and attendance shown, and to provide for a regular series of lectures to cover a definite class of subjects, according to a prearranged scheme. For the preparation of such a scheme of lectures the appointment of a regular committee is recommended. Their duties should be to formulate a plan for the course of entertainment and instruction to be carried out during the year; to secure experts as lecturers, capable of properly presenting the proposed subjects before such a club as our own; and to prepare and arrange such intelligent discussion as the nature of the subject may permit among the members of the club. Merely as a suggestion of what ground may be covered by such a series of lectures and discussions, the following list is submitted:

1. Yacht Designing and Construction.—Theory, method and practice of draughting the lines of yachts; instruments and practical hints. The elements of designs, and the calculation for their determination. Relation, functions and importance of these elements. Stability; its exact and approximate determination; form and ballasting. Sparring and sail plans. Rigging and iron work. Sails and sail-making. Constructions: centre-board yachts, modern and former types; keel yachts; wood, iron, steel composite; and double skin construction. Types of yachts. History and development of yachts and yachting. Laws of resistance of fluids; form and surface of vessels. Cruising yachts; seagoing qualities.

2. Navigation.—Along-shore and off-shore navigation. Dead reckoning. Nautical astronomy. Instruments; construction, theory, and uses. Chronometers: construction, tests, history and uses. Mariner's compass: theory, various forms, variation, dip, deviation and correction. Charts: construction and theory, United States coast survey—instruments, methods and work. Harbors and channels. Natural formation and artificial aids. New York harbor. Aids to navigation. Lighthouses and lights. Ocean courses. Marine geography and ocean currents. Trade winds and the law of storms.

3. Vessels Other than Yachts.—Seamanship of large vessels: handling rigs. Vessels of war: types, development and history. Construction and armament. Question of armored and unarmored. Speed in modern warfare and means of attainment. Modern naval tactics and discipline; sham battles and manœuvres. Fishing vessels: foreign and native types and their development. Life boats and life saving appliances.

4. Coast Defenses.—Ordnance, forts and torpedoes, Torpedo boats and submarine navigation. Modern inventions in guns and projectiles.

The scheme, as outlined above, was adopted. A library embracing the standard works of reference, the leading periodicals and full sets of charts, will form a conspicuous feature, and the collections of models will at once be commenced. Of this collection the report speaks as follows:

"The possession of a collection of models by a club has been proved to be an endless source of interest to members, and of attraction and inducement to outsiders. Models are, in fact, of the nature of works of reference, and a study of them will constantly suggest new points for examination and comparison. Each model should represent a noted or typical yacht. The collection would then soon contain practically types of all such vessels as a naval architect would consider worthy of study. It is proposed to request from the owners of such yachts, tracings of their lines, and to have made from these, at the club's expense, plain models. It is recommended that every prize winner be obliged to deposit a model, in place of lines, with the club."

Of course such a scheme will entail a considerable extra outlay, especially as it is proposed to push the racing interests of the club and keep pace with the increased activity in the racing world, and to no extent to lose sight of the end in furthering the means thereto. In order to raise the sum required to start the scheme on a successful basis, some $6,000 to $7,000, as estimated, it is proposed to issue bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest, in amounts of $25.00, and nearly the whole amount of these bonds have already been taken. Further than this, it is expected that an increased income will be needed to carry on the club-house, and to meet this it is proposed to raise the annual dues to $25.00 in place of $15.00, after Jan. 1, 1888, and the initiation fee from $25.00 to $50.00, after Sept. 1, 1887. Notice was also given of a proposed amendment, limiting the membership of the club to 500.

Since its organization the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has been foremost in every movement for the promotion of yachting, in all the various fields of designing, building, racing and seamanship, and in the latter in particular its members have deservedly taken the first place. The present step, though a radical one, is only in accordance with the policy of the club, and the names of its leaders are a sufficient guarantee that it will be as successful as the many previous efforts of the club in behalf of a higher standard for American yachting and yachtsmen.

THE OCEAN RACE.

THE Coronet has been on the screw dock and eight tons of lead have been cast in her keel. The low tides have prevented Coronet from going off the screw dock up to Wednesday and the start will probably be postponed to next week. The Dauntless was down the Bay on Feb. 27 and met with wind enough to carry away her jib.

A CRUISE OF THE TEMPUS, 1885.

PART SECOND.

DURING a severe sou'wester last summer the Tempus was off the same locality, but fifteen miles further out at sea. During the night her tender broke adrift in the violence of the gale and was lost. It had been a supposition that the tide and wind would set the boat up this river, and one of the plans of the voyage was to learn something of the derelict. During the winter we heard that a fishermen living on Bear Island had picked her up. So when we found ourselves abreast of the island at 2 o'clock a visit was made to it.

The only habitation was a small hovel, and when its door was entered, a sight was revealed that was interesting, at least to the visitors. The low room was perhaps ten feet square. It had originally been lathed and plastered, but now more lath than plaster were mementoes of a former grandeur. A few of the commonest wooden chairs, worn and rickety, a table against the wall, a more than used up stove and a flour barrel were the furniture. In one corner sat an old crone, sooty short pipe in mouth, clicking her needles over a long blue stocking. A younger woman whose apparel was certainly not of this spring's importation, was making a seine net out of white twine. A baby disputed with several hens and a dog for the rights of the floor. The whole made a tout ensemble resembling some of the interiors of the old Dutch painters. Shy, curt answers were given to our inquiries, but the boat was unheard of. So, disappointed we departed, carrying away only the lasting memory of a poor fisherman's cot.

New Meadows River runs nearly north from the sea, a wide, deep estuary, lined with islands and coves and bold wooded shores. Half way up we met a fisherman with his two sails, running free. How grandly those dories are handled. The clumsy, fishy boat responded sentiently to our hail and ran under our lee. A well-built, middle-aged man, burned red by exposure, and a fisherman by every token that sight or smell could give, came aboard. We had found the needle in the haymow. His father-in-law had picked up the boat the second morning after her loss, as she was grinding her tender cedar sides against the White Bull, way outside, and was now at his house on the mainland. If she would float he would bring her off to us when we returned the next day. By and by to cast off, leaving us to come to anchor at Foster's Point, ten miles from the ocean, at 3 o'clock.

Our anchorage for the night differed from yesterday's and exemplifies the endless variety found in the way of studying geography. We lay at the junction of four water courses. Northward was the main river, the two outlets of Broad Cove and of Mill Cove. Below to the south a cluster of islets. Three islands face us in the side of the channel. From every point of the yacht the scenery was superb. Oceanward the dark spruces and evergreens of the rocky coast; landward, cultivated fields and grassy swards vary the picture, with here and there a white farmhouse or more pretentious residence.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

For some time subtle odors had floated over the yacht suggestive of the time when men turn from the world without to that more closely united with the life within. Through the companionway glimpses could be caught of a white table cloth and chairs arranged, as if for a purpose, about it. Such hints are too broad to need further explanation, and nature has, for the time, no further attractions. The menu, as transcribed from the log, was as follows:

Baked mutton—sliced lemons and olives.
Boiled potatoes with jackets on.
"Shall I skin yer a purtater, dearie?"
"No, thank ye, darlin', got one skun."
Eggs, fried (but not swimming) in grease, and—after use of deep sea lead they are found to be—apricots.
Dessert, a little of everything, pastry, fruit, nuts, especially "chestnuts."
(The helm is put up and reef shook out of the main brace).
Coffee, "which makes the politician wise, and see through all things with his half shut eyes."

Then comes the satiety resultant from living and dining well; with all restraints slackened about throat and abdomen, and in such postures in berth or standing room as comfort dictates, the evening passes away. The voices swell in the gale of debate upon such trivial topics as conchology, pathology, sociology and even theology, until every threadbare sail of argument is rent into tatters. The mighty incense of "sublime tobacco, which from east to west, cheers the tar's labor," rises to propitiate old Neptune and his divine spouse Amphitrite, through whose domain we have traveled twenty-five miles to-day. At last the Tempus swings to her anchor, silent and alone in the river.

"The cock's shrill clarion" echoed over the water about 5 o'clock, and Memorial Day began as perfect as the most exacting could wish. No mirror was smoother or reflected more sharply than the crystal upon which we floated; not a breath of air disturbed the water, and the cloudless sky was filled already with the horses of the sun. Pending breakfast, a row was taken up the river. All the world here is in its best dress, and welcomes the strangers with most seductive grace. Again and again the oars hang idly and the tide carried us along, while we enjoy the beauty of the morning. The foliage is especially noticeable. Every shade of green, from the yellow leaf of the willow to the almost black "spills" of the firs, was contrasted and harmonized. Sounds from shore and the yacht, our voices, the splash of a fishing gull above us, echoed from hill and forest until we counted four distinct reduplications. How appropriate the lines: "Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods, stand dressed in living green!" Down through the transparent water we could see fish darting hither and yon in the tangles of the seaweed. Fantasies of dreamland grow apace as we float along. How rude the awakening to find, on our return to the yacht, the crew polishing "up the handle of the big front door," and the other brass fittings, so dear to the heart of the yacht builder.

At 11 o'clock we started homeward, with the usual southerly wind, warm and fresh. Down through the reaches of the river, by Winnegance Bay, just below the mainland of West Bath, with all canvas drawing, and foam well up on the lee rail, we rush along until we round into the entrance of the Basin.

The "Coast Pilot" says: "Immediately opposite to the southern point of Sheep Island, a narrow and deep passage passes from the river between two high and steep bluffs, into a perfectly land-locked cove called the Basin. In this passage there is no less than 18ft. at mean low water, and it is entirely unobstructed. In the Basin you may lie at anchor in from 3 to 7 fathoms, soft bottom, completely sheltered from all winds of whatever strength. Vessels passing up the river will not be able to see the entrance to the Basin, but will see the masts of vessels at anchor there as soon as they are abreast of Basin Point."

The dry details of this description can give but a hint of the beautiful landscape we found, rising like the sides of a bowl from the placid water. The humble cots of the fishermen nestle near the entrance, as if, "the world forgetting by the world forgot." Once visited, the Basin invites a return to its haven, whenever the voyager passes its portals.

Out again into the river, we cross it and anchor in Cundiz Harbor, on the eastern shore of Sebascodegan Island. This was the rendezvous where our fisherman friend of yesterday was to bring us the wrecked gig. We found only "promises made but never kept," and therefore enter a personal equation in the problem. The Captain takes a crew and starts himself on a search expedition, leaving the yacht to pick him up afterward in the river. Recrossing the channel, at the mouth of the passage between Bear Island and the mainland, an ancient mariner is met rowing a dory, laden down to the water's edge with bunches of shingles. "Oh! 'bout that boat? Hearn of her when Bijah brung her in last summer. Guess he's to hum, but he's turrible used up with rheumatiz. Howsomever, his boy will give her to ye, and ye'll find the haouse furder down the gut, 'breast of the clam shells." Like the play of boyhood we were getting "hotter." The gut is like so many of the other deep channels of this coast, cut out between shore and island by the swift tides. Landward it is edged with a thin sprinkle of fishermen's houses, almost enough to be dignified with a name. "Breast of the clam shells" we found a typical fisherman's home. Shells, dories and nets and lobster pots were its surrounding, relieved by a crazy barn, a wood-pile and a clump of spruces. A young fellow was digging in freshly plowed ground by the side. His was the regular uniform, flannel shirt, with sleeves rolled high, pantaloons hoisted high with red galluses, a rubber boot protected the left foot, but the other languished in a more democratic shoe. His rumination of the everlasting cud suddenly stopped as the stranger bore swiftly down upon him. "Where's the boat your father picked up last July?" The abruptness of the question and peremptory tone gave no time for equivocation. "Down in that house, but the door's locked and father's gone away with the key. Guess you can look at it through the winder though, if you wanter."

We stayed not to make reply but hurried over to the said house which had once been the ancestral dwelling. The supposed locked door was found ajar, and inside was the boat. Though scarred and wounded by her night's wrestle for life against rock and surf, her personality was unquestionable. Oars, rowlocks, backboard and flooring were absent, and several planks in the side had been crushed through, but for all that she was worth saving. While the Captain was examining her the guide vanished to hasten back with a lady, youthful but not gaudy. She was evidently the finer animal of the two, and it was a comical sight to see her nudge the side of her mate, too shy or scared to utter the remonstrances she wanted made against such "flat burglary." A few moments of these mute appeals against aggression, when, evidently, their feelings being too many for them, they passed out the doorway and, as far as the strangers were concerned, into the hereafter, her arm lovingly and protectingly around him. "Now what shall we do? Here's our boat and 'Bijah is entitled to salvage, but where is he? 'Spose we see if we can lift her," was the reply. Strength was equal to the demand, and from the hut to the water, down the steep bank and over the shells, it was carried successfully. "They'll have fleet steeds that will follow," or words to that effect, stimulated the crew to quick rowing, and soon the yacht had upon its deck rescued and rescuers. Many a hearty laugh rang out from rocks and waves that afternoon as the story was told to an appreciative audience. Shall memory ever forget the man, all tattered and torn, in the tender arms of the maiden all forlorn, or his attitude as, without a glance at the departing ravishers, he bent over his shovel in the "tater patch,"

"So faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone."

At the close of this eventful day the Tempus anchored in Harpswell Harbor. A light shower in the afternoon had enlivened the monotonous long rolls around Jaquish, but now, with anchor down, all care is thrown away. In this safe and protected harbor, but one thought is uppermost, and is only forgotten when naught but the wreck of the supper-table remains. The cup of pleasure has been brimful to-day, but what shall be on the morrow we know not, for the barometer is falling rapidly.

The words spoken on the Tempus that Sabbath morning were, "Is it quarter of seven or twenty-five minutes of nine, by that clock?" Despite a general unstableness of sleeping apartment, the usual late Sunday morning nap had been indulged in, proving that shore habits follow one even on shipboard. A glance from the deck at once explained the cause of the unusual motion of the yacht. A hard easterly storm was upon us, rain pouring down, and gusts of wind carried spray in clouds to leeward. Outside the harbor heavy seas rolled up the Sound, and though we were partially protected from them, still the cable was being put to a tremendous strain. A second anchor was lowered at once and plenty of scope given to both, when we rode more safely, if not more quietly. It was out of the question to think of going further in such weather, and we therefore settled down to cabin-life as complacently as possible. Breakfast was prolonged till an unheard of hour, and the cook found plenty of assistants. During the day books and conversation were helps to wile away the hours or long-drawn suspirations from some berth betokened that one of the Seven Sleepers had visited modern times.

Outside on deck the full power of the northeaster was appreciated, but under the defenses of rubber coats and boots the storm battle was enjoyable. Away over toward Bailey's Island could be seen the restless masts of three coasters, storm-bound like ourselves, but a gust of rain would come and blot out everything seaward. Astern the surf thundered on the shingle of the beach, or broke high over an old wreck upon it. A very little of such scenery suffices to give the grandeur of a storm at sea.

In the afternoon the perils of landing through the breakers were braved, and one or two of the houses visited that are scattered along the crest of the Neck. At one place a plea of starvation was entered as an excuse for getting a fresh supper of pastry. An anxious looking matron appeared at the doorway with three children, all of a size, round-eyed and open-mouthed, hanging to her skirts. Inside a glimpse was caught of the husband, in reverend Sunday clothes, and professional in a ring of whiskers, that were probably oakum, under the nether jaw. Unfortunately the larder was empty, and excused by the statement that they "had went to a funeral yesterday," a concatenation which is indeed a proper sequence of funerals according to country custom.

At length the day is ended. In the shelter of the cosy cabin we forget the constant pitching and reeling, "nor heed the rain that howls along the sky." The *tune divine* of the gale is sung to ears fast losing their hold upon temporal things, and then darkness and its perils are unknown.

During Sunday night the wind had shifted to the north and the storm blown itself out. Despite the lowering sky orders were given to get under way, and the pawl of the windlass clanked slowly as the cable came inboard. Round Harpswell Point every rock was white with the spume of the surf. On the horizon Half Way Rock Light stood a black pillar against a leaden sky. We take the inside route home, for the outside is altogether too rough for pleasure sailing. However, as the sun rises the wind falls, until, abreast of Great Chebeag, we have a veritable "ash flurricane," additionless for hours. At last on our planing whistle comes the breeze, and we speed along through Diamond Island Roads, and all too soon are at our moorings and the cruise is ended.

Four days of unalloyed recreation have passed without a mishap to vessel or crew. A few of the delightsome places of this corner of the Atlantic have been visited, and the check of the purser to balance the yacht's account is amusingly small. Our trip has been uneventful for hair-breadth escape or heroic service; and yet, perhaps, is none the less memorable because pleasant, healthful, and economical.

STANLEY P. WARREN.

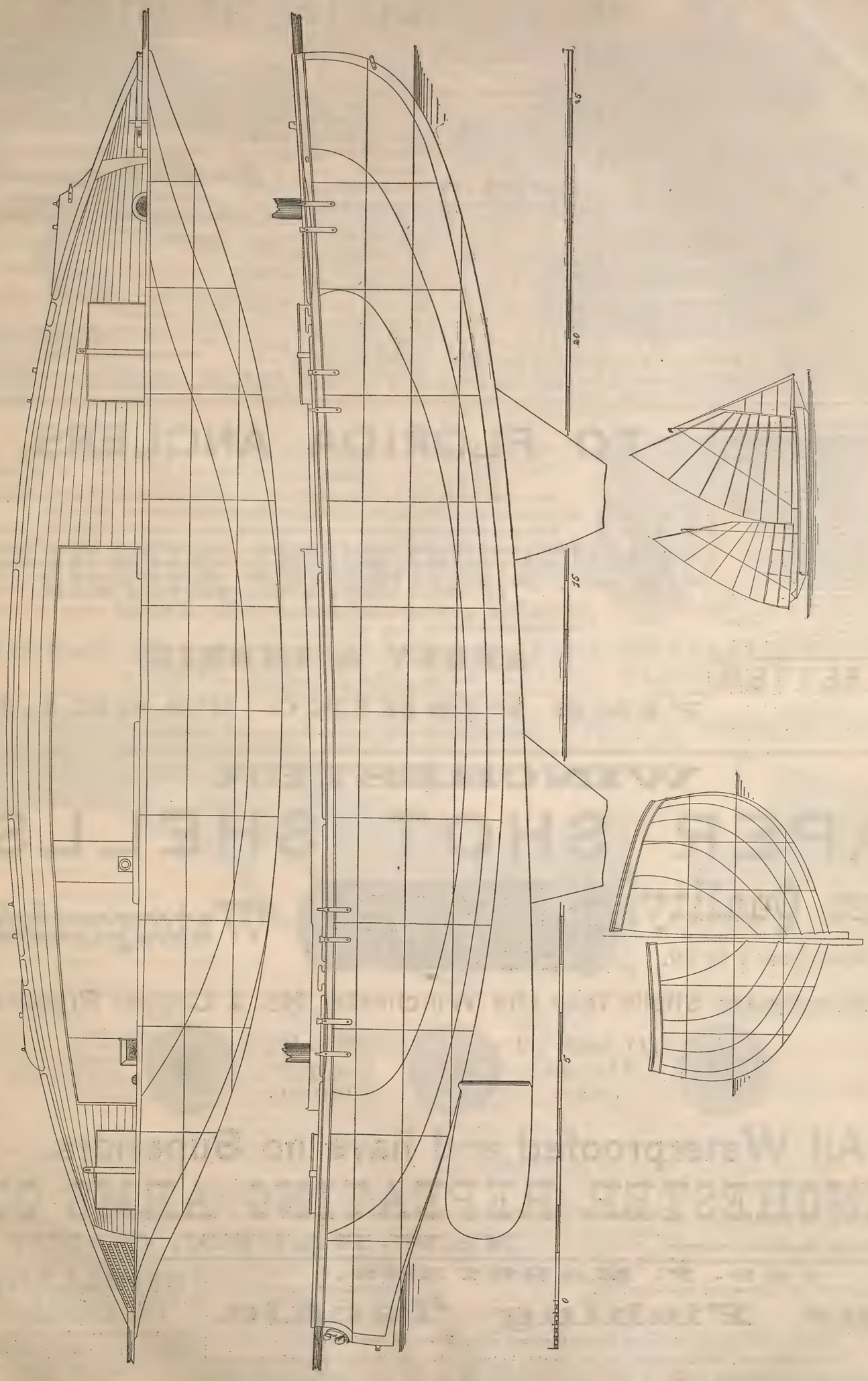
THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

WE have frequently pointed out the many advantages which the canoe type of boat possesses in the way of strong and inexpensive construction and speed with small power and a moderate displacement and draft, and the accompanying design shows how the same features may be combined in a larger craft than is associated commonly with the term canoe, and that may fairly be considered a yacht. Like her smaller prototype, the Heathen Chinee has the two ends alike, a moderate displacement, beam and draft, easy lines, small immersed surface and a moderate and easily handled sail-area with little weight or bulk of gear aloft.

The Heathen Chinee was designed by Landseer MacKenzie, Esq., of London, England, in 1877, and was built during the following winter by J. Macwhirter, at Erith, on the Thames. Being a somewhat unique production and unlike any of the conventional boats of the locality, her advent was received with many gloomy prognostications of failure; which, however, were not destined to be realized. When first launched she was practically an open boat and with only scrap iron for ballast, but she was remarkably stiff. Since then, in the nine seasons that she has raced and cruised, many alterations have been made that have greatly improved her.

In the original design the areas of the vertical sections were regulated by a cylindroid of displacement according to the methods of Mr. J. W. Griffiths; but before the boat was begun the investigations and conclusions of Mr. Colin Archer were made public, and the lines were slightly altered to conform to the new "wave form" theory. In 1880 she was lengthened 1ft. aft and trimmed 3in. by the stern, thus destroying the exact accordance with the theoretical wave form; but at the same time her ballast and sail plans were both improved, so that no loss was apparent in her subsequent performance. In 1884 her single centerboard was replaced by two, as shown, the total area being the same as before. The result was that she was not quite as quick in stays, even when the after board was tended, but she was much improved in weatherliness, the gain being easily noticeable on a long leg; in fact her ability to windward is one of her main features. The object of the change was to give more room in the cockpit and also to make her steadier on her helm, as her rudder was too small. The two boards were placed, of course, with reference to the masts and other surroundings, and in designing a similar boat their position could probably be improved, so as to make her quicker in stays. A subsequent enlargement to the size shown cured entirely the difficulty in the steering. At the time the board was changed Sowt. of lead was added to the keel, and the inside ballast, all lead by this time, was recast to fit as close to the skin as possible. Thus ballasted, and with her light spars, she could carry full sail when the ordinary small cutter was glad to stow topsail; and for light weather her sail area might be 50ft. larger.

In the nine seasons that she has raced on the Thames she has met boats of all classes and has scored a number of victories. She has met the usual type of cutter with success on more than one occasion, one of the most interesting of these races being with a narrow 3-tonner 1ft. greater length on L. W. L. and about 40 per cent. more displacement. The race was sailed over a 12-mile course, in a steady topsail breeze, there was no time allowance and the Chinee won by 10m. She was once fairly beaten by a 20ft. L. W. L. boat, a centerboarder with two immense Chinese lugs; but at the same time she has won the Muriel challenge cup, a perpetual challenge cup of the Corinthian Y. C. for open and half-decked boats, for two consecutive years from the same boat;



HEATHEN CHINEE."—Designed by Landseer MacKenzie, Esq., 1877.

as well as the gold medal of the same club. The dimensions of the Heathen Chinee are:

Length over all	27ft.
Length L. W. L.	25ft.
Beam, extreme	6ft.
Draft	2ft. 8in.
Draft, with board	5ft. 3in.
Displacement, long tons	3
Ballast, lead inside, long tons	1
Ballast, lead inside keel, long tons	2-5
Ballast, total, long tons	1 2-5
Midship section, area square feet	8.4
Centerboards, total area, square feet	10
Sails, total area, square feet	500
Midship section from fore end, L. W. L.	12ft. 9in.
C. B. from fore end, L. W. L.	12ft. 6in.
C. L. R. from fore end, L. W. L.	13ft.

The success of the boat is no doubt largely due to her rig, as it possesses several advantages that fit it specially for a boat of limited stability, especially for river racing and variable winds. A comparatively large area is carried with very light spars and almost no gear, the weight aloft on the mainmast being due to but three single blocks, in place of the crosstrees, masthead ironwork and topmast of the small cutter or sloop. The shrouds and backstays, with their weight and windage, are replaced by one shroud on each side, set up with a tackle. The battened sails are fitted, as we have before described for canoes, with a reefing gear that hauls in one or two reefs or casts them out again while the crew of the cutter would be preparing to reef, so that the Chinee is almost always under a proper press of sail, instead of having just too much or too little and not daring to stop for a reef or to shake out. In steady winds and open water this would not be so important, but in a narrow river or on confined waters it is of the greatest advantage. Every boat sailor knows that the easier and quicker a sail can be reduced, the more he can afford to carry in light winds. No light or balloon sails are used.

In regard to the battened lugs Mr. MacKenzie speaks as follows: "The Chinese lug is a wonderfully effective sail; when properly set it presents a parchment-like surface, nor is there that perpetual flicker going on along the sail which so tends to kill a light air. On the contrary the wind comes solidly on to the sail and the propulsive effect is proportionately increased. There is much greater ease in handling the boat; with sails so balanced jibing is deprived of half its terrors; and for racing over a circular course a spinaker is more trouble than it is worth." The battens are of bamboo, from 1 to 1¼in. diameter. The jib shown was added in 1884 when her mizen was increased without a corresponding change in the mainsail, and a sail plan might easily be devised in which only the two lugs would be used, the jib and its attendant gear being dispensed with.

The Heathen Chinee is beautifully built, her topsides being of bright wood, while the upper streak is of teak with two gold stripes and one of blue. Above is a rail of American elm with scuppers as shown, kept as white as possible. In a recess in the stern is a handsomely carved figure of the redoubtable Ah Sin himself, holding up the famous ace. The boat, both in hull and rig, contains many features that are worthy of a careful study, and though a novelty, there is much to commend her to those who desire a safe and convenient boat of moderate draft.

MAYFLOWER AND ARROW.

It is reported from Boston that Gen. Paine has decided to send Mayflower across the Atlantic to accept the challenge thrown down by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne last year in behalf of the cutter Arrow, holder of the Queen's Cup of 1852. Mr. Burgess will have entire charge of Mayflower and her owner may not visit England. The plan, as reported, is to sail early in June and to enter any other races that may be open.

CAPTAIN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

THE beautiful and sentimental story of the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas two centuries ago faded into insignificance, beside the no less sentimental rescue of Pocahontas by Captain Smith in these days of stern realities and hard facts and particularly in such an unromantic locality as Wall street. The history of this modern Pocahontas is well known, a sloop of the old type, thoroughly "representative," built by Mr. David Kirby in 1881 to the order of Messrs. Waller, Smith and Oelrichs, then flag officers of the New York Y.C., to meet the Atalanta, the challenger for the America's Cup. The fact that she failed is equally well known; why or through whose fault need not now be discussed. Her builder had, and still has implicit faith in her as the fastest yacht of her class ever afloat, but while many alterations were made contrary to his wishes and without consulting him, the general opinion was that Pocahontas was proved to be inferior to her rivals in the trial races. Whether or no Pocahontas was fairly tried (and Mr. Kirby still claims that she was not) and whether she was faster or slower than Gracie, Mischief and the rest, is a matter of ancient history; but even were she as good as her fellows in 1881, there are very few who do not recognize the fact that the best of these boats have had their day and that there is absolutely no place for them beside the newer additions to the class. How Pocahontas has laid neglected among the wharves for six years need not be recounted, she has now been purchased by ex-Com. Smith, who will refit her at Mumm's yard and put her in the races of the season with Bedouin, Shamrock and Titania; with a result that may easily be foreshadowed. Who will say that romance and sentiment cannot flourish beneath the shadow of the Stock Exchange and that faith, strong and mighty, cannot survive the lack of confidence which a long familiarity with the devious ways of Wall street is commonly supposed to engender?

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Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

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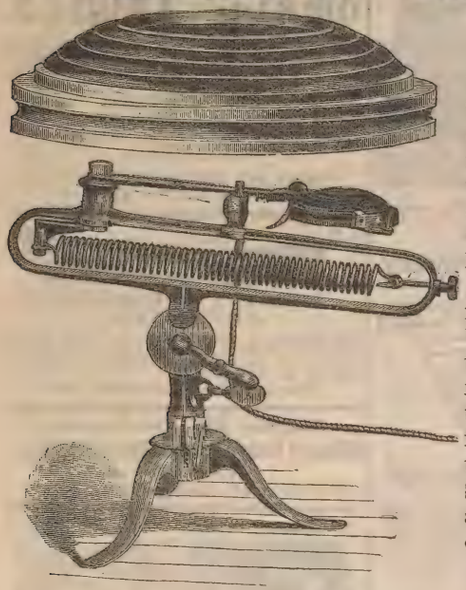
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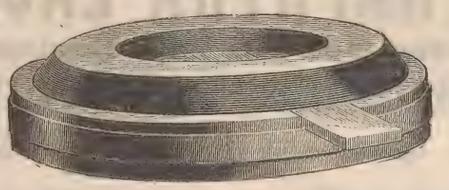
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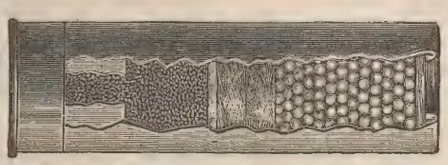
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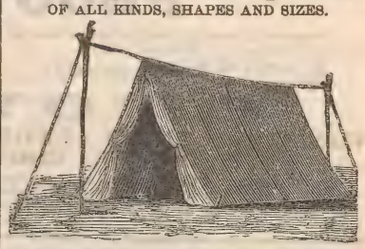
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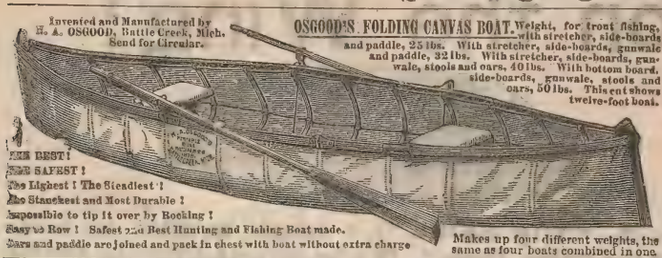
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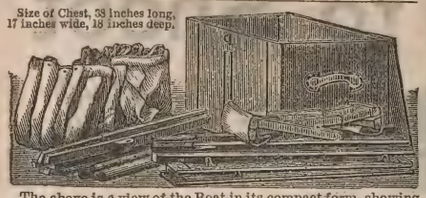
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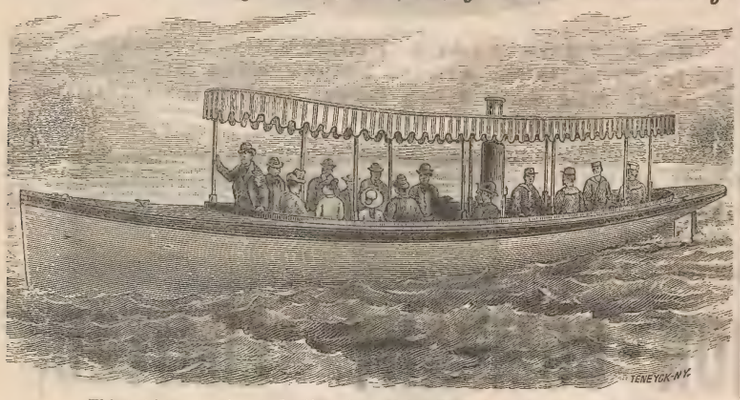
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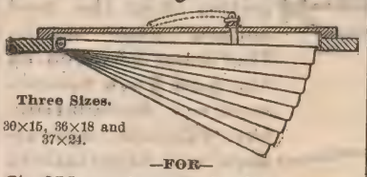
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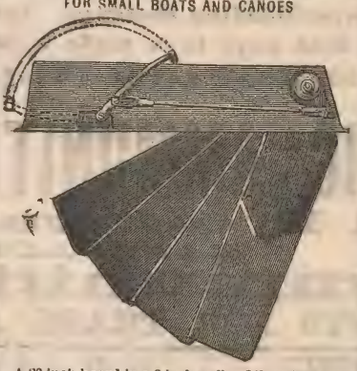
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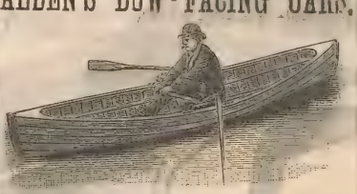
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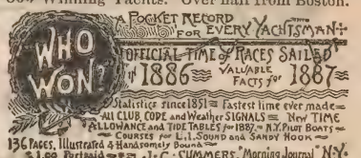
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Readers old and new of the FOREST AND STREAM may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1886 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM as legitimate journalistic methods. In other words, we have kept faith with subscribers by devoting our reading columns exclusively to honest reading matter, and have not given up our pages to extended paid puffs of railroad routes clumsily disguised as accounts of sportsmen's travel, nor alluring descriptions of wonderful agricultural regions, all paid by the column. The conviction that a sportsman's journal for sportsmen could be conducted without resorting to such questionable makeshift expedients have proved quite correct.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have devcloped to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

records scores of meetings and matches, discussions of topics pertaining to the butt, gallery and trap. Secretaries of gun and rifle clubs are invited to send their scores for publication.

Canoeing.

This country is a land of magnificent water courses, and Americans are just beginning to appreciate the canoe as a means of enjoying the delectable charms of river and lake, and bay and canal. The men who are making fortunes by making canoes know best how rapidly the ranks of canoeists are multiplying. Novices and old hands will find in the FOREST AND STREAM canoeing columns, in charge of a practical canoeist, accounts of cruises, lines of new craft, and hints and helps and suggestions without number. Closely allied is

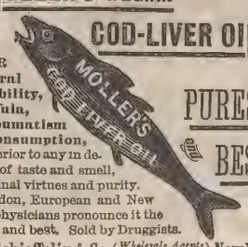
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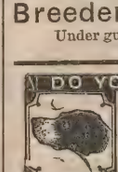
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VOL. XXVIII.—No. 7. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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The present issue contains four additional pages, or thirty-two in all.

THE MAINE COMMISSIONER CHARGES.

CHARGES have been preferred against the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game. From the Boston *Herald's* report, it appears that the prime instigator of this movement is George M. Harmon, some time Adjutant-General of the State of Connecticut. The *Herald's* summary of the circumstances which have prompted Harmon to this action throws a flood of light on that individual's motives and the motives of the Jack Darlings who are helping him. It appears that one Sabbath morning in June Harmon and his guide Thrasher, pursued a deer swimming in Rangeley Lake Overtaking it, Thrasher, in true Adirondack style, belabored the creature with his oar, and, having stunned it, at Harmon's command cut its throat. Thereupon Harmon on behalf of Thrasher, paid a $40 fine to Warden Huntoon. This, in the opinion of George M. Harmon, sometime Adjutant-General of Connecticut, should then and there have settled the matter. The Maine officials thought differently. They held that both parties to the misdemeanor should be punished, the oar-butcher Thrasher and his accomplice Harmon as well; and the latter's fine was collected. In a futile attempt to impose further penalties for the Sunday law violation the Commissioners may have displayed an excess of zeal, but it should be remembered that the case was an aggravated one; the deer was killed in the spring, in close season, on the Sabbath, and in a manner abhorrent to sportsmen.

The movement against the Commissioners is instigated and sustained by non-residents, Harmon and others who, having violated the Maine game laws, have been duly punished; by residents, water-butchers like the notorious Darling and his tribe; in the Legislature by Talbot, from East Machias, who got into his seat by promising the poachers of his district that he would fight the Commissioners' appropriation; and in short, by all who are enemies of game and fish protection and would gladly see the laws and the Commission abolished.

Unscrupulous men—selfish and cruel in the extreme—have long desired to see these laws repealed. The hotel and summer travel interest has done its best to repeal them, or to so alter and amend them that they would be of no effect as against their business. This hotel and travel interest in one section alone, that of north Franklin county, has caused the Commissioners more trouble than all the rest of the State, with one exception, that of the upper Machias region, the section where even murder and arson have been rampant. Year after year these interests have gone to the Legislature with this or that scheme for letting in the "gentlemen sportsmen" who desire to kill wet does in June, or dog-hunt deer in autumn, but each time the better judgment of a good majority of the Legislature has triumphed, and the laws have been strengthened at each session. In the meantime the palms of these hotel-keepers, stage-drivers and managers of infant railroads have itched for the thousands that were out of their reach so long as the game laws were in the ascendency. This winter, more than ever, that hotel and travel interest has been determined that the game and fish laws of Maine should succumb to the desires of the vacationist and tourist, and the people of north Franklin have gone to the biennial session of the Legislature with the determination that the stringency of the laws that directly interfered with their interests must be broken. They have united with them the element in the eastern part of the State that has been guilty of burning the buildings of game officers who have tried to enforce the laws, and worse yet, the very spirit that shot down two game wardens only a few months ago, for attempting to take away dogs found in use for hunting deer. But this winter these enemies of wholesale game and fish protection have failed worse than ever. They have failed in every particular. The dog hunters have been sat down on with a will that has killed their courage. The Phillips hotel keeper with his proposition to allow "gentlemen sportsmen" to bring their trophies out of the State has been given "leave to withdraw." In fact not one crumb of comfort can these gentlemen poachers and hotel keepers get; and now out of pure revenge they have turned upon the unoffending Commissioners, and propose to impeach them for doing their duty faithfully.

The cause of justice cries out against such action. Every true sportsman in the country asks that Messrs. Stillwell and Stanley be retained in the position where they have done such noble work. The charges against them cannot be sustained, except through fraud and a bitter hatred—just such a hatred as thieves and hoodlums always manifest toward constables and the officers of the law. If there is a shadow of honor left in sportsmen who live in or resort to Maine, let them turn and cry halt in this persecution of these two men, who have staked their all and served out the best of their years that the fish and game of Maine might be perpetuated. Their success has already been the wonder of the rest of the world. Shall their usefulness be cut off now, when success has just begun to dawn?

NO MONEY FOR THE PARK.

AS was expected, Senator Vest's bill to protect the National Park failed to pass the House of Representatives. So, for the present, all hope of having a form of government for the Park may be laid aside, and the reservation for another year will be under the care of the troops.

The session which has just closed has not been altogether one of doubt and despair to the friends of the Park. One distinct gain has been had in the defeat of the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad. This measure, notwithstanding its strong backing, and the moral support of favorable reports by committees of both Houses, received a crushing defeat in the House of Representatives. In this contest issue was joined not so much on the question as to whether this particular road should have a right of way, as on the general question of the advisability of permitting any railways in the Park. The vote on this measure indicated very clearly the temper of the people's Representatives on this subject. The vote by which the Vest bill passed the Senate is also an encouraging feature of the session's work, and there is little doubt that if the measure had been brought before them in time the House would have passed the bill by a large majority.

We announced several weeks ago that the Sundry Civil Service Bill had been amended in the Senate so as to provide the sum of $40,000 for the care and management of the Park. The members of the House Conference Committee were Messrs. Randall, Forney and Ryan, three men who are decidedly hostile to the Park. When these men went into conference, there was no hope for the measure, for it was impossible to convince them, and the time was too short to make a fight over the matter in the Senate. The House conferees certainly did not represent the feeling of any considerable portion of the body from which they came. Randall is an obstructionist and a cheeseparer, and Ryan has a soul devoted to corn and hogs, and is unable to see importance or beauty in anything except these products of the State which he represents. However, they ruled the appropriations with a strong hand and succeeded in killing the amendment providing for the Park. These three men are responsible for that. They oppose the interests of the Park, and thus bid defiance to the widespread better sentiment of the House, which, as shown by the vote on the railroad scheme, is emphatically that the Park shall be preserved for the purposes for which it was originally set aside in 1872, namely, the benefit and enjoyment of the citizens of this country.

SNAP SHOTS.

ELSEWHERE we print a statement of reasons on which is based the proposed restoration of July woodcock shooting in New York. The considerations urged are (1) that the birds are then sufficiently mature, (2) that the birds bred here go southward in July not to return, and therefore, if killed at all, must be taken in July; (3) that if sportsmen do not then take them lawfully, pot-hunters will bag them unlawfully; (4) that July is not too hot for the shooting. In respect to these given reasons for the change it is enough to say that sportsmen who have had the most experience in woodcock shooting and have enjoyed the best opportunities to learn facts and form intelligent opinions, are practically agreed that a large proportion of the birds are not sufficiently mature for anybody but the pot-hunter in July; and that birds bred in our swamps do no not go south in July not to return, but that if not killed in July they will be found in the vicinity in October. The suggestion that July shooting must be legalized because pot-hunters now break the law has in it not enough of reason to justify any serious discussion; and the final consideration of the pleasure or lack of pleasure in July shooting has no essential force one way or the other. To legalize July woodcock shooting would be a serious error.

This is a great and glorious country, so great and so glorious that there is room in it for all classes of fox-hunters, and abundant opportunity for each class to hunt its own foxes in its own way. Last week we printed an account of the Massachusetts way; this week there is an account of the Virginia way. Which is the correct style? Perhaps the Massachusetts style in Massachusetts and the Virginia style in Virginia. At all events, there is room for both and half a dozen more.

The Maine legislative committees on fish and game are deserving of all credit for their sensible treatment of certain bills. They have summarily squelched Jack Darling's bill to permit deer hounding, and the bill to permit salmon netting in the Penobscot above tide water. There must be among these committeemen some who appreciate, as they should be appreciated, the wisdom and sound public policy of the State's fish and game laws now on the statute books.

The May deer hunting clause has been abandoned in the New York game law bill submitted at Albany by the New York city and other societies. The July woodcock shooting clause is retained, together with the repeal in part of song bird protection and of the game protector law. The proposed seasons are noted in our game columns.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY now numbers more than 23,000 members. The membership is growing at a rapid rate. The March number of the *Audubon Magazine* more than fulfills the promise of its initial issue.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DOG OWNERS.

Charlestown, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large dog, wearing a spiked collar with needle points, has attacked one or two smaller dogs in town, and seriously injured one of them with the spikes. Is it legal for dogs to wear such collars, and is there any redress for the injury?—S.

A DOG is now recognized as property, and the liability of the owner of an animal for injuries caused by it is determined by the same principles, whether the injuries are inflicted upon the property or person of another.

Every one is supposed to know the fierce and dangerous disposition of wild animals. A person therefore keeps them at his peril, and is responsible for whatever damage they may do, however tame they may have become, and however unexpected the act which caused the injury.

With domestic animals it is different. The owner of such animals is liable for injuries done by them, only after he has notice that they have some vicious habit or propensity. If it be made to appear that such an animal is vicious and accustomed to do harm and that the owner has been notified of the fact, a duty is imposed upon him to keep the animal secure, and he is responsible for the mischief done in consequence of his failure to observe that duty. One who keeps a dog accustomed to bite men or sheep is liable for injuries caused by such acts, if he have notice of the dog's vice. Notice of a single act of mischief is sufficient evidence of his knowledge of the animal's mischievous disposition, but the person injured must prove that the owner of the animal had such knowledge before he can hold him liable.

A few illustrations will show how courts have applied this rule.

While a mule and a horse were feeding together in a shed, the mule kicked and seriously injured the horse. In an action to recover damages the owner of the horse offered to prove that the hostler employed to feed the mule knew the animal's bad character. This was not allowed, the court holding that the owner himself must be shown to have such knowledge, and that it would be unreasonable to charge him with whatever knowledge of the mule's viciousness any person might have who was charged with the least duty in respect to it.

A brewer kept at his brewery a Siberian bloodhound so savage that it would attack any one, not excepting its master. The dog was shut up during the day and at night was let out into a yard. One morning the dog was left in the yard later than usual and an employee at the brewery, while walking through the yard, was attacked and severely bitten by the dog. When he sued for damages, the brewer set up as defense that the injured man could not recover because he had been guilty of contributory negligence in going into the yard where he knew the dog was sometimes allowed. The Court of Appeals sustained a judgment against the brewer, holding that, while in a certain sense an action against the owner for an injury by a vicious dog or other animal is based upon negligence, such negligence consists not in the manner of keeping or confining the animal or the care exercised in respect to confining him, but in the fact that he is ferocious and that the owner knows it; and proof that he is of a savage and ferocious nature is equivalent to express notice. The negligence consists in keeping such an animal. As negligence in the ordinary sense is not the ground of liability, so contributory negligence in its ordinary meaning is not a defense. The owner cannot be relieved from liability by any act of the person injured, unless it be one from which it can be affirmed that he caused the injury himself, with a full knowledge of its probable consequences.

One Gates left his mare, which he knew to have the habit of suddenly pulling back upon her halter, at a hotel without giving any notice of this habit. While the hostler was hitching the mare she pulled back, and his finger, being caught in the rope, was torn off at the second joint. An action was brought and the Court said: "If a man has a horse or other animal that is given to kicking and biting, it is his duty to take such measures as will prevent it from injuring either persons or property, and if he cannot use it in his business and prevent the animal from indulging in its habit, he must cease to use it where the person or property of others is exposed. But domestic animals acquire many habits, indulgence in which may or may not be dangerous to others, depending on the circumstances in which the habit is indulged in. * * * It seems to me that the vicious habits or propensities which the owner of an animal must (when known to him) guard against, are such as are directly dangerous, such as kicking and biting in horses, and hooking in horned animals and biting in dogs. These habits or propensities may be indulged in at any moment and are inevitably dangerous. If the habit is such as, by possibility, may be dangerous if indulged in, adequate measures to prevent its indulgence must be adopted. But when the chances are so exceedingly small that careful and prudent persons would not resort to measures of protection against their occurrence, yet injury does happen, the owner is not liable, although no measures of prevention are taken."

A lad, eight years old, was playing in a street in New York, when a dog ran between his legs, knocking him down, and then turned and bit him. The boy sought redress through his guardian. It was shown that the dog was unmuzzled, and that a city ordinance required all dogs to be muzzled. On the trial, the judge held that *scienter*, or knowledge by the owner of the dog's character, was the gist of the action; and that, as this had not been proved, the boy could not recover. The court added: "A dog of good character will not bite. Whether he goes upon the street, in conformity to or in violation of the ordinance in question, he is alike harmless. But if a vicious dog with biting tendencies goes upon the street, he may, whether muzzled or not, knock people down and otherwise injure them. A compliance with the ordinance would not protect from liability the owner of such an animal, who, knowing his vicious habits, permitted him to go at large upon the highway. He would be liable to the party injured, and the ordinance would afford no defense to the action."

The most amiable dogs, like the most amiable men, may become involved in quarrels, and it is not an unusual thing to have the battles fought over again in court. For example, in one case the defendant's dog, while properly muzzled and walking at his master's side, was attacked by the plaintiff's dog. The latter was driven away, but returned and renewed the attack. The defendant then seized the plaintiff's dog by the leg, and swinging him in the air, dashed out his brains against the curb. The law which applied to this case was thus expressed by the New York Court of Common Pleas: "The owner of an animal may lawfully kill a dog if such killing is necessary to save the animal from death or from serious injury. The killing cannot be done to avenge an attack that has ceased, and can only be justified when done to avert impending danger of death or serious injury to the animal. If two dogs are fighting and cannot otherwise be separated, the dog that made the attack may lawfully be killed. To constitute a justification it must appear, however, that the killing was necessary and that the dog that was killed was the aggressor. * * * If, however, it is proved that a dog is accustomed to bite mankind, that it was upon the highway unmuzzled and in a condition to do injury to human beings, the killing of it is lawful."

In another action the plaintiff owned a small dog, the defendant a large one. While following the defendant along the street the large dog entered the yard of the plaintiff and seized and killed the small dog. The Supreme Court of New York was appealed to with the following result: "It must be noticed in the outset that the action is not for trespass on the plaintiff's close, aggravated by the mischief done thereon, but is simply for the damage sustained by the death of the dog. The case, therefore, seems to fall within rule three of Moak's Underhill on Torts, 'No person is legally responsible for any act or omission not attributable to active or passive volition on his part.' In other language, no person is responsible for an involuntary injury. If, while following its owner along a highway, a dog discovers game and follows it, the owner is not liable. By the common law the owner of a dog that worried and killed sheep was not responsible for the damage done, and it required a statute in our State to create such liability. The reason of this rule was that the killing and worrying of sheep could not be anticipated or expected to result from a dog running at large. That rules applies here. The defendant could not know or believe that her dog would kill or injure the dog of this plaintiff simply because she permitted her dog to follow her along the street."

We have defined the principles of the common law, and the cases cited show their application to certain states of fact. These principles maintain generally in this country, except so far as they have been modified by statutes in some of the States.

New Hampshire, whence our correspondent writes, has greatly limited dog liberty. The general laws provide that no person shall be liable for killing any dog which shall be found not having around its neck "a collar of brass, tin or leather, with the name of the owner carved or engraved thereon." This provision bears heavily on the dog, and it is followed by one nearly as burdensome to the owner: "Any person to whom, or whose property any damage may be occasioned by a dog, not owned or kept by said person, shall be entitled to recover of the person who owns or keeps, or has said dog in his possession, all damages which may be so occasioned, except in cases where the same have been occasioned to the party suffering such damage while engaged in the commission of a trespass or other tort."

It will be observed that, by this provision, it matters not whether the owner knows of his dog's vicious habits. He is liable for all damage done by the dog to persons or property, unless the person injured was engaged in committing a trespass or other tort.

Under these statutes the question arose whether a man having set his dog upon a neighbor's cows which were trespassing on his ground, was liable for having caused the death of one of the cows. The cow fell in jumping over a fence while attempting to escape, and died from the injuries received. The court said that if the dog, of his own accord, had attacked the cows while they were trespassing, his master would not have been liable, because the trespass of the cattle would have been the trespass of their owner, within the meaning of the statute. But the owner of the dog having set him upon the cows, a different question arose. He could only use such means in driving the cattle from his grounds as were necessary and reasonable; and it was for the jury to decide whether the means used in this case were reasonable and necessary. If they were, the owner would be liable, otherwise not.

In another case the plaintiff had been bitten while attempting to remove a dog which was barking at a hole in his pasture. On the trial the plaintiff maintained that under this statute the person injured could recover, although guilty of negligence which contributed to his injury, but the Court ruled that the statute was to be construed with reference to the established rule of law, that a party cannot recover for injuries resulting from his own negligence; and that the exception in the statute, that persons trespassing or committing a tort when injured cannot recover, merely imposes the condition upon the injured party's right of recovery, that it must appear that he was not a trespasser when the injury was received. The doctrine of contributory negligence is applicable to cases under the statute as at common law.

We know of no way to prevent a dog from wearing a spiked collar. The New Hampshire statute defines the collar that a dog must wear if he values his life. No matter how many spikes the collar may have, or how effective it may be, in his contests with other dogs, it will avail him nothing against the humblest citizen, if it is not of the fashion prescribed by law.

Presumably the collar of which our correspondent writes was designed to protect the wearer from other dogs. If dogs attack him they are alone responsible for the injuries they receive from the collar. If, on the other hand, he attacks them, the statute holds his master responsible for all the damage done, whether caused by the dog's teeth or his spiked collar.

The New Hampshire statute also allows any town to make by-laws for licensing, regulating or restraining dogs, and our correspondent may find that, in addition to the ample remedies we have mentioned, there are others among the local provisions of his town. Authorities which among others may be consulted are:

Buck *v.* Moore, 35 Hun., 338.
Shaver *v.* N. Y. & Lake Champlain Transportation Co., 31 Hun., 55.
Muller *v.* McKesson, 73 N. Y., 199.
Boecher *v.* Lutz, 20 Week. Dig. 484.
Barto *v.* Stephan, 19 ib. 164.
Cooley on Torts, page 343.
Kershan *v.* Gates, 2 Sup'm. Ct. (T. & C.) 288.
Feick *v.* Andel, 1 City Ct., Sup. 61.
General Laws of N. H., page 280-1, §§ 7-10.
McIntire *v.* Plaisted, 57 N. H., 606.
Quimby *v.* Woodbury, 63 N. H., 370.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ON THE FLORIDA WEST COAST.—III.

THE next morning it blew a gale from E. N. E., giving us a starboard stretch up along the coast. After tying in a double reef, we felt our way out from among the oyster bars, and on getting an offing of about a mile, we trimmed flat and let her go, when go she did, up on the easterly end of a long bar, carrying away the jaws of the gaff, which, slipping off the mast, parted the throat halliards, making a complete wreck of us. Then to add to the general misery it commenced to rain as it only can in Florida, the sea breaking over us continually. We did not like it, but a philosophical turn of mind was very necessary, as we had to wait for the tide. The Artist was pre-eminently a philosopher; he sketched our misery. After clearing the bar we stood up for Cape Romano with the wind more on our beam; we made good headway and reached the cape at sunset, making a safe harbor behind the cape key, one of the group of keys which form the cape. Here the fishing is very fine, with an abundance of ducks, snipe, flamingoes, pelicans, etc. We caught in the day's run seven kingfish and Spanish mackerel with the trolling line. The mosquitoes humming on top and the drumfish tuning up under us, kept us from oversleeping ourselves.

We cruised around among the keys for several hours the next day, and standing out of Malco Inlet kept up along the coast, passing Caximbas Key and Bay. The key can be well located by an immense shell mound surmounted by two houses. In the evening we made Estero Bay, where we encountered immense shoals of large fish running out under our keel as we passed in. With higher land on either side this is the very paradise for the sportsman. In fact there are numerous rivers between Charlotte Harbor and Cape Sable, not small creeks, but rivers that you can sail up for two days with a good full sail breeze over your quarter; bordered for miles by an impenetrable jungle, again by higher clear land, and again by broad prairies, abounding with all kinds of game, and reptiles, too, with perfect solitude and weeks of beautiful weather. The thermometer ranges from 65° to 80°. A jolly crew and a good boat under you complete the happiness of a genuine cruiser. Again there is the whole gulf to the westward, in which, as soon as your keel touches the salt water, you can with a certainty throw over your trolling lines and strike fish that will make you wish before you get them in that they had not "caught on," and after you get them in the cockpit you will get up on the seat to mop your brow and save your shins.

Leaving Estero Bay, several miles north from where we entered, we bore north for Caloosahatchee River. Passing between Point Ybel on Sanybel Island and the mainland, we soon rounded up at Punta Rassa, and there greeted friend Shultz as the first white man we had seen in three weeks. He gave us a royal good welcome, and with his homelike comforts and interesting family we

passed many pleasant hours. Here we received our mail and extra provisions, previously shipped from New York. Then we stood up the river, bound for the great Lake Okeechobee, to investigate the drainage and reclamation of that paradise to be (as per circular), the greatest sugar plantation of the world. Our first landing was at Fort Meyer; no fort in sight, no bristling guns; it was safe to land. We found a pleasant little hamlet of about one hundred residents, with nothing visible to live on. Soil poor, land flat and sandy. Cattle interest engages the leading citizens; but such cattle; well, I saw them loading a schooner with them, and if the critters didn't move around to suit, why, they just grabbed them by the tail and fired them around. Pine needles, wire grass and anything generally off of white sand, backed up by drouth in winter, are not conducive to anything more than bones and hide, although the swamp angels that drove them said they were a good lot. They were in transit for Cuba for food. A Western man would smile.

We left Meyers behind, running before a thirty-five-mile breeze, passing several sorry-looking settlements. At one we purchased some yams, the tops of which had frozen dead on the first day of January. We ran up the river until the overhanging trees and snags prevented further progress. Then jumping in the dinghy, with hammocks and other traps, I rowed up to Fort Thompson. There swinging my hammock in a half-dead live oak, with a mosquito netting to help keep off the multitude, I tried to sleep. Perhaps I did. The next day I rowed up through the great rapids, inquiring of a lame native where the great dredge was working. He pointed eastward through the never ending swamp. I could see the smoke-stack, and by keeping in the channel dug by the dredge I could reach it. I inquired what his occupation might be. "Oh, he was out of meat and was running down hogs." A Florida hog can only be brought to terms by a greyhound, and how this man was proceeding I did not learn. His call on meat must have been very uncertain. He borrowed my tobacco; and I passed up stream. Poling, rowing and overboard pushing through three miles of mush brought me to the broken-down and inactive dredge. It did not look formidable. It was afloat, however. Everything floats up there; in fact the principal occupation of the dredge seemed to be the clearing a swath through the big saw grass. How they could calculate on draining such an immense country through a ditch into the already overflowing river, through a perfectly flat country, is one of the mysteries of the "scheme"—I won't call it by any plainer name. On my return to the Bessie, drifting and pulling by turns down the sluggish Caloosahatchee, I passed a number of clearings abandoned by nature, the occupants having been starved out. Occasionally up the numerous branches some distance from the main stream are small sugar plantations, where the cane thrives well on the rich hammocks or dry swamps; but it is as good as death to the occupant, especially if he is from the North. Fever is the great enemy. The river is alive with 'gators, with a few turkeys as well as the usual river shooting, although the occasional 'gator hunter and prospector makes the game shyer than we had previously found it. Using my gun as I passed down the river I succeeded in bagging quite an interesting "collection." It became more interesting as I neared the sloop, for my larder had run very low, so low, that I had to do without my dinner. Reaching the sloop at sunset, I found a good supper awaiting me. Then I remembered the lame fellow who was out of meat and had borrowed my tobacco; how I pitied him. On sailing down the river we called on Dr. Andre, who had a sugar plantation of three acres on a strip of a little higher land than usual along the river. Not a very extensive outlook for a family. One description serves for them all.

We took a knockdown from a back flaw off of the palmettoes close to the bank, which set everything afloat, including both of our trunks, and we shipped about half-full of water. The cook having our main sheet foul, instead of clearing away and letting run, was looking for a soft spot to land. Although a duck could not beat him swimming, he was badly rattled. He did not hear the last of it for some time, and ever after he kept his weather eye open. We spent the rest of the day in drying clothes. The next day we reached Punta Rassa, and once more we were hospitably entertained by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Shultz.

Our next programme was for a hunt on Pine Island. Passing several small islands with cocoanut trees, showing settlers had taken possession, we stopped at Joslyn's Key. Joslyn is the Pirate of Charlotte Harbor, a genuine Robinson Crusoe. One peculiarity of this key is a row of four little huts occupied alternately by old Joslyn; as each house becomes infested by fleas he moves into the next. He invited us to dine with him. Hospitality is his great point. The menu consisted of black bread, blacker coffee with long sweetening and baked yams. The water for the coffee was so filled with wigglers that it was a moving mass. We "passed," having dined a short time before. This key has three shell mounds, 30ft. high and 75ft. wide at the base, composed principally of conch and hard clam shells. On the mounds were planted limes, lemons, bananas and vegetables. The decomposed shells furnish the soil, but, as usual, the drouthy winters cause a stunted growth. The Artist amused himself by sketching the place, making another of the interesting mementoes of South Florida life and scenery.

Our hunt on Pine Island was not very successful. We saw several deer about the size of sheep a long distance off. Getting down under cover at a water hole I soon killed enough birds that flew in to drink to satisfy our appetites. The surface of Pine Island is flat and poor, and the surrounding water very shoal. Our next run was to Boca Grande Inlet, to Charlotte Harbor, main channel, carrying 16ft. of water in from the Gulf. It is an excellent place to fish. We ran into a little cove on the northeast end of La Costa Island, occupied by fishermen, a perfect harbor for small yachts. The inhabitants are a mixed breed of Spanish and very hospitable. From the number and condition of their large nets and boats I should consider them very successful. They live in the usual palmetto hut. The location is beautifully situated for a winter hotel, breakers roaring on the beach, deep water in the channel, a beautiful little harbor, and good fishing and hunting are around and among the hundreds of islands in the large bay. Some of the islands are high; and after seeing so many swamps and low islands, the high timbered elevations are a decided treat to the eye. We left for little Gasparilla Pass, running along inside of Gasparilla Island, passing another fishing station; and from the masthead the breakers could be easily seen over the island, while on our side the water was smooth and the breeze fresh from the southwest. This kept the breakers running high, so that when we reached the little pass we found it closed and we had to return to the Big Gasparilla Pass, across which we found a double row of heavy breakers, into which we came nearly drifting stern first, as the water runs through like a mill race. We had lowered away and dropped anchor, without noticing that the tide was running out and that our anchor was not holding us. Doubtful of the holding ground, we made sail again and none too soon. Under the heavy southwest wind we just managed to get out of the gut, and right glad were we when, at a safe distance, we again came to anchor. Landing in the dinghy we here, as on several previous occasions, fired the dried grass and palmetto, on the windward side of the key, then took positions to watch for game, which generally consisted of snakes, coons, deer, and wildcats. Before the heavy breeze the fire rapidly enveloped the whole surface, driving out one cat, several coons, and a lot of snakes, all of them taking to water and making for the nearest key. The cat, the two coons and a number of snakes we stopped with buckshot. After catching our usual fish supper we gathered shells along the breakers. The shells were thrown up by the heavy sea in wind rows 2ft. deep. We took a number of clams and conchs in the inlet.

The next morning the wind having hauled to northeast, we took a run over to the mouth of the pass to see the condition of things outside. The breakers still broke across the pass, but in much reduced size from yesterday; and after a lengthy parley we concluded that we would run them. With a good breeze over our starboard quarter we entered the pass; no backing out now; with the rush of the tide bearing us on and all the wind we could beg to we headed for the breakers. The first one filled our cockpit and put us down by the stern. The next two we climbed and were through all safe. With a piping breeze we kept up along the beach just outside of the breakers bound for Big Sarasota Pass. Near Casey's Key we found an English bark head on the beach, lumber laden, Mobile to Liverpool. The crew had deserted her a few hours before, but she was not deserted then; the Crackers swarmed over her fighting for the spoils. They seemed to have "been there" before. Not liking the looks of us, especially when we took a position on the poop and our artist began sketching the busy scene, and a great many of them being known by our cook, they went over the side in a hurry. They took us for Government officers and left most of the spoils behind. We helped ourselves to what we cared for, and tying in a reef kept on along the beach. We might have run into Casey's Pass, but the wind being fair we concluded not to. Reaching Sarasota Pass at 3 P. M. and dropping anchor just inside. We made ready to spend the night right there. There was a heavy sea in the bay to windward. We found an excursion party on the beach, who had come across the bay in the morning from the mainland. They were wind bound, not venturing to return in their small boat. Under promise of a big feast they induced us to take them all on board of the Bessie to sail over to their camp, where we were entertained with the best in the house. They were very comfortably located for the winter in two small houses, under the leadership of W. Barrett and family, of Lincoln, Ill. They lacked a good sail boat to make the pleasure of their stay complete. Sarasota Bay and vicinity is very pleasant, but it does not begin to compare with the surroundings of Charlotte Harbor for the hunter, fisherman or cruiser.

Our next run was to Palma Sola, on the southerly side of the entrance to Manatee River. With a good breeze behind us we ran the eighteen miles in three hours, and after dodging the many bars and shoals, arrived off the well-known Warner wharf. We were very hospitably entertained by Mr. Warner, who is the great mogul of the town, owning and running the large store, post-office, saw-mill, cattle docks, ice house and the first northern built comfortable house that we have seen on our cruise. He has built since then a comfortable hotel. He also owns a fine steam launch, into which, being short of hands, he enticed us for a run up the Manatee. Your correspondent took the wheel under orders from Capt. Warner, who ran the engine; the Artist stationed himself plumb up into her eyes. When the captain and engineer pulled her open and let her go, he gave the common "Steady, there, for Rocky Bluff!" "Steady it is, but where is the bluff?" "Why, you landlubber, right ahead." Well, we made it. It was just two feet high, and again it was steady ahead for Sandy Bluff. We reached it and found it about three feet high above the general level. It was the old story—a hundred dollars worth of air and fifty cents worth of land to the acre. Big in expectations, these people in South Florida. Malaria in the air, white sand for soil and exaggerated ideas complete the list. Warner's is well located, high and healthy, which means white sandy soil. It is the highest land we have seen, a general elevation of about thirty feet, being along the south bank of the Manatee for only a few miles.

After cruising up the Manatee, passing several "towns," each a would-be metropolis, we shaped our course for Tampa, distant 40 miles. With a steady and increasing southerly wind we bowled along. With the wind nearly aft we found Tampa Bay quite capable of kicking up a very lively sea, which compelled us to hoist our lowered peak or be pooped by the combers. We made the town at sunset. The tide was low, and as usual with strangers we soon got into disgrace by running on a mud bank. We thought we had sounded over about the whole end of the bay, so at length we gave it up, dropped anchor, and, being ravenous, set to at the mess. We found the channel a very narrow shoal one close to the left bank of the entrance to Hellsboro River, an island lying off across the mouth. Steamers lighten their loads three miles down the bay. We were awakened in the morning by the reveille from the Government parade grounds and encampment. The orange trees in every yard were in full bloom, and had a little fruit. The place shows some signs of slow growth, with the promise of more from an expected railroad. The streets are wide and the sand deep. After receiving our mail and laying in a fresh supply of necessaries, with a fair wind from the N.E. we made Mullet Key, and anchored under its lee near Egmont Key Light; and visited the light and the adjoining island. From this anchorage to our next, John's Pass, we had a race with a small schooner. Running inside of Pine Island we came to anchor in the Pass, in company with a smart looking sloop from Cedar Keys, bound to Charlotte Harbor, cruising, with Capt. Bixby and Van Zant, both jolly good fellows. The Pass has sixteen feet of water in it and a good harbor. We left our new made friends in their handsome sloop going in opposite directions, they south and we north.

Our next move was for Clear Water Harbor, still keeping on the inside of the keys. We very rapidly worked into shallow water, with one man aloft astride of the gaff to look for the narrow channel, it was exciting work, as the wind was fair and blowing a scupper breeze, some channels ending on a shoal, others running together. We made the narrows and ran on a bank at low tide. It was none of your gentle bumps, but a bump that sent the main boom skyward for the top of the mast. In such style we found the bottom, and waited for the tide to rise, passing the time in sticking fish with the grains, and killing whatever came in reach of our shotguns. We were demoralized. A sailor aground is worse than a sailor on horseback. He is an excited and reckless individual, especially if he has to wait long for the tide. On the incoming tide we ran through the narrows, passing some nice orange groves loaded with fine fruit, the best we had seen, showing evidences of good soil and cultivation, and situated on high bluffs along Clear Water Harbor. We made fast to the long dock and went ashore to visit the village of about a dozen houses. The principal one is occupied by Captain Dwight as a boarding house; this is well located, commanding a fine view of the bay, gulf and outlying islands, making it a very attractive place for the Northern tourist to pass the winter in; they have excellent water, and the best oranges I have eaten in Florida; they have also steamer communication with Cedar Keys. The limestone formation is the southern limit and the beginning of the excellent soil, running in a northeasterly direction up through Hernando county, which is one of the best and highest orange belts in the State, extending up through Brooksville and Lake Charley Apopka.

With a good sailing breeze from the southeast we ran up for Anclote River, keeping inside of St. Joseph's, Hog, South and North Anclote keys, finding plenty of narrow, crooked, deep channels. We made the river at noon, and at high water laid a straight course over all the numerous oyster bars and banks, which was fortunate enough for us, for on our return we found them too numerous to count. We dropped anchor at a place called Salt Springs. It was supposed to be bottomless, but we struck mud at 20ft. Here we bought some potatoes of a settler. He liked the country, with the exception of too much fever and mosquitoes—enough to raise almost anybody's objections. We met a land prospector who had just arrived. He was one of the most demoralized men I ever saw. He came in on an ox-cart, having paid $5 for a ride of eight miles. The first mile over the palmetto roots was enough; he walked the rest of the way. He wanted to get back to civilization with us aboard the Bessie. I can see him yet as we left him standing on the bank mopping the sweat off of his bald head with a big red bandanna, the picture of despair. We told him we would report him alive on our arrival at Cedar Keys. His dream of affluence had been very rudely dispelled.

In running out of the river bound north for Pithlochascotee River we had no end of trouble in working through the many narrow crooked channels, with a stiff breeze from the north, and when we headed up the coast it reminded us of ducking weather in the vicinity of New York. It made us hunt up our overcoats for the first time on the cruise. We ran into the river at high flood, grounded on a bank, waited as usual for the tide to float us off, and while so waiting visited a nice little concrete cottage abandoned by the owner. The cook captured a sitting hen; which, by the way, was no evidence of recent vacating, for a Florida hen will sit with all the patience of a native waiting for his first crop of oranges, although I think a genuine native can give a hen odds and beat her.

Our next run was for St. Martin's Keys. With the wind blowing a norther and dead ahead, we picked our way up the coast. Channels were numerous, and rocks more so, the coast low and flat, water very shoal. We anchored inside St. Martin's Keys and lay aground all night. The weather reminded us that we were gradually working north. The sailing was not as pleasant as it had been, on account of the dangerous rocks extending at least three miles off shore. At daybreak Captain Locker, of the sloop Wave, ran up on our weather quarter and challenged us for a race to Cedar Keys, where he was bound. To set up the peak halliards and haul in the dinghy, shoving her up to windward, was only the work of a few moments. An increasing wind and sea caused us to pile all our dunnage and extra weight into the little dinghy to windward; and this did excellent work, for in three hours the Wave was under our lee and astern, but not alarmingly so, for it took a full day's hard sailing and straining every nerve from sunrise until sunset to beat her one mile. We anchored in company, surrounded by reefs, fifteen miles southeast of Cedar Keys, to which place we proceeded in the morning.

This ended the cruise of the Bessie, whose log showed seven hundred miles sailed, with fair wind nine days out of ten, and only five stormy days in the entire run; thermometer only twice below 60°. We hauled the Bessie out, after stripping off her rigging, and covered her over, expecting to return the next season. I left her in charge of a gentleman, however, who sold her, and from whom on my arrival at the North I received a check. V. H.

NESSMUK'S WOODCRAFT.—The extraordinary popularity of Nessmuk's little book must be very gratifying to the author. It is a high compliment to the matter of the book and to the style in which that matter has been put in shape. Of course no one can spend half a century in the woods without accumulating a vast fund of knowledge, which would be very useful to those with less experience, but there are very few who can set forth this knowledge attractively, as has been done in "Woodcraft," for which, at all seasons of the year, there is a steady demand. We predict for the forthcoming poems, which will be issued next week, an almost equal popularity. The subscription orders have already far exceeded what was expected, and by the time the book is put on the market, and has been noticed in the papers, it seems probable that the edition will be quite exhausted.

SNIPE SHOOTING ON HORN ISLAND.

HORN ISLAND raises its sandy head fifteen miles off the southeastern coast of Mississippi, amid the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The party consisted of four: S., professor in one of our Southern universities; M., an inveterate seeker after gamy fish; Narcisse, whose swarthy complexion and long, coarse, straight black hair showed the mingling of races, and last, but not least (for he carried the eatables), your humble servant, we marched in single file over the rickety wharf to where our little sloop is made fast. Presently the words "Shove her off" come from Narcisse, who is stationed at the helm, and away we bound, leaving a long silvery wake as we glide over the sea, while the soft rippling of the water cut by the sharp bow sounds like sweetest music. Dimmer and yet dimmer become the red bluffs and giant oaks, till they blend in one dark line upon the horizon. Upon the first break of day great flocks of pelicans, lazily flapping their wings, leave their roosting places and fly to their favorite fishing grounds. Now and then the fin of a shark affords a floating target for his marksmanship.

If the breeze only keeps good! but, as we near the island it grows fainter and fainter, until at last not the merest catspaw ruffles the surface, and only the sullen boom, boom of the surf seaward disturbs the quiet. And thus we lie idly, the sails flapping listlessly, as we are rolled by the swell, while the sharp, glinting rays of the sun pour down upon us with relentless fury, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." "Blow breeze, blow," prays Narcisse to his patron saint, while M., his face pale as the fluttering sail overhead, is heard to mutter something about not coming out there to feed the fishes.

Whether in answer to Narcisse's invocation, or to M,'s nausea, old Boreas relents, the breeze once more fills our sails, and soon the welcome grating of the keel upon the sand, tells us that we have reached our destination. After holding a pow-wow, it is decided that M. and I shall try for the snipe, while S. and Narcisse troll for Spanish mackerel. Tramp, tramp, swish, swish, up to our ankles in the marsh mud, we go, following the wily snipe over the boggy ground until the growing darkness bids us hold a truce. Although the birds are somewhat wild, upon comparing notes we find that thirty-three victims, from the little sandpiper to the stately curlew, have rewarded our shots.

Darkness is already upon us as we linger along the marshy borders of a lagoon and listen to the myriad voices of the night. The soft beams of the moon take wierd and fantastic shapes, as they play upon the dark surface of the pool. How plaintive sounds the cry of the whip-poor-will floating to us upon the balmy night air; and how harsh the cry of a heron flying swiftly overhead. Then all is quiet save the musical hum of the mosquitoes. Now the splash of a giant fish in the phosphorescent water, sending up showers of fire-like spray, startles the ear. But hark! there is the deep bellow of an alligator. Meanwhile an owl, in mournful numbers, is croaking forth his tale. At length we are joined by the fishers, who come dragging a shark five feet long, the sole trophy of their day's sport.

Once more we board our sloop, the strong sea breeze bends the mast and the cordage creaks while, as we near the old wharf, the waves ripple a soft accompaniment to Narcisse's Creole ditty. K. E. G.

New Orleans, La.

SOME WOODS CHARACTERS.—I.

THE strange, irregular, abnormal growths to be seen only in the primeval forests have their counterpart in the eccentricities of the guides, trapper sand camp scullions who frequent these regions of the country. Some are so peculiar as to baffle all attempts at classification. Among this number was old Abbott, as he was familiarly called, who abandoned a good farm to wander aimlessly through the woods. He was not a trapper; at least he brought no peltries to market. He did not hunt, for he often traveled without a gun, and few were the fish that ever came to his net or hook. He built no cabins, but often burned those built by other people—not maliciously, but from his improvident use of fire, sometimes building it in the very center of the structure. Like Gladstone he had a great passion for felling trees. The very choicest pine and cedar trees were his peculiar delight. But when once cut down he had no further use for them and there they were left to rot, as if their one crime had been that they had grown to be more beautiful and stately than their fellows.

There was another, of whom I shall speak more at length, because he possessed traits somewhat in common with the rest of humanity, though flavored with an originality all their own. Peter Newton in early life had been a sailor, and few Feejee Islanders, I imagine, had been subjected to more tattooing. Anchors, crosses, banners and even schooners under full sail were plentifully pricked into the veins parts of his body.

For some reason best known to himself he had become a habitant of the forest. He was skilled in fishing and trapping, and an authority in woodcraft, and his advice and assistance were often called into play by sportsmen. Like all men of his class, he was more or less recluse, and this, with his peculiar mental furnishing, made him a philosopher and humorist along original lines of thought and expression.

"I have no book larnin, and I don't want none. I tell you what, the book larnt people git all their knowledge second hand. I study from nater. Nater tells no lies. Nater is never misleadin'. I heerd somebody say once that the light of nater was a dim light, whereas it is always a bright light. Nater deals with facts, original facts, inexhaustible facts, and no mistake. Nater aint cruel, nuther. The fact on't is, a creeter that is to be eaten up gits jest as much satisfaction in being devoured as the devourer gits in devourin' of him. There's the snake, for instance. Mos' people hates snakes, and yit he is always careful to charm his victims afore he swollows em."

"But, Peter, doesn't the poor rabbit run as long as his legs will hold out before he gives in to the fox? And does not the trout fight hard before he suffers himself to come to the net?"

"Of course they does. But once let that trout git away and it makes him the hero of the hull school, and he is prouder on't than of anything else in all his life! But if he don't git away, why he would be disappinted if you didn't take him in at the end of the struggle. No, sir, nater ain't cruel. It is only when things git civilized and artificial that they git cruel. 'Do animiles talk?' Of course they does. The deucidest funniest thing happened here last season, when I was in the woods all alone, you ever heed tell on."

Now Peter liked to be coaxed, and so after considerable urging, he went on as follows:

"Of course you fellers that git all your larnin out of books, and who believe nothing 'cept what you can explain, won't believe a word on't, but it is jest as true as I'm sittin' on this ere stump, and don't you forgit it!"

"Well, as I was a sayin, I was here all alone, and one day sez I to myself, I b'lieve I'll go and pick me a pail of rosbris. Rosbris was tarnal thick in the openin' in the woods—it was along in August, so I took my pail and started off. Everything was going along monotonous like—I never did like pickin berries—till I'd got the pail eenamost full, when I heered something coming through the bushes, and afore I'd had time to more than turn round out popped a big sleek black bear. He'd bin a berryin' too, and having got my wind jist came around to see who I might be. Well, as I hadn't no gun, and as he kept a cummin' I concluded it were best for me to git out o' there, but before doing so—knowing the fondness of the creeter for berries, and besides bein' aware of his great bump of curiosity—I set down the pail before takin' up the line of retreat. Not hearin' of him comin' arter me, I turned around when I'd got up a little hill, and sure enough his nose was down in the berries, and a short job he was making of them, I can tell you. It wan't long afore he'd got the last of them, but not bein' in the habit of eating from a pail the sweet juice that lined the tin had stuck to his cheeks, and so when he riz up to go, the pail riz up too, as putty a muzzle as you ever seed in your life. Now everybody knows how handy a bear is with his paw, and as he didn't like sich an ornament for his face and havin' no furder use for the pail, he riz his paw and gave it a slap, but as bad luck would have it the paw accidentally hit the bail a tunk and sent it back over his ears and so held the thing on tighter than ever! I never laughed so in all my life for sich a performance I'd never seen the likes of in all my mortal days. First one paw would come up and then the other; then he'd whack it agin a tree, and then he'd plow a furrer in the ground; but there the thing stuck tighter than ever. He was in for a new experience and no mistake.

"'Why didn't I go back to camp and git my gun and finish him?' Why it beat all the circuses you ever thought of, and do you suppose I'll spoil sech a show for a little bear meat and a summer pelt! Well, all of a sudden, while I was watchin' the performance, off he bolted like chain-shot. Now, bein' a little curious to know how he came out of the scrape, I took the trail and follered him up arter a little. I found his home not far off on the mountains yender. If you don't believe it I can show you his very den. It seems bruin had a wife and several small chillun dependent upon him for support, and when they seed him comin' in sich a plight they howled a dreadful howl. The old woman tried her best to pull off the pail, but to no purpose, so finally she made him hold his nose in the hot embers of her kitchen fire till he'd melted off the bottom of the pail, and afore I'd knowed it the whole thing had been shoved back over his ears, and so he was tricked out with a tin collar. But it was a curious sort of a collar for a bear to wear, for it read:

Fifteen Pounds of Leaf Lard.

Warranted Strictly Pure.

"But bruin's trouble had only just commenced. He, like all other folks, had an enemy, and enemies is allus waitin' for something to turn up to put us in their power. So this particular enemy actually had him arrested for sailing around under false colors. In vain his lawyer put in the plea that the wearin' of the collar was an unintentional act, a thing that couldn't be helped. The lawyer on the other side claimed it was a clear case of fraud and misrepresentation, and agin the statute book for a bear to call himself fifteen pounds of leaf lard, when there was nothing inside his pelt corresponding to it but bear's ile! And so they took him to prison, a great deep cavern with a big boulder to the mouth on't.

"But the strangest part of the story remains to be told, for as true as I'm sittin' on this 'ere stump, notwithstandin' all the guards they put over him, and the security of the prison, and the big boulder and all that, the very next day he was out ag'in, and nobody, not even the high sheriff of the hull region, dare lay a claw on him."

"How was that, Peter? Please explain the mystery," came from all the listeners.

"Why, that's easy enough," said Peter, with a wink in his eye. "He'd got bail, and they couldn't tech him no more!" C. H. Gleason.

Natural History.

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THE NOMENCLATURE OF COLORS.*

EVERY ONE who has begun by himself to study ornithology has found at the very outset that he was confronted by a serious obstacle. Books on birds are plenty enough, and the descriptions of their habits and modes of life are simple and easily understood because they are couched in every day language, to which we are all accustomed. When it comes to a description of the bird's physical characteristics, however, it is quite different. Here technical language is employed, and the novice is at once confronted with terms which are wholly unfamiliar to him and whose meaning cannot be discovered by the most diligent search through the dictionary.

To the man who is familiar with the terminology of ornithology or with scientific methods, such difficulties as these may seem slight, but they are not so. On the contrary they are very real and very discouraging, and unless the beginner has some one to apply to for assistance who is better versed in science than himself, they may even be insuperable. Those who have faced and conquered such barriers to their progress, and the many younger students, will warmly welcome Mr. Ridgway's new book as a most valuable aid to them. Here is plainly set forth and often illustrated by plate and diagram, the meaning of many a technical term that has heretofore daunted the beginner. It is a happy smoothing out and leveling of the rough and hilly road that most of us have had to surmount by hard toil, with only experience for our guide.

One of the greatest desiderata to naturalists who are not artists as well, is some means of exactly defining the precise shade or tint of color which he may wish to designate, and it is especially to the clearing up of such difficulties as this that the present work is devoted. It contains, however, much more than this.

The work, after an introduction, is divided into two parts. Part I. treats of the nomenclature of colors, and to this subject are given a Preface, Principles of Color and General Remarks, Colors Required by the Zoological or Botanical Artist, Comparative Vocabulary of Colors, and a Bibliography.

Part II., entitled Ornithologists' Compendium, contains a Glossary of Technical Terms used in Descriptive Ornithology, a Table for Converting Millimeters into English Inches and Decimals, and a table for Converting English Inches and Decimals into Millimeters.

The work is illustrated with seventeen plates, of which the first ten show colors and an infinite variety of shades; plates XI.–XIII. are devoted to various points of external anatomy; XIV. and XV. illustrate various color markings, XVI. shows in outline various egg contours, and XVII. is a Comparative Scale of Measurement Standards.

This work, as will be seen from the contents, is curiously full of information; no page of it can be scanned without finding something of interest, and very often something which will be new to the veteran ornithologist, or if not new, at least put in some new form which makes it striking. The work is, what might be expected from Mr. Ridgway's pen, a credit to the author and to the museum with which he is connected.

It will have a place in the library of every working ornithologist.

*A | nomenclature of colors | for naturalists | and | compendium of useful knowledge | for ornithologists. | By Robert Ridgway, | Curator, Department of Birds, United States National Museum. | With ten colored plates and seven plates | of outline illustrations. | Boston; | Little, Brown & Co, | 1886.

IS THE SHRIKE A MIMIC?

TWICE I have been struck with the vocal powers of *Lanius borealis*. On Wednesday of this week the morning was lovely here, and the bluebirds and English sparrows, with occasionally a song sparrow and a nuthatch, seemed to vie with each other in making the day pleasant. As I was listening for them, a new note came upon my ear. I thought I had heard it before, and then again it was so mixed and confused that I must confess I became mixed too. Now it was a poor imitation of the bluebirds that I heard in the distance, now it seemed like the constant twitter of a few English sparrows that were displaying themselves in a barnyard near by, and now it reminded me of the quiet prattle of the bluejay when nesting. What can it be? thought I. This is a new experience: am I to discover a *rara avis* when we have so many distinguished ornithologists? But the question was soon settled. I had only to ascend a rise in the road, where I could look over the fence and the low growth that grew by it, when off to my left I saw a Northern shrike (*Lanius borealis*) perched upon the top of a button-ball tree. He was looking in the direction of the bluebirds and calling very much as they do at times, almost incessantly. I listened for a long time and watched him carefully. There could be no mistake. He was calling and gabbling and warbling and singing. I had never heard one make such sounds before.

The first time I heard a shrike make any attempt at song was some years since, at about this same season of the year, in the early part of March. Then it was a very bright and pleasant afternoon. I had just passed a swamp where some goldfinches were calling to each other from among the alder bushes, and a few song sparrows were attempting to get up a concert before the sun went down. On my right was a fine piece of meadow with here and there a chestnut or hickory tree left standing. From one of these came the music. It was a warble interspersed with the most pleasing calls of the redpoll or the goldfinch. A sweeter music of its kind I do not think I ever heard. The ruby-crowned kinglet's is the only one I can compare it to. But this time the voice was low and sweet and prolonged, whereas on Wednesday it was louder, more abrupt and broken, and lacking in those fine touches that I listened to the first time.

The question that arose in my mind was, has this bird the power of mocking or imitating or calling other birds to him? Does his form enable him to deceive too, and is he a siren as well as a shrike?

I would thank any of the readers of Forest and Stream if they would tell me what their observations have led them to conclude. I never remember of seeing as many shrikes in this neighborhood as are around this winter. A. H. G.

Scarborough, N. Y., Feb. 25.

Where Do Meadow Larks Winter?—In your last number L. says that "it is a little surprising that L. H. A. should ask if meadow larks winter as far north as Boston, inasmuch as a stroll through the borders of any salt marsh there would answer the question in the affirmative." I have never had the pleasure of taking a stroll through those marshes, but I have never seen the meadow lark in winter in either New York or New Jersey, but I have seen them in large numbers in Georgia, both on the main land and on the Sea Islands, and last winter, while deer hunting on one of the islands, about forty miles south of Savannah, the old cotton fields were alive with meadow larks. If a few do remain in the north, as an occasional woodcock may, the great majority migrate with the woodcock to the south, and well to the south at that.—Flavian.

Hawk and Locomotive.—Last Thursday afternoon as train No. 315 on the Loug Branch Railroad was nearing a station called Bayway on the Elizabeth, N. J., meadows, the locomotive struck and killed a large hawk of the red-tail species which was flying across the track. It is not an uncommon thing for swallows to be killed on the Newark meadows in the same way during their fall migrations. Hawks have been very numerous in New Jersey this winter.—J. L. K. (Perth Amboy, N. J., March 5).

A ROBIN WINTERING AT SYRACUSE.—Syracuse, N. Y., March 6.—Mr. F. B. Klock, who lives in the eastern part of the city, tells me of a robin which has spent the winter in the city—at least the months of December, January and the most of February, for some days have passed since the red-breasted warbler was last seen. It has frequented an English ivy vine on Mr. Klock's grounds, seemingly preferring the dried berries to other food which was offered it. The bird was seen on one of the coldest days of January and observed for some time. Mr. Klock, who is fond of nature and nature's gifts—an accomplished gentleman sportsman—has watched the bird with much of both curiosity and interest. Is this robin a lunatic that it should have preferred the icy North to the sunny South during the winter? Why did it remain here?—DACI.

"GAME" IN MARKET.—New York City.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have we in New York a society for the protection of game? In front of many of the meat markets may be seen almost any day numbers of birds that are not used for food, but are supposed to be protected by law. On Sixth avenue, between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets, I saw to-day, hanging in front of one market, three large gulls, one falcon, two sparrow hawks, one owl, one crow, a porcupine, and a large owl alive, in a box not much larger than itself. I have often seen a number of great red-headed woodpeckers, yellow hammers and smaller woodpeckers, and various other birds, often of beautiful plumage.—XX.

CHIPMUNK'S BURROW.—West Stockbridge, Mass., March 3.—The notes lately published in your paper about chipmunks and their burrows remind me of one of my grandfather's stories, which was this: A lot of loafers around a barroom fire agreed to treat if any one of them asked a question that he could not answer. A. commenced by inquiring why a chipmunk left no dirt around his hole when he dug it; and as no one could answer replied when called upon, that the chipmunk commenced at the other end of his hole to dig. Then B. inquired how he got there, and as B. could not answer his own question, he treated the boys amid a roar of laughter.—T. S. H.

ROBINS AND CHINA BERRIES.—North Middletown, Ky.—In reply to Edward Jack and your note thereto in your issue of Feb. 17, in regard to robins eating china berries and becoming intoxicated, let me say a word in defense of the birds. From my own observation during a number of years I do not believe the birds are intoxicated, but by the swelling of the berries in the crop they become choked and fall to the ground. Out of the thousands of robins that feed on the berries during the day comparatively few are disabled so as to be caught. I wrote a short article on this subject which was published in your paper in 1877, I think.—ISSAQUENA.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase and presentation.—One ashy opossum (*Didelphys cinereus*), one black-striped wallaby (*Halmaturus dorsalis*), one Barbary ape (*Macacus innuus*), five macaque monkeys (*Macacus cynomolgus*), one common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), one sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*), one bluejay (*Cyanurus cristatus*), two tree sparrows (*Spizella monticola*), one red-tailed buzzard (*Buteo borealis*), one red-shouldered buzzard (*Buteo lineatus*), and one barred owl (*Syrnium nebulosum*). Born in the garden—One Indian buffalo and one hybrid monkey) Rhesus and Macaque).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A DAY AT GOOSE POND.

IN November, while camped on the shore of the famous Goose Pond, I had a few days' fine sport after ducks. About 4 o'clock A. M. I was aroused by a poke in the ribs by Mose, who said, "Git out of this and chuck up." With this gentle hint I arose and prepared breakfast in a short time and rolled Mose and A. out of bed. A. went out of the shanty, and on coming in reported a northwest wind. "That's business," says Mose, "we'll have some fun to-day."

Breakfast over, we went down to the boats, turned them over, got in and shoved off just as the eastern sky began to get a little light. Five minutes' run brought us to our stand. We took a place on the east side of a small island and built hides about two rods apart, Mose on my right and A. on the left. We put the decoys a few yards in front of us, arranged the quills around our boats and waited for the flight. A few minutes passed, when a lone "broady" comes in over the decoys and turns to the right, but is neatly shut up by Mose's gaspipe, as A. calls the little side snap English gun. "She is a close shooter," Mose remarked. "Yes," says A., "her former owner sent her over to the Kewanee pipe factory and had her choked." At this point of the debate a flock of twenty mallards came in over the decoys, and just as they hung their red feet down to light, we gave them six barrels. Four came down with a splash, while the rest strained their wings to get to a safer height. Mose and A. claimed two apiece, while I felt sure I had killed with the first barrel. The white breasts of three of them lay upturned in the water. Ducks in this position always scare incomers, so I poled out and took them in. Next a spiketail drake came over pretty high up, but when A.'s 10-bore spoke he let go all holds and nearly fell into my boat. In a short time three spoonbills came in. Mose killed two with his first barrel and then we shot a load apiece at the remaining one, which flew two or three hundred yards and fell in the tall rushes. Then a flock of mallards came over up well out of reach, but Mose sounded his call vigorously and they took two or three circles and sailed in. We paid our compliments to them and five came down, two of them with broken wings. One started for the rushes but was halted by a load of 4s sent by the gas pipe. Starting after the other, which kept diving among the decoys, I ran up to the spot where he had gone down last and raised my paddle to flatten him. When he came up I struck at him and missed. Next time he arose I drew back to strike, but he seeing the descending paddle dove again, when I stayed the blow to be ready for him on his reappearance. "Balk," said A. (a ball player of no mean pretentions). The wily greenhead thought he would take his base any way, for he made a long dive and came up about thirty yards away. I picked up my Parker and stopped him. The flight ceased a couple of hours, and then somebody routed them out of St. Peter's marsh, and such a flight of small ducks. We shot till our guns were fairly hot, when the birds stopped flying. On picking up the killed, about a dozen, we calculated that one or two of us had made a good many goose eggs. The flight was mostly of teal, with a few bullet ducks and sawbills. It was well on toward noon when we quit the marsh and went to lunch. On our arrival at the shanty we found long John W. of N., an ardent duck hunter and a good fellow generally.

After lunch we went out again, Mose taking John in his boat. The sky became overcast and black ragged clouds came up from the northwest and the wind increased to a gale, twisting the rushes and churning the water into foam. The decoys, though close to the leeward of the island, were nearly all overturned. The air was full of ducks. They hugged the crest of the waves in flying in, and when we rose to shoot the wind carried them out of gun shot in a twinkling. The second barrel was useless and their feathers fit so close that the first barrel was not always effective. The killed floated against the east shore. The water being so rough that we could not pick them all up till morning, when it was calm. We started in before dark, well pleased with the day's shoot. The little boat that carried double required skillful handling to prevent a capsize, but we finally reached our grounds right side up. WALTERS.

SHEFFIELD, Ill.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 3.—The annual meeting of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was held in Temperance Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 28, with a very fair attendance. The secretary's report was very satisfactory and furnished abundant evidence of faithful work on the part of that officer. The report of the treasurer showed the financial condition to be excellent, with a net gain to the treasury of over $200, the present surplus being $297. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Maj. L. G. White; First Vice-President, A. B. F. Kinney; Second Vice-President, M. D. Gilman; Secretary, E. F. Swan; Treasurer, Alba Houghton; Executive Committee, G. J. Rugg, Webster Thayer, W. L. Davis and E. S. Knowles. The club has been in existence thirteen years, and has without doubt spent more money in the enforcement of the game laws and feeding of quail in severe winters than any club in the State outside of Boston. There has nearly always been a handsome surplus in the treasury and never an assessment in the club's history. When the new club house was built, they found after it was completed and furnished that more money had been expended than was expected, the treasury empty and still a few unpaid bills. As soon as this became known some $300 were raised by subscription, and the club was again on a solid basis. At the annual meeting the retiring secretary, Mr. Corren Doane, was presented with a fine grade Spencer repeating shotgun in appreciation of his services the past year, Maj. White making the presentation in a very neat speech. Mr. Doane was completely surprised, but made a very graceful acknowledgment.

The fox hunting season of the Worcester Fur Company closed Monday night, after the usual duration of five months, beginning Oct. 1, 1886. The closing day was cold and windy, with a hard snow crust, and nobody ventured out. The season, taken as a whole, has been about up to the average in point of number of foxes killed. The first half the weather was exceedingly good, but since Jan. 1 there have hardly been a dozen good days for the sport, nearly every snow storm winding up with rain which formed a hard crust.

Of the thirty or more active members in the company nineteen have succeeded in capturing one or more foxes, and of the total number, forty-one, there is not one of rare color. This is something very unusual. Nearly every year some member having killed a cross gray, and within five years two pure black foxes have been killed, one by Alvin Fisher, who sold it to the Boston Natural History Society. The other, killed by J. H. Locke, is now the property of A. B. F. Kinney, who makes a standing offer of $100 for one that will match it. Uncle Nathan Harrington, president of the company, took the contract to kill five, but fell just one short of it; a remarkably good score, however, for a man seventy-two years old, and which is beaten by no member save John M. White, Messrs. Bates, Slocum and French being the only members who equal it. It should be said, however, in justice to Mr. Slocum, that he has been laid up with rheumatism nearly half the season. He ranks as one of the most successful fox hunters in the State. In years when the last half of the season has been exceptionally unfavorable an effort has several times been made to extend the open season one or two weeks, but Uncle Nathan has always "sat down" heavily upon all such schemes, arguing that it would only work mischief, and the movers have never been able to carry their point. There will be no effort in that direction this year, and if any member should yield to temptation and kill a fox before the first of next October—a thing which is not likely to occur—he would be summarily read out of the company.

It is a matter of surprise that foxes are plentiful around Worcester, yet the oldest members declare that they have never known them more numerous than the past season, and it is a fact that during the last two months a track could be found on almost any good morning within ten minutes' walk of the terminus of the horse railroad at Adams Square, scarcely two miles from the city hall. The following summary of the season's hunting may be interesting: Nathan S. Harrington 4, John M. White and A. B. F. Kinney 9, John A. Slocum 4, J. H. Locke 2, Geo. T. Bates 4, Samuel Thayer 2, Andrew Thayer 1, John T. Perry 1, R. D. Perry 1, Chas. Knight 1, Fred Weatherhead 2, Tyler Newton 1, L. E. Divoll 1, Horace Adams 1, Wm. L. Davis 1, Leonard Rand 1, Milton Rand 1, Martin M. French 4. Total, 41. E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

In a Worcester exchange we find this: "Mr. Elisha Knowles knows a good thing when he sees it, but it was not expected that he would recognize the surprise present at his store on Pleasant street when he entered at 7 o'clock last evening, for his friends who were there before him had contrived to shut off the gas. Elisha was at the store a few minutes before 7 o'clock, but was called out by Mr. Eugene F. Swan to discuss matters connected with the Sportsman's Club. While he was out his friends assembled, among whom were Messrs. Balcom, Allie Perry, W. S. Perry, Henry Mitchell, C. R. B. Claflin, Ed. Whitaker, R. D. Perry, S. Foreman, Corren Doane, Nathan Harrington, A. B. F. Kinney, L. D. Hubbard, D. S. Jackson and M. D. Gilman. At 7 o'clock Mr. Knowles returned accompanied by Mr. Swan, and finding the gas out concluded something was wrong with the meter. The whole thing was explained to him a few minutes later, when some one touched a match to the gas, and Mr. A. B. F. Kinney called the storekeeper's attention to five cushioned arm-chairs, which, in behalf of the sportsmen of Worcester, he presented to Mr. Knowles in token of their esteem and friendship. To say that Elisha was surprised and gratified, expresses his acknowledgment of the gift, which he made in a few words gracefully and appropriately spoken."

A MINNESOTA GAME REGION.

FIR, Marshall county, Minn.—I have noticed an absence of reports from this little northern corner of Minnesota, a hunter's paradise; and although of a selfish nature, I am at all times willing to let brother sportsmen share my enjoyment, especially when there is so much. Shooting begins in April on geese on their northward flight, though many gray geese hatch in this Roseau Muskeag. For about four weeks we have all the sport one may desire, first on gray goose and brant, then on the snow goose or wavy; which destroys hundreds of acres of newly sown grain previous to taking flight about May 18 or 20 for its floating hatching ground in Hudson's Bay. The plains at this same season are covered with curlew and golden plover, to say nothing of yellow-legs, snipe, rail birds and other small fry which are shot in the East, but are left entirely unmolested here. This spring hunting from stands is very pretty sport, particularly if one is able to call the different varieties of geese and thoroughly understands their habits. From the time the wavys leave all is peace until the much-longed-for prairie chicken and duck shooting begins. Then the country for miles is alive with game, thanks to the game laws which are fairly well observed. By the time this sport is becoming monotonous, back come the geese in thousands. I have seen them rise from a little lake of 200 acres near my house, when one could hear nothing else for their noise. The flock was variously estimated at from 5,000 to 10,000, and there they stayed till it froze up, going to the grain fields morning and evening.

The geese having gone we turn our attention to the heavy game. Moose, unprotected, may be killed at any time, and as there are a considerable number ranging from here to the Lake of the Woods, it is no uncommon thing to get them. I myself fell in with four in the latter part of September, a bull and three cows, but alas! my rifle hung in the house three miles away. Words would fail me to describe my feelings as I watched that monarch making love that warm evening. I was unseen by them and in nice shot.

A number of black bear have been killed along the two rivers by settlers, but as they den up about the time they get prime it is only luck if one finds a good hide.

Elk are in large numbers and several have been killed about twenty miles further east. I saw nine, before the season came in, at different times around here, but have not been able, owing to sickness, to follow them to their winter quarters as they always band together about the first snow and go east. Deer are thick; I've killed eleven near home. How many species of small deer have we? There are the blacktail and whitetail, but there are many different heads, some with long whitish ears and head, others short, chubby and dark; some with a little round small horn, as big as a deer with a great cradle on his head. I have certainly killed four different shaped heads.

This country is easily accessible, and the great Roseau Muskeag, the breeding ground and grand natural preserves for all species of game is not likely to be dry enough for the Indians to burn again during the next twenty-five years, so we may hope for a continuance of sport till the march of civilization drains all this country and drives the game to the more distant forests of the north.

I have not alluded to fish, knowing nothing of them, except that a few Indians catch four or five different kinds by sleigh loads, selling them at five cents each.

I. F.

ABOUT PENETRATION.

AUGUSTA, Ga., March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Von W.," in your issue of Feb. 24, in commenting on my test for penetration, says he is at a loss to imagine what results I expected to get. Well, I got exactly the result expected, and that is, that a multiplication of wads in a shell, with a corresponding reduction in the quantity of powder, would not give as good penetration as a lesser number of wads and more powder.

In my article of Feb. 2 I did not enter into a discussion of the merits of the test I made, but simply gave it for what it was worth. The reason for my making the test was on account of a good deal of argument about here on the penetration of powder closely confined in a shell with many wads. Some contended that this confinement would enable the shooter to load lighter charges, etc. Some men have put as much as 2 felt wads and 10 to 12 card wads on powder, and loading about 2¼ drams, claiming this gives better penetration than the ordinary way of 3 to 3¼ drams and 2 wads. The claim was, the closer the powder was confined the more powerful the explosion. I did not hold to this idea, hence made the experiment for self-gratification, and having done so, gave it to your paper.

I trust "Von W." has gotten out of the snow sufficiently to make the experiments he desires, and will give your readers the benefit thereof. I and others will be interested in them. While he is at it, I would suggest that he also test the strength of the various makes or brands of powder. The best powder in our market is Hazard's Eagle Ducking and Orange Ducking. I use either, but prefer the former, because I think it cleaner. I am anxious to get a powder with little smoke, strong and clean. It is said that the Quick Shot is of this quality, but it is not in our market. J. M. W.

WRITES A MONTANA HUNTER: "I think FOREST AND STREAM is the boss paper, and I will subscribe just as soon as I can ship my furs and get the price."

THE MAINE COMMISSIONER CHARGES.

AN investigation by the Governor and Council has been ordered on the formal charges preferred against E. M. Stillwell of Bangor and Henry O. Stanley of Dixfield, the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners. The movement against the Commissioners originated in Franklin county.

The following from the Boston *Herald* gives the side of the element which is inimical to game protection and has undertaken this move to abolish game protection.

The officials are charged, first, with an improper and unjust enforcement of the fish and game laws; second, with maliciously prosecuting Gen. George M. Harmon of New Haven, Conn., whom they know to be innocent; third, with having used funds, provided by the State for the propagation of fish and game, improperly and to defray their own private expenses; fourth, with having, through prejudice, failed to properly protect or propagate fish in the great Rangeley Lake region; fifth, that not only have they failed to properly protect or propagate fish in that region, but that they have taken spawn from those lakes and sold it outside the State; sixth, that they have taken fish from spawning beds, and, after removing from them their spawn, have marketed the fish; seventh, that one Commissioner improperly and unlawfully attempted to influence a witness in a fish and game case.

This very brief summary is sufficient to outline the case brought against the Commissioners. Fremont E. Timberlake of Phillips, county attorney of Franklin county, and Spear and Clason of Gardiner are the attorneys engaged to present the evidence to the Governor and Council at the investigation. In addition to the evidence they will present an immense petition of citizens of Northern Franklin, asking for the removal of Commissioner Stillwell. The petition is headed by Hon. N. B. Beal, president of the Sandy River Railroad, and contains the names of a great number of the most prominent citizens, among them Hon. John R. Tootaker of Rangeley county, Commissioner of Franklin county; Maj. E. J. Gilkey of Strong, member of the State Board of Agriculture for Franklin county; Henry P. Dill of Phillips, ex-United States Consul to Guelph, Can.; Hon. Isaiah Chick of Madrid, ex-county commissioner, and Hon. Jeremiah W. Porter of Strong. In addition to this, similar petitions are being prepared in many other sections of Maine. As stated above, this movement originated in Franklin county, but no sooner was it publicly known to have started than from all sections of Maine came aid and encouragement, and evidence which, the prosecutors claim, will sustain the charges. The prelude to this investigation by the Governor and Council begins in Farmington next Tuesday in a trial before the Supreme Judicial Court now in session there, in which case Gen. Harmon of Connecticut brings suit against Game Warden Huntoon of Rangeley and the Fish Commissioners to secure $40 claimed to have been illegally received by them for the killing of a deer.

The case is a noteworthy one, and attracts widespread attention and interest in Maine. The suit is one of quite a series of suits out of which, primarily, the whole movement against the Commissioners grows. A statement of its salient point may not be unimportant. Gen. George M. Harmon of New Haven, Conn., is one of a party of gentlemen who own the noted Lake Point Cottage in the Rangeley Lake region. This party, widely known as the Tuttle party, has done more to develop that sporting region, perhaps, than any other out of Maine influence. Its members are men of high reputation and standing, and are law-abiding citizens. On Sunday morning, June 15, 1884, Gen. Harmon was sitting on the veranda of the Mountain View House, Rangeley Lake, in company with fifteeen or twenty other gentlemen, when a deer was noticed swimming in the lake, which stretches up almost to the very doors of the hotel. Although the month of June is close time, and in addition to June every Sunday in the year, yet the temptation was too great, and immediately a large part of the gentlemen present took their boats and started in pursuit of the deer. Gen. Harmon was rowed by an expert oarsman, hunter and guide, George Thrasher, of Rangeley, and thus was able first to overtake the deer. It was their purpose, as well as the purpose of all the gentlemen, so it is claimed, simply to capture the deer alive, but, intoxicated with the delight of the chase, Thrasher raised his oar and dealt the animal a stunning blow. Seeing that the deer was crippled, stunned and wounded, Gen. Harmon directed Thrasher to cut its throat, which he did. The General at once forwarded $40 to Game Warden George D. Huntoon of Rangeley, with the statement that it was to pay the fine for killing a deer. Huntoon came out at once to Lake Point Cottage, and the General states that he fully explained to him the circumstances, and said that he was willing to do whatever might be necessary to satisfy the law. Huntoon had him arraigned before Trial Justice James W. Butterfield of Phillips, and in answer to the usual interrogatory the General replied that he did not kill the deer, but that he was settling for the guide, and, if necessary, he pleaded guilty. Game Warden Huntoon reported the case immediately to his superior officers, and they directed the prosecution of Harmon for having killed the deer on Sunday, that, too, being close time. This prosecution utterly failed, the court ruling that the law had been fully satisfied in the prosecution for the month of June, which includes every day in the month, Sundays not excepted. Thrasher was then prosecuted for killing the same deer, and, as he was really the party that did kill the animal, was easily convicted. The State thus received pay twice for the same animal. Now, Gen. Harmon sues to recover $40, and this is the case to be tried in Farmington next week. Last year Gen. Harmon brought suit against the officials for maliciously prosecuting him. The case was tried in Bangor, and Gen. Harmon won. Feeling that he has been ill-treated by the Commissioners, Gen. Harmon signs these charges that have been filed with the Secretary of State. The movement is making much excitement and deep feeling in Franklin county.

The principal topic of interest in fish and game circles this week is the proposed impeachment of the Fish and Game Commissioners of Maine. The Commissioners are charged with an "improper and unjust enforcement," etc. The facts of the matter are that it has been impossible to properly enforce the laws in northern Franklin county, from the fact that the hotel and summer travel interest has given the Commissioners all the trouble possible. Commissioner Stillwell himself, on one occasion, stopping at a hotel at Phillips, on Sunday morning saw the proprietor set off, in one of his teams, a hunting party, armed to the teeth, though it was in mid-summer and close time on every class of game. Mr. Stillwell objected and made an enemy of that hotel keeper.

They are charged with "maliciously prosecuting Gen. Harmon, when they knew him to be innocent." That is an old story. They knew he had been an accomplice in the killing of a deer in the month of June on a Sabbath morning. They have long known him to be a rich man with the determination to hunt and fish to his own liking, and they proposed to make him pay roundly for the offense he had committed. For this Mr. Harmon has taken upon himself the business of prosecuting the innocent commissioners. Mr. Harmon is not a citizen of the State, but the people of north Franklin bow to his dollars. Some peculiar facts will come up in the hearing concerning this man's connection with the deer case and the persecution of the Commissioners since. A third count is "having used funds provided by the State," etc. Nobody ever heard before that the State had appropriated any funds beyond the meanest pittance.

Fourth—with "having through prejudice, failed to properly protect and propagate fish in the great Rangeley Lake region." Great! Great! Oh how great! Phillips and Rangeley, you should be rocked in the cradle of the State. Your little railroads and giant hotels should be patronized by all the earth. Your guides and landlords who have been in the habit of approaching the stranger in that region with the whispered announcement that he could kill deer in close time, "and damn the Commissioners," have not been to blame for some little feeling on the part of the game officers that they had few friends with you, have they?

Fifth and sixth—that "they have taken fish and that they have taken spawn." So they have, but never contrary to law. All there is to the law is very plain upon that question, and the acts of the Commission will bear investigation.

Seventh—that "one of the Commissioners has undertaken to influence a witness," etc. This is a grave charge. If it is sustained, it might have been sustained against mild old Izaak Walton himself. There are not two truer men walking the earth to-day. I say this from years of acquaintance with one of them and from a thorough acquaintance of the family of the other.

The Bangor *Maine Industrial Journal*, long recognized by the Commissioners as their worst enemy in the press of Maine, assures us that "This movement did not originate among the 'poachers,' as the names attached to the petition show." "Did not originate among the poachers," oh no? But are they not all stockholders in those railroads, the very existence of which depends upon the patronage of sportsmen? How many of them are hotel keepers and stage and steamboat owners? Now County Attorney Timberlake, did you not arrange for the hearing before the Governor and Council to come off on the same day that the case of Harmon vs. Stillwell was to be tried at Farmington? Was there no other day on the calendar but the 8th of March, the day set down for that trial? Did it not look as though you could be more likely to beat Mr. Stillwell if you could have him on trial at two places at once? But the good Governor of the State has proved too much for you, and on learning the circumstances, has put off the hearing to a day not yet established. Perhaps it may never come. It surely would never come if the Governor, with the full knowledge of the great struggle those Commissioners have been through, the good they have done, had it in his power to stave it off forever. Lawyer Timberlake, our regards to you. You have undertaken a big job. If you win, you will have done your State an incalculable damage. Present our compliments to all the host of poachers that come up from Boston every year with the desire to kill moose and deer in close time. Remember us to those rascals who stopped at one of the celebrated camps in your region and killed a wet doe the last days of June, 1886, and then there followed the bleating of two little fawns, heard plainly at that camp, but growing fainter and fainter night after night till they ceased altogether. Just mention us to that lawless "vacationist" who killed a deer up in your region last August, and then made his brags of it in the Boston *Sunday Times* with the casual remark that the fish and game laws were exceedingly unpopular in all north Franklin county. Commend us to those polite hotel keepers in your region who have been in the habit of serving "mountain mutton" on their tables in June and July. Then, last of all, as a particular favor, will you be kind enough to mention us to Jack Darling, with all his host of signers he brings from other parts of the State to that petition. And just ask him how he succeeds with his notice, "No wardens wanted here!" SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream: In response to your request to forward any bills affecting the game laws likely to be passed by the Maine Legislature, now in session, I can say that no changes of much importance will be likely to be made, as none have been reported by the fisheries and game committee, with the exception of a bill now on its passage, which provides that the open season for moose, deer and caribou shall begin one month earlier and close one month earlier, and prohibits the killing at any time of any female moose, but leaving the present law in full force in all other respects so far as the deer are concerned. Parties in Portland and some other places, who have imported quail and liberated quite a number last year and will add to the number this coming spring, proposing to care for them during deep snows, desire to have the close time extended to Oct. 1 instead of Sept. 1, as previously, and a bill is now pending to that effect. A vigorous drive has been made at the anti-dogging and non-transportation clauses of the law, but this is meeting with almost no favor at all. The efficient working of the present law has made for it hosts of friends, and the present legislative body being remarkably level-headed, attempts of the lawless elements to effect changes to suit themselves have been met precisely as they should be. Our game and fish are increasing, on the whole; the deer notably, and remarkably so, which of itself is a knock-down argument in favor of the laws as they stand. In the fishery laws, all close time on black bass in waters where they have been more than five years have been repealed. We people are not much in love with them. While all are willing to admit their value in many places, they are a fish so predatory in their nature and so destructive to small fry, that there is much fear that they may get into waters now frequented by trout, and that would be a tremendous evil. A very great interest in the State of Maine, that of the lobster, has received very exhaustive attention from the committee, who have prepared a bill of great scope and very carefully drawn, very sharply defined, and a step in advance badly needed. These measures are all that has been offered thus far relating to the general laws. Much legislation on matters fishy of a purely local nature has been enacted, but it is a general feeling that the Maine laws are very good, and had better be left alone.

NOR' EAST.

AUGUSTA, Me., March 3.

THE GEORGIA LAW.

THE Augusta, Ga., Gun Club have provided for free distribution the full text of the game law for Richmond county, which they send out with these remarks:

"The object of this statute is the protection of the game, and it is hoped you will lend us your valuable aid in making the provisions of the law known and respected.

"The act prohibits the trapping of partridges, wild turkey, summer ducks, doves, woodcock, or any game bird, at any season of the year. Any person finding such trap is legally authorized to destroy it instanter.

"The act also prohibits the hunting of wild turkeys or partridges from April 1 to October 15; or of summer ducks or doves from April 1 to August 15; or of woodcock from January 1 to August 15, in each year. Any person buying or selling, or offering to sell, or having in his possession any of these birds within the above prohibited periods, is liable to the penalties of the statute. We may here remark that it is no defence that the birds were killed outside of Richmond county. The bare possession of them in that county within the prohibited periods constitutes the offense.

"It is also made an offense to destroy the nest of any partridge, wild turkey, summer duck, dove, or woodcock, or to rob the same of its eggs or young; and any person buying or selling, or offering to sell, or having in his possession the eggs or young of said birds at any season of the year, is liable to prosecution.

"The law further provides that the possession of any partridge, wild turkey, summer duck, dove or woodcock, full fledged and alive, during the hunting season, shall be *prima facie* proof that such possession was obtained by trapping, and subjects the person having them in possession to prosecution.

"For any violation of the act the penalty is a fine of not less than twenty dollars ($20) nor more than one hundred ($100), or imprisonment not to exceed one month, or by both fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court. It is made the duty of the sheriff, deputy sheriffs and constables of the county, and of all county and municipal police in the county, to report forthwith all violations of this act coming to their knowledge to the Solicitor General of the Circuit or to the Solicitor of Richmond City Court. The prosecutor is entitled to one-half the fine, and if the defendant be insolvent, is entitled to an order for the amount on the Game Law Fund in the County Treasury.

"It is earnestly hoped that all persons interested in the enforcement of the act will promptly report all violations thereof to the officers of the law just mentioned, or to any officer or member of the gun club. The names of the officers of the gun club will be found at the head of this circular, and any communication addressed them on this subject will be kept strictly confidential. All that is necessary to state is the name of the offender, date and nature of the offense, and the names of the witnesses. Communications may also be addressed to Hon. Boykin Wright, Solicitor General; C. Henry Cohen, Esq., Solicitor City Court; Col. Wilberforce Daniel, Sheriff; Henry F. Campbell, Jr., A. M. Prather and Calvin C. Seago, Deputy Sheriffs; E. B. Purcell, County Police; Capt. Joseph A. Twiggs, Chief of Police, and Lieutenants Geo. B. Hood and Wm. Desmond, all at Augusta, Ga., or any county constable."

The officers of the Augusta Gun Club are: J. J. Dicks, President; Wm. H. Harison, Jr., Vice-President; John H. Meyer, Secretary and Treasurer; D. Sancken, Ordnance Officer; Salem Dutcher, Counsel. This law publication is a very sensible piece of work on their part, and one which may well be imitated by other clubs.

CHEAT MOUNTAIN ASSOCIATION.

CHARLESTON, West Virginia, Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. H. Winchester, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has just made a gift to Mr. William S. Edwards, of West Virginia, and his friends, who have organized themselves under the name of The Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain, of the exclusive hunting and fishing rights, for the term of fifty years, over one of the most remarkable forest regions of the South, the great plateau and valley of the Shavers Fork of Cheat River in Randolph county, West Virginia. The tract comprises some sixty or seventy thousand acres of mountain, plateau and valley covered with unbroken forest, stretching for some forty miles along the river. There are no clearings within the tract, except where stood the old fort where General Wilder's forces held Lee and Jackson at bay throughout the war. And it all lies at an altitude of between 3,000 and 4,000ft. above the sea.

The Association as organized is made up of Pittsburgh, Ohio, and West Virginia gentlemen. The Association is of limited membership. A commodious club house and accommodations for the club members will at once be built upon the premises, gamekeepers employed to protect the abundant game already upon the estate and such further game as may from time to time be added.

The Association is to be congratulated on now possessing, through the liberality of Mr. Winchester, the greatest hunting park east of the Yellowstone.

The officers are: President, Howard Hartley. Vice-Presidents, D. McK. Lloyd, W. C. Shiras and R. G. Wood, of Pittsburgh; A. H. Winchester and W. S. Edwards, of West Virginia. Secretary, Authar Kennedy. Treasurer, D. P. Corwin. Directors—H. C. Bughman, C. A. Carpenter, Thos. M. King, David McCargo, C. C. Scaife, Theodore Sproul and C. A. Painter. WM S. EDWARDS.

CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY.—The days of outdoor rambles, for canoe trips and camping excursions, are approaching. The campers and canoeists who have not yet read Seneca's little book should provide themselves with it in good time.

BEARS, DOGS AND CUBS.

HERNANDO, Miss.—In your issue of Feb. 17 "Bruin" says he never knew a bear to kill a dog, and does not believe one could do it. He either does not know what he is talking about or northern bears are very different from southern ones. A few years ago Mr. Sam Williams, a noted bear hunter of this county, lost seven dogs, all killed by one bear, and he did not get the bear either. This was caused by a negro, who saw the dogs where they bayed the bear and urged them on. Only last winter I knew personally of two fine bear dogs being killed by a bear, Mr. Waldran, a deputy sheriff of this county, killing him afterward. Six dogs were in the chase, two were killed and another badly wounded. I could cite numerous other instances, but think this enough. Any southern bear hunter will tell you that when a bear gets a "square lick" at a dog he is done for, as he will fairly disembowel him. T. C. R.

I wish to make the inquiry of the numerous bear hunters who contribute to your columns, if any of them ever killed, or saw killed, after having been run by dogs, a female bear that was *enceinte*—that is, had unborn young. ISSAQUENA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 23, "Mark West" asks for information on explosive bullets and their effect when used on large and dangerous game. Having had quite a little experience in the line of bear killing with different kinds of ammunition, I will give him a few of my ideas on the subject. I have used explosive bullets and have seen them used to some extent, but so far I have not seen any great execution done with them. Several instances I remember of explosive bullets fired at bears, when they exploded in the muscles of the neck and head, and never reached the bones, and did not seem to bother the creatures much. I suppose if you could get bullets to explode in the right place they would do great work. But then, if you can get solid balls in the right place, bears both large and small are easily enough killed. My preference of bullets for large game is a solid ball slightly hardened, with enough powder behind it to send it crashing through flesh, muscles and bones, and either to go through the animal or batter itself up into twice its natural caliber. I have used a Ballard .40-85-370 for several years, and to my notion it is as effective ammunition as a man need ask for. The greatest trouble we have in killing bears here is to find gentle ones that will stand fire. I suppose that what makes them so wild is that we hunt them a great deal for the bounty the Territory pays for killing them. Though I have killed and helped to kill some forty odd bears in the last two years, I have yet to see the first one show anything like a dangerous fight. CHARLIE MENGES.

MONTANA.

ONTARIO NOTES.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Feb. 28.—With some amusement and no little disgust, I read in a recent issue of an Ottawa newspaper the following: Messrs. G. B. Moore, A. J. Angus and J. F. Inglee killed near the Schyan River, near Pembroke, three or four days ago, the largest moose ever seen in the Upper Ottawa district. Mr. Moore is the local agent for Messrs. Bronson & Co.'s lumber firm at Schyan, forty miles from Pembroke, and Mr. Angus, the book-keeper. Some of the men at the shanties having reported that an enormous moose had been in the woods near Black River, Moore and Angus started out to find him. They got on his trail and followed him. The snow in the woods was very deep, with a crust on the surface, and the moose had difficulty in getting along fast, cutting and bruising his legs. Moore and Angus eventually overtook him on a high hill, and near the edge of the steepest side he stopped and showed fight. Angus fired, and the ball, striking on the frontal bone near the eye, glanced off without having much effect except to render the huge beast desperate. He charged his assailants. Moore's gun missed fire and the beast reached him. Moore had an axe, but before he could do any damage with it the beast knocked it out of his hand. Both men had to dodge it round trees, the deep snow helping them, getting in an occasional blow with clubs, and things were looking serious when another factor appeared upon the scene. Mr. F. J. Inglee, jobber for Bronson & Co., who had been tracking the moose for two days, came up, and getting a broadside chance at the moose, put a bullet into him, and on Inglee turning to run he tripped on his snowshoes and fell over the steep brow of the hill and down the almost perpendicular descent of 150ft. or so, the snow alone saving him from severe bruises. The moose stood on the brink of the precipice shaking for a moment, and then dropped dead in his tracks. Inglee's shot had passed through his lungs. Brought to Schyan, the dressed carcass was found to weigh 900lbs. The skin weighed 113. The residents of the district agree that it was the largest animal they had known to be killed there."

It seems to me, and I think every sportsman among your readers, that there is not quite so much honor or glory in slaying a moose under the circumstances above narrated as the "heroes" of the exploit seem to imagine. It never occurred to Messrs. Moore, Angus and Inglee that they had violated the law in killing a moose in Ontario in February, otherwise their boastings would have been made in private. As the law stands, however, moose and other deer are protected between Dec. 15 and Oct. 15, and the parties concerned in the killing this "forest giant" are liable to fines of not less than $10 nor more than $50 each and costs, which ought to be exacted.

It is reported that the slaughter of red deer in the Province of Ontario, and of caribou in the Province of Quebec, has during this winter been very great. The snow which fell in January had a crust upon it during the greater part of that month sufficiently strong to carry a man on snowshoes, but through which the sharp hoofs of the deer broke. All through "the back townships" of Ontario this was taken advantage of by scores of hunters, and in many districts so deep was the snow through which the deer had to plunge that it was possible to run them down and kill them with an axe. The depth of the snow, by preventing the deer from getting at their usual food, drove them into the vicinity of the lumbermen's shanties and the outlying settlements for food, and quite a number were actually killed in barnyards. This wholesale slaughter has resulted in a plethora of venison in all the markets, and the price realized for it toward the end of the season was so low that it hardly compensated the hunter for the price of his powder and shot. The same condition of things has prevailed in the caribou country. The game laws, as they at present exist, do not allow of a stop being put to this useless slaughter. What is needed is a law preventing the killing of deer and caribou during the months of December and January, as well as February and March. As a result of this year's slaughter the deer have been exterminated, it is believed, in several districts in Ontario.

The following lamentable result of criminal carelessness in the handling of firearms is reported by telegraph from the same district of Ontario:

"James Cherry, cook, Nipissing district, accidentally shot himself on Tuesday, Feb. 22, and died a few hours afterward. He was hunting with a repeating rifle, and had shot a squirrel. The squirrel, wounded, fell among some fallen branches. Cherry swung the handle which loaded the repeater, and poked at the squirrel with the butt of the weapon, forgetting that it was loaded and cocked. As he worked among the debris the rifle was discharged and the ball entered his left breast near the shoulder and passed out obliquely. He managed to get to the shanty, and explained the accident to his comrades. About 5 o'clock in the evening he expired." R. S. B.

GUNNER, DIPPER, HAWK AND CROWS.—Bay Ridge, Md., Feb. 28.—I noted in your issue of Jan. 27 the report of the West Chester Microscopical Society on the food of hawks and owls. Here is a strange hawk incident which happened in my experience. A few days ago while shooting over decoys I shot a dipper through the head and he began circling upward at a lively rate. I stood watching, expecting every moment to see him fall to the water dead, but you may imagine my surprise to see a large red-tailed hawk give chase, and after folding the duck carefully in his large wings, I suppose to get a firm hold with his talons, sail leisurely to the opposite shore. I followed in my boat, but he saw me coming and flew to a large cedar. By this time a half dozen crows joined the chase and for a while it was doubtful who would get the duck. I followed the hawk from tree to tree for at least a quarter of a mile, but not until he had received part of a charge of No. 4s (though not enough to kill him) could he be persuaded to drop it; and when I picked the duck up it was still alive, with an ugly gash on the head, which must have been made by the hawk's beak. I was very sorry not to kill the hawk, as he would have been a beauty to mount.—H. C.

TORONTO, Ont., March 5.—The act passed by the Ontario Legislature prohibiting spring shooting will be felt by us for the first time during the coming season. Hitherto all ducks not known as mallards, gray, black, wood or teal were not protected until May 1. Now, however, all are under the same law. Nobody objects to this, with the exception of some pot-hunters about the Bay of Quinte and Presque Ile. Some of these say they are going to shoot those species known as sawbills, coots, etc., claiming that they are not ducks. These species are not worth much for food, being "fishy," so if they confined their operations to such game there would be no harm done. The trouble is that the others would suffer if they came in the way, and it would be very hard to convict transgressors. If there is no excuse for having a gun out at this season there will be little trouble. It is to be hoped the game protection societies will see that the meaning of the law is enforced and will not let the decision of a country magistrate settle the matter if it happens to be adverse to the interests of legitimate sportsmen.—TEST.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.—A goodly number of lovers of rod and gun assembled around the hospitable tables of the Tremont House last Thursday evening and partook of the good cheer afforded, more than fifty members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association attending its regular monthly meeting. Supper being finished, President E. A. Samuels called the meeting to order, and in a few words congratulated the association on its success in enforcing the laws, and the recent decisions of the Supreme Court in its favor in regard to the lobster cases. The committee appointed to solicit funds for the purpose of enforcing the fish and game laws reported that about $400 had been paid to the treasurer of the association, and that if more money were needed it would be immediately subscribed. Attention was called to the recent death of George D. Oxnard, for many years a member and staunch supporter of the association, and a committee was appointed to prepare appropriate resolutions. Seven new members were elected, and applications received from fifteen more.

INTRODUCTION OF BLACKCOCK INTO NEWFOUNDLAND.—A most interesting experiment is now being tried in Newfoundland by the introduction of blackcock into the island. Mr. Robert Langrishe-Mare, of St. John's, a sportsman who has had considerable experience in caribou and other shooting on the island, has received from Scotland a number of black game. The first shipment arrived in Newfoundland on Oct. 21, and the second on Dec. 3, something like twenty brace, three birds only dying on the voyage across. On arrival they were at once conveyed by Mr. Langrishe-Mare to suitable places, and set free by him, when they immediately went off on the wing, and seemed quite strong. Since then the birds are doing well, and when last seen on the 1st inst., appear to have become quite at home in their new quarters. The Newfoundland Parliament has passed a law protecting the new arrivals for five years.—*London Field.*

VERMONT.—Post Mills, March 1.—This has been a winter of snow, fences and walls are now all covered with the mantle of white. How fares the game? Only last night I saw a number of grouse budding upon a neighboring apple tree and acting as if they felt perfectly secure in this quiet valley, where the game and fish laws are well respected. My gun is resting quietly in its case, but is not forgotten, as a look at its burnished and glistening barrels will show that it has good care. My little cocker spaniel has grown fat and lazy and lies quietly sleeping on the rug before the fire, but rouse her and whisper in her ear the magic word "partridge," and presto, with one bound she is upon her feet, ears raised, and tail wagging at the rate of 500 wags a minute.—OMPOMPANOOSUC.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCE.—This is rather neatly put by FOREST AND STREAM: "A Combination Sure to Work.—One law-breaking fool with a bullet in a rifle, and another law-breaking fool with a leg to put the bullet into. Send them out deer hunting on Long Island on Sunday, and the chances are ten to one that the bullet will find its way into the leg. It happened so last Sunday. Leroy Hill, a hotel keeper of Ronkonkoma, had a rifle, Michael Downey supplied the leg. They were hunting deer. Downey hid behind a tree; Hill saw him, took him for a deer, smashed one of his legs and lodged another bullet in his side. We extend to these two Sunday deer hunters the spmpathy due those who encounter misfortune while in the commission of a double misdemeanor." But the odd thing is that if a deer instead of Downey had been behind that tree the chances are about 66 to 1 that Hill would have missed!—*London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

BISMARCK GUN CLUB.—Bismarck, Dak., Feb. 25.—At the annual meeting of the Bismarck Gun Club, held tonight, the following offiers were elected: W. H. Williamson, President; H. V. Wetherby, Vice-President; W. Aug. Fonda, Secretary and Treasurer. Range committee: Edmund R. Otis, C. B. Little, D. A. Tyler. Finance committee: O. H. Holt, J. George Rapelje, H. H. Day. The club resolved to appropriate sufficient money to stock the brush of this county with quail and partridge, and also to procure wild rice seed. The board of directors is making arrangements for a tournament next fall, and we expect to be able to welcome visiting sportsmen with a good old time. The club took decided action on the bill for the preservation of the National Park, and ordered a copy of their resolutions forwarded to the Committee on Public Lands, and a copy to our delegate in Congress.—W. A. F.

WILD TURKEYS IN GEORGIA.—Bainbridge, Ga., Feb. 29.—A wild turkey weighing when dressed 22lbs. was killed on Spring Creek, twelve miles from this place, a few days since. Two others were subsequently shot near the same place. Within a week a flock of three splendid fowls flew up in front of a train of railway cars a few miles from Bainbridge. When driving through the woods about ten miles south of Blakely the writer caught sight of one as it was rushing ostrich-like through the oak forest. It did not seem possible to me that any bird could have attained such speed by means of its feet alone. Southwestern Georgia will still afford fair sport in the matter of wild turkeys to him who will take sufficient time and exercise and due patience in hunting them. He may also happen on an occasional deer. Quail are abundant.—EDWARD JACK.

THE ALASKA EXPEDITION.—We are advised that arrangements are maturing for a proposed excursion party to set out for Alaska in May. Some twenty individuals have signified their intention of joining the party, the complement of which will be thirty. Mr. J. E. Palmer, No. 115 Greenwich avenue, New York, the projector of the excursion, has succeeded in making arrangements for a suitable vessel, the steam schooner Leo, rated as a staunch vessel. The estimated expense per member is placed at $500, a total of $15,000, to be expended as follows: Railroad tickets from New York to Tacoma and return, at $180 each, $5,400; special sleeping and parlor car, $700; Leo, ninety days at $60 per day, $5,400—$11,500, leaving $3,500 for board, hire of cook, porter, etc. Mr. Palmer will soon have ready a circular giving full information.

BLACK-GAME have been introduced into Newfoundland, and promise to thrive there and add to the available shooting resources of the island. Baron Von Seidlitz, of Pommern, Prussia, writes to the FOREST AND STREAM that he is desirous of attempting to import into his covers our American ruffed grouse. The bird would, no doubt, prove a most desirable acquisition to the sportsmen of Prussia, could its transportation be accomplished. Mr. J. B. Battelle has dispelled the old notion that ruffed grouse cannot be kept for any time in confinement: but it may be put down as extremely doubtful that pairs could be safely taken across the ocean.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—Still another explosive has now been introduced, this time by a Russian, who claims that the penetrative powor of the new substance he has discovered is ten times greater than that of gunpowder when used for cartridges. The ingredients composing the "silotvaar," as it is called, are not yet known, the inventor keeping his explosive a secret. No smoke or heat is emitted, it is said, and the discharge is not accompanied by any report. It is also asserted that this explosive may be used in a motor for the generation of power, and the inventor even claims superiority over steam and gas engines.—*Industries.*

HIGH POINT, N. C., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail have wintered well and we are having some of the best shooting that we have had this season. The birds are strong and I think they can fly about as fast again as they did last fall, but the shooting is now more in the open and some good bags are made. There are enough, however, to give us all the sport we wish, and if the breeding season is favorable we shall have more next season than we have had for many years.—POINT.

FLATBUSH, Ulster County, N. Y., Feb. 28.—Grouse have wintered well in this section notwithstanding a severe winter, noted for its many falls of snow and icy crusts. I put up ten different birds the other day (eight being in one flock) in an hour's walk. Two or three bud every evening in an apple tree within 20yds. of my house. Grouse were quite plenty last fall.—HOWARD BURHANS.

A 20-BORE PATTERN.—My gun is a 20-bore, 7½lbs., 30in barrels, and I shot 40yds. at a 30in. circle, with 3drs. of Dupont's powder and 1oz. No 8 shot, and put in circle 331 shot. I would like to hear from "Syntax;" can you not draw him out on the details of his experimenting with a 20-bore?—C. P. F.

DEER IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y., are occasionally seen and now and then one is killed. A large buck was seen in the vicinity of Monticello a week or two ago.

VERMONT.—West Charleston, March 2.—The reports are that the deer butcher has been making fearful havoc in some sections of the State. Fifteen were butchered in one yard containing twenty-four. The crust-hunter has an opportunity to slaughter owing to the great depth of snow and the sharp crust, the snow being from three to four feet in depth in the woods.—E. O. L.

THE NEW YORK LAW.

THE provisions of the proposed New York game bill were summarized in our issue of Feb. 24. In a printed copy of the bill sent to us by Mr. Roosevelt the May open deer season has been omitted. The following comparisons will show the proposed alterations. The first lines in each instance give present dates, the lines below proposed dates. The dates are inclusive:

NEW YORK OPEN SEASONS.

	May be Killed.	*May be Sold.*
Deer	Aug. 15—Oct. 31*	Aug. 15—Oct. 31
	Aug. 15—Oct. 31	Nov. 15—Dec. 15
		Aug. 15—Feb. 28
Rabbits	Nov. 1—Jan. 31	Aug. 1—Feb. 1
	Nov. 1—Dec. 31	Nov. 1—Feb. 15
Squirrels	Aug. 1—Jan. 31	Aug. 1—Jan. 31
	Nov. 1—Dec. 31	Nov. 1—Feb. 15
Wildfowl	Sept. 1—April 30	Sept. 1—April 30
	Sept. 1—Feb. 28†	Sept. 1—Feb. 28
Quail	Nov. 1—Dec. 31	Nov. 1—Jan. 31
	Nov. 1—Dec. 31	Nov. 1—Feb. 15
Woodcock	Aug. 1—Dec. 31	Aug. 1—Dec. 31
	July and Oct. 1—Dec. 31	July and Oct. 1—Dec. 31
Grouse	Sept. 1—Dec. 31	Sept. 1—Jan. 1
	Nov. 1—Dec. 31‡	Nov. 1—Feb. 15
Bay Snipe	July 11—Dec. 31	July 11—Dec. 31
	July 1—Dec. 31**	July 1—Dec. 31††

*By present and proposed law deer hounding allowed Sept. 1—Oct. 4. †By proposed law brant are not protected. ‡Ruffed grouse season in Adirondack counties, Sept. 1—Dec. 31. **Wilson snipe not protected. ††Western snipe may be sold at any time. Proposed season for robin and meadow lark, Nov. 1—Dec. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The only serious difference of opinion among sportsmen consists in determining whether it is wise and right to shoot woodcock in summer. Personally I have advocated the shooting, and now desire to give as succinctly as possible my reasons. Let us look at the arguments against it and I will give these as fairly as I can, for no one can be more in favor of protecting game than myself. My efforts for twenty years past certainly show that, and when others feel like questioning my purposes they had better see first whether they have done as much.

A few persons, very few, will contend that the birds are not then fully grown. While they are not quite as large as the fall birds, most sportsmen will admit that they are as large as summer birds ever will be and are entirely mature. In the course of killing thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of them, I have never met with more than a dozen cases of broods after July 1, and then often the birds were of fair size for the table although not entirely full grown. I found more cases of undersized quail in November twenty to one. No legislation can cover every possible condition of events or individual discrepancies, and it should not be attempted. Others may think that by not shooting these birds in summer we shall save them for the fall and so increase their number. But this is a mistake for two reasons. Firstly the birds that spend the summer with us in our swamps go south after moulting in August, and never return to the places where they were hatched. The birds which we find in the autumn are rarely in the summer swamps, being found more generally on hillsides and on quail ground, and come from further north on their migration southward. So all we do by saving the summer birds is to supply New Jersey with what Canada does not with equal self-denial furnish to us.

But the fact is, secondly, that we do not save them at all, but simply give them to the poachers. Woodcock are the most liable of all our game to be shot out of season. They lie in the deepest undergrowth and in the wettest mudholes, where the poacher, out of sight, can crawl around and do his work. Nor like the quail are they found in bevies, but only a random shot tells of the foe, so that it is impossible to follow him if any enthusiast would engage in that unpleasant operation. When I was a boy, and in the course of my day's sport was saluted with the unwelcome cry of "get off my land," I simply used to wade directly from the sound through the deepest part of the mud, and never yet was followed for any distance. The farmer gave out at some point, it might be his ankles or it might be his hips, but there was always a limit. The poacher only has to pursue the same method to get rid of interference and the constable. Let any one who has doubt about this universal destruction, investigate so far as to go into the swamps where he knew there were broods hatched, and see if they have not disappeared by the middle of July. The law would simply give as it has given for years, all the summer shooting to those who disobey, and deprive of it all those who obey the game law.

Then it is said that summer shooting is too hot. Now is not this after all the true and only reason why some people favor the enactment of a restriction? Too hot! Why it is the very time of the year to shoot. Hot in the depth of the cool swamp with the spring water up to your knees! Call that hot? It is no hotter than it ought to be. But suppose it is hot, are we to make a law for the protection of sportsmen from heat or for the protection of birds from destruction? The former should be called a "coddling bill" for the assistance of weak-backed dudes. Suppose others were to say that December is too cold, and would not allow any one to kill quail during that month. If we are to consider heat and cold it would be better to fix the law not by the seasons but by the thermometer, and forbid all shooting when the temperature ranges over 70° or under 30°. Shooting is defensible only on the ground of its giving pleasure and health; mere killing is not an ennobling operation. Where is there greater delight than in summer woodcock shooting to those who have the stamina to follow it, and ought not we to encourage that stamina? No man will ever have the gout or rheumatism if he does sufficient summer woodcock shooting to get himself into those magnificent flowing perspirations it implies. It is worth all the hot baths that ever were invented, and is far more agreeable, indeed it is ten Russian and Turkish baths rolled into one.

One further objection is offered, which is that it will be made an excuse for shooting partridges and quail. As to quail, they are not found in the same localities ordinarily, but if people want excuses for wrong-doing they can produce them, and the man who will kill birds out of season will do it as readily without the pretense of woodcock shooting as with. Unless we can enact a law that no man shall be seen carrying a gun in summer, which is manifestly absurd as well as unconstitutional, we cannot prevent his shooting, and the only way to make him stop killing illegal game is to convict him for it. And I will take this occasion to suggest whether it is not about time that the rural districts set to work protecting their own game by punishing shooting out of season, instead of waiting for the New York society to stop the sale of unseasonable game, and so incidentally stop the killing. For our part here we think it is. I wish to say that while before the passage of laws interfering with summer shooting, I yearly killed hundreds of these birds, since their enactment I have hardly killed any, it being both vain and unwise to go after them during the month of August, when they are moulting, and during which alone it has been permissible to pursue them. That is just the month of the year, after the hatching season, when I should leave them alone. ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there is to be a change made in the present law for hunting deer let the month of October be excluded from the open season and the month of November added. No still-hunter wishes to hunt deer in October upon a bed of dry leaves, when his only chance of securing a shot is on the run, necessitating the wounding and loss of two for every one secured. Of course the limited number of three during the month can be secured, but at what a sacrifice. If protection really is the object sought, why not take a month when it can be accomplished without waste? It is a well known fact, that for every three deer the hunter bags upon dry leaves and sticks in October there is caused a loss of several more that are shot and escape. Substitute the month of November, when the hunter can track upon snow. Then if he only wounds the animal it can be traced up and a vital shot given, so that not one in a dozen ever escape to feed the ravens and pine marten. Thus the limited number is secured without waste. Secondly the temperature is such that all can be kept, shipped home and used to even the last pound. I also fail to see the consistency of making it lawful for the sportsman to kill three deer and unlawful for him to ship but one of the three home. If he lives in the vicinity and can furnish his own conveyance to take the game home he is justified in doing so. But if he happens to live at a distance and is obliged to ship by express or railroad, the law prohibits the act of moving more than one of the number. Two-thirds of the non-resident's booty must be left in the woods, given away or disposed of. Just where this protective power to the game comes in is a mystery to many, as much so as to cipher out how it would protect the deer to legalize the slaughter through May by jacking.

CHAUTAUQUA County, N. Y. CAP LOCK.

The following petition, signed by about 125 residents of Chatham, Philmont and Hillsdale was presented to the Board of Supervisors at a recent meeting: "*To the Board of Supervisors of Columbia County:* GENTLEMEN—We, the undersigned residents of Columbia county, do hereby request that the game law be amended, making it unlawful to export game from this county for the market. Whereas, There is a class of so-called sportsmen who make a living during the open season out of the proceeds of the game that they send to market, and Whereas, That if the present condition of affairs is permitted to continue it is a question of a few years only when the partridge, the most valuable of game birds in this section, will be completely exterminated. This is the only way that market shooting can be stopped. It has been tried in Dutchess and other counties, and to a great extent accomplished the desired result. As it lies solely in your power to make the amendment, we appeal to you, gentlemen, in the interest of all true sportsmen and for the protection of the game, hoping you will give this petition all due consideration."

An additional petition, signed by a number of Hudson people in relation to the same subject, was also presented. After some discussion the committee on laws was directed to prepare and present to the board a resolution in relation to the matter. After a short recess the committee reported a law making it unlawful to trap or kill wild game in the county for exportation, under a penalty of $5 for the first offense and $10 for each offense thereafter.

The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association Directors at a recent meeting denounced the proposed amendments to the Fish and Game Laws. The following expresses the sense of the association, and it was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association is opposed to the sale of venison later than December 15, as is now provided.

"That we are firmly opposed to the killing of any game during the months of July and August, either woodcock or squirrel or any other.

"That the season for killing all kinds of game (except deer) or game birds should commence at the same time, September 1, of each year and end not later than November 15 or December 1, with not to exceed fifteen days beyond the killing season for the selling.

"That it is the experience of this association that all game laws will be violated so long as game can be lawfully sold or held in possession.

"That it is unwise and impracticable to have the seasons for either fish or game different in different sections of the State, because our experience shows that if one section is open to lawful sale, in the other section laws will be violated to supply sales in the open section.

"That the open season for trout fishing should be shortened, by not allowing the season to open before May 1 or April 15 in any part of the State, and it should not close later than September 1.

"That the killing of robins and meadow larks should be prohibited at all times; and finally,

"That the game laws as they are, are practically ample in everything except that the provision as to sale of trout under 6in. long should be restored, the section as to game birds re-enacted and spring shooting prohibited, and that any attempt to rewrite the game laws will result in more harm than good to the best interests of protection."

Col. I. J. Gray, the President, and J. D. Collins, the Secretary, were appointed a committee to oppose the Roosevelt bill in Albany.

A CARIBOU HUNT.

O'ER frozen ground and drifted snow
I travelled with old Indian Joe.

The night was coming on apace,
The snow was driving in my face.

Deep in Earth's spotless winding-sheet
We sank our weary snow-shoed feet.

A great forest lay before us,
Sibilant winds shrieked in chorus.

Tall and gaunt, the trees were bending
'Neath the blasts the Pole was sending;

Stout trunks as with pain were groaning,
O'er our heads an owl was moaning.

Our packs we threw from tired shoulders,
And slept by tall granite boulders,

That warded off the tempest's ire,
While brightly burnt the hot camp-fire.

We rose as the day was peeping,
O'er the hills red darts were leaping.

We cleaned our guns and ready made
To travel through the leafless glade.

We reached a stream where oft in June
Our reels had sung their merry tune.

Then o'er its winding icy bed
In all haste toward the lake we sped;

And saw a sign to hunters sweet—
Cloven tracks of caribou feet.

Now fast along the snow-bound waste
We hurried on in breathless haste;

And soon we reached the lake from whence
The stream leaves on its journey hence.

A sudden glance, said Joe "Here's luck!
Yonder stands the caribou buck."

Four does with their monarch walk,
Now we're in for a lordly stalk!

On each bank of the frozen sheet
We hurried on our snow-shoed feet.

I took the left and Joe the right,
As on we ran with all our might.

Oft through the trees I had a sight
Of the many-pronged, antlered knight.

I reached beyond him and his flock
And hid myself behind a rock.

Along the narrow lake he came,
By his side stood a favored dame.

His arched neck was proudly bent
As through the snow he slowly went.

My heart beat loud as he came near;
I felt a strange voluptuous fear;

I pulled the trigger; there was a flash—
A lofty leap, a headlong dash;

On his knees fell the wounded hart;
Trusty had proved my leaden dart;

Then blindly rushed away the does,
In mortal terror of their foes;

The snow was deep and oft they sank
While making for the other bank;

I saw them near the other shore;
Then loudly pealed a rifle's roar,

The favored hind fell on the snow;
With smoking gun stood Indian Joe.

And now I see upon my wall
The pronged antlers, broad and tall.

Oft again I see in my dreams
The leafless woods and frozen streams. G. V. S.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

205.

A MONTREAL gentleman, lately deceased, used to tell a good story of his first attempt at duck shooting on the St. Clair Flats preserve. It was as follows: "I got up before daybreak, dressed, and went down to the landing, where I found my Indian waiting for me in the punt. It was deuced cold and nasty. I got in and we started for the pond I had drawn. As we were going through a narrow channel we suddenly came upon an immense flock of what I took to be ducks. I slipped in a couple of cartridges, and was just pulling the trigger, when the Indian yelled: "Don' shoot! don' shoot!" "Why the devil won't I shoot?" "Mudducks" (mudhens), he answered. Well, we went a little further till we came to a pond black with ducks. I was just going to let them have it, when the Indian again yelled, "Don' shoot! don' shoot!" "Why in thunder won't I shoot?" I asked. "Ducks go out to lake." (If the ducks are fired at on being flushed they will not come back, but if left alone will fly in in ones or twos all day.) I was getting pretty riled at being interrupted so often, and when in a short time we came upon a nice little flock of mallards and black ducks I was bound to let them have it, so gave them right and left before the Indian could speak. When he did, all he could groan was, "Woodducks! woodducks!" And sure enough I had smashed $20 worth of decoys. F. M.

OTTAWA, Ont.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

BAD WEATHER BUT BIG FISH.

IN September I was at Mount Kineo, accompanied by an old friend, an ardent and successful fisherman. By telegraphing ahead we secured two excellent guides who advised camping out on Roach Pond, where, they said, good fishing was to be had with but few competitors. All arrangements being made, we started on Monday morning in a small steamer, which we had engaged to take us down to Lily Bay, from which point we had to carry over to Roach Pond, teams having been engaged beforehand for that purpose. The road was good until we reached the woods, when it became something awful; wading stockings might have been of considerable service. The glimpses of the woods on either side were delightful, a carpet of brilliantly green moss prevailing in most places, with here and there a tree leveled in some heavy gale lying prostrate, its roots firmly matted with clay and stones standing up like a wall. After a weary drag through mud and mire, varied by an occasional jolting ride on the teams, we emerged from the woods and saw below us the "pond," a lake of some six miles in length, with the neat buildings of Roach Farm at its outlet, backed by the two fine isolated Spencer Mountains, each about 4,000 feet high. After dinner at the farm the canoes were got into the water, and we paddled up the lake toward our camping ground, stopping off the mouth of a small brook to take a fish for supper. Chub were rather abundant, but we got trout enough for one meal.

Our camp was pitched on the west side of the lake, in a spot which would have been more sheltered if it had not been visited some time before by a lady who wished to have an uninterrupted view from her tent door, and so caused some cutting down of trees, which gave the easterly winds a clear sweep at us when they prevailed, as they did during most of our time. Here we staid all the week, having uncommonly bad weather. Only on two days could we get on to the lake, the rest of the time it blew a gale right on our shore, so that we could not launch a canoe, nor could we have gone far had we gone afloat, the sea running too high, and the birch, with all its weatherly qualities, being a poor craft to work to windward in when it blows hard. However, the first day proving fine, we went up the south inlet and took some eight or ten good fish of about 2lbs. each. On another day we took about the same number, and apparently could have made a big catch, as the fish rose freely, but we could only fish for our own frying pan, there being no way of disposing of what we could not consume. The wind had risen when we returned to the lake, and we had hard work to paddle back to the camp, where we found a visiting card pinned to the canvas of our tent, a piece of birch bark with the names of Mr. and Mrs. ——, Cleveland, O., written on it. We returned the call and found them ready to start homeward, bad as the weather was. Our only other neighbor was camping on the other side of the lake some two miles away. Time hung heavy on our hands; we shot at a mark, built a dock, read novels, talked, grumbled of course, and somehow or other got through the weary day. We had any amount of fine scenery to look at, the Spencers being in full view on the other side of the lake, and in the windy, cloudy weather, changing their aspect constantly in the most picturesque manner. Just opposite, forty miles away, Katahdin, the highest mountain in Maine, afforded a beautiful study of aerial color for an artist. As we were only fishermen, the scenery did not make up for our enforced idleness. The keen, cold air gave us capital appetites, and we thoroughly enjoyed the food so skillfully prepared for us. Every morning after our hasty toilet by the lakeside, when we were comfortably seated at our tent door, in front of the cheerful fire, came the inquiry: "How would flapjacks strike you fellows?" and the answer went back that they would strike us in the right spot. The bill of fare generally embraced trout from the larder at the lake side, where our catch was laid out on one of the many great trunks piled in confusion along the shore, the flotsam and the jetsam of the spring freshets of other days; in fact, we had trout cooked in every way possible under the circumstances, fried, broiled, baked and in chowder. Occasionally the tinned corned beef gave us a savory hash; tea accompanied every meal and was uniformly excellent, and last, but not least, we had fresh bread now and then; yes, fresh bread! made of self-raising flour and skillfully prepared in a little Dutch oven, despite the gusts

of wind and the powdered wood ashes they sent flying. The hardships of camping out have nothing to do with your daily bread; they come in after dark, which comes only too early in the month of September. One of our guides was a born joker, and kept us laughing after supper with his yarns about life in the army, for he had been among the stalwart men that Maine sent down to take a hand in the war. But sleep came to us pretty early in the evening, and although we lay down "all standing," or nearly so, with four or five folds of blanket over us, backed, in my case, by an ulster and a rubber coat, even this would not do, and the morning watch was very cold, our guides sleeping so soundly that the fire was never replenished. They always expressed great surprise at our discomfort: "Was you fellows cold with all them blankets? Why! me and Jack had only one blanket over us, and we was sweating all the time."

Another great inconvenience in this kind of life is the confusion always reigning among your personal effects. The rubber sack, generally used as a valise, keeps everything dry enough but in great disorder, anything you want is sure to be at the bottom, and the wrong thing generally comes to hand first.

We set out to return on foot, one of the guides piloting us while the other remained at the camp. The guide went ahead, through and over everything, his axe playing about as easily as a foil in the hand of a skillful fencer, now slashing off a stubborn branch, and anon snipping away light twigs that seemed to offer no resistance to its keen edge. After half an hour he found an old logging camp, two or three great buildings of big logs, now deserted, with saplings and vines beginning to shut them in and overrun them. One of the striking things about those woods is the absence of life. I do not refer to large game, for that has been driven further back, but, with the exception of a partridge that I saw and an owl that I heard, a few disreputable looking shelldrakes on the lake, and the inevitable loon, the neighborhood of our camp seemed abandoned by every living creature. From the old camp we followed the tote road until, after a long march, we came in sight of Roach Farm, still a long way off, when our guide left us and returned to camp. In the evening our guides came down with the canoes and impedimenta, and next morning we followed the teams back to Moosehead Lake, to try our luck at the east outlet, where fishing does not depend so much upon the condition of the wind.

The sail across the lake, here at its broadest, with two or three large islands to break the straight line, occupied two or three hours. At the hotel at the outlet we secured a room, although the place was rather crowded, and we managed to maintain ourselves despite an attempt to introduce another lodger to occupy the lounge, a proposal which we treated with the contempt it merited. I went down stream on foot with my guide and whipped a large pool industriously until near dark, without a rise. I began to think my innings would result in "a duck's egg," but I bethought myself that in all the fishing stories I had read, it was about the correct thing to try a white fly as dark was coming on. I found a very scraggy white hackle in my book which did the business very quickly, for it was taken almost at once by a three-pounder, with which we went joyfully homeward. My friend had got one of the same size at the dam. Next day at the same pool and one below it, I got three fine fish, 2lbs., 3lbs. and 3¾lbs., plenty of small trout turned up and were put back. During our stay here the gates of the dam were closed most of the time and there was to be seen occasionally in front of the gates a crowd of large fish waiting for their opening to go down the river to spawn. On the other side of the lake we had found fish going up Roach River into the inlets of Roach Pond for the same purpose; here they were going down stream. No accounting for taste. The dam was occupied a good deal by persevering fishermen whose object was trout, taken in every way possible; the toothsome worm and the alluring grasshopper were tried with very indifferent success, the fish being intent on something more important than feeding. Some of the fishermen went down the river in canoes, some went on foot, but few of them brought back many fish. One of the pedestrians, returning empty-handed, was condoled with on his bad luck; on the contrary, he had had capital sport and had left his fish at various places down the river; doubtless he intended to send a cart to collect them.

Wednesday morning I tried the big pool again, but without success, even when I put the canoe into it to reach the opposite side, which was far beyond my reach from the bank. Finding it no use we put the canoe into the lake and paddled along the front of the dam. Very soon a big trout rolled over on the surface, but refused to respond to my efforts on his behalf. We drew up cautiously alongside the boom at the furthest gate and I cast toward the gate where there was a swirl caused by a knothole close to the surface. Soon the tail fly, a small grizzly-king, was quietly taken and I at once stepped on the boom, the guide following with the landing-net. The fish did not pull very hard and we thought him a little fellow, but in one of his turns he passed near the boom and we saw him distinctly, a very large fish, followed closely by another as big as himself. We are never content. I caught myself wishing that the first had taken one of the upper flies so that his partner could have had a chance at the tail fly. The guide kept the landing-net swinging about well down in the water, to keep the fish from running under the boom, and this made him stay out in the clear water and fight fairly. In about 15 minutes he was in the landing-net and we guessed his weight to be 5lbs., but the scales afterward made him only 4lbs. 2oz., the biggest fish taken at the outlet for a considerable time. This fish with the three caught on the previous day, which had been kept alive, I had packed in a box with moss; my friend had the same number packed, and the weather being cool we were able to exhibit them in excellent order to admiring friends at home on the Friday evening afterward.

Thus ended a pleasant trip of a fortnight's duration, during which we had only five days on which we could fish; but one must take the weather as it come. Of two things we were pretty well convinced during our stay in Maine; first, that it is a mistake to use the large flies that are so generally cast at Moosehead, our fish having been taken with very small or medium sized flies, and not with what our guides contemptuously called "chickens." Second, that the end of September, although perhaps the best time to get big fish, is not the best time for sport, the fish being full of spawn and languid. The State of Maine very properly pays great attention to the enforcement of its game laws and may be supposed to fully understand its own interests, but I for one should be well pleased to see the season closed a fortnight earlier. C. H.

BROOKLYN, New York.

LAKE TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to add my mite to the store of knowledge about lake trout.

They do take the fly occasionally in Lake Superior, and in deep water, too. But this is not common in my experience or observation. A silver minnow (revolving) I have found most successful. These trout vary in appearance, as do brook trout, presumably from the circumstances of their habitat. The flesh is from a deep salmon red to a yellowish white, and I have seen some nearly as white-fleshed as the whitefish. This variation of color in flesh is, however, hardly greater than that in the brook trout.

My observation of the siscowet is confined to specimens taken in gill-nets. I have never seen one taken with fly or spoon. Nor have I seen specimens enough to venture the statement with confidence that they are never red-fleshed. But I have never seen a red-fleshed one. The flesh has been, in those I have seen and eaten, mainly of a cream or yellowish white color, without any pink tinge. I have found it a very sweet fish, but excessively fat and oily. I never saw a specimen weighing over 6 or 7lbs.

The lake trout, when the flesh is a deep salmon color, or red, is one of the best table fishes of fresh water. (The best is the whitefish, beyond all comparison, when properly cooked, fresh killed.) Broiled with pork or bacon strips before a camp-fire, it surpasses the brook trout in any form—at least to my taste and that of every one I have camped with.

Mr. Thompson's "Fishing Trip to St. Ignace Island" (in "Fishing with the Fly") gives ten local names of the three varieties of trout in Lake Superior. We presume he only gives a part, however, as he speaks from one local authority only. But when he says the "red trout" is taken only in the vicinity of St. Ignace Island he is greatly mistaken. As red-fleshed a lake trout as I ever saw I took off the Quebec Mines a few miles from the Agawa River. I saw one deep colored one weighing 17lbs. taken with a 2½in. silver minnow below the falls at Island Portage, on the Nepigon. I noticed on that occasion, also, that the party, half-breed guides included, ate no brook trout as long as the "laker" lasted. From my limited experience and observation I have not felt it safe to generalize, but my impression is that the lake trout of deep water is darker fleshed than that of shallow water. I saw several hundred pounds of lake trout at one time taken by some Indians in the shallow waters of Agawa Bay, and they were quite light in color. But this would hardly justify the conclusion.

Trolling for lake trout with a stiff rod or still-fishing for him with bait, is a sport not to be despised, even if it is not as good as fly-fishing for brook trout in the same waters. But the fisherman who hooks a seven or eight pounder, and uses rod and reel, has a good fight on his hands. I have been told that the finest lake trout fishing in the world is about the lighthouse twenty-five miles east of Keweenaw Point. H.

ON THE RIDEAU CANAL.

SOME time ago FOREST AND STREAM suggested that sportsmen readers should make their brothers of the rod and gun acquainted through its columns, with such new fields of sport as they might discover. This sunk deep into the minds of three of us who were on the look-out for "fresh woods and pastures new," and although the region through which they hunted is not entirely unknown to fame, one of them thought that he would record their experience for the benefit of fellow sportsmen.

On Tuesday, Sept. 7, a party of three, whom let us call by their Christian names Charles, Frank and Louis, left the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River on a shooting and fishing excursion, their destination being the Rideau Canal. This so-called canal consists of several lakes lying between Ottawa and Kingston and connected by locks. The lakes vary in size from an ordinary pond to a sheet of water twenty odd miles in length. The distance between the two cities named above is said to be one hundred and twenty-six miles. This Rideau Canal is a great resort for fishermen all through the summer and part of the fall, and during the latter season for gunners.

Charles and Frank left Alexandria Bay, the Thousand Islands, at an early hour in the steam launch Spry, chartered for the trip. At Clayton, twelve miles further up the river, Louis joined them. A two hours' run brought the party to Kingston, where they took on their pilot, obtained a clearance for Ottawa, after a hard struggle with pig-headed Canadian custom house officials, and entered the canal.

The first locks reached were at Kingston Mills. The stream ends at the base of two hills, between which the Spry was locked up into a small lake, the name of which, if it has one, the writer is ignorant of. This body of water, like all the others on this route, is submerged woodland. The flooding of such a considerable surface is effected by the damming of the stream between the hills and by the flatness of the surrounding land. These lakes are almost entirely filled up with stumps of trees, trough which channels are cut for traffic. The good hunting grounds were not reached by the Spry on her first day out because of the long delay at Kingston caused by her Majesty's bulldogs. At Washburn, sixteen miles distant, she was laid up against the bank for the night. The party took a moonlight walk among the few scattered houses of the settlement, and then retired to dream of coming slaughter.

The Spry left Wasbburn at half-past six on Wednesday morning, proceeding to Sand Lake, where she arrived about noon. Charlie, Frank and Louis promptly hauled out their rods, and while dinner was preparing captured eight fine bass. After dinner shooting was in order. Charlie, Frank and Louis each took boat and oarsman and started to patrol the large shallow bay filled with stumps, and just opposite the island where they were tied up. Woodducks and black ducks were plentiful, but as neither the party nor the guides knew anything about the place, they had to content themselves with six birds. This ill fortune pursued the trio in their shooting throughout the trip. The fishing, however, proved exceptionally fine. At Mud Lake, thirty miles or more from Kingston, two hours and a half yielded us thirty-four bass, all weighing from 1½lbs. to 2lbs. and all exceedingly gamy. There are said to be very large fellows in more remote corners of the lake, but as we had at this place even worse luck in shooting than at Sand Lake, we didn't wait to try for them.

We arrived at Ottawa on September 16, stopping two days at Tay River, where we shot six ducks. The bag for our eight days on the Spry was seventeen ducks, nine snipe and fifty-four bass. We only fished on three different days, and not more than six hours in the aggregate. We caught several pickerel, perch and small fish, which were returned to the water as soon as taken.

We met three other parties bound on similar excursions, two fishing parties and one of hunters. The former reported good luck, one of them having taken seventy-two fish in one day; and judging from the avidity with which the bass and pickerel seized minnows and frogs, this is not surprising. A person well acquainted with the locality could have very good sport with the gun, even as early as September; but the real duck shooting does not begin till a little later in the fall, when the cold drives the birds from their northern feeding grounds; then very good bags are made over decoys.

The country about the Rideau is, for the most part, almost uninhabited. One can feel that he really is in the wilderness. Camping is necessary, and the sportsman can add the pleasures of camp life to those of rod and gun. A steam launch can be obtained at Kingston, Clayton, or Alexandria Bay, the latter is the best place; or the hunter can hire a rowboat only and for a trifle will be towed by any of the tugs plying these waters. A steamer runs between Kingston and Smith's Falls (sixty-five miles distant) twice a week, but the pleasure seeker should bring all he needs with him, good accommodations being few and far between.

Let the sportsman engaging the services of any oarsman or yachtsman at Alexandria Bay, Clayton, Kingston or intermediate points (all towns on the St. Lawrence that I am well acquainted with), make a written agreement with said oarsman or yachtsman, or he will rue it, as we did. For a good oarsman and fisherman, who will work for you and not talk too much (a rare thing among Thousand Islands boatmen), we can heartily recommend Stephen Simmons, of Alexandria Bay.

We hope that through our efforts brother sportsmen may find a way of spending as pleasant a week as we did on the Rideau. C. F. AND L.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

IN our issue of Jan. 13, we gave a list of the proposed rules which the association recommended at a meeting on Jan. 8. They were not adopted, but were merely provisional, subject to the action of the Committee on Rules. This committee met on March 1, and we give the result of their labors, noting only the changes made in the list as published before.

Rules 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 proposed at the meeting of Jan. 8, were passed without change.

Rule 6. The word "must" was substituted for will, making same read: "Persons entering these contests will draw lots to determine the order in which they will cast, and must be ready to cast when called upon by the judges."

Rules 2 and 9. No change made.

Rule 10. Strikes out the paragraphs "With a straight line. And so that the fly or flies shall be upon the water before any portion of the reel line touches its surface. Touching the mark with either of the three flies used will be considered a hit, and that of the three flies which falls nearest the mark shall determine the distance of that cast from the mark."

Inserts the word "stretcher" in the paragraph relating to accuracy, which now reads; "He shall be adjudged to be the superior in accuracy who, on an average of all his casts, places his stretcher-fly nearest the mark."

Rules 11 to 13 are not changed.

Rule 14 (Salmon Casting) is changed to read: "The foregoing rules shall govern. Rods may be used with both hands and not be limited to length, except in class made for shorter rods, and only one fly shall be required. Delicacy and accuracy casts to be made at a mark 70ft. distant from the contestants."

Rule 15 (Black Bass Minnow Casting) changed to read: "All general rules which do not conflict with the following special rules shall govern. No rod shall be more than 10ft. in length Any reel may be used, but all casts must be made from the reel. Lines shall not be of less caliber than No. 6 (letter H) braided silk, nor No. 1 sea grass, or corresponding sizes of other materials, and be of uniform thickness throughout. The weight of the sinker shall not be over ½oz., the same to be furnished by the contestants. In casting but a single hand shall be used. Each contestant will be allowed five casts for distance, the average of them to count, and five casts for style and accuracy, the latter points to be ascertained by casts made at a stake or mark 60ft. distant from the caster, and the judges to give points in accordance with the nearness with which the said sinker approaches the said stake or mark. Style or form to be determined by the ease and grace of the caster."

Rule 16 (Heavy Bass Casting). Rods shall not exceed 9ft. in length, and may be used with both hands. Any rest may be used, but the line shall be of linen not less caliber than the trade No. 9, with twelve threads throughout its entire length. The casts shall be made from the reel with sinkers weighing 2½oz. (these will be furnished by the committee.) Each contestant will be allowed five casts, his casts shall be measured, added and divided by five, and the result shall constitute the score. No allowance will be made to any contestant for the overrunning or breaking of his line.

Rule 17 (Light Bass Casting). Same rules as in heavy bass, except that the sinkers shall be of 1½oz. (furnished by the committee).

VERMONT.—Post Mills, March 3.—My rods and reels must now be taken from their resting place, rod varnished, reels cleaned and oiled, and everything made right for the early trout fishing. Our rivers and small streams have been full of water this winter and we hope the trout have grown fat and large. We are now looking forward for the time to come when we can wet a line in the mountain streams.—OMPOMPANOOSUC.



AN ALASKAN SEA SERPENT.

AN ALASKAN SEA SERPENT.

THE existence of veritable sea serpents—or, more correctly, ophidions—is no longer disputed or doubted. It has been ascertained through observation of navigators and scientists, covering a long period of years, that their distribution is as wide as the salt ocean, and that they exist in all its subdivisions, boreal as well as tropical. Characteristic analogues are also found in some inland fresh-water bodies. These sea serpents, so regarded, are manifestly not of one scientific type, but vary in form, structure, appearance and habits, like representative species of other fauna, terrestrial or marine. Some are diminutive and others immense. Some inhabit near the shore, and others range the profoundest depths of oceans. Some are harmless, others rapacious. Some feed on one thing, and some on another. Some are sombre and sluggish, and others resplendent and alert. In the ocean there are paradoxical coördinates of terrestrial creatures which are of such complex, ambiguous or composite structure as to render it difficult to class them or determine whether they be fish, flesh, fowl or reptile. Presumably sea serpents are not all snakes, nor yet all fish. That specimens of their more common forms are not found in museums and collections is due not so much to their rarity or difficulty of capture, as to the fact that collectors have not visited those localities which they have been found to frequent. Indeed, their habitat has been as vague and uncertain hitherto as that of the octopus previous to 1874. By the same token, there are hosts of objects, mysterious and unrecognized at the present day, which were well known to the Ancients (though not identified), and are found to be commonplace enough now in remote and unfrequented parts of the globe, to which scientific investigation has only recently been extended. And thus it has come to pass, not so much by inquiry as by chance, that we have happened upon the haunts of some varieties of the sea serpent, previously declared to be a myth. Thus the enlightenment of the new world is reflected from the old, and the adage proved again, that there is nothing new under the sun.

Away out in Alaska, eleven hundred and ten nautical miles due west of Sitka, in the Aleutian Archipelago, is the volcanic island of Unalashka, famed not more for its mountainous beauty than for being the most populous area or subdivision in the North Pacific, containing once no less than twenty-four thriving villages. Its chief settlement, Illinlink, is even now the commercial center of all that region, comprising several hundred civilized inhabitants living in comfort and thrift. The settlement and its environs are graphically described by Mr. Henry W. Elliott in the following language:

"The panorama of land and water here in summer is an exceedingly attractive one. Here, strung along for half a mile just back of a curved and pebbly beach, is an irregular row of frame single-story cottages, a large Greek church and a fine parsonage, three or four big wooden warehouses with a wharf running well into the harbor, two or more trading stores, one of them quite imposing in its size, and fifty or sixty baraboras (native houses). They are placed upon a narrow spit of alluvium that divides the sea from the waters of a small creek which runs just back of the village right under the hills that abruptly rise there, to rise again further inland to higher peaks in turn. A rich, dark vivid green covers and clothes the mountain slopes, the valleys and the hills, even to the loftiest summits, where only a light patch of glistening snow is now and then seen, relieved thereon by the grayish-brown rocky shingles. These hills and mountains, rising on every hand above us from the landlocked shore of Captain's Harbor, bear no timber whatsoever, but the mantle of circumpolar sphagnum, interspersed with grasses and an ample flora, makes amends for that deficiency and hides their nakedness completely. In their narrow defiles and over the bottom land patches, grass grows with tropical luxuriance, waist high, with small clumps of stunted willow bushes clinging to the banks of little water courses and rivulets. Especially gratifying is the landscape, thus adorned, to the senses of any ship-worn traveler, who literally feasts his eyes upon it."

All sides of this enchanting Unalashka Island are deeply indented by bays and fiords. Reefs and rocks, sunken and awash, extend seaward in a southerly direction to long distances, churned incessantly by the heavy billows which break upon them; but around the northern and eastern margins more good harbors are claimed than for all the other islands of the Aleutian Archipelago put together. Into these sheltered channels and inlets, as well as in the raceways of the outlying reefs, fish in great variety resort—cod, herring, halibut, salmon, trout, and many other edible kinds, feeding upon the surf-washings and the scourings of the ocean bottoms which are carried in by the winds and tides. And stranger forms of marine life are there in extraordinary presentation, weird, uncouth and rapacious; some hideous with tentacles, claws, and spines, and serried teeth, and others charged with batteries-electrical—creatures devilish in temper and base in motive, who lurk among the weeds and algæ which cling to the rocks, or forage stealthily among the rafts of kelp drifting with the tide. In such an uncanny range as this one variety of the sea-serpent makes his home and thrives, holding his own against all comers. In haunts like this he takes on fat and grows apace. I do not know that he ever attains to the magnitude of those pelagic rangers which are sometimes encountered in the high seas, or indeed, that he aspires to, but he often measures a dozen feet in length, which is a big enough snake to convince the most incredulous.

Prototypes of the creature shown in the accompanying imperfect cut exist in considerable numbers. Their customary range is off shore among the sunken reefs where the rock cod resort, which is their favorite food; but they are occasionally caught entangled in the ropy seaweeds which fringe the landwash, in which dilemma the natives do not hesitate to wade in behind them and drive them up on shore, stunning them with clubs. In this way the specimen before us was caught. He measured 6ft. long and 10in. thick. The capture was made on June 15, 1886, and a drawing was executed while the creature was still squirming, by S. Rapinsky, a creole missionary teacher at Illinlink, but unfortunately the serpent itself was not preserved. As shown in the portrait, he seemed a most extraordinary mongrel, manifestly much more of a fish than an eel appears to be, or even a cutlass fish (*Trichinurus lepturus*), for he has visible gills and opercles, fine scales, two spinous fins on his back and the caudal of a true fish. He has also an immense pair of pectorals for balancing himself, and a full complement of fins to promote locomotion, to say nothing of an abnormal third dorsal which is adipose! Also, he has long, sharp teeth, for holding his prey, and a well dentated vomer for mastication. Nevertheless, the *tout ensemble* is altogether suggestive of snakes. Whether he is less a snake than those more formidable monsters which navigators encounter on the broad ocean, or those which summer saunterers discover in Seneca Lake or the Hudson River, a capture of the latter alone can determine. In color he was most beautiful, the entire length of his sides being iridescent with purple and golden reflections, while crimson and yellow splashes crossed the lateral line at regular intervals from head to tail.

There can be no doubt that this specimen was a true fish with an elongated body. The tendency to regard everything vermiform or sinuous as a snake, and everything serpentine as a reptile, has invested certain mysterious denizens of the deep with snake-like attributes; but whether they are more serpent than fish, or more reptilian that the undulating specimens of Unalashka, is what scientists would be delighted to discover. As we find analogues in nature all creation through, it is reasonable to infer that there are true serpents in the sea as well as on the land, and that there are fish as well with serpent forms. Whether this great ophidian of the ancient and modern mariner be fish or reptile, he is, doubtless, predatory, and therefore to be feared and avoided. Inasmuch as we, instinctively, associate serpents with evil, we should, perhaps, prefer to regard him as a fish, and therefore of a kindlier nature, yet we do not forget that a creature much less scaly inflicted ineffable and lasting misery on man.

For the sketch which I am able to give I am indebted to the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, U. S. General Agent of Education, Alaska, who first called my attention to it, saying that he intended to present it to the Smithsonian Institution.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

MENHADEN AND FOOD FISHES.

JOSEPH CHURCH & CO.,
Manufacturers of
Menhaden Oil, Guano and Fertilizers.
TIVERTON, R. I., March 4, 1887.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 3 you quote in full from report of Rhode Island Commissioners of Inland Fisheries, which is notable for its hostility to the menhaden fishing interests of this State.

The report was brought to our attention as soon as published, and we took measures to have the Commissioners indicted for libel, but learned they could not be reached in that way.

Every word they say in regard to the menhaden fishery is false, and we invite one or all of the Commissioners to go out on our steamers and learn that fact for themselves. We have before made the statement in FOREST AND STREAM and we now reiterate it, that we do not in our regular menhaden fishing catch food fish enough to supply our factory and fishing help.

DANIEL T. CHURCH.

SALMON IN THE ST. CROIX.—There are many old fishermen on the St. Croix who believe that salmon run in the river every month in the year. Last month this belief was confirmed in some of them by the finding of a fine specimen of a salmon near one of the wharves at St. Stephens. While it seems hardly possible that the fish run all the year round, these accidental captures tend to confirm the belief in those who already entertain it.

THE RAINBOW TROUT.

Salmo Irideus.

BY W. OLDHAM CHAMBERS, F.L.S.

[From the Journal of the National Fisheulture Association.]

THIS valuable variety of trout is indigenous to the waters of California, and earns its appellation from the gorgeousness of its coloration, comprising all the tints of the rainbow. Its nose is obtuse, its gill covers red, while along the body is a red band. The color of the back is a brown; fins are of an orange-pink color. The head and back are marked with small black spots of irregular shape, which extend to the adipose, dorsal and caudal fins. It is a deep, thick-set fish, but, at the same time, the formation is well proportioned, and in this respect it is superior to the *Salvelinus fontinalis*. The dorsal fin is small and the pectoral fin two-thirds the length of the head. The posterior edge of the operculum, or gill cover, is rounded in form, and the lower edge of the interoperculum and suboperculum forms a straight oblique line. The tail or caudal fin is more forked than with the *S. fontinalis* and common trout. The teeth are well defined, and are placed in nine lines across the mouth, namely, one on the vomer, two on the palatine bones, two on the superior maxillary bones, two lines of incurved teeth on the tongue, and two on the lower jaw. The lateral line runs in a plane slightly above the upper portion of the eye. The fin rays are: Dorsal 13, pectoral 14, ventral 9, anal 9, caudal 20. The eye is one-fifth the length of the head, and placed 1¼ its own diameter from point of nose. The length of head, as compared to length of body, head and tail, including caudal rays, is 1 to 5½. The fish now before me is 11in. long, 7in. girth, weight 1¼lbs. and 20 months old.

We have a fair number of these fish, weighing three-quarters of a pound, at the establishment of the National Fisheulture Association, which are nearly two years old, and were obtained from ova forwarded by the American Government. They were incubated at South Kensington, and the fry, when hatched, were transferred to their present location; but owing to the lateness of the season at which the ova was received, some difficulty was occasioned in rearing them, but on being well established in suitable ponds, they grew rapidly, insomuch that at the end of eighteen months they far outstripped in size the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, which besides being a fast growing fish, emerges from the ova three months earlier than the *Salmo irideus*. After the two years experience I have had of the latter, I unhesitatingly pronounce them to be superior to our own species in hardiness and rapidity of growth. The attempts made to acclimatize them to English waters, so far as restricted areas are concerned, have proved successful, and they seemed to become thoroughly naturalized therein immediately on their introduction, proving thereby that the condition of the water, climate and food are well adapted to their wants. In New York the efforts made to plant them have failed to a great extent. It is thought that they leave the waters in which they are placed and descend to the sea, but it is more likely that they are destroyed by other fish, for the following reason: The rainbow trout is a very late spawner, and arrives upon the scene at a critical time, as all fish are then feeding ravenously, and in this way the young fish are cut off in the outset of their existence. The rainbow trout is not plentiful, even in its native haunts at California, which may be accounted for by the disadvantages it labors under during its alevin stage. This drawback to the advancement of the propagation of this promising fish would not, I think, be experienced in England, I am justified in expressing this opinion, owing to confirmatory evidence being forthcoming at Delaford, where the fish furnish signs of yielding their ova toward the middle of January. If so, the date of spawning would be about the same time as other species of trout; thus the fear of cannibalism, experienced in the United States, need not be entertained, as the fry would be able to protect themselves in the same way as their baby cousins.

It is not surprising to find that the rainbow trout should show signs of generating so much earlier in this country than abroad, especially at Delaford, where the water is softer than that in California. Late spawners are generally those that inhabit water of a low temperature, but if such fish are transferred to warmer climes they alter their nature accordingly. This is precisely the case with the rainbow trout, which have evidently changed their habits and adapted themselves to the altered condition under which they are now placed.

The facts already adduced regarding this fish can only be applied to them under a semi-artificial state, as hitherto they have, to a great extent, been confined in close quarters. A few were turned into the River Colne and were caught by me in the same locality a year afterward. This experiment, I hope, will be extended shortly if they can be raised in sufficiently large numbers to allow of its being done, which I have no doubt about, as the United States Fish Commission, through Prof. Baird, are willing to forward further consignments of ova. These, in addition to the stock reproduced by the fish in the possession of

the Association, will enable us to plant a considerable quantity in public waters.

It is asserted that the rainbow trout is migratory in its habits. As far as I can see at present the reverse is the case. I believe it is not identical in this respect with the *Salvelinus fontinalis*, whose wandering propensities have earned it the rebuke of all men; neither are its requirements the same, the location of the one being uncongenial to the other. Migratory, or non-migratory, the rainbow trout would make its mark in inclosed waters, or for ornamental purposes. Regarded from a sporting point of view it would prove an acquisition, as I have on many occasions observed its rising to a fly. I believe it is not considered a game fish in its native waters, and here again it appears to have altered its nature. There is no doubt about it that the gameness of fish is governed by the condition of the water which they inhabit; therefore, from an angler's point of view, the interchange of species with foreign countries is a great boom, as proved by the case just cited. But, on the other hand, too much care cannot be exercised in acclimatizing doubtful fish, or we shall admit enemies into the camp, and thus weaken our efforts to repopulate depleted districts. No fear need be entertained on this score in regard to the rainbow trout, which is more delicate in its appetite than other varieties of Salmonidæ, and therefore is not prone to the same temptations to cannibalistic attacks upon its congeners.

ANGLING DAYS ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

FOR some time I have been hoping some correspondent would give us some account of the black bass fishing in Lake George and Lake Champlain, but in vain. I make an annual pilgrimage to these beautiful waters, but encounter few anglers, comparatively. However, I have had many a good day's sport there, and an account of some of the trips might catch the eye of some one who has had the good fortune to visit these lakes.

It was about 4 P. M. one day last August, and a scorcher, too, that a friend met me on the arrival of the Central Vermont train at the little "dog-in-the-manger" village of Vergennes, and without giving me time to shed my coat of sand and cinders, accumulated during an eight hours' ride, piloted me down to the creek where his canoe containing our fishing effects lay. At the house of a friend we did the "transformation act," and emerged in flannel shirts, helmets, leggings, etc., went aboard and paddled down to Fort Carson, where a light breeze coaxed us into relinquishing the ash for sails.

What a delightful sail we had that evening up to Thompson's Point, where we spent the night. Early the next morning we were off for Split Rock to try our hands at pike fishing, but it was late in the season and 9 A. M. found us with but six. We were on the point of pulling up the sink and quitting when, Great Scott! Have I hooked on to Split Rock? Something fastened on to my line and dropped about a foot. Didn't feel a bit like a bite, but I pulled in that 60 feet of braided linen lively, and landed such a pike as we used to take off McNeill's Point before the days of Cedar Beach and the Jolly Club. He would weigh 80lbs. if an ounce, but he was the last pike in the lake; and we eat our breakfast as we run across into Barton's Bay and troll around into Cedar Beach, the Jolly Club's camp. After dinner we put our canoe aboard the ferry, and "Uncle Judd" takes us over to Essex. The wind has increased to quite a blow, and how it brings back that day years ago when "Uncle Levi" Blair sailed us from Essex to Thompson's Point in a fifty miles an hour blizzard. We all had our coats and boots off ready to swim that day, and "Uncle Levi's" weather-beaten face was whiter than his hair. But he "wasn't a bit scart," and landed us safely.

Before sun up we are afloat again and troll along the shore to Willesboro Point, where we take out our fly tackle for the first time. Willesboro Bay yields us but 4 fish, and we put off for the Four Brothers, where we camped for the night. Daylight finds us "up and at 'em," and our morning catch shows 13 that average about 2lbs. In the afternoon we try them again, and add five to our creel.

The next day we spent in Burlington and saw one of those peculiar looking yachts of "Adirondack" Murray's, a sharpie. Late in the afternoon we started for Hog Island and had an opportunity of noticing her peculiar sailing qualities, for the way she drew away from us would have worried a bronze image, and we don't count ourselves slow either. The next three days brought varying success, but we took fifteen out of Holme's Bay, though part of them were small. Our catch for the trip was fifty-six, and we did not visit the northern part of the lake where the best bass fishing is, nor did we fish Shelburne Bay where there is good bass fishing on and around Collamer's Reef because—well, because this was our first attempt at fly-fishing and we fought shy of localities where we were acquainted. However, it won't be our last, for we are thoroughly converted to the light rod and fly (thanks to FOREST AND STREAM's influence); and if some of your readers would kindly give us a few practical instructions on how to manage a fly-rod we could hope to show a better result next year. At any rate no more worms and cane poles for us. Won't some reader of FOREST AND STREAM who has fished these waters give us a few points on rods, flies, etc., and lend a helping hand to a couple of poor mortals who are trying to educate themselves up to an artistic enjoyment of angling.

Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's sketch in this week's issue is as true to Vermont turkey shoots as to nature. I have known many an "Antoine," and have now in my possession one of those old rifles of Varneys, than which nothing was supposed to be better, and I have a young brother that is pretty clever with the old muzzleloader even now. SWIRL.

BURLINGTON, Vt.

SILKWORMS AND DANDELIONS.—Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the discussion upon silkworms took place in FOREST AND STREAM last year, I noticed that a very excellent and easily obtainable article of food was not mentioned—viz., the common dandelion, which, I think, is now plentiful in America. While at school I, in common with many other boys, kept silkworms. There being no mulberry trees within reach, we fed them entirely upon the leaves of dandelions, which kept them in perfect health. They grew to a large size and spun a quantityof fine strong silk.—J. J. M.

SIX-INCH TROUT.—White Lake Corners, Oneida Co., N. Y.—With regard to the six-inch clause, my experience satisfies me that it would be just as consistent to pass a law forbidding a trout less than 6in. long taking your bait. Nine-tenths of all trout taken are caught through the upper jaw, and, big or little, if put back into the water, are sure to die. Moreover, I know of dozens of brooks which run through open fields and timber lands, which are alive with brook trout; and these fish never attain to the length of more than from four 4in. to 6in. in length, and never will if left alone for twenty years. I believe the open season should be uniform throughout the United States. When the snow water has all run off, whether the first of March, April or May, is the time, and the best, too, of the whole season to go fishing. Altitude here 1,600 feet above tide. South of the Mohawk, or Central R.R., about the same. Why, then, should the season open earlier for them than for us?—H.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

LOBSTER PROTECTION.

A BILL has been reported by the Maine Senate which is designed to secure more stringent protection for lobsters. It provides for an absolute close time on lobsters between Aug. 1 and Sept. 15, with a penalty to violators of $50 for the first offense and $1 for every lobster caught. During close time all traps and nets must be removed from the water; if not, they will be forfeited and the owner fined $25, with an additional fine of $5 a day as long as the traps remain. No lobsters are allowed to be canned or preserved between July 1 and April 15 under heavy penalties. This provision will not prevent dealers from packing a surplus stock. It is made unlawful to buy, sell or expose for sale any lobster in spawn or with eggs attached, or any lobster less than 10½in. in length, measured from the bone of the nose to the end of the bone of the middle flipper of the tail. The possession of a mutilated uncooked lobster is made prima facie evidence that it is not of the required length. Lobster cars, nets and traps must have the owner's name marked on them. When short lobsters are found in any barrel or box in transit, the whole are forfeited, unless the owner pays the fine on the short ones. For the benefit of the canners, the law is not to go into effect until July 1 of the present year, after the canning season is over.

The full text of the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in the short lobster suits, appealed, is as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, Feb. 26, 1887.—I certify the annexed to be a true copy of the opinion of the Supreme Judicial Court in the case of Commonwealth vs. William A. Barber, decided on the 23d day of February, 1887.—JOHN LATHROP, Reporter of Decisions.

COMMONWEALTH VS. WILLIAM A. BARBER.

Suffolk S.S. Devens, J.—The case at bar is that of a complaint under Pub. St. c. 91 Sec. 84, as amended by St. 1884 c. 212 Sec. 1. The section originally providing a penalty upon one for having in his possession "with intent to sell, either directly or indirectly," a lobster of less than a prescribed size was amended by striking out the words "with intent, etc." As thus altered it would read as follows: "Sec. 84.—Whoever sells or offers to sell or has in possession a lobster less than ten and one-half inches in length, measuring from one extreme of the body extended to the other, exclusive of claws or feelers, shall forfeit five dollers for every such lobster; and in all prosecutions under this section the possession of any lobster not of the required length shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict."

The contention of the defendant is that no prosecution can be maintained upon propositions which can be read *uno flatu*, declaring that possession shall cause a penalty to be incurred and that possession shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict; that these two propositions become law at the same instant of time, and that there is no resource except to declare the whole section as unmeaning and incapable of enforcement.

It may be that it was deemed by the Legislature that this section might be construed as applying only to lobsters of the prohibited size taken within this State, and that it was intended that the defendant should, by the *prima facie* evidence afforded by possession, be compelled to offer evidence that it was taken without the State, in order to maintain a defense. If, as the reason for the existence of the latter claim, as to the effect of possession, in connection with that by which the possession is exposed to a penalty, would be readily intelligible in view of the restricted character of the legislation as thus applicable only to lobsters taken within the Commonwealth and not elsewhere. Such a construction was, in fact, given to similar law; Statute of 1879 c. 209, sec. 15, enacted for the preservation of woodcock and other specified birds, and imposing a penalty for the having one in possession during a certain prescribed period, the law being held to be intended only for the protection and preservation of birds bred within the Commonwealth—Commonwealth v. Hall, 120 Mass., 410.

We do not, however, find it necessary to discuss this question as if we assume in favor of defendant's contention that the possession which is visited by the section with a penalty, is applicable whether the lobsters be taken within or without the State; the section appears susceptible of an intelligible interpretation entirely in accordance with well settled rules of construction. These are set forth in the earlier clause, three offenses, "selling," "offering for sale" and "having in possession." To the two first of these the latter clause is certainly applicable, and to the third it is not. The intent of the legislation is to make possession *prima facie* evidence of the offense, when the offense consists in something more than possession. Artificial force is often thus given by special provisions of statutes to particular facts when offered in evidence. Commonwealth *v.* Williams 1 Gray 1, Holmes *v.* Hunt 122 Mass. 505. But where the offense consists in possession, the latter clause has no application to it, and the offense must be proved in the ordinary way. Although in terms the clause applies to all prosecutions under the section "when the context shows that this cannot be followed literally without reaching an obscurity, it is reasonable to hold that such was not the intent of the legislation, and that such an interpretation should be rejected." Commonwealth *v.* Kimball 24 Pick. 366. If possible all parts of a statute should be viewed in connection with the whole, and made to harmonize so as to give a sensible effect to each. The different portions of a sentence or sentences are to be referred respectively to the other portions, or sentences to which we can see they relate, even if strict grammatical construction should demand otherwise. The maxim of construction, *redundar singular singulis*, is well established, and if the latter clause be construed "*respective et distributive*," it will be found that it relates to the two first offenses described in the section, and not to the third. Coffin *v.* Hussey 12 Pick. 291. Commonwealth *v.* Jordan 18 Pick. 228.

Nor even if the latter clause must of necessity be applied to the offense of having in possession should we be prepared to hold that the statute was in this regard incapable of enforcement, and that there should be no prosecution for this offense. While the clause as applied to it would be superfluous and absurd, it would not be more than this. The government would still have upon it the burden of proving its case of possession beyond reasonable doubt, and the defendant could not claim that such proof, if made, was mere *prima facie* evidence.

Exceptions overruled.

FISHCULTURE IN ENGLAND.

THE first number of the *Journal* of the National Fishculture Association, dated Jan. 15, 1887, has been issued. It will be a quarterly publication, published on the second Saturday in January, April, July and October. It is a well printed octavo of 32 pages, containing articles of great interest to fishculturists, and is edited by J. W. Willis Bund, M. A., F. L. S. In the introduction we are told that while containing original matter, it will differ from journals of other societies in not being a report of what the National Fishculture Association does, so much as a record of what has been done, no matter by whom; and the object of the *Journal* will be to collect information on all subjects relating to fishculture, and to publish original articles thereon.

The contents of the first number are as follows: Introduction. The British Salmonidæ, by F. Day, C. I. E., F. L. S., etc. The Influence of Weather on the Migration of Fish, by J. W. Willis Bund. The Food of the Salmonidæ at Sea, by W. Anderson Smith. The Rainbow Trout (*Salmo iridcus*), by W. Oldham Chambers, F. L. S. Extension of Annual Close Time. The National Fishculture Association. The New Fisheries Department. Summary or Current Information on Fishculture and Fisheries. Notices of books and list of Parliamentary papers published in the year 1886 up to October, with the prices.

The *Journal* is issued free to the members of the Association, but extra numbers are placed on sale, the price of which to non-members is 2s. 6d. The article on the British Salmonidæ, by Dr. Francis Day, probably the best informed man in England on this subject, is an exceedingly valuable contribution to ichthyology, and from this and from some other papers we shall make copious quotations at various times. In the Summary of Current Information on Fishculture and the Fisheries, we note a summary of an article on the Michigan grayling by Mr. Herschel Whitaker, read before the American Fisheries Society; several pages of quotations from the *Fish Trades Gazette* and the *Board of Trade Journal* on the commercial fisheries; extracts from Messrs. Mather and Ryder on oyster culture in America; remarks on the salmon disease which has been raging during November and December in the Forfarshire Esk and the South Esk; Mr. Mather's article on smelt hatching read before the Fisheries Society; Mr. J. P. Cunningham on the mode of attachment of smelt eggs, read before the Zoological Society of London; an account by Dr. D. Barfurth on the reproductive relations of the trout, especially in regard to sterility and degeneration; notes by Max von dem Borne on the temperature of water for fish breeding, from the fourth circular of Deutscher Fischerei Verein, containing the observations of Mr. Frank Clark, of the United States station at Northville, Mich.; the produce of the Canadian fisheries for 1884 from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission; the use of boracic acid in preserving fish; the growth of eels in closed tanks, from the Bulletin of the U. S. F. C., and food of the sea trout, by Mr. Jamieson, of Aberdeen.

The curious fact is that English fishculturists, as a rule, prefer the rainbow trout to the *fontinalis*, because the *fontinalis* will not stay in the streams while the rainbow does, according to that excellent authority, W. Oldham Chambers, Esq., secretary of the association. This is curious because the reverse is the case in this country. In another column we give the paper by Mr. Chambers in full.

GERMAN CARP.—We have received the following from the U. S. Fish Commission: *Editor Forest and Stream:* The following note will be of interest in view of the confusion that exists in the minds of many as to what is properly known as the German carp. The typical form of the species is what is known as full scale carp. From this, fishculturists, availing themselves of the tendency of all animals to break under domestication, and by exercising care in selection, have produced two well defined varieties, viz., the mirror and the leather carp. In the mirror or spiegel carp the scales are much larger and more irregular than in the full scale, and portions of the skin are without scale covering. In the extreme form of variation, viz., the leather carp, the scales have entirely disappeared. Between the scale, the mirror and the leather carp, there are an infinite number of intermediate forms approximating more nearly to one or the other of these distinct varieties. Neither the mirror nor leather varieties can be maintained pure except by careful selection in breeding. It will be found that the progeny of either the mirror or leather will present all the intermediate forms from scale to leather. From each generation it will be necessary to select those individuals for succession of breeders which represent more nearly the form or variety which it is desired to perpetuate.

THE U. S. COMMISSION.—The work at the different hatcheries is greater than ever this season. The station at Woods Holl has distributed fully 25,000,000 codfish in Vineyard Sound and other waters. It is estimated that the total production the past season at this station will exceed 100,000,000 codfish. The management here is having quite good success with the celebrated English sole. At the Virginia station over 100,000 California trout eggs have been obtained, 50 per cent. of which will be distributed in lots to the different State Commissioners. At the Michigan station over 120,000,000 whitefish eggs were collected last fall, part of which were sent to the several State Commissioners for hatching purposes, and the balance deposited in the great lakes. At Cold Spring Harbor over 4,000,000 tomcods have been turned out. In Maine the crop of salmon eggs has been large.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Bass has named his dog "Wellington," because of the animal's proficiency in rending a bone apart.—*Boston Transcript.*

Zion's Herald thinks that the *Audubon Magazine* papers are written with good taste and in keeping with the objects of the Society.

One of the living curiosities in a Chicago dime museum is an ex-merchant who run business seven years ago without advertising. The usual period is only two.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HUMAN HEDON.—Dover, N. H., Feb. 9.—On a wager, last night, George K. Weeks ate 42 eels, each measuring from 13 to 19in. in length, in 30 minutes, as fast as they were cooked, eating nothing but salt with them. He thinks he can eat 50 of the same size in half an hour.

De bigger dat you see de smoke
De less de fire will be,
And de leastest kind of possum
Climbs the biggest kind o' tree.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 8 to 11.—Second Annual Dog Show at Buffalo, N. Y. Geo. H. Chadeayne, Secretary, No. 6 Brown's Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Entries close Feb. 28.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, 17 Murray street, New York.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence. Entries close March 15.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4697.**

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

FOLLOWING is the draft reported by the committee on constitution and by-laws of The American Kennel Club to be acted upon at the next meeting of the club:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this association shall be "The American Kennel Club."

ARTICLE II.

The object of this association shall be the protection of the mutual interests of its members and the adoption and enforcement of such rules as shall tend to uniformity and the proper conduct of bench shows and field trials.

ARTICLE III.

All regularly organized clubs or associations in the United States or British American Provinces which have held bench shows or field trials or are formed for the purpose of holding bench shows or field trials, or for the improvement of any breed of dogs, shall be eligible to membership.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. The regular annual meeting of this association shall be held on the second Tuesday in January, at such time and place as may be decided by the executive committee.

Sec. 2. Each member of the association shall have the right to be represented by two delegates duly authorized and their appointment certified to by the club secretary, but no member shall cast more than one vote.

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. The management of this association shall be intrusted to an executive committee of nine members, who shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected. All vacancies shall be filled by the executive committee.

Sec. 2. Each member of the executive committee shall at the time of his election be a regular member in good standing of a club, one of the members of this association, and shall serve without compensation.

Sec. 3. The executive committee shall elect from its members a president and vice-president.

Sec. 4. The executive committee shall appoint a secretary and treasurer, who shall, under the direction and supervision of the executive committee, perform the duties pertaining to the office.

Sec. 5. The executive committee shall be elected by a mail vote of all the members of this association, each club shall be entitled to vote for the nine members to constitute the executive committee.

Sec. 6. The secretary shall be required to give six weeks notice of the election of the executive committee to the clubs, members of this association, each of whom shall forward its vote certified to by the club secretary on or before Dec. 1, in a sealed envelope indorsed "committee vote." The secretary of this association shall on December 10 and not before, open these envelopes and at once notify the members receiving the majority of the votes so cast, of their election. The executive committee so elected shall immediately after the annual meeting of the association on the second Tuesday in January assemble and organize as provided by the constitution.

Sec. 7. Regular meetings of the executive committee shall be held on the second Tuesday in January and such dates in April, July and October as may be designated by the president, ten days notice of which shall be given to members.

Sec. 8. The president may call a special meeting of the executive committee at such time as he may deem expedient and he shall upon the written request of three members call a special meeting.

Sec. 9. At any regular or special meeting of the executive committee five members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.

The president shall preside at all meetings of this association and of the executive committee. He shall have power to call a special meeting of the association at any time, and must do so on the written request of five members.

The vice-president shall, in the absence of the president, preside at all the meetings of this association and perform the duties pertaining to that office.

ARTICLE VII.

The secretary-treasurer shall keep records of all meetings of the association and the executive committee, make all calls for such meetings, take charge of and keep a roll of membership and of all papers belonging to the association, and shall collect all moneys belonging to the association and dispense same under the direction of the executive committee, and do any other business proper to his office, or as directed by the executive committee.

ARTICLE VIII.

Application for membership shall be made to the secretary of this association, accompanied by a copy of the applicant's constitution and by-laws, and an election shall be held at the next meeting of the executive committee, provided said application shall have been filed with the secretary at least twenty (20) days previous to said election. It shall require two-thirds of members voting to elect.

ARTICLE IX.

The executive committee shall have power by a two-thirds vote to suspend for a stated period, or to expel any club whose membership it may deem prejudicial to the welfare of the association.

ARTICLE X.

Sec. 1. The annual dues shall be $10, payable on or before Dec. 1, failure to pay said dues shall forfeit all right to vote for executive committee.

Sec. 2. The executive committee shall have right to make one assessment during the year not to exceed $10.

ARTICLE XI.

The constitution may be revised or amended at any meeting of the association, by two-thirds vote, but no such amendment shall be considered unless the same shall have been submitted to the members of the association at least two weeks prior to such meeting.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. The following order of business shall be observed at the meetings of the association:

1. Roll call.
2. Reading minutes of previous meeting.
3. Secretary's report.
4. Treasurer's report.
5. Report of executive committee.
6. General business.
7. Adjournment.

Sec. 2. The following order of business shall be observed at the meetings of the executive committee of this association:

1. Roll call.
2. Reading minutes of previous meeting.
3. Secretary's report.
4. Treasurer's report.
5. Report os standing committees.
6. Report of special committees.
7. Unfinished business.
8. Election of officers.
9. New business.
10. Adjournment.

Sec. 3. In the event of an appeal from an order of suspension imposed by a show committee, it must be heard and decided at the next regular or special meeting of the executive committee, and any person who is proved to the satisfaction of the committee to have been guilty of any fraudulent or discreditable conduct in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, may be declared incapable of competing for or winning a prize at any show held under the rules of this association for such period as the executive committee may decide. The secretary shall give the parties in interest ten days notice of the date of meeting at which their case will be decided.

All complaints of disputes between members of this association shall be decided by those members of the executive committee as are in no way connected with the clubs interested.

Sec. 4. These by-laws may be altered, amended or suspended at any meeting of the executive committee by two-thirds vote of the members present.

RULES.

1. The word dog where used in these rules includes both sexes.

9. A dog whether entered for competition or exhibition must be the *bona fide* property of the exhibitor on the day of closing the entries. The entry must clearly identify the dog to be exhibited, by name, and if known its date of birth, name of its sire and dam, and the name of its breeder; should any of these particulars be unknown to the exhibitor it must be so stated on the entry blank and inserted in the catalogue.

3. If the name of a dog which has won a prize has been changed, the old name must be given on the entry blank and inserted in the catalogue, together with a list of all prizes won by the dog, until such time as it wins a prize under its new name.

4. If a dog has been entered without being clearly identified, as directed in Rules 2 and 3, it shall be disqualified and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it.

5. The breeder of a dog is the person owning or leasing the bitch at the time of her being bred.

6. A puppy is eligible for competition in the open class as well as the puppy class, but a separate entry must be made for each class.

7. The authorities of any show may reserve to themselves the right to declining any entries they may see fit, or of removing any dog on account of disease, vice or other cause.

8. A castrated dog or spayed bitch shall be disqualified and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it.

9. Total blindness, deafness or lameness shall absolutely disqualify. If the judges or veterinary surgeon is satisfied that the deafness or lameness is temporary, the dog shall be allowed to compete.

10. A dog suffering from mange or any contagious disease shall be disqualified, and forfeit any prize which may have been awarded to it, and shall be removed at once from the show room. The regularly appointed veterinary surgeon shall alone decide as to mange or contagious disease, and his decision must be given in writing.

11. A judge may disqualify a dog which in his opinion has been improperly tampered with, subject to the decision of the veterinary surgeon, should the judges' disqualification not be sustained the class must be immediately rejudged.

12. Full discretionary power is given to the judge of each class to withhold any or all prizes for want of merit. The judges' decision will be final in all cases affecting the merits of the dog, and appeals can only be entertained where misrepresentation or breach of the rules is discovered.

13. Should an appointed judge be unable to fulfil his engagement, the committee shall have the right to fill the vacancy in such manner as they see fit, provided, however, that all the separate classes of any breed of dogs must be given, the same judge or judges acting in conjunction.

14. In any class where there is a limit of weight, the person in charge of a dog entered in such a class may claim the right on entering the show to have his dog weighed, and the weight of the dog shall be registered. Should no such claim be made, the dog can be weighed at any time, either before or after the judging, as the committee may decide.

15. A dog to compete in a champion class must have won three first prizes, exclusive of puppy classes, at shows recognized by the American Kennel Club, a list of which must be appended to these rules, and published in the premium list and catalogue of each show, provided that such first prizes have been won in classes confined to one breed, irrespective of any division by weight.

16. That after , 1887, all shows held under American Kennel Club rules at which cash prizes amounting to at least $500 are offered for competition, exclusive of any special prizes, shall be recognized for the purpose of qualifying for the champion classes.

17. In estimating the number of prizes a dog has won with reference to whether it should compete in a champion class or not, the number of prizes won shall be calculated up to 12 P. M. of the day preceding the closing of the entries for the show, provided, however, that the entries for a show shall not close at a date earlier than ten full days ahead of the first day of the show.

18. In entering a dog in a champion class it is necessary to specify on the entry blank a sufficient number of first prize winnings to entitle him to compete in such a class, and this record must be given in the catalogue.

19. No dog can be withdrawn from competition for any prize for which he may be eligible, and of which public notice has been given prior to the closing of the entries, except on account of accident received during transit to or after delivery at the show.

20. No special prizes can be accepted or offered by a show committee after the regular judging has commenced.

21. The age of a dog shall be calculated up to and inclusive of the day preceding the show. A dog whelped April 30 shall not be eligible on May 1 of the following year to compete in a class of dogs under 12 months of age.

22. Exhibitors may state on their entries the price at which they are prepared to sell their dogs, which must be inserted in the catalogue, and if an offer is made to purchase any dog at that price a sale must take place. Sales can only be effected through the secretary or the regularly appointed sale clerk of the show, no sale will take place until 4 P. M. of the second day of the show, when, if there is more than one applicant for any dog, it shall be sold to the highest bidder, and any surplus over the entered price be divided between the exhibitor and the show committee. A commission may be charged on all sales, but not to exceed 5 per cent.

23. An objection to a dog may be made by any person, but must be in writing, and be lodged with the secretary within fourteen days of the last day of the show. A deposit of $5 must be lodged with the objection, except in the case of those lodged by the American Kennel Club.

The committee shall at once meet and decide upon any objection during the show, and from their decision an appeal may at once be taken to any member or members of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club who may be available, provided any such member is not on the show committee; if the second decision supports the show committee in over-ruling the objection, the deposit of $5 is thereby forfeited to the show committee. Should appeal be desired to the full executive committee of the American Kennel Club, it must be sent to the secretary with a deposit of $10, and should the previous decision or decisions be sustained, the $10 is thereby forfeited to the American Kennel Club. If the appeal is allowed, the previous forfeit of $5 must be returned to the appellant. If the objection is lodged subsequent to the show, it must be decided by the committee within twenty days from its receipt, due notice of the date and place of meeting having been given to all persons interested. From the decision of the show committee appeal may be taken to the executive committee of the American Kennel Club in the manner already provided for.

24. No person under sentence of disqualification by the American Kennel Club shall be allowed to exhibit or take a prize at any show held under these rules.

25. Any person who has been guilty of misconduct of any kind in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, may be disqualified by the committee of any show. Notice of such disqualification must be forwarded within twenty-four hours to the secretary of the American Kennel Club under a penalty of $10. The secretary of the American Kennel Club shall at once notify the president, or in his absence the vice-president, who shall investigate the case, and if he sees fit suspend the penalty until the next meeting of the executive committee, when the committee must either remove the penalty or impose a penalty of disqualification for such a period as they may decide upon.

The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs connected with the perpetration of a fraudulent act.

26. Entries made in the name of a kennel must be accompanied by the name of the actual proprietor or proprietors, except in the case of kennel names already registered with the secretary of the American Kennel Club. Each partner in a kennel will be deemed culpable in the case of fraud perpetrated in the name of the kennel.

27. The secretary of every show must forward to the secretary of the American Kennel Club a copy of the premium list of the proposed show, which must contain a list of officials under whose management the show is to be held. Each of these officials other than such as may be paid employes for the occasion, will be held personally responsible for the payment of all prizes offered at the show within a period not longer than sixty days from the last day of the show. Any failure to pay each and every premium will entail a penalty of disqualification upon the officials so held personally responsible, until such payments are made good.

28. The holder of the identification ticket shall be recognized as the agent of the owner in the latter's absence.

29. The secretary of any show held under these rules shall be required, under a penalty of $10, to forward to the secretary of the American Kennel Club an early proof of the catalogue, together with an investigation fee of $5, in order to enable him to lodge such objections as he may be instructed to do by the executive committee.

30. Show committees may adopt such regulations to govern their show as they deem fit, provided they do not conflict with any of the foregoing rules.

DOG REASONING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 24, I noticed several extracts taken from different papers, the subject matter referring to either instinct or reasoning in dogs.

They recalled a case that I have repeatedly seen and have watched every morning (Sundays excepted) when I had the good fortune to take a particular train.

The facts are these:

On the Erie Railway, between Ridgewood and Hohokus, on the east side of the track about midway between the stations, there are five houses, the rear of each facing the track, and I should judge 300ft. distant.

A clear view can be obtained of open ground after crossing the bridge at Hohokus, so that a dog can be seen until the train passes the house nearest to Ridgewood.

The occupant of the second house from Ridgewood owns a red Irish setter named Jack. Every morning when the Orange county express passes the house, a brakeman named Myers throws a paper off the train, and in every instance Jack is waiting for it, or he can be seen running up the hill to get it.

I have watched Jack repeatedly, and have never seen any one around when Jack made his appearance. I have seen him cut across the neighbor's lots to get to the place in time to meet the train, have seen him lying down waiting for the train, and in every instance when I took that particular train Jack was always on hand.

I have taken the Goschen way train, running forty-five minutes earlier, and the Ulster county express, one hour and twenty-five minutes later, and while I have seen Jack around repeatedly, he pays no more attention to these trains than if they were not running.

Now, Mr. Editor, what can you call it, instinct or reasoning? How does the dog pick out that particular train, even though it be late? Does he know the whistle of the locomotive (they are not all tuned to the same pitch) or does he recognize the locomotive, cars, or size of the train? Who can answer?

OBSERVER.

MR. GEORGE R. KREHL AND HIS FRIENDS

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen no remarks for or against me in your columns, so venture to ask the favor of some space for a few plain and truthful words. I am not to blame that my affairs have been brought to the attention of American kennel men. I should very willingly never see my name in print again. For a long time I was covered with the abuse of the man whose friend I used to be, the editor of the *Kennel Review*, Mr. H. W. Carter, whose unfortunate fate is no doubt known to your readers. The charge he brought against me of poisoning his dogs, had it emanated from any other person, would have been a terrible one, but coming whence it did, members of the English Kennel Club only smiled or sorrowfully shook their heads. Friends of mine on your side took it in a serious light and wrote kind words of protest, but I have held silence until now that my attention has been drawn to an extension of the charge against a man who is unlikely to see it or unable to reply. Mr. Carter, under pressure, reduced his charge to this, that I was "an accessory after the fact," which means, I understand, that after his dogs were poisoned I knew of it. I did not know what this could refer to until I saw a letter in your contemporary, *Turf, Field* and *Farm*. The writer of it says:

"Mr. Carter had a fellow working for him, who got involved in peccadilloes with two or more housemaids at once, and Mr. Carter, very wisely, fired him. This fellow lived very near Mr. Carter's kennels, and after his discharge by Mr. Carter was employed by Mr. Krehl and subsequently to his employment by Mr. Krehl poison was found in Mr. Carter's kennels, and there seemed no doubt that this fellow put it there, and he is still in Mr. Krehl's employ at last accounts. Now mark the stour kicked up about this. Mr. Carter is correct; an employee that Mr. Krehl still retains in his employ put the poison there. 'Porcupine' is right; there is no evidence that Mr. Krehl had any share in the placing of the poison there, as vindictiveness on the part of the employee would seem a sufficient incentive, but why don't one or the other come out with it and let the whole affair be judged at its true value?"

The name of "the fellow" is Alfred Goodenough, who was formerly my kennel man. He left me and afterward entered Mr. Carter's service. The charge about the housemaids I know nothing of, but it strikes me as monstrously incredible, because while Goodenough was with Mr. Carter he was married from his master's house. Mr. Carter at the time wrote to press me to "come down to the wedding of my old servant." I did not go. After the ceremony Mr. Carter took Goodenough, his wife and her bridesmaid for a drive in Eastwell Park. I mention this to show that Goodenough was provided with moral incentive and to show the kind relations existing at that time between master and man. When Goodenough left Mr. Carter's service he called on me to account for his leaving (he went with a character from me), but as it appeared to include complaints I refused to hear him. Goodenough is at present kennelman to Mr. L. Oppenheim, who owns a famous kennel of smooth St. Bernards. The charge against him is foolish, and I have shown that he was only once in my employ, which was before he went to Mr. Carter, and never since.

In the same journal I find my name again. The paragraph is called "Pleasantries of Kennel Journalism." It gives a reply that is false to a question put by "Porcupine" in the *Sporting Life* to Mr. Hugh Dalziel. The query was: "Did not a certain gentleman he has been attacking in a very violent manner of late, attend to his work on the *Bazaar* while he (Mr. Dalziel) was in America last year, and let the salary remain for the traveler to receive on his return?" An honest, manly, straightforward answer to that question would have been "Yes, Krehl did." But this is what your contemporary was instructed to say for the defense:

"We are informed that Mr. Krehl did not keep Dalziel's position on *The Bazaar* open for him while he (Dalziel) was over here. Dalziel's official, salaried position on the paper named, was taken during his visit to this country by a distinguished veterinary surgeon, whose name we will not give at present. Mr. Krehl had nothing to do with it. However, in addition to his regular work on the *Bazaar*, Dalziel used to supply a column, more or less, of *on dits*, a kind of melange like the Whispers of Fancy in the *Stock-Keeper*, and he asked Mr. Krehl, in common with several others, to see that the paper got something of this sort every week. This Mr. Krehl kindly did, but, we understand, the editor of the *Scottish Fancier* contributed the larger part of this column. So Mr. Krehl didn't keep the position for Dalziel. Again, it was not on personal grounds, *i. e.*, Dalziel's tippling, that he and Mr. Krehl fell out. The real cause of it was that Dalziel had agreed with the *Stock-Keeper* to edit the canine dictionary that ran a few numbers in the paper, and he claimed that Mr. Krehl had violated the terms of the agreement. In addition to this, it seems Dalziel wrote Mr. Krehl plainly, that the allegations of the famous "Anonymous Document," that the English Collie Club was run in the interest of a ring, that they manipulated the judging so as to always show dogs under judges that they knew would put them first, etc., were too true, and urged Mr. Krehl to guide the club in wiser courses."

Let me tell you the simple facts. Before Mr. Dalziel's departure to fulfil his judging engagements in America, I was on terms of great intimacy with him. A few days before he sailed he came to me, saying he had a favor to ask, which was to do his work on the *Bazaar* while he was away. He said very little would be required, just something to keep the column open. He feared the consequences of its being dropped while he was away, it was a very regular part of his income. He plainly put it to me as a trustful friend, so one not likely to oust him from his place. I understood I was to keep the berth warm for him, and felt a pleasure in being in receipt of his confidence. The work I had to do and the style I was to copy, did not require the exercise of any thought or intelligence, it was mere hard labor like stone breaking. I am a very busy man, but I complied for the sake of friendship. Mr. Dalziel mentioned that his daughter would also assist. I noticed that other copy than that I had contributed appeared and attributed it to Miss Dalziel. When Mr. Dalziel returned suddenly and unexpectedly from America he came straight to me, saying he felt it his duty to pay me his first visit, to express his thanks, etc., and he very fairly said when he got his check he would pay me for what I had done. I replied I had done it as an act of friendship and declined his offer, which was well meant. Your contemporary's remark, therefore, that I "had nothing to do with it" is misleading. I was astonished to read that another gentleman had been asked the same favor as myself, and I am also sorry, because when it is read with what I have related above, it represents Mr. Dalziel in a deceitful character, for had he had the candor to tell me of this, I should have refused his insincere request. The account given in your contemporary of the reason of Mr. Dalziel's split with the *Stock-Keeper* is false, absurdly false! The complaint was against the editor of the paper for delaying to make out the agreement between the *Stock-Keeper* and us (Mr. Dalziel and me). I have Mr. Dalziel's letters to prove this. Why, I was to be his collaborator in the "Kennel Dictionary," his interests and mine were identical and I did all I could to hurry on the agreement. The real cause of the split was quite different, but I have no desire to wash Mr. Dalziel's dirty linen under the nose of the American kennel world. I have never quarrelled with him, but his quarrel with me is due to the meanest feeling in human nature. Mr. Dalziel believes I am the kennel editor of the *Stock-Keeper*, and he knows that he is not. Ray on the Creation says: "Envy is a repining at the prosperity or good of another, or anger and displeasure at any good of another which we want, or any advantage an other hath above us."

It is with unfeigned reluctance that I come to the last paragraph in this extract. Mr. Dalziel's character I fear has already suffered in the estimation of your countrymen, and I hesitate to add a particle to his humiliation; but this description of his opinion of the anonymous collie document is so willfully, shockingly false that on behalf of the members of the Collie Club and the committee to which I belong, I am compelled to avow that the statement now made is an absolute fabrication. If he had held the views described I should have immediately dispensed with his acquaintance, but he did not; he agreed with me and other respectable people that the circular was a vile and cowardly libel. I dare Mr. Dalziel to dispute this and I dare him to give me permission to produce the proof which all who see your paper and know Mr. Dalziel shall judge of.

GEORGE R. KREHL.

LONDON, England.

A VIRGINIA FOX HUNT.

ST. VALENTINE'S was the first day of the February term of the County Court of Louisa, Virginia. On that day an arrangement was made for a meet at Woodville, the residence of Mr. Harris, situated in Goochland county, near the Louisa line, on the Wednesday following, at daybreak. At dawn a select party of the Goochland County Hunt Club, including the secretary, Mr. P. G. Miller, and several invited friends, were in readiness with the club dogs, and the horn of the sheriff of Goochland and the commissioners of the revenue, Messrs. Trice and Parrish, also members of the club, was heard approaching the rendezvous with another pack, while Col. Winston and H. J. Wale, Esq., two prominent citizens of Louisa, were coming to join us from another direction.

As we were about to mount we heard one of the sheriff's dogs strike nearly a mile away. The sheriff frantically called and blew his horn in the endeavor to get his dogs off, but in vain. Other dogs joined in, and finally all of the club dogs became uncontrollable and scampered away. Gradually we heard the notes of our best and most reliable dogs as they joined in. Then we cheered and mounted our horses and made ready to follow as soon as it could be determined what direction they would take, for it was apparent that there was no false trail; but reynard was up, and the chase had begun.

The day was surpassingly lovely—one of those charming days which come at rare intervals in this part of the "Sunny South" at this season. Not a cloud was to be seen. A gentle breeze from the south was just sufficient to lift the mists which hung in the serene and balmy atmosphere, upon which were borne those sweet rural sounds of early morning so frequently the subjects of prose and poetry.

We listened to the dogs and could hear the distinctive notes of each, their tones now swelling into a resounding chorus, then dying away over the distant hills and forests until they were miles away from where we were. But our horses as well as our dogs were in admirable trim. We saw that the pack had taken the western branch of Lickinghole Creek, in a northwest direction, and being thoroughly acquainted with every foot of ground in that vicinity Harris and I put our horses at full speed and followed without stopping for fences or ditches until our companions were far behind. Though it was a gray fox he kept straight ahead. He seemed to have had a long start of his pursuers, but the uproar behind him was so great that he never stopped to double. On, on he went. But he left his scent suspended in the atmosphere. The dogs never faltered, but ran with heads erect. We could distinguish the shrill cry of Mr. Wale's Billy Mahone, and the deep bass of John and Ned, a trio of noble appearance, "unmatched for courage, breath and speed," and the voices of Music, Wise and Rover, and a score of others all chimed in.

For a long time the fox ran straight on, but getting into a dense wood he turned at right angles to the east, coming directly toward us. They passed us in full cry, Wise in the lead, closely followed by more than a score of as fine foxhounds as ever gladdened a hunter's heart. As they swept by with lightning rapidity we gave them a cheer, and turning followed them at our utmost speed. Reynard, now sorely distressed, managed to dodge around the corners where several fences met, and seizing an opportunity darted away unseen among a flock of sheep, and then sped on his way again, aiming for a swamp about two miles away. But the ruse failed him. One or two experienced dogs swept around the flock of sheep, and quickly taking up the trail were instantly joined by the entire pack. Poor reynard had no other opportunity to double. Nearer and nearer came the whirlwind of sounds behind him, urging him to one more supreme effort to gain sufficient distance and time to enable him to practice those wiles which erst had saved his life. He gained the swamp, but delusive was his hope. His yelling pursuers swarmed so closely at his back that he had to dash madly through and straight on over the open field where he was quickly overtaken and killed.

Harris and I were up at the death, but our friends had been left so far behind that they but faintly heard our horn, which announced the end of the chase. When they joined us, we determined, as it was still early, to endeavor to start another fox, and one was got up at no great distance. He broke cover near Col. Winston, who was riding a mule. The cry of the dogs and cheers of the huntsmen stirred the Colonel's blood, and vainly did he endeavor by voice, spur and whip to awaken any interest on the part of the mule. A gentleman in the narrow path behind urged him to move forward, otherwise they would be left. His reply was: "Don't mind me, sir, ride over me. When I am reduced to the necessity of riding a mule fox hunting, do not hesitate to ride over me."

This fox, though a gray like the first, ran for several miles in roads, and was caught within an hour from the time it was started. I was riding a blooded filly I prized highly, and finding that I was riding her too hard I drew her in, and suffered the fox, the dogs and the hunters to leave me behind, and did not get up until the chase was over.

The Sheriff, like most good sportsmen, has an amiable weakness for his own dogs, fully illustrated by the following anecdote, related after the hunt by the secretary:

The latter saw the hounds turn back, on one occasion, and come up a valley toward him. He paused until fox and hounds had swept by. He then observed the sheriff galloping after them and exclaiming to himself, "Dang it all, Music is in the lead, Music is in the lead!" And, hat in hand, he passed on, all unconscious of the secretary's presence. The last chase ended near the hospitable residence of Col. Winston, who invited all to his house, where they partook of a splendid dinner and rehearsed the scenes of the day.

Thus ended one of the red-letter days of my life. A day which opened balmy and bright and with all the soft loveliness of spring; and which, having fullfilled all that it promised with bounteous hand, closed in cloudless beauty.

M.

NORTHSIDE, Va.

The interest taken this winter in fox hunting has created a spirited rivalry in Calvert county, Md., between sportsmen, respectively, of the lower and upper districts. Quite an exciting chase occurred in the vicinity of Chaneyville a short time ago, and the Baltimore *Sun* gives this account of the return test chase for the championship of the county for the best fox dog, which was run a few days ago in the central portion of the county: "It was decided that the rendezvous should be at Prince Frederick, and gentlemen who arranged to enter dogs for the hunt took rooms at the Prince Frederick Hotel, where they were entertained during the intervals of the chase by Mr. W. H. Dowell. It was quite late during the first day before a fox was started, and it was thought that the day would be a blank, when Looper, a fine specimen of the southern Maryland fox dog, started from some undergrowth a large gray fox, which came out of the woods in full sight of the pack, having a start of about 75yds. Poldo, an upper district dog, took the lead slightly, and the other dogs bunched. The dogs were closing up the gap rapidly when the fox entered some undergrowth again and performed a feat to aid his escape seldom witnessed. A large pine tree leaned near a bank at a convenient angle for ascent, and being closely pressed, the fox ran up the trunk of the tree a sufficient distance from the ground to escape temporarily the hounds, which were running so rapidly that they overran the trail. The fox immediately doubled and evaded the pack. In a few minutes they were back on the track and captured the fox after nightfall. The chase is described by one of the sportsmen as being one of the most exciting that he had ever witnessed. The start, however, was made too late to follow up, but one person, who chanced on the course taken by the fox, happened at the finish. The second day's hunt was engaged in by gentlemen from all the neighboring sections. The meet was made at Prince Frederick, and the start in what is known as Bowen's Neck. The dogs scattered, and a double chase was the result of the morning. Later in the day the pack again combined and the chase extended several miles along the river farms southward, and then struck across the country to a point about five miles below where the meet had occurred. The fox was "holed" near a church in the second district of the county. A large crowd assembled to discuss the respective merits of the dogs engaged in the chase. The honors, however, were so well contested by the hounds of both sections of the county that no definite conclusion could be arrived at except that the work of several of the hounds on the second day was almost faultless. Those who had entered dogs in the chase were: T. I. Grahame, L. L. Chaney, W. Z. Howard, Malcolm Grahame, Jas. B. Duke, Alex. Duke, W. H. Dowell, W. A. Parran, Thomas Stimmel, Abram Bowell, and many others. A return hunt in an open section of the country is now being arranged, when the hunters will be the guests of sportsmen of Chaneyville."

HARE DOGS.

IN your issue of Feb. 10, a correspondent asks for information about hare dogs. Hare hunting has always been my favorite sport, and I have tried a great many different kinds of dogs.

It is true that the ordinary foxhounds of New England and Canada care little about hares and appear to lack the necessary nose. The long-eared, slick-coated black and tan dogs from Virginia and Pennsylvania are better, but are rather tender for this climate. The English foxhound will run hare in good shape as long as no foxes come in the way, and will stand any amount of hardship; and a cross of either breed on native stock will produce some good hare dogs if broken especially for that purpose. I am now breeding a medium-sized black and tan hound of mixed English, Virginian and native blood that seldom lose a hare and will hunt them in preference to a fox; but we do the most of our hunting here in October and November, and for these months I prefer the English beagle. A good many sports think them too slow, but for me there is no better sport than to sit on a log on a fine day and listen to three or four of the merry little fellows as they double back and forth, and you are pretty sure of a shot sooner or later, as a hare is never in a hurry to leave the neighborhood when pursued by slow dogs. Of course, anything under the standard is too small to run on snow, but it is no trouble to breed them larger.

If your correspondent wants to breed a medium sized reliable rabbit dog let him try the English harrier, they have good nose and splendid voice and hare hunting is their trade. As to the difficulty in following a hare, I think it depends mainly upon the weather. Even a damp, muddy day in the fall or a calm one with a little snow falling in winter, and I have several dogs that will stay with a hare till the bell rings. But take a cold, frosty morning, or bright sunny day with high wind and they won't make much headway. There is not much difference in scent between northern and southern hares. Dogs brought here from Virginia act a little awkward at first, but work all right in a few days. BRUSH.

CANADA.

The most suitable kind of hare dog for all weather is a beagle with a dash of harrier in him; a hound from 15 to 18in. Such a dog, from my experience, will not refuse to hunt in pretty deep snow, while the little beagle is only fit for head ground or light tracking snows. With snow 10 or 12in. deep a beagle will soon come to heel and follow the path you make. CANADA.

In your issue of Feb. 17 I noticed an account of a rabbit hunt with beagles, by W. S. Clark, of Linden, Mass. He says that the beagles take hold and hunt well when they are 6mos. old. I would like to ask Mr. Clark if his beagles give tongue or bark on rabbit scent at 6mos. of age; if they do they beat mine. I have two beagles 8mos. old, and have had them out several times and they are from good hunting stock, but they give no tongue as yet, and I think 6mos. is very early, is it not, for beagles to hunt well? His puppies are very early hunters or mine are very late; which is it? If a dog does not bark how are you going to tell, when he is out of sight, whether he is hunting or not? I have hunted rabbits for twelve or fifteen years and have yet to see the puppy that will hunt well at 6mos. of age, or a dog that is smart enough to catch a rabbit if he is not wounded. E. F. F.

CANTON, Mass.

FOX-TERRIER STUD DOG STAKES.

NEW YORK, March 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries to the Stud Dog Stakes of 1888, which is to be judged at the spring show of the Westminster Kennel Club of 1888, under the same conditions as the inaugural stake, which is to be judged at the specialty show of the American Fox-Terrier Club, to be held next autumn.—AUGUST BELMONT, JR., President A. F. T. C.

STUD DOG STAKES (Renewal).

AUGUST BELMONT, JR.—Lucifer as in Præsenti (Splinter—Kohinoor), Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite), Resolute (Result—Diadem), Mephisto (Hempstead Joe or Bacchannal—Marguerite), Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic).

FRED HOEY.— Valet (Venetian — Vinaigrette), Venetian (Corinthian—Little Sweetheart), Luke (Mixture—Lyra).

L. & W. RUTHERFURD.—Splauger (Dickon—Sutton Veda), Warren Jim (Diamond Joe—Diana), Spider (Splauger—Diana).

EDWARD KELLY.—Earl Leycester (Spice—Dame), Shovel (Spider—Roseleaf).

JOHN E. THAYER.—Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olive), Mixture (Spice—Fairy III.), Raby Jack (Mixture—Shame) Belgrave Primrose (Belgrave Jerry—Wasp).

ATLANTA SHOW.—Augusta, Ga., March 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of Feb. 17 are published the awards at the Atlanta (Ga.) dog show. There is a misprint in the name of Mr. E. H. P. Scott's collie dog, the winner of first prize. It is printed Burns but should be Burrus. —W.

THE BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The show opened this morning under most favorable circumstances. The number of entries is almost double that of last year, and the exhibition is held in a very large building, splendidly adapted for the purpose. The printer was behindhand with the catalogues, and the express companies caused delay by not delivering several of the dogs, notably Messrs. Thayer and Belmont's, but otherwise all is running smooth. Mr. Davidson managed to get through his work before supper time, as did also Mr. Krueger.

The quality of the exhibits far exceeded my expectations, Raby Mixer, Mr. Thayer's recent purchase, and Bacchanal, an old favorite of mine, are among other good ones I shall have to pass on in the morning. Spaniels are a hot class, and twenty-three Gordons shows the breed is still alive in this district. Mainspring is here for exhibition only. His workmanlike appearance at once attracts the attention of pointer men. Mr. Davidson informs me that his classes are above the average in quality and numbers. I send you the awards up to 7 o'clock this evening.

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Knight of Snowden; 2d, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie. Reserve, I. Weighell's Prince Hardy. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Canada. High com., F.M. Shelby's Ted's Bangs. Com., T. S. Coburn's Noble Phillip. *Bitches:* 1st, A. A. Francis' Mydora; 2d, T. G. Davey's Lassie. Reserve, C. H. Mason's Lady M. Very high com., Chautauqua Kennels' Marcella. High com., Wilson & Tinning's Carrie Roy and B. F. Lewis's Mollie. Com., G. W. Waite's Moonstone. *Puppies:* 1st, A. A. Francis' Lone Star; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Chautauqua Belle. Reserve and very high com., D O'Shea's Nettie and Sport. High com., A. W. Bell's Jack. Com., Chautauqua Kennels' Cloudy.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, I. H. Roberts' Bruce; 2d, F. J. Farley's Rosnie. Reserve, B. F. Lewis' Banker. *Bitches:* 1st, I. H. Roberts' Jessie; 2d and reserve, F. J. Farley's Miss Nellie Husted and Miss Laura Towers. *Puppies:* 1st, F. J. Farley's Phœnix; 2d, G. F. Grover's Fanny.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Edward Maher's Royal Duke; 2d, J. L. Campbell's Jack. Reserve, T. S. Clark's Dan Gordon. Very high com., P. D. Hart's Nanki-Poo. High com., C. R. Wilson's Glenu. Com., W. J. Weed's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Campbell's Nora; 2d, W. E. Rothermel's Rose. Reserve, D. O'Shea's Belle. Very high com., P. D. Hart's Gyp II. High com., G. S. Metcalf's Josephine. Com., T. S. Clark's Beauty Gordon and Associated Fanciers' Clara. *Puppies:* 1st, J. O. Armour's Royal Duke II. Reserve, P. D. Hart's Turk. Very high com., F. S. Talcott's Flora. High com. and com., C. A. Shader's Duke and Ruby.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Pommery Sec; 2d, Jacob Koch's Jeff. Reserve, F. W. White's Don Quixote. Very high com., L. D. Rumsey's Don. High com., R. Hill's Rodg. Com., F. A. Schwartz's Sport. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Clifton Kennels' Queen Bow and Dress. Reserve, I. Weighell's Bell. Very high com., F. A. Schwartz's Nelly. High com., Associated Fanciers' Beulah. Com., G. Stauber's Fanny. *Puppies:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Pommery Sec; 2d, I. Weighell's Bell II. Very high com., Brock & Weiner's Venus.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Hornell Spaniel Club's Captain Muldoon.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—No entries—OPEN—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbott; 2d, Dr. J. S. Niven's Darkey. Very high com., A. Laidlaw's Woodstock Nora; high com., T. E. Curtis's Zeo; com., A. A. Francis's Beau.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk.—OPEN—BLACK OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Nelles' Brant; 2d, Am. Cocker Kennels' Doc. Very high com., A. Laidlaw's Woodstock and C. Nelles' Obo, Jr. High com., C. C. Thompson's Master Shina. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. S. Niven's Busy; 2d, T. E. Curtis's Lady of the Lake. Reserve, C. M. Nelles's Juno W. Very high com., A. Laidlaw's Belle. High com., American Cocker Kennel's Queen Obo and C. M. Nelles' Frou Frou. ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, A. Laidlaw's Royal; 2d, F. E. Curtis's Sport, Jr. Very high com. and high com., A. Laidlaw's Roxy and Robin. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, A. Laidlaw's Royal and Woodstock Nora. Very high com., C. M. Nelles's Frou Frou. High com., American Cocker Kennels' Lucy.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Ranger; 2d, J. Hammon's Bugle. Very high com., H. Grieb's Bluster. High com., J. Kennedy's Banjo. Com., E.F. Shafer's Flora. *American:* 1st and 2d, W. C. Crandall's Victory and Trailer. Com., J. L. Wyckoff's Toot.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Wanda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Highland Laddie and Bras. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Ramona and Thora. *Puppies:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Brazen.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Memnon; equal 2d, J. Kennedy's Misterton and J. Muldoon's Spring. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Hawthorne Belle; 2d, G. Stanton's Juno. High com., C. S. Wixom's Harmony.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—D. O'Shea's Rattler.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Tomboy; 2d, Mrs. M. Wasser's Ginger. Very high com., J. Anderson's Doc. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Actress II.; 2d, C. C. Ruppel's Queen II. Very high com., J. Anderson's Sing. *Puppies:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Tramp; 2d, C. Ruppel's Butler. Very high com., F. M. Shelley's Speculation.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, C. Kloche's Lina L.; 2d, R. Schwarz's Fripon. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Flash. High com., C. Kloche's Feldman.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED.—CHAMPION—Hospice Kennels' Otho.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Eiger and Alvier. Very high com., Mrs. J. H. Shifferen's Barry. High com., G. L. Williams' Reginald and T. H. Newberry's Julian. *Bitches:* 1st, very high com. and high com., Associated Fanciers' Norah, Sheba and Mona; 2d and very high com., Hospice Kennels' La Duchesse and Jeanne d'Arc. High com., Alta Kennels' Clio and Lady Alpha.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wacouta Kennels' Nap; 2d, H. J. Behrend's Ashmont Hero. *Bitches:* 1st, Wacouat Kennels' Rose; 2d, Lavina A. Avery' Bos's Gretchen. *Puppies:* 1st, Farbush and Metcalfe's Junior.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.

THE third annual field trials of the Western Field Trials Association will begin Nov. 7, at some suitable location in western Missouri or eastern Kansas. The stakes will be as follows:

DERBY.—Open to pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1886. Purse, $500, with $250 to first, $150 to second and $100 to third. Fee, $10, with $15 additional to start. Entries close May 1. Final declaration to be made before 9 o'clock A. M. Nov. 7.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—Open to pointers and setters that have not won first prizes in All-Aged Stakes of previous years. Purse, $500, with $250 to first, $150 to second and $100 to third. Fee, $10, with $15 additional to start. Entries close Oct. 8. Final declaration to be made before 10:30 o'clock P. M., Nov. 7. The winner of this cup will also receive a cup, value $100, or cash, as preferred. The secretary is R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City, Mo.

THE MICHIGAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting this evening of the sportsmen of this vicinity it was decided to form a club for the purpose of breeding and improvement of dogs and holding bench shows. Following is a list of the officers: President, Dr. Donald Maclean; Vice-President, W. F. Jarvis; Treasurer, Truman H. Newberry; Secretary, Chas. Weil; Executive Committee, the officers of the club and Dr. M. V. B. Saunders. It was decided to hold a bench show May 24 to 27. We have already a guarantee fund of $2,500, and propose to have as good a show as any. Our application for admittance to the A. K. C. has been sent in. Premium lists and entry blanks will be sent to any address on application.—CHAS. WEIL, Secretary, Newberry & McMillan Building.

DETROIT, March 6.

CURRENT NOTES.—Mr. Jas. Lindsay has sold his collies to the Chestnut Hill Kennel of Philadelphia, and in future his kennel interests will be merged in those of this kennel. ....Mr. Victor M. Haldeman is now located at Milford, Del., on an extensive fruit farm. He writes that he has 3,000 peach trees, 20 acres of strawberries, and the same in blackberries and raspberries. Besides dogs he breeds pedigreed pigs, cattle and poultry....Mr. E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., has recently purchased in England two mastiff bitches, one of them a puppy. They will arrive in a few days and are expected to sweep the deck at the coming shows....Mr. H. C. Glover has sold his well-known Gordon setter bitch Nora. ....Mr. John E. Thayer will probably exhibit a larger number of dogs at Providence than has ever been shown by one kennel in this country....There appears to be considerable dissatisfaction among many of the prominent exhibitors at the course some of the bench show committees have taken in their selection of judges. Those who have the appointment of judges should have learned by this time that third-rate judges mean third-rate dogs, and few even of them....Mr. John E. Thayer has sold champion Argus....There was a dog show in connection with the South Florida Fair last month. Over thirty dogs were present. This was the first dog show held in Florida....The Philadelphia dog show will be held in the old rink, corner of Twenty-third and Chestnut streets....The celebrated mastiff Crown Prince is dead....We have received the catalogue of the Hempstead Farm Co., which gives a list of collies owned by them and the prizes they have won. There are nearly 100 firsts and champion prizes recorded that have been won in England and this country by these dogs, as well as a large number of valuable cups and special prizes.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream* As might have been expected, the large amount of money offered by the club has had its effect in a great rush the past week to enter dogs, far exceeding that of previous years, and the liberal offer to kennels brings to the front all the noted kennels of the country. One of the largest kennels who have entered the past week is the Graphic Kennel. Another kennel that has been entered is that of Mr. J. W. Newman's Boston kennel of bull-terriers. The amount of prizes at this show is the largest ever offered in the world, and is constantly being added to by many friends of the club. Some of the largest additions mentioned is one from the American Collie Club of a cash prize of $20 for the best collie dog or bitch in the show owned by a member of the American Collie Club. There will be a valuable silver cup for the best brindle greyhound, and specials for the best English, Irish and Gordon setter puppy, foxhound, beagle and cocker spaniel puppy, and for the best brace of English greyhounds. The management of the show have also made two classes for Ulmer or Great Dane dogs with a prize of $10 for first, $5 for second and a medal for third, for dogs, and the same for bitches. This has been found necessary from the large number of requests from owners of this breed.—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

DEATH OF NOREEN.—Dr. Jarvis writes us that he has had the misfortune to lose by death his well known Irish setter bitch champion Noreen. She died Feb. 26. Noreen (A.K.R. 297) was whelped June 18, 1879. She was bred by Mr. J. J. Giltrap, Dublin, Ireland, and was imported by Dr. Jarvis about six years ago. She was by champion Garryowen and out of Capt. A. A. Knox's Cora (Ranger—Dot.) Noreen was well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, as she was a noted winner on the bench. Her best record, however, is the list of prize winners to be found among her progeny. Elcho, Jr., Glencho, Bruce and Noreen II., all of one litter, form a wonderful quartette of winners. She was also the dam of Burke, Hyperion, Larry Thorne, Roland, Faun, Irene, Jessie, Lady Elcho T. and Noreen IV., all winners, some of them of many prizes. This is a record that Dr. Jarvis may well be proud of.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—The thirteenth annual dog show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society will be held at Pittsburgh, April 12 to 15. The prize in the champion classes is a gold medal. In the open classes, pointers, English, Irish and black and tan setters are divided by sex with $20 and $10, and silver medal, with $10 and silver medal to puppies. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, foxhounds, and pugs $10 and $5 and silver medal. Spaniels, fox-terriers, beagles, collies and bulldogs $10 and $5; other classes $10 and silver medal. Puppies will be allowed to be taken home on the second day of the show. The judges announced were Major J. M. Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio, pointers and setters; A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., beagles and foxhounds; Harry L. Goodman, Auburn Junction, Ill., all other classes. What special qualification Mr. Goodman possesses for judging any one of the many important classes assigned him we are unable to say.

HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—Hartford, Conn., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our premium list will be ready for mailing about the 15th instant. We shall make a class for Great Danes, and we shall be pleased to hear from the water spaniel breeders regarding classes for their spaniels. We shall offer champion cups in the champion classes, and $10 and $5 cash prizes in the open classes. Also kennel prizes for mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English and Irish setters, beagles, fox-terriers and cocker spaniels.—A. C. COLLINS, Secretary.

CHESTNUT HILL KENNELS.—March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. Mitchell Harrison and Chas. T. Thompson, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, having engaged my services, my patrons will please take notice that from March 1, 1887, all kennel business transacted by me will be in connection with the Chestnut Hill Kennels. These kennels own some of the best winning strains of England and America. My patrons will find a larger and better selection with them than with me heretofore.—JAMES LINDSAY.

ROCKINGHAM.—The well-known English setter dog Rockingham has strayed or been stolen from his handler at Tappan, N. J. A liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to his recovery by his owner, Mr. F. Windholz, 525 Sixth avenue, New York.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. J. K., Eau Claire.—Could anything be done for comparatively a young dog that is commencing to be deaf from being shot over a good deal? Ans. We are inclined to doubt the cause of deafness. If you are right, however, and the dog is young, he may recover. You had better satisfy yourself that there is no accumulation of wax or inflammation in the ear.

JORBISH, Glenns Ferry, Idaho.—I cut the tail of my Airedale terrier pup about two weeks ago, but instead of healing up, the wound seems to keep in an unhealthy state and smells badly. The pup is eight weeks old. Should the tail have been cut when the pup was in the nest? What can I do to cure it? Ans. Wash the wound with castile or carbolic soap morning and evening, and dress it with balsam of Peru ointment and iodoform, 20 grains to the ounce. Keep the wound protected. Other query answered elswhere.

BREECHLOADER, City.—A Newfoundland dog 2½yrs. old has a constant running from the eyes. I have washed them every morning and evening for the past three weeks, but they seem to be no better; every time I go to him there is a great clot of inflammation in the corner of the eyes. Ans. Drop a little sulphate of zinc solution, two grains to the ounce of water, into the eyes night and morning after washing with warm water. Keep the bowels in order with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses.

W. S. S., Lake Linden.—My Newfoundland pup, three months old, seems in perfect health and spirit except a continuous running of clear watery fluid from the corners of the eyes. I find, on examination, that there is a black skin that seems to adhere to the eyes (when they are turned up) from the corner nearly up to the sight. The eyes are bright and the pup seems to see all right. Ans. Drop a little solution of zinc sulphate, two grains to the ounce, in the eyes night and morning. Keep the bowels in order with a half teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every two or three days.

A. B. S., Suitland.—A fine young foxhound, 18 months old, had the distemper six months ago, and the disease left him with a slight twitching in his foreleg and shoulder. Will it prevent him from becoming a good dog, and can he ever stand hard running? I have a good pack and do not want to bother with him if he will not be of any use. Outside of this blemish he is as fine a young dog as ever I saw. Ans. Give the dog a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine, 3 grains each, three times daily; also, give 8 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in his food at night. Keep the bowels in good shape. He can be cured.

JORBISH, Idaho.—My Airedale terriers have been troubled with lice for some time. I read your article on that subject and got some tincture of quassia, but do not know the exact proportions. The directions on the bottle said, "use externally as a lotion." I put ½oz. liquid to one quart of water; is that right? Also what effect has it used internaly, as the same directions said use one-half to one teaspoonful internally, but does not say whether with water or not. The pup (six weeks old) this morning vomited some of his mother's milk, and with it came two worms. The bitch is also affected slightly above the root of the tail with some small scabby places which appear itchy. I applied some carbolic acid diluted with water, and she ceased to bite them. Please prescribe. Ans. You can apply the quassia as it comes in the bottle, also given internally same way. Carbolic soap or carbolic acid solution 1 in 40 will kill the lice. Ten grains of areca nut or ten drops of oil of wormseed, preceded and followed by a purge, and given while fasting, will kill and carry off the worms. The oil may be given on sugar and the powdered areca nut in a piece of lard. The ointment of the balsam of Peru will cure the scabby places.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Greenfield Kennel. By A. C. Pickhardt and C. S. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Tell Kennels. By C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., for his kennel of pointers.

Pete. By Peter McGill, Brooklyn, N. Y., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by Bang Bang out of Perry.

Belmont. By C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn., for orange belton English setter dog, whelped Nov. 5, 1886, by Buckellew (A.K.R. 30) out of Bessie Noble (Count Noble—Lady May).

Fleur de Lis. By Duke Rhœbe Kennels, Flatbush, L. I., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 11, 1887, by Buckellew (A.K.R. 30) out of Princess Helen (Thunder—Bessie).

NAMES CHANGED.

Little Fraud to Belle Gladstone. By Geo. C. Sterling, New York city, for English setter bitch, age not given, by Rex Gladstone out of Little Fraud.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rue—Mainspring. Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Rue (A.K.R. 401) to F. Perkins's Mainspring, March 2.

Pearl Belton—Prince. W. C. Augur's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Pearl Belton (A.K.R. 4568) to T. G. Bennett's Prince (Emperor Fred—Lill), Feb. 1.

Lady May—Royal Albert. H. Pape's (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Lady May (A.K.R. 1371) to C. F. Crawford's Royal Albert (Sir Allister—Novelty), March 2.

Moxy—Silk. J. A. Huston's (Brownsville, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Moxy (Kino—Sis) to Hornell Spaniel Club's Silk (A.K.R. 1397), Jan. 13.

Flora—Jock. Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Flora (Hornell Bub—Jenny) to their Jock (A.K.R. 1877), Jan. 3.

Gyp—Mack. J. Carroll's (Arkport, N. Y.) spaniel bitch Gyp (Black Charlie—Gros Grain) to Hornell Spaniel Club's Mack (Dan—Josie P.), Jan. 17.

Silk's Pearl—Dandy. E. A. Higgins's (Cohocton, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Silk's Pearl (Silk—Sunshine) to Hornell Spaniel Club's Dandy (A.K.R. 65), Jan. 12.

Lady Babcock—Jock. John Cumming's (Columbus, O.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Babcock to Hornell Spaniel Club's Jock (A.K.R. 1877), Jan. 7.

Vanity Fair—Hornell Dandy. Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Vanity Fair (Jock, A.K.R. 1877—Anna) to their Hornell Dandy (A.K.R. 65), Jan. 1.

Black Pearl—Hornell Silk. J. A. Nickerson's (Boston, Mass.) spaniel bitch Black Pearl (Obo II.—Critic) to Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1397), December, 1886.

Venus—Hornell Mikado. Geo. H. Metcalfe's (Buffalo, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Venus to Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Mikado (A.K.R. 4467), Jan. 1.

Hornell Meg—Mikado. Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellsville, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Hornell Meg (Bub—Jenny) to their Mikado (A.K.R. 4467), Jan. 15, and Dandy (A.K.R. 65), Jan. 20.

Nellie—Doc. G. M. Shaw's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Success—Rachael) to American Cocker Kennels' Doc (A.K.R. 3795), Feb. 14.

Suzette—Newton Abbott. W. T. Payne's (New York city) cocker spaniel bitch Suzette (Sport—Suwance) to A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbott (A.K.R. 3374), Feb. 24.

Nellie Bly—Young Royal Prince. Warren H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie Bly to J. W. Newman's Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II), Jan. 13.

Pansy—Royal Diamond. J. W. Newman's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Pansy to J. W. Newman's Royal Diamond (Hornet II.—Lulu), Feb. 13.

Princess Louise—Young Royal Prince. W. C. Hook's (Charlestown, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Princess Louise (Jeff—Susie) to J. W. Newman's Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), Feb. 23.

Young Baroness—Young Royal Prince. J. W. Newman's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Young Baroness (Baron—Lurline) to his Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), Feb. 25.

Scarlet Princess—Royal Diamond.—J. W. Newman's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Scarlet Princess (Young Royal—Scarlet II.) to his Royal Diamond (Hornet II.—Lulu), Feb. 27.

Lill—Royal Diamond. Chas. Cook's (Centerville, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Lill to J. W. Newman's Royal Diamond (Hornet II.—Lulu), March 1, 2 and 4.

Lotta—Laurian. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) smooth St. Bernard bitch Lotta (A.K.R. 935) to their Laurian (A.K.R. 4074), Feb. 3.

Dolly—Sam. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) pug bitch Dolly (A.K.R. 170) to their Sam (A.K.R. 4064), Dec. 7.

Sibyl—Major. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) rough St. Bernard bitch Sibyl (A.K.R. 797) to Geo. Milliken's Major (A.K.R. 4070), Dec. 17.

Judy II.—Treasure. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Judy II. (Moore's Puggy—Moore's Judy) to J. Engelhart's Treasure (A.K.R. 472), Feb. 22.

Reign—Dashing Berwyn. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Reign (Belton—Breeze) to Arnold Burges's Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear), Feb. 7.

Princess Louise—Doncaster. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Princess Louise (Gladstone—Leila) to Arnold Burges's Doncaster (Druid—Nilson), Feb. 22.

Fannie—Barney. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Fannie (Pincher—Dummy) to W. W. Wheaton's Barney (Sir Peter II.—Fawn), March 2.

Nellie—Black Jack. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie to Sinclair's Black Jack, Jan. 6.

Sue—Fleet. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow) to their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth), Feb. 6.

Nellie Druid—Buckellew. Duke Rhœbe Kennels' (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Nellie Druid (Druid—Lola) to their Buckellew (A.K.R. 30), Feb. 28.

Lill—Royal Diamond. Chas. Cook's (Centerville, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Lill to J. W. Newman's Royal Diamond (Hornet II.—Lulu), March 4.

Topsey Logan—Joe. F. C. Rochester's (Logan, Ohio) pug bitch Topsey Logan (A.K.R. 4271) to Geo. H. Hill's Joe (A.K.R. 925), Feb. 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lyra. Chas. Wills's (Newburyport, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lyra (Alp II. A.K.R. 705—Brenner A.K.R. 706), Feb. 22, eight (three dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Duke of Lancaster (Plinlimmon—Lady Burghley).

Sal. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Sal (Dick—Ruby), Feb. 26, five (two dogs), by his Bob (Bang—Princess Kate).

Juno. Forest City Kennels' (Portland, Me.) pug bitch Juno (A. K.R. 400), Nov. 12, seven (two dogs), by their Sam (A.K.R. 4064).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Madge II. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1886, by Johnny out of Madge, by F. H. D. Viette, Ottawa, Ont., to W. V. Helfrich, Ogden, Utah.

Lyra. St. Bernard bitch, by Alp II. (A.K.R. 705) out of Brenner (A.K.R. 706), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Charles Wills, Newburyport, Mass.

Lad of Maine, Bean of Maine and Belle of Maine. Two black and white and ticked dogs and one bitch, whelped June 10, 1886, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358), by H. F. Farnham, Portland, Me., to Fred F. Harris, same place.

Belle of Maine. Black and white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped June 10, 1886, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K. R. 1358), by Fred F. Harris, Portland, Me., to Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Blondie—Jipsey whelp. Golden fawn greyhound bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1886, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to L. Bertram Cady, New York city.

Sir Anthony. Liver and white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358), by F. F. Harris, Portland, Me., to Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Marquis. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 20, 1886, by Merchant Prince out of Nun, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to J. B. Stacy, Pulaski, Tenn.

Apollinaris. White and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 16, 1886, by Apollo out of Brunhilda, by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to J. B. Stacy, Pulaski, Tenn.

Norfolk. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 4, 1886, by Essex (A.K.R. 931) out of Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Elwyn W. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

Bang Bang—Ferry whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by J. F. Rivers, Bridgeport, Conn., to P. McGill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Black Knight. Black cocker spaniel dog (A.K.R. 3493), by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., to J. P. Willey, same place.

Juno. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 4, 1886, by Lee out of Fight, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to F. McKie Thayer, Colorado Springs, Col.

Mars. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped April 3, 1886, by Lee out of Venus, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to F. McKie Thayer, Colorado Springs, Col.

May Belle II. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 4, 1884, by Lee out of May Belle, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I.

Boy. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 14, 1884, by Lee out of Diana, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I.

Essex. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped Jan. 20, 1884 (A.K.R. 931), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Mrs. E. W. Hoyt, Lowell, Mass.

Foreman's Ned, Foreman's Nat, Foreman's Nan and Foreman's Nell. Two black, white and tan English setter dogs and two bitches, whelped Nov. 5, 1886, by Foreman out of Nellie II., by C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I., one each to Ben A. Gage, same place, Charles Sprague, New York city, E. L. Sylvester, South Attleboro, Mass. and S. A. Lockwood, Saylesville, R. I.

Nellie Druid. Black and white English setter bitch, age not given, by Druid out of Lola, by Duke Rhoebe Kennels, Flatbush, L. I., to American Field Kennels, Beatrice, Neb.

WOODFORDS, Me., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note sale in this weeks of red Irish setter bitch Colleen Bawn, whelped May 20, 1886. It should be whelped Nov. 20, 1885. I may have made a mistake.—HARRY A. FLETCHER.

IMPORTATIONS.

Balkis. Black and white greyhound dog, whelped March, 1882 (Clyto—Primrose), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., from Wm. Graham, Newtownbreda, Belfast, Ireland.

Lancashire Witch. Fawn greyhound bitch, whelped January, 1881 Dresden China—Colleen Bawn), by H. W. Huntington, Brooklyn, N. Y., from Wm. Graham, Newtownbreda, Belfast, Ireland.

PRESENTATIONS.

Mickey Free. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Mac (A.K.R. 257) out of Duchess of Erin, by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to Dr. S. Wellman Clark, same place.

Johnny III. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1886, by Johnny out of Jess, by Jos. Hickson, Montreal, Quebec, to Dr. Langmaid, Boston, Mass.

Sensation's Rose. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Feb. 9, 1886, by Sam out of Fan, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., to J. Bardwell, Chicago, Ill.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FIXTURES.

March 10.—Hiram Furth, of Erie, Pa., against R. E. Sheldon, of Cleveland, O., at Erie, Pa.

March 16.—Fitchburg, Mass., Climax Badge Tournament. A. W. Baker, Jr., Secretary.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a lover of target practice with the revolver I should like to state the result of my search for a satisfactory weapon and ammunition, in hope that it may perhaps benefit some one, and also that if the subject is agitated enough it may lead some maker to adjust the ammunition and weapon for accurate work with as much care as is used with rifles. I have owned revolvers, of most of the better class of makers, of all calibers from .22 to .44; and the principal object to all can be summed up, in my opinion, as too much lead, and therefore so much recoil as to render accurate work for a number of shots impossible. Of course this can be overcome by increasing the weight of the revolver, but if entirely corrected in this way it would, I think, render it clumsy.

As the result of my search I now have a 7-shot Merwin, Hulbert & Co. revolver, .32-cal., 5½in. barrel, weight 1lb. 4oz.; in general size it is almost identical with S. & W.'s .38-cal. I think that it would be improved by a larger stock and an increase of weight to 1lb. 10oz. This revolver takes a special cartridge containing 13gr. of powder and 90gr. of lead, the .32cal. S. & W. (9-85) cartridge can also be used in the same cylinder, but it is better to have a cylinder chambered for that cartridge alone. With the 13-90 cartridge there is too much recoil, with the S. & W. cartridge the proper adjustment is never what it should be. But it can be improved greatly, and I think as near the right adjustment reached as is possible with any revolver now on the market by using a round ball. This reduces the weight of the bullet to 50grs., and the recoil is light even with 16grs. of powder, and of course less with 9grs.

Lessening the recoil by reducing the weight of the bullet has a great advantage over reducing the amount of powder, as by the former method we increase the velocity, while by the latter it is decreased so that the bullet has a very perceptible drop even at very short range. As to the effect of increasing the accuracy I find in my case that, taking strings of 25 shots each, the round ball will uniformly give better results by from 30 to 40 per cent. While it is undoubtedly a nuisance to most men to have to load their own cartridges, still I think that taking into account the increased possibilities in the use of the revolver it more than pays for the extra trouble of so doing in order to be able to use a round ball.

ROUND BALL.

The competition for first place in the record of revolver shooting at Conlin's Gallery, Broadway and 31st street, this city, is sharp and close, and the leading men are doing some fine work with six-shooters. All the matches are shot at 12yds. range with S. & W., varying from .32 to .44cal. The targets used are: Massachusetts 1 3-16in. bullseye, centre 9-16in., counting 12; Standard decimal, 1¼in. bullseye, ½in. center, counting 10; French target, 1⅛in. bullseye, ⅜in. carton, counting 7. The scores up to date are as follows:

Massachusetts target, 6 shots, possible 72:

Capt Ira A Paine	71	A M Hamilton	67
George Bird	70	Chas F Jones	66
J T B Collins	70	Maynard Bixby	64
D A Davis	69	P J Lauritzeu	64
Pierre Lorillard, Jr	68	L H Livingston	63
Frank H Lord	68	J B Miller	61
Alfred Brennan	67	G L Garrigues	61

French target, 6 shots, possible 42:

George Bird	39	W B Young (at the word)	36
J T B Collins	33	Pierre Lorillard, Jr	36
Frank H Lord	38	W C Southwick	36
A M Hamilton	37	A P Kelly	36
J B Miller	37	H W Wickham (at word)	35
D A Davis	37	C F Jones	35
S T Crosby	37	M Bixby	33

Standard decimals target, 6 shots, possible 60.

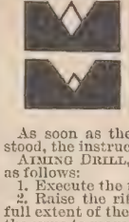
J T B Collins	58	A P Kelly	49
W M Chase	56	C F Jones	49
George Bird	55	C E Blydenburgh	49
Pierre Lorillard, Jr	52	Capt T H Swift	48
A M Hamilton	53	W S Bigelow	47
H B Blydenburgh	53	F Schuchardt	45
J B Miller	49	G L Garrigues	45

MILITARY RIFLE DRILL.

GEN. ROBBINS, General Inspector of Rifle Practice for the State of New York, has prepared a set of instructions for the guidance of the guard. In them he manages to compress a good deal of good advice. He says:

To obtain uniformity, insure steadiness, and accustom the men to the aiming position, the following is prescribed as an exercise for that purpose:

SIGHTING DRILL.—1. A sandbag for each squad (one 12lb. or two 6lb. bags), will be placed on a rest, which may be a table, a tripod or a stack of arms, placed so that a bag will be about 4½ft. from the ground. The men will be formed in single rank, and in squads not to exceed ten men in each. The instructor will then flatten the sandbag with the back of his hand, and lay a rifle on it, aim it at some small object at as great a distance from it as the drill room will permit (a wafer on the wall, for instance), and explain to the men the following simple rules: The sights should not incline to the right or left. The line of sight should be taken along the center of the notch of the back sight and the top of the fore sight, which should cover the middle of the mark aimed at. The eye should be fixed on the mark, and not on the fore sight. Particular attention should be paid to this rule, as beginners are apt to fix the eye on the fore sight, and not the mark, which prevents the latter from being distinctly seen, and greatly increases the difficulty in aiming.



2. The instructor will also explain the different kinds of sights, viz:

Fine Sight.—When the point of the forward sight is just seen through the notch of the breech sight, the effect of which is to shoot low.

Full Sight.—When the whole of the wedge-shaped portion of the front sight is displayed through the notch of the breech sight, the effect of which is to shoot high.

Half Sight.—When but half the fore sight is seen.

As soon as these rules and regulations are thoroughly understood, the instructor will proceed to the

AIMING DRILL, which will invariably be drilled by the members as follows:

1. Execute the first motion of load.

2. Raise the rifle smartly in front of the right shoulder to the full extent of the left arm without moving the body, head or eye; the arms to move close to the body, the breech sight to be upright; barrel nearly horizontal and pointing a few inches below the mark; the eyes are fixed upon the forefinger inside the trigger guard, both elbows inclined downward.

3. Press the piece smartly with both hands against the hollow of the shoulder, which must neither be allowed to give way nor pressed forward or raised to meet it; the left elbow at the same time being brought as far under the rifle as it is possible without assuming an unnatural position, the right elbow slightly raised, being nearly square with the right shoulder. The center (or rather upper than lower) part of the butt to be pressed firmly against the shoulder with the left hand without touching the collar-bone, the top of the butt being as nearly as possible with the top of the shoulder. The forefinger will be placed around the trigger like a hook, but without pressing it. The head and body will be kept perfectly perpendicular the whole time, no attempt being made to look through the sights.

4. Close the left eye, incline the head to the right over the small of the stock so that the right eye may quickly perceive the coincidence of the rear and front sights, and the object aimed at.

5. Raise the head, look squarely to the front and bring the piece smartly to the first position.

The drill is continued by the commands two, three, four, five; and when the instructor wishes to suspend the exercise, he will command: 1. Carry. 2. Arms. The aiming drill will be continued until the men aim quickly and correctly from the shoulder.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 3.—The matches at Rensselaerwyck were resumed to-day. Quite an attendance of members were present. One match was shot with following result. Only one entry:

W E Fitch	8	6	10	5	10	7	9	8	5	10—78
B C Andrews	7	9	5	7	6	5	6	9	10	5—69
W T Mayer	6	9	7	5	7	6	4	6	10	7—67
W C Gompie	10	8	4	5	3	5	5	10	9	4—63
A Ryan	6	5	4	6	6	6	6	9	7	7—62
J H Brooks	5	5	7	4	8	6	10	8	4	5—62
J B Rodman	7	2	6	6	10	5	8	5	6	7—62
V La Point	3	7	3	5	6	7	6	4	7	8—56

PRIVATE.

BOSTON, March 5.—A large number of riflemen were present at the Massachusetts Rifle Association range to-day, and shot in the new matches. Next Wednesday will be shot the "challenge match," for the champion team badge of the New England Trap Shooters' Association and Wellington Gun Club vs. the Massachusetts Rifle Association. Below are the scores made to-day, both at 200yds.:

Rest Match.

N Washburn	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10—98
D L Chase	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10—98
H J Foster	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10—97
J B Munroe	9	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	10—96
W H Smith	9	9	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	9—95
J W Soule	10	9	9	10	10	10	8	9	9	10—94
J Hurd	9	9	10	8	9	10	10	8	10	10—93
E G Bond	8	9	10	10	9	10	9	8	9	8—90

Off-Hand Decimal Match.

W C Burnite	9	7	10	8	10	9	8	9	10	8—88
O M Jewell	8	9	8	8	9	10	8	8	8	9—85
A L Brackett	10	5	10	10	7	8	10	10	8	6—84
J M Oliver	8	9	7	6	6	10	10	9	8	7—80
F Carter (mil.)	9	7	9	8	8	4	8	8	9	6—76
H Cushing	8	8	9	5	8	7	8	6	9	7—76
R Davis	7	7	6	8	7	7	8	10	10	6—76
A C Gordon (mil.)	4	7	9	6	6	9	10	7	10	5—76
J R Munroe	3	6	5	8	8	9	6	10	8	6—69
H J Foster	5	5	5	7	8	10	6	9	8	6—69
J P Bates	6	6	7	10	4	7	4	8	6	7—65
D L Chase	4	9	7	5	7	4	7	8	4	7—62

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 5.—Weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club, standard American target, 200yds.:

C M Hill	10	8	9	9	6	10	9	7	8	8—84
J W Bean	5	7	5	10	7	9	5	7	9	9—73
D P Norris	9	7	9	5	5	5	9	10	7	6—72
F Clark	8	8	9	5	4	9	6	5	6	7—67
M W Daulton (mil)	7	8	4	8	4	7	5	9	6	9—67
P Wood	9	7	7	5	5	6	5	5	9	7—65
J K Lowe	5	8	5	5	9	5	5	8	6	6—62
H Preston	5	4	3	8	7	3	4	6	6	4—50

Rest Match.

Wm Fisher	10	8	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10—97
J K Lowe	9	10	9	7	8	8	10	10	10	10—91
F Clark	7	7	9	10	9	3	9	8	9	9—79
W N Payson	9	10	5	9	10	9	6	10	2	7—77
H Preston	9	8	6	7	8	7	7	6	9	4—71

HAVERHILL, Mass. Rifle Club, March 5, 200yds., off-hand, standard target. Strong wind with some mirage:

H Tuck	8	9	7	6	9	6	8	8	10	8—79
J Busfield	9	9	6	6	7	8	7	9	8	10—79
S E Johnson	7	6	7	10	10	9	9	8	7	6—79
J F Brown	8	8	8	9	6	10	5	9	6	8—77
F Merrill	6	4	9	7	5	5	4	9	5	8—63
C Bliss	2	4	5	5	6	4	4	8	6	6—48

WILMINGTON, Del., March 3.—The usual weekly gallery shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club took place at their headquarters this evening. The shooting of the evening developed some good scores, particularly that of C. Heinel, Sr., which was far the best yet made by the club at gallery shooting. The scores are as follows, out of a possible 90 points on modified Hinman target for 12½yds.:

C Heinel, Sr	9	6	6	4	6	9	9	6	9	9—73
H B Seeds	4	4	9	4	9	4	9	9	9	6—67
W F Seeds	4	6	4	6	9	4	6	6	6	9—60
C Heinel, Jr	1	4	9	4	6	6	6	4	9	0—58
H A Heinel	4	4	9	9	6	4	4	6	3	4—53
F Brinton	3	9	9	3	2	6	4	9	4	1—53
W O'Connor	6	3	3	4	2	6	9	6	9	6—48
W Rice	6	1	4	4	4	4	9	4	9	6—48
C Carleton	3	2	4	4	4	6	4	6	4	6—42
H Simpson	3	6	4	0	6	4	3	3	4	9—43
C Lewis	4	3	4	2	1	3	4	4	2	0—27

NEWARK, March 3.—The Our Own Rifle Club held its weekly shoot at its range this evening. Each man fired ten shots with a possible chance of scoring 120 points. The score at the close stood as follows: Snellen team—Weider 86, Drexler 94, Gill 78, Klem 93, Friedenheit 98, F. A. Freiensehner 96, Jamouneau 86, Snellen 108; total 739. Bertram team—F. Freiensehner 102, Smith 91, Knothe 92, Otto Keifer 78, J. M. Keifer 88, Wiecks 92, Condit 81, Bertram 99; total 723. For the tie between O. Kiefer and Gill for the leather medal there was a hard struggle, but at last Kiefer made 40 and Gill 38. The officers for the next term are: John W. Gill, president; Otto Kiefer, vice-president: F. A. Freiensehner, recording secretary; Wm. Drexler, treasurer; Ed. Bertram, sergeant-at-arms; G. Snellen, captain; Ferd. Freiensehner, lieutenant; Frank Smith, official scorer; S. Friedenheit and F. A. Freiensehner, judges; Wm. Weider, referee; Fred. Knothe, J. M. Kiefer and Wm. Wieder, finance committee.

CAPT. IRA PAINE.—The ponderous marksman is now in Boston and during his stay will attempt to break the record made by him a few months ago, with the revolver, at the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. The exhibition will take place at Walnut Hill, probably on the 17th inst., and will be open to the public. Capt. Paine will fire 100 shots at a distance of 50yds., using the standard American target. The best record at the present time is 791 points, made by him Oct. 15, 1886. He will attempt to score 800 points at the coming exhibition.

WILL DAN BRADLEY, who made bullseye rifle score Dec. 29, 1886, please send particulars to this office.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887. That no club may be barred by size, the condition respecting the number of men in a team has been changed. The terms are as follows:

To be competed for by teams of three men each. A club may enter more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance fees (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into three cash prizes (50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively). The winning team will take the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100. Second team will take the first cash prize, 50 per cent. of all entrance moneys. Third team, second cash prize. Fourth team, third cash prize.

Each man to shoot at 15 artificial targets. Any artificial target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Co., Niagara Flying Target Co., (Lockport) Target, Ball and B. P. Co., Cleveland Target Co. The targets to be thrown from any trap made by these companies. Traps to be set to throw targets at least 45yds. from trap. Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at right angles to the right, and five at right angles to the left. Shooters to stand at 16yds. from trap for 12-bore guns, and 18yds. for 10-bores. One trap to be used.

THE MIDDLESEX AVERAGES.—Below please find the averages for the Middlesex shoot. We could not get them in time for last week's issue, and we are now indebted to the kindness of one of the hard workers of the committee of the club, Mr. W. I. Ritch, for the accompanying official statement. With J. L. Brewer considered to be decidedly the best pigeon shot in the State of New Jersey, with his record as third and fourth, what kind of a show would the other shots of the State have had for any of the honors or moneys? Graham and Stark were not present the last two days or their averages might have been different. More than considerable interest is taken in the coming match, the 17th, between Graham and Brewer at Marion. It will be a one barrel match and very close.

LIGOWSKY PIGEONS.

	Matches.	Birds.	Killed.	Missed.	Per cent.
J R Stice	9	180	144	36	80
C M Stark	7	145	112	33	77 7-27
C W Budd	8	160	123	37	76 76
J L Brewer	5	105	76	29	72 8-21

LIVE BIRDS.

J R Stice	9	143	130	13	90 9-143
C W Budd	9	140	126	14	90
J L Brewer	9	143	126	17	88 16-143
T J Eley	9	143	124	19	86 102-143
Wm Graham	5	95	85	10	89 9-19
C M Stark	6	105	90	15	85 5-7

Stice won both prizes, $50 each, for Ligowsky pigeons and live birds.

NEWARK, March 4.—The Elizabeth Gun Club and the South Side Club, of this city, shot their much-talked-of match at the grounds of the latter club to-day. Each club put in 14 men to shoot at 20 clay-pigeons each at 18yds. rise. The South Side Club was as follows:

South Side Gun Club.		Elizabeth Gun Club.	
Hobert	19	Dackerman	11
Pickering	13	Burton	13
Wells	12	W Parker	19
Philips	16	Harvell	7
Unger	10	Teroy	15
Heritage	9	Williams	9
Von Lengerke	13	C Parker	4
C M Hedden	6	Miller	13
Wheaten	16	Sayre	12
C R Hedden	16	Haines	15
J H Terrill	13	Conover	14
A Whitehead	17	Astfalk	9
Orton	13	Lawrence	11
Breintnall	16—187	Chetwood	10—153

NEW DORP, Staten Island, Feb. 28.—Emerald Gun Club, of New York city. The day was very cold, and very strong winds account for the low scores made. Ground traps, 21 and 25yds. rise, 80yds. bound. Shot under club rules, four prizes:

G Remsen (25)	1010010111—6	Wm Glaccum (25)	0110101111—7
P Butz (25)	1100011011—6	L Schermerhorn (25)	0101110111—6
G W Hudson (25)	1110110111—8	H Rubins (25)	0100100101—3
N Maesel (25)	0000100101—3	L Gebering (24)	0111111111—9
P J Keenan (21)	1001010011—5	J H Voss (25)	1111111111—10
R Regan (21)	0100111000—4	F Schrader (25)	0101111011—7
M Cheny (21)	1111011110—8	J W Godfrey (25)	0111111101—8
Thos Codey (25)	1001011001—5	M W Murphy (25)	0000001000—1
J Maesel (25)	0101010111—6	B Lynch (25)	1111110111—8
C M Grainger (25)	0011111111—8	M McMunn (25)	1111111101—9
J Howard (21)	1011000100—4	S McMahon (21)	0010000110—3
Wm Dwyer (21)	1001001011—5		

Ties: John H. Voss won. M. McMunn won second on shoot off, Bart. Lynch third, P. J. Keenan won fourth or Osiecki trophy.

TORONTO, March 3.—The West Toronto Junction Gun Club held its fourth competition for the medal presented by Mr. D. Blea, this afternoon, when twenty members competed, C. Hinton winning the trophy. At a recent meeting of the club N. Clarke Wallace, M. P., was elected honorary president.

BROWN'S DRIVING PARK, Long Island, March 5.—Despite raw atmosphere and some mud this was the scene of great shooting to-day, when the Collington-Nichols-Perry match came off. Several hacks, with passengers largely in excess of their seating capacity, and a few private carriages, brought the contestants and their friends to the grounds. The Wall street contingent included some well-known clubmen, and a celebrated sportsman and traveler, well known to the readers of the old FOREST AND STREAM, Gordon Gordon, who, after some discussion between the principals, was selected as referee. Your correspondent was chosen to score. Captain Brown handled the traps very satisfactorily. Before the match of the day was commenced Mr. Nichols, on a wager, killed twelve birds straight. Some of the shots were marvellous exhibitions of skill, and young Brown's dog, Robin, retrieved the birds, and his master bagged the "get-aways" skillfully. Mr. Collington used a hammerless L. and C. Smith (7lbs. 8oz.), while Messrs. Nichols and Perry shot with hammerless Scott guns (7lbs. 4oz.) All used 4dr. powder, 1⅛ shot. The birds were very strong and swift. Fifty birds, 30yds. rise 80yds. boundary, both barrels. (The figure 2 indicates second barrel:

Nichols .....1111111111111022211111120212121111121111111112011—47.
Collington.....1211111111111002121011122211201111111021221021111—44.
Perry... . .....1121211002110211022111110222101112102101111102111—41.

WELLINGTON, March 5.—There was a good attendance at the grounds to-day, and some good shooting was done at blue rocks and clay-pigeons. In the medal match Ames won in Class A, Wardwell in Class B and McCoy in Class C. Following were the winners in the several events to-day: 1. Six blue rocks—Cobb first, Dutton, Sanborn and Swift second, Stanton third, Short fourth. 2. Six clay-pigeons—Sanborn first, Stanton second, Dutton third, DeRochemont fourth. 3. Six tin birds—Stanton, Evans and Dutton first, Swift, Warren and Sanborn second, DeRochemont and Wilson third, Shumway and Hutchinson fourth. 4. Six blue rocks—Evans and Shumway first, Swift and Dutton second, Short, Stanton and Sanborn third, Warren and Hutchinson fourth. 5. Six clay-pigeons—DeRochemont first, Swift second, Evans, Wardwell and Short third, Stanton fourth. 6. Six blue rocks—Dutton and Wardwell first, Lawson second, Cobb third, Evans fourth. 7. Ten clay-pigeons—Stanton and Swift first, Shumway, Wilson, Ames and Short second, Wardwell third, McCoy fourth. 8. Six tin birds—Swift, Wilson and Short first, Stanton second, Warren third, Bradstreet and DeRochemont fourth. 9. Three pairs blue rocks—Nichols first, Adams and Wardwell second, Lawson and Evans third, Swift fourth. 10. Six tin birds—Stanton, Swift, Evans and Sanborn first, Reed and Wardwell second, Nichols third, DeRochemont fourth. 11. Six blue rocks—Stanton first, Short, Sanborn, Snow second, Lawson third. 12. Six clay-pigeons—Lawson first, Wardwell second, Nichols third, Sanborn and Cobb fourth. 13. Five clay-pigeons, straightaway—Sanborn and Wardwell first, Swift second, Short and Cobb third. 14. Five blue rocks—Stanton and Wardwell first, Law and Baxter second, Copeland third. 15. Six clay-pigeons—Stanton and Wardwell first, Short and Copeland second, Baxter and Morse third.

THE HOTEL TOURNAMENT.—The Atlantic Ammunition Co., of this city, mean to give everybody a chance to show his skill at the trap during the coming summer, and to that end have instituted a prize for hotel guests. That great army who rush out from the cities only, too often, to make themselves expensively miserable, when they find so little to do and so much spare time to do it in. The Atlantic Co., touching on this point, say: "The wearied city toiler who seeks recreation in the country, at the sea shore or in the mountains, soon tires of the reading room, the billiard room, the piazza and the ball room. The desire among gentlemen, and we might also include the ladies, is growing stronger every year, for out-of-door sports; athletic games and pastimes that call into play new emotions. Boating, fishing, shooting and the like are more and more sought after. Such sports being invigorating, and calling forth new energies, cannot fail to be popular. Then, "'tis English, you know." Thousands of city men shoot; these men are always ready and anxious to find something to shoot at, be it only a sand snipe or a big grasshopper. Many thousands of shotguns are now owned in this city alone. Thousands of young men, and business men, are anxious to learn how to shoot. The immense increase during the past few years in the number of shooting clubs, and individual sportsmen; the millions of flying targets now used, and the constant inquiry where to shoot and how to learn to shoot, plainly indicates that trap shooting is the coming craze. Several hotels bought traps and targets last summer and furnished this amusement to their guests, finding it so profitable as to induce them to greatly increase their facilities for this year." The hotel prize for 1887 is a solid silver cup, to cost not less than $100.

WESTMINSTER VS. RIVERTON.—Riverton, N. J., March 8.—Match at five birds, $2,000 ($1,000 each) between teams of the Westminster Kennel Club, of New York, and the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia; teams of 5, 50 birds at 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Westminster Kennel Club.

Knapp.....1110101101011111111111111101111011011111111111111—43
Floyd-Jones.....1111111011101111111111010111001101011100111111001—38
Drayton .....1001110110101110110000010101101111111111101100010—32
Watson.....1110011010110111011101101101101101110000110101—31
Lorillard.....1001111001010111100000111001110111111111100000111—31
Team total, 175.

Riverton Gun Club.

Dando..... 1111111011010111101111110001001111011111111001111—37
Handy.... .....0111111101111010101000111111101101111111111031101—37
Eckert.....1001031100101100111010001101011111111111111111111—35
Soule.....0111110111111111001110030101111001111001110110001—33
Bispham.....1011000101111111011010311001011010110111011011—31
Team total, 173.

NEWARK, March 3.—The Essex Gun Club had a team shoot at live birds to-day at Erb's grounds, under Hurlingham rules. C. M. Hedden bossed one team and Dr. Nicholas the other. Each team consisted of six men and each man shot at 10 birds at 25yds. rise. The Hedden team won. The individual scores were as follows: Hedden 10, Breintnal 9, Quinlan 10, Heritage 8, Terrill 7, Hayes 8; total 52. Dr. Nicholas 8, Kinsey 6, Unger 9, Whitehead 9, Roberts 9, Freche 5; total 46.... Yesterday Frank Class, of Moniclair, and W. W. Lever, of Elizabeth, shot a pigeon match at Erb's, at 30yds. rise, 35 birds a side, Class was shot out on the thirty-first round, when Lever had 24 downs to his opponent's 19. R. H. Breintnal was referee, and the match was witnessed by a large gathering of well-known trap shooters. Hurlingham rules governed the shooting, the birds were lively, and the stakes were $100 a side.

A COLLEGE TROPHY.—The rhetorician of the Atlantic Ammunition Co. has excelled himself in inviting the college men of the country to compete for the college trophy of 1887, which is to be a solid silver cup, costing $100, and to be given for the highest score made during 1887 by a college team of three men. The cup to be held for one year. Open to competition unless won twice consecutively by the same team.

MAHANOY CITY, Pa., Feb. 28.—A gun club and game protective association was organized here to-day with twenty-five members; there bids fair to be fifty by the opening shoot, May 2. Officers: President, M. M. MacMillan; First Vice-President, H. K. Smith; Second Vice-President, Wm. J. Oliver; Secretary, T. J. Parmley; Assistant Secretary, M. Smith; Treasurer, Wm. D. Reynolds; Executive Committee, MacMillan, Thompson and Davis. Clay-pigeons were adopted for the year's practice.—B. A. C.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—Macon, Ga., March 4, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly announce in your trap column the withdrawal of the projected Third International Shotgun Wing Shooting Tournament at Boston, June 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1887, under the auspices of the National Gun Association. This step is rendered necessary by non-acceptance of the challenge to a British team, published in your columns last winter and open until March 1.—F. C. ETHERIDGE, Sec. Nat. Gun Ass.

THE BIG JUNE SHOOT.—The committee in charge of the world's trap-shooting carnival, which is to be held at the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club from May 30 to June 4, inclusive, held a meeting at the Quincy House last evening to further the arrangements. Among the many valuable prizes already offered, is a $1,000 oil painting from a New York artist, which is to be contested for by amateurs only. The committee will have the official programme ready on April 6.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Emerald Gun Club was held on March 3. The following officers were elected: M. McMunn, President; Richard Regan, 1st Vice-President; Nick Measel, 2d Vice-President; Patrick Keenan, Financial Secretary; T. Cody, Recording-Secretary; John Measel, Treasurer.

THE CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB, of Washington, D. C., elected the following officers at its annual meeting, March 5: Edward L. Mills, President; J. A. Goldsborough, Vice-President; James A. Green, Treasurer; Seymour Cunningham, Secretary.

A VIOLENT COUGH continued through the winter often brings consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the cough yields and the danger disappears. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

THE A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME.

THE following correspondence between Vice-Commodore Gibson and Mr. W. G. McKendrick, of Toronto, discussing several points that have come up in connection with the regatta programme, explains itself. The letters were not intended for publication, but we have both writers' permission to use them:

TORONTO, Feb. 13, 1887.—*My Dear Gibson:* I was not a little surprised when I saw your comment on the A. C. A. programme in the FOREST AND STREAM. I suppose after reading what I said about it you will see that we are not on the same tack. However, in a thing of this kind it all depends upon whose spectacles you look through, so I would just like to borrow your glasses for a short time to have a peep at things from your side of the fence, and at the same time unload myself of a few questions I have to ask you. First, why do you consider the "open canoe with a single blade" an excellent experiment? In writing about the 75ft. limit you say that "the 75ft. rig is generally conceded to be a fair moderate amount." Now I claim that for such canoes as win the 75ft. limit race, Pecowsic, Venture, etc., that that amount of sail is all they can conveniently carry in an ordinary breeze. That being granted, what chances then have fellows who build canoes to carry over 100ft. in the no limit race? You say, "Why should the crew sit inside, as well stipulate that he should smoke, etc.?" I say "Why should we be limited to 75ft., as well stipulate that I should carry a heavy board or ballast?" And I think my argument is as reasonable as yours, don't you? It all narrows down to this: what kind of a craft do you wish to encourage, because among the most active clubs their canoes are built to take the best possible stand at the A. C. A. meets. You hear about the clubs who have never been to the A. C. A., and I think over one-half of their members own canoes of a beam from 34 to 40in., and they get more solid comfort (not excitement, mind) out of them than we do out of ours. Well now, we do not want to encourage a canoe 36in. wide, and we have made our class rule that prevents it. Now I think our Class B find size is plenty small enough for a general purpose canoe, and I think we should encourage it, but the 75ft. limit immediately knocks it in the head, because a fellow with a smaller canoe than the full limit has just double the chance in the annual races, and what is the outcome of it; Pecowsic and such like cockle shells. This year will see twenty Pecowsics where last year there was one. In fact, I'm designing a half Pecowsic myself, and Leys is getting one; it is not because I would, but because I must, to keep away from the tail end of the race. Now don't you see the outcome of that clause and the end toward which it is working? That race is never won by a cruising canoe now, and I believe that is what it was given for. I would like you to answer this and give me your own opinions on the question, looking at it from the standpoint of developing a good, safe, comfortable fleet of A. C. A. canoes. When I am astray in reasoning, kindly correct me and believe me, a true friend of the canoe. WILL G. MCKENDRICK.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1887.—*My Dear McKendrick:* You are an exceptional man to desire to see things through other people's "glasses;" and I willingly "lend you mine." This is not a world of absolute justice, all we can hope for is the least harm to the fewest number; so I do not look for a completely satisfied A. C. A. until we reorganize in the happy hunting grounds. The single blade is the legitimate paddle of the open canoe, and I think ought to fairly handicap the lighter boat. Of course, such a rule must not be evaded by canvas or muslin decks; your objections require careful attention. The single blade ought to be retained somehow in the A. C. A. races. The 75ft. limit was started to remedy an obvious injustice long ago. It has always given satisfaction, has been adopted in clubs where it was not known until the A. C. A. took it up, and yours is the first definite proposal I have seen to abandon it. True, a small boat in a very light wind gets a little favor, but that does not amount to much, we want to favor small boats, not does it alter the fact that 75ft. is a good, fair average, safe rig, quite large enough for cruising on any such boat as the race is for. You are wrong in saying that the limit race is not won by cruising canoes, all wrong, look at the records. Just four years ago the cruising boats, light and large, took their place in the public favor and still hold it. There is no such desire for small boats as you talk of. Even Pecowsic is not such a small boat as was in general use five years ago. Now about big boats. All you big boat men (I am sorry to see you join them) forget that the A. C. A. has become what it is because it had small craft easily carried by train and boat; hence our traveling privileges. Just as soon as rowboats and sneakboxes are allowed to intrude upon the privileges accorded to and earned by canoists we shall find they will be withdrawn. Let the fellows that want big boats do their own lugging and swearing. And let them try to get railways to carry them free. I object for one to this wearing out our hard-earned privileges. We do not want them. I have never plumped out in public about these big boat men and hope it won't be necessary. Big boats have a place. I enjoy them and expect to buy a new one this summer. But I would as soon think of taking a hog to a dinner party as of claiming a right to take it free by train as a canoe. Let those men with 34 to 40in. canoes take all the solid comfort they want. I shall not disturb them even if they do stay out of the A. C. A. Yours most cordially, ROBERT W. GIBSON.

P. S.—It would have been just as well to have continued the subject in the FOREST AND STREAM as it is not a private one. If you like I will send yours and you mine and we can see what other fellows say.

My Dear Gibson:

Your favor of the 15th inst. came duly to hand. I might say I have no objection to having my last and this sent to FOREST AND STREAM for publication. Thanks for the loan of those glasses, though they were very misty; in fact the fog of prejudice or something else was so thick on them that they were of very little service to me. With reference to the open canoe question I would say that the single blade was the legitimate paddle of the open craft before the A. C. A. was established, but since then, in paddling as well as sailing, a great many legitimate things have been ruthlessly discarded for the sake of speed, and the single blade is one of them. In '83 all the open canoes but two at the A. C. A. meet used the single blade. Now go to the '86 meet and count them and you will not find a single blade used in the races there. You see the chickens are coming home to roost, when the A. C. A. should have given races for open canoes and single blades to encourage that class of craft they didn't do it and the open canoemen were obliged to adopt the double to keep up with the times. Now as one who has tried them you must admit that the open Canadian canoes are good cruisers, are safe, light, neat and fast general purpose canoes, and because they are light and fast you want to handicap them. I will have to twit you with inconsistency, for when writing about Pecowsic in FOREST AND STREAM, you say: "It is provoking, but if a rival will not go as slow as we do we must try and even up by going as fast as he does. We don't want to hold him back; that isn't the way at all." What you were preaching on Oct. 28 you go back on now and say we do want to hold the men with fast open canoes back, they are too fast, *i. e.*, you want to so fix the races that the slow canoes win (Now, I wouldn't mind letting the slow canoe win if it was a better cruising canoe, but it isn't). So you say we'll make them carry the single again, and the result will be that they will deck their canoes with light cedar or canvas and you will have spoiled one more good cruising craft for the sake of speed.

Now, "Snake," old fellow, if I know anything of your make up you are not the man to do a thing of this kind when it is pointed out to you. You want to see the single blade retained. Now, I want to see the open canoe retained, it is of more consequence than the paddle, though I think it would be wiser to have a special race for single blades, but do not try to force them to race with single against the double, it is coercion of the worst kind. I would suggest a full paddling programme as follows:

First—Do away with Class I. canoes, there are only about three of them in the Association that race, and they are neither of use nor ornament.

Second—Have a race for Classes A and B, sailing canoes only, *i. e.*, fitted with a centerboard and sails, any paddle. As I said before, the Class A man is generally smaller than B, and it will make a very even race. A sailing or general purpose canoe should not be compelled to race against a purely paddling craft as they were before.

Third—Combine Classes II. and III. together, they are practically the same, the III. man has the advantage of a foot more length, but he has to take with it 2in. more beam which makes them very even. Also let Class A, sailing, into this if they want to. As this would be for purely paddling craft the decked paddling boat would have to look after itself. Let them use any kind of paddle, as it's a paddling race the fast paddling canoe should win.

Fourth—Class IV., paddling, any paddle, also let the sailing canoes, Class IV. into this; of course they will be at a disadvantage, and so they should, be just the same as an open or paddling canoe would be at a disadvantage sailing with the decked or sailing canoe.

This would give a very short list of paddling races—First, Classes II. and III.; second, Class IV.; third, Classes A and B, sailing canoes; fourth, a special race for open craft with singles if it is necessary—and I think places the canoes where they should be. What say you? Then if as before, you offer the best flags for the all round record, it will stimulate the general purpose craft at the expense of the purely paddling and purely sailing canoes.

With regard to the 75ft. limit without a cruising load, you say it was started to remedy an obvious injustice long ago. Yes, and the obvious injustice has disappeared long ago, and the 75ft. limit should have gone with it. You can't do away with a bad thing too quickly. It has served its end and should either be abolished or the cruising load carried with it.

Now about the big boats. You class me among the "boat" men, but I absolutely refuse to be put with them. Did I not distinctly say we do not want canoes 34 and 36in. wide and have made our Class B to prevent it; why, then, in the face of that do you pitch me into a 40in. scow? I'll mutiny, sir, and won't go aboard. You must remember that the A. C. A. has not accomplished all the good that it can in this world, and when you see a fellow honestly endeavoring to do what he and others consider would be beneficial to establish a better class of all-round cruising canoes, you should not get on to him with both feet and call him a big boat, rowboat, or sneak-box man; you should look at what he advocates with the light of the present day upon it and see if there is not something that can be made better. Do not come to the conclusion that because the limited sail—without a cruising load—was good four years ago, that it is a good thing still. Time has changed things greatly the last year or two and there is now no fear that this heavy "head sines" will monopolize the first places in our regattas, but that the narrow machine will spoil our cruising craft.

The canoe that I advocate is the light unballasted general purpose craft, just the same as what you built and sailed last season, or, up to the full limit of Class B, *i. e.*, 16×30, or 15×31½ or 15.6×30¾. Now, what I maintain is, that this style of canoe is what we should encourage, it is a good medium, it can be paddled easily and sailed well, and can be cruised in with comfort. Now, the second point I make is that this style of canoe cannot compete, with success, against such craft as Pecowsic in the 75ft. limit, without ballast, perhaps not with it. Take the 1886 limit race. Who won it? Pecowsic. Was she a good cruiser? Is the old Venture a good cruiser? I know the Vesper is a good cruiser, but where was she? ten minutes behind in a three mile race. That shows you what chance a cruising canoe has when racing against a small narrow canoe that I, for one, don't want to see encouraged by giving it a race that it is bound to scoop every time; besides, as has been demonstrated by Pecowsic having as good if not better show than any one else in the unlimited races. In 1885, when chairman of the regatta committee, you wrote a letter stating that you were a cruiser first and a racer afterward, that Vaux was another, and most of the Mohicans were the same, all one-rig men. Now, I know that that big International cup will have a tendency to make many A. C. A. men racers first and cruisers nowhere, or else in a different canoe; that is, building special canoes, but I trust that you will not be among them, but as in days of yore you'll stand by the general purpose canoe and see to it that it receives a fair show in the races. To do this, it is my opinion that the limit race has to be abolished or, as I before stated, if it is a cruising rig, make us carry a cruising load, as when moving from one place to another we never go empty-handed, we always have a load of truck, duffle, or whatever you like to call it.

In your last you state that there is no desire for small canoes such as I speak of. I have a point of getting reliable information on this question. I said last year that where there was one Pecowsic this year there would be twenty, and I find that I was correct, as I will now add ten more to it and say there will be thirty Pecowsics in commission next season, and I am very sorry to learn it, as the persons who are getting them must get them simply with the intention of winning races. They cannot be getting them for comfort or for good cruising boats.

Is this, then, not a question for our regatta committee to thoughtfully consider? Do we want our fleet of good, general purpose craft to degenerate into a fleet of narrow, shallow machines, or whatever you like to call them? If we do not we have to arrange our races so that the cruising craft are not placed at a disadvantage in them; but if any one has the preference it should be the craft that is in general use, not the craft that is built just to win races. We (the canoeists in general) have to thank Mr. Barney for many of the good points he brought out in Pecowsic, but I trust that he will apply the same principles to a wider craft for next season, and in some way head off the impetus he has given canoeists to build narrow, shallow craft.

Trusting that you will receive these remarks as good-naturedly as they are sent, and look at them as they will affect our grand institution, the A.C.A. (may she not degenerate), I beg to sign myself, sincerely yours, WILL G. MCKENDRICK.

TORONTO, Feb. 18.

P. S.—As I said before, I cannot be present at the next A.C.A. meet, so that this question does not personally affect me, and it is just my love for the sport that prompts me to raise my voice against our taking a step backward. W. G. MCK.

MOHICAN C. C.

THE icy condition of their native element, the river, does not deter the Anawares (Iroquois for Turtles) from their usual winter occupation of chinning, both by sending up many winged words into the snowy air and by sending down into their breadbaskets and potato boxes as many of the good things as the table of their host, pro tem., can carry. They demonstrated this double quality at the last meeting held at the house of a comparatively young Turtle, crawled out of its shell only last year, W. Edgerton, who promises this summer to make Lake Champlain resound with the war cry of the Mohicans, as of old. The membership of the club was increased by the election of six new men, who promise to be all active canoeists and canoe owners. They are John F. Rathbone, Gottfr. Lundberg, H. C. Littlefield, Dr. W. Nellis, Charles V. Winne, and John T. Norton. The principal business, requiring the more serious chinning, was on the subject of the summer club house. It was decided to build a palace on stilts costing $500, about six miles below Albany, opposite to Van Wic's Point. The house, for which Commodore Architect R. W. Gibson has made the plan, will stand on the somewhat elevated eastern shore near some ice houses the little passenger steamer Lotta, plying between Albany and down river towns, will land there upon signal, and all the brethren of the paddle will be made welcome when they stop on their way up or down stream.

That most enthusiastic of cruisers, R. S. Oliver, is beating up recruits to follow him on another Delaware trip. This time he intends to start from Port Jervis in order to be fresh when he reaches Little and Great Foul Rifts, so vividly described in the Boston *Pilot*, by John Boyle O'Reilly, some time ago. Who will follow? For now is lamenting that his invalidity shuts him out from much actual canoeing, but he and W. W. Durant will fly the Mohican and A. C. A. pegs on Lake Raquette, in the Adirondacks, this summer, where Fior da Lice is trying to get now, but is hemmed in by snow drifts on the banks of the upper Hudson.

Commodore Gibson's new canoe, built by Piepenbrink, is on exhibition, with her sails set, in the show window of a large dry goods store here. She is a beauty, and makes other biped craft, sailing past on the sidewalk and scudding over the ice, snow and slush, mighty jealous. She will, it is hoped, prove an excellent turtle and go an-a-ware.

The Mohican C. C. will soon have to advertise a "clearing-out sale" of canoes, or build additional store room, for the older members are duplicating their bottoms and the newly-elected ones have ordered their first pieces of water furniture. The meeting and following camp-fire at Turtle Edgerton was a success in every way, even the melodious singing was pleasant to those who helped swell the chorus, how the neighbors and the invisible hostess may have enjoyed it and the perfume of stale smoke next morning, this child is not able to tell. FIOR.

RONDOUT C. C.—On Feb. 28, the Rondout C. C. held a housewarming in their new club house.

HOW WE RAN THE RAPIDS.

THE summer vacation always found us starting out for the woods or mountains with tents and all necessary camping traps. Canoeing was but little known then, or we should have spent our time differently; a canoe trip presents so much more variety than a camping trip, and in fact is far superior in point of pleasure, as its growing popularity proves.

One summer, while comping along the beautiful Juniata River.

"Where roved the Indian maid,
Sweet Alfrata,"

we got ourselves in a perilous position, and were very fortunate in escaping safe and sound. We had good fishing, excellent shooting along the river, if we chose, and a camping place perfect in every respect; but these things lacked the touch of danger which seems essential to every sport.

We wearied of them and wished for something exciting, and we got it. We were assailed by a strong temptation which was constantly in sight. Our tents lay on a grassy slope shaded by huge oak and hickory trees. A beautiful spring poured out of the ground and ran down to the river only a few yards away.

The Juniata in front of our camp raged and foamed through a perfect tangle of small rocks and stones, until a short distance from shore, a ledge of rocks began and continued clear across to the other side. They rose out of water from three to ten feet, and formed an almost unbroken line, effectually holding back the water behind, with one exception. Near the center, the river pouring through for ages, had worn a channel about ten feet wide and partially obstructed by huge rocks here and there. The tremendous pressure of the water above the falls centered itself on this narrow outlet, and it may be imagined with what terrific speed the river dashed over the ledge and boiled among the obstructing rocks below. In crossing the river below the falls our boat was invariably carried down some distance by the swift current, and almost submerged by the huge waves which continued for many yards below the falls.

One Saturday morning we were idlingaround camp throwing out suggestions and passing criticism on our would-be cook who, attired in a white apron, was attempting to make apple pies for Sunday. Finally, becoming exasperated, he attacked us with a bucket of water. We fled in confusion down toward the shore. The sun was shining brightly on the falls, and the huge waves tumbling over and over in their haste gleamed like burnished silver. "I'm going to run the falls," exclaimed Frank Harris. "Who will go with me?" We thought he was jesting. "Oh! I mean it," he continued. "Come on! I'll take you through." "How are you going to get above the rocks?" we exclaimed. "Why, wade up through the shallow water along shore and pull the boat along." That looked very feasible to us, and, ready for an adventure, we fell in with the plan eagerly. We threw our shoes and stockings and superfluous clothing under a tree, and started to pull the boat up along shore.

It was hard work struggling against the swift current, stumbling over slippery rocks and plunging breast deep into holes; but we persevered, laboring with zeal worthy of a better cause, and finally, after a half hour of the hardest work we had ever done in our lives, we got through the rough water, and getting into the boat we rowed up stream.

When we were about a quarter of a mile from camp we stopped. The falls were now below us, and their deafening roar had an ominous sound in our ears. We were not quite so eager now, but no one had the courage to propose going back. We rested a moment, and then struck boldly out into the river. The water became swifter as we approached the center. We got directly above the falls and began to move rapidly down toward them. Swifter and swifter ran the river, nearer and nearer came the rapids, and louder and louder rang their roar in our ears. As we rushed along a break in the trees brought into view our cook who, in blissful ignorance of our present situation, was busily swinging his rolling pin. We sat motionless. The boat was headed direct for the channel, and a few yards more would—we held our breath as the current sucked us into the raging whirlpool and hurled us down among the dashing waves and black rocks. The bow went under water and then rose on top of a huge wave throwing us back toward the stern. One rock struck us on the side and hurled us broadside against another, throwing us off our seats. Wave after wave splashed against the boat, throwing showers of spray all over us, and then the waves subsided a little and we recovered our breath as we grounded against a patch of grass away below the falls, drenched to the skin and on the point of sinking.

Greatly elated over our successful run we bailed out the boat and rowed in to shore and up to our landing place. We found a row of pies laid out to cool and our exhausted cook stretched out in the shade at his ease. "Where have you been?" he exclaimed at sight of our drenched condition and scant apparel. A recital of our adventure made him incredulous. "Don't tell me anything like that. You never came through there. The boat would have swamped in ten seconds. And do you expect me to believe that you pulled the boat up through that swift water?"

"Just wait until to-morrow," said I, "and we'll show you whether we did or not." We hunted up some dry clothes and began to get dinner.

The following day was Sunday, consequently we rested. Monday morning we were through breakfast and were lying around camp undecided what to do.

"Here, now," said Harry Wilton, "you said you ran the rapids on Saturday; now go through them again, and then I'll believe you!"

"All right," we exclaimed, "we'll show you. Won't you come along though?"

"No, I will stay here and watch you."

He was lying under a huge oak tree and could look directly out on the river and the falls. It was cloudy that morning and the absence of the sun's hot rays would make it easier for us.

We stripped off our heavier clothes, and with an *au revoir* to Wilton, who was still under the impression that it was all a joke, we disappeared down the slopes to the river. We had much more trouble dragging our boat up this time. We slipped back continually, and near the end John Morton was carried off his feet and dashed against a rock, injuring his knee. He refused to go back, and putting him in the boat we pressed on, and after a severe struggle reached calm water, and pulled up to our starting point of Saturday. We rested some time, for we were nearly worn out. Finally we struck out for the middle of the river again and began to float rapidly down toward the falls.

I suppose our previous success had made us reckless of danger. We expected to run through as we had done before, and as we drifted nearer and nearer the falls we felt only a pleasurable anticipation. All the forebodings which we had before experienced were gone. We drew rapidly near. Forster and I sat in the stern, Harris had the oars and Morton sat in front. We were in sight of Wilton now. He was still under the tree reading, and had not yet seen us. It was of no use to shout for the roar of the falls drowned every other noise. We began to fear he would not see us at all, when suddenly he looked up. He sprang to his feet, dropping the paper, and stared wildly out toward us. We waved our hands, and Morton in his excitement stood up and waved his hat.

At that moment a sudden lurch and a dash of spray brought us to our senses. We had struck the rapids. Morton jumped for his seat, and as he sat down he moved a large iron anchor which lay on the front of the boat with chain attached.

It dropped over the edge into the worst part of the channel. The chain flew out, and after a couple of sharp jerks, as the anchor slipped along, it caught firmly on the bottom, and the boat was whirled around with tremendous force. I held on to the seat, but Forster was hurled clear out into the waves. He went partly under, but soon rose and was carried down with fearful speed, struggling hard to keep above water. The boat was firmly caught in the midst of the rapids, and was plunging up and down, while the waves, striking violently on the sides and bottom, kept hurling water in on us in an alarming manner. Harris and Morton were tugging at the chain, but without success. A second jerk had thrown me to the bottom of the boat. When I rose I glanced eagerly down the river. To my delight I saw Forster away below, wading toward shore in water up to his breast. He waved his hand encouragingly.

The boat was filling rapidly and was in great danger of sinking. Forster had fortuntately avoided striking any rocks, but I knew well if the boat went under the chances were against our all getting safely through to the shallow water below. Only fifteen feet away was the ledge of rocks and calm water, but it might as well have been a mile. We began to bail out the water with our hats, but it seemed to be dashing in faster than we could get it out.

Suddenly Harris threw down his hat and jumped up.

"Good-bye," he shouted in our ears. "There are too many in the boat. You can keep it from sinking if I am out."

I tried to stop him, but he stepped on the bow of the boat and leaped out as far toward the calm water as he could. He dove under and came up below but on the outer edge of the rapids. A few vigorous strokes and he reached the eddy and swam slowly up to the ledge. The boat, freed from part of its burden, now offered less resistance to the waves, and was tossed about in every direction, threatening to upset every moment. The anchor was firmly caught, and the chain was too securely fastened to the boat to be torn loose. I would have followed Harris's example, but Morton, who had hurt his knee, was unable to swim, and I would not leave him alone.

A glance toward shore revealed a more hopeful state of affairs. Wilton was running swiftly down the slope toward the river holding in his hand a coil of rope. Waving his hand, he plunged in and started to struggle toward the ledge which began some yards out. I watched him breathlessly. Once a dash of water carried him off his feet, but he regained his foothold after a struggle, some yards below, and began to recover the lost ground. He was drawing nearer and nearer the ledge, compelled at times to grasp the rocks firmly with his arms and hold on until he could recover strength to proceed. The rope was coiled around his waist. He was nearly there now; only one rushing channel yet. He plunged into it, was carried down a short distance and floated around into the eddy, where he swam slowly up to the ledge, and was pulled out of water, greatly exhausted, by Harris.

A moment's rest and then both started over the rocks toward the rapids, where our frail boat was still tossing wildly about. Hastily uncoiling the rope, Wilton threw one end toward the boat. Twice it fell short. The third time it was caught by Morton. "Fasten it to the end of the chain," he shouted, so loudly that we heard it above the roar of the falls. We fastened the rope to the chain as securely as possible. Wilton and Harris began to pull on it. Inch by inch they dragged the boat up against the furious current. Slowly but surely we were moving. We were right above the anchor, and now the chain seemed to run under the boat. Suddenly Wilton and Harris fell back on the ledges. The boat dashed back, was stopped by the chain, and before I could realize that the rope had broken, I was hurled out over the end into the rapids. I heard a tremendous rushing in my ears, green lights danced before my eyes, and then I rose to the surface and struck out. As I did so my hand struck something hard. I grasped it and found myself clinging to the boat, while Morton was vigorously trying to pull me out of the water.

The strain on the boat as the chain brought it to a stop had jerked out the board in which it was fastened and the boat dashed on, leaving chain and anchor behind. I succeeded in getting in, and taking the oars, steered through the remainder of the rapids and then rowed over to shore and up to camp, where we received a jubilant welcome from Forster. It was the work of but a few minutes to row over to the ledge and bring back Harris and Wilton. We pulled the boat on shore and walked up toward camp.

"Are you convinced now, Wilton?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "I am. When you want to run the rapids again I will go along with you."

But we had no desire to come through the falls after our rough experience and the water roared and foamed in vain.

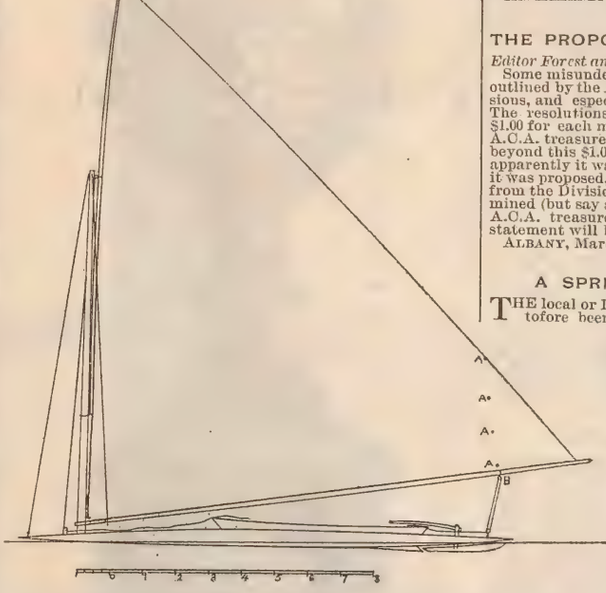
Two weeks later, when we broke camp and returned home, the last thing which met our eyes, glancing out on the river, was the board attached to the chain bobbing up and down among the waves.

W. M. GRAYDON.

THE "FLYING PONTOON."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you herewith a sketch of a novel craft which I am now building for a New York gentleman, who has designed her for his own cruising. No boat like her has, to my knowledge, ever been built, and probably your canoeing and boating readers will be interested in a brief description. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 15ft.; beam at bow, 5ft.; beam amidship, 5ft.; beam at stern, 5ft.; depth of hull amidship, 7in.; draft of water in sailing trim, 2in. Balance rudder, protected at forward end by half "swallow tail" skag. Sail, the same in area and arrangement as that of canoe Red Jacket. For reducing sail I have entirely discarded all reefing tackle or gear. The reefing is done by unshipping jaws of boom, taking the latter in hand, and rolling it round after the manner of the old fashioned window shade roller. The sail is thus quickly and easily reduced to any desired amount. The main sheet is attached to the boom by a strap becket or grommet



rope and snap hook at B. Just before reefing, this becket is unsnapped and slipped off. The sail is then rolled around boom as described. Then the becket is passed through whichever of eyelet holes, A, comes to the right spot, again snapped on to the sheet block. The boom jaws are shipped in position, and the reefing is finished by lowering sail into place.

L'Eclair (her name) will be fitted with a weather grip, and we expect her to outsail anything of her size on harbors, creeks and rivers, or in waters suited to the navigation of canoes, sharpies and other small boats. It will be seen by the above description, and from the sketch, that her inverted sheer gives her the same shape and sheer on top as on bottom, while her high flaring coaming will throw off all water that may come on her forward deck. At bow and stern her ends are brought to a sharp, horizontal edge. On account of her broad bottom, and because of her breadth being retained the entire length of her, we do not expect her to heel in a strong wind to any greater extent than a catamaran.

The advantages of this craft are very high speed, great stiffness and safety, unsinkability, lightness and light draft, easy rowing, simplicity of rig, and half the first cost of any sneakbox, cruiser, canoe, or other decked sailboat of equal capacity.

ROSLYN, L. I., Jan. 26. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

A NORWEGIAN RIG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

None of the various canoe rigs that have been illustrated or described in your columns, within my recollection, is so handy as the rig of a Norwegian ship's boat that was here last summer. It had two leg-o'-mutton sails. The masts were pivoted, and, by means of lines wound around them, could be made to spin around like tops. When sail was to be reduced or taken off altogether, the man at the helm slacked or cast off the sheets, and by pulling on the proper ropes, wound the sails tightly around the masts without leaving his seat. Sail could be instantly shortened on any wind without luffing or altering the boat's course. Why would not this be a good racing rig for canoes and canoe yawls? Instead of luffing to squalls part of the sails could be wound up on the masts on their approach and let out at their departure without stopping the headway or changing the course. Have you ever seen the rig? Vice-Commodore J. L. Stewart, Miramichi Y. C., interviewed the captain, who claimed to have invented it, but another Norwegian skipper says it is common in his country. The sails were about of equal size. The foresail was without a boom, and the mainsail had one. The main sheet was bent on the after clew of the sail and ran loosely through a thimble on the boom, or there was a special rope, within reach of the helmsman, which stretched the foot of the sail in this way. The quickness with which the Norwegian stowed his sails, by winding them up and unshipping the masts, was the envy of the owners of our jib-and-mainsail fleet.

J.

CHATHAM, N. B.

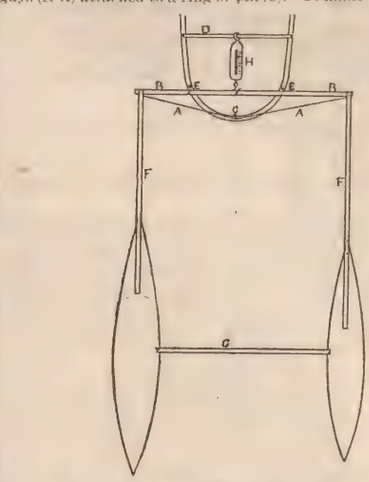
[The idea has been proposed for a canoe, but has never been worked out except as applied to the dandy, which is sometimes reefed by turning the mast by hand. The objection to leg-o'-mutton sails is that the area is too little, and a sprit or yard is necessary to increase it.]

RESISTANCE EXPERIMENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having experimented with models of pretty much every size under 6ft. I have found a modification of Mr. Rushton's method to work well. It is necessary that the boats towed should be as far aft as possible, so as to be aft of the launch's stern-diverging waves, and spread apart enough to avoid the water from propeller.

To make the conditions for each boat equal, the towing bar (B) —shown in accompanying diagram—is kept on center line by the guys (A A) attached to a ring or pin (C). To make the boats travel



in line I use thin battens (F F) fixed flatwise to decks of boats for 2 or 3ft., while the free ends are pivoted to the ends of towing bar. If desired, the boats may be held apart by a light rod (G) tied loosely to inner gunwales. E E are pins or marks on gunwales of launch to show when the boats balance. D is a rod slipped through ring of spring scale (H) and is fixed at ends to launch; the other end of scale is hooked over towing bar, or if bar is too large, to a loose ring on B. B is marked off into inches and half inches for 1ft. each side of center, and the scale is moved along it and D until B is parallel to E E.

The diagram represents the apparatus when at rest.

As a check on possible inaccuracies, it is well to occasionally place the port boat over to the starboard side. JAMES JOSEPHS.

1412 KEARNEY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PROPOSED REDUCTION OF A.C.A. DUES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some misunderstanding seems to still exist regarding the policy outlined by the A.C.A. Executive Committee in regard to the Divisions, and especially toward the W.C.A. as a Western Division. The resolutions aim at the establishment of the annual dues at $1.00 for each member, and no more either to Division purser, to A.C.A. treasurer or any one else, no assessments or contributions beyond this $1.00. That seems to be clearly stated already, but apparently it was not clearly read. This $1.00 from each member, it was proposed, should be collected by the Division pursers, and from the Division purse some proportionate part yet to be determined (but say a quarter or a third), should be forwarded to the A.C.A. treasurer for general expenses. Your insertion of this statement will be of service to all interested.

ALBANY, March 1, 1887. ROBERT W. GIBSON.

A SPRING MEET ON THE HUDSON.

THE local or Decoration Day meets on the Hudson have heretofore been informally arranged by those interested, there being no authorized body that could make all arrangements, but one result of the organization of divisions of the A. C. A. will be the establishment of the Decoration Day meet as a fixture of each division, and under the authority of the division officers. Thus far nothing has been done toward a local meet on the Hudson, but the Shattemuc C. C. are first in the field with the following invitation:

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it will be impossible for our members to go to the Eastern Division meet at Haddam Island on May 28, 29 and 30 and believing that many of our neighboring canoeists will find themselves in the same position, we propose to hold a meet (the Hudson River spring meet) on Croton Point, having obtained permission from the owners to camp there. We hope that all our river canoeists and all others that can come will join us. Our members will try and make all that come as comfortable as possible. The site for the camp, about 1¾ miles from our village, is a very suitable spot, having a good sand beach and a fine place for land tents, with spring water handy. For our New York and Brookly brethren it will be very easy to reach here, either by rail or water, and we will do all we can in arranging transportation for all that wish it. Our plan is to have camp open Saturday, May 28, and to have a suitable programme of races with prizes for Monday, May 30.

We trust that this will meet with approval of those canoeists who do not intend to go to Haddam Island.

SING SING, Feb. 28. H. M. CARPENTER, Purser.

ROYAL C. C.—The following letter has been received by the Secretary of New York C. C., from the Secretary of the Royal C. C.: "72 Mark Lane, E. C., Feb. 15—C. J. Stevens, Esq., N. Y. C. C.—Dear Sir—In the January number of the *Canoeist*, just to hand, I see you have a notice of the R. C. C. Challenge Cup Race. Mr. Clayton has not renewed his offer of a £25 prize, but the club always offers a presentation prize, value £5, to the winner of the cup. Our spring meeting takes place next Wednesday, 23d inst., and some important changes are proposed in programme. Any information respecting date of challenge cup race, etc., I will send you as soon as settled. Hoping that some of your members will pay us a visit this year when they may be sure of a hearty welcome, I am, dear sir, yours truly, T. G. F. WINSER, Sec." The spring meeting of the Royal C. C. was held on February 23, Captain J. MacGregor presiding. It was decided to hold the usual paddling and sailing races on the Thames, and also a spring camp and a competition for camping prizes. Delegates from the Mersey C. C., Humber Yawl Club and Wear C. C., were present, and after a long discussion it was decided to hold a general meet on Oulton Broad from July 30 to August 14 inclusive, with open races.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION.—The second annual meeting was held on March 2, the following officers being elected: Commodore, J. T. VanDalfsen; Vice-Commodore, N. S. Smith; Captain, Henry A. Harrison; Purser, Henry A. Bartlett; Member of Executive Committee, H. A. Marvel. The following prizes, won last year, were presented: Sailing boats, brass boat lantern to the Bub, Messrs. Waring and Smith; canoes, paddles and silk pennant to the Peggy, Grant Edgar, Jr.; rowboats, a silk flag, to the Scylla, Messrs. Bartlett.

POLICY-HOLDERS in the Travelers, of Hartford, can rely on its $8,055,000 of assets, not on the chance of an assessment.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

March.

10. Ocean Race, Start.

May.

28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.

June.

9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Hull Penn., Hull.
25. Cor. Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

July.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

August.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

September.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN AMERICAN SLOOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Once more I crave indulgence in your impartial paper, and with your leave would say a word for the "representative sloop."

As the season of 1887 opens and a visit from another cutter seems probable, one more chance for the American sloop offers itself. It has never been practically demonstrated that a properly constructed centerboard sloop, built and rigged on American principles, of the length of the Puritan and Mayflower, is inferior in sailing qualities to either, or any cutter that we have yet seen; and I take the ground that a yacht of the loadline length of the Mayflower, with 6ft. draft aft, narrow counter stern, plumb sternpost, 2ft. draft forward (5ft. aft the perpendicular of forward end of loadline), clipper stem, 20ft. beam, greatest beam a little forward the center of loadline length, a good deadrise to this the greatest cross section, with a trifle hollow and the draft at this section about 6ft., very little sheer, good freeboard, straight side amidships, with a good tumble home from there aft to the counter, ballast low down inside, American jib and mainsail rig, as was the Una, with the mast well amidship, short bowsprit, mainsail with fair hoist and good peak, long gaff, low foot, jib with low clew, a fair amount of fore and aft light sail cut to sit, with storm jib carried in stops on the fore side of the mast, with turnbuckle in the tack that could be set at a moment's notice and would take no more wind than a spinaker boom, would be superior to Mayflower and Puritan. My reasons for claiming superiority for this model is that with 6ft. draft less immersed buoyancy is involved and deadrise enough is obtained for good fore and aft lines. At 20ft. beam a yacht at the same angle of heel will change her form less than one 23ft., and give proper spread to the shrouds without channels (a defect in the cutters) and allow the shrouds to run inboard. A counter stern is less cargo than a fantail and of more use, and being narrow, gives good clearance. With a light forefoot she would be knocked off less in a sea than with a deep one. Clipper stem to help extend the lines for a lifting bow, and does not change her over-water body at angle of heel. Placing the greatest cross section a little forward of the center of loadline length is according to the principles of mechanics and common sense. With a hollow to this section she will stand up better than with a round. Great draft at this section, as the greatest bulk is where the greatest force will be applied. Good freeboard to keep as much water as possible off the decks; low rail and tumble in to allow her to free herself when knocked down; flush deck with good crown; small cockpit for helmsman; ballast, inside, low down, as inside you have none of the friction and it loses none of its power; jib and mainsail rig, as there is more driving power in two pieces of canvas than there is in three. The power in the sloop rig is more concentrated and more direct acting. The mast, being well amidships, is more directly over the body of the vessel, and in a pitch forward or a drop aft is less likely to act to her detriment. Good peak and long gaff to hold the gafftopsail to its work. Fair hoist and low boom to bring the power low down. Low clew to jib to turn it well along the foot. We are all aware of the difficulty in making the cutter jib sit and the battens and contrivances required to make it sit at all, and there seems to be no prospect of a good sit with the style now in use (unless with lower clew, and a boomkin with fairleader well up to the clew). Such is not the case with the single jib, well cut with low clew, as the foot and sheet are in line and the most powerful part of the sail acts directly on the vessel, with small loss of power as compared with the cutter jib. I see no benefit to be derived from the slanting sternpost except rapidity in stays, which in a vessel of this size is not of much account. If the signs do not fail, the coming visitor from Scotland bids fair to make it warmer for the mongrels than did her English predecessors, and the feeling of confidence often expressed is apt to be dispelled when they realize that it is Watson they have to conquer, he whom the Madge so unceremoniously introduced at Newport a few years ago.

LOYALTY.

THE CORONET-DAUNTLESS RACE.

OWING to the delay in fitting out the Coronet, the start for the ocean race was not made on Saturday as intended. The Coronet was lowered on Wednesday, but there was not water enough, in consequence of the strong westerly winds, to float her from the screw dock, and she laid there until the midnight tide, when she was warped alongside the pier. Sails were bent, and stores, coal and all supplies were taken aboard, but it was not until Saturday night that the preparations were completed. Mr. Bush has been ill for several days and has been unable to visit the yacht. The Dauntless has been off Tompkinsville during the week, her preparations being completed. A new jib with a bonnet 9ft. deep has been made by Sawyer. On Saturday morning she towed to the foot of East Twenty-eighth street, to avoid the floating ice in the Bay. The preliminary arrangements have all been completed, and checks for $10,000 each have been deposited with Mr. Hurst, the treasurer of the New York Y. C.

The Coronet was built at Poillon's yard in Brooklyn, in 1885, her model being the result of a combination of talent including Messrs. Smith & Terry, of Greenpoint; her present skipper, Captain Crosby; and Mr. Townsend, foreman of the yard. She is of the usual wooden construction and ballasted with some 150 tons of iron, her displacement being about 300 tons, as far as known. When lately on the dock some 8 tons of lead were run into her keel and some of the inside iron removed. The dimensions of the Coronet are: length over all, 133ft.; on l. w. l., 123ft.; beam, 27ft.; draft 12ft. 6in. She is owned by Mr. R. T. Bush of Brooklyn, and is commanded by Captain Christopher Crosby, with W. A. Whittier as first mate, Otto Petersen as second mate, A. Bergholm as boatswain, and fourteen men before the mast, besides steward, cook and messboy.

The Dauntless was originally the schooner L'Hirondelle, built in 1866 by Forsyth & Morgan, at Mystic Bridge, Conn., from a model by Mr. John A. Forsyth. Her first owner, Mr. S. Dexter Bradford, sold her in the following year to Mr. James G. Bennett, who lengthened her bow and rechristened her Dauntless, under which name she has raced at home and abroad for the last 20 years. Her length over all is 124ft., l.w.l. 116ft. 7in., beam 23ft. 7in., draft 12ft. 3in. She has been owned for the past five years by Mr. Caldwell H. Colt, who has used her mainly for cruising. On the race she will be in the charge of Captain S. Samuels, the well-known sailor, who has been so long and intimately connected with American yachting. The first mate will be Mr. H. W. Mahony; second mate, J. H. Willbanks; boatswain, Robert Harrington; Carpenter, G. H. Riverwale; quartermasters, R. F. Willis and Ernest Vijon; steward, cook and sixteen men before the mast. Mr. Colt will sail on the Dauntless, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Staples and Mr. John H. Bird, secretary of the N. Y. Y. C., Mr. Henry T. Blodgett, and Com. L. Q. Jones, Hartford C. C. Mr. Bush will not sail on the Coronet, the only passengers being Mr. J. N. Winslow, of the schooner Agnes, and Mr. W. N. King. Messrs. J. J. Macomb and Edward Matthews, of the New York press, will be on the Coronet, and a reporter on the Dauntless. The latter vessel has been provided with two oil bags, each of a capacity of two gallons, to be hung over the bows in a heavy sea, while she has also two circular life buoys of the usual form, but each fitted with a tube for oil and a spray nozzle by which the oil is allowed to escape at will, the idea, of course, being to calm the water about the buoy. The weather on Monday prevented a trial trip of the Coronet, but on Tuesday she ran down outside Sandy Hook and back. Her sails have stretched so as to require alteration, and the start has been postponed to Saturday.

Of course a long race for large stakes and in winter has attracted a great deal of attention, but in the general enthusiasm over the event the important fact seems to be overlooked, that these boats are by size and build ocean cruisers, and if they are not fit for this work, they are fit for nothing. They certainly have no place with the racing cracks, no one supposes that either would save her time off Montauk or Fortuna in a 20-mile bout to windward under any ordinary conditions, but both are ocean cruisers and are now at their legitimate work. Another important point in connection with the race is that the question of type is not involved, as the two boats are of the same class. The attempt to put forward the Coronet as the embodiment of twenty years advance in naval science is as silly and unfounded as the similar efforts that are constantly made to retard all progress and to keep New York still further in the rear in yachting. The Dauntless was built in 1866, the Coronet in 1885, but as far as any radical improvement in model or build is concerned, there is nothing in the latter to denote that she was not built before, instead of twenty years after the Dauntless. She is simply a big schooner, expensively fitted up, but modelled and built as all the rest of her fellows have been and in her design and construction the ideas as to form, ballast and rig that are generally accepted by naval architects to-day have no place. From this it by no means follows that her owner is not a generous and spirited friend of yachting and that his proposal for a race across is not most liberal and sportsmanlike. Both Mr. Bush and Mr. Colt have shown a spirit in the matter which should stimulate other owners who profess to take a pride in the success of American yachting, and all yachtsmen, here and abroad, will wish them a quick and pleasant passage and will wait eagerly the news of their safe arrival out.

ARROW AND THE QUEEN'S CUP.

WITH two contests lately sailed for the America's Cup and another pending, with two or three important races in prospect for the coming season in British waters; with two American yachts now on the way for England; and with three challenge cups held by British yachts, the coming season promises to be far ahead of all previous ones in the number and importance of its international contests. Its early opening is marked by an ocean race of 3,000 miles, and though nothing positive is known of the plans of the Coronet and Dauntless after their arrival out, it is likely that both will enter some of the summer's races in British waters. Until something more definite is known of the Thistle it is impossible to make plans for the single-stickers, but, as we noted last week, the idea of sending Mayflower across to challenge for the cup held by Arrow is under consideration, and it is not improbable that she may be seen in several races on the other side this season.



QUEEN'S CUP, WON BY ARROW, 1852.

Should she cross, the newer vessels that would be put against her, Irex, Marjorie, Wendur and Genesta, are pretty well known here, but Arrow, though of a very different type and a much smaller vessel, is by no means so well known as the newer boats to American yachtsmen, and in spite of her age, the possibility of a series of races between her and the leading American boat, for an important trophy, give an interest and novelty to the accompanying drawing that is second only to that attaching to the lines of the latest "cracks." The history of the Arrow, for which we are indebted to the files of *Hunt's* and the *Field*, is briefly as follows: She was built in 1822 by Mr. Joseph Weld, one of the fathers of British yachting, at Southampton, being then a lapstreak boat of about 62ft. l.w.l. and 18ft. 6in. beam—of course cutter rigged. After a successful career under the ownership of Mr. Weld and of Mr. Geo. Holland Ackers, who purchased her in 1823, she was again sold in 1832 to Lord Godolphin, and came very near ending her career at the hands of a junk dealer who was the next purchaser. How she was rescued from an ignominious end and reserved for a long and glorious existence is told in the following extract from a letter to the *Field* by Mr. Thomas Chamberlayne, her next owner:

"I bought the Arrow when she was lying on the banks of the river Itchen, full of mud and water, and waiting to be broken up for fire wood. It was in December, 1846, and I gave £116 for her. Her length was then 61ft. 9½in., breadth 18ft. 7¾in., and depth of hold 8ft. 8in. My wish was to get her midship section to build from, knowing how celebrated she had been in former days. I built from the old moulds, and, out of respect for my esteemed friend Mr. Weld, her original constructor, called her after the old vessel, the Arrow; hence the mistake so constantly made in calling her the 'old' Arrow. I have since altered her on several occasions, bringing her up to 84 tons, then to 117."

During Mr. Chamberlayne's ownership many changes were made in the hull until the outcome was a very different boat from the Arrow that beat the Pearl in 1826. The length, beam and draft were increased until a far larger boat was the result; the angle between keel and garboard was filled out with wood in 1865, her bow was opened and lengthened in 1851-52, and in 1874 a lead keel of 6 tons was added. Her owner's method of alteration, as told by himself, is deserving of notice: "My only guide in the construction of my vessels has been the endeavor to perfect a form that would offer the least possible resistance to the element it is intended to pass through; and when going through the water I never miss an opportunity of observing where the water by coming into contact with the boat is broken up. I note this particular spot, and in laying the vessel up, endeavor to remedy the evil, as it shows friction, and consequently resistance. In building on the above plan I of course never for a moment lose sight of the *sine qua non*, viz., power to stand up under a heavy press of canvas, and keep those on deck as dry and comfortable as possible."

After this it is worthy of note that Arrow coincides very closely with the wave-form, as determined by Messrs. Archer and Hyslop. Her present owner, Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, succeeded his father in 1876, and in his hands additional improvements were made in the ballast plan. The wood filling of the garboards, put on in 1865, was replaced in 1877 by 3¾ tons of lead, with an addition of 4 tons to the keel, making 13¾ tons outside and 26 tons inside. Up to 1880 Arrow had held her place nobly with the successive additions each season, meeting such boats as Kriemhilda, Formosa, Vol-au-Vent, Neva, Florinda, Vanguard, Oimara, Iona, Cythera and Fiona, but in that year there came out two that left behind all the older boats. Not only were the advantages of modern construction, especially in the matter of ballast, greatly in favor of the new craft, Vandusara and Samena, but a far greater handicap existed in the Y. R. A. rule which rated them at 90 tons, and Arrow at 112, and of late years she has been out of the racing. Under the length and sail area rule the latter disadvantage will partly disappear, but the vast improvements in construction are greatly against the success of so old a boat, whatever the merits of her model. Compared with Mayflower, the depth of body is much less and the ballast consequently higher, as Arrow was originally a boat of very moderate depth, and her extreme draft now, 11ft. 6in. compared with Mayflower's 10ft., is made up largely of additions to the keel, in the form of padding to garboards, etc., while her outside ballast is just half of Mayflower's. Several years since her sternpost was shifted, making her now 75ft. 9in. l.w.l. in place of 79ft. 2in. The following tables show how the boats compare:

	Arrow.	Mayflower.	Puritan.
Length over all	86	100	93
Length L. W. L.	76.9	85	80
Beam, extreme	18.9	23.6½	22.7
Draft, extreme	11.6	10	8.6
Freeboard	2.9½	3.3	3.2
Displacement	196	110	105
Ballast, inside	26.3	11	13
Ballast, keel	13.7	37	27
Ballast, total	40	48	40
Ratio of ballast to displacement	.38	.44	.45
Mast, deck to hounds	49.4	63	60
Topmast, fid to sheave	41	46	44
Bowsprit outboard	34	38	38
Boom	64	80	76
Gaff	46	50	47
Sail area	+4770	8634	7982

(+) Lower sails only.

The figures show that Arrow is a far smaller and less powerful boat than either Mayflower or Puritan, and with a much smaller sail area. We have not her full sail area by N. Y. rule for an exact comparison, but the spars show the great difference between her and Puritan.

Arrow was in the race for the Royal Yacht Squadron cup in 1851, but went ashore early in the race and so lost her chance. A year later she again met America, this time the latter being in English hands, the occasion being the race for the Queen's Cup of 1852. The following account of the race is from *Hunt's Yachting Magazine:*

"Her Majesty, the Queen, had presented a cup, value 100 guineas, for this day's race, the course for which was right round the island. Princess Olga and Brilliant were entered but did not start. The other vessels were:

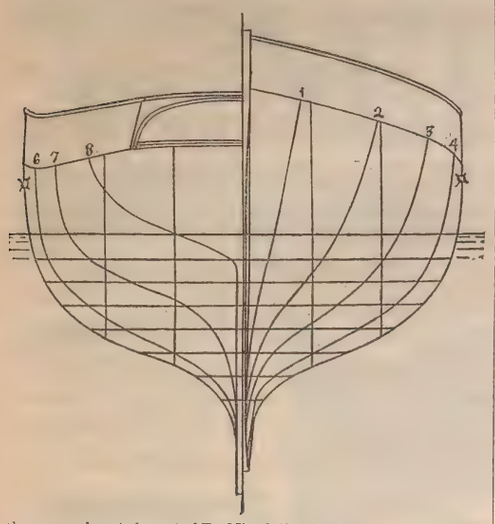
Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Arrow	102	T. Chamberlayne.
Mosquito	50	Lord Londesboro.
Vestal	74	B. G. Rowles.
America	180	Lord de Blaquiere.
Aurora	48	Le Marchant Thomas.
Zephyretta	180	H. B. Webster.

"There was a good stiff breeze blowing at the time from the southwest. The Mosquito was the first to get under way, and soon shoved her bowsprit ahead of the Arrow, who followed closely in her wake. The America was somewhat tardy in getting her gaff-topsail set, which gave the others a decided advantage in the start, but that was of trivial account when the extent of the course is considered. The Zephyretta was the last to get away, and was about twice her length astern of the America, but at 11h. 2m., when abreast of the Warren Sand, the Zephyretta had considerably overhauled the America, the Mosquito still leading, the Arrow being about half a mile astern of her, and about a quarter of a mile between her and the America. In this order they passed the No-Man buoy, beating up against the tide.

"On rounding the No-Man, the Zephyretta, which was lying close astern, passed the America a little to windward on the starboard tack, and got round the Nab light one minute before her. From this point the Mosquito kept heading the Arrow a very little toward the white cliff at the back of the island, which was now against flood tide. The whole of the yachts thus kept inshore as far as it could be done with safety until they got about a mile and a half below the light, when the wind changed and got round to the west by south—a sort of 'paltry' and 'balling' weather, by which a temporary advantage was alternately gained, first by one and then by another, but still most decidedly in favor of the Mosquito. One great thing in her favor was the power of being able to make short tacks quicker than the larger and longer vessels, and the Mosquito held a much better wind than the Arrow. The America held a good wind, but being a larger vessel and schooner-rigged, she was unable to get up to the Mosquito, who met with the light breeze that just suited her. She had now her jib-headed topsail set, and was so well handled that the America could not gain much ground upon her until after rounding St. Catherine's, when she began to overhaul the Arrow very fast, and finally passed her off Freshwater Bay. The Mosquito was only 4½m. ahead of the America, and the latter about 8m. in advance of the Arrow. After these yachts had got inside the Needles the wind shifted to W. N. W., and the America overhauled and passed the Mosquito off 'Jack in the Basket,' and then became the leading vessel. By the time the Mosquito reached Lepe the Arrow passed her; thence the yachts stretched across the Solent to Old Castle Point, where the three met together, and the Arrow and Mosquito shortly afterward closed the America and passed her. The whole now ran up and passed Osborne with the wind dead aft, the America 'goose-winged,' the same advantage being taken by the cutters, they also booming out their foresails. It was here evident that as long as the cutters could run under their two sails they had the advantage. Eventually they arrived at the goal as follows, it being a neck and neck race between the Arrow and Mosquito, the former being about the length of her bowsprit in advance. They were timed as follows:

Arrow	6 59 30	Mosquito	6 59 31
America	7 01 20	Zephyretta	7 39 00

"Thus it will be seen it was a most exciting match and the alteration which the Arrow had undergone had greatly improved her sailing qualities. Nevertheless it was the general remark, that however well the America may have been sailed and attended to during the match, and with the same canvas as when sailed by her former American crew, her sails did not present that cardboard appearance we have been accustomed to witness; nor did she present that smooth appearance in displacing on going through the water as formerly, when her motion was almost imperceptibe. The Arrow and Mosquito fouled when abreast of Peel Bank, midway between Old Castle Point and Ryde, by the Mosquito's boom dragging the larboard side of the Arrow. The 18th regulation of the Royal Victoria Y. C. states that 'two yachts touching will both be disqualified, unless it can be clearly proved to the satisfaction of the committee which is the aggressor.' On Saturday at a general meeting of the club, a protest was made by Lord de Blaquiere, the owner of the America, schooner, against both the Arrow and Mosquito, cutters, for Her Majesty's Cup, it appearing that when



those vessels got abreast of Peel Bank they fouled each other, which is contrary to the 18th article of the regulations. After investigating the matter the committee declared the Mosquito to be the aggressor, consequently the Arrow retained possession of the valuable prize."

The cup became the absolute property of the owner of Arrow and has been held by him and his son ever since.

In October 1885 the latter, Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, offered it as a challenge cup for international competition, similar to the America's Cup, on the conditions that it be raced for by sloops or cutters over the course on which it was originally won, two out of three races, and that six months notice of the challenge should be given. The letter containing this offer, and a later one repeating it, were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 19, 1885, and Jan. 14, 1886.

This challenge has never been taken up, but is still open for this year until May 1. Should it be decided to send Mayflower across this year she will challenge for this cup, but further than this, there are other trophies abroad that she will be very likely to have a try for before setting sail for Marblehead again. The two cups won in 1885 by Genesta, the Cape May and the Brenton's Reef, are both challenge cups, and are now open to challenge from any American or British yacht. They were raced for in August last by Irex and Genesta, the former winning in a very unsatisfactory manner, the race being sailed in very light weather, and both cups being put up for a single race. Both cups being now held by Irex they may be challenged for during the season, the races to be sailed from the Needles, around Cherbourg and return, the Brenton's Reef Cup without time allowance, but under the rules of the New York Y. C.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT DESIGNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The news has just arrived of the death of Hermann C. T. W. Saefkow, Naval Architect of the German Imperial Marine. This early demise of one of the brightest stars in the profession will be received with the deepest regret by the whole fraternity of yachtsmen the world over. Not long ago we had to lament the untimely death of the rising and promising young architect Payton, and now comes the loss of Saefkow at the age of thirty-eight, in the full prime of his manhood and unselfish labors in behalf of progress in yacht design and construction, specialties in which he had earned a world-wide reputation, and stood second to none in his own country or abroad.

The death of Saefkow, brought about by overwork and study, leaves a vacancy in the circle of competent masters in the theory and art of naval architecture which it will be difficult to fill. He was one of those rare men who, while thoroughly adept in the science of his calling, was none the less practical and amenable to the logic of events. There was not a yacht in America, England, France, Germany or Sweden with the details of which he was not familiar. Their doings he followed with great fondness and close logical scrutiny. He built many craft of all types, but like others in his field, gave his preference, after long trial, to the modern racing cutter as the best combination of all-round qualities in connection with speed.

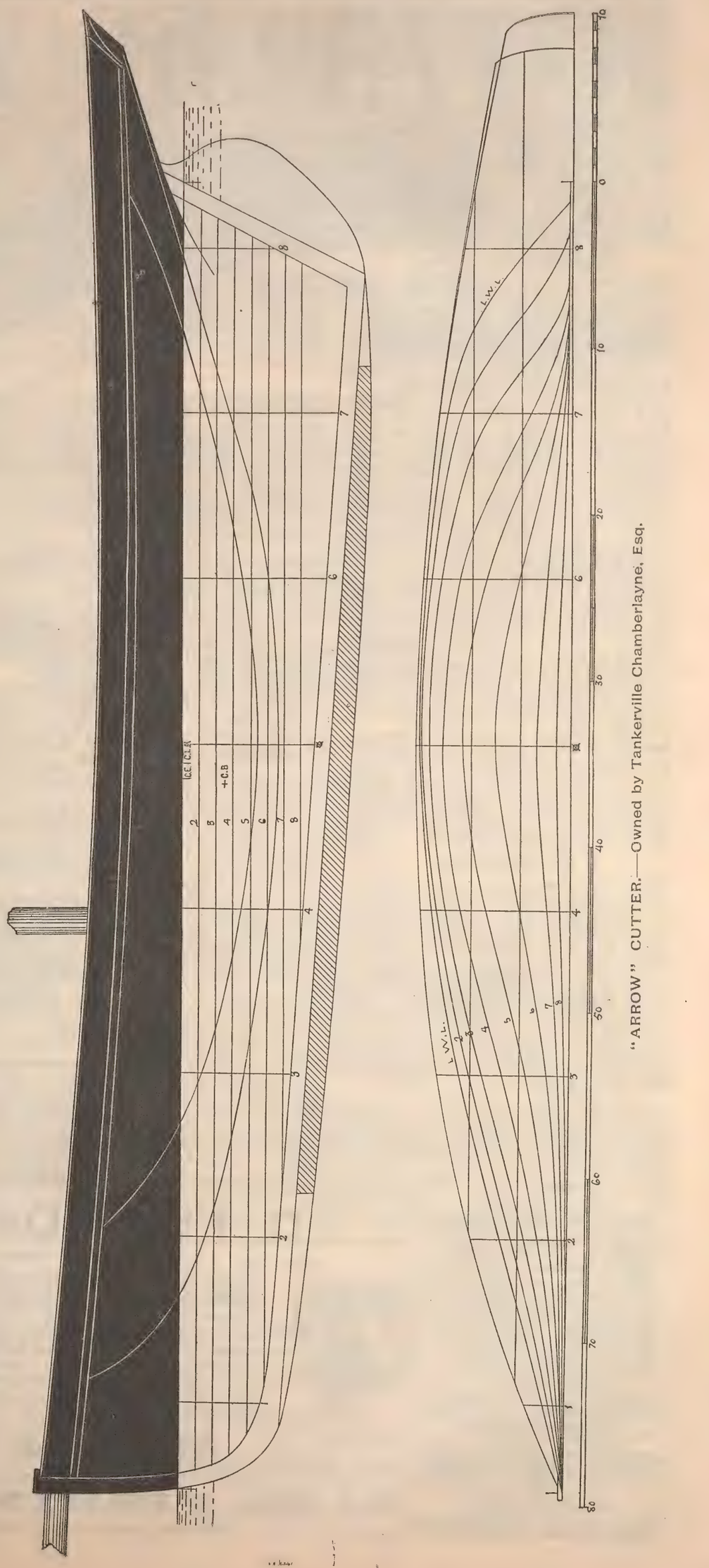
His Lolly and Anna are vessels unsurpassed in their planning and build, and his numerous other creations are distinguished alike for soundness in conception and grace in execution. He was as original as he was brilliant in his profession, and his labors mark an epoch in the fresh popular development which yachting and naval architecture, on a larger scale, have recently taken in the German Empire and Northern nations. Concerning his career you will, no doubt, receive further information, and I must content myself with these few lines in tribute to one with whom I have enjoyed long and familiar correspondence and whose sympathies ran in the same current as my own. Well could we have spared some lesser light, for in Saefkow as a man, a specialist or a yachtsman, the loss seems irreparable for the time.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

A RIG FOR SMALL BOATS.

NO inquiry is so often made by our correspondents, and none is so difficult to answer, as that concerning the amount and shape of sail to be carried on yachts and boats. The following answers to a similar question in the *Field* are by men thoroughly familiar with the subject, and their advice we can commend as practical and good. The rig described is little known here, but will become popular on trial, as it has many good features:

"In reply to W. H. C.'s inquiries as to sparring a boat 16ft. long by 4ft. 6in. beam for spritsail and jib, I give the following dimensions, but I by no means recommend the sprit rig, much preferring the lug tacked to the mast, after an experience of nearly all rigs for boats extending over fifty years. It may be as well for W. H. C. to know that the sprit rig has been gradually getting into disfavor for boats of any considerable size for quite a quarter of a century, and this has spread also to smaller boats to such a degree that it is now quite exceptional for new boats for amateurs to be fitted with sprit sails, most preferring the working lug, as it is more easily controlled either when set or lowered. Sprits have frequently slipped out of or parted the snorter or becket, which keeps the heel or butt end of the spar to the mast, with the result of driving a hole through the plank, so that boats have sunk from this cause, or have narrowly escaped foundering by the promptitude of some one on board thrusting a cloth into the hole. As the boat in question is 16ft. long, and has only 4ft. 6in. beam, she is quite long enough to do without any boomkin beyond the stem head, to which the head sail or jib can be secured either by a hole through the stem, or by a hook working in an eye at the top of the stem band. For carrying a jib, whether with a sprit or a lug as a mainsail, I would place the mast 5ft. from the fore side of the stem, and as is frequently desirable to do without the jib, a second step should be provided for the mast 2ft. from the fore side of the stem, which double arrangement is equally useful for both lug and spritsail rigs. The foremast for the spritsail should be 8ft. 2in. above the gunwale, the additional depth to the step giving the whole length of the mast; length of sprit 10ft. 6in., length of mizzen mast above gunwale 5ft., whole length to step about 5ft. 9in., mizzen boom 4ft. 6in., mizzen boomkin 2ft. 3in outboard, mizzen sprit 6ft. 6in. Dimensions of sails for the sprit rig: Jib on the luff 8ft. 2in., on the foot 5ft., on the leech 7ft. Main spritsail on luff 6ft. 9in., on foot 7ft. 3in., on head 5ft. 9in., on leech 11ft. 6in. Mizzen spritsail on luff 4ft. 4in., on foot 4ft., on head 3ft., on leech 6ft. 6in. Both jib and mizzen should have each an 18in. reef, and the mainsail two reefs of 18in. depth. For setting and keeping up the main sprit, a single whip purchase on the snorter is a very good arrangement. As W. H. C. has asked for spritsails, I have sketched out and forward the above measurements, but as I do not recommend this rig I have also sketched out a lug rig for this boat as follows: Mast above gunwale 8ft. 6in., depth to step to be added for total length. Jib on luff 8ft. 6in., on foot 4ft. 8in., on leech 7ft. 2in. Lug sail tacked to mast, on luff 4ft. 9in., on foot 7ft. 4in., on head 7ft., yard 8ft. leech 12ft. For mizzen I suggest a sharp-headed or Mudian sail, the mast to be 7ft. 6in. above the gunwale, the sail on the luff 7ft., on foot 4ft. 3in., on leech 7ft. 8in. Mizzen boom 4ft. 7in.,



"ARROW" CUTTER.—Owned by Tankerville Chamberlayne, Esq.

mizzen boomkin 2ft. 3in. outboard. Reefs as before mentioned for previous rigs. Mudian mizzens are often reefed by a roll on the mast, sprit mizzens by dispensing with the sprit, and stopping the peak earring to the mast, thus making it a triangular sail. When a main spritsail is so treated the boat is said to be under a 'goose wing.' As a matter of course, being unaware of the form of the boat's bottom, I do not like to recommend large sails, stability, or the reverse, resulting so much from form in small boats.—J. C. WILCOCKS (Plymouth, Feb. 3).

"In answer to the inquiries of W. H. C., in the first place I would certainly not advise him to rig his boat with sprit sails, but with two standing lugs and a jibforesail. As to the necessity of a short iron bowsprit it depends very much upon the stepping of the forward mast. If the mast is placed well aft in the boat, a sufficiently large jib would be got without a bowsprit. I think the following would be the right place to step the forward mast, provided there is to be no bowsprit, viz., 5ft. abaft fore side of stem. This would give about 10ft. 6in. drift between the masts, as I presume W. H. C. intends to step his mizzen right aft against the transom of the boat. About 5ft. would be long enough for the mizzen on the foot, and 6ft. or 7ft. on the head. If the forward mast were stepped say 4ft. abaft the stem, I should say an iron bowsprit of about 2ft. 6in. would be sufficiently long; however, if the boat is for single-handed sailing, I think it would be better to have her mast further aft and no bowsprit.—O. A. ASHWORTH."

BISCAYNE BAY, FLORIDA.

ON the 22d of February a sailing regatta was held on this beautiful bay, off the most southerly point of the mainland of the United States. It was a thrifle over a series of annual regattas for the sailing championship of these waters, and was held under the auspices of a regatta committee composed of Ralph Munroe, of Staten Island, chairman; C. K. Munroe, Commodore N. Y. C. C., and Messrs. F. A. and E. A. Hine, of New York city. The bay is the most magnificent sheet of landlocked salt-water for racing purposes to be found in Florida, and on it a 40-mile triangular course, affording 10ft. of water over its entire course, could be laid off. As it was, a 13-mile triangular course for the larger boats and a 5-mile beat to windward and return for the little fellows, suited our purpose and gave us some very pretty racing.

The fifteen entries for this first regatta were divided into three classes: First, all over 35ft. in length; second, all between 18 and 35ft.; third, cat-rigged boats 18ft. and under. The three first class entries were: Ada, W. B. Brickell; Pelican, T. A. and E. A. Hine, and Amy, F. S. Morse. The Ada is a fine sloop yacht 59ft. 6in. over all, and was formerly flagship of the Jersey City Y. C. The Pelican is a 41ft. sharpie built by Brown, of Tottenville, S. I., and the Amy is a last year's New Haven built sharpie, 41ft. long.

In the second class Maggie L., a Shrewsbury River cat-rigged sandbagger; Laura, a 31ft., deep, narrow, cutter-hulled and sharpie-rigged, boat; Egret, a Tottenville sharpie; Scud, Rafala and Annie, all sloop-rigged and built in Key West.

The third class contained Alligator, a Barnegat cruiser, built by Stephens, of Staten Island; Carrie, built in Jacksonville, and Edna, Rena, Nemo and Azifazon, built on Biscayne Bay.

There was a time allowance of one minute to a foot of length plus beam, a crew allowance of one man to every five feet of length, a sail limit of working sails only, and shifting ballast prohibited. These conditions were the fairest that could be named under existing circumstances.

The breeze was light from eastward and water smooth, which conditions upset prophecies and defeated anticipations in a most remarkable manner. In the first class Ada won easily, as had been expected, in 2h. 29m., with Amy second and Pelican eight minutes behind her, which had not been expected. In the second class the Shrewsbury sandbagger beat all competitors handsomely, though closely pressed by the sharpie cutter. Maggie L.'s time was 3h. and Laura's 3:01. The Staten Island sharpie, Egret, was beaten one minute by the Scud, times 3:03 and 3:02; and the two locally built sloops Rafala and Annie, after a pretty match race over half the course, came home in 3:29 and 3:54 respectively.

The third class boats were so far distanced by the powerful, home built cat Edna, that she was tired of waiting for the others long before they reached the home mark. Her time was 2h. 12m., and that of the Nemo, which was second boat, was 2h. 34m. Messrs. Alfred Munroe and Charles Peacock acted as time-keepers and judges at the finish.

The festivities of the day ended at the Bay View Hotel with a dinner given by the regatta committee to the captains and crews of all competing boats. Among the spectators of the regatta were Mr. Fairman Rogers and his guests on the steam yacht Magnolia, and the crew of the schooner yacht Lilian. Biscayne Bay lies just inside of Cape Florida, is easy of access to anything drawing 9ft. of water or less, abounds in the most charming picturesque scenery, and if it were only better known to yachtsmen, would, I am sure, be the winter resort of scores of Northern yachts. If some of them, or some of the canoeists who make winter cruises, will only come down here in time for our next annual regatta, they will at least receive a hearty welcome from O. K. CHOBEE.

DELAWARE RIVER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first monthly meeting of the Quaker City Y. C. under its new charter was held March 2, at the club rooms, Camden, N. J., President Valletto in the chair. The site for the new club house, the only matter of public interest, was discussed. Many members desire a club house outside of the city after the style of the Larchmont, of New York, while others favor locating in the center of the city. The present location is not adapted to cultivating the social side of the club; it will be retained, however, in all probability, as a storeroom.

The song of the mallet is again heard in our shipyards. The new cutter has gone over to Cramp's for spars, Krause's new 18-footer is ready for the water. Measurer Wilkins' two new 18ft. cats are also ready. Wignall has about completed a 15½×5ft. beam cat for Wilmington, N. C. Louder is rebuilding the Aldine, once a yacht, now to be an oyster sloop. The Thomas is having a new well and centerboard put in. The Carrie Z. has been refastened and is nearly ready to go over. The Gretchen will go off this week, the first yacht in commission. Box's steam yacht Volante is ready to go off Louder's railway. Steam launch Germania has had stern partially rebuilt and is ready for the water. The larger boats are waiting, as usual, until the summer is almost over before they think of getting ready. CHAS. L. WORK.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5.

ANETO.—This singlehand cruiser, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 25, 1883, is offered for sale in another column, as her owner wishes a larger yacht. The Aneto was built in the best manner in 1883, being copper fastened and with lead ballast, and we recommend her as a very roomy, staunch and speedy little cruiser, suitable for single-hand work, but with good room for two in cabin and a boy forward.

BUILDING NOTES.

THE Shamrock is now in frame and the upper wales, of 2in. oak, in place. The frames are double, of hackmatack and steamed oak, sided 3¼in., moulded 6 and 3½in. and spaced 16in. The lead keel weighs 25 tons and is about 40ft. long, extending to the rudder. It is 18in. deep and was cast in heats, each layer being allowed to cool before the following one was poured, so as to avoid the contraction that caused such trouble with the Atlantic's keel. The greatest draft is well aft, the keel rising considerably at the forefoot, where it is cut away, rounding into the conventional clipper stem above water. The sternpost has a decided rake, and the counter is long and light, especially for Bay Ridge. The steamer for ex-Com. Rhodes is ready for the water, except that the sternpipes and shafts for the twin screws are not in place. She presents nothing striking in the way of model except a stern of phenomenal ugliness; for the rest of her hull it may be said that it is better than the stern. Mr. Mumm has the keel out for a steam yacht for the Rev. John Aspinwall, to succeed the Sentinel. Just how many steam yachts Mr. Mumm has built for Mr. Aspinwall we do not now remember, but it is a goodly number, and they have evidently been satisfactory. Pocahontas is now lying in the basin, and Mr. Mumm is at work fitting her up inside. She will be finished in plain pine, the limited round being divided in the usual manner, a stateroom on the starboard side, one or two very small rooms abreast the passage on the port side. The headroom is limited and the forecastle is very low and small. Mr. Mumm will haul out Medusa on the first high tides.

Mr. Ayers is busy with the twin-screw lighter for San Domingo, which is now caulked and painted. He has nearly completed the alterations on the Tahoe, making a great improvement in her looks by a long, light counter. From the size of her nosepole it is evident that she will do some racing. On the beach Mr. Driscoll has in frame a tugboat. He has completed the Sea Gull and she is housed over in the East River. Wallin & Gorman are completing the new Mignonette, and also another small catboat similar to the one previously built for Mr. Blood. She is handsomely finished inside with mahogany. They have the little 18ft. cruiser in frame and will cast her keel as soon as the weather improves. The Mignonette will have all lead ballast instead of iron.

BUILDING AT GLOUCESTER.—Messrs. Higgins & Gifford have in hand at present the following craft: Two cutter-rigged boats 36ft. in length, 12ft. beam, 5ft. depth of hold, for West Indies; one Excelsior lifeboat for Life Saving Service, District No. 1, 26ft. in length, 6ft. 6in beam, 2ft. 4in. deep; one yacht 18ft. 4in. long, Sassacus model, sloop-rigged, for parties in Savannah, Ga.; one yacht 25ft. long, sloop-rigged, Osceola model, but with a round stern, for Cape Cod; three surf boats 26ft. long for West Indies; four schooner-rigged sharpies 35ft. long, 8ft. beam, 2ft. 6in. deep, for Central America; one rowboat 12ft. long for Portland, Me.; one cutter, from Edward Burgess' design, for Messrs. C. E. & F. L. Cunningham, Boston, 27ft. 6in. length over all, 8ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 8in. draft of water; also a number of mackerel seine boats, one of which is a new and improved model, for Capt. Solomon Jacobs, Gloucester, 40ft. in length, to be built with special regard to extra rowing qualities.

PORTLAND Y. C.—The officers for 1887, elected on March 3, are Commodore, Charles W. Bray; Vice-Commodore, George C. Owen; Fleet Captain, Neal D. Gould; Treasurer, Joseph H. Dyer; Secretary, George Doane Rand; Treasurer, H. P. Waterhouse; Fleet Surgeon, Charles D. Smith; Trustees, Commodore C. W. Bray, (ex officio), K. D. Atwood, J. P. Thomas, J. M. Brown; Regatta Committee, Commodore C. W. Bray (ex officio), F. L. Moseley, H. P. Larrabee, H. R. Virgin, P. R. Stevens; Membership Committee, Geo. Doane Rand (ex officio) T. H. Chase, C. J. Farrington, E. H. York; House Committee, J. Hall Boyd, (the second member will be appointed at the next meeting). The date of the annual cruise was fixed from May 28-31, and the challenge cup regatta June 16. The fleet numbers now 3 schooners, 17 sloops, 6 cats and 4 steamers.

CRUISING.—Ruth, s.s. Mr. Swits Condé, owner, of Oswego, N.Y., was lately at Charleston, S. C., with her owner and family on board, having called on her way from Oswego to Florida. She left Lake Ontario by the Erie Canal and Hudson River, thence by the inside route to Moorehead City, N. C., and from there arrived at Charleston on February 22. From there she will take the inside route to Florida.... Nirvana, schooner, Gen. H. W. Perkins, has been reported as arriving at Nassau in safety.. Helen, schooner, Mr. C. D. Middleton, was at Charleston on March 2, from St. Augustine.... Alva, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, was at Havana on February 26, having arrived on the 21st, her time being five days from Scotland Lightship. She fell in with fog below Hatteras.

NEWARK Y. C.—At the annual meeting on March 7 the following officers were elected: Com., Chas. E. Cameron, sloop Emmy C.; Vice-Com., Thos. J. Roche, sloop Annie R.; Secy., Chas. H. Mayhew; Financial Secy., Thomas F. Luff; Treas., E. M. Grover; Measurer, Chas. E. Cummings; Trustees, E. L. Phillips, L. Wright, Jr., S. J. Stafford. The experiment of having rooms in the city, a move which the club were compelled to make owing to being cut off for the winter from their clubhouse, has turned out such a success that it will be continued.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C.—A meeting was held on March 7, at the Hotel Brunswick, at which the following officers were elected: Commodore, Charles Pryer; Vice-Commodore, John H. Ryley; Rear-Commodore, E. C. Sterling; Secretary, W. H. Wilmarth; Treasurer, Eugene Lambden; Measurer, H. A. Gouge; House Committee, William E. Wilmerding, Amos Brown and T. B. Jenkins; Membership Committee, D. D. Archer, Jr.; Walter Large and J. K. Buchan; Law Committee, Charles H. Young and Charles D. Ingersoll; Trustees, N. D. Lawton, C. P. Buchanan and George H. Barker.

THISTLE.—We learn by a private letter than on February 17 the plating of the Thistle was completed and the rivetting about finished. The mast and spars were ready and the ironwork well advanced. The woodwork is also being pushed and the yacht will be ready in good season. The challenge has not yet been heard from and may not be for some time yet. Of course nothing is yet known of the dimensions.

CONSTANCE, yawl, Mr. Prescott-Westcar, arrived at Gibraltar on Feb. 1, eleven days out from Dartmouth. The entire distance was a beat against a heavy head sea, under topsail and staysail and No. 3 jib, the yacht never lying to during the entire passage. Constance was built from Mr. Dixon Kemp's designs in 1885, and is 83ft. l.w.l. and 18ft. beam. On Feb. 9 she was reported at Malaga.

LYRA, schooner, the famous old sailing yacht, is at the yard of her builders, Messrs. Camper & Nicholson, Gosport, where she will be lengthened 36ft. and converted into an auxiliary steamer with triple compound engines. She will also be fitted with electric lights.

RARITAN Y. C.—At the annual meeting on March 2 the following officers were elected: Com., Dr. H. W. Philips, sloop Moya; Vice-Com., E. J. Hadden; Secretary, Conrad F. Hall, sloop Falcon; Treasurer, Wm. A. Crowell; Measurer, W. L. Farroat.

OLLIE, steam yacht, built in 1885 by Messrs. Poillon, is being lengthened 12ft., and will receive a new compound engine and a new boiler under the supervision of Capt. J. M. Walters.

CYPRUS.—This famous five-tonner has been purchased by a yachtsman of Hamilton, Ont., and will come across this spring. She was designed by Wm. Fife, Jr., in 1879.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—Officers for 1887: Com., H. B. Pearson; Vice-Com., Dr. J. H. Vondy; Treasurer, P. W. Figueria; Secretary, C. C. Pierce; Measurer, G. L. Winn.

WENDUR, yawl, Mr. Watson's steel flyer, will come out as a cutter this season, under which rig she will meet Irex, Marjorie, Genesta and Thistle.

NAMOUNA, Mr. James G. Bennett, was reported at Bombay on Feb. 11, sailing on the 14th for Calcutta, Singapore and Batavia.

IREX, cutter, will have a silk spinaker for light winds, now making by Lapthorne, according to the *Field*.

SHONA, cutter, Mr. C. H. Tweed, will fit out early in charge of Charles Barr, who sailed her last season.

MEDUSA, cutter, Vice-Com. Centre, S. C. Y. C., will haul out at Mumm's for more lead on the keel.

MOHICAN.—Mr. J. Clark will cross the Atlantic in the Mohican in time for the cup races.

ESTELLE, schooner, has been purchased from ex-Com. Smith by Mr. J. F. Phillips.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. C. R.—The registered number of champion Joe is 925.

MABEE, Canada.—The color of the Irish setter is a rich blood red.

C. F. K.—See answer to another correspondent on same subject.

H. E. M., Hazelton, Mich.—The bird described is an evening grosbeak.

J. W. D., Bowmanville.—We believe that the Maynard Co. make the rifle.

T. J. L.—"Bally's Practical Taxidermy" will give instructions in feather curing.

C. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Send the flower to Thorburn & Co., John street, New York.

OLD COLONY CLUB, Plymouth, Mass.—Write to J. Otis Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.

WENONAH, Ashland, N. H.—Plans of sharpie were published in our issue of Sept. 13, 1883.

G. W.—The Smith and Wesson, Merwin, Hulbert & Co., Colt, or Winchester, is perfectly safe.

J. H. F., Jersey City, N. J.—The owner of the bitch cannot alter the terms of the agreement.

H. A.—Mr. Jack's address is as given. Mr. Kunhardt may be addressed care of this office.

T. A. T., Johnston, Pa.—We have no pictures of the fox-terrier for sale, nor do we know of any one that has them.

J. B. McL., Chillicothe, O.—Register your dogs in the *American Kennel Register*. They can be registered at any age. We have no record of the dogs you mention.

B. S. H., Rochester, N. Y.—Bogardus's book is a good one; and you will also find what you want in Hallock's Gazetteer. See also back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

ALMER.—Quail may be kept in a room of the size given. It should be light and airy. Feed them buckwheat and screenings. They will probably not breed in confinement.

S. I. L., Owen Sound, Ont.—Will you kindly explain to the unsophisticated the difficulty of eating two quail a day for forty-one days? To ordinary observers this feat appears easy. Ans. The difficulty is that the stomach is apt to rebel, and the quail eater to be overcome by nausea.

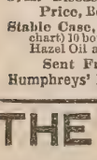
J. P. H., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Last evening the superintendent of one of our railroads asked me if I had ever seen in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM the reason why a dog would turn around once, twice or more before lying down. I could not remember having seen it, and I ask you what is the supposed reason and is it an inherited habit? Ans. Some hold that the habit is a survival from the dog's savage state, when before lying down it looked around to see that no enemy was near.

W. A. T., Ontario.—In a trap baited with raw meat was caught a species of bird unknown to any one here. It is of a brown color; wings of great length; legs red; head, red and covered with short hairs and wrinkled; upper bill turned down like a parrot's, and white just ¼in. from the top, the rest of the bill very red, and nostrils protrude above. From what I can make out it is of the vulture species and eats carrion meat. Ans. The description seems to fit the turkey buzzard (*Cathartes aura*), but you give no size, do not say whether it was the size of a tomtit or a goose.

JOBRISH, Idaho Territory.—I would be glad if you could tell me the difference between a lynx and a wildcat. There are here among the rocky cañons a number of the genus *Felis*; they weigh about from 30 to 50lbs., are a sort of mottled yellow and tabby on the back, with a tail about 6in. long, white toward the end, but tipped off with black; and they have tufts standing straight up from each ear, what are they? Ans. A lynx is a wildcat. All American wildcats are lynxes. The one you refer to is probably the bay lynx (*L. rufa*). In some localities, where both the Canada and bay lynx are found, the former is called a catamount and the latter a wildcat, but usually the terms lynx, wildcat and catamount are indiscriminately applied to both the short-tailed cats of temperate North America.

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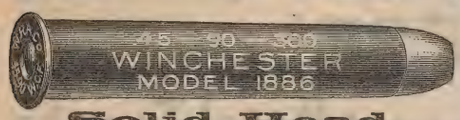
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FOR SALE.—THE YAWL RIGGED YACHT Aneto, length 24ft. 6in., beam 7ft., draft 4ft. 6in.; built 1883, by W. P. Stephens, Staten Island. Is copper fastened and very complete in finish and equipment. Address H. W. E., P. O. Box 3342, New York City.

FOR SALE.—CANVAS CANOE FRANKIE, very cheap for cash; good condition; correspondence invited. F. R. WEBB, Staunton, Va.

FOR SALE.—A RUSHTON CRUISING canoe, 14ft.×28in., complete with cruising and racing sails, Atwood centerboard, paddles, etc.; all in first-class condition. Price $80. E. M. FRANCIS, P. O. Box 536, Hartford, Conn.

FOR SALE.—RUSHTON GRAYLING, WITH sails, Atwood board, deck seat, deck steering gear; all new last summer. Price $75. THOS. P. GADDIS, Dayton, O.

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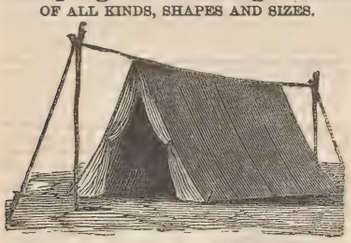
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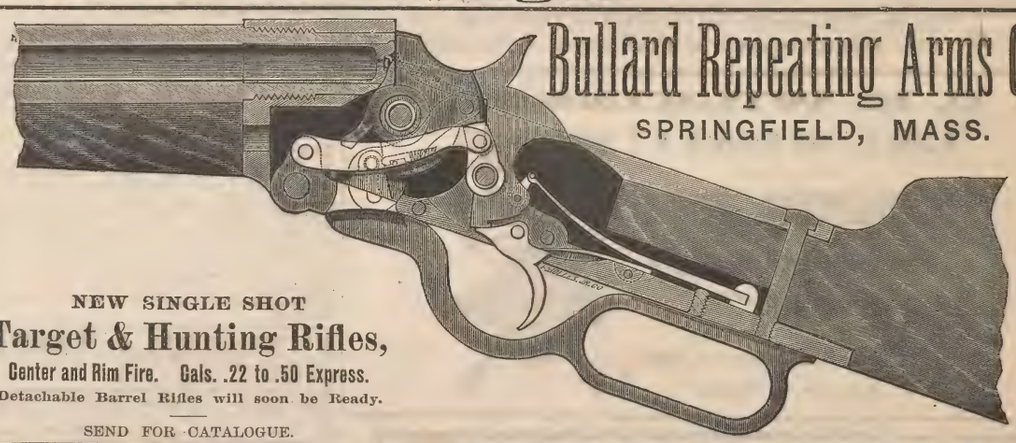
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OF

DOGS

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1887.

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—OF—
DOGS,
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
A. H. WAKEFIELD, Superintendent.
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1887.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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NOS. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

A RAILROAD TO COOKE CITY.

If all the railroad bills introduced during the last session of Congress, for the relief of the suffering miners of Cooke City, had become laws, that community could no longer have complained that it had no outlet to the world. Most of these bills, however, failed to pass both Houses, and so at the adjournment lapsed. One of them did pass, and received the President's signature. This was the bill granting to the Rocky Fork and Cooke City Railway Company the right of way through a part of the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana Territory. The text of this bill will be found in another column. It may be hoped that under the soothing influences of this law, the howls from Cooke City, which for several years have rent our ears, will be quieted. Hitherto the principal occupation of the enterprising Cooke City miner has been sitting on a stone by the side of his prospect hole, waiting for a trusting Eastern capitalist to appear on the scene, and exchange his capital for the miner's hole. And while he sat there, alternately scanning the horizon for the approaching capitalist, and gazing into the depths of the prospect hole, the miner chanted his doleful ditty, whose burden was that all Cooke City required to make it a second Butte was a railroad outlet. Permission to build a railroad has now been secured, and what will the miner do?

The bills granting a right of way from some point on the Northern Pacific Railroad across the Crow Reserve to Cooke City, to the Stillwater Company and to the Billings, Clark's Fork & Cooke City Railroad Company passed the Senate, and were favorably reported by the House Committee on Indian Affairs, but never reached a vote in the House. This is especially unfortunate in the case of the last-named corporation, which has carefully surveyed its line and has the money pledged to build it, as soon as it receives authority from Congress to enter the Reservation. On the other hand, there seem to be grave doubts about the Rocky Fork and Cooke City Company's intention to build its road. Its line, we believe, has never been surveyed. It is stated that during the debate in the Senate Mr. Cockrill objected to this road that it was only a paper charter, and that those who sought this right of way had no idea of building. On Senator Allison's assurance that this was not the case and that the enterprise was *bona fide*, he withdrew his objection. Of the methods by which the passage of the bill was obtained in the House we will say nothing, but if all the pledges said to have been made to Congressmen by the projectors of this road are carried out, the line will have to be very heavily bonded. And if this charter should be transferred to another corporation, would this conveyance include, we wonder, the obligations of the Rocky Fork and Cooke City road to Congressmen? The fact appears to be that this Rocky Fork project was originally started by a few individuals to protect some coal claims which they held on Rocky Fork, and that afterward, as the thing developed, it seemed worth while to push the scheme for its own sake, in the hope of selling the right of way to others.

It is by no means impossible that the Rocky Fork people might find a practicable route to Cooke, over the eastern foothills of the mountains, although the most desirable line is that surveyed by the Billings, Clark's Fork and Cooke City Railroad, which has already been approved by the Secretary of the Interior. The Rocky Fork people have two years in which to complete their road, and before commencing operations they must, if the President so orders, obtain the consent of the Crows to their passage through the latter's lands. If work is not begun this summer we are not likely to hear much more of the Rocky Fork and Cooke City Railway Company.

WINTER IN THE PARK.

We have received advices from our Special Yellowstone National Park Midwinter Explorer, who wrote from the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone on Feb. 28. His route had been from the Mammoth Hot Springs to Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, thence to Yellowstone Lake by way of Shoshone Lake, thence down the lake and river to the falls. Wind and weather permitting, he will return from the Cañon over Mt. Washburn, and by the way of Yancey's to the Hot Springs.

Those familiar with the Park will thus see that the FOREST AND STREAM Explorer, even without the aid of Crow scouts, Government troops and a large force of packers and guides, has accomplished the tour of the Park which the *World* expedition set out to make, and which it failed to carry through. There is everything in knowing how to select your men. It will afford us pleasure, therefore, providing the FOREST AND STREAM Explorer survives the perils of snow and cold to which he is constantly exposed, to lay before our readers, and the *World*, an extended and exact account of the Park in the winter. This we hope to be able to do in the course of a few weeks. The relation will be an interesting one.

It must be remembered that the National Park in winter is almost an unknown land, and that the public has never been told of what goes on in this truly Arctic region, where the thermometer sometimes falls to 50 below zero, and the snow sometimes drifts over top the tallest trees, where avalanches are of every day occurrence, where the geysers spout through tremendous craters of ice, and the water-falls build up at their bases tremendous frozen barriers which look as though they must dam the stream. The few travelers who venture into this icy land, do so only by the help of snowshoes, and literally take their lives in their hands.

Our explorer writes: "I have seen many wonderful and strange sights—strange and wonderful even to me, and I have been in the mountains for sixteen years and through the Park almost a hundred times in early spring, in summer and late in the fall." He reports having seen 150 elk the day he left the Hot Springs, and on Alum Creek saw signs of hundreds that had been there two or three weeks before. Sign of bison were also seen near the heads of Alum and Trout Creek. The snow has been so deep that the game has been driven off from many parts of its winter range.

He also reports a case where a band of elk, caught in a deep cañon and imprisoned there by the snows, came near starving to death, and would have done so if he had not rescued them by breaking a path for them through the snow. Not all of them escaped, it is true, for the rescue was accompanied by a tragedy which must have thrilled the onlookers.

The story of his journeyings over snow from four to forty feet deep is, so far as we have seen it, as fascinating as any novel, and it will be followed with intense interest by every one who knows or desires to know about the Park.

Of the game our explorer saw, the buried forest he passed over, the icebound lakes he traversed, and the battle between heat and cold that he witnessed the story will be told in coming issues of FOREST AND STREAM.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE patent coffee-mill at Albany is grinding away.

The July woodcock shooting and so-called "codification" game bill, already noticed at length, has been introduced by Assemblyman Langbier. Hadley, of Franklin county, is on hand with an opposition "codification," which for clumsiness of construction and multitudinousness of local exceptions and special provisions is as ridiculous as disgraceful. It has fifty-nine sections, and ought to have just one more providing that any one who may read the entire bill through with intent to understand it shall upon conviction thereof be adjudged a lunatic and committed to the Auburn Insane Asylum. Finn, the New York liquor dealer, has pushed his "free lunch" lobster bill to a third reading. If he does not succeed in getting it through, he might induce Hadley to tack on to his bill a clause exempting from the restrictions of the lobster law the northeast or southeast corner, as the case may be, constituting the lunch counter of Finn's saloon. This would be quite in keeping with the back-door and pasture-lot clauses of the codifications.

When it comes to suing to recover fines voluntarily paid for unlawful June deer water-killing, Gen. George M. Harmon appears to be a fighter from Fightville. He has won his $40 from Game Warden Huntoon, but the Court ruled that there was no case against Commissioner Stillwell. Harmon has appealed, on what ground is not clear, except that he seems bent on annoying the Commissioner. Mr. Stillwell can stand it; he is in the position of the good-natured giant from one of the back districts who, when remonstrated with for permitting his virago wife to beat him, blandly responded, "Oh, that's all right; it don't hurt me any, and it pleases Sally."

A correspondent of the *Billings Gazette*, who has just come to the Mammoth Hot Springs from Cooke City on snowshoes, writes as follows: "From Soda Butte to Mammoth Hot Springs I saw large herds of elk, some of which I estimated at thousands. I am confident I saw fully seven thousand elk between these two places. Also many mountain sheep, deer and antelope. There the snow is not above two feet in depth, and to-day I actually saw the top of the sage brush." It was just through this winter range for game that the railroaders wanted to run the railroad. But the railroad will not run.

In the vicinity of New York the ground is frozen stiff and the season is backward, but the snipe have put in an appearance. The first English snipe of the year killed in this neighborhood was shot last Monday by Mr. Langstaff, of Newark, N. J., and exhibited at Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold's, in that city. Ducks have appeared in Long Island waters, and good shooting is looked for as soon as the inlets are open.

The Michigan game warden bill has been passed by both houses, and only awaits the Governor's signature to become a wise and long needed law. If the New York markets are to be opened for a more extended sale of Minnesota and Michigan venison, those States will be called upon to devise better machinery for enforcing their non-export laws than they appear to have at present.

One man's food another man's poison. Here are county supervisors in the United States giving bounties to encourage destruction of hawks and owls; and meanwhile in the rat-plagued Neligherries of India the tea and coffee planters are considering how they may breed hawks and owls as allies against the ruinous rat.

The terms of the FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy for trap-shooting at artificial targets are given elsewhere. It is hoped that there may be something in the competition to add to the outdoor pleasures of that holiday.

The index to Volume XXVII. accompanies this issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TRAILING A WAR PARTY.

I HAVE just read, with deep interest and great pleasure, Pioneer's bear story in your issue of March 3, and it brings to my mind a long train of pleasant memories. It so happened that I lived and grew up in the neck of woods he speaks of, and I have tramped, hunted and fished many a day along the Big Turkey and several of its tributaries. I have explored many of the rocky fastnesses and caves in Clayton county, no doubt including the one in which he snared the bear. This was "befo' the wah, sah," though not so far back as the time of which Pioneer writes. The bear had made his last track in that country previous to the date of my going there, and deer were then too scarce to make the hunting of them interesting. About the only game we had was wolves, foxes, woodchucks, rabbits, squirrels, partridges and quail. Although these were all dear to me then (no pun intended), and though I enjoyed hunting them with all the enthusiasm of the average boy sportsman, I have long since tired of such small fry and have frequently, in later years, wandered into the Far West in search of larger game, and this brings me to the subject of which I set out to write.

On one of these annual pilgrimages I fell in with a man whose boyhood days were also spent in this region mentioned by Pioneer, and whose name will, doubtless, be familiar to him and to many other readers of FOREST AND STREAM. His father's homestead is situated, as nearly as I can remember, about two miles northeast of Colesburg, and I presume very near where Pioneer and his friends had their fun with the bear.

I refer to Mr. Sam Fishel, who left the old homestead and emigrated to Montana in, I think, 1858, when there were scarcely more than a corporal's guard of white men in that territory and when their hair was extremely liable to be removed at any time without their consent. I met Fishel in the fall of '82 at Fort Maginnis, where he was then employed by the military authorities as a scout. I knew nothing of his identity when I went there, nor until we had ridden together nearly a day, he having been detailed by the officer in command of the post to guide me on a hunting expedition into the Snowy Mountains.

You may imagine our surprise when, in the course of a rambling conversation as we rode across the plains, we discovered that as boys we had lived within four or five miles of each other. Questions and answers flew thick and fast then, and the important points in our respective histories since leaving the old homesteads were rapidly brought out.

Sam proved one of the most genial companions and best hunters I have ever known. We were together in the saddle, by the camp-fire, or hunting on foot for three weeks, and many a thrilling narrative was drawn from this veteran frontiersman.

He had operated at various periods as hunter, trapper, miner, guide and scout, and though a modest, unpretentious man, little disposed to speak of his own achievements, was always glad to narrate any incident in his life if convinced that it would interest a listener.

I will repeat here only one of these. He and a friend were trapping and hunting at the head of the Judith Basin in midwinter. A band of Piegan Indians made a sneak on their camp one night and stole all their stock—two saddle and two pack horses. The feelings of the hunters, on discovering in the morning that they were afoot—in the heart of an uninhabited wilderness—can only be imagined by men who have been there. They examined the trail and found that there were eleven of the Indians, all mounted, and that they had gone north.

Fishel and his partner, after discussing the matter seriously for an hour, determined to follow the thieves in the best manner possible, and try to recover their stock. They, therefore, set out for another trapper's camp some ten miles away, arriving there at noon. There were at this camp three men, and, fortunately, they had five horses, enough to mount the entire party. In accordance with the western idea of courtesy, these three men at once placed themselves and their horses at the service of their unfortunate neighbors, and in an hour all had dined, and, with a supply of food, well armed and equipped, were in their saddles and off toward the trail of the thieves.

On reaching it they took an easy gait and followed it three days and three nights, stopping only long enough each night and morning to allow their animals the necessary time for food and rest; the deep snow and bright moonlight enabling them to follow the trail by night as readily as by day.

At daybreak on the morning of the fourth day the pursuers sighted the marauders encamped on the bank of the Missouri River, near the ranch of a squaw man and trader. The remnant of a camp-fire smoldered and flickered in the gray of dawn, around which lay the redskins, wrapped in their blankets and sleeping in fancied security, not deeming it possible that their victims could follow them so far on foot, nor probable that, in the then unsettled condition of the country, they could get other mounts on which to make a pursuit. One Indian had, however, been left on guard, more, perhaps, to prevent the stock from straying than to watch for possible enemies; but he was crouching over the scant fire, and as Fishel and his friends watched him from the top of a hill a quarter of a mile away, they saw him rise up, look over the herd, and as they were all feeding intently on the willows, he wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down among his friends for a morning snooze.

Our friends now hastily decided on a novel ruse. One of them dismounted and crept cautiously toward the Indian camp while the others went directly to the ranch, and cached their horses and themselves in the corral. The man on foot now cautiously approached the tired and half-starved herd, rounded them up and drove them quietly to the ranch where he and his friends soon placed them safely in the corral. The party now went to the ranch house, woke the proprietor and explained the situation to him. He remonstrated stoutly against any violence being done to the red men, with whom he wished to be friendly, but his visitors were largely in the majority, so they ordered him peremptorily to keep still and await developments at the Indian camp, which was in plain view of the ranch house. Finally, when the sun was half an hour high, one of the Indians woke up and looked around. Failing to see the horses he gave the alarm, and the camp was instantly a scene of commotion. On examining the signs about the camp and finding that their stock had been driven toward the ranch by a single man on foot, they seemed to conclude at once that the ranchman had come down and driven them in, and shouldering their guns they boldly started up to the house presumably to demand an explanation. Our friends inside awaited the coming of their foes with breathless anxiety, with a cool determination to quit even with them. The muzzles of their rifles were at the loopholes of the cabin, the hammers were drawn back and a finger rested on each trigger. The reds were allowed to come within 30yds. of the house before a weapon spoke. Then, at a preconcerted signal, each man covering his allotted foe, five little clouds of smoke shot out from the side of the shack, five short, sharp reports rang out on the frosty morning air, and four of the red thieves fell dead in their tracks, the fifth badly wounded.

The remaining six, uttering shrieks of terror, turned and fled in the wildest dismay, but a shower of lead followed them with such telling effect that three more were brought down before they reached cover. The remaining three made long and rapid strides toward their home beyond the British border, without making any further effort to recover even one each of their own cayuses to carry them, and Fishel and his friends, after resting a day or two at the ranch, returned with their own horses and those captured in the action to their camps.

Fishel said, with a modest glance at the camp-fire, as he finished, "that was a good many years ago, but I have never had a horse stolen by Indians since. When we got back to the stage station we found out that the thermometer had been from thirty to forty degrees below zero all the time we were gone. We suffered a good deal with the cold, but if we had known it was that cold we would have frozen to death sure." U. BET.

SPORT IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having had several years experience in Canada, principally in this Province, and spent all my spare time and much more than all my spare cash on sport with rifle, gun and rod, I think if I jot down a few rough notes on when, where and how to obtain sport, I may perhaps be of service to some of your readers who may be thinking of trying New Brunswick, and also repay the debt I owe to some of the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM for valuable information freely given as to other sporting regions.

Our big game consists of the usual Eastern list—moose, caribou, deer and bear, a few wolves and perhaps the panther (*Felis concolor*); at least an animal much resembling it has been described to me by hunters and lumbermen from widely different localties. In the way of game birds and wildfowl we have geese, brant, ducks, ruffed grouse, Canada grouse, snipe and woodcock, and trappers obtain beaver, otter, sable, black cat, foxes, lucifer, mink and musquash. Now, although this list may seem a long one, let no man be led astray by it. Some of these animals and birds exist here in enormous quantities, but unless the sportsman choose his ground carefully and be there exactly at the right time, he will reap only disappointment as his reward. As a rule all our game is migratory; even moose and caribou change their abode so much with the varying seasons, that as far as the sportsman is concerned they might almost be considered as migratory. Moose, for instance, in summer are around the streams, lakes, and low spruce lands generally, in the summer they "travel up" to the hardwood ridges, often many miles from their summer quarters, and usually winter in some sheltered valley where moose wood and young maples abound. I proved this change of ground practically some years since in Ontario.

Two other sportsmen and myself were, one fine September, on the western shores of Lake Temiscamingue after much labor in portaging our effects up the numerous falls of the Ottawa River. I believe there is a railway to the lake now. We expected to find moose very plentiful, as an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company's employ had been there in the summer and seen both game and tracks in abundance. The tracks we certainly found, indeed in certain favored localties the ground was trodden up like a barnyard, but we had eventually to shift our ground some twenty-five miles to the eastward before we found moose. Caribou also change their pastures a good deal. In September they are scattered all over the woods, the bulls running about continually looking for the cows; in October they bunch up and take to the barrens; but with the first frosts they leave the barrens, as the slightly frozen crust will not bear them, and take to the woods again, and do not venture into the open ground until they have got over all fear of breaking through. After this they stick to the barrens until the snow becomes too deep for them to get at the moss (*Lichen rangiferina*), when they resort to the woods of thick spruce and also to lumber works, the "wool" hanging from the tops left by the lumbermen being the attraction. Deer (*C. virginianus*), after having been nearly exterminated, the settlers say by wolves, but probably quite as much by crusting, are becoming numerous again. They have been seen on the eastern side of the St. John in several localties, and are even reported from Burnt Hill Brook, on Miramichi, where tracks have been noticed this fall. They will probably become sufficiently numerous for good shooting in a few years. I believe we owe this animal's return to the game laws just over the border in Maine being properly enforced, some of the Maine surplus deer having strayed over. More power to the game wardens' elbows. Bears are very plentiful, and are often reported seen quite near towns and villages, and scaring somebody badly, as often as not the "schoolmarm." Bear hunting is most unsatisfactory work, and the beasts reported are generally seen along the streams or roads. In the woods their hearing is so acute that a man generally has no chance of stalking them. They are sometimes very easily killed when shot. I know of several killed with 1¼oz. No. 5 shot, and one with ½oz. No. 8, which a naturalist had loaded for collecting purposes; the bear in this case was not more than five yards from the muzzle of the gun. Behind the shoulder low down is the "skudflekk" of a bear.

I will now try and indicate some localities where reasonable sport may be expected, the time to go and the outfit required; the last is a very delicate matter, as every good sportsman has some pet way of his own, so when any one does not agree with me let him agree to differ. Several (if not all) roads lead to Rome, and one way may be as good as the other.

The best moose country now remaining in New Brunswick is along the borders of Northumberland and Victoria counties about Little's, West Lake and the Cow Mountains. There are three ways of getting to this country, which is very remote. The first route is by the North Western Railway to Cross Creek, thence by lumber road to head of Clearwater, thence following the county line some 10 miles or so to the ground. Take plenty of men, as the "sacking" is heavy; and cut down weight far as possible. Route No. 2 is from Newcastle up stream about 60 miles, following a lumber road on which a horse and drag can be taken; by this route you strike the ground from the other side. Much of the region between Southwest Gap and the heads of Nepisiquit and Tobique rivers is yet unknown to the map makers, and game is very plentiful. The third and last route is up the Tobique River by canoe to Long Lake, from the eastern extremity of which the desired ground lies to the eastward. As Indians and canoes can be got at the mouth of the Tobique (this sounds the easiest way, but generally in August and September, the moose calling season, the water is very low, and canoeing up stream means hard, slow work.* This country, I repeat, is very inaccessible, but when one is there he will find game plentiful. The sportsman, however, may have considerable trouble in obtaining a good moose caller; they are scarce. I know of only one or two, and they are not to be found among the degenerate Milicet Indians of Fredericton, where guides are generally engaged. To insure sport the party should be on the ground by the first full moon in September. Remember never to shoot more meat than can be saved and eaten, as the country is too remote to get anything out at that period of the year before it spoils. There are duck and caribou to be had, too, but they can be obtained better in more accessible localities.

Caribou are plentiful in most parts of the Province. One was killed last year by the locomotive of the night express near McAdam Junction; and I have seen their tracks within three miles of Fredericton. I believe there is not a single county in the Province that does not hold these deer. But (alas for these "buts") in the fall when their heads are at their best and worthy trophies of a sportsman's skill, hunting them in thick woods is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. The places to obtain sport are large barrens, and the time about Christmas, although many of the best heads are spoiled by that time; but earlier sport is very uncertain, indeed it is so at the best of times with caribou. After hard frosts for the first fortnight in December and a nice fresh fall of 3in. or so of snow, a visit to any of the following localities with good Indians, will possibly result in the capture of some of these fine beasts: The barrens between Tracadie and Coraquette rivers, in Gloucester county, best got at from Bathurst; Myshrall Lake, a few miles from Boiestown; Cain's River barrens and Gaspereau River, Grand Lake. The last two are reached from Fredericton, and although more hunted over than the others, are occasionally very good. A great many caribou are annually killed in the lumber woods, but it is not the same sport as stalking them on the barrens, and those killed in the lumber woods are nearly always shot after the legal season has expired.

Leaving big game and turning our attention to wing shooting, geese naturally claim first place. These birds, in their habits, differ much from duck. The latter drop into any lake or pond that offers them food and shelter. Not so, however, the geese. They seem to have certain haunts, and will on no account try other, and, seemingly, equally inviting marshes. I have remarked this same characteristic of the European geese in Norway. When going south, after leaving the northern parts of that country, they halt only once or twice at certain well-known lakes in the whole eleven hundred miles of that kingdom. Canada geese assemble in large numbers in October along the northern coast of New Brunswick, from Campelton to Bay Verte. Particularly good places for sport are Eel River, Bathurst Harbor, Point Miscou, Tracadie Gully, Richibuet's Beach, Point Escuminac. As soon as heavy storms come on, toward the end of the month the birds begin to leave for the south. The principal stopping places are Myshrall Lake, the Bull Pasture Plains, Cranberry Bog and French Lake, all a few miles from Fredericton. It is said that they frequent some of the lakes on tributaries of Salmon River, Grand Lake. There are probably a few other localities, but it is certain that many lakes lying in the track of the migrating birds are never visited by them, though why, I for one cannot tell. French Lake, which is a great resort with them, is to all appearance a very inviting place for wildfowl; it is surrounded by farms, and the birds are shot at night and day; nevertheless, they always rest there. This fall they were there in thousands.

Black ducks breed on most of the inland lakes and rivers, and the shooting at French Lake and Upper and Lower Timber lakes is occasionally very good in September. A few summer duck and teal are also shot, but other kinds are scarce, except bluebills, later in the season, say the end of October. The ducks are shot in the evening as they drop into these rushy lakes to feed, and the shooting for half an hour or so before dusk is great fun. When the birds are frozen out at these lakes they are usually to be found for a few days longer at some well known resorts along the bay shore, where good shooting is obtained until their final departure for the United States. A perfectly broken retrieving spaniel is of great assistance for this shooting, and I will almost double the bag.

Woodcock breed in suitable localities all over the southern portion of the Province and on the St. John and its tributaries, but do not extend to the Miramichi waters, although one was seen at Little Southwest Lake, and a friend informed me he saw a pair in June at Shippegan, in Gloucester county. I fancy, however, that these are exceptional cases. The rule seems to be that the birds follow up the St. John River and its tributaries, to their very heads in many instances, but go no further north. I believe that there is occasionally very good shooting in certain covers along the coast. Judge W., one of the best woodcock shots in the Province, told me that a few years back he got 17 birds to his own gun in one day,

*We are advised by Mr. Edward Jack that there is a good portage of 19 miles from Gulquac to Tobique Lake, with a lumber camp at end of portage.—ED.

near St. John. Inland we never get large bags, two or three couple being a good day for two guns, at least near Fredericton. The birds disappear from the middle of August until the end of September.

Snipe shooting on the marshes of the St. John River is occasionally very good; I have several times shot twenty couple in an afternoon, but this shooting depends altogether on the seasons; some years good, others poor. To my fancy snipe shooting is the best sport we get, and it is a pity that the season is so short. Oromocto, Gagetown and French Lake, near Sheffield, all on the St. John, are very good places for snipe. The Tantramar Marshes in Westmoreland county are well known and much frequented by American sportsmen. There is a fine little marsh at the mouth of Tête-à-gauche River, Bathurst, that will yield good sport after a nor'easter early in October, but there is no shooting there after Oct. 14.

CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick, December, 1886.

CRANBERRY LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

W. R. Bishop, the hotel proprietor at Cranberry Lake, paid me a short visit to-day. That reminded me that I spent the first two weeks of last September on the inlet of Cranberry Lake and had neglected to report what I saw and heard. I left Canton Sept. 1, reaching the foot of the lake at 2:20 P. M. Here I met Steve Ward, an old woods companion of bygone days, who, now a professional guide, was to be a helper during my outing. It was decided that we should camp near the foot of the rapids on the inlet. The sporting season had fairly closed, the last guest had departed from the hotel, and the little steamboat which plies the lake had been dismantled. This made it necessary to raise a spruce breeze. To lighten the burden, my driver and the ex-engineer of the steamboat, Will Smith, took a second boat and part of my duffle. In 30 minutes from the time we drew rein we were afloat. Darkness overtook us before we reached camp, and a toilsome hour was spent in the floodwood, which had by the falling of the water closed up the channel. At 9 o'clock we were in a good open bark camp, and an hour later were tucked under our blankets.

Steve and I were afloat at dawn hoping to get a shot at a deer, which, if successful, would enable me to send some fresh venison back home by my teamster. This was a well-arranged scheme and would have been very nice if it had succeeded. The start was rather discouraging—overcoat and mittens on and an icy seat to sit upon. Then the fog was so thick we would have been unable to penetrate it but for having a sharp-pointed boat. Half an hour of this business satisfied me that the friends at home didn't like venison anyhow, while I myself greatly preferred bacon. Breakfast over and our assistant boatmen departed, we went fishing. Faithful work until the middle of the afternoon only brought to creel a few small trout, and they were taken at odd places on the rapids. The day had been fine, but the night was too cold to think of floating, and we turned in early. The next day we went down through the floodwood, over into the Dead Creek country and looked up the trail to Cat Mountain Pond. A glimpse of two deer taking a hurried departure out of range of the rifle gave us encouragement. Blue herons, loons and black ducks were occasionally seen and a very pleasant day was passed; scarcely less so that we had nothing to show for it on our return to camp at evening.

That night we had visitors at camp. Visitors at camp in the woods are always welcome or unwelcome. There is no half-way about it. These were two guides who had been on a little hunt on their own account. They had the meat and hides of two deer which they said they killed at daylight down on the lake. The fact that they had a dog with them, and that the dog was lame, was very suggestive of the manner in which the deer might have been killed. The venison was very good, however, and our thanks were due them for a generous piece left behind when they took their departure next morning up the river.

I had intended staying at this camp the entire trip, but by midday changed my mind and we packed up and started up stream. First came half a mile of still water, then a hard carry past three miles of rapids. It was 9 o'clock that night before we were snug in camp on the still water above. At this place, known as the Bridge on the Inlet, though the bridge has been carried away by high water and never replaced, a Mr. Steinberger was just completing a frame house intended for his own family and to accommodate a few guests. While such a stopping place will be a convenience to sportsmen belated in making camp or in bad weather, it is hardly probable it will get patronage enough to make it pay the proprietor. Here we saw several friends who had just come in by road from Fine, and we read our first accounts of the Charleston earthquake.

At this particular place, and some fifty rods from where the new house is building, my nerves got quite a shaking up one night some nineteen or twenty years ago, and, as it was one of those little experiences we always remember, I will relate it. It was early in the month of May, and I had arranged with a friend to make a trip to Cat Mountain Pond, a pond at that time undiscovered by Verplanck Colvin, and probably unknown save to a few. There is fair fishing there for quarter-pound trout to-day, but twenty years ago the water fairly tasted fishy. We were to go by Foot & Walker's line from Fine, the distance being about twenty-five miles. My friend had this advantage over me—a log that I could go under he could step over; and as he had to come five miles on his road to where I lived, I thought I would pull out early and let him overtake me. I attended to my part of the programme, telling my people I would stop at the inlet and wait for them if not overtaken sooner. Half an hour after I left word came that he could not go, but in happy unconsciousness I trudged along, taking longer and more frequent rests as the hours wore away. Thus it was nearly night when I reached the inlet. In those days there was then an old log cabin built against a large split rock, the rock forming one end of the shanty and the back for the fireplace. At this end the roof was left off for a little distance for the smoke to escape, and at this particular time the door was gone. As the night was cold I interwove spruce boughs the best I could to stop the wind, and lay close up to the little fire I had built to keep warm. In those days we thought a blanket a useless burden.

Some time in the night I awoke. I was lying on my right side, my back to the embers. I was wide awake all at once, but did not stir. Something heavy, warm and soft was resting on my left side. What could it be? The shanty ground was infested by hedgehogs—not desirable bedfellows. The ridge was a runway for panthers and wolves, or had been in bygone days, and even then I knew that traps were set for them on either side within a mile. I thought of the stories I had read of savage animals finding people asleep and lying down beside them until they would awake. My hair "riz" a little. I thought of the story I had heard how once upon a time a fisherman had waded the middle of this same stream for a mile toward camp while a panther followed along the shore. I thought how Old Tom had, within a very few years trapped or shot several of the varmints within the radius of five miles from where I was. I thought of my rifle standing in the corner a few feet away and wondering how I could get it most quickly if I needed it. I wondered what the—mischief—was on top of me. I reasoned that I must find out without disturbing my visitor, if possible, and then think what to do if I was left time to think. By turning my head a quarter way around I could see. But would not the least stir I made bring trouble, if trouble there was to come? Well, I had to risk it anyway. So far I had breathed regularly and kept perfectly still, but knew I could not continue doing so for any considerable time, I would get nervous. Slowly—an inch at a time, I turned my head.

The shout that rang through the cabin could have been heard a mile away, and I nearly died laughing to see that great big rabbit try to find the hole he came in at. I laughed myself to sleep again.

It was noon when Steve dipped his paddle in the water on our start for the New York Camp, some dozen miles up stream. Half way up, at the Battle Ground, we stopped for luncheon. The Battle Ground is a name given to an old camp ground where two guides once settled a little difference of opinion on some subject. Unwritten history says that one got a black eye, and the other got dumped into the river.

It was a beautiful day. I enjoyed very much lounging on the bow seat while Steve's strong arms wielded the paddle. We arrived at camp at 5:30. As the camp would easily accommodate twenty we had lots of house room, and after a hearty dinner and a pleasant chat turned in.

At daylight next morning, with rod and gun, we paddled up to the Plains, keeping a sharp outlook for deer. Saw none, and turning about put down the gun and took up the rod. I am no fly-fisherman, and this morning was trying to swap venison for trout. Only three or four fingerlings got the worst of the deal for the first half mile. These we dropped over and on to a sand bar on the right hand side of the stream, while on the left was some 5ft. of water with a gravel bottom and no particular cover. Nothing in fact to indicate a better chance for a trout than could be found every ten rods for as many miles down the stream. "Now, go slow and you'll get a good one." "How large?" "Oh, a couple of pounds, perhaps." "Think so? I am afraid I will not get any, then, for I doubt my hook holding a two-pounder. However, here goes," and as the line sank and was drawn toward the surface with that peculiar twist of the wrist (a novice once said to me, "I don't see how it is that you get all the trout and I none, for I watch you and wiggle my hole just as you do."), a broad gleam of gold flashed beneath it and set my heart pounding like a hammer on an anvil. A second cast and a half-pounder showed himself plainly. A third cast and—"Moses! Steve, he'd reach half across the river." "Well, why don't you catch him. I told you he was there. Cast again and a little lower down, and—is it a log I am hitched to?" Mighty lively log I found, as I struck as hard as I dared, and the fish started downward and down stream. Scientific fishermen call it "giving him the butt," I believe. My rod bent double. I could almost hold tip and butt in the same hand. A few brief moments and he turned up stream. In a moment more I had him in sight, and the rest of the battle was fought out on that line. The struggle was brief, not over ten minutes, and Steve reached down into the water and slipped thumb and finger into his gills and took him in. As he came over the side of the boat the hook dropped out. I inclose the hook. This was not the trout I had seen. It was a shorter one. But I wanted no more. What if there was another big one there, he would keep for me or some one else. We paddled back to camp, and river weight (we had no scales) made our fish go 4 to 4½lbs. He measured 19½in. long, 4½ deep, 2¼ through from side to side, and 11½ in girth. His tail was 5in. broad, and a stick 3¼in. long could be set between his open jaws. It was the largest trout I had caught in many years, though Steve was with a party earlier in the season who caught two the same day of about equal size at this same hole. Toward night we dropped down the river to Gouverneur Camp and floated. It was cold and foggy. I got a glimpse of eyes once for a moment only, and we drove another out of a big cove. We soon got enough of the sport; went to camp, built a fire, warmed up and turned in, to be awakened long after daylight by the chatter of the bluejays. Returned to our home camp, had breakfast, cleaned the guns and paddled up to the Plains. Leaving our boat at a chain of rocks we walked up to the old cabin, a mile or more. It was hot, and the drink from the almost ice cold spring was very refreshing.

While here two hunters came for provisions from Clear Pond, where they said they were camped and were hounding deer into Big Deer Pond (Colvin's Lost Lake). Clear Pond is in St. Lawrence county, Big Deer just out of it. They reported another party at Grass Pond who were hounding into Mud Lake. Grass Pond is in St. Lawrence and so is part of Mud Lake. As they said our game protector (Leonard) had visited the Grass Pond party and advised them that it was "all right" so long as they did not put the dogs out in St. Lawrence county, I did not see as I could do more than wish that we had a protector who would give different advice.

During an hour's stay at the cabin two men on their way out of the woods came from Five Ponds, where they had left several others hounding. Five Ponds are just outside St. Lawrence county.

That night we were tired and turned in early. Our slumbers were disturbed by the quill pig who got his head into a corner of the shanty, where Steve could only make caroms on his back with a club and I was obliged to decide the matter with the Marlin.

Next morning we decided to break camp for good and drop down to Gouverneur Camp; so we fished along down and caught small ones, enough for dinner. Here we were joined by Archie Muir, forester for this section. At night the moon shone until 1 o'clock, when we started out, Muir down and we up the river. The deer were well educated here, and a breaking of brush or a splash in the water around some bend was all the indications we had of game for some two miles, when, rounding a bend up at the next one and in the open water at the mouth of a cove stood a deer. It was a long shot, but the light showed him plainly, and we loaded a nice yearling buck into the boat and returned to camp. Here we loafed for a couple of days and then dropped down to the bridge again. That night we were out on the river, but a hard shower, the first for the trip, drove us to shelter. The next day the weather was colder and seemed to threaten more storm. I had planned to go down through the lake, but changed my mind, and leaving Steve to go that route alone, I hired Steinberger to carry my pack five miles to the main road, and in company with Muir started at noon. Once out to the clearings, a soft word induced honest Billy Moncrief to drive us with his big gray horse and lumber wagon to Fine Village, a distance of twelve miles, where we arrived at supper time Saturday night. How to get home thirty miles, that was now the question. The livery man thought I was his meat sure and would take me home for eight dollars. On the contrary, I spent thirty cents for a telephone message, had a pleasant ride with an old chum ten miles to Edwards, where my own team met me, and by a little past midnight I was home again. When I awoke next morning the wind was blowing a gale and the rain coming in sheets, nor do I remember a single pleasant day for the next two weeks.

J. H. R.

CANTON, N. Y.

JOHN BOYDEN.

IN the death of Mr. John Boyden, who died at his home on Monday evening, March 7, Worcester loses another of its older citizens, a whole-souled honorable gentleman, widely known and universally esteemed. He was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and among sportsmen he had a very extensive acquaintance. Mr. Boyden retired from business some twenty years ago with broken health, and for the past ten years has been quite an invalid, although much of the time, until his last illness, he was able to be about town.

His interest in all that pertained to sportsmanship was retained in a remarkable degree years after he was unable to endure the fatigue of a day in the field or at the range. In later years he seemed to enjoy much in anticipations that were never realized. At the approach of each returning shooting season, he would remark that he "believed that he felt better than a year ago and hoped to get out a little." But during the last nine years of his life those days so much anticipated never came. I well remember the last day he spent in the field when, though too feeble to endure much of a tramp, he enjoyed the sport with the keenest relish, remaining out the entire day. It was nine years ago the first of last September, the opening day for partridge shooting. As usual on that occasion I was engaged to accompany Uncle Nathan Harrington, and Mr. Boyden was to go with Messrs. A. P. and G. H. Cutting. It proved a red-letter day for both these veterans. It was the first time after the amputation of his foot Uncle Nathan had attempted an all day shoot, and Mr. Boyden had done little, if any, shooting for several years previous to this occasion. It was late in the afternoon when our friend got in what proved to be his last shot at a game bird. He had been able to do little more than ride to the covers and wait while his companions hunted them through, and while thus resting upon a large stone in an opening between two runs his friends drove a partridge across the opening within easy range and he killed it, the bird falling at about 35yds. The story of that little occurrence with every detail was told many times in after years, and while no one ever had the slightest suspicion that he intended to vary a hair's breadth from the truth, the distance grew with years to 70yds.

Mr. Boyden was very entertaining in conversation, and a call from a brother sportsman, which was intended to be of a few minutes' duration, was more often prolonged to hours. He seemed never to tire of talking upon his favorite theme, and his dry wit was of a style peculiarly his own.

He was one of the first to engage in the organization of the Worcester Sportsman's Club thirteen years ago. He presided at the preliminary meetings, and was elected as its first president. He felt, however, that his health was hardly firm enough to perform the duties, and although he yielded to the earnest solicitations of his friends, he retired at the close of one year's service.

He was the pioneer man to import setter dogs into Worcester, the first were his famous pair of blue beltons, Rock and Juno. This was some twenty-five years ago. About fifteen years later came the Gordon setter Marble's Grouse and the Gordon setter bitch Hope. When abroad, many years ago, while traveling in Scotland, he made the acquaintance of the celebrated gunmaker Alex Henry, the acquaintance ripening into warm friendship, which lasted through life. His admiration of his friend's work amounted almost to bigotry, and he began to import his fine guns and rifles in the early days of breechloaders. For a while he managed to dispose of a great many among his friends, but as the shooters became acquainted with the work of other makers, he found it difficult to get the fancy prices at which he held them, and he had several in his possession at the time of his death.

The last few years he has been a great sufferer, his disease finally assuming the form of rheumatic paralysis, rendering him entirely helpless. He was 70 years old and leaves a wife. E. SPRAGUE KNOWLES.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 9.

[The acquaintance of one of the FOREST AND STREAM'S staff with Mr. Boyden extended over thirty years; and in that time many were the field excursions taken in his company, and filled with incidents which are still fresh in memory. Mr. Boyden was one whose charm of manner and speech rendered the enjoyment of his companionship a privilege. The qualities which go to make up a sportsman were possessed by him in an eminent degree. He was a frequent and valuable contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM, communications from his pen having also appeared in the old *American Sportsman* and the *Rod and Gun*].

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE GREAT AUK.

[From the Audubon Magazine for March.]

OUR illustration this month has a double interest, because it represents a form of bird life which can now be seen only in pictures. The great auk, once so abundant on the northern coast of America, no longer exists. Not very long ago, when your mother's grandmother was young, and wore a poke-bonnet, it would have been no difficult task to find auk skins enough to trim all the hats in America, but in our day we can find not a single auk.

Naturalists and geologists, who find the fossil bones of animals stored away in the rocks, tell us of many forms of life which have become extinct. Most of them have disappeared because of great changes and unfavorable conditions quite beyond the control of man. But the great auk, like the dodo of Mauritius and some other birds, has wholly ceased to exist because exterminated by the cruelty of man. Had its human foes been less wanton, the great auk might still be numbered among American sea birds. Its melancholy fate is an instance of the destruction which might be wrought upon other species of birds, if the plumage hunters were unchecked.

The great auk had neither means of defense nor powers of flight. Its safety lay in its home, which was on outlying rocky islets and points of land, where there were no large mammals that could injure it. Its powers of swimming and diving gave it safety from the eagles, the only winged creatures which could successfully attack a bird of such great size. As soon as civilized man entered upon the scene, however, the great auk's danger was apparent.

The great auk—the representative of the penguin in the northern seas—lived up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, without any serious diminution of its ranks. That it was to some extent used as food by various nations is quite certain, for its bones have been found in the shell heaps left by coast dwelling tribes; but this did not affect the supply.

Up to a comparatively recent date a general impression prevailed that the great auk was a bird of the far north, and was commonly found within the Arctic circle. This does not appear to have been the case. It was an inhabitant of the North Atlantic Ocean, being abundant on small islands off the coast of Iceland and Newfoundland, but it is doubtful whether it ever occurred except casually within the Arctic circle. It has been said by Reinhardt that it was found occasionally on the coast of Greenland, and that one was killed on Disco Island, in Davis' Strait, but later writers are not disposed to credit these accounts. However, it is clear that it was a bird capable of enduring a great degree of cold, for being practically wingless it was no doubt resident where hatched, or at all events could not wander far from home in search of a warmer climate.

The old accounts of these birds—which were known by a variety of names, such as wobble, penguin, moyack and alk—speak of them as being very abundant, and show very clearly how readily they were destroyed. Thus Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exmouth, Devonshire, England, in "A Discovrse and Discovery of Nevv-fovnd-land," printed in 1622, says: "These Penguins are as bigge as Geese, and flye not, for they haue but a little short wing; and they multiplie so infinitely, vpon a certain flat Iland, that men driue them from thence vupon a boord, into their boats by hundreds at a time; as if God had made the innocency of so poore a creature, to become such an admirable instrument for the sustentation of man."

A little later, in 1672, John Josselyn, Gent., in a work on "New England Rarities," printed in London, writes: "The Wobble is an ill shaped fowl, having no long Feathers in their Pinions, which is the reason they cannot fly, much unlike the *Pengwin*; thep are in the Spring very fat, or rather oyly, but pulled and garbidg'd, and laid to the Fire to roast, they yield not one drop."

In a work on Greenland, by Hans Egede, printed at Copenhagen in the year 1718, and translated and published in London in the year 1818, it is stated that "There is another sea-bird, which the Norway-men call Alkes, which in the winter season contributes much to the maintenance of the Greenlander. Sometimes there are such numbers of them that they drive them in large flocks to the shore, where they catch them in their hands."

Coming down to modern times we find that early in the present century the great auk was abundant on the islands on the coast of Iceland, but that in 1807 an English privateer visited these islands and killed most of them, and that again in the year 1810, the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands, being threatened with starvation, visited Iceland and made havoc among the auks.

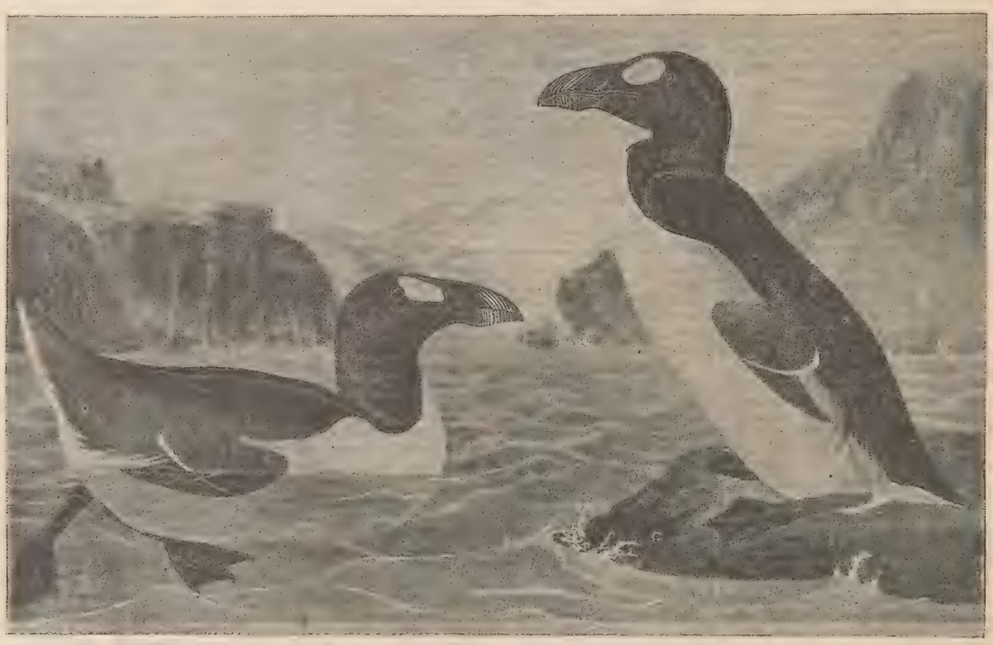
From these inroads the species never recovered, and after this time we hear of them as occurring on the coast of Iceland only in small numbers. The last seen were two killed in 1844.

On our own coast this species was once very abundant. We have seen what Captain Whitbourne said of it on the Newfoundland coast, and we know from the occurrence of its remains, and from the testimony of witnesses, some of whom may be still living, that it used to be plentifully distributed along the coast of Maine and Massachusetts as far south as Boston Bay. Mr. George A. Boardman learned from a Methodist missionary, who was stationed on the coast of Newfoundland near Funk Island from 1818 to 1823, that during the whole of his residence these birds were present in considerable numbers, and that the inhabitants destroyed many of them for their feathers. Often the boys kept them as pets tied by a string to the leg. Mr. Audubon states that during a voyage to England, perhaps about 1830, Mr. Henry Havell hooked a great auk on the Newfoundland Banks and brought it on board. This seems to be the latest record we have of its occurrence on the American coast, though Mr. Ruthven Deane published in the *Bulletin* of the Nuttall Ornithological Club an account of a young bird which was picked up dead on the coast of Labrador in 1870. About this occurrence, however, there seems to be some doubt.

All accounts agree in stating that this bird was very abundant in the seventeenth century, and that it bred on rocky islets off the coast where it was free from the attacks of any enemy except man. When on shore the birds sat upright and moved along by short steps about as fast as a man would walk. It is generally agreed that only one egg was laid. This was large, pointed and white with brown or chocolate spots. The birds made no defense of their egg but would bite fiercely when caught, inflicting severe wounds with their great strong bills.

So far as known seventy-eight skins of the great auk exist in various museums, and besides these there are a number of skeletons, parts of skeletons, and mummies taken from shell heaps and old breeding places.

The length of the great auk was about 30in., and the color was as follows: The head, neck and upper parts were black, fading to snuff brown on the throat and sides of head and neck. The lower parts, a large oval spot in front of the eye and the tips of the secondary wing feathers are white. The white of the breast and neck extends upward in a point into the brown of the throat. The bill is black with the grooves between the transverse ridges white. The feet and claws black, eye hazel.



THE GREAT AUK (*Plautus impennis* Linn.).

SEA BIRD NOTES OF THE GRAMPUS.

THE following notes of the writer's observations when on the United States Fish Commission's schooner Grampus, September and October, 1886, in most cases simply mention the occurrence or capture of the species noticed. In those instances where habits have been observed they have been mentioned.

Sept. 23.—Coast of Maine, vicinity of Casco Bay. I saw scattering jaegers (*S. pomatorhinus* and *S. parasiticus*). These birds are frequently called bos'ns and gull-chasers by Cape Ann fishermen. The latter name seems well applied, as these birds will compel even the herring gull (*L. argentatus*, var. *smithsonianus*) to disgorge its food. They seem to avoid any conflict with the shearwaters, either *P. major* or *P. anglorum*. One flock of some seventy-five white-winged coots (*M. velvetina*) and a few single ones were seen. One warbler, either female or immature, alighted on the main boom and on the deck today. It looked like *Geothylpis trichas*. Seven cherry birds (*A. cedrorum*) were also seen. Three alighted on the rigging and one on the main boom within ten feet of me.

Sept. 24.—Off Portland, Maine. Saw scattering gulls (*L. argentatus*) and two small hawks too distant to name.

Sept. 26.—La Have Bank, between 63° and 64° west long. and about 42° 55′ north lat. I saw a great skua, commonly known as sea hen (*Megalestris skua*). Capt. Collins went out in a dory, but failed to get a shot. He got one Arctic tern or mackerel gull (*S. macroura*). The first kittiwake or winter gull (*Rissa tridactyla*) was seen to-day. It was an immature bird. Several bos'ns (*S. pomatorhinus*) were noticed, but too distant to shoot.

Sept. 27.—La Have Ridges, lat. 42° 46′ N., long. 63° 12′ W. Captain this evening shot a hawk, but owing to the darkness, it was not picked up. I think it was *Astur atricapillus*. This bird hovered over the vessel off and on for some five minutes. I saw a turnstone (*Strepsilas interpres*) this morning. This bird is known by various names, as calico back, chicken bird, red-legged plover, and chicaree. Some shearwaters (*Puffinus major*) have been seen. This species, with *P. anglorum*, are the hagdons, or hags, of fishermen.

Sept. 28.—La Have Ridges, lat. 42° 50′ N., long. 63° 20′ W. Captain shot a jaeger (*S. pomatorhinus*); I shot a female sooty shearwater, or black hag, *P. fuliginosus*). This species is much less common than either *P. major* or *P. anglorum*; one dark *pomatorhinus*, thirteen *S. pomatorhinus* in ordinary autumn plumage, six common hags (*P. major*), and an immature herring gull or gray gull (*L. argentatus*, var. *smithsonianus*) were obtained. Birds are not plenty, perhaps three or four common hags have been seen. The petrels, common known as Mother Cary chickens, particularly *C. leucorrhoa*, were the most numerous. *O. oceanica* were also seen. Messrs. Carswell and Williams caught seven petrels alive this afternoon. These birds became so eager to get the pieces of cod liver which were thrown out to attract them, that they flew very close to the vessel's side, and thus these seven were caught in a dip net. The birds were on the wing at the time and much dexterity was displayed by the above-named gentlemen.

Sept. 29.—La Have, lat. 42° 46′ N., long. 63° 15′ W. Saw the first gannet (*S. bassana*). It was in the immature gray plumage. Two adult *R. tridactyla* were also noticed. Mr. Williams shot two common jaegers (*pomatorhinus*). I shot two common hags (*P. major*) and a fulmar petrel (*F. glacialis*). This latter bird is the noddy or marbleheader of fishermen. It is also known as oil bird and stinker.

Sept. 30.—La Have, lat. 42° 45′ N., long. 63° 16′ W. One adult and three immature winter gulls, six bos'ns (*pomatorhinus*), one of them in dark plumage, and six hags (*P. major*), in ordinary fall plumage, were taken.

Oct. 1.—La Have Ridges, lat. 42° 50′ N., long. 63° 25′ W.

Rough weather all day. Saw some hags, bos'ns (*pomatorhinus*), winter gulls, mostly immature ones, and petrels, both *O. oceanica* and *C. leucorrhoa*.

Oct. 2.—La Have Ridges, lat. 42° 48′ N., long. 63° 12′ W. Strong northwester all day. Saw a sea hen (*Megalestris skua*) twice to-day. This bird came within 30yds. of the stern. I did not shoot the first time because it seemed too rough for men to go out in a dory. The boats were lashed so that it would have taken some time to get them ready to put out. However, the men having volunteered to go for so rare a specimen, the second time it came near I shot at it. Though hard hit it got away to leeward. Had it been smoother water I think this specimen could have been found dead on the surface astern of us. Shooting from a vessel rolling and pitching, as was the Grampus at this time, renders "killing clean" a matter of much uncertainty. Those who have tried it will appreciate this. There is no doubt whatever about the identity of this specimen, as it was seen by both Captain Collins and myself. It seems perhaps singular but none the less true, that this species is most commonly noticed when the weather is stormy or blowing hard. The flight is bold and strong.

Oct. 3.—La Have Ridges, lat. 42° 52′ N., long. 63° 4′ W. One winter yellowleg (*G. melanoleuca*) flew around the vessel and then headed for land. I shot one adult winter gull and several others mostly immature. Also saw a noddy, a jaeger (*pomatorhinus*), a hag (*P. major*), and a few Leach's petrels.

Oct. 4.—Passage from La Have to Roseway Bank. I shot three winter gulls (*R. tridactyla*), two were adult and one immature. Saw perhaps twenty-five or thirty of these birds, a few bos'ns (*S. pomatorhinus*), and one hag (*P. major*). Roseway Bank, lat. 43° 19′ N., long. 64° 46′ W.—Saw three ducks fly past the vessel and alight ahead. We sailed past them when they arose, and as they flew by a second time one of them was knocked into the water. It was picked up and found to be an immature velvet duck (*M. velvetina*). This bird, in its immature stage, is the common gray coot of the New England coast. In the adult plumage, or when old enough to show white in the wings, it is the white-winged coot, of which mention is made in the beginning of these notes. After dinner we filled away for Shelburne, N. S. On nearing the land the kittiwakes or winter gulls became scarcer, and the herring gulls, mostly immature gray plumaged birds, seemed to take their place.

Oct. 5.—Shelburne, N. S. Gray gulls (*L. argentatus* and *L. marinus*) were frequently seen flying about the harbor. Several crows (*C. americanus*) were noticed. A short walk on shore brought to notice one robin (*S. migratorius*), two Canada jays or whiskey jacks (*Perisoreus canadensis*), two song sparrows (*M. melodia*) and a number of snow birds (*Junco hyemalis*). Ruffed grouse (*B. umbella*) and Canada grouse (*S. canadensis*) are common. We bought them for twenty-five cents a pair. They are known by the names of birch and spruce partridges all through Maine and the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Oct. 7.—Underway along the coast from Shelburne to Pubnico, N. S. I saw a flock of twelve eiders (*somateria*), among which were two old females. Some *argentatus* seen, but the winter gulls seem not to have worked in from the banks as yet. At Pubnico I saw some crows alight on the rigging of a schooner that was lying at a wharf. Of course, no people were on the vessel. Crows here seem to feed around the rocks, wharves and beaches wherever fish or fish offal may be picked up. I saw them eating dead squids on the beach at Shelburne.

Oct. 8.—Off the mouth of Pubnico Harbor I saw a lone eider drake and a flock of white-winged coots.

Oct. 9.—Southeast of Nova Scotia, lat. 43° 03′ N., long. 65° 55′ W., Captain shot one and Mr. Carswell shot two winter gulls. I went out in a dory, taking a bucket of fish livers to decoy the birds within shooting distance. Pieces of these livers thrown into the water and allowed to drift to leeward will almost invariably draw such birds as jaegers, gulls, fulmars and shearwaters within gunshot. For the rest, 3¼drms. of powder and 1¼oz. of No. 4 shot in a 7¼ or 8lb. 12-bore, will be all one needs. Almost all the birds obtained will be inside of thirty-five yards, and frequently a less distance. As a result of my efforts, under circumstances as above related, I have to-day shot two gray gannets (*S. bassana*), two whiptails (*S. buffonii*), two noddies (*F. glacialis*) and twenty-one bos'ns *S. pomatorhinus*). Four of the latter were in the dark plumage and the balance in the more common mixed dark and white. I have seen to-day three gray gannets, about forty bos'ns (*pomatorhinus*), four whiptails (*S. buffonii*), a hundred or more winter gulls (*R. tridactyla*) about equally divided between adult and immature birds, two Cary chickens, species uncertain, and a flock of six or eight phalaropes too distant to name the specief. These little birds are commonly called sea geese by fishermen, though why I do not know. Certainly the size has nothing to do with the name. Not a hag (*P. major*) has been seen for the past two days, and that they "are found on the coast in winter," as some writers state, is, in my belief, incorrect, not only as regards *P. major*, but also *anglorum* and *fuliginosus*. Captain Collins agrees with me in this. I have been interested in our coastwise birds for twenty years, and have yet to see the first one of these birds off our New England coast in winter. At noon to-day a little snow bird (*J. hyemalis*) hovered around the vessel a minute or two and then, without alighting, flew away to the land. From this and numerous other similar instances that have fallen under my notice, it seems plain that these stragglers from terra firma possess an instinct which tells them the course back to land.

Oct. 10.—Bay of Fundy near the 43d parallel of latitude and between 67° and 68° W. longitude. Scattering jaegers (*S. pomatorhinus*) have been seen to-day, and one flock of twelve winter gulls were seen sitting on the water in a very cosy and sociable appearing manner. Between Cashes and Cape Cod a land bird was seen. It looked like some kind of a sparrow. A snowbird (*J. hyemalis*) alighted several times on the vessel. In the afternoon, just before making Highland Light, Cape Cod, two or three scattering winter gulls were noticed flying. It seems clear that these birds work south in the autumn off shore and move in nearer the coast later on.

Oct. 12.—Vineyard Haven, Island of Martha's Vineyard. Early this morning some three hundred, perhaps more, terns, apparently *hirundo* and *macroura*, young and old, were observed. Ornithologists know how much alike these species appear when only a short distance off, and even in hand when young. I beg, therefore, to be appreciated in my use of the word apparently. These birds were in two flocks, and when first noticed were flying close to the water and compactly, after the manner of shore birds. They came into the Vineyard from the eastward and soon scattered about in search of food.

Oct. 14.—The objects of this short cruise were to observe the mackerel catchers, and to look for birds with the view to obtain, if possible, some black hags (*Puffinus fuliginosus*). We left Wood's Holl at 7:30 A. M. and stood out into the Sound. Besides the usual members of the Grampus's crew one other gentleman, Mr. Thomas Lee, of the U. S. F. C. steamer Albatross, went with us. The first birds to attract our attention were the jægers (*S. parasiticus*), in dark mottled immature plumage. They were very common. Of that new bird, Corey's Shearwater, we must have seen seven or eight hundred. They were not shy to approach, and were bold in coming around for food. They sat in flocks scattered over the water. These flocks numbered from 50 to 75 to 100 in places, and again they were in smaller squads or single. These birds have all the boldness in flying or sailing with set wings within easy gunshot, to pick off pieces of liver, that the so-called hagdons possess. They sit on the water heading the wind and sea almost as lightly as the gulls. In starting to fly, they first raise their wings, apparently treading water with their feet at the same time. Keeping their wings elevated and partly open, their bodies having by this time become clear of the water, they run along "dog-paddle" fashion on the surface, gaining speed and moving their wings. They rise thus to the wind and proceed usually some 20ft. in this manner, when both feet are moved forward together for some 10ft. further. The bird by this time is fairly under way, and the feet being drawn up so as not to catch the wind, our winged passenger proceeds boldly about his business. In alighting, they spread out both feet under and well forward of the body. In taking food they keep their bodies clear from the water by the use of both wings and feet. Again, when feeding as I have seen them, on small herring, at Gay Head, they sit with folded wings on the water, and feed by swimming to windward after these fish. If the fish sink and reappear further ahead, the birds take wing to the quickly-discovered spot and settle for feeding as before. As observed by the writer, these birds seemed to keep by themselves. Sometimes they might be seen sitting on the water and also feeding in company with *S. parasiticus*.

Of the other birds seen there were 50 or 75 winter gulls (*R. tridactyla*), adult and immature, one dark bos'n (*pomatorhinus*), two gray gulls (*L. argentatus*) and a few scattering white-winged and gray coots (*M. velvetina*) were observed.

RAYMOND L. NEWCOMB.

MOUNTAIN GOATS.

FORT SIMPSON, British Columbia.—In looking over some old numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, given me by a friend, I noticed that in the number of June 10 questions were asked about mountain sheep and goats. Most likely the queries have been answered, long ere this, by people of far greater experience than my own. Still, it strikes me that to have data from various parts would be acceptable.

During the summer months the goats keep high up on the mountains. In fact, on the tops of most of the hills in this vicinity, few of which are over 4,000ft. in height. They appear to feed pretty generally in the day time, and I think rest at night. Their favorite food consists of various plants, and of one species in particular of which I send you a dried specimen. This grows nearly everywhere in this country—on the tops of the mountains, in the low valleys, (when not too thickly timbered) and on the sphagnum moss. I am not botanist enough to say to which order of plants it belongs. Where goats are plentiful this plant will be cut off close to the sod. Grass is also eaten.

Up to this season of the year the old "billies" keep rather by themselves (leaving the "nannies" with their kids and year-old offspring in flocks), which is often the fashion of buck deer, isolating themselves early in the year, and like the deer, seeking out their harems in the autumn. As winter comes on they all move on down to the foot of the mountain, and in the depth of winter it is not uncommon to see whole herds within a few hundred feet of some of the inlets of the sea. Indeed, Indians shoot them often from canoes. The Indians state that in the winter, when the mountains are covered with snow, the goats seek strongholds partway up the mountain sides, among the great slabs and blocks of trap and granite, which in falling have arranged themselves into natural roofs and sheds, generally at the foot of some crag. Huddled together for warmth, they pass the winter in these places; not moving in boisterous weather, on more genial days descending as I have stated, nearly to the foot of the mountains to browse and nibble the bushes and lichens. As the spring advances they follow the snow up the mountain sides until the summits are reached, or, if the snow be perpetual, to the very edge of it, where the herbage is kept green by the constant moisture.

They young are brought forth about the month of June, possibly late in May. Though awkward looking, they in a short time become so agile as to scale places whither their poor dams scarce dare follow.

Wolves are great enemies to goats, and no doubt make great havoc when the kids are young. Old goats, that is full grown ones, have a habit of sharpening their horns, the Indians say, always at a certain season to prepare for fighting. However that may be, their horns certainly bear the marks of having been whetted on stone, on the outside of the points, and are as sharp sometimes as knife points.

A word, perhaps, anent the stalking of these queer little fellows, may not be amiss. Moccasins must be worn for this hunting, for both hard leather and gum soles are in reliable, owing to the great quantities of moisture continually seeping through the thin soil on the mountain sides; and though in some places it is hard and dry enough footing, yet there are others in which a misstep or a slip means a dreadful mangling if not death. All in all the whole hunt, stalk and seeking, is in the climb up the mountain side. Once the top is reached (in this section at least) goats are nearly sure to be seen, if not, it is an easy matter then to follow along the range until they are found. Once found, of course keeping to leeward of the band, they are very easily approached, and by taking the most ordinary precautions of concealment, one may, if so inclined, shoot ten as easily as one, for the sound of the rifle seems not to offend the uninjured ones. Who would do this? None but an insatiate barbarian.

Packing the best parts of one—including the head for mounting—will be task enough for the hottest blooded sportsman. Your goat is on your back, stranger, with all the superfluous bone removed. Done up into a snug pack to fit the angles of your back. Grab "old reliable" firmly, pay no heed to the ptarmigan which whirr out of your way. Don't listen to the whistle of the marmots, nor yet, when lower down, to the blue grouse, but look to your feet and where you are going to plant them. Camp is reached finally, and then for a goat steak, of which you will find that those taken from a kid or year-old are excellent. Old nanny, pretty good, but tough, old billy, as strong as a steam engine.

W. B. A.

EGGS OF FARALLONE CORMORANT.

(*Phalacrocorax dilophus albociliatus* RIDGWAY.)

MR. W. OTTO EMERSON, of Haywards, Cal., has furnished me with a description of the nesting and eggs of this new cormorant for the forthcoming third edition of my work, "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," and as there is not yet a published account of these particulars the following may not be without interest.

The series of eggs upon which these notes are made consists of three typical sets, obtained through the kindness of Mrs. Rugg, of Farallone Island, who holds the honor of collecting the first birds and eggs of this variety.

The bird is as common on the Farallone as Baird's cormorant (*Phalacrocorax pelagicus resplendens* Aud.), and it nests on the rough ridges or points of rocks overlooking the island. About the first of May they may be seen carrying weeds and dry sea kelps to their nesting sites, where they construct a flat, loose and bulky platform, which is on the whole quite a shallow structure.

Their nesting is similar to that of other cormorants and they may be observed sitting on their empty nests for hours at a time, probably, as Mr. Emerson suggests, for the purpose of working out the hollow of their nests with their large feet, for which purpose they are well suited.

By the middle of the month many have begun to deposit their lime-covered eggs. These compare well with those of Brandt's cormorant (*P. penicillatus* Brandt), and are a little larger than the eggs of Baird's. Mr. Emerson says: "A set of five measures as follows: 60 by 40, 61 by 39, 62 by 39, 60 by 40, 62 by 39 mm. respectively; these were taken May 20, 1886; their general form is rather ovate oval and quite round at the greater end."

Their color and general characteristics are the same as those peculiar to other cormorants' eggs—light greenish in color and coated with a chalky substance. "Another set of four are more pointed at the smaller end and a little longer, measuring respectively: 65 by 39, 64 by 37, 62 by 38, 63 by 37mm. This set was taken June 22, 1886, and like the first, incubation was well advanced."

Four eggs seem to be the average number laid, and both male and female assist in the process of incubation, one remaining on the nest or beside it while the other is off on a short fishing excursion. According to the A. O. U. Code the habitat of this bird is "Coast of California, south to Cape St. Lucas and Revilla-Gigedo Islands." Mr. Emerson says, "it no doubt breeds along the coast northward from Santa Cruz and Monterey Bay."

OLIVER DAVIE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 8, 1887.

QUAIL IN CAPTIVITY.—Three months ago we procured fourteen quail from West Virginia. I made a coop 2½ft. by 2½ft. square, but found after a few days' trial that it was entirely too small, so I made a new one 8ft. by 8ft. and 5ft. high. I give the birds what wheat screenings they will eat up clean, varying the ration with cracked corn and buckwheat, and every other day either cabbage, turnip tops or celery. Three times a week I give them about four quarts of dry fine gravel baked in an oven until all the moisture is out of it. My birds are doing finely and I have not lost one. I think that most of the losses of quail, if traced, will be found to result from their being too closely cooped, with too much grain, dirty water, and very little green food or none at all; and then, when gravel is given, it is generally thrown in wet and freezes, and thus the birds get very little benefit from it. Particular care should be taken every day to scald the vessel from which they drink and to give only pure water. By pursuing the above course, I think that quail can be wintered with very small percentage of loss. We have had no quail here for years and hope to restock from this small number. I will write this fall and tell you how they pan out.—H. C. G. (Bodines, Pa.).

THE WEIGHT OF QUAIL.—Apropos of "J. M. W.'s" inquiry in your issue of Feb. 17, as to the weight of quail, and of his remark that the swamp quail in Georgia are larger and of darker plumage than the upland birds, I will inform him that in Cuba we also have them of darker markings than are the *O. virginiana* of the north and east, and these birds are classified by Gundlach as *Ortyx cubanensis*. We also have here quail of identically the same plumage as the *O. virginianus* of New York and New England, of which latter I have in my time killed many bags, and also have a male and female now in my dining-room that were killed and mounted in New York with which to compare ours. These form a considerable portion of most of my bags made here, and since reading "J. M. W.'s" inquiry I weighed four of these, taken without choosing, from my last bag, with the following results, viz.: 5½oz., 5¾oz., 6¼oz. and 5¼oz.—NEMO. [There is but a single variety of quail in Georgia.]

SPRING BIRD NOTES.—Perth Amboy, N. J., March 14.—The writer saw several flocks of grackles near Trenton, N. J., on the 9th inst. He saw robins, bluejays, a song sparrow and a shrike near South Amboy on the 4th inst. Bluebirds have wintered in and around Perth Amboy, and a song sparrow sang merrily in a garden here on the 12th, when the mercury stood at 28°. The larger varieties of hawks have begun to migrate. Three English snipe were seen here on the 11th.—J. L. K.

WINTERING OF MEADOW LARKS.—Jersey City Heights, N.J., March 18.—C. H. A. asks where do meadow larks winter. L. replies correctly. I have seen them all over where there were salt marshes, when hunting in winter. If your correspondent will take a stroll in mid-winter in the marshes of New Jersey he will see more than he will be able to shoot at any time.—A. M.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE MAINE COMMISSIONER CHARGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Boston *Herald's* report of the Harmon June Sunday deer killing case, as copied in your issue of March 10, the statement is made that Harmon and his guide, having each paid a fine of $40, the State "had thus received pay twice for the same deer."

I venture no opinion as to the magnitude of the offense being enhanced by its committal on Sunday—to my mind it is far greater from the fact that it was committed on a June day than that it was committed on a Sunday, but the other part of the pleading barely needs answering. Two men conspire to commit an offense, and commit it. Both take part. At the end one directs the other how to apply the knife and the other obeys the order. They are, in legal parlance, *particeps criminis*, and it is a good defense neither in law nor in equity, that because the leader has paid the penalty for his confederate he should be held innocent himself. The State of Maine does not advertise to sell deer on June Sundays to Connecticut generals at $40 per head in the water. I venture the opinion that if there had been a dozen generals in the same boat, and only one expert oarsman, hunter and guide, and the thirteen contributed, by their efforts, to the death of the deer, each individual general would have been liable to the fine of $40, while the three experts, in one, would have been liable to but one fine of $40 among them. I may be all wrong in this, but I think (not having the law before me) that the statutes of Maine prohibit the killing of deer on June Sundays and other June days, and they do not license the killing of deer at $40 per deer.

Now a word in regard to Mr. Stillwell, who is evidently the point of attack in this widespread newspaper tirade. Mr. Stillwell is an enthusiast on the subject of fish protection and propagation, and has given his time and thought and energy—his whole heart and soul to it, for many years. No one who knows him will doubt his sincerity and enthusiasm in the matter. He originally took comparatively little interest in game protection, and many years since, when I took up the latter, I had many long talks with him trying to induce him to take hold of game as he had of fish. He said that he did not care personally for it as he did for fish, and was half afraid to openly urge the game laws that I was urging upon the Legislature, for fear that they would prejudice the fish laws. I think he would bear witness that it was largely through my arguments to him and urgent requests that he concluded to help unite the two interests of fish and game protection. He will remember that he advised me to start a movement for a separate commission on game. It was with great difficulty and after many long talks that I succeeded in enlisting him in the cause. I think that "the fly that he rose to" first was the suggestion that, if the fishermen joined forces with the gunners we could, together, far better protect both woods and waters, and that while we could not hope for some years to get paid game protectors alone, if we joined hands and made our fish wardens game wardens also, we could get better wardens and better pay. The Legislature passed a general bill putting upon the Commissioners of Fisheries the duties of game commissioners with double work and no increase of salary. The results of the game law have been far beyond even my own expectation, and many thought me extravagant at the time in my prophecies of the results to be hoped for.

Moose were almost extinct in Maine when the bill prohibiting killing for five years was passed, and many of the best informed hunters with whom I talked said "Yes, you are right, but you are too late." Two or three years ago I had the pleasure, for the first time, of meeting Mr. J. G. Rich, the famous trapper and hunter of the Rangeley Lake region, a man who has probably killed more moose than any other man now living in Maine, and I was more than pleased to hear him say that moose were more numerous than they had been for twenty years; and if I remember rightly, that there were more deer in the State than there had been for thirty years. You know him well, as he writes short and pithy articles for your paper. The best "signs of the times" in Maine are that our people generally have been educated up to a true realization of the value of our fish and game productions, and our railroads, hotels, merchants, all classes, in fact, recognize the purely commercial principle that it pays the whole community better to keep our trout and deer at home, and sell them "on the fin" and "on the hoof" to those who like them served that way rather than to turn them over to a few market-hunters and exterminators. I think the battle has been won in Maine. The railroads and hotels realize that they can make more money by having wealthy men come in here for fish and game than they can by sending it to Parker's, in Boston, or Delmonico's, in New York, and our best guides, hunters and fishers are beginning to see that they can sell a moose, deer or trout for more money to a city sportsman in Maine than they can to a city restaurant in Boston or New York; and the same game more times over. They tell a very good story of a famous old guide at Moosehead Lake who, instead of charging the regular price of hunters (*i. e.*, so much for shooting a moose and swearing that "the gentleman who was taken out killed it himself sure), developed the idea of charging so much for putting the gentleman within 40yds. of a moose. I do not believe the stories told that some have made as high as $400 per month on one moose hide as capital. MAC.

MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The enemies of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have already received one serious setback. It is evident that they have pinned their colors to the skirts of Gen. Harmon, and that they hope to overthrow the Commission through him and his troubles on the question of killing the deer at Rangeley on that June Sunday, about which so much has been said and written. Gen. Harmon brought suit at Farmington, on Wednesday last, nearly two years after the affair, to recover the $40 he paid Geo. D. Huntoon, supposing him to be a game warden, when, as a matter of fact, Huntoon's commission had run out. Harmon was not content with bringing suit against Huntoon, the only person who knew anything about the affair at the time, but has tried to draw Commissioner Stillwell into the affair deeper than he could possibly have been guilty of, since he was not present at the time, nor did he know of it till afterward, when Huntoon came to him to have his commission renewed. The writ sets forth:

First—That the plaintiff paid George D. Huntoon and E. M. Stillwell forty dollars under a mistake of fact in June, 1884. Second—That the plaintiff paid the sum by reason of the fraud and deceit of the defendants. Third—That the sum was paid as due on a complaint before a trial justice, when in fact no legal judgment was ever entered against the plaintiff, and that the sum came into the hands of the defendants in this action. Fourth—That the sum was paid by the plaintiff to the defendants on an agreement that it was to be used to pay the fine in the case, and that no judgment has ever been entered in the proceedings, and that the money has not been applied according to the agreement. Fifth—That the sum was paid by the plaintiff to the defendants, under an agreement in which the consideration has failed. Sixth—That the plaintiff paid the sum to the defendants, believing Geo. D. Huntoon was a fish and game warden, when in truth and in fact he was not. Seventh—That proceedings were commenced against the plaintiff before a trial justice, in which judgment was entered, and under proceedings that were illegal and void; that under a mistake of the facts the plaintiff parted with his money, which has come to the hands and possession of the defendants. Eighth—The defendants wilfully and falsely represented to the plaintiff that they were lawfully and properly entitled to the money, thereby deceiving and defrauding the plaintiff and inducing him to part with his money.

Gen. Harmon testified that he took no part in the killing of the deer, but that he plead guilty in order to settle the case. When he paid Huntoon the money he believed him to be a game warden and entitled to receive it. Just here, it may be remarked, that the Maine Commissioners have repeatedly tried to prevent this killing of game out of season by rich men, and then of complaining of themselves, and paying the simple nominal fine; that in this particular case the further prosecution of Harmon was ordered by the Commissioners with that end in view, though they did not even know the name of the guilty party, never having seen him. The commission of Huntoon was offered as evidence by the plaintiff that it had expired at the time, and that he had no authority to take the money.

The first witness for the defense was Commissioner Stanley. He testified to receiving the money from Huntoon, and that he paid it over to Commissioner Stillwell on July 4, some time afterward. It also appears that Mr. Stillwell immediately paid over the money to the State at Augusta. A receipt from the State Treasurer was introduced in evidence. Lengthy arguments were made by the attorneys on both sides, but the discomfort of Harmon and his north Franklin allies began when, in his charge to the jury, his Honor, Judge Emery, ruled that no evidence had been introduced implicating Mr. Stillwell, and directed them so to find. The jury, after being out a few minutes, brought in a verdict against Huntoon of $41. Counsel for Harmon takes exceptions against the ruling of the Judge in regard to Commissioner Stillwell, and so far as he is concerned, the case goes to the law court.

This filing of exceptions throws a flood of light on the motives of Gen. Harmon. It is as plain as day that it was not the recovery of the money paid that he was after, for he gets that in the verdict against Huntoon, but that it is the prosecution of Mr. Stillwell he most desires, and that in this revenge he is being used as a tool by those people of north Franklin who desire the overthrow of the present able Commission. Curiously enough these friends of Harmon claim that he has won a victory in the case. One of the enemies of Mr. Stillwell telegraphed immediately to a Maine paper that Harmon had won a victory. But in all honesty, let us ask if the victorious party in a suit usually appeals a case? Indeed I am informed by an able Massachusetts lawyer that there is not the least chance that the full bench of Maine will for a moment entertain the appeal of the counsel of Gen. Harmon, but that they will at once throw it out of court. Harmon has recovered his $40 from the man to whom he paid it and there the case ends.

This is one victory for Commissioner Stillwell, than whom no man in the country has done more for the cause of fish and game protection, and it is to be hoped that it is but the beginning of a series of victories; the second to be at Augusta on the 28th of March, when that worthy man is to be charged by those disgruntled people of north Franklin, aided by the Jack Darling element, accused of a laxity of duty in enforcing of the game laws, and at the same time by Gen. Harmon of enforcing them too much. Gen. Harmon is not a resident of Maine, unless he claims a residence from the fact of his interest in the cottage where he spent considerable time at Rangeley Lake. He killed a deer in that State in close time, or rather he was *particeps criminis* to the killing of it; and it is a familiar legal principle that even if there had been ten men in the boat at the time, each one could have been made to pay the fine, under the law; it is also a fact that the hunting of a deer, even with the intention of taking it alive in close time, is punishable. Besides, I have it from good authority, that the venison was spirited away, out of the State, although contrary to law to transport it at any time. Mr. Harmon may seem high and mighty to those people in north Franklin, to whom he pays money, but he should rather have considered himself lucky to get off so easily as he did, for having killed a deer under circumstances so exasperating to a Commission trying to do its duty. Commissioner Stillwell gave me an account of this case before he had ever seen the man, indeed did not have his right name, and I shall not soon forget the sorrow and disgust he expressed at the outrage, as we both then agreed it was. A full account was given in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks after. And now, lest some may accuse me of desiring to do Gen. Harmon an injustice, permit me to add that I have never met that gentleman, and have nothing in the world against him, except that he took part in killing the deer as mentioned above, and that since, instead of thanking the good laws and their earnest enforcement that there are deer in Maine to be lawfully killed in open season, he appears, to the eye of one deeply interested in the welfare of fish and game in that State, to be willing to work out revenge on the Commissioners for trying to do their duty with an impartial hand.

SPECIAL.

DAYS ON THE DOLORES.

LEAVING the cars of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad at Montrose, Col., one morning early in the fall, B. and myself boarded a four-in-hand stage, and settled ourselves for a long ride into the wilds of the southwestern part of the State. For three days we pushed on into the mountains, fording rivers, and threading narrow cañons, being always in the midst of the grandest of scenery. With every mile that we advanced the road became worse, until finally it surpassed anything we had ever seen. It was a sort of imaginary thing that we were only made conscious of by tremendous jolts and jars which threatened to dislocate our livers and fracture our spinal vertebræ. This unpleasantness was owing to the superabundance of boulders spread along the road to give it the appearance of an eastern turn-pike, I suppose. However, about nightfall on the third day, we reached our destination, a spacious and comfortable log-house, on the banks of the beautiful Dolores River, 110 miles from Montrose. Here we received a hearty welcome from our host and his family.

After a day spent in recuperating our mangled forms, we started out on a hunt, traveling in a wagon drawn by a pair of mules and driven by our host. Seven miles from the river, we went into camp, near a depression in the ground, containing a small amount of dirty water which had drained into it, and this constituted our water supply for the next three days. We had scarcely left our seats in the wagon, intending to unhitch and water the tired-looking mules, when they suddenly became thoroughly resuscitated, and dashed away through the woods with the wagon, sprinkling its contents generously along in the tall grass; and it was only after a considerable run that the recreant team was recovered. The remainder of that day was spent in looking for game on the north side of the camp, but none was discovered, and we had to content ourselves with bacon, bread and coffee for supplies.

The wagon cover was then stretched across a pole supported at both ends by crotched sticks, and under this shelter we spread our blankets and slept soundly till early morning. Before the sun rose we were off to the south side of the camp to hunt, taking with us our host's fine hound, to follow up any fresh trails we should strike. Carl thoroughly understands his business. He never runs a deer except when bidden to follow a wounded one, and he is never known to bark or make the slightest unnecessary noise when hunting, and he can follow up the most difficult trails. We had tramped for two hours without finding any game, and had turned about and were returning to camp when Carl struck a fresh trail, and in a few minutes a yearling doe bounded out in front of us and ran behind a bush 75yds. away. B. and I both fired quickly; I missed but his bullet broke its neck, killing the game almost instantly. Our host threw it over his shoulder as if it had been a rabbit, and carried it for two miles into camp.

The next two days it rained almost incessantly, so we concluded to go back to the ranch before our meat spoiled. Two days afterward we set out up the west branch of the Dolores with two wagons, one of them belonging to hunter and trapper Rogers, who kindly offered to guide us to a good camping place near the best hunting ground. Twelve miles down the Dolores valley we struck off into the valley of the west branch of the Dolores, up which we continued about five miles, fording the river at least twenty times, and then went into camp in a grove of beautiful silver spruces, on the banks of the little mountain torrent, famed for the abundance of trout in its waters. Our friend, Mr. Rogers, caught a nice string of these gamy fish, which were duly enjoyed for supper. Long before daylight the next morning, our host and myself shouldered our rifles and began the ascent of a mountain near the camp, intent on gaining the almost level country, called a mesa, on the summit. For two hours we toiled up the steep and densely wooded side, and at last reached the summit just as day was dawning, and obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country.

We entered the woods, and for two hours saw nothing to shoot at except a flock of spruce grouse, of which we killed a couple of brace. Entering an open space or park, we saw three deer a long distance away. Down we dropped on our stomachs, and crawled up to within range. The deer proved to be an old doe and two fawns. These we had no intention of killing, as it was the big bucks we were looking for. However, my friend proposed that we watch the movements of the animals, and then try a little game that he had used to decoy deer within shooting distance on the plains. When the old doe was feeding, we stood up gently and kept as still as possible; but we must have made a slight noise, for she raised her head and eyed us intently, then trotted a few yards toward us, stopped and regarded us again, and continued the same tactics until she was within 50 feet of us, when, having satisfied her curiosity, she uttered a snort and all three turned and disappeared in the bushes. Not long after this we entered another park, and saw at the other end, about two hundred yards away, what my companion said was a fine large buck, with his head in the bushes; and, as there was little chance of our getting any closer without being observed, I concluded to try a shot. Dropping on one knee, I raised my rifle, took a careful aim, and fired, and was delighted to see the deer fall in its tracks. On my going up I found that the ball had broken its back, close behind the shoulder; and as this was the first deer I killed, I was consequently much elated. After dressing the game, my friend carried it back to the edge of the mesa, where we left it, and then started back into the woods to get another shot; and before we had gone a mile, he killed a fine doe in mistake for a buck.

Then came the business of getting the deer down the mountain, which, with our rifles, belts, grouse and heavy rubber coats (or slickers, in Western phraseology), was no easy matter. The only practicable way was to drag the game. A rope was tied to the hindlegs of each of the deer, and in that way we started. The descent was so steep that the animals were continually getting fast under logs and rocks, or would roll down upon us, and more than once did my pantaloons come in contact with the ground; then, to make matters more cheerful, a heavy thunder storm came up and drenched us. But finally we reached the foot of the mountain and were soon in camp and under the shelter of our tent, as tired and hungry as it is possible to be after having tramped all day without having anything to eat or drink.

We stayed at the camp two or three days, but as it rained and hailed almost incessantly during that time, we did not hunt very much, although we followed a bear trail for a long distance without seeing any bear, and B. and myself each had a shot at a deer, but both missed.

Returning to the ranch, we passed the time in fishing for trout in the river by the house, and in making short hunts in the surrounding woods, and B. succeeded in killing a young buck.

A few years ago this region was teeming with blacktail deer, elk and bear, but the game is fast being exterminated by market hunters, and through the agency of the United States troops stationed in that locality who hunt at any and all times of the year. The resident ranchmen and farmers believe in protecting the game, and I was told by some men that they had been there for years and had never killed a deer.

At last our pleasant sojourn was over, and having driven over to Durango we boarded a train and were whirled away to our homes in the East. But we shall always remember the hospitality and generosity of our mountain friends, and the pleasant days of the past.

NAVAJO.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

HUNTING IN THE TRANSVAAL.—II.

Being extracts from a letter accompanying some lion skins sent by the writer from South Africa to his sister in Nova Scotia.

* * * YOU have two sorts of lions. The big black-maned lion and dark-colored lioness—and the smaller sort—light yellow-maned lion and light-colored lioness. The first we killed in low fly country. After a long chase he was shot in a hindleg, which made him stand and growl most ferociously, and allowed us to approach him and give him an express bullet in the ribs, which floored him; then with the muzzle of the gun within a yard or two we put one through his brain, for, however dead they appear to be, a bullet through the head makes it sure. The next we killed was the little one. It was a male and had the audacity to rush one of the Kafirs, when Robert knocked it over with a shot in the forehead. At the same time we caught one alive. The next was the largest skin, a black-maned lion. We were walking along looking for game in fly country and got close to a troop of impallah, which we would not shoot in case we disturbed large game, when they scampered off, and the old lion, who had been wanting one of them, jumped out of the grass and ran away from us. I could have fired, but I had not a good shot. I had missed two that trip by firing through the bush at a long range, and I thought I would follow and probably get a good shot; however, I soon lost him. One of the boys shouted, saying he had gone another way; so I said, "Run on first as you saw where he had gone." I ran close at his heels. The wretch, without saying a word, jumped to one side, and in two strides I almost stepped on the lion. He gave a roar, and was bounding away when I shot him down through the back, and as he was wriggling and growling I shot him in the head. I had got much closer to him than I had bargained for. I looked round for the boys and saw them standing at the foot of trees ready to climb, and the boy that got such a start recovered next day.

The next skin is that of a light-colored lioness, a fine soft coat. I generally used it as a blanket. When we were wintering the cattle about twenty miles from where we live, the lions came one night and killed a fine ox. In the morning I hung up on a tree part of the bullock and looked for the lion or lions, but I lost their spoor. The next night they climbed up the tree and scoffed all the beef, left part of a nail sticking in the bark and killed an ox belonging to a wagoner standing close up against a Kafir kraal. Tom happened to join me the previous day, so we got three or four Kafirs to follow the three distinct spoors. After following four or five miles we got into a gully with some bush, and presently saw one five hundred yards off running down the gully, so we galloped down and cut him off from getting away, then we saw one up the gully and cut him off and one of our dogs started barking in a bush close to Tom. He gallops to the bush and sees a big lion has cleared from it, but he was a hundred yards off when sighted, and just as he is pulling the trigger another lion at his elbow lets a roar, but fortunately does not pounce on him. This was in a little thick clump of bush on the bank of the gully, the gully was nice and open, about eight feet deep with gentle sloping banks. Tom couldn't see the breast to get a shot, so walked backward. I heard Tom's shot and the brute growling, so galloped down and left the horse behind a bush, and being on the opposite side of the gully I thought by keeping quiet she would break from Tom and come my way, I got into the gully for a fine open shot. Tom, not knowing that I had come, was calling me, so I had to answer. I no sooner answered than out she came, making enough noise and showing her pretty teeth. I fired, but was too high and she drew back into the bush. Next time I got her on the shoulder before she got out of the bush, which settled her. You will see the first shot was too high as it just cut the skin for two inches on the head and only grazed the skull—her head and nose being level I ought to have fired into the open mouth. She was with young, having three very pretty unborn male cubs, a bucketful of fat and about seventy pounds of beef not chewed.

The next skin is that of the dark-colored lioness, she paid us a visit where we generally live about twenty-five miles from Spitzkop. When the cattle were brought up at Lundown one of the little herd boys said a beast had caught one of the cows. I said, "Why didn't you spear it?" He replied that the other little boy said no, it would kill him. She was a big Dutch cow, so badly torn that we had to kill her. The oxen and bulls had driven the beast off, so I made sure that it would be back before morning. The cattle are not kraaled at night, they stand all round the wagon; I was living in a wagon at that time. About 2 o'clock in the morning I heard a rumpus and ran out with the lantern; the oxen clearly showed me where he had gone, into a little bush 2yds. square about 60yds. away, so I left him till daylight, not knowing what he had got. In the morning I was looking at the spoor as it had run through the cattle, when one of the Kafirs with the dogs followed the spoor to the little bush, and up jumped a lioness and ran down into a gully full of reeds and bush. It would have given a fine shot as it had let the dogs get very close, but I never dreamed that it would sleep there. It had taken a calf in the night and run right through the troop without putting it down. I got the rifle and dogs and three little urchins and ran on the spoor. The dogs soon bailed it up in a clump of bush, but it always broke from the opposite side as soon as I got up, and away to another bush and backed in, and did this several times. Last of all they bailed it up in some scrub 4ft. high. I got up close enough and waited until she would show herself; all I could see was the scrub moving as she lashed her tail from side to side. Presently she walked forward a couple of steps where the scrub was shorter and I shot her in the shoulder; she dropped out of sight and I gave her a couple of minutes to die before going forward. Just as I was within a few feet of her, going very cautiously, one of the little urchins who waited from where I shot, called out that she was standing up. As I was in long scrub I had to get out again pretty sharp; but then he said it was only one of the dogs, so I got forward again and touched her; she moved, so I put a shot in her brain

I had four dogs at the start, but only three were in at the death, and one of them with a gash from the shoulder down the forearm cut with a claw. I followed the spoor and found the other one torn past recovery—the lioness had caught it by the face with its paw, torn part of its mouth off and cut it badly about the face and put four fangs into neck and shoulders. As she had a litter of young pups, I had her carried home and stitched her carefully up, but she died in the night. Although young common dogs they were very game; you will see their teeth marks on the skin at root of tail. Not one in a hundred will go in to a live lion, and very few to a dead one.

A couple of months after that, an old lion caught a heifer in the daytime, and the oxen drove it off; but as I was not there I didn't hear of it until next day. The wagon driver had put the dog on the spoor and very soon bailed it up in the bush, but although he had a good rifle he wouldn't go and fire at it; next day I hunted all about, but no luck. However, in about four days he returned in the night and killed a fine cow within four yards of the wagon. All the dogs happened to be shut up in the stable excepting one, and I heard that one barking viciously for an hour or more, but it being nothing unusual I didn't get up. At last the driver came and said a cow was lying dead; we found her two hindquarters eaten. I set a spring gun baited with beef, but he had had his fill and didn't return. I heard the gun go off and expected to find him lying dead, but it happened to be only a big cowardly wolf, the skin of which you have. We found that he had one of my fowls inside.

Now for the tiger skins. The one sent to Tom's young lady he killed in the low country. He saw a troop of impallah about forty yards off and told one of his Kafirs to try a shot. The boy fired and missed as usual, when up jumped the tiger and ran off, or rather bounded off. Tom bowled him over with a bullet through the shoulder. They have the same number of lives as a cat, and although the bullet could not have been in a better spot, he was not dead, but crouched down as if going to spring. They are most vicious, dangerous brutes. Tom finished him with a shot through the head. You remember hearing of poor Capt. Bowlby being killed by a tiger here; it was wounded and he missed it as it charged him. He died in three days, more from the force with which it struck him than from wounds, although both wrists were chewed to a jelly and he had severe scalp wounds. A tiger made a terrible mess of one of our boys; it was enough to kill any white man, but he got all right again. His head looked as if it had been used for some days by a butcher as a chopping block.

The skin sent to James I killed a couple of days before Tom got his. I was passing within half a mile of some immense boulders on the bank of a dry creek, and said to my three youths, "Come and see if there are no lion cubs this year." It used to be a favorite spot for them. When we got within four hundred yards we saw two cubs playing on the top of the boulders. (The boulders as big as a house.) We arranged to wait on the opposite bank of the creek and shoot one of the cubs. This would make a row and wake up the mother, which was sure to be within hearing. We intended to shoot her and then go and catch the cubs, one, two, or may be three. Well, we waited patiently for some little time, and out comes one and then another. I shot one on the top of a stone. It fell down, growling, out of sight; the other ran away. I fired and missed it. We waited very patiently for the old one, but there was no appearance, and then we crossed. Keeping a good lookout, we came upon the blood spoor going in below a rock. We procured long sticks and tried to feel for the cub; but still there were no signs. I offered a reward to any boy who would crawl in and pull it out, urging that it must be dead and there could be no live ones, as cubs are always growling; but not one of them was game enough to draw the badger, so we go away around to the back of the stone. Sentries were placed all the time so that there will be no surprise from the bush. We dug away the sand and stones and made a little hole, and to our surprise there moved past the little hole the eye and side face of a tiger, so it was just as well that the proffered reward had not been accepted, or there would have been a little Kafir boy the less in Africa. I fired in at the hole, which made him growl and show his head, and then he was finished with a shot over the eye. The entrance enlarged enough, and we dragged out a fine male as fat as a pig. From not seeing them distinctly at first, we thought they were lion cubs. First shot high up on the ribs and broke back bone; second shot in at the little hole only took a piece of skin off the back.

Your tiger skin we got in fly country this winter. Tom and Beck and I were shooting. Tom came in one afternoon—had seen a young giraffe which had just been killed by a lion, so we arranged to go next morning at cock crow, when we would probably find him feeding on it. We got within 50 yards and saw that it was gone. Three boys left us and went into the creek and Beck accompanied them. We followed the drag spoor for about 40 yards, and suddenly saw a big tiger disappear over the bank. I rushed to the bank after giving him time to cross, which he didn't; and I heard a growl on my right. Here was a Kafir on his back, with a face of terror which I couldn't describe. He had almost trodden on the tiger as he jumped down the bank, and it gave the tiger such a scare that it didn't collar the Kafir. Tom and I both fired and broke a hindleg when he stood, and we fired again instantaneously and both bullets went through his head. We now looked for the giraffe and found it twenty feet from the ground, laid nicely over the branch of a tree. What remained of the giraffe two men might have lifted with difficulty. The strength of these animals is something wonderful.

The skin in bad order is of no use, being only that of a wild dog. We caught 14 young ones this year and kept two. They are tame enough now. I have also two wild pigs. I had a beautiful little red deer which would follow me about; but one of the dogs killed it. Robert has two baboons, a stork four feet high and a beautiful tiger half grown.

W. S.

SHOOTING WITHOUT A DOG.

SOMETIMES, when after a long tramp I return empty-handed, tired and hungry, friends will laugh and ask all kinds of silly questions; and when I think of all the bad shots and how many times that same old partridge fooled me, I try to make up my mind that I will stay home the next time. But long before the next holiday appears, thoughts of the shooting grounds come up in memory. There is one place near the old back lane, down by the old apple trees, where I can flush a partridge nearly every visit, and in my mind I try to give a good reason why I should not trip her up the next time. Once last fall I was creeping along an old stone wall, carefully, slowly to the meeting of two walls, where a partridge was wont to flush every time; but this time there was no whirring of wings, nor tearing gun to cheek as the bird went flashing through the woods. I found instead some empty shells—shells of a different size from those of my own gun—my partridge was gone. Sometimes there comes a day that makes up for these failures and disappointments, and so it happened one fine December day.

During the night a few inches of snow had fallen, and soon after sunrise found me in an old pasture, amid patches of juniper, a tangle of blueberries and huckleberries, and a few stunted pines in the hollow. It was not long before I noted signs. Here a fox has been along, and how careful he was not to go through this tangle; he follows the old cowpath. Here is the track of a partridge, clear cut and crisp. Rabbit tracks criss-cross every way. But what are these tracks? They are too small for partridge, and there must be a dozen of them. It flashes across my mind—they must be quail, and I have never killed a quail. My grip tightens on my gun; carefully I look ahead; why, here they crawled through this hole in the fence; on top is a strand of barbed wire; bless wire fences anyhow; over we go. They have been feeding under these oaks; everything is torn up. I can look ahead quite a way now; right ahead is a sharp corner at the junction of two stone walls, beyond this an old turnip patch. How warm the December sun is! They may be behind that big stump sunning—no, a few more steps; the woods are open enough; queer I can't see them. All of a sudden—whirr, whirrr, whirrrrrr. There they go across the turnip patch, over into the pasture.

It is getting pretty warm by this time, and I wish I might fly over that wire fence, too. I think they went down near that cluster of pines. Scon I am only a short distance from them, hold my gun at ready, finger on the trigger, my eyes taking in everything; when, from almost at my feet, the covey bursts with a great racket; like sparks they disappear over the stunted pines; one flies straight ahead for the oaks, and just as he clears the fence I fire. At the report down he comes. There he is only winged; can barely reach him. I am stuck in the barbed wire; a few inches more, and—r-r-rip goes my coat—who cares? In my haste do not reload the discharged barrel of my gun, and pay for my hurry as I deserve, for only a few steps from where I fired rises another bird; bang—a clear miss—good-bye; and just as I remove my gun from the shoulder, whirr goes another to my right.

It seems to me to take all too long to load a muzzle-loader. After reloading, instead of going in the direction of where I marked down the first bird, I managed to come around on the edge of the bush. Careful now. A few steps more. He must be in the hollow. There he rises. I am proud of this shot, for the bird was nearly 30yds. before I pulled, and at the report he plunged headlong among the bushes, dead as a nail. I beat the bushes for a long while now, but cannot flush another bird. Hark! what is that? Not the clear, bold call *Bob White*. How sad it sounds, only one note at a time; *White, White, White*. They are calling to each other. Is my conscience reproaching me? Well, if it is, I am sneaking in the direction of the call all the same. The sound comes from near where I shot first, and just before I get there, on a little knoll, the covey rises with a great whirr. Both barrels are sent right into the flying covey, but none stay with me. No amount of beating around will flush them again, so I make a bee line for that house on the ridge; here lives a friend of mine. I must show him my game, of course; he admires my trophies, and tells me there is another covey back in his swamp, and regrets that he cannot go with me. The swamp, I find, is all cut up with tracks of rabbits, skunks and partridges, but I flush only one quail; this one, however, gives me even more pleasure than the others, for it flushed behind me. I whirl around and shoot. Where is he? Am sure he went no further. I search for a long time; at last go back to where I shot, and take a beeline to where he disappeared, look into every bush and hole, take a fresh start several times, and am just on the point of giving up when I see him squatting almost at my feet. He is only winged and it is as well that I find him.

The next day I flush the same covey again near the first spot, but can put up only a single bird, which is bagged in good style. It must be pleasure, indeed, to own a well-trained dog.

O. F. N.

LAWRENCE, Mass.

MICHIGAN GAME WARDEN BILL.—Grand Rapids, Mich., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Michigan game and fish warden bill, introduced in the House of Representatives by Hon. A. L. Lakey, of Kalamazoo, and which passed that body some weeks ago, was passed by the Senate yesterday, and given "immediate effect," so that it now only awaits the approval of the Governor to become a law. The game and fish protectionists of Michigan are under great obligations to the Committee on Judiciary of the Senate, to whom the bill was referred, for their promptness in reporting it favorably and urging its immediate passage. The Michigan Sportsmen's Association have been laboring for this consummation for the last twelve years. They now feel that their efforts have been indorsed by the people of the commonwealth through their Senators and Representatives, and congratulate all good citizens.—E. S. HOLMES.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST BRUIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find an interesting and original letter from an old hunter in the Alleghany Mountains, Pennsylvania. Being from the pen of a whole-souled, weather-beaten lover of the forest, it will be of interest to all readers of your valuable paper who have come in contact with these simple children of nature. E. H. B.

PALATKA, Florida, March 6.

BROCKPORT, Feb. 19.—*Friend Ed:* I made myself a good knapsack yesterday, and packed it with the intention of going to Camp Bowers this morning, but it is raining and freezing as it comes down, so I thought I would put in the time writing to an old friend. I want you to take your memorandum and put down the numbers and names and locations of my bear pens, then you will understand what I may write hereafter. Wal and I took the old mare out and killed her on the left of the road at the top of the Perry Kelts hill. Then we built pen No. 1 near by and named it "Newhouse." Last Thursday G. Himes and I went out and built pen No. 2 on the divide between the head of Packard Run and Walburn Run and named it "Calamity." Friday we built pen No. 3 at the head of Rock Shanty Run and named it "Old George" in honor of our old friend. When it quits raining Wal and I are going over to build pen No. 4 below our shanty, near the laurel and big rocks before you get to the coon rocks, and we will wait for a name from you for that pen. Pen No. 5 we intend to build on the other side of the coon rocks, near the head of Coward's Bend Run, and name it the "Boss." Then George and I are going over to build one on Long Point, between the branches of Walburn. I intend to make a double-barreled pen of that and call it the "Double-header," and put in a partition and two lids. I will have three pens to look at when I go over and three coon traps. I expect to hear *waf-fah-waf-fah*. I have four double springs to take over next time. I will set three of them under that coon rock. I am bound to have revenge. There is a bear perambulating the woods that makes a track longer than Old Burchfield. I call him Moccasin-foot. George and I have each ordered a genuine Newhouse bear trap, and old Moccasin-foot will feel the close embrace of one of them, or I am fooled.

I have made one lick and will make five more. When I get back from the woods I will write again. If you should take a notion to come up and have a time, write and I will have everything ready for a good time.

I think spring has come to stay. Pigeons are flying; chipmonks (chipmucks) are out, and the bluebirds are here. When George and I were over building pens there was snow in the willows and none on the hills near camp, for we struck three coon tracks (an unlucky number, I think, Ed), and followed them on to Coon Ridge, where the snow played out, but we found a poplar tree (of course the largest one in the woods) directly on their line of march, that had been used for years. We threw off our coats and hats and went to work with a will. The tree was frozen hard clear through, but I chopped while George puffed and blowed, and George chopped while I sweat, puffed and blowed. Just before the tree was ready to fall George cut a club, cleared the way and squared himself, with blood in his eye, ready to make short work of at least three coons. The tree cracked and started, crashing through the smaller trees to the ground, and when the old monarch struck the frozen ground the slivers flew in every direction. In an instant George was in the top and—well, there is one consolation about it, that old porcupine will never fool another man.

Well, dinner is ready and I will close for the present, hoping this has found you well and prospering. Write to

Yours, as ever, JACOB FIELDS.

PACKING A DEER.

THE article on deer packing in a recent issue reminds me of personal experience in that line, and suggests an account of a method perhaps superior to that given. Years ago the writer made one of a party that passed a very pleasant week or two in hunting and fishing along the St. John's River in Florida. We sailed when it was possible, made an ash breeze when it was not, stopped here and there along shore, shot an occasional 'gator, lunched beneath the umbrellas of the palmettoes, pulled in, hand over hand, the unwilling bass as he threw the spray from his wide open mouth, chokingly protesting against such violent compulsion, now and then stopped a duck in his swift journey to better feeding grounds, and in one way and another passed the days in a very enjoyable manner. Neither counting room, counter nor office pointed a warning finger at us, and we were due at the wharf whence we started, on our return, and not a moment sooner. There was great satisfaction in that.

Arriving one day at a point where we intended looking for deer, we tied up in a little bayou and marched forth across the prairie that stretched from the river a mile or two to the hamak whose dark green wall rose in a long line from right to left. Passing through this fringe a few score yards we came to a beautiful savannah sentineled here and there by towering pines and dotted occasionally by patches of scrub palmetto, just the place for deer. Before we had made the tour of this promising field, a fat doe sprang from her well-concealed nest in the palmettoes, and with gaily defiant wave of her flag, bounded away only to tumble in a struggling heap at the crack of the gun. And this is the way we prepared her for packing: The bones of the forelegs were taken out from knee to foot, leaving the foot on the skin. Bones of the hindlegs were tied together, and putting one arm and the head through the loop so formed, as the soldier carries his blanket in a roll, the doe was backed and carried nicely, disemboweled, of course. O. O. S.

PRESENT AND FUTURE. Is the Yellowstone Park going to be saved to the people for generations to come, with all its wonders, mountain streams, fauna and flora? If not FOREST AND STREAM is not to blame. And be the man hanged on ten thousand kites that gives his vote to desecrate it. If that day ever comes I hope nature will revenge herself by turning the Niagara up stream and emptying the waters of the Great Lakes by the way of the bayous of the Mississippi into the salt-water gulf. Strong talk, but I want others after me to smell the forests, paddle the streams and go a fishing and hunting. Big and best medicine. Fresh air, sunlight and out-of-door sports.—DR. E. S.

POWDER AND WADS.—Charlestown, N. H., March 12.—I note "J. M. W.'s" letter of March 2, and am glad to find that we agree about wadding and penetration. I certainly should have expected just the results he got, but as I wrote am sorry that he did not try both 3 and 2 wads on 2½drs. of powder. The snow here was knee deep when I last wrote, but we have had 20in. more since, and locomotion outdoors is practically impossible, except in the middle of the main road, or in the ditches which have been opened out by snow plows and shovels up the village side walks, fairly covering the fences on either hand. I will endeavor to make some penetration tests next season, but can say now that I fully agree with him as to the excellent qualities of Hazard's electric or ducking powders, which I use myself for the little shooting I do nowadays. I do not see that it is at all inferior to the Curtis and Harvey, which I was taught by "Frank Forester" forty years ago was the only powder worth shooting with. I have also found Dupont's Eagle Ducking very excellent. I do not think the Hazard Company put up an "eagle" brand, and the "orange" powder is made by the Rand & Laflin Powder Company, of Westfield, Mass. I wish "J. M. W." would try the wads I mentioned, viz., one pink or black edge and one thick merino felt on the powder, and a card board on the shot. I think the thick elastic felt expands so as to fill the barrels and give a better result than a multitude of thinner hard wads. If he will do this and compare the result with the trials which he has already given, the notes will be of value, and judging from the present appearance of this part of the world, he will be able to do it at least two months before I shall have an opportunity. I also think that with such wadding he will get a high degree of penetration with only 2½drs. of powder, as I have used that quantity with very good results for many years, but the powder had to be good.—VON W.

A CAMP ON THE CASS.—Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland, O., sends us a sketch with this note: This is a rough sketch from memory of a hunting camp on Cass River, Tuscola county, Mich., where O. H. Perry (uncle of Mrs. Whitney, wife of Secretary Navy Whitney) and myself, from 1853 to 1860, spent the best days of the year, especially in "Indian summer days" to mid-December, finding what the primeval forests produced, and killing game only as we wanted it for our lunch and now and then for some renagade Ottawas that camped eight miles above us up the river. The land then the State Surveyors called "swamp sand," and valued at 12cts. an acre. Now it is a settled country, and will average $30 an acre. Forest, deer, elk, bears, porcupines, buffalo, grouse, squirrels of three kinds, all gone. Villages have taken their place. By the way, our Oliver H. Perry was a grand-nephew of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry of Lake Erie naval battle fame, the only officer on a water fight that ever captured all the vessels and crew of the enemy.—DR. E. STERLING.

WINCHENDON, Mass., March 12.—The Winchendon fox hunters have been quite successful this winter in capturing foxes, coons and other animals, whose fur is sought for in the market. The record of foxes of each of the quartette is as follows: Chester T. Houghton 24, Marcus M. Houghton 17, Henry H. Lawrence 5, and Wayland Phillips 5.

A SWIMMING SQUIRREL.—A Kittery, Me., correspondent, "F. B. C.," relates that the game taken during a day's trip to Chases' Pond, in upper York, included woodduck, ruffed grouse, sandpipers and a gray squirrel which was shot while it was swimming in the pond 50yds. from shore.

SNIPE.—Princeton, N. J., March 11.—On March 8 noted five kildeer snipe. March 5 three more snipe, variety unknown. March 10 two robins in apparently fine condition.—T. R.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication of Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, in your issue of 10th inst., on July woodcock shooting, is noticed with regret upon his own account, as well as in general reference to the subject. Regret because it is supposed he is one of the fish commissioners, and ought to be sure of being correct before making such an assertion as that "woodcock go south in August, etc.," as an excuse for the July killing, this bird so rapidly being depleted by the increasing "summer resort" demand. It is felt he will regret putting himself on record over his own signature, as inserting so incorrect a statement, and justifying this practice in defiance of the general opinion of true sportsmen, as tending to extinction of the species. Sportsmen acquainted with the habits of this bird well know the contrary of the assertion; that they migrate about the same time as robins. Coming about the same time in the spring and going about the same time in the fall. The autumn migration is during the October full moon, thence moving gradually southward, depending in progress upon the severity or suddenness of approaching frosts. Previous to going, when swamps become flooded, they move to high ground near by and gather in the best feeding spots.

That they leave their nest the instant they are out of their shells is true, but they are carried by the parent only to the feeding ground in the vicinity, and which is seldom their breeding place. In dry time they move to moist places for better feed, and in heavy rains move to cornfields, hopyards and the like, where the rain brings worms to the surface. In August moulting they are sickly, feeble and dumpish, and resort to hiding among thick ferns or weeds, when they more often hide than fly, and when forced to fly often go not over a rod or two. A few years ago, when change was made from July 4 to Aug. 1, this same motion was advanced by a State senator, that woodcock left his county in September, as a reason against Sept. 1. It has since then been clearly proved that the best bags were made in that county late in October.

As to their July size, the parent bird is doubtless about the same as in October, and probably this is what the gentleman kills in July, while her young are hidden under some rotten log, bog or root, helpless and unable to fly. The writer has seen parent birds carrying young upon their backs to hide as late as July 27, and found and handled the young one so hidden, a mere chick in down without feathers. These are stunning facts for those who favor turning the pot-hunter loose in breeding time to gratify the clamor of "watering place" guests with more money than sense. It is enough to say that the more conscientious and best informed sportsmen so far met, favor Sept. 1 as the proper time in common with partridge. Not one such has been found to favor July. Such are those probably referred to as "weak-backed dudes," as if that would adorn the dignified office or help the Roosevelt bill.

The complete copy of that bill shows its origin out of similar notions as the woodcock scheme. It purports to be a codification of existing law. Examination shows nothing but what is much clearer and better expressed in existing law, while a good codification is extant already. Closer scrutiny discloses important provisions wholly omitted, and that every change made points in the one direction of nullifying the benefits of existing law. It has scarcely a provision that pot-hunters and marketmen may not throw their hats through. As samples: Sale of venison until March 1, means inducement to crust deer; deer killed and consumed in the woods is practically a permit to all fishing and hunting parties to kill all they please. "Out of the State venison may be had, sold, etc.," but who will prove where any piece of venison was killed? Trout fishing to commence March 1, when scarcely through spawning. As Seth Green says, he has taken spawn as late as April 1. The 6in. trout law, "catch and kill," is equally meaningless, as it allows them to be kept alive in "private reservoirs" by thousands, one of the very things the law was aimed to remedy and prevent depletion. The above are only a few of its many bad feature, so bad it cannot be modified. Outside of its authors the general sentiment is unanimous in its condemnation so far as any expression has been heard. JOHN D. COLLINS, Sec.

UTICA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Utica, N. Y., March 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considerable exception is taken in this locality to the Roosevelt bill in Albany. Our principal game here is the lordly grouse, which all should like to see protected as much as possible. The bill, should it become a law, although it shortens the season, will not afford as much protection as the present. As it is large bags cannot be made in September or until the leaves fall, and this connected with the hot weather prevents market-hunters from getting enough together at a time to pay to ship to market. I think if the season is to be shortened, December should not be included in open season. When winter sets in early a great many birds are killed this month while budding, and should the time of selling be extended to Feb. 15, birds would be killed this way in defiance of the law. If there is need of time beyond the time of killing for selling, 15 days would be plenty for dealers to unload.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y. FAIR PLAY.

In the New York Assembly, Hadley, of Franklin county, has introduced a bill making the open seasons as follows, dates inclusive: Deer, Aug. 16-Oct. 31 (sale of venison Nov. 1-Feb. 28); wildfowl, Oct. 2-March 31; quail, pinnated, ruffed and spruce grouse, hare, rabbit, gray and black squirrels, woodcock Oct. 1-Dec. 31 (grouse in Adirondacks, Sept. 1-Dec. 31.); trout, salmon April 1-Aug. 31 (in Adirondacks, May 1-Sept. 14; on Long Island, April 1-Aug. 14; black bass, muscalonge, pike, perch, June 1-Dec. 31 (with exceptions).

A RAILROAD TO COOKE CITY.

A BILL

Granting to the Rocky Fork and Cooke City Railway Company the right of way through a part of the Crow Indian Reservation, in Montana Territory.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the right is hereby granted, as hereinafter set forth, to the Rocky Fork and Cooke City Railway Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the Territory of Montana, for the construction, operation, and maintenance of its railroad through the lands set apart for the use of the Crow Indians, and commonly known as the Crow Indian Reservation, beginning at a point at or near Laurel, in Yellowstone County, Montana Territory running thence by the most practical route to or near the mouth of Rock Creek, commonly called Rocky Fork; thence up said creek to the coal mines near Red Lodge Post-Office, in Gallatin County, in said Territory; thence by the most practicable route to Cooke City, in said Gallatin County.

SEC. 2. That the right of way hereby granted to said company shall be seventy-five feet in width on each side of the central line of said railroad as aforesaid; and said company shall also have the right to take from said lands adjacent to the line of said road material, stone, earth, and timber necessary for the construction of said railroad; also ground adjacent to said right of way for station buildings, depots, machine shops, side tracks, turnouts and water-stations, not to exceed in amount three hundred feet in width and three thousand feet in length for each station, to the extent of one station for each ten miles of its road.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to fix the amount of compensation to be paid the Indians for such right of way, and provide the time and manner for the payment thereof, but no right of any kind shall vest in said railroad company in or to any part of the right of way herein provided for until plats thereof, made upon actual survey for the definite location of such railroad, and including the points for station buildings, depots, machine shops, side tracks, turnouts and water stations, shall be filed with and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, which approval shall be made in writing and be open for the inspection of any party interested therein, and until the compensation aforesaid has been fixed and paid; and the surveys, construction and operation of such railroad shall be conducted with due regard for the rights of the Indians, and in accordance with such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may make to carry out this provision: Provided, That the President of the United States may, in his discretion, require that the consent of the Indians to said right of way shall be obtained by said railroad company, in such manner as he may prescribe, before any right under this act shall accrue to said company.

SEC. 4. That said company shall not assign, or transfer, or mortgage this right of way for any purpose whatever until said road shall be completed through that part of said reservation through which it shall be constructed: Provided, That the company may mortgage said franchise, together with the rolling stock, for money to construct and complete said road: And provided further, That the right granted herein shall be lost and forfeited by said company unless the road is constructed and in running order through said reservation on said line within two years from the passage of this act: And provided further, That no part of said line shall touch any portion of the National Park.

SEC. 5. That said railway company shall accept this right of way upon the expressed condition, binding upon itself, its successors and assigns, that they will neither aid, advise nor assist in any effort looking toward the changing or extinguishing the present tenure of the Indians in their land, and will not attempt to secure from the Indian tribes any further grant of land or its occupancy than is hereinbefore provided: Provided, That any violation of the condition mentioned in this section shall operate as a forfeiture of all the rights and privileges of said railway company under this act.

SEC. 6. That Congress may at any time amend, add to, alter, or repeal this act.

SEC. 7. That this act shall be in force from its passage.

New Publications.

"FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE CABIN."

NOW that the merchant marine of America is, like its navy, almost a thing of the past, a glorious memory, it is most important that this memory of its past greatness be preserved, in the hopes that it may keep alive a feeling that will in the future impell our legislators to do what those of the present and the immediate past have so woefully neglected. Foremost among the vessels of the past, when American ships were commanded by American sailors, were the Liverpool packets, which, for a time, made a brave though hopeless fight against the use of steam on the seas and rivaled in speed the earlier steamers. Of all these none has become so famous as the Dreadnought, and none among American skippers is so well fitted to tell the story of a seaman's life as her captain. Who Captain Samuels is need not be told, his fame is known to all who are at all concerned in American yachting or shipping, but the story of his long and useful life is less widely known. Those who would know more of it will find much that is exciting and interesting in the book "From the Forecastle to the Cabin," which has just appeared from the press of Harper & Bros. Going to sea at the age of 11 in the orthodox manner, by running away from a stepmother, Captain Samuels saw the rise, the long period of prosperity, and the decline of the American merchant marine, and experienced all the fearful vicissitudes of the common sailor's life before rising to the high positions that he has since occupied. What he went through is told in plain and simple language and in a manner that carries the impress of truth though some of the occurrences are as exciting and wonderful as any sea novel. While by no means a boy's book it is a book that every boy who wishes to run away to sea should read with his regular course of Marryat before he packs to leave home.

There are plenty of interesting and exciting sea tales, thanks to Cooper, Marryat and Michael Scott, and there are a few more serious and reliable records of sea life, foremost among which will always stand Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Between these two, Captain Samuel's book will find a lasting place, combining the life and incident of the works of fiction with the more permanent and important facts of a sailor's life with its many hardships, and also of the glories of a fleet, now passed away, that Americans should always hold in remembrance.

A VIOLENT COUGH continued through the winter often brings consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the cough yields and the danger disappears. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

MESSRS. L. W. FERDINAND & CO., 267 Federal street, Boston, whose advertisement appears in another column, announce a new and complete catalogue of fittings for yachts and canoes. Intending purchasers might do well to see it.—*Adv.*

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, does not have to pass the hat to pay its bills; it has $8,055,000 assets and $2,089,000 surplus.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WELL SPENT.

THEY laughed and called me idler,
And said I had lost a day,
Because my creel was empty
And my rod had had no play.

But I smiled and made no answer,
For I knew what I had found
Far up by a fall of the water,
With murmur of gentle sound.

Where a leaf went slowly sailing
Round the little basin's edge.
And a bit of foam from above it
Kept trembling hold on the ledge.

And there on an oak tree ancient
My rod had leaned unused,
While prone on the turf and the shadow
I had looked and listened and mused

So I smiled and made no answer
When they said I had lost the day.
For I knew I had made me riches—
I had brought a thought away.

EDWARD CARLTON.

A SALMON FIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

THE moon is often credited with great influence over the affairs of men. Old-fashioned farmers cut timber, plant crops and kill hogs in the old or the new of the moon with a religious observance of tradition; and I knew one old fellow who would only make soap under the new moon, and not then unless he could stir it with a "saxafrax" stick cut when she was in her last quarter. There are many anglers who hold to the belief that the moon exercises a considerable influence over the race of anadromous fishes, especially salmon, and that they rise better and more freely at certain of its phases than at others. I am not one of these, but I do wonder if the sun exercises any control over us anglers! Certain it is that at this season of the year, when the sun is daily getting higher and more nearly over our heads, we become aware of symptoms not noticed during the early winter when it was further south. Then it is that we wander restlessly about the house for a day or two, stopping most frequently at the door of the closet in which we so carefully stored away our precious tackle at the close of the last season, half ashamed of what we know we are about to do, but will not, we think, do quite yet, partly because we really enjoy the pleasure of fighting our inclination yet a little longer, and partly because we fear that the indulgence of our desire to overhaul our tackle while weeks and months must elapse before we can use it will only add to our restless longings; that the pleasure of anticipation will, if we indulge it, become a pain before we can gratify it.

Such has been my case for two or three weeks past, and up to this time I have been able to master my inclination; but two or three recent articles in your paper have so aggravated my symptoms that I have had to yield, and now the disease has full sway over me.

You published, two or three weeks ago, the story of the salmon that was saved—now I purpose to write of the salmon that was lost. It was in 1882, an off year for salmon, and my sport had been indifferent. I had been ten days on the river and had hardly taken that number of fish, and even they were small, as my score-book shows.

It was in the afternoon of Saturday, July 8, and the weather was perfect; the sun was generally under a cloud with an occasional gentle fall of rain, which was so fine and gentle as to be rather mist than rain; a slight current of air down stream made casting a delight, and the water was in elegant condition. Under these favorable circumstances I took my seat in the canoe and floated down to a pool a mile or more below my camp at the head of the island which I had left undisturbed for some days awaiting just such conditions of sky and water as then existed. The pool was bounded at its upper end by a sharp riffle, made by an obstructive ledge of rock that shot out from the right bank of the river and extended two-thirds of the way across the stream.

A hundred and fifty yards below the pool terminated at the head of a large island, the passage of which is always accomplished by the channel next the left bank of the river, that on the right being accounted dangerous by reason of the many sharp, jagged rocks lying in its bed.

The mountains rose abruptly from the very edge of the water, and the dark evergreen of the foliage extended to the shore. Twilight fell early in that deep gorge, and when it became dark it was very dark indeed. Near the head of this pool I anchored my canoe and with high hopes commenced operations. Cast after cast followed, and yard after yard was added to it, but the water was apparently barren. Another fly was substituted and the water carefully searched again with no better result, and the canoe was allowed to drop down with the current ten or fifteen yards to enable me to reach new ground. So I fished slowly and carefully, for I did not wish to reach the foot of the pool until later in the afternoon, say between 6 and 7 o'clock, the hour when salmon, as I know them, are most willing. Near the foot of the pool, nearly opposite the head of the island but in the left hand passage, is a large brownish red rock, covered by water at all seasons; it is a celebrated resting place for salmon on entering the pool, and well known to all anglers who frequent that portion of the river.

It was here that I expected to raise my fish and at this point I arrived just at the proper time.

I had got out about sixty feet of line and a yard or two more would place my fly just where I wanted it, directly over the rock, and I was in a state of most pleasurable anticipation, with all my attention concentrated on that point, when by far the largest salmon I had ever seen rose within a very short distance of the canoe. His leap was prodigious, and when he disappeared it was with such a tremendous splash, and he was so nearly at hand that he actually splashed us with drops of water thrown off by his vigorous action.

Most salmon anglers have a belief that a leaping fish, that is one that leaps apparently for pleasure, being attracted by nothing visible to the eye of the angler, will not rise to the fly; but I have found that it is always worth while to try them, so I sat down at once and quietly reeled in my line until the upper end of the leader was nearly in the tip ring.

After waiting ("resting him") five minutes by the watch, meanwhile discussing with my men the weight of the fish, which we all agreed was at least thirty-five pounds, and the chances of our capturing him, I allowed the fly to float over the spot where he rose. My heart was in my mouth I assure you, partly because I feared he would not rise at all and partly because I feared he would, for he was so nearly under the tip of my rod that I fully expected that something would break if I should fasten him. Hardly had the fly touched the water before he rose to it with a leap even more vigorous than before, and was hooked. His first rush took the tip of my rod far below the surface of the water, but everything was free and the fish, after taking some fifty feet of line, made one more leap and then followed the canoe quietly.

As we were getting up the anchor and working up toward the better landing place near the head of the pool, Old Frank, turning to me, said, "That fish will weigh forty pounds sure." I had had three good views of his proportions, and, although I generally dislike to weigh my fish in that way, I was of his opinion in that case. The landing place was on the left bank of the river, and in front of quite an area of dead water, deep and free from snags and rocks to entange line or leader.

To this point we brought the fish without difficulty, but there he sulked. He lay about six feet from shore and in eight or nine feet of water, and there he seemed disposed to remain. After waiting fifteen minutes for him to commence operations of his own accord, I had recourse to the usual mode of starting sulky fish, and pitched a peck or so of stones at him; it was of little avail, however, for he would not move at all except when some stone larger than usual landed unusually near him, and then only to move lazily off fifteen or twenty feet and return to the same spot. Night was fast coming on and I was anxious to bring the fish to an understanding as quickly as possible. I therefore sent the man out with the canoe to stir him up with their poles. This had little more effect than the stones, as he could not be persuaded to move more than a few yards, and that in so lazy and sluggish a manner as to suggest sucker rather than salmon.

It was a dangerous thing to do, since had the fish really started then, as he did later, he would probably have taken the line under or against the canoe, when it would certainly have parted.

I therefore abandoned myself to a patient waiting for him to get over his sulky fit and behave like a game fish. It was now after 7 o'clock, and I felt sure that I was in for an after dark fight; so I got my seat out of the canoe, had a ring of smudges made around me, sent the men into the woods for bark for flambeaux, lit my pipe and waited events.

It was just five minutes past six when I hooked that fish, and for two hours and ten minutes he maintained that passive attitude; then, at fifteen minutes past eight, he commenced a wonderful performance. Up and down and around and about that pool he rushed, never still for a moment, now taking line off the reel at a fearful rate, now rushing toward me faster than I could possibly recover it, leaping at the end of each wild rush, as I could tell by the ear only, for it was now too dark to see more than sometimes the splash. For thirty-five minutes this performance continued, and until I was just ready to give that fish twenty-five dollars to give up or get away. Every muscle and nerve of my body was aching. I was wet to the skin, and the flies and mosquitoes were something awful.

Before dark fairly shut down on us I had taken in the geography of the situation, and decided upon my plan of action if certain events occurred.

From where I stood I judged it to be about one hundred and twenty yards to the head of the dangerous rapid on the right hand side of the island; I had just that amount of line in the reel, and had made up my mind that if the fish determined to leave the pool by that route while daylight lasted I should follow him in the canoe, but that after dark he might go alone; if he essayed the other and safer passage, I determined that I would go with him whether it were daylight or dark.

At last he seemed to have made up his mind and headed straight for the head of the rapid, as I could tell only by the direction of the strain, for it was too dark to see anything more than twenty feet away.

I kept my thumb on the coil of line until it seemed that he must be in the very head of the wild water, and feeling that the time had come when I must trust everything to the strength of my tackle, I threw my rod well back and shut down on him. He struggled fiercely for a moment, gave it up and became perfectly passive. I could feel from the changing direction of the strain that he was gradually swinging in with the current toward the shore on which I stood, and supposed that his (and my) troubles were over and that he was dead. The current where he lay was, however, so heavy that it was impossible to bring him up against it, and I dare not, could not, in fact, go down to him; so I sent the men with the only remaining flambeau and the gaff to look for him below, as he was now evidently close under the bank. It was a weird, strange sight, to see them as they passed down, sometimes crawling and stumbling over the rocks, and sometimes wading where the rock shore was too precipitous to afford a foothold. At last I could see that they had located the fish, and while one held the remains of the flambeau high overhead, the other, gaff in hand, waded gently into the water. I distinctly saw him advance the gaff, and just as distinctly felt the fish move out into the stream, and then I knew that he was not dead as I had supposed. However, I gained twenty or thirty feet of line by the maneuver, and again he came close under the bank. Three times was this repeated and I gained line every time; I was doing well enough, and I felt that I ought to direct the men not to attempt to gaff him, but to keep this process up until I could get him into the deep, still water near at hand. I was, however, completely exhausted and quite indifferent to anything except to get the affair off my hands somehow; and I said nothing. At last the gaffers made a slash and a stroke—I felt the gaff on the leader and everything let go.

The fish was gone after two hours and fifty-five minutes of exhaustive work. It was just nine o'clock when I reeled in my line and we started for camp, and ten when we arrived. My friend had become seriously alarmed, and was just about starting out in search of us when he heard the metallic ring of our iron-shod poles on the rocks and stones of the river bed.

Not a word was spoken until just as we came near the landing, Old Frank turned to me and said, "That salmon would have weighed fifty pounds."

I always thought myself that he would have weighed a hundred. S. A.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

THE Troy *Times* of the 11th inst. contains the following account on this subject. We think the writer is mistaken in saying that the State Commissioners do not favor the movement. The only opposition we know of has been merely an occasional slur or sneer from a superintendent, whose intense egotism prompted him to oppose all fishculture not done by himself, and who imagines that he is the greatest of all fishculturists because of some cheap newspaper notoriety. The last report of the State Commissioners speaks with praise of the co-operation of the U. S. Commission, and there is no rivalry or jealousy between the two, as we understand the case, except in the quarter to which we have alluded. The *Times* says:

"A large number of our citizens who have, in common with others who reside upon the Hudson, appreciated the successful efforts of the United States Fish Commission in restocking the Hudson with salmon after our own State Commissioners had failed to do so, are moving in the matter to secure the construction of fishways, that the salmon may reach the waters of the upper Hudson as a spawning ground, and to secure such legislation as will prevent the catching of salmon in nets without interfering with the usual shad fishing. At the outset, however, these efforts are met with the assurance that the State Fish Commission do not favor the movement, and it cannot have their support from the fact that such legislation would interfere with the shad fishing, which is of a paramount consideration. If this were true, the objection would be a reasonable one, but in this matter the position of the State Commission is untenable, and is seemingly taken without knowledge of consistency. By far the larger portion of the shad caught in the Hudson are taken in gill nets, and the meshes of the latter to take shad must have a limited size of mesh, far too small to take salmon, and if the State Commission will look into the matter intelligently they will learn that the nets made to gill salmon in the rivers of Canada would let all the migration of shad which enter the Hudson River pass through them. Not only is this true, but it is a fact that where gill nets are used to catch salmon, so generally will the salmon jump over them that their tops are covered with bushes to compel the fish to run into their nets. The nets most interfering with the stocking of the river with salmon, are the seines used in the shallow waters of the Hudson between the cities of Hudson and Troy, and the drop-nets at the Troy dam, which take the salmon from just below the dam when seeking a place to ascend to the upper Hudson.

"Last year over fifty well-developed and lusty salmon were taken in the Hudson on their return from the sea. These fine specimens of fish were grown from the salmon-fry put into the Hudson River some three years ago by the United States Fish Commission, and it is also a fact that the upper Hudson is now well-stocked with the fry put in the succeeding years, and all that is wanted is to furnish means for these fish after they have gone out from the river to the sea, to be provided with means to make the ascent of the several dams on the river so that they can reach a proper spawning ground. The Hudson River is a salmon stream, as established by the well-developed fish returning to its waters after having been placed therein as fry, and well-authenticated tradition and history of the fact. If our State Commission failed to make the Pacific variety develop in the Hudson, they should not pout and sneer at the better and more intelligently made efforts of the United States Commission, or refuse to co-operate with those who desire to restock the river with a fish that would be quite as profitable as the shad."

DISEASED TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention being called to a paragraph in your valuable paper inserted by Mr. Atwater, of Montreal, in reference to our trout in Canadian lakes, which are at one period of the year affected by a disease, which is caused, in my estimation, by the absence of rocks and rough gravel, whereby they may rub or cleanse themselves of those little tormentors like a diminutive worm or boring insect, scarcely visible to the naked eye; still, there they are tormenting the fish, which fly to every spot where they can by friction free themselves. It is the same in the old country, several species being subject to the same, particularly grayling, trout, roach and dace, also the barbel, or what you call in this country the sucker. In the month of July, wherever there are weeds growing, you have no difficulty in lowering your hands in the weeds, and when you feel a fish work the fingers continually until you feel the head and tail. By forcing the middle finger in their mouths and at the same time forcing the fish to the bottom, you can throw them out by scores. The left hand must also encircle the tail. You will find beds of weeds when in flower from six to eight feet square, contain sometimes a dozen fish; these fly to the weeds and scour themselves. The Airbyshire fishermen call it the "rut" in fish. The grayling and roach are particularly infested, so much so, that I have had no difficulty in placing my landing net under them, they making very little effort to get out of reach. They are found generally in the side of a swift stream where rough sand and stones abound, in about four or five inches of water, and being in that state are not fit for human food. A jolly old angler, a resident here, was out on the St. Lawrence one hot afternoon fishing, when he observed a similar incident among the bass, some hundreds rising to the surface and making a circle round his boat for a considerable time, and disturbing the water within three yards of boat, and most probably they had also become affected, which caused him to laugh, as they followed each other under and over, darting in a continual circle for upward of half an hour. I should like to hear the opinion of some of those who are practical fishermen of ancient date, like myself, the old Yorkshire fly-maker and fisher.

MALTBY, SR.

MONTREAL, Can.

THE FALLS POOL.

"DO you know that dark hollow, Mr. Harry?" asked Will, pointing to a deep ravine a mile below us.

"Yes, what about it?" I said.

"Why, down that hollow comes a little creek that has in it the biggest trout you ever saw—regular whoppers. Five years ago I caught in that creek the biggest trout I ever saw anywhere in these mountains. I often thought I'd go back, but I never got there, and I don't believe that creek has been fished in since, for nobody knows of it."

"Well, suppose we try it," I said.

"All right Mr. Harry; I'll take you to it, and if you don't catch the biggest trout you ever caught, why—well I'll carry all our traps home myself."

We were eating our noonday lunch on Eagle Creek, 20 miles above old Barney's cabin, when Will pointed out this ravine. It lay to the east of Eagle Creek, a mile below us. The mountains on either side rose high and steep and covered with hemlocks, giving a dark, gloomy appearance to the mouth of the ravine.

"Mr. Harry, there's a hole up that ravine just below a falls that's got trout in it as long as that stick," said Will, holding up a stick 2ft. long.

"Nonsense, Will, you don't mean it."

"I tell you it's the truth. I saw them that day, and I broke my line on a trout that was as long as that stick, and I know it," said he, with a positive shake of his head.

"Well, Will, as soon as we finish dinner and have our smoke, we'll start for this creek and try to find some of these big trout."

"I'm thinking if we strike over the mountain about where we see that big pine," said Will, pointing to a high pine that stood boldly out on the mountain top, "I'm thinking if we cross near that pine, we'll strike the creek on the other side just about the falls, and then we can fish down to where it empties into Eagle Creek."

"All right, you be the guide and I'll follow."

An hour later we shouldered our traps and started on our journey over the mountain. It was about 5 o'clock when we broke our way through the last patch of laurel and stood on the bank of the creek. It was a wild mountain stream rushing through a deep valley. The volume of water was immense, but the channel was narrow and rocky and the stream dashed about among the rocks until it seemed a boiling mass of foam. The roar of a falls below came plainly to our ears.

"There it is," said Will, "I knew we'd come out near the falls. We can't fish in this swift water; let's go in down to the falls."

It was possibly 6 o'clock when we reached the falls. Concealed behind a rock which stood at their edge, I looked over the prettiest bit of fishing water I had ever seen. The rocky sides of the stream converged just above the falls and the water narrowed into a small channel, leaped up, massed over itself, shot in little hissing streams into the air and then made the leap down twenty feet into the pool below. For ten feet below the falls the water was boiling and seething and whirling in swift swirls. Beyond stretched a long narrow pool, where the water lay smooth and quiet as though resting after its long rush down the rapids. The rocks and ferns that lined the sides were mirrored in its clear, deep green water.

"Now," said Will, "it's getting toward evening. Put on some gray flies and cast over near that rock that's sticking its nose out of the swift water and I think you'll see a good fish."

I did as Will directed. Before the flies touched the water the tail fly was taken and I landed a poor little trout of eight inches. "Well, Will, if this is one of your big trout, we could have done better on Eagle Creek."

"Never you mind, Mr. Harry, that's only a little fellow that was skimming near the top; try them again."

I lengthened my line and cast well below the swift water. The surface broke just as the flies were beginning to make their trail visible on the water. Two streaks of gold leaped into the air; a quick, sharp stroke, and both were hooked. Down they plunged into the depths; back and forth they sped across the pool, until wearied and exhausted, they gave up the struggle and we landed them in the slack water at our feet, good 12in. trout both of them. The next half hour I took six more, the largest 15in. I was taking the last one from the hook when Will cried: "Oh, look there, Mr. Harry!" I turned and looked in the direction he pointed. The wake of a fish was plainly visible on the surface. We watched it several seconds as it circled around through the clear water near the surface. Just then a white moth came out of the pines and flew across the pool. It was fully three feet above the surface, and had reached the middle of the pool when there was a splash, a long streak of light shot into the air, an instant remained in sight, then plunged back into the water. "Quick," said Will, "put on a white fly and try that fellow, he's the biggest trout I've seen this many a year."

I tried fly after fly, I trailed across the place where we had seen him, but no rise came. I was beginning to despair of getting him when Will started off into the woods and soon returned with a large white moth. "Try this; I think this 'll fetch him if anything will."

I put on a large hook and carefully fastened the moth on it, then dropped it into the water at the foot of the falls.

The moth was instantly sucked under out of sight, and the line sped downward. It had gone some twenty feet when I felt a quick, decided strike. The line tightened, then remained stationary. "Will," I said, "I have a fish and I think he's a good one." "I don't think you have," said Will, "I think you're fast on a log." It did look more like being fast on a log than anything else, but certainly I couldn't have been mistaken, certainly I felt the strike of a fish. "Well Will, look out then," I said, "I'm going to pull anyway, and we'll see what it is." I raised the point of the rod until the line became perfectly straight; then I struck, struck hard. I thought it was a log. The line remained stationary, taut. A feeling of disappointment took the place of the eager expectation with which I struck. "Will, I guess you were right, I— By Jove, it's a fish after all, and a good one." I tightened the line and gave a sharp pull. What a dash he made; such a dash as as only one of these mountain trout can make. The line whizzed through the rings. The reel fairly smoked as it whirled around. Forty yards of silk spun out before I thought of trying to stop that mad rush. When I did raise the rod it was useless trying to stop the course of the trout. The rod bent into a half circle. The line became thin as a single hair with the tension. Still on went the trout. Yard after yard sped out. He was nearing the rapids below the pool. I tried to check him again. In vain. With a fierce rush he passed into the rapids. Fortunately my line was a long one. Down the rapids he went. Long as was my line it was now almost run out. I could spare but little more. I jumped to the top of the rock near me, from it to the ground beyond, and ran along the side of the pool. The fish stopped in a swirl in the rapids. I was careful not to disturb him. I had seen his energy in the still water. What would it be if his next flight were down among those foamy waters below. I looked with dismay at the dash of the waters beyond the little swirl in which he was resting. Will had followed me and was looking over my shoulder.

"Will," I said, as I stood reeling up the slack line, "what are we going to do if he goes on down the creek?"

"I don't know," answered Will, "I never saw a trout like that, I-I'd break my line and let him go, he'll break your rod if you don't, and that's the only rod you've got."

"No," I said, "I'll break my rod, or I'll break my neck running over these rocks following him, but I'll not let him go."

"Well, if you will do it, go ahead," said Will, "but you're giving him too much time to breathe."

Will was right, I was leaving him too long in one place, and yet after what I had seen of him I was almost afraid to start him again. I raised the rod and straightened the line and drew it tight. A sullen shake was all the answer I got. I gave a smart, quick pull. Instantly he was off, keen, fierce, gamy as when first hooked. Again the reel whizzed. Away he went for the rapids. I almost gave up hope, as I saw his course. I determined to keep him out of those swift waters if possible. I advanced the butt of the rod. The slender tip bent until its rings rattled on the fingers holding the butt. For a moment the strain on rod, line and nerves was intense. Suddenly the line slackened. The rod flew back straight. "Gone," said Will.

For a moment I thought he was, but no, he had only changed his course. The next instant he was heading up stream, coming with wonderful speed up through the swift water. We were standing just at the foot of the pool where the water entered the rapids. Up he came nearer and nearer. I had difficulty in gathering up the slack line, so rapid was his flight. An instant more and he had sped past us back into the falls pool. In the center of it he stopped again. "Well," I said, wiping away the perspiration which was streaming from my face, "that's the gamiest trout or fish of any kind I ever had hold of." "That's so, Mr. Harry," answers Will, "and I don't think your chances for getting him any too good, yet. Aint it kind of funny that he's never jumped out yet. We haven't seen him." It was strange. In all his struggle he hadn't broken the surface. "There's something odd about that trout. Trout don't stay down deep like that. He seems afraid to show himself. But you're giving him too much rest."

I acted on Will's suggestion and tightened the line. Instantly, and as if to refute Will's words, he darted upward. The surface broke, and a long streak of salmon-colored light shot into the air, his great mouth open and his jaws shaking, the water splashing in every direction. Three feet, if an inch, he leaped clear of the water, then down he went with a plunge and disappeared into the green depths. "Great heavens!" shouted Will, "that's the biggest trout that ever grew. Why it's three feet long." It did look that length as it remained for an instant suspended in the air. "Look out," shouted Will, "it's making for the falls." It was going up stream again, pulling all the weight I dare put upon it. Before it reached the swift part of the current it circled out to the edge. At last I got it turned head down stream. Suddenly off it darted again directly across the pool. Rising to the surface, it splashed the water like a dog swimming. Twice more it ran the length of the pool. Once it nearly made the rapids below. Twice it jumped out far up near the falls, but each run was slower and weaker; evidently the struggle was nearing the end. At last I found I could control and guide the fish that so far had gone as he pleased. Still strong and active, he yet yielded to the drawing line, and suffered himself to be led rather than to struggle to have his own way. Gradually and carefully I led him to the foot of the pool, where we stood. Twice I got him into the shallow water at our feet. Twice he made a desperate struggle and ran back into the deep water. The third time, as I brought him up, Will slipped the landing-net around him, and the fight was over, the fish was caught. The instant I saw him inclosed I dropped my rod. The long struggle was ended. The fish was caught, safe, landed. During all the fight my nerves had been strung up to their highest pitch. I had watched each flight perfectly cool. I had held back the blood that was leaping through my veins. I am certain I was cool and collected until I saw the net inclose the fish; then I felt my knees tremble. The hand that had held the rod shook—every fisherman has experienced the same sensation. I sat down on a rock to rest. The fish, still surrounded by the net, lay at my feet. Great goodness, what a fish it was to come out of that little creek. I felt all a fisherman's pride in my capture. Never before and never since have I had such a fight with anything that swims as I had that evening on the little stream in the mountains. I looked at Will. He was standing gazing at the fish in astonishment.

"Well, Mr. Harry," he said, "I didn't think that there was such a trout anywhere in the mountains or anywhere else, as this one. Why," striking and measuring it with his hands, "it's more than 2¼ft. long." When we got it home it proved by actual measurement to be 32½in. in length.

"You'd better take it out of the net," I said. Will carried it a few yards from the water, and when taking it out he suddenly called, "Oh, come here, Mr. Harry, just look at this fish; it's the funniest trout I ever saw." I went to him. The fish was lying on the grass. I stooped over and examined it. It certainly was a strange-looking trout. It looked like a trout; it had the dark back and rosy sides of a trout, but it lacked the yellow and vermilion spots. Its eyes were not so prominent as a trout's. Its head was flatter, its teeth larger, sharper and more irregular, its tail more deeply forked, its pectoral and dorsal fins were a bluish green; its tail an olive yellow striped like a perch. In shape it was like a trout, though slimmer; more muscular looking. Evidently it was not a trout unless of a rarely seen variety. It certainly had shown some rare powers of endurance.

"Will," I said, "that isn't a trout."

"No," he said, "I never saw one like it. But what is it if it ain't a trout?"

"I don't know," I answered. And I have never to this day been able to find out what kind of a fish I caught that evening, though I have examined numerous books and asked many fishermen.

It was growing dark when we finished examining the fish, so we concluded to stay where we were for the night and try the falls pool again in the morning. Supper over, we lighted our pipes and lay down on our beds of branches. Oh, the luxury of that quiet smoke! the camp-fire blazing among the pines, the music of the falls, the refreshing coolness that had taken the place of the day's heat, the odor of pine and balsam lading the air, the quiet, lazy, indolent feeling that comes after a hard day's tramp. Who wouldn't trudge through forests, climb mountains and wade streams for the pleasure of their evenings by camp-fires alone in the great forests?

For an hour I lay there, going over again my struggle with the trout, and looking forward with eager expectation to the morrow.

Suddenly a low rumbling sound over the western mountains interrupted my meditation. Then the low moaning sound of wind sighing through the trees reached our ears. A few minutes later a flash of lightning lit up the pines with a pale, sickly light. The wind grew stronger. The lightning flashes brighter and more frequent. The thunder louder and nearer. And soon the pattering of rain drops warned us that one of those sudden mountain storms was upon us. "There's a shelving rock above here," said Will, "and we had better get under it before the storm comes." Hastily moving our beds and dry wood under the shelving rock we kindled a new fire, and it had scarcely begun to burn when the storm burst in all its fury over the valley. The rain fell in torrents. The lightning flashes were constant. The most terrific thunder I ever heard burst peal on peal over our very heads. For more than an hour the storm raged in all its fury. Then the lightning and thunder ceased, and a quiet, gentle rain fell through the pines. Sheltered by the overhanging rocks, and lulled by the falling rain, we soon slept soundly.

It was broad daylight when we awoke. The little stream of the night before was now a raging torrent of murky, black-looking water, all fishing in it over for days to come. Reluctantly I packed my fishing rod and we started for old Barney's, and never since have I got back to that little stream that dashes down among the hemlocks in the heart of the Alleghanies. F. I. SHERMAN.

PODDLER FISHING AT THE PIER.

THE river Tweed, which forms for some thirty miles of its lower course the boundary between England and Scotland, is known to anglers and epicures as one of the finest salmon rivers in the British Islands. With its 120 miles of main channel and its 1,000 miles of tributaries and their branches, it affords to the migratory salmonidæ a vast extent of spawning grounds, and offers to the angler a series of casts in stream and pool which not only supply sport and food to the residents of the vicinity, but annually attract hundreds of visitors from other parts to enjoy the sport of salmon fishing in this celebrated stream. I may say, in passing, that the Tweed and its tributaries are no less renowned for the abundance of speckled trout which they all contain from their sources to the sea, and for the grand sport they afford to those less ambitious brethren of the angle who do not aspire to the capture of the lordly salmon, but content themselves with the pursuit of his humbler relative.

While salmon and sea trout may be observed ascending the river at every season of the year, the great annual migration of the spawning fish takes place during the months of October and November, when the fall rains have swollen the rivers sufficiently to give them access to the upper waters. At such times these fish may be seen at the several caulds (mill dams) which obstruct their upward course, leaping and struggling in great numbers in their endeavor to surmount these obstacles. One afternoon in November, 1846, I went to New Mills on the Whitadder, a pretty little river which joins the Tweed about three miles from the ocean, to see the fish ascending the dam. The river had been in high flood the day before, but the weather was too wet and the roads too dirty for pleasant walking, and when I got to the mill the water had fallen considerably. The dam, I may explain, is constructed so as to have the steep side up stream, and the down-stream side has a slope of some 30ft. with a height of 10 or 12ft., the whole being solidly built of stone. The water was running about a foot deep over the south end of the dam, near which I stood, but only 3 or 4in. deep toward the middle, while a few feet of the north end rose above the level of the stream, and the water below the dam reached about one-third up the slope. During the hour I stood watching I counted 120 attempts made by fish to surmount the cauld, only some 20 of which were successful. Those which I saw were mostly small, ranging from 2 or 3lbs. to 8 or 10lbs. in weight, and were evidently sea trout, the larger fish having no doubt gone up in the deeper water on the previous day. They would leap clear of the water and attain about half-way up the slope, but after striving to swim upward they would become exhausted and be swept back into the pool below.

Those which succeed in getting over this, and the many dams which cross the various streams, after depositing their eggs in the gravel, drop downward toward the sea, though many of them remain in the fresh water till the spring freshets, when they come down in great numbers as "kelts" or foul fish, their silvery brightness gone and replaced by a dull brick red or dirty brown color, their bodies lank and lean, and presenting altogether a dilapidated and disreputable appearance.

The eggs hatch out in the following spring, and those of the embryos which escape the pursuit of their numerous enemies, viz., water insects, crayfish, eels, speckled trout and even the older fry of their own species, remain in their native streams eighteen months or two years. During this period of their lives they are known as "parr," and are distinguished by their slender and elegant shape, their deeply forked tail and by rows of "finger-marks" and numerous black and red spots on each side. About the beginning of their third year, when they have attained a length of from 4½ to 5in., a change comes over

their appearance, the finger-marks and spots are covered and concealed by a coating of bright silvery scales, and the natural instinct of their kind impels them to leave the fresh water and transfer themselves to the briny waters of the ocean. On experiencing this change, they assemble in shoals and commence their descent of the river. Arriving within the range of the tide, they linger for a few days in the brackish water and drop gradually down toward the mouth of the river, floating up and down with the set of the tide, adapting themselves to the changes of medium. When this is completed they pass out into the open sea, and scatter themselves along the coast in search of the food appropriate to the new phase of their existence.

They generally arrive in the tidal part of the river in the months of April and May, and their arrival is the signal for the assembling of a host of enemies, which assail them during the whole period of their stay with unremitting perseverance. Flocks of terns circle in the air and ever and anon dart down with unerring aim upon the unfortunate stragglers which come too near the surface. Fleets of guillemots and razorbills float upon the surface and pursue their prey in the depths beneath. Loons and grebes, singly or in pairs, sink from sight with hardly a ripple, and reappear with a fish in each bill, and even the mighty solan does not disdain the small but tempting morsel, while occasionally a seal pops up his round bullet head and gazes around as if taking his bearing. Nor are these their sole nor even their most dangerous enemies. Keenly as they are pursued by their aërial foes, beneath they are subjected to a persecution still more sanguinary and unrelenting. While their persecutors may be counted by hundreds, their scaly pursuers must be numbered by thousands, and while the former, for the most part, can capture only those which expose themselves near the surface by daylight, the latter can follow them into the deepest recesses of the current both by day and night. Of these predatory fish there are several kinds, but the chief depredators are the poddler or saith, the young of the coalfish, which generally weighs from 1 to 4lbs.; the lythe or hake, a shorter, thicker fish, olive on the back, and having a projecting jaw like a pike or bulldog, and weighing from 2 to 8 or 10lbs., and lastly the codlings, white and red, from 3 to 10 or 12lbs. The poddlers are the most numerous, and they give the name to the fishing.

My tackle consisted of a rod thirteen feet in length, stout enough to lift ten or twelve pounds of fish up the side of the pier. It was made in two joints, the bottom of ash and the top of hickory and lancewood, with a splice joint tied with waxed twine when in use instead of a ferrule in the middle; a reel holding eighty yards of stout water-twist linen line, and a foot-length of three-ply salmon gut closely laid and securely knotted. The sinker was a pencil of lead with a brass wire cast lengthwise through it and turned into a loop at each end, weighing altogether about three ounces. This was fastened to the extremity of the foot-length. The so-called flies were made from the white feather from a goose's quill tied on a tinned "haddock hook;" three or four of these were fastened to the foot-length at intervals of eighteen inches apart, the snoods being shortened so as to project not more than four inches from the line; another, on a snood of about twelve inches long, was attached to the lower loop of the plummet. To use this tackle with the best effect, the practice is to first plumb the depth of the water and shorten the line until the plummet is raised a foot or so from the bottom; hold it so for a short time and then give a steady upward pull (not a jerk) of three or four feet, and continue doing so at intervals of about ten seconds. When a fish is struck do not be in a hurry to land it unless a heavy one, as often others will be attracted to the bait and every hook filled. The best time to enjoy this sport is when high water occurs at from four to six o'clock P. M., beginning to fish when the tide has turned an hour or an hour and a half. On such an evening I have often commenced fishing at 7:30 P. M. and before nine o'clock have landed from 60 to a 120lbs. of fish. This was by no means a wanton slaughter, for there were always plenty of boys on the pier who were glad to get the surplus for home consumption. The poddlers were mostly taken on the upper hook, the lythe on the lower ones, and the codlings almost without exception on the hook below the sinker. One evening when the fish were biting freely and the lythe were unusually numerous, I struck something which I supposed from the dead resistance to be a bottom hold; but on raising the point of my rod and putting on a strain a sudden rush seaward took off 30yds. or so of my line and obliged me to run twice that distance along the pier at the top of my speed, when the fish headed for the opposite shore; the strain, however, was too much for him. This maneuver he repeated again and again, but the hold was good, the tackle trusty, and I brought him up against the strong current in a series of diminishing semicircles, of which the fish described the circumference, the line the radius and myself the center, until at last I succeeded in bringing him around the corner of the pier, where there is a "batt," that is a platform of hewn stone with sloping sides, used for drawing the seine of the Crabwater salmon fishery on, on which I landed a very dead run fish, and my son brought up the ladder, not a salmon, as I had vainly flattered myself, but a lythe over three feet in length and weighing twenty-five pounds, the largest fish ever taken at the pier up to that time, May, 1854.

In comparative culinary value these fish vary very much. The flesh of the poddlers is soft and insipid; that of the lythe is much firmer and better flavored, while that of the white codlings, after feeding for a week or two upon the salmon fry, acquires a richness and delicacy it does not possess at any other time. One of these fish of six or seven pounds weight split open from the throat to the vent, lined with a stuffing of bread crumbs and finely minced suet, moistened with milk and seasoned with green parsley shred very fine, pepper and salt and baked in a rather slow oven, makes a dish fit to delight the palate of the most fastidious ichthyophagist. N. B.—I believe that a good black bass, channel cat or pike-perch cooked in this way would not be much inferior.

A good deal of discussion had arisen respecting the length of time the salmon fry remained in the salt water before they returned to their native streams as grilse. The prevailing belief was that they returned in the fall of the same year in which they went down; but some persons maintained that it was absurd to think that a fish which required two years or more to attain a weight of three ounces could grow to a weight of three pounds or upward in six or eight weeks. In order to settle this point the Berwick Shipping Co. instituted a series of experiments in the years 1842-3-4-5-6, in which I had the pleasure of assisting. Considerable numbers of these smolts were captured and marked by inserting loops of silver or copper wire in their fins or tails, varying the position in each year, and keeping an accurate record of the same. Several of these marked fish were subsequently recaptured as grilse and identified by myself and others, but not one of those so taken had remained in the salt water for a shorter period than fourteen months, during which time they had attained a weight of about three pounds, and most of these had lived in the sea for two years or more, when their weight increased to from six to eight pounds.

In my former letter, "One evening late in August, 1884," should have read, "One morning late in August, 1844." SC. D.

AN ALASKAN SEA SERPENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If, indeed, any of the aquatic animals long drawn out, however they may vary in "form, structure, appearance and habits," and even size, may be considered a sea serpent, then truly "the existence of veritable sea serpents * * * is no longer disputed and denied." But is not such a use of the term simply trifling with words? The idea current in most minds is that the so-called sea serpent is some unknown animal of the serpent kind or having the form of a serpent and especially characterized by the gigantic size it attains; 3,000 or 4,000ft. of length have been even assigned to it. The application of the name to any moderate-sized or small aquatic animal is therefore a misnomer and nullifies any special significance connected with the name. The naturalist knows of numerous forms to which the name is as applicable as to the fish noticed by Mr. Hallock in FOREST AND STREAM for March 10. If, however, the general conception of the sea serpent is held as a criterion, then I for one must dissent from the probability of its existence. My reasons for dissent have been given in an article entitled "The Sea Serpent Myth," published in the *Forum* for March.

As to the so-called "Alaskan sea serpent," it is a well-known fish of the family of Alepisaurids. The Alepisaurids belong to a large group, chiefly confined to the deep sea and open sea, called Iniomes, and the family consists of about half a dozen species and is represented in distant seas. One kind is quite commonly caught by the bank codfishermen in deep water and two or three kinds have been caught in deep water off the Pacific coast of North America and sometimes they come even into shallow water or are driven on the shores. The figure given in FOREST AND STREAM gives a very poor idea of the fish. The dorsal, for instance, is very long and unbroken, and reaches from near the nape to the vertical of the oval. The form is also much less elongated and slender than is represented. It may be added that the skin is perfectly smooth, naked and not scaly. A figure of a species closely related to the Alaskan fish is given in the atlas of "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States" (page 202). It is the *Alepisaurus ferox*, originally described from Madeira, and which is called by the bank fishermen the "lancet-fish." The Alaskan fish may be either *Alepisaurus* (*Caulopus*) *borealis* or *æsculapius*. Both are found in Alaskan waters, and the name "handsaw fish" is applied to either indifferently. THEO. GILL.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, March 11.

THE MYSTIC ANGLERS.—Fort Wayne, Ind., March 9.—Yesterday our club was presented with a beautiful gold medal by Mr. John H. Bass, of this city, and our wealthiest citizen. Mr. Bass is president of the Bass Foundry and Machine Works, of Chicago, St. Louis and of this city, and is a gentleman whom our people respect more on account of his liberal ideas, benevolence and genial sptrit, than any other in the city or county, in fact, northern Indiana. He is a lover of legitimate sports, although his business prevents much indulgence. On his large and beautiful farm west of city he has everything the heart can desire. His fish ponds are gems, the largest, I believe, in the State artificially made, and are well stocked with fish. The medal is to remain the property of the club, no one being entitled to it longer than a stated period, and must be won to be worn by the members. As we are forninst fishing for count, the largest black bass taken with rod, line and hook held in hand, weight to decide (not loaded), using live or artificial bait, gets the medal, subject always to the above conditions. The fish must be taken from streams in this county, of which we have seven which contain black bass. The medal will henceforth be known as "The John H. Bass Medal." The medal is made of fine gold, shield shape, on which are two rods beautifully chiseled out and raised above the plate, a landing net, with the figures 1887 and inscription "John H. Bass to the Mystic Anglers, Fort Wayne, Ind." On top of the shield is a fine Kentucky reel. A minnow net is supported under the shield from hooks projecting from the sides. The pin is attached to the shield by gold chains and represents a black bass in motion—the scales are very distinct and a ruby represents the eye of the fish. The medal is 2¾in. long, the fish 1¾in., and the shield 1⅝in. wide.—JOHN P. HANCE.

WATERPROOFING LINES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since, in FOREST AND STREAM, I incidentally alluded to and recommended a certain carbon oil for waterproofing fishing lines. I have not lost faith in it; but, nevertheless, wish to call attention to another preparation for the purpose. Last fall I happened to be chairman of a committee appointed to test the value of this preparation for waterproofing muslin, etc., for certain purposes. It was found, after long-continued trial, to be excellent. It occurred to me that it would be equally good for fishing lines, landing nets, etc., and was found to be so. It is cheap, easily applied, and is mildew proof. The company, no doubt, would waterproof lines and nets; but, inasmuch as the preparation can be bought by the gallon, the angler can do his own waterproofing. It is made by the American Waterproofing Fiber Co. of New York. I may add that the line is not weakened by the preparation, but rather strengthened. Naturally, the line is made a trifle heavier, but in use it is lighter than an unprepared line, as the water does not soak into it. Perhaps some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will give this thing a trial, and report the result. That is the proper way to get at its merits.—PETRA.

SALMON AND SEA LIONS.—The destructiveness of the lion among the salmon and other fishes of the Pacific coast is well known. Concerning this the Portland *Oregonian* says: "William Arnold has been gunning for sea lions of late at Tillamook and with good success, having already 246. The bodies of these huge beasts blown ashore lined the beach for miles. While others have been writing letters about fish wheels, traps and pound nets, Mr. Arnold has taken his little gun and done good practical work for the preservation of our salmon interests and salmon nets. The sea lion was doubtless created for some useful purpose, probably to prevent salmon from becoming too numerous. Vast numbers of them congregate at Tillamook Rock and at Seal rocks, a few miles south and near the shore, where they live at their ease and prey upon the shoals of salmon entering the Columbia. It is estimated that half of the salmon which come into the Columbia in the early part of the season are captured by sea lions, which also damage nets to the amount of thousands of dollars."

CASTALIA, O.—The Cold Creek Trout Club have purchased the entire property of the Castalia Mining Company, and it is rumored here that the machinery in the mill will be disposed of and the large building arranged for a magnificent club house and billiard parlors. This change would give the company one of the finest club houses in western Ohio, and the transfer will improve the village of Castalia many thousands of dollars and give employment to more laboring men. The stream of water, fed by the famous Cold Creek springs, is one of the grandest trout streams on the globe, clear as crystal, pure as snow, cold as ice in summer, and never freezes in winter.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The committee on rules of the National Rod and Reel Association have agreed in adding the following to Rule 4: "In the contests with light rods of 5oz. and under an allowance of 1½oz. will be made in favor of such rods as have a solid reel plate."—G. POEY, Secretary.

THE PRESIDENT'S OUTING.—A workman at Frankfort, Ky., has sent President Cleveland a reel, with the compliments of "a Kentucky Republican, who loves him for the fish he has caught." In a letter of thanks the President said: "The sight and handling of it makes me long for the time when I can put it in use."

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE FOOD OF THE SALMONIDÆ AT SEA.

BY W. ANDERSON SMITH.

[From the Journal of the National Fishculture Association.]

IT is well known to most sportsmen, as well as to most naturalists, that once the salmon enter our rivers they may rip up a fly in play, or a minnow even, in exuberance of spirits, but until they spawn they do not seem to be, as a rule, "on the feed." The voracity of kelts, on the other hand, is sufficiently understood and the great injury those do who remain in the waters where the young salmonidæ are struggling for existence. This being the case, it is certain that before such a strong fish can bring itself again into condition it must reach fishing grounds of exceptional richness, and, from their great numbers, also of exceptional extent. Authorities have spoken of the food of the salmon with a doubtful expectation of being believed, because the greater portion of fish with which they have come in contact have had empty stomachs. The same was formerly said of the herring. The press teems with communications denying that the salmon feeds at all in fresh water, and by analogy may seem to suggest that they do not eat anything very tangible in salt water. An indefinite idea prevails among unscientific observers that something they call "suction"—and that seems to point to microscopical supplies—builds up the large rich bodies of these fine fish. A list of authorities gives color to these ideas of the untrained observer. "Ova of sea-urchin," "Entomostracea and Crustacea," and "Ova of Echinodermata," being the characteristic accounts, when they do not simply assert "sand eels."

Now we have no doubt that all these objects go occasionally to build up the system of the salmon, but the salmonidæ cannot as a class be called "insectivorous fish," like the herring or mackerel, and their onslaughts on the floating life of the sea of an invertebrate class are only make-shifts, in the absence of the more important food to which they must in reality mainly look.

Since a paper read last year before the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association, I have had some further experience with regard to the food of the smaller salmonidæ at sea, although by no means such an extensive experience as I had hoped for. During an expedition of several months' duration, extending from the mouth of West Loch Tarbert in Knapdale to Portree in Skye, sea trout and salmon were found to be exceptionally scarce; and at the same time the herring were almost entirely absent, at a time of the year when they are commonly on that coast. All floating invertebrate life was found to be extremely backward of development, owing to low temperature prevailing throughout the district in question during the season; the herring and mackerel that feed upon such life were equally unripe; and no doubt the salmon and sea trout, that in our opinion largely depend upon herring in earlier stages of growth, were deficient on our west coast for the same reasons.

In an inquiry of this kind it is necessary to obtain as great a gathering of facts as possible, and from widely different districts. I have received statements of fact from men of knowledge and experience bearing upon this question. Their publicity may lead other observers to add to the bulk of evidence. One of the most experienced and cultured fishcurers of Lewis assured me that, in his experience, salmon at sea fed upon herring sile. Maclaine, of Lochbine, informs me that at one time off Colonsay he came upon large fish leaping out of the water in their eagerness to seize their prey, and these were found to be salmon chasing herring. On the west of Mull, salmon taken in the fresh water direct from the sea were found to be full to the mouth of herring sile, and this is thoroughly well authenticated by several eye-witnesses. Dr. MacKinnon, Strath, an experienced angler and correct observer, tells me that the celebrated Young, of Inversbire, had mentioned to him having obtained a grilse full of young herring—those in the mouth covered with silver scales, and those further down well digested—showing their rapidity of digestion, and perhaps accounting for the absence of food in the stomach as a rule in rivers. At one time the salmon caught in the extensive sea fisheries of the Messrs. Hogarth, Aberdeen, were, prior to the days of rapid transit, all preserved in Aberdeen. Mr. Rae, a salmon fisher of experience, assured me that his father, when em-

ployed in Messrs. Hogarth's establishment, stated, as the result of his experience of the thousands of salmon there treated annually, that salmon not only fed mainly upon herring, but on that coast no good salmon fishing was obtained until the herring were upon the coast.

All these presumed facts go to corroborate our former suggestion and point to this great ocean food supply as being a strong inducement for the salmonidæ, as for all whitefish, to follow them to their haunts.

It is certain, however, that a voracious fish will not confine itself to any single species of food. Mr. Willis Bund, in his most suggestive and valuable work on "Salmon Problems," refers to the belief of fishermen that the salmon feeds on sea-mice (*aphrodite*), and to the fact that on the Usk there is a saying, "A good year of lamperns, a good year of salmon." He also refers to the fact of a salmon taking a spinning bait. A gentleman assures us that he has taken a three-pound grilse with a minnow when trolling for lythe (*Gadus pollachius*) in the sea. Before Buckland and Walpole (Sea Fisheries Commission) a fisherman observed that the salmon (salmonidæ from three pounds to twenty-one pounds) taken in his kettle net "were feeding on the same thing as the mackerel." No doubt the floating invertebrate life of the sea is the common food of the mackerel, but when taken near shore they would be full of crustacea such as *mysis*, a class I frequently find in quantity in the stomachs of sea trout.

During my recent expedition some facts have come before me that are somewhat interesting in themselves, while having a bearing upon the question before us. Most naturalists are aware that the tapeworm goes through a species of metamorphosis, and when found in any animal must have previously reached a certain development in some other animal that has probably been its prey. Now, when in a certain season all the sea trout taken in the district of Loch Slapin, in Skye, proved to have tapeworms, and to be generally in a sickly condition, we naturally ask if this is a common occurrence elsewhere, and what can they be living upon at such a time? It seems that the occurrence was most exceptional in Slapin, and has not apparently occurred again; while the probability is that a creature of some size was the repository of the cysts of the tapeworm. What this was we, of course, can only conjecture, but sea trout do eat *Cephalopods* freely, as we have personally noted, and in these high class molluscs we have observed what appeared to us to be the cysts of tapeworms. This would be a useful subject for inquiry, as the taking of *Cephalopods* with such a company of guests should be at once followed by their dispatch to the nearest aquarium, where means for the experiment would always be at hand.

Again, sea trout eat sand-eels, and a correspondent from "The Lewis" sends me an account of a large sea trout with sand-eels in its stomach. Few fishes, indeed, are proof against the fascination of sand-eels, whose aggressive friends are numberless. It would be unjust to examine this subject without quoting from Mr. John Anderson, of Denham Green, whose sixty years' experience in the trade is always freely at the service of the public. He writes: "I have seen twelve small herring in a fish of ten pounds, and in brackish water I have seen fish full of young smelts, whiting and shrimps." Again, "I have seen grilse with eight or ten young herring, and a trout of 8lbs. with an 8in. sand eel in its stomach." Once more he writes: "The principal food of whitefish and salmon are—first, the herring and then their fry. The old herring of both kinds, after they have spawned, seek out to sea to recruit themselves, and after they have been feeding on the rich food there for several months, they seek the coast, chased in by shoals of whitefish and salmon. The young fry of the herring seek our estuaries, and up to the brackish water, where they continue feeding for six months, then down to sea to meet their own parents. The young of the winter-spawned herring leave the brackish water in October, and seek down our Frith (of Forth) to feed on whitefish then arrived from sea; and the young of our summer herring leave the brackish water in March, and, seeking down to sea, draw our salmon into and up our friths and then into our rivers. It is no uncommon thing to find a dozen of good herring or a score of young herring in the cod's stomach, and frequently several herring or a score of fry in the salmon's stomach along with shellfish." He no doubt here uses the term "shellfish" in its rough general sense as covering "crustacea."

I am disposed to question some of the views here expressed, more especially as to the idea of a summer and winter herring, confident as I am that the herring spawns throughout the year; but the facts of herring being taken frequently in the stomachs of salmon remain distinct, and coming from one with a lengthened experience of a very extensive fish trade, is of very great importance. It is commonly objected that scientific observers are not in the habit of meeting herring in the stomachs of salmon; but it must be remembered that their opportunities are very limited, that salmon are rarely taken "on the feed," but only when hastening back to the fresh water, that when taken they are mostly despatched direct to the fishmonger, who alone, as a general rule, has an opportunity of examining the contents of a salmon caught in the sea.

We require more "facts" on the subject, but there are sufficient to make it a reasonable statement that, from evidence of practical men on the East coast, and observers on the West coast, salmon, like most other fish, are mainly dependent upon herring for subsistence. I have taken herring and sea trout in the same draw of the seine net, and both were full of herring sile. But sea trout are different in character from salmon. They feed voraciously not only when coming in shore, but even in fresh water, so that they are commonly taken with their stomachs full, at a time when the salmon has ceased to feed and is only anxious to ascend the river.

The great importance of the food question in connection with the salmonidæ lies, in the first instance, in its bearings upon the stock of our rivers and streams. If this class of fish feeds mainly upon such fish as the herring, the stock of a river will depend more upon its purity than upon its richness in food. Every small stream in the herring-haunted West Highlands can be filled with a stock of sea trout, knowing that if the youngsters can reach sufficient maturity to proceed to sea a large proportion will return in good condition. For not only do they devour the herring when obtainable, but they keep much in shore and devour everything edible among the rich fringe of seaware, whether crustacea or anneiids or naked mollusca, such as cephalopoda. It ought to be a primary object with our fishculturists to stock every suitable river with salmon and every stream that reaches the sea with sea trout. As yet little has been done in this direction, but if it were carried on contemporaneously with the incubation of herring in quantity, I have no doubt that the land of the Western Highlands and islands would soon come to be looked upon as little more than a rendezvous for fish and fishermen, as Newfoundland has always been.

MR. MULERTT RECEIVES A MEDAL.—Mr. Hugo Mulertt, of Cincinnati, Ohio, the well-known fishculturist and breeder of ornamental fishes, has been awarded the great silver medal of the Imperial Russian Society Acclimatation at their recent annual meeting in Moscow. The letter transmitting this medal states that it is awarded for constant co-operation with the ichthyological section and in acknowledgment of interesting and useful work. The conferring of this medal is a very high honor and one that is appreciated by Mr. Mulertt. Alexander von Humboldt and the celebrated botanist, Von Siebold, were recipients of this same medal, and we believe Mr. Mulertt's to be the first which has come to America.

THE McDONALD FISHWAY.—Sharon, Va., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The three new fishways built by Col. McDonald, last fall, on Red Creek, Wythe county, this State, are truly models of their kind. They represent the knowledge gained in building many structures for the passage of fish over dams, and combine the maximum of simplicity, solidity and efficiency. They are being carefully observed and reported with a view of publishing the results. It may interest your readers to know that a rainbow trout, a ripe female, ran from Tate's Run, a small stream flowing through the Wytheville hatchery grounds, up the small fishway erected at the hatchery as a model. The fish was captured and the eggs secured. Numbers of yearlings and two-year-olds have been taken, but this is the first ripe spawner observed. These facts indicate the establishment of the rainbow trout in the stream as a resident species, an important fact in considering the desirability of stocking Virginia waters with this fish.—R. C.

SHAD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—Office of the Secretary, Lee County Game and Fish Protective Association.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is my pleasure to be able to report the success of the shad plant made in the Mississippi River some years ago by Prof. Spencer F. Baird. Yesterday quite a number of these fish caught here were on sale in the market; one of 2lbs. weight brought fifteen cents, catfish selling at ten cents per pound and black bass at twelve and a half cents per pound.—F. S. WORTHEN, Secretary.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 22 to 25, 1887.—Spring Show of the New Jersey Kennel Club, Newark, N. J. A. C. Wilmerding, Secretary, 17 Murray street, New York.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence. Entries close March 15.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4697.**

BUFFALO DOG SHOW.

THAT the show held at Buffalo last week was a good one cannot be disputed. I expected to find about 250 dogs on exhibition whereas there were about 400 all told, and a glance over the prize list will show that the quality throughout was much better than is generally found at shows with greater pretentions. Mr. John Davidson handled the pointers and setters, Mr. Krueger took foxhounds and beagles, and the balance of the sporting division, as well as all non-sporting classes, fell to my share. The catalogue was not accurate and there was some delay in bringing the dogs into the rings, but in other respects the management was good and reflects credit on Mr. Fellows, whose devotion to the cause was appreciated by his many friends. The secretary and assistant were at all times courteous and obliging, and the same hearty greeting which ever awaits me at shows held outside of this city was freely extended to me and to others.

The local reporters, as usual, left their brains at home, and somebody played a huge joke on your esteemed city contemporary, the New York *Herald*. Particulars may be interesting to some of your readers and therefore I give them. It was not until Wednesday night that I finished judging and by Thursday evening I realized the fact that the work before me was more than I could accomplish, consequently I resolved not to be interrupted by anybody or by anything if I could possibly avoid it. I was getting along nicely on Friday morning when a lean, long-cast, cow-hocked specimen of the *bore*hound type, out at the elbows and thick in skull, coolly asked if I could tell him where to find "that great red dog from New York." There was a weedy-looking Irish terrier sitting on a bench close by, and pointing to it I said, "There is the dog you are looking for." No sooner had I commenced work again than a fellow had the cheek to come and ask me to supply him with notes for a report. This was too much for me. I explained my position and declined, whereupon the courteous news seeker turned on his heels and blurted out, "If you won't help us we won't help you, wait and see." Next morning a friend directed my attention to the following ludicrous dispatch which appeared in the *Herald:*

"More Dogs than Prizes.—By telegraph to the *Herald:* BUFFALO, N. Y., March 11, 1887.—The international bench show of dogs broke up in a row. The principal trouble was that too many Canadian dogs were given prizes. The exhibitors of the miscellaneous class think they were given no show because they had to compete against all kinds of canines. It is also charged that owing to the fact that Superintendent Fellows came from Hornellsville that the Hornell Spaniel Club was given undue advantage."

The heading itself is absurd and suggests that there are, or ought to be, as many or more prizes as dogs. The show "broke up in a row." Who ever saw a dog show that didn't break up in a row? Loose say a couple of hundred dogs and leave the balance, say two hundred more, chained in their places, and there is row enough to satisfy the inmates of a bedlam. There was just such a row at Buffalo, and there will be a similar row at the next dog show and at every other dog show to come. "Too many Canadian dogs were given prizes." The catalogue shows that eighty dogs from Canada were entered and that sixteen were successful in winning first prizes. "The exhibitors in the miscellaneous class think they were given no show because they had to compete against all kinds of canines." This is rich. It is generally supposed that a "miscellaneous class" is a class for all kinds of "canines" that don't happen to have a class provided for them, consequently the exhibitors, who know what a "miscellaneous class" is, could not possibly have thought anything of the kind, and the *Herald* has fallen into a stupid blunder. "It is also charged that, owing to the fact that Superintendent Fellows came from Hornellsville, that the Hornell Spaniel Club was given undue advantage." This is a vicious and untruthful statement, and places the *Herald's* correspondent in an uncomfortably tight corner. The Hornell Club entered two dogs, both in the champion class, and as there was no competition in either class, they, of course, won. These dogs were beaten for all special prizes. Where is the "undue advantage" and who "charged"? The *Herald's* untrustworthy reporter should be bounced.

Mr. Davidson was first to get to work. He handled his classes in a business-like way, and his decisions were well received.

SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Knight of Snowden, well shown, was an easy winner in the open class for English setters, and while he is not quite the type of dog I like, he has many good points to commend him, notably excellent forelegs and feet, good chest and back, nice flat coat of good texture and a catching color. His head is too small for his body, and he does not move behind as he should do, although he is said to be a dog of more than average speed and a stayer. Pride of Dixie, placed second, was not my choice for the place. He is too full in cheek, occiput not properly developed, muzzle of good length but too fine at the point, stop not defined, the head being much too shallow and flat in appearance, with an expression that certainly is not correct. Neck straight; shoulders not well placed; chest fairly good; a slight weakness in loin; quarters above the average; legs of fair strength; pastern longer than I like; hocks too wide apart. Feet not round, but of fair thickness through the pads; texture of coat good. I would have placed Prince Hardy, vhc. reserve, second. He has a better head than Pride of Dixie, and is his equal in other respects. Ted's Bangs, hc., is fairly good in body, but he is wide in front, faulty at the elbows, and deficient in head properties. Canada, vhc., has a rather sour head and a long and badly-carried tail—faulty at both ends. Noble Philip, c., is lathy and flat-sided, and is deficient in loin and tail. Dan, not noticed, too much resembles a St. Bernard for my fancy. Just a fair class. The winners are blue beltons. Eight entries in the corresponding bitch class, with Mydora, rather a nice white, black and tan, clearly the best of the lot. She has a fairly good head, just a trifle doggy; ears fairly well placed and of good length, but might hang closer; neck not quite clean; shoulders loaded; chest good; back rather short; quarters rather narrow and lacking in power; hocks fairly good; legs not quite straight, feet rather thin through the pads; coat short but of good quality and free of curl; tail not well carried; a bitch showing some quality. Lassie made a good second; she has rather a nice head and is much above the average in quarters and hocks. She is faulty behind the withers—too round and slack, and her tail is not right. Coat flat and of good texture. Lady M., vhc. reserve, was third best, although shown much too fat. She is good behind the last rib, and has a nice flat coat. Skull too round, barrel too round and rather slack, chest too wide and forelegs not quite straight. Feet thinner through the pads than I like. Carry Roy, hc., is deficient in head properties. A fair class, well judged. There were eleven entries in the puppy class, but I failed to find anything that will be heard from in good company at future shows. Lone Star, a white, black and tan daughter of the winner in the previous class, was properly placed first. Skull fairly good, muzzle of good length but not quite clean below the eyes, ears rather short and not carried close to head. Neck might be cleaner, chest wide, shoulders badly laid on, back short with back ribs not long enough, loin flat, quarters drooping, stifles fairly well bent but rather weak, elbows out, forelegs not straight, stands a trifle over at knees, tail too long and curled, hocks of fair strength and well bent, coat good.

In the class for Irish setter dogs Bruce, with his typical head and excellent coat and color, was too much for Romeo, who is very deficient in neck, quarters and feet, besides possessing several other defects. Banker, vhc. reserve, is well known. Jessie placed another first to her owner's credit, winning handily in the bitch class. She has been so often described in these columns that I will say no more than that she was in a fair condition and won easily enough from Nellie Husted, who has not improved since I placed her second in the puppy class at the Fanciers' show last year. She has grown very throaty and moves badly off her hind legs. She has still rather a nice head, but it is not first-class; her coat and color and feather will always deserve notice. Miss Laura, vhc. reserve, is a fairly good young bitch with too strong a head. The puppies were not a good lot and there was not a future winner among them.

Nine Gordon dogs of far better type than we usually find formed a fairly good class, and Royal Duke sustained his reputation by winning with several points to the good. Jack, placed second, shows age; his color is gone. In skull and muzzle he is much above the average, although heavier than I like. He is too wide in chest, straight in shoulders, stifles and hocks; has good feet, a nice coat and shows a fair amount of Gordon character. The balance of the class were workmanlike dogs. Nora, Mr. Glover's old bitch, was best of the eight entries in the next class; she was always a fair bitch, but never a crack. She was bred to Royal Duke at the show and he should give power behind as well as in the pasterns to the offspring. Rose, too round in skull and pointed in muzzle, was second. She is fairly good in coat, but will not do in many other respects—at least not for the bench. Chest too shallow; body shorter than I like; quarters drooping; lacks Gordon character; too much of English type; legs and feet fairly good. Gyp II., vhc., is deficient in head and coat. Josephine is too tapered in muzzle and is not good in skull. The puppies, six, were only moderate, Royal Duke II. being about the best of them. He is too round in skull and very full midway between eyes and occiput; nose half black and half flesh color; eyes fairly good; ears set too high and not well carried; neck throaty; mouth cankered; body and limbs too light; pasterns long, and feet flat and open; quarters, tail and coat fairly good; will be too light all over and bitchy in head when developed. I must not say any more or he may bite me next time we meet.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Pommery Sec, a son of Graphic and Vinnie, was clearly the best dog in the open class for his sex. He is just a fair sort but will never tread in the steps of his distinguished sire. Head just fair; eyes rather light; muzzle lacking in depth; ears set on too high; neck of fair length; back a trifle slack; loins flat; quarters fairly good. Will improve. Jeff, second prize, is a rather coarse headed dog; too cheeky, neck not clean; chest too wide; shoulders straight and heavy; back ribs not deep enough; loin flat; second thighs weak; hocks long and straight; stands over a trifle at knees; tail too long and not fine enough toward end; ears good; forelegs and feet above average; condition excellent. Don and Don Quixote are not up to show form. Of the nine others shown Queen Bow, a specimen of much more than average merit, had a clear win. Skull rather round; muzzle fairly good but not square enough; ears might hang closer; eyes too light and rather small; chest and back fairly good, also quarters and hocks; tail rather long and might be finer; shoulders muscular and free; legs and feet excellent; shows considerable character. Dress, placed second, occupied a similar position at Waverly, and was described in your re-

port of that show. There was nothing in the class that could approach these bitches in good looks, and Pommery Sec was far ahead of Bell II. in the puppy class.

SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

These classes, as a whole, were very well filled, and the quality throughout was excellent. Captain Muldoon had the class for Irishmen to himself, and walked over for the prize; his coat requires attention.

There were eleven entries in the class for spaniels over 28lbs. weight, and in my opinion Newton Abbot scored an easy win. He is of the Sussex type, but is too dark in color for a typical specimen of that breed. He could be improved in skull and muzzle; eyes too light; ears of good length. Body not round enough; quarters fairly good; forelegs of good strength, but not quite straight; feet too thin through the pads, but well feathered; elbows thrown out more than I like; tail well placed and well carried; coat of good quality and flat; feather much above the average; condition excellent. Entered as 32lbs; actual weight 34lbs. Darkey was second best; skull too short and full and cheeky; muzzle lacking in depth and squareness; neck not quite clean; ribs too flat and body too short; neither loin nor body round enough; too narrow in front; forelegs too long and light in bone and not quite straight; feet small and turned out; elbows not well placed; coat too curly about neck and quarters; symmetery not of a high order, the *tout ensemble* being that of a rather flat-sided, leggy and light dog.

Hornell Silk, looking very well, was alone in the champion cocker class. The open class for cockers, black or liver, was an excellent one. Eighteen entries, and I divided it for dogs and bitches. Brant, a very nice little dog by Obo II., was, I think, clearly entitled to first prize. He is much above the average at all points, and I venture the opinion that my decision will be indorsed by others. His forelegs are not quite right, and he would be improved by more feather; a credit to his breeder, Mr. Willey. Doc, often described in these columns, was second, followed by Obo Jr., Woodstock, a fair puppy, and Master Shina. Dr. Niven's smart bitch Busy made a nice winner in the bitch class, and gave Brant a hot race for the special, her too fine muzzle and rather flat sides keeping her from the coveted position. Lady of the Lake, in nice form, was second, followed by Juno W., Belle, Frou Frou and Queen Obo. It is a pleasure to judge such classes.

The next class I judged as being for spaniels of any other color, whereas the class was intended for cockers of any other color. Royal, a nice little red dog with a stylish head, was much the best, and Roxy should have been second, but as the book I was using said "any other color" instead of cockers, any other color, I gave the prize to the second best spaniel regardless of breed. This was Sport, Jr., a field spaniel, and a big one at that. Royal repeated his victory in a puppy class of seven. Frou Frou and Lucy, just fair specimens, being next in order given.

When the open class for cocker spaniels, black or liver, was called out, Lewis, who had in charge Doc and Dixie, disappeared, and Dixey being under lock and key could not be found. I waited twenty minutes or more for Lewis to turn up, but he did not do so until after the class had been judged. Precisely the same course was taken by Lewis when the puppy class was called on, nobody could find either him or the dog Dixie. The owner of Doc and Dixie is too good a sportsman ever to think of instructing an employe to keep his dog back in case of hot competition. This sort of thing must be stopped, and at once.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. KRUEGER).

These classes were carefully handled. Among the English hounds Mr. Dan O'Shea's Ranger once more scored first. He is rather coarse in head; skull flat; ears not correctly carried; neck rather short; body too long cast and lathy; chest a trifle shallow; back ribs not very well sprung; legs good and strong; coat and brush fair. Bugle, second prize, is coarse in head—cheeky. His body is a trifle long and his chest too shallow; ribs well sprung and loins good. Among the Americans, Victory was clearly the best; a specimen of more than ordinary merit. Capital head, eyes, ears and muzzle; good back, loin and quarters; feet not quite right. Trailer, placed second, is not so good either in head, body or limbs as the winner.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Mr. Thayer showed a splendid team in these classes. Chieftain, one of the grandest living, was alone in the champion class for dogs, and his kennel companion Wanda, but little behind him in good looks, was first in the bitch class. In the open classes Highland Laddie, Bras, Ramona and Thora swept the boards, and Brazen, a fair puppy from the same kennel, had the puppy class to herself. Thora has not the size of her kennel companions, but is built on speed lines and is doubtless as clever as any of her associates. These dogs are well known to your readers.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Memnon, the gallant victor of many a prize on the bench and afield, was well ahead of everything in the greyhound class. His mouth is gone, and he will soon have to give way to youthful opponents. Had there been another really good greyhound in the class I should have downed him, for with his teeth all out his muzzle looks very weak and snipy. Misterton and Spring, placed equal second, have neither the limbs or quarters of Memnon, neither do they equal or approach him in other points. Lancashire Witch was absent. Heather Belle, well-known, scored in the bitch class after a sharp tussle with Juno, whose conspicuous faults are in loin and thighs.

BEAGLES—(MR. KNUEGER).

Rattler had the champion class to himself, and Tomboy, a new one, scored first in the open class for dogs. He is deficient in skull and muzzle, does not stand quite straight in front and might be stronger in the pastern. His quarters are good, and having youth on his side he may improve. Ginger, second prize, is too long cast, bad in legs and altogether wrong in coat and tail, but a true beagle. The winning bitch is coarse in head and ears. She is, however, good in forelegs and body; coat too soft. Actress II. has a fairly good head, but is too long between the couplings; brush and coat excellent. Tramp, the puppy prize winner, has a promising head, body a trifle long and ears a trifle short; legs and feet fair; a promising pup. Butler, second prize, is not nearly so good as the winner, being very deficient in head, ears, elbows and quarters; not at all likely to develop into a show dog. Classes well judged.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. MASON).

This breed was better represented than is usually the case, but there was not a crack in the class. The winner, a red bitch, is too flat in skull and short in face, which is not sufficiently tapered; eyes dark, nose black; ears placed high and too short; legs of fair strength, crook and feet better than the average. Fripon is also flat in skull; ears too short; body of fair length, but not low enough; light of bone. Flash, vhc., was all out of condition. Feldman, hc, knuckles over, a serious defect.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

Nap, brother to Albert Victor, the well-known English winner, was first in the dog class. He is a big dog with a better skull than the average; muzzle too long but not pointed; eyes light; ears rather long; ribs too flat and not carried far enough back; legs too long for bulk of body; feet open and flat; hindquarters fairly good. A big dog, too short and flat in body, and too long in legs. Hero, second prize, lacks in volume of skull and muzzle; body too shallow and short; ear at off side badly carried; rather leggy; tail good; moves well; expression not dignified. Rose was best in bitch class. Skull lacking in volume, especially at sides; muzzle not deep or wide enough; back much too short; body too shallow; stifles too much bent; forelegs light of bone; tail good; eye and expression fair. The second prize winner is too long and dished in muzzle; ears not well carried; eyes rather full; body too short; limbs too light and hocks straight; tail, feet and coat good.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MASON).

The magnificent fronted Otho represented rough-coated champions, and the Hospice Kennels scored first and second in the open class for dogs (ten entries). The winner is a new face; he has plenty of head but is too full in cheek, muzzle fairly good, ears of nice size and well placed, back a trifle slack, loin fair, quarters good, tail not well carried, forelegs of good strength but not quite straight, feet good, coat straight; not a big dog; symmetry and quality above average; not in very good condition; will improve. Alvier, second prize, is too round in skull and not square enough in muzzle. In ears, back, loin, stifles and hocks he will do. Tail curled and badly carried; legs, feet and bone good. There were several fairly good dogs in this class, including Barry, second prize at New Haven, 1885. Sir Charles was absent. There were ten entries in the bitch class, and Norah, the winner, was closely pressed by La Duchesse, a long, roomy bitch, spoiled by a weak head. Jeanne d'Arc, a winner at Waverly last fall, was vhc., and several others in the class deserved and received notice. Cora, a well-built puppy, deficient in head, just beat Lady Alpha, who is also lacking in head properties and is not so massive as the winner. Hector, Rigi, Thuna, Queen of Sheba and Mont Rose were the winners in the classes for smooth-coats. I have always had a good word to say for Hector, who is not likely to be beaten in his class just yet. So long as Leila is kept at home the specials for smooth-coated specimens appear to be at his mercy. I put him over Otho for the special for best St. Bernard in the show. While he is not quite so good in front as his kennel companion, he is infinitely better behind and has more length of body.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MASON).

About the best class, taken as a whole, that I have seen in this country, Bruno and Leo, first and second, are well known to your readers. Folly, vhc. and reserve, is a big dog and stands on good limbs, but his head is not the correct thing, and his coat is too short. Jim, hc., light in eye and not right in head, could win at many of our shows. Jack, unnoticed, was in no condition to be shown.

COLLIES—(MR. MASON).

There was some excellent material in these classes, the quality being better than I have seen at any other show in this country. Roy Boy walked over for the championship and then Clipper, in elegant condition, clearly beat Nullamore. It must not be forgotten that when these dogs met at Waverly Nullamore was second, and Clipper, I think, hc. The latter was beaten there by several points, but on this occasion he came out in great form and in his present condition is a hard dog to beat. He reminds me of my old dog Carlyle, but is not so good in ears as that dog and has a worse brush. Nullamore was looking well, but his soft coat and faulty head will always handicap him. Bonnie Scotland, vhc. reserve, is well-known, and Tarn, vhc., while not quite right at either end, is by no means a bad one. Luella, a sweet specimen, was first in the bitch class, and must have felt gratified when she downed Clifton Maid, a Crystal Palace and Darlington winner. Luella's coat is a trifle soft but it will improve, and her ears are not quite right, but in other points she has the best of Clifton Maid, and I think I got them right. Glenlivat, a very grand young dog, had no difficulty in winning in the puppy class. This is much the best specimen I have ever seen in this country, and one of the best collies I ever laid eyes on. It is difficult to say how good he will be when filled out so grand is he in head, coat and general conformation. Good bitch as Luella is, she was clearly beaten. Roderick Dhu is spoiled by having prick ears.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

These classes were well represented, the quality being of high order. Richmond Olive was alone in the champion class and was in good condition. Raby Mixer, Bacchanal, Little Swell and Raby Jack were the winners in the open dog class. Mixer made his bow to the public on this occasion. He is a very good dog; stands rather high on the legs; ribs not well sprung and back ribs too short; chest not deep enough. He has a capital terrier head which is growing rather full at the cheeks; punishing jaws of good length; excellent eyes; very neat ears and the best of legs and feet. He stands remarkably well on his legs, is fairly good in coat, and shows considerable character. He is not in very good condition, and a pound or so of flesh put on in the right place will improve him. Bacchanal made a good race for the blue ribbon. He is always a grand little dog and is better in body than Mixer. His teeth require attention. Raby Jack, well known, was vhc. reserve, and Little Swell, much above the average in many respects, but too wide in front to compete successfully with the cracks, was vhc. Media, a new bitch of Mr. Belmont's, won rather easily from Meersbrook Nan in the bitch class. The latter has not improved on her Newport puppy form, and her rather round skull and soft coat will keep her back when in the best company. Media is quite a nice bitch, better in head and coat than Nan, and her equal in other respects. All of Mr. Belmont's dogs were looking well, and there is evidently somebody at work on them. Bacchan was hard as a board, and showed up in great form. Mephisto was the best of the five puppies shown. Nice head, cheek bones rather too prominent for a puppy; ears neat; ribs rather flat and not carried far enough back; chest rather wide, back a trifle long; legs and feet good.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

The quality in these classes was excellent. Maggie May, who came under my notice for the first time, is a grand bitch, and Young Count, who won first in the open dog class and first in the puppies, is the best American bred one I have seen. If he lets down and gets rid of the superfluous leather about his head he will make it hot for some of them.

OTHER TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Bobbie Burns, the first prize Dandie, is one of the best dogs of the breed I have seen in this country. Lady Kate would do with more length of back and does not carry her ears quite right. Topsy, vhc., is too soft in coat for a Skye. The first prize Irish terrier is large and shaggy in coat. Fly, second prize (looks very like Erin to me) is much too weedy. Bristler, second prize, a wire-haired terrier, is too small; her weight is given as 16lbs.; she weighs 14⅓lbs. on my scales. The quality in the Bedlington class was excellent. Domino, a good one, spoiled by long, flat feet, was first, and Sentinel, another good one, second. The bitch has more length of leg than the dog, and she beats him in several other points. Rocks, lower on the leg than I like, was hc. Nanon, rather a nice black and tan, scored an easy win over Beppo. She has a good head and is much above the average in legs, body and coat; leg markings too smutty. Beppo is too full in cheeks and is not quite right before the eyes; chest rather wide, elbows out, chest not deep enough, markings fairly good, color rich. The winning Yorkshire is much too light in color and her back is too long by inches. The toys are too round in skull and short in face.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MASON).

Robinson Crusoe, Britomartis, Hillside and Josephine were the winners. All are well known to your readers. There were three puppies entered, but I withheld the prize for want of merit.

PUGS—(MR. MASON).

There were seventeen entries in these classes, and the quality was above average. Max, well known, clearly beat Pippo, who is just a fair puppy. Vesta was much the best of the six bitches shown. What's-What took second, and was first in the puppy class. Her head is rather smutty; muzzle a trifle long and lacking in volume; body color too smutty; ribs too flat; toes white; tail too long and not well carried. Bradford Buby was absent.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

It was getting very dark when these classes were called out; visitors crowded around the ring, making it very hard work to place the dogs correctly. I gave Hazel and Victoria first prizes in the class for King Charles. Both are faulty in skull and muzzle, also in body, color and marking. It is just as well that the owners of the Blenheim spaniels Banjo and Daisy should know that the latter, placed second, is much the best specimen, and that the decision in favor of Banjo will be reversed if ever the dogs come under my notice again. I could scarcely believe that I had committed such a blunder when I saw the dogs sitting side by side in a good light. No comparison—the bitch very much better in skull, ears, coat, feather, limbs and color.

ULMERS—(MR. MASON).

The best class I have seen in America. Cæsar, the winner, is a dog of more than ordinary merit. Skull fairly well shaped and of good length; eyes correct in size and color; muzzle strong and of fair length; neck of good length and strength, but not quite clean; shoulders muscular and well-placed; back rather slack and loin flat; legs of good strength, but not quite straight; feet fairly good, but not set quite straight; a dog of good size, showing power and quality. Juno, equal second, with Don Cæsar is of the same type as her kennel companion. Nero, vhc., is too heavy in skull and square in muzzle; not of correct type. Don Cæsar is a fairly good specimen and should be heard from again.

CHARLES H. MASON.

Following are additions to the awards published last week:

In field spaniels, Wilson & Tinning's Beau II. was com. In spaniel puppies Woodstock was second instead of Woodstock Nora. In American foxhounds J. Condisk's Pilot was very high com. and Toot won first in puppies. In beagle bitches Sing was first, Actress II. second and Queen II. reserve. In rough-coated St. Bernards Associated Fanciers' Ralman was high com. instead of Reginald. In bitches, J. H. Shipperan's Abbess was com. In mastiffs, the Buffalo Hat Co.'s Hero was second. In puppies, Ashmont Hero was very high com. Banker, Irish setter, is owned by Jean Grosvenor instead of B. F. Lewis. Following is a list of the remainder of the

AWARDS.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Hospice Kennels' Hector and Woban; 2d, J. W. Dunlap's Rigi. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba and Thuna. *Puppies:* ROUGH-COATED—1st, A. Laidlaw's Cora. Very high com., Alta Kennels' Lady Alpha. High com., J. E. Porter's Princess. SMOOTH-COATED—1st, Hospice Kennels' Mont Rose.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shea's Bruno and Leo. Reserve, W. W. Silvey's Folly. Very high com., H. Breitweiser's Jim.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—Associated Fanciers' Rob Roy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Jas. Watson's Clipper; 2d and reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nullamore and Bonnie Scotland. Very high com., L. Biddle's Tarn. High com., D. O'Shea's Sadie. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Luella and Pem; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Clifton Maid. *Puppies:* 1st, Jas. Watson's Glenlivat; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Luella. Very high com., A. R. Kyle's Roderick Dhu.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer and Raby Jack; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal. Very high com., E. Lever's Little Swell. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Media; 2d and reserve, J. E. Thayer's Meersbrook Nan and Nina. *Puppies:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Mephisto.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—F. F. Dole's Count.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, F. F. Dole's Young Count; 2d, W. W. Silvey's Baroon. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Maggie May; 2d, D. O'Shea's Nettie. *Puppies:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Young Count.

SKYE, DANDIE AND HARD-HAIRED SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Jas. Rae's Bobbie Burns; 2d, C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate. Reserve, P. Miller's Topsy.

WIRE-HAIRED AND IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, G. D. Fowle's Greymount; Equal 2d, D. O'Shea's Fly and G. Bell's Bristles.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, W. S. Jackson's Domino and Sentinel. High com., W. W. Silvey's Rocks.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, E. Lever's Nanon; 2d, J. Whittaker's Beppo.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Josephine. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—D. O'Shea's Judy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max; 2d, G. Bell's Pippo. High com., G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta; 2d, G. Bell's What's What. Reserve, G. Scheffner's Rexibe F. *Puppies:* 1st, G. Bell's What's What.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, J. Grimm's Lilly.

ROUGH-COATED TERRIERS.—UNDER 7LBS.—1st, D. O'Shea's Nellie; 2d, G. J. Pfeifer's Doodle. High com., G. Leininger's Topsie.—SMOOTH-COATED—1st, J. Kennedy's Mage; 2d, J. C. Hottinger's Pansy.

KING CHARLES AND PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—Equal 1st, J. Grimm's Hazel and Associated Fanciers' Victoria.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, B. F. Lewis's Banjo; 2d, C. F. Bingham's Daisy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Prizes withheld.

GREAT DANES.—1st and equal 2d and very high com., Wolverine Kennel Club's Cæsar, Juno and Nero; equal 2d, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar.

FRENCH POODLES.—1st, 2d and very high com., J. S. Williams's Pinkey, Miney and Tiney.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—1st, F. J. A. Bier's Chico; 2d, W. H. Hall's Dick. Very high com., F. L. Brooks's Nix.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer; 2d, E. Hahn's Nellie.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Largest collection, D. O'Shea. Best setter, T. G. Davey's Knight of Snowden. St. Bernard Hospice Kennels' Hector. Smooth the same. Irish water spaniel, Hornell Spaniel Club's Captain Muldoon. Cocker spaniel, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant. Dog and bitch, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brant and Juno W. Kennel of four, Brant Cocker Kennel. Collie, Jas. Watson's Glenlivat.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will give $10 for reliable information who the party was that smuggled my cocker spaniel puppy Dixie off his bench at the Buffalo show and brought him back as mysteriously as he disappeared, long after the classes he was entered in (open and puppy classes) were judged.—WILLIAM WEST, Prop. American Cocker Kennels, Camden, N. J.

CURRENT NOTES.—The American Field Trials Club have decided to run their inaugural trials at Florence, Alabama. The grounds are all that could be desired for the purpose, and to insure plenty of birds the club will abundantly stock them with quail, and no effort will be spared to make the trials the most successful that have ever been held in that section.... There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club at Room 20, No. 44 Broadway, New York, on Wednesday, March 23, at 1 o'clock P. M.,... Mr. Windholz has found Rockingham, reported lost last week.... Mr. Geo. Poyneer of Williamsburgh, Ia., has established a kennel for the purpose of breeding Chesapeake Bay dogs.... There is considerable talk of a dog show at Toronto, Ont., the coming summer.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER has 130 entries for the March number, bringing the total number of dogs whose pedigrees are given in the *Register* to 4,827.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

AMONG the large additional number of entries received by the bench show committee of the New England Kennel Club is that of Mr. John E. Thayer, of Lancaster, Mass., who may in truth be called a pillar among breeders. His entries consist of 17 deerhounds, 12 fox-terriers, and 10 bulldogs, making a grand total of 39 dogs entered by one exhibitor. This is the largest number of dogs ever entered by one person in America, and when the value of the exhibit is taken into consideration it is doubtful if it has ever been equaled in the world.

The winner of the Homebred puppy sweepstakes, of the American Fox-Terrier Club, which is to be decided at the show, will receive $110 in cash, and a valuable silver cup added by John E. Thayer.

Mr. Martin Dennis has consented to judge collies at the Boston show in place of Mr. Mercier, of England, who can not attend on account of sickness.

After the entries close Saturday, March 19, the managers believe that they will be able to announce a very large increase over the number of entries received last year.

BENCH SHOW COM., N. E. K. C.

Editor Forest and Stream: I notice with much pleasure the great improvement in the classification and arrangement of prize lists in United States as exemplified by that of the New England Kennel Club for their bench show in April next.

It is most gratifying to all concerned to find that the non-sporting classes are opened to such an extent as to afford the non-sporting breeders ample opportunity to exhibit any breed he deems fit for exhibition.

The promoters of the New England Kennel Club's Bench Show are to be congratulated on the very satisfactory manner they have prepared their prize list, and is well worthy of emulation by the other clubs.

It is to be hoped the increased attractions in the list referred to will meet with the reward it deserves.

JOHN F. CAMPBELL.

MONTREAL, March 10, 1887.

PACIFIC KENNEL CLUB.

A SPECIAL meeting of the executive committee of the Pacific Kennel Club was held at the office of Dr. C. G. Toland, chairman of the committee, on Monday, February 7. Messrs. Jas. E. Watson, John F. Carroll, J. Homer Fritch, Ramon E. Wilson, Ely T. Hutchinson and H. H. Briggs were present. Mr. Russell, the superintendent of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, was present to advise with the committee as to various matters of interest to the club, Dr. Toland in the chair, Mr. Jas. E. Watson, secretary. On invitation Mr. Russell made a statement about the advantages offered along the line of the North Pacific Coast Railroad for a site for such kennels, clubhouse and appurtenances as would properly meet the needs of the Pecific Kennel Club. Mr. Russell remarked that, for sporting breeds of dogs Marin county had advantages possessed by no other locality conveniently accessible from San Francisco. Quail, snipe and ducks were abundant in pretty much all portions of the county, and climatic conditions were very favorable. Mr. Russell expressed himself as thoroughly in sympathy with the Pacific Kennel Club in all its objects, and said that if the club should locate its kennels within reach of his railroad he would gladly extend all courtesies possible, and would transport all lumber needed free of charge to the club. The executive committee formally thanked Mr. Russell for his very generous expressions. Mr. Fritch urged the wisdom of locating the club property in proximity to ground on which sporting breeds of dogs could be worked.

After considerable discussion it was ordered that a plat of land in Marin county be examined with a view to its purchase by the club. The gentleman, to whom was delegated the duty of looking up land, was instructed to find a place of about twenty acres of clay soil, upon which is a running stream.

The opinion of the executive committee is that the club should purchase a proper piece of land and erect upon it suitable kennels and a club house. Present prospects are that such a scheme will reach consummation within a year. The activity of the club and the general interest shown in its affairs augur well for its future. Its membership is increasing rapidly, the accessions being from among the best men of the city who are able and willing to assist in establishing a strong club. When the time comes for the club to give a dog show it will have such social affiliations as to make its exhibitions most successful.—*Breeder and Sportsman.*

DOGS ON CHAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have three fine blooded bird dogs, one Gordon setter and two pointers. These dogs are each chained, during most of the day, in an ordinary cow stall in the barn, but are released for a run every afternoon for about one hour. I am told by some people that so much restraint worries the dogs, and is not only cruel, but harmful to them. By others I am told that game dogs should always be kept in restraint, with the exception of moderate exercise, otherwise their hunting faculties, or at least their eagerness, will be dulled. Please give me your views, and am I doing right with my dogs?

G. W. G.

From "Ashmont's" excellent work, "Dogs, Their Management and Treatment in Disease," we take the following remarks, which have our fullest indorsement:

"Exercise develops the muscles of the body, increases their functional activity, hastens the digestion of food, and renders its assimilation easier. It improves nutrition by elevating the temperature, opens the pores of the skin, stimulating its functions, and through the lungs, by the stronger movements excited, it favors the exhalation of impurities and excesses.

"Too much importance cannot be attached to this subject. Keeping a dog confined with insufficient exercise is cruelty itself. Never chain a dog should be the rule, but unfortunately it cannot always be observed. Certain methods may, however, be resorted to, and a confined animal have greater freedom and still be restrained.

A post can be set up as far from the kennel as the limits of the owner's premises will allow, a wire fastened to it and passed through a ring, the other end attached to the kennel and drawn taut. The dog can then be chained to the ring, which will slide freely the entire length of the wire, permitting greater latitude, and the animal still be held in check. This means may be employed in cities, and where it is impossible to allow them to run at large.

"When dogs are kept in yards, the plan adopted by the writer can be resorted to. Fences or hurdles can be built entirely across the inclosures. These must be placed low at first, simply high enough to force the animal to make an easy jump, then in three or four weeks raised a few inches, another interval allowed to pass, and raised again. The results from the employment of this means are admirable, especially in the case of dogs inclined to be weak in the loins, and needing development behind.

"In conditioning dogs, especially for exhibitions, no better exercise can be recommended than slow walking; the distance being from two to four miles daily. By this means they will eat more, digest it better, and accumulate flesh more rapidly.

"While exercise is imperative, extremes must be avoided and caution used. If a dog is habituated to following a team, there is less danger of over exertion; if not so accustomed, care must be observed lest the system be disordered by too great effort. In winter, if a hard run is taken and he returns in a heated condition, he must not be shut into a cold kennel, but be allowed to cool gradually in a warm room. Violent exercise must never be allowed after a hearty meal.

"It is a wise plan to accustom dogs to climatic changes, yet they must be protected during the hotter days of summer, from the sun's intense heat, or the exposure will cause debility and often convulsions."

THE DENVER DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your valuable journal a report of the above show. Being here seeking health, with plenty of time on hand and naturally fond of all kinds of dogs, I spent most of each day at the hall while the bench and chicken show was going on. Seeing the report of the show gave me a desire to say a few truthful words about it. The hall was entirely too small for the proper display of the exhibit and room for the crowd constantly in attendance. The benching was very poorly done, and there simply was no management about the show. No one seemed to have control of anything except that the man at the door took the tickets. The show lasted from Tuesday until Saturday night, and there never was an ounce of any disinfectant used during the entire week, and if the loss of young dogs is not great from disease contracted at this show it will be a wonder. The judges were all mere amateurs of no experience as breeders, or extensive dog owners and handlers, and the awards seemed to be made according to whether the owners were friends of the judge or not.

Mr. E. E. Pray is a gentleman, but he ought not to allow his friends to use him in the capacity of a judge. Mr. Page's experience as a hound man must certainly have been limited to a few chases after jack rabbits on the prairies of Nebraska and Kansas, and Mr. Thomas was entirely at sea with the various classes assigned to him, as, for instance, he gave the first St. Bernard prize to a large black and white mongrel, and the Skye terrier prize to a Yorkshire, and so on. I might name a dozen blunders equally bad, but to the dogs themselves.

Mastiffs, first ought to have been withheld, and second given to Humbold, who is good except he is too leggy and was shown too low in flesh. St. Bernards had nothing for competition fit for first and second, he would have suited either very well. Mr. Trimmer had on exhibition a dog recently imported, called Hackney Monk, by the great Plinlimmon, he is of good coat and nicely marked, but is not of the great size one looks for in the St. Bernard. In Newfoundlands, Baker's entry was only fair. In greyhound dogs, we liked Winfield's Dude much better for winner of first than Nebraska Jack, the latter very poor across the loins, has bad feet, and a weak head before the eyes, he has a good tail, but it is so long that it hangs to one side instead of in a straight curve upward. In bitches, the winner of second is much the best greyhound of the two, and a white bitch, Lady W., was far better than either. In puppies, Fly and Nada were far superior to the winners. Rough-haired greyhounds are a sort of mongrel greyhounds, which are seen nowhere else but in Colorado, a cross between a greyhound and a kangaroo dog, brought from Australia. There were but three entries, all from the same family. J. Moscom's Belle of Denver, first; and J. Winfield's Happy Jack, second; E. N. Jenkin's Ring not noticed. Ring ought to have been placed second. Deerhounds had no entries. This is very strange, as I am informed that the Landseer Kennels have some twenty of the very best deerhounds ever seen in America, and yet Dr. Van Hummell did not exhibit one of his grand dogs. I met the great dog champion Mac on the street, he has muscled up in fine shape, and looks far different and better than when I saw him on the bench at New York last year. Bloodhounds had no entries. In pointers, Rebel, a very fair little dog, was given first, while vhc. would have been a good card for such a dog, but I am told the judge sold him to his present owner. English setters were a poor snipy lot. Irish setters were a good class and properly placed. Gordon setters should have been, Ben Hur first, Jones's Grouse second, and Monk nowhere. In cocker spaniels, Todd's Jet II. is a splendid specimen of the breed. Dixey Jet's son is a good young dog. The bitches were a good lot and rightly placed. Collies were a fair lot. Bulldogs, a good class. Scotch terriers had not a full-bred specimen in the show, but this was one of the classes on which the judge was not well posted. The same may be said of Skye terriers. In Italian greyhounds, the winner of first was a grand specimen of these rare dogs. In pugs, first and second should have been reversed. In bitches, the winner of first had one eye out and was suckling pups, while the winner of second was a grand bitch and in good condition.

The most remarkable part of this remarkable judging was the novel way they distributed the many handsome special prizes, donated by the merchants of Denver. For instance, the special (a shooting coat) given for the best collection of sporting dogs, was actually won by J. Winfield, who won one first and two second prizes and had two breeds on the bench, but it was given to C. F. Hoeckel, who was without a prize and exhibited only greyhounds. A copy of "Stonehenge on the Dog" was to go to the best greyhound bitch, but the judges awarded it to Lady Trump, the winner of second prize. An elegant piano scarf, donated to the best pug, was awarded to a dog that was not noticed among the prize winners.

I hear a good deal of talk about this club becoming a member of the American Kennel Club next year, and holding their future shows under those rules. I would advise them to first try and get some members into their club who would know some little about dogs, and who would carry out the rules. I am told that it has some excellent citizens among its members, but they merely lend their names, and let a few sharps run and control the working of the club. Being a true friend of the dog and his future in America, I think such facts as these ought to be made public, so that they can be remedied or abandon the idea of holding shows. My idea of a bench show is to bring together the best specimens, and by proper judging educate the people to what constitutes the best dog, and thus induce them to breed and buy the better and improved dogs. This can be done on a grand scale in this grand city of Denver with an honest and able management.

NEW YORKER.

DENVER, Col., March 8, 1887.

THE WATERLOO COURSING MEETING.—The annual Waterloo coursing meeting at Altcar, Eng., began on Thursday, Feb. 19, and finished on Saturday. According to the London *Field*, public interest in this event is declining. Following is the result: Waterloo Cup: R. F. Gladstone's black dog Greater Scot (MacPherson—Madge) and T. D. Hornby's red dog puppy Herschel (MacPherson—Stargazing II.) divided. Waterloo Purse: G. J. Alexander's black dog puppy Alec Ruby (Alec Halliday—Rubia). Waterloo Plate: M. G. Hale's black bitch Happy Omen (Millington—Radiant) and T. Graham's black and white bitch puppy Harpstring (Glenlivet—Polly) divided.

THE AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Cincinnati, O., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual field trials, under the auspices of the American Field Trials Club, will be held at Florence, Ala., during the month of December, 1887 By order of the Board of Control—W. B. SHATTUC.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The A. K. C. really promises to become a factor of weight and use in American kennel affairs. It still fails to give exhibitors and owners evidence that it intends to afford them any protection from rascals, but I believe it will yet work itself up to the point of punishing one knave, and we can afford to wait in hope for this. In providing sound rules, directed toward the providing of justice to all, it is really making some progress, and it will surely yet come to the point of exacting some observance of its own rules. But it is threatened with a recurrence of the same malarious attacks that so poisoned its blood in its infancy; but I have sufficient confidence in the sense of such men as Morgan, Child, Donner, Smith, Peshall and Vredenburg, to believe that the flood of soft soap and menus of flapdoodle that is being dealt out to it, are not allowed to have much weight with them, but there may still be soft-headed noodles who take in the stuff about the A. K. C. being representative of the breeders of the country, through the various kennel clubs that make it up. This rot is being dealt out as solemnly as though sensible men could be made to believe it; yet who are the breeders thus represented? What clubs do the Ashmont, Orlando, Wacouta, Hinsdale, Minnehaha, Saratoga, Mt. Clemens or Saginaw mastiff kennels belong to? What mastiff breeders besides the Winlawn, Pine Grove, Lake Waccubuc, Green Mountain, Riverside, Weymouth and Camden kennels, are represented in any way in any club? I may have missed a few kennels who may belong to "the clique club," and who may thus be some day represented in the American Kennel Club, but is a body "representative" of mastiff breeders when such dogs as Ilford Cromwell, Debonnair, Alice, Lorna Doone, Bal Gal, Baby, Ilford Cambria, Nap, Rose, Ashmont Nero, Lorna Doone II. (the last two the famous "Amidon" mastiffs), the dark horses you can all imagine the owner of, etc., are absolutely outside of its fold? This is not adversary to the A. K. C.; breeders don't particularly care whether there is an A. K. C. or not, as long as they get sound rules and honest dealings; but what in the world is the use of aping the cuttlefish and raising a stour, to hide the truth? Let the A. K. C. stand on its own merits, let it be fairly judged as to what it is doing and what it will do, and if it cannot stand by this test let it fall, and the sooner the better. I, for one, believe it can and will stand this exposure to the light of day, but the day is long passed when the canine public can be tempted to emulate the ostrich and bury their heads in a tub of hogwash, at the bidding of anybody. I have quoted mastiffs and mastiff breeders, as being familiar to me, but cannot those posted as to other breeds, supplement, in their own minds, what I have said as being the case with every breed? Then take the composition of the A. K. C. How many of the members really represent anybody? Two-thirds of the stock of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society is held by two men, one of whom don't own a dog and don't know a mastiff from a boarhound, the other may own a foxhound. What breeders do they represent? In fact, taking out the New England, New Haven, Westminster, Philadelphia and Cleveland clubs, how many known breeders belong to any of the other clubs?—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., March 9).

WHY DOES A DOG TURN AROUND?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the answers to correspondents that "J. P. H." inquires the reason why a dog turns round once or twice before lying down. I have noticed when watching a dog do this that he keeps his head low, so do not think he does it to look about him. A dog on being put into a bed of fresh straw, immediately turns until he has made himself a nest. Do you not think that the most probable reason of this is that straw, grass, etc, being a dog's natural bed, he turns before lying down to make all the straws run the same way, thereby making a smoother and more comfortable bed than it would otherwise be, and that from doing this he instinctively turns when lying down, whether on a carpet or on the bare ground.—CLUMBER.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—There are 530 entries for the Newark dog show, distributed among the classes as follows: 56 St. Bernards, 17 mastiffs, 2 Newfoundlands, 2 Great Danes, 7 greyhounds, 12 deerhounds, 41 pointers, 28 English, 34 Irish and 19 black and tan setters, 56 spaniels, 70 collies, 38 beagles, 2 basset hounds, 4 dachshunde, 13 pugs, 9 bulldogs, 18 bull-terriers, 45 fox-terriers, 2 black and tan, 6 Irish, 2 Dandie Dinmont, 2 Bedlington, 3 Skye, 13 Yorkshire and 5 toy terriers, 6 toy spaniels, 6 poodles, 4 miscellaneous and 8 in the selling class. This is 14 less than the number entered last spring, and 103 more than last fall.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER LOST.—Mr. R. H. Barlow writes that some one has stolen his wire-haired fox-terrier bitch puppy, six months old. She is mostly white with one half of her head black, a black spot at root of tail, and black slash across left shoulder. A liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to her recovery. Address Ronald H. Barlow, 1316 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flossie. By F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1886, by Prince (Ringwood—Roxy) out of Krueger's Maida.

King Fred. By J. V. Patterson, Sheridan, N. Y., for black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Marcella (Prince Phœbus—Stella).

Roy Gladstone. By F. M. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Dec. 25, 1886, by Iron Duke (A.K.R. 3638) out of Trusty Gladstone (A.K.R. 1550).

Tiny. By Jas. Bartholomew, Columbus, O., for Scotch terrier bitch, whelped 1882, pedigree not given.

Jip. By Jas. Bartholomew, Columbus, O., for Scotch terrier dog, whelped April 18, 1886, by his Billy out of Tiny.

Donald Croxteth. By C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane) out of Patti M. (Donald—Devonshire Lass).

Biddy. By Francis Brooks, West Medford, Mass., for red Irish terrier bitch, whelped August, 1886, by Garry (A.K.R. 2198) out of Judy (A.K.R. 2199).

Maud K. By Northwood Kennels, Columbus, O., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped March 27, 1886, by Dash III. (Blue Prince—Armstrong's Kate) out of Mabel Blue (Royal Blue—Eudora).

Zura. By W. F. Todd, Portland, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 10, 1886, by Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394) out of Zanetta (A.K.R. 1261).

Dashing Dot. By J. M. Kinney, Staunton, Va., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, 7mos. old, by Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna) out of Ranee (Gladstone—Frost).

Rockford. By C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Jan. 12, 1887, by Frank Dale (Grouse Dale—Lady Thorne) out of Donna (Royal Blue—Dryad).

Northwestern Kennels. By Ad. J. Klofanda, Eau Claire, Wis. for his kennel of sporting dogs.

Scotch Terrier Kennel. By Jas. Bartholomew, Columbus, O., for his kennel of Scotch terriers.

Northwood Kennel. By W. F. Knell, Columbus, O.

Chesapeake Kennel. By Geo. E. Poyneer, Williamsburgh, Ia., for his kennel of Chesapeake Bay dogs.

NAMES CHANGED.

Northwestern Kennels. Eau Claire, Wis., March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. M. Graw, of Milwaukee, wrote to me stat-

ing that he has claimed the name Badger State Kennel for the last five years, and I therefore change the name to Northwestern Kennels.—AD. J. KLOFANDA.

Sir Obo to Brant. I have thought it best, in the interest of many who are interested in the career of my cocker dog Sir Obo (A.K.R. 3456), recently sold to Chas. M. Nolles, to call attention to the fact that his name has been changed by his new owner to Brant. As he has just won first prize at Buffalo, and as he is known to many of my friends in the United States and Canada as Sir Obo, I wish to draw attention to this change of name.—H. G. CHARLESWORTH.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady May—Royal Albert. H. Pape's (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Lady May (Lofty—Maud Muller) to Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty), March 2.

Fannie Obo—Black Pete. H. C. Bronsdon's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Fannie Obo (A.K.R. 1311) to James P. Willey's Black Pete (A.K.R. 3071), Feb. 22.

Flirt—Marchboy II. John Kaschenbach's (Wilkesbarre, Pa.) beagle bitch Flirt (Rino—Fly) to W. F. Streeter's Marchboy II. (A. K.R. 2919), Feb. 24.

Isle—Duke of Lee's. Dr. R. H. Derby's (Lloyd's Neck, L. I.) St. Bernard bitch Isle (A.K.R. 2755) to E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535), March 11.

Lady Bright—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Lady Bright (Rink II.—Aida) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Feb. 21.

Althea—Black Pete. Harry D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Althea (A.K.R. 842) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete (A. K.R. 3071), Feb. 17.

Bessie—Belthus. J. O. Donner's (New York) English setter bitch Bessie (Ranger II.—Mallard's Belle) to H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg), February.

Dela—Naso of Kippen. Chas. H. Newell's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Dela (A.K.R. 1347) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie), March 6.

Dress—Mainspring. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Dress (Donald—Darkness) to Field Trial Kennels' Mainspring (Mike—Romp), Feb. 13.

Marguerite—Mainspring. J. W. Munson's (St. Louis, Mo.) pointer bitch Marguerite (Robert le Diable—Belle Faust) to Field Trial Kennels' Mainspring (Mike—Romp), Feb. 21.

Dora—Mainspring. J. M. Kinney's (Staunton, Va.) pointer bitch Dora (Tom—Tabby) to Field Trial Kennels' Mainspring (Mike—Romp), March 12.

Princess Phœbus—Belthus. F. Windholz's (New York city) English setter bitch Princess Phœbus (A.K.A. 1287) to H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (A.K.R. 278), March 10.

Blitz—Rockingham. J. Yewdall's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Blitz (Thunder—Peg) to F. Windholz's Rockingham (A.K.R. 3867), March 13.

Little Peg—Bang Up. W. Merrill's (Haverhill, Mass.) pointer bitch Little Peg (A.K.R. 3748) to H. Flint's Bang Up (A.K.R. 2833), Feb. 10.

Countess Wind'em—Prince Roderigo. G. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Countess Wind'em (A.K.R. 2560) to E. W. Jester's Prince Roderigo (Roderigo—Lady Bessie), March 8.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pegg. S. S. Eldred's (Wakefield, R. I.) collie bitch Pegg (Jim—Lady Ellen), March 6, nine (four dogs), by N. D. Forbes's Clyde XII. (A.K.R. 4139).

Flotsam. Pittsburgh Kennels' (Pittsburgh, Pa.) pointer bitch Flotsam (A.K.R. 2811), Feb. 27, nine (six dogs), by their Sweep (King—Lulu).

Belle Valentine. H. R. T. Coffin's (Glens Falls, N. Y.) rough St. Bernard bitch Belle Valentine (Emmet's Rector—Emmet's Jura), Jan. 17, six (two dogs), by E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince.

Village Belle. F. C. Wheeler's (London, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Village Belle (A.K.R. 2429), March 9, five (three dogs), by Belmont's Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite).

Hilda. Chas. A. Baker's (Boston, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Hilda (Alp—Hero), March 1, three bitches, by A. W. Pope's Everest (Valour—Pandora).

Victoria Laverack. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Victoria Laverack (Tempest—Lilly), March 6, six (three dogs), by his Gun (Gladstone—May B.).

Dido. W. F. Streeter's (Lehigh Tannery, Pa.) beagle bitch Dido (Marchboy II.—Lizzie), Dec. 10, five (three dogs), by his Marchboy II. (A.K.R. 2919); two bitches and one dog since dead.

Daisey. W. F. Streeter's (Lehigh Tannery, Pa.) basket beagle bitch Daisy (Foreman—Gyp), Dec. 26, two bitches, by his Marchboy II. (A.K.R. 2919).

Blue Queen. G. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Blue Queen (Druid—Leda), Feb. 22, two bitches, by his Rex Gladstone (A.K.R. 2167). Rex is now the property of W. A. Poland, Trenton, N. J.

Florence. J. E. R. Boudreau's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Florence (A.K.R. 1338), Feb. 6, fourteen (five dogs), by Winlawn Kennels' Homer (A.K.R. 1030).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

King Macbeth—Scotch Mollie whelps. Black and tan collie dog and two bitches, whelped Sept. 12, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., one each to O. H. Hull, Monroe, Conn.; E. D. Steward, Plymouth, N. Y., and C. W. Beardsley, Milford, Conn.

Montrose (A.K.R. 891)—Midlothian Lassie whelps. One sable and one black and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 30, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., one each to George E. Sears, Brewsters, N. Y., and Frank Mitchell, Sandy Hook, Conn.

Montrose—Lady Edgecomb whelps. One black and tan and two sable collie dogs, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., one each to F. W. Warner, Hartford, Conn.; Hon. Samuel Beach, Trumbull, Conn., and Hon. C. J. Blackman, Newtown, Conn.

Montrose—Janet II. whelp. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 25, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to Hon. C. D. H. Kellogg, New Fairfield, Conn.

Ted Llewellin—Marcella whelps. Black, white and ticked English setter dog and bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Chautauqua Kennels, Sheridan, N. Y., to Tyler & White, Rixford, Pa.

King Fred. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Ted Llewellin out of Marcella, by Chatauqua Kennels, Sheridan, N. Y., to J. V. Patterson, same place.

Montrose (A.K.R. 891)—Princess whelp. Black and tan collie dog, whelped November, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to Hon. J. J. Lyons, Newtown, Conn.

Montrose (A.K.R. 891)—Maida II. whelp. Black and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 25, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to John Pierce, South Britain, Conn.

Montrose (A.K.R. 891)—Tibbie whelp. Sable collie bitch, whelped Dec. 3, 1886, by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to W. P. Lanphear, Monroe, Conn.

Highland Mary. Blue collie bitch (A.K.R. 1572), by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to W. R. Rathvon, Denver, Col.

Montrose. Black and tan collie dog (A.K.R. 891), by Lothian Kennels, Stepney, Conn., to W. R. Rathvon, Denver, Col.

Boss, Jr. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 8, 1886, by Boss (A.K.R. 2218) out of Lillie (A.K.R. 1981), by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to R. C. Pate, St. Louis, Mo.

Lady Mac. Fawn, black muzzle, mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 28, 1885, by McMahon (A.K.R. 550) out of Lady Nevison (A.K.R. 3129), by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to R. C. Pate, St. Louis, Mo.

Trojan. Silver fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped March 11, 1886, by Sam out of Titania (A.K.R. 471), by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens, Falls, N. Y., to R. C. Pate, St. Louis, Mo.

Twinkle. Apricot fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped March 29, 1886, by Tuck out of Toodles (A.K.R. 2147), by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to R. C. Pate, St. Louis, Mo.

Freda Valentine. Orange brindle, correct white markings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Jan. 17, 1887, by Merchant Prince (A. K.R. 3234) out of Belle Valentine, by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to Geo. B. Vandervoort, Tonawanda, N. Y.

Josie. Dark orange brindle, white markings, rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped Jan. 17, 1887, by Merchant Prince (A.K.R. 3234) out of Belle Valentine, by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to H. A. Thomas, Scranton, Kan.

Lyon. Orange, with little white, smooth St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 30, 1886, by Colonel out of Lady May, by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to James A. Holden, same place.

Daisy. Black and tan collie bitch, whelped Oct. 9, 1886, by Miro (A.K.R. 4026) out of Maida, by H. R. T. Coffin, Glens Falls, N. Y., to H. A. Thomas, Scranton, Kan.

Marchboy—Lizzie whelps. Two lemon and white beagle dogs and one bitch, whelped Oct. 28, 1886, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., one each to Dr. A. C. Snyder, White Haven, Pa.; John Reynolds, Wilkesbarre, Pa., and Dr. Johnson, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Croxteth—Patti M. whelps. Liver and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., one each to E. W. Clark, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., and W. R. Huntington, Cleveland, O.

Moonlight. White and fawn greyhound bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by Memnon out of Stealing Away, by Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, Can., to George Lancefield, Guelph, Ont.

Magician and Mollie McGuire. White, with fawn head, greyhound dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by Memnon out of Stealing Away, by Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, Can., to John F. Scholes, same place.

Miss. Black and white greyhound bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by Memnon out of Stealing Away, by Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto, to, Can., to R. D. Salisbury, Emporia, Kan.

Pope. Dark tawny rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1884 (A.K.R. 1603), by W. C. Auger, New Haven, Conn., to John C. Dyer, Providence, R. I.

Marchboy—Dido whelps. Lemon and white beagle dogs, whelped Dec. 10, 1886, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to F. Thurlo, Newburyport, Mass.

Gladstone's Mark. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1884, by Gladstone out of Bessie A., by F. Thurlo, Newburyport, Mass., to W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Daisey. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 25, 1885, by Foreman out of Gyp, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to Mrs. Mary Yost, same place.

Dido. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 8, 1885, by Marchboy out of Lizzie, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to F. Thurlo, Newburyport, Mass.

Prince. Silver gray Scotch terrier dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to Lucius Crellin, White Haven, Pa.

Gun—Lady Bright whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1886, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to W. G. Lawrence, Hamilton, Pa.

Black Aggie. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 24, 1886, by Black Pete out of Althea (A.K.R. 842), by Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to J. J. Reed, Waterville, N. Y.

Gerald. Fox-terrier dog, age not given, by Avenger out of Dudley Rage, by F. C. Wheeler, London, Ont., to R. S. Ryan, Baltimore, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream: Your notice of the sale of Buckellew—Count Noble whelps should have been Buckellew—Bessie Noble (A.K.S.B. 4804) in your issue of March 3.—OSCAR D. THEES.

Daisy Mac. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 9, 1886, by Rex Gladstone (A.K.R. 2167) out of Little Fraud (Druid's Boy—Victoria), by G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to Geo. C. Sterling, New York city.

Strephon (A.K.R 2730)—Jeannie Nettles (A.K.R. 1224) whelp. Sable and white collie bitch, July 20, 1887, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lou. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1886, by Strephon (A.K.R. 2730) out of Flossie (A.K.R. 536), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bard. Sable collie dog, whelped July 20, 1886, by Strephon (A.K.R. 2730) out of Jeannie Nettles (A.K.R. 1224), by J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jeannie Nettles. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped Jan. 18, 1880, by Old Sweep out of Lassie, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jersey Lass. Black, tan and white collie bitch, age not given, by Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Topsey, by J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Luella. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped March 18, 1886, by Strephon or Rex out of Mavis, formerly La Reine (A.K.R. 1651), by J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bonnie Scotland. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped March 27, 1885, by Chaucer out of Eria, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey, City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Helen. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped March 18, 1886, by Strephon or Rex out of Mavis, formerly La Reine (A.K.R. 1651), by J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hector. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 18, 1886, by Strephon (A.K.R. 2730) out of Flossie (A.K.R. 536), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lorna Thorpe. Sable collie bitch, whelped August, 1886, by Nullamore out of Gem, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch'em. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1886, by Strephon (A.K.R. 2730) out of Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 147), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Strephon. Sable and white collie dog, by Eclipse out of Flurry, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mystic. Sable collie dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1886, by Strephon (A. K.R. 2730) out of Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 147), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

EXCHANGED.

Hari Kari—Poco. Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass., has exchanged the blue belton English setter dog Hari Kari (Don Nilson—Tchula) with Judge J. M. Kinney, Staunton, Va., for the lemon and white pointer dog Poco (Spot—Scheffer's Dora).

PRESENTATIONS.

Croxteth—Patti M. whelp. Black and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland O., to T. S. Dumont, New York city.

Frank Dale—Donna whelp. Blue belton setter dog, whelped Jan. 12, 1887, by C. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass.

Dashing Dot. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, 7mos. old, by Dashing Rover out of Ranee, by Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass., to John M. Kinney, Staunton, Va.

DEATHS.

Flossie. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1886 (Racer—Maggie), owned by F. M. Shelley, Sheridan, N. Y., from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. H. F., Dwight, Mich.—Please advise me what can be done for a dog with a swelling on his neck which seems to be enlargement of the glands of the throat. It does not affect his general health or appetite. Ans. Give 10 grains of the iodide of potassium in solution mixed with the food night and morning.

ULMER, Yonkers.—Setter nine months old has lost appetite almost entirely; has quite a little fever, no cough; is always ready for exercise, and will go five miles without apparent fatigue; bowels quite loose. She is becoming emaciated; hair comes out in spots size of a ten cent piece on parts of body. I tried Fowler's solution, 5 drops per day, but it caused bad diarrhœa. Have looked for worms in vain. Her coat is fine and silky, and she is apparently well except loss of appetite and frequent panting. Ans. Give 4 drops of tincture of aconite every two hours until fever subsides. Give a two-grain pill of quinine three times daily. Keep the bowels regular with syrup of buckthorn. Do not feed meat.

H. E. M., Lock Haven, Pa.—My pointer has scaly mange. A spot appeared on his back six weeks ago, on which hair came out and white scales appeared. Have been treating him for scaly mange per directions given in FOREST AND STREAM: Fowler's solution arsenic, five drops twice daily, and applying balsam of Peru ointment, and calomel on alternate days. Spot is size of half dollar, neither increases nor decreases, skin covered with rough scales; no other spots have appeared. Ans. You are treating the dog just right; you had better keep his bowels freely open either with Epsom salts or castor oil. You may try the oleate of mercury, rubbing it in with a coarse tooth brush once daily, instead of the balsam of Peru ointment. No, it is not serious.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, March 12.—Unfavorable weather for rifle shooting occasioned a slim attendance at the range to-day. A few scores were finished. The scores at 200yds.:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

C E Berry, A	9	10	10	8	10	8	9	5	8	9	—86
R Dadman, A	7	10	10	7	5	9	10	10	7	10	—85
W H Oler	10	8	9	7	9	9	7	9	7	8	—83

Rest Match.

Salem Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	—98
D L Chase	10	10	9	10	10	10	8	6	9	10	—95
F Carter (mil.)	8	10	9	10	9	10	9	9	10	10	—94
W H Oler	10	9	9	10	8	9	10	9	9	10	—94
R Dadman	8	9	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	—94
Smith	10	8	10	7	7	10	9	9	9	10	—89

ST. LOUIS, March 9.—The following is the score of the last shoot of the Pistol Club, which resulted in L. V. D. Perret winning the medal for the fourth time. The following are the scores in a possible 120;

L V D Perret	10	12	12	12	12	10	11	12	12	11	—114
W J Lard	11	12	12	12	12	15	11	12	13	7	—113
W H Hottel	12	11	11	11	11	9	12	11	11	12	—111
C Wallace	11	11	12	12	11	10	12	12	11	9	—111
H M Jones	12	10	12	12	10	11	11	10	11	11	—110
W Bauer	11	12	11	11	12	11	12	12	8	9	—109
G W Alexander	11	8	12	12	10	10	10	11	11	12	—107
W E Field	10	9	12	10	12	12	8	12	11	10	—106
E T Grether	9	10	9	11	10	11	12	10	12	12	—106
W Clark	11	12	10	10	11	10	11	8	10	12	—105
W H Bonnell	11	12	11	11	11	10	10	11	10	8	—105
F A Fodde	11	12	12	12	8	7	10	12	8	11	—104
W B McDowell	10	10	9	9	10	12	8	11	11	12	—102
A A Bengel	12	11	10	8	10	10	9	12	10	10	—102
M C Billmeyer	9	11	11	11	8	9	10	10	11	11	—101
O Nehaus	11	11	10	10	12	11	10	8	8	8	—99
J Lieminskie	10	10	7	12	12	8	12	12	9	7	—99
M A Thurber	7	12	12	11	12	5	9	12	6	10	—96
J G Schaaf	10	5	7	5	10	7	8	10	12	9	—83

WILMINGTON, Del., March 7.—Monday was "badge" day of the Wilmington Rifle Club, but the bad condition of the weather, both overhead and underfoot prevented a good turnout of the members. The thick, foggy condition of the atmosphere was very unfavorable for good shooting. The following are the scores on standard American target, out of possible 100 points:

Badge Match, 200yds.

H A Heinel	9	6	5	9	10	5	3	3	8	4	—62
R Miller	6	8	4	5	4	4	5	7	8	6	—57
H Simpson	7	2	3	2	7	8	7	5	4	9	—53
S J Newman	4	4	7	3	3	8	4	5	4	9	—51
J B Bell	8	4	4	3	6	5	8	1	5	1	—48
W O'Connor	0	6	7	6	2	5	4	5	9	3	—47
W A Bacon	1	4	3	2	9	5	5	3	4	7	—39

Record Match, 100yds.

R Miller	9	7	9	7	7	9	10	10	9	9	—86
H A Heinel	8	10	7	8	8	8	8	7	10	6	—84
J B Bell	7	9	10	8	6	5	9	8	10	5	—79
W O'Connor	8	8	9	6	10	8	9	7	5	8	—78
H Simpson	9	10	10	7	4	5	6	8	6	6	—71
W A Bacon	9	6	9	8	5	5	9	10	4	6	—71
S J Newman	9	7	4	5	5	9	7	8	8	4	—66

LAWRENCE, March 12.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club at Riverside Grove this afternoon, 200yds., off-hand, Standard American paper target, the following scores were made:

Practice Match.

O M Jewell	8	8	9	9	9	6	10	10	8	—86
C M Hill	10	7	10	9	7	7	8	8	7	9—82
Daulton (Mil.)	7	5	10	10	9	10	8	7	7	8—81
Colonel M. Beal	8	6	8	10	6	8	10	8	3	3—70
D P Norris	5	9	7	6	8	9	5	7	6	2—64

Prize Match.

C M Hill	8	8	10	6	6	9	10	10	10	8—85
O M Jewell	9	6	9	8	10	9	9	7	8	9—84
Colonel M Beal	9	5	4	6	6	6	6	7	7	9—65
D P Norris	8	9	6	8	8	5	4	4	4	9—65

M. W. Daulton used a regulation Springfield rifle and factory ammunition with 500-grain bullet.

HARTFORD, March 6.—The regular monthly shoot at 200yds. of the Franklin Rifle Club yesterday, resulted as follows:

H Andrus	6	10	8	10	7	7	9	8	5	8—78
H M Pope	10	9	10	6	6	8	9	5	7	5—75
E C Henn	4	10	4	7	9	10	7	5	4	9—69
L H Robertson	6	6	8	6	8	4	6	8	4	5—61
W W Tucker	5	8	5	4	5	5	8	3	7	5—60
T H Britten	8	6	6	6	6	4	9	4	6	5—60
F K Rand	5	4	6	8	5	6	5	4	7	8—58
E J Duley	10	4	0	4	6	5	4	10	9	4—56
W S Loveland	8	3	4	9	3	4	8	0	10	4—53
E F Beach	4	4	5	6	4	9	4	4	7	6—52

The medal was taken by Henry Andrus, and the half dollars by E. J. Duley, 0.2, H. Andrus, 0.9, and W. S. Loveland, 1.2.

GARDNER, Mass., March 10.—There was a good attendance at the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range. Hinman target, 200yds.:

I N Dodge	82	85—167	F E Nichols	71	70—141
G C Goodale	80	86—166	C L Leland	62	70—132
W C Loveland	82	83—165	D E Warfield	60	55—115
G R Warfield	78	76—154	C Crabtree	62	53—115
H C Knowlton	74	73—147	E C Dodge	54	56—110
C N Edgell	71	71—142			

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, March 12, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

S E Johnson	9	10	8	9	10	6	7	7	10	9—85
J Busfield	8	5	8	8	9	10	8	6	6	5—75
J F Brown	7	6	9	8	5	9	7	4	6	7—68
L Jackson	5	5	5	4	9	3	6	6	9	10—62
F Merrill	6	4	5	5	7	5	9	4	5	7—57

Strong variable wind; good light.

BULLARD MATCH.—The Bullard Arms Company has concerted its first published scores of the second match, and it now transpires that the Ingersoll Rifle Club, with it score of 783 points, does not win the trophy. The change is due to the efforts of Mr. A. C. Gould, editor of the *Rifle*, who was convinced that there was some error and maintained that the scores were not correct and pointed out that the Canadians must have shot under the rules of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, which, at short ranges, permits the shooter to fire in the kneeling or sitting position, with support from the elbow on the knee. The following letter has been written by the secretary of the Canadian club in reply to repeated direct questions as to whether they observed the rules of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain or America; whether they shot in a strictly off-hand position or with a rest allowed by English rules. This letter settles the question, and the Bullard Arms Company announce the Canadians' score as rejected: "Ingersoll, March 7, 1887.—Bullard Repeating Arms Company.—Dear Sir: Yours of the 3d received, and in reply would say that our club shot off the match on Feb. 5 in accordance with the British rules, and most of our men shot off the knee, as we supposed that was the proper way and allowable in your match; however, if your rules call for off-hand shooting I suppose our score will be debarred. I am very sorry to have caused you all the trouble. I assure you it was a misunderstanding on our part, as we thought we could shoot under our rules. I have been talking with some of our men, and they express doubt about some of the scores being made in strictly off-hand. Therefore I would suggest, if suggestions are allowable, that the secretary and president of the winning club or team attest to the correctness of the score on oath before a competent magistrate. I think you would get more clubs to enter if a clause to that effect were added to your conditions. We will have the pleasure of entering for your future matches, and now that we understand the conditions, hope to win a rifle or two. Regretting the amount of trouble we have caused, I am yours, GEORGE G. BECK, Secretary."

THE HURST RIFLE.—Senator Joseph R. Hawley and his former partner, Mr. Hubbard, of Hartford, Conn.; Captain Stanley, of Pennsylvania; Mr. C. B. Borham, of St. Louis, with Lieutenant A. G. Berry, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander Watson, Lieutenant A. Morrell, Lieutenant M. L. Wood, Lieutenant Hemphill and other naval and ordnance officers stood in the driving snow for several hours on March 5, before the firing butt at the Washington Navy Yard, to witness the first of the official tests ordered by the Navy Department of the reinforce rifle and artillery cartridge invented and patented by General H. P. Hurst, of Summit, Miss., who was present. The experiments were conducted under orders from the Navy Department by Lieutenant H. Morrell of the Navy, who did the firing from the shoulder in person. The following results were obtained: Charge of powder, 60gr.; bullet, 1in. in length, steel point and shaft, with leather bands at base (a new projectile recently invented by Senator Joseph R. Hawley); weight, 83gr.; caliber, .32; second or accelerating charge of powder, 150gr.; fired from the shoulder, with little or no recoil, penetrated 19 inches of pine and lodged in 20th inch. Another shot, same weight of powder and ball, pierced two iron plates, each twenty one-hundredths of an inch thick. A number of other shots were fired with similar results. The cartridge, it is claimed, is adapted to all small arms and artillery. It was made by Mr. W. M. Harley, one of the experts of the yard, from drawings by Chief Draughtsman Tibbetts, and is a creation of wonderful simplicity and ingenuity.

NEW BEDFORD, March 12.—A squad of New Bedford City Guards at Bay View range to-day made the following scores at 200yds.: Corp. McBay 45, Lieut. Morgan 37, Priv. Young 34, Priv. Rice 30, Priv. McInnis 28, Priv. Almond 26. The members most interested in target practice are agitating the question of forming 600 and 800yds. ranges.

PRACTITIONERS.—The Holyoke, Mass., *Transcript* calls men who shoot at a target, target practitioners.

NEWARK, N. J., March 11.—The Our Own Rifle Club is one of the live gallery clubs of the city, and the members held their weekly shoot for their diamond badge last evening, with the following result: Snellen Team: Dietzel 100, Drexler 96, F. A. Freiensehner 80, Knothe 102, Condit 80, Weider 83, J. M. Kilfer 91, Limberger 80, Snellen 114—Total 826. Ferd. Freiensehner Team: Bertram 98, Smith 98, Otto Kiefer 84, Wilms 77, F. Freiensehner 91—Total 834. The match between G. Dietzel and Ferd. Freiensehner took place Monday. Each man fired 50 shots with a possibility of making 600 points. At the end of the fortieth shot the score stood 870 for the former and 879 for the latter. Dietzel then made 102 and Freiensehner made 80, this leaving the former winner by 15 points. Another match was arranged between them.....

The Rutgers Rifle Club had its regular weekly shooting on J. Huegel's range, 528 Bank street, this evening. Each man shot ten shots with a possibility of scoring 120. The score was as follows: Capt. Dietz's Team: G. Meisel 105, Joe Smith 75, F. Schaeffer 83, W. Frost 85, E. Osmun 81, Wm. Smith 78, J. J. Farrell 90, H. Allen 82, T. Galligan 45, Capt. F. Dietz 106.—Total 825. E. E. McGraith's Team: J. Hilderbrandt 84, H. Snyder 97, M. J. McArdie 91, J. J. Dalton 77, Joe Goeckin 75, R. Schwartz 72, L. Smith 66, William Black 75, Charles H. Squier 57, E. A. McGraith 93.—Total 788. The Dietz Team winning by 37 points. The club is now in a prosperous condition and expects shortly to win the laurels in a contest with Our Own Club.

WIMBLEDON AND CREEDMOOR.—The announcement is made that Wimbledon Common will be abandoned as a place for long-range matches after next year. The objections to its continuance as a range are raised by adjoining property owners, among whom is the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the army. The case with Creedmoor is different. The Rifle Association wants to abandon the range on account of its inaccessibility, but cannot do so for the present, as no good substitute can be procured. It was thought that Staten Island would furnish the new spot, but the hopes founded on this have thus far proved delusive.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs in the United States which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887.

CONDITIONS.

To be competed for by teams of three club members, each man to shoot at fifteen artificial targets thrown from a single trap.

A club may enter more than one team, provided, however, that no member may shoot on more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance moneys (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into prizes, as stated below.

Each team may shoot on its own grounds, or elsewhere, as convenient. Scores are to be certified to by three club officers, under conditions which will be explained in due time.

Any target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, O.; the Niagara Flying Target Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Target Ball and B. P. Co., Lockport, N. Y.; the Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., 291 Broadway, N.Y.city, agents. Not more than one style of target to be used by any one team.

Targets to be thrown from any trap manufactured by any of these companies; trap to be set to throw the targets at least 45yds. from trap.

Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left.

Guns of 10, 12 or smaller bore may be used. Distance 18yds. for 10-bores, and 16yds. for 12-bores or smaller. Any charge of powder, with 1¼oz. shot. Gun to be held below the armpit until shooter calls pull.

PRIZES.

First Prize.—The team making highest score will receive the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100.

Second Prize.—The team making second best score will receive a cash prize of 50 per cent. of all the entrance fees.

Third Prize.—Team with third highest score will receive 30 per cent. of entrance fees.

Fourth Prize.—Team with fourth highest score will receive 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

In case of tie on highest scores made the tie must be shot off, under same conditions, for the TROPHY. Ties for any other prize must be shot off, unless by unanimous consent divided.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 9.—Third monthly shoot New Haven Gun Club; American clay birds, 5 traps:

C B Bristol	00001—1	M H Clarke	01010—2
T J Beers	10010—2	G R Waite	00001—1
L W Widman	00110—2	G E Albee	10000—1
N D Folson	10101—3	J R Seeley	01010—2
J Stice	11111—5	H H Bates	11110—4
G Ortseifer	01111—4	G H Saunders	11101—4

J. R. Stice, first; Saunders and Ortseifer second, N. D. Folsom third.

C B Bristol	1100011101—6	W E Whitlock	0111110111—8
N D Folson	1001111111—8	J R Seeley	1111101111—9
S W Widman	1100100011—5	Woods	0000000011—2
J R Stice	1101110111—8	G H Saunders	0110100010—4
T J Beers	1110111111—9	G R Waite	0001001010—3
H Nichols	1101100111—7	S S Gerard	0100010001—3
C E Longden	1100010111—6	S C Bartram	0000100000—1
G Ortseifer	1001110010—5	H H Batch	0001101101—5
G E Alber	0111111000—6	M Clarke	0001101001—4

Beers and Seeley first, Folsom, Stice and Whitlock second, Nichols third.

N D Folson	11011—4	W E Whitlock	00010—1
H Nichols	11111 5	W Clark	01000—1
C B Bristol	11110—4	J R Seeley	10101—3
T J Beers	11101—4	G Ortseifer	10001—2
S W Widman	11100—3	S S Gerard	11100—3
F Potter	11100—3	M Clarke	00010—1
J R Stice	11111—5	Woods	11010—3
C E Longden	01111—4	S C Bartram	00101—2
G H Saunders	11111—5	F H Brown	00110—2
G E Albee	01010—2	Pratt	01001—2

Nichols, Stice and Saunders first, Bristol, Beers and Longden second, Gerard third.

Club prize shoot, also sweepstake:

J R Stice	1111111111111111111111111—25
T J Beers	1111111101011101111111611—21
H Nichols	0111011111011111111101611—20
C B Bristol	1111111010101011011101011—17
E Russell	0000101101010000w
G H Saunders	1110111101101110001111111—18
L W Widman	0011310005100101000101001—10
T R Waite	0010101030100001101101101—11
W E Whitlock	1061101100111110111100111—17
G E Albee	1111001101001110100111101—16
C E Longden	1100011111010101011191191—17
N D Folsom	0110105111000101010100000—12
J R Seeley	0010110110111100100100100—12
H H Bates	0901010001010101010100001—10
S C Bartram	0100301000000000w
F H Brown	1030103101101111010101001—13
Geo Ortseifer	0011010111101111010101000—16
M H Clarke	3010110001000230311011011—11
F Potter	0010100311111011191101100—14
S S Gerard	0111011111100001100011101—15
W S Clark	0111000110100011100111100—13

J. R. Stice first money, T. J. Beers second, H. Nichols third. For the club prizes—T. J. Beers won first, S. S. Gerard second, G. Ortseifer third.—L. W. W.

THE UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—The regular monthly shoot of the Unknown Gun Club took place March 10 at Dexter's Park, L. I. There was a large gathering of the members and friends. Some good shooting was done, the birds being in first-class condition. R. Monsees killed seven birds straight, winning for the second time this year the club badge and first money. H. Knebel, Sr., E. Harard, J. Brown, J. Bamford and H. Knebel, Jr., killed six birds each and tied for second prize. Vroome, Link and Rathjen killed five each and tied for third. The ties in the last classes could not be shot off, there not being sufficient birds, so the winners divided.

R Midmer, 23yds	1111009—4	W Leighton, 22yds	00 w.
H Knebel, Jr, 23yds	1111110—6	J Houseman, 25yds	0110101—4
J Vroome, 24yds	0110111—5	J Hass, 23yds	1010100—3
W Link, 22yds	1101110—5	J Rathjen, 24yds	0101111—5
J Boyle, 21yds	0100101—3	R Monsees, 25yds	1111111—7
H Slater, 23yds	000 w.	J Tomford, 25yds	1111101—6
J Blohm, 21yds	0100110—3	W Moller, 23yds	0010001—2
W Martin, 23yds	0011011—4	J Gillman, 24yds	1000010—2
J Schwaack, 21yds	0010011—3	H Schwartz, 25yds	1100101—4
W Cahill, 21yds	1101001—4	J Stillwell, 23yds	10000—2
H Knebel, Sr, 25yds	1011111—6	H Plate, 24yds	1110100—4
J Brown, 25yds	1111110—6	H Pope, 24yds	0000 w.
E Harned, 23yds	1110111—6	J Schroeder, 25yds	1000 w.
J Rankin, 23yds	1010000—2		

Referee, J. Boyle.

CINCINNATI, March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Match between J. E. Miller of the Price's Hill Gun Club of this city, and Phil. Nose of the Miamitown (O.) Gun Club. 100 American clay birds each, 18yds., 5 traps, National Gun Association rules, $50 a side. Mr. Miller, on several occasions, has broken 100 clays in succession, and his score of 159 straight breaks has never been equaled. Mr. Nose is a modest young farmer, whose experience at the trap is very limited. Last summer he occasionally appeared at the club grounds near Cincinnati, where he attracted much attention by his awkwardness and peculiar style of handling his gun when at the score.

Phil. Nose	1111111111—10	J E Miller	1101111111— 9
	1111111111—10		1111101111— 9
	1111111101— 9		0111011101— 7
	1111111100— 8		1111101101— 8
	1111110111— 9		1111111111—10
	1111111111—10		0111101110— 8
	1111111111—10		0111101110— 7
	1111111101— 9		1111111111—10
	1111011011— 8		1011111111— 9
	1111111110— 9—92		1111101111— 9—87

R. D.

NEW YORK, March 12.—Regular pigeon shoot of the New York German Gun Club, Sea View Park, New Dorp, S. I., March 10. Match at 10 live birds, H. & T. ground trap, club rules, gold medal first prize:

Boesenecker (25)	1011110101—7	Bohling (30)	1110011101—7
Hemmer (25)	1011011101—7	Sauter (21)	1011110110—7
Schlicht (25)	1111101101—8	H Kunz (21)	1010111101—7
Greitner (21)	1010110001—5	Muller (21)	1010111010—6
Lucas (21)	0010110101—5	Schiller (21)	1101103111—7
Birnbaum (25)	0111101101—7	Bomhoff (21)	1101011011—7
Schmitt (21)	1111111101—9	Hassinger (21)	1110051111—7
Garms (30)	0101115111—7	Klein (21)	1011101100—6
F Kunz (25)	0110101101—6	Strube (21)	0111110101—7

o Dead out of bounds. Gold medal to Schmitt.

Team shoot, 2 birds each; H. & T. ground trap, 21yds. rise, 80yds. bound; shot under club rules; whole money to the winning team.

Team A.		Team B.	
Schmitt	11—2	Boesenecker	11—2
Garms	11—2	Bohling	11—2
Schiller	11—2	Hemmer	11—2
Hassinger	11—2	Sauter	11—2
Birnbaum	11—2	Schlicht	11—2
Strube	11—2	Muller	01—1
Klein	10—1	Kunz, H	11—2
Bomhoff	10—1	Kunz, F	10—1
Greitner	10—1—15	Lucas	00—0—14

The rest of the 250 birds at hand were shot off in individual matches without official scoring. The average shooting was very fine, only 34 birds being lost of the lot. After the shoot came the regular club dinner, when, upon motion of President Schmitt it was resolved to enter a team in the FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy Match. The festivities came to a close with three hearty cheers for FOREST AND STREAM.—TELL.

BOSTON, March 12.—The Brighton Gun Club held its weekly shoot at the Faneuil grounds this afternoon. Five prizes were offered, consisting of wads, shells, screw-driver, gun cleaner and oil-can. The scores on the prizes were as follows, 5 prizes, 10 blackbirds, 10 clays, 10 bats:

J Coyle	5555333—22	Maguire	4304222—15
O'Connell	4243441—21	Horrigan	5311435—15
Grace	3444212—18	Breivogel	0221132— 8
McDonald	4233321—17	Hill	2220000— 6
Devlin	2342321—16		

First sweep, 5 bats—J. Coyle first, O'Connell second, McDonald third.

Second sweep, 5 bats—Kirkwood first, Maguire second, McDonald third.

Third sweep, 5 clays—O'Connell first, Kirkwood second, Maguire third.

Fourth sweep, 5 Peorias—Kirkwood first, McDonald second, Breivogel third.

Fifth sweep, 5 Peorias—J. Coyle first, McDonald second, O'Connell third.

Sixth sweep, 5 bats—McDonald first, J. Coyle second.

TORONTO, March 7.—A very interesting live bird match was shot at the byres to-day between teams of 10 men, each representing the Owl Gun Club, of this city, and the Guelph Gun Club. As will be seen by the following score the Owls won by 9 birds:

Owls.		Guelph.	
J Humphreys	5	Walker	5
J Douglass	5	Edwards	3
C Cockburn	5	Singular	2
C Rogers	4	Ellis	6
H Humphreys	4	Hallady	3
J Montgomery	5	Wayper	4
A Elliott	5	Shattuck	4
G Crothers	5	Johnstone	3
J J Abbott	3	Hall	3
C Ayre	5—47	Turnbull	5—38

BOSTON, March 9.—The trapshooters assembled in large numbers at Walnut Hill to-day. Appended are the scores of the champion badge match:

M.R.A. Team.		Wellington Team.	
Stark	1111111101111111—14	Lawson	1111111001011—12
Oliver	1111111111111010—13	Lovejoy	1111111011110110—12
Wardwell	0011111111111011—12	Stanton	1111111111110000—12
Eager	1111001111111011—12	Faulkner	1011110011111110—11
Wurm	1010111111111000—11—62	Swift	1010111111111000—10—57

WORCESTER, Mass., March 10.—Regularmeet of the Worcester Sportsman's Club, Coal Mine Brook Range. There were seven events as follows: Seven clay-pigeons, 16 entries; 6 blue rocks, 15 entries; 7 clay-pigeons, 16 entries; 6 blue rocks, 17 entries; 7 blue rocks, 16 entries; 7 blue rocks, 17 entries, and 7 blue rocks, 5 entries. During the afternoon there was a match between W. S. Perry and Chas. Howe. Perry gave Howe 15 points. The result was as follows:

Perry	0111101001101111101011111100011011011111—34
Howe	0110111011100010111001101011000010+15—33

SAN DIEGO, Cal.—Although there has for some time existed in this city a gun club, until last week there has never been a formal organization of one. In response to invitations, a number of sportsmen have formed themselves into an association for sporting pursuits. They are, George Merritt, F. W. Frances, B. C. Hinman, G. M. Ridwell, C. R. Dauer, B. Barnes, D. B. Hinman, John Machachlan, G. B. Breeze, William Darling, Henry Seabold, P. W. Goodwin and W. C. Hinman. Officers: President, John Machlachlan; Vice-President, C. R. Dauer; Secretary, Percy W. Goodwin. Treasurer, George Merritt; W. C. Hinman, Will. Frances and D. B. Hinman, Directors.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. Y., the following officers were elected: President, J. D. Orton; Vice-President, E. L. Phillips; Treasurer, Alfred Heritage; Secretary, Asa Whitehead; Executive Committee, Lemuel Thomas, Alfred Heritage, Oswald Von Lengerke. The retiring president, Mr. W. R. Hobart, who had filled the office since the club's organization in 1881, stated in his address that during the club's existence the receipts had been $4,100, disbursements $3,900, and that the club had used over 108,000 artificial targets.

TORONTO, March 7.—The members of the West Toronto Dog and Gun Club held their annual meeting in Bailey's Hall, Huron street, this evening. There was a large attendance of members. All the reports proved satisfactory. The following officers were elected: President, John Smilie, re-elected; Vice-President, F. Habart, re-elected; Secretary and Treasurer, A. G. Jackson, re-elected; Committee, H. Bull, A. Ranney, E. Dollery, D. Beatty and John Bailie.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the way of a boom for the National Gun Association, and to give another reason why all target manufacturers and all sportsmen should join the National Gun Association and thus assist in furthering this national sport, the following action has been taken: On March 8, 1887, the board of directors of the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company resolved as follows: That the general manager be authorized to donate $400 of the stock (out of the original $500 which they had subscribed to the National Gun Association to assist sportsmen in originally forming the same) as special prizes in the various tournaments to be held this season. This leaves them only $100 of stock, being the same amount which all target manufacturers have been asked to subscribe to have their targets used at the association tournaments. Thus far the Globe Flight Co., of Philadelphia, and Crittenden and Card, of Cazenovia, N. Y., only have accepted the liberal offer of the association. In pursuance of the above resolution a number of shares of the stock have been placed at the disposal of the Iowa and Illinois circuit of tournaments, managed by J. F. Breitenstein, of Keokuk, Ia., and also to the Texas State Sportsmen's Association for their annual tournament this year. We have a few more shares on hand which we will distribute as soon.—J. E. BLOOM.

NEWARK, N. J., March 7.—The third monthly shoot of the Union Gun Club was held at Dr. Jobs' farm, at Springfield, today, with 25 members present. Three of these were from Elizabeth and the remainder were from Springfield, Milburn, Cranford, Westfield and other places in the neighborhood. They shot clay-pigeons thrown at various angles, and 20 birds were allowed to each man. William Morrison, of Springfield, broke 18 and won the gold badge. William M. Parker, of Elizabeth, broke 16 and took the silver badge. The leather medal, which has heretofore been held by W. H. Marshall, of Milburn, fell into the charge of Mr. Fritz, who won it by breaking only 2 out of 20. Mr. Marshall was not at the match, but he has since offered to shoot a little private match with Mr. Fritz, just to see who really ought to wear the sole leather chest protector until the April shoot.

WELLINGTON, March 12.—Thirty-one gunners faced the traps at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day to practice in the several sweeps and to contest for the Macomber badge and the medals offered by the club. The pleasant weather made the sport agreeable and some good scores were the result. In the badge match at 10 Macomber birds Wilson and Lawson tied with 9 each, but in the shoot off the former won. In the medal match Oliver won in Class A, Nichols in Class B, and Dutton in Class C. Twenty-five sweeps followed.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3, Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

A CRUISE TO CHARLOTTE HARBOR.—I.

BY TARPON.

ALL through the months of January, February and March, 1886, it blew, howled, whistled, rained and was wet, nasty and disagreeable. People who came to Tarpon Springs for pleasure and to escape the cold winter, wished they had stayed at home, and the old residents here wished they could get away.

Our trip to Charlotte Harbor had been planned early in the winter, but so unsettled was the weather that it was postponed from time to time until March was nearly gone, and we were seemingly no nearer a start. Finally in sheer desperation we stowed cargo, and after one or two false motions, got away on April 1, but before we were twenty miles on our way we thought we had made an "All Fool's" job of it. Hardly were we out of the river ere the wind hauled to the old quarter—N. W. First it came in gentle puffs, then harder and harder until it was blowing half a gale. Well, it was a fair wind and we made the most of it.

Our fleet was made up of the sloop Honest John, and the open Peterboro canoe Horicon, the sloop 16ft. 5in.×4ft., and the canoe 14ft. 6in. × 26in. We were soon abreast of Hog Island—not a very pretty name certainly, but still a very pretty island. A fine place for beach birds, shells and fish.

Next came Clearwater Key, with its collection of whitewashed houses which look white and glaring in the strong rays of the sun. We cross Little Pass, which is a trifle lumpy, and are soon in smooth water on the inside of Sand Key. Now the bay narrows down, the water shoals, and we are soon flying through the narrows, but not for long. Northerly winds make low tides, and we strike the shoalest part on the last of the ebb. Some time is wasted trying to drag through. Sometimes it is quite exciting, as there are here and there holes with from 2 to 5ft. oi water, and the boat, with all sail on is worked across the mud flat by inches. All at once the nose slides into deep water with a surge and a rush, she gathers way before the strong breeze and tears along for a few minutes like mad, only to pile up on the mud on the other side. We soon tire of this work, so down jib and mainsail, and we'll get dinner.

Easier said than done, for we are surrounded by flats and oyster bars, there is no dry land within an eighth of a mile; but we are old cruisers, so we fill the little kettle, fish out a bundle of pine splinters and with these and a hatchet wade through the mud to a clump of mangrove bushes, a few minutes sufficing to gather green twigs to make a foundation for our fire, which, started with the pine splints and fed by dry twigs from the tops of the mangroves, is soon burning cheerily. As the kettle is placed in position a flock of willet are seen; the Skipper picks up the gun, and an instant later two fat birds are fluttering out their life at our feet. The Skipper takes off their jackets while the cook cuts the spits, and with a thin strip of pork to each, they are soon sputtering before the fire. After dinner we push on, sometimes wading, we at last reach through the narrows and open out on Boca Caya Bay. The wind is light now and we have a narrow difficult channel, and so when we reach John's Pass, forty miles from home, we vote it a good day's work, get our tea and turn in.

The next morning was bright and clear and we were up betimes and soon away. We make a quick run to Disston City, and after purchasing a few stores, push on to Pass-a-Grille, stop for dinner at the old camp built by Nessmuk and Tarpon a year ago, and where they hived up through a furious sou'wester. After our siesta we start with a light breeze but a strong ebb tide, and drift and sail alternately, reaching Egmont about 4 P. M. We find quite a busy time; two large schooners are here, the smaller one a fishing vessel from Cedar Keys, and the larger a government schooner in the lighthouse service, and engaged in repairing the wharf, cottage, outbuildings, etc., of Uncle Sam. A comfortable camp is soon made, tea prepared, and everything settled for the night. Mr. Moore, the genial light keeper, puts in an appearance with an invitation to come up to the house. We, of course, accept and spend an hour delightfully, chatting of the life in this isolated region, examining the many rare shells and curiosities collected by Mr. Moore and his family. Later on there comes a party from the government boat. One brings a banjo, another a violin, all are singers, and we manage to pass a very pleasant evening. It was quite late when our last pipe was smoked out, and with a look at the boat we rolled up in our blankets.

I wonder if other cruisers than myself have found out that nearly all mishaps are caused by carelessness. We had anchored the sloop on the edge of a narrow, deep channel, where the tides run with great force. At 3 o'clock I looked out; the boat was riding to the tide, bringing the sea about abeam. I watched her for some few moments, saw she was all right and then rolled over for another nap. As I went off to the land of dreams, I had an indis-

tinct memory of the thump of a steamer's paddle, but was too far gone to notice the fact that the boat, being very low in the water, would have a poor show in the swash of a large steamer.

I woke at daylight with a start and one look told the story. There lies the Honest John, still riding to the tide, but with every swell rolling right over her.

One yell to the cook: "Turn out, we're wrecked in port." We ran to the beach, launched the Haricon, tripped the sloop's anchor, and soon had her on the beach; but what a show that was, everything was afloat, the tin cans of bread were tin cans of pudding, the dried beef was dry no longer, peaches and apples soaked ready for use, the glasses had washed out from the stern locker and were in the bottom of the boat with the gun and axe, and all nearly covered with sand.

Our canned goods were all right, however, with the exception of labels; these were all washed off, and when we wanted some Boston baked beans we frequently opened a can of peaches; but it made a delightful uncertainty as to what we were going to have for dinner, so we did not mind that.

Our boat was at last cleaned of water, our effects spread on the beach to dry and, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Moore, many things were saved that at first seemed to be ruined. Many loose articles were washed out of the boat and came ashore, some, doubtless, went to sea, as we never saw them afterward.

Altogether we got out of it better than we expected, and we learned never to anchor a heavily loaded open boat in a tide-way, where there is a prospect of large steamers passing close by.

We spent the day quite pleasantly wandering round the island, hunting rattlesnakes, chasing half wild pigs and watching the lighthouse men at their tasks. A visit was made to the little cemetery where a number of Uncle Sam's sailors are waiting the boatswain's call. One headboard had the single name "Jack, aged 13 years." It reminded me of the lines:

"If his mother were waiting, in that world or this,
If he had to remember a good bye or kiss."

A grave is sure to bring sober thoughts anywhere, still more so on a lonely island like this, where the only sounds heard are the ceaseless swash of the surf on the beach and the sough of the wind through the palmettoes. Our strolling was brought to a close and rather suddenly, by the light keeper calling our attention to a large diamond-back rattler which he had just killed. There are some people who are not afraid of rattlesnakes, but we were, so we quietly meandered to the beach and prepared supper.

The next morning opened with a strong sou'wester, and after waiting nearly all day for a slant we made sail and stood for Passage Key, a small barren islet about a mile south of Egmont. We stood along all right so long as we could keep under a lee, but when we opened out the passage and got the long rollers from the Gulf, we had to start sheets a little. The little craft hung to it bravely, however, but the sea was too heavy for us to make Passage Key, so, easing sheets a little more, we stood for the mouth of the Manatee River, which we reached after dark.

When the darkness came, it came like a blanket. And as neither the Skipper or the Cook had ever been there, it was quite a question as to the kind of land fall we should make. As we entered the river the wind chopped, and we worked along carefully with pole and paddle. An hour passes, we sight a dark object on the starboard, and then another. What are they? Clumps of trees, perhaps. At any rate we'll find out. The prows soon grate on the beach. The Cook is ashore, reconnoitering. Soon he hails, "Come ashore. Fish ranch; good shelter."

The fleet is soon secure. We look about, find a large seine boat in one of the sheds, make our bed on her half deck and are soon asleep. We sleep like tired cruisers, and only wake as the sun peeps in at us through the open sides of the shed.

In the morning we found we were camped on Shaw's Point, a sightly place with some half dozen fish sheds, a shell house, and two Spaniards in charge. They were surprised to see us, as they had not heard us land the night before. They shrugged their shoulders when we spoke of going on, and said, "Can't do it; too moosh sea in bay." After breakfast we thought the same. The wind rose with the sun, and we soon saw we had better stay where we were. Dividing our forces, the cook went to Palma Sola for stores, while the Skipper tried to improve camp a little.

A large box was turned down for a table; two salt tubs answered for seats; a piece of burlap was made to answer for a door, and we were housekeeping.

Three days are spent waiting for better weather. The fourth one brings it, and we are off. The wind is in the old quarter, but quite reasonable and we soon beat out of the river and swing off for Sarasota Bay. We made a very good run, and at 4 P. M. were in sight of Sarasota and the Scotch settlement, a new town on the sand bank order. The last two hours of our run were quite exciting, we were dead before it, the sea was very heavy, and the Haricon seemed to want to climb over the stern of the Honest John. The cook did not like that arrangement, so he laid down across the taffrail and acted as a buffer for the canoe; it grew a trifle monotonous, however, and he was ready to camp by the time we made port.

The Sarasota of to-day is a town of but a year's growth. It was formed by a colony of Scotchmen who were induced to emigrate by the glowing accounts held out by Florida land agents. Those of the colony who could turned back for home as soon as they had seen the country. The remainder, for the lack of funds, were compelled to remain, and are now trying to make the most of a bad bargain. Old Sarasota will be remembered as the place where the gang of thugs had their headquarters some two years since. It is about two miles south of the Scotch settlement.

The third day saw us headed for the Mangroves, a narrow, torturous passage between the mainland and Sarasota and Chaise's Keys. The water is very shoal, with numerous oyster bars, mud flats, etc. We worked down some ten miles, when, for lack of water, we were compelled to camp. Our ground was well chosen, in front was a bed of very fair oysters, while just across were flats where the birds congregated by the hundreds. Back of the camp was a trail which led to the outer beach, some two hundred yards away, where were shells by the million.

Our camp was pitched on a little bluff said to be an old Indian camping place. The heaps of oyster shells surrounding go far to prove it. The cook and skipper both laid themselves out to make a cosy camp. The shelter was stretched just right, material for a camp-fire piled in readiness, oysters gathered for supper and breakfast, and an hour before sundown all was finished. Our supper was the crowning success of the camp; each had done his best, and when the order was given to "fall to" there was nothing lacking, not even an appetite. After supper came the usual routine, smoking and story telling. The Cook does not indulge in the luxury of a pipe, but the Skipper could smoke enough for two, so there was nothing lost. The camp-fire that night was a living joy, built of huge logs of the red cedar and chinked with pine knots, it gave out the pungent resinous flavor of the pine, the delicate aroma of the cedar, with the brightness and sparkle of both combined. That was a happy evening; everything seemed at peace, the voices of the night, sometimes harsh and discordant, were now low-toned and musical, the very waves on the beach climbed up the sand with a gurgling laugh, while a great owl resting on an oak near the fire felt so happy he forgot to hoot. But the Skipper got tired of telling twisters concerning his early days and the Cook of relating college scrapes, so the fire was fixed and each, rolled in his blanket, was soon asleep.

"An hour passed on, the Turk awoke." Crash! Bang! Fire! "What's that, who, when," and Skipper and Cook came to their feet with a bound. "What's the matter?" A glance tells the story. One of the cedar logs had burned through, capsized over another, throwing a bushel, more or less, of live coals and ashes into the blankets of the sleepers.

Things were soon got to rights, but all sleepy notions were banished for the time, so down sit the party with another batch of stories which the incident has brought to mind.

The Cook gives out first, and the Skipper, who is telling a story of a fire at sea, is reminded by a little snore from the aforesaid Cook, that his eloquence is thrown away, so he breaks off short, looks pityingly at the sleeping youngster and thoughtfully fills his pipe.

Finishing his smoke, the Skipper arranges his bed anew and starts again for the land of dreams. But it was not to be. Just as he began to lose all memory of times, places and people, there was another alarm, this time the burnt log capsized the other way, setting fire to some dry brush, vines, etc., and in five minutes there was a conflagration, in five more the fire had completely flanked the camp and there was a right smart chance of being burned out of house and home. But perseverance and a wet bush will do wonders, and in half an hour we were safe.

"Skipper," says the Cook, "didn't you say this was an old Indian camping place?" "So I've been told," says Skipper. "Well," rejoined the Cook, "I believe it, and I believe we've roused the Demon of the Seminoles." "May be so," says Skipper, "but it's so near daylight now he can't give us any more trouble." In fact it was getting gray in the east, the fire was cuddled into shape to roast oysters, water boiled for coffee, and soon we were following the narrow trail which led to the beach.

A DINNER TO MR. BARNEY.—On March 10 the Springfield C. C. gave a dinner at the Massasoit House to Mr. E. H. Barney, whose successful efforts have done so much for the reputation of the club during the past year.

THE A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some points in Mr. McKendrick's letter addressed to me in the FOREST AND STREAM seem to require answers.

First—We are apparently agreed that the single blade paddle is getting into disuse in A. C. A. races. Any experiment aiming at keeping the legitimate and natural propeller of the open canoe in its proper place deserves consideration. There are difficulties—perhaps the sailing canoes must be raced separately. I do *not* go back on my declaration, that to handicap a fast rival is a weak act. The open canoes were admitted to the same paddling races with sailing canoes, when they universally carried single blades, armed with doubles they are quite out of place there. Now, they should either retain the handicapping conditions or have separate races. This is not a question of privileges to be argued by lawyers on each side. The fast light open canoe is not a rival of the sailing canoe under paddle because the latter simply declines to race against the former; it would be absurd. Nor have I nor any other sailing men, sought to handicap them as rivals; they are not rivals; they are such different things that I use one of each kind. Perhaps they should be separated entirely. Let the regatta committee decide.

Second—The 75ft. limit was originated to remedy the obvious injustice suffered by cruising men who carried only one rig for all uses and who had not a fair chance against the racing rig men. The obvious injustice has not disappeared; the remedy is so effective that it is not felt so much; but there is just as much need now as ever there was for a limited sail race. It was not against the lead mines that this rule was aimed, but to defend cruisers in at least one race against big rigs designed for racing.

Third—Pecowsic is 16ft. x 29in., very nearly full Class B. Mr. McKendrick must overlook this when he insists in calling her a small boat and demanding bigger craft after having disavowed big boats. We entirely agree in the need of thoughtful attention to the rising racing types, but one season of experience will do more good than a whole code of rules in discouraging undesirable craft. R. W. GIBSON.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.

THE Vesper Boat Club of Lowell, Mass., held its annual meeting on March 9, with President Paul Butler in the chair. The treasurer and secretary each read their reports, showing a prosperous condition of the club. The latter report is of special interest as showing the extent of the change which has been going on in the club, originally a boating organization, since the introduction of canoes, some half a dozen years since. The report reads as follows: "Looking at the general life of the club, one acquainted with its history cannot fail to note its changing character; not that its interest in aquatic sports is evanescent; but that its interest is constantly seeking new forms of expression. The former keen interest in rowing competitions has been partially superseded by the use of canoes—a change which has really strengthened the individual interest in aquatic sports. Recreation rather than exercise per se, seems to be sought for, and for this the canoe seems best adapted. The engagement book shows an undiminished use of the club boats, and a constant use of the club canoes. The registered engagement of boats and canoes last season, show a use of the facilities of the club by 50 per cent. of its membership; in 1885 it was 40 per cent.; in neither year, however, were names always registered when a club boat was used. An observation of this, sufficiently close for the purporse, warrants the addition of at least 15 per cent. for this class; add also a similar percentage for boat owners who do not use club boats at all, and also for members who use the facilities of the club in company with others, and there is a total of something over 90 per cent. of the membership actually using its facilities. This shows that the interest in good wood in the Vesper Boat Club. The record book also shows a constantly lengthening boating season. In 1885 the first engagement was recorded May 16; the last Oct. 1—a period of 149 days. In 1886 the first engagement was May 1 and the last Oct. 20, or 173 days, a gain of 24 days over the preceding year, while it is certain that a large proportion of the canoes were in use from the time the ice left the river, about the middle of April, up to its closing by frost in November, a period something over seven months. Other books would undoubtedly show corroborative facts in this respect, and it will be seen that the introduction of canoes has greatly increased the length of the boating season, and enormously enlarged the benefits which the individual member derives from his connection with the club. For the present year the club may look forward to a good regatta this spring. The new life introduced in the club in the last two years, with that which may naturally be expected to come in this spring, warrant this expectation.

This is a most gratifying showing for canoeing where it has come into direct rivalry in a club famous for its rowing, but the same fact is noted elsewhere. Rowing clubs, as a rule, must depend for that general interest necessary to a prosperous growth on shell rowing and racing, and without these and the strong competition they engender there are few clubs that can succeed. For this work it is necessary that the club shall have a number of men with time and disposition to train steadily for a large part of the year, and to do a great deal of hard work. Besides the rowing men there must always be a large number of members who, while not racing themselves, take an active interest in the success of their crew, and are willing to bear the heavy expenses of new boats, training, etc. Under these conditions shell rowing has declined greatly in late years, as may be seen in many localities. On the Kill von Kull, once made famous by the Nassaus and Argonautas, it is dead; and though there are several rowing clubs still on these waters, their old time glory has departed, and they have no prominence in the racing world. On the Harlem too rowing has declined, and the same is true in many other places. The men who rowed in 1875 or even before, have retired from racing, and no new ones fill their places. In all of these clubs canoes are found in increasing numbers, and canoeing, as a rule, is gaining in favor as rowing loses. One strong reason for this is that the attractions of canoeing are so different from rowing. There is very little pleasure in merely rowing in a shell, when the excitement of a race is lacking, and the necessary practice is but a hard grind and not a pleasure. There are times when a sharp spin does a man good and gives him healthful exercise, but no one will claim that a daily pull in all weathers, under some martinet of a coach, is anything but the hardest of work; but this is necessary to success in rowing. The canoe, on the other hand, has the great charm of personal ownership and command, the canoeist has the sole responsibility for the proper management of his boat, while the latter is adaptable to racing as keen and exciting as any shell rower knows, and at the same time to a great variety of pleasure uses, such as camping, cruising, pleasure paddling and sailing of afternoons, and to taking a companion along. In short, the difference is that most rowing alone or with a crew is purely mechanical work, much so as gymnasium practice, while in canoeing the individual resources of the canoeist are continually called on in one way or another. The Vesper Boat Club have found the benefits of canoeing in a far greater interest among all members in water sport and in the club's welfare, and they have now under consideration an increase of the membership limit from 100 to 150. Officers: President, Paul Butler; Vice-Presidents, Andrew G. Swapp, David S. Goddard; Treasurer, Ralph F. Brazer; Secretary, Rodney F. Hemenway; Executive Committee, Henry W. Salmon, J. Arthur Gage, Joseph P. Battles.

BATTENS AND REEFING GEAR.—Cold Spring, N. Y., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The use of battens in sails, both for purposes of flattening and reefing the canvas, has been known to the Chinese for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. The writer saw at Shanghai in 1872, in a race of the yacht club there, some eight or nine of the European and the American owned boats rigged in Chinese fashion, the sails being made by an American sail-maker named Cooke, a resident of Shanghai. These boats were in model like our catboats, but much larger in general. In a race also of cutters belonging to men-of-war, one of the cutters of the U. S. ship Monocacy and several of the boats of the English ship Cadmus were also rigged in this manner. The writer adopted the rig also for a small boat of his own, and found the sail superior to any boat sail ever seen by him in any part of the world before or since. Reefing becomes, with such a sail as spoken of, simply a matter of slacking away the halliards, of which there is only one set to a sail. The mast in the boats of the Shanghai club was stepped almost in the midship station, the sail projecting a fraction forward of the mast, and being secured thereto by parrels on each batten. The manner of rigging the sheet was peculiar and singularly effective. The writer would be glad to see it given a trial on our catboats, but has for 14 years nearly tried in vain to induce some one to adopt it. For sailing close-hauled in small boats the Chinese rig is unequaled in the opinion of—ALCYON.

HARRISBURGH C. C.—On March 3 the Harrisburgh C. C. held its annual meeting and dinner at the residence of Col. McFarland. The officers elected are: Commodore, Geo. McFarland; Vice-Commodore, M. Fager; Lieutenant, H. L. Shole; Secretary, H. Martin; Corresponding Secretary, W. Frank Whitman; Treasurer, Jacob Hoak.

A.C.A. DUES AND YEAR BOOK.—Brooklyn, N. Y., March 4. To the members of the American Canoe Association: The following has been mailed to each member of the Association: Dear Sir: You are hereby notified that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, held Feb. 12, 1887, at New York City, Mr. William M. Carter, of Trenton, New Jersey, was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, vice Dr. C. A. Neide, retired. The inclosed memorandum, which is made up from the books of the Association, is believed to be the present condition of your account. Will you remit the same to the Secretary-Treasurer at your earliest convenience, so that the Year Book may be issued correctly at an early day. Delay has occurred in issuing the above, but with the co-operation of members the Year Book can be issued at its proper time. It is particularly urged that each member will send to Secretary Carter his address, as he wishes it to appear in the Year Book, and also that he will inform all the members in his locality. The addresses of a number of members, especially in cities, are so vaguely given that they cannot be reached by mail. We do not wish to drop any of these, and therefore hope that the above suggestion will be followed. Accompanying the circular is a statement of the condition of each member's account as shown by the Secretary-Treasurer's books, which have been carefully examined by Mr. Carter and myself. In conclusion, I think it proper for me to call attention to a suggestion made by Mr. Carter, which is that the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association be made a bonded officer. This subject will be referred to the Committee on Revision of Constitution.—Very truly yours, ROBERT J. WILKIN, Commodore.

THE HUDSON SPRING MEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The cordial invitation of the Shattemuc C. C. to their brother canoeists to take "pot luck" with them on Decoration Day, seems to me to be about the right thing. The custom of a "little meet" along the river on that day was successfully started three years ago. Why give it up? Personally it meets my views to a fraction, and, without speaking officially, I think all of our members that can get away will spend a "short term" at Sing Sing on that occasion. The distance is so short from New York and transportation so easy that I trust the southern delegation will be a large one—good it always is. Brooklyn, New York and Knickerbocker should show up well. The mosquito fleet from Jersey should also be on hand—now is their chance to get to a near-by meet. Yonkers can easily arrange to. The unattached canoeists will certainly find welcome, and who knows how many thereafter may think it about the right thing to send their little dollar to Trenton and invest in an A. C. A. certificate. It is too early in the season to speak of those Indians up at the frozen North, but nevertheless I hope to see the Mohicans out in force, and Rondout by that time will have given up ice-boating and should be ready to join in the "love feast" at the Shattemuc beach—the "corn dance" will come later up on Champlain. That there may be a "mighty gathering" at each place to warm their toes at the big camp-fire and help "roll the main down," is the toast of a—DOCK RAT.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—A circular containing the following notice has been sent out by the W. C. A. to all its members: "On the second page of this sheet will be found a copy of the resolutions recently received from the American Canoe Association. The executive committee has not yet taken any action regarding them. They are of the opinion that a vote should be taken on the chief question, that of becoming the Western Division of the A. C. A. at once. Please let me know your opinion by answering yes or no with your views on the question. Under the new arrangement the annual expenses will be one dollar, a small part of which will be given to the A. C. A. and the balance retained by the Division. There will be no further dues nor assessments of any kind. Of course all new members joining after the Division is formed will pay an initiation fee of one dollar to the A. C. A. as usual. Yours truly, JAMES O. SHIRAS, Secretary and Treasurer."

SQUARE STERNS VS. COUNTERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As to the merits of counter stern vs. sharp stern boats, I can say from a limited experience on Seneca Lake, that I think a following sea does not get "the heave and scend" on a sharp stern that it gets on a counter stern boat; and while the lines might, perhaps, be made so fine as to leave the water as easily, a counter stern before a wind would steer harder, especially if a light draft, and would be more apt to broach to. A neighbor of mine recently received a letter from his brother, an officer on the U. S. Steamer Yantic, in which he states that on their late cruise from Colon to Key West, when near the latter place about fifty miles at sea, the coal in the bunker was discovered to be on fire. After fruitless attempts with the pumps to extinguish the combustion, some hand fire grenades were thrown into the coal and the flames were at once extinguished.—S.

RONDOUT C. C. OFFICERS.—Commodore, C. V. A. Decker; Vice-Commodore, J. S. Paynter; Secretary, F. B. Hibbard; Treasurer, Guilford Hasbrouck; House Committee, W. A. Stephens, H. B. Snyder and H. S. Crispell; Auditing Committee, C.V. A.Decker, F. B. Hibbard, J. S. Paynter and G. Hasbrouck.

ST. LAWRENCE C. C. OFFICERS.—Commodore, J. S. Ellsworth; Vice-Commodore, J. L. Jackson; Secretary and Treasurer, W. F. Kip.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.

JUNE.

9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Hull Penn., Hull.
25. Cor. Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

THE START FOR THE OCEAN RACE.

AT last, after many delays, the start for the ocean race has been made, and the two yachts are now well on their course across the Atlantic. On Saturday morning the Dauntless and Coronet were both under way and flying about the upper Bay with a fine N. W. wind, cold and piercing in spite of the warm sunlight, but just what was desired to insure the most favorable start. The Coronet had been off Tompkinsville since Tuesday, but the Dauntless had lain at the foot of Twenty-fourth street, out of the way of the ice, until Saturday morning, when she towed down, casting off from the tug below Governor's Island. By noon there were on hand at the starting point, off Buoy 18, a number of tugs and steamers, besides the steam yachts Meteor and Loretta, and the revenue cutter Grant. The tug Luckenbach was, of course, on hand, with Messrs. Taylor and Peabody of the regatta committee in charge, and at 1 P. M. she blew the first whistle, the Coronet and Dauntless being both up the Bay under lower sails only. At 1:10 P. M. the starting signal was given and both came for the line, the Coronet being some distance ahead. In spite of the strong wind and the swift-running ebb tide it was 1:12:17 before the Coronet crossed, with square sail set and the topsails being sheeted home as she went over. Meanwhile the Dauntless had set her squaresail further up the Bay and came down under it, crossing at 1:16:45, the topsails going on her at once. Everything was in their favor and both were soon clear of the Narrows, and now the kites came out of the lockers. Maintopmast staysails and jibtopsails were tried for a time, until well down the Bay, when they and the squaresails came in and the racers settled down to the hard and continuous work that will last for the next two or three weeks. One by one the boats dropped out of the attendant fleet until only the Luckenbach and a few others were left, and these were astern of the yachts. At last even these saluted and turned back, and the two were left to continue their long voyage alone, the Coronet, when last seen, being still well in advance. The two were sighted about 10 P. M. by an inbound steamer, the Dauntless being ahead apparently, and the pilot boat David Carll reported the two off Fire Island at 5 P. M. with Dauntless 1½ miles ahead. When last seen they were both reefed down.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.

PART I.

THE little Pilgrim was refitted during July, 1886, and furnished with a long housing topmast, jibtopsail and all the fixings of a genuine American cutter. Remembering the heavy blows and seas she had encountered in the cruise of last year, I had 600lbs. of Babbit lead packed along the keel in the chinks of the cast iron to balance the topmast and give her more stability. Then I concluded she could stand anything, and one might be a little reckless in carrying sail. Before her bottom had been smoothed and her trim found, the Hull Open Regatta was sailed and the race lost by an error of judgment upon the part of Boston advisers, and this is how it happened:

It was an ugly day. The classes started under housed topmasts or reefs, with a gale and a sky that boded mischief. I think the numerous capsizes and drowning of men along the coast made every captain cautious. In half an hour it was calm, but the sky continued ominous, and deterred all from making sail. So we fumed at the zephyrs and dreaded the sky, till we had gone around and got under Fort Independence out of the strong ebb tide. We were ahead of the Witch that took a prize, and bid fair to come in among the first; but there was only a breath of wind here and upon the opposite shore the water was black with it. Then it was advised to stand over and to get that breeze and reach the finish. The cutter was headed across and the strong ebb sent her broad side to seaward. When half way over the wind came out from behind the fort strong and gusty, our competitors who had hung on under the fort were now to windward a quarter of a mile and ran directly to the finish, while we had to make four tacks to get around the stake boat. The tide and foolishness lost us a prize, and we came in sixth. Then we loafed home and anchored off the Point.

On Aug. 21 the Pilgrim was at the South Boston Y. C. stage, getting water and stores aboard and being admired by ladies and gentlemen who had come down to see her off. The lines were cast off at 4 P. M., sail was made, and with adieux, shaking of hats, handkerchiefs and parasols, the little cruiser started upon another adventurous cruise eastward. We passed several sloops and one large cutter on the way and dropped anchor in Marblehead exactly at 7 P. M. After a hearty supper the shore was visited for papers, the boys rowed around the harbor, and we remained upon deck for hours, smoking, talking and enjoying the surroundings. It was a perfect moonlight night; the yachts were thick and full of merrymakers; there were many boats loaded with sweet singers abroad; the wavelets and the windows and roofs of the Neck cottages glinted in the lunar rays; the club house was brilliant with colored lanterns and bursting with music, and the roar of the breakers outside came soft and low like the humming of bees in a drowsy summer's day. "It was just too sweet for anything," as a young lady would say; but the songs and laughter ended, the lights began to go out along shore, the air was becoming rude and raw, and we rolled out our bedding upon the transoms and sought repose.

There was a strong breeze and a good sea from the eastward when we poked the Pilgrim's nosepole outside the next morning, and we ran over to and along the Beverly shore and had good views of the Shona and Clara. The general impression made by them was that they were good racing machines, but not suitable for cheap and comfortable cruising. We carried whole mainsail, staysail and jib, though the wind was squally and the bowsprit was under often, but the exhilaration of being once more afloat upon the open sea and the beautiful scenery of the north shore made us too happy to care for the rough pitching and the gentle showers of spray. Several yachts had started out with us, but all except a 30ft. sloop and the America turned back when they found it was work outside. We went out between House Island and the Spindle upon Whale Back Ledge and had a rough thrash to windward until we got inside Eastern Point. We had been watching a trim craft coming from off the point before the wind, and as she passed us off Kettle Island we were greatly surprised to see that it was the Shona that we had left quiet at anchor at Beverly. She had made two long legs to windward outside, escaping our notice, and was now running home. Surely she had sailed all around us and could have given us much time allowance. So much for size and excessive narrow beam. We beat the sloop, however, handsomely, passing her near Manchester and found the America at anchor in Southeast harbor as we sailed in and anchored among the smells and fishing craft of Gloucester.

The next day Williams and Howe left us and returned to Boston, sad at heart that they could not go along, and my crew was reduced to C. G. King, of South Boston, an amateur sailor of the harbor, who had never been to sea except as a passenger on a steamer, and my youngest son Jack, sixteen years old, occasionally seasick. But the craft was a single-hand yacht and one man is supposed to handle a single-hander. So he can in a light wind, except when the sheets get foul, the gafftopsail halliards kink, the spinaker boom goes adrift, the boat chases up to thump the stern, the sails have to be reduced, the wind shifts suddenly, or a mermaid holds the anchor down in the mud. Then she becomes a four, six or eight hander, and often requires a few sheaves to augment the hand-power. It is not advisable to go out to sea in a single-hander with less than two good men and a cook.

A fine southwest breeze was blowing, and we cleared upon the starboard tack Webber's Rock Buoy, off Eastern Point, uncovered Thatcher's Island from Milk Island, raced, with spinaker set, a down east schooner through the channel past Straitsmouth, and left the bold promontories of Cape Ann behind and pointed for the Isles of Shoals. The spinaker was taken in, as the wind drew more off shore, when the wind fell very light and the swell made the main boom slat in a distressing way.

I don't know anything more aggravating in a small craft than a calm and a main boom. In it comes on the home roll, and one must get banged, catch it and push it outward, or dodge it; then it goes out and drags the weary rope off the deck or out of the water, gives a vicious twitch at the traveler as the sheet straightens, dips its outer end and a part of the mainsail into the next sea, and strikes against the backstay with a shock that runs up the mast and sail and expends itself upon the jaws of the gaff and masthead as if it would twist the spar off. It goes through the same performance over and over again until you worry over the chafes and the strains, and feel as if the boom was jerking at your heart strings, and then you get mad and bridle the boom, only to find head sails trying their very best to wear themselves out across the stays and the sheet blocks gnawing a hole through into the forecastle.

We had lunch and a smoke, and studied with the glasses the numerous sails in the distance. The boys went to sleep upon the house and I was trying to light my cigar, when I received a heavy blow upon my nose and frontal protuberances that tore off the bark, made blood run, sent stars across my vision, knocked the cigar, match and ashes all over me, and nearly dumped me senseless into the sea. A catspaw from southeast had crept up suddenly, jibed the boom and nearly finished my cruise. When I found I was neither struck by lightning, killed nor overboard, I brushed the debris out of my eyes and shouted to the boys to draw the head sheets while I payed off the main sheet. Then I sent the boat after my hat, hunted up and lighted the cigar stump, keeping my weather eye open and reflected upon the many dangers in the use of tobacco. The new breeze grew fresher and the sea rose rapidly, as we went cutting through the bright blue crests and rolling gracefully to the more important billows. The wind was upon the quarter—just where the Pilgrim and I like it—every sail bellied out without a wrinkle, and the gafftopsail pushed forward so strongly and bent the topmast so that I had the preventer backstay taken back and hooked.

While scanning the horizon we saw upon the weather bow what seemed a long row of gray gulls upon the water, and, questioning them with the glass, found they were the Isles of Shoals. So I kept up a little and soon could make out the rugged outlines of the islands, the summer hotels and White Island Lighthouse upon its lonely, barren promontory of adamant. I had never been there before and felt the necessity of caution and slower progress until I learned the bearings of the channels. My boy was too sick to come up on deck, I could not leave the helm, and it devolved upon Charlie to take in the gafftopsail. I luffed her until everything was shaking, and he hauled it down with much trouble and without mishap, though the cutter tumbled around in a lively way and the wind blew very fresh.

It is astonishing how soon a pleasant wind aft the beam becomes a mild gale when one hauls upon the wind. We found it so in this case, with the wind abeam there was as much as the cutter with her three lower sails could stagger under, but the chart indicated good weather near to White Island—we had passed well to windward of White Island Ledge—and we ran along close in and had a fine view of the pinnacles, cliffs and buttresses of granite that threw back disdainfully in spray, foam and surge, the bold advances of the ocean swell. Lounging and Star Islands were soon abeam, the buoy upon Half-Way Rock was easily seen ahead, and the course was clear. The former island is a series of outcropping ledges with a rough board shanty upon the highest part and scarcely a show for vegetation anywhere. If it is used for lounging, as its name might suggest, one ought to carry a plank to rest upon. I would as soon lie down upon a New England stone wall.

We hauled to after passing the buoy, headed into the harbor, where two fishing schooners and three or four sailboats were lying, hauled down head sails and anchored not far from the wharf upon Star Island. Ten fathoms were payed out and the anchor struck bottom, five, ten, fifteen, twenty were given and an attempt made to snub her. The sea sweeping over the bar between Star and Cedar islands drove us steadily astern, more cable was given to bring her up, and more again, till the thirty fathoms and the end around the mast were reached, but the Pilgrim did not like the neighborhood and would not stop. She continued to drag until I thought the sea room between her and Smutty Nose was becoming too small. Then we took hold and hauled in that thirty fathoms and 35lbs. anchor, coiled it all over everything, got wet, swore a little about the harbor, put the sail on her just in time to clear the rocks along shore and sat down breathless and indignant.

I ran her up to the fishermen and asked what kind of anchor it was necessary to have in those waters, as I had a notion it would be necessary to tie on our 3,300lbs. keel and both anchors to hold.

"Rocky bottom and bad holding ground with wind this way. You must have a heavy anchor and much scope. If you catch on a rock you'll hold so long and so strong you'll wish you'd never anchored at all. Better go in close and catch a mooring. All the small craft do that."

We saw about a dozen persons wrapped in mufflers and appearing half frozen around the hotels of Star and Hog islands; they manifested such entire indifference at our arrival, the islands looked so desolate, cheerless and unattractive, and the prospect of rail under all night at one of the moorings was so probable, that we contented ourselves with close inspection of the shores of the group, sailed past a little steamer going into bankruptcy on account of a small passenger list, that tooted up to Hog Island wharf, made a leg over toward Duck Island to see the gulls that cloud its horizon, then jibed over and turned our backs upon Gosport Harbor forever.

I was disappointed, for I thought to find a safe place for my yacht and enough of land and forest to relieve the tedium of so much salt water. It is barren enough and far enough removed from the mainland to be free from the fever spores, but a victim of the August pest wrote me that he spent the season there and suffered much from hay asthma. Spores or not, I would brave anything rather than be tied for a season to the shoals and that dismal, bottomless sea-swept harbor.

The Pilgrim passed the bell buoy and Whaleback at 6 o'clock, and it took an hour to get up to the anchorage at Newcastle, as the wind died out at sunset and the tide had begun to run out. After supper we were surprised by a most brilliant aurora borealis. The sky was bright with stars, the wind light from southwest, and a heavy bank of clouds filled the northern sky. The aurora extended from northeast to southwest, and the finger-like streams of light were close together; numerous, brilliant, and often extending nearly to the zenith. Flash after flash of silvery light made the stars pale and the bank of storm-clouds black as Erebus. The duration of this magnetic storm was over an hour, the display the most striking I had ever seen, and we remained on deck until the night air grew cold and the splendor had departed. Then the boys were not long getting to sleep, but I lay back and read a home paper with the cabin lamp brightly burning.

About 10:30 I was annoyed by the tap of a rope, as I thought, upon the starboard side of the house. I endured it for some time, then, having finished my paper, I sprang up the steps, bursk open the door and stepped into the cockpit. I was startled to find a man's hand upon the rail, and a dory alongside. I could see across the bright river quite a distance, but nearly to us extended the very dark shadows of the shore, fish-house and wharf. "What are you doing here?" I asked in a peremptory tone.

The man was evidently taken aback by my sudden appearance when all had been so quiet, he let go his hold, pushed off, muttered and mumbled something unintelligible and, finally, when six fathoms away, said: "Is Ned Baker aboard?"

"Who is Ned Baker?" I asked.

"A friend of mine who is coming from Boston in a yacht."

"What yacht?"

"The—a—Mary Stover," bewildered.

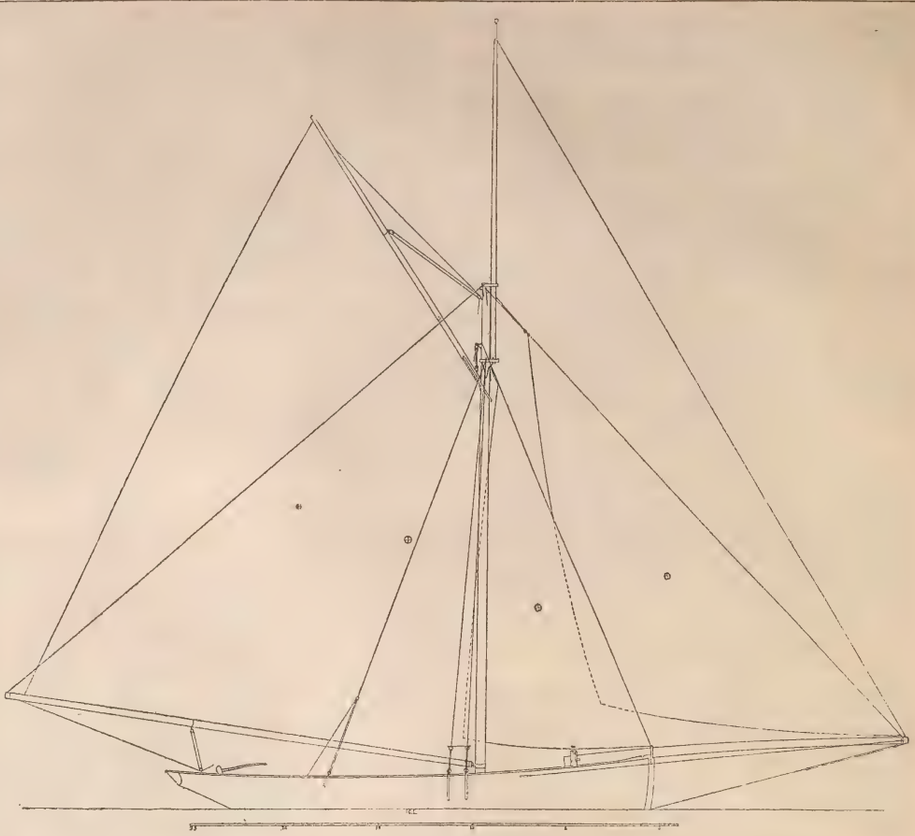
"There is no Ned Baker aboard, this is not the Mary Stover, but the Pilgrim, and you have no right to be alongside of my craft at this time of night," said I.

"I hope you won't have any hard feeling," said the stranger, as he shipped his oars and began to pull away.

"Hard feelings? I thought you were all honest people about here. If you come round my vessel again in this manner you'll get hurt. Do you hear?" I shouted. Then I ran below, got my revolver, rushed upon deck and fired a bullet over the fast disappearing boat, which greatly accelerated its movements until it disappeared in the deep shadows near Fort Point. The remainder of the night passed without any further piratical adventures. There was shouting and whistling along the shore, and the occasional passage of a dory down the middle of the river, which served to break the monotony of the watch.

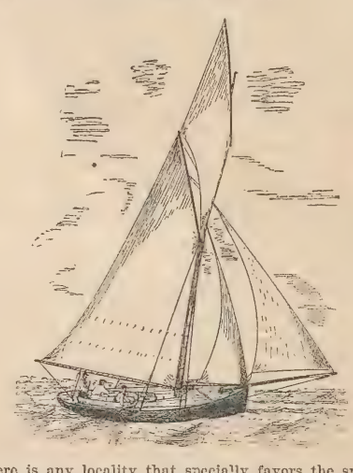
I have thought much over this affair and have not yet made up my mind whether I had to deal with a harbor thief or a poor innocent fisherman. There was just one thing that takes away the blood curdling aspect of the case, "I hope you won't have any hard feelings." If the night prowler had not said that, I should relegate him to the bad, but somehow it seems so innocent a remark, so full of real sense of injury done and desire for forgiveness, that I can't swell around in war paint and feathers. I shall always keep watch at Newcastle, but I leave it to those who know the place and its inhabitants to pass judgment upon the adventure.

CARESWELL.



SAILPLAN OF "WITCH."

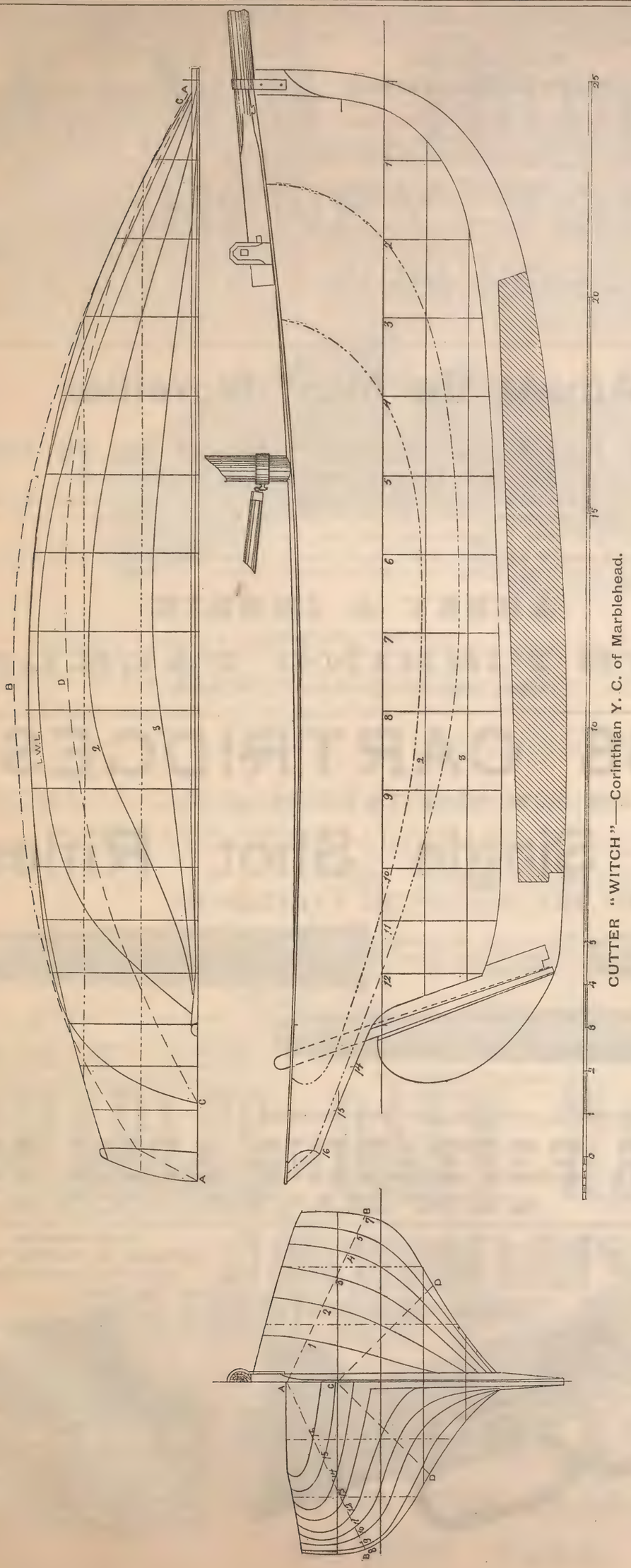
THE CUTTER WITCH.



IF there is any locality that specially favors the small keel classes it is Marblehead Harbor and the adjoining bays, and it is no wonder that with such waters close at hand, the Corinthian Y. C. has met with such great success in a short time; nor that its list of keel boats contains the names of some of the best of their size, both as racers and cruisers. Among them all the Witch, whose lines we give this week, is very favorably known for her speed, while she is no less interesting as a study of what may be done in the way of a staunch little keel boat, at a moderate cost. The Witch was designed by Mr. William Eddy, of Marblehead, a builder very favorably known both for the general excellence of his workmanship and for the successful craft that he has modeled. She is owned by Com. Crowninshield, of the Corinthian Y. C., an enthusiastic yachtsman of Marblehead. The dimensions of the Witch are as follows:

Length on deck	26ft.	
l. w. l.	22ft.	
Beam, extreme	8ft.	
Draft, extreme	4ft.	10in.
aft	4ft.	8in.
Depth of keel below rabbet	1ft.	6in.
Ballast, keel, lead, tons	2	
inside, lead, tons	10	
total	2.10	
Mast, from fore side of stem	9ft.	
diameter, deck		7in.
diameter, head		5in.
deck to hounds	21ft.	10in.
Topmast, fid to hounds	17ft.	10in.
diameter		3¾in.
Bowsprit, heel to cranse	18ft.	6in.
outside gammon iron	13ft.	6in.
diameter at stem		6in.
Boom, length	25ft.	
diameter		4½in.
Gaff, length	17ft.	
diameter		3½in.
Topsail yard, length	19ft.	
diameter		3in.
Mainsail, luff	19ft.	10in.
foot	24ft.	
head	16ft.	9in.
leach	34ft.	
tack to peak	35ft.	
clew to throat	29ft.	
Staysail, luff	21ft.	
leach	19ft.	
foot	10ft.	
Jib, luff	29ft.	
leach	20ft.	
foot	16ft.	
Area mainsail, square feet	479	
Area staysail	95	
Area jib	152	
Total area, lower sails	726	
Center of effort from stem	12ft.	10in.

The keel is sided 4¼in., stem 4in. and sternpost 4in. at tuck and 2⅝in. at heel. The frames are sided 2½in., moulded 2¼in. at heels and 1¾in. at heads; spaced 12in. each with an iron floor. The keel bolts are ⅞in. diameter, the planking is 1⅛in. and deck 1¼in. The



sails are of 10oz. duck, the halliards of 1¼in. manilla, and the sheets of 1½in.

The Witch is used mainly for sailing and racing about Marblehead, and is fitted accordingly, having a flush deck and a large cockpit aft. As her depth of hull is only moderate she has little cabin room without a trunk of any kind; but such a boat can have very good accommodations, if desired. The draft of the Witch is now as given above, but the draft as shown in the plan is as originally designed; she has since been trimmed to draw 4ft. 10in. She has raced in the Beverly, Corinthian and other clubs since she first came out in 1884, her record being: 1884, 8 starts, 3 firsts, 1 second; 1885, 12 starts, 3 firsts, 1 second and 1 third; 1886, 12 starts, 8 firsts. The cost of the Witch was about $1,200 complete.

LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much amused by reading the following in a recent issue of the New York *Herald*:

"Mr. J. Snelling, of this city, is fitting out the racing sloop Norah, of Belleville, Ont. The Norah will be remembered as an antagonist of the sloop Atalanta on the lakes. She has been lengthened some 5ft. on the waterline by Capt. Cuthbert, who threatens to bring her here next summer as a competitor of the challenging yacht Thistle."

If this jolly captain, who is an excellent talker, made the statement attributed to him, he must have been in a a facetious mood; but lest some of the "sloop cranks" might fear another descent upon the custodians of the Cup by a sloop engineered by Captain Cuthbert, let me assure them that there is no such danger in store for them, and for these reasons: First, Capt. Cuthbert does not now, and never will control the Norah. Secondly, the yacht is too small to race with the slightest chance of success against such craft as have defended the Cup, being under 60ft. waterline; and finally, the owner of the Norah is not a racing man, but keeps his yacht for the pleasure and use of his family and himself, and only allows her to race at home and at Kingston. The Norah will, however, be a very handsome and very speedy craft this season, and I shall not be surprised to see her win whenever she races.

The second class boat which ex-Commodore Roy had under way and which he sold, when obliged to remove to an inland town, to Montreal parties, is rapidly nearing completion; but as her outfit will be poor she will not do justice to herself until a better is given to her.

A deep draft sloop of about 22ft. waterline is being built at Hamilton for Mr. Geo. Webster, of that city, an old and experienced yachtsman. She is to be named St. Elmo. The cutter Whistlewing, of Hamilton, is having two tons of ballast transferred from inside to outside, which change will make an improvement in her.

The change in classification proposed by a Toronto correspondent of your journal, namely, to put the largest of the first class yachts on the lakes into a class by themselves, drawing the line at say 50ft. sailing length, is a good one, and the reasons which he advanced in support of it are undeniable; but if the smaller boats in the first class, such as White Wings, Cygnet, Whistlewing, Verve, Gen. Garfield, and others, were to be formed into a second class, and our present second class reduced to third class, thus forming an additional class, the difficulty with some of the classes would be in raising a sufficient sum of money to divide up among so many classes.

The result would assuredly be smaller prizes and fewer of them, and probably fewer entries. However, as our yachtsmen generally race more for the love of sport than for the money that they win—which, at the best, usually falls short of paying their expenses—the experiment ought, in justice to all concerned, to be given a trial.

The rumor has been received that the famous iron sloop Mischief, which successfully defended the America's Cup in 1881, has been purchased by Messrs. Sackett, of Cape Vincent, and will be brought to Lake Ontario. I doubt the truth of the report. Many there are among our lake yachtsmen, however, who would go a long way to see the Atalanta fight her battle over again with "the iron pot."

If the little Puritan, which is being built for Mr. A. Ames, of Oswego, at Boston, is not a tub in model she ought to beat the light weights Iolanthe and Laura, which are very close together in point of speed, and win the championship of the second class, as it at present exists.

PORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., March 11.

BUILDING NOTES.

LAWLEY & SON have the keel boat for Mr. C. F. Adams all caulked and finished outside and the decks laid. She is to be cutter-rigged with 10½ tons of lead on her keel. The frames are of oak, sided 2in. and spaced 12in. with galvanized floors at every frame. The planking is 1⅜in. yellow pine. Mr. Ames's centerboard boat is also planked, with 1¾in. yellow pine, and the deck beams are laid. The frames are moulded 3 1-5 and 1⅞in. and sided 2in., the spacing being 13¾in. She will have a lead keel of about 4½ tons. The firm are also at work on a new catboat from Mr. Burgess's design, for Mr. W. G. Saltonstall, a centerboard boat with a lead keel; 26ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, and with an overhang aft of 3ft. 6in. Mr. Mowry's steam yacht is nearly completed and the boiler is at hand ready to go in place.

Mr. Martin is busy with the cutter for Mr. Wilbur E. Cummings, 29ft. over all, 25ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 5ft. 2in. draft, with 5,700lbs. of iron in the keel.

Wood Bros. have finished for Mr. George E. Whitney an open launch 37ft. 5in. long and 8ft. beam, and are at work on another.

W. B. Smith has nearly finished the cutter for Mr. Holt, and has laid down a catboat from a model by Captain Crocker.

Mr. J. Borden, Jr., of the Boston Yacht Agency, has lately designed a cruising boat for Dr. F. C. Reilly, of New York, to be 21ft. over all, 18ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. She will be yawl rigged, with a large mainsail and a small mizzen and a jib on a steel bowsprit. Mr. Borden has also designed a catboat for Mr. W. H. Beserick, which will be built by Nichols, of South Boston. She will be 21ft. over all, 9ft. beam, and 2ft. draft.

Mr. Wm. Eddy, of Marblehead, builder of the Witch, whose lines are given this week, will build a similar yacht of his own design for Mr. Jas. Mullett. She will be 27ft. over all, 22ft. 6in. l.w.l., and 5ft. 2in. draft. Mr. Eddy is also at work refitting the Eugenia.

About New York the Titania is in frame and three streaks of plating are laid, and work is going on rapidly with the Shamrock. ....Messrs. Poillon will soon begin a sloop for Commodore Henry Pierson, Jersey City Y. C., from a model by Mr. Phillip Ellsworth. She will be 40ft. over all, 35ft. 6in. l.w.l., 14ft. beam and 4ft. 3in. draft, with 6 tons of inside ballast. It is also reported that Mr. J. G. Prague will build a sloop from Mr. Ellsworth's model, for the Clara class. ...At Islip, L. I., Mr. Alonzo E. Smith is building a centerboard sloop for the second class, for Mr. C. A. Cuppia, of New York.

CRUISING.—Magnolia, steam yacht, was last reported at Nassau, on Feb. 27, from Key West....Lurline, steam yacht, Mr. J. M. Waterbury, called at Savannah, Ga., on March 5, on her way to Florida....Meteor, steam yacht, Mr. A. E. Bateman, arrived at New York from her southern cruise, on March 8....Alva, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, left Cienfuegos on Feb. 26, for Kingston, Ja., arriving on Feb. 28 and sailing the same day for Cuba. She arrived at Santiago de Cuba on March 1, having called at Port Royal on the way. Shortly after her arrival a boat from a Spanish gunboat capsized in the harbor and her crew were rescued by a boat from the Alva. On March 10 she arrived at Nassau, sailing on March 14, for Brunswick, Ga. ...Rena, steam yacht, Mr. P. Lorrillard, left Key West on March 8, and arrived at Jacksonville on March 12....Gleam, steam yacht, Mr. T. H. Garrett, was at New York on March 8, on her way from Newport to Baltimore. She will have a new boiler before the season opens. Namouna, steam yacht, Mr. J. G. Bennett, arrived at Calcutta from Bombay on Feb. 24.

ATLANTIC Y.C.—At the annual meeting of the Atlantic Y.C. on March 14, the following officers were elected: Com., F. C. Swan; Vice-Com., John Cartlidge; Rear-Com., N. D. Lawton; Recording Secretary, Paul H. Jeannot; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Marcellus; Measurer, George W. McNulty; Treasurer, Richard C. Field; Trustees, Stephen Loines, Chairman, and J. R. Maxwell, William Peet, N. D. Lawton, A. H. Parrington and W. H. Thomas, Jr.; Committee on Membership, William W. Richards, Thomas L. Arnold and Henry Earl; Regatta Committee, Charles F. Price, George W. Chauncey and Henry B. Howell. The Sailing Regulations were amended, by the adoption of the classification lately proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM for single stick yachts 75ft. and over, 65, 56, 48, 41, 35, 30 and 26. The schooners were divided at under and over 75ft. The courses were also changed, the finish being at Buoy 15 instead of at Bay Ridge. Five members were elected.

MAYFLOWER AND SACHEM.—Mr. Burgess will probably arrange to have Mayflower sail for England about June 1, which will make her too late for the Jubilee race. It is now probable that Sachem will also go across and will race in British waters this season.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—The cutter Thelga, of Boston, formerly owned by A. P. Thayer and sold by him to Mr. B. J. Hall, is now owned by the latter and Mr. H. L. Johnson, who will race her this season. Dr. W. H. Litchfield, who has long been a part owner in the Echo with Mr. Burwell, has sold his interest to Mr. H. N. Ispham. The famous Tom Cat, built by Smith last year for Dr. Weld, and so successful as a racer, has been sold to Mr. Lockhart, of Lynn, the price being reported as about $450. The catboat Mabel has been sold by Mr. G. R. Howe to a yachtsman whose name is not yet made known. Mystery, sloop, has been sold to Mr. Wm. F. Burden, of Troy, by Mr. W. B. Parsons, for whom she was built. She will be refitted below by her builder, A. E. Smith of Islip.

SAVANNAH Y. C.—We have received a neat club book from the Savannah Y. C., containing a list of officers and yachts, the constitution, etc. The number of members is now 211, while the fleet includes six cabin yachts and eighteen open boats. The officers are: Com., Wm. Hone; Vice-Com., John N. Johnson; Rear-Com., Thos. P. Bond; Sec., W. D. Johnson; Treas., M. A. Cohen; Meas., W. G. Morrell.

A RACE AT JACKSONVILLE.—A race was sailed on March 12 over a 20 mile course for $10 a side between the Hero, J. V. Weightman, and the Katie B., C. Burchfield; the Hero winning in 2h. 25m., with Katie B. in 2h. 32m. 4s.

A FAST FISHERMAN.—Mr. Burgess has completed the design for a fast fishing schooner for Boston parties, and the lines are being laid down. She will be 93ft. l.w.l., with a pilot boat stem and overhanging stern. Her ballast, all iron, will be partly on keel.

FEDALMA, steam yacht, ex-Com. E. M. Brown, is having a bridge added on which her steering gear will be placed. The work is being done at Port Jefferson.

MOHICAN, schooner, has had her masts reduced in diameter and also shortened 3ft., topmasts being increased in proportion.

OCTOPUS.—This little yawl is being fitted with new and longer mast, a deeper keel with some lead, and a steel centerboard.

SYLPH, schooner, is at Port Jefferson, where she is having a modern stern added and a new outfit of spars and sails.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. H., Philadelphia.—Will you please explain what is meant by pedigree? Ans. Webster's Dictionary defines it as "Line of ancestors; descent; lineage; genealogy; strain; an account or register of a line of ancestors."

J. P. H. B., Gainesville, Fla.—Please give me through your columns, the address of some houses who will purchase bird skins, Florida birds especially? Ans. We know no houses engaged in the Florida bird skin trade.

H. H., Rotherfield, Sussex, England.—1. Are there any inclosed deer parks in any part of America? 2. What is the average weight of a full grown elk? Ans. 1. We believe there is a deer park at the Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, Md., and another at Belle Meade, Nashville, Tenn. 2. Average weight of elk, 800lbs.; large ones run up to 1,200lbs. and 1,500lbs.

J. B. I.—Please give me the names of persons who raise brook trout for market on Long Island or other points in New York State. Ans. The South Side Sportsman's Club, Oakdale, L. I., probably send more trout to market than any individual; A. Racow, Foster's Meadows; E. B. Sutton, Babylon, and N. C. Miller, Brookhaven, all of Long Island, send trout to market.

F. M. H., Timberline, Mont.—Please tell me in what waters of Idaho the "redfish of Idaho" is caught and with what lure? Ans. They are found in Payette Lake, about 100 miles north of Idaho City. Capt. Charles Bendire, U. S. A., took them in Wallowa Lake on a bar near the head of the lake. They have been taken with bait, but we do not know that any have been captured with the fly.

H. B., White House, N. J.—I have a place on my farm for a good fish pond. By building a dam one hundred feet in length or less I can have a half-acre pond with depth of 1ft. to 4ft. It will be mostly spring water, except in time of heavy rains, when a good deal of surface water will flow in and over the dam. The bottom is swampy now and too wet for cultivation. 1. What kind of fish shall I stock with? 2. Does the Government furnish fish? 3. To whom shall I apply? 4. Will the fish go over the dam with the overflow of water in time of freshet? 5. When ought the fish to be placed in the pond? 6. Do they have to be fed when young, and with what? 7. Will trout and carp do well together? I propose making the dam of wood, 2in. oak plank slanting up and down, leaning against heavy timbers, the bottom ends resting in the earth. 8. Will such a dam answer the purpose? 9. If the Government does not furnish the fish, where can I purchase them? Ans. 1. If the stream supplying the pond is large enough, or there are large springs in the bottom, to keep the water in some parts below 70 degrees, stock with brook or brown trout. If the water is warm almost all over, stock with black bass if you want sport, or with carp if food is the object. 2. Carp only. For other fish apply to the State Commissioners of Fisheries. 3. Answered above. 4. Some probably will, but most fish run up stream in a freshet. 5. Whenever you can get them. 6. No, not if turned into the pond. 7. Yes, if the water is cold enough in parts for trout and has warm spots for carp. 8. Yes, if properly made and the plank slant enough to hold the bottom fast. 9. Tell us what fish you want and we will answer.

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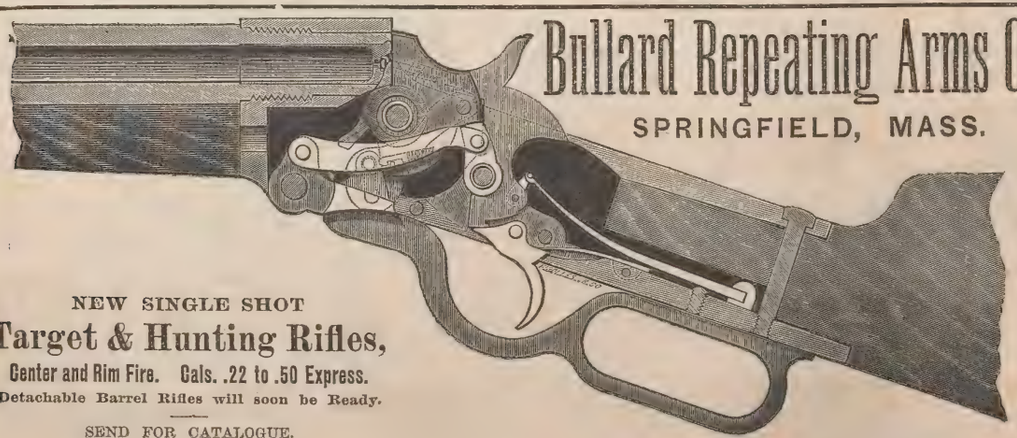
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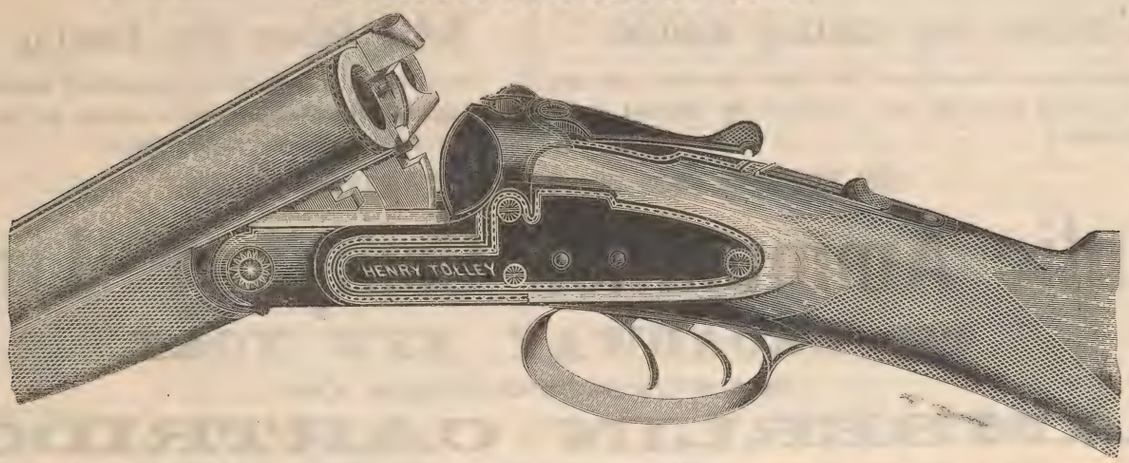


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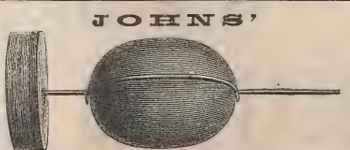
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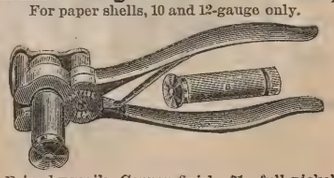
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A WORD IN SEASON.

Readers old and new of the FOREST AND STREAM may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1886 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM as legitimate journalistic methods. In other words, we have kept faith with subscribers by devoting our reading columns exclusively to honest reading matter, and have not given up our pages to extended paid puffs of railroad routes clumsily disguised as accounts of sportsmen's travel, nor alluring descriptions of wonderful agricultural regions, all paid by the column. The conviction that a sportsman's journal for sportsmen could be conducted without resorting to such questionable makeshift expedients have proved quite correct.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

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VOL. XXVIII.—No. 9. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

BRIBERY AT FIELD TRIALS.

WE have patiently waited a long time for Mr. D. Bryson to furnish us with the proofs upon which his insinuations against the integrity of reporters were based. No gentleman would make such insinuations without possessing proofs to substantiate their truth, and we again call upon Mr. Bryson to furnish us these proofs for publication or else withdraw the statement and apologize for having made it. Not only will proof that "pay-me-handsomely" reporters have demanded hush-money or praise-money, be in order, but we will also undertake to publish any proofs which may be sent us of any instance of money or other valuable consideration being received by a field trial reporter for favorable or unfavorable criticism of any dog. We have no knowledge that such an instance has ever occurred. That it has not occurred, however, is not at all the fault of the owners of the Bryson dogs. That bribery has been attempted in at least one instance we have ample knowledge, and the chief actor in that case is so closely related to Mr. D. Bryson that the latter is smirched with the taint and should be the last person in the world to charge anybody with crookednes at field trials.

Here are the facts. At the field trials at Grand Junction last December, Mr. P. H. Bryson, brother and partner in dog affairs of Mr. D. Bryson, approached the reporter of the FOREST AND STREAM, and offered to make him a "handsome present" if he would favorably notice "our" (the Brysons') dogs. Considerably surprised by such a proposition from such a source, yet not at the moment comprehending Mr. Bryson's full meaning, our reporter responded that it was his invariable custom to give each dog such credit as its work deserved. Mr. Bryson rode away, but in a few moments, as if struck by an afterthought, returned and made clear his meaning by further stating that he did not wish our representative to say anything of the dogs that his conscience would not permit.

It was the immediately formed intention of our reporter to embody this interesting little incident in his regular reports of the day's proceedings, and on returning to the house that night the matter was discussed with Messrs. Briggs and Waters, the other reporters present; upon consideration, however, the incident was omitted from the report. It was related to us immediately upon our reporter's return, and is now given timely publication as our contribution to the history of attempted bribery at field trials. If Mr. D. Bryson knows of any successful attempts let him furnish the proofs in justification of his insinuations.

ACROSS LOTS TO THE MILLENNIUM.

THE meat of calves killed when less than three weeks old is called "bob" veal, and is so unwholesome that the law forbids its sale. The carcasses of "bob" veal unlawfully smuggled into this city are estimated at 10,000 each spring. The sanitary authorities intercept and destroy 50 per cent. of this stuff, but the rest is successfully foisted upon buyers and consumed. Inasmuch as the Board of Health can suppress only one-half of the "bob" veal traffic, the best thing to do is, of course, to repeal the partially enforced law and give the "bob" veal dealers full swing. Then everything will run smoothly.

The statute forbidding the sale of liquors in New York saloons on Sunday is to a large extent evaded; the saloons are on that day usually filled with customers, and do a big business. As the police do not succeed in enforcing the law, the proper remedy is, of course, to repeal it and throw open the saloons on Sunday. Then everything will run smoothly.

The law forbidding woodcock shooting in the month of July is set at naught by the pot-hunters, who kill birds for summer hotels and city restaurants and club houses. As the game protectors appear to be incapable of enforcing this law the sensible thing to do is to repeal it altogether. Then everything will run smoothly.

"FOREST RUNES."

THE volume of "Nessmuk's" poems, with the above title, is now being sent out to all subscribers. It is a handsome large octavo volume bound in cloth and gold, and its outside appearance corresponds well with its literary excellence. With a few of the poems which it contains the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are familiar, and those which have seen the light give a rich promise of the contents of the book.

It will take some time to wrap and send out all the copies which have been ordered in advance. Notification has been sent to all subscribers that the books are ready for delivery, and all should complete their subscription at once, so as to receive their copies as early as possible. Volumes will be sent out in the order in which the advices are received.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE tinkering with the game laws of New York State which is going on at Albany this year is far in excess of what usually takes place. There seems to be a concerted attack on protective laws all along the line. The game laws are already so intricate and confused, so contradictory and mixed up with special provisions and exceptions, that it takes a Philadelphia lawyer, or a man who has followed the subject with the utmost watchfulness, to determine what the law is in any given section of the State. As if this were not enough, however, a perfect avalanche of bills affecting game and fish have been introduced at this session. These are backed by all sorts of people, with all sorts of motives. Some of the bills contain good provisions, but these are fairly smothered by the bad ones in the same bills.

A provision of the present law that is most bitterly attacked is that relating to the preservation of song birds. A tool of the milliners, one C. Smith, has introduced a bill exempting from the provisions of the small bird act any corporation or individual dealing in ornamental plumage which has not been collected within the State. This measure in effect would abrogate the bird protective law, and would be productive of a vast amount of harm. The act for the preservation of small birds passed in this State last May was by far the most intelligent law on this subject that has yet been enacted in any of the States of the Union, and it will be very unfortunate if the State Legislature shall rescind it after it has been in operation for only one year.

The Maine Legislature has adjourned after declining to materially alter the laws of that State which affect fish and game. It was hoped that the penalties for violation of this law would have been made somewhat more severe, and that it would have been made a penal offense to kill a cow moose. This was not done. However, a more liberal appropriation than ever before was voted to the Commissioners, and in the face of the shameful abuses to which these gentlemen have been subjected, and the fact that charges have been brought against them for failure to do their duty, this vote of confidence by the Legislature is gratifying to all those who know the Commissioners, and is, perhaps, the highest compliment which could have been paid to them.

We have further advices from our midwinter Yellowstone Park Explorer. He has safely made the tour of the Park, journeying through it as no man ever did before, and seeing sights on which no other mortal eyes have ever looked. A part of his graphic report is already in our hands, and before long we hope to have it all, and to present it to our readers. It will be interesting to those who are watching the rapid extermination of the large game in the West to learn that for several days during his journey our Commissioner was constantly in sight of elk, and that he saw some bison in the Park. Our readers will find this tale of a journey of 200 miles on Norwegian skeys—the narrow wooden snow shoes—very entertaining reading.

The past winter has been the severest experienced in the West for years. The papers have been full of accounts of the heavy losses of cattle on the range, and of the deep snows on the mountains. These snows have been so heavy in many places as to drive the game down from their ordinary winter ranges to the foothills, where feed could be obtained by the hard-pressed animals. The weather must be very severe when hardy animals like the elk suffer, but we have heard of more than one case recently in which a band of these animals came near starving.

Finn's free lunch short lobster bill has been passed by the New York Assembly. As already explained lobsters are now protected by statute until they are ten and one-half inches in length, this being the size at which they spawn. Lobsters under this size are desired by restaurant people and by the proprietors of liquor saloons who set out the immature crustaceans as alluring free lunch. Finn is a New York saloon keeper, and in seeking the repeal of the very wise law is presumably working for himself and fellows of his ilk.

Your born sportsman will undergo a vast amount of hardship before giving up his favorite pastime. Physical injury and maiming do not quench his ardor. There are numerous one-armed shots whose skill amply demonstrates that pluck must win. We have known a grouse shooter, temporarily blinded in one bandaged eye, pursue his game in the cover with no whit less of skill than before; and more than one gunner who has totally lost the sight of one eye has found his aim no less certain than when both eyes were bright and true.

Have any of our fox-hunting friends ever tried their hounds with foxes that live upon the eastern shore of Virginia? We have heard grand stories of the runs to be had on those level beaches and among those low sand hills. Some one ought to take a pack of good hounds down there and give the foxes a trial. They are plenty and the running is good.

In New Jersey a bill has been introduced which does away with spring shooting in the northern portion, but curiously enough divides the State into two sections and establishes different close times for each. It is difficult to understand why this should have been done, but we presume that it may have its cause in local jealousies.

We think it would be well if the true friends of game protection in New York State would unite to prevent any game and fish legislation this season. This constant tinkering with the laws destroys all respect for them and makes them so unintelligible that they lose their effect even with those who wish to obey them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

UNOFFICIAL LOG OF THE STELLA.—IV.

IF YOU ever happen to visit St. Augustine, in doing the ancient city do not fail to put in an hour in the curiosity shop of Doctor John Vedder, near the club house and wharf of the yacht club. I do not know if the Doctor be a regular M.D., but I know that he is a most enthusiastic naturalist, and his collection is a marvel of curiosities, gleaned mainly from the animal kingdom, though the botanist may find much that will interest and amuse him. The scribe, being only an enthusiast on reptiles, and caring little for any reptile even unless it were very poisonous, turned his attention largely to snakes, of which the collection had an ample stock, dead and alive. It was here that he found a stuffed specimen of the diamond rattler 8ft. long, which, being the longest he had ever seen, and well preserved withal, interested him greatly. *En passant*, he takes this opportunity to say to the Florida friends who have entertained him with stories of rattlers 13, 14, and even 15ft. in length, that he considers such snakes unauthentic and nearly impossible, while the snake-liar is a constant quantity, before whom the stoutest trout-liar weakens. And he would further remark that, while listening to their yarns with apparent credulity, he was mentally logging them as a set of ophidian Munchausens whom it would be flattery to call liars.

Doctor Vedder, finding the scribe something of a naturalist, was unwearied in showing and explaining his treasures. He fed his menagerie, stirred up the rattlers, provoked the moccasins, got a box of untamed wildcats in a rage, fondled his pet otters, and explained the peculiarities of a box of glass snakes, the first the scribe had ever seen in a state of confinement. One of these had met with a little accident, and was on the dry dock, so to speak, repairing damages. He had broken himself in two and was mending the break by bringing the broken parts together and keeping quiet until the break was healed. The accident had happened less than three days before, and he was already able to crawl about his cage, though the tail end of him was evidently a little sore and stiff as yet, and his owner spoke of him as being on the invalid list. This incident is mentioned more especially for the benefit of people who have disputed the writer flatly as to the existence of a serpent which could be easily broken in two by a light blow, and, if left to itself, would contrive to unite the broken parts in two or three days. I have known the common blacksnake when cut in two with a sharp scythe, to do the same thing.

There was a good show of live aquatic birds, and the Doctor fed them with fresh fish for the entertainment of his visitors, and to show the difference in their manner of feeding. The cormorants and several varieties of cranes, as well as the ibises, gobbled their fish at once, though in the case of the cranes, the fish looked three times as large as the bird's neck. The pelican pouched a large mullet in an instant, and settled himself back open-mouthed for another. But the sandhill crane refused fish; and, when fed a piece of fresh beef, took it to a bucket of water and rinsed it clean before eating it, which he did leisurely, neatly, and like a gentleman. He was not to be hurried, and when the others tried, as they did, to snatch his dinner, they paid dearly for their temerity.

I never have and never shall recognize this bird as properly a crane or heron at all. To me he is king of the curlew tribe, and always has been since my first acquaintance with him. Majestic in flight, even beyond that bullying robber the bald eagle, cleanly in his habits and feeding, always preferring corn to fish and frogs, always a high-land bird, excellent on the table—why call him a crane, and relegate him to the ranks of the frog-eating waders on an arbitrary point of structural similarity? To me he is king of the curlews.

A notable feature of the Bay of St. Augustine, and one that tended much to relieve the tedium of our stay there, was the fleet of white-winged yachts, mostly owned by the St. Augustine Yacht Club, which daily made the bay lively with sailing matches, amateur practice, and parties of winter tourists from the hotels sailing for pleasure. Most of the yachts were catrigged, and of the extreme skimming dish type to an extent that would drive your yachting editor to the verge of insanity. If they were death traps they were not successful ones, as I could not learn that any man had ever been fatally caught in one of them. Speedy they were, and they stood up stiffly in a strong breeze. Also, their owners claimed for them ability to "go outside." One thing is certain, they were excellently adapted to cruise in the waters for which they were intended. A cutter is of no use on the Florida coast, and any craft drawing more than 30in. is virtually barred out here as regards inland cruising. And that is just what's the matter with the Stella. She had won our admiration as a sea boat, and all admitted that her cabin accommodations were equal to most yachts of three times her size. But when we took an Indian River pilot at St. Augustine, who promised to take us through Mosquito Inlet to the Lagoon, and all over the Lagoon, through the Haulover to Indian River, and anywhere on the river that we chose, we got badly left.

Joe, the pilot, did his best; he wanted a job; but the Stella needs an honest 5ft. of water to float her, and Joe found it impossible to get her over sand bars where there was only 4ft. of water at high tide. But he could and did buck at them manfully, whereby it has happened that we have had an excellent chance to become familiar with the topography of the country while being, in the parlance of this watery land, "hung up" on oyster bars, sand bars and p'ints. This gives Joe an opportunity for explanation. "The last time I was here we carried a fathom o' water over this bar. But the river is all the time changin' so. The 'Coast Pilot' tells you so." Which is true; but Joe forgets that it is his business to know it, and also to know the channels and the depth of water in them. So the Skipper decides to board the Clara and go to Titusville on the Indian River prospecting. Now the Clara is a neat passenger boat drawing only 32in., and has been brought here because of her light draft, to run from Daytona, on the Halifax, to Titusville. The distance is only forty-five miles, and as she is only required to go down one day and back the next, she ought to make connections, but she doesn't. The Skipper is absent three days and returns disgusted. He reports the Indian River impossible for us. There is only 3ft. of water in the Haulover, and the Clara has been "hung up" on shoals for twenty-four hours. As she was only meant for a day boat the passengers had to hang up also, as best they could, on chairs, settees, tables, or on the cabin floor.

And thus what with one delay after another the time goes by like a dream, and the Skipper wakes up to the fact that it is too late for rounding the Florida capes and devoting a month to the Ten Thousand Islands, Punta Rassa and Charlotte Harbor. What, though? We came away from the frigid North for an outing; to find summer weather, orange groves, mocking birds and a fair amount of fishing and shooting; and we have found each and all to a satisfactory extent—except the shooting, which is very poor. It is small comfort to be assured that up to the "big freeze" of January, 1886, the shores were fairly alive with beach birds. There are very few to be found this winter; and the scattering flocks are wonderfully shy and wary. And quail, which ought to be abundant, are almost as scarce. There are plenty of fish, however; the Skipper, who is an ardent angler, catches sheepshead, sea bass, sailor's choice, etc., to his heart's content, while the yacht has a pretty constant supply of oysters, clams and crabs, all of good quality. Fruit, too, is plenty; oranges for the asking, strawberries, fine and well flavored, at twenty-five cents per quart, Japanese plums, limes, etc. But of game we have not been able to keep up a supply. Even ducks, which in this wilderness of waters and mangrove keys ought to be plenty, are surprisingly scarce, and we have not had a taste of venison or wild turkey on the cruise; also, I regret to say, beef and mutton are equally scarce, and poultry is not to be had at any price. There is some compensation in the fact that eggs are abundant and fresh.

As to losing our trip to the Ten Thousand Islands, we have come to care nothing for that. We have seen a score of men who have been there, but no one who cares to go there a second time. A naval officer, who once headed an exploring expedition among these islands, gave us substantially the following account of the region. Taking a late map of Florida he called our attention to the everglades, where, in the lower parts of Dade and Munroe counties, instead of the usual township lines appears a blank, with an explanatory note which reads as follows:

"This unsurveyed and but partly explored region is nearly level and only a few feet above the sea. It contains a network of narrow water channels and shallow lakes, with numerous sandy islets, covered with vegetation and capable of cultivation."

"Now," said our informant, "the Ten Thousand Islands are a muddy continuation of that same region, where the tide overflows. It is really a desolate stretch of mud flats and mangrove swamps, with scarcely an interesting feature and very little game. About the only animal life to be found there is comprised in the list of waders and alligators, though we saw one manatee. We were obliged to leave the ship's launch four or five miles from the islands, while a party of three of us worked our way in with a flat-bottomed skiff to reconnoitre. It was dreary work, and three weeks of it convinced me that no survey of the region could be made by any ordinary means, or would be of any use whatever when made."

As all the conchs, coasters, wreckers and tourists confirmed this view of the region, we rather lost all desire to go there, and gradually fell into the easy, lazy, semi-tropical life of the native cracker. We still promised ourselves a cruise to the capes and Key West, but the warm days and clear, starlit nights came and went, we ate and slept or fished and visited, we wrote some and read more, but somehow we did not make a start, and the last days of February found us loitering and loafing about the waters of the Hillsboro and Halifax rivers, or among the interminable channels and mangrove keys of Mosquito Lagoon, Spruce Creek and other puzzling places, where the scribe found all the canoeing he wanted and where he contrived to lose himself about every other day, until he was constrained to admit that a reasonable canoeist could find all the crooked channels and mangrove keys he wanted without going so far as the Ten Thousand Islands.

NESSMUK.

WINTER NOTES.

BY THE OLD MAN OF THE HILL.

SO FAR from neighbors of the human kind, one is constrained to seek friendships of another sort till all inanimate nature has a place in our affections, and the passing seasons, with even Winter himself and his frigid disposition, are welcomed like returning friends. His present visit is a long one. He has shown us all sides of his character.

We are early warned of his approach by that herald, Jack Frost, who at once set out to maintain his reputation as a wanton sprite, a very Puck for mischief, by bursting the gude wife's water-bucket, perching on the old man's ears, and riding to town in the gray of the morning, and then slyly congealing a glassy surface in the path of the unwary pedestrian to disconcert his flying feet. These are only a few of the serious catalogue of offenses, mostly under the head of Assault and Battery, or Malicious Destruction of Property, but no Habeas Corpus seems to apprehend him.

There are those, however, who will say that we are maligning the character of one of Nature's most earnest and useful craftsmen. Suppose he did trail his robes over our tomato patch on his way to the woods! We knew he was about; we might have seen his footprints in the low meadow several days before, and his autograph on our bedroom window.

Immediately upon arrival he commenced operations on the landscape, and soon, by means of a wonderful assortment of pigments, known only to his mysterious alchemy, the woods were all a conflagration. His chief delight was in a solitary stem at the foot of a rugged hill, till he had brought out all his beauties against the dark background of rocks and pines. Every movement was a phenomenon. Was there a brooklet in his path? A magic breath, and little crystal spears and arrowlets were darting out from underneath the bank to join forces for a swaying, scintillating raft, and before morning the meadow mice were out on the moonlit surface contemplating the astronomy reflected in its depths.

As the mood of Winter became harsher, the warmth of earth shrank deeper and deeper, the surface grew rigid, and footprints and other indentations were petrified. Then the aspect was dreary. All a waste of broken stalks; the neglected corners bereft of their charitable cloaks of foliage; the "skeletons in all the closets" exposed. The forests, too, are denuded, and the horizon only a black network of twigs against the sky; in short, the landscape that yesterday was painted in colors, now is only an etching. Then came the snow. At first in uncertain, struggling companies, but soon in silent shoals, moving straight to earth, until a frolicsome zephyr, darting among them, carried consternation in its wake, and sent them once more whirling heavenward. By nightfall, when landmarks had lost their identity, and outlines were obliterated, the whirlwinds came down from the mountain, each in pursuit of a flying avalanche of snow to hurl against the cottage. They tried all the doors. They rattled all the windows, and then drew back to despoil the woods of their newly-acquired foliage, never resting till all the remonstrating trees made obeisance at their slightest dictation. A moment later they were coursing toward us all blending in a weird, malevolent crescendo threatening to uplift the old house bodily. But it stood.

When morning dawned, cold and glittering, they were gone, but traces were visible in the smooth-swept courses among tumultuous heaps, with here and there a towering pinnacle with overhanging cornice and a thousand graceful feats of architecture.

JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"WELL, Mr. Harry, this is about the hardest bit of walking I've had this many a year," said Will, as he stood wiping the perspiration from his sunburnt face.

"You're right, Will," I answered, "but we must go on until we find a good place to camp for the night."

"And I'm beginning to think we won't find any good place. This trough seems to have no end."

I was beginning to think the same thing myself. Will and I were on Clear Creek. We had left Old Barney's on Monday morning, crossed the Black Hills and Pine Ridge, and struck Clear Creek near its headwaters. We were now making our way down the creek, camping where night might find us. We were alone in the wilderness, not a house nor a human habitation within twenty miles of us. It was Wednesday evening, and our trout baskets being filled, we had quit fishing earlier than usual, and were looking for a place to camp. When we stopped fishing we were in a sort of cañon or gorge, between two mountains, that rose almost perpendicular from the creek.

Clear Creek was narrowed to one-half its usual width, and cut its way between the mountains. Always a wild stream, it here pitched and foamed and dashed among the rocks, until it was lashed into a perfect mass of foam. For nearly an hour we had been making our way down this gorge, hoping to find a suitable place to camp, and as yet had found none.

"What do you think about it, Mr. Harry?" inquired Will. "Why, I think our chances for a good night's sleep are not very promising, but we'll have to make that big hemlock yonder," I said, pointing to a hemlock a few hundred yards down the stream. It took us a half hour more to reach it. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and the gloom of twilight was settling down as we neared the big tree. The roar of falls became audible as we approached the hemlock, around which the creek made a sharp turn and was hid from sight. Will and I reached the tree side by side, and we both stopped in wonder. Before us lay a large pond or little lake into which Clear Creek pitched over a falls 10ft. high. It was wholly unexpected and took us both by surprise. In the middle of the pond was an island heavily covered with timber. On all sides the pond was surrounded by high mountains. On the western side there was a deep gorge between the mountains, and through this came the last rays of the setting sun lighting up a narrow strip of water across the pond to the island, but the full force of the sunlight seemed to strike upon the island itself, lighting it up until the trees seemed foliaged with burnished gold. A mist hung over and around the island, and the sunlight sifting through it, gave it the appearance of a golden halo surrounding the island. There was something strangely unnatural about the appearance of this island. The whole scene seemed unreal. The dark sombre mountains on all sides and the dull gray waters of the pond threw the island into such intense relief that it fairly dazzled the eyes with its brightness. Beautiful as the scene was it yet seemed weird and unnatural. We stood several minutes in silence viewing it.

"Will," I said, "where are we anyway?"

"I don't know," answered Will, with a very solemn look on his face, "unless this is what is called Mulkassett's Lake. I never was up here before, but I have often heard of this place. I think this is what they call the Devil's Bowl."

"Well, Devil's Bowl or not, here's a good place to camp and we'll stay here all night."

"If you'd just as leave, I'd rather go on, Mr. Harry," said Will, "they tell ugly stories about this place, and I'd rather not stay here all night."

"What stories do they tell?" I asked.

"Why, the people in the mountains say strange things are seen here at night, and they say that the island is haunted. Oh! look at it now," ejaculated Will, pointing to the island.

It certainly did look strange. The island was now dark as it had been before light. It stood out a black mass against the background of gray mountains beyond, but the strangest part of it was that over the island floated what looked at first like immense filmy wings. A moment's observation explained the singular appearance. The sun had sunk behind the mountains sufficiently to take its light off the island, but its rays still struck the streaks of fog that hovered above the island, and which had assumed a shape somewhat resembling huge wings.

"Well," I said, "that's nothing but fog. Don't mind it, kindle your fire here and we'll risk the haunted island and all the ghosts."

An hour later we had finished supper and fixed our beds of spruce branches. Lighting my pipe I sat down with my back against the big hemlock. I was facing the lake and the falls were a few feet in front of me. Will was sitting near me pulling away vigorously at his short pipe. The night was one of those sultry, oppressive nights common in June, even in these high latitudes. The moon was in the first quarter, and threw a pale, sickly light

over everything. The lake lay perfectly calm. The island seemed an inky cloud resting on the water. The sound of the falls came up dull and solemn. The hooting of an owl in the woods, the croaking of frogs in the lake, the cry of a wild animal far up the mountain side, all added to the weird, peculiar effect.

"Will," I said, "what do you know about this lake and what do people say about it?"

"I don't know anything but what I've heard."

"And what have you heard?"

"Why, I've often heard them talk of the Devil's Bowl and the Haunted Island."

"What do they say about it? Tell me the whole story."

The story Will told was much after the style of all Indian legends. In substance it was that in early days this island was the home of a great Indian chief known as Mulkassett. Here he had his wigwam and his council house, and here he lived with his daughter, Laughing Eyes. When Laughing Eyes grew up, she had numerous suitors among the chiefs of the neighboring tribes, but to all she turned a deaf ear, and lived contentedly on the island with her father until a white trapper appeared. This trapper came in the fall and spent the winter with the Indians, living among them as one of them. During the winter, unknown to Mulkassett, an intimacy sprung up between Laughing Eyes and the trapper, and in the early summer both disappeared. Mulkassett's rage was terrible when he heard that his daughter had gone away with the trapper. He dispatched his braves in every direction; he sent messages to all the different tribes, and in a few days the pair were captured and brought back to the island. Mulkassett called a council of all his tribe. On an evening in June the meeting was held, and at the council the trapper was condemned to death. No entreaties or prayers of Laughing Eyes availed to save him. He was taken from the council house and burned at the stake. The next morning the dead body of Laughing Eyes was found floating in the water at the foot of the falls. "And people say," concluded Will, "that if you are here in June you can see Laughing Eyes rising out of the falls, and see the canoes of the Indians crossing over the lake to the council house, and sometimes you can see a fire burning on the island."

"Why, Will, this is the month of June," I said.

"That's so, 'tis June. I didn't think of that before, and I'd just as leave be somewhere else to-night as here."

However, notwithstanding his fears, Will lay down on the spruce branches he had fixed for a bed, the fatigue of the day's tramp soon made itself felt and he slept soundly.

I sat still smoking my pipe. There was something weird and peculiar about my surroundings that made it facinating. I thought of Will's story, old Mulkasset, the Indian maiden, the spectral council held in the old council house in June. I gazed out on the lake. I tried to imagine those phantom boats flitting across to hold the ghostly conference. I was sitting facing the island. Suddenly I saw a black object leave the shore and glide out toward the island. I certainly could not be mistaken. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Yes, there it was, plain and distinct in the faint moonlight, a little boat with one person in it gliding across the lake toward the island. I felt a cold chill come over me. Was Will's story true and did old Mulkasset hold nightly meetings on that island?

"Will," I said in a low voice.

In a moment I felt Will creep over and crouch at my side. "What is it, Mr. Harry?" he whispered.

"Look there, Will, what is that?" and I pointed to the dark object making its way across the lake.

"It's a boat and a man in it as sure as I'm here," answered Will. "Look there! look there!" ejaculates Will, "there's another." I looked in the direction Will pointed. Yes, there was another boat shooting out from the shadows and heading for the island. They were the old-fashioned Indian canoes, and they seemed to glide over rather than through the water. The figures in them sat erect, motionless. There was no sweep of paddle. No mortal hand gave the motion that urged them toward the island. Soon another boat shot out from the shadow of the trees at another part of the lakes, and another and another, until more than a dozen were on the lake.

"What does it mean, Will?" I said.

"It means, Mr. Harry," and Will's voice was low and solemn, "It means that them aint no real boats, nor real men; them are the ghosts of dead Indians, and they're going to hold one of their meetings on the haunted island."

We sat in silence watching them. The boats neared the island; one by one they entered the shadows of its trees and were lost to view. A deep, gloomy silence reigned over the whole valley. The moon was sinking until it approached the top of the mountains. There was something oppressive in the stillness. Suddenly the silence was broken by Will's voice close to my ear.

"Good Heavens! Look there."

I looked in the direction he pointed. There, rising from the mist of the falls, appeared a white figure. Plain and distinct it seemed to hover above the falls, its wild, black eyes fixed upon us with a look of entreaty. Suddenly the figure raised its right hand and pointed to the island. Slowly it turned and floated out toward the island, twice the head turned and the eyes looked back to see if we were following. Dimmer and dimmer grew the figure until it disappeared.

"Laughing Eyes," whispered Will. "She's gone to the council meeting on the island."

"Let us go, too," I said. I know not what impelled me to say it, an irresistible desire to go to the island seized me.

"Why, Mr. Harry, you don't mean to go over to the island!"

"Yes I do; let us go right away."

"Well, if you go I'll go too, but I'd a good deal rather not, and besides, how can we get there, we have no boat."

I hadn't thought of that before. How could we get to the island? I looked down at the edge of the pond; a dark object was sticking out from the bushes. "Why, Will, that looks like a boat," I said, pointing to it, "come let us see." It was a boat, an ordinary punt, such as is used by trappers or hunters. I didn't stop to think that it was strange our finding a boat ready for us when neither of us had seen it before. I was filled with the one idea of getting to the island. We loosed the boat and pushed out on the water. There was something fascinating about thus following the vanishing form of Laughing Eyes. Twice on the journey across the water I imagined I saw again that white figure beckoning us; twice it faded into light mist. Just as we reached the shore of the little island, a bright light burst up within a few yards of us, illuminating the trees and surrounding water. Crouching behind the bushes that lined the edge of the island we looked on the strangest sight my eyes had ever beheld. Beyond the bushes was an open spot, in the center of it stood a post around which the fire was blazing; through the fire could be seen distinctly the form of a man writhing and twisting in intense agony. The entire open space was filled with dusky forms dancing around with burning brands. But the most singular part of the whole scene was that not a sound came from all the vast crowd; everywhere was deep dead silence. Suddenly I felt an impulse to try and save the man. I jumped up with the intention of running into the crowd, when I felt Will's hand on my shoulder, and his voice said, "Hello, Mr. Harry, are you going to sleep all night sitting up against this hemlock?"

"Why, what, where, where are we?" I said, rubbing my eyes.

"We're right here, where we've been all evening."

"And where are the Indians and Laughing Eyes?"

"There are no Indians here; guess you've been dreaming."

"Blast your Indian stories!" I said, now fully awake. "You've had me going to the island and seeing Laughing Eyes, and no end of Indians."

Lighting my pipe I told Will of my dream. We then stretched out on our beds, and when next we looked on the haunted island the sun of a June morning was shining over it, turning it into an ordinary common place scene.

F. I. SHERMAN.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A LABORATORY FOR THE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of *Science* which appeared on the 18th ultimo, there was among the letters to the editor one of especial interest from Dr. D. D. Slade, published under the modest title of "Osteological Notes," wherein its author points out even that at this late day he has discovered a very important difference to exist both in the arrangement and character of the metacarpals of the buffalo and aurochs. Dr. Slade says that, "in passing through the exhibition rooms of the Museum of Comparative Zoology (at Cambridge, Mass.) not long since my attention was called to the fact that the skeleton of the *Bison bonasus* presented a rudimentary second metacarpal, while the *Bison americanus* at its side exhibited the customary fifth metacarpal; in other words, that the splint-bone which was present on each skeleton occupied exactly opposite positions, that of the American bison being on the outer, while that of the aurochs was on the inner side of the limb." About a year ago Mr. F. W. True, the Curator of the Department of Mammals in the Smithsonian Institution, entered a plea in *Science* for a more thorough study both of the habits, and especially the structure, on the part of our zoologists and morphologists, of our larger animals, and the writer in the same journal, at a later date, did his best to urgently call attention to the same important question in a letter to its editor. The point that I made is now amply illustrated by the discovery of Dr. Slade, and that is, there are a great many animals, once abundant and easily obtained, now rare and rapidly becoming extinct under our very eyes, to whose structure we are guilty of not having given our full attention and study, while in many cases we are absolutely ignorant of the commonest facts of their natural history. Among some of our zoologists I fear there exists a sort of a notion that now, since the establishment of the law of organic evolution, the fields of morphology are quite out of fashion, and the study of the structure of our commonest animals rather an unprofitable expenditure of time, as it is but pretty sure to bring little more, as a reward, than a sort of a "I told you so" from the evolutionists. You are simply proving what we already have abundant evidence of, and you better turn your attention to psychics or astronomy. To those who hold such opinions, I can but reiterate my former words, and say that many of the laws of physiology; of the fundamental laws of life itself, and the accurate knowledge of the true relations of many existing forms to each other, are as yet totally and absolutely unknown to us. So far as zoology is concerned, these will constitute the problems to be solved in the immediate future, and let me assure you that unless we more fully turn our attention to the structure of all those animals of our own fauna, which are being so rapidly exterminated, and render exhaustive monographs upon the same, we will fully merit the very worst denunciations that the coming race of zoologists can heap upon our heads. For these very problems in biology, to which I have just alluded, will demand all the accurate knowledge of the structure of animals that can be brought to bear upon them. The buffalo are nearly extinct, when, only a few years ago, there were thousands of them in this country—and now in these very last days of their existence upon earth, it is discovered that differences of the most vital importance to science are found to exist in the skeletal structure of the foot as compared with the same parts in a related form. There must have been some cause for this, and who can answer the question but that other important differences may exist in other parts of the economy of these animals, which differences might be the cause of shedding a powerful light, were they known, upon some of the fundamental laws of biology, incomprehensible to us, without such aid.

Our elk are sure to go just exactly in the same manner as the buffalo have, and the day is not far distant for the fulfillment of such a prophecy in the history of our mammals, either; and where can we find an exhaustive treatise upon their anatomy? Elk are not the only animals, either, for our antelope are disappearing with marvelous rapidity, and they are, if anything, a still more important form, so far as morphology is concerned.

I can easily imagine some anatomist in the dim future, who perchance has exhaustively examined the structure of some allied type, which has persisted for a much longer time in existence, wringing his hands with despair, and exclaiming, "O! what would I give to know how such and such a structure was found in *Antilocapra!*"—and a treatise upon such a subject *non est.*

Now, I have a plan to propose, which, I must believe, if put into execution, will act as a powerful aid to the progress and encouragement of such studies and pursuits.

This plan consists in establishing a national laboratory in some suitable location within the limits of the Yellowstone Park. Such a laboratory could be built for something like fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, which moneys could either be appropriated outright by Congress, or gotten up through private subscription. Mr. P. T. Barnum, about a year ago, promised to give the city of Washington $200,000 to start a zoological garden there, but, so far as I know, the offer was never accepted. Now, if Mr. Barnum still has it in mind to leave a monument behind him that will have as its aim the perpetual care and study of our native animals, I can devise for him no better scheme than to put one-half of that amount into a national biological laboratory in the Yellowstone Park.

A building of this kind should be constructed so as to offer complete accommodations for the prosecution of biological work in all of its departments. There should be dissecting-rooms properly fitted up, with apartments for draughting work, and quiet nooks to write in. There should be a commodious library, containing essentially such books as have been found of particular service for use in the field, in every branch of biological research, together with such periodicals as report regularly the advances made from time to time of our knowledge of the life-history of animals in their native haunts, and of morphology.

There should be rooms, and spare rooms, for the use of students and the permanent staff. The proper arrangements should be made whereby all manner of observations could be facilitated and recorded, as the migration of birds; meteorological observations; the breeding habits of mammals; the botanical data of the entire region, and exhaustive investigations upon the geology and invertebrates, etc., etc.

Then, if such a laboratory were located near the center of the Park, there could be erected near it suitable quarters for the regular police of this valuable reservation, and owing to the fact that the government held an institution of that kind there, in addition to the presence of a good police, there would probably be far less effort made to encroach upon the domain by ruthless speculators, or by those who are poachers. It would be an excellent center for both government and private scientific parties in the field to have as a base of operations. Another advantage would be in having a good point to gather all manner of material and have it properly packed, arranged and assorted, before shipping to the museums. By far its greatest advantage, however, would be in having such a scientific center in the very midst of material which now demands our most exhaustive study before it is swept off the face of the earth. Then we could investigate, in the most satisfactory manner possible, the life-histories of a great many animals that at this very moment are rapidly disappearing before the relentless march of civilization in this country; there, too, could the fresh bodies of our largest animals be placed directly upon the dissecting tables, where with scalpel, crayon and camera, their structure could be exhaustively investigated, and, away from all annoyances, their describers could make full record of such researches.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, March 10.

MY OLD JIM.

DURING the month of July past I wing-tipped a solitary crow, whose dusky feathers glistening in the morning sun made too tempting a mark for a lone and disappointed woodcock hunter.

My dog ran him into a bush where he made no little resistance, but soon yielded to the darkening influence which my handkerchief had over his eyes, and as I eagerly folded him to my breast he succeeded in entwining his claws into my flannel shirt front with a grip not easily disengaged.

Taking him with me to the farmhouse at which I was stopping and examining his wounds, I found that he had been struck by only a single pellet, which took effect in the third joint of the left wing and amounted only to an ugly bruise which would probably cause the injured member to drop a little.

This being the first live crow that I had ever seen at close range (probably from the fact that I am a city-bred boy) I decided to keep the bird and if possible make a pet of him.

By washing and dressing the wound daily and feeding him out of my hand we soon became on very friendly terms. I built a spacious cage for his accommodation, but on the approach of autumn, as the nights grew cold and long and the native birds began to migrate, my heart softened as I thought of the possible happiness of which I was depriving my crow, so one beautiful morning in October I threw open the cage door with a "Good-bye, old Jim!" and left him to his own inclinations.

Imagine my surprise on arriving home at noon when I was greeted with the familiar caw! caw! and glancing up into the drooping branches of a willow I beheld, quietly devouring an apple, my Jim, whom I supposed many miles away by that time.

Well, here it is the middle of February and still he stays with me, diligently eluding all my efforts to keep him housed, seeming to prefer taking odds with the sparrows with the thermometer at zero, to a comfortable perch indoors. So much for natural instinct.

Nor does he confine himself to the narrow limits of the few trees in the yard, as I hear reports of his visiting various places within a radius of a mile or more from home, while on two or three occasions he has spent several days away, but with these exceptions he never fails to turn up and "caw" for his beefsteak and buckwheat cakes. Corn and "sich" having long since fallen beneath his epicurean tastes. Even as I write he is perched among the bare branches of a large birch, with a piece of meat in one fist and apple in the other, suspiciously eyeing a group of open-mouthed small boys, who are watching him from the sidewalk.

Such is my attachment for him, that if he stays with me until spring I shall endeavor to secure a mate for him.

CLEVELAND, Ohio. WATT.

THE JACK SNIPE AS A RUSTLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to put on record facts showing the hardships that can be undergone by this favorite game bird when put to the test; the common sense he shows in taking care of himself; in other words, his characteristics as a "rustler."

I will premise that my locality this winter is near the intersection of 109½° west longitude, and 44° 8′ north latitude, in the foothills of the Shoshone Mountains, at an elevation of about 6,500 feet above tide. I will also premise that a daily record (three times per day) is kept of the barometer and thermometer indications with reliable instruments (this having been my practice for five years). Let it be further premised that this winter set in unusually early and has been unusually cold, with the maximum amount of snowfall for this locality. There have been cold snaps with a minimum depression of the glass, as follows (the cold snap lasting from a few days to a week): Nov. 16, —12° Fahrenheit; Nov. 23, —21°; Dec. 22, —8°; Dec. 26, —21°; Jan. 8, —27°; Dec. 17.—11½°; Feb. 2, —35°; Feb. 10, —20°; Feb. 21, —16°. These figures are all so many degrees below zero. Though the weather has been unusually cold (average cold is meant); the barometer has ranged unusually low. This has been noted in the New York *Herald* in its weather reports for the Northwest, so it is presumed there has been a general low pressure in that region.

During the summer there has been occasionally seen a pair or so of jack snipe (*Gallinago wilsoni*) in my meadows, always well irrigated at that time. On Dec. 25, in passing an open spring in my upper meadow, I was surprised to note a pair of jack snipe fly up, one of them giving tongue to their well-known "scaipe," and appearing to have as vigorous a flight as those so often seen in the marshes of Missouri and Illinois, where I was long familiar with this favorite game bird. Since then I have always been on the lookout for these two birds, taking a deep interest in their welfare. On Jan. 8 saw one jack snipe; on 17th saw a pair of jack snipe; on Jan. 31 saw one snipe; on Feb. 2 saw one snipe; Feb. 7 saw one snipe; Feb. 23 saw one snipe; Feb. 28 saw one snipe.

I should have premised that all the rivers and creeks are frozen solid in all this region, and the only open water is a few springs that are sufficiently flush to prevent freezing. There are in my meadows three springs that have remained open, running 10 or 12yds. before becoming frozen, the bottom of branches consisting of small boulders and mud, are frozen. In these springs are tender water plants that doubtless furnish food for jack. A short distance from two of the springs is a small branch fed by springs running through a willow thicket, which occasionally has an open place in the drifted snow. When flushed at the springs he usually alights immediately in this thicket where he is protected from the cold winds, and by getting under the overhanging snow drifts and putting his feet in the warm water, manages, doubtless, to keep comfortable.

On our coldest day, Feb. 2, with a minimum of —35°, and during the day the glass varying from —30° to —25°, depending upon the sun shining out, I went out to look after my pet, taking a roll of bread for food. He was flushed in one spring, but flew a short distance, alighting in another spring. Placing the bread in a favorable place, I went around with the object of driving him back to the food. After waiting a sufficient time for him to settle down to feeding, he was approached cautiously, and at last he was discovered sitting motionless in the water. Getting near enough to see his eyes, he was carefully observed. He was sitting among some water plants in the shallow water, his legs entirely covered by water, his feathers ruffled up and head drawn back to the body with bill to the front. Almost any other waterfowl would have had the bill tucked under the wing, but not so with Jack. It must be confessed, however, that Jack looked woe-begone and disconsolate in the extreme. On approaching him, however, he flew up as vigorously, with his well-known "scaipe," as if he took every thing as a matter of course. I felt, however, that as he knew how to protect himself from the cold by putting his exposed legs in warm water, if his food held out he was all right for the balance of the winter. I should have said that the temperature of this spring, judging from that of one about 200yds. off, was that day 41° F.

At the time Jack was making himself comfortable in the warm spring branch with the temperature alternating between 25° and 30° below zero, about forty miles away a man was slowly succumbing to the cold. Though he had matches with him and had prepared to start a fire at a vacant cabin, he succumbed to the Ice King before it was lit, and was found frozen to death. The evening before two men had started across the prairie. The one got in, but the other froze to death the same evening, though showing every evidence of having fought the cold with all his might. If half the stories were to be believed that are repeated, there were at the same time hundreds of cattle dying on the range from a combination of cold and starvation. Yet this jacksnipe passed through all; and as the historical and far-famed backbone of winter has again been broken, it is fair to presume that at least one of these snipe will be all right in the spring. I have not seen the pair together since Jan. 17. If only the males "scaipe" on flying up, they are probably both all right, as sometimes it does not give out its well-known note on being flushed.

It must be remembered that these birds are not prepared with the winter underclothing with which all birds that winter in this climate are provided; the eagle, owl, two species of gray jays, chickadee, the magpie and the three species of grouse and probably a few others. These birds, as is well known, have a feather of down attached to the underside of the root of the ordinary feather, which makes a very complete protection against the cold.

In the middle of October, 1880, after the ground was frozen, but streams not yet frozen, the writer flushed on the trail on the head of the Stinking River, Wyoming, a pair of these birds. The valley at that point occupied a gorge in the mountains 4,000ft. to 6,000ft. below the mountain on each side, but was devoid of marshes. They appeared to be feeding in a sage flat in the narrow valley. My shotgun being convenient they were flushed and killed; were found to be fat and proved delicious eating.

This bird did not remain in this locality through choice, but was doubtless caught by the early winter and was afraid to attempt the journey to a warmer climate, as every stream was frozen up early and the ground covered with snow. Had he attempted it his legs would doubtless have become frozen in flight in the high altitude above the earth, in which their journey is made, and of course death would soon have followed. On Feb. 7 a mallard duck (drake) flew overhead up the river, evidently seeking for open water. His experience was doubtless like that of Noah's dove turned loose from the Ark. A few miles away on the same day were seen several other ducks. This reminds me that before the advent of the railroad, it was stated to be not unusual for wild geese and ducks to winter in Montana, where there were large springs that remained open. A few miles above Livingston on the Yellowstone River, on the ranch formerly owned by Major Pease, there is a large spring and on the opposite side of the river there were other open springs. This used to be a favorite winter resort for these wildfowl in mild winters. These birds are, however, better clothed than the jack snipe. P.

MOTHER CARE.

IN your issue of Jan. 20, "Uncle Fuller" relates his observations of a great northern diver's care for her young. In 1881, on my homestead farm on Long Lake, Manitoba, I had the opportunity to observe the nesting and rearing habits of the same bird. A pair had built their nest on the surface of the lake, attaching it securely to a bunch of reeds, 30ft. from the shore in such a manner that it would rise and fall with the water of the lake without disturbing the nest or the process of incubating the eggs. I watched it closely from day to day, sometimes taking a book or paper and sitting on the bank for hours reading and watching the birds and their nest. On the third day I saw that an egg had been laid and also thought that on my approach I saw the bird jump quickly from the nest into and under the water. To satisfy myself about it I returned in about two hours, and approaching very cautiously saw the bird again repeat the same maneuver. This she continued to do for several days on my nearing her nest. She laid five eggs at intervals of a day or two each and then began sitting, by which time, finding that I did not molest her, she seemed to become reconciled to my daily visits. She did not move from her nest at all nor show that she apprehended any danger from me. The second day after she had been setting and while I was watching from the shore, the male bird (I supposed it to be) put in his appearance and went to work diving to the bottom of the lake, bringing up a kind of dark weed or root, which he would take to the nest and feed to his mate, she taking it from his bill as he held it up to her. This he would continue industriously until she seemed to be content. He, too, became quite accustomed to seeing me, and appeared not afraid of me, but should my wife go with me, which she often did, then one or both birds, were they present, would instantly disappear under water.

After fourteen or fifteen days I found that a little bird had been hatched, and was sitting between or under the back feathers of the mother with its head only visible. On the following day I found the male was hovering or swimming about the nest with the little one on its back, and it would at times dive down leaving the little one sitting on the surface of the water, and would then return and feed the young one with something similar in appearance to what I had seen it feed to the mother bird. The mother bird had now another little one on her back while sitting on her eggs, and two days after the male had two little ones sitting on either side of his back between or under the feathers at the junction of his wings and back, with only their little heads visible, giving them a very cunning appearance, more particularly so when, two days after, the cock bird was swimming about with three little ones on his back, two sitting as before described and one at the root of his tail. The mother bird still had one on her back, the youngest, I presume, which was given to the father after gaining strength, he during this time having to support or find food for the mother and little ones. When the fourth little one was given to the father, the oldest one was sufficiently strong to swim about by itself, and would at times dive and I suppose find its own food. When the last one was hatched, the mother remained one day on the nest with it, but on the next day I found her swimming about with two little ones on her back in company with her mate, which also had two young ones on his back. They had divided their cares and labors between them. Each parent carried its little ones on its back and dived and procured food for them. A portion would sometimes be given the eldest one, after the others appeared to be satisfied, but he now seemed to be able to provide for himself.

This family of birds I felt very great interest in, and used to look for them daily until the young ones were quite grown up. They would come quite near the shore where I stood, apparently having the greatest confidence in my friendly feeling. On hearing the report of a gun by the lake one day, before the opening of the season, I went down to know the cause of it, when to my great grief and anger I found that a vandal half breed had shot three of my young family of birds. H. A. C.

RUFFED GROUSE FOR PRUSSIA.—Wilkesbarre, Luzerne County, Pa., March 17.—In your issue of March 10, 1887, under the head of "Black Game," you refer to a letter from Baron von Seidlitz, of Pommern, Prussia, wherein he expresses a desire to import into his covers the American ruffed grouse. While at a fair in this country last fall I saw three live ruffed grouse, one cock and two hens, sitting very contentedly on their perch in an ordinary drygoods box, about 4½ft. long, 20in. high and 18in. deep. Slats 2in. apart in front admitted air and light. They manifested no desire whatever to be liberated from their confinement, nor were they frightened or disturbed by the presence of spectators. I did not see the exhibitor, but have since been credibly informed that the owner has had the male bird over two years and the hens over a year. I should like very much to have the experiment tried, whether inland ruffed grouse could stand the salt air and rolling motion of the vessel during a trip across the ocean. At present I am unable to state whether the owner of these birds would sell, and if so what price he would put upon them; but if he would, and the price being reasonable, I would feel inclined to present them to the Baron, provided he would pay all the expenses of transportation and see that the birds were properly taken care of during the voyage.—LAWYER.

"IS THE SHRIKE A MIMIC?"—On Feb. 7, 1880, my son called my attention to a bird singing in the top of a small tree, which he said sounded like a mockingbird. I examined it with a field glass and told him that it also looked like one, but it could not be, as we have no mockingbird here even in the summer. After watching it for some time he secured it and it proved to be a great northern shrike (*Lanius borealis*), which he still has in his collection of mounted birds. I have often thought that I would report the observation, but I was a little skeptical about doing so, as I had never heard of the shrike being an imitator. But now that "A. H. G." has opened the way I think that I am duty bound to do so. I was asked by a lady (who wrs a close observer of birds and who had lived in Virginia) what bird we had here that looked like a mockingbird and that tried to imitate the song of other birds. When shown the great northern shrike she recognized it as the bird she had seen and heard. Since writing the above I have found in Coues' "Birds of the Colorado Valley," p. 555, this quotation from Audubon: "This valiant little warrior possesses the faculty of imitating the notes of other birds, especially such as are indicative of pain. Thus it will often mimic the cries of sparrows and other small birds, so as to make you believe you hear them screaming in the claws of a hawk; and I strongly suspect this is done for the purpose of inducing others to come out from their coverts to the rescue of their suffering brethren. On several occasions I have seen it in the act of screaming in this manner, when it would suddenly dart from its perch into a thicket, from which there would immediately issue the real cries of a bird on which he had seized.—J. L. DAVISON (Lockport, N. Y., March 17).

FLYING SQUIRRELS IN A HOUSE.—Lockport, N. Y., March 14.—A few days since a servant in the employ of the family of H. F. Gaskill, of this city, reported that she had seen a queer-looking rat in the cellar, said it had wings and a bushy tail. A trap was set and the next morning it had an occupant, which proved to be a dead flying squirrel. On Friday night last Mr. Gaskill caught alive another one, which he thought was a young one; he allowed it to escape and it is still in the cellar. If the last was a young there probably was a whole family of them, and undoubtedly they found enough in Mr. G.'s cellar to live on through the winter. He thinks they must have entered the cellar during the fall, as the outside entrance has not been opened since then. Is it not an unusual place to find flying squirrels in a house and in a city of 20,000 inhabitants?—J. L. DAVISON.

SPRING IN MICHIGAN.—Central Lake, Mich., March 15. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The crows were first heard cawing hereabouts on March 11. They occupy themselves mainly with sitting upon the ice near the margins of the open water of the lake, where the current of the river has kept it free from ice. What they find there to subsist upon I could never learn. Robins were reported two weeks ago, but I did not see them.—KELPIE.

Game Bag and Gun.

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HUNTING RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read over and over again with great interest, the letter of Mr Wilcox in your paper of Nov. 18, 1886, on the use of rifles of very small bore for large game shooting. He imagines that Jules Gérard, of the French army, had small caliber rifles in his lion hunting expeditions. I had formed a different opinion, having owned and parted with Gérard's book many years ago, so have been endeavoring to procure another copy of the work for some time past. I found one in a second-hand book shop a few days ago and now forward you Gérard's own description of his weapons:

He shot his first lion with a double barrel 16-gauge smooth-bore, lent by a French planter in Algeria. He was afterward presented with two double guns, one by a Captain Durand, in the French service, and the other by the Duc d'Aumale, but he does not mention the calibers of these, nor does he state what charges were used in either of the three guns. It is evident from his account of the effects of the bullets that the powder was not nearly enough, for the penetration was miserable. In one instance a bullet flattened against a lion's skull, and in another it hit the temple but did not reach the brain, for the animal walked away three miles before dying.

Strange to say, Gérard did not think of remedying this defect by increasing the powder, but substituted "iron ingots" for the lead bullets.

Sir Samuel Baker, when living in Ceylon, killed numbers of elephants with a 16-gauge shotgun of only 7lbs. weight. He used 4½ drams of powder, and found no difficulty in penetrating their brains. If I remember rightly, he states that in one instance the bullet entered one temple of an elephant and came out at the other.

After bagging ten lions, Gérard paid a visit to Paris in 1848, and was there presented with two double-barreled rifles, of which he gives the following details:

One was "a superb carbine," by Devisme, with "a caliber of 17 millimetres in diameter" (.669 gauge) and "65 centimetres" long in the barrels (slightly over 25½in.). The rifling was "progressive, according to the principles adopted for the carbine of the Chasseurs de Vincennes." Weight of bullet 55 grammes (or slightly under 848 grains). It was conical, with "a stut point forming all the upper half of the cone." Weight of rifle, 3½ kilogrammes (slightly less than 7lbs. 11½oz.).

The other weapon was by Moutier Lepage, with barrels "55 centimetres" long (slightly over 21½in.). Caliber, "11 millimetres" (.433). Nine grooves making one turn in "70 centimetres" (27½in.). Bullet cylindro-conical, weighing 15 grammes (slightly less than 231 grains). Weight of rifle 3 kilogrammes (or a trifle under 6lbs. 10oz.).

On testing the penetration Gérard found that the steel-pointed ball went through a cast-iron plate one centimetre thick (.39371in.), and the bullet of the other rifle through an oak plank "twenty-five centimetres deep." The charges of powder are not given, but in describing the death of a lion killed with the Devisme rifle, Gérard says that it was loaded with 60grs. Although a very light

charge for a bullet of 848grs. it was probably as much as such a light weapon could take without too great a recoil. I once possessed a rifle of 9½lbs. weight, which had a conical bullet weighing 875grs. It began to kick severely when fired with more than 60grs. of powder, but I used it with perfect comfort when loaded with a round bullet of thirteen to the pound and 90grs. of powder.

Gérard speaks with astonishment of the penetration of the Devisme rifle, because, when fired into a lion's mouth at fifteen paces distance, the bullet passed through the body and came out near the hip. It is impossible to find out from his narrative whether he ever used the Lepage small-bore rifle for the first shots. Nearly all the lions appear to have been killed at night and within distances of between three and fifteen paces. When there was a good opportunity the brain was always the object of aim.

Mr. Wilcox's letter is very interesting, as showing what excellent work may be done with a very small-bore rifle properly loaded, when in the hands of an experienced hunter and good shot; but I strongly suspect that even he would have done better with a larger weapon. When living in Canada twenty years ago I was often in the bush with professional hunters, using round bullets of about 70 to the pound, and certainly thought that they often wounded deer which ran off without leaving any blood by which they could be tracked.

The Hon. C. A. Murray, who passed a long time in the bush and prairies of the States, about 50 years ago, particularly remarks in his narrative, that while with a hunting party in the Alleghanies, his friends, who used bullets of 60 or 80 to the pound, lost a large proportion of wounded deer compared with those hit by his 16-bore rifle.

In an account of an exploring expedition made in the Hudson's Bay Territory some years ago, written by A. Ross, an employe, I think of the company, the following passage occurs: "In observing the effect produced by guns of different calibers, it was found that the rifles taking from 60 to 70 to the pound very frequently did not kill, although they might hit, while rifles taking from 30 to 40 to the pound seldom missed killing on the spot. The former out of twenty shots seldom kill more than seven or eight animals, whereas of the latter, if twenty shots are fired, fifteen are generally deadly."

I myself have seen extraordinary instances of tenacity of life when using bullets of a large size, and that, too, among animals, some of which were smaller than the Virginian deer. I willingly admit that a small bullet in the right place is much better than a large bullet in the wrong place; that most men can hit the right place with more certainty when using a rifle that does not kick; that a bullet of 100 grains or less can be driven with plenty of force (I have seen one pass through a deer, smashing the large thick bone, the humerus of both shoulders); that such a bullet striking the brain, spine, heart or any large blood vessel will kill quickly. It will generally do so if it pass through the thick part of the lungs near the shoulder, in consequence of their filling with blood and choking the animal. On the other hand every hunter of much experience will admit—

First—That the very best shots, even at standing deer and within 100yds., will not infrequently hit several inches from the spot aimed at, sending the bullet through the back ribs, the liver or the stomach.

Second—That the very best shots will do the same at deer galloping within 50yds.

Third—That the right place cannot always be distinguished in thick brush, and the temptation is great to fire in such places at any piece of hide that can be seen.

Fourth—That when the bullet does not hit the brain, spine, heart or some large blood vessel, an animal can and often does run until weakened by gradual loss of blood.

Fifth—That of two bullets striking the same place and penetrating an equal depth, the one with the larger striking surface must necessarily cut through the greater number of blood vessels and thus cause an animal to drop the more rapidly. It must also be likely to include in its course a blood vessel which a smaller bullet might pass by untouched.

In my own shooting the following instances of tenacity of life have occurred when the bullets have gone as closely to the right spot as they can be depended upon doing with the most accurate rifles in the hands of good shots:

First—A gazelle (*Gazella bennetti*) shot at 100yds. through both shoulders, an inch behind the center, with an ounce round bullet, galloped 100yds. before falling.

Second—A black buck antelope (*Antilope cervicapra*), at 200yds., was hit in the same place by a round bullet of 17 to the pound, which passed straight through, and it ran 200yds. before stopping.

Third—A black buck antelope, standing at 150yds., hit in the center of the breast by an ounce round bullet, which went clean through the body and came out through the hindquarters, turned around and ran through some thick buches. Found dead 80yds beyond.

Fourth—A buck antelope at 150yds., hit by an ounce round bullet too far back in the ribs, able to go at a slow trot so as to keep just out of shot; ran two or three miles, and finally escaped through my being threatened with symptoms of sunstroke (it was nearly mid-day in the month of July in India).

Fifth—A buck antelope stalked three times in succession to within 100yds., and hit each time with a round bullet of 17 to the pound, close to the center of the shoulder. The three wounds formed a triangle, each side of which was barely two inches long. The buck ran away, and was stalked again to within 90yds. Just as I was pulling the trigger he moved forward, so that the bullet passed through the loins just under the kidneys. He then cantered about half a mile and disappeared over a bank. I crept cautiously to within 20yds., and saw him reclining with his head up, and shot him in the back of the skull.

Sixth—A large bull nylghair (*Portax pictus*) standing obliquely at 100yds., shot with round bullet, fifteen to the pound, an inch behind point of shoulder in direction, going a little behind the heart, ran or walked through thick bushes for about two miles. I tracked him and got another shot as he was walking obliquely away at 70yds. The most direct line to the heart was through the back ribs. The bullet went straight, but rather too high and the bull ran out of sight. After searching for half an hour I found him dying about 200yds. away in the middle of some thick bushes.

Seventh—A barking deer (*Cervus muntjac*) shot through the liver at 150yds., with round bullet, thirteen to the pound and 90 grains of powder, went a few steps and dropped, apparently dead. He was on the opposite side of a deep narrow valley in the Himalayas. I sent a native to bring him across, when the little animal galloped about 200yds. down the hill and went past a friend standing in the valley, who sent a bullet from his 12-bore rifle through the abdomen. This had no apparent effect. The deer ran along the valley into some bushes, and on following the trail for some distance, f found him standing in a shallow stream and shot him before he had time to run again.

Eighth—A large buck spotted deer (*Axis maculatus*), standing at 160yds. in the Terai jungles near the foot of the Himalayas, shot with a .45 Express rifle carrying hollow bullets of 270 grains and 110 grains of powder. The bullet struck behind the shoulder rather low, went through both lungs, grazing the heart and broke into fragments, the solid base remaining under the skin on the opposite side of the chest. The deer ran away through grass 6 or 8ft. high. I followed the tracks and found him dead about 80yds. distant.

Ninth—A black bear in the Himalayas, struck at 40yds. behind the shoulder with the same rifle. The shock of the bullet knocked him clean off his legs on to his side, but before I could reload (it was a single barrel) the bear jumped up and disappeared in the bushes. At every few yards there were large spots of blood and I followed the track along the side of the mountain, over boulders and through dense masses of stinging nettles far higher than my head, for fully a mile, when it became too dark to see the blood. The next morning I rose at daybreak and returned to the search, but was unable to find any further trace of the animal. It was almost impossible to mark any particular spot, as the side of the mountain was a mass of loose stones from the size of a man's head to 10 or 12ft. in height, with nettles growing between them.

Of course the above cases were exceptional, for almost all animals hit in similar places by the same rifles dropped on the spot or within a few yards, but those hit several inches away from the right place often went long distances and had to be stalked and shot again, or occasionally escaped altogether.

It seems to me perfectly evident that if very small-bore rifles had been used the number of similar cases would have been greatly increased and that a far larger proportion of the game would have been lost, to die uselessly after hours or days of torture from their wounds.

Is it not quite clear that an animal which, after being shot through with a .45 express or a round bullet from .66 to .74 of a inch in diameter, can run 80yds., would run many hundreds of yards after being hit in the same place with a little bullet, which, as Mr. Wilcox says, makes a hole about ¼in. (.25) in diameter? He would do so simply because the smaller hole must let out the blood far more slowly. Is it not also certain that an animal hit several inches from the right spot with such a small bullet would very commonly escape because the bleeding would be too trifling to stop him for miles? A hunter, with whom I lived two months in the Canadian backwoods, told me that he once sent his 70 to the pound bullet completely through a deer lengthwise. The animal ran away and could not be tracked, but a few days afterward the hunter found his carcass a long distance (I think he said three miles) from where it was shot, and the flesh was actually light in color from the quantity of blood gradually lost while it was running.

I have never for an instant doubted Mr. Wilcox's good faith in all that his letter contains, but I do believe that he has frequently imagined that deer were missed when they escaped, wounded by his little rifle. After seeing as I have, a man, who had regularly hunted deer for 30 years, fire four or five times in one day calmly and deliberately at short range without any apparent result, and then kill a deer almost on the spot when the little bullet cut through a large blood vessel, I cannot help believing that one or two of the others had been hit. It is not an uncommon thing when tracking a fatally wounded deer on snow to find no blood for a considerable distance from where they start.

The fact of Mr. Wilcox bagging as many as those who used longer rifles may be accounted for by his being a better shot or better stalker. I think he points out the great defect of his rifle in saying, "no matter if the game takes a run, let it do so; do not crowd it, and after a while proceed on the trail." In other words, wait for some time to let it bleed well for fear it should run away altogether. But it is often very inconvenient to wait—when, for instance, a snowstorm is commencing, or when a shot has been made in evening and camp is a long way off. The spotted deer I mentioned as killed with the .45 express, was four miles from my tent and shot just after sunset. If I had waited half an hour it would have been too dark to see the tracks, and to have left the deer out all night would have almost insured his being eaten by jackals.

The saving in weight of ammunition by using an extremely small bore is hardly worth mentioning. A dozen cartridges are an ample allowance for a whole day's hunting when after deer. For shooting ducks or other small game, the shells can be loaded with round bullets, which, in a .40 rifle, weigh only 70 to a pound. Such bullets go very straight if a thick felt wad between them and the powder, and if spermaciti or tallow be poured all round the angle between the upper half of the bullet and the upper side of the shell. If very delicate accuracy be desired up to 100yds. or more, it is better to close the mouth of the shell with a thick felt wad, and drive down the bullet, with a greased patch, from the muzzle.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DUBLIN, March 11.

COWEENS ON THE NIAGARA.—Buffalo, N. Y., March 14.—There seems to be no increase in the number of coweens on the Niagara River this spring. Large bags have been obtained during the past month by the river men, one of whom informed me that he sold them at the hotels and markets, usually getting from thirty to fifty cents per pair for them. I shot twenty-eight coweens one morning last week by drifting for them in white suits and white boat, with three decoys tied with long strings to the stern of the skiff. The fishing promises to open early this spring, as the ice in the lake is weak and with little of it.—W. A. A.

WHARTON, Tex., March 9.—Hunting has been poor this season. Scarcely any chickens, and no other game of any account.—R. M. B.

NEW YORK GAME LEGISLATION.

ALBANY, March 22.—The game bills that have been introduced during the past week are as follows:

Assemblyman Brundage's bill (No. 1,219) is as follows:

SEC. 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill, or expose for sale or have in possession after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout, brook trout or California, in the county of Steuben only from the 1st day of May to the 1st day of August in each year.

SEC. 2. No person shall shoot or spear any fish in the Cohocton River or any of its tributaries within the county of Steuben from the 1st day of April to the 1st day of July in each year.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

Assemblyman Ainsworth's bill (No. 1,160) amends Sec. 1 of Chap. 104 of the laws of 1886 (amendatory of the law of 1879) so that the time for hunting deer is extended from Nov. 1 to Dec. 18, and the time for having in possession from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1, and the time for selling from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, and the time for transportation from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1.

Assemblyman White's bill (No. 1,129) provides that it shall not be lawful to shoot or kill any wild duck or ducks between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of September in each year. The violation is liable to a fine of $25.

Assemblyman Reeves' bill (No. 1,222) is as follows:

SEC. 1. Chap. 534 of the laws of 1870, entitled "An act for the preservation of moose, wild deer, birds, fish and other game," is hereby amended by adding at the end thereof a section to read as follows: Sec. 42. All persons are hereby forbidden to take up, molest, interfere with or in any wise disturb, without the consent of the owner or owners thereof, any net, pound, dyke, weir, seine, pot, or other device for taking any swimming or shellfish wi hin the waters of this State wherein it is lawful for such net, pound, fyke, weir, seine, pot or other device to be set, put, placed or arranged for the purpose of taking such swimming or shellfish. Every violation of this section is hereby declared a misdemeanor, and any person or persons guilty of such violation shall, on conviction thereof, be punishable by a fine not exceeding $50, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding 60 days, or by both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court having jurisdiction of offenses under this act.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Assemblyman Winne's bill (No. 1,225) is as follows:

SEC. 1 The Forest Commission is hereby authorized and directed to set apart such quantity of land belonging to the State in the Catskill region, now constituting a part of the forest preserve, for the purpose of a park or parks, not to exceed three in number, of such size as they may deem proper.

SEC. 2. Said Forest Commission may establish all proper rules for the protection of said parks and the game therein.

SEC. 3. Said Commission are authorized to purchase and turn out in such parks such deer or other game as they may think proper.

SEC. 4. No game shall be killed or pursued, trapped or in any way destroyed within the limits of said parks for a period of three years.

SEC. 5. The sum of $5,000 is hereby appropriated to be paid by the Comptroller, at such time and such amount as the Commissioners may desire for the purpose of this act and the Commission is authorized to receive private subscriptions for such purposes.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect immediately.

Assemblyman Chas. Smith, of New York, has introduced the following bill (amendments in brackets [ ]) which has been printed and recommitted to the committee on general laws without retaining its place on the order of third reading.

SEC. 1. Sec. 1, of Chap. 427 of the laws of 1886, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: No person in any of the counties of this State shall kill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch with bird lime or any other similar substance, poison or drug, any bird of song, or any linnet, bluebird, yellowhammer, yellowbird, thrush, woodpecker, catbird, pewee, swallow, martin, bluejay, oriole, kildee, snowbird, grassbird, grossbeak, bobolink, phœbe bird, hummingbird, wren, robin, meadowlark and starling, or any wild bird other than a game bird; nor shall any person purchase or have in possession, or expose for sale any such song or wild bird, or any part thereof after the same has been killed; [but this act shall not apply to or affect any person, company or corporation within this State, engaged in the regular business of buying, selling or manufacturing hats, bonnets and other wearing apparel upon which dead birds or parts of dead birds are used or attached for trimming or ornament; nor shall this act apply to or affect any person, company or corporation within this State, engaged in the business of buying or selling dead birds or parts of dead birds, to be used for the trimming or ornamentation of such wearing apparel.] For the purposes of this act the following only shall be considered game birds: The antidæ, commonly known as swan, geese, brant, and river and sea ducks; the rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mudhens and gallinules; the limicolæ, commonly known as shorebirds, plovers, surfbirds, snipe, woodcock, sandpipers, tatlers, and curlews; the gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse prairie-chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Assemblyman Hadley's Adirondack survey bill (No. 1,177) is as follows:

SEC. 1. The superintendent of State Land Surveys, organized by Chap. 499 of the laws of 1883, is hereby directed to proceed with the work of said surveys, in accordance with requirements of said laws, and the sum of $15,000 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated for the necessary field and office expenses of said work.

SEC. 2. Before the field work shall be entered upon, it shall be the duty of the superintendent of the State Land Surveys to prepare a plan which shall be submitted to the governor and State engineer by the said superintendent, and when the said plan shall have received the approval of the governor, the work shall be carried forward at the earliest practical date, and the salary of the said superintendent is hereby fixed at the same amount as that paid to the deputy State engineer and surveyor.

SEC 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

ALBANY.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, sells insurance, not dividends nor assessments.—*Adv.*

HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES.

BERTHOUD, Colorado, Nov. 22, 1886.—Bob L., Jay H. and myself left home on Oct. 14 for a month's hunt on the Continental Divide, or the "range," as we call it here. Our road was up through North Park, then Big Creek Park to the Hans Peak Cabin. There we left one wagon, put all our load on the other wagon, and hitching on the four horses, pulled up over the Park Range a distance of five miles to the summit, where we found the snow over a foot deep. Then our road started down the mountain. Talk about roads. These were the worst in all my mountain trips I ever attempted to drive a team over. About 4 P. M. we crossed a beautiful mountain stream called the Grand Encampment, and just at dark pulled into Camp Coe, and camped by the side of John Coe's camp. Coe is an old hunter and guide from North Park, and an old acquaintance of ours. There were also four or five other hunting parties camped near by. Camp Coe is situated in a beautiful little park known by the hunters here as Hog Park. Two miles from our camp is the summit of the range, then some three or four miles down the western slope bring us to the Snake River, where the elk were to be found now, as the deep snows had driven them all over and down off from the range, except a few straggling bulls.

Oct. 21.—Had a hard trip to-day; arrived in camp at dark; and it is now snowing like fun.

Oct. 22.—We have been snow-bound in camp all day; rather dry fun.

Oct. 23.—Jay and I started out for a hunt on foot; found the snow knee deep and fearfully hard traveling. Found the fresh trail of a band of deer, but could not overtake them in the deep snow. Saw one elk, but did not get a shot. Arrived in camp at dark, about played out. Bob soon had a hot oyster stew for us which brought us around all right.

Oct. 24.—Jay stayed in camp while Bob and I took the saddle horses and rode over the range to see if we could find where the elk were feeding. Saw one old bull, but no fresh trail of the herd. Returned to camp early.

Oct. 25.—Jay and I mounted our horses early and struck out over the range, bound to find elk if there were any. After a long ride over the range, and down on the Snake among the low hills, we got entirely out of the snow except on the north hillsides. Here we found a fine bunch of blacktail deer feeding. After about an hour's skulking, creeping and dodging, Jay got within gunshot, fired and scored a miss. The deer ran around the south side of the mountain out of my sight, until they were some 300yds. off. I then opened fire with my Winuhester (.45-75) and succeeded in breaking the hindleg of one and shooting another in the body, but they both took to the willows and red brush along the creek below, and as there was no snow, they gave us the slip, greatly to our disappointment, for of all things I do dislike is to wound game and not get it. Somewhat crestfallen we turned our horses toward camp, as it was now sundown, and camp a long way off, and strange mountains lay between. We had gone but a short distance when we discovered a band of about 100 elk feeding on a high ridge, some two miles away. We started for them, but by the time we arrived where we saw them it was too dark to shoot, so we proposed to go to camp and return on the following morning and bring Bob and have some fine sport. But alas! "man proposes." At about 11 o'clock that night we found ourselves some ten miles from camp, sitting by a roaring camp-fire, with our horses tied near by, snow a foot deep all around us, and the murmur of a little brook trying to lull us to sleep. By taking turns one could get a little sleep while the other kept up the fire. At daybreak we discovered some patches of grass near by, on which we put our horses, while we prepared our breakfast of elk tracks and wind pudding. We arrived in camp at 11 A. M. (Oct. 26) as hungry as a pair of mountain lions. Jay and I lay in camp the rest of the day. Bob went out but got nothing.

Oct. 27.—Bob, Jay and I started out early in the morning for the band of elk we saw on the 25th; but found they had left and gone down the Snake too far for us to follow, so late in the afternoon we started for camp. As we rode over a ridge near the top of the range, I discovered two fine bull elk, standing on a point some 300 yds. distant. I dismounted and began firing. This soon brought the boys to my side. A few more random shots from us and they were around the point. I jumped on my horse and put him on the run up the next ridge. Here I got one good shot at the largest bull at about 250 yds., and broke his shoulder. The boys then came up and a general fusilade began, as the elk made off for some thick green timber on the mountain side. Some one, I think it was Jay, broke the shoulder of the other bull, and they disappeared in the pines. I sprang on my horse again, which had stood near by bobbing his head at every shot, and was soon down in the timber. Here I again left my horse and started on foot after the elk. They soon parted, the smallest one going down the mountain, while the big fellow kept on around the side. The boys soon found the other elk lying down, and a ball through the head finished him. After a chase of a mile I caught sight of the big fellow and gave him a ball that brought him down. It was now too dark to see my sights, so I had to guess it: but guessing is as good as seeing, if it hits, and I soon had my elk lying on his back against a big pine tree. I could hear the boys' loud "Hallo," and I answered, telling them to bring my horse. It was some time after dark when we had our elk dressed and were on the trail for camp, where we arrived rather late.

We continued to hunt when it was not snowing until Nov. 4, with no success, as the deep snows had driven the game all out. The other hunting parties had all gone out and left us alone in our glory. Two bear hunters camped with us two days, and they killed one very large range grizzly near our camp.

Nov. 4.—Broke camp to-day; saw a large fresh bear track near camp this morning. Camped near the Grand Encampment to-night.

Nov. 5.—Drove over the Park Range to-day. Saw another bear track and the fresh trail of two elk. Bob shot a grouse. Camped in Big Creek Park, where there is good grass for our horses, the first we have had for a long time.

Nov. 6.—Went antelope hunting to-day, but only found a small band and did not get a shot at them. Broke camp at noon and camped in a beautiful little valley, just down out of Big Creek Park.

Nov. 7.—Our horses started for home to-day (Sunday) and gave us a good tramp to overtake them.

Nov. 8.—This morning while looking at the mountain sides and discussing which way to go for a day's hunt, Bob discovered a band of ten blacktail deer coming down the mountain on the west side of the valley; he grabbed his gun and started up the creek keeping behind the willows. After watching him a short time I told Jay that I thought we had better go up the mountain and get on their trail as Bob was going to drive them back. This we soon accomplished, and discovered the deer down in the valley drinking and Bob crawling over a ridge for a shot; about 300yds. being as near as he could get he fired, but missed, and the deer came bounding back for the mountain side and soon disappeared in some green pines below us. Jay had gone down toward the pines, while I had hurried over into a thicket of aspens. Hearing several shots in rapid succession before me, I turned back and saw the deer bounding up the mountain not more more than 50yds. distant. I dropped my Winchester on them and killed three in rapid succession, shooting one of them twice. I then missed three shots as they went tearing through the brush. At this moment a four-point buck stopped about 50yds. from me. I took extra pains to get him, but my gun failed to respond, and on looking I found the magazine was empty, and my fine buck went bounding away unhurt. Calling down to Jay I found he had killed two, making five out of a bunch of ten, which we thought was good enough. Late this evening Bob killed an antelope near camp, and our five deer can be seen hanging in the aspen trees as we stand at the tent door.

Nov. 9.—Loaded up our game this morning and broke camp again, but got snowbound at Scribner's ranch.

Nov. 10.—Arrived at Coe's ranch to-day. Saw plenty of fresh antelepe trails, but no antelope.

Nov. 14.—Arrived home to-night. Had a cold disagreeable trip of four days through the hills and over Laramie plains.

For the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM I will add that by actual count by me while in camp at Camp Coe, there were 50 dead elk and quite a large number of deer taken out by the different hunting parties; mostly for the market. When will our Legislature stop this slaughter for the market? A. A. K.

A RECORD OF FAILURES—I.

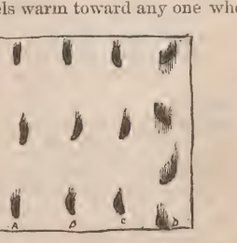
AS I take up the recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, I am interested to note recitals of one hunt after another, and all successful, bear, deer, coon, turkey and grouse, right down to sparrow hunts. Now the immortal philosopher, Artemus Ward, of blessed memory, says: "Thar aint no fun in a steddy streke of luck, an' the beauty of huntin' is its mity onsartainty," or words or sentiments which, if not to that effect, embody the same principle.

Now you have a vast army of subscribers who do all their hunting in your columns (I know it, for I have been there myself), that is to say, for example, in your issue of Feb. 10 is a most amusing account of a hunt in which Mr. Foote covered himself with glory by the slaughter of a bear. A type of the above-mentioned army reads this article, enters fully into it, actively takes part, in imagination, figuring, of course, as the hero, and in spirit and in fact is right with the hunt from first to last, and finally and actually he killed that bear himself. And here is where I wish to apply the philosopher's aphorism and give that same reader a keener relish for his next exploit by thoroughly wet-blanketing him in this column.

The fall of 1886 was exceptionally fine in Manitoba all through October and most of November, it was like summer, there was neither rain nor snow, nor was it until well on in December that "the beautiful" came down in sufficient quantity to make tracking possible.

Soon after the ground was fairly whitened I chanced in the post office late one Saturday night to hear one of the section men telling of a herd of seven deer which had stood and watched him at work that same evening, at a lake about three miles from the village; two he described as magnificent bucks and the rest as does and yearlings. Mentally resolving to prove the truth of the account as soon as possible, I went home and early on Monday morning drove to the lake with two friends. We soon found the track of the band; they had gone southward, and by their leisurely manner showed that they had not been alarmed by any hunters. We drove along on their trail through the sandhills, knowing that they were two nights and a day ahead, and so we took no precautions at first and found nothing very interesting to note until at length two fresh moccasin tracks joined on, showing that we were not the only pursuers. It was very disheartening, but a second glance showed that they were the tracks of white men, and from what I knew of jumping deer (*Cariacus macrotis*) and of the white hunters of this neighborhood, I was able to assure my companions that our chances of success were not materially lessened.

Now for the benefit of the paper-chaser that I have in my mind (in my heart, too, for a would-be orator or writer always feels warm toward any one who will hear



him) I will add a sketch of the tracks of various hunters. In this diagram, A is the track of an Indian, just about straight and with a long stride. D is the track of a boot-wearing Englishman, B and C are tracks of whites used to moccasins; here all are in moccasins. B is one of the tracks that were ahead of us—white, because his toes were turned out; and green, because he followed the track of the deer across a very rough piece of plowed land, for at this place the herd had crossed a plain that was partly settled. He should have known the deer would not long travel there but would strike for the wooded country a couple of miles to the south. Presently we found the place where the deer had slept on Saturday night. All day Sunday they had continued about the same place and again slept there on Sunday night. They had turned northward again this morning. We camped, dined, fed our horses, and followed hard until late in the afternoon, still seeing the two moccasin trails ahead of us. Then, later, the number increased to three at a place where the herd had passed near a farm-house. Presently we met the third hunter returning and learned from him that the herd had gone back to the small lake from whence we had tracked them in the morning. We also learned that the other two men were neighbors, that they had had two or three shots, and that they had pursued the herd to a creek some miles to the north. We immediately left the trail and drove straight toward this creek. Drove, mind you; we had found that it was quite easy to do most of the hard following in this way as the hills are readily crossed in any direction by sleighs, and the timber is found chiefly in small groves. It was late at night when we got there, but we put up at a near house and flattered ourselves that now, at length, we had the chase to ourselves. But at dawn of next day just as we started off on the seven-fold trail, we were joined by one of the hunters of the previous day. His first hunt had not been successful, so he had resolved to set out with a full equipment this time. His outfit consisted of a rifle, a toboggan, and an Indian pony, known here as cayuse, or schaggineppi. On the toboggan was a small barrel of provisions, and on the barrel sat Bill, holding a double-barreled rifle in one hand and the reins in the other. As the toboggan was but a foot broad and the road continuously up, down and along hillsides, the number of complete upsets was very considerable and the amount of dexterity required to maintain a seat at all was worthy of a circus rides. At the tail of the toboggan were two collie dogs; they belonged to the come-at-any-price breed; nothing but a ball would have kept them



at home, so they had their way. Doubtless, already, my imaginary comrade begins to catch on to some of the mistakes and causes of failure.

All morning we followed the trail with a certain amount of caution, but still not hesitating to shoot a few prairie chickens (*Pediœcetes*) now and then when they went the length of tempting Providence by gazing at us in flocks from a hillside some thirty yards away. Several times the trail seemed to warm up, whereupon we tied up our horses and proceeded on foot in skirmishing order, but without results, until near noon, when we had gone ahead on foot once more to inspect a long dark slough. After slowly beating around it, we again found the track out, but it led into a second slough, and we were just beginning to stalk around this when one of my comrades, Mr. Oliver, more commonly addressed as Jack, gave the signal that he heard branches moving, then in another moment he saw three deer sixty yards away. His weapon was a shotgun; I was twenty yards behind with a rifle, but before I could get sight the wary animals had taken alarm and were already bounding away with the speed of the wind and the ease of a swing. Of course I fired on the run. "There's no luck unless there's lead a flying," but the only effect of the ball, as I afterward learned, was to scatter the herd, three went one way and four another. As soon as they were gone, and I had not long to wait, I, as is my wont, aimed at a mark on a tree, which was just where I saw the deer, and the ball struck within an inch of the spot. After dining we followed the four until evening, then again tied up and set out to skirmish. Bill came on the herd again and had four shots at long range without results. We slept that night by Pine Creek in a great gorge, with which it has here gashed the level country to the depth of a hundred feet. Many scores of nights have I slept under the willows, but I do not remember ever before making my fire in such an utterly desolate looking glen, the hills all around were steep and bare, everything was white, and from the time when first we lay down by the fire until early dawn we were incessantly disturbed by the howling of wolves and the furious answering bays of our dogs. But wolves, dogs and owls were hushed by dawn and again we took up the trail. By noon we were brought right back to our starting point of the previous day, and here we read in the snow that our close pursuit had broken up the remainder of the band. Each of us now took a track, the one that I followed being that of a large buck. I had proceeded cautiously for half a mile, when to my delight I saw him break cover 300yds. ahead and slowly move along feeding. I could not get near without exposing myself, so I got a rest across a tree and when ready gave a low whistle. Instantly he struck the well-known Landseerian attitude. How I did admire his round glossy form, his great upright neck, and above all his beautiful head and wide spreading antlers. But admiration engenders covetousness and covetousness pulled the trigger. But alas! for my aim, the ball struck the snow at his feet, and in a second he was 50yds. further away, but again stopped to gaze. Slowly and carefully I covered him and again splashed the snow up under his belly. Away he went this time, but not before I sent a third messenger after him. I then examined my rifle, a new Winchester, I had been shooting with the sight at the third notch, and it was not until two weeks later I found that each of these notches did not stand for 100yds. So much for shooting with a strange gun. I followed until evening and then was obliged to return home.

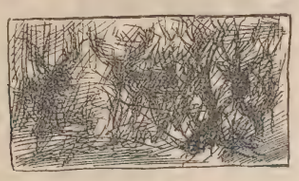
Two days afterward I reappeared on the scene with Mr. Oliver and my old friends Messrs. Wright and Duff. We had hardly reached the hills before four deer ran across the track 200yds. ahead and disappeared down a valley. We ran on foot to intercept them, and I had a standing shot at 300yds. and scored failure No. 3. We now tied up the horses and set out in pairs, Jim Duff, my old hunting comrade and I going together. Jim and I always preferred hunting together; we were alike in staying powers, perseverance and hunter's enthusiasm, but so diverse in other ways that we suited each other well. I always had a knack of keeping a trail and following it fast and far through all sorts of mazy wanderings, while my eyesight is not very good. Jim, on the other hand, cannot be bothered with trailing, while his wonderful powers of vision were continually calling forth my ad-

miration. Thus we worked together with mutual and implicit confidence, Jim roamed at will and scanned the hilly landscape, confident that where I was there would the trail be also, while I left him to follow his own devices, knowing right well that not so much as a tomtit could shake his tail within half a mile but my hawk-eyed chum would see it and know the reason why. Thus it was that all day Jim and I kept sight of the deer, now closing on them and once or twice getting long shots, but still without any sanguinary results, for they were too thoroughly alarmed and on the alert to permit a near approach in the open country through which they led us.

Now, lest my patient hearer should think as I once did, judging from pictures, that it is an easy enough thing to see a deer a quarter of a mile away, I must remind him that the animal itself is just as careful to keep among the scrub which it so closely resembles in color as the artist is usually to depict it in startling black on a snowy background. My original idea of a buck 300yds. away was



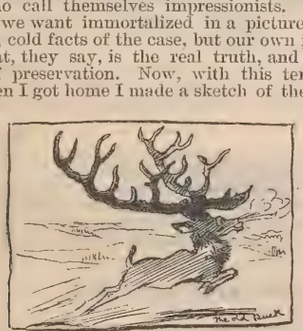
something like this, while the real thing may be faintly suggested by the second rough sketch. It may be well to



explain here that the deer is in the center. The antlered thing to the right being an oak tree.

The next day, No. 5, Jim could not come, but we had the luck to start my old buck, almost immediately. What a grand old fellow he was, his antlers spread abroad like a grove of oaks, or in the homelier words of a settler, "like a rocking chair." He was wild and cunning, too, but he was not by any means an athlete. I stepped his bounds at twenty different places and always found them 5yds., very small for an adult "jumping deer," for I have frequently known does to bound 7, 8, 9, or even 10yds. But what this old monarch lacked in speed he made up in cunning. We followed until noon without again seeing him; my comrades then camped for dinner; I, however, felt the spirit of unrest and pushed on, hoping to get a chance, for I could see that the buck was very fat and, in consequence, short-winded. He had already run several miles and would, doubtless, soon lie down to rest on a hillside, as is usual with the species. In several places I saw where he had climbed a high hill to scan the landscape for his foes and thereby I knew that he was about to rest very soon. I avoided following his track over these hills, always going round and taking it up again in the hollows; at length it led me to a dense bed of saplings, in traversing which it was impossible to move without some noise. After crawling through a quarter of a mile of it I came on his "bed," and also the tracks which showed unmistakably that he had heard me and had bounded away in alarm some minutes before. I went back to camp, but afterward Oliver and I followed him till dark, seeing him once only, when we had an opportunity of noting his fat sides shake as with his heavy short bounds, he made over the hills again to seek safety in a combination of speed and stratagem.

There is in Europe now a very prominent school of artists who call themselves impressionists. They hold that what we want immortalized in a picture is not the bare, bald, cold facts of the case, but our own impression of it. That, they say, is the real truth, and it alone is worthy of preservation. Now, with this tenet in my mind, when I got home I made a sketch of the old buck,



and feel very sure that the reader will find in it far more newness and interest than any cold matter-of-fact representation possibly could offer.

Next day we took up the trail where we left off, and found that at the place where we had gone astray the night before, the deer had stopped suddenly, then carefully had gone backward, stepping in his own tracks for twenty yards, after which he had bounded off to one side. This trick he had played thrice, and several times he watched from a high hill before he lay down for the night, and when he did so he selected for his bed the top of a hill so situated that any hunter following his trail would be obliged to pass within hearing long before coming near him. After lying here for an hour or so he had evidently gone further and finished his resting in a tract of woods. After leaving this in the morning he stepped exactly in the stale tracks of another deer for some distance and then at length bounded to one side. All of these doublings were patiently unravelled, but at length, aided by a driving snowstorm, he gave us the slip on a hard trodden runway, and I was grieved indeed to own up that I was beaten entirely by "the buck with the rocking chair." I had coveted his head with my whole heart, for never before had I seen such antlers on a mule deer.

Two days after, in company with two of them, I scoured the whole of this region, without seeing even one fresh track. We slept out though it was 14° below zero, and passed another day in fruitless searching. This damped the ardor of my companions to such an extent that they decided to give it up, and I returned with them to prepare for a more extended expedition.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

BRUIN IN THE CANEBRAKE.

A SHORT time ago I spent a night in the same house with Mr. R. E. Bobo, the famous bear hunter of Coahoma county, Mississippi. I had long desired an opportunity to hear him recount some of his bear-hunting adventures, and though I had written to him on the subject could never get any response. Mr. Bobo is inclined to be reticent about his hunting exploits, as he is frequently questioned by newspaper men and others upon the subject, and disliking to incur the suspicion of "drawing the long bow" in hunting yarns, is hard to draw out. On the occasion mentioned, knowing me to be one of the "brotherhood," and under the relaxing influence of a moderate horn of "Nelson county," or some similar vintage, he related some interesting reminiscences.

Mr. Bobo was the first white child born in Coahoma county. He is now forty years old, was born in the canebrakes and has lived in them nearly all his life. He is a man of fine physique and capable of encountering any degree of exposure and physical exercise. He is a prosperous planter and owns many acres of rich cane lands. The Mississippi Valley Railroad was built three years ago through his plantation, and the new railroad station called Bobo is near his residence. His hospitable roof gives shelter alike to friend and stranger, to hunter and wayfarer, and there is always room for one more, no matter how many have arrived before. Mrs. Bobo, a charming matron, in the absence of the great bear hunter, dispenses the hospitalities of her home with a graceful and bounteous hand, as this writer can testify from personal experience. When I stopped at his house last fall, on a professional tour, the genial host was 20 miles away in the Hushpuckana swamp, with a party of gentlemen from the North, whom he was entertaining and whom he was initiating into the mysteries of bear hunting in the Mississippi canebrakes. There is a fine photograph in his parlor, sent by some Northern sportsman who had been down on a bear hunt. The hunters are leaning on their rifles around a dead bear, which the negro cook is about to dissect with his butcher knife.

Mr. Bobo ran away from home at the age of 16 to join the Southern army. He was one of Forest's cavalrymen, and was one of the boldest followers of a bold leader. He served four years, and came out of the war still almost a boy, with the scars of several wounds.

But for the hunting reminiscences. Having gotten his tongue loosened Mr. Bobo gave me several. I asked him how many bears he had really killed in one day. I had heard various statements of the number, and a newspaper had said twenty-seven. Said he, "The way that was, the editor asked me the question and Ru Page, who was standing by, said, 'Tell him anything, say twenty-seven,' and so he printed it." "But how many did you kill, Mr. Bobo?" I asked. He said, "There were nine bears killed in one day before my dogs. I did not kill them all, as I gave most of the shots to others." "Were there any cubs among them?" I asked. "No, they were all good-sized bears," he said. "I have seen many contradictory statements about the weight of bears. How heavy was the largest bear you ever killed?" "I killed one which, without the entrails, weighed 711lbs. I killed him at night in the cornfield about half a mile from the house. We took down the express wagon to bring him home, but four of us couldn't put him in, so we tied him to the hind axle and dragged him to the house. How much do you suppose she bears will average in weight?" "About 300lbs.," I ventured. "They won't average over 150," he said.

Mr. Bobo said: "I have a stepbrother whose name is Curt Clark. We are about the same age. My father married his mother when we were very young and we have always been exactly as brothers. We have been in the woods together all our lives. One year, I think in 1869, we had rented out a farm and spent nearly the entire time out in the swamp. We didn't come out for three months at a time, but had a couple of negroes with us, and sent them out for what we needed. We kept a memorandum of the game we killed and the score stood thus: Bears, 304; deer, 54; wildcats, 47; panthers, 9. One season I killed 150 bears before my dogs and lost only two runs.

"I will tell you a thing I don't like to tell because it seems improbable. But there were plenty of witnesses, and it was a very simple thing the way we managed. It was Christmas time, and Curt Clark and I went out into the woods with half a dozen negroes on a kind of a lark. The dogs treed a large panther. When we came to the tree I remarked: 'Let's catch him alive and tie him.' I explained my design and made one of the men cut a long stout pole. One of the negroes, a strong fellow, agreed to manage one end of the pole if I would the other. I then directed one of the men, who had a shotgun, to shoot the panther in the end of the tail, which he did. The animal sprang out of the tree and the moment he struck the ground all the dogs were on him. I had the pole ready and laid it across his neck. The negro was in position and promptly sat down on the other end. We held him down without difficulty, while the others tied his legs together. Curt Clark had his hands badly clawed in the operation. We placed a rope around his neck with a noose and tied him to a tree. He became sullen and wouldn't show off at all, as we had hoped. When we poked the side of his head, he would turn it the other way. Two of the negroes volunteered to carry him home, several miles distant. A pole was passed between his legs, which were all four tied together, and they carried him about a mile, when one of his feet got loose. They dropped him in alarm, and he made such savage demonstrations that we killed him.

"On one occasion Curt and I went into the woods, taking two negroes with us, to cut a hack (a blazed line) as a guide in hunting. We agreed not to take our guns as they would be in the way, and probably divert us from the business we were upon. After a while one of my dogs came to us. Then another, and another, until there were half a dozen. As we proceeded with our hack, we crossed a fresh bear track, and the dogs gave chase. They treed the bear quite near us. We went to the tree and saw that it was a large bear. The sun was only two hours high and we were five or six miles from home. Curt Clark, who was a regular dare-devil, said, 'Bob, let's kill him with our knives.' I was a much younger man than, and equal to anything, so I agreed. The negroes promised to stand by with their axes. We pulled a grapevine, which caused him to come down the tree. I expected to kill him at the first blow, standing behind his back as his hindfeet touched the ground. But my knife struck a rib and did not penetrate. Instantly we were all in a promiscuous pile. Curt and I, the dogs and bear, in a rough-and-tumble fight. The negroes ran away. Curt and I used our knives for all that was in them. Curt tripped and fell on his back. The bear was on top of him. He gave me a look which said, 'it all depends on you, now.' I would rather the bear had killed me than Curt. I made a desperate lunge and struck his heart with my knife. He was already badly wounded, and sank down dead upon Curt.

"On another occasion the dogs brought to bay a she bear, which we killed. From her condition we saw that she had cubs somewhere around, and proceeded to look for them. After some search they were discovered, three of them, up an ash tree. We had a man in the party named John Warren, who agreed to climb the tree and shake them out, as we wished to capture them alive. As he ascended the tree he began to get uneasy and said: 'Look here, boys, these cubs are a blamed sight bigger than they look like down there; that's the way it looks to a man up a tree!' I encouraged him to go on and told him that cubs didn't have any teeth until they quit sucking. As he climbed higher the cubs crawled out on the ends of the limbs where he couldn't follow them nor shake them off. So we hit upon the expedient of shooting off the limbs, by which process we let them all down successively, and as each would hit the ground one of us would throw himself full length upon him to keep the dogs from killing him. When we had secured all three of the cubs Warren came down from the tree, and while fondling one of the cubs his hand was severely bitten. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'you said they didn't have any teeth.'

"At one time I did not use a gun in bear hunting, but killed them with a Colt's army pistol. But I found this very demoralizing to the dogs, for the pistol was placed near the bear, and its discharge, being near the dogs' heads, shocked them, and after, when they saw the pistol presented, they invariably let go of the bear and backed off, which was embarrassing to the shooter. On one occasion the bear got my knife hand into his mouth, but the guard was crossways, so he could only penetrate my hand with his teeth enough to prevent its withdrawal. I drew a pistol from my belt with the left hand and shot him through the brain. He had already been mortally wounded."

I could relate other exploits of Mr. Bobo, but this article is long enough. Mr. Bobo is a thorough gentleman, genial and hospitable, a very fine shot, and imbued with all the generous qualities of a true sportsman.

MEMPHIS, Tenn. COAHOMA.

WORK OF THE MAINE LEGISLATURE.

THE Maine Legislature has adjourned, leaving the laws for the protection of fish and game practically as they were before, though a few special acts concerning the protection of fish in particular rivers were passed. These laws are of minor importance to the general sportsman. A more liberal appropriation than ever before has been made for the protection of the game and the protection and propagation of fish in that State. For the two years, 1887 and 1888, the sum of $20,000 has been voted. This was done at the recommendation of the Commissioners, as the FOREST AND STREAM noted before the session of the Legislature opened. But the salaries of the Commissioners are left at a ridiculously low figure—only $500 per annum. How the wisdom of Maine expects to obtain the undivided attention of men fit for the position for a price so meager is a puzzle to the rest of the world. The best measures of the session were killed. The poachers and hotel keepers, finding their proposition to permit the hounding of deer sat down on with a will that took the courage all out of them, rallied their forces against the proposition to add imprisonment to fines for the killing of moose or deer out of season; and also to make it an offense punishable with a fine of $500 and imprisonment to kill a cow moose at ony time. Consequently the moose law remains just as it was before the session, and must remain so till the end of another two years. In the meantime, if the work of destruction goes on as the poachers of some sections of the State desire, the work of annihilation of the next noble game animal to the bison will have progressed too far for recovery.

The bill to add September to the open season on deer was killed near the end of the session by the proprietors of timber lands, who are desirous of keeping the hunters away as long as possible. Perhaps this is as it should be, after all, for the opening of as warm a month as September to jack-shooting might have proved harmful to the increase of the deer. But there is a struggle yet to come with the lumbermen. I have heard it suggested, by men who should know what they are talking about—citizens of Maine—that these men helped kill the September open season bill, for the reason that they prefer that the deer should be left for the use of their camps in winter. I have also heard it from good authority, within a couple of days, that these lumber camps in some parts of the State have been well supplied with venison this winter, and that the timberland interest threatens that it will combine for the overthrow of the whole list of game laws, if any trouble is made for these lumber camp proprietors for feeding their men on deer this winter. Now this is only the first part of a very bad story that has come to my ears lately, and I am not yet ready to believe it. If it is true, even in the smallest measure, why, the Commissioners have more money to use for the purpose than ever before, and war must be commenced on these lumber camps.

Some excellent changes have been made in the lobster law, the points of which the FOREST AND STREAM has already had. The hearing of the charges against the Commissioners before the Governor and Council is to be on March 29th, instead of the 28th, as at first published. There is not a doubt but what Mr. Stillwell is gaining in public favor as his case is becoming better understood. His defense, as seized upon by the FOREST AND STREAM, is being widely copied into the Maine papers. The adjournment of the Legislature before the hearing came off was not expected by the enemies of Mr. Stillwell, and it has served to scatter their forces. SPECIAL.

NEW JERSEY GAME LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was not a great deal surprised in looking over my morning paper recently to see that our solons at Trenton were again tinkering with our game laws. Without commenting on the several bills introduced I will state that one bill prohibited English snipe shooting between May and October. Another allowed boys under 15 years to trap rabbits; another created three open seasons for woodcock—July, the first 15 days in October, and from November 4 to December 16. These several intelligent (?) bills created no little excitement among our shooting fraternity in this section. I wrote at once to our representative from this district, Mr. John Pearson, a fellow sportsman and shooting chum. Knowing that his ideas and mine were very similar on game protection, I had but little trouble in persuading him to introduce a bill at once "To prohibit spring shooting and to have a general open date on all game from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15 only. Knowing from previous experience that the south Jerseymen would "raise a great kick," we had but little faith in having such a bill passed. "If the bill raises too many objections I will make the best compromise I can," were John's words on leaving me. The bill went to the Committee on Fisheries with recommendations of combining the several bills suitable for different sections. Inclosed please find the compromise bill as now before the House. Although I cannot see the sense of dividing this State in sections and having different laws for different parts, it no doubt is a great improvement on our present law. G. L. W.

JERSEY CITY, March 21.

The bill is as follows:

AN Act entitled "An act to divide the counties of this State into two sections, to be known as game sections, and to fix the time for shooting certain game birds and animals therein."

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the several counties of this State be and the same are hereby divided into two sections, to be known as the northern and southern game sections."

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the northern game section shall comprise the counties of Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Morris, Passaic, Somerset, Sussex, Union and Warren; in the counties comprising the northern game section as named in this act, it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, kill, or have in his, her or their possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock, quail, gray squirrels or hare, commonly called rabbit, except only between the fifteenth day of October and the first day of December of any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each and every game bird or animal so unlawfully killed, taken or had in possession.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons in the counties comprising the first game section in this State as named in this act, to kill, take or have in their possession after the same has been killed, any American pheasant or ruffed grouse, except only between the fifteenth day of October and the first day of January of any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each and every bird so taken, killed, or had in their possession after the same has been killed.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That it be unlawful for any person or persons in any of the counties comprising the northern game section of this State, to take, kill, or have unlawfully in their possession, any English snipe, except only between the thirty-first day of August and the first day of December, under a penalty of ten dollars for each and every bird so taken, killed, or unlawfully had in possession after the same has been killed.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the section to be known as the southern game section shall comprise the counties of Atlantic, Burlington, Camden, Cape May, Cumberland, Gloucester, Mercer, Monmouth, Ocean and Salem; in the counties comprising the southern game section as named in this act, it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, kill, or have in his, her or their possession, any American pheasant or ruffed grouse, woodcock, quail, gray squirrel, or hare, commonly called rabbit, except only between the fifteenth day of November and the first day of January of any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each and every bird or animal so taken, killed, or unlawfully had in possession after the same has been killed.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect immediately.

It is possible that Middlesex and Somerset may be added to the southern section.

FACTS IN THE HARMON CASE.

ON Sunday, June 15, 1884, a deer was seen swimming the Rangeley Lake near the Mountain View House. George M. Harmon, of New Haven, Conn., got into his boat with George Thrasher (his last guide), and pursued the deer, followed by several other boats. Harmon and Thrasher came up with the deer first; Thrasher struck the deer on the head with an oar, stunning him. Harmon then ordered Thrasher to cut his throat, which was done. The deer was then boxed up by Harmon's direction and sent to Boston. To settle for the deer Harmon then found Geo. D. Huntoon (who had been a warden, but whose time had expired a short time before), and wanted to settle for killing the deer. Huntoon objected; said he had no authority for so doing. Harmon urged the matter; Huntoon finally said the only way to arrange it would be for Harmon to go with him before a trial justice and plead guilty to the offense, etc. It was finally arranged that Harmon should select the day to suit his convenience when he was on his way out for home. Huntoon was to meet him at Phillips, go before Trial Justice Butterfield, and make the complaint. This was done; Harmon paid Huntoon the $40, but no costs. Some time after Huntoon paid over one-half the penalty to the Commissioners, and by them it was paid into the State Treasury where it now is. Out of the other half he paid the costs and retained the balance, under the law.

A few weeks after this was all over, the Commissioners were at Rangeley and for the first time heard of the occurrence. It was represented to them as an aggravated case; that the deer was hunted maliciously, with the intent to kill; knocked on the head in the water; its throat cut; it was then boxed and sent to Boston; that Harmon was a rich man and that if no further notice were taken of the act the public would infer that rich men were permitted to come into our State and poach at pleasure, by paying the fine when caught; in other words could buy a license to hunt, kill or destroy fish and game. This idea was communicated to the Commissioners by the clerk of the Mountain View House and several others. The Commissioners, anxious to do their duty in the premises, and after due consideration of the case as represented to them concluded to prosecute further, and Mr. Stillwell, on his return to Bangor, wrote Huntoon (who in the meantime had been appointed and qualified a fish and game warden) so to do. Thereupon Mr. Huntoon consulted counsel at Phillips and was instructed that the hunting and killing on Sunday was an offense against the law, additional to the one for which Harmon had been arraigned and plead guilty; and the warden, acting upon such advice, made a complaint, took a warrant from the same magistrate, notified Mr. Harmon and requested him to set a day when it would be convenient for him to be at Phillips and have the hearing. Mr. Harmon did so, and on the day so fixed came out in style with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and with counsel, appeared before Mr. Trial Justice Butterfield, and there plead a former conviction and was discharged, the Justice deciding that every day in June and every Sunday in the year were close times. Up to this time, and not until January, 1886, did Mr. Stillwell see Mr. Harmon, and only then as adverse parties in the suit Harmon vs. Stillwell and Huntoon for a malicious prosecution, begun in December, 1884, and tried in January, 1886. But he had seen some of the correspondence of Harmon with Huntoon of a somewhat blustering and threatening character, in one of which is found this expression, "So far as Mr. Stillwell is concerned I will find means to deal with him through the next Legislature," to which Mr. Stillwell in his reply to Huntoon, said: "Harmon's letter is only silly brag. He has broken the law and he must pay for it just the same as you would make the humblest citizen of Rangeley pay. If any one is to be favored it would be our own Maine men, who own the game and pay for taking care of it. Any trouble you are threatened with for doing your duty will be taken care of by the Commissioners." It is probable that Mr. Harmon saw Mr. Stillwell's correspondence with Huntoon, for on Aug. 20, 1884, he wrote Mr. Stillwell a letter in which was the following, "By the time I am through with you I will try to show you that my letter to Mr. Huntoon was not 'brag,'" to which Mr. S. made no reply.

There the case would have ended had not Mr. Harmon commenced his action in Bangor against Messrs. Stillwell and Huntoon, as above stated, for which, after traveling from New Haven, Conn., to Bangor, and paying counsel fees, etc., he recovered a judgment for damages and costs of $1.25.

Apparently not pleased with this result he again sued Messrs. Stillwell and Huntoon in Farmington to recover back the $40 he had voluntarily thrust upon Huntoon in June, 1884, and a verdict was rendered two weeks since against Mr. Huntoon and in favor of Mr. Stillwell. For some purpose, just before the last trial, Mr. Harmon, probably to make good his threats, filed charges against Messrs. Stillwell and Stanley before the Governor and Council, which are to be heard the 29th inst.

The facts, then, are: Mr. Harmon violated the law by hunting and killing a deer in close time, by transporting a deer in close time, and also the Sunday law. He urged a citizen of the State to make a complaint against him for killing a deer; without arrest voluntarily went before a trial justice and plead guilty, paid his fine, $40, without costs, took the carcass out of the State as a trophy of his skill as a sportsman, and then comes back and cries "baby," and sues for his $40, on the ground of some irregularity in the proceedings, and still claims to be a high-toned gentleman who "has always lent his aid and influence to the proper enforcement of the fish and game laws of the State of Maine and to the propagation of fish and game in the Rangeley Lake region."

FISH AND GAME.

MAINE, March 19.

A DOUBLE SHOT.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Seeing "Antler's" account of a carom on bruin, recalls to my mind the double shot I once made with a rifle. Early one morning F. and I started for a short row on one of the Adirondack lakes, taking a .44 Ballard, which I was very anxious to try at a longer range than our back yard in town afforded. We saw a flock of some 15 or 20 ducks paddling around a small pond about 300yds. ahead of us. F. immediately quickened his strokes and pulled around the point so as to partly intercept the flock, but they no sooner sighted us than they were off, flying along the surface of the water close into shore, fully 100yds. off. Hastily pulling up my rifle I blazed away, with the result of hearing the ball go crashing through the underbrush probably 20ft. over the flock. I hurriedly reloaded and fired a second time. The flock was now too far distant to try it again, so F. rowed leisurely toward shore in hopes of finding where the second ball had struck. We hauled the canoe up on the sand beach and started to examine the neighboring trees and rocks, when to our surprise upon looking at an old water-soaked log a few feet from shore, we saw two shelldrakes floating side by side, dead. Upon examining them we found that the ball had passed through both, and the distance from which they were shot was, well, I would not like to say for fear I would not be credited, but it was the luckiest as well as the longest shot that I ever made.—C. N. B.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.—Allow me as a subscriber and admirer of your paper to thank you for the straightforward course you are pursuing on the game questions. Spring shooting in this country is supposed no longer to exist. This season will show whether the law is to be upheld, or whether it will be a dead letter. Our fall shooting of duck last year was simply wretched, and I see by your paper reports are the same in many places; but it seems hard to persuade many hunters that the spring shooting makes a particle of difference.—J. G.

AUBURN, N. Y.—The officers of the Auburn Gun Club for 1887 are as follows: Chas. W. Tuttle, President; Geo. B. Wright, Jr., Secretary; Sam'l F. Rathbun, Treasurer.

GREAT SOUTH BAY.—New York, March 20.—Have just returned from a trip to the Great South Bay, Long Island. The brant are there by tens of thousands, and they literally fly in clouds. Geese, redheads and broadbills are also there in considerable numbers. I have it from my guide, Theodore Birch, that there are more brant in the bay than there have been for several years. The wind being well up to the northward yesterday we shot only about ten birds, mostly brant. One party, in a battery, shot twenty-seven brant there day before yesterday, and about a dozen yesterday, as nearly as we could make out from the number that fell to his gun; he was about a mile from the meadow where we were. The brant, in their flight yesterday, kept well into the middle of the bay, and when they saw our stool, they fell off a little, but could not come in because of the wind, which was too high up to the northward. When the wind shifts to the eastward or westward, there will be fine shooting then from the meadows.—J. W., Jr.

MY FIRST QUAIL.—It was the fourth day of November, 1886, and my first day out of school in the quail season. The place where I decided to go is known by the name of Ridgway Swamp. It was three miles distant, and but sand all the way, but with my new gun on my shoulder, and the picture of a plump little Bob White in my mind, I was on the bridge which crossed the swamp before I knew it. I was walking around the bend in the road, when I saw, not 30yds. distant, thirteen quail looking at Duke, my setter dog. I stepped forward; they were off like a flash, but with two loads of No. 8s after them. I saw something fall, but thought that it was only a wad, but on examining the huckleberry bushes, I found three little Bob Whites, all dead. About noon I killed another quail and two squirrels. I shot at several more bevies in the afternoon, but didn't get a feather. The four quail averaged 6¼oz., the largest weighed 7oz.—GEORGE G. WORSTALL.

PSEUDONYMS.—I can sympathize with your correspondent "Wells" in his annoyance at the appropriation of his pseudonym by some other fellow. I have written over various signatures for the press. Nowadays I generally sign as below, but when fancy gets the better of fact, or when I am foolish and "drop into poetry," I sometimes put it "K." I have done with that since I have seen the same signature both in your paper and the *Angler*. When I try to write "as funny as I can," I sign otherwise, lest the reader should meet the fate of Doctor Holmes's servant, and I be jerked up by the police. Singularly enough, I have as yet heard of no one taken with a fit on this account.—KELPIE. [Why is it not a sensible way to sign initials?]

MARYLAND.—The law forbinding transportation of game killed in Worcester county has been repealed, so that the present law permits those who kill woodcock or snipe to sell or ship them anywhere they choose. Prior to this repeal any person could kill them, but were not allowed to sell them in the city markets, where they brought 25 to 35 cents each, and could find no such market at home. The local delegate to the Legislature explains: "We thought the law operated injuriously to our people and hence repealod it." Worcester county is a great stronghold of pot-hunters, who ship game to Philadelphia and New York, and it is for their benefit that the change has been made.

WELLSVILLE, O., March 16.—A new sporting club bearing the title of Wellsville Recreation Club, has just been organized here, and starts out with flattering prospects. Its membership consists of twelve carefully selected sportsmen, who propose observing all game laws themselves, and making it unpleasant for those who do not. The Amateur Sporting Club of this place will work in conjunction with them in protecting the game interests in this section. The officers of the new club will be as follows: President, Chas. H. Kelly; Vice-President, H. Starrett; Secretary and Treasurer, James M. Moore.—JO.

THE WOGDEN PISTOLS.—In a note upon the Wogden pistols published a few weeks ago in your columns, I omitted to state that the barrels of these weapons were smooth-bored (which was to be expected) and that their material was "twist," probably, as the owner said, "stub-twist," a fact which was discovered by a gunsmith by whom they were put in thorough repair. This furnishes additional evidence of the excellence of their construction.—KELPIE.

COMPLAINTS have been made of the open violation of the game act in the vicinity of Casselman on the Canada Atlantic. A number of deer have been caught running on the crust and are held in captivity at Casselman, while a number of hounds owned there are permitted to run at large and have slaughtered several deer.—*Toronto Mail, March 8.*

THE NEW YORK LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a number of years I have been connected with an association for the protection of game and fish, and I am personally fond of a day's outing with either the rod or the gun, so that my sympathies are entirely with the effort to prevent the extermination of our game and fish.

In my opinion our game laws have been signally defective for their indefiniteness, unstability and want of consistence. Sportsmen are seldom good lawyers, and many of them are entirely uneducated in the "books made by men," and it is extremely difficult to understand just what is permitted and what is prohibited by law, and this is particularly true of the laws passed by the last session of our Legislature, and I have actually seen different interpretations placed upon some of these laws in different numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and if men of the rare intelligence and special training of your editors differ upon the construction of the law, it must be extremely hard for the ordinary man who wants a day's honest sport occasionally, to tell, for instance, whether or not he would transgress the law by shooting a crow.

Again, it is very bad policy to change the close season for game and fish every time the Legislature meets, for most people who desire to respect the law have to rely largely upon their memory, and when the law is changed so often they get confused about it and finally get so they don't care much about knowing what it is. I have heard this opinion expressed so often by guides and others who kill a great deal of game that I know it is a matter of much importance.

It is of still greater importance that the laws should be reasonably respected when they are clearly understood, and if the community generally do not approve the law, or think it absurd or unjust, the laws are worse than useless.

In this section of the State this seems to be the case with the recent law prohibiting the hounding of deer. The sporting community here favor the running of deer with dogs and one could

not notice any diminution of that kind of sport by reason of the law against it, and so intent were our people in running hounds that they even invented the absurd theory that deer increased by being killed before dogs as a lawn thickens under the knives of a mower.

Our game laws are too ideal, and if they are to be respected they must be made more practical. To illustrate, we should pass a law prohibiting the more flagrant violations of what all sportsmen would call a natural, common sense law that people in general would approve and then keep that a permanent law and not attempt to extend it until there was a public sentiment demanding it. Such a law would be the making of the winter, spring and summer months a close season for deer, and leave the hounding question for the future except in counties where the people ask for its passage.

The objection to it in this part of the Adirondacks is that it is not respected, and men who violate the law themselves by hounding deer in the fall have some delicacy or prudence restraining them from prosecuting the crust fiend in the winter and the pot-hunter who supplies our hotels with game in the spring and summer.

Notwithstanding the fact that our game protector is an efficient man, the violation of the game law has so rapidly increased under the demoralization caused by the anti-hounding bill that it is now the rule, and not the exception, for many of our hotels to have venison for their guests during all the spring and summer, and I noticed on the bill of fare for a dinner at one of our most prominent hotels, about the first of March, "haunch of roast venison and partridge pie." It seems that a law should be passed making it conclusive evidence that when a landlord placed unseasonable game upon his bill of fare that he had the game in his possession, and that such transparent subterfuges as "Adirondack mutton," "Adirondack goat," "spotted whitetish," and "short-billed woodcock," should not be allowed as an evasion.

If the law was made generous enough so that nearly all of the men who hunt for sport would respect it, it would secure a strong ally in these men against the present pernicious practice of killing deer during the whole year. To those who believe it is wrong to run deer with dogs, and I am inclined to that opinion myself, I would seriously ask if it would not be better to let the hounding rest until we are able to nearly suppress the greater evil, and the evil upon which we are all united in opposing, than to have the two evils carried on by reason of the opposition caused by the unpopularity of the law prohibiting the lesser evil. It is notorious that the hounding of deer was not only not stopped, but was scarcely checked, in this section of the Adirondacks, by the law prohibiting it, and last fall the hounding was about as general after the open season expired as it was during its continuance. To say the least of it, this is very demoralizing to the community and must have a bad effect upon the respect paid to any game law, however reasonable it may be.

The law restricting the number of deer killed by one man to three was not respected. It is a foolish law and should be repealed because it is almost impossible to enforce it; for if a man was charged with its violation it would be necessary to absolutely prove the killing of four deer, and when one has seen the trouble attendant upon the proof of killing one deer unlawfully he will realize the almost impossibility of proving four against one man. If any guide is asked how many deer he killed last fall he is sure to smile and say three, at which all the bystanders laugh. This is also demoralizing.

The law restricting the transportation of venison seems reasonable and just as it can be enforced, for venison in transportation is likely to be seen, and shippers and express companies do not desire to take the necessary risks for violating this provision of our game laws. In this country the law was generally respected last fall and, I think, did considerable good.

Spring shooting seems to be an evil against a natural, common-sense law for the protection of game, and I think a law prohibiting the shooting of game birds in the spring would be generally respected and could be reasonably enforced, and in this law March and perhaps February should be included as prohibited months. If March were not included the feeling in this section of the State would be that it was unreasonable to allow the shooting of ducks as they came north all the way up until they reached us in April, and then close, giving everybody a chance but ourselves, and giving us no chance, for our lakes do not open until April.

September has always been an open month for partridges (ruffed grouse) here, and since the birds are full grown at that time there is no good reason why they should not be shot if shooting is allowed at any time, and the proposal to make September a close month for partridges would be unpopular here, and would not be generally respected, and would lead to further demoralization of the law.

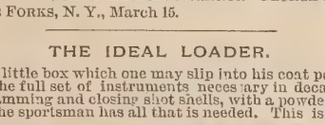
Woodcock have always been shot as early as the first of August, and they are full grown at that time, and there does not seem to be any reason why the time should be changed.

There seems to be no reason why rabbits should not be shot in October in the northern part of the State, and since rabbits are not migratory there can be but little objection to have the close season for them differ in different localities. GEORGE CHAHOON.

AUSABLE FORKS, N. Y., March 15.

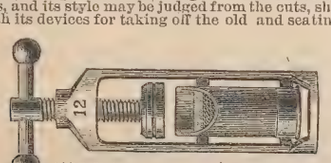
THE IDEAL LOADER.

A SNUG little box which one may slip into his coat pocket contains the full set of instruments necessary in decapping, recapping, ramming and closing shot shells, with a powder and shot measure, the sportsman has all that is needed. This is the outfit



"IDEAL" LOADER.

that is made by the Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, under the Barlow patents. The weight of the entire set is only ten ounces, and its style may be judged from the cuts, showing the loader with its devices for taking off the old and seating the new



"IDEAL" HAND CLOSER.

primer to the smooth cylinder for placing the wads snugly for the charge and shot. The closer is simplicity itself, and there is no necessity for a table or other fixture from which to work it, so that in boat or wagon even the closer may be worked, either on paper or brass shells. The cost is slight and the large sale reported indicates that they have found a popular approval.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have a well deserved reputation for publishing in most attractive form and with all the accompaniments which good taste can suggest, familiar gems of sacred song. Two new series of these have just been issued. The first consists of the four well-known hymns, "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" and "Nearer my God to Thee." These are dainty little tracts printed on heavy paper, vellum bound, tied with white ribbon and very fully illustrated. Price 35 cents each. Much more imposing are four others, "Arise my Soul," "See the Land," Kingsleys "Gladness of Easter" and "The Message of the Bluebird." These are similar in character to the preceding, but much larger, are bound in heavy tinted stamped paper tied with ribbon and are lettered in gold. The illustrations are very numerous.

Two useful little books come to us from Lee & Shepard of Boston. The first is a new edition of Whatley's "English Synonyms Discriminated." This is a work which is so well known that it needs no special comment, further than to say it is one of the most useful books that can be put into the hands of the young writer who desires to write good English and to avoid the slovenly style which is so common. Price, 50 cents.

Col. Higginson's "Hints on Writing and Speech Making" is an unpretentious little handbook, but is a useful manual of literary composition. The first chapter, "A Letter to a Young Contributor," is a reprint of some matter which appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterward in the author's volume entitled, "Atlantic Essays." The second, "Hints on Speech Making," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1886. This little volume is sure to do a good work. Price, 50 cents.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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SOME years ago there was an old pot-hunter in Nova Scotia, whose custom it was to wait out over night on the seashore for a shot at the ducks as they passed in the morning. He used an old musket, which he was in the habit of loading almost to the muzzle. The recoil, as may be imagined, was something terrific. He was always accompanied on his excursions by a small boy. They lay down on the beach and covered themselves with seaweed. When the old man saw the ducks coming, he would point well on the leader and "let go." The destruction was, as a rule, terrific; but the kick invariably knocked him senseless. Then the small boy's work came in. He would mop the old man's face with wet seaweed until he came to, when his first question always was, "How many d' I git?" M.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SPORT ON LAKE PEND D'OREILLE.

HOPE, Idaho, is a pretty little hamlet situated on the banks of Lake Pend d'Oreille, in the heart of the mountains. The Dining Car Department of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. have erected a fine hotel here, open for tourists during the spring, summer and fall months. Good boats are at the disposal of the guests, and good guides are obtainable at reasonable rates. Game of all kinds is plenty. Fishing is of the best except during the month of July and part of August. At all other times the angler will have grand sport, that is, if he considers a hard battle with an 8 or 12lbs. char, or the quick, bold fight of a 3lbs. mountain trout sport. If fishing does not satisfy his ambition, the guides will take him to where the deer are plenty, and if after tiring of this he yearns for more worlds to conquer, the guide will easily put him on the wake of the monarch of the mountains, a grizzly. Besides deer and bear there are caribou and mountain goats in small numbers, and of the many guests last season not one went away dissatisfied. The railroad company, it is said, intend issuing a ticket in connection with the National Park tickets, so that those desiring to do so can visit this lake at little expense above the Park trip.

As the gentle Chinook breeze comes across the lake, making sad havoc with our pyramids of snow, I am reminded that I will soon be seeking the deep pools and shady nooks for piscatorial pleasures. Fishing will soon be at its best in the lake, and already I am dreaming of many battles with the lake trout and other species. Some fine lake trout, or, as the natives call them, "char," are captured every season. The largest one I have caught weighed 8lbs., but after about fifteen minutes sharp work, and the line on my reel still growing beautifully less, I thought he must weigh about twenty. Mr. C. P. Frame, of New York, a true sportsman and one of the pleasantest gentlemen I ever met, outdid me last summer, for among a catch of about fifty he had two weighing over 8lbs. I willingly yield to such a man, but oh how exasperating to have some naked Indian with a long pole, a bait of deer meet tied on to a hook to save the labor of rebaiting, come in with a 12 or 15lbs. laker, and with a sardonic grin say "Hi-yu pish. White man allee samee Boston. No good. Indian sabee pish?"

Hunting has been of the best this winter. I have killed twelve deer myself this winter, and as my time has been so employed that an hour or two occasionally is all I could give to sport, I think I have done well. The hotel here will be opened about the first of May, and they anticipate a large crowd of tourists next season. F. T. A.

HOPE, Idaho.

A GIANT CHUB.

WE are accustomed to associate the fresh water chub with the scenes of our childhood; an alder pole, pin hook, cotton string, worm and a croaking, wriggling fish, which, although seldom over 8in. long, in the halcyon days gave satisfaction to our early attempts at angling. The largest of the Eastern chubs, the fall fish, grows occasionally to 18in. But it has been reserved for the West to produce an allied species, a veritable monster, which reaches 5ft.

Belonging to the family *Cyprinidæ*, genus *Ptychochilus*, it was first found in the Sacramento River, where it is known as the Sacramento pike, *Ptychochilus oregonensis*. Another species, found in the Colorado and its lower tributaries, and called the Colorado pike (*Ptychochilus lucius*) is authentically stated to reach a length of 6ft. All the species of this genus have a remarkably pike-like appearance in outline, especially about the head. There is a good drawing of the Sacramento species published in the "Report of the U. S. Fisheries Commission," 1884, plate 227. I believe the Colorado species has not been figured. It is similar in appearance to the former, but has a still more striking pike-like aspect. Its head would appear at first glance to be that of its namesake, *Esox lucius*, the Northern pike. It is a handsome species when first taken, with sides like burnished silver.

Like all *Cyprinidæ*, they thrive in warm and muddy water; their flesh being soft and bony and of little value as a food fish. They readily take a bait; preferring grubs, grasshoppers, salt pork, codfish, beef, in the order named; fight hard for a short time, and suddenly give up. The larger ones usually wreck the tackle and escape, leaving the astonished fisherman under the impression that he has hooked some unknown marine monster.

The writer has observed them on the upper Gila River, Arizona, and having secured a series ranging from four inches up to two feet, offers the following description, which it is thought will supply the means of identification:

Ptychochilus lucius Girard. — Body elongate, depth usually almost 5; back not arched; head long, facies pike-like; subconical; nearly straight, cranial depression slight; 3¼ to 3¾ in length. Interorbital space broad. Isthmus rather broad. Gula well developed in the adult. Mouth large, terminal, oblique, not reaching eye. Upper jaw hardly longer than lower; mandible reaching beyond orbit. Eye subcranial, about 13 in head; varies greatly with age; usually less than 11 in young. Lateral line complete; decurved anteriorily; nearly straight from extended pectorals. Color bright silvery; above darker, with steel colored reflection. Fins bright colored; dorsal and caudal darker. Caudal peduncle stout and symmetrical; width about 1⅛in. in depth in smallest part; its length (from posterior insertion of anal to middle of base of caudal) a little greater than from base of caudal to upper lobe. Caudal homocercal; its central ray about equal to length of anal. Dorsal inserted in highest part, posterior, slightly behind ventrals; when depressed, about reaching to anterior base of anal. Pectorals about equal to height of dorsal. Phyrangeal bone greatly elongated; subarcuate, with one deep foramen inferiorily. Teeth, phyrangeal, well separated; subaduncate toward angle of bone; subconical, grinding surface absent or obscure; 2, 4—5, 2. Branchiostegals, 3. Gills, 4. Peritoneum silvery. Vertebræ 45—46. Scales, 20, 84, 12. Dorsal, 9. Ventrals, 9. Anal, 9. Pectorals, 16. Length over 5ft. W. L. CARPENTER, U. S. Army.

FORT THOMAS, Ariz., March 10.

FLY-CASTING AT THE TOURNAMENT.

BALTIMORE, March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly advise me what rules obtain in the amateur class of fly-casters in tournament in May? I would like to enter in a class simply as we cast on the stream. My friend Dresel, who took the first prize for bait-casting at the tournament last year, advises me that there are some changes in the manner of casting. If the rules have been published in the FOREST AND STREAM I have overlooked them, and I will thank you to give me reference thereto. Dresel says that under the new rules we can cast from a "gathered line" run from the reel, that is, we can pull our line out so much as we like, then cast and let the line follow out through the guides. If this is so it obviates the recovery of the line and it is not good stream casting, but I think I can do as much of that kind of casting as any man, and if it is the fact I will take it in that form. At the same time I beg to say that no man trout fishing thinks of lumbering his "tackle" with two or three yards of line in bags under his rod. It may be all right for casting for distance, but I don't think it is good for the determination of skill in settling your flies, and I am very sure it is not good for the success of the angler where trout are shy. To be sure, it may do on the lakes and large streams in the North, but it would not carry success in the streams of Maryland and Virginia, where we have to employ all the skill known to anglers to take the wary and wild brook trout. BALTIMORE.

[The proposed rules for the coming tournament were published in our issue of Jan. 13. In the issue of March 10 we gave the alterations and amendments as accepted, and in the next number we published a note on the clause allowing weight for metal reel plates. The rules of the first tournament required the line to be retrieved, but this was rescinded in order to allow of the style of casting known as the "switch cast" or "water cast," in which the line is reeled off into the water and is not retrieved. This cast is useful when trees or obstructions behind forbid retrieving. A contestant may therefore cast in either manner.]

LOAFING ON TIMBER CREEK.

WE have many glowing accounts by able writers week by week in FOREST AND STREAM, but to many the expenses of an excursion such as therein depicted would be too great to allow them to participate in the like, and doubtless there are many hundreds of business men like myself, and clerks, etc., in this city who, in the spring and summer time, spend their holidays, and especially their sabbaths, cooped up in town when, by the trifling outlay of at most $1, they could have what to me seems a glorious day in the country.

There are many creeks quite near to Philadelphia wherein white catfish, perch, etc., abound, and on the principle that half a loaf is better than none, I have on many a holiday taken the 8 A. M. train from Market Street Ferry to Westville, N. J. (return trip ticket 35c.), and as Timber Creek runs close by the depot there, I can be on the water by 8:45 A. M.

There are now quite a number of boat houses there, about twenty-two, I believe, and the shore of the creek near these houses is very pretty. A boat can be hired at Mr. Plum's hotel at a very low figure and bait easily obtained.

Timber Creek is a very picturesque sheet of water and the further from its mouth that one gets the prettier it appears. In nice summer days when all is quiet and still around, I ask for no greater enjoyment than to pull the boat in under the boughs of an old oak, and alternately fish and watch the actions of the pretty little migratory warblers which abound here.

I have often, too, taken some friend or other along with me and in almost every instance the same fascination for the place and its surroundings has been felt by him.

Here may be seen some urchins up to their knees in mud catching turtles, there come others birdnesting and occasionally a rowboat with two or three occupants will lazily drift by on the tide, apparently with no other object than to drink in the peace and quiet of the place, whiff the delicious odors of flowers and vegetation and listen to the notes of the thrush or robin.

As I said before there are plenty of white catfish to be caught, provided one understands how, for even these ungamy fish require a little skill in taking.

Should any of your readers, when unable to afford greater luxuries, determine to try Timber Creek, they will not regret it; although their ostensible purpose may be to catch fish and they may fail in this respect, yet I feel assured that they will often repeat their visit and feel delighted that they have at length found a way to spend a day's outing to a good advantage at a very nominal expense. A. W. B.

COLD CREEK.—Sandusky, O., March 16.—The Cold Creek Sporting Club Company, who control the greater portion of the trout stream at Castalia, this county, held its annual meeting at its club house to-day, the following members being present: Messrs. W. S. Robinson, G. A. Johnson, L. C. Carran, C. T. Hasbrouck, W. E. McKecknie, G. W. Baker, Joseph Ingersoll, Colonel Scoville, H.

E. Hill, and J. E. Climo, of Cleveland; J. A. Waite, G. W. Bills, Joseph M. Spencer and F. W. Oswald, of Toledo; Frank N. Beebe, of Columbus; J. C. Zollinger, Joseph F. Kilby, William Melville, Ira T. Davis, and T. L. Williams, of Sandusky. The club decided to have the large grist mill on its property sold and removed, and Messrs. Kilby, Williams, Johnson and Storey were appointed a committee to dispose of the building and machinery. The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, J. C. Zollinger; Vice-President, G. W. Bills; Secretary, B. F. Ferris; Treasurer, William Melville. A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation by the club to its efficient secretary, Mr. B. F. Ferris, of a magnificent Leonard split bamboo rod, case, reel, fly-book and landing net, an outfit which cost $200. The presentation speech was made by W. S. Robinson, and was happily responded to by Mr. Ferris. At a meeting of the Cold Creek Trout Club, held in the afternoon, W. S. Robinson, of Cleveland, was chosen president. The Cold Creek Sporting Club Company has just had a new stream, half a mile in length, cut through its property, and now has one of the best trout fishing grounds in the West. The capital stock of the company is $40,000. It has an elegant club house and a fine hatchery, in which there are now 30,000 well developed rainbow trout awaiting planting in its waters.

Size of Brown Trout.—That the brown trout, which is the common brook trout of Europe, recently introduced into this country, grows to large size is attested by the following from the London *Field:* "It may interest some of your readers to hear that I have just caught a brown trout on Lough Derg weighing 19lbs., length along side 2ft. 10in., over back 3ft., and girth 1ft. 8½in. It is not unusual at this season of the year to hook trout of from 8lbs. to 10lbs. in weight, but I have heard of only one larger than the above-mentioned being killed on this lake within the last twenty years.—Heber Koe (Feb. 28).

WEATHER AND THE MIGRATION OF FISH.

BY J. W. WILLIS BUND.

[From the Journal of the National Fish Culture Association.]

THE laws that govern the migration of fish have not hitherto received the attention their importance deserves. The migration of birds has been for some years a favorite study; but beyond ascertaining the fact that certain kinds of fish migrate to and from the sea, their movements have excited but little attention, except as to one kind, the salmon. But beyond the knowledge that salmon migrate to and from the sea at certain times of the year the legislature does not inquire into their habits before legislating.

The migration of fish is a fascinating subject to any one who cares to study it; partly because it is almost new ground an observer has to work out each fact for himself; partly because the more migration is studied the more complex the effort to trace the movement of the fish becomes.

At first everything appears so clear, *a priori*, it would seem that the same rules should apply to the migration of fish from the sea and their migration to the sea, yet observation tends to show that this is not the case and that the migration from and to salt water rests on totally different states of facts. I must premise by stating I have no wish or desire to dogmatize upon the subject. I know so little, and the facts upon which the conclusions are founded are so few, I feel I may be only stating coincidences and not results.

For the purpose of what I have to say, the migratory fish of the English waters may be said to be of five kinds: (1) The different kinds of migratory salmonidæ; (2) the eel; (3) the shad; (4) the lamprey; (5) the lampern. Nos. 3 and 4 resort to fresh water simply for breeding purposes, and this done return at once to the sea. The salmonidæ resort to the fresh water to breed, but whether only for breeding is a question. The eel breeds in the salt water and migrates there for that purpose. The lampern resorts to the fresh water to breed, but beyond that fact little definite seems known as to its movements.

It would appear to be a general rule that all these five kinds of fish, in migrating from the sea to the fresh water are, to a great extent, influenced by the presence or absence of the same condition of things in connection with the weather. A good year of one kind of migratory fish is usually a good year for the other kinds. While if it is a bad season for one kind it is usually a bad season for all. I say "usually," for it sometimes happens that there is a wonderful year for one of the sorts of fish, and a very bad year for the other sorts, but this is the exception, not the rule.

It therefore seems to follow that the same causes which lead to a large migration of one kind of fish will produce a large migration of the other kinds, always assuming that the stock of each kind of fish is kept up in the same proportion. An investigation of what these causes are should, therefore, throw some light on the subject of migration, and if it happens that the same results are produced by the same state of weather in other countries, the inference would be that we are on the right road toward forming some accurate conclusions on the matter.

I.—The first thing to be noticed in connection with migration is the effect of the tide. I believe that solitary migratory fish creep up on almost every tide, not only during the migratory period proper, but throughout the year. Yet it seems that the majority of the fish—the shoals—only migrate on spring tides, and mainly on the six or eight spring tides preceding and following the highest spring. At the very highest tide there seems to be a cessation, or partial cessation, of migration; at least this is my experience, but on the other rivers this is said not to be so, but at all events, just before and just after the highest tide the largest run of fish occurs, the largest being just before the highest tide. This is certainly the case with salmon, still more with eels, so much so that the fishermen, who fish for the young eels when they are on their upward journey, only fish the spring tides. At the present time the eel fishermen on the Severn are seeking an extension of the legal season for taking young eels, locally called "elvers," on their migration from the sea to the fresh water, and their proposal is not that a definite extension of the season should be granted, but that they should be allowed to fish the two periods of spring tide next after the 20th of April.

It may be said that the reasons for the migration of fish on the spring tides are obvious; the high water will carry the migratory fish over the lower obstructions in a river. While this explanation should not be lost sight of, it fails to explain everything. If the river is full of land water, so that there are practically no obstructions, and the tides are "neap," fewer fish will run up than if there was less land water, and the tides are spring. I believe I am correct; I am certainly so as far as my observations go, in saying that shad always run on a spring tide, hardly ever on a neap. Salmon run more frequently on a spring tide than on a neap. Eels invariably, and lamperns usually, do the same; thus, for some reason, the main migrations of fish take place on spring tides.

The next point is that the fish run more before the tides reach their maximum height than after they have done so. More fish run during the change from neap to spring than during the change from spring to neap. I am not asserting that fish do not run at both periods; they do; but more run during the first than at the second period, or, to put the statement into fishermen's language: "There are more fish about when spring tides are coming on than when they are going off."

The higher the tide the better the fish run. It is true exceptionally high tides do not seem to exceptionally affect the movements of fish, but a series of high spring tides generally give a larger run of fish than a series of moderate spring tides. This fact, if conclusively proved, should have an important bearing on the question of the migration of salmonidæ. It at once directs attention to the causes of high spring tides. The causes differ in different places. On one part of our coasts the causes which produce high tides have the contrary effect on other parts. If fish only migrate in considerable numbers on high spring tides, and these tides only occur under different circumstances at different places, it follows that the time of the migration of fish cannot be expected to be the same on different river; this is just what we find to be the case. I am not putting this fact forward as the true solution of "early and late" rivers, but it is a point to be taken into consideration in arriving at the solution of that question. The direction of the wind and the barometric pressure affect both the time and height of high water. In the North Sea a low barometer and a north-northwest gale will affect the surface rise of the tide some two or three feet, and on the east coast of England may delay the time of high water as much as half an hour. If it is an accurate conclusion* that fish run up with the flood tide and should they not reach fresh water with the flood tide on which they run, they drop backward with the ebb, and start up again on the next flood, it follows that the N. N. W. wind and a low barometer, by causing a longer flow of the tide, give the fish on the east coast a better opportunity for running up the rivers than any other state of weather, as they have a longer time to travel up the river on the flood to the fresh water. But while this state of the weather may help the east and north coast rivers, it has the opposite effect on rivers on the other parts of the coast. On the south coasts of Devon and Cornwall, southwest winds and a low barometer raise the surface height of the tide and cause it to flow longer than if the wind was northwest. This should, therefore, best suit the migration of fish on those rivers. Space will not allow a detailed examination of the different English rivers which are said to be early and late, with the effect of the tide upon the movements of the fish in them; but if the propositions are true that fish migrate most on high spring tides, that certain conditions of the wind and atmosphere bring about high spring tides, that these conditions vary in different places, it would seem to follow that the time of the migration of fish to the different rivers would depend, to some extent, on the presence and absence of these conditions. I would add that I am told that the experience of the Tyne does not bear out this reasoning, for on that river the best runs of fish are found to take place with a southwest wind.

II.—Passing from the tide, the next subject to be noticed in the connection between the weather and the movement of fish is the wind.

On the Severn, and, I believe, on all the Bristol Channel rivers, fish run best—that is, the migrations from the sea are the largest with a wind from the west or southwest. This bears out what has already been stated as to the tide, for wind from the southwest is from the quarter that produces the highest tide in the Bristol Channel. If further observations establish the proposition that the higher the tide and the longer it flows the better the run of fish, then, the wind from west or southwest being one of the causes that produce this, one of the elements for a run of fish in the Bristol Channel is a west or southwest wind. This seems to be generally recognized, and on the Usk it is said that a southwest wind brings a run of fish because they smell the rain.

III.—As to barometric pressure. The effect of pressure on the migration of fish does not seem to have been much studied, yet every angler knows how carefully he notes the barometer before going fishing. With a falling barometer fish usually will not raise, it may be because they are moving. I am convinced that one of the most important things to study in the migration of fish is the movement of the barometer. I regret to say that there are but one or two points on which there are any data to give in connection with it.

(*a*) If there is a gradual rise in the barometer from the west, it is often followed by a run of fish. If any one will take the trouble to study the weather reports in the *Times*, he will note that if after considerable fluctuations in movements of the barometer it is reported to be steadily, not rapidly, rising, either after a fall or long continued low readings, this is usually followed by a run of fish, and also that when the barometer has risen to a certain height, about twenty-nine degrees fifty minutes, and remains at that height or higher, the run of fish falls off.

I have tried, and so far in vain, to trace any result when a depression is telegraphed as coming from America, all that I have so far been able to trace is, that, as a rule, with very high or very low readings of the barometer, fish do not run; that they run best when the barometer is low, but rising.

(*b*) Again, referring to the daily weather charts published by the Meteorological Office, so far as I have been able to trace, fish run better when the barometer is lower on the west coast than on the east coast. This fact will be dealt with more fully presently, but it must be understood that the Severn is the only river from which I get regular reports of the movements of fish, so that this fact may, and very likely does not hold good with regard to rivers on the east coast. On the Severn and in the Bristol Channel fish run best when the barometer is lower in the Bristol Channel than in the North Sea. Here, also, it may be said, that as this is the usual state of things, it is thus to be accounted for. This may be an explanation or a partial explanation, but if the maps are studied week by week, and compared with observations as to the movements of fish, it will be found that whatever the weather, and however the fish migrate, fish run best at those times when on the left side of the map the readings of the barometer are lower than on the right.

(*c*) As to the height of the barometer at which fish run best, here again more observations are urgently needed, but so far as present results show, it seems that when the barometer ranges from twenty-nine degrees to twenty-nine degrees fifty minutes, fish run better than at any other height. This is also open to the objection that the barometer is more frequently about that height than any other; it can only be replied that fish run better in the usual rather than in an unusual state of the weather, and that they will not generally run with a barometer above twenty-nine degrees fifty minutes, but with a barometer steadily rising up to that height they do.

IV.—Temperature forms the next important element in the migration of fish, especially the respective temperatures of the river and the estuary. Sufficient data on which to base satisfactory conclusions are here also wanting. It is often said that the cold water of the sea induces the fish to seek the warm water of the river, and this theory is sometimes put forward as the reason why the east coast rivers in Scotland are, as a rule, early. I am inclined to believe that this is not the complete explanation. At some points of the coast the temperature of the estuary is at certain times of the year higher than the temperature of the rivers. On the Severn, in May, the estuary temperature varies from fifty to sixty degrees, while that of the river varies from forty to fifty degrees. It may well be that the effect of the high temperature in the estuary induces a too rapid development of the reproductive organs in fish that migrate, like salmon, and this may lead to an immediate upward movement. As far as present observations go, it seems clear that with a low temperature in the estuary the fish do not leave it so readily as with a high one. It is when the temperature rises the upward movement begins. A warm May generally produces a larger migration than a cold one, it may, therefore, well be that temperature will account for much that at present cannot be explained in the movements of fish. It often happens that in the case of rivers with a common estuary, the fish will resort to one more than the other, and fish will only resort to certain tributaries of the main river at certain times of the year. It may be well that with further observations on the comparative temperature of the different streams a reason may be found.

V.—The next important element, and, perhaps, the most important one in English rivers, is rainfall. Our rivers are now so obstructed and polluted that without a rise in the river-water fish cannot or will not pass up. It follows that the fish only run when there is a rise of land-water. I am, however, by no means certain that if our rivers were in their natural state, that this would be so much the case as it is at present. On this—do fish only migrate if there is a rise of land-water?—the experience of those who live on rivers as yet unobstructed and unpolluted—if there are any—would be valuable. It is now a general rule in England that no large migration of fish takes place without a rise in the land-water. This does not, however, apply to all the migratory fish. Elvers run up if the other conditions are suitable, without waiting for a rise of the river. It also does not apply to shad, for they will often run up, if they can, with the land-water low and clear. As to this fish, muddy water will often turn them back and prevent them ascending further. In saying that a fresh is necessary to bring up fish, it by no means follows that every fresh brings up fish. Frequently often what would appear to be just the water to induce fish to ascend, no fish can be seen; while when there has been no water, or next to none, the fish have run up. Indeed, on the Usk, it is said the first fresh after drought never brings up fish, but other freshes do. Rainfall is a very important element in migration, but I am not sure that too much attention has not been given to it, to the exclusion of other matters.

The different elements that, on the Severn, are required to bring about a good run of fish appear, therefore, to be the following:

(1) A spring tide.
(2) A southwest wind.
(3) A higher temperature of the water in the estuary than the land-water in the river.
(4) A low but steadily rising barometer to a height of 29 degrees 50 minutes.
(5) A moderate rise of land-water.

When all these conditions are combined, a good run of fish usually takes place, but if any of these are wanting, the run is either much smaller than it ought to be, or absent altogether. It is obvious that under the most favorable circumstances this combination can only take place occasionally, and hence the run of fish must, of necessity, be more or less intermittent.

Having, as far as I can at present ascertain, stated the conditions of weather required for a good run or fish, it remains to be seen if it is possible to lay down any rules as to when, if at all, these conditions are either likely or unlikely to occur. Meteorology has classified the different types of weather, and stated when their recurrence may be expected. Can this knowledge be applied in studying the migration of fish? Of the two great types of weather, the cyclonic, an area of low pressure with rains and strong winds circulating from west to east, is more favorable to the migration of fish than the anti-cyclonic, an area of high pressure and fine weather and light winds circulating from east to west; or in popular language, "changeable weather," is more conducive than settled weather to the migration of fish. It follows from this that the next point to ascertain is what is meant by "changeable weather."

There is a considerable variation of weather from day to day, and a considerable local variation in different localities, while the type of weather remains the same. Yet neither this daily or local variation can be said to be changeable weather so long as the same type exists for a more or less continuous period. Every one is familiar with this statement in popular language: "How long will the east winds last?" "When shall we get a spell of fine weather?" Particular types of weather recur at particular seasons—east winds in March, a cold period in May, a wet period in September—and it is a change from one of these types to another that is referred to when "changeable" or a change of weather is spoken of. These changes are most usually found to be from one to another of four distinct types, into which the weather may be roughly divided. It is therefore necessary to see which of the types are most favorable to the movement of fish, or in other words, in which type do we find the conditions mentioned above as those best suited to the migration of fish prevail the most. The four usual types of the weather are:

1. The Southerly.—If this type of weather prevails, on looking at a map of the British Isles, anti-cyclones lie to the east and southeast, while cyclones come from the Atlantic and beat up to the northeast.

2. The Westerly.—Here the anti-cyclone lies to the south, and cyclones from the central Atlantic pass over the British Isles to the east and northeast.

3. The Northerly.—Here the Atlantic anti-cyclones stretch to the west and northwest of Great Britain, cyclones form and move to some point of east.

4. The Easterly.—Here anti-cyclones appear in northeast Europe, and cyclones pass from the S. E., or are delayed by the anti-cyclones.

Of all these types the southerly is the one usually found in the winter, and upon its presence or absence the warmth of the winter depends. Its chief characteristics are high temperature, steady southerly winds, and a low barometer. Looking at a map of the British Isles from the south, if this type of weather prevails, the pressure is usually lower on the left hand than on the right, and as has been already stated, when this is the case fish migrate best; therefore, a continuance of the southerly type of weather is the best for a migration of fish.

The westerly is a very common type, something like 70 per cent. of our weather being of this type, as when a cyclone passes to the north of the British Isles with the wind south and southwest, and a moderate rain and average temperature. As a rule, when this type of weather prevails, on looking at a map of the British Isles, pressure is the highest in the British Channel, and gradually decreases toward the north. Fish generally run well while this type of weather lasts, but in the Bristol Channel not so well as during a continuance of the southerly type.

The northerly type gives practically the converse of the southerly type, pressure being higher on the east coast than on the west. While this type continues, there is usually a period of low temperature—northerly winds—a state of things never conducive to a good run of fish on the Severn. It will be important to ascertain if, during a continuance of weather of this type, fish run well on rivers flowing into the North Sea. From the very slight information I have been able to get, I should say they do not, but I have not yet got sufficient data to enable me to make any positive statement. The northerly is the common type of weather in winter and spring, especially in March.

The easterly type is a period of low temperature, black and bitter weather, with local rains. It usually occurs in the

*See "Salmon Problems," p. 172.

late autumn and spring, and while it lasts fish do not run well.

The result, therefore, of an examination of the four types of weather, with our present knowledge, leads to the conclusion that fish run better during weather of a southerly and westerly type than they do when it is of a northerly or easterly. Applying this result to the times of year when these types usually recur, we find that the inference is that February, when the easterly type is common, March, when the northerly type is most prevalent, May, October and November, when the northerly type also partially prevails, should not be good times for the migration of fish. To some extent this deduction is borne out by experience. February, March and May are sometimes very good, but more often very bad months for fish to run. Occasionally there are large runs of fish, but far more often no fish are moving. February is, however, a better month for fish to run than March. I cannot, with present knowledge, go further and say that if during these months a northerly type of weather prevails, they will be bad fishing months, while, if another type of weather prevails, they will be good. But some day it may be possible to do this.

SALMON FISHERIES IN CHALEUR BAY.

THE Bay of Chaleur is bounded by the counties of Gaspé and Bonaventure on its north or Quebec shore, and by the counties of Gloucester and Restigouche on its south or New Brunswick shore, it is some 200 miles from its entrance, to head of tidal water where it forms the Restigouche River. Gaspé has three salmon rivers of some size and two small ones, Bonaventure has the Grand Cascapedia, now well known, and two smaller streams; Gloucester has the Bathurst or "Nepisiguit," and Restigouche, one of the same name having two branches, and the small Jacquet, those rivers are the nurseries for the salmon now caught on its coasts, and which afford sport to the angler.

Fifty years ago the salmon taken in those rivers and at their mouths, were salted, barreled, sold to traders or sent to Halifax, one-half the quantity caught were taken with the spear, the Indian having free liberty to go where he choose, few if any restrictions were imposed on netters, and the writer has often seen nets near tide head extending from shore to shore, and the channels, where at all practicable, were barred. Netting was confined to the estuary of the Restigouche, very few nets were set below Dalhousie, and not over thirty-five netting salmon stations were in the counties of Restigouche and Bonaventure. The inhabitants living on the rivers used the drift net, few took more than necessary for winter use, as the low price, $6 to $8 per barrel, was not sufficient temptation. Such was the state of matters in 1837, as the writer, then a boy, took the winter's fish, and often heard men who had been on the rivers twenty years before, declare the salmon was gone, and they would brag of fights with the Indians over their seines and where they had hauled ashore 1,000 salmon at once; this was seventy-five or eighty years ago. At the time I speak of the catch fluctuated very much. Some years very few, others again better, and it was a general saying among the fishermen, "two bad years and one good." Some netters would get from twenty to thirty barrels, others as low as five barrels, and the best years from 1837 to 1857 would not yield over five hundred barrels.

Such was the general state of the fishery between those periods, fishery gradually decreasing, and some of the netters abandoning their stations when canning commenced at Athol House, near tide head, and using all the fish caught by the Indians as well as hauling them from the netters a distance of 20 miles, the quantity never reached 200,000lbs., oftener as low as 50,000, and I remember in 1864 Mr. Hoegg got nearly the whole produce, only amounting to 37,000lbs. The sale of salmon, fresh, was now an extra inducement to the Indian, and for ten years he paid every attention to it, and they swept the rivers away up to their head waters. Somewhat better regulations regarding netting were observable, and, of course, any person having a frontage could set if he chose; as yet it was not a paying business, although ten cents per pound was often paid. About this time it became known that salmon would rise to the fly in the river. In 1869 the Department of Fisheries took charge and the Fisheries Act came in force; a few anglers visited the rivers with some success. They were principally the officers of the 78th Regiment, and they were of much assistance in preventing poaching. The head waters had better protection from St. John River spearers, the Indians were curtailed to limits, and shortly after totally prohibited, and salmon gave signs of increasing. In 1871 the rivers were leased, and the protection given by the lessees was of great benefit, and in order to prevent the undue increase of netting in the estuary and coast sure to follow the increase of the salmon, the license system was adopted, and to show how necessary this regulation was, I have had to report on the applications of forty new stations asked for in one season. In 1873 pisciculture was started, but no fry of any consequence was deposited until 1875. In 1876 the opening of the I. C. R. gave another impetus to the fresh fish trade, and although not a very good year, one firm shipped in six days 80,000lbs. to New York. Freezers now began to be constructed, only two being in existence previous. Now there are thirteen, capable of holding 750,000lbs.

From 1876 to 1882 the yearly catches varied much, alternately from poor to good. Often the netters had a poor season while the river had a fair stock. This was owing to water remaining high late in spring, preventing nets from being set, sometimes a June freshet sweeping them away just while the fish were running up. As a rule here the heavy run of fish does not last longer than three weeks, and I have known the whole run pass in ten days. Since 1883 there has been a steady increase both in river and net catch, and I trust it will continue. "Let me give my reasons for this hope that is in me." It is known and admitted that very much of the natural laid salmon ova is yearly destroyed by the heavy ice jams and freshets tearing and washing away the beds in which the egg is lying just at the most critical stage of its existence, some seasons being much worse than others. To remedy this and assist nature, the artificially raised fry is planted, and as it requires from six to seven years for a salmon to come to the adult stage and return, I seriously ask those who are still unfriendly to pisciculture whether the last three years steady increase of salmon in the Restigouche is not attributable in a great measure to the assistance it has received from its hatchery. Four years ago it was seriously impressed upon the Minister of Fisheries that unless he abolished the hatchery there would be total extinction. What are the facts? In 1885 and 1886 fully 2,000 salmon have been taken in it with the rod, ladies running a score of from 30 to 50, gentlemen from 50 to 120 salmon, and last year a 23lb. average. True, Mr. Hallock writes FOREST AND STREAM, they have degenerated as to size and lost their fierceness and pluck owing to their artificial raising. Were you here, Charlie? If not you have been sold, for they break as many casting lines as ever. There have been very few new netting stations granted in estuary or coast lately, all suitable locations being filled, many of those now fishing do so at a loss, still the netter keeps on hoping for an increase next year. Since 1869 nets have increased in the counties of Bonaventure and Gloucester from 35 or 40 stations up to 150, and there must be now 250 netters in the whole bay. The figures for the commercial catch in the whole bay sum up $165,000.

In order to show the value placed by the netters in the estuary on their holdings, I was directed to ascertain the amount of money required by twenty-three of them, to give up and relinquish their claims, not for any purpose of reselling or profit, but simply by doing away with those nets to give a free pass to the salmon to enter the river. I found to do this would cost the modest sum of $130,000, an average of $5,650 to each netter. This is no assertion but hard facts, and surely goes far to show the estimation in which the netters hold the present and prospective increase of our salmon fisheries. Let us now look at our rivers. On the 30th March inst., the New Brunswick government offers to lease the rod fishing on the Main Restigouche river for five years at an upset price of $3,900 per annum. The same river was let in 1871 for nine years to Messrs. Fleming and Brydges at a yearly rental of $40. Does this show any improvement? Private properties with from ½ to 2½ miles frontage, and only on one side of the river at that, valued at from $15,000 to $25,000. Places I know which did not cost a few years ago over $400 or $500 have been sold for $5,000 and $8,000. Yearly rentals of from $50 to $150 are now given for a season's fishing on a single front of 50 rods wide. There are now three clubs on the river containing 60 members, whose expenditure last year amounted to $27,000. There are at least 20 guardians employed for the season at a cost of $40 per month. You will find the Indian in the little town of Campbellton, after a month's trip, sporting round with his white collar and $150 or more in his pocket. Not a chicken, lamb, pat of butter or quart of cream can be raised by the settler but what will sell as dear as in New York. These are facts, and are some of the results of increase of our salmon fisheries. I care not to what the increase may be imputed, it is there. I have also authority to refer to James Reid of Charlo, Andrew Wallace and Simon McGregor of Dalhousie; Alexander Chamberlain of Campbellton, who declare that there has been a very visible and steady increase in the fisheries during the last few years. I have also the written authority of M. Archibald, Government officer, and Alexander Robertson, superintendent of rivers for the R. S. C., to say that no living man of this generation ever saw anything approaching the numbers of salmon seen in the main Restigouche River last two years.

In conclusion, I hope this state of matters will long continue, and that both netters and anglers will keep alive this precious bird that is laying such a golden egg, and which has put many a dollar in the pocket of the poor man, who otherwise would never have seen it. JOHN MOWATT.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Feb. 10.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.

THE following shows the season's work at the two principal hatcheries:

CALEDONIA.

Eggs of different species have been sent as follows: Lake trout: 100,000 to Morehousville hatchery, Hamilton county; 100,000 to Ragged Lake hatchery, Franklin county; 450,000 to Fulton Chain hatchery; 300,000 to Lake Brandon hatchery, Essex county. Total, 1,050,000 eggs.

Brook Trout—20,000 to Morhousville hatchery; 50,000 Ragged Lake hatchery; 60,000 Fulton Chain hatchery; 5,000 P. A. M. Van Wyck, New Hamburg, Dutchess county; 90,000 Cold Spring Harbor hatchery, Suffolk county. Total, 225,000 eggs.

Brown Trout—65,000 Ragged Lake hatchery; 50,000 Fulton Chain hatchery; 10,000 Lake Brandon hatchery; 5,000 P. A. M. Van Wyck; 2,000 Wisconsin hatchery, Madison, Wis.; 10,000 Bisby Club, Oneida county. Total, 142,000 eggs.

Rainbow Trout—10,000 Cold Spring Harbor hatchery; 20,000 E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market. Total, 30,000 eggs.

The fry of different species that have been distributed to the waters are as follows:

Brook Trout—30,000 in Caneadea Creek and tributaries, Allegany county; 20,000 in Onandaga Creek, Onandaga county; 10,000 in White Creek, Livingston county; 18,000 in Long Pond, Lewis county; 2,000 in Spring Creek, Oneida county; 12,000 in Manlius, High Bridge and Todd's Brook, Onandaga county; 25,000 in Loon Lake, Franklin county; 20,000 in Sawmill, Peekskill and Canopis Brooks, Westchester county; 25,000 in Amber Lake, Jordan Lake and Otter Pond, St. Lawrence county; 12,000 in East Coy Streams, Wyoming county; 15,000 in Pine Creek, Allegany county; 30,000 in West Canada Creek and tributaries; 12,000 in Read Brook, Oneida county; 12,000 in Beaver Meadow and Broker Brooks, Oneida county; 4,000 in Dry Brook and Snider Brook, Monroe county; 15,000 in Woodhull Lake, Herkimer county; 30,000 in South and North branches of Alder Creek, Dory, Ritter and Shott Brooks, Oneida county; 30,000 in Crum's Creek, tributaries to Sprite Creeks, Herkimer county; 30,000 in tributaries to East Canada creek, Herkimer county; 20,000 in Pool's Brook, Onandaga county; 20,000 in Onondaga Creek and tributaries; 15,000 in West Branch Unadilla River, Oneida county; 25,000 in Crooked, Cold and Dayton Brooks, Chatauqua county. Total, 402,000 fry.

Lake Trout—260,000 in Lake Ontario; 50,000 Rye Lake, Westchester county; 25,000, Ravin Lake, Lewis county; 75,000 Hemlock Lake, Livingston county; 50,000 Loon Lake, Franklin county; 150,000 Lake George, Warren county; 100,000 Owasca Lake, Cayuga county; 25,000 Pine Lake, Oneida county; 36,000 Woodhull Lake, Herkimer county; 85,000 Silver Lake, St. Lawrence county; 85,000 Big Lake, St. Lawrence county; 85,000 Clear Lake, St. Lawrence county. Total, 1,026,000 fry.

Hybrids—Brook and lake trout, 1,702 fish from 3 to 6 years old, in Oatka Creek, Monroe county.

California Mountain Trout—770 fish, 3 to 6 years old, in Long Pond, Livingston county.

Whitefish—732,000 in Lake Ontario; 65,000 in Rye Lake, Westchester county; 50,000 in Hemlock Lake, Livingston county; 60,000 in Owasco Lake, Cayuga county; 103,000 to Lake Brandon hatchery. Total 1,000,000.

COLD SPRING HARBOR.

The distribution of fresh-water fishes has not begun yet. 4,200,000 tomcods have been hatched and turned into the harbor. The following are now in the hatching troughs:

Salmon—300,000 for the Hudson and salmon rivers of New York and 50,000 for the Housatonic.

Landlocked Salmon—65,000 for the Hudson and other waters.

Whitefish—1,000,000 for lakes in Dutchess and Suffolk counties.

Smelts—About 2,000,000 now in the hatchers and more expected.

Brook Trout—90,000 received from Caledonia, 30,000 taken at hatchery and 50,000 for private parties who bought them from Messrs. Annin and Gilbert. Total 170,000.

Lochleven Trout—20,000 received from Sir James Gibson Maitland, Bart., Howietown Fishery, Stirling, Scotland.

Brown Trout—20,000 taken on grounds and 8,000 from Herr von dem Borne, Berneuchen, Germany.

Saibling—20,000 eggs from the Deutschen Fischerei Verein.

Rainbow Trout—10,000 from the Caledonia hatchery.

Frostfish—150,000 from the Lake Brandon hatchery.

SOLES IN FRESH WATER.—It may interest our fish-culturists to know that the sole is said to live in fresh water in England and grows to great size there, at least a writer in the London *Field* makes this statement. The American form, a worthless little fish called "hog choker" in the Hudson, *Achirus lineatus*, is often found in fresh water as far up as Albany. Several shipments of the English sole have been received in this country by Prof. Baird and Mr. Blackford, and many are now kept at Woods Holl, Mass. A few were stored at Cold Spring Harbor a year or two ago, but the salt water pipes froze in the old buildings and they were lost. Had it been known that the fish would live in fresh water they would have been saved.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence. Entries close March 15.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4827.**

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

FOR any one who earns his bread honestly we must all feel a respect. Whether a man is president of a bank, or carries on a farm, or drives a horse car, or mends umbrellas—if he does his work honestly and well he is as good in this Republic as any of his fellows. But few men are expert in more than one direction. Thus we do not look for an exact knowledge of bricklaying from the bank president, nor an intimate acquaintance with the principles of shipbuilding from the farmer. We should hardly take an intricate problem in calculus to the driver of the horse car, nor, if we were sick, go to the umbrella mender for medical advice. A man may be a capital hand to replace a broken window pane, and yet know rather less than nothing about canine pathology and therapeutics. There is a wise old Latin proverb which says: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Literally translated this means, "Let the cobbler stick to his last." It was freely rendered recently by one of our esteemed correspondents, "Stick to putty, old boy," a bit of advice which might have been followed with profit. But it was not, and so we are treated to a display of singular asininity.

Our contemporary who lives down-stairs is cruel. It is constantly devising traps for the embarrassment of another sheet which is hopelessly ill-informed, and though in setting these traps it usually writes itself down an ass, still this is nothing compared with the satisfaction which it derives from seeing the astonishing foolishness with which its victim permits himself to be deceived. So our neighbor prepares its bait and casts it forth, and in each succeeding issue of its putty-manipulating contemporary it appears painfully evident that the gudgeon has risen, taken the hook and is flopping woefully. The temerity of fools is proverbial, and the window mender never hesitates, at the bidding of his astute but cynical contemporary, to put himself on record on all sorts of subjects about which he knows nothing at all.

We had occasion recently to prescribe, for a dog troubled with twitching following distemper, "a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine, 2grs. each, three times daily." This our neighbor down-stairs pretended to believe meant 6grs. of strychnine daily, and it said so. Upon this the cry of "Glass put in" was pretermitted for a while, and the victim of turfy wiles screamed with laughter at our supposed blunder:

"Give the dog a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine, 2grs. each, three times daily."

Let us see what the worthy druggist will give the owner of the dog. The druggist, too, may be behind the age in his business; he may not know that the only officinal preparation of strychnine and iron is the citrate of iron and strychnine. But the druggist won't go off half cocked. He must have, to ply his calling with success, a certain knowledge of the drugs he puts in a prescription. He may have to turn to his Pharmacopœia; for the druggist, unlike the newspaper scribbler, must know what he does and says. The good druggist will find in his book as follows: When strychnine is called for it is written *strychnina sulphat.*, or the sulphate of strychnine; that the alkaloid is not used except in combination; that the salt, or sulphate, is. If the druggist is a driveling idiot he might be forced to look for the dose of *strychnin. sulph.*, when he would find that 2grs. of the salt would kill something over ten able-bodied men. His further investigations would lead him to assert that 2grs. of the citrate of iron given alone would not be more than a quarter of a dose. But light would dawn on the druggist in his effort to decipher what the prescription of "a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine, 2grs. each," was designed to call for, when he turned to page 160 of the Pharmacopœia of the United States, sixth decennial revision, 1880, where stands recorded the following:

Ferri et Strychninæ citras (citrate of iron and strychnine)

Citrate of iron and ammonium	parts 98
Strychnine	parts 1
Citric acid	parts 1
	100

The druggist might not have a mathematical head, but his small boy would at once tell him that a two-grain pill of this excellent mixture would contain two one-hundredths, or one-fiftieth, of a grain of strychnine.

The FOREST AND STREAM successfully prescribes for several hundred sick dogs in the course of a year; its prescriptions are intelligent and reliable, being given by a regular physician; and as we happen to know from the numerous letters received, the value of this department of our kennel work is appreciated at its true worth; and it is not likely to be depreciated by the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind

THE MASTIFFS OF THE PRESENT.

REVIEWING the mastiffs of the present, we seem entering upon an era of still greater improvement than that which has been accomplished within the last ten years even. Never before, perhaps, has such great size, combined with mastiff character, been obtained as possessed by some of our larger specimens of the present day—specimens which for size and weight would have surpassed Mr. Lukey's largest examples.

Reviewing such animals as Victor Hugo, Albert Victor, Maximilian and one or two others of rather less note, I feel justified in saying we need to have very little concern as to the means of keeping up size for the future; still, every breeder should bear in mind, before it is too late, that the mere possession of vast size is not everything in the mastiff, and it is to be hoped our English breeders will not "run the muck" (to borrow that forcible if not euphonious expression), which American breeders have done in their appreciation of vast size alone, owing to their ignorance of, and inability to understand true mastiff type, which to some writers or breeders of little experience may seem a sort of mysterious nihility, but which, nevertheless, meant a good deal in the eyes of such judges as Mr. Lukey or Mr. Thompson, and still means much with the experienced mastiff judge and breeder.

There is still a great amount of ignorance as to true mastiff character, still an ignorant craving for animals standing 33 or 34in. at shoulder, utterly regardless as to the proportionate weight and stoutness which should accompany such vast size, and unfortunately there are still too many animals approaching more nearly to the boarhound than the English mastiff in character. Few people are perhaps aware how much the English mastiff has been increased in height and weight owing to cultivation, and the introduction of the Great Dane, St. Bernard and other crosses with large breeds. Goldsmith, writing in 1769, states that at that time "our great breed of mastiffs" were seldom found to be above 24in. at shoulder, and some 56in. long." In 1800 the mastiff stood from 28 to 30in.; while Richardson, writing about 1850, gives the height of the mastiff Chicken as 29½in. Dr. John Brown, writing in 1858, gives 90lbs. as about the weight of the mastiff Rab; and as late as 1865 from 29 to 30in. was above the average height of the breed, and Mr. H. D. Kingdon rightly stated in Webb's book, that "We do not believe in the purity of mastiffs over 30in." Setting aside Mr. Lukey's Anglo-Alpine mastiff, the heaviest specimens hitherto on record have been Col. Tempest's Saxon, height 34in, weight 189lbs.; T. W. Boulton's Nero (St. Bernard and mastiff), 34in., weight 185lbs.; Vargue's L'Ami (Cuban mastiff), estimated at 200lbs.; Webb's Trusty (lineage doubtful), estimated at 185lbs., Lyme Hall mastiff bitch, belonging to Mr. Burgess, tanner, weighed before Manchester journalists, 187lbs., her full sister weighing 160lbs. These weights will show the unprecedented vast size of Albert Victor, who is stated to weigh over 220lbs., and bids fair to become one of the pillars of our Stud Book; and while he will possess all the advantages of a decided out-cross, breeders must bear in mind it does not follow for any certainty that his stock will be remarkable for size or weight above the average, for it is highly probable that much of his size and development is due to the manner in which he was fed and reared, viz., at a tan yard, and fed mostly on raw flesh. Before the appearance of Albert Victor, I pointed out in my work, "The History of the Mastiff" (pages 93 to 95), that mastiffs reared at tan yards, where they get plenty of raw flesh, often attain greater size than the average, and the development of their skull is frequently very powerful. I may point out that Bill George's Tiger, so noted for his fine head, was reared at a tan yard, so was Mr. Burgess's 187lbs. bitch. Victor Hugo is another dog likely to be made considerable use of to obtain size, and for which he will probably be successful, being very well descended from ancestors possessing plenty of size; he is too long in head, and has too much of the boarhound figure to come up to the *το καλον* of a perfect mastiff, in my opinion; still, his beautiful small ears and many other good points are calculated to make him a useful sire. It is very easy to pick out faults in good specimens, and to grumble at fashion without being able to breed anything worth being mentioned oneself. Still, there are good men breeding mastiffs, both in America and this country; men who are capable of seizing the light offered them, and, while eliminating defects, retain the good points; men capable of seeing mere height is a mistake, that it must be accompanied by proportionate weight and mastiff character; that good specimens standing not more than 30 inches, and weighing 170lbs., are about the ideal standard that should be aimed at. It is to be hoped now breeders have succeeded in restoring the true type of head, that they will devote more consideration to smaller ears, stronger hind quarters, darker eyes, and blacker ears, leaving the overgrown, unsymmetrical giant specimens to be drafted. I am glad to see the pug dog type of head, introduced through Mr. Rawlinson's Countess and Crown Prince, has gained the day, and now leads the fashion. Some large dogs are being bred and exhibited in America, where the interest in the breed seems very keen, and some of our best specimens have been imported there, notably Minting and Reine, yet few really good mastiffs have as yet been bred in America; the prize takers being generally imported specimens. Possibly equal improvement may be made in mastiff breeding in both countries, that has been made in this within the last ten years, yet, when we come to retrospect, the magnificent collection of mastiffs which faced the judges at Brighton, Warwick, the Royal Aquarium, and the Crystal Palace, January 1887, we doubt somewhat if much improvement in the best specimens is possible; such typical specimens as Beaufort, Orlando, Montgomery, Hotspur, and Boatswain will furnish us with sires possessing nearly all we can wish in character.

The most conspicuous faults are still the over-large ear introduced by that grand-headed little dog Sultan through his daughters, Duchess and Mrs. Rawlinson's Countess, whose short muzzles and heavy wrinkles have been transmitted, along with too much leather in the ear; smaller ears are a point which require the breeder's special attention. Color, both in eyes, ear and muzzle, is another matter. How few specimens at present equal Bamford's Wolf, Old King, Granby, Green's Monarch, or Beau in this respect. In making a review, it is not necessary to go through the various shows *seriatim;* my readers should go through the show reports for themselves in the back numbers of the *Field*. I merely strive to pick out the specimens most worthy of notice, leaving breeders to analyze for themselves, and then, by tracing out the pedigrees of the greatest winners, they may get at the winning blood for themselves.

The following specimens, given somewhat in order according to their merit, in my opinion comprise every, or nearly every, specimen worthy of particular mention:

1. Beaufort, too staring in eye and unsymmetrical in hind legs, like many specimens in which the dew-claw is developed; in other respects he is a very grand specimen, unquestionably the best all-round dog now before the public. 2. Victor Hugo, previously mentioned. 3. Hotspur, very good in head, fair in size, and fairly good all over. 4. Montgomery, far too large in ear, and dingy in color. 5. Albert Victor, previously mentioned. 6. Llewellyn, small in ear, good in muzzle, grand in color, short in head; a very perfect specimen. 7. Maximilian lacks character in head, and is defective slightly in one or two other points, yet he has really good blood, and Minting proved his value as a sire. 8. Spartacus, full in eye, and lacking mastiff character, expression in head in its fullest sense. He is also light in bone, yet possesses that muscular activity that the old English mastiff had, and has unfortunately lost to a great extent of late years. 9. Boatswain is too throaty and deficient in loin; still he has a most characteristic head, a head which those who do not understand type should study, for although shortness of head is a point—a long muzzle in a mastiff being altogether wrong and uncharacteristic—there are points as well as shortness which help to constitute a typical head. Boatswain has the heavy wrinkled brow causing that lowering expression peculiar to the old English mastiff. 10. Charley Wood, sold to go to Rotterdam, had all the appearance of growing into a grand specimen. 11. Lionel is about the best brindle male extant, has a good head and nice little ears, but is light in eye. 12. Minting's crooked forelegs will always be against him, and he was also somewhat hollow in the back, but he has great length of body and a superb head. 13. Rudolph, a very good mastiff, good in head, but light in color, and his small ears are much spoilt in many people's opinion by being semi-crest. 14. Clement is a fair dog, but only able to win when the cracks are absent. 15. Imperial Chancellor is houndy, showing the cone, and is too long and narrow in head, and too large in ear, still he is a fine-bodied dog, and possesses size. 16. Ilford Chancellor is too throaty, and shows too much wrinkle. 17. Wodan is too large in ears, narrow in loin and at present shows the cone, otherwise has a good head. 18. Pius is a well-bred dog, very fair all round, but terribly out of condition. 19. Brindle Sultan, a good old-fashioned mastiff, but of a bygone type. 20. Last, but not least, Prince of Wales, a good all-round dog, who should have carried off the champion prize at the Royal Aquarium, over the lame King Canute. In bitches, Cambrian Princess still holds the premier position; Lady Isabel begins to show signs of age; Lady Clare's large ears spoil her greatly; Reine, gone to America, was a very fine bitch; Hoda is very grand in body, but her head is nothing first rate; Rosa looks like breeding something very good if well mated. Mastiff bitches at the present time are decidedly improved in head within the last few years, and the puppies at the Crystal Palace showed there is no likelihood of any falling off in this respect, while the shortness of body and weak hindquarters, complained of so greatly, would appear more a fault in rearing than inherent.—*M. B. Wynn, in London Field.*

The editor of the *Field* adds the following note: "The Americans have not been fortunate in breeding good specimens, for the very reason that, as a rule, only second-rate animals were imported by them. Minting, of course, must be excepted, and he has not been there sufficiently long to make his mark. Goldsmith would scarcely be taken as an authority on the size of the mastiff in his day, and we do not believe any mastiff of the present time weighs anything like 220lbs."

INTESTINAL OBSTRUCTION IN DOGS.

VALUABLE and highly bred dogs are more numerous to-day in the United States than ever before. To their rearing and training and the development of their respective attributes is devoted much labor and expense. Celebrated stud dogs are held at enormous prices, and some of the more extensive kennels produce a considerable income annually. Surgical diseases of dogs have never been made a specialty, and probably never will be. At the same time they are very important to owners and breeders, and every surgeon is called upon from time to time to treat them. The principles of surgery as applied to man are similarly applicable to dogs. The enforcement of absolute rest in certain positions or for a considerable length of time is often impossible, and here is where veterinary surgery meets its greatest obstacles. The principles are applicable. The practice is sometimes difficult.

Intestinal obstruction in dogs is not rare. It is more common in puppies than in adult dogs. It is more common in well bred dogs than in mongrels. In adults it is caused, as a rule, by swallowing bones or foreign bodies, though it may occur from the growth of a tumor or adhesive inflammation, or, rarely, rupture. In young dogs it is invariably a foreign body or twisting or invagination of the gut.

Dogs whose diet is selected, and consists of little or no meat will, on the sly, eagerly devour what they may accidentally find. They are likely to bolt it without tearing the flesh or breaking the bone sufficiently. In this way large and jagged bits of bone may pass through the stomach without being digested, and may lodge at almost any point in the small intestine. When a bone or other foreign body becomes impacted in the intestinal canal, it naturally blocks the passage of fecal matter or semi-digested food, and, by this accumulation, the gut above the obstructed point is distended and below is collapsed. Congestion of the gut follows, and, where no relief is obtained, this congestion runs progressively into inflammation and perhaps gangrene. Death ends the trouble. The symptoms in their natural sequence would be as follows: Localized pain in some spot over the abdominal walls, indicated by palpating or pressing the fingers firmly inward at different points, and noticing whether the animal winces or whines; general pain and abdominal distention follows, due to peritonitis and the formation of gases in the gut from the fermentation of the food. This distention can be discovered by percussion, which consists in placing one or two fingers flat on the belly and tapping them firmly with one or two fingers of the other hand. The resonance will be hollow, or what is termed tympanitic.

The position that the dog takes at this stage is often characteristic. It is that of flexion, viz.: standing on the hind legs and resting the chest and foreparts on the ground, or when lying, curling up as much as possible. These positions tend to relax the abdominal muscles and relieve pain. Concomitant with these physical signs are some constitutional symptoms, which are almost diagnostic. Constipation is present, running into obstipation, which latter term signifies inability to pass anything per rectum. The animal is constantly straining, but the passages are merely of mucous and a little blood. At the same time vomiting is present and persistent. The vomited matter consists of contents of the stomach at first, then becomes slimy and greenish, and then follow the contents of the upper intestines, and finally the vomited matters will become feculoid, or having a distinct excrementitious odor and look. These are the principal symptoms observable to the layman. The surgeon would examine the pulse, temperature, respiration, and find the canine patient in collapse, with a rapid, feeble heart, the temperature subnormal, the respiration shallow and rapid, the extremities cold, the pupils dilated.

The duration of life after obstruction of the intestine has taken place, depends on the cause, age of dog, general health, etc. Generally they live anywhere from six to ten or twelve days.

The treatment of this trouble depends greatly on the cause. As this obstruction, if not relieved progresses steadily to a fatal end, the longer the delay the greater the chances of loss of our patient. In cases of young dogs, where invagination, hernia or twisting of the gut is suspected, inversion of the animal, holding it by the hindlegs, may be resorted to with the idea of loosening the coils of intestine. Injections are exceedingly useful and should be given in large quantity so that the fluid will reach as high as possible in the canal. This can be accomplished readily by using a rectal tube, well oiled, which can be passed gently into the gut as far as it will go without encountering marked resistance. A Davidson's syringe attached to this will soon fill the gut. Cathartics are contra-indicated and harmful, for they only serve to increase the difficulty. They are often given, however, under the impression that the animal suffers from intestinal colic or gastro-intestinal inflammation. Kneading the belly with the doubled up fingers may release an obstruction. We have lately heard of a case in which a dog after swallowing a piece of rope was enabled to pass it upon recovering from the administration of ether, the anesthetic relaxing the bowels sufficiently to allow the substance to find its way to the rectum.

If the animal is suffering great pain, opium, in the shape of morphine, given hypodermically, should be administered. For collapse and great failure of powers, give whisky or brandy in the same manner. Has the existence of obstruction been suspected from the first, and the progression of symptoms, as detailed above, confirmed the diagnosis, milder methods or treatment having failed, we see no reason why laparotomy or abdominal section should not be performed in man this operation is now, under the antiseptic precautions of modern surgery, devoid of the great dangers formerly ascribed to it. The obstacles in bringing such an operation to a successful issue in animals would be the difficulties in the after treatment. Still we think these can be overcome. The animal can be sewed in a canvas bag and so secured as to insure almost absolute quiet for a long enough period to accomplish the healing of the wound. We have verified this in the case of a valuable red Irish setter upon whom we performed tracheotomy for a foreign body in the windpipe. By securing the dog in a canvas bag previously arranged, suspended like a hammock, and keeping the animal under morphine, he was absolutely quiet for thirty-six hours, when he died of the trouble.

A dog is much less liable to peritonitis than man. We need not enter into the details of such an operation. Every surgeon is entirely familiar with them. It might, however, be well to say that the hair should be cleanly shaved from the region where the incision is to be made. The food should be entirely fluid for at least four days, and given per rectum. The nourishment should consist of peptonized milk, beef juice, a certain amount of brandy or whisky and laudanum. Opium may be given either in this shape or by hypodermics of morphine. The position of the dog should be changed for a little while each day in order to guard against what is termed hypostatic congestion, or the settling of the blood to the most dependent portions of the lungs, which is liable to occur where the heart is weak, and the patient remains on the back for some time.

We were called a few days since to make an autopsy upon the body of the fine prize winning two-year-old mastiff Bismarck, the property of Mr. C. P. Fraleigh of Summerville, N. J. The dog had suffered for ten days with almost the exact train of symptoms described above, passing nothing and vomiting constantly. The heart and lungs were healthy, giving evidence, however, that the dog had died of gradual heart failure and collapsed.

Upon opening the abdomen, however, the cause of death was instantly manifest. The alimentary canal from the stomach downward to the extent of about nine feet was enormously distended with fecal matter and undigested food. The gut was intensely congested, almost gangrenous. A certain amount of peritonitis was present. At this point, about nine feet from the stomach, a sharp, almost needle-like spicule of bone had perforated the gut and protruded into the abdominal cavity. Below this point the gut was collapsed, empty and normal. The liver was greatly congested, black and tarry looking on section. The kidneys were the seat of an acute diffused nephritis. The bladder was distended with decomposed ammoniacal urine. The perforation looked recent. The bone seemed to be part of the vertebra of a sheep, the two transverse processes being broken into sharp points, and the spinous process projecting between, but blunt. The bone was imbedded in what appeared to be fine hay or straw. It is reasonable to suppose that the dog, not being accustomed to being fed any meat and finding this bone, had half chewed it and swallowed it with the unfortunate result detailed. Had a diagnosis been made, which we acknowledge is always difficult, his life might have been saved by an operation. The nature of the foreign body, however, in this case, would have made it necessary to have opened the gut itself and to have extracted the bone, this being a much more dangerous operation than simple abdominal section and relief of obstruction by manipulation.

MORTON GRINNELL, M.D.

48 EAST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, New York.

PREMIUM LISTS.

WE have received premium lists of the Philadelphia, Hartford and New York dog shows. Philadelphia offers a gold medal in champion classes and $20, $10 and silver medal in the more important open classes, with $10, $5 and silver medal in others and $10 and silver medal in nearly all of the remaining classes. Kennel prizes of $10 are offered for four or more, owned by one exhibitor, of mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, spaniels, beagles and collies. The best pack of foxhounds will receive $25; there is an entrance fee of $10 for this prize. A number of valuable special prizes are promised. Any breed not classified will receive $10 and silver medal if there are five entries

Hartford will give a champion cup for champion classes and $10 and $5 in the more important classes with 60 and 40 per cent. in the remainder and all the puppy classes. Kennel prizes of $15 will be given for four or more, owned by one exhibitor, to mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, spaniels, deerhounds, fox-terriers, beagles, bull-terriers, collies, and $10 to pugs.

The Apollo Stakes of the American Fox-Terrier Club will be decided at this show. The value to the winner will be $55 and a silver cup. The president of the American Fox-Terrier Club also offers $25 for the best exhibit of fox-terriers, to consist of not less than a grown dog and bitch and a dog and bitch puppy. The American English Beagle Club offer a silver cup for the best beagle dog and for the best bitch in the open classes. Other valuable specials are promised.

New York will give $20 in the more prominent champion classes, and $20, $10 and silver medal in the open. Some of the other classes have $15 in the champion and $10, $5 and silver medal in the open classes. A few classes have $10 in the champion, and $10, $5 and silver medal in the open classes. Some of the classes have no champion prize, receiving in the open class $10, $5 and silver medal, the remaining classes receiving $10 and silver medal. A silver club medal for the best kennel of four owned by one exhibitor to mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, black and tan setters, spaniels, fox-terriers, collies; best three deerhounds, greyhounds and pugs; best brace beagles; best pair bulldogs and bull-terriers. The Eastern Field Trials Club offer a club medal each to dogs and bitches that have been placed at an American field trial for pointers, English setters and Irish setters: also to black and tan setters, dog or bitch. The first Produce Stake of the American Fox-Terrier Club will be decided here. The president of the club will give $25 for the best exhibit of not less than a grown dog and bitch, and a dog and bitch puppy. Other special prizes for fox-terriers are: $20 for the best, $25 best dog, $15 best team of three and $10 each for best brace; best in champion classes, dog in open class, also bitch; dog puppy, also bitch, and best American bred whelped in 1886.

The American Mastiff Club offers the club's $150 challenge cup for the best American bred mastiff; the club's $100 challenge cup for best dog owned by a member, and the same for bitch, same conditions.

The American English Beagle Club offers a silver cup for the best beagle dog in open class and the same for bitch. There will be cash prizes of $50 for the best pointer dog in open class, $25 for best collie in open class, $25 for best four English setters and also for best four collies.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.

THE third annual dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club began on Tuesday under rather unfavorable weather conditions, but notwithstanding the steady downpour of rain there was a very good attendance for a first day. There was a total of 537 entries, with but few absentees. The benching by Spratts Patent presents a very attractive appearance; the wire netting between the dogs allows almost unobstructed view of them. The partitions between the large dogs, however, are decidedly insufficient, and some plan must be devised to make them more secure. Those between the medium sized dogs should be at least a foot higher; with these alterations this system would give better satisfaction.

The quality of the dogs in many of the classes was above the average. This was notably the case in the collie and beagle classes. St. Bernards also made a good showing, although many of them were the property of the judge and not for competition. Pointers were a fair lot with only one newcomer of note Naso, of Kippen. English setters were few in number, but of good quality, first and second in the open dog class going to litter brothers, both winners in England. The judging began late and was not expedited as it should have been. All of the appointed judges were present except Mr. Martin Dennis, who was to have acted with Mr. A. S. Apgar in the collie classes. Mr. James Mortimer was selected to act in his place. Our comments upon the dogs will appear next week. Following is a list of awards up to Tuesday night:

AWARDS.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION.—*Dog:* Hermitage Kennels' Duke of Leeds. *Bitch:* Hermitage Kennels' Rhona. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles; 2d, Hermitage Kennels' Cyrus; 3d, Mrs. A. M. McGregor's Bosco II.; 4th, J. W. Burgess's Rene. Reserve, W. R. Watt's Hector II. High com., G. J. Geer's Jupiter of Clover Patch. *Bitches:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Beda; 2d, Dr. W. Young's Empress; 3d, Hermitage Kennels' St. Bride; 4th, withheld. Reserve, Associated Fanciers' Nora. Very high com., Mrs. J. Grant's Beda. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. J. Geer's Jupiter of Clover Patch; 2d, J. Meyer's Casius; 3d, Mrs. A. M. McGregor's Beppo. *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. High com., Dr. W. Young's Duchess.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION.—*Dog:* Hermitage Kennels' Don II. *Bitch:* Hermitage Kennels' Lelia. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Dunlop's Rigi; 2d, Hermitage Kennel's Erie; 3d, Miss M. H. Ludlum's Prince Eugene; 4th, C. A. Shriners' Bruno. *Bitches:* 1st, Hermitage Kennels' Thisbe; 2d, withheld; 3d, R. L. Steven's Flora II. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, O. Currier's Adonis; 2d, P. C. Ohl's Jupiter; 3d, F. Enos's Prince E. High com., L. F. Beckwith's King. *Bitches:* Not for competition.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution, 2d, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap; 3d, A. Grant's Hildebert; 4th, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Scribner's Meg Merrilies; 2d, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose; 3d, withheld.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, O. Brandt's Regulus; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, B. Meyer's Irene.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Follie; 2d, W. H. Croselmor's Flora.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar; 2d, W. W. Tucker's Rex.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Webber's Pembroke; 2d, A. V. Beust's Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, C. D. Webber's Sister in Black. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, C. D. Webber's St. Leger and Stormy Day; 3d, F. W. Buerch's Jumbo.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Bras and Highland Laddie. Bitches not judged.

POINTERS—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Highland Kennels' Robert Le Diable. *Bitch:* Graphic Kennels' Mealy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso and Jimmie; 3d, E. C. Sperry's Capt. Fred; 4th, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany. Very high com., F. Smith's Joe. *Bitches:* 1st, S. J. Colt's Phyllis; 2d, Vail & Wilms's Lady Snow; 3d, Manhansatt Kennels' Temptation; 4th, Westminster Kennel Club's Kate VIII.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Graphic Kennels' Bracket. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen; 2d, F. Vail's Naso of Devonshire; 3d, M. Mills's Naso Boy; 4th, W. H. Moller's Bon Ton. Very high com., H. O. Manger's Rip. High com., F. R. Hitchcock's Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca; 2d and 3d, F. R. Hitchcock's Penelope and Modesty. Very high com. and com., Clifton Kennels' Drys, Queen Bow and Kent Queen.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Willrath's Jersey Bang Bang; 2d, Clifton Kennels' Pomnory Sec; 3d, F. Vail's Naso of Devonshire. Very high com., M. Mills's Mort of Naso. High com., Westminster Kennel Club's unnamed. Com., J. H. Meyer's Baronet, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, G. L. Wilms's Mayflower; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's unnamed; 3d, Clifton Kennels' Maindell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Blackstone Kennels' Foreman. *Bitch:* No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Leonard's Royal Prince II; 2d, Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert; 3d, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie; 4th, G. K. Wright's Rollo. Very high com., Lafayette Kennels' Rock Belton. High com., H. Idell's Rock. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Windholz's Cora of Wetherall; 2d, J. S. Clark's Mavis; 3d and very high com., Lafayette Kennels' Princess Belton and Countess; 4th, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman. High com., A. A. Welch's Maud. PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Pope's Dash Ranger; 2d, A. W. Kapplay's Spit. *Bitches:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Patience; 2d, E. L. Vredenburgh's Lady Rockingham.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Max Wendell's Chief. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Molly Bawn. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. S. & S. W. Parrott's Gerald; 2d, H. Reed's Kerry; 3d, I. H. Robert's Bruce; 4th, Max Wenzel's Tim. Very high com., J. Grosvenor's Banker. High com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Begorra. *Bitches:* 1st, H. T. Kershaw's Beske Gleneloe; 2d, Max Wenzel's Ready; 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nellie. Very high com., Max Wenzel's Youbee. High com., I. H. Roberts's Jessie. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* L. & J. Backer's Irish Laddie; 2d and 3d withheld. High com., Stony Point Kennels' Moses. *Bitches:* 1st, C. W. Rodenburg's Norah V.; 2d and 3d withheld. Very high com., C. A. Quick's Kitty Sarsfield.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady.—OPEN—1st, W. O. Partridge's Rob; 2d and very high com., A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot and Donnie Dhu; 3d, A. W. Day's Nonesuch. Reserve, Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Monk. Very high com., E. M. Oldham's Lady Abbot.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—J. P. Willey's Shina.—OPEN LIVER OR BLACK—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, American Cocker Kennels' Doc and C. M. Nelles's Brant; 2d, Fay & Baxter's Ned Obo. Reserve, American Cocker Kennels' Dixie. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II. and Chloe W; 2d, Fay & Baxter's Widow Cliquot; 3d, G. H. Whitehead's Lady Pluto. Very high com., C. M. Nelles's Juno W. High com., C. V. V. Sewell's Sweetheart. Com., Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Gladys and H. Durand's Woodstock Nellie. ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, D. B. Scott's Fanny; 3d and 4th withheld. Very high com., F. W. Kitchell's Fay. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. L. Weston's Morak; 2d, A. W. Day's Nonesuch; 3d, American Cocker Kennels' Dixie. Reserve and very high com., Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Boniface and Compton Bachelor. Very high com., W. H. Moseley's Benito. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; 2d, E. R. Hearn's Miss Bend Or; 3d, Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Berge. Very high com., W. H. Moseley's Ruth, C. W. Wilson's Midnight II. and F. L. Weston's Belle.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION — Marmaduke Richardson's Newcastle.—OPEN—1st and 2d, Mercier & Hill's Johnny and Drake; 3d, M. Richardson's Tyne.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Associated Fanciers' Roy Boy. *Bitch:* Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady of the Lake. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. Van Schaick's Scotilla and Scotson; 3d and reserve, Jas. Watson's Clipper and Glenlivat; 4th, not decided. Very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon. High com., J. D. Shotwell's Shirley and Miss Lelia Godwin's Donald V. Com., J. S. Roger's Toby Wayne and C. Van W. Fish's Young Trefoil. *Bitches:* 1st and 4th, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II. and Helen; 2d and very high com., Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady Ellis and Daisy Dean; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Clifton Maid. Reserve, J. S. Rogers's Wayne Beauty. Very high com., Jas. Watson's Mavis. High com., G. A. Smith's Rutland Maid and F. Haines's Highland Lassie. Com., J. Van Schaick's Nancy III. and Ethel II. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scottish Hero and Dublin Scot, Jr.; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Karo. Reserve and high com., Hempstead Farm Co.'s Cheviot Lad and Zulu. Very high com. and com., G. A. Smith's Scotia and Rutland, Jr. High com. and com., G. A. Fletcher's Rutledge and Rutland Jock. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scot Bairn and Hazel Thorpe; 3d, F. P. Carswell's Daisy Rutland. Reserve, G. A. Fletcher's Rosalind II. Very high com., G. A. Smith's Rutland Maid. High com., Associated Fanciers' Berlin Maid. Com., T. Lindsay's Dew Drop and J. Van Schaick's Ethel II.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Woodbrook Kennels' Rattler III. *Bitch:* Woodbrook Kennels' Myrtle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket; 2d, Geo. Laick's Rattler; 3d, H. F. Schellhass' Trailer; 4th and very high com., Somerset Kennels' My Maryland, Goodwood Rattler and Jupiter. Very high com., Woodbrook Kennels' Chimer; High com., J. Satterthwaite's Kino and Look, and Woodbrook Kennels' Little Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and very high com., J. Satterthwaite's Low, Gip, Dot III. and Blue Bell; 2d and very high com., A. C. Krueger's Krueger's Dot and Vickey; 4th and very high com., Woodbrook Kennels' Thorn II., Vixen and Betty. Very high com., H. F. Schellhass's Melody and Trinket, and Somerset Kennels' Jessie, Virginia and Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, Woodbrook Kennels' Rowdy; 2d and very high com., J. Satterthwaite's Tick II. and Sport II.; 3d, A. C. Krueger's Whisper. Very high com., H. F. Schellhass's Riot.

BASSET HOUNDS.—Prizes withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, reserve and very high com., Fred Hoey's Valet, Luke and Venetian; 2d and com., Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal and Regent Vox; 3d and 4th, E. Kelly's Earl Leycester and Shovel. High com., J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack. Com., Mrs. E. Alexander's Cocaine and E. Lever's Little Swell. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Blemton Kennels' Safety, Marguerite and Verdict; 4th, J. E. Thayer's Meersbrook Nan. High com., J. H. Shephard's Lady Winnie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Snoozer and Tancred; 3d, J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture. Com., D. S. Appleton's Teddy the Grinder. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Verdict and Tiara; 3d, withheld. High com., J. E. Thayer's Lady Mixture and E. Kelly's Votary. Com. A. Till's Nettle.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. I. Grainger's Traps; 2d, B. B. McGregor's Trophys; 3d, R. H. Barlow's New Year's Day. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Connor's Meg; 2d, R. H. Barlow's Tiny Todger; 3d, G. Bell's Bristles. Very high com., B. B. McGregor's Spot. Com., R. Lyon's Fly Thorn.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate; 2d, F. P. Kirby's Countess; 3d, Mrs. J. Lindsay's Towzie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, 2d and 3d, P. Casidy's Ben, Dick and Champagne. Very high com., C. E. Rogers's Bess.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, J. Johnson's Pete; 2d and 3d, M. A. Hanchett's Mousey and Minnie Warren. Very high com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Monarch.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHAMPION — W. Phillips's Rosius. OPEN—1st, withheld; 2d, W. Phillips's Princess.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—W. Phillips's King Victor.—OPEN: 1st, Miss Mamie Phillips's King Pippin; 2d, W. Phillips's Lady.

KREHL—"PORCUPINE"—DALZIEL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not know that I would feel called on to reply to Mr. Krehl's letter in your issue of March 10, had not "Porcupine" intimated that I would be occupying a position of malodorous and solitary eminence, did I not fall in with his opinion that Mr. Hugh Dalziel is worse than a skunk. What Mr. Krehl has to say as to dog poisoning is no business of mine, but I may say in passing that I do not see the drift of his remarks on this subject, for the *Turf, Field and Farm* is the only journal that I have seen that clears Mr. Krehl of the indefinite charge that Mr. Carter brought and that "Porcupine" corruscated about. But when he comes to Mr. Dalziel he makes a statement so evidently incorrect, and that every reader of FOREST AND STREAM should know is incorrect, that I cannot refrain from demolishing it. As near as I can boil down Mr. Krehl's charge against Mr. Dalziel, it is that Dalziel has always expressed an opinion that the famous "Anonymous Document" was a vile and cowardly libel, and the *Turf, Field and Farm* says that Dalziel wrote Mr. Krehl that the insinuations of the circular were but too true, etc. How far Mr. Krehl is from being correct is shown by the article "Corsincon" wrote FOREST AND STREAM over a year since, in which he says, referring to "Lillibulero," about to this effect: "He and I will not probably agree as to the merits of this circular, except in both denouncing the cowardice of an anonymous attack on men by name." How can Mr. Krehl's charge of duplicity be maintained in the face of this public declaration of Mr. Dalziel's? As I understand that Mr. Krehl is a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I can only suppose he must have forgotten this explicit declaration.

Further, "Porcupine" has been constantly assailing Dalziel; charging him with lying, duplicity, crookedness, affiliating with "Wildfowler," etc. Tired of this, I at last wrote to personal friends of Mr. Dalziel's, those who have known him long and well, in every phase of his daily life, specifying all these charges made. Here are the replies:

LONDON, March 4, 1887.—*W. Wade, Esq.:* My Dear Sir—* * * As regards the charges which you say have been made against Mr. Hugh Dalziel, I can only say that I believe them to be most thoroughly unfounded * * * and I may say that I believe him to be one of the few thoroughly honorable and straightforward men connected with the doggy world. Yours, etc., L. UPCOTT GILL.

MANCHESTER, Vermont, Jan. 22, 1887.—* * * Dalziel's persistent and agressive honesty of purpose has stood in his way continually. No one in England dare impugn that one sterling characteristic of the man. I have been by his side in more than one fight for the truth, and know the ingrained, dogged tenacity of the man in what he believes to be just and fair. As to his being in collusion with little Clement, the idea is absurd. To my certain knowledge Dalziel threw up most lucrative offers from the London *Field* because he wouldn't act in the same street as the Frenchmen. * * * His drinking does not amount to so much; he is not a sot or slave to drink; with him it is simply an accident.—J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

Mark you, Mr. Krehl and "Porcupine," bitter personal enemies of Dalziel, say he is a liar and trickster; Mr. Gill, his publisher, long associated with him in business, money business, intimately acquainted with him in all respects; and Mr. Keene, an old associate, long side by side with him in the same office, have spoken above. I leave the case to the jury of your readers. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., March 15.

BESSIE'S PEDIGREE.—Chatham, Ont., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been absent in the South for the last month quail shooting, and have not had a chance until lately to read my papers, which were not sent on to me. In your issue of Feb. 10 last, Mr. J. Tenney, of Haverhill, Mass., asks why Mr. Brown or myself did not dispute Bessie's pedigree when she was advertised for sale in FOREST AND STREAM in 1885. I can only answer for myself by saying I did not see the advertisement, as I was not a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM at the time. In fact, the matter was brought to my notice by a gentleman in Massachusetts asking me if the pedigree was correct. Ruthven is a small place about forty miles from here, and I have been trying to find out who Mr. A. N. Harrington, who claims to have bred Bessie, is, but so far without success. I will say again that Fausta II. (Leicester—Rose), owned by Jas. Kime, V. S., of this place, was bred to Mingo once, and whelped, on July 10, 1884, seven, five dogs and two bitches, one bitch black and white and one lemon and white. The litter was bred on shares, and the black and white bitch came to me. She has only left my hands to be broken by Will Davidson, in Tennessee. I got her on my way south; shot over her while there and now have her with me. The other bitch, lemon and white, Mr. Kime disposed of to Mr. Jos. Cook, of Hillsdale, Mich. I do not know where she is now, but as she is lemon and white and Bessie is black and white ticked, they cannot be the same. I shall be only too glad to assist in any way in my power the purchaser of the bitch to recover from Harrington if there is such a man. There is fraud somewhere. —W. B. WELLS.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the 130 dogs entered in the March issue of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

4698. Bannerqueen, H. B. Nichol.
4699. Queen Bess, A. K. Fowler.
4700. Racket II., H. B. Nichol.
4701. Vocal, Herman B. Burr.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

4702. Dundee, Osceola Kennels.
4703. LaPorte, Osceola Kennels.
4704. Miss Fortune, Osceola Ken.
4705. Traitress, Osceola Kennels.

COLLIES.

4706. Belle of Rosedale, Ira E. Whistler.
4707. Clifton Jo, Wm. P. Foster.
4708. Christine, Glencoe Collie Kennels.
4709. Don Clifton, C. W. Stoddard.
4710. Dundee, Miss Agnes M. Beach.
4711. Jubilee, Messrs. McEwen & Gibson.
4712. Loris, Jos. R. McAlpin.
4713. Mark Twain, S. S. Eldred.
4714. Midge, Glencoe Collie Kennels.
4715. Muff, Miles A. Hoffman.
4716. Pegg, S. S. Eldred.
4717. Phosa Belle, C. W. Stoddard.
4718. Rex III., C. V. Bemis.
4719. Roddy, Glencoe Collie Kennels.

DACHSHUNDE.

4720. Hecker, Ulrich Gerber.

DEERHOUNDS.

4721. Brandy, John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels.
4722. Brasina, John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels.
4723. Brazen, John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels.
4724. Chieftain's Daughter, J. E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels.
4725. Fergus, A. G. Stoddard.
4726. Hillside Chieftain, John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels.
4727. Phyllis, A. G. Stoddard.

FOXHOUNDS.

4728. Sis, L. N. Edwards.

GREAT DANES.

4729. Don Cæsar, Osceola Kennels.
4730. Donna Minka, Osceola Ken.
4731. Flora, Osceola Kennels.

MASTIFFS.

4732. Annette, Chas. E. Shaw.
4733. Ben Adam, J. W. Bullock.
4734. Lex, Edward A. Poyen.
4735. Miss Dorothy, N. Robinson.
4736. Prince, F. M. Johnson.
4737. Roger, J. M. Sheahan.
4738. Vixen, P. H. Mygall and P. H. Worth.

POINTERS.

4739. Ben Franklin, P. S. Odom.
4740. Bess, S. D. Reaves.
4741. Bow, Thos. S. Inglesby.
4742. Countess Flora K., Ad. J. Klofanda.
4743. Derby Duke, G. B. Talmage.
4744. Fleet, Detroit Kennel Club.
4745. Fly, Jas. P. Swain.
4746. Gordon, T. O. Hand.
4747. Governor, J. A. McGregor.
4748. Jersey, A. N. Stern.
4749. Jersey Bang Bang, Fred. Willrath.
4750. Sally, G. Albert Jones.
4751. Sue, Detroit Kennel Club.
4752. Trojan Snow, J. R. Draper.
4753. Vim, J. N. Martin.
4754. Westeru Bang Bang, Ad J. Klofanda.
4755. Wild Lilly, Geo. W. Lovell.
4756. Zura, W. F. Todd.

PUGS.

4757. Midge, W. B. Woodward.
4758. Sister, J. P. Davis.
4759. Talent, East Lake Kennels.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

4760. Beppo, A. Grant.
4761. Bismark, G. Grauer.
4762. Carlo, C. Wagner.
4763. Don Bonivard, L. Salinger.
4764. Flora, C. Wagner.
4765. Griff Bonivard, C. Bickford
4766. Hero, Welz & Zerweck.
4767. Madam, J. H. Sutcliffe.
4768. Major, C. Wagner.
4769. Minka, C. Essig.
4770. Monk Dietrich, C. Beach.
4771. Ned, H. Franz.
4772. Pasha, Welz & Zerweck.
4773. Pasha, Jr., G. Grauer.
4774. Pasha II., C. Wagner.
4775. Princess Karl, C. Bickford.
4776. Romeo, C. Wagner.
4777. Sultan, Welz & Zerweck.
4778. Wanda, Welz & Zerweck.

SMOOTH-COATED.

4779. Edna, R. Willmann.
4780. Gypsy T., S. Trask.
4781. Lex T., S. Trask.
4782. Prince E., F. Enos.
4783. Rex T., S. Trask.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

4784. Carrie W., R. L. Pond.
4785. Early Dawn, Detroit Kennel Club.
4786. Fannie.
4787. Leigh Belton, Warwick Kennels.
4788. Mac Gladson, G. H. Poland.
4789. Premier Lad, J. E. Fuller.
4790. Prince Gladson, J. Dennen.
4791. Rollo, G. R. Wright.
4792. Ruby R., E. C. Ross.
4793. Victory, Detroit Kennel Club.

IRISH SETTERS.

4794. Barney, L. E. Griffiths.
4795. Belfast, A. K. Hunt.
4796. Colleen Bawn II., H. A. Fletcher.
4797. Dash II., J. S. Bull.
4798. Diana, H. A. Fletcher.
4799. Daniel, B. P. Rothrock.
4800. Fan, W. Dempsey.
4801. Gratitude, H. R. Turnure.
4802. Kathleen O'Moore, R. E. Van Syckel.
4803. Maud Sarsfield, H. A. Fletcher.
4804. Nellie Grouse, B. P. Rothrock.
4805. Peg W., C. A. Worder.
4806. Pontius Pilate, J. W. Parsons.
4807. Prairie Queen, F. Querens, Jr.
4808. St. Lawrence, C. Abbott.

SPANIELS.—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

4809. Black Princess, H. H. Truman.
4810. Jet Obo, W. J. Furness.
4811. Lady of the Lake, O. Hendry.
4812. Neb, G. H. Payson.
4813. Princess Tiney, O. Hendry.

TERRIERS.—BULL-TERRIERS.

4814. Flirt, W. Mariner.
4815. Wilkes, J. H. Conklin.

FOX-TERRIERS.

4816. Belgrave Violet, J. E. Thayer.
4817. Dandy Mixture, J. E. Thayer.
4818. Fraulein Mixture, J. E. Thayer.
4819. Noble Mixture, J. E. Thayer
4820. Pandora, C. Eschenbach.
4821. Patch II., J. H. Tuckerman.
4822. Perseus, C. Eschenbach.
4823. Fly Mixture. J. E. Thayer.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

4824. Cute, D. F. Highley.
4825. Jeppa, D. A. Raiff.
4826. Tip, P. Ullrich.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.

4827. Spot, B. B. McGregor.

HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—Hartford, Conn., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen will judge at our show: James Mortimer, Esq., Babylon, L. I., mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, collies, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, dachshunde, pugs, Italian greyhounds, poodles, toy terriers, miscellaneous, and all classes not named below. John Davidson, Esq., Monroe, Mich., pointers, English and Irish setters, deerhounds, foxhounds and greyhounds. Dr. H. Clay Glover, New York city, black and tan setters. Ronald H. Barlow, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa., bulldogs. S. R. Hemingway, Esq., New Haven, Conn., spaniels. Norman Elmore, Esq., Granby, Conn., beagles and basset hounds. H. Clay Glover, V.S., will act as veterinarian. The Challenge dog food will be fed the dogs under the supervision of Mr. Wm. Tallman. The following railroads will carry dogs free in baggage car if in care of attendent: New York, New Haven & Hartford, Hartford & Connecticut Western, Hartford & Connecticut Valley. New York & New England R. R. will carry three dogs free if in care of owner or attendent, all over three will be charged for. Adams (Penn. N. Y. & N. E. Div.) Express will return dogs free where full charges have been made in shipping to show, and if the dogs are shipped back to the original owner and point. A certificate from the secretary of the club is required that the same have not changed hands. The Hartford & New York Transportation Co. will carry dogs boxed for 72 cents per 100lbs. each way. Dogs one to five leashed in care of man on deck, 50 cents each way. In care of baggage master, 75 cents each way. The company's steamers leave New York city, Pier 24 East River, each day (Sundays excepted) at 4 P. M., and arrive in Hartford the next morning about 7 A. M.—A. C. COLLINS, Secretary.

BEAGLES AT BUFFALO.—Mr. Chas. H. Mason requests us to state that he wrote of Ginger, winner of second prize at Buffalo in the open beagle dog class, "not a true beagle" instead of "but a true beagle."

DARKEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been smiling all the afternoon at Mr. Mason's description of my spaniel Darkey, exhibited at the Buffalo show. I always knew he was not a faultless dog, but if he is bad in all the places which Mr. Mason points out, I should say he is the very worst sort of dog that ever was on a chain, and, with all the faults which are pointed out by Mr. Mason, he missed the very worst, and that is, that his ears are placed too high and are not of sufficient length. I hope Mr. M. will correct this in his book.

The description reads thus:

First—"Skull too short and full and cheeky" (for size of dog I think he has length enough of head).

Second—"Muzzle lacking in depth and squareness" (I have never seen a square muzzle on a spaniel).

Third—"Neck not quite clean (If this means throatiness, Darkey has none, but has lots of frill).

Fourth—"Ribs too flat and body too short" (I deny he has flat ribs, body is rather short).

Fifth—"Neither body nor loin round enough" (What this means I don't know. I know Darkey was rather thin as he has been running all winter without any care, which also accounts for his coat being a bit rough.)

Sixth—"Too narrow in front, forelegs too long, light in bone, not quite straight, feet small and turned out, elbows not well placed." (From this description I should imagine that he must have front legs something like an Irish shallalagh, the more twists in it the straighter it becomes and the better it is liked. "Coat too curly about neck and loins. (It is certainly wavy just now, but that is accounted for by want of care, as he has slept out in an open kennel all winter and followed the horses every day.

If Darkey had not won under other judges, I think after reading this description of him I should give him away. What must the other nine entries in this class look like? It is very well for their owners that they did not come into the money or there would have been nothing left of them at all worth taking home.

I am not writing this in any cavilling spirit, but just to draw public attention to the defects of the prize winner, as written down in the judge's note-book. Knowing Mr. Mason, I expect I will hear from him through your columns. "Alas! poor Darkey."

J. S. NIVEN.

LONDON, Ont.

HARE DOGS.—Linden, March 14.—In issue of March 13 "E. F. F." doubts my statement in regard to a beagle's hunting when six months old; nevertheless it is the truth. I do not mean to say that all beagles will hunt at that age, as there are several that I know of that are older than his dogs and show no signs of hunting as yet, but I do not think it is the fault of the dogs; they must have a fair chance to learn or they certainly will not hunt at six months. I take my puppies out with the old dogs after they are four months old, on moonlight nights, and let them hear the old ones drive an hour or so, and after they have been out a few times that way they are anxious to know what it all means, and if they are good ones they will go at six or seven months. "E. F. F." must not get discouraged, but keep taking his puppies out, and in all probability they will be all right when the season opens again. I had a foxhound a few years ago that never showed any signs of hunting until after he was two years old, but when he did take hold it required a pretty good one to beat him. My puppies give tongue at five months. That is where the best part of the fun comes in; and I know of no better music than to stand and hear the little fellows when they get a good hot scent; and a man that can't enjoy that kind of sport is hard to please. My dogs have run down rabbits several times this season and I have seen it done by Mr. A. Parry's and by Mr. George Jones's beagles, both of this place; so mine are no better than lots of others; but I do not think a dog can run one down on bare ground by any means unless it is wounded. It has always been done in snow from 6in. to 12in. deep. I have been out this winter in snow from 6in. to 15in. deep, and have never had any trouble about my dogs' ability to get through it, notwithstanding that your correspendent "Brush" from Canada says, "with snow from 10in. to 12in. a beagle will soon come to heel and follow the path you make;" it has not been my experience. When there is too much snow for my beagles there is too much for me. I have a bitch that will whelp in a few days, and in six months from now I would like to have "E. F. F." come and see me some fine moonlight night in September or October, and I will show whether a pup six months old will hunt or not. There are two bench show dogs owned here a little over a year old, sired by champion Little Duke out of a first-class bitch, and I would not ask for two better dogs for hunters than they are turning out to be; they will hunt from daylight until dark if necessary. If "E. F. F." wishes to see some good stock in the beagle line he should visit the dog show at Boston in April next, where there will be the best exhibit of them ever seen in Boston.—W. S. CLARK.

CURRENT NOTES.—A dog's real worth comes out at a dog show. Mr. John E. Thayer's entries at the Boston show are put down in the catalogue at valuations which sum up a total of more than $125,000. "Porcupine" utters a plaint in the *Sporting Life* because the dogs at the Buffalo show were put down at a paltry million. As "Porcupine" had a prize winner there, perhaps he thinks it ought to have been two millions....In the event of a dog show by the Pacific Kennel Club at San Francisco next fall, we understand that several prominent Eastern breeders will send some of their best specimens to compete for the valuable kennel prizes that will undoubtedly be offered. The president of the club, Col. Stuart Taylor, has recently been elected president of the Occidental Coursing Club.

AWARDS AT SHOWS.—New Haven, Conn. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I would suggest to the managers of the coming bench shows the advisability of having some official list of awards published. If the clubs do not care to go to the expense and trouble of having the awards printed in on the margin of the catalogue, a good way is to have an extra page printed with the awards complete. This can easily be bound in with the rest of the catalogue on the second day of the show, and would not only greatly increase the value of the book, but give a list of the awards which can be relied upon. This is done at a great many of the English shows.—E. S. PORTER.

DISGORGED FOOD.—Bismarck, Dak., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Did you ever hear of a bitch feeding her pups in the following peculiar way? Twice each day on going home from my office, I let her into the stable, she having been fed by all the neighbors, who all know Flo and like her. She immediately disgorges from a pint to a quart of what she has eaten. The pups expect it and jump for her mouth as soon as she enters. They are six weeks old, and the bitch seems to have but little milk. This she does twice each day. I have watched her for ten days.—W. H. WILLIAMSON. [This is not an unusual habit with dogs; and it is the customary mode of feeding young with some birds and other animals.]

A VIOLENT COUGH continued through the winter often brings consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the cough yields and the danger disappears. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Victoria. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for white and orange St. Bernard bitch, whelped Feb. 18, 1887, by Rudolph II. out of Bernaline (A.K.R. 3239).

Cupid. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for cream fawn pug dog, whelped March 7, 1887, by Cicero (A.K.R. 4269) out of Titania (A.K.R. 471).

Yum-Yum. By W. H. Walbridge, Peterborough, N. H., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Marco (Harold—Judy) out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018).

Gambetta. By W. H. Walbridge, Peterborough, N. H., for orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Marco (Harold—Judy) out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018).

Queen Vic. By W. H. Walbridge, Peterborough, N. H., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Marco (Harold—Judy) out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018).

Toby D. Glencho. By Felix V. Riviere, Thibodaux, La., for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Oct. 26, 1886, by Dude (A.K.R. 1843) out of Annie Elcho (A.K.R. 4449).

Sandycroft Kennel. By Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., also the prefix Sandycroft.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie Sting—Count Noble. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Nellie Sting (Sting—Novelty) to B. F. Wilson's Count Noble, March 17.

Smut II.—Earl. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Smut II. (Brahmin—Rosa Bonheur) to his Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), March 7.

Black Countess—Obo II. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Countess (Black Pedra—Smut II.) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), March 12.

Hazel Bird—Beaufort II. A. McDonald's (Rockland, Me.) pointer bitch Hazel Bird (Fritz—Bird) to his Beaufort II. (Beaufort—Nellie Bird), March 6.

Nettie B.—Belthus. Percy Ohl's (Plainfield, N. J.) English setter bitch Nettie B. (Mark—Belle) to H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg), March 18.

Gypsey—General Grant. Wm. Silvey's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Gypsey to Wm. T. McAlees's General Grant (Raby Tyrant—Warren Lady), Feb. 21.

Belle—Bang Bang. D. S. Gregory's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Belle (A.K.R. 203) to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), March 11.

Dela—Naso of Kippen. Chas. H. Newell's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Dela (A.K.R. 1347) to Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie), March 6.

Fly—Pilot. B. F. Blackinton's (Attleboro, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Fly to Ideal Kennels' Pilot (A.K.R. 1635), March 17.

Noma—Hindoo. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Noma (Brag—Clipper) to their Hindoo (Brahmin—Pansy B.), Jan. 7.

Daisy B.—Schuyler. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy B. (Sport—Curly) to their Schuyler (Brag—Fanny), Jan. 2.

Daisy Queen—Hindoo. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy Queen (Brag—Daisy B.) to their Hindoo (Brahmin—Pansy B.), March 14.

Beauty—Brag. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Beauty (Grip—Flirt) to their Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup), Feb. 14.

Fly—Hindoo. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Fly (Col. Mac—Dot H.) to their Hindoo (Brahmin—Pansy B.), March 4.

Pet H.—Brag. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Pet H. (Col. Stubbs—Beauty) to their Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup), Feb. 7.

Dot H.—Hindoo. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot H. (Brag—Chipper) to their Hindoo (Brahmin—Pansy B.), Feb. 5.

Flirt—Schuyler. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt (Col. Stubbs—Beauty) to their Schuyler (Brag—Fanny), Feb. 9.

Ruby III.—Gowrie. L. K. Mason's (Hasting, Ia.) Chesapeake bitch Ruby III. (A.K.R. 1913) to George E. Poyneer's Gowrie (Sunday—Nellie), March 1.

Hermita—Merchant Prince. W. H. Walbridge's (Peterborough, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Hermita (A.K.R. 3018) to E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince, March 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nellie Bly. Warren H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie Bly, March 13, eight (three dogs), by J. W. Newman's Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II.).

Jersey Trix. W. H. Joeckel, Jr.'s (Hoboken, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Jersey Trix (A.K.R. 4490), Jan. 30, four (three dogs), by A. Belmont, Jr.'s Bacchanal (Belgravian—The Bedlamite).

Beech Grove Duchess. Geo. Jackson's (Beech Grove, Ind.) mastiff bitch Beech Grove Duchess (Beech Grove Duke, A.K.R. 3370—Beech Grove Gabrielle, A.K.R. 3371), March 7, ten (five dogs), by A. M. Fletcher's Tot (Titus—Digit).

Clapham's Duchess. Geo. Jackson's (Beech Grove, Ind.) mastiff bitch Clapham's Duchess (Turk—Lioness), March 15, four (three dogs), by his Beech Grove Duke (A.K.R. 3370).

Beech Grove Gabrielle. Geo. Jackson's (Beech Grove, Ind.) mastiff bitch Beech Grove Gabrielle (A.K.R. 3371), Dec. 14, ten (four dogs), by his Beech Grove Duke (A.K.R. 3370).

Vixen. Wm. T. McAlees's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Vixen (Raby Tyrant—Warden Lady), Feb. 17, two (one dog), by Fred Hoey's Shovel (Spades—Rosecleaf).

Warren Lady. Wm. T. McAlees's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Warren Lady (Brockenhurst Joe—Swan), Feb. 21, five (four dogs), by August Belmont Jr.'s Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite).

Nana. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Nana (Sam—Titania (A.K.R. 471), March 18, five (two dogs), by their Cicero (A. K.R. 4269).

Titania. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Titania (A. K.R. 471), March 7, five (three dogs), by their Cicero (A.K.R. 4269).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Madge II. Lemon and white clumber spaniel bitch, whelped August, 1886, by Johnny out of Madge, by F. H. D. Vicite, Ottawa, Ont., to W. A. Hodge, Waterbury, Conn.

Cupid. Cream fawn pug dog, whelped March 7, 1887, by Cicero (A.K.R. 4269) out of Titania (A.K.R. 471), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass.

Bang Bang—Moonstone whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1886, by Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., to J. M. Tracy, Ocean Springs, Miss.

Naso of Kippen—Glauca whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1886, by Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., to J. M. Tracy, Ocean Springs, Miss.

Bang Bang—Moonstone whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1886, by Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., to F. R. Hitchcock, New York city.

Tammany—Bertie whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to John White, Bridgeport, Conn.

Bertie II.—Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany out of Bertie, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to E. K. Lefingwell, same place.

Yum-Yum. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Marco out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018), by W. H. Walbridge, Peterborough, N. H., to E. B. Walbridge, same place.

Gambetta. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Marco out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018), by W. H. Walbridge, Peterborough, N. H., to Prof. A. S. Annis, Manchester, N. H.

FOREST AND STREAM (from which we have frequently quoted articles by "Jay Bebe," well known hereabouts by his full name of J. B. Battelle) has a most interesting article from Mr. Battelle on "Domesticating the Ruffed Grouse," which we should be glad to copy in full, but for lack of space. Mr. Battelle's paper is one of the most curious and interesting contributions to natural history in the current literature on that subject, and it shows an enthusiastic love of his subject which is only equaled by the fascinating manner in which he sets forth his studies and experiments.—*Toledo Commercial.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 16.—Company E, D. N. G. Rifle Club, of Wyoming, again met defeat in a rifle match held to-day, at the hands of the Wilmington Rifle Club. The visitors in full uniform arrived this morning and were escorted by a committee of the home club to the rooms of the latter. The two clubs started for Schuetzen Park at 10 o'clock and after the first match took dinner at the Logan House. The weather was quite cold and the wind blew very hard, so that the conditions were very unfavorable to good shooting. The members were somewhat protected by the box recently erected, but the marker had a frigid time of it. The visitors were abundantly entertained and announced their intention of coming soon again to contest for the cup, which remains in the possession of the Wilmington Club:

200yds. Match—Wilmington Club.

J Scott	8	7	10	6	4	8	9	5	6	6	6—69
J B Bell	9	7	4	6	6	4	10	8	6	3	6—63
S J Newman	9	9	4	6	3	6	4	6	10	5	6—62
J E Seeds	5	3	6	9	5	8	4	5	4	8	5—58
H B Seeds	4	5	6	10	6	7	6	3	5	4	5—56
C Heinel, Sr	9	6	6	6	5	5	4	4	3	4	4—52
H A Heinel	3	3	8	8	8	9	3	5	10	2	5—57
J E Newman	2	6	2	1	3	6	6	7	9	5	4—47—464
Wyoming Club.											
S H Thomas	3	6	9	10	10	6	5	4	2	3	5—59
F Jones	10	3	3	4	5	4	9	8	6	3	5—57
G M Carey	4	3	2	3	3	5	10	9	6	5	5—52
D W Black	8	7	3	8	6	4	3	9	9	4	4—57
H B Sterner	7	7	4	0	7	5	8	3	4	4	5—54
J Moore	4	1	6	5	6	6	3	3	6	2	5—43
F H Thomas	4	1	5	3	3	6	4	5	5	3	4—40
J Carpenter	3	5	2	6	5	2	4	6	4	1	5—39—386
For military rifles											40
											426

150yds. Match—Wilmington Club.

H B Seeds	10	6	9	8	5	8	9	9	8	6	8—78
J B Bell	7	10	10	6	10	6	7	8	6	10	8—80
W O'Connor	6	8	8	4	5	7	7	9	6	9	6—69
J C Newman	6	8	6	7	7	8	7	6	6	6	6—65
W A Bacon	7	5	4	8	8	4	4	10	8	5	5—68
E M Clark	6	5	5	7	5	6	5	8	5	8	5—60
C Heinel, Sr	5	8	6	6	2	8	6	8	2	9	6—60
W F Seeds	8	9	7	8	3	5	5	5	8	5	5—58—533
Wyoming Club.											
C M Carey	6	6	9	5	8	6	4	8	6	9	6—67
F H Thomas	6	7	9	7	4	7	7	9	5	5	6—66
S H Thomas	4	5	7	6	8	8	7	8	7	5	5—65
M A Jones	5	6	7	6	4	3	10	7	7	6	6—61
W B Moore	8	6	8	6	4	6	8	4	4	5	5—59
H B Sterner	6	7	8	2	4	8	5	5	5	5	10—56
D W Black	6	4	3	4	6	5	5	7	7	4	4—51
H M Thomas	7	2	4	7	10	5	7	6	5	4	5—57—482
For military rifles											40
											522
Grand total for Wilmington Club											997
Grand total for Wyoming Club											948

ST. LOUIS, March 18.—Twenty members of the Pistol Club took part in this week's shoot for the club medal. In the score Mr. Perret and Mr. Bauer tied on 116, but in the shoot off Perret won, making 117, and thereby winning the medal twice in succession. The members are practicing steadily this week to keep Perret from getting next week as, in case he should win at the next shoot, the medal becomes his. Following are the scores made, the possible being 120:

L Y D Perret	12	12	11	12	12	11	11	12	11	12	—116
W Bauer	10	12	12	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	—116
W L Wells	12	11	12	10	12	12	12	11	12	11	—115
W H Bonnell	12	11	9	11	12	12	10	10	12	12	—111
H M Jones	11	12	10	10	11	11	11	12	11	10	—109
N G Sims	11	12	11	12	11	12	12	5	12	10	—108
M A Thurber	11	9	11	12	9	12	10	10	12	12	—108
E T Grether	12	12	12	12	11	10	12	8	10	9	—108
F A Fodde	11	12	11	10	12	12	7	9	10	12	—107
A E Bengel	12	10	9	12	10	11	9	12	8	11	—104
W B McDowell	11	11	9	10	7	10	10	12	11	12	—103
O Wallace	12	10	10	11	11	8	11	11	9	10	—103
W J Lard	12	8	8	10	11	10	10	12	9	12	—102
M C Billmeyer	8	12	9	12	7	11	12	11	7	12	—101
J Sleminskie	8	12	10	8	12	10	12	11	11	6	—100
W Clark	11	9	11	10	9	11	10	9	8	11	— 99
O Neuhaus	12	12	11	10	2	10	10	11	11	6	— 96
E A Mohrstadt	12	11	11	11	6	9	7	10	10	9	— 95
W E Field	8	0	11	11	12	12	8	9	9	11	— 91

BALTIMORE, March 19.—The Maryland Rifle Club held its final contest to-day for positions on the team to shoot with the Sandy Springs team on the 26th inst., and also for the gold badges at their range at Darley Park, and the team will be selected early in the week. The badge was won this time by Dr. C. J. Bell, of the Johns Hopkins University. It must be won three times to become the property of the contestant. The first 10 shots were for the badge. The scores were as follows:

O'Brian	3444404434254—56	C J Bell	4454454545334—62
C Schriner	4444454443450—56	L Bell	5544454434343—61
Dr Councilman	4434484434545—58	Prof Martin	4444344444344—58

SALEM, March 29.—At the shoot at the range to-day there was a good attendance, and in spite of the rain the following score was made:

Off-Hand Standard Target, 200yds., Military Rifles.

W G Hussey	4	4	7	7	9	7	8	6	10	—70
W Bachellor	10	5	6	5	7	6	9	8	7	6—69
G H Wilson	6	10	6	6	6	6	7	8	6	7—68
J Missum	4	4	7	8	6	4	10	6	6	6—61
W B Edmunds	9	8	6	3	4	5	6	6	8	6—61
G Henry	7	7	6	6	4	5	8	4	5	4—56

Practice Match Creedmoor Target, 200yds., Off-Hand.

W G Hussey	4	4	4	5	4—21	5	4	4	5	5—23
G H Wilson	4	5	4	4	4—23	4	4	4	5	4—21
W Batchellor	4	4	5	4	5—21	4	4	5	4	4—21

TURNERS, N. Y., March 19.—The Central Valley Rifle Association, which comprises some of the best marksmen and line casters in the country, has changed its name to the Central Valley Rifle and Rod Association. The officers just elected for the current year are as follows: President, Dr. Joseph F. Ferguson; Vice-President, H. L. Leonard; Treasurer, R. Bicken; Secretary, A. B. Talcott, and Assistant Secretary, William B. Barclay. The association has received a challenge from a Pennsylvania rifle association to shoot a match by telegraph. The targets are to be measured by an officer of each club, attested by a qualified magistrate of the law, and the result telegraphed by each club to its opponent. It is not known yet whether the challenge will be accepted or not.

BRADFORD, Ont., March 15.—A rifle match took place here to-day between the Bradford and Aurora clubs, resulting in a victory for Aurora by 38 points. Following is the score, 5 shots per man per range:

Bradford.	100 yds.	200 yds.	Total.	Aurora.	100 yds.	200 yds.	Total.
D Neilly	17	10	27	J W Crossley	20	12	32
G Trimmings	21	12	33	W Matchell	18	13	31
S Neilly	18	15	33	J Johns	22	17	39
Dr Stevenson	23	4	27	R Mansley	19	15	34
Jas Neilly	19	13	32	J Davis	17	14	30
B Kilbourn	12	4	16	A Peitch	19	11	30
J Doolittle	16	15	31	C Lyons	22	18	40
J Neilly	18	14	32	W McLeod	32	12	34
T Pollick	22	11	33	W Capell	20	17	37
R Neilly	21	12	33	E Braund	17	11	28
			297				335

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 19.—200yds, standard American target, Lawrence Rifle Club:

O M Jewell	8	10	7	6	10	10	8	8	9	9—85
J W Bean	9	6	6	9	8	8	9	9	8	7—79
C M Hill	10	10	9	7	8	8	4	9	6	5—76
C M Beal	5	8	8	10	6	8	7	7	6	6—74
F Clark	9	5	4	10	4	6	9	10	10	9—72
A P Simpson	5	9	9	6	10	7	5	8	7	4—70
C Frost	9	7	7	6	4	5	7	8	7	9—69
M W Daulton (Mil.)	6	7	5	4	9	7	9	6	6	10—69
E A Rogers	10	5	6	8	10	5	6	8	5	4—67
D P Norris	7	8	7	5	7	7	4	8	7	5—65
P Wood	6	7	5	6	8	5	6	7	6	3—59
H Preston	8	4	7	3	9	8	3	4	5	4—56

FINE GALLERY WORK.—The following scores show the standing of the competitors in the various matches up to the close of the third week in March at the Mammoth Gallery, Boston. All the matches close March 31:

Decimal Off-Hand.

J Bird.....94 92 90 90 89 89 89 88 88 88—897
W S Henry.....92 89 89 88 88 87 87 86*86 86—878
A B Loring.....88 87 85 87 86 86 86 85 85 85—861

Decimal Rest Match.

C H Eastman.....98 96 96 96 95 95 95 95 95 94—956
J C Wiggin.....96 95 93 93 92 92 89 —650

Military Match.

H O Arnold.....48 48 47 47 47 47 47 47 46 46—469
W Winchester.....48 48 48 47 47 47 46 46 46 45—467

Special Decimal Rest Match.

C H Eastman.....100 100 99 99 99 99 99 99 99 99—994
W Wilder.....100 99 98 98 98 98 98 97 97 97—980
J Felix.....98 97 97 97 96 96 95 95 95 95—961

Amateurs' Match.—Possible 500.

J Henry.....49 48 48 48 47 47 47 47 47 46—474
D Johnson.....47 46 46 46 46 46 45 45 44 44—455
J Walters.....46 46 46 44 44 43 43 42 41 40—435

Possible 100.

B W White.....93 92 92 90 89 88 88 87 87 87—893
C O Ming.....90 89 89 87 84 84 83 83 83 80—852

There has been no cessation of the bombardment of targets in Conlin's New York gallery during the week. The revolver experts have Captain Paine's big score before their eyes and are trying to duplicate it. Some of them come pretty close to the model, Bird and Collins keeping within one point. Mr. A. Bronnan has made 45 out of a possible 60 on the decimal target, shooting the heavy .32-caliber revolver at the word "One." A new feature is the running man target reduced to 200yds. apparent range. Shooting at this target with a double action revolver tests the nerve and quickness of the marksman.

IRA PAINE'S PISTOL.—The announcement that Chev. Ira Paine was to give an exhibition of his skill with the revolver at Walnut Hill range on the 18th, drew a great crowd to the field. Mr. Paine was accompanied by his wife and Mr. A. C. Gould, editor of the *Rifle*, through whose efforts the exhibition has been brought about. Some time since Mr. Paine, at the same range, and under the same conditions as the match of to-day (100 shots from a Smith & Wesson army revolver, distance 50yds., on the standard American target), made a score of 791 points, which placed him at the head of revolver shooters in this country. To beat the record was the object of to-day's meet. Ten strings of 10 shots each were fired. The first string, 87 points, was encouraging, being two points above the record. The fifth point was remarkable, the tally showing 90 points, five more than had ever before been made. The balance of the work was superb, the last score being an 87, and landing Mr. Paine with a score of 841, beating his previous record by 50 points. As the score now stands, Mr. Paine has beaten the next highest record to his own by 59 points. The weather conditions were excellent. The scores:

First score.....9 5 7 10 10 10 9 10 9 8—87
Second score.....7 6 6 7 6 9 9 10 7 5—72
Third score.....10 9 10 7 7 7 9 10 9 7—85
Fourth score.....10 10 9 7 9 6 7 10 9 9—86
Fifth score.....10 10 6 10 10 8 10 7 10 9—90
Sixth score.....9 8 7 8 7 9 10 6 8 7—79
Seventh score.....10 8 9 9 8 10 9 8 6 9—86
Eighth score.....10 7 8 9 10 9 10 10 6 8—87
Ninth score.....8 8 8 6 10 9 7 9 10 7—82
Tenth score.....10 6 9 10 9 8 7 10 9 9—87—841

BOSTON, March 16.—The attendance of riflemen was large at the range at Walnut Hill to-day, and several good scores were completed. J. H. Munroe scored 100 at rest, and made 19 consecutive tens. Following are the scores:

Decimal Practice Match.

N F Tufts.....9 8 8 6 9 10 8 8 8 10—84
C E Berry.....9 10 7 8 9 7 7 8 8 8—81
W H Oler.....10 9 8 7 10 8 8 7 9 5—81
R Dadman.....7 9 7 6 8 7 9 7 9 9—78
R About.....10 9 9 6 7 6 7 8 10 6—78
J Aron.....10 6 9 7 6 5 7 10 10 6—76
J E Darmody (mil.).....6 3 7 7 10 5 3 5 4 4—54

Rest Match.

J R Munroe.....10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—100
S Wilder.....10 10 10 10 9 10 10 9 10 10—98
W H Oler.....10 9 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 9— 97
R Dadman.....10 9 10 10 9 10 10 9 10 10—97

50yds. Pistol Practice Match.

A C Gould.....5 8 6 9 9 10 10 10 8 10—85
6 10 9 9 10 10 5 9 8 8—84
10 5 9 5 5 8 8 8 10 10—81
6 6 5 9 6 10 9 9 9 8—77

BOSTON, March 19.—A larger attendance of riflemen than usual was present at the range to-day. All the regular matches were shot in, and fine scores were made under fair conditions. Mr. Munroe made a clean score in the rest match. Following were the best scores, all at 200yds.:

Decimal Match.

W Charles, A.....9 10 10 8 10 10 10 10 7 7—90
H Cushing, D.....9 7 8 7 9 9 9 10 6—86
W O Burnit, A.....7 8 7 8 10 7 9 9 9 8—82
W H Oler, A.....10 10 8 7 8 7 10 5 7 9—80
A C Adams (mil) B.....7 9 8 7 9 7 9 6 8 10—80
R Dadman.....5 9 10 10 10 6 8 5 7 7—77
H J Foster, A.....3 9 10 10 7 10 7 6 6 8—76
D L Chase.....4 6 7 7 9 7 8 6 6 6—63
J E Darmody (mil).....10 5 4 6 3 10 5 4 6 9—62

Rest Match.

J R Munroe, F.....10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—100
Whitcomb, F.....10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10— 99
S Wilder, A.....10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10— 99
D L Chase, F.....9 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10—98

Practice Pistol Match.

A C Gould.....75 77 80

GARDNER, Mass., March 18.—Gardner Rifle Club, Hinman target, 200yds.:

G C Goodale.....79 87—166 F E Nichols.....67 74—141
G F Ellsworth.....80 85—165 H C Knowlton.....72 68—140
I N Dodge.....76 83—159 C S Leland.....63 72—135
E Taylor.....75 72—147 A Knowlton.....65 69—134
A Mathews.....73 74—147 C Crabtree.....61 62—123
C N Edgell.....70 72—142 F B Edgell.....44 53— 97

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, March 19.—200yds., off-hand, standard target. Light variable wind:

S E Johnson.....7 9 8 8 6 9 9 10 8 8—82
H Tuck.....9 8 7 10 7 8 9 10 5 9—82
J Busfield.....8 9 7 10 7 8 10 8 7 7—81
A Edgerly.....9 8 6 9 9 5 8 7 7 7—75
F Merrill.....4 8 9 8 8 7 10 6 7 8—75

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 16.—The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, at annual meeting March 13, elected the following officers: President, C. H. Brown; Vice-President, George W. Weymouth; Secretary, William V. Lowe; Treasurer, E. N. Cummings; Directors, H. I. Wallace, F. H. Rideout, A. B. Small, S. W. Putnam, C. H. Brown, Jr. The directors appointed the following standing committees: Range Committee, F. H. Rideout, S. D. Sheldon, William V. Lowe. Committee on trap-shooting, S. W. Putnam, B. W. Mackay, I. O. Converse. On houses and grounds, H. I. Wallace, E. N. Choate, I. O. Converse, L. R. Stathey, A. W. Baker, Jr. On finance, H. J. Wallace, A. W. Baker, Jr., J. E. Kellogg. On membership, J. M. Blanchard, E. N. Cummings, F. H. Rideout. The club had a large and enthusiastic meeting, and starts the present year with a very good outlook. The club has been in existence several years as a rifle club, and now that it has added the second feature of trap-shooting it has become more popular than ever. It numbers among its members some of the finest rest shooters at 200yds. in Massachusetts, and has a record of such shooting second only to that of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. It also has several strong off-hand shots. Among trap shooters it is well known that there are several who more than hold their own at any of the shooting tournaments.—WILLIAM V. LOWE, Sec.

The members of the Our Own Rifle Club, of Newark, held their weekly shoot for their diamond badge on March 17, with the following result: Snellen Team—Dietzel 98, Bertram 101, Klem 85, Gill 83, Knothe 90, Smith 88, Weider 93, Condit 75, Kroeplin 78, Willms 73, Snellen 114; total, 984. E. Freiensehner team—Weeks 111, J. M. Kiefer 82, F. A. Freiensehner 104, Limberger 85, Dresler 95, Friedenheit 95, O. A. Kiefer 96, Ochsher 73, Bauder 85, Jamouneau 87, F. Freiensehner 91; total, 904.

The Our Own and Rutgers Club have arranged for a series of matches, to take place as follows: First match at Rutger's range, March 29; second match at Our Own's range, April 5. The third match, if it is necessary, will be on a neutral range selected by the two clubs. The clubs are pretty evenly matched, and the matches will be interesting.

The regular weekly shoot of the Rutgers Club took place on the 15th at Huegel's range, with the following result: McGrath team—Hidebrant 101, McArdle 97, Snyder, 97, S. Smith, 85, Schwartz 91, Daly 60, Dalton 75, Black 77, Goeklin 81, McGrath 108: total, 872. Dietz team—Meisel 100, Osmun 91, J. Smith, 71, W. Smith, 70, Butler 40, Farrel 84, Schaffer 60, Allen 94, Frost 91, Dietz 94; total, 799. The McGraith team won by 73 points, Hildebrant and McGraith of the same team making the highest scores.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs in the United States which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887.

CONDITIONS.

To be competed for by teams of three club members, each man to shoot at fifteen artificial targets thrown from a single trap.

A club may enter more than one team, provided, however, that no member may shoot on more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance moneys (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into prizes, as stated below.

Each team may shoot on its own grounds, or elsewhere, as convenient. Scores are to be certified to by three club officers, under conditions which will be explained in due time.

Any target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, O.; the Niagara Flying Target Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Target Ball and B. P. Co., Lockport, N. Y.; the Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., 291 Broadway, N.Y.city, agents. Not more than one style of target to be used by any one team.

Targets to be thrown from any trap manufactured by any of these companies; trap to be set to throw the targets at least 45yds. from trap.

Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left.

Guns of 10, 12 or smaller bore may be used. Distance 18yds. for 10-bores, and 16yds. for 12-bores or smaller. Any charge of powder, with 1¼oz. shot. Gun to be held below the armpit until shooter calls pull.

PRIZES.

First Prize.—The team making highest score will receive the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100.

Second Prize.—The team making second best score will receive a cash prize of 50 per cent. of all the entrance fees.

Third Prize.—Team with third highest score will receive 30 per cent. of entrance fees.

Fourth Prize.—Team with fourth highest score will receive 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

In case of tie on highest scores made the tie must be shot off, under same conditions, for the TROPHY. Ties for any other prize must be shot off, unless by unanimous consent divided.

THE TRAP AT MARION.

NOTWITHSTANDING some of the New York morning papers had it that Brown was sick and the Graham-Brewer match for $500 a side on the grounds of the J. C. H. G. C. on the 17th inst. was off, a large number of trap-shooters were on hand—many from a distance, and Old South Paw and his boys, who ran the affair, had a big day. Al's Uncle Sam's face had a big beam on, and the boys had their hands full. They were an exceptional lot of birds Al furnished. Somebody said he had been training them on Snake Hill for days for the occasion. A cold stiff wind swept from the left across the traps, making big scores impossible and the quality of the birds more so; many of them with a couple of cracks of the wings were off like bullets and stopped not at all within bounds. The day was opened with the following: J. C. H. G. C. rules, $4 entrance, with birds:

First sweep:

Kleinz.....1 0 1 1—3
W Siegler.....1 1 ½ 1—3½
Outwater.....0 1 0 1—2
Folsom.....1 0 0 1—2
Blauvelt.....0 1 1 ½—2½
George.....1 ½ 1 ½—3
Harrison.....1 0 0 0 —1
Davis.....1 1 1 ½—3½

W. Siegler and Davis divided first, Kleinz and George second.

Second sweep:

Kleinz.....1 ½ ½ 1—3
W Siegler.....1 0 1 1—3
Outwater.....1 1 1 ½—3½
Folsom.....1 1 1 0—3
George.....1 0 1 1—3
Blauvelt.....1 1 0 0—2
H Siegler.....½ 1 ½ 1—3
Davis.....1 0 ½ 1—2½
Hughes.....1 1 ½ ½—3
Beers.....0 1 1 0—2
Nichols.....1 0 1 ½—2½
Johnson.....½ 1 1 1—3½
Thompson.....1 1 1 1—4
Day.....½ 1 ½ 1—3
Mills.....½ ½ 0 0—1
Class.....1 1 1 1—4
Payne.....1 0 1 0—2
Applegate.....1 ½ ½ 1—1

Thompson took first, Johnson second; Kleinz and W. Siegler divided third.

Third sweep, same conditions:

Hughes.....1 1 1 0—3
Class.....½ 1 1 1—3½
Nichols.....1 0 1 1—3
Beers.....0 0 0 1—1
Pernent.....½ 1 1 1—3½
George.....1 1 1 0—3
Outwater.....1 0 1 0—2
Still.....1 1 1½—3½
Folsom.....1 1 1 1—4
Applegate.....½ 1 1 1—3½
Lever.....1 1 1 1—4
Mills.....1 1 1½—3½
W Siegler.....1 1 1 1—4
Klinz.....½ 1 ½1—3
Quinlan.....1 ½1 1—3½
Blauvelt.....1 1 0 1—3
Thompson.....1 0 ½1—2½
Williams.....1 ½1 1—3½
Day.....0 ½0 1—1½
Stice.....0 1 1 1—3
Davis.....0 0 0 0—0
B Payne.....0 ½1 1—2½

Folsom, Lever and W. Siegler first, Mills second, Stice third.

Then came a match for $50 between Frank Kleinz, of Philadelphia (one of Brewer's backers) and Wm. Graham, 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules. Kleinz had much the harder birds and he was shooting a strange gun and lighter than his own, in order to comply with Hurlingham rules. He shot much better, it will be seen, than sweeps, but he became somewhat rattled in the match and made some bad misses. Graham knew all about the gun he used; he made some excellent kills, his wonderful second barrel coming in with telling effect. Fred Quinland acted as referee—and Duke did the retrieving:

Graham.....1202011021212212201111101111120201222211012122—41
Kleinz.....2100212210000021010120102101222222012002010012l2—30

Graham had 12 straightaway drivers, 5 right hand drivers, 8 left hand drivers, 3 right quarterers, 5 left quarterers, 2 incomers, 5 towerers, 3 dead out of bounds. Kleinz had 9 straightaway drivers, 3 right hand drivers, 4 left hand drivers, 6 right quarterers, 3 left quarterers, 3 incomers, 2 towerers, 2 dead out of bounds.

After this match the following sweep took place, open to all, $10 entrance, 10 birds. Hurlingham rule except weight of gun. W. I. Ritch, referee:

Stice.....1111110211—9
Class.....1021221201—8
Graham.....1211210211—9
Kleinz.....1111120111—9
Quinlan.....0211220012—7
George.....0221120122—8
Nichols.....1111211010—8
Lever.....1110111111—9
Folsom.....1100101111—7
Hughes.....1211010120—7
Miller.....1001212111—8
Mills.....1110011012—7
B Payne.....1010010210—5
G Davis.....1210100000—4
Cannon.....0011122110—7

In shoot off: Stice, Lever, Graham and Kleinz divided first; Class and Nichols divided second, Cannon took third.

Then Miss Oakley showed the crowd how a female could handle a gun. Miss Oakley stands gracefully at the score and made some very good kills, but the gun seemed too heavy for her with such clipping birds. She joins the Wild West Show in Europe next month. It was now nearly dark, and thus closed a big day among the pigeon men of New Jersey.

Graham refuses to shoot the match with Brewer at Philadelphia on the 24th inst. or anywhere else until Brewer shoots him on the grounds of the J. C. H. G. C. as agreed, which, if Brewer really means business, will take place the 31st inst. at Marion. The money from Brewer's friends was on hand to shoot at Marion after the match at Philadelphia, but Graham wanted the first agreement carried out, which will be done or the forfeit demanded.

There is another match on the tapis to take place on the grounds of the J. C. H. G. C., on April 21, between George Davis and W. C. Cannon (the one-armed shooter), 50 birds each, $250 a side, forfeit up; but more of this anon.

There will be sweepstake shooting, open to all, at crows, some 400 having been captured for the South Side Gun Club, the shooting to commence at 2 P. M., Saturday, the 26th inst., at the club grounds, Emmet street station, Newark, N. J. Trains from New York, Pennsylvania R. R., 12:30 and 2:30 P. M. Both trains stop at Marion. JACOBSTAFF.

FITCHBURG, Mass., March 17.—There was a large gathering yesterday at the River street range of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. Among the sportsmen present were Eugene F. Swan, E. T. Smith, M. D. Gilman, W. S. Perry, W. L. Davis, Joseph Beaury, of Worcester; A. R. Bowdish, of Oxford; George F. Ellsworth and I. N. Dodge, of Gardner; R. D. Wardwell, Herman and Theodore Strater, of Boston; J. H. Leonard, H. W. Eager, Frank Dansereau, E. F. Longley and H. G. Wheeler, of Marlborough; Frank Bruce and John Knowles, of Hudson; George Sampson of Clinton, C. W. Burbank of Leominster, and Charles M. Stork of Dumbarton, N. H. We also noticed S. W. Putnam, E. N. Cummings, H. C. Dean, W. I. Fox, G. W. Weymouth, A. W. Baker, Jr., and C. H. Brown, Jr., of this city. Eleventh competition for the Climax Badge, 10 clay-pigeons and 10 blue rocks:

	Pigeons.	Blue rocks.
Gilman	1111011111	1111111111—19
Smith	1111110111	1111111111—19
Davis	1011111111	1111111110—18
H Strater	1011111011	1111110111—17
Bowdish	1101110111	1111110111—17
Eager	0111101111	1101110111—16
T Strater	0110011101	1111111111—16
Dansereau	1001111101	1111111101—16
Perry	1101100110	0111111111—15
Wardwell	0011110111	1110111110—15
Longley	0011111111	0011101111—15
Knowles	1011011111	1101101101—15
Putnam	1101111011	1111110010—15
Swan	0111011101	1010111111—15
Stark	1100100111	1111010111—14
Wheeler	1110001101	0111111101—14
Gore	1110110110	0100111111—14
Sampson	0010111111	1111010101—14
Cummings	1100111011	1011101011—14
Leonard	0010001111	1110111111—14
Burbank	1111001111	1011101010—14
McKay	1010111001	1110101111—14
Dodge	0111010101	0010111111—13
Beaudry	1111010111	1011010001—13
Weymouth	0010110100	1011111111—13
Bowers	1010101101	1010011001—11
Ellsworth	1001010000	0001111111—10
Dean	0100110011	1010000111—10

On shoot off: Gilman, 9 out of 10; Smith, 3 out of 5 and withdrew. The badge has been won as follows: H. W. Eager, 3 times; C. M. Stark, 3; Theodore Strater, 3; E. F. Cooper of Exeter, N. H., and M. D. Gilman once each. It is to be shot for 12 times, when it becomes the property of the one who has won it the greatest number of times.

BOSTON, March 17.—The Boston Gun Club held a grand shooting tournament on their grounds at Wellington to-day. It was the first of a series of five matches for the A. B. C. shell prizes. Although the shooters arrived later than usual quite a number of birds were disposed of. The day being fine afforded good sport, the gentle breeze just being sufficient to give the clay-pigeons beyond the usual range; notwithstanding this good scores were made. Ross, of the Massachusetts, making the unusual score for our grounds of 25 straight in the A. B. C. match, which resulted as follows: Boss first, Wilson second, Francis third, Edwards fourth, Stanton fifth, Evans, Nichols and Lawson sixth, Ames and Kirkwood seventh, Bailey eighth, Connell ninth, Brown and Colony tenth. The following scores give the summary of the sweepstakes and prize shooting.

A. B. C. match at 10 clay-pigeons, 10 Peorias, and 5 Macomber metal targets:

	Clay-pigeons.	Peorias.	Macombers.
O Ross	1111111111—10	1111111111—10	11111—5—25
Kirkwood	1000100100— 3	1110111111— 9	11110—4—16
L B Evans	1100111100— 6	1111111111—10	01000—1—17
E W Lawson	0111010100— 5	1111011111— 9	01011—3—17
C S Edwards	1111111111—10	0101111111— 8	00100—1—19
A B Wilson	1011110111— 8	1111111111—10	10011—3—21
F A Ames	1101001011— 6	1101011111— 8	00110—2—16
T G Stanton	0101111011— 7	0111111101— 8	10110—3—18
H H Francis	0111101111— 8	1101110111— 8	10111—4—20
J Connell	0110100111— 6	1101001111— 7	—13
C S Bailey	1000000110— 3	1111111111—10	11000—2—15
J F Nichols	0011010310— 4	1111111111—10	10101—3—17
A S Brown	0100010000— 2	1110100111— 7	10101—3—12
C D Henry	0000001101— 3	0011111001— 6	01000—1—10
W B Witherell	0000001101— 3	1010100001— 4	00010—1— 8
G Cutting	1011000111— 6	withdrew	
A Colony	0010110100— 4	1011011001— 6	10001—2—12
N J Maguire	0011000000— 2	1010000001— 3	01000—1— 6
P Grace		1110001100— 5	10001—2— 7
J T J Goyle	0100000000 withdrew		

1. Five clay pigeons—Francis first; Evans second; Henry third.
2. Seven Peoria birds—Kirkwood and Francis first; Evans second; Derochmont third.
3. Seven clay pigeons—Francis first; Evans and Cutting second; Kirkwood third.
4. Five clay pigeons—Kirkwood first; Evans second; Witherell and Cutting third.
5. Seven clay pigeons—Farnsworth first; George and Kirkwood second; Derochmont and Evans third.
6. Three pairs Peoria birds—Evans first; Francis second; Connell third.
7. Three Peoria birds—Connell, Lawson and Stanton first; Kirkwood second; Evans third.
8. Five Macomber birds—Kirkwood first; Witherell second; Francis third.
9. Ten clay pigeons—Edwards and Ross first; Wilson and Francis second; Stanton third; Evans fourth.
10. Ten Peoria birds—Ross, Evans, Swift and Wilson first; Kirkwood and Lawson second; Stanton third; Evans fourth.
11. Five Macomber birds—Ross first; Swift, Francis and Kirkwood second; Stanton third; Adams and Ames fourth.
12. Three pairs Peoria birds—Edward and Lawson first; Francis second; Stanton, Swift and Baxter third; Nichols and Kirkwood fourth.
13. Five clay pigeons—Mack first; Kirkwood second; Wilson third; Baxter and Coyle fourth.
14. Five blackbirds—Stanton, Swift and Kirkwood first; Lawson and Ross second; Baxter third.
15. Seven clay pigeons—Francis first; Swift second; Wilson third.
16. Five Peoria birds—Ross, Lawson and Stanton first; Colony and Coyle second; Baxter and Kirkwood third.
17. Five pairs Peoria birds—Ross and Lawson first; Stanton second; Kirkwood and Baxter third.
18. Five clay pigeons—Mack and Ross first; Swift and Kirkwood second; Lawson and Baxter third.
19. Five Peoria birds—Stanton and Swift first; Baxter and Kirkwood second; Connell third.

The next match in the series will be shot Wednesday, March 30.

TORONTO, March 14.—The Toronto Gun Club held their first artificial bird shoot of the season at the grounds of the West Toronto Junction Gun Club, near Dan Blea's hotel, this afternoon. The weather was fine and a large number of members turned out and a very pleasant time was spent. A number of the West Toronto Club members joined in the shooting with the Toronto Club.

Sweepstake No. 1, 12 Canada blackbirds from 3 screened traps, 4 prizes:

A Ellis	11	W Jefferson	7
W McDowall	10	H Newman	6
D Blea	9	T S Bayles	6
D Biedan	9	T Brimer	6
G Thompson	8	B Pearsall	6
P Wakefield	8	H Walton	6
W Felstead	8	F F LeRoy	4
W Clinton	8	A Plush	4
G Pearsall	7		

Sweepstake No. 2, 7 blackbirds, 4 prizes:

Ellis	6	P Wakefield	5
Blea	6	Dollery	5
Thompson	6	Felstead	4
Jefferson	6	Pearsall	4
McDowall	5	Newman	3
F Wakefield	5	Beldan	3

In shooting off ties the first four won as named.

Sweepstake No. 3, 9 blackbirds, 3 prizes:

Blea	9	Thompson	5
Felstead	7	LeRoy	5
McDowall	6	Pearsall	5
Ellis	6		

Messrs. McDowall and Ellis shot off for third prize, the latter winning.

TORONTO, March 19.—A few members of the Toronto and West Toronto Junction Gun Clubs shot a friendly match at live birds at J. Oulcott's, Eglinton, this afternoon. A goodly number of members of both clubs went out to witness the shoot. Although the weather was cold and windy and not the kind for big scores, yet some good shooting was made. The teams shot very evenly all through until the last round, when the old club forged ahead and finally won by four birds. Jeff. Worden for the Torontos and Dan Blea for the Junctions, made exceptionally clean shooting. After the team shoot a sweepstake match was shot. The first four named were the winners. Mr. Joe Taylor was referee. Three sweeps at Canada blackbirds were also shot off. Mr. Oulcott, who is sick and could not take part, was very much missed. Team shoot, 10 birds each man:

Toronto.		West Toronto Junction.	
J Worden	10	D Blea	9
A Ellis	8	E Dollery	8
D Beldan	8	G Davis	7
E LeRoy	8	J Walton	7
G Pearsall	7—41	P Wakefield	7—37

Sweepstakes, 10 birds, 4 prizes:

J Bell	9	H Newman	7
A Purse	8	J S Baylis	6
G Pearsall	7	R Black	5
George H	7	W Pearson	4

First sweep at 12 Canada blackbirds, 3 prizes:

D Blea	12	P Wakefield	7
A Ellis	9	E Dollery	6
W McDowall	8	T Halton	6
E Le Roy	8	G Davis	4

Second sweep at 9 birds:

R Black	8	T Halton	6
A Ellis	7	P Wakefield	4
D Blea	7	W McDowall	4
W Pearson	6	E Le Roy	4

Third sweep at 9 birds:

D Beldan	8	George H	6
D Blea	8	F Quarrie	6
R Black	7	J Bell	5
A Ellis	7	W McDowall	5

NEW DORP, Staten Island.—Jannette vs. Emerald Gun Club, 10 men each, 10 birds, 25yds., 80yds. boundary, H. and T. traps. The birds were a good lot:

Jannette Gun Club.		Emerald Gun Club.	
H W Cordts	0101102111—7	G Hudson	2111101101—8
J Rottman	1211110211—8	Godfrey	1210121201—8
G Fricke	1111210101—8	W Glacum	2010200111—6
N Brunie	0101101011—6	J Voss	0120111102—7
H Vetter	1111120120—8	J Measel	2020011110—6
H Rottman	1120110210—7	Garring	1012002011—6
C Luteman	1111211102—9	G Ramsey	1102101202—7
C Matson	1010210101—6	McMann	1200111121—8
H Otten	1111211212—10	C Granger	1012010121—7
C Meyer	1010210120—6—76	L Scamberhorn	0100010100—3—66

There has been some talk of a return shoot. The following are the officers of the Jannette Club: H. W. Cordts, President; F. C. Bahr, Vice-President; John Hubert, Second Vice-President; N. Brunie, Treasurer; Ch. Anders, Secretary; Ch. Meyer, Sergeant-at-Arms.—O.

TORONTO, March 12.—The Owls had a big turnout this afternoon, when they had another of their weekly shoots. The scene was on Messrs. Gooderham & Worts' cricket field, and some capital scores are recorded below:

First match, 10 birds each, one barrel, gun below the elbow:

Ayres	9	Unwin	5
Humphreys	8	Lush	5
Beatty	7	Miller	4
Wells	6	Stewart	4

Second match, 5 snowbirds:

Unwin	4	Lush	3
Humphreys	3	Lockhart	3
Beatty	3	Ayre	2
Stewart	3		

Third match, 10 Peoria blackbirds:

Humphreys	8	Stewart	5
Unwin	8	Lush	5
Beatty	6	Lockhart	5
Bennett	6	Thompson	4
Sheppard	6	McClure	4
Scaife	6	Ayre	4

Fourth match, 5 Peoria blackbirds:

Humphreys	4	Unwin	3
Greenwood	4	Beatty	3
Bennett	3	McClure	3
Sheppard	3	Stewart	2

BRADFORD, Ont., March 15.—This afternoon a match was shot between the Aurora and Bradford Gun Clubs at 15 blackbirds each, resulting in favor of Aurora by 1 bird. Following is the score:

Bradford.		Aurora.	
J S Boddy	111111111101111—14	G Wilkinson	1101101100010111— 9
P Knoblock	111001111111100—11	R Wells	111111111110111—14
J St Clair	001111110010010— 8	J Roe	0001011010010111— 7
J Armstrong	0100001000111011— 9	E Collham	0111000000111110— 7
N A St Clair	1000111001111001— 8	J Mousley	1110010111111111—12
W Loury	1100011010111100— 8	R Mousley	0011011110111111—11
J F Lillicrap	1110101111100001— 8	A Petch	0101001000010010— 5
T Edmanson	1010011101011111—10	M Machell	0100011011111100— 9
	73		74

NEW YORK, March 17.—The Washington Heights and the Algonquin Gun clubs had a team match to-day at the former club's grounds, 169th street and Twelfth avenue. Each team was composed of eight men, who shot at ten clay-pigeons each from the 18yds. mark. The score of the match is as follows:

Washington Heights.		Algonquin.	
Fountain	2	Brenner	5
Disbrow	3	Griswold	7
Harrison	6	Van Schaick	4
Snooks	4	Hanna	7
Fox	4	Male	2
Terwilliger	4	Lordley	3
Hunt	5	Radjinsky	8
Glasser	3—31	Dunseith	5—41

Referee, Mr. Bradley.

TORONTO, March 17.—The West Toronto Junction Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon, the members being divided into three classes.

First Class—For prize presented by Chas. Stark, at 15 Canada blackbirds thrown from three screened traps:

Al Royce	10	C Hinton	10
W Clarke	11	E Brown	7
B Blea	10		

Royce won on shoot off.

Second Class—Prize presented by T. J. Peake—15 blackbirds, 3 traps:

G Briggs	12	J Worden	9
F Brimer	10	G Davis	8
W Wakefield	10	T Charlton	7
P Wakefield	9	H Newman	Retired

Third Class—Prize given by the club; 15 blackbirds, 3 traps: G. E. D'Eye 9, J. McGee 7; four others retired.

READING, Pa., Mar. 17.—The two days' pigeon shooting tournament, open to all comers, came to a conclusion here to-day. In all six sweepstakes were shot, the result being as follows: First shoot, 13 entries, 5 birds, 25yds. rise, one barrel. Ulmer and Quinlan divided first, Eley and Jones second, and Canon got third money. Second shoot, 11 entries, 10 birds, 27yds. rise, one barrel. Eley first, Hill second, and Stuart and Cooper divided third. Third shoot, 9 entries, 5 birds, handicap rise, 54 to 30yds, two barrels. Canon and Clayton divided first, Sharp and Killen second, and Eley third money. Fourth shoot, 8 entries, 10 birds, 30yds rise, two barrels. Eley, Quinlan and Forrester divided first money, Canon and Hill second, and Jones came in for third. Fifth shoot, 9 entries, 9 birds, 25yds., two barrels. Quinlan and Cooper divided first, and Canon and Goodman second. Sixth shoot, miss and out, 6 entries, 25yds. rise, one barrel. Canon, Quinlan and Eley killed five each and divided. Mr. Buckwater acted as referee.

BROOKLYN, Mar. 16.—A wonderful fine lot of birds, assisted by a good cross wind, made the shooting of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club meeting to-day at Parkville, L. I., anything but good. According to the club rules a kill with the second barrel only scored half a bird. "Bub" McLaughlin, 25yds., killed all his birds and used his second barrel three times, making a score of 5½. J. H. Jones, 30yds., killed six with his first and missed one, and his score of 6 gave him the first prize and the club medal. The third prize was divided by L. Davenport, 29yds., and R. Mensees, 27yds., with a score of 5 each. A match for $100 between J. Beecham and J. H. Jones at 29yds. at seven birds each, the former receiving two dead birds, resulted in favor of Jones, who killed 6 to his opponent's 4. A subsequent sweepstake was won by L. Davenport with six straight kills. Second money was taken by J. Smith. Referee, D. Goodwin.

NEW JERSEY TRAP NOTES.—The annual crow shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, will be held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The crows, 300 in number, have been trapped at Yardleyville, on the Delaware, and will be shipped to Newark this week. A full attendance of the members and an exciting shoot are expected.... Morristown is to have a new gun club, with a new club house and grounds for shooting flying targets.... The West Newark Gun Club held its regular clay pigeon match on the 17th, each member shooting at 25 birds, 21yds. rise. C. A. Doty broke 24, J. Adelman 23, J. Weber 20, G. Deisler 17, O. Hornich 15, W. Bishop 10, A. Assman 8, J. Lamb 8, H. Habig 8, F. Hilford 3.

ATHENS, Pa., March 20.—The gun club held their first shoot of the season for the club's gold badge on March 19. Clay-pigeons and blue rocks were the targets used. Mr. Frank Fuller won the badge by breaking 11 out of a possible 12. In the evening the members met at the headquarters and elected the following officers for 1887: President, Frank Fuller; Vice-President, E. W. Davies; Secretary and Treasurer, W. K. Park; Committee, N. J. Knarlesboro, H. D. Smith, Frank Fuller, Chas. Armstrong. It was decided to enter one team and possibly two for the FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy Match.

TEXAS.—A tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Gainesville, Tex., May 9 to 14, at Ligowsky clay-pigeons and wild and tame birds. The tournament will be under the auspices of the Gainesville Gun Club. Address Box B, Gainesville, Tex. Guaranteed purses, three diamond badges, Guidon and Ligowsky silver cup. Open to the world. Purses, badges, medals and cups valued at over $5,000.

The Coney Island Rod and Gun and Fountain Gun clubs have appointed Messrs. Ayres and Blattmacher a committee to select a ground at or near Woodlawn, L. I., for the use of the clubs, who are willing to come into the proposed amalgamation of Long Island shooting clubs.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

A CRUISE TO CHARLOTTE HARBOR.—II.

BY TARPON.

BY noon we are back to camp, the tide is rising fast and we must be off. Dinner is hurried over, and pushing, poling and wading, we work through the shoalest part of the pass. Soon we reach better water, and making sail, are off at last. A few miles bring us to Little Sarasota, where Capt. Webb has a fine place, the place and owner both being spoken very highly of by all who have been fortunate enough to see the beauties of the one, or test the hospitality of the other.

By the way, "that reminds me" I have a letter of introduction to that same Capt. Webb, have been past his ranch a score of times, and have never even seen him. Always have a fair wind and plenty of it. I'll get windbound there one of these days, see if I don't.

We pass Webb's with a free sheet, and at sunset open out Casey's Pass, where we meet the sloop Vanessa, Capt. Topliffe, on her way home from Charlotte Harbor. The crew gave us a dreary account of bad weather. "Well," says Cook, "good weather must come pretty soon, and we'll be there when she comes."

An early start is made in the morning, for we have fifteen miles of open beach to make before we can get in to Stump Pass. The wind is light; we jog along some twelve miles, when it fails us completely. We wait an hour. No wind, no sign of wind. The Skipper pulls out a coil of line from the stern locker, hitches one end to the mast, makes a bowline in the other end, and working up to the beach jumps ashore with the bowline over his shoulder. "Now, Cook, you keep her along clear of the beach, and steer fine," and away he starts on the towpath of shell and sand for Stump Pass, which is reached at last. And as we work inside a splendid breeze starts up, but dead ahead, so we are not sorry for tracking.

After a quick dinner we start for Boca Nevaro. The Cook wants to paddle a while, and the Skipper is agreeable, for it is a stiff breeze and he wants to do some fancy sailing. He does it too, for when about half-way through he fills his pipe, belays the mainsheet, and gets under the lee of the weather coaming with a match all ready when, bang! comes a puff from around a clump of mangroves, and down goes Honest J. with the water pouring over the lee rail. Not for long, however, for the little craft jumps into the wind and wallows out of the mess, while the Skipper stupidly looks on, match in one hand, pipe in the other. When things are settled a little, he lights his pipe, and with a long, contemplative puff, remarks, "Well done, little boat, all the credit's with you."

Boca Nevaro is reached by 4 P. M., and while Cook gets camp in order, Skipper goes for birds, getting enough and to spare; in fact one has not to look for birds in Charlotte Harbor.

Morning breaks fair and bright, and the fleet is soon away heading south. A few hours run and Big Gasparilla, with its fish ranch, is reached, where we have dinner, and get away again, making Lacosta about 3 P. M. There is a large fish ranch on Lacosta owned by Spanish parties; the catch is principally pompano, which are salted and shipped to Havana. Lacosta is one of the finest of the outer keys, containing some very good hammock land. There are two families settled here permanently, but the island is a lighthouse reserve.

Next morning we go through a narrow passage in the mangroves, and run for some ten miles through beautiful landlocked bays, finally coming out near the pass between Lacosta and Captiva. We cross the Pass and work around into the little harbor of Captiva, where we find quite a village of palmetto houses, a good wharf and plenty of fresh water, but no inhabitants. We take possession of the shed nearest the wharf, bring our traps ashore, and are once more housekeeping. We remained here three days, hunting, fishing and rambling round the island. The fishing was excellent—redfish, mangrove snapper, jack, etc. All too soon the time passed, and when we at last stowed for a start, it seemed like leaving home. But we must go to Sanibel, we have been told there are lots of shells there.

On our way to Sanibel, we find two squatters who have planted a cocoanut grove and are waiting with patience for a crop. As it takes some twenty-five years for the trees to come to bearing size, it is evident they need all the patience they can get.

Sanibel is reached at last. We find a good-sized sloop, the Guide, of Sarasota, lying moored to the bank, while her crew are out prospecting for shells. Our camp is soon made, and we start for the beach with great expectations, which were hardly realized. Shells were few and far between, at least the kind we cared to gather. After supper the captain of the Guide came over for a smoke. We found him quite a character in his way, and brim full of yarns about the coast, which had been his home from a boy. Later we were joined by his party, an elderly gentleman and his wife, who were having a quiet cruise by themselves. We sat around the fire late that night. Our visitors were intelligent, well-read people with no affectation, and we enjoyed it amazingly. And the old lady, as she sat stirring the fire, remarked that "she hadn't had such a good time since she came to Florida." Genial old soul, I hope she'll live a thousand years.

In the morning the Guide and her party left for Fort Myers. The Cook started for the beach, while the Skipper in the Horicon started for a sand bar just inside the Pass, looking for redfish. He does not find any redfish, but does find a sawfish over 15ft. long, into which he prods the grains, hard and fast, and then sits down suddenly. Like many another undertaking, all the fun was in anticipation. That fish wouldn't be quiet, and he wouldn't run in smooth water either, but up and down and across the channel, just where the waves were short and lumpy, and he kept the Skipper bailing, too. But all things have an end, and Mr. Sword-fish in an unguarded moment stranded himself at the mouth of a little bayou, and near a large stump; the Skipper was overboard in a twinkling, and in spite of sundry slaps on the shins, and one or two capsizes in the soft mud, that fish was moored to the stump so solidly that he could not have got away had he been twice as big. And the saw which hangs over my table is a magnificent affair. "Furthermore," Mrs. Tarpon says, as she looks over my shoulder, "that saw is not for sale."

After two very pleasant days at Sanibel, we decide to strike across to the main land and go back between Pine Island and the main, completing the circuit of Charlotte Harbor.

We got away with a fair tide but a strong head wind; the wind increases, and after beating and battering about for several hours, we manage to make St. James and go into camp.

St. James is a new town built on the extreme southern part of Pine Island, and as the ground is flowed by the heavy spring tides it can hardly be called a sandy bank affair. The settlers have made a very creditable showing for the time they have been there, but just why they decided on that location for a town is not so plain. Probably some one makes money out of it. While we were in camp here the Cook was quite sick. We tried all the medicines purchasable at the new store but Cook got no better. Finally, as a last resort, the Skipper brought out his snake medicine (some of as villainous whisky as was ever put in a bottle). Cook, after much coaxing, tries one dose; it was enough. Says he: "Rather than take any more of that I'll get well," and he did.

One night at St. James was enough, and though the weather was bad and bid fair to be worse, we made sail and stood for Punta Rassa. Wind increasing as usual, we were obliged to get under the lee of a large mangrove key, where we reefed down snug and made another try. But wind and sea were too much for the little craft, so we came to at a small key inhabited by a man, his wife, several children and dogs, just how many dogs I can't say, as I got bewildered trying to count them. However, they gave us welcome, the man and his wife as well as the dogs; in fact, the latter seemed particularly glad to see us, especially the Cook, for they gazed at his tender calves with a wistful, longing look that was positively touching. But there was something about the Skipper's hard, angular features that they did not like, so they gave him a wide berth. We were detained here the rest of the day, making our camp at night on a little patch of ground barely large enough to stretch out on.

In the morning came better weather; we stretched over to Sword Point, then walked up under the lee of the land and so make smooth water. Sword Point is one of the Skipper's old camping places and of course he has something to say about it.

Noon brings us well up behind Pine Island and we decide to camp on Scorpion Key, another one of the Skipper's old camping grounds. It was Scorpion Key where Souther got hold of the big shark and had a pair of very sore hands to show for it, but he got the shark. As we mean to stay here some time we take great care to make our camp as comfortable as possible.

After everything was shipshape, the Skipper takes the Horicon and starts for a rookery near by; in fact the expedition was planned with a view to a few specimens of rare birds, but in that respect was only partially successful. The bird hunters have done their work in Florida pretty well and rare or beautiful birds are hard to find and harder to get. When the Skipper reached the rookery he found it almost deserted. Two years ago he was there and the place was fairly alive with birds, white herons, white egrets, Louisana herons, roseate spoonbills, white ibis and cormorants and pelicans without number. Now nothing but a few ibis, pelicans and cormorants, the old nests tumbling to pieces and no new ones building.

We spent three happy days and nights in our camp at Scorpion Key, though the weather was bad and we did not catch fish, and did not get the birds we wanted.

On the morning of the fourth day Cook reported, "Fresh water getting short." "All right, Cook, we'll go over to Gasparilla and get some." We had a good breeze to the head of Pine Island, then almost calm for a few hours, then coming out ahead and blowing heavy. Reefed down and had a sloppy time generally, but got over to Gasparilla all right. Found the fishing ranch deserted, so we took possession, filled our water tanks, got supper, took a ramble on the beach and ended up by camping in the ranch-keeper's house. We were very tired and looking forward to a good night's rest, but were sadly disappointed; the place was alive with rats, and they resented the intrusion of strangers so much that they resolved to keep us awake, and they succeeded admirably.

Morning again, and away for Stump Pass, which we reach at 4 P. M. The schooner Lillie, of Key West, is in for a harbor as it is blowing quite fresh outside. Cook made camp, while Skipper went off to the flats and laid in a supply of birds. The Lillie gets away at daylight, but we do not care to try just yet. About 9 A. M., however, the wind hauled off the land and we made a start hoping to cover the 15 miles between here and Casey's Pass. Our easterly wind lasted for 5 miles, then fell calm. A puff from the south'rd, one from the west, back to east again, finally jumping out of northwest and coming down on us like a thousand of brick. The sea got up very quickly, and we had our choice, back away to windward, run back to Stump Pass, or go on the beach.

We chose to go to windward as long as we could, and have to the next best. Cook thought we had better reef, but the boat was too small to hold her own in such a sea with anything less than full sail. We lashed a pole fore and aft the cockpit, then stretched our shelter over the whole so as to keep out most of the water, and worked away. "Fortune favors the brave," and after some three hours we were off Casey's Pass. The sea was breaking clear across, and looked ugly, but by close watching and careful steering we made it. One little dash through the breakers, and as we slide into smooth water the Cook gives a sigh of relief and the Skipper reaches for his pipe.

After we get in the pass we keep off to the right and run south a half mile to the Skipper's old camp. Skipper finds these old camps most everywhere. While we were in the thick of camp making we caught sight of a large catboat coming down the inside passage. Just as the Cook remarked "She's coming flying," we saw the wee sails of a canoe astern of the catboat. Of course, we were interested, and when the canoe drew up alongside, and then, passing the big boat, drew ahead, the Skipper was all alive. "Cook, I'll bet a cookie that's the old Solid Comfort." Sure enough she proved to be that same, and when her captain luffed in to our camp in answer to our hail, it seemed like meeting an old friend. Something of a canoe is the Solid Comfort, launched July, 1881, she has been in daily use ever since, is still tight, serviceable and apparently as good as new. She has no nickel plate, no mahogany finish, but she is the most comfortable canoe I have ever seen, and though she is quite modest about it, she has made the longest cruise known, and has covered more miles under sail and paddle than any canoe afloat.

We rolled in our blankets early, for we were homeward bound now, and must make an early start in the morning. Before light we were on our way. With a fair wind we worked through the Mangroves, and at 5 P. M. were at our old camp at Sarasota. More fair wind the next day, and away we go up Sarasota Bay. Tampa Bey is reached a little past noon, and we push out for Mullet Key. We are soon over, past Mullet Key, and headed for Pass-a-Grille. We make the Pass before sunset and go into camp.

Here we have an adventure. We are tired, and are soon asleep; but something is prowling round camp, and Skipper rouses several times to look about, but the night is too dark to see anything. "Guess it's a coon," says the Skipper. About midnight there was a noise in the boat; the Skipper looks out and thinks he can see a coon. Something is there, sure. Skipper reaches for the gun and stands up. Something is creeping along the sand. Bang! Something stumbles, gathers and stumbles again, and with a low growl disappears in the darkness. Skipper slips in another cartridge, and lies down, this time to sleep undisturbed till morning. An early breakfast, and we are off, to make a good run, and at 3 o'clock P. M. are at Hog Island—twenty miles from home.

This will probably be our last camp, and we try to make the most of it. We cook a glorious supper, but the appetite seems to be lacking. There is a fine evening to enjoy ourselves in, but somehow we don't seem to do so. We are sad at heart, for this is our last night out. Morning comes, after a restless night, and in silence we break camp, stow our traps and away for home. We have had a grand outing—lots of bad weather, etc., but looking back we cannot remember anything but the jolly good times we had, and would like to try it over again.

In this great big country of ours there are thousands who would enjoy just such a trip, but circumstances exist that render it impossible; but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if they cannot go themselves, they can read and enjoy it second-hand. That is why this is written, and if its perusal gives pleasure to one tired soul in harness, the end sought will be reached.

NEW YORK C. C.—The following letter has been received by the secretary: 72 Mark Lane, E. C., March 12, 1887. C. J. Stevens, Esq., Secretary N. Y. C. C.—Dear Sir—The date of our sailing challenge cup race is Saturday, June 11, and it will take place, as heretofore, on Hendon Lake. We are hoping to have some competitors from your side, and to be able to return some of the hospitality shown to our men when with you. It has not yet been definitely settled whether we shall challenge for your cup again this year, but I will bring the matter before the committee at the first opportunity and communicate the result to you at once. I am, dear sir, yours truly, T. G. F. WINSER, Sec. R. C. C.

BOW-ARROW POINT.

THE following description of the proposed site of the A. C. A. camp of 1887 is from the Plattsburgh *Republican* of Jan. 22, '87:

"We understand that a committee of the A. C. A. will visit this part of Lake Champlain early in the spring with a view of looking for a site for the summer camp of that association. They can hardly fail, we think, of being pleased with Bow and Arrow Point, the southernmost point of North Hero Island, and which is located at the eastern entrance of the Gut, the important water thoroughfare between Grand Isle and North Island.

"Bow and Arrow Point lies just eight miles from Plattsburgh. It is, as its name indicates, a 'point' of land, which at a distance strikingly resembles a shapely arrow point, one of those interesting relics of the stone age of the North American savage, specimens of which are found quite frequently in all this region. That form doubtless gave this point its name, 'Bow and Arrow Point.' But whence comes the 'Bow.' Look on the coast survey chart, or look down on the locality from a balloon, and you will see at once. Three the shores northward on either side, from the Point, to the head of Hibbard's Bay on the east, and to Hazen's Point on the west, and you have a very good contour of a bent bow, with the arrow in place ready to be sent home, across the Gut, straight past Col. Nichol's Point of Pines, into the Hartwell Cottage grounds.

"Whether the name was given by the Indians or the French who came in here almost three hundred years ago is not known, but it is certain the name is very old, and it is not unlikely that the extraordinary resemblance of these shores to their most deadly weapon of offense, defense, and for the chase, suggested itself to the original owners of this pleasant domain.

"Bow and Arrow Point is a little over a half mile long, from the extreme southern point to the narrow neck at the northern end which joins it to the main island (a mere carrying place, this neck is a gravel ridge, just wide enough for a carriage road, which is entirely overflowed in high water). Its extreme width is 700ft., which width it holds for nearly 1,000ft. in the center, the two extremities tapering gradually to points, as already noted. From the Point the land ascends gradually, going north until it reaches, at a distance of about 2,200ft., an elevation of some 50 or 60ft. on the west shore, which is marked by a rocky precipice, while the east shore is low, the land inclining to the east as well as the south. This entire southern portion is covered by a thrifty young grove of hickory, very open, the whole being sodded with grass. The shore line on the east 3,000ft. long, is available throughout for camps or cottages (as the whole ground is in fact), while on the west, the shore from the head of the precipice rapidly descends to the neck at the north end, the northern portion having many charming sites for camps, with nice grass ground and low evergreens. Beyond the neck to the north about half a mile is the nearest farm house, and there are, we believe only two houses on North Island within two miles of the point.

"There is sufficient depth of water to allow the largest lake steamer to land, although there is no dock, steamers coming up alongside the gravelly beach, on the east side of the Point, landing passengers from a plank. One mile and a half south on Grand Isle is Adams Landing, where is located Adams postoffice, store and boarding house. Here boats from Plattsburgh, and Burlington, and Maquam, the lake terminus of the Boston & Lowell R. R., land four or six times a day, the regular fare from Plattsburgh being 25 cents. There is abundant safe harbor ground on the indented shores of the Gut, and splendid open water for sailing to the westward, the distance to the New York shore, due west, being four miles and a half, with the two Sister Islands lying a mile and a quarter to the southwest, while one and a half miles east, through the Gut, brings one past Ladd's Point into the waters of the Great Back Bay of Lake Champlain, interposed with islands, and a stretch of nine miles open water to St. Albans Bay.

"It goes without saying that the scenery from the elevated portion of Bow and Arrow Point is grand, with the Adirondacks in full view to the west, the Green Mountains to the east, and Lake Champlain all around, and we may also add that there are no malarious swamps in the vicinity, and only healthful shores around Bow and Arrow Point.

"With pure air, pure water and plenty of it, good sailing, with no ugly swash or currents; good bathing, good bass fishing (the best bass fly-fishing in the lake within 500yds. of the Point), good neighbors, good base of supplies, mails from Boston and New York and Montreal twice a day; ten hours from New York city, nine hours from Boston, four hours from Montreal, and on the great waterway from the Hudson to the St. Lawrence, with all these advantages, what better inducements can the American Canoe Association ask for than are afforded by Bow and Arrow Point? If they conclude to come, as we hope they will, the sight of their fleet of 250 sail in the grand regatta will be unequaled on Lake Champlain (barring the unknown possibilities of prehistoric time), since the sailing of old Viceroy Tracy's great fleet of 300 light bateaux and bark canoes' from Fort St. Anne on Isle La Motte (twelve miles north of Bow and Arrow Point) in October, 1666, bearing 1,000 French and Canadian Indians on their great expedition against the Mohawks."

THE A. C. A. MEETS AND THEIR COST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you submit to the members of the A. C. A. the following questions; any opinions upon them will be useful to the committee on revised constitution:

First—If the annual dues are reduced to $1, payable to division purser, what proportion of that $1 should be remitted to A. C. A. treasurer. In other words, for how little (per member) can the A. C. A. be carried on, expenses being limited as already outlined?

Second—How much can each division afford to pay (per member)? From ¼ to ½ of $1 seem to be probable limits.

Third—As to annual camps, is there any suggestion better than the following: Each division to hold a camp at a time not interfering with others. The division to which the A. C. A. commodore belongs to make its camp the annual A. C. A. camp. Each division in turn to have this honor. This camp to be held if possible after the others, and to be the scene of the regular regatta and of the international races under the A. C. A. officers and regatta committee with the assistance of the division regatta committee. The local division to bear expenses to its usual division amount, the A. C. A. making up the extra expense.

It is very desirable to get these questions settled without delay, although they may not take effect until after the next camp. They have direct influence upon the action to be taken by new divisions and prompt answers will be submitted to the committee which should meet at an early date. R. W. GIBSON.

FLAGS FOR PRIZES.—The regatta committee for 1887 invites contributions in flags for prizes at the meet at Lake Champlain in August. The responses received by regatta committees in former years lead the committee to hope that the flags to be offered at Bow-Arrow Point may have added to their worth as prizes, the value derived from the knowledge that they are the offerings of friends. Flags may be sent to any member of the committee. Contributors may designate the race for which they prefer their flags should be offered, and the committee will endeavor to comply with their wish. Flags should be sent to the committee before July 1. Henry Stanton, Chairman, 43 West Thirty-sixth street, New York city; H. C. Rogers, Peterboro, Ont., Canada; George H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.

JUNE.

6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
9. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

THE THISTLE'S CHALLENGE.

THE challenge from the Clyde is likely to arrive here by the last of this week, and the dimensions will soon be made public. The iron work of the hull was finished nearly two weeks since, and the carpenters were well advanced with the decks, etc. As to the inception of the idea, it was first talked of by Mr. Jas. Bell and an East Coast yachtsman, and Mr. Watson was consulted as to his willingness to undertake the task. This was prior to Galatea's defeat; following that Mr. Bell mentioned the matter to several Clyde yachtsmen, and in half an hour sufficient funds were guaranteed; a meeting was held and Mr. Watson was empowered to go on with the work.

In spite of the statements of seven or eight sets of plans submitted by Mr. Watson, he never submitted any, and the dimensions were not known even to the owners up to a very recent date, and not until she was half completed did any of them see either the plans or the boat. While the actual dimensions of the Thistle are very different from those published by the Boston *Herald*, it is now certain that, as we pointed out at the time, the plans given were made in Mr. Watson's office and given to builders, giving the general construction and scantling with sufficient accuracy to base an estimate upon, in fact representing a boat of about the same cubic contents and cost, but as it was foreseen that drawings thus given out might come into the possession of persons for whom they were never intended, they were intentionally "cooked." The time will be short now before the full dimensions will be known and the question of what must be done to defend the Cup will again be put before the New York Y. C.

BUILDING NOTES.

AT Mumm's yard, Bay Ridge, the Shamrock is planked up and her deck frame in, the beams being of oak, hackmatack and yellow pine, sided 4 to 6in. and moulded 4in. with 4in. hackmatack knees. The steamed timbers which we mentioned were bent by Mr. Shepherd, of New Haven, whose method of bending under pressure was described some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM. The timbers, when received at the yard, were thoroughly set, as they came from the moulds, not springing at all as they cooled. Each timber is bolted to a similar one of sawn hackmatack, making a very strong frame.....Vision, Mr. Alexander's steam yacht, is on the ways for a general overhauling. The frame of Mr. Aspinwall's steam yacht is all in position. ...At Greenpoint, Mr. Samuel Pine is at work on two steam yachts, one 67ft. over all, 12ft. beam and 9ft. draft, for Mr. A. B. Benjamin of New York. Mr. Sullivan is building a triple expansion engine, and the boiler is building at Rondout. The other yacht is to be 77ft. over all, 13ft. beam, and of shoal draft.....At One Hundred and Eighteenth street, East River, Mr. Julius Johnson is building for himself a steam launch, to be called Mermaid, 58ft. 6in. over all, 51ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 8in. draft.....Viking, schooner, is being rebuilt at Greenport.....Viola, steam yacht, has been lengthened 10ft. forward, and the position of her masts changed.....At Patchogue, L. I., Mr. Gilbert Smith is at work on two centerboard sloops, one for Mr. Jas. Slater, 33ft. over all, 31ft. l.w.l., 13ft. 6in. beam and 2ft. 9in. draft. The other, for Mr. Edward Bement, is 33ft. over all, 11ft. 3in. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft.....At East Boston Mr. Forbes's steam yacht is partly plated.....Wood Bros. have orders for a launch 28x6ft., a 24ft. yacht's gig, and also for a sloop to beat the Shadow.....Ibis, steam yacht, has been stripped to the garboards and replanked at Lockwood's Railway, some timbers being replaced and also a new rail and stanchions.....Hanniel has had her pilothouse made narrower and her pole masts replaced by topmasts, while the cabin has been fitted up in cherry and mahogany.....At Mystic wharf, Captain Brown of the Adelita, has built a steam launch 37ft. 6in. over all, 7ft. beam, and 3ft. 8in. draft... At Fall River Reed Bros. are busy with a cutter for Mr. Geo. Ballard, from his own designs. She will be 33ft. over all, 9ft. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft, of course flush decked.....Mr. Green, of the same place, will build a launch for Mr. R. T. Potter from G. F. Clarke & Co.'s designs, 30ft. over all, 6ft. beam, and 3ft. draft. .....Mr. W. B. Smith, of Boston, is at work on the catboat modeled by Capt. Crocker. She is 23ft. 4in. over all, 19ft. 6in. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, 2ft. 3in. draft.

RACING CLASSIFICATION.

WITHIN the past two weeks the question of classification has been acted upon by two clubs in such a manner that a reasonable degree of permanency is assured, and it is little likely that they will be called upon to make any material change for a long time. In both clubs the system of division adopted is that proposed in the latter part of the article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 10 which first called attention to the subject, the classes being the same as there given, with one exception, to be notice further on. The Atlantic Y. C. adopted at the last meeting, on March 14, the following amendment to Rule 1, Sec. 1 of Regatta and Sailing Regulations:

"In all regattas and sailing races of the club, the fleet shall be classified by waterline length as follows:

Class A—Schooners, 75ft. and over.
Class B—Schooners, under 75ft.
Class C—Cabin sloops, 75ft. and over.
Class D—Cabin sloops, 65ft. and under 75ft.
Class E—Cabin sloops, 56ft. and under 65ft.
Class F—Cabin sloops, 48ft. and under 56ft.
Class G—Cabin sloops, 41ft. and under 48ft.
Class H—Cabin sloops, 35ft. and under 41ft.
Class I—Cabin sloops, 30ft. and under 35ft.
Class J—Cabin sloops, 26ft. and under 30ft.
Class K—Cabin sloops under 26ft.
Class L—Open sloops.
Class M—Cat-rigged boats.

If in either Class A or B two yachts do not enter and start, all the yachts in these two classes shall sail in one class. If in either Class D or E two yachts do not enter and start all the yachts in these two classes shall sail in one class. If in either Class F or G two yachts do not enter and start, all the yachts in these two classes shall sail in one class. If in either Class H or I two yachts do not enter and start, all the yachts in these two classes shall sail in one class. If in either Class J or K two yachts do not enter and start, all the yachts in these two classes shall sail in one class."

On March 7 the New Rochelle Y. C. adopted the same in a modified form, as follows, the object being to adapt the same class limits to the wants of a young club with as yet a moderate sized racing fleet, to limit as far as advisable the number of prizes to be paid for by the club, and yet to provide liberally for the future growth of the fleet. The form adopted is as follows:

"In all regattas and races of this club the yachts shall be classified by length on waterline, as follows:

Class A—Schooners of 75ft. and over.
Class B—Schooners under 75ft.
Class C—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 75ft. and over.
Class D—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 56 and under 75ft.
Class 1—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 41 and over 56ft.
Class 2—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 30 and under 41ft.
Class 3—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls under 30ft.
Class 4—Open jib and mainsail boats of 23ft. and over.
Class 5—Open jib and mainsail boats under 23ft.
Class 6—Mainsail boats of 23ft. and over.
Class 7—Mainsail boats of 19 and under 23ft.
Class 8—Mainsail boats under 19ft.

At any time after all the entries have been received and prior to the start, the regatta committee may, if they deem it advisable, subdivide Classes D, 1, 2 and 3, or any one or more of them as follows:

Class D { 1—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 65ft. and over.
{ 2—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls under 65ft.
Class 1 { *a*—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 48ft. and over.
{ *b*—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls under 48ft.
Class 2 { *a*—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 35ft. and over.
{ *b*—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls under 35ft.
Class 3 { *a*—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls of 26ft. and over.
{ *b*—Cabin sloops, cutters and yawls under 26ft.

No such subdivision, however, shall take effect in a class unless two or more yachts actually start in each of the subdivisions of such class."

In the schooner classes the limit is placed at 75ft. instead of 65 and 80, as we suggested, but so long as the clubs do not feel strong enough to give more prizes and to do more to develop schooner racing, the division at 75ft. is as good as any; and it is probable that for a time at least, the best interests of yacht racing will be better promoted by a concentrated effort on the part of each club to build up single-stick racing, than by expending a large part of their strength on the two-stickers. In the single-stick classes the division is, in all but the smallest class, the same as suggested by us. It differs a little from the method shown in Table II., page 55, but is, we think, better, having suggested itself after the table was in type and when it was too late to change it. Practically the difference is slight, being only an increase of one foot to the upper limit of classes 3, 4 and 5, but it is rather more systematic and nearer to theoretical perfection. Starting with 75ft. as the minimum limit of the largest class, the limit of the class below is 65ft., or very nearly 86 per cent. of 75. Similarly the next lower limit is 56, or 86 per cent. of 65, and the limits decrease in the same ratio down to 26ft., the smallest size that the principal clubs have to deal with. The intervals between the classes decrease each time by one, being 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5 and 4. Of course in a matter of this kind the practical considerations must always outweigh all merely theoretical ones, but the latter are fully covered by the above division, and the following revision of Table II. shows the effect on existing yachts:

	Ft. In.	
Mayflower	85.00	Class I.
Priscilla	85.00	
Atlantic	82.01	
Puritan	80.00	
		—75
Bedouin	70.1¼	
Titania	69.09	
Gracie	69.04	Class II.
Shamrock	67.00	
Pocahontas	67.00	
		—65
Fanny	65.09	
Ileen	65.04	
Stranger	65.00	
Thetis	64.02	Class III.
Huron	63.00	
Hildegarde	61.66	
Mischief	61.00	
Wenonah	60.09	
		—56
Clara	53.07	
Whileway	53.00	
Cinderella	52.00	
Isis	51.05	
Athlon	51.02	
Oriva	50.11	Class IV.
Thistle	50.09	
Active	50.02	
Eclipse	50.1¼	
Gaviota	50.00	
Bertie	49.00	
Roamer	48.10	
		—48
Valkyr	47.04	
Regina	47.03	
Daphne	46.03	
Hesper	45.10	
Fanita	45.05	
Bayadere	45.00	
Rover	44.08	Class V.
Maggie	44.07	
Adelaide	44.06	
Vixen	44.01	
Penguin	44.00	
Ulidia	42.06	
Imperia	41.10	
		—41
Espirito	40.10	
Muriel	40.06	
Crocodile	39.11	
Madge	38.09	
Rival	38.03	Class VI.
Hope	38.00	
Mona	36.06	
Schemer	36.04	
Lapwing	36.06	
Polly	36.00	
		—35
Surf	35.04	
Hera	34.11	
Mariota	34.00	
Elephant	34.00	
Shadow	33.08	
Iseult	33.04	
Ægir	33.00	Class VII.
Shona	33.00	
Wacondah	33.00	
Daisy	32.09	
Delvin	32.00	
Culprit Fay	31.00	
Idoran	30.02	
Magic	30.02	
		—30
Arab	28.09	
Aria	27.04	
Iolanthe	27.00	Class VIII.
Yolande	26.06	
Vivien	26.03	
Nora	26.01	
		—26
Merlin	25.06	
Stranger	25.03	Class IX.
Fad	25.02	
Gem	25.02	

Here there is no disturbance of existing classes, except that it will allow the outbuilding, in time, of some of the present boats, but the only class seriously affected in this way is the present 70-71ft. class of the New York and Seawanhaka clubs, the Eastern Y. C. already having its limit at 75ft. It would allow Clara and Cinderella to be outbuilt, but so they could be under the existing rules; so they would have no special cause for complaint, as the extra two and three feet, respectively, which a new boat would now have, would be little inferior to the three and four feet excess which a boat built to the proposed limit, under 56ft., would have over Clara's 53ft. and Cinderella's 52ft. As we before pointed out it would give two new classes, Nos. 3 and 5, in which a lot of boats at present outbuilt, would find some very good racing.

From all points of view the scheme seems to be a good one, and we believe the two clubs that have adopted it will have every reason to be satisfied with the decided step forward that they have been the first to take. In the New York Y. C. no action has been taken and none is likely to be until the end of the present season; and in the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. some difficulties have arisen in connection with the classification passed hastily at a former meeting, and at the last meeting, on March 15, it was determined to continue the old classification for the present, but to appoint a committee to consider the necessary changes, which will be made after the present season is over.

The action of the New Rochelle Y. C. shows how the scheme may be made use of by clubs which desire to use only a portion of the classes, while at the same time they may readily add others as the need for them arises. There are many clubs whose present classes are based on no system but have grown up to fit their boats. Most of these will find one of the following divisions adaptable to their wants:

Class limits, 75, 56, 41 and 30, or 65, 48, 35 and 26. The leading boats of the club can be grouped about the classes of one or the other of these series, some latitude being allowed for the first year or two to accommodate all existing boats. Any new boats must of course be built to the class limits, and as the fleet increases the intermediate classes can be called into use. The fleet of the Lake Y. R. A., mentioned by our correspondent "Ontario" on March 3, will serve as an instance.

The largest class would be Class 3, under 65ft.; the next would be Class 6, under 41ft., and the next, Class 8 and Class 9. The schooner Oriole would be arbitrarily placed in Class 3, racing with the same boats as at present; the Cygnet, 42ft., would similarly be placed in the class under 41ft., with her present competitors; and the Laura, 32ft., would race in the class under 30ft. The matter might be arranged in one of several ways so as to conform the four classes required to the limits of the classification we propose, and to allow the intermediate classes to develop themselves as the growth of yachting on Lake Ontario increases. There is one point of secondary importance in the amendments of the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs that is open to improvement, the naming of the classes. It may be as well to letter the schooner classes to distinguish them from the sloops, but the latter should be simply numbered from 1 downward, as the numbers are more readily remembered. Class 1 should mean the Mayflower class of single-stickers, no matter what club is referred to, and if this, the simplest possible method, be once generally adopted, then the mere fact that a yacht is a Class 3 boat for instance, will tell at once that she is approximately about 65ft. on the waterline, not so many old or new tons, or so many feet "over all," "mean" or "corrected" length. It has been pointed out that one change has been made by the two clubs mentioned from the arrangement which we first gave, the smallest class being under 26ft. instead of 25ft., as we gave it. This comes from decreasing the interval by one each time, and carries out fully the theory; but in practice a change must be made somewhere here if the classification is to be carried down still further to the smaller classes, that we hope to see some day well filled. If the same operation be continued down, the next class will be 26 less 3, or 23ft., the next 21ft., and finally 20ft. This *reductio ad absurdam* indicates very clearly that in practice it will be necessary to cut off the very fine mathematical point that has been reached, and to adjust the classes on a purely practical basis. The smallest cabin boats that are likely to race are of 18ft. l.w.l., and this is the proper maximum limit for the lowest class. The limit of the class above might be at 22ft., making two equal intervals between 18ft. and 26ft. There are so few of these small cabin boats as yet that it does not matter greatly what classes are marked out for them; the point is that now is the time to settle finally what classes are desirable, in readiness for the mosquito fleet of the future.

AMERICAN CENTERBOARDS IN BRITISH WATERS.

THE certainty that at least one of the new American yachts which have attained such prominence in the past two seasons will visit British waters this summer and try conclusions with the foremost of the cutters, brings up the question as to the footing they will be placed on in the races. Heretofore the matter of centerboards has been summarily disposed of by the following rule of the Y. R. A.: "No yachts that are fitted to shift keels or to otherwise alter their form, shall be permitted to enter." Further than this, the centerboard has been generally regarded by the good old conservative British yachtsman as an invention of the Evil One, albeit of British origin; something that was morally wrong and reprehensible, and that no sailorman could afford to be associated with, except at the cost of such a loss of caste as attaches to a man who shifts ballast or shoots a fox. One of them speaks as follows in the last issue of the *Field*: "I do not know what is the general opinion of racing yacht owners as to the admission of centerboard yachts to contend at the ensuing season's regattas. No. 8 of the Y. R. A. Sailing Rules clearly layf down that they are not admissible, and it would seem to me that regatta committees ought to abide by these rules unless the Y. R. A. agree that it be temporarily suspended. Clearly the object of yacht racing is to develop the best form of hull and canvas for a sailing vessel in all weather, and to discountenance the construction of purely racing machines, and it is universally admitted that the Y. R. A. rules have been most successful in doing this. I was much surprised, therefore, at seeing Mr. Charlwood's letter, stating that he is favorable to the admission of centerboard yachts at this season's regattas. The late defeat of Genesta and Galatea allow of no doubt as to the result of such contests. The vessel that can get her ballast as low, and get her keel as deep as she likes when going to windward, and can make herself into a skimming dish when running, is bound, with good handling and in ordinary weather, to beat our best racer. I believe it is the universal wish of yachtsmen to show every hospitality to visitors this and every year, and I sincerely trust some other means of doing this may be devised than that of altering our racing rules to allow a type of vessel, useless save as a racing machine, to show us the way around our principal regatta courses.—A C CLASS YACHT OWNER."

It must be confessed that there was a time when centerboard yachts, as a class, deserved much of the evil reputation which they had abroad, but even in this there was no just ground for the wholesale condemnation and ostracism of a most ingenious, effective, and in some cases indispensable appliance.

Beyond a sweeping and indefinite condemnation of all centerboard craft, regardless of model or other features, no charges have ever been formulated by those who oppose them, nor has any fair attempt been made to decide upon the merits of the centerboard alone, apart from the hull which carries it. The fact is that the centerboard has been found for many years in very bad company, and has been hastily judged accordingly. During the long period in which keel boats, except a few large schooners, were practically unknown, the entire yacht fleet not only carried centerboards, but associated with them such proportions of great beam and little depth as to make a most dangerous and undesirable type of boat.

It is no wonder that the unsavory records of many American craft earned them the title of "death-traps," and raised a very strong feeling against them among those whose altered conditions offered no inducement to adopt the same type; but to estimate the correct position of the centerboard in the matter it is only necessary to suppose a case; that the centerboard had never been invented; that no expedient was known for holding a boat to windward but the keel, and the same ideas as to model prevailed as were found in the old sloops. The resulting boat would then have been exactly like some built in Boston a few years since, when the idea of a small keel yacht was first generally discussed. These boats were built from the same moulds that had served for shoal centerboards, but a deep fixed fin of wood took the place of the board; in fact, many centerboard boats were altered in this manner. As this fin was not weighted in any way, the boat was just as crank and dangerous, and as much a "death-trap" as the similar boat with a board that housed. It is true that the light draft allowed by the housing of the keel encouraged the construction of boats with so little depth of body as to be bad for any purpose, but this defect of model was due to many causes other than the board, and it is unjust in the extreme to attribute it to the latter. The excellent records of many centerboard vessels, both yachts and traders, show this, and the fact is established to the satisfaction of all who will look into it in an unprejudiced manner, that a safe and perfectly seaworthy centerboard vessel is easily possible.

When it comes to the question of a purely seagoing vessel of any kind we prefer the keel. it requires no knowledge of shipbuilding to see that the simple and undivided structure of the keel boat must of necessity be stronger for the same quantity of material than when the keel is divided and is weakened by joints inserted; and yet, on the other side, are the scores of old centerboard vessels that have bumped about the coast for years in perfect safety, while the American centerboard yachts have crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic, have doubled Cape Horn, and are found every winter in West Indies. Many centerboard yachts have at times come to grief; many are unfit for the work they are often put to, and the possession of a fleet of shoal racing craft has interfered much with the development of American yachting in the past, but we submit that those who have judged and disbarred the centerboard have not yet made good their case against it as a reprehensible device that is unworthy of toleration.

The sole idea of its use, to the British yachtsman, is to be hauled up at will in order to allow the yacht to obtain an unfair advantage in draft over the keel boat, and at the same time another advantage is to be gained when free by the lessened surface due to the board being housed. This latter view has always been held by the recognized authority abroad, the *Field*, and is also expressed only last week in the following from the *Observer*: "The jubilee match round the kingdom will attract many of the best American yachts, and among them centerboarders, against which British yachtsmen entertain a strong, and, as some think, a slightly unreasonable prejudice. Invented by an Englishman, the centerboard or sliding keel never found much favor among his conservative countrymen, while our American cousins, far wiser in their appreciation of novelties, have utilized it extensively. It has been proved over and over again that hoisting their centerboard gives American yachts an advantage of eight or ten minutes in a twenty mile run before the wind over an English rival. They are also equal or superior when closed hauled to the wind. Perhaps the experience of the next few months may soften our insular prejudices, and the result of the international competition may be an approximation of our type of yacht more to that now regarded as best by our American cousins—a form of vessel which by no means unsafe or unseaworthy and not much unlike the crack vessels of our own pleasure fleet of a generation since." When Englishmen have seen as many races between keels and centerboards as have taken place here since Madge beat Schemer, they will probably be ready to recognize the fact that many of the times when the cutters win is down the wind, when the centerboarder may, if he pleases, house his keel. As to the other point, lifting the board for shoals, it must be remembered that the centerboard boat needs all her board under her to take her to windward, so that, unless off the wind, she must hold to her board or fall off terribly to leeward; and as to draft she must have at least 20ft. under her where the cutter is safe with 18ft. To be sure the danger of grounding permanently is less, as her board prevents that, but the use of the board as a "Dutch Pilot," for sounding, while it may do in a catboat in smooth water, would be a very different matter with Mayflower in a race, as the danger of some serious damage to the board or trunk is too great to be intentionally incurred.

Thus far the only action that has been taken toward admitting the centerboards is by the Royal London Y. C., which has posted the following notice in its club house:

"Centerboard yachts will be permitted to compete in all the races of this club during the current year, provided their boards are securely fixed in any position and sealed to the satisfaction of the committee at or before 9 P. M. of the day previous to the race. It is probable that our races for the jubilee prizes will take place at Cowes on Friday, Saturday and Monday, July 29, 30 and Aug. 1.

G. W. CHARLWOOD, Secretary Royal London Y. C., March 11."

From a British standpoint this may be considered a generous and liberal concession, but to any one familiar with the use of the centerboard in large boats and with the entire absence of all restrictions on British yachts in their races here of late years, the utter absurdity of such conditions is apparent. As the offer of the Royal London Y. C. is made in a friendly spirit it is probable that the fault lies only with the ignorance of centerboard boats, but how it appears to Americans may be illustrated by a supositious case. When Madge came here, masthead pendants and runners were unknown on small craft, and in fact were by many considered a piece of useless complication; American yachts did not need them, why should cutters have them? Now suppose that the gentlemen who arranged the races between the cutter and the sloops had said to Capt. Duncan: "Of course you can carry your masthead pendants, but you must either set both up taut or slack off both before 9 A. M. on the day of the race and keep them in the same position during the race." This would not be any more unreasonable than the offer quoted above.

As the record stands to-day in the big class, and it is the face of the record which most men look at, it rests with the cutters to prove that they are as fast as the American boats; not that they, unhampered by any conditions, are as fast as Mayflower in a crippled condition and sailing under restrictions she was never built to sail under, but that when both are started under a fair allowance, under equal restrictions, and over an open course, the cutter can show the way home. A fine victory it would be to boast of if Irex could carry her 18ft. over the course in safety, while Mayflower could not pass with her draft of 20ft., or if at the end of the race, with the latter ahead, she should be compelled by any emergency to hand her board and be disbarred from a prize fairly won.

Racing yachts are built for speed first of all, and with a full realization of the rights and duties of yacht clubs in fostering none but a seagoing and capable vessel and of discouraging all racing machines, we submit that as the case now stands, there is not sufficient evidence on which to disbar the centerboard as a dangerous feature; but still further, before such evidence is to be sought for, the friends of the keel boat must fairly beat the centerboard or must surrender unconditionally. If the keel boat is the faster the question is settled, no one wants anything else. If the centerboard boat is the faster, then the question of her other qualities may be passed on; but never while she remains unbeaten can the Y. R. A. or any other body legislate a victory for the keel craft by labeling her rival "extra hazardous," and putting her in the category with the boiler of a racing steam yacht that has failed to pass inspection.

The present season promises to settle two of the most important questions that have ever concerned the yachting world. One of these is the relative speed of the new American boats and the best cutters. Our views as to the races of 1885-6 are well known; we decline to accept the result as conclusive until backed by races in different weather. In crossing the Atlantic for a race the Mayflower is sure of meeting the best of the cutter fleet over floated, and the chances are good that there will be some weather that may be fairly considered a test. Now, what is wanted is a perfectly fair field, courses and conditions that neither side can cavil at when the race is over. We speak not as friends of the centerboard, but as the first and staunchest friends of the keel boat, and what we chronicle at the end of 1887 is a record for them as full, clean and beyond dispute as Clara made last year.

The other question as yet undecided is the seagoing ability of the new boats, a question the solution of which can only be guessed at, but which the passage of Mayflower is likely to settle. There is no doubt of the power and ability of both her and Puritan over the ordinary regatta courses and about the coast, and the silly stories set afloat at times about their weakness in the races are not worth notice; but they have never been tried as an ocean passage is likely to try them, and not until they are can the question be considered as settled. Instances are brought forward of centerboard boats that have crossed the Atlantic, the little Alice, Silvie and Vesta, but it is not considered that all these are vastly different craft, shoal, wide, and with all ballast stowed inside. Their behavior argues nothing for a boat at once wide and deep with a great weight of ballast hung as low as possible; nor is any light shed on the subject by the passage of Clara, Genesta and Galatea, all carrying heavy keels, but without the excessive beam. The question is most important, and it must be finally settled before the new type can be indorsed as seagoing vessels.

With the latter question only Mayflower, her owner and her designer are interested, and they promise to do their parts; the first rests with the British clubs, and we hope that when the points we have touched on are fully understood they will deal with them in a way that will insure plenty of racing and fair sport when Mayflower hoists her fighting flag on the other side. At present she will challenge for the Queen's Cup, held by Arrow, and for the two American cups held by Irex, neither being hampered by any restrictions the centerboard, but while she is going aboard for racing and will be ready to enter other races, she will enter none under such conditions as the Royal London Y. C. have imposed. In regard to her visit the *Field* speaks as follows, and we hope that yachtsmen generally will look at the matter in the same sensible and fair-minded way:

"Next to the decisive action of the Y. R. A. in altering the method of rating yachts, the most promising feature is the announcement made this week that the Mayflower is to visit us this summer, and, by anticipation, the question of admitting centerboarders into our matches has been raised. We need not enter into the general policy of the rule of excluding centerboard yachts from all matches, but it seems to us highly desirable that the rule should be waived for one year, so far as certain matches are concerned, and that the club should at once make known what matches they are willing to make the exception for. A restriction that the board should be fixed down would practically exclude a yacht fitted with one, as her draft would be so excessive; or she would have to house so much of it that she might as well house it altogether. We therefore think that, if centerboarders are to be admitted, they should be taken as they are, without restrictions of any kind.

"In connection with the promised visit of the Mayflower, it has been announced that she will at once challenge for the Queen's Cup, won by the Arrow from the America in 1852, and recently turned into a challenge cup by Mr. Taukerville Chamberlayne. This gentleman has already turned his thoughts toward preparing his old ship for a contest with the Mayflower, and even for this event alone it is to be hoped that the American masterpiece will be brought over.

"Then there are the Brenton Reef and Cape May challenge cups, now held by the Irex. The matches, indeed, between Irex and Mayflower would be of stirring interest. A question has been raised in America that the Y. R. A. rule as to centerboards would bar Mayflower from challenging; but, so far as we can judge, the Y. R. A. rules have nothing whatever to do with the matter. The only reference to rules in the published conditions under which the contests are to be sailed is that they are to be in accordance with the rules of the New York Y. C., but without time allowance. Thus it seems clear that centerboarders could not be barred by Y. R. A. or any other rules."

The position of the FOREST AND STREAM on the keel-centerboard question has been clearly and strongly stated in times past, but now, in putting forward the side of the centerboard yachts we do not propose to be misunderstood. In the new boats the worst features that were formerly associated with the centerboard have disappeared, and they are far different craft; but looking at the question from a sailing point of view, without regard to digging clams, to the exigencies of mudflat navigation, or to similar modifying influences, we consider the keel boat the most perfect tool yet devised for those who take their enjoyment on the water. It is the proper instrument for sailing wherever local limitations do not interfere with its use. In points of construction and accommodation it possesses enormous advantages. The centerboard we consider a makeshift, but a most valuable one, for without it the greater part of the Atlantic coast and its contributory watercourses would be useless both for trade and pleasure. The centerboard boat of all kinds has its uses, the fault begins when it is misapplied to a purpose for which it was never designed or fitted. As to the great question of speed we do not claim that the keel is of necessity faster than the board, but on the other hand we distinctly deny that the board has yet shown its superiority over the keel. With a large existing fleet of centerboard boats already brought to a high state of perfection by years of experiment before the first keel boat was known here, the odds were vastly on the side of the former; but now, with Shona, Clara and Bedouin well to windward of their respective classes, and with Oriva's record still in remembrance, there seems no immediate need to fear that the keels cannot take care of themselves on either side of the water, without any such protection and nursing as is proposed in restricting the rights of their rivals.

MEDUSA.

COM. CENTER'S cutter is on the ways for a shoe aft, to aid her steering, and Mr. Munnn has done a very good job, the after part of the shoe being of oak, through bolted with composition metal, while the middle is of lead, also heavily bolted, cast in place to fit the shape of the former lead keel. A piece of lead has also been added at the fore end of keel, and the rudder has been backed to make it as deep as the bottom of the new shoe. The draft will be 10ft. 5in., but as the yacht is in every way fitted as a seagoing vessel this is little detriment. The cabin has been very handsomely and tastefully fitted up and ornamented, and there is not a boat of the size in the fleet to-day that can equal the entire interior from a cruising point of view, a snug and comfortable home afloat. The outfit includes two complete rigs, that now in use being a snug cruising rig with end of main boom over the taffrail and a short bowsprit. Of course the owner's ingenuity and experience are visible everywhere, from the "anti-fouling" pennant at the truck to the alterations just noted in the keel, all of which work has been done directly under his personal supervision. The racing honors of late have all gone to Boston, but with the many changes made in the Medusa it looks as though New York would be able to boast this year of the most complete and perfectly fitted cruising yacht on the coast.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.

PART II.

WE washed down decks, had breakfast underway and passed out of the Piscataqua and by the bell buoy off Kitt's Rocks at 8 o'clock. There was a light fog which I viewed with some apprehension, but the sun soon scoffed it up, we set the spinaker and started up the coast with a light S.W. breeze. The wind gradually worked around to S., to S.S.E., to E.S.E., to E. and finally to E. by N., where it remained until evening. It was very pleasant running along close to the coast and viewing hill and dale, inlet and promontory, breakers and sandy beaches, summer cottages and mammoth hotels.

Off Cape Neddick we had a genuine sensation. The boys were dozing upon the house and I was stretched out in the cockpit steering, when I saw upon the starboard bow a quarter of a mile away what I supposed was a man fishing. There was something peculiar in his appearance and I reached for my glasses. When I looked again he had disappeared. I thought this very strange and watched the place where he had been. In a minute he appeared, but before I could get my glasses focused upon him he sank again just as I shouted to my crew, "Look at this, boys; here is the sea serpent." The boys were up in a moment, but did not see the strange object. Then I kept a lookout to starboard and they to port. In a few minutes they shouted, "Here he is!" The same figure was upon the port bow, half a mile from the place of his first appearance.

I saw him just as he sank. Then he appeared soon upon our beam, and then upon the port quarter near the breakers, but he moved so rapidly and remained above the water so short a time, that I could not get a look with the glasses. He resembled a black spar buoy, 8ft. long and 1ft. thick, increasing in size to the surface of the water, and inclined to it at an angle of about 20° from the vertical. There was a slight bend where the neck (?) passed beneath the water, as if a larger body lay there in a horizontal position, but I did not see any head, eyes, rings, coils or foaming wake such as other persons have reported. He kept about a quarter of a mile from us, moved with great rapidity, and was perfectly at home in the water. He always retired from view politely backward, or sank right down, keeping the visible portion of his body at the same angle with the vertical until out of sight. If this had been a fish I think he would have turned forward and have been much upon the ocean. I have seen all the marine animals familiar to sailors, and know the anatomy of saurians, fishes and whales, but this inhabitant of the Maine coast puzzles me. An old sailor hero says, "It was a killer." He does not know any other name for it. It could not have been the arm of an octopus, or cuttlefish, because that animal cannot move so rapidly. Could it have been the probocis of a gigantic swordfish?

The wind had got around to the eastward by 3 o'clock, we had taken in the spinaker long before and set the jibtopsail, but were obliged now to take this in because of the necessity of beating to windward out of the bight off Well's village and south of Cape Porpoise. The current swept down around the cape, the wind was getting around ahead, the sea began to be heavy against us, and it was very evident the weather was going in for a fog. Last year the Pilgrim was caught here the same way and obliged to seek a harbor at Kennebunkport. I did not wish to run in there again, because one cannot get in till half flood and the accommodations alongside a wharf are uncomfortable. So we made a long leg off shore and upon the next tack reached the entrance of Cape Porpoise Harbor. The breakers were heavy, the reefs and rock-bound shores were great walls of foam, and my "Coast Pilot" warned of the many dangers of the entrance. I stood up near Old Prince buoy and took a good look at the opening. It was narrow, obscure and forbidding. A few vessels could be seen at anchor inside. How I wished we were among them. The sky in the east was overcast with dark, threatening clouds; the wind was rising every minute; the sea was getting very uncomfortable; the sun was sinking behind the land; we could not cook in such weather; we needed rest; Wood Island was ten miles away; it would be midnight or later before we could get up to it, and then I did not know the way into the harbor. Weighing all these facts anxiously, I gazed again upon the breakers and the islands, and tacked ship off shore with a heavy heart. I would try for Wood Island and trust to luck.

Short tacks took us up to Cape Rocks and there was a dory scudding in. We shouted and tacked, and ran in as near as we dared; but the lone fisherman's eyes were bent upon home and he heeded us not. We had set the ensign in the rigging an hour before, but no one noticed it. We tacked off shore again and plunged onward. In a few minutes we saw, far out to sea, a dory struggling toward Cape Porpoise Harbor. It had escaped our notice while we were battling along the shore. Here was our chance. The fisherman could take us in somewhere. The sheets were payed off and we swept down upon him. I swung my hat and shouted, "Can you take us in to Cape Porpoise?"

"Yes, foller right along arter me, I'm goin' in myself."

"All right!"

We trimmed down, tacked and had a wet sheet and a flowing sail. The Pilgrim went too fast for the dory and the fisherman looked back at us a little anxiously. We took in the staysail and slacked off sheets. On we went just north of Old Prince, not too close along Goat Island, passed the red buoy to starboard, then directly for the black channel buoy and passed it to port, then ran toward the house upon the highest hill. In the request, our notice of a mooring pointed out to us by the fisherman and took in the sails.

"Do these moorings belong to anybody? Won't somebody disturb us?" I asked.

"They belong to you jest as much as to anybody."

"But the Coast Pilot says this place is crowded with fishermen, and one can't lie here without getting foul of somebody."

"That's only in the fall when the vessels are arter herrin'. You're all right here and safe in any blow. The channel is very narrow; you'll see mud on both sides of yer when the tide goes out."

"I'm very glad I met you; it looks like bad weather."

"Yes; guess we'll hev an easterly. I thought you was mighty curious to beat up shore in this nor'easter with the night comin' on. Tho't p'haps you knew your way and was goin' into Stage Harbor. Good harbor, sometimes. Rather rough for a small craft. When wind's this way, current runs down shore mighty hard. Knew what yer wanted the minnit yer kept off. Fine yacht, ain't she?"

"Yes; and a good sea boat. I'd not venture out this way in an ordinary craft."

"How much ballast?"

"About 5,000lbs,"

"Tho't she was pretty stiff."

"What you from?"

"Boston; left there the 21st, and Newcastle this morning."

"They make fine boats down in Bostin. 'Spose she cost most $2,000?"

"No; about half as much."

"Sho! yer don't say so. Carries lots of sail, don't she?"

"Yes, the ballast is low down."

"Lots er room below, I see."

"Wall, must be getting hum to clean my fish."

"What shall I pay you?"

"Nuthin.' I don't charge nuthin. Glad I could accommodate yer."

"I am much obliged, but I wish to pay you. Here, take this," said I, handing him a silver dollar.

"All right, captin; if I go out to-morrow I'll bring yer in a good fish."

"Very well, much obliged; good night, come aboard again."

"Good night; it's gittin' thicker already."

Then our good-hearted friend trimmed his small sail and sped up the channel.

A thick mist had spread over the islands and ocean; rain began to fall; it was soon dark as pitch, and the wind was blowing a gale from the northeast. As we lay upon the cushions and listened to the turmoil of the elements and occasionally looked out the windows and saw nothing except a few anchor lights and the light of the cape shining dimly through the gloom, we blessed the old fisherman and felt grateful to the Lord for our delivery. It blew a heavy gale for thirty-six hours, and we were obliged to delay another day for the sea to subside. Would the Pilgrim have weathered it?

Cape Porpoise is an interesting place to visit. A narrow channel extends a mile to the village and another one goes north and communicates with Stage Harbor. High tide shows a broad bay; when the tide runs out it shrinks into a narrow estuary with extensive flats and dangerous ledges. The land is rough and unproductive, and the inhabitants are mostly engaged in fishing. Some quaint characters may be found every evening at the general store near the landing, and their stories of fishing and adventures upon the sea are very interesting and instructive. We wanted fresh milk and eggs, but could get neither, as the supply was carried daily to some of the summer hotels of the coast. At low tide Jack and I took our guns and waded across the flats, and succeeded in bagging a dozen snipe in two hours, which made an excellent stew for dinner. It was considerable work to get them, but much more to clean the poor little things.

I took a long shot at a yellowleg, he fell and his companions flew

away. Soon he arose and began walking away from me. I hastened to cross over a little arm of the bay and took my eyes off of him for a moment; when I looked again he was gone. After a long walk over the flats, I saw the same or another bird across the stream 40yds. away, and as he strutted a little preparing to fly, I let go at him and killed him. The tide was running in strongly, the water was nearly up to the tops of my long wading boots, and I was in imminent danger of being swept off of my feet and drowned; but I wanted that snipe and I got him and returned to the land side, thinking what a fool I was to take so great a risk for such a trifle. He was the goal of my ambition just before, and "his price was above rubies." I've no doubt some sportsmen will be disgusted at such a pot shot and my not giving the bird a chance by shooting him on the wing. The birds did not give me any chance. They always got up and flew away from me before I could get within 30yds., and I had not fired a shotgun since I hunted curlew in Florida during the war.

The next day was pleasant, the sea had gone down, the wind was west; we hoisted the mainsail and watched the tide flow in and the fishing schooners preparing for sea. We started when they did, about 8 A. M., knowing they would take the best time of tide to keep clear of the rocks off Folly Island. Once fairly outside, we set the gafftopsail and spinaker, and sailed along freely and pleasantly by Wood Island, Old Orchard, Richmond Island and Cape Elizabeth, where we had fought our way against a head wind and a hard sea last year, made the buoys all right, and ran into Portland, and were anchored and cleared up before 3 P. M.

In running in, I noticed a long line of breakers ahead and kept more off shore. It was simply the surf upon the main shore, which shone so brightly across the water as to seem much nearer than it was in reality. Often have I shifted my course in dread of rocks beneath some summer flash of the sea, to find that it was far beyond my course.

The Portland Club has several new yachts, particularly one 35ft. cutter, built somewhere down East and said to be fast. She has enough lumber in her for two vessels of her size, and spars, rigging and top works are uncouth and clumsy. Dr. Bray's Tempus is a very comfortable craft of the old sloop model, just large enough for housekeeping and not too large to go around in the island channels, and the owner and family spend many a warm night of summer at some breezy anchorage down the bay. Dr. Bray is Fleet Surgeon of the Portland Club, and a very genial and hospitable gentleman. He has cruised extensively to the eastward, and believes that Casco Bay is about the best place in Maine for a summer sail. While I agree that the bay has fine waters and lovely isles, I think Penobscot Bay has many advantages over it in landlocked waters, wild wooded shores, and few inhabitants.

Peak's Island is a great cooling off place for Portland and neighboring cities, and the northern shore is covered by picturesque cottages, hotels, skating rinks, theaters, boat-houses and gardens. Excursion steamers run there from the city every hour or two until midnight, and swarms of people may be seen upon their decks and along shore, enjoying the sea breezes and the dreadful clang of the brass bands. We spent a couple of days off the island in company with the schooner Magellan Cloud, S. B. Y. C., whose jolly Captain Moses kept up the prestige of our organization by firing the morning and evening gun, which we duly respected in hoisting and hauling down colors. The island enjoyments suited the boys, but I prefer less civilization and noise. The tide runs strongly along the shore, and we got aboard one evening just in time to find the Pilgrim with cable up and down drifting off into the bay. The bottom was soft and it took us an hour to find a place where our 35lbs. anchor would hold us, though it was flat calm and there was no swell.

The third day after our arrival a heavy gale began from the southwest and shifted to the southeast with heavy rain and fog. The fog sirens at the cape and steamers' whistles were blowing day and night. We rigged a tent over the cockpit, housed the topmast, let go another anchor and went below, where we remained nearly all the time for two days, listeniug to the patter of the rain and the music of the wind in the rigging, writing up the log, reading back numbers of the journals and sleeping "rocked in the cradle of the deep." We were in no hurry and enjoyed the bad weather and the rest that we were obliged to take. A yachtsman ought not to be in a hurry unless to make a safe port at night or in a storm. His restless spirit should be calmed by the surrounding waters, and the pretty sails that propel him ought to remind him that he is the sport of the wind and cannot play the autocrat. In proportion as he adapts himself to the environment will he derive pleasure from his expedition. If he is in a hurry he had better travel by a regular line of steamers or invest in a steam yacht, and abandon his pretensions of fraternity with the true blue.

We experimented with the tender to find where she could be kept from chafing. When astern she would come up at the turn of the tide or change of the wind and bump the stern, or swing around under the counter and grind and bump spitefully, as if she were lonely and wished to come aboard. When fastened to the end of the main boom she acted in the same contrary manner. We fastened the bow close to the end of the bowsprit and the stern to a bowsprit shroud. This was a good place except when there was some pitching, then the ropes would draw taut and make a noise that would keep us awake, and sometimes the boat would get under the bobstay and saw away till we could stand the racket no longer. With a bow and stern line to the boat alongside and numerous fenders between her and the side of the ship, she lay very well in quiet water, but a little sea or the swell of a steamer would disarrange the fenders and the boat would bang up against the side and make frightful scratches in the paint. Then we lowered the spinaker boom, used the spinaker sheet, and hauled the bow of the tender out to the end and let her swing clear, and were delighted at our immunity from chafe and noise.

A tender is a useful nuisance anyway when one cannot take her on deck or up to the davits, and this is impossible in single-hand yachts. A tender for a 25ft. yacht ought to be a good sized keel boat for many reasons. There are plenty of places where one must use her in considerable seaway to make landings, to tow her consort off the shore or a reef and to carry three or four persons; she ought to ride the seas smoothly, without swinging or filling when being towed, and to have enough stability not to frighten ladies who venture aboard. A boat to fill these requirements should be from 10 to 12ft. long. The Pilgrim's is a 12ft. cedar keel boat and I think a smaller one would not have followed the painter in many of the wild storms we encountered. I came very near starting out last year with a folding canvas canoe. Observations of several convinced me such a tender would not do in the rough waves of the New England coast. Neither would a punt.

CARESWELL.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

New Bedford Y. C.—Commodore, Richard H. Morgan, cutter Ilderim; Vice-Commodore, Edgar B. Hammond, cutter Medea; Rear-Commodore, Nathaniel Hathaway, sloop Addie; Secretary, Edgar R. Lewis; Treasurer, E. Stanley Willis. The clubs has a membership of 170 and a fleet of 54 yachts.

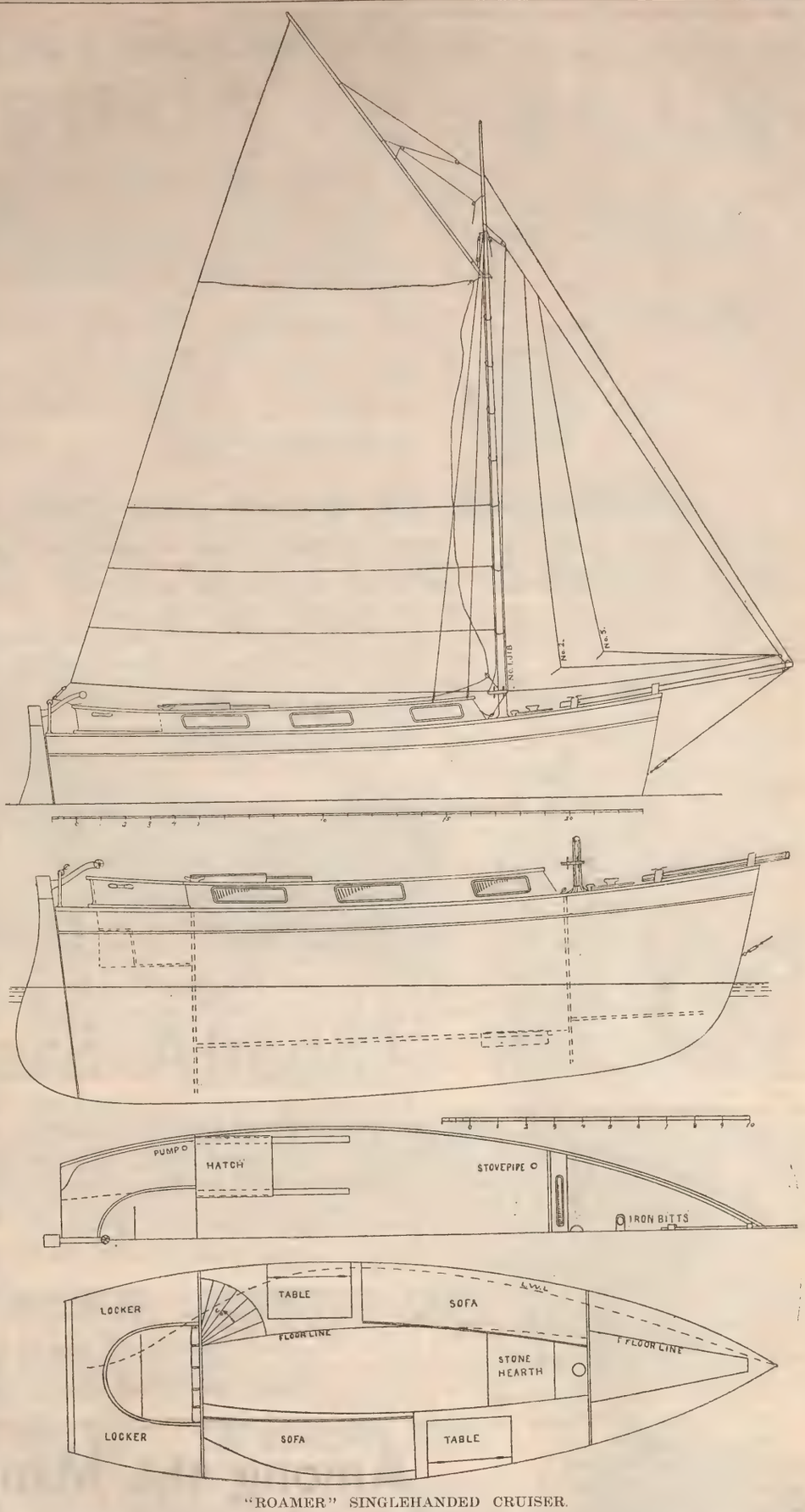
Empire Y. C.—Commodore, John S. MacDuff; Vice-Commodore, Daniel O'Brien; Rear-Commodore, Louis McGown; President, Richard Cullen; Secretary, Charles Friend; Treasurer, James Mulligan; Measurer, A. J. Brush; Judge Advocate, H. Ketcham; Fleet Surgeon, W. W. Tungel, M.D.; Chaplain, Chas. W. Hunter; Steward, John Fennell; Sergeant-at-Arms, John O'Brien; Regatta Committee, J. Myhan, A. J. Brush, Charles Brandt, P. Clifford, P. J. O'Brien, John Fennell, Andrew Curry, and Charles Raubs; Board of Trustees, P. Myhan, Harry Hill, Richard Cullen, William Kinsey, John S. MacDuff, A. J. Brush, John A. McManus and Robert Lang.

Essex Y. C.—Newark, N. J.—Commodore, H. W. Jourdan; Vice-Commodore, George Nenninger; Secretary, H. Bamberger; Treasurer, H. Nenninger; Measurer, B. Mullaney; Financial Secretary, G. Krullschmitt; Board of Trustees, L. H. Crane, Phillip Long and Robert T. Clark.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The American Y. C. have purchased a site on Milton Point or Penningoe Neck, between Rye Beach and Port Chester, on the New York shore of Long Island Sound. They will at once erect a large club house and an iron pier. The grounds will be reached by a horse railway from Rye, 1½ miles distant. The club course will be altered to start opposite the house and also to finish there, a triangular course being substituted for the present straight one. The price paid for the property is reported as $25,000 and bonds for a considerable amount have already been taken to defray the entire cost.

WEST LYNN Y. C.—Commodore, Ozro Ridout; Vice-Commodore, E. F. Rich; Fleet Captain, Wm. Sproul; Secretary, Edwin S. Brown; Treasurer, F. G. Olin; Measurer, S. F. Guilford; Regatta Committee, Walter Sawyer, P. S. Ridout, E. H. Howe, J. A. White, T. F. Parker; Finance Committee, W. H. Warren, W. J. Walsh, P. Lynch; Amusement Committee, F. G. Olin, R. H. Burden, E. F. Rich.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Clytie, schooner, Mr. Anson P. Stokes, has been sold to Mr. Alanson Tucker, of Boston....Enterprise, cutter, Mr. H. V. R. Kennedy, has been sold to ex-Com. Hogins. Atlantic Y. C., former owner of the Agnes....Lois, sloop, formerly Kangaroo, has been purchased by Mr. F. Beames.



"ROAMER" SINGLEHANDED CRUISER.

AN ENGLISH SINGLEHAND YACHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I greatly enjoy the yachting department of the FOREST AND STREAM, and in return I send an account of a little craft I recently had built, as it will be of interest to the readers of the Pilgrim and Coot cruises, especially as although so small I designed her with a view to having a splendid hard-weather cruiser, and she has more than borne out my expectations. My idea was to have the largest boat I could handle alone in all weathers, a really good, powerful sea boat, and large enough to afford comfortable accommodations for my wife and self for long cruises. After one season over about 2,000 miles of water, and under, of course, all conditions of sea and wind, I can unhesitatingly pronounce her a success. Her dimensions are as follows. Length over all, 25ft.; beam, 8ft.; draft of water, 4ft. 2in. She is decked all over except steering well, and is rigged after the Bawley boats of the Thames, with a mainsail without a boom, as this allows of a brail being used, a very useful thing on a singlehander, enabling the sailor to bring up without lowering mainsail, to gybe with safety in bad weather, and being convenient in many other ways. She carries one headsail set on a bowsprit 5ft. 6in. outboard. The mainsail has 17ft. hoist, 15ft. head, 19ft. foot. As will be seen, being a deep-draft, powerful-bodied boat, carrying nearly six tons ballast (inside), she could carry twice the amount of sail, but for all weathers I do not care to handle more alone, and being a good model as soon as it blows she is fast, and in rough water blowing hard goes to windward grandly. I do not want to go into a controversy of shallow vs. deep boats, but I think in small yachts at any rate that deep draft boats are the best, as a shallow draft could hardly live in the same sea, and certainly not get to windward as she can. I have tried both types and in small vessels there is no comparison; the deep boat feels like a powerful, rushing, hard-driven boat, whereas the other feels a beaten-down, spanking, knocked-to-leeward-at-every-jump sort of a boat. This is badly expressed, but the practical sailor will know precisely what I mean. In my cabin I have 5ft. 9in. headroom; cabin is 14ft. long and comfortably fitted with stove, lockers, pantry, and everything necessary for making a floating home of her. Forecastle 6ft. 6in. long, for sails and spare gear. She is a very jolly little boat, and for my purpose could not be better. I do not know whether her type would do for American waters, but perhaps her description may be interesting to my "cousins" who love blue water. ROAMER.

CORONET AND DAUNTLESS.—Up to the time of going to press no news of the arrival of the racers has been received, though they have been twelve days out. The steamer British Prince, which arrived at Philadelphia on March 17, reports that at about 9 A. M. on March 14 in lat. 40° N. and long. 64° W., a schooner yacht under full sail before a westerly wind was sighted. An hour later a second schooner was sighted, which showed H M J Q, the Dauntless' signal. Coronet was 11min. to the eastward and 13min. northward of Dauntless, the distance from Sandy Hook being 540 miles. The steamer Erin also reported sighting the two on Sunday night about 230 miles out. The steamer Rugia also reports passing a schooner on March 18, but it does not seem probable that it could have been one of the racers. A severe easterly gale has been reported off the British coast, and it is probable that it will meet and delay both.

FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE CABIN."

CAPTAIN SAMUELS'S book, which we noticed last week, is meeting with well deserved favor. The writer has done a good work in showing what a sailor's life is without the gloss and tinsel; the following incident in his life summing up clearly the two extremes of a sailor's fortunes:

"Two days later we found ourselves in Mobile, early in the morning. Upon landing we were met and shown to a sailor boarding house, the only home Jack knows. Well does Jack know, too, that he will be swindled before he leaves it. We were received with the usual demonstration that the sailor provokes when he lauds with his pockets well filled. We were assigned to the best room and all hands were called to drink at our expense. We breakfasted sumptuously and had the seats of honor at the table. A plan for the day's pleasure was laid out as we ate. Two carriages and two large coaches with flags were engaged. Everybody was invited. After breakfast we started, and what a jolly time we had.

"There had been a great deal of drinking, and when we returned in the evening Peter (the Captain's chum, an old sailor, the former being then but a young boy), was so helpless that he had to be put to bed. I stayed in the room with him. I had not taken any liquor for fear of being drugged. I took off Peter's belt, which contained most of our money, and fastened it around my own waist, as I felt myself the safer custodian of the two. On being invited to supper I feigned fatigue, and turned in, after fastening and barricading the door.

"It was not long before it seemed as if bedlam had broken loose. A general fight was going on in the house. Pistols were used, and the screaming of the women and the oaths of the men were frightful to hear. I had not undressed, and if it had not been for my chum I would have jumped out of the window. The police finally cleaned out the place below and all became quiet. To arouse Peter was impossible. I was overcome by fatigue and fell asleep, but was soon awakened by loud rapping at the door. I was too frightened to speak. The door was broken in and I was seized, blindfolded, gagged and led out of the house. They told me that if I squealed I would have my throat cut. I was taken into a dark cellar and bidden to stay there until I was wanted. I cried myself asleep. How long I slept I don't know. When I woke my thirst and hunger were painful. Finally a villainous rascal, carrying a lighted candle, unlocked the door, and said if I would ship for Havre he would give me something to eat and drink. I asked for Peter and was told that he would ship on the same vessel. I agreed to everything in order to see daylight again. I got something to eat, and what I supposed was some coffee, but I had hardly drunk it when a stupor seized me, from which I only recovered under a rough shaking and a bucket or two of water which was soused over me. Then I found myself in company with Peter on board the ship Belvedere, of Baltimore, Captain Oliver, bound for Liverpool via Appalachicola, where we were to land 60,000 bricks and reload with cotton. We were told that we had shipped and received $80 each in advance. Protest was useless, and we obeyed when we were ordered to man the windlass quickly under penalty of having our heads smashed.

"This was Wednesday. We could give no account of ourselves since Monday. We had been robbed of our money and uniforms, and were rigged out in old trousers and ragged shirts. These, with the Scotch caps that we found on our heads, were all we could show for the money and drubbage we had landed with from Jefferson, to say nothing of the advance the captain told us we had received from him.

"To be carried or forced on board of a ship in this manner is what is termed in sailor parlance being "Shanghaied." The word was coined in New York in the latter part of our Liverpool packet and California clipper service, when men were scarce and wages high. Many times have I seen men mustered to roll-call who did not know the names they had shipped under or where they were bound. This barter in human flesh, I am happy to say, is no longer practiced.

"Now began a voyage on which occurred the most shocking scenes. As I said before, there were but six of us who could do anything. I did not amount to much, as I was too light; but I could steer, and I made up in activity at light work what was wanting in weight. My chum was as good as three men. His herculean strength and splendid seamanship stood him in good stead now. We were well treated, as all sailors are if they do their duty without a growl. We had not been out an hour when one of the crew, in a fit of the delirium tremens, jumped overboard, while nine men in the forecastle were either sick from being drugged or had the yellow fever. The mates believed them to be shamming; and used their fists and ropes' ends accordingly. The way these poor fellows were beaten was dreadful. The captain would stand by and look on, saying, 'Give it to them. I'll have my eighty dollars out of them, or kill them if they don't go to work.' Four of them succumbed and were thrown overboard like carrion during our trip of three days. The other five were landed, and I believe also died. Our ship had been a perfect pesthouse. They fumigated us, and we had no communication from the shore for ten days. At the end of that time we began discharging the bricks."

Such is the life of the common sailor; a day's spree ashore followed by weeks of misery afloat; and many other instances of similar treatment occur throughout the book. The story of the mutiny of the Dreadnought is well told, but it is too long to reproduce here.

A HINT FOR BOATING CLUBS.—There are many localities where good sailing waters are found but where little sailing is done for want of suitable boats. The following extract from the Dublin *Express* offers a plan that is easily put in practice by a small club, and that is likely to result in very good sport. The class of small sailing boats between the canoe and the catboat is growing rapidly in this country, and meets with much favor among young men. The limits proposed below are very good, as they limit the cost, insure a fairly good and a safe boat and make a time allowance unnecessary, and we shall be glad to hear of similar clubs to the "Water Wags" being formed here: "The Water Wags claim for themselves many points of vantage, viz., a perfectly useful boat, that will either sail or row, that is built on safe lines, and will carry four to six persons, and is yet light enough to be drawn by its crew up a beach, and nevertheless has all the qualities of a racer in its own class. These many advantages have been obtained as follows: The lines of a safe and useful punt, 13ft. long, with the steady beam of 4ft. 10in., have been selected and planned to carry a centreboard, to give it a grip in the water; and all the fleet will be built on that model. By doing so all the boats will be equal as regards build, and the sail plan is then limited to 75sq. ft., so that the motive power is equalized and confined within a safe limit. This will give a close and exciting race where skill will be all important, and no time allowance necessary; and the races around Kingstown Harbor on a summer afternoon between the ten boats now being built, and probably others to follow, may be looked forward to as one of the novel features of the coming season."

TIMELY PREPARATIONS.—The prospect of a lively yachting season has set the staff of the New York *Herald* at work already, practicing for the great event, and even the dull details of a boodle trial have not quenched the nautical ardor of one scribe, who writes as follows:

"The good ship Oyer and Terminer floated off the mud bank of our jury system yesterday, where she had been pounding for three weeks, and, with Thomas Cleary on board as a prisoner of state, floated safely out of the shallow water into the broad and bounding ocean of legal uncertainties. Mr. Justice Barrett was on the quarter-deck, calm and watchful, as he coursed her by the unerring counsel of experience and learning. Warrant Officers Martine, Nicoll and Semple were at their posts, and the deck around them was covered with charts and logarithmic calculations, done up in tin boxes and between the covers of legal sheepskin. In the waist were Messrs. Shafer, Dougherty, Vincent and Fitzgerald, who were at times rather inclined to argue about the course of the ship, but on the whole were much quieter than was expected, considering the several attacks of *mal de mer* they had experienced during the weary days the ship had lain in the doldrums of jury getting. At the outset, after the twelve good and true jurymen had been safely stowed away in the brig, with Bos'un Billy Ricketts and his mates as a marine guard over them, Mr. Justice Barrett announced that the watches would be divided into three, and all hands should keep them. The first watch is from ten in the morning until one in the afternoon; the second from two in the afternoon until half-past six; the third from half-past seven until ten in the evening. At this hour—four bells—all hands might turn in or turn out just as they pleased, and be blowed to them. But Messrs. Shafer and Dougherty did not like this, and even went so far as to go up the quarter-deck and remonstrate, pulling their forelocks the while, and swearing by Davy Jones and other well-known jurists that they could not stand the fatigue. So His Honor, with great condescension, said he would permit the night watch to end at 9 o'clock, at which all hands gave a hitch to their trousers, rolled their quids of chewing gum over, and expressed themselves as satisfied."

DELAWARE RIVER.—The Trenton (N. J.) Contingent.—In the regatta of the Quaker City Y. C. last June, Nahma, Minerva and Annita, of Trenton, won all the prizes in their class in the order named. Captain Frank Ferry took the initiative in overhang, weighted keels, low wide rig and housing topmast, making the Nahma the speediest in her class. Commodore Micker is following suit with the Minerva—the last of a great name. She won easily over the Carry Z. in the closing fall regatta without time allowance. Her long, slender overhang gives her a stylish appearance, and adds greatly to her power. With a change of rig and ballast she will not only be a dangerous rival in her class, but will hurry some of her larger sisters. She will be fitted with a new suit, and will fly all the kites available. With the exception of the Gretchen, she is the smallest cabin yacht in the fleet. The Annita, built by Captain Vanzant, of Trenton, is of the sharpie type, but wider, with the beam further aft. She certainly sails fast for a heavy dew boat. Her cabin is very roomy and luxuriously fitted. She was designed for the shoal waters about Trenton and for the use and comfort of ladies, the family and friends of Mr. Richard Whitehead, her owner. I am not advised if his new cutter will be enrolled in the club, probably not. Our Trenton brethern are modest and don't want much, as will be seen by the unostentatious way they carry off all the prizes, and it would not be a surprise if through their excessive diffidence another batch goes thirty odd miles up the Delaware next June. The regatta committee are already exercised to know what kind of a trophy would suit them. The Salem (N. J.) Contingent, forty or more miles down stream will be, represented by Mr. Sinnickson's new and handsome yawl Witch. It will be seen the Q. C. Y. C. have yachts enrolled in the club from the Delaware Bay to the head of navigation, and taking in all the intermediate towns on the river. —R. G. WILKINS.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—A special meeting of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. was held on March 15, at which Rule XXXIV. of the sailing regulations was finally passed in an amended form, and Rule XII. was also finally adopted. The rule relating to classification was also taken up and altered so that the old classification is retained for this season, the intention being to appoint a committee and to revise the classes after the end of the season. The course was also changed so as to start off Owl's Head, making it the same for the larger classes as the N. Y. Y. C. course, and increasing the length of the courses for the other classes a little. An amendment to allow clubtopsails on yachts of over 50ft. was lost. The Law Committee presented a form of bond which was approved, and Com. Canfield offered an amendment providing that officers of the U. S. Navy shall be exempt from the payment of any annual dues; but it was decided that the amendment could not be passed in the form in which it was offered. The Committee on Location reported that negotiations had nearly been concluded for a house in a very desirable location, and announced the following committees: Lectures—Com. Canfield, Messrs. J. F. Tams and C. H. Leland; Library—Wm. Whitlock, W. P. Stephens and Walter L. Suydam; Models and Drawings—John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and W. P. Stephens; House Committee—F. O. DeLuze, H. S. Rockenbaugh, T. A. Bronson, J. Wm. Beekman and R. F. Bixby. Messrs. S. V. R. Cruger, F. T. Underhill and A. P. Montant were appointed a committee to attend to the interests of the club about Oyster Bay.

MAYFLOWER AND ARROW.—Gen. Paine and Mr. Burgess have finally decided that Mayflower is to cross the Atlantic early in June, while Mr. Burgess will follow with his family by steamer about the middle of June. He will have entire charge of the racing, and will sail against Arrow for the Queen's Cup, and Irex for the Brenton's Reef and Cape May cups, but will put Mayflower in no races where any restrictions are placed on the centerboard. Mr. Burgess has sent the following telegram, as well as a letter, to Mr. Chamberlayne. "Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, owner of the cutter Arrow, etc.: If challenge of last year is open for the cutter Arrow, holder of the Queen's Cup, to sail against an American sloop, Gen. Paine authorizes me to say that the Mayflower has been placed in my charge, and that she will sail the Arrow for the Queen's Cup over the Queen's Cup course. Please answer.—EDWARD BURGESS." Nothing further has been reported concerning Sachem's trip across.

CRUISING.—Stella, steam yacht, Mr. W. W. Kengon, was at Brunswick, Ga., from Musquito Inlet, on March 14, and on March 19 arrived at Savannah.....Meteor, steam yacht, left for the South after a short stay at New York, and was at Norfolk on March 15. .....Alva, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at Brunswick, Ga., from Nassau on March 18, and sailed next day for Port Royal, S. C....Talisman, steam yacht, Mr. J. W. Slater, arrived at Charleston on March 18....The sloop Daisy is reported at Cedar Keys, Fla., on March 18, after a cruise from Lake Minnetonka, Minn., with her owner, Mr. S. E. Baldwin and wife, and Mr. James Hess on board.

A JUBILEE RACE IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The latest thing in jubilee races is a proposal on the part of the Nova Scotia Y. C. to offer a $500 cup for a race in Halifax Harbor, probably over a 40 mile course, and to invite New York and Boston yachts to enter. An invitation will probably be received by the New York Y. C. prior to its meeting to-night.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

B. D. B.—The midship section will answer very well for a canoe yawl.

A. A. P.—The process is patented by Mr. N. G. Shepherd, of New Haven, Conn.

H. M., Augusta, Ga.—Copeland's Pete was by J. Hill's Trim and out of Sam Swanton's Smut.

W. S. L., Niagara.—The proposed keel seems fully large enough to take the place of the centerboard.

D. F. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—"Canoe and Boat Building" gives full directions for lapstrake construction.

E. H. C., Boston.—See the last volume of the FOREST AND STREAM for letters about makers of birch canoes.

E. D., Ariel, Pa.—We know of no second-hand engine. The Shipman is the best oil engine for a small launch.

WALTERS, Sheffield, Ill.—You can obtain cork jackets from D. Kahnweiler, 146 Worth street, New York.

G. S. O., Kingston, Ont.—The proposed lead in keel would make the boat stiffer and probably improve her speed.

E. K. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tammany is by Pilkington's Tory (Garth's Drake—Moore's Mab) and out of Moonstone (Price's Bang —Davey's Luna).

G. O. J. E., New York.—"Small Yachts" gives full instructions for taking off the lines of a yacht. You can paint over the potlead by sandpapering it down well.

C. J. A., Providence, R. I.—You will find designs of tents in "Canoe and Boat Building." The quality of canvas needed can be easily calculated when the size of tent is decided on.

H. O. C., Boston.—You will find rules for calculating displacement in "Small Yachts" and "Canoe Building." They are too lengthy to be given here.

JUNIATA RAPIDS.—Will W. H. Graydon give the location of those "wonderful rapids" in the Juniata? I know the river from source to the Susquehannah, but cannot locate the rapids.—INQUIRER, (Altoona, Pa.).

NONPAREIL C. C.—The nearest good black bass fishing to Newark, N. J., is at Greenwood Lake. You may get permission to camp there, but you will not have much good fishing there if you return the same day, for the morning and evening are the best times.

H. B., White House, N. J.—1. What are the addresses of the New Jersey Fish Commissioners? 2. What is the address of the United State Fish Commissioner? 3 Of whom can I buy brook trout and German carp? Ans. 1. Richard S. Jenkins, Camden; William Wright, Newark; F. M. Ward, Newton. 2. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C. 3. There are no persons advertising these fish at present. Small carp, from 1 to 2in. long, may be obtained free in the fall by applying to the United States Fish Commission.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THIS is the season for the red-breasted robin. Abundant as these birds are in the up country, they are as nothing compared with the number of those on the coast. In the morning and evening they fly up and down the "banks" in gangs of millions. The strips of beach are narrow, and it is always easy to know just where the birds fly, since they pursue a certain route. So the fishermen—this being a dull season—employ their seines in catching birds. They set the seines between tall poles on the beach and catch thousands of robins in a morning or afternoon. At one flight a man caught over 2,000. He put away half for food for his family and shipped the others. On Bogue banks with a small net last Monday a Mr. Ross caught 500 robins. The birds fly quite low and do not observe the net at all. The people who have set the nets are always concealed near by.—*Raleigh Letter in Richmond Dispatch.*

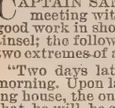
"I want ten cents' worth of bait," said the lone fisherman of Long Wharf to the tackle vender. "Seems to me these are very small worms," he remarked, as the ancient gentleman scooped up the limp fish food. "Great Scott!" yelled the bait merchant, "What do you expect for ten cents—sea-serpents?"—*Oakland Tribune.*

Mr. Charles Gilchrist has been the fortunate recipient of a colored lithographed memorial plate, signed by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, as Executive President of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, and by Philip Cunliffe Owen, Secretary to the Royal Commission. The plate is presented with a commemorative medal, and is given in recognition of Mr. Gilchrist's contribution of specimens of wild rice to the Exhibition.—*Port Hope (Ont.) Times.*

Great Barrington's largest elm tree, supposed to have had a growth of 150 years, and to have given shade to the chiefs of the Stockbridge Indians in their council deliberations, was cut the other day at the junction of North Elm and Main street. John Wright, who lives near, was afraid that the tree would break down on his house, but it was found to be sound, and, as it was 18ft. in circumference, it is estimated that it will make 12 to 15 cords of wood. There is considerable feeling in the village regarding the destruction of the tree, and a number of prominent people say that Wright had no authority to cut it down. The tree stood near the line of the old upper and lower Housatonic townships.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican, March 16.*

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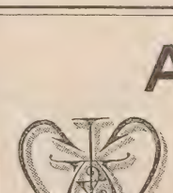
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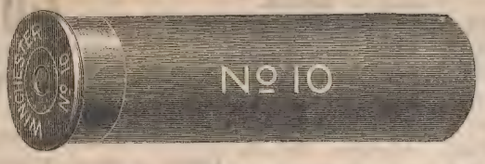
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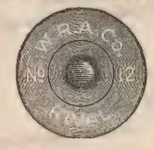
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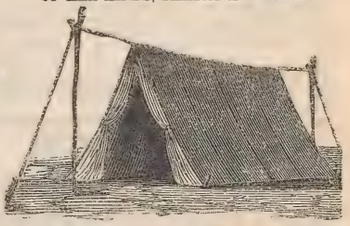
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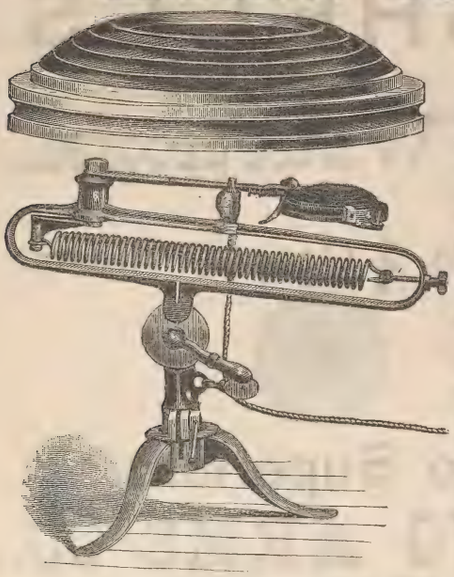
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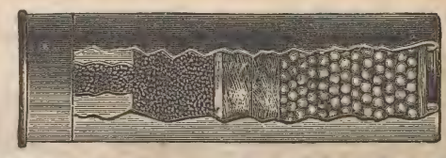
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

ON SNOWSHOES THROUGH THE PARK.

NEXT week we shall begin the publication of the report of the special commissioner intrusted by the FOREST AND STREAM with the difficult and dangerous duty of making the tour of the National Park in winter. The attractions of this wonderland in summer are well known, but until now no man has beheld its winter glories—glories in many ways more striking and more strange than those of the summer time.

Our commissioner had our full confidence and was pinned down by no definite directions, but we instructed him, if it were possible, to visit the various Geyser Basins, the Yellowstone Lake and the Falls, and to report on their winter character. He was also to look out carefully for game, and above all to see if he could discover any bison or signs of them in the Park.

His trip has been in all respects successful. All the principal localities of interest were visited by him, and the marvellous effects of the frost are described in his report. After leaving the Upper Geyser Basin, the crest of the Rocky Mountains—the Continental Divide—was crossed in a blinding snow storm in which it was impossible to travel except by compass, for all landmarks were hidden by the flying snow, and the wind whipping about among the peaks, came, as it seemed, from half a dozen different quarters at the same time. Over the desolate snow-buried mountains the explorers made their slow way, and down on to Pacific waters, out on the bleak, frozen plain which, in summer, is the blue, dancing Shoshone Lake, along that and then back once more up the mountains, and again over the main range and down to the Yellowstone Lake. From the Hot Springs at the head of the West Arm of Yellowstone Lake, the party traveled on the ice down to the outlet of the lake.

From the time of leaving the Swan Lake Basin until the Hayden Valley was reached, but little game was seen. From that point on, however, elk were observed in great numbers, the country about Mt. Washburne and the Valley of the Yellowstone being a favorite winter range with these animals. With the modesty of a brave man our commissioner speaks lightly of the perils and hardships undergone on the trip. There are few men who know what such a trip means; a journey of over 200 miles on snowshoes, through a country whose features are all changed by the deep snow, in a temperature often 60° below the freezing point, and where provisions and blankets have to be carried on the travelers' backs.

Our correspondent has done his work bravely and well, as we knew he would when we selected him for the work. There has been no bluster about him, no long-winded dissertations about what he was going do. His journey accomplished, he tells his story in the simple, quiet manner of the old-fashioned mountain man.

EUROPEAN MILITARY ARMS.

A VERY interesting contest is just now going on in Europe. Each nation of that war-smitten group of commonwealths is urging its inventors forward to the manufacture of a small arm which shall so far exceed the devices in use elsewhere as to give to the soldiers of the lucky nation a vast advantage when the game of war comes to be played in dead earnest. Each is seeking to "get the drop" on his fellows in this respect; and to American students of this branch of invention the results so far attained are more curious than valuable. It appears that the same trouble is met there that was complained of by our own mechanics in past years. Gold-laced incompetence serves as an extinguisher upon the clever efforts of the practical men who understand the problem exactly and have the ability to meet its requirements. Armory mechanics are the men who make the improvements. They meet the difficulties face to face, or rather hand to hand. They see the arms come back broken, and in that way note where hard usage discovers the weak points of the weapons. It is not at all likely that any inventor is to strike upon any great revolution in the making of this class of arms, at least so long as the present source of explosive force is employed. Gunpowder is capable of a very narrow range of application. A new gas producer or active agent of propulsion for the bullet may bring with it an entire modification of the form and capability of small arms of every sort, but until that day comes the changes and improvements are likely to be in form, and that only within very narrow limits.

The history of the manufacture of rifles in this country would be instructive reading to those leaders who are now facing the problem of a better arm abroad. After American ingenuity has exhausted itself on this subject it is not likely that any European mechanic or student will strike anything better. The American weapons have gone abroad, but through prejudice or international jealousy, or some other reason do not seem to be looked upon with favor. The models, sent here, of the arms selected for use in the several continental forces are not likely to help our inventors any. They look like antiquated models which, in this country, have been laid aside as objectionable. The bolt action seems to be the starting point with several of these inventors, yet American makers could give valuable points on that action, especially when combined with a tube magazine.

It would seem that the question of a rapid firing weapon (for all opposition to the use of a magazine or repeating arm is now brushed away) is to be settled in some way by the use of a detached reservoir of cartridges, and that the rifle itself is not to be made at once an active weapon and a supply depot. In this line of invention the American patent office shows several very satisfactory solutions of the problem, and while it seems improbable that such should be the fact, yet it certainly appears from such information on the subject as comes this way, that those appointed to select arms abroad are not posted upon the wares to be found in our market, or the lessons to be learned from the history of firearm invention here.

In this country it may not be long, with the present agitation upon the question of an improved militia, before a cry is made for a new arm. It has already arisen to a demand in this State, and, as before, the regular army will be quick to catch a good thing from the militia.

Sporting arms and gunnery generally will be apt to come in for improvement under the attention paid to this subject, and in place of mere betterment and quality, there may be, in the near future, material modifications of the forms of our shotguns.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE ocean yacht race between the Dauntless and Coronet turns out to have been a purely business enterprise engineered by Mr. Bush, the Coronet's owner. He wanted to sell his boat, and thought she would bring a higher price after making a record; so he played his points. Mr. Colt, owner of the Dauntless, was induced to match his boat against the Coronet, under the delusion that the race was to be a thoroughly sportsmanlike affair, and never dreaming that he was being used as a jack-screw to lift the market price of the boat Bush had to sell. The New York Yacht Club, the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and various other organizations joined in, each guilelessly adding its mite to booming the boat Mr. Bush had for sale. But the greatest triumph of the speculative "yachtsman" was in seeing the daily papers publish whole pages of cable despatches giving full details of every bucketful of water that flooded the Coronet's decks—all these, Mr. Bush chuckled to himself, were a series of reading notices for which even the *World* forgot to charge its customary dollar a line. When the race was over, Coronet a winner, the thrifty Brooklynite put up his price to $150,000, issued his circulars, and is now awaiting a buyer. It is extremely doubtful that, in spite of all his brilliant engineering, the Coronet's owner will dispose of his craft to the Englishmen at the figure named; for much less than that sum much better boats are built in England, and the yacht's March passage across the Atlantic is not a feat so wonderful that eager purchasers will elbow one another for the privilege of paying £30,000 for an American built boat.

Mrs. Rickard, an Indiana farmer's wife, shot an eagle which measured, when killed, nine feet from tip to tip of wings. By the following week, when the item had been copied into Eastern papers, the spread of wings had expanded to thirteen feet. At this rate it bids fair to rival the fowl occasionally heard of on the floor of the House of Representatives, when the member from Buncombe, in impassioned rhetoric, pictures the proud bird of freedom poised on Pike's Peak, with one wing stretching out to the Pacific and the other to the Atlantic, screeching defiance to the effete monarchies of Europe.

The New York Assembly having passed Finn's bill to repeal the short-lobster law, the Senate has ordered it to a third reading and will probably pass it. We have explained that Finn runs a barroom, where, in the event of the bill's passage, he can set out his little lobsters as free lunch bait. He is also said to be pushing this iniquitous measure in behalf of certain dealers, against whom suits for large short-lobster fines are now pending; they have adopted the plan of repealing the law as involving less expenditure of hard cash than would payment of their fines.

An Indian Territory squatter observed a mouse come up through his cabin floor and play hide-and-seek around a can of gunpowder on the floor. The man started in for pistol practice at the mouse, hit the can, exploded the powder, blew off the roof, wrecked the cabin, killed a two-year-old son outright, mortally wounded a ten-year-old girl, seriously injured himself and his wife—and missed the mouse.

The sketch of grouse shooting in the Pocono Mountains, by "A Country Parson," is from the pen of the author of "The Recollections of a Drummer Boy," which attracted so much attention at the time of their publication in *St. Nicholas*, and have subsequently been published in book form.

The difference between the laws of the Medes and Persians and the game laws of New York is that the former were unchangeable, but the latter are changed every year with the regularity of the procession of the equinoxes.

At the A. T. Stewart library sale in this city last Tuesday, a copy of the original edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," in nine volumes, was sold for $1,350.

Mr. R. B. Roosevelt disclaims that the hodge-podge game bill prepared by him is a "codification." In this his position is impregnable.

The hearing on the Maine Game Commissioner charges was held last Tuesday, decision being reserved until after the examination of the documents in the case.

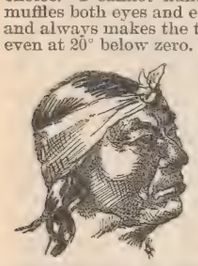
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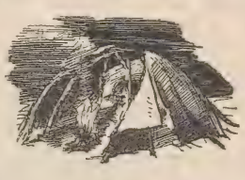
A RECORD OF FAILURES—II.

THE weather was gradually getting colder, so that sleeping out without tent or other shelter was not very pleasant, but I was often surprised to find what a very low temperature indeed may be actually enjoyed when one is engaged in some active pursuit. Jim and I had been out hunting one day, and, for the first time, I had had my ears slightly frozen, as I wore no cap. At night I was reading an account of Hall's arctic exploration, in which is given a harrowing description of the men's suffering from the extreme cold, the thermometer indicating 59° of frost. When I began to think over the narrative I could not help wondering a little, for it seemed to me that we in Manitoba have often experienced much colder weather and never imagined that we were enduring arctic hardships. All day I had been out on the hills in a gale of wind, often with my mits off, though careful not to touch the rifle barrel with my bare hands. I knew it was far below zero, so I asked of one who had been to town, "What was the temperature to-day?" and was told 30° below zero, at the highest. This was 62° of frost, a gale of wind, no arctic clothing, nothing on my head but a handkerchief over my ears, and yet I had no idea that I was suffering so severely. Verily I believe that many arctic explorers set out with the predetermination to suffer terribly from the frost and are afterward very unwilling to believe that their purpose has in any way been frustrated.

It may be necessary to explain that I was capless by choice. I cannot hunt with my head covered. A cap muffles both eyes and ears beyond the possibility of use and always makes the top of my head unpleasantly hot, even at 20° below zero. Yet when the winter closes in it is necessary to have some protection for the ears, and so experience at length taught me to wear the simple red scarf of the Indians, and I was well pleased to find how completely it answered the ends of its existence. It saved my ears from freezing, kept my head cool and allowed the free use of my senses; and it on one occasion, I believe, saved my own life, as will afterward be seen, and on another kept me from shooting an Indian, for I had covered him in a thicket taking him for a deer, and was about to fire when I caught a glimpse of the scarlet badge, and possibly saved myself from life-long regret.



In many particulars I was thus led to believe that the Indian has wild life "down fine" and that many of his practices are the outcome of their experience. Thus, as already mentioned, his foot in walking is set straight. I found that by setting my foot straight my stride was increased, while also in deep snow it enabled one to return exactly on one's old track. So also in camping. I have tried all modes, tents and no tents, straw camps and willow camps, big fires and little fires, and have at last come right down to the simple blanket around a few poles behind, and a small, neat fire in front, just as the Indian does the whole year round.



Next day I set out alone once more to look for venison, and tramped all day in a new direction, but found nothing to vary the monotony of the deerless scene. True, I could at any time make a change by killing small game, for this is very emphatically a rabbit year, and a chicken year as well. The rabbits (*Lepus americanus*) exist in hundreds and thousands; every willow bed is swarming with them, and every other tussock you kick gives birth to a snow white bunny. Their footprints are in myriads all over, and are one of the chief difficulties in the way of tracking deer in the shallow snow. There is no sport in killing them, for here we may apply the philosopher's adage in full force, "thar aint no fun in a steddy streke of luck." I tried in various ways to enjoy hare hunting. First I took the rifle and killed one, two, three, four, five, one after the other. No. 6 proved to be a fox, and with a diabolical perversity characteristic of my guns whenever anything worth shooting turns up, the red-haired gentleman, though at short range, skipped lightly away unhurt. Next I tried coursing. I would take three dogs that could usually catch a fox, into a bluff on the prairie, beat out the rabbits and let the dogs start after one that chanced to make across the open. It's a grand thing to take the conceit out of a dog. All three would give chase, but gracious, there was nothing for them to chase but a white streak. I never yet knew of either dog or fox catching a rabbit in a fair race. I tried shooting with a bow, but the bunnies simply laughed at my archery and could give me short-range shots in derision. Lastly I tried spearing them. I flung a muskrat spear several hundred times one afternoon, split innumerable trees, and succeeded in impaling two luckless rabbits. But it was too cruel a mode and I never tried it again. Now I endeavor to take no notice when I see a hare crouched in the grass just beyond reach of a club and too near for a charge of shot.

But at present it is deer we are after, so we'll let the rabbits alone.

On the twelfth day of blunders I made a far wider circuit, away into the unknown north. As I was coming homeward I came upon the yesterday's track of four deer. When you can't get a fresh track take the best you can, it freshens at every yard, is a good principle. I followed the stale trail for 40yds. and then found where the deer had lain all night; one very large buck had risen cautiously more than once during the night and then lain down again. After this I followed the track more carefully, but had not gone more than 50yds. further when, to my blank astonishment, there loomed up on the hillside 50yds. ahead, the broad gray flank and antlered head of an immense buck—my old friend I thought. But he had seen me first and bounded the moment the ready Winchester was raised. I fired on the jump and loaded and fired again and again, four times in all. Four deer sprang up but they separated; two went to the east and two to the south. I kept out of sight after the first shot, and by running along the hollows kept sight of the deer for some time, but they continued running and soon I had nothing but the tracks, and on these, to my disgust, there was no sign of blood, for I had twice been dead on the big buck and thought him mine already, almost! I followed the two that led me homeward. In time their trail came to a wide shallow valley, a dip in the whole country, in the middle of which was a long willow bed, but I doubted if the deer would stay there as their course was across, so I sat down on the hill to watch. It was hard work waiting, but I knew the time was well spent; and at length, after what seemed like an hour, I was rewarded by seeing two dark specks leave the willows a mile away, and slowly wander up the side of the hill. At first I did not stir, knowing that they would look for me, but when once they had again disappeared, I ran toward the place as fast and straight as possible. Before I was across the valley I found the tracks of the other two, they also had counted on the slough as an asylum, and I made a note of it, knowing from the signs that they would stay there till called for. When I reached the hillside I went more cautiously, crawling along and from time to time raised my head above the brush to look for the deer. After the third or fourth scrutiny I caught sight of a dim flash of white, and knew its meaning only too well—they had seen me and were already bounding off. I stopped and gave a whistle; up a hill they ran, and while they stood gazing I fired. They bowned over the hill and away. I coursed along the next hollow, knowing how they would run, then after covering about 250yds. I rose up slowly above the scrub to look for my deer, and just at the same moment I saw the great-eared head slowly lifted above the cover looking for me; our eyes met and I fired, but I was 200yds. away and hasty, and—well, I'm tired of saying what happened. I followed till dark but saw them no more, though by the tracks they had had at least one more good look at me, and to fully explain the unquestionability of the statement I sketch the graven record I had of the occurrence. One track only is sketched. At A we have the deer walking toward C, but being still uneasy it mounts the hill (B), and after that its hasty flight shows that it perceived that it had good grounds for making its best time.



As soon as possible after passing the night at home, Jim and I were on the warpath, and we soon found the tracks in the slough where I had left the deer. I went to one side, Jim went right in on the trail. Presently his keen eye sighted the head of a buck some 40yds. off among the willows; up went his rifle and he was about to fire, but just at that moment in direct line between and beyond the ears, the saw my scarlet ear cloth. Had he fired, hit or miss, my chance of escape was one in a hundred. He lowered his rifle in some trepidation, the deer took alarm and bounded out behind me some 50yds., but, neither saw nor heard anything of them. This was the slough whither I had driven the big buck and his three companions. Jim and I drove out the three, but we never saw the monarch again, for the snow had covered his old track, and from what I now know I believe that when I last fired at him I killed him.

We dined, then again took up the trail. Gordon Wright was with us; he was well known as a good rifle shot at a target and he had frequently hit a 4in. mark at 200yds. to show us "how to kill deer," and he never lost an opportunity of teasing us about our wild shooting. It was all in vain we argued that killing a deer and hitting a tree were as different as snaring a buffalo and clubbing an ox; the ridicule continued, so we resolved to give him a show at any price. Jim did the stalking and at length procured a noble chance—a buck and a doe unconsciously feeding at 200yds. distance. Gordon had his pick of the rifles, a rest across a tree, a standing shot, a short range, unlimited time and a broadside view, and he fired and totally missed like a very infant in gunnery, and the unscathed deer bounded past in full view, as usual with the doe in advance and making by far the best time.

Just before we came up with them a rather curious incident occurred. Jim was trailing, and Gordon and I were in the sleigh at a reasonable distance behind. We supposed that the deer were still far in advance, and as we were not yet warmed up after the dinner, Jim was wearing his big buffalo overcoat, and it so muffled his senses and disguised his person that he nearly walked right into the deer before he saw them, and they were so busy snorting and stamping, and wondering what in thunder was that big wooly brute, that they never thought of flight until less than 30yds. lay between them and their pursuer. Jim had not thought it worth while to carry a rifle for some time, and by the time we had provided a weapon in response to his "For heaven's sake give me a gun," the deer were doing the "jump act."

All the rest of that day we followed hard. Later on in the afternoon we came to a ravine that the horses could not cross. Jim went on. I remained to tie up, then followed; but before I overtook him Jim had again sighted the deer; he had one shot at 300yds. and another, and as we afterward learned, a telling shot at 500. He then returned and we managed to get the team over the gully and again took up the trail. Much sooner than we had expected we found where the deer had lain down, and there for the first time we saw a dark stain of blood in one of the marks. I need not enter into further details of this day's sport beyond mentioning that we followed the track for a long time, but never saw any sign of blood on it. Several times Jim was able to point out to us the pair as they crossed the hills just ahead, but we could not have supposed by their actions that one of them was wounded; lastly, just about dark we tried a couple of long shots for luck and came home.

The next day Jim and I took up the track again, and after following three miles from the place of the telling shot we found the doe lying stark and stiff. The big .55 ball had entered her right ham, passed through her bowels and lodged between the ribs of her left side. The fact that this animal could go three miles with a mortal wound and never bleed a drop, excepting when she lay down, is something of which I never heard the equal in the annals of hunting. Close by the dead doe were tracks showing that the buck was unwilling to leave his mate. With this knowledge we made a careful stalk and soon found his lordship in a ravine, I had a good chance at 60yds. and missed with the rifle, but poured nine buckshot into his ribs; he bounded, fell, then gathered himself up and ran desperately. We watched him for a mile, then we were compelled to return homeward, but were confident that all we had to do in the morning was come and get deer No. 2. But alas! another snowstorm blasted our hopes, and though we went far and fast and made many a cast, we had to give it up and content ourselves with the doe.

This was the end of our hunt; like the devil's pig-shearing, a case of great cry and little wool; and yet I must say that I enjoyed it amazingly, far more in fact than if I had killed a deer every day, for we know that the "beauty of hunting is its mighty onsertainty, an' thar ain't no fun in a steddy streke o' luck." And now, having whetted our friends' appetite for a more successful foray and demonstrated the entire foolishness of setting out with a rifle, where range, capabilities and sights are wholly new to you, I'll quit and prepare myself for a different result in my next hunting expedition.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

MANITOBA.

IN THE POCONO MOUNTAINS—I.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

THERE were only three of us this time, Sam, Jerry and I. Perhaps I should say we were four, reckoning the dog, Ponto, as one (and perhaps the best one) of the party. Ponto was Sam's dog; a beautiful and intelligent white setter well broken to the hunting of quail, but so far without any experience with pheasants. What the surnames of my companions may have been need not concern the reader, any more than it concerned me, once we had got into the bush and were busy with the birds; for before we had reached the summit of the Pocono Mountain, where we were to leave the cars and take the buckboard, I became conscious of a tendency toward dropping all superfluous titles and shortening the names of my comrades to terms of purely monosyllabic intimacy. I suppose every hunter and fisher experiences this same inability to master long names when calling to his companion in the brush in some sudden emergency; as when he has caught a big trout or driven a bird within his comrade's reach. Under such circumstances to exclaim "Mr. Jackson Robinson, I"—would be ridiculous; for apart from the formality of the procedure, it is to be taken into the account that, in pheasant shooting, at all events, your bird is gone "before you can say Jack Robinson."

So, then, while we were steaming up the mountain, we abbreviated and curtailed and foreshortened our names until, when we stepped on the platform of the station on the top of the mountain, our party consisted only of Sam, Jerry, me and the dog.

"Reed, the Englishman," who carries the United States mail through these rugged regions, being on hand with his buckboard, we all mounted, excepting Ponto, who, in the delight of his dog's heart at being free to roam among the bushes, ran alongside or ahead of our vehicle, or behind it as the mood moved him.

It was a beautiful day. The sun shone out bright and clear, and the north wind blew cool among the rustling oak leaves and the murmuring pines as we rode along. We had calculated on good weather, and our weather predictions were, as the event proved, eminently wise. For full five weeks, that is to say from the middle of September to the last week in October, no rain had fallen. It was a long dry season, the grass and shrubbery all dying, and the farmers everywhere hauling water, in some instances a distance of miles, for their suffering cattle. It was our belief that it was too dry and too warm for pleasant hunting during this spell, and that it was likely to be followed by a week or so of rain, after which we should probably have clear and cold weather. And it came as we had said. The last week in October it rained. On Sunday, Nov. 1, it cleared, and remained clear until the following Saturday, giving us just one week of fine, frosty, sunshiny, breezy November weather, an almost ideal week for a healthy tramp in the woods.

We fell to discussing our dog Ponto, on whom so much of our success depended. "He's no pheasant dog," said Sam, "and I don't know how he's going to work. He's good on quail. A better dog never was for quail. But he nor I ever hunted for pheasants, and I don't how it's going to go. See there!"

Sure enough there Ponto stood by a bush by the roadside a few rods ahead of the buckboard, stiff as a poker. How beautiful he looked! What a remarkable instinct these bird dogs have! But before we had long time to contemplate his actions, wh-i-r-r-r—away went the pheasant. Had we only had our guns in order we might have had a fine shot; but it is rather dangerous riding on a buckboard with a loaded gun, and we had rather miss all the wayside pheasants than meet with some sad accident.

At Almanackers, "the half-way house," as it is called, we stopped to water the horse and change the water in our milk can containing a dozen fine large bass, with which we designed to help stock a certain remote and almost inaccessible lake away up in the mountain, several hundred smaller bass having been lately put in. We had brought these fish all the way from Easton, changing the water at every chief stopping place. "Now, see," said Jerry, "it's a fine lake, and if we can get it well stocked with bass once, we can have some sport there, as it were, between seasons. When the trout season is over, and we can't fish for trout any more, then we can go up to the lake. And in the fall if we get tired of shooting, we can exchange the gun for the rod for a day or so, and that, I think, will be fine."

In due time we arrived at our destination. With the appetite of woodchoppers we sat down to a beautifully spread table and ate a hearty meal, after which, taking our guns and can of fish, we were driven by our good friend Jake about three miles away up on the mountain to the lake. "It's a rough road we are going," said Jake. And so it was, verily. Rocks and stumps and fallen trees and burnt logs—over these and into ruts and over roots we bumped and thumped until we reached the lake. A beautiful sheet of water, truly! Two or three acres in extent, it lies in an unbroken solitude of mountain waste, seldom seen by man. I was the more im-

pressed with it because of the remarkable charm lent it by its surroundings. The day was nearing its close. The westering sun shed a peculiar yellow light over its waters. Away on the other side the dark pines stood with their sombre shade. A profound calm, as of the primeval silence, brooded over the scene. Add to this the rarity of the atmosphere, the fresh air, the sweet woodsy smell all around you of mosses and sweet-scented shrubs and decaying foliage, and you may form some idea of the scene. Tilting the milk can and pouring out its water into the lake, I had the pleasure of seeing the 10in. bass dart forth as full of life as when taken from the tank that morning more than fifty miles away. Away they went into that beautiful sheet of mountain water, where let us trust their progeny may make gentle sport for many an angler besides Sam, Jerry and me in years to come.

Turning back from the lake we made our way over boulders and through bushes to the road where Jake was waiting for us with the buckboard. Before mounting it, however, we concluded that Sam should send Ponto into a little ravine and look for birds. But a brief run soon convinced us that no birds were there. It was not the right kind of ground. The signs were not favorable, for the land was barren of those shrubs and berries, particularly the red partridge berry, which our game so dearly loves. So mounting the vehicle we rode home, thinking it too late in the day for any further work.

The next morning, Tuesday, at 8 o'clock, we took our way out along the wooden railroad (built in the interest of a certain factory managed by our host), each carrying his lunch in his game bag, and Jerry having his black, two-quart tin coffee kettle in safe keeping. In addition to Ponto we took with us another dog, native to that neighborhood, and one that I should never have suspected of being a hunting dog. He was the most ridiculous looking animal of the dog kind I believe I have ever seen; about 10 or 12in. high, 2½ft. long, short, yellowish hair, long ears, and forelegs that would puzzle any writer, not also an artist, to describe. I called him "knock-kneed," and was inclined to make sport of his hunting pretensions.

"But I tell you," said Jerry "Sport is a good dog. Yes, sir! You don't believe it, maybe; but wait till we get a rabbit up, and you'll see how he can get over the ground. He's a good dog, Sport is, ain't you Sport?"

Sport wagged his tail, whined gently, and rubbed his nose against Jerry's leg, for he knew Jerry for an old friend.

"That dog run?" queried I. "Really, now, I should like to see it. I think I should die laughing at the sight. Why, he'd fall over his own toes. What species of dog is he, anyway?"

"He's a dash-hound," said Sam. "That's what he is. I know that kind."

"So called because he can't dash very much, I reckon."

"No," said Jerry, he's what they call a beagle, and a beagle is a good dog. They are good on hare."

"Short, yellow, dog hair?" I ventured to suggest, "the kind of hair that Noah's dog had."

"Oh, you git out! Hare, I say; rabbits, then, if you can understand that better. Yes, sir; and in England I have read they always like to have a few of this kind of dogs in a pack of hounds because they have very fine, musical voices, and serve to enliven the chase."

"Well, well; Sport, my boy, I really wouldn't have suspected you of wanting to sing in the choir. But since you are here, why come along, sir, and welcome."

"The only trouble with that kind of dog up here in this country," continued Jerry, as we walked up the railroad in the fresh, frosty morning air, all aglow with expectation of a fine day's sport," is that they don't like the briers, and there are a good many patches of briers around here, you know. You see, Sport has short hair, and the briers soon cut his skin and he can't stand it. Then he often gets tired on a hard day's hunt, and sometimes I carry him in my arms."

Thinking it was no wonder Sport liked Jerry we trudged on, and soon lost our beagle. Jerry whistled and called, and called and whistled, but Sport was afraid of the briers and was making a long detour to avoid them. After a great while he came up, panting, was soon lost again and disappeared for an hour, turning up as suddenly and mysteriously as he had vanished. He followed us until about the middle of the forenoon, when we were led into a seemingly endless patch of burnt timber thickly overgrown with briars, into which he would not venture. We saw him no more till we reached home in the evening.

Before reaching the Tobehanna Creek we left the railroad, and turned into the bush to the left in the hope of getting up some birds. None, however, appearing, we circled around, heading for the bridge through a swamp when—of course, just when we were least thinking about it, with a great flapping of wings away over to the left where Sam was thrashing about in the bog, a cock started up from the top of a pine tree, making a great noise, and sailing away with his tail feathers spread out like a fan.

"Wha-a-t's that?" exclaimed Sam, as he gazed after the first pheasant he had ever seen, the bird being too far from him for a shot.

"That? Why that's a conjunction, as the boy said when he bumped his head against the post."

"A what? Is that a pheasant? Well, I declare. I wish he had been a little nearer to me, or I not so far away from him."

"Yes; and I wish I had stayed back where I was ten minutes ago, and I'd had a bird in my bag—or maybe two in the bush."

"He's gone across the creek," said Jerry," "we'll get him up again when we get over that way. Come on, let's cross the bridge."

Now, we could walk over the bridge very easily, but poor Ponto! What a time of it we had with him. He followed his master to the middle of the bridge, but there he stopped and began to cry like a child and to shiver like a leaf. Finally we got him over and started up the hill for a beautiful patch of pines on the crest. What a beautiful woods it was. The thick pines, the deep shade, the mossy walks between, the sunbeams shimmering down here and there—and then the deliciously fragrant smell of pine and trailing vine. Throwing ourselves out in the manner of a miniature skirmish line, we threaded the mazy walks of the forest, looking here and there for birds. The deep silence had been unbroken for a long while, each being bent on getting the first shot. And Sam was the lucky man.

It happened—I scarcely know whether I should tell just how it happened, but it is really too good to keep, and I certainly cannot keep so good a thing to myself. It happened then, thus: I was standing in a road, an old deserted bark road, looking around me, and listening sharp. Away to my right I heard voices. I thought I recognized Sam's as one, and called out "Hello, Sam!" No answer. Again I shouted "Hello, Sam!"

"Hey!"

"To whom are you talking? Is Jerry there?"

"No. I'm a talkin' to my dog."

Tramping over in the direction of the voices engaged in low conversation and peeking carefully through the bushes, I saw as beautiful and sweetly idyllic a little business transaction as ever occurred in a woods. There was Sam and there was his dog—and there too was another man, not a member of our company, a backwoodsman, who was in the act of taking a long twine from around his neck. I watched the operation with interest, and soon saw a fine pheasant dangling from the twine and speedily deposited in Sam's game bag.

"For a consideration," thought I. "Well, is Sam going to set up the game on us that way? Are hunters, then, like fishermen, of whom it is poetically said:

"'Fishermen will fish,
And fishermen will lie,
And what they cannot catch
They surely will buy.'

"Hey, Jerry!"

"Hello!"

"Sam's got one."

"He has? Why, I didn't hear him shoot."

"He didn't shoot—with his gun."

"Catch it with his hands? Throw salt on its tail? Jump into the bushes and kick it to death?"

"Wait awhile and you'll see."

Leaving Sam to his own reflections—I sincerely hoped his conscience would not trouble him over much—we tramped on until we came out to a clearing known as "Van Horn's," where was a house and barn, both deserted. Skirting the clearing we re-entered the pines, when wh-i-r-r! up went a bird just ahead of me and I wasn't ready to shoot. "Bah!" said I, "There it is again. Why in the world didn't you shoot, you dunderhead you, and not wait for a better chance? Don't you know, sir, by this time that pheasants don't build nests in a man's hair? Are you not aware that these birds, like Time and Tide, wait for no man, and that if you want to have a shot at them you must take it on the instant, aim or no aim, hit or miss?" Indulging in such mental soliloquy—it is wonderful how much internal talking a man does when he's out a hunting—and determined that so soon as another bird got up I would promptly "shoot him on the spot," I soon found myself joined by Jerry and Sam.

"You got a bird, they say?" queried Jerry.

"Yes," said Sam, "I got one."

"Yes," said I, "I saw you get it."

"Did you? Fetched it down nice, didn't I?"

"For one thing I give you credit, Sam, and that is that after your interview with the Bushman you didn't fire off your gun, and then shout at the top of your voice, "Fetch her in Ponto! Dead bird, Ponto!"

"Well, now, you didn't think I was going to do that, did you? Anyway, it's a fine bird. Just look at her; she's warm yet. That fellow must have shot her not more than a half hour back."

Here we cast ourselves down under a tree and rested on a hillock covered with thick moss.

It was not long after leaving this spot that we became entangled in a great patch of briers, through which we fought our way for more than an hour, getting a good sweating, scaring up a few birds and not having a shot. By the time we got out we found it was nearly noon, and so concluded to make for "Wagner's Run" and there take our dinner.

Now, a dinner in the woods, beside a murmuring mountain stream, after such a tramp as we had, is indeed no small affair. Talk about Delmonico's, and quail on toast, it can't compare with a ham sandwich, a raw onion, an apple, a few cakes, and as much exquisite coffee as you can drink. Ah! what an appetite a man has under such circumstances, and how good his dinner tastes!

Our fire was soon built. That was my part of the work. I may modestly say that I pride myself on my fires. I am a first-class incendiary—in the woods—and have seldom failed to make a roaring fire at the first effort, no matter how little or how wet my wood might be, or how hard the wind might blow. While I was engaged in this, Jerry was filling his two-quart bucket at the brook, and pouring the ground coffee out of a paper bag into it, while Sam was lying on the bank and wondering "what made the water in the stream look so dark."

"It's the hemlock makes it," answered Jerry, as he cut a long pole from a bush and began to trim it, intending to use it to hold the kettle over my fire. "The water passes over so many hemlock roots in the bed of the stream that it gets the color of tan bark. They say it is very wholesome."

In three minutes from the time when the kettle was hung over the fire the coffee was done.

And there we sat in a row on a log, three happy, careless, light-hearted men, with our lunch on our knees, and enjoying our dinner grandly. Ponto lay curled up at our feet resting and sleeping.

"Now, this is what I call fine, fine!" exclaimed Sam. "This is delightful. It's better than all the doctors and all the medicine in the world."

"Yes; it clears the head and rests the brain, and renovates the whole man."

"It's a great deal better," half soliloquized Jerry, "than that old song I've got to hear so often at home in my store, 'Give me a half a dozen screws.'" Now Jerry is an hardware man.

Then followed stories and yarns, and jokes, and—the inevitable cigar, of course, while the second kettle of coffee stood sizzling on the red hot coals. A two-quart kettle filled twice makes four quarts; and four quarts divided by three—I leave the patient reader to figure it out, for we must be moving.

I will not follow our wanderings in the woods during the afternoon. Suffice it to say that we circled around "Wagner's" till dusk, getting up a number of birds and shooting two. Sam bagged both, leaving Jerry and me without so much as a feather to plume ourselves on, as we were met at "Wagner's" about 5 o'clock by Jake with the buckboard.

H, M, K.

EASTON, Pa,

THE MOUNTAIN SERMON.

IT WAS our first Sunday at old Barney's. The sun was just rising over the mountain tops as I closed the little gate and turned down the stony, grass-grown road. A picturesque old road it was on that Sunday morning in June. To the right the creek rippled, rippled, rippled, against the pebbles that lined its banks. To the left the mountains raised aloft their blue peaks in solemn, impressive grandeur. Trees lined either side of the road, and their leaves rustled lightly in the faint morning breeze. The very birds among the branches chirped in a subdued manner, and the bees hummed soft and low among the wild flowers. The faint, far-off tinkling of a cow-bell floated on the light morning air. All nature seemed imbued with the quiet of the Sabbath. The week-day bustle and fuss had ceased and nature rested. On such a morning one prefers being alone. The world is shut out, forgotten, and nature opens and receives one kindly, and discovers her most perfect forms, her rarest charms.

I followed along the old road, stopping at every turn to view the new beauties that burst upon my view. An ever-varying foreground with the same background of mountain peaks overtopped by the soft blue sky.

Half an hour's walk brought me to a little rustic bridge that crosses the stream, the same old rustic bridge that is part of a famous picture by one of our greatest landscape painters. Standing on the bridge I looked over the railing. Under the bridge the water ran cool and clear and deep, washing among the crumbling stones of the single pier, whirling into swirls and circles as it left the bridge. An immense trout lay deep in the water, fanning himself slowly with his fins. He, too, seemed to me to be enjoying his Sabbath, his week-day eagerness for prey and worrying of foes laid aside on this day of rest. As I left the bridge I mentally remarked: "Good bye, old fellow, enjoy your day of rest; on the morrow a dainty little fly will light on the still pool that will tempt even your fastidious palate, and your cool, watery house will know you no more."

I proceeded up the creek until I came to the point from which the artist had painted his picture. Standing on the spot where his easel had stood a year before, I looked back at the bridge. A picturesque old structure it was, with its falling timber and moss-grown logs, crumbling and decaying boards. For years it had been unused save by an occasional foot passenger. Nature had seized it for her own, and most artistically had she worked on every part; not a stone, not a log, not a board that was not picturesque. As I looked I reflected on the wonderful artistic working of nature. Give to her the plainest old house and how soon has she converted it into a picturesque ruin, the straight roof bent into a graceful curve, a few shingles torn off, those remaining moss-covered; she has twisted the chimneys; drawn out a stone here, a piece of mortar there; broken lights out of the windows, trailed vines over the timber, and surrounded the crumbling gray ruin with masses of wild flowers, green grasses and picturesque brambles and weeds. Throw the commonest paving stone into a barren field, and how soon nature clusters around it tufts of grass and graceful curving vines and variegated wild flowers, until the unsightly object is hid and a spot of beauty marks the place.

On and on I wandered along the road, taking little heed how far I traveled or the time I spent. Suddenly a new sound came floating on the air, the sound of singing voices, and the next turn of the road brought me in sight of a picturesque church, standing by the roadside. Around stood old-fashioned country wagons; horses were hitched to the fences and trees. Almost mechanically I walked up the path and entered. A man kindly made room for me and I sat down. As I did so the singing ceased, and the preacher rose in the little wooden pulpit and began turning over the leaves of the Bible. He was a peculiar looking man, very tall, very slim, and very awkward appearing; his hands were large and thin and seemed in his way; his face was unshaven, and his clothing anything but clerical looking. After some search he found what he was looking for, then turning his eyes on the congregation, he said: "Brethren, David says, 'Ye mountains and hills, praise ye the Lord.'" The voice was low and soft, and delicately modulated, yet so distinct that not a syllable was lost. It arrested the attention of even the most wandering one.

Then he began his sermon by showing how many scriptural events had happened among mountains, and how mountains formed an important part of the Bible history. Beginning at the resting of the ark on the mountain, he spoke of Abraham, of Moses, of Saul, of David, and of all the events that happened on mountains until Christ's Sermon on the Mount, the Crucifixion on the Mount, and the Ascension from a mountain. Each scene he describes in words so pure and simple that every hearer could understand, yet in language that burned with living fire, the fire of a deep solemn earnestness that caused his countenance to glow and the hands that at first seemed awkward to fall into gestures of the most perfect grace. Then he drew the contrast between a mountain life with its quiet and peace, its freedom from care and with the evidence of God's power and works on every hand, and a life in a city, with its bustle and stir, its contentions and strife, its trials and temptations. It was here that the preacher rose to his grandest efforts. Such flow of language, such bursts of eloquence, such depths of pathos as came from that ordinary-looking man in that little mountain church I never heard before, and—unless I am fortunate enough to hear him—I never expect to hear again.

When he closed there was silence, a breathless silence that showed what attention had been given his words. As we passed out of the church I said to one of the men: "You have a wonderful preacher; what is his name?"

The man answered: "Oh, that's not our preacher. Our preacher is sick and this un took his place; he's staying at Sol Denny's, trout fishing; his name is ——." And he named one of the most celebrated preachers of one of our large Eastern cities.

F. I. SHERMAN.

SOME OTHER TIME.—"Any bear about this neighborhood?" he inquired as he got off the train and leaned an eight-hundred-dollar breechloader carelessly in the hollow of his arm. "The woods is full of 'em," said a citizen; "one of 'em bit my brother's leg off yisterday. Are you loaded fer b'ar, mister?" "No, sir," replied the young man, hastily boarding the train, "I'm only loaded for rabbits."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE TRAVELERS issued 115,476 accident policies in 1884.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

BIRD NOTES FROM NEW MEXICO.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, March 10.—At different times in minor papers I have alluded to the character of the country and climate of this place, but as both character of country and climate influence bird migration, I would preface my brief remarks here by saying that Fort Wingate as a rule is noted for a charming climate and that the character of the country hereabouts is mountainous and hilly with broad intervening valleys. The nearest stream (a very small one) is sixteen miles distant, while only a few creeks and springs are to be found in the immediate neighborhood. On the whole, it is by no means a good place for bird collecting, and the migrants pass it by rapidly, as there is no special inducement for them to stay. To study the migration of birds at such a point as this is difficult, and for these very reasons I have given.

This is the afternoon of March 10; the air is thin and highly rarefied, while the sun shines brightly and not a cloud is to be seen in the clear blue sky. It is as warm as mid-April in New England, although away up in the pockets of the mountains snow patches are to be seen, which are within ten minutes' easy climb from the Fort. Thus far, although I have been round in the hills a number of times during the past week, I have failed to see a single specimen yet of our *Sayornis saya*, usually the first bird that shows itself in the vanguard of the vernal migration through this region. I feel a sort of an intuition that they are coming before long, as everything seems so propitious. During this suspicious calm, then, perhaps it will not be entirely devoid of interest to mention the majority of birds I have seen in the neigborhood lately and which have been here in greater or less numbers throughout the winter.

One takes his gun such an afternoon as this for instance, and scrambles up among the sandstone boulders and piñons that cover the hillsides that skirt the basin-like valley in which the little bunch of houses known as Fort Wingate, stand, until he reaches a convenient resting place where you halt to look about you.

You are at first struck with the death-like stillness of the place, the marvelously clear air, the great distance at which you can individualize the details of the far-off landscape. The peculiar and weird appearance of the geological formation also impresses you, and one of an imaginative turn of mind might easily believe himself to have been transported to the rugged side of some mountain in the moon.

Having regained your breath after the climb, for it is hard work in this altitude, I assure you, you stroll across the small open places, then pick your way through the boulders and piñons, when the fact is brought to your mind that you have not seen a single living thing for the half hour that you have been out.

At last this painful stillness is broken, and in a way once heard will never be forgotten by the listener.

> It is the ringing note
> That comes from the throat
> Of Townsend's Solitaire,

and you may hear it several times repeated in its soft cadence before you are able to discover the songster himself. But he soon takes to wing, for he is a restless bird, and by an uncertain, in a measure, jerky, flight, he pitches over toward the top of another piñon tree, where he alights. This bird is to be found about Fort Wingate, so far as my observations go, at all seasons of the year.

Next, in strange contrast, comes to your ears the guttural croaks of a pair of the ever-present ravens, as they fly steadily along, high, high over your head. During severe winters these birds are found hereabouts in numbers, but in summer they pair off, and resort to the highest peaks to breed and rear their young.

This year both *Sialia arctica* and *S. mexicana* have remained through the winter, although the former has been by far the more abundant. Large flocks of Western robins (*M. m. propinqua*) have also stood the season out, and have kept fat upon the cedar berries. These birds have puzzled me not a little, for, so far as I could discern, there was no appreciable difference whatever between some of the specimens shot and the Eastern form of the bird. The white markings on the outer tail feathers in the vast majority of instances were very extensive, and rarely I obtained one wherein it was reduced to anything that might be designated as a white emargination of this feather.

The *Paridæ*, during the season, are represented by *Sitta carolinensis aculeata*, *Sitta pygmæa*, *Parus inornatus griseus*, and *Parus gambeli*. I have failed to discover any others, and of the four species mentioned, they can be taken almost any day throughout the winter.

We also find a wonderfully interesting and hardy bird in *Salpinctes obsoletus*, and sometimes in midwinter when the young hurricanes that sweep over this region have bared the sandstone rocks, one will see the wren as lively as ever, holding his own on the summit of one of them, and as a lull takes place for a moment, giving vent to his loud and characteristic note as he energetically, with many brisk wags of his tail, scrambles down the side to the leeward to weather the next gust.

This year *Oroscoptes montanus* has also condescended to stay over, but from what I have seen of him I don't think he has enjoyed himself so very much; while *Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides*, at home at all times in the Rockies, seems more in spirit in December than during the sultry summer months.

The towhees have had themselves represented by *P. maculatus megalonyx*, fairly abundantly, too, for we usually see one or two if we diligently search their favorite resorts, the scrub-oaks and low bushes on the cañon sides. Two or three varieties of juncos and sparrows are commonly "put up" during such a search, also, with perhaps a small flock of Arizona goldfinches as we pass into the open again. In very cold weather we occasionally come across a half-frozen specimen of *Sturnella m. neglecta*, and I never flush one and hear his note that I do not wonder how it came about that he was so long shrouded in doubt as to being a very "good species." Next we may start out of the brush some dozen or more specimens of *Agelaius phœniceus* in their brown coats, and usually as wild as hawks, evidently wishing every last one of them that April would hurry along. Passing now into the broken foothills, perhaps a mile further we are suddenly greeted by a tremendous and discordant jumble of jay-like noises as a loose, though numerous, flock of piñon jays (*C. cyanocephalus*) pass us on the wing. They are really worth seeing, and one does not regret his experience in this desert as he sees this broken blue cloud of birds throw themselves pell mell into the low piñon pines. Two other jays are also found here during the entire winter, and these are *Aphelocoma woodhousei* and *Cyanocitta stelleri macrolopha*, both splendid representatives of the family. I have yet to see a magpie in this vicinity, summer or winter, nor can I find any one else who has ever observed the bird here. *Otocoris alpestris arenicola* stays all the year round, but has been uncommonly rare during the past winter.

Woodpeckers also are scarce, and the only ones I have seen or taken are *Colaptes cafer*, *Dryobates stricklandi* and *D. v. harrisii*. A few hawks and owls, characteristic of the region, are occasionally met with, but one may go for a week and see neither one nor the other; indeed, I have not observed more than four specimens of owls during a residence of two years and a half here.

Sometimes a turkey or so is brought in by the Indians, but aside from this none of the game birds, so far as the *Gallinæ* are concerned, occur in the vicinity. I will say, however, that a few days ago I discovered the tracks on the snow of some eight or nine quails (they absolutely frightened me), which probably were made by a wandering flock of *Callipepla squamata*, as these birds are the ones which may be obtained some fifty miles from Wingate at a place called Grant Station. There is a wee small pond near the fort that dries up on the slightest provocation, into which a few stray mallards and blue and green-winged teals may tumble at odd times during the winter, and occasionally a Wilson's snipe be found to alight there, but this completes the list for these two families, and it is not materially increased by the advance of the season.

This sketch completes my observations, and as fragmentary as it may seem, I assure you it is based upon careful field notes extending over two winters, so on the whole you see it is not a very encouraging field for ornithologists to work up, and I only jot down these points to fill in the gaps of the general geographical distribution of birds in this country, which we all know to be of value, be the list a short or long one. R. W. Shufeldt.

THE SHRIKE AS A MIMIC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in your columns wants to know whether he has discovered a new feature or power in the imitative or musical abilities of the great American shrike. I have often observed and admired them in the Southern States, where I believe they are more numerous and domestic than in the North, and have listened with very much enjoyment to their delicious warblings. There was one that was particularly tame and companionable around my house, and almost always when I was busy in the orange grove or elsewhere near by, he would perch on a tree close by, or on the cart within arm's length, and with twinkling eye and knowing poise of head watch for whatever of insect life should turn up, pouncing down on it and bearing it away to eat or impale upon an orange thorn. Snakes a foot long, "mule killers," frogs, beetles, grasshoppers and such small deer were common ornaments on the orange trees, and whether it was the surplus of his repasts that was so hung up, or whether it was the result of innate "cussedness," I have never been able to decide. He is the persistent, persecuting enemy of all birddom, and takes soul-satisfying delight in tormenting and driving away from his neighborhood other feathered flesh.

He was commonly called in that country the "French mockingbird," on account of his ability as a songster. His was not the throat-splitting, ecstatic outpour of liquid deliciousness that the mockingbird gives us. He did not throw himself into the performance with the abandon and irrepressibility so characteristic of the latter, as though in addition to his own thorough enjoyment of the concert and his powers he should win applause from his audience and challenge competition; but he sat his modest attire, quietly on his perch and for his own sole enjoyment, in terms so modest they could be distinctly heard but a few yards away, he gave, in soft gutturals, delicate trills, finely modulated warblings and cadenzas, the most unique and exquisite entertainment I have ever heard from throat of bird. O. O. S.

EGGS OF THE LOON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an article by "H. A. C." entitled "Mother Care," in your issue of March 24, 1887, the writer states that in 1881, on Long Lake, Manitoba, he watched the breeding of the great northern diver or loon (*Urinator imber*), and asserts that the female laid five eggs before she began setting.

Having been interested in the collecting of birds' eggs for the last sixteen years, I was not a little surprised at this statement, as I had never heard of more than two eggs being found in a nest of this species. In the "Water Birds of North America," by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, it is stated that "two is the unvarying number" of eggs laid by this species, and the writer says "I have never seen nor have I heard of more than two eggs in a nest of this species," and cites as authorities for the statement Mr. George A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, Mr. Hearne, who wrote "A Journey to the Northern Ocean," Mr. B. F. Goss, of Southern Wisconsin and Mr. MacFarlane of the Hudson's Bay Company, all of whom have had exceptional opportunities for investigating the breeding habits of this bird. Supposing the birds observed by your correspondent "H. A. C." to have been correctly identified, they seem to have beaten the record in a marvelous manner, and the set of five eggs would have been a prize to any collector. The "vandal half-breed," as a true son of the woods, probably wished to reduce the family to the proper number, and certainly proved himself no mean marksman when he killed three "quite grown up" loons at one discharge of his gun. In this neighborhood at least, such a shot would not be possible, for no bird knows better how to take care of himself than the great northern diver, as I know by sad experience. R. B. L.

[The error was probably in "H. A. C.'s" identification of the bird he observed; it was not a great northern diver but a grebe of some kind. The whole tone of the article shows this.]

Eggs of the Great Auk.—I have read with interest in your issue of 17th inst., the history of this unfortunate bird long since extinct. While your article mentions the existence of skins, skeletons, etc., it does not tell of any eggs being still preserved. There are, I believe, very few known to exist. I was personally acquainted with a country gentleman in England who sold one a few years ago to the British Museum for the extraordinary sum of £50. It belonged to his daughter, having been given to her by an ancestor, and being looked upon as merely a trifling "keepsake," its preservation was quite a chance one.—F.

Eagles.—South Norwalk, Conn.—Last November I shot a golden eagle near here, which measured 7ft. 6in. from tip to tip; it was a young male bird.—W. E. L. A bald eagle shot this month by T. H. Sipe, twelve miles from East Saginaw, Mich., measured 7ft. from tip to tip and proved to be a magnificent specimen.

A Robin's Hard Lines.—Rockland, Me., Feb. 13.—While riding in a sleigh to-day I saw a butcher bird dragging a robin over the snow. I secured the robin and would have killed the butcher bird. This is the earliest I ever saw a robin in these parts.—Buck.

Spring Arrivals.—Salem, Mass., March 25.—Bluebirds, song and fox sparrows, redwing blackbirds, rusty grackles, robins and short-eared owls have been seen. Geese flew north last week and I heard them again last night. No woodcock yet.—X. Y. Z.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE CALIFORNIA LAW.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find the amended game law of this State, passed by the Legislature just closed. The changes, briefly stated, are these: The new law makes the close season for quails and grouse end Sept. 10 instead of Oct. 1. It extends the open season for deer from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15.

These changes would not be so bad, but the law also (a concession to the granger element) permits local boards of supervisors to "regulate" the game law in their respective counties. The result of this will be to absolutely repeal all game protection in certain counties, for supervisors, as a rule, know nothing of the subject and will be governed by the demands of those who hunt for the market, or who want to kill game at all seasons. Some old mushheads have got the idea that quails destroy grapes (which is a gross absurdity), and they demand the right to slaughter them at all times. And yet I know intelligent vineyardists who have investigated this matter thoroughly, and have lately purchased Arizona quails and turned them loose in their vineyards to eat up the destructive bugs and insects that prey upon the vines. It is a fact that no man has ever yet found a grape seed in a quail's crop. But to see a quail in a vineyard seems to have as bad an effect on some men as the planting of a red flag before the face of a bull. The change in the deer law affords the long-wished-for opportunity to slaughter snowbound deer in the mountain counties, at a time when they are not fit to be eaten. W.

Sec. 1. Section 626 of an act entitled: "An act to establish a Penal Code," approved Feb. 14, 1872, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 626. Every person who, in the State of California, between the 1st day of March and the 10th day of September in each year hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys quail, partridges or grouse, or rail is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, in any of the counties of this State, at any time, takes, gathers or destroys the eggs of any quail, partridge or grouse, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who in this State, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of June, in each year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys doves is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, between the 15th day of December, in each year, and the first day of July in the following year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys any male antelope, deer or buck is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person in the State of California who has in his possession any hides or skins of deer, antelope, elk, or mountain sheep, killed between the 15th day of December and the first day of July, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall at any time, in the State of California, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any female antelope, elk, mountain sheep, female deer, or doe, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall at any time hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any spotted fawn is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall take, kill or destroy any of the animals mentioned in this section, at any time, unless the carcass of such animal is used or presented by the person taking or slaying it, or is sold for food, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall buy, sell, offer, or expose for sale, transport or have in his possession any deer or deerskin, or hide, from which evidence of sex has been removed, or any of the aforesaid game at a time when it is unlawful to kill the same provided by this and subsequent sections, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. 2. Sec. 231 of the same Act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 631. Every person who shall at any time net or pound any quail, partridge or grouse, and any person who shall sell, buy, transport or give away, or offer or expose for sale, or have in his possession, any quail, partridge or grouse that have been snared, captured or taken in by means of any net or pound, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Proof of possession of any quail, partridge or grouse, which shall not show evidence of having been taken by means of other than a net or pound, shall be *prima facie* evidence in any prosecution for a violation of the provisions of this section that the person in whose possession such quail, partridge or grouse is found, took, killed or destroyed the same by means of a net or pound.

Sec. 3. Sec. 636 of the same Act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 636. Every person who shall set, use or continue, or who shall assist in setting, using or continuing, any pound, weir, set net, trap, or any other fixed or permanent contrivance for catching fish, in the

waters of this State, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall cast, extend, or set any seine or net of any kind for the catching of in any river, stream or slough of this State, which shall extend more than one-third across the width of said river, stream or slough at the time and place of such fishing, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall cast, extend, set, use or continue, or who shall assist in casting, extending, using or continuing, "Chinese sturgeon lines," or "Chinese shrimp or bag nets," or lines or nets of similar character, for the catching of fish in the waters of this State, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, by seine or other means, shall catch the young fish of any species, and who shall not return the same to the water immediately and alive, or shall sell or offer for sale any such fish, fresh or dried, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person convicted of a violation of any of the provisions of this chapter shall be punished by a fine of not less than $50 or more than $300, or imprisonment in the county jail of the county where the offense was committed for not less than thirty days nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment. One-third of all moneys collected for fines for violation of the provisions of this chapter to be paid to informer, one-third to the district attorney of the county in which the action is prosecuted, and one-third to the Fish Commissioners' Fund of the State of California. Nothing in this chapter shall be construed to prohibit the United States Fish Commissioners or the Fish Commissioners of the State of California from taking such fish as they shall deem necessary for the purpose of artificial hatching, nor at any time. It shall not be lawful for any person to buy or sell, or offer or expose for sale, within this State, any kind of trout (except brook trout) less than 8in. in length. Any person violating any of the provisions of this section is guilty of a misdemeanor. The board of supervisors of the several counties of this State are authorized, by ordinance duly passed and published, to change the beginning or ending of the close season named in section 626 of this code, so as to make the same conform to the needs of their respective counties, whenever in their judgment they deem the same advisable.

BEARS AND BEAR HUNTERS.

STAUNTON, Va., March 8.—While the bear stories are going the rounds let me tell you one. Mr. Hugh Ingram and son, living at Buffalo Gap, in the North Mountain, ten miles west of this city, while returning from their work in the mountains a few days ago, noticed on the snow signs of fresh earth, thrown out of a sort of cavern formed by the falling of a large tree, which had torn up roots and earth in a way familiar to every woodsman. Upon examination into the cause of these fresh disturbances the skull of a bear was seen just inside the pit, and the father, who is an old and skilled hunter, called upon the boy to arm himself with some good-sized stones, and by one well-directed cast the head was fairly crushed. They then pulled it out and found it to be a cub about a year old. But as soon as he was fairly out of the mouth of the cavern, another head appeared, and, like the Irishman at the side show with the snakes, young Ingram saluted it with a stone, and down it went. His father and himself pulled the mate to the first cub out dead, and just as the orifice was cleared of this one, the old lady bear appeared in sight, gave one growl and made a dash for liberty. Ingram's shepherd dog seized her as she ran past him, and hung on to her about ten paces. She, however, soon shook him off, and made her way safely to the mountain.

The Staunton *Spectator* of this date, showing the destruction of the bear family that has lately been going on in an adjoining county of Rockingham, says: "In Briery Branch, Rockingham county, four citizens have killed and captured ten bears since Feb. 1. The *Spirit of the Valley* says that John A. Curry has killed two, Phillip Miller one, George Michael two (and captured two cubs) and James D. Long has killed three."

I think these circumstances go pretty far to show that these animals do not hibernate in this latitude to any very great extent. WHACK.

WISCONSIN GAME LAW.

THE new Wisconsin game law reads: Sec. 1. It shall be unlawful to take, catch, kill, or have in possession when killed or taken, any woodcock between the first day of December and the succeeding tenth day of July.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful to take, catch, kill, or have in possession when killed or taken, any quail, partridge, pheasant or ruffed grouse, prairie hen or prairie chicken, sharp-tailed grouse or grouse of any other variety, snipe, plover, or wild duck of any variety, or any aquatic fowl whatever, between the first day of December and the succeeding first day of September.

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful to kill or take by any means, contrivance or device whatever, or pursue with intent to kill or take or worry, or to hunt with dog or dogs, any deer, buck, doe or fawn, between the tenth day of November and the succeeding first day of October.

Sec. 4. It is unlawful at any time to take, catch or kill any of the animals or birds mentioned in the first three sections of this act, by means of any snare, net, trap or spring gun; and it shall also be unlawful at any time to use at any time in pursuit of any such animal or bird, any pivot or swivel gun, or any other firearm not habitually held at arm's length and discharged from the shoulder.

Sec. 5. It shall be unlawful to take, destroy, or have in possession the eggs of any of the birds mentioned in this act, or of any wild pigeon, or to wantonly disturb or molest the nesting place of any such bird or pigeon, or to kill, wound or take any wild pigeon within three miles of a pigeon roost.

Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful to use in the pursuit of any duck, goose, brant or other aquatic bird, any decoys, sneak boat, sail boat, steamboat or floating raft or box, or any similar device, and it shall also be unlawful to construct any blind in the open water outside the natural growth of grass or rushes.

Sec. 7. It shall be unlawful at any season to hunt, shoot, catch or pursue any of the birds or animals mentioned in the first six sections of this act in the night time, or to employ any device, means or contrivance whatever for catching, killing or destroying any such animal in the night time.

Sec. 8. It shall be unlawful to kill, take, wound or pursue any of the birds or animals mentioned in the first six sections of this act with intent to export, carry or convey the same, or any part or portion of such bird or animal beyond the boundaries of this State. In determining the question of intent of any party charged under this section, any competent proof that the accused has within one year exported or caused to be exported or conveyed beyond the limits of this State, any bird or animal covered by this section, or any part of such bird or animal, shall be received as prima facie evidence of the existence of such unlawful intent charged in the complaint or information.

Sec. 9. It shall be unlawful to catch, kill or destroy, or have in possession when so killed or taken, any otter, marten, mink or muskrat or fisher between the first day of May and the succeeding first day of November.

Sec. 10. It shall be unlawful to pursue, trap, ensare or kill any otter, beaver, mink or muskrat or other fur-bearing animal, upon the lands or to the middle of any stream of water adjoining lands of another person who is engaged in the business upon such lands, of breeding or rearing any such animals.

Sec. 11. Any person who shall violate any provision of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punished by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months or by both such fine and imprisonment.

THE ALASKA EXCURSION.

NEW YORK, March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose that any undertaking of the magnitude of the Alaskan sportsmen's excursion is sure to encounter difficulties, and when I received a copy of the "Laws and Executive Orders Relating to Alaska," and read Section 1,955, which says in substance that no firearms, ammunition or distilled spirits shall be exported from any port or place in the United States to the Territory of Alaska, and all such arms, ammunition and distilled spirits landed or attempted to be landed or used at any port or place in that territory shall be forfeited, and if the value of the same exceeds $400 the vessel upon which they are found or from which they have been landed, together with her cargo, tackle, apparel and furniture shall be forfeited, and any person violating such regulations shall be fined not more than $500 or imprisoned not more than six months, I was dismayed. And Section 1,956 says that no person shall kill any otter, mink, martin, sable, or fur-seal or other fur-bearing animal within the limits of the Alaska Territory or in the waters thereof, and every person guilty thereof shall, for each offense, be fined not less than $200 nor more than $1,000, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both. This section, however, contains a "but" that saves the Alaskan excursion from shipwreck before leaving New York; and it reads like this: "But the Secretary of the Treasurer shall have power to authorize the killing of such mink, marten, sable or other fur-bearing animal, except fur seals, under such regulations as he may prescribe." And I take great satisfaction in stating that Secretary of the Treasury C. S. Fairchild, after some little correspondence to show him what we wanted, issued the necessary instructions to the Collector at Sitka under date of March 25. So the shipwreck that seemed imminent has happily been averted, thanks to Secretary Fairchild.

Since I last wrote you, we have had a net gain of two to our numbers, two having been obliged to drop out owing to sickness and unforeseen circumstances, so we yet have room for eight more. There is an opinion prevailing among the majority of those who have decided to go that the start ought to be delayed until July 15, for the reason that the fur of the fur-bearing animals killed in the middle of summer, while they were shedding their coats, would be in no condition to preserve, and if the start was delayed till July 15, we could postpone the return till well into October, and thus secure mementoes of the trip after the fur had set, in a good condition for preservation. This will be done in deference to the wishes of the majority.

The latest news from England is under date of March 4. A. W. Craig, Esq., of Baythorn Park, Halstead, Essex, writes that family affairs will prevent him from leaving England to accompany the party, much to his regret, but that he has two or three friends coming to the United States this summer who will probably accompany us. To my mind, the decision to delay the start until July 15, is a good one, and the ultimate success of securing the desired number (30) assured.

J. E. PALMER (Morton House, City).

THE MICHIGAN WARDEN.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find clipping from the Grand Rapids *Eagle* of the 19th. This has the right ring about it, and if the new warden does as he talks we shall have no reason to regret the Governor's appointment. However, sportsmen throughout the State were very much disgusted with the action of Governor Luce, as they were a unit in saying he had the appointment made before the office was created, and used it to repay a political friend. Mr. Smith is a bright young lawyer and has lots of energy and push, but it is extremely doubtful whether he knows a ruffed grouse from a bluejay. After the number of years of hard work that the Michigan Sportsmen's Association has spent in its endeavors to secure the passage of a game warden bill, and the earnestness it has shown in its work for the protection of game in the State, it was certainly entitled to the consideration at least of being consulted, even though the Governor made the appointment to suit himself afterward. The people in this part of the State, however, will do everything in their power to assist Mr. Smith, I am confident, and as it is largely an experiment, and we are interested in the success of the measure, I know that the sportsmen throughout the State will lend a willing and helping hand to him in enforcing the laws. B.

The *Eagle* says: Knowing the interest felt throughout the State upon the course that will be pursued by the new game warden, the *Eagle* called upon Mr. Wm. Alden Smith of this city, the newly appointed State game and fish warden, who returned last night from Detroit, where he has been to consult the State Fish Commissioners and others especially interested in the enforcement of the game and fish law, and asked regarding the attitude he should assume in the premises. He said, "Governor Luce tendered me this position unsought, of his own will and accord, and simply said to me, 'There is an important and responsible position which a large and respectable number of our citizens in and outside of sportsmen's organizations have been endeavoring to create for many years. At last they have succeeded, and the measure is meritorious. The law should be enforced, and you can have the position unhampered and unrestricted in every way. All I shall expect of you is to enforce the law, and while I am Governor of Michigan, I shall back you up, and aid you wherever in my power. You are to represent no clique or class, but owe allegiance wholly to the people of the entire State.'"

"Under such conditions," Mr. Smith said, "I accepted the place, and am determined to make the appointment a creditable one to Governor Luce, satisfactory to the friends of the measure, and creditable to myself. Of course I realize the difficulty of enlisting the local Boards of Supervisors where the immediate constituency derive both profit and pleasure from violating the law. But in most of the counties, especially the northern ones, the local authorities will do all in their power. I have already received about 200 letters from different parts of the State assuring me of hearty co-operation. It shall be my purpose in the appointment of deputies to select men fitted for the place. Applications are pouring in upon me very fast, but I shall take time to organize an efficient and effective force for the work on hand. Several prosecuting attorneys have assured me of their willingness to prosecute offenders. Their co-operation is very much needed to make the work a success. Wherever they are loath to take the initiative I shall try the cases myself as far as possible. The value of the game and fish product in Michigan is enormous, and if the laws regarding its preservation are obeyed, it will last many years, but if they are slaughtered and destroyed wantonly, it will be but a short time before several of the most valued species are extinct.

"Finally, you can say for me that my purpose is to discreetly and energetically enforce the laws as they appear upon the statute books, and the responsibility must fall upon the Legislature that enacted them. If the laws are just they should be obeyed, and if unjust, repealed. The State Fish Commissioners, as well as Mr. Gillman, Dr. Holmes and others interested, assured me of their hearty co-operation, and I shall enter upon the duties of the position with an uncompromising determination to succeed."

MISSISSIPPI SNIPE.

ABERDEEN, Miss., March 21.—Our quail season closed on the 15th of the present month. Notwithstanding the long open time and the great number of sportsmen, there is a sufficient number of birds left over to insure a fine crop for the next season.

Snipe have been coming in in fair numbers for several weeks, but have been pursued so constantly that they are exceedingly wild. Many good bags have been made, but at an expenditure of effort and ammunition altogether out of proportion to the number killed. I went out some ten days ago in the afternoon with a friend who has been very successful in former excursions.

We rode on horseback to a field just across the creek some two miles from town.

The day was warm, calm and bright, and according to all the rules the birds should have afforded good shooting. But snipe, like men, seem sometimes to take a positive delight in violating all rules and regulations, and a more persistent set of law-breakers than the birds in this particular field I have never seen. Instead of rising within 20 or 30yds. and going off at moderate speed, these ill-conditioned birds would get up at distances never under 40yds., and striking a mile-a-minute gait would not clear the tops of the low cotton stalks until they were 60 or 70yds. away. As I was there to shoot, I shot, and once in a very great while I had the satisfaction to arrest one of these swift flyers and see him fold his fleet wings and make a final pause in his mad career. But these happy accidents were dotted along the dreary waste of unprofitable shots even more sparingly than the oft-quoted oases in the historic Sahara, and wading in the thick mud under a glowing sun grew at length just a trifle monotonous.

To add to my discomfiture my horse, a wall-eyed brute of gaunt proportions and uncertain temper, but candor compels me to add of fast and easy gait, had taken it into his evil head to break the halter by which I had anchored him to a convenient stump, and leave for town at a 2.40 gait, his hoofs clattering over the long wooden bridge like a full charge of cavalry.

My companion, who is an excellent shot and has one of the hardest and clearest shooting guns I have ever seen, succeeded in making a tolerable bag, and I was debating whether it were better to tramp over the long and dusty road to town or to borrow a mule from the "son of toil," who cultivates the place where we were shooting, and continue the hunt, when to my delight a colored brother hove in sight leading the recreant steed. The ill-conditioned brute had divested himself of the bridle and the negro was leading him by a bit of plow line eked out with a whip lash. Repairing to the aforesaid stump, I found the greater part of the halter, and with that and the bit of rope contributed by the negro improvised a bridle.

Being again possessed of the means of locomotion, we determined to repair to an adjoining sedge field and try for a bevy of quail. The birds were soon found and I had the satisfaction to bag five in seven shots, making a double and felling a third that rose wild as we were retrieving the first brace. One of this brace was only wing-broken and had fallen near a large ditch full of water. In his efforts to escape he took to the water and swam like a duck. On our way home the dogs pointed a bevy in some thin woods. One of the birds rose and perched in a tree nearly over the head of one of the dogs.

The dog saw the bird and transferred his point to it, assuming one of the most picturesque attitudes I have ever seen. We bagged a brace from this bevy, which was a small one, and this ended our hunt. Our bag numbered nine quail, sixteen snipe, twenty-five in all, a very fair bag for two guns in less than five hours and within two miles of a town of five thousand inhabitants. Still, had the snipe behaved with ordinary decency, we could easily have bagged double the number. WILL.

ILLICIT QUAIL DEALERS TO PAY THE PENALTY.—Canastota, N. Y., March 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the special term court in Onondaga county to-day I received judgment against a party in Syracuse for having quail out of season in the sum of $75.—WM. H. LINDLEY, Thirteenth District.

CAPE COD SNARES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since sending my communication on "Cape Cod rabbit snares," which was published in a recent number of your valuable journal, I have received a letter from an old hunter living in Plymouth county, Mass., apprising me of new features in game trapping; viz., the catching of partridge and quail, as well as rabbits. He informs me that unless trapping can be stopped, partridge, quail and rabbits will soon be exterminated in his section of country. Boys, and some pretty old ones, are engaged in this trapping; while the ground is bare the snares are employed. These are constructed by use of fine copper wire, or fish-line attached to spring poles, and are set in openings in the little hedges, and are usually about a rod apart. Naturally enough, partridge, quail, or rabbits seek the openings in crossing these hedges, but when once they enter at one of these inviting little gateways, they are strung up to await the round of the trapper. After gathering game from these traps, it is piled together and shot fired into it that it may have the appearance in market of having been shot, thus eluding the objection which might be raised against such game, as having been trapped. Whether it be close time or not, these trappers manage to send their game to Boston or New York markets. When the ground is covered with snow, small steel traps, which can be easily carried in the pocket, are used. Rabbits are tracked to their burrows, and the trap set in the entrance. My informant thinks that in hunting over the country between two points about six miles distant, covering an area of probably not more than 18 to 20 square miles, he has within the past two years found 1,000 snares. It is needless, perhaps, to add that he, as well as hundreds of others, protest vigorously against this cruel and destructive practice.—G. K. O. [Our correspondent and his friends should send details of these matters, with names of offenders, if known, names of witnesses, etc., to Mr. Henry J. Thayer, Secretary Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, 246 Washington street, Boston. The association will prosecute all infringements brought to its notice.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., March 21.—The Johnstown Gun Club has proven itself a very worthy organization. Aside from the matter of perfecting its members in marksmanship, it has taken in hand the matter of protecting fish and game from the depredations of those who have neither a respect for law or a care for their extinguishment. Their latest effort is toward stocking the streams with brook trout. Early in the season they made application to the State hatchery at Caledonia, for such purpose, and on Tuesday morning a messenger from that institution arrived in town with 35,000 young trout, some of them nearly an inch in length, which were taken by the members and placed in the several streams near the village. They were in fine condition, and much care was taken in depositing them in the brooks. With this lot was one can of German trout, which were also taken care of at the same time. Gloversville also received the same number. With proper care the streams in this vicinity will abound with trout, and the lovers of angling can enjoy a day's sport without a trip to the northern wilderness. The club is also in daily expectation, from Philadelphia, of 120 quail, which will be housed until some time during May, when they will be taken to the woods and let loose. As these birds multiply rapidly, if they are undisturbed, the woods will soon be filled with them, thus affording fine shooting. Nearly the entire expense of these acquisitions has been met by the members of the club, and it is to be hoped that our people generally will use their best efforts to aid and assist them in the protection of both fish and game.—*Republican.*

AUBURN, Susquahanna County, Pa., March 15.—Game wintered well, and if the breeding season be favorable, we shall expect good sport next October. Plenty of grouse escaped last fall, and all passed the winter safely and are now in good form. I can put up from twelve to fifteen any morning in a piece of cover within sixty rods of where I write. Quail in this section are practically exterminated. I found but one covey during the past shooting season, and heard of no more being seen. The "scalp act" has worked wonders considering the short time it has been in force. But it is not at all popular with court house rings, and will doubtless be repealed before the present Legislature adjourns. During the year ending Dec. 31, $1,600 was paid for the destruction of the enemies of our game and poultry interests. Saw the first bluebird March 8 and robins two days later.—BON AMI.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., March 22.—Inclosed find bill of fare. It will show you how the game laws are respected in Clinton county. Venison and partridges can be bought any time in Plattsburgh. Fish are sold daily that have been caught in seines and gill nets. If our game constable would take the trouble to walk not over half a mile from the center of the village, he could pull out gill nets any day, and the time of year is now near when there will be a net across every stream and creek at this end of Lake Champlain. These fish hogs are very careful not to let a single fish go up to spawn, and the thing that encourages them most is that the markets are always ready to buy them.—SCEPT. [Why does not our correspondent call attention of game protector to these things, and if he pays no attention make complaint to the Fish Commissioners? The bill of fare of the Cumberland House, Plattsburgh, March 21, comprises venison and partridge.]

THE WEIGHT OF QUAIL.—Annapolis, Md.—I notice inquiries to your paper as to the weight of quail. From Nov. 1 to Jan. 1 this is the principal land game hereabout and the average bird will not weigh more than 5oz. Two or three years ago, however, I remember in company with a friend, shooting some five or six, the unusual size of which attracted our attention and I weighed a hen bird—not the heaviest of the lot either—which just balanced an 8oz. weight. These birds were killed in a slip of woods where they bred, and I am quite sure they not only found more nutritious food than ordinarily in the field, but as it was rather a difficult place both to find and shoot them, they had lived longer than the average quail is allowed to live, although they were just as sweet and tender as any other birds. I have often hunted the same place since, but never again have I found the large birds.—J. I.

MINNESOTA GROUSE.—Pillsbury, Minn., March 17.—Despite the unusually long and severe winter, both ruffed and pinnated grouse have wintered excellently. Of the latter there are many more to be seen hereabouts than ever before in the spring, and rare sport is anticipated during the open season. I scarcely ever ride in any direction without seeing ruffed grouse, and the birds look plump and fat. The recent Legislature has abolished spring duck shooting. Aside from a few for personal table use they have never been molested here in the spring. There is a little snow on the ground yet but rapidly disappearing. I propose to camp out the greater portion of the summer, and wish that a few "No. 1 hard" sportsmen might visit this locality and share with me in the extra fine fishing.—J. F. LOCKE.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An opportunity will be afforded a limited number of persons to join a party in a month's camping trip in the game and fish regions of the Rocky Mountains in northern central Colorado. The route will embrace a rail trip through the principal scenic attractions of the region, viz.: the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, Marshall and other passes, etc. After leaving the railroad, about 35 miles wagon and packing to camp. Start will be made from here about July 1, and the party will be equipped for taking photo views of scenery en route and in camp, as well as observations of geology, altitudes, etc. The expense will not be great. I will furnish further particulars to any one desirous of going.—D. C. BEAMAN (Ottumwa, Iowa).

MARLBORO, N. H., March 23.—A party went rabbit hunting the 11th of this month, returning with twenty-one white hares, Mr. Goodhue Terrey killing five of them, two others killing four each; there were twelve in the party. At one time there were four hares ahead of one dog. Moshier Underwood of this place, has as fine a coon dog as there is in this State; he brought in forty-two coons last fall, getting ten of them in two nights. A butcher bird was seen to catch an English sparrow in one of our streets a few days ago, which was about all that it wanted to carry. One flew into my barn this morning and caught a sparrow within four feet of me. I tried to shut the door to capture it but it was too quick for me.—J. S. M.

ACCOMAC CLUB.—The Accomac Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., which was incorporated a short time ago, has completed its membership by the election of the well-known wing shots, L. Duryea and C. S. Kendall. The club, which is limited to twenty-five members, has purchased several thousand acres on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, in Accomac county, Va., on which are two club houses and another one in course of erection. That section of the country is famous for snipe and duck shooting, and on the uplands quail, partridge and woodcock abound.

PACKING A DEER.—In my article on deer packing in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 17 I wrote that the bones of the hind legs were taken out the same as those of the fore legs, and then opposite fore and hind leg skins tied together, etc. Your compositor has made me say, "bones of the hind legs tied together." Readers will naturally wish to know how that could be done.—O. O. S.

QUAIL AND HAWKS.—Smithburg, N. J., March 25.—I find that quite a number of quail have wintered over, although a good many have been killed by hawks. I am satisfied that one covey of six birds were destroyed by them. A few woodcock have made their appearance.—BLUE ROCK.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have, before this, received a copy of the bill introduced into the Assembly at Albany, for the "preservation," it says, of wild deer, etc.—bill No. 699. It was introduced, "by request," by Mr. Hadley, the chairman of the committee on game and fish protection. This is notice enough that he ignores responsibility for, or approval of, the bill. This is encouraging in the outset. The bill must go to the committee and be subjected there to examination and scrutiny, and this will squelch it.

It is a bill of abominations. Inconsistency, ambiguity, absurdity, characterize its structure. To instance what appears from its first four sections: it recognizes, and ignores alternately, any distinction between wild and tame deer; it prohibits the possession of "dead deer" or venison "killed in this State," and the transportation of any "wild deer" or venison killed in this State, in a time mentioned. It, in terms, proposes to prohibit having in possession, or exposing for sale "deer" or venison, all through the open season, and then provides that one may have in "possession" in the open season "deer" killed in this State. It, in terms, would prohibit the transportation of "wild" deer or venison killed in this State, except in the time from Aug. 16 to Nov. 3, after providing that it shall be unlawful to kill any deer in a part of that period. It would prohibit the possession or exposure to sale, in our open season, of "deer or venison" lawfully killed out of the State.

A further cursory examination develops a capital iniquity, no doubt its darling object; and the bill is abominable more for what it omits than for what it contains. Remembering that it is a proposed substitute for the whole body, substantially, of our present game law, its omissions are most significant. This bill proposes to repeal the law as it now is with reference to the burden of proof, in prosecutions of offenders, and so paralyze the most efficient methods of its administration.

To illustrate: When one is found in possession of venison during the time its killing is prohibited, but within the time, afterward, when its possession, if lawfully killed, is permitted, and there be the best ground for believing that the killing was done in the close season, and that an attempt is being made to get it to market under cover of the right to have venison in possession when prosecuted, the possessor may show, in his vindication, that he had no venison but what was lawfully killed. If he be innocent, he is the only one that can prove it, and so the law puts the duty of doing so upon him. He may be a witness himself. He knows the person from whom he received the venison, and that person knows his vendor, or donor, and so, through witnesses having personal knowledge, he may reach the innocent killer, who will, of course, be glad to step forward in vindication of truth and injured innocence.

Is there hardship in this? Not at all. Remember the end to be accomplished, the end all pretend to favor, and the impossibility of accomplishing it in any other way.

Suppose the accused be guilty, that is to say, suppose he carelessly omits all the precautions that would keep him within the law, conceals facts that come to his knowledge, is interested to do so as carrier or marketman. Is it not impossible to convict an offender if he may with impunity expose the contraband venison without the necessity of showing such possession lawful? This is just what the bill proposes to allow. It proposes to make the right to have in possession a cover for the guilty, when it is intended as a protection to the innocent, and this it does effectually when it excuses the accused and those having knowledge of his guilt from opening their mouths. The witnesses and the facts are unknown to, are concealed from the prosecutor, are hostile to him. Concealment is their studied purpose, from the poacher who slays the deer alive in the woods, through all the middlemen who are concerned with evading scrutiny, and employ for purpose every disguise and artifice that ingenuity and fraud can suggest. So the law requires explanation from the persons capable of making it, and who can produce the witnesses. It is a tax upon the innocent, but in the interest of innocence and right, and this is a duty that innocence everywhere assumes with alacrity.

But wholesome and necessary as is all this in the administration of the law, this bill proposes to subvert it all, and so paralyze every effort of the people by their officers to bring criminality to punishment. This is effrontery enough with over measure. It is well right here to call attention to this essential rule of evidence. It is in Sec. 36 of the Act of 1879 as amended by the Act of 1886, and is the whole basis of and strength of efforts to suppress what is well-known to be the most flagrant violations of the law for the protection of deer—the slaughter of them after the open season, under the cover of the right, for a prolonged period, to have venison in possession.

Again, I notice the bill proposes no remedy against the spring slaughter of wild ducks and geese, but would shorten the season at the wrong end, in the fall, instead. It proposes to cut off September, when in fact our native wild ducks, those that hatch here, are full-grown and prime by the middle of August, and nearly all leave us and migrate by Oct. 1. The Canadas permitted their shooting Aug. 15 until a couple of years ago, when their open season was made to commence like ours, Sept. 1, and the harmonious working of the two neighboring statutes affords sufficient protection to these birds in the fall.

And now let me ask and question through FOREST AND STREAM, when is there to be a cessation of annual tinkering of the game laws, and so divesting them of the effective force or authority that ought to belong to their clearness and their settled interpretation, and make them both popular and efficient? Is it the purpose of the enemies of fish and game protection to bring it into disrepute by unsettling and mystifying the law and so demoralizing the efforts of the officers charged with its enforcement? Why will not the better sense of the people of the State and of their representatives in the Legislature put the ban upon such a purpose and such efforts? It will. The sentiment favoring the efficient protection of fish and game was never stronger among the masses of the people, and they will resent this constant frittering away the efficiency of laws intended for that purpose. The sportsmen of the State are the natural leaders of a sound public opinion on this subject, and the great body of them have only to speak.

Perhaps a personal explanation is in order just here. I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM, over the initials J. H. R., something in the accusatory vein, whether intended or not (?) His genuine sportsmanlike instincts revolted at the reported dogging of deer into Mud Lake. I would have been gratified at the reception of information from him that would have led to the conviction of guilty parties. I am sure such results would have gratified J. H. R. I am at a loss to know why his excellent opportunity was foregone, or perhaps, his compassion excited by the flimsy and ridiculous excuse offered by those whom, if he did not know to be guilty, he had good reasons for believing to be. This is not a bit like Rushton. P. R. LEONARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Assembly Committee on Game had a meeting to-day, March 23. The meeting was delayed by the vote on high license. Just before the committee met there was a meeting of the Fish Commissioners, it was surmised, to indorse the Roosevelt bill.

The hearing was opened by a member of the Eastern Association, who stated that he had requested the introduction of Hadley bill No. 699 not to be passed, but to be substituted by the Roosevelt bill. Mr. Cookinham made brief remarks opposing the Roosevelt and Hadley bills, attacking it for its scattering and mixing different subjects through many sections which now are condensed into one, and because of its multiplying exceptions it could not be enforced, and other objections. He was followed by Mr. Roosevelt for an hour or more in favor of his bill. He opened by disclaiming that it was a codification, but was a new bill; claimed existing laws were confused, but did not specify any defect in particular, or how his bill was superior, except to claim that the present law was not sufficiently liberal to market men. (A bystander suggested privately that he had surrendered himself to the market interest, a class that had done most toward depletion and less to replenish or protect fish and game than all others.)

He justified July woodcock killing, deprecated the three deer limitation, favored sale of venison and game from out of the State, and went through each separate section and claimed it could be enforced, and was better than the present law. The Eastern Association man said he favored the bill excepting two sections upon which he would be heard in future. He was followed by Mr. Collins of Utica, favoring the present law with one or two amendments now before the Senate in bills No. 163, 164, which restore the former six-inch trout law, re-enact with some practical amendments the sections as to game birds, and cut off April for ducks, etc. He favored May 1 for the catching of trout, but if any portion of the State was to have April 1, he wished it the same for all. He described the manner of catching and keeping alive small trout to stock private ponds and reservoirs in saloons in season and out, and under the proposed laws such would be protected to the depletion of other waters. He was proceeding to specify by items the objections to the two bills proposed when the committee adjourned for a further hearing at some future time, of which notice would be given. REPORTER.

ALBANY, March 24.

HUNTING RIFLES AND BULLETS.

EXPERIMENTS WITH "P.'S" BEAR BULLETS.

THE objects of some experiments made at my request, on Oct. 21, 1886, at Peekskill, N. Y., by Major H. W. Merrill and Mr. G. J. Romer, were: First, to test the accuracy obtainable with an extra large charge of powder, with bullets my own experience had proven true flyers, by rifle experts of the experience and skill at the target of these gentlemen. The Bland double express rifle in their possession offered peculiar facilities for this experiment, as the short bottle-neck shell of 2½in. length, for which the rifle was chambered, had capacity for 120 to 130grs. of powder with careful packing, the rifle itself being one of the best London make.

Secondly—It was evident to me that in the FOREST AND STREAM trial, 1885, this rifle was not qualified with the best ammunition to develop either its power for making the flattest trajectory or for accurate shooting. The 310gr. solid bullet was doubtless true flying, as it appears to be fairly shaped and properly alloyed, but it is evident to me that solid bullet and a powerful express rifle are an ill-mated pair. It is true its comparatively flat curve will give a greater percentage of hits, but such a bullet flying with a high velocity, piercing through any animal hit with a small hole, expending a great deal of its power in probably going a half mile beyond, will be very little more efficacious in destroying life than another solid bullet starting with half the velocity and lodging within the animal's vitals. What is required for such a powerful rifle is a hollow-pointed bullet that will, of its own velocity, literally explode on entering the animal's vitals, thus securing every animal hit, and, as a matter of humanity, preventing its escape into the thicket to die a lingering death.

In the trial of this rifle for the 100yds. range, it will be recollected a 118-277-grain cartridge was procured by the FOREST AND STREAM at a New York gun store and used. It did not give as flat a curve at that range as it should for its powder charge. A specimen bullet kindly sent me by Mr. Romer from one of these cartridges partly explained the reason. It was almost pure lead if not quite so, instead of having a good per cent. of alloy. The writer has several times animadverted upon the responsibility of getting good results from leaden bullets with heavy charges of powder, the theory being that the bullet is so much upset, that the forward end assumes such a shape as to cause an increase of air resistance, resulting necessarily in a higher curve and consequent loss of accuracy of flight. All riflemen of experience have noticed the latter result with bullets of pure lead. The following experiment (among others made by the writer) is introduced to show how the trajectory is affected by the use of such bullets.

Ten (10) shells were carefully loaded with 114grs. C. & H. No. 6 powder; into 5 of these were inserted a 290gr. express bullet (pure lead) from a lot furnished by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, and into the other 5 a 300gr. alloy express bullet (cast in the same moulds as my 270gr. express bullet, using a smaller core peg). They were, to insure perfect accuracy, fired alternately from my .45cal. Sharps, the odd numbers representing the alloyed bullet and the even number the leaden bullet:

May 9, 1886.—Bar. 23.35, dry bulb 46½°, wet bulb 37½°; weight of a cubic foot of air 427.6grs., 200yds.

Shot.	Height of Curve.	Shot.	Height of Curve.
1	6.58	1	7.09
2	6.87	2	7.73
3	6.47	3	6.94
4	6.42	4	7.81
5	6.68	5	7.71
Average	6.68	Average	7.42

The highest point of the curve for the alloyed bullet is on an average 6.68in., and for the leaden bullet 7.42in., a difference of .74in. in favor of the alloyed bullet, whereas the 290gr. bullet should have made the flattest curve. It is a fact that for a given heavy

charge of powder, say for 200yds., there is a limit to the reduction of the weight of the bullet to obtain the flattest curve. If reduced below that limit its curve will be higher for the same charge. But in this case it does not hold good, for under about the same atmospheric conditions (421.4, 423.6, and 434.2, an average of 426.4grs. per cubic foot of air) with about the same charge of powder and a 270gr. bullet (20grs. less) a curve of 6.27in. was made, an average of fifteen shots. This result, therefore, must have been caused by the unscientific front of the 200gr. bullet, either from its change of shape by concussion, or by its original unscientific shape, or from a combination of both these causes. It will be likewise noted that the variation in the height of curve of the several shots is greater with the 200gr. bullet, .87in. than that of the 300gr. bullet, .45in., a difference of .42in., indicating a want of accuracy of flight in the former bullet, which is also correct, as it has long been discarded for use in the field.

From the above experiment it was evident that the experiment with the Bland rifle with the soft bullet did not show its power. It was also desired to get the trajectory of the lighter bullet for the 200yds. range to compare it with the trajectory of my rifle with a similar cartridge, but under different atmospheric conditions.

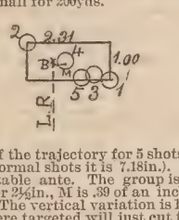
Mr. Romer promptly agreed to make the test for me, and accordingly fifteen of my bullets, patched, and such as for several years have been used in hunting large game, were sent him by mail; eight were .45cal. express bullets, 270grs., and seven were .45cal. 310grs., all patched. Had it been known, the experiment would have been so elaborate, more bullets would have been sent, but it so happened as many were sent as the nature of the package permitted. As Messrs. Bland were perfectly willing for any test for this rifle, the trial was made as soon as the convenience of these gentlemen allowed. At the same time Mr. Romer tested the Merrill muzzleloader for the 200yds. range, it doubtless being recollected that for some cause it was tested for only the 100yds. range at the FOREST AND STREAM trial in October, 1885. Precisely the same ammunition was used as at that trial. It is here noted that the test by Mr. Romer of the Merrill muzzleloader as also of the Bland rifle was intended as a test for accuracy as well as for the trajectory of each rifle. Precisely the same sight was taken on a small aligned bullseye. The Merrill muzzleloader, fired from Mr. Romer's machine rest, gave the following result. But first an account of this rifle's shooting was sent to me at the time for my examination, and as it will add greatly to the interest of my article. I trust the Major will excuse me for using it here.

Cal. .42, length of barrel 28in., 100grs. powder, 212grs. conical bullet, the rifle fired under about the same atmospheric conditions as at the FOREST AND STREAM trial. Height of curve at 100yds.:

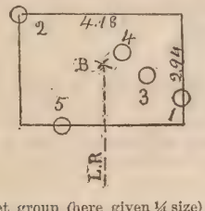
Shot.	Inches.
No. 1	7.260
No. 2	7.185
No. 3	7.010
No. 4	7.200
No. 5	7.612
Average height of curve	7.265

By reference to the FOREST AND STREAM Trajectory Test Report it is seen that this average shows a flatter curve than was made by any breechloader, including the Bland express, which was 7.53in., and Romer's muzzleloader, 6.399in. The average of the trajectories of the mass of American breechloading small-bore rifles tested at that trial are about doubly as high as the Merrill. A copy of the original target and screen sent me shows an admirable grouping both on the screen and target, the parallelogram covering the centers of the bullet holes on the former being 2 5-16in.× 1.0in., and on the latter 4 3-16in.×2 15-16in. Such grouping of the shots is the best test of the accuracy of a rifle, and it is doubted whether it can be equalled at one trial only by any breechloader above .40cal., using proportionate quantities of powder and bullet.

Trial No. 5, Merrill muzzleloader, group on the screen at 100yds. (here given ¼ size) is 2.31sq.in. (not 2.3in. square) with conical bullet and the same identical charge used at the FOREST AND STREAM Test, to wit .42-100-213. Ratio, 1 to 2.13. This light bullet had not quite the sustaining power for so long a range that my heavier ones would have had; besides, the powder charge was for 100yds. only and too small for 200yds.



The mean height of the trajectory for 5 shots is 7.26in. (and for the first 4 and most normal shots it is 7.18in.). See the heights of the 5 curves in the table ante. The group is 2.31sq.ins, the diameter of circle 2.50 or 2½in., M is .39 of an inch only to the right of B or point blank. The vertical variation is 1in. only. All three of the mean curves here targeted will just cut the backbone of an ordinary sized deer at 100yds. in this range, the rifle being set point blank for 200yds., and the aim on the deer's center. No breechleader in the FOREST AND STREAM rifle test except Bland's shot strong enough to do this, and hence their one great fault.



The 200yds. target group (here given ¼ size) is 12.31sq.in., the diameter of circle 4.70in., and the string from B, the fixed center, 8.40ins., the average 1.68in. Vertical variation is only 2.94in. In this particular case B was the fixed center or point blank on the target, and hence this cluster is around the point of aim B, and M is eliminated. This rifle was well trained, and it made a very close target, but it is the clusters we are to regard for accuracy. No. 5 shot changes its place relatively a little on the screen and target.

A trial was then made to ascertain whether, with the same bullet and a reduced quantity of powder (to 53grs.) the screen and target accuracy would be affected, and the result was less accuracy by a considerable (the target is a parallelogram 8 5-16 ver. × 9 6-16 hor.) and a higher curve of course, 10.87in., an average of 6 shots. Major Merrill and some others have always been of opinion, I believe, that high proportion of powder to lead did not (necessarily) lessen the accuracy of the shooting of the muzzleloader. This experiment seems to prove it. With the breechloader the experience seems to have been that the best proportion for target accuracy is from 1-5 to 1-6 powder. Hereis an experiment, however, following, with the Bland rifle, where a proportion of 1 to 2.16 made a very good group at 200yds., as the bullet holes were covered by less than a 7in. ring. There should be no difference in the shooting of the two classes of rifles provided the bullet moved from its seat in the shell into the barrel in as smooth and unobstructed a manner, approximately, as the bullet of the muzzleloader passes through the bore. It is in passing the chasm at the end of the shell and into the end of the bore, where the bullet is liable to become uncentered, the chief cause of, occasionally, a wild shot from all breechloaders. This is the great defect and weakness of the breechloader, and should receive the attention and study of all rifle makers and experts, so that the evil may be remedied or at least palliated as soon as possible. This defect is acknowledged by all our rifle experts at the target in an emphatic way, at every "shoot," by their invariable custom, where the best work is desired, not only to clean the bore, but in addition shoving the bullet into the bore and properly centering it, and then the shell loaded with powder is placed behind it.

As to the experiments with the Bland rifle, all the details of which were forwarded me, including the original target and screens at 100yds, it seems unnecessary to premise that experiments made by gentlemen of such experience and skill as Major Merrill and Romer are absolutely correct. Their manner of making these experiments, as explained in the report (the details of which it is deemed unnecessary to give) are mathematically correct, and on checking the figures for arriving at the results, no error was detected. As before remarked it was regretted, when too late, that a few more bullets had not been sent, but with the care each shot was fired, not a shot having gone wrong or been used as sighting shots, it seems of no moment. One shot carefully fired through screens and properly traced, is worth, if a normal one, a dozen where the proper care is not used, as so often happens. These experiments are very valuable from their great reliability:

"Report of experiments made at P.'s request by Major H. W. Merrill, witness, and G. J. Romer, shooter, on the trial of Bland's double express rifle No. 10,203, on Oct. 21, at Peekskill, N. Y.

"The shooting consisted of four separate trials of four shots each; distance 200yds; one screen at 100yds.; all shooting done from machine rest, with the same aim or constant pointing of the rifle. The horizontal line of sight, as determined by the use of telescopic sights, is used as the base line and requires a cut-off of .69in. to be added to the height of curve at 100yds. (1.38in. being the distance between the bore of rifle and the line of sight at muzzle." (N. B., in the tabulated height of curves following this, correction of .69in. has been allowed for.—P.)

"Trial No. 1, made with Ely cartridges, from same lot as used in FOREST AND STREAM trial. Powder, 112grs., C. & H. No. 6; bullet, 277grs., Ely; copper tube in point. Thermometer 65°, barometer 30.25; height above tide level 125ft.; wind ten miles an hour from 8 o'clock; weight of cubic foot of air, 531.9grs. Height of curve at 100yds.:

Shot.	Inches.
No. 1	7.72
No. 2	7.41
No. 3	7.61
No. 4	7.79
Average	7.64

"Trial No. 2, with same (Ely) shells, powder, wad, etc., except the English bullet is withdrawn and P.'s 270gr. express bullet (without copper tube in point) inserted in its place. Thermometer 63°, above tide level 125ft.; barometer 30.30; wind from 8 o'clock; weight of cubic foot of air, 535.0grs. Height of curve at 100yds.:

Shot.	Inches.
No. 1	7.20
No. 2	7.11
No. 3	7.48
No. 4	7.08
Average	7.22

"Trial No. 3, 125grs. C. & H. No. 6; 270gr. express bullet, P.'s; wind ten miles an hour from 8 o'clock. Thermometer 60°, barometer 30.32; 125ft. above tide level; cubic foot of air, 539.5grs. Height of curve at 100yds.:

Shot.	Inches.
No. 1	6.29
No. 2	6.64
No. 3	6.34
No. 4	6.31
Average	6.39

"Trial No. 4, 125grs. C. & H. No. 6; 340gr. express bullet, P.'s; wind ten miles an hour from 8 o'clock. Thermometer 58°, barometer 30.32; 125ft above tide level; cubic foot of air, 541grs. Height of curve at 100yds.:

Shot.	Inches.
No. 1	7.13
No. 2	7.29
No. 3	7.04
No. 4	7.04
Average	7.12

It has been thought unnecessary to give further details, as in addition to the above an exact copy, from the originals, of the grouping of the bullets of each trial, at the screen (100yds.) and at the target (200yds.), herewith inclosed, will give all the information desired. It is hoped the diagrams for trial 3 and 4, and that for the Merrill rifle will, at least, be published, the grouping for No. 1 and 2 being rather too much scattered to make it desirable."

In comparing trial 1, bullet lead, and trial 2, bullet hardened (the two practically of the same weight), the hardened bullet has the flattest trajectory by .42in., approximating the result of the experiment given in the first part of this paper. The grouping is also more compact and better.

In comparing trial 1 and 2 with bullets seated ½in. into the shell, and trials 3 and 4, cartridges loaded by Mr. Romer and bullets seated about ⅛in. into shell, the latter two have, as was to be expected, a much flatter trajectory, but likewise, though having much higher powder proportions, show groupings of bullets both at the screen (100yds.) and at the target (200yds.) at least 100 per cent. more compact. This was, doubtless, due a great deal to Mr. Romer's careful loading, but I think the manner of seating the bullet into the shell had as much or more to do with it. Mr. Romer kindly sent me one of the Ely 277 bullets with a pencil mark on the patch showing the depth it was loaded into the shell, in this case nearly ½in, (7-16), as was the case in trials 1 and 2.

In trial 3 and 4 the bullets, at my request, to correspond with my own practice when loading for rough usage, were seated ½in. into the shell, as near as could be done. The advantage in accuracy of having the bullets seated the smallest amount possible into the shell for practical use is too well known to discuss. It is emphasized by all experts at the target from their invariable habit, as before alluded to, of shoving the bullets into and centering them in the bore before placing the shell in position.

It is always interesting to note the relative grouping of bullets on the screens and at the target. There is nothing to be remarked about the Merrill groups except that shot No. 5 fell slightly too much in going over the last half of the range, but striking only 2in. from the center, the five shots make an average string of 1.70in. and a very close diagram on the target. Trial 3 and 4 of the Bland rifle shows very fine grouping, the bullets preserving their position on the target very close, relatively to what they are on the screen. Shot 4 of trial 1 and shot 3 of trial 2 (bullets deeply seated in the shell) appear to be somewhat off. In starting and taking the "running jump," so to speak, at the bore, they appear not to have struck the center of the bore, but to have passed through the bore and from the muzzle "out of center" and starting on its course at a slight angle with the direction of the line of fire. With bullets loaded deep in the shell comparatively every few shots are apt to be comparatively "wild" from not passing into the bore properly centered. To insure the most uniform shooting from a breechloader the bullet should be seated into the shell just sufficiently so for practical use, say ⅛in.; and at the same time the bullet so shaped that its forward part (when the shell is shoved into position ready for firing) should, by the patching be gently engaged by the grooving, so that when it (the bullet) moves forward it is guided by the forward part into the bore properly centered and is very sure to pass from the muzzle all right for accurate flight. This, even with a clean bore, is greatly facilitated by the beveling of the lands at the mouth of the shell. This subject of beveling the lands was so thoroughly ventilated by me a few years ago that all reputable gun factories have adopted it for all classes of rifles. It improves the shooting of the naked bullet and has made it possible to shoot the patched bullet from the American breechloader without cleaning after each discharge, which was not possible with rifles chambered before that date.

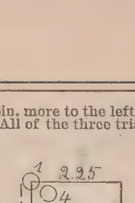
Subjoined is a table of the diagrams made at each trial, the groups being referred to a parallelogram, the horizontal and vertical sides of which cover the centers of the bullet holes. It shows in a condensed form the results, merely adding that Mr. Romer obtained so much more favorable results from the Bland rifle than what was obtained from the same rifle at the London *Field* trials of October, 1883, where it competed in the .450-bore class, that a comparison appears superfluous. It, without doubt, was caused by the more skillful handling of the rifle and better ammunition.

TABLE OF DIAGRAMS.

Trial.	100yds.		200yds.		Remarks.
	Diagram Inches.	Sq. In.	Diagram Inches.	Sq. In.	At 200yds.
No 1	2 ×6¼	13.00	5⅛×12⅜	70.81	
No 2	4⅜×3⅝	15.86	9⅜×7⅞	73.82	
No 3	2¼×2 5-16	5.23	5 15-16×5½	32.65	String 12.17 Av. 3.04
No 4	2 5-16×4 1-16	9.39	5 5-16×8 3-16	43.49	String 14.50 Av. 3.62
Merrill M.L.	2 5-16×1	2.31	4 3-16×2 15-16	12.31	String 8.48 Av. 1.70

The trajectory made by the 125-270gr. cartridge from the Bland rifle (6.39in. rise at 100yds., equal to about 6.50in. at the highest point, 111.5yds. from the firing point) is remarkably flat under the atmospheric conditions in which it was fired (weight of cubic foot of air, 539.5grs.).

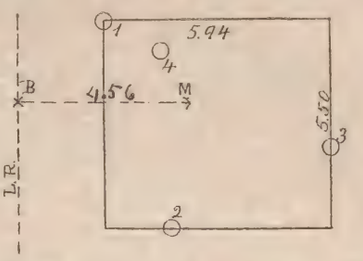
Trial No. 3 (as above).—Third group is 5.23sq.in. on the screen at 100yds; P.'s express hunting bullet, 270grs. with 125grs. powder; ratio 1 to 2.16. B is a 1in. bullseye, and the supposed point blank aimed at. M, Mean, is 1.05 right of B. L R. line of range. Had the rifle pointed at 1.05in. more to the left, the same cluster would have been around B. All of the three trials were made in a 10-mile wind.



The mean height of trajectory is 6.39in. above its base. The group is 5.23sq. in. Scale here given is ¼ size.

The diameter of a circle, including the outer centers of shots is 2.76, or 2¾in.

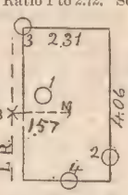
Next comes its mate, the target group at 200yds. The explanation for B M and L R need not be repeated. The scale of diagram is ¼ size.



The mean of this cluster is 4.56 right; the diameter of a circle including the group, is 7in; the group is 32.65sq.in. Compare the regularity of the relative positions of the shots on the screen and target—no gyration motion to the bullets is shown.

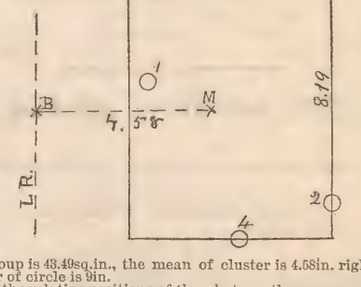
The highest recorded velocity from an express rifle is that of a 26in. barrel, express rifle, by Tolley, loaded with 150¼grs. C. & H. No. 6 powder and a 274gr. express bullet, which, by the calculations of Major McClintock, gave a rise at the highest point of the 150yds. range of 3.41in. The same calculations extended gives a rise for the 200yds. range of 6.80in. With 25grs. less of the same powder and substantially the same bullet, this 28in. barrel express (Bland) gives nearly ½in. less rise for the 200yds. range. The same rifle with a 125-340gr. cartridge gave a rise of 7.125in. at 100yds., say 7.25in. for the highest point of the 200yds. range.

Trial No. 4 (as above).—Fourth group is 9.30 sq. in. on the screen at 100yds., using P.'s other heavier express hunting bullet, 340grs., powder the same. 125grs. Ratio 1 to 2.72. Scale of diagram ¼ size.



The mean height of the trajectory is 7.12in. above its base, group is 9.30sq. in., diameter of circle is 4.20in., M is 1.57 right.

Next comes its mate, the target. Scale of diagram ¼ size.



The group is 43.49sq.in., the mean of cluster is 4.58in. right, the diameter of circle is 9in.

Notice the relative positions of the shots on the screen and target; they are very regularly placed.

And would any of the mass of the weak-shooting breechloaders tested at the FOREST AND STREAM trial have equalled in screen and target accuracy (clusters) either of trials 3 and 4 above? I mean, provided their pointing (or aim) had been constant as mine was. In windy weather a heavy powder charge is necessary for accuracy.

The highest recorded velocity for an American express rifle is that made by a 114-270 express cartridge from a .45cal. 32in. barrel as tested by Captain Michaelis for the writer and published in a previous paper, 1,904ft. per second (average of 8 shots). A 114-340-grain cartridge tested at the same time gave a mean velocity of 1,804.5ft. per second, average of 8 shots. The first cartridge, under the atmospheric conditions represented by 509.4grs. per cubic foot of air, would give a rise at the highest point of 200yds. range of 6.99in. The second cartridge, with atmospheric conditions of 507.4grs. per cubic foot of air, gave a rise at the highest point of 7.58in. From experiments with as much as 120grs. of powder, I think this about the best results to be gotten from this rifle near sea level with the straight 2⅛ or 2¼in. shell, the shell being long and of only .50in. diameter at the base, the powder is not so thoroughly utilized. The Bland rifle, with its 2¾in. bottle neck shell of .575in. diameter at base, uses 11grs. more powder more economically, for it develops so much more velocity that, with the 270grs. bullet it gives a less rise for the 200yds. range by a half inch (.49), and with the 340grs. bullet .35in. less, nearly ¾in. This comparison about agrees with my estimate of the advantage gained in power by a rifle using the compact 2¾in. bottle-neck shell for the same rifle. Anywhere around the foothills of the Rockies a rifle of 32in. barrel chambered for the shell with 125-270grs. charge, should make as low as about 6in. trajectory for 200yds., and with 125-340grs. charge as low as 6.5in. trajectory (say with 9lb. rifle), and the recoil will not be especially noticeable when shooting at game.

I believe the writer first suggested the lengthening out of the 2⅛in. straight shell so as to afford more room for a wholesome express charge, but immediately afterward altered his opinion on finding, by experiment, that even the 2⅛in. shell did not economically burn its powder, and mere lengthening the shell without increasing its base, would increase the evil. Since then I have suggested the English bottle-neck 2¾in. shell as, by its increased diameter and increased length, at the same time larger capacity, it seemed to have all the requirements the straight shell lacked. In 1878 I became familiar with this shell, as my hunting companion of that season used a double express London rifle chambered for that shell, which seemed to give the best satisfaction for a shell of that capacity. The experiment with the Bland rifle with a 28in. barrel shows the superior power of the bottle-neck over the straight shell, as was to have been expected.

A correspondent of mine, an officer of the Seventh Cavalry, however, has a .45cal. Sharps, chambered for the 3¼in. straight shell, which he has used for several years on big game and is wonderfully pleased with it. He used 125grs. of powder and a patched express bullet a little heavier than my 340gr. bullet (the moulds made from the same cherry), but he thinks the trajectory of his bullet is no better than the report given of my 114-340gr. cartridge.

As the Winchester R. A. Co. have put upon the market an express cartridge, using this 3¼in. shell with 125grs. powder and a 300gr. naked express bullet, for use in their single shot rifle, it is

hoped that riflemen interested will soon be furnished with an authoritative statement of what muzzle velocity is developed by it as well as its trajectory up to 200yds., and a test for accuracy to that distance. A rifle with that charge, if not accurate for that hunting range, fails in one of the principal requirements of an express rifle. Using a naked bullet will, I think, be found a mistake, but that can easily be corrected. As the patched bullet has been, by the experience of experts, found so much superior in accuracy where one-fifth powder is used, there is so much more reason for the use of this bullet where greater charges are used and the elements of air resistance to its flight are so much magnified.

As the writer gets such fine results from the 2⅞in. straight shell, is as evident not only from his (our) report, but from the experiment by Captain Michaelis, showing a muzzle velocity of 1,961ft. per second, and such extremely good accuracy from the bullets, as is evident from the experiment of Mr. Romer and Major Merrill, above given (all confirmatory of his own report), it may be very pertinently asked, what better shell does he want? The reason has been given in a previous paper, and is repeated with care, by means of a 5ft. loading tube 110 to 115grs. of C. & H. No. 6 powder (according to its facility for packing), can be gotten into this 2⅞in. shell, and with a greased jute wad, such as is used of 3-32in. thickness, over powder, there is then ⅛in. left for seating the patched bullet, which is ample in my experience. This thin jute wad has been found the best lubricant and is admirably adapted for this shell.

It is evidently desirable, however, to have a shell which is easily loaded with the amount of powder considered sufficient and into which 10 or 15 more grains can be packed with a little more care. Nor do you wish to be restricted to this thin lubricant wad if anything better is brought out, especially as this wad has to be imported. But it may be truly said the lengthening of the shell to 3¼in. will obviate most of these objections. But this is coupled with the additional objection that the loaded cartridge will also be lengthed, properly loaded to 4 and 4¼in. The 2¼in. shell is already too long, if it can be obviated 3¼ to 4in. according to the length of bullet loaded; whereas the 2¼in. bottle-neck shell, the more powerful and more compact, with the same bullets and loaded in the same manner need not be more than 3¼ to 3¾in. long. It is unnecessary to say how much more desirable the latter cartridge is for field use than either of the others. The objection of some that this is an English shell is unworthy of consideration, each nation being constantly in the habit of appropriating each other's ideas. This very shell, the solid-drawn shell, is an American invention, and is now used exclusively for sporting and target rifles in Great Britain. What the American sportsman wants is the best designed rifle that can be had regardless of nationality. They can be built cheaper in this country and there is no desire to import them. A single-barrel rifle is all that is desired for our most dangerous game.

Though this paper is already too much lengthened, it is, nevertheless, desired to call attention to the fine results obtained from the "machine rest" invented by Mr. Romer, for steadiness and accuracy. It is to be hoped he will patent it, for such a machine adjustable for arms, giving varying recoil, should be very valuable for testing rifles. As it is, the test of target accuracy of rifles is now dependent more upon the shooter than any other factor. P.

POSSIBILITIES.

We might have all been heathen,
Bowed down to wood and stone;
We might have all been hermit crabs,
And each one lived alone;
We might have all been little deer,
Or moose, or caribou;
We might have been a nest of owls
And sung too-hoo! too-hoo!
I might have been a crocodile,
And Tom an alligator,
Ben and sister monkeys,
Way down by the equator.
I might have been an elephant,
With my bandbox and my trunk;
Sis and Tom been bullfrogs,
And go curchunk! curchunk!
Mamma calls us little geese,
As we play with Pap's old cartridges;
But papa says, we're nothing but
A brood of little partridges.

DEDHAM, Mass. EUJEAN PARTRIDGE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TROUT SEASON OPENINGS.

Trout season opens in—

California	April 1.	New York	April 1.
Colorado	July 1.	In Forest Preserve	May 1.
Connecticut	April 1.	Ontario	May 1.
Massachusetts	April 1.	Pennsylvania	April 15.
New Hampshire	May 1.	Rhode Island	March 1.
New Jersey	March 1.	Vermont	May 1.

FARMER BROWN'S TROUT.

IT is not Farmer's Brown's trout any longer. He owned it once, or rather owned the piece of meadow land through which the mountain stream, after dutifully cooling the farmer's milk crocks, curved and twisted until just at the edge of the woods it poured over a jagged shelf of rocks, buried itself in a deep pool, and pouring out again more turbulent than ever, under the broad shadow of the woods, it babbled musically over glittering gravel and moss-covered stones, until it mingled its clear waters with the Susquehanna, half a mile away.

In the broad deep pool lived Farmer Brown's trout. It had been there a long while. The spring freshets pouring down from the mountain and crashing with their burden of ice through the meadow never drove it away. In some deep recess, perhaps under the bank, it slumbered through the winter, and with the arbutus and the violets came the old trout, its gold and crimson spots brighter than ever, and its appetite sharpened to a keen edge after its long fast; and stray insects that, braving the perils of a spring frost, floated over the pool in the dewy April mornings, were ruthlessly gobbled up.

Farmer Brown held that trout in the highest veneration. No cruel hook had ever been thrown into the pool, and dire indeed would be the fate of any luckless youth who meditated harm to the sacred fish. At times it would float idly upon the surface, waving its tail with an indolent and graceful motion that seemed to say, "As long as I am here your crops shall flourish. Prosperity and plenty shall be yours." Certain it was that Farmer Brown's grain was the best for miles around, and his corn and melons could not be equaled. All this the farmer attributed to the trout. True, his neighbors laughed at that. His land was well watered and very fertile they said, no wonder his crops were good. But then these remarks were prompted by envy. His neighbors were not blessed with a good genius in the shape of a trout.

So the years passed on, and the trout grew larger and larger. No wonder it thrived. It led an innocent unsophisticated life, shut in from the temptations and perils which assailed other fish, and with a confidence born of security it navigated the narrow boundaries of its pool.

Once it disappeared for a while, and during its absence a thunderstorm overthrew half an acre of the farmer's best wheat, and a fox killed half a dozen of his chickens. But at the expiration of a week it returned and darted round in sportive glee to express its delight at getting home again, and ever after it appeared to be a little more cautious and spent most of the time sulking in a deep corner of the pool under the twisted roots of an old buttonwood tree.

One morning the farmer's watchful eyes discovered a figure creeping along the edge of the pool. When he and his trusty bull pup arrived on the scene the spot was deserted and the trout was serenely swimming around. But footsteps in the moist earth and part of a line with hook attached dangling from a dead limb of the tree told only too plain a tale. Farmer Brown's wrath knew no bounds. He vowed that such another sacrilege should cost the offender dear, and procuring a number of steel traps he placed them around the pool, and even kept the bull pup on half rations for a week. Nor even when an inquisitive young calf wandered into one of the traps and broke its leg did his vigilance abate. He even cut down an aged walnut tree in order to obtain a clear view of the pool from the house, and kept a gun loaded with rock salt constantly in readiness behind the door.

We were canoeing down the North Branch, and the cool and shady grove of oak and hickory through which farmer Brown's trout stream ran into the river, was so inviting that we struck camp, ran up our tent and prepared for a couple of days of quiet enjoyment. Canoeing is fascinating sport, but steady paddling day after day in the hot sun makes a short stop very refreshing indeed, and especially amid the beautiful scenery which makes Wyoming county so justly celebrated. We pitched our tent on a grassy knoll slightly above the river, lit a fire and prepared supper. The yellow perch were browned on both sides and the coffee was boiling over, but with a too fastidious taste for canoeists we desired cream in our coffee. Leaving Forster in charge of camp, Morton and I seized a tin pail and started off in search of a farm house. No dwelling was in sight. Instinctively we followed the brook up through the woods, and soon came to the open meadow, and just across the field lay the farm house, its old-fashioned windows gleaming blood red in the rays of the setting sun. Morton leaped over the fence, sprang forward and stepped into a steel trap, which closed on his ankle with a sharp click. Fortunately he wore rubber boots and the sharp fangs did not penetrate the flesh. The trap was securely fastened to a heavy stake driven into the earth, and clung to his ankle with a death-like grip. With united strength we were endeavoring to wrench the jaws apart, when the barking of a dog attracted attention, and looking up we saw two men and a savage dog bearing rapidly down upon us across the field. Escape was impossible and we passively submitted to be collared and led up toward the farmhouse, while the dog guarded the rear, diverting himself with occasional vicious snaps at my legs. Explanations were demanded, and as the presence of our tin pail showed that we had entertained no designs upon the trout, we were finally dismissed with a quart of milk and a strict injunction to trespass no more. Not a word was said about the trout; Farmer Brown was too shrewd for that, and we attributed such unusual precautions to a crusty nature and general dislike for trespassers. But the next day a rustic visitor at camp enlightened us. We heard all about Farmer Brown's big trout, and I regret to say that regardless of the farmer's feelings, we secretly resolved to capture that fish. We proceeded with great caution. A reconnoitering expedition was made up through the woods to the pool, and screened from view by the trees which fringed the edge, we saw the fish moving around in the clear, deep water. It was a beauty, and with no premonition of fate it fearlessly sported in front of our admiring eyes. We hastily made a survey. From the edge of the woods a line could be thrown into the pool, and at the same time we would be pretty well screened from view.

We made our way undiscovered back to camp, and before turning in selected from our scanty supply a couple of gaudy flies. Our sleep that night was disturbed by troubled visions, in which Farmer Brown and his bull pup occupied a prominent place. At daybreak we were up, and before the sun had peeped over the top of the mountain Morton and I were at the pool.

Thin banks of mist floated over the water, and the hazy atmosphere rendered the farmhouse an indistinct mass in the distance. The water, unlit by the rays of the sun was dark and cloudy and smooth as a sheet of glass. With trembling fingers I adjusted a fly, and avoiding the trees as much as possible, I cast it out on the pool and drew it toward me over the surface. A second time I made a cast and then a third. Still a failure. At the fourth cast the fly dropped just at the foot of the buttonwood tree, and as it skimmed over the water, there was a swirl and a splash, and my reel spun out with a merry click which tingled every nerve in my body. The trout was hooked and hooked firmly. Instantly it darted toward the tree, but sheering off dashed up the pool and was stopped short by the ledge of rocks. Then back again so rapidly that my line slacked in coils and as suddenly became taut as the huge fish darted to the other end of the pool, making frantic plunges out of water and vainly endeavoring to rid itself of the cruel hook. Then up to the rocks again, and in the deep hollow, worn out by the down-pouring water, it sulked and refused to budge.

We had to be very cautious. If we ventured out to the very edges we ran great risk of being seen, and as the sun was now scattering the mist the farmhouse seemed alarmingly near. I began to reel in and succeeded in starting the fish again. It was a new and startling experience for it, and with undiminished energy it dashed back and forward through the pool, now diving close down to the pebbly bottom, now up to the surface, half out of water, and then off to some far corner to gain strength for another struggle for freedom. But now the strain began to tell on it. The wild darts were less frequent, and the tension on the rod lessened visibly. The struggle was drawing to a close, and none too soon, for the tinkling of cow bells, and distant voices floating toward us on the breeze warned us to depart.

I rapidly turned the reel, and drew the fish closer and closer. It struggled feebly as it drew near shore.

"Now," said Morton, "hold on," and springing to the edge he grasped the line. One sharp, quick pull and Farmer Brown's trout lay gasping for breath at our feet, its beautiful sides glittering and changing color in the rays of the sun. We seized our prize and hurried down through the woods to camp. Forster, with a far-sighted confidence in our abilities, had a roaring fire and a frying pan ready for us.

We had planned an immediate start, but the thought of fresh trout sharpened our already voracious appetites, and recklessly dismissing Farmer Brown from our minds we determined to breakfast first. With many pangs we skinned the trout—a pound and a half I should judge—and encasing it in cracker dust placed it on the fire.

The coffee was boiling and the air was odorous with fried potatoes. The trout was soon a rich brown on both sides, and eagerly gathering around our hastily improvised table—one of our canoe sails—we started in. Just then the crackling of branches startled us, and Morton in his trepidation spilled the hot coffee over his arms. Soon by the spring stood a rustic looking youth of probably twelve summers. A light switch in one hand denoted his errand. Hunting a stray cow probably. Evidently one of the young Browns. But his glances were not directed at us. At his feet lay the evidence of our guilt—the dismembered head of the trout, beautiful even in death, and the lovely mottled skin, its brightness already beginning to fade. A glance at the frying pan completed the story. He turned without a word and darted up the slope.

We stared at each other in consternation. "Hallo, Johnny, that's only a sucker," shouted Forster. I ran up the slope in time to see him vanishing among the trees. He was already beyond call. There was a nice state of affairs indeed. We would sooner have faced an earthquake than Farmer Brown's wrath. With frantic haste we pulled the tent down and threw it into one of the canoes. The table cloth, dishes and all, was bundled up and thrown into another. Blankets, pails, clothes, dishes, fishing tackle, provisions, and anything we could lay our hands on were hurriedly and promiscuously crammed into the hatches. With admirable self-possession at such a trying moment Forster seized the trout and carefully placed it in his canoe, while I took charge of the coffee and potatoes. A hasty survey showed that nothing was left behind. We lifted our heavily-ladened canoes and dropped them into the river. A sudden noise in the bushes startled Morton, and the end of the canoe he was carrying slipped to the ground with a crash that foreboded ill to our chinaware.

We grasped our paddles and rushed for the canoes. None too soon. Away up in the woods a dog was barking. Forster delayed a second, and seizing a hatchet and nail he nailed the head of the trout to a huge oak tree where it could not escape notice. He ran down the bank and sprang into his canoe. A couple of strokes and he grounded on a rock. In vain he endeavored to shove off. At last in despair he leaped into the water and dragged it off just in time. As we paddled out into the current the bull pup's melodious voice rang out on the air. He burst into view and close behind him came Farmer Brown, whip in hand, and three of his men. I will draw a veil over the scene. Suffice it to say that threats and imprecations horrible to relate greeted our ears. We were cordially invited to come in and be skinned alive, or take our pick of half a dozen other punishments equally as pleasant. We magnanimously bore it in silence and made no reply. The current carried us swiftly along, and a last backward glance revealed our pursuers running along the shore, shaking their fists in futile rage at our fast receding forms. We soon rounded a bend, and then floating side by side, we proceeded with our interrupted breakfast, and Farmer Brown's trout was soon a mere skeleton. But we felt by no means safe, and paddled with such energy that by sundown we camped within sight of the lights of Pittston, and not until another day's journey had carried us thirty miles further did we feel convinced that we were beyond the reach of Farmer Brown's vengeance. W. M. GRAYDON.

A CANADIAN CAMP TRIP.

THE long winter, with its work and worry, was at last a thing of the past, and as the weather warmed and we began to think of the heat of midsummer, we wished it might be so ordered that we might get out of the heat of the city and to some of the streams where we might not only rest, and recuperate, but where we might enjoy the pleasure of casting the tempting bait into some stream where there were fish to take it, so that we might take them. While we were thinking of it a friend wrote that a party were arranging to invade Her Majesty's dominions on an expedition of this kind. As I had never been across the border, and knew nothing of land, people, or the sport to be had, except that the latter was reported to be of the best within reach, the proposition to include me in the lucky number of those who were invited to go, just suited my mind. As there were five clubs going to the same section, we arranged to all go on the same day and train, and thus be able to get better terms for transportation. There were five clubs and we were provided with a special train of three coaches and two baggage cars, the entire train to be run from a certain city in western Pennsylvania to our destination at Severn River, Ontario. We took enough large duck tents to accommodate all the party, and one for the stores and cooks. We had provisions of all kinds enough to last all the time we expected to camp, with a stove and everything needed to insure our comfort. One of the articles will commend itself to every camper who loves comfort as well as sport; each one was provided with a folding cot. This kept us off the ground and insured a dry, warm place to sleep after a day spent in the sun or rain.

We left Pittsburgh at 10 A. M. and sped northward all that afternoon. It was after dark when we crossed the border at Niagara Falls, but as we went over the gorge through which rush the rapids below the falls, we could see the mighty torrent in all its grandeur far below us, and hear its mighty roar above that of the train. We had arranged matters by correspondence with the customs officers on both sides of the line, so that our baggage was not inspected either going or coming. We pledged our party not to violate any of the customs laws, and gave those of Ontario a list of guns, rods, tents, etc., promising not to sell or otherwise dispose of any of them. They treated us fairly, and we did the same by them. We first realized that we were on foreign soil when we entered the Northern and Northwestern station and saw the American coat of arms over the U. S. Consulate. This was in Hamilton, where we arrived about midnight. From here

our course was almost due north over this road to Severn bridge. In order to reach our destination the sooner we concluded to charter a special engine and go on rather than wait until morning and go by the regular train. But this extra expense proved a delusion. When we wakened during the night we found ourselves either side tracked or proceeding about as fast as one could walk. And when morning came and we should, according to agreement, have been at the end of our journey, we found that we would have about all we could do to get there before the regular train. And, in fact, while we were unloading our traps from the car the regular train, which we had paid $60 to beat by five hours, passed us.

Our camping place was on the point where Severn River empties into Sparrow Lake. As we had so much freight and so many passengers, we engaged a steam tug to tow part of it down the river, while the other boats were loaded with the tents and articles which would be first needed to get the camp into order, and, manned by some of the party, these went ahead. A very strong wind was blowing up the river and it took our magnificent propeller nearly all the afternoon to get us down those five miles. The steam would give out and we would lay up to the bank a while and give the thing a chance to get its breath. When we did at last get to camp we found it in order and supper ready. I need not tell any one who has ever camped out that we had been ready for it long before it was ready for us. It was a beautiful place to camp. In our front was the river, and those who desired to do so could catch fish while in camp. About a hundred yards below was the shore of the lake, and where the river emptied into the lake was the best place to fish for bass which we found during our stay in camp.

We camped here two weeks and it rained ten days out of the fourteen. It was not a dry nor a warm rain either, but one of the wettest and most disagreeable I ever saw. This did not interfere at all with the fishing. When any one wanted to go he would don his waterproof coat and boots, and sail away as if the sun were shining. The fishing was of the finest. We have tried it elsewhere since, but never had such good luck as at this place. The only fish we wanted to catch were bass and muscalonge, but the salmon and other kinds would persist in wanting to be caught, and so we had to take them in out of the wet to satisfy them. The largest bass caught by any one of the party weighed 4¾lbs., and measured 20in. in length, 6 in breadth and 2in. in thickness. The largest muscalonge weighed 9lbs. It is enough now to give one the fidgets to remember the royal beauty of a string of eight or ten of these when first brought out of the boat and laid on the grass. Of bass, muscalonge and salmon (what they called pickerel), we made a record of 315, weighing 625lbs. As it is said that fishermen will sometimes tell fish stories, we had a rule that no one should get credit for a fish nor claim having caught one who did not have it weighed by the secretary and a record of the facts made by him. What is here written is from this record.

The first time we noticed any of the parasites on any of the fish was when we caught an 8lb. catfish on a spoon when trolling. The roof of his mouth was nearly covered with what we called leeches. They were about half an inch in length and had such a hold that they could not be removed without killing them. After this we found them in the mouths of all the varieties of fish we caught, but especially in the salmon. Persons who had fished in these waters the year before told us that when they were there the bass had so many worms in the flesh of the back that they were so stupid as to destroy the sport of catching them, and that they were of course unfit to eat. When we were there we examined them and all other kinds, but so far as the flesh was concerned they were in good health. It was a mystery to us how they could live with these leeches sucking their blood, especially when they were located in such a tender and vital place as the roof of the mouth. Sometimes we thought that those which were the most infested by them were more sluggish and made less fight than those which were not, but we were never sure that it was not all in our own imagination. The reason for this condition of the fishes of these waters we concluded was the fact that the water was not swift enough, and that the bottom was nearly always covered with water grasses, fish weed and other growths. Whatever the cause it was there as I had never seen it elsewhere. HOMERUS.

BLAIRSVILLE, Pa.

THE NEW YORK TROUT SEASON.

TO-MORROW the trouting season opens in the State of New York in all parts south of the Adirondack region, and the weather gives very poor promise of sport. The spring has been unusually backward even on Long Island, where the sea breezes temper the rigors of winter whenever there is an intermission of the northerly blasts. The consequence is that anglers in the vicinity of New York city have shivered at the thought of wetting their lines on the opening day, and the prospect is that but few of them will do so. Old residents of Long Island declare that they scarcely remember so cold and backward a spring. The bluebirds and robins usually appear on the island about March 1, but it is not more than two weeks since they came, and they are not numerous yet. As we write a cold northwest wind is blowing and ice is forming on small pools where the water is not flowing.

Accounts from other portions of the State show about the same state of affairs. The Hudson River is still frozen over above Poughkeepsie, and many of the streams in the central and western portions of the State are closed with ice. During the past week we have seen many of the streams of Long Island which are all open and have been so almost all winter, but the trout have not been rising as they usually do in March. Notwithstanding this we know of several anglers who will face the weather and try their skill, no matter what wind may blow. The South Side Club will have their opening day, fishing or no fishing, and there is every prospect that the warm stoves of the club house will be as attractive as the ponds and streams.

There will be no exhibition of trout from all portions of the country in Fulton Market, as has been the custom, but the slabs will be well supplied with frozen Canada trout and fresh trout, the latter mainly from private ponds, and possibly some live specimens from the same source. The South Side Club sometimes has as many as a thousand pounds for sale on the opening day, this being their surplus stock not needed for turning into the fishing ponds where the catch of members is limited to twelve fish per day, each. Many of the best trout waters of Long Island are passing into the hands of clubs. The Oxford Club, of Brooklyn, a well-known social club, has just obtained the large pond and some miles of stream at Patchogue, and formed a branch to be known as the Oxford Rod and Gun Club. They will stock the waters and will have one of the best preserves on the island in a few years. We visited their grounds this week and were surprised to find them so extensive and such splendid streams.

On the north shore the prospect for early trouting is not as good as on the south side of the island. Members of the Brooklyn Rod and Gun Club report that few will try the fishing at their ponds near Smithtown, and that so far but few fish have been seen to rise in the Nissequogue River. Northward, in Sullivan and Ulster counties, there will be no good fishing for some weeks.

REELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has now been some time since the subject of reels has been discussed through the columns of your valued paper, and as the reel is a very important factor of the average angler's kit, I would be glad to see an expression from some of your readers who have given the matter attention.

Among other mysteries to a novice, it has always been a query to me why the manufacturers of modern reels persist in placing the click attachment on the right, or handle side of a reel. It certainly cannot be for convenience sake, as your reel when in action must invariably be stopped at the moment of applying it, and at the imminent peril of your rod. Nor can it be said—comparatively speaking—to improve the model, for the gracefulness of outline secured would be too insignificant to be worthy of mention. What then? Some one will likely suggest that the machinery of a reel requires the placing of the click on that side, but from my own limited knowledge of mechanism and that of more practical persons, I am convinced that such is not the case, and it could be made work equally well on either side. I now have before me the cut of a reel claiming to be "Patent Perfection," that "can be changed in a second from a free running multiplying to a click multiplying, or vice versa," yet let this same reel be attached to the business end of a fish, and you would have to first bring it to a dead stop like any other reels, and then go through the exhilarating pastime of searching over its surface for a needle pointed index by which to change the gearing. This seems a long way from "perfection" of the "patent" type, or otherwise. This, however, is considered one of the standard and most popular reels now extant, and consequently was chosen as a representative of the prevailing style. Of course in reels with the automatic click, viz., those which cannot be adjusted from the outside, this difficulty is obviated, and until those with the attachment are considerably improved, in way of keeping it independent of the handle, where it can be operated at pleasure with the free hand, I shall deem them the best. I understand there are now a few reels on the market with an adjustable click on the left side, but have not as yet seen one, nor have any of the angling friends of my acquaintance. Is there such a reel actually existing? Let us hear from others regarding this. JO.

WELLSVILLE, Ohio, March 18.

[Combination reels are a necessity to those who own but one reel and wish to use it for all purposes; and, like all combination tools, has its disadvantages. As we understand it the gearing is adjusted to click, drag, or free running before the fishing begins, and unless for purposes of casting it is left so. Or, if the cast is made from the free adjustment the drag is put on before a fish strikes. When the click is used it is left on all the time. If the angler can afford it several reels should be owned if he wishes for more than one kind of fish which requires a change.]

BANGOR SALMON FISHING.

THIS from to-day's *Commercial* speaks well for Fish and Game Warden Allen's public spirit: "The development of Bangor's salmon fishing during the past two years is phenomenal and greatly surprising to even the leading sportsmen who have taken a deep interest in the matter from the start. We now have within the city limits the greatest fishing grounds in the country—a place where the king of fish rises quickly to the fly, and where any sportsman can enjoy a tussle with the shining beauties. Thus far it has been a source of considerable revenue for Bangor, and promises during the next few years to bring thousands of dollars into the Queen City, which will be distributed in those places where it will be of the most benefit. The fishing this year was threatened in two directions. First, out-of-town parties proposed to lease the grounds and charge such sums for their use as would prevent fishermen from away, who do not care to encourage a monopoly, from coming here. Then parties proposed to hang booms along the shore and this would stop it. Officer Allen, who has been one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen visiting this place, recognized this fact, and to prevent it secured a lease for ten years of the shore, the whole length of the fishing ground, at a nominal sum. It comprises a part of two farms belonging to Messrs. C. A. and Herbert E. Nealley, and the land lease extends from low water mark to a line parallel with the river and twenty rods from high water mark, thus giving plenty of room for the requirements of the place. Mr. Allen, in conversation with a *Commercial* reporter, says that he did not do this as a speculation, but merely to protect the grounds, which were to afford so much pleasure to the Bangor fishermen and their visitors and to prove such a source of permanent income to the city. Mr. Allen only wants to get his money back. He has been offered $500 for his lease, but would not take it, as he believed the parties making the offer did it to speculate, and this would immediately kill the summer tourist business as far as Bangor was concerned. But the best move in connection with the matter is now being made by Mr. Allen. Visitors here have complained that at the fishing grounds there was no place to leave articles, not needed at the river, where they would be safe. Mr. Allen is forming a club to be known as the "Penobscot River Salmon Club," and the membership fee in which is to be $10. The organization will be completed and will erect a fine club house on a knoll overlooking the river and close by the shore. Here there will be private closets for each member in which clothing and fishing gear can be kept. The whole house will be fitted up with an idea to convenience and comfort. A piazza will extend around it from which ladies or visitors can watch every movement of the fishermen, and without a glass, the house being so near the river. Sheds for horses are to be built on a level spot on the land which Mr. Allen has leased. Operations will commence on the house so that it will be finished by the middle of May, when the fishing season commences. Everything possible will be done by the club to perfect the accommodations at the grounds and our sportsmen should certainly feel under obligations to Mr. Allen for his efforts in the matter. A fine list of members has already been secured, headed by Mr. F. W. Ayer, Bangor's leading devotee of the fly-rod." FLY.

BANGOR, Me., March 23.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TROUT.—Grant Co., N. M., March 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The black-spotted trout, *Salmo purpuratus*, is a native of most waters in the Rocky Mountain region of New Mexico, and visitors to Lake Tahoe, Cal., may recollect the magnificent fish caught there and shipped to San Francisco, where they are deservedly considered a great delicacy. They reach a weight of about 30lbs. under the most favorable circumstances, and are much more valuable for introduction into eastern waters than the rainbow trout. It is stated that they feed on any living thing they find near them. If this be true, the feeding would be difficult as well as expensive. But I have ample evidence from my own experience that the trout in question feeds on any vegetable matter, such as cooked potatoes, beans, rice, bread, etc., and rises as readily to a crumb of bread as it does to a fly. I have on my ranch a pond about 300ft. long, 80ft. wide and 7ft. deep, which I have stocked with specimens of *Salmo purpuratus*, caught in Sapio Creek, to the number of about 1,500. They are not fed regularly, but nevertheless have greatly increased in size, the largest being now after two years, about 3lbs. They are so easily kept and such a fine flavored fish, with very few bones, that it is really a wonder that they are not introduced into eastern waters more rapidly, especially since they will stand a much higher temperature of water than the rainbow trout, and are certainly not inferior in flavor. I am not alone in this statement, as anybody can ascertain by consulting Goode's "Fish and Fisheries," Sec. 1, published by U. S. Fish Commission, pp. 475f., although the author is in error in saying that these fish will feed only on living animals.—S. S. BRANNIN.

TRACADIE TROUT.—Fredericton, N. B., March 25.—As the salmon and trout rivers of this province are to be put up for competition at public auction on the 30th, and the beautiful Tracadie is among those offered, a short account of a trip I made to it in 1881 may be of interest to some of your readers. Leaving Bathurst on July 20, we drove sixteen miles, we reached the river by night and camped at the upper forks, and put in a very unpleasant night. Next day sent the horses back. Heavy rain set in and lasted until the 24th, keeping us prisoners in camp. At last the sun showed itself, and although the river was very high I commenced operations, using a small-sized salmon fly, bronze pigs wool, topping for tail mallard wings, gold twist, red cock's hackle. The river was falling rapidly, and toward evening we camped, having dropped slowly down stream all day. My basket had nine trout, biggest 2lbs. 4oz. Next day I set to work with a will; total by evening 62 trout weighing 70lbs.; biggest fish 3lbs. 8 oz. On the 26th I had same number of fish, gross weight 86lbs. 8oz.: biggest 4lb. 4oz. The next morning I caught 15 fish weighing 21lbs. 12 oz., and then gave up, as we had a half tub of salted trout and no more salt. Flies for Tracadie should be large, with orange or lemon bodies, mallard wings and plenty of tinsel. I caught some of the heaviest on phantom minnows. We saw no sight of salmon.—CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

A SHOAL OF INFANT BASS.—Some years ago, while fishing in the Chiniere, a stream running through a swamp in Louisiana, in crossing a little stream two or three feet wide and a few inches deep, which was brawling along among twisted roots and driftwood, my attention was arrested by what was, to me, a novel and very interesting sight. There was a tiny waterfall, about 12in. high, formed by the little stream falling over a large root or half-buried log. Here I discovered at the foot of the fall, an accumulation of something like half a peck of little black bass, one to two inches in length. They were crowding upon one another, and by a snap-like motion jumping up over the little cataract one or two per second. After watching them for quite a while, I made an effort to capture some of them to serve as bait for their parents in the stream a little way off, but only succeeded in getting two or three, which were too small for my purpose, the little army dispersing into a pool below.—COAHOMA.

ALBANY FLY-CASTERS' ASSOCIATION.—Albany, N. Y., March 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Albany Fly-Casters' Association was organized yesterday. The tournament held last fall has been the means of creating great enthusiasm among fishermen here, and the desire to organize just such an association has been earnest and strong. Our object is to improve our members in the science of fly-casting and to hold an annual tournament "to compare excellence in the use of rod and reel." We hope to have the good will of FOREST AND STREAM. The officers elected yesterday were: President, W. W. Hill; first Vice-President, D. H. Fonda; second Vice-President, Dr. Herman Bendell; Secretary and Treasurer, Walter D. Frothingham. Executive Committee, Thomas W. Olcott, Lansing Hotaling, Fred K. Wood, W. G. Paddock, B. F. Reese.—WALTER D. FROTHINGHAM (69 State street, Albany, N. Y.).

TROUT IN THE HACKENSACK.—A few days ago Mr. Clarence Haines, of Jersey City Heights, was netting shrimps in a small brook fed by a spring from Glendale woods, which empties into the Hackensack River within 200ft. of the west side race track, when he scooped up a trout of 10in. in length weighing nearly half a pound. Our informant was not aware that brook trout often run down into salt water, but this is the case in Long Island and other parts, where they are not prevented from doing so by the warm waters of large streams.

SAUGERTIES FISH AND GAME CLUB.—This club, of Saugerties, N. Y., has elected the following officers: President, T. B. Keeney; Vice-President, John Seamon; Secretary and Treasurer, J. P. Russell. The club proposes to stock the Esopus Creek and other waters, and to secure vigorous enforcement of the laws.

THE FIRST SHAD FROM THE HUDSON.—The cold spring has delayed the shad season in the Hudson. The first fish is usually looked for about the middle of March, but on Monday, March 28, it was taken in a fyke-net at South Beach, Staten Island, by Benj. Sharrott.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE MINNESOTA COMMISSION.

WE HAVE the report of the Fish Commissioners of Minnesota for the two years from July 31, 1884 to July 31, 1886. In 1884 the work was largely with the lake trout and whitefish. With the latter, with what were received from the United States Fish Commission, there were over 20,000,000, which exceeded the capacity of the hatchery, and therefore, one-half of these were planted in Lake Superior when the embryo was well developed in the egg. Later on the remainder were hatched and planted near Duluth. During the same year there were planted in the inland lakes and waters of the State 625,000 wall-eyed pike, 8,000 California mountain trout, 50,000 landlocked salmon, 39,000 black bass, 289,000 brook trout, 261,000 lake trout and 3,105 German carp. In all over 11,000,000 fish for the eighteen months ending Dec. 31, 1885. In 1886 the plant reached 12,692,550.

A very creditable collection of fishes, native of the State, was made for the World's Exhibition in New Orleans. The taxidermic processes of this collection were managed by Messrs. L. B. Wyant & Son, while the coloring of the specimens was done by Commissioner R. O. Sweeny. After its return the collection will be placed in the State hatchery.

The increasing demand for more fish compelled an addition of hatching capacity, and during the past summer an addition to the building, 20x40ft., has been made, which doubles the capacity of the former hatchery. Much annoyance has been felt from lawless men working in a gravel pit, whose meddlesome presence and thieving compelled the building of a high board fence, topped with barbed wire, and heavy gates like a fortress, and even then the garrison had to be reinforced by a special policeman and a corps of bulldogs to keep out these persistent marauders and free-booters.

The new United States hatchery at Duluth is described at length, with seven full page illustrations of sections and elevations, as well as floor plans. This is followed by some extracts from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission, one on the "Preservation of Fresh Fish," by Prof. J. Cassar Ewart, and another on "Preserving Fish in Scotland by the Roosen Process," by Oscar Malmros. Tables of the distribution of the fish, and of the expenditures of the Commission complete the report.

THE WISCONSIN COMMISSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By the Commissioners of the State of Wisconsin up to the 26th of March, there have been distributed 2,750,000 brook trout fry to 194 applicants. When our season is over we expect this number to be increased to considerably more than 3,000,000, and the number of applicants to some 225. There have been distributed, also, some 425,000 lake trout, and there are about the same number still at the hatchery at Madison. At present there are in our hatching troughs about 500,000 of mountain trout eggs and fry, and when the season closes our output will be nearly one million. At the Milwaukee branch hatchery there are some 50,000,000 whitefish eggs in the process of hatching, and it is intended, when the proper season arrives, to fill that hatchery with wall-eyed pike eggs. There is a very large demand for these pike, and though during 1885 and 1886 there were 18,000,000 distributed, we have applications on file now for more than double that number.

There are four hundred applications on file for brook trout for this season, representing more than 7,000,000 fry. In consequence we have been obliged to reduce the allowance for each applicant very considerably, and even then we will be unable to fill more than one-half of the applications. From the fact that numerous boards of supervisors, through their chairmen, are applying for these fry for the various streams within their jurisdiction, it can be seen that the general public of the State are taking a deep interest in the stocking of their streams.

There have been two important bills in connection with our fishery interests introduced before the present session of the Wisconsin Legislature, and though not yet become law there is no doubt of their going through all right, both of them having passed through the Senate. The old laws are remodeled and condensed and the waters of the State are divided into two classes. The Great Lakes and their bays, and the inland waters. The bill in connection with the Great Lakes prohibits any person from catching, buying, selling or having in their posession any whitefish of less weight than 1½lbs. round or 1lb. dressed. It also divides the coasts into four districts and appoints a warden for each district, and these wardens are to devote their whole time in seeing that the provisions of the bill are carried out. During the last few years there has been an enormous slaughter of young whitefish from ¼ to 1½bs. in weight, and I think this bill will have the desired effect. The fishermen themselves are strongly in favor of it and evidently see that it is to their interest to allow the fish to reach an age at which they are of some commercial value and also reproducers of their kind.

The bill in reference to the inland waters appoints a close season for each of our better class of fish, prohibits spearing except in Lake Winnebago for sturgeon and in the Mississippi and allows no nets except dip-nets from Nov. 25 to Dec. 15. No brook trout will be allowed to be shipped out of the State and no person will be allowed to catch or have in their posssession trout (brook or mountain) of less than 6in. in length.

As an evidence of the general popularity of the Board of Commissioners and the good results of their past labors, the present Legislature unanimously passed an appropriation of $12,000 per year for the next two years. The vacancy caused by the death of the late J. V. Jones, of Oshkosh, was filled by the appointment of the Hon. E. S. Minor, of Sturgeon Bay, who, from the fact of his having been a practical fisherman and living on Lake Michigan for the past thirty years, will prove of great assistance in the considerations of the board. JAS. NEVIN, Supt. Fish Com.

MADISON, March, 1887.

THE GRAMPUS.—The United States Fish Commission schooner Grampus, whose lines and plans we recently published, will soon go on a cruise from Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod. The object of this cruise will be observation, research and collecting. The schooner is now fitting out with all the necessities for the trip, and will be commanded by Capt. Henry Collins, brother of the former commander and designer of the vessel.

SHORT LOBSTERS.—Boston, Mass., March 24.—Deputy Fish Commissioner F. R. Shattuck made complaint against Chas. L. Barnes, 194 Lincoln street, for having in his possession the tails of lobsters which the Government said belonged to those of less than 10½in. in length. These tails were pickled, and the evidence showed had been purchased in Maine in that condition, there being no law in Maine prohibiting the business. Expert testimony was introduced on both sides as to the probable length of the lobster when alive, judging from view of the tail out of the shell after being boiled and after being pickled. The case was tried last week before Chief Justice Parmenter, under acts of 1884, section 84, chapter 91, Public Statutes, which provides for the preservation of these crustaceans and says a penalty of $5 for each lobster less than 10¼in. found in defendant's possession. The defendant contended that the lobsters when alive were of lawful length, and that they were not taken in this commonwealth, and that our statute could not apply to dead lobsters brought from another State, because to so construe it would make it repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, which clothes Congress with exclusive powers to regulate commerce between the States. The court reserved its decision until to-day, when defendant was found guilty and sentenced to pay $100 and costs. This is the first case of the kind ever tried in this commonwealth.—HUBBARD.

CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.—Sacramento, March 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The terms of Messrs. Dibble and Buckingham, members of the State Board of Fish Commissioners, having expired, Governor Bartlett has appointed in their stead Hon. Joseph Routier, of Sacramento, and a gentleman named Harvey, of Los Angeles. Of the latter nothing is known here, but Mr. Routier is an old and respected resident of this county, and will make an excellent official. He is a Frenchman by birth, but an American in everything else. He has been Senator from this county, and is one of the leading fruit-growers of this section—an intelligent, energetic man, and one who will give the State good service.—N. E. WHITE.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

March 29 to April 1, 1887.—Inaugural Dog Show of Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R. I. N. Seabury, Secretary, Box 1333, Providence. Entries close March 15.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4827.**

INTESTINAL OBSTRUCTION IN DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read Dr. Grinnell's interesting article upon intestinal obstruction in dogs, I would like to add a word to it and relate my experience with this very fatal disorder. I have now observed several cases of it, and have had recourse to laparotomy twice for the relief of this condition, both operations being followed by good recoveries. The cases are as follows:

No. 1. A pointer bitch, two years old, showed signs of obstruction, the belly becoming tense and tympanitic, by which is meant that on percussion with the fingers it gives a hollow, drum-like sound. The animal was in considerable pain, maintained the attitude of partial flexion, was very feverish, and took no food. She had passed no fæces for over 48 hours, though calomel and jalap had been administered by her owner. I decided to perform an operation with the consent of the owner, who saw that the bitch could be saved by no other means. Ether was given, and an incision 5in. long made in the abdominal wall. The intestines were pulled out and kept warm by clothes wrung out of hot carbolized water. I speedily found a large tumor in the small intestine, and cutting over it, removed a mass nearly the size of a hen's egg, consisting of a nucleus of bone, surrounded by matted hair, whose fibers were strongly agglutinated together. The intestine was stitched up with a catgut ligature, and then the intestinal walls were strongly sutured with iron-dyed silk. Two rings were screwed into the floor, at about 2ft. distance from each other, and the animal's legs were fastened to these, she lying on her side. An eighth of a grain of morphine was injected, and the bitch made a good recovery.

The other case was nearly similar, but the impaction resulted from a piece of turkey bone which stuck crosswise in the intestine. The animal recovered soon after the operation.

In France a number of dogs are gored by wild boars every year, so that the intestines fully protrude from the abdominal walls. These are rudely stitched up by the game keepers, and a large number recover, so that the probabilities are that the operation is a procedure which gives many chances of good results in cases where death is unavoidable without it.

It is a fact, however, that some puppies may have signs of intestinal obstruction, who have in reality ulceration of the intestines. I saw such a case a couple of years ago in a beagle a few months old. There was absolute retention of faeces, no bloody passages, great fever and prostration. After death I found over a hundred small round ulcers throughout the large and small intestines.

My conclusion is that it is advisable to perform laparotomy in any case of obstruction occurring in adult dogs, if they cannot be relieved by the means set forth by Dr. Grinnell. The operation can hardly be performed by one who is not a physician, but any doctor can do it with facility.

The dressing which I used after the operation consisted of a large pad of absorbent cotton soaked in carbolized glycerine and water, covered with rubber protective, and kept on by a bandage applied pretty tightly around the body.

I should be very glad to hear something more about this very interesting subject. G. G. VAN SCHAICK, M.D.

NEW YORK.

THE BENCH SHOWS.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen will act as judges at our coming show: Mastiffs, Herbert Mead, Esq. St. Bernards, James Mortimer, Esq. English bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, bulldogs, bull-terriers, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington and Skye terriers, dachshunde, Basset hounds, Roland H. Barlow, Esq. Pointers. J. O. Donner, Esq. English setters, J. M. Tracey, Esq. Irish and black and tan setters, W. H. Pierce, Esq. Spaniels, J. H. Winslow, Esq. Fox-terriers and Irish terriers, Percy C. Reid, Esq., of England. Pugs, black and tan terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers and toy spaniels, Dr. M. H. Cryer. Deerhounds, greyhounds, poodles and Italian greyhounds, J. R. Pierson, Esq. Beagles and foxhounds, W. F. Streeter, Esq. Collies, T. H. Terry, Esq. Miscellaneous classes, Messrs. Barlow and Pierson. H. Clay Glover, V. S., will act as veterinarian.—JAMES MORTIMER, Supt.

BUFFALO.

At a meeting of the Buffalo Kennel Club held in this city March 15, the secretary was instructed to notify your paper that the dog show recently held here was not under the auspices of the Buffalo Kennel Club and was in no way connected with it. It was entirely a one-man money-making scheme of Mr. Chadyne, the owner of the building in which the show was held. This gentleman, hearing of the organization of the Buffalo Kennel Club, made use of its name; this was objected to and a committee appointed to wait on Mr. Chadyne and request him to discontinue the use of the club's title. He agreed to do so, and nothing further was noticed until the prizes were awarded, when the cards given to winners were found to read: "First Annual Bench Show of the Buffalo Kennel Club." This breach of faith should be known by all exhibitors at the late show, as the prizes they received were not given by the Buffalo Kennel Club.—THE BUFFALO KENNEL CLUB, per CHAS. B. COOK, Sec'y.

DETROIT.

We have already received over 300 applications for entry blanks which will be mailed by March 31, and the prospects are that we will have six to seven hundred dogs at our show. They come from all parts of the country, from Maine to Dakota, and from nearly all portions of the South. Our premium list will contain fully $3,000 worth of prizes, including special prizes which are so arranged that every first prize winner wins one special or more. One range valued at $50 is offered to the exhibitor making the largest number of entries. Two more $50 ranges; nine $25 silver cups, besides many cash specials and other useful articles too numerous to mention, make up the special premiums. We have secured the services of Messrs. J. M. Taylor, Cleveland, and J. F. Kirk, Toronto, as judges; and Mr. George H. Hill, Madeira, Ohio, as superintendent, which latter fact will assure all exhibitors that their dogs will be properly taken care of.—CHARLES WEIL, Secretary.

BOSTON.

The following is the official list of entries at the Boston show: 41 mastiffs, 83 St. Bernards, 13 Newfoundlands, 19 deerhounds, 16 greyhounds, 6 Chesapeake Bays, 100 pointers, 89 English setters, 81 Irish setters, 46 Gordon setters, 2 Irish water spaniels, 7 clumbers, 14 field spaniels, 55 cockers, 33 beagles, 1 basset, 9 poodles, 20 bulldogs, 32 bull-terriers, 53 fox-terriers, 5 Scotch terriers, 4 Irish terriers, 4 Dandies, 8 black and tan terriers, 15 Skye terriers, 34 Yorkshires, 42 pugs, 24 King Charles, 24 miscellaneous, 47 selling class. Total, 1,027. The above includes all the leading champions of the day.—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE.

PITTSBURGH.

New specials are $25 cash for best collection of not less than five terriers; $5 for kennel man showing largest and best-conditioned collection of English setters; $5 for best pair of Irish water spaniel bitches. The date of closing the entries has been made Monday, April 4, after which positively no entries will be received. The entries are coming in rapidly and everything indicates a fine show. L. F. WHITMAN, Supt.

PHILADELPHIA.

We have added to our list of premiums classes for Great Danes or Ulmer dogs, $10 for first and silver medal for second; bitches $10 and silver medal.—W. H. CHILD, Sec.

SHOW REPORTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read Mr. C. H. Mason's critique on the Buffalo show with much pleasure. He shows no diffidence in dealing with the faults of the dogs and in saying what they really are. To a superficial observer it would appear that the prize winners were dogs in whom most of the possible defects of the canine race were pre-eminent; but we must recall FOREST AND STREAM'S reply to an exhibitor who had been more than ordinarily ruthlessly dealt with. I cannot remember the exact words, but they were to the effect that the object of criticism was to bring out the bad points of the dogs under discussion, not the good ones. Then, after pulling the spaniel prize winners to pieces without mercy, Mr. Mason concludes by saying: "It is a pleasure to judge such a class," or words to that effect, showing that the dogs, in spite of their faults, were as a class above the ordinary run. No dog lives who is without defect. Owners look on the faults of their pets with all too lenient eyes; but a judge or reporter, happily for the success of breeding, is not blinded by his love. He will, and especially Mr. Mason, let the public know everything that is wrong, and this is as it should be. I am actually beginning to tremble when I think of the mauling Mr. Mason will most probably give my dogs in his critique on the Newark show, should they be so fortunate as to be placed. It isn't pleasant, but it's wholesome, and I trust he will continue through the season as he has begun it.—C.

CURRENT NOTES.—The Hillside Kennel has recently imported the well-known fox-terriers Richmond Dazzle and Richmond Myrtle. Each has won a large number of prizes in England and they will now try conclusions with the cracks of this country.... Baltimore will probably "wheel into line" and hold a dog show in connection with the County Fair next September, at least the members of the Baltimore Kennel Club are agitating the subject with good prospects of success.

DARKEY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My worthy friend Doctor Niven has been "smiling (?) all the afternoon" (how about the patients?) because I passed over a few of Darkey's conspicuous defects and called attention to others that had hitherto escaped the Doctor's notice. I felt sure that in adopting such a course I would not be misunderstood, but as I have been I will make my meaning clearer by adding that I have always believed the Doctor capable of distinguishing between long ears and short ones. The object of a report is to instruct.—CHARLES H. MASON.



CAMERON'S RACKET.

From the American Kennel Register, March, 1887.

CAMERON'S RACKET.

[From the American Kennel Register.]

OUR illustration this month represents the white, black and tan beagle dog Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa. He was bred by Gen. R. Rowett, well-known as a successful breeder. Racket was whelped March 4, 1881, and is by Rally (imported Sam—imported Dolly), and out of Louise (Lee—Rosey). Rosey is full sister to Rally. Racket, it will be seen, is full of the blood of the Rowett strain. He has a magnificent head, good eyes, and beautiful, well hung ears that spread over 16in. He has a grand chest, capital legs, with plenty of bone and substance throughout. He has been shown but once, at Cleveland, last year, winning first and the special prize, a silver cup, of the American-English Beagle Club, for the best dog in the open class, and was also one of the winning kennel. He is also the sire of winners, among them is Schellhass's Trailer (A.K.R. 2525).

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.

THE third dog show of the New Jersey Kennel Club was held at Newark, N. J., last week. The show in many respects was a very good one, and we regret to say that the club are out of pocket several hundred dollars. The members of the club worked hard and deserved success, but a dog show costs money, and unless the public will turn out to see the dogs, loss must be the result. As we stated last week, the benching by Spratts Patent was very attractive in appearance, but several changes are required to make the system perfect. The first thing to be attended to is the removal of the sharp points of metal that are on nearly every one of the partitions; we noticed several dogs that had been cut by them, one at least severely. Some of the exhibitors complained of the draught of air through the open partitions, and others that the dogs were more quarrelsome than under the old system; the latter did not strike us as being the case. The dogs were certainly more noisy than at any show we remember. Experience will undoubtedly suggest other changes. The feeding dishes are a great improvement, as are the metal cards to designate the prizes.

The judging in some of the classes caused considerable dissatisfaction, but as is usually the case those who had the least cause to find fault were the loudest in abusing the judge. The experienced exhibitor has become used to it and we begin to think rather likes it an account of the fun he has in showing up the errors. While deeply sympathizing with the judges and profoundly sorry to disagree with them we must nevertheless dissent from some of their decisions, our reasons for so doing will be found in our comments upon the dogs. There was considerable confusion caused by carelessness in placing the numbers on the wrong dogs, and in a number of instances the judge was obliged to go over the class a second time in order to straighten the matter out.

A special prize for the best dog in the show should never be given, as it is always very unsatisfactory; at Newark it was simply a farce. Instead of following the usual course of bringing the best of each class before the full board of judges and having the matter decided by them, all of the judges except Mr. Pentz were absent and the matter was urged upon him, and Mr. J. E. I. Grainger, who had judged none of the classes, was appointed to assist him. After boiling the matter down to two dogs, a pointer and a setter, the judges failed to agree, and Mr. Orgill, after much urging, consented to decide between them and gave his vote to the pointer. The prize is offered for the dog that comes the nearest perfection, no matter what his breed may be. Now, there were at least a dozen dogs in the show that under the conditions are better entitled to the prize than the winner; a number of them were not even taken into the ring. The list of good dogs was a long one. Commencing with the catalogue the rough-coated St. Bernard Duke of Leeds, the smooth-coated Leila, the greyhound Mother Demdike, the deerhound Chieftain, the pointer Naso of Kippen, the English setter Cora of Wetheral, the Irish setter Tim, the cocker spaniel Miss Obo II., the collie Flurry II., the beagle Cameron's Racket, the bull bitch Britomartis, and the fox-terrier Richmond Olive, are all more perfect specimens of their several breeds than is the winner of his. We have devoted space to this matter, believing that special prizes of this nature can serve no interests of the breeder or exhibitor.

Following is a list of the judges: St. Bernards, Mr. K. E. Hopf; mastiffs, Mr. Chas. E. Wallack; pointers and setters, Mr. Jacob Penz; spaniels, Mr. S. R. Hemingway; collies, Messrs. A. S. Apgar and James Mortimer; beagles and basset hounds, Mr. N. Elmore; Skye and Yorkshire terriers, toys, King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, Mr. Colin D. Anderson; remaining classes, Mr. J. F. Kirk. Veterinaries, Messrs. H. Clay Glover and W. H. Arrowsmith.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. HOPF).

The showing of St. Bernards was very fine, many of the best specimens in the country being present. Nineteen of the 57 entries were the property of the judge and were not for competition. Duke of Leeds, looking well, carried off the honors in the rough-coated champion dog class, and his kennel companion Rhona had a walk over in the bitch class. In the open dog class, the recently imported Sir Charles was placed first, with Cyrus, Bosco II. and Rene, all well known, following in the order named. We were greatly impressed with the size of Sir Charles, and at first glance thought him a very easy winner, but a close examination showed that he is not nearly so good as we thought him. His head lacks St. Bernard character, he is too narrow in chest and his forelegs are not quite straight; his body is short for so large a dog, he is light in quarters and has a bad coat. Cyrus, placed second, has greatly improved; his head and feet will never be first-class, but his body is grand. Bosco II., placed third, has a capital head and good coat, but is light in body. There was not much to choose between the three. We preferred, however, Cyrus for first, Bosco for second and Sir Charles for third. Rene, well-known, was placed fourth. In the bitch class first went to Beda, a nice-bodied bitch with a good coat and nice tail carried too high. She has a mastiff-like muzzle and is underhung, which gives her a bad expression. She also might be better in forelegs and feet. Empress, second, and St. Bride, third, might have changed places. There is not much to choose between their heads; both are faulty, but St. Bride is the better in many other respects. Jupiter of Clover Patch won first in the dog puppy class. He is fairly good with a body above the average; he is rather round in skull and lacks expression. Casius, winner of second, is too young to show; he is light of limb but may improve. Beppo, third; is too round in skull and weak in muzzle; he does not carry his ears well and is not flat enough in coat; his forelegs and feet are fairly good. There was but one entry in the bitch class, not a good one; and she was given he.

In the smooth-coated champion classes the well-known Don II. and Leila had no competitors. In the open dog class the small but typical Rigi won with ease. Second went to Eric, somewhat improved since we saw him last. Prince Eugene, winner of third, is houndy and lacks character. The bitch class was a poor one. There were but two competitors and first went to Thisbe, and third to Flora II., second being withheld. Neither is up to first-class form. Adonis, the winning dog puppy, is rather promising; he is fairly good in head and body, with legs and feet above the average. Jupiter, winner of second, also promises well. He is slightly underhung, a bit short in back and his tail is curled. Prince E., third, is good in body but too round in skull and has badly carried ears. There were no bitch puppies shown.

MASTIFFS—(MR. WALLACE).

The mastiffs were few in number and lacking in quality. There were no entries in the champion classes. Ilford Caution, looking well, outclassed the others in the open dog class. Chinalette, winner in the bitch class, is a big bitch fairly good in skull and body, her muzzle is too long and lacking in volume; she is also light in bone and might be better in feet. Wacouta Rose, winner of second, won first at Buffalo. Regulus, the winning dog puppy, has improved somewhat since last fall and bids fair to turn out a fair dog. There was nothing else in puppies worthy notice.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. KIRK).

Two Newfoundlands only were shown. Of these, Follie, not a good one, was much the best. Flora, given second, was not worth a card, she has a retriever head and a curly coat.

GREAT DANES—(MR. KIRK).

This class also had but two entries. Don Carson, winner of first, won second at Buffalo. Rex, winner of second, has a passable head, but is too small and light in bone.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Only seven greyhounds were shown in the four classes Mother Demdike, looking fairly well, was alone in the champion class. In the open dog class Pembroke, the winner, is well known. Hector, winner of second, is a big, leggy dog, too long and light in loin; vhc. would have been enough for him. Sister in Black, looking fairly well, was alone in the bitch class. St. Leger and Stormy Day, first and second in the puppy class, are promising youngsters; we preferred the latter for first place.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

Chieftain and Perth, both well known, were alone in the champion classes. In the open dog class Bras, first, should have exchanged places with Highland Laddie, winner of second. The latter is a grand dog with few faults, while Bras is faulty in shoulders and too flat in ribs. In the bitch class first went to Ramona; she well deserved the place. Only one puppy was shown, Brenda; too short in head and weak in chest to compete in good company.

POINTERS—(MR. PENTZ).

In the champion class for large dogs Robert le Diable had a walk over. He was shown too thin and was not looking nearly so well as when at the field trials last fall. Although his coat was bright and his flesh hard, he was lacking in muscle and his loin showed decidedly weak. Mealy, the only entry in the bitch class, was absent. In the open dog class Nick of Naso was properly placed first. He was in good condition and looking better than we ever saw him. Nick came to the show to defend the honor of his kennel, fearing that the other dogs might get away with Jimmie, but when Jimmie's number went up for second, Nick was ready to eat himself for having stood in the way of his redoubtable friend. Captain Fred and Tammany, respectively third and fourth, comprised all in the class worthy notice. Joe, vhc., is coarse and bad at nearly all points and should not have received notice. All of these dogs have been previously described and are well known. Tammany, although he has gone the wrong way, should have been second, with Fred third and Jimmie fourth. In the bitch class first went to Phyllis. We have seen this bitch twice before, but did not handle her. Had we done so, we should have called attention to her deformed breast bone. Had Mr. Pentz handled her as he should have done, we are sure that she would not have won. She is a good-looking animal but her deformity should have kept her out of the money. Lady Snow, placed second, was well shown, as was Temptation, third. Kate VIII., placed fourth, was much too fat, but notwithstanding her condition she should have been first. She shows more pointer character than all the others. Temptation was the next best one, with Lady Snow very near her. Bracket, looking well, was alone in the champion class for small dogs. He did not compete for the specials. The bitch class had no entries. In the open dog class Naso of Kippen made his first appearance in public and scored an easy win. We first saw him at our office last fall, and again at High Point during the field trials, and were very favorably impressed with him. A careful examination proves him to be even better than we thought him. His faults are few and not serious, his eyes are a trifle small and not quite dark enough in color; he is also a trifle throaty and a bit coarse in tail, his feet are rather larger than we like, but the pads are of good thickness and the toes are well arched. His head is good, as are his shoulders, chest, back and loin, his quarters are capital and his legs are first-class. He was clearly entitled to the special prize for the best pointer. Second went to Naso of Devonshire, rather a well made dog, with a poor head and coarse tail; he was in capital condition. Naso Boy, third, has a fair head, with good legs and feet; he has light eyes, flat loin and a long, badly carried tail. Bon Ton, well known, came fourth; except his bad head, he was better than the last two. Rip, vhc., is about the worst Rip that ever received a card. Hector, hc., is much better, as he has a fair head and good legs and feet. In the bitch class first went to Glauca. She is a fairly good bitch, rather plain in head and too wide in chest; she is also too round in body and a trifle out at elbows; she has fair legs and feet, and a good tail not well carried. Penelope, winner of second, should have been content with

the three letters, which she deserved for her good quarters, legs and feet. She is too weedy and snipy to get into the money. Modesty, third, although not in good condition, is far ahead of her. Dress, vhc., deserved her card. Queen Bow, hc., is better than any in the class, although Glauca is very close to her. Kent Queen, c., should have been higher up; she is not good in head and forelegs, but otherwise quite fair. Jessy Bang Bang won first in dog puppies. He has a poor head with small ears that are set on too high; he is also slack in the back and is light in bone. He should have exchanged places with Pomery Sec, winner of second, a better dog in head, neck and quarters, and with more quality. The third winner was winner of second in the aged class. There was not much to choose between him and Jessy Bang Bang for second place. Mayflower, winner in the bitch class, has improved, and was much the best in the class. A very moderate unnamed one was second. Maindell was lucky in having no competition for third place.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. PENTZ).

There were three good dogs in the champion class. Foreman, looking very well, carried off the prize. He was a bit lucky, as both Rockingham and Plantaganet are better dogs. Rockingham, notwithstanding his lack of coat and flesh, was hard as a board and should have had the prize. In the open dog class first went to Royal Prince II., a catchy-looking dog with a good head and chest. His eye is a trifle light, his ears are not well carried and his neck is too thick and short; his shoulders are a trifle heavy, and he might be better in stifles, pasterns and feet. About third would have been enough for him. Royal Albert, his litter brother, was placed second. He is the better dog and should have been first. His head is good except that the skull is a trifle too round and his muzzle is not quite clean; he is good in ears, neck and chest, and shows considerable quality. His ribs are not sprung quite as much as we like, and his quarters drop a trifle too much. He was not in good condition, and will probably improve in loin and quarters with proper care. Pride of Dixie, placed third, won second at Buffalo. He should have been content with the three letters in this company. Rollo, the winner of fourth, is a much better dog. We liked him for second place. His head is a trifle plain looking, but aside from this he has no very bad faults, and is one of the best movers in the class. Gene, unnoticed, is about good enough for fourth place. He is a fairly good dog but did not show up well in the ring. In the bitch class, Cora of Wetheral had an easy win. This is the first time that she has been shown in good condition; she came out in grand form and won the special for the best English setter. Mavis, placed second, should have changed places with Daisy Foreman, winner of fourth. Mavis is snipy, slack behind the shoulders and bad in her feet. Princess Belton, placed third, is fairly well formed, but does not show much quality; her head and eyes are not quite right, and she does not move well. Daisy Foreman, fourth, was the second best in the class; she was well shown. Countess, vhc., is of fair shape, but her wild eye, snipy muzzle and poor coat were hardly worth the three letters. With the exception of the winning bitch the puppies were a poor lot, and she must improve to win in first-class company.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. PENTZ).

Chief just managed to beat Blarney in the champion dog class, and Molly Bawn won in the bitch class over Hazel and Trix. The latter begins to show her age. In the open dog class all of the winners are well known except Kerry, the winner of second. He is a good-looking dog with a nice coat of good color; his head is heavy and his eyes are bad, while his forefeet turn out so much that he is almost deformed. His full brother Donigall, two years younger, is a cripple from the same cause. Tim, placed fourth, although not in first-class form, was easily good enough for first place, and just about good enough to have won the special. Bruce, looking well, should have been second instead of third, and Gerald, winner of first, was the third best, with Banker a good fourth. Begorra, hc., has been hunted until recently and was not in show form. We failed to find Bessie Glencho, winner of first in the bitch class, in her stall, and only saw her in the ring. She has a good head and a nice coat of good color. Yoube, second, is not so good behind as she was. Nellie, third, has greatly improved, and looked about as well as any in the class. Fourth was withheld. Jessie, hc., was good enough for the place. Ready, vhc., was rightly placed, she is well made but too small. The winning dog puppy has a nice coat of good color, but will have to improve at many points to win in good company. The winning bitch is quite promising, with good chest, back, loin and quarters. She is a trifle wide in skull, and her coat is not straight about her neck; it is of good color and may come straight with proper care.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. PENTZ).

Argus, looking better than we have seen him for some years, beat Nora in the champion class. In the open dog class first went to Don, winner in the puppy class here last year; he has a fair head, chest, back and loin and good coat; his forelegs and feet are faulty and his quarters are too light. Gazette, placed second, is a fairly good dog; his eyes were poor; he lacks stop, is a trifle flat in loin and light in forelegs; he is fairly good in chest, body, quarters and feet, and has good color and markings. Edo, third, is not a good specimen; he is faulty in head and feet, light in bone, leggy, and has a curly coat. Phil, vhc., we failed to find in his stall. Unless he has gone wrong since last year he is close to the first two if not ahead of them. Roxie, the winning bitch, is plain in head, flat in loin, light in quarter, and stands too low in front. She has good legs and feet and a good coat. She won the special for the best Gordon bitch, but should not have beaten Nora, a better bitch. The others in the class were not up to show form. Rose, winner of third, was second at Buffalo. Topsy, vhc., was not worthy notice; she is round in barrel, and her front legs come out close together. Only two puppies were shown, both bad ones.

SPANIELS—(MR. HEMINGWAY).

In champion field spaniels Newton Abbot Lady won over Compton Bandit; both are excellent specimens. Bandit has the best of it in head and feet and length, but is not quite so low, and his coat was not quite up to the mark; he should have won, however. In the open class Rob, the winner, looked well in the ring, but we failed to find him in his stall and consequently have no notes on him. Newton Abbot beat the others in the class easily for second place. Nonesuch, third, has gone wrong in forelegs and is rather light in bone. In the champion class for cockers Shina won over Brahmin and Marion, both excellent specimens; she also won the special, which should have gone to Miss Obo II. In the open dog class, liver or black, Doc and Brant were given equal first; Brant is the better dog and should have been first with Doc second. Ned Obo, looking well, was a good third, and Dixie, quite a fair puppy, should have been fourth. Miss Obo II. had an easy win in the bitch class; she was in good form and is about as good as we have. Widow Cliquot, placed second, was looking fairly well. Lady Pluto, winner of third, is fairly good, with head a trifle heavy for a bitch; her muzzle is not deep enough and she is not quite straight on her forelegs. In the "any other color" class first went to Don, looking well. Fanny, second, has a good body but her muzzle is short and pointed, and her ears are not right; she is also light in bone and stands too high on her legs. The puppies were a better lot than we generally see and nearly all of them received mention. Newcastle was alone in the champion class for Clumbers. The open class brought out two newcomers in Johnny and Drake. A cut of them appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some months ago. All four of the entries were of the same litter. Mr. Richardson, the owner of Newcastle and Tyne, very gracefully handled Johnny in the ring and landed him a winner, Drake coming second and Tyne third; Johnny was shown in capital condition; he is a very handsome dog. His head is too much of the setter type; not full enough at brow; he is much too high on his legs and is short of feather on his forefeet. Drake is lower on his legs and better in head than Johnny, but his eyes are bad and his expression is not good; he is also rather light in bone.

COLLIES—(MESSRS. APGAR AND MORTIMER).

Reported by Mr. C. H. Mason.

I will comply with the request of your kennel editor and send you a few lines on the collies at Newark. Pray remember, however, that "Shadow" is not the only man that is being hard worked. Throwing up coppers is a new way of finding out who is best qualified to wear the ermine at an important show; yet that is how Mr. Mortimer got the appointment at Newark. Many of the collie exhibitors wished to appoint a collie judge to fill the vacant place, but the Broadway firm insisted that Mr. Mortimer would be the right man in the right place. The wily penny favored Mr. Mortimer and so the valuable collie sweepstakes and other prizes were decided by a judge of collies and a judge of bulldogs. It is unnecessary to say this is all wrong or that the action of the Collie Club was severely censured. Suppose Mr. Barlow and Mr. Mortimer, appointed to judge bulldogs, Mr. Barlow an absentee, and a friend of Mr. Apgar insisting upon having that gentleman appointed in Mr. Barlow's stead. What would be said? Mr. Apgar has never owned or taken an interest in bulldogs, and Mr. Mortimer has never owned collies or been in any way identified with the breed. Or how would it look if the owner of a few third-rate native foxhounds should insist that I be appointed to decide the native foxhound sweepstakes. And how did it look when Mr. John E. Grainger coolly strutted into the judges' ring at Newark to decide which dog was the best in the show? Such things look exactly what they are—rot. I have explained how Mr. Mortimer got into the judges' ring at Newark and I hope "Shadow" will tell us how Mr. J. E. Grainger got there. New York, I am told, has established the very dangerous precedent of allowing men to appoint themselves judges. It is soon enough for a man to judge when he is wanted by exhibitors. This statement will be verified sooner than some persons expect.

Taken as a whole, the classes were away ahead of anything ever seen in this country. Robin Adair being entered for exhibition only, left Roy Boy a walkover for the champion medal. Had Mr. Terry's dog competed the result would have been the same. Roy Boy, while not first-class, is far better than Robin in head, coat and quarters. Lady of the Lake, a bitch of more than average merit, although not first-rate either in head or coat, placed the champion medal for bitches to Mr. Terry's credit; and then came the non-champion dogs. It was a splendid class of twenty-five entries, Dublin Scot, the well-known Irish champion, being among the number. As this dog is out of coat I will not criticise him beyond saying that he is a good one. Glenlivat, Mr. Watson's grand young dog, was not only lame but was in bad form, and should never have been sent to the show. His condition was a sad misfortune, as there was nothing to beat him for the sweepstakes had he shown up as he did at Buffalo. Scotilla, by Dublin Scot—champion Flurry, a rare bred and good-looking one, was in my opinion a very easy winner. He has a very nice head, almost perfect ears, superb mane and frill, profuse coat, not quite straight about the quarters; body, legs, feet and tail much above average—a very grand dog. Scotson, second prize, has not improved since I placed him first at Waverly last fall. He is not so good in head as he was and carries his ears badly at times. Clipper, third prize, is in great form just now, and I like him best of any for second place. His tail is carried much too high and his ears are not quite right; he is also rather short between the couplings and lacks size; shows character and quality. Nullamore was Mr. Apgar's choice for fourth prize, Glengarry Mr. Mortimer's. The latter has grown very strong in head and his coat has not hardened. Nullamore is well known and was fully described in my report of the Buffalo show. Seeing there was no probality of the judges agreeing, Messrs. Peshall, Shotwell and Wenzel requested me to settle the disputed question. This I refused to do, and Mr. Kirk was called into the ring. He incurred the displeasure of No. 44 Broadway, but gave the prize to the better dog, Nullamore. Shirley, hc., is a promising young dog, rather soft in coat at present and not quite clean in head. I would have given him another letter. Strephon has improved immensely in coat; he shows considerable collie character and is an excellent sire. Robin Hood is too soft in coat. The judges had not proceeded far with the open bitch class before it was apparent to the onlookers that there would be a hitch in the proceedings. This proved to be the case. Mr. Mortimer wished to give first prize to Lady Ellis (Hempstead Farm Co.'s) and Mr. Apgar cast his vote for Flurry II. All I need to say is that Flurry II. is a superb specimen—the best bitch ever exhibited in this country—and that between the two there is no comparison. Flurry II. beats Lady Ellis in every point. The fight for second place really lay between Helen and Clifton Maid. The latter is growing rather coarse in head, and Helen is too soft in coat at present. Both are good bitches. Mavis, a well-bred one, was vhc. Her owner and myself are never likely to agree about her merits excepting for breeding purposes. She is very slack in the back, and her forelegs and shoulders won't do for me. Rutland Maid, hc., is too small and cloddy; her head is just fair; she has plenty of coat and an excellent brush. Daisy Dean, vhc., is too soft in coat for a show bitch. Spoiled Miss should have been noticed. She is a much better bitch than Daisy Dean. This was an excellent class. The Chestnut Hill Kennels made a clean sweep of the puppy prizes, winning first and second in each class. They are a nice even lot, but there is nothing among them up to the form of Scotilla or Flurry II. Scottish Hero, first in the class for dogs, is a sable and white of more than ordinary merit. Skull rather round; ears not well carried; eyes and expression good; body and quarters fairly good, forelegs and feet very nice; tail rather short and carried very badly. Dublin Scot, Jr., second prize, is a trifle round in head, muzzle might be longer; expression not quite right, ears not carried sufficiently erect, loin flat, shoulders, chest and quarters fairly good, stifles nicely bent, good brush; legs and feet all right, mane and frills scanty; coat on flanks too short and soft; should improve. He is better than the average, but will probably grow too strong in head. Karo, third prize, is heavy in skull; ears small, but not well carried; eyes rather light; back, chest and loin fairly good, hocks rather straight, forelegs not set on quite right; coat rather soft, should improve; brush carried too high; shown much too fat; properly placed. Scot's Bairn, first in bitches, shows her good breeding. Skull and muzzle fairly good at present; ears small, but not well carried; expression good, chest, back, shoulders, quarters and hocks all fairly good: frill and mane scanty; coat too soft, will improve; brush fairly good; shows quality. Hazel Thorpe made a good second. CHAS. H. MASON.

BEAGLES—(MR. ELMORE).

The beagle classes were the best that we have ever seen, both in number and quality. Rattler III. was alone in the champion dog class, Little Duke, the only other entry, being absent. Myrtle also had it all her own way in the bitch class, Brush failing to put in an appearance. The open dog class was a hot one, every dog receiving at least a hc. Cameron's Racket won well, also winning the special for the best in the show. Rattler, placed second, and Trailer, third, are well known. The latter has grown heavy and is a trifle out at elbows. My Maryland, fourth, is also going wrong, although still a good dog. Goodwood Rattler and Jupiter, both vhc., are well known. Chimer, also vhc., is a recent importation. His head is too heavy and he is a trifle too long behind; he is otherwise good and a wormanlike-looking hound. Kino and Little Prince, both hc., are well-known. Look, also hc., we do not remember to have seen before. He is fairly well formed, but weak in muzzle, very throaty and a trifle out at elbows; his tail is a bit too long and he might be a shade shorter in body. In the bitch class first went to Lou, a very handsome little bitch; she is somewhat snipy and out of coat, otherwise she is very good; she was shown too fat. Krueger's Dot, second, is not quite so good in ears as Lou, but decidedly better in muzzle and coat and fully her equal in other respects. There was not much to choose between them, we rather preferred the latter. Gip, third, is snipy and throaty, but otherwise very good; she deserved the place. Thorn II. is in whelp and was not in show form; her head lacks expression and her ears are a trifle short and pointed, otherwise she appears to be a nice little bitch; she should, however, have been content with three letters and given way to Jessie, vhc., she has a better head and her equal in other respects. All of the others in the class received vhc. Melody, Trinket, Vixen, Betty, Virginia and Nellie are well known. Dot III. is too broad in skull, throaty and a bit loaded in shoulder. Blue Bell is not good enough to rank with the others and should have had one letter less. She is off in head and coat and out at elbows. Vickey is a nice little bitch with lots of quality. She does not carry her ears just right and is a trifle too long cast. The winning puppy is a promising little dog. We liked Whisper, winner of third, for second place. She is good in body, legs and feet and has a capital coat and brush; she is off in muzzle and carriage of ears. Tick II., second, is snipy, throaty and is not quite straight on his forelegs.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

The two entries in this class were foxhounds and the prizes were withheld.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. KIRK).

The only entry in this class was a very indifferent dog of harrier type.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. KIRK).

First in this class was very properly withheld. Waldman, winner of second, is of good color, but deficient in ear and crook.

PUGS—(MR. KIRK).

Bradford Ruby was alone in the champion class. We found it impossible to get many of the small dogs out of their cages, and consequently could not compare them. We therefore shall not comment upon them.

BULLDOGS—(MR. KIRK).

All the winning bulldogs are well known and need no description. Hillside was disqualified upon the ground that he had been castrated. His appearance indicates that such is the case. Two years ago we noticed this, but upon inquiry were assured that the operation had not been performed: and we now believe him to be in his natural condition, notwithstanding that Dr. Glover and two or three others have decided that he has been castrated. Doubtless his owner will take measures to decide the matter at an early day.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Count had a walkover in the champion class, Victoria being absent. In the open class, over 25lbs., Maggie May scored an easy win. Judas, placed second, is too thick in skull and too lippy. He should have exchanged places with Count, third, a better dog. There were only two in the small class. Silver, the winner, is too light and shows too much of the terrier. In the puppy class Young Count was placed first, second going to Queen Bess, a nice bitch with a fairly good head, capital legs and feet. She is a bit lippy and a trifle long cast. Beauty, winner of third, is not a show dog.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MESSRS. L. & W. RUTHERFURD).

In the champion classes Belgrave Primrose and Richmond Olive had walkovers. The winners in the open dog class were all at Newport last September, and were then placed in the same relative positions that they occupied here, with Luke, the winning puppy at Newport, reserve. Among the new ones we noticed Little Swell, c. He is a smart little dog and would not have disgraced the three letters. In the bitch class some of the Newport winners were absent. Safety won first at both places, and Marguerite, third at Newport, was second here, with Verdict, a very terrier-looking bitch of nice size, third. Mr. Hopkins, who has charge of the Blemton Kennel, is deserving of much credit for beautiful condition of his dogs. The first and second puppies in both classes are owned by the Blemton Kennel, and as they were removed from the show soon after the judging, we had no opportunity to examine them.

Eleven wire-hairs faced the judge and the class was divided. Trap, in good coat, won in the dog class, but was closely pressed by the second prize winner, Trophy. He is better in head and shows more character than Trap, but is not so good in coat and is too wide in front. New Year's Day, placed third, was out of coat. Meg, the winning bitch, is about the best of the lot; she shows character and is good in body and quarters; she is a bit cheeky, stands over just a trifle at knee and is a little soft in coat. Tiny Todger, second prize, was not at her best.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Prince, a fair looking dog, was awarded first. We failed to find him or his stall and only saw him in the ring. Second was withheld. Sprite, a nice little bitch, is clearly above the 7lb. limit and deserving of notice. Bench show committees should either raise the limit of weight in this class or instruct their judges to award prizes to deserving animals that are outside the prescribed limit. Exhibitors that enter their dogs in good faith are entitled to fair treatment.

IRISH TERRIERS—(MR. KIRK).

Geesela, recently imported, had no trouble in getting away with first. She is a capital bitch of nice type, just a bit high on her legs. Greymount, winner of second, is a capital dog with a too profuse coat, his legs are not quite clean enough. Bryan Borru, third, is weedy and lacks character, his coat is shaggy and much too long and soft on head.

DANDIE DINMONTS—(MR. KIRK.)

Meg, looking fairly well, was alone in this class. She is well known as is Rocks, the only one shown in this class for Bedlingtons.

SKYE TERRIERS—(MR. ANDERSON).

Lady Kate, the winner at Buffalo, was placed first. Countess, winner of second, is too large and short of coat. She has a good head. Towzie, third, is also too large. She has a coat of good texture, but it is not long enough.

YORKSHIRES—(MR. ANDERSON).

The Yorkshires were not a good lot. We thought them as well placed as possible. Dolly, the winner at New York last year, did not arrive until after the judging was over.

TOY TERRIERS—(MR. ANDERSON).

The classification of toys was peculiar, to say the least. It reads "any weight," while "under 7lbs." is the proper wording. The winner is 3 if not 4lbs. above this, and consequently is not a toy. Mousey, second, and Minnie Warren, third, might have exchanged places. The latter is the best in body, color and markings. These dogs were in the catalogue as weighing 2½ and 1¾lbs. respectively. This we should judge is about one-half of their weight.

KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIMS—(MR. ANDERSON).

Rosius was alone in the champion class for King Charles spaniels. There was also but one entry in the open class; first was withheld and it was given second. We could not open her cage and did not examine her. King Victor had a walkover in the champion class for Blenheims. In the open class King Pippin was placed first and Lady second. These were also fastened in their cages when we called on them.

POODLES—(MR. KIRK).

Caro, the winning poodle, is a fairly good white with good curl. Fidell, second, is a black of small size, with only a fair amount of curl. Sherry, third, was suckling a litter and not in show form. The two vhc.'s are very pretty, but not quite up to the mark as poodles. Lulu, hc., has a coat somewhat resembling that of the Irish water spaniel.

The miscellaneous classes were not well filled. Sir Lucifer, in the large class, was the only one of the three entries worthy of notice. Jap, the only entry in the small class, is just a fair Japanese spaniel, with a hard coat and bad tail.

The selling classes we did not examine.

AWARDS.

Owing to the confusion caused by some of the numbers getting changed, some of the awards were wrongly given last week. Following are the corrections and additional awards:

In mastiff dogs G. W. Purdy, Jr.'s Jumbo II. was com. In mastiff bitches J. L. Hope's Chinalette was first, instead of Meg Merrilies. In deerhound dogs J. E. Thayer's Duncan was third. In champion pointer bitches Mcally was absent. In Irish setter dogs C. W. Rodenburg's Chip was com. In bitches Yoube was second, and Ready very high com. In cocker spaniels, other than liver or black, C. V. V. Sewell's Don was first and D. B. Scott's Fanny was second. In collie dogs Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nullamore was fourth, and Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glengarry was very high com.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Perth.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Ramona, Thora and Berga. *Puppies:* 1st, H. Scribner's Brunda.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Inwood Kennels' Argus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, O. H. Day's Don; 2d, Inwood Kennels' Gazette; 3d, A. F. Terhune's Edo. Very high com., L. Woodworth's Phil. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Anderson's Roxie; 2d, withheld; 3d, W. E. Rothermel's Rose. Very high com., A. J. Dean's Topsey. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld. Com., Inwood Kennels' Graphic.

FOXHOUNDS.—Prizes withheld.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, withheld; 2d, O. Willigerod's Waldman. High com., Associated Fanciers' Flash.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max and Buff; 3d and 4th, withheld. High com., J. H. Seeley's Peek-a-boo. Com., Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie and Vesta; 2d, City View Kennels' Lady Cloudy. High com., W. M. Chapman's Helen. Com., P. F. Buckalew's Dot. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Dot; 2d, J. H. Seeley's Peek-a-boo; 3d, G. Bell's Pippo.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—J. E. Thayer's Josephine; 2d, P. J. Sharkey's Rose.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—F. F. Dole's Count.—OPEN—OVER 25LBS.—1st and 3d, F. F. Dole's Maggie May and Young Count; 2d, J. Patterson's Judas. Reserve, C. A. Stevens's Earl. Very high com., M. Chase's Mark-eyed Victor. Com., A. Bridgman's Jack.—UNDER 25LBS.—1st, F. F. Dole's Silver; 2d, withheld. Com., C. J. Peshall's Baby. *Puppies:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Young Count; 2d, H. D. & J. R. Steers's Queen Bess; 3d, F. Lister's Beauty. High com., C. J. Peshall's Pete. Com., W. Brooks's Diamond.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, B. F. Crook's Prince; 2d, withheld.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, C. T. Thompson's Gcesela; 2d, G. D. Fowle's Greymount; 3d, Somerset Kennels' Brian Borru. Very high com. and high com., J. Van Schaick's Naller II. and Naller. Com., H. Denning's Bounce.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, G. G. Cleather's Meg.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, W. W. Silvey's Rocks.

POODLES.—1st, S. A. Helfer's Caro; 2d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Fidell; 3d, Mrs. A. Helfer's Sherry. Very high com., Mrs. Annie E. Krouse's Queen, and C. Krouse's Beauty; H. C. S. Lord Jr.'s Lulu.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Large, 1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer. Small, S. Lord, Jr.'s Jap.

SELLING CLASS.—Equal 1st, J. H. Shepple's Sam and A. C. Wilmerding's Princetta. Equal 2d, T. Boyd's Nellie and E. J. Hawley's Oscar II.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel mastiffs, no entry; St. Bernards, Hermitage Kennels; pointers, Westminster Kennel Club; setters, Blackstone Kennels; spaniels, J. P. Willey; fox-terriers, Blemton Kennels; bull-terriers, F. F. Dole; beagles, J. Satterthwaite; pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; greyhounds, C. D. Webber; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Best brace fox-terriers, Blemton Kennels; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; St. Bernards, Hermitage Kennels; beagles, A. C. Krueger; spaniels, J. P. Willey. Best Irish setter, Max Wenzel's Chief; Blenheim spaniel, Miss Mamie Phillips's King Pippin; English setter, F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral; black and tan setter, Inwood Kennels' Argus; Clumber spaniel, M. Richardson's Newcastle; English setter stud dog, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman; Irish setter, Max Wenzel's Chief. Best beagle dog in open classes, A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket; bitch, J. Satterthwaite's Lou. Best dog in show, Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable; mastiff, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution; deerhound in open classes, J. E. Thayer's Ramona; pointer, Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen. Best Great Dane, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar; greyhound, C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike; Irish terrier, C. T. Thompson's Geesela; mastiff puppy, O. Brant's Regulus; Newfoundland, W. W. Silvey's Follie; poodle, C. A. Helfer's Caro; English setter puppy, Blackstone Kennels' Patience; Irish, L. & J. Backer's Irish Laddie; beagle in open class, A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket. Best Yorkshire, P. Casedy's Ben; pointer dog, Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable; large, the same; Gordon setter bitch, Inwood Kennels' Roxie; cocker spaniel, J. P. Willey's Shina; wire-haired fox-terrier, W. Connor's Meg; bull-terrier, F. F. Dole's Count; collie brood bitch, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II.; greyhound puppy, C. D. Webber's St. Legar; brace of greyhounds, C. D. Webber; stud pointer, C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso; best bulldog, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis; St. Bernard in open class, R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles; best spaniel other than black or liver, C. V. V. Sewell's Marion; collie puppy, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scottish Hero; toy dog, J. Johnson's Pete; black and tan setter in open classes, O. H. Day's Don; best puppy the get of Graphic (2) Clifton Kennels' Pomery Sec; get of Black Prince, E. M. Oldham's Lady Abbot; progeny of Newton Abbot Lady, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; get of Foreman, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; smallest dog owned by a lady in Essex county, M. A. Hanchett's Minnie Warren; best in selling class, A. C. Wilmerding's Princetta; best exhibit of fox-terrier dog and bitch and dog and bitch puppy, Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal and Safety, and Snoozer and Verdict.

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scottish Hero and Dublin Jr.; 3d, J. Watson's Glenlivat; 4th, J. D. Shotwell's Shirley; best whelped since Aug. 1, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Hazel Thorp.

SPANIEL SWEEPSTAKES.—1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; 2d, E. R. Hearn's Miss Bend Or; 3d, F. L. Weston's Moral.

FOX-TERRIER TOMBOY STAKES.—Blemton Kennels' Verdict.

ST. PAUL AND MINNESOTA CLUB.—We have just formed a kennel club here, and are incorporated under name St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, with officers as follows, who with J. W. Stevens compose the first board of directors: President, E. F. Warner; Vice-Pres., W. F. Bickell; Sec., W. G. Whitehead; Treas., H. T. Drake. We will hold a bench show this fall equal to any in the East.—W. G. WHITEHEAD.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. S. R., Baltimore, Md.—The bitch died of post-partem hemorrhage, a very fatal complication of labor. It might have been arrested, but the chances are that nothing would have saved her.

DAN'S KNOWING WAYS.

YOUR recent chapter entitled "Intelligent Dogs," was excellent, but should have had an Irish water spaniel tale to it. Here is the tale:

One afternoon last fall, after ice had begun to form I went to a little lake in the woods and shot nine ducks. Dan, my Irish spaniel, promptly retrieved each bird. The next afternoon we repaired to the same place and were soon joined by two hunters, neither of whom had any dog. Stationing ourselves a few rods apart, the ducks soon began to come in and we shot eighteen or twenty; every bird which fell to my gun Dan proceeded to retrieve, but not a duck would he touch that I had not killed. When I ordered him to retrieve for the other gentlemen he gave expression in the most emphatic and intelligible dog language to the following: "I'll get your birds, Master, but if you think I'm going into this ice cold water to fetch for anybody else, you are mightily mistaken." The gentlemen left their dead birds in the water.

A few weeks ago a woodchopper was brought to my office with a severe cut on his foot; it was found necessary to take up an artery and sew up the wound. Dan was a highly interested spectator of the proceedings. A few days later, in some unknown way, the dog received a cut, extending from the corner of the eye toward the ear. Hunting me up he exhibited his wound, and I said after examination, "That will have to be sewed up, old fellow!" Opening my surgical case I took out and threaded a suitable needle, and seating myself in a low chair said, "Come, I'm ready." Without hesitation the dog advanced, laid his head on my knee, the head so placed that the wound could be most conveniently attended to, and never made the slightest movement while I took two deep stitches. He did groan a little, though, but I have an idea that he considered it necessary because the woodchopper did.

J. F. LOCKE.

THE PROVIDENCE SHOW.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 29.—The inaugural dog show of the Rhode Island Kennel Club began to-day. The quality of the dogs is very good indeed. Several newcomers were shown, some of them first-class specimens. The hall is well adapted for a show, and the benches are well arranged. The show appears to be well managed and things are running smoothly. All the judging was finished to-night except the open classes in Irish setters. The weather to-day has been cold and raw, and the attendance has not been very good. Following is a list of the awards:

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Minting; 2d, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap. High com., John H. Collingwood's Leo, James E. Pollard's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Lady Dorothy; 2d, E. H. Moore's Hilda V. Very high com., Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose. High com., Wm. H. Addison's Belle.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—The Hospice Kennels' Otho. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, The Hospice Kennels' Eiger; 2d, The Hospice Kennels' Hadjar. Very high com., Heathfield Kennels' Rip Van Winkle and John P. Bernard's Prince. High com., W. R. Watts's Hector II. and Associated Fanciers' Rahmsee. *Bitches:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Beda; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Nora. Very high com., the Hospice Kennels' La Duchesse. High com., Heathfield Kennels' Recluse. Com., John P. Barnard's Florence. SMOOTH-COATED.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, the Hospice Kennels' Hector; 2d, the Hospice Kennels' Montrose. Very high com., Chequasset Kennels' Lodi and James W. Dunlap's Rigi. High com., the Hospice Kennels' Wotan. *Bitches:* 1st, the Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba; 2d, the Hospice Kennels' Kader.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Absent.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Memnon. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Balkis; 2d, William J. Shield's Prince. Very high com., H. W. Clarke's Royce. OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Lancashire Witch and Hawthorne Belle.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* John E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* John E. Thayer's Wanda. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer's Bras; 2d, Miss Ida F. Warren's Doctor Clyde. Very high com., John E. Thayer's Duncan. OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, John E. Thayer's Heatherbelle and Thora. *Puppies:* absent.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar and Wolverine Kennel Club's Cæsar. Very high com., Wolverine Kennel Club's Juno.

POINTERS.—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. K. Sperry's Capt. Fred; 2d, Naso Kennels' Jimmie. Very high com., C. A. Parker's William Tell. High com., Morris & Clancy's Dick. Com., C. H. Gordon's Snipe.—OVER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Rosaline; 2d, F. H. Aldrich's Nell. Com., Associated Fanciers' Beulah.—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Don Quixote Kennels' Don Quixote; 2d, Keith & Smith's Coronet. Very high com., E. K. Sperry's Colonel Pete. High com., F. Vail's Naso of Devonshire. Com., T. M. Aldrich's Vanderbilt.—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Queen Bow; 2d, C. A. Parker's Daisy A. Very high com., Clifton Kennels' Kent Queen. High com., Keith & Smith's Cloves (formerly Yarn).—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Lovell's Glen Graphic; 2d, Clifton Kennels' Pommery Sec. Very high com., Keith & Smith's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, G. V. Lovell's Belle of Maine; 2d, Keith & Smith's Juno.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Blackstone Kennels' Foreman. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Leonard's Royal Prince II. Reserve, G. W. Wright's Rollo. Very high com., E. V. Hall's Pride of Dixie. High com., D. A. Goodwin's Premier, W. H. Tobey's Mack B. II. Com., T. M. Aldrich's Gene; C. C. Gray's Roy Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Windholz's Cora of Wetherell; 2d, G. W. Neill's Dairy Foreman. Reserve, A. A. Welsh's Maud. Very high com., B. A. Gage's Fortuna.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Scranton's Ike; 2d, T. H. Adams's Prince Napoleon II. Very high com., J. W. Lawson's Ten Pin. *Bitches:* 1st, S. Scranton's Tassa; 2d, F. C. Sayles Jr.'s Rose Laverack.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—J. L. Campbell's Nora.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. M. Harris's Tom II.; 2d, W. H. Tillinghast's Mont. Reserve, L. N. Perry's King Philip. Very high com., J. Simpkin's Slocum. High com., C. F. Malloy's Jack. *Bitches:* 2d, W. E. Rothermel's Rose. Very high com., G. Ayen's Flirt. High com., G. E. Brown's Jessica. *Puppies:* 1st, S. O. Meader's King Philip; 2d, O. Taft's Dash.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Max Wenzel's Chief.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Associated Fanciers' Duchess II.

FIELD SPANIELS, over 28lbs.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Bandit. OPEN—1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; 2d, W. O. Partridge's Rob. High com., Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Monte.

COCKER SPANIELS, UNDER 28lbs., BLACK.—CHAMPION—J. P. Willey's Shina. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Brant; 2d, Ideal Kennels' Adonis. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II. 2d, C. M. Nelles's Juno W. Very high com., J. P. Willey's Cloe W. High com., L. Hammett's Tres Chic.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* J. P. Willey's Zeppo. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. C. S. Davol's Dottie Stubbs. FIELD OR COCKER—*Puppies:* 2d, W. H. Moseley's Benito.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Mercer & Hill's Drake and Johnny. High com., W. T. Windram's Jockey and Romp.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Associated Fanciers' Royboy. *Bitch:* Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady of the Lake.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glencarry; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Karo. *Bitches:* 1st, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady Ellis; 2, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Luella. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Clifton Maid. High com., Hempstead Farm Co.'s Daisy Dean. Com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Gen.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Cheviot Lad. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Lorna Thorpe.

BEAGLES.—OVER 12IN.—CHAMPION—A. H. Wakefield's Little Duke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, very high com. and high com., A. H. Wakefield's Fitzhugh Lee and Racer, Jr., My Boy, Leader. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. H. Wakefield's Twinkle and Silver.—UNDER 12IN.—1st, W. S. Clark's Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, H. P. Porter's Spot.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Thomas Shallcross's Gip; 2d and very high com., L. N. Perry's WadeHampton and Zeb Vance.

DACHSHUNDE.—Associated Fanciers' Judy.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; 2d and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer and Raby Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Gretchen; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Dazzle and Blemton Kennels' Marguerite. High com., S. Hammond, Jr.'s Bunch.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Mephisto; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture. High com., G. B. Inches' Muddler. D. S. Booth's Dandy Mixture. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Gretchen; 2d and high com., J. E. Thayer's Richmond Dazzle and Lady Mixture. WIRE-HAIRED—G. Bell's Bristles.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. F. Dole's Count. *Bitch:* W. J. Comstock's Victoria.—OPEN—25LBS. OR OVER—*Dogs:* W. J. Comstock's Jubilee; 2d, F. Dole's Young Count.—OVER 28LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, F. Dole's Maggie May; 2d, H. D. & J. R. Steers's Queen Bess.—UNDER 25LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Dole's Silver.—UNDER 28LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Lacy's Nanon; 2d, Waldron & Brownell's Little Rhody. *Puppies:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Jubilee; 2d, W. D. & J. R. Steers's Nanon.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—J. Whitaker's Beppo.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, G. D. Fowler's Greymoun; 2d, Morris & Clancy's Nancy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, F. B. Kirby's Countess.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Morris & Clancy's Bill; 2d, F. Noble's Charlie. High com., Mrs. Borrowscale's Dandy. *Bitches:* Withheld.

ENGLISH TERRIERS.—1st, J. S. Sweet's Dandie; 2d, Boutelle & Bicknell's Charlie.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. H. Warren's Tom Ball; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside. Very high com., J. P. Barnard, Jr.'s King Cole, Jr. High com., E. S. Porter's Caliban. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Josephine.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max; 2d, Mrs. R. Rose's Fraud. Very high com., Mrs. C. C. Smith's Dot, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Buff; high com., J. E. Tales's Racket, Chequasset Kennels' Thunder. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie; 2d, Chequasset Kennels' Lady Flossie. Very high com., A. O. Austin's Dolores, Chequasset Kennels' Victory. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, T. H. Adams's Mayflower and Master Ruby.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, F. B. Fay's Milwaukee Charley; 2d, Miss B. Barrowscale's Pretty Polly. Very high com., F. B. Fay's Dollie.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, F. B. Fay's Exeter Earl; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Little Banjo. High com., F. B. Fay's Exeter Beauty.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Mrs. A. A. Morehouse's Minnie.

POODLES.—OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, withheld; 2d, Associated Fanciers' King.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer.

A VEXED QUESTION SETTLED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think your view that a dog turns around before lying down to see that there is no danger near, incorrect, as a dog invariably keeps his head down. I think one of your correspondents claimed a dog invariably turned from left to right. I notice this is usually the case, but have occasionally seen a dog turn in the opposite direction. "Clumber," I think, is correct in thinking a dog turns in order to arrange his bed comfortably, as it will be often noticed if a dog lies down after turning he will get up at once and turn more until satisfied. Still, "Why does he turn around?" other animals do not, in order to obtain a comfortable bed. I add the further observation that I think it will be noticed that hounds are far more subject to the trait than other dogs.—PIOUS H. A correspondent, "Blue Rock," suggests in reply to the query, "Why does a dog turn around before lying down?" that it is because he is looking for the head of his bed.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Roy Gladstone. St. George's, March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in a late copy of your valuable paper that Mr. F. M. Streeter, of Lehigh Tannery, Pa., claims the name of Roy Gladstone for a puppy by Iron Duke out of Trusty Gladstone. As I claimed that name over a year ago for a lemon and white dog puppy by Roybel out of Little Fraud, whelped Dec. 21, 1885, I think I have a prior claim and ask him to claim another name.—G. F. CLARK.

Sagamore Tiff. By Sagamore Kennels, West Medford, Mass., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1886, by Joe (A.K.R. 4567) out of Bessie II. (A.K.R. 3965).

Lady Floss. By A. A. Tyler & M. M. White, Rixford, Pa., for black, white and ticked English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Marcella (Prince Phœbus—Stella).

Duke Llewellin. By A. A. Tyler & M. M. White, Rixford, Pa., for black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Nov. 19, 1886, by Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599) out of Marcella (Prince Phœbus—Stella).

Noble Druid. By G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., for lemon belton Llewellin setter dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1887, by Rex Gladstone (A.K.R. 2167) out of Blue Queen (Druid—Leda).

Sam Mc. By Samuel S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., for lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Pride of the States (Brussels—Jenny Lind) out of Dashing Noblesse (Dash III.—Mollie). (Presented above puppy to Hon. J. V. Guillotte, Mayor city of New Orleans).

Eva Mc. By Samuel S. McCuen, New Orleans, La., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Pride of the States (Brussels—Jenny Lind) out of Dashing Noblesse (Dash III.—Mollie). (Presented above puppy to Hon. Theodule Buisson, of New Orleans, La).

Don Quixote Kennels. By Fred W. White, Worcester, Mass., for kennel of pointers.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bess—Miro. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) Newfoundland bitch Bess (Bluecher—Cricket) to his Miro, March 24 and 25.

Juno II.—Chick. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) Newfoundland bitch Juno II. (Major—Juno) to his Chick (Jumbo—Cricket), March 24 and 25.

Nellie—Miro. Aug. Becker's (Burlington, Ia.) Newfoundland bitch Nellie (Bluecher—Cricket) to Geo. W. Schenk's Miro, Feb. 24 and 25.

Cricket—Miro. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) Newfoundland bitch Cricket to his Miro, March 26 and 27.

Lady Obo—Master Shina. H. G. Charlesworth's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Lady Obo (Obo II.—Blackie III.) to his Master Shina (Young Obo—Shina), March 19.

Ladybird Obo—Obo, Jr. H. G. Charlesworth's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Ladybird Obo (Obo II.—Ladybird) to C. M. Nelles's Obo, Jr. (Farrow's Obo—Farrow's Nellie), March 14.

Belle—Gladstone's Mark. Freestone Kennels' (Portland, Me.) cross bitch Belle (Swift—Mag) to F. Thurlo's Gladstone's Mark (Gladstone—Bessie A.), Feb. 18.

Kit—Count. Walter Orer's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Kit to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3173), Feb. 27 and 29.

Nellie—Count. W. G. Cochran's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie to F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3173), Feb. 26 and 28.

Meg Merrilies—Prince. Harry A. Fletcher's (Woodfords, Me.) red Irish setter bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) to his Prince (A.K.R. 1968), March 17 and 18.

Madge—Shell. F. H. D. Viette's (Ottawa, Ont.) clumber spaniel bitch Madge (Bell—Joan) to H. B. D. Bruce's Shell (Ben—Joan), March 19.

Joan—Shell. F. H. D. Viette's (Ottawa, Ont.) clumber spaniel bitch Joan (Flash—Flirt) to H. B. D. Bruce's Shell (Ben—Joan), March 12.

Juanita—Romulus. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bulldog bitch Juanita (Tippoo—Josephine) to his Romulus (A.K.R. 389), March 13.

Meersbrook Vixen—Surprise. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Vixen (Meersbrook Ross—Meersbrook Model) to his Surprise (Ruby Tyrant—Richmond Olive), March 24.

Cricket—Dandy. W. J. Percival's (Stanton, Mich.) beagle bitch Cricket (Bannerman—Pet) to W. J. Percival's Dandy (Ringwood—Dime), March 3.

Rhona—Rapid B. Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Rhona (Snapshot—Rose) to his Rapid B. (Bang Bang—Rue), March 13.

Flirt—Slocum. Geo. Ayen's (Providence, R. I.) black and tan bitch Flirt (Holman's Cap—Henan's Gypsie) to John Simpkins's Slocum (Turk—Beauty), March 20.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Muriel. E. Dexter's (Buzzard's Bay, Mass.) English setter bitch Muriel, late Black Eyed Susan (A.K.R. 3584), Feb. 25, ten (six dogs), by his Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna).

Rance. E. Dexter's (Buzzard's Bay, Mass.) English setter bitch Rance (A.K.R. 2159), March 19, eight (three dogs), by his Dashing Rover (Dash II.—Norna).

Floss. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) Newfoundland bitch Floss (Jumbo—Cricket), March 24, eleven (three dogs), by Scherer's Bluecher (Major—Juno).

Fan. Geo. L. Barnes's (Tyringham, Mass.) foxhound bitch Fan, pedigree not known, Feb. 25, four (two dogs), by his Shot (Jim—Fan).

Mistletoe. Edward Lohman's (New York city) English setter bitch Mistletoe (A.K.R. 712), March 6, six (three dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble.

Meersbrook Model II. John E. Thayer's (Hillside Kennels) fox-terrier bitch Meersbrook Model II. (Meersbrook Ross—Meersbrook Model), Jan. 29, two (one dog), by his Raby Jack (Mixture—Shame).

Cute. L. Gardner's (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.) pointer bitch Cute (A.K. R. 2632), March 12, eight (four dogs), by Dayton Kennel Club's Pop Smizer (A.K.S.B. 4093); two dogs and one bitch since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bow. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July, 1885, by Obo II. out of Dinah, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to A. Pearce, same place.

Sir Obo—Hebe whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Sir Obo out of Hebe, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to Mansfield & Hindly, New Haven, Conn.

Frou-Frou. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 3, 1886, by Obo, Jr. out of Ruby, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Ont., to C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont.

Sir Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Obo II. out of Blackie III., by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to C. M. Nelles, Brantford, Ont.

Doctor Tryon. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Nimrod out of Bizora, by Freestone Kennels, Portland, Me., to C. S. Hunting, Middletown, Conn.

Fitzhugh Lee. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped July 7, 1884, by Lee out of Juliet, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to Albert H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I.

Milton. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1886, by Lee out of Countess, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to Linden Beagle Kennel, Linden, Mass.

Gambetta. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Marco out of Hermita (A.K.R. 3018), by W. H. Walbridge, Peterborough, N. H., to Prof. A. S. Annis, Manchester, N. H.

Bran—Countess Zina whelp. Dark brindle deerhound dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1886, by John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels, to Howard Scribner, Yonkers, N. Y.

Bras—Mercia whelp. Fawn deerhound bitch, whelped July, 1886, by John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Howard Scribner, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dauntless. Brindle deerhound bitch (A.K.R. 4348), by John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. G. Smith, Cincinnati, O.

Chieftain—Thora whelp. Fawn deerhound bitch, whelped June, 1886, by John E. Thayer, Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Lieut. G. S. Robinson, Halifax, N. S.

Pet. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 1, 1886, by Earl out of Black Countess, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Edward Clark, Old Saybrook, Conn.

Daisy II. Black and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 14, 1884, by Jet out of Daisy, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Edward Clark, Old Saybrook, Conn.

Rover. Red Irish setter dog, whelped 1885, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Henry Bennett, Chester, Conn.

Vim. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 13, 1886, by Hornell Silk out of Wanda T., by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Wm. H. Perkins, Memphis, Mich.

Dash II. Orange and white setter dog, whelped March 13, 1886, by Dash out of Dolly III., by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Wm. E. Stephenson, Essex, Conn.

Lem. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 27, 1885, by Scot out of Nellie, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to E. G. Emmons, Chester, Conn.

Queen of Thorpe. Collie bitch, by Nullamore out of Gem, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to John Sherman, same place.

Bard. Collie dog, by Strephon out of Jeannie Nettles, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. Bingham, Buffalo, N. Y.

Young Faust. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 21, 1883, by Waddell's Clipper out of Bow Queen, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to E. G. Emmons, Chester, Conn.

DEATHS.

Verone. E. T. Sprague, Brocklyn, N. Y., announces the death of the smooth-coated St. Bernard dog Verone. Verone was well-known on the bench, having won 17 prizes.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

MUZZLE VS. BREECH MATCH.

A TOURNAMENT of muzzle vs. breechloading rifles will be held at Jamestown, N. Y., May 17 to 20, under the auspices and rules of the Anderson Rifle Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., C. H. Remer, President. The projectors explain that for more than a year the shooting public have been agitating the merits of muzzle and breechloading rifles. On one side can be found a band of earnest, thoughtful sportsmen, who think that wonderful scores in shooting can only be reached by men who use muzzleloading rifles, but on the other hand stand a band of equally careful, intelligent men, who are convinced that such an idea is an error, and who advance logical statements in favor of breechloaders. The controversy that has arisen over such a wide difference of opinion has been waged with ability by the friends of both systems, and there is hardly a sporting paper in the world that has not published logical and well written articles on the subject, which contain apparently good and sufficient reasons why each system is the true one. But unfortunately all of this has really settled nothing, for you cannot alter a fact by citing isolated cases. Because one man has made a wonderful success with a muzzleloading rifle there is no justice in condemning the use of breechloaders. And again, because a phenomenal target score has been made by a second sportsman with a breechloading rifle, it is not wise to call upon sportsmen to cast aside their muzzleloading rifles. Then, there is but one way, and that is to put this question of pre-eminence to the test of practical experiment. Let the best shots in the world who favor either muzzle or breechloading rifles meet in friendly contest, and let the official records decide this question.

The home of the champions of muzzleloading rifles is at Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y., and for this reason the Anderson Rifle Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., has secured the use of the range of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Shooting Club, known to riflemen as the "Nypano Club," located at Falconers, on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R., at the crossing of the D. A. V. & P. R. R., two miles from Jamestown, at which place it will hold a tournament where this momentous question can be fully and fairly decided. Jamestown is easy to reach, has the advantage of a perfectly appointed range, fine hotel accommodations, and visiting riflemen can be assured that they will be hospitably received and fairly treated.

The programme of the tournament has been carefully arranged, with a view of giving both muzzle and breechloading rifles equal advantage.

Each day there will be $75 divided into five prizes, giving $22.50 as the first, $18.75 as the second, $15 as the third, $11.25 as the fourth, and $7.50 as the fifth prize. In addition there will be a cash prize of $10 for the best average made each day by any one contestant, providing that such contestant enters in all of the strings fired during that day. While this applies daily during the shoot, still another cash prize of $50 is offered to the contestant making the best average during the entire tournament.

The conditions of entry will be $5 for a first entry fee each day. Any contestant can re-enter by the payment of $1 for each re-entry.

The shooting distance shall be 40 rods, and the standard weight of rifle 10lbs., not including telescope sights. In determining the weight, where there are fractions of a pound, more than one-half shall be reckoned as one, and less than one-half as nothing. Rifles weighing more than 10lbs. shall be handicapped one-tenth of an inch for every pound in excess of standard on each string of ten shots, and rifles weighing less than 10lbs. shall be entitled to a reduction of one-tenth of an inch for every pound under the standard.

Globe or peep sights shall be regarded as the standard. Telescope sights to be handicapped 10 per cent., and single-muzzle lenses 5 per cent.; open sights to have deduction of 5 per cent.

Muzzleloaders shall be handicapped 5 per cent. of string after all other allowances have been made.

Shooting will be muzzle and shoulder rest, from bench, box or table, which will afford good support for shooter and gun, but muzzle of gun must have nothing attached to it in shape of cross piece or foot rest to hold it level, and the breech must have no support except upon the person of the shooter.

Any shooter may have all the flags he chooses to provide, with the understanding that none are to be placed so they can by any possibility swing into the line of fire of any other contestant.

Address for complete set of rules C. H. Remer, Syracuse, N. Y.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, March 26.—There was a fair attendance at Walnut Hill Range to-day, but the shooting was difficult on account of high wind, and few scores were finished. Following were the best scores finished to-day:

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

W Charles (mil.)	8	10	9	10	7	5	8	9	8	8—82
R Davis	10	5	4	10	9	9	6	10	10	7—80
J B Missann	7	9	8	7	8	8	6	9	7	6—75
G B Yenetchi	7	7	9	10	8	6	7	7	9	8—77
A C Alton (mil.)	9	6	6	8	6	7	8	5	7	9—71
F Carter (mil.)	5	7	10	7	7	9	6	10	5	7—70
J P Bates	9	6	4	7	2	10	7	7	7	6—65
D Chardon	6	6	6	4	9	5	5	3	7	8—59

Rest Match, 200yds.

J R Munroe	10	11	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10—98
R Dadman	10	9	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	8—94
W H Oler	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	8	9—93
J B Fellows	9	10	8	9	9	10	7	10	10	10—92
J Hurd	10	6	9	9	8	9	9	10	10	10—90
G B Yenetchi	9	10	9	9	8	10	9	10	7	9—90

ST. LOUIS, March 23.—At the last meeting of the Pistol Club Lee V. D. Perret again won the medal, scoring three times in succession. Under the conditions the medal now becomes his personal property. Mr Perret wished to present the club with the medal, but the members declined it, he having worked hard to win it, and another medal will be shot for under slightly altered conditions. It will be seen by the score that Perret and Clark tied on 115. The following are the scores, possible 120:

L V D Perret	12	12	12	11	11	12	10	12	12	10—115	
W Clark	12	12	12	12	12	12	10	11	12	12—115	
W L Wells	12	11	12	12	12	12	11	10	12	10—114	
W B McDowell	12	12	11	10	11	12	10	12	12	12—114	
W J Lard	11	12	12	10	12	11	12	11	11	12—114	
U G Sims	12	11	11	12	11	12	11	11	12	10—113	
E Mohrstadt	11	11	0	12	10	12	12	12	12	11—112	
H M Jones	12	12	12	12	12	11	11	8	12	11—112	
M C Billmeyer	12	12	11	12	12	0	10	11	11	11—111	
G Alexander	12	10	12	12	11	11	10	12	11	9—110	
A E Bengel	12	11	11	11	10	12	9	11	9	12—109	
W F Field	10	9	11	11	11	11	12	11	11	12—109	
W H Bonnel	11	12	11	11	12	12	9	11	11	9—103	
M A Thurber	11	10	11	10	12	10	10	11	12	11—108	
O Wallace	12	8	12	10	10	11	11	12	12	9—107	
F A Fodde	12	12	10	11	12	12	11	9	8	11—106	
W Bauer	11	12	9	11	7	10	11	12	11	12—106	
O Neuhaus	10	10	11	10	11	12	10	10	10	12—105	
E E Grether	11	8	12	10	12	12	10	8	11	10—104	
W H Hettel	9	7	9	11	10	9	9	12	9	11—96	
J Sieminskie	11	6	10	9	7	7	9	12	12	11—95	
F D Gildersleave	9	3	11	12	9	12	12	11	6	10—95	
J G Schaaf	6	9	10	11	12	8	12	6	7	8—89	

BOSTON.—The following scores show the standing of the rifle shooters at the close of the fourth week in March at the Mammoth Gallery. All the matches will close with the month:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

J Bird	94	92	90	90	90	89	89	89	89	89—901
W Henry	92	89	89	88	88	87	87	86	86	86—878
H B Loring	88	87	87	86	86	86	86	85	85	85—861

Decimal Rest Match.

W Wiggin	100	99	98	98	98	96	96	96	96	96—977
B W White	98	97	97	97	96	96	96	96	94	94—961
C H Eastman	98	96	96	96	96	95	95	95	95	94—956
P Sumner	99	96	95	95	95	94	93	93	93	

Special Decimal Rest Match.

Eastman	100	100	99	99	99	99	99	99	99	98—991
Wilder	100	99	98	98	98	98	98	97	97	97—980
Felix	98	97	97	97	96	96	95	95	95	95—961
Bradley	96	95	95	94	93	93	93	92	91	90—932
Blake	95	94	94	94	93	93	90	89	89	88—919

Military Match.

H O Arnold	48	48	47	47	47	47	47	47	47	47—473
W Winchester	48	48	48	47	47	47	46	46	46	46—469
P Dolan	48	47	47	46	46	46	45	45	45	44—459

Amateur Match.

D Johnson	49	48	48	48	48	48	48	47	47	47—478
D Henry	49	49	48	48	48	47	47	47	47	47—477
E A Putnam	46	46	45	44	44	43	43	43	42	42—438
J Walters	46	46	46	44	44	43	43	42	41	40—435

Pistol Match.

B W White	83	92	92	90	89	89	88	88	87	87—895
C O Ming	90	89	89	87	84	84	83	83	83	80—852

WILMINGTON, Del., March 21.—Regular weekly shoot of the Wimington Rifle Club, Standard American target, possible 100:

At 200yds.

W A Bacon	4	10	5	6	5	5	2	9	9	4—57
J B Bell	7	5	4	6	6	5	6	8	5	4—56
B Miller	6	6	6	6	3	4	4	5	6	8—54
J Scott	4	6	3	7	5	4	6	8	7	4—54
W O'Connor	7	7	6	4	6	4	3	6	3	7—53
J E Newman	5	4	4	8	5	4	3	3	5	5—50
H Simpson	5	6	0	4	10	5	3	6	6	5—49
C Frederick (mil)	1	1	2	0	3	9	10	6	2	3—37
W A Ruthven	2	1	4	1	4	1	2	2	2	2—22

At 100yds.

W O'Connor	8	10	8	7	9	8	10	10	7	8—85
J B Bell	8	10	8	9	8	10	9	7	9	7—85
J Scott	9	6	8	9	5	8	8	7	8	8—76
J E Newman	8	5	5	8	8	7	9	9	7	6—72
R Miller	6	7	3	6	10	9	10	5	6	7—70
H Simpson	7	4	8	9	5	10	9	5	5	7—69
W A Bacon	7	5	5	7	8	9	5	6	10	6—68
W A Ruthven	5	7	3	5	4	5	6	8	5	7—55
C Frederick (mil)	3	3	5	7	5	3	4	0	4	3	9—47

GARDNER, Mass., March 29.—Regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, Hackmatack range, Hinman target, 200yds.; totals of the two strings:

G C Goodale	89	83—172	L Walker	76	69—145	
J N Dodge	85	83—168	G R Warfield	74	69—143	
G F Ellsworth	84	81—165	C Crabtree	69	66—135	
W C Loveland	82	81—163	E C Dodge	61	48—109	
C N Edgell	82	76—158	D E Warfield	52	51—103	

The totals have been received in two recent matches between Loveland and Warfield, of the local club, and the Seeds brothers, of Wilmington, Del., each man 15 shots, Standard target:

	First.	Second.		First.	Second.
W C Loveland	124	114	J E Seeds	96	101
G R Warfield	120	118	H B Seeds	96	95
	244	232—476		192	196—398

SHOOTING THE FOUNTAIN.—St. Louis, March 24.—Shooting of the fountain is a new style of rifle practive introduced in St. Louis by Julius Lange, and now exceedingly popular. It is a novelty. The range of shooting is about 60ft. and the target is an egg shell or small cork ball. The charm of the invention lies mainly in the fact that the target is entirely beyond the control of any one. The fountain is a small water pipe extending upward through a V-shaped basket, throwing a stream about the size of an ordinary lead pencil. The empty egg shell or cork ball is borne up and kept dancing in the air by the stream of water, and the irregular pressure of the water keeps it constantly in motion. Should the ball or egg shell be thrown to either side by the jet of water, it simply falls into the V-shaped basket, rolls to the bottom, where it is caught by the water jet and elevated again, all in less time than it takes to write it. The stream has a pressure sufficient to keep the egg shell at an elevation of from 5 to 6ft. from the bottom of the basket, sometimes diminishing so as to allow the object to come down almost to a level with the rim of the basket, then up she bounds and dances about merrily in mid air. A stop-cock regulates the pressure of the fountain. The sport is very fascinating, calling into action all the qualities necessary for good markmanship, and is now quite the rage here.

LAWRENCE, Mass., March 26.—The members of the Lawrence Rifle Club shot in a gale of wind to-day, but succeeded in making the following scores, 200yds., standard American target:

O M Jewell	7	8	9	9	9	10	8	9	9	10—88
C M Hill	8	7	8	9	8	10	9	6	8	5—78
J W Bean	9	6	10	10	6	6	7	6	8	9—77
D P Norris	9	7	6	6	7	5	7	4	10	10—71
C Frost	5	5	8	9	6	8	6	5	5	9—67
E A Rogers	6	6	8	4	7	9	9	5	7	4—65
F Clark	8	9	5	6	4	6	5	4	6	9—62
P Wood	9	3	8	8	7	4	4	2	2	6—58
C A Strout	6	6	9	4	3	3	9	3	7	2—52

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., March 26.—At the regular club shoot for medal yesterday, 200yds. off-hand, varying light, wind ranging in force, from 8 to 12 points (on the Wm. 22-15-45) from 9 o'clock. The scores were:

W H Ross	5	7	3	6	6	10	7	10	10	8—72
Dr L Hazeltine	7	9	4	5	10	6	10	8	6	6—71
E E Capple	4	4	10	6	8	6	7	10	3	10—68
R H Burns	5	4	5	6	8	9	6	3	8	9—63
N J Baker	4	6	6	10	4	5	5	7	6	5—58
Dr R N Blanchard	9	4	9	6	6	3	7	4	6	4—58
Dr A F Ward	7	5	6	3	6	3	6	7	7	4—54

ZERO.

NEWARK, N. J.—The members of Our Own Gun Club held their weekly shoot over the 25yds. range for the diamond badge on Thursday, March 24, with the following result: Snellen Team—Weeks 102, Dietzel 97, Gill 104, Weider 93, Smith 103, Drexler 101, Klem 91, Limberger 64, Jamenoes 61, Wilms 39, Snellen 118; total 1,004. Fred Freiensehner Team—Bertram 100, F. A. Freiensehner 97, Friedheit 104, J. M. Kiefer 93, O. A. Keifer 95, Condit 77, Kroeplin 90, Barder 63, Ochsner 71, Fred Freiensehner 110, Blank 95; total 995....The team selected for the match with the Rutgers Rifle Club is as follows: Dietzel, F. A. Freiensehner, Drexler, Bertram, Smith, Friedenheit, Weeks, Gill, Werder, Ferd Freiensehner; J. M. Kiefer and O. A. Kiefer subs. This match is looked upon to be an interesting one, as the clubs are well matched together.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., March 24.—Friendly contest between Mr. John D. Kelley, a member of the Williamsport Rifle Club, and Mr. Lou DuBois of Renova, Pa., at the latter place, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target, two strings, ten shots each:

First Round.

J D Kelly	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	8—96
Lou DuBois	9	10	10	9	9	10	9	9	10	9—94

Second Round.

J D Kelley	9	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—96
Lou DuBois	10	9	9	9	10	9	9	8	9	8—90

C. H. B.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs in the United States which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887.

CONDITIONS.

To be competed for by teams of three club members, each man to shoot at fifteen artificial targets thrown from a single trap.

A club may enter more than one team, provided, however, that no member may shoot on more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance moneys (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into prizes, as stated below.

Each team may shoot on its own grounds, or elsewhere, as convenient. Scores are to be certified to by three club officers, under conditions which will be explained in due time.

Any target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, O.; the Niagara Flying Target Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Target Ball and B. P. Co., Lockport, N. Y.; the Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., 291 Broadway, N.Y. city, agents. Not more than one style of target to be used by any one team.

Targets to be thrown from any trap manufactured by any of these companies; trap to be set to throw the targets at least 45yds. from trap.

Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left.

Guns of 10, 12 or smaller bore may be used. Distance 18yds. for 10-bores, and 16yds. for 12-bores or smaller. Any charge of powder, with 1¼oz. shot. Gun to be held below the armpit until shooter calls pull.

PRIZES.

First Prize.—The team making highest score will receive the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100.

Second Prize.—The team making second best score will receive a cash prize of 50 per cent. of all the entrance fees.

Third Prize.—Team with third highest score will receive 30 per cent. of entrance fees.

Fourth Prize.—Team with fourth highest score will receive 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

In case of tie on highest scores made the tie must be shot off, under same conditions, for the TROPHY. Ties for any other prize must be shot off, unless by unanimous consent divided.

WAYNE GUN CLUB.—Philadelphia, Pa., March 26.—The Wayne Gun Club of Philadelphia held its first annual meeting and election of officers March 12. The following officers were elected: President, P. F. Yost; Vice-President, John Siddle; Secretary, Gus Hessler; Treasurer, Aibert Ulary; Field Marshall, Gus Hessler. The club was organized last September, and is now in a very flourishing condition. We may have a team in the FOREST AND STREAM match. Below find scores of practice shoots, clay-pigeons, one Ligowsky clay-pigeon trap, screened, and trap changed each bird, 18yds., cold, windy day:

Hugh Kane	1011011101—7	Sparks	0001010000—2
Sam Davis	1100010111—6	John Siddle	1001011000—3
P F Yost	0110101101—6	Al Whartenby	1101111101—7
Gus Hessler	1011111010—7	Wm Ulary	0101111111—8
Frank Hessler	0111001001—5		

Miss and out: Al. Whartenby 0, Thos. Scargle 1, Sam Davis 1, Geo. Scargle 2, P. F. Yost 6, Hugh Kane 3.

Match at clay-pigeons, 18yds.:

Albert Ulary	0011010110—5	Sparks	0000000000—0
Wm Ulary	1000110100—4	Frank Hessler	0101101011—6
Sam Davis	1001011011—6	Al Whartenby	1101111110—8
P F Yost	1001111011—7	Geo Scargle	0111011101—7
Graham	0010101001—4	John Siddle	0100010110—4
Jackson	1100100101—5	Thos. Scargle	1100011001—5
Gus Hessler	1101111011—8	Hugh Kane	0000011110—4

PHILADELPHIA, March 24.—A match was shot at Point Breeze track to-day between John L. Brewer and Miss Annie Oakley, of the Wild West Company. The terms were: 50 live birds, Hurlingham rules. Brewer—80yds., 1¼oz. of shot. Oakley—25yds., 1oz. of shot. Score: Brewer 44, Oakley 43. Forty-three is said to be the highest score ever made with 1oz. shot under the rules, and Brewer says it was the hardest match he had ever won. When he beat Bogardus he only killed 43.

OTTAWA, March 21.—In a competition for the Ligowsky clay pigeon championship badge at Carleton Place on Saturday, Thomas Glover defeated S. Glover, the former holder, scoring 17 to 16. W. L. Cameron, of this city, who was unsuccessful on Saturday, has challenged the winner. The series of competitions for this badge close in June. The total scores of the leading men are now: Cameron 31, S. Glover 29.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 17.—There was a gathering of more than a hundred at the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club this afternoon, and some of the best shooting was seen that has been done on the grounds for a long time. The air was keen and the wind blew freshly, but there were but few who cared to seek the shelter of the club house, preferring to watch the shooting and keep run of the scores of the favorite shooters. From the right hand trap clay-pigeons were sprung all the afternoon, while the center trap sent blue rocks whirling in the air. The main event of the day was the shoot for the Rhode Island Kennel Club champion cup, presented to the club two weeks ago. The conditions call for 10 weekly shoots at 50 blue rocks and the man or men making the highest score at each shoot counts one point toward the cup, the holder of the most points at the end of the 10 weeks to be the winner. To-day there were 10 entries in the race and though the first 60 birds did not rise well the shooting was excellent. The interest throughout was intense and the score card was watched with the closest attention. Each man shot at 6 birds in turn and the shooting on the last six was trying to those with nerves, for a single slip might lose the race. The birds flew strong, going away with the wind in a very lively fashion. The scores were as follows:

E S Smith	45655—25	C M Sheldon	35464—22
P H Randall	04564—25	E W Tinker	35445—21
W H Sheldon	56354—24	W G Crandall	44264—20
C B Potter	05554—23	I Barney	12343—16
C C Gray	45546—22	C F Baldwin	33352—16

Messrs. Smith and Randall making the highest score were each credited with a point toward the cup.

In the meantime the 50 bird race (clay-pigeons) had been begun, and this also was a most exciting contest. The scores made were as follows:

C M Sheldon	5858434555—46	E W Tinker	3435445343—38
C M Adams	4544435554—43	C C Gray	5443245243—36
W H Sheldon	4544455534—43	I Barney	3254422355—35
P H Randall	5534434253—40	Geo Barney	3234123554—32
C B Potter	4554325435—40	E S Smith	1442423343—30
Geo Carey	3335544445—38	G T Naylor	2333311244—27

The next on the programme was a 25-bird (clay-pigeon) sweepstake:

C Sheldon	55554—24	Gray	54432—18
Randall	55344—21	G Carey	33355—17
Potter	45545—21	I Barney	22544—17
Adams	45444—21	G T Naylor	23543—15
W Sheldon	45444—21	E Smith	14424—15
Tinker	34454—19	G Barney	32314—13

A second sweep at 25 clay-pigeons was then started, and this found as many more ready to enter and shoot. The shooting in this was equally good, and Messrs. C. M. Sheldon, C. A. Adams and W. H. Sheldon tied on 22 birds out of 52, and divided first money, George Carey taking second. C. B. Potter third and C. C. Gray fourth. The scores were as follows:

C M Sheldon	34555—22	P H Randall	34255—19
C M Adams	35554—22	G Barney	23554—19
W Sheldon	55554—22	C C Gray	15245—18
G Carey	44445—21	I Barney	32355—18
E W Tinker	45345—19	E S Smith	23343—15
C B Potter	25435—19	G T Naylor	11244—12

CINCINNATI, O., March 25.—Never in the history of trap-shooting in this city had the shooters such difficult and puzzling wind to contend against as that of yesterday. From the opening to the close of the shoot it blew a perfect gale, and in consequence very few straight scores were made. The occasion was the dedicating of the East End Gun Club's team of fine championship pennant won by a team of five of that club the latter part of 1886. At precisely 12 o'clock noon the pennant—a handsome silk streamer some 16ft. in length, blue in color, and with the word "Champions" inscribed in gold letters thereon—was hoisted to the top of the 65ft. flagstaff (relic of the ill-fated steamer Bob Morgan) and three ringing cheers rang out from the throats of the 300 enthusiasts present. Following this the Columboo was announced by the president of the club, and all present were cordially invited to make themselves at home. The "Columboo," which up to yesterday had so much mystery attending it, is a grand spread of luncheon, comprised of roast wild duck, turkey, chicken, boiled eggs, sandwiches of all kinds, and no end of other catables, with appetizing salads and vegetables, hot coffee and tea, set off with cigars as a finis. There was an over supply of everything, and everybody appeared good-natured and happy. An attendance numbering, including the participants, some 500, with a sprinkling of ladies, witnessed the shooting. Barring the terrific gale which blew, the weather was fine; the good, warm sun shining, made what would otherwise have been a chilly day comfortable. The birds shot were the newly patented clay tongue Ligowsky clay bird, donated by that company to the shooters present to test. There was very little breakage attending the trapping, and the flight and breaking qualities are excellent, far superior to their old paper tongue bird. Many of the birds sprung, with the assistance of the wind, flew fully 100yds. Teipel, Briggs, Shott, Bando, Wick, Parker, Taylor and Miller especially distinguished themselves by their shooting, and all turned out fairly good winners. Over 3,000 birds were sprung, but only the scores made in the sweepstake matches kept for publication. Appended are the official scores:

Match No. 1—10 single Ligowsky clay birds: Al Bandle 9, Parker 9, F. Ferris 3, Wick 5, Taylor 7, Cole 5, J. E. Miller 8, Briggs 9, Bing 4, Bemis 5, H. Robinson 5, T. Herr 5, B. Teipel 9, Shott 7, Snider 5, Irwin 7. Bandle, Parker, Teipel and Briggs divided first, Miller won second, and Taylor, Shott and Irwin divided third.

Match No. 2—5 Ligowsky clay birds: Bandle 2, Parker 4, Cole 3, Briggs 3, T. Herr 4, Bemis 2, Teipel 3, Bing 4, Miller 2, McGraw 3, Cider 3, Irwin 4, Ferris 0, Wick 5, Shott 5, Robinson 3, Taylor 5, Snider 0. Wick, Shott and Taylor divided first, Parker and Cider in shoot off won second, Briggs and Teipel in shoot off won third, and Bemis won fourth alone.

Match No. 3—Single Ligowsky clay birds: Bandle 5, Herr 2, Bing 4, Ferris 3, Irwin 6, Taylor 5, Shott 5, Teipel 6, Parker 7, Jones 6, Wick 7, McGraw 5, Bemis 2, Briggs 5, Bruce 3, Miller 6, Snider 4, Cole 6, Gun 1, Cider 3. Wick and Parker divided first, ties on six each divided second, and Briggs in shoot off won third.

Match No. 4—7 single Ligowsky clay birds: Bandle 5, Taylor 5, Teipel 7, Bing 3, Briggs 5, Irwin 4, Bemis 4, Cole 4, Ferris 3, Parker 3, Bruce 4, Miller 7, McGraw 0, Herr 2, Jones 4, Robinson 2, Cider 0, Dick 2, Wick 4, Shott 4. Teipel and Miller divided first, Bandle, Briggs and Taylor divided second, Irwin, Shott and Cole divided third, after shoot off, and Bing and Parker, after shoot off, fourth.

Match No. 5—7 single Ligowsky clay birds: Bandle 5, Miller 4, Keno 3, Cole 3, Bruce, Briggs, 4, Wick 5, Parker 5, Bing 1, Stewart 3, Teipel 7, Shott 7, Ferris 2, Richards 4, Bemis 3, Irwin 3, Herr 3, Spring 4, Taylor 5. Teipel and Shott divided first, Bandle, in shoot off, won second alone, and Briggs, in shoot off, third alone.

Match No. 6—7 single Ligowsky clay birds: Teipel won first money, Bandle, Wick and Briggs divided second, Irwin and Taylor divided third, and Shott won fourth alone.

Match No. 7—Miss and out: Shott and Briggs divided on 7.

Match No. 8—Miss and out: Cheek and Irwin divided on 3.

NEW JERSEY TRAP NOTES.—R. Bustard and S. Cartwright shot a match at Paterson, on Tuesday, March 22, Bustard giving Cartwright two live birds. Each killed seven, and an agreement was made to shoot at double the number of birds for $100 in two weeks. The first match was for $50, and Bustard shot at ten while Cartwright shot at twelve.....The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club was held on Thursday at Erb's. Each member shot at ten live birds with the following result: R. H. Breintnall, 30yds., killed 10; C. M. Hedden, 28yds., 7; F. Class, 30yds., 8; Roberts' 26yds., 10; C. R. Hedden, 26yds., 7; Hunt, 30yds., 10; Freeman, 26yds., 5; Youmans, 30yds., 9; William Graham, 30yds., 9; A. Whitehead, 28yds., 7; Froche, 28yds., 8; Kinsey, 30yds., 6; Ford 30yds., 10; A. Herman, 28yds., 7; Dr. Nicholas, 30yds., 8; Thomas, 26yds., 4; Terrill, 26yds., 8; Hayes, 30yds., 8; Hawk, 28yds., 5; C. Heath, 28yds., 9. Referee, Mr. Charles Sworer. The third monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Association was held on Wednesday, March 23, at the grounds of the South Side Club. The conditions were teams of five men from each club in the organization to shoot at twenty clay birds each at 18yds. rise. The club trophy, a tall silver cup, embellished with seven guns, was won for the third time by the South Side Gun Club. The individual scores were as follows: Mountain Gun Club—Miller 15, Conover 16, Badgley 7, Councilman 7, McGall 7; total 52. Woodside Gun Club—Coeyman 7, Evans 6, Geoffrey 8, Maxwell 7, Shepherd 3; total 31. Nimrod Gun Club—Goldsmith 9, S. Castle 12, Cockefair 8, F. Castle 4, W. I. Beatty 8; total 41. East Orange Gun Club—Thomas Dukes 12, A. W. Wheaton, 13, H. S. Babbage 6, C. R. Hedden 7, L. Dents 9; total 47. Mountain Side Gun Club—Burnett 9, Bond 3, Clarkson 4, Seggins 16, Williamson 16; total 38. South Side Gun Club—Breintnall 16, Hunt 16, Whitehead 11, Edwards 13, O. Von Lengerke 16; total 72.

CHATHAM CENTRE, N. Y., March 12.—Match at Peoria blackbirds, Peoria blackbird trap, 18yds., new Long Island rules:

Milton Powell	1100111100—6	Geo Bogardus	0001010000—1
Jesse Goodrich	1010100101—5	Edgar More	0001001000—2
Bush Chichester	0100000000—1	Chas Minisee	0011100101—4
James Williams	1000000010—2	Frank Fowler	1011110100—6
Abe Van Alstyne	1000000000—1	Bert Lanoree	0101101111—7

CROWS IN A TRAP.—The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, is a live club. They have a roll of something like seventy members, many of whom are also members of other clubs, to wit, the Essex, the Jersey City Heights, New Jersey, etc. It is emphatically a clay-pigeon club, and the champion of Essex county in that particular, having won the county trophy and beaten all other clubs with whom they have shot. Thursday, the 26th inst., was their first attempt as a club at anything really alive. Before trying their skill at the fleeting bluerock or the lightning Antwerp, they proposed a larger living target. It was a members' subscription match, members putting down their names for a certain number of crows each. The crows arrived, 300 or more, and the boys were on hand about 2 P. M., with a large crowd of curious spectators, on their club ground, Emmet street station, where they have a commodious club house and all the paraphernalia for imitation target shoots. If any one expected to see extra lightning birds and extraordinary fine and quick shooting they were disappointed. The *Corvus* is not that kind of a bird, at least not from a trap, though he evidently gets away as fast as he can. As the trap is sprung he throws his eye quickly first on one side then the other, makes a clumsy jump, throwing out one leg with a quawk and a look behind, saying, "Good-bye, this is no place for me," and rather lazily flops off, generally direct away from the trap, but he affords an easy mark for a pigeon shooter. Nevertheless, the boys had considerable fun, and some of the farmers were evidently much pleased at the destruction of what many believe to be a pestiferous varmint. The following are the sweeps, Hurlingham rules, with exception that the first two sweeps were at 25yds. instead of 30yds., and no handicapping of guns; all ties divided throughout; Jacobstaff as referee had an easy job. Many of the birds dropped dead just out of bounds, notably Old South Paw's; he used No. 8 or pigeon shot, where No. 6 or seven would have been better. Some lost their birds through laughing at the comical action of the creatures or the ludicrousness of the situation.

First sweep, 25yds.:			
Brintnall	11122—5	Stringer	02212—3
Phillips	22210—4	Paul	02020—2
C R Hedden	10001—2	H Unger	11222—5
O Von Lengerke	12101—4	W Siegler	01112—4
Old South Paw	00212—3	C Leroy	11211—5
D D Terrill	02110—3	C M Hedden	12221—5
White	12210—4		
Second sweep, 25yds.:			
Brintnall	22211—5	Siegler	11112—5
Phillips	11111—5	Leroy	11110—4
C R Hedden	02221—4	C M Hedden	21111—5
O Von Lengerke	21121—5	Stile	01120—3
Old South Paw	01011—3	Fisher	20000—1
White	11222—5	Becker	21111—5
D D Terrill	11201—4	I H Terrill	11020—3
H Unger	21101—4		
Third sweep, 30yds.:			
Brintnall	11111—5	C M Hedden	12112—5
Phillips	12111—5	Still	10001—2
C R Hedden	22110—4	Fisher	00001—1
O Von Lengerke	10011—3	Becker	10112—4
Dr. Nicholas	22112—5	I H Jewell	22111—5
Unger	11121—5	Beatty	12001—3
Siegler	11022—4	Stringer	00010—1
Leroy	21101—4	McDougall	20020—2
Fourth sweep, 30yds.:			
Brintnall	10111—4	Siegler	11111—5
Phillips	00110—2	Leroy	21222—5
C R Hedden	11012—4	C M Hedden	21111—5
L O Hedden	00211—3	Still	02022—3
Unger	20211—4	Beatty	20220—3
Fifth sweep, 30yds.:			
Brintnall	1101—3	C R Hedden	1221—4
Still	2101—3	O Von Lengerke	1221—4
Unger	1220—3	Siegler	1012—3
Leroy	1012—3		

Last sweep Oscar Von Lengerke and Leroy shot with only one hand. C. M. Hedden killed his 20 birds straight, and may well be crowned champion crow shot of the State. Brintnall followed close after with 19, attributing his one miss to a single shell he had of powder which is, he says, "slower than a crow." Crow shooting from a trap may do once in a while for variety, but it is poor business and far from sportsmanlike, and they are good for nothing when dead. Since the Audubon Society's philanthropic movement even the lady hat trimmers won't purchase them.—JACOBSTAFF.

PETTICOATS AT THE TRAP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mrs. W. B. Kennedy, otherwise known as "Mexis, the Rifle Queen," shot on exhibition here the past week, and although the shotgun she used was one she had never seen before, and one entirely too heavy for her, yet she performed some very difficult feats, which won for her the applause and admiration of all those who witnessed it. The biros were thrown in a high wind, the fourth notch was used and Ligowsky clay-pigeons were sent all over the field for all they were worth. At 18yds. she broke 17 out of 20 singles. At another time she broke 15 consecutive blackbirds without a miss. With her back to the trap she broke 4 out of 5. Calling "pull" with gun lying upon the ground she broke 5 straight. Calling pull with gun upon the ground 15ft. away broke 4 out of 5. Increasing the distance to 25ft. she broke 4 out of 5, and standing 40ft. from the gun she broke 5 consecutive birds without a miss, running and picking up the gun after the trap was sprung. She is still suffering somewhat from injuries received in a railroad disaster in the West in January last. Her style of shooting is easy and graceful, and the way she "snuffs out" Peoria blackbirds and clay-pigeons is proof that her birds are well centered. Her shooting was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators.—C. C.

BROOKLYN, March 23.—The regular monthly shoot of the Washington Gun Club took place to-day at Dexter's Park. On account of the strong northwest wind blowing, many birds got away. S. Newton 25yds., A. C. De Graw 25yds., and J. Simpson 25yds., killed 6 out of 7, the latter winning the club badge on the shoot off.

BROOKLYN, March 15.—The Ivanhoe Gun Club, of Ridgewood, held their regular monthly shoot for the club badge to-day. The scores were:

W Dean	11111—5	A W Rollo	11110—4
E Dean	11110—4	J M Lawrence	11011—4
C H Bund	01111—4	A Killian	11101—4
E Southard	11110—4	H B Southard	10111—4

A sweepstake was then shot and G. H. Litchfield and B. Jones divided the prize, having made a clean score.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—The pigeon shooting contest arranged by the Golden Gate Gun Club to take place at McMahon's Station to-day, was postponed because the ground was not in good order. Members of the club made improvements upon it and decided to hold the first club shoot of the season next Sunday. This year five traps will be worked instead of three as last year. The first tournament of the season will be held on the first Sunday in April, the entrance fee to which is $2.50. The contest for first prize will be 15 pigeons at 18yds. rise, and second prize ten pair doubles at 15yds. rise. There will also be a series of sweepstakes, single and double matches.

TORONTO, March 25.—Nearly a score of members of the Toronto Gun Club met at Charley Agre's place to-day and shot a number of sweepstake matches with the following result: First sweep at 9 birds each—D. Black 9, W. Brigg 7, G. Pearsall 6, D. Blea 5, E. LeRoy 4, G. Leslie 4, C. Ayre, 4, H. George 3, W. Jefferson 3, J. Ayre 3. Second sweep, at 12 birds each—B. Black 9, C. Ayre 9, H. George 8, G. Pearsall 7, E. LeRoy 6, W. Jefferson 6, J. Ayre 5, B. Pearsall 5, G. Leslie 4, D. Blea 4. Third sweep, at 12 birds—D. Blea 11, E. LeRoy 10, H. George 10, J. Ayre 6, W. McDowall 4, G. Leslie 4.

BREWER VS. GRAHAM.—There is considerable excitement in regard to the Brewer—Graham match to take place on the J. C. H. C. grounds, Marion, N. J., on the 31st, if Brewer is not again ailing; also in the match between Cannon (the one-arm shooter) and Geo. Davis, on the same grounds, the 21st of next month. Both contestants, we understand, are training birds for the occasion, and it will be a close thing.—JACOBSTAFF.

Give distance and target when you send scores.

The FOREST AND STREAM appears this week with four additional pages, making thirty-two in all. It has always been the leading journal with all lovers of the rod and gun, and the increase of four pages proves its willingness to please all patrons.—*Wellsville, N. Y., Reporter, March 5.*

C. E. WILKINSON, manufacturer of medals and badges, whose advertisement has appeared in our columns continuously for a number of years, has lately removed to No. 42 John street, more commodious quarters, and is prepared to fill orders for medals, etc., of all descriptions. He will furnish designs on application.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

A CRUISE OF THE WASHINGTON C. C.

PART I.

OFF for a cruise! Hurrah, boys! Shake off the languor born of a twelve months' indoor application, come with us and breathe deep drafts of the ozone of the woods and waters. Throw off the conventionalities of city life with your frock coats and standing collars. Cast care aside as you fling the pen on the desk, and donning a blue flannel shirt and knickerbockers, prepare to unbend and come down, or rather rise up, to the enjoyment of the freedom of the demi-savage.

We were seven—most of us just beginning to feel, in the want of appetite and the disinclination to active exercise which follow too constant application to desk work, the necessity for a change—for an unbending of the tightened bow. Spring had come; the merry month of May was at hand. The canoes were brought out, inspected, duly scraped, caulked, varnished and their fittings overhauled. Sails were bent to yards, and club and private flags drawn from dusty resting place; and then one fine Monday afternoon, the 3d of May, the little fleet of white-winged crafts stood prettily out from the boat house, and down the stream from Georgetown, with a cloudless sky overhead, and the rippling wavelets, stirred by a gentle breeze, glinting and flashing under the rays of a declining sun.

The Petrel, manned by the youngest of the party—the "boys" as we dubbed them—was the first into the water and off; then the Mermaid, a heavy centerboard boat, sailed by an old navigator who had sailed round and about the world in many sorts of crafts before finally settling down to canoeing; next the Iola, a graceful but skittish creation of the Wisconsin boat builder's skill, sailed by an excise man, with a novice in canoeing acting, somewhat passively it is true, as crew; and lastly, the commodore in the Meteor, with Corporal Hatch as his crew.

A light wind and an ebb tide were the accompaniments when we started, and we sailed free to Long Bridge. The four canoes danced merrily over the water until that was reached, when the wind failed altogether and the fleet lazily drifted for a half hour or more, when paddles were reluctantly taken out and leisurely plied until Alexandria was reached. A short stop here by the Lola and Meteor and we are off again, determined at least to get out of hearing of the hum of the city before making our first camp.

As we start off the paddles are again brought into requisition, but only leisurely used, for most of us want to enjoy the beauty of the evening with as little distraction as possible. And it is here that the novice begins to appreciate the delights of canoeing. Seated with ease in the bottom of the boat, which rests as lightly as a feather on the surface of the stream, and by a series of gentle strokes impelling it quickly through the water while facing in the direction of his progress, he can admire the beauty of the scene presented to his gaze. Above him the rich azure of the sky; below him, but so near that he can lave his finger tips, the broad waters of the grand Potomac, swelling up from the sea without a ripple to disturb the glassy surface; on either side the gently undulating and wooded banks of the mighty river—over all a stillness as refreshing to the tired nerves as a soft couch to a weary traveler.

For an hour or more was this scene presented to the view, every bend in the river unfolding new beauties, and then it suddenly changed and another feature of canoeing was presented to the cruisers. The sun had hardly sunk beneath the horizon and the echoes of the sunset gun discharged at Arsenal Point had not ceased reverberating along the wooded shores, before the face of the river changed as if magically. A sunset breeze had sprung up, coming at first in gentle puffs that made cat'spaws on the water, but gradually strengthened until it blew with a vigor and steadiness that roughened up the stream.

It had been our purpose when we found that paddling was the order of the day, to camp just above Fort Foote, but this breeze, which overtook us just as we reached that point, was not to be lost, so sails were hastily run up and soon we were scudding along at a lively rate.

The sudden change from the quiet of the moment before was marvelous, and acted like a stimulant. In two minutes, the four canoes, which had been drifting along so closely together that a blanket might have covered them all, were widely dispersed and, strange sight to the novice, seemed to be pointing each in a different direction.

The Mermaid quickly plunged ahead, standing well down the river, the Iola took second place, with the Meteor and Petrel close together behind. After a half hour's sail the Iola stood in to shore, and the crew, keeping a good lookout "for'ard," picked out a promising landing-place. Here the craft was beached, and a shrill "whoop-pee" notified the nearest of the fleet, who signaled the others, and all came ashore in fine style just as night was setting down. We had reached Broad Creek, making our first run of about four hours.

The boats were hauled up or anchored and made secure, one man started a fire, others set up the tents, others gathered wood, and the cook getting out the provision chests and kitchen utensils set to work at our first *al fresco* meal.

Our first night out. What recollections will in the future linger round this first night out; the novelty of it all; the bustle of landing, gathering of drift wood for the fire, putting up of tents, unpacking of provisions and blankets and other dunnage, the cooking itself, and the supper round the camp-fire!

The camping place, hastily selected after landing, was at the mouth of a charming ravine, the steep slopes inclosing which were covered with fine trees in all the freshness of their spring dress. Where the ravine debouched on the beach the tents were staked, facing up the gully, and 20ft. away, at the foot of a grand monarch of the forest, the fire was built.

How readily a properly-constituted man can adapt himself to circumstances! Here were seven of us, mostly fresh from office work and from all the conventionalities of city life, suddenly become demi-savages, and dropping as readily into the ways of the child of nature as if to the manor born. True canoeists most of the party were—ready and willing, aye rejoiced, to rough it for the time being.

Imagine the supper! Here is the bill of fare: Oxtail soup (piping hot), potted corn beef, hard-boiled eggs, hard tack, pilot bread, raisin bread, cheese, tea.

Canned ox-tail soup drank out of tin cups, which afterward served as the vehicle of communication between the teapot and our mouths, chipped corn beef, hard-boiled eggs, bread and cheese, and last, but by no means least, a raisin loaf contributed by the captain of the Mermaid and bearing the encouraging indorsement of his boarding-missis as to its freedom from dyspepsia-inducing qualities—the last link between our present state and the civilization we had left.

A somewhat rude meal, but then, think of the accessories! Picture the dining-room in which we ate, more spacious even than the famed baronial halls of feudal times, the fresh greensward the best of carpeting, the blue vault of heaven for a roof, the rugged trunks of trees, gilded by the light from a rare wood fire, whose many tongues of flame shooting up united in one grand pyramid and leaped madly on high as if in an effort to overlook the forest for columns supporting the dome.

And the after-supper siesta, when lounging in picturesque attitude about the fire, the song and the story went around, enlivened with hearty laughter, while those of us who were smokers lay dreamily puffing the blue smoke from our lips and drinking in deep drafts of peaceful enjoyment. Can any other sport conjure up anything that will more strongly appeal to the lover of out-of-door life. And then, when a yawn or two proclaimed the approach of the drowsy god, with what assurance of fresh, invigorating sleep we sought the shelter of our tents. Here, on couches made by strewing the ground with young branches of trees and then dried leaves, over which rubber cloth and oilskins were spread to keep down the dampness, we stretched ourselves, and each man, wrapping a blanket about him, wooed slumber, lulled by the ceaseless swish of the waves on the beach.

The Vice-Commodore, skipper of the Mermaid, and the "boys" occupied one large tent, the skipper of the Iola slept solus in that craft under a pretty boat tent that was as comfortable as it was picturesque; and the crew of the Iola, with Corporal Hatch and the Commodore, occupied a second marquee tent. No watch was set, but occasionally one or other of the party got up and replenished the fire.

Before sunrise the party was up and stirring, and while the cooks prepared the breakfast the captain and crew of the Iola, after some calisthenic performances to get the stiffness out of their joints, stripped and took a plunge into the river, and the Petrel's crew saluted the rising sun with their heavy artillery.

How invigorating and freshening the atmosphere was in the early morning. How delightful the *al fresco* breakfast eaten in the midst of fresh green woods, where the air was laden with the perfume of the dogwood blossoms and melodious with the carolling of the birds. Our breakfast menu was simple: Fried beef, hard-boiled eggs, pilot bread, cheese, coffee and tea; and this disposed of the party set to work with eagerness at the preparations to get under way and take advantage of a fresh breeze.

The glorious freedom of it all, unhampered by the restraints of city life, and unflecked by care for the day or morrow, not only conduced to, but compelled mirth, and the song, the shout, the hearty laugh following a mirth-provoking sally, kept the air constantly ringing. This is the history of one day's cruise and one night's camping, and in its general features is the story of every succeeding day and night of the cruise, for the abandon of the party grew as the days passed, as the appetites increased, and their lungs filled with the ozone of the woods.

Tuesday, May 14, 1886.—About 7 A. M., the fleet got off. Destination, Mount Vernon. Wind southwest. Tide fair. Bright sunshiny morning and the sky flecked with fleecy clouds which had the promise of plenty of wind in them. The Petrel took about a half mile start, followed by the Iola, with Meteor and Mermaid standing out close together about five minutes later. The Mermaid demonstrated her superiority as a sailer from the outset by standing down almost in the eye of the wind, while the others were compelled to tack back and forth across the river. The Iola developed a particular crankiness, refusing to hold up into the wind on the starboard tack, making distance at the expense of speed, her captain being obliged to hold her up in the wind until she would almost lose steerage way. The Commodore sailed the Meteor quite close, but could not do as well as the Mermaid. The Petrel sailed but little better than the Iola, but her jib helped her to come about so that she beat the other in running off on a new tack.

The fleet under sail made a pretty picture, and as the little boats darted along hither and thither, careening gayly over the roughening water, parties of all sorts and sizes thronged the river, we could see people come to the sides of those vessels to gaze at and speculate about us, and we often got a hail from them, frequently with remonstrances against our foolhardiness in venturing out in such shells. They did not know the sea-going qualities of canoes.

Presently those qualities were put to the test, for the breeze soon increased to half a gale and blew directly up the stream and, meeting an ebb tide, rapidly raised a commotion on the surface of the water. From far down the stream, the white horses came racing up to meet our little craft, and as they broke over bow or gunwale to drench us with spray, still we rode merrily on, now plunging into the trough of the sea, and now rising lightly to its crest and shaking the bright water from the bow as a mettled horse would shake his mane.

As we passed Fort Washington the waters looked angry, and such of the canoes as sailed close to the shore could see scores of people watching our progress interestedly—many of them doubtless, in the expectation of seeing us blown out of the water or overturned. But we kept on without accident and reached Mount Vernon at 10:30 A. M., after three hours and a half of pretty sailing, just exciting enough to keep the nerves at an exhilarating tension.

The Mermaid reached a landing an hour ahead of the rest of the fleet, the others coming in close together. The Iola had dropped two or three miles astern near the start, it being found necessary to run her in shore to fasten the peak of her mainsail, and when in to wait a quarter hour or more while the mate labored to get an eccentric pipe in working order, but in the freshening breeze she had gradually worked up to the others by going clear over to the other shore on her starboard tack, so as to get a good head down the stream and then making exceedingly long legs down the river. She overhauled the Petrel, which had been outsailed by the Mermaid and Meteor, and sailed past her on the last tack across the river for Mount Vernon, and had there been another mile to go, would undoubtedly have caught up with the Meteor, which landed about five minutes ahead of her.

At Mount Vernon we had lunch, the Vice-Commodore officiating as cook and doling out to us steaming hot Boston baked beans, with plenty of hard tack, pilot bread with cheese, and coffee. Note was made of the fact that the crew of the Iola, who had no appetite when leaving Washington, disposed of four plates of beans, and in view of this tendency to devour the supplies, the commissariat department concluded to add to their stores, and laid in four dozen eggs, some potatoes, and in addition had their minds relieved by the present of two monstrous fresh-caught shad, from the ex-Vice Commodore of the club, who came down to meet the fleet at Mount Vernon.

About 2 P. M. the fleet again put out, and now the novice of the party got his first experience in what canoe sailing really was. He also, as he afterward confessed to his skipper, first learned on this sail the full force of the phrase "Look out for squalls." When we left Mount Vernon the wind was still southwest but "puffy," with a head wind, tide and heavy sea. The skipper of the Iola cautioned his crew to look out for squalls, whose approach could be noted by the flattening out of the waves off to windward. The crew kept a lookout. He so soon became impressed with the necessity of "keeping an eye to windward," another nautical phrase the application of which he realized after a while. Truth to tell, he soon found abundant occupation for his "weather eye." He kept it open to windward, as well as the drifting spray would permit him, but due regard for truth compels the historian of the cruise to say that that was not much more than half the time. His signal of "squall coming" became very monotonous after a while, for the squalls came thick and fast until finally they settled down into a hard blow that sent the whitecaps tearing fast in an exciting race.

The Petrel had an early start and kept in advance for a long time; the Mermaid did not leave until the rest of the fleet had been standing off and on for half an hour; then the solitary cruiser pulled up anchor and mounted the deck of his vessel, and sailing right up almost in the eye of the wind, passed the other boats in quick succession. He went flying almost past every sailing vessel on the river. The Iola, second at the start, soon dropped to the rear, and the crew of that perverse beauty had an excellent opportunity to watch the maneuvers of the rest of the fleet. The Meteor behaved splendidly on this trip, being second only to the Mermaid. The skipper of the Iola, sailor-like, cast around for some Jonah on whom to fix the blame of the natural perversity of his craft, and hit upon the cranky pipe carried by the crew, and once this idea was adopted he quickly spread distrust of the unfortunate pipe among all the cruisers. There was no question but the Iola behaved badly. She would sail only on one tack and consequently fell off on that. The climax was reached when abreast of Pohick Creek. For an hour her skipper tried in vain to weather the northerly jaws of the creek's mouth. Tack after tack was tried, but no progress; time after time the angry looking waste of waters was crossed to starboard and to port, but the Iola invariably fell short of crossing what seemed to be a "dead line." Now she would run off on the starboard tack, dipping her nose under wave after wave, tossing the spray back on her crew, and giving him a succession of cold shower baths at intervals of fifteen seconds, with growing promise all the time of an immediate plunge bath, until the leeward shore was reached, when she would come about and head off to windward, and wallow in the trough of one sea after another, all the time shipping water until her cockpit was ankle deep. Then when she had twice crossed the river it would be found that she was not more than ten yards below her starting point. At length her skipper became disgusted, and finding that she was making water and that the rest of the fleet were out of sight down the river, ran in to shore and prepared to make camp.

The Iola, her cockpit ankle-deep with water and her stowed cargo soaked through and through, was hauled ashore, bailed and sponged out. Then her forward hatch was opened and found full of water, and the dunnage afloat. She was turned over, the hatch emptied and dried, a fire was built and the wet blankets and clothing hung up to dry. Then it was discovered that the camp had been made on swampy ground. The crew also made a discovery—that the Mermaid had carried off the shad presented for dinner. The more the crew pondered over this the hungrier they became. The spectacle of those shad, cooked in all their juicy lusciousness, was projected upon the canvas of his imagination with exceeding great clearness, and as he pictured the other fellows eating and enjoying them in his absence, his feelings became too deep for speech. Finally, the breeze from down the river seemed to waft to him from the camp, we supposed already formed below, the odor of broiled shad. He stood this as long as he could, but at last suggested that he and the skipper 'up stakes' again and paddle down to the other camp. Quickly the skipper whose mind harbored similar thoughts, agreed; the dunnage was again stowed, the fire trodden out, the Iola launched and propelled by a "poplar breeze," making headway down the stream. It was slow work and the paddling against a flood tide seemed hard work, but just as it was getting dark the camp-fire came in sight and a half hour later a "whoop-pee" notified the party on shore of the approach of the Iola. A hearty welcome was extended to the belated ones, and to their eager inquiries, the response came that the shad had not yet been cooked.

This was Camp Silsbee, located on Holland's Point, and it was the most delightful camping place of the cruise. A low sandy beach led from the water to a charming glade, backed by wooded hills. The tents were already up and dinner was soon ready. It consisted of fried shad, boiled eggs, bread and cheese, raisin loaf and tea; enjoyed none the less by the skipper and crew of the Iola because of the recollection of how near they came to missing this camp-dinner.

After dinner there was a pleasant hour about the camp-fire, some of the party smoking, and the rest getting off a few fireworks, and then all retired to their couches and to refreshing slumber.

PATENTS AND PATENT LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communications resulting from the claims recently made upon the canoeists of this neighborhood under the Griswold Reefing Gear patent have suggested to me that a few general remarks on the subject of patents may be not only interesting to many of the community which you represent, but also useful as clearing away some of the misty ideas which prevail.

In the first place a patent is not a bare monopoly, as is too often assumed, but a simple contract between an inventor and the Government, with a valuable consideration on each side. The inventor gives the public the benefit of his discoveries, and the Government in return secures to him the sole use of the invention for a certain limited period, at the expiration of which the community become possessed of the benefits. In order to obtain this contract the individual must meet some requirements, which are best stated in the exact words as follows:

"Sec. 4886. Any person who has invented or discovered any new and useful art, machine, manufacture or composition of matter, or any new and useful improvement thereof, not known or used by others in this country, and not patented or described in any printed publication in this or any foreign country, before his invention thereof, and not in public use or on sale for more than two years prior to his application * * may * * obtain a patent therefor."

This passage prescribes the elements on which a patent is founded, and they must be all and severally present to insure its integrity, for if a single one is wanting the claims of the inventor fall to the ground, and this is so whether the absence of one of these requisites is discovered during the preliminary proceedings or after a patent has been issued for the supposed invention.

As a preliminary to the issuing of a patent, the existence of the above conditions is ascertained by the affidavit of the inventor and the examinations of the Patent Office. But the averments of the inventor freely subscribed to, often in complete ignorance of their nature or contents, and, I regret to add, sometimes in wilful ignorance, and such hasty examinations as are possible by the inadequate and underpaid force at the Patent Office often enables improper and mischievous patents to slip through. This, however, is not the fault of the system, and when a patent has once been issued—the contract entered into—it must be observed until recalled by proceedings equally as formal, equitable and strictly observed as those which are supposed to govern its granting, and these proceedings can be had only in a court of the United States.

Among the different reasons for annulling a patent that of want of novelty is by far the most common, and is the one which is put forward, and apparently on good grounds in the reefing gear case; and if we examine the passage from the statute carefully we find several ways indicated by which this defense may be established. We may show that the device was known or used by others in this country, and before its alleged discovery or invention. If it had been used in this country the knowledge of it would be concomitant. If it had been used in a foreign country this fact would be no defense by itself, but if knowledge of such foreign use existed in this country, this knowledge is competent. From this we see that the use by Mr. Stephens may have been subsequent to Griswold's invention of the device, although prior to his application for a patent. So with regard to the Chinese sails this use is of no avail, but a comprehensive knowledge of the use undoubtedly existed in this country before the date of the invention, of which date we are as yet in blissful ignorance.

In the case of printed descriptions these will avail, if they were published sufficiently early, without reference to place of publication.

The defense of "public use or sale for more than two years prior to application" is on the ground of abandonment, or want of diligence in demanding a patent.

Patents which are improperly issued are undoubtedly a source of serious public inconvenience and expense, but the public is itself largely to blame for their existence. Any plan for reducing the expenses of the Patent Office has always been sure of popular approval, and the result is a force totally inadequate, both in numbers and ability, for properly transacting the necessary business of the office, and this in the face of the fact that this is one of the very few departments of the Government which is not only self-supporting, but which turns in a large surplus each year to the treasury. How many people know that the Patent Office has—since it ceased to support the agricultural department—paid into the treasury some three millions of dollars?

Only allow the inventors to have the use of the money which they themselves supply, and a larger part of the troubles arising from improper patents will disappear. W. F. HAPGOOD.

NEW YORK CITY.

NEW CANOE CLUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Feb. 7 the Belleville Athletic Club elected the following officers: Pres., H. V. Cole; Vice-Pres., G. W. Watson; Recording Sec., C. L. Denison; Corresponding Sec., G. P. Douglass; Treas., B. H. Timpson; Executive Committee, G. W. Watson, G. H. Casebolt, W. T. Clark. This club has a membership of thirty, and the increased interest in canoeing is very marked, as only a year ago there was not one, where now about one half of the members (as well as all of the officers) are canoeing and boating men. Last year we held two regattas and a series of sailing races for the championship flag of the club, which was won by C. P. Douglass in canoe Old Ironsides. We have a large house on the Passaic River where all canoeists are welcome.

GEO. P. DOUGLASS, Cor. Sec. B. A. C.

BELLEVILLE, N. J., March 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On March 19, 1887, the Poughkeepsie C. C. was organized, with constitution and by-laws similar to the New York C. C. The officers are; G. E. Buckout, Com.; M. G. Du Bois, Vice-Com.; Dr. H. F. Parker, Sec. Treas. A club house is soon to be built, and when finished a welcome will be extended to all canoeists. Every member of the club is to be a member of the A. C. A., and all races are to be held under their sailing rules. The club now numbers eight active members. Although tardy in organizing we hope to have some lively contests and cruises to report. Any information in regard to navigable waters, hotels, etc., will be cheerfully furnished. DR. H. F. PARKER, Sec.-Treas. P. C. C.

A meeting was held in Peterboro, at which was organized the Otonabee C. C., the name being given in honor of the stream which flows through the town to Rice Lake. The officers are: Com., John Miller; Vice-Com., H. W. Stock; Sec., A. E. Dixon; Assistant Sec., A. E. Scott; Treas., Gordon Smith; Managing Committee, W. H. Darmon, A. E. Thompson, A. H. Turner and W. H. Mill.

A NORTHERN DIVISION.

FOLLOWING out the new plan of reorganization by divisions the canoeists of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence have organized a Northern Division, with the following officers: Vice-Com., Col. H. C. Rogers, Peterboro; Rear-Com., Col. S. D. Fairtlough, Kingston; Purser, J. D. Collins, Peterboro; Executive Committee—D. B. Jaques, Toronto; A. D. F. McGachen, Lindsay; Dr. C. M. Douglas, Lakefield; Colin Fraser, Toronto; F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto; Mr. Minus, Bobcaygeon. The following clubs were represented at the meeting on March 19 at Peterboro: Lindsay, Lakefield, Galt, R. M. C. of Kingston, Bobcaygeon, Peterboro, Otonabee, Toronto, Brockville, Ubique. A meet will be held at Stony Lake from Aug. 1 to Aug. 12, and a special invitation is extended to canoeists from the United States.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following named gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: H. C. Littlefield, J. T. Norton, John F. Rathbone, G. Lundburg, C. V. Winne, Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y.; A. H. Forbush, C. H. Worcester, Boston, Mass.; John V. L. Pierson, Bloomfield, N. J.; Irving E. Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y A. C. A.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.

JUNE.

6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor, Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.

PART III.

THE weather cleared at last, the wind came out northwest, we hauled into the club house and filled the water tank, and got underway for the east. We ran up to Little Chebeag, through Chandler's Cove, across the inner end of Luckse's and Broad sounds, between Birch and Horse islands and Upper Flag Island and Thrumbcap into Pott's Harbor. It was only 10 A. M., the wind was light, the tide flood, and we kept on north of Haskel's Island for Harpswell Sound. The passage around the lower end of Harpswell Neck is narrow and beset with rocks. When we arrived at the worst part of it the wind was not sufficient to drive us against the strong flood tide that was setting to the westward north of Haskel's, and we had to send the boat ahead and tow the Pilgrim very hard, or she would have been swept upon the ledges to the west of her. It was a close shave, and we were very anxious till we reached the sound to the eastward of Ram Island buoy. Here it fell flat calm and we let her drift to the northward, thinking of a haven at Harpswell, while we examined and admired the pretty cottages and hotels along the neck. Haskel has a high wooded hook that projects toward the northeast and forms the cutest little harbor behind it, where several small boats were lying. A cottage stands among the trees, swept by the wind from all sides, and the view must be magnificent. I coveted that little paradise, contrary to the law, and wondered if the owner was a stolid, unromantic fisherman, or one of nature's adorers. There was not water enough in the cove for the Pilgrim, so I did not go ashore to inquire the price, but sighed as the castle of my sudden fancy faded in the misty blue. As the sun drove us into the shadow of the mainsail, and a little steamer puffed past on her way up the sound, for a moment I wished for steam power, then I banished the idea as unworthy a true yachtsman and made myself comfortable with a cigar.

We had not long to wait for the cool zephyrs of the northwest. They came and filled our sails, and soon we were dancing along and around Jaquish Island, in company with a heavily laden sloop that had come through Mark Island passage, the regular entrance to Broad Sound. We set the spinaker and had a lively and enjoyable run to and inside of Fuller's Rock off Cape Small Point, where the spinaker was taken in and the big sloop slowly drew away from us. The wind freshened, the gafftopsail was hauled down inside of Sequin, the Pilgrim had all she could carry, and several large schooners bound up the Kennebec took in their kites, but the dreaded river's mouth was passed in safety and with only a moderate sea running. The Cuckolds were upon the beam, Squirrel Island ahead, we were sure to make Townsend before dark, and we did, though we had ebb tide, a choppy sea and a hard headwind to beat against. I now have so much confidence in the Pilgrim's weatherly qualities on account of her behavior in just such emergencies that I discount the pleasure of arrival long before her anchor is down in the harbor. In beating in we gave the large schooner yacht Winniel considerable trouble to beat us, but Charley's hat went overboard and I hove to and sent him after it, as hats were rather scarce aboard. Heaving to with helm alee, main sheet flat aft and staysail to windward, makes considerable drift, and I often let all sheets fly to hold position better. The Pilgrim was anchored close in toward the mouth af the creek, the anchor light was hung out, and we treated ourselves to baked beans and turkey for the fine ten hours' run we had made.

There was a breath of spruces out of the creek at 5 A. M. next day, and we used it to waft us out of the harbor. A sloop hugged the right shore and used an oar for miles; a large schooner hugged the left shore and made no movement, while the Pilgrim went right out in mid stream at a rate of a mile an hour, and we laughed at the bad judgment of the natives.

Jack was below getting breakfast, and Charles looked down the little hatch forward and asked him what made so much blaze. He answered the wicks, then he called me to come quickly. I ran down and found a great blaze covering the stove, filling the box and extending up to the deck. I looked a moment in dismay and thought the boat was doomed, then I grabbed a lot of wet towels that lay by the mast and covered over the flames and stifled them. It was a critical moment and I felt a little shaky after the danger was passed, but upon reflection I concluded there was not so much risk of explosion as of communicating fire to the surrounding woodwork, because the stove is admirably adapted to prevent the access of flame to the oil tank in its base.

Booth Bay never looked more beautiful than this morning in August. It was clear along shore, pale blue ripples marked the course of the gentle morning breeze in the channel, the evergreens of the right bank were bright green in the morning sun, and those on the left darkened and deepened the shadows of the hillsides. Squirrel Island was still asleep, a few chimneys in Townsend were sending up feathery tufts of white and gray smoke, and the distant islands were lifted by the mirage from their watery beds into mists of soft mellow tints of heavenly blue. It was romantic, and our little craft with all sail set and the rough old schooner gave that life which makes a picture complete. While enjoying the balsamic air and the scene to the utmost, I began to sneeze, which reminded me that I had not had my coffee—a most important beverage before all great and important undertakings—and Jack gave us a mugful and some crackers to counteract the dampness and the cold of the early morning.

The wind increased from the northeast when off Linnekin's Bay, and we went bowling along finely. I had seen a small schooner pass inside a buoy ahead and concluded I would do likewise, so over-confident had I become from my success in navigating strange places. I hauled to and was steering to go inside the buoy, when I saw the gleam of breakers from the buoy to the shore. Then I found by the chart and a glimpse of another buoy ahead that I was running for Card's Ledge, which would certainly have picked us up and battered us to pieces. I was not long changing the course, gave Gangway Ledge a wider berth than usual, saluted the light house upon Ram Island at 5 A. M., and took breakfast in the cockpit as we sped by Pemaquid Point within the swell and roar of its monstrous breakers.

It fell calm before we had sailed half way to Egg Rock, and the wisdom of an early start was again emphasized. There was nothing to do but to endure the pitching and slatting of sails, watch the nearby boatmen hauling trawls, and examine the vessels out to sea to notice how they had the wind. Catspaws were all around us; one would come from the northwest and fill the sails upon one side, and then one from the southeast and force us to trim over, and soon the boat would work in a glassy streak and pitch and slat as before. We could see the vessels outside heeling to a strong southeast breeze some time before it reached us, but it came at last; we passed Egg Rock and Davis's Straits and headed for Hooper's Island. One must go well over toward the shore of this, as if going into Herring Gut—now more euphoniously called Pride's Cove—before turning toward Mosquito Island to enter its sound, as the reef at the north end of Hart's Island extends very far into the channel and has its extremity marked by a black buoy. Once rounded, we swept gracefully past Marshall's Light, through inside of Mosquito and out to sea again, and shaped the course for the white rock with the little house and light house called Whitehead, which guides to Penobscot Bay, and is generally dashed by thundering breakers.

We were soon across, and Jack took the helm and guided the Pilgrim past the head and up the Mussel Shoals channel. We saw two battered, painless, old-fashioned steamers hunting for porgies, and numerous vessels around, one of which was a beautiful

schooner yacht bound to the westward, whose colors were not made out. We had hardly passed the light before the wind came out southwest and piped strongly, and sent a tumbling, riotous sea after us, which picked us up and plunged us onward with a swing to starboard or to port, threatening to jibe the mainsail or knock our stern out with the tender. The wind freshened so much that we took in the gaff topsail. I relieved my boy, who had found considerable more work steering than he had had any ideal of. This channel is considered rather dangerous, but it is well buoyed throughout, and unless one has to beat through it in the dark, it is clear sailing.

We went through Owl's Head Bay like a race horse. The wind drew through fiercely, and was so nearly aft that, as the seas caught us under the long overhang and lifted us onward, they turned us right and left in spite of the rudder, and gave me as much work as I cared for to handle the tiller and keep from jibing. I was laughed at several times Down East for not having a small wheel to give more room in the cockpit, but it is in just such rough winds and waters that the value of a long tiller is appreciated. One can feel just what a boat is going to do and correct her eccentric gyrations very rapidly. One cannot judge of the motion so well by a wheel and cannot watch the lazy turn of the bow as in a large vessel. I doubt if in this scudding I could have prevented a jibe and a probable disaster if I had not had a tiller. It is equally valuable upon the wind in any kind of a sea, and I shall stick to the crooked stick in all weathers. It rises above the knees, and does not interfere much with occupants of the cockpit. If there are any other reasons in its favor, I'd like to hear them. I do not wish to pose as an oracle, because I am still an amateur in yachting, but why does not some FOREST AND STREAM contributor say something upon such practical points? It strikes me an experienced cruiser might tell us much of value about anchoring in sandy, muddy, or rocky bottoms; about the best way to manage and heave to a sloop or cutter in a gale; about trimming sails to get the most propelling force from the wind; about the value of a gaff topsail or a jibtopsail upon the wind; and about handling the tiller in all kinds of weather.

It piped stronger after we had rounded the light and pointed for the steamboat wharf at Rockland, and we had the pleasure of beating a little fishing schooner into the anchorage to the left of the landing where a little fleet of small yachts was lying unwatched and deserted. It was 3 P. M. when the anchor was let go and we had concluded another good run—about 50 miles in 10 hours.

We might have gone on to Belfast before dark, but mail, cigars, clothes, etc., had been ordered to this place, and we wanted them. Besides, I had made a resolve some time before never to run ahead of the mail. It is such a disappointment to wait for the slow coach who forward uncalled for letters, and it takes so long to get an order one way and the answer back. So I furled up, sent the boat ashore, and started the oil stove for a late dinner and early supper in one square meal. There was so much swell in this so-called harbor—all open upon side—that the Pilgrim swelled around rather lively and every drop the bow took the flames of the gas stove wicks would shoot up and send a cloud of smoke against the beams and up the little hatchway, driving the cook aft, and the soot among the dishes, but a fine beefsteak was fried in butter, some boiled potatoes sliced and fried, and a pot of coffee made, and, with the bread and milk from the shore, we feasted long and heartily. Then the lamps were lighted, the lanterns hung up on the stay, the cigars passed round, the letters and newspapers read, and a jolly evening passed

Four large steamers lay at the wharf till after 9 o'clock, one bound to Boston, one bound to Eastport, one to Bar Harbor, and one to the islands of Penobscot Bay. A revenue cutter came in and anchored near us, but did not inquire about our papers and clearance, though they must have noticed our foreign appearance in comparison with the native craft.

The next morning what was our disgust to find only a faint air from the northeast ahead. It was too provoking, but we got started after breakfast, found the breeze stronger out in the bay and spent the whole day beating about twenty miles to Temple Heights, a summer resort of a dozen cottages, established by spiritualists and called the Spiritualists' Camp Ground. Here we tied up at the end of the wharf and were very glad to get fast because there was no harbor near, the water was very deep and a strong ebb tide was running against us.

The low tide brought the crosstrees down even with the wharf and we took advantage of this to put a sheet of brass around the mast where the gaff worked its jaws around and into the wood. A piece of leather was also nailed around the mainboom where it chafed on the backstays. The piles of the wharf were covered with myriads of starfish of all sizes, from that of a pin's head to the size of a man's hand, and sea urchins were fixed among them, moving their green bristles slowly, resembling the little tufts of the pine trees upon the hillside. Jack got out the lines and we fished for cunners and sea-perch, but caught nothing but sculpins, true old patriarchs of the bay. Some were ten and twelve inches long, hard immense spines, enormous mouths and a devilish appearance. We did not venture to unhook them until they were smashed against the piles mercilessly of course we could catch nothing else when these sea-bottom marauders were so plentiful, and after killing many, to give the other poor little fishes a chance, we wound in our lines and took a stroll over the land.

It was a laborious climb over the foothills of the Lincolnville range, but the paths were good and the main road dry, and the lovely views across the bay fully repaid us. Three or four miles away lay Isleboro, and over the streak of the eastern bay beyond, Dyce's Head and Cape Rosier could just be distinguished through the evening mist. The bluff was covered with a heavy growth of spruces, pines and maples, and roads had been cut and lots laid out and cleared at a great expense of time and labor. A rough board building was the store and post office, and near this were a dozen pretty cottages, all deserted except two, where lived persons who were engaged clearing and preparing lots for the next season's operations. With the perverseness which characterizes human nature, regardless of the shortness of the season and of life, and oblivious of the necessity to health of the pallid rays of the sun that seems like reflections from an iceberg in this northern region, these Spiritualists had passed right over a beautiful adjoining grassy slope, fringed by pines, and plunged into the wilderness for a location, only to set to work with axe, mattock, pick axe and spade to destroy it. The cottages were of planed matched boards or clapboards, with bare timbers inside, but they had odd little windows and gables and piazzas, and looked very cosy and homelike. The inexpensive furniture is not molested during the cold season, and the sojourners rough it in a measure in those little homes from three to six weeks in summer. The cost of a lot and house is about $500, so that the owners, who mostly live inland, do not pay very dearly for their annual smell of salt water, and the improved health which change of scene, habits and sustenance generally bring. All along the coast of Maine and upon her islands just such little summer cities are building, and they add greatly to the pleasure of a yachting trip eastward.

It was calm till 10 A. M. next day, then a light breeze sprang up from the southwest and we pushed off and made sail. The summer cottages of Northport were nearly all tenantless, but the Waverly House was still open, and a group of men and women saluted us from the end of the long wharf as we stood past. Belfast had not grown any since the previous year, and we found the old anchorage and were soon anchored and snugged up again in the home port, where many old-time friends and blood relations were expecting us.

It is astonishing how an iron-keeled cutter will forge ahead after the wind is out of her sails. Many a time have I ran far beyond the chosen spot of anchorage and had to make sail and work back. We were fooled so many times that I tried taking sails off of the Pilgrim in mid stream and letting her creep slowly into the selected place. But this took too much time and she took cable too slowly, so we finally made a so-called flying mooring, threw the anchor broad off the bow and let the cable run, as she was brought around head to the wind and tide, and then hauled in to the requisite scope. The cable was less liable to foul and we had things fixed much sooner than by anchoring the other way.

Small cutters have a way of horsing around at anchor that is troublesome and often uncomfortable. The Pilgrim would lie broadside to the wind and sea awhile, swing head on, then back again until the wind was upon the quarter and blew down the companionway. Then she would swing around again, ride over her cable, have it upon one bow and the anchor upon the opposite quarter, and play a tune upon the bobstay. I found by experiment when the tiller was hard over to port with starboard anchor down or *vice versa*, she would lie head to wind and tide. I thought at first her restlessness was due to the low ballast, but concluded later it was owing to the peculiar rig, as lowering the furled staysail and the spinaker boom improved matters considerably. Of course, with tide and wind in different directions, the problem became more difficult of solution. CARESWELL.

NEWARK Y. C.—Messrs. C. H. Mayhew, E. M. Grover and Wm. Murray have been appointed on the regatta committee of the N. Y. C., and are making arrangements for the Decoration Day regatta, which will be open to all. Heretofore the annual club regatta for the champion pennants has been held on Decoration Day, but this year they have decided to make it in addition to the pennant races, an open sweepstake with handsome special prizes added.

THE OCEAN RACE.

FOR the past ten days yachtsmen have watched anxiously for some news of the two yachts from some of the many ocean steamers that have arrived, but nothing of importance was reported, and it was not until last Sunday morning that the first reliable news came, that Coronet had arrived in safety, the winner of the race. The steamers British Prince, Kansas, Pavonia, and Saale, each reported passing one or two schooners bound eastward, but it was impossible to tell which was the leader, though the opinions were generally in favor of Coronet. On March 27, however, all doubts were set at rest by the news that Coronet had crossed the finish line at Queenstown at 12:40 local time, after a run of 14 days, 23 hours, 33 minutes and 40 seconds apparent time. Dauntless was not heard of until Monday afternoon, finishing at 6:45 P. M., after a run of 16 days, 1 hour, 43 minutes, 18 seconds. Both yachts had bad weather for the entire trip, encountering heavy gales and at times being obliged to heave to. The best day's run of Coronet was 291 miles, while Dauntless logged 328 miles on March 25. Neither met with any serious mishap, though the passage was anything but a pleasure trip, and both testify to the value of oil in calming the waters. The weather was an alternation of gales with occasional calms, the yachts being under reduced canvas the greater part of the time, but at times under full sail. On the third and fourth days out Coronet encountered a heavy gale from S.W., running under jib and close-reefed trysails. There was at times several feet of water on the decks, and on Wednesday night the vessel took a sea over the stern that nearly swept two men overboard. Next day the squaresail was split and a day later the yacht ran into the path of a cyclone and was obliged to heave to for an entire night, with fires and lights out and the seas coming in the cabin skylights. On the ninth and tenth days another gale was met and the yacht hove to under close-reefed fore stormtrysail. An attempt to tack her failed and she was obliged to wear. From this time out the weather was better and more sail was carried to the finish. Dauntless experienced the same sort of weather, though at no time near Coronet, and on the tenth and eleventh days was obliged to heave to. The cockpit was at times full of water and once two men were washed out of it and only saved by the lifelines. Oil was used during this time with excellent results. Some sails were split and some damage done to the standing rigging, but beyond this the old craft came out all right.

The distances run each day were as follows:

	Coronet.			Dauntless.		
March.	Lat.	Lon.	Miles.	March.	Lat.	Lon. Miles.
13	39.55	68.41	246	13	40.03	68.28 232
14	40.04	65.23	244	14	39.57	64.18 200
15	40.51	59.29	185	15	40.57	61.28 130
16	41.25	54.45	216	16	42.03	56.07 260
17	41.00	50.03	211	17	41.28	52.47 140
18	44.56	47.04	135	18	42.05	49.39 140
19	43.47	42.35	225	19	43.35	43.50 270
20	45.25	39.04	179	20	44.10	40.50 145
21	46.18	34.24	202	21	44.41	36.30 195
22	46.38	33.49	38	22	46.13	37.13 100
23	47.06	32.47	50	23	46.07	36.07 43
24	49.04	28.12	218	24	47.05	31.44 205
25	49.48	22.32	225	25	49.45	24.20 325
26	50.51	15.00	291	26	50.47	17.45 266
27	Off Roche's Point.		240	27	50.16	13.45 148
28				Off Roche's Point.		160

THOSE PLANS OF THE THISTLE.

JUST three months since the FOREST AND STREAM had occasion to question the great "scoop" of the Boston *Herald*, and to prove that in reality it amounted to a very small and insignificant scooplet indeed. Now that the challenge is in the hands of the N. Y. Y. C. and the truth can no longer be concealed, the *Herald* seeks to save itself by a long and labored explanation, that only serves to show how far it is at sea, or more properly ashore, in matters relating to yachting. On March 26 it published a picture at once pathetic and comical, no less than a view of the tightly battened shed in which the Thistle is being built, with a solitary figure in the foreground, presumably the *Herald's* representative looking for a convenient knothole, or perhaps waiting for the launch. On the following day it published, under the heading "Plans Changed; the Predictions of the *Herald* Verified," this cable message:

"GLASGOW, March 26, 1887.

"*To the Editor of the Herald:* Square stern; build carvel, and clincher; 98ft. long, 20 3-10ft. broad, 14 1-10ft. deep; tonnage, without deduction, 100⅔ tons; in cubic metres, 284 9-10."

Which meagre details were confirmed by the arrival of the challenge next day.

In the three-column article in which it seeks to soften the blow of the boomerang which it threw last Christmas, two distinct and contrary lines of defense are introduced, the method of argument being very much like the boy's excuse over the borrowed kettle; the kettle had a hole in it, and he didn't borrow no kettle anyhow.

The first plea, outlined in the heading and still further in the following paragraph, is that as soon as it was known that the plans had appeared here the owners decided to change them, and at once proceeded to build a boat of 90 instead of 80ft.:

"The Scotch syndicate evidently took a second thought, and finally decided to build the Thistle 10ft. longer than she appeared in the estimate plans. * * * The Scotch syndicate has done its work well and has kept all matters secret as long as it could. It probably awaited the views of the American press on the plans published in these columns, and from the hints received, finally decided to build a yacht longer than any of our American sloops. The suggestion thrown out by these gentlemen to the New York Y. C., that the yacht would in all probability be a second class yacht, is in accord with all their cunningness regarding the Thistle and her plans."

In close juxtaposition to this is the following:

"In regard to the plans the *Herald* claimed that they were the working drawings of the Thistle as she was intended to be at the time they were given out to several builders to estimate on. The *Herald's* correspondent came into possession of them honorably, and Mr. George L. Watson was not an unwilling party to their delivery. They were not obtained from any of the builders, as has been frequently stated. Mr. Watson well knew how they came into the possession of the *Herald*, and it is now too late for him to deny the fact that the *Herald's* Scottish correspondent had every reason to believe that the plans when presented to him, while they were not the detailed plans, having all the waterlines and the other dimensions, were, to all intents and purposes, the plans furnished the builders of a yacht like what the Thistle was to be, and estimates for the plans were asked for by Mr. Watson."

If this means anything it means that Mr. Watson allowed the *Herald* to have the plans for publication and encouraged the belief that they were the actual plans of the boat he was building. The full defense of the *Herald* then stands thus: Mr. Watson allowed them to have, or practically gave them the true plans of the boat; but when he found that they had these plans he at once threw aside the design and started a larger boat. The contradictory character of the two statements is sufficient, but it might easily be shown how absurd the second plea is, and that no change in the plans was needed. Still another excuse is tacked on in the following rider: "The *Herald* was the first paper to make the announcement that the Thistle was to be an 'A' class cutter, and practically this was the all important thing to be found out. New Yorkers doubted that she was to be a large cutter, and to-day the advocates of the 'B,' or second class cutter, number many in the metropolis."

For the information of the *Herald* we may state what all yachtsmen know, that there is no such thing as A or B class in the sense in which it is used here, but that the A class includes all racing yachts, the B class all ex-racers, and the C class the cruisers. In commenting on the new boat the *Herald* falls into some amusing errors when it says:

"Her beam is immense for a cutter, being 20 3-10ft. extreme. No cutter, either for cruising or racing, has ever been built with such a wide beam, and this means extra large sail area. Her draught has been altered but slightly from the estimate plans, and she is one-tenth of an inch deeper than in her estimate plans. As the scale on the sheer plan, in the estimate plans, was one-fourth of an inch to the foot, it can be easily seen how such a slight error might be made, as the width of a pencil mark on such a small scale would make the difference—one-tenth of an inch. Her draught is 14ft. and one-tenth of an inch."

Surely such an authority must at some time have heard of Oimara, the famous cutter, 95ft. waterline and 20ft. beam, while of the "picturesque rig," the Florinda, Latona, Corisande and Condor go to prove that there is nothing extraordinary about the reported dimensions. In regard to the draft the *Herald* has fallen into a serious error, in confusing draft and depth. The despatch reads "14 1-10ft. deep," and this statement is lugged in to prove the accuracy of the alleged plans, because the latter showed a boat of 14ft. draft. The depth of the *Herald* Thistle is 15ft. 6in., that of the real Thistle, as given in the challenge, is 14 1-10ft., bearing out exactly what the FOREST AND STREAM stated last week, that the plans procured by the Boston *Herald* represented a boat of about the same cubic contents, and so sufficient for all purposes of estimating. This accounts for the high freeboard, the great depth and the large area of midship section, which were so generally commented on when the plans first appeared.

In regard to the waterline length, the only vital point in the whole matter, the *Herald* says:

"The official announcement that the estimate plans have been changed, and that she is 90ft. on waterline, will cause a great sensation in prominent yachting circles, especially in New York. The members of the New York Y. C. will undoubtedly be taken by surprise at the announcement being made in these columns prior to their receiving it in official form. The cablegram comes from a trustworthy source, and its accuracy cannot be doubted. The *Herald* congratulates itself on being able to give its readers the information in advance of the letter sent by the Scotch syndicate to the New York Y. C. While some changes have been made in the plans as published, the class to which the Thistle belongs has not been changed by her additional length, and she is what it was stated she would be—'a first-class cutter yacht, built of steel, made from designs of Watson, and built by Messrs. Henderson, of Partick, Scotland.'"

The final conclusion of the *Herald* is that the length is 90ft., but the official challenge to the N. Y. Y. C. brings a fresh disappointment, giving the length as 85ft. only, while Thistle has a clipper stem and the "plans" showed a totally different boat with a plumb stem. A glance at the plans of Vandnara on another page will show the correctness of our surmise that they were the basis for the tracing which the *Herald* procured, while the midship section of the latter was evidently cooked, "that same with intent to deceive."

That the true length of the Thistle is finally known is due in no way to the *Herald*, whose course throughout has only resulted in misleading American yachtsmen.

The fact is, that in its haste to grasp the Thistle, the *Herald* was very badly stung, and this last clumsy attempt to conceal its defeat leaves it worse off than before.

THE CHALLENGE FROM THE CLYDE.

THE designer of the Thistle has kept his secret well, in spite of the many efforts to discover the length. Even now, with the formal challenge in the hands of the New York Y. C., and the conditions of the deed of gift complied with, the waterline length would not be known had not Mr. Watson chosen to disclose it, which he has done in a letter accompanying the challenge. The challenge gives the legal dimensions of the yacht, as required, but leaves the all-important question of the waterline length unanswered. From Mr. Watson's letter, however, it is known to be 85ft., or the same as the Mayflower.

The challenge, which arrived on Monday, as predicted by the FOREST AND STREAM last week, reads as follows:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
No. 150 HOPE STREET,
GLASGOW, March 16, 1887.

To John H. Bird, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York:

DEAR SIR—Referring to our correspondence of last autumn, I have now, on behalf of the Royal Clyde Y. C. and in the name of Mr. James Bell, the vice-commodore of said club, to claim the right of sailing a match for the America's Cup with the yacht Thistle against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America, and I accordingly give you formal notice of challenge, and name the 4th day of October for the commencement of the match.

The Thistle has been constructed on the Clyde. She is cutter-rigged, and her measurement per the inclosed certified official transcript from the Custom House Register, is as follows:

Length, per register..... 98ft. 0in.
Breadth, per register..... 20ft. 3in.
Depth, per register..... 14ft. 1in.

I send also a statement of her dimensions by Mr. G. L. Watson, her designer, giving (although not required by the formalities of the deed of gift) the length on the L.w.l.

I have already sent you evidence of Mr. Bell's authority to represent our club in this challenge, but in order that you may have herewith all the necessary documents, I send certified extracts from the minutes of a committee meeting authorizing the challenge, and a general meeting of the club confirming the same. A list of the documents sent is annexed.

I need hardly state that our club is an organized royal yacht club, holding an Admiralty warrant with all the privileges thereto belonging, and that its annual regatta is held on the Firth of Clyde, an arm of the sea practicable to vessels of any tonnage.

Having complied with the formalities of the deed of gift, it may save time and shorten our correspondence regarding the details of the race to inform you that Mr. Bell is prepared to accept with some slight modifications the arrangements of the Genesta and Galatea matches, as proposed in the letter from the late secretary of your club to Mr. Beavor Webb, dated 10th March, 1885, and I shall now take up *seriatim* these arrangements as printed on pages 9 and 10 in the report of your Committee of Arrangements in relation to the above matches, noting the modifications proposed:

Dates of the Races.—To be 4th, 6th and 8th of October.

Number of Races.—The challenger is prepared to accept the conditions under this heading, but strongly urges that in order to eliminate as far as may be the element of chance, the contest shall be decided by the best of five trials, the additional days to be the 10th and 12th of October.

Courses and Length of Courses.—The courses sailed in the Galatea match will be accepted.

Time of Making Races, Measurement and Time Allowance and Representative of the New York Y. C.—The conditions under these three headings will also be accepted.

Mr. Bell will also accept Mr. George L. Schuyler as the umpire, whose decision shall be final on all questions which may arise on any details in the arrangements for the race requiring adjustment.

I will now state some additional arrangements which are thought necessary. First is a point which the challenger considers most important, viz.: That two patrol steamers (one for each competing yacht) should be employed to keep the course perfectly clear during the race, and so avoid the risk of the race being obstructed by accompanying steamers or cruising yachts. Each of the patrol steamers would be under the control of the competitor it represents and a representative of the opposing yacht on board. I trust that this proposal will meet with your approval.

There is a second addition to the arrangements, which Mr. Bell suggests and hopes will also be accepted. It is simply an extension of your proviso under the heading of "Representative of the New York Y. C.," on page 10 of the printed report before referred to and is as follows:

That in the event of an accident happening to either of the competitors previous to the start, she is to have sufficient time given her to effect repairs. Further, that should a serious accident happen during the race (that race not being the final one), fair and reasonable time shall be given either yacht to effect repairs before she be called to race again—*i. e.*, the final race or races shall not be held to have been lost by default through the injured yacht not being in a position to appear on the agreed on dates.

As Mr. Lloyd Phœnix represented your club at the recent contest the challenger will be glad if Mr. Phœnix is appointed and consents to act in the same capacity on board the Thistle.

May I ask the favor of a cable acknowledgment of this challenge on the day of receipt if possible?

I remain, sir, yours faithfully,
WILLIAM YORK, Secretary Royal Clyde Yacht Club.

Accompanying it is the certificate of the Register of Shipping and Collector of Customs at Glasgow, Mr. James Scott, giving the following details:

Official number, 93,362; name, Thistle; number, date and port of registry, No. 22, 1887, Glasgow; British built, sailing vessel, built at Partick, Glasgow, D. & W. Henderson & Co., Partick, builders. One deck, one mast, cutter rigged, square stern, carvel and clincher built, thistle head, steel framework. From fore part of stem, under bowsprit, to after side of stern post, 98ft.; main breadth to outside of plank, 20 3-10ft.; depth of hold, from tonnage deck to ceiling at amidships, 14 1-10ft. Number of tons, 100.67; cubic meters, 284.90. Owner, James Bell, 64 shares.

Mr. Watson's letter gives the waterline length as 85ft. and says: "As the vessel is not yet afloat it is impossible to give exactly the waterline length. This, however, is her designed length, and when she is afloat and trimming for the racing trim I have no reason to expect that it will be more than an inch or two either way."

The Cup Committee, Messrs. J. D. Smith, Wm. Krebs, G. L. Haight and Vice-Com. Chas. Haight, met on Tuesday and accepted the challenge, the only clause objected to being that in regard to the number of races, three being deemed sufficient. A letter in reply will be sent at once to the Royal Clyde Y. C., but its contents will, of course, be kept secret.

The dimensions of the Thistle are a surprise to all, not only from the length being greater than was generally expected, but from her great beam, far in excess of any cutter for the past 15 years. Her draft is not given, but of course it will be only moderate. She will have a clipper stem, and will undoubtedly be a very handsome as well as a powerful vessel, and one that will be hard to beat. Nothing is yet decided as to the measures to be taken for the defense of the Cup.

VANDUARA.

JUST at this time when the yachting world is all agog over the dimensions of the new Thistle, we should like to treat our readers to the designs of the great unknown. This, of course, is impossible, in view of the extraordinary precautions that have been taken to insure secrecy; but through the courtesy of the Thistle's designer, we are able to give the accompanying plans of a sister vessel that in a day created no less of a sensation than Thistle promises to. While differing in size from the Thistle, the Vanduara possesses some features which just now make her of special interest, one being that she was one of Mr. Watson's most notable boats, the other that she is a fine example of the same steel construction that is employed in the Thistle, and that thus far is little known to American yachtsmen. The year 1889 is a notable one in the evolution of the British racing yacht, as in it was witnessed a decided jump in the matter of ballasting, after a number of short steps toward heavy lead keels. The small craft had already demonstrated the value and practicability of carrying nearly all ballast on the keel, and the tens and fives were all doing it successfully; but in the large craft, as the result of a dozen or more years of trial, Arrow was carrying only 14 tons out of 40 on her keel; Formosa had but the same amount, less than 25 per cent. of the total; Vol-au-Vent and Kriemhilda had each 15 tons out of 54. This year, however, saw two new craft afloat, one, the Samœna, designed by Mr. Richardson and built of wood by Inman & Son, the other, Vanduara, designed by Mr. Watson, and built of steel by the Hendersons, at Partick. Both of these boats were narrower and rather deeper than their predecessors, but further they carried practically all the ballast on the keel; in fact, Vanduara's keel was simply a huge steel trough in which the molten metal was poured. The result was just what might have been expected, the two swept the coast and threw out of the racing all the old fleet from Arrow down, opening the way for still more radical experiments in narrow beam and low ballast that have culminated in a Galatea of six beams and with nearly 80 tons in her steel keel. Vanduara was built for Mr. John Clark, of Paisley, one of the leaders of Scotch yachting, and under his ownership and the handling of Captain Mackie, she made a wonderful record in her first season, winning 14 firsts and 5 other prizes to 31 starts and a total value of £1,000. If she had only the old boats to deal with her great superiority would have been more apparent; but many of her races were sailed against Samœna, and the prizes were shared with her. The history of her first season was lately given in the *Field*, as follows:

"Vanduara, it can at once be said, made a sensation such as no yacht has created before or since. We recollect being at Gravesend with Mr. John Harvey when she arrived from the north. 'She's a sly-looking bit o' goods, isn't she?' remarked that well known yacht designer, and her first exploit was to defeat Formosa and Cuckoo in a fine reaching breeze out and home in the match of the New Thames Y. C. Thus Vanduara's first achievement was to establish a character for speed, although she only beat Formosa by four and a half minutes. But then Formosa had a great reputation for fast reaching, and, to beat her at all was thus a very considerable performance. On the following day the same two met under the flag of the Royal London Y. C., in a still stronger beam wind, which gave another reach out and home. On this occasion Formosa just managed to keep ahead of Vanduara, but she would not have won the prize had not the new vessel been over the line at the start, and, not having returned, been thus disqualified. On the day following, June 5, the wind shifted to N.W., and the Royal Thames match showed us Vanduara in a new light, that of tackling Formosa to windward. There was a fine breeze, and Formosa led down to the Mouse Lightship, but directly sheets were flattened in for a long thrash home, Vanduara began to march out to windward in a very wonderful manner; she did not make a steady gain all through, however, although there was no doubt about her quality, and she arrived home first by five minutes. Vanduara had now done quite enough to make it plain that none of the old cutters had a chance against her, and the public were so impressed with her prowess, and she was so much the talk of the West-end, both for her good looks and grand achievements, that newspapers told off 'special correspondents' to chronicle her deeds for the rest of the summer.

"The Vanduara's next performances were in a light wind down Swin to Harwich, and in the Royal Harwich Y. C. regatta. She was successful on both days, thereby completing her trial and gaining the reputation of a sound all-round performer. The trial was not yet complete, either, as there had been no down-wind trial in a strong wind and sea. However, this they had in the return match from Harwich to Southend. Vanduara, however, was kept in the boiling wake of some big schooners, and as a consequence ran rather wild; she was thus unable to make the speed Formosa did, and even Cuckoo finished in front of her. However, all this was forgotten after her splendid achievements at Dover, in strong winds and head seas and again at Ostend. Her grandest performance was most likely in the match from Ostend to Dover on July 2, when the competitors had a heavy head sea and head wind all through. The chief competitors were the Latona (yawl), Fiona (schooner), and Australia (schooner). It was a dreadfully punishing match for vessel, gear and crew, and Vanduara was not spared—indeed she was sailed with remarkable boldness, and in spite of some mishaps to her headgear, she at the end of the long and trying thrash was nearly three-quarters of an hour ahead of Latona. She eclipsed this performance in the match from Dover to Cowes, sailed against Latona and Egeria, and here finished up the first part of her season's work, having won eleven prizes for thirteen starts. The Vanduara now made her way round to the Clyde, where she encountered Samœna, who already had made a great name for speed.

"The encounters on the Clyde, in Belfast Lough, and in Dublin Bay (and subsequently inside the Isle of Wight) were not of the stirring character they had been in the Straits of Dover and across the German Ocean, and scarcely a single test match was sailed. As we said at the time, there is little doubt that Vanduara had been tried very much higher than Samœna; and, had Vanduara not sailed and won the Ostend match, the matches from Ostend to Dover, and from Dover to Cowes, her reputation would have been an ordinary one. It was these matches—all sailed in quick succession in hard winds—that appealed so to the imagination of the delighted sailor men; and in these Samœna took no part; but Samœna, like Vanduara, is wonderfully steady in a head sea, and would no doubt have given a good account of herself.

"It should here be said that when Vanduara came south the second time with Samœna they met the old Arrow, and the result of the encounters at the end of the season was summed up pretty much like this: Vanduara could beat anything afloat to windward in any strength of wind and in any amount of sea; she, however, proved inferior to Samœna and Arrow in point of speed; and for ordinary weather, over a course of two-thirds reaching or running, Samœna was the most certain prize winner. Samœna, it is true, seemed scarcely so weatherly as Arrow, but generally proved a little faster off the wind; and she suffered, by comparison, a little in weatherliness because she had not quite the stiffness of Vanduara and Arrow. Vanduara, in fact, showed extraordinary stiffness, and in this respect she was most likely superior to anything hitherto launched. Formosa sailed several matches, in which were Vanduara, Samœna and Arrow, but she did not compare favorably with either; still, there is not much doubt that she could have been brought very near any of her rivals if her weights had been dealt with in the fashionable way."

Vanduara enjoys one curious distinction—she has been written about in more glowing colors than any other yacht, not excepting the two new Boston boats, and pet names without end were coined for her. A very good specimen of this class of writing that tells at the same time of some of her victories, we copy from the London *Daily Telegraph* of July 20, 1880:

"This year attention has been centered upon two remarkable vessels—the Vanduara, built by a Glasgow shipwright, and the Samœna, a Solent-born ship, each of them of the same burden—90 tons—and each cutter-rigged. Built of steel plates and steel frames, she is an experiment in construction which seems, however, already triumphantly justified. The economy of space effected by her materials permits the ballast to be carried very low down and close. Her lines are marvellously fine, her beam small without being too much sacrificed, and her appearance splendid and high bred. The peculiarity of the Vanduara seems to be in the cutting away of her forefoot, all the dead stuff of which is removed, so that she comes round in stays like a thing alive, after the quick and sure fashion of the Jullanar, and eats to windward upon a breeze till her fleetest and most renowned antagonists fall hopelessly to leeward of her. It is true that her want of hold upon the water forward, due to shallow draft under the stem, appears to make her yaw somewhat wildly before the wind, and there is no doubt that she is then oftimes difficult to steer. But, beating or reaching, on or off the wind, this steel-sided waterwitch has proved herself a most extraordinary vessel. She has hoisted her fighting flag on something like sixteen occasions, and twelve or thirteen times has she beaten off all competitors. Blow high, blow low, in soft airs on piping gales; with a heavy sea running or the ocean sleeping like a lake, the wonderful craft of Mr. John Clark has romped away from her rivals, or stolen out of their reach as if hidden sea nymphs towed her through the sleeping seas. Even the beautiful Formosa, of which the Prince of Wales is the owner, a famous and formidable victress in many a tough contest; even the splendid Latona, queen of the yawls, and the crack schooners, all of them in turn have been compelled to strike their colors to this steel ship. She is out and o ut, at present, the most distinguished of the "ladies of the sea," and since her magnificent race down the Channel to the Solent, where she ran clear out of sight of her opponents, there existed nothing of the new season's debutantes which could be spoken of along with her except the Samœna, the pride and champion of the Solent. * * * * *

"If we glance back at the last few weeks of yachting, while the pleasure fleets are preparing for the excitement of the 'Wight week,' it will be seen how the records of the season show one long *Io triumphe!* for the matchless Vanduara. In the Royal Harwich Y. C. race the cutter showed herself a perfect witch in light winds, stealing away over glassy seas and before dreamy airs from the lovely Formosa, and even when the laggards came up with the easterly breeze, catching it before they could close, and, with many a fluke and flap of becalmed canvas, gliding into harbor first of such renowned cutters as Formosa, Cuckoo and the good 'forties' Norman, Bloodhound and Coryphée. Going back to Southend the steel-breasted beauty ran wild before the wind, yawing and burying her bows, and finally bursting her weather runner and springing her main boom. The witch was out of temper that day, and never passed the markboat at all. But three days before, down the Swin, she had stretched through the lee of the Opal, Cuckoo and Norman in free channel, shown her smooth stern to the Latona, Miranda and Formosa, and sailed past the Bell buoy a quarter of an hour before the best of her competitors. A week later the Vanduara entered for the Nore to Dover course, along the back of the Goodwins, wedging her way on this occasion, in marvelous style, between the renowned Cuckoo and the wind, and planting herself on Mr. Holms-Kerr's weather bow. There again the steel witch came home first of the cutters, and long ahead even of the Fiona and the Egeria among the schooners. The Samœna at the same date was winning both her maiden races at Kingstown. Once again, on June 26, the Vanduara and the famous and beautiful Formosa met in the Cinque Ports match. The sea was heavy and the wind fresh, and standing out to the Varne, the 'witch' ate to windward right across the stern of the Prince's vessel, rounding the lightship twenty minutes ahead of her, and beating into Dover twelve minutes in advance. On the 28th ultimo the steel boat sailed again from Dover to Boulogne and back in the finest of yachting company, with a steep sea to climb and a tearing southwesterly wind; yet under this ordeal the Vanduara did, as always, superbly, beating the powerful Formosa anew in all the points which a sea boat should make. The yachts that day showed as good a time across the Channel as the mail boats themselves, but the match was saddened by the loss of a good hand overboard from the Gwendoline.

"At the end of June the Vanduara set off once more with the renowned Florinda yawl upon the list of starters, for Ostend, meeting her old antagonist Formosa. These two perfect cutters sailed a neck-and-neck race across the Flemish Banks to the West Hinder for upward of 40 miles in a hot sun and a gentle swell; the Scotch craft drawing clear at last after this wonderful struggle by 10 seconds, when they luffed at the lightship. The 'witch' won by time at last, taking the cutter prize; and with the same goodly company, minus the Florinda, she next sailed the long course round the Wielingen Lightship, with a ground swell dancing the sea-darlings about so constantly that she showed her rounded foot at every roller, like a lady at a damp crossing, dipping her bows under and taking the Dutch green seas two fathoms high upon her jibstay. Again she won the cutter prize, victress in all sorts of weather which the ocean can show, and then followed the return match to Dover. The Latona, the Hypatia, the Australia and the Fiona came home along with her, two schooners and two yawls, and all had reefed bowsprits, save the Vanduara. She put the Latona under her lee at the West Hinder and flew through the green hollow seas made by the weather-going tide as a hare goes through long grass. Between the East Goodwin and the North Sand Head the steel ship had almost as bad a swell as the North Sea could send her, plunging bows under in the brine, until at last from sheer weight of water she parted her bobstay and washed off her lee bulwark. Yet she repaired damages while still under way, weathered the big Latona, which had come quietly through the Gulls, escaping the heavy water, and, turning about like a 10-tonner, reached Dover eight and three-quarter minutes before the Latona, the rest being nowhere.

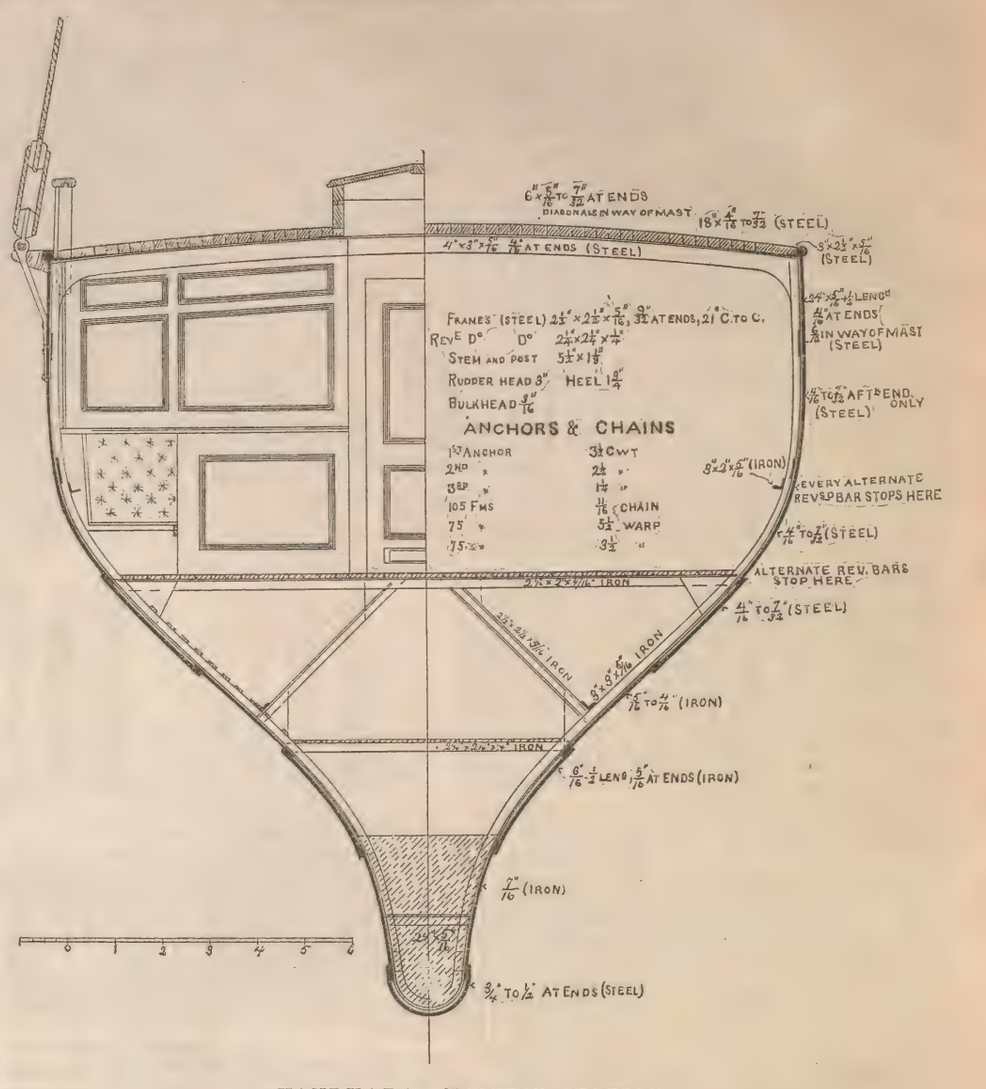
"On July 8 the Scotch wonder sailed against the Egeria and the Latona, schooner and yawl, each being nearly twice her size, the course being from Dover to Cowes. Once more she soaked to windward in the old magical way, being two miles ahead of the Latona at Dungeness. Eye-witnesses of that splendid run say that the Scotch cutter off Fairlight was seen going to windward in the grandest style possible, cleaving the sea as clean as a knife, dropping her beautiful fine bows upon the face of the billows like a sea-bird's breast, and with no more drag under her lee counter than is left by a mackerel's tail. What racing there was the big schooner and yawl had to themselves, for the "lassie of steel" ran fairly away from both, tripping along all night under Beachy Head, by Eastbourne, Brighton, and the Owers lightship, till on the Sunday morning she tore down for the Cowes mark, with the showers of spray gliating from her lee bow, some eighty minutes ahead of the Egeria and nearly one hundred of the Latona, a magnificent performance, scoring the eleventh victory out of thirteen starts. At Cowes the iron witch refitted, and laid her course for the North to meet her unbeaten rival, the Samœna, at Largs. One or two unsatisfactory matches ensued, in which the Samœna seemed to promise equality with the marvelous Glasgow craft, but this race of Saturday has settled the question, and the Vanduara has to-day no equal among the yachts of the year.

"Such have been the chief sensations and subjects of yachting yarns thus far. Cowes and the Royal Cup may bring new revelations, but hardly anything can reverse the verdict which all these victories and all those various spells of weather pronounce, to the effect that the Vanduara is really a miracle of speed and weatherliness, and that her builder and skipper have proved that steel is good stuff for prize-gaining and pleasure-cruising as well as for our merchant and fighting fleets. It is difficult to understand such unbroken triumphs, for the advantage of a steel surface is not great. A wooden yacht, well-coppered, presents as fine and bright a side to the element as metallic plates, however well-fitted and well-paid with composition, nor are the lines of the Vanduara and her best rivals so very different as to account for all these defeats. The shallow forefoot in beating, and the extra lowering of the weights afforded by the strong and compact material used in building, seem best to explain the advantages of Mr. Clark's flying cutter, which has wrested from the graceful Formosa and her princely owner the honors of the year, and is to-day Queen of the Summer Seas."

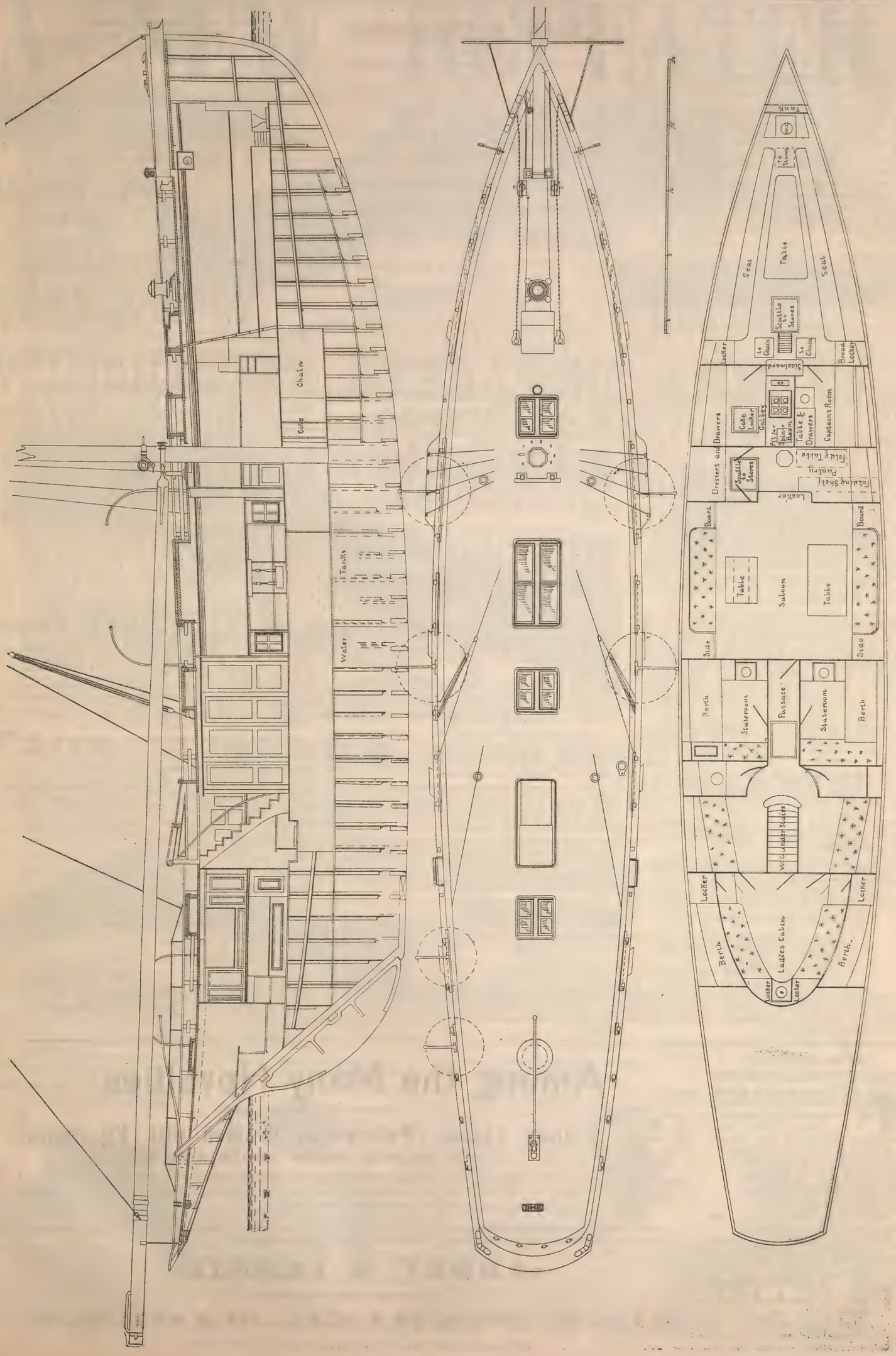
In her second year she was sold to Mr. Stewart Clark, brother of Mr. John Clark, and in his hands she did some famous racing, but not so much as in her first season. It was under his ownership that she sailed the famous race on the Mersey on July 7, 1881, in which all others turned back and Vanduara alone went over the bar.

In regard to the name, Vanduara, it is the old Roman name of a settlement on the site where Paisley now stands; and Wendur, the yawl which Mr. Watson designed for Mr. John Clark in 1883, takes her name from the river that flows by the town, now the Cart, but in Cæsar's day the Wendur. Like all of Mr. Watson's boats, Vanduara is noted not merely for speed and seaworthiness, but she is fitted in every way for a comfortable floating home, her accommodations being of the finest. The general arrangement is well shown in the accompanying plans, while the details of construction are fully given. The leading dimensions of Vanduara are:

Length L. W. L.	81ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	16ft. 2in.
Draft	12ft. 1in.
Displacement, tons	130
Midship section abaft center L. W. L.	3.75ft.
C. B. abaft L. W. L.	1.58ft.
Meta center above C. B.	2.99ft.
Area of immersed surface	1892 sq. ft.
Total area lower sail	1500 sq. ft.
Mast, deck to hounds	48ft. 6in.
Boom	68ft. 3in.
Gaff	43ft. 3in.
Bowsprit outboard	31ft.
Center of mast from fore side of stem	31.9



VANDUARA—MIDSHIP SECTION.



"VANDUARA"—STEEL CUTTER—Designed by G. L. Watson, 1880.

REEFING GEARS FOR CATBOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that attention has been called to the method of reefing small boats, will some one explain in detail a handy system of reefing, say a 20ft. cat. If not, will some one answer the following questions:

First—Gaffney and Norwood, of Boston, have a system. Where is it explained? I know it is applied with success on the 18ft. eastern sloop Sassacus, reefing and setting the mainsail in about five seconds.

Second—Thomas Fearon, of Yonkers, has another system. His method of reefing jib was explained in the FOREST AND STREAM about two years ago. Will he kindly explain his patent "reefing boom?"

Third—According to your Greenwich correspondent, R. B. Forbes has a system patented in 1873. As F. G. D. is good at sketching will he be so kind as to illustrate in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM the system he mentions?

I need not mention the invention of Mr. Griswold, as we have nothing to do but "step up and pay royalty," to have it on our boats.

No one but those who have tried are aware of the trouble in reefing a catboat, when alone. I think Mr. Kunhardt will agree with me in this. What is wanted is a method, simple, handy and capable of being applied without heavy expense, and the trouble of getting a new sail. Now is the time to consider this before the season opens. RAVEN.

MAYFLOWER'S CHALLENGE.—The only answer that Mr. Burgess has yet received from Mr. Chamberlayne is the following by cable: "LONDON, March 24, 1887.—To Burgess, Boston: I will race the Arrow against the Mayflower under conditions which have been fully written out and forwarded to you by mail.—CHAMBERLAYNE." Until the letter arrives nothing further can be determined. It is proposed to rig the Mayflower as a ketch for the ocean voyage, with a large mizzen in addition to the reduced mainsail. The sail plan has been completed by Mr. Burgess, and estimates of the cost have been received, so that the work can go on at once if Mr. Chamberlayne's conditions are acceptable. In regard to Mayflower and the centerboard, the London *Field* of March 26 speaks as follows: "So far as the challenge of the Mayflower goes, Mr. Chamberlayne has cabled a reply that he accepts, subject to certain conditions, which are such that we have no doubt the owner of the Mayflower will accept. The principal difficulty, no doubt, is the centerboard, and as Mr. Chamberlayne enjoins that the match must be sailed inside the Isle of Wight, between the Nab lightship and Hurst Castle, the centerboard of the Mayflower could not very well be fixed down. As an alternative it is proposed that the board shall be stopped so as not to be lifted above the maximum draft of water of the Arrow. As this will only place the Mayflower on terms with the Arrow so far as its capability of working in shoal water goes, it can be taken for granted that no objection will be raised, especially as the Mayflower will still have some advantage by the reduction her immersed surface can be made to undergo when her board is lifted some three or four feet. This is a matter which also may require adjusting. So far as the chances of the Arrow go there is no disguising the fact that she will have to undergo a sort of metamorphosis under water to get on anything like even terms with the formidable Yankee, and as the very considerable alterations which will have to be made are not likely to be put in hand until the conditions are finally agreed to, there is no chance of the races taking place until the end of August. Mr. Chamberlayne, it should be said, has made it a condition that one of the yachts must win two races to decide the ownership of the Cup. The work of altering the old ship will, of course, be carried out in Mr. Chamberlayne's own yard at Southampton by John Moore, and it can be taken for granted that Mr. Chamberlayne will spare no expense in carrying out what his judgment tells him should be done. We believe that the general nature of the alterations has already been thought out, so there will be no delay when the news arrives that the conditions are agreed to."

CAPE ANN Y. C.—The Cape Ann Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 23, and elected the following officers: Frank H. Gaffney, Commodore; H. P. Dennen, Vice-Commodore; Geo. Wheeler, Fleet Captain; F. A. Docherty, Secretary; Frank E. Smothers, Treasurer; Thos. Irving, Measurer. Trustees, Chas. Prindall, James C. Richardson, Geo. H. Procter. The club has secured headquarters at Pavillion Beach, commanding a complete view of the harbor and club course. The membership list is now about 200, and increasing rapidly, 38 new names being presented at last meeting. A large number of new yachts will be enrolled the present season, among the number two handsome cutters now in the hands of Messrs. Higgins & Gifford, the builders of this port.

CLARA.—This famous cutter is offered for sale in another column, as her owner has returned to England. Her record here is well known, she has never been beaten in the two seasons that she has raced, by any boat of her size. Her outfit for racing and cruising is very complete.

HURON.—Messrs. Bloodgood & Kelly's cutter was on the screw dock last week, being coppered. Her cabins have been changed somewhat, and she will go into commission early. Her owners will use her largely for cruising, but she will enter some of the races.

MIRAMICHI Y. C.—J. C. Miller, Com.; J. L. Stewart, Vice-Com.; Chas. Sargeant, Rear-Com.; F. Kennedy, Sec.-Treas.; Thos. Crimmen, Measurer; J. C. Miller, Geo. Watt, P. Wheeler and James Miller, Trustees.

SACHEM.—The report that Sachem was to visit England is contradicted by her owners, but they have offered to let Mr. Burgess take her if she is needed for the defense of the Cup.

MR. WM. R. TRAVERS, owner of the sloop Fanny, died at Bermuda on March 19. Mr. Geo. L. Jordan, a member of the New York Y. C., died on March 20.

Fitzterence O'Donovan Hoole,
With a keg of cold powder did fool;
And up from the alley
Fitzterence did sally,
To return when the weather gets cool.—*Life.*

A VIOLENT COUGH continued through the winter often brings consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the cough yields and the danger disappears. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. W. W.—Yes, Pike county, Pa., is a famous deer country.

E. M. T., Saco, Maine.—Hallock's "Gazetteer" will give you the desired information.

H. A., Mansfield, O.—Write to Shaeffer of Boston, who makes a specialty of that sort of business.

E. S.—The guns stand very high and are first-class. The penetration will be practically the same.

J. W.—The New York law is in its annual transition stage; no one knows what it will be when the Legislature gets through with it.

M. S., Fort George Island, Fla.—R. G. Salomon, 105 to 113 Sussex avenue, Newark, N. J., is the largest tanner of alligator skins in this country.

J. R. C.—English snipe are found on the Hackensack meadows, at Barnegat, N. J., and on the south shore of Long Island. Probably Barnegat will be the best.

J. L. V.—The trout season in New York will open April 1, except in the Adirondacks, where the season will begin May 1, unless the law is changed before that date.

S. K. B., Washington.—The gun first mentioned is not more liable than others to get shaky. Either one of the makes of the $100 grade will last you a lifetime.

E. L. F., New Mexico.—The pattern and penetration of the 16-bore we consider very good both as a performance by itself and in comparison with what might be expected of other guns.

W. C. K., Columbus, Ala.—A study of Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" will give you much help, and it has instructions as to proper bass flies and tackle, and the art of fly-fishing for this species.

J. A. T., Bangor, Me.—The arm is safe. It compared well with others in the trajectory test. The choice between a .38 and .44 caliber depends upon what you want to use it for; the latter is the heavier arm.

J. B., Webster, Mass.—1. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" is the best thing in that field. 2. The Massachusetts fish commissioners are E. A. Brackett, Winchendon; E. H. Lathrop, Springfield; F. W. Putnam, Cambridge.

W. R. R., Toronto, Canada.—The deer season in Michigan will open for Lower Peninsula Oct. 1, and for Upper Peninsula Aug. 15; in Minnesota, Dec. 1; in Wisconsin, Oct. 1. The laws you ask for will be given in these columns.

A. M.—You might take off three inches of the muzzle, provided it is not a choke. If the gunmaker who repaired it warranted it, you have only to go back to him and have him repair the damage. There are a number of reliable gunsmiths in this town.

J. C. H.—A and B shoot a match; A breaks the most birds. After the match is over B finds that A is using 1⅛oz. shot heaping measure. Which wins the match? Ans. There is nothing in your statement to show it. You do not give the conditions of the match.

G. C. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Trout law is off for New York on April 1, except in Adirondacks, where it is May 1. 2. Deer hunting, according to present law, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1. 3. There are twenty-six numbers in a volume of FOREST AND STREAM. 4. Seneca's cook-book is in cloth binding.

W. J. P. Stanton, Mich.—Will you please state in your answers to correspondents whether the articles on travels in Boon-Gah-Arrah-biggee are fact or fiction? Is there such a country? If so, where is it? Ans. You are referred to the prefatory note by the editor of Mr. Goater's manuscript. See first installment of the Boon Gah series.

F. L. M., Whitby, Conn.—Please distinguish coot and mudhen? Ans. The terms coot and mudhen are both commonly used in speaking of the American coot (*Fulica americana*). Three species of sea ducks (*Oidemia*) are also called coots along the New England coast. Various species of rail (*Rallidæ*) are called mudhens in certain localities.

BULLET.—1. Rifle barrels are of regular accepted lengths. 2. The company that makes the best repeating rifle will be found advertised in our advertising pages. 3. Probably the most beaver are found in Canada. 4. There are men who live entirely by hunting and fishing, but we would not advise you to adopt that mode of earning a livelihood.

JORBISH, Idaho.—Can you please tell me of any elementary book on the aneroid barometer, how to adjust it to different altitudes, and all information with regard to its uses, and also the altitude scale with which pocket aneroids are provided? Ans. We can supply a work entitled, "The Aneroid Barometer; its Construction and Use." Price, 50 cents.

A. O.—A will have it that sea gulls nest in trees, and that the trees in consequence die. B contends that a sea gull will never nest on any tree. Please to decide the matter. Ans. Sea gulls nest on the ground, with exception of the herring gull, which in Newfoundland nests in pine trees. We do not know why the trees should die in consequence.

E. F. S., Byrdville, Va.—I have two wild geese, one supposed to be a gander and the other a goose. One mated last year with a white gander, and raised hybrid goslings; the other neither mated nor laid. Both are of the same age and much alike. What is the difference in markings and shape of wild goose and gander? How can one be distinguished from the other? Ans. There are no distinctions that will enable you to determine the sexes.

J. T. W.—I have a cocker bitch in whelp, will it interfere with her young by running up and down stairs? She's been accustomed to the stairs from a pup. 2. A cocker bitch, one year old, is getting too fat, what can I do to reduce her flesh. I have a small leather bag like the "Nessmuk" ditty bag, and wish it to shed water; what can I use? Ans. 1. No. 2. Diet, exercise and Epsom salts. 3. There are water-proofing preparations.

W. A. S., Delaware, Ont.—I omitted the size of the bird, the description of which appears in last issue of your paper. The weight of it is, I should judge, about 12lbs., and it is not much larger than a crow. Several parties, to whom I have shown it and who have shot turkey buzzards on the prairies, say this is not one. Ans. We presume the bird to be a turkey buzzard, but cannot tell with certainty from your description. Better get some naturalist to look at the bird, or if it dies send on the skin for identification.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A bill has been introduced into the Texas Legislature to prevent pooling—by railroads. Somebody ought to supplement it with a bill to prevent fooling—by didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiots.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.—*Texas Siftings.* [This joke was translated from Greek to Latin two thousand years ago.—ED. F. & S.]

Wm. Felisx, while chopping in the woods near North Bradley, on the F. & P. M. railway, captured three cubs, two of which are now in the possession of Wm. Richter, of this city, who will raise them as pets. The dog started a big black bear out of the root of a fallen tree, and it was so close to Felisx that he struck it in the shoulder with his ax, causing a deep wound, from which bruin bled profusely. The bear, however, got away, and although it was traced for two days by the trail of blood, it was not captured. The dog returned to the root, and began to bark again, when Felisx began a search and found the three cubs, which are jet black, with a pure white spot on the breast, something very unusual.—*East Saginaw (Mich.) Herald,*

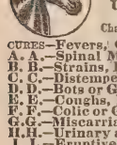
Formerly the salmon in the spawning season ascended the Fraser River by the million, and they could be scooped out of the water by the barrelful with any kind of vessel large enough. But since the Canadian Pacific trains have begun running regularly along the banks of the Fraser, the fish have begun to desert the stream, and it is feared that in a year or so there will be very few of these fish where in former years they were present in countless numbers. The noise of the engine and the vibration imparted to the water by the trains running along the banks are supposed to have scared them, and therefore caused their departure.—*Toronto Globe.* [Very good; but what about the salmon which have come into the Hudson River since the operation of railroads on either side of the stream?]

The other day as Sam Lusk and another man were driving the Nevada City and Downieville Stage Company's train of pack horses over the trail between Camptonville and Downieville, a big buck came dashing toward them. The snow was so high on both sides of the track that it could not turn aside and thus pass, and it dared not go back because some men were coming just behind it from the opposite direction. Luck's companion grabbed it by a horn as it came toward him full tilt. The horn broke off and the animal struck him a terrible blow with one of its hoofs, cutting the flesh on his right hand to the bone. He grabbed it by the remaining horn before it could back off for another charge. Then ensued a desperate struggle which Lusk ended by coming to his friend's rescue, and with a jackknife cutting the deer's throat.—*Nevada City (Cal.) Chronicle.*

It may not be generally known away from the seaside that a vessel's old sheathing, which has been once covered with yellow metal or copper, at the expiration of a long voyage makes a most beautiful flame of different colors, when burned in an open fire-place or grate. The variegated flame is caused by the sheathing coming in contact with copper nails and other composition with which the sheathing is covered. Years ago this wood was considered worthless and was usually given away to poor people for fuel, but of late years it has been used quite extensively in this city and vicinity, being placed upon other wood or coal, when the flames from the burning of the old sheathing present a beautiful sight, producing different colors, which shoot forth from the copper nail holes. Parties who visited this city and saw the beautiful effects produced by burning this wood, carried some to their homes, and now the demand for old sheathing is greater than the supply. Several gentlemen in this city act as agents for parties in the central part of this State and Rhode Island, and in some instances it has been sent to people residing in New Jersey. Yesterday we saw half a dozen flour barrels finely packed with this wood for parties in Providence.—*New Bedford Standard.*

Sportsmen in this part of Nevada are lamenting the great slaughter of quails made by pot-hunters on the Carson and in other places where the birds sought shelter during the late big storm. Such slaughter is to be deplored, but it may be that we shall have a new stock of quail sent us. A few years ago we had in this city a most remarkable shower of quail. It occurred about 4 o'clock in the evening in the fall of the year. Where the quail came from no one could imagine, as they were of the large mountain variety, and perfect beauties. The fall of birds extended from about Sutton avenue out north of the Union shaft, reaching over three-quarters of a mile of ground. When they fell they seemed to be completely exhausted. People caught them by putting their hats over them, or by simply picking them up. Everybody had quail. About a hundred were caught alive and kept in cages and pens in various parts of the town. A curious thing was that these seemed perfectly tame and at home at once. There were at the time many conflicting opinions about this great flight of quails. The most probable solution of the phenomenon was that the birds had collected at some points in the Sierras for the purpose of migrating to the southward, but had either mistaken their course or had been blown out of it, and so flew on and on until they were obliged to come to the ground through exhaustion. Night coming on soon after the birds fell, hundreds roosted about the town, and next day boys were catching and killing them up to 11 or 12 o'clock. By that time nearly all the bewildered wanderers had scattered away into the hills. There they doubtless remained to breed and stock the country, as it is not known that they ever got together again to try another flight.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise, March 9.*

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Dead Finish, Waterproof, Braided Silk Fly Lines,
FOR SALMON, TROUT AND BLACK BASS.

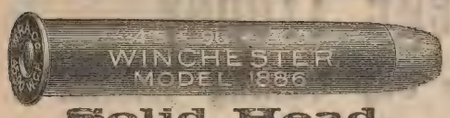


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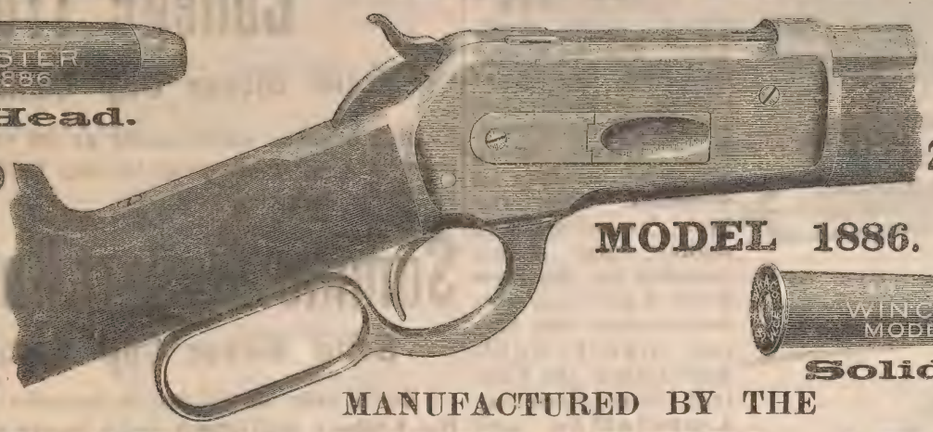
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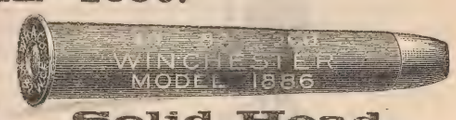
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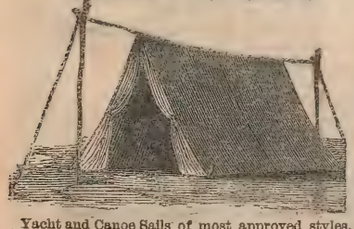
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COPIES WANTED.—JAN. 4, 11, 18 and 25. FEB. 1, March 8 and Sept. 13, 1883; Feb. 7 and 14, March 6, 1884. We are short of these issues, and would be obliged if any of our readers having one or all of these numbers that they do not want will send to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39 Park Row, New York City. mar26,tf

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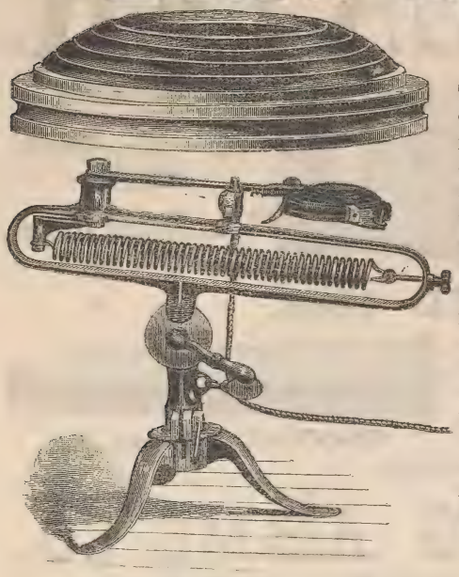
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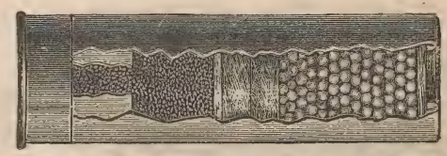
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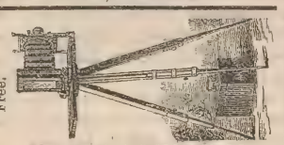
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1887.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 11. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

THE RAILROAD TO COOKE.

THE projectors of the Rocky Fork & Cooke City R. R. propose to begin at once the construction of their road from the Northern Pacific R. R. to the coal mines on Rocky Fork and thence to Cooke. A surveying party, under the direction of G. L. Knowlton, chief engineer of the road, is said to be already in the field establishing a line.

The agents of the company have recently been at St. Paul making arrangements with the Northern Pacific Company for the building of the line, and it seems very probable that as soon as the actual route has been decided on construction will be begun. They have made contracts with the mine owners of Cooke for handling the output of ore from that camp, which contracts are exclusive and tie up all the mines for a period of twenty years.

In view of these facts it would seem clear that the Cinnabar and Clark's Fork Railroad project is dead beyond the possibility of a resurrection.

The officers of the Rocky Fork & Cooke City Railroad are James L. Platt, President; Hamilton Browne, Vice-President; J. B. Hubbell, Secretary; Walter Cooper, Treasurer, and Samuel Ward, Attorney. It may be hoped that the failure of the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork road to get a footing in the Park will discourage any similar attempts in future.

WINTER IN WONDERLAND.

WE print this week the first instalment of the report of our special Commissioner, who made the tour of the Yellowstone Park on snowshoes. The interesting relation of what he did and what he saw will be read with pleasure by that very large portion of the public who have followed the history of the Park, and have noted the many attempts by various individuals and corporations to obtain possession of this reservation which belongs by law to the nation.

The story told by our correspondent is wholly novel. Nothing has ever been written of what goes on in the Yellowstone Park in winter. Few men have visited the points of interest, though many have traveled along the roads, and no one has ever made the complete tour which was accomplished by Mr. Hofer. His narrative needs no introduction. It is a plain tale graphically told, and speaks for itself. In the chapters which are to follow the interest will be fully sustained, and the series may well be ranked as one of the noteworthy accounts of winter exploration.

It is perhaps fitting that, with assurances of distinguished esteem, we proffer to the New York *World* our sympathy for it for the mysterious disappearance of its widely heralded Mid-winter Yellowstone Park Exploring Expedition, which, with Crow scouts, Esquimau dogs, Arctic clothing and bottled ammunition, we are apprehensive has been snowed under. The *World* will hail with a pulse of faint joy the relic of the party which our Commissioner sends us.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE proposition to set apart a district in the Catskill Mountains as a State Park, is eminently wise; and if the reservation be stocked with deer and other game it will materially add to the available hunting area of the Eastern States. The Catskills were once well filled with deer, and the reason that there are none there now is that a former generation of hunters and hounds exterminated the stock. Bears and wildcats have held their own in the rocky fastnesses; there are foxes to call forth the music of prized Catskill Mountain strains of foxhounds; and squirrels and ruffed grouse reward the sportsman; while the trout brooks have been of late years restocked, and in many instances afford fine sport.

The rifle article written by "P." and published in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, was printed the same week in two other journals. A correspondent who happens to subscribe for all three papers, hailed "P.'s" article with joy in the FOREST AND STREAM, and with bare sufferance when he found it in his mail-box the second day; but when it bobbed up serenely the third time, bubbling over with indignation and disgust he sat down and wrote us a moving protest. His feelings may be assuaged by the suggestion that a rifleman would be none the worse from a third reading of the article. Moreover, the average reader of the FOREST AND STREAM probably does not take many other journals relating to kindred topics; the FOREST AND STREAM is his Koran, and he looks upon other papers as Kalif Oman, who burned the Alexandrian Library, regarded the books in it. "If," said he, "these books contain what the Koran contains, they are superfluous. If they contain anything contrary to what the Koran contains, they are mischievous."

With the article on field trial bribery (in our issue of March 24) before him, D. Bryson writes us a windy letter (in the Brysonese dialect) averring that at Grand Junction the other Bryson not only made an attempt to bribe our reporter, Mr. S. T. Hammond, but actually succeeded in his fell design. "The facts in the case are simply this," writes Bryson. The facts then are certainly a sad one. It was very cruel in the other Bryson to lead astray a person of Mr. Hammond's tender age and unsuspicious susceptibility, and both Brysons ought to feel the gnawing of remorse.

There is one point which may not have occurred to Bryson: were his statements to be taken seriously there would at once arise a question of veracity between D. Bryson and S. T. Hammond; and cannot this illiterate Memphis bulldozer muster gumption enough to comprehend what an issue like that would mean for him?

A veracious tale from New Mexico is to the effect that an Albuquerque editor who expected a gang of lynchers to come for him in the night betook himself to the cellar, leaving a pet grizzly bear in his place in bed. The lynchers did not bring any light, but made a plucky attempt to get the bear out and lynch it, but gave up after three of them had lost an eye apiece, two of them had suffered the loss of thumbs chewed off, and the other six were more or less deprived of skin. This prompts us to remark that the FOREST AND STREAM has two grizzlies, guaranteed rough on lynchers, which will be loaned to frontier editors in distress on most reasonable terms. For further particulars apply at this office.

Deputy Fish Commissioner F. R. Shattuck, of Boston, is winning his short-lobster cases without exception. Last Tuesday six of the defendants in the appealed cases plead guilty and paid fines and costs. These are likely to afford such emphatic precedents that the illicit short-lobster trade in Boston will be given up entirely. If Finn, the free lunch saloon man, gets his bill through at Albany, the short lobsters unlawfully exported from Maine will find a market in New York. In any event they will probably be disposed of here, since there is in this city no individual to exercise the watchfulness of the gentleman who has single-handed suppressed the Boston traffic.

The Secretary of the Interior has recently agreed to and signed a new body of rules and regulations for the government of the Yellowstone National Park. These are essentially those recommended by Mr. W. Hallett Phillips, who has twice visited the Park as the special agent of the Department, and are such as we have many times urged on the Department. They will strengthen the hands of Captain Harris, the acting Superintendent of the Park, and will be productive of much good. To the Secretary of the Interior and to Mr. Phillips are due the thanks of all who are interested in the Park.

"Folks down our way want this" and "folks up where I come from ask that," and "my constituents demand an exception here," and "we think we ought to have permission to do so and so," and "you vote for my milldam and I'll take care of your meadow lot"—so it goes at Albany, with thirty-six game bills already put in and several counties yet to be heard from. The patent coffee mill is grinding; what will be the grist only the guides at the crank can begin to know, or what will become of the game.

Lecture bureaus, who are on the lookout for new attractions, will find it to their advantage to make early application to Adjutant-General George M. Harmon, of Connecticut. His new lecture, "What I Know About Impeaching Maine Game Officials," is said to be very moral and instructive. As an impeacher the General is a dismal failure, but there is no reason why he may not shine on the rostrum, particularly if he can be induced to cart around that deer's head as an added attraction.

"The last buffalo" has been killed so often, in so many different ways and by so many different people, that he must now be getting quite accustomed to it. By and by people will begin to weary of reading of him; and already there are indications that the newspaper slayers of "the last buffalo," having killed him once too often, will be obliged to switch off their magazine repeater imaginations to "the last elk," or "the last Florida alligator."

In Ontario deer hounding is largely on the increase, and as the system there practiced is virtually that of the Adirondacks, where the deer are driven into the water and butchered at arm's length, the annual destruction is very great. The Ontario law ought to take cognizance of this and put a stop to it.

There are hunting souvenirs and hunting souvenirs. The author of a Manitoba deer hunt recently described in our columns is now languishing indoors with "a sprained leg, a souvenir of my last hunt," and indoors he is likely to remain until the flowers shall bloom in the spring.

What about that game protector superintendency measure that was to be introduced at Albany this year? Would it not be wiser to appoint such an officer and give the system a further trial than to abolish the protectors altogether, as Mr. Langbein proposes in his bill?

Graves, the assassin of the Maine game wardens at Fletcher Brook, has just been captured at Oakland, California. This is a pretty big country, but it is astonishing how little room there is in it after all when a murderer is looking for a place to hide.

At this writing the open season for trout in New York will begin April 1, save in the Adirondacks, where it will begin May 1; but no one knows what changes may be made by the Legislature before that time.

The March enrollment of AUDUBON SOCIETY members was larger than for any month previous. The membership now exceeds 27,000.

HARMON'S BRAG.

"BY the time I am through with you I will try to show you that my letter to Mr. Huntoon was not brag," wrote Adjutant-General George M. Harmon, of Connecticut, to Commissioner Stilwell, of Maine. It now appears that it was brag, after all, and a very harmless sort of brag at that.

The hearing on the charges drummed up among all ranks of Maine poachers against the Commissioners was held last week. It ended in a complete vindication for the Commissioners on every count. With respect to the charge that Commissioner Stanley had sold some fish eggs belonging to the State, it was shown that the eggs were his; the charge that the Commissioners had used State funds to pay their private debts fell through when it was shown that the payment in question was made by the State Treasurer upon warrant by the Governor and Council, and was to pay the expenses of Mr. Stilwell's defense, when in his official capacity he had been maliciously prosecuted by Harmon. In like manner, one after another, all these trumped up charges were shown to be as empty and harmless as the inflated bladders with which the clowns in a comedy whack each other over the shoulder.

The result was more than a vindication. By drawing public attention anew to the efficiency of the Commission, by laying bare the motives and purposes of the generals and professional deer butchers who have had occasion to resent these officials' performance of duty, and by demonstrating how utterly groundless are the strongest charges which these disgruntled elements can muster, this hearing will strengthen public confidence in the Commission, and forward the cause of game protection in Maine.

Harmon's letter to warden Huntoon was after all very like blow, brag and bluster.

IN a paper in *Scribner's Magazine* on "American Elephant Myths," Mr. W. B. Scott presents evidence to show that the prehistoric American sportsman counted elephants among the big game that tempted his powers and skill. "The testimony—geological, archæological and traditional—goes to show," concludes Mr. Scott, "that not very many centuries ago elephants were an important element in American life." A cursory glance at the spring-time circus bill-boards will discover ample evidence that the elephant fills a very large and important place in American life even now. Since the elephants that once disputed with the grizzly supremacy in American wilds were huge and savage, the *Scribner's* writer ventures the unsportsmanlike sentiment of "thanking heaven that the whole generation is extinct." What a piquancy and zest a race of American elephants would lend current discussions of explosive bullets and muzzleloading rifles.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WINTER IN WONDERLAND.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ON SNOWSHOES.

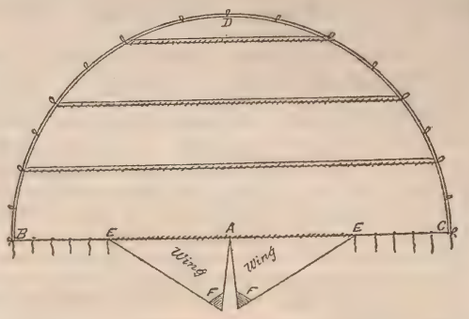
I.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, March 7, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* Having completed the midwinter snowshoe expedition through the National Park undertaken at the instance of the FOREST AND STREAM, and as a special commissioner of that journal, I submit herewith my report of the trip.

To see the Park in its Arctic attire, one must visit it after the 15th of January; before that date the frost has not had time to do its best work. I desired to make the trip with only one companion, and this only after my friend had requested me to take him. I prefer to make most of my trips alone. A young man, Jack Tansey, said he would go with me. He had had no experience in snowshoeing, but as I intended to travel slowly, I thought he could make the stations and camps without any trouble. He was acquainted with some parts of the Park, and had been over most of the route with me last summer. He proved to be a very agreeable camp companion.

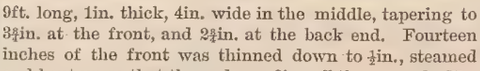
The outfit I thought necessary to take with us included an Indian lodge for shelter while camping out. This was 10ft. in diameter on the ground, made of heavy sheeting, and weighed complete, 7½lbs. A small chopping hatchet, handle and all, 2½lbs. A pocket knife for each of us, two sheath knives and one revolver between us, a small .38-cal. Smith & Wesson—carried for fear of an accident. I could use it to build a fire or kill small game if we ran out provisions. Then there were a small compass, a package of small screws of various sizes under 1½in. to mend broken snowshoes, and two miner's candles each. We took a change of underclothing and socks, which were also to be used for extra clothing in extreme cold weather. Each had a pint cup. I took from here 5lbs. of sugar, 1lb. of best black tea, salt, 1,000 matches, ½lb. extract of beef, 2lbs. condensed soup. Bedding and provisions for the camping out part of our trip I intended to get at the Upper Geyser Basin.

To make my Indian lodge I drew a half circle on a floor 21ft. in diameter, laid down the sheeting on the straight line, cut off at the circle, allowing for hem; lapped on ½in. and cut off, until I had the marked space covered. Then I lapped the long piece on to the shorter pieces and trimmed the edges, allowing for a hem 1in. wide. I cut two triangular pieces, 3ft. wide, 4ft. long, to a point. I had these sewed to the straight side, the wide ends butting at



the middle (*A*). I had pockets sewed on to the outer corners of the wings at *F*. Strings on the straight edge from *E* to *C* and *E* to *B* with loops for lodge stakes on the half circle. The seams were sewed on a machine, double stitched. The pockets on the wings are for the wing poles to keep the wings in place and regulate the draft.

Clothing for a winter's trip through the mountains is one of the most difficult things to decide on, as it is very important that one should have sufficient, and still not be burdened with superfluous or useless garments. I used next to my body a fine undershirt, then an antelope skin—short sleeveless—shirt Indian dressed, a California flannel shirt, a woolen overshirt, vest and buckskin jumper; for my legs a pair of mission drawers, pantaloons and canvas overalls; for my feet fine cotton socks, calf boots and arctic overshoes, with canvas leggings tied on with buckskin strings. I used a common white felt hat, and for cold weather I had a jersey cloth hood and mask to draw down over my face, with two silk handkerchiefs to tie around my neck in windy weather, and smoked spectacles to protect my eyes from snow blindness. I had gloves and leather mittens for my hands, and I used long snowshoes—"skeys" or Norwegian—made of red fir,



9ft. long, 1in. thick, 4in. wide in the middle, tapering to 3¾in. at the front, and 2¾in. at the back end. Fourteen inches of the front was thinned down to ½in., steamed and bent up so that the end was 8in. off the ground. The tops of the shoes are beveled off, to allow the snow to slide off readily. The shoes were saturated with melted beeswax, candles, linseed oil of equal parts, with a little rosin to harden the mixture; this preparation was put on the shoes after first heating them before an open fire. The bottoms were heated enough to scorch them a little. After allowing them to cool, I put a coat of shellac on the tops to keep melted snow from wetting the wood. Measuring from the front end of the shoe back 4ft., I put on a hard wood cross piece or cleat, 4in. long, ⅝in. wide, 1½in. thick, thinned down to ½in. in the middle to allow the foot to fit in well. The projections assist the foot in guiding the shoe. Two inches in front of the cross piece, two pieces of leather 4in. wide and 3in. long were well fastened with screws to the side of the shoe in a groove as deep as the leather was thick, so that nothing should project beyond the side of the shoe. These pieces were laced together to fit the foot. They came over the toe and well back on the instep. The latter must not interfere with the easy movement of the foot while walking. Some prefer an inch strap, tying the foot to the shoe with straps passing back of the foot and over the instep, covering the top of the shoe with tin to prevent the snow's packing under the foot, and using no cross piece. One cannot steer shoes rigged in this way as well as he can those with the cross piece. I covered the top of my shoes (that part under the foot) with part of a rubber bootleg, and found it to work well. To assist one while walking up hill, and steer with while sliding down, a long pole is used. I used a 7ft. pine pole, which I used also to measure the depth of snow, until the snow was too deep for the pole to touch bottom.

On Saturday, Feb. 12, we left Gardiner, Montana, for the Mammoth Hot Springs, four miles within the Park. Our route was up the Gardiner River, which we found open, owing to the great volumes of hot water running into it from the Boiling River at the foot of the old hot spring terraces, four miles above.

The road follows along the river most of the way to the Hot Springs, crossing it twice. Often we could see trout in the clear water. I counted seventeen small ones near one rock, at a point less than 1½m. from Gardiner. I saw no large fish. A little further on we crossed the river to where the road runs under some cliffs. Here I saw a band of six mountain sheep, feeding within ten feet of the road on a hillside and above the roadway. Seeing us, two of them walked up on the hill, a little further to a point where they had a better view of us. After satisfying their curiosity, they went on feeding, for here there was little snow. They showed no fear whatever; some of them only looked up once, but paid no attention to us. Though we passed within 20yds. of them they were as unconcerned as possible, pawing snow and feeding as though there were no such thing as a rifle or hunter in the world. The band consisted of four ewes and two lambs. One of the lambs had patches of hair off from its sides; this I attribute to a parasitical disease similar to the scab of domestic sheep; I have often noticed that mountain sheep are afflicted with it in the spring. I have found old rams dead that had very little hair on them, the skin being hard, dry and cracked. I have often noticed the same trouble with elk, especially bull elk; the first one I ever killed was in a sorry plight, with scarcely a hair on his sides, shoulders, or neck; the skin looked like scales—all cracked and bleeding—he was very poor, and unfit for any use except wolf bait. The



other sheep in this band appeared in fair condition. The band have been in the Gardiner cañon all winter; they are so tame that they will lie down within less than 20yds. of passing teams. An old ram belonging to the band, but not with it when I passed, once thought of disputing the road with the Post Surgeon on his way to Gardiner; the ram finally concluded to let his team go by, so he hopped up on a rock beside the road, went up on the hill a little way and lay down.

I did not see any of the antelope on Mt. Evarts as we were down in the cañon. In the river I observed, besides the fish, several kinds of ducks, the names of which I do know. Water wrens [*Cinclus.*—ED.], queer little birds, were dashing in and out of the water seeking their food; they would sit on a rock, bob up and down a few times, then with a squeak dash into the water and out of sight, popping up in an unexpected place. Snowbirds, camp or moose birds, Clark's crows, and several small birds were also noted on our way up. The snow on the river was about 2ft. deep. As we began to climb the old terraces to the main Hot Springs proper, the snow deepened very fast until in the vicinity of the hotels there was on an average about 4ft. of settled snow, packed quite hard by the wind and very much drifted.

Striking across the flats, we stopped at the Cottage Hotel. Here I learned that the mail carrier had not been heard from for over two weeks, and fears of his having lost his life were expressed. One of the teamsters whose teams are snowed in at the Norris Hotel, Con Sheehan, had come down for the mail and intended to start back in the morning; so I was to have company part way up.

I did not visit the active Hot Springs, as they are for the most part snowed under. Only the hot water is exposed. Soon after the water leaves the springs it cools down and freezes, and the snow falls on the ice, hiding anything worth seeing in the way of frost work. Then, too, the coloring that adds so much to the beauty of the formation and attracts so much attention, is very much dimmed; it is not nearly so brilliant as in summer.

Sunday morning I was up for an early start, but found it snowing hard with a heavy wind from the south and southwest, which I would have to face, and that, too, in an open country. Con had started, but turned back, so we put in Sunday visiting the people around the Springs. One of the men who had packed for the Schwatka party and, later, for Mr. Haynes, told me his experience on the trip. The party were taken to Indian Creek with teams, to a barn, where everything was left. The whole of the next day was spent making less than a mile, where a camp was made. The party rested up here, then started for Norris, distance some 12 or 14 miles; some of the party did not get in until very late. Almost all of their baggage was left at the barn. At Norris Lieut. Schwatka, Mr. Brackett and the guide, Jack Barronett, stopped. The rest of the party went on to the Lower Basin, and most of them to the Upper Basin, returning to Norris the same way they had come. Then all the party went from there over to the Falls, 12 miles. At the Lower Basin, Mr. Haynes, the photographer, left the party, and with three men as packers, visited the Lower and Upper Basins, Grand Cañon and Falls, returning to the Mammoth Hot Spring via Mt. Washburne and Yancey's. In going over Washburne, the party were lost three days and were without blankets or provisions.

I had been told of snow slides and dangerous places in the Gibbon Cañon, until I began to dread that part of my trip, as I have had one snow slide catch me and carry me part way down a mountain, besides having very narrowly escaped three others; still I decided to make the

"grand round," if possible. I intended to go from here to the Norris Basin and Lower and Upper Basin; from there go over on to the Pacific Slope, crossing the Continental Divide to Shoshone Lake; visit that, recross to the Yellowstone Lake, follow down that to the river, then on down stream to the Falls of the Yellowstone, then over Mt. Washburne to the Tower Falls; look up the game, and return to the Hot Springs.

We had enough lunch put up for two days, then on the morning of Feb. 14, with 18lbs. packs each, we started for Norris, 22½miles distant. We were joined by Con and passed the quarters of the soldiers stationed here for the protection of the Park. Their buildings, barracks, storehouse, guard house, stables, hospital and others are built under the principal Hot Springs terraces. We soon came to the dead timber, which extends for miles around the Springs, and which was killed by a fire in October, 1882, started in the Swan Lake Basin.

Within two miles of the Springs we came to the fresh trail of a band of elk. I saw their beds to the left of the road where they had passed the night. I think there must have been twenty in the band. Arriving at Golden Gate, we found that the wind had swept the snow off the road, and even out of the gulch, except where it was piled in immense drifts. The wind sweeps through this pass with frightful force from the open country beyond. The trees exposed to the wind are all leaning from it, and every limb is pointed in the same direction. As we came in sight of the Pass we saw it would be very difficult to get out that way unless we descended into the gulch and then climbed out over the Rustic Falls. This we thought worse than climbing the cliffs to our right, which we did, passing our snowshoes to one another. We had to go up about 75ft. to get out on to a country where we could use our shoes again. In a few minutes we were out in the open country known as the Swan Lake Basin. It was snowing a little, still we could see a few miles. There was very little wind; the day was cold and good for traveling. Going about half a mile I turned to look south toward Electric Peak. All the high ridges exposed to the west wind were blown free from snow, and on them were several bands of elk feeding, I counted up to 120 in all; only four of them were old bulls; they were off to one side. The elk were in small bands of ten and fifteen; it was a beautiful sight. I could not resist the temptation to shout, and I gave one *whoo-pee!* I think every elk heard it and started for higher ground; not knowing what was wrong, they collected on some high points, where they remained so long as in sight. All these elk were within less than four miles of the Mammoth Hot Springs and do not include those on Sepulchre Mountain, Electric Peak or the ridges between them. Cows, calves and spike bulls made up the band. I was within half a mile of the most distant of those I saw until I shouted.

Following the open country south, we soon came to the Gardiner River, which we crossed on a bridge just below where the stream is joined by Panther and Indian Creeks. The streams were open most of the way, and every rock or snag in the stream was capped with a huge ball of snow out of all proportion to the size of the rock or support. Through this section of the country the snow was from 4½ft. to 5ft. deep, and increasing in depth as we went south. Two miles from the bridge we came to Lieut. Schwatka's second camp, a Sibley tent, crushed down by snow, with only the pole and stovepipe standing. Con proposed to dig it out and camp here for the night. It was rather early to camp, only 1 P. M. We had the tent partly uncovered when the mail carrier came along on his way to the Springs. He had been very sick from a wetting he received in the Gibbon River on his way out. He had to cross on a log, at the further end of which there was a large snowdrift, in which he tried to beat a foothold with his snowshoe pole, when suddenly the whole drift gave away, knocking him off the log into the river, where the water was four feet deep. The snow rolled over him, and kept him under water for quite a while. When he finally got out, his matches were wet, so he could not build a fire to dry himself. He was six miles from Norris and twelve miles from the Lower Basin Hotel. He concluded to go on to the Geyser Basin. His clothing soon froze like armor. He was hardly able to move. About half a mile further on, at the Beryl Hot Springs, he warmed up and thawed out his stiffened garments. Then by moving fast he kept warm; went on the next day to the Upper Basin, and there was taken sick from the effects of his wetting and exposure. This accounted for his being out in the Park so much longer than usual. We were glad to learn of his escape, for Pete Nelson is a good, reliable man and a first-class snowshoer.

We soon had the tent cleaned off and propped up with poles, and a fire started. Making some tea, we lunched. While engaged in cutting some wood for the night, we heard a dog bark, and looking up saw Mr. Kelley (the man in charge of the Norris Hotel) coming down on Pete's trail with two small dogs following. Mr. Kelley was out looking for Con who was overdue at Norris. I began to think the woods were full of people. I had not expected to meet any one when I started out. Kelley was glad to find us and a comfortable fire to camp by; if he had not found us here he had intended to go on to the Mammoth Hot Springs. We found in the tent some blankets, sleeping bags and robes left here by the Schwatka party. We made ourselves comfortable and passed a very pleasant night.

In the morning Con noticed a bottle hanging up on a tree, some 12ft. from the level of the snow. Thinking it would be good to carry tea in to drink on the road, he climbed the tree and took it down. Noticing some writing on it he brought it to me, and it was a surprise. Written on the label was a note that the bottle was "placed on the level of the snow. Ther. —51°," signed, "Schwatka, Jan. 7." On Jan. 7 the snow was not deep enough to prevent teams pass-



ing back and forward between the Mammoth Hot Springs and Norris—about 3ft. of snow. The thermometer did register rather low, —31° at the Lower Geyser Basin, and —26° at the Mammoth Hot Springs. I took off the label as a curiosity. I suppose the snow must have been very deep when the bottle was "placed on the level of the snow," and the weather very much colder here than anywhere else in the Park. As there was nothing in the bottle but air I concluded that the whole thing was a misstatement and that the high winds had blown and lodged the bottle in the tree, even with a telephone insulator spiked to the other side of the tree. Strange things happen in the Park.

I mentioned the matter of bedding, which I wished to obtain at the Upper Basin Hotel to use while going from there to the Falls, via Shoshone and Yellowstone Lake. Mr. Kelley, who had charge of some of the stuff left by Lieut. Schwatka, suggested that we take one of the Arctic sleeping bags, which we did, to be left at the Mammoth Hot Springs on our return. This saved the trouble of packing blankets, but I think a pair of blankets each would have answered our purpose better than the bag.

Leaving this camp we started out through Willow Park, taking turns of fifteen minutes each breaking trail, as it is quite hard on the man ahead, when one sinks in the snow from six to ten inches. In this order we came to Crystal Springs; here there was a very dangerous bit of snow on an exposed side of the cañon with no timber to hold it. There was danger of its sliding down at any moment. We passed here safely, however, and soon came out to the Obsidian Cliffs and Beaver Lake. The cliffs were draped with snow, which hung to every projection and point, hiding most of the obsidian. The little of the cliffs that could be seen looked blacker than usual from being brought into contrast with the pure white of the snow.

Beaver Lake was frozen over and covered with about two feet of snow. We crossed it lengthwise, passing near the beaver house, which tourists can see from the road in summer. From indications there is a family of beavers in it now.

We soon came to Roaring Mountain, where the stream rushes from the mountain with a loud noise. There is considerable bare ground on the mountain owing to the heat melting the snow off as fast as it falls; but every detached rock is cold enough to hold snow; on these it accumulates in globe-like masses, looking like white islands scattered over the bare ground.

Twin Lakes were soon passed; these were interesting. We crossed on the snow and ice, and took the short cuts every time. While passing the Roadside Springs, we found more bare ground; at one place the road was bare for a hundred yards, except where there was a small bridge; the snow on this was 4ft. deep; it looked like a white marble tomb. Some of the shapes taken by the snow on the loose rocks were queer. Tam O'Shanter hats, rabbits, bears, and hundreds of forms resembling animals and buildings, forms that only a photographer could illustrate.

At about 11 o'clock we were all startled by a loud rumbling report in the direction of the Falls. We thought at first it was an earthquake, but we felt no tremor or movements of the ground. This was a beautiful clear day, the third clear day since Jan. 11; up to this time it had snowed every day with the two exceptions.

The bright sunshine made it hard snowshoeing for Con and Kelley, their shoes clogging considerably. Jack's and mine ran very smoothly with an application of the candles a few times, rubbed on the bottoms of the shoes. At 3:15 we arrived at the Norris Hotel, where we were taken good care of. Maj. Lyman telephoned over that he had heard loud report in the direction of the Norris Geyser Basin. No one knew about the cause—an additional Park mystery.

Elwood Hofer.

IN THE POCONO MOUNTAINS—II.

BY A COUNTRY PARSON.

THE morning of the second day, as we mounted the buckboard, we fancied that we were to be favored with the presence of a very valuable guide and companion in the person of mine host, whom we shall call Isaac, partly because that is a good, honest Biblical name, and partly because it is his real name.

"And may we make so bold as to inquire of our worthy host," said Dan, as he whistled for his dog and mounted the buckboard, "where is he going to take this good looking party this fine morning? We want to go where the birds are, you know."

"Well," replied Isaac, "I think we'll try the cattle pasture, down on the edge of the Big Swamp. If there are not birds there, I don't know where to look for them."

"That's a good place," said Jerry. "We might get up a bear too; there are bears down that way."

"Bears," queried Sam, rather incredulously." I'm a stranger up in these parts, you know, and it's my first trip in this bush, and I don't want you to try to scare me with bear stories so early in the morning. Are you joking, or what are you giving me, any way?"

"Joking!" said Jerry. "Not a bit of it, my boy. There are plenty of bears down in the Swamp. Last season several were killed there by our friend Isaac, here. They caught them in strong steel traps and then shot them. And this last summer, when I was up here trout fishing, I saw the carcasses of two steers the bears had killed. I venture to say we shall see signs of them in the woods to-day, either their tracks or logs torn apart in search of ants or other indications of their presence."

"There was a Methodist preacher up in these woods a year or two ago," said Isaac," and he was fishing in the Tobehanna, when a bear came poking his nose through the bushes. The preacher jumped into the stream, mounted a big rock and drew his revolver, but didn't fire. He said afterward he was pretty well scared, but that he made up his mind if the bear would leave him alone he would leave the bear alone."

"Sensible man," exclaimed Sam. "That's about what I'd do. But, suppose one would come at you, and you had nothing in your gun but bird shot, what would a fellow do? I'd fire for his eyes, and try to blind the old rascal."

"I reckon," said I, "that's about the best thing one could do—if he couldn't get away. But I'd never attack one unless on the strictly defensive. It's a little too risky. They tell me that a bear can get through these bushes a good deal faster than a man, and the odds are generally in favor of the bear against a gun loaded with shot that will only infuriate but cannot easily be made to kill the beast. However, a man may make a lucky shot even in such a case. I lately read in one of our papers about a man by the name of Rauch, of Bethlehem, Pa., who killed a bear with bird shot while hunting grouse up in these regions. Other hunters had been following the trail of the bear nearly all day with dogs, and she was driven out of the woods at the spot where Rauch was hunting. Being angry after long harrassing by the hunters and dogs, and evidently looking on Rauch as one of its tormentors, the beast at once showed fight on seeing him. Rauch, although having little hope of protection from the brute by the use of his fine shot, nevertheless fired full at the face of the approaching brute, and fortunately succeeded in putting out both her eyes. He then emptied the contents of the other barrel into her head, back of the left ear, and killed her. She was of considerable size, and in fine condition."

"A good bear story, that; and it may be true, too. But it was a rather close call for Rauch," remarked Jerry. "I've got some shells loaded pretty heavily with buckshot that I always carry handy about me for such an occasion."

"And so have I," remarked the writer, "if only I can remember not to forget my presence of mind when the bear comes. This matter of presence of mind is a queer thing. A fellow has plenty of it when he has no call for it, but when he needs it where is it? It reminds me of what Josh Billings says about eloquence. 'I *have* the gift of eloquence,' says he, nervously feeling in his vest pocket as if in search of it, and looking all around the platform, as if he had somewhere dropped it, 'yes, I have the gift of eloquence—but I don't carry it with me.'"

"Well, boys," said our host, alighting from the buckboard, "here is the 'Ben Wood field,' and here we're going to strike in; so I guess you had best dismount."

The "Ben Wood Field" is a mere clearing in a rough and savage looking country, and is no doubt a first-rate place for pheasant shooting when the pheasants are about the premises. But that particular morning they seemed to have taken a very decided dislike to that patch of woods, and were nowhere to be found. We skirmished all round the clearing, put our four dogs into the bush (we had borrowed two of the natives' dogs in addition to Ponto and Jerry's favorite, Sport, the "knock-kneed"), but it was all no good. Not a feather did we see, nor a bear. We had a hard tramp till toward noon, when we came to what the natives call "a chopping," a place where the lumbermen had been getting out hemlock logs, and had left the treetops and branches ("lop and top" as it used to be called in England a hundred years ago) affording a fine shelter for the birds. No sooner had we struck the edge of this "chopping" than we began to have fun. It was full of birds, and we blazed away right and left, getting some, and, of course, missing not a few that were too far away, or too much in a hurry to get behind the bush. Such a half hour as we had there on the southern face of that hillside, the warm sun shining, and the whirr of the pheasants' wing stirring every nerve in a man's body, was enough fun for one day. Still, it is with the undescribable exhilaration of such a bout with the birds in the bush as it is with most kinds of fun—the more you have the more you want. And so we pushed on down through ravines and up steep hillsides, "peeking" about under the dark pines until we reached a good place to camp for dinner. Jerry and I had already unslung our traps and were busy making the fire, when one of the dogs treed a bird a few rods away, giving warning by a sharp bark, which had the effect of keeping the bird on the tree, as well as of bringing Sam and Isaac to the spot. It took them a good while to see the bird. Indeed, Sam couldn't see it at all; so Isaac bagged it.

"Every man to his bird," said Jerry, with a quiet laugh,

as the two came up to our blazing fire where the coffee pot was already hissing among the crackling flames.

"That reminds me of a good story I once heard," said I, as we opened our several packages containing lunch, and poured out our coffee in our tin cups. "Once two gentlemen went hunting for quail. They stopped at a country tavern. The first day they had bad luck, getting only two birds, which they desired the tavern keeper to have prepared for their breakfast. The next morning, before the sat down to their meal, the host came to them, saying that an Irishman had come for breakfast, and if they had no objection a plate would be set for him at their table. Certainly he should join them, said they. So the three sat down. The two quail were placed on the table, nicely stuffed and roasted, and, as these were not enough for the three, a roasted chicked was also set on the dish between the quail. So, one gentleman reached over with his fork and took one quail; the other took the other. The Irishman for a moment, and but for a moment, was taken back, but at once recovered his native presence of mind, grabbed his fork and thrust in into the stuffed fowl, carrying it bodily on his plate, with the remark, 'Ivvery man to his bird, be gorry!'"

"The tinkle of that cow bell off in the bush there," said Sam, "reminds me of something I read the other day about a clerk in a hardware store; and, Jerry, as you are a hardware man, I tell this story for your special benefit."

"Crack ahead with your yarn, and let it be a good one," replied Jerry, taking a sip from his cup, and winking his eye at me, as much as to say, "Now, my boy, *is'nt* this fun!"

"Well," said Sam, "the story is this. A clerk in a hardware store was trying to sell a farmer a cow bell, but the farmer wanted a larger size than was to be found in the shop. In vain did the clerk endeavor to persuade his customer that this bell was quite large enough, in fact, just the thing. It was all no go with the farmer, who at length turned on his heel and was leisurely walking out of the store, when a happy thought occurring to the clerk, he called his vanishing customer back with 'I say, uncle, I think you'd better take that bell. It's really much better than a larger size. One thing about it—it'll save you a good deal of time looking for your cow.' 'How so?' queried the other. 'Why don't you see,' said the wily clerk, 'if you have a large bell on your cow, you can hear it very far, and when you do hear it you'll travel maybe a whole mile before you come up with your cow; whereas, if you use a smaller sized bell, when you hear that you'll know your cow is'nt more'n about a quarter of a mile off at the most, and you won't have to go near so far after her!' The farmer at once bought the bell. Whether he was convinced by that logic, or as is more likely, wished to reward the clerk's cleverness in bringing a customer about, I am unable to say."

"Good story!" was the unanimous verdict. Some one suggested it was much like the boy's composition on pins, in which he said, "Pins have saved a great many people's lives." "How so," asked the teacher, "By not swallowin 'em, sir," was the quick response. "Or it is like a boy's definition of salt," said another. "Salt, said the boy, is that kind of stuff that makes field potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on!"

In such conversation our nooning hour passed away. Such an hour, with two or three genial companions, each of whom can bear a hand at keeping up a spicy conversation, and tell his tale when his turn comes round, is quite as enjoyable as the hunting. A fellow feels good after his dinner; a little tired, to be sure, but not too tired. He has had a good cup of coffee, sipping the last drop in his cup as if it were veritable nectar (as it is); and then comes his cigar or pipe—and a half hour's talk, until some one hops up and says,

"Well, fellows, let's be moving."

We moved around a good deal that afternoon, down in the ravines, up on the sides of the ridges, out on the edge of "The Barrens." At this distance in time I can recall only a general impression of tramping over the soft moss (into which one's foot sinks so noiselessly and so deliciously), skirmishing through the hard wood forests on the ridges, halting now and then to rally our lines or to summon a comrade who had wandered too far off to the right or left of the line, peering under many pine bushes and squinting up many a hemlock tree, and keeping my weather eye ever open and my gun ever ready to throw up into position for a shot.

It was somewhere toward the middle of the afternoon. We had come out on what is called "The Barrens," an open country, covered with sod and a sparse growth of low, bushy pines. We were on the south face of the ridge, and the birds would naturally find a good place there to sun themselves or take an afternoon nap. Here and there were great beds of moss and partridge berry, and often one could walk around among the low-growing pine bushes, noiselessly, as if treading on the most luxurious carpet. 'Twas that day that I stealthily crept up to one of these great bushes only to hear my bird getting on the other side, to my great chagrin. I was wandering about among these thick bushes, peering here and there for a bird, when I noticed an unusually large bush some distance ahead of me, having its branches very thick and growing down low to the ground. I determined to make for that bush and see what I could see, saying to myself as I did so,

"Now, if I was a pheasant and was looking around for an unusually fine bush under which to doze away an hour or so of an afternoon like this, why, that's just the kind of a bush I should select. I'll creep up very cautiously and see whether I can't find somebody at home there."

The ground was covered with soft moss. My footfalls were noiseless. Like an Indian I crept up to the very edge of the bush, stooped down and peeped under the broad, drooping branches, and saw a magnificent cock standing up from a doze, with a "cluck, cluck, cluck," preening his head in the archest way imaginable, his ruff about his neck standing out stiff like a beautiful collar, and colored with all the hues of the rainbow—in all the beauty of his wild nature I saw him, only a few feet distant, a beautiful sight indeed! My finger was on the trigger, and I could have shot him, and intended to do so, too, after I had sufficiently admired him—but I admired him only a fraction of a second too long, and he was off! I can't say that I was sorry. The sight of that cock in all the arch beauty of his aroused wild nature was worth more to me than many birds in my bag would have been.

Not long after this we passed through a patch of hard wood, principally beech. We had got up a flock of birds and had followed them into the woods some distance, but they led us too far and we wheeled around, making a circuit through this young beech forest. Sam and I were close together, when I noticed something falling from a high tree. It was large, and of a fluffy appearance, like a big bunch of cotton, and it came down so very lightly and leisurely that I could not imagine what it was. At all events, I got ready to shoot, and when it lit on a sapling about fifteen feet from the ground I shot it—a great gray squirrel. Now, I had often shot gray squirrels when a boy, but I had never seen one come down from a tree top like that.

"Why, you see," said Sam, "it's plain enough. We came on him kind o' sudden. He was on this tree and he couldn't get any further. He couldn't retreat, and he couldn't advance, and so he had to jump for it. As he was pretty high, he simply spread out his tail and his four legs, and made himself as flat as he could so as to break his fall as much as possible by catching the air as he came down, just like a parasol or umbrella would fall very slowly from a housetop, if spread out. That's what made him fall so slow and look so big."

I will not trouble the reader with an account of all that we experienced before night came. One cannot put on paper any adequate description of the real enjoyment of such a tramp as we had. We got some birds. We had several ineffectual long range snap shots at rabbits in full career across the Barrens. I found a relic in the shape of a portion of a deer's antler, a rare thing to find in the mountains, I am told; and at four o'clock we found ourselves eight miles away from home, tired and nearly "played out." Sam was particularly done up, and as he and I walked along, he was saying that he wouldn't walk another mile for all the pheasants in the mountain, when Wh-wh-i-zzh! up went a flock of eight or ten on the other edge of a clearing, making for a tangle of laurel. I need hardly say that Sam and I both made after them like school boys after a hot breakfast on a holiday, forgetting all about our weariness in the excitement caused by the whirr of those magic wings; but as they went too far into the bush for us, we couldn't get them, and our heavy legs and feet at once came back when this became apparent. The sun was just sinking when Jack came with the buckboard to the appointed place, wrapped us in great heavy overcoats (for the night was coming down sharp and cold), and drove us eight miles to our hotel to a good warm supper, a soft bed and dreamless sleep. H. M. K.

EASTON, PA.

UNOFFICIAL LOG OF THE STELLA.—V.

BEAUFORT, N. C., March 28.—We are lying at the wharf in this quaint old Southern town, where we have been since the 24th, repairing some damages we received on the afternoon of the 23d inst., of which the report sent North is all wrong.

Briefly, we lost our rudder fifteen miles off shore in a strong S.W. blow and heavy sea. We did not work her off under the foresail, nor with the jib; nor would all the devices known to mariners suffice to get her before the wind under any or all of her sails. We rigged a spar-raft with guy-ropes, got steam on her, and tried to steer her with that. It failed us. We had a sea-drag all ready for use, and we got it out ahead to keep us head to. This brought us up in the wind's eye; but in less than five minutes the hawser parted, the drag followed the rudder to the bottom, and we fell off into the trough of the sea. The exceptional seaworthy qualities of the little yacht were all that let us live at this crisis. At last we dropped the light anchor with thirty fathoms of chain, and this brought us head to and held us while we dismantled the mainmast, took the main gaff for an oar stem, tore up the cabin floor for boards to make a rough but strong blade, cut away the rail aft, rigged guys on either side of the clumsy sweep, got three strong men on this unique steering gear, and made ready for a final attempt to get way on her with her obstinate head inshore. It was a partial success, inasmuch as we brought her round, but the best we could get her to do was to get her to run in the trough of the sea; not another point off would she go. The pitching and rolling was fearful; but, as she was heading for the beach, the best we could do was to hang on. In storm and darkness we made the land, ran within half a mile of the beach, let go both anchors and held her up by help of steam.

Luckily the wind went down about midnight, and in the morning it came offshore. We improved our steering oar and stood up the coast for Beaufort, arriving before noon.

There were six souls on board, all of whom have been familiar with deep sea sailing; and each man says it was the closest shave in his experience. Coolness and seamanship in the skipper and crew brought us safely off. Demoralization and fright would have drowned the whole business. ["Nessmuk" reported at the FOREST AND STREAM office yesterday.]

NESSMUK.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

207.

I WAS up-stairs in my room, enjoying the perusal of Long's "American Wildfowl Shooting," when I was interrupted by hearing my friend B.'s voice, saying: "Hullo, Jack, come down-stairs quick; there's an owl sitting on the fence!" I grabbed my gun and started down-stairs, slipping in two cartridges as I went. When I got to the door, sure enough, there was his owlship, sitting placidly on the stone wall, not more than 100yds. distant. Cautiously, very cautiously I approached the gentleman, who paid not the slightest attention to me, because, I suppose, he couldn't see. When I got near to him (I won't say just how near) I stopped, and raising my "trusty double barrel," took careful aim, fired and missed. Oh, the shout of derision that greeted the result of my shot! B. immediately went to work and told everybody he met that "Jack had crawled up on an owl, and when he thought he was near enough raised his gun, stuck the poor bird under the chin and scared it off, and then fired at the place on the stone wall where the owl had been."

I thirsted for revenge, and soon I had it. This is how it came about: I rigged up a diving decoy, in the cove a little distance from the house, one day when B. had gone to the village for the mail, and on his way back he saw this coot out there, which immediately sunk from sight when I pulled the string. Taking advantage of the dive, he rushed to the house, and seizing my little single barrel, together with some cartridges which I had loaded expressly for his benefit, and which had "some" powder and shot in them, he came down to the beach cautiously, and not seeing the coot, waited for it to reappear. Ah, there it is. Now he raises the gun—bang! "Holy smoke! that gun's got somethin' in it!" Didn't get him—one more—bang! "Christopher Jenkins, what ails that gun?" And there sat that coot as if nothing had happened. He decided to make one more trial, and loaded up again. This time the gun spoke like a small cannon, and immediately after the report B.'s voice could be heard quite a distance off anathematizing that kicker. Upon this I jumped up from my hiding place, and then B. saw the joke (?). I put this question mark because he seemed a little doubtful about that particular point. I went and brought in the decoy. It wasn't touched. Either there was something the matter with the gun or B. was a little "off" in his aim. He thinks the former, but I don't.

J. W. JR.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ODDS AND ENDS.

IN DECIDING whether squirrels hibernate, it seems necessary first to determine what hibernation is—whether it is a lethargic sleep which continues with rare or no interruptions during the entire strip of winter, or only an occasional nap of a few days' duration at its longest. Here in the center of western Vermont we see the red and gray squirrels active and abroad in some of the coldest days when the sun shines—sometimes when it is storming furiously—and then for a day or two perhaps we see none. But we have never thought that for these brief disappearances we might call them hibernating animals, as we do their little cousin, the chipmunk, who, when he retires to winter quarters a good while before there seems any pressing need of it, goes in "for good," and so does the woodchuck; and when they come forth again we are assured that the "heart of winter is broken."

A great midwinter thaw disturbs not their tranquil slumber, though it awakens the coon, who certainly hibernates in the strictest sense of the word, but is fooled out of a part of his comfortable nap by the siren song of the south wind, and wanders forth in quest of something. If food, he never finds it, nor as far as I have been able to determine, does not even seek it. I should imagine reading the record of his journey as he prints it in his course from hollow tree to hollow ledge, to other hollow trees and hollow ledges, that he had been awakened to a sense of loneliness and was seeking old friends in familiar haunts, with whom to talk over last year's cornfield raids and frogging parties in past summer nights—perchance to plan future campaigns. Or is it an inward fire and no outward warmth that has thawed him into this sudden activity? Has he, like many of his biggers and betters, gone a courting in winter nights? Poor old Mr. Coon! How fashionable it is nowadays for others to wear the coat which becomes him so much better than them, and which once robbed of he can never replace—and his life goes with his coat.

If I outlive the last of his race, as I pray I may not, though it now seems probable, he will have one sincere mourner. He is one of the few remaining links that connect us with the old times, when there were trees older than living men, when all the world had not entered for the race to gain the prize of wealth, or place or renown, when it was the sum of all happiness for some of us to "go a-coonin'." It is pleasant to me to see the track of this midnight prowler, this despoiler of cornfields, imprinted in the mud of the lane or along the soft margin of the nook, to know that he survives, though he may not be the fittest, well, when he has gone forever, those who outlive him will know that it is not his quavering note that jars the still air of the early fall evenings and must confess that is only the voice of the owl—if the owl too, has not then gone the inevitable way of all the wild world.

The skunk sleeps not so soundly as the coon. Often in very cold mornings when there is not the faintest promise of thaw in the chill air you may see the diagonal track of his slow midnight gallop in the powdery snow, and he will proclaim as distinctly as with words, more unmistakably than by the imprint of his foot, his presence and recent awakening to some sort of active life, when he has had a slight misunderstanding with the cats in the barn, where you go to fodder. And poor *mephitis* must go too, for his fur under names that he would not recognize as his, is sweet in the nostrils of the fashionable world; and bugs and pestiferous mice shall thrive in his downfall, and unborn generations of mankind shall miss his fragrance.

I have more than once heard the shrike utter notes almost melodious, and quite unlike the harsh voice wherewith he usually announces himself, but it never occurred to me that he was attempting an imitation of some other bird's song. Always when I have heard him engaged in these musical performances, he was perched in some exalted place, and was evidently bent on doing his best. I am sure the custodian of nature, whom America is so fortunate in possessing, has himself noted this, otherwise it would be presumptuous to mention it, for what he has not seen no one can have seen.

The shrike has been maligned, evil has been spoken of him, and he has been called hard names by others than ornithologists. I for one hereby retract all that I have ever said or thought against him, for more than once I have seen him chasing and capturing English sparrows, and doing all he could to make more miserable the lives of those imported pests—those feathered weeds that are overrunning the native birds that blossom into springtime song and beauty. May the tribe of the shrike increase.

A friend has just told me that on the 25th inst. he saw a flock of about fifty wild geese flying north! The poor fellows must be having a hungry and thirsty experience, for where in all these snowy wastes can they find a morsel of food, or where, this side of a possible open polar sea, any body of unfrozen water? In the three or four days which have elapsed since their passage, winter has not loosened its hold on the earth here. What brave adven-

turers, inspired with a faith that shames the doubts of us who think ourselves so much above geese. But the geese are mostly above us—nearer the sun, nearer heaven, nearer the great heart of nature—and perhaps despise us, as they have a right to.

Speaking of the little ground squirrel further back reminds me now to ask how his familiar name should be spelled—chipmuck, chipmunk or chipmonk? To me he was always, and always is, a jolly little Friar Tuck, and so I fancy he was to the grim old monk-hating Puritan father of Yankees, who saw the sociable little recluse stealing his first planting of Indian corn, and then heard him cluck and chip his thanks for the stolen feast, "as would any thieving priest!" quoth Barebones. And I thank Barebones for the touch of imagination that once in his sterile life illumined his soul with a ray of even wintry sunlight. Others may call the little hermit as they will, but for me he shall always be chipmonk. Give me thy blessings, jolly little father, and take thy tithings.

March 29. AWAHSOOSE.

ANOTHER CROW STORY.

IN your issue of March 24 "Watt" relates his experience with a crow; let me tell mine. Two years ago I was located at Peoria, Ill. The office of the company I was with was two miles below the city, on the bank of the Illinois River, and our boat was often called into requisition for short hunting and fishing trips, or for the replenishing of our aquarium. One day at dinner time my clerk, Henry, took the boat and pulled across the river into the woods on the opposite shore, which is easily done most of the time, as the water sets back half a mile to the foot of the bluffs, and is several feet deep throughout the woods. Coming to a knoll which rose above the water, he was attracted by the cawing of a crow in the lower branches of a tree, and landing he advanced, rifle in hand, but noting the apparent tameness of the bird, although apparently full grown, was hardly old enough to eat alone.

Bringing him to the office, the fun commenced. He made his headquarters in the attic, and had more to say than any of us. He grew sociable and wise in a remarkably short time, and developed the thieving propensities for which his tribe is notorious. We had an aquarium about five feet in length in one of the double windows, well stocked with a variety of fish, and we could not account for their rapid disappearance until one morning upon our opening the office door, his crowship was observed perched upon one end of the tank intently gazing into the water; presently he made a rapid dive, holding on with his feet and burying half his body, emerging in an instant with a fish in his beak, which he lost no time in putting where it would do the most good.

Our crow could not hold "a piece of meat in one fist and an apple in the other" as "Watt" declares his did, but he took great delight in swinging himself in a trapeze we rigged up for him, and was never satisfied till he swung so high his head would bump the ceiling, and he was actually becoming bald from this exercise when fate stepped in and sent him to the bourne where all good crows go.

As related, he was excessively noisy, especially when a stranger came into the office. As luck would have it, about that time I chanced to read a ludicrous article in some paper about a doctor who, being awakened every morning by the loud crowing of his neighbor's chanticleer, ended the nuisance by trapping the rooster and extracting his vocal organs, after which he let him loose, but the doctor declared it was so amusing to see him go through the motions of crowing without being able to utter a sound that he got up mornings earlier than ever to enjoy the sight. Here was a hint for me, and I lost no time in acting upon it. With the aid of my right bower, Nat T., we "corralled" our pet, and in five minutes had the satisfaction of seeing him perform a cawing pantomime in first-class style, but open his beak as wide as he could, no sound came forth. The operation scarcely drew a drop of blood, and we congratulated ourselves upon its success, but alas, next morning our crow was cold and stiff. After holding a post mortem and an inquest, we rendered the unanimous verdict that his death was due, not to the effects of our surgery, but to the breaking of his heart through grief at the loss of his voice. H. A. P.

Buffalo, N. Y.

HABITS OF THE STRIPED SQUIRREL.

A FRIEND once told me of a striped squirrel which he had owned and could not make eat anything in the winter. He did not tell me at what time in the spring Chip began to eat, but the fact that he would not eat shows that he did not fast from necessity.

It used to be said by those who had the best opportunity to know, that when the striped squirrel enters its burrow for the night it closes the door by stopping the burrow with dirt three or four feet from the entrance. The statement caused a brother of mine to experiment a little with a squirrel which had constructed a burrow near the old homestead. He took two pails of water and tried to drown out the squirrel, but the burrow would hold very little water and no squirrel came out. Two or three days later he saw the squirrel go in and immediately took some water and tried the experiment again; it took nearly the two pails of water to fill the burrow, but the squirrel had to come out this time.

Scarcely a year passes in which a new burrow is not constructed in October, near my premises, by the striped squirrel, and I have never known them to be used the second season for a winter store-house. My observations thus far seem to indicate that it is the female squirrel that constructs a burrow as above described.

Five years ago last fall a squirrel dug her burrow on the north side of the road near my barn, where the stone wall on the northerly side of the road runs nearly east and west, and is a little higher than the road, so that the ground slants toward the road and also toward the south. The squirrel began in this slant about one foot from the south side of the wall, and I used to look at that little pile of dirt every time I passed that way, but never saw this mouth of the burrow open. One day I saw some damp earth, which had just been shoved out, and waited a few moments to see if the squirrel was still at work, and not discovering any movements I passed on. The squirrel completed her burrow by digging up to the surface about seven feet from the north side of the wall, and here is where the family came out the following season, but the burrow did not appear to have any tenants the second year.

In my young days it was the habit of most of the boys in this neighborhood to go gunning on the old Massachusetts election day (the last day in May), and living near the State line, I usually joined a like party in New Hampshire on their election day (the first Wednesday in June), and among other small game killed were lots of striped squirrels, but I will remember one day (the last Wednesday in May), when only one striped squirrel was taken by the whole party, and I have often wondered if the ground could have been so covered with snow and ice as to have interfered with breeding.

The females usually construct their burrows in the fall, near some stone wall, fence, building or similar cover where there are plenty of acorns and other food, and in the month of March (their breeding time) the males may be seen for a short time in that vicinity, after which they disappear and are not seen again till from the middle of May to the first of June, when, as a neighbor says, "they all come out together, both old and young." The fact that the old squirrel does not appear to be giving milk at this time leads me to think that provisions laid up in the fall are principally for the young, which at this time are about three-fourths grown and are able to take care of themselves.

I think the male squirrels do not lay up any winter stores. Has any one in this latitude ever seen a male striped squirrel, late in October, with his cheeks stuffed full of provisions? They will come and sit upon the wall in sight of my house and eat acorns and go away again without taking a load with them.

There are two striped squirrel burrows near a neighbor's house, one of them within eight feet of his front door, and to-day I called on him and inquired if he had ever seen the squirrels about his premises carrying dirt in their mouths while excavating their burrows. He said he never had, but thought he should have seen them if they pursued that method of getting rid of the dirt.

I have never seen a striped squirrel eat anything in the month of March, and the one I have sent you this day was shot on a wall, near an oak tree, where there were plenty of acorns last fall. You can probably decide the eating question by dissecting the squirrel. POPGUN.

Tyngsborough, Mass., March 28, 1887.

[The stomach was filled with a pulp or paste of partly digested food; it was vegetable matter not identified.]

ENGLISH SPARROW DESTRUCTION.

[Suggestions in regard to the English sparrow, from advance sheets of the report of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.]

THE following recommendations are respectfully submitted to the legislative bodies of the various States and Territories:

First—The immediate repeal of all existing laws which afford protection to the English sparrow.

Second—The enactment of laws legalizing the killing of the English sparrow at all seasons of the year, and the destruction of its nests, eggs and young.

Third—The enactment of laws making it a misdemeanor punishable by a fine or imprisonment or both (a), to intentionally give food or shelter to the English sparrow, except with a view to its ultimate destruction; (b) to introduce or aid in introducing it into new localities; (c) to interfere with persons, means, or appliances engage in or designed for its destruction or the destruction of its nests, eggs or young.

Fourth—The enactment of laws protecting the great northern shrike or butcher bird, the sparrow hawk, and the screech owl, which species feed largely on the English sparrow.

Fifth—The enactment of laws providing for the appointment of at least one person holding civil office, preferably the game constable where such officer exists, in each town or village, who shall serve without additional compensation, and whose duty it shall be to destroy or bring about the destruction of English sparrows in the streets and parks and other places where the use of firearms is not permitted. In the larger towns and cities this office might be well imposed upon the commissioners of public parks.

It is not expedient to offer bounties for the destruction of sparrows. In fact, at the present time, it is desirable and perfectly feasible, to bring about a great reduction in their ranks by concerted action of the people, aided by helpful legislation, without drawing upon the public purse.

RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE PEOPLE.

The English sparrow is a curse of such virulence that it ought to be systematically attacked and destroyed before it becomes necessary to deplete the public treasury for the purpose, as has been done in other countries. By concerted action, and by taking advantage of its gregarious habits, much good may be accomplished with little or no expenditure of money.

The sparrow is a cunning, wary bird, and soon learns to avoid the means devised by man for its destruction. Hence much sagacity must be displayed in the warfare against it. In the winter time if food is placed in some convenient spot at the same hour each day for a week, the sparrows will gather in dense flocks to feed, and large numbers may be killed at one time by firing upon them with small shot. Sometimes they may be successfully netted or trapped, but this requires considerable skill. They may be poisoned by grain soaked in tincture of *nux vomica*, or in Fowler's solution of arsenic, but poisoning is attended with some danger, and should be attempted only by official sparrow killers.

Large numbers may be destroyed, and increase prevented, by the systematic destruction of their nests, eggs and young. By the aid of an iron rod and hook, set in the end of a long pole, most of their nests can be reached and brought down. This method promises most satisfactory results.

They may be easily driven from their roosting places by disturbing them on several successive nights. A very efficacious method is to throw water upon them when at roost. In cities where hose pipe is available, the process is simple and certain. They may be kept out of ornamental vines in the same manner, particularly in the breeding season, when a thorough soaking not only disconcerts the old birds and kills their young, but at the same time does much good by wetting the vines and washing out their filth.

ERRATIC MIGRATIONS.

A VAST deal still remains to be found out and explained about the habits and movements of birds. Though we know that at certain seasons of the year scores of duck or plover haunt the marshes or uplands, that at others the humming birds may be heard buzzing through the shrubs, or the dainty warblers trilling in the woodland, yet a year will come, or a series of years, when certain strangers may appear in one's locality and be the cause of wonderment to many. A few will be of some species, more perhaps of others, but they may come and go in a sufficiently regular manner to encourage the belief that they have made up their minds to be regular seasonal visitors, or, if such be the habit of the species, permanent residents.

After their friends and admirers have flattered themselves that a welcome addition has been made to the band of feathered songsters of that particular locality, they will disappear as suddenly as they came, and perhaps be seen no more for years.

This was brought to my mind while out shooting last October. Seeing three birds alight in a small patch of shore grass, I walked toward them, thinking they were plover and probably of a rare kind. When they flushed, however, I was astonished to hear the unmistakable *purl* made by the wing of the Carolina dove (*Zenaidura carolinensis*). I shot one and wounded a second, which fell in a garden close by, from whence I recovered him the next day.

People long resident here had not seen such a bird about before, and I certainly never thought that the range of migration was so far north as this, on the sea coast at least.

Naturally, this circumstance set me to thinking of something I had noticed before in connection with the Carolina dove's migration. About the year 1870, or possibly late in the '60s, a few doves appeared in the vicinity of Victoria, Vancouver's Island. The next summer they were more numerous, and every succeeding summer their numbers increased, and their migration extended further into the country until the whole district, from Victoria to Saonich, 20 miles, was, every summer, thickly stocked with doves, who nested, reared their broods, went south and returned the next year as if they had adopted the country. When, lo! in about the year 1876 or 1877 they disappeared, and the next year not a dove could be found in all of that part of the island, nor had there been any—unless stragglers—seen up to the time I left there, three years ago.

What, then, caused the migration? and in such a peculiar way, in that at first there were few, then more and more. The country had not been filling with settlers during that period, or one might be led to think that the feeding grounds were enlarged, and the supply of food increasing. Even in that case their sudden desertion remains to be accounted for.

About the same time, or perhaps a little before, in the same district, the little pigmy owl (*Glaucidium gnoma*), was very common.

Every evening they could be heard calling—and a very pleasant sound it is—in the firs near any of the farm yards. Suddenly they became exceedingly scarce, and in their place appeared the mottled owl (*Scops asi*), up to that time a comparatively uncommon bird.

The short-eared owls too (*Brachyotus cassinii*) astonished us all one year by taking possession of the country. They could be seen alighting on the open fields and flying up and down the bushy strips of land else to fences, etc. The next year they came again, but after that none were to be found in that locality. W. B. A.

Fort Simpson, B. C., March 1, 1887.

On the same subject Mr. F. H. Thurston, of Central Lake, Mich., sends us this extract from a letter received by him: "Oconto, Wis. May, 1884, was the date of the first arrival of the Baltimore oriole here at Oconto. When I saw the bird at Appleton I thought probably he was an old resident there, but when on returning home I found him here, I at once concluded that he was new to them as well as to us. I remember very distinctly the first appearance of the bird ('English robin' he was called then), in northern New York, and though it had been something like 40 years since I had heard his voice I recognized it instantly, and, following the sound, was soon rewarded by the sight of a real Baltimore oriole. At the time (May, 1884) I wrote the inclosed letter, I supposed the bird had come here to make a home with us, for I saw many of them at the time and within the next few days, but at the end of the week they had gone and were not to be seen or heard again anywhere during the year. The following spring and each year since they returned, but not until last year, 1886, did they remain for any length of time. They were here then till well into summer, and though I saw none of their nests, I think from the fact that they were here so long they must have hatched and reared at least one brood of young.

W. M. U."

Black and Silver Foxes.—Ottawa, Ont., March 31.—Mr. Frank Mercier, agent for the Alaska Commercial Co., St. Michaels district, Alaska, informs me that all black and silver-gray foxes taken are males, a female black or silver fox is an unknown thing. This is an interesting, and to me, a new fact and bears out my old theory that black foxes are a freak of nature and belong to the red fox family. I once owned for several years a beautiful pet black fox which was taken when young from a litter of red foxes. Mr. Mercier has traveled extensively through Alaska and British Columbia and has bought and handled a large number of black and silver fox skins, so can be considered good authority on this subject. He has made a fine collection of the northern Indian implements and also of mammouth tusks and bones, which are now in the Geological Survey's Museum in this city.—Stanstead.

Eggs of the Great Auk.—Framingham, Mass., April 3.—In supplement to the note of "F." in your issue of March 31 on eggs of the great auk, I send you the following extract from *The Naturalist* for 1880, which I find in my notebook: "Two eggs of the great auk were recently sold at auction in Edinburgh by Lord Lifford. One brought 100 pounds, the other 102 guineas, probably the largest price ever paid for an egg, except for one of the moa at Edinburgh in 1865, which brought 200 pounds."—F. C. Browne.

WEIGHT OF QUAIL.

AUGUSTA, Ga., March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Nemo," in your issue of March 17, notices my comment on the differences in quail, and in brackets at the bottom of his note is this: "There is but a single variety of quail in Georgia." This bracketed sentence, I take it, is from the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, and is intended as a reply to "Nemo" and myself. As far as it applies to this section of Georgia and South Carolina the editor is certainly mistaken, for most assuredly there are two kinds of quail here. As I have stated, the swamp bird is two ounces heavier than the highland bird, and is at least two shades darker in color. Every hunter here knows the difference as soon as he sees the bird and can separate the species immediately. Whether this is brought about by the habits of the bird living in the swamp and canebrakes I am unable to say, but that the "difference" exists cannot be doubted after one has noted the fact. There is as much difference as between the common field sparrow and the English sparrow, the latter being a darker brown and larger. The swamp and highland rabbit bear the same difference. The swamp rabbit is darker and has not the "cotton tail" like the highland rabbit.

Augusta is situated at the foot of the hills, low and flat, with the Savannah River running by her doors, consequently near the city are a great many undrained swamps and canebrakes. These quail have found these brakes good hiding-places, and do their feeding by scratching up the young roots and eating moss and acorns. In a great many places they are surrounded by uncultivated fields subject to overflow, and get nothing from the fields except grass seed. It was in one of these places last January where I killed four quail. When I got home I weighed them, and the scale balanced at 26oz., this was an average of 6½oz. to the bird. No highland quail weigh so much, at least not in this section.

J. M. W.

[There is but one species of quail in Georgia known to naturalists, and that is *Orlyx virginianus*. If, as our correspondent thinks there are two, specimens of the second should be sent to some ornithologist that it may be added to our bird list. If such specimens be sent to this office we will undertake, in the event of there being two species, to have the new one named in honor of our correspondent.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a typographical error in my communication upon the weight of quail, published in your issue of March 17, in the weight of the fourth quail given, which was 6½oz., not 5½oz. as published. This makes the average weight of the four a little more than 5¾oz., or very nearly 6oz., and this, I believe, will be found very nearly the average weight of fully matured Cuban birds. "J. M. W." gives the average weight of Georgia quail as about 5½oz., and I would like to ask him how many specimens, actually weighed, formed the basis of his average, and it might be interesting to other readers as well to hear from correspondents on this subject in Florida, Texas and the New England States. Not guessing, but weighing should be the basis of such communications.

I ought to mention the fact that the four birds that furnished the basis of my average were killed in February, just after the harvest of the millet fields, in which they thrive at their best, although their food is at all times abundant on this island. NEMO.

HABANA, Cuba.

HIBERNATION OF THE HARE.—Toronto, Can., March 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb. 24 Mr. Geo. E. Walsh, in support of his belief that squirrels hibernate, quotes an article from the pen of Mr. W. F. Kirby, which concludes with this sentence: "Other species of this order hibernate less perfectly, or only occasionally, like the hare, which will lie beneath snow in a small cavity just large enough to receive her body for some weeks unharmed." I should be glad to learn if any reader has observed this habit in either of our common northeastern hares, *Lepus americanus* and *sylvaticus*.—ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

LARGE FLOCKS OF GEESE.—South Berwick, Me., April 4.—The largest flock of wild geese that has been seen for a number of years passed over this place this morning. Their loud and continued honking attracted the attention of many people, who turned out to see the strange and rare sight of hundreds of wild geese flying northward. They were low down in the air and seemed to be very tired. Game in this section has been pretty well thinned out long since, and sportsmen have to tramp far and stay late to get even a shot at the few birds and squirrels that are left.—W.

DOVES IN NEW ENGLAND.—West Medford, Mass., March 28.—I shot to-day in an old cornfield near the house a wild dove (*Zenaidura carolinensis*). As the bird was new to me I plead curiosity for its destruction. Is not it early for them to appear in this locality? And are they a "common summer resident" in New England?—E. B. [The bird is not uncommon in southern New England.]

NESSMUK'S POEMS.

Some of the lines in these poems are worthy of the best poets.—*Staunton (Va.) Spectator.*

Mr. Sears writes genuine poetry. He puts feeling and grace into all his efforts and delights his readers. His versification is smooth; it sings melodiously, and the sentiment is always touching and refreshing.—*Philadelphia Item.*

He heartily sympathizes with his less gifted fellows in toil, and his denunciation of the order of things by which the rich and crafty make themselves richer and the poor poorer has, with much of the rhythm, all of the spirit of Tennyson's most scathing lines. Several of the poems treat of such themes; a visit to South America bore fruit in a number of them, and the civil war inspired a few. Many are pathetic and some humorous. Notable among the latter are "The Banshee of McBride" and "An Arkansas Idyl," in the manner of Bret Harte. But the best, as well as the most characteristic of the poems are the "Forest Runes." The volume is handsomely printed by the house that a few years ago issued the more practical results of Nessmuk's camp life in his little book on "Woodcraft," which may be supposed to tell all about its subject that is worth knowing.—*Syracuse Standard.*

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, guarantee to pay you the amount written on your policy, not what your fellow-members choose to pay, NOT EXCEEDING that.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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BEAR STALKING IN CANADA.—I.

CANADA is the land of the sportsman, if one knows where to go. There one finds salmon and trout fishing from June to September, and bear, moose and caribou hunting from September to late in the winter. Fishing and hunting has been written up in the FOREST AND STREAM again and again, but I have not seen a description of bear stalking as practiced by the Indians in Canada in the early fall.

Such a hunt was undertaken by myself and my friend, the Colonel. Our salmon fishing had been a failure last summer, and before we left our river one of our Indians had given my friend a description of his annual September hunt for bears; we determined to try the experiment. Our Indian was an old friend, and had been with us, as canoeman and guide, for a number of years, and we had every confidence in his representations. We agreed to be off the mouth of his river early in September, and there to take on board himself and such Indians as he might select, thence to make our way to the proposed hunting grounds, which were about seventy miles to the northward of the Saguenay or the Port Neuf River, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. We were to have four Indians and two canoes to carry us.

In many parts of Canada and especially along the rivers, the forests being burned off on the sides of the mountains, the berry bushes spring up in immense numbers and the fruit ripens early in September. The bears are very fond of all kinds of fruit and now congregate in these burned grounds to feed upon the berries. When undisturbed they will remain there as long as the berries remain, feeding in the mornings and the afternoons and retiring into the woods during the middle of the day and at night. The method of hunting them is to go to these burned districts, watch and locate the bear, stalk in upon him and shoot him if you can. Very easy and simple you will say, but wait until you go with me on the trail and let no man undertake it unless he is a good rifle shot and of good lungs and great endurance and is in good training besides.

We were going to the special hunting ground of two of the Indians, who were to be with us and who were strangers to us, but vouched for by our own man Edward. Special hunting grounds, I say, for by the unwritten law of the Indians the wild parts of Canada are divided up between them, so that a family will have a certain tract of land set apart as their own special "terrain" or hunting ground. This right goes from father to son, and so far as the Indians themselves are concerned, is very strictly respected, although of course not recognized by law or by the Canadians. But as their districts are hard to reach and are entirely outside the bounds of civilization, the Indians are generally undisturbed in their possessions. The reader must not suppose that these Indians resemble those of the western territories or of the more northern part of Canada, for this would be a great mistake; many of them are more or less of a mixed race, for they intermarry with the French Canadians; some of pure blood are fine specimens of manhood, all belong to the Roman Catholic church and are, as a general rule, sober and perfectly trustworthy and make the best of guides and servants in the woods. In an experience of years I have found them far superior to the Canadian gaides, although the latter as a class are better canoemen. The Indians speak only French and their native language, and it is rare to find one who can either speak or understand English, it is therefore essential for any one going off into the woods with Indians or with even French Canadians to be able to speak the French or have some one with him who can act as interpreter.

Wednesday morning Sept. 9, found us at Quebec on board the steamer Union, bound for Laduesac, at the mouth of the Saguenay River, whence we were to proceed up the St. Lawrence about seventy miles in a sailing craft to the mouth of the Port Neuf River, up which we were to make way for about sixty miles in canoes to our proposed hunting grounds. The next morning found us embarked on our voyage in a very yacht-like cutter with a fine westerly breeze, bound first for the Esquemin River, where we were to meet our Indians and canoes. When we came off the mouth of the Esquemin, Edouard was soon on board and with him our men—Edouard, his son Joseph, a nephew also named Joseph, all of whom had been with us before; Leon and Charles and a third Joseph Edwards, son-in-law; Leon and Charles were thoroughbred and had consequently showed much more of the real Indian character than the others, and these two were the proprietors of the "terrain" where we were to hunt. About daylight Thursday morning we came to anchor four miles from the mouth of our river, with a low tide and no prospect of getting in until high water; a threatening gale and altogether a dismal prospect. One difficulty on the St. Lawrence is that on both shores the water is shallow, and the tides rise and fall from 15 to 20ft., so that at low tide a sailing boat drawing 5ft. can not approach nearer than half a mile, and can not get into the rivers. The only alternative for us, therefore, was to land in our canoes, which we finally succeeded in doing, with our stores, leaving our trunks on board with instructions to our captain to meet us at the mouth of our river on the first day of October. Then we saw our cutter running away for the Saguenay, and we were cut off from the outside world for a month at least.

Breakfast was now in order. A fire was made, water found, tea made, the cold round of beef opened; and breakfast over, one of the Indians went off inland to look for a cart, and soon we were on our tramp, with all our stores, while the canoes made their way up along the shore. Soon the rain began, and wet and cold, we arrived at our river and found we had to ride about three miles to the lumber mill, where we expected to find shelter for the night. A buckboard was soon found, and we arrived about noon at the mill, where we found a warm welcome from the hospitable superintendent, to whom we had been recommended by friends in Quebec, and a hearty dinner and a warm fire soon restored our equanimity. The storm still continuing, we spent the night with our friend, who was delighted to have our company and to hear what news we were able to impart about matters in the outside world, and it was with some difficulty that he at last permitted us to turn in. This can be easily imagined, when one considers that he is shut up here, with hardly a soul to speak to, from one year's end to the other. Saturday, the 4th, brought us a fine day, and leaving our last letters and loading our canoes, we finally started on our long journey up the river, the whole population of the mill turning out to see us start and giving us a hearty cheer as we paddled off. Four miles of easy work brought us to the first falls, and a portage of about a mile and a half to the river again, above a second fall; and here we camped for the night and over Sunday, for the Indians do not travel on that day, except in cases of absolute necessity. This portage gave us the first hint about our force. We had three canoes and our stores, blankets, tents and clothes, and although these were reduced to the lowest limit consistent with comfort, yet it made a pretty formidable pile. One Indian to each canoe left us but three men for the rest of the luggage, and consequently two trips had to be made on each portage. Three Indians would start off, each with a canoe turned over with the gunwale resting on his shoulders, looking for all the world like a huge turtle, and with such other articles as he could carry besides, and thus loaded make his way up and down places where I could hardly with my rifle and light bag without risking a fall, which might mean a broken limb. After reaching a certain point he would deposit that load and come back on a jog trot for another, and then a fresh start and a second journey, until the evening camp was reached. Then the tent had to be pitched, wood cut, fires made, hemlock boughs cut for the floor of the tent, supper cooked and blankets unpacked. And all this was done without a murmur or a word; and even when loaded down with what seemed a crushing weight, these men would hardly be satisfied if we carried anything, even our rifles.

Our camp was prepared there. Arriving at our camping place, the Indians in charge of the tent had cut two uprights, with forked branches at the top, and driven them into the ground opposite to each other; a ridge pole was then cut, which was inserted in the top of the tent and then laid on the crotched uprights, the tent was then drawn out on each side and tied down to small poles; in the meantime other Indians provided bundles of hemlock boughs, and covered the ground in the tent thickly with them, laid in a particular manner, so that the branches would all be covered by the leaves, and a bolster was made in the same way, at the upper end. The stove was put up and lighted, and then came our part of the work. We each spread out an Indian rubber sheet, then over this one large blanket, this made the bed. Then we laid out our covering blankets and rolled them up toward the top of the tent, ready to be spread out again when we should turn in. In the meantime they served as a seat and also as a pillow for our backs. Then the candle sticks were brought in, pieces of wood about 2ft. long, sharpened at one end, and with a slit in the other end, in which is inserted a piece of birch bark, rounded out at the side, so as just to hold the candles, which can thus be raised or lowered as required. We then make ourselves comfortable and are ready for supper, which Edouard, who is our cook, and a very good one at that, has been preparing this time. In the meantime the Indians have been putting up their own tent, which is open in front, while ours can be entirely closed; and in front of their tent a fire of logs is kept going all night, while the fire in our sheet iron stove must necessarily be allowed to go out and we must depend entirely upon our blankets for warmth, while the logs will burn for a long time, and there is always some one among them who will be on hand to keep their fire going. They are, in fact, warmer than we are, for while our tent keeps us dry, yet it does not keep out the cold, and on several nights when water froze in our tent we suffered a good deal. It was after one of these nights and just here at camp No. 1 that the next morning after breakfast I found the Colonel hard at work with needle and thread on his blankets, and in response to my question as to what he was after, he said he was sewing the bottom parts together so as to make a sleeping bag. This idea, which he had picked up while camping in the West, seemed to me so good, that with the help of his instructions I arranged mine in the same way, and after that found myself entirely comfortable.

I have mentioned the candlesticks, but there are many other things besides which the Indians will make for you, in a moment, out of birch bark. You are thirsty and want a cup, from a birch tree your Indian will, in a moment, cut a slip of bark, fashion it into a cup and bring it to you full of water from the spring or stream. You stop for dinner and want to wash, from the same bark he will make a basin and place it before you filled with water, while you are getting your soap and towel out of your bag. In fact, there is hardly anything he will not manufacture, from a birch canoe down to a birch plate.

Sunday, the 12th, rained hard all day. Such a day in the woods is a severe trial to one's patience. You can not walk outside without india rubber coat and leggings, and your feet will be wet through in a moment; you can stand up, it is true, but for the most part you must worry through the day, lying down, reading, sleeping, smoking and eating. You are warm and comfortable, thanks to your stove, without which you would be miserable indeed; but it is wearisome and one of the discomforts of our life, which cannot be remedied.

On our way we passed an Indian family, moving to their hunting grounds, about thirty miles up this same river, and as Edouard told us that there was a very good chance to find a bear on their territory, we told him to negotiate with them for permission to hunt there for a day or two on our way up. A treaty was made by which they accorded permission to hunt one day; on condition that if we killed anything we were to give them the meat, and if we wanted the skin that we should pay them what they would get for them from the dealers; to this, as we expected to do the same thing with our own Indians, except that we would help the latter to eat any bears we might kill, we gladly assented.

The hunter in a canoe sits down in the middle, with his back resting against the thwart behind him; one Indian kneels down in the extreme forward end, with his legs bent under him, paddle in hand, and the other Indian occupies the same position in the extreme stern; and the direction of the canoe is principally in his hands. Both use the paddle, where the current will allow it, but in the rapids, the Indian in the stern stands up and forces the canoe up the stream by the aid of a pole some fifteen to twenty feet long, while the bow man helps with his

paddle, keeping the canoe headed straight against the current, and when the depth of water will permit holding her there, while the pole man shifts his pole for another shove. It is in these rapids that the skill of the canoe man is most required, but more in descending, for then the force of the current will carry you down with irresistible speed, although even then the skilled canoe men will hold and control their light boat in a wonderful manner impossible in any other kind of craft.

We got off Monday about eight and continued our ascent of the river until noon, when we stopped for an hour for dinner. While waiting here, we put together our fly-rods and took 36 trout, weighing about a quarter of a pound, a welcome addition to our larder. We also saw on the river bank the tracks of a large bear which had come down to the shore and crossed the river. After dinner we continued on until we came to the foot of the third falls, and then went into camp on the portage just above them.

The following day we went into camp at sundown, on the river bank, having arrived at the hunting grounds of the Indians with whom our treaty was made. As we smoke our pipes after supper there is some little excitement manifested as to what the next day may bring forth; bear stories are in order, reminiscences of natural history and hunting adventures are discussed, rifles are carefully examined, and cribbage is not as engrossing as it was last night. My rifle was a .44-caliber Winchester repeater, the Colonel's a Winchester express, and his was altogether the best weapon for heavy game, mine being altogether too light, as I found to my cost, for as the sequel will show, it cost me my first bear. We went to hunt on different sides of the river, the Colonel crossing to the north shore with Leon and Edward's son, Joseph and Charles and my Joseph going with me on the side where our camp stood. Leon and Charles were armed with double-barreled smoothbore guns, purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, carrying round balls and not to be depended on, except at short range. The stars were shining brightly when we turned in, and at daylight we were delighted to find that the day promised to be all that could be desired, with a light northwest wind, and a perfectly clear blue sky. Breakfast was soon dispatched and then after a hearty hand shake and mutual wishes for success, the Colonel went off in his canoe and I started on my tramp. Charles led the way, myself next, and Joseph bringing up the rear, with my rifle and hunting coat and a bag containing flask, biscuit, chocolate sticks for lunch—a capital thing by the way—and a cardigan jacket. While struggling up the steep hill Charles stopped and showed me where a bear had slept not long before, the grass being still pressed down flat, where he had coiled himself up; this was encouraging. Not far from there he stopped at a large tree, the bark, from about the height of a man's throat down, torn into strips, and the wood gouged out by the bear's strength and the sharpness of his razor-like claws. He had been sharpening them for fun or business, there could be no doubt about that. We pushed on, mounting up and up, sometimes over table land, blueberry bushes in fine fruitage everywhere, until at last we came out on a bare rock on the top of a mountain, a least a thousand feet high, and there the Indians deposited their loads, got out their pipes set themselves down and began to look around, apparently at the view. A magnificent panorama of mountain, valley and river lay stretched out around us for miles. But was this what we had come so far and climbed so high to see—wait. An exclamation from Charles, an outstretched arm, and Joseph's riveted gaze at the opposite mountain—what is it they see? "A bear," exclaims Joseph. I look with all my eyes. I see nothing, but Charles, whose eyesight is something marvellous, has detected a small black spot on the opposite mountain, and Joseph, who is now all excitement, tries to point out the spot to me; I got out my glass, and after some time, I too see the black spot, which otherwise I should have taken for a rock or a burned stump. But is it a bear? Charles saw it at once and it has moved, therefore it was not a stone or a stump, and as I am intently watching it, it disappears behind some bushes. It is now eleven o'clock, and while the Indians have gone to another lookout point on the other side of our mountain, I see another moving object which the glass discloses clearly to be a large bear, with two small ones, walking along the crest of a ridge on the same mountain, evidently a mother and her cubs. A call brings the Indians, and I point to the bears; they see them at once, and Joseph also points out to me another bear, sitting up on his haunches on the top of a large conical rock, and evidently sunning himself after his morning's meal. Here then, in plain light, and not two miles from us, are certainly four, and perhaps five, bears.

Just here came my first mistake, which I should not have made had I not set up my own judgment against that of my reserved and experienced guide. One difficulty was that Charles did not speak a word of French, and Joseph had to act as interpreter between us. I therefore could not get at Charles's ideas, except through Joseph, and he, from having been with me so long, had fallen in the habit of acquiescing in anything I suggested. One must guard against this amiable defect in dealing with the Indians, as a mere suggestion will often be taken as a command, and they will readily yield their own judgment to what they believe to be your wishes.

The bears were there. Why not stalk them? I saw by Charles's manner that he had no idea of moving then; he sat quietly smoking his pipe. Joseph was picking blue berries. I kept my glass on the bears. All at once the one on the rock disappeared. I called Joseph and asked him whether we should not try to stalk them. He talked some time with Charles, and it was evident that a discussion was going on between them. If only I could have understood their language, I should probably have let Charles manage as he pleased; but I did not; and I still let Joseph see that my voice was for action; this brought him over to my side and Charles yielding. He knew that it was about time for the bears to retire to the woods for their siesta, and remain there until the afternoon, and then return to their feeding grounds. He would have waited quietly and watched for their reappearance, and then made his mark. But he yielded to my impatience and inexperience, and being a man of few words, picked up his gun and led the way down the mountain.

Reaching the valley, we had about half a mile to traverse, and here the walking was very bad, with dead trees scattered in every direction, their branches as dry and brittle as glass. The Indians would thread their way over and through these obstructions with wonderful ease; running along the trunks and never losing their balance; but for me the task was much more difficult, and I could not pretend to keep pace with them. However, we reached at last the foot of the opposite mountain. We had been keeping to leeward; the Indians do not seem to fear the eyesight of the bear as much as they do his keenness of hearing and smell; the slightest noise or taint in the wind will be detected by them at an incredible distance, and then you will have your labor for your pains. We had struck the mountain at least half a mile to the southward of a direct approach. The mountain we had to scale was steep and precipitous, and we had at least a thousand feet to climb. Up we went, the Indians apparently as fresh as when we started, but I will confess that I was not in the same condition; the rarity of the air is felt here very perceptibly, and I was obliged to stop half a dozen times to get my wind and allow the palpitation of my heart to subside. It was a terrible climb; but at last we stood upon the ridge. A short halt, and Charles again led on. Joseph here cautioned me to avoid making any noise and to follow in Charles's steps, and this I did to the best of my ability. Charles's progress seemed to me to be absolutely noiseless; mine, although I have had some practice, could not compare with it. He seemed to glide along and through the bushes and over and through dense branches without a sound. Soon we recognized the rock upon which we had seen the bears. Joseph handed me my rifle, with a renewed caution as to my steps. Charles's advance became more cautious, but not a bear was to be seen. We went on and on with the same caution, but it was evident that the bears had vanished, and then for the first time I noticed that the wind had changed since we had started, and that a slight current of air was then blowing from the south. Whether Charles had noticed this before we scaled the mountain, or only afterward, when it was too late, I never found out; but had the bears remained where we had seen them, which was not probable, this change of wind would have sent them off long before our arrival. It was now about an hour and a half since we left our lookout. Our hunt had been unsuccessful, it is true, and from my own fault, but I had gained the experience I stood in need of. We went on about a mile and from there watched another part of the mountain until sundown. Then having seen nothing, we made our way to camp, where I found the Colonel just returned, having had some fearful climbing and tough work, but not having seen anything. That evening, after supper, I gave the Colonel the benefit of my experience and fairly confessed my sin; the only consolation I received was that he had done just what his Indian had told him and that I should have done the same. N. P. R.

THE SPORTING MANIA.

[A paper read before the Sherman Gun Club, of Columbus, Ohio, by Colonel Horace Park.]

MAN by the instincts of his nature is a destructive, warlike being. Civilization and education materially modified nearly all of his aboriginal nature, in fact it is through education alone that civilization is possible; the more educated people become the more civilized, yet behind all this man's nature crops out in some way or other. Field sports with rod and gun are probably nearer man's instincts than any other style of sport. This appears to be easily accounted for from the fact that wherever man is found in his normal condition, as the aborigines of this country or any other, when not actually engaged in war with some neighboring tribe, he devoted his time to the chase. This latter in civilized times we call field sports. So true were the Indians to these instincts that in the effort of the government to civilize them it became necessary to feed them. For their meat, cattle on foot were issued. Common sense evolved by civilization would advise that the cattle be slaughtered and neatly dressed. Not so with the noble red man. He must turn the cattle loose on the prairie, mount his cayuse and hunt them down very much after the style of the buffalo chase, before they became extinct. Often in these mimic chases the cattle were killed many miles from camp. However, this is only part of the chase; the dressing and getting the meat to camp is left to their squaws. The noble red man has some of the notions of modern civilization. He is one of the lords of creation; it is beneath his dignity to skin the game or pack the meat to camp. It is astonishing to see with what complacency and lordly strides he strolls along with nothing but his rifle or bow and arrows, or if mounted he lazily rides his lank cayuse, followed by his little bowleg damsel on foot, staggering along under a hundred pounds of bloody, dirty meat. This is not the case with some modern hunters, if the truth is told, for at times they are so anxious to carry home a load of game that if they stumble on a mossback hunter they are ready to part with the almighty dollar for the privilege of loading themselves down with game, and as sportsmen are known for their veracity they would not be suspected of claiming that they killed all the game. The astonishing part of it is the wonderful amount of game a true modern hunter is willing to carry home, no matter how he procured it.

There are exceptions to all general rules. This sporting mania does nor always begin with childhood. In this case, like the measles, if they don't get it until they are quite old they have it very bad. The first symptom to develop is an inclination to visit the gun and tackle stores, subscribe for some sporting paper, study the advertisements, examine the various lures and devices for the decoying of the finny tribe, as well as the latest improvement in guns; inquire as to the fishing grounds, where to go and the prospect of catching fish and bagging game in unlimited quantities. At the gun stores they hear the stories of the enormous fish and large bags of game, also the great exploits of the experts and knowing ones. By this time they get it very bad, and at once proceed to buy an outfit—not an extravagant one in the start; then, of course, they go a fishing, with various anticipations of success. Then, after a hard day's tramp up and down some stream, with but a shiner or two to show, they attribute their failure to inexperience and lack of education in the art. During the season, by perseverance, better success will be met with. They by this time will conclude that they must have a better outfit in the tackle line. The first outfit will be given to the boy, a new and better rod and reel will be procured, a braided silk line, gut-snooded hook and other paraphernalia in the tackle line. They will not stop here with a little success occasionally; they become apt scholars and soon learn that it is not all of fishing to fish. The fact is, before the season is over they will have procured the most complete outfit, including the best split bamboo rod, Kentucky reel, enameled line, gut leaders and an amply filled fly-book, landing net and a pair of wading breeches; nor is this all; you will also find that in fishing around a hot stove in midwinter that they will equal the oldest veterans in the enormous size of the fish caught, to say nothing of the larger ones that broke the tackle and escaped. The proposition in the start was that man was warlike and destructive by nature. To say, also, that he was a natural liar would probably be going too far, but it is wonderful how soon talent in that direction will develop with the fishing mania.

However, it does almost appear that war is man's normal condition. It is this nature that divides comunities where there are real natural boundaries. Take, for instance, the Columbus and Franklinton boys thirty or forty years ago. Some of the old members of the Sherman Gun Club will doubtless remember the many hard-fought battles between the boys of Franklinton and Columbus, the Scioto River being the natural boundary line. Woe to the Columbus boy caught alone on the other side, or the Franklinton boy on this side. Franklinton was at that time called Sodom—hence the boys were called Sodomites. The Sodomites called the Columbus boys pinchguts. Just ask any of the men of Columbus who were boys in those times; they will tell you they had lots of fun in those fighting times.

Only last week I met an old soldier of my regiment, one I had not seen for years. I asked what he was driving at. He said he was with the engineer corps running the Black Diamond railroad, and that they had just shipped their camp equipage to the other end of the line. "Well," I said, "you have not been camping out this winter?" "Yes," he said, "all winter, and I have not had so much fun since I left the army at the close of the war." It is to be seen that war partakes very much of the nature of the chase, of field sports on a grand scale, otherwise it would be difficult to raise volunteer armies. When you combine patriotic duty with anything that partakes of man's nature you make men effective in war as soldiers. You ask any old soldier who was with General Sherman in the march to the sea, and he will tell you that it was one grand hunting spree, the chase on a grand scale. Field sports combined with patriotism, determined and desperate game, only adds zest to the chase. Compare rabbit hunting in the pasture fields of Ohio with the tiger and lion of the jungles of Africa, or the wild boar of Arkansas. The fact that the game sometimes hunts the hunter does not appear to dampen man's ardor for the chase; in other words, the chase is grander as the hazard is greater. How many men in the Sherman Gun Club will tell that they have suffered more from cold in one day at the Licking reservoir, duck hunting in March, than all the balance of the winter at home, besides paying $10 for the privilege, and call it fun? How many, also, have resolved at such time that they will never go duck hunting again? This is nothing; with the very next favorable report they are again off for the pond. In the scarcity of living game this sporting spirit in man naturally looks for some substitute. Captain A. H. Bogardus was the first to introduce inanimate game as a substitute for living—the glass ball and trap—nearly twenty or more years ago. Since then many new devices have been invented; among others was one called the gyro pigeon. This was a sheet iron device painted white. Hits were counted by the shot marks on the paint when the targets were gathered in. These were no good; something had to be smashed, you had to hear "something drop." Like the small boy when he buys a .22-caliber revolver, the first question he asks is how far it will kill—if it won't kill from fifty to one hundred yards it is no good. So in the case of trap-shooting; if nothing is really killed something must be smashed. Glass balls filled the bill for a long time, but Yankee ingenuity is never at a standstill; other devices were produced, like the clay-pigeon; they more nearly resembled the flight of birds or something that was alive.

As near as I can recollect, about 1867 Josiah Sherman, Charles McLeish, Dr. Shepard, John Gugle, W. B. Hayden, Dr. Flowers, Ed. Savage, John Flowers, George Bellows and a few others first met together near the railroad bridge over Alum creek weekly and participated in the sport of glass-ball shooting. At that time there were but two breechloading shotguns in this county—one owned by W. B. Hayden, a 16-bore, the other by George Bellows, a 10-bore. In speaking of guns and shooting it may be well to say here that the progress and various degrees in a case of the shooting mania would be only a repetition of the other branch of sporting, the fishing mania. It will range from the cheap German breechloader to a $200 fine hammerless with a complete outfit, consisting of corduroy suit and from one to three dogs. Fashion controls almost everything, just as much so in guns as plug hats; hence no matter what kind of a gun a man starts in with the finish will be a fashionable one.

But this is a digression. The origin of the shooting club is under consideration. The meetings at Alum creek, without any special organization, were very pleasant. Our glass balls at that time were very thick and hard; to break from four to six out of ten was considered good. One rather laughable incident occurred at one of these meetings: There were on the ground fifteen or twenty shooters; I think it was in the fall of the year. All hands were standing around with loaded guns waiting for some adjustment of the trap, when a fine large woodcock had the audacity to deliberately fly over the entire party of shooters, not exceeding 30ft. high. Talk about lively shooting! Every gun on the grounds was suddenly emptied at the vanishing woodcock without ever disturbing him in the least; at least he moved on in the even tenor of his way, merely thinking that it was the Fourth of July and that the volley was simply a national salute for his benefit. After being handicapped with thirty charges, representing two and a half pounds of No. 8 shot, Mr. Woodcock was bagged by one of the party following him to the neighborhood of the Watercure. There was no post-mortem held on the woodcock, or it would probably have developed a case similar to the one where a gentleman went frog shooting with a 22-caliber rifle. After hunting some time he discovered a very large frog sitting on a stump in the water. Our hunter at once opened the battle. He shot Flobert's. At every discharge the frog would hitch and jump spasmodically, as though struck by the bullet. Our friend continued to fire at Mr. Frog some fifty or sixty times, when from a shot fired with great deliberation the frog tum-

bled over into the water with a chug. After recovering the frog, upon examination no wound or bullet marks could be found. Here was a mystery. It was discovered, as the frog was held by the hind legs with head down, something was dropping from his mouth. Inspection developed the fact that in the frog's stomach there were fifty or sixty Flobert bullets. It appears that when our Nimrod would shoot near the frog, the frog, taking the ball for a fly, took it in. The spasmodic motion at each discharge of the gun was simply the act of catching flies. The bullets were too much for the frog; they overloaded his stomach and tumbled him off the stump, and our hunter got a frog. The only reason there was no post mortem held on the woodcock was that it might develop some unpleasant facts, for every one of the fifteen men that shot of course declared that he hit him; not only this, but it would have been no credit to the man that finally bagged him had his body been found stuffed with two and a half pounds of shot. The incident produced quite a good deal of merriment. In fact, these meetings were all attended with much genuine sport. There are doubts whether the subsequent meetings under perfect organization are attended with as much genuine sport.

As a result of these meetings the Columbia Shooting Club was organized and successfully run for a number of years under the leadership of Dr. William Shepard as president, and C. H. Damsel as secretary. At first the meetings were very largely attended by many of the best citizens as lookers on; often as many as two or three hundred spectators were in attendance. Glass-ball shooting, as conducted, was lively, and the contest often quite exciting. About the time that glass-ball shooting was at the highest pitch, the Ligowsky clay-pigeon was introduced. The pigeon was thick and very hard to break when fairly hit; the trap worked badly and the sport appeared to lose life and activity. From the introduction of the clay-pigeon the date of the gradual decline of interest in the club shoots commenced. The flight of the clay device more nearly resembled the flight of living birds, but the uncertainty of breaking when hit, together with the indifferent working of the traps, was the trouble. However, the decline and lack of interest is not all to be attributed to the introduction of the new target, but to the fact that most all organizations of a similar nature appear to have spasmodic periods of ups and downs. The introduction of the new target in its yet imperfect form occurred about the time of one of the natural ebbs of the organization, and did much to hasten the decline. About two or three years ago the club was again reorganized under very favorable auspices and has flourished ever since. The Ligowsky clay-pigeon trap has been much improved, others have been introduced, the American clay bird and the blue rock, also quite a number of others, all of which are good and successful targets. The prosperity of the club has been wonderful, in fact, it carries on the rolls the largest membership of any shooting club in the State.

In conclusion, I am proud to say that one of the grandest acts of the club was the tribute of honor paid to one of the originators of the club, who has sometime since gone to the happy hunting ground. It certainly was a befitting tribute to the memory of our deceased noble comrade, Josiah Sherman, that the club was named in his honor the Sherman Gun Club.

THE MAINE COMMISSIONER CHARGES.

Specially Reported for Forest and Stream.

THE die is cast. The hearing of the charges against the Maine fish and game commissioners is over, and from all that can be learned a greater farce was never foisted upon the attention of the Governor of a State, The enemies of Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley gathered in a body at the State House at Augusta, March 29. There was a large delegation from North Franklin present, and even the merchants of Boston and Portland were represented, as well as a delegate or two from New Haven. Mr. Harmon's friends were present, but from the beginning of the hearing before the Governor and Council it was evident that the case of the complainants rested on Mr. Harmon and his grievances. The opening was made by Lawyer Spear, aided by Lawyer Timberlake. He labored hard to make out a case, but it was evident, after he had tried over an hour and a half, that he felt that he had no case. He brought great stress on the annual reports of the commissioners, and endeavored to make out, by reading detached paragraphs, that those gentlemen were usurping authority and trying to stimulate wrongful legislation. In his opening, Lawyer Spear proposed that in years past—way back in the seventies—this thing or that thing had been done. But here Mr. Vose, of the law firm of Barker, Vose & Barker, objected, and desired to know just how far back this hearing was to extend; since these commissioners had several times been reappointed, once each within a year or two, and that if the eminent counsel on the other side proposed to try Stilwell and Stanley of goneby days, then the defense were prepared to show that they were not the same officers in the eye of the law as when first appointed. If the hearing was to go back to Adam, then the counsel for the defense would like to know it. He would ask His Excellency and the members of the Council to decide how far back such a hearing could go. Mr. Vose thought it should not go back of a reappointment, certainly not back of the statute of limitations. Here was a point for which evidently the accusation was not prepared. The Governor and Council withdrew for deliberation and came in with the decision that they could not hear charges back of the statute of limitation—six years. This disarmed the accusation of a great proportion of its charges, but the grievances of Gen. Harmon were left, and it was attempted to make all possible capital out of this part of the case. Gen. Harmon was sworn and put upon the stand. He testified in the direct examination to the killing of the deer on that Sunday morning, precisely as has so many times been gone over in the papers. In the cross-examination he admitted the packing up of the deer and taking it out of the State—a direct violation of the non-transportation law. He also admitted all the features of the case out of which so much discussion has grown. His counsel attempted to put in articles from the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers, and before it could be stopped the first account of the killing of the deer ever published in that paper was read. But His Excellency decided that the case was not to be tried on the merits of newspaper statements or reports.

A Mr. Hewey, from Rangeley, with his son, were put upon the stand to testify to the wrongful shipment of trout eggs to New York. Mr. Hewey had been employed by Commissioner Stanley to take charge of the hatching house at Rangeley Lake. But before the trial was over it was shown conclusively that the State did not own the hatching house nor the trout eggs which it was expected to show that Mr. Stanley had unlawfully sold out of the State. It came out that the landlocked salmon eggs which did belong to the State had been more liberally distributed in the Rangeley Lake than in any other waters; in fact, that a very large proportion of all the eggs of that description ever hatched by the State had been turned loose in those waters. Hence the charge that the Commissioners had failed to properly restock the great Rangeley waters fell to the ground.

The charge of an attempt to suborn a witness by Mr. Stanley was the gravest one of the whole list, and yet it proved to be the most harmless in point of fact. The letter which Mr. Stanley wrote to his cousin, Mr. Page, was produced, and the force of it appeared in the closing arguments of Mr. Barker.

The opening for the defense was made by the Hon. G. D. Bisbee, of Buckfield, the same gentleman who defended Mr. Stilwell in the celebrated trial at Bangor, where Mr. Harmon succeeded in getting a verdict of $1.25 worth of grievance. By the way, the charge of Judge Peters, the Chief Justice of Maine, to that jury is a document worthy of publication in the FOREST AND STREAM as a part of the history of fish and game protection in this country. Mr. Bisbee's argument, as will appear from the abstract below, laid out the case in its full light. It showed the animus of the prosecution against those faithful officers, the Fish and Game Commissioners. Jack Darling was there in the council chamber. Mr. Bisbee dared them to put him on the stand. Darling spoke up and asked them to put him on the stand, but they did not do it.

We give the gist of the arguments from the official stenographer's reports specially transcribed for the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Bisbee said:

It is our conviction that, as the testimony now stands, the complainant has not made out a case, and if we were in a court of law we should move for a non-suit. But when we consider the importance of this matter to the commissioners on fish and game, and to the great interests which they have been selected to guard, we feel that perhaps we should fail in our duty did we neglect to make an explanation of some of the matters which have been introduced. The State of Maine to-day occupies a prominent position in this country as a summer resort. It may not be egotism in me, a native born citizen of the Commonwealth, to say that there is no State in this whole country which surpasses this in the excellence of its sea coast, its mountains, its great ponds and lakes, and its inland fisheries, and from my knowledge of the history of the law and the fish and game interests of the State I feel that in this movement there is something beyond the mere removal from office of these two gentlemen. We feel that there is an animus in this proceeding. We understand that certain wealthy gentlemen from abroad have been in the habit of violating our fish and game law, and I might properly term them poachers, though I do not wish to use that term in any offensive sense. But it is very natural that they should desire to carry away with them a trophy, and they do not allow a fine of $40 to interfere with the killing of a deer at the first opportunity. Take this very association of gentlemen who occupy Lake Point Cottage, representing, as I understand, more than half a million of dollars, and I don't know but that I slander them when I place it below five or six millions. Now what is the mere pittance of $40 to one of those gentlemen who wants to carry home a deer? It is this interest that is behind this prosecution. They are afraid of the commissioners, who are bent upon a rigid enforcement of the law, and their desire is to get rid of them, and so I say that the great interests of fish and game would suffer far beyond the results of the immediate present.

The case we are called upon to meet is a most novel one. We find charges preferred against our fish commissioners by one George M. Harmon of New Haven, Conn. We find that these commissioners have occupied their respective positions twelve or fourteen years, and the citizens of Maine are so well satisfied with the manner in which the duties of those gentlemen has been performed that no resident of the State comes forward to prefer a charge. A man comes from abroad and asks you to dismiss these faithful officers and turn them out in disgrace. Without any desire to abuse Mr. Harmon in any manner, I wish to review briefly his case before we are called upon to put in any testimony. The statute prohibits the killing, hunting or destroying of any deer between the first days of January and October under a penalty of $40. Mr. Harmon attempts to justify his conscience and square his testimony by the oath he has taken by the fact that he did not kill a deer. But I submit to you gentlemen that the hunting of deer is prohibited, and further, when he got into that boat on that Sabbath morning, as he says at the instance of the man Thresher, to go in pursuit of that animal, whether he was not hunting a deer. It is too late for him to raise that question, for it has been before the court and we shall show you what the law is as laid down by the Chief Justice. Harmon took his guide and went out on to that lake, and he says he had his thoughts about him. He undertakes to make his guide the scapegoat by saying he did not want to go, but finally went at the urgent solicitation of that gentleman. He says they started in company with some eight or ten other boats from the Mountain View House, and, in substance, that the powerful arms of Thresher shot his boat ahead and that he arrived at the deer first, and, in substance, he undertakes to make you believe, gentlemen, that without a moment's warning Thresher took his oar and struck that deer over the head before he knew what was going on. Now, I do not think he means to tell a lie, because if he did he would tell one that would be believed; but I think he got mixed up and excited about it and didn't know exactly what he was telling. It is unreasonable to suppose that, in that wild race of the eight or ten boats that participated, this boat going at a speed from the powerful stroke of George Thresher, which outstripped all the rest, the oarsman could suddenly stop, raise his oar and strike so quickly over the head the swiftly swimming deer that the man managing the boat didn't know what was going on. Yet that is the way Mr. Harmon would have you understand it occurred. If he went out there to take that deer alive why didn't he throw the anchor rope over his head and take him without injury? He didn't do that. It seems that something else was operating in their minds. Thresher dealt the animal such a blow that Harmon, as he says, was satisfied that it was disabled and would probably die; and what did this gentle, kind-hearted Harmon do but advise Thresher to cut its throat, and it was done. It has been said that a guilty conscience needs no accuser. What did Harmon do? The instant the throat of that deer was cut he turned round and saw the steamer, and it occurred to him that the killing of a Maine deer on Sunday was a thing for which Connecticut money could atone, and so he held up his hand and the boat stopped. He gave to the captain $40, and told him to go up to the house of Huntoon, who he thought was a warden, and tell him, "Here's $40 to pay for killing a deer out in Rangeley Lake." And he wanted the captain to impress upon the warden the idea that that was going to settle this matter against him and Mr. Thresher. Now, that is not the way we do business down here in Maine. It is true that Harmon had such an influence over that justice that he did do business that way, as is evidenced by the record which is in substance that Harmon plead guilty, and being satisfied that he had paid over $40 to Huntoon, he discharged him. What business had he to do that? He should have adjudged him guilty and sentenced him to a payment of the fine and costs. Did Harmon pay $40 and costs? Not at all; and we shall show you by an inspection of the record that there was in fact no judgment.

Now, gentlemen, up to this time Harmon had never seen Mr. Stilwell and I do not think he had ever seen Mr. Stanley. That is the state of affairs as we find them up to that time. Now what further? Either Harmon or this steamboat captain attempted to perpetrate a fraud on the warden, for they paid him only $20, and the law is that $20 shall go to the State and $20 to the complainant. Whether they were going to cheat Huntoon or the State I do not know; but all the money that went into the hands of the warden when they attempted to settle up was $20. Now they have put on the stand here the old gentleman Hewey who has testified that he with Stephen Lowell, in the employ of Harmon, dressed the deer and put it in Harmon's ice house, and that they afterward boxed it up and put it with Harmon's baggage. It appears from the testimony of Harmon himself that it was carried out of the State, a part being left in Boston and the remainder carried to New Haven. Now they say that they supposed they had a right to carry this deer away because they had paid a penalty for its destruction. But the statutes provide a penalty of $40 for transporting deer from place to place in close time; that was another violation of law by Mr. Harmon. In addition to these offenses of killing and transporting a deer in close time he had violated the statute which prohibits the hunting or killing of game on the Sabbath. Now the fact of these violations of the law was communicated to the commissioners, and it was also represented to them that a fine of only $40 had been paid. No costs had been paid in the case which an attempt was made to settle, and Mr. Stilwell felt, as his letter states [B.], that while Harmon was a total stranger to him, yet if he, a rich and influential man, had voluntarily and deliberately broken the laws of the State and had so easily put his hand into his pocket, taken out $40, sent $20 of it to the warden and left the other in the hands of the messenger, that the penalty in that case as paid was not adequate punishment, and that such a way of doing business in Maine ought not to be tolerated. You can readily see that it was an improper enforcement of the law.

We do not issue licenses to kill our deer. We say: "You shall not kill them during certain seasons of the year, and if you do it you shall be liable to a penalty. If you transport deer you shall be liable to a penalty for that." Then there is another section that has never been construed by the court, which provides that if one kills any game on Sunday he shall be liable for the same penalty that he would be for killing at any other time. Mr. Stilwell examined the law, and looking at it carefully, came to the conclusion that Harmon was guilty of three offenses under the game laws. In the meantime Harmon had heard of the intention to prosecute him and he wrote the warden. Just think of it, gentlemen, a man in Connecticut—I don't care whether he had been Adjutant-General of that State or what other position he held—writing down here to a man appointed by the Governor and Council to guard the fish and game of the State of Maine, and threatening him as we shall show by the letter which we shall put into the case, telling him that he had consulted his counsel and saying in substance, "If you dare to lay hands on me again I will take care of you." This Mr. Harmon in that same letter dared to write a warden of this State that if they proceeded against him he would find means to get even with Stilwell through the next Legislature. Now I want you to examine the letter [A.] carefully and see whether Stilwell is persecuting Harmon or Harmon is following Stilwell. I tell you, gentlemen, the audacity of that man Harmon was never equalled in this State—threatening the men appointed to enforce our fish and game laws that if they did their duty he would come in here through his acquaintances and his money and break these men down and get even with them through the next Legislature. And that is how this case comes here.

Now Huntoon took that letter and sent it to Stilwell with his indorsement on it and asking what he should do. Stilwell wrote back the letters you have read, and I submit to you whether they show malice. He goes on deliberately and says he is not acquainted with Harmon, but that he has no doubt that gentleman was as much interested to have the law enforced as any man, and, in substance, however rich he might be, he should be made to pay the penalties to which he had become liable just as much as the humblest citizen of the State. And Mr. Stillwell therein pointed out to Huntoon just what he understood the law to be; that Harmon was guilty of three offenses, one for hunting deer in close time, one for transporting deer from place to place and another for killing a deer on Sunday. And then he suggests in that letter to Huntoon that if Harmon submits himself to prosecution and pays the penalty for killing the deer on Sunday that perhaps they had better let up on the one for transportation. And still they call that malicious and go on to charge that the Commissioners are partial and malicious in the enforcement of the laws. He had parted with $40 for the destruction of the deer, was discharged by the magistrate on the charge of killing a deer on Sunday and never was arrested for transporting the animal, and as he now admits, did not know until recently that a warrant was ever issued against him for the last offense. So it seems to me this disposes of the charge of malice in connection with these prosecutions of Harmon. The evidence all goes to show that Mr. Stilwell in these prosecutions acted for the best interests of the State, and in accordance with the law as he understood it.

And here the matter would have ended but for the malice of Harmon. He turns round and sues both Stilwell and Huntoon for $1,000 for malicious prosecution, the Chief Justice of the State presiding at the trial in Penobscot county. Harmon set out in his writ great injury to his feelings and character, but the result was a verdict of one dollar, which entitled him to twenty-five cents costs. We believed that verdict wrong, and you will see by the charge of the judge which we shall put into the case, that it was wrong. We believed that we could get it set aside, but so far as dollars and cents were concerned thought it better to pay the $1.25, which Mr. Stilwell did. Now, here again the matter would have stopped, but Harmon was not satisfied. He was the persecutor and not Stilwell. You will find in one of the depositions here as good evidence of this that he stated to Huntoon that he had no hard feelings against him and did not wish to do anything to his injury, but he was going to punish "that old cuss Stilwell." He wanted to get at him some way. He did get at "that old cuss Stilwell" down in Penobscot county and obtained a verdict for the munificent sum of one dollar, which carried for him twenty-five cents cost.

Then what did this gentleman, so anxious to comply with the law, do? He sued those gentlemen to recover back that $40, $20 of which had already been paid into the State treasury. Now, if he was so willing to abide by our law as he would have you believe, why did he bring back that suit to get back that penalty? He sued those gentlemen among a people who, it is said, are terribly incensed against these wardens, and as the record shows, there was a verdict in favor of Stilwell, but against Huntoon, owing to some infirmity in the original prosecution. Now, gentlemen, in my opinion that disposes of this part of the case.

But the grand farce was apparent to those who attended the hearing when the Hon. Lewis Barker began the closing argument for the defense. He showed them, by the constitution of the State, that Mr. Harmon had brought his charges to the wrong tribunal: that to remove such officer impeachment was necessary, and that impeachment could come only from the Legislature. But he suggested that they should go on and try out the case there for the sake of seeing what the complaint amounted to. He then proceeded to handle the case as it so richly deserved. He said:

I make the point that your Excellency has no authority even to initiate the movement here asked for. This is not the department of the government in our State to do what is asked here in the form in which you are asked to do it. The constitution has wisely provided how a man shall be removed from a civil office. It provides that: "Every person holding any civil office in this State may be removed by impeachment for misdemeanor in office; and every person holding any office may be removed by the Governor, with the advice of the Council, on the address of both branches of the legislature. But before such address shall pass either House the causes of removal shall be stated and entered on the journal of the House in which it originated, and a copy thereof served on the person in office, that he may be admitted to a hearing in his defense." The Senate shall have power to try all impeachments, etc." The charge here is in the nature of an impeachment, but instead of by the House of Representatives, to be tried by the Senate, to be followed by a call upon your Excellency to exercise your power as Governor, we find one George M. Harmon, a gentleman from Connecticut, coming in here as the impeacher and filing his charges, assuming the authority of the House of Representatives of Maine. This gentleman from Connecticut comes here and asks you to usurp the powers of the House and Senate and remove arbitrarily, if you can get the consent of your advisers, these commissioners from office. I say you haven't the power to do that thing. The power of removal is with the Governor and Council, not upon charges for misdemeanor in office, that is by impeachment, but by virtue of the power of appointment which is given to the Executive. In the formation of our government, both state and national, in contemplation of the change of the administrations and parties, the power of removal through the power of appointment is given to the Executive. Removal follows as a consequence of the appointment and as an incident to it. And, as our court say: "This should obviously be so, else the Governor might create vacancies he could never fill; because, the Council not consenting to his nomination, the offices would remain vacant. Hence, removals have been by confirmed nominations. The removal is in consequence of the appointment of an officer; it never precedes it." Now, I grant that if the question here were the appointment of say John Brown, of Rangeley, as a fish commissioner, in place of Mr. Stilwell, your Excellency would have the power to make the nomination and get the consent of the Council thereto; and in consequence of that Mr. Stilwell would be removed. But that is not what is asked for here, and we are not trying that case to-night. They ask for this arbitrary removal. Whether they took advice of counsel in this State or another I do not know. I only know we find a gentleman from another State asking the Executive Department of Maine to usurp an authority that the constitution never intended it should enjoy.

* * * As my brother Bisbee said, no citizen of the six or seven hundred thousand people of this State comes here and makes these charges. Nobody in the State of Maine has filed charges. These gentlemen, Mr. Stilwell and Mr. Stanley, have been at the head of this commission ever since we started this vast enterprise. Our forests of ten millions of acres had comparatively no game within them, and our large rivers and inland waters no fish. I was in the Legislature when this movement was inaugurated to restock our forests and streams, and I remember the sneers with which E. M. Stilwell and H. O. Stanley were met in their attempts to do what? Why, to restock the waters of Maine with fish, and bring back the game that had disappeared from our forests. These two gentlemen stood in advance of almost every other man upon this matter and they were pointed at with derision, and as crazy men who did not know what they were talking about, and niggardly appropriations were made from year to year for this vast interest. But these gentlemen have stood by the work until now, and I need not repeat to you the great change that has been wrought within the last fifteen years. To-day our forests are alive with game and our waters with fish, and the State of Maine owes that to these Fish and Game Commissioners, E. M. Stilwell and H. O. Stanley.

* * * The second charge reads: "2. That Commissioner Stilwell has caused said George M. Harmon to be maliciously prosecuted, when he knew said Harmon was not guilty of the offense charged, thereby causing him great inconvenience, expense and discomfort."

How does this question present itself to you to-day? George M. Harmon of Connecticut, by his own concession, occupies what position? This impeacher, this imported House of Representatives to frame articles of impeachment against these men, how does he stand here? On a day in June, 1884, he hunted a deer; he killed a deer, or caused it to be killed, by his own voice ordering it to be done. His man Thresher having first struck a blow, was of course responsible for that; but when he had done that the next act was by the order of Harmon himself—"cut his throat." The order was carried out, and he packed the deer and carried him out of the State. This is not denied, and it was on Sunday. This innocent man accused of an offense of which he was not guilty! There were three distinct offenses. The Chief Justice said there were two distinct offenses; they would not allow us to read it, as the best lawyers in the State will also say, two offenses beyond a doubt and one about which there may be a question.

The hunting and killing and exportation were two distinct offenses; two men, each guilty of the hunting and killing, and each liable to the same penalty for that, and Harmon, guilty of the transportation and liable to a penalty for that. Whether or not he would be liable under the Sunday clause of the fish and game law there may be some ground for doubt, although here in New England, thank God, we haven't quite outgrown the idea that it is an offense to violate the Sabbath. But there was a violation of the Sunday law under another clause, and there were three distinct offenses. And yet he says that he is not guilty, and Mr. Stilwell caused him to be prosecuted for an offense of which he was not guilty! This man not guilty, with the blood of the deer upon his hands, going and hunting up a citizen of Maine, desiring to commit a fraud upon justice and the administration of law by a collusive prosecution! There are lawyers in this board of advisers who know that it has always been held that a prosecution by one's own procurement in that way is a fraud upon the law and will not stand, and the court, the Chief Justice, so ruled to the jury; that if by his procurement that was done, it was no such prosecution and no such judgment as the law in its purity and the purity of its execution will recognize anywhere. This man goes and solicits a man to accuse him and to defeat the ends of the law. Liable for a fine of $40 and costs, he uses his money for a partial payment. But he does not even pay for one offense. He pays his money into the hands of a man whom he says he thought was a warden. The man was not, and he did not sign the warrant as a warden. He knew himself that he was not a warden. The statute gives fish and game wardens exclusive authority to institute prosecutions for fourteen days after the commission of offenses. If an offense is committed and no warden prosecutes within that time, then and not until then somebody else may step in and institute a prosecution. So in this case the party making the complaint was not a warden and the fourteen days had not gone by, yet the next morning at 4 o'clock, the day after the offense, they go through this farce of a compliance with the law. A nice hour to hold a court for the convenience of a foreign gentleman not guilty! He procures a citizen contrary to and in violation of law, to institute a prosecution in his own behalf, for his own purposes and for his benefit, a prosecution that he could not inaugurate himself; and they go at 4 o'clock in the morning and wake up counsel and a justice, and up there on the Rangeley shores, in the chamber of a man's house, with a court in shirt-flaps, as it has appeared from testimony heretofore, they held the proceedings. And here he says he is not guilty! This innocent man falsely accused! Up there accusing himself and pleading guilty, and shelling out his $40 to this barefoot fellow and paying it to the wrong man, then! He pays it to the man whom he solicited to get up these proceedings, instead of paying it to the justice as he ought to have done, and getting the judgment and sentence he ought to have had. He got no adjudication. I ask the lawyers of this council to look at that record and they will find that there has been no adjudication, no sentence imposed, and no compliance with a sentence. I say there was a prosecution without legal foundation, without legal force, and one that would not be sustained for a moment in any court in the State, and it was so ruled in the trial at Bangor.

Now a second prosecution was afterward instituted, maliciously this man would have you believe, for an offense of which he was innocent! He does not claim this here upon the ground that he had once paid, but he says he was innocent of the charge. He had plead guilty to the charge and brought himself out, as he thought, and because a second prosecution was brought by Mr. Huntoon, upon advice of counsel, he calls it malicious. One of the civil officers of Maine has been malicious in instituting a prosecution, therefore the Governor and Council must remove him. That is it. Where comes in the malice? Mr. Stilwell advised Mr Huntoon to get counsel, and the lawyers of this board know what protection that is to a man instituting any prosecution. No man can know that his prosecution is well founded until he goes and takes counsel. If he is advised by counsel it is his protection, and he cannot be held for malice if he acted in good faith. The man goes to the same justice who issued the preceding warrant for advice, and he gets it. He also gets the warrant and notifies the accuser, who, by a convenient arrangement, appears, and a second farce is enacted. He goes before the justice and claims that he has been before convicted of that offense, and the justice rules that the former record shall be a bar to the complaint. The man didn't pay then. Now, for that he says Mr. Stilwell had malice toward him. They never had seen nor met each other up to that time. Mr. Stilwell merely desired to execute the law, and what malicious motive could he have to punish this gentleman further? Not the slightest in the world. Where begins the malice? On July 19 George M. Harmon says in a threatening letter to Huntoon: "So far as Stilwell is concerned, I will find means to deal with him through the next Legislature of Maine." Where is the threat? Where is the malice? Who is the malicious man who is actuated by an unworthy motive? Is it Stilwell that is hunting or being hunted? Is it Harmon that is being hunted or is he the hunter? "I will chase him to the Legislature." Then he hadn't these eminent counsel perhaps to advise him, and he thought the Legislature the proper place to go for impeachment. The same threat was made as to Huntoon. He would follow him. On Aug. 20, 1884, this innocent man, without malice and innocent of any crime, writes over his own signature to Mr. Stilwell, a Fish Commissioner of Maine: "By the time I am through with you I will try to show you that my threat to Huntoon was not brag." He had threatened to Huntoon that he would pursue "that old cuss Stilwell;" he had threatened that he would chase him to the next Legislature and give him enough of it. He now writes to Stilwell himself what I have just read. And this is a part of the carrying out of that threat, Mr. Governor. He stands here to-night with the same motive, the motive which has prompted him in every step he has taken in this matter, prompted him in the suit at Bangor, prompted him in the suit at Farmington, and prompts him here to-night in a proceeding unheard of in the history of our State. This innocent man followed as a criminal, as he would have you understand, pursued by officers of the law unjustly and in malice, goes over to Bangor and puts his character and reputation in issue on a technicality, and a jury find a verdict practically against him with the value of his reputation assessed at *one dollar and twenty-five cents!* This eminent gentleman, who is so liberal that he wants to pay Thresher's fine and wants to get Huntoon's money for the sake of getting at Stillwell, next sues Huntoon for the money he had paid him, half of which had already been paid into the State treasury. That suit was at Farmington, and the verdict was in favor of Stilwell. This man has pursued Mr. Stilwell in every form of attack which his malice could devise. He has pursued him in the courts and through the press, and now come these articles of impeachment, and he undertakes to make the Executive of Maine believe that he is this injured man when his very threats which I have read show the true animus of these proceedings. And here is Mr. Stilwell's letter that he complains of. Let us find this malice here. He directs Mr. Huntoon to go to Philips and get a warrant out against Harmon for killing a deer on Sunday. * * * Mr. Stilwell felt that he had the authority of the State behind him, and Huntoon, after taking counsel, inaugurated the prosecution, unsurpassed by any that has ever been instituted in this State; two suits, an impeachment, newspaper attacks, and I do not know what else. It is unparalleled in the history of malicious proceedings in all the States of the Union.

August 1 Mr. Stilwell wrote to Mr. Huntoon: "If Harmon pays his fine for killing a deer on Sunday, you may as well let the penalty for transportation go." How much malice was there in that when the men had been guilty of three offenses? For one offense the State had got $20, and by means of a mock prosecution the transgressor had been let out of paying the costs. And to this Mr. Stilwell said, no, I cannot afford to discriminate in favor of this man. I shall not be justified by the people if I do it. I want him to come up and pay what he ought to pay and do as he would make one of our citizens do. If he does that you may as well let the other transportation go. "Our duty is to enforce the law. We do not know friends or enemies in the matter. We simply seek to do our duty as faithful officers of the State of Maine in the execution of her laws. Mr. Huntoon, do your duty there, and we will stand behind you, and we want no friendships or enemies in the matter." Is there malice in that, or is the malice entirely on the other side?

Now these charges mean more than the striking down of these two men; they mean a blow at this vast interest of fish and game which has grown up year by year under the fostering care of these two men, and I ask that you see that the public interests of Maine do not suffer in this direction, and that there shall be no uncertain sound go out from this department, but that your verdict shall show that the State of Maine knows its faithful and trusted officers who have served it all these years, not for their miserable pittance of pay, but from a devotion to the cause, from an interest in the subject such as no other men in Maine have manifested. Be cautious that no uncertain sound goes out from here to encourage such attacks as these from the poachers in the State who are in sympathy with this persecution of our Fish and Game Commissioners, who stand, at home and abroad, as the representatives of not only our fish and game interests, but the fish and game interests of every State in the Union, and cited by them as authority in all matters relating thereto; that no sympathy be extended to those who are in open defiance of the law and are undertaking to break up the entire department of fish and game in our State. It won't do to cater to that class. I ask you in the name of my native State to stand by its interests better than that, and that by an immediate dismissal of these whole proceedings there may no uncertain sound go out from this Executive Department as to the way in which our public officers are to be treated in the performance of their duty. While you offer rewards for the apprehension of Graves and McFarland, who shot down our wardens in the forest, I entreat you to give no encouragement to any attempted assassination of the character of our State Commissioners while standing so fearlessly at their post of duty in the vigorous enforcement of the people's law.

THE LETTERS IN THE CASE.

[A.]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 19, 1884.

George Huntoon, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am informed through Mr. Tuttle that you intend to prosecute me for taking a deer out of the State or for transporting one. I have no doubt in my own mind that I was entirely free from all liability under any statute of the charge. I have delayed writing you until I could submit the case to my attorney, Judge L. P. Denning, of this city. In accordance with his instructions I beg to inform you that I am fully prepared to meet any suit which you may choose to bring, and that I will demonstrate to any court, and so fully that there will be no question about it, that if a deer was transported from place to place at that time I was last at Rangeley Lake, it was under your supervision and your suggestion. I shall not pay one dollar more than I have already paid in this case except on the decree of the highest court of resort. I shall also hold you responsible for any deviation from the letter of the law yourself. So far as Mr. Stilwell is concerned, I will find means to deal with him through the next Legislature. I have treated the people of Maine fairly and honorably, and having made a mistake, settled for it like a man, and I certainly do not appreciate the treatment I am now receiving. I expect to be at Philips on Saturday, the 26th. Respectfully yours, GEORGE M. HARMON.

[B.]

STATE OF MAINE.
COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES AND GAME,
BANGOR, Aug. 1, 1884.

DEAR MR. HUNTOON—If Harmon pays his fine for killing the deer on Sunday you may as well let the penalty for transporting go. Our duty is to enforce the law. We do not know friends or enemies in the matter. Mr. Harmon is as deeply interested in having the law enforced as we are. As I have never seen the gentleman and do not know him by sight, and I presume the same is the case with Mr. Stanley, we certainly cannot be accused of any personal feeling in enforcing the law in this instance. If Mr. Harmon does not pay his penalty for killing the deer on Sunday, then have him bound over for killing on Sunday and also for transporting. Yours truly, E. M. STILWELL.

[C.]

LAKE POINT COTTAGE, Aug. 20, 1884.

E. M. Stilwell:

DEAR SIR—On Monday evening (the 18th) I answered to a writ brought by your order through George D. Huntoon. The suit was dismissed as being malicious and frivolous. The expense to which I have been subjected through your action amounts to about $50, and unless you at once reimburse me for the amount I shall bring an action against you not only to recover the above amount, but also to recover damages from the scandal which your ill-advised suit has caused, and by the time I am through with you I will try to show you that my letter to Mr. Huntoon was not brag. An early reply will much oblige, yours respectfully,

GEORGE M. HARMON, Greenvale, Me.

In the speeches Messrs. Silsbee and Barker answered fully all of the charges. When Mr. Barker concluded it was far into the evening, but Judge Wing was to make the closing argument. He labored hard to show that Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley should be removed, but for so eminent a jurist it was a hard case to argue. The hearing was prolonged till nearly 10 P. M., and the next morning closed.

The Council has taken no action, for the Governor has not submitted anything to them. It is evident that the proposition in Mr. Barker's argument has fallen with due weight. It is also suggested the defense all the time had that point in view—that the removal could be made only through impeachment before the Legislature, but they allowed the complaint to go on. A private letter from the Secretary of State says that when asked if he was going to remove the Commissioners the Governor answered most emphatically "No! There is no occasion." The Governor evidently sees the whole case in the light of a sublime farce. I would not do Mr. Harmon the slighest injury or injustice, and all I have ever written concerning the case has been out of pure love for the cause of fish and game protection. Mr. Harmon I have never met, but I must say that it looks to me as though he had utterly failed in the State of Maine to bring two honest and eminent men into disgrace for trying to do their duty. SPECIAL.

DROWNING DEER.—Bismarck, Dakota.—At this place and in fact all along the river for fifty miles, the spring flood has been playing havoc with the deer and other game. Timber and brush line the bank of the Missouri, the bluff is about a mile back from the river. When the river breaks the ice forms gorges at different points, and this throws the immense body of water and ice out over the lowland and it flows out by the bluff first, thus cutting off all escape for the deer. One gentleman told me that he stood in his doorway, eight miles above this place, and with a field glass counted at one time thirty-three deer surrounded by floating ice 2ft. thick, water 10ft. deep; a few hours after the poor little fellows were seen to plunge into the ice and water to meet the same fate as hundreds of others all along the river. The morning the ice broke two deer were seen passing down the river on a big cake of ice, there was also a bear and a man as well. The man was crying and pleading most pitifully for help, but no help could be given. It was nearly night. I have not heard of his fate. The water on the bottoms at Bismarck was from 10ft. to 20ft. deep. Down in the timber three or five miles lived parties who did not get out in time; when rescued, two days afterward, they were on a high piece of ground, but the water was up to their feet, and in another hour three men and a woman would have perished. I have been told that the few deer that did escape are being killed along the bluff. One man killed seven in one coulie; another three. We will attend to their cases.—W. H. WILLIAMSON.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

ALBANY, April 4.—During the past week a very interesting hearing took place before the Assembly Committee on Game Laws. Game Protector Mathew Kennedy, of Hudson, made a long plea in favor of Mr. Hogeboom's Hudson River shad bill, prohibiting fishing on Sundays, between March 15 and June 15. The committee reported the bill favorably. The committee also reported favorably Mr. Collins's bill (No. 1,068), prohibiting net fishing for salmon in the waters of the State between March 1 and Aug. 15, with special reference to the upper Hudson. This was ordered to a third reading. Mr. Brundage's bill (No. 1,219) was also reported by the committee and ordered to a third reading. It prohibits fishing during certain seasons of the year in Steuben county.

Ex-Speaker Erwin's bill (No. 454) amending the song bird act of 1886, was also considered in the Assembly committee. The committee reported a bill of a similar nature which was substituted for the Erwin bill. When the bill came before the Assembly Mr. Erwin said in substance "up in our country, in the northern part of the State, we think that it is all right to go gunning for crows, hawks, owls and blackbirds. This bill, substituted for my original bill, amends the song-bird prohibitory law of last year so that the shooting of these birds may be allowed. I ask that it may be ordered to a third reading." In accordance with this request the bill was advanced to a third reading.

The committee also reported Mr. Fort's bill amending the general game act of 1879 so that Sec. 24 shall read as follows:

"Any person having in his or her possession on the shores of any lake or on the banks of or upon any waters inhabited by salmon, salmon trout, lake trout, black or Oswego bass, or muscalonge during the close season, without the permission of the commissioners of fisheries, any snares, nets, set lines, stake poles or other devices, used in unlawfully taking such fish, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $25; but nothing herein contained shall apply to that portion of the Hudson River south of the dam at Troy, or to Lake Ontario.

The committee also reported Senator Fagan's bill to protect the planting of oysters in the towns of Jamaica and Hempstead. When it came into the Assembly it was substituted for a similar bill already in that body. The final bill reported by the committee was the Hogeboom bill (No. 1,261) providing that no person shall take any shad from the waters of the Hudson River by means of any seine, net or any other device whatever from sunset on Saturday to sunrise on the following Monday between the 15th day of March and the 15th day of June in each year, and any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $50 for each offense.

While the Assembly Committee has been thus active during the past week the Senate Game Law Committee has only reported for printing Senator Daly's bill (No. 565), and also to the Senate, Senator Wemple's very important bill (No. 269) establishing a fish hatchery in the Adirondacks.

The Assembly Ways and Means Committee has done a much more generous thing than was expected of it. It has reported favorably Mr. Winne's bill (No. 1,225) relating to Catskill State Park. Mr. Winne, and several other parties from that region, presented such convincing arguments to the committee that there was no other way to do than to make a favorable report. The bill provides that the Forest Commission is hereby authorized and directed to set apart such quantity of land belonging to the State in the Catskill region, now constituting a part of the Forest Preserve, for the purpose of a park or parks, not to exceed three in number, of such size as they may deem proper. Said Forest Commission may establish all proper rules for the protection of said parks and the game therein. Said commissioners are authorized to purchase and turn out in such parks such deer or other game as they may think proper. No game shall be killed or pursued, trapped, or in any way destroyed within the limits of said parks for a period of three years. The sum of $500 is hereby appropriated to be paid by the Comptroller, at such time and such amount as the Commissioners may desire for the purposes of this act, and the Commission is authorized to receive private subscriptions for such purposes.

The Fish Commissioners have forwarded protests to the Governor and members of the Senate against the passage of the Finn bill repealing the lobster protective law. This law prohibits the catching of lobsters of less than 10½in. in length, and thus contributes something toward preventing the extinction of this shellfish in New York waters. The Senate has passed Senator Comstock's bill providing for fishways in the State dam at Troy.

This week it is expected that Mr. Langbein will insist upon the Assembly Committee substituting his proposed code for the one that has been already offered by him and is now before the Committee. This, of course, antagonizes in many respects the code that has been prepared by Mr. Hadley, the chairman of the Committee. It is pretty safe to say that neither of these codes will be passed entire. Indeed, the chances seem to be that no code at all will be passed.

ALBANY.

The following bills have been introduced at Albany amending the game and fish laws:

1. A general bill, "codification," by Mr. Hadley.
2. A general bill, "codification," by Mr. Langbein—the Roosevelt bill.
3. By Mr. Brundage, relative to fish in Steuben county.
4. By Mr. Reeves, to make quail, grouse, hare and squirrel season on Long Island Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; woodcock, July 1 to 31 and Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; shore birds and wildfowl, July 15 to May 1.
5. By Mr. Coggeshall, to forbid taking trout or land-locked salmon under 6in.
6. By Mr. Hoysradt, making weekly close time for shad, sunset on Saturday to sunrise on Monday, between March 15 and June 15.
7. By Mr. Finn, to repeal the law which forbids capture of lobsters less than 10½in. long.
8. By Mr. Pierce, to make quail and rabbit season on Long Island Nov. 15 to Dec. 31.
9. By Mr. Moore, to correct certain stupid verbal blunders in the song bird act of 1886.
10. By Mr. Reeves, to appropriate $2,500 for purchase of small steamer to patrol New York to enforce law against dumping garbage injurious to oyster beds.
11. By Mr. Fitch, making appropriation for Cold Spring Harbor fish hatchery.
12. By Mr. Reeves, making wild duck, goose and brant season Sept. 1 to May 1.
13. By Mr. Sweet, permitting net and fyke fishing for eels, suckers and bullheads in certain parts of Cayuga Lake.
14. By Mr. Giese, forbidding capture of black bass in Lake Erie and Niagara River above the Falls between Jan. 1 and July 1. This bill comes from the Audubon Club of Buffalo.
15. By Mr. Frost, making quail season Nov. 1 to Jan. 1 and hare season Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.
16. By Mr. Foot, forbidding possession of snares, nets, set poles, etc., on waters or shores of waters inhabited by salmon, salmon trout, lake trout, bass, muscalonge, in close season.
17. By Mr. McMillan in Senate and Mr. Sheehan in Assembly, exempting from provisions of Sec. 2, Chap. 437, 1886, salmon trout and landlocked salmon caught in Lakes Michigan, Superior, Huron, St. Clair and adjacent waters.
18. By Mr. Winne to transfer the game protectors to the control of Forestry Commissioners.
19. By Mr. Comstock to appropriate $1,800 for fishway in the State dam at Troy. This comes from the Fish Commission.
20. By Mr. Fagan, amending oyster planting laws for Jamaica and Hempstead.
21. By Mr. Collins, making open season for salmon March 1 to Aug. 15, and forbidding capture, save with line or rod held in hand.
22. By Mr. Comstock, adding set lines to list of devices forbidden by chap. 242, laws of 1886.
23. By Mr. White, forbidding killing of wild ducks between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1.
24. By Mr. Vedder, similar to Mr. Frost's (No. 15).
25. By Mr. Reeves, to permit sailing for wildfowl in Gardiner's and Peconic bays.
26. By Mr. Coggeshall, making season for woodcock, ruffed grouse and squirrels Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; providing that in action for having snared birds the shot marks must show that wound was attended with bleeding, and making "proof of ecchymosis showing the marks of ne's" *prima facie* evidence; also excepting English sparrow, crow, blackbird, butcher bird, owls and hawks (other than night hawks) from protection; making wildfowl season Sept. 1 to April 1 throughout the State.
27. By Mr. Thompson, relating to fishing in certain parts of Lake Erie.
28. By Mr. Davies, naming a special commission to act with the Commissioners of Fisheries to prepare a game bill.
29. By Mr. Buckley, to forbid use of nets in certain waters of Lake Ontario.
30. By Mr. Cornwall, limiting mesh of net to be used for minnow fishing in Keuka Lake; and permitting fishing through the ice in Seneca and Canandaigua lakes.
31. By Mr. Hamilton, amending the prescribed posting of game preserves, and the law relative to trespass thereon.
32. By Mr. Reeves, amending the law relative to game preserves and trespass.
33. By Mr. Curtis, allowing the catching of bass in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county, at same times as in the St. Lawrence River.
34. By Mr. Leete, to forbid April and May fishing in Oneida Lake.
35. The new Langbein bill, which is a modification of that gentleman's former bill (No. —), prescribes the following open seasons: Deer, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1; bounding, Sept. 1 to Oct. 5; wild duck and goose, Sept. 1 to March 1; ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, spruce grouse, quail, robin, meadow lark, rabbit, black squirrel, gray squirrel, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1 (except that ruffed grouse season in Forest Preserve opens Sept. 1); woodcock, July 1 to 31 and Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; bay snipe, July 1 to Jan. 1 (English or jack snipe at all times). Salmon, trout, landlocked salmon, April 1 to Sept. 1 (in Essex, Sullivan, Ulster, Delaware, Franklin, Herkimer, Washington, Fulton, Hamilton, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren and Washington counties, May 1 to Sept. 15); lake trout, salmon trout, April 1 to Oct. 1; muscalonge, Oswego bass, black bass, pike, perch, wall-eyed pike, fresh water striped bass, June 15 to Jan. 1 (in counties bordering on New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in Suffolk, Queens and Westchester counties, May 20 to Jan. 1). Forbids taking certain song and insectivorous birds (not including nine-tenths of the birds that ought to be protected).

Ruffed and pinnated grouse, quail, rabbit, squirrel, may be had in possession Jan. 1 to Feb. 15; fresh venison, Nov. 1 to March 1, "western snipe, salmon trout or lake trout, Virginia chub [black bass], pike perch or wall-eyed pike" the year around, if they be proved to have been killed in open season, or "in Erie county or outside of this State."

36. By Mr. Erwin, amending the song bird law.

NUMBER 9 AS A TALE VARNISHER.

ABOUT a year ago Culver and I noticed that an old fisherman and hunter used the number 9 rather too frequently. He had just killed 9 geese, or had shot 9 black ducks at one shot, or had got a striped bass weighing 9 pounds, etc., etc. Our attention once having been attracted to the matter, we found that the fishermen and hunters who congregate at my office evenings had had remarkable luck at getting 9's of about everything, and lots of fun we've had out of it. Some time ago we took a walk up the Hackensack, and asked an old chap if a certain likely-looking spot was a good one for snipe. "Oh! yes;" said he, "I got 9 there one day last week." Half a mile further on we asked a fisherman how many weakfish he had. He said that he only had between two and three then, but the day before he had caught 9 big ones. Crossing a railway bridge on our way home we stopped to ask a boatman if there were any ducks around, and he said that right over at the mouth of that little creek a fellow from New York had got 9 before breakfast, a short time previously. In almost every number of FOREST AND STREAM some one relates his experience with 9's. A writer recently shot an eagle measuring 9 feet from tip to tip. Another caught 9 big trout out of a hole in the ice, using a leaf for bait. Another says that to his knowledge one man has killed 9 bears in one grove of trees in one season. Another says that 9 bears are the greatest number ever killed before his dogs on one hunt; 9 grizzlies were recently seen near a ranch; 9 elk, this last autumn, were seen near another ranch where they have run scarce of late years; 9 dogs were seen together chasing sheep not long ago—and so on without ceasing.

The other evening we had just been talking about the qualities of the number for a varnish, and in less than four minutes one of the party soberly told about standing on the end of a log and getting 9 trout out from under the root of an old tree. He jumped like a toad when our thoughts occurred to him. Shortly afterward, when the ferocious nature of the snapping turtle was being discussed, a demure little chap, who always tells the truth, said that one of them dragged off 9 wood ducks that he had left by a stream while he ate his lunch.

Remember the number and listen and you'll have lots of fun, boys!

MARK WEST.

SPRING SHOOTING.—Sauk Center, Minn.—I rejoice to hear the good news of the abatement of the spring shooting nuisance, and I hope the day is not far distant when we can get some of the old time sport of having plenty of ducks and geese to bang away at in the fall of the year. Everybody ought to know that spring shooting drives our game away and also keeps it away. Fourteen years ago a great many geese, ducks, etc., stayed here and reared their young, but now it is different; they go further north and we only see them for a short time in the fall on their journey southward. Our shooting is not one-quarter so good now as it was years gone by, and I am satisfied it results from spring shooting. It used to be a very frequent occurrence to run across an old goose with a "whole swarm of goslings," and the writer recalls several such sights on a single trip over the prairies, and once, in particular, picking up three goslings which ran across the road ahead of the team. In those days it was an easy task to bag five or ten geese in a day's shoot, but now it takes five or ten days to get the one goose, and then sometimes "the goose" turns out to be the hunter only.—DELL.

MISSISSIPPI WOODCOCK NESTING.

COMO, Miss., March 28.—On March 22, my setter pointed a woodcock, which flushed wild and settled 15 or 20ft. ahead of her. The bird acted as if it were wounded, and the dog gave chase, whereupon it again rose and flew a little further than on its first flight. The dog continued to chase, and at each rise the bird increased the length of its flights until it was lost to the dog in a creek bottom. Knowing that many birds adopt this or a similar ruse to divert attention from their nests, and having three weeks prior to this found woodcock nests, I did not fire at the bird, but maintained the position I occupied when it rose for its first flight until my dog returned, when I cast about to discover the nest. In the immediate vicinity where the dog pointed I discovered four young woodcocks that were well feathered and apparently about one-fourth grown. The little fellows lay with necks extended, as flat and rigid as if a part of the earth, but with eyes wide open and evidently watchful. I admired the spectacle for a moment, and then, desiring to obtain a better view, reached down to take one in my hand, when the four, in a twinkling of an eye, sprang in air and flew to a safe distance in the briers that surrounded them. I think these the first birds of the season, and I account for their early hatching on the ground of our unusually mild winter and early spring. Usually we have quite severe weather during the winter months, but we have had no severe weather and scarcely a freeze since the first week in January. This is the first year woodcock have ever been known to nest in this locality. Until the past three years it was an unusual thing to see one of these birds, and even now they are rare birds that a hunter seldom bags. This is quail country *par excellence*, and it is no uncommon thing for a sportsman to find twenty coveys in a day's hunt. Snipe have been fairly plentiful here for a month past. These also are rare birds with us. Our country is a very open one and affords fine shooting.

EIGHTY-SEVEN.

THE PARK AS A GAME PRESERVE.

NEW YORK, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your paper's earnest and untiring defense of the Yellowstone Park has always greatly appealed to me. I have twice been through the Park and have found it a singularly attractive region, for its wonderful scenery and marvelous wonders, and also because it is the very best retreat of those noble wild animals that once were so abundant everywhere in the great West.

Last summer, traveling from Cheyenne, across country to the Yellowstone Park, I had a good opportunity to see how rapidly the game is being exterminated in Wyoming and the adjacent Territories. Elk, deer and antelope are being killed off fast, and the buffalo is a thing of the past, and yet, but four short years before, buffalo could be seen for miles along the route we traveled. Now even the bleached skeletons are not easy to find.

For several days' journey at a time, though the country we passed through was thinly settled, no antelope were seen by any of us—there were three in the party, and some one was hunting all the time. They had simply been killed off. Although we traveled over eight hundred miles, in but one spot that we passed were antelope plentiful. In 1882 I passed over several hundred miles of this route and game was abundant almost everywhere.

Here in the Park we have a great area of public land set aside for the people. Without the wild life that is a part of it, it will lose half of its interest. Why not, now that it is not too late, have proper means taken to protect this game that it may be a delight to future generations and an ornament to the Park?

R. H. LAWRENCE.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—Captain H. C. West, of St. Louis, its secretary, has issued a circular, calling the annual convention of the National Association for the Protection of Game, Birds and Fish:

"Office of the National Association for the Protection of Game, Birds and Fish, Chicago, April 2, 1887.—The next and third annual convention of the National Association for the Protection of Game, Birds and Fish will be held at the Palmer House, Chicago, where the meeting will be called to order at 10 A. M., Wednesday, June 22. The secretary takes pleasure in saying that the report he will be able to make will show how much good has resulted from the work of the Association since its first convention was held in St. Louis in 1885. The attention of the Legislatures of every State in the Union has been s riously drawn to the necessity of preservation, and in several States laws of the utmost value have been passed on the subject and are now in operation. More good work has been done in the last eighteen months toward retaining or regaining our head of game and stock of fish than has resulted from the whole of the previous desultory or sporadic attempts in that direction in America. Much, however, remains to be done, one of the most important points that press for immediate attention being the necessity of increasing the membership. Every addition to the list brings new members again in its train, and the Association requires recruits both to promulgate its objects more and more through the country, and also to assist it toward financial prosperity. It is hoped and believed that nearly every State and Territory in the Union will be represented at the coming convention, but it is earnestly hoped that before it is in session the Association will have been joined by many new members. Clubs proposing to join should at once forward their address and membership dues to the undersigned.—H. C. WEST, Sec'y, P. O. 699, St. Louis, Mo."

PUGNACITY AND PRODUCTIVENESS.—Fredericksball, Va. We have a great abundance of partridges left over from last season, and even if there is no increase, the shooting will be good next fall. I have frequently heard the most experienced partridge hunter I ever knew say "that when a great many old birds were left there would be but little increase, due to their very pugnacious habits at the breeding season.—X.

RICHIBUCTO.—Mr. E. E. Phair, of the new hotel, "The Beaches," at Richibucto, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, New Brunswick, advises us that there is to be had there a variety of wildfowl, shore bird and grouse shooting with some.

ROCKLAND, Me., March 28.—The fox and rabbit hunters predict a good partridge season judging from the birds left over.—I. W.

A PENNSYLVANIA UNION.—Pittsburgh, Pa., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the representatives of the different hunting, fishing and camping clubs, in the immediate vicinity of this city, held for the purpose of organizing a united club, it was resolved to issue the following circular: This club is formed for the purpose of securing the preservation and increase of fish in the waters of Western Pennsylvania, and the enforcement of laws regarding the same; for the protection and enforcement of the lately amended game laws; for obtaining uniform and cheap transportation to the various fishing and hunting localities of the United States and Canada; to secure better accommodations from the various transportation companies; to obtain more information as to the status of the hunting and fishing of the different sporting sections of America; and finally, to become personally acquainted with the brother members of the different clubs, and by occasionally meeting together in a social way gain knowledge through the mutual exchange of information derived from personal experience. It has been decided that all clubs having a membership of ten or less are entitled to two representatives, and an additional representative for every ten members, or a majority fraction thereof, over that number.—W. G. SCHIRMER, President; W. W. MCNEIL, Secretary.

HOW SHALL HE CIRCUMVENT THEM?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Near this city is a lake formed by a cut off of the Mississippi River, and subject to the rise and fall of the same; its width is ¾ of a mile. This lake is a feeding place for considerable numbers of mallard and teal. My object in writing this is to ask suggestions from some of your correspondents as to the best methods (practica') of shooting these ducks. The banks of the lake are mostly clear, and the ducks are generally bedded in the middle of the lake, far out of reach of gun shot. Decoys and blinds made of brush stuck in the ground are ineffective. A blind built in the water would not do on account of the frequent change of the water level—a rise or fall of 3ft. in 24 hours is not infrequent. Some of the local gunners think of getting a punt gun; this I object to strongly, and will, I think, successfully oppose. I am opposed to spring shooting and pot-hunting. Any suggestions which will fit the case as stated will be gratefully received.—D. M. P.

BERLIN ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Berlin, N. J.—The officers are as follows: Pres., Chas. I. Wooster; Vice Pres., Howard Ireland; Secy., Howard T. Wright; Treas., Lincoln Doughty; Directors, Wm. H. Norcross, Louis Kammer and John B. Wright; Capt., John B. Wright.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 30.—Wild goose shooting has been in active operation for some weeks along the north coasts of Nova Scotia. Here the waters of the lakes and rivers are still icebound, with four feet of snow over the surrounding country.—STANSTEAD.

NEW YORK FOREST PRESERVE.—The forest preserve covers the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan.

MINNESOTA GAME LAWS.

AN Act for the better preservation of game. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Minnesota:

SECTION 1. No persons shall kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any woodcock, saving only during the month of July after the third day of said month, and during the months of August, September and October; nor any prairie hen or chicken, nor any white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse, or prairie chicken, save only during the month of August after the fourteenth (14th) day of said month, and during the month of September; nor any quail or partridge, save only during the months of September, October and November; nor any ruffed grouse or pheasant, save only during the months of September, October and November; nor any wild duck of any variety, or wild goose or brant of any variety, or aquatic fowl whatever, save only during the month of September, after the 15th day of said month, and during the months of October, November and December in each year. Whoever kills any woodcock between the first day of November and the fourth day of July following; or kills any prairie hen or chicken, or white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse, between the first day of October and the fifteenth day of August following; or kills any quail or partridge, or ruffed grouse or pheasant, between the first day of December and the first day of September following; or kills any wild duck of any variety, or wild goose, or brant of any variety, or aquatic fowl whatever, between the first day of January and the 15th day of September in any year, forfeits not less than ten dollars ($10.00) nor more than fifty dollars ($50.00) for each bird so killed. Whoever has in his possession any such bird (except alive) during the said time the killing whereof is prohibited, shall be deemed to have killed the same, contrary to law, and shall be liable to the penalty aforesaid, unless he proves in defense one of the following facts: That he had no notice or knowledge that the same was in his possession; or that the same was killed during the time it was lawful to kill the same; or that the same was not killed in this State.

SEC. 2. No person shall kill or take, by any means, contrivance or device whatever, or pursue with intent to kill, or take or worry, or hunt with hounds or dogs, any elk, moose, deer, buck, doe or fawn, save during the month of November in any year; and whoever hunts or kills or destroys any of such animals between the first day of December and the first day of November forfeits not less than twenty-five dollars ($25.00) nor more than seventy-five ($75.00) for each animal so killed or destroyed; and whoever has in his possession the carcass or hide of any such animal, or any part thereof, between the first day of January and the first day of November of any year, shall be deemed to have hunted and killed the same, contrary to law, and shall be liable to the penalty aforesaid, unless he proves in defense one of the following facts: That he had no notice or knowledge that the same was in his possession; or that the animal was killed during the said time it was lawful to kill the same; or that the same was not killed within this State.

SEC. 3. No person, persons, or corporations, shall at any time or in any manner, export, or cause to be exported or carried out of the limits of the State of Minnesota, any of the birds or animals mentioned in this act; and any person, persons or corporation who shall export or cause to be exported, or carry out or cause to be carried out of the limit of this State, any of the birds or animals mentioned in this act, shall forfeit the sum of not less than five dollars ($5) nor more than seventy-five dollars ($75) for each bird or animal so exported or caused to be exported, or carried out or caused to be carried out of the State of Minnesota. And the provisions of this section shall apply to every corporation, railroad company or express company carrying on business within the State, and to any and every employee of such corporation, railroad company or express company.

SEC. 4. No person shall at any time catch or kill any of the birds aforesaid, or any of the animals aforesaid, in any other manner than shooting them with a gun held by the person discharging the same. And no person shall at any time set, lay or prepare any trap, snare, net or other contrivance or device whatever with intent to kill or catch any of the birds aforesaid or any of the animals aforesaid. And no person or persons shall, between the time of sunset and sunrise, hunt, pursue or kill, on any of the lakes, rivers or waters in this State, any aquatic fowl whatever; and no person or persons shall at any time in hunting any aquatic fowl make use of any artificial light, decoy, battery or any deception whatever whereby any such wild fowl shall be attracted or deceived. And no one shall use any part of any public highway or any bridge thereon as a duck pass or for such duck pass shooting. And whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall forfeit not less than twenty-five dollars ($25) nor more than seventy-five dollars ($75) for each and every offense.

SEC. 5. No person shall at any time enter into any growing or standing grain or any enclosed land not his own, with sporting implements about his person; nor permit his dog or dogs to enter into any such growing or standing grain or into such enclosed land, without permission of the owner or occupant thereof, and no person shall at any time hunt or shoot upon any lands of another which are uncultivated or unenclosed after being notified not to hunt or shoot thereon; and any person who shall enter into such growing or standing (grain) or into such enclosed land of another with gun, dogs or any sporting implement upon his person without the permission of the owner or occupier of such grain or enclosed land, with intent to kill, hunt or pursue any animal or game bird, and any person who shall, without the right so to do, hunt or shoot upon any uncultivated or unenclosed land of another after being notified not to hunt or shoot thereon, shall forfeit the sum of not less than twenty dollars ($20) nor more than fifty dollars ($50) for each and every such offense, to be recovered by action before any justice of the peace of the county where the offense is committed or of the county where the defendant may reside, to be brought by and in the name of the owner or occupant of such land; but nothing in this section contained shall be so construed as to limit or in any way to affect the remedy of the owner or occupier of any such grain or enclosed land or unenclosed land, or of the person injured, at common law for trespass.

SEC. 6. The governor shall appoint a game warden for the State of Minnesota, to hold his office for four (4) years unless sooner removed, and such game warden may appoint in writing one or more deputies, and require suitable bonds for the faithful performance of their duties. And it shall be the duty of the said game warden and his deputies to faithfully enforce all the laws of this State relative to the preservation of game. And each of said officers shall have the same authority to require and in the execution of his office as sheriffs and their deputies have. Such State warden, or any of his deputies, may institute proceedings by civil action, in the name of said State warden as plaintiff, or of the State of Minnesota as plaintiff, and the name of the accused as defendant, to recover all the penalties for the unlawful hunting and killing of any of said game birds or animals, and for the violation of any of the provisions of this act, except those provided for in section five (5); and the whole of the penalties so recovered shall go to such warden, to pay himself and his deputies for their time, labor and expenses. Such prosecution may be commenced and heard before any justice of the peace or district court of any county in which said bird or animal after being killed is carried, or of the county in which the defendant may reside. And in case any offense committed under this act shall not be prosecuted by said State warden or his deputies within twenty (20) days after the commission thereof, then any person may institute and prosecute such action therefor in his own name in any of such courts; and in that case the party so prosecuting may be entitled to all penalties recovered; and in all actions therefor, if the plaintiff prevails, he shall be entitled to and recover costs. And justices of the peace shall have jurisdiction to hear, try and determine all cases arising under this act, except when the damages claimed exceed one hundred dollars ($100).

SEC. 7. That section one (1) and section two (2), and section five (5), and section seven (7), and section eleven (11) of chapter twenty (20) of the General Statutes of the State of Minnesota, being of an act for the preservation of game, and all acts amendatory thereof be, and the same are, hereby repealed; and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 8. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved March 8, 1887.

ANALYSIS OF THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest and perplexity the article running through two late issues of your paper over the signature of Major H. W. Merrill and purporting to be an analysis of the FOREST AND STREAM'S trajectory tests.

It seems to me the Major has permitted himself to overshoot the center of merit. Some captious critic, it seems, rudely assailed his idol and of course he fights without being particular as to the means he avails himself of in defense. Therefore his article partakes of the nature of a labor of love in eulogizing a style of arm whose obituary was written years ago. He says that the test referred to was for the purpose of deriving instruction from flat trajectories in connection with great accuracy along the range. What instruction has the memorializer of the muzzleloader deduced and imparted therefrom? With much labor he has endeavored to demonstrate that the Merrill rifle (muzzleloader) weighing 11½lbs., exploding a large charge of powder and driving a light bullet of medium caliber, was the only arm fired in the test whose projectile would shave a squirrel's head on the range along the line of sight from 1 to 100yds. Now, this is valuable in the study of projectiles to a hunter who must guess at distance, but it is not a discovery of power inherent in one style of arm. If it is, then the squirrels may increase and multiply with impunity before I will load myself with such cumbersome ordnance for such light sport.

When I read your correspondent's carefully tabulated record of the trajectory tests, examined his formulas and studied his comparisons of the competing arms, it was with more than passing interest, but it was an interest centering upon only one of the many elements that enter into the essentials of a sporting arm, with its relative merits, namely, flatness of the bullet's line of flight. Regulate this factor with the killing power of a projectile and you advance rifle shooting in a hunting arm when you combine these principles assimilated with accuracy and steadiness in a weapon capable of rapidity and facility of manipulation, light of weight and using ammunition protected from moisture. Your test did not embrace these points (beyond the lessons to be drawn) which your correspondent admits, yet he takes occasion to make it a text to preach the superiority of old systems in hunting squirrel heads. Again, if the Merrill rifle is invincible in shaving squirrel heads, which one among the lot fired is to be selected to shave Old Ephraim of the Rocky Mountains? If my examination of the tables is correct there were a few weapons with a trajectory flat enough to include the grizzly's head along the range. Will Major Merrill advise the use of the arm he says beat all others for this sport or in the extremity of danger? Suppose a hunter, armed with the Merrill, to be inaccurate in aim, which system would the unfortunate man believe to be the exponent of advanced rifle shooting?

I am at a loss to discover upon what hypothesis the designer of the Phillips-Merrill rifle discovers in your trajectory tests what he terms in the third paragraph of his opening article a "complete vindication of his advocacy of the accuracy and power of the muzzleloader as a hunting weapon." Many riflemen have long believed that flatness of trajectory is a result of high velocity produced in a gun barrel by a heavy charge of explosive material propelling a light weight projectile; while accuracy, steadiness and power are obtained in all rifles by adjustment of relative proportions in weight, form, size, material, rotation and direction and finished, treated with delicacy and precision of construction. Probably the majority of riflemen will not deny the possibilities of accuracy and steadiness of a muzzleloader at the target, nor deny similar qualities in the breechloader. Why should they, while both arms attain the same end through the utilization of mechanical agencies? But the desideratum is economy and facility of means to produce a result which involves power. I do not believe that accuracy and power in the full meaning and intention of the combined terms as applicable at the target involve the many conditions these terms cover in hunting game, and the disparity is illustrated in the inability to find stationary game and a steady aim in riflemen; hence accuracy and power upon game involve facility and rapidity of application. Did the Merrill arm discover any new principle of accuracy and power in a hunting weapon, or did it simply intensify a familiar element entering into the essentials and common to all rifles? Yet Major Merrill in closing paragraph says he believes the majority of your readers must appreciate his effort to advance the cause of truth and rifle shooting. Beyond the line of truth exhibited in the fractional depression of his trajectory in degree, and including his prejudice, did his arm materially advance the cause of rifle shooting according to the ethics of science as applied to ballistics? I believe not. Again, did not his pique over a criticism cause him to overlook the true lesson taught by your tests and lead him into opening the old threadbare controversy over the different styles of arms in a vain grasp at a shadow instead of the substance?

Adverting to the claim to advancement in the domain of rifle shooting as illustrated in the so-called vindication, compare the muzzleloader arm of twenty years ago with that arm to-day, and then contrast the breechloader weapon of twenty-five years ago with the same rifle as now produced. A glance will show the evolution of both systems toward perfection and the degree achieved by each. I have never seen a muzzleloader comparing favorably with the modern Maynard, Ballard or the magazine rifle, in accuracy and range (eliminating power, in the concrete, as an unknown quantity in muzzleloaders) but would greatly exceed either in cost. With due courtesy toward your correspondent, I am obliged to believe his letter to be misleading and imperfect in the analysis of the subject taken under consideration.

Now will not Major Merrill who, as he says, writes "*pro bono publico* in the advancement of rifle shooting as applicable to hunting arms," forbear umbrage at differences of opinion in his theory or practice, and apply his experience and knowledge of projectiles to the perfecting or a system of rifling and a charge of cartridge proportional in powder, lead and caliber, that shall produce a flat trajectory and great killing power for the different ranges and uses in an arm combining lightness, facility and rapidity of manipulation, which I believe broadly covers not only advancement in rifle shooting, but embodies the principles that should govern lessons given in all rifle tests for the sportsman? Further, cannot the FOREST AND STREAM arrange for tests that will develop a substitute for the rifle powder now in use? CIVILIAN.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TARPON AT CHARLOTTE HARBOR.

SECOND PAPER.*

MR. S. C. CLARKE speaks *ex cathedra* as to the tarpon: "Imagine a herring-shaped fish, 5 or 6ft. long, with brilliant silvery scales the size of a half dollar, in schools of a dozen or twenty, leaping from the blue surface of the summer sea. This is all that the angler usually sees of the tarpon. Sometimes one of these glittering monsters takes the hook. What follows? The line runs out at great speed until it has all left the reel, when it parts at its weakest point, and the fish goes off, leaping seaward. When hooked on a hand line similar results follow. No man is strong enough to hold a large tarpon unless he is provided with a drag or buoy, in the shape of an empty keg attached to the line, which may retard or even stop the fish after a while.

"I have heard of one instance of this fish being killed on a hand line. As usual the line was snatched from the hands of the fisherman in the first rush, and the tarpon went leaping down the river; but the heavy leaden sinker struck it on the head and stunned it, so that it was picked up by means of a boat. One was killed a few years ago in the Indian River, as I am credibly informed, with rod and reel, by an angler from Philadelphia, after a contest of some hours. The fish was over 6ft. long, and weighed more than 100lbs.—certainly one of the greatest angling feats on record."

Again: "A cuttyhunk linen line, 15-thread, 300ft. long, will hold and kill most of the fish encountered on this (Florida) coast. Of course, a tarpon 6ft. long will get away with the tackle."

Thus Mr. Clarke. These authoritative statements would make the angler abandon the attempt to take a tarpon in advance. My own experience and observation the present spring and last year's show that any fair angler, who is observant and really cool, can kill some tarpon, and those of the largest size, although the greater number of those hooked will probably escape him. The fish is a tremendous fighter, but he fights fairly; there are no nods or jerks, nor boring into the bottom, nor hunting cover of rocks or snags.

And how tastes differ! Mr. Clarke, in the same article above quoted, decides that the three best fishes for the table found in America are the pompano, the salmon and the whitefish of the lakes. I have enjoyed pompano on both the east and west coasts of Florida, salmon taken from Scottish river, and whitefish on the shores of the Great Lakes. Every fish was living when prepared for the broiler. But I have also had Spanish mackerel broiled upon the deck of the vessel as they were taken from the water, and have had shad on the Ocklawaha steamboats, barbarously fried and desecrated with tomatoes, and enjoyed them in perfection planked at the Buena Vista, at Gloucester City, New Jersey. I would admit the pompano to the supreme trio and next to it the Spanish mackerel, but queen of all is the Delaware planked shad with her roe. *Ubi alosa ibi patria.*

But this digression is foreign to my purpose and can be brushed aside with the comment, "There's no accounting for tastes." *De gustibus. Chacun a son goût.* There is no doubt a Choctaw proverb to the same effect.

Last March (1886) I went to Punta Rassa and spent a few days fishing, in the manner and with the results already detailed in FOREST AND STREAM. I was not prepared for tarpon, but accidentally hooked one, which promptly ejected my bait. I stated my wise conclusions, from this brief experience, that this fish could not be taken from a stationary object, like the shore, or an anchored boat; but, after observing Mr. W. H. Wood's management of a fish of 130lbs., at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River, I find my judgment a little too hasty. He killed the fish in less than an hour—beautifully—without raising the anchor of his boat. My other *dictum*—that the "spring of the rod" cuts no figure—he confirms in conversation. All that is required is plenty of line, and the rod always at right angles to the rush of the fish. But, as Mr. Wood says, one must be always prepared for accidents. "After taking more than one tarpon, one gets a great respect for the fish!"

In March of last year, after a careful examination of both the Indian River region and the southwest coast, I was sure that the best place for an angler, with limited time, is San Carlos Bay, at the southern end of Charlotte Harbor. There is certainty of fish, and, if not too early in March, assurance of tarpon—the king of all of them. Mosquitoes are not there, and midges and flies are very scarce. Not so on the Indian River. The scenery is perfect, with strange and picturesque forms of southern vegetation—

White sheets of water and clear sky.

And then the climate. The sweetest days on earth are the Indian summers of the Middle States, when

"Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented.
And hear, among their furry boughs,
The baskin' wes' wind purr contented.
While way o'erhead, as sweet 'n' low
As distant bells that ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further and further south retreatin'.

But we have but few Indian summer days in the North, and we do have three dreadful months, February, March and April. There are lucid intervals in February and

*For first paper, "Florida Coast Fishing," see Vol. XXVII., p. 448.

April, but none—not one—in March. Here Charlotte Harbor steps in and furnishes a refuge and asylum for us hyperboreans. The March days there are soft, sweet and caressing—just cool enough to temper the fierce rays of the sun, but not chilly at all. Summer clothing by day, and open windows and a sheet for covering at night are comfortable.

The railroad runs to Trabue—alias Punta Gorda—and the fifty miles ride by steamer over the lovely harbor southward to St. James, the new paper city on San Carlos Bay, is very charming. The boat brings the traveler to his hotel at dinner time, and he can, as I and my companions did, spend his first afternoon in becoming acquainted with the surroundings and arranging for his boat and boatman.

I arrived at the new "enterprise" of St. James City March 2, and found San Carlos Bay much changed by its establishment since last spring. Then there were on the bay but the two houses, which still constitute the village of Punta Rassa. St. James has a picturesque, very comfortable and very well kept hotel, and a number of neat cottages and stores. The management of the hotel is in the hands of gentlemen who make every effort to accommodate and please its guests. A mistake has been made in putting the building too far away from the wharf—nearly half a mile. It is true that a carriage is free to the guests, and a tramway is promised for next season, but the belated fisherman at night and the energetic one who wishes to be off betimes in the morning, will anathematize the founder of St. James as he trudges along the palmetto avenue which leads to the bay. John Smith and his two sons Johnny and Frank, with Sam Ellis, were still the prominent boatmen, but I noticed that the prices for their services (including a good sailboat) had advanced from the $2.50 of last year to $4 per diem. These wages are reasonable, but who can say what next year's will be?

At Punta Rassa, Mrs. Zipprer has the same picturesque and comfortable house as of old. For one who wants the best fishing, and all day for it, with fair accommodations at the small expense of $1.50 per day (the weekly terms I do not recollect), her house is the place. Mrs. Shultz has enlarged the other house of Punta Rassa since last spring. Her terms are somewhat higher—$2 I think. I have not lodged there, but the house is well spoken of as comfortable and well kept. Since last season Mr. Shultz has built a cattle wharf and appurtenances, so the honors are easy between the two boarding houses on that drawback for lady guests of tender sensibilities.

At the San Carlos, as the hotel on Pine Island is called, were enough guests—ladies as well as gentlemen—to tax its capacity. The men were evidently none of them consumptives, seeking refuge from the chilly winds of their Northern homes, but vigorous and stalwart. To quote Mrs. Hemans's elaborately answered string of conundrums:

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?"

Some had their wives and daughters for company, but the men had but one object—tarpon. Every one talked of that fish—hoped, longed, expected to, or feared he wouldn't capture it. Mr. Lorillard's yacht, the Reva, when I reached St. James, March 2, lay in front of the wharf, and had been in and near San Carlos Bay a couple of months, its occupants pursuing tarpon. The yacht had a record of two, increased before I left to four or five of the fish. Mr. W. H. Wood was at Mrs. Zipprer's at Punta Rassa, with a record of nine taken during six weeks. He added two before he went North—the last one in my presence. The ladies would go over to Sanibel Wharf in the afternoons to catch sheepshead, but the gentlemen were bold tarpon slayers—at least on the hotel verandas, evenings. Great numbers of fish of all kinds were daily brought to the wharf. Their proud captors would have them transported to the hotel, in the hall they would be inspected and proudly talked over, then carried straight through, presumably to the kitchen, but really to the compost heap back of the stable. The hotel could not make use of them, and the sandy soil needed them, surely. The nucleus of the heap was a devilfish said to weigh a ton, and a sawfish of half that weight. There, as refuse—Fulton Market, attend!—were sheepshead, sea trout, snappers, groupers, channel bass—a list to make a New York housekeeper weep with regret. No pompano; no Spanish mackerel—they were honored with a place at table.

My companion after hearing the tarpon talk announced his intention of not molesting that fish. I had allotted one week to Charlotte Harbor, or rather to the southern end of the harbor, which is called San Carlos Bay. I wanted to take one tarpon, and therefore set apart the last two days of my stay for that purpose, in order to give some time to the less exacting species of fish, and at the same time fix with certainty on the place to find the great desideratum. Four days we spent delightfully in sailing about the bays, lagoons and passes and taking channel bass (very few), groupers and spotted trout. The first afternoon I took my companion to the wharf at Sanibel to exhibit the sheepshead. Two hours satisfied him with that fish. I repeated my attempt of last year to take four at once, but failed again. I do not see that the new hotel at St. James, with its afternoon parties at Sanibel, has affected the abundance of these fish materially, since I landed in the short time we fished two sheepshead at a time ten times, and the same inquisitive swarm as of last year followed the captured fish to the surface of the water.

My friend, the Captain, by invitation, visited Mr. Wood Saturday, and under his guidance went off the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, opposite the first creek east of Cape Blanco, and there hooked, and after a contest of an hour and a half (concluded after dark) killed his tarpon, weight 118lbs., just the weight of the captor. Monday afternoon I anchored on the same ground and saw Mr. Wood skillfully take and save his handsome fish of 130lbs. without taking up anchor, "one of the greatest angling feats on record," as Mr. Clarke (or any one else) might say. This was the only fish taken that day, although I saw six others take the baits among the different boats and exhibit their magnificent shining proportions above the surface of the sea in the light of the declining sun.

Tuesday was the last day, and to be convenient to the grounds, I stopped over night at Punta Rassa, at Mrs. Zipprer's, arranging for Sam Ellis, my boatman, to come to Cape Blanco with lunch as soon as he could, Tuesday. The Captain having taken his fish, with the generosity which infiltrates every fibre of his body, took me down in a small boat to our fishing ground, and although he was little more familiar with the spot than I, anchored the boat in the best place, in spite of my foolish protests. Mr. Wood soon joined us, and another gentleman from St. James, who had also stopped over night at Punta Rassa, completed the line. At 9 o'clock Mr. Wood had an enormous fish displaying his argentine magnificence only to disgorge the bait and escape after a leap or two. Then Mr. T. had a wonderful commotion about the boat, a very considerable silver bar turning and twisting with great rapidity here and there, and apparently rising from the water in two or three places at once. Mr. T.'s anchor was duly weighed and a very lively contest of 20 minutes or so ensued—the fish was not very large—which ended by angler and boatman attempting to take the fish at the shore; a quick stroke with the gaff, and a severed line floating in the air. Sadly the fisherman returned to his anchorage.

Then came my turn. The Captain and I were both fishing, when, without warning, two beautiful fish arose on either side of the boat at the same moment, high in air, and frantically twisting, with mouths wide extending, and then falling with a simultaneous mighty crash, throwing the spray high in air. One line came back limp to the reel, the other ran out with a whirr, and its course was marked by the frantic leaps of the monster, who seemed to be pervading the scenery. The stern line was untied from the pole which held the boat steady, the anchor was lifted, the Captain took his seat in the stern with an oar, I moved forward to the bow and away we went merrily toward deep water. I looked at my watch and found the hour to be 11:25. The details of the contest need not be given. There was a succession of rapid leaps high in the air, then a long steady pull, most of the time with the fish near the surface, pulling the boat steadily; occasionally—say ten times in all—a rolling plunge for air, like the roll of a porpoise, and, just before he was gaffed, five magnificent concluding leaps, which finished the performance. Nineteen leaps in all were made clear of the water, and the time occupied in capture was an hour and five minutes. Length of fish, 6ft. 1in.; weight, 110lbs. It was a most thrilling experience. At times, when the huge glittering fish shot into the air close to the boat, quivering and twisting in every muscle, and fell with a mighty crash back into the sea, the effect was almost terrifying. At the conclusion of the contest, after two gaffs and an iron hook had performed their office, and the dying fish lay in the bottom of our small boat—nearly filling it, it seemed—my sailboat appeared, and we returned to Punta Rassa. Like Francesca—

"We fished no more that day."

The next morning we were homeward bound, having gone through a week's entertainment at San Carlos Bay, where all the pieces on the programme were carefully and in their proper order performed to our satisfaction, and leaving the principal performer to be—as Johnny Smith said—"pizened" and sent on to us. F. S. J. C.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

PRIZES are coming in to the committee, and there is every prospect of a full prize list and a successful tournament. We will publish the list in full as soon as the classes are made up and the prizes divided among them. The new departure made this year of holding the tournament in May instead of October seems to be popular, and the experiment will decide the question as to the time at which the meetings will be held in the future. At present writing we cannot say how many classes there will be, but hope that there will be two salmon contests, one for amateurs only; this, however, will depend upon the number of prizes.

We shall watch with interest the proposition to make it a social club, with rooms, a library, and all the necessary adjuncts of such an organization. To accomplish this there must be a great increase of the roll of membership or the annual dues must be made larger. The Fly-Fishers' Club, of London, has about two hundred and seventy members, and the dues are fifty dollars for city and five dollars for country members, the latter being defined as those who have no fixed occupation in London and do not live within ten miles of St. Paul's. This club is purely a social one and holds no competitions, although in their report for 1886 we see among the list of expenditures a "Donation towards expenses of fly-casting tournament at Twickenham." We see by the treasurer's account that the club has a balance of $580 to its credit as it enters upon the third year of its existence.

We know of no good reason why such an institution as the Fly-Fishers' Club should not thrive in New York, but to make it a success the gentlemen proposing it must work diligently, as Mr. Marston and his confrères in London have done. Once squarely on its feet it will stand alone, but must be vigorously "boosted" at first. Perhaps a call for a meeting after the tournament might be made and the question considered at that time, when a goodly number of anglers are in town and then have the matter fully discussed.

Massachusetts Trout.—Taunton, Mass., April 2.—Yesterday, in spite of the snow, several local fishermen started out early to try their hand at trout fishing in a snow storm. Five fish were the largest string heard from and those were small. Fowl are very thick in the ponds; as the train passed Prospect Pond yesterday morning I counted thirty (in two flocks) from the window; I called them whistlers. To-night we have snow up to my knees. The horse cars stopped running in the afternoon. If it is pleasant I shall spend Fast Day at the Cape. At Falmouth we have some fine fishing. There are several fine streams running through the cranberry bogs and old fields and finally emptying into Vineyard Sound. When the herring are running some very large trout are caught. They are called "salters," being fresh run from the salt water, and make lively sport when held with a 4oz. or 5oz. rod.—Cohannet.

A Steamer on Great South Bay.—To accommodate anglers and others Mr. A. H. Angell will put a steamer on the Great South Bay of Long Island this season. It will run from Patchogue and other points on the main island to Watch Hill, Water Island and Cedar Grove. The steamer Morris Gross has been chartered for this service; she is 85ft. long, 22ft. beam, and will accommodate 200 passengers.

New York Trout Season.—Albany, March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having received innumerable inquiries of late in regard to the open season for trout I desire to briefly summarize the law and ask as a favor to the parties desiring the information, as well as to myself, that you give publicity to the same through the columns of your valuable journal. The present Legislature has, as yet, made no change in the present trout laws. Under the present law speckled trout, brook trout, brown trout, California trout, salmon trout and landlocked salmon may be taken in the waters of this State, exclusive of the Forest Preserve, from April 1 to Sept. 1. Within the Forest Preserve (as established by Chap. 283, laws of 1885) which includes the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Warren, Washington, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan, the open season for the above named fish is from May 1 to Sept. 15, except that salmon trout and landlocked salmon may be taken up to Oct. 1. The transportation of trout to market from the counties constituting the Forest Preserve is prohibited unless the owner of the fish accompanies the same.—Floyd J. Hadley, Chairman Assembly Committee of Game Laws.

Trouting on Long Island.—The opening day was cold and cheerless, and Saturday brought a heavy snow storm, yet, in spite of the weather, some fair fishing was done. On Friday, the opening day, there were some fifty anglers on the Nissequogue, the largest trout stream on the north side, and some of them were rewarded by good-sized fish, the largest one taken being about two pounds. On the south side the fishing on the opening day was hardly up to the average at this season, but on Monday, the 4th, the weather was spring-like and the surface of the waters showed rising trout in abundance and the fishing was good. Several New York anglers brought home full creels on Monday, and had better sport than those who went down on Friday. As a rule the trout of Long Island are in good condition in early March and the trout fishing is practically over in June, because the fish do not rise well late in the season.

Black Bass in Maine.—According to a recent enactment black bass may now legally be caught in any of the waters of Maine which have been stocked with them for five years. There are several lakes which will be open for bass fishing under this law.

Trouble Ahead for Them.—Michigan.—It looks now as if the fish hogs and deer butchers would meet with trouble since the passage of the law authorizing the appointment of a game warden.—Central.

Fishculture.

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BRITISH SALMONIDÆ.

FROM a very interesting account of the Salmonidæ of Great Britain, in the Journal of the National Fishculture Association, by Dr. Francis Day, the very best authority on this family in England, we make the following extracts, omitting the more technical portions and such parts as relate to species other than trouts. We especially commend to American fishculturists a careful perusal of the opening paragraph, which relates to the varieties of trouts. The fishculturist who is not also an ichthyologist is not always clear on the subject of species, and in what respect they may differ from varieties, and this is not to be wondered at, because the defining lines are not well marked by the ichthyologists themselves, and what one of the latter may often consider to be well enough defined to have a specific rank, is by another considered to be a mere variety. The tendency at present is rather to reduce the number of species than to multiply them, and in America several nominal species which were considered valid some years ago, have been by the later authorities conceded to be only varieties. This is especially the case with a trout of Lake Superior and other lakes known as the siscowet, also with the landlocked salmon, the sea trout of New Brunswick and Canadian waters, and the three species of brook trout described by De Kay, which are now reduced to one. Dr. Day says:

To the fishculturist who especially turns his attention to rearing Salmonidæ, to the proprietor who takes an active interest in the sporting fishes which frequent his stream, and to the river conservator whose duties are connected with the preservation of salmon and trout, it is a matter of great moment to be able to be certain among these forms as to "what is a species." No greater injury has occurred to these various parties than the sub-divisions of our trout, which has been done by ascribing specific rank to varieties and local races. For this course has not been a harmless one, because it has misled riparian proprietors and others, who possibly have neither had the opportunity or, probably, inclination to study these so-called species in our museums; or were they to have done so, perhaps among the numerous specimens presented on the shelves, they might well have found themseves confused, at least, unless they had previously an intimate scientific knowledge of the finny tribe. Or supposing such persons to have accepted the statements made on authority, that all these reputed forms are distinct species; they must have found such theories, when accepted and carried into practice, to be a great cause of unnecessary outlay of money, as well as a source of annoyance—not only to themselves, but to fishculturists from whom they obtain their eggs or young fish for replenishing their waters, or augmenting the size of their local breeds. The riparian proprietor sends for—let us say—*Salmo ferox*, to improve the strain of his local race by crossing, and after a year or so he feels confident that the imported forms are only brook trout. Naturally indignant, he may come to the erroneous conclusion that the purveyor had imposed upon him, and it will not be until he understands this is merely a simple variety attaining a large size, due to certain local circumstances, that he will comprehend how his money has been thrown away. He had far better have looked to the food and condition of the water on his estate before attempting to improve the indigenous breed. If, however, food is abundant, and sufficient mouths do not exist to consume it, then the importation of larger forms, obtained by pedigree breeding, would very probably add size and sporting character to his local race, and lastly, if we really possess numerous species of trout in our fresh waters, and these species interbreed one with another, the results will be hybrids, and these generally tend toward sterility; but, if instead of being species they are merely local races, then the intercrossing will produce mongrels, which are usually prolific.

The following is a very condensed, and consequently imperfect, summary of the natural history of these fishes as observed in the British Isles. Many questions have been

entirely omitted, and some only just touched upon, in order to economize space. * * * *

(1) *Salmo.*—Maxillary long; dentition strong and complete. Scales small. Anal rays in moderate numbers (14 or less). Pyloric appendages numerous.

(2) *Thymallus.*—Maxillary short; small teeth in the jaws, vomer, and on the palatine bones. Anterior dorsal fin, many rayed. Scales of moderate size. Pyloric appendage numerous.

(3) *Coregonus.*—Maxillary short; teeth, if present, minute. Anterior dorsal fin with few rays. Scales of moderate size. Pyloric appendages numerous.

(4) *Osmerus.*—Maxillary long; dentition complete, with fang-like teeth on the vomer and tongue. Scales of medium size. Pyloric appendages few.

(5) *Argentina.*—Maxillary short; teeth absent from jaws. Anterior dorsal fin with few rays. Scales rather large. Pyloric appendages few or in moderate numbers.

(1) *Genus Salmo.*—The indigenous species belonging to this genus has been divided into (1) *Salmones*, or true salmons, wherein the body and the head of the vomer are toothed at some period of their lives, as in salmon and trout, and (2) the *Salvelini*, or chars wherein the vomerine teeth are restricted to the head of that bone.

Prior to enumerating the individuals forming this genus, a few remarks are necessary respecting the external and internal character, and likewise some of the physiological functions of these fishes. For on what I believe to be very insufficient grounds, several of our local races have been regarded as species, and when it has been pointed out that among the trout marine forms may be observed passing gradually into those of the fresh water, the answer (instead of explanation) which has been advanced has been that these progressive differences are not modifications induced by an altered condition of life, but must be the result of hybridization; a conclusion I am unable to adopt.

The number of vertebræ present in the spinal column of these fishes is not invariably identical in every individual belonging to the same species, and this inconstancy of number may be consequent upon accident or caused by disease. Sometimes one large bone fills up the space which is normally occupied by two, or the bodies of several may coalesce into one. Or even two or three small vertebræ may exist where only one is generally present. The unstable differences, therefore, in the number of these bones can scarcely be accepted as sufficient grounds on which to constitute species.

Although the form of the preopercle has also been considered to afford a good criterion by which to assist in recognizing species, such will not always be found so in practice, as it varies with age, irrespective of the development of its lower limb being more pronounced in some specimens than it is in all, or on one side of the head than it is on the other. The same general reasons militate against selecting the conformation of the opercle or subopercle as specific characters; still, the form of the hind edge of these bones often (not always) assists in discriminating between salmon and trout. In the salmon the posterior conjoined edges of these two bones have a rounded outline continued to the upper edge of the gill cover; the longest diameter drawn in a line from the most projecting portion of these bones to the snout passes through the eye, whereas, in a trout, it will pass below it.

As to the form of the caudal, or tail fin, which has been said never to be rounded at its posterior extremity in some forms of trout, this conclusion has been drawn from insufficient investigation, as it is always rounded in old examples, although such occurs more rapidly in some localities than it does in others. Fin rays, if removed, can be reproduced, provided they are not extracted, quite to their bases, while scales lost by injuries can be replaced. Colors are varied; marine forms, or salmon in the highest perfection, are silvery, with or without black spots or stars; brought up in fresh waters, without going to the sea, these spots increase, while in all forms in the young stage, finger marks or par-bands are seen on the sides, usually more numerous in the anadromous than in the more strictly non-migratory fresh water forms. But these finger marks are not restricted to the young of the Salmonidæ, being likewise seen in some of the horse mackerels (*Caranx*), flying fishes (*Exocœtus*), gar fishes (*Belone*), etc.

The teeth in all these forms of salmon and trout (not char)* at an early age are present in a double row along the body of the vomer; there is likewise a single row across the hind edge of the head of that bone. But as the fish becomes older, first the tooth-bearing ridge narrows, so that the teeth have to adapt themselves to a single row, and lastly fall out, commencing from behind in all, while in every form they are deciduous. The teeth in the jaws of fresh-water trout are comparatively stronger than such as are present in marine forms. Those on the tongue are in two rows, from five to six on either side of that organ. They are the largest in the mouth, and curved backward to prevent the escape of prey after it has once been seized; they also are deciduous.

* * * * *

The hybridization of these fishes has been largely carried on by Sir James Maitland at Howietown, giving rise to most interesting results. Salmon have been crossed with trout, and American char with trout or with British char, while the offspring have been more or less fertile. Also, should an anadromous species be crossed by a non-migratory form, the young do not lose their tendency to migrate seaward when the breeding season is approaching. So far as Howietown experiments have gone, hybrids, if crossed with one of the pure species, do not take on the colors of the original parents. * * * * *

The following British forms have, for the reasons given, been described by different authors as distinct species, and which, for convenience sake, are here located in four classes, all of which run into one another:

A. Anadromous sea trout, colors in all, silvery with black spots.

a. Trutta salmonata, the scurf or bull-trout, Willoughby; *S. trutta* (Linn.), Turton; salmon trout, Richardson. It has also erroneously been termed *S. criox*, Gmel. Linn. A northern form, but not absent from the south. It has been said to possess from 49 to 63 cæcal appendages.

b. Whiting, whiting, herling, phinoc, sprod, white salmon, of Pennant, or *S. albus*, *S. phinoc* of Turton, said to be the grilse stage of *S. trutta* by most ichthyologists; *S. brachypoma*, Günther. A northern form, with a short head and short preopercular lower limb; cæcal appendages, 40 to 61.

c. Sewin, blue poll, truff, peal, whitefish, gray salmon, or *S. griseus*, Willoughby; *S. cambricus*, Donovan; *S. criox* (Gmel. Linn), Turton; a nearly southern race, although not absent from the north. Lower limb of preoperculum generally well developed. Cæcal appendages, 39 to 41.

B. Loch trout, possibly a landlocked anadromous form; colors, silvery during the smolt age, subsequently golden and spotted.

d. Lochleven trout, *S. levenensis*, Walker; or *S. cæcifer*, Parnell. Normally of a silver color with dark fins between its fourth and fifth seasons, subsequently nearly resembling brook trout, into which form it may degenerate. A somewhat delicately shaped but rapidly growing race, with rather weak maxillæ. (The statements that the maxillary bone never reaches to behind the eye, that there is no knob at the end of the lower jaw in adult males, and that the tail fin is never rounded, are merely errors of description, and not in accordance with what exists in nature.) Cæcal appendages, 49 to 90.

C. Estuary trout; colors more or less golden and generally densely spotted.

d. Orkney salmon, of Lowe; *S. orcadensis*, Günther. Cæcal appendages, 50.

f. Salmo estuarius, Knox; or *S. gallivensis*, Günther. Cæcal appendages, 44.

D. Lake, river and brook trout; colors more purplish golden than in estuary forms; red spots well marked and black spots intense.

g. Brook trout, *Salmo fario*, Linn.; *Trutta fluviatilis*, Willoughby; *S. ausonii* and *S. gaimardi*, Cuv. and Val. Dorsal, ventral and anal fins, with a black, white-edged front surface, more developed in southern races, but often very distinct in northern ones. Cæcal appendages, 33 to 47.

h. Great lake trout, *Salmo ferox*, Jardine and Selby. Large and dark examples. *S. nigripinnis*, Günther. Cæcal appendages, 33 to 49.

i. Cornwall trout. *Salmo cornubiensis*, Artedi.

j. The gillaroo of various authors. *Salmo stomachicus*, Günther. Middle coat of stomach thickened. Cæcal appendages, 44.

In all the foregoing forms the length of the head is comparatively larger in males than in females, and in coarse more so than in well bred varieties. Without detailing all the various reasons which have been given why these races have been considered species, it will perhaps be more satisfactory to trace out the main causes that have led to such subdivisions, premising that the varying number of the vertebræ, the difference in the form of the preopercle, the form of the caudal fin, the vomerine teeth and the inconstant number of pyloric cæca have already been alluded to.

If we commence with colors, we find that the adult salmon and sea trout, when in their best condition, have a beautiful silver sheen, which is more or less rapidly lost when absent from the sea. This may in fact be taken as the normal color of the *Salmones* when in their highest condition. Should salmon be reared in fresh water and the smolts debarred from going to sea, the upper two-thirds of the body and the dorsal fin become densely covered with black spots, while sometimes a white edging shows itself to the front margin of the dorsal and anal fins. Thus a fresh-water residence increases the amount of color and the silvery sheen is less highly developed. Sea trout, at the breeding time, have orange on the upper and lower edges of the tail fin and the margin of the adipose dorsal, similar to what is usually present in non-migratory fresh-water forms, while a purplish edging shows itself to many of the black spots on the body.

The next form I will advert to is the Lochleven trout, wherein there is normally a smolt stage in which the fish, subsequent to its parr condition, and for the first three or four seasons of its life, is somewhat silvery, but without any orange edging to the adipose dorsal fin, usually present in all young trout, and all the spots are black. If the eggs, however, are sent to other and distant localities, as Guildford, or even to Gloucestershire, the young do not assume the colors seen in Lochleven, but more or less take on that of the indigenous brook trout of the locality where they are hatched. But this is not a deteriorating race, because when, owing to certain circumstances which it is unnecessary to detail, one of these fishes in Gloucestershire obtained a large amount of food, consequent on the removal of others from the pond, it grew more rapidly than its former fellows, and even had the Lochleven colors denied to the rest. Also, deteriorated examples assume the brook trout livery, apparently owing to want of sufficient food. Lastly, a Lochleven trout having been crossed at Howietown by a salmon parr, the offspring possessed the orange-tipped adipose dorsal fin which is seen in the young of the sea and brook trout; and may be asked from whence had such been obtained, unless the Lochleven possessed the blood of one of these races? In colors, then, we have a distinct chain connecting the sea trout with the Lochleven, and so on into the brook forms. Next, as to the dentition; in Lochlevens, similarly to the marine races, we find it usual for the vomerine teeth in matured specimens to be more or less in a single row, but having examined a number of these fish at Howietown I find that in some cases a portion of a double row still exists, similar to undoubted burn trout which I took in Loch Ame and elsewhere. Every variation in the position of these teeth is to be seen in examples of different ages up to old trout, wherein only one or two or even less remain on the head of the vomer.

As to the *Salmo ferox*, very fine examples up to about 20lbs. in weight have been received from Australasia, raised from the eggs of the brook trout, taken in Hampshire and Buckinghamshire, so it cannot be a distinct species.

Why the gillaroo should be deemed a species, and specimens of other forms of trout not so—in which the coats of the stomach are similarly indurated—one fails to comprehend. Anyhow, if these forms are removed to other localities where the conditions are altered, possibly because they have not so many water snails or other shells to live upon, they lose this induration of the stomach.

Probably as complete a series as can be wished for of trout passing from the sewin or sea and estuary form to the brook trout, are those in the British Museum, where they are believed to show hybridity between these two forms in an unbroken series. At the present time eggs of the sea trout are incubating at Howietown, and ere long it will be conclusively proved if this fish is not a very plastic form, taking on different colors, and varying as to its dentition and proportions, consequent on whether it leads a marine or fresh water life. In some lakes, as Loch Crasspuil, in Sutherlandshire, we find a silvery race of trout, and silvery forms which are generally sterile, most likely merely for the season, are frequently obtained in large pieces of fresh water.

In the British Isles the breeding time of the trout is subject to variation, but mainly occurs from October to February. The eggs and modes of their deposition are very similar to those of the salmon.

Irrespective of the local races, misnamed species, above alluded to, there are many other varieties of color among these fishes, for which the reader must be referred to treatises on the subject. Two forms of trout introduced from the continent of America, and which are now being acclimatized in Great Britain, remain to be recorded.*

SUB-GENUS SALVELINI, OR CHARS.

These species are subgenerically separated from the *Salmones*, or restricted sub-genus of *Salmo*, owing to their vomerine teeth being confined to the head of that bone, and which teeth are persistent through life. The British species, *Salmo alpinus*, whose varieties have been separated into species, freely interbreeds with the American char, *S. fontinalis*, and a beautiful fertile race of these fishes exists at Howietown. Char require cool water, and prefer that where the depth is considerable. They suffer very much from changes of temperature.

The char, *Salmo alpinus*, Linn. B, X—XI; D, 12—14; P, 12—14; V, 9—10; A, 11—13; C, 19—21; L l, 125—145; Vert., 59—63; Cæc. pyl., 28—62. The form and proportions of the body and fins of this fish vary as much as in the trout (in accordance with local surroundings and sexual differences), the size of the teeth, the colors of the body, also the number of cæcal appendages and of those of the vertebræ, have all been considered as reasons for assuming specific differences—reasons, however, that are rejected by the majority of ichthyologists of the present day as well as by fishculturists. These so-called species will now be given as has been done with the races of trout. But there is no need of subdividing them into classes, as was necessary with the varieties or breeds of *S. trutta*, but it is very necessary to remember Widegrem's observation that char may be divided into two races; large forms being found in large lakes, and smaller ones in pieces of water of less size.

a. Gilt, or gelt char, *Umbla minor* (Gesner), Willoughby; *S. salvelinus* (Linn.), Yarrell; Alpine char, Couch.

b. Torgoch, Willoughby, *Salmo salvelinus* (Linn.) Donovan, *S. umbla*, Jenyns; *S. cambricus* and *S. perisii*, Günther, from Wales. Vert. 61; cæc. pyl. 36.

c. Char of Windermere, Willoughby; case char, Pennant; *Salmo alpinus* (Linn.) Donovan; *S. umbla*, Jenyns; *S. willoughbii*, Günther, Vert. 59-62; cæc. pyl. 28-44.

d. Salmo killinensis, Günther, from Invernesshire. Vert. 52; cæc. pyl. 44-52.

e. Salmo grayii, Günther, from Lough Melvin; Vert. 60; cæc. pyl. 37.

f. Salmo colii, Günther, from Lough Eske and Lough Dan. Vert. 63; cæc. pylori, 12.

In all the abdomen, more especially in the males, becomes of an orange color during the breeding season, which occurs at about the same time as the trout; the eggs of the two species are very similar, but those of the char are much the smaller.

American char (*Salmo fontinalis*) Mitchell, B, X,—XI; D, 12—13; P, 12—13; V, 8—9; A, 10—11; C, 19; L l, 122—140; cæc. pyl., 34; Vert., 59—62. This fish, which has been introduced from the United States and flourishes in some waters, has not succeeded in others. Its home is distributed "between latitudes 32½deg. and 55deg. in the lakes and streams of the Atlantic watershed, near the sources of a few rivers flowing into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico and in some of the affluents of Hudson's Bay. Its range is limited by the western foothills of the Alleghanies and nowhere extends more than 300 miles from the coast, except about the Great Lakes, in the northern tributaries of which trout abound. At the south they inhabit the headwaters of the Chattahoochee, in the southern spur of the Georgia Alleghanies and the tributaries of the Catawba in North Carolina. They also occur in the great islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence" (Brown Goode). These fish are observed in some localities to migrate to the sea. One of 9½lbs. in weight was captured in a pond in Cornwall in April, 1886. It had been placed there nine years previously.*

* It must be remembered that the *Salmo fontinalis* is a char, and that the brown trout and rainbow trout are of the "true" trouts.—ED. F. AND S.

* *Salmo irideus*, Gibbons, the rainbow trout, and having many synonyms, was introduced by Sir James Maitland at Howietown, April 30, 1885, and there the fish is thriving. They have likewise been obtained by the Fishculture Association. It is a very pretty species, with an iridescent carmine band along the sides, and is found throughout California, certainly as far south as San Luis Rey River. Professor Brown-Goode has seen a few from salt water weighing from 3lbs. to 5lbs. each, and 6lbs. is stated to be the weight to which it attains. "For a trout it is a fish of little 'gameness' or activity, but has been rather extensively introduced into the waters of the eastern United States." The formula of its fins' rays much resembles our trout, but its scales are smaller, there being about 140 rows along the lateral line. I must likewise allude to the black spotted trout, *Salmo purpuratus*, also with an extensive synonymy, as some were reared from the eggs brought over by Mr. Wilmot to the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883, and some of them were introduced into the Thames in 1886. They have been erroneously recorded as "landlocked salmon."

* The American lake trout of North America, *Salmo namaycush*, Pennant, is another form of char which is being introduced by means of its eggs from America. Dr. Günther still terms it a trout, locating it under the restricted sub-genus, *Salmones*, although it has been abundantly proved to be a char, and so similar to *S. fontinalis*, except in size, that Brown-Goode observed, "its nearest relative is the brook trout of the Eastern States, *S. fontinalis*," and from which he subsequently suggests it may have been developed.

THE GRAMPUS AND HER WORK.—The United States Fish Commission schooner Grampus has completed her winter's work of collecting cod eggs for the hatchery at Wood's Holl, and has sailed on a cruise of scientific research and observation in the waters between Cape Hatteras and Cape Cod. The chief object of this cruise is to study the migrations and habits of the mackerel. Careful and extensive notes on the temperature, winds, weather and presence of mackerel food will be made, in order that data may be obtained whereby we can know how the movements of mackerel are influenced by these conditions. The appearance of mackerel at the surface, the period when they begin to spawn, the rate at which they move northward, and their abundance, will be studied; while, by using gillnets and toll-bait, an attempt will be made to define the northern and eastern limits of their migration in the early part of the season. The appearance off the coast and the migrations of menhaden, bluefish and other plagic species will be noted also, as opportunity offers; and it is hoped that the knowledge gained may be valuable in settling the many vexed questions concerning these species which have never yet reached a satisfactory conclusion. The Grampus will be under the command of Dr. D. Edwin Collins, brother of Capt. J. W. Collins, of the Fish Commission, who is at Washington this spring.

SHAD FOR MAINE.—In response to a request of Fish Commissioner Stilwell, Prof. Baird will send 1,000,000 shad fry to the Kennebec River, and also promises some large carp for the fountain at the Capitol next summer. Application has also been made for 1,000,000 shad fry for the Penobscot River at Bangor.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 5 to 8, 1887.—Third Annual Dog Show of New England Kennel Club, Boston. F. L. Weston, Secretary, Hotel Boylston, Boston, Mass. Entries close March 19.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4827.**

THE PROVIDENCE DOG SHOW.

THE inaugural dog show of the Rhode Island Kennel Club was held at Providence, R. I., last week. The show was a decided success so far as the quality of the dogs was concerned, quite a number of really first class animals being shown for the first time in this country. Such animals as the mastiffs Minting and Lady Dorothy, the greyhounds Balkis and Lancashire Witch, the beagle Fitzhugh Lee, the fox-terrier Lucifer in Præsenti, and the bulldog Tom Ball are good enough to make a reputation for any show, to say nothing of the many other well-known excellent specimens present. The management of the show was first-class. The building in which it was held is well adapted for the purpose except that it is not well lighted. The judging began in good season on Tuesday and was finished the same day with the exception of some of the Irish setter classes and the specials. The judging of the special for the best dog owned by a lady caused quite a ripple of excitement as there were several competitors, and a large crowd gathered round the judging ring and the proceedings were watched with breathless interest. The judge, Mr. Mason, proved equal to the occasion and covered himself with glory. With stately grace and a wise look he passed from one fair contestant to another and completely won their hearts with timely remarks complimentary to their pets, and learned essays showing up their best points; then, with consummate diplomatic wit, he cut the Gordian knot by handing the blue ribbon to the only dog in the ring handled by a man. As will be seen by reading our comments on the dogs the judging in nearly all of the classes was very satisfactory. The weather during the show was raw and cold, and on the last day the snow fell unceasingly. This cut down the attendance and we fear that the club did not receive enough to meet the expenses, but the club has come to stay and its members are not easily disheartened and will try it again next year. The list of judges is as follows: English setters and pointers, Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H. Irish and black and tan setters, Dr. H. C. Glover, New York. Collies, beagles, foxhounds and dachshunde, Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md. All other classes, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, New York.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MASON).

Ilford Caution was alone in the champion class. In the open dog class Mr. Moore showed his recent importation, Minting, the best one we have seen. In Mr. Wynn's criticism of Minting, published in FOREST AND STREAM two weeks ago, he says, "his crooked forelegs will always be against him." Now we have long had unbounded confidence in Mr. Wynn as an authority on mastiffs, and the greatest respect for his opinion upon any point regarding them, and we took it for granted that Minting's forelegs were far from perfect, but we were agreeably disappointed upon examining him to find him fairly good in forelegs, not quite straight it is true, but not nearly so bad as we had supposed. As Minting is not yet two years old, and was considerably younger when Mr. Wynn wrote the above, we presume that he has improved in this respect. This slight defect and a trifle of slackness behind the shoulders is about all the fault that we can find with him. He has a wonderful head and is of good size; we shall look to see him win other prizes. Wacouta Nap, first at Buffalo and second at Newark, was second. Leo and Prince, both hc., are too faulty in head to win in good company. Mr. Moore also won in the bitch class with Lady Dorothy, eleven months old. We only caught a glimpse of her, as she was taken home before we had a chance to examine her; she is a grand looking animal. Hilda V. came second, with Wacouta Rose vhc. Belle, hc., is of good size, but is too long in head and light in bone. There were no puppies entered.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MASON).

Otho was the only entry in the champion rough-coated class. In the open dog class first went to Eiger, the winner at Buffalo. Hadjar, winner of second, is a nicely-made dog of small size, with a fair head and a nice coat. He has a bad tail. Prince, vhc., was shown too fat; his expression is not good, and he is too short in back and does not move well behind. We liked Hector II., hc., better for the three letters; he has a fair body and is of fair size; he is long in face and snipy. Beda, the winner at Newark, won in the bitch class, with the first and second winners at Buffalo as second and vhc. Recluse, hc., is faulty in head. The only puppy entered was absent. There were no entries in the champion smooth-coated classes. Hector had it all his own way in the open dog class, with Montrose, the winner in the puppy class at Buffalo, second. Rigi and Lodi were vhc., with Wotan hc. All are well-known. Lodi was not in good condition. Only two bitches were shown. Queen of Sheba, placed first, was the winner at Buffalo. Kader, second, is bad at both ends. No puppies were entered. The only Newfoundland entered was absent.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Memnon had a walk over in the champion class; he shows his age, although he was looking fairly well. In the open dog class Balkis was placed first; he is a large dog, not so taking at first glance as after an examination, when his many excellent points show him to be a greyhound and a very good one with few faults. Prince, winner of second, is very good in front and was well shown; he is light in loin and quarter. Royce, vhc., is a big dog, not quite clear in head and with too much lumber; he has good loin and quarter. Lancashire Witch, winner in the bitch class, is a first-class specimen; she has a very good head, capital loin, quarters, legs and feet; she has a racing appearance with no lumber. She is not of a taking color and her neck is not properly arched and she is not quite so well sprung in ribs as we like; she is full of quality and it will take a wonder to beat her.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

All the deerhounds are well known with the exception of Dr. Clyde, winner of second. He is of good size and color and has a fair amount of bone; he is a trifle coarse in head, not quite deep enough in chest and is not good in quarters; he was not in good condition, being thin in flesh and soft in coat.

ULMERS—(MR. MASON).

There were three entries in this class, all good ones. The same dogs were at Buffalo where Cæsar was placed first with Don Cæsar and Juno equal second. Here the same judge placed the two dogs equal first and gave Juno only vhc.

POINTERS—(DR. JARVIS).

Nick of Naso was alone in the champion class for large dogs. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class first went to Captain Fred, looking fairly well. William Tell, vhc., also looking well, we thought better for the place, while Jimmie, placed second, was worth about vhc. Dick, hc., has a fair head and a deep chest, but it is too wide. He has a short neck and is a bit straight behind. In the bitch class there was not much to choose between Rosaline, first, and Nell, placed second. Neither are first class. Nell is well known. Rosaline is coarse in head and tail, round in body and wide in front. There were no entries in the champion small classes. The open dog class was a bad lot. The winner, Don Quixote, is flat in skull, short in back, straight behind and out at elbows. He has not improved since last year. Coronet, winner of second, was not much better. His muzzle is too short, as is his neck. He is much too wide in front and is badly out at elbows. He is good in loin, quarters, legs and feet. Colonel Pete, vhc., has a fair head and good legs. He is slack behind the shoulders, a trifle shallow, and has flat feet. Vanderbilt, c., was about as good as any in the class. He is a fair dog, with rather a weak head and badly-carried ears. He has good legs and fair body. In the bitch class first went to Queen Bess, described in our report of the Newark show. Daisy A., placed second, is quite a fair-looking bitch, not very good in head and loin and a trifle light in bone. She is fair in body and has good legs and feet. Cloves, hc., was entitled to another letter. She has a fair head disfigured with bad eyes, good body and shoulders, with capital legs and feet. In the dog puppy class Glen Graphic, the winner, is a promising puppy. His head is of fair shape, he is a trifle overshot and his ears are a bit high. He is rather shallow and leggy, but will probably improve in these respects with age. Pommery Sec, placed second, appears to enjoy the shows and has taken on flesh, thereby improving his appearance. Belle of Maine, winner in the bitch class, is litter sister to Glen Graphic. She is also promising. Her ears are a trifle high. She has a coarse tail and is not quite straight in her forelegs. Juno, winner of second, is a pretty bitch, rather weak in head and light in eyes. She has good loins and quarters.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(DR. JARVIS).

Foreman again won in the champion dog class over Plantagenet. Rockingham was absent. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class Royal Albert was properly placed at the head of affairs with his brother Royal Prince II. next. This reverses the decision at Newark. Rollo, fourth at Newark, received the reserve card, with Pride of Dixie, third at Newark, next. This also reverses the positions of these two at Newark. Mack B. II., hc., is a big dog with a fair head and good legs and feet. He is not good in shoulders, back and quarters, and is not flat enough in coat. Premier, also hc., is about as good as any in the class except the first winner. He is plain in head, lacking in quality, but is well made and quite a fair dog. Draco, unnoticed, is also a fair dog and worth the three letters, although not in good coat. Fairy King, looking fairly well, was worth a card. In the bitch class Cora of Wetheral scored her third win and is now in the champion class. Daisy Foreman, fourth at Newark, was placed second. Maud, reserve, we did not like; she has a very prettily marked head, good forelegs and feet. She is not good in shoulders, is flat in loin and straight behind. Fortuna, vhc., is the better bitch. She has a fair head, good shoulders, chest, loin and quarters. She does not stand quite straight in front and is a bit open in feet. The winning dog and bitch puppies are quite promising; the bitch is the better in head, neck and quarters, both have good legs and feet.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

Nora was alone in the champion class. In the open dog class the winners at Boston and New York last year were respectively first and second. The former, Tom II., was the better in head and tan and carriage of tail. King Philip, reserve, is fairly well formed, with a fair head; he is light in muzzle and has a bad coat. Slocum, vhc., deserved his card. Jack, hc., was second at Boston last year; he has gone over in forelegs. The bitch class was poor, and the judge could not find one good enough for first, and second was given to Rose, third at Newark. Flirt, vhc., is light in tan and wrong in forelegs. Jessie, hc., was about the best in the class, but she was in bad coat. The two puppies are rather promising.

IRISH SETTERS—(DR. GLOVER).

Dr. Glover handled the Irish setters very well indeed. Nearly all that received notice are well known. Chief again beat Blarney in the champion dog class. There were no entries in the bitch class. Tim had an easy win over Bruce, second. Tim also won the special for the best Irish setter in the show, beating Chief. The latter has the best of it in chest and coat and has a trifle the most bone, while Tim has a more typical and better head and is much better behind and in feet. Dash, reserve, was shown too fat. Milo, vhc., is a very fair dog with a heavy head; he has plenty of bone and good legs and feet. Yoube was first in the bitch class, with Daphne second; the latter was vhc. at Boston last year. Her plain head will always keep her back in good company. Ready, reserve, might have exchanged places with Jessie, vhc., notwithstanding her lack of condition. Queen Mab, hc., is a fairly well made bitch, too light in color. The puppies were all of one litter and much too young for the bench.

SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

Only one Irish water spaniel was shown, a moderate specimen short of coat. In the champion class for field spaniels Compton Bandit was alone. In the open class, Miss Newton Obo was placed over Rob. She is not good in head, but better than the dog, and is shorter on the leg and has a better coat. In the champion class for cocker dogs, Compton Brahmin was disqualified for overweight; Mr. Rendle protested the decision, but his protest was not sustained. He then took exception to the scales used by the judge, but the committee found them to be correct. In the bitch class Shina had a walkover. In the open dog class for blacks Brant won over Adonis; the latter we failed to find in his stall. In the bitch class first went to Miss Obo II., with Juno W. second. Both were at Newark. Cloe W., vhc., is rather a fair bitch with a poor head. In the open dog class other than black, Zeppo, not a first-class specimen, was the only one shown. In the bitch class first was awarded to Dottie Stubbs, a liver and white, weak in head and rather leggy. The only other entry was overweight. In the puppy class first was withheld and second given to a very moderate specimen. There were four Clumbers shown. Drake and Johnny were placed first and second, reversing the decision at Newark. Romp and Jockey, both hc., are faulty in head and short in body and too heavily marked.

COLLIES—(DR. DOWNEY).

After looking over the collies at Newark the collection here did not impress us very favorably, but an examination showed a fairly good class. Royboy again won in the champion dog and Lady of the Lake in the bitch class. In the open dog class Glengarry was first and Strephon second. Both were vhc. at Newark. Karo, third in the puppy class at Newark, was vhc. Dublin Scot was absent. In the bitch class, Lady Ellis, second at Newark, was placed first over Luella, the Buffalo winner. It is a close thing between these two. Lady is the better in ear and Luella beats her behind and in legs. Clifton Maid and Daisy Dean both vhc., were also at Newark. Only two puppies were shown, a dog and a bitch, both promising.

BEAGLES—(DR. DOWNEY).

All of the beagles, with two exceptions, were owned by Mr. Wakefield. Little Duke, grown very throaty, was placed over Bush, looking better than we have seen him for some time. In the open dog class first went to Fitzhugh Lee, a capital dog with grand chest, quarters, legs and feet, he is light in muzze, about his only fault. Second went to Racer, Jr., looking well. My Boy, vhc., is well made with a nice body but too short in head. Leader, hc., was looking fairly well. In the bitch class Twinkle, placed first, was in good form. Silver, second, has grown throaty and shows age. In the under 12in. class Belle, awarded first, is a fair-bodied little bitch with good ears and a fair coat. She is apple-headed and out at elbows. The only other entry is not a beagle. Spot, just a fair dog with a poor coat, was the only puppy shown.

FOXHOUNDS—(DR. DOWNY).

Only three were shown in this class. Zip, winner of first, is a fair dog with a good head. Wade Hampton, second, is of harrier type, as is Zeb Vance. There were no basset hounds entered and but one dachshund, Judy, well known.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

The quality of the fox-terriers was very good indeed. Belgrave Primrose had a walkover in the champion dog class. In the bitch class Richmond Olive won over Safety. The open dog class brought out a red hot one in the Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. He is a trifle light in eye and is a bit off in muzzle, but otherwise a terrier. The judge evidently thought him a good one as he gave him the special over his old favorite Richmond Olive. Raby Mixer made a good second; with Raby Jack vhc. In the bitch class first went to Gretchen with a bad round head, but otherwise fair. Richmond Dazzle and Marguerite were given equal second. Dazzle is a very nice little bitch with lots of character and much better than either of the others. She was not in good condition and had a blotch on her neck; this probably put her back. Marguerite was the next best in the class, but her jaw was swelled, evidently from a fight, and this undoubtedly settled her hash. There was one entry in the class for wire-hairs. Bristles, third at Newark. First in dog puppies went to Mephisto, the winner at Buffalo and second to Shameless Mixture, winner of third at Newark. The winners in the bitch class also won in the aged class.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Count and Victoria had no competition in the champion classes. In the open dog class Jubilee, a recent importation, won over Young Count, winner of second at Newark. The winner is not first-class in head, but otherwise good. He was entered in the class under 25lbs., but as his owner had not seen him a mistake was made in his weight, and he was transferred to the heavy class. Dr. Cryer, in behalf of Mr. Dole, protested the award upon the ground that he was not entered in time, but the protest was not sustained, as the entry was properly made. In the bitch class first went to Maggie May, and second to Queen Bess, both winners at Newark. In the dog class under 25lbs., Silver, the winner at Newark, was alone. The bitch class was a poor one; Nanon, the winner, was the best. Her head is bad and she had just had her dew claws cut, and did not move well behind in consequence. Little Rhody, second, was in good condition, but she is very short in head and full in eye. The winning puppies were all winners in the open classes.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

Beppo, winner of second at Buffalo, was alone in this class, the only other entry being disqualified for overweight.

IRISH AND ROUGH-HAIRED AND OTHER TERRIERS—(MR. MASON).

There were only two entries in this class; Greymount, winner of second at Newark, was placed over Nancy, just a fair bitch shown much too fat; she is too long in body and slack in back. No Dandies or Bedlington's were entered. Countess, winner of second at Newark, was the only Skye shown, Lady Kate being absent. The winning Yorkshire dog was the best of a poor lot; he is not up to the mark in color and was short of coat. Charlie, winner of second, is short of coat and light in color. The prizes in the bitch class were withheld. A couple of just fair white English terriers were shown, the winner has a fair head, the other is too wide in skull. There were no entries in the class for toys.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MASON).

Robinson Crusoe and Britomartis had each a walkover in their respective champion classes. The open dog class introduced to us the celebrated Tom Ball, recently imported, well known in England for his owner's challenge to Rustic King. He is a grand dog with a capital head that is disfigured with bad ears, he appears to be a trifle tied in shoulders and his hocks are not quite near enough together. He is a large dog and a very good one. The judge did not think him quite good enough to beat Britomartis for the special prize. Second went to Hillside and vhc. to King Cole, Jr., a very good looking dog that we did not examine closely. Josephine was alone in the bitch class.

PUGS—(MR. MASON).

All of the winning pugs were well known. The best puppy is just a fair one.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—(MR. MASON).

Three King Charles spaniels were shown; all of them have been frequently described. There were also three in the Blenheim class. Exter Earl, the winner, is better in skull, ears and markings than the others.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MASON).

Minnie, the winner at Hartford last year, was the only entry in this class. She is too large, but was looking better than when we saw her last.

POODLES—(MR. MASON).

Only one poodle was shown; a moderate specimen.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. MASON).

Sir Lucifer, looking well, was alone in this class.

Following are the additional awards:

In champion pointers over 55lbs. C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso won. In open English setter dogs Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert was first, and Royal Prince II. was second.

IRISH SETTERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Max Wenzel's Tim; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Bruce. Reserve, T. Wilson's Dash. Very high com., E. Aldrich's Milo. High com., J. Grosvenor's Banker, J. M. Jacock's Blarney. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Max Wenzel's Yoube and Ready; 2d, J. H. Ide's Daphne. Very high com., I. H. Roberts's Jessie. High com., C. E. Mathews's Queen Mab. Com., C. A. Van Wie's Juniata. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, G. F. Pinkham's Sandstone and Slickstone. *Bitches:* G. F. Pinkham's Dorcas's Baby and Flora's Pet.

In bull-terrier puppies H. D. and J. R. Steers's Queen Bess was 2d, and H. W. Lacy's Nanon was very high com. In champion bulldogs J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe won.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel of mastiffs, E. H. Moore; rough-coated St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels; deerhounds, J. E. Thayer; beagles, A. H. Wakefield; English setters, Locust Grove Kennels; pointers, Clifton Kennels; Irish setters, Max Wenzel; spaniels, J. P. Willey; fox-terriers, Hillside Kennels; pugs, Chequasset Kennels; collies, Hempstead Farm Co.; bull-terriers, F. F. Dole; smooth-coated St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels. Best cocker spaniel, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.; smooth-coated St. Bernard, Hospice Kennels' Hector; bulldog, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis; fox-terrier, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; pug, City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby; collie, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady Ellis; pointer, Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso; beagle dog in open class, A. H. Wakefield's Fitzhugh Lee; bitch, A. H. Wakefield's Twinkle; greyhound, H. W. Huntington's Lancashire Witch; beagle, A. H. Wakefield's Fitzhugh Lee; black and tan dog in open class, F. M. Harris's Tom II.; bitch, W. E. Rothermel's Rose; dog puppy, S. O. Meader's King Philip; English setter puppy, S. Scranton's Tassa; Irish setter, Max Wenzel's Tim; field or cocker spaniel, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.; bull-terrier, F. F. Dole's Maggie May; Great Dane, divided, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar and Wolverine Kennel Club's Cæsar; English setter stud dog with two of his get, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman with Daisy Foreman and Fortuna. Best get of Foreman, G. W. Neil's Daisy Foreman. Best dog owned by a lady, Miss Ida F. Warren's Doctor Clyde.

A DOG SNATCHER GETS HIS DESERTS.—Baltimore, Md., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed of late several complaints of the dog-fiend, therefore send you this to show how we deal with dog-thieves in the Monumental City. Wm. H. Marshall, a dog catcher, was convicted a couple of days ago in the Criminal Court of the larceny of a dog valued at $200, from J. H. Cottman. Marshall was sent to jail for three months. His offense was this: Mr. Cottman's little girl started to take the dog out into the alley in the rear of the house; when she opened the gate, holding the dog by the collar, she saw dog catcher Marshall, and in her confusion let the dog go. The dog playfully bounded down the alley and Marshall caught him and, and putting him in his wagon, drove off to the pound. Baltimore may be made a way station by the B. & O. deal, but for sending dog thieves to its city boarding-house it takes the lead.—A DOG OWNER.

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

BOSTON, April 5.—The dog show now being held at Boston is the best ever held outside of New York. A large number of first class animals are on exhibition. The judging has progressed fairly well. The showing of pointers is very good indeed. The judging for the special was watched with much interest. The attendance is very good; there was rain in the morning, but cleared in the afternoon. The judging to-day resulted in placing the following

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, E. H. Moore's Minting and Orion; 3d, F. D. Pierce's Monarch. Very high com., W. B. Milner's Lord Raglan. High com., Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap. Com., F. R. Crowninshield's Boss. *Bitches:* 1st, J. L. Wincell's Lady Gladys; 2d, 3d and very high com., E. H. Moore's Southern Belle, Lady Dorothy and Hilda V. High com., Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose. Com., J. T. Donoghue's Jessie and E. B. Bellows's Dido. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. D. Pierce's Monarch; 2d, withheld. Com., B. P. Shute's Jumbo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, E. H. Moore's Duchess and Lady Dorothy; 3d, L. A. Hall's Hannah II. Very high com., W. R. Bellows's Empress II.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince. *Bitch:* E. H. Moore's Miranda. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles; 2d, Mrs. A. McGregor's Bosco II.; 3d, reserve and high com., Hospice Kennels' Hadgar, Eiger and Alvier. Very high com., Mrs. J. P. Barnard Jr.'s Prince. High com., C. H. Baker's Everest and J. A. Morse's Alp. Com., J. R. Gildersleeve's Rector II., Heathfield Kennels' Itip Van Winkle and Associated Fanciers' Ralman. *Bitches:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda; 2d, Heathfield Kennels' Recluse; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Nera. High com., E. H. Moore's Bernie, Hospice Kennels' Tromba and C. H. Spring's Linda. Com., Hospice Kennels' La Duchesse and Weimer and Lincoln's Cadess. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, R. S. Pitkin's Prince Barry; 2d, J. H. White's Merchant Prince II.; 3d, J. P. Barnard Jr.'s Beacon. High com., A. Shunk's Rover. Com., G. Prince's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Princess; 2d, A. Shunk's Frances, 3d, G. Snowden's Milly Rose. Very high com., Quinsigamond Kennels' Marcis. High com., Heathfield Kennels' Lady Heathfield. Com., F. B. Week's Empress and unnamed.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* Absent.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Montrose and Wotau; 3d, J. W. Dunlap's Rigi. Reserve, F. W. Thomas's Leo. Very high com., Chequasset Kennels' Lodi. High com., Forest City Kennels' Laurian. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Gip; 2d and 3d, Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba and Rodor.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, C. Wills's Earl King. Com., J. Keltie's Lord Snowden. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Long's Tops; 2d, Essex Kennels' Apollona.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Osceola Kennel Club's Don Cæsar 2d, Wolverine Kennels' Cæsar. 3d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Wolverine Kennel Club's Juno; 2d, Baker & Brookings's Big Kate; 3d, E. A. Muller's Tiger.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Silvey's Folly; 2d, C. Reinhart's Bruno II.; 3d, Dr. J. F. Young's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, T. V. Hutchinson's Nellie; 3d, C. H. Handley's Queen Bess. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Fox's Cario; 2d F. A. Carney's Rover.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* C. H. Mason's Beaufort *Bitch:* Graphic Kennels' Mealy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Graphic Kennels' Lad of Bow; 2d, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany; 3d, reserve and very high com., F. F. Harris's Sachem, Cully and Songo. High com., Morris K. Clancy's Dick, E. K. Sperry's Captain Fred and C. A. Parker's William Tell. Com., F. A. Finley's Mark. *Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Munhall's Patti M.; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Kate VIII.; 3d, A. H. Aldrich's Nell. Reserve, F. B. Stafford's Daisy Ranger. Very high com., F. F. Harris's Zuba. High com., C. Amory's Sal. Com., H. L. Rice's Belle Randolph.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Graphic Kennels' Donald. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Nasc of Kippen; 2d, F. F. Harris's Bowdoin; 3d, Graphic Kenne's' Beppo II. Reserve, T. M. Aldrich's Van. Very high com., Clifton Kennels' Pomery Sec. High com., E. K. Sperry's Colonel Pete. Com., R. Leslie's Spot Dash. *Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Queen Bow; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca; 3d and very high com., H. F. Farnham's Lass of Maine and Lady Maine. Reserve, C. A. Parker's Daisy A. High com., Highland Kennels' Tuck, Clifton Kennels' Kent Queen and Dr. W. F. Spring's Model Doodle. Com., F. R. Hitchcock's Penelope and F. F. Harris's Ethel. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Graphic Kennels' Fashion and Donald IV.; 3d, Clifton Kennels' Pomery Sec. Reserve, Westminster Kennel Club's unnamed. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Glen Graphic. High com., Westminster Kennel Club's unnamed and W. F. Sawyer's Nickel Plate. Com., F. F. Harris's Bruno and J. F. Randall's Bang R. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Graphic Kennels' Revel IV. and Frivolity; 2d and reserve, H. F. Farnham's Lass of Maine and Lady Maine. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Belle of Maine.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. Windholz's Rockingham. *Bitch:* F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert; 2d, F. Leonard's Royal Prince II.; 3d, A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu. Reserve, P. H. Wright's Rollo. Very high com., W. E. Jones's Rock Bondhu and E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie. High com., J. S. Bailey's Count Paris and W. E. Jones's Phil Warwick. Com., F. B. Rice's Rab, A. L. Farrar's Tasso and D. A. Goodwin's Premier. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; 2d, A. M. Tucker's Lou Gladstone; 3d, G. H. Bent's Queen. Reserve, J. L. Clark's Mavis. Very high com., G. E. Schofield's Daisy and E. A. Austin's Princess Novel. High com., C. H. Mason's Apology and Blackstone Kennels' Galatea. Com., J. E. Eveleth's Maida, W. E. Jones's Katy Berwyn and C. W. Nutting's Nellie B. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, M. G. Plimpton's Jeff; 2d, J. E. Fuller's Premier Lad; 3d, J. J. Scanlan's Gus Gladstone. Reserve, W. S. Richardson's Senator. Very high com., A. H. Abbott's Rex. High com., H. P. Dennen's Prince Gladson. *Bitches:* 1st, A. J. Ward's Donna; 2d, I. B. Smith's Chiquita; 3d, Merrimac Kennels' Countess Speed. Reserve, J. J. Scanlan's Snowflake. Very high com., A. P. Gardner's Dell B. High com., J. Duplain's Belotta.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Mollie Bawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Max Wenzel's Tim; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Prince; 3d, T. Wilson's Dash. Very high com., C. T. Keuerson's Tim. High com., E. L. Rogers's Lord Elcho and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Begorra. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nellie; 2d, J. J. Scanlan's Lulu; 3d, J. D. Ide's Daphne. Very high com., Max Wenzel's Ready and J. H. Thomas's Syren. High com., A. P. Knight's Music. Com., J. W. Frizelle's Tempest.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & J. Backer's Irish Laddie; 2d, J. Grosvenor's Clancarty; 3d, withheld. Com., F. Cheeny, Jr.'s Jerry. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Haynes, Jr.'s Peg; 2d and 3d withheld.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* No entries: *Bitches:* 1st, Associated Fanciers' Duchess II.; 2d, F. B. Tirrell's Blanche.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Mercier & Hill's Johnny and Drake; 3d and very high com., W. T. Windram's Jockey and Pedro. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. T. Windram's Bess and Romp.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* A. E. Rendle's Compton Bandit. *Bitch:* Not for competition.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. O. Partridge's Rob; 2d, F. H. Perrin's Shady; 3d, F. L. Weston's Moral. Very high com., Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Monk and J. Conlon's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; 2d, F. L. Weston's Onyx; 3d, W. O. Partridge's Critic Very high com., Nickerson & Grosvenor's Black Pearl. Com., C. E. Gilchrist's Edith.

COCKER SPANIELS—BLACK OR LIVER—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. P. Willey's Black Pete. *Bitch:* J. P. Willey's Shina. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Brant; 2d, Fay and Baxter's Ned Obo; 3d, S. H. Hemmingway's Blue Peter. Very high com., D. V. Sullivan's Pombey K. *Bitches:* 1st, Fay and Baxter's Widow Cliquot; 2d, C. M. Nelles's Juno W.; 3d and very high com., J. P. Willey's Beatrice W. and Chloe W. Reserve, S. R. Hemmingway's Roxy. Very high com., E. S. Bird's Dolly Obo and S. R. Hemmingway's Miss Nauce. High com., Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Gladys. Com., W. Walton's Bijou and Major J. McDonough's Blackie. *Dogs:* 1st, S. R. Hemingway's Popinjay; 2d and 3d, F. L. Weston's Moral and Snowball. Very high com., Fay and Baxter's Young Ned and Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Bachelor. *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Bird's Dolly; 2d, S. R. Hemingway's Roxy; 3d, J. McDonough's Victoria. Reserve, W. O. Partridge's Bessie. Very high com., Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Beryl. Com., F. S. Smith's Roxie. ANY OTHER COLOR—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entries. *Bitch:* Absent. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Zeppo; 2d, E. S. Bird's Balfour of Burley. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, G. L. Tarr's Smudge and Floss; 2d, H. C. Bronsdon's Smut. Com., A. W. Snell's Genesta. *Puppies:* Withheld.

BASSET HOUNDS.—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* No entries.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Rubenstein; 2d, H. S. Blake's Boniface; 3d and very high com., H. T. Seiler's Erdmanu and Feldmann. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Seiler's Waldiene; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Judy.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glengarry. *Bitch:* Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Winnie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla, Strephon and Scotson; 2d, J. Watson's Clipper. Reserve and very high com., Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Don and Kilmarnock Bruce. High com., J. G. Young Jr.'s Beauty, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Blue and E. B. Nichols's Shep. Com., J. F. McCue's Sailor. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II., Spoiled Miss and Beleu. Reserve, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady Ellis. Very high com. and high com., Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Dahlia, Drumlin Isle and Kilmarnock Belle. High com., G. A. Fletcher's Wild Rose. Com., E. A. Moseley's Eira II.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot, Jr.; 2d, Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' Kilmarnock Davie; 3d, G. A. Fletcher's Trix. Very high com., G. F. Mullet's Bruce. High com., E. A. Moseley's Kenneth McAlpin. *Bitches:* 1st, G. F. Mullett's Hight and Belle; 2d and high com., E. A. Moseley's Eira II. and Maude.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Sears's Caro; 2d, J. Ferguson's Beleau; 3d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, M. W. Hammond's Flounce; 2d, J. A. Loring's Soot.

BULLDOGS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Warren's Tom Ball; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Hillside; 3d, J. W. Mill's Guillermo. Very high com., J. E. Thayer's Inasimodo. Com., W. N. Pond's Dr. Rush. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Josephine; 2d, J. W. Mill's Patti.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Barnard, Jr.'s King Cole, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Juanita; 2d, withheld. *Puppies:* Absent.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. E. Dole's Count. *Bitch:* W. J. Comstock's Victoria.—LARGE—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Jubilee; 2d, F. E. Dole's Young Count; 3d, A. Perrin's Baronet. Very high com., H. M. Plummer's Brandy. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Maggie May; 2d, Mrs. M. J. Nelson's Rosa; 3d and high com., J. W. Newman's Young Baroness and Scarlet Princess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. Hoey's Valet. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer and Raby Jack. Very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Thruster. High com., Heatherfield Kennels' Boston Sport. Com., S. H. Robbins's Bristle. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Cornwall Duchess and Warren Saucy; 2d, very high com. and high com., Blemton Kennels' Verdict, Marguerite and Diadem; 3d, J. E. Thayer's Meersbrook Nan.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Dandy Mixture and Shameless Mixture; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Snoozer. High com., C. Rathbone's Fort Orange Tipler. Com., G. B. Inches's Muddler. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Verdict; 2d and 3d, withheld.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby. *Bitch:* No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. H. Boynton's Santa Claus; 2d, Bay State Kennels' Rob R y; 3d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Buff. Very high com., H. C. Snow's Twinkle. High com., S. P. Fisk's Mopsey and Chequasset Kennels' Thunder. Com., Forest City Kennels' Sam. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie; 2d, W. S. Wellington's Daisy; 3d, Mrs. Louisa Read's Flora. Reserve, Chequasset Kennels' Victory. Very high com., S. McMaugh's Smut. High com., Forest City Kennels' Almah, F. Jenning's Pattie and Dr. H. R. Sarle's Gypsey. Com., Forest City Kennels' Juno. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Tragedian; 2d and high com., Forest City Kennels' York and Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Lady Teazle; 2d, E. Jennings' Tot. Very high com., J. Jenning's Dot. High com. and com., Forest City Kennels' Dianah and Princess.

THE BENCH SHOWS.

HARTFORD.

The premium list is out. The prizes are in most classes champion cups, with $10 and $5 for open classes, puppies getting 60 and 40 per cent. of entrance. The kennel prize for pugs will be $15. In addition to classes in the list there will be classes for Italian greyhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs.

PHILADELPHIA.

The judges appointed for the Philadelphia Kennel Club's bench show, so far as known, are:

Thos. H. Terry, collies.
Percy C. Ohl, English setters.
S. D. Bergen, Gordon setters.
R. H. Barlow, deerhounds, greyhounds, bulldogs, pugs, and all terrier classes except fox-terriers.
W. H. Ashburner, beagles.
J. R. Hofficker, foxhounds.
W. Montgomery, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands.
E. S. Porter, spaniels. W. H. CHILD, Sec'y.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 4, 1887.—In addition to the special prizes already announced the American Spaniel Club offers $10 cash for the best Clumber spaniel. A member of the A. K. C. offers $25 cash for the best kennel of St. Bernards, rough or smooth-coated, to consist of not less than four. The usual arrangements have been made with all express and railway companies, with the exception of the Fall River Line, whose manager, in reply to our circular letter, wittily says he will readily comply with our request providing owners of dogs will guarantee silence on the part of the latter while in transit on the company's boats. This being almost a matter of impossibility, we conclude that negotiations with the Fall River Line have failed. Great enthusiasm is already manifested among exhibitors, and it is confidently expected the number and quality of entries will exceed that of any previous show.—JAMES MORTIMER, Supt.

DETROIT.

The Michigan Kennel Club have just completed arrangements with the following express companies to return all dogs free that have paid full rates to their show: United States, American, Pacific and Canadian; and the usual arrangement with railroads to carry dogs free when accompanied by the owner or caretaker. The delay in getting the above until to-day (April 2), premium list will be mailed April 6. Having received many letters from Dakota, Colorado, Minnesota, Mississippi, Tennessee and Canada, asking whether dogs that have been recently hunted, and are out of coat, will be debarred on that account, we wish to say to these that true merit will win. No dog will be penalized for coat worn off by honest hard work in the field, our object being the elevation and improvement of all dogs, more especially the dog intended for field work. All dogs will be judged wholly on their merit, regardless of owners, honesty and justice being the motto of the MICHIGAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE COMPTON BRAHMIN ENTRY.—The only particulars we have are those given by our reporter in his comment, from which it appears that the owner of Brahmin misstated the dog's weight and procured his entry in a wrong class at the Providence show. This may have been due to sheer stupidity, or it may have been a deliberate design to deceive the show committee, the exhibitors and the judge; and as such it would be a gross instance of fraud, with which the A.K.C. should promptly deal. It would not do to permit such sharp practices to go unpunished. If it was simple stupidity and lack of knowledge how to use a scale, Brahmin's owner should take a course of primary instruction in weights and measures, and practice on the 5-cent weighing machines in the depots and hotels.

THE FLORAS.—New York, April 4, 1887.—The St. Bernard "Flora II.," shown at Newark, and receiving third prize, should have been entered as "Flora I." She is not my bitch Flora II., sister to Guide. I do not know whether the mistake was made by the New Jersey Kennel Club, or by the owner's agent who sent the entry, but I own Flora II., sister to Guide; and Mr. Stevens's bitch is Flora I. —W. W. TUCKER.

CANINE SURGERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Van Schaick's report of two laparotomies for the relief of intestinal obstruction in FOREST AND STREAM for March 31 would do credit to many a surgeon of renown, and while such scientific painstaking is praiseworthy it is nevertheless probable that the dogs were rendered more uncomfortable than necessary by the cautious after treatment.

Canines and domestic fowls are exceptionally free from danger of peritonitis after abdominal operations or injuries and consequently the care which would have to be exercised in doing this sort of work safely in the human species, might lead to trouble with a restless animal which does not reason. (It goes against the grain to qualify a dog in this way.)

As a rule it would not be necessary to fasten a dog's legs, because when an intelligent dog tries to remove the dressing or the sutures with his feet or with his teeth a word or two from his master is sufficient. He takes in the situation at a glance and does not disturb the wound afterward.

Then again, it is not necessary to cover the wound with a dressing. I have opened the abdominal cavity in dogs a good many times for various purposes and have removed a number of tumors from other parts of the body, and have found that the wounds would unite regularly by primary union if antiseptic precautions were observed during the operation, and if after suturing, a thin layer of iodoform were sprinkled over the wound.

ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

NEW YORK CITY, April 1.

COLLIES AT NEWARK.—Babylon, L. I., March 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to your comments on collies at the late Newark show, as published under the signature of Chas. H. Mason. Presuming that you are truthful in your statement that you are "unhampered by personal animosities and have no judges to kill," your readers may question the propriety of publishing Mr. Mason's ill-natured remarks. It is not my intention to criticise his motives, these are too transparently apparent; but where he is incorrect and positively untruthful I am bound to put myself right before the dog-loving portion of your readers. It is the latest kind of intelligence to me that I was selected to co-operate with Mr. Apgar by the tossing of a copper, and I leave it to that gentleman whether he did or did not earnestly request me to join him in the judges' ring, and this was the first intimation I received of the matter. I was afterward strongly urged to accept the onerous position by Mr. Geo. A. Smith, secretary of the Collie Club, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, and Mr. Jenkins Van Schaick, all of whom will bear me out that I very reluctantly consented to act, being utterly opposed to dual judging and strongly believing that a man should stand or fall solely on his own responsibility. Mr. Mason goes on to say: "The judges had not proceeded far with the open bitch class before it was apparent to the onlookers that there would be a hitch in the proceedings. This proved to be the case. Mr. Mortimer wished to give first prize to Lady Ellis," etc. This I stigmatize as a wilful and malicious falsehood. No doubt existed in my mind as to where the first prize should legitimately go; I simply called Mr. Apgar's attention to the merits of Lady Ellis, and we were both cordially agreed that she was a worthy second in this very strong class. Mr. Apgar and myself agreed on all points with the exception of the relative merits of Nullamore and Glengarry, here in the most amicable manner we "agreed to disagree," and under the circumstances requested the committee to call in a third party. I am quite sure Mr. Apgar will willingly confirm these statements, and therefore rest my case in the hands of a discerning public, who will readily discriminate between honest criticism and the vindictive vaporings of an unbalanced intellect.—JAS. MORTIMER.

THE BUFFALO SHOW.—Hornellsville, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I was employed by the Buffalo Kennel Club No. 1, I am in a position to know that the statement made by Mr. Chas. B. Cook, Secretary of Buffalo Kennel Club No. 2, is very far from the truth, which can be easily proven. After it was decided that I was to be superintendent I advised Mr. Chadeayne to form a club and ask for admission to the American Kennel Club. I am a member, two members live in Philadelphia, two in New York, and one at Bergen Point, N. J. I do not know just how many members do live in Buffalo, but this I do know, that many good solid business men belong to it, and it is backed by one of the strongest societies in the city. Mr. Chadeayne sent a copy of the constitution and list of officers to Mr. C. J. Peshall, at Jersey City, Jan. 25; as Mr. Peshall resided in New York the letter did not reach him until February. I am certain there was no other kennel club at that time in Buffalo, because Mr. Chas. B. Cook told me so himself at Rochester. He called to see me at Washington Rink, Feb. 7, and asked me "Who was to give the show in Buffalo?" I replied that the Buffalo Kennel Club had given Mr. Chadeayne and myself full control. He said "there was no kennel club in Buffalo." I told him he was surely mistaken, that a copy of constitution and list of officers had been sent to Mr. Peshall, asking that we be proposed to the A. K. C.; he did not know there was an American Kennel Club, so I gave him the secretary's address. He insisted that there was no kennel club in Buffalo. I said there was, and when they found they could not pump me his friend wanted to bet me $500 that he had a better Skye terrier than the one I gave first prize (*en passant* his wonderful dog was not shown at Buffalo).—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

M. T. F., Waterbury, Conn.—What is a good cure for canker in the ear?

℞ Bromo chloral.
Tr. opii..... ....

MASTIFF CHALLENGE CUP.—The American Mastiff Club, 9 West 35th Street, New York, April 1, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Mastiff Club offers for the best American-bred mastiff, dog or bitch, in all classes, the club's $150 challenge cup. The competition will be at the Westminster Kennel Club show to be held at the Madison Square Garden, New York city, May 3, 4, 5, and 6, 1887, and is open to all American-bred mastiffs entered at that bench show. A copy of the rules for competition will be sent upon request, together with a blank form to be returned, filled in, to the Secretary of the American Mastiff Club, 9 West 35th Street, New York city. The entries close on Monday, April 18, 1887.

CURRENT NOTES.—Mr. Wm. Graham, of Belfast, Ireland, will send to Mr. W. W. Tucker, to enter at New York show and to sell, his St. Bernard dog Vesp II. (K.C.S.B. 12,875), which won first and cup at Hertford, best puppy, 1883; first, Strabane, 1885; second, Strabane, 1886; vhc. St. Bernard Club show, October, 1883, in an enormous class. He is by Rollo out of Vesper.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Matchboy. By Dr. H. G. Preston, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1886, by Match II. (A.K.R. 3841) out of Dora (Joe—imported bitch).

Coronet. By Dr. H. G. Preston, Brooklyn, N. Y., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 13, 1887, by Match II. (A.K.R. 3841) out of Lilly (Sensation—Gipsy).

Royal Prince III. By Manitoba Kennels, Winnipeg, Man., for blue belton setter dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1887, by Royal Prince II. (Sir Alister—Novelty) out of Manitoba Belle (Pride of Dundee—Jeanette.

Rictie. By W. H. Moseley, New Haven, Conn., for solid black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1886, by Benham's Jet (Young Obo, A.K.R. 1481—Darkie II.) out of Zona (A.K.R. 2501).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

——*Master Shina.* Geo. Schofield's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch to H. G. Charlesworth's Master Shina (Young Obo—Shina), March 21.

Bijou—Tom Thumb. Geo. W. Fisher's (Catawissa, Pa.) English pug bitch Bijou (Dandy—Little Nell) to his Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey), March 29.

Daisy—Tom Thumb. R. C. Prout's (Newark, O.) English pug bitch Daisy to Geo. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey), Feb. 5.

Use—Duke of Leeds. Richard H. Derby's (Lloyd's Neck, L. I., St. Bernard bitch Use (Duke of Wellington—Lady Bess) to E. R. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice), March 13.

Mayflower—Pharaoh. Richard H. Derby's (Lloyd's Neck, L. I.) mastiff bitch Mayflower (Beau—Cambrian Princess) to his Pharaoh (Homer—Queen II.), March 14.

Tyne—Johnny. Marmaduke Richardson's (New York city) clumber spaniel bitch Tyne (Ben—Joan) to F. H. F. Mercer's Johnny (Ben—Joan), March 14.

Nellie—Darkey. C. Short's (Niagara Falls, Ont.) field spaniel bitch Nellie (Brahmin—Dolly) to J. S. Niven's Darkey (A.K.R. 1000), March 15.

Flo—Darkey. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) field spaniel bitch Flo (Doctor—Dolly) to his Darkey (A.K.R. 1000), March 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jill. T. B. Dorsey's (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Jill (A.K.R. 529), March 21, eleven (six dogs), by A. Belmont, Jr.'s Bachanal (A.K.R. 3686).

Minnie. Mrs. J. R. Bennett's (New York city) English pug bitch Minnie, Nov. 25, 1886, three (two dogs), by Geo. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb (Boggie—Darkey).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pendragon. Black and white setter dog, by Count Noble out of Floy, by Geo. T. Leach, New York city, to C. W. Munhall, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ky. Golden fawn English pug bitch, whelped Oct. 20, 1886, by Tom Thumb out of Top, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to Wm. Imhoff, Sunbury, Pa.

Bingo. Stone fawn English pug dog, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Tom Thumb out of Bijou, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to A. Ambercombria, Sunbury, Pa.

La Petite. Golden fawn English pug bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Tom Thumb out of Bijou, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to William Allen, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Topsy. Golden fawn English pug bitch, whelped Jan. 3, 1887, by Tom Thumb out of Tip, by Geo. W. Fisher, Catawissa, Pa., to George Schmick, same place.

Patti. Chesapeake Bay bitch, whelped Oct. 10, 1886, by Gowrie out of Ruby III. (A.K.R. 1913), by L. K. Mason, Hastings, Ia., to Geo. E. Poyneer, Williamsburgh, Ia.

DEATHS.

Darkey. Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., announces the death of his well-known field spaniel Darkey.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

HIGH GALLERY SCORES.—At the Mammoth Range, of Boston, the monthly matches came to a close Thursday last. The shooting has been of a high order and several of the competitors have made a fine record in the series of matches just closed. The April matches are substantially the same as those preceding them, three prizes in each match, of silverware, gold and silver badges and cash. Appended are the winning scores in the March competition:

Decimal Off-Hand Match, Possible 100.

J Bird	94	92	90	90	90	89	89	89	89	89—901
W S Henry	92	89	89	88	88	87	87	86	86	86—878
A B Loring	88	87	87	86	86	86	86	85	85	85—861

Decimal Rest Match.

W Wiggin	100	99	98	98	98	98	98	98	97	97—981
B W White	98	97	97	97	96	96	96	96	94	94—961
C H Eastman	98	98	96	96	96	95	96	95	95	95—958

Special Decimal Rest Match.

C H Eastman	100	100	99	99	99	99	99	99	98	98—991
W Wilder	100	99	98	98	98	98	98	97	97	97—980
J Felix	98	97	97	97	96	95	95	95	95	95—961

Military Match.

H O Arnold	48	48	48	47	47	47	47	47	47	47—473
N Winchester	48	48	48	48	47	47	47	46	46	46—469
P Dolan	48	47	47	46	46	46	45	45	45	44—459

Amateurs' Match.

D Henry	49	49	49	49	49	49	48	48	48	48—486
D Johnson	50	49	49	49	48	48	48	48	48	48—485
E A Putnam	46	46	46	45	44	44	43	43	43	42—442

Pistol Match.

B W White	95	92	92	90	89	89	88	88	87	87—895
B L Abbott	94	88	87	87	86	86	86	83	82	81—860
C O Ming	90	89	89	87	84	84	83	83	80	80—852

NEW BEDFORD, March 31.—Members of Co. E, First regiment, indulged in 200yds. rifle practice this afternoon at Bay View range, with the following result:

Pvt J L Gibbs	4544454444—42	4445344444—40
Sergt G H Devoll	5343353454—39	4344453445—40
Sergt H S Swain	4240433434—31	5343543343—38
Pvt T H Bradley	4434444454—40	5444543434—41

SCARBORO', Ontario, March 30.—The return match between the Orillia and Scarboro' rifle clubs was shot off at Agincourt today, 18 men on a side, ranges 100 and 200yds., and again won by Scarboro' by 13 points. Below are the scores, which were low on account of the day being bad for fine shooting:

Orilli a	100yds.	200yds.	Total.	Scarboro',	100yds.	200yds.	Total.
G Whiten	23	21	44	S Rennie	24	21	45
T Reid	23	21	44	J Walton	20	23	43
R Strathearn	22	21	43	S Kennedy	20	22	42
C Crockett	22	20	42	A McPherson	22	20	42
F J Delaney	20	21	41	A McPherson	20	20	40
A Paine	18	21	39	G Chester	20	20	40
G Walker	19	19	38	J Davidson	20	19	39
C Wright	20	18	38	J W Kennedy	20	19	39
J D Fortier	18	18	36	A H Canning	22	17	39
C Wood	19	16	35	J C Jenkins	19	19	38
W Paine	16	18	34	R McCowan	20	18	38
F Toogood	20	13	33	A H Kennedy	21	12	33
B Gill	17	14	31	A Donaldson	17	16	33
	257	241	498		265	246	511

HAVERHILL RIFLE CLUB.—Badge match, March 26.

W Worthen	7	5	8	6	9	5	8	7	9	7—71
J F Brown	6	6	7	9	6	6	7	5	8	10—70
A Edgerly	6	8	8	7	6	10	8	3	4	9—70
S Johnson	6	10	6	6	7	6	6	6	7	9—69
J Busfield	5	8	9	7	6	8	7	5	5	6—66
F Merrill	7	7	4	6	4	8	6	4	6	7—59

Record match:

J F Brown	9	10	7	8	8	7	8	9	5	9—81
S Johnson	10	6	9	8	7	7	10	10	7	6—89
W Worthen	7	9	8	8	9	9	6	6	7	6—75
J Busfield	9	9	7	6	7	7	8	7	7	6—75
F Merrill	6	5	5	7	5	7	9	8	10	7—76
A Edgerly	6	5	8	6	6	9	9	8	6	7—68

It was one of the worst days to shoot the club ever had, wind a gale and very unsteady. Saturday ended the three months prize match that has been running since Jan. 1. The match proved to be very interesting and close. A new match will be started April 2 to run three months. Prize winners:

H Tuck	86	83	82	—251	A Edgerly	78	79	85—242
S Johnson	82	85	82	—249	J Busfield	89	79	81—240
J F Brown	80	79	81-3*—245					

All 20lyds. off-hand, standard target.
* Three points allowance.

BOSTON, March 30.—The attendance of riflemen at the range at Walnut Hill to-day was not large. Only a few scores were completed, and the shooters who have been accustomed to visit the range state that the wind was the worst they ever experienced. Appended are the records:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

J R Missam	7	5	6	10	10	9	9	10	10	10—86
N F Grains	6	10	10	10	8	8	8	9	9	2—89
W H Oler	6	10	8	8	9	2	9	8	10	4—74
R Dadman	7	5	3	6	6	9	10	10	6	9—71

Rest Match.

S Winchester	9	10	9	7	10	10	10	10	10	9—94
J R Mudd	9	10	9	7	10	10	10	10	9	9—93

NEWARK GALLERYMEN.—The first match between the Rutgers and Our Own Rifle clubs was shot on Tuesday night, March 29, at Huegel's range, and resulted as follows: Rutgers team—F. Snyder 103, M. J. McArdle 84, J. Farrel 89, H. Allen 93, G. Missel 95, J. Hillenbran 99, E. McCraith 96, I. M. Frost 88, Wm. Clark 100; total, 960. Our Own team—G. Dietzel 98, J. A. Freinschner 95, W. Drexler 95, E. Bertram 86, J. Smith 85, Fridenheit 90, J. Weeks 102; J. Gill 93, W. Wieder 98, Ferdinand Freinschner 90, total 962. The weekly shoot of the Our Own Club, for the diamond badge, was held Thursday evening March 31, with the following result: Snellen's team—Gill 97, Weeks 109, Dietzel 103, O. A. Kiefer 89, J. Limberger 89, Wieder 89, Kroeplin 83, Condit 99, Jamenoes 50, Willms 71, Snellen 114, total 990. Fred Freinschner's team—Friedenheit 92, Smith 101, Bertram 104, F. A. Freinschner 101, Brothington 87, J. M. Kiefer 96, Klein 99, Drexler 94, Bander 77, Ochsner 106, F. Freinschner 110, total 1067.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs in the United States which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887.

CONDITIONS.

To be competed for by teams of three club members, each man to shoot at fifteen artificial targets thrown from a single trap.

A club may enter more than one team, provided, however, that no member may shoot on more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance moneys (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into prizes, as stated below.

Each team may shoot on its own grounds, or elsewhere, as convenient. Scores are to be certified to by three club officers, under conditions which will be explained in due time.

Any target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, O.; the Niagara Flying Target Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Target Ball and B. P. Co., Lockport, N. Y.; the Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., 291 Broadway, N.Y. city, agents. Not more than one style of target to be used by any one team.

Targets to be thrown from any trap manufactured by any of these companies; trap to be set to throw the targets at least 45yds. from trap.

Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left.

Guns of 10, 12 or smaller bore may be used. Distance 18yds. for 10-bores, and 16yds. for 12-bores or smaller. Any charge of powder, with 1¼oz. shot. Gun to be held below the armpit until shooter calls pull.

PRIZES.

First Prize.—The team making highest score will receive the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100.

Second Prize.—The team making second best score will receive a cash prize of 50 per cent. of all the entrance fees.

Third Prize.—Team with third highest score will receive 30 per cent. of entrance fees.

Fourth Prize.—Team with fourth highest score will receive 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

In case of tie on highest scores made the tie must be shot off, under same conditions, for the TROPHY. Ties for any other prize must be shot off, unless by unanimous consent divided.

BROOKLYN, March 30.—The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club faced the high wind at Dexter's Park to-day to shoot for the diamond badge of the club. Peter Sutter was the lucky man, killing 6 birds out of 7 from the 27yd. mark. W. Von Drecier, the winner last month, wins the leather badge for this with the lowest score of 2 killed out of 7 shot at. A sweepstake with five entries was then shot off at three birds each. H. Knickman took first and G. Forbell second money. The following is the score of shoot. Sutter, Walsh, Selover, 27yds., rest 24. Referee and scorer, C. Dellar.

P Sutter	1111011—6	G Selover	0111100—4
H Knickman	1111010—5	H Bass	0101110—4
J Magee	0111011—5	H Adams	0110010—3
J Walsh	0111101—5	W Von Drecier	0010001—2

GRAHAM VS. BREWER.

THE J. C. H. G. Club grounds saw a big crowd to witness the match between these crack shots on the 31st ult. The clubhouse was filled to overflowing and the seats and the platform were packed long before the large delegation of sportsmen and sporting men from Philadelphia, with Brewer, arrived shortly before 1 P. M. The Quaker boys came fully armed with entusiasm and greenbacks. Brewer's good shooting at Pastime Park with Miss Oakley, when he killed 44 birds out of 50, gave them great confidence, and they felt sure of his beating the English champion. Their bets were promptly taken on the start and considerable money was put up. Both men shot in good form, the English man cool at all times, while Brewer, who had been sick, evidently weakened after the first 50 birds, and made some bad misses. They were as a general thing a good lot of birds and everything was conducted in a fair and straightforward manner. The first 25 birds favored Graham, after that Brewer had much the harder birds, notably toward the last. Brewer led 2 birds on the first 50, but he missed his 54, 55, 64, 69, 71. Graham missed his 57 and 60, only making it a tie on the 71st bird. Graham then killed 30 straight, winning the match by 2 birds. Brewer used his second barrel 36 times, 11 of which were not necessary to score. Graham used his second barrel 30 times, only three of which were absolutely unnecessary. Upon the whole it was very even shooting and each shooter has his champion yet. We still think with an even run of birds that Brewer is as good as Graham. There is talk of another match after the return match at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., which will be on the same conditions as this match. The third match to be one barrel at 40yds. rise; that will try the guns at least if not the men. Graham has heretofore refused to shoot only at his own game, Hurlingham rules, and will go nowhere else to shoot except right around here. We heard him make the offer to one of Budd's friends to shoot another match with Budd here East on the same terms as last match with him at Erb's, when they tied, and said he would give Budd $100 for his expenses, but refused positively to go West. Why should he not accommodate Budd's friends and go there, as Budd came here? and why will he not shoot an American with American rules? No; he claims to be champion of all England and boasts that he has been here two years and has yet to meet his match, but allows that Brewer is the best shot he has contested with. Let him shoot our rules and he will be accommodated we think, on short notice. The American shooters, it strikes us, are rather weak in this respect.

Hurlingham rules allow the gun just below the armpit and at the shoulder the moment of call pull and then the gun is trained on the trap sprung. How would that look in the field? Holding your gun to the shoulder while your dog was on the point and before the bird was flushed? and the second barrel at the poor bird on the ground, no matter where your first went. Does that train a man for field work? No. Let a man stand at the score, easy and natural, gun below elbow or armpit, as he would naturally carry it in the field and not throw it to his shoulder in shooting position until the bird was on the wing. That practice will make shooters for field or brake. The other is simply a sportingman's—a gambler's—opportunity.

Previous to big match the following sweeps were engaged in:

Jones	1 1 1 1—4	Van Brockle	1 1 1½ 0—2½
H White	1 1 0 1—3	Lamberson	1 1 1 1—4
Lever	1 1 1 0—3	Quinlan	1 1 0 1½—2½
Siegler	1 1 0 1—3		

Divided.

Same conditions:

Jones	1 0 1 1½—2½	Class	1 1 1 0—3
H White	½ 0 1 1—2½	Leddy	0 0 0 0—0
Lever	1 1½ 1—3½	Stice	½ 1 1 1—3½
Siegler	1 0 1 1—3	George	1 1½ 1 1—3½
Van Brockle	½ ½ 1 1—3	Quinlan	0 1 0 w
Lamberson	½ 0 1 1—2½		

Divided.

5 birds, Long Island rules:

Stice	11111—5	George	20111—4
Graham	11112—5	Hughes	12120—4
Quinlan	20022—3	Lever	11111—5
Class	20122—4	White	21221—5
Jones	12121—5	Siegler	11112—5

On ties, miss and out: Stice, Jones and Lever divided first, Class, George and Hughes divided second, Quinlan third.

After the big match the following sweep was had. Hurlingham rules:

Stice	22111—5	Quinlan	01112—3
Brewer	12101—4	Williams	01111—4
Class	22112—5	Manitz	00211—3
Graham	21011—4	Jones	21121—5
Lindsay	01111—4	Vogel	20211—4
Kling	12120—4	Cooper	12200—3
George	12211—5	Cannon	01112—4
Hughes	12111—5	Force	11112—5
Lever	01001—2	Collins	11102—4

Stice, George and Jones divided first money on second tie of 7, Brewer and Williams divided second, Quinlan, Manitz and Cooper divided third.

Match between Wm. Graham, of England, and John L. Brewer, of Hammonton, N. J., 100 birds each, $250 aside, Hurlingham rules, 30yds. rise, both barrels. F. Quinlan referee:

Brewer... 1122112c2211101—13	Graham...2111101211101112—16
1221212121211120—14	0101112111112c11—13
1102210101221111—12	2c2101112211011—12
1111111200221211—13	1112011122110120—12
2120221101012121—12	1211111112221212—15
1101111211102c2—13	1222121212121211—15
2221212221 —10—87	2121112221120 — 9—89

c Dead out of bounds.

Graham killed his birds much the cleanest, generally dropping them dead near the trap. He often got in his second barrel very quickly, even while the bird was falling from the first. We have given both shooters credit for unnecessary use of barrels shot at birds on the ground. We hope to see a one-barrel match between them, when the result may be different. JACONSTAFF.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 31.—The first of a series of prize shoots were begun at the Coal Brook Mine range of the Sportsmen's Club. The wind was very strong and made shooting difficult. The birds were mostly thrown from the Ligowsky traps. The special prize was for a purse of $25. Each man shot in three events with a possible 30. All who broke 18 or more to be received in the first class and to shoot a string of 7 clay-pigeons for a dinner; all less to be in the second class. The results were as follows:

First Class.

	Pigeons.	Bats.	Blue Rocks.	Total.
Davis	8	5	10	23
Perry	9	8	6	23
Smith	7	6	9	22
Gilman	8	5	8	21
Tougas	8	5	8	21
Swan	8	5	7	20
Houghton	8	4	7	19
Dean	6	5	7	18

Second Class.

Fisher	7	5	5	17
Holden	8	4	4	16
Webber	4	3	8	15
Howe	7	3	5	15
Rugg	4	5	5	14
Rise	4	5	5	14
Hudson	6	0	6	12
Garland	5	1	6	12
Russell	4	3	5	12
McAleer	3	4	4	11
Henry	3	1	7	11

After the shooting for class position, the shooting for the prizes resulted as follows: First Class—E. T. Smith, $7.50; J. B. Tougas, W. S. Perry and E. F. Swan $3. Second Class—C. B. Holden, G. J. Rugg and B. Garland, $5; Russell, $3; H. W. Webber, $2. The other events of the day were as follows: Six clay-pigeons, 18 entries; 6 bats, 17 entries; 10 clay-pigeons, 19 entries; 10 blue rocks, 19 entries; 7 blue rocks, 15 entries, and 7 blue rocks, 12 entries.

CHATHAM CENTER, N. Y., March 29.—Chatham Center Gun Club, 15 Peoria blackbirds, 21yds. rise, New Long Island rules:

M Powell	111111001111011—12	F Fowler	111000111100110—10
J Goodrich	100110111011100—9	B Lamouree	000011000100011— 5
A Chichester	100010110001030— 5	E More	000110101110010— 7
J Williams	000011030001100— 4	G Bogardus	010110000110310— 6
C Minisee	110011001001001— 7	J Lanneu	100100110000010— 5

TORONTO, March 26.—The fourth shoot for the cup presented at McDowall's tournament in December by the Canada Blackbird Company, of Niagara, Ont., took place at J. Oulcott's, Eglington, this afternoon. J. Wayper, of Hespeler, and J. Griffith, of Hamilton, made very fine shooting and tied at 18 out of 20, but Wayper won in the shoot off. This being the third time he has won, the cup now becomes the Hespeler man's own property. W. Stroud, of Hamilton, won the trophy once.

BROOKLYN, April 2.—The annual shoot of the Union Gun Club, of New Lots and South Woodhaven, was held this afternoon at Torborg's Union Grounds, corner of Liberty and Cypress avenues, in the Twenty-sith Ward. On account of the stormy weather the marksmen, of which there were twenty-one, did not begin until a late hour, and it was nearly dark when the last shooter had aimed his gun at the last of twenty glass balls. William J. Ryder won the first of the prizes, of which there were thirty-five. The score was as follows:

W J Ryder	1101111111001111111—17
H Torborg	0000001111111100000— 9
J G Torborg	1111000000000000000— 4
John Rumills	0000110001010000000— 4
Elisha Smith	0000111110101011111—13
O Olsing	1011000110000000000— 5
H Cameron	1110001010011000000— 8
G U Forbell	1111111100000000000— 9
Michael Dolan	1000010111111111111—15
H J Booman	1110000001000000000— 4
George Munroe	0110111000011100001—11
A V Thurch	1001110011111001100—12
Henry Reimels	0001100101001000000— 6
Joseph Jenny	1100001110111000000— 9
H W Kaiser	1110000111100111111—14
E Siferlin	1101010101010101000—10
R Gartleman	1011000000011110100— 9
S Hesbach	1011100000101000000— 6
P Gantleman	0000100001111011000— 8
Van Wicklen	1010000111000011100— 9
W J Stoothoff	0000000100000000110— 4

Referee, Judge Rausch; Scorer, W. J. Stoothoff.

TORONTO, April 2.—The first team shoot at clay-pigeons for Mr. McDowall's diamond medals took place at J. Oulcott's, Eglinton, this afternoon. Eight teams entered, representing four of the five city clubs. The West Toronto Junction Gun Club, although the youngest of the five, put the strongest team in the field, and Mr. Dan Blea, the captain, had the pleasure of seeing his men capture the medals with the best score for a team ever made in Toronto. Nearly two hundred spectators were present, and considerable interest was shown all through the match, especially towards the close, when the different teams went to score for the deciding round. The medals have to be won twice by the same team, and the competition will take place the first Saturday in each month. Following are the scores:

West Toronto Junction.		West End Club.	
W Wakefield	20	P Wakefield	18
W Clarke	15	E Dollery	16
D Blea	14	E W Clark	16
D Hinton	14	W Wilson	13
A H Royce	14—77	J Bailly	12—75
The Owls, No. 1.		The Owls, No. 2.	
J Carruthers	17	J Colborne	19
J R Humphrey	15	J Unwin	14
H K Humphrey	14	C Rogers	14
J Townson	14	J R Wells	11
J Douglas	12—72	W Smith	11—69
Toronto G. C. No. 1.		Toronto G. C. No. 2.	
W Felstead	17	R J Kidd	16
A Ellis	16	G Pearsall	14
A Molloy	16	W George	12
D Black	14	J Jefferson	12
W Bugg	6—69	F LeRoy	11—65
Toronto G. C. No. 3.		The Owls No. 3.	
E Reed	14	C Ayre	14
J Bayles	11	C Lockhart	8
J Ayre	8	The members of the Owl's third team failed to show up in time. J. Crothers was referee.	
H Newman	8		
F Shaver	0—41		

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—Old Boreas reigned with full power last Wednesday, March 30, during the shoot of the Boston Gun Club at Wellington. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the shooting, the clay-pigeons with their solid clay tongues went elegantly, and a large number were trapped in the 5-trap sweeps. Below will be found the summary of the events shot during the day: Seven clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise from 5 traps—S. Edwards first, D. Ross and F. Ames second, T Stanton third. Seven straightaway Peorias—H. W. Eager first, H. H. Francis and Ross second, D. Kirkwood third. Seven clay-pigeons—Ross first, B. Gerry second, Stanton third. Seven Peorias—Ross first, E. W. Law, Edwards and Francis second, Stanton and J. Snow third. Ten clay-pigeons—Edwards first, Ross and Stanton second, Francis third, Eager and Law fourth. Ten Peorias—Kirkwood first, Law, Ross and Snow second, Gerry third, C. Bailey fourth. Five Macomber metal targets—Edwards first, Kirkwood second, Ross and Law third, Eager fourth. Five traps, 5 pair clay-pigeons—Law first, Francis and Kirkwood second, Eager third. Seven Peorias—Francis and Law first, Gerry and Stanton second. Eager and Kirkwood third. Seven clay-pigeons, 5 traps—Francis and Ross first, Gerry second, Law and Kirkwood third. Four pair Peorias—Francis first, Eager and Law second, Ross third. Seven Macomber metal targets—Francis first, Law and Ross second, Stanton third. Five clay-pigeons, 5 traps—Eager first, Ross second, Law third. Seven Peorias Ross first, Stanton and Kirkwood second, G. Mann third. Seven clay-pigeons—Law first, Eager and Stanton second. Mann third. Five Peorias—Ross and Law first, Stanton and Kirkwood second, Eager third. Seven Peorias—Edwards and Leroy first, Ross second, Stanton third. The A B C match, at 10 clay-pigeons, 10 Peorias and 4 Macomber metal targets, was taken by Kirkwood first, Ross and Edwards second, Gerry, Francis, Stanton, Law and Snow third, Eager fourth, Ames fifth and Bailey sixth. Quite a few miss-and-out matches were shot at Peorias and clay-pigeons, Eager, Ross, Stanton and Francis taking the greatest number.—K.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

THE CHOICE OF A CANOE.—The day of the catalogue canoeist, who bought the boat with the prettiest picture and most glowing testimonials and fancied he was at once fitted to win all the prizes, has gone by; and the man who would win now must know exactly what qualities he needs in his boat. The fact that Mr. A. has a certain model or that Mr. X. won so many races in another model, does not concern him at all; he wants to win in certain races in a certain class, and to use his boat on certain waters, and to be successful he must select a model with certain qualities. To help him to that general understanding of the subject which will enable him to do this is the aim of "Canoe Handling," and certainly no better guide could be found than Mr. Vaux, whose canoeing began with the first models introduced into this country, who has ever since managed to have a boat that was very near the best and whose victory in the great International race was the leading event of last season in canoeing. The author of "Canoe Handling" can boast of a longer experience as a successful racer and cruiser than any other American canoeist, and the results are all clearly given in his most valuable book.

A MEET ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.

THE members of the Quaker City C. C. being desirous of keeping up with the times and of doing all in their power for the promotion of canoeing, have been considering the practicability of holding a canoe meet on the Delaware River, and for the further consideration of the plan, held a special on March 16, at which a committee, consisting of Messrs. Munchen, Jackson and Barten, were appointed to select a suitable camp site for the purpose. On March 27 the committee, with this object in view, visited Burlington Island and concluded arrangements with the proprietor, Mr. Wm. Haley, for the use of the upper end of the island. The spot chosen by the committee is a grassy cove surrounded by a cluster of trees and entirely clear from underbrush, from which a fine pebbly beach slopes gently down to the water's edge. Looking up stream from here the river widens out considerably, thus giving a triangular course in full view. The date of the meet will be from May 28 to 31, thus insuring, it is hoped, the presence of all canoeists on the Delaware otherwise unable to attend. The secretary has corresponded with the Trenton, Keystone and Gloucester clubs, and the hearty co-operation of the above named clubs is assured.

The Q. C. C. C. invite all unattached canoeists and all gentlemen, yachtsmen or otherwise, who are interested in boating, to be present and help to make this the first meet on the Delaware a success. Transportation from Philadelphia, if desired, can be had by means of the steamers Edwin Forrest and Florence, which leave Race street wharf, or steamers Columbia or Twilight from foot of Chestnut street; from Trenton by the Edwin Forrest. All of these boats stop at Bristol, Pa., and Burlington, N. J. Burlington Island lies a little above both these places, and is about twenty miles from Philadelphia and fifteen miles from Trenton. Provision is being made for furnishing meals at a reasonable rate to those unlucky mortals not up in the culinary art. The scheme of a canoe meet was started a year since, but owing to the difficulty of obtaining a suitable camp site was abandoned. Now that obstacle has been overcome, the committee feel assured that, aided by their brother canoeists, the first canoe meet on the Delaware will be made a grand success.

Further information on this subject will be cheerfully furnished by J. A. BARTEN.

138 NORTH SIXTH STREET, Philadelphia.

THE A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mr. Gibson's last letter I beg to reply as follows: First, we are agreed that the single blade is getting into disuse in A. C. A. races, and Mr. Gibson is endeavoring—by a method which I do not think will accomplish it—to retain it in the races; while I am not very particular whether it stays or not; that is, "if a fellow finds that the double blade suits him better than the single, be his canoe open or decked, then I say let him use whichever paddle answers his purpose best."

One might argue on Mr. Gibson's basis that because leeboards were the legitimate articles for an open canoe, that a fellow must not put in a centerboard—even if he does find it faster, handier and lighter—just because it did not use to be there or because it was not the natural article for the aforesaid open craft when the canoeists from away back used to sail. Oh, no! let us keep abreast of the times, and if a canoeist finds by experience that the double paddle suits his paddling craft best let him use it, don't tell him he must go back and use what his grandfather used; probably the said grandfather did not have handsome silk flags, $200 silver mugs, etc., to hustle around for.

Now, while I willingly grant the open canoe his double paddle (if he wants it), I object to being compelled to paddle my sailing or general purpose canoe against my neighbor's light paddling craft; but still, this is what we have been forced to do every year so far.

Mr. Gibson says we are not rivals; but I nearly broke the hinge in my back at the last A. C. A. trying to rival my brother in his open canoe (of the same model as my own) in the Class IV. race. I bear him no ill-will, but still I want to see him placed where he won't make me work so hard again for such a poor place.

I would like to hear from others on this question. Should not we have a race for sailing canoes, *i. e.*, decked and fitted with centerboard and sails; of course, the Regatta Committee will decide this, but there is nothing to hinder us from offering them a suggestion or two.

Second, as to the limited sail without a cruising load question. So the 75 limit was originated to let the "cruising men" have a race, eh? Well, I'm glad some one knows what it was originated for, but it makes me smile when I think of a cruising man trying to win it. Now I would like Mr. Gibson to point out just one man (who carries only one rig for all uses) who won a good place in the 75ft. limit race at the 1886 meet—I won't say first place, but just a good place. And yet this was the race that was given especially for the cruising one-rig man, and he has about as much chance of winning it as he has of being the next occupant of the White House.

If this race was given to the one-rig cruising man he doesn't seem to get much consolation out of it and I would suggest to the regatta committee that they try something else; they couldn't give him a much worse show than he now has for first place, and they might possibly hit on something that would give him a chance for at least one race and partially close the mouths of those men who say—and not without cause—that the A.C.A meet is degenerating into a gathering of racers, among whom a cruising man has not a ghost of a chance. The carrying of a cruising load might do something toward this and I believe the regatta committee's suggestion to make the crew sit inside the combings would be worthy of a faithful trial, as it gives the craft with great initial stability a chance against her racing sister who has to depend entirely upon the position of her crew to hold her up.

Third, as to the Pecowsic question. Now, this is rather a delicate question, talking against another member's canoe, for I do not consider Mr. Barney at fault in building the Pecowsic. The A. C. A. laid down certain rules and regulations with regard to the size of canoes and the manner of sailing them in their races, and Mr. Barney complied with every rule and regulation and got there every time that he did not have a mishap. The rules and regulations are to blame, not Mr. Barney, and I think if they were such that a roomy, steady and safe canoe had a better show than a narrow, shallow and cranky craft, if this were the case I think Mr. Barney would be among the first to show the same zeal, skill and foresight in building and sailing a canoe of this type as he did when he built Pecowsic.

Now to return to Mr. Gibson's letter: Yes, I still insist on calling Pecowsic a narrow, shallow craft, and I do not forget that she measures 16×28½, and not 29in. We may as well stick to the exact measurements when we are arguing on size. I have the design of her published in the FOREST AND STREAM before me, and to say that I am surprised is the mildest way of putting it that a gentleman of Mr. Gibson's knowledge of designs and canoes should attempt to defend Pecowsic and imply that she is wide, or at least not "narrow," from being called small.

Any one who has seen Pecowsic will know how nice and roomy or wide she is; but for those who have not I will give a few of her features just from the FOREST AND STREAM design: Her greatest beam is 28¾in., and that is right up at the gunwale; from there she gradually curves down to the keel. On the waterline I do not think she can be over 26in. wide—a nice width for a sailing canoe. No wonder Mr. Clapham and others poke fun at us. This width, remember, is only amidships, for from there she quickly curves in fore and aft, forming a very sharp, wedge-shaped bow and stern. I think I am quite within the mark when I say that Pecowsic was narrower than any 26in. canoe at the '86 meet—not at her widest part, but on her waterline measurements, to be taken fore and aft as well as amidships. We take the narrowest 26in. canoe at the meet and make it draw 5in. of water, and make Pecowsic draw 5in., and the 26in. craft will displace more water than she, *i. e.*, is a larger canoe. Well! 26in. may not be narrow, but if it isn't I'll have to hunt up another definition for the word. Yes, I would like to see bigger canoes than this style of craft, and I have disavowed the 36in. boats, but it seems to me there is quite a difference between a 26in. craft and the one I advocate, *i. e.*, from 30 to 31½in. beam. I trust the regatta committee will thoughtfully consider the rising canoe types, and if need be legislate to save at least one race out of twenty for the cruising canoe.

TORONTO, March 24. WILL G. MCKENDRICK.

THE RADIX CENTERBOARD.—The general favor which this folding board has met with in the past three seasons has encouraged the makers to further efforts for its improvement. They have lately not only increased the number of sizes but have removed the objection made to the first board (that the back was too thick, causing a drag) by reducing this thickness materially until a thin edge is reached on the after side. Three sizes are now made, 30x15in., 36x18in., and 37x24in., one of the latter being now on exhibition at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM. The small size is suitable for an ordinary canoe, the medium for racing canoes of 15x30 and upward, and the largest for rowboats and skiffs. The compact form in which it houses and the general excellence of the mechanism will recommend the board to all who examine it, which good opinion is apt to be strengthened the more the board is tried.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—"Rebecca and Rowena," a burlesque tragedy in five acts, will be given on the evening of April 16, at the Harvard Rooms (Columbia Institute), Sixth avenue and Forty-second street, for the benefit of the New York and Knickerbocker Canoe Clubs. Tickets ($1.00 each) can be procured of C. J. Stevens, 7 Bowling Green, and E. C. Griffin, 54 Duane street. It is hoped that canoeists from towns and cities in the vicinity will find time to attend, as an entertaining and enjoyable evening can be promised them. It is taken for granted that every canoeist in New York, Brooklyn and Staten Island, together with sisters, cousins and aunts, will be present.

THE FALLS OF THE JUNIATA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "Enquirer," I state that a few rods below Poor Man's Spring, on the Juniata River, Pa., a ledge of rocks extends entirely across the stream. In the center is a narrow channel with a sudden fall of three or four feet, which very few persons would care about going over in a boat. Half a mile below is a similar place. These are both known as "The Falls" by everybody in the locality, and they certainly merit that title.—W. M. GRAYDON.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., April 2.—The following named gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: George E. Buckhout, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; P. Gibert Thebaud, New York City.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec. A. C. A.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.

JUNE.

6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay.
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

A SEASONABLE WARNING.

SPRING has come, the birds carol in the woods, the violet timidly lifts its fragrant head neath the shelter of the hedges, etc.—and the sturdy Swede or Norwegian arms himself with a big butcher knife and starts vigorously to work on every bit of bright wood about the yachts that are about to fit out. Watch him, how he goes from end to end of a smooth and shapely spar and leaves a surface such as a subsoil plow would make, or how deftly he converts a round moulding into an irregular polygon, or a sharply defined bevel into a shapeless monstrosity. Fatal as he is to spars, rail and rough work, it is nothing to the havoc he works on mahogany. Fresh from the grindstone, his knife descends on moulding, panel and ceiling, leaving scores and marks that can never be erased.

It would pay many owners to take their skippers and crew through some good joiner shop just about this time, and show them how men that are trained to it treat good wood. The experienced joiner or cabinetmaker takes only the finest set and keenest plane to the expensive wood intrusted to him; his principal tool in finishing is the scraper, a piece of thin steel, 3 or 4in. square, and kept at perfect cutting edge. This he handles with the greatest care and skill, scraping with the blade at a certain angle, and watching the direction or the grain that the wood does not tear up. This is the way that a yacht's joiner work is made, a costly job at best; but after one season's use it is more than likely to fall under the relentless knife, wielded with vigor and will, but with no discretion. The aim of the cabinetmaker and finisher is to obtain a smooth surface on the wood, and then to fill the grain thoroughly as a basis for the varnish, and when this is once done the less the surface is disturbed the better. When revarnishing is necessary, the surface should be rubbed down until it is smooth, but it should never be disturbed to any depth, or the wood must again be finished and the grain partly filled. The coats of varnish should be thin and evenly laid, each being thoroughly dry before another is put on, for one coat will never dry after another is laid over it. The same applies as well to paint on hull and in the cabins; if properly done in the first place there is no necessity for the burning and scraping that is so common. The aim of the painter or varnisher is first to fill the grain; once this is done the surface coats are laid thinly and smoothly on, and if this part is well done the paint should not blister. If the surface is injured, or dulled by wear, it should be ground down by pumice stone, sandpaper, or the artificial sandstone made expressly for this purpose, until the superfluous portion is removed and a thin, hard skin left on the wood. This is the best possible surface for the new paint or varnish, and very little will be required, but, if this skin be roughly removed and the bare wood exposed, the smoothing and filling processes must be gone through with anew. The ever-ready paintpot is responsible for much of the rough work seen about yachts. On the least provocation out it comes and another coat is slapped on, until the paint is so thick that it must blister. Often a rag with a little oil and color will cover a scratch or freshen up a dull spot as well as a full coat of paint, while being laid thinly it will last for an indefinite time.

LAKE ONTARIO.

THE Toronto Y. C., which is a flourishing and thoroughly live organization, with a membership of about 280 and a fleet of 38 yachts, will make a bold bid this season for the championship honors which have so long been held by our local club. With this view Mr. Wm. Angus, one of the T. Y. C.'s members, has secured the big sloop Atalanta, and Mr. Dugold McMurchy, of the same club, has purchased the 5-ton cutter Cypress, a famous little Liverpool clipper, which was considered very fast until she met the all-conquering Doris. This craft has been shipped on a steamship and will arrive in ample time for the racing season. Her dimensions are said to be as follows: Length over all, 38ft.; l.w.l., 33ft.; beam, 6ft.; draft of water, 5ft. The Cypress appears to me to be rather short to meet successfully the best of the existing centerboarders and the sloop-cutter which is being built at Boston for Mr. Ames, of Oswego, as they are very nearly up to the limit of their class in point of size. She will, however, add much interest to the series of races in the L. Y. R. A. round. Our friends of the T. Y. C. have also two excellent craft in the sloop Cygnet and the cutter Verve, (which latter has changed hands and is to have a new suit from Lapthorne's famous loft), both of which will be formidable should a new classification as proposed be adopted. They would fall into the class below 50ft., corrected length, which would be a "hot" one, as it would include the White Wings of Trenton, Dauntless of this city (which will probably race again this season), Gen. Garfield of Kingston, Ethel of Oswego, Endie of Cobourg, Whistlewing, Brunette and others of Hamilton, and some additional yachts from Charlotte and other parts. This would form the best racing class in the association. On the whole, then, the T. Y. C. have shown an excellent spirit and a most commendable liberality in their desire to reach the highest honors in the L. Y. R. A., but they will find formidable rivals in the various classes. In the first class the Norah of this city, which will be a much improved yacht, is likely to beat the Atalanta when the weather is moderate, and the new Oriole will carry the colors of the R. C. Y. C. most gallantly in high winds and steep seas. Should a class for 50ft. corrected length and under be made, the Cygnet and Verve will find the White Wings and Dauntless very hard boats to beat, while in the existing second class are the Iolanthe, Laura of Kingston, and Mr. Ames's new one—not to speak of the Katie Gray, Laura of Oswego and Gracie, competitors, which will put her to her best paces to keep near them.

Yachting is taking a stronger hold than ever in the lower lakes and an exciting season's racing may be looked forward to on Lake Ontario. PORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, March 13, 1887.

NEW YORK AND THE NEW YORK Y. C.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more characteristic of the energy, ingenuity and enterprise of the American people than the position in the arts of shipbuilding and navigation which the young nation took at its birth, and which it held for nearly a century. Though weakened by a long and severe struggle against an adversary that was deemed invincible, no sooner was peace proclaimed than the work of building a national navy and merchant fleet and of improving in all ways the construction of vessels, was prosecuted with a vigor that soon left far astern the results which England and France had attained after centuries of experiment. Not content with merely bettering the vessels of the time, American shipwrights and engineers pushed far afield, and soon produced the river steamer, the ocean steamer, the fastest clippers, the most powerful war vessels, the fastest and staunchest fishermen and pilot boats, and the speediest yachts.

While the construction of vessels large and small was carried on along the entire coast of New England and the Middle States, the central point, from the earliest days, was New York city and the adjoining shores of Brooklyn and Jersey City, the birthplace and early home of American shipbuilding. It was on the Hudson River that the first successful steamer was launched and tried; the East River front was the birthplace of the first war vessels of their day, the largest and fastest packets and clipper ships, of the beginning of the immense fleet of steam tugs and ferryboats now in use in every harbor of the world, and of the Hudson River and Sound steamers, the largest and finest of their class. In the shipyards of New York were built the earliest vessels of the young pleasure fleet; to the New York builders came the various powers of Europe for war vessels and men to build them, and there, too, was built the "cheese-box on a scow," the Monitor of glorious memory.

What would be left if the names of the New York built vessels were crossed from the history of naval design in America? The steamers Clermont, Savannah, Arctic, Baltic, Pacific, Great Republic, Mary Powell, Massachusetts and St. John; the war vessels President, Ohio, Brooklyn, Harriet Lane, General Admiral; the ironclads and iron vessels Re d'Italia, Re Don Luigi de Portugallo, Dunderberg and Monitor; the packet ships and clippers Guy Mannering, Ocean Monarch, Great Western, Young America, and Invincible; the pilot boats Moses Grinnell and Mary Taylor; and the yachts America, Una, Juha, Maria, Sappho. These are but a few in each class, the best known of many hundred vessels that carried the fame of New York and her mechanics over the world. The Clyde, the Thames and the Mersey have older records; can they show any more honorable, or covering a larger field of original invention?

The men who built these vessels have nearly all passed away, but their names remain, Fulton, Henry Eckford, the Stevens brothers, George and Henry Steers, Christian Bergh, the Browns, Westervelts, Mackays, down to Ericson. All the East River front was once covered with shipyards, near by were the famous shops, so closely allied to them, the Novelty Iron Works, the Quintard, the Morgan, the Allaire, Delamater's and Fletcher's. Not only was New York preëminent in great matters, but her Whitehall boats were a distinct class, famous throughout the country; and the construction of racing shell and fine pleasure boats was long a monopoly in the hands of such New York builders as Montagne, Darling, Mackay, Elliott and Reahr.

It was but natural that New York should feel severely the depression that has affected all maritime interests in this country since the war; but now there seems good reason for the belief that a new era is about to open, when American commerce may at last find some suitable care at the hands of our legislators; and when the American flag will again be seen on the seas.

Where is New York in this revival, is she ready to take again such a place at the head as her glorious past entitles her to? Alas! her glory has departed, her place is gone, and worse still, she seems content to rest without an effort to regain it. New York once built war vessels for the world; could any one imagine such an absurdity as the smallest foreign power coming there for a gunboat or torpedo boat to-day? Henry Eckford once went to Turkey to build war ships and organize a navy yard; to-day, when the re-organization of the navy of the United States is in progress, what part in the great work is the metropolis of the country taking? Once New York sent her home-built ships to every port in the world; to-day her building is confined to a few scows whose chief use is to add to the obstruction and pollution of her noble harbor, which has practically become a sewer for the gigantic oil corporations. Boat building, too, has shared the fate of its kindred trades, and shell boat building is almost extinct, while there are establishments far back in the woods and in distant parts of the West that surpass both in quality and quantity, the trade of New York. The iron shipbuilding industry has of late years grown to large proportions throughout the country, but as far as New York's part in it is concerned she might as well be a thousand miles inland.

These are matters which are of interest to every American who feels a proper pride in the great achievements of the past; and still more to every citizen of New York, who must gain or suffer by her prosperity or decline. From her site she is preëminently a commercial center, a great seaport or nothing; and her position in this respect is of vital importance to every citizen.

Yachting is very properly considered the pulse of maritime prosperity, for where a nation is devoted to water sports and finds pleasure and recreation on the water it is certain to be strong, hardy, enterprising and self-reliant, as the old Norsemen and the Anglo-Saxon race in later times. If, however, New York be judged by its yachting, there is little to relieve the dismal prospect outlined above. For many years her supremacy has been unquestioned; yachting has flourished in other places, but none have disputed the position of New York. The last few years, however, have seen a great revival in yachting, much has been done but far more remains to be done; the work is not finished as some would have us believe, but is just begun. Where, then, is New York's place—what position does she hold to-day where once she was first? When the challenge for the America's Cup arrived two years since New York was secure in the belief that her yachts were invincible, and she looked with contempt on the rumor that a sister city proposed to offer assistance in defending the trophy held so long by her. To the oft repeated taunt that Boston was content with her second rate boats she added fresh ones about brick sloops and bean-pans.

Where do the two cities stand to-day? Boston has behind her two seasons of unbroken triumphs that have won a world wide reputation for her yachts, her constructors and her yachtsmen. New York has saved the cup through nothing that she has done herself, but through what Boston has, unasked, given of its own free will, done for her; and now, with a third challenger at her doors, she must look to Boston for a third time for her salvation.

What has the past two seasons shown for the two cities? In 1885 Boston built Puritan, a modern boat with modern ideas, and defeated the British challenger; New York built Priscilla and was defeated. Boston adopted the lead keel and cutter rig and won; New York held to her dead idols, rejected the keel and tried the sloop rig, and lost. In 1886 Boston won again with a newer and larger edition of Puritan, while New York scored a lamentable failure in Atlantic. Boston added Sachem to its fine schooner fleet, while New York points with pride to Speranza, built one year, only to be entirely rebuilt the next, and to Coronet; and this year proposes to regain her laurels by revamping the almost forgotten Palmer. Last year Boston yachting ended with a big boom for Thetis, while in the same class New York had only the remodeled Gracie to point to; this year Boston comes out in second class with a steel racer of the latest build, New York adds to the same class the poor old "Pokey," a relic that for her own credit she had far better have left in unbroken seclusion. This season Boston sends abroad to seek for fresh laurels a thorough going racer of modern build; New York sends as its representatives a yacht that has been aptly described as just fast enough not to win prizes, and another whose chief claims to distinction rest on her size and the elegance of her interior fittings; and now that one has won goes into immoderate self gratulation over the wonderful result.

In steam the same parallel exists. The year that Bristol sent out Stiletto New York built the Eureka, that after two seasons has not yet made a trial trip; and the advent of the Henrietta from Bristol last season was followed in New York by the Puzzle. Further in the same direction New York can point to the Meteor, whose engines never turned over, and which never left her moorings under steam until she had been engined anew in the East.

Nor is this all. While New York boasts of a fleet of pilot boats whose chief recommendation is that they can lie to and roll, Boston has the Hesper, a boat whose qualities to windward would put to shame anything that New York could put against her; while in the fishing fleet Boston has already many fast vessels built by competent men, and is even now adding another from the drawing-board of Puritan's designer. Boston has had for some time two schools of naval design, open all winter and well attended, where instruction is given by competent teachers. New York has various institutions where one may study anything, from theology to burglary, from law to pocket picking; but there is not an institution in the city that will teach a boy how to calculate the displacement of a vessel.

What, then, has Boston done in two years? She has built Puritan, Mayflower, Sachem and Titania. Her yachtsmen have worked together for Boston, and she has twice defended the Cup successfully. What has New York done? She has built Priscilla and Atlantic and rebuilt Gracie and Palmer, and is refitting Pocahontas. True, Cinderella has proved a success for New York as far as all American boats are concerned, and this year New York will have Shamrock. The course of Boston shows a thorough comprehension of the necessities of the case and the adoption of the latest and best means to meet them. Alert, wideawake and energetic, she has pushed to the front a man of ability, and has trusted him, with the best results. Free and unfettered in his actions, but aided by the counsel and cooperation of liberal and experienced yachtsmen, Mr. Burgess has fully justified the trust placed in him, and the result has been of incalculable benefit to Eastern yachting.

New York, on the contrary, has held with a firm grip to the old boats and traditions; secure in a blind confidence, she has neglected to make preparation in time; and when fully awakened to the necessity of some action she has gone on as nearly as possible in the same old routine, adhering to the old ideas and theories, learning nothing until it is too late. Two years since the evidence in favor of lead keels was all in, and to intelligent and unprejudiced yachtsmen it was conclusive in their favor. Notwithstanding this the owners of Priscilla declined to take advantage of this feature, while in the model of Atlantic, submitted at the same time, inside ballast only was proposed. The advocates of the latter model were then, as in the past, firmly opposed to outside ballast, and had the boat been built then she would have had all inside. In Boston Mr. Burgess was fully awake to the advantages of low ballast and by its means he beat New York that year, which fact so influenced the friends of the Atlantic that they followed his example. Familiar only with one class of model the attempt to build a heavy displacement craft with lead keel was as signal a failure in their hands as Puritan was a success.

Since then Boston had added both Mayflower and Sachem to her fleet, incontestible evidences of progress; while New York has been content with such work as the alteration of a few old and obsolete vessels. What has Gracie done in return for the money lavished on her last season? What is Palmer likely to do by virtue of an English counter and a new figurehead? What hope is there for Pocahontas in the fight with Bedouin, to say nothing of Shamrock and Titania? and yet it is by such work that New York is trying to regain the place she has lost. Boston to-day has a fine fleet of schooners—Fortuna, Gitana, Mohican, America, Sachem. We count the first and last, with Titania, as Boston boats, for the law "To him that hath shall be given," holds in yachting as in all else, and Titania, though owned in New York, will, if successful, be as much a triumph for Boston as Fortuna, built in New York but owned in Boston. What can New York boast in the schooner class? Montauk, Grayling (for certain racing work), for the rest a lot of old traps of the "Toboggan" order of architecture, with reputations once made on their speed down hill, but as incapable of going to windward with Sachem as the toboggan is of drawing itself up hill by its own cord. These are the boats that New York pins its faith to for what they may once have done, and these are the boats which are puffed and written up until a stranger would imagine that New York had a schooner fleet.

Two American schooners are now attracting much attention in Europe from the fact that they have just sailed a hard and stormy race across, for which we give them and their owners and skippers the credit due to a plucky and sportsmanlike race; but the entire efforts of the press of New York have been for some weeks devoted to the task of advancing New York yachting by glorifying these boats as the best we have. Praise without stint has been showered upon the Coronet, and she has received the popular indorsement as the latest and best that New York can produce. Of course, there are many yachtsmen who know just what the boat is, and who feel as we do in regard to the misrepresentation that has preceded her abroad; but not one has raised his voice in protest against the false and absurd statements made in her behalf or the harm and injustice to the yachting interests of their city.

This boat has been put boldly forward as the latest embodiment of modern ideas in yacht designing, as the result of over twenty years of trial and experiment since her rival, the Dauntless, was built; what is there in support of this claim? There is no apparent reason why just as good a model could not and would not have been whittled in 1865 as in 1885, and the changes and improvements made since that date are conspicuous in her only by their absence. The fact that she is a large vessel makes the deception easier, but compare her for a moment with a Fortuna or a Sachem of the same size and the fraud is apparent. What is there in appearance of hull, in rig, in underwater body, in ballasting or in construction that would place her beside either; while from a cruising standard it is only necessary to see her beside Intrepid to decide her place in the yachtsman's scale of beauty. It is true, we believe, that her main stairway is of marble, the decorations are modern and costly, there is plenty of stained glass, carved wood and brasswork; but strip her of these and her gold stripe and who will say whether she is a yacht or a coaster. The most foolish part of the whole business is that the deception is all in vain. Whatever their ideas as to beam may be, British yachtsmen certainly know a cruising yacht and are not in the least likely to be deceived by the stuff published in New York. But one result can follow. The only ones who are deceived are the friends of this class of vessel, and the day of their awakening is deferred still longer.

What has been the influence of the New York Y. C. on home yachting, has it, the first club in the country, led the way to anything higher or better, has it done anything for yacht designing, has it raised in the slightest degree the standard of seamanship or of yacht construction? These questions are very easily and briefly answered. The position which the club holds is an exceptional one; the oldest and strongest club in America, with a reputation to sustain, with a glorious past, and with a charge intrusted to it that any club might be proud of, what unlimited possibilities for the advancement of yachting has it not had, what has it done to realize them? Living in the past and satisfied with the record of what has been done, it has been content to drift on lazily and quietly, firm only in resisting all innovation and change.

New York has made some advance in the last few years, but for how much of it is the New York Y. C. responsible? That there is to-day a higher standard of seamanship, healthier ideas as to model, a more liberal spirit of research and investigation, and a better system of construction, is due solely to the small and much abused band of "cutter cranks," so called "Anglomaniacs," who by hard and persistent labor have paved the way for and made possible the construction of such a craft as Puritan, and that the ideas first put forward by them and now generally received, were not accepted long ago is due in a great part to the organized opposition of the New York Y. C.

What has been its course with regard to the America's Cup, intrusted to it for the promotion of international competition; has it regarded this trust as the highest honor that a club could hold, or has it carried it as a burden imposed by necessity? The races of the last two years have been sailed on fair and sportsmanlike terms, but the history of the Cup races will show that, starting with a position that was one-sided and unfair in the extreme, the club has been driven by public opinion to one concession after another, giving up the privilege of sailing the fleet against one yacht, then conceding a series of races instead of one, then selecting the defenders in advance, and finally matching boat against boat. None of these have been made willingly in the past, but each has been forced from the club by degrees. It must be said that the gentlemen who have been intrusted with the management of the races of '85-'86 and the present year have acted fairly and liberally throughout, but we are considering now the general feeling of the club, and while there are many members who look at the Cup in the proper light, there is a part of the club which looks grudgingly on every dollar expended in its defense, whose voice is heard after every contest, as in the complaint over the entertainment given to Genesta's owner in '85, and in the same complaint over the expenses of last year's races, and which was visible again in the curt and brief resolution over the first intimation of a challenge for this year.

So much was said last year about the expense of defending the Cup, the estimates running up in the tens of thousands, that it was worth while to look at New York's part of the work. Boston built the yacht and paid all the expenses of sailing her in the races. New York furnished the judges' tug for six days and an extra tug for three or four days, including the lunches on board. Besides there was cabling and correspondence, printing of rules, etc., and some incidental expenses. We do not include the club steamer and its expenses, as that is not properly chargeable to the defense of the Cup, but is of the nature of a private entertainment of the club for its members. There was also a cup presented to the owner of the Mayflower. It is evident that the bulk of the expense devolved on the owner of the boat and should be credited to Boston rather than New York, and the same is true of the previous year, except that then two officers of the club also built and raced a yacht in the trial races. In two years then it appears that the bulk of the work and also the expenses have been borne by Boston; now what is the programme for this year?

If Boston has to be relied upon again to defend the Cup, as now seems likely, why not express the Cup to the Eastern Y. C. at Marblehead, and rid the New York Y. C. of even the small amount of trouble and expense that now is imposed on it by the defense One other course is open to it, and one only—to build at once a yacht to meet the Thistle. It will not do to depend for a third time on salvation from without; to say nothing of the discredit of New York being entirely dependent on another city to do the work that belongs to it alone, the risk is too great. Mayflower has other engagements, her owner may not care to race her again for the Cup, or any one of half dozen contingencies may arise. New York has the skill, she has the yards for building, she has the money in abundance, as has often been proved. All that is needed is to awaken to the requirements of the present time, to realize that this is a world of movement, that everything is in constant motion, that nothing stands still; that what does not move forward must inevitably move backward. Boston moves; she has moved a long way ahead of New York of late. The Clyde moves, and Mr. Watson is coming here with a boat built, not under old English rules, like her predecessors, but for the rules under which she is to race for the Cup. Even the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain moves and tosses overboard its time-honored formulas, and yet New York and the New York Y. C. sit still. While Boston has Mayflower and Sachem, while the Clyde has Thistle ready to send across, while yachtsmen the world over are casting aside old ideas and studying all that is new, is this a time for New York to go on quietly talking of Una, Julia and the sloop Arrow, or even of Mischief, and to delude herself with the idea that she can still lead the yachting world with Pocahontas and Palmer?

What is to be done? Everything. First to get rid of the old ideas as to rule of thumb—the general admission that there is such a thing as naval architecture would be a decided step in advance. Perhaps the greatest stumbling block in the way of progress has been the distinction over the so-called "practical man" that has long maintained in New York. According to this distinction the man who can whittle a model and has one or two lucky hits to point to, is all right; the man who, in addition, has knowledge or "book-larnin'" enough to know that model represents a certain amount of water displaced, and to calculate it, is all wrong; a dangerous and mischievous fellow that one would do well to avoid.

There was a time, perhaps, when there was some ground for the distinction between the speculative and unstable theorist and the man who put his common sense into his work, but it must not be forgotten that he put in also all the extra learning he could get, often very little. It is to the practical men of the past, the real practical men, that American shipbuilding is indebted for much that is useful; but while these men possessed often but a very limited education it was not because they despised or underrated knowledge, but because the means at hand were so limited. They learned where they could and by hard work laid up in time a most valuable stock of knowledge; but, in default of the school of science or even the public school system of to-day, the road was a hard one and there was no time for anything but the most essential facts. With the materials at their disposal they did wonders, but it is only fair to suppose that with such facilities at hand as are offered to-day they would have risen far above the ranks in which the "practical man" is now found.

In the records of mechanical work many instances may be found of great ends accomplished by sheer skill with entirely inadequate means, work done only by weeks of hard labor, but that would now be disposed of by the aid of steam in a day. All can admire the skill that is displayed in such work, but there is no one who would go back to such methods and give up the aid of the steam engine. The great tools with which all men work are the hard facts of science, and the man who rejects one of these is as far behind the times as he who prefers the sawpit and whipsaw of the past to a modern bandsaw. Mr. Burgess is a practical man, an educated and intelligent worker, an experienced yachtsman, a man of progress and ideas; Mr. Watson is a practical man, trained to every detail of the shipwright's calling and with a broad and liberal education; will any one say that they are not to-day the equals of any in the business; but they are not the kind of "practical men" that New York has chosen for guides.

Everywhere throughout the yachting world is visible bustle and activity, everywhere but in New York. Boston is busy fitting out Mayflower for a voyage to England and it is not unlikely that one or two of her schooners may accompany her; on the Clyde the ways are laid for the launch of the Thistle; Wendur is preparing for an unusually importa nt season; at Southampton Irex will soon be afloat and ready for the race for the two New York cups; about the coast the coming jubilee races have awakened the whole British fleet. What is New York doing? Oh, she has written to Boston to borrow Mayflower and she has sent Dauntless and Coronet to represent her abroad.

To speak thus is by no means a pleasant task; it will make us few friends now, and it is certain to gain us some enemies, for we have told some pretty hard truths, but the need for some warning is imperative if New York is not to lose her place forever. Eastern yachtsmen know full well the truth of what we have said; foreign yachtsmen know it, and it is time that those whom it most concerns should awaken to it. We could easily fill our columns with far more interesting reading; we might wave the starry banner over the great national triumph, the victory of the Coronet over the Dauntless, or tell how Thistle is sure to be beaten next summer and the Cup still retained in New York, but there are plenty to do such work and few enough who dare to speak out in season. Twice New York has been saved through no work of her own; the third occasion has now arisen. Will she trust blindly to the chances of help from without, or will she go in boldly on her own responsibility, and do what is easily within her power, make a good fight for the Cup with a home built boat and lose it fairly if she is not capable of holding it unaided. Such a defeat would be less galling than to be indebted to a third Colonial power that a few years since she openly derided and ridiculed. The opportunity is before her for immediate action; if she neglects it the blame must rest squarely on the club which will have proved itself unworthy of the great charge intrusted to it.

CORONET AND DAUNTLESS.—The two checks for $10,000 each, deposited with the treasurer of the New York Y. C., have been delivered to Mr. Bush, and he has sent $500 of the amount to the Beecher Memorial Fund. Coronet sailed from Queenstown on March 31 in a light breeze, afterward increasing to a gale, with a very heavy sea. The gale continued next day, and at 6 P. M. the yacht was hove to, lying to for 10 hours. At 10 A. M. on April 1 the gale decreased, and the yacht continued on her way, arriving at Cowes all right. Several seamen were hurt and nearly washed overboard. Dauntless remained at Queenstown, Captain Samuels and five of her crew taking passage for home on the Adriatic. The report is current that he left the yacht after a quarrel with Mr. Colt over the navigation of the yacht, ascribing the loss of the race to the owner's interference, but the report lacks confirmation. It was understood that Captain Samuels only engaged to take the yacht across, and was not to stay by her, so there is nothing strange in his coming home as soon as the race is over.

BUILDING NOTES.—At the Atlantic works Mr. Forbes's steamer is partly plated up and the deck beams are in place.... E. L. Williams will have his yacht Prince Karl out of the shop this week and will begin a cutter 27ft. over all, 23ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam at deck, 7ft. at l.w.l. and 4ft. 6in. draft, with two tons of iron on keel, for several yachtsmen of Rochester, N. Y.... Lawley & Son are putting 3,600lbs. of lead on the keel of the sloop Dream, and are replacing the mast and topmast of the Echo. They have Mr. Saltonstall's cathoat in frame, and her keel of 1,600lbs. past.... At Bath, Maine, C. B. Harrington is at work on a schooner for Mr. Henry Stanfield, of New York, former owner of the Periwinkle, and a sloop for E. B. Mullet, jr., of Freeport, Me.... Shamrock. Mr. Mumm has the decks nearly laid and the hull joinered, and it is expected to launch the latter part of this month.

MAYFLOWER'S PASSAGE.—Mr. Chamberlayne's reply to Mr. Burgess's challenge has not been received yet, but all the arrangements are completed for sending Mayflower across, and the work of rigging her can be commenced at any time. The proposed ketch rig will have a main boom of 54ft., a mizzenmast well forward of the position in a yawl, and a shorter bowsprit. It is also possible that her bowsprit may be fitted to house, with steel bitts. It is reported that Mr. Arthur H. Clark, an old Boston yachtsman now resident in London, who sailed the sloop Alice across in 1866, will take Mayflower across, and that Capt. Crocker will sail her in England, while Capt. Stone will command Mr. Alanson Tucker's schooner, Clytie; but these rumors have not yet been verified.

THE YOSEMITE — VANDERBILT COLLISION.—This long contested case has lately been decided by the Court of Appeals against the Yosemite, on the ground that while she displayed the proper lights for ocean navigation she did not carry the two white range lights that vessels navigating rivers must carry.

IN COMMISSION EARLY.—The little cutter Saracen, Mr. W. P. Towle, is in commission at Boston.... The catboat Cruiser was the first out in New York, having been about the Bay and the Sound between Staten Island and Larchmont for five or six weeks.

BEDOUIN AND TITANIA.—The report which has been generally published of a proposed match between Bedouin and Titania for a silver pint pot filled with gold dollars is contradicted by the owner of the cutter.

THISTLE.

IN addition to the dimensions made known last week the *Field* of March 26 publishes the following particulars:

"The most prominent fact obtained is the absence of a centerboard, which appliance it was believed would be essential to a successful contest with the American cutters, with whom the centerboard has been a necessary adjunct. The cutter building at Glasgow is strictly a keel boat, and does not display any considerable variation from the design Mr. Watson would have adopted in building a first-class cutter for British waters under the recently-altered rule of measurement of the Yacht Racing Association. The Thistle will of course have some more beam for length than the British type of cutter has had, and less depth of body. With forefoot cut away, as in Mr. Watson's yachts Vanduara, Marjorie and Wendur, the bow of Thistle will neither show so fine nor so long as in these vessels; but, with considerable camber in the keel, the cutter will show easy lines fore and aft, and, with a very long counter, will lose her round side in finely-turned quarters. The bow shows no flare out, as might have been anticipated from Mr. Watson's earlier yachts. Indeed, the cutter, above water, will be a very handsome vessel, having some tendencies toward the model in fashion a dozen years since, when outside ballasting had not been adopted to its fullest extent, and hulls had not been narrowed and broadsides flattened as in recent years. Taunt and weighty spars will more certainly indicate speed than the look of the hull to those accustomed to the later models of the British type. The Thistle is altogether built of steel, the Seimens-Martin brand being used. The plating below is 3/8in. thick, and the upper plates are 5-16in. in thickness. The hull is strengthened with steel stringers, diagonals, keelsons, etc., and perforated bracket plates are introduced in the wake of the rigging. Steel plating underlies the covering boards, and the foredeck is strengthened with steel plating to prevent the 'panting' of the bow in a seaway. The cutter's hull is, in fact, as strong as steel can make it. Partial bulkheads support the cabin floor, and forward there is a collision bulkhead in case of accident. The covering boards and deck fittings are of teak, while the cabins are to be fitted up with American walnut, and are to be upholstered in cretonne; yellow pine decks complete the woodwork of the yacht. The bowsprit gammon-iron, of steel, is amidship, and the bowsprit, like the mast, boom and topmast, is of Oregon pine. The spars are taunt and heavy, and the topmast, unlike that of the Mayflower, is very long. The canvas is being made by Ratsey & Lapthorn, of Cowes, and of course will be fitted and stretched on the Clyde before Thistle sails for New York. The cutter is to be sailed across the Atlantic under her racing mast, but with trysail and large mizzen. The cutter is to be fitted with Cantelo capstan, modified by the designer to fit the foredeck of the Thistle, and is being made by Messrs. T. Reed & Son, Paisley.

"Although the cutter's hull is about finished, no date has been fixed for launching, over which event there is of course a good deal of expectation and curiosity excited. The hull is at present completely hid under a shed, and no visitors are admitted unless immediately interested in the cutter.

"It is intended to paint the Thistle black, with copper-colored bottom, but the hot American sun may call for some modification of the black color. John Barr, of Sourock, whose successful sailing of the 40-ton cutter Lily qualified him for a reputation in the English Channel, will sail the Thistle across the Atlantic, and take charge of her in the American matches. John Barr's success in sailing the 20-ton Clara, built by Fife, in American waters during the last two seasons so far has given him experience of the American style of yacht sailing, as well as some knowledge of American weather and waters. He will have a Clyde crew with him, and will, it is expected, sail the cutter at her best. At any rate, the conviction in Clyde is that a better man could not be obtained."

Though ten days have elapsed since the arrival of the challenge in behalf of the Thistle, nothing has yet been done toward utilizing the limited time at the disposal of the defender. The date set in the challenge for the first race is just six months from last Monday, giving the defender one week more notice than the deed of gift called for. Of course a good deal has already been said about the ease of building a boat in New York that will defeat the Thistle to a certainty, but all that has been done is to write as follows to General Paine for the loan of the Mayflower.

NEW YORK, March 29, 1887.

General Charles J. Paine, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR SIR—Having been officially informed that you desire the dimensions of the Thistle, I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to submit the same. They are as follows:

Length from fore part of stem, under the bowsprit to the after side of the head of the sternpost	93ft.
Length of waterline	83ft.
Main breadth to outside of sloop (?)	20.3ft.
Depth of hold from tonnage deck to ceiling at midship section	14.1ft.

Which is a transcript of the register from the English Custom House.

The committee to arrange detail of races is the same as that of last year.

May I personally ask you whether, if the races for the America's Cup take place early in October, the Mayflower is likely to be in America; and also whether, if here, she will be a competitor in the trial races to select a vessel to defend the cup?

Wishing you great success in all the undertakings of the Mayflower, which both she and you so richly deserve, I am yours truly,

JAMES D. SMITH.

General Paine's reply is as follows:

No. 22 CONGRESS STREET
BOSTON, Mass, March 30, 1887.

Dear Commodore Smith:

I have yours of yesterday, and am much obliged for the information you give me.

As to the Mayflower, she must go to England, unless unreasonable conditions are made about Arrow's cup.

In the letter to Mr. Chamberlayne, (Arrow's owner), Mr. Burgess said that we wished the races to be early in August, so as to give the Mayflower time to be at home for the autumn contest here, but Mr. Chamberlayne's letter, probably now on the way, is in response to a cablegram, which did not refer to time.

I need not assure you that if the Mayflower was at home that she would, if I owned her, be in some way made available for "cup" purposes if wanted. With many thanks for your kind wishes. I am very truly yours,

CHARLES J. PAINE.

If New York is to take the only honorable course open to her, to stand or fall squarely on her own responsibility and without outside assistance, which latter, as the above letters show, is extremely precarious, then every day lost is so much thrown away from chances that at best are very doubtful. In spite of bluster and incomplete vessel yachtsmen realize that Mr. Watson's boat with Captain Barr in her is a most formidable antagonist, and she has much in her favor in that she is almost ready for a trial trip, while if a boat be built to beat her, a thousand and one preliminaries are to be settled, and at best a month must elapse before the work of construction is begun. Of course in great emergencies special exertions are often successfully made to meet them, as in Eckford's great feat in the war of 1812, when he built a fleet on Lake Erie in sixty days, or fifty years later, when Captain Ends performed a no less wonderful feat in constructing a fleet of gunboats for the Western rivers. These facts are good to refer to, and read well in history, but they do not alter the other indisputable fact, that six months is a very short time in which to design, build and lick into racing shape a yacht that will have a fair prospect of winning.

The time for talking has passed, if the coming fortnight does not see one substantial step taken toward building a yacht of 85ft. waterline, then New York must accept for an indefinite time a subordinate place in the yachting world of America, at which Boston will be the head; and further, she must depend almost entirely on Boston as to whether she is able to retain the Cup.

If has been suggested that if a boat be built it shall be of such a size as to completely overpower the Thistle, in fact to outbuild her, but the unfairness of such a course is apparent, and now such a victory would generally be considered a hollow one. After the New York Y. C. declined to notice the request of the Royal Clyde Y. C., that it should select the length of the yacht it would prefer to race, the matter or size was open to the challengers, and they have chosen that of the largest and best American craft, making no attempt to outbuild them. Thistle might well have been 90 or 95ft. long, in which case it would have been necessary to have built for the same size, whether or no it was desirable; but, now that her designer has not availed himself of any such advantage, the only course, in fairness, is to build to the same length as Mayflower, Priscilla, Atlantic and Thistle.

Contrary to the expectations of many, in which we shared, Mr. Watson has built a boat of considerable beam, and thus departure from the long trodden path has naturally excited some comment here. Of course there are many who are ready to proclaim it a conversion to American ideas, and to dub the new boat a keel sloop, which pleases them and hurts nobody. It is evident however, that the Scotch are taking an eminently practical course to capture the Cup, and are not going to let any matter of sentiment stand in the way of success. It would have been gratifying to all friends of the cutter to see the experiment in which Genesta and Galatea failed tried again in other hands and in the weather which October racing is likely to find, but the races are to be sailed under certain conditions in certain waters, and under certain fixed rules, and Mr. Watson has evidently studied all these and endeavored to make the most of them, for which no one can blame him. No doubt he, with the west, would have preferred to win with a Marjorie or a Vanduara rather than with a wider boat, but he is keen enough to realize that the conditions of the past two seasons do not favor such a craft, and he has sacrificed sentiment to hard sense. It has been repeatedly claimed that the New York rule favored the narrow cutter, and on the other hand the friends of the cutter have claimed that the tax on sail was merely nominal, and that the wide boat did not pay fully for her large area. Mr. Watson is evidently of this latter opinion, and as practically length is taxed and sail is not, he has built a wider and consequently shorter boat, with bigger wings, to fit the rule, she will race under. To say that this special instrument for a peculiar purpose is a proof that British yachtsmen have abandoned their national type and adopted American ideas is utterly absurd until we see what the next two or three years will bring forth. Whether or no Thistle wins here will have little influence on building for use in British waters, and while the experiment will throw some valuable light on the question of beam, it is far more likely that it will lead the American yachtsman to build a still narrower boat than the British yachtsman to build a wider one, or even as wide as Thistle. The FOREST AND STREAM has pointed out for some time the wide and hitherto unexplored field between the narrow cutter and the latest American boats, between 5½ or 6 beams and 3½ beams, in the hope that Americans would be the first to take advantage of the opportunities it promised; but it looks now as if Mr. Watson had headed them off, and that if the happy medium should perchance lie between the extremes hitherto adhered to by the two nations, he is about to reap the benefits.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.

PART IV.

WE spent several days ashore, then hauled the Pilgrim alongside a wharf to clean and paint ship. She had been coated with pot lead, which had been smeared above the waterline, and much of it below had been washed off by the rough waters we had met upon the voyage. It was very difficult to scrub and wash off, and I was so disgusted with its greasy nastiness that I resolved thereafter to use only copper paint. It is astonishing how soon a boat's bottom will roughen. The last year's paint had received a coat without much previous smoothing down, and the bottom was cracked, caked, blistered and peeled to such a state that it must have impeded our speed in a marked degree. We set to work with scrapers and sandpaper and made the planking, keel, deadwood and iron smooth as possible, that is, of the feel of printed wall paper, and then put on the pretty colored copper bronze and saw it dry before the tide came up to it. The manufacturers direct its application just before putting the craft into the water, but I am sure it is better to let it harden a little in the air beforehand, as we have tried it both ways several times.

The black topwork was smoothed and given a thin coat, the boat was cleaned and covered again with gold paint and shellac, the oak rail was sandpapered and oiled, and lastly, the house was painted, and gauged and dotted with oil and turpentine, after much expense of elbow grease. Then the letters of her name were scoured and shellaced, the triced up ropes laid down, the fenders taken in, the masthead tackle that had heeled her against the wharf was let go, and the incoming tide took the Pilgrim to its bosom like a bride and floated her off to her mooring. She was as pretty as a picture and ready for the pretty girls who were soon to test her hospitality upon sundry excursions in the bay. Visits were made with friends and relations to many places of interest, and two weeks were consumed before much beyond the usual yachting experience in sheltered waters occurred, but then we had a trip that is worthy of record. Jack had gone back to school, Charlie and I were officers and crew. The former had been an apt learner from his captain, and I felt that I could depend upon him for a nimble and systematic worker. Three ladies and one gentleman with wraps, parasols, bundles and baskets, were set on board one morning at 9 o'clock, and we got under way for a day's sail and picnic down the western bay. It was a fine sunny day, with plenty of breeze from the northwest, and the passengers of the Boston and Bangor steamer and the friends ashore gave us many good-bye salutes as we filled away. We ran rapidly over toward Turtle Head, then back to the main shore, and flown past Northport, Duck Trap and Lincolnville, with the intention of calling at Camden and spreading the tablecloth upon an opposite point. The wind kept hauling more and more southward, and, when we got around Great Spruce Head, it came out directly ahead, the sea began to make, and we began to tack ship. It does not take long to kick up a sea anywhere in Penobscot Bay, and soon we were pitching the nose pole under and throwing spray over the delighted passengers. One of them in particular had asked me during a sail in a light breeze the previous year to "put the rail under," and had expressly stipulated as a condition of her going, that I must do it this cruise for her especial benefit. I kept all sail on in the sharp puffs from the mountains that whispered caution, and did get the rail under slightly, but the lady in question was not easily satisfied, and kept saying, "Do it some more, Doctor, do it some more." It soon became evident the sea breeze was making us hungry, time was passing in the struggle to windward, and we should not reach Camden till so late in the afternoon that we could not get home by daylight, and I eased off sheets and abandoned my original intentions with a prospect of a better place for anchorage. I looked up the islands upon the chart and headed around Isaign Island for Job's Island in order to enter Gilkey's Harbor from the southwest.

In looking out the islands, I perceived a peculiar similarity of names not noticed probably by modern mariners. Southwest of Islesboro will be seen Lime, next to it Lesell's, and then Saddle Islands. The French named many of the islands along the Maine coast, and corrupted and uncorrupted Francais is recognized by the scholar in the mouths of the ignorant and upon the charts of the scientific. For example, Grand Menan, Mt. Desert, Isle au Haut, etc., the latter often pronounced Mt. Dessert and Isle of Holt. I think Lesell's is corrupted La Selle, only French for the saddle, and the other island has been called Saddle by some one who translated the name of the original and applied it to the wrong piece of land. These islands appear as one in entering the eastern bay from the southward, and I can imagine two mariners discussing the question of identity and deciding that one island was the Saddle and the other La Selle, as the course of their vessels opened clear water between the two, and they thus made geography.

This was new water to me, and I took as much pleasure as my guests in opening out the pretty shores of the several islands that form Gilkey's safe haven. We dropped an anchor near the shore of Spruce Island, in sight of the lighthouse, and tied up the sails loosely, set the ladies ashore, made a pot of coffee, put some of our comestibles and the contributions of the ladies in the boat and abandoned ship for awhile for the sandy beaches and forest crowned hills of the island. What we did ashore is done many times a year everywhere. We enjoyed a feast of good things, made merry over little speeches, played with the sand and pebbles, strolled through the woods, and dug a chew of gum all round. The latter had to be done, for much as Puritanical pride may be humbled by the confession, it is a fact that a large proportion of Yankee girls—and men, too—like to chew gum. When we returned to the landing, Charles was missing. Suddenly a deep and natural caw—caw—caw, attracted our attention to a tall spruce that leaned over the shore, and there was my seaman, with legs and arms spread out like a bird about to fly, coolly smoking a cigar. His appearance was so comical that it made us roar. Then he climbed down and we went aboard the cutter and got underway. The wind had hauled back to the nor'-nor'west and was dead ahead for Belfast, and we had a lively run along the Isleboro shore till we opened out Belfast Bay. Then it was more than lively. The wind was puffy and strong, the tide ebb, the sea heavy, and the Pilgrim plunged her bow under and had her lee rail buried very often.

When we had arrived abreast of Turtle Head matters looked serious. It was nearly sunset; the sky to windward had streaks of lead color in dark gray clouds that portended mischief; the wind and sea had become very heavy; the cutter was plunging and working to windward, but nearly every sea swept over the bow, rolled along the lee rail and buried it a foot, often coming up to the top of the house and upon the cockpit seat; the ladies were huddled in the cockpit and companionway considerably frightened, though the one who wished the rail put under preserved her *sang froid*, and in answer to my inquiry if she was satisfied the rail had been under enough, said: "If it is necessary to put it under a few times more in order to get home, I have no particular objections; but you need not do it any more just for my personal pleasure, as I am abundantly satisfied." The trouble was I could not help putting it under now, and taking in the prospect of reefing with a precious load and two green hands in that troublesome sea, which made it impossible for me to leave the helm, the increasing gale, the approach of night, the long beat to windward before a lee shore could be reached, the prospect of sea, tide and leeway sending us into the long lee bight upon the left side of Penobscot River; the probability of a dark, wild night out, with everybody wet, cold and hungry, and the possibility that accident or exposure might hurt those dear to us, all these passed before my mind rapidly in my anxiety to do the best thing for comfort and safety. Mr. Knowlton was for keeping on toward Searsport, already a point in the weather bow, and said he could get a carriage there and take the ladies home.

While discussing the possibility of reaching six miles to windward in such a sea and blow and tide, with staysail and reefed mainsail, and Charles was tying up the staysail, a sea knocked the bow around three points, a strong blast of vindictive wind struck the mainsail, bending the boom upward like a fishpole, a sea swept along the lee side, and the cutter careened till a bucket of water poured into the cockpit. The gravity of this event may be understood by remembering there was 5,000lbs. of keel and low-stowed lead; the cockpit was only 4ft. wide, and its staving was 6in. high with a 9in. seat upon it. It was a foretaste of what the night promised, and I knew we were in for a life and death struggle if we remained in that storm swept bay that night in late September. I had made a mistake in standing across the bay. I should have hugged the left shore of the bay, where one inlet would have given us a little shelter, or we might have worked in smoother water into Belfast. It was too late now. The shore was se en miles away and no easier reached than Searsport, and, if we had reached it, I doubt if our anchors would have held, as the night turned out its wrath upon everything afloat. What to do? Reef, get out a drogue, or run to leeward for a harbor? Reefing might be done, but then the long night of exposure and danger. A drogue would break the sea, but we should drift either upon a lee shore or out to sea. A haven to leeward could be found before dark at Castine and Sabbath Day Harbor. The latter was too far. The outer buoy must be sighted before dark to run into Castine safely. The bucket of water decided the matter. I drew the helm toward me and slacked off the main sheet, which was taut as steel. The jib sent her around rapidly and she sprang from sea to sea, rolling, roaring, hissing, cutting, sheering, diving, soaring and darting hither and thither, every motion full of grace and ease, but ever fiercely vexed as if a great task was before her. The ladies recovered their gayety and poked their heads out to look at the wild scene and the wave-lashed rocks of Turtle Head as we flew past.

A wave lifted the craft around and threw her quartering to the sea; the wind filled the mainsail with a savage blast, the cutter careened to the top of the house, the water poured into the cockpit, and the main boom dipped half its length beneath the waves. The pressure of wind was so great that it shot the craft round an arc and up into the wind in a moment, though I helped the latter part of the movement by shoving the helm hard down. The change came so unexpectedly, so mysteriously, so furiously, that I was alarmed. I never saw a boat cut such a caper; it seemed as if Boreas had come out of his northern cave, picked up Pilgrim by the truck and twirled her around by the mast. I was carrying too much sail even for running, eager to make the buoy inside Dyce's Head before dark, as the sun had set in gloom. Something had to be done quickly. I ordered the peak of the mainsail dropped and the end of the gaff fastened to the mast, and kept off again. This did not diminish her speed much, but she went along much easier and steered better. White caps and tumbling seas were all around us; the flags and sundry running gear were trailing in the water; the staysails lay in a bunch like clothes for the laundryman's basket, and were hauled inside to be dried readily; the boat crept up to the stern and shot by on a comber till the painter checked and jerked her back; the cutter rolled and sped onward before the gale; the ladies recognized the easier movements and absence of shower baths and looked pleased and smiling. Frank stood upon the house, holding by a back stay, taking in the scene and wishing for an artist who could paint such a picture; Charlie sat by the mast awaiting orders, and I watched and steered with all my might until my good right arm was strained and painful. (Four months have passed since then and it has not ceased to feel rheumatic twinges and aching pangs in damp or stormy weather.) It was a race against time and we won it. We sighted the outer buoy just at dark, swept in past Nautilus Island and the beacon upon the river into quiet water, and succeeded in getting hold of a mooring and lowered sail by the lights of the stars and fishermen's nuts. Then, thankful and tired, we began the pleasant task of cooking supper, and the ladies and Charlie soon had a spread that all will long remember and Lucullus would have enjoyed, and he prepared for it by cutter sailing in a northwester. Frank and the ladies went ashore to the Castine House, and the crew remained by the ship. The gale was strong all night and, shod creaked as we were by the high hills upon which Castine is built, the wind played a mournful tune in the cordage all night.

The passengers spent the forenoon riding around the town and visiting places of interest. Castine is located upon the side of a very high ridge, which is surmounted by the well preserved earthworks of the old English fort. There is a magnificent view from the parapet of upper Penobscot Bay and some reaches of the Penobscot and Bagaduce rivers. The ridge terminates in Dyce's Head, which is crowned by Castine Light and quite a number of very pretty summer villas. Nautilus Island lies upon the southern side of the harbor and has a fine house, boat house, steam launch and some boats, as accessories for the pleasure of Mr. Williams, of New York. The ridge runs up along the right bank of the river and is finally lost in the fertile farms of Penobscot township. A long, heavy, rusty cannon lies upon the esplanade toward the town where French and English and Americans and English fought for possession. The location of this fort is most advantageous for defense and offense. If modern astillery were properly mounted in it, it would command the eastern bay and defend the eastern approach to Penobscot Bay.

Castine is devoted to commerce. It has no manufactures and is only connected with the outside world by puny steamers and packets. It has a fine hotel and all the facilities for summer pleasure seekers, who are beginning to appreciate it and to come in greater numbers every year. Impressed by the early bed time of its inhabitants and the great quietness of the settlement after 9 P. M., I asked a citizen what supported the place. He answered promptly, "Fishing, pensions, normal schools and summer visitors." We made sail at 11 A. M., when the tide served, and had a pleasant run back to Belfast, with three lower sails set, and all hands were glad that the excursion had been increased a day by the tempestuous weather. CAREWELL.

A SAILING DORY.—Perhaps some of our readers who have used similar boats can answer the questions in the following letter: *Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much edified by the recent letters from Mr. Clapham and "C. W. L." on "Canoes vs. Sailboat." I wish to get up a small boat mainly for fishing in the waters of Peconic, Southold and Gardiner's bays, L. I. First of all I seek safety, then comfort, speed last. My main idea is that if I venture in my little craft down to the sea bass banks, off the "green hill" on Gardiner's Island, and a blow should happen to come up, I will stand some chance for my life while running for a harbor. It would be desirable, too, if the sail could be arranged to ship to pass under a couple of bridges, for then I could and anchorage in the creek which makes up into the farm to which I move in Apr.1, but this is not absolutely necessary if it would be unhandy. I have in view a dory, 11ft. 4in. over all, 54in. beam and about 20in. deep. How would it do to take that dory, deck it over fore and aft, about 3ft. each way, run a 4in. deck around the sides with a 2in. coaming, like the "ducker" illustrated by "C. W. L.," put in a centerboard—one of Atwood's galvanized, say—then step a mast, portable, if convenient, carrying a leg of mutton sail, after the style of those used by the New Haven's sharpies? The dory is V-sterned, and I should imagine would be a pretty safe craft, there would be space for lockers fore and aft, and the boat would be provided with rowing gear, of course. Is there any objection to such a boat, and can it be improved upon without much expense? Would ballast be required? Crew, man and two boys, say 300lbs., with tackle, etc. Will the "boat sharps" kindly give me their ideas, by which, no doubt, many besides myself will be benefited. —ALBATROSS.

THE RECORD OF THE WITCH.—The full record of the prizes won by the little cutter Witch, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 17, is as follows. Last season she carried nearly 1,000lbs. more ballast, making the increased draft over the drawing: Races, 1884—3 championship, B. Y. C., 2 firsts; 1 sail off, B. Y. C., first; 1 Hull, open, H. Y. C.; 1 B. Y. C., open, second, total, 6 starts—3 firsts and 1 second. 1885—3 championship, B. Y. C., 2 firsts (ruled out for fouling Per); 3 championship, C. Y. C., 2 firsts; 1 Lynn, open, L. Y. C.; 1 Hull, open, H. Y. C., third; 1 match race, first; 1 fall match, B. Y. C.; 1 Salem match, S. B. Y. C., second; total, 11 starts—5 firsts, 1 second, 1 third. 1886—3 championship, B. Y. C., 3 firsts, 3 championship, C. Y. C., 3 firsts; 2 championship, S. B. Y. C., 2 firsts; 1 Hull, open, H. Y. C.; 1 Beverly, open, B. Y. C., first; 1 ladies' race, C. Y. C., first; 1 fall match, C. Y. C., first; total, 12 starts—9 first prizes.

SUMMARY.	1884.	1885.	1886.	Total.
Starts	6	11	12	29
First prizes	3	5	9	17
Second prizes	1	1	0	2
Third prizes	0	1	0	1

RAJAH.—Mr. Jas. Beecher has sold his cutter Rajah to Mr. H. W. Eaton, of Larchmont, owner of the yawl Aneto.

YACHTING AT DETROIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following dimensions of the cutter Nona, Michigan Y. C., may possibly interest some of your readers, as she has held the championship of the club in the fourth class since she was launched, some three years ago:

Length over all	24ft.
Length, waterline	20ft.
Beam extreme	6ft. 2in.
Draft extreme	4ft. 4in.
Iron keel outside	1.25 tons.
Iron inside	1.25 tons.
Total ballast	2.50 tons.
Mainsail, luff	20ft.
Mainsail, foot	28ft.
Mainsail, head	19ft.
Staysail, luff	23ft.
Staysail, leech	30ft.
Staysail, foot	16ft.
Jib, luff	28ft.
Jib, leech	21ft.
Jib, foot	16ft.
Topsail pole	24ft.
Topsail club (foot)	24ft.
Balloon jib	36x36x26ft.

I have compared her rig to the cutters east and with the craft in "Small Yachts," and find that her rig is enormous for her size, still she is not oversparred and carries her sail as long as the yachts in the second and third class. With this rig I knock around alone all over Detroit River and Lake St. Clair, about 17×30 miles, and find her as comfortable and safe as could be desired.

The design has just been completed for a compromise racing sloop 40ft. over all, 34ft. 9in. l.w.l., 13ft. beam and 5ft. draft, with counterboard and 4 ton lead keel. The Detroit Dry Dock Company are building her, which insures the finest class of workmanship. She will sail in the second class I. L. Y. A.

The keel sloop Jennie J., now holding the I. L. Y. A. championship in the third class, will have more head sail and her friends thinks she will be "more invincible" than ever this year.

Petrel, 37ft., owned by Mr. Markhausen and others, has been sold to some young Corinthians who show their enterprise by going to work this early to fit her out.

Ramona, schooner, 40ft. l.w.l., designed by C. F. Hodges, will have new foretopmast and probably a lug foresail. She is 40ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, and 5ft. draft with some 5 tons in an iron keel outside. She is a clean cut, handsome and speedy craft, and although the work of an amateur, her design would reflect credit on many so-called professionals. Schooner Crusader has been sold, her former owners forming part of the syndicate who are building the above-mentioned compromise sloop. She is to be named City of the Straits, and is to be a representative Detroit yacht in the I. L. Y. A. races, and is to be owned by an organization called the City of the Straits Yacht Racing Association.

There has never been so much interest in yachting on the lakes as at present, due greatly to the series of sweepstakes races of last fall on Lake Erie, in which the sloop Fanchon, of Toledo, carried off all the honors. Detroit is going to have something to say in the matter this season, and has built three yachts for the purpose of getting one fast enough to sweep the inland seas. Two are very shoal skimming dishes, and one a deep, large displacement craft.

WAVE FORM.

A NEW CUP DEFENDER.

AS we go to press the news comes to us that General Paine has closed the contract with Messrs. Pusey & Jones, of Wilmington, Delaware, for a steel yacht 88ft. l.w.l., and of the same general proportions as Mayflower, but with a clipper stem. The new boat, of course designed by Mr. Burgess, will be delivered by July 1.

PRISCILLA.—At her builder's yard, Wilmington, Del., further alterations are being made in Priscilla, her after sail being increased by a longer boom and more hoist, the mast being lengthened 3ft. at the heel. An iron keel 16in. deep will also be added, but no lead will be run in it, the only object being to move the center of lateral resistance aft sufficiently to allow the increased after sail. Captain George Cooley will command her again this season.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—Officers: Henry W. Savage, Com.; W. D. Hodgkins, Vice-Com.; W. B. McLellan, Secy.; S. G. King, Treas.; Hartford Davenport, Measurer; W. L. Dearborn, Assistant Measurer; W. H. L. Smith, Coolidge Barnard and C. H. Nute, Directors; L. M. Clark, H. S. Carruth, Frank Gray, H. B. Callender and E. H. Tarbell, Regatta Committee.

ATLANTIC.—Mr. Edward C. Homans, the purchaser of Atlantic, has been elected a member of the New York Y. C. He will give the boat another trial this season after making some changes under the direction of Mr. Philip Ellsworth, the modeler of the yacht, and he hopes to have her in condition for the trial races.

THE SAIL AREA OF YACHTS.—A very large proportion of the many questions that come to us each week relate to the amount and disposition of sail that a yacht can carry. The question is a difficult one to answer even when one is familiar with the boat, but it is impossible to do so with any degree of certainty when only the most meager particulars of the boat and her use are indicated. The idea seems to prevail with many that there exists some rule or formula by which, if the length be given, the sail area may be accurately computed, but, on the contrary, the calculations used are only of value to one who is thoroughly familiar with the boat, her ballast, intended use, and other considerations which govern the selection of a sail plan. The calculations themselves are of a very simple nature and easily applied by any one to whom the principles are known. In small yachts these principles are laid down in a plain and simple manner, the calculations being given in detail, and we recommend to those desirous of improving their boats a careful study of these elementary principles. With these once understood the yachtsman has in his own hands the means of judging the value of any alterations in his craft, a far more reliable guide than any set of figures furnished by some one to whom the boat and her individual characteristics are unknown. Figures alone are but a poor guide in such matters, but in the hands of a man who understands his boat they may prove a most useful aid, and thanks to "Small Yachts," their practical application may easily be acquired.

TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.—Along the bay front of Toronto are a number of long, narrow, two-story houses, each being divided into compartments about 10×20ft. square, the lower floors opening on a platform at the water level, being used for boats, while the floor above was used by the lessee of the compartments as a store-room or living room in summer, many of them being handsomely fitted up. The Toronto Skiff Sailing Club has, since its organization, occupied eight of these lower compartments, with one large room above in the outer end of Hicks's boat house. On the night of March 26 a fire was discovered in the building, and in spite of the efforts of the firemen the building was badly damaged and much property destroyed. The club boats and furniture are partly insured. The loss on the building is given at $3,500. The club will occupy the same quarters as soon as they can be repaired.

A YACHT CLUB ON STATEN ISLAND.—The Staten Island Athletic Club, at a meeting on April 4, organized a yachting department with the following officers: Commodore, Eberhard Faber, sloop Grace Darling; Vice-Commodore, R. K. McMurray, sloop Æolus; Rear-Commodore, Alfred Bierck, cutter Estella; Secretary, W. F. Dissosway; Treasurer, A. L. Faris; Measurer, R. Stucker; Fleet Surgeon, Anson L. Carroll. The new boat house is now under way and will soon be completed. The entrance for shellboats will be on the east side, leaving a lee to the westward for small boats to anchor, and landing stages and other facilities will be provided. Being near to the city the location is an excellent one; while the other departments of the club, rowing, ball, tennis, archery and athletic sports, with a fine club house and grounds, offer great attractions.

CRUISING.—Talisman, steam yacht, Mr. J. F. Slater, left Morehead City, N. C., on March 30, for Norfolk, arriving on April 1 with the loss of her screw by striking a log in Currituck Sound. She went on the drydock for repairs....Awixa, sloop, Mr. T. B. Asten, was at St. Augustine on March 31, from Indian River for New York....Tarpon, sharpie, sailed on March 29 from Jacksonville for New York....Stella, steam yacht, Mr. W. W. Kenyon, lost her rudder between New River Bar and Bogue Inlet on March 23, coming into Beaufort by aid of her canvas; she repaired at Norfolk, leaving there for New York on April 4....Lurline, steam yacht, Mr. J. M. Waterbury, is cruising about Ossabaw and Jekyl Islands.

RESTLESS.—The steam yacht building at Houston & Woodbridge's yard, Marcus Hook, below Chester, Pa., for Col. Wm. M. Singerly of the Philadelphia *Record* is nearly ready for launching. She is 120ft. over all, 100ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 7ft. draft, with a compound engine 13 and 24x16in., and a tubular boiler 8ft. long. She also carries a 6 H. P. engine for electric lighting. The deck house contains the dining room and pantry, the wheel being on top of the house. The owner's quarters are abaft the engines, and the crew are forward. The interior decorations are very elaborate. The yacht will be schooner rigged with pole masts.

SPRINGS FOR RAISING A CENTERBOARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you give me any idea for springs to relieve the weight of an iron centerboard. I have a sailing skiff in Toronto with a 65lbs. board and it is quite an item to hoist when single-handed. Mr. Dixon Kemp, in his book "Yacht and Boat Sailing," mentions some springs for the Pollywog, p. 240, but I do not see how they could be applied to a skiff. Any information *re* springs, where they are to be bought and how they are to be fixed I shall be very glad to have.—ICHI BAN.

THE SOUTH BOSTON MUSQUITO FLEET.—As usual the first race of the season will be that of the Musquito fleet of South Boston, on Fast Day, starting at 11 A. M. off City Point. The entries are for boats under 15ft., divided into two classes.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Gevalia, schooner, has been sold to Mr. H. W. Coates, of New York....Oneida, steam yacht, formerly Utowana, has been sold by Mr. Thayer to a New York yachtsman. ...Outing, keel sloop, of the Hull Y. C., has been purchased by Mr. F. B. Eyre, of the Corinthian Y. C., of New York. ....Romance, schooner, has been sold to Col. G. S. Howard, Atlantic Y. C.

"THE VEST POCKET NAVIGATOR FOR YACHTSMEN."—We have received a copy of the last edition of this useful little work, issued by Capt. Howard Patterson, of the New York Navigation School.

BOSTON'S SCHOOLS OF DESIGNING.—The annual exhibition of the John Hawes school of designing will be held on April 11 and 12, at the Bird school house, South Boston.

ISIS.—This cutter, designed by Com. Canfield, S. C. Y. C., and built by Poillons in 1884, has been purchased by Messrs. Edwin A. and Robert L. Stevens of Hoboken.

PERSONAL.—Lieutenant and Mrs. Henn arrived in New York on Tuesday, and work will be commenced on Galatea as soon as her crew arrive.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. L. P.—We can supply the number giving drawings of sneak-box.

A. M.—The best dog training book is Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking," price $1, supplied by us. We have no book on bird trapping, and you have no use for such a book in New Jersey.

H. K. C., Clyde, N. Y.—My brother in Michigan has a badger with two young ones about two weeks old that he would like to seal. Do you know of any one who would like them? Ans. We know of no one, unless some of the zoological gardens would take them.

W. O. W., Charlottesville, Va.—In pigeon shooting at single birds here to-day two birds were by mistake liberated at once. The shooter fired at one bird and missed, then fired at the other, which afforded a better shot, and killed. How does it count? Ans. A miss.

OFF-HAND.—What positions of the body are allowable in off-hand rifle shooting? Ans. In this country the position must be a standing one. No artificial rest for the rifle is allowable. The arms should be held free from the body, but some shooters adopt the hip rest, *i. e.*, the elbow is rested against the side of the hip.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

During the flood at Bismarck, Dak., the other day, a big cake of ice went down the roaring Missouri, and on the ice was a big black bear.

The beaver is said to be returning to the Southern States. The whites haven't got the time and the darkies are too lazy to hunt them.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

A party of twelve Fredericksburg hunters, with thirty-five dogs, recently spent several days fox hunting in King George county, Va., and captured eighteen foxes.

Marco Stanwick, a Turk, living at 35 Mott street, was led into the Harlem Court yesterday. Following him was a huge bear, led by a light chain. He had been arrested for leading the beast through the street. The bear stood before the bar on his hind legs, and his master put him through a series of tricks to show Justice Patterson that the animal was perfectly docile. Both prisoners were discharged—*New York Times.*

The farmers in Woodbury, Long Island, are up in arms against the Rockaway Hunt Club. The club have had several fox hunts recently, and have galloped with the hounds across the newly-sown fields of grain and other crops, doing, so it is alleged, much injury to them, as well as the fences. Last year the hunters promised to pay for the damage then done, but they have failed to do so. During the last fox hunt, when the hunters attempted to cross the farm of Elbert Seaman, at Oceanville, the latter, with some of his help, confronted them, armed with pitchforks, and refused to allow them to cross. Other farmers also refused the hunters permission to ride over their farms. Suits are about to be begun by the farmers to recover damages for injuries already sustained.—*New York Times*, April 2.

HUMPHREYS'

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CURES—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation.
A. A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B. B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C. C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D. D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E. E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F. F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G. G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrages.
H. H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
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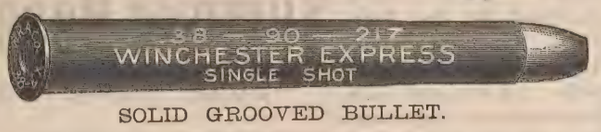
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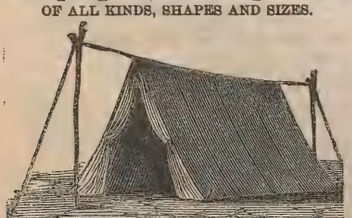
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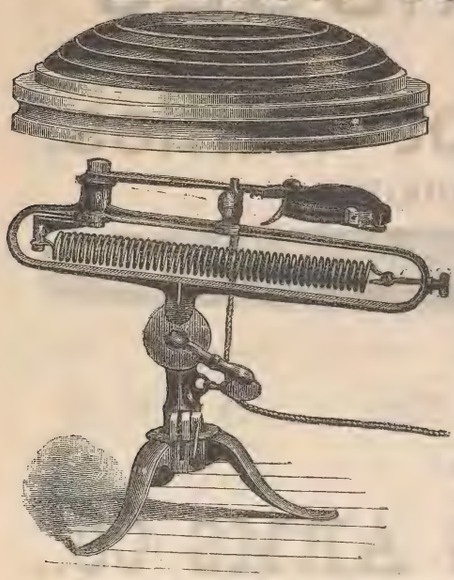
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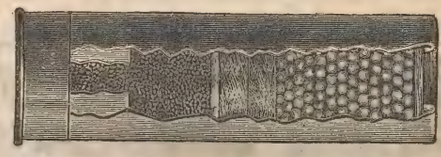
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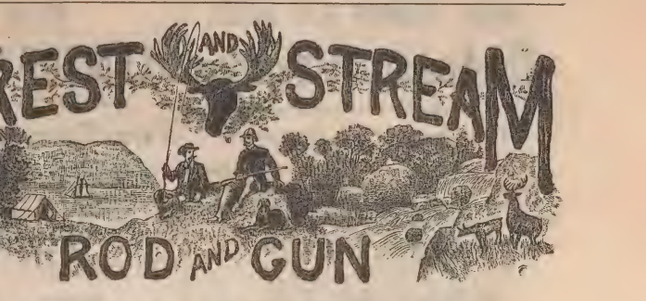
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Readers old and new of the FOREST AND STREAM may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1886 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM as legitimate journalistic methods. In other words, we have kept faith with subscribers by devoting our reading columns exclusively to honest reading matter, and have not given up our pages to extended paid puffs of railroad routes clumsily disguised as accounts of sportsmen's travel, nor alluring descriptions of wonderful agricultural regions, all paid by the column. The conviction that a sportsman's journal for sportsmen could be conducted without resorting to such questionable makeshift expedients have proved quite correct.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

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Natural History.

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Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

WINTER IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

WE print this week the second instalment of the report of our Yellowstone Park Midwinter Explorer, which will be found not less interesting than the portion which has appeared before. The story of this trip has already excited a widespread interest, and the thorough appreciation by the press and the public of our success in bringing to light the mysteries of the Yellowstone Park in winter is most gratifying. In our issue of to-day the wonderful effect of the frost work is described, and the scenes of which our correspondent tells us read more like a fairy tale than the commonplace occurrences of every day life. Each one who reads Mr. Hofer's pen pictures of these marvellous effects of winter's work will envy him his opportunities for beholding these beauties. Since the ice has once been broken and our correspondent has had the pluck and daring to penetrate the Park, no doubt others will follow in his footsteps later.

Much speculation has been indulged in with regard to the mysterious occurrences for which the Yellowstone Park is so famous, several of which are referred to by Mr. Hofer. For example, a correspondent who has devoted a great deal of anxious thought to the subject of the bottle in the tree, advances the ingenious theory that at the time it was put in position twelve feet above the level of the snow, the whole party was elevated to that extent. This might account for the inscription on the label, and if the hypothesis be correct it opens up a series of interesting questions as to the possibilities of "Fine Old McBrayer." If this fluid possess such lifting power as suggested, it will naturally attract the attention of aeronauts, those who go up in the air in balloons.

We continue to hear favorable accounts from the Yellowstone Park of the game which has wintered there. Jack Baronett, the scout, was sent last month by Captain Harris over to Specimen Ridge to look for bison. He found a herd there, of which he counted eighty, all of the herd not being in sight.

NAMES.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a list of thirty-six names, in different localities applied to a single bird, the golden-winged woodpecker—which "is nothing more nor less than the high-hole," as was oracularly declared the other day by a well-known woodcraftsman, who happened to be in the office when the list came in. The catalogue may appear extraordinary, but there probably are other birds whose names are just as numerous and as varied.

Mr. Edward Jack, of New Brunswick, recently expressed his surprise at the queer specimens of fish which he found masquerading under the name of trout in Georgia. In Canada the fish would pass for a sucker, but never for a trout, for Canadians think they know what a trout is; yet some of our finical correspondents who stickle for absolutely correct nomenclature, refuse to give this fish its accepted name of brook trout, but call it a charr.

The game laws ought to be drawn with careful regard to the nomenclature of the species they are intended to protect; but some of the statutes are woefully deficient in this respect. In the Langbein bill, now before the New York Legislature, a bill which has been through the hands of one of the Fish Commissioners and is understood to be largely his personal work, there is allusion to one fish which in the section defining the open seasons is referred to by its commonly accepted name, black bass, and in another section, granting permission to sell, is dubbed "Virginia Chub." This may be a case of stupid carelessness, or it may be a case of something else.

LUMBERMEN AND GAME.

THE winter of 1886–7 has been a most favorable season for the wealthy Maine lumbermen who prefer to violate the laws of the land and to feed their crews on game unlawfully killed rather than to put their hands into their pockets and as honest men buy provisions for the camps. Deep snow fell early; an ice crust was formed by the last of December, and the conditions for easy crust-hunting have been maintained ever since then. Proprietors of the lumber camps openly refuse to buy pork at $25 per barrel when they can get moose, caribou and deer meat for the killing; and this winter their hirelings have made the most of the game supply. The men composing the camps are in many instances Bluenoses of a brutal, ignorant class, who cut under native wages, smuggle many of their supplies, and have no scruples about cutting a moose's throat in the snow crust.

Taken altogether, the lumbermen probably kill more Maine game than is destroyed by all other means. The midsummer evidences of the slaughter are to be found about the camp sites—hides and bones of moose, deer and caribou. There is no secret about this winter game destruction. A detective could readily secure ample evidence to convict. It is to be hoped that some one may be found who has knowledge of the facts and is not scared by the lumbermen's threats to kill informers, to communicate the facts to the authorities. One or two of the scrimping proprietors ought to be made examples of. Instruction judiciously imparted should teach them that the cheapest way to feed their men is, after all, to buy pork.

OUR DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

AS HAS been announced in our Trap columns, we will give a FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, to be competed for on Monday, May 30, by teams of three members of any organized clubs. The trophy is a cup of solid silver, specially manufactured for us at a cost of $100, by the Whiting Manufacturing Co., of Union Square, New York. It is a piece of work that we are sure will be appreciated by the club which shall be so fortunate as to win it.

The conditions of the match are explained elsewhere. Club secretaries are invited to communicate with us respecting entries, which are now in order.

We indulge the hope that this friendly contest for the FOREST AND STREAM TROPHY may be one of the pleasurable features of the May anniversary.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S grizzly bears on exhibition at Central Park are daily delighting thousands of visitors, some of whom have spent time and money out West trying to catch a glimpse of just such game without a cage around it.

SNAP SHOTS.

AMONG the curiosities of game bills this year is one in the New York Legislature relating to salmon. Unless a man reads the newspapers pretty carefully or studies the FOREST AND STREAM, he would not dream that New York was specially concerned with the protection of a fish which has been from time immemorial a stranger to its waters. The new legislation is very necessary, however, to provide for the Hudson River salmon put in by the United States Fish Commission. If the law is made and enforced, the salmon, it is hoped, may prove a substantial addition to the river resources of the State, just as the moose put out in the North Woods would have been an addition to the forest resources if the law to protect them had protected. It is not so hard to secure these new species as it is to keep them after we once have them, and to guard them from immediate extermination at the hands of cupidity. If there were no statute to protect the Hudson salmon, the New York fishermen would serve them in just the way the Connecticut fishermen served the salmon of that river.

The National Rifle Association programme for the Creedmoor meeting, which will begin Sept. 12, will consist of sixteen regular matches. The cash prizes sum up $1,374 against the $1,605 of last year, while the trophies are valued at $725, the Tiffany cup adding $75 to the total of last year. Among the general provisions adopted is one requiring ammunition for military rifles to be brought on to the ground ready for use. In all of the matches which have heretofore allowed State model rifles, any rifle will be allowed which has been issued by any State to its National Guard. The division matches for New York militia become under the new order brigade matches. Otherwise there are no important changes from last year's programme. We will print the full programme in an early issue.

A medical alarmist has delivered himself of the dictum that people who eat game that has been killed by shooting endanger their lives if the meat has been kept for a week or ten days. He has discovered the familiar fact that arsenic is employed in the manufacture of shot; when the shot remains in the flesh of the game it undergoes an oxidization, and there you have two of the deadliest poisons known—arsenic and oxide of lead. Unless there is some mistake about the doctor's alarming theory, several tens of thousands of people who are alive to-day ought to have died ten or twenty years ago.

Fly-casting competitions give promise of growing popularity. Albany has a new association, and there is one in Toledo, O., and another in Oakland, Cal. The National Rod and Reel Association's May tournament is already exciting much interest. It would be well if other competitions could be modeled upon that of Central Park. If the conditions and rules were the same in all cases, opportunity would be given to compare the record made. Still further interest would attach to the performances of American and English tournament casters if in certain classes identical rules governed.

If Sir John Lubbock ever perfects his system of teaching dogs to talk, some interesting language will be heard from the over-weight bench show spaniels which their mug-hunting owners deliberately starve in order to reduce their weight; and as it will be a long time yet before dogs will talk intelligently, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may in the interim profitably give its attention to the bench shows.

Abolition of summer woodcock shooting was one of the steps contemplated by certain citizens of New Jersey at the last session of the Legislature; but the movement failed. The season proposed for all species of game was from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15. Instead of securing anything of this kind, members of the game societies had their hands full to prevent the passage of laws materially reducing the present close season.

The Ontario law remains unchanged. A vigorous attempt was made to rescind the clause forbidding spring shooting, but the Legislature refused to act on it. Public opinion is making in favor of the present law.

No progress has been made in game law legislation at Albany.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WINTER IN WONDERLAND.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ON SNOWSHOES.

II.

ON February 16 I visited Norris Geyser Basin. A heavy fog hung over the country, with a light snow. As I approached the Basin, I was startled by the resemblances to men and animals the ice-laden trees showed, as, standing sentinel duty on each side of the road, they appeared to be watching our approach. Everything was loaded down with the steam frozen as it had drifted from the geysers. There were fantastic forms of men and women looking into the pools. Up the road were seen hogs, rabbits, mules, elephants, leopards, tigers, cats and dogs; animals of all kinds and shapes, creatures that outside of the Park nothing but a disordered mind could conjure up. All were in white, but often with dark eyes, ears and mouth, or limbs or faces, where the deep green of the pines showed through the white ice. Now and then a bough free from frost projected through the ice to form the plume of a soldier or the ears of a mule or rabbit. Again there appeared the form of a woman holding a child, bending over it as if to protect it from the wintry blasts. Others there were with groups of children gathered about them, all in white, as though just escaping from their burning homes; and it wanted but the red glow of a sunset to make the illusion complete; the steam looked like smoke, while the confused sounds of the geysers resembled the burning and crackling of flames and the crash of falling buildings. I was alone with all this mysterious, ghostly band, and I confess to a strange sensation amid these weird surroundings as I descended into the basin through the fog. On every side could be heard the rush and roar of hot water and steam. Even under foot was heard the hissing of escaping steam and gases, and the bubbling and sputtering of waters through the sand and decomposed formations. Mud pots were puffing and splashing their inky contents, or whirling and dashing their turbid waters against the banks of the caldrons, all invisible until one was within five or ten feet of the brink of the pool and geysers.

I soon noticed an increase in the activity of most of the geysers through the Basin. I timed the Five Minute, or Constant Geyser, the eruptions occurring every twelve to fifteen seconds. It threw its clear waters from 15 to 20ft. high. There would be several thuds, agitating the waters considerably, then a burst of steam and gases which threw the waters to their fullest height.

Wandering around among the pools in the mystery of the fog, alone in the world—like one at sea on a raft without a sail in sight—I could not see the ghostly goblin band over the hill I had left behind, but I could feel their presence; and now and again I would suddenly come in sight of more of them as I approached the timber either on my right or left. I found ice and snow everywhere in the valley. I could travel on my snowshoes on snow and ice 3ft. deep, by the side of streams of hot water, while snow was falling on me, and white rabbits were mysteriously disappearing from sight among the snow-laden trees on my left. Flies were seen on the surface of the stream, and where the water was collected in shallow pools a water insect like a worm could be seen on the bottom moving sluggishly about. Most of the colors of the rainbow lined the bottom of the stream, though the shades were pale. I followed down the stream of the waters running from Constant, Black Growler, Ink Geyser, and the pools in the northern part of the Basin, until it was joined by the waters from the Monarch, New Crater, Vixen, Spiteful, Coral and the other beautiful pools, springs and geysers in the main basin. This stream I then followed up until I had visited every point of interest. I was often cautioned by signs "not to drive over the formation." Once seeing a queer ice mound I could just make out a sign, and breaking away some of the ice I was notified "to extinguish my fires." Well, hardly, on this cold day, if you please. The snow, which was from 4 to 5ft. deep, was seamed everywhere by little streams of hot water, all leading to some hot spring or geyser; the snow and ice extended up close to the hot water, sometimes within 1 or 2in. I could step across most of the streams without getting off my snowshoes.

As I approached Coral Spring I was almost tempted to shoot at a large polar bear; he was ten feet up a dead tree, near the spring; he had climbed up the tree and was looking back at the hot water as if afraid of it; I could have believed him to be alive as I first saw him through the fog and falling snow. He was only ice, however, and had grown right there where he was, as the frozen steam had added to his bulk. He was at least ten feet long; and as he grasped the tree with all his legs, one foreleg thrown over a dead limb, he was a perfect picture of a great white bear. If carved from a block of ice by an artist he could not have looked more natural. All the trees in and near the basin are small second growth pines, the fires having killed off all the large timber. These trees are just large enough to form ice figures of proportions to make their resemblance to human beings and animals perfect.

Following up the waters from the new Crater Geyser, I soon came to the geyser and saw it in eruption. There has been some increase in the size of the Crater since I saw it last summer. Leaving this I followed the high ground to the Emerald, a beautiful pool, whose bright green shone more brilliant by being brought into strong contrast with the white of the surrounding snow. Further on I came to the Schaum Kessel, the only object Mr. Arnold Hague, of the Geological Survey, personally named. It is a very interesting mud geyser. The bottom and sides of the basin are lined with a pearly formation, and when dry the points show a bluish-white tinge, looking very pretty against the dark background of the basin. When in action this geyser is as attractive as any I have seen; it throws jets of lead blue colored waters up through a whirling, dashing, waving mass seven feet in diameter. Its action is different from those of the other geysers; they all differ very much when closely noticed Some Park visitors say: "Well, I have seen one; I've seen all." This is a great mistake. I know of no two alike, either in action or formation. In mound, terrace, or cone, all are different, and one who is so well acquainted with their formation as is Mr. Hague can tell from a specimen which one of the principal geysers it came from.

From this point I went up on a very perfect cone of ice, 6ft. high by 10ft. in diameter, formed by the frozen spray and steam from the "safety valve," which was blowing off as though on its efforts depend the integrity of the whole crust of the basin. Sliding off the cone I visited the Black Growler. Here, too, I think there is some increase in the action. Following the hillside a little way from the Growler, one leg, snowshoe and all, suddenly dropped down with the snow, throwing me on my side. For an instant I thought I was over a hot hole, but could not remember any in the immediate vicinity; and soon righting myself I looked into the hole and saw logs there. I think the warm ground had melted the snow away, the logs supporting the crust until I had stepped on it. My foot and snowshoe passed between two logs. There was not the least danger, but it taught me to be a little more cautious unless I was sure the ground under me was safe.

Further east I came to another steam escape, somewhat sheltered from the wind. Near this was an ice-covered tree, which had taken the form of a woman, her garments covered with the most delicate frost work lace, fringes and tassels, more delicate than the finest silk, and that a breath of wind would disturb and break; a gossamer-like bridal veil of frost hung over all, looped and gathered into folds. It was the most delicate frost work I have yet seen. With one beam of sunlight all would have disappeared. The whole fabric was so fine that parts were continually breaking off and falling on the snow below, making a train for the dress.

I had now been in the Basin several hours, had seen boiling water and solid ice within less than a foot of each other, and little mounds of green and blue tinted ice, where the spray from the small geyser jets fell; and I had stepped across running streams of hot water, with my snowshoes elevated above the stream by two or three feet of snow and ice. In summer no such extremes meet; nothing so beautiful and delicate as the frostwork is then to be seen. Before I left the Basin the fog lifted; the wind began to blow, swaying the trees about, rattling their icy garments; the ghosts and goblins were going through a weird dance, bowing and swaying to each other, accompanied by the mournful music of the wind as it sighed and moaned through the pines.

The clouds lifting showed Mt. Holmes in the northwest. This beautiful peak with its snow-capped summit rose from the dark masses of green timber. In places the trees were so laden with snow as to give the whole forest a white appearance; the last snow had covered every limb and bough, and one could call it a forest of silver trees. In a few places the wind had blown the snow off, revealing a dark green and giving to the landscape the appearance of shadows of passing clouds.

Returning to the hotel, I learned the history of the Schwatka Exploring Expedition, the true cause of its failure and the extent of its explorations. There is much humbug about the whole thing. As well talk of "exploring" Central Park, New York, as the National Park. The National Park is a well-known country; everything worth seeing is mapped out and described in reports and geological surveys, guide books and newspaper letters. The extent of the Schwatka "explorations" consisted in following a first-class wagon road, 30ft. wide, cut through the forest, and planted with telephone poles every 200 feet. The party, after being helped almost half way with teams, consumed three days in going to the Norris Hotel from the Mammoth Hot Springs. The "explorers" had no packs to carry, having several men as assistants. The trip was very poorly managed; enough baggage was taken for twenty men. Not only were the men burdened with packs, but there were a "master of transportation" and guides, who would carry no baggage. On a trip of this kind every man ought to carry his proportion. As, when starting out, they had more baggage than they could get through with, the surplus was left in a log barn on Willow Creek, and in a tent, three-quarters of a mile this side, where they made their last camp. Mr. Ross, the snowshoer, was the first into Norris, Coho and Schwatka coming in last. Mr. F. Jay Haynes, the photographer, packed his portion of the baggage.

After resting, most of the explorers started for the Lower Basin, leaving Mr. Brackett, an old gentleman of 76, at the hotel. The Lieutenant got as far as the Dude's Head, a peculiar stump beside the road, not quite four miles from the hotel. There is here an abnormal growth on a tree about 4ft. high, the road builders having cut the tree off at this swelling and leaving the stump as a landmark. Here it is said he had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and with the assistance of Baronnett, the Government scout, he returned to the hotel and his base of supplies until the party returned from the Basins, when he mustered sufficient vitality to go to the Falls. Mr. Brackett, with his burden of 76 years, also made this trip, some twelve and a half miles.

That part of the expedition that made the trip to the Basins returned to Norris on about Jan. 12. At the Lower Geyser Basin Mr. Haynes dropped the explorers. Selecting two men and sending for Ed Wilson, with these three he visited the Geyser Basins, returning by the way he had come, and reaching Norris on Jan. 19, during a very severe wind storm, which blew and broke down hundreds of trees along the roads in the Park. The storm disabled the telephone wire from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the Lower Basin, where it is down in over fifty places, and rendered it useless for the winter.

From the Norris Basin Mr. Haynes visited the Falls and Grand Cañon, going out over Mt. Washburn, on which he and his party were lost for three days. They were lost before reaching the top of the Pass on the east trail. They had no bedding, no ax, and little provisions, but fortunately enough were provided with matches, and as they were on a well timbered country they did not suffer for the want of a fire. Their exploits have been described in several papers, in some greatly exaggerated. One writer for a Montana paper, not knowing the geography of the country, has them at noon on the summit, later lost, then looking into Tower Creek Cañon, then back on the south side of the mountain, then well down in the Yellowstone Cañon—jumping them about by prodigious leaps of from ten to twelve miles at a bound, before finally rescuing them. The fact is, that they were lost before they began the ascent of the mountain; wandering around on the south side they finally made their way around the mountain on the east, between it and the Yellowstone Cañon. They crossed a spur that is the highest point in the cañon, and here they passed over one very dangerous place, where they were likely to start a snow-slide which would have swept them to certain death. While crossing this place not a word was spoken, for each one realized the danger. I am quite familiar with all the trails over and around the mountains, and I know that even in summer there is much danger in riding around this point. Tourists never travel this trail, but take one further to the west known as the East, or Cañon Trail.

After rounding this point they were soon on the waters of Antelope Creek, and in an open country. Striking across the country they soon descended to Tower Creek. The party were too much exhausted to photograph this beautiful fall, or a band of elk which they saw. Pushing on, they arrived at Yancey's Station about 2 P. M., on the third day from the Falls. Resting here a day, they then went in to the Mammoth Hot Springs, glad to get safely out of the Park. Lieut. Schwatka and friends had returned to the Mammoth Hot Springs by the way they came, before Mr. Haynes had got down from the geysers.

I saw a clipping from the New York *World* telling of the wonderful things the expedition was going to do in the Park. The most wonderful of all was that they were going to take with them some fifty Crow scouts. It would take more than the whole United States Army to drive a Crow Indian through the Park in winter. They know nothing about the geyser country. They are afraid of it. It is "bad medicine" for the superstitious Indians. To ask one to go in there would be to get an answer to the effect that a white man was "heap a dam fool, heap crazy."

Going over the hotel on my return from the Basin, I saw the cracked walls and chimneys broken by the shaking up the building had received by an earthquake shock in November. It had shaken dishes off the shelves and broken many of them. Throughout this region the snow was about seven feet deep; one bank in front of the hotel reached up to the second story. White rabbits were very thick about here. Wolverine and lynx tracks were seen every few rods; one can follow with his eyes the attempts of the lynx to catch a rabbit for his dinner. They never make many jumps, only about three; if they miss a rabbit then they give it up and try another. These rabbits can make as long a jump as a lynx, and can outrun a lynx on the snow. When a rabbit hides in the snow he is unsafe. I noticed places where a lynx had been diving for a rabbit; into his hole he would go, the rabbit getting away from it and making for another place to hide, only to have the lynx down on him again; and so it went on until the rabbit was overtaken by the lynx. A little

blood stain showed where the hunt had ended. A lynx sinks but little in the snow, its very large feet prevent its light body from sinking much more than a rabbit.

Soon after 3 A. M. on the 17th, we started for the Lower Basin. It was quite dark and snowing a little when we set out. We passed through the basin I had visited the day before, coming out through the fog and steam on the other side. We could see a little better, as it was getting daylight. In due time we came to the Dude's Head, the top of which was below the level of the snow, only a little mound of white showing where it was. With some difficulty I could run my snowshoe pole to the ground, and I found that through this stretch of timber the snow was from six to seven feet deep. We sank from four to six inches deep in the snow while on the shoes, without them we would go down to our knees.

When we came out in sight of the Gibbon Meadow, we were favored with a lifting of the clouds, giving us a view of the meadow and surrounding country. We could look down the Gibbon Cañon a short distance and see great clouds of steam rising from the Monument Geysers, the Artist Paint Pots and geysers on the head of Geyser Creek, and on our right Sylvan Spring. A dark snow cloud hid Mt. Holmes and all the peaks in the Madison Range. We ran down to the meadow in a few seconds, a delightful slide after the steady tramping in the snow through the timber. Shortly after descending the hill, a severe snow storm struck us, followed by a strong wind, which drove the snow against us in horizontal lines; but as it came from our right it was not so difficult to travel in, though had it been driving in our faces it would have been hard work making headway.

The Gibbon River was open and free from ice; all the open creeks that flow into it were steaming. Drifted snow curled over its banks and hid them, the river coming through a white field. Long bright green grasses and water plants grow on the bottom, waving with the current.

Through this part of the Park I expected to see moose, for there are a few in here and to the north nearer Mt. Holmes. I expected to find them feeding on the grasses in the water, or at least to discover some signs of them; but we saw nothing that I was sure of, for the fast falling snow hid whatever tracks there might have been. I noticed several flocks of ducks on the river, most of them woodducks, with a few mallards and a black duck with white cheeks and white tipped wings.

We soon entered the cañon which I had been dreading, for I was fearful of snowslides and the dangerous places I had been told of. I was tempted to go around to avoid the bad part; but we concluded that we could slip through and by taking due note of the dangerous places shoot across them. We soon came to the Hot Springs on the left of the old road. Here a log had been thrown across the stream, as there was no bridge on the new road. We were obliged to cross on this log, the one that had caused Pete Nelson, the mail carrier, so much trouble. Taking both snowshoe poles, I balanced myself with one, breaking the snow and ice off with the other. The log sagged so that the water ran almost over it, making it slippery; and it required caution to cross without a wetting. Although encumbered with packs and long snowshoes, we managed to pass over in safety. In this cañon I noticed the effects of the storm of Jan. 19; many trees had been blown down, some were broken off 20ft. up and had brought down in their fall telephone wires and poles. The wide wagon road was piled up with snow fully 12ft. deep, drifted in long ridges, the tops of which we were obliged to follow as if traveling on the comb of a house. At the Beryl Spring we paused a few minutes to see the effect of the cold. All the trees were covered with ice, in interesting and strange shapes. We then crossed two bridges over gulches, the snow being piled above the railing. Through here there was some 7ft. of snow, on the meadow above from 4 to 7ft.

Constantly looking for danger we recrossed the river on a bridge, and soon after I noticed the trail of two small snowslides, and walking back saw the trail of another above the bridge. That was the only dangerous ground I saw. To be sure, the sides of the cañons are very steep and the snow deep, but fortunately the cañon is well-timbered and holds the snow in place. I really think there is no danger here at all. Climbing a long hill we soon came to the Gibbon Falls, to see which we must descend into the cañon again; this was so difficult in the deep snow, to say nothing of the trouble we would have in getting back, that we concluded to go on.

The storm was over and the sun out, with now and then passing clouds. When we came to the Cañon Creek hill, we had a view of half a mile, descending some 400ft. While resting here and lunching, I looked for fish, as this is the first stream in which one can find trout after leaving the Mammoth Hot Springs. I saw but a single fish and that but a small one. Having rested an hour we pushed on our way, and before sunset came to the Teton Hill, from which, on a clear day, one can see the top of the Grand Teton. We could discern steam rising from the Great Fountain, Fountain, and Excelsior Geysers. The whole of the Lower Basin was before us; flowing to our right was the Fire Hole River; further north the Cañon of the Madison, 1,700ft. deep. The whole river was open, with ducks and brant on the surface, and now and then a gull.

Running down the hill we crossed an exposed space where the snow was only 4ft. deep. Just before entering the Lower Basin we crossed immense drifts, and making our way over Nez Percé Creek, came to the hotel, reaching there a little after 6 P. M. Elwood Hofer.

NORWAY NOTES.

A SCRAMBLE of about an hour over the turf and up the rocks, slippery with moisture, brought us to the Torghaetten Tunnel. There is a theory that the ceaseless beating of the sea ages ago had worn a passage through the rocky island, and that as the fragments of rock loosened and fell from above they piled and filled up below. This may or may not be so, but there is the hole in the rock 400ft. above the sea. I trembled at the thought of what a condition of soreness those 400ft. must be in after so many generations of climbing.

The mate, who is acting as our guide, cautions us against the overhanging mass of granite, as huge pieces are continually rattling down. The hole is taciturn to a degree, and without any warning cry of "stand from under," plies his strong bar of time. He is wise in saving his breath; he will want it all before he climbs that remaining 200ft. before he escapes into the air above.

A moment for cooling our lungs and then we look. For 1,000ft. or more in a downward course stretched the opening, 100ft. or so in breadth and height, ragged, torn, dripping with the sweat of its tremendous struggle, and the opening at the other end bathed in the vapor of a melting glacier. On our walk down we stopped often and stooped always over the soft tables of moss which, sheltered by the rocks, nurtured little pink and blue flowers. How gentle and soft was their fragrance after a breath blown from the sea!

"When do we reach Tromso?" was the first question the next morning, for there we were to see some real, live, genuine Laplanders in all their splendor (of dirt and poverty). About thirty of us were rowed ashore that afternoon and found as many shaggy little ponies. Three of us, more impatient than the others, were quickly mounted, and then a wild dash for three miles. The path led up a narrow valley between the gradually rising hills, crossing and recrossing a brook swollen into a muddy rush by the melting snow, and checked and turned in its course every few feet by the upheaved rocks. One of the ponies, being weighted down with the fat of forty years, gradually dropped behind, and we two alone splashed along, leaving behind the soft warmth of the sun near the ocean, and entering the chilling banks of mist drifting down from the snow banks above. The path became more rocky as we ascended, and it seemed as if each stone struck by the pony's feet relieved itself of a good share of its hardness, which darted up through the pony's leg, shoulder and my body, and ended with a thump in my head. When four separate and distinct shocks, springing from as many legs at one and the same time would meet at the base of my neck, I began to wish that the Laps were not so retiring in their habits. A sudden turn in our course and we reined up in the midst of scores of snarling, grinning dogs, who were so assiduous in their attentions that we unanimously decided to take our first view of the camp from our present lofty positions.

What a motly sight it was indeed! Half a dozen mud and skin huts scattered along the brook, with damp and smoke dripping and floating from every pore; the height of the hills behind squeezing out countless little streams of water from their vaporous sides; the groups of Laplanders, loose-jointed and seemingly incapable of bodily exertion, covered with reindeer hides, donned for as long as they would remain on the wearer, lying about; so much water about, and yet so much filth; and the foreground, the background and the remaining chinks of the scene filled and animated with the muddy legs, bedraggled tails and constant snarl of the omnipresent and always fighting dog, whose bristling back and eager nostril assured us that the saddle was the place of safety. The others of the party coming up, we were surrounded by the Laps, eager to exchange their leggins, shoes, tobacco-pouches of reindeer hide, knives sheathed in rudely carved walrus bone, spoons of horn and such other knick-knacks as they could make without any great expenditure of energy, for the coin of the realm—tobacco. Our attention was next attracted by their herd of about 400 reindeer which were "rounded up" in a brush corral, and as they were moderately tame, we had an opportunity of a good look at them. I was much disappointed in their size and appearance. Judging from the pictures one sees of reindeer pulling sledges over the snow, they appear to be nearly as large as a horse, whereas in life I saw none larger than our mule deer, and with their shedding coats and straggling antlers drooping on their shoulders they looked the picture of meekness.

One thing was noticeable all through the North, in both men and animals; there was no life, no animation. The children did not laugh over their play in the streets or fields; even a joyous expression was a rarity. The long, dark, cold winter leaves a chill in the heart, so deep that it cannot be reached by the warmth of the summer's sun. One was not awakened in the morning by the lusty crow of a cock, nor did the hens leave their nests, nor gather their chicks about them with the proud cluck of maternity. All the horses are left in the full vigor of nature, yet they stand quiet and passionless, unhitched in the streets of Norway. The reindeer, too, tame and almost lifeless, allowed us to walk within a few yards of them. One of our party producing a photographic apparatus, we grouped ourselves on a mound, a few deer being held in front of us with ropes, and to heighten the effect some of us covered ourselves with reindeer leggins, gloves, skins and in one or two instances a huge pair of antlers were tied on the shoulders—enough to puzzle the eye of any camera. The result was a strange intermingling of men with four feet and horns and reindeer with umbrellas and derby hats. Friends in America must have indeed thought that Norway was a strange land, upon receiving such pictures of life there. Returning to the steamer we lingered for a moment, but to the windward of a huge whale that had been killed ten days before by fishermen who were now cutting up and trying out the blubber. Fearful of our quickly waning appetites, we left the huge roll of fat and were soon on board.

One day we steamed through the Lofoden Islands. The morning was rainy and we were afraid that we might miss much of the beauty of the islands, but late in the afternoon, the mist rolling up, the mountains, every line came out clear and distinct. The colorings were almost startling in their contrasts. The sea, a cold blue where we were sailing, shaded out to a light green away back in the distance where the horizon bathed its arc, the surface dotted with fishing boats, thin curved lines, trireme-like, and brick red square sails drifting with the wind; the brilliant green of the land, low-lying at the shore, fading to a brown as it quickly rose into mountains, with thin cold gray hollows and the shaded blue of the rivers of eternal ice, and above all the pinnacles, spurs and knobs of the top, softened with the banks of snow and engoldened in the rays of the sun. Sunday morning we spent a few hours at Hammerfest, which is remarkable for one thing at least, that it is the most northern town in the world. It is made up of a hundred or two frame buildings, stuck up where room was found for them, and no two facing in the same direction. The sights of the town were few, the smells enormous. At almost every turn we saw strings of codfish hanging in the sun and air to dry, and so, no matter what direction the wind came from, it was sure to be laden, and heavily, with the sea's dead. A peep inside the four cold white walls of the church disclosed a sleepy congregation of fisher-folk and Laps and one or two light-haired Finns from the interior.

On our way back to the steamer we were run into by a Lap, who, doubtless thinking of the efficacy of oil on troubled waters, had reversed the matter, pouring into his oily self an unlimited amount of (fire) water, and his tottering legs heeded not the right of way as he came jibing toward us, crying some tribal song in his frenzy.

A few hours steaming brought us to Gull Rock near the North Cape, which is the home and breeding place of millions of gulls, attracted there by the fishing banks. A rocket or two fired against the rock and the gulls dropped from their resting place in infinite numbers, and floated in the wind like clouds of snowflakes.

We came to anchor late in the afternoon, and the mate told us if any were fond of deep-sea fishing, here was the place, and adding that skill was not necessary for a good catch, he enlisted the services of almost all of us. The cod lines were brought on deck, the hooks being attached to pieces of strong copper wire about 2ft. in length, bent in the shape of a half-circle and weighted with a huge piece of lead. The mate threw this contrivance overboard, and, paying out the line to within a few feet of the bottom, began to saw it up and down over the rail like one possessed. He told us to follow his example, and in a few moments we were all at it, pulling and letting go, all anxious for the first nibble.

While we were puzzling our brains with the question of how this was possible while our hooks were unbaited, we were startled with the shrieks of one of the ladies, who finally quited down sufficiently to tell us that there was something heavy at the other end of her line, and that it "waggled awfully!" Bent double over the rail, we watched that line as yard after yard of its dripping length was pulled in, and then something white was seen away down in the calm depth, and finally a handsome cod was hauled over on the deck, hooked through the tail, an object both of pity and admiration. Then we discovered the *modus operandi*. The hook did the biting, not the fish. The mate, with a twinkle, declared this necessary, as the fish were so thick below that there was not room for them to open their mouths. After sawing for a few moments, raising nothing but blisters on my fingers, I was content to sit watching the others as they pulled in fish after fish, each one coming aboard in a different way, as no two were hooked in the same place. A few moments before 12 that night found us grouped around the foremast. The engine had ceased its hot breathing, and the ship pulled lazily at its linked fastening beneath the precipitous and ragged height of the North Cape, outlined clearly against the blue sky. The sun, hid beneath a cloud, poured down its molten coloring upon the Artic Sea. Lower and lower it sank, and just before 8 bells rang out, in plain sight the midnight sun blazed and blinked away over the North Pole, only 1,200 miles distant. The scene was sublime, the stars and stripes at the masthead taking our hearts back thousands of miles to America and home, and the sun luring our eyes to penetrate its burning rays and see beyond. F'lin.

ME AN VENUS AND LYIN' BILL.

a obituary, thet is to sa partly abowt ½.

AINT ded?!!! The blame long hared nokneed paritoed sun ov everlastin lyin n heers the blame nuspaper bin n publisht a obituary longern mi ole houn's tale all abowt what a good man he was, husbin n father n huntin n fishin n even wurkin, which he nuver did, him a gittin all that kredit n yit a livin minin good grub n liker n the blamed nuspaper nuver sed a wurd abowt Venus n she bin ded most a yere, kum nex grass, n him a haw hawin a redin the mos plezin ly he uver tole a sendin wurd he wur ded to a dog gone lukul publikashun. pleze Mr Editur sa sumthin gud abowt Venus it stiks in mi kraw mitely thet I nuver tuk no steps to enliven the memory ov ez gud a mule ez uver kikt when she wuz shod wich wuz not often bein az she hed hufs hardern iron, with a mos luvly dispersition when nuthin wuz a botherin uv hur wich wuz not often nuther. she wur a dark broun yeller in color with the hare wore off sumwhat n sum mexikin brands skaterd arown hur hine & 4 legs n hed lost 1 yere to a lion wich the saim she kikt mos to deth with a hangin down lip were tom's dog bit hur fur eten up a sak ov flower wich the durn fool ortento hev lef in kamp war she kud git it hur eyes wuz luvly kinder hazel in color with a longin luk like a yung gurl what hed los her mah, or may frum bein nacherly hungry n dide of bowel komplaint. pleze sa sumthin like this To all hoom it may konsern tek notis ole Cazadors mule is ded maybe as how this orto be printed in Big letters. he hez los a fatheful n a grateful fren by rezen ov hur dien n goen to a hevin whar theers no packs nur rox nur dogs—leastways them az bites mules—whar the grass is always grene n sweetbresh what mules likes groes plentiful. bi so doen u will grately oblige yo tru fren

El Cazador

A Necessity.—Glen Allen, Va., April 2.—Tied down to business now, but life not worth the living without your splendid journal and the hopes and memories it nourishes.—Wau-Zee.

Natural History.

NAMES OF A WOODPECKER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The articles on the popular names of birds, especially of our various shore birds, which you have published from time to time, have demonstrated the necessity of the scientific terms which appear so formidable to beginners in ornithology.

Many of our common birds are known by a variety of names in different localities, for instance, the golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*). I know of no bird to which so many different names have been applied as to this well-known picarian. Its color, mode of flight, peculiar notes and its slight resemblance to other birds have suggested most of its appellations. I send you the list of the names which I have heard applied to this bird, as well as those which I have found in the books. Some of the former I have never seen in print, and, therefore, spell them by sound. *Colaptes auratus* is the scientific and golden-winged woodpecker the common name of this bird with the ornithologists.

Ernest Ingersoll, in his "Birds Nesting," gives over twenty names, including those mentioned, which have been used to designate the bird in question.

1. Clape.	19. Piute or Peeritt†.... .N. Eng.
2. Crescent Bird.....West.	20. Sap-sucker†.....Florida.
3. Cave-Duc.....Maine	21. Shad Spirit†.. .. ...N. Eng.
4. English Woodpecker†...L. I.	22. Taping Bird.....Mass.
5. Fiddler†.....Cape Cod	23. Wake-up.....N. Eng.
6. Flicker.	24. Weather-hen.....Vermont.
7. French Woodpecker...N. H.	25. Wild-hen†.....Maine.
8. Harry Wicket.....N. H.	26. Will-Crisson.....South.
9. Hick-Wall.....Conn.	27. Woodcock (misnomer)..N. E.
10. High-hold.	28. Wood-wall.....N. E.
11. High-holder.	29. Wood-pigeon.....N. E.
12. High-hole.	30. Wood-pecker Lark†.Georgia.
13. Hittock†.....Canada	31. Wood-quoi†.....Conn.
14. Gel Specht†...Pennsylvania.	32. Yaffle.....Conn.
15. Ome-tuc†.....Maine.	33. Yarrup†.....Middle States.
16. Partridge Woodpecker.N.E.	34. Yellow Hammer.
17. Pigeon Woodpecker...N. E.	35. Yellow Jay.....N. H.
18. Pique-bois-jaune†.Louisi'na.	36. Yucker.

Those marked † were found in Ingersoll's book, already mentioned.

We find thirty-six terms in the popular list, though some of them, as Nos. 10, 11 and 12, cannot be considered different names, as they are attempts to describe one characteristic. W. W. COLBURN.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., March 12, 1887.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE GRASS.—When I was a boy, in Geneva, and when the cherries were ripe, it was my business before and after school, and on Saturdays and holidays, to keep the birds out of the trees, which I did very effectually with a light, double muzzleloading gun. One day while on the lookout for birds, I heard a peculiar squeaking in the grass, soft and low. Following the sounds, I soon found the cause. The squeaking came from a gopher (squirrel) which was lying on its back kicking. Fastened to its lower jaw, with long pinchers imbedded nearly out of sight, was a large black beetle. Taking a small stick I held the gopher with one hand while with the other I pryed open the beetle's pinchers and released the little prisoner. The blood ran freely from the wounds made by the beetle, but the gopher scampered off and disappeared in the grass.—C. F. COLE.

HYBRID GEESE.—Washington, D. C., April 7.—In your issue of March 31, "E. F. S.," of Byrdville, Va., speaks of having some hybrid geese. I write to urge upon him the plan of making tests with them to establish some facts in regard to the fertility or non-fertility of hybrids. It is an open question, and one of much moment in many ways. I hope "E. F. S." will make three combinations with his hybrids as follows: One male hybrid with one female domestic goose; one male domestic with one female hybrid, mating them with care and keeping each set confined by itself so there can be no possibility of any mistakes; then set the eggs of each female under most favorable circumstances possible, marking results so as to be made available as absolute proof respecting the sterility of hybrids, and reporting results through FOREST AND STREAM.—C. L. H.

SQUIRREL HIBERNATION.—Batavia, Ill.—I send a clipping from the *Sandwich Argus*, published in a neighboring county: "While playing about a hay stack at Colfax, one day recently, a party of boys found a specimen of the gray prairie squirrel. The animal was all curled up in a round ball, and was frozen as hard as a rock. The squirrel was taken into a house and placed under a stove, where, after two or three hours, it thawed out. It is now as frisky and lively as any of its kind." I spent a winter in "Egypt" a few years ago and found the squirrels more active than in the warm weather. A family of them lived in a large tree near our camp and they always took particular pains to get out on a dead limb and scold us whenever in camp. In this part of the State I think they are apt to "lie low" except on bright sunny days.—NIMROD.

THE JACK SNIPE AS A RUSTLER.—Dayton, Wyo., March 21.—In your issue of March 3, I saw a notice of the jack snipe as a hardy winter bird. I can verify "P.'s" statement as to the hardiness of the jack snipe. I procured a specimen on the 1st of January this year in a small spring on the ranch, and have noticed them quite frequently for the last three winters; and as the thermometer sometimes registers 40° below zero, I imagine they can stand almost any weather.—W. C.

AUK'S EGGS.—Fredericton, N. B., April 2.—"F." mentions in your last issue the sale of an egg of this bird for £50. I attended a sale in London in July, 1880, at which two eggs fetched £212.2.0 and £100 respectively. I have photograph of the most perfect one, length, 4 1/16 in.: diameter, 2 1/16 in.—CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.—Dover, Del.—In this town there is an English sparrow entirely black, and also one on the farm of T. J. Tucker, near Rolph's Wharf, Md., entirely white. Although we occasionally hear of a black English sparow, I think this the first white one seen in this vicinity.—W. G. L. TUCKER.

VEDDER'S MUSEUM in St. Augustine, Fla., to which "Nessmuk" referred in a recent letter, was burned in the great fire last Tuesday.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TO FIB OR NOT TO FIB.

AN ANXIOUS REVERIE.

WHEN soon the city's torrid streets
My torrid self shall claim,
'Twill then become my awful task
T' enumerate the game
That I have shot and I have hooked—
What number shall I name?

What though I vaunt of Little Moose—
Its waters clear as though
One were ballooning o'er the rocks
And plants and fish below—
They'll cry, "The number of those fish
You caught, we wish to know!"

What though I speak of driven deer
That fly through echoing wood
To seek the safety of the lake—
They, in sarcastic mood,
Will say, "The number of those deer
You shot is understood!"

That number—what, what shall it be?
How many that I caught?
How many shot? Oh, shall I say
'Twas fifty each, or ought
I tell the dire, the dreadful truth—
It was the number 0!

CHAS. P. SHERMAN.

SWELL DUCK CLUB ETIQUETTE.

IN times past I have frequently been urged to give some of the experiences that have presented themselves during the many years that I have pursued my favorite pastime of duck shooting at different clubs that center around that particular part of Maryland known as the "Neck," and famous alike for fever and ague and duck shooting. Here are located the "swell clubs," known as Carroll's Island, Benjies, Grace's Quarter, etc. Upon one of my early visits to one of these clubs a prominent member from Baltimore informed me that I must overlook many things that might occur, for he had found that duck shooting brought out all the savagery in a man's nature. My observation has convinced me that at these places at least, the general habits of men are entirely altered and if any peculiarity of disposition exists, it is certain to show itself there. Years ago the shooting at Carroll's Island, particularly on the Bar, was very fine. In the evening at 9 o'clock the drawing took place for choice of places, and the favorite blinds on the Bar were always the first selected. In those days there were but very few members, except from Baltimore, and these generally had the cream of the shooting. From the steps of the Maryland Club word would go inside the house "wind east," and wagons were soon hitched to fast trotters and they would be spinning away over the pike toward the favorite shooting grounds.

In those times it was generally conceded that few knew anything about duck shooting unless they came from Baltimore, and when these gentlemen made their appearance, members from the "rural districts" were obliged or expected to take a back seat. From time to time, as vacancies occurred in the membership, a few gentlemen from New York were taken in. Now, New York was never known to be behind any city in the world at anything. Baltimore was obliged to forego some of her superiority as to turning out the only duck shots, and New York was included. When there was a good flight of ducks over the Bar some of the scenes enacted there were very ludicrous; and as I now recall them to my mind, although many years have passed away and some of the good fellows, who were actors in them, have been laid away in their final rest, I cannot refrain from a hearty laughing fit that brings copious tears to my eyes. Fancy four New Yorkers and four Baltimoreans on the Bar. The rivalry between these two points is intense. Not a duck falls from the swift passing flocks that is not claimed by nearly every man on the Bar. The worn out servants run from blind to blind, duck in hand, at the command of the shooters, to show "on which side the duck was hit," or "with what number of shot, whether single Bs., No. 1s or No. 2s." I have seen staid and quiet men mount up on the top of the blinds and with excited gestures make "polite" speeches to one another. There was one member from Baltimore who invariably inquired of the servant, "Dick, was that duck hit in the craw?" He always hit *his* ducks in the craw. An old veteran from the same city was fond of "twigging" this party by saying "that he would like no better sport than to be a redhead and fly up and down the Bar and let him shoot at him." But these pleasantries were all forgotten when the boys returned home, and amid the hospitalities of the club and their beautiful homes they resumed their pristine gentility.

Carroll's Island was a vastly different shooting place then from what it is now. I have seen the ox team called down to carry the ducks to the house. Now, I fancy, a tolerable strong infant could easily manage "the bag." One reason for this result is the insatiate desire of man to kill ducks, no matter how or where, only to get a lot of ducks. Guns of No. 8 bore have been replaced by 24-pound No. 4s with 13 drams of powder and 2oz. of shot. Ducks are tolled, crept down upon, and in fact every conceivable expedient is resorted to by the "crack sportsman" to secure a lot of ducks to take home. As a natural result the ducks avoid these places of torture, and seek quieter spots for feed and repose. And these noble sportsmen, who have heard the weird stories of the past, and who have paid $8,000 for a share in a crack club, now wonder where all the ducks are. I write this really in a spirit of mournfulness, for I know it will be but a short time when the canvasback and the redhead will be things of the past, as far as the Flats, the Gunpowder, and Chesapeake Bay are concerned. They will share the fate of the buffalo and antelope of the Western plains. The old familiar cry of "Mark river!" or Mark bay!" as the graceful waving ribbon of tiny specks sweeps around toward the bay from the far off horizon—will be one of "the echoes of the past." We "old fellows" will recall, with tingling blood, the vision of a bunch of red heads doubling gracefully up to the wind toward our decoys. There are only one or two places that present a faint shadow of former times, "Benjies" being probably the best.

And now, in giving some "advice to a new member," let us select this Club as the one which he proposes to connect himself, although these rules apply to "the swell Clubs" in general. When you are proposed as a member it would be well to keep your "nationality" to yourself, unless you are from New York, Baltimore or the State of New Jersey. Nearly all "finished sportsmen" come from these points. As a new member of this Club and time-honored association, I offer a few hints that will serve to post you as to certain conventionalties that exist among finished duck shooters; a study of them cannot fail to prove beneficial to you, and will be received, I am confident, with thankfulness.

First—As regards general conduct. To be considered "a first-class sport," there are certain rules of conduct and manner that apply only to the duck shooter, and particularly to those who belong to the swell clubs. The shooting season commences on or about Nov. 1, therefore the old natural style of behavior must be thrown aside at this time, and the finished ducking style assumed. It would be well to commence practice about the 15th or 20th of October, so as to be well up in the style, for I assure you that without these qualifications you will never be considered among "the first class," as to style and finish. Upon meeting a fellow member of your club you must rush at him with outstretched hand and with elevated eyebrows and wide open eyes, and exclaim, "Why! what are you doing here? I thought you were down among the ducks!" And you must do this even if you are perfectly well aware that it would be impossible for your friend to have been away. Indeed, the more improbable the fact the greater must be your surprise. Or, if your friend has just returned from shooting, the most accomplished salutation is thus, "Hallo! got back, suppose you have killed all the ducks?" And then, if your friend does not respond, you can ask him *sotto voce*, "How many did you get?" If he has had good luck and has killed a large number of ducks, you must express no surprise. Remember that; no matter how great is the slaughter express no surprise, but if only a few ducks have been obtained, owing to adverse winds, you must show your evident distress, adding, at the same time, a suggestion that "there must have been some very bad shooting done," or some such kind of expression, calculated to allay his dissappointment. And remember that if you should happen to have a lucky trip and kill a good lot of ducks, when you reveal the fact to your fellow members, you must do so in a subdued and modest tone and air, adding the word "only," thus—"We only killed ——," and absolutely affirm, "that you had nothing but the longest kind of shooting, mostly at single ducks, and, in fact, the most difficult and ragged kind of shooting, losing fully one-half of the birds knocked down." Now, these are among the first essentials to assure you a place among the "elite of the duck shooters." Of course, when the season ends, you can resume your natural habit and converse.

Second—Your outfit. In selecting your clothing, no matter what color you may get, or how careful you may be in your selection, you will not obtain the right shade. It is absolutely impossible for you to arrive at a satisfactory result. You will find no two opinions alike, and I can assure you that all parts of the world have been ransacked to get a suit of clothes that will not frighten the ducks. Only age, dirt, moths and grease can produce a satisfactory result. So when you commence shooting do not be annoyed if the color of your hat or coat is chargeable with the result of ducks not decoying properly, or the frequent misses of your friend in the blind. As to your underclothing it is an open choice between a white muslin shirt or a colored flannel one; either is permissible without comment. But you must wear colored woolen hose. The question of boots has excited the club for years, and the question is still debated as to long or short ones. My advice is to have a pair of both, so by changing you can satisfy all parties. It will be well to have a full dress suit on hand, low vest, dress coat, black pants and white cravat, so as to be ready for "distinguished strangers."

Thirdly—Guns and ammunition. This is one of the most important features to be looked after, and upon these depend greatly your appreciation as a genuine sportsman. There is only one make of gun for duck shooting, and that is by "Pat Mullen," of New York. No matter what it costs or what trouble it entails, you must have one of these guns. As it requires this maker from one to three years to turn out a gun, you had better commence negotiations in ample time. In the first place you cannot approach this maker without a written recommendation from some distinguished member of a "swell shooting club," and only from one who has written a letter to Mullen assuring him "that he is the only gun maker in the world." When you are admitted to his presence you must get down on your knees and implore him to make you a gun at his own price. If it suits him he will probably tell you "that he never intended to make another gun, but he will break his oath and make the last one for you." From this you will perceive that it will entail considerable trouble upon you to secure this desideratum, but you must have it at any cost, for on your arrival at the club your gun is critically examined, and the recognized first examination of your outfit and the verdict settle your status for all time. If by chance or skill you happen to make a long and successful shot "over head," every member present will rush up to you to inspect your gun. If it is a "Mullen" no surprise is shown; if any other maker the shot is considered "pure chance." The gun gets all the credit, so you see the importance of having a "Mullen." There are a few other makes that are admissible, such as Reilly, Purdy or Scott, but these excite little remark. In regard to ammunition there is no room for argument, the matter is absolutely settled. If you wish to be considered "crack" you must use only Ely's imported shells, Curtis and Harvey's imported powder, and above all, Ely's pink-edged imported wads, and be certain that your shells are loaded with "pink-edged" wads, for if you are detected using any other your reputation as a "sport" is gone.

These are the most important requisites, but I will give you a few general instructions that may prove beneficial and add to your enjoyment duck shooting. When at table, no matter how distasteful the viands may prove, you must pronounce them "the finest and best cooked

that you ever tasted in your life," and at each meal, no matter if you have been a member for years, you must reiterate this assertion. If a duck is cooked, you must say "it is the finest you ever tasted." And remember it is considered outrageous to express an opinion that you get anything as good at home as at the club table. The longer time you take at your meal the more thoroughly your sportsmanship is pronounced. In fact, the best shots spend but little time at the shooting points, the sport becoming monotonous.

As regards the best shooting places, I would recommend that you stand in the road, just at a little bend, beyond the house. A few oyster shells sprinkled there make good footing in all weather. Here you do not disturb other members of your club, and are likely to be undisturbed yourself. It has many advantages; in case of storm you are near the house for shelter. From this point you have a fine view of Benjie's Cove, a sheet of water to the east, used as a kind of preserve for ducks. It becomes deeply interesting to the tired sportsman to watch their movements. In fact, some of the oldest veterans, men that are famous for great sporting deeds, find much more pleasure in watching the ducks with a field glass than in shooting them. And I would here say to you, never go to a shooting point without a field glass slung around your shoulders. In the blind you are expected to jump up every few minutes and scan the horizon and waters with your glass. This is a certain evidence of your being a true sportsman; indeed, your glass is examined nearly as critically as your gun. At this favorite shooting place, "the bend in the road," you are within easy sound of the guns at Main Point and Persimmon Cove. If you are on the Bar, the report of your gun might interfere with the sport of your brother members at the Point; and if at Standing Cove, the same trouble would be experienced by those at Persimmon, and such a course would not be sportsmanlike; therefore by all means stick to "the bend in the road," it will make no difference to you as to the amount of ducks you will secure. A few members in all sporting clubs always kill nearly all the ducks, whether they shoot or not, and when the time comes for return home the bag is divided by constituted authority; your share is securely bagged and tied up, and if you find a few baldpates, blackheads and cripples in your lot, you must never mention it, but be content.

If you occupy a blind with one of your fellow members who is a veteran, be careful not to shoot your gun off under any circumstances; if you do, you will lay yourself open to the charge of shooting over or near your friend's head, or of shooting too quickly or too late. You had better not shoot at all. Your friend will think that he killed all the ducks, whether you shoot or not. The most fun you will have will be to bend yourself in the most uncomfortable position in the corner of the blind, and remain there until he tells you to get up, which will generally be when he has had his shot. One of the first things to learn is to "keep down" in the blind.

I advance these points to you, knowing their value after an experience of a great many years. If you follow them rigidly you will be considered a sportsman; if not—well, your friends will call you what they please, but without them you will never attain to a finished duck shot. VETERAN.

IN A BOX.

SOME thirty years since, when I was younger than I am now, I left my home in western New York on a voyage of discovery in what was then the far West; and mindful of the stories I had heard of the plentifulness of all kinds of game there, I took with me my muzzleloading doublebarrel, and for a companion my setter Dash. Both were objects of affection and regard, and both had served me well on many a day's sport. My friend, upon whose invitation I undertook the trip, was engaged in building a railroad from a point on the Mississippi River to Omaha, I believe, and knowing my enthusiasm as a sportsman had given me some graphic descriptions by letter of the vast quantities of game to be found in the vicinity of his labors, and although my trip was purely a business one, I do not now believe I would have undertaken it but for the incentive his description of the game afforded. And I can truthfully say that he fell short of the facts rather than overstating them. Ducks of every kind, geese, turkeys, chicken, quail, woodcock and deer abounded, and for once I had all the shooting I wanted. The little hamlet where my friend resided was situated on the Ohio River, not very far from where it mingles with the Mississippi, and was surrounded on the east, south and west by a broad prairie, and the time being spring, every depression in the ground was filled with water, often broadening into quite large ponds, interspersed with smaller pools; and all were fairly alive with the various species of wild fowl. As these pools were without cover of any kind about them, the grass being down at this season of the year, it was extremely difficult to get within shot of the immense flocks that haunted these resorts.

One of the ponds, or as the dwellers there called them, sloughs, I particularly remember, and I have reason to. It was very large—in fact the largest one in the vicinity—and in its center was an island on which, as well as in the water about it, thousands of ducks were always to be seen. But their caution had always prevented my getting within shot, for at any advances I made toward acquaintance they would rise with an indescribable roar and much quacking and splashing. If I had a boat, I thought, I could row across to the island and pull the long fallen grass over it, and perhaps after a time they would come back and afford me the chance I longed for. But alas, there was not only no boat, but there was within five miles nothing that would even float. Repeatedly I went there and watched them through a pocket glass and calculated mentally, what would be the result if I could once got within range of the thousands of heads I saw; and every time I figured on it I became the more anxious, because every time I increased the estimate of killed, when both barrels of my good stub-and-twist should bellow at them. Indeed I pondered on how to do it when I ought to have slept, and no matter how good the day's sport might be, I always felt it might have been infinitely better if I could have managed to once snugly hide myself on that island.

Walking one rainy day through the village, I got a bright idea from seeing in front of a store a large drygoods box, which I believed I could turn into an ark, enough of an ark at least to carry me across the water to the island. I bought it and carefully stuffed the cracks with cotton; and hired a man with a wagon to haul it to the pond, five miles distant. I provided myself with two pushing poles, to be used as a motive power, and took along an unusual supply of ammunition, which, I reasoned, should be as a just proportion to the number of birds I had seen there—the birds being plenty the ammunition ought to be abundant, and it was; and I believe my ship drew considerably more water on that account.

The man who transported my "yacht" to its "native element" assisted me in launching her, and I was greatly encouraged to find that she was staunch and did not leak. The man handed me my gun and I went aboard. Then he handed me the poles to navigate with, and to my surprise the "boat" did not tip, but kept an even keel. My spunk, which had been depressed by a remark the man made to the effect that "he'd bet on my getting a good day's 'ducking,'" rose, and leaning my gun in one corner of the "yacht," I took a pole and shoved off. The craft stuck a little in the mud, and when she lost her grip on that, she started too enthusiastically and recklessly, and I sat down on the bottom very hard. She then began the most sickening series of evolutions and dippings I ever experienced, and had not the man rushed into the water and curbed her infernal desire to dance, I would have been dumped into the pond. I believe that pine box had got the notion that it was a schooner by the way it cavorted. However, he held it afloat till I ascertained where the center of gravity was, and using great skill and caution as a navigator and acrobat, I succeeded in crossing in safety. Stepping out of my ship I had the pleasure of sinking up to my knees in the black oozy mud, but after much effort I drew the box ashore, settled it firmly in the mud and drew up the long fallen grass around it and over it, and stowed myself in it to wait the arrival of the ducks.

The man, with the two dollars in his pocket, the reward with a promise of which I had induced him to transport myself and box to the pond, had gone back to the village. I was alone, and curling down out of the piercing March wind I waited patiently. Two hours, four hours, and not a duck put in an appearance. Occasionally overhead I could see a flock knowingly cocking their heads and looking squarely down at me in the box, and then winging their way to some other feeding place. At last the declining sun and waning light convinced me that it was a failure, and that I must once more face the difficulty of floating my craft back over the forty or fifty rods of water. Stiff and lame from the confinement, I crawled out and attempted to shove the box back into the water. Great Cæsar! I might as well have attempted to move the Goddess of Liberty from Bedloe's Island. The more I tried to push it free the further my lower extremities went into the mud, but the box moved not. My weight for many hours had settled it firmly into the black mud; and tear at it and strain as I would, I could not stir it. I looked at it and wondered if it was the same infernal pine box which only a few hours before had assumed the airs and rolled and cavorted like a wild ass.

Well, it could not be moved, and without its aid I could not get across to the shore; so there was nothing to do but to get back into it out of the wind and wait the course of events. I knew that some one would probably come looking me up if I did not return home; and so I quietly waited, possessing my soul with all the patience I could muster—but the patience crop that year was a small one, and I am afraid I used some rather strong language.

About midnight I was awakened from a doze by voices hallooing from the shore, and I knew that my friends were there; but my release from that wretched box came not until one of them rode back to the village and got a team and brought lumber enough to construct a raft, when at length, cramped and benumbed, I was restored to liberty just as the morning sun lit up the dark prairie. I am willing to risk something on the belief that that box is there yet.

I killed loads of ducks after that, but I can assure you, kind reader, I never again attempted a flank movement by trying a drygoods box ark. CHESTER.

NEW YORK.

DEER IN DEEP SNOW.

THE most Americanized town in the Province of New Brunswick is Woodstock. It is situated on the St. John River, twelve miles from the town of Houlton Me., and at the mouth of the Meduxnakio River, which latter flows through both of these border towns. In the year 1847, Woodstock was the center of a large lumbering district, where, during the summer months, the choppers or axe-men spent, in riotous living, their winter earnings. Scenes of drunkenness and riot were of frequent occurrence, and a company of British soldiers was here stationed to give occasional support to the civil authorities.

Among the officers stationed here were many really fine fellows, ever ready to join with our citizens in fun or fray. I often visited Wickham's quarters while stationed in Woodstock. He was a man of agreeable manner, temperate habits, a good physique and lover of music—he blew a cornet. Anxious to see something of the wild woods of America, and hearing of a place where deer might be found, we set off one bright morning fully equipped for the O'Donnell settlement. Arriving at one of the most remote houses, the horse hobbled and ourselves regaled with Dougherty's fresh eggs and hot barley cake, we mounted our snowshoes and, carrying on our backs of food and camp equipage from 40 to 60lbs. each, entered the woods. Our guide and escort was a young lad, D.'s son, and his dog.

Descending from the high land to a stream, the Pocamonshine, the bound of the wolf on its snowy level surface, showed plainly where poor puss met her fate, and the fragments—hair only—the fierceness of the onslaught. Pursuing our course down the stream until near nightfall, we prepared to camp. Using our snowshoes for shovels, we dug a hole 5ft. square by 4ft. deep. As I chopped into logs the nearest birch tree, W. twitched them with his comforter, and tumbled them into our nest for the night's fuel. Our couch lined with evergreen fir and blankets, and generous slices of bread and bacon disposed of, we sip a hot infusion of the fragrent herb, and discuss the merits of winter camp life in New Brunswick.

It was a clear, cold, windy night in March, and the branches of a projecting tree our only covering. From our slumbers—not the soundest—we were frequently aroused by the howling of the wolves, whose curiosity, we thought, might give practice to our revolvers. While the stars were yet twinkling, our fire, which had penetrated the swamp a foot or more below our level, was rekindled, another attack made upon the edibles, and we were ready for the tramp.

A little further down the stream we observed, on a mountain side, a growth of birch and other browse supplying trees, and proceded to ascend. Snowshoeing on a steep hillside, while a hot sun is shining upon it, causing the snow to load and melt upon your snowshoes, is a test of the patience and physical endurance of the hunter.

This was our experience for a short time, when heart and load were lightened by a discovery—we had struck a deer yard. Observing from the most recent marks of the animal its direction, we throw off all incumbrance and start in pursuit.

Following the yelp of our small terrier is the bound of a fine buck. After an exciting chase, the beautiful creature takes from a firm footing its final leap into the deep soft snow, where it lies helpless and powerless. As we stood around the poor captive, its dark lustrous eyes spoke to me what I cannot forget nor will I attempt to write. The extra garments peeled off during the chase being collected, and a double load for myself—now lightly borne—we turned our steps toward the clearing. W. led off, adopting a convenient method of carrying the buck, belly around the neck, with fore and hind legs in front and held by either hand.

From its neck the blood dropped into his pocket, from which a handkerchief was occasionally taken to wipe his perspiring face. Before night we arrived safely at the cabin. W., who had been leading, entered first. As he opened the door a prolonged Irish howl from Mrs. Dougherty startled us, the only distinguishable word being "murther!" On entering I immediately discovered the cause of her alarm—his face was smeared with blood.

The Dick Turpin effect was heightened by the ragged appearance of his "Kossuth," through which I had that morning fired two minie bullets before leaving the camp.

A reviver, not of the ardent, but of good tea, with solids, for which we had a relish, fortified us for the home stretch.

With W. and our trophy on the upper side of the sleigh, the road being slewy, I, of less avoirdupois, took the lower and the reins; and after a merry moonlight ride reached Woodstock without mishap. B.

A MARYLAND TRIP.

OUR party of four was on the way to the eastern shore of Maryland in pursuit of geese and ducks. Reaching Georgetown at 7 P. M., we were surprised to find the depot and open grounds adjoining densely filled with humanity of all colors and conditions. We were driven to the Brick Hotel, R. A. Rosenbaum, proprietor; a decided sportsman, by the way, who strongly urged us to tarry some days with him, as the season for quail would open in a day or two. We sought an explanation of the unusual crowd we met at the depot. Having been introduced to Governor Stockley, who was stopping at the hotel, and with whom we spent a very pleasant evening; he informed us that it was the continuance of an old-time custom, still prevailing in that county and probably in no other State in the Union. The occasion is known as "Return Day." It always occurs on Thursday after the election of Tuesday. Before the days of telegraphs and railroads, it must have been a wise and convenient method of learning the results of the canvas; and so in love are the country people with the custom that they still flock to the county seat in multitudes—men, women, children and babies, black, white and all the intervening shades—and according to Mother Goose, "some in rags, some in tags and some in velvet gowns;" in carriages, cars, carts, horseback, muleback, "on foot and across lots," as the girl went to get married. Quite like an old-time Fourth of July, or "general training day" at the North, with the accompanying cake and bar stands "so dear to the days of our childhood." But from the noise, shouting and crowing, which lasted till late in the night and was resumed by one old cock in the morning, it was evident that something stronger than "Adam's ale" had been imbibed by a portion of the crowd.

In our sleeping room we found two beds. The frame of one was of immense size (6ft. wide and 7½ft. long) and of ancient manufacture. It was a dark mahogany color and estimated to weigh about a ton. A search in the morning resulted in finding the doctor and his companion scattered in various places among the bedding, but sound in body and in good condition for breakfast.

As we must wait till after noon before we could proceed further south, we decided to explore the quaint old town, and one of the results was that the doctor was tied to the "whipping post," and afterward put in the "stocks." But fortunately the Governor was at the court-house, and on hearing the facts pardoned the doctor and set him at liberty. Afterward we were paid no little attention by the county officials, who took us through their offices and permitted us to examine some of the records of Colonial times, which were written in a remarkably beautiful clear hand, and well preserved.

The cars in due time brought us to Berlin, where we found our old friend and former host, J. Z. Powell, waiting for us. He soon had us, with our impedimenta, snugly stowed in his two covered carriages and on the way to his hospitable home at South Point, ten miles distant, where a cordial greeting and a warm supper made us forget the tedium of our long journey, and longer waiting. How we fared on the yacht, with Charlie for captain and cook, where we sailed, what game we got, what live decoys we lost, the stories told, and other interesting features of the trip, I leave for the doctor to relate, for "the half has never been told." J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 28, 1887.

PASSAIC COUNTY (N. J.) FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—Officers for the present year: President, Eugene Stevenson; Vice-President, Joseph Bustard; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. A. Shriner, Paterson, N. J.; members of the board of directors in addition to the above officers, Wm. M. Smith and Wm. B. Gourley. The association is continually gaining in strength.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 5.—We have had a very backward spring here; snow 10in. deep on the 22d inst. Notwithstanding all this cold a gentleman shot two killdeer plover two weeks ago. As yet no snipe have arrived, although the robins and bluebirds have been here a month. The sea fowl have been flying very thick, but as yet very few have been killed.—G. B. R.

BEAR STALKING IN CANADA.—II.

THE next day, Oct. 16, we set out on our way to our own hunting ground, which we reached, after a difficult journey, on the 21st. Here we went into camp to remain for some days. After dinner we started for an afternoon's hunt, the Colonel going up the river some distance and I crossing directly opposite our camp. Charles led the way toward the first range of hills over a flat tableland, divided by several steep ridges. While making our way along one of these, Charles suddenly stopped, and pointing to a ridge opposite crouched down behind a bush, and following his example I saw a large bear 500yds. off, feeding and not showing any signs of having detected our presence. Here was an unexpected piece of good fortune. The bear had wandered down from the mountains and was feeding along the river, the wind was favorable and we were in a capital position to stalk in upon him. Charles retraced his steps 100yds. and then plunged down the sharp declivity, bearing away a little to the south; then up the side of the ridge, and then we were directly in a line with our game and to leeward of it. Waiting only a moment for me to throw my coat to Joseph and change my rifle, we advanced directly toward the bear, stepping cautiously but quickly. In a very short time Charles stopped, and stepping to one side silently raised his arm and pointed ahead; and there, a little to my left, stood the bear, 70yds. off, as I made the distance. Charles stood like a statue, his gun in its case under his arm. Joseph, close behind, whispered to me to shoot.

The bear was quietly feeding, the forward part of his body covered by the bushes. Sighting as near his foreshoulder as I could, I pulled the trigger. A fierce jump, and the bear went directly away from us with a rush. I fired again and once more on his trail. Charles had already sprung forward in pursuit, at a pace I could not pretend to rival, and was soon out of sight. Handing my rifle to Joseph I followed as quickly as possible. I soon heard the loud report of Charles's gun, and when I came up to him, Joseph told me that he had seen the bear a long distance ahead, his pace reduced to a walk, and had taken a long shot at him but had missed. Charles took up the trail again, and when we came to where he had walked along a dead tree, the blood stains showed that he was badly hit, and Charles declared that he could not go far. On and on we followed, but the trail soon led us up the side of the mountain in the most impracticable ground, among rocks and fallen trees; but still the marks were there. I soon found that I must leave the trailing to Charley and make my way along the side of the mountain, keeping Joseph with me. We proceeded thus about half a mile, when it being after sundown and the trail still leading up the mountain, Charles returned, and we were obliged to give it up for the night. On the way to camp we met the Colonel coming down the river. He had seen a bear just north of camp, and had landed and stalked him, but the animal had become alarmed and made off. We had supper, talked over our adventure and turned in with orders to have breakfast ready at daylight the next morning.

Wednesday, 22d.—When we turned out this morning we found that ice had made in the night, ¼in. thick, in the pan of water in our tent. The weather was clear and bitterly cold. Breakfast over we started again, the Colonel up the river and I crossing with Charles and Edouard this time, to take up the trail of the wounded bear. The Indians took up the tracking where Charles had stopped, and followed it up until about eleven o'clock, when finding that it led them still straight up the mountain, without any sign of stopping, and that by proceeding further then, the wind would carry their scent to any bears that might be on the mountain to the northward, where we expected to find them, we turned back and made our way to the top of a mountain to the north, and from there watched the mountain to the west of us. We were then about 1,000ft. up. At the foot of the mountain was a valley with a stream running through it, and on the other side of this a much higher range of mountains. From our outlook we could see the country for miles around, and Charles soon discovered two bears on the side of the mountain directly opposite. This time I was perfectly satisfied to accompany my Indians back to our canoe and then to the camp for dinner.

After dinner I started again with Charles and Joseph, and back we went straight to our watching station, where we arrived at about 3 o'clock. We had been on the lookout only a very short time when I saw a bear come out of the woods on the slope of the opposite mountain, about half way up, and make his way across the clearing toward the opposite side. I could see him distinctly as he picked his way along the fallen trees, appearing and disappearing at intervals, and Charles, through Joseph, said at once that we would certainly find him feeding on the edge of the woods, toward which he had been making his way. There was no hesitation now, and in a moment we were off down the mountain side, bearing off again well to the south. The wind was blowing half a gale from the northwest, and this was favorable to us, and we could not have had a better day, nor been in a more favorable position for a successful stalk. We soon reached the valley; and here the walking was again terrible, but I pushed on and soon arrived at the stream. After we had crossed came the real tug of war, for we had to scale the mountain in front of us, and this was no child's play—some 1,500ft. to climb, straight up. Stopping occasionally to get my wind, up and up I toiled, and I was very glad when Charles at last, inclining his steps to the north, stopped at the edge of the woods and announced that we were above the bear and ought to find him not far below. A moment to get our breath and charge my rifle, a caution from Joseph to make no noise and to travel in Charles's footsteps, and we moved on right out into the open part of the mountain and downward. This part of the mountain was cleared of trees, but there were a good many bushes, which gave us some shelter, and behind these we made our advance, Charles stepping surely and noiselessly as usual, I following and Joseph bringing up the rear. We proceeded thus about fifty yards when again Charles stepped on one side and pointed down the mountain. There was the bear we had seen, feeding quietly, broadside on, but forty yards off, with his head in a blueberry bush. Without a pause, I covered him just behind the fore-shoulder, and pulled the trigger; at the crack of the rifle he rolled over, and then started off, crossing diagonally in front of us, but twenty-five yards away. He must have seen us, but on he went. I fired twice as he passed me and a fourth time on his trail, as he dashed into some thick bushes. Charles led off again in pursuit, and Joseph this time, in his excitement, followed him, leaving me to bring up the rear. I soon came in sight of them going across and up the mountain, and when they had gone about two hundred yards, I saw Charles suddenly stop and Joseph waving his hand frantically.

When I got up to them there lay the bear in a ravine unable to go any further. I was about descending when Charles stopped me and Joseph said that he was still dangerous. I gave him a final shot from where I stood, he stretched himself out and the hunt was over. I was a happy man and the Indians were happy, too: even Charles smiled with pleasure, and as for Joseph, he was fairly triumphant. Charles had very good reason to be proud. We had been an hour and a half in moving from our watching station to the point where we had begun to stalk the bear without alarming him, and that without having once seen him after we had lost sight of him until Charles pointed him out to me. He had given me the chance I had come so far to get, trusting entirely on his representations, and I had killed—and here was enough to please us all. Here were a skin for me to take home, bear meat, bear soup and bear tid-bits for the camp and a goodly supply of bear's grease, which the Indians highly prize for their own use.

We descended to where the bear was lying, and the Indians immediately began to make a pack of him so as to carry him to the canoe, three miles distant. This bear was not nearly so large as the one I had wounded, and yet he made a very respectable weight for one man. I could not have carried him 10ft., but the Indians will carry enormous loads on their backs when properly arranged. They first tied the ends of a cord round the hindlegs, and then bringing the parts round the frontlegs, made a loop which they then passed across their foreheads, with a strip of bark, to prevent the cord from cutting the skin. Then stooping down Charles soon had the bear suspended on his shoulders, and walked off with him without any apparent difficulty. Our road home was nearly all down hill, and when Charles was tired Joseph would take up the load, and so spelling each other in about an hour we arrived at the canoes. It was after sundown and we were soon in camp, where I found the Colonel, who had not seen anything. I was glad to turn in early that evening, as I had had a double tramp and was thoroughly tired out.

Thursday was a clear and warm morning. Feeling rather tired after yesterday's hard work I gave myself a holiday, sending Charles and Joseph off again to follow the trail of the wounded bear. The morning was passed in watching the Indians skinning the bear and stretching the skin on a square frame of poles to dry, and in reading and sleeping. We had bear steaks for dinner and found them capital eating; the bear was a young one, which doubtless improved their flavor. Black flies are here in swarms to-day, and it is a curious fact that we have found them all over, on the tops of the mountains as well as in the lowlands, along the river, and that, too, after such freezing weather as we have had. On the Saguenay, toward the end of July, they begin to disappear, and in August are almost entirely gone, while here we have had them in swarms in October.

This is a good place to say a word about the best footgear for the woods. The moccasins, as made by the Indians, either from the skin of the caribou or moose, are decidedly the best of all wear, being light and noiseless. Next to these come the Canadian boots; made of leather, cut out like the moccasin without hair, soles or heels, and with tops coming up to just below the knee and secured there either by straps or leather thongs. These boots are heavier than the moccasins, but for fishing or walking on rocks are the safest things a man can wear, as they rarely or never slip on stones; they are apt to slip on soft ground, it is true, when descending a steep hill, but then there is little danger, while a slip from the rocks, when salmon fishing, might be a very serious matter. Heavy boots or any kind of walking shoes, especially those abominations with nails in the soles, are entirely out of place in the woods or on a salmon river.

The Colonel went off in the afternoon for a hunt, and returned about sundown. He had seen a bear and had got within about two hundred yards from him, when his Indians, from the nature of the ground, had urged him to try a long shot, but the Colonel, fearing only to wound him at that distance, had decided to attempt getting nearer, but the bear scented or heard them and made off. The men returned a little later and reported that they had followed the trail a long distance, straight away over the mountains, and that in all probability the wound was not after all a mortal one, so we had to give it up.

Friday, Oct 24.—It was raining when we turned out, with a warm south wind. Weather squally all day. Caught eighteen trout, two quite large. After dinner we both went off for a hunt and returned without having seen anything. We have determined to move our camp about ten miles further up, and change our ground, as it is probable that the bears here have become alarmed and left for the feeding grounds.

Saturday, 25th.—Very cold night, at three, finding it impossible to sleep, we started a fire in our stove. We started about eight o'clock and went into camp again at twelve; took a light lunch and went off for a hunt, but neither of us saw anything. The day was very warm and pleasant with a southerly wind. Sunday it rained hard most of the day. Our dinner consisted of hare soup, bear steaks and partridge—quite a feast. The hare was caught in a trap, and the partridge killed by the Indians with stones. They are quite expert at this, and as the partridges here are very tame and will fly up into a tree close to you, the Indians do not waste powder on them, but knock them over with a stone or a club, and in this way they have furnished our table with some half dozen of these birds. Black flies are still on hand, the tent full of them.

Monday came in with northeast wind and rain. In camp all the morning. After dinner, as the weather showed signs of clearing, I started off with my men. We had a long and hard climb, and when we got to the top a heavy fog came rolling down upon us, and we returned to camp, changed wet clothes and made myself comfortable. The Colonel wisely staid quietly at home.

Tuesday, 28th.—Still raining hard, with northeast wind. Provisions giving out, and we must leave soon. No signs of clearing, and looks like equinoctial storm.

Wednesday, 29th.—Clearing, with northwest wind. Started after breakfast with my men, and after we had scaled a high mountain the weather changed, coming out bitterly cold, with a gale of wind and snow squalls. Could not stand it, and returned to camp about 6 o'clock without having seen anything. The Colonel went a long distance up the river to where we had intended to hunt, but saw nothing.

Thursday, 30th.—A very cold night and morning, with heavy frost. Broke camp and went down the river to our old camp for a last hunt. Arrived about 11 o'clock, and after a light lunch started out. I went to my old lookout and the Colonel this time went down the river. I came back about sundown, having seen nothing. The Colonel saw one bear, but did not get a shot. Start for home to-morrow.

Friday, Oct. 1.—Broke camp early and started down the river. On the way down we fell in with a wildcat and I killed him with a bullet through his head. He was a large and powerful animal, with long muscular legs and very gaunt, which at this season of the year was very singular, as hares and partridges are abundant. Leon skinned the cat, and the Colonel took the very handsome skin to Quebec to be made into a cap and gloves for his winter hunt. Edouard asked us if we would like to taste the meat, but we draw the line at wildcat meat, and they saved the carcass for the Indians whom we had passed on the way up. At one point we passed an Indian post office. As I was half dreaming in the canoe I noticed that my men were racing toward the shore with the baggage canoe, and supposing that they had seen something in the way of game, I seized my rifle, but as the two canoes ran in on the beach I was surprised at seeing my Joseph, who was in the other canoe, spring on shore and seize a piece of bark inserted in a slit in a pole, driven into the ground on the bank. The pole was the post office and the bark was the letter. It was soon read, and passing from hand to hand, at last it came to me. I found Indian characters scratched with some sharp instrument, and Joseph explained to me that it was a notice left there by the old Indian and his son (with whom we had made our treaty), saying that on such a day they had left the river here bound on a trapping expedition and that at that time all was well with them. This news the Indians would take to their friends below and at home. On the other side of the river and some distance below we passed a similar sign post, and below that stopped at an encampment, where we found the wife of the old hunter with a young boy, who would wait there entirely alone until the father should return, though that might be a month or more. Here we left the cat, which was thankfully received. Running a river is perfectly charming in fine weather; it is all down hill; the speed, especially in the rapids, is exhilarating beyond description. The canoes are now close together, side by side, then they separate as each pilot takes a different channel, then there will be a scrub race. It is like coasting down a steep and smooth hill, while ascending is like dragging your sled up the same hill. We were two days coming down the same distance which it had taken us five days to go up; and one of our Indians told us that one spring when the river was high he had started from our furthest camp, and had arrived at the mill before dark.

Sunday, Oct. 3.—To-day was lovely, like one of our own October days, with a bright blue sky and southwest wind. After dinner the Colonel and myself took a long walk up the mountain, and I showed him our watching place and where I had seen the bears; but nothing was in sight this time. This is our last night in camp, and to-morrow evening we expect to be on board our cutter. Yesterday afternoon we tried our rifles for penetration. At 50yds. the express sent a bullet entirely through a tree certainly 10in. in diameter, shattering the back part of the tree badly, while my bullet was found to have penetrated only about two-thirds in the same tree. Several trials gave the same result, and this convinced me that my first bear never would have escaped had I had an express, and my second bear would never have gone the distance he did and probably would have been killed dead at the first shot; for we found afterward that three bullets had struck him, one just back of the foreshoulder, one not far from it and a third in the flank ranging forward; and yet he had run at least 400yds. before giving up. My rifle was very effective for deer and small game, but entirely unfitted for heavy work.

Monday, 4th.—Broke camp and going merrily down the river arrived at the lumber mill, just in time for dinner with our hospitable friend; embarked and were soon on board our boat, which we found at anchor at the mouth of the river. The next night found us at the St. Louis Hotel in Quebec, and there I slept in a bed for the first time since leaving the mill on the Port Neuf. Thus ended one of the most successful and enjoyable trips I ever made—full of excitement and novelty and without an accident or a mishap. Both of us returned in splendid health. When I come to look back, however, at the exposure we went through and the weather we encountered I am surprised that we escaped so well. The great danger comes when you have arrived at your watching station. You are then thoroughly heated and you must remain there for several hours without any shelter; you cannot have a fire, but you may get under the lee of a rock, or under the crest of the mountain and there you can get a quarter-deck walk, but it is bitterly cold work when the wind is blowing a gale, and the risk of taking cold is very great. But either from the dryness of the mountain air or from the precautions we took in having something warm to put on when in the mountains, we neither of us suffered in any way from the exposure. We experienced very bad weather during this trip and were entirely disappointed in that respect. September in Canada is generally more like our October, and fine clear weather may be expected, although so far north as we were much colder weather is to be looked for. This month, however, was an exceptional one, and as the Indians declared worse than anything they had experienced for years, yet this trip will be long remembered by both of us as one of the most novel and exciting events in our hunting experiences.

N. P. R.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.—Utica, N. Y., April 8.—The following are the officers: President, Dr. W. H. Booth; Vice-President, M. M. Brunner; Secretary, H. L. Gates; Treasurer, O. A. Wheeler. The annual tournament of the N. Y. S. A. for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held here under the auspices of the O. C. S. A., commencing June 6 and closing June 11. Prizes aggregating over $4,000 will be offered.—H. L. Gates, Sec'y.

EXPERIENCE WITH CALIFORNIA GAME.

FOR several days three of us had been talking of taking a trip back into the California Coast Range, to look after some cattle there turned loose, and to brand and bring back any of the season's calves; and at length we started. The first thirty-three miles were to be made in a wagon, so I took my gun and some cartridges. My companions were Sam, an old stage driver of early days, who had driven coach and washed for gold back in the fifties; and Bob, of about twenty-five, who worked in the gold mill at Sulphur Creek, from which place we started. For several miles the way led up Bear Valley, beautiful with its large fields of flowing grain and grassy meadows, hemmed in by tree-covered hills, and with a bright little stream flowing through its center.

I soon found that putting in my gun was a wise proceeding, for quail appeared frequently along the road. Picking out the male birds (distinguished by a topknot), we secured seven, shooting five from the wagon. Few as these seem they constituted a meal, and I did not have the heart to kill any more for the mere pleasure of so doing. It would have been an easy matter, I believe, to kill as many dozen, they were so plentiful. The California quail is in color unlike our Eastern bird, and I think it much the prettier. A topknot of one feather, about an inch long, grows right from the top of the head, and falling forward in a graceful curve bobs up and down as the bird walks or runs. White feathers encircle the neck, these gradually turning into dark blue upon the breast, giving one the idea at first sight that the birds are totally blue. On the breast are some brown feathers, and under the wings are blue ones with white spots. The birds described, valley quail, are about the size of the Eastern bird, while the mountain quail are one-third larger and in color principally brown. Jack rabbits with their ears standing erect sat by the road side and watched us pass. Two little cotton-tail rabbits came within range and they too fell victims to my gun. At times the road ran through whole villages of ground squirrels, resembling the homes of the prairie dogs upon the plains.

We reached Stony Creek toward evening and staid over night with a Mr. Smith, a prominent man thereabouts. Utilizing the fine water power for a saw and grist mill, he supplies the neighborhood with flour and lumber. Not a prettier spot had I ever seen than where we stopped that night. It was in a little valley encompassed by low hills, which tapered toward a high snow-covered mountain. The melting snows of this peak fed a swift rushing stream, Stony Creek, running by the house. Here the creek makes an island of small extent, on which is built Smith's barn. Two sturdy old oaks, measuring in girth 19ft. and 18ft. respectively, guard the bridge from house to barn, shelter the fowl at night and giving shade to the work horses eating their noonday meal. Preparatory to an early rise I was asleep by 9 P. M.; by 5 A. M. we had finished breakfast, and 7 o'clock found us mounted and on our way. For a short distance a road was utilized and then turning to the left we took a rugged mountain trail, which led up a gorge in an old stream bed now dry, for the rainy season had closed more than a month before.

As we started to ascend a ridge a large doe went leaping across the top, disappearing on the other side. Reaching the summit the deer was not to be found, but a very beautiful view stretched away for miles. Through the Sacramento Valley the Sacramento River traced its silvery course as far as the eye could reach to north and south between the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras and the soft green tinted Coast Range.

But stopping not, we passed along the divide for many a weary mile, over a rocky trail 3,000ft. above the valley. On one side we were sheltered by St. John Mountain, 7,800ft. high, and on the other by Sheet Iron, 6,800ft.; to the left ran Stony Creek, and to the right Elk Creek, both of which I was told teemed with trout, but we did not try them, owing to the difficulty of reaching either. For over two hours we rode opposite the mountains, the wild scenery ever changing; each minute as we turned some rocky point new snow-filled gulches on the mountain appeared. We passed one little cabin in a pocket of the mountain, the home of a hunter, who hunted and trapped for bear in the wallows around the many springs near by. At times a pine forest sheltered us from the sweltering rays of the sun, and how often I dismounted to drink of the cool waters of some babbling brook, I dare not say. Crossing a divide we reached Cold Creek, named from its icy waters, and following it for a guide were led to a larger stream marked on the map as Eel River. Fording this but half a mile further and reached the cabin.

Bloody Rock, as the place is called, takes its name from a fight said to have occurred there between early trappers and the Indians. Bob and I each took one of the spears standing by, and made our way to the river in hopes of getting a salmon; but it was too late in the season, all the fish having gone to the sea, not to return until the rainy season. Salmon fairly swarm up the stream in winter, and for proof I saw large fish bones and shrivelled skins lying around on the ground, where the man who stays at the cabin all winter had thrown them.

Early the next morning, returning with horses from where we had picketed them in a glade the previous evening, I saw a deer on a knoll about 50yds. away, but Bob reached the cabin before me, and was back in a minute with his rifle; however, he was too slow, and the deer had gone elsewhere.

Sam and I got off about 10 A. M., and as Bob was going another way to drive some cattle, I took his rifle. It was loaded and I very foolishly shot it off at a mark. Thinking it not worth while I did not reload. When a mile on our way I regretted this oversight, for just in the woods ahead stood two deer. I loaded quickly, but it seemed as though everything was against my securing any large game, and the deer were gone before I could shoot my old muzzleloading telescope rifle. Deer paths at times branched off from the trail, and but for the instinct of our horses we would repeatedly have lost our way.

Opposite St. John Mountain is a little valley, in the center of which is a huge mass of red-colored stone. Having always in mind the discovery of a rich claim, we went over, leaving our horses on the divide, pecked out a few specimens and posted our notice for a mining claim (600ft. wide by 1,500ft. long). Quail became very numerous as night approached, awakening the echoes with their shrill calls. Along Dry Creek I must have seen several hundred in coveys of from two to ten. Jack rabbits seemed to be stirring at that time also, and just at dusk I emptied my rifle at one seated on his haunches 100yds. away, hitting just under, making the dust fly, and he sprang off in the flurry.

We reached Stony Creek at 8 P. M., night closing down upon us just as we finished a long, tiresome ride. The next day dawned bright, as it was sure to do there, much to my sorrow, but nothing daunted we were soon away to the stream. My outfit consisted of a stiff pole with short line tied to the end, and a brown fly. After several casts in a riffle near by I had a rise, and throwing again hooked my fish, and in a very unsportsmanlike style I jerked him ashore. He was a beauty; a trout weighing about three-quarters of a pound, of bluish tinge, and having a good many of those beautiful colored spots so characteristic of our eastern fish. Then how I did wish for a split bamboo and a picked book of flies. Moving a little up stream I cast again, securing another fish. My star was brightening. Thinking bait might answer better, I put on one of the lizards very numerous around there, and threw him overboard. His motions immediately attracted a large fish, and suddenly the water boiled about that lizard, calming as quickly and revealing to my astonished eyes a line devoid of bait and hook. Having another hook, I rigged up and tried again, but I don't suppose they indulge in more than one lizard to each meal.

Across stream I saw a rocky point, around which I felt sure some trout lay hiding. The ford looking about 12in. deep I stepped in boldly to cross. Water at times is deceptive, and recovering from a headlong plunge, I found it was up to my waist, but being in I went over. Climbing the ledge of rock and looking down I saw a deep hole, in which were swimming some large trout, which seemed to be a foot and a half long. My line was short, and to cast I was obliged to expose myself—a bad thing in trout fishing. Several rises rewarded my efforts, but only one took hold and he went with the stream, continuing right on when all the slack line was exhausted. Perhaps he is going still, for line and hook went with him. My star was out.

With good tackle no doubt I would have had fine sport, for they told me of a man who once waded the stream, fishing with a limber rod and reel and he caught more than one could carry. He was talked of as a great fisherman, but you see he just had the rigging. No luck attended my partner, and the next day we returned home, killing many quail on the way, enough even to supply the Sulphur Creek Hotel.

I cannot truthfully say the trip was a complete success, as our gold specimens contained iron and the deer killed were not many. G. F. B.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

JACK came to call on me on the 14th of October, and after remarking that "the law would be off on quail the next day," said he supposed that he "must load some shells, etc," as we were about to start on our annual vacation that we had talked over for a year previous. One would gather from that remark of Jack's that he had nothing in preparation, and was quite indifferent about the matter, but I well knew that his trunk was all packed, the guns were in their cases, and most of his duffle had been ready for weeks before, and was only waiting for the 15th of that month, which of all the months in the year stands pre-eminently at the head for the hunter and sportsman. We arrived safely at our destination, and of course Uncle John was at the depot with old Billy and the express wagon to meet us. Uncle John informed us that "it was an excellent year for game, partridges and squirrels were as thick as hops, and quail were quite numerous."

We were up and stirring before light in the morning, and such a sight as the woods and fields presented to our view I had never seen before, or at least had noticed the glories of nature as I did then. There had been a very heavy frost, and as the sun came up, the long meadows for two miles below looked like a sea of diamonds, as the particles of frost glittered, glistened and sparkled in the rays. The leaves were well off at this season, as the frosts came early, and the oak and pine form a rich contrast in their dress of red and green in the background, while near us we see the yellow buds or blossoms of the witch hazel and red berries of the black alder, all of which are well frosted and are sparkling in the sunlight. The brook which runs through the meadow back of the house is trimmed with icy fringe, and as we watch its course down to the river below, we catch sight of a pair of black ducks on the wing and steering their way due south. From the hills beyond came the cawing of crows and the scream of the bluejay, while from the "oak lot" we hear the chattering of the red squirrels as they search for their morning meal of acorns, and the blackbirds are talking Canuck French down on the island; and on all sides nature is alive and stirring. Our rifles are in hand, and with some instructions from Uncle John about the best places for squirrels we take ourselves to the woods, and not until I had been in the timber for some hours could I realize that I was really away from the dirty smoky city, away from the cares of business and free to follow any path that my fancy might dictate.

Jack carried a Winchester .32-cal. repeating rifle, while I had a Maynard .22-cal. rifle, using a center fire 10-grain shell. This is the best rifle for a .22-cal. toy that I ever saw, and I most heartily indorse this kind of an arm for all those who like to shoot squirrels and small game. I have doubled up crows repeatedly with it at from 75 to 150yds., while at short squirrel-shooting ranges it is simply perfect. The rifle was mounted with Lyman's rear and muzzle sights, which I consider the best hunting sights I ever saw. I have used them exclusively now for several years, and can do better shooting with them than any other. So much for digression on rifles.

We were out for a vacation and not for meat; for rest and recreation and not for work, and for pleasure and not for profit; and, therefore, about the first thing that Jack and I did when we came to an inviting old log on the sunny side of a hill just above the river was to sit down, fill our pipes, and chat for some minutes, when Jack saw something below us that disturbed his peace of mind, and although he was not certain of its being alive, ventured to throw a stone down at it. His aim was too true, for soon at the water's edge lay a cotton-tail rabbit kicking its last kick; the stone had struck it in the head and the bag received its first deposit.

As we sat smoking our attention was attracted by a swirl in the water below, and soon Jack said he thought he saw a pickerel or fish of some kind, so taking a careful aim six inches behind or under it, he fired. A few bubbles from the mud below rose to the surface, soon followed by the white belly of a large pickrel. Jack cut an alder and gathered him in, and wrapping him in fern leaves, stowed him away in the bag. We strolled along over the "oak lot" and sat down to watch for squirrels. Soon one showed himself on the top of a stone wall, 93 good long paces away, and I asked Jack if he could kill him from a rest. "No," he replied; "if I came within six inches of him I would do well." I suggested that he try the little Maynard on him, for as I knew Jack to be a good shot and the Maynard to be a good rifle, while the Lyman sights were perfect, I thought that the whole combination might be rather too much for the squirrel; and so it proved, for at the crack of the little gun the squirrel rolled off from the wall with the tiny .45gr. bullet through his heart. Jack was very much pleased with his success, and said that he wished that it were always October, pleasant weather, and we could loaf around in the woods.

We went down a hill where there were some shell-bark walnut trees, and gathered quite a supply to take home with us. We soon found that the trees were inhabited, for the chatter of a red squirrel set us to thinking about our rifles. In a few minutes I see a gray one move and try to play peek-a-boo with me around the crotch of a limb. I immediately raised the little gun, and as the white ivory bead came in a line with his head, he comes whirling down and goes into the bag. At the report of the gun I see Jack raise his Winchester; crack it goes, kerchuck goes the lever, crack speaks the rifle again, and another gray goes into the bag. I soon kill a red one, and then, whang goes somebody's gun, and as we look down the old road we see Uncle John with a partridge which he had "ground sluiced." He said that, although he had seen the time that he could not have done such a thing, he was glad that now he was able to shoot them any way; and as he is over 70 we forgave him, and so will the reader I think. The rest of our shooting I will tell you about in another letter. Iron Ramrod.

Massachusetts Association.—Nearly 75 members of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association met at the Tremont House April 5, on the occasion of the society's monthly dinner. The following gentlemen were elected to membership: Mark F. Burns, Charles V. Campbell, James H. Jenkins, Dwight M. Clapp, James N. Fry, Charles A. Lawander, John P. Treadwell, J. A. Newhall, Herbert Merriam, Warren B. Witherell, W. H. Wilkinson, Sidney P. Brown, Augustus B. Bradstreet, Frederick T. Proctor, Eliot B. Mayo and Winthrop Thayer. Fish Commissioner Brackett read a copy of the proposed law to be asked for from the Legislature for a close season for lobsters, extending from August 1 to September 15. The proposed law is drawn in conformity with the Maine law. The penalty proposed for killing, buying or selling lobsters out of season is a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $100. A penalty of from $25 to $50 is also prescribed for the selling of lobster nets or traps out of season, and a penalty for the sale of lobsters less than 10½ inches long is also imposed by the proposed law. Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, then gave an address upon "The Prehistoric Races of America." He displayed specimens of implements which were the earliest evidences of the existence of men in the ante-glacial period of North America. Human remains, too, have been found in the auriferous gravels of California, showing that man lived on the Pacific coast before the glacial period on the eastern coast. We find in Europe the same condition of things, so far as the gravel in the river beds is concerned, evidence of the existence of man prior to the period of the deposit of those gravels. There is every reason to believe that man existed in Europe and America at one and the same time prior to the glacial epoch. In northern North America are found the evidence of the occupation by the prehistoric races. There is in existence a portion of a skull of that time, showing that anatomically the man of that time was as perfect as the man of to-day. In America we find two types of skulls, the short skull and the long skull. These skulls represent different races. The long heads seem to be found along the Pacific coast, and then extend across the country to the St. Lawrence, and then down the Atlantic coast. The Esquimaux are probably the remnants of the oldest race in America. The short-headed people came from the south. This indicates that a short-headed race came from the south and spread northeast until it met the long-skull race of the north. This short-headed race apparently reached South America from Asia by the way of the South Pacific islands. The old Mexican people, the cliff dwellers, were of this race. A line of fortifications extending across the country, traces of which stil exist, was evidently to resist invasion from the north. The northern race probably reached America by the Aleutian Islands, driving back the primitive race of man, of which the Esquimaux are probably a remnant. It is evident that America was not peopled by one race of men known as Indians at the time of Columbus. Successive migrations—not a single migration—from the east made up the population of America. Prof. Putnam exhibited photographs of spear heads, fish hooks, and of the interiors of the curious mounds of Ohio.

Deer and Dogs on Cape Cod.—East Wareham, Mass., April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following incidents were told me to-day by a young man from Marston's Mills, Cape Cod: On the 24th of last month, a man driving along the road from Sandwich to Marston's Mills, when about 1½ miles from the latter place came upon three hounds which had just pulled a deer down and killed it in the road. The dogs ran off as he came up, but as he did not care to be seen with a deer in his possession L. drove on and left them. They had just killed it and had had a severe struggle, for the road was all tracked up and blood and hair were trampled into it. In February last, a man near Newtown in Sandwich, heard hounds after something just at night, and thought they were after his sheep; on going out he found that three hounds had got a deer down in a meadow and had bitten it in the hind legs and so tired it out that it could not run any further. He drove off the dogs and carried the deer up to his house thinking it might recover, but it died the next day. An instance of a deer being found dead in the woods is so common as not to excite much comment. I will furnish the names of all the parties to any one who will investigate this matter.—Walter B. Savary.

COLORADO GAME REGIONS.—Leadville, Colo., April 4.—The building of several lines of railroads through Colorado, some of which will be completed this summer, make a section of fine hunting country of very easy access and without the discomforts of a two days stage ride and then a further trip of several days on horseback, when everything has to be packed. This gives an unusual opportunity for Eastern hunting parties to reach a finer hunting and fishing country with no inconvenience. Within two years the large game will have moved on 200 or 300 miles further from a mountain range and hunting with any great success will be attended with its old difficulties and privations. I should be glad at any time to give information desired or to make any arrangements ahead and secure some good hunters and plan a trip or to do anything to help on a good hunting trip. I have, during the past two seasons, secured guides and planned a month's trip for three parties of well known sportsmen, to whom I can refer.—C. A. JUDKINS.

ARKANSAS.—Little Rock, April 1, 1887.—The Legislature has adjourned and our game law still stands. The Senate passed a bill prohibiting the export of game or fish and the House killed it. The House repealed the game law and the Senate sat down on the bill like a pile driver. The Senate then amended it so as to make the open season for deer begin August first and the House killed that, so the law stands just as it did, and, so far as I know, every thinking man is satisfied with the result. Colonel Crockett and his friends in the Senate made a good fight and headed off the enemies of the bill at every turn. Colonel Crockett will be candidate for Governor next year and from present indications will get there.—CASUAL.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, April 6.—Duck shooting is very good with us this spring, notwithstanding the low stage of water in the Mississippi River. The Crystal Lake and Eagle Grove Club own 3,000 acres of the best duck marsh in this vicinity, a fine club house, with 25ft. of water in the lake. We have a limited membership of 75. I hope spring shooting will be abolished before it is too late; if continued it will only be a question of a few years and duck shooting will be a thing of the past. The only argument I hear against it is, "After us the deluge; if we don't kill them some one else will."—TINO.

WOODCOCK AND GEESE.—Salem, Mass., April 11.—Black duck and whistlers were very numerous about Ipswich and Rowley Fast day. Experienced parties say they never saw them thicker. Woodcock have been seen in numbers; some snipe reported, but nothing definite. Kingfishers, white-billed swallows and blue herons are along. A bunch of eight haunted geese (shy ones) have been trying the patience and skill of local Ipswich gunners. Thus far the geese have outwitted *genus homo*.—X. Y. Z.

NARROWS ISLAND CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club of Currituck county, held at the house of Mr. Henry Sampson, 14 West 58th street, on Monday, April 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. G. Elliot; Vice-President, J. A. Hewlett; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. T. Barney; Members of the Executive Committee, B. Dominick, W. G. Dominick, and Henry Sampson.

DETROIT.—At the recent annual meeting of the Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club officers were chosen as follows: President, Wm. C. Colburn; first Vice-President, M. S. Smith; second Vice-President, Don. M. Dickinson; Treasurer, Hamilton Dey; Secretary, Geo. S. Hosmer. Directors, John M. Hinchman, Thomas S. McGraw, Henry C. Wismer, Edgar O. Durfee, George F. Moore, Frank G. Smith, Charles B. Hull.

VERMONT.—Highgate, April 8.—The first robin redbreast of the season made its appearance here yesterday the 7th. To-day bluebirds and song sparrows are here though the snow still covers the face of the country. Wild geese arrived ten days ago, but no open water in Lake Champlain for them. Spring duck shooting has commenced in the open glades of the St. Lawrence above Montreal.—STANSTEAD.

WILD GEESE FLYING NORTH.—East Auburn, Me., April 5.—The wild geese are moving north. The largest flock seen for many years rested on Lake Auburn last night, and were frightened off by gunners this morning. I should think there were from 150 to 200 of them. They found a snowy bed to rest on here.—W.

HIGH POINT, N. C., April 4.—The close season on partridge just begun. It should have begun a month or six weeks ago, for birds were scattering and pairing then. They are quite scarce near town. A gun club is talked of and will probably soon be organized. Woodcock are more plentiful than usual, though not even now in abundance.—POINT.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Mendon, Mass., April 4.—I have been out several times this spring to see how the birds wintered; have not seen any quail; think the hard winter must have killed them all. Found a few partridges left over. Woodcock have just commenced to come along. Yesterday we had one of the hardest storms of the season.—C. T.

FOREST RUNES.

[*From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chronicle Telegraph, April 1.*]

AN old trapper who devoted himself to field sports and spent much of his time in the unbroken forest, being endowed by nature with an innate love of poetry, and having, during his roamings through the fastnesses of the forest, fallen into the habit of rhyming, has transferred the poetic thoughts that ran through his head to paper, but many of them, in the first place, "to white birch bark," when no supply of paper was to be had. He disclaims all intention of setting himself up as a poet, a thing to which his thoughts and ambition do not aspire. Nevertheless he has produced a number of rather entertaining poems, some of which border upon, if they do not altogether come up to, the classical. In sentiment and humor he sometimes awakes the harp of Erin. Though the title is "Forest Runes," or mysteries of the forest, he does not confine himself to the sports of the field, but deals with numerous topics in a very entertaining manner, and generally in a quaint style, without offensive pedantry.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE BROOK TROUT.

THE beauteous trout, a prince among the fish.
The angler's pride and epicurean joy,
I court the muse and fondly of him sing.

In boyhood's wanton days I learned his haunts
In placid lake high up 'mid mountain peaks,
That pierce at eve the golden banks of clouds,
Or tremble while the storm's wild echoes ring.
Where winter snows, in summer, melt and flow
In gurgling rills, swift through the tangled grass
To join in romping rivulets, that form
The noisy mountain brook, which reckless leaps
Adown the rocky gorge, and through the glen,
Beneath the shade of cedar, spruce and fir,
Whose drooping branches glisten in the spray,
Or whispers low the sylvan chant of night,
As through the glade the evening zephyrs steal.

I've sought oft times and found him snug at home
In quiet woodland streams, that gleeful run
With rippling music over gravelly beds,
Then deepen into eddies, which soon form
Dark, shady pools beneath green leafy boughs,
Which, swaying in the wind, stoop low to kiss
Their beck'ning image mirror'd from below;
Then gliding off down through the open fields,
Where fragrant flowers the grassy meadows grace,
And sprouting grain the autumn sheaf foretells,
It winds its silvery course 'twixt cress-lined banks,
Where sunshine in the day, and moon at night
Cast light and shade across the limpid way.

In early spring, when, clothed with brightest green,
Dame Nature decked her brow with blue and gold,
When new-born leaves in hedge and woodland move
Responsive to the gentle breeze which wafts
To list'ning ears the happy song of birds,
When scent of violets, crushed beneath one's feet
In early morning hours, perfume the air
Like incense from the altars of the gods,
I like to take my rod, and wend my way
To some familiar stream, whose banks I've trod
In days before, when youthful hours sped fast
And lingered not to make a note of time,
Save as each dawn in evening melts away,
With golden promise that another morn
With crimson glow will break the midnight gloom;
And crouching there behind some moss-grown log,
Some lichen-covered rock, some stump of tree,
Or kneeling in the grass at easy range,
Let loose my silken line with skillful cast,
And watch the mimic flies sweep quickly down
The rippling current, to a deep, dark pool,
Where lurk the wary trout in quest of food,
Or moody silence in the heat of day.

Oft breathless have I stood with eager eyes
To catch the silvery gleam, that, splashing breaks
The languid surface of the limpid stream,
As from his lair with savage rush he'd seize
The dainty morsel, down the tide which floats,
As if with life the flutt'ring wings were fraught.

And as I feel the magic thrill that creeps
Swift down the rod, and tingles through my arm,
When in his mouth the barbed hook sticks fast,
Responsive to the gentle strike, I know
That only angler's skill and steady nerve
Can bring to net the gamy, struggling fish.

I like to feel him tugging at the hook,
And hear the lively clicking of the reel
As, dashing to and fro about the pool,
He seeks to rid him of the fatal lure
That clings intently to his horny jaw,
And checks his flight from danger's threat'ning mien.

I like to see the pliant tip of rod
Meet gracefully the fish's mad'ning lunge
With modest bow, as if to kiss the hand
That holds with firmest grip the sturdy butt,
Well shaped of choicest flinty wood that grows,
And girded round with silver'd bands of steel.

And when at last, by human skill out-matched,
His nimble strength gives out, his last device
For liberty is foiled, the fighting done,
The handy net has swept him from his realm,
And on the grassy bank he panting lies,
I like to look upon his gleaming sides,
Resplendent with the sunset's crimson blush,
And dotted o'er with spots of red and pearl,
Rich strewd along as with a lavish hand,
Dame Nature paints determined to adorn;
In happy contrast, creeping o'er his back,
Dark mottled bands blend with the brightest hues,
While gaily-colored fins bedeck his form,
And poise him in his native element.
His shapely head, and brilliant, flashing eyes,
His comely tail, with muscle strength well set,
Completes the picture I would fairly paint
Upon a tablet in my memory's hall.

I like to taste right well his broiled flesh,
Of bones so free, so juicy, rich and sweet,
So delicate of tint—delicious food!
More toothsome, too, than any fish that bears
Upon his shiny sides the glitt'ring scales,
From out the frozen North or balmy South,
Whose waters, warm or cold, yield up to man
The fruits of net or spear, of rod and line,
As plied for sport or hunger's cruel need,
The providence of Him who made them all
To grace the common tables of our land.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y. CHAS. T. MITCHEL, M. D.

A LARGE TROUT.—A gentleman has just caught a brown trout on Lough Derg weighing 19lbs., length along side 2ft. 10in., over back 3ft., and girth 1ft. 8½in.—*Oxford (Eng.) Chronicle.*

NEW ENGLAND TROUT STREAMS.

THE opening of the trout season in Massachusetts, April 1, was not a very propitious one this year. There was probably never more snow on the ground at the time, especially in the extreme western and northern parts of the State. The streams were generally locked in ice, and since then they have been filled with snow water, which, as every trout fisherman is well aware, is anything but conducive to fun with rod and line. It is a very significant fact that trout have been unusually scarce in the markets up to the present time, and it would indicate that even the market fishermen had not found it easy to fill his orders. But warm weather appears to have set in in good earnest, and with it comes up the sportsman's hopes. Some of the streams on the Cape are being tried, but with rather indifferent success. The display of cultivated trout in the markets has been good this year, and Appleton & Litchfield have made their window display even better than a year ago. They have shown over 70 mature trout in their window-lake and the tank beyond, besides the trout in embryo in a glass jar. Among the mature trout was one of the Sunapee variety, concerning which the FOREST AND STREAM has given several valuable communications. This trout weighs 4¼lbs., and was a rare sight to those who have always been accustomed to the little fingerlings of the country streams. That display probably helps Messrs. Appleton & Litchfield to sell fishing tackle, but it certainly has afforded the thousands of people who have peered into the window a wholesome and an interesting sight.

The prospects of the opening of the trout season in Maine is gloomy, to say the least. A letter from the Androscoggin Lake region of Saturday states that there was then four or five feet of snow on the ice and fully as much in the woods. Warm weather, like that of the past two days, will work wonders on snowbanks, but at the best the season in that part of the country must be late. It is, however, very funny as it always is, to hear the old guides talk. Several of them are already on record, in spite of the vast quantity of snow, as predicting an early departure of the ice. Their theory is that so much snow "rots away the ice." But it seems a little more reasonable to conclude that in this case the wish is father to the thought. The earlier the ice leaves the lake the earlier will the work of these guides begin. It is dollars in their pockets. But they are not the only people who are already watching the news concerning the departure of the ice from the Maine lakes. Boston merchants and professional men are interested, though they are aware that the average time of the breaking up of the ice in the Androscoggin Lakes is not earlier than May 13, though that event begun on the 4th last year and the last lake was clear by the 10th.

The unusually deep snows have worked advantageously in one way this year. They have, in a measure, prevented the spring fishing through the ice, which the law allows to inhabitants of the State during March and April. Thus far but very little of such fishing has been reported. To say the least, this permission of the law to inhabitants of the State to take trout through the ice for their own use is one which has been much abused. Some of those guides, who are, of course, inhabitants of the State, have had in times gone by the holes all cut and the bait ready—yes, they have had the lines all in the water—when a sleigh would drive up, bringing Boston sportsmen; and they have helped catch the trout for the poor inhabitants of the State of Maine. How is that for an evasion of the trout law? Well, it will be lawful for anybody to catch trout in Maine and New Hampshire on May 1, and, to say the least, the prospects for high water are good. It is also contended by those who have given the subject much study, that high water in the fall and spring is conducive to good trout fishing, when the floods do subside. They reason that new feeding grounds and abundance of food are in such a manner put in reach of the fish. SPECIAL.

"FARMER BROWN'S TROUT."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was reminded when I read "Farmer Brown's Trout," of a story told me some years ago by an old gentleman who was considered by many an oracle in all things pertaining to field sports. His story was of how he and a friend got into the good graces of an old farmer who had a stock of pet quail that he had wintered at his barn, and wished to keep on his farm just for the simple pleasure of having them there. He was foolish enough to tell these honorable sportsmen, as he took them to be, where these quail kept in his orchard. I think, though, that he added: "Don't ye shoot one on 'em!" Then one of them slipped into the orchard by a roundabout way and drove the quail into a piece of woods, where the other marked them down, and the two went in and had great sport in killing them all. The teller of the story thought it a very nice thing to do, and no doubt it was smart; but it seemed to me a mean and contemptible act. How does it seem to you? R.

VERMONT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I arose from reading the communication in the last issue of your journal, entitled "Farmer Brown's Trout," with the feeling that no one could properly congratulate any of the actors in the tragedy which is there detailed with such singular satisfaction. That a full measure of sympathy is due to some of them no true sportsman is likely to deny. Probably it is that I retain some old-fashioned ideas, but I could not without loss of self-respect steal a pet canary or a pet trout; and just at present my sympathies are divided between the trout, the farmer, and the bull-pup, with a balance in favor of the pup. I cannot express my regret at the disappointment of that pup. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 31 appeared an article entitled "Farmer Brown's Trout." Allow me to say for one that such conduct as is therein narrated does more than anything else to prejudice one large and influential class of the community upon which sportsmen are dependent for many pleasures of the field. I hope some of your contributors who write a vigorous style will take up and criticise the actions related in the account in the manner they deserve. C. P. W.

AUBURN, Mass.

THE CLICK IN REELS.

IN the number for March 31 "Jo" asks for information about click reels. As the editor remarks, combination reels are "a necessity to those who own but one reel," and he points out the usual method of using them. There are other ways, however, in which the click is a very useful thing when fishing for bass, etc. from a boat, or even from the shore. For example, most anglers are given to smoking. One wants to replenish his pipe while his line is out. He puts on the click to prevent the line from running out, lays the rod on the gunwale of the boat, fills up his pipe, and then resumes the rod, takes off the click and is ready for whatever may happen. Other like uses will suggest themselves to the angler. A fish once hooked, I do not care for a click when the reel is above the hand, though I admit there are emergencies when it is useful. In trout fishing, however, the click is indispensable. Having a reliable click, I regard a drag as an unnecessary incumbrance.

During the past fifty years I have used all manner of reels, good, bad and indifferent; reels without a click, reels with a click, reels with a click and a drag, reels with a click and two drags, reels running out of gear, automatic reels, and so on, and in none of them (with but one exception) could the click be applied while the reel was in motion. As "Jo" suggests, there is no mechanical difficulty in the way of placing the click on the left. It is simply a matter of increased cost, and that is what many people object to.

But to return to "Jo's" chief point. He wants a click or drag that can be applied with the left hand while the crank or handle is in motion. His want has very recently been anticipated by Mr. T. H. Chubb, Post Mills, Vt. It is a four multiplier, and has an adjustable click; that is to say, a click that can be adjusted to run light or hard, and will remain as he sets it. In addition it has a drag set directly in front of the left hand thumb. His crank may be running with the velocity of a fly wheel, but he can control it completely with the thumb of his left hand, even to the point of stopping it instantly. The reel is called the Henshall-Van Antwerp. PETRA.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 3.—To help "Jo," of Wellsville, O., who is looking for a reel with click attachment on opposite side from handle, would say that I am using such a reel. They can be had of Conroy, New York.
C. F. HUTCHINSON.

PICKEREL IN NEW JERSEY.—At the last meeting of the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, the validity of the law protecting pickerel during the months of March and April was discussed. There is a division of opinion among lawyers as to whether there is any law of this kind. There once was a law the provisions of which extended to bass, pickerel and perch; the Legislature clearly repealed the law as far as bass were concerned and passed another law, but whether the law was repealed as far as pickerel and perch are concerned is in doubt. The Fish Commissioners of the State declare that pickerel are protected during March and April; but they are not lawyers, and a number of the latter differ in their opinions from the Commissioners. It has frequently been suggested that it would be well to make a test case by arresting some person for catching pickerel during these two months; there would be no trouble in finding such a person, as the general impression is that there is no such law. The matter was discussed last night and soon resolved itself into the questions: Are the pickerel worth protecting? Does a prohibition to catch them during their breeding months protect them? Most anglers prefer black bass and are willing to see the pickerel exterminated in order to give the bass a better chance; others are of different opinions and like the long-nosed fresh-water shark. All the old arguments in relation to the question, "does protecting pickerel protect?" were gone over again. These arguments may be summed up in a nutshell. The pickerel when getting ready to spawn are more voracious than ever, and go about gobbling every other fish they can get hold of; a good lively pickerel will devour half a dozen smaller pickerel and other fish a day and frequently even more; ought the big fellow to be protected in his marauding career by prohibiting his capture or ought the little fellows to be protected by allowing the big fellow to be caught? Pickerel have been caught at all seasons of the year for many years and there is no perceptible diminution in their numbers, despite the fact that there are a dozen anglers now where there was one ten years ago. The members of the association were divided on these questions and no definite action was taken, so that pickerel fishers can go on with their fun without danger of being interfered with by the association.—*Paterson Press.*

THE BLACK-FIN IN NEW YORK WATERS.—This week we saw some specimens of *Coregonus nigripinnis* in Fulton Market. They were sent to Mr. Blackford by Mr. R. M. Shutts, of Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. Shutts writes us as follows: "I shipped a box of fish to Mr. Blackford for him to classify. They are natives of Chateaugay Lake, and I have written Mr. Blackford of their habits. If you can give the matter your attention enough to tell me if they are different from other fish found in the waters of this State you will oblige. The fish is now found in Chazy Lake, which was stocked with them from this lake." Mr. Shutts's "find" is a valuable one, for this fish has not been recorded from New York. Jordan, Synopsis N. A. Fishes, gives its habitat as "deep waters Lake Michigan, locally abundant." Milner, Rep. U. S. F. C., 1872-3, gives it as the same, and the fish is not mentioned by DeKay, "Fishes of New York," nor Mather "Adirondack Fishes." It is related to the whitefish of the Great Lakes, and to the frostfish of the Adirondacks, but is a larger fish than the latter. It might be called the black-finned whitefish, as the color of the fins distinguishes it at once.

ADIRONDACK ICE AND SNOW.—Syracuse, April 8.—I have generally long before this each spring a longing for the woods, and not being able to go to them, next comes a desire to know how deep the snow is and how thick the ice; my only recourse is to write to my friends there. In answer, my guide, who pilots me through the wilds of Hamilton county, writes me under date of April 6, reporting "about 6ft. of snow and about 30in. of ice on the lakes. The deer have wintered well and the outlook for sport next summer is good. The chances are that it will be a busy time here next summer."—G. C. H.

THEY SHOWED THEMSELVES.—"Kismet's" article in your issue of March 3, on "Surface Schools of Fish," brings to mind an instance in my experience never seen before nor since. For three days my partner and myself had traveled down Fox River in our boat, stopping wherever the signs looked right to cast the fly. This day had been an unusually poor one, when we considered the fact that we were on familiar waters. It was about five o'clock and I was very tired and thoroughly disgusted. I had brought the boat down with me to the head of a fairly good stretch of water, determined to take the rest needed while waiting for my companion. I had not been there long when my eye caught sight of a small black object moving on the water not 50yds. below me. Led by curiosity I left the boat and, with rod in hand, walked as quietly as possible toward the spot. The object had disappeared, but showed itself again when I was near enough to see that it was the dorsal fin of a black bass, the size of which made me cast an anxious eye toward my rod—in a moment another one appeared. It did not take me long to get my flies in motion, and as the stretcher lit on the water there was a splash and a swerve and my reel hummed a happy tune as the line dashed out into the stream; but alas! A moment only was needed to replace the broken hook. When I left that "neck of woods" an hour later, 30lbs. of the finest black bass I ever saw taken on a fly hung at my side.—NIMROD.

THE MYSTIC ANGLERS' BADGE.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—April 2 has come and gone and Mr. Geo. Gebhard, the treasurer of our club, wears the beautiful gold medal recently presented us by Mr. John H. Bass. The above date was fixed to commence fishing for the jewel, and now the treasurer, by virtue of a 4lb. black bass, has possession, for thirty days at least, when he will have to render an account to nine others who are longing to get at him and his valued possession. A medal of this kind is a splendid thing to have in a club, for it wakes the boys up and keeps them in friendly rivalry all the time, and then you know how a fellow feels coming in with a magnificent catch only to find another that makes him go again, for the "big one" was not there. We all turn out and fish for the medal on the same day so that none of us have any advantages over any other member.—JOHN P. HANCE.

FIRST PENOBSCOT SALMON.—Proprietor Thayer, of the Bangor Exchange, had the honor yesterday of serving the guests of his popular house with the first Penobscot salmon of the season, a splendid specimen that tipped the scales at 19½lbs. The *Journal* man was among the favored ones who feasted on the delicacy, with the other good things accompanying it. The fish was taken at Winterport, and is the earliest "catch" on record. It is not every hotel man who can furnish his guests with fresh caught salmon and green peas when the streets outside are packed with four to six feet of snow.—*Bangor, Me., Industrial Journal, April 8.*

PENNSYLVANIA TROUT LAW.—Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., That it shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill, or expose to sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout, save only from the 15th day of April to the 15th day of July, under a penalty of $10 for each trout so killed, or had in possession, but this act shall not prevent any person from catching trout with nets in waters owned by himself to stock other waters. Approved the 11th day of January, A. D., 1885.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE SALMON.

(*Salmo salar.*)

WE make the following extract on the salmon from an article in the *Journal of the National Fish Culture Association*, by Dr. Francis Day, C. I. E.:

"The teeth on the body of the vomer become in a single row at an early age, grilse rarely possessing above two or three, and seldom above one or two at the hind edge of the head of that bone as in old fish. Scales on the caudal portion of the body are larger than seen in trout. Pectoral fin in the parr reaches two-thirds the distance to the ventral fin; caudal fin forked in the young, but altering and becoming gradually square with age. The colors of the adult are steel blue, with scattered black spots; but at breeding times, when these fish have passed into fresh waters for the purpose of spawning, numerous orange spots and streaks appear in the cheeks of the male, and also spots, and even marks of the same, and likewise of a red color on the body. It is then termed a "red fish." The female, however, is dark in color, and known as a "black fish."

In grilse the pectoral fins are often of a bluer color than in large salmon. Smolts are bluish along the upper half of the body, and silvery along the sides, due to a layer of silvery pigment being formed on the under surface of the scales, while they have darker fins than the yearling pink, but similar lateral bands and spots can be seen, as in the parr, if the example is held in certain positions of light. Parr have two or three black spots only on the opercle; also black spots and orange ones along the upper half of the body, but usually no dark ones below the lateral line, although there may be orange ones along its course. On the side of the body are a series (11 to 15) of transverse bluish bands, wider than the ground color and crossing the lateral line, while in the upper half of the body the darker silvery color of the back often forms an arch over each of these bands. A row of spots exists along the middle of the rayed dorsal fin, the adipose is leaden colored, and in rare instances, after death or under peculiar circumstances, has a narrow orange tip.

The names by which it is known in various places and at different ages are very numerous, the following being merely some of those more commonly employed: When in its full grown condition it is known as the salmon; in the Severn, one on its second return from the sea is often called a gerling or gillion or gilling, when from 8lbs. to 15lbs., or a botcher on its first return when under 5lbs. weight, although the more general designation is grilse; when under 2lbs. weight it is usually termed salmon peal by fishmongers. From one to two years old, before it has gone to sea, it is known as a parr, pink, smolt, smelt, salmon fry, sprag or salmon spring (Northumberland), samlet, brandling, fingerling, blackfin, bluefin, shed, skegger, gravelling, hepper, laspring, gravel laspring, skerling or sparling in Wales; spawn (in the Dart, A. Pike), morgad (Somersetshire) streamer (in the Tamar, W. Mason). After spawning this fish is a kelt or slat, but a male is generally termed a kipper and a female a shedder or a baggit. In the Ribble, according to Willoughby, salmon of the first year were termed smelts, of the second year sprods, of the third year morts, of the fourth year forktails, of the fifth year half-fish, of the sixth year salmon. The designation bull salmon and bull-pinks, employed in the Kircudbright Dee, has been said to refer to well-mended kelts. In Ireland, Sampson remarked upon a samlet or jerkin, which Tighe termed a gimkin, but the term parr was more frequently used to the north and gravelling to the south. Parr are also termed rack-rider or sprats, and larger ones leaders (Miller). At Kerry a kelt is termed a judy, and Rutty stated that a grilse was known as a grawl, and Johnson said that in Lough Foyle it was called a grayling, Welsh, cawg, male salmon; cemyuhwyddell, female salmon; if spawning a maran, or a salmon on his third return from the sea (Severn); (gleisiedyn, eog and maran, Pennant).

Although varieties among our British salmon are rare, still there are many local races dependent upon the size and character of the streams they frequent. Also in Lake Wenern and some other large lakes in Scandinavia there exists a landlocked race of this fish, which passes its life there without descending to the sea. On the American Continent there is a somewhat similar form found in the State of Maine and the neighboring portions of Canada, Lake Sabec, and the Schoodic Lakes, but all are merely landlocked forms of *Salmo salar.*

The salmon, during the summer months, roams along our coasts in search of food, and may be found close in-shore, loitering in estuaries and also at the mouths of rivers up which it purposes ascending. These fish are "anadromous," or forms which enter our fresh waters chiefly for the purpose of perpetuating their race; for this cause they select suitable spots wherein to deposit their eggs; here the young are hatched, and remain in the stream for the first years of their existence. Consequently, during their youth they live and feed in fresh water; as they grow older they descend as smolts to the sea, from whence, after a time, they return as grilse and salmon to the rivers; thus the waters they select for their residence differ from each other in their specific gravity, taste, temperature and products.

The ascent into fresh waters of these fish is a most important economic question, for some rivers are "early" and others "late," which terms have reference to the ascent of "clean fish" in relationship to the time of the year they are found there, the earlier being far the most valuable. A salmon or grilse recently arrived in fresh water from the sea has bright silvery scales, and is commonly known as a "fresh run" fish, and these are divisible into "clean salmon," or such as are in good condition and not near to their spawning time, and "unclean" or gravid fish, which are ascending to breed.

Some rivers have early ascending fish while in others they are late, and all intermediate grades are seen, for in many hardly a month passes in which, if sufficient water is present, "clean salmon" do not ascend, but often in an irregular manner and in various-sized companies. But the great autumn and winter ascent may be generally described to be for the purpose of breeding; while they appear to generally return to the stream wherein they were reared.* Mr. A. Young considers that in the colder seas of our eastern coast salmon do not loiter about in the ocean, but at once ascend into the warmer rivers; while on the contrary they behave differently along the Atlantic or on our southern shores. On this question many diverse views are held.

Grilse, being young fish, ascend somewhat differently from the more matured salmon, coming in large shoals, and rarely commencing to appear before the end of May, and in the largest numbers during July and August; the comparative size of the fish increasing with successive months, the latest comers having been longest in the sea.

During the ascent of these fish up rivers it is remarkable what difficulties they will surmount, while after crossing an obstruction or having ascended a rapid they seem to take a rest. For the purpose of assisting these fish to surmount natural or artificial obstructions which hinder their passage up stream to their natural spawning beds, fish-passes or fish-ladders are generally erected, especially at weirs where there is no free gap, and these may be described as a series of pools in which the gradient should not exceed 1 in 8. Although it has been asserted that salmon can leap up many feet perpendicularly, about six or seven is, perhaps, about the maximum. Passing up rivers, sometimes the sexes keep together, sometimes they do not, while the rate of ascent is, unless under peculiar conditions, not above two or three miles an hour.

The time of spawning on the redds generally takes place in Great Britain from the last week in October or first in November until the middle of February or later, and permitting the capture of the earlier ascending breeding fish is possibly a reason for making the river a later one. It has been shown that by permitting fish to get to their breeding grounds sooner, clean fish have come earlier into a river; and the innovation creeping in of shortening the back end of the season is likely to be fraught with much mischief to the fisheries.

The age at which salmon commence breeding has been found as follows at Howietown: Some were hatched in March, 1881, and most of the male parrs had milt in November, 1883, or when two years and eight months old; also two or three smolts of the same age had ova, which probably would have matured, but they jumped out of the pond and so met with their deaths. In November or December, 1884, or at three years and eight months age, all these fishes seemed ready to breed, and young were bred from their spawn. Consequently, descending to the sea prior to depositing ova is not a physiological necessity for young salmon as has been asserted.

It would seem from the investigations which have been made that it is probable that some of the early ascending clean fish are occasionally sterile, although it is generally held that in many ova and milt may be discovered on a microscopic investigation to be a very little developed, and although these last would probably be among such as push on to the upper waters, it seems still to require proof why it is that they should desire to remain so many months in the stream, away from the sea. This gives rise to the very important question of how frequently do salmon breed? In the United States Mr. Atkins has been able to prove from a series of experiments, extending over several years, that in the Penobscot the salmon (*Salmo solar*, var.) breeds every second year; and it is improbable that their natural mode of continuing their race differs in the United States from what obtains here. Also, if some, at least, of our British salmon are not seasonally sterile, the question must arise, "What, then, are the clean fish ascending for during the later months of the year?" They cannot breed the season they ascend. Are we to consider them permanently sterile, or, like their relatives in America, merely seasonally so?

The amount of eggs given by salmon is about 900 for every pound weight of the parent fish. While immaturity of the parents may occasion sterility of the eggs or disease, as dropsy of the offspring; and although the milt of parrs has many of the fertilizing qualities of the older grilse or salmon, the young would not appear to be so strong.

The redd, or nest, wherein the eggs are deposited, is

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*Many modes of marking these fish have been adopted, but all with more or less bad success. As far as possible no portions of the fins should be cut, while puncturing holes in gill-covers or placing elastic bands around the free portions of the tail have been failures. In short, a metallic tag, stamped to order, is necessary, and attached by a wire to one of the fins. Up to the present time the best appears to be made of platinum, and fastened to the first ray of the back fin.

formed by the female, which lies on her side and fans up the gravel by moving the tail portion of her body rapidly from side to side, until she gradually sinks into a kind of trough, the male remaining near and ready to give battle to any intruder. The female now deposits her eggs in the trough she has made; these are fertilized by the male, and subsequently covered with gravel to some feet in depth, the whole forming a redd.

Should there be plenty of water to let the fish into rivers in time, salmon are many days constructing their nests, doing a little every night, but if prevented ascending until quite ripe they are much more rapid in their operations. When the salmon has formed her nest and deposited her first installment of eggs, she falls back into one of the deep pools below, until she has acquired sufficient strength to again shed more eggs. The absence of frost is favorable to the eggs in the redds, while, although floods may sweep away redds, moderate ones protect them from poachers. Mild seasons and late spates seem best adapted for preventing mortality among the breeders.

The period salmon eggs take hatching is subject to considerable variation; thus it has been found that at 45degs. Fahr. they require 90 days, at 41degs. 97 days, while their normal period of hatching has been deferred to the 148th day by placing them in ice vaults; but freezing them is probably fatal. Mr. Bartlett observed how some of these eggs were hatched in 30 days, the temperature of the water standing at 57degs.

At about the end of two months the alevins will probably be 1¼in. long, at four months 2½in., and at six months 3¾in.; but there are great individual variations in size among them. The yolk or umbilical sac in young salmon is generally of a much more orange color than is seen in the alevins of fresh water trout.

Many discussions have arisen as to whether the parr is or is not the young of the salmon, or even a hybrid between it and the trout, and though there exists a strong family resemblance between the young of the salmon and trout, still it has been abundantly proved that the *Salmo salar* passes through a parr stage. In fact it was long since pointed out that in rivers destitute of salmon there were no parrs, while wherever they existed there parrs were present. This point has now been most conclusively decided by hatching out eggs and milt taken directly from salmon and artificially rearing the progeny, the result being parrs. It has also been shown that similar parrs can be raised from the eggs of smelts fertilized from parrs, or salmon similarly fecundated, from grilse and salmon, from pure grilse, and from pure salmon.

It has been clearly proved that when half the parr descended as smolts one year, those which remained for another season consisted of fish of both sexes, consequently females do not migrate, as had been suggested, one year earlier than the males.

The parr, on assuming the smolt livery, which it does as a rule when commencing its seaward journey, changes from its brilliant, golden and spotted colors with its brilliant finger marks, that have been described, to assume a bright silvery appearance, both on its opercles and its body. This silvery color is not owing to their acquiring an additional coating of scales, as has been asserted, but due to the deposition of a silvery pigment on the under surface of the scales and opercles, which latter could not be so overlaid because they are scaleless. These silvery smolts, at least after they have been some time so, may be turned directly and without injury into sea water, while the scales are not nearly so adherent as when the fish had the parr livery, and the fish itself seems more susceptible of injury. Although the great seasonal migration is during April, or May and June, this is not the only period at which they descend seawards, as some do so during the autumn months, as well as probably throughout the year.

Smolts that have descended rivers have been shown to reascend as grilse, although some persons have maintained that they are a distinct species, but at Howietoun, parr raised in fresh water turned to smolts and subsequently to grilse, and from these last eggs have been obtained, and young in the form of salmon parr have since been raised. It has also been advanced that grilse cannot be young salmon, ignoring the fact that only in salmon rivers are there true grilse, and where they exist there also are salmon. Now, although it has been shown that grilse may be reared from salmon eggs, still it has been pointed out that salmon and grilse of the same size can readily be distinguished one from another. Doubtless there is a difference in the appearance of a small salmon and a grilse of the same size, but such is probably due to the former, from some cause, not having got into condition, and so lost a season.

As to the growth of the grilse, experiments have been made tending to show that it is very rapid. In May, 1855, 1,300 were marked at Stormontfield, by cutting off the adipose or dead fin, and twenty-two are said to have been recaptured as grilse the same summer, the first on July 7, when it weighed 7lbs. The Duke of Roxburgh, on May 14, 1855, had a smolt marked by the insertion of a peculiar wire through its gills, it was recaptured July 21, 1856, as a 6¼lbs. grilse. Many similar experiments have been recorded, from which it appears that some smolt return to the river as grilse the same year that they descend, while other do the succeeding season. As to the growth of grilse after they have spawned and are returning seaward as kelts, Mr. Scrope gives a list of ten captured during the months of February and March, all but one being 4lbs. each in weight, but the last being 12lbs. During the months of June and July, the succeeding year, they were recaptured as salmon, the first nine weighing between 7lbs. and 12lbs. each and the last having increased to 18lbs. weight.

The growth of the salmon has been similarly followed out; thus, in 1859, the Duke of Athol had three salmon captured while migrating toward the sea, and marked by a copper wire around their tails; they weighed 10, 11½ and 12¾lbs. respectively, and six months subsequently are said to have been retaken while returning to the fresh water, having augmented in size to 17, 18 and 19lbs. respectively.

Those forms which have completed their spawning are known as kelts or slats, or if males, as kippers. They drop down stream from pool to pool in a very thin and exhausted condition, the males much more so than the females. However, they generally remain in the river in a debilitated state, feeding upon whatever fish come in their way, not rejecting the young of their own species. At this period, owing to their weak condition, they are very prone to attacks of disease, often dying in vast numbers, while a heavy flood carries them off toward the sea; but as a rule they continue some time in the brackish water of the tideway before seeking the ocean. Although, doubtless, a few of these kelts mend in the river, recovering their silvery lustre prior to reaching the sea, and others return at a future period in a healthy state from the salt water, it seems questionable whether too many are not now permitted to mend, possibly to a great extent, upon the salmon fry, thus reducing the amount of stock in the river. In olden times fishermen took all spawned fish as their own perquisites, consequently, in some rivers but few descended to the sea; also poachers, assisted by otters and other vermin, kept the number of kelts in check. At the present time an epidemic of saprolegnia, which has destroyed multitudes of salmon, does not always decrease the aggregate weight of the succeeding year's fish. The kelt, having suffered severely, has been able to consume so many smolts, consequently the grilse augment in numbers, but very large fish are not so common.

As to the diseases from which these fish suffer, a species of fungus, *Saprolegnia ferax*, has existed in our fresh water from probably immemorial ages, but at last became epidemic about 1878, since which period it has committed great ravages. At first more or less restricted to kelts or weak fish, it has subsequently been observed to attack the newly-run ones. Although sea or saline water appears to check, and in some rare cases to cure this disease, it is not improbable that such may only cause it to remain dormant until the fish returns to fresh water. Salmon in the sea are infested with a parasite, *Lepeoptheirus stromii*, Baird, which dies in fresh water; while in fresh water they are subject to another form, *Lerneopoda salmonea*, which seems chiefly to attach itself to kelts. The hook in the jaws of old males sometimes ulcerates through the palate to the top of the snout, when, occasioning great irritation, the fish can no longer eat, and dies of starvation. Pollutions, occasionally aided by obstructions, have destroyed these fish in some rivers.

Its range extends in the northern hemisphere, between latitude 45deg. and 75deg., through the seas and countries of northern Europe, in and around the British Isles, and also in rivers flowing into and along the Atlantic coast of France, but it is not found in those which empty themselves into the Mediterranean. The male fish would seem to run to a larger size than the female, and Buckland cast one of the former of 70lbs. weight from the Tay.

OHIO PROTECTION.—Fort Wayne, Ind., April 5.—I have this moment received a letter from a member of our club residing at Defiance, O., and as it contains matter of interest to the people of Indiana and Ohio, I quote from it, hoping you will give the matter publicity. He says: "As near as I am able to ascertain the fish ladders at Independence are all right. I have not been able to learn whether fish can pass them or not, but I now think that they will answer the purpose very well. I made a trip to Maumee some days ago, and fell in with some of the fishermen there, and without them learning my business, I "got on to" their tricks. They are a little afraid that their right to catch with seine and pound may be denied, but they declare their intention to fight the matter to the end. They claim that the waters at that place are not under the control of the State, and that the Government does not dispute their right to fish as they please. They claimed to have over 400,000ft. of twine in the river at that time, in the shape of seines and pounds, and that they intended to use them till the general Government ordered them to stop. I intend to correspond with the fish warden of that county who lives at Maumee (South Toledo), with a view of ascertaining the exact state of affairs, and if the law is being violated, to report to the fish commissioners of the State." The gentleman from whom I received the letter is one interested in protection and holding an office of great public trust and can do much toward remedying the great evils now existing along the Maumee River, but it is necessary that he have the co-operation of all lovers of legitimate sport, and as I know you to be on the side of right always, I place these matters before you knowing greater publicity will be given this way than in any other.—JOHN P. HANCE.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.—At the hatchery at Clayton, N. Y., superintended by Mr. M. B. Hill, the following plantings have been made: Lake trout, 500,000, planted in Lake Ontario and Mill Site Lake; 512,000 whitefish and 120,000 ciscoes planted in Lake Ontario. Of brook trout there are some 20,000 for streams in the southern part of Jefferson county. At Cold Spring Harbor the distribution of trout will soon begin and besides the brook and brown trout there are 10,000 Sunapee trout sent by Col. E. B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Commission, and some German saibling which have not yet been assigned to any applicants.

CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.—In a late issue we gave notice that two new members had been appointed and gave the address of one. The Commission has been reorganized and the Governor has appointed two gentlemen to act with Mr. Sherwood, who will act in concert with the U. S. Fish Commission. The board now stands as follows: Thos. J. Sherwood, President, Maysville; J. Downie Harvey, Los Angeles, and Mr. Joseph Routier, Sacramento.

REVELATION AND REVOLUTION.—Revelation and Revolution. These words are not the same. It makes quite a difference where the "e" and the "o" come in. Revelation is the discovery of a new truth. Revolution is that change in usage, life or society, which revelation brings about. For instance, twenty years or more ago, Dr. Humphreys began to teach the people that his Veterinary Specifics—giving but ten drops at a dose—would cure the diseases of domestic animals. This was a new truth—a revelation—but people could not see it at first. They had to be taught, and the truth shown and demonstrated again and again. But slowly they fell in. Seeing was believing, trying was success. When people believed they resolved, and so came the revolution. As the hilltops first catch the rising sun, so intelligent men first saw the truth and acted upon it. Now they no longer drug their stock. The bleeding, blistering, firing, balling, bottling and drenching has gone. In the place of all this the little Specifics—ten drops—are used. Colics, Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia, Pink-Eye, Founder, Lameness and Rheumatism—all are vanquished with the ten drops of HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS. Hence the grand revolution of modern times in curing diseases of domestic animals is but the result of revelation—or truth revealed.—*Ed.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 12 to 15, 1887.—Thirteenth Annual Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4827.**

THE BOSTON DOG SHOW.

MANY years ago Boston advanced the claim that it was the axis around which the rest of the universe revolved, and proudly pointed to the broad acres of its dearly loved Common as the very center of the whole world. Its wealthy and jealous rival, New York, determined to forever silence all pretensions of this kind, with lavish expenditure of treasure brought into being beautiful Central Park. Boston, dismayed, but not disheartened, put forth her energies and erected Music Hall, and as the swelling notes of triumphal march pealed through its broad aisles and reverberated from its lofty ceiling, she folded her arms and calmly smiled. New York met this move by creating Brooklyn Bridge, and beneath the arch of its stupendous towers she wrote boston with a little b. Now Boston has always taken a pardonable pride in her great minds and profound thinkers, and in this, her hour of need, she called upon them for aid. That her confidence in their ability was not misplaced the result has proved, for after mature consideration, the invincible John L. was evolved and launched like a catapult at her defenseless rival. This was a knock-down blow from which New York did not appear to have strength enough to recover, but she finally got her wind, and coming up smiling, countered with the outstretched arm of the Statue of Liberty. Boston was staggered, but with indomitable pluck she resumed the contest and has now indubitably proved her claim to be the Hub of the Universe a just one by showing us the best display of dogs ever brought together on this continent.

When we wrote last week that the Boston show was the best one ever held outside of New York we had not had time to make more than a very superficial examination, as our time was devoted to obtaining the awards from the judges' books and preparing them for the printer. Further inspection showed that we had failed to rate the show at its proper worth and that in comparison all shows previously held in this country must take rank below it. There were 1,039 entries, and in nearly every class there was at least one first-class specimen, while some of the classes contained a number of animals that have a world wide reputation as capital representatives of their breed. This was notably the case in the pointer classes; and never before in this country have nearly so many really good specimens of this breed been shown together. The quality of some of the other classes has never been surpassed if equaled. The management of the show, taken as a whole, was better than we remember to have seen. The dogs were nicely benched and presented a very attractive appearance. This was done by Spratts Patent and was an improvement upon that at Newark, as the wire partitions were more firm and the benches were better arranged. The same trouble exists as to the lack in height of the partitions between the medium-sized dogs and also in the lack of firmness of those between the large dogs. The metal points which project from the wires, the agent informs us, will be at once removed. Newark had more noise from the dogs than we remember to have heard at any previous show, and we naturally thought that it was owing to the benching, but this was probably wrong, as the show at Boston was one of the most quiet we ever attended. The hall in which the show was held is the best adapted for the purpose of any we ever saw. There is plenty of room, the hall being over 250ft. in length, exclusive of the entrance, which is nearly 100ft. more, and over 200ft. in width at the rear and 100ft. at the entrance. The room is very well lighted and has the best of ventilation. There are also a large number of rooms suitable for offices and waiting rooms, and a large restaurant up-stairs. The basement is of the same size as the hall, making an ample storage room for crates, etc. The judging ring in the center of the hall appeared to be of sufficient size, but some of the classes were rather crowded and more space was needed.

Judging began shortly before 11 o'clock on Tuesday, and good progress was made. The attendants were given the numbers of the dogs wanted, printed in large figures, and few mistakes were made and much time was saved. The catalogue was very neatly prepared and contained comparatively few errors. The name of the judge was placed at the head of each breed, together with the list of special prizes, the latter being decided in most cases as soon as the regular awards were made. This is a very good plan, as it often occurs that a judge goes home before deciding the specials, and some one else has to perform the duty. The management secured the good will of the exhibitors by attending to their wants and making them feel at home by a very cordial reception. Superintendent Read was the recipient of a handsome testimonial in cash from the exhibitors. Prof. Burton delighted large audiences each day with a display of his band of trained dogs that appeared to be not only well-trained but intelligent and cheerful performers. The attendance was very good at all times. On Thursday it was immense, the hall being uncomfortably crowded from early morning until the hour for closing. This, of course, means money, and the club must have placed to its credit several thousand dollars. We heartily congratulate it, and also the exhibitors of next year, as they are sure to reap no inconsiderable benefit therefrom in increased premiums and more valuable specials. The judging, upon the whole, was more satisfactory than is generally seen, and in most of the classes but little fault could be found. Many of the dogs are well known and have been described by us in our reports of previous shows, and it is not necessary to repeat the description here.

Following is a list of the judges: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, pugs and miscellaneous, James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I. Pointers, English setters, greyhounds, deerhounds, foxhounds and Chesapeake Bay dogs, John Davidson, Monroe, Mich. Irish and Gordon setters, W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y. Spaniels, A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York. Collies, Martin Dennis, New York. Great Danes, bulldogs, Newfoundlands, basset hounds, dachshunde, fox-terriers, Italian greyhounds and poodles, Ronald H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa. Bull-terriers, Thomas R. Varick, Manchester, N. H. Beagles, Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y. Yorkshire, Skye, Scotch, Irish, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, black and tan and wire-haired terriers and toy spaniels, Edward Lever, Philadelphia, Pa. Veterinary, Dr. Al Watts, Boston, Mass. Superintendent, John Read.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Ilford Caution, looking well, was alone in the champion class. The open dog class was a good one with Minting first and Orion second. Mr. Lort at Ryde, Eng., last August placed Orion first and Minting second. Why he did this we cannot understand, as Minting is the better in head and bone and is more massive than Orion. The latter is a big dog with excellent legs and feet. He is too long in head and stands too high on his legs. We thought Minting an easy winner. Monarch, third, is a very promising puppy not so massive in head as the others and a bit off in muzzle he is good in body and fairly good in other respects. Lord Raglan we failed to find in his stall. Wacouta Nap, looking fairly well, we thought deserving the three letters. The bitch class was not well handled. Lady Gladys, first, was shown hog fat and was much too lame for a winner. Southern Belle, second, was rightly placed. She is a good bitch with lots of bone; she has a fair head, but is too long in muzzle; her legs might be set on better and she was out of coat. Lady Dorothy, placed third, is a splendid young bitch, worth all the others in the class; she is good in skull and muzzle with the best ears we ever saw on a mastiff; she is also good in body, legs, feet and tail. If she goes all right we shall expect to see her to the front another year, even in the best of company. Hilda V., looking well, was just about good enough for third place. Wacouta Rose, hc., also look-

ing well, was worth another lettter. In the dog puppy class first went to Monarch, third in the open class. Ilford Caution II., placed second, is a fairly good puppy, off in ears and not straight in forelegs. Lady Dorothy won in the bitch class, second going to Duchess, a nice bitch, not so good either in head, ears or legs as the winner.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

All of the Hermitage Kennel entries were absent. In the champion class for rough-coated dogs Merchant Prince was placed over Otho, his only competitor. The former was looking better than we have ever seen him, although he was not quite right in condition. Otho was also looking fairly well. He is much better in front than Prince, but the latter beats him behind. Miranda, looking well, was alone in the bitch class. In the open dog class first went to Sir Charles and second to Bosco II. For reasons given in our report of the Newark show, we should place Bosco first with Sir Charles second and Hadjar third. Alvier, hc., a better dog than Eiger, reserve, should have exchanged places with him. In the bitch class Swiss Beda well deserved her first. Recluse, placed second, was in no condition to show; vhc. was about her place. Nora, third, was entitled to second place. Bonnie, hc., a well made bitch, fairly good in head, body and limbs, should have been third notwithstanding her washy color. La Duchesse, c., should have been higher up. The first and second winners in the dog puppy class were removed from the show before we had an opportunity to examine them. Princess, the winning bitch, has good limbs and plenty of size. She is rather light in head, but will probably improve. Francis, second, is fairly good in head, body, legs and feet, and has plenty of length, her worst fault is a long and pointed muzzle. Milly Rose, third, is good in back, loin, quarters and tail, her head is not good and she has a sheepish expression, she is also light in limbs and washy in color. In the champion class for smooth-coated dogs Hector was alone. This was his first appearance in the champion class, and he well deserved his honors. In the open dog class first deservedly went to Montrose. Wotan, second, should have exchanged places with the small but typical Rigi, placed third. Wotan is also too small, he is faulty in skull, with a moderate muzzle, and his legs are not quite straight, he is fairly good in body. In the bitch class first went to Gip, not good in skull, too light in eyes and a trifle slack in back, she is good in chest and has fair legs and feet. Queen of Sheba, second, and Kader, third, are well known. First was withheld in the dog puppy class. Earl King, second, was removed before we saw him. Lord Snowden, com., has too much coat for the class. In the bitch class Topsy, the winner, is blind of one eye, her chest, back, loin, quarters and coat are fairly good; she is bad in head and her ears and tail are not very well carried. Apollona, placed second, is much the better of the two; she is fairly good in head and of better type and sound.

ULMERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Don Cæsar, placed first, has improved and was looking well; Cæsar coming second. They were given equal first at Providence. Both are grand dogs. There was nothing else in the class worthy notice in such company. In the bitch class first went to Juno, described in our Buffalo report. Big Kate, placed second, is not very big and not nearly so good as the winner. She has a fair head, but is too wide in chest and is not quite straight on her legs. Tiger, the winner of third, is fairly good in body but not first-rate in head.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. BARLOW).

The Newfoundlands were a poor lot. Folly, the winner in the dog class, was the best; he was vhc. at Buffalo. Bruno II., winner of second, is fairly good in head, but is hollow in back and his coat is not straight.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

With the exception of Dr. Clyde, absent, and a foxhound puppy, all of the entries in the deerhound classes were owned by Mr. Thayer. There has never before been seen in this country so grand a showing of this magnificent breed. Although all in the champion and open classes have been frequently shown, they have not previously been shown together. In the dog puppy class Robber Chieftain was the only one shown. He is a very promising youngster of good size, plenty of bone and a good coat. Both of the bitches are also promising. Theodora, the winner, is of good type, with a fairly good head and a capital coat. She is racy looking, but a trifle light at present. Lorna Secunda, placed second, is stouter than the winner, but does not show so much quality. The classes were well judged.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Champion Memnon had a walk over in the champion dog class. His mouth is gone otherwise he was in good form. Mother Demdike, looking well, was also alone in the bitch class. Balkis, the Providence winner, had an easy win in the open dog class. Peacock, placed second, is rather a nice brindle shown in elegant condition. He is not quite right in shoulders and forelegs. Pembroke, third, well known, is quite as good as Peacock, and in equally good condition can beat him. Joe Jumper, reserve, is not a show dog. He is very coarse, has a bad head and neck, is straight behind and lacks character. Lancashire Witch, in the bitch class, was away ahead of the others; both of them are light and weedy—not show animals. The two dog puppies shown will not develop into future winners, both are deficient in character.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were six of this breed shown, five dogs and one bitch. All are well and strongly made, and looked a workmanlike lot. Four of the dogs are litter brothers. Rum, the winner, has a good head with a very intelligent and wide-a-wake expression. His color is a sedge-brown without any white. He has a thick coat, wavy on his sides, but tightly curly on his back. He has powerful legs and is a very easy mover. Rock, second, is a smaller dog than the winner but very much like him in type and coat. He is also narrower across the head, more pointed in muzzle and has a white patch on his chest. He also moves nicely. Undoubtedly, many duck shooters would not place Joe, winner of third, over Rex, given vhc. on account of his color, which is too light, but the judge evidently preferred the better form of Joe to the better color of Rex. The latter is faulty in head and back, and did not move near so well as the others. Sport, given an equal second, is a well-put-together, powerful dog, with a very short and thick coat of rich seal-brown color. Ripple, a very compact, workmanlike looking bitch, was awarded first prize in the bitch class. She is of good coat and color, except that she has a white frill and white toes. She is undershot and begins to show her age. She is the dam of the four brothers in the dog class.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The display of pointers was by far the best that has ever been seen in this country. Four well-known ones, all looking well, were in the champion class for large dogs. Beaufort, not at his best in coat, was rightly placed at the head. Although a taking-looking dog and one that every judge of the breed admits to be a good specimen, one is not so greatly impressed with his many good points until he is placed beside a good dog and the two are carefully compared; it is then that Beaufort shows up just what he is, the best dog. Robert le Diable, greatly improved since the Newark show, appeared to be confident of victory. Graphic was also looking fairly well, although not fully recovered from his injury. Nick of Naso, for the first time in this class, found himself in pretty hot company. Meadly, looking well, was alone in the bitch class. In the open dog class, Lad of Bow was shown for the first time in this country. He is a fine upstanding dog with a very good front, a deep chest, fair quarters, good tail, legs and feet. His eyes are too light and his ribs might be better sprung; he is also rather light and flat in loin. A good dog and an easy winner. Tammany was placed second, he has grown coarse and throaty. Sachem, winner of third, we liked fully as well as Tammany; he has a nice head and good body and carries himself very nicely, he might be better in forelegs, stifles and hocks. Cully, reserve, is much the same stamp as Sachem, but not quite up to him in head. Songo, vhc., has not greatly improved since we saw him at New Haven last year, he has filled out but is not quite right in his forelegs. William Tell, Capt. Fred and Dick were in too good company, and could only get hc. each. Two or three others that were unnoticed could easily get cards in an ordinary class. In the bitch class Patti M.; filled out and much improved, was placed first, with Kate VIII. second, she was shown a trifle better than at Newark, but was not at her best. Daisy Ranger, reserve, might have been higher if her feet were good. Sal, hc., was nursing a young litter and not in show form. Belle Randolph, com., we failed to find in her stall; we remember her as quite a fine bitch. Phyllis, first at Newark, was unnoticed. In the champion class for small dogs the well-known Donald, although nearly ten years old, was placed over Bracket. Donald has been a capital dog and is now far from being a bad one, but age has told upon him; his eyes are dim, his once wonderful quarters are shrunken, and his forelegs are getting shaky. Bracket, although shown too thin, was looking well and we thought him just about good enough to have won. Robin Adair, also entered in this class, was at home nursing wounds received from a bigger dog. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the open dog class Naso of Kippen was clearly entitled to his first. Bowdoin, placed second, was second in the puppy class at New Haven last year. He has has improved, but shows in his quarters that he has not had the proper amount of exercise to properly develop him. Third went to Beppo III., a good dog with a fairly good head, beautiful ears, good coat and color, and with considerable quality. His eyes are too light, and his ribs might be carried further back and better sprung. He is a trifle flat in loin, and his quarters, although well turned, are rather light. He has a good tail, legs and feet. Van, com. at Providence, received the reserve card, with Pommery Sec vhc. Several of the others in the class we failed to find in their stalls. In the bitch class first went to Queen Bow, hc. at Newark and second to Glauca, first at the same show. In our report of the Newark show we said, "Queen Bow, hc., is better than any in the class, although Glauca is very close to her." Third went to Lass of Maine, rather a good bitch, with a good loin and capital legs and feet. She is a trifle round in body and wide in front, and a bit straight behind. Daisy A., reserve, was second at Providence. Bonanza, unnoticed, must have escaped the eye of the judge. She is quite a nice bitch, and should have been well up in the list. Lady Maine, vhc., is but little behind her sister, Lass. Kent Queen and Tuck, both hc., deserved their cards. Model Doodle, also hc., we did not see. Penelope, c., would not have disgraced another letter or two. There were several others that in an ordinary class would have received notice. In the dog puppy class, first went to Fashion, a very promising youngster, he is a son of Champion Donald and out of Revel III., a well-bred one and good-looking; he is too light in eyes and not square enough in muzzle, and not quite straight on his forelegs, but he may improve in this respect with age. Donald IV., his litter brother, was placed second, he is very near the winner now, and if he goes all right will be able to give him points next year, notwithstanding his bad color. Third went to Pommery Sec and reserve to an unnamed son of Naso of Kippen, not a good one. Glen Graphic, vhc. was first at Providence. In the bitch class Revel IV., litter sister to the winning dog, was placed first. She is a nice bitch, with lots of quality. Except for her too fine muzzle, her head is good; she is fairly good in chest and back, has nice shoulders, good quarters and capital feet; she is rather long and flat in loin; she was quite sick with pneumonia after the judging, but appeared to be better on the last day. Lass of Maine, third in the open class, was second, with Frivolity, litter sister to the winner, third. She is a pretty little bitch with a great deal of quality; she has a fair head, good shoulders, chest, loin and quarters; she might be better sprung in ribs and has a malformed tail. Lady Maine, reserve, and Belle of Maine, vhc., made up the class, which for quality we have never seen equaled. All of the classes were very well handled. In the exceptions noted the difference is so slight that an honest difference of opinion can easily be excused.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

These classes were well filled and the quality was up to the average seen at our large shows. That they were well handled goes without saying, as Mr. Davidson knows a setter and seldom makes a mistake. Rockingham, somewhat improved since Newark, reversed the decision there by beating Foreman and Plantagenet in the champion dog class, and his kennel companion, Cora of Wetheral, scored her first win in the bitch class. All of the winners in the open dog class are well known. Royal Albert scored another win, with his brother, Royal Prince II. second and Gus Bondhu third. The latter was our choice for second place, as he is much the better in feet and pasterns and shoulders. Rollo, reserve, has grown quite thin since he was at Newark. Pride of Dixie, looking well, was vhc. Rock Bondhu, also vhc., we could not find. Count Paris, hc., we well remember as a good winner here five years ago; he was badly shown and has a curly coat. There were several unnoticed ones in the class that were good enough for one or two letters had the judge been short of good specimens. Daisy Foreman, looking well, won first in the bitch class. Lou Gladstone, placed second, is a nice looking, well made bitch with a fair head and body, and very good quarters. She is light in eyes and might be better in feet. She also stands a trifle low in front. Eudora, third, is also quite a fair bitch. She has greatly improved since we saw her two years ago, having filled out in loin and quarters. She is not so good in head and muzzle as the winner, but very near her at other points and ahead of her in feet. Mavis, looking well, received the reserve card, with Daisy, the winner at New York last year, vhc. She was looking fairly well. Princess Novel, also vhc., is too plain in head to get higher up, her good body, legs and feet gave her the card. The puppies were just a fair lot, with nothing remarkably good or promising.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. PIERCE).

Nearly all of the winners in the Irish setter classes are well known. Mr. Pierce handled them very nicely. Elcho Jr., looking well, scored another win in the champion dog class, as did Mollie Bawn in the bitch class. Tim was again to the front in the open dog class. Bruce was placed second, but after the judging it was found that he was entered not for competition, and Dash, winner of third, was moved up a peg, and Kennerson's Tim, vhc., was advanced to third place. The latter is a fairly well made dog with good coat, body, legs and feet; he is heavy in head and shoulders and has a light eye. In the bitch class Nellie, third at Newark, was placed first. Lulu III., greatly improved since we last saw her, was second, with Daphne third; the latter was well shown and deserved the place. Syren, vhc., is growing old. Loo, entered not for competition, somehow managed to get a vhc. card. Yoube was transferred to the champion class, Lorna was absent, and Jessie was not for competition. There were no wonders in the puppy classes.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. PIERCE).

There were 46 entries in the Gordon class with only two absentees. We thought them as well placed as was possible. Nearly all of the bitches were shown so fat that it was impossible for the judge to pass upon their relative merits. Royal Duke was placed over Argus in the champion class, both were looking well. Nora won in the bitch class. In the open dog class Tom II. was first and Mont second, both are well known. Dash, placed third, is a fair dog, with poor color, a light eye, and is too straight behind. Dick, vhc., is well known. Phil was absent. The bitches appeared to be quite a fair class, but nearly all of them were too fat for one to form a correct opinion of. The dog puppies were a poor lot, and the prizes were very properly withheld. Only one bitch was shown, she is small but quite promising.

SPANIELS—(MR. WILMERDING).

Mr. Wilmerding is a good judge of spaniels, and made but few mistakes. Only two Irish water spaniels were shown. Both are well known, as are the winning Clumbers, except the first prize bitch, which we failed to find in her stall. The field and cocker classes were well filled. Nearly all the winners we have described before. The judge placed Shina over Miss Obo II. in the champion class for cocker bitches. Both are capital bitches. Shina is too light in muzzle, and turns her toes in when she walks. Miss Obo II. is far better in head, although she is a bit heavy in skull. She was also off in coat. We thought her just about good enough to beat Shina, notwithstanding her lack of condition. In the cocker bitch class we noticed two puppies that are very promising. Dolly Obo, vhc., is the better of the two, although the other one, Roxy, was placed one notch above her. The judge got them all right in the puppy class, where he probably paid them more attention, as they are too young to compete in the aged class. If they go all right, both of them will beat the ones placed over them out of sight next year. In the dog puppy class Moral II. should have been placed over Popinjay, the winner of first. The latter is heavy in head, underhung, and is not quite straight in his forelegs. Aside from this decision and the placing of Shina over Miss Obo II. the classes were well handled.

BEAGLES—(MR. SCHELLHASS).

There was a very good showing of beagles, many of the best known ones being present. Mr. Schellhass has had considerable experience with the breed and took a great deal of pains to get them right, and in most of the cases he did fairly well. Some of his decisions, however, were not quite satisfactory. There is not much to choose between Little Duke, the winner in the champion dog class, and Rattler III. The latter has the best head, while the former is the better at other points. In the open dog class Racer, Jr., hc., is a better hound than Leader, reserve. Van, hc., and Rip, c., were lucky to receive cards in this company, both are off in head, coat and tail and are coarse and lacking in quality. In the bitch class Zulu, reserve, is long cast, deficient in muzzle and short in coat, not so good a bitch as Thorn II., hc., although the latter was heavy in whelp. The two winning dog puppies are very promising. The bitches were not nearly so good as the dogs.

BASSET HOUNDS—(MR. BARLOW).

Only one very moderate animal was entered in these classes and the prize was very properly withheld.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were fair in quality, we thought them well judged.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The foxhounds were few in numbers but very good in quality. A very workmanlike looking lot with capital legs and feet.

COLLIES—(MR. DENNIS).

The collies were a capital lot and Mr. Dennis handled them very well indeed. In the champion dog class Glengarry was placed over Royboy. There is not much to choose between the two, Royboy has the better head and harder coat, while Glengarry is perhaps superior in other points enough to overcome this. Neither of the champion bitches was in good coat, the winner having a trifle the worse of it in this respect. The winning dogs in the open class are well known. Several of the unnoticed ones were worth cards, among them was Karo, a nice dog that would not have disgraced the two letters. In the bitch class the judge caught on to the good qualities of Spoiled Miss notwithstanding her bad color, and placed her over both Helen and Lady Ellis. Helen in good coat can beat her, but her coat is now soft. Clifton Maid we could not find and conclude that she was absent. Aside from the winning dog and bitch in the puppy classes there was nothing remarkably good.

POODLES—(MR. BARLOW).

The poodles were not a first-class lot. Caro, the winning dog, is not good in color and not close enough in curl. Beauleau, placed second, is well known. The bitches were both too open in coat.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

All of the bulldogs are well known. Mr. Barlow disqualified Hillside upon the ground that competent authority had decided at Newark that he had been castrated. The matter was referred to the veterinary in charge, Dr. Al Watts, who made an examination and unhesitatingly pronounced the dog all right. Hillside the next day proved that the decision was correct by serving champion Britomartis. The class was rejudged after Hillside was pronounced eligible, and he was awarded second.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. VARICK).

There was a nice lot of bull-terriers and Mr. Varick handled them very well. All of the winners are well known.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

There was a good showing of fox-terriers with nothing of note turning up as a new comer With exception of placing Cornwall Duchess over Verdict in the bitch class, we thought the classes well handled. Mr. Lever judged the wire-hairs. Only three were shown. Both the winners are well known. Spot, winner of second in the bitch class, is off in head and light in bone.

TERRIERS—(MR. LEVER).

Mr. Naylor showed four Scotch terriers, one in each class, and scored four firsts, which the dogs deserved. Only four Irish terriers were shown, Greymount, winner in the dog class, much the best. There were also but four Dandies. Pansy, the winning bitch, has a capital head and is good in body. She was the best of the lot. No Bedlingtons were shown. In black and tan dogs the winner, Vortex, is of good color and has the best of legs and feet. He is a bit faulty before the eye and in chest, and his thumb marks are not well defined. In the class under 7lbs. there was nothing very good.

In Skyes our old friend champion Jim, looking well, had no trouble in disposing of the others in the dog class. In the bitch class first went to Lass o' Gowrie, shown too thin. Countess, second, is too large; she should have exchanged places with Lady Kate, although the latter is too small. There were quite a number of Yorkshires shown with several fair specimens, but as a rule, short coats and bad color prevailed. The judge placed them about right.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There was a large class of pugs, with several good ones in, but the everage quality was not very good. Bradford Ruby, looking well, won over Young Toby and Max in the champion dog class. Santa Claus, winner in the open dog class, is a fair dog of good size, a bit long in muzzle, loose in coat and his tail is not well carried. Rob Roy, placed second, is not a good one; he is much too large, smutty on head, is long in muzzle, poor in wrinkle, and has hazel eyes. Buff, third, is much the better dog. Othello, vhc., is better than he looks,

as is proved by his winning the stud dog prize. In the bitch class, first went to Bessie, a very nice little bitch of nice size, good in nearly all points; her chief fault is lack of trace. Daisy, placed second, was lucky; she is long in muzzle, flat in skull, light in eyes, and has white toe nails. Flora, third, was still more lucky, as there were several better ones in this class. Smut, vhc., should have been second. She is of nice size, good in body, coat and tail. She is a trifle dark in color and long in muzzle, but better than any in the class except the winner. Toodles II., unnoticed, was the next best. She is fairly good in size, color and mask. She is a bit long in muzzle, lacks trace, and does not carry her tail well. Tragedian, the winning dog puppy, is long in muzzle, underhung, smutty in head, has a white vent, is over at knees, and has large open feet; he has a good body and tail. York, placed second, is by far the better dog; he is fair in skull and wrinkle and not particularly bad at any point.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. LEVER).

There was a very good showing of King Charles. In the champion class Milwaukee Charlie was placed over Roscius, the latter is better in muzzle, stop and skull than the winner, and although larger is more compact. Nearly all of the winners are well known. In the Prince Charles or Ruby class first went to Josephine, a very pretty well made little bitch with a good skull, she is a trifle long in muzzle and was short of coat and feather. The winning Blenheims are well known except Posey, second in the bitch class, a nice bitch well placed.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. BARLOW).

Both of the dogs are too large and leggy, as is the winning bitch. Minnie, just a fair one, was the best of the lot.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. MORTIMER).

In the class over 25lbs., first was given to a fairish Airedale, with good head and color; he is short in muzzle, undersize and soft in coat. Sir Lucifer, placed second, is much the better dog. Third went to a very moderate Pomeranian. In the light-weight class first went to a fair Maltese terrier. The other winners we failed to see. A list of the awards up to Tuesday night was published last week.

Following are corrections and additional

AWARDS.

In mastiff dog puppies A. F. Cowles' Ilford Caution II. was second, and third was withheld. In bitch puppies Lady Dorothy was first and Duchess was second. In English setter bitches G. J. Lewis's Eudora was third instead of Bent's Queen, and A. A. Welch's Maud was high com. In the open class for Irish setter dogs T. Wilson's Dash was second, and Kenerson's Tim was third. In bitches D. Meagher's Loo was very high com. In spaniel dog puppies other than black or liver, J. B. Daniels's Pete was first and E. White's Whitie and Brownie were high com. In collie bitch puppies Highland Belle was first, and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Pearl was third. In pug dogs Dr. M. H. Cryer's Othello was very high com.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Wanda. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Highland Laddie, Bras and Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Ramona, Thora and Berger. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Theodora and Lorna Secunda.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Terra Cotta Kennels' Memnon. *Bitch:* C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Balkis; 2d, Miss Ida M. Simpson's Peacock; 3d, C. D. Webber's Pembroke. Reserve, Heathfield Kennels' Joe Jumper. High com., J. A. Davis's Stag. Com., A. Beard's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Lancashire Witch; 2d and 3d, Heathfield Kennels' Satchel and Mystery.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. P. Marcotte's Jeneve and Skip. *Bitches:* No entries.—

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. F. B. Greenough's Rum; equal 2d, C. B. Jenning's Sport and Captain C. Dunham's Rock; 3d, E. Burr's Joe. Very high com., T. D. Boardman's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. F. B. Greenough's Ripple.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. Maher's Royal Duke. *Bitch:* J. L. Campbell's Nora.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. M. Harris's Tom II.; 2d, Dr. W. H. Tillinghast's Mont; 3d, C. H. Leonard's Dash. Very high com., Merrimac Kennels' Dick. High com., C. E. Molloy's Jack. Com., E. Lafaviere's Dash II. and H. F. Aten's Glen III. *Bitches:* 1st, L. Wells's Vic; 2d, G. E. Brown's Jessica; 3d, W. E. Rothermel's Rose. Very high com., C. H. Jones's Diana. High com., C. T. Brownell's Beaulah and Gordon Chloe. Com., M. McLean's Daisy Blossom, Merrimac Kennels' Neva, C. F. Roberts's Ithona and Inwood Kennels' Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. Very high com., C. T. Brownell's Monarch. High com., W. G. Drew's Heather Jock and A. H. Aldrich's Forest King. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Aldrich's Heather Clytie.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* A. H. Wakefield's Little Duke. *Bitch:* Woodbrook Kennels' Myrtle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, reserve and high com. (2), A. H. Wakefield's Fitz Hugh Lee, Leader, Racer, Jr. and My Boy; 2d, G. Laick's Ratiler; 3d and very high com., Woodbrook Kennels' Chimer and Little Prince. High com. and com., M. J. Gaines's Van and Rip. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d, very high com. and high com., Woodbrook Kennels' Lou, Vixen, Betty and Thorn II.; 2d, A. H. Wakefield's May Belle II. Reserve, M. W. Hammond's Zulie.—UNDER 12IN.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, Linden Beagle Kennels' Belle; 2d, withheld. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Woodbrook Kennels' Rowdy; 2d, L. E. Wentworth's Tracer. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Appleton's Melody and Sylvia; 3d, E. S. Emery's Lou. High com., L. W. Wentworth's Fidget and Vixen.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Myopia Hunt Club's Dashwood, Benker and Rock. Reserve, S. Dexter's Dix. Very high com., S. E. Ward's Music. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Myopia Hunt Club's Rebecca, Fairmaid and Roma. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. K. Williams's Major. *Bitches:* No entries.

BULL-TERRIERS.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Silver; 2d, C. J. Lincoln's Turk; 3d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Lacy's Nanon; 2d, I. W. Newman's Nellie; 3d, withheld. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Jubilee; 2d, withheld; 3d, E. J. Souther's Royal Dandy. Com., D. T. Hagerty's Bendigo. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Lacy's Nanon; 2d, W. C. Hook's Mercedes Royal; 3d, withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, B. B. McGregor's Trophy. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's Bristles; 2d, B. B. McGregor's Spot.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Glenlyon. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Rosie. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Lowrie Dunbar. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Fannie Fern.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. D. Fowle's Greymount; 2d, R. G. Shaw's Irish; 3d, H. Baxter's Paddy. *Bitches:* 1st, Morris & Clancy's Nancy.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Rae's Bobbie Burns; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Pansy; 2d, G. G. Cleather's Meg.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Campbell's Vortex; 2d, J. Whittaker's Beppo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Campbell's Squaw. UNDER 7LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. R. Surles's Allspice. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Dr. H. R. Surles's Spice and Dot; 2d, S. W. Borrowscale's Boston Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Walter's Rexy. *Bitches:* No entries.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. W. P. Sanderson's Jim; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Drollie; 3d, F. P. Kirby's Donald. Very high com., C. D. Martin's Colin. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Dr. W. P. Sanderson's Lass O'Gowrie and Bessie; 2d, F. P. Kirby's Countess; 3d, J. H. Naylor's Harrie. Very high com., C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate. High com., W. B. Gifford's Daisy. *Puppies:* Withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Campbell's Spink; 2d, W. E. Morris's Jingo; 3d, Mrs. E. S. N. Goodall's Laddie. Very high com., P. H. Coomb's Tug; High com., E. P. Saltonstall's Fussy and C. N. Symond's Harry. Com., P. Gough's Sandy and C. N. Symond's Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, C. N. Symond's Floss; 2d; J. F. Campbell's Dolly; 3d, P. H. Coombs's Bradford Lill. High com. and com., Morris & Clancy's Lady and Flirt. UNDER 5LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. Ella Carleton's Armande; 2d, C. N. Symond's Dick; 3d, W. Borrowscale's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, C. F. Sullivan's Lucy; 2d, Mrs. H. M. Shepard's Camille; 3d, E. G. Carleton's Pink. High com., Mrs. W. E. Morris's Lilly.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, M. E. Doherty's Tiny; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Daly's Belle.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. B. Fay's Milwaukee Charlie. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, King Charles Kennels' Duke; 2d, Dr. A. Hodge's Prince; 3d, R. T. Ross's Jo Jo. Very high com., F. R. Graves's Rupert. High com., F. B. Fay's Alecl. Com., R. T. Ross's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d, very high com. and com., F. B. Fay's Dolly, Minnie, Nell Gwynne and Floss; 2d, Miss Belle Borrowscale's Pretty Polly. High com.; R. Russell's Dot and King Charles Kennels' Minnie May. Com., R. T. Ross's Blanche.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. B. Fay's Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, R. T. Ross's Beauty; 2d, F. B. Fay's Exeter Queen.

PRINCE CHARLES OR RUBYS PANIELS.—1st and 2d, A. W. Lucy's Josephine and Princess Alice; 3d, Mrs. E. S. N. Goodall's Charlie. Very high com., F. B. Fay's Ruby.

BLENHEIMS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Phillips's King Pippin; 2d, Miss Lillie Hart's Banjo; 3d and very high com., F. B. Fay's Exeter Earl and Exeter Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and very high com., F. B. Fay's Joan of Arc, Exeter Lady and Exeter Beauty; 2d, S. Hammond's Posy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. H. R. Surles's Dandelion and Guess. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. H. R. Surles's Zephyr; 2d, Mrs. A. A. Moorhouse's Minnie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE—1st, Dr. A. Watts's Tatters; 2d, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer; 3d, Mrs. J. M. B. Reynolds's Blanche. SMALL—1st, H. E. Paul's Lady Fannie; 2d, Mrs. Annie E. Krouse's Queen; 3d, C. Krouse's Beauty. Very high com., Fannie J. French's Captain Dangerfield.

SELLING CLASS.—Equal 1st, G. A. Coleman's English setter dog Count Dash and H. F. Chute's collie dog Jerry.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

MASTIFFS.—Best kennel (two), E. H. Moore; stud dog, E. H. Moore's Ilford Caution with Ilford Caution II. and Duchess; best dog or bitch, E. H. Moore's Minting; dog in open class, the same; best get of Ilford Caution, A. F. Cowles's Ilford Caution II. American Mastiff Club Sweepstakes, 1st, E. H. Moore's Duchess; 2d, C. R. Allen Boss's Zulu.

ST. BERNARDS.—Best kennel, rough or smooth, E. H. Moore; rough, the same; smooth, Hospice Kennel; stud dog, rough, E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince with Prince Barry and Princess; smooth, Hospice Kennels' Wotan with Montrose and Kader; best in show, Hospice Kennels' Hector; rough-coated bitch, E. H. Moore's Miranda.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Best, W. W. Silvey's Folly.

DEERHOUNDS.—Kennel, J. E. Thayer; best, J. E. Thayer's Chieftain; stud dog, the same, with Robber Chieftain and Theodora.

GREYHOUNDS.—Best, H. W. Huntington's Lancashire Witch; brindle, Miss Ida M. Simpson's Peacock; brace, H. W. Huntington's Balkis and Lancashire Witch.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—Best, Dr. F. B. Greenough's Rum.

POINTERS. Kennel, Graphic Kennel; stud dog, large, Graphic Kennels' Graphic with Lad of Bow and Bracket; small, Graphic Kennels' Donald with Fashion and Revel IV; best in show, Chas. H. Mason's Beaufort; best dog, the same; bitch, Graphic Kennels' Mealy; puppy, Graphic Kennels' Fashion.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Kennel, Blackstone Kennels; best, F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral; stud dog, A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu with Rock Bondhu and Chiquita; puppy (two), A. J. Ward's Donna.

IRISH SETTERS.—Kennel, Max Wenzel; best (two), Dr. W. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr.; dog in open class, Max Wenzel's Tim; bitch, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nellie; puppy (two), L. & J. Backer's Irish Laddie.

GORDON SETTERS.—Kennel, Inwood Kennel; best, E. Maher's Royal Duke; puppy (two), A. H. Aldrich's Heather Clytie.

SPANIELS.—Kennel, J. P. Willey's; stud dog, cocker, J. P. Willey's Black Pete with Miss Obo II. and Popinjay; best cocker dog, J. P. Willey's Black Pete; bitch, J. P. Willey's Shina, Clumber, Mercier & Hill's Johnny; field, dog, A. E. Hendle's Compton Bandit; bitch, J. P. Willey's Miss Newton Obo; puppy (two), S. R. Hemmingway's Popinjay. Irish water, Associated Fanciers' Duchess II. American Spaniel Club's cocker spaniel sweepstakes—1st, S. R. Hemmingway's Popinjay; 2d, J. P. Willey's Beatrice W.; 3d, E. S. Bird's Dolly Obo.

BEAGLES.—Kennel, A. H. Wakefield; best dog, A. H. Wakefield's Fitzhugh Lee; under 12in., Linden Beagle Kennels' Belle; puppy, Woodbrook Kennels' Rowdy; stud dog, Woodbrook Kennels' Rattler III. with Little Prince and Rowdy. American English Beagle Club's cup for best dog in open class, A. H. Wakefield's Fitzhugh Lee; bitch, Woodbrook Kennels' Lou.

FOXHOUNDS.—Three couple, Myopia Hunt Club's puppy, S. K. Williams's Major; best Dachshund, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Rubenstein.

COLLIES.—Kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels; stud dog, same owners' Dublin Scot with Scotilla and Dublin Scot, Jr.; best dog, Dublin Scot; bitch, same owners' Flurry II.; puppy, Dublin Scot, Jr.; dog in open class, Scotilla; bitch, under 9mos., same owners' Pearl. Best poodle, J. M. Sears's Caro.

BULLDOGS.—Kennel, Hillside Kennel; best, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis; stud dog, same owners' Tippoo with Hillside and Juanita.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Kennel, F. F. Dole; best dog in open class, W. J. Comstock's Jubilee; puppy, the same; best, F. F. Dole's Count; bitch, same owners' Maggie May; stud dog, same owners' Count with Young Count and Nanon.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Kennel (two), Hillside Kennel; best, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; best dog, the same; stud dog, J. E. Thayer's Mixture with Raby Jack and Sandy Mixture; best four, dog and bitch, and dog and bitch puppies, Blemton Kennels. American Fox-Terriers Club's homebred puppy stakes, J. E. Thayer's Sandy Mixture. Best wire-haired, B. B. McGregor's Trophy. Best Scotch Terrier, J. H. Naylor's Glenlyon. Irish, G. D. Fowle's Greymount. Dandie, J. H. Naylor's Pansy. Black and Tan, J. F. Campbell's Vortex. Skye, Dr. W. P. Sanderson's Jim. Yorkshire (two), J. F. Campbell's Spink.

PUGS.—Best dog (two), City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby; bitch, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie; stud dog, same owner's Othello, with Buff and Bessie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Kennel, F. B. Fay; best, F. B. Fay's Milwaukee Charles; stud dog, A. W. Lucy's Duke, with Milwaukee Charles and Minnie May. Best Prince Charles, A. W. Lucy's Josephine; best toy spaniel, F. B. Fay's Milwaukee Charles. Italian greyhound, Dr. H. R. Surles's Dandelion; largest dog, E. H. Moore's Minting; smallest, Miss Ella Carleton's Armande.

PITTSBURGH SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 12.—The show which opened this morning promises to be a success. There are 488 entries, and the quality in many of the classes is up to the average. Pointers are not well represented, and while setters are numerous, they show a decided lack of quality. In mastiffs, Lady Clare (given hc.), a new one, is an excellent specimen and the best of the breed in the show. Spaniels are very light classes, excepting the Irish water, which is fairly good; but greyhounds are very poor. The management so far is good. Judging did not commence until 3 o'clock, and proceeded slowly until 6. There has been a fair attendance all day, but it is not a select one. These are the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap; 2d, F. Ardary's Bevis. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Ardary's Jessica; 2d, J. C. Kay's Imogene; 3d, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose. Very high com., J. C. McClure's Mabel. High com., G. and H. B. Cromwell's The Lady Clara. *Puppies:* 1st, C. C. Cook's Rena.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHAMPION—*Dogs:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* No entry. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Hospice Kennels' Montrose and Wotan; 2d, C. A. Painter's Perro.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Bruno; 2d, J. M. Steigewald's Frank. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Jano; 2d, J. Strauthers's Diana. *Puppies:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Bruno II.

ULMERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar; 2d, Wolverine Kennel Club's Cæsar. Com., C. Grassell's Nero; E. P. Hodge's Cæsar. OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Wolverine Kennel Club's Juno and Lady Gray. High com., H. M. Mayer's Elza.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 2d, Nuttall & Riddle's General. Very high com. reserve, G. H. Bailey's Fritz. Com., E. M. Brackemeyer's Don, R. S. P. V. McCall's Mac. *Bitches:* 2d, and com., J. W. Beddow's Bess of Braddock and Blue Ruin.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog* and *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Bran and Perth.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Bras and Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Berga and Thora. *Puppies:* 1st, W. H. Mullins's Custer.

POINTERS.—OVER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Daniels's Donald's Ranger; 2d, Mrs. C. I. Engel's Young Meteor; 3d, H. J. Bigger's Dick Swiveler. Com., Dr. J. F. Halston's Business, J. O'H. Denny's Prince.—OVER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, C. White's Mollie Faust.—UNDER 55LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. L. Dick's Hamlet Sleaford; 2d, F. Billing's Tamarack; 3d, S. F. Chisholm's King.—UNDER 50LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Munhall's Patti M.; Mrs. C. I. Engel's Lady Trinket; 3d, C. Myer's Devonshire Lou. Very high com., J. Myer's Joy. High com., I. P. Mang's Belle Bravo, J. A. Robinson's My Queen.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Painter's Nanon; 2d, Mrs. C. I. Engel's Lady Trinket.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, P. H. & D. Bryson's Goldstone and Keystone; 3d, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie. Very high com., R. B. Morgan's Mandan. High com., Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Royal Victor. Com., S. L. Bogg's Blue Prince, J. Daniel's Brandy Boy, C. M. Munhall's Pendragon, D. L. Pickrel's San Roy Boy, P. B. Spence's Dan Voorhees, J. C. Head's Prince Royalty, J. J. Lynch's Blue Hope, R. T. Kennedy's Prince Royal II. *Bitches:* 1st, P. H. & D. Bryson's Lillian; 2d and 3d, J. Lewis's Lady Rock and Glidalia. Very high com., E. Grey's Vic Noble. High com., P. Trettner's Nellie T., R. B. Morgan's Pearl Mandan and Rose Mandan. Com., S. L. Bogg's Sparkle, J. Ritz's Louisetta. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Munhall's Clingstone; 2d, J. O. Home's Westmoreland. Very high com., Dr. J. A. Hartman's Flash Noble. *Bitches:* 1st, P. Wolfenden's Blink Bonney; 2d, R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan. Very high com., R. B. Morgan's Pearl Mandan. High com., Lake Shore Kennels' Druid Veta, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Nell and Dell. Com., G. L. Pearson's Bethina.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com. reserve, G. W. Kierstead's Barnum, Monday and Friday. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com. reserve, G. W. Kierstead's Nellie, Shaw and Nan. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, G. W. Kierstead's Naylor and Seattle.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Excelsior Kennels' The O'Donoghue; 2d, Stockey and Chisholm's Patsy O'Connor. Very high com., Excelsior Kennels' Storm. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Excelsior Kennels' Chippewa Belle and Mildred O'Donoghue. *Puppies:* Excelsior Kennels' Colleen O'Donoghue.

BLACK SPANIELS.—OVER 25LBS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Partridge's Rob; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, W. A. Partridge's Critic.

BLACK COCKER SPANIELS.—UNDER 25LBS.—CHAMPION—*Bitch:* W. O. Partridge's Helen. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Canonsburg Kennels' Keno; 2d, Pittsburg Kennel Club's Peerless Gloss, Jr. Very high com., Lake Shore Kennels' Silk Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Lake Shore Kennels' Bene Silk; 2d, Canonsburg Kennels' Bella. Very high com., Lake Shore Kennels' Bessie Obo. *Puppies:* 1st, Canonsburg Kennels' Bella.

"COLLIES AT NEWARK."

Editor Forest and Stream:

He who introduces vulgar personalities into a discussion invariably comes out second best. Abuse is the argument of fools. Falsehood is the hiding place of the sharper. Truth is the armor of those who plead strong cases.

I won't bother your readers with plaintive appeals to a "discerning public," but will proceed to state a few facts and ask Mr. James Mortimer one or two questions which I hope he will endeavor to answer in a gentlemanly way and without forcing the blood up into his neck.

When I came to this country, six years ago, an individual who is, unfortunately, among us no more, called upon me at the Ashland House in this city and opened my eyes to the rotten state of affairs existing at that time. He strongly impressed upon me the advisability of "liking" certain dogs and assured me that if I did not "like" them it would go hard with me in this country. "You cannot get along," said he, "without the support of these men." I requested him to explain more fully, whereupon he gave my leg, just above the knee, a squeeze, which, with "Tut-tut! let's take a drink," was the only reply I succeeded in eliciting. Your readers are well aware that I most positively refused to "like" the dogs for the simple reason that they were very ordinary specimens, and from that time the "discerning public" was constantly being told that I was a humbug and a fraud. The "combine" did not stop there, but engaged the editor of the *Western Blunderbuss* to kill me (at what price I don't know), and when the scare-crow of the dog fancy informed his readers in a senseless three-column editorial that I had faked an Irish terrier's black nose by making it white, the combine fairly shouted themselves hoarse. The only assistance I had in a controversy extending over a period of more than twelve months was one letter, a very able one I admit, from a gentleman whose name is dear to all who know him—Col. Stuart Taylor. Mr. James Mortimer now tells us that Whitford, D. Bryson, P. H. Bryson, Bailey Harrison, James Mortimer, Jex Blake, "Our Dogs," and a large number of mongrel dogs whose names are too short to remember, were thrashed to death in a public discussion by a man of "unbalanced intellect." The "discerning public" will now want to know why these men are allowed to be at large.

James Mortimer, the Solomon of the nineteenth century, has discovered that the man who taught him what he knows about dogs, has an "unbalanced intellect." This would account for James knowing so little. But will Mr. James Mortimer kindly tell the "discerning public" why, when he was unable to proceed with his judging (?) at a certain show he appealed to the "unbalanced intellect" to judge the dogs for him before they went into the ring, and send him into the ring the numbers of the dogs as they should be placed? And will Mr. James Mortimer explain how it is that my reports are all copied by him for a certain Western paper, and even my style of writing them aped by him? I will refer your readers to my notes on the mastiff Nap in my report of the Buffalo show, and then ask them to read Mr. Mortimer's copy in his (my) report of the Newark show in a Chicago paper. The "discerning public" will be pleased to know why Mr. James Mortimer strives so industriously to build for himself a reputation founded on the "vindictive vaporings of an unbalanced intellect." The strength of a man's position is manifest when he is blackguarded by those who ape him.

Mr. Mortimer's conduct is over the same. Last year when he slaughtered the fox-terrier classes at Hartford he turned on the reporter for this paper because he consistently called attention to such fearful work as this—Splauger first, Bacchanal second, Shovel reserve, Valet and Gibson's Nick vhc. A few weeks later Valet won the cup at Newport as best fox-terrier in the show, the judge being Mr. Redmond, who has owned and bred dogs and is a judge of them. Just fancy Splauger in front of Valet and Bacchanal, and then picture Valet chained up in a stall alongside of Gibson's Nick with a vhc. card nailed over him. Why, if a judge in England should make such awards he would be hissed out of the ring; but here, when one politely draws attention to such work in order that the "discerning public" be not fooled too much, the judge lashes himself into a red rage and threatens to "lick" the reporter. Mr. Mortimer kicked again when told that he had blundered in placing Duke of Leeds over Leila, Mr. Hearn's beautiful bitch being in superb condition at the time, but a few months later he acknowledged the justice of your remarks, and actually wanted Mr. Davidson, myself and Mr. Wilmerding to give Leila the special prize at Waverly for best dog in the show, the bitch being in much worse condition than when placed behind Duke of Leeds. Then we had Merchant Prince placed over Duke of Leeds, and to wind up the farce Hector is placed over Merchant Prince, and is, therefore, in Mr. Mortimer's opinion, the best St. Bernard in America, rough or smooth. Because attention is called to such palpable blunders Mr. Mortimer feels aggrieved. Why should he? The object of dog shows is to improve our dogs; they are not given for the benefit of individuals or cliques.

Mr. Mortimer's statement that he was strongly "urged" to judge collies at Newark will be accepted by the "discerning public" at its true value. I wonder if Mr. Mortimer was "urged" to judge St. Bernards at the show he manages. It seems to me that the only "urging" Jas. Mortimer gets comes from Jas. Mortimer. I would also like to know if Mr. J. Otto Donner was "urged" to judge pointers at New York, and if he will be "urged" to judge Mr. Hitchcock's dogs and other dogs owned by members of the W. K. C. Also if Mr. Jas. R. Pierson was "urged" to judge deerhounds and greyhounds, and if he was "urged" to tell me at Washington (1883) that he knew nothing about show dogs. There appears to be an "unbalanced intellect" at

work somewhere, and it should be unearthed. Come, Porky, turn up the sod!

Mr. Mortimer denies that he wished to give first prize to Lady Ellis and accuses me of having told a "wilful and malicious falsehood." We will see who has told a wilful and malicious falsehood by-and-by. Mr. Mortimer then proceeds to stroke Mr. Apgar down the back and concludes by saying, "I am quite sure Mr. Apgar will willingly confirm these statements." I am just quite sure Mr. Apgar won't do anything of the kind. Mr. Mortimer will perhaps remember that in my report of collies at Newark I said Clipper was my choice for second place. Mr. Dennis confirmed that opinion at Boston. I also said that Helen should beat Lady Ellis. Mr. Dennis indorsed that opinion by giving second prize to Helen and fourth prize to Lady Ellis. Again, I said Spoiled Miss should not have been overlooked at Newark; she was second at Boston. I also stated that she is a much better bitch than Daisy Dean who beat her. Mr. Dennis again indorsed my views by not noticing Daisy Dean.

It seems strange that one cannot make a clear statement of facts and express an honest opinion without engendering such bitter feelings as that displayed in the face of Mr. Mortimer's letter. Personally, I have none but friendly feelings for the W. K. C. superintendent, but to puff him up as a judge until he has had experience as an exhibitor is something I have never done and never will do. Neither will I, when reporting for this or any other paper, conceal what I believe to be blunders, whether they be made by James Mortimer or anybody else. Before I put my pen aside I will remind Mr. James Mortimer that for eight years I reported the English shows, and during that time was never accused of being dishonorable or incapable; that I was a prominent exhibitor before Mr. Mortimer owned a dog, and acted in the capacity of judge before the W. K. C. superintendent ever saw a first-class specimen. If Mr. Mortimer doubts the correctness of these statement he has the record to refer to and produce. The editors of this paper have confidence in my integrity and ability, and that confidence which has never been abused is certainly not likely to be shaken by the windy effusions of supersensitive creatures who are unable to show a decent record, either as judges, owners, breeders or exhibitors in this or any other country.

CHARLES H. MASON.

NEW YORK, April 11.

INSTINCT OR REASON?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following anecdote of a mastiff bitch belonging to my brother is, I think, worthy of record. It occurred about a month ago at Flushing, L. I. Gwen, who is now nearly two years old, cut, in some way, the upper claw of one of her forefeet, and forthwith started up into the village all alone, and presented herself at the door of the drug store. There she remained for nearly two hours, refusing to be driven away, until finally the druggist, opening the door, called her into the store. No sooner was she fairly inside than she raised the injured foot and mutely appealed for treatment. The druggist examined the foot and, washing out the cut, united the edges with some adhesive plaster. He then opened the door, and apparently satisfied that all that was necessary had been done, Gwen started for home immediately.

The explanation of Gwen's action is, I think, as follows: When not more than eight or nine months old she was unfortunate enough to break through the glass sash covering a celery pit, and cut one of her ankles. The cut, which was a severe one, was duly treated, and probably some strong-scented ointment applied to hasten the healing; at any rate it was three or four weeks before the injured leg was well, and the accident and the treatment undoubtedly made a great impression on the pup's mind. Being in the habit of following the man-of-all-work when going into the village, she has frequently been with him when he has stopped at the drug store, and no doubt has there noticed the same odor which was associated in her mind with the treatment of her foot after the first accident. So when she again injured her foot she decided to go where she had last noticed the odor of the healing salve and endeavor to get some one to fix her injured claw. Whether this is really the true explanation or not it is hard to say, but I think it will answer. Gwen had never been treated in that drug store before, as all dressing of the first cut was done at home. If this was not reason what was it? R. B. L.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

NEW YORK, April 5.—At a meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, the secretary was instructed to advertise and issue a circular to all breeders and trainers, as per copy inclosed. There were present: Messrs. Donner, Coster, Hitchcock, Godeffroy, Leach, Cornell, Gregory, and Elliot Smith. Member elected, Dr. Robert J. Hampton, of Athens, Ga. The circular is as follows:

To Owners and Trainers:

In issuing the revised running rules for 1887, the governors of the E. F. T. C. hereby call the attention of all owners and trainers to the following considerations and requirements. Comparison will show that but slight (though beneficial) changes have been made since 1886 in either the rules or instructions to judges as printed, the club believing, until better advised, that the object of the trials can be justly reached under these rules if interpreted in accordance with past experience.

The club adheres to the principles upon which these rules were originally framed; first, that the club is organized for the improvement of the field qualities of our setters and pointers and that a record obtained at the trials should be gained mainly by the exhibition of qualities which, through natural inheritance, will prove of benefit to breeders and to the country.

Experience has, nevertheless, shown that a dog to exhibit his natural qualities to the best advantage, must be well broken, and in order to relieve the judges from all possible responsibility in awarding a heat between a dog of great ability insufficiently broken, and an inferior dog well broken, the club will insist upon all dogs being thoroughly trained. They will instruct their judges to insist upon perfect backing, steadiness to shot or wing, obedience and retrieving, and to penalize disobedience, false pointing or any other quality impairing the usefulness of a dog for every day shooting, to the fullest extent of which the rules admit.

[The revised rules will be published in our next issue.]

HARTFORD DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We shall divide the champion pug and bull-terrier classes by sex. A good many specials are offered, among them a silver ice pitcher for the best clumber spaniel in the show. Mr. Ronald H. Barlow has kindly consented to take the following classes: Bulldogs, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, black and tan, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington, Skye, Yorkshire and toy terriers.—HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—Intending exhibitors must not forget that the entries for the Westminster Kennel Club's show close on Monday, the 18th. The managers inform us that the prospects for the best show that they have yet held are very flattering. There will be a large number of valuable special prizes offered. Among them is one of $25 for the best kennel of pointers, offered by a member of the W. K. C.

PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—J. H. Winslow will judge pointers.

CITRATE IRON AND STRYCHNINE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If any of your readers have any doubts as to the strict propriety of your prescription of the above, let them do as I did, cut it out or copy it, hand it to the druggist on the next corner and note how Galen, in spite of "learned physicians," will turn round and put it up in as matter-of-fact a style as though he were putting up ipecac, which, by they way, wouldn't be a bad thing for some people. For further satisfaction he might ask the druggist what he would do if required to put 2grs. strychnine in a pill.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa.).

PUG CLUB.—I am much pleased to see that an effort is being made to organize a pug dog club. This is a step in the right direction and I heartily indorse Mr. T. F. Rackham's article. What we are sadly in need of is a standard as to size, etc. As the little pug is gradually growing in favor again as a house pet, I think there should be no time lost in organizing a club. Mr. Rackham has informed me that the attempt to organize will be at the next New York dog show in May. Let there be a big turn out.—GEO. W. FISHER (Catawissa, Pa.).

ST. PAUL SHOW.—St. Paul, April 4.—At a meeting held to-day of the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club we decided on holding our first bench show from Sept. 12 to 17 and claim the dates.—W. G. WHITEHEAD, Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bertie II. By E. K. Leffingwell, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped December, 1886, by Tammany (Tory—Moonstone) out of Bertie (Rob—Bellona).

Tammany II. By John S. Dunshee, Plainfield, N. J., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany (Tory—Moonstone) out of Bertie (Rob—Bellona).

Tim Gawrie. By John J. Ohrt, Burlington, Ia., for sage Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped July 24, 1886, by Gawrie (Sunday—Nellie) out of Kate (Bob—Nellie).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Flash R.—Mainspring. D. S. Gregory's (New York city) pointer bitch Flash R. to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), March 26.

Beatrice—Ponco. R. D. Locke's (Chicago, Ill., English mastiff bitch Beatrice (A.K.C.S.B. 4,405) to Owen McGourty's Ponco (Grant's Kent—Ashmont Nun), March 24.

Lassie—Tom Pinch. Wm. Schreiber's (San Francisco, Cal.) pointer bitch Lassie (Prince—Forest Lily) to J. Martin Barney's Tom Pinch (Tom—Beulah), Feb. 5.

Lady B.—Tom Pinch. Gaston Bartie's (San Francisco, Cal.) pointer bitch Lady B. (Dash—Lady Flora) to J. Martin Barney's Tom Pinch (Wise's Tom—Beulah), Jan. 25.

Passion—Storm. S. T. Hammond's (Springfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Passion (A.K.R. 3424) to C. P. Hodge's Storm (Carl—Countess Vesta), April 8.

Lassie—Kilmarnock Bruce. F. G. Bixby's collie bitch Lassie to Kilmarnock Kennels' Kilmarnock Bruce (Manus—Drumlin Isle), Feb. 6.

Ruby—Bute. Kilmarnock Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Ruby (——Westmoreland Lassie) to Kilmarnock Kennels' Bute (Rutland—Noisy Girl), Feb. 27.

Maida—Royal Albert. J. E. Eveleth's (Brookline, Mass.) pure Laverack bitch Maida (Tempest—Lill) to Blackstone Kennels' pure Laverack Royal Albert), April 7.

Judy—Greymont. W. T. Reynolds's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) Irish terrier bitch Judy (A.K.R. 2199) to G. D. Fowle's Greymont (A.K.R. 4234), Feb. 20.

Vesta—Master Shina. H. G. Charlesworth's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Vesta (Obo II.—Dinah) to his Master Shina (Young Obo—Shina), April 6.

Bene—Doc. Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Bene (Bobb III.—Black Bess) to American Cocker Kennels' Doc (A.K.R. 3795), April 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Hope. E. Dexter's (Buzzard's Bay, Mass.) English pointer bitch Hope (A.K.R. 4172), April 3, seven (six dogs), by Highland Kennels' Robert le Diable (Croxteth—Spinaway).

Fussie. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Fussie (Beaufort—Maggie), April 4, six (five dogs), by Sam Norris's Jacksnipe (Joker, Jr.—Lady Mc.).

Nell. Victor M. Haldeman's (Milford, Del.) English mastiff bitch Nell (A.K.R. 3647), April 9, eight (four dogs), by his Hero III. (A.K.R. 1765).

Queen Obo. American Cocker Kennels' (Camden, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3082). April 1, three (one dog), by their Doc (A K.R. 3795).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Boss, Jr. (*A.K.R. 4156*). Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 8, 1886, by Bess (A.K.R. 2218) out of Lillie (A.K.R. 2981), by R. C. Pate, North St. Louis, Mo., to E. Mansfield, St. Louis, Mo.

Ashmont Sam (*A.K.R. 4153*). Fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 20, 1885, by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545) out of Ashmont Lady (A.K.R. 2614), by E. Mansfield, St. Louis, Mo., to R. L. Pate, North St. Louis, Mo.

Ponto. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 2, 1886, by Joker, Jr. out of Lady Mc., by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to Mayo James, Clarksville, Tex.

Bertie II. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped December, 1887, by Tammany out of Bertie, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to E. K. Leffingwell, same place.

Dick Swiveler. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1886, by Bruce out of Leigh Doane II., by Wm. H. Child, Germantown, Pa., to P. Camblos, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jerry. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1886, by Bruce out of Leigh Doane II., by Wm. H. Child, Germantown, Pa., to I. Henry Roberts, Moorestown, N. J.

Nellie Bly. White bull-terrier bitch, 3yrs., and six white pups, by Young Royal Prince, by Warren H. Beebe, Lynn, Mass., to John G. Durgin, same place.

Tammany—Bertie whelp. Liver and white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to John S. Dunshee, Plainfield, N. J.

Biddy. Red Irish terrier bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1886, by Garry (A.K.R. 2193) out of Judy (A.K.R. 2199), by W. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Edward Brooks, Boston, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

Sacham. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by Fred F. Harris, Portland, Me., to J. H. Phelan, Jersey City.

DEATHS.

Ben. Lemon and white clumber spaniel dog, owned by A. Z. Palmer, Ottawa, Ont., died March 31.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

AURORA, Ontario, April 6.—A closely contested shooting match was held here this afternoon. The rifle club divided itself into Reformers and Conservatives. The Conservatives were victorious. The following is the score:

Conservatives.	100 yds.	200 yds.	Total.	Reformers.	100 yds.	200 yds.	Total.
R Mosley	57	46	103	H W Fleury	47	74	81
J C B Johns	46	36	82	J W Crossley	54	23	77
W MacLeod	44	41	85	C Lyons	46	29	75
Hy Rogers	44	31	76	T Scott	40	26	66
Wm Capell	31	34	65	J Davis	44	18	62
D P Ross	42	17	59	A Petch	37	24	61
W Machell	43	15	58	Eld Braund	35	25	60
Geo Wilkinson	19	32	51	D Eade	39	13	52
C Hainstock	35	6	41	M Fleury	25	24	49
R Wells	29	5	34	Hy Ross	35	13	48
			654				631

FAST DAY MATCHES.

THE old Puritan holiday was duly celebrated or observed in modern fashion by a good deal of powder firing on many down east ranges. Targets both fast and flying were duly honored by leaden salutes. Some of the events were as follows:

SALEM, April 7. The Salem Rifle Association had a shoot at its range to-day, and it was one of the largest attended and best the club has had. All but one score was shot with military rifles. The scores:

Practice match—W. H. Merritt 77, G. H. Wilson 65.

Special match—W. S. Merritt 151, W. G. Hussey 138, S. R. Ayers 125.

Second class, special match—W. M. Ward 98, G. R. Nelson 111, G. H. Ropes 94, R. W. Ropes 93.

Third class—A. N. Locke 70, C. S. Hinman 60.

Challenge medal match—W. G. Hussey 65, S. R. Ayers 60, G. H. Lawrence 59, A. D. Gardner 54.

Second class—A. N. Locke 34, C. T. Ropes 31, E. C. Ropes 27.

Match for State Militia—Quartermaster-Sergeant Dodge 70, S. R. Ayers 85, G. R. Nelson 72, A. N. Locke 52, G. A. Ropes 77, C. C. Redmond 76, J. M. Wilson 77, A. D. Gardner 76.

WAKEFIELD, April 7.—A picked team of 5 men from Company A, Richardson Light Guards, and the same number of men from the Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association, shot a friendly match this forenoon at the rifle range, Wakefield, resulting in a victory for the military team. Following is the official score: Company A—Corp. R. Howard 43, Lieut. G. Taylor 41, Pvt. J. W. Babbitt 41, Sergt. E. J. Gibson 39, Corp. W. E. Gray 38, total, 202; points for military rifles, 10; total, 212. Association team—William Coon 40, J. D. Whitcomb 37, N. Young 34, William Danniel 32, E. A. Atherton 23 total, 166.

BOSTON, April 7.—There was an excellent attendance at Walnut Hill to-day, and some excellent scores were made. The results are appended at 200yds. for rifle:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W Charles (mil)	9	9	8	8	7	9	6	8	8	10—82
A Shaw, A	9	5	9	9	7	7	9	10	9	8—82
N F Tufts, A	10	7	9	8	10	10	6	7	5	9—81
W O Burnite, A	9	8	10	8	6	9	8	9	8	5—80
Plaisted, A	6	8	10	10	10	8	3	7	8	6—76
J R Missam, A	6	10	6	8	6	10	9	6	6	7—74
B G Warren, A	8	7	5	8	8	8	9	8	6	7- 74
W H Oler, A	8	7	9	8	8	7	8	8	6	0—74
J E Darmody (mil)	5	4	9	3	4	9	10	5	9	10—68
D L Chase	5	10	8	6	6	4	5	7	8	5—64
H J Foster	8	8	4	4	7	7	9	1	7	6—61

Rest Match.

N Washburn	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	10	10—97
J R Munroe	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	9—96
W H Oler	10	9	10	10	9	8	10	9	10	—93
K Dadman	10	9	9	8	9	10	10	9	9	10—93
T Stewart	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	7	7	10—91
Dudley	10	10	9	7	8	9	9	9	9	9—90
Read	6	9	10	9	8	5	9	10	8	8—83

Pistol Match.

A L Brackett	10	7	10	10	9—46					
W H Oler	8	7	10	7	10—42					

Team Match.—First Team.

W Charles	6	10	7	7	7	6	6	9	9	—73
Plaisted	7	10	8	6	6	5	10	6	6	8—72
N F Tufts	5	8	7	7	6	5	6	6	6	6—66
C Williams	8	4	5	4	6	4	8	5	5	7—61
J H Foster	3	9	8	7	7	5	5	8	3	5—60
W M Foster	3	7	8	6	6	7	4	5	5	4—55—387

Second Team.

W O Burnite	10	10	8	6	5	7	10	9	6	4—76
C E Berry	6	10	6	8	6	10	9	6	6	7—74
A Law	6	2	5	6	10	10	5	9	10	10—73
B G Warren	5	7	5	3	3	5	5	7	5	5—50
H Withington	3	5	6	3	4	4	4	3	5	6—43
T Stewart	4	3	5	6	5	6	5	4	1	5—42—358

MALDEN, April 7.—The range of Co. L. at Bears' Den was thronged to-day with military men from various regiments, and, although the conditions were not of the very best, some excellent scores were made. In the State match for bronze medals the following were the winners: Priv. Ellis, Co. L, 89; Priv. Grant, Cadets, 74; Lieut. Saunders, Co. L, 1st reg., won the silver medal. In the practice match, possible 50, the following scores were made:

Corp Cook, L, 8th reg	43	F Edgerly	25
Priv Allis, L, 8th reg	40	A B Amerige	34
Corp Richards, L, 8th reg	40	Priv French, A, 5th reg	28
Whitcomb	39	C P Hanson, E, 5th reg	28
M S Drew	37	C Crowthers	28
Lieut Kirk, M, 8th reg	38	H Jenkins, A, 5th reg	27
W A Bacon, L, 8th reg	33	Priv Thayer, 1st Cadets	26
Priv Bigelow, L, 8th reg	30	Priv Belyea, L, 8th reg	23
Priv A W Furlong, Cadets	31	Priv Stevens, L, 8th reg	26
George Lennox	27		

There was a match shoot in the afternoon between two teams from Company A, 5th regiment, Charlestown Cadets. Following is the score at 200yds., 10 shots per man, Creedmoor target:

Capt. Jenkins' Team.		Capt. French's Team.	
Corp Horton	36	Lieut French	16
Corp Jenkins	36	Priv Crofford	40
Priv Barrow	27	Priv Day	37
Priv Smith	6	Priv Burbank	14
Priv Tolman	30—107	Priv Leavitt	36—180

CAMBRIDGE, April 7.—The usual holiday rifle shoot of company B, 5th regiment, was held to-day at its range in North Cambridge. The number of entries was smaller than usual. There were four matches, the scores being as follows:

First all-comers match.

Lieut B B Edes	24	Lieut Smith	22
Priv J W Blake	24	Capt T C Henderson	19
Priv C C Foster	23	Sergt-Maj Cabot	19
Lieut W H Merrill	23	Priv J Fitzgerald	19
Sergt W T Goodwin	22		

Second All-comers' Match.

Priv H W Clark	23	Priv J Hickey	20
Sergt Balmer	21	Priv E Mason	19
Priv W S Sawin	20	Corp G Blair	19
Priv F H Robinson	20	Priv H W Brace	19

Bullseye Match.

Lieut B B Edes	21	Priv W S Sawin	19
Sergt F Merrill	21	Priv Lounsbury	19
Priv C H Chuttick	21	Capt H C Fox	19
Capt T C Henderson	21	Sergt Balmer	19
Sergt Savery	20	Lieut C H Cutler	19
Capt F W Dallinger	20		

Pool Match.

Lieut R B Edes	22	Capt F W Dallinger	21
Priv C C Foster	22	Priv W M Merrill	20
Sergt F B Blake	22	Priv J F Fitzgerald	20
Sergt W T Goodwin	22	Lieut Smith	19
Priv J W Blake	21		

LAWRENCE, Mass.—The decimal handicap match opened in December closed Fast Day, 5 scores to count, 10 shots, possible 100, 200yds. off-hand, standard target. Handicap allowed according to previous record of the different competitors. Seven cash prizes were offered and won as follows:

C M Hill	84	78	82	85	78+25	—432
O M Jewell	84	84	89	84	85+ 0	—426
W M Fisher	82	75	79	79	77+25	—417
J W Bean	71	77	69	72	70+40	—399
D P Norris	65	70	66	70	72+45	—388
M Beal	67	74	70	68	71+40	—387
I F Butler	67	53	59	55	66+45	—345

On Fast Day the club held a shoot at the range at Riverside Grove. There was a large attendance. The wind, being very strong, interfered with the making of large scores:

O M Jewell	10	10	7	10	9	10	6	9	9	9—89
C M Hill	8	10	10	8	7	9	8	8	5	10—83
W Fisher	8	10	6	10	8	9	5	6	9	8—79
Colonel S M Decker	8	8	9	8	6	7	10	8	8	6—78
P Wood	10	6	8	9	7	7	7	9	10	—75
J W Bean	9	6	5	10	10	7	6	8	6	8—75
Colonel M Beal	8	6	5	8	9	6	10	5	10	8—75
C Frost	10	5	8	9	5	8	6	7	5	7—70
E Archibald	8	9	8	8	8	6	3	5	10	5—70
F Clark	8	9	5	7	7	4	8	9	10	3—70
W Arthur	9	8	7	7	6	8	8	6	7	3—69
H P Simpson	8	4	6	4	10	6	7	10	8	5—68
E A Rogers	5	7	6	9	4	10	9	5	3	7—65
I F Butler	7	7	8	6	8	5	10	3	3	8—65
D P Norris	4	7	4	5	5	8	9	7	6	10—63
H Preston	7	5	7	4	2	7	3	5	4	4—48

QUINCY, April 7.—The Berdan Rifle Corps, of Milton, held its Fast Day target shoot at Bellevue Park range, North Quincy, this afternoon. The wind was very strong throughout. The innings:

E B Souther	7	5	10	8	7	7	5	7	10	8—74
D B Ernst	3	3	9	8	9	5	9	8	8	4—66
M A King	6	5	3	5	7	9	5	7	9	8—64
H A King	3	6	4	5	2	10	4	9	7	5—55
H Perkins, sporting rifle	3	3	5	7	5	5	7	3	4	6—48

HAVERHILL (Mass.) RIFLE CLUB.—Good attendance at the range. Prize match opened Fast day, April 7, to close July 4. Best scores as follows on standard target 200yds. off-hand:

H Tuck	5	10	9	8	10	9	9	8	6	8	—82
Palmer	7	9	7	10	7	9	9	8	7	8	—81
A Edgerly	9	6	7	9	9	9	5	9	8	10	—81
J F Brown	6	9	10	9	8	9	6	8	9	5	—79
Johnson	6	9	10	6	10	9	8	6	8	5	—78
J Busfield	7	7	8	8	7	8	5	6	6	8	—72
L Jackson	7	7	5	3	6	8	6	10	5	10	—67
Green	6	7	5	7	10	7	7	6	4	5	—64
R Grillin	8	4	7	6	6	6	10	6	6	4	—63
B F Eaton	7	3	7	4	3	9	5	10	1	2	—51

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., April 8.—On Fast day members of the Rise Guards, Company E, 6th Regiment, M. V. M., had a target shoot. Also a telegraphic match with Company H, 6th Regiment, which is at Stoneham. The result was Stoneham 137, Ashburnham 140. The score of the Rise Guards in details was as follows:

Lieut A S Fullford	5445453—30	Priv C A Williams	4533445—28
Capt C H Pratt	2553565—28	Priv W H Sawtelle	4434454—26
Sergt A E Willard	4344454—28		

MILFORD, April 7.—The telegraph match between company M of Milford and company F of Marlboro was shot this afternoon. Score—Company F, 189; company M, 150.

DANBURY, Mass., April 9.—Record match:

H Tusk	8	10	10	8	7	10	8	8	8	8	—85
J Busfield	8	8	6	7	8	8	10	10	7	9	—81
J F Brown	7	10	8	7	7	10	9	7	10	10	—88
S Johnson	10	9	5	9	9	6	8	8	10	7	—81
A Edgerly	8	9	7	9	9	4	10	10	7	6	—79
F Merrill	8	7	4	6	10	6	10	7	6	8	—72
L Jackson	9	6	7	5	4	7	6	5	8	8	—65

HOLYOKE, Mass.—The Holyoke Rifle Club's first competition for the silver cup, at Piedmont range, under the new handicap rules. The scores corrected for the handicap, made at 200yds. off-hand, standard target, 10 shots each:

A James	10	9	5	9	8	4	8	5	7	10	—100
R Clark	6	7	5	9	9	5	7	5	5	10	— 98
C Axtell	8	8	6	9	8	8	10	6	10	5	— 97
W Smith	6	10	6	5	7	7	6	7	7	8	— 94
C Newcomb	5	5	7	7	4	9	10	7	8	7	— 93
H Whitney	6	5	10	5	5	10	5	7	7	5	— 90
T Lyman	5	7	9	6	6	7	4	5	7	4	— 90
Dun Well	6	5	5	9	9	6	9	9	8	8	— 78
W H Edson	6	6	5	8	5	5	2	7	5	4	— 74
I Gordon	6	3	4	7	6	4	3	6	3	3	— 71
G Dayton	5	5	4	4	7	5	8	5	5	4	— 69

A. James wins the cup for the first time. It must be won three times before becoming personal property. The second competition will take place Saturday, April 16.—PAPER CITY.

WILMINGTON, Del.—Regular monthly competition for the gold badge of the Wilmington Rifle Club, standard American target, possible 100 points, off-hand, 200yds.:

C Heinel, Sr	4	7	10	6	10	7	8	6	5	6	—69
J Scott	5	8	5	3	9	7	6	8	7	8	—64
H A Heinel	6	7	6	4	4	9	5	9	10	8	—63
U Fuller	5	5	3	7	10	3	5	4	6	7	—55
S J Newman	5	5	7	4	3	6	6	4	4	9	—53
W A Bacon	6	6	6	6	3	4	8	5	2	6	—52
H Simpson	4	7	3	4	2	4	6	8	3	4	—48
J E Newman	3	6	5	7	4	2	6	2	2	5	—42
C Frederick, mil	6	4	1	0	7	2	4	3	4	8	—39
J W Geyer, mil	5	1	6	2	4	2	6	2	5	5	—38
W A Ruthven	10	4	4	0	2	5	1	5	1	5	—35
J W Clark	4	1	2	1	4	4	6	2	4	2	—30
W O'Connor	3	4	2	2	1	4	4	4	1	4	—29

Record match, at 100yds.:

C Heinel, Sr	6	9	10	7	9	9	8	8	10	8	—84
U Fuller	5	8	8	10	10	9	9	6	5	8	—78
S J Newman	10	9	9	7	6	7	6	7	9	6	—76
H A Heinel	5	8	7	7	7	7	7	10	8	10	—76
J E Newman	8	6	5	9	9	5	9	5	9	5	—70
H Simpson	3	6	7	8	7	5	9	7	7	5	—63
W A Ruthven	8	8	5	3	4	5	9	7	8	6	—63
J W Geyer, mil	6	5	2	5	3	9	8	9	4	10	—61
J Scott	5	7	1	9	8	5	5	7	7	5	—59
W O'Connor	7	6	6	5	9	5	4	4	7	5	—58
W A Bacon	0	6	8	9	7	5	3	5	7	6	—56
C Frederick, mil	3	4	7	5	7	5	7	5	7	3	—53
J W Clark	4	5	4	5	5	2	4	6	5	6	—46

BOSTON, April 9.—The riflemen enjoyed a fine day for their sport at Walnut Hill Range to-day. S. Wilder made a clean score of 100, and Mr. Munroe a 99 in the rest match. The attendance was very good. Appended are the scores made to-day:

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

J Felix, A	9	9	8	9	9	9	9	7	10	3	—82
H Withington	9	8	7	10	10	9	8	6	4	7	—77
W H Oler, A	8	9	8	8	7	10	6	7	6	8	—76
R Dadman	9	6	7	7	6	8	8	7	10	8	—76
H Wrick, D	6	9	10	9	8	8	7	8	5	6	—76
F Carter, B (mil)	10	5	6	6	10	9	6	9	7	6	—74
G B Yenetchi, A	5	7	10	7	9	9	5	6	8	8	—74
C Williams, B (mil)	10	7	3	10	5	4	9	3	7	7	—64
D L Chase, A	8	3	4	6	6	8	8	5	10	4	—62

Rest Match, 200yds.

S Wilder, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	—100
J R Munroe, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	— 99
W H Oler, F	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	— 99
Winchester, F	10	9	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	— 97
Dudley, A	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	— 96

Pistol Match, 50yds.

A Brackett	9	9	9	9	8—44	8	10	9	10	7—44	9—42
W H Oler	7	10	10	9	4—40	7	9	9	7	6—38	

Pistol Practice Match, 50yds.

A A Gordon	7	7	10	9	9	6	9	6	8	5	—79
W H Oler	9	9	6	6	9	8	6	6	10	5	—74
J R Dadman	5	5	5	6	3	7	5	6	5	6	—53

LAWRENCE, Mass., April 9.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club this afternoon, some very fine shooting was made, Mr. E. F. Richardson making a run of 16 and Mr. O. M. Jewell 20 bullseyes in succession, 200yds. standard target. Following are the scores:

E F Richardson	10	10	9	9	8	10	9	10	9	10	—94
O M Jewell	10	8	8	10	8	10	0	8	9	10	—90
J W Bean	9	9	7	9	8	10	8	9	7	6	—82
C M Hill	7	9	9	8	7	6	10	10	6	8	—80
W Fisher	10	7	9	9	5	9	9	7	10	5	—80
F Clark	9	4	6	8	9	6	6	9	9	7	—73
E H Archibald	6	7	5	8	7	9	5	6	6	6	—68
M Beal	9	8	4	7	4	5	0	6	7	5	—60
P Wood	5	2	6	3	2	8	3	9	4	6	—48

Rest Match.

W Fisher	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	—99
H P Simpson	8	8	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	—94
M Beal	10	7	10	8	9	8	7	7	10	10	—80

WORCESTER, Mass., April 7.—At the Pine Grove Range of the Worcester Rifle Association, the following scores were made:

P Leighton	10	8	9	10	10	8	7	8	10	5	—85
John Brown	9	9	5	7	9	8	8	7	6	6	—79
A L Rice	7	8	8	6	7	6	7	6	10	8	—71
S Clark	8	10	6	4	8	6	9	7	8	10	—78
M Ferguson (military)	4	4	8	1	1	1	3	6	7	8	—43

At the range of the George H. Ward Post 10, the following totals were made:

	500yds.	200yds.		500yds.	200yds.
A C White	42	20	J B Willom	38	20
L N Taylor	41	16	C R Shumway	38	23
C L Macomber	41	16	M R Morgan	36	16
James Early	39	20	H N Pepper	36	18

GARDNER, Mass., April 8.—The Gardner Rifle Club have elected the following officers: President, H. C. Knowlton; Vice-President, F. E. Nichols; Secretary and Treasurer, C. N. Edgell; Executive Committee, W. C. Loveland and G. C. Goodale. The Bullard rifle recently won by the club is to be sold at the next meet at auction, to the highest bidder. The three badges recently won by the club are to be contested for on regular shooting days, the contest to close July 4. Scores at Hackmatack range on Fast Day, standard target:

W C Loveland	8	5	8	2	—167	F E Nichols	7	5	5	7	—149
G C Goodale	8	4	7	9	—163	C Crabtree	7	2	6	7	—139
G F Ellsworth	8	2	8	0	—162	A Knowlton	7	3	3	6	—137
G H Warfield	8	3	7	8	—161	E Taylor	7	1	6	2	—139
C N Edgell	8	5	7	5	—160	C L Leland	6	6	6	6	—135
A Mathews	7	8	8	0	—158	D E Warfield	6	5	6	5	—122
H C Knowlton	7	9	7	5	—154	F A Parker	6	5	5	5	—117

LONDON, Ont., April 7.—The Victoria Rifle Club, a new association, was organized to-night, and the following officers elected: President, Hon. John Carling; vice-presidents, Mr. J. H. Marshall, M. P., and Col. Fisher and Lewis; treasurer, H. B. Elliott; secretary, C. F. Cox; executive committee, Hiscott, Elliott, Payne, Hayes and Noble.

WHITE ELEPHANT RANGE.—The following scores have been made during the past winter in the White Elephant rifle range, Broadway, New York city. This shooting surpasses anything done previously, as some of the scores are so well held that a silver 10-cent. piece would cover them. Creedmoor targets, 200yds., with rest, out of 100 shots, bullseyes were made as follows: N. F. Brisac 100, E. E. Tiffany 100, J. E. Soule 89, E. K. Bispham 99, W. E. Kelley 94, George Bliss 62, J. S. N. Crane 50, J. W. Bowen 58, G. Bliss Jr. 20. Creedmoor targets, 200yds., full scores were made by Leon De Bost, L. V. Sone, D. H. Davis, W. G. Nesson, C. W. Minor, C. S. Toule, J. H. Brown, Wm. Hayes, Fred. Kuhule, Wm. Blake, W. Arnold, Foxhall P. Keene, Fritz Giese, A. Salvini, A. J. Levey, H. Dunman, R. Lockhart, C. A. Lummis, A. L. Roth, J. H. Gregg, Col. H. F. Clark, D. S. Jocobus, H. P. Gardner, W. C. Pepper, W. H. Warren, P. Rhinelander, Dr. F. N. Boynton, W. E. Livingston, J. H. Matthews, H. G. P. Mellage, C. A. Tucker, Mercer Beasley, F. L. DeForrest, W. W. De Forrest, F. E. Moser, H. A. Alexander, H. M. Bradhurst, Thomas Doolittle, F. W. Gawtry and J. M. Bolton.

NEWARK, April 5.—The second match of the series between the Our Own and Rutgers rifle clubs was shot this evening on the Our Own Range, No. 93 Mercer street, and resulted as follows: Our Own Team.—Weeks 105, Werder 101, Ferd Freienshener 100, F. A. Freinshener 96, Dietzel 96, Bertram 95, Gill 93, Drexler 90, Smith 89, Friedenheit 76; total 941. Rutgers team—Farrell 97 Hellenbrand 93, Clark 92, Dietz 92, Miesel 91, McArdle 90, McCraith 88, Allen 83, Snyder 82, Frost 81; total 889. The Our Own won by 56 points. This makes the score for the two matches as follows: Rutgers 1,849, Our Own 1,843, leaving the Rutgers 6 points in advance for the final match. The time of the final match has not been decided upon yet. Among the guests present were members of the Essex and Caledonian rifle clubs, of this city; and Zettler and Pastime clubs of New York.

THOMASTON, Conn., April 8.—On Good Friday occurred the first shoot of the season of the Empire Rifle Club. A good light with scarcely any wind were the weather conditions:

E Thomas	7	8	6	9	7	7	10	9	9	8	—80
F Whitlock	8	7	8	7	8	8	8	7	6	10	—77
C F Williams	5	8	10	4	9	6	8	9	7	10	—76
G A Lemmon	8	5	8	6	4	9	7	8	7	10	—74
H E Canfield	10	6	9	4	3	7	5	3	7	8	—62

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4.—There was a very slim attendance at the Shell Mound shooting range to-day. Two teams from Battery A shot with pistols at the 30yd. range. Messrs. D'Arcy, Elliott, Manly and Fisher made 90 points out of a possible 100 to 88 points for a team composed of Messrs. Smith, Brown, Sime and Wickenhausen. A match was made between Officer Bixby of Captain Douglass' watch and L. F. Moore of the Nationals to shoot at 200 and 500yd. ranges for a trophy worth $100 on April 17.

HAMILTON, April 8.—The Victoria Rifle Club had a shooting match to-day for a sweepstake at 200, 500 and 600yds. Thomas Mitchell was the winner with a total score of 80, in possible 105. A Paine and W. H. Clarke tied for second place with 72 each.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs in the United States which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887.

CONDITIONS.

To be competed for by teams of three club members, each man to shoot at fifteen artificial targets thrown from a single trap.

A club may enter more than one team, provided, however, that no member may shoot on more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance moneys (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into prizes, as stated below.

Each team may shoot on its own grounds, or elsewhere, as convenient. Scores are to be certified to by three club officers, under conditions which will be explained in due time.

Any target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, O.; the Niagara Flying Target Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Target Ball and B. P. Co., Lockport, N. Y.; the Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., 291 Broadway, N.Y. city, agents. Not more than one style of target to be used by any one team.

Targets to be thrown from any trap manufactured by any of these companies; trap to be set to throw the targets at least 45yds. from trap.

Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left.

Guns of 10, 12 or smaller bore may be used. Distance 18yds. for 10-bores, and 16yds. for 12-bores or smaller. Any charge of powder, with 1¼oz. shot. Gun to be held below the armpit until shooter calls pull.

PRIZES.

First Prize.—The team making highest score will receive the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100.

Second Prize.—The team making second best score will receive a cash prize of 50 per cent. of all the entrance fees.

Third Prize.—Team with third highest score will receive 30 per cent. of entrance fees.

Fourth Prize.—Team with fourth highest score will receive 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

In case of tie on highest scores made the tie must be shot off, under same conditions, for the TROPHY. Ties for any other prize must be shot off, unless by unanimous consent divided.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2.—Capital City Gun Club, match at American clays, No. 2, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules:

Green	1100001010101100— 6	Godey	1000011000011111— 7
Edelin	0001110000000100— 4	Collison	0001101000001001— 5
Whitman	0100101000110110— 7	Cunningham	0111011101101010—10
Wilson	1111110110001010—10	Mills	0011100011111101— 9

Second match:

Green	0010110000—4	Edelin	0101011101—6
Cunningham	0111011111—8	Mills	1001011111—7
Godey	1101101110—7		

April 9.—Capital City Gun Club. Two of our traps out of repair, hence no Record match. American clays No. 2, 3 traps, N. G. A. rules.

First match:

Cunningham	1101011111—8	Dan	1011111001—7
Green	0100100100—3	Whiteman	1000111011—6

Second match:

Cunningham	0111011000—5	Collison	0100000010—2
Daw	0111110101—7	Wilson	0110110100—5
Whiteman	1111111010—8	Edelier	1000010111—5
Hart	1000010010—3	Hosford	1111011011—8
Farnsworth	1000011100—4	Thompson	0000000001—1
Wagner	1111101001—7		

Third match:

Cunningham	1111111111—10	Collison	1111111111—10
Daw	0011011001—5	Wilson	1110110101—7
Whiteman	0111111000—6	Edelin	1111101110—8
Hart	1100110000—4	Thompson	1100001111—6
Farnsworth	1011101000—5	Green	1011001100—5
Wagner	1111111011—9		

CHATHAM CENTER, N. Y., April 9.—Chatham Center Gun Club, Peoria blackbirds, 21yds. rise, new Long Island rules:

Milton Powell	1111011111111111—14	C H Minisee	1010000000001000— 3
J Goodrich	0111110101011111— 12	B Lamousee	0010110111111111—11
A Chichester	0100010011110000— 6	G L Bogardus	0001000000011001— 4
J V Williams	0000011010111111— 7	F L Fowler	1101100111111111—12
J N Lunnen	1001100100100101— 7	Van Alstyne	0110101100 — 5
E T More	1011101011101001— 9		

BRIGHTON, Mass., April 7.—The first prize winners in to-day's shoot of the Brighton Gun Club, at 5 bats, clays or Peorias, were J. Coyle, O'Connell and Breroogel.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3.—The California Wing Club opened the season at San Bruno to-day. Eight men shot for the three club medals, on a handicap ranging from 26yds. to 30yds., Hurlingham rules.

Fay, 30yds	2211111111112	Slade, 30yds	1210011221200— 9
De Vault, 30yds	0211102011101— 8	Meile, 26yds	0201020010110— 5
Brand, 26yds	2221110000000— 6	Murdock, 26yds	0022010000111— 5
Loynachan, 30yds	0120011212121— 9	Coffin, 30yds	1101112011111—10

The next shoot was a handicap sweepstakes, $2.50 entrance, at 12 single birds. Here again Fay came to the front with 12 straights. Slade tied him with 12 also to his record.

Fay, 30yds	1211112112111—12	Brand, 26yds	1112112112000— 9
De Vault, 26yds	0101121101111— 9	Meile, 26yds	0010110011011— 6
Slade, 28yds	1121112121112—11	Coffin, 30yds	0112111111111—11
Loynachan, 30yds	1011111001110— 8	Thompson, 28yds	0012101111101— 8

The birds supplied by Murphy were as usual above reproach, and seemed to take quite an interest in existence. Ed Fay shot 24 straight birds at 30yds. rise with a 12-bore gun. It has never been done on the San Bruno grounds before, and there, if anywhere, is the true test of skill. W. L. Eyre acted as judge and referee. At McMahon's Station the Golden Gate Gun Club met. The inducement was an open tournament at 15 single saucers, 18yds. rise, $2.50 entrance. It resulted as follows, the three eleven men dividing the pot $37.50:

J Bruns	111101011111011—13	E Donaldson	1111011111111110—13
J Potter	111111111110311—13	D Cronin	1101111111001100—10
C Cote	0111111111100001—11	J Fanning	1111111010101010—11
Coykendall	1110101111111100—10	Alex Allen	0111110010011001— 8
W Ashcroft	0100110110110010— 8	J H Mangels	0111110011010001— 9
M Campbell	1011111111111011—13	S G Scovern	1100110000000111— 7
E Dunshee	0110111111101100—10	P Schleuter	1111011111101100—11
Al Donaldson	0111111101111011—12		

At 10 single birds, 18yds. rise, $2 entrance, 10 men entered. Cronin took first with a straight 10. At 5 pairs of doubles, 18yds. rise, Cronin, Campbell and A. L. Donaldson divided with the most creditable score of 10 each.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3.—The rifle contests at Harbor View to-day attracted a large number of spectators, and the scores made were, if anything, above the average. The Eintracht Schuetzen Club mustered in force, there being about eighty members present. The following is the result of the score for the usual monthly match: Champion medal, F. A. Kuhls 412 rings; first class, H. T. Ropke 363; second class, L. Schmidt 331; third class, A. Wirtner 291; last best center, B. Overmohle. The following is the score of the California Schuetzen Club: Champion medal, K. Wertheimer 409 rings; first class, I. Dornbier 425; second class, O. F. Young 407; third class, A. Gumbel 345; fourth class, F. Attinger 333; cadet class, A. Ehrenfort, first class, 303 rings; Wertheimer, Jr., second class, 242 rings. This club also competed for $100, divided into thirty-five prizes, ranging from $10 to $1, for best centers. One of the features of the day was an exact center shot by I. Dornbier. There is a return match on the tapis between the Carson City Guards and the California Schutzen Club. The latter team won the first match last year by fifty-seven points, and the return match, if arranged, will take place under the same conditions. There will be 20 men, 20 shots each with military rifles at 200yds., Creedmoor rules.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 8.—There was a large gathering yesterday at the Coal Mine range of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The principal event was the twelfth and last open contest for the Climax diamond badge at 10 blue rocks and 10 clay-pigeons:

	Blue Rocks.	Pigeons.
O A Dickey (Boston)	1111111111—10	1011111110—9—19
T Strater (Boston)	1110111111—9	1111111110—9—18
H W Webber (Worcester)	1111111111—10	1101111011—8—18
H W Eager (Marlborough)	1111101111— 9	1011011111—8—17
J B Tougas (Worcester)	1101111111— 9	1110110111—8—17
M D Gilman (Worcester)	1101111111— 9	1001011111—7—16
A R Bowdish (Oxford)	1111100101— 7	1011111111—9—16
E T Smith (Worcester)	1111111111—10	0111101100—6—16
G Sampson (Clinton)	1011011110— 7	0111111111—9—16
C M Stark (Dunbarton, N. H.)	1110111111— 9	1100101111—7—16
Francis	1111110101— 7	1101110111—8—15
Robson	0101111101— 7	1001111111—8—14
W S Perry (Worcester)	0111110011— 7	1110011110—7—14
W L Davis (Worcester)	0101111111— 8	1010100011—5—13
Stone	1011111010— 7	0311011100—5—12
Bonner	1111101111— 9	0010011000—3—12
H C Dean (Fitchburg)	1110111100— 7	1000011110—5—12
Brooks	1111100011— 7	1000111010—5—12
Spencer	1011111101— 8	0001100101—4—12
Whittaker	1110110001— 6	0010110011—5—11
G F Rugg (Worcester)	0011011110— 6	1010001011—5—11
Linfield	1001010101— 5	0001111010—5—10
K Hudson (Worcester)	0110011111— 7	0000101010—3—10
Franklin (Worcester)	0101110011— 6	1001010100—4—10
Gibson	0110001011— 5	1101110010—5—10
E F Swan (Worcester)	1010110010— 4	1100111001—6—10

The badge has been won as follows: H. W. Eager, C. M. Stark, and T. Strater, each three times; E. F. Cooper, of Exeter, N. H., M. D. Gilman and O. A. Dickey, each once. Under the conditions Eager, Stark and Strater will shoot 100 birds to decide the ownership of the badge. The remainder of yesterday was occupied in shooting 4 sweepstakes and 19 events, which aggregated about 400 entries.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 8.—A little windy but bright and pleasant was the time for the fourth weekly shoot for the R. I. K. C. champion cup at the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club. The shooting was excellent. Messrs. George W. Carey and C. M. Sheldon each scored a point for the cup:

C M Sheldon	445445—20	W H Sheldon	424244—20
G W Carey	554354—20	C C Gray	451344—19
P H Randall	344453—20	C B Payne	234225—18
E W Tinker	432534—21	George Greene	234144—18
W G Crandall	433343—20	C B Potter	445111—16

Then came the big race, 50 clay-pigeons, 18yds., for a purse of $10, divided into three moneys:

C M Sheldon	5445544554—45	E W Tinker	3545424434—38
P H Randall	5545555343—44	C C Gray	4543144234—33
G W Carey	5444545444—43	Geo Greene	2535333333—33
W H Sheldon	5433435544—40	C B Payne	4225233433—31

Sweepstakes match:

P H Randall	55455—24	W H Sheldon	54334—19
C M Sheldon	54455—23	Geo Greene	25354—18
G W Carey	54445—22	C C Gray	45431—17
E W Tinker	35454—21	C B Payne	42252—15

In the second 25-birds sweep the wind was blowing fresher and the scores were not so good:

C M Sheldon	44554—22	C C Gray	44224—16
W H Sheldon	35544—21	George Greene	33333—15
G W Carey	45444—21	C B Payne	33433—16
P H Randall	55343—20	E Wilkinson	23232—12
E W Tinker	24434—17	F J Phillips	13222—11

A 30 blue rock sweep proved interesting, and was won by Carey and C. M. Sheldon, who divided first, Randall taking second, E. W. Tinker third, while W. G. Crandall and W. H. Sheldon divided divided fourth. Short sweeps were then begun.

TORONTO, Ont., April 8.—The West End Gun and Dog Sports Club held their annual Good Friday sports to-day at D. Blea's place, West Toronto Junction, under the happiest auspices, the attendance being great, the day bright, the number of competitors large, the interest great and the shooting good. Two prizes were given in each class. Each competitor shot at 15 birds, 5 live pigeons and 10 Peoria blackbirds. For the pigeons H and T ground traps were used at 25yds. rise and 100yds. boundary. For the blackbirds there were three screened traps at 18yds. rise. Following are the scores:

First Class.

J Bailey	111011111110111—13	E Brown	011111110010111—11
P Wakefield	111001111011111—12	D Blea	101011100101101— 9
E Dollery	100111111110110—11	R Wilson	110000100011111— 0

Second Class.

T Boswell	010111011100000— 8	G Spiller	010000101011010— 6
B W Clarke	100010001101101— 7	C Hill	001000001001111— 6
Wharrington	001110101001001— 7	A W Duncan	000111000011001— 6
H Derry	000110005101011— 6		

Clarke and Harrington shot off the tie for second place, the latter winning.

Third Class.

F Habart	100011011100000— 8	A Lynch	100000011100011— 6
D Beatty	000010111111100— 8	Gorman	010010001001000— 4
H G Jackson	000101011111011— 8	C Gentleman	000000010000100— 2
W Milling	010000111010011— 7	G Gentleman	000090000000100— 1
Saunders	001000161111110— 7		

The first three shot off ties, winning in the order given.

WINCHENDON, Mass., April 8.—The Winchendon Gun Club have elected the following officers: President, James Sutherland, Jr.; Vice-President, H. J. Lawrence; Secretary and Treasurer, Elisha M. Whitney. Directors, P. S. Davis, C. T. Houghton, H. J. Lawrence, T. E. Mann, and F. F. Hopgood. A badge is to be offered for the best score made during the season. It is to remain the property of the club and to be contested for yearly.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7.—The second of the series of shoots between, John Brewer of Philadelphia, and William Graham, of London, England, at 100 birds each for $250 a side took place today at Point Breeze. The attendance was a very large one, and although rumors were afloat that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would endeavor to stop the shoot, yet the affair was not interrupted. The wind blew across the track, which favored the right quartering birds, and these were a very good lot. Both men shot remarkably well, but Graham had decidedly the worst of the luck, although he shot in good form, killing 26 straight birds, but the Quaker City representative on his own ground eventually beat him by three birds. A fine lot of birds were provided by J. Frank Kleinz, the handler of Brewer, and as the latter was in so much better physical condition than in the first match, he proved the victor by a score of 92 to 89. It was a capital shoot throughout, and was witnessedby about a thousand people. There was but very little betting done, the Philadelphians being doubtful as to the condition of Brewer. The match was shot under Hurlingham rules, thirty yards rise, five traps and eighty yards boundary. Graham won the toss, but his first bird, a fast quarterer, was missed. Brewer made his first miss on the seventh bird, a strong driver, and he also lost the ninth, but after that he made seventeen consecutive kills. Graham missed his third and eleventh birds, but he captured fourteen in succession, leaving the score at the twenty-fifth bird but one in favor of Brewer. Both men appeared in good form but Brewer maintained the lead until the forty-sixth bird, when Graham passed him, and when the fiftieth bird had been shot at Graham had two birds the advantage. A short intermission followed. When the shooting was resumed Graham missed his sixtieth and sixty-seventh birds, and when seventy-two had been shot at Brewer led by a bird. The latter was doing some fine execution, and bringing down forty-eight out of the last 50, won one of the finest pigeon shooting contests e er seen in the Quaker City. A third match to settle the question of superiority was talked of, but nothing was settled upon. Brewer said he was anxious to shoot Graham again, but he would not meet him on the latter's own grounds. He credited Graham with being the best shot he ever met.

Score of the shoot.

Brewer...21112, 10110, 12212, 11121, 11121, 12021, 10211, 11112, 12101, 02212, 22011, 12122, 11211, 21222, 21212, 21101, 21121, 12221, 12121, 12111; killed, 92.	Graham...02011, 12211, 01121, 11211, 21221, 02121, 21202, 11112, 11111, 22211, 12112, 11110, 22111, 20112, 10111, 11122, 10122, 12111, 20022, 21111; killed, 89.

Time of shot, 2 hours, 21 minutes. Referee, Mr. F. Quinlan, of Newark. Figure 2, second barrel. Graham—Right quarterers, 37; left quarterers, 21; drivers, 31; incomers, 0; towerers, 2; use of second barrel, 41 times; greatest break 27. Brewer—Right quarterers, 39; left quarterers, 23; drivers, 30; incomers, 8; use of second barrel, 43 times; greatest break, 25; fell dead out of bounds, 1. Graham used a 12-bore bun, weight 7lbs. 13 oz.; cartridges, 3¼ drachms of powder, 1⅛ oz. shot. Brewer shot a 12-bore gun, weight 7¼lbs.; cartridges, 3½ drachms of powder, 1⅛ oz. shot.

MERIDEN, Conn., April 8.—The Parker Gun Club's Fast day shoot was held to-day; the day was fine, no wind blowing until late in the afternoon. There were nearly fifty shooters present from different clubs in the State, and about 200 spectators, among them a number of ladies. American clay birds, 3 traps, 5yds. rise, 3 angles, except straightways, which was at 21yds. Following are the scores:

Five birds at 18yds.—A. Trager 5, Waite 2, R. Penn 4, Widman 3, Geo. Saunders 4, N. D. Folsom 3, F. Clark 4, A. Ives 2, F. G. Potter 2, Higby 0, Alber 3, E. Avery 2, Reynolds 1, E. A. Folsom 4, F. Brown 3, S. F. Hendre 2, J. Baker 3, A. Stokes 2, C. Bristol 4, Viberts 2, C. Burnham 3, H. Burnham 3, Melrose 4, S. Beers 1, M. Cook 3, Hansom 4, J. F. Ives 4, A. W. Adams 4, H. Venter 4, Ensign 2, Carey 1, C. Longdon 3.

Six birds, 18yds.—Trager 5, Wate 3, Penn 3, Widman 3, Saunders 2, N. D. Folsom 5, Clark 3, Potter 5, Higby 1, Alber 5, E. A. Folsom 5, Brown 4, Hendree 4, Dickinson 1, Bristol 4, Viharts 5, Burnham 5, Melrose 2, T. Burs 5, Cook 1, Hansom 5, J. F. Ives 6, Adams 6, Venter 5, Ensign 4, Carey 3, Longdon 5, L. Gaines 3, Foley 4, A. Merriman 6, Soper 4, Mirriman Ives 6. Ties divided.

Five birds, 3 angles, 18yds.—Trager 5, Waite 4, Penn 4, Widman 1, Saunders 8, N. D. Folsom 3, Clark 4, A. Ives 3, Potter 4, Higby 0, Alber 5, E. A. Folsom 3, Brown 3, Hendree 5, Baker 3, Bristol 2, Viberts 3, C. Burnham 3, H. Burnham 2, Melrose 5, T. Beers 4, Cook 5, Hansom 4, J. F. Ives 4, Adams 4, Vinter 4, Ensign 0, Carey 2, Longdon 3, Gaines 5, Merriman 1, Soper 4, Holister 3, G. L. Strong 1.

Six birds, straightaway, 21yds.—Bristol 5, E. A. Folsom 4, Melrose 4, N. D. Folsom 5, Clark 5, Ives 5, Brown 3, Hendree 4, Gaines 4, Viberts 6, Merriman 3, Longdon 5, Alber 3, Saunders 4, T. Beers 5, Cook 6, Nichols 4, C. Beers 5, Touney 3, Hubbard 3, Hansom 5, Widman 2, Trager 5, Venter 3, Potter 4, Adams 4, Penn 4, E. Booth 3, Strong 1, Birdsey 2. Ties divided.

5th match—Saunders first, Clark second, Bristol and Folsom third, E. A. Folson fourth.

6th match—Botler first, Nichols second, Vibarts third, Tousey and Gaines fourth.

7th match—Penn and Hendree first, Beers and Folsom second, Venter and Vibart third, Bristol fourth.

8th match—Vibarts first, Longdon, Alber, Clark and Bristol second; C. Beers, E. Folsom and Hendree third; Hubbard fourth.

9th match—Nichols and Gaines first; Widman, Hansom and Venter second; Penn and Avery third.

10th match—Nichols first, Venter second, Gaines third.

11th match—Trager first, Longdon second, Stokes third.

HAMILTON, April 8.—In a shooting tournament here to-day under the auspices of the Wildfowler's Gun Club, a match for a divided stake of $50 was got off. The conditions were 15 Hamilton blackbirds each at 18yds. rise. The first prize of $20 was taken by Wayper, of Guelph, and the second, third and fourth prizes were divided by J. Cline, Griffith and R. Stroud, who made scores of 11 each.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., April 6.—Monthly shoot at Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

W A Day	0000000101—2	Sherman	1000001100—3
W H Ferris	1101000111—6	Farrand	0001110001—4
W Phillips	1010010011—5	Geo Ferris	0000000001—1
Geo Mayhew	0000100100—2		

TEXAS TOURNAMENT.—The five days tournament at Gainesville, Texas, is full of promise. The Gainesville Gun Club members anticipate a big time. They will have a prize list valued at $4,000. The traps are to be worked by electricity, and every man is expected to shoot like lightning. Of the grounds and the event itself they say: "The use of the driving park was donated by our big-hearted fellow citizen, Major Cairnes, of the Red River National Bank. The grounds are beautifully located, perfectly level, and are about one mile square, without any obstruction, giving a charming background of green grass and flowers to shoot against, and it is the intention of the managers to make this tournament so pleasant and comfortable that it will bring together the giants of the trap from all over the United States, and shall be known as the Monte Carlo of this country." Address Gainesville Gun Club, P. O. Box B.

WELLINGTON, April 7.—The northwest wind to-day made it difficult to make good scores. Three score of shooters were present. The first prize winners were: 6 blackbirds, McCoy; miss and out, Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Forrest, Sanborn and Nichols; miss and out, Perry and Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Steele and Plympton; 6 blackbirds, Bradstreet; 6 pigeons, Gerry, Sanborn and Bradstreet; 6 pigeons, Clark; miss and out, Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Lewis and Sanborn; 6 blackbirds, Gerry and Sanborn; 6 pigeons, Forrest and Steele; 6 blackbirds, Clark, Evans and Steele; miss and out, Sanborn; 6 blackbirds, Clark, Steele and Evans; 6 pigeons, Nichols; 6 tin birds, Richards; 6 pigeons, Steele; 6 blackbirds, Gerry; 6 pigeons, Nichols and Gerry; 6 pigeons, Gerry; 6 blackbirds, Gerry, Sanders and Renaud; 6 pigeons, Steele and Gerry; 6 blackbirds, Steele and Sanborn; 5 pigeons, straightaway, Gerry; 5 pigeons, straightaway, Sanborn; 6 blackbirds, Gerry and Sanborn; 6 pigeons, purse taken by Gerry; 6 pigeons, Nichols, 6 blackbirds, Gerry; 3 pigeons, Atkinson.

ST. GABRIEL ROD AND GUN CLUB, Montreal, Can.—The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, A. W. McLis. re-elected; Vice-President, C. H. Wallace; Treasurer, J. McNab; Secretary, W. McCaw; Committee, A. H. C. Walpole, John Ryan, F. Sly. Mr. Morris presented the club with a very handsome silver cup for the best average score for the past season. It was won by Mr. A. H. C. Walpole, who certainly deserved it, not only for being the best shot in the club, but for not having missed a single meeting or practice during 1886. Mr. Morris has kindly promised another cup, to be competed for this year.

WELLINGTON, April 9.—The shoot to-day was attended by several whose faces have been missed for months, some of whom got in at the stakes. The score: 1. Six blackbirds—Swift and Evans first. 2. Six tin birds—Stanton and Swift first. 3. Six pigeons—Swift and Stanton first. 4. Six blackbirds—Swift and Stanton first. 5. Six pigeons—Gerry and Swift first. 6. Six blackbirds—Stanton first. 7. Ten pigeons—Schaefer first. 8. Six tin birds—Gerry first. 9. Six pigeons—Stanton first. 10. Six blackbirds—Gerry and Stanton first. 11. Six blackbirds—Snow and Stanton first. 12. Six pigeons—Stanton and Swift first. 13. Miss and out—Swift and Stanton first.

BROOKLYN, April 6.—The regular shoot of the Fountain Gun Club, at Parkville, L. I., to-day, was remarkable for the fine quality of the birds. They were veritable flyers, and a good cross wind helped them considerably to get away. The first prize and a special prize given by C. W. Wingert was won by L. Davenport, 29yds., he killing 7 straight. Dr. Wynn, 30yds., and W. Hunter, 23yds., each killed 6 out of 7, and in the shoot off Dr. Wynn killed 5 more and won it. C. Fisher, 30yds., took third prize with a score of 5 out of 7 killed. Several sweepstakes were shot afterward, in which Jones, Fisher and Davenport were the winners. Jones's score for the day was very good. He killed 16 birds straight—all he shot at.

THE DORCHESTER SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, formed several years ago, was recently reorganized, and will hereafter be known as the Dorchester Gun Club (limited). Officers: President, D. F. Eddy; secretary, P. J. Andrews. Committee, F. H. Carter, L. Eddy, C. P. Grant, F. H. Perrin, M. H. Robinson. The first shoot of the season took place on the club grounds at North Quincy, April 17, sixteen members participating.—P. J. ANDREWS, Sec.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual. Staten Island.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lochine.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

A CRUISE OF THE WASHINGTON C. C.

PART II.

WEDNESDAY, May 5, 1886.—Before sunrise the camp was astir, and while the skipper and crew of the Iola took their morning dip, with the calisthenic performance thrown in as a prelude, and the "boys" greeted old Sol's appearance with a salute from their small battery, the Commodore and Corporal Hatch prepared breakfast, and the skipper of the Iola busied himself about his boat. For breakfast we had shad roe in addition to the usual bill of fare, and to its discussion the whole party brought a rousing appetite.

After breakfast we found that the wind was blowing a gale too strong to offer any encouragement to the canoeists to venture out, and an hour or two was spent in loafing about the camp, which looked really picturesque in the early morning sunlight.

At about 9 o'clock it was decided to make a start and to endeavor to reach Indian Head. Camp was speedily broken and the fleet started, Petrel leading, followed by Iola, Meteor and Mermaid bringing up the rear. As usual the latter soon got ahead of the others, and then Meteor crept up on Iola, and after sailing with her on three or four tacks, forged ahead, leaving the beauty to take her regular place, where she commanded a view of the maneuvers of the rest of the fleet.

It was exciting sailing from the start. The wind blowing half a gale and the whitecaps rolling in from seaward and breaking over the bows of the vessels. Several schooners bound upward sailing under reefed canvas, one passed, and a couple of sound boats, laboring heavily along, each propelled by thirty or forty stalwart negro oarsmen, and vividly recalling the "galleys" of old Egyptian pictures, were sailing by. The wind freshened until it raised a heavy sea, and prudence dictated putting in to shore. All got in in reasonably good time but the unhappy Iola, which was caught in a tremendous sea crossing to Indian Head on the last tack. From the shore it seemed as if she could not live it out. Now she would be raised on the crest of a sea, and then she would plunge into the trough and be almost hidden from view. To the two persons on board it was just exciting enough to keep the nerves at a pleasurable tension. True, the crew unbuttoned and took off his shoes and stockings, and got ready for the swim that seemed inevitable, but he afterward declared that he had thoroughly enjoyed it all. It certainly put no damper on his enjoyment of the occasion to reach the shore. Iola had to be again bailed out, and the delighted crew, wet to the skin, had to be again dried before he was in condition to do any further work.

Then followed a pleasant paddle down the shore, one of the most picturesque stretches on the river, where the solitude was unbroken, save at one or two fishing stations, except by the singing of the birds and the gentle rustling of the leaves stirred by the breeze from the river. Just as we were about to round the long, sandy peninsula that forms the northern jaw of Mattawoman Creek, there suddenly appeared, outlined in bold relief against the sky, on the very extremity of the point, a denizen of the locality, a razor-backed hog, who looked as though he had made a "hazel-split" in Missouri and come over to project himself before the eye of the skipper of the Iola to keep him from getting homesick. The latter wanted to go ashore at once and make camp, and only the fact that the crew was paddling on the port side kept the boat from going ashore.

However, we rounded into Mattawoman Creek under a stiff breeze, and after a hard struggle against wind, tide and current worked our way for a mile or so up the creek and around a point into a pretty landlocked bay, where we ran the boats ashore. Lunch was prepared and eaten with a relish. It consisted of fried bacon, hardtack, fried eggs, potatoes, pilot bread with cheese, and oranges by way of dessert, the whole topped off with coffee.

Just as we were finishing the meal, the steamer Mattano came in sight, bound to a landing further up the creek. In a moment it was determined to send word to the families in Washington, and the Commodore, with his usual good nature and thoughtfulness for our comfort, volunteered to catch the steamer before she left. He had a mile and a half to run, with a fair wind up the stream. The steamer had reached the landing before he was ready to start. Then followed one of the most exciting races the narrator of this has ever witnessed—a race against time. The Meteor spread her broad wings and fairly flew before the wind. As we watched her from the shore it seemed as if she must undoubtedly go over. But the Commodore gallantly held her on her course, though the Corporal was obliged to lie out over the windward gunwale, and two or three times the Commodore was compelled to let her fall off to keep from driving her under water. It was a short race, for in twelve minutes by the watch, the canoe had covered the distance and rounded to on the other side of the steamer and put the messages on board.

Before the return of the Meteor the sky became overcast off to the north, and the low muttering of thunder gave warning of the approach of a storm. The camp had been made on a long narrow peninsula which offered no shelter in case of a storm, so we hastily determined to run for the main shore. In very short order the two canoes were stowed with their cargo, and in a few minutes we were on the opposite shore. Here was found what promised to be a charming camp. A broad ravine in the midst of a pine forest, sheltered from the wind on three sides. The ground was perfectly dry and carpeted with pine needles which gave forth an aromatic odor as the boys tramped about. Surely we could not be much better placed. But alas for the short-sightedness of amateurs! However, I will not anticipate.

The Meteor had followed us from the other shore, and the Mermaid also found us out, while the Commodore and his crew and the "boys" attended to the setting of the tents and making camp, the skipper and crew of the Iola started off in search of fresh water. It was a long search, and, as far as a supply for the camp was concerned, a bootless one. The searchers beat the forest back and forth, but not a drop of water could be found. The forest was as dry as if spring and never existed and rains were unknown. At last, following a hog path through the timber, the scouts struck an old wagon-road, apparently long unused, that led into the forest and which it was thought would bring them to a farmhouse. For a mile this road was followed through the thick woods, in whose depths lingered a perpetual twilight, the water-seekers marking the way as they went so as to avoid losing it on their return, and at length they debouched on a clearing of a few acres, in the center of which stood a dilapidated farmhouse. Approaching this house they inquired of two women who were apparently the only occupants, whether there was water in the vicinity, and were directed to a spring a sixteenth of a mile further on. A beautiful spring it was, too, gurgling out of the base of a hill in a small gully, the sides of which were lined with some magnificent oaks, and how refreshing were the deep draughts of the cool water, drunk from a gourd found placed by the spring. They thought of the party in camp and would have liked to bring them a canful, but that was out of the question, so another visit was made to the farmhouse and a bucketful of sweet milk purchased, with which they wended their way back to camp. It proved a precious boon to the rest of the party, and was drunk in silence, and standing, so as to do it proper honor.

By this time it had dawned upon us all that our seeming paradise was anything but a pleasant camp. The dry pine knob on which we had set our tents was surrounded by swampy ground, there was no potable water to be had in the vicinity, and last, but most conclusive of all reasons, the intrusive wood-tick was found to have already pre-empted the claim, and was in actual and multitudinous possession. That settled it. We might have risked the malarial air from the swamp, might have been content to paddle out to midstream to fill our camp kettles, but to share our quarters with the wood-tick—never! True, we were all tired, the Vice-Commodore especially, and the nearest good camping ground, Chickamuxon Creek, was three or four miles distant (paddling distance at that), but never wavered after the wood-tick had served notice of ejectment upon us. Tents were again pulled up, dunnage once more stowed, and the fleet again put out and headed for the main river. This was reached after an easy paddle just as the sun went down, a glowing ball of fire in the west, and then in the fast gathering twilight we headed our course for Stump Neck. At dark we reached the peninsula dignified with that classical appellation and paddled "its slow length along" with dogged pertinacity. As far as we were able to judge Mr. Stump, in life, was a long-throated creature, for night had fallen when we rounded the northern jaw of the mouth of Chickamuxon Creek, and glided like shadows into the stream. A hundred yards up the creek we ceased paddling and hauled the boats up on the bee line. A dry camping place was selected in the center of a clump of willows and the scenes of other nights of the cruise re-enacted. Just as supper was ready it began to rain, and a hasty adjournment was taken to the large tent, in which the meal was eaten, in crowded quarters to be sure, but with good humor that enlivened the party as champagne at feast. The bill of fare was: Fried bacon, pilot bread, fried hard-tack, hard boiled eggs, raisin bread, currant jelly, tea. It was the turn of the skipper of the Iola to wash the dishes, and while he sat at work out in the rain, clad in his "oilers," others of us lay stretched at ease in the carpeted tent, facing the fire, and chatted and smoked till the rain ceased. Then a big fire was built up for the night and the party went to bed.

Camp Linton, May 6, 1886.—The camp was early astir on the following morning. The swimmer corps of the Iola was reinforced by the crew of the Petrel and the Commodore acted as chief cook in preparing breakfast. He tried his 'prentice hand at corn bread, and only the fear of a general court martial restrained the expression of the unanimous verdict of the fleet on that corn bread. However, his intentions were good, as they always are. Our menu was: Fried ham and eggs, cornbread (so called), hard tack and cheese, coffee.

After breakfast Corporal Hatch took the Petrel and paddled across the creek to visit some friends living on a farm near by; the Commodore and the crew of the Iola in the Meteor, the Vice-Commodore in the Mermaid, sailed over to Quantico to inquire for mail matter at the post office there, where we had directed our friends to write us if any reason existed for our return and also to replenish our dwindling stock of provisions; and the skipper of the Iola with the crew of the Petrel in the Iola paddled back to Mattawoman Creek in search of an overcoat accidentally left behind in our hasty departure the day before.

Thus the morning was spent. All parties got back safely to camp, which had been left in charge of the skipper of the Petrel, and all had been successful in their respective missions. The craft that sailed to Quantico, however, had a narrow escape from being caught out in a terrific wind and hail storm that came sweeping down the river as they crossed over to camp. Few grander sights than the coming up of this storm had ever been witnessed by the party, and to them this spectacle was fraught with the interest that attaches to attendant peril. It came up suddenly, raged with great violence for ten minutes, the wind, rain and hail lashing the waters into fury and stripping the trees of young twigs and then passed over, leaving the sun shining brightly as before. The canoeists had hardly time to make the creek and this only after a desperate spurt of paddling and to haul their boats up on the beach, when the storm struck them in all its fury. They took refuge in the woods and warded off the hailstones, which rattled down as big as marbles, by stretching the dandy of one of the canoes from bough to bough above their heads. When the storm ceased they crossed over to camp.

All were in humor for dinner as soon as it was prepared. The skipper of the Petrel gave us a new dish—maccaroni and cheese, added to the usual dinner bill of fare. After dinner the time was spent lounging about the camp, smoking and chatting, rain having set in steadily. Late in the afternoon, the sun having come out again, the Commodore and the crew of the Iola spent a couple of hours fishing up the creek. The fish caught were few in number, half a dozen small perch, but the scene up the creek, in the quiet of the sunset, was worth the labor of reaching it. As the fishermen paddled down the creek, the light of the camp-fire was seen glimmering through the trees, and supper was found ready when they reached the camp. Bill of fare for supper: Fried ham and eggs, boiled potatoes (jacketed), hard tack, corn bread, currant jelly and tea.

After supper some of the party went to Mr. Linton's farm across the creek and spent a pleasant evening, with music, singing, etc. Then back to camp and a good night's rest to be ready for an early start for home in the morning.

Homeward bound, Friday, May 7, 1886.—A raw, cloudy morning, with every prospect of a northeaster. A hurried meal was prepared and eaten and a hasty departure followed. Before starting, however, the crew of the Iola determined that the blame for future bad weather should not rest with him, deliberately offered up his meerschaum pipe as a sacrifice on the altar of superstition. The grand character of the sacrifice will be appreciated when it is stated that he had another and better pipe stowed away in his dunnage. However, the albatross pipe was safely and slyly deposited among the branches of a tree near the camp, and the Iola sailed away without it.

Alas for human calculations! Whether it was that this was not the Jonah, or that the influence of the action of another member of the party (to be explained later on) was potent for ill, the abandonment of the pipe did not bring luck to the fleet. Hardly had the canoes got well out in the river than the rain began to come down again—steady drenching rain, from a dull, leaden sky—rain that soaked through the clothing even of those who wore oilskins, filled the cockpits of the canoes ankle deep, and loaded the sails until they hung like sheet lead from the spars, and maneuvering the canoes became quite difficult as well as dangerous. Fortunately there was wind with the rain and the canoes kept on their course, although it was a steady beat against a head wind, with a strong outflowing tide and a heavy sea. The Iola sailed pretty well but not as well as the others. She made two tremendously long tacks to port, each of an hour's length, and might have repeated the feat of the tortoise on the straight road had she not in the effort to weather a point, run too far into Occoquan Bay, out of which she found it almost impossible to beat, and thus lost nearly an hour's time. During her desperate struggles to beat out against the head wind and the heavy sea and tide, she was passed by all the other craft, and all of them got a good lead of her.

Our objective point was Camp Silsbee, where we hoped to lunch and camp until the storm was over. Several times during our beat to that point the canoeists lost sight of each other, the rain came down so thick and heavy that it veiled objects at a distance of twenty yards. For six hours the canoes held on their course in this miserable weather. Most of them thought they enjoyed it. Perhaps they did, but there were few expressions of this kind heard until the next day, when perhaps, in recalling all the circumstances, this little spell of weather may have seemed enjoyable by comparison with what followed. I must not anticipate, however. The historian of the cruise, being aboard of the Iola, had an excellent opportunity to follow the course of the other canoes, when the rain let up sufficiently for him to see across the river. On one of these occasions it was found that the Meteor had put in to Clymont. The Commodore, it was afterward learned, thought that the other canoes would follow him in this move, but they failed to understand his motive and continued to head for Camp Silsbee.

This was reached about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The Petrel and the Mermaid got in ahead of the others, followed by the Iola, later on by the Meteor, which crossed over from Clymont when the Commodore saw that we had not understood his wish that we put in there. As Corporal Hatch hauled the boat ashore he reached into the cockpit and fished out something which he held aloft as he shouted, "Say, B., you forgot this when you left camp." The crew of the Iola turned to look. Heavens! it was—the pipe! the albatross. Had there been annihilation in a look, Corporal Hatch would have fallen in his tracks as the skipper and crew of the Iola recognized the pipe. As it was, he was permitted to wade ashore without a helping hand, and the canoeists of the Iola retired in disgust. The Corporal, on the breaking of camp, being the last man to leave, searched for anything left behind, and finding the pipe, brought it along. Of course he was held responsible for the bad weather that followed when the Meteor with the pipe aboard put out from Camp Linton. In disgust he threw the pipe into the woods on the edge of the camp.

After the Meteor got in we began making camp, which was no easy job in the rain. The small tent of the Patrol was already staked and preparations were at once made to build a fire. As the ground, and of course all the driftwood, had been rained upon for half a day, getting up a fire was no easy matter. However, a couple of good sized logs of driftwood were rolled into the tent and with a sharp hatchet the wet outside was chopped off. Then from the dry heart of the log sufficient chips were cut to start a small blaze in the center of the tent. By vigorous fanning and the addition now and then of more chips, live coals were obtained, and on these small twigs and sticks of wet driftwood were placed, which, after much simmering and smoking, were finally coaxed to burn. Then the tent was taken down and set up some distance off, logs and other drift gathered and piled on the fire, which soon roared out with a very comforting sound. Some of the party were detailed to keep it going, and others set to work to build a shelter house, or "shack," as one razor-back from Missouri called it. A corps of hatcheteers went out in the woods and cut down saplings with which the frame work of the "shack" was constructed. Others cut young branches with which to thatch the hut. We built it about the fire. Six saplings sharpened at one end and left forked at the other were driven in the ground for the upright supports, three of them being made shorter than the others so as to give a slope to the roof. Four young trees, stripped of their branches and laid in the forks of the uprights, formed the horizontal supports of the roof, and across these were stretched branches with the leaves on them, and over them smaller branches were piled until the roof was fairly thatched. The windward side of the hut was walled up with boughs in the same way, and then the mainsails of the canoes were drawn about the windward wall and across the roof, and more branches piled on so as to keep out much of the rain and wind.

All this time the rain kept pouring down steadily, and the canoeists could certainly be considered in a "demnition moist" condition. But we got the shelter house up, and the Commodore erected his tent, while the skipper of the Iola built another fire in a sheltered spot at which to dry some of our blankets and clothing.

A decent lunch was out of the question until we were dried, and as we never got dry at Camp Silsbee, it follows we did not get a decent meal there. However, we got something to eat after the shack was put up, and some hot coffee, and spent the rest of the afternoon drying our clothing.

The rain ceased to pour down and a strong northwest gale blew steadily, lashing the river into fury and threatening every moment to blow down our shelter or to scatter our fires. It was a time to try the mettle of the canoeists, but all seemed to be equal to the test. Due regard to truth, however, compels the writer of this log to say that a much more wretched looking lot of people he has seldom seen grouped together, than the seven canoeists who about 8 o'clock in the evening gathered under the shelter-house to eat supper. Squatted in uncomfortable positions around the fire, with one side scorching and the other chilled by the rain and wind which the sides of the shack failed to wholly keep out; blinded by the smoke from the fire, compelled to shift every moment to dodge the stream of water that every now and again trickled through the roof, their lot at this particular time could not be called happy. But not a word of complaint was heard, not even when the wind, blowing under the sides of the hut, would raise a cloud of ashes and smoke that filled the tent and half-blinded the party, and a good share of which ashes was deposited on the plates from which they were eating. "Ashes are good for digestion," was the consolation received by any one who objected to the gritty deposit he found on his grub, after he had wiped the tears from his eyes, and coughed away the smoke that had all but strangled him.

The storm increased in violence as the night came on, and heavy peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning accompanied the roaring of the wind and the steady downpour of rain. Everything afloat seemed to have sought shelter from the storm except the Norfolk steamer, which passed our camp about 10 o'clock in the evening bound down. From our point of view she seemed to be laboring heavily as she steamed along, her lights only being visible to us, save when a flash of lightning pierced the gloom.

Owing to the violence of the storm it was deemed judicious to set a watch about the camp to look after the boats and tents and keep up the fire. The skipper and crew of the Iola took the first watch from 10 to 12 P. M., the Commodore and his crew were assigned to the next "trick," and the Vice-Commodore and the crew of the Petrel to the early morning watch. Now the storm raged up to midnight. The wind seemed to blow from all points of the compass and the rain came down in torrents. Peal after peal of thunder crashed over our heads and the lightning flashed in broad sheets of flame across the sky. At intervals through the night the watch took lanterns and visited the boats to see if they were safe, and also visited the tents, where the tired canoeists slept as if rain and wind and thunder and lightning were unknown. Under the shelter-house a good fire was kept going, and the watch sat and smoked and talked of the weather.

At midnight, following a terrific clap of thunder, the wind died out as suddenly as if a draft had been shut out by closing a door or window. The calm that followed was remarkable. Even the thunder ceased only to mutter in the distance, and the rain almost entirely ceased. This lasted half an hour and then the rain began to come down again and continued all through the night.

Camp Silsbee—Saturday, May 8, 1886.—When morning came the river presented such an angry appearance that it was at once concluded that there was no further progress to be made that day. It had been proposed, if the storm did not abate, to endeavor to cross to Glymont, and there putting our canoes aboard the steamer run up to the city as we had promised to be home by evening. This was now seen to be impossible, and after a council of war, it was determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible and trust to some favorable opportunity to get word home.

After a good deal of tramping around in the rain, across swamps and plowed fields, we hit upon three different schemes to get word home. The skipper of the Iola chartered a scine boat at a fishing camp near by, and helped to row her out in the river as the steamer Corcoran passed on her up trip, and hailing that vessel in midstream, tried to throw a package of letters aboard. The rocking of the boat in the heavy sea confused his aim, the package fell short, and in a moment was churning under the wheels of that steamer, and, of course, was lost. The steamer sailed on, and after some desperate hard rowing the skipper of the Iola managed to get ashore, much chagrined at his failure. Meantime, in anticipation of this result, the Commodore, with duplicates of the letters thus lost, had made a trip up the shore two miles to a landing at which the steamer sometimes stopped, and there intercepted her and put the letters aboard. In addition to this the crew of the Iola hunted up a fishing camp near at hand and there found two men who were going to Occoquan that afternoon, they consented for a trifle to carry some telegrams to the office at that point.

The successful conclusion of this business enlivened the whole camp. In the meantime the proprietor of an abandoned ducking club house a half mile beyond our camp, had placed it at our disposal for quarters for the night, and as the storm held out no prospect of abating, we accepted his invitation, although we had made considerable progress in the erection of a new, larger, and better shelter in the cutting down of material for which the axmen of the party had labored for a couple of hours.

This work was, however, now abandoned, and as it was deemed unwise to venture out any distance in the canoes, they were strung together by a tow line, and with one man in each to pole it along and two others on the shore dragging a line attached to the forward canoe, we managed to portage our belongings from the camp to the club house. Our wet clothing and camp equipage were hung out to dry, and a hearty meal was prepared and eaten with a relish; the boys took their pipes and the old salt of the Mermaid pulled out a mouth organ, on which he played for an hour or two, and with that music, singing, dancing and story-telling, the evening passed rapidly. About midnight all turned in. More than one of the party would rather have camped out in the open air, but for several reasons that was out of the question.

May 9, 1886.—Sunday morning dawned bright and fair and an early start was made to get breakfast and be off to take advantage of the fair wind and tide. After breakfast and after the Commodore had extended to the owner of the club house the thanks of the party for his courtesy, the fleet again put off from the shore. It was about 7 o'clock when we got off, the Petrel leading by about half a mile, followed by the Iola with the Meteor and Mermaid a quarter of a mile behind that craft.

We had a fair wind up the river as far as Fort Washington, when the wind gradually fell off and about the same time the tide turned and ran out. The river, swollen by the heavy rains, was running in a regular freshet, and after the wind died out the prospects for our getting home by evening began to look blue.

For an hour or more after passing Fort Washington we paddled on close together, taking it very easy and then ran over to a creek and had lunch. It was the last camp-fire on the cruise we built, and harbored the thought with regret, for in spite of the baffling winds and disagreeable weather we had all enjoyed it to the full. But all things must come to an end, canoe cruising as well as others and thus philosophising we ate our last outdoor meal together with hearty appetites and prepared for the long twelve-mile paddle against the freshet that was before us.

At 1 o'clock we got under way, having taken and stored our sails, and hugging the shore to avoid the worst of the current we buckled down to work, the Commodore's craft taking the lead. All went well until we reached a point just below the Long Bridge where, in order to avoid the current which was running out with resistless force, we tried to cross the swash channel through a jutting point of land. We found there was not water enough in it to float all the loaded canoes, especially the one with the heavy centerboard. While one of the other canoes in the rear was struggling with this obstacle, we heard the "whoop-pee" of the Commodore in front, and hailing him we soon came up and he told us that it was impossible to get through the bridge owing to the force of the current. He informed us that he had tried it with the Meteor and had barely escaped an upset. After some conference it was decided to tow the centerboard boat around the point, and this was safely accomplished by the Commodore and the skipper of the Mermaid. The Petrel paddled through the channel and the skipper of the Iola took a tow-line from that craft while his crew poled her along, and thus tugging and pulling she was also got through. Then hugging the shore closely we worked our way to Long Bridge, where we found the Corporal in charge of the Meteor. Drawing the canoes up on the shore, a council of war was held.

It was certainly aggravating to be stopped at this stage of our homeward journey. The lights of the city glimmered through the darkness and the boat house was just beyond them, but further progress seemed for a time impossible. The novice lit his pipe and walked up to the arch of the bridge. The water fairly boiled between the piers with a roar like that of a cataract. No boat could make headway against such a current. To cross to the other side was clearly impossible. Returning to his companions he found them discussing the advisability of leaving the canoes in charge of a boat-keeper near the bridge until morning and making for home on foot. This proposition received a hasty negative, as did another one for the party to break up here, half to stay and take care of the boats until morning and the others to go home.

Finally, after careful examination of the surroundings, as far as it was possible in the darkness, it was decided to portage the canoes around the abutment of the bridge (a distance of several hundred feet) and drop them in on the other side and then endeavor to paddle up to a point opposite our boat house and try to cross there.

Tired as we all were, this portage of the heavily loaded boats was no easy task. However, we set about it with a will. Masts were unshipped from the four canoes, part of the baggage taken out, and then the canoes were lifted up, one after another, and carried to the other side of the bridge. It was difficult work. First, we had to climb the very steep bank of the river, then walk about twenty yards across a level railroad yard, steering our tortuous course between piles of lumber and railroad ties. Then up a steep embankment, lifting the boats up on the station platform, across this and down a similar steep embankment on the other side, then across a mud road leading from the river, and then for the second time through the mud to the edge of the river bank again. Such a portage of the heavily laden canoes was severe work, though we had six men to lift each boat.

However, all arduous tasks must end some time, and in about half an hour all four boats were ready to be launched on the upper side of the bridge. The word was given by the Commodore, and in they went, and then began an exciting race up the river.

The danger before us was in letting the boats get too far from the shore. Once caught in the terrible current that swept past us and destruction was certain. With nerves at a tension and straining every muscle, as we plied the paddles, we gradually worked up the stream. Neither moon nor stars were to be seen and the darkness made our task more difficult while it added to the danger. At the suggestion of the Commodore we kept close together for mutual assistance in case of accident, for the night was so dark that it was almost impossible to see each other. We moved on in single file, and only the nearest boat was visible to the occupant of any other. At times all the others would be hidden in the darkness from the occupants of any individual boat. We literally felt our way along. Now and then the gloom lifted a little and we got a glimpse of the surrounding, but most of the time we could see little more than the outline of the river bank.

About a mile above the bridge, at a suggestion of the crew of the Petrel, who were most familiar with the river, we entered Little River, which is simply an arm of the Potomac that reaches round between a low flat island and the Virginia shore. We hoped to find the current less strong and we were not dissappointed, fortunately for us, for it would have been impossible to have made any further headway in the main river, the current seemingly flowing much stronger as we passed the city than below.

Piloted by the Petrel's crew we made good progress up this branch of the river until we reached a point where an old abandoned causeway, which had been intended to connect the island with the mainland, barred our progress. Our pilot suggested, however, that the water which was running over this causeway might be deep enough to float the canoes over it, and, with the sanction of the Commodore, we attempted to cross it. After a good deal of struggling and splashing in the dark, by dint of paddling and poling and helping ourselves along by the aid of branches of bushes growing on the causeway we succeeded in getting over the barrier and into deep water again.

After a tedious paddle of three hours from Long Bridge (about a mile to the hour) we at last reached a point opposite the boat house and again drew the canoes up on the shore. The strength of the current even inshore and the angry appearance of the river as far out as we could see, convinced us that the crossing of the river was impossible, so another council was held, at which, after earnest discussion, it was decided that the skipper of the Iola, his mate, and the Commodore, leave the Vice-Commodore, Corporal Hatch and the "boys" in camp to take care of the boats, and make their way across the river by the Aqueduct Bridge to Georgetown and thence home. They were the married men of the party and wished to relieve the anxiety of their families, which it was feared must have been raised by the knowledge of the stormy weather and the swollen condition of the river.

It was an inglorious ending to the cruise, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances; so having put up the large tent, carefully beached the canoe, started a fire, and made everything secure for the party left behind, the three who were to cross the river reluctantly bade good-by to the others and dissolved the partnership which had resulted so much to the satisfaction of all for seven days.

After the separation of the party, the boys who were left in camp set about getting something to eat; but so tired were they that they dozed over the cooking, upset the coffee pot in the fire, and at length lunched off some cold victuals. Then, rolling themselves in their blankets, they dropped down in the tent and were fast asleep.

It rained more or less during the night, but they were unmindful of the weather. About 8 o'clock in the morning the keeper of the boat house, having been notified of the whereabouts of the party by the Commodore, took a boat across the river, the freshet having subsided somewhat. With his assistance, one by one, the canoes were taken some distance up the river and then (running with the current) by dexterous and vigorous paddling they were shot diagonally across the stream to the boat house. Here the Commodore, the skipper and the mate met the rest of the party about noon. The boats and luggage were stowed away and a final pot of coffee made up and drunk to the memory of past adventures, and this ended the cruise.

[Notice.—In unpacking the dunnage of the Petrel, the "albatross" pipe was found in the forward compartment. Who picked it up at Camp Silsbee is the secret of the stowaway unwittingly, is not known. No one will confess, but the pipe now occupies a conspicuous place in the boat house, and the last thing done by a cruising party now before leaving the house at any time is to see that it is still there and has not been taken aboard.]

PEQUOT C. C.—The officers are: Com., R. P. Wakeman; Vice-Com., F. P. Sherwood; Secretary and Treasurer, F. P. Lewis. The club signal is a pointed burgee, white field with a red border, and a red Swiss cross in center. The sailing signal is a red Swiss cross.

SOUTH BOSTON C. C.—The burgee of this club is a blue ground with two diagonal stripes of white and a red Maltese cross. The sailing signal is an octopus.

A MEET ON THE PASSAIC.

THERE are a number of canoe clubs on the Passaic River about Newark, Passaic and Paterson, which have grown up quietly and without attracting attention until they now muster a large body of canoeists and a numerous fleet of canoes. Thus far they have not attended any meets and have no organization of their own, but this year they are determined to make a start, and to that end a meeting was lately held at Newark at which it was decided to hold a meet on July 4, and an invitation is extended to all canoeists to join the camp at Dundee Lake, near Paterson, on the Friday next preceding. Com. A. S. Pennington, of Paterson, will give all information regarding camp ground, routes, etc. The Passaic is little known to canoeists at a distance and the cruise from New York and the Hudson will be a pleasant one and will not take much time. The route lies through the Kill von Kull, thence up Newark Bay and the Passaic River, past Newark to Dundee Lake, a distance of about 25 miles. Canoes from the Hudson may be taken by rail from Jersey City, Hoboken, or Weehawken to the river near Newark or Passaic.

A WINTER CRUISE IN CANADA.—The first cruise of the Lake Saint Louis C. C. in 1887 took place on April 8 from the boat house, Lachine, to Chateaugay Basin, about nine miles distant. The river opposite Lachine is always free of ice except a bordage of about 50ft., which still stays with us, although it is a very unwelcome guest at this time of year. The following canoes left about 10 o'clock: Maud, M. Robertson and E. Phillips; Anna Smith, J. H. Stewart and Archie Henderson; Rival, G. H. Duggan and J. D. Thompson; Coquette, Thos. Stewart and J. K. Bruce; Marion L., Geo. Auldjo and F. W. Stewart, making in all ten members. On arriving at the mouth of the Chateaugay River, we found it frozen over, and had to leave our canoes and walk to the hotel, some three miles distant, taking our paddles with us. Arrived at Mine Host Desparois, who, by the way, is commonly called "Spring Chicken Jack," owing to the excellence of the poultry found there for those who care about that fowl, the barn door rooster. We had dinner, and those who have not tried a lower Canada Frenchman's Lenten spread have a questionable treat in store. Having got through the above very necessary proceeding, we had a game of pig, then some hockey and a game of euchre. It being now about 3 o'clock, we had a farmer drive us as far as the water again, much against his will, he being afraid to risk his horse; but being assured that we were just the kind of men to buy his whole rig, he at last landed us beside our canoes. We arrived home about 4:30 well browned by the sun and ready for a home supper.—MARION L.

SAFETY FOR NOVICES.—When the great number of ignorant persons who venture on the water is considered the wonder is that so few are drowned. This is particularly the case in canoeing, as a so-called canoe of some kind is within the reach of almost any and the temptation is strong to take dangerous risks. Two things are essential before a boy is allowed to try a canoe alone or to make any trips in one; and if parents and those having the care of young boys would look to them the danger would be much lessened. First, any one who goes in a small boat, unless in the care of some one perfectly competent to rescue him in an emergency, should know how to swim. Secondly, he should know how to enter and leave a boat, to move about and should acquire that confidence which comes from a knowledge of what the boat is capable of. The first part is learned only by practice, but much of the second may be acquired from "Canoe Handling," in which plain and reliable advice is given to beginners by one who is fully competent to instruct in all that pertains to canoeing. It is not always possible to keep a boy out of a canoe, but by means of Mr. Vaux's valuable book he may be taught how to avoid those dangers which come from ignorance of canoes and their management.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.—The annual meeting was held on April 6, the officers elected being Com., W. H. Rintoul; Vice-Com., Alex. W. Morris; Rear-Com., George Auldjo; Sec., J. H. Stewart; Treas., Sneaton White; Committee, C. B. Seward, C. P. Draper, F. Stewart, H. M. Molson. The following cruise was porposed for May 24: To leave Lachine on Saturday for St. Ann's, leave St. Ann's Sunday morning and proceed to Bout de l'Isle on the Ottawa River, staying Sunday night at St. Rose, arriving at Lachine on Tuesday night. The conditions governing the challenge cup race were altered so that now the cups must be won three times by the same crew, in canoes not over 16ft. long, not under 30in. beam and 12in. depth, with single blades, the course being 2 miles. The race this year will be at Lachine, on Aug. 13, entries closing on Aug. 12 with J. H. Stewart, secretary Lake St. Louis C. C. In 1884 the cups were won by Shaw and Shearwood, of Lachine, and in 1885 by Leys and Jaques, of Toronto.

RACERS AND CRUISERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his remarks on Pecowsic Mr. McKendrick mentions the old Venture as a racing boat and not a cruiser, a small and unsafe craft. Perhaps he is not familiar with the boat or he would know that she is a Shadow canoe of the usual size and built for crusing, for which purpose she has been used for seven or eight seasons by Mr. Jones. While she has often raced she has been more frequently used for cruising about New York, the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound, and after years of such work, with large sails and without any mishap, it seems hardly fair to condemn her as a racing machine.—C. A. J.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following-named gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: W. E. Pentz, New York city; Geo. W. Busch, J. D. Parker, Hartford, Conn.; Nathan A. Gibbs, Norwich, Conn.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec. A. C. A.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Brookly Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.

JUNE.

6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

CORONET AND DAUNTLESS.—On April 8 Captain Samuels arrived at New York on board the Adriatics, and Captain Anderson, the navigator of the Coronet, arrived on the Baltic. A sad surprise was in store for the latter, as his little daughter had died during his absence, and the letter announcing her death was handed him on his arrival at Quarantine. Captain Samuel denies entirely the reports of a disagreement between him and Mr. Colt. From his account it appears that the Dauntless leaked very badly during the trip, and her two 8in. pumps were kept busy a great part of the time. The Dauntless will refit at Southampton for a cruise to the Mediterranean, and the Coronet will refit at Cowes. An offer of a cup of $5,000 value has been made by Mr. Fox of New York, for a race home, but neither owners will accept it.

NEWARK Y. C. SPRING REGATTA.—The Newark Y. C. will sail its spring regatta on May 30, over the club course on Newark Bay. The classes will be: First Class—Cabin sloops, under 35ft.; Second Class—Jib and mainsail, 19ft. and over; Third Class—Jib and mainsail, under 19ft.; Fourth Class—Catboats, 19ft. and over; Fifth Class—Catboats, under 19ft. The entrance fee is $3 and the race will be open to all. There will be special prizes and the regular sweepstakes. The members of the Regatta Committee are: Charles H. Mayhew, 214 Garside street, Newark; Edward M. Grover, 1 Cedar street, Newark, and William Murray, 180 Mulberry street, Newark.

GENERAL PAINE'S NEW YACHT.

THOUGH the news which we gave last week is confirmed, little more is known of the new yacht. She will be nearly 86ft. l.w.l., with clipper stem and a long stern like her predecessors. The beam will be less than Mayflower's and the draft greater, but the exact figures have not been made public. The yacht will be built of steel by Pusey & Jones, of Wilmington, Del., and Mr. Burgess is now in Wilmington laying her down. The following correspondence has passed between Gen. Paine and Mr. Jas. D. Smith concerning her:

NO. 32 CONGRESS STREET, Boston, April 6, 1887.—Dear Commodore Smith: As I consider the dimensions of the Thistle are capable of providing a yacht of much greater speed than that of any yacht yet sent over here from England and as I have not been able to learn that any one else has proposed to build a new one as a possible competitor, I have decided to build and have contracted for a new steel boat, varying only by a few inches from the dimensions of the Mayflower, except over all, but of course embodying two or three changes of form, as to which I wish to experiment. I hope to have her in commission for the N. Y. Y. C. cruise, though of course much depends on how soon the mills will furnish the steel. I am very sincerely yours, CHARLES J. PAINE.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1887.—Dear General Paine: I have yours of yesterday. As a member of the America Cup Committee, officially and personally I am pleased with your letter. You exhibit a most liberal and commendable spirit and it will be highly appreciated by the yachtsmen of this country. If the conditions imposed by the owner of the English yacht Arrow are reasonable and agreeable to you, you will have a fast yacht in Europe, and I sincerely trust and hope a faster one at home, to become a competitor in the defense of a cup that England's yachtsmen for thirty-six years have struggled to take back to their country, but so far in vain. I should do injustice to my own sentiment and feeling if I did not warmly congratulate you on the chivalrous and genuine spirit you have always manifested in upholding the supremacy of America in the best interests of yachting. Yours truly,

JAMES D. SMITH.

The new yacht will of course have all her lead in the keel like Galatea and Vanduara. The New York papers have been negotiating for the sale of Mayflower to Dr. Barron, but Gen. Paine has denied the many reports current that he has disposed of her.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.

PART V.

THE grand event of the season was a trip to Bar Harbor and around Mt. Desert Island. The summer loitering was over and nearly everybody had returned to work. Charles and I were the only ones who could afford to cruise for pleasure in this busy September. Even the children were so occupied with school they could only sail Saturdays, and we could not entice any one upon the adventurous journey proposed. There was a dread in the minds of the people about going around the southern side of the island, and I remembered when I had a cruise to Southwest Harbor in a launch in 1870, that some one I met upon its salt-cured wharves advised me not to venture to Bar Harbor, because many craft had been capsized and some persons drowned off the mountainous shores of the island. So I anticipated a rough time and felt eager for it. "Now, be careful, Will," said my sister as we parted; "the seas are just dreadful around the Island, and it is awfully squally and rough. A steamer rolled so there that a passenger was tipped right overboard, campstool and all."

"Never fear, my dear, I'll come back all right. The Pilgrim is uncapsizable, and will not sink unless we fill her, and we don't intend to do that," I replied, laughing. Then we loaded up with baskets of bread, doughnuts, pies and apples, and meandered down the quiet maple-shaded streets of Belfast to the wharf, stared at by persons we supposed from our yacht uniforms that we were stray policemen or castaways from a steamboat. Our tender was twenty feet below the wharf, and we performed some acrobatic feats in getting our traps and selves down the ladder and into her without mishap; then we were soon aboard the little ship and had things stowed away below. Charles loosed the staysail and jib while I took the gaskets off the mainsail and changed the ensign from topping lift to peak halliards. Then we hoisted the mainsail, had the head sails ready for hoisting, and tackled the anchor. It came short and staid there, cable up and down, thirty-five pounds deep under blue mud, and two red-faced, sore-handed, perspiring contestants on deck, grinding their boot heels into the soft pine, and straining hard to lift the weight aboard. We hauled very taut, made fast around the bitts, went out upon the bowsprit and lifted up the length that led to the sheave, and tugged and twisted and swayed, but a mermaid held the iron down. Our weight had settled the bow and the rope held her nose down. I thought of a watch tackle, but we went away aft, jumped up and down a little, saw the bow rise slowly and the deed was done, the anchor was away. Charles hauled it up and hooked it, hoisted the staysail and jib, and I trimmed sheets and pointed for the open sea. Finally, we did.

There was a strong southwest wind, and in an hour we were past Turtle Head and approaching Coomb's Point, when the wind failed entirely and left us plunging and rolling without steerageway in quite a nasty sea. Half an hour was spent tumbling around, dodging the boom and growling, then a fresh northwest wind darkened the waters and we ran into Castine for the night, as I feared we could not get around Cape Rosier and into a safe anchorage before dark.

The wind died away at sunset, the starry canopy was cloudless, and we tried to smoke on deck after supper, but the cool air made the cabin much more comfortable, so soon turned in and went to sleep. The wind was fresh from the southeast at daylight. We got a hasty breakfast, made sail, and were soon dashing into the heavy seas that may be met between Cape Rosier and Isleboro nearly every day when the tide comes in. It was refreshing, exhilarating and exciting, with the rail under every jump and the spray sparkling in the sunlight, as it flew against the mainsail and into our faces, to see the Pilgrim creep steadily to windward against tide and sea, sometimes burying her bowsprit and dipping several cloths of the jib into the brine. It was not heavy weather; only the compliments of that lofty, stony-faced, spruce-whiskered Cape Rosier, around which the incoming tide always sweeps with a rough, violent surges, which has always been innospitable and threatening whenever I have essayed to pass by in little craft. It was this Boaz pillar of Penobscot's portal that nearly wrecked my launch load in 1870, and did catch my punt towing astern, break its painter, and smash it against its flinty face in pure wantonness. It forced me to double reef last year, then smiled after we had passed, and let us make all sail immediately. It seems to frown upon me and I shake my fist at its furrowed brow and say, "Curse you, old Rosier! I defy you. What have I ever done that you should so savagely assail me, my passage east and west in summer weather?" The answer of the surges upon the scarred and battered neck sounds to me like, "Nicht Glück! Kein Glück! Nicht Glück! Kein Glück!" until I pass out of hearing. So we kept well to windward and, when I judged it safe to ease sheets and we swept like a race horse to the eastward, we seemed to draw toward the cape in such a mysterious way that I feared for a while we would be obliged to flatten in again to clear my ancient enemy. But we were not; the sentinel spruces of the shore marched to the west rapidly, Spectacle Island was recognized, the buoys of Little Deer Island we passed, the lighthouse keeper saluted, and we were fairly into Eggemoggin Reach by the time shore folks were eating breakfast. Hurrah! for the early start. How bright the sun and sea! How crisp and sweet the air! How blue the sky! How green the fields and forests in the early, dewy morning! Charles and I wiped the salt off of our faces, gave a pull on the sheets and took a smoke. That was all we needed then to make us perfectly happy.

Eggemoggin Beach is one of the prettiest inland water courses upon the coast. It is from one to three miles wide and fifteen miles long, and lies between Little and Great Deer Islands and the mainland upon the north side. There are about five fathoms of water throughout. The shores present every variety of feature—short sandy strips, low shelving rocks, little grassy plots, and groups and groves of evergreen trees upon one side, and walls of rock, grassy points, high hills and heavy forests upon the other. There are several good harbors and little villages scattered along the shores, and well cultivated farms are conspicuous near Byard's Point, but the region is sufficiently wild and picturesque to suit the hater of city bricks and cobblestones, and furnishes almost a continuous entertainment in the steady run of vessels of all kinds which hasten east and west through this thoroughfare. The scenery is so charming, the water so thoroughly landlocked and safe, the little coves and harbors so frequent and easy of access, and the forests so inviting, that I thought as we sailed along, what a perfect place for the A. C. A. to hold a midsummer meet. Here the tired boys of the city could bring their canoes safely by steamer and have such a glorious time that it would make a story for the fireside for years to come. Salt water travel is so beneficial to the health, and so cheap and comfortable from New York to Mt. Desert, I wonder canoe and yachtmen are not seen in greater numbers exploring the byways of the Maine seacoast.

The wind had been increasing and hauling a little while we were slipping along the pretty shores, and when Byard's Point was passed, we trimmed sheets flat and barely held our course for a few miles. It continued to head us and when we had arrived at Cape Carter, at the entrance to Benjamin River, leading to the village of Sedgwick, the sky looked so threatening in the southeast and the sea had become so considerable that I had a strong notion of seeking a harbor with a little sloop that had eluded us by shooting into the gap of the river. I reflected that it was only 10 o'clock, we might as well keep on for a while and watch the weather, as we would have good harbors to leeward and could run back to them in the afternoon if it was necessary. So the Pilgrim was put about and we stood across the reach. We saw a schooner coming from the eastward and we ran close aboard upon the next leg, said, "Good morning," and asked about the weather. The captain said, "Guess we're goin' to hev a southerly."

"Think it'll be heavy?"

"Wall, looks that way, kinder."

"Thank you!" then we were out of speaking distance.

Whew! how the puffs came off shore. Pretty soon we took in the staysail to keep dry. What a relief not to have to reef a big jib. How it relieved and lifted the ice rail even to get the little headsail down. It was very squally near the windward shore and islands. It seemed as if the wind doubled in strength whenever we approached, and grew steady and less violent out in the wide water. We were now beyond my last year's cruising ground, and my memory of the 1870 cruise was too defective to be any help in the further navigation, but the chart showed the course and the islands. The latter were not labeled and were a little too numerous in the eastern end of the reach where we were now sailing; therefore I hailed a fishing schooner that we had overhauled in the race to windward and asked, just to be certain, "Is this Conary Island?"

"Yes, that's Konry."

"Then that's Hog over there?"

"Yes, sir-r-r," and the wind kept up the rolling of that final letter for a while.

I wanted to ask, "What in thunder are you going out upon the south side of Conary for?" He nearly misled us, and we might have struck bottom had we not parted company. I prefer to follow the chart, when I have one, rather than to try to dodge rocks and shave shoals with these ubiquitous fishermen. I remember when on the sloop-of-war Juniata in war times, we ran half way down the east side of Eleuthera Island thinking it was Abaco, until careful study of the shore and chart corrected the poor meridian altitude and saved a noble ship and her armed host of patriots.

The channel buoy outside of Hog Island was found, and the course shaped, after much study with the glasses, for the wooded hills of Burnt Coat Island. It was rougher here. The seas swept right inward unobstructed by reefs or islands and we did some plunging, but the wind was strong and steady and Hog Island faded as the bold wooded shores ahead grew plainer. We soon saw York Narrows like a long canal between Burnt Coat and Orono, but were afraid to venture into it because the C. P. says: "The current runs with great velocity, and strangers, therefore, must under no circumstances attempt to pass through." I felt a little troubled about trying Casco Passage; the book says: "Strangers must not attempt this passage without a pilot. The channel is narrow, and full of ledges, and the current sets strongly through York Narrows, rendering the navigation dangerous to those who are not familiar with the set and strength of the tide." I could not spare the time and breast the sea going outside of Burnt Coat, and did not like to go to leeward around Pond Island, so kept on toward Buckle's Island to get a good look at both passages. The C. P. had no chart, but a large chart of Mt. Desert showed many buoys and dangers. Near Buckle's a striped buoy caught the eye, then a black one off the point of Orono and another black one beyond to the north. There was the course into Casco, and there was not a sign ahead of any guides to York. We were going southeast. Near the striped buoy we came to, tacked, payed off sheets and flew away northeast by east, leaving black buoys to the left till we were on the lookout for sailing a large surveying steamer at anchor in the passage, whose crew gathered in the stern to look at us as we shot by, were told to keep as we were, leave the nest of black buoys on the left hand, and give Burnt Coat a wide berth. We followed directions and were soon in clear water, heading for Bass Head lighthouse, and Mt. Desert was before us in all its glory, I felt scared when it was all over. I think I should scare beforehand with a deeper draft.

Mt. Desert can never be mistaken for any other land upon the coast. It shows a ponderous pile of barren ledges, deep valleys, dense forests and forbidding shores. The mountains bathe their feet in the sea, and their brows are kissed by the clouds. The winds rush out of its gorges with terrific force, and the sea lashes itself into foam against its granite walls. It offers few harbors to the mariner, is beset by fierce gales and boisterous seas, and the husbandman gleans scanty crops from the barren soil. The trout stull lurk in its ice-cold lakelets and the red deer finds easy hiding places from the pursuit of man. The few settlements upon its shores do not alter its majestic appearance or blemish its rugged beauty. It unites the booming surf and the mountain shadows; the sandy beach and the precipice; the deep, dense green of the primitive forest and the glint and sparkle of the summer sea. Like the union of the earth and the ocean, here the mountains make obeisance to Amphitrite, and she sends her mermaids singing in the caves her waves have fashioned in the overhanging cliffs.

It was a rough run to the eastward around Baker's Island, and when we turned and headed for Egg Rock, with the main sheet all out and the headsails slatting, we realized what a long, heavy sea was sweeping northward. Several times the tender shot up past the stern upon a comber, and once struck the stern a heavy blow, then we set the spinaker to keep ahead of it. Though I had to be watchful in steering before the hissing billows and lighter wind, I was often lost in admiration of the island that frowned upon us, yet was miles away. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains, a purple tint lay like a lovely veil over the rude features of the landscape, and the shadows grew deeper and darker down to the white line of surf upon the shore. An hour we crept along and feasted our eyes upon the magnificent picture, wishing for artist brush and talent to transfer it to canvas that we might delight our friends with what will ever be to us a glorious memory.

The wind was drawing more along the shore and increasing; as we advanced the spinaker was taken in and the head sail hoisted, and we were with wind upon the port beam approaching Bar Harbor. Just off Rodick's Cove we opened a mountain gorge and the wind swept down upon us with terrific force. The jib had fouled and been hauled down; the main sheet was payed out till the sail was nearly parallel with the wind, and I let the staysail sheet fly, as we could not luff or run before it, yet such was the force of the blast that it pressed the lee side down to the cabin windows and drove us forward rapidly. The jib was bellying out, the staysail slatting, the mainsail shaking, some of the spinaker gear trailing astern, and Charlie grabbing at this and that and dodging things forward in his endeavors to put things to rights, when we made our hasty and inglorious advent in the harbour, downed topsail, took in the slack of main sheet, saw a vacant mooring and caught it, swinging head to wind, dropped the mainsail and sat upon it to keep it aboard, while we watched the bitts to see if they would hold us in the howling squall and jumping sea. They held, so did the six inch cable, and we rolled in a fisherman's furl in the sails and took a rest. We had sailed sixty miles in exactly ten hours and towed our 12ft. boat, the best day's work the Pilgrim had ever done. After a while a reporter for the *Bar Harbor Journal* came aboard and had me write up my own notice of arrival; an old fellow thumped the side and asked if we wanted wood or water, and the crew of a nearby sloop pulled around us and took a critical survey of the Boston yacht.

"Fine craft you have here, Cap'n. Stood up to it bravely off Cat Island. Tho't you'd lose that long topmast or split somethen. How much ballust you got?"

"Five thousand pounds."

"Gosh! Tho't somethen was a keepin' you mighty stiff. Awful loud for a little craft, but you need all you can get round here. I've seen many a craft capsized and badly broke down there. Cat Island is nasty. None of us (the usual shallow excursion sloops) would venture down there in this breeze 'thout double reefs. Get some of this every day. It'll blow out by sundown. Seen it blow a gale here in the harbor and be dead calm out in the bay beyond the Porkipines. Know the Vega? Big schooner, hails from Pittsburgh. She was sailin' along mighty pretty with all kites up and lots of shore folks aboard, and next minute her rail was under and her topmast was a hangin' down wrong end up. Good moorin' you've got. Belongs to the R., but she's laid up in winter harbor and her owner is gone home. Jest hang on's long's you want ter. You've got jest as much right to it 's anybody."

Saying all this the good-natured Yankee told the boys to pull aboard his own vessel and left us to cook supper. The blow and sea continued all night, and we slept with one eye open and occasionally went on deck to see if the lantern was burning and the moorings secure. I was very glad we did not have to depend upon anchors, as the fleet was thick around us and the lee shore looked very rough and threatening.

There was not wind enough to lift the ensign at 8 o'clock next morning, and after breakfast we locked up and strolled through the city, suburbs, hotels and stores. The place has greatly improved during the four years since I visited it. All of the desirable sites are built upon and the few lots around are held at fabulous prices. A Boston man bought a piece of land about two year ago, made $50,000 by selling off lots, and has one-third of the plot left. The boom is on, the hotels are all full during July and August, and one must engage rooms some weeks ahead. There are the usual number of shops selling shells, coral, alligator teeth, feathers, fur, and Indian trinkets, manufactured by pale faces, but one can buy baskets and gull's breasts from genuine Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Indians who live in tents and huts along the shore. All branches of trade are represented; the stores struck me as being particularly light, bright and cheerful, and the attendants were very polite and agreeable. Canoeing and boating are well represented. Many ladies have their own birches made by the Indians, who teach how to paddle in primitive fashion. Everybody knows how to row—or all think they do—and single and double scull boats are largely patronized. I saw dozens of canoes and not less than 100 rowboats at the landing stages, drying out preparatory to winter storage.

When I was here in 1872, a 6ft. Penobscot Indian taught my wife and myself paddling, and took us one day in a birch some distance out to sea. It was like floating upon feathers, or sailing through the air; so light, easy and pleasant was the motion. In strolling up to the West End Hotel, I met a six-footer and said to him: "Are you Big Thunder?" He stopped, scowled and said: "By ——, stranger, that's too bad! I'd like to know what I've done that you should take me for a dirty, lousy red Injun. Me, a man what's born and bred up on this site or within twenty miles or this very spot, and has sailed in scow, wood-boat, fisherman and square-riggers out er Maine ports goin' on these forty years. An' now to be taken fur one er them lice-eatin' basket makers! It's too much, Mister, or Cap'n, as I s'pose you are, an' no credit to yer inginooety."

I hastened to assure him I was getting old, my eyesight was a little bad, and I had judged by his size without having a good look at his features, which appeased his wrath, soothed his wounded feelings, and we parted amicably.

I noticed that the rude buckboards of early times, which were so rough yet healthy to ride upon going over the mountains, have disappeared, and finely finished, painted, varnished, upholstered things have taken their places, with the usual attachment of uniformed and degraded footmen and drivers to smirk before customers and charge fifty cents a grin. A little ride to a lake, a steamboat sail across, and a railroad ride up to the new hotel upon the mountain now take the place of the health-giving buckboard ride of old times. The people will not use things conducive to their well-being, but must carry style and effeminacy into the by-ways of the world. CARESWELL.

A BRITISH PLEA FOR THE CENTERBOARD.

OUT of the dense fog of prejudice and ignorance which is obscuring one side of the discussion on centerboards now pending there comes a ray of justice and hard common sense in the shape of the following letter to the *Field* from Mr. Landseer McKenzie, an English yachtsman, who has frequently in the past urged the claims of centerboard boats for certain uses where a keel is impracticable. British yachtsmen may be loath to take the word of Americans in regard to the speed and advantages of the centerboard, but they cannot ignore the points made in this fair and manly letter by one of their own number whose experience with centerboard boats of various kinds qualifies him to speak. The main issue just now is not whether the centerboard is good or bad, but whether the keel boat can beat it, and the friends of the latter abroad cannot afford to indorse the confession of some of their number, that they are afraid to race the centerboard boats on perfectly even terms, but must ask a handicap. Mr. MacKenzie says:

"It is rather amusing to notice how apt we are to stigmatize that very class of vessel that we don't quite like as a "racing machine." I have myself derived great comfort from applying the term to our own measurement-pinched productions. Perhaps they won't deserve it now as much as they used under the old system. But what constitutes the centerboarder a racing machine? Is it merely that she uses a movable appliance beneath the water which is preëminently suited to its purpose? Then every craft that wags a rudder is in the same unhappy case. She cannot evade the rating; with equal lengths, sailing power is taken as the criterion of speed—not that I think it is altogether, but this by the way. I am justified in arguing on the popular belief. Her centerboard does not add to her stability and consequent sail power, but, if anything, the reverse. And it would be both difficult and inexpedient to make the fact otherwise in a vessel of any size. Large centerboards are weighted at the top, not at the bottom, and only enough to sink them to the required depth. It is merely used to aid the vessel in going to windward, an auxiliary, in fact; like the spinaker, which is merely used to aid the vessel in running. Why, then, should it be 'anathema?' It is a satisfactory sign of progress that the R. L. Y. C. have entertained the idea of throwing their races open to centerboard boats at all, and the club deserves all praise for taking the lead of other clubs in initiating such spirited action. But their manner of doing this is unfortunate. The proviso that the board shall be kept down throughout the race is prohibitive, and so I should think the Americans, if they are well advised, will regard it. Besides, the R. L. Y. C. lay themselves open to the suspicion that they desire the credit for generosity, but not the cost, a suspicion which I am sure would be utterly undeserved. Moreover, the proviso I have referred to makes it abundantly clear that we are afraid to match our yachts against the modern centerboarder of Yankee evolution on even terms.

"What astonishing inconsistency! We English, who have asserted with blind dogmatism for years past that depth, even though it doubled the actual in relation to the nominal tonnage of a boat, must be ignored in measurement, and must on no account be interfered with, suddenly foreswear our traditions when it comes to a question of a few feet, more or less, of movable keel.

"These attempts in the council chamber to regulate the results of matches are much to be deprecated; better to leave the question of admitting centerboards alone altogether than to deal with it in a partial and compromising spirit. Such a vessel has no advantage in racing over the keel boat beyond the perfectly legitimate one, that she obtains great power of lateral resistance with a minimum of wetted surface.

"If the belief exists that a centerboarder would score in working to windward against a foul tide along the edge of a sand, it is scarcely well founded, I think. It must be borne in mind that, with board down, she draws most water of the two; and with board up she makes most leeway. But she must lift her board to go further in on the sand than the keel boat, and not drop it again till she gets back into deeper water. It is on the cards that the loss from leeway would quite counteract the gain from an easier tide. If the board be sealed half down, the argument still holds good. Besides which, the vessels would be mustered the match in a confessedly crippled condition. Running and reaching under the above supposed circumstances, she would certainly have some slight advantage. To insure that she does not cut corners and pass over sandbanks into deep water beyond is entirely within the province of the delimitators of the course.

"Compare the draft of Mayflower, 9.5, with that of Galatea, 13.5, difference, 4ft. Again, assuming that the board is to be kept down as decreed by the R.L.Y.C., then Mayflower's draft becomes 19 at least, and the difference, now in favor of Galatea, 5.5ft.; but if 4ft. in favor of the Yankee is unfair, 5.5ft. in favor of the Englishman must be yet more unfair, because the difference is greater and the weatherliness of the latter is uniform, so that the boot is very astutely shifted on to the other leg altogether.

"Surely we have slightly forgotton our chivalry. It is rather premature for the R.L.Y.C. to admit, even by inference, that the British type is inferior; yet, even should it be eventually so proved there is not much to be despondent about.

"The modern Yankee centerboard boat is no longer an unsafe, unseaworthy 'skimming dish,' but a wholesome craft enough; of about the proportions, in fact, which in years gone by it was fondly hoped and intended the old Thames rule should stereotype, and of which we were erstwhile so proud. The recollections, too, that she is at best a compromise, should serve to take the sting out of defeat, if such be in store. English features and methods enter so largely in her design that it is really difficult to say which country has the greatest claim on her; nor need we forget that deep keels and deep-bodied centerboard boats—on a small scale at any rate—have been built and raced in the United Kingdom during the whole of the past decade."

CRUISING.—Namouna, steam yacht, was last reported at Batavia, Java.... Sunbeam was at Colombo from Bombay on March 5.... Brunhilde, schr., Mr. J. J. Phelps, arrived at Rio Janeiro on April 8.... Julia, schr., Mr. Chester W. Chapin, has returned to her builder's yard at Wilmington, where a racing rig will be fitted.... Regina, sloop, Mr. Ralph N. Ellis, arrived at Morehead City, N. C., from Charleston an April 6 and sailed on April 9 for New York.... Wanderer, schr., Mr. G. W. Weld, arrived at St. Thomas on March 18 from St. Croix, and sailed on March 30 for Havana.... Helen, sch., Mr. C. D. Middleton, left Charleston at 11 A. M. on April 4, and arrived on April 6 at Morehead City, sailing on April 9 for Philadelphia.... Reva, steam yacht, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, was at Norfolk on April 6, bound from Florida to New York. Her owner and family returned by rail from Charleston.

THE CUP RACES.

THE full text of the reply of the N. Y. Y. C. to the challenge of the Royal Clyde Y. C., is as follows:

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
NEW YORK, April 4, 1887.

William York, Esq., Secretary Royal Clyde Yacht Club, Glasgow:

DEAR SIR—The acting Secretary of the New York Yacht Club has handed to the committee of the club appointed to make arrangements for contests for the America's Cup, your communication dated March 16 last, giving on behalf of Mr. James Bell, vice-commodore of your club, a formal notice of challenge for a match for the America's Cup with the yacht Thistle, against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America, and naming the 4th day of October next for the commencement of the match.

The committee is also in possession of the documents which accompanied your letter, viz.:

1. Certified official transcript from the Custom House register of Thistle.

2. Statement of her measurement certified by Mr. G. L. Watson, naval architect.

3. Extracts from the minutes of a meeting of the committee of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, dated September 21, 1886, and of a general meeting of the said club dated October 26, 1886, certified by the secretary, all of which have had the committee's most careful consideration.

The committee find the papers in proper order, and note that Mr. Bell is prepared to accept, with slight modifications, the arrangements of the Genesta and Galatea matches sailed in 1885 and 1886; considering, therefore, as settled all regulations for those races concerning which you suggest no change and referring in detail to the alterations which you suggest, the committee instruct me to say:

Dates of Races.—In the opinion of the committee it will be unwise to make these fixtures before the arrival in this country of the Thistle. If, however, after her arrival the dates mentioned by you should appear to be suitable they will be accepted.

Number of Races.—In view of the possibility of postponement of races and other delays, and of the fact that the committee consider three sufficient to test the speed of the vessels, they are not willing to make any change in this respect.

Umpire.—The committee think the terms of the race should be mutually agreed upon by the representatives of the Thistle and themselves, and that no referee should be needed upon any questions connected with them. Should, however, differences arise as to construction of terms, to decide which it would be desirable to appoint an umpire, the committee will gladly accept Mr. George L. Schuyler.

Patrol Steamers—The committee can promise that the officers of the club will do everything in their power to secure fair races, and to that end will join Mr. Bell in any arrangements which, after his arrival here, it may be found possible to make, including those which he suggests under this head.

Accidents—The committee is willing to agree that in case of accidents happening at any time, either yacht shall have the time necessary for repairs provided that no races shall be sailed after the close of the yachting season as prescribed by the club rules.

Referring to the last clause in your letter, the committee will be very glad to ask Mr. Lloyd Phœnix to act as representative of the New York Y. C. on board the Thistle during the races.

The committee desire me to add that they are at your service for further information if needed, or to assist in making arrangements for the Thistle in this country either before or after her arrival, and I remain, yours faithfully, WILLIAM KREBS,
Secretary America's Cup Committee, New York Y. C.

P. S.—In replying, kindly address J. D. Smith, Esq., Chairman Committee, No. 23 Broad street, New York.

The only point on which the club objects is that of the number of races, the proposal of the challenger that five be sailed being rejected, and the number being reduced as in the past two years. While it is in every way desirable that the test be a thorough one between the two boats, it was not to be expected that the club would consent to more than three races, as men cannot, as a rule, spare so much time in October, and a series of five races would probably mean six or seven days if the weather should be light. In regard to the interference of the steamers, past experience has proved that the club is utterly powerless to control the attendant fleet, and the only step it can take is to go as far outside the Bay as practicable, into open water at least, and to leave the club course for club picnics.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

IT is in no way creditable to the yachtsmen of New York that with the news of the new yacht building by a Boston yachtsman they have abandoned all ideas of doing anything to help themselves, and now sit quietly by, watching Boston do the work and reap the laurels. We are told now that the defense of the Cup is not a mere local matter, but that it is a national affair in which all Americans are concerned; all of which is true in a certain sense, but at the same time it is no excuse for the lack of spirit and enterprise displayed by those to whom the yachting interests of New York have been intrusted. Of course the action of General Paine settles one very important question; a suitable defender of the Cup will be ready in time. But what of the other question that the New York Y. C. seems determined to dodge at any cost, "What can New York do in her own defense?" Much has been said of late years about the defenseless condition of New York Harbor, and the ease with which any hostile power could place the city at its mercy. The case is parallel in yachting; the cups that New York holds and the place she has in the yachting world are both at the mercy of any wideawake and enterprising yacht club.

It is instructive, if not flattering, to compare the course of New York and Boston in this last matter of the Thistle's challenge. Six months since the New York Y. C. received what was practically a challenge for a match this season, coupled with a request that it would name the length of yacht which it would prefer to race, so that the challengers might build of the same length and thus avoid all time allowance. At that time there were half a dozen men ready to build for the 70ft. class, and an exceptionally good opportunity was offered to build up this class, always the favorite one, to have half a dozen new yachts and as many old ones in the trial races, and to give an immense impulse to New York yachting. It is evident that the 85ft. boats are not wanted in this country; they were required for a special end, but they do not suit the wants of our yachtsmen, and no one cares to buy them. The second class, on the contrary, has long been established as the standard size for singlestickers, a boat well suited for American uses, cruising through the season and also for the half dozen races which any sailer each year. It was clear to all that no good could come from the continuation of the large class, but that in the second class much might be done toward building up the fleet; and the Clyde challenge put the opportunity directly in the hands of the New York Y. C.

Did this great club consider the question from the point of view of its bearing on American yachting and New York's place therein? Of course not; it did not propose to be dictated to by any foreign club as to the size of yacht, it took no notice of the request to fix this size, and it went on in blissful serenity, regardless of the dangerous vessel building in the dark. Confident and contemptuous, it made no plans to meet the challenger that was certain to come, except that, in anticipation of Thistle being in the second class, the ancient Pocahontas was brought to the light again, and dark hints were thrown out of what she might do in the trial races.

The whole policy of the club is well shown by its action in this matter; every one knew that some New York yachtsmen were anxious to build provided the boats were not over the second class; and yet the club made the technical objection, that as it did not build a yacht itself to defend the Cup, but must depend on individuals, it could not bind itself to any one size. The consequences were that Americans waited anxiously all winter to know how long Mr. Watson's venture was, and the two boats built in New York in hope of meeting her are both far too small. Again, the club has known that a yacht was building specially to race for the Cup, all the world has known it, and yet the pleasant fiction has been kept up that no challenge was before the club, consequently that it could take no measures to meet one. When a challenge was received it would be time to consider it. If Mr. Gilbert had lately found anything half as ridiculous as these two ideas, Ruddygore would have been a great success instead of a lamentable failure. Every yachtsman knows that if the club had answered the Royal Clyde Y. C. openly last fall, and said that it would race a boat of 70 or 75ft., there would now have been available both Shamrock and Titania, and the lesser cost and greater usefulness of such boats would have led others to build; and it has been equally well known that the New York Y. C. was certain to be called on to meet a new and dangerous boat, and that it would be necessary to build to meet her. Even here an excuse was ready, "we do not know how long Thistle is, so we cannot build yet."

So the time has passed, and with it New York's opportunity to regain what she has lost in the past two years, and now, as far as her place and prestige is concerned, it matters little whether the Cup is lost entirely or only held by outside intervention.

What course has Boston taken, what excuse has she made? No more was known in Boston than in New York, but her yachtsmen realized that the present attempt was far more serious than either of the preceding ones, they knew their own strength and weakness, and at once began the work of preparation. True, while Thistle's length was unknown, no yacht could be built to meet her, but there was much preliminary work to be done. The questions of model, details, builder, material, the supply of steel, and many others were settled so thoroughly that hardly had the news of Thistle's length reached New York, and the New York Y. C. written to ask the loan of Mayflower, before a contract was signed to build and deliver in 90 days a steel yacht for Boston. Comment is unnecessary, the facts carry a lesson strong enough to reach the most conservative and non-progressive.

None can fail to admire the pluck and spirit of Mayflower's owner, who, with one expensive yacht and a foreign challenge on his hands, does not hesitate to duplicate both; but the question may be fairly asked whether, in the interests of American yachting it would not have been better for Boston to have left New York to her own resources this year, to lose the Cup if she is no longer worthy to defend it.

Why not turn the Cup over to Boston now? No doubt the club that has actually defended it for two years and will do so again this season, will be ready to assume the nominal as well as the actual task; and New York Y. C. will be rid of the expense of the races as well as from an exciting and disturbing element in the quiet tenor of her home yachting. Once rid of the Cup, no further trouble need be feared from enterprising Scotch and English yachtsmen; no alarm and disquietude need be felt over the advances of naval architecture abroad; the British jack will be seen no more over challenging yachts in New York Bay, and the New York Y. C. can resume once more the peaceful and placid existence that was interrupted so rudely some years since by the advent of lead keels and Lapthorn's canvas.

MAYFLOWER AND ARROW.

THE answer to Gen. Paine's challenge containing the conditions imposed by the Yacht Racing Association, to which Mr. Chamberlayne has intrusted the matter, arrived this week. Messrs. Paine and Burgess have declined to say what their course will be until the conditions have been fully considered, but they will enter no race where a full and unrestricted use of board is not allowed. The conditions are:

First—The course shall be from off Ryde Pier round the Warner light vessel, thence westward round the Brambles Shoal, and a buoy or mark boat off Lepe and back to Ryde. The yachts shall sail twice round the course, but the owner of the Arrow shall have the right to decide on the morning of the race whether the yachts shall proceed to the eastward first or to the westward. Such decision shall be given before the lots are drawn for stations.

Second—No restrictions as to number of crew or visitors.

Third—The yachts shall start from their own anchors, with no sails set, according to rule No. 16 of the Yacht Racing Association rules for 1887, and their stations shall be arranged by a committee of the Royal Victoria Y. C.

Fourth—The only sails to be carried shall be mainsail, yard topsail or jibheaded topsail, foresail, jib and spinaker.

Fifth—The Mayflower's centerboard, shifting keel or plate, shall be so stopped or bolted that it may not be lifted above the maximum draft of water of the Arrow, but it may be lowered to its full depth, and as compensation for this 10 per cent. shall be added to her rating.

The conditions governing the future contests for the cup are as follows:

First—The cup shall be deemed the property of the yacht club whose representative has last won it, and such club shall be responsible for it. But it shall be allowed by permission of the club to remain in the care and custody of the owner of the yacht which has won it until he is again challenged and his vessel beaten. Nevertheless the owner of the Arrow reserves to himself the right of withdrawing the cup from competition at any time while it is in his possession unchallenged.

Second—No challenge shall be made before March 1 or after April 15 in each year.

Third—Should the club responsible for the cup be dissolved, it shall be transferred to another properly constituted and recognized yacht club willing to undertake its charge. A certificate of tonnage, with the length, breadth and depth of the yacht must be sent with the challenge.

Fourth—Matches for the possession of the cup shall be sailed between a challenging yacht duly certified to represent a properly constituted yacht club of British or American nationality and the yacht which last won it and holds it. And if such yacht be not in existence, or if her rig be altered, her owner or his representative shall select a vessel to compete and defend the cup.

Fifth—The only vessels eligible to compete shall be cutters or sloops, and they shall be not less than thirty tons register, British Custom House measurement.

Sixth—The matches shall be sailed within six months from the date of the challenge, and the holder of the cup shall have the right to determine dates for the matches within that limit of time, one month's notice being given, or this right may be waived by the holder of the cup and the dates decided by mutual agreement.

Seventh—Two matches must be won by one of the yachts to decide the right of possession of the cup.

Eighth—The matches shall be sailed according to the rules of rating and the time allowances of the British Yacht Racing Association for the time being, except where these conditions specify to the contrary.

Ninth—The course shall be the ordinary regatta course of the club holding the cup unless some other course is mutually agreed upon.

Tenth—Sections Nos. 1, 2 and 4 of Yacht Racing Association rule No. 52 of the year 1887, as to cruising trim, shall be observed in all matches.

Eleventh—If one yacht has a fixed keel and the other a shifting keel, centerboard or plate, such shall be so stopped or bolted that it may not be lifted above the maximum draft of the fixed keel yacht, but it may be lowered to its full depth, and as compensation for this ten per cent. shall be added to her rating.

Twelfth—A referee shall be agreed upon and appointed.

Thirteenth—If either yacht declines to start after the date has been mutually agreed upon, and should the excuse for so doing be not considered by the referee to be reasonable, one race shall be awarded to the other yacht without sailing over the course.

Fourteenth—A representative of the owner of each yacht shall be placed on board the other in each race. In case of any dispute the referee's decision shall be final, but he may, if he choose, refer the matter to the Council of the Yacht Racing Association, if the race is sailed in British waters, or to a committee of the New York Y. C., if the race is sailed in American waters.

Fifteenth—If in any match an accident occurs to either yacht, when she is in such a position that in the opinion of the referee she must, beyond all reasonable doubt, have won, he shall order the match to be resailed at as early a date as can be arranged. Under any other circumstances each yacht must abide by its own accident.

Should Mayflower cross she will carry her racing mast with a mainboom of about 50ft. The bowsprit will be 26ft. outboard and the mizzenmast will be 50ft. above deck and stepped 10ft. forward of the wheel. She will carry main and mizzentopsails and a square sail that can be utilized as a spinaker.

THE BOSTON SCHOOL OF DESIGNING.—The winter term of this school closed last week and this week an exhibition of the work was held at the Bird Schoolhouse on Monday and Tuesday.

OUTING.—The sensation on the river last Thursday was the arrival from Waveland of the original, veritable sloop yacht Outing. It will be remembered that the Outing sailed from New York some time last year under the command of Captain Cloudman, an experienced sailor and journalist, to make the circuit of the world. The expedition was inaugurated by the *Outing Magazine*, and the narrative of the yacht's voyage was to be published in that journal. Notices of the yacht's progress and well being were published from time to time in the papers at the ports where she put in, and all seemed favorable till she got off House of Refuge No. 2, on the Florida coast. Here a fierce squall struck the tiny ship and capsized her, bringing the expedition to a summary conclusion. Capt. Cloudman and his companion were rescued and cared for by the keeper of the House of Refuge, brought up to Titusville by the Messrs. Gardner, and thence, via Jacksonville, returned to New York. He reported the Outing wrecked with scarcely a vestige of the yacht left. This was, however, erroneous. She is a staunch little craft. Capt. H. E. Olds, of Waveland, saw her in the surf and bought her as she lay. When the sea went down he got her off, and found that only a couple of planks had been started off one of her sides. With these replaced and the rents in her sails sewed up, the Outing was herself again. Capt. Olds has cut down her keel, so that she now draws about 22in. against 28in. before, and has placed a centerboard in her. This famous yacht is now listed with the boats on Indian River, and her home port is Waveland.—*Cocoa Fla., Messenger, March 29.*

IREX.—Mr Jamison's cutter is fitting out at Fay's yard, where she is being recoppered.

YACHTBUILDING IN SCOTLAND.

IN the same yard where the Thistle is building Messrs. Henderson have in hand a cutter, being built from the design of Mr. G. L. Watson for Mr. W. A. Coats, of Bergeslie, Paisley. This cutter will be about 15 tons yacht measurement, but will be rated among the twenties under the new rating. She measures 45ft. on the load line by 10ft. beam. She is building of wood, and will of course be coppered; steel floorings strengthen her, and, with other appliances, the heavy lead keel will be held in its place. The hull is completed, and deck laid. Deck fittings are of teak, with very low elm rail. A very small and ingenious windlass is fitted forward. The feature of this cutter is a large-sized cockpit, which can be transformed into an after cabin or smoking cabin. This is simply attained by sliding aft a big hatch or companion, that slides forward when not wanted over the cabin companion. This appliance, besides, guarantees safety in the event of a big sea coming aboard the cutter in rough weather. The accommodation below is ample, including forecastle for three hands, pantry, main cabin, closets, and smoking cabin. This cutter is strictly intended for cruising in Clyde, and her gear will be furnished with this intention.

Besides these yachts, Mr. G. L. Watson has on hand two small cutters for Windermere, built after the peculiar fashion and mode which prevails on that lake. Short, broad and deep, these cutters have enormous counters, and carry an extravagant pile of canvas.

The Fifes have in hand a handsome looking schooner of 70 tons. This wooden craft is rounder in the side, has, in fact, got quit of the flat, lean look that was increasing under the older rule of the Y. R. A., and was a particular eyesore to the older Fife. In consequence the schooner is regarded as a prettier boat than has been launched in recent seasons from the famous yard, and Mr. Fife has every reason to feel proud of his latest handiwork. The turn of the quarter and the counter are very graceful indeed, and the clipper bow has had equally good taste bestowed on its form and sweep. And, of course, the line of the deck partakes of the amended form, the craft being altogether about the bonniest of the many bonny boats launched at Fairlie. With a heavy lead keel, the schooner has been strengthened accordingly, and the floors and keelson warrant any amount of strain. The topsides are of teak, with covering board and deck fittings of the same material. The bottom planking is of American elm. With oak stanchions, the schooner will be a very stout cruising craft. Substantial fittings are being put in below, and with plenty of headroom, the vessel shows very large accommodation for tonnage. With Oregon spars and Lapthorn's canvas, she will be ready for any cruising matches, and with her schooner's allowance, will be a nimble opponent any good down-wind day.

Besides the schooner, there is building a cutter up to the 15 rating of the altered rule of the Y. R. A. This yacht has clipper bow and very handsome counter. She is being planked for a very strong scantling to carry any lead she may want. She is intended to race among the twenties under the new rule, and when an owner is found, will be hurried on for the first of the season. With Lenore and Zulu and Amathea, she will help to fill up the 20-ton matches which once on a time were the pride of the Clyde regattas. The Fifes have also on hand a length class boat for Mr. Kenneth Clark, of Paisley, to replace the one he sold last year. She is to have what has got to be named in Clyde a "dislocated" helm, which means that the helm retains its rake above water, while the sternboard remains plumb above water. By this arrangement the helm has the look of having been unshipped, and provokes warnings from passers-by not acquainted with the arrangement. Messrs. Kenneth and Norman Clark have taken exceptional interest in the lugsail match sailing on Clyde, and this new boat will be an addition to the entries.—*London Field, March 26.*

YACHTING IN SAN FRANCISCO.—San Francisco, April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are enjoying clear, beautiful weather; the first of the summer trade-winds have come, only to be interrupted once or twice perhaps by the southern rain winds, until the trades gain strength in June to keep the sky clear until November comes. But yachting here, however, is not as steady or as strong as these summer winds, due, in the opinion of some, to the fact that the advent of the larger yachts has hurt the sport, probably by their monopoly of the social field. The Corinthian Club, organized last year to counteract this tendency and give a show to the men of moderate means, seeks to do so by limiting the length to 45ft. l.w.l and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in making the sport as robust and the active fleet as large as it was six or seven years ago. They will open the season and their new club house at Point Tiburon simultaneously. As usual with Mr. Gutte, he has kept the Chispa in commission all the year round. The schooners Lurline and Aggie and the sloop Annie as well as the schooner Virginia (formerly the Con O'Connor) are nearly ready for active work. The yawl Emerald is being renovated after a two years' rest at Stone's yard. The yawl Ripple also goes into commission and will probably have another bout with the Thetis this season. The yawl Frolic is laid up and her owner is in Europe. During the year but one yacht has been built, the singlehander Windward, while I have to chronicle the loss to the fleet of several fine vessels, notably the schooner Halcyon, which after passing through several hands, has at last joined the Oregon fisheries at one-fourth her original cost. Others gone into trade are the Fleur de Lis and the Ariel, formerly of New York. The sloop Clara, also a New York built boat, is now owned by boatmen and so is the Elia. The schooner Whitewing is also for hire. The Dawn now belongs to San Diego, the Rambler at Los Angeles and the Sea Nymph at San Pedro. From statements in the local papers many supposed that Mr. Donalhue's proposed flyer was in process of construction, but it seems that the contract has yet to be signed. It may be that we are in a state of transition similar to that which prevailed in New York and Boston upon the advent of the English cutters. If one could just plump the cutter Clara into this bay how quickly indecision would vanish. At North Beach the Harold brothers have put in their spare time during the past year in building a singlehander on the lines of the Windward, shown in Mr. Kunhardt's "Small Yachts." She is rigged as a yawl, is 18ft. l.w.l. and has a low deck house. It is a wonder to many how so much space below, with standing room almost, can be got with such a fair easy form in such a small boat. Her builders, both amateurs, have succeeded in doing creditable work. I should not be surprised if more like her are built, now that our amateur sailors have an opportunity to test for themselves the amount of solid enjoyment such a boat affords. She is to be launched the second week in April.—S. F.

"WHO WON?"—Under this title Mr. J. C. Summers has compiled a large amount of information in regard to yachts and yacht racing, and has published it in a very neat little volume of convenient pocket size. The principal feature of the book is a list of last year's racers, corrected and verified as completely as possible, and arranged in a very compact but explicit form. The steam yacht record includes the first races of the American Y. C. in 1884, and so is complete to date. Among other interesting matter is a summary of the principal events in American yachting from 1844 to date, a full summary of the races for the America's cup, sailing directions for Long Island Sound, the signal code, weather and storm signals, list of captains of yachts, and flags of the yacht clubs. From the handy size of the volume it may be easily carried in the pocket, and in these days when every one wishes to see and understand all about the races it should meet with a hearty reception from both those who are and those who wish to be yachtsmen.

A SAILING DORY.—New York, April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My opinion is that if "Albatross" should get caught in a westerly gale like one I was last August, he would not sail dories next summer. A boat 11ft. long may be all right, but 20in. is too shallow. A boat for that neighborhood must be weighted heavily and to be so she of course must be deep. Every one that has sailed a small boat in a seaway knows that she cannot get to windward half as well when she is light as when weighted heavily. Therefore, a good strong boat 18ft. long, 3ft. deep and about 5ft. 6in. wide is as small a boat as can be safely used about there. I was in a sloop yacht 40ft. long and we had all the fun we wanted before we got under Orient, but if it had been "Albatross's" dory we would have started an ocean race of our own.—G. S. T.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C.—For some time past Mr. W. H. Murray has been doing good work on Lake Champlain and about Burlington by writing, lecturing and talking in behalf of yachting. He has succeeded in building a fleet of sharpies well fitted for cruising and sailing, and has awakened much interest in yachting. This year it is proposed to carry on the work still more actively, and to this end the Lake Champlain Y. C. will be formed, taking the place of the Burlington Sharpie Y. C. A club house will be built at Burlington, and a large membership is anticipated for the coming season.

A LONG CRUISE IN A SMALL BOAT.—A boat 20ft. long, 7ft. beam, and 4½ft. depth, lately arrived at Dover, Eng., from Natal, South Africa, which port she left in May last. The Homeward Bound, as she is called, was manned by three Norwegians, who brought her safely around the Cape of Good Hope. She was covered with barnacles and the paint was gone from her topsides, but the hull was sound and seaworthy after the long voyage.

ANOTHER RIG FOR A SMALL BOAT.—The following account will interest many of our readers who own rowing and sailing crafts, as the details are given with exactness. It is written by Mr J. C. Wilcocks to the *Field*: "As a constantly increasing number of readers of *The Field* of all ages are so much interested in small boats capable of being pulled and sailed, I give the following particulars of one just built by Mr. W. Darion, Mount Batten, Plymouth, for a friend. The dimensions are: Length, 12ft. 6in.; beam, 4ft. 6in.; depth amidships, 1ft. 10in.; draft aft, 9in.; forward 5in. The boat is carvel-built, for the convenience of being so much more easily kept clean, and the plank is yellow pine, the timbers steamed American elm, 1in. wide by ½in. thick, with a space of 7in. from center to center of each timber. The fastenings are copper throughout, the nails rooved with from two to five in each timber—the latter number in a few places where a quick curvature of the bilge requires additional fastening. The gunwales and rowlocks American elm; keel, English elm; thwarts, side seats, stern seat, top strake, and rubber moulding, teak. The stern seat, 15in. wide, forms a convenient locker. The knees are oak, the mast thwart is also oak, and the positions of the various thwarts are as follows, measuring from the foreside to the stern: Mast thwart, 1ft. 3in.; second thwart, 3ft. 4in.; main thwart, 5ft. 10in. The space aft to the stern from this thwart is 6ft. 6in. As these small boats are constantly put too much by the head, when two are sailing, this has been provided against by a plan of shifting thwart, quickly shipped or unshipped at pleasure, and which, being placed 2ft. more aft, keeps the boat in good trim by the weight of the stroke. I found this of great advantage in a 12ft. boat I owned some years since, when pulling a long distance in a calm, or against a fresh wind and adverse tide. The side or quarter seats have shelves attached to and under them, which are very convenient for temporary stowage of a gaff, lines, a sandwich box, or other small matters, or the tiller, etc., which are thus out of the way, and not likely to go overboard. The reels of fishing lines can be placed here when the lines are set for work. The idea of these shelves I took from Guernsey fishing boats. Although this small boat has been built for pulling, she will have two sails for use when the wind is not ahead—namely, a standing lug and a sharp-headed, otherwise known as a shoulder-of-mutton, or Mudian, mizen. Dimensions of standing lug on luff, 5ft. 4in.; head, 9ft. 2in.; foot, 7ft. 9in.; leech, 15in.; mizen on luff, 7ft. 3in.; same on leech; foot, 4ft. 3in. As the owner of this little boat has also a powerful small lead-ballasted cutter, drawing 4ft. water, for which this smaller boat will also do duty as a dinghy, she will not have a centre-plate, which would certainly be an advantage to an owner who kept no other boat."

BUILDING NOTES.—The cutter which Lawley & Son will build from Mr. Burgess's designs for the Agassiz Brothers, will be 52ft. over all, 42ft. L. W. L., 12ft. 6in. beam and 8ft. draft, with 13 tons of lead in her keel. The latter will be cast next week. She will be fitted for cruising....Mr. Morey's steam yacht has been named Janira....Herreshoff Bros. launched on April 9 the steam yacht for Mr. Chas. Kellogg, of Athens, Pa., owner of the Lucille. The name of the new yacht is Clara....Thistle, Mr. Ziegler's sloop, is being lengthened amidships and a new stern added, by Smith & Terry, of Greenport....The plating is completed on the Titania and part of her deck frame is in....At Mumm's yard Shamrock has her deck laid and outside planed and painted....Medusa is afloat again and lying in the basin....Vision is having a new layer of 1¼in. yellow pine over her original planking with a new stem....Pocahontas has received a new rail, planksheer, stanchions and bulwarks....The steam yacht for Mr. Aspinwall is in frame and partly planked.

HOLLOW MASTS AND SPARS.—A correspondent asks the following questions about hollow spars, perhaps some of our readers who have tried them can answer him. One method is to bore the spar with a pump log auger, using a smaller bit as the boring advances from the heel to the head. The old Maria had a hollow boom some 90ft. long and 3ft. diameter, built up of staves and hooped with iron like a barrel, and the rolling booms of the latest catamarans are similarly constructed on a smaller scale. 1. Will a mast sawed down the center and hollowed out and then glued together again, answer for a 38ft. l.w.l. cutter 15 tons displacement? 2. Please explain the process? 3. Would a hackmatack stick do? 4. What thickness of wood should be left for a mast 8½in. at largest place? 5. Must the stick be dry or would a green one answer? 6. What sort of glue is best for the work? 7. Should the stick be sawed fore and aft or athwartships? 8. What wood is best for the purpose? 9. How many bands round a mast 40ft. long are required?

AN OPINION AS IS AN OPINION.—How little is required to make a reputation as a yachtsman is shown by the fact that the owner of the Coronet, simply on the strength of having put his money into a yacht as a business venture, in the same way that he has put it into a magazine and various other investments, is now appealed to on all questions that arise in regard to yachting. Here is a sample of this expert's testimony: "The less water a yacht draws the faster will be her progress; for the water near the surface is less dense than that below. A yacht that has a straight keel plows through the water, and it takes more wind power to force her along than a yacht that is of lighter draft and so shaped that she has a constant upward motion and climbs toward the surface of the waves."

ICE YACHTING IN APRIL.—The season has closed on the Hudson, but further north there is still plenty of ice, and on April 6 the Burlington (Vt.) Ice Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Lake Champlain in a strong northwest wind. The race was for the pennant held by the Waukeegan, Mr. F. H. Barnes, and the course was triangular, 5 miles, three rounds. The entries were; Brush, Whiting and Rogers; Brownie, Lane and McKillip; Craze, Lyman, Severson and Hendie; U. S., A. Button, and Disease, Grant and Chiott. On the second round Brownie broke her mast and Disease her rudderpost, and both withdrew. Brush won in 33m. 1s., with U. S. second.

THE FITTING OUT SEASON.—The work of the yachtsman changes with the seasons, and now, with the warm April weather, all are busy fitting out. The time for planning changes and alterations is past, and all hands are busy with the scraper, the caulking mallet and the brush. Before you take the cover off your yacht look at "Small Yachts" and refresh your memory on a dozen trifling details that you are likely to overlook and that may give much subsequent trouble if not attended to. They are all laid down in the chapter on Fitting Out, and a few minutes spent in looking them up will be well paid for before the boat is in commission.

ROCHESTER Y. C.—The first meeting of the Rochester Y. C was held on April 4, the following committees being appointed Regatta, W. A. Stace, J. W. Harmon, J. G. Cramer, F. W. Brickford, E. P. Olmstead, J. W. Gee; Membership, C. M. Everest, D. D. Sully, W. H. Briggs. Com. Newell, Vice-Com. Cartwright and Secretary Worts were elected as delegates to the meeting of the L. Y. R. A. The anchorage has been secured and the club has a balance in its treasury. A cruise is planned for Decoration Day to Big Sodus. The cutter building by Williams, of South Boston, for Messrs. Wallbridge, Briggs and Everest will be ready by the end of May.

QUINCY Y. C.—Officers—Com., C. F. Adams, 3d; Vice-Com., H. H. Sheen; Fleet Capt., C. F. Colby; Sec. and Treas., H. M. Faxon; Meas., A. B. Lelois; Regatta Committee, the commodore (ex-officio), E. W. Baxter, H. M. Faxon, G. G. Saville, W. F. Page. The measurement has been changed to length plus one-fifth overhang aft.

THE MOSQUITO FLEET.—There was a brisk N.W. breeze and cold weather for the skippers of the Mosquito fleet to face on April 7, but a good race was sailed. The winners were: First class—First prize, $10, Lady May, Mr. J. W. Tiller; second prize, $5, Baby, Mr. Charles Borden; third prize, a pennant, Sport, Mr. W. Smith. Second class—First prize, $10, Bunty, Mr. M. W. Ransom; second prize, $5, Bessie, Mr. W. P. Cherrington: third prize, $3, Clyde, Mr. B. Walbridge.

FROM HALCYON TO MAYFLOWER.—Once upon a time New York sold to Boston a yacht that had never done anything specially remarkable in the way of speed, and it was a great surprise to many to find that this slow boat had developed, in the hands of her new owner, into a very fast craft. Now, when New York is in a very bad predicament, it is to this same gentleman that she turns first for aid, and moreover she gets it very promptly. Boston is not at present buying any second hand yachts from New York.

A GRATEFUL WHIFF OF THE BRINE.—Leadville, Colorado. I still read the yachting columns of your paper with great interest, although it is six years since I have seen blue water, and round the walls of my mountain cabin are hung many a yacht's lines and plans, cut from your paper—an interesting collection.—C. A. J.

FIFTY YEARS OF YACHT BUILDING.—At the annual meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects last month, Mr. Dixon Kemp read a paper with the above title, in which the development of the modern yacht from the old revenue cutters and the influence of measurement rules, was fully traced out.

BURLINGTON BAY.—The cutter Whistlewing is having 2½ tons of ballast removed from inside to the keel. A cutter is also building for Mr. Webster, to be 31ft. on deck, 23ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. beam and 4.38 tons (short) displacement. Her mainsail will have 356ft., staysail 78ft., jib 119ft., topsail 86ft., a total of 633ft.

INTERNATIONAL RACES AT BOURNEMOUTH.—The dates set for the International Regatta at Bournemouth, Eng., are Aug. 9 and 10. The sum of £400 will be given in prizes, the largest being 125 guineas for the cruising yachts.

SOUTH BOSTON Y.C.—Officers—Com., Arthur Fuller; Vice-Com., G. S. Reed; Fleet Capt., C. F. Morrill; Sec., John C. Merry; Treas., Thomas Christian; Meas., James Bertram; Trustees, C. McKenna, Charles Griffin and A. H. Hall.

THE TRAVELERS paid an average of 60 accident claims a day in 1884.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. S. I., New York.—There is no such list.

TEJA, Washington, D. C.—The rifle you name will answer the purpose.

F. M. H.—Monument Beach is near Beverly, but there is another on Cape Cod.

A. L., Metamora, Mich.—"Gibson's Complete American Trapper" is the right book.

L. W. M., Dillingersville, Pa.—The rust spots can be removed without injury to the choke.

J. T. R., Stratford, Conn.—We have never published the lines of any of the boats you mention.

A. A. G., Brainerd, Minn.—Write to B. Greenwood, corner Barclay and Church streets, New York.

T. A. R., New York.—See the late numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM for information about birch canoes.

H. O. B.—The best thing on the gun-shy dog subject is Hammond's treatment of it in "Training vs. Breaking."

J. D. E.—1. For alligator hide quotations write to R. G. Salomon, Newark, N. J. 2. We have never heard of the use of alligator oil.

J. E. R., Wellsbridge, N. Y.—There is nothing published on the building of paper canoes. Canvas canoe building is described in "Canoe and Boat Building."

L. E.—1. Sheepshead Bay, Coney Island Creek, Fort Hamilton, etc., are favorite fishing resorts. 2. The gun is a safe one and has been used with satisfaction.

B. S. H., Albany.—Correspond with any one of the dealers whose addresses are to be found in our advertising columns. You will get the double-barreled gun for $35 and the single for $15.

J. G. B., Kootenai Lakes, Alberta.—We presume that the eagle claw trap, if still in the market, can be procured from any of the dealers in sportmen's goods. It is a villainous contraption.

C. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Inquire of the secretary. 2. The *Canoeist* publishes a list of canoe clubs and secretaries. 3. A canvas canoe is the easiest for a beginner and will make a very serviceable boat.

A. S., Medford, Ont.—1. We will endeavor to get the plans of sharpie. 2. There is none in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. 3. A pleasure vessel cruising in United States waters would pay no duty or dues.

A. A. Burlington, Vt.—There are several makes of copper paint for bottoms, which are intended to prevent fouling and the growth of weeds and barnacles. They can be had of dealers in paint in New York or Boston.

O. A. M., Toronto, Can.—The preparation of bottom paints is a specialty with the large manufacturers and their receipts are kept secret. It will pay you better to import some good make than to try to mix a paint yourself.

J. W. C., New York.—Will you kindly inform me of some first class places for black bass fishing and oblige? Ans. Go to Back Bay, Lake Champlain, or to Lake Erie at Kelly's, or Pelee Islands; or to Brant Lake, N. Y.; or to Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

J. H. S., East Oakland, Cal.—We repeat information already given: Sleeping bags are usually oval and oblong and the ordinary size is six and seven feet in length by three or four wide. The bag should be doubled, the inner one being of the skin selected, and the outer of canvas, duck or drilling. The two should be sewed together around the top and at the corners at the feet. A stout string—tape or cotton cord—should run round the opening of the bag so that if he desires to do so, the occupant can tie the bag tight about his throat. The choice of a skin for the inner bag may present some difficulties. Blanket is sometimes used, but it is not nearly so comfortable nor so warm as fur. The skin should be light and dressed very soft, and should at the same time be well furred. Buffalo is too heavy, caribou skin is highly recommended and would be admirable we imagine in very bitter weather. Lynx is light and well furred. One of the best of the bags that we have seen was made from a number of small skins, apparently of dog. We think that woodchuck skins in good fur would make a capital bag. It would be well in making a bag for use in an open camp where one may have to sleep close to the fire, to have the canvas or duck which forms the outer envelope, dressed with some preparation which would make it fireproof. Most of those who have camped in this way will remember how often they have had their blankets burned by sparks which snap from the fire during the night, and as canvas might catch from a spark and smoulder a long time, the bag might easily be ruined—the outer covering being burned and the skins scorched.

DAKOTA.—A dictionary of the Dakota language, by Riggs, was published by the Smithsonion Institution in 1852. It has long been out of print, and can be secured only at second-hand book stores. The Bureau of Ethnology (Washington) is preparing a revised edition for the press, but it will not be published for a year yet.

R. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—Last fall I shot an uncommonly large gray squirrel, and noticed a bunch at the base of the jaw about the size of a hickory nut, with a very small opening in it. The hair around the bunch was worn away as if the animal had tried to get rid of the disagreeable bunch. Upon opening it with my knife and pressing on it, out came the inclosed, which was about as large again, but has dried up. Ans. The grub is an *œstrus*, not infrequently found in squirrels; allied species infest deer, rabbits and cattle.

ORION GUN CLUB, Orion, Ill.—Is there more penetration with more recoil? Ans. The force of the recoil will vary with the charge; a heavier load will give greater recoil. Penetration also depends upon size of charge; the best penetration will be secured with the largest powder charge that the gun will burn. The more powder (up to this limit) the more penetration and the more recoil, other things being equal. On the other hand an increase of shot, without an increase of powder, would add to recoil, but not give better penetration.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S EXPEDITION.

[From the Philadelphia Times, April 7.]

THE *Times* prints to-day by special arrangement with the New York FOREST AND STREAM, the first of [its] letters, giving the only description ever presented of a winter journey through the wonderful National Park of the Yellowstone region. Few of even the more intelligent citizens of this country have any conception of the grandeur and romance of the Yellowstone. If it could be found in Italy or Russia, it would have been immortalized in song and story by American writers long ago; but it is here in our own green land, accessible by railway, and American tourists are content to be whirled through it behind the iron horse in summer, and leave it to forgetfulness in winter. Scores of every nationality have braved the perils of the Matterhorn, and many have given their lives as the price of adventure; but until now no man has ever explored the romance of the Yellowstone in winter, and the story [of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Commissioner], confined to unvarnished truth, makes romance pale before it.

In addition to the general interest that must be awakened by [the Commissioner's] winter exploration of the Yellowstone the public will be quickened in interest in the subject by the fact that the National Government has set apart the Yellowstone region, by special act of Congress, as a National Park. It is to stand alone in all its virgin grandeur, while the march of civilization will speedily efface much of the natural beauties of the other portions of the great mountains of the West. In no part of the continent is there such varied and matchless natural splendor as is to be found on the Yellowstone. There is not a wild freak of nature that is not there presented in inconceivable beauty, and half a century hence, when the new Empires of the West shall have their tens of millions of people, the Yellowstone Park will be the objective point of the tourist, the adventurer, the invalid and the scientist. It is the patrimony of the whole American people, and the one spot between the Eastern and Western seas that will be preserved in all its natural magnificence.

Much has been written about the romance of the Yellowstone, but little of it has been other than fragmentary and traditional. Its summer beauties have been described and illustrated many times; but its winter solitude and grandeur have never before been thoroughly explored or presented to the world. It has until now been an unknown land from January until spring time, and expeditions under the protection of Government troops and the guidance of Indian scouts have hitherto failed to make a winter exploration of the Yellowstone: but [the FOREST AND STREAM'S Commissioner] has finally accomplished it, and his story is as truthful as it is thrilling and romantic. We need not offer apology for the space the first of the letters occupies, as it will be universally read and with uncommon interest. The whole story will be told in three additional chapters.

[From the New York Herald, April 8.]

But exploration is feasible here, as has been shown since the "fakers" fled eastward. A few weeks ago a party equipped by the FOREST AND STREAM came all the way from New York to explore the park in the winter, and they came here without any "blowing," went through and have got back again with some real information. Their purpose was not to post advertisements on the rocks or to measure big icicles or fathom deep snow drifts. They came largely to learn whether the great National Park was fulfilling one of the chief purposes for which this reservation was originally set apart—namely, whether the park is becoming in fact a refuge and breeding ground for the great game animals and birds of the forests and plains of Montana, Wyoming and the Rocky Mountain slopes. For a quarter of a century the tide of settlement has passed the game backward into smaller confines, and the ruthless slaughter of both animals and birds, practically unchecked by any legislation, had diminished the herds and flocks until there was great danger of the extinction of the various species. It was then argued that the Yellowstone Park region, being actually useless for purposes of settlement, might if properly protected become the refuge and home of the hunted denizens of the wilds, and that instinct would soon lead them to seek its seclusion when they found that there alone, amid all the surrounding wilderness, they were unmolested.

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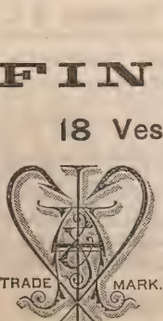
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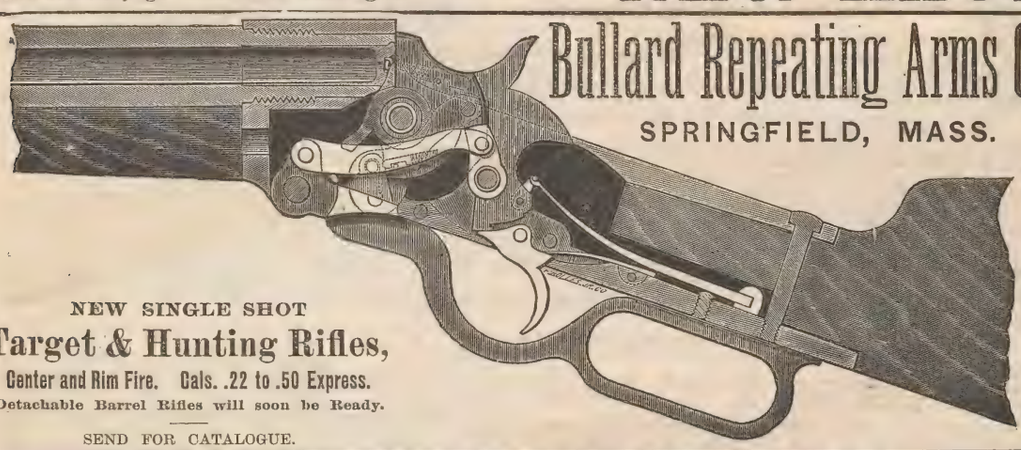


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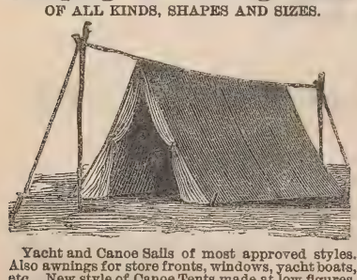
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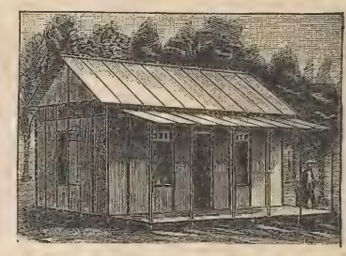
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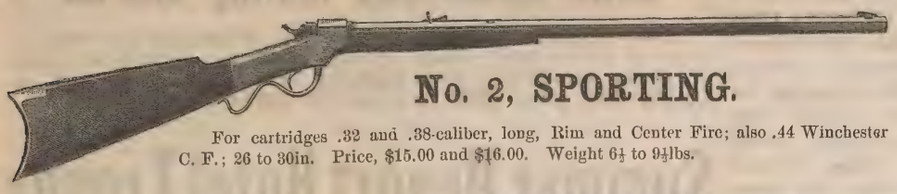
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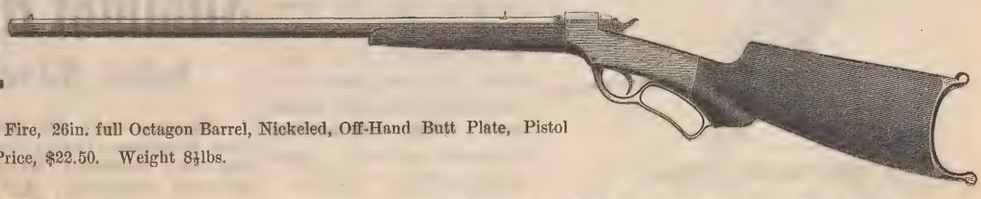
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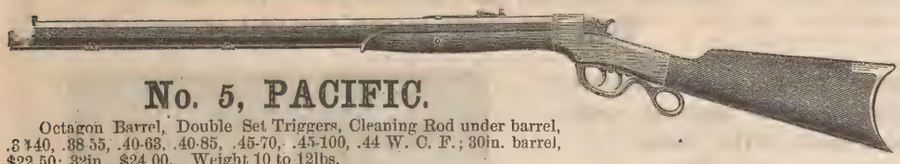
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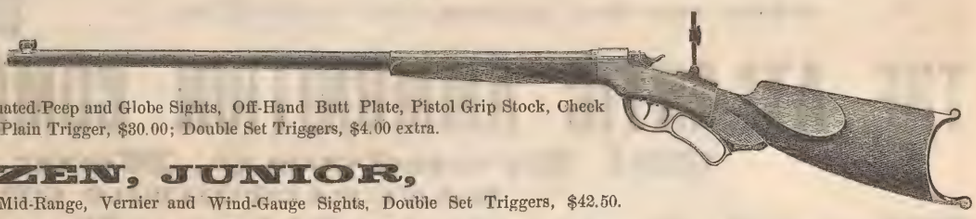
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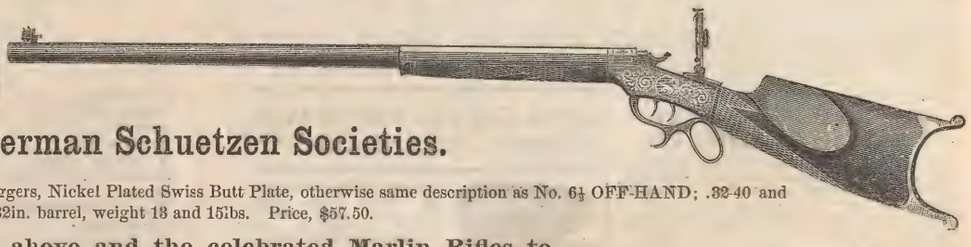
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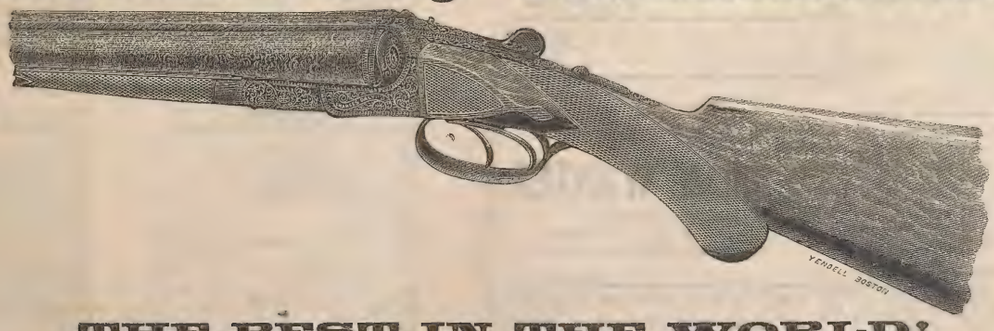
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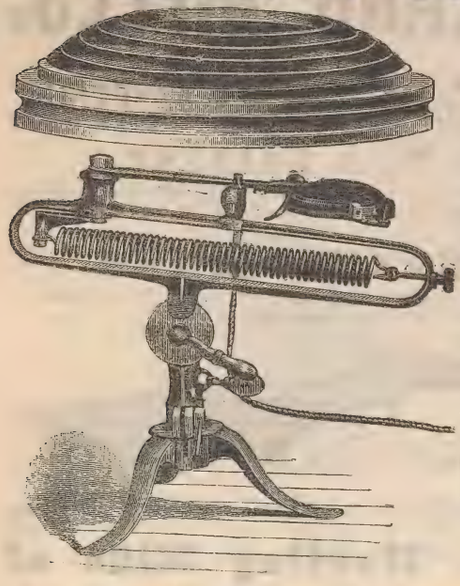
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The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

The FOREST AND STREAM will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

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This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

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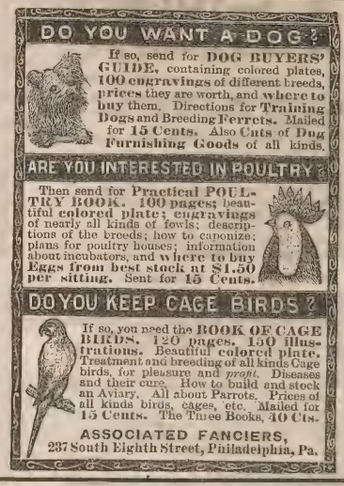
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THE KENNEL.
Pittsburgh Show.
Philadelphia Show.
Eastern Field Trials Club.
Kennel Management.
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RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.
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CANOEING.
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Books Received.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

A DUTY OF SHOW MANAGERS.

THERE was a disgraceful incident at Pittsburgh, which, because the principles involved in it concern all bench shows, deserves comment.

D. Bryson put in an appearance at the show, where he and his brother, P. H. Bryson—the self-confessed profferer of bribes at field trials—had some setters on exhibition. Among the visitors in attendance was Mr. Chas. H. Mason, who was by special arrangement reporting for the FOREST AND STREAM. On Wednesday, as Mr. Mason was engaged in taking notes of the dogs, he was approached by this fellow Bryson. The Memphis bully, club in hand, pistol in pocket and "backed" by two burly individuals presumably hired to help him, came up to Mr. Mason in a menacing manner and assailed him with profanity and foul language. Mr. Mason, too much of a gentleman to lower himself to bandy words with a blackguard, at once called upon the show managers to eject this band of ruffians from the hall, pointing out to President Gregg that fellows of their stripe never should have been suffered to gain admission to the show. By reason of cowardice or through subserviency to the Bryson clique, the managers sucked their thumbs and did nothing. Thereupon Mr. Mason very properly repaired to the Mayor's office, where a warrant was issued for Bryson's arrest, and a police officer being sent to hunt him up, he was put under bail to appear for trial in the police court at 9 o'clock the next day. At the appointed hour the complainant was on hand, but Bryson jumped his bail, which was then and there declared forfeited; and the Mayor publicly thanked Mr. Mason for the very commendable action he had taken.

The conduct of the show managers in this affair was simply disgraceful. It was a plain shirking of duty, and one part of it has a worse look than even that. When the policeman was hunting for Bryson, instead of helping the officer to collar him, as they ought to have done, Mr. Gregg and others actually denied to the policeman any knowledge that such a person was attending the show; and this in the face of the fact that Bryson had been constantly with Major Taylor, the setter judge, both in the show building and out of it.

There was but one right course for the Pittsburgh managers to have pursued. When informed of the presence of foul-mouthed brawlers, they should promptly have taken some action which would at least have demonstrated a desire on their part to secure for their patrons immunity from ribaldry. This is the duty of all bench show managers, if these exhibitions are to be kept within the pale of respectability and dog show reports are not to come under the head of police news. If Bryson and others of his kidney are to have unrestrained license for ruffianism like that enjoyed by them at Pittsburgh, self-respecting exhibitors will cease to patronize the shows, and the public will not attend them. No decent dog owner cares to be mixed up with such a crowd; and the ladies and gentlemen who now support the shows with their gate-money will not be likely to risk their lives by venturing into an exhibition hall where a shooting affray may take place at any moment.

This is a subject on which, if any, the American Kennel Club should take immediate and decided action. The ruffianly element must be eliminated from dog shows. In this particular case, both members of the firm of P. H. & D. Bryson should be debarred from entering their dogs at field trials or bench shows. P. H. Bryson is, by his own shameless confession, guilty of an attempt at field trial bribery, and on this ground the Brysons' entries should have been refused at Pittsburgh. In addition, D. Bryson is guilty of such conduct at a show as to have caused his arrest by the authorities of the town where the show was held. Bryson the field trial briber and Bryson the bench show brawler should both be read out by the kennel authorities competent to act.

MAKE IT A CRIME.

LAST Sunday furnished its quota of did-n't-know-it-was-loaded fatalities. A half-breed in a Chicago dime museum, to show the action of a revolver, pulled the trigger, and as the press dispatches have it, "the usual explosion followed," the bullet entering the breast of a bystander. On the same day a party of friends, among whom was Frank M. Fonda, superintendent of the main stem of the Georgia Central Railroad, set out for Savannah on a steamboat for a trip to Tybee Beach. The excursionists were in high spirits, laughing and joking, and good feeling reigned. Here is what happened, as told in the newspapers:

> While crossing the sound Fonda left the party in the pilot house and went back to the cabin. Half an hour later he returned to them. As he started up the ladder leading from the deck to the pilot house he called to Abrams, who was leaning out of the window, "Jack, I'm coming."
>
> Abrams laughed and replied, "No, you're not."
>
> "Yes, I am," Fonda said and climbed up to the window.
>
> Abrams picked up a Winchester rifle which lay on a seat in the pilot house, pointed it at Fonda, not knowing that it was loaded, and pulled the trigger. The weapon was discharged, and Fonda, who was half way up the ladder, let go the rail to which he held and fell back on the deck dead. The rifle which Abrams thought was not loaded had been loaded by Fonda himself soon after the tug left the city. The ball entered just under the left eye and pierced the brain. Death was instantaneous.

There should be a strict law, strenuously enforced, making it a criminal offense to point a firearm at a human being under any circumstances except where actual shooting would be justifiable. Such a law is not needed for the added punishment of the fatuous individuals whose fatal foolishness brings wounds and death to their victims and anguish and remorse to themselves. Magistrate's fine and jailer's bar would add little to the self-wrought punishment of a man who, in joke, slaughters his friend on a sunshiny Sunday morning. The benefit of such a statute and its enforcement would be found in its preventive effect. If every time a pistol or shotgun or rifle were aimed at a person, the fool at the stock was haled before a magistrate and fined, people would, after a while, begin to understand that this sort of play must not be indulged in, and the jocular murders would decrease. So long, however, as a man who goes through the pantomime of killing another in play, or who actually does kill, is let off without any punishment, the "accidents" will be multiplied.

THE wild beast resources of the New England States are by no means exhausted. They pay $10 a scalp for bears in New Hampshire, and the crop yields between $800 and $900 annual bounties.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE British Columbia Game Protection act of 1887, of which we give an abstract in another column, is plainly inadequate in many of its provisions. Deer are forbidden to be killed for their hide alone, but nothing is said about the killing of elk, caribou, mountain sheep or goats for their hides or heads. As British Columbia is likely to be the coming hunting ground for big game shooting, it is a great pity that some more satisfactory provision with regard to these large animals was not inserted in the bill. The act is further open to criticism because it affords no sufficient protection to birds other than game. On the other hand the provision which permits game to be sold only for three days after the commencement of the close season might well serve as a model to legislation in our own States. This law will, it is hoped, be improved at another session of the British Columbia Legislature, and when this is attempted, the framers will do well to consult Mr. John Fannin, Curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria. Mr. Fannin is an old hunter and a naturalist as well, and no one more competent to advise on game legislation can be found in the Province.

Finn, the Park Row saloon keeper and Assemblyman in the New York Legislature, who wants to serve baby lobsters as free lunch to his patrons, has pushed through the Senate his bill to repeal the present law. It is reported that the bill was passed on the representation of Senator Murphy, that Commissioner Blackford's opposition to it had been withdrawn, and Mr. Blackford is said to be highly indignant that he should have been so misrepresented, and the Senate deceived. There is nothing novel in this strategem of passing a bill by hoodwinking the members. When it comes to game legislation at Albany anything is fair so long as it carries a point. This repeal of lobster protection is a vicious measure and is just the sort of bill that Governor Hill may be expected to sign with cheerful alacrity.

Residents of Gardiner, Montana, who have tried the Yellowstone for trout this year, complain bitterly of the scarcity and small size of the fish. Before the railroad was built it was an ordinary thing to catch a string of from ten to fifty pounds of trout, while now an angler has to be content if he carries home three or four pounds. This is not in consequence of over-fishing, but it is a result of the infernal devices employed by the road graders. These lazy fellows—too lazy to fish—had a way of exploding dynamite cartridges in the pools and then scooping up such big fish as floated within easy reach, while the rest were carried on by the stream. This depleted the river. It is not the only river that has suffered in this way, nor is it likely to be the last.

Mr. George M. West, Assistant Superintendent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Co., sends us a handsomely printed volume, privately printed as a souvenir of a canoe cruise taken by himself and companions from Escanaba, Mich., to Traverse Bay, in August, 1886. The illustrations are artotypes from negatives made by the amateur photographer of the party, and some of them are exquisite bits of work. The preparation of such a volume, text and illustrations, is an admirable method of preserving the pleasant memories of cruise and camp.

"Wolves" are said to be making great havoc with the deer in the vicinity of Bog Lake, in the Adirondacks. George Muir, the Lowville trapper, recently reported finding six partially devoured carcasses of deer which had been killed by "wolves." This comes of letting the "wolves" go unchained, and turning them loose to forage in the woods to support themselves through the winter, so that when the city "sports" arrive in mid-summer the "wolves" will be in condition to run deer into the water.

Whatever has become of that scheme of buying up thousands of acres of New Jersey pine lands and converting them into a gigantic game preserve?

Arbor Day is an anniversary which is growing in favor, and each year sees its wider observance. The influences of the day are all good.

April is not a decent season for deer killing, though it is in practice an open month in some of the Southern States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SPRINGTIME IS COMING.

SEE! on the elm boughs the robin is swinging,
Hark to the note of the bluebird clear ringing,
List to the tidings they sweetly are bringing,
Springtime is coming, and summer is near.

Now o'er the ledges in cataracts leaping,
Now in still pools 'neath the dark hemlocks sleeping,
Now in long curves through the brown pastures sweeping,
Hear, the brook tells us that springtime is near.

Swift to the northward the wildfowl are winging,
Soon in the shallows the trout will be springing,
Soon in the meadows the bobolink singing,
Springtime is coming, and summer is near.

Soon on the hillside the grouse will be drumming,
Soon 'round the flowers the bee will be humming,
All their notes saying that summer is coming,
Summer is coming and springtime is near.

Daily the shadows are length'ning before us,
Soon will the leaves cast their soft shelter o'er us,
Nature exulting will join the glad chorus,
Summer is coming, and springtime is near.

Welcome the guests with a greeting of pleasure,
Open your hearts to receive the sweet treasure,
Tune all your voices to join in the measure,
Summer is coming, and springtime is near.

CHARLESTOWN, N.H., Easter Sunday, 1887. VON W.

WINTER IN WONDERLAND.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ON SNOWSHOES.

III.

AT the Lower Basin we found Mr. James Dean and wife in charge. They were living in one of the comfortable log cottages belonging to the hotel. Mr. Dean is one of the old assistant superintendents, who for years did more to save the Park from destruction by fire than any other assistant. Stationed in the cottage at Norris he daily rode each way on the road, putting out fires and removing obstructions from the geysers and springs; keeping a sharp lookout for specimen fiends. It is to be regretted that Congress did not appropriate money for the protection of the Park and place such men as Mr. Dean in charge. The Yellowstone Park Association have had him in charge of their hotel at this place ever since they started. During the winter he has been keeping a record of the maximum and minimum thermometer readings, the depth of snow fall and earthquake shocks. The latter occurred first on the 5th of November. There was first a slight shock, with a long rumbling sound accompanied with a jar, the sound coming from the east and passing on west, where it appeared to strike the hill on the west and stop.

On the 7th, or more properly the 8th, at 12:50 A. M., occurred a second shock. There was a rumbling, and then a shaking and swaying of the cabin so that the dishes rattled. Mr. Dean was awakened by the movement of the house; a large dog asleep in the next room was frightened, and going to the door begged to be let out. This was the heaviest shock felt, and, I believe, the one that was so heavy at Norris. The next night, Nov. 9, there was a rumbling sound which came from the east, a very sudden shock or jar, the sound passing on and ending apparently at the hill on the west; the whole thing was over in less than ten seconds. On Nov. 27 the same rumbling sound was heard coming from the east; as it passed under the cabin there was a slight shock felt. On Dec. 20, at 7:30 P. M., a slight jar and shock was felt, accompanied with the usual rumbling noise. This account is as Mr. Dean gave it to me, and can be depended on as reliable, without any sensational additions.

The thermometer readings for that part of January while the Schwatka explorers were finding the snow so deep on Willow Creek, and the cold so intense (—51°) I give below. The readings are taken at noon from self-registering thermometers:

	Max.	Min.		Max.	Min.
Jan. 6....	+26°	— 1°	Jan. 8....	—13°	—31°
Jan. 7....	+ 5°	— 5°	Jan. 9....	0°	—22°

The highest in January was on the 3d, +33°, and the lowest the 8th, or night of the 7th, —31°.

The snowfall up to date was for October, November and December, 58in.; January, 51in.; February 1 to 18, 44in., a total of 153in. or 12ft. 9in., a very respectable amount of snow, considering that March and April are very snowy months, some years as much falling in these two months as in all the others put together. The snow was drifted around the buildings in immense piles. This hotel is the only one at all exposed to the wind, the others are sheltered either by timber or hills. Around each building on three sides would be a narrow space, the snow drifted in perpendicular walls. On the other or north side it will be piled up against the building 7 and 8ft. deep.

On Feb. 18 I made a new pair of snowshoes for Jack, his being, for him, unmanageable. This took most of the day. Flocks of ducks were often seen flying up or down stream. Their "quack, quack" could be heard in the streams on each side of the group of houses.

On the 19th, a clear day, I visited the Lower Basin, crossing the open meadow between the hotel and the Fountain Geyser. On this flat I found the snow from 1 to 3ft. deep. I turned aside to the Third Geyser Group, but saw nothing unusual here. The Surprise Geyser showed no signs of having had an eruption this winter, and the other pools and springs on the flat were about as usual. At the Fountain I was rewarded by a beautiful sight. A small grove of trees about a hundred yards to the northeast were a mass of ice formed from the steam that had drifted to them from the Fountain Geyser. The central tree was a white monument, a tower resting on a base seemingly formed by arches of ice uniting around the tree some 10ft. from the ground, making a grotto through whose passages one could walk, the tree's trunk supporting the whole. This monument was surrounded by others, each one glittering in the bright sunshine and well worth a fifty-mile snowshoe trip to see.

Approaching nearer and going around the group, I noticed a great change. Most of the limbs and twigs had no ice or snow on them on the side away from the geyser. Toward the geyser there was a thin ribbon of ice fastened by one edge to the twigs and small limbs, while on the body and large limbs the ice was in masses. These ribbons were two inches wide and less than a quarter inch thick. They were made up of bands of different shades of ice. Next the limb was a clear, transparent strip a quarter inch wide, then came a band of white ice, then a thread which was perfectly clear, next a line beautifully shaded, like porcelain. The whole was like a ribbon of banded agate, the outer edge being a pure dead white. The last addition of frost to the ribbon was a little thicker than the rest and somewhat more wavy—sometimes almost like a fringe. These ribbons followed the line of everything that supported them. In a few places they were broken off; but on the whole, everything that could support their weight was thus ornamented.

Leaving here after spending an hour and only once attempting to make a sketch of this beautiful grove, I moved on to the great Paint Pots and other geysers. Here I saw nothing as interesting as the frost work. The coloring was not as brilliant as in summer. The ice and snow came up to within a few inches of the pools and to where the water fell from the geysers. Wherever the hot water had cut channels through the fields of ice, the bottoms of the streams were colored, as is usual where the water is hot.

Returning to the Fountain I enjoyed, before I left, another look at the Monument Grove. While looking at it the Fountain went off, and I was soon surrounded by clouds of steam from the overflowing water. As a strong cold wind was blowing from the southwest, I left here to get away from the steam, following down one of the channels on a run with the hot water only a little way behind me. Getting to the flat I used my snowshoes again. In recrossing the meadow I saw many very thin places in the snow, and some spots where the ground was bare. Either the ground is warmer here from internal heat or the snow has blown off, as there were many wet places. It seems probable that the slight depth of snow here may be accounted for by the heat having melted most of it.

Rabbit, fox, coyote, wolverine and lynx tracks crossed and recrossed one another on the flat. They tell me here geese and swans have been seen in the Fire Hole River this winter, but I saw none.

Soon after my return to the hotel, Mr. Kelly came in from Norris with a man Sullivan, whom Mr. Dean had sent for to work around the place. Sullivan had started from the Mammoth Hot Springs with a very poor pair of snowshoes. Foolishly passing the tent we had propped up, he went on a little further, and when night overtook him, camped in the snow. Breaking off dead limbs he lit a fire by some dead trees and this he kept up all night. In the morning he was down in a hole in the snow, out of which he could not see. He had frosted his feet during the night while gathering firewood. The next day he made in to the Norris Hotel in an exhausted condition. He went to bed soon after arriving and Mr. Kelly let him sleep some sixteen hours. The third day, after having rested up, Sullivan started for the Lower Basin. Mr. Kelly accompanied him, intending to go only part way, but finding that S. was inclined to stop too often, Kelly concluded to come on to the Basin with him, fearing that if he was left alone he would not make in or freeze to death in the night. By alternately encouraging and threatening, Kelly induced him to keep on until he got him safe to the hotel. If left alone there is little doubt that Sullivan would have frozen to death that night, as it was very cold, —21°. Mr. Kelly, although a new hand at snowshoeing, has been out frequently on the road, helping men in, and looking for the overdue. He was out after some of the Schwatka party when their own men would not go, was out looking for Con when he came to our camp, helped Sullivan through, and rescued for Mr. Jones a horse that had been left on the road exhausted.

On the 20th, a bright cold morning, the thermometer reading —21°, we started from the Upper Basin. As the telephone wire was down we took a piece to repair it, expecting to find it broken where it passes over a hot spring where, when it is very cold, the wire gets heavily loaded with frost from the steam. The road was often crossed by small game tracks. We flushed two dusky grouse, saw several pine squirrels and a flying squirrel. These last I did not suppose, a year ago, were to be found in the Rocky Mountains, but they are very abundant about some parts of the Park. I have seen them only at nightfall. I think they are about but little in the daytime. Soon after crossing the Fire Hole River, I saw a very large lynx. I called Jack's attention to him and he thought it was a lion until he saw there was no long tail. A little further on we came to a place where the lynx had watched our approach. Wishing to know more about us he had crossed the road and was passing to the windward of us when I saw him. He was grayish on his back, had reddish gray sides and light gray belly—a Canadian lynx and a very large animal of its kind. Its track measured 4in. wide and 6in. long. It did not stop long in sight, but soon disappeared in the timber. I gave a cat-like call, hoping to stop it, which I did, but it was behind some brush and out of sight. Here it stayed a moment and then trotted on.

While traveling through this section I was constantly on the watch for bison or their sign, as I have reason to believe there is a small band wintering within a circuit of two miles or so of this locality from signs seen in the early spring last year. I was disappointed in not seeing them. Had I had the time, I would have devoted a week to looking them up.

We soon came to the Midway Geyser Basin, a part of the Lower Basin, and sometimes called "Hell's Half Acre." Here are the Excelsior Geyser, Prismatic and Turquois Springs, with several others of lesser note. The whole surface of the formation was covered with snow and ice, except in a few narrow channels made by the overflowing waters. Even some of them ended in fields of ice and snow, especially those from the Prismatic Spring, only one or two streams finding their way to other pools of hot water, the rest disappearing in the snow. Leaving our snowshoes we traveled from place to place in these channels, which we could easily do, as the water in them is very shallow. At the Turquois Spring the snow and ice came so close to the hot water that we could not walk along the edge of the spring without stepping in the hot water. The spring was as beautifully blue as in summer—even more so by contrast with the surrounding banks of snow. We could walk around the Prismatic Springs without trouble, as the overflow is about the same everywhere, melting the snow off for from 10 to 50ft. Here the coloring, as usual in winter through the Park, was dull.

Wading through banks of snow we came to the great Crater of the Excelsior, the largest and most powerful geyser in the Park and in the world when it was in action. It was boiling and bubbling all over, and most of the surface was hidden by dense clouds of hot vapor. The center was boiling more violently at times. Now and then one could catch a glimpse of a mass of water 25ft. in diameter, thrown up from 5 to 6ft., sending to the shore waves which constantly wear the banks away, undermining the sides until they cave in, only to be worn out again by the constant wave motion of the hot water. There is often a roar as the steam rushes up through the water, giving one the impression that there is going to be an eruption at once.

There has been a great amount of sensational stuff written about this geyser. One writer has it in eruption at the time of the Charleston earthquake, throwing out red hot rocks, flames, water, steam, sulphurous gases, smoke; in fact, a volcano. Others have seen every indication of "its having just gone off, it was so wet around there," forgetting that the waters of the Prismatic Spring flow all around it. No reputable witness claims to have seen it in action since the fall of '82, which was the only time I was fortunate enough to see it in all its glory. It did throw out pieces of geyser formation some 4in. in diameter and 2in. thick; they were the largest pieces I saw thrown out. I have heard people say that they have seen it "throw out rocks as big as that stove."

As a proof that no eruption has taken place this winter, on all sides banks of ice and snow, from 1ft. to 5ft. deep, came down close to the edge of the crater. On the west and south sides there was no room to walk, and we had to keep back on the snowbanks. On the side toward the Prismatic Spring great icicles hung from the formation almost to the surface of the water. On a piece of fallen formation, forming a little island near the shore, was a little snow. The porous nature of the formation makes this rock a very poor heat conductor, and I believe this to be the cause of so much ice and snow so near the great bodies of hot water. We visited the other pools, but saw nothing of special interest. Just before reaching the bridge where we recross the Fire Hole, we met the man in charge of the Upper Basin Hotel, Mr. Roake, and his son Willie, a 12-year old boy, both out on snowshoes, the boy being able to do his ten miles in a day with any one. They had just repaired the broken wire where the break was supposed to have been, and were looking for us, expecting to see us on the road. With this addition to our company we went on, noticing many ice-covered trees like those at the Fountain Geyser, wonderful and beautiful beyond words. Soon after Mr. Roake turned back with us, we came to a large lynx track which had struck his trail, followed it a little way, and then crossed the

road back and forth, ten or fifteen times, traveling like the letter S. Just before getting to the Basin, another son of Mr. Roake came to us, Bert, a boy 14 years old, and a good snowshoer.

Mr. Roake and his family were living in the log-house in front of the hotel, which they had fixed up for the winter. We soon came in sight of a stove-pipe above a bank of snow which showed where the cabin was. We could just see the top of the house when we got on the same level with it. The snow through this section had settled considerably, as was shown by little mounds 2ft. high around every tree, bush and stump; still, on a level, there was 7ft. of snow. Soon an object came up out of the snow which proved to be another son of Mr. Roake, Harry, a little fellow seven years old, and soon a little girl four years old popped up out of the entrance to the cabin to tell us that the telephone was all right. We soon descended into the cabin, and were surrounded by these children, whose nearest neighbors were ten miles away—too far for a call except over the telephone, which they all use. Sending to Mr. and Mrs. Dean word of our arrival, we were soon sitting down to a good meal, and, as this was to be our last stopping place before striking out for the forests and streams, and lakes and rivers of the Shoshone and Yellowstone country, we made the most of it.

We built a fire in a tent which had been standing here ever since the old Y. P. I. Co. started. This we made comfortable for our sleeping room.

Before dark we saw a fine display by the Beehive and Old Faithful geysers. The evening we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Roake's happy family. All the children know how to play chess, an unusual thing in the mountains. Even the four-year-old Topsy played two games. I left my king exposed to see if she would notice it, which she did, mating me at once.

The morning of the 21st, in company with Mr. R. and son, I visited the whole of the Upper Geyser Basin, going out past the Castle to Iron Creek, which was open, crossing it twice on a snow bridge without getting off our shoes. Along this stream down to the Specimen Lake and Black Sand Geyser there were many bare spots with bright green grasses, and several water plants growing in the warm water and earth, some even showing flower buds. The bright green mosses and plants looked doubly green beside the white snow. All along this creek was to be seen the usual number of ice forms. One in particular was very life-like. It looked like an Esquimau, dressed in white bear robes, with a bundle of sticks in his arms. He had a woe-begone expression on his face, as though in trouble because he had so little wood.

We passed across Specimen Lake on snowshoes and by the Black Sand Geyser, the Devil's Punch Bowl to the Splendid Geyser. This went off very soon after we had reached it, giving us one of the finest displays I have ever seen it make. I was under the impression that the geyser action would not be as attractive in winter as in summer, owing to the great amount of steam thrown off in cold weather, but I find that I was mistaken. The steam only adds to the general effect, the jets of hot water shooting up through the clouds leaving a trail of steam behind, turning in the air and descending like a comet with the tail of steam following them until lost in the rolling masses of vapor lower down. This geyser I believe to have increased in action since last summer. Crossing the Fire Hole River on a snow bridge we saw all the great geysers. Near the Giantess was the usual display of ice-covered trees. This geyser has been in eruption all winter with intervals of nine to fourteen days. We returned by Old Faithful, which has been regular all winter in its hourly eruptions.

On the 22d, with Mr. Roake and his son Bert, I went out to the Lone Star Geyser. We traveled among the snow-laden pine timber, zigzagging up a long hill until we had reached the summit of the ridge. Keeping along this for a mile we then went down the open meadow on the Fire Hole, and turning to our left around a point of timber we came out to the geyser, which was not in action. We thus had an opportunity to examine the most beautiful cone in the whole Park. For 10ft. around the cone there was no ice or snow, but to the east there was a great mound of ice, a dome-shaped pile 15ft. high. While we were on top of this looking at the "pepper box" like top of the cone, the geyser suddenly began to play, sending showers of water on us. We soon got away from there. A strong wind was blowing from the west, quite cold, although a bright sun was shining from a clear sky. Going around to the north side we had a fine view of the geyser in eruption as it shot its hot waters 60ft. above the cone. The clear waters and the white steam clouds showed finely against the bright blue of the sky for a background. Several little holes in the top of the cone were shooting little jets of hot water that, descending, left a trail of steam behind them as they fell over the sides of the cone and added very much to the beauty of the display. This lasted twenty minutes.

Off to our left on the side of the hill across the river, in a sheltered gulch, were some ice-laden trees over 60ft. high, looking like huge giants standing guard over some steam vents in the hillside. The sun just touched the tops of the trees, giving the figures the appearance of wearing burnished silver helmets. As we were leaving this place, I noticed a sort of opening through a screen of icicles in the northeast side of the ice mound mentioned. Going to it we broke away some of the screen and saw a cave-like tunnel into which we walked some distance. It soon became dark and I lit a candle, with which we went on for 50ft., though often obliged to stoop. The passage continued 25ft. further to where we could see a pale, blue light, made by the sunshine on the ice where it was getting thin on top. After getting out of here we noticed that our hats and coats were covered with a white, pasty substance, rubbed off the roof of the cave. This I presume was silica, thrown out with the geyser water and deposited with the ice. As the ice gradually melted from beneath, the silica was left on the surface in a pasty form. I had noticed the same thing as sediment around all the active geysers on this trip, something I have not seen in summer.

We decided to return by following the Fire Hole down to the Basin. This we did, keeping to the river, first on one side then the other, crossing the open waters on snow-covered trees which had fallen across the stream. Over these bridges we walked on our snowshoes. We passed Kepler's Falls and Cascades, but the effect of these was spoiled by the depth of the snow which hid them from view. The cañon below was very pretty with its tall, dark firs laden with snow, the points of rock in the cañon covered with masses out of all proportion to their support hanging over the edges ready to drop with the slightest touch.

Before reaching the Basin we came to a small open stream on the east side of the Fire Hole. Here is the home of several beaver, and as we were crossing on a snow bridge one of them swam out to see what was going on overhead. We had but a glimpse of him. Along here in this stream and the Fire Hole some twenty beaver live in the banks, and as they increase very fast, the stream will soon be restocked. Now and then a tourist sees one.

As we passed the hotel on our return we went up to the second story verandah for a slide down the hill. Off the roof we went, getting headway enough to take us to the cabin door. Before the snow had settled around here the cabin was completely buried. One morning Mr. R. had to crawl up through a small hole dug from the inside of the house with a fire shovel, to get out, and then to work for a long time to clear the snow away from the only door the family could use. From the record Mr. Roake has, he makes the snowfall at the Upper Basin from Oct. 1 to date, Feb. 22, 15ft. 10in. From all the indications I think that is not far from correct, as there appears to be more snow here than at the other basins.

The last part of the day was devoted to preparing for our trip around the lakes. Mrs. Roake had baked for us a lot of oatmeal biscuits. With 8lbs. of them for bread, 5lbs. of fresh beef, 2lbs. of bacon and 2lbs. of boiled corned beef, a few cookies and the provisions we had with us, we made up our packs, which weighed about 25lbs. each.

ELWOOD HOFER.

SAM LOVEL'S BEE HUNTING.

A SEQUEL TO SAM LOVEL'S THANKSGIVING.

"GOOD Lord o' massy! if I haint jest abaout clean tuckered aout!" Mrs. Purington gasped, exhaling a long-drawn sigh as she dropped her portly person into a creaking splint-bottom chair in her own kitchen, then flopped her sun-bonnet into her short lap, and stroked the hair back with both hands from her heated brow. "Whew! 'f 't aint hot, jest a roastin', bilin' hot! Huldy, reach me a dipper o' water, won't ye; I'm e'en a'most choked. I sot that ere pitcher o' emptin's on the winder stool; you ta' keer on em, won't ye." Huldah brought her mother a quart dipper fully of cool water from the pump, that with its dolorous squeaks and hollow groans always reminded her now of last year's Thanksgiving day.

"Lord o' massy! I b'lieve I *be* roasted," Mrs. Purington exclaimed, regarding her scarlet reflection in the bright interior of the tin dipper, after she had taken a long draught. "Wal," she said, after resting the dipper on her knee, and wiping her face with a corner of her apron. "I've ben all 'raound Robin Hood's barn tu borry them emptin's. Fust I went tu Joel's, though I might h'a knowned better 'n tu, for Jemimy she allers uses milk risin'; mis'able flat-tasted bread it makes tu. Ketch me a makin' bread wi' milk risin'! Then arter I'd sot an' talked wi' Jemimy a spell—Joel, he's got a *'consarn'* a workin' on his mind, an' he's a goin' off on a preachin' taower jes' 's soon 's they get through hayin'. Shouldn't wonder a mite 'f he did afore if the weather happens tu come on ketchin'; n' like 's not 't will, for dog days haint over yit, an' nob'dy never knows what the weather 's a goin' t' be in dog days. The idear o' goin' shoolin' off 'wi one o' his *'consarns'* leavin' 'n' her an them child'n an' the farm tu 'tend tu'! Ketch me a marryin' a Quaker, 'at's allus lierble tu be took with a *'consarn'!* Arter I sot an' talked wi' Jemimy a spell I went on tu Briggses; but Miss' Briggs she haint got nothin' but yeast-cakes, an' I haint uster usin' them. So arter I'd sot an' rested me a spell—she's got a new quilt on the frames—pretty time o' year tu be a quiltin'—sunflower patch work it is, an' 'll look o'nsid'able scrumptious when 't 's done. I went on tu Hillses' an' Miss' Hill she'd jest sot a mess tu workin' 'n' so she hedn't got none. Jozeff he's a hayin' on 't, arter his fashion! Then I went along over to Uncle Lisher's, an' there I made aout tu git me some emptin's. Uncle Lisher he's jes' fairly got tu hayin' on 't, haint ben begun more'n tew three days. Tom Hamilton he 's a helpin' on him—payin' up his shoemakin' like 's not. They've just hed a letter f'm George aout tu the 'Hio.' Says crops is looking well in the 'Hio, an' he's a doin' well, an' wants 'em both to come aout there an' live 'long wi' him. I don't scasely b'lieve they ever will, but I do' know. They're a getting 'long in years, an' it's a turrible ways off. Why, that letter was wrote the last o' June or fo'part o' July, an' here it is the middle of August! Wal," taking another draught from the dipper, and making slow preparations to rise, "we've got us some emptin's to start with, an' naow we've got tu set tu work an' make some. Hope yer father won't tip over the pot agin, pokin' raound in the suller. You've skum the milk, I s'pose, an' got the pans washed an' scalded?"

"Yes," Huldah answered from the sink, where she stood washing and peeling potatoes.

"You be dreffle mumpin' this summer," said her mother after waiting a little for her to speak further. "It's jest yis an' no with ye, an' ye never laugh ner sing a mite 's ye uster. I b'lieve I'd orter steep up some boneset an' hev ye take some; *I* b'lieve yer stomerk 's aouten order."

"Why, mother, I'm jest as tough as a bear," Huldah declared, blushing and making a brave effort to laugh; she could not help smiling at the thought of boneset as a remedy for her ill—heartsease would be more to the purpose it seemed to her.

"It is a turrible job tu fix them ol' pertaters fit for cookin'," said Mrs. Purington, now apparently just noticing her daughter's occupation. "Seem 's 'ough we'd ort tu hev some new ones by this time. Wonder 'f yer father 's dug int' any hills tu see? Where 's Sis?" she asked after looking thoughtfully at Huldah and the potatoes as she went to hang the dipper and sunbonnet on their respective nails, "I haint seen ner hearn nothin' on her sen I come in." It was indeed noticeable that the six-year-old pet of the household had not even in so short a time in a wakeful forenoon in some way made her whereabouts known, and her mother wondered now with a maternal qualm of conscience that she had not sooner remarked the absence of the child's voice, talking to herself or asking endless unanswerable questions, or singing her rag doll to imaginary sleep. She suddenly realized how still it was, that there was no sound in the kitchen but the buzzing of the flies, the ticking of the clock and the fluttering splash and chip, chip of the potato washing and paring, and that from outdoors came no sound but the lazy "crating" of the hens, the dolorous mixture of peep and cluck wherewith the half-grown chickens expressed their contentment, the dry clap of a locust's wings followed by his long, shrill cry when he had lighted in the chip-littered yard, and from further off the faint ringing of the mower's whetted scythes.

"Why," said Huldah, coming with a start out of a maze of troubled thoughts, "she was a tewin' 'raound an' a pesterin' me half tu death 'baout this an' that she wanted t' du, an' at last I gi' 'n her her little baskit 'at—'at she thinks so much on, an' tol' her she might gwup in the stump lot a blackbaryin' a spell. I tol' her she mustn't gwaout o' sight o' the haouse."

"Wal," Mrs. Purington said, looking out toward the hills, "I guess you hedn't orter let her. I d' know 's she'd orter gwup there 'lone. She'd better ben a watchin' the ol' hen turkey an' her young uns. If they git up tu the aidge of the woods the foxes 'll ketch every identical one on 'em. O dear me suz! Seems 's 'ough the pleggid foxes hed ort tu git some scaser, wi' Sam Lovel an' mongst 'em a huntin' an' a haounin' on 'em half the year; but they don't. Seems 's 'ough that young un ort tu be some'eres in sight er a comin' hum by this time. Haow long's she ben gone?"

"She's ben gone," Huldah answered, looking at the clock—"why, it's most an hour an' a half! Mother, 'f you'll put the pertaters in the kittle, I'll go an' git her. 'F I don't git back soon 'nough, the pork 's all cut an' in the fryin' pan ready for fresh'nin'." So putting on her sun bonnet she went out, her mother following to the door to say, "jes' 's like 's not she's over in the medder 'long wi' yer father 'n' the rest on 'em." With this hope Huldah went out toward the meadow till she could see her father and the two hired men swinging their scythes with even strokes, but there was no little sister there, and she went on quickly, crossing the brook where its summer-shrunken current wimpled among the stones in the shade of a thicket of young firs. She saw a print of a small shoe in the soft gravel, half filled, and pointing toward the berry lot. Surely, she thought, she must soon find her now, and listened a moment with the expectation of hearing the child prattling to herself or rustling among the bushes. But she heard nothing but the hum of insects, the chirp of crickets and an occasional bird note, and calling, got no answer. But she must see her presently, for it was impossible to keep out of sight in the field that the axe had swept all tree growth from only two years ago. But when she entered it after beating along its lower edge for a while, she was surprised to see how tall the sprouts and bushes had grown since she had last been there. It now seemed hopeless enough to look here for one grown to full stature, much more so to find a child whose head would be overtopped by the lowest of the blackberry brambles that reared themselves with rampant growth about every blackened stump and log heap.

Perhaps Polly had fallen asleep on some inviting bed of moss by the brook. Nothing was likelier, and it was strange she had not sooner thought of it. Returning, she followed all the turns of the little watercourse along the border of the stump lot, but saw no living thing she cared to now; nothing but a scared trout flashing across the shadows of a pool; heard nothing but the warning cry of a mother partridge and the startling whir of wing when the old bird and her well-grown brood burst away in brief flight, and then the lisping call that gathered the scattered family. Why would not her little chick of a sister hear and answer her call? Huldah went back into the brush and swiftly threaded the maze of cowpaths, and with laborious climbing gained the tops of the tallest stumps, whose height showed how deep the snow was when the trees were felled, and scanned all the thickets she could overlook, always hoping to see somewhere among the tangle of stalks and leafage the little pink sun-bonnet moving about. Once she thought she had surely caught sight of it, but on approach it proved to be only the full-flowered spike of a willow-herb nodding to the breeze or bending under the shifting weight of the bees. She called loudly and often, but was answered only by the mewing of a catbird that flitted near yet unseen in the thickets, and by the sudden jangle of a cowbell as its startled wearer crashed away through the brush. Sometimes the mysterious murmurs of the forest would fool her ear for a moment; then when she listened they seemed

to come from everywhere and could be located nowhere. One moment she was so vexed and impatient that if she had come upon the little wanderer her first impulse would have been to give her a scolding; the next she was choking with a swelling ache of dread that she would have given the world to have cured by a sight of the yellow-polled pet and tease, whom if she might but find alive and well she would never scold again. So she hurried on in her fruitless search till she came to the upper end of the half-cleared field where the lofty branches of the great trees linteled the doorway of the ancient forest, whose depths and darkness and mystery she feared but would dare to enter if there was one promised chance of her finding the lost child there. Yes, lost. The fact with all its terrible possibilities forced itself upon her, and horrible visions floated in swiftly returning procession before her misty eyes of the little form lying dead at the foot of a precipice, or drowned in a brook pool, or torn by wild beasts, or at best stumbling blindly onward in a craze of fright perhaps to a worse death by starvation and terror. It would be only a waste of precious time for her to go into the woods; there was nothing for her to do but to hasten home and rouse the neighborhood for the search. She mounted a great boulder for one more unrewarded look, and to make another unanswered call. She could see her home basking in the August sun with such a restful air as if it was never to shelter the sorrow that was soon to enter it; and a wood thrush filled the cloisters of the woods with his sweet chime of silver bells as if there was naught but peace and happiness there. Huldah was no saint, and she felt an angry resentment of this mockery of her trouble. She could have wrung the thrush's neck to end the song so ill attuned to her feelings, and it would have been a slight relief to see some token of disturbance about the house, though it would not have quieted her self-reproach. If this wrathful feeling had not been overpowered by the stronger emotion of grief before she reached home, it might have been somewhat appeased by the pervading air of anxiety that brooded over the household. Her father, watching for her as he smoked his after-dinner pipe, came out to meet her, questioning her with a troubled face. She only halted to say in a choked voice, "Oh, father, she's lost! Hurry, an' raout aout everybody!" and answered the inquiring look of the hired men who stopped their meditative whittling and arose from the doorstep at her approach with, "Polly's lost! Go an' tell 'em all tu come an' help find her!" Her mother, meeting her at the door, heard this, and retreating to the nearest chair, sat down, spreading a helpless hand on either knee. "O dear me suz! Huldy, I don't see haow on airth you ever, ever come tu let her go!"

"O mother, *don't!* Is the' any tea left? I'm a chokin', an' tuckered." She poured out a cupful from the teapot, swallowed it at a draught, and went quickly out. "I'm a goin' tu Joel's an' Solon's an' Hillses' an' that way 's fur 's I can tu tell 'em," she said to her father, who was hurriedly consulting with the men. "You an' John an' Lije go t' other ways. I searched and hollered all over the stump lot, an' never seen nothin' on her but her track where she crossed the brook, a goin'," and she hastened down the road.

"Thee don't say so!" Jemima Bartlett said, her placid face full of pity when Huldah briefly told her errand. "The poor little precious! I'll call the men folks right off up aouten the medder. They'll come tu rights when they hear the horn. Thee 'd better come in an' sed daown an' rest thee a spell, thee does look so beat aout, poor child."

But Huldah sped on while the blasts of the conch shell were echoing from the hills, and when she looked back as she turned into Solon Briggs's yard, she saw Joel and his hired man trudging along the road toward her home.

Solon happened to be mending his "hay-riggin'," and, dropping his tools in the door-yard chips, he hastened away as soon as he heard her message, stopping only to ask if it would be "more essifactions for him tu go an' help her raise a human-cry?"

Joseph Hill came to the door in his stockings trying to rub and gape away the left-over sleepiness of an after dinner nap. When he had slowly pulled on his boots he was ready to go; he hardly knew which way till he had "told M'ri," who came with the youngest baby in her arms, and two a-foot tugging at her skirts and peeping from behind them, while she offered her condolences. The whistling growl of Gran'ther Hill came from where he sat in his armchair at the back door, asking many questions: "What is 't yer a talkin' 'baout M'rier? Somebody lost? Who is it? Purin't'ns' young un? Don't Purin't'ns' folks know no better 'n tu let a baby gwoff int' the woods? Why didn't they chuck her int' the cist'n? Then they 'd ha' knowed where she was! Wal, I s'pose we all got tu turn aout an' sarch arter her," and he came stamping through the house with his hat on and his cane in his hand. "You needn't talk to me M'rier!" he said, glowering fiercely at his daughter in-law when she mildly protested against his going, "I haint ol' nuther, I tell ye. Eighty-five year haint nothin' tu a man 'ats ben where I ben, when the's babies lost in the woods! I've tracked Injins, an' I guess I c'n track a foolish little young un!" and he marched off with his son with as much alacrity as he had responded to Ethan Allen's call in the long past May of his youth.

Presently Huldah was at Uncle Lisha's telling her sympathizing old friend, Aunt Jerusha, of the loss of the child, and she added as she had not before, "It's all my fault—I let her go a baryin'!" The old man was in the shop mending a piece of harness, and the door between the shop and the house being open, as it usually was when he had no visitors, his ears caught the girl's voice and something of her story.

"Good airth an' seas! Huldy, what's that you're a sayin'? Sissy lost? Haow? Where?" he shouted as he suddenly appeared in the doorway with the tug in his hand. Then she told him all she could, repeating that it was all her fault, for she found a little comfort in making this confession now.

"Wal," pitching the tug back into the shop, and untying his apron and sloughing it off on the threshold, "I'll go an' du what I can. I c'n waddle 'raound in the woods arter a fashion, an' I c'n holler c'nsid'able, an' I tell ye hollerin' caounts sech times. Fust I'll go an' holler fer Tanmus. Say, Huldy, I'll tell ye," he said, turning toward her while one upstretched hand groped along the pegs for his hat, "the's one man in Danvis 'at I druther hev a sarchin' for Sissy 'an all the hull caboodle on us, ol' an' young, big an' little. He knows the woods julluk a book, an' c'n read every sign in 'em—an' that 'ere man is Samwill Lovel! You're spryer 'n I be, 'n' some spryer 'n Jerushy, I guess. You cut over to his haouse an' start him!"

"O, Uncle Lisher! I *can't!*" Huldah gasped, her hot tired face paling an instant, then burning redder with blushes, "I can't! Somebody else 'll tell him. You go an' tell him!"

"I tell ye Huldy, *you* mus' go! The' haint no time for me tu turkle over there, an' you comin' this way they'll depend on your tellin' on him! Good airth an' seas! gal, this haint no time for stinkin' pride 't you *be* aout with him. He'd sarch tu the eend o' the airth if you ast him—he warships the graound you tread! Go right stret, an' clipper, tu!" and having got his hat on he took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her outdoors, and as far as the gate, facing her the desired way. She went on, accelerating her pace till she was running when she came to the door of the Lovel homestead, caring for nothing now so much as the finding of her lost sister.

Mrs. Lovel, Sam's stepmother, a gaunt, hard-featured woman, came to the open door beating the threshold with a broom to frighten away some intruding chickens. "Shoo! you pesterin' torments! I wish 't the aigs o' yer breed was destr'yed! Why, massy sakes alive! Huldy Pur'n't'n! What be you in sech a pucker 'baout?" she cried in astonishment when Huldah's swift approach diverted her attention from the objects of her displeasure. "Why, you look 's 'ough you'd ben dragged through a brush heap, an' scairt aouten your seben senses!"

"O, Miss' Lovell, Polly 's lost in the woods. Where's Samwell? I want him tu help find her. Where is he?"

"Polly lost!" Mrs. Lovell repeated, regarding Huldah with a reproachful severity in her countenance that the poor girl felt she deserved. "Up back o' your haouse? Wal, I shouldn't wonder a mite 'f you never faound her a livin'. Like 's any ways she'll tumble off 'm the rocks an' break her neck, 'f the' don't suthin' nuther ketch her afore. Some on 'em was a tellin' o' hearin' a wolf a haowlin' an' a haowlin' t' other night, an' some thinks the' 's a painter a hantin' 'raound. The' 's allus bears, an' they du say 'at the' haint nothin' 'at bears likes better t' eat 'n child'n. There 's them young ones 'at sassed Lijer, wan't it? Ye know the' was three bears, on'y jest three, come aouten the woods an' eat forty on em!"

Huldah, rejecting such consolation with raised hands and averted face, asked again for Sam.

"Sam! Humph! Sure 'nough, where is he? You tell. Him an' his father finished up hayin' yist'd'y, an' of course he hed tu put off a bee huntin' the fust thing arter breakfus this mornin'; nob'dy knows which way. He'd a 'tarnal sight better ben a fencin' the stacks so 't the kyows c'ld be turned int' the medder. An' Lovel, he's a putterin' 'raound daown in the back lot 'baout suthin' 't haint no vally, I'll warrant. O, my eyes an' Betty Martin! If these men haint 'nough tu drive any womern distraced! Haow ol' *was* Polly?" as if the bright little life was assuredly ended.

"Six, the twenty-fourth o' June," Huldah answered, and turning away went wearily homeward, half the hope dying out of her heart now that there was no hope of finding Sam.

When Joel Bartlett arrived he went in and shook hands with Mrs. Purington as solemnly as he performed the same ceremony when he "broke the meetin'" on First and Fifth Days. "I wanter tell thee, Mary Pur'n't'n, tu keep quiet in thy mind," he said. "Aour Heavenly Father withaout whose knowledge not a sparrer falls tu the graound will ta' keer of a precious little child; an' I feel it bore in upon me 'at thy little darter will be restored tu thee. Sech poor insterments as we be o' His'n, we will du aour best indivours. An' naow, Mary, keep quiet in thy mind, an' seek for stren'th in Him tu help thee tu bear this grievious trial o' waitin' on His will."

The rescue party had been quickly mustered, and the plan of search agreed upon. It heartened Huldah when she reached home to know that twenty-five or thirty stalwart men were already ranging the woods in quest of her lost sister, all so inspired with neighborly kindness that they would spare themselves no pain or hardship in the search.

But O, if the keenest and bravest woodsman among all these hills were only on the same quest! Why of all the days in the year must he have chosen this most anxious one of a lifetime wherein to go bee hunting? Huldah mentally relegated the bees to that limbo whither she had long before in like manner banished the foxes.

Away up on the mountain side where some hopeful pioneer had hewn out of the wilderness a few acres with slight and remote possibilities of a future pasture, Sam Lovel was wallowing at noon among the golden rods, willow-herbs and asters that filled this wild garden with yellow and pink and blue and white bloom, yet more varied with the hightening and deepening of their colors by sunlight and shadow, and contrast. The bees were making the most of such bountiful pasturage; the clearing droned with their incessant hum, and the drowsy murmur of their toil seemed to have lulled the forest to sleep, so still were all its depths. Sam had no trouble to imprison one of the busy horde in his bee box, but more to line his liberated captive and the mates returning with her, for the little square of sunlit sky was flecked with hundreds of hurrying brown specks. But his sharp eyes were not easily foiled when he set them fairly to their work, and he had not lain long on his back among the ferns before he caught the airy trail of the bees that carried their burdens of sweets from his box set on the nearest tall stump. He did not follow far into the woods before he found the great tree where they were hoarding their wealth. "Tu easy faound for fun," he said, as he lighted his pipe and began to cut his initials on the trunk of the old maple, "but bee huntin' 's better 'n no huntin', an' more fun 'n fencin' stacks 'at c'n jes' 's well wait a spell while the rowen grows, er a hearin' everlastin' tewin' an' scoldin'. An' it helps tol'able well ter keep a feller's mind off 'm onprofitable thinkin'. Wal, there you be, Mister L.," slowly pushing his knife shut against his thigh as he critically regarded his carving, "an' you 're the best letter I got in my name, for the' 's an l in Huldy. I sh'd like tu put tew more on ye in her'n. Ho hum! Wal, come, you dum'd ol' long-laigged fool of a S. L., le's go an' find another bee tree." And he took himself back to the clearing. He captured a bee on the first "yaller top" he came to, and soon established another line, but it took much longer to trace it to the bee's home, and when he had set his mark on this, it was time to be going to his own home. He took his unerring course through the pathless woods, stopping now and then to rest on a log or knoll that seemed to be set with its cushion of moss on purpose for him. During one of these halts, when half way through the woods, he heard a cry, so strange that he paused to listen for a repetition of it while his lighted match went out before it reached his pipe, or the pipe his mouth. Once more the distressful wail struck his ear, whether far away or only faint and near he could not tell. "Wal," letting out his held breath and striking another match, "'f I've got another painter on my hands, I wish 't I hed the ol' Ore Bed 'long. But like 'nough 'tain't nothin' but a bluejay 'at's struck a new noise—I thought they hed 'em all a'ready, though." And he went on, pausing a little at times to listen to and locate the voice, which presently ceased. "'F I hed a gun I'd go an' see what kind of a critter 's a makin' on't," he said, and then half forgot it. He had come to where he got glimpses of the broad daylight through the palisades of the forest's western border, and where long glints of the westering sun gilded patches of ferns and wood plants and last year's sear leaves, when his quick woodsight, glancing everywhere and noting everything, fell upon a little bright-colored Indian basket overset in a tuft of ferns, with a few blackberries in it and others spilled beside it. "Why," he said, picking it up and examining it, "that's the baskit I gin' little Polly Pur'n't'n last year when the Injins was here! It haint ben dropped long, for the baries is fresh, 'n' there's a leaf 't aint wilted scacely. She dropped it, for there's some puckerbaries, an' the' wouldn't nob'dy but a young un pick them. Haow com' that little critter here?" Then he heard men's voices calling and answering in the woods far away at his left. "God A'mighty, she's lost!" he exclaimed, as he quickly formulated the sounds he heard and the signs he saw. "That was her 'at I hearn! What a dum'd fool I be!" He dropped his bee-box, marking the spot with a glance, and sped back into the heart of the forest so swiftly that the inquisitive chickadees which had gathered about him knew not what way he had gone. He spent no time in looking for traces of the child's passage here, but made his way as rapidly as possible to the place which the cry had seemed to come from, listening intently as he glided silently along, for he knew that if she had not sunk down exhausted with wandering and fright, she would be circling away after the manner of lost persons, from where he had heard her. Moving more slowly now and scanning every foot of forest floor about him, he at last saw a broken down stalk of ginseng, its red berries crushed by a footstep, and noting which way it was swept and how recently, found on a bush beyond it a thread of calico, then a small shoe-print in the mold, and further on a little garter hanging to a broken branch of a fallen tree. According to established usage in such cases he should have put this in his breast, for he knew that Huldah had knit it, but he only placed it in his pocket, saying, "If she haint never faound it'll be a sorter comfort tu 'em tu see this—but I'm a goin' tu find her—I got tu!" He was assured of her course now, and thought she could not be far off, but he did not call, for he knew with what unreasoning terror even men are sometimes crazed when lost in the woods, when familiar sounds as well as familiar scenes are strange and terrible. While for a moment he stood listening he heard the distant halloos of the searching party—then rushing away from them, a sudden swish of leaves and crash of undergrowth, and then caught a glimpse of a wild little form scurrying and tumbling through the green and gray haze of netted shrubs and saplings. He had never stalked a November partridge so stealthily as he went forward now. Not a twig snapped under his foot, nor branch sprung backward with a swish louder than the beat of an owl's wing, and there was no sign in glance or motion that he saw as he passed it, the terror stricken little face that stared out from a sprangly thicket of mountain yew. Assured that she was within reach, he turned slowly and said softly, "Why, Sis! is this you? Don't ye know me, Sam Lovel? Here's yer little baskit 'at you dropped daown yunder, but I'm afeared the baries is all spilt!" and then he had her sobbing and moaning in his strong arms.

"This is the best day's huntin' ever I done," he said, his voice shaking with the full thankfulness of his heart. He called again and again to let the searchers know that the lost child was found, but if they heard they did not heed or understand his calls.

When he came to Stony Brook with his burden asleep on his shoulders, he seated her on the bank and bathed her hot face and gave her grateful draughts from a dipper that he made in five minutes with a sheet of birch bark folded and fastened in a cleft stick, and here he shouted lustily again, but got no answer.

"Come, Sis," after listening, stooping and reaching out his arms, "we must be a moggin'!"

"I be awful heavy, Samwell, but I can't step a step," she said apologetically, as he took her up, "O, how good you be!"

Sam's long shadow had ceased following him, and was blurred out in the twilight when he crossed the door-yard chips that his feet had not trodden since that Thanksgiving Day. Polly was asleep again in his arms when he entered the open door of the kitchen which bore a funereal air, with a dozen neighboring women sitting against its walls speaking to each other in hushed solemn voices, one standing beside Mrs. Purington, ready with a harts-horn bottle when she should take her apron from her face. The poor woman was reaching out blindly with one hand for the comforting salts when Sam, unseen by any till now, set Polly in her lap, and then casting a longing look along the line of gaping, speechless women, he disappeared before the feminine chorous of "Oh's!" and "My's!" and little shrieks had swelled to its height.

Huldah was out in the back yard trying to comfort herself with listening to the faint halloos of the searchers, and with watching the occasional glimmer of their lanterns and torches, dim stars of hope to her now, when she heard the indoor stir, and hurried in expecting to find her mother in a fainting fit. But there was her little sister with her mother crying over her and scolding her in the same breath, and all the other women letting out their pent-up speech in a hail storm of words, wherewith fell a shower of tears. When she had hugged Polly and kissed her, and sprinkled her with the first tears she had shed that day, she asked, "Who fetched her?" and out of the confusion got this answer: "Sam Lovel, an' the great good-for-nothin' cleared right aout an' never said one word!"

He could not have gone far. "Samwell! Samwell Lovel!" she called softly, running out toward the road.

"Was you a callin' me, Huldy?" a low voice answered out of the dusk.

"Won't ye come an' blow the horn tu call 'em hum, Samwell? the' can't none on 'em in there blow nothin'—O, *Sam!*"

The tall form of her lover came out of the gloom, and the big sister was in the strong arms that had just brought home the little sister.

The search of the rescue party was prolonged a little before Sam's blasts on the conch shell were tossed far and wide from echoing mountain to echoing hill to call them home.

"Sam," said Huldah, half an hour later, "you haint never tol' me whether no you got that 'ere fox?"

"I haint never hed no chance!" he answered.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A COON HUNT.

I CAN scarcely recall in what year I became a member of Seneca Club. It was a long time ago, however, and as years press upon us, and the tell-tale gray hairs grow more and more numerous, we do not like to think of how many years ago, but rather remember the good times as if they were of yesterday. After all, "life is but a shadow," and when one who has enjoyed more than a fair share of the rational sports and pastimes that are vouchsafed to man in this beautiful world, the remembrance of them seems like a delightful dream. The old sportsman, who has killed ducks on the waters that have made the counties of Harford and Baltimore in Maryland famous for sport, can remember when the great tract, extending from Maxwell's to Carroll's Island, was owned by the Cadwallader family. As years passed away place after place was sold, until Maxwell's, with its grand old mansion and splendid shooting points, remained the only property of the General on these waters. On the south side of Grace's Quarter is the Saltpetre River, which flows into the Gunpowder at this point, and on the west bounding the same property is the Dundee. How well I remember, years ago, the myriads of canvasbacks and redheads that swarmed in these waters, to feed upon the delicate celery grass. It was indeed a sportsman's paradise.

On the upper Dundee, on a small farm, and a most excellent shooting point, lived a gentleman of the name of Watkins. He was of a Quaker family, but a thorough sportsman and an ardent hunter. He was fond of horses and dogs, and while he shot many ducks his favorite pastime was fox hunting; but the acme of his enjoyment was a real old-fashioned coon hunt. He was a very tall man, thin, wiry and muscular, and could probably take in more ground at a long step than any other man in the country. There was not a hole nor a hollow, a swamp, woods or brier patch for miles around that he was not perfectly familiar with; and he could thread the tangled woods or leap from tussock to tussock in the oozy swamp by night as well as by sunlight. The negroes the country round looked on him as a kind of oracle, and when Massa Watkins arrived every darky's face beamed with pleasure: and when a coon hunt was proposed the entire darky community went mad with joy. On these expeditions his retinue was generally a small army of darkies, each one of them armed either with an axe or a half-starved, ragged cur—"de best dog, sah, dat ebber treed a coon." Watkins always had a small pack of fine beagles, and two or three wonderful coon dogs. I can see now the flying clouds obscuring the light of the glorious moon, the vision of this tall, lanky figure, lantern in hand, striding through the tangled swamp as easily and certainly as though the hall of his house. His shouts, as he urged on his dogs, resounded in the air, and behind him trailed a line of negroes, floundering among the briers and mud, vainly endeavoring to keep up with the tall hunter, who moved like a spectre before them.

I do not remember how long ago I made my debut at Seneca, but the memory of the grand old times I have spent there with my friends, the collector of the port and the flour merchant, will linger with me, never to be forgotten. It seems to me it was in early November that I went for the first time to the club to have some duck shooting and meet my fellow members. After a good day's shooting, toward evening, we three started from the blind for the house, Joe bringing up the rear with a load of ducks on his back. As we reached the little clump of cedars, a faint sound of *h-o-nk! honk!* came to us on the wind.

"By gracious, George, here come some geese;" and the two veterans stood at a ready, awaiting the approach of the advancing line, which were now plainly visible. As they passed overhead the guns were fired, as it seemed to me, simultaneously, and down came, fluttering and stumbling over and over, a noble goose near the spot where we stood. Both parties, of course, claimed the prize. The Collector was "perfectly confident that it was the third goose from the end, and the identical one he fired at." George was equally confident that he had killed it, and to prove it had the goose firmly by the neck; and they walked toward the house discussing warmly the ownership of the property, which I made up my mind could only be settled by a "game of draw."

"Now, George," said the Collector, "it is perfectly absurd to suppose that you could have killed that goose at such a distance with that gun of yours. I saw him give way to my shot, and it is my goose." The Collector finished his glass of apple toddy and called lustily for Joe to come and clean his gun, preparatory to their start for home. Joe had been gone only a few minutes from the room, when he suddenly returned and inquired of the Collector, in the most innocent manner, "Massa B., shall I draw the loads from your gun?"

I saw a triumphant smile wreathe the countenance of the flour merchant.

"What the devil do you mean, Joe, by loads in my gun?"

"Why, Massa B., there are two loads in your gun; one of the barrels has snapped."

You should have heard the shout of laughter that broke from the flour merchant. B. was so confident that he had killed that goose that he would have sworn to it. I wonder if Bob H. and many other old friends do not still twit "the grand old man" about that goose. Years have passed away, and the Collector has become a little feeble by the wear and tear of ruthless time, but he is yet full of pluck, and the judges' stand knows him well, and Saratoga, Monmouth and Prospect Park would seem a blank without him. I trust that many years of happiness may yet be spared to my genial friends, the Collector and the flour merchant.

I waved them good-by as they whirled away up the road; they were soon lost in the deep shade of the woods, and I returned to the gun room to toast my feet and to read awhile to pass away the time. A friend had loaned me a book called "The Wildfowler;" it contained some weird stories of hunting, pirates and smugglers on the wild Irish coast. I became very lonesome, and I was very glad when Aunt Susan brought my candle and time had come for bed. I do not know why it is, but I am always restless the first night in a strange bed. And my rest was disturbed by unpleasant dreams of robbers and violent struggles. I was suddenly awakened by what seemed to me the most unearthly sounds; dogs barking and yelping, and muffled cries and imprecations. I sat upright in the bed and listened, and I could plainly hear the tumult near the house. I fancied at first that the house had been surrounded and I was to be robbed. I got out of bed and looked for the window. The clouds of the day had vanished, and the moon shone out gloriously. In front of the house stood a large oak tree, whose thick and scarred trunk had been rooted in the earth for centuries. Around this tree were prancing and bustling a half dozen figures, some with lanterns and others armed with queer, quaint weapons, and mixed up in the throng were half a dozen howling dogs. Both men and dogs seemed bent on tearing down the old oak. After tearing around for some time the uproar suddenly ceased and men and dogs formed in line, and much to my relief marched up the road and were lost in the gloom. I could not fancy what it all meant, and went back to bed, slept but little. I was greatly relieved when Joe came to my room and announced "five o'clock, sir," and I got up and dressed and came down for breakfast. Calling Joe into the room I inquired "what in the mischief was all that row and confusion in front of the house last night?" "Why, sir," said Joe, "dat was Massa Watkins coon hunting. They treed the old coon in the big oak, but he fooled them again and got away." My fears of robbers were groundless, and a coon hunt had been the cause of my tribulation.

Some weeks after this episode and after I had become more at home at Seneca, Joe came to me, after a fine day's shooting and inquired if I would like to go on a coon hunt that evening. A number of darky boys had prepared for a hunt that night and were to meet at the corner of the road, not far from our house. I consented to go, making up my mind to keep in the road and out of swamps and brier patches. There were five darkies in the party with their dogs—and such dogs; no two alike in color, size or breed, but each one pronounced by its owner "the greatest coon dog in the country." The dogs were hied out and after a time their yelping and barking and the activity of the hunters assured me that a coon had been started. From the numerous lights and shouts I became convinced that the party was much larger than before. I hurried up to the road again to intercept them. I was right, Watkins was out with his pack. The same coon had been got on by both and they now had him treed in a medium-sized chestnut just at the bend of the road, near where we had commenced operations. A wide deep ditch full of water was on the one side of the tree and the road on the other. It would be impossible to picture the scene presented on this spot, and even now I can scarcely write for laughing, at the remembrance of it. Watkins had two or three small darkies among his retinue, and these, together with the dogs, were prancing and tearing around the tree, the darkies hollering and the dogs yelping, each of the darkies giving orders, and all the dogs and darkies working every one on his own hook. Just as I arrived on the scene a small nigger had attempted to climb the tree and in his hurry lost his grip and tumbled to the ground. The dogs, eager for the fray, mistook him for the coon, and had pounced upon him in a bunch, and the men were kicking them off, while the little nigger with torn pants was crying at the top of his voice and the dogs were yelping as they scattered. The only serene individual in the crowd was a little ungainly cur of Dick Brown's. This dog had caused nearly all the trouble by his impetuosity, and his activity always kept him clear of well directed kicks that were certain to land on some one's shins or on some other innocent dog. This cur sat upright on his haunches at a safe distance, his ears cocked up and with one eye watching if any one was intent on kicking him, and the other on the lookout for a chance to create some excitement. He was a perfect picture, and while Dick considered him a prodigy, every one else looked upon him as a nuisance.

But now Watkins brought order out of chaos, and commenced to go at matters systematically. Owing to the flying clouds the night was not bright as it had been, and a pine torch took the place of the moonlight. By this flashing light I could see Mr. Coon as he sat curled up in the fork of a long branch, his eyes shining like two radiant coals. The first orders were to cut down the tree, but to this I immediately entered my protest, as lumber was much too scarce an article in that vicinity, and we could not afford to lose a fine tree. There was no other plan but for one of the smaller darkies to climb the tree and shake the coon off among the dogs. After much pushing, in which nearly all hands joined, the darky was raised high enough to obtain a "firm holt" and up he went. I wish you could have seen the circus below as that darky neared the branch on which the coon was sitting. Of course every fellow wanted "his dog" to have a "fair chance," and as every dog was on his hindlegs, jumping and yelping just under the coon, the darkies were busy among them to keep them at a fair distance when the coon should strike the ground. It so occurred that just as the darky up the tree was giving the branch a vigorous shake Dick was trying to keep off the dogs, and down came the coon, plump on Dick's head and shoulders. Down went Dick, out went the torch, and in an instant you could not tell which was Dick, the coon, or the dogs—all were mixed up in a cloud of dust and in most unutterable confusion. Rushing into the mêlée Watkins dropped his lantern and there was but faint light to show the scrimmage. There were snarls and spits from the coon, yelps from the dogs, cries and oaths from Dick. Then all was comparatively silent.

All this scene took but a very short time for its enactment, but I assure you I never witnessed such a sight and I nearly exploded with laughter. You never saw such a mixed up lot of dogs and niggers. But Watkins's lantern was soon lighted, and the torch blazed out again, when they began to hunt around for the remains of the coon. Mr. Coon was not to be found; in the muss he had slipped off into the ditch, and swimming down in the darkness, escaped. A few bunches of hair lying around bespoke his narrow escape. Dick was a picture of distress; his cap was torn to shreds, his coat about his shoulders gave evidence of the sharpness of the old coon's claws, the blood flowed freely from wounds on his head and neck. His dog, which had been among the first in the scrimmage, was limping away upon three legs, his other leg having suffered severely from the sharp teeth of the coon, as he endeavored to rescue his master.

All this row occupied but a few minutes, and as the coon was gone, the crowd marched away for new conquests. But I had experienced enough of coon hunting, and as I retraced my steps to the house, I had to lean on Joe to avoid falling to the ground for laughing. Of all the funny scenes that I ever beheld this was the most ludicrous. That dog of Dick's was the counterpart of many bustling fellows that are eternally getting themselves and other people into "hot water," and then calmly survey the scene from a safe distance. I understood that this same coon had evaded the vigilance of Watkins on two former occasions, and he vowed he would have him yet. And he kept his vow; the old coon had to come down, his scars showing of his many encounters and hair-breadth escapes. I threw myself into the rocking chair, and with a hot punch at my side and a good cigar, I revolved, for hours, the scenes of that coon hunt. And now, if I have imparted to you but a faint idea of its ludicrousness, I feel confident you will have a good laugh, and I am content. C.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FILE.

IF the old man who first taught me to shoot was on earth yet, he should receive the same kindly greeting, but he has long ago been gathered to his fathers. He not only gave me instruction, but loaned me his old Queen's arm to hunt with, and I'll never forget that my first victim was a red squirrel, nor how, with the aid of a younger brother to head off and make him stand still, I brought to bag my first rabbit. Bless you, such a thing as shooting a rabbit on the run, or a bird on the wing, never entered my head in those days. That was way back in the forties. Nothing has given more delight than my first gun, made from a U. S. carbine barrel, stocked, mounted and trimmed by the local gunsmith in a far away down-east village. I have owned some pretty fair guns since that date, but none that I valued so highly. Boy and gun together were a pretty strong combination, and I am afraid sometimes for mischief—H.

I came out March 5. Was in the woods alone five months. Saw 27 caribou during that time, all in sight of camp. Shot two when I was standing in the camp doorway. I could probably have shot most of all those I saw, but I only wanted enough for my own use. I like to see them about and to study their ways. I started to come out to the settlement Feb. 17, and got only two miles when my lame legs failed, and I fell in the snow and lay there till next morning before I could stand. Got back to camp late next day. Had a slow fever ten days. It was the hardest time I ever experienced, and I nearly perished. No blanket, no fire and a cold storm driving. Two hunters came along March 4 on their way to the settlement, and I was recovered enough to start next day in their company; and by going slow and resting often I managed to snowshoe out. I am still suffering from the lying out but feel rather proud of pulling through, as at sixty years pluck is greater than vitality.—C.

There was a time when I intended to jot down many of the pleasant experiences I have had in years of sport in nearly all parts of this country and abroad. But I threw down the pen in despair, feeling that I was not equal to the occasion. How often I have wished that I possessed the wonderful power that centered in that man Herbert. I have read many sporting sketches and works, but I never met a writer who could describe a sporting scene like that man, or paint the beauties of nature with so vivid a pen. In "My Shooting Box" and "Warwick Woodlands," you can hear the locks click and the guns crack, and see the birds flutter on the ground. I knew him pretty well and met him often, as I roamed around Florida and Warwick in Orange county, N. Y., with my old friend K. on our shooting tramps; and I often wondered how so much intellect could be buried under so rough an exterior. He was a wonder. We shall never read such descriptions again.—C.

I wish you would, on your own hook, from time to time give the right names and classifications of our birds and beasts. Here in Virginia I believe that not more than one in ten of the men who pretend to study scientific subjects knows that a bat is not a bird, and all of them call the night hawk bull bat. Of course, a man who studies nothing but Greek and Latin is expected to be an ignoramus on all subjects of natural history, and that he doesn't know B. from a bull's foot surprises no one. I wish, also, you would publish a sportsman's grammar, giving the correct plural of our game birds, etc. I observe that many of your correspondents write of snipes, woodcocks, soras, etc.; and evidently the average American thinks that every noun in the plural number must have an s at the end of it, and I am afraid that we shall soon be hearing of flocks of sheeps.—W. A. W.

I think I may honestly claim to be an enthusiastic sportsman, and for some kinds of hunting I like the right kind of a dog and a shotgun; but there is the most real pleasure to me in hunting something that can be hunted with a rifle.—W.

Among all the good things that FOREST AND STREAM has done, there is nothing better than its taking out of field sports the everlasting swigging and boozing that seemed to be inseparable from fishing and shooting forty years ago, or from the reports of such outings then.—R.

FOR the small sum of $25 per year, the Travelers will insure you for $5,000 in case of death by Accident and $25 a week in case of disabling injury.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

BIRDS OF WOOD AND STREAM.

THERE are birds which cannot be termed "silent partners," though they are not singing birds. Among these is the "Kennedy bird," or "Old Tom Peabody." When you have been "thrashing" a salmon pool or trout stream for hours, on one of summer's hottest days, without any grand results, and you are disposed to find fault with yourself and all the world, the only sound to break the solemn silence is the buzz of the mosquito, or the gentle plash of the water against rock or river bank, until suddenly from the tree overhead is heard distinctly, in clear, unbroken notes, "Oh, poor Kennedy, Kennedy," as if in sympathy at your want of success. Nor does the chick-a-dee (blackcap titmouse) give you a very friendly reception to the river bank. The clear note from which his name is derived is thus curtly translated, "what do you want here?"

Then on Sunday morning, after a week's hard work with rod and gun, you "rest and are thankful," reclining on spruce bough couch, building castles in the air, and knocking them down again: then "all is still save the echoing sound" of the friendly woodpecker, who most surely and suddenly breaks the long silence by taps, sharp and loud, with his hard bill on the overhanging stump.

The partridge (ruffed grouse), though no songster, is not a silent bird. As you walk the woods and pick your steps with moccasined foot, following an ill-defined deer track on a fine October day, no leaf is moved nor twig snapped lest the quarry should be disturbed in perhaps his midday slumber on the sunny side of hill or bank—all at once there comes to your ears the drumming of the cock.

Mention must also be made of the shrill cry of the blue-jay, something like a kingfisher's well-known alarm. To hear this in perfection you should be swiftly paddling down stream in bark canoe, after the arduous task of poling up, on an autumnal day, when the foliage, having changed its coat of many colors for garb of more somber hue, is falling fast, all nature seems in mourning, the jay darts from the wooded bank and, with a series of shrill notes, "discordant heard alone," echoed from hillside to hillside, wends its way down stream till lost to eye or ear.

To the above (birds who "make noise" but don't sing) may be added, among others, the common forest (barred) owl, and the loon (great northern diver), both of which have their own peculiar weird sounds. The owl is best heard in the stillness of night when you camp in the deep forest. The shrill cry of the loon travels far across lake and through forest, and is heard with joy by those who make the portage from the headwaters of one river to those of another, since it is a sure indication of the approach to the lake whose outlet you seek.

John Burroughs suggests that "it is probably true that a dweller in England hears more bird music through the year than a dweller in this country, and that which is of a superior order. In the first place, there is not so much of it lost upon the desert air, upon the wild unlistening solitudes. The English birds are more domestic and familiar than ours, and are brought nearer together and nearer to man. Wood birds here are house and garden birds there. They find good pasturage and protection everywhere. A land of parks and gardens, and hedge rows and game preserves, and a climate free from violent extremes—what a stage for the birds and for enhancing the effect of their songs."

Notwithstanding all this and more than this that could be added, I know of no country in which singing birds are more appreciated than in eastern America. After the long winter, when all is silent in forest and on farm, save the sound of woodman's axe, merry sleigh bell, or of the few birds that are content to remain, in spite of frost and snow, in the forests. How eagerly one awaits the arrival of the first robin. Often he is, on first arrival, checked in his career of song by oft recurring spring snowstorms; on return of sunshine, however, he sings again with renewed vigor, until summer has fairly set in, when he and his mate have it all their own way, their "full concert" being only interrupted by attention to family duties.

Not far inferior in point of excellence as a singing bird is the song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*). What a contrast is this melodious songster to the brilliantly clad and silent tropical birds who "love the garish day." What a contrast, too, to his cousin, the cheeky English house sparrow.

I know of no more enjoyable thing on a summer's day, as you wander dreamily through the woods or recline lazily on a river bank—having laid down rod and fishing, cried enough—than to compare the notes of the different birds of song—the rich melody of the red-eyed vireo (the most common and perhaps best-loved bird) with the laughing song of the well-known bobolink, the canary-like song of Canada's canary, the thistle bird, with that of his kinsman, the pine goldfinch, whom he is like in appearance, and of the different warblers (a large family) who seem to vie with each other in soft, trilling notes, without the variety of song you would expect.

It is not the general opinion that the moose bird, the Canada jay and the red crossbill, dwellers in the forest alike in winter and summer, and frequent visitors to the hunters' and lumbermen's camps, are singing birds. The moose bird is the most daring of birds, and will silently and stealthily visit your tent and light on the edge of the frying pan, which the cook has for a moment laid aside, and in the calmest manner fly to the branch of the nearest tree with the stolen piece of pork, soon to return for another issue of camp rations. But he will give no song in return for camp favors or camp food. The red crossbill, too, in winter is as silent as he is quiet in his movements. Both birds, however, in spring and early summer break forth in an unsuspected flow of song with which they have cheered the heart of the weary trapper, returned to camp from his long day's tramp visiting traps, or the lumbermen, in their brief moments of rest in spring's arduous and dangerous work, when the ice having departed the stream is swelling high with water from melting snow, and the logs are carried from point to point until the boom, or the saw mill, is reached. To men such as these, at times such as these, "how sweet the coming on of grateful evening mild; then silent night with this her solemn bird."

SINGING BIRD.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

STRIPED SQUIRREL'S NAME AND WAYS.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 11.—Much as I admire the ingenious comparison by your esteemed correspondent, "Awahscose," of the jolly little rodent to "Friar Tuck" of immortal memory to all true lovers of the "greenwood," I yet imagine that he will have to come nearer home and to later days to find the origin and etymology of the name. I have always heard it said that it was the Indian name of the little fellow, and as corroborative evidence of the fact, when I lived in the good old town of Springfield, Mass., some thirty odd years ago, there was a locality in the northern part of the old town, on the Chicopee River, where the high sandy plains which stretch from the base of Mt. Holyoke southward to the border of Connecticut, drop down suddenly 100ft. or more to the level of the present meadows, the steep bluff fringed with oaks, nut trees and evergreens, which went among the older inhabitants by the name of "Skipmude," and was said to be so called from the number of these little animals found there by the early settlers.

I cannot say how the truth may be,
I but tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

On the edge of this steep bluff, in the heart of the present city, stands the United States Arsenal, overlooking the trees and the meadows on the opposite side of the river, and far up and down the river to the north and south, and affording one of the most beautiful prospects in the ever beautiful Connecticut Valley.

My pet red squirrel left his winter quarters in the attic yesterday, and was having a high frolic in the butternut opposite my window, and although I could not hear him, I could tell by the jerks and vibrations, which ran from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, that he was welcoming the bright warm day in squirrel fashion to the best of his ability.

Like "Silas Wegg," I sometimes "drop into poetry," and the beautiful weather thawed my pen out, too, and I send you the result as my spring contribution to your ever welcome columns, which I hope to be able to follow up later with the records of my angling experiences, if I have any luck worth noting. At any rate I am getting rods and tackle in order for the middle or last of May, which is as soon as I expect to be able to use them in this latitude this year.

VON W.

The disposition which the ground squirrel makes of dirt from the burrow may serve two purposes, one being that absence of dirt from the mouth of the burrow renders the burrow less liable to be found by an enemy; the second, that the original burrow filled with the loosely packed dirt, serves as a drain to carry off any water that might find its way in. The burrow from which my opinions were formed was situated near the top of a gravely bank, its mouth being concealed by fallen brush, thus affording means of approach without leaving a direct trail to it. Digging down to the nest I found that the burrow leading to it extended down the bank for 6 or 8in., then turned to the right at an angle of about 60°, then extended 8 or 10in. further, ending in a space 4 or 5in. in width by 3 or 3in. in height, in which was placed the nest of grass, about as much as could be held in the hand. The top and upper sides of the cavity were hard and firm, but at the lowest side where the burrow entered it, the ground was soft as if it had been dug up before. This, I think, was the refilled burrow, which, being at the lowest point and leading to a still lower level, would answer as a drain to keep the nest dry. These are the opinions I formed after examination of the burrows. Perhaps some one can tell us if this is the general plan of construction.

INQUIRER

RANDOM BIRD NOTES.

DR. ABBOTT says that our woods, at least in midwinter, often contain as many birds as in midsummer, and almost equal the early spring. This may be true, in some instances, but as a general fact, winter bird life, at least in this locality, is very changeable. The coming and going of the birds is sometimes mysterious. For days we may see loose scattered flocks of various native species about our gardens and in the fields and waste-lands; then, again, some days may elapse before we note anything more than a few noisy crows or, perhaps, here and there a lisping chickadee.

The past winter, by the way, has been an open one—often mild springy weather, lasting for several days at a time, and with little snow. The only heavy fall of snow occurred about Nov. 12, and with only an occasional flurry, the ground has been bare the greater part of the winter, thus giving many birds a good chance to thrive.

Early in the season, from Nov. 14 to Dec. 30, the goldfinches, tree sparrows and snowbirds were fairly abundant about edges of woods and along country waysides, but during midsummer only small straggling flocks of the latter species made their appearance, and of the former I failed to note a single specimen. As spring advanced the snowbirds appeared in larger numbers.

Cedar birds have been more numerous during the past winter than in former seasons. A flock of about thirty visited our apple trees the 6th of February, but having a constant inclination to roam about, soon departed. I afterward noticed their appearance in larger numbers in various parts of the village. A few stragglers hung about our trees for more than a week, and during this stay their diet must have consisted entirely of the frozen apples that were still clinging to the branches. Even this meager fare, as I frequently observed, was begrudged the waxwings by the English sparrow, and caused quite a wrangling and chattering among them. Nevertheless, the cedar birds made pretty clean work of the frozen apples, as hardly anything was left but the cores, and these afterward helped to make a scanty meal for the early robin.

One of the most punctual winter visitors is the downy woodpecker, and it would seem very strange indeed if he did not make his appearance. Generally solitary stragglers have been seen and heard almost daily throughout the winter, and their brisk notes and loud tappings are always interesting winter sounds. A gnarly old apple tree near the house was visited nearly every morning last winter by a hairy woodpecker, and in a large, decayed stub jutting out from the bole I noticed several holes an inch deep which this industrious bird had excavated in his eagerness to get at the grubs. This bird is only an occasional visitor to our trees, but is more common in the woods. Last season I attracted the woodpecker by nailing pieces of fat on an apple tree. Five or six were punctually at hand every morning, and sometimes were even accompanied by a few nuthatches and chickadees, who also greedily joined in the fatty feast. I replenished the supply several times, but at last when this failed they were not so punctual in coming. In general the downy and hairy are the only woodpeckers that remain with us during the winter. The highhole is occasionally heard but seldom seen. While walking in a hemlock wood early in January I heard the otes of one, but I failed to find the bird that uttered them.

Three species of birds made their appearance here during the past season which I have never seen in this locality—the American pipit or titlark, the Carolina turtle dove and the horned lark. I first noted the appearance of a pair of the latter while crossing an upland stubble field some time in January and since then I have frequently noticed them in small flocks in the neighboring wheat fields and meadows. Early in the season I observed a solitary specimen of the titlark in a field near the woods, but failed to find another one during the winter. Several turtle doves have been seen at frequent intervals.

On the whole, chickadees are our prevailing winter residents, and, in their excursions to the orchards and gardens are very often accompanied by nuthatches, though in smaller numbers. Tiny kinglets are also frequently seen in company with these birds. It must be a cold day indeed when the chickadee, the "winter's own darling," is not abroad to cheer us with its happy ways. I hear its beautiful *phe-be* note now nearly every day.

Of the other winter birds which I have observed in my walks in field and wood and about the garden, I will mention several bluejays and robins, which were seen near the house early in the season; crows in small numbers, generally solitary or in pairs, and seven or eight partridges. I know of a small piece of woods, in which I very seldom fail to scare up one of these hardy birds and nearly always in the same place. I noticed the same last season.

Before concluding this random sketch allow me to say a word about the English sparrows, which are so numerous in this village. At the present time some of them seem to be busy building their nests—indeed, I noticed one building its nest on a maple tree early in February. All the cavities in the old apple trees which in former years were the chosen nesting places of the bluebirds, are eagerly taken up by these pugnacious little pests, and not a strange bird is allowed to come near them. Even the downy woodpecker who sometimes ventures too close to the cavities in search of his accustomed fare, is likely to be rudely disturbed, but he generally puts on a bold front. The timid, gentle bluebird submits to all the sparrow's persecutions. Early last spring a bluebird was seen to inspect a certain cavity and timidly enter, but it seems the usurper was at home, as hardly a second elapsed before he came forth again in great haste, closely pursued by a sparrow. After that incident the bluebirds were scarce in the vicinity of these trees.

A few springy days occurred the first week in March. On the 8th I noticed robins and bluebirds, and a few days later purple grackles and song sparrows made their appearance. On the 26th I heard the notes of a meadow lark. Another snowy owl was captured about a month ago in the woods near this village by some boys.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., April 4

UNCAS.

IS THERE ANOTHER VARIETY OF QUAIL?

Editor Forest and Stream:

When acting as chairman of the committee on habits of species of the International Association for Protection of Fish and Game, which was organized by Mr. Hallock some years ago, I received a letter on habits of species, written by Dr. M. F. Taylor, of Amelia, Va., a very experienced and observant sportsman, from which I make the following extract. The letter is of date June 15, 1878: "The common field partridge requires no description. The other variety which frequents the shrub oak thickets is of a browner color, less in size and flies with great rapidity. When put to flight it usually rises above the tops of the trees which the common field partridge seldom does."

Out of my own experience I may add that when a youth my brother and myself kept field notes of our shooting, entering every breed of game killed and the number of shots fired each day out. Among the entries we kept two columns for partridges, one of which we headed "Gray partridges," to indicate a bird which we regarded as different from the common sort, being harder to kill and we believed better flavored.

The description by Dr. Taylor, given above, corresponds to my recollection of the description, resort and habits of what my brother and myself called "gray partridges." We generally found this variety feeding on small acorns. I have long been of the opinion that this is a rare variety. I am very sure that no professional ornithologist has examined this matter on the spot. I doubt whether a professional ornithologist has ever been in Loudoun county, and this lack of field work by scientists applies to nearly the whole of Virginia and other Southern States. Such a question as this cannot be decided upon such bird skins as may have found their way to the Smithsonian Institute.

Your journal has many readers in Virginia and other parts of the South who may throw light upon the matter and, perhaps, secure specimens of supposed variety. Or the new Sportsmen's Association of Virginia, of which my friend, Hon. Jno. G. Wise, is president, may solve the question if they have a committee on habits of species, as I suppose they have or will have.

M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue you take issue with me on the two varieties of quail in Georgia, and offer to name one species for your correspondent if I show them up. I am not the discoverer of these two varieties, as they were here before I ever fired a gun at the noble game bird, but I will accept your offer, and send them next season, as our season was out on the 10th inst. I will endeavor to send you a pair each of the swamp and highland birds.

AUGUSTA, Ga.

J. M. W.

HAIRLESS SQUIRRELS.—I read with interest the remarks of the recent correspondents concerning the different degree of albinism, which their squirrel specimens have exhibited and now wish to claim the most perfect specimen

of all. As the pigment which determines the color of the squirrel is found in the hair, it follows that if a squirrel has no hair it is a perfect albino—there being of course an absence of coloring matter. On that basis I make my claim, as last fall two young red squirrels were raised in a tree just across the street that were totally deficient of hair except on the paws and head. I saw them once or twice and finally succeeded in capturing one in my hands for examination, as they were quite tame. Of course it looked something like a rat. I suggested to one of the ladies of a sewing society that a flannel jacket would be highly acceptable to the little fellows in view of he approaching winter, but I fear my suggestion was not acted upon. I hear a dog caught one of them soon after and I fear the other came to an untimely end. I had great hopes that the fashion would spread among the gray and black squirrel, as it would much facilitate their preparation for the table, and as long as they were killed in the fall before cold weather set in it could make no especial difference to the squirrel.—C.

THE SPRING MIGRANTS.—Albany, N. Y., April 5.—Birds appeared in this section, notwithstanding the severe weather, as early as Feb. 19, when several goldfinches flew through here. Following are the dates upon which various species were first observed: Goldfinches, Feb. 19; hawks (species undetermined), March 5; downy woodpeckers and a robin, March 12; song sparrows, March 13; hairy woodpeckers, a bluebird and one which I was unable to identify with certainty, but which was perhaps a shrike, March 19; red-winged blackbirds, March 21, and fox-colored sparrows and doves, March 26. During the past week the remaining early migrants have appeared in considerable numbers. The only birds that to my knowledge, and I searched diligently, wintered here, are owls, crows, chickadees, white-bellied nuthatches, English sparrows and partridges, all of which, excepting the first and last named, were abundant. Crows were as numerous as at any other time of year.—J. W. D.

SPRING AT WASHINGTON.—Washington, D. C., April 15.—Among the birds I noticed robins, bluebirds, crow blacks, redwings, phebes, wood pewee, barn, bank and white-bellied swallows, savanna and chipping sparrows, grasstinch, flicker, cedar birds and doves. Song sparrows are very plentiful and are building. *Passer domesticus* has built, and in some localities as many as a dozen nests with eggs may be seen. Robins are assiduously at work on their nests, although there are very few sitting birds.—F. L. J.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

208.

LAST summer, while we were camping out, Bob, our captain, often amused us by relating stories of adventure, of which he had an inexhaustible fund. One night the talk turned upon snakes and their habits of prowling about at night. (This for the benefit of the timid member.) "That reminds me," said Bob, "of an old hunter who lived in Greene county years ago. He was a good hunter, but he used to tell some queer yarns about his exploits. He said that one day he was out deer hunting, and night found him a long way from home. It was dark as six black cats, so dark he couldn't see his hand before his face, and he went stumbling along over logs and everything he could run into. Suddenly he heard the sharp warning of a rattlesnake, but in which direction he did not know. Afraid to move, he was in a quandary what to do, when a happy thought struck him. Cocking both hammers, he fired one barrel of his gun in the air, and before the flash died away aimed and fired the other barrel, killing the snake." RAMBLER.

209.

"Yes," said M., "I can bear witness to the fact that imagination plays an important part in our lives. I remember a little incident that happened when I was a boy. Some one told me that mink skins were worth money, as I set out one day with the old dog to gather a few mink skins. I found a hole, and as the dog said game I went to work with a vim (and a spade), brought out the mink after hard digging, and started for home with my trophy. I noticed a rather strong smell about the mink, but was not affected by it, and thought all minks smelled that way. Slinging my prize over my shoulder I walked proudly along, and when I got in sight of the house mother came out into the lane and sung out, 'What have you there?' 'A mink,' said I; 'Hurrah! Ain't he pretty?' and I held him up at arm's length. 'Stop right where you are!' screamed my mother. 'Don't you come a step nearer! That is not a mink, it's a skunk!' And right there, the minute she uttered that last word, I turned deathly sick, and vomited and vomited till I could vomit no more, and I was the wretchedest boy you ever saw. My clothes had to be buried, and myself scrubbed and disinfected. So long as I had a mink in my hand there didnt seem to be anything wrong, but with its change of name everything seemed to come over me like a flash.

KANSAS. RAMBLER.

210.

Speaking of fish I send you a clipping from the country where I learned to cast a fly. It is from the Portland *Oregonian*. The old sturgeon man from Sauvies was having a little wa-wa with the boys. "And that puts me in mind," said he, "that I saw a sturgeon wearing a set of deer horns a few days ago."

"Now, old man, you're going to wander from the truth again, I fear," said Deputy Sheriff Witherell.

"Just wait till I tell you how it was. I was over on Big Sturgeon Lake looking for a duck or goose for dinner, when, just as I paddled my skiff around a point I saw a deer's horns sticking out of the water near the shore. I thought it was a deer swimming across the lake, and without stopping to look, blazed away. I heard some of my shot strike the horns, and then saw them go under. I thought that singular, but after awhile I saw them roll up again half a mile off. The idea of a deer swimming that far under water was a paralyzer. I rowed out cautiously to the horns, and found that they were sticking out of a sturgeon's mouth. He had swallowed the deer, but had not room for the horns, and was waiting till he should have digested the animal so he could spit out the horns. I recognized the sturgeon as old 'Gros Ventre,' a fish I had known ever since I took up my claim on the island. He was named by a priest who had been a missionary among the Indians in Montana. The fish recognized me, and his eyes twinkled as he rolled up to have a look at me, and his silvery sides sort of rippled, as he was trying to laugh. He evidently realized the ridiculousness of his situation, but he probably found it was uncomfortable swimming around with the horns under water, and so turned over to rest. Now, I did not like to see an old acquaintance in such a fix, so I just cut the horns off, and blessed if old 'Gros Ventre' didn't swim out a piece and rise up about 5ft. clean out of water and make me one of the gracefulest bows you ever saw, and then he leaped his whole length out of the water and came down with a splash which sent the ripples circling to the furthest shores of Big Sturgeon Lake. I reckon that fish weighed a ton at least."

While I was in Washington Territory a family was crossing the Shokomish River in an emigrant wagon. They were strangers, unwarned of the dangers of the place. When they were in the middle of the stream, a band of salmon rushed upon them from a pool, upturned the wagon and devoured all of the family except the eldest son. Even the horses fell a prey to the voracity of these fish. The Western editors, although fully acquainted with the details of this and similar incidents, give no publicity to such affairs, lest they should discourage immigration. The fact is no child is safe after dark on the banks of the Columbia, as the salmon patrol the shore and the neighboring woods in droves. They roar horribly. These facts have, I am told, received recognition in the Eastern press, although I have myself never seen them them published. WALL STREET.

211

It was once the fashion in Bangor, Me., for young men who wanted a good time fishing, to drive up to Lake Pushaw, in the town of Glenburn, and spend a day on its quiet bosom, trolling, or bottom-fishing for whatever the gods might send them. One day in '47 my running mate and I found ourselves there for the purpose named. Whether we caught one or ten fish I haven't the remotest idea, for what we saw completely sponged the slate of memory as to our own luck. In a batteau just opposite, across a small arm of the lake, were two persons; one a short and very stout man, the other a little chap, the very antipodes of the first; our attention was at first attracted by their uproarious laughter. We guessed the cause of it might be schnapps, or brandy, or whisky—at any rate some kind of a bottle imp. After some time the big one tried to get the anchor; it had probably caught in the roots at the bottom, for he tugged away in vain for some time. At last when it started, he lost his balance and went over to meet it. He soon came up spluttering and tried to get into the boat, but his avoirdupois or liquor was too much for him. His comrade in vain tried to hoist him, until at last a bright idea struck him, for, getting the anchor himself, he seized the coat collar of "Jumbo," and walking along to the stern coolly sat down in the sheets, put out an oar, and sculled the boat ashore, towing his friend all the way.

If any big bully thinks the little fellow's task was an easy one, just let him try it. I know a dozen fellows who would take the job of towing him ashore just for the fun of the thing! BEN TENUTO.

WORCESTER, MASS.

212.

Some years ago a party of us were gathered at Connecticut Lake, one windy day in March, to try the lakers through the ice. Under the direction of our host we set a dozen lines on an old fishing ground where he said we should get some big ones, and returned to the hotel. After breakfast the next morning the doctor went up with us to help us bring our fish to the hotel, for he said we were "just as likely to get some weighing 20lbs. or more as not." I reached our lines before any of the rest of the party, and hauling in the first line I came to I found that I had on quite a large fish. I was much elated to have caught the first "lunge," as the doctor called the lake trout. The rest of the party came along by this time, and I triumphantly hauled a large fish out on the ice. "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the doctor, and I didn't blame him for laughing, for such a looking fish I had never seen. It would weigh perhaps 8lbs., was about 2ft. long, with a head something like a catfish, and a tail like an eel. "What have I got, anyway," said I. "Oh, nothing; only a cusk-eel," laughed the doctor, "the lake is full of them; now see me catch a lunge;" and he ran to the next line, and after bobbing a minute gave a furious yank and commenced hauling in hand over hand, and an expression of great expectation came over his countenance. "I've got a snorter, 25lbs. if he's an ounce; see him pull!" and he let him have more line and the fish started for the bottom of the lake as if it meant business. "Now, I am going to take him out," said the doctor, and he began hauling in the line, and giving a final grand surge, landed an old anchor rope with a stone attached, weighing about 10lbs. You ought to have seen his expression change as we rolled on the ice and roared with laughter, while he returned to the hotel and didn't ask us to see him catch any more "lunge." S. J. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A FRIEND IN NEED, A Household Guide in Health and Disease.—Under this title Dr. J. Frank Perry has given us an exceedingly interesting and useful book. In his introduction Dr. Perry says: "The leading design of this work, as implied in the title, is to place before the reader those established principles, a knowledge of which is essential to the preservation of health and to recovery when suffering from disease." The volume is divided into five "books," treating in order the subjects of Practical Hygiene, Mental Hygiene, The Sick Room, Principles of Medicine, The Practice of Medicine. Under Practical Hygiene most useful information will be found. What food to eat or avoid under different conditions of health, how and when to exercise, how to bathe, even to the selection of the kind of soap, how to care for the mouth, hair, hands, feet, and so on. The diseases in the latter portion of the work, while scientifically treated, are yet simplified sufficiently to make them entirely intelligible to the unprofessional mind. The book ends with an almost exhaustive list of those poisons which may cause trouble in a household. The symptoms and treatment are succinctly described. In glancing through the book, one is amazed at the vast array of facts that have been brought together in so small a space. The volume is beautifully printed, and would be ornamental on any book-shelf aside from its more solid character.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

GAME IN THE PARK.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The snow is from three to five feet deep and very solid, almost ice; people can move about the Park without snowshoes by selecting cold days or nights after the crust freezes. On March 18 the ice began to go out of the river between and above the falls of the Yellowstone. It did not break up and go at once, but went slowly; by the 28th all had disappeared but a bridge of ice at the brink of the great falls, and the 100ft. bridge under them; these must have fallen by this time. All the great cliffs on each side of the upper and lower falls, which were so beautifully ornamented by frozen spray during the winter months, are now free from ice. When it commenced to go, great masses would fall into the cañon with a sound like distant thunder, laying bare great patches of the highly colored rock. In ten days, from the 18th to the 28th, all the ice was gone but the bridges mentioned; now there is nothing but the usual summer appearance of the cañon to be seen.

Mr. Al. Thorne, who has been wintering at the falls and was one of the men who saved the band of elk from starvation mentioned in my report, crossed the river above the falls before the ice went out, and visited the open country on the east side. Here he saw a band of fifty-three elk—cows, spikes and yearlings. They were quite poor but would live, as the warm weather was uncovering a little feeding ground additional to that blown free from snow. Where the snow is of any depth the elk cannot paw through it now as it is so wet and heavy. Mr. Thorne came out of the Park on the first of April, walking on the crust from the falls to the springs via Norris. He saw no game after leaving the falls.

A few days ago Mr. T. W. Ingersoll, a St. Paul photographer, started out with a companion to take winter views of the Park. They got out as far as the open country beyond Golden Gate and in all some four miles from the Springs, when Mr. Ingersoll found he would not be able to stand the trip; so he wisely concluded to return to the Springs and home to St. Paul. If he had gone on he would have had his trip for nothing, as all the winter effects are gone; all that remains are the fields of ice and snow. The warm weather of the past twenty-five days has destroyed all the delicate frost formations.

The game has moved from the vicinity of the roads to Cooke City to the higher ground. Travelers on the road now see very little; occasionally a band of elk are seen. A band of blacktail deer have shown themselves in the Park; they are now returning from their winter range, working back into the mountains as fast as the snow will permit. No young of any game has yet been noticed.

The antelope and mountain sheep that wintered on the mountain east of the Gardiner River Cañon are occasionally seen. The tame band of sheep that wintered in the cañon have left for higer ground and better feed. Mountain sheep have not commenced to return; they are more like summer tourists, waiting for the snow to go. The hills around the Park that are free from snow are now looking quite green, the fresh grass having grown enough to show at a distance. E. H.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

A FEW years since the sportsmen of our State, owing to the scarcity of our quail, caused a law to be passed protecting the same for three years, anticipating a good time at the expiration of that term. But as is well known, they were grievously disappointed—the law off, the birds were likewise. Nor were any seen from that time until last fall, when a few fell victims to the skill of our resident sportsmen searching after woodcock. The discovery made that quail were about argued well for stocking the suburbs, and to that end arrangements were made. Having secured the birds for delivery in January, a place for keeping them through the winter was found in a large barn at Cape Elizabeth—a few miles out of the city—on the farm of that whole-souled sportsman George M. Stanwood, Esq. That the birds might not be injured in flying about, the barn was transformed into a miniature forest of pine, fir and birch trees placed rather closely to each other, and the windows screened with coarse bagging, letting in plenty of air and sun.

The first installment of birds—five dozen in all—arrived in January and were placed in the charge of genial Captain Minot, who cared for them so well that they soon became pets—even feeding out of his hands. But the birds did not thrive, in fact began to die off daily until finally all went the same way. Concluding that they were a poor lot we secured a fresh supply of twenty dozen and tried again. In a short time the birds began to drop off as before, and then we unmercifully arraigned the New York commission merchant for swindling—and right here we ask his forgiveness, subsequent events proving the fault to be wholly with ourselves. An examination of the dead birds was suggested by a disciple of Esculapius, which was done, and the mystery was out—we had stuffed the poor things to death, the dead ones showing a very bad case of inflammation of the crop. This was eleven weeks ago, when a new method of feeding was put in use, and up to yesterday, April 11, when all that was left (ten dozen) were liberated, not a bird died.

The secret of successfully keeping quail in confinement is to feed them sparingly, and it is our experience that the best feed is cracked corn, cracked oats and middlings mixed and cooked, with a couple of bunches of celery and a cabbage or two thrown into the barn daily.

Our experience is thus communicated to fellow sportsmen with the hope that some benefit may be gained from it. G. H. P.

PORTLAND, ME., April 12.

A DOUBLE MEASURE OF VENOM.—San Diego, Cal.—My friend, Mr. W. Francis, was once out about one mile back of the Florence Hotel quail shooting, and sent his fine setter to retrieve a quail, when he saw the dog jump to one side. Walking up to him he found that two rattle snakes had bitten him. He shot the snakes, and his dog died before he could get him into town. A man must "look a little out" when hunting in this section.—D. B. HINMAN

ON THE EAST FORK.

OUR party consisted of Ely Murray, of this place, his brother, Mr. Charles Murray, and Dr. Rippard, both of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and myself. Ely and his brother were old hunters and had slain many a deer, while the Doctor and myself were the "greenhorns" of the party. Our guns consisted of repeating rifles for the Murray brothers, and shotguns with buckshot for Rippard and myself.

We started from Athens, Pa., Nov. 2, and drove the entire distance, passing through Mansfield, Wellsboro and Gaines, and on the 6th reached the Sinnemehoning Valley, in Potter county, Pa. We found Fred Martin, who was to be our guide and cook, ready for us. He had a good cabin near the creek, well furnished with everything necessary for camp life. As soon as we had unpacked in the cabin we started out for Hammersley's Run for our first hunt. Martin knew the woods thoroughly, and placed us on runways. A doe ran near Ely; he fired twice at it and thought he hit it, but as no blood could be found on the leaves it was given up. A few days later, however, another hunter found it dead a short distance from where it had been fired at.

Nearly every day some one would start a deer, but the leaves being dry made still-hunting impossible, and in driving the game would inevitably take a runway where no one was placed, so night after night we returned empty-handed. But on waking one morning we found two inches of snow on the ground, and we began preparations for the day's hunt.

It was agreed that Fred should place Charles, the doctor and himself on runways, while Ely and I should make the drive. We let them get fifteen minutes start and then began our work; when part way through I started three deer which ran up over the hill and into the basin beyond. Ely was following a buck track to the right and so lost a shot as he crossed where he would have been. A short distance beyond he jumped a fine buck which ran through to Fred, who fired, killing it instantly. We soon had it dressed and hung up, and then started to drive the basin where the three deer had gone. Charles was placed on the ridge, Doc on the next lower bench, and I beyond him, while Fred went to the lower end. Ely did the driving and was gone but a short time when I heard two reports, and in a few seconds a double shot again. I expected every moment to see a deer come in sight, but none came, and after waiting a few minutes I went to where I heard the firing and there found the doctor somewhat excited. As I came up he pointed down at some drops of blood on the snow and said, "Look how I hit 'em." He said he was looking down the hill and saw two does coming up; they were looking around and as they got within 150yds. began to sniff the air. He supposed they had winded him, so he pulled up and fired, dropping one, while the other ran a few steps and stopped. He fired at this one and it ran off and then the doe on the ground got up just as he reloaded and started after the other, although he fired again. The doctor felt somewhat downhearted about his loss, but attributed it to the shotgun, for if he had had a rifle he could have killed both. We followed the deer some distance, but as they stopped bleeding and were making better time than we were, it was decided to return to camp, and we arrived at the edge of the woods in time to see a young fellow kill a nice buck which had run into the creek.

The next day we awoke to find the snow melting and it was decided to start as early as possible. Fred, Charles and Doc were to occupy runways, and Ely and I would make the first drive. The others had just gone and we were waiting to give them a a few minutes start, when we heard an awful yell, and then a great splash. I ran to the cabin door in time to see the jolly doctor splashing in the icy cold creek. As he was crossing the log which served as a foot bridge, he slipped and grabbed the railing, which gave away, precipitating him into the water seven feet below, and nearly six feet deep. We fished up his gun, and after helping him change his wet garments for dry ones, went on to meet the others. We started no deer on this drive, but saw plenty of tracks, as well as the trail of a big bear. On the next drive Charles had a shot at a buck, but he did not kill it as the brush was quite thick and he had only a glimpse of the game as it bounded past. During this drive Ely and myself became separated from the rest, and finding the fresh tracks of three deer, concluded to follow them up. We tracked them for some distance and found where they had been feeding and had gone over the dividing ridge.

After hunting rather carefully for a while, we heard several shots some distance off in the direction that we were going. Hurrying to the edge of the hill we stood looking around, when Ely said: "There's a deer," and looking in the direction I saw a doe making its way along unconscious of any danger. As I stood watching it another came in sight, and following them appeared a large buck with immense antlers. They were taking it leisurely, trotting along, nibbling moss off the logs, and before long had come nearly in front of us. What a sight it was! Within 150yds. were three unalarmed deer. Had my companion not been there to keep me cool I might have had a touch of buck fever, but just then he pulled up, and taking deliberate aim at the buck as he was walking, pulled the trigger. For some unknown reason the cartridge did not explode. At the snap all three started on a jump and I sent a load of buckshot at the buck, which caused him to stumble and fall, but regaining himself he started on, just as I gave him the other load. Ely had thrown more shells into his repeater, and had fired as they ran. When on the opposite side of the draft they all stopped; one poked its head from behind a tree, and as Ely fired again I saw the deer fall and the other two start on a jump. At the next shot I saw a leg hanging loose on the doe, but the two disappeared over the ridge. On dressing the deer we found that the bullet had gone in through one eye and out at the other.

Taking the tracks again we soon found where the doe had lain down and bled freely from a wound in the side, as well as from the broken leg, while the buck I had wounded was spurting blood at every jump and stopping every few yards. As it was growing late we thought best to find the doe first and the buck afterward. We had not far to go before we started the doe again, and as it passed me I fired a load of buckshot which dropped it. After dressing and hanging it up, we looked at our watches and found we would have to strike out for camp if we got in before dark. So marking the trees, we set out and struck Birch Run, which we followed nearly four miles to get out, and that was two miles below the cabin. It was a jolly party that night that sat down to a supper in Fred Martin's best style—broiled grouse, roast venison, baked potatoes, home-made bread, buckwheat cakes, delicious coffee. We hunted a few days more, and then, with many regrets, packed our traps and bade farewell to our guide, who had treated us so well and had done all he could to make our stay pleasant. We killed in all during the trip eight deer, which, with the pleasure and health derived, fully repaid us. A party of fishermen will start for this same region next summer after trout, which are very abundant in these streams. They will stay with Fred Martin, near Wilbur, and if they fail to have a good time and catch plenty of trout it will be their own fault.

W. K. P.

ATHENS, Pa.

NEW JERSEY SHOOTING NOTES.

THE famous woodcock cover around Dr. Roe's Island in the valley of the Pequest, Warren county, N. J., was partly destroyed by fire last winter. Since then the thicket and tall timber which fringed the upland to Money Island have been cut off. Henceforth onions instead of woodcock will be the crop of this once excellent shooting ground.

At one time prior to reclaiming the Great Meadows in Warren county by drainage, there was not a surer find for woodcock in the State of New Jersey. In those days it was shot over by Dr. Paul Mead, Humphrey Hartshorne and Bob Robinson, of Brooklyn; John C. White, William Dodd, Dr. Bowlby, Harry Durand and Chas. F. Murphy, of Newark. Since then the principal sportsmen who went there were Arthur Duane of Bergen Point, John E. I. Grainger, Arthur L. Sewell, Gilbert Spier, of this city, and F. Satterthwaite of Newark. The place was kept quiet and big bags were the result. Its glory, however, has gone forever; and those excellent sportsmen, Messrs. Beasley and Kelsey of Belvidere, will have to hunt up another spot.

The only swamp that is left, a tract of some 470 acres, has recently been leased by Franklin Satterthwaite. It is on the property of H. H. Van Deuser, it has been advertised and legally posted and will be thoroughly protected against the raids of the illegal market-hunters who infest the section. Last season the Quick brothers of Danville, and two companions killed over one hundred birds in this swamp early in June. If they attempt to repeat their dastardly work they will be prosecuted if it costs the lessee $1,000.

Five miles north of the Van Deuser tract is the magnificent game preserve of Mr. Rutherfurd Stuyvesant of this city. It is several miles in length and stretches across the wide valley at Allamuchy. Besides being well stocked with quail and ruffed grouse, the estate has some English snipe bogs and several strips of woodcock cover. A beautiful trout brook traverses the preserve, this was fished last week by Mr. Stuyvesant and his brothers, the Messrs. Rutherfurd, of fox-terrier fame. Some time since Mr. Stuyvesant introduced English pheasants and partridges on his place but they did not thrive. This is perhaps owing to the immense hordes of ground vermin and hawks and owls in the district.

Farmer Edward Fowler Bird of the Shades of Death, reports that while traveling his swamp after cattle a short time ago, he flushed a flock of Messina quail, some hundred in number. He says the birds were in the vicinity of Post's Island, and were the quail, no doubt, which Mr. Stuyvesant put out on his estate last autumn. There are several witnesses to prove that some Messina quail wintered in Warren county.

The grouse and quail wintered well in New Jersey. This was owing to the warm rains which succeeded every large fall of snow. It is a fact that there are more ruffed grouse in the mountains of the northern counties of the State at this time than for many years. When the crop is ripe, we will begin to hear of the partridge fly again.

Besides writing the Beggar's Opera, the poet Gay had something to say at one time or another about the woodcock:

> "He sung where woodcock in the summer feed,
> And in what climate they renew their breed,
> Some think to Northern coasts their flight they tend,
> Or, to the moon in midnight hours ascend."

If the poet had been standing below Sam Shelly's big spring on the Wallkill the other night he would have seen the "t'other dear charmer" get in her fine work to the most approved taste. A "spaking" cock and a twittering hen had come out to dance by the light of the moon, when along came another dame of the longbill persuasion, and setting her night-cap for the croaking gallant, had what appeared to be a pitched battle with the bird of her own sex. She finally drove her off the field up into a mountain swale, but where alas, the villain still pursued her.

It is not generally known that woodcock during the breeding season are apt to start their serenade early in the evening and keep the mill a-going until late in the night. This is only, however, when the moon is near or at the full. It is to be regretted that so many birds are shot by the country people, many of whom are ignorant enough not to know what they are shooting at. There was quite a rattling of guns at dusk last week along the Wallkill below Liberty Corner, and several woodcock were killed.

"Curly" McCracken, the champion trout fisherman of Hackettstown, who keeps the American Hotel, is too much crippled with rheumatism to fish this season. The more's the pity, for there are some good fish in the streams in the vicinity. Mr. Arthur Duane got 19 fine big ones there the other day. Col. Vallentine, a well-known shooting man of Hackettstown, recently died in Canada. Steve Pyles, who used to shoot more game in northern Jersey than any other man, has laid down the game bag and the gun and taken to chopping wood. So much for the march of improvement. Every one is trying to buy the latest improved breechloading doublebarrel gun, for $5 a piece at Newton.

The sportsmen who were tired of going snipe shooting and getting nothing, missed it this season in New Jersey, for there was quite a flight. This occurred late in March when everything was ice and slush. The Von Lengerke Brothers of Hoboken, as usual scooped in the cream of the shooting on the Hackensack meadows. There were some really very early birds in the lot. Pete Longstaff—it would be unintelligible to call him Peter—and his son Henry have shot over one hundred snipe on the Newark and Elizabethtown meadows. Frank Class of Pine Brook, got 18 snipe on Monday, April 11. This was the flight day of that section. Wm. Graham, the English pigeon shot, is residing near Pine Brook flats. He goes sniping every day. On the Troy meadows, the Hopping boys don't let a snipe light down. C. F. Hedden, of Newark, got 13 snipe one day last week on the Ford Island meadows. Henry Walker, of Hanover Neck, is prowling for snipe every day. R. H. Brientnall and O. Von Lengerke, of Newark, went to Pine Brook on April 12, one day after the fair. They heard some guns but did not kill anything. The Dukes boys, of East Newark, have been shooting a few snipe every morning at Dry Point, on the Hackensack meadows. Two snipe flew over Mr. George H. Raymond's head, at Morristown on Saturday last. Arthur Duane killed 17 snipe on April 9, in Warren county, and F. Satterthwaite shot 36 on Monday, the 11th. At Mantoloking there has been fairly good snipe shooting. The conductor of the morning train from this city, lays over there for two hours every day; he gets from 6 to 15 every time he goes out. Arthur L. Sewell shot 6 snipe on Rumsen Neck on April 4; and 10 at Point Pleasant on April 8. He found the corpse of an old snipe shooter lying on the meadows at the former place.

There was very poor snipe shooting last spring and autumn in the Western States. This spring owing to the drought and dry condition of the prairies, the birds have concentrated in vast numbers in certain localities. In Missouri, they are very numerous above St. Louis. In Southern Illinois an immense number of birds are being killed and shipped. For any Eastern sportsman fond of snipe shooting, this was the season to have gone West. It appears that the same dry conditions have extended throughout New Jersey and Delaware.

Mr. David Keeler, of Rumsen Neck, has just put out twenty pairs of English partridges. The quail which were planted in this section last autumn have done remarkably well. But few of them were shot last fall. Rumsen Neck is well preserved, and pot-hunters need not apply.

SCOLOPAX.

SPOTS IN BARRELS.

I HAVE had a good deal to do with guns in using and taking care of them, and under varied circumstances, for long periods of camp and boat life, and while lying in disuse. I have heard the putting away of guns uncleaned to prevent their rusting highly lauded. I have tried and been bitten by it, having had my guns several times severely rusted in consequence. When a gun is thus put away, if its place and surroundings do not favor rusting, it may not rust for a long time; but if place and surroundings do favor rusting, then the gun will rust, and often much more seriously, apparently, in consequence of the dirt. With fair trial I have failed to find in it any security against rusting upon which I could rely.

Some guns rust much more easily than others, some show little disposition to rust under even careless treatment, and there are guns which it is almost impossible to keep rid of rust, qualities doubtless due mostly to the kinds and condition of the metals from which they are made. Some regions of country, some periods of weather, moisture, and other subtle agencies, conduce strongly to the production of rust; and again, in localities where the danger usually is specially imminent, there will be considerable periods when there seems no tendency to rust and scarcely any care is required.

Warm and dry rooms and closets, and by preference upper rooms, are the best places to keep guns to avoid rust. As a rule, too, a gun is safer a few feet off from the floor. A gun shop or store, or jeweler's store, are about the best places in which to keep guns from rusting, the ever warm and dried air and equable temperature being favorable. I have had a breechloading shotgun, after being thoroughly cleaned and oiled, laid in its case on a shelf in a jewelry store for six months continuously without requiring anything to be done for it and keeping perfectly preserved, whereas if it had been kept in the room which I made my quarters, the gun would have required overhauling much oftener than once a month.

I have tried various brands of powder and qualities of them, as the Hazard, Oriental, Laflin & Rand and Dupont, all good powders, and have seen no reason to suspect one of conducing more to erosion of the gun than another. The dirt resulting from the exploded cap is undoubtedly specially deleterious and makes special care in cleaning the gun necessary.

I have tried for application to the inside of the gun the various oils, mercurial ointment, vaseline and various mixtures, and found none to be anything more than aids in protecting against rust—no one a specific against it so that you do not need to keep a lookout on your gun afterward. According to my experience, when a gun that has been shot is going to be put away for any length of time or even over night, if the weather is wet, it should be well wiped out and dried, carefully oiled and set in a dry, warm place. After the lapse of one to three days, depending on weather and surroundings, wipe and oil again, and after about the same interval repeat the process, after which the gun will be very much less likely to rust than if trusted to the single wiping, the reason being probably that the repeated wiping more completely removes the products of the burnt charges. One thorough application of water might do the same. After this thorough wiping or cleaning, look into your gun every week or oftener; you may need once in awhile to oil again. It is not the abundance of oil needed, but thorough application and good quality. The object of the oil of course is to protect the surface of the metal against the presence and action of the rust agent, oxygen, and whether freshly applied or dried it should form a continuous coating. On the whole I prefer the best sperm oil when I can be sure of obtaining it.

The moment that rust specks or a crop of them are discovered it is all important to break them up thoroughly at once and rub out their base, and watch the matter well afterward, else you will find the basis of chronic and increasing difficulty surely laid. The best way to accomplish this is to use the wire brush or fine emery, or wood ashes may be used. Western duck hunters use the last with much satisfaction. When the work of rust or the specks are well fixed, the emery lathe is the thing, but even this will not reach the bottom of old-time spots. When rust spots appear, rub out rust and base when practicable, or you will have the disease with you ever after. The gun will be kept well cased of course. While in tent and boat life wipe and oil the gun daily, and in damp weather if not shooting twice a day.

These specks or measles in guns are simply rust. Its

agent is ever present ready to act, and the subtle agencies which stimulate the process are ever lurking around, and if you desire to keep your gun in hand for instant work, there is no application known which is a certain security against the plague. You may neglect, take risks and by chance escape injury, and while some aids are better than others, there is no reliable security against the evil save wise and vigilant care. If the time ever comes when the interior of guns shall be made by any process rust defying, it will be a great relief to those who prize and use them. F. M. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here is a little piece of my experience extending over the space of seventeen years on the sea coast of Texas.

By the closest attention to the inside of my gun barrels for the first eighteen months I was able to keep a pair of laminated steel barrels almost entirely clear of rust. This was by cleaning within an hour after use, wiping dry and covering with whatever lubricant was obtainable in camp, and on my return home cleaning with hot water and lubricating with a solution of mercurial ointment and sweet oil. I suppose any other oil would have answered just as well. At the end of the eighteen months, however, many little pits began to show on the polished surface, and I then attributed it to the mercury and have never used it since. My next new gun was carefully kept for the same length of time by treating in the same manner except that I used sperm or fish oil, refined by putting in it scraps of iron, and after a week or two carefully drawing off the top of the oil in a separate bottle; and so I gave the inside of the barrels four or five coats of pure oil instead of oil and mercurial ointment. This did not keep off the pitted appearance more than eighteen months.

My next gun I never cleaned after using, but oiling well the outside of the barrels set the gun away with the residue of burnt powder in it.

I found that after four or five days had elapsed this residuum changed its character and looked like wet ashes of a gray color instead of black.

But before two years had elapsed those miserable spots appeared, and I believe worse than in either of the other cases. I now have a gun which I have been using nearly three years and it looks as if the small-pox had paid it a visit. I have tried all kinds of patent rust preventives, but I cannot say much for any of them. None of my guns have had any red rust inside the barrels, and once I commenced the practice of varnishing the outside with a solution of gum tolu and alcohol. I have had no trouble with the outside. The locks are easily kept in order by cleaning and oiling after use. My own idea is that on a salt-water coast no amount of care will prevent a gun from pitting on the inside if it is used much. All of my guns have been shot from two to four thousand times during a winter, and perhaps one-half as many times for the balance of the year. I know of some guns that have been kept bright inside, but they are but very little used.

Bexar.

NEW ENGLAND GAME AND FISH.

THERE is nothing inspiriting in the weather to the sportsman with rod and line. Indeed the reports of ice and snowbanks chill even the enthusiast to the very bones, and his ardor for the rushing stream and green woods dies out with a shiver. It will take several weeks of warm weather to warm him up, to add even a spark to the enthusiasm of former seasons. There is something peculiar concerning the influence of the season on the sportsman; the weather warms him or makes his feelings cold, according to the season. If by some mysterious freak of nature—concerning which there is little danger—the ice should suddenly be removed, weeks of the trout and salmon season would go by with scarcely a votary of the rod and line hieing himself to the lake and the stream. Warm suns, bright skies and green grass are the influences that exercise their power upon us to be on the move to the favorite waters. The latest accounts from the Maine waters are not encouraging. A letter of April 15 from Richardson Lake, one of the Androscoggins, says that there are still 4ft. of snow on the ice and the ice itself is 30in. thick. This letter is from a lady, by the way, Mrs. Sessions, who, with her husband Pim., has spent more than half a dozen winters in care of Capt. A. J. Farrar's Lake View Cottage at the South Arm. All the sportsmen who have dined at the South Arm the past few years remember her. The curious point in her case is that she has not once been out to the settlement since she first came in, though it is but twelve and a half miles through the woods to Andover, her native town. Her letter further says that the winter has been the hardest she has ever experienced in that region. There has been but little hunting and fishing out of season, for the weather has been too severe the greater part of the time. This lady, though spending the majority of her time in the woods, is by no means a hermit, nor has she lost any of the refinement that might be said to belong to the settlement, or even the city. She surrounds herself with plants and flowers, so far as the severities of the climate, bringing frosts in every month in the year, will permit. She has house plants that she has carried through many winters. Her boat load of pansies and petunias were the delight of those visitors who saw it last season. An old boat was improvised and filled with earth, and into this the more hardy flowers were set. They had to be protected from frosty nights, but the sight was one to be remembered, as well as rare, in the woods. She is also interested in canaries, a large number of which birds are to be heard in her home.

There are good reasons to believe that the ruffed grouse in the woods of Maine have wintered well, though there are the usual stories of their destruction under the snow. But it must be borne in mind that there has been but very little snow crust, though the snows have been remarkably deep. A letter from one of the best woodsmen in the Androscoggin Lake region, who has been in the woods a good deal on snowshoes after gum the past winter, says that the partridges have wintered well. The deer have also fared well where they have been out of the reach of the lumbermen. This woodsman and guide is of the opinion that there are a good many deer in that region. But the lumbermen have been at work in some sections there, and from all that I can hear, there is to be a reckoning with these same lumbermen. That they have killed deer in the snow there is no doubt, and just so sure as their names and the particulars can be found out, they shall be called to an account in the Forest and Stream, if not to the law. Every sportsman in the land shall know the names of these lawbreakers, and if a rich lumberman is mean enough to slaughter deer in the snow in winter to save the cost of beef, why the public shall know it. The Commissioners have been crippled for want of means for a year or two past, but it is likely that another winter there will be detectives employed to visit the lumber camps. Deer killing in winter by the Maine lumbermen has got to be stopped, if there is any power in public sentiment.

The trout season promises to be very late this year, and likewise the season for salmon in the Penobscot, but there are some curious features in this matter. But very few Penobscot salmon have yet come into the markets, by reason of the backwardness of the season, and yet Mr. Fred Ayre, the noted Penobscot salmon fly-fisherman, of Bangor, was in Boston yesterday and left the news that the salmon were already leaping in the open rapid water below the dam, though the rest of the river is still encased in ice. This set some of our Boston sportsmen on the alert, and they will depart for that region as soon as the ice is out of the river. So far as the trout fishermen are concerned, it is altogether likely that there will be less of rushing away as soon as the ice is out of the Maine lakes this year than usual. The weather is too cold and the sportsmen are likely to be content to stay at home till June this year. Indeed present indications suggest that the ice will not be out of the great lakes much before that date.

The Phillips, Maine, *Phonograph* says that the decision of the Governor and Council, in the case of the charges preferred against the Fish and Game Commissioners, has not yet been made public. That is really very funny, but the reason is just the same as the reason why Jack didn't eat his supper. The people of North Franklin, if they read the *Phonograph* and no other paper, would be in danger of believing that they had actually made out charges against these same Commissioners, instead of being parties in the most peculiar farce ever brought before the government of a State. If its items indicate anything, that same paper is the poacher's friend, and has been for some years. One of its correspondents, in the last number, warns a game warden to "look out for his scalp." And again it is facetious over the silly assertion that a deer was seen playing with a dog, and later that the deer—in close time—was found with a bullet hole through him. The item winds up with: "Accidents will happen." Why has not the paper honor enough to state flatly that somebody has been hounding deer, that it is strictly against the law—a crime—under the statutes of the State? Then in warning Warden Huntoon to "look out for his scalp," does it mean to encourage another warden murder like that double one at Fletcher Brook last fall? Again its favorite item reads: "Mr. ——— and Mr. ——— are in the lake regions enjoying our magnificent hunting and fishing." It repeats this item, notwithstanding every species of game at the time one would stand the ghost of a chance of getting is under the protection of the law, and never once does it turn square in its track and say that there is such a thing as a close season. I can only say: Shame! shame on such a paper! But I can be truly thankful that its influence is even smaller than its circulation. Special.

PENETRATION TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Feb. 2 last I made a test for penetration, which was published in your paper, and I was requested by your correspondent "Von W." to make a different test, which I did to-day. The test on Feb. 2 was as follows:

2½ drs. powder, 5 thick wads, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.... 50
2½ drs. powder, 4 thick wads, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....70
3 drs. powder, 3 thick wads, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.... .... .85
3 drs. powder, 2 thick wads, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thin wad..... 75
3¼ drs. powder, 2 thick wads, 1⅛oz. shot, 1 thin wad.... 90
3½ drs. powder, 2 thick wads, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thick wad.....120

This test was made with Laflin & Rand Ducking powder, No. 3. The thick wad was U. M. C. black edge.

The second test, made this afternoon, is as follows:

2½ drs. powder, 1 thick, 1 felt wad, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....96
2½ drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....65
3 drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....87
3 drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....85
3¼ drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....111
3¼ drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1⅛ oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....90
3½ drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1 oz. shot, 1 thin wad.....105
3½ drs. powder, 1 thin, 1 felt wad, 1⅛ oz. 1 thin wad.....82

The last test was made with Hazard Ducking No. 5 powder. The outside figure refers to the number of pages penetrated of a Government report. The gun used was 12-bore W. & C. Scott & Son, 7¼lbs. modified choke, at 30yds. The felt wad used was best quality U. M. C. ⅛in. thick, and the thin wad stiff cardboard. The shot in both tests was drop shot. J. M. W.

Augusta, Ga., April 13.

LEWIS WHITZEL'S GUN.

BEACH HILL, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was at a local rifle shooting match a few weeks ago. The guns used were all very long and heavy muzzleloaders, with a shader over the entire top of the barrel. I was the only person that used a breechloading rifle, and my gun, by the way, was a curiosity to them all. A man has to do very close work at these matches to win, often cutting away the cross (X) no bigger than a gnat at 60yds., and then not winning. My attention was attracted to a young man approaching with one of these long rifles on his shoulder. "There comes Killnigger," came from a half dozen mouths at once. They referred to the rifle he carried. Most of these guns have a local or knickname. Mr. E. said, "There comes the Lewis Whitzel gun." I was not a little surprised to think that the historical rifle of that notorious "red skin" hunter was now before my eyes; in fact I could hardly believe it, and perhaps expressed myself that way. But I was answered, "We reckon that to be the gun that Lewis Whitzel used; but the barrel is the only original part, we think; it has been stocked one or more times and has been dressed out inside many times." The barrel is forty odd inches long and the rear sight has been in two other seats besides the one it now occupies. Guessing at the caliber I think it would run about seventy round balls to the pound. When I was a boy I used to read of the many exploits of Lewis Whitzel and this trusty rifle. J. H. W.

Missouri Ducking.—Duck shooters will find good shooting in season at Williamstown, Mo.—G. L. H.

A Moonlight Ride for Deer.—Bismarck, Dak.—It was an ideal night, with a snow of two inches, mild and clear and sparkling. The Indian ponies were brought out at about 6 o'clock in the evening. We had only five miles to go and were soon there, for these tough little fellows will go on a run for that distance. While on a fast lope my friend E. cried, "Hold! there is a deer," and looking to the left, there within fifty-two steps, as it afterward proved, stood a fine buck. I had my repeater ready, but E. having a shotgun had to load. Those were long moments till he said ready, but the deer stood tossing his beautiful head. We counted 1, 2, 3 and fired. The deer seemed to have got some of our excitement, for he bounded away at a fine gait. We had been running our ponies and they were breathing fast and hard, and the motion made it almost impossible to hit even a barn. We saw two more deer while sitting at a haystack, but the wind had come up a little and they scented us, and kept away about 150yds., so we could not get a sight on them. We started home, taking the loads out of our guns, and were in a place where we did not dream of seeing deer, when, all at once out went a big one almost from under the ponies' feet, and stopped within 10yds. of us. You can imagine the wild hurry of two fellows to get guns loaded. Well, we were ready just as we saw the white tail disappear behind some brush. We had not gone on 100yds., when looking up on the bluff, 75yds., there stood a handsome buck, so beautifully outlined between us and the sky. We were all nerves for the moment and went for our pockets, and I was ready in time, but E. said wait; we would have gotten the deer I am certain—no, I am not certain, as the sequel will prove. When E. was ready I saw him, instead of taking aim, sliding off his pony. Just at that moment the deer made a step and was behind the bluff. When I came to unload I found I had put in a blank cartridge. This is not so much of a disappointment to us as it would be to an Eastern hunter, for we can go out any day or night and see the same sight.—W.

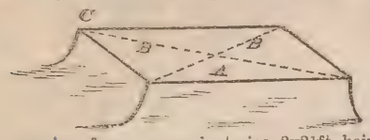
Pumpers at Game.—Maj. H. W. Merrill sends us this extract from a letter received by him from a Montana correspondent: "There was a time when most all the game killed was within 100yds., as you say, for large, or 50yds. for small game. The time has passed in this country for that. One must make long shots as a rule. The large game is scarce and hard to find, still more difficult to approach. I have not myself to blame, as I never killed game that I did not want and never for hides alone. The hide hunters killed off most. I have before now wished there were nothing but muzzleloaders in the country. I once had out a party or 'tourist hunters' who kept shooting at a band of buffalo until I stopped them. The plan had been for each to select an old bull and kill it; I was to kill a cow for camp meat. After the shooting commenced I shot twice at my cow and saw her fall, and then watched the rest. I saw buffalo limping off in all directions, and directing my attention to the shooters I saw them aiming at the band of over two hundred animals and shooting as fast as possible. They had repeaters and were keeping the air full of bullets. I stopped them as soon as possible, begging them not to shoot at the band but put out of misery those wounded; this they did, but they had killed several more than were intended. How many wounded ones escaped I do not know. Since then I have disliked all magazine rifles in the hands of most tourists. They get wild as soon as they commence shooting, and as a rule end by shooting until every cartridge is out of their magazines. Often I have heard the click of the hammer on an empty chamber. Very few men will reserve their fire, as I have seen Col. Pickett do. After firing one shot (he is as careful as though he had a muzzleloader) he will load as soon as possible, but wait for results from his first shot. That is the reason he killed seventeen out of twenty-four bear with one shot each; most men would have been shooting as long as there were signs of life."—H.

Anent Big Bags.—The Monmouth *Gazette* tells of two citizens of that village who came home on Monday from a five weeks' hunt near New Boston, during which they killed over 2,000 ducks. During a given four days in March they killed 225 and a week ago to-day they killed eighty, all of which had to be thrown away the next day because of the warm weather. The *Gazette* says "they had a tip-top hunt." We heartily rejoice at the above. A very few such expeditions, if all our exchanges will be good enough to publish accounts of them, will suffice to put an end to spring shooting. Our sportsmen, and everybody else who knows enough to handle a gun, have been prodigal of our game fowl to an extent that is worse than reckless. Two thousand ducks killed in March or April is as good as ten thousand killed in November. How long will hunters need to kill these birds at the rate of eighty a day until the only specimens found in the whole Mississippi valley will be those that are mounted in glass cases? When this country of ours was new; when ducks and deer and chickens and quail and turkeys fairly swarmed about Burlington, and when the infernal shotgun and pot hunter were unknown, men took their rifles and killed what they needed for food and no more. Nowadays men kill, not to supply the needs, but to gratify their love of killing. It is time that an end was put to this wanton slaughter. If every hunter who goes out will come in with half a dozen ducks, as many as any man can want, the number of birds killed by spring shooting will not materially interfere with their perpetuation, but the killing of 2,000 birds in a month by two men who have nothing better to do than to turn their efforts to the destruction of the wildfowl of our country is inexcusable on any ground whatever. Monmouth is not alone in this matter. Burlington has men who would have done just as much of this work as any one else had they had opportunity, and so has every town on the Mississippi. They all need reining up.—*Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye.*

Kentucky Quail.—In Madison and Lincoln counties, Ky., they shoot and trap quail in summer and at other times, without regard to season or reason. The Forest and Stream ought to do missionary service here.—G. L. H. (Stanford, Ky.).

Brass and Paper Shells.—I have noticed that the use of brass shells causes a gun to foul more than when paper shells are used. Is this a general rule?—G.

A SIMPLE STOVE.—As the season for pleasure camping will soon be upon us, a hint upon the subject of camp stoves may not come amiss. I have used the following "stove" with satisfaction, although it is not as convenient as some might wish. A is a piece of light sheet iron,



which may be of any convenient size, 2x2¼ft. being the dimensions of mine. The dotted lines B B are the cross pieces of ¼in. iron bars upon which the sheet iron rests, being held in place by small bolts, one in each corner as represented by C. The bars should be allowed to extend 10 or 12in. beyond the corners, that they may be bent down to serve as legs. Having no sides, the stove may easily be taken apart and made into a roll about as large as a section of stove pipe, in which may be packed provisions enough to last a man two or three days. Some may object to the smoke, but if one be careful to keep upon the windward side of the stove, I think he will have no trouble. Others may think the loss of heat too great to be of advantage, but if the fire is large there will be sufficient heat. Try it and report.—WATT.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GAME LAW.—The new law forbids killing hen pheasants at any time; deer, elk, reindeer, caribou, mountain goat, mountain sheep, hare, between Jan. 10 and Sept. 1; grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, California quail, Virginia quail, cock pheasant, robin, meadow lark, Feb. 1 and Sept, 1; wild duck, March 1 and July 12. Sale of pheasants forbidden. Sale or possession of game forbidden in close season, save first three days. Gulls may not be shot in the harbors. Snaring game forbidden. Deer may not be killed for hide alone. Deer may be killed if "depasturing within cultivated fields." Unlawful to kill or capture blackbird, linnet, thrush, chaffinch, skylark.

NORTH WILMURT, Herkimer County, N. Y., March 31.—We have had a very hard winter here. If all the snow that fell had remained we would have had 25 feet. It has been very bad for partridge, so much crust. Most of the time the deer have been able to run on the crust. Fishing will be very late this spring, for the ice is from 18 inches to two feet, and the snow is four feet deep; I don't think trout will take a fly until May 15 or 20.—FOREST PORT.

KANSAS.—Salina, April 12.—The Cheyenne bottoms are famous as the grounds used by the American Coursing Club for their meetings, and from the fact that the majority of the waterfowl that migrate across the State stop on the immense lake and feeding grounds. In season geese are there by the millions. To reach this go via Hoisington, which is situated at the east side of the bottoms.—KANSAS TRAMP.

THE CAPE COD DEER.—An attempt is being made to secure from the Massachusetts Legislature an open season for deer. They are now protected at all times. It is not probable that the committee on fisheries and game will listen to these petitioners. Another petition for liberty to snare grouse, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, has been unsuccessful.

SILVER FOX.—Let no one sneer at shooting foxes. It may not be "English," but there is money in it if the prize happens to prove a silver fox. The Ferrisburgh, Vt., hunter, whose prize of a silver fox was reported in our columns last winter, has received for the skin $47.50 from a New York fur dealer.

HOW TO START A BALKY HORSE.—Erie, Pa., April 17.—Assistant Paymaster Joseph Frick, United States steamer Michigan, was mortally wounded to-day while out gunning. He used the butt of his gun to start up a balky horse. In the operation the horse kicked, discharging the weapon, shooting Frick's right arm off. The wound is fatal.

NEW YORK.—Bristol Center, April 11.—Grouse have wintered well in this vicinity; there are more birds in the woods than I have seen before for years.—L. J. R.

DUCK BOAT.—See description in yachting columns.

THE NEW YORK LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"It is a fact, not disputed, that just so long as fish and game may be sold in this State, just so long will they be killed in violation of law, after the open season."—Extract from argument of John D. Collins before Assembly Game Committee, of New York.

"It is not disputed." The remedy is as plain as the fact—prohibit the sale. It may be added, and contradiction challenged, that the only efficient preventive against catching or killing in the close season has been under the provisions of law prohibiting possession, or sale, after the close seasons, making possession—in the few days permitted for handling after the season closes—*prima facie* evidence against the possessor, and putting upon him the burden of proving his possession to be of game lawfully killed.

"This is not disputed." It cannot be, truthfully. The marketmen make a provision allowing possession and sale after the close season, their sure reliance to keep their stalls replenished, and the distinctive earmark of every bill they thrust upon the Legislature, is a provision extending the time to have in possession, and to sell—the longer the better. They now ask an extension to the first of March.

Not so significant, this, as the influence and efforts backing such outrageous demands. Judge of the astonishment of the sportsmen of New York, aye, of a much wider territory, to hear that Mr. Roosevelt has advocated before the Assembly Committee on Game Laws the opening of the selling season all through the winter for venison; and the opening of July to woodcock shooting, and closing September against it.

Is there not ground for hope that Mr. Roosevelt is misrepresented? If not, we may be assured he is misinformed.

But the gravest charge against such efforts, as against the whole brood of bills and amendments with which the Legislature is flooded, is their certain tendency, if not their manifest purpose, to bring the present efficient game laws into disrepute, and game legislation, generally, into contempt. This will serve the marketmen most effectually.

Mr. Collins deserves, and will have, the cordial thanks of every sportsman, of every game protectionist in the State, for his exposure, before the Game Committee of the Assembly, of the pernicious measures thrust upon its attention.

But shall we sit quietly by with an expression of thanks merely? Do we not owe something to a great cause that will excite a telling effort in its behalf? We are recreant when we are not active in its interest. The general public sentiment is with us, but it will not follow a supine, inert attention on the part of its natural leaders.

Speak out loud, then.

ST. LAWRENCE, April 14, 1887. FORKS.

WENTWORTH ASSOCIATION.

HAMILTON, Ont. April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you will find copies of the annual report of the Wentworth Fish and Game Association, which may interest you enough to publish. I send them to you as some time since you expressed a readiness to help us in any good work. I hope that the legislative wave against spring shooting, which started in Ontario last year and which has spread westward to Michigan and Minnesota will go outward in all directions. This year our society will move chiefly in the direction of stopping pike shooting in the marshes in the spring, better protection of the fish in our bay from netting, attempts to interest the county in preserving a large swamp in the neighborhood, the source of some considerable streams and numerous springs, and the removal of the sparrow in the interest of the songsters, from among the protected insectivorous birds.—A. E. M.

The report is as follows: Your committee in presenting their fifth annual report, congratulate the association on the good work that has been done during the past year. It is to be regretted, however, that its members are not so numerous as formerly, but this is accounted for by the fact that devoting itself exclusively to the protection of fish and game it has lost many of those who combined this interest with club shooting matches and social enjoyment. Two flourishing shooting clubs have been formed in the city whose members, while having their periodical shooting matches at clay pigeons, etc., have done their best to protect the game of this locality. It is to be hoped that all lovers of true sport will combine to form one strong association. Your executive have no doubt but that with such a union periodical shooting matches might be held and the protective interests looked after without any increased expense to the members. At the close of our last annual meeting at the suggestion of J. C. Goodenough, the association determined to make an effort to have the game laws amended, and that single-handed as it were, for your attempts to get combined action toward this end with other protective associations had failed. Though it seemed almost hopeless when begun, especially as the doing away with spring shooting as a whole was contemplated, a bill in complete harmony with the resolutions regarding close seasons, etc., which had been passed by you from time to time, was written out and handed to J. M. Gibson, M.P.P., who secured the able assistance of Wm. Caldwell, M.P.P. in bringing it before the legislature of Ontario.

The association is to be congratulated in having induced the legislative assembly to pass a bill, which, while not embodying all your views, is the best, as it is the most protective bill that has appeared in the Ontario statutes. It is needless to mention the changes effected, so well known to you all, but, briefly, all spring duck shooting has been abolished; plover of all descriptions, coots and rice hens have been included among the game birds; quail have been protected for three, and wild turkeys for four breeding seasons. It is to be regretted, however, that all spring shooting was not done away with, but it is to be honed that in time the eyes of the goose and black heart plover shooters, from whom the opposition came, will be opened, and that the principle of not killing the goose that lays the golden egg will move them to aid us in the future. We cannot help remarking on the silence with regard to this bill of the sporting papers in the United States; they have given little or no credit to Ontario for initiating such a good measure, but at the same time they are powerfully advising that bills to do away with spring shooting and to curtail the open seasons for game should be passed in the various States of the Union. The game bill has no clause preventing the shooting of game for exportation, and this may seem strange to some, but such a clause by the aid of a go-between or third party would be inoperative, as exportation can only be prevented by the action of the Dominion government. The Dominion government by orders to its custom house officers, have prevented or attempted to prevent, the exportation of all game except ducks and snipe, and the attention of the government has been directed to this apparent oversight by your executive. It seems strange that the most plentiful game birds of our Dominion should not have been included in their order. Why should the best ducks, say from the celebrated Long Point preserves, be permitted to pass over the border to Delmonico's and not be kept for Canadians? Let the rich Americans who spend weeks in shooting at these and other preserves, eagerly vieing to slaughter the most, pay a little more for their sport by being compelled to sell, as sell they do, in a smaller market. Why should ducks killed in Canadian territory be made dearer, comparatively, than other game to Canadians by this apparent oversight?

The association has been immediately interested in six trials for breaches of the game laws, one for selling ducks out of season, lost; one for hounding and killing deer in Beverly swamp, lost. In this case the deer was shot out of season, the hounds that had been running during the day were traced to their owners, but the magistrate was not fully satisfied that the hounds had been set on the deer. One for illegal netting in the tributaries of Burlington Bay, won; two for selling partridges out of season, won; and lastly, the case of pollution of the Twelve-Mile Creek with sawdust, won.

The association has been successful indirectly in a prosecution, as by inclosing to the Bay of Quinte Game Association a short article from the Hamilton *Spectator* copied from a Syracuse paper, relating the good time that some so-called sportsmen from the State of New York had had on the river Trent, they aided in securing the conviction of a Dr. Faulkner, a county councilor and a magistrate, and one Sanger Golding, for killing deer out of season. A case of illegal pot shooting of quail in the heart of the city came under the notice of your executive, but unfortunately too late to secure such proofs as would satisfy a magistrate.

It was hoped that the association would have been able to have imported live quail to distribute in the neighborhood of the city and throughout the country; but the funds required were insufficient. Numerous complaints were made last spring of nest-robbing of our songsters, but the public should remember that mere information without the necessary proof is not sufficient. In general this breach of the law is done thoughtlessly by boys who do not appreciate the mischief they are doing, and a word of warning and common sense in the interests of the Audubon Society from the teachers in our schools at the proper season would do more to protect our songsters than any number of prosecutions.

This winter the spearing of black bass through the ice, which is true and legitimate sport, was prohibited by the government local inspector of fisheries, J. W. Kerr, Esq., and it should be thoroughly understood that this prohibition did not emanate from any action of this association, though we have good reason to believe that a report to the contrary has been circulated. On this point, too, it should be remembered that when this association first petitioned the government to prevent netting in Burlington Bay and its inlets, the petition was so altered by the recommendation of the fishery overseer that it was made to include spearing as well, and it was only through the active exertions of this association on becoming acquainted with this fact that while netting was prohibited spearing was allowed. Your executive have found the greatest difficulty in getting the Dominion Government to listen to their appeals on the fishery interests of this neighborhood. In this connection we had proof last spring that in a schedule obtained from the Dominion Government with the names of those persons therein to whom the local fishery overseer, J. W. Kerr, had given permits for netting in some of the inlets of Burlington Bay, several names appeared of persons who had never received such permits, had never even asked for them, and who were totally opposed to spring netting. The thanks of the association are due to the Hon. James Turner, and to our late members, His Lordship Judge Robertson and F. E. Kilvert, Esq., for their endeavors on our behalf to place the true fishery interests of their neighborhood before the Dominion Government. From communications and from inferences arising in the course of conversation with them, it would appear that they equally, with your executive, had difficulty in getting a proper hearing from the deputy minister of fisheries.

Posters giving the open season for fish and game and a synopsis of the laws pertaining thereto were distributed and posted throughout the city and county.

W. D. Balfour, M. P. P., has now a bill before the Ontario Legislature to permit spearing of muskrats through their houses, and to allow of spring duck shooting, and it is to be feared that unless active measures against it are made throughout the length and breadth of the land it may become law. A deputation of this association should be appointed to combat any such retrograde movement, and correspondence entered upon at once with the various protective associations in the Province urging them to like action.

By removal from the city the association lost one of its most active and enthusiastic members in the person of our late secretary, F. L. Hooper, who has left to us our correspondence book a proof of his zeal and taste, and that he may find good sport and good friends in his new field of labor is the wish of all his old associates.

DIFFICULTY of breathing, a short, dry cough, a quick pulse and pain in the left side are symptoms of approaching consumption. Relieve the chest and cure the cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by all druggists. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ROD FISHING FOR HALIBUT.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.—I send you photograph of a halibut which I caught off the steamship dock in San Diego. My rod is a bamboo, 15ft. long, weight 29oz., hook baited with live bait. I used one of Chubb's click reels, and a light braided linen line 55ft. long. It took me full twenty minutes to land him. When he struck he took about 10ft. of line and went to the bottom. I immediately struck, and away he went, and when I attempted to check him I found I had my hands very full indeed. I worked



him toward the shore, 150yds. distant, as it was 6ft. to the top of the dock from the water. Three times he struck out into the bay, and as many times I recovered my line safely. Once he tried to run under the dock and around the huge piles, and I feared that he was lost, but by careful handling and a good rod I turned him and continued toward the shore. The fish twice sulked, ran his nose into the mud, and I could not budge him, but retreating I could then loosen him, and in that way I took him ashore. A gentleman placed the hook handle of his cane into his gills and pulled him in so that he could get his hand into his gills and pull him up on to the railroad track. I felt as if I had sawed and split a cord of hickory wood in twenty minutes, instead of taking in such a huge fish with such a tackle. The rod, reel and line in the picture are the ones I killed him with. I took him into the steamship office close by and weighed him, when he pulled down 41lbs. and measured 48in. long. It was the best fight I ever made, and I never expect to equal it again.

D. B. HINMAN.

CANADIAN SALMON STREAMS.

THE following notes, taken from the Report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, gives information respecting some of the salmon streams in 1886. The names of lessees are given in parentheses:

Little Saguenay (N. P. Rogers). Salmon scarce at beginning of season, but as many observed on spawning grounds as in previous years. Trout in abundance.

St. Jean, Chicoutimi (Evan J. Price). About 100 salmon spawned in this river.

A. Mars (Evan J. Price). Number of salmon considerable diminished.

Ste. Marguerite, N. W. Branch, (Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club). Some 40 salmon were seen in this part of the river. Number of trout diminished.

Ste. Marguerite, N. E. Branch (Walter M. Brackett). Sixty fish seen on the spawning beds, none of more than 3 or 4lbs. Yearlings in considerable numbers.

Trinity (John D. Gilmour). Large numbers of salmon and sea trout frequent this river. The weight of the latter sometimes reaches 6lbs. The river also contains numbers of black and yellow eels, which do much harm to the young salmon. It is reported that salmon are taken by Indians every fall from spawning beds in the upper part of this river, some twenty or thirthy miles from the mouth.

Little Trinity (Henry T. Machin). It appears that numbers of salmon frequent this river. No trout in the upper part, as far as the guardian knows, but sea trout abound at the mouth.

Ste. Anna des Monts (Henry Hogan). This river is frequented by both salmon and trout. The principal run of salmon this year took place only in August and beginning of September, just before the spawning season. The spawning beds were then as well, if not better filled than in previous years. The catch of salmon was not as good as usual; on the other hand, trout fishing was better, these fish appearing in great abundance. The increase in the number of trout is becoming alarming, as it is now well established that they prey upon the salmon ova and even the young salmon. There are also large numbers of small trout in the lower part of the river. The people there take them with seines, to use them as bait in cod fishing.

Grand River (Col. John Walker). Salmon and trout in abundance.

Little Pabos (Louis Cabot). This river is well stocked with fish. At least four hundred salmon are understood to have run up to the spawning beds, as well as a considerable number of trout.

Grand Pabos, N. and W. Branches (Henry Hogan). West Branch.—About fifty salmon run up; not many trout. North Branch.—About two hundred salmon run up, and large numbers of trout; too many for the river. The value of the river depends greatly upon the protection given in the bay. The practice of flambeauing for eels, hitherto permitted, constitutes a permanent danger in regard to the salmon.

Little Cascapedia (L. J. Riopel). Not many salmon. Trout in abundance, besides other fish, such as eels, etc.

Nouvelle (John Maitland). The only fish frequenting this river are trout, which exist in large numbers.

Escumenac (John Maitland). The only fish found in this river are trout, which appear this year in larger numbers than usual.

Matapedia and tributaries (Sir George Stephen). Guardian Blais.—Frequented chiefly by salmon. Trout are so scarce that anglers do not take the trouble to fish for them. The increase in the number of salmon does not answer to the protection afforded. This is due to causes not clearly explained by the guardian, but which, in his opinion, might be remedied by the Federal and Provincial Governments, especially the former. This guardian is also of the opinion that the restocking of the Matapedia with young fry from the Restigouche hatchery

does not answer, as he believes that the young fish, after going to sea, invariably return to their own natural river. If Sir George Stephen establish a hatchery, as he has intended, at Casupscull, this opinion will then be confirmed. Sea trout run up this river in August, to about four miles above the Assametquagan. In August and September eels also make their appearance at the foot of the Little Falls, near the mouth of the Assametquagan. They are taken at night by flambeauing, sometimes in large numbers, but their season is short.

Fishery Guardian Mowat, of Campbellton, N. B.—(Verbatim report.)—I beg respectfully to inform your honor that I was in charge of the Matapedia River, P. Q., from May 1 to Nov. 1, 1886, under orders from Sir Geo. Stephen, as well as by your honor's appointment. The river was faithfully guarded by six men under my direction and very little illegal fishing was attempted. Two salmon nets were taken from parties attempting to fish illegally, identification being impossible, owing to the darkness and their running off on the approach of the guardians.

I am sorry to report a very small supply of salmon in this river, about seventy fish being taken by the lessee and his friends, while two thousand were caught by the rod in the main Restigouche River. This remarkable difference has been gradually increasing since 1880, every year the fish in the tributaries becoming fewer and the numbers increasing in the main stream. At one time, from 1870 to 1880, the rivers were nearly equally stocked, while the Metapedia was guarded quite as well, if not better than the others. Increase of nets in estuary and bay with all improved modes of fishing, traps of extreme lengths, and Sunday fishing can only serve to take a larger number of fish; but they cannot select the fish belonging to the tributaries and allow the main river fish to escape.

From my forty years' experience on those rivers, and among salmon, I assert, and it is generally admitted, that each salmon river has its own distinct species or variety of salmon, some large, some small, different in marking, color and flesh; if it were not so, as the salmon are only impelled to seek fresh water to spawn, some streams would get the whole, others none. Now our buyers and netters, who know well the branch to which each fish belongs, all concur in saying that the whole catch, for the last two or three years, has been main river fish; those formerly known as "Matapedia and Upsalquitch fish" have disappeared, and this state of matters has come about through the natural supply failing, owing to increased netting. "Pisciculture was adopted with the view and for the purpose of supplementing the natural supply, and preventing the fluctuations in the catch, or giving general good catches without the poor ones." This we find it has done in the Restigouche for the last four years. We know that some years the natural supply is totally destroyed by the ice and freshets, and we would not become aware of the loss until six or seven years after, when the last year's fish should have returned. It was also held as an axiom in pisciculture, that fry would return where planted, and that results would be shown in three or four years. This has proved a fallacy. A few, and very few, grilse may return in three years, but the great majority return as adults—witness this year's catch here—half a million pounds of them averaging twenty-three pounds.

As I had charge of the hatchery here for eight years, I gave the tributaries fully two-thirds of the whole hatch, the Matapedia the lion's share, fully expecting to make it the river *par excellence*. Instead of that the supply is and has gradually decreased, while the hatchery branch for the last four years has shown a most remarkable increase, as last year, after giving half a million pounds to the nets and forty-five thousand pounds to the anglers, it was never seen with such numbers of fish in it; in fact they were too numerous for breeding purposes, destroying each other's ova. The only conclusion possible to draw from this is that all the ova used were taken from the main river fish, and although placed in the other branches when they returned they went into their own natural stream.

I am not prepared to assert that if ova or eggs were carried and placed in rivers emptying into the sea, in the Atlantic, they would return to their native stream, but I do assert that all salmon rivers should be restocked from their own stock. This view was also taken, after years of observation, by Mr. Buckland, in England, and expressed by him to me in 1881.

I have advised Sir Geo. Stephen, if he wishes ever to see the Matapedia as it was once, to restock from its own supply. This, I believe, he intends to do.

The scarcity of the Matapedia salmon is shown by the fact that among some four hundred salmon, caught in tidal water, which the officer in charge had confined in a pond, for use in the hatchery, as parent fish, there were only four or five Matapedia fish.

I am compelled to say that many of our salmon rivers, once teeming with fish, are now nearly valueless, from want of guardianship, or from the guardians, where there are any, being nearly or quite worthless. On these the poacher plies his vocation in August and September, when protection is most necessary, and in many rivers he is assisted by flocks of shelldrakes, kingfishers and cormorants, which clean out the few smolts left in them. I sincerely hope your honor will be enabled to resuscitate our rivers, the most valuable in the world for salmon angling.

Lakes Whitefish, Green (H. H. Cameron).

Green Lake.—Perch, carp, salmon trout and lake trout in abundance.

Whitefish Lake.—No fish but salmon trout, and in less quantity than in Green Lake.

Lakes Charles, Russell, etc. (Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club). These lakes are fairly well stocked with trout.

Lakes Batchelor, Bramley, etc. (Mrs. E. M. Copeland). Well stocked with trout, the only valuable fish they contain. Plenty of smaller fish on which the trout feed.

Lakes Willy, Tonnerre, etc. (St. Bernard Club). Lakes Willy, Tonnere and St. Bernard are well stocked with small-sized trout, of from ¼ to ½lb.; the trout in Lake Saccacomi are much larger, reaching from 3 even fo 6lbs., but are not so plentiful as those in the other lakes, owing to the excessive fishing to which they have been subjected, winter and summer, for some years past. Doubtless Lake Saccacomi will soon recover its former condition, now that it is well protected.

Lakes Roberge, Masketsy (P. B. Vanasse). Lakes full of fish. (Report of P. P. V. Du Tremblay, P.L.S., Jan. 15, 1887.)

STATEMENT RESPECTING RIVERS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, ANGLING SEASON OF 1886.

RIVERS.	LESSEES.	Yearly rent.	No. of Salmon	Total lbs.	Average lbs.	Largest lbs.	Smallest lbs.	No. of Trout.	Weight lbs.	Remarks.
Matapedia	Sir Geo. Stephen	$500 00	58	1376	22	37	10			No fishing this season.
Upsalquitch	Francis W. Campbell	100 00	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	
Cascapedia	James McAndrew	100 00	48	1096	22	28	11			
Restigouche, 1st part	Restigouche Salmon Club	100 00	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil			
Restigouche, 2d part	John Scattland	100 00								
Restigouche, 3d part	Marquis of Lansdowne	100 00								
Jacquet	Wm. H. Hood	50 00	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil			
Nouvelle	Henry Hogan	50 00	1	21	21	21	21			
Escuminac	Henry Hogan	50 00	31	332	12	21	3¾			
Grand Cascapedia	Geo. Gibb	50 00								
Grand Pabos (N. branch)	Jas. Cabot	50 00								
Grand Pabos (W. branch)	John S. Hooper	50 00								
Little Pabos	John S. Hooper	50 00								
St. John (Gaspé)	Wm. H. Lane	100 00	3	23	7	12	3			
Dartmouth	Wm. H. Lane	50 00	11	165	15	23	8			
York and Dartmouth	Sir R. Y. Hogan	250 00	45	625	13	23	8			
Magdalen	Chas. E. Barnes	250 00	115	1630	14	23	8			
Murray	D. C. Thomson	50 00	60	783	13	22	8			
Laval	Sir R. W. Cameron	50 00								
Trinity	John D. Gilmour	100 00								
Little Saguenay	Wm. Price	300 00								
St. John	Evan J. Price	150 00	3	23	7	12	3			
Ste. Marguerite (N. branch)	Evan J. Price	150 00	11	165	15	23	8			
Ste. Marguerite (S. branch)	Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club	150 00	45	625	13	23	8			
Port Daniel	Hon. J. J. Abbott	150 00	115	1630	14	23	8			
Under lease since June 30.										
Restigouche (part)	Restigouche Salmon Club	90 00								
Restigouche (part)	Restigouche Salmon Club	90 00								
St. John (North Shore)	A. Mars	150 00	3	23	7	12	3			
Ste. Marguerite (N. branch)	Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club	150 00	11	165	15	23	8			
Ste. Marguerite (S. branch)	Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club	150 00	45	625	13	23	8			
Port Daniel	Hon. J. J. Abbott	150 00	115	1630	14	23	8			
Cap Chat	Thomas Fraser	50 00	60	783	13	22	8			
Cascapedia (part)	Restigouche Salmon Club	90 00	1	21	21	21	21			
Restigouche (part)	Restigouche Salmon Club	90 00	31	332	12	21	3¾			
Restigouche (part)	A. Henderson & Co.	120 00	3	23	7	12	3			
Restigouche (part)	J. E. Bacon	120 00	11	165	15	23	8			
Little Trinity	Henry T. Machin	50 00	45	625	13	23	8			
Cap Chat	J. G. Ayton Creighton	50 00	115	1630	14	23	8			
Cap Chat	Hugh F. McLachlin	50 00	60	783	13	22	8			
Matapedia	Sir Geo. Stephen	$500 00	69	1384	20	37	10			No Report.
Upsalquitch	Francis W. Campbell	100 00	14	164	11	21	7			No Report.
Cascapedia	James McAndrew	100 00			16	51	3¾			
Restigouche, 1st part	Restigouche Salmon Club	100 00								
Restigouche, 2d part	John Scattland	100 00								
Restigouche, 3d part	Marquis of Lansdowne	100 00								
Jacquet	Wm. H. Hood	50 00								
Nouvelle	Henry Hogan	50 00								
Escuminac	Henry Hogan	50 00								
Grand Cascapedia	Geo. Gibb	50 00								
Grand Pabos (N. branch)	John S. Hooper	50 00								
Grand Pabos (W. branch)	John S. Hooper	50 00								
Little Pabos	John S. Hooper	50 00								
St. John (Gaspé)	Wm. H. Lane	100 00								
Dartmouth	Wm. H. Lane	50 00								
York and Dartmouth	Sir R. Y. Hogan	250 00								
Magdalen	Chas. E. Barnes	250 00								
Murray	D. C. Thomson	50 00								
Laval	Sir R. W. Cameron	50 00								
Trinity	John D. Gilmour	100 00								
Little Saguenay	Wm. Price	300 00								
St. John	Evan J. Price	150 00								
Ste. Marguerite (N. branch)	Evan J. Price	150 00								
Ste. Marguerite (S. branch)	Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club	150 00								
Port Daniel	Hon. J. J. Abbott	150 00								
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Restigouche (part)	Restigouche Salmon Club	90 00								
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St. John (North Shore)	A. Mars	150 00	3	23	7	12	3			
Ste. Marguerite (N. branch)	Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club	150 00	11	165	15	23	8			
Ste. Marguerite (S. branch)	Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club	150 00	45	625	13	23	8			
Port Daniel	Hon. J. J. Abbott	150 00	115	1630	14	23	8			
Cap Chat	Thomas Fraser	50 00	60	783	13	22	8			
Cascapedia (part)	Restigouche Salmon Club	90 00	1	21	21	21	21			Not fished this year.

bass in the first eight casts. Those caught on the third cast were a four-pounder on the dropper and a two-pounder on the stretcher, both of which I secured by running ashore with them where I had the help of a friend. This was about 3 to 4 P. M., and before dark I had caught twenty-two as nice black bass as any one would care to catch. I fished for some twenty days, a few hours each day, and never failed to make a good string either day, when the wind and weather were favorable. I know of a party of three from Hagerstown, Md., who caught 375 good fish in three days with a fly having a yellow hackle, guinea fowl feathers dyed red for wings with tail of red and peacock feather. It was a perfect monstrosity, yet it proved killing.—E. D. BOWL.

SUGAR AND SULPHUR.—I have had fair sport with the bass on Sugar and Sulphur Creeks, near Athens, Ala.—HICKORY.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THAT NEW TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Concerning the identity of this fish on which much has been written, I wish to say: It is well known that the embryos of all animals show relationships which are not visible in the adult, and that much value is placed upon embryonic characters in tracing lineage or the processes of evolution. This is shown in the embryo salmon, which has a heterocercal tail, a form found in fossil fishes and a few living ones such as the shark, sturgeon, etc., but which went out of fashion ages ago. When the young salmon absorbs the sac and assumes the form of the perfect fish, the tail is changed to the homocercal form, in which the vertebræ ends at the beginning of the caudal fin, and both lobes of the tail are equal or nearly so. Thus far for the rule, now for the application.

Two years ago Mr. Francis H. Weeks sent me some eggs of the blue-backed trout (*S. oquassa*) from Maine and I hatched them. The embryos were small and active, more lively than those of the brook trout at the same age, and the yolk sac was more or less globular, as seems to be the case with all of the *Salvelini*, but there was no distinctive mark which I made a note of. This winter, Col. E. B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Commission, presented me with 10,000 eggs of what he was pleased to term the "Sunapee what-is-it," and the embryos are now in the troughs. Soon after hatching they massed, as is the nature of young salmon and trout, and with their heads hidden and tails elevated they presented a speckled appearance which looked like a fungoid growth, such as we see in troughs where trout have nibbled at their neighbors' tails. A brook trout which had arrived at the swimming stage was seen over them, and, as it had escaped from a trough above, was captured and replaced, and the Sunapee fry were more closely examined. Then it was noticed that the mottling of the mass was produced by a white line at the upper and lower edges of the caudal fin, a mark not remembered to have existed in the only lot of *S. oquassa* I ever hatched.* This same mark is seen in the German sailbling, *Salvelinus salvelinus*, now in our hatching troughs, but is not present in any other salmonoid embryo that I have met. If I am right in my observation of the *S. oquassa*, then there is no doubt of the latter being distinct from the large trout of Sunapee Lake.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., April 18.

*If Mr. E. M. Stilwell, of the Maine Commission, who furnished Mr. Weeks with the *oquassa* eggs sent me, has observed the white marking on the upper and lower rays of the caudal fin of the *oquassa*, I hope he will publish the fact and show that I overlooked this point, in which case my conclusions as to the distinctness of the two fishes are false.

FISHWAYS FOR THE HUDSON.—The bill authorizing the erection of a fishway in the State dam at Troy, N. Y., has passed both houses of the Legislature and is now in the hands of the Governor. A fishway at that point would let the salmon up as far as Mechanicsville, and with one at the latter place and Stillwater they could then go up to Fort Miller. The bill directs that the work be done under direction of the United States Fish Commissioner and Mr. Shanahan, Superintendent of Public Works. It is thought that the milling interests will oppose it, but the fact is that the salmon will all run up before the season of low water in August, and the fishway will not use as much water as the old chute now in the dam does. A clause in the bill prohibits taking salmon in nets in the upper Hudson.

A WOODSMAN'S RHYMES.

[*From the Philadelphia Record, April 13.*]

MR. George W. Sears, of Wellsboro, Pa., will doubtless be remembered by many whose "days are in the sere and yellow leaf" as, under the *nom de plume* of "Nessmuk," having been a frequent contributor to *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, and younger people will recognize him as having appeared in a like guise in FOREST AND STREAM. Like Nimrod, he was "a mighty hunter," and there was little that he did not know of woodcraft. Like many others, also, who have found a delight in wandering where the quiet soul of Mother Nature broods, he caught the spirit of poetry, and from many of his effusions he has selected a few which, under the title of "Forest Runes," have been published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York. In the preface to them he says: "I trust that the sparrow-hawks of criticism, who delight equally in eulogizing laureates and scalping linnets, will deal gently with an illiterate backwoodsman who ventures to plant his moccasins in the realms of rhyme." He need be under no apprehension on this point. His rhymes may not be polished and classical, but they have about them a rough vigor which atones for many imperfections of style. The subjects which he chooses for his verses are those which belong to nature, and he has caught much of the inspiration which comes from field and mountain, from forest and river. The summer camp, the hunt, trout fishing, and sunrise in the forest are each given their meed of praise in homely and yet musical language. His rhymes breathe a spirit of love for everything in nature; his pictures of woodland scenes are rich in natural color; no feeling of despondency ever touches him; his utterances have the true ring of manhood, and the lesson which they teach, in his own words, is that

> Nearer to Him of the lowly manger
> Is the sun-tanned forester, broad and free;
> And the rugged hills in their native grandeur
> Are nearer the hills of Galilee.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 19 to 22.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. E. Comfort, President.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4968.**

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

THE Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's thirteenth annual exhibition closed last Friday night. There were 438 entries and the quality in several of the classes was quite up to the average. Last year the society got itself into bad repute with exhibitors by offering as special prizes zinc medals in place of silver ones, and it is to be congratulated on having to some extent removed the stigma surrounding it by securing entries from the kennels of such well-known exhibitors as Messrs. Thayer, Belmont, Hopf, Jarvis, Partridge, Chestnut Hill Kennels, Dole, Cryer, Lacy, Krueger, Chequasset Kennels and others. But there will have to be a change, and a great one, next year if entries are obtained from several of the owners just named.

One of the rules of the A. K. C. reads as follows: "Any person guilty of misconduct or who has been guilty of misconduct in any way in connection with dogs or field trials," etc., etc. With this rule before them the Pittsburgh show management actually accepted entries from persons who stand accused of attempted bribery and other offenses. Further than this, persons of very questionable repute were permitted to enter the building although they were more than once pointed out to the president. Fortunately the Mayor sent down a special staff of officers who kept a vigilant watch on members of the "long firm" and arrested and fined one of them for disorderly conduct. As stated in our despatch the attendance was fairly good, but the better class of people stayed away. Ladies were conspicuous by their absence and gentlemen were few and far between. It was a rough looking crowd and contrasted most unfavorably with the splendid gathering at Boston.

The benches were of the old-fashioned sort, and the dogs were well cared for by Superintendent Whitman, who certainly worked hard and was more courteous and obliging than some of his burly chiefs.

In regard to the judging, it was worse than anything we can recall to memory, and we have attended hundreds of dog shows. There was no pegging back of first-class pointers or English setters, as was the case last year, for there were none entered to put back, but there were blunders made which must be explained, blunders so glaring that ignorance will hardly be accepted in excuse for them. Mr. Goodman, the non-sporting judge, is not at home in the judges' ring. His way of handling a dog is enough to condemn him as a judge. For instance, when examining the mastiffs he touched them in all places but the right ones, and wound up by making some of the most unpardonable blunders we have ever seen. We feel certain he tried and tried hard to place the dogs correctly, and for this reason we are disposed to be lenient; but we should be sadly unmindful of our duty to exhibitors if we failed to protect their interests by not calling attention to blunders or in concealing facts. It is utterly impossible for any man who has not been in a good school for a number of years to successfully handle one-half of the classes Mr. Goodman undertook to pass on. He himself discovered this before he got through with his work, and asked us to help him out of the dilemma his lack of foresight had placed him in. Mr. Krueger went about his work in a business-like way, and evidently knows what he is about. He kept his eyes on the right end of the chain and judged the dogs.

MASTIFFS—(MR. GOODMAN).

The Eastern cracks were absent from the dog class, and Wacouta Nap, fully described in the Buffalo report, was much the best of the lot and won. Imogene was the judge's selection for second place, and he was just on the point of giving her the red ribbon when somebody informed him she was a bitch. Imogene was then transferred to the bitch class and second prize given to Bevis; skull lacking in volume, muzzle too long and pointed, ears rather large, the near one badly carried; color smutty, expression not correct, forelegs not quite straight, body fairly good, quarters light, not a big dog and not a good one. Cæsar II., the only other entry, was absent. There were six entries in the bitch class, and the judge fairly slaughtered it. Jessica, first prize, is not a show dog and should not have been noticed in such a class. She is a fawn with feet shaded white. Skull small, muzzle long and pointed, near ear badly carried, eyes moderate, expression not good, leggy, not straight in front, poor feet, light of bone, fair good tail, coat and color. Imogene, second prize, might have been commended for her size, straight limbs and good color; muzzle long and pointed, skull lacking in volume, eyes light, ears not well carried, much to leggy, shallow in body, very light of bone, fairly good loin and quarters, wrinkle poor, not a show bitch. Wacouta Rose, third prize, was fully described in our Buffalo report and in other reports copied from it. Mabel, vhc., is a long-headed animal with no pretension to show form. She was catalogued to be sold at $35, a very dear dog. The Lady Clare, hc. if put up at auction would bring more money than all the mastiffs in the show put together. The great English winner was in excellent condition, and is not a cent less valuable for being placed behind $35 dogs. Only one puppy was shown, a poor-headed specimen.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. GOODMAN).

The Hospice Kennels made an excellent display in these classes and, considering the knocking about the dogs have had of late, their condition reflects credit on their owner and keeper. Otho, the magnificent fronted son of Rollo and Lady Abbess, had the class for champion rough-coated dogs to himself, and the good-bodied Beda represented the ladies. Both were in trim to compete for something more valuable than a Pittsburgh medal. Sir Charles, winner of first in the open class for dogs, did not arrive at the show until Tuesday, but was permitted to walk away with the prize. He is a big dog and has just a fair head. Back short but by no means strong; loin light; quarters light and straight; tail badly carried; chest narrow; forelegs not well placed and not straight; coat curly; an overrated dog and one that must have given "Barry" Smith some trouble before he was landed in the front van at the English shows. Hajar, second prize, Eiger, vhc. reserve, and Alvier, vhc., are all owned by the Hospice Kennels, and have been fully described in these columns. Meinrod, third prize, is a dog of fair size and correct markings. Cheeks rather full; muzzle rather long and lacking in volume; slightly underhung; ears and eyes fairly good; back rather slack and short; stifles very weak and straight; hocks weak and straight; good brush, carried too high; forelegs fairly strong, but not quite straight; good feet; colors light; moves badly. Not so typical as Eiger. First in bitches went to Orgar, good in coat, color, markings and feet, and of fair size. Skull too round; muzzle pointed; ears too large and not perfectly carried; eyes rather light fair good back and loin; quarters drooping more than we like; ribs too flat; forelegs not well placed and lacking in strength of bone. La Duchesse, second prize, and Tromba third prize, both from the Hospice Kennels, are well known. Five of the entries were absent and the class not a good one. Hector, the best smooth-coated dog before the public, scored another win for his popular owner in the champion class for smooth coats, the corresponding class for bitches being drawn blank. Mont Rose and Wotan, first and third in the open class for dogs, are also from the Hospice Kennels and are well known. The former keeps on improving. Perro, second prize, is a dog of fair size and is much better than the average in limbs, feet, coat and color; cheeks too full, muzzle not clean; back a trifle slack; good loin and quarters; markings not correct. The bitch class was wretchedly handled. Queen of Sheba, second prize, was away ahead of Kader, first prize; both are owned by the Hospice Kennels and are well known. Our opinion appears to be indorsed by the owners, who value Sheba at $500 and Kader at $200. Alpina, third prize, is not a show dog; skull small and round; muzzle snipy; stop not well defined; expression sheepish; small thin ears not well carried; back slack; stands low in front; fair good loin; stifles too much out; tail not well carried; forelegs not straight; limbs very light; feet not first rate; coat long and not straight. Puppies were a wretched lot and we hope they may deceive us by growing into good ones.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Only two competed in the dog class and Dan O'Shea's well known Bruno was much too good for his long-faced and curly-coated opponent. Juno, first in the bitch class, while not a good one, scored an easy win over Diana. The former is faulty in head, carriage of ears and coat; chest, back and loin fair; good brush. Diana is deficient in head, eyes, ears, strength of limbs and coat; body, quarters; color and brush fairly good. Bruno II., the only puppy shown, is faulty at both ends.

GREAT DANES—(MR. GOODMAN).

There were five entries in the dog class but Don Cæsar and Cæsar fairly distanced the others. The former is now in good condition and won. He is better in head and on his limbs than Cæsar, and is stronger in back but has not so much bone. Nero, c., and Hodges's Cæsar, also c., are much too small to compete successfully with big dogs. Juno, described in the Buffalo report, was an easy winner in the bitch class, followed by Lady Gray, from the same kennel. Her ladyship is not a crack. Eyes too light; back slack; stands low in front; quarters light; stifles faulty; hocks straight and weak; short tail badly carried; neck not clean; forelegs not well set on and not quite straight; feet fairly good; not a big bitch; moves badly.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. GOODMAN).

There were six entries in these classes and a worse lot of long tails we have never seen. General, the best of the dogs, was given second prize, and Fritz vhc. reserve. Seeing there was not another vhc. dog in the class, we don't quite see why "reserve" was necessary, unless the judge wants us to believe that commended and very highly commended are one and the same thing and so tacked on the "reserve" to make a distinction. General is faulty in eyes and before them; ears heavy; chest not deep enough; back too long; loin flat; quarters and hocks fairly good; tail coarse; shoulders heavy; forelegs lacking in strength; feet not first rate; coat fairly good. The balance of the class should not have been noticed—a lot of weeds. In the bitch class second prize was given to Bess of Braddock, so vastly superior to General that if he was worth second prize she certainly was worth first. Skull and muzzle fairly good; eyes rather full and ears a trifle heavy; fair good neck; ribs well sprung; loin flat and too light; rather straight behind; shoulders fair; limbs rather light; good feet. Blue Ruin, c., is faulty at almost every point.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Bran, Perth, Duncan, Bras, Thora and Berga, all from Mr. Thayer's kennel, had matters all to themselves. They are well known to your readers. The judge seemed ill at ease whenever he found two dogs in the same class, and evidently knows nothing of the breed. On one occasion he showed that he meant well by asking Mr. Thayer's man if both dogs were owned by the popular exhibitor from Lancaster. The veteran Heald replied "Yes, sir," and looked as though he might have a fit at any moment. Mr. Thayer's puppies were absent, and fortunately so for Custer, who was given first. "Whelped, etc., unknown. Not for sale."

POINTERS—(MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR).

The four champion classes did not bring out one entry, and the open classes were filled with the worst lot of dogs it has ever been our misfortune to comment on. When we say that Patti M., who is only a second rater, was away ahead of all others, the quality may be gauged to a nicety. First prize in the heavy weight dog class was given to the white, black and ticked Donald's Ranger, a very ordinary specimen. Cheeks too full, muzzle not square in profile, eyes too dark, showing white around them; ears placed too high and not very well carried, neck of fair length but not quite clean, chest not first rate, fore legs not well placed and not quite straight, feet turned outward, stifles and hocks faulty, tail would have been very long but for kindness of a friend, feet fairly good, lacks true pointer character. Young Meteor, second prize, has frequently been described a wonder. He is not a show dog, but is a better specimen than Donald's Ranger. Skull rather heavy, and not quite clean in cheek; faulty below the eyes and somewhat coarse in muzzle; eyes, very light; ears of good quality but placed too high; neck short, heavy and not clean; chest and back fairly good; loin flat; good tail carried too high; strong quarters; hocks and stifles too straight; shoulders not well laid on; too wide in front; legs not quite straight but strong; feet fair; lacks quality. Dick Swiveler, third prize, is not a show dog. Skull fairly good; muzzle not quite clean below the eyes; eyes light; ears of nice quality but not carried quite right; neck of good length but not clean; loin long and flat; quarters just fair; tail not straight and not well carried; forelegs, not well set on; fair good feet; light of bone; lathy and tucked up; coat and color

fairly good. Prince C., who ran so well at the Eastern Field Trials last fall, is not up to show form. A very weak class. There was only one entry in the corresponding bitch class, and she was awarded first. Skull fairly good, muzzle too pointed; eyes light; ears of good quality, but not well carried; neck of good length but very throaty; back hollow; loin flat; good shoulders and fairly good chest; stifles and hocks faulty; forelegs not quite straight and hardly strong enough; good feet; tail rather long; shows some character with all her faults. There were three entries in the light-weight dog class, and a poor lot they were. King, third prize, was best dog in the class. Skull and muzzle fairly good, ears of good quality, but placed rather high; fair good neck; ribs might be better sprung; loin fair; quarters rather light; tail too long and coarse; forelegs might be better placed; good legs and feet; rather light of bone; stands a trifle back at the knees. Hamlet Steaford, first prize, should have been second. Skull rather shallow and domed; muzzle lacking in depth and squareness; good eye; ears of nice quality; placed rather high; ribs not carried far enough back; stifles and hocks not quite right; shoulders not well placed; feet large, but fairly good; rather leggy and light of bone; tail might be better carried; coat and head color good; body color washy. Tamarack, second prize, should have been third. Skull too wide; muzzle not clean below the eyes and not square in outline; eyes light; ears badly carried; fair goed neck; ribs not well sprung; loin flat; stifles and hock straight; tail fairly good; forelegs not well placed and not quite straight; stands over at the knees; feet fairly good; coat and color will do. The bitches were a very seedy looking lot, with Patti M. well at the head of them. Skull rather wide and too shallow; muzzle not quite clean below the eyes and not deep or square; eyes light; ears placed too high and very badly carried; excellent neck; chest too round; fair good loin; stifles not quite right and hocks too straight; shoulders not well laid on; tail not carried straight; legs, feet, coat and color good; lacks character. Lady Trinket, second prize, is a very poor puppy, decidedly faulty in head, eyes, chest, loin and tail. Daisy Bravo II., e., while too weedy, is a better specimen, and is much better than Belle Bravo, who got vhc. Only two dog puppies were shown—a miserable brace—and the prizes were withheld; they should also have been withheld from the two bitch puppies. We hope we may never again be called upon to comment on such a wretched lot of dogs as were shown in these classes.

SETTERS—(MAJOR TAYLOR).

The champion classes for English setters were drawn blank, but the open class for dogs brought out twenty-four entries of inferior quality, and the judge fairly paralyzed the lookers on when he awarded first and second prizes to Goldstone and Keystone, exhibited by P. H. & D. Bryson. Had he been of a generous turn of mind he might have given Goldstone a hc. card for his passable head; but on no account could he fairly have noticed Keystone, who has not a show point about him. These decisions call for an explanation. They were not made in accordance with any recognized standard or with any standard that has ever been suggested, and consequently should be explained. The winner has a fairly good head, and little fault can be found with his eyes, ears and neck. His ribs are badly sprung, and he is flat-sided, hollow in back, and flat and light in loin; quarters very narrow, hocks and stifles straight, long ring-tail, shoulders moderate, forelegs not quite straight, feet fairly good, stands too low in front, small and weedy, not a show dog and not in show condition. Keystone, second prize, was probably the worst dog in the whole class, if not the worst setter in the show, and the awarding of second prize to such an animal naturally stirred up a very bitter feeling among the setter men. We do not believe any satisfactory explanation can be given why the prize was awarded to such an animal; we hope, however, that one may be forthcoming, and that we may soon be in a position to tell our readers by what standard the dogs were judged. Our notes on the dog in question are as follows: Skull wide, muzzle wide and not clean, ears wide at base, eyes light, expression sour; a very bad head; ribs not well sprung; flat sided; loin flat and long; quarters drooping and light; stifles and hocks straight; moves badly behind; straight shoulders; legs and feet fair; poor tail carried à la Pomeranian; not a show dog; condition bad; coat hard; color washy; small and weedy. Such is the new type of English setter. Royal Victor, not first class either in head or body, and not in first-rate condition, although much better than the winners in this respect, was the best dog in the class. Pride of Dixie and Mandan, by no means first-class specimens, are much better dogs than the first prize winner. Both are well known to our readers. The bitches were of poor quality, and again the blue ribbon was given to P. H. and D. Bryson, although their exhibit Lillian was all out of condition, and if in condition cannot beat Lady Rock, who took second. Lillian is fairly good in skull and muzzle; eyes light; ears rather short; back rather slack; ribs not well sprung; loin flat; quarters fairly good; hocks and stifles too straight; shoulders fairly good; good legs and feet; very poor tail; not in show form. Lady Rock was in elegant condition and should have been any easy winner. Skull rather heavy; not quite clean below the eyes; stop might be better defined; fair good eyes and ears; back a trifle hollow; ribs well sprung; good chest; strong loin; stifles fairly good; hocks rather straight; good flag; neck, shoulders and legs much above the average; coat rather short, but of nice quality; a fairly good bitch of nice size and showing quality. Glidalia, third prize, is not so good as her kennel companion. Cheeks rather full; stop not well defined; muzzle too pointed; ears fairly good, but might hang better; good neck and loin; back rather slack; quarters fairly good; tail too long, but well carried; chest rather round; legs of fair strength might be better set on; feet not first-rate; coat not quite straight. Dog puppies were about the worst lot we remember having seen. If second prize had been given to Westmoreland and the other awards withheld, nobody could have complained. The winner is a little, weedy, sour-headed dog, fairly good in shoulders, quarters, feet, coat and color. Blink Bonney, first in bitches, was away ahead of a poor lot. If her head could be made as good as her body she would take some beating. Pearl Mandan, vhc., is a better bitch than Rose Mandan, second prize. Gem and Nora were the entries in the champion classes for Gordons, and in the open class for dogs two Dans were first and second. The first prize winner is cheeky and somewhat tapered (*l. c.*, houndy) in muzzle and his head is too shallow; eyes fairly good; ears rather short, also neck; loin fairly good; stifles weak and hocks straight; tail not well carried; good legs and feet and nice color; coat flat but too short; not a good one; moves badly. The second prize winner is too wide and heavy in skull and coarse in muzzle; eyes small and light; ears wide and short; neck rather short and not clean; back rather hollow; chest not deep and loin flat; quarters light; fair good flag; forelegs not well placed; color rather light; coat flat but rather short; feather scanty; not a good one. This was a very poor class and the dogs were correctly placed. Bitches were a very seedy lot. Rose, described in our Buffalo report, was just about the best; she was second at Providence, first being withheld for want of merit, and third at Boston. Jess II. is not a show bitch, although she has a couple of first prizes to her credit. Skull fair; muzzle tapered; eyes of good color but rather small; chest round; good loin; long whip tail; shoulders not well laid on; out at elbows; legs not straight; stifles and hocks faulty, stands over at elbows, color fair, coat short but free of curl. The other three entries might have been left at home. Three puppies were entered in the two classes; they will not make future winners. Irish setters made by far the best showing of the setter classes. Elcho, Jr. and Zella Glenduff, both well known, represented champions, and Bruce scored an easy win in the open class for dogs. Mac was properly placed second, although he lacks the typical head of the winner. Skull too wide, muzzle fairly good, ears rather short and set on a trifle high, eyes and neck fairly good, stands over a trifle at knees, fair good feet, coat and color very nice, of useful size and a nice mover. Zero, third prize, was as good as any for third place. Skull too heavy and flat, muzzle rather pointed, eyes not quite right and expression poor, neck heavy, chest too round and back rather slack, loin and quarters fairly good, hocks faulty, tail not right, fore legs not straight, good feet, turned outward; shoulders rather heavy, coat not quite straight, color fair. The balance of the class was made up of workmanlike dogs. Only two bitches were shown and second prize was withheld, first being given to Laura B., who is not a first-class specimen. Cheeks too round and head rather heavy, muzzle not clean below the eyes, ears badly carried, eyes rather light, chest and back fairly good, loin, quarters and hocks better than average; tail not well carried, shoulders not very good—too far under the chest, legs to knees fairly good, pasterns light, feet too flat, coat and color fairly good. Beauty, hc., is not a show dog. Puppies were not good. Red Bob, second prize, is a better specimen than Modhra Rhu, placed first. Three bitch puppies were shown and they are very faulty—not show dogs.

SPANIELS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Three or four very nice Irish water spaniels were shown. In the dog class, Patsy O'Connor, better in head, ears and eyes than The O'Donoghue, but not so good in body, pressed him very closely for first place. The first prize bitch is out of coat at present, but she is about the best of her sex we have seen in this country. Mildred O'Donoghue, in the same kennel, and winning second prize, is away below her at almost all points. Head not first-class, eyes full, light and staring; ears and top-knot not first-rate, back slack, poor shoulders, out at elbows, legs not quite straight, good feet, body coat fair, feathers and leg coat scanty, tail long and not well carried. Only one puppy was shown, and it will never be up to the form of Chippewa Belle. The other spaniel classes were poorly represented, there being only fourteen entries in eleven classes, a poor compliment to the judge. Bob, Critic and Helen, owned by Mr. Partridge, are well known, as are also the other winners, Keno, Bene Silk and Peerless Gloss, Jr. Bella, first in the puppy class, is rather round in head, stop not well defined, muzzle pointed, body, loin and quarters fairly good, good legs and feet, light of bone, leggy, coat fairly good.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. KRUEGER).

These classes were carefully and well handled, and the awards were well received. The immaculate Dan made his voice heard once in a while, but we failed to find any cause for complaint. Ranger and Roxy II. were alone in the champion classes, and in the open class for dogs the London kennel had to give way to Keyser. Skull wide and flat; muzzle not good; ears too short; chest lacking in depth; loin good; legs and feet fair; coat rather short. Vinegar II., well known, came next, and Forester, from the same kennel was third. Jumbo, first in the bitch class, is deficient in skull and not quite right in muzzle; coat and brush not first-rate; chest rather shallow. Rose, second prize, is faulty in skull and muzzle; not clean below the eyes; legs and body good; feet fair; coat and brush short; just a fair specimen. Bismarck—a queer name for a bitch—is snipy and flat in skull, light of bone and straight in stifles; body, coat and brush fair; tail badly carried.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Belgrave Primrose, looking well, scored another win for his popular owner in the champion class for dogs, and then Richmond Olive and Safety, both good ones; met for the third time this spring, the result being as usual. We have recently been informed in a report supposed to have been written by "our special reporter" for a Western paper that "Richmond Olive won; this was wrong; Olive has gone to pieces and we were never so much struck with the truth of this as at Newark; she has put bosses of muscle on her cheeks and across her chest and entirely lost that fine outline which used to characterize her. Safety should have won with ease, for Olive beats her nowhere except in bone and set on of stern." If Mr. Hopkins and "our special reporter" will give themselves the trouble to examine Richmond Olive they will find that she beats Safety to death in feet as well as in legs, two of the most important points in a terrier. They will also find that Olive's cheek and skull have developed some with age and that Safety's are doing the same thing. There is a vast amount of difference between bone and muscle and a still greater difference between reliable criticism and prejudiced statement. In the open class for dogs Lucifer, long ago described in these columns as the best terrier in the country, and now wisely acknowledged as such in other quarters, scored an easy win over Raby Jack, who is badly beaten at almost every point by Mr. Belmont's crack. Only three bitches were shown, and Marguerite was much the best. It is a pity there isn't more of her. Puppies were a poor class. The special prize for best dog or bitch in these classes went to Richmond Olive, a decision we cannot indorse. Olive has the best of it in eyes, muzzle and perhaps in legs and feet, but in the two latter respects the difference, if any, is very slight, and Lucifer is decidedly superior in skull, back, loin, coat and size.

BEAGLES—(MR. KRUEGER).

Rattler and Bonnie had it all their own way in the champion classes, there being no competition. Tony Weller, winner in the open class for dogs, is also well known. He was lucky in not meeting better company. Adonis, second prize, and first in the puppy class, with the exception of head and ears, is a promising puppy with splendid coat and brush. Rover, given vhc. reserve, turned out to be a dog entered at Buffalo under the name of Tomboy. A protest was entered and the dog disqualified. Unless Mr. Dan O'Shea is careful he will be taken in hand by the A. K. C. Dale, hc., lacks substance, but has a fairly good head; coat and brush not good. The first prize bitch is only an average specimen. Pet, winner of second, is a better bitch than the winner of first, but she is all out of condition, which is no disgrace to her. Venus, vhc. reserve and first in the puppy class, is a sweet little bitch, rather deficient before the eyes, not first-rate in ears, and somewhat light throughout. Lot is a nice headed bitch not up to the standard in body or limbs. King Bon, Prince Gus, and Opal, are promising puppies sired by the judge's well known winner Cameron's Racket.

DACHSHUNDE—(MR. GOODMAN).

Prince, the only entry in the champion classes, is not a good one. Broad in skull, faulty in muzzle, ears short and not well carried, crook good, stands fairly well on his feet, ribs not well sprung, bone light. There was nothing first-rate in the open classes.

COLLIES—(MR. GOODMAN).

Roy Boy was the only champion shown, and Scotilla easily beat Clifton Hero in the open class for dogs. The Philadelphia crack outscores Hero at almost every point and especially in head. Nullamore, well-known, took the reserve, followed by Kenneth, who was third at Waverly last fall, and Bonnie Scotland, who is well-known. Luella was much the best of a poor lot of bitches. Puppies were a poor lot, and the winners will not be in the front van next year.

BULLDOGS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Mr. Thayer, as usual, made a clean sweep of the prizes, although his best dogs were not shown.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Count, Maggie May, Young Count, Young Venom and Silver, all owned by Mr. Dole, walked off with the prizes offered for bull-terriers. Jack Napolean, second prize in the open class for dogs, is cheeky, faulty before the eyes, and coarse in tail. He has a record, but it is not a bench show one. Puppies were very poor.

OTHER TERRIERS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Mr. J. H. Naylor showed a nice team of Die-hards and a couple of fair Skyes, but we failed to find anything quite first-class. Lady Kate, winner of first at Newark and several other shows, was quite good enough for second in the class for Skye terrier bitches, but the judge withheld second money for want of merit. He "did not like her ears," which leads us to the conclusion that Lady Kate is the first drop-eared Skye he has seen. There was not a good black and tan terrier shown. King Dandy, equally second with Cricket is points the better dog. Dandies were not numerous, but the quality was above average. Greymount had the Irish terrier dog class to himself, and Arion—it was Nellie at Buffalo and Erin somewhere else—was alone in the bitch class. Yorkshires were a wretched lot of three. Two of them were given Pittsburgh medals—quite as much as they deserved.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Prince Albert had no competition in the Prince Charles class. He has a record of having won third at the Crystal Palace, but is not a first-class specimen. Skull not high enough; muzzle too long; coat inclined to be curly; too large. Blenheims were a poor lot, Little Banjo, the Buffalo winner, being the best of them. Jim has not the correct head markings; is too long in face, not first-class in coat, and is bad on his hindlegs.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Only two were shown. The winner, Dion, is large in ear; not deep enough in chest or quite right in quarters, and is pounds too heavy. He is good in color and picks his feet up in good style. Fannie, second prize, is a very poor specimen; decidedly faulty in head, tail, limbs and color. Not a show dog.

PUGS—(MR. GOODMAN).

Dr. Cryer made a clean sweep of the prizes in these classes. Max and Bessie were looking well, but Doctor and Vesta required attention. Pudgie, second to Doctor in the open class for dogs, is not first-class in face, has white toes and is too large. Othello, third prize, was the best headed pug in the show. If this dog does not transmit his smutty color he should make an excellent sire. There was nothing first rate in the puppy classes. The second prize dog, Bob, is a better one than Chequasset Diamond, placed first.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. GOODMAN).

The winner in this class is not a first-rate specimen, being flat and wide in skull and not quite right in muzzle. His ears are not well folded and his feet are not of the best, neither is his tail what it should be. He is fairly good in crook and length of body. Dame Hester and Bob, bobtailed sheep dogs, are quite as good as the Basset.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

King Dandy was best of the black and tan toys. Pansy, the best Dandie Dinmont, was in no condition to compete for the special prize, which should have gone to Bobbie Burns. The special for best "Irish hard-haired terrier" was won by Greymount. We are not aware that there is a breed of "soft-haired" Irish terriers. The special for best English setter bitch should have gone to Lady Rock instead of Lillian. King, third prize, was best pointer dog in the open class. We thought Maggie May entitled to the prize for best bull-terrier. The special for best English setter, open classes, should have gone to Lady Rock or to Royal Victor, who was highly commended in his class. The prize won by Wacouta Nap should be refused by the owners of that dog. It clearly belongs to Lady Clare, and on this question there can never be two opinions among mastiff men.

Following are corrections and additional

AWARDS.

In mastiff puppies P. Reymer's Don was first instead of Rena; in small pointer bitches Belle Bravo was very high com.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Otho. *Bitch:* R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles; 2d, reserve and very high com., Hospice Kennels' Hadjar, Eiger and Alvier; 3d, A. Stucke's Meinrod. *Bitches:* 1st, H. J. Clapham's Orgar; 2d and 3d, Hospice Kennels' La Duchess and Tromba. High com., J. C. McClure's Florence.—SMOOTH-COATED.—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Kader and Queen of Sheba; 3d, C. A. Painter's Alpina.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, A. Stucke's Madchen; 3d, C. A. Painter's Jess.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* G. Crawford's Gem. *Bitch:* J. L. Campbell's Nora.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Schmidt's Ben; 2d, J. R. Daniels's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, W. E. Rothermel's Rose; 2d, E. Davis's Jess II. Com., T. A. Elliott's Fedora.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Davis's Blossom II. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Davis's Daisy Dean.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. *Bitch:* H. E. Chubb's Zella Glenduff.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, I. H. Roberts's Bruce; 2d, D. L. Carmichael's Mac; 3d, D. W. McKee's Zero. Very high com., J. H. Naylor's Frank. High com., H. E. Chubb's Glenduff. Com., B. Thaw's Beaujen and H. E. Chubb's Glenelg. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Leekley's Laura B.; 2d and 3d, withheld. High com., J. Dalzell's Beauty. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and com., H. E. Chubb's Modhra Rue, Glenduff and Glenelg; 2d, U. E. Lippincott's Red Rob. Very high com., F. Pastre's Red Biz. High com., Miss Mary E. Keating's Harold. Com., D. W. McKee's Mack. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Pastre's Bess; 2d, W. W. Sweeney's Ruby Glenmore. High com., R. H. Bradley's Lady May.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* D. O'Shea's Ranger. *Bitch:* D. O'Shea's Roxey II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., H. Handle's Kyser and Drum; 2d and 3d, D. O'Shea's Vinegar II. and Forester. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, H. Handle's Jumbo, Rose and Bismarck. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Merry Lass.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Belgrave Primrose. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack. Very high com., E. Probert's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Marguerite; 2d, M. Lewis's Lert. High com., C. A. Painter's Nellie. PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture. Very high com., Blemton Kennels' Lancer. Com., C. A. Painter's Shot. *Bitches:* Absent.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* D. O'Shea's Rattler. *Bitch:* Mrs. Carl White's Bonnie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Child's Tony Weller; 2d and high com., C. Richardson's Adonis and Dale. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., J. G. Messner's Belle II. and Lady Leah; 2d, reserve and high com., C. Richardson's Pet, Venus and Lot. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Fair Maid. PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Richardson's Adonis; 2d and reserve, Mrs. Carl White's King Ben and Prince Gus. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Richardson's Venus; 2d, J. Murchie's Rose. Reserve, Mrs. Carl White's Opal.

DACHSHUNDE.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* B. F. Seitner's Prince. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Klocke's Feldmann; 2d, Dr. H. Asthalter's Faust. Very high com., E. Rotzler's Tyllo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. Klocke's Lina L. and Waldina K. Very high com., D. Lewis's Kate and E. Rotzler's Waldina. PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Magel's Bella.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION — *Dog:* Associated Fanciers' Roy Boy. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, reserve, very high com. and com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla, Nullamore, Bonnie Scotland and Blue Jacket; 2d, J. A. Long's Clifton Hero. Very high com., Glencoe Collie Kennels' Kenneth. Hig com., G. Wills's Rob Roy III. Com., J. F. Dougherty's Donald III. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Luella and Dot; 2d, reserve and very high com., J. A. Long's Patient, Miss Sooty Scot and Queen of Scots. Com., J. H. Naylor's Lassie N.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Hector; 2d, withheld. High com., S. W. Guthrie's Roxie and Prince, and C. Klock's Frank K. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and reserve, J. A. Long's Patient, Miss Sooty Scot and Queen of Scots. High com., G. W. Evens's Lassie.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Tippoo. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Rhodora.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside;

2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Josephine; 2d, J. H. Kramer, Jr.'s Rose.

BULL-TERRIERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. F. Dole's Count. *Bitch:* F. F. Dole's Maggie May.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Young Count; 2d, P. Kirley's Jack Napoleon. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Young Venom; 2d, withheld. Very high com., J. H. Kramer's Fan.—SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Silver; 2d, withheld. High com., D. O'Shea's Boxer. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Wills's Flirt; 2d, H. W. Lacy's Nanon. *Puppies:* 1st, G. Wills's Tom.

ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and reserve, J. H. Naylor's Lowrie Dunbar, Glengary and Glen Gow. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Major II. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Gipsey Queen and Fanny Fern. High com., D. O'Shea's Tinie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* OVER 5LBS. 1st, withheld; 2d, G. Wills's Dixey. Very high com., J. J. Roggen's Pat. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. C. Dewire's Tiny. Com., Miss M. Whitman's Gypsie. *Dogs:* UNDER 5LBS. 1st, withheld; equal 2d, W. C. Cooke's Cricket and J. J. Roggen's King Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss M. Whitman's Nellie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Rae's Bobbie Burns; 2d, J. H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Pansy and Pride of Leader.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. I. Towle's Greymount; *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Erin.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Drollie; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Harrie; 2d, withheld. High com., C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OVER 8LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. J. H. Kramer, Jr.'s Romeo. Com., C. J. Myer's Don Pedro. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Mrs. J. H. Kramer, Jr.'s Midgie.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. B. F. Wilson's Prince Albert.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Miss L. Hart's Little Banjo; 2d, Mrs. B. F. Wilson's Jim.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. W. McElroy's Dion; 2d, Mrs. A. C. Krueger's Fannie.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max. *Bitch:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Doctor and Othello; 2d, J. R. Richard's Pudgie. Reserve, W. V. Callery's Tatters. Very high com., A. Sichterman's Nigger. High com., J. O. Horne's Tim II. Com., G. Smith Teddy. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Vesta; 2d and high com., W. C. Myer's Topsey and Tiny; 3d, J. Lewis's Mona. PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Stucke's Chequasset Diamond; 2d, D. C. Dibert's Bob. Reserve, P. Eckert's Lewis. Com., S. W. Guthrie's Trim. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Myer's Topsey; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Psyche. Very high com., A. Stucke's Chequasset Pearl. High com., S. W. Guthrie's Opal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, B. F. Seitner's Nimrod; equal 2d, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Bob and Dame Hester.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel smooth-coated St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels; rough-coated the same; deerhounds, Hillside Kennels; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; Newfoundlands, D. O'Shea; beagles, D. O'Shea; Irish water spaniels, Excelsior Kennels; trick dogs, 1st and 2d, Excelsior Kennels' The O'Donoghue and Mildred O'Donoghue; pack of beagles, C. Richardson; pug puppy, A. Stucke's Chequasset Diamond; black and tan setter, G. Crawford's Gem; dachshund dog, C. Klacke's Feldmann; fox-terrier, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive; collie puppy (two), J. A. Long's Patient; black and tan toy terrier (two), Miss Minnie Whitman's Nellie; Skye (three), J. H. Naylor's Dollie; Dandie Dinmont, J. H. Naylor's Pansy; Irish terrier, G. D. Towle's Greymount; black cocker spaniel, Lake Shore Kennels' Bene Silk; English setter bitch in open class, P. H. & D. Bryson's Lillian; pointer bitch in open class, C. M. Munhall's Patti M.; pointer dog in open class, C. L. Dick's Hamlet Sicaford; Prince Charles spaniel, Mrs. B. F. Wilson's Prince Albert; bull-terrier (two), F. F. Dole's Count; English setter in open classes, P. H. & D. Bryson's Lillian; mastiff puppy (two), P. Reymer's Don; get of Count Noble (two), J. Lewis's Gladiator; brace greyhounds, J. W. Bedlow's Bess of Braddock and Blue Ruin; kennel English setters, S. L. Boggs; black spaniel (two), Bene Silk; pet of Royal Ranger divided, Pittsburgh Kennel Club's Nell and Dell; smooth St. Bernard, Hospice Kennel's Hector; Irish setter, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr.; Yorkshire, Mrs. J. H. Kramer, Jr.'s Romeo; black and tan terrier, Miss Minnie Whitman's Nellie; pug, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max; white toy poodle, P. Weber's Sport; mastiff, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nan; Irish setter dog puppy (two), H. E. Chubb's Modhra Rhue; pack foxhounds (eight), H. Handle; beagle under 12in., Mrs. C. White's Bonnie; greyhound puppy, R. S. P. McCall's Mac; pointer puppy, Mrs. C. A. Painter's Nanon; English setter puppy (two), P. Wetherdon's Blink Bonny; pointer, C. M. Munhall's Patti M.; Great Dane, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar; English setter bitch (two), P. H. & D. Bryson's Lillian; Chesapeake Bay, G. W. Kierstead's Barnum; Irish water spaniel, Excelsior Kennels' The O'Donoghue; beagle bitch in open class, J. G. Messner's Belle II.; pug in open classes, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Doctor; English setter dog in open class, P. H. & D. Bryson's Goldstone; Irish setter bitch puppy, F. Partee's Bess; Second best beagle dog in open class, C. Richardson's Adonis; bitch, same owner's Pet; puppy, same owner's Adonis; best beagle owned by member of Bugle Club, Mrs. Carl White's Bonnie; pair beagles, C. Richardson's Adonis and Venus; puppies, the same; dog in open class, W. H. Child's Tony Weller; Italian greyhound (two) J. W. McElroy's Dion; black spaniel puppy, Canonsburg Kennels' Bella; beagle, Mrs. Carl White's Bonnie; foxhound puppy, D. O'Shea's Vinegar II.; Yorkshire terrier puppy, Mrs. J. H. Kramer Jr.'s Midgie; bull-terrier puppy, G. Will's Tom; collie owned by member of the Collie Club, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla; deerhound dog puppy, W. H. Mullins's Custer; bull bitch, J. E. Thayer's Rhodora; brace black cocker bitches in open class, Lake Shore Kennels' Bene Silk and Bessie Obo. Kennelmen showing largest and best conditioned collection of English setters: J. Myers's brace Irish water spaniel bitches, Excelsior Kennels' Chippewa Belle and Mildred O'Donoghue; kennel of terriers, F. F. Dole; dachshund bitch, C. Klocke's Linah; St. Bernard puppy owned in Pittsburgh, C. Klocke's Mcinrod; collection from Canada, D. O'Shea; get of Mandan, R. B. Morgan's Rose Mandan; kennel cocker spaniels, Lake Shore Kennels, white pug J. Myers's Lillie; brace black and tan terrier bitches, Miss Minnie Whitman's Nellie and Gypsie; Irish setter dog, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho Jr.

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.

THE dog show at Philadelphia is now being held, and promises to be very successful. The hall is excellently adapted for its purpose, and the management so far is all that could be desired. The committee and officials exert themselves to make things run smoothly, and are courteous and agreeable to all. The benching is admirable, and the dogs seem very comfortable. The quality in many of the classes is far above the average. The attendance so far has been very good, and it looks as if the show would be a success from a financial standpoint. The class of people present is very good, in striking contrast to what was seen at Pittsburgh. Following is the list of

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—No entries. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. C. Snooner's Lion II.; 2d, T. S. Armstrong's Brother; 3d, Waconta Kennels' Wacouta Nap. High com., M. Lawler's Gilliard. *Bitches:* 1st, G. & H. B. Cromwell's The Lady Clare; 2d, A. L. Reichenbach's German Empress; 3d, N. Morris's Chinalette. High com., Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. G. E. Abbott's Ajax; 2d, W. C. Browning's Alice.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Otto. *Bitch:* R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Hospice Kennels' Hadjar, Eigor and Alvier; 3d, Miss S. F. Cassidy's Brian Borru. Very high com., Dr. J. W. Hutton's Bonivard II. *Bitches:* 1st and com., Hospice Kennels' Jeanne De Arc and Tromba; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Norah; 3d, J. Watson's Margery. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Princess and Sheba. Com., Associated Fanciers' Mona. *Puppies:* 1st, B. S. Fleming's Gen. Butler; 2d, J. Watson's Silberhorn. High com., Miss M. Ridgway's Alp. Com., E. T. Steel's Bari III. SMOOTH-COATED.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* No entry. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Montrose and Wotan; 3d, Dr. D. Willard's Leo. High com., Associated Fanciers' Celtic Rector. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba and Kader.

NEWFOUNDLANDS. *Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Silvey's Folly; 2d, J. Bradford's Lion. Very high com. and high com., H. Vogel's Bruno and Fido. High com., C. Auck's Jim. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Struther's Dina.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla. *Bitch:* No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot and Strephon; 3d, J. Watson's Clipper. Very high com., Agnes Fogg's Master Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II., Luella and Spoiled Miss; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Clifton Maid. Very high com., J. W. Lippincott's Di Vernon. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. R. Kyle's Roderick Dhu; 2d, G. A. Smith's Scotia. Reserve and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Albe Thorpe and Hector. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scots Bairn and Hazel Thorpe. High com., C. W. Turner's Wild Rose o' the Thorpe and G. A. Smith's Rutland Maid.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog* (and special): J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Wanda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and com., J. E. Thayer's Highland Laddie, Robber Chieftain and Duncan. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Berga, Heather Belle and Thora. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Lorna.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* C. D. Webber's Pembroke. *Bitch:* C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Simon's Melton; 2d, H. W. Huntington's Balkis. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Lancashire Witch. *Puppies:* 1st and very high com., C. D. Webber's Stormy Day and Lady May; 2d, E. H. Pyatt's Queen in Black.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Sachem; 2d, Naso Kennels' Jimmie; 3d, T. Harrison's Mascot. Very high com., E. G. Harrison's Arsenic. *Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Clover; 2d, Barnes Bros.' Devonshire Countess. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Jessamine and A. H. Craige's Beulah. SMALL—CHAMPION—No entries.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen; 2d, F. F. Harris's Bowdoin; 3d, withheld. Very high com., E. G. Harrison's Arsenic; high com., A. W. Tobey's Adonis. *Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Queen Bow; 2d and 3d withheld. Very high com., W. F. Streeter's Dorcas II. High com., Associated Fanciers' Beulah. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Pomery Sec; 2d and 3d, F. T. L. Lane's Grandee and Grapnel. Very high com., S. M. Waite's Mont of Naso. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, F. T. L. Lane's Lady Graphic.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog* (and special): Blackstone Kennels' Foreman. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert; 2d, F. Leonard's Royal Prince II.; 3d, E. W. Jester's Glen Rock. Reserve, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie. Very high com., A. H. Moore's Moorfield. High com., L. Shuster Jr.'s Clyde, A. H. Moore's Max, and A. H. Craig's Jerry. Com., T. B. Stubb's Judge, Associated Fanciers' Bruce, D. G. Adler's Dash, and Dr. W. E. Hughe's Duston. Com., T. B. Stulb's Judge. *Bitches:* 1st and special, J. S. Clarke's Mavis; 2d, J. Lewis's Lady Rock; 3d, Dr. J. E. Whiteside's Blitz II. Reserve, J. O. Donner's Princess Flirt. Very high com., Blackstone Kennels' Fairy Belle. High com., G. F. Clark's Countess Flirt, E. Comfort's Casino Gladstone and Blackstone Kennels' Pearl IV. Com., E. W. Jester's Wee Clara and J. Froncfield, Jr.'s Minnetonka.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, T. B. Stulb's Thunder II. *Bitches:* No entry.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* I. H. Roberts's Bruce. *Bitch* (and special): Chestnut Hill Kennels' Mollie Bawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. M. Vaughn's Donnybrook; 2d, E. H. Dickenshied's Prince; 3d, Black Thorn Kennels' Bismarck. High com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Begorra. Com., T. J. Farley's Romie and J. A. S. Brown's Glenchovic. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Lukly's Laura B.; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Nellie; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Lady Fawn. Very high com., H. T. Hensham's Bessie Glencho. Com., J. W. England's Norah Mavourneen.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Backer's Irish Laddie; 2d, T. J. Farley's Nicho. *Bitches:* 1st, T. J. Farley's Laura Townsend; 2d, I. H. Roberts's Louisa.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog* (and special): E. Maher's Royal Duke. *Bitch:* J. L. Campbell's Nora.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. H. Christ's Alf; 2d, L. Hartrauft's Bob. Very high com., Dr. R. Huey's Dee. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Anderson's Roxie; 2d, W. E. Rothermel's Rose. Very high com., H. McIlvain's Crete II. *Puppies:* 1st, Barnes Bros.' Richard F. Fox; 2d, H. McIlvain's Crete II.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, F. W. Stocky's Patsey O'Conner; 2d, C. B. Rodes's King Marsh. Very high com., Associated Fanciers' Duchess II.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Mercier & Hill's Johnny and Drake. High com., C. Bohler's John Halifax II.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—W. O. Partridge's Rob.—OPEN—*Dogs:* equal 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot and W. O. Partridge's Rob. High com., Associated Fanciers' Bonanza. *Bitches:* 1st, W. O. Partridge's Critic; 2d, E. M. Oldham's Lady Abbot.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—C. M. Nelles's Brant.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Fay & Baxter's Ned Obo; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Little Red Rover. *Bitches:* 1st and special, C. M. Nelles's Juno W. *Puppies:* 1st, C. W. Wilson's Midnight II.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* Withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Black Thorn Kennels' Gypsey.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Woodbrook Kennels' Rattler III. *Bitch:* Woodbrook Kennels' Myrtle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Woodbrook Kennels' Chimer; 2d, W. H. Child's Tony Weller; 3d, H. F. Schellhass's Trailer. Very high com., G. Laick's Rattler. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Woodbrook Kennels' Lou; 2d, withheld; 3d, Associated Fanciers' Stovella. *Puppies:* 1st, Woodbrook Kennels' Rowdy.—UNDER 12IN.—CHAMPION—W. F. Streeter's March Boy II.

BASSET HOUNDS.—Associated Fanciers' Ele.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st and 2d, F. Haupt's Gretchen and Flirt. Very high com., Black Thorn Kennels' Ruby.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Tippoo. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Rhodora.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside; 2d, J. H. Sanderson's Gimlet. Reserve, H. E. Gemrig's Sandy. Very high com., G. D. Wetherill's Sunday. High com., M. Brown's Major. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Carmen and Josephine. Very high com., J. H. Sanderson's Bonnie Duchess.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—Absent. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Silvey's The Baron; 2d, F. M. Chase's Mark-Eyed Victor. Com., Associated Fanciers' Saxon. *Bitches:* 1st, G. D. Woodhill's Modjeska; equal 2d, T. C. Harris's White Violet, and H. W. Holmes's Bess.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog* (and special): Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. *Bitch:* Blemton Kennels' Safety. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Bacchanal; 2d and 3d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack and Raby Mixer. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Diadem; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Myrtle. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Perry Jr.'s Lady Warren Mixture; 2d, T. J. Tyrrel's Dewdrop. Very high com., W. B. Henry's Freshness. High com., W. T. McAlee's Temptation.

IRISH AND ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, C. T. Thompson's Grescia; 2d, G. D. Fowle's Greymount. Very high com. and high com., J. F. McFadden's Jilt and Spider. High com., H. Kuhn, Jr.'s Paddy.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, W. P. Sanderson's Jim and Lass O' Gowrie. Very high com., C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate. High com., S. Barr's Daisy. Com., N. V. Ketchum's Teddie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st and very high com., J. Donovan's Daisy and Lady; 2d, Mrs. Ann Lawler's Jennie. Com., Associated Fanciers's Charlie.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, W. F. Deakyne's unnamed; 2d, W. N. Pierce's Queenie.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—Dr. M. H. Cryer's Max.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and very high com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Doctor, Buff and Othello; 2d, F. Green's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and com., Dr. M. H. Cryer's Daisy, Vesta and Dolly; 3d and high com., Mrs. C. Wheatleigh's Yuma Yuma and Yum Yum. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Psyche.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st, Miss Lillie Hart's Banjo.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and very high com., Mrs. A. M. Kramer's Lillie and Don; 2d, A. L. Belleville's Tiney.

POODLES.—Withheld.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Dan Cæsar; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, Wolverine Kennels' Juno; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Fraulein.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, W. Hazleton's Waldo; 2d, G. Kerr's Don.

THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED.—Died suddenly of a broken heart after hearing sundry criticisms, Dr. J. S. Niven's field spaniel Darkey.—R. I. P. (London, Ont., March 30).

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—Just as we go to press we are informed by Mr. Mortimer that there are close to 900 entries for the New York dog show, and that many more are expected by mail.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

RUNNING RULES.

FOLLOWING are the running rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club as revised for the trials of 1887:

RULE 1. The management of the meetings for the Annual Field Trials shall be intrusted to the Governors of the Club, and with them lies the interpretation of the rules. They shall decide upon all matters not provided for in these rules.

RULE 2. The judge, or judges, shall be selected by the Governors, and their names shall be publicly announced as soon as possible after their selection. When a judge is prevented from attending a meeting or finishing it, the Governors shall appoint a substitute.

RULE 3. For all stakes, the names, pedigrees, ages, colors, and distinguishing marks of the dogs shall be detailed in writing to the Secretary of the Club, to be filled at time of making entry or entries. Any dog's age, markings or pedigree which shall be proved not to correspond with the entry shall be disqualified, and all such dog's stakes or winnings shall be forfeited.

RULE 4. The forfeit money must accompany every nomination, and the balance of the entrance fee must be paid before the drawing.

RULE 5. The Governors may refuse any entry they may think proper to exclude; and no person who has been found, to the satisfaction of the Governors to have misconducted himself in any manner in connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials, or who is a defaulter for either stakes or forfeits in connection with either thereof, or for money due under an arrangement for division of winnings, or for penalties for infraction of rules, or for any payment required by a decision of the Club, shall be allowed to compete in any trials that may be held under the auspices of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

RULE 6. Any objections to an entry must be made in writing addressed to the Secretary of the Club, and will be acted on by the Governors, whose decision shall be final.

RULE 7. Immediately before the dogs are drawn at any meeting the time and place of putting down the first brace of dogs on the following morning shall be declared and posted in a conspicuous place.

RULE 8. All stakes shall be run in the order of the programme when possible. Should, however, the competitors or their representatives in the various stakes agree otherwise, the order may, with consent of the Governors, be changed.

RULE 9. Dogs shall be drawn by lot, and numbered in the order drawn. Each dog shall run in the first series as a brace with the next available dog in that order, and the winners run in heats again in the order so obtained, except as hereinafter provided. Any dog absent during the first series for more than twenty minutes after his number is called shall be disqualified from further competition.

RULE 10. If two dogs owned and handled by the same person should come together in the first or any succeeding series, the second dog so owned or handled shall change places with the first dog not so owned or handled. This change shall be effected in the order of running if possible; if not possible, then in the reverse order of running. If such separation is found to be impracticable, or without benefit, the running together of two such dogs may be permitted.

RULE 11. If in any series of heats there should be a natural bye, such bye shall run with the winner of the first heat of the previous series as the first brace of the next series.

RULE 12. Each dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent more than twenty minutes, its opponent shall be entitled to the heat, subject to Rule 9.

RULE 13. An owner, his handler or his deputy may hunt a dog, but it must be one or the other; and when dogs are down an owner must not interfere with his dog if he has deputed another person to handle and hunt him. In members' stakes every member must handle his own dog.

RULE 14. The person handling and hunting a dog may speak, whistle to and work him by hand as he may deem proper, but he shall be called to order by the judges for making any unnecessary noise, or for any disorderly conduct; and if after being cautioned he persists in such noise or disorderly conduct, they shall order the dog to be taken up and adjudged out of the stake. An opponent's dog must not be interfered with or excited. In such case an appeal should be made to the judges.

RULE 15. If an opponent's dog points game, the dog must not be drawn across him to take the point, but if not backing of his own accord he must be brought around behind the pointing dog. Dogs must be hunted together, and their handlers must walk within a reasonable distance of one another.

RULE 16. If a dog be withdrawn, with the consent of the Governing Committee on the ground, from a stake on the field or at any time during the holding of a trial, its owner or his deputy having authority, shall notify in writing, with his name attached, the Secretary or one of the Governors of the Club. If the dog belongs to either or any of those officials, the notice must be handed to one of the others. When a winner of one or more heats is drawn for any reason other than defeat, the dog or dogs previously beaten by him shall not be deprived of competing for second or third prize, if, in the opinion of the judges, they have a chance to win. No owner or handler shall be permitted to withdraw his dog or dogs from a stake on the field or at any time during the progress of a trial after such dog or dogs have been allotted a position in any heat or race, without the consent of the Governing Committee on the grounds; any such owner or handler withdrawing his dog or dogs, without the consent of the Governing Committee on the grounds, may be debarred from any future trials, or be penalized at the discretion of the Club.

RULE 17. If any person openly impugns the actions or decisions of the judge or judges, or otherwise annoys them during the progress of a trial, he may be debarred from future participation in the trials, and ordered off the grounds.

RULE 18. No person other than the judge, judges or reporters will be permitted to accompany the handlers of dogs competing in any heat, except owners of such dogs running in charge of a handler or deputy, and they shall be permitted to accompany the stewards until the finish of such heat, when they shall retire until their dogs again come into competition. Two persons are prohibited from working one dog. If from any cause the handler of a running dog is disabled to such an extent that he cannot shoot, upon his request to the judge or judges, he may select some person to shoot for him, and the judges may in any case require handlers running dogs to go through minutely the evolution of shooting either a blank or shotted cartridge over any or every established point, upon being ordered to flush a bird. The handlers of the two dogs shall go together as if it were a brace of dogs and hunt said brace or braces in the trials as in ordinary shooting, so that the dogs shall be on an equality as to ground, opportunities for finding, etc. Spectators shall not be allowed nearer the handlers of dogs running than seventy-five yards at the rear.

The privilege is granted handlers to ask the judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point at issue; pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgment. Dogs afflicted with any contagious disease, or bitches in season, or unduly attracting the attention of the competing dog, will not be permitted on the grounds. Handlers shall not load their guns until a point be established.

RULE 19. When two dogs, the property of the same owner, or of confederates, shall remain in for the deciding

trial, the judges may determine which is the better, either by prior performance or by further running as they may order.

Should the owner of a dog or his representative induce the owner or representative of another dog to withdraw such dog for consideration or bribe of any nature whatsoever, all prizes won by either shall be forfeited upon the facts being satisfactorily proved to the Governors. If, however, either dog be withdrawn without consideration, from lameness, injuries, or from any cause clearly affecting his chances of winning, the other dog may be declared the winner, on the facts of the case being clearly proved to the satisfaction of the judge or judges.

When more than two dogs remain at the end of a stake, which is not run out, the stakes shall be divided; and in case of a division between three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner, these latter shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount won by their owners, and in the division the terms of any arrangement to divide winnings must be declared to the Secretary.

RULE 20. The last dog beaten by the winner of the first prize shall compete for the second prize with the best of those dogs previously beaten by the winner of the first prize. The winner of this heat shall be declared the winner of the second prize. The discretion is given to the judges of deciding which is the best of these beaten dogs in the competition for second, by selection, or by running extra heats between them. After the first and second winners are ascertained, the judges may select the winners of any other prize from any of the dogs in the stake, without further running.

RULE 21. The dog last beaten by the winner of the first prize shall not be obliged to run more than two heats on the same day, but at the option of his handler, may run the final heat for second place on the following day.

RULE 22. All protests, except as hereinbefore provided, must be made and delivered to the Secretary of the Club, or in case of his absence, to the President of the Club, or in case of his absence, to a member of the Governing Committee at or before midnight of the date of running of final heat.

INSTRUCTIONS TO JUDGES.

The judges shall order up the dogs as soon as they have determined which is the better. Unless a dog shows such lack of merit that in the opinion of the judges he cannot be placed, all dogs shall, if time permit, have at least two chances to show their behavior on birds. Either or both dogs of a brace may be ordered up by the judges for want of merit.

Pointing fur, feather, reptile or scent of game birds, if the judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered a false point.

The judges shall give a dog ample opportunity to discover whether he is on a true point.

No assistance shall be given by the handler to enable a dog to discover whether he is on a false point.

Judges are requested to avoid as far as possible holding a dog so long on a point, for the purpose of securing a back or otherwise, as to enable the birds to run. Dogs should be brought up to back only when opportunity offers, without interfering with the pointing dog, and a dog drawing on or pointing game shall be afforded ample opportunity to locate the game, it being left to the discretion of the judges to direct the opposing dog to be held in check.

Should a dog be held an unreasonable time upon a point, he should not be penalized for a resultant fault.

The number of times a dog points, backs, etc., shall not necessarily give him the preference, but the judges shall consider the quality of the performance rather than the frequency of the occurrence.

BACKING.—The judges are requested to give no credit for backing unless it appears to be voluntary. Any assistance from the handler shall deprive the dog of credit for his performance.

RANGING.—The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that maintains the most killing range throughout, viz., wide or close, as the necessity of the case requires.

OBEDIENCE AND DISPOSITION.—The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that works promptly, without noise or severity, and is obedient, prompt, cheerful and easily handled.

The rules are based upon the principle that each heat is a complete race, and the winner of the trial is the unbeaten dog who has directly or indirectly beaten every other dog in the stake.

The judges are requested to observe that the scale of points below given are set forth only as the view of the Club as to the comparative value of the various attributes or performances referred to. But the judges shall not, except in the case of absolute equality between the dogs, deem it necessary to keep any score whatever.

MERIT.

Pointing.	Nose.....25	35	...40	75
	Staunchness....10			
	Style in Pointing.....5			
Ranging.....15				100
Pace.....10		...30	...35	
Quartering.....5				
Style in same.....5				
Obedience and disposition.....10			25	
Backing.....10				
Retrieving.....5				

DEMERIT.—False pointing, breaking in, breaking shot, chasing. These faults shall be gauged by the judges in their discretion. The second chase, however, loses the heat.

DEFINITIONS.—Breaking in is where a dog, through imperfect breaking, or from excitement, leaves his position when the birds rise, whether the gun is fired or not, and starts to chase, but stops within a few feet from where he started, of his own accord or by command. Breaking shot is where a dog runs in, when a shot is fired, with the intention of getting to the bird, and does not stop promptly at command. Chasing is where a dog follows the birds, either when a gun is fired or not, to any extent to be beyond the control of his handlers for the time being.

DEATH OF THE CLUMBER SPANIEL BEN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I regret to announce to you that the clumber spaniel Ben, imported into Canada by Mr. Lindsay Russell (ex-Surveyor-General) and owned latterly by Mr. A. Z. Palmer, of Ottawa, died on the 31st ult. He was fully fifteen years old at the time of his death, but to within a year ago was used in the field, where he excelled, although latterly very deaf. Ben was of direct Clumber House descent, and an extremely fine dog. He won first and special the only time shown, but it was at the stud that he showed his worth, getting champion Newcastle, Johnny, Drake and Tyne in one litter out of Joan, who was the only bitch he ever served, as for many years he was the only thoroughbred clumber in this part of the country. For the last six months he was a burden to himself and to his owner, so death was but a release.—CLUMBER.

DENVER KENNEL AND COURSING CLUB.—Following is the list of officers of the Denver Kennel and Coursing Club for the ensuing year: President, Dr. J. M. Norman; Vice-President, Gen. G. H. Pierce; Secretary, L. H. Gilmore; Treasurer, A. C. Lighthall; Executive Committee, Messrs. G. G. Liebhardt, Dr. Q. Van Hummel and L. H. Gilmore.

WEIGHT OF SPANIELS.—Salmon Falls, N.H., April 18. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like space in your paper to make a few explanations about the entries of Miss Newton Obo and Black Pete, at the Boston show. Miss Newton Obo was entered in the open bitch class for field spaniels. I understand that on the last day of the show she was weighed, and found to weigh 26¾lbs. at one time and 27¼lbs. at another. This bitch and another entry, Zeppo, came home to my kennel the following day badly physicked, and all out of condition, so much so that Zeppo died within two days. Miss Newton Obo was entered at Newark and Providence, and there was no question of her weight at those shows, as she certainly weighed over 29lbs. when she left Salmon Falls for Newark. She was shipped from Providence to Boston, Saturday morning, April 2, and being on the road; at express office, and in the basement of the show building in Boston till the following Tuesday, without food, was undoubtedly too much for a young bitch only 10 months old, and I have no doubt she was under weight at the time she was weighed. With this explanation I leave Miss Newton Obo, and those interested can, if they choose, enter a protest and strip her of her honors. In regard to Black Pete, I frankly say that he is a long low dog and carries about all the pounds the cocker standard allows, yet he is well under the 28lbs. limit. Boston has been his only show this season. When I carried him in Tuesday morning, Mr. Chas. Davol, of Warren, R. I., asked me how much he weighed, and if he was over 28lbs. As I was busy I asked Mr. Davol to weigh him, which he did, and informed me that he weighed just 27lbs. This was just before the classes were judged. When Black Pete got home he was in good health, pot-bellied, and filled out in great shape, and in such condition he might have weighed 29lbs. Had Miss Newton Obo come back in the same condition as Black Pete she would certainly have weighed 30lbs. Now a word in regard to the judges. If any wrong has been done I am wholly to blame. At Providence Miss Newton Obo was well filled out, and there was no question regarding her weight. At Boston Mr. Wilmerding asked me in regard to weights. I told him that Black Pete had just been weighed, and gave it to him as it had been given to me, 27lbs., and that I had not weighed Miss Newton Obo, but thought she was all right. If any person thinks I have, by false entries, or by any other foul means, in these two or any other entries, got what properly belonged to them, I shall most willingly give it up to them. My reputation is somewhat at stake in this matter, and I wish to set myself squarely before the public.—J. P. WILLEY.

BUFFALO KENNEL CLUB.—Buffalo, N. Y., April 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very much surprised to find in your edition of the 7th inst. the letter from Mr. Fellows. I regret that Mr. Fellows has been so misled as to believe what he has written; the letter should properly have come from Mr. Chadeayne, I think. Now, as for my communication being "far from the truth," I will reiterate every word in it, and they cannot be disproved. At the present time there is only one kennel club in this city, that being the one of which I am the secretary. Our minutes show that the organization meeting was held at the Stafford House, Feb. 18, 1887, with seventeen members present. The club was properly organized, the constitution and by-laws of the New Jersey Kennel Club being adopted. A committee was appointed to meet Mr. Chadeayne and see if we could not make some arrangements so that the bench show could be given under the auspices of the B. K. C. No such arrangement could be made, but he agreed to discontinue the use of the name "Buffalo Kennel Club," and until the prizes were given he did so. At our second meeting, I think it was, a reporter came into the room with the constitution of Mr. Chadeayne's "kennel club," and imagine our surprise to find that A. W. Smith, one of our governors, was president, and our president, J. G. Burns, was one of the board of directors. These gentlemen received this information for the first time at the meeting of which I write. When and by whom were these two gentlemen elected, and if there was a meeting, why were they not notified of it? Can Mr. Fellows show that he was employed by any one other than Mr. Chadeayne, and that any of the profits of the recent show went to any one except the self-elected secretary and treasurer? The Buffalo Kennel Club is seventy members strong, and has some of the most prominent of our citizens; our papers of incorporation have been filed at the county clerk's office.—CHAS. B. COOK, Secretary Buffalo Kennel Club.

WACOUTA NAP.—Hulton, Pa.—There were two mistakes in the entries of this dog at Newark and Providence; both my fault, as I sent the entries. At Newark his date of birth is given as September, 1885, and at Providence as Aug. 25, 1886. The correct date is Aug. 25, 1884, as given by his breeder, Richard Morgan. The 1886 is a shocking clerical error, if I so wrote it. The date of September, 1885, is taken from the last Birmingham show, where the dog was entered a year too old, and correcting this, makes the date as I have given. The name of the sire of the Albert Victor mastiffs is sometimes given as Wallace (same as his grandsire) and sometimes as Lion; I believe the latter is correct. This very shortness of pedigree adds greatly to the value of the blood, in my eyes, for the strain has produced no dogs destitute of some merit, and is entirely fresh, without a known cross of modern show blood, and is therefore just the thing to invigorate the intensely inbred blood so prevalent in the mastiffs of to-day.—W. WADE. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Several discrepancies are to be seen in the catalogues of the recent shows regarding the entries of Wacouta Nap, the date of birth not always appearing the same. These differences may be typographical errors, or may be due to the fact that some of the entries were made for me by Mr. Wade and some by myself. As I am a great stickler for correctness in all matters pertaining to pedigrees, will you please state that the correct date of Wacouta Nap's birth is Aug. 25, 1884? Nap is younger brother to the famous English prize winner, Albert Victor, the largest dog ever known of any breed.—R. A. CRAIG (Wacouta Kennels, St. Paul, Minn.).

THE COURSING CLUB OF CALIFORNIA.—A number of gentlemen appreciating the importance of a coursing club with a membership extending all over the coast, recently met and perfected such an organization under the name of the Occidental Coursing Club of California. The objects, as expressed in its constitution, are as follows: First—To promote, encourage and improve the breeding of a superior class of greyhounds, and protect the interests of coursing. Second—To elevate coursing to the position it occupies in other countries; namely, the grandest sport of the world. Third—To hold at least two coursing meetings every year. The admission fee is one dollar ($1), and the monthly dues are 50 cents, payable quarterly in advance. Each application must be accompanied by the admission fee. The officers of the club are as follows: Col. Stuart Taylor, President; J. F. Carroll, Vice-President; Col. S. O. Gregory, Vice-President; Henry Wormington, Vice-President; Thos. J. O'Keefe, Vice-President; H. Boyd, Secretary; S. L. Abbot, Jr., Treasurer. Executive Committee—J. J. Murphy, A. A. Boutan, H. H. Briggs, F. P. Callundan, H. E. Deane.

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—Entries for the first semi-annual collie sweepstakes of the Collie Club, of America, close May 1. The address of the secretary is Geo. A. Smith, 321 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CURRENT NOTES.—Memphis, Tenn., has a pack of hounds employed to catch runaway convicts. It is said that these hounds are rough on leg-bail fugitives....The Denver Kennel and Coursing Club propose holding a dog show at Denver, Col., next winter....The entries for the Derby of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club close on May 1....The Wisconsin Kennel Club, the Michigan Kennel Club and the St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club have been admitted as members of the American Kennel Club....Captain C. E. McMurdo, of Charlottesville, Va., sailed for England last week. We understand that he will bring home a few pointers if he finds the right sort....The Pacific Kennel Club will hold a dog show in San Francisco next September. Liberal prizes will be offered and there will be some valuable specials for Eastern dogs....The Buffalo Kennel Club are considering the advisability of holding a dog show in Buffalo shortly. ....The annual meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at the Hoffman House, New York, May 4.....The man who read to his sick wife from Chronicles, "And the sons of Ram, the first-born of Jerahmeel, were Maaz, and Jamin and Eker. And the sons of Onam were Shammai and Jada," and so on to the end of the chapter, chose a pretty barren passage, yet we are told that the wife was comforted. No one would dream that there was much cheer for a sick man in the FOREST AND STREAM'S Kennel Notes, but that there is is attested by the compositor to whose careful typesetting has been due, in large degree, their freedom from error; and who now, while laid by with a broken leg, goes through them every week to find in their perusal forgetfulness of pain and splintered bones.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the New England Kennel Club, held at Boston, April 8, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John E. Thayer; Vice-President, F. Blackwood Fay; Secretary, J. W. Newman; Treasurer, W. O. Partridge; Executive Committee, Messrs. Thayer, Fay, Newman, Grosvenor and Moore; Finance Committee, Messrs. Fay, Newman and Bailey; Membership Committee, Messrs. Grosvenor, Werner and Fletcher.

RHODE ISLAND KENNEL CLUB.—Providence, R. I., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of this club, held April 9, the following officers were elected: W. J. Comstock, President; J. C. Dyer, Vice-President; Nathaniel Seabury, Secretary; Andrew Winsor, Treasurer; Governing Committee, C. Fred Crawford, C. C. Gray, Samuel Scranton, and the four officers above named.—NATHANIEL SEABURY, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Napoleon. By Miss Lilian Adams, New York city, for tawny and white rough St. Bernard dog, whelped May 28, 1886, by Pontiff (A.K.R. 792) out of Satellite (Monk II.—Sheila).

Patti. By J. Fred Richardson, Portland, Me., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1886, by Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane) out of Van (A.K.R. 1356).

Gipsy C. By Wm. F. Woods, Portland, Me., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1886, by Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane) out of Van (A.K.R. 1356).

Glenarm. By R. G. Hall, Portland, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 14, 1886, by Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane) out of Van (A.K.R. 1356).

Pansy S. By Dr. C. E. Stanley, Middletown, Conn., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1885, by Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461) out of Countess H. (Warwick—Belle).

Iris, Pet Obo and Black Jock By C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., for two cocker spaniel bitches and one dog, whelped Feb. 13, 1887, by Shady (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Edith (Brush II.—Olivia).

Maz. By W. D. Ferrin, Hinsdale, N. H., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Nimrod (A.K.R. 631) out of Bizorah (A.K.R. 1388).

Jeanie By C. W. Horne, Norway, Me., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 5, 1887, by Hornell Silk (Farrow's Obo—Chloe II.) out of Black Pearl (Obo II.—Critic).

Nick. By J. A. Nickerson, Boston, Mass., for cream cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 5, 1885, by Hornell Silk (Farrow's Obo—Chloe II.) out of Black Pearl (Obo II.—Critic).

Duke of Morris. By Harry B. Green, Morristown, N. J., for white and black English setter dog, whelped April 24, 1886, by Pride of the Plains (Roderick Dhu—Rose) out of Fanny (Captain—Flossy).

The Kennel. By R. D. Locke, Chicago, Ill., for his kennel of mastiffs.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Elswick Sue—Sentinel. W. H. Russell's (Dickinson Center, N. Y.) Bedlington terrier bitch Elswick Sue (Elswick Lad II.—Stonehouse Lass) to his Sentinel (E.K.C.S.B. 16,047), March 31.

Flirt—Button H J. P. Cartwright's (Augusta, Ga.) lemon and white pointer bitch Flirt (Glenmark—Girl) to his Button H. (Beaufort—Lady Maufield), March 31.

Flurry II.—Dublin Scot Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Flurry II. (Eclipse—Flurry) to their Dublin Scot (The Colonel—Jessie), April 7.

Mollie Bawn—Elcho, Jr Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Mollie Bawn (A.K.R. 630) to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (A.K.R. 508), April 8.

———*—Strephon* R. Magee's (St. John, N. B.) collie bitch to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon (A.K.R. 2730), April 8.

Pansy S.—York. Dr. C. E. Stanley's (Middletown, Conn.) English setter bitch Pansy S. (Robin Hood, A.K.R. 1461—Countess H.) to his York (A.K.R. 2560), Jan. 25.

Puss—Baronet. A. Perrin's (Cambridge, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Puss (A.K.R. 4484) to his Baronet (A.K.R. 4480), April 12 and 13.

Walmer Jet—Master Shina H. G. Charlesworth's (Toronto, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Walmer Jet (Obo II.—Gipsey) to his Master Shina (Young Obo—Shina), April 7.

Winnie—Kilmarnock Bruce Kilmarnock Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Winnie (Gairlock—Laurie) to their Kilmarnock Bruce (Marcus—Drumlin Isle), March 20.

Bessie Noble—Passaic O. D. Thee's (New York city) English setter bitch Bessie Noble (Count Noble—Lady May) to Percy Ohl's Passaic (Gladstone—Lavalette), April 15.

Passion—Storm. In the note published last week of the breeding of the English setter bitch Passion the name of the owner of the bitch, G. E. Osborn, was inadvertently omitted.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Spottswood. Major J. R. Purcell's (Athens, Ala.) pointer bitch Lady Spottswood (Flockfinder—Ion), April 7, six (four dogs), by Ayer's Don.

Ashmont Bertha. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) mastiff bitch Ashmont Bertha, (A.K.R. 3368), April 5, nine (five dogs), by their Leo (Lord Nelson—Maud).

Peggie. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Peggie (A.K.R. 1804), April 4, seven (five dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (A.K.R. 2997).

Sheila. Maizeland Kennels' (Red Hook, N. Y.) Irish terrier bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 137), April 2, six (two dogs), by their Garryowen (A. K.R. 3091).

Pansy S. Dr. C. E. Stanley's (Middletown, Conn.) English setter bitch Pansy S. (Robin Hood, A.K.R. 1461—Countess H.), March 28, four (two dogs), by his York (Rockingham—Princess Phœbus).

Nellie. Geo. F. Willard's (Charlestown, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Beed's Bow—Daisy), April 6, five (two dogs), by F. S. Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie).

Pink Geo. L. Barne's (Tyringham, Mass.) beagle bitch Pink (King—Dot II.), April 8, four (one dog), by his Judge (J. Bross's Rattler—A. C. Krueger's Rena).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bruce—Zelda whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July, 1886, by Jean Grosvenor, Beach Bluff, Mass., to C. L. Hopkins, Norwich, Conn.

Cloudy Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped March 16, 1886, by Ted Llewellin out of Marcella, by Chautauqua Kennels, Sheridan, N. Y., to J. Woodward, Jamestown, N. Y.

Sentinel (32 K.C.S.B. 16,047). Blue Bedlington terrier dog, whelped Aug. 31, 1883, by Pioneer out of Dusky, by W. S. Jackson, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Can., to W. H. Russell, Dickinson Center, Franklin county, N. Y.

Elswick Sue Dark blue Bedlington terrier bitch, whelped April 19, 1885, by Elswick Lad II. out of Stonehouse Lass, by James McFarren, Toronto, Can., to W. H. Russell, Dickinson Center, Franklin county, N. Y.

Daisy. Liver bitch, whelped July, 1885, by Lad o' Devon out of Lady Mack, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to Dr. G. I. Northrop, Marquette, Mich.

Springbok Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 10, 1885, by Mainspring out of Curfew, by Edward Dexter, Buzzard's Bay, Mass., to F. R. Hitchcock, Union Club, New York city.

Modoc Black cocker spaniel dog, date of birth not given, by Obo II. out of Topsy B., by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to C. C. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.

Dublin Scot, Jr. Sable and white collie dog, whelped April 30, 1886, by Dublin Scot out of Spoiled Miss, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to F. Sears, Boston, Mass.

Helen. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped March 18, 1886, by Rex or Strephon out of Mavis, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. R. Bennet, Danville, Pa.

Max. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Nimrod (A. K.R. 651) out of Bizorah (A.K.R. 1388), by W. D. Ferrin, Hinsdale, N. H., to Thos. Mullins, Jr., same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

Iris. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 13, 1887, by Shady out of Edith, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., to J. Bardwell, Everett, Mass.

DEATHS.

Patience. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 13, 1886 (Foreman—Passion), owned by Blackstone Kennels, April 6, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. T. W.—The trouble was a local one and your treatment correct.

J. S., Cincinnati.—Irish setters have lump on necks, which seem larger every day. Dogs are 3 mos. old. Ans. Give a half teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day to each of the puppies.

A. Q., Stillwater, Minn.—Ans. See answer to G. M. in this issue of the paper. If fever is still present give four drops of the tincture of aconite every three hours until the fever abates. By sponging the parts and applying a little balsam of Peru ointment (balsam of Peru and vaseline), you can cure the eruption.

LEARNER.—Your dog has a tape worm. The pieces you notice are only segments of a long worm. Diet your dog for 24 to 26 hours, giving nothing but milk. Then you may give either the turpentine or areca nut. If you give areca nut, give a full teaspoonful of the powder. You can make a large pill or bolus with lard. After 4 or 6 hours purge thoroughly with castor oil and give no solid food for some days afterward.

J. A. K., Lindsay.—Cocker pup, 6 mos. old, has twitching and jerking of one hind leg; sometimes she drags it after her, otherwise she is in good health.—Ans. The probabilities are that your puppy has worms. If you can make sure of this by examining the stools, give 30 grains (half a teaspoonful) of powdered areca nut made into a pill with lard. Put this into the throat as far as your finger will reach. An assistant can hold the dog while you press down the base of the tongue with the forefinger of the left hand and administer the pill with the right. Follow this with a castor oil purge in three or four hours, giving two teaspoonsful.

G. M., Rockport.—Dog had distemper short time ago; limbs jerk, and body jerks to a certain extent; he seems to be restless all the time. Ans. The nervous symptoms you mention are often noticed after distemper. Exercise, diet and perhaps some medicine will cure him in time. Keep his bowels regular with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses. Add five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic to his food each day. Get the following:

℞ Ferri et strychnin. citrat.....grs X L
Fit pil No. XX.
Sig. One pill night and morning.
Feed little meat and what is given should be cooked.

G. G. H., California.—One of my Chesapeake Bay dogs has moist blotches which appear on different parts of his body which cause him to scratch incessantly. The hair does not come off badly. In a day or two they dry up, leaving the skin scarfy. Also he has enlargement of glands of throat, for which I have been giving him 10gr. doses of iodide of potassium, which I noticed in one of the last papers. The dog's general health is very good, and he has plenty of exercise swimming. Ans. Stop the iodide of potash. Apply the following ointment:

℞ Ung. Diachylon.
Ung. Zinci oxid.....aa ʒi
Mix. Sig. External, twice daily.
Give 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in food.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, April 16.—The rainy day disappointed the shooters at Walnut Hill to-day, but in the afternoon the attendance was good and several fair scores were made. The standing of the competitors in matches B and G, which will close at Walnut Hill April 30, is as follows:

Lewis Military Match.

J Francis	87 87 86 85 82 —427
A L Brackett	79 78 77 75 74—383+20—403
F Carter	79 76 76 75 74—380+20—400
W Charles	80 82 79 78 78 —397
C Williams	68 65 62 60 63—318+40—358

Revolver Match.

Brackett	46 44 44 44 44 43 43 43 42 42—435
Frye	45 44 44 44 44 40 40 40 39 39—416
Francis	45 43 40 40 40 39 39 39 37 37—399
F Carter	41 41 40 40 39 38 38 37 37 35—386

Decimal Off-hand Match.

R Davis	8 7 9 10 8 9 7 10 7 10—85
A L Burt	6 6 8 9 6 10 6 8 7 9—75
R Dadman	5 7 7 6 8 5 7 7 10 8—70
C Williams (Mil.)	7 5 8 6 7 9 5 5 5 6—63
R E Volner (Mil.)	5 8 6 6 8 6 7 5 5 6—62

Rest Match.

J R Munroe	10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10—99
S Wilder	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10—99
H J Foster	10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10—99
N Washburn	10 10 10 7 10 10 10 10 10 10—99
W H Cler	10 10 9 9 10 10 10 10 10 10—98
R Dadman	10 10 10 9 10 10 9 10 10 10—98
Pond	10 9 8 8 9 10 10 8 10 9—91

PEEKSKILL, N. Y. April 12.—The best rifle match ever shot in Westchester county was witnessed here to-day, the contest being at 200yds. for the silver cup now held by the Peekskill Rifle Club. The cup must be won three times to entitle the holder to permanent possession. To-day's scores were as follows:

Peekskill Rifle Club.—F. Cent 45, O. Loder, 40, F. Hodkins 44, A Durring 41; E. Halsey 43, and George Dowen 42. Total, 255 points; possible score 300.

Central Valley Club, of Central Valley, N. Y.—L. Hawes 41, H. L. Leonard 43, R. Ficken 41, E. F. Paine 41, A. D. Leonard 37, H. Hawes 46. Total, 249 points.

Tappan Zee Rifle Club of Nyack.—John Lydecker 42, M. G. Barrett 39, Charles Christie 40, A. M. Voorhis 42, Dr. L. B. Couch 45, J. O. Davidson 43. Total, 251 points.

At the close of the club contest an individual match, off-hand, 200yds., was shot and won by Captain J. O. Davidson, of the Nyack team, by a score of 5, 5, 4, 5, 5—24, out of a possible 25.

WILMINGTON, Del.—Owing to the failure of a sufficient number of members to attend on Monday, the Wilmington Rifle Club was obliged to again postpone its "telegraph" match with the Williamsport club. The scores are as follows:

First Match—250yds.

U Fuller	7 8 7 5 4 4 8 8 9 5—65
J Scott	10 3 3 3 4 5 6 5 6 6—51
H Simpson	5 4 4 2 3 5 7 3 7 6—51
W A Bacon	4 3 5 2 6 8 5 6 5 2—46
H A Heinel	2 3 5 4 8 6 5 5 4 3—46
J Francis	5 3 4 4 8 4 9 3 2 3—45
W A Ruthven	3 1 1 3 2 4 6 1 2 5—28

Second Match—200yds.

H A Heinel	4 5 6 10 5 8 7 5 8 7—65
J Scott	3 8 9 7 7 8 4 5 7 6—64
U Fuller	3 6 4 5 6 6 4 4 4 9—51
H Simpson	4 3 4 4 3 4 6 5 6 2—41
J Francis	3 3 6 R 1 6 5 1 2 9—36
W A Ruthven	3 2 4 2 7 1 2 6 3 3—33

Third Match—100yds.

J Francis	10 5 6 9 9 10 9 8 7 10—83
U Fuller	8 6 9 9 7 6 10 8 7 9—80
W A Ruthven	10 10 9 7 6 3 9 7 7 7—80
J Scott	9 7 7 5 5 7 9 10 10 7—76
H Simpson	9 5 9 7 6 6 6 6 10 8—72
W A Bacon	7 7 5 6 6 8 7 9 5 10—70

At a meeting of the club held in the evening officers were elected to serve one year: President, Charles Heinel, Sr.; Vice-President, Henry B. Seeds; Secretary and Treasurer, Howard Simpson; Firing Captain, James E. Newman.

WYOMING, Del.—Kent County Rifle Club, regular weekly practice, military rifle, peep and bead sights, standard target, off-hand:

First Match, 200yds.

S H Thomas	5 9 6 7 7 5 9 5 4 8—65
F H Thomas	5 9 9 5 7 5 7 6 4 7—64
M A Jones	4 9 1 3 5 7 9 1 7 4—50
A Connor	4 4 7 3 7 4 7 7 4 3—50
J T Moore	4 3 4 6 4 6 5 6 5 6—49
H M Thomas	1 5 8 1 7 1 7 4 6 6—46
H B Sterner	6 7 8 3 1 4 4 2 5 4—44
R Diefenderfer	2 1 3 9 1 4 8 1 3 6—38
G Rash	1 6 1 1 2 3 6 9 5 3—37
F Diefenderfer	2 3 9 1 2 6 7 2 1 1—34
W F Aldrich	4 5 1 5 2 3 4 1 5 3—33

Second Match, 100yds.

S H Thomas	10 6 8 9 9 7 7 9 7 6—78
M A Jones	9 9 8 9 7 8 6 7 7 7—76
F H Thomas	6 6 7 7 10 9 7 9 7 7—75
H B Sterner	7 8 8 6 4 9 9 6 10 7—74
J Moore	8 6 7 6 7 7 4 7 5 7—64
R Diefenderfer	6 5 5 8 5 5 9 7 7 7—59
H M Thomas	10 5 7 7 7 2 4 6 7 7—59
A Connor	6 6 9 2 7 4 8 1 7 6—56
W F Aldrich	6 7 1 4 6 5 4 5 6 10—54
F Diefenderfer	7 5 6 6 4 7 4 5 1 6—52
G Rash	6 4 7 7 5 6 5 4 1 4—49

ST. LOUIS, April 18.—The following excellent scores were made last week by the Pistol Club out of a possible 120, Lard now having won the medal three times in succession:

W J Lard	12 11 11 12 11 11 12 12 12 11—115
W B McDowell	12 11 12 11 12 12 10 10 10 12—113
M A Thurber	9 12 12 10 12 12 11 11 12 11—112
L V D Perret	12 12 11 12 12 10 11 10 10 12—112
W Bauer	12 12 11 11 12 12 10 10 12 10—112
E C Morhstadt	12 10 12 12 10 11 12 10 12 10—111
E T Grether	12 11 12 12 10 11 9 11 12 11—111
M C Billmeyer	12 11 12 11 10 10 12 10 10 12—110
W H Bonnell	9 11 11 12 12 12 10 12 11 10—110
F A Fodde	12 11 12 11 9 12 12 10 12 8—109
U G Sims	11 11 12 11 11 11 11 10 10 10—108
O Neuhaus	10 12 11 13 10 10 9 12 10 10—107
A E Bengel	11 11 16 11 12 9 11 10 12 9—106
W Clark	10 10 11 10 12 10 11 11 10 11—106
W H Hettel	10 11 10 9 12 11 10 7 11 12—103
F Gildersleave	9 11 9 11 11 9 11 9 10 10—100
J Sieminskie	8 12 12 7 8 7 10 9 7 12— 92
W Mackwitz	5 12 10 5 7 6 10 12 12 5— 84

Good shooting was also made at the Grand, Tim Owen scoring 119 out of a possible 120 at the ½in. bullseye, G. Pius, 118 at the ¾in. bullseye, and W. Morgan 116 at a ½in. bullseye. Scores at the Fountain were also excellent.

SARATOGA, April 14.—Scores made by some of the members of the Saratoga Rifle Club in regular weekly competitions for prizes. Standard American target, 200yds., off hand:

February 10:	
W B Gage	8 9 9 10 8 9 7 9 8 8—85
W H Gibbs	8 7 9 7 6 8 10 8 8 5—76
February 17:	
W B Gage	8 10 8 8 8 10 8 8 10 10—88
W M Meehan	9 7 6 10 9 5 7 4 6 8—71
February 24:	
H M Levengston	9 6 7 4 9 9 6 7 9 10—76
W M Meehan	10 6 6 6 5 10 5 6 9 5—68
March 3:	
Gage	10 7 10 8 7 8 9 10 9 10—88
Meehan	8 7 4 5 8 9 9 9 7 7—73
Gibbs	10 6 4 8 7 8 7 10 7 5—72
March 10:	
Gage	9 9 9 9 8 9 8 6 7 9—83
Levengston	6 10 6 8 8 6 9 6 7 10—76
Gibbs	8 5 8 10 8 8 5 6 9 7—74
March 24:	
Gage	9 7 9 8 10 8 10 7 10 10—88
Levengston	9 8 6 6 8 5 8 9 10 7—72
Rich	7 6 7 10 3 8 7 9 6 7—70
March 31:	
Gage	7 7 8 10 6 8 10 7 10 6—79
Rich	9 8 7 7 6 6 7 8 8 8—74
Levengston	6 10 9 5 7 5 10 10 6 6—74
April 7:	
Gage	8 8 10 9 8 8 7 10 8 7—83
Levengston	8 5 8 10 8 6 9 10 6 9—79

CHINGACHGOOK.

LAWRENCE, Mass., April 16.—Lawrence Rifle Club, standard target, 200yds., off-hand:

O M Jewell	8 8 10 10 7 8 8 9 7 8—83
F Clark	8 10 8 6 8 8 6 8 9 9—80
C Hill	9 10 7 5 8 8 8 10 5 8—80
W Fisher	10 7 9 10 6 6 4 8 8 10—78
E N Archibald	10 9 9 10 3 7 9 9 6 4—76
J W Bear	7 10 7 6 7 8 10 5 8 7—75
M Beal	6 7 5 8 10 8 9 8 7 4—73
P Wood	5 6 10 4 3 7 6 3 9 5—58

HAVERHILL (Mass.) RIFLE CLUB.—April 16, record match, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

S E Johnson	10 7 9 9 7 9 9 7 8 10—85
R Griffin	7 9 6 9 10 10 10 6 10 6—83
J F Brown	6 9 10 10 10 7 8 6 5 9—79
J Busfield	7 8 6 10 7 7 6 9 6 10—76
C B Wright	9 9 7 7 6 8 5 7 8 8—74
A Edgerly	9 9 6 6 6 10 4 8 7 6—71
F Merrill	6 7 7 10 9 8 4 6 5 8—70

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The third annual shoot of the Onondaga Rifle Club will be held at their range here on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27 and 28. The shoot will be open to all comers governed by the following rules: Position, standing, off-hand, 200yds., American Standard Target, no restrictions as to weight of gun, open or globe sights only; five shots will constitute a score; re-entries allowed, but only one to count. In case of ties the last highest shot in the score will decide the value; in case of a tie score it shall be decided by three shots for each contestant. Entrance fee, $1; re-entering, 50 cents. On Thursday, the second day, the club will offer a prize of $50.

RIFLE SHOOTING ON THE FLY.—Mr. Joseph L. Raub, the Raub target trap manufacturer, advises us that Miss Annie Oakley recommends his trap as a device for beginners who wish to perfect themselves in rifle shooting at flying targets.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 8.—Score of St. Paul Gun Club, at first regular weekly shoot, possible 20 birds: McComber 15, Paul 15, Kennedy 14, Pfister 16, Anderson 10, McKusick 15, Cummings 13, Griggs 16, Hilliard 10, Thompson 8, Boyd 16, Blakely 10, Wheaton 12, Richeson 12.

"FOREST AND STREAM" DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a $100 trophy to be competed for on Decoration Day, May 30, 1887.

The competition will be open to all gun clubs in the United States which were organized by the date of the original announcement, March 3, 1887.

CONDITIONS.

To be competed for by teams of three club members, each man to shoot at fifteen artificial targets thrown from a single trap.

A club may enter more than one team, provided, however, that no member may shoot on more than one team. Entrance fee, $3 per team. The entire sum of the entrance moneys (nothing whatever being taken out) will be divided into prizes, as stated below.

Each team may shoot on its own grounds, or elsewhere, as convenient. Scores are to be certified to by three club officers, under conditions which will be explained in due time.

Any target manufactured by the following concerns may be used, viz.: the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co., Cincinnati, O.; the Niagara Flying Target Co., Suspension Bridge, N. Y.; the Target Ball and B. P. Co., Lockport, N. Y.; the Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., 291 Broadway, N.Y.city, agents. Not more than one style of target to be used by any one team.

Targets to be thrown from any trap manufactured by any of these companies; trap to be set to throw the targets at least 45yds. from trap.

Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left.

Guns of 10, 12 or smaller bore may be used. Distance 18yds. for 10-bores, and 16yds. for 12-bores or smaller. Any charge of powder, with 1¼oz. shot. Gun to be held below the armpit until shooter calls pull.

PRIZES.

First Prize.—The team making highest score will receive the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY, value $100.

Second Prize.—The team making second best score will receive a cash prize of 50 per cent. of all the entrance fees.

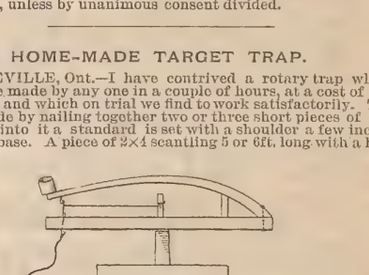
Third Prize.—Team with third highest score will receive 30 per cent. of entrance fees.

Fourth Prize.—Team with fourth highest score will receive 20 per cent. of entrance fees.

In case of tie on highest scores made the tie must be shot off, under same conditions, for the TROPHY. Ties for any other prize must be shot off, unless by unanimous consent divided.

HOME-MADE TARGET TRAP.

CENTREVILLE, Ont.—I have contrived a rotary trap which can be made by any one in a couple of hours, at a cost of say fifty cents, and which on trial we find to work satisfactorily. The base is made by nailing together two or three short pieces of 2in. plank and into it a standard is set with a shoulder a few inches above the base. A piece of 2×4 scantling 5 or 6ft. long with a hole



in the center, is placed on the standard. A stout spring of hickory or ironwood is fastened firmly to one end of the scantling and a short distance from the same end a block is placed, over which to bend the spring. To the other end of the spring is fastened by screws an empty fruit can. The spring is held in a bent condition by a hook fastened to the scantling, and to this hook is attached a string with a nail tied to the other end, which may be stuck in any of several holes bored in the upper part of the standard. On the bottom of one end of the scantling is another hook, to which is attached a ring tied to the end of a cord 20 or 30yds. long. A jerk on this cord starts the upper part revolving, and when the string winds around the standard it forces the spring and throws the target (a bottle, potato, etc.,) in the air. By changing the nail in the standard it will not be known in what direction the object will fly. M. I. B.

THE WELLINGTON TOURNAMENT.

THE arrangements for the world's trap shooting carnival, to be held on the Wellington grounds May 30 and 31 and June 1, 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the New England Shooting Tournament Association, are rapidly approaching completion. A meeting of the executive committee was held a few days ago, and the various prizes donated to be shot for by sportsmen of the world were designated in order of award. The prizes received by the Association are as follows:

One shotgun from L. C. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., said to be the finest gun ever made in this country, worth $450.

One gun from W. & C. Scott, London, Eng., value $200.

One shotgun from Parker Bros. Meriden, Conn., value $150.

One shotgun from Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y., value $100.

One shotgun from N. R. Davis & Son, value $100.

One shotgun from Forehand & Wadsworth, Worcester, Mass., value $75.

One shotgun presented by the donor through William R. Schaefer & Sons, value $75.

One repeating shotgun, from Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, Conn., value $50.

One English field gun, donated by Lockport Target Company value $65.

One rifle, donated by the Massachusetts Arms Company, value $75.

One rifle, donated by J. Stevens & Co., value $50.

Special prize, for amateurs only, an elegant oil painting (sporting scene), by A. F. Tait, of New York, value $1,000.

Special prize, open to all, a silver cup of elegant design, donated by the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Company.

It has been decided to divide these different prizes into two classes, one for experts and the other for amateurs. This is done so that four or five men may not have a monopoly of the best trophies.

There will be no charge for competition, only the cost of birds. The conditions will give all a chance to win a prize. Each competitor will shoot at 20 birds on each of the five days of the tournament, the scores made to go on record, and the best average for the five days to win the first prize; second best average the second prize, and so on each class, the prizes in the order above given being the rank in which they will be awarded. All ties must be shot off, and there will be no division of prizes. All shooting will be at 18yds. except the ties, which will be at 21yds. There will be two sets of five-gun traps each, and three of three-gun traps each, and extra "sweeps" will be in progress all the time. Only one "bird" of a kind will be shot at each day, and the classification will be as follows: Monday, Ligowsky day; Tuesday, American day; Wednesday, Blue-rock day; Friday, Bat day; Saturday, an extra day, all targets will be used. The Wellington Gun Club grounds, on which the shooting is to take place, are on the Boston and Maine railroad, and the shooting grounds are directly at the station. The secretary is Mr. C. B. Sanborn, 29 North Market street.

N. G. A. RULES.—Jamestown, N. Y., April 11.—At the last monthly meeting of the Jamestown Shooting Club the Secretary was instructed to request the National Gun Association (under whose rules we shoot) to amend the rules so as to have no restrictions on the position of the gun while at the score, *i. e.*, allowing a man to hold the gun to his shoulder or put it in his pocket; and to make no restrictions on the weight of guns, but to allow all 12-gauge guns an advantage of 2yds. over all 10-gauge guns. We think such rules might do away with very many of the disputes which come up under those two rules as they now stand.—ZERO.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 15.—At this week's meet of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club at Coal Mine Brook Range, the principal event was the match in the club series. In the classification score, out of a possible 36, the result was as follows:

Class A.

	Pigeons.	Blue Rocks.	Pigeons.	
J B Tougas	1110111111— 9	1111110111—9	1101010101—6	—24
C W Russell	0111011111— 8	1111001101—7	1011111011—8	—23
A B Franklin	1001110100— 5	1111011111—9	1111111110—9	—23
E T Smith	0111111110—8	1111111110—9	0011110100—5	—22
A Houghton	1111111001— 9	1100110101—6	1001101111—7	—22
N D Gilman	0110011111— 7	1111000110—6	0111011111—8	—20
W S Davis	1101111110— 9	1110110010—6	1111101000—6	—21
G J Rugg	1010011111— 7	1111110011—7	1110100011—5	—21
E F Swan	1111111001—8	1111111000—8	1001010001—5	—20
A R Bowdish	0101011111— 7	0110010111—6	1110100111—7	—20
W S Perry	1111011100—7	1015100011—5	1011110101—7	—17
Chas Howe	0101011010— 5	1111001111—8	1011101001—6	—19
Jewett	0101100011— 5	1011110111—8	1010001111—6	—19
S R Hudson	1111111111—10	1111100001—6	0000010010—2	—18

Class B.

C S Day	1101101010—7	1100110111—7	0001110000—3	—17
W R Dean	1000001110—4	1001100011—6	0111011110—7	—17
J B Garland	0016011110—5	1000111110—6	1100111000—5	—16
J B Goodell	0100011100—5	1010101010—5	1110101100—6	—16
V D Kennison	0000010111—4	1000111111—7	1000010011—4	—15
Killrain	0001100101—4	0110001000—3	0111100000—4	—11

The contest to decide who should have the prizes was as follows:

Class A.

L R Hudson	1111111—7	A R Bowdish	0011111—5
E T Smith	0111111—6	J B Tougas	0101011—4
M D Gilman	1110110—6	E F Swan	0101101—4
G W Russel	0111111—6	Chas Howe	1101010—4
W S Perry	0110111—5	A B Franklin	0101011—4
A Houghton	1011110—5	G F Rugg	1010000—2
W L Davis	1111010—5		

Ties for second divided; Bowdish won tie for third.

Class B.

V D Kennerson	1111111—7	W R Dean	1011001—4
J B Garland	0111110—5	J B Goodell	0110110—4
C S Day	0101101—4		

Day won tie for third. In the sweepstakes there were nine events, aggregating over 130 entries. In these contests J. B. Tougas secured three first prizes, A. B. Franklin two, E. T. Smith four, W. L. Davis two, G. W. Russel, A. Houghton and W. R. Dean each one.

ELIZABETH, April 15.—There was a large attendance of shooting men at Elizabeth this afternoon to witness the team shoot between the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and the home organization. Thirteen men showed up on each side, each man shooting at 20 clay-pigeons at 18yds. rise. Out of a possible 260 the South Side team killed 195 and the Elizabeth Gun Club 186. The day was dark and wet, but in spite of the rain the general shooting was very good. The scores read:

South Side Gun Club.		Elizabeth Gun Club.	
Hunt	14	W Parker	15
Hedden	9	Dacherman	16
Von Lengerke	16	Lawrence	17
Whitehead	16	Burton	14
E Phillips	17	Courtney	11
McFadden	8	Williams	16
L Thomas	16	Sayre	11
T Dukes	17	Burns	16
King	17	Miller	18
J Terrill	13	Conover	15
Wheaton	13	Haynes	15
Heritage	13	Tyson	11
Brientnall	16—195	Newbeck	11—186

HAMILTON, Ont., April 8.—The Wildfowlers held their quarterly shoot at Dundurn Park, the following scores were made. Match at 8 Hamilton blackbirds, 2 traps, 18yds. rise; ties divided:

J Jones	1101011—6	Hunt	0001010—3
Brant	1011110—5	A Smyth	1100110—5
Griffith	0100110—4	Hipkins	1101010—4
Bowron	1111000—4	J Smyth	1100110—5
Cline	1101110—6	Waper	1111101—7

Second sweep; ties divided.

Jones	0011111—6	Hipkins	1001001—4
Brant	0101010—6	J Smyth	1101111—7
Griffith	1010111—4	Waper	1101111—7
Bowron	1111000—4	Campbell	1010010—4
Cline	0101111—5	B Stroud	1111101—7
Hunt	0011000—3	McLeane	1100010—3
A Smyth	1001010—3		

Third sweep; ties divided.

Jones	1101001—6	Stephens	0011101—5
Waper	1111101—7	Bowron	1010101—5
Hipkins	1010100—4	Griffith	1111010—6
Petter	1010010—4	Cline	0101010—4

Waper first, Jones and Griffith divided second and third.

Fourth sweep, ties divided.

Griffith	1001010—4	R Stroud	0111011—6
Ham	0010000—1	Petter	0000100—2
Jones	0110111—6	Hunt	1100011—5
Cline	1101110—6	Crooks	0001000—2
Bowron	1010100—3	D Stroud	0101010—4
Stephens	1011101—6		

Jones, Cline, Stephens and Stroud divided.

Fifteen Hamilton blackbirds, 18yds. rise; ties divided.

Jones	1100100110110001— 8	Waper	1111111110111—14
Petter	1110111000000000— 6	Hunter	0111011001000— 7
Stephens	1110110011001000— 9	A Smyth	0100101111000111— 7
Bowron	0011111010010— 9	J Cline	1110001111011— 11
Spencer	0100011000001100— 5	Hipkins	1011101000011001— 9
Hunt	1100001110100100— 7	Graham	1100111001111— 10
Brant	0011100010010— 5	J Smyth	1111101100010— 8
Griffith	0110110111111— 9	Campbell	0111001010111— 9
D Stroud	1111010111010100—10	C Forsyth	0100011001w — 4
Jones	1110100010011000— 7	A Stroud	1111001111111100—11

NEW DORP, N. Y., April 14.—Emerald Gun Club, match at live pigeons, ground trap, 21 and 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, shot under club rules, four prizes:

J Maesel (21yds)	1111111111—10	J W Godfrey (21)	1101111111— 9
J Sidley (21)	0111110111— 8	L C Gehering (21)	1111111111—10
P J Keenan (21)	1110011110— 7	A McHale (21)	1001010101— 5
T Codey (21)	1101111111— 9	J Mackin (21)	1111110100— 7
G V Hudson (21)	1111111110— 9	W Dyer (21)	1111111111—10
H Rubino (21)	1101110101— 7	J H Voss (25)	1111111111—10
N Maesel (21)	1111110111— 9	P Butz (21)	1111011111— 9
Schermerhorn (21)	0111111111— 9	T Mackenna (21)	1111111111—10
G Remsen (21)	1011111101— 8	F Schroder (21)	1111111110— 9
M W Murphy (21)	1001011110— 6	J Fisher (21)	1111111111—10

Ties for first, miss and out, use of second barrel to score ½, Voss 30yds., rest 25yds.: J. Maesel 0, Gehering 2, Dyer 2½ and won, Voss ½, Mackenna 1½, Fisher ½. Ties for second, 29yds.: Codey 2½, Hudson 1½, N. Maesel 1½, Schermerhorn 0, Godfrey 0, Butz 0, Schroder 3 and won. Ties on third, 21yds.: Remsen 0, Sidley 1 and won. Ties on fourth or Oiockie trophy, 21yds.: Keenan 1, Rubino 0, Mackin ½.—THOS. CODEY, Rec. Sec.

NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES AND DIAMOND BADGE.—The Atlantic Ammunition Company offers a diamond badge costing $200 for the highest authentic individual score, made with Chamberlin cartridges, at 100 bluerocks thrown from a bluerock trap. Open to members of any shooting club in the United States regularly organized previous to Aug. 1, 1887, who have not a record higher than 90 out of 100. Scores may be shot any time before Sept. 15, 1887, wherever may be most convenient to the shooter, under same restrictions as in the Chamberlin Co.'s tournament. Entry fee $2. All money obtained from entries will be divided—20 per cent. to the winner of the badge, 50 per cent. to the second highest, and 30 per cent. to third highest score. All ties must be shot off at same number of birds, under same conditions, upon such ground as we may designate, within easy reach of New York city, commencing Oct. 3 and continuing to the finish. All scores must be in and entries closed by Sept. 17. We reserve to ourselves the right to judge and determine upon any score bearing evidence of fraud, excluding all such. It is intended that all shooting off of ties for our various prizes shall be done during the week Oct. 3 to 8, at the grounds of the Middlesex Gun Club, Dunellen, N. J., and a large tournament at artificial targets will be given at the same time under the auspices of the Middlesex Club, programmes of which will be issued in due time. A good list of prizes will be offered, as well as general sweepstake shooting. We hope to make it one of the greatest events of the season.—THE ATLANTIC AMMUNITION CO. (Limited), 201 Broadway, New York, April 15, 1887.

TUXEDO PARK, April 16.—Sixteen members of the club were present at the pigeon grounds to-day engaged in the regular contest for silver trophies. The silver handicap cup for members only was won by C. F. Watson, handicap 31yds., with a score of ten birds straight. The free-for-all handicap cup was borne off by J. Scaver Page with the same score, his distance being 30yds. The birds were fast and the sportsmen had a fine day of it altogether, the average scores being high.

BROOKLYN, April 14.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day at Dexter's Park. The shooting was very good, only one barrel being allowed, and the birds furnished by Chris Durler were fast flyers and hard to hit. Eighteen members went to the trap:

Link, 22yds	1000110—3	Martin, 23	1000110—3
Rathjen, 24	1111111—7	Doyle, 21	1001100—3
Rankin, 21	0110001—3	Knebel, Jr., 28	1011101—5
Houseman, 25	1001101—4	Pope, 24	1100111—5
Stillwell, 22	1101001—4	Von Staden, 23	1110110—5
Brown, 25	0111111—6	Gilman, 24	1000010—2
Collins, 21	1000111—4	Haas, 23	1111111—7
Blohm, 22	0011010—3	Vroom, 24	0011111—5
Monsees, 24	1111101—6	Moller, 23	0011101—4

Ties for first prize and badge, Rathjen 2, Haas 1. Ties for third prize, Knebel 0, Pope 3, Von Staden 1, Vroom 2. Score of sweepstakes:

Rathjen, 25yds	011—2	Houseman, 25	110—2
Haas, 25	011—2	Pope, 25	111—3
Knebel, Jr., 25	011—2	Stillwell, 25	110—2
Brown, 25	011—2		

Brown won second. Referee, H. Stillwell; scorer, W. Jones.

HUDSON, Wis., April 8.—Hudson Rod and Gun Club match at Peoria blackbirds, 15 single and 5 pair, 18yds. rise. Shot under National rules for club badge:

Reid	1010110010101001— 8	10	00	10	10	11—5
Balsom	0111110101111111—12	10	10	00	11	10—5
Baker	1010011010110011— 9	00	10	10	10	10—4
Goss	0101100111011000— 8	10	11	10	10	10—6
Hosford	1111100011010111—12	00	10	11	11	10—6

Peoria blackbirds, 15 single and 5 pair, 18 and 15yds. Shot under National rules. Gold badge prize.

Geo Hosford	0100111111110110—10	01	11	11	11	01—8
Johnson	1010110010101011— 8	11	10	00	11	00—5
Smith	0000110111000110— 7	00	10	00	11	10—4
J P Balsom	0111100111111011—11	01	10	11	11	10—7

Ties on 18, for badge, 5 birds, 18yds.

Hosford		11110	10111	11011
Balsom		01010	00111	10111 01011

Hosford won the badge. BEAUTIFUL.

BROOKLYN, April 13.—The members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club had a good day's sport to-day at Parkville. The birds were good and a fair score was made in the club shoot, in which ten members competed for the usual monthly prizes as follows:

F Lanzer (21yds.)	1	1	1	1	1	1	0—6
R Graves (27)	1	1	0	1	1	1	1—6
J Simpson (28)	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—6
J Lake (21)	1	1	1	1	0	1	½—5½
A Schwartz (27)	0	½	1	1	1	1	1—5½
C Jones (30)	1	1	1	1	0	1	0—5
R Monsees (27)	1	0	1	1	½	0	1—4½
H McLaughlin (25)	0	1	1	1	1	½	0—4½
G Hayes (24)	1	½	½	1	½	0	0—3½
H Bennett (21)	0	1	0	0	½	0	0—1½

On shoot off Simpson won first, Lake second. Referee, R. Hagan; scorer, C. Dellar.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 16.—Wayne Gun Club, strong wind across the field, Ligowsky clay-pigeon, one screened trap, 18yds. rise:

T Scargle	0001100000—2	A Ulary	1111000101—6
J W Sidle	0000001010—2	J Sparks	0100000101—3
H Kane	0001011011—5	C Scargle	1011110001—6
S Davis	1101111000—6	A Wartenby	1010110111—7
Graham	0111010100—5	G Hessler	1110111111—9
I Jackson	1010111101—7	W Ulary	1101101111—8
P F Yost	0111101111—8		

TORONTO, April 14.—The West Toronto Junction Gun Club had another shoot at Canadian blackbirds for the President's medal at D. Blea's to-day. Considering the heavy wind which was blowing at the time, the scores made were exceptionally good, W. A. Clark killing 14 and W. Wakefield 13 out of 15. The former has made good scores in all the previous contests, and this being the third time he has won the trophy, it becomes his property.... In July next the Owl Gun Club will give a tournament, open to all, at Peoria blackbirds for prizes amounting to $300 in gold.... The Oshawa Gun Club has been organized with the following officers: President, W. H. Holland; Vice-President, R. T. Kirkpatrick; Secretary, George Rice. Committee—Ira Hall, A. R. Andrews and William Deans. The club proposes to do all it can to enforce the game laws.... A new gun club, bearing the name of the Beaver Gun Club, was organized last week in the northwest portion of the city, and starts out with good prospects. Its membership consists of fifteen promising young shooters, and under the guidance of the old veteran sportsman, Mr. G. Bunker, they expect to be heard from. The officers of the new club are as follows: George Bunker, president; T. Drynan, vice-president; D. Beaty, secretary and treasurer. A committee was also appointed to procure traps and other necessaries for the use of the club.

ST. LOUIS GUN CLUBS.—The Real Estate Gun Club started out last year without any flourish of trumpets, but determined to see that the members enjoyed gentlemanly sport and social meetings every Saturday. The club has already acquired a large membership, and is pushing to make itself the best shooting aggregation in the West End. Its first shoot of the season took place on the 16th. The Real Estates are enlisting with the especial view of furnishing a good team for the State shoot at Palmyra next month. ....At the meeting of the Excelsiors on the 13th, it was decided to form another organization, and as a result the Missouri Gun Club of St. Louis was launched, with Theodore Brockman of the Chapin Agnus Company as president; Theodore Rick, treasurer, and Henry Driesdieck, secretary. Mr. Brockman very naturally selected cardinal for the club's colors. The special object of the new association, whose shooting ground will be at Rinkel's, is the placing of an extra team in the field at the State shoot at Palmyra.... The first monthly medal shoot of the Excelsiors was held last Thursday afternoon at Rinkel's. The trophy is at present held by J. G. Schaaf, who also permanently wears the Trescher gold medal of last season.

MILFORD, Mass., April 15.—The Milford Sportsmen's Club have elected their officers as follows: President, Chas. B. Fletcher; Vice-President, G. W. Whitney; Secretary, J. W. Jones; Treasurer, C. B. Fletcher; Executive Committee, G. A. P. Hancock, Orrin Joslyn and I. W. Bass. The club have voted to rebuild their club house at once. At the opening recently of the range, thirty-five sportsmen were present. Among their visitors were guests from Woonsocket, R. I., Upton, Mendon, Bellingham, Holliston, Ashland, Grafton and Uxbridge. During the day there were 13 events, aggregating 139 entries.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. N. W., Baltimore, Md.—The lines of the Pilgrim will appear shortly.

FOREST PORT.—For Florida maps send to Horace Drew, Jacksonville, Fla.

D. H., Thompsonville, Conn.—Coast Survey and other charts may be had of D. Egert, 76 Wall street, New York.

C. G., Racine, Wis.—Either Sunbeam or Lassie, the former for a large man, the latter for a light-weight, are good sailers.

E. E. M., Kansas City, Mo.—The largest catch of mackerel we ever knew of was 600 barrels. We never knew or heard of a net capable of taking even 1,000 barrels. Your friend's contention that 2,000 barrels have been taken in one net at a haul is erroneous.

DAKOTA DICTIONARY.—Your correspondent can obtain information in regard to "Riggs's Dictionary of the Dakota Language," and probably obtain a copy, by addressing Rev. Dr. Stephen R. Riggs, Beloit, Wis., the author, or Rev. Henry M. Riggs, Santee Agency, Dakota, or Mrs. Martha R. Morris, Sisseton Agency, Dakota.—G. E. N.

C. H. P., Calais, Me.—Foreign built yachts have been classed with carriages and vehicles of wood, the duty being about 35 per cent. They are allowed by courtesy to carry the American flag, and by filing the bill of sale at a Custom House they are granted the protection of the United States, if used for pleasure only, but they cannot receive an American registry.

F. S. K., Elkhart, Ind.—1. Is "Birds and Their Haunts" an American publication on American birds? 2. Who is its author? 3. Does it cover a wide or narrow field? 4. Does it describe the birds it mentions with sufficient minuteness to enable a person to identify them? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. J. H. Langille. 3. Treats of birds of the East chiefly; as far west as Great Lakes. 4. Yes.

J. B. M., Palestine, Texas.—Does a large ball with the proper charge of powder travel faster than a small ball with the proper charge of powder, or does a .22 long travel the 100ft. faster than a .22 short? Ans. The velocity of a bullet, other things being equal, depends upon the proportion of powder to ball. This is the principle upon which the express bullet system is founded.

G. W. J., Tenant's Harbor, Me.—A caribou head was skinned with horns and part of skull on; dried, put away and moth-eaten to some extent. I put it into a tub, sprinkled two handfuls of fine salt over it, covered it with warm water, and put a lump of alum into water about size of hen's egg. Head looks all right now. Will it keep? Ans. A bath of salt and alum is the ordinary preparation to keep the hair from falling out. You have not near alum enough in your pickle, and the head will very likely spoil.

G. W. R., New Haven, Conn.—Will some of your readers inform me through your columns of a quiet place, out of the line of regular travel, in Maine, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, where I can find, during the summer months, good trout fishing, and also, if possible, bird shooting in September? Could the accounts of fishing resorts given in Hallock's fishing guide book, which was published in 1877, be regarded now as reliable, or is it probable that the character of resorts, especially in the places I have mentioned, has changed more or less in the last ten years? Ans. Many of the conditions have so changed that the Gazetteer resorts are not in all cases correctly described.

R. M. M., Flushing, N. Y.—1. Can as fine short-range shooting be done with a rifle using .40-85 everlasting cartridges, full charge, as one using .40-70? 2. Is it necessary in an everlasting shell that the bullet extend beyond the mouth far enough to enter the grooves, or in a light charge can it be entirely with the shell? 3. Can nearly as fine shooting and as great range be obtained with a .40-85-560 32in. 10½lb. gun as with a Creedmoor .45-100-550 34in. 10lb. gun, supposing both to be sighted alike and to be made with equal care? 4. What is the most deadly cartridge I can use in a Marlin .45-cal. repeater? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. It may be left in shell, with tapering grooving. 3. The Creedmoor rifle with the heavier charge should have greater range. 4. Use an Express bullet and full charge.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lochine.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

THE DELAWARE RIVER DUCKER.

THE accompanying drawings of a Delaware River "Ducker," were sent to us by Mr. Edgar L. Street, of Johnstown, Pa., and show all the details of these popular craft. Along the Delaware they are much used for rowing and sailing, general gunning and fishing, but specially for reedbird shooting in the marshes below Philadelphia. The flat floor allows them to be poled far up on the marshes where there is more mud than water, and they are often propelled by a long pole with three prongs on the lower end, for poling on muddy bottoms. There is no fixed thwart but a movable box is used, so that the gunner may sit in the fore end and his assistant may use the pole in the after end; the latter may sit forward and row while the gunner occupies the after seat; or the boat may be backed down by the oarsman in the after seat, the gunner sitting on the box in the bow. Both ends of the boat are exactly alike, the only difference being in the seat, rowlocks and coaming.

The dimensions are: Length, 15ft.; beam, 3ft. 10in.; depth, 13in.; sheer, 8in. The stem and stern are sided 1½in., keel sided 6in. amidships and moulded 1in.; planking, ⅜in.; timbers, ¾x5-16in.; deck, ⅜in.; flooring, ½in.

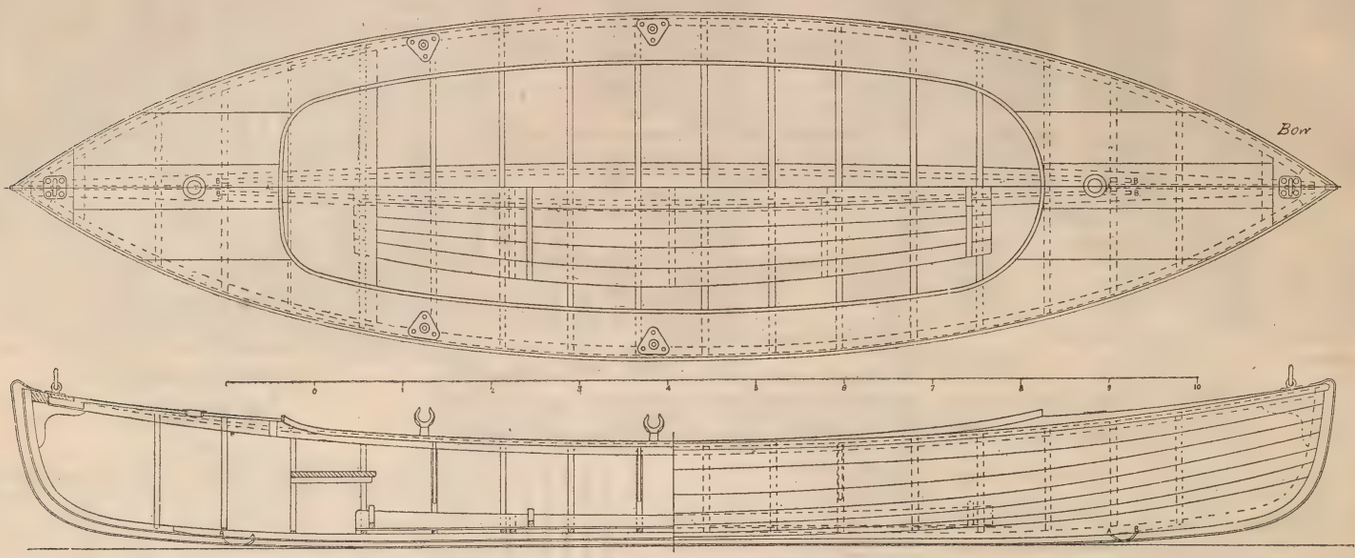
Along the bottom of keel are two wooden runners, A A, ¾×⅝in. and shod with half-round iron. It will be noticed that the stem and stern each project the same distance below the planking, and the runners shown by dotted lines in the breadth plan project forward of the stem and aft of the stern, as at A A, B B. The floor boards are screwed to two battens, which are on top of them, so as to allow the boards to lie close to the bottom of the boat. They form one piece only, that may be easily lifted out. The brass rowlocks are accurately turned and fitted, with long shanks, so as to be nearly noiseless. The side decks are supported by three iron knees on each side. The table of offsets is as follows:

Stations.	Deck Height.	Half-Breadths. Deck.	12in.	9in.	6in.	3in.
1	21²	0²				
2	18⁴	10	7⁸	6¹	4²	1⁴
3	15²	18²	16⁸	15	12	7⁵
4	13⁸	22	21⁵	20	17⁴	13
⊠	13	23	23	21⁶	19¹	15³
6	13⁸	22	21⁵	20	17⁴	13
7	15²	18²	16⁸	15	12	7⁵
8	18⁴	10	7⁸	6¹	4²	1⁶
9	21²	0²				

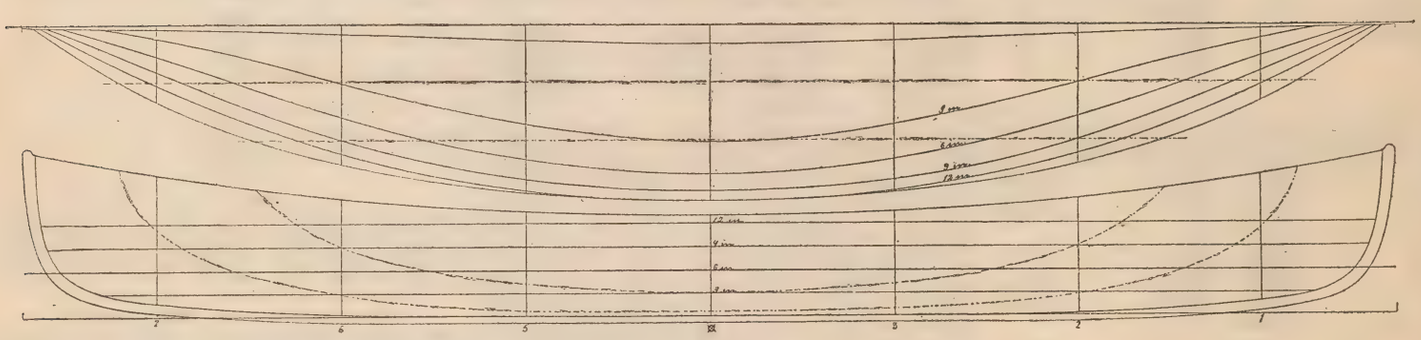
The stations are spaced 2ft. apart, measuring each way from midship section, and the waterlines are 3in. apart.

CANOE BUILDING AT CHARLOTTE.—Capt. Ruggles has now on the stocks a racing canoe for Mr. W. A. Leys, of Toronto, from a design by W. P. Stephens. She is to be 16ft. long, 30in. beam, and to weigh 75lbs. She is nearly planked. The captain expects a fast boat, but says it will take a gymnast to sail her, as her bottom is very round, but she is a beauty. He has shipped a beautiful sailing canoe to C. C. Knitzer, of Newaygo, Mich., which he built this winter. Reade W. Bailey, of Pittsburg, Pa., has sent in an order for another canoe. This makes the second one for Mr. Bailey, as Capt. Ruggles built the Delight last season. This one is an improvement on the Delight, which came in sixth in the international races at Grindstone last summer. He has another order from Prof. Mellen of the Rochester Club, for an 80lb. racer, with a bulkhead. She is to be 16ft. long, 30in. beam. This is the professor's third canoe by Ruggles. He has finished for F. F. Andrews a 25lb. canoe, 11ft. long, 26in. beam, and has another on the stocks which is to weigh 28lbs. and to be 12ft. long, 26in. beam. He has also an order for a skiff of cedar, 16ft. long, 3ft. 3in. beam, and to weigh 90lbs., for Chas. Bruff.—A. B.

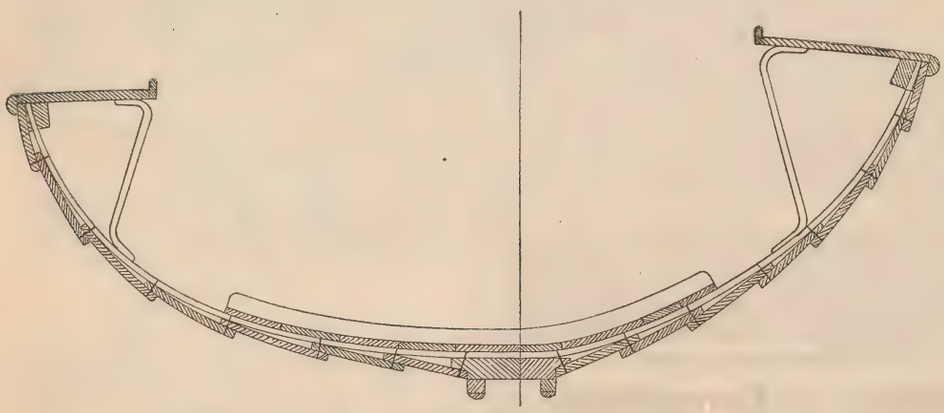
A DELAWARE RIVER "DUCKER."



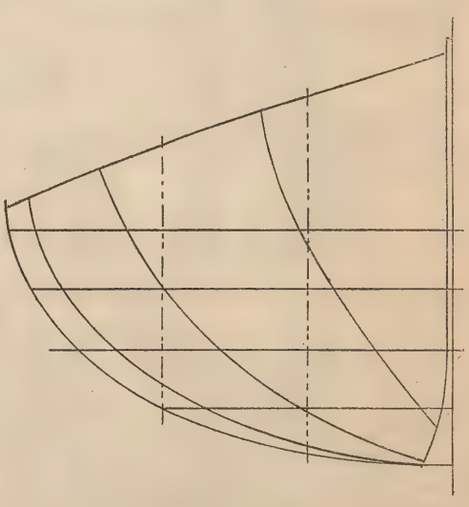
DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION.



SHEER AND HALF BREADTH PLANS.

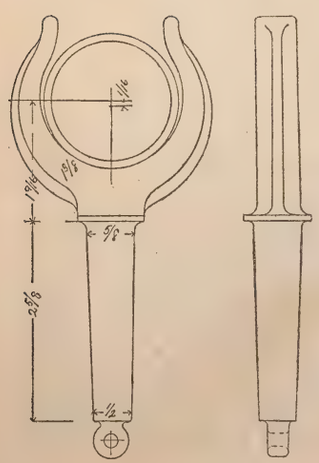


MIDSHIP SECTION.

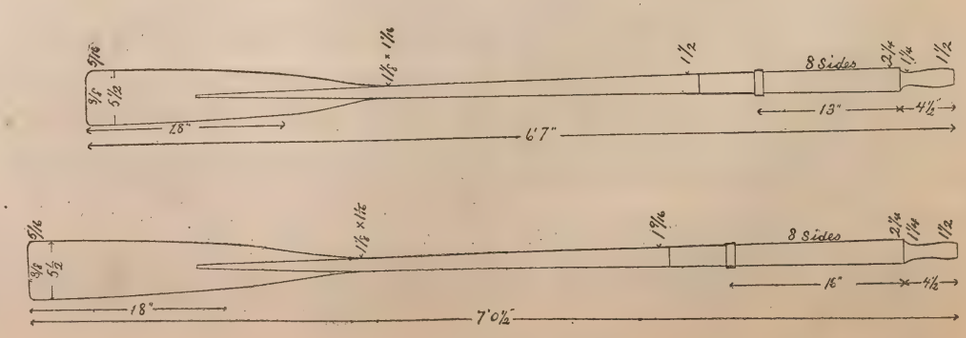


BODY PLAN.

SECTION 3 FT. 9 IN. FROM ENDS.



ROWLOCKS—HALF SIZE.



DETAILS OF OARS.

BROOKLYN C. C. RACES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As it is always annoying to have paddling and sailing races on the same day, the Brooklyn C. C. has decided to hold a sailing regatta on June 18 and a paddling regatta in the fall. The programme for the former is as follows: 11 A. M., sailing, three miles, no limit to rig or ballast and open only to members of the B. C. C. who have never won a club or A. C. A. sailing race. 2 P. M., sailing, four and a half miles or more, no limit to rig or ballast, open to all members of any regularly organized club. 5 P. M., combined paddling and sailing, three miles, start paddling and finish sailing, no restrictions and open to all, as above. A. C. A. rules and regulations to govern all races. The regatta committee reserve the right to name the course on the day of the races. An effort will be made to secure a large entry and make the open to all sailing race of special interest.—570.

THE FORBES REEFING GEAR.—Greenwich, Conn., April 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If "Raven" will refer to *Scientific American Supplement*, No. 133, he will find the full account and plans to scale of the Forbes reef gear. The peculiar cat rig to which it is fitted may also be useful to him. Regarding the reef gear of Sassacus, he may possibly get information from her builders, Higgins & Gifford, of Gloucester Mass. "Raven" refers to the Forbes reef as a patented one. The designer's letter does not so state or imply, but indicates that Mr. F. exists in a state of chronic philanthropy, and gives his invention freely to all.—F. D. G.

A CANOE AGAINST SAILING BOATS.—In the race of the Thames Sailing Club at Kingston on April 2, the canoe Pearl, sailed by Mr. E. B. Tredwen, won first prize from a fleet of seven sailing boats, all of much larger size, the Pearl rating at 0.5 tons and the sailing boats from 1 to 2 tons. The canoe, of course, had a large allowance, being 8 min. behind the first boat in, but considering the greater power of the large, well-ballasted sailing boats, her victory was most creditable.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—At the last meeting 42 members were elected.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Brookly Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.

JUNE.

6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.

JULY.

2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Larchmont Au'l, Larchmont.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham, Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.

MAYFLOWER AND ARROW.

THE open challenge issued by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne over a year ago, on behalf of his cutter Arrow, has resulted in a rather inglorious fizzle; as, now that it has been taken up by an American yacht, it has been hampered with such unfair conditions that the race has been abandoned. In answer to the conditions published last week Mr. Burgess sent the following message: "Restrictions on centerboard of Mayflower are inadmissible." The reply was: "Clevedon, April 19, 1887.—Very sorry. Arrow cannot possibly concede great advantage of unrestricted centerboard.—Chamberlayne." This, in all probability, closes the negotiations, as Mayflower will not race under any but equal conditions.

The most important event as yet on the yachting calendar for the year is the visit of Mayflower to England and the races which she will sail there, and there will be a general feeling of disappointment that the present programme is disarranged by a failure to agree on the conditions on which she may enter the races. As to the principal one of these conditions, the use of her centerboard, there is but one opinion among American yachtsmen, both cutter and sloop men, that she must be allowed to use her board entirely as she pleases and without any restrictions. From the conditions laid down for the match which he crosses specially for, and which we published last week, it appears that the owner of Arrow is of a very different opinion, his stipulations being as follows: "The Mayflower's centerboard, shifting keel or plate shall be so stopped or bolted that it may not be lifted above the maximum draft of the Arrow, but it may be lowered to its full depth, and as compensation for this, 10 per cent. shall be added to her rating."

The first clause really amounts to little, as, with Mayflower's draft of nearly 10ft. she would need to keep down but 18in. of her board, which would not be of the least detriment to her; but there is no reason why this limitation should be considered necessary. British yachtsmen have, since the first races for the America's Cup, very properly objected to inside courses for such important races between large craft, and the same complaint has been made over every race on the New York Y. C. course. Now when a race is to be sailed in British waters, a similar course is selected, inside the Isle of Wight, and special legislation is deemed necessary to prevent the centerboard from obtaining any advantage. Surely there must be some open water courses about the south coast of England where such an important match can be settled on its merits and without the chances of mishaps and mistakes which attend most inside courses. The first essential for a fair race, and we presume no one desires to see anything else, is a course that shall offer equal opportunities to both, where the winds, tides and channels are the same for both, and where no advantage can be taken through a difference in draft. It certainly would not be fair to ask Mayflower to sail in water of Arrow's draft only, as she draws 20ft. to Arrow's 11½ft.; nor is it fair, on the other hand, to allow her, if free, to lift her board and make a short cut that her rival cannot follow; but this matter must be settled, not by restrictions on either boat, but by adopting an open course with ample depth from start to finish.

Even though Mayflower might submit to this restriction without serious detriment, there is a principle involved which will prevent her owner from agreeing to any such condition. The centerboard is a legitimate mechanical device for obtaining certain advantages, and its use is just as permissible as a housing topmast or a running bowsprit, and until something more has been proved against it than is now known, there can be no grounds for discrimination in favor of the keel.

The principal point, however, of Mr. Chamberlayne's conditions lies in the last part of the one quoted above—the demand for a handicap of 10 per cent. from the centerboard. Certainly there can be no glory in beating a crippled boat, as Mayflower would be without her board, nor would the case be bettered if she were compelled to give a heavy allowance to her adversary in return for the privilege of using it. The cutter men of America are not yet ready to concede that the centerboard is better than the keel to any extent, and it will be a surprise to them that the confession should be so openly made by a British yachtsman. Keel boats in America ask no allowance from the centerboard craft; from the very first, when they were few in number, poor in model, and not understood by the men who sailed them, they have asked nothing more than a fair course and a working breeze; but now, when the first race of the kind is to be sailed in British waters, an allowance is asked from the centerboard boat. Madge asked for nothing. Oriva won her victories flat; Bedouin wants no time from any centerboard of her length, Clara is not afraid to tackle the class above her; but Arrow's owner concedes that his boat is inferior to Mayflower before they meet.

It is a fact that Arrow is an old boat, smaller, far less powerful and inferior to Mayflower in every way, and if her owner asked an allowance on account of the age and condition of his boat it would be another matter; but nothing of this kind appears. The centerboard is the sticking point; the races of Galatea and Genesta seem to have started a sort of a panic, and now the first keel boat that is to race must be protected by a handicap.

Do British yachtsmen accept this action as their own; if so, where is all the boasted fair play and bulldog pluck that never measures the size of an enemy, that asks no odds and that fights to the end regardless of everything but honor? The *Field* has spoken in favor of equal terms for centerboards, but this is not enough. Every British yachtsman should enter his protest against this surrender and in favor of a fair fight with no odds on either side. Let the faint-hearted ones pluck up their courage for a little time, the case is not so desperate, these terrible Yankee centerboards may not be so bad as a few have represented, the keel cause is not entirely lost.

The opportunity is now at hand for the most valuable tests that have ever been made by yachtsmen, and the greatest possible good may accrue to both nations if they are properly carried out. If Mayflower is a better boat than the British cutters, this season will show it; but the results must not be impaired by any false tests. If she can beat Irex, Arrow and the others she will meet, or if they can beat her, then some valuable knowledge has been obtained; but if they succeed only in holding their cups by means of handicaps and restrictions on the challenging boat, the season will be worse than wasted. It is not now a question of keeping or winning cups, but of earning an unquestionable victory before the yachting world that is looking on anxiously to learn from these great races. On this side of the Atlantic a match of equal importance is to be sailed, and as far as can be determined, under conditions that will be the same for both. To go into the details of Mayflower and Arrow, their rating would be approximately 129 and 87 sail tons, Y. R. A., and the latter would receive 9¼m. over a 50-mile course. Now the owner asks that this be increased by 10 per cent. because he has no centerboard.

This same question of the centerboard comes in again wherever Mayflower may want to sail, except for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups, and the matter of admitting her is now before several English clubs. It has been the rule heretofore to exclude centerboard vessels entirely from all races of the Y. R. A. by a positive enactment, but this year, in honor of the Queen's jubilee, some clubs have changed this by offering to admit centerboards on terms that would make their defeat an absolute certainty, thus accomplishing the same end as before, but with a show of generosity that is likely to deceive no one.

There are but two ways of dealing with centerboard boats, either to disbar them positively, or to admit them without any restrictions on the use of the board, and there is one club, the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian, which has the spirit and pluck to do this, giving an open invitation to all centerboard yachts. The English sailing men are in favor of a free use of the centerboards, and the *Field* says:

"There is no further doubt that the Mayflower will pay us a visit in June. Possibly some American centerboard schooner will do so also. Under these circumstances the centerboard question is likely to cause a difficulty. But if the clubs are wise they will smooth the way for a settlement of the question before the yacht arrives. It is worse than useless framing conditions which would practically destroy all the chance of the centerboarder winning. It would be far better to fall back on the Yacht Racing Association rule and decline to allow them to enter into any club regattas."

The *Observer* continues in the same strain:

"We have always taken the line that American boats should be allowed to make the most of their peculiarities of construction, so that we may see the battle of types fairly fought out. But several English clubs, with strange want of confidence in the English type of boat, persist in forcing on Americans conditions which practically assimilate their type to ours. The American craft, as everybody knows, have movable keels or centerboards, which can be raised or let down at will, whereas the deep keels of English boats are fixed. Obviously, centerboards can pass over shoal water where English craft could not follow them. The proposal is that for this advantage of the centerboard American craft shall have ten per cent. added to their rating and their keels fixed so that they shall not be hoisted above the maximum draft of the English craft. It does not seem fair to make American craft pay in rating for their centerboards and then compel them to convert their centerboards into fixed keels so that they can get no advantage from them."

The London *Times*, however, takes a less liberal view, commenting on the conditions as follows:

"They have been drawn on thoroughly fair and equitable lines. There should be no difficulty in arranging the proposed international contests. The penalty imposed on centerboard yachts is by no means unreasonable, as it would be manifestly unfair to allow a craft of that type the advantage of working over hollow ground in shack water with her centerboard hauled up, while the fixed keel boat, by reason of her greater draft of water, would have to keep in the tideway. This clause may, however, be taken exception to by those identified with the Mayflower. Yet it is hardly likely to bring about a breakup of negotiations."

The objections to the centerboard seem to be based on two points—the advantange that may be gained by cutting across lots where the keels cannot follow and of working short tacks in shore, and again, the gain which results from the reduction of immersed surface when off the wind. In regard to the first point it is, in practice, of little importance and may be removed entirely, as far as the large yachts and international racing are concerned, by the selection of open, deep-water courses, such as are suitable in all respects for boats of such size and races of more than usual importance. No trouble is found in America in selecting such courses, where the centerboard boat has room to use her fin as she pleases, and yet at the same time she can gain nothing by housing it and cutting off corners. The New York Y. C. course, it is true, is not of this character, but the British have protested too long and too earnestly against racing over it for them now to select similar courses. Outside Sandy Hook, at Newport and at Marblehead, there are deep-water courses for any yachts yet built. In actual practice, however, the advantage of the board in racing is very slight in the large boats, as it must be kept down for a greater part of the time, and if raised the boat is useless unless before the wind. True, some risks may be taken in making close shaves in shoal water that a keel boat would not care to take, but these risks involve serious danger to an essential and necessarily delicate portion of the boat's mechanism, as the board may be easily injured by grounding, thus disabling the boat as far as racing is concerned. Besides, the keel boat with a draft of 12ft. is a far more efficient instrument to work to windward than a centerboard boat drawing 15 or 16, and from her more solid construction is far better able to take the ground with no worse injury than a loss of time than the other is to touch and go clear, but with fatal damage to her board. The great advantages of the centerboard are that the yacht can enter shoal harbors, can take the ground more easily and can be sailed in shoal waters at the expense of speed and not, as seems to be the idea abroad, that she can sail a race successfully in shoal water, while her rival must have half as much depth again to compete with her.

As regards the immersed surface the experience in this country, where centerboards and keels are in constant competition, shows all one way; that the difference between the two classes is about the same on the wind as free, and that if the cutter beats the sloop to windward she is likely to do just as well with her when sheets are lifted. It is a very pretty idea that the reduction of surface by a couple of hundred square feet makes the boat go faster, but the facts do not bear it out, and in this case theories and scientific reasoning must take a back seat before the actual facts. In England the matter has not been tested, and all statements concerning it are simply speculation. The *Field* is responsible for much of the misapprehension that exists on the subject, as it has always taught that the reduction of immersed surface was of substantial benefit. Only a few weeks since it spoke as follows: "Mayflower will still have some advantage by the reduction her immersed surface can be made to undergo when her board is lifted some three or four feet. The main advantage of the centerboard is, that it can be housed when sailing on a broad reach or down the wind. In all the Cambria and Livonia races in America this advantage was the most striking. The Cambria, for instance, in a wholesail breeze, could hold her own to windward with any of the centerboarders, but the latter would take seven or eight minutes off her in a twenty-mile dead run. So far as this aspect of the case goes it would be perfectly fair to deprive the centerboard of her advantages, but the point is that by doing so she will be practically barred from sailing over many of our courses." As ancient history this is very interesting, but it is of very little value to-day. The centerboard schooners of twenty-five years since were distinguished for their speed down wind and were far less able to windward, but the boats of to-day are more equally balanced in all around qualities, and are fully as good to windward as free.

In his paper on "Fifty Years of Yacht Building," lately read before the Institution of Naval Architects, Mr. Dixon Kemp repeats the same views, as follows:

"So far as sailing by the wind is concerned the board does not appear to hold the yacht to more advantage than a fixed keel does a modern yacht with a deep cross section, and often, if, as the Americans say, the centerboard is outpointing the keel yacht, the feat is probably more attributable to the sit and trim of the sails than to the board, unless, of course, the keel yacht has a deficient area of longitudinal vertical section. Where the centerboard has the advantage is in lifting the board for sailing off the wind. By housing the board in a yacht like the Mayflower, a reduction of 10 per cent. is at once made in the area of the immersed surface, and the effect of this is always manifest, especially in light winds or low speeds."

This is directly contradicted by the Cup races of '85 and '86, as all know who saw Puritan and Mayflower walk away to windward of their rivals in light winds as in the first race in '85, outside the Hook, and in the race over the club course in '86; and on the other hand, in the last race of each year, when the cutters did well on the run to leeward, but were beaten to windward. The speed of the deep keel boat down wind has been repeatedly proved to be equal to the shoal centerboarder with board housed, and even if it were otherwise it is not shown why the advantage, if it exists, is not a perfectly legitimate one, or why it should be penalized.

It is the intention of the owner of Arrow to make the Queen's Cup, which he has long held, a perpetual challenge cup, and to this end he has framed the conditions given last week, but it will be noticed that they are less liberal than those of the America's Cup. In place of being open to the world and to vessels of any rig, the races are limited to British and American cutters and sloops; the penalty on centerboards is imposed, and the races must be sailed under Y. R. A. rules, while the America's Cup is sailed for under the rules of the holder for the time being. Further than this, the owner of the Arrow reserves the right, in the races with Mayflower, to decide on the morning of the race, which way each shall be started, a small matter, but one that is contrary to the obvious requirement in such cases that each yacht must have exactly the same chances.

The FOREST AND STREAM has long contended for more liberal and sportsmanlike conditions on the part of the holders of the America's Cup, not from the desire to make its conquest easier to foreign yachts, but because the conditions first laid down were not such as would guarantee to all challengers a fair race in which they could win or lose on their merits. Certain conditions will occur to all as absolutely essential to fair play in such contests, and these apply as well to the Arrow's Cup as to the America's. The course should be such that neither boat can gain any advantage from peculiarities of construction or model; they should be on such deep and open water as boats of 50 to 100ft. are fitted to sail in; all conditions as to courses, starting and sailing should be fixed and known to both competitors in good season, and both boat and course should be selected in advance as equalizing the chances of wind and weather; no limitations should be placed on any legitimate part of the boat, hull or equipment, and while special appliances of an unseaworthy character should be debarred, their status must be proved first.

As matters now stand it rests with the Arrow's owner whether Mayflower is seen in British waters this season, as her owner will not send her across if the match with Arrow falls through, nor will he put her in that or any other race except on perfectly fair and equal terms. The benefits that must come from a thorough test of her capabilities as compared with the best British yachts will be fully as valuable to the other side as to Americans, and it will be a serious loss if the races do not take place.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.

PART VI.

A FINE breeze from the northwest was rippling the bay and we hastened aboard and got underway that we might reach the drawbridge upon the top of the tide. The wind proved light and baffling, several legs were made across Frenchman's Bay that gave us opportunities to see the pretty shores and summer cottages, and we finally worked into the long reach north of the island and lost sight of the mountains. Here both shores were laid out in farms of gently undulating land; the buildings all had a comfortable appearance; several wharves and fish weirs projected into the tides, and there was a calm, peaceful aspect of the landscape in great contrast to the southern side of the island. We were in Eden township and near Eden.

The water shoaled rapidly near the bridge and an ugly ledge extended from the mainland. The horn was sounded and two men came out, opened the draw and motioned to keep more to starboard. We laid out a few lines, got the fenders handy, and sailed right into the gap. In a moment way was lost and we were floated right astern again by a strong current running to the eastward. We had reached the bridge half an hour too late. The men upon the bridge pulled by the rigging aloft, and Charles and I pushed by the piers, but we could only keep in the draw and swing the bow from side to side to the imminent danger of the tophamper catching upon the drawbridge, which was elevated half upon each side at an angle of 45°. Finally, a line was taken out ahead and the boat warped through by great exertion and with much difficulty. Once fairly through the bridge, the wind upon the starboard beam filled the sails. We thanked the bridgemen, who certainly were very kind, and proceeded slowly down Union Hill Bay. There is a bare ledge for a mile or more between Mt. Desert and the main land, and one cannot anchor by the bridge and wait for high tide, but must begin to approach it as the water rises, and go through at the top. Then, it would be easy for a small craft to sail through with a favorable wind, but I think it would be better not to take the risk, but to down all sail and warp through, and this would be a necessity with a yacht over 40ft.

The stretch of shore and water along Mt. Desert and the mainland to the west is lonely, wild and rough. There are not a dozen houses to be seen in twenty miles. The land is not cultivated to any extent, and the unpainted cottages and tumble-down barns are indications of poverty and lack of thrift. Bartlett's Island is covered with primeval forest; Long Island is a rocky highland of blueberry bushes and stunted spruces, with a fish house and wharf at the lower end; Hardwood and Tinker's are masses of evergreen, and the western shores of the mainland are flat pasture lands of no interest. Wherever we sailed, Mt. Desert still loomed high above the islands, and the hotel upon Green Mountain could not be escaped from. A long point off Newbury Neck was covered with gulls, feeding and performing toilet duties, but they were too wary to let us get within gunshot, though the water was smooth and the breeze sent us along quietly.

The tide was out, and it was impossible to run up Union River on account of its many shoals and tortuous channel. Indeed, there is no water of any account at Ellsworth during low tide, and as the sun was getting down, and I had no harbor at Blue Hill Village, though the chart showed a narrow and dangerous channel. Blue Hill seemed almost upon the shore; the entrance was picturesque and the water deep enough. I steered by the compass and kept Charles upon the lookout for rocks. The wind blew right off the mountain and right ahead as we approached the entrance, which enabled us to creep in by keeping the sails shaking; and the point once astern, we entered one of the prettiest little landlocked bays imaginable.

The land rises abruptly from the eastern shore in wooded ridges and ledges; the little mountain, Blue Hill, that looks blue from miles away, always a conspicuous object from Belfast, was now green and forest clad to the very summit. To the left of it was a modest farmhouse, and from the bank near it ran out an irregular wall of knobbed boulders 8 to 10ft. above the tide, which seemed to block the passage further in and extended across to the right bank, where a cottage was peeping through the trees that covered the level point, and several shapely boats were lying upon the rocks. Just as the anchor was dropped in 10ft. of water near the farmhouse shore, a heavy report broke the stillness and echoes like the discharge of a whole broadside rolled around the shore. It was a heavy blast in the granite quarry of the hillside that had unwittingly fired our salute. We took the boat after supper and pulled and poled in the shallow water toward the village, but we struck in numerous places, and in the darkness could not see any way to reach a landing, and therefore came aboard again with our empty oil can and sugar box. It blew hard from the mountain side all night, but we lay snugly and veered cable as the tide arose. The boulders in the bay are a singular freak of nature. They must have been dropped there by some vagrant glacier. They are arranged with some degree of order in

westers ranged themselves along between the bulwarks and the cabin to look at us. I lifted my cap and said, "I am sorry to beat you, Captain."

The crew moved a little forward and a fine looking man of thirty came to the side, lifted his sou'wester and said, "That's all right. We are willing to be beaten by such a pretty craft."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"From the Banks."

"You have a full fare of fish, I suppose?"

"Yes, full to the hatches. Been out since the 5th of May, more than four months."

"I suppose you have had some letters and newspapers?"

"Haven't had either, nor a word of news since we sailed. Who's governor?"

"Governor Bodwell was elected, and the State went Republican by over 6,000 majority."

Then the crew yelled themselves hoarse with hurrahs, the captain got out a musket and fired a salute, the cook threw his hat up several times until at last it blew overboard, and shouts and laughter rewarded him for his loss. There was no doubt which side that crew of hardy fishermen favored.

We went on ahead, but the captain's remark went through my mind, "Haven't had either, nor a word of news since we sailed." I sent Charles below for newspapers; he brought up a Boston *Herald* two days old and the week's *Republican Journal*, of Belfast, saturated with kerosene. I rolled them up, tied them with a string, turned the yacht about, ran back and threw them aboard, saying, "Captain, here are a couple of late papers; one is pretty full of kerosene, but you'll get a report of the election and the great earthquake at Charleston." The captain caught the roll, said "Thank you, the oil wouldn't hurt the news any," spread the papers out upon the house and proceeded to read to the crew that had gathered around. It was a democratic scene upon a republican vessel, and I have felt repaid a thousand times by the reflection that my thoughtfulness gave that storm-tossed crew a little news of the land they loved so well. I know how much they appreciated it, for I have been there myself.

We left the schooner behind, rounded Cape Rosier easily, had a good run to our anchorage in Belfast Bay, and I saw the homeward bound schooner creep up past Castine and point fairly up the Penobscot River, where loved ones were waiting. How I wished she could have a wind to take her to Orlando before dark, but the tide was running out, the wind became light, and she did not reach home until the next morning.

We had left our anchorage in Belfast Monday, at 2:30 P. M., and returned and dropped anchor in the same place Thursday at 3 P. M., having circumnavigated Mt. Desert Island. The Pilgrim sailed more than 140 miles in 28 hours; the remainder of the three days she was at anchor in the several harbors visited. She had to beat from Castine around Cape Rosier against a rapid tide and rough sea and through the eastern end of Eggemoggin Reach and towed her 12ft. tender all the time, and of course was much hindered by it. I was much pleased at the performance because it is the rarest thing for any vessel in those parts to go completely around the island, and people who saw us set sail could hardly believe we had done it, but the item put in the Bar Harbor journal was copied into the Belfast paper and the doubting Thomases were silenced.

It was the last of September, the weather was becoming stormy and cold, my finger ends were worn and sore from handling the canvas and my joints had occasional twinges of rheumatism. The season of pleasure and play was drawing to a close and arrangements were made to haul out and cover for the winter. My last night aboard had arrived and Charles had gone ashore for letters. I lay back upon the cushions smoking and fell to musing. What a satisfaction it is after the ropes are all hauled taut and coiled down and the lamps lighted to think over the events of a cruise in a homey cabin with the stars shining through the open skylight. There to starboard above my feet are the marine glasses hanging in their leather case, the barometer marking 30.3, the fog horn, charts and signals peeping out of a locker. Upon the port side the thermometer is at 65°, the guns lie snugly in their locker, the jibtopsail and life preservers are half hidden by the bed quilts and blankets and the gafftopsail is hung up beneath the carlins. Behind me a yacht cap hangs over a calendar that shows the time of sunrise and sunset and high tide, a compass is upon a shelf with toilet articles and a revolver. The lamp burns brightly and its light is reflected by tins and dishes on the shelves forward of the mast, and the faithful oil stove is seen closed in its box beneath the little hatch. The potato bin, the canned goods bright with pictures, the ice-box and water spiggot with its handy tin cup, all proclaim the cruiser and make me feel "at home" to all the world.

How sweet is rest to tired muscles, how grateful surcease of city noise to the overtaxed nervous system! The bright sunshine, salt air and bold breezes of the rough old coast of Maine furnish medicine for the weary and worn, more potent for good than the best of the pharmacopœa. And so much cheaper, too.

"There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June can be had by the poorest comer."

Amateur yachting, when done in a proper manner, is glorious. It is spiced with adventure and daring; it draws the bad out like a plaster; it drives pure oxygen into the torpid cells of the animal economy and expels peccant humors; it reanimates, revivifies and restores the fainting invalid, and makes the sound man a very Hercules. In my cosy little cabin, my cigar has burned to ashes, my cruise is ended, and, while I feel sad at the limitations of tobacco and time, the nicotic fancies of one and the precious memories of the other are blended in a dream. CARESWELL.

NOTES.—Lillie, sloop of Dorchester, has had an iron keel added.... Merle.—The new sloop for Mr. Ames, of Oswego, will be named Merle. She will sail from Boston to Lake Ontario via Hudson River and Erie Canal.... Bonito will be the name of the sloop building at Nyack for Judge C. F. Brown, of Newburg, N. Y.... Thistle, sloop, Mr. Wm. Zeigler, has been lengthened amidship, her trunk and mast moved forward, and her lead, 17 tons in all, will be put in her keel.... Mr. Burgess has designed a catboat 20ft. 10½in. over all, and 18ft. l.w.l., for a member of the Greenwich Y. C., and Wallin & Gorman will build her.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—The full programme of the Great Head Y. C. for the season, is as follows: May 30—Monday, 3:30 P. M. Trophy prize. June 11—Saturday, 2 P. M. Open race; particulars to be announced. June 28—Tuesday, 3:30 P. M. Pennant. July 5—Tuesday, 8 P. M. Moonlight sail. July 9—Saturday, 2 P. M. First championship. July 13—Wednesday, 3:30 P. M. Cash prizes. July 27—Wednesday, 3:30 P. M. Second championship. August 2—Tuesday, 8 P. M. Moonlight sail. August 6—Saturday, 1 P. M. Cash prizes. August 13—Thursday, 3:30 P. M. Third Championship. August 25—Thursday, 3:30 P. M. Cash prizes. August 27—Saturday, 4 P. M. Fourth championship. September 1—Thursday, 8 P. M. Moonlight sail. September 10—Saturday, 3:30 P. M. Cash prizes. September 24—Saturday, 3:30 P. M. Cash prizes. There will be four championship races, and any yacht belonging to the club shall be allowed to enter the four. The yacht winning the greatest number is entitled to the championship cup. Any ties occurring, a sail off will be appointed by the judges. Classification—First class, over 21ft.; second class, 17 and less than 21ft.; third class, all under 17ft. Measurement—On waterline, with one-fifth the after overhang. Sails—First class, no restrictions; second class, sloops, mainsail and jib, catboats may carry main sail and jib; third class, mainsail only. Entries—Any yacht enrolled in the club may enter for club races by giving notice to chairman of regatta committee, which shall be for entire season. Regatta committee: S. A. Freeman, Ed Dixon, H. Hutchinson, J. S. Cushing, Fred Melvin.

HELL GATE PILOTAGE.—Mr. John O'Brien, Hell Gate pilot, furnishes the following information relating to the recently located ledge near Sunken Meadow: "I never take a heavy draught vessel (15 to 18 feet) through the channel S. of the Middle ground buoy; if fact, nothing more than 15 feet, and then I keep close to the Long Island side of the channel. The best water is carried through the S. channel, about 100 yards from extension of Woolsey's dock. A shoal spot, with 9 feet of water, is found on the Middle ground shoal, in range of Woolsey's dock, keeping it end on. I always give the buoy on the Middle ground a good berth when taking either channel. I used to run through the channel to the N. of the buoy, by keeping the Church steeple, in Astoria, on a line with the liberty pole on Ward's Island. This pole was blown down last winter, and should be replaced." Mr. Arcularius, Hell Gate pilot, adds that he has always given the Middle ground buoy a wide berth when passing to the N. or S. When piloting vessels through the channel to the S., he favors the Long Island shore, keeping clear of ledge off Woolsey's dock. The U. S. sailing directions for this locality state "that the Middle ground buoy can be passed on either side at a distance of 100 yards." This he considers is misleading, and is of the opinion that a vessel would strike if the directions were followed; in fact, he states that the Middle ground buoy is of no use except to keep well away from, and he never regards it except for that purpose. He claims that schooners drawing 9 feet have struck on the Middle ground, and that the newly-located ledge is but a part of the main shoal, which he has known for years and allowed for.—*Marine Journal.*

NOTES FROM ROCHESTER.—Capt. Doyle, of the Life Saving Station, has now on the stocks two steam launches, one 40ft. over all and to make 13 knots an hour; the other is over 30ft. Both are for Rochester parties. The Florence, sloop, has been painted and will float next week, when she will have a new cabin put on and be thoroughly overhauled inside. The Mary E., sloop, will be rigged in a few days. She is having a new gunwale. The Armida, cutter, is being thoroughly overhauled and will have her sails increased. The boom will be lengthened 5ft. and the jib 6ft. on the foot. Sam Hingston is building a cutter for Rochester parties, which is nearly planked. The cutter building by E. L. Williams, of Boston, for Rochester parties, is expected in about a month. Lady Eva, Fannie F., Madge, Greyhound, Ripple, Nokomis, Emily and several other boats have not yet been touched, but the boys say they will be ready for the first race, which is to take place on May 15, for a prize pennant held by the Nokomis. An anchorage has been secured at Charlotte by the Rochester Y. C. There is another scheme on foot to build a number of houses on the Summerville side for the small steam launches, and to have one man to care for the boats. This is an improvement upon last season, and will be likely to call a number of recruits into the ranks. Williams & Jeffreys have now on hand several new steam launches for Rochester parties, with their new engines, which burn either coal, wood or oil. They appear to be much more solid than the Shipman engine used in nearly all the boats about here.—B.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—Com., Henry F. Ogden, catamaran Duplex; Vice-Com., Edwin A. Stevens, cutter Isis; Recording Secretary, William Storie; Corresponding Secretary, George E. Gartland; Financial Secretary, John D. Goetschius; Treasurer, Charles I. Rogers; Measurer, John Ortley. Regatta Committee—Edward W. Ketcham, John Curtin and M. V. B. Evesson. Trustees—Edward W. Ketcham, Theophilus Butts, Edwin A. Stevens, William Letts and James A. Reed. Among the members elected were Mr. W. D. Anderson, of Orange, N. J., who has recently purchased from Mr. J. Borden, Jr., the cutter Mermaid, the plans of which cutter appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 4 and 17, 1886; Messrs. F. S. Doremus and R. Outwater, owners of yacht Sirene, were also elected members. The sixteenth annual club regatta will be held over the regular course of the club in New York Bay, on Thursday, June 16.

CLEVELAND YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—Com., Hon. Geo W. Gardner; Vice-Com., Percy W. Rice; Rear-Com., Charles W. Kelly; Secretary, J. Geo. Downie; Treasurer, G. W. Luetkemeyer; Measurer, Charles Richter; Assistant Measurer, Edward Overbecke; Surveyor, H. G. Phelps; Director to I. L. Y. A., Charles W. Kelly; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. C. C. Arms; Collector, Edward Saxe. Executive Committee—P. A. Mettling, Chairman; C. Krause, H. D. Moran, Henry Richter and S. Law. The club rented some very fine rooms last fall, and during the winter the attendance has been better than for a number of years. There will be four or five new boats added to the fleet this season, and the outlook is a very busy one.

THISTLE.—Saturday was set for the launch of the Thistle at Henderson's yard, at Partick. She will not be launched in usual way, but will be slid on to a float, which will be lowered in a dry dock and anchored fast, the water being then admitted until the yacht floats clear. It is reported by young Captain Chas. Barr, of the Shona, that Thistle's mainsail will be laced.

JUBILEE DINNERS TO SEAMEN.—The Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. has arranged to give a dinner each Saturday to thirty of the old seamen of Portsmouth, of whom a number are very poor and unable to work. Each Saturday the dinner is cooked at the club house, some 64 lbs. of beef, 5 gals. of potatoes, two dozen cabbages, 30 lbs. of plum duff, and 9 gals. of beer being used. The dinner is served in an old building now used as a storehouse. At its conclusion a pipe and 1¾ oz. of tobacco are served out to each man, while those having families are given in addition ¼ lb. of tea and 1 lb. of sugar. Mr. R. H. Baillie of the Marionette, cutter, and Mr. C. H. McCheane, Kate, cutter, Hon. Secty. of the club, have been the leaders in organizing this worthy charity, and do the honors at each dinner.

CRUISING MATCHES.—The season promises to be marked by an unusual number of private matches on both sides of the Atlantic. The match between Bedouin and Titania for a silver pint pot filled with gold is confirmed, and the date is set for June. The value of the gold will be about $3,200. A race between the schooners Sachem and Julia is also reported, over a 40-mile course outside of Sandy Hook, for a $1,000 cup.

A BRITISH VIEW.—It may be said that the Coronet and Dauntless are good sea-going yachts, but they are not, in our opinion, to be classed in the category of fast vessels. The Coronet, when in English waters last summer, could not make a fair show against even a moderate craft, and the exhibition the Dauntless made against the Florinda, at Nice, and the Genesta, in America, is fresh in memory.—*Land and Water.*

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The new constitution of the club has been printed and distributed to members, and will be acted upon at the next meeting, April 25, at Delmonico's. The club sloop Venture will be in commission by the opening of the season, with a new suit of sails. The date for the annual race is fixed for June 11. The club has taken possession of its new house, No. 7 East Thirty-second street, and the work of fitting it up is progressing.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Mr. Wm. Zeigler has sold his steam yacht, Gem, to Mr. C. E. Billings, Newton, Mass.... Nora, cutter, Mr. J. Leslie Cotton, has been sold to Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr.... Resolute, schooner, Mr. John Brooks, has been sold to Mr. Postley, who will lengthen her bow and refit her throughout. .... Waterwitch—Mr. Chas. Mallory has sold the schooner Waterwitch to Mr. Philip Armour, of Chicago.... Siren, schooner, has been sold by Mr. E. R. Washburn to Mr. Frank Lawrence.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.—By the way, why not hurry up and have a clause inserted in the America Cup conditions, compelling the Thistle to "add 10 per cent. to her rating?" She can carry her ballast 4ft. lower than General Paine's new sloop, and therefore carry more sail on the same dimensions. The absurdity of such a condition will appear to every American at a glance, yet it is not a bit more absurd than the English tax on centerboards. —*Boston Globe.*

ANACONDA.—A centerboard sloop with this alarming name is now building by Poillons for Mr. J. G. Prague, from a model by Mr. Philip Ellsworth. She will be 60 ft. over all, 52 ft. l. w. l., 18 ft. 4in. extreme beam, 18 ft. beam at l. w. l., draft about 5 ft., and 18 tons of lead more or less inside. Poillons are also busy with another Ellsworth model for Com. Pierson of the Jersey City Y. C. Her length over all is 40 ft., l. w. l. 33 ft., beam 14 ft. 2 in., draft 3 ft. 9 in.

ANOTHER JUBILEE RACE.—The Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. has issued an invitation to American yachts to compete in a race next August from Spithead, through the Needles, round the Shambles Lightship off Portland, thence round the east end of the Isle of Wight, and to finish at Portsmouth. No restrictions of any kind will be placed upon the centerboards.

SHONA.—Captain Chas. Barr, brother of Clara's skipper, and Mate John Barr, Jr., son of the latter, arrived in New York last week, and left for Boston to put Shona in commission.

CORONET.—Messrs. Winslow and King, who were on the Coronet in the race, returned to New York last week on the Britannic.

CYTHERA.—M. A. W. Stewart has left in his yawl Cythera for a cruise in southern waters.

GALATEA.—Capt. Bradford and his crew arrived with Capt. Barr on the Devonia.

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 23.—A bill has been prepared to bring before Congress one of the most important movements ever inaugurated in the history of the American people, so far as it relates to the commemoration of events. It is to provide for the purchase by Congress of the battlefields of Lookout Mountain, Moccasin Bend, Chickamauga and Mission Ridge for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a national park, preserving so far as possible the outlines of the battlefields, and erecting monuments to the memory of the fallen men, with statues of the leading Generals of the Union and Confederate armies alike. The National Government has but one park, and that is situated at the extreme northern boundary of the United States, and a portion of it is on British soil and inaccessible to all except Government officials, as it is hundreds of miles from any extensive settlements. The proposed park would be easily accessible, would surpass the Yellowstone in beauty, if not in grandeur, and would serve as a perpetual and appropriate memento of the great conflict of the rebellion, appreciated by the Northern and Southern people alike, truly national in its character.

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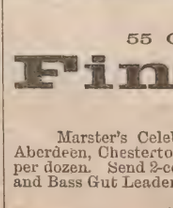
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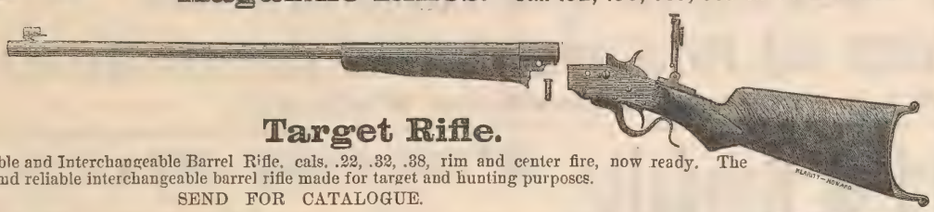
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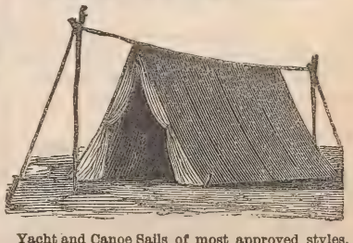
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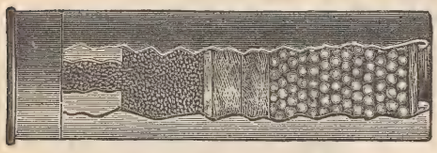
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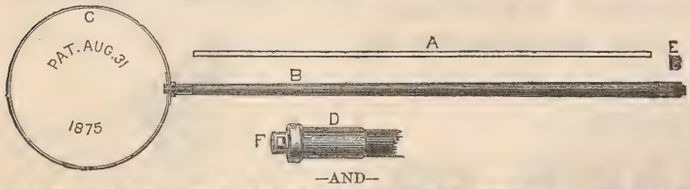
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A WORD IN SEASON.

Readers old and new of the Forest and Stream may be pleased to know that the paper is now at the close of 1886 enjoying the support of a wider circle of friends than at any former period in its history. This is an interesting fact, for it proves, with the best possible demonstration of success, the sound sense of the theory long ago adopted by editors and publishers, and steadfastly adhered to, that there is room in this country for a journal treating the subjects embraced by our departments, and depending for its support wholly upon what have been accepted by the conductors of the Forest and Stream as legitimate journalistic methods. In other words, we have kept faith with subscribers by devoting our reading columns exclusively to honest reading matter, and have not given up our pages to extended paid puffs of railroad routes clumsily disguised as accounts of sportsmen's travel, nor alluring descriptions of wonderful agricultural regions, all paid by the column. The conviction that a sportsman's journal for sportsmen could be conducted without resorting to such questionable makeshift expedients have proved quite correct.

The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the Forest and Stream nothing to offend good taste.

The Forest and Stream will be, in the future as in the past, thoroughly representative of the best field sportsmanship of America. It will maintain its position as the chosen exponent of those who seek recreation with gun or rod, rifle, canoe or yacht. Its character will be scrupulously preserved, and readers in 1887 may expect a rich fund of sporting sketches and stories, suggestions, bright sayings, prompt, reliable news, and interesting discussions. Angler, shooter, dog breeder, canoeist and yachtsman, may be assured that whatever is of interest in these respective fields in 1887 will find its way into the columns of the Forest and Stream.

The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

Angling and Shooting.

Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the Forest and Stream are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the Forest and Stream before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the Forest and Stream in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

records scores of meetings and matches, discussions of topics pertaining to the butt, gallery and trap. Secretaries of gun and rifle clubs are invited to send their scores for publication.

Canoeing.

This country is a land of magnificent water courses, and Americans are just beginning to appreciate the canoe as a means of enjoying the delectable charms of river and lake, and bay and canal. The men who are making fortunes by making canoes know best how rapidly the ranks of canoeists are multiplying. Novices and old hands will find in the Forest and Stream canoeing columns, in charge of a practical canoeist, accounts of cruises, lines of new craft, and hints and helps and suggestions without number. Closely allied is

Yachting,

in which the Forest and Stream is the only competent, all-the-year-round, intelligent exponent. Our reports of races are full, prompt and accurate. The numerous illustrations of lines of new yachts make an invaluable record of the development of yacht building.

Weekly, $4 per year; $2 for six months.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39 Park Row.

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CANADA.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

FIVE AND TEN YEARS'

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April 13, 1887.

THE exclusive right of Fishing (WITH THE ROD ONLY) in front of the ungranted Crown Lands on the following streams, will be offered for sale at Public Auction, at this office, at noon, on WEDNESDAY, THE ELEVENTH DAY OF MAY, 1887. Leases of the fishing rights will be governed by existing regulations, and will be for the term of FIVE and TEN YEARS, from the 1st of March, 1887, as mentioned below.

FIVE YEARS' LEASES.

Restigouche River—

1. From the Intercolonial Railway Bridge up to the mouth of Upsalquitch River.
2. From mouth of Upsalquitch River up to Toad Brook.
3. From Quatawamkedgwick River up to Madawaska Co. line.

TEN YEARS' LEASES.

Quatawamkedgwick River—

4. From its mouth up to 10-mile tree.
5. From 10-mile tree up to Quebeck boundary.
6. Patapedia River, on western bank thereof.
7. Benjamin River.
8. Jacquet River.
9. Tattagouche River.
10. Middle River, Gloucester.
11. Little River, Gloucester.
12. Caraquet River and branches.
13. Pockmouche River and branches.
14. Little Tracadie River and branches.
15. Big Tracadie River and branches.
16. Tabusintac River and branches.
17. Renous River and branches, excepting Dungarvon River.
18. Dungarvon River and branches.
19. Kouchibouguac River.
20. Kouchibouguacis River.
21. Tobique River and branches.
22. Grand River, Madawaska County.
23. Green River and branches.

Copies of the regulations to govern the above sale, or any further information, may be had on application to the Fishery Commissioner, J. Henry Phair, Esq., Fredericton, New Brunswick.

JAMES MITCHELL, Surveyor General.

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Wyandottes, per 13, $2; Plymouth Rocks, per 13, $2; Pekin Ducks, per 11, $2; Bronze Turkeys, 40 cents each; **White Wyandottes, per 13, $5.** Upon receipt of an order it will be booked at what date to ship, and I will send you a *photograph of the birds.* If not satisfactory to you upon examination I will cancel your order and *return your money.* Address H. J. PIERRE, Winsted, Conn.

TO FISHERMEN.

The undersigned will sell to sportsmen lakes and streams well stocked with trout and easily accessible, in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Tracings on linen on a large scale of any rivers there, showing granted lands, furnished to order. Address EDWARD JACK, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Can. jan6,tf

FOR SALE.

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A few weeks' fly-fishing to let on the Neversink River, Catskill Mountains. Stream thoroughly protected, fishing excellent; strict regulations enforced. Terms: one rod, $90 per week; two rods, $50, and exclusive use of the two miles of stream protected. Particulars given on application to CLARENCE M. ROOF, 22 College Place, New York, or W. HOLBERTON, care of Abbey & Imbrie, 18 Vesey st. ap7,4t

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Winchester Sporting Express Rifle, .50-95 (used one season in Canada); made to order; pistol grip, clouded barrel, finely finished, leather case.

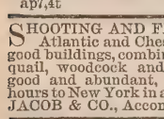
10-bore Ducking Gun, made by Hollis & Son, of London; finely finished; good as new, as I have used it but twice; carries 5 drachms powder; chambered for 3-inch shell.

The above can be inspected at W. C. Hodgkin's store, 360 Broadway. Address

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mch24,tf Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

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Prize winner.
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MANTON, R. I.

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OLD DON'S BLOOD TO THE FRONT.
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J. SMITH CHANDLER,
jan6,tf Coldwater, Mich.

FOR SALE.—ENGLISH POINTER PUPS, out of imported stock. Address CHARLES CLARK, Hamilton, N. Y. ap21,2t

FOR SALE.—TWO FINE GORDON DOGS, vhc. in late Boston show; also one Gordon bitch, 2 yrs. old, full pedigree; one Morrison pug dog puppy, a beauty. For particulars address
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Field trained Pointers and Setters, Spaniels and Foxhounds, dogs and bitches, native and imported; all stock guaranteed. Write for kind and sex wanted. C. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. ap21,tf

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Pointers and setters thoroughly broken for field trials or private use. Reference given. W. G. SMITH, Marydel, Md.

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ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 15.

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OF
DOGS,
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mch24,9t

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PORTLAND, ME.

Choice Pups.

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Send for circular.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1887.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 14. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

OVER THE SNOW.

OUR readers who have followed with so much interest the story of our special explorer over the snowdrifts of the Yellowstone Park will welcome the map of his route which we publish to-day. On this map is shown Mr. Hofer's trail, and on it all the points are noted where game was seen by him. It will be remembered that from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the Upper Geyser Basin our correspondent's route followed the road. From the Upper Basin he struck off across the Divide, as told in the portion of the report published to-day, camping on Pacific waters, reached Shoshone Lake, and after traveling some distance on the ice, recrossed the range and marched on the ice of Yellowstone Lake down to the outlet. His route is indicated on the map by the double dotted and crossed line which runs from the Upper Basin to the outlet of the lake. From this latter point the road was followed to the Falls, and from there the trail leads over the mountains between Mts. Dunraven and Washburne to Yancey's. After leaving Yancey's the Cooke City road was followed down to its junction with the road from Gardiner to the Hot Springs.

The localities where he saw game are plainly shown on our map, and in this way a very clear idea is given of the winter range of game in that portion of the Park traversed by our correspondent. It will be observed that elk were seen in the Swan Lake Basin and along the Yellowstone River from the lake down; that buffalo were noticed on Specimen Ridge and to the east of the Yellowstone, and that antelope were seen about Mt. Evarts. No deer were observed, for these animals all leave the Park in winter, returning very early in the spring.

The map is reproduced for the benefit of our readers from the new map of the U. S. Geological Survey just published, and contains the latest and most accurate information about the Park.

In our next issue the concluding instalment of our correspondent's report will be published, and the story of the two hundred miles of travel over the snow will be told. The concluding letter will deal principally with the game seen, and will emphasize and confirm the position which FOREST AND STREAM has always taken with regard to the danger which would ensue to game from the building of a railroad up the Yellowstone River to Cooke City.

All our information from the Park points to abundance of large game there, and the good results of two years of protection are now being seen. Early in April John Yancey came into Gardiner, Montana, from his place in Pleasant Valley, in the Yellowstone Park near Lost Creek. He reported that he saw on the hills toward the Yellowstone, north of the Cooke City road near the mouth of Geode Creek (Little Blacktail) a band of about 500 elk. John Yancey is an old hunter, and a man who does not get excited when he sees a band of elk and "guess" that there are twice as many as there really are. We believe that the day is not distant when game will be so abundant on the reservation that even the tourists who go through the Park on the traveled roads will be able to see it now and then from their stage coach seats.

SNAP SHOTS.

MANY wails are heard in lament of diminishing game grounds and restriction of shooting territory open to the public; but your true sportsman of the red aboriginal descent is the one who has a real grievance in the matter. The limitless hunting grounds of his ancestors have disappeared before the westward progress of civilization and the wire fence man. His wide rolling prairies have been given over for pent reservations. The vast herds of antelope and buffalo, the noble game which fell to the arrow of his hardy sires, have been exchanged for tame cows and spiritless steers, doled out by a patriarchal government to be shot with civilized rifles. The buffalo hunt of other times may not have been entirely devoid of brutality, yet was there about it a certain excitement and picturesqueness which one looks for in vain in the corraled cow hunts of to-day. It would be difficult, too, to find in a Sioux beef issue any of the romance which, however mistakenly none the less actually, is credited to Indian hunting, as it was conducted in the buffalo days. The degenerate savage doubtless enjoys the "sport" so kindly provided for him by the Indian Bureau, and for that matter it is enjoyed by the women who are sent out to teach the Indians, but described in cold type it is a sorry style of amusement and very poor way to butcher beef.

Elsewhere is printed an account of a beef issue on a Western Indian reservation. The cattle are turned loose and the Indians chase them on horseback and shoot them with repeating rifles. Mr. Harrison rightly characterizes the proceeding as a "brutal and brutalizing spectacle." It is almost incredible that the authorities at Washington should countenance such atrocities as those described in this account. The chapter is taken from a little volume entitled "The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations," written by Mr. J. B. Harrison, and sent to us by the Indian Rights Association, of Philadelphia. It is intelligently written and contains a store of solid truth.

Among persistent superstitions is the belief in the death-foreboding significance of a dog's howl at night in the neighborhood of a sick chamber. The mental strength of rugged health may scoff at the notion and pooh-pooh it as fit for fools, but when days and nights of sickness have weakened body and nerves and brain, when weird imaginings and eerie notions supplant dethroned common sense, signs and tokens of evil import find all too ready acceptance, and a dog's mournful midnight wail brings terror and apprehension. Just now the New York Board of Health is concerned with providing relief for hospital patients who are distressed by dogs howling at night. The dog pound, where hundreds of waifs and strays and stolen dogs are huddled, pending consignment to death in the flood of the East River, is between two hospitals in close proximity to it. The hospital physicians say that most of their patients are very superstitious, and the continuous howling of the dogs has a decidedly injurious effect on them. Aside from the superstitious notions, the racket is most trying to the nerves, and the piteous wailing of a cage full of dogs as they are run down to the river to drown is enough to drive a sick man frantic. It is proposed to remove the pound to a distant wharf. While they are about it the authorities might, with great credit to themselves, devise some more humane system of destruction than the crate drowning.

A bill has recently passed the New York Legislature by which a number of gentleman, among them Mr. Dana of the *Sun* and Mr. Ottendorfer of the *Staats Zeitung* are authorized to form a corporation to carry on a zoological garden in this city. The lack of an institution of this kind has long been a disgrace to the largest city of the Union, and we hope that the present proposed organization may succeed in accomplishing the object it has in view. Those who remember the number of previous schemes of this character, which have been ushered in with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, and have then promptly perished in the quietest and most unobtrusive way, will be disposed to pause a little before offering their congratulation to the new company. New York ought to have such a garden. Its influence as a public educator can scarcely be over-estimated, and that it would be a source of constant pleasure to the people is shown by the crowds that flock to Central Park to inspect the few beasts that are exhibited there.

We are informed that the young salmon planted by the United States Fish Commission in a stream about North Creek, Warren county, N. Y., have been captured by trout fishers. Our correspondent says: "I was told recently that a number of salmon were caught from Balm of Gilead Brook last year and were not put back in the water. We ought to have the six-inch law again, and I hope we will." As these fish are not found in the brooks after they have grown to a length exceeding six or eight inches it is wrong to kill them. All right-minded anglers will at once return small salmon to the water if they are hooked while trout fishing. The people who live near the brooks which have been stocked by the Fish Commission at considerable expense should interest themselves to protect those fish.

We have examined with interest and pleasure a series of winter views of the Park, taken by Mr. F. Jay Haynes, of Fargo, Dakota, during his recent snowshoe trip in the Yellowstone Park. It will be remembered that Mr. Haynes started with Schwatka, and when the latter's expedition gave out, Mr. Haynes pluckily kept on, visited the Geyser Basins and the Falls and returned by the way of Mount Washburne and Yancey's to Gardiner. The views secured are artistically beautiful and represent wonderful examples of nature's handiwork. To those who have read Mr. Hofer's story of his journey through the Park they will have a double interest.

The Westminster Kennel Club's bench show at the Madison Square Garden this year, will be notable as the final exhibition of the kind given in that building, which is to be torn down to make room for a larger and more elaborate structure. The garden will always have a prominent place in American dog show history, for it was here that the first impetus was given to bench shows in this country. The Westminster Kennel Club show of 1877 was not the first held in this country, but it was the one from which dates the beginning of the annually increasing list.

That the supply of fish in angling waters must be maintained by artificial stocking is rapidly coming to be an economic tenet of general acceptance. Even some of the Adirondack hotel men and guides—a class of men not blessed with a too liberal supply of gumption and forethought—have come to see this and have undertaken to restock their lakes and streams. The Fulton chain of lakes have been stocked year after year, and the supply has been maintained, while the Raquette waters, in default of such attention, are now nearly depleted.

It is estimated that an Algerian lion kills $2,000 worth of cattle per annum; and Achmed-ben-Amar, a mighty hunter, having slain 200 lions, is credited with saving his grateful countrymen a vast sum of money. He has received the order of the Legion of Honor, and doubtless deserved it as fully as some others of the order whose decoration has been won by feats of killing their fellow men.

The New York game law bill, known as the Roosevelt bill, has been withdrawn because of the opposition it excited, and the promoters now propose to begin earlier next year and secure the coöperation of other societies.

Germany will soon celebrate the centenary of Baron Munchausen. The event will be one in which, of course, anglers will take a lively interest the world over.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WINTER IN WONDERLAND.—IV.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ON SNOWSHOES.

ON the morning of the 23d, with our packs on our backs and a lunch tied to our belts, we bade our kind friends good-bye. The sky was somewhat cloudy with indications of a storm in the southwest. We followed the trail made on our return yesterday to a little beyond Kepler's Falls; from there we turned off east and south. Soon after leaving the Fire Hole River it began to snow, hiding the sun, so that we had to travel by guess work, as all signs of a trail and most of the land marks were hid. Our route was through timber all the way to Heron Creek. Keeping our course as near as possible, taking advantage of all the more open timber, I made out to see the gap in the rocky ridge through which the trail passes. Just before reaching the gap we came to Heron Creek waters, and crossed on to the Pacific slope. Climbing through the gap we soon came out on to a ridge, from which we got a glimpse of Shoshone Lake through the falling snow. From here we had a run down of over five hundred feet to Heron Creek and its open bottom which extends to the lake. Our run down hill was through timber, preventing one's going very fast, as there was danger of running into a tree. We soon came out on the open country and again we got a view of part of the lake. It was one field of white, hard to distinguish from the rest of the open country; we had been traveling very slowly.

It was now almost 4 o'clock, and going down toward the lake we soon turned aside, and selected a place for our camp, in a sheltered gulch with heavy timber all around us. Cutting some green logs about 4ft. long we bedded them in the snow for a fireplace, and building a fire on this we melted snow in our cups, putting in the tea and the sugar as soon as the water was hot and adding snow until the cup was full. We returned the cup to the fire as often as we drank the tea, adding snow, tea or sugar as the tea got low, weak or wanted sweetening. We made a hearty meal. After eating dinner we cut lodge poles, and tying four together about 10ft. 8in. from the butts we set these up over our fireplace; four other poles were placed around in the crotches formed by the first four and throwing the lodge around the poles so as to bring the back of it to the wind, we tied it at the bottom of the wings, then taking two small poles 15ft. long, the small end was placed in the pockets on the wings, the butts of the poles to the back of the lodge. Pushing up on these poles we soon had the lodge in place, and going inside we spaced the poles in a circle the size of the lodge, pushing the ends down a few inches in the snow so that they would stand firmly. Now with small wooden pins we pegged the cloth down by the loops around the bottom, pushing the pins well into the snow. Kicking a little snow over the edge we banked it up to keep out the wind. Now we spread enough spruce boughs in the back of the lodge for a good bed and cut enough dry wood to keep the fire up all night if we wished it. This was piled on each side of the entrance. Going inside we tied up the lodge and were as comfortable in our "tepee" as it was possible to be, camping out on 7ft. of snow. We next spread the sleeping bag on the boughs, and taking off our damp or wet garments, leggings and overshoes, dried them on a line stretched over the fire. Replacing them when thoroughly dry, we got into the sleeping bag and were soon asleep.

By 4 A. M. the green logs used for our fireplace had burned in two, letting our fire down into a hole in the snow. I was first up, and, repairing the fireplace, I soon had a fire going. This filled the lodge with smoke, but going outside I corrected the draft by swinging the wings around, as the wind had changed in the night. A fine snow was falling, with a gale blowing outside from the southwest. After breakfast we packed up what we could inside the lodge, then dried that over the fire, making up our packs on the bough bed. By 6 A. M. we were off, traveling down Heron Creek with the wind in our faces until we came out on Shoshone Lake. Over this we went, for it was frozen over everywhere; not a drop of open water did we see on it. The snow on the ice was from one to two feet deep. After reaching the lake we traveled southeast. This brought the storm to our right, making it less uncomfortable to travel against. We had started in the dark. It was daylight before we got to the lake, but nothing of the surrounding country could be seen only the shore and hills on our left. Every little while I would try the snow with my pole, striking dry, solid ice every time. Once I cleaned off a place with the intention of cutting a hole to measure the thickness of the ice, but from the appearance of the ice I saw this would be a long job, and besides the wind filled the hole fast with drifting snow, so I gave it up. I think the ice was about three feet thick. Had it been less, with the strong wind blowing, I think there would have been some movement of the ice, but not the least was noticed.

Keeping well out on the lake we followed the shore about four miles to the point where we were to leave the lake. Not a sign of game was to be seen, nothing but white rabbits and now and then a squirrel track. The snow was drifted into the timber along shore in immense piles, fifteen and twenty feet deep.

Leaving the lake we went into a grove of timber, made a fire and lunched. The snow here was very deep. I could not reach bottom with my 7-foot pole. The absence of all game, the impossibility of seeing anything—for the falling snow shut out the mountains—made this a very desolate country. Shouldering our packs we struck out in an easterly direction, until we found a water course which I wished to follow up to the summit of the divide. At length we reached the top—a high country, somewhat level with groves and openings. Here for the first time I had to use the compass; the wind and snow came from so many ways at once. I could have gone through without the compass, but believed it was best to be sure of our course, for I wished to strike the head of Sand Creek, which empties its waters into the west arm of the lake a mile above and south of the "Lake Shore Geysers," and a place known as "Warm Spring Camp." We traveled on for a while, and now and then I saw a grove that looked familiar, though I had been through here but once, in 1884. The storm increased every hour, and by 2 o'clock Jack wished to camp. I wanted to get to the Yellowstone Lake before dark, but I saw it was impossible, as we were not making over a mile and a quarter in an hour. Selecting a well-sheltered place in a grove, a short distance over on the Atlantic slope, we soon had the lodge up. This time we made a better fireplace, and cutting boughs we were soon comfortable in our "tepee," although it was snowing and blowing furiously outside all the time.

This night we concluded to keep up the fire, and take turns sleeping two hours each. This we did, though I think I slept most when it was my turn to keep up the fire, which was not neglected at all.

We were up by 5:30. The lodge was covered with snow and ice, and would weigh 201bs. unless I could get it dry. How to do this with the snow falling fast I could not tell, but after breakfast the storm ended, and we soon had everything in shape and were on the road again. Getting out of the timber we found the sky clearing, and saw Mt. Sheridan close at hand. It looked but a mile or two off, the air was so clear. We could not see any other mountain peaks from here. Keeping our course I soon saw familiar ground, and descending a sharp pitch we were on the head of Sand Creek. This we followed to the Yellowstone Lake. On our way we saw a very few rabbit trails, and one or two lynx sign. As we came out to the lake we found it frozen over and covered with snow. Again we saw Mt. Sheridan, and the mountains on the south and east side of the lake, all under snow, their white peaks far above the dark green forest, and all white except where the wind had swept the snow off their rocky ridges.

Following the shore of the lake for a mile we came to Warm Spring Camp and the Lake Shore Geysers. Along here there was a little open water, but in no place did it extend over 50ft. from the shore, and that only in one place, where a hot spring comes up out of the



THE LODGE.

bed of the lake. At this place we lunched, mixing some of our condensed soup or extract of meat with the hot geyser water, we had hot soup or beef tea to order, and that without a fire. Here the water in the lake was at least a foot lower than I had ever seen it before.

After resting we traveled along the lake shore past the Paint Pots and many interesting springs and geysers. At one place where the steam from a great white pool drifted to a grove of trees, we saw two women standing on a white mound, one looking into the pool, the other out on the lake, their backs to each other. From their position and attitude they had been quarreling, for they had gathered their dresses away from each other. They were very life-like even when we passed close by. Bidding them good day we traveled on land until we had passed the Hot Springs. I did not like to trust myself out on the lake along here. I tried twice as we went along shore; would find a little ice under the snow, then again the pole would go through into the water. As soon as I found enough ice to support us we struck out for Bluff Point. The wind had been increasing all the morning, and was now blowing a gale from the west-southwest. As this was offshore, we did not feel it until well out on the lake. Clouds of snow were flying in the air and along the surface of the ice. We could see only a short distance ahead in a horizontal line, but looking up we could see the bluffs and timber for some distance. We had as yet seen no game on the lake shore, except a few ducks in the warm water. After passing Bluff Point we saw what we at first took to be animals. They were 250yds. from the shore, and the flying clouds of snow would make them come and go, appear and disappear as though they were running around. We soon found they were stumps of upturned trees on a little rocky island. Owing to the storm and the flying *poudre*, everything we saw changed thus. We would see a point ahead, then it would be entirely hid for a long time, then would suddenly show up again now near, and then would move off until out of sight again. From Bluff Point we struck across the bay for some heavy timber on a point about due east. This brought the wind more behind us, and proved an assistance. Some blasts were strong enough to move us ahead a little, so that at every step we could gain a little extra distance by the aid of the wind. Every few rods I sounded the depth of snow, which was from 8in. to 2ft. When far out from shore I once ran the pole into 6in. of water under 8in. of dry snow. Going on further I struck more water. I had not felt the ice under the water and did not like to stop until I was off this kind of ground, so next time I tried the snow I used considerable force and pushed the small end of the pole through a foot of dry snow and a foot of water and snow down to solid ice. This was all I cared for. I did not mind the water on the ice as long as there was dry snow enough to keep my shoes out of it. Jack was some distance behind me and had been watching my movements, and was naturally somewhat interested. He would try every hole I did with like results, and he said his hair stood up when I did not strike ice through the water. Soon the ice was again dry under the snow, then it became again wet. When we wanted a drink of water all we had to do was to feel down until we found it on the ice, then clear a place away and dip it up. I think the ice was broken into great cakes, the weight of snow sinking the cakes in places enough to have the water come on top. Before reaching shore I thought I noticed a motion to the ice under me rising and falling, but concluded it was the waves of snow where it was deep or shallow on the ice.

We made across the bay and to the timber by 4 o'clock, and selecting a camp, we were soon busy getting things in shape for the night. At this camp we broke a great piece out of our axe, taking over an inch out of the blade, besides several smaller pieces. This was owing to the frost in the axe and frozen timber. The accident made it difficult to get our camp in shape for the night, but a little after dark we had everything snug, and passed a comfortable night. We both went to sleep in the bag, letting the fire take care of itself.

Next morning, Feb. 26, we started soon after daylight. A gale was still blowing, but more from the southwest. We made directly for the lake, as that was the best traveling. Along the shore for over a mile, there were long, narrow, open places made by hot springs, and all along this open water we saw wild ducks. We soon rounded this point, which I called Hot Spring Point, and then turned north-northeast until we came to Rock Point, where were a great many mounds of ice above the surface of the lake. There I took to the rocks, over which the water dashed and froze before the lake itself froze up.

In all the open water I had been watching for fish, intending to catch some, if possible, to see if they were as wormy in the winter as in summer, but I did not see one fish. In summer I have seen thousands of fish around the hot springs on the shore of the lake, yet this trip I saw none. I do not know where they are, unless out in the deep water.

We soon came to Sand Point, and here the wind quieted down a little, so that we could see Stevenson Island and the Elephant's Back. Our course was to leave the first to our right and the latter a little to our left. Had the weather been clear we could have seen Mt. Washburne, almost due north. On the east we could now just see the tops of the high peaks across the lake, and the Hot Springs on Sulphur Hill to the northeast. Soon after leaving this point we were out on the lake again, and exposed once more to the gale. As we had changed our course, we had the wind more to our left, receiving no help from it, as we had after leaving Hot Spring Point on to Sand Point. We soon found that Stevenson's Island was all we could see, and often that would be hidden by the flying snow. Pushing on, we passed it, going over a long, narrow point on the north end, then turning for the outlet of the lake. Soon we were out in the main part of the lake once more. Again I felt the raising and falling I noticed on the west arm; the further out we went the more I noticed it. I stopped and waited until Jack came up, and asked him if he noticed the motion. He said he did, but at first thought it was something wrong with himself. Before getting to the outlet I found the undulations increased still more. I expected to hear some noise as the ice rose and fell, but the wind drowned it if there was any. By 2 o'clock we were at the old cabin at the outlet. This was filled with snow and almost out of sight under high drifts. Crossing the little creek back of the cabin, where there was a little open water, we followed the wagon road. On a hill to our left was the grave of a man struck by lightning while out on the lake in a boat. He was connected with the Geological Survey. The wind had drifted the snow away from the grave, leaving it in plain sight. We followed the road for a while longer, then turned aside and camped in some sheltered timber, about two miles below the outlet.

We broke camp next morning at 6:45 A. M. Traveling slowly, I soon noticed more life. Besides ducks we began to see more birds, and I heard one little fellow singing as though it were spring. At the Mud Geysers we lunched; there was little here more interesting than in summer. As I expected to find game ahead I hurried on to a high point overlooking the Alum Creek country, or Hayden Valley. Far off I saw a few objects that I thought were buffalo, but they were so distant that I was not sure. Before reaching Trout Creek I saw a small band of elk on the east side of the Yellowstone River—14 cows and calves. At Trout Creek I saw a fresh trail of a large animal and, following this up, I first noticed coyote tracks both sides, and a lynx track. Soon I saw the latter going over a hill ahead, and 200yds. further on the trail, I saw a large six-point bull elk. He was less than 100yds. off; he was lying down and did not notice us for a moment or two. Not wishing to disturb him I turned off and crossed the creek. When he first saw us he did not get up at once, for he was evidently very much surprised to see such looking things out there, our packs and snowshoes making it very difficult for him to make us out. At last he got up, satisfied we were his old enemies, men. He was quite poor, and when going through the snow-drifts would sink in very deep, struggling through and stopping to rest every little way. The ridges and sidehills to the west were blown free from snow, giving game a chance to get plenty of feed. The elk soon disappeared over a hill. I saw 8 ravens in one flock. As they are never far from game I was sure there was more in the country. As I came in sight of the Crater Hills I surprised two coyotes in a little draw. I got within 50yds. of them before they saw me; they were a dog and bitch. They ran off behind a hill, but came up on top to have another look at me. I had left Jack some distance behind me, and seeing him they sneaked off. Crater Hill was as interesting as usual, almost free from snow, its yellow sulphur vents very bright, filled with perfect crystals of pure sulphur all fresh and undisturbed by the "specimen fiend." As I was now getting into a game country I did not care to linger where there was no frost work noticeable.

Alum Creek we crossed on the ice. Some distance ahead I noticed the snow looked rough, as though horses had been pawing it over, and going to the place saw that a large band of elk had been feeding here. From the trail made there must have been over 60 in the band. The sign was from ten days to two weeks old. These elk had gone up Alum Creek to the high ridges there, where there is more feed. I regretted that I could not follow them and learn how many there was in this section of the country. Following the river down we entered the timber below Alum Creek; here was more lynx sign; they had run all over the country. I could see where they evidently had their quarters, as, from under overturned trees and other places, on the steep sidehills their trails lead, the snow all patted down around them. These lynxes are large enough to kill a young elk, which I am quite sure they do, as there is a great number of them.


SCALE OF MILES
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 18 20
YELLOWSTONE LAKE
WYOMING
PITCHSTONE PLATEAU
ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVIDE
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
YELLOWSTONE RIVER
LAMAR RIVER
GALLATIN RANGE
ABSAROKA RANGE
MADISON RIVER
FIREHOLE R.
GIBBON R.
GARDNER R.
LEWIS RIVER
SNAKE R.
BEAVER R.
FALLS RIVER
LOWER GEYSER BASIN
UPPER GEYSER BASIN
MIDWAY GEYSER BASIN
GEYSER BASIN
YELLOWSTONE PARK
MT. WASHBURN
MT. EVARTS
MT. HOLMES
MT. NORRIS
MT. CHITTENDON
MT. DOANE
MT. STEVENSON
MT. LANGFORD
MT. SHURZ
MT. HUMPHREYS
MT. PELICAN
MT. HANCOCK
ATKINS PK.
EAGLE PK.
TABLE MT.
TRIDENT
HAWKS REST
GRIZZLY PK.
SILVER TIP PK.
CATHEDRAL PK.
SURVEY PK.
FORELLEN PK.
WILD CAT PK.
PIÑON PK.
HUCKLEBERRY MT.
RED MTS.
BIRCH HILLS
ANTLER PK.
THREE RIVERS PK.
ECHO PK.
DOME MT.
JOSEPH PK.
GRAY PK.
BISON PK.
AMETHYST MT.
DUNRAVEN PK.
PROSPECT PK.
STORM PK.
OBSERVATION PK.
HORSE SHOE HILL
LANDMARK HILL
GIBBON HILL
CRESCENT HILL
GARNET HILL
SULPHUR HILLS
ELEPHANT BACK
CRATER HILL
FACTORY HILL
FLAT MT.
BUNSEN PK.
TERRACE MT.
CRAGS
OBSIDIAN CLIFF
BEAVER LODGE
CASTLE GEYSER
OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER
GRAND CANYON
MIRROR PLATEAU
TWO OCEAN PLATEAU
BOUNDARY LINE
Stevenson I.
Dot I.
Frank I.
Molly I.
Flat Mt. Finger
Promontory Point
Sandy Pt.
Storm Pt.
Mary Bay
Natural Bridge
Bluff Pt.
West Arm
Southeast Arm
Delusion L.
Riddle L.
Heart L.
Lost L.
Beach L.
Dryad L.
Mallard L.
Summit L.
Lewis L.
Grebe L.
Loon L.
Grassy L.
Beula L.
Herring L.
Obsidian L.
Beaver L.
Grizzly L.
Twin L.
Fern L.
White L.
Mud Geyser
Sour Creek
Cotton Cr.
Bluff Cr.
Trout Cr.
Alum Cr.
Violet Spr.
Mary's L.
Highland Spr.
Hot Spr.
Hot Springs
Terrace Sp.
Gibbons Falls
Canon Cr.
Madison Junction
Norris Geyser Basin
Gibbon Falls
Virginia Cascade
Beryl Spr.
Monument Geysers
Roaring Mt.
Roadside Sp.
Amphith. Sp.
Liegewater
Wonder Rock Sp.
Obsidian Cliff
Beaver L.
Grizzly L.
Twin L.
Landmark Log Hoof
Crystal Falls
Hotel
Fishing Bridge
Lake Hotel
Lake Butte
Sedge L.
Marshy
Jones Pass
Jones Cr.
Crow Cr.
Bear Cr.
Clear Cr.
Meadow Cr.
Columbine Cr.
Middle Cr.
Rocky Cr.
Beaverdam Cr.
Trumpeter Cr.
Sunlight Cr.
Elk Cr.
Elk Fork
Elk Park
Elk Meadows
Elk Ridge
Elk Tongue Cr.
Elk Horn Cr.
Elk Lick Cr.
Elk Slough
Elk Creek
Elk Cr.
Elk Rock
Elk Rock Cr.
Elk Rock Road
Elk Rock Plateau
Elk Rock Cr.
Elk Rock Road
Elk Rock Cr.
Elk Rock Road
Elk Rock Cr.
Elk Rock Road

AN OUTING IN CANADA.

"COMMODORE," said a friend to me in January last, when I was in New York, "Where can I go next summer for a few days' fishing? I want it to be within a reasonable distance from New York; I don't feel well and need a change."

Such questions are often asked by professional men and others, slaves to their daily occupations, who have exhausted all the well known bitters, pills and powders in hope, by such assistance, of becoming well and hearty again. You will hear one of them say that he has just discovered the very remedy he has long been in need of, that he feels like a new man since taking such and such a drug. Later, on your meeting him again, you cannot help remarking, "Why, what is the matter with you, old boy? you appear all broken up; I thought that new remedy had worked wonders with you, and that you were getting along splendidly?" "I thought so, too, for a time," he answers, "but I am now more miserable than ever." You suggest an outing, fresh air, wild scenery—to give up, for a short time, city life, luxuries, impure air, and everything belonging to such a life, assuring him that he will not feel like the same man if he does so. You add: "Did you ever meet in the cars or on the boats men returning from such an excursion, if so, you must have found them brimful of life and vigor. They were coming back from the forests and streams where they had spent the most pleasant days of their lives; happiness and health pervading their entire system. Old men are boys again after such outings; and around the camp fire none are more boisterous than these very old fellows whose faces usually wore a worried look, and the woods ring with their shouts of delight." Try it, ye city slaves! It costs very much less than you spend about town, and is not the free life of a sportsman jolly! I will tell you what you had better do.

Next summer get a good-sized waterproof bag, pack it with old clothes, consisting of a couple of dark flannel shirts with turn-down collars of same material; an old cast-off coat with as many pockets as possible, they are always handy to stow away odds and ends; an easy pair of old pants, never mind how worn they are below the knees, for they will be tucked into the legs of what the Canadians call beef moccasin boots; a well broken-down old felt hat, with a blue flannel ribbon around it to hold flies, which are easily fastened to or extracted from the soft and yielding texture, and a rubber coat and leggings for use in case of heavy rain. This is all the clothing you need to leave home with, besides your ordinary traveling suit. Bring your reel and line and a 10½ft. plain rod, either all greenheart, or ash and hickory and lancewood, with two extra tips, the tips to splice, for a rod broken at the ferrule is difficult to repair in the woods, while a new splice can be made with a knife anywhere. Of course, if you have a fancy rod bring it. Have your rods strapped on a grooved board, that each length may be protected against injury in traveling. Provide yourself also with a well-stocked fly-book, with some of Abbey & Imbrie's standards, a landing net and few of the same firm's excellent leaders, and you are ready for a start.

Before bidding good-by to your family and friends, who have not the same good luck that you have to get away, tell them to note the color of your eyes, complexion and general appearance, and compare them with your appearance when you return, and then take the first train for Quebec. If you leave New York at 4:30 P. M., on the following day at noon you will be in this ancient capital and quaint old city so entirely different from any other in America. Here you can procure suitable food for your party. Call upon any of our first-class grocers (some of them are noted fishermen) and they will supply you with all you require. See that you have plenty of good salt pork and bacon, sea biscuit baked purposely for sportsmen, tea and coffee, preserved milk, some meal in which to roll fish before frying, salt, pepper and sugar, and do not forget a pot or two of orange marmalade, which is capital on sea biscuit (softened in water then fried in fat). Bring as few articles of luxury as you can possibly do with; you will be greatly benefited in digestion, and consequently in health by entirely setting aside such trash. What you require is what the sailors call "hard tack," but rather more softened than they get. Do not forget to procure from Mr. Roderick McLeod, druggist, a phial of his mosquito oil and preparation to allay the stings of these pests. When you have all your traps together, you will naturally say, "Where am I now to go?" as good guides and canoes can be easily procured anywhere.

The choice of the many places will be the subject for discussion. Much will depend upon how long you can remain away from home or business. Would you like to fish for winninish or landlocked salmon? Can you spare ten or fifteen days? If so, this true little salmon, running up to 5 and 6lbs. in weight, is abundant, and is the most gamy fish in our waters, and will afford you all the sport your heart can desire. They readily take to the fly, and also the small-sized trolling spoon. If you are moving about in a canoe at the foot of the rapids of the great discharge of Lake St. John, where you must go for this fish, you will often see them show their dorsal fins while looking for insects in the froth around the eddies. Just cast your fly 3 or 4ft. ahead of where you saw the fin disappear, and nine times out of ten you will be rewarded with a sudden tug at your line, and your reel will be set spinning. Watch him well for he is a hard puller and tugs desperately, but hold him tight with just enough tension to feel him. The line slackens, reel in quickly, lower your tips; out he shoots 4ft. into the air; off he dashes again, out he leaps, down he rushes for the bottom, not an instant does he stop there, up he comes again, another leap and a dash for the other side of the pool; instantly back he turns, out of the water again and again, until he becomes so exhausted that he can be reeled in and is picked up with the landing net. Look at your fly—it is all right. What fly did he take? It is an ordinary red-hackle, and not injured. Two more casts and another is fast. What pretty fish! They are perfect dwarf salmon of the true *Salmo salar* type. The best season for this fishing is from July 10 to Sept. 1. Try it and I will guarantee you will thoroughly enjoy it and come again.

Will trout of from ¼ to 1, 2, or 3lbs., and occasionally 4, 5 or 6lbs. suit you? Such *Salmo fontinalis* we have in all our lakes and rivers within two hours ride of the city, and also further off. East, west, north and south, are lakes innumberable, while there are several excellent rivers all surrounded by grand scenery.

Of course all fishing is subject to vicissitudes. Some days fish will rise splendidly, at other times it requires the most patient whipping of both stream and lake to coax a trout to rise; or, during a portion of the day the fishing may be very good and suddenly stop. I believe our lakes and rivers possess as ravenous fish as any in the world, and one is pretty sure of a fair catch if he goes out at the right time, and knows how to handle a rod.

A capital plan to fish some of our best rivers not far from Quebec is to put your canoe and provisions on a haycart and send your guide with the driver as far as the nearest road to the river will allow them to haul it. When you think they have had a sufficient start, follow them in a caleche or on a buckboard until you overtake them at the end of their journey. As the road usually terminates at the last house or some lumbering shanty, you may have to drag your canoe some distance to the river. This is easily managed through some old pathway, and you will have your two drivers to help you. Once on the water you can pole or paddle up the river as far as you wish to go, making a cast here and there on the way. When you have decided to turn back and quietly float down the stream, fish every rapid, pool and eddy you come to. When you reach a small stream of cold spring water emptying into the river, here on a hot day, you are sure to find plenty of fish congregated, enjoying a cold bath; fish it carefully. Now drop a fly into that froth collected near some corner or old log. You have him and a beauty. There are more, try again and again; at every cast a fish rises. Do you see that alder or willow, bent over toward the pool; reel in some of your line; now it is just long enough, try and cast your line well in under the bush; take care not to touch the branches. All right; capitally done! You may be sure there is a big fellow lurking there, well in the shade, ready to seize any poor insect which may fall from the branches or fly down for a dip in the cool water. Try again. Take care not to hook that limb. All right. Now bring your fly over that old log you see lying on the bottom. Well done, old boy; you have him! Be careful or he may carry your line around that projecting limb. That is right. He is now in clear water. How he struggles! Reel him in. Take care not to give him any slack of the line or he may make a sudden dash and part your leader. He is safe now. Bring him to the surface and let us look at him. There he is! See how broad his back is! Now work him this way and I will sink the landing net; bring him over it; I have him. And there he lies in the bottom of the canoe, a beauty of 4lbs. weight—and so this often turns out to be.

Just look at that city man! Who would fancy him the same New Yorker! Did you ever see more health and happiness depicted in a countenance than that which shines in his? See that manly chest and throat laid bare to the balmy breeze—no choking, stiff, fashionable collar and starched shirt front, nor stiff linen cuffs, but every limb and muscle free. Ask him the simple question, "How do you feel now, old boy?" He turns upon you his bright clear eyes and smiling face beaming with happiness, and answers: "Feel, did you ask? why, I feel glorious, and oh, so hungry! Commodore, have I had anything to eat since last week?" "Yes," answers his companion, "you had a hearty breakfast not three hours ago." "I can't believe it," he says, "I am ravenous."

"Hallo, there, Baptiste! *Allons à terre preparer le manger, ou creve de faim;*" and the angler claps his hand over his stomach and tries to make Baptiste understand that it is a vast empty cavern. The good-natured guide bestirs himself, and while making the fire quietly says: "*Monsieur a toujours faim.*"

The kettle is boiling, and another fire is made upon which Baptiste places the frying-pan well covered with slices of nice white pork that soon begin to fizz. Meanwhile the cook is at the river side cleaning and preparing slices of trout, which, after being rolled in meal, are to be fried in the boiling hot fat. Oh, just smell that! Did ever anything so savory hover around you! Now the pork, crisp and delicious, is removed from the pan, and the hot fat is bubbling up ready to receive the soft tea biscuit which has been, for some time, soaking in water. Baptiste carefully drops it, piece by piece, into the boiling fat, where it remains until browned, and then takes it out and puts it on a plate; a slight coating of marmalade covers it. The guide brushes off the top of a large flat rock which serves for a table. Baptiste whispers, "*Regardez donc, Monsieur!*" You turn round to find your friend with his pocket knife whittling a stick to a point; he quietly steps up to the dish and harpoons a large piece of fried fish, gives a yell and disappears behind a tree where he is found devouring the prize. "I couldn't help it, old fellow," he cries, "I never was so hungry in all my life, and I had to steal or die, and never did I taste anything half so good." Yet it was scarcely more than three hours since he had eaten a breakfast consisting of as much food as would have satisfied a small family. You are soon seated on stones rolled up for the occasion close to the rocky table, and set to with a will.

After a hearty meal, with a cup of delicious tea black as ink, you leave the table, fill your pipes, find a shady nook where Baptiste has arranged some balsam boughs, and lie down to rest.

The first words your New York friend will say, "Oh, how I wish my wife and children could see me now, or that they were here to enjoy this! Is it not glorious? I feel like a new man! This is real enjoyment of life! I would not change this hour for that being spent by the richest man in New York city. How I would like to feel in body and mind as I do now when I get back to the city!"

Such are the feelings one enjoys on an outing; and when one returns home, those who noticed the sallow complexion and fatigued appearance a few days before will ask, "Why, where have you come from? You look full of health and strength; your trip has done you ever so much good; you must have had a capital time." The answer is, "I should say I had, and now know where to rush to when fagged out with work." And so can any man enjoy the same happiness if he will make up his mind to take an occasional outing. I do not mean going to some fashionable watering place, or other locality where there is a swell hotel filled with people who must have the richest food and wine at every meal, and where men spend their nights at the card table and the ladies in stifling ball rooms, but I mean the real outdoor life, sleeping under a tent on a bed of fragrant balsam boughs, wearing loose old clothes, breathing pure, balmy air, and living on plain, wholesome food.

You will naturally ask, When should one undertake such a trip? I answer, come to Quebec any time between the months of June and October, for fishing, and remain or come later on if you want shooting. You will find plenty of sportsmen ready and happy to give you their advice and direct you where to go. Bring on your families. Our hotels are not of the most stylish, but the food is excellent, and there are several good boarding houses, where for a moderate price home comforts may be had; and if you choose to live a time in some of the country villages, you will find the people honest, obliging and very interesting, and the charges so moderate as to be hardly believed. Our new railroad to Lake St. John's has opened out a country abounding in lakes and rivers and teeming with trout.

Although our American cousins are not allowed to fish inside of certain limits in our salt waters, they will find us most happy to see them and assist them to enjoy the sport in our fresh waters, and none more so than the writer.

J. U. GREGORY.

QUEBEC, Canada.

THE KIND OF A CHAP HE WAS.

IT has been a pleasure to me for some years to read the FOREST AND STREAM, and I have, while sitting at ease, followed your many contributors, in mind and spirit at least, all over our own continent and in foreign lands. I enjoy all sporting anecdotes, and especially those descriptive of shooting and fishing excursions. Having walked many, many miles and spent many pleasurable days with rod and gun, I think I may, with propriety, claim to be an "ardent sportsman" in the general sense implied by that term. But there are sportsmen and others. The FOREST AND STREAM tells us all about game of all kinds, where it is found, how it is killed or taken, its haunts and habits—in fact all about everything, it seems to me, that can be comprehended in its field of action, except, perhaps, the sportsman himself. Of course much is said of sportsmen, too, and much more can be gleaned from the sportsmen themselves, your contributors, from which we learn something of their general characteristics and natures. There are, however, so many varieties of this animal, that it seems to me that a great deal more could be said and written concerning him than is, and I am sure it would be hard to select a more interesting subject or fruitful field for discussion.

I sometimes think that after all we only get one side of the stories of forest and stream, and wish we could occasionally hear from Bob White, Br'r Rabbit, The Buck and the Big Trout, and get their version of affairs. As we cannot hear from these worthy gentlemen, however, we must make due allowance for human nature in general, and remember that in all probability much remains unwritten and unsaid.

Perhaps I am becoming somewhat too sentimental, but of late I have enjoyed those hunting and fishing yarns the most which have been the least successful. Somehow I feel a thrill of joy when quail do not lie well, when the trout do not rise and when the big buck escapes. A story of empty creels and gamebags gives me the most enjoyment. Perhaps these sentiments have been created by recalling to mind my own personal experiences and by having seen many kinds of sportsmen and varieties of sportsmanship.

Perhaps they come from my having seen the last poor stragglers of many coveys hunted out of existence completely in localities I might name; perhaps, because I have seen a few scattered waterfowl, flying wildly over the accustomed haunts of thousands, looking in vain for a place to alight and feed in peace and finding no sanctuary; or because the last gray squirrel has disappeared from a wood, leaving his little store of nuts and acorns undisturbed and untasted save by mice or woodpeckers; or, it may be, because I have seen the last persecuted deer of a county limp off to die in his vacant hills. The destructive gun and the death-dealing rifle, in hands too eager and expert, to say the least, have been indeed deadly. Sometimes I could feel content to have my guns stand in their corners and rust, empty and undisturbed; when visiting a trout stream, once swarming with its gamy tribe, to see only a tiny fingerling come to the surface, and then dart away with instinctive dread—I could snap my rod, almost condemn the shade of immortal Ike himself and all his tribe, myself included.

One is inclined to think sometimes that anglers and sportsmen are rather a bad lot anyway. But, after all, I knew one once, and believe there are ideal sportsmen extant; may they never, like the American buffalo, become extinct.

He was a singular chap. I knew him to hunt industriously for a week, kill nothing and then say he had enjoyed himself. The next day he had a splendid chance at a buck, but his gun snapped, and upon examining it he found that it had been unloaded all the time; he was a man who had killed deer in many countries, too. In this instance, although he did not kill the big buck, he saw him and appreciated even that as something. He ascertained where the buck fed, what he ate, where he watered; knew his age and the exact measurement of his longest leaps. He even noticed that a tine was broken from one of the deer's antlers, and remained quietly conjecturing the cause of this, when he might have followed and killed the splendid animal. He was a queer specimen sportsman, indeed. He owned a prize bird dog, but he kept that valuable animal so fat and lazy that the dog didn't care much whether he found all the birds for his master to shoot or not; when he did find them, and they were well put up and all, his master did remarkably bad shooting somehow—for most of them whirred away with every feather intact; yet he was the best and quickest shot in the State. O, he was an odd fish. He often allowed the last few birds of a brood to escape, even when he had them marked down and could have bagged them as well as not.

Sometimes he watched a rabbit break for cover and reach it in safety, when he might have stayed its frantic little leaps forever. He could see a deer, even a big buck—horns and all—and yet refrain from shooting it out of season. I never could teach him to carry his gun cocked all the time and thus be prepared to kill or wound any living thing that appeared in range. He was very headstrong in this respect, and he would always observe game laws when he could have violated them to advantage and escaped the penalties easily. He was a case. He was forever prowling around flushing game and coolly watching it get away alive and uninjured instead of attending strictly to business, killing it, or at least "getting

blood" anyway. Then he was careless about fishing also; he was among the first out during the season, walked further, stayed longer and caught fewer fish than any one; somehow his were always beauties, though, and he had the finest tackle to be found anywhere, knew just the kind of flies to use. I often thought he could have taken many more fish than he had use for if he would only attend strictly to business and not experiment so much with turtles, water-dogs and snakes; and quit staring at the mountains, the clouds, the trees and everything else, as though he had never seen anything in his life. But that was the kind of a chap he was. Somehow, he was a pretty good fellow, however. Taken all in all, I rather liked his style, and I sometimes wonder where he went, how he fares, and if I shall "see his like again."

ESAU.

SHASTA, California.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

NEW MEXICAN BIRD NOTES.—II.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, April 17, 1887.—Three or four days ago a good honest six inches of snow covered the rugged hills and broad valleys of this region, and for all I know to the contrary, the country for many miles about. On the night following this storm, standing water froze to the extent of nearly half an inch, and a pair of mountain bluebirds (*Sialia arctica*), which the day before had been hard at work building their nest in between the adobe bricks and the window frame of a small house not twenty feet from my study window, looked rather dubiously on the scene next morning, and the male (the bluest of all bluebirds that I know anything about) glanced rather quizically, I thought, at his mate, as much as to say, "Look here, don't you think we began just a little too early this year?" (I say this year because to my knowledge this identical pair of birds have built in the same little crevice for two consecutive seasons.)

On the 14th, however, a warm spring sun vanquished our six inches of snow in just twice that number of hours, as completely as though the heated breath of Sahara had swept across the country, leaving the earth of the plains dry and powdery again, with only a snowy souvenir here and there in the shadiest nooks on the mountain sides, as a reminder of this second edition of winter.

When Saturday came around (the 16th) my time allowed me to take a short ramble in the adjacent pine woods, where I hoped to increase my list of spring arrivals among the birds for the "Report" from this locality, but no, my most careful scrutiny permits me to record the arrival of eight species thus far only. Say's flycatcher is here now, the first one having been observed on the 11th ult., while five days thereafter I shot my first pair of lead-colored bush-tits (*P. plumbeus*). Then the killdeers came on the 18th, and on April 4, seventeen days afterward, I first saw the rock swifts (*M. melanoleucus*)—my old friends. A dozen days more went by before I noticed the next arrival, the first warbler (*D. auduboni*), and it was followed to-day by a pipit (*A. pensilvanicus*), with the Brewer's blackbirds and rusty grackles (*S. carolinus* and *cyanocephalus*). So you see the vernal migration is extremely backward here, for I know full well that even the latitude of Boston can beat this, as I saw in FOREST AND STREAM that the bluebirds arrived there fully a month ago.

But as I was saying, yesterday I was out in the pine woods with my two youngsters, equipped for collecting and making notes. The piñon jays were keeping up a continual racket all about us in the low pines and cedars that covered the hillsides, while in the valley far below loose flocks of western bluebirds (*S. mexicana*) were on the move. I notice that the note of this lovely species is much louder and stronger than our eastern representative of the genus, but to me not nearly so plaintive nor so winning, but home associations may have something to do with that.

As we passed through the piñons along the crest of a magnificent rocky gorge, my attention was suddenly arrested by a fluttering in a tree close at my hand, and upon looking into it, to my surprise there sat perched upon one of the limbs a young piñon jay (*C. cyanocephalus*), apparently just out of its nest. He made an attempt to fly, but soon struck the ground, where he was speedily captured. This was a prize for me indeed, for I had long promised one to the authorities at the Zoölogical Gardens in London, and if this, his lordship, can be reared, there is where he will eventually go. From this I should say that these birds must breed very early in this region, and perhaps rear two broods each season.

My captive is a handsome fellow for a youngling, and he has a call like the old birds, only not so loud nor so prolonged. His plumage might be described as being of an entire blue-slate gray, darkest on the head and shading lighter as the lower parts are arrived at, being about five shades paler in the region of the ventral space. The inner webs of the primaries are of a deep plumbeous shade, almost black, while the secondaries, and the distal moieties of the rectrices, which latter portions have alone ruptured from their pin-sheaths, are of the same color as the feathers of the back. The legs are a leaden hue, as is the bill; the latter is rather darker, however, and the base of the lower mandible is flesh color for its proximal half. Irides are of a warm brown, and the claws of the feet are blackish lead color. In behavior he (for I think it is a male bird) is spirited, and evinces no little confidence in his power to look out for himself. Thus far I have fed him on cracked wheat and little chips of raw meat.

On our way home I started a small, dark-colored owl from out of a cedar tree as I brushed past it. He flew about in a startled manner for a moment, and then suddenly bounced into an oak tree of no small size, about 30ft. from where I first started him. I carefully scouted around the tree for several minutes, when I discovered he had entered a hole near the top, and my youngest son, climbing up there in a moment, found that we could not possibly reach him, as the excavation was more than a yard deep and the entrance very small. So plugging up this door of his domicile with a couple of stones, we returned to the Fort.

This afternoon we were over there again early, with a good axe and a shotgun, in case he had gotten out past the stones. But no, everything was just as we had left it the day before, and removing my coat, in twenty minutes I sent the old oak tree over and some little distance down the mountain side from where it grew. Climbing down to it and removing the plugs from the entrance, we found at once two owl's eggs that appeared as though they were nearly ready to hatch. Even now we could not reach the bird, and I soon had to chop through the trunk lower down, when upon peering into this new opening, I saw a pair of bright eyes blinking at me in the most defiant manner possible. Our luck was better than we first supposed, however, for upon baring my arm, I not only secured one owl but another egg, unbroken, and the female bird besides. Her breast was quite bare of feathers, and she had evidently been incubating some time, and as I say, the eggs had all the appearance of being far advanced toward hatching. But it seems to me that three eggs is rather a small complement for *Megascops*, and Coues says (second edition "Key") that they have "five or six" to the set.

Improvising a nest by tying together the four corners of my handkerchief and filling in with some dry leaves, we put our three eggs therein, with both owls, their legs having been tied too on top of them. Thus they were safely carried to my quarters and the eggs kept warm in the meantime. As to the particular geographical race to which this pair of screech owls belong I am unable to say, not having any skins of *Megascops* at hand that I might compare them with, and I find mere descriptions for such species highly unsatisfactory. They are both in the gray phase with the markings unusually black and very distinct, with the dashes and dapplings carried beneath clear to include the under tail coverts, with scarcely any white showing. The toes are feathered to the claws and quite thickly, the size, however, is really what is most puzzling about them, for even the female is under 8in. in length and the male barely reaches 7¼in. When I first took them the thought immediately arose in my mind, Why, what small and what dark-colored specimens of *Megascops asio!*

To-day, if possible, I will devote an hour to making a photograph of the pair, as well as one of the young *cyanocephalus*.

R. W. SHUFELDT.

MY LAST MEETING WITH BUCKLAND.

ONE of my first acquaintances in my early visits to London was Frank Buckland. I frequently met him at the Zoological Garden, the *Land and Water* office, the Aquarium and at his house in Albany street; but never at Jamrach's, one of his favorite haunts, until a short time before his death.

I had spent a very pleasant hour, one afternoon, in looking over Mr. Jamrach's enormous collection of bric-à-brac, a business which he combines with his well-known animal trade, and accepted, as a souvenir, a rattan cane with a grotesquely carved head, evidently the work of some Chinese artist. On returning to the office, in leaning my cane against the desk preparatory to settling an account, I found that it rested against a second one, the head of which far exceeded mine in its singular carving. I suggested an exchange, but Jamrach refused, saying that he had used it for some time and would not part with it. Just then the door opened and Frank appeared, who stared at me as if I were the first specimen of "a live Yankee" he had ever seen. Knowing his propensity for practical joking, I returned the stare, when Jamrach sprang and introduced us. After a few commonplace remarks, Frank coolly seated himself with his back toward me and leaned over a tub containing some half-dozen specimens of that curious-looking reptile, the stumptailed lizard (*Trachydosaurus rugosus*), while I went on figuring up the account with Jamrach. In a few moments I felt Frank's elbow against my ribs, and cautiously glancing over my shoulder, he signaled me to cover him. Hitching my chair so that my body would screen him, I saw one of the lizards lifted from the tub and instantly passed into one of the capacious pockets of his loose sack coat. Turning my attention to Jamrach in order to keep him fully occupied, we went on with the account, when I suddenly received a second signal from Frank. On again looking over my shoulder, I found that the lizard was half its length out of the pocket and making a desperate struggle to rejoin its comrades in the tub, while Frank's face was a study, as he was energetically fighting against any such proceeding. Placing my right hand on the account, and forcing Jamrach's attention to a pretended error, with the left I drew a couple of pins from a cushion on the desk and secretly passed them to Frank. In a few moments a long-drawn sigh of relief informed me that the mouth of the pocket had been securely fastened, and I felt Frank slowly turning around in order to get the remaining pocket ready for a second capture. This was effected without any mishap, as the pins were passed him beforehand. Frank was now in a hurry to be off, and on his rising to start, I protested, and rather bluntly informed him that if he did not remain until I had finished with Mr. Jamrach, so that our newly-formed acquaintance could be cemented in American style, with a drink, I should feel aggrieved. He reseated himself with a curt reply, which was so different from his usual manner, that Jamrach seemed somewhat startled at his behavior.

After badgering him as long as I dare, by finding fault with Jamrach's account, we finally started for the street, and in so doing I telegraphed the cane to Frank, who shook his head, placed a hand on each pocket, and hurried out. On getting outside I remarked:

"By George! I've forgotten my cane."

With a broad grin Frank answered:

"Hurry back and get it, and you will find us in the beer shop."

Returning to the office I picked up Jamrach's cane and caught the party just in time to cement the newly-formed acquaintance, the expense of which Jamrach persisted in paying. Frank pleaded an engagement, started for the sidewalk, and in bidding me good-bye, said:

"As I understand you frequently visit London I look forward with great pleasure in often meeting you, particularly in the company of my old friend Jamrach."

"I can assure you that the wish is mutual, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of again mixing with London thieves."

Frank took the opportunity of darting up the street before Jamrach could recover from his astonishment, while I sprang into a waiting cab and was rapidly driven to the London & Southwestern R. R. station, to catch a train for Southampton.

On my next visit to London Jamrach acknowledged that he did not get at the true meaning of my seemingly insulting remark until the next morning, when he found that he had been robbed of a favorite cane and two rare lizards.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

AN OWL IN THE CITY.—New York.—A common screech owl put in his appearance a few days ago in the City Hall Park, and being spied by the keen-eyed (and evil-eyed) wielders of blacking brushes, was so pestered and driven about by them from bush to tree and branch to branch, that life must have seemed utterly miserable. A moment after his discovery the air was full of snow balls, stones, old hats snatched from each other's heads, and, in fact, everything that could be thrown, the individual aim being of little importance in the excitement of the moment. It was growing warm for his owlship when down swooped one or two policemen, and the bird—doubtless an eagle, at least, in the eyes of the urchins, who seldom see any feathered thing larger than a sparrow—was safe for the time. Was he a child of nature seeing the elephant, or had he escaped from some sanctum?—F'LIN.

WOODCOCK AND TELEGRAPH WIRES.—An object was seen by several persons to fall to the ground on Glen street, Tuesday evening, and when picked up by George Orton it was found to be a woodcock in the last throes of death. The bird was fat and apparently in a healthy condition, and it is supposed it struck in its flight one of the many electric light or telegraph wires with such force as to cause its death. There are different theories advanced for the presence of the bird in this village, one of which is that it was attracted thither by the electric light. —*Glens Falls (N. Y.) Republican, April 19.*

SPRING MIGRANTS.—Bridgton, Cumberland county, Me. —Crow, March 10; black snowbird, April 5; robin, 10th; song sparrow, 10th; grass finch, 13th; pewee, 14th; white-bellied swallow, 21st; kingfisher, 22d; great northern diver, 22d; red-winged blackbird, 23d; white-throated sparrow, 23d; fish hawk, 23d.—BLACK SPOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

YELLOWSTONE PARK REGULATIONS.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, April 4, 1887.

1. It is forbidden to remove or injure the sediments or incrustations around the geysers, hot springs, or steam vents; or to deface the same by written inscriptions or otherwise; or to throw any substance into the springs or geyser vents; or to injure or disturb, in any manner, any of the mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonders within the Park.

2. It is forbidden to ride or drive upon any of the geyser or hot spring formations or to turn loose stock to graze in their vicinity.

3. It is forbidden to cut or injure any growing timber. Camping parties will be allowed to use dead or fallen timber for fuel.

4. Fires shall be lighted only when necessary and completely extinguished when not longer required. The utmost care should be exercised at all times to avoid setting fire to the timber and grass.

5. Hunting, capturing, injuring, or killing any bird or animal within the Park is prohibited. The outfits of persons found hunting or in possession of game killed in the Park will be subject to seizure and confiscation.

6. Fishing with nets, seines, traps, or by the use of drugs or explosives, or in any other way than with hook and line is prohibited. Fishing for purposes of merchandise or profit is forbidden by law.

7. No person will be permitted to reside permanently or to engage in any business in the Park without permission, in writing, from the Department of the Interior. The Superintendent may grant authority to competent persons to act as guides and revoke the same in his discretion.

8. No drinking saloon or barroom will be permitted within the limits of the Park.

9. Private notices or advertisements shall not be posted or displayed within the Park, except such as may be necessary for the convenience and guidance of the public, upon buildings on leased ground.

10. Persons who render themselves obnoxious by disorderly conduct or bad behavior, or who violate any of the foregoing rules, will be summarily removed from the Park under authority of the statute setting apart the Park "as a pleasuring ground for the people," and providing that it "shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be to make and publish such rules and regulations as he shall deem necessary or proper," and who "generally shall be authorized to take all such measures as shall be necessary or proper to fully carry out the object and purposes of this act."

L. Q. C. LAMAR,
Secretary of the Interior.

SUMMER WOODCOCK.—Worcester, April 17.—I quote the following from Stearns's "New England Bird Life:" "Domestic concerns occupy the birds in the rest of May and in June, after which, with the celebration of the American political idea—now old enough to be less barbaric in its methods of self glorification—the woodcock season begins; that is to say, a considerable proportion of the young birds are grown strong enough to fly in order to be shot. It is a twin relic of barbarism that allows them to be killed at this tender age; the close time should not cease before September, in which month, as well as the succeeding one, the best sport may be had. But whether or not July shooting be permissible, woodcock should be let alone in August, when they are moulting and poorly able to take care of themselves."—PEMIGEWASSET.

IN THE BEAR RIVER COUNTRY.

WE were in camp in Egeria Park, just at the foot of the Gore range, in Colorado. Early in the morning we were about starting out on our hunt when there came along a supply wagon bound for a large surveying party in which I had a brother and several friends, at work in the vicinity of Bear River. Taking my rifle I clambered into the "prairie schooner" and was soon *en route* for Bear River, which was reached at about 2 P. M. of that day. One thing very noticeable to me at the camp was the absence of fresh meat of any kind at table. Andy, one of the cooks, said there were plenty of deer in the vicinity, but the men had been unable for several days to get any, although they had spent a portion of each day in hunting them.

After dinner I proposed to Andy that we should go out and get some fresh meat for the boys' supper; he readily assented and we were soon upon our way.

Going up the Bear River cañon, on as nice and level a piece of meadow land as one can find anywhere, we soon saw signs of deer, and then we concluded to take different courses; he to take the sidehill to the left and I the bottom and wooded banks of the river. In this way we had gone for perhaps a half mile, being at this time about 100yds. apart, each closely scanning his hunting ground, when upon looking on his side I saw a fine buck directly facing me and standing broadside to Andy. I knew my companion saw the deer, for that moment he threw up his rifle and commenced to aim. I expected every moment to hear his rifle crack, but no crack came, and as I looked at the marksman I saw him wiggle, and his rifle sway around, so I knew that if he killed that buck it would be by wonderful chance. Still he aimed, and although fully 200yds. away from the game, I aimed also. There we stood, it seemed fully three minutes, although I presume it was not more than a fourth of that time, for in such suspense time seems much lengthened. Still no shot was heard. It was a scene long to be remembered, my companion standing there with his rifle to his face, a big buck directly broadside to him and not more than 110yds. away, still he didn't shoot. I couldn't figure it out in any other way than that he had buck ague mingled with presence of mind enough to try and see both sights and the game at the same time; and knowing the probabilities were in favor of our losing the game if some one didn't shoot some time that day, I determined to drop hunting etiquette, drew my bead directly in the center of the deer's chest and fired. There was a simultaneous report, for at the moment I fired Andy imagined he was ready and both rifles cracked at the same instant. The fun of it was that he did not know that I had fired, for I did not come within his line of vision while he was aiming; and he supposed, of course, as the game fell that his was the bullet that did the work. When he saw the deer drop he jumped up and shouted: "I've got him, I've got him sure!" and started on a double quick, jerking out his hunting knife as he ran. When I came up to where the deer lay, Andy had his head nearly severed with his frantic slashes with the hunting knife. I noticed also that my bullet was where I meant it for, but said nothing at the time, hoping to have a little sport should things take the right turn.

The operation of bleeding the animal being finally accomplished to his satisfaction, he next turned his attention to his rifle, which was a harmless musket with an iron rod beneath the barrel. The shell that he had just fired stuck, and he was doing his best in his great excitement to enter the rod at the muzzle to drive the shell from the chamber. He was as white as a sheet and it seemed to be an impossible task for him to get that rod into the barrel, but after some fumbling he succeeded; the shell was driven out and a charge put in, and then we turned our attention to our game. After a little Andy said: "I wonder where I hit him to kill him so quickly?" I made no reply to this and he turned the game over and examined the sides, but no bullet hole could be found. I made the suggestion that perhaps he had mesmerized him by shaking his rifle at him in such a tragic manner. This allusion to his buck ague seemed to nettle the young hunter, and he retorted that shake or no shake he had the first game, and he thought that if I had a little touch of fever that I might do something better than stand there laughing at him, to which he indignantly replied, "that of course he did, he was facing the north with his right side toward me." I then told him to look on that side more carefully; but he did not seem to think it necessary to look very closely for a .45-cal. ball hole, and apparently began to think then that something was in the wind and that I was still poking fun at him. Finally, turning to me, he asked if I knew what killed that deer, to which I replied that from the slight incision of about twelve inches in the animal's neck I should judge that he had bled to death. He then asked me if I saw the deer before he shot. I could not well evade the question, and answered yes. "Did you see him drop?" "Yes." "Well, I don't understand it. There is no bullet hole in either side that I can find, and my .45 always tears fearfully, especially where it comes out, but I can't find even a scratch, and therefore give up that I must have missed him entirely; but that doesn't explain the cause of his falling the instant I fired." He then turned to me and asked, "Do you understand this business?" I had to admit then that I was thoroughly acquainted with the mystery, and of course had to explain. I showed him my ball hole, which was partially closed up, also where his bullet had just singed the hair on the animal's flank. "Yes, that's so," he said, "for I couldn't have hit the chest from where I stood, nor you the flank from your position." The deer was then hung up, and we proceeded on our course, each keeping to his own ground. I have had "the fever" myself, and witnessed it in others, but never in so violent a form as this took with him.

I soon came to a little knoll that shut the river bank from view, and thinking, perhaps at random, perhaps by intuition, that there might be deer on the other side, I carefully made my way to the top, and raising myself with rifle in position to shoot I saw a sight to gladden the heart of any sportsman. There were five splendid deer quietly feeding near the river, all unconscious of the approach of danger. Taking quick aim at the head of the family, a noble old fellow, I shot and followed with another and another, as quickly as possible, until I had fired four times and had the satisfaction of hanging up four blacktail deer as fine as ever made venison. This was with a singleshot breechloader, so the conclusion may readily be drawn that deer are not so shy and wary in these remote regions as in the foothills, where they are hunted much, for there a man would be in the best of luck to get even a decent shot at a band, no matter how expert he might be or careful his approach. After hanging up my game I proceeded to camp and sent back pack mules for the meat, which was duly appreciated by the surveyors. It was astonishing to see the juicy steaks disappear before the twenty-five or thirty hungry fellows.

I spent a very pleasant evening chatting with the boys. I was the first person that they had seen from home for months, and was very welcome as I brought letters to them from the post-office on Rock Creek, some twenty miles from camp. The post-office system as conducted in this sparsely settled country in this way: Small cabins are erected along a certain route, and a runner or carrier is hired to go over it once or twice a week, and the mail for parties that he he knows to be in that vicinity is left in a little box nailed up in one corner of the cabin. There is no lock on cabin or box, and when a person wants his mail he goes there, looks the mail over, takes his share, puts anything in the box that he wants to mail, and leaves. There is no postmaster, and sometimes for weeks no two persons meet at the office. The mail is carried in summer on horse, and during the winter on snowshoes. This is very primitive indeed, but it is much better than no way at all, as I found once when near one of these stations with a broken king-bolt. I tied a note to the bolt, directed to the carrier, telling him to take the iron to Hot Sulphur Springs and have it mended; this I mailed, and upon going to the station a few days after found my bolt welded and a bill of $1.75. I put the money in the box in an envelope, and found out afterward that the carrier got it all right. I have never heard of a letter being stolen, although such might easily be the case. But to my story.

Next morning at the surveyor's camp found us all stirring early, and as soon as breakfast was dispatched, I started out alone with the intention of looking around a little before starting on my trip to my own camp. Going up the cañon on the opposite side of the river from that taken the previous day, I traveled on for a little way and finally sat down behind a little ledge of rocks upon the hillside. From here I looked down toward the river and saw a picture that I would give much to possess as I then looked upon it. To where I was then looking, perhaps 125yds., was nearly a straight line of quaking asp bushes about 10ft. high, and right in the center, standing in clear outline against the deep green of the leaves, were the heads of three deer nearly touching each other; to the right stood the old patriarch and on the left the doe, while between them was a beautiful fawn nearly grown. What a picture! O, that I were an artist! I would have it if I never painted another. There the three stood, the bushes hiding all but the graceful heads. I would have given nearly anything then if I could have had my telescope on my rifle at that moment, not to shoot with; I knew full well that it would be an easy task to put a ball between that buck's eyes; but nothing was further from my mind at that time; I wanted the telescope to get right up to them to see their faces and expression as they appear when in their wild and native state, unscared by man and confident that no foe is about to harm them. But being no artist and having no telescope, I content myself by doing the next best thing, namely, let them alone; and this I do with a hearty good will for two reasons—we have plenty of meat at camp and I haven't the heart to shoot. I think that if all game were presented to me as this trio was, something more than mere sport would be the cause of my shooting them. I took up my line of march toward camp, leaving my picture in peace to go at will, and soon I found myself at camp, where I got a little food for my walk of twenty-four miles to my own tent. The day was pleasant, the walking good, and I really enjoyed myself in watching the sage hens, jack rabbits and antelope as they flew and scampered from my way. Noon finds me at a little creek, with several bush huts along its banks made by the Indians. One of the huts had a good matting of pine boughs for a floor. This one I appropriated for a time in which to eat my lunch and take a nap, etc. After sleeping a short time I made another start for camp, and at 6 P. M. was with my own party again, listening to their adventures and relating my own. MAYNARD.

SPOTS IN BARRELS.

EASTON, Md., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in last week's issue two of your correspondents have been having trouble with their guns specking and rusting. I have been there too, and I do not really believe there is any cure, or rather prevention for the evil. If a man shoots a great deal his barrels are bound to speck more or less, according to the kind of metal. The very best thing I know of to keep guns in order with, either while in use or between seasons, is chicken oil. It beats sperm, cosmoline and all the rest of the so-called rust preventers. Get a pair of fat chickens, put them in a pot to boil; when the oil rises to the top carefully skim it off, bottle and cork. This receipt is not original, but after several years trial I can say it is the best thing I ever tried. Living as we do on the salt water, and spending a good portion of the shooting season from October to April on our yacht, we have been greatly troubled to keep our numerous guns and rifles free from rust, and never had anything to do it save this chicken oil. Let some of the fraternity give it a trial. SANGWILLAH.

CLEVELAND, April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Much has been said in FOREST AND STREAM relating to rust in gun barrels, but no method so far seems to have given entire satisfaction. I never had any trouble with rust in barrels after I hit upon this process: Heat the barrels so as to feel quite hot to the bare hands. Fill both with a solution of gum shellac in alcohol; after a moment or so pour it out; enough will adhere to coat them well. To clean them, warm the barrels and swab out with alcohol. A gun treated in this manner I once put aside for four years without finding a single "spot" after cleaning. Collodion will also answer the same purpose, when more convenient. For outside work dip the metal in nitric acid and then wash off with olive oil. This is a splendid rust preventive, though it gives the iron, or steel, the appearance of "case hardening," which is permanent. DR. E. STERLING.

THREE DAYS ON GREAT SOUTH BAY.

ALTHOUGH many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will consider this tale insignificant compared with the stories of canvasbacks and redheads that are shot on the Chesapeake by hundreds, yet will I dare to tell of the good time we had in three days on the Great South. There were four of us—Cib, Bob, the Captain and the writer.

Bob and I started from Long Island City one afternoon, and were met at Amityville by Cib and the Captain, who had got everything all ready, and were there to help us with our traps to the boat. It was a good three miles from the depot to the boat house, but it did not take us very long to "git thar." Arriving at the boat house, we put our guns and luggage into the two dinghies, and getting in ourselves, started down the "crick," propelled by Cib and the Captain.

We soon arrived at the sloop, and without waiting at all, we made sail and started east with a light northwesterly wind astern. When we were fairly under way, I went down into the cabin and started up a fire to boil some coffee.

"You'll find the mugs hangin' up right at the side, there," said Cib, as he poked his head in at the hatch. "The spoons is in that box, right there by the stove, and the sugar's in that tin pail, hangin' there by the cupboard."

It took quite a long while to get the fire started and the coffee ready, and by the time both were done we were almost to our anchorage.

"You fellers ready for your coffee?"

"In a minute; we're goin' to anchor about quarter of a mile east," replied the captain, "and then we'll be ready for your coffee."

"And some grub, too!" chimed in Cib, who was up in the bow getting the anchor ready.

In a few minutes we were fast, and then they all came down into the cabin.

"Have some, Bob? There, I swow, that coffee's pooty stout. Sugar? By thunder, I forgot all about the milk! Well, I guess we can get along 'thout it it," said Cib, as he helped all hands to the steaming coffee.

How much better it tastes aboard your boat, out in the bay, without any milk, than it does in the city here, at breakfast, with all the requisites.

"Cut off some of that bread, Cap," said Bob. "There's a piece of corned beef in the basket, and we want some of that too."

Supper was soon over and the things put away, and we settled down for a talk about the birds and the weather. We had been occupied thus for about an hour, when Cib arose, saying, "I guess I'll take a look at the weather, boys," and suiting the action to the word, he went up on deck.

He soon came back and said, "The wind 's pretty high up to the nor'ard, but 't look to me 's though it might haul round more t' the east before mornin' and give us some shootin'. Go and take an observation, Cap, and give us your opinion."

The Captain went up on deck, and I followed. It was a beautiful night. The moon had just risen, and the wind, which blew gently from the north, made her reflection gather and ravel in the most fantastic shapes on the surface of the Bay. Far off to the east Fire Island Light twinkled its silent warning to mariners, across the water, and now and then the scared "quack! quack!" of a black duck would reach our ears from the meadows.

"Well, what do you think of it, Cap?" said I.

"Well, it's pooty hard t' tell; the wind 's so shifty at this season. I think, though," he continued, "that it 'll haul round a little, as Cib says, and be nearer east, afore mornin'."

Then we went below, and talked a little longer, but after a while the conversation flagged, and pretty soon a little wheeze from the Captain reminded us that we'd better "turn in."

"Say, Cap, we'd better get this mattress into some kind o' shape," said Cib, sleepily.

"Yes—d'ye think so? 'twould be a—good—idea"—wheeze, and the Captain was off again.

Nobody took the trouble to awake him, because everybody was almost asleep; in fact we were asleep.

I don't know how long we had been so, but I was awakened by the Captain, who said, "What's the time, Jack?" I was the only one who had brought a watch. I struck a match, and looked. "Ten minutes of two."

"Well, we'd better be makin' some coffee. Here, Cib, wake up, it's time we were stirring, we've got to get that battery out, and the stools, and you fellers have got to get a place at the medder (meadow) bank."

The Camp was soon lighted, and the fire also, and in the course of half an hour we had some coffee ready.

When the coffee was dispatched, together with a few pieces of bread and a boiled egg, we were ready for business.

"Now, you and Bob stay here, and me and the Cap'n 'll git the battery out; you can help us a little with the stools. I'll call you when I want you," said Cib, as he climbed up on deck, followed by the Captain. In a few minutes Cib called us and said, "Now, you fellers hand out the stools to me and the Cap'n. We want brant and sheldrake, with a broadbill."

Soon the dinghies were loaded, and we put the decoys all around the battery and then went back to the sloop. Cib and Bob took their dinghy and started for the "medder bank," leaving the Captain and myself on board. As it would not be light for an hour or more I decided to take a little nap, and so I went below. The Captain wakened me in a very short time, it seemed to me, and told me to get my gun and cartridges ready, because daylight had shown itself. I took my Parker and a bag of cartridges and was soon in the battery. Now, I am not a very heavy person, and the consequence was that the Captain had to make two or three trips to the sloop to get weights for the battery. Finally all was ready and he left me. Gradually the daylight grew, until—

> "The sun returning,
> Built a tower of gold along the ocean floor,"

or in this case, the bay floor. Whish-b-b—bang!—by Jove—lost him. That broadbill was too quick for me. I had to keep a sharp look out now, for the sun was fairly up and the birds were beginning to fly. Whish—bang—splash—that sheldrake didn't get away so easily as the broadbill. Steady, here comes a flock of brant.

Krr—krr—krr—now they see the stools—they fall off a

little, but only for a moment; they won't stop this morning.

More sheldrakes. Flying close te the water they come in, with their necks outstretched, as if to question their silent images. Bang—bang, followed by two splashes, tells the story.

Bim! Bim! came from Bob and Cib at the meadow bank, and I looked around for a second, but long enough to miss a very pretty shot at a broadbill.

Flocks of brant would go by within about 300yds., but for some unknown reason would not stool.

A few more sheldrakes came in to the stools, and then the morning flight was over.

The shooting was so poor in the battery that the Captain and I decided to "take up" and go to the meadow, where many guns had been fired. We did so, and in a little over an hour were with Bob and Cib, who had shot seven sheldrakes. We stayed at that place during the afternoon, while the other fellows went to another part of the meadow. Shooting was dull (as indeed it was during the entire length of our stay), and we shot only three sheldrakes that afternoon. About 5 o'clock clouds began to gather in the northwest, and as it looked very threatening, we went back to the sloop, and were soon followed by Cib and Bob, whose bag for the afternoon amounted to one solitary sheldrake.

The wind braced up steadily, and, as it looked as if it would blow even harder before morning, we put out both anchors, and then went down into the cabin and had supper, and turned in comparatively early.

The next morning we all went to the meadow, Bob and Cib fixing at a bend in one of the "cricks" that led in from the bay, where the birds would be sure to trade if they flew at all. The Captain and I went further toward the beach and fixed. Cib and Bob "got the bulge on us" that morning, for almost every flock of birds that came along went to their stools. We lay there until I was quite impatient, and, turning to the Captain, I said: "Cap, don't you think we'd better take up and go a little further east? There are no birds here."

"Well, let's wait round here a little while longer, and see how things is going to sashay about this medder, and if we don't kill no birds I'll take ye to a place where you'll have a shot inside o' twenty minutes."

We waited, but things didn't "sashay" for a cent, and so we "took up" and went a little further east and fixed at another meadow bank, and, sure enough, in about ten minutes up came an old "pied" sheldrake, gentle as a chicken, and flopped over among the stools at the report of my gun.

"Didn't I tell ye so?" said the Captain.

Although he had told me so, not another bird came in to our stools that day, and soon we went back to Bob and Cib, to find that they had killed six more birds. We decided to "go west," and after taking up the stools we poled over to the sloop, hoisted sail, and started westward, arriving off Amityville at about 5:30 in the afternoon. Right at the mouth of the "crick" where we anchored we found Capt. Cortright's catboat; he had been out on the bay to take in his eel pots, of which he had a great number, and, as he had been successful, he offered us a nice mess of eels, and we accepted them with alacrity, as our larder had run pretty low. O, how good those eels tasted. We thought that there was no lard, but I suddenly remembered that I had brought some down to grease my gun with, and this was immediately appropriated and served its purpose admirably. After supper Capt. Cortright and Bill Birch came over to see us, and we spent a very pleasant evening in the cabin, telling big bird stories and other tales.

The next morning we were up at daybreak and poled across the bay to a thatch bed which had been rigged there, and "fixed out," having a show of about seventy-five brant stool and twenty-five or thirty shelldrakes. The brant came from the east in large bunches, but would not stool at all. They all settled away down to the southwest and commenced feeding, and we could hear the *krr, krr, krr*, of the trading birds, as they flew past us and settled with the big flock. We stayed in the thatch bed a few hours longer and shot a few sheldrake and then we decided to go back and prepare to start homeward.

"I don't see what ails them brant," said Cib, as he began taking up the stools.

"If the bed was a little further north it might be better, the way they're flyin' this mornin'," said the Captain. "Steady," he continued, "I believe that sheldrake 'll come near enough for a shot."

Nearer and nearer came the unwily bird, until the Captain's gun spoke, and down he came with a splash, killed at a distance of fifteen rods at least.

"What make is that gun, Cap?" I asked.

"Dunno; I've had her for a good many years; she was bought for a ten, but she's been shot out to about nine bore, now," he replied, as he drew his ramrod from the thimbles and shoved down a couple of wads on the powder.

"She knows how to kill."

"Bet yer life!" was the laconic reply.

The decoys were soon in and we started across the bay toward the sloop.

When we arrived on board, we stowed away the stools and packed our traps and were ready to be off. We sailed up the "crick" a little distance and came to a standstill beside the meadow, where we got off and walked back to the road, where a team was kindly offered us and all hands got in and drove down to the depot.

The result of our three days' shoot was just twenty-two sheldrake, which, although not the best of game, well repaid us for our trip.

"Well, good-bye, fellers, said Cib," and he shook hands with us, "come down again soon and we'll try and do better."

"Yes," chimed in the Captain, "them brant acted in the durndest queer way; I never see 'em do so before. Good-bye," and with a clang of the bell we were off.

J. Wendell, Jr.

Where Shall They Go? A party of four amateur sportsmen intend camping out for two weeks next September, and not having been out before we are somewhat stuck for a place to go to. Would like to know if you could tell us of a good place for fishing and hunting, as our means are limited, and we do not care to go any further than we can help.—T. T. (Fall River, Mass.)

THE BEEF ISSUE.

[From J. B. Harrison's "Latest Studies on Indian Reservations."]

INDIAN AGENCY, Great Sioux Reservation, July 1, 1886.—"It is a beautiful morning; let us go out and kill something." "Oh, it's going to be a lovely day for the beef issue. I'm so glad," said a young lady at the breakfast table. Every one is animated and expectant. For several days visitors at the agency, besides the usual hospitable welcome, have been greeted with the exclamation: "You are just in time; you must stay to the beef issue!" All through the day before and far into the moonlit night long processions of Indian wagons have been coming across the hills, and their occupants have gone into camp on the high slopes all around. At an early hour of the morning the whole landscape is full of life and movement. The Indians are decked out in their gayest attire, and some of their costumes are pictorial enough. Most of them still wear the native dress, but some have on a combination of Indian and civilized garb, which is uglier than either alone. Nearly all are bareheaded and their long black hair, parted in the middle, falls back over their shoulders. Their faces are painted in various bright colors and in all kinds of grotesque figures. The Sioux men are very fond of wearing tails, and when on foot like to have a strip of bright-colored cloth dangling at their heels or dragging along on the ground behind them. They nearly all wear blankets, which at this time of the year are, most of them, sheets of dirty gray looking muslin or sheeting. These they wrap closely around them, often covering the head and face, all but the eyes.

As we look about us after breakfast we see the Indian women and girls harnessing their horses. Carriages are brought to the door for guests and we are soon all on our way to the Government corral. Everybody is going; residents about the agency, young ladies who are teaching in the schools in the distant camps and others who are visitors from Eastern cities. All are in high spirits. Acquaintances exchange greetings. Indian wagons filled with women and children are moving over the plain from all directions. There are hundreds of young Indian men and women on horseback. They go curveting and racing about the plain. The Indians never look well on horseback, but they manage to stay on. Their ponies are slight and ugly-looking, but tough and enduring. They are the most useful and respectable denizens of the Indian country and are about the only creatures here who earn their rations. The girls sit astride the same as the men. Some of the belles are in costly apparel, I count more than fifty elk teeth on a large cape worn by a rare and radiant brown maiden. As each elk has just two teeth, a whole herd must have been slaughtered to furnish the bravery of her attire. She reminds me of New York Fifth avenue belles with dead birds on their heads, but the elks were really killed for food.

The corral is a large stockade in the middle of a plain, which slopes upward to low hill all around. Here are many hundreds of cattle awaiting slaughter to furnish rations for the noble red men, their wives and children, "the wards of the nation." There are about two thousand Indians present. A large proportion of the men are armed with carbines or improved rifles. There is an army officer here from the nearest fort, to represent the Government on the occasion. A brass band has come out from some some railroad town to compliment the ladies and frighten the already distracted cattle with the blare of their music. The entertainment opens with a popular air. The ladies applaud delicately, and the musicians bow their acknowledgments. Mounted cowboys enter the corral, spur their horses among the cattle, and drive groups of them, with shouts, yells and blows, toward the chute leading to the scales, where they are weighed, a dozen at a time. After leaving the scales, in a narrow part of the chute, each animal is branded with a hot iron and passes on into another division or apartment of the corral. This first brand shows that the animal has been received from the contractor. After all passed through this experience they are again driven into the chute, with the same accompaniment of yells and blows, and receive another brand. This is to identify the hide after it has been taken off.

All this is but overture and prelude, but the curtain will soon rise and the play begin. Ladies and visitors are assigned the best points of view for the coming spectacle. The Indian wagons with the women and children, and the dusky equestriennes, press close together around the walls of the corral. The Indian horsemen are drawn up in two long lines, forming a lane from the gate of egress, far out on the plain. Their carbines gleam in the sunlight. I turn and note the sweetness of the June morning, the beauty of the circling hills, the flag of our country floating above the Government buildings, and in the momentary hush, the gushing song of a meadow lark, far off across the grass. Hundreds of Indian dogs troop about, hungry, watchful and expectant. A tall Indian, with a voice like that of an exhorter at an Arkansas camp meeting, climbs up to the top of the gate and shouts the names of the men who are to receive the cattle, as, one after another, they are released to their doom. The gate opens, and a gigantic steer leaps out, frightened and wild-eyed. He trots uncertainly down the lane of horsemen. The dogs fly at him and he sets off in a gallop. Two Indians gallop after him, and everybody looks that way. But by this time another is out, and soon half a dozen are racing away in different directions, each closely followed by two or three mounted Indians. Soon a shot is heard, and then another, and the ladies strain their eyes to see, but the steer gallops on. The ladies look a little disappointed. "They are going out of sight. Is this all it's going to be?" But wait. More shots, and more; and now they come faster, like the ominous, irregular but increasing skirmish firing before a battle. Five or six of the cattle go off together, with a dozen men pressing behind and at the side of the fleeing group. A horseman fires and a steer drops, so sudddnly, head first, that he turns a complete somerset, and the pony just behind, unable to stop, repeats the movement, tumbling over the prostrate beast, and dismounts his rider. Some of the cattle are, at first, only slightly wounded, others are crippled so that they cannot run, but several shots are required to dispatch them. Now and then one turns in fury upon his pursuers, and the ponies swerve aside to avoid his charge. The ladies turn quickly from side to side, to note the most interesting occurrences. The dying animals lie all about the plain. Some struggle long, getting up and falling again, and the Indians wait warily till it seems safe to approach, for a mortally wounded beast will sometimes make a plunge at his tormentor.

Now a hunted brute dashes madly among the crowd around the corral, the horses start and rear and the brown maidens scramble hastily on to the wagons. A large cow, shot through and through, comes staggering up to the very walls of "the grand stand." The Indians try to drive her away, but she no longer heeds their yells and blows. She reels, braces herself, turns her great beseeching eyes up to the women above her, and falls at their very feet. The Indian butcher appears, throws off his leggings, and bestrides her with naked brown legs and thighs. He opens her throat with a short knife and cuts out the tongue. He pierces no artery or large vein, and the poor, tongueless beast dies slowly. She lifts up her head, stares around again, and tosses about wearily in mute agony. The half-naked slaughterer goes on with his work, and the cow is partly skinned before she dies. It is all so near that the ladies have an excellent opportunity to see every step of the process.

As the carcasses all about the plain are opened the work of the Indian women begins. They attend to the "fifth quarter" of the beef, the entrails. They remind me of the witches in "Macbeth." As we drive out homeward, threading our way between the bloody groups around the flayed and dismembered beasts, many Indians are already beginning their feast. They are seated on the ground, eating the raw, blood-hot liver. Our host stops and buys a piece of liver from an Indian for our next morning's breakfast. As we go on again, a young lady to whom I had been introduced at the grand stand asks me, "How did you enjoy the beef issue?" The next day, at the great Government boarding school, the principal told us that his boys and girls had behaved so well all through the term that he meant to take them out in a body to see the next beef issue as a reward for their good conduct.

It is a brutal and brutalizing spectacle.

HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

THE question has often been asked, what is the best sight for a hunting rifle? The answers to this, from the continuing inquiries, seem to be unsatisfactory, and it probably never will be answered to every person's satisfaction.

It may be of interest to the general reader to briefly discuss the various kinds of sights now in use, briefly pointing out the merits and defects of the different patterns.

The factory sights sent out with the rifles by the different gun dealers (who probably have never shot at moving game), sold to the novice as just the thing, are to the practical hunter confusing and bungling pieces of metal that are at once thrown aside as useless.

If these factory sights are of so little value, what is the best sight for general use?

The best sight for a hunting rifle is one that enables the hunter to catch aim in the shortest possible space of time; that shows as much of the animal, whether standing or running, as will assist in locating the spot aimed at with reference to the rest of the body of the object; that aids in firing shots at running game in rapid succession; that shows plainly in the sun, in the shade, or in both combined, and that is clearly discernible at night.

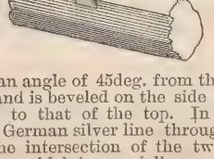
There are three distinct kinds of rear sights now in use.

First is the old-fashioned deep-notched sight known, among other names, as the clover leaf, prong-horn, etc. This sight has all the faults that a sight can very well have and still be called a sight, viz., it takes up time in catching aim, it covers all the object aimed at except the space between the prongs, it retards catching aim in running shooting, and is confusing in dull and hazy weather and useless at night.

Second is the Lyman sight, which overcomes the objections of the first in that it shows the greater part of the object aimed at, aids in running shooting if the range of the sights is kept by the hunter. The objections to it are that it is confusing in catching the range of the sights, *i. e.*, the front through the rear sight. This is owing to the position of the sight on the stock of the gun, leaving too great a distance between the front and rear sights. Then, too, its folding down on to the stock is a serious objection. In crawling through tangled brush it is very often knocked down, and if game comes in view at such a time a shot is lost or a miss made because the precious second is lost in readjusting the sight. This has been my practical experience with the Lyman sight, and the same is true of several persons who were previously advocates of that sight.

Third is the sight given us by T. S. Van Dyke in his chapter on the subject in his admirable work the "Still Hunter." For two years I used the sights recommended by him and found them suitable except in two respects: the eye will not always catch the true center of the barrel; this is due oftentimes to the haste in which the gun is thrown to the shoulder, and it fails for night shooting.

The sight that answers every purpose is one which has been extensively used by some South African hunters. It is slightly beveled on the top (one sixteenth of an inch), as shown in the accompanying cut.



It slopes at an angle of 45deg. from the top to the base of the sight, and is beveled on the side toward the butt to correspond to that of the top. In addition to this there is a fine German silver line through the center of the sight at the intersection of the two planes on the beveled surface, which is especially serviceable at night. This answers every one of the requirements above mentioned, and so far as my experience goes, it has no disadvantage.

For a front sight the plain ivory sight as described by Van Dyke, is certainly the best.

If this short discussion will be of value to only one of the many who are seeking for the best sight for a hunting rifle, it will have fulfilled its mission.

Munsungun.

ON THE KANKAKEE.

WE reached St. Mary's, Iroquois county, Ill., March 17, loaded our outfit on a wagon, and set out for the swamps, eight miles away. My comrades were Mr. Shepherd, who had come with me from Indianapolis, and my friend Mr. Rock, an old hunter and trapper of St. Mary's. In a few hours we had found the place for our camp, and very soon the tent was in position and a comfortable little home fixed up. There had been only one shot fired on the way out, and that brought down a hawk measuring 5ft. from tip to tip of wings.

The next morning we turned out early, each one of the party anxious for a shot at goose, brant or duck, and still more anxious to make a record. I waded out in the marsh some distance before daybreak, and tried to make a sneak on some ducks, but they were too wild, and after two or three hours I returned for breakfast somewhat disgusted, having shot three or four times only to miss. Sitting down by the tent to wait for my companions, I discovered a fine flight of brant heading directly for me. I grabbed my gun that was sitting near by, and fired both barrels loaded with No. 5 shot, but no game fell. I quickly loaded with No. 1, and had barely time to fire the left barrel, which brought down a nine-pounder. This might have been a scratch, but I was happy all the same. After breakfast Mr. Rock and myself started for a marsh about two miles distant, where once, in times past, we had been favored with good shooting; but on this occasion we only succeeded in bagging thirteen mallards; and by one misstep I succeeded in getting wet to my armpits, so the first day's shooting only scored us one brant and seventeen ducks, "Shep" having killed four in our absence.

The next day we moved our tent, and after a good deal of fixing, and preliminaries generally, started out for the afternoon and evening shooting. Little game was flying, so it was only by the hardest kind of work that we succeeded in bagging three or four mallards and a pair of sprigtails, or pintails as they are called here. Just as we were starting to camp out came a flock of geese, flying very low, and going right over the head of Shep. He fired into them, killing one outright, and could easily have killed the second, but was too much excited to shoot the other barrel; we abused him not a little for his stupidity, but he said one goose was enough for him, and if we wanted any large game to follow his example and go kill it. Getting enough glory out of this incident for one day we retraced our steps to camp, and after a hearty meal, a pleasant smoke, and many a merry laugh, we turned in for the night.

The next morning was hazy, and every surrounding plainly indicated that there was trouble brewing in the elements; and indeed it did not take long for it to materialize into a big blow that tried every fibre of our tent to the utmost. The thunder seemed only just above our heads, and the flashes of lightning were really alarming; but soon the rain began to fall in torrents and continued until too late to make any more effort for game than we had already, Mr. Rock having killed a goose, and I a pair of mallards. The wind having changed to the north, had not yet spent its fury; snow and ice were falling thick, driven by a stiff breeze which made our small party only too glad to find shelter. The tent now seemed a godsend against the storm that was so hard to face when once outside our den. But our wood was scarce, and we were forced to make a supply from the very small black oak hat grow thick on the sandhill about camp.

Monday morning found the marshes frozen with a thick scum ice, but the sun shone warm, and by noon there were openings in places that made us hopeful for some good afternoon shooting. Dick Yarno, a young Frenchman who had come out from town in forenoon, and myself found a good location on a small grass mound, a kind of peninsula that run out in the marsh. We spent about an hour pulling grass by which to cover ourselves from the view of the ducks. The fowl were by this time beginning to come in, and our concealment completed, we lay flat on our backs, covered ourselves with the grass and waited. Our position was anything but pleasant, but soon the sport commenced. For two or three hours they kept coming, in fact, until it got so dark that we were forced to gather in our beauties and start for camp. We filled a two-bushel grain bag as full of mallards as they could be stowed in, and had besides many in our game coats.

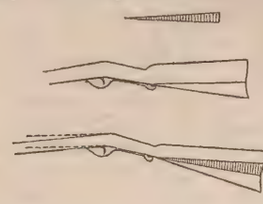
When we reached camp both were about fagged out. This was the first real fine sport since our outing had begun, and indeed it reminded one of the good old times of years ago, when we could stand and shoot to our hearts' content and even refuse to waste ammunition on the smaller birds, shooting only at mallards. But those days are past. The State ditches are telling on the swampy lowlands; and even now, where a few years ago there was good shooting, to-day is found instead good pasture land and meadows were a large hay crop is mowed annually and shipped to Chicago. So it is plain to be seen that in a few more years the marsh shooting of the Kankakee will be reckoned with the by-gones and the wildfowler will have to find new fields for his sport.

The remainder of our stay through Tuesday and Wednesday was favorable as to weather, the wind having again changed, and a brisk southwest breeze seemed to whisper game, but there was no flight of ducks and we only succeeded in bagging about fifteen or twenty, mostly mallards, and I had the good luck to add one more brant to the score. Our stay being out, with some regret we packed our baggage and started for home. Although in the week we had only killed five dozen ducks, two geese and two brant, we considered our outing a success, and had all the true sport we could desire or expect.

DRAPE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

ALTERING GUN STOCK DROP.—Glastonbury, Conn., April 29.—I stocked pistols in Colt's factory, Hartford, Conn., in '59, and since at my own place of business. I have fixed five single and three double guns for drop, and all gave the best of satisfaction. I like a stock with 4in. drop. I find that there are hardly two men alike in measure from the eyes to the shoulder. To drop a stock by steaming the small of stock weakens it, especially if it is cut across the grain. My way avoids that, for the small is not disturburbed, and a fair workman, if he be careful, can make a neat job of it. In the first place I find out what more drop I want, and get out a wedge-shaped piece of wood as near the grain of stock as possible: then take guard and heel-plate off from stock, mark up both sides, large of stock running almost out beneath at and cut of under small piece. Now saw to mark alternately from both sides carefully: then try the wedge and see that pieces come good. Glue the wedge piece to



stock and secure with finishing nails; then glue on the lower part of stock, putting a good screw through that and the wedge into stock well down in bed of guard. After the glue has well set, fit the guard back in its place. Take off from top of stock almost the amount of wedge, then recut and fit the heel plate with the end screws to go into the original parts of stock. Now file and finish the stock down to plate with oil or polish finish; and you will be pleased with the way the gun comes up to shoulder without disturbing your vision. If the stock is pistol-grip, saw only to butt of grip; don't disturb the grip. I have brought down ducks with the old gun when I could not see the sight, it was so dark. I think you will understand my principle of getting the drop for gun stocks.—COUNTRY.

MAINE DEER AND MOOSE.

THAT the game of northern and eastern New England and the near British provinces has wintered well, there is no doubt. That this report from the game is true, is confirmed somewhat by the absence of reports. There is not one report of crusted-under partridges this spring where there were a dozen a year ago, while the severity of the winter, and above all, the great depth of the snow, has kept the crust-hunters and the winter market-gunners out of the woods. During the months of February and March and well into April, the hunters have been glad to remain at home. They have not been tempted to make any extensive excursions in the woods by either mild weather or strong snow crusts; and hence the game has escaped. But under the fact of increasing deer and their nearness to the settlements, a curious form of hunting has developed itself—a form not altogether unknown last year and the year before, in the Maine woods particularly, but one that has increased in a ratio that threatens to become alarming, and one that will evidently require something of a change in the excellent game laws of that State. It is also understood that the same difficulty exists in New Hampshire. This new form of hunting is that of taking deer and even moose alive. The Maine papers have contained a good many accounts of deer taken alive; the remarkably deep snows and the great numbers of deer rendering such capture possible, and indeed not very difficult where there happened to be a lumber road within a reasonable distance of the deer yards. Some of these papers have given out these items—often concerning the local sportsmen or even the boys of the town—published them with no desire to either evade or make light of the game laws. Indeed, the statute provides that no moose, deer or caribou shall be had between the first day of January and the first day of October following, "except alive," and on this exception, the right to take moose and deer alive in the woods of Maine has come up in the imagination of the hunter. But by the Commissioners of that State such hunting and taking of deer is regarded as exceedingly dangerous to the game and demoralizing to the hunter, and they immediately turn to another form of the statute where it provides that no person shall in any manner "pursue, hunt or kill" such game in the close season. They claim that it is not possible to take either a moose or a deer alive without "hunting," and hence that such hunting is in violation of the statute. Some weeks ago they commenced active operations in this direction, and I have it from perfectly reliable authority that they have, through their wardens, already caused the liberation of between twenty and thirty deer that had been caught alive. In two cases moose have also been caught, and in one of these cases a cry of commiseration has gone up from the friends of "the poor hunter who might have got $200 for his live moose, but the Commissioners wouldn't let him."

Well, these game laws will have to be made plain on the question of taking moose and deer alive. It is understood that the Commissioners have generally given directions for the liberation of the captive moose and deer, without prosecution of those who have taken them. But just think of it, fellow sportsmen! Are not more than twenty far too many to be taken out of the stock the law is trying to save in one season's close time? What a sermon on the value of game protection might be preached from the text that there is a possibility of taking more than twenty deer and two moose alive now, when a few years ago these animals were almost extinct. The idea that such game is plenty enough that the law must prevent its capture alive in the winter season. In consideration of such facts, was it any wonder that twenty-five or thirty years ago, under free hunting for moose and deer all through the winter—just for their hides—that such noble game was almost driven to extermination? If it is possible to secure more than twenty deer in one winter without killing them, how many could be butchered by an enterprising party of skin-hunters in the same length of time? Then, if a band of loggers happen to camp in the vicinity of a deer or moose yard, and they wish for fresh venison, how many shall be taken and how many shall be left? Deliver Adirondack and New England deer from all the danger from deep snow and and dog hunting, and they will increase to plentifulness. Even the lordly moose would again flourish under immunity from crust and dog hunters, with a law that should protect the cow moose. Yet we are regaled by those Solons at Albany with the idea of "hounding deer to make them shy" so that the still-hunter and wolves cannot destroy them. But the last argument I have heard that touches me to the quick is one that comes from a Maine lumberman. He claims that it "is absolutely necessary to kill off some of the older and stronger deer, in order that they do not eat up all the browse around the winter yards, and thus cause the weaker ones to starve." He is of the opinion that the law should allow the lumbermen to kill off a part of these larger and stronger deer; and the FOREST AND STREAM has his word for it that there wood be more deer in the woods the next season if such were the case.

SPECIAL.

MISSOURI STATE ASSOCIATION—Office Missouri State Sportsman's Association, Palmyra, Mo., April 19.—The issue of the programme of the annual meeting of the State Sportsman's Association offers a favorable opportunity for drawing attention to the apathy of the sportsmen of Missouri to the action and intentions of the National Association for the protection of game, birds and fish. This organization was commenced at an annual convention of Missouri sportsmen and was perfected in St. Louis, and yet only one club of Missouri sportsmen (that at Jefferson City) has, outside of St. Louis, joined it. The objects of the association are known to all our sportsmen, and if they treat its existence with indifference it is natural to expect that other States will do the same. Individuals can join as well as clubs. Dues are as follows: Clubs of between five and twenty members, $5; clubs of over twenty members, $10; individual membership, $2. Capt. H. C. West, the secretary, (post-office box 699, St. Louis), will be glad to register memberships on receipt of dues. The national convention assembles at the Palmer House, Chicago, on June 22, and, of all the States in the Union, Missouri, the parent of the association, should be best represented. This cannot be the case unless many State clubs join it immediately.—JOHN W. LEMMONS, President; FRANK W. SMITH, Secretary.

EXPRESS BULLETS FOR LARGE GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was greatly interested in "Bear Stalking in Canada." The rifle test given in the second paper recalls an experience of my own the past winter in shooting caribou. I put seven balls from a single shot Winchester .45-60-300, entirely through a large bull before he gave in; two through the shoulder before he fell as he stood broadside. He immediately regained his front feet with his head from me, and five more balls struck the small of his back, passing out at brisket and shoulders. In another case a cow that went down with a broadside shot just back of shoulder, falling quartering head toward me, and got two through the head and another in center of heart. Of those through the head, one entered the eye passing out at the base of the ear on the opposite side; the other struck 3in. below the same eye, passing out 3in. back of the same ear. To my mind either of the last three shots should have at once proved fatal, but doubtless the one through the heart was the one that did the business, and was the last shot; and I have arrived at the same conclusion as the writer of the article referred to as to the superiority of an express bullet; *i. e.*, hollow pointed. Can any rifle shooter tell me where to obtain fixed ammunition with such a bullet to fit my rifle?—WARFIELD.

MAINE GAME.—Indian Rock, Me., April 20.—I am very much interested in the Yellowstone Park, and have perused with pleasure "Winter in Wonderland." Mr. Hofer's description of the lynx catching rabbits, corresponds almost precisely with what I have seen in the northern part of Maine; they are called *loup cervier* in this section, and were quite plenty here twenty-five years ago, but the trappers have exterminated them. In 1861 there were no deer in Franklin and Oxford counties, at present there are hundreds. There was seldom any sign of beaver seen in 1861; they are fairly plenty now. Sable have been fairly plenty the fall and winter past, having been caught nearer the settlements than for several years. Caribou appear to be drifting toward the northeastern part of the State. Moose are not plenty; there is but small chance for them unless the Canadian French and lumbermen stop slaughtering them.—O.T.R.

NEW YORK GAME BILLS.

NOW that the Legislature is drawing to an end it will be of interest to any who have watched the progress of legislation, and more so to those who have not, to scan the roster of bills and see just exactly where they are to-day. The following is a complete list of both the Senate and Assembly bills, the introductory number being given because some of the bills are not printed and hence have no other number than the one given:

SENATE BILLS.

85. Coggeshall, amending 437 of 1886 so as to prohibit the catching of brook trout less than 6in. long. In committee of the whole.

91. Coggeshall, amending 533 of 1879 and subsequent amendments so as to make season for woodcock, partridges and squirrels Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, and relating to snared birds, etc. In committee of the whole.

269. Wemple, establishing a fish hatchery in the Adirondack wilderness. In the Assembly.

318. Comstock, including set lines among prohibited devices, unless by permission of the Fish Commissioners. In the committee on game laws.

411. Pierce, making the quail and rabbit season on Long Island Nov. 15 to Dec. 31.

456. McMillan, exempting from 437 of 1886 salmon caught in the Great Lakes. In the Assembly.

465. Fagan, to protect the planting of oysters in the town of Jamaica and Hempstead. A law, Chap. 182.

484. Comstock, amending 534 of 1879 and subsequent acts so as to prohibit set lines. In the Assembly.

490. Comstock, providing for a fishway in the State dam at Troy. In the Assembly.

533. Dunham. In committee of the whole.

565. Daly, a general codification. In committee of the whole.

597. Hoysradt, forbidding Sunday fishing for shad in the Hudson. In the committee on game laws.

600. Vedder, making quail season Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, and hare season Nov. to Jan 1. In committee of the whole.

ASSEMBLY BILLS.

154. Reeves, to permit sailing for wildfowl in Gardiner's and Peconic bays. On third reading.

178. Reeves, amending the law of 1879 so as to post notices of trespass every half mile along the highways. In game laws committee.

301. Fitch, providing $5,000 for the erection of a fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor. On third reading.

433. Bulkley, forbidding the use of nets in certain parts of Jefferson county. On third reading.

454. Erwin, amending the song bird law of 1886, so as to allow shooting for crows, hawks and blackbirds. On third reading.

477. Cornwall, limiting mesh of net to be used for minnow fishing in Keuka Lake and permitting fishing through the ice in Seneca and Canandaigua lakes. On third reading.

501. Hamilton, amending the prescribed methods of posting of game preserves and the laws relating to trespass. On third reading.

503. Davies, providing a special commissioner to aid the Commissioners of Fisheries in preparing a general game bill. In game laws committee.

525. Sime, amending the law of 1880 for the appointment of fish protectors relative to the auditing of account. On third reading.

508. Moore, amending the song bird act so that scientifically-inclined persons may collect birds, eggs, etc., for the purpose of science only. On third reading.

710. Thompson, amending the Jefferson county act of 1886. On third reading.

797. Speet, permitting netting and fyke fishing for eels, suckers

and bullheads in certain parts of Cayuga Lake. In game laws committee.

880. Reeves, amending 534 of 1879, relative to game preserves and trespass. In game laws committee.

881. Reeves, making the season for wild duck, goose and brant from Sept. 1 to May 1. In game laws committee.

858. Giese, prohibiting fishing for black bass in Lake Erie or the Niagara River, above the falls, between Jan. 1 and July 1. On third reading.

947. Fort, forbidding the possession of snares, etc., on waters inhabited by salmon, lake trout, etc., in close season. On third reading.

901. Winne, transferring the game protectors to the control of the Forestry Commissioners. In ways and means committee.

881. Curtis, allowing the catching of bass in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county, the same as in the St. Lawrence River. In the Senate.

985. Sheehan, Senator McMillan's bill, No. 456, above, substituted. On third reading.

1014. Frost, relating to quail season and hare season (same bill as Senator Vedder's, No. 606). In Game Laws.

1017. Hogeboom, making certain exemptions of forest lands to those who occupy summer homes. In Ways and Means.

1062. Hines (same as Senator Fagan's bill, No. 465). Now a law, Chap. 1827.

1068. Collins, making the season for salmon from the 1st of March to the 15th of August, and placing special penalties upon fishing in the Hudson River. On third reading.

1113. Hadley, a general codification of the game laws. On third reading.

1114. Hadley, enabling the Forest Commissioners to sell or exchange portions of the State lands. In the Senate.

1129. White, prohibiting the shooting of wild ducks between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. In Game Laws Committee.

1148. Langbein, a general codification of the game laws (the Roosevelt bill). In Game Laws Committee.

1160. Ainsworth, extending the time for hunting deer from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15; for having in possession from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1; for selling, from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, and for transportation from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1. In Game Laws Committee.

1177. Hadley, appropriation for Adirondack survey. On third reading.

1194. Leete, forbidding fishing in Oneida Lake in April and May. In Game Laws Committee.

1219. Brundage, forbidding the catching of trout in Steuben county except in May, June and July, and forbidding the spearing of fish in the Cohocton River in April, May and June. On third reading.

1222. Reeves, amending 34 of 1879 so as to forbid unlawful devices for taking shellfish. In Game Laws.

1225. Winne, providing for a partial restoration of the Catskill reservation. In the Senate.

1251. C. Smith, amending the song bird act so as to allow the killing of birds for plumage. On third reading.

1261. Hogeboom (the Hudson Sunday shad fishing bill introduced by Senator Hoysradt, No. 697). In Committee of the Whole.

297. Finn, repealing 282 of 1880 for the preservation of lobsters. Sent to the Governor.

344. Committee on Game Laws, for the protection of oyster planters. In the Senate.

395. Reeves, providing a patrol steamer and an oyster protector. In Committee of the Whole.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ON MOOSEHEAD WATERS.

NORTHWEST of Moosehead Lake, in Maine, lies a tract of country well suited to the production of trout and game. It has not the great extent of uninhabited forest found further east in the Aroostook country, but the trout average larger, and in some sections the larger game is, perhaps, as likely to be seen as in any part of the State.

It was the fortune of the writer to spend two weeks of summer in canoe and camp in this region. Although I had caught thousands of trout in Connecticut, during more than twenty-five years of fishing experience, I had never been into the wilderness to leave all other affairs and betake myself wholly to sport and recuperation. The friend who induced me to take the trip had been in this country many times, and was almost as familiar with its lakes and streams as the guides. Leaving Boston at 8 o'clock, Friday morning, July 2, we were at Skowhegan, Maine, at 6 o'clock in the evening. Here we hired a livery team, and the next night were at the forks of the Kennebec, forty-six miles away. The road follows the Kennebec River all the way, is in good condition and affords a very pleasant drive. There are comfortable hotels every ten or fifteen miles. A stage runs each way between the Forks and Skowhegan every week day. At a farmhouse about fifteen miles below the Forks we saw a young yellow and white "coon cat." The large bushy tail was ringed with alternate yellow and white bands. We stopped and tried to effect a purchase, but the lady of the house told us there was "not money enough in the county to buy him." She said this cat was sent to her from Fairfield, Me., when a kitten.

We found that our guides, who had previously been engaged by letter, had everything in readiness, and at an early hour Monday morning we bade farewell to the last settlement and, by the silent and steady strokes of the paddle, were borne away to find what of interest the forests, lakes and streams might afford.

We spent an active week, and although we caught only a moderate number of trout and no large ones, we were very fortunate in seeing an unusual number of the wild life of the wilderness. There were seen one caribou, five deer, including two fawns, five beavers and three otters, all in six days. We had all the trout we needed and our guides salted and brought in perhaps 20lbs. The largest trout taken weighed 2lbs. Our guides took us to a lake which they had discovered the year before, and which they believed was rarely visited. The canoes had to be carried a considerable distance through the forest to the lake. This genuine lake of the woods covers seven or eight acres, and is mostly shallow and overgrown with lily pads. At one end there is an old beaver house, and around this some clear water of considerable depth, and here the trout lie. In three hours' fishing we took 15½lbs. of dressed trout. The largest weighed 22oz. according to my friend's estimate, which he backed up by his pocket scales; and at this and other times during the week he gained great respect from me by the accuracy with which he could name at sight the weight of a trout. The scales never failed by a single ounce to agree with his estimate. I, however, learned later that these were peculiar scales. They would make a trout weigh anywhere from ¼lb. to 1½lbs. at the will of the manipulator. The mountains rise abrupt and rugged from two sides of the lake, and all its shores are covered with the primeval forest. A small family of beavers live in a house at the mouth of the little stream that feeds the lake. Tracks of caribou and deer were numerous, and a moose had worn almost a path where he came to the water. Three otters were fishing and came within three or four rods of our canoes.

One night we camped in a hunter's lodge on a little island in a lake near the Canada line. While it was yet daylight a doe and fawn came out on the sandy heath opposite our camp. The fawn was in the red coat mostly, and was as playful as a lamb. We watched the antics of this little fellow a long time, till he followed his dam into the woods again. Along this same beach we saw traces of a moose. He had walked along the sand for half a mile. Setting out from the shore is a great rock known to the woodsmen as Gull Rock. Here there can each year be found a gull's nest. Some gulls were circling above the lake. We climbed the rock and found a deserted nest only.

Shortly before our trip two woodsmen going over this route had the fortune to get from one tree an old she bear and three yearling cubs. We found the tree, which was a good-sized pine, well scratched with the claws of bears. The partly devoured body of a deer, upon which the bears had been feeding, lay under the tree, and near by were the carcasses of three of the bears. In the soft banks of the adjacent stream were the fresh tracks of a very large bear, doubtless the father of this unfortunate bear family. The old fellow was seen at the time the others were killed, but kept himself out of danger.

Of grouse we saw very few; they seem to have disappeared from this region, where I am told they were very numerous a few years since. At one place we went ashore to see the work of bank beavers, and saw many stumps a feet or more in diameter from which the beavers had felled the trees. Our guide told of having measured one stump 22in. in diameter.

As our trip was in July we found black flies, mingies and mosquitoes. As a protection against the former I carried a "fly cream" that is freely advertised. I gave it a trial all the first day, applying it with a liberal hand and was slow to believe there was no protection in an article so confidently puffed and backed by testimonials. By night I was so bitten by black flies as to show the marks a month afterward. Had there been no other fly repellant in the party I should certainly have been driven out of the woods; fortunately there was plenty of a mixture of sweet oil and tar, and this really gives protection and comfort. This, however, fails as a protection against the mosquitoes at night. We had two covers of cheese strainer cotton arranged to go over the head and arms and kept away from the face by hoops. But the nights were hot, and the heated breath being thrown back in the face by the too heavy cloth, made the arrangement intolerable. Then I had a canvas hat arranged with veil; this I could fasten over my head, and by putting in some twigs to keep the veiling away from my face so the mosquitoes could not reach me, found protection. The hat was too warm. Arranging this headgear with care and covering hands and feet with the blanket, I listened to the buzz of the baffled insects with serenity and soon fell asleep. After an hour or two I would awake to find I had in sleep thrown off the covering, so as to expose my face, or the twigs had become displaced so as so let the veiling fall on an ear or nose and the exposed member was being worked by as many mosquitoes as could find room. When I go to the woods again I shall have a covering of silk veil arranged over hoops and long enough to tie under the arms. With an arrangement of that kind for protection at night and plenty of tar and oil for use by day I shall have no fear of insets. My companion said there was not one black fly this year where sometimes there were a million, but even his pocket scales won't back that statement.

The second week we camped in a "head-works" on Long Pond, fifteen miles above Moosehead Lake. A head-works is a small shanty built on a raft, and is used by the lumbermen in the spring when they are engaged in rafting logs across the ponds by means of a windlass. Here we found a stove, a good protection from the rain, and there were very few flies or mosquitoes. Fires had run through the timber along the shores and there seemed to be no large game in the vicinity. We saw one otter, and making an excursion up one of the streams flowing into the pond found a beaver dam about 30ft. long and 3ft. high, setting back the water for over a mile. Our guides cut a path through the brush till they could get their canoes in the still water above the beaver dam. Working the canoes noiselessly up the stream we soon heard the loud reports, such as are made by a beaver as he strikes the water with his tail in diving, and coming around a point saw a very large beaver playing in the water. He would swim a little way, then dive, striking the water with his tail in such a way as to make a report like a pistol, and throwing the water several feet in the air. Our canoes drifted within perhaps 30ft. of him before he took alarm and disappeared. The trout were very numerous in this beaver pond. The largest we took weighed a pound, but most of them were from 3 to 5oz. Our best fishing from this camp was at the mouths of streams flowing into Long Pond, and this sport grew better as the water became warmer. One night we built a fire on a point of rocks near camp and fished for eels, baiting with pieces of chub. No eels were caught, but a fine trout of 1½lbs. came almost ashore in front of the fire to take the bait. He was taken about 9 o'clock and after the last of twilight was gone.

Our custom here was to start out about 8 o'clock in the morning and paddle up some stream or to a place in the lake where the entrance of a stream attracted the trout. We took with us a broiling iron, tea pail, some coffee, bread and bacon. After catching a supply of trout, we started a fire, made some coffee, broiled some trout and bacon, took our dinner leisurely, and perhaps by 2 o'clock launched our canoes again for exploring or fishing, or more likely both, and by 5 or 6 o'clock were back in camp.

Here we just rested and grew fat and rugged every hour. None of our friends knew where we were and no telegram nor letter could be sent to us. That is the way to throw off all business. Get where no reports, either good or bad, can come, and if your business place burns up you won't know it till you get out of the woods. My mind was here as free from every care as that of a child.

We captured a young loon about as big as a goose egg. He was a sleek little fellow and was caught in a landing net after being tired out by continued chasing. He would dive as an old one, only he could not stay under so long nor go far. When released he went under and only showed his head at intervals till a long way from our boats. Then we secured two young black ducks. These would weigh about a pound each. They could not fly, and when we gave chase in a canoe they ran ashore and hid in the grass and bushes where we caught them. As they were well matched and seemed able to make a race on their merits, we decided they should have a swimming match. Placed side by side in the water, the birds at the word were released. No sooner were the ducks at liberty than they went down like loons. One we never saw again, and the other showed his bill and the top of his head only, at intervals of two or three rods, till beyond our sight.

The second day of our rest on Long Pond, we met near the foot of the pond two young men, with a birch bark canoe. They evidently looked on us as at least doubtful characters and did not want much to do with us. Our canvas suits did not look particularly clean nor nobby; we had not been shaved for ten days, and the frequent and free application of tar and oil with plenty of sun, gave no doubt some grounds for their evident suspicion. By persistent questioning we learned they were part of a company of four from West Newton, Mass., and were camped in a log-drivers' camp at the foot of the rapids about a mile below, and had a canvas canoe at their camp. We did not wait for any invitation, but having caught trout enough for all, we went to their camp, turned in our fish and had dinner with them. They had hired their canoes at Moosehead Lake and had come up without guides. The birch canoe they had carried a mile through the woods to avoid the swift and broken water, but on the advice of our guides decided to try running the canvas up the river. Taking a part of their luggage we pushed on ahead. After catching as many trout as were needed for supper and breakfast for our whole party, and waiting their appearance until we grew uneasy for their safety, we sent our men back in one canoe to learn the cause of the delay. In about an hour our guides returned with the young men and their canoe. At the first quick water the Massachusetts men attempted to run, their canoe tipped over throwing two of their number into deep water. Everything they had in the canoe was soaked—blankets, provisions, and extra clothing. The party had one good fly-rod and that was lost, also a knapsack containing all their flies, maps, and many little articles the loss of which was an inconvenience. We piloted them to our camp, where there was room enough for all, and did what we could to make them comfortable. They were with us as long as we remained in the woods, and retained possession of the camp a week after we left. I learned by a letter received from one of the party after their return, that the men who guided us ran their canoes back to Moosehead for them, and in an eddy below the rapids where their canoe was capsized, found the fly-rod and most of the other property which had beed lost in the catastrophe.

I think it a mistake for inexperienced men to try to canoe without guides through waters with which they are not familiar. These young men when we met them had not been able to catch many trout, and were very short of provisions. They had nearly half a barrel of hard tack, which was spoiled by the upsetting of their canoe, and that is about all they did have. They would have been forced to make a few meals of hard tack only before they could get to where they could replenish their supplies, if we had not succored them.

One little stream flowing into Long Pond was completely covered up with bushes, but by running a canoe up the stream a little way some short casts could be made under the overhanging brush. The water was clear and shallow, and from his position in the canoe the caster could see the movements of every fish. Usually a dozen or more trout lay just where the flies could be dropped over them. Sometimes twenty casts would be made before a trout would take any notice of the flies, then a trout of a quarter or half a pound weight would come up as if that particular fly was what he had been looking for for a long time. In this way a half dozen or more would be caught, after which no more could be coaxed to rise. Off the mouth of another stream I hooked a trout showing such energy and strength as to convince me I had the largest fish of the trip. The canoe was run away from the weeds and grass into the deeper water where the trout was hooked, and the 6oz. rod bent nearly double as it checked the rushes of the gamy fish. When this trout was netted he weighed only a pound, but the cause of his apparent strength was manifest. He was hooked through the back in such a way as to give full play to all his strength.

At an early hour on the Friday morning of our second week in the woods, we packed our camp duffle and turned our faces homeward. That night we were at the hotel at the Forks. The next day Skowhegan was made in time for an early supper, and Waterville, eighteen miles further, in time to take the night train for Boston, which was reached at 6 o'clock Sunday morning.

I had seen a bit of wild nature, and although the 3 and 4lb. trout I hoped and expected to see did not show themselves, I was satisfied with the trip. The experience of the friend who took me to his favorite outing place served to make sure a reasonable degree of sport, and the kindness and generosity that are as natural to him as the love of the woods made him the king of camp companions. I shall not soon forget the special care he took that I might not, by my inexperience, lose any of the sport or fail to see everything of interest. Our guides were skillful canoemen, cheerful, tireless, uncomplaining workers and pleasant companions. They did all they could to make pleasant our vacation, and more than earned the moderate wages they asked. A canoe trip is free from the fatigue of tramping; and never being tired, the canoeist is always in condition to enjoy all the pleasures of the wilderness.

The trip of which I have written occupied sixteen days from Boston. The cost was about $75 apiece exclusive of money spent for tackle, etc., before starting. In a trip of this kind one learns much about the lumber business and the mode of life of the people engaged in it. Another summer I hope to start again, rod in hand, for the Maine woods.

T.

Providence, R. I.

Our New Alaska.—The large sale of Mr. Charles Hallock's book shows that this great northwestern possession is attracting the eyes of the world. Besides giving a vast amount of information about Alaska and its resources, the graphic pen pictures of the country, the people and their ways, and the ways of Alaskan tourists, help to make this volume natable among all books relating to the subject.

TO THE MEMORY OF ANGLING WRITERS.

OUR English angling friends are to be commended for the interest which they manifest in doing honor to those of the craft whose writings have been serviceable and who have passed away. A short time ago we printed an appeal for subscriptions to place a memorial tablet in Winchester Cathedral to the memory of Izaak Walton, and now a similar appeal is made to honor the memory of Francis Francis, the subscriptions being limited to one guinea. No similar movement has ever been made in America, although we have had a Norris, a Bethune, a Dawson and a Scott, each of them revered by our literary anglers, and well worthy of being remembered in marble as they are in the hearts of those who knew them, either personally or by their writings. In our bustling American life we are too prone to neglect these honors to those who have instructed and interested us in the gentle art. In England the memories of such men are kept green by the angling clubs, which, by the way, are more social in their nature than our own, but if the proposition to make the Rod and Reel Association something more than a mere organization for holding an annual fly and bait-casting contest is carried out, we hope that in time some steps may be taken to do public honor to the famous native anglers who have passed away.

At the late annual dinner of the London Fly Fishers' Club, Mr. William Senior, well-known under his *nom de plume* of "Red Spinner" rose to propose the memory of Francis Francis, "and observed that, even upon festive occasions like this, it was necessary sometimes to take cognizance of the cloud as well as the sunshine. It was the first time in the history of the club that they had been called upon to drink a toast in silence, and he hoped it would be a long time before they were called upon again; but the committee had decided, and he believed rightly, that a tribute ought to be paid to the memory of Mr. Francis Francis. (Hear, hear.) It was unnecessary to say who Francis Francis was. (Hear, hear.) Many present had taken their earliest lessons in the 'gentle craft' from him, and the older members had followed with the greatest interest his name and writings during the past thirty years—first in the sporting newspapers, next in the magazines, then in the more solid literature of the publisher's printing press. The amount of pleasure and instruction which his works imparted, and the influence which they exerted, could hardly be estimated or described. For Mr. Francis was essentially a full man, who had a thorough knowledge of his subject, gained in the best of all schools—experience. He had, too, a vigorous style, and was fearless to the backbone; and he always aimed at the very highest standard. (Hear, hear.) There was a desire to perpetuate his memory by a tablet in Winchester Cathedral, where Izaak Walton was buried, and Mr. R. B. Marston, who was secretary for the good work, had already received the sanction of the Dean. (Hear, hear.) As Mr. Francis was a Hampshire man, and was a good deal about Winchester—the trout knew that pretty well—and as the name of Izaak Walton was also associated with the place, the committee thought that they could not do better than carry out a representative memorial in that way. (Hear, hear.) * * * * There was an obvious thought connected with this toast. Sooner or later the day must come when the names of all present would be a memory too; when they would have ceased their pleasant wanderings by lake and stream, among all the sweet surroundings of nature, which they loved so dearly, and when they must leave their rods and creels behind them. But whatever cause else they might have for regret, the sport to which they were all so devoted would surely be a subject for nothing but the most pleasant recollections. (Hear, hear.) Their friend, Francis Francis, must have had a good slice of enjoyment during his career, thanks to his rod and line; and it was a comfortable reflection that they could refer to the source of that enjoyment without the shadow of apology, and with clear consciences. And so, believing they were all in full accord as to the great talents and the manly straightforward character of the master whose loss they deplored, he asked them to drink to the memory of Francis Francis."

The circular from which we have taken the above says that subscriptions to the Francis Francis memorial fund may be sent to F. M. Halford, treasurer of the fund, 35 Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, London.

KILL FISH WHEN CAUGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first time Adam went fishing in the brooks of Eden (I assume they were trout brooks), he must have caught a "big lot," and, of course, Eve experimented in cooking them. But I venture to assert that poor Adam ate a barrel-full of half raw fish before she discovered the grand secret—known even now to but few—namely: to cook them, and cook them, and cook them! There's another thing I am sure Eve did—and all other old bachelors will join me in the opinion—namely, she gave Adam a terrific curtain lecture on his needless cruelty to the poor fish, in twisting and pulling the hook out of their gills, and then allowing them to smother—to die by slow degrees. And an old maid friend suggests that no doubt the wily Adam arose and smote his breast and swore a big oath, he'd never, never do it again—but went on just the same as before, next day! Be that as it may, the modern Adam needs a lecture badly, and as the self-constituted but humble representative of all the modern Eves, I propose to read him one.

In Russia and Japan fish are injured as little as possible, for they are usually preserved alive in a tank until wanted for the table; then, if it be in a hotel, they are exhibited alive to the guests and instantly killed. In some parts of our own country this matter is equally well understood. For instance, in Annapolis, Md., no housekeeper will buy fish that are not alive and active, and hence the market dealers keep them in large tanks until wanted. As for the cooking there, I cannot speak with great certainty, for my experience in several visits has been limited to rockfish and sundry toothsome crabs (for which latter that city is justly famous).

On a yachting cruise off the eastern end of Long Island I learned how to treat and cook a fish. Our captain instantly killed the first bluefish caught, dressed it, cut it into broad strips crosswise, salted them and then dropped them into boiling fat; then he let them boil à la doughnuts, say half an hour, until the expectant guests howled with impatient longing and stomachic pain. The result was a fish meal that seemed a new revelation, for I never ate such fish before. It was brown and crisp and done all through—that's the secret. Upon returning home I reformed the raw-fish-loving sable cook, but somehow the taste of that bluefish didn't materialize. At first, I attributed it all to fresh sea air, etc., but finally, by experiment, I found that fish allowed to die slowly deteriorate more than those killed speedily, and then the bluefish came again in almost his original toothsomeness.

Thus much for the case, viewed from a purely selfish standpoint. Is there no other reason for not torturing a fish in extracting the hook, and also for killing him at once? Let us reason together. Has a fish no feeling we are bound to respect? Putting ourselves in the place of a fish, how would we like to have a huge barbed hook turned and twisted in, and finally pulled out of our lungs, throat, eyes, etc.? Fish have not our highly-developed nervous system, but we should remember that wherever red blood is there is sensitiveness, and in general the degree of sensitiveness corresponds with the quantity of blood in a given area or quantity of tissue or flesh. Now, a fish's throat and its surrounding parts are full of red blood, and it ought to be clear to any one, from that fact alone, that the pain following a piercing, rupture, or tearing of these tissues or blood vessels must cause pain or even agony to a fish.

I lately discovered a work entitled, "The Art of Fishing, etc.," by Oliver Raymond, L.L.B., printed in London by the Queen's printers, which treats of cruelty to fish in this wise:

"Kill the fish directly you shall have caught him. By killing the fish at once, you not only curtail his suffering but you secure to yourself a better fish. For, fish killed on the instant they are caught, eat finer than when left to die a lingering death. Should you wish to know why, I will tell you, and may the information work on the feelings of those merciless fishermen who leave their fish, when caught, to die by slow degrees, either half smother in their panniers, or strung on a stick, with their torn and bleeding gills hanging down their tormentor's sides. A fish which dies by degrees, wastes itself, and why? From pain and suffering! If you observe them, they seem to sigh, their flesh becomes flabby—so much so that when they are dressed they have lost, in a measure, that firmness which a sudden death like that I have mentioned, would have spread over the whole fish. Thus there are two reasons why the fish, captured whether by net or hook, should be killed immediately—the more important of the two that he suffers no unnecessary pain; the other, less important, that he will eat the better." To kill fish quickly the author recommends this plan: "Be provided with a staff about a foot long, which you can carry in your side pocket; with this give the fish a smart blow on the back of the head, close to the neck, and he will be dead in an instant. You may then take the hook out of his mouth, but not before if you would follow my merciful directions."

So much for Mr. Raymond, but whenever his plan is inconvenient I would suggest this substitute, namely, put a forefinger in the fish's mouth and the thumb just behind his head, then give a sudden bend backward, which will snap his backbone and instantly end his sufferings.

Another noted authority, Col. E. Z. Judson, better known by his *nom de plume*, "Ned Buntline," wrote from his forest home in the Adirondacks, that "Playing a trout for the mere fun of the thing is unnecessary torture, besides," he added, "you frighten more fish than you secure by the process."

Many will not eat the flesh of a bullock killed by accident, and few or none will eat that of a bullock which has been smothered. Yet, by a sort of inconsistency, the eating of smothered fish is the universal practice; for a fish taken from his native element, dies for want of air—from inability to absorb oxygen; and a man plunged into water dies for the same reason—by smothering, as Desdemona did.

It is needless to carry the argument further. Enough has been said to show that the subject commends itself to us, not only from humane considerations which all fishermen should gladly, even zealously regard, but from the purely selfish standpoint of improvement in the quality, palatableness and healthfulness of one of our principal articles of food. POTOMAC.

THE CLICK AND DRAG ON REELS.—Vermont, April 22.—In regard to click and drag being placed on the left hand side of reel, we suppose that "Jo" wishes them so placed that he can work the click and drag when the spool is revolving. This is a good idea and one that I have wished for myself and that wish is about to be gratified, as I have one ordered that has these essential points. We were shown a few days ago a new model of the Henshall-Van Antwerp. In this new model the click and drag were worked from the edge or rim of the plate, and are so placed so as not to spoil the beauty of the reel and not to interfere with the free running of the line, and both click and drag can be operated while the handle is turning and the spool is revolving, no matter how rapidly. The old unsightly "knobs," by which the click and drag were formerly operated on handle side, are discarded. We understand that this model has been sent to the Patent Office and as soon as protected by patents the manufacturer of them in this form will commence and we hope to have one to try the first day of June, which is the opening day for black bass fishing in this State, and is fifteen days earlier than last season. The snow is yet deep on the hills and the streams are full of snow water, and I am afraid that no trout will rise to my flies the first day of May; but the fishing fever is running pretty high. —OMPOMPANOOSUC.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.—The annual tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association will take place on Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 25 and 26. The prize list should soon be made out and the score books issued, so that they can be sent out at least a week before the meeting. This has never been done; in fact, on one or two occasions the score books were delivered by the printer on the grounds on the morning of the opening day. This delay was caused by holding the prize list open too long before arranging the classes and sending the score book to the printer. A goodly number of prizes have been offered, and we look for an interesting tournament.

MESSRS. ABBEY & IMBRIE send us a new price list of the thousand and one angler's appurtenances, necessities and luxuries, manufactured by them. They also issue a 1400-pictured illustrated catalogue of their goods.

PICKEREL PROTECTION.—There may be, and probably are, waters in which it is desirable to protect the pickerel, *Esox reticulatus* and *E. lucius*, but there is no good reason for their protection in the Northern and Eastern States, where better fish, such as trout, salmon, etc., abound. In New York they are protected in Lake George from Feb. 15 to June 15, and receive protection in some other States where there are better fish for them to destroy. These species are well known to make a diet of fish almost exclusively, the few frogs which they swallow being an unimportant item in their diet, and their destructiveness is out of all proportion to their value as either food or game. It seems that their protection is being agitated in Maine, and the Augusta *Journal* very sensibly protests against it. In a recent article it says: "It was only the other day that Mr. Hiram Robinson, of Sebec village, fishing with a hook and line near the mouth of Bear Brook, on the north side of the lake, caught a pickerel. Seeing what appeared to be the extremity of a fish's tail in its mouth he drew from its stomach the partially digested body of a landlocked salmon 15in. long, which must have weighed quite 1¼lbs. when taken in. After the removal the pickerel weighed 3¾lbs."

HE DOES NOT HIE.—With the coming of the first days in April I found myself oppressed with a yearning after a shadowy something which, as the thermometer expanded his chest in his endeavors to enjoy all the warm fragrance of the sunny days, gradually assumed body and outline; and I thought of the time when I should hie (any other method of locomotion being too prosaic for a fisherman) to the green pastures, pluck a mustard can full of early worms, and with great expectations and expectorations (for I am a fisherman of the old school), wander beside the croaking creeklets in search of my mighty foe—the chub. Alas, my lot! The snow falls, carrying with it my dreams, and changing into waterfalls. My enthusiasm drifts beyond reach. I wander in mind instead of in green fields; I select a dark spot under my desk as a target instead of the mustard-canned worm mentioned above; the steady flowing of my fountain pen is all that reminds me of the creek's croak; no "rise" ripples the surface of my slough of despond, not even in salary, so "striking" is useless.—F'LIN.

"NESSMUK'S" POEMS.

He writes with ease and often with elegance, and has a keen sense of humor.—*New York Sun, April 3.*

Those of our readers who love sport with rod and gun, and there are not a few of them, will be very much pleased with a handsome volume of poems by "Nessmuk," the veteran contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, which has been issued under the title of "Forest Runes." They will bring to mind visions of camps and hunts gone by, and whet the appetite for the next venture, and are altogether well worthy of purchase.—*Dundas (Ont.) True Banner.*

Of these verses, now gathered into this book, the best are, of course, those which refer to woodcraft, to fishing, to hunting, and to the description of landscapes. Here and there there are crude lines, but the genuine poetry is there, nevertheless. When he goes to other themes "Nessmuk" becomes less poetic, but some of his fun is very good. Any one who loves outdoor life, and who has sympathy with the simplicity of nature, will heartily enjoy occasional dippings into these modest pages of "Nessmuk's" "Forest Runes." In some moods we have found them soothing balm in Gilead.—*Denver Evening Times, April 13.*

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A GOLDFISH POND.

THOUSANDS of people who annually retire from the city to the country during the warmer months of every year, invest and have invested in suburban lots and dwellings; large sums of money are lavished by many of them upon objects which really bring them little or no satisfaction in the beginning or the end, while the one feature of a handsome country place, which, when well undertaken, affords the most rational enjoyment, is seldom or never thought of. This is a goldfish pond.

The establishment of a successful goldfish pond is not difficult, and it is attended with a mere trifling expenditure of money, if sensibly conducted from the start. There is nothing difficult or mysterious in its management. If it is properly excavated and planted with appropriate trees and shrubbery on its banks, it will never call upon its owner for a single dollar's outlay, further than the first cost of that digging and planting. A small pond involves an expenditure of $50 to $100; a larger reservoir between 150 and 200ft. in length and 40 to 50ft. in width should not cost more than $250, and can be well established even for $150.

Nothing alone and of itself on a country place begins to afford the entertainment and pleasure with which a handsome goldfish pond rewards its owners. The older members of the family as well as the children love to chase around its grassed banks and recline beneath its shady points while following the movements and play of brilliant color which a fleet of goldfish always afford when the hot sun of July and August shines upon it.

After an experience of sixteen years, the writer feels warranted in calling the attention of his fellow men, who may, like himself, delight in a well ordered country home, but who very likely have not given the subject of a goldfish pond any serious consideration, simply because it is generally believed to involve a large expenditure of money to establish and to keep up.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF POND.

WHERE TO PLACE THE POND.—Locate your pond as near to your residence as the configuration of the lot and its landscaping will allow. It should be placed so in order that the

stir and animation around the dwelling may aid in causing herons, kingfishers, serpents and muskrats to avoid it. It should be so placed as to receive all that rain water, which runs in the gutters of your driveway and your footpaths; this rain water affords the goldfish their richest and most acceptable food.

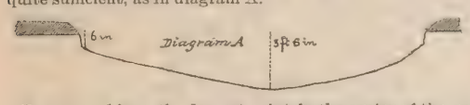
Never locate the pond so that a brook or stream of any size, no matter how small, flows into it. If you do, then the sudden cloud bursts of June and July will cause inundations, and again the water co rses always lead an endless string of natural enemies into the ponds. Goldfish thrive better in still water; they prefer the rain water to spring water.

HOW TO MAKE THE POND.—The site of your pond being located, then mark out on the surface of the earth its exact superficial proportions; make it in some agreeable outline of curves and points and not a common square or oval hole (which has a most painful artificial look). The pattern of the writer's pond is herewith given to illustrate his meaning, the constriction in the center is not accidental, but it is purposely made, since it creates a current or constant circulation of the water; for when the sun shines it alternately heats the water in the two extremities of the pond as it passes over during the day, owing to the shading of the trees planted on its banks for that object. At this narrow center of the pond a current is always setting up or down, as the water is heated by the sun at either end. In this current young goldfish love to exercise, swimming against it and feeding as they do so.

If you have room, make the ground covered by your pond at least 100ft. in its greatest length, but even a short one of 50 will be large enough to afford very great satisfaction. It is not advisable to make it over 150ft, even where you have the requisite space beyond that limit.

Two able-bodied men with spades and a horse hitched to a light single wagon arranged with "dump" boards, represent all the machinery required for excavating the pond; the first or upper 6in. of soil should be taken off at the start and laid back over the surface of the banks surrounding, evenly distributed, except at four or five intervals where it can be heaped so as to be available for that rock-work planting, which is to be undertaken after the digging is completed.

The men should dig gently sloping in from the edges to that point of greatest depth in the middle of the pond, which in the best ponds should never exceed 4ft., while 3ft. 6in. is quite sufficient, as in diagram A.



Be sure and keep the deepest point in the center of the excavation; it thus enables the fish to retire wholly from the jar and danger from the close proximity of the banks to a safe and quiet retreat at any time in the day, and at night they will always settle there and be thus beyond the reach of wading night herons.

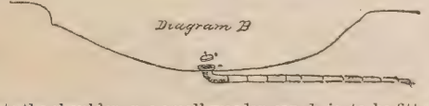
The best soil in which such a pond can be made is blue or yellow clay, for it holds the water as though a coat of water lime were placed on the bottom; but any soil can be successfully employed as a good reservoir that is not gravelly. A bed of gravel will not do, and it is idle to concrete. Even if water liming were practicable, a covering of five or six inches of gravel soil would be required for the bottom thus treated, in order that the many small forms of life which supply fish food might generate therein.

When your excavation is completed, put your level on the banks and see that they nowhere are over a foot or eighteen inches above the low water level of the pond for a distance of at least fifteen or twenty feet back from the edges. This is necessary to discourage the burrowing of muskrats.

In order that the rainwater that runs in from your driveway and footpaths may enter the pond neatly, get a few joints of common 6in. tiling pipe and lay them in connection with the road gutters, and let the outlet pipe, also of 6 or 8in. tiling, be laid so that it keeps the water at just that level on the banks which you desire. This tiling can be procured for a mere song, only three or four cents a foot. Both the inlet and outlet pipes should be so laid as to be empty when the water is at the right or established level. This prevents bursting, caused by freezing in the winter.

Over the mouth of the outlet pipe a wire netting must be placed with a mesh not larger than 1-6in., or much smaller. This prevents the wholesale departure of the young fish when a shower or rainstorm causes a full overflow to boom through the pipes. Great attention must be paid to the screen, and care taken to observe often that it is not misplaced or rusted out. A piece of wire cloth will last several consecutive years if it is well painted, and if not, must be renewed every summer. A whole yard of the wire netting, enough to last twenty years' renewal, costs only seven or eight cents.

If your pond is so located as to be easily drained from the bottom, then a deep tiling should be laid with its head in the lowest depression of the excavation and graded so that the "fall" will be good and uninterrupted. This head of the drain should have a shoulder and be in the shape as shown in Diagram B.



Into the shoulder, *a*, a small wooden cap, *b*, is to be fitted snugly, with a spike driven into its center. This cap prevents the overflow of the water, and it can be easily found when the pond is full, and lifted by the spike handle whenever it may be necessary to draw the water off. Then stop up the other end of the drain pipe—it will only be filled with silt or else frozen and bursted.

If your pond is located so low in comparison with the surrounding country that this drainage is not practicable, or in other words, involves the digging of a long and costly tile drain ditch, then it is best not to do anything of the kind, for it will not be difficult to empty your pond with a good force pump wherever the rare intervals arise in which it is necessary; the writer's pond has been drained only once in sixteen years, and that because he had to take carp and sunfish out and clean the pond for goldfish exclusively.

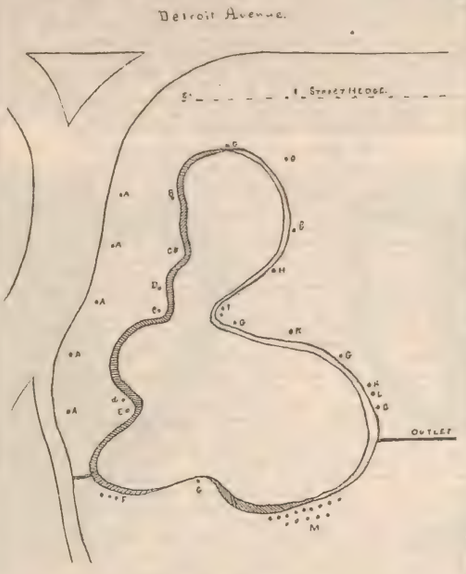
HOW TO PLANT THE BANKS.—The digging thus completed and the inlet and outlet tiling laid, the next and the most important step to be taken in order is that of properly setting trees and shrubbery around the borders of your pond; these trees are to grow so as to shade the waters of the pond in sections, as the sun passes over it, and that shading rests and animates the fish as well as creates that circulation already spoken of; the leaves, as they fall from the trees every autumn, settle to the bottom of the pond and create warmth there during the winter, and in settling from hundreds of extemporaneous grottoes in which the fish love to play and secrete themselves when disturbed; these leaves also play another very important part; they, in settling upon the bottom, form a mat which smothers all water weeds and grasses, and thus keeps the pond clear absolutely from these nuisances which choke up the water and offend the eye, unless they are frequently removed from those ponds where no such tree planting has been made.

The roots of the willow and spruce grow out from the banks into the water as a mat of thousands upon thousands of fine delicate tendrils interlocked and spreading in the water for several feet; in this growth the happiest shelter for the spawn and young fish is afforded, and thus all necessity for having those disagreeable water weeds in the pond as a means of enabling the fish to successfully spawn, is done away with, and the water kept clean and sightly.

The general location of these trees suitable for planting around the ponds is defined in the accompanying plan of excavation; the evergreens make an exceedingly agreeable contrast in winter, and are not less so in summer. The several points where rockwork and shrubbery are indicated require but little heaping of soil, rather use broken stones and boulders freely since the temptation for the muskrat to burrow will be greatly lessened. The "Balm of Gilead" poplar trees grow to a great height and do not cast a dense dark shade, while their long roots coil and bind around the banks to the very best advantage. In ten years these trees will have grown so as to present a most pleasing picture, setting the pond off as with a handsome frame. The shade is grateful both to those who stroll around the pond or sit for hours watching the sporting fish, and also to this life under the water.

These trees can be found in any nursery with the possible exception of the Balm of Gilead—that can be procured at any of the large nurseries. All the planting should be done in the spring time, just as soon as the frost comes out of the ground. It is wisest to get small trees rather than large ones—those of two and three years growth make the most successful transplanting. In five years time they will have made handsome growths, and by the lapse of ten years be perfect in shading and beauty.

HOW TO STOCK THE POND.—After the pond has been completed, as above indicated, the next step in order is to carefully rake over the soil surrounding it, and seed it down with blue grass and a little white clover mixed together, then after the water has become fairly settled to put a dozen or two adult goldfish into it, not later than the 15th or 20th of May; out of this number of goldfish at least two or three will be of the opposite sex. It then becomes necessary to afford these fish suitable spawning facilities, since the new pond is entirely bare of vegetable growths. In any low or swampy spot you can take up bunches of rushes and sedge



PLAN OF TREE PLANTING.

A. Cherry. B. Willow. b. Willow, American. C. Maple. D. Norway fir. d. Balsam. E. Arbor vitæ. F. Hemlock. G. Balm of Gilead. H. Quince. I. Rockwork with honeysuckle. K. Norway spruce. L. English privet. M. Rockwork grotto, mountain ash, hemlock and tree honeysuckle.

grasses by the roots, earth and all; set these down in the water of the pond at the edges so that they can be reached at any time without difficulty; these transplanted grasses and rushes will grow well, and the fish will freely spawn among them, the eggs adhering.

TIME OF SPAWNING.—Several days before the female goldfish is ready or ripe for the extrusion of her eggs, she will be observed to swim in restless rapid rotation around and through the water plants; one or two or more males will be closely following her; they are apparently insensible to all danger, and must be carefully guarded from kingfishers and herons at this period, which lasts several days, perhaps a week. As soon as the eggs are deposited, the fish become very quiet and retire to the depth of the pond, where they apparently go to rest.

In two days time, if the sun shines brightly on the water, after the eggs are dropped, they hatch; if it is a cloudy spell then a week or even ten days will elapse before hatching; the eggs of the goldfish are no larger than the heads to a paper of medium-sized pins, white and translucent; they fall and adhere firmly to whatever they touch. When first hatched, the young fish as soon as it absorbs the tiny yolk bag which belongs to it, begins to bodly swim out into the pond and greedily feeds upon the microscopic animalculæ that warm rainwater ponds afford in abundance.

The growth of these little fish is exceedingly rapid, so that by the lapse of three weeks they make a very prominent feature all by themselves in the pond as they dart actively hither and thither in feeding. Goldfish hatched in a rainwater pond like that of the writer, reach the length of 4 to 6in. in a single season; they do not, as a rule, show much color until the beginning of the second year of their lives; then the variation observed in a fleet of several thousand makes a most beautiful picture of graceful extremes in color between the olive green of immaturity and the rich, "old golden" carmine of adolescence.

From this time on the goldfish will require no further attention; they will grow, multiply and increase to countless numbers, and if the rainwater supply is enough to keep the pond well filled they seem to always have enough to eat; at least they refuse all artificial food which is thrown into them—the same which they so greedily eat when in aquaria.

THE ENEMIES OF THE GOLDFISH POND.—The habit of the goldfish which makes it so attractive in the water is also that habit which makes it so liable to destruction from natural enemies, that habit is the one which orders its graceful and prominent swimming at the surface of the water, where its luminous back is almost raised into the air; this exposure of its person attracts the kingfisher and all the herons. These birds once drawn to your well-stocked pond will never leave it alive as long as a fish remains in it. They must be watched and shot. Every morning early for a few weeks in May and June, the pond should be cautiously surveyed and every one of these birds, which will be apprehended in greater or less number, should be shot. Again, in September, as these waterfowl go South, they are likely to drop down upon the pond; they are the very worst and most destructive agencies that the goldfish are exposed to.

If the banks of the pond are properly kept, the grass will always be cut short and the edges of the same neatly trimmed right down to the water; this renders all danger of lurking water snakes out of the question, since such serpents will never remain around or in a pond where they cannot crawl into concealment.

Carefully avoid the introduction of any other small fishes, minnows and the like—they will most likely develop into something carnivorous, and render the troublesome task of drawing off the pond necessary in order to get rid of them. Any turtle, soft shell or snapping, must be removed, as they are expert fishermen. A turtle will lay at the surface of the water, and as the young fish swim around they come in reach of the long neck and wide jaws of the reptile, which are darted out with inconceivable rapidity from the shell at them, seldom failing to catch the particular fish aimed at.

The nuisance of muskrats is one which the owner of a gold fish pond must encounter sooner or later. The use of a common steel trap will run them out. The traps are best set in the water, directly at the submarine entrance of the rats' burrow. These water rodents soon learn that they are being followed up and suddenly decamp. They forget, however, and will return in a few weeks or months if not again trapped. They do not attempt to catch fish when they are able to roam around and thus secure vegetable food; but when the depth of winter deprives them of that opportunity to a very great extent, if not entirely, then the fish will surely suffer, inasmuch as the chill water renders them stupid and sluggish.

A great deal has been said about tadpoles, about frogs and the larvæ of certain water bugs and the bugs themselves as all being very active and destructive enemies of the goldfish. They are not; they certainly destroy eggs and the young fry to a small extent, but at the same time they afford food that the goldfish thrives upon, which more than offsets their capacity for evil. Watersnails, *physa, linnea* and *paludina*, are always abundant in a good pond; they may also destroy a few eggs, but they are the scavengers of the pond, eating all decaying vegetable matter as well as animal, in which service they are assisted by the tadpoles; they keep the water pure, especially during warm weather.

Such, in brief, is the simple plan and methods required for the establishment of a successful goldfish pond, which is of all the surroundings of the author's country home the most enjoyable single feature on the place. After the trees have become nicely grown and the sod well established, the banks of such a pond are not only attractive as a landscaping study, but are the most agreeable benches on which to loll during the heated summer solstice. HENRY C. ELLIOTT.

ROCKPORT COTTAGE, Cleveland, O.

NEW YORK LEGISLATION.

ALBANY, April 26.—Assemblyman Fitch deserves great credit for his efforts to advance the bill to provide for the erection of a fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor and making an appropriation therefor. He has had his resolution in his hand almost every day for the past three weeks waiting for a chance to order the bill to a third reading. In its present shape, in the committee of the whole or "general orders," as it is called, he does not stand the slightest chance of having it passed unless the session of the Legislature should be unduly prolonged. Mr. Fitch has not been able to advance the bill because the moment he proposed to do this somebody else wanted his own bill to be advanced too; and so it was impossible to carry out his wishes.

The Legislature has done very little during the past week in the way of advancing bills. The Assembly Game Committee has ordered to a third reading Giese's bill exempting the Niagara River from the law of 1879; and also Sheehan's bill in regard to salmon in the Great Lakes.

The first bill to become a law was the one (to protect the planting of oysters on Long Island) introduced by Senator Fagan and submitted for one already introduced in the Assembly.

The Assembly has finally passed the bill introduced by its game committee to promote and protect the cultivation of shellfish within the State waters of the State of New York and to raise revenues. The bill was originally introduced by Assemblyman Reeves. Then it was taken in charge by the game committee, who gave several hearings upon the same. Finally the committee drew an amended bill, creating a commission consisting of Commissioner Blackford and two commissioners to be appointed by the Government (one of whom shall be an engineer), who are to have charge and control of lands under water belonging to the State, suitable for oyster planting, and shall be empowered to lease the same at nominal price per acre, not more than 250 acres to be so leased to any one person. The bill was strongly antagonized, and efforts made to exempt all the counties which would be affected. The only amendment adopted was that offered by Mr. Haggerty, exempting Kings county from the operation of the act, there being very few oyster lands in that county.

Mr. Hadley said that the act was not experimental. Rhode Island and Connecticut had had such a law in operation for six years, and oyster production had been quadrupled. Other oyster producing States are about to enact a similar law.

Mr. Fitch said that the House had already set its face against any new commissions. The bill would not only take away the public lands from the little oystermen, but would place in the control of a commission not elected by the people, responsible to nobody, and under no bonds, thousands of acres of land under water now controlled by the State, and from which any citizen can now gather oysters. This bill will create and foster an immense monopoly.

Mr. Erwin declared that its effect would be exactly the reverse of a monopoly. The bill provided against that. Its effect would be to bring into the State treasury half a million dollars. Mr. Erwin's opinion of the oystermen was not very high. "Why, they would steal the whole State of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut if you let them," said Mr. Erwin. "They came very near getting away with the whole ways and means committee, body, soul and clothing."

The bill was passed; ayes 80, noes 17. Pending further amendments that are likely to be made in the Senate, the correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM will hold the bill until there is no chance of its being changed from its present condition.

AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE executive committee have made a change in the date of the next annual meeting of the Society, to be held at Washington. At the last meeting the dates fixed, on motion of Mr. W. L. May, vice-president of the Society, were the 12th, 13th and 14th days of May, 1887. It was the intention of that gentleman, and others, to have the meeting held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of some week in May, and a member produced a calender showing that these days fell on the dates named, but it must have been a calendar for some other year. On discovering this Mr. May wrote to the recording secretary, and as the date of meeting was close at hand, and no preparation had been made for notification of members or a request for papers sent out, correspondence was immediately opened with the officers, of whom there are twelve, and at present writing eight have favored Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 31, June 1 and 2, one has voted for the original dates, and three have not been heard from. Therefore the executive committee have decided that the meeting will be held in Washington on these days last named, and a notice to this effect will soon be sent out.

THAT NEW TROUT OF SUNAPEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I said something on the embryonic markings of this trout, which was intended to elicit some information on the coloration of the embryo blue-backed trout of Maine, and confirm or overthrow my suspicions that the Maine fish did not have, in the embryo state, the white line on the two outer rays of the caudal fin, a suspicion that was based merely on the lack of any remembrance of such colors. Mr. E. M. Stilwell, Commissioner of Fisheries of Maine, writes me that he cannot make any observations on the coloration of the embryo *S. oquassa*, because there are none in the State hatchery, and it is nearly ten years since they hatched any of this species. Therefore we are no nearer a conclusion on this point than we were before.

As th e object of my former article was to get at the truth and not to confirm any theory as to whether the big Sunapee fish was identical to or distinct from the little blue-backed trout of Maine, I regard the matter as standing where it did and do not wish to be quoted as taking sides in the discussion further than to say this: If the blue-backed trout has not, in the embryo stage, or before the absorption of its sac, white lines on the upper and lower sides of its caudal fin, then the two fishes referred to are distinct. My statement was that, while I had hatched the blue-back I did not remember to have seen this mark. I can now say the same of the Michigan and European grayling. I have just hatched some of the latter which have the white margins on the caudal, referred to above, but do not remember to have seen the marks in the Michigan fish which I hatched many years ago. FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., April 23.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

April 26 to 29.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

May 5 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4968.**

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE show held last week in Philadelphia was the fifth given under the auspices of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, and we have pleasure in being able to say was a success in more ways than one. The entries were not numerous and this may be accounted for by the club's tardiness in getting out the list of judges. In regard to the quality of the exhibits it was excellent in some classes, but below the average in others. As to the management, it was one of the best conducted shows we have seen in this country, and much credit is due Mr. John Read, whose civil tongue, vigilance and forethought have won him a host of friends.

The benches were nicely arranged and of course were supplied by Spratts Patent, whose system of benching is so vastly superior to all others that no good show can afford to overlook it. The same firm did the feeding and we did not hear a complaint. Undoubtedly Spratts Patent has come to stay.

Several of the judges were novices at the business and we have been compelled to criticise some of the awards rather severely, especially those in the dachshund class, but much of the work was well done and reflects credit to the debutants. The show was boomed for all it was worth in the local papers and the "gate" showed a nice balance at the right side of the books.

It is the early bird that catches the worm, and if Philadelphia is alive to her interests she will come out in good time next year with a liberal premium list, a strong lot of judges and then take her place at Boston's right hand. We wish her the success she deserves.

MASTIFFS—(MR. BARLOW).

The quality of these classes was not what we expected to find, and we know the cause of the falling off. Mr. Montgomery, whose name appeared in the catalogue as judge, did not feel equal to the task of doing justice to the classes, and Mr. Barlow was asked to act in his stead. The judges' names should be advertised before the entries close, and recent events have shown that the mastiff men have fully made up their minds not to exhibit their dogs unless experts are appointed to handle them. Exhibitors no longer care to pay a thousand dollars for a dog to have him experimented upon by "jolly good fellows," and they are right. Mr. Montgomery acted wisely and honorably in refusing to handle the classes. But why in the name of common sense and justice did he ever undertake the task? His name as judge must have reduced the entries by at least one-half, and it was not until too late and the mischief had been done that he fully realized the injustice he had done himself, the club and intending exhibitors. There were four entries in the class for dogs, and the champion classes were both empty. Lion II. was Mr. Barlow's choice for first place. He is not a good one. Muzzle and ears too light in color, skull lacking in volume, muzzle too long and not of correct formation—too shallow and narrow—back hollow, quarters light, tail longer than we like and not well carried, forelegs not well placed and not quite straight, good feet, moves well. We would have placed him third. Brother, second prize, was in his right place. This dog has fallen away considerably since we last saw him, and his head color has gone. Skull of fair shape, would do with more bulk; muzzle too long and lacking in volume, eyes and ears fairly good, chest, loin and quarters above average, back hollow, hocks not quite right, tail carried too high, forelegs not quite straight, good coat and fairly good feet, a little dog. Wacouta Nap, third prize, was our choice for first; he shows more character than anything in the class, but is a long way removed from first-class form. He was fully described in our Buffalo report. Gilliard, hc., is not a show dog. In the bitch class The Lady Clare fairly smothered her opponents, who were somewhat better than the company she met at Pittsburgh, but the class was not a good one. She is a fawn with a nice black mask and ears, white on breast, and feet shaded with white; good skull, muzzle not perfect, but very much above the average; eyes too light, ears rather large and not carried quite close to head; wrinkle fair; underhung; a nice head, showing considerable character; wide deep chest; back very slack; loin fairly good; body of good length; hocks straight; forelegs not quite right and feet open and flat; good coat and color; not a big bitch, but one that shows considerable character and quality. We did not describe this bitch in our Pittsburgh report, and of course those who copy their reports from these columns had little to say about her. Now that we have told them her good and bad points they will be in a position to tell their readers something about her and will have no need to excuse themselves of ignorance, which is usually done as follows: "A strange fact is that we cannot come up with this bitch; we looked for her, but she had just been sent away." German Empress, second prize, is away behind the winner in good looks; mask and ears not dark enough; skull not first-class; muzzle much too long and pointed; eyes, ears and expression fairly good; good chest; fair good loin; quarters rather light; good feet; hocks not quite right; tail coarse; coat too long; a bitch of fair size, but not massive. Chinalette was third. Wacouta Rose, hc., was not in good shape—light of flesh—but after Lady Clare she showed more character than anything else in the class and we would have given her second. The puppies were a wretched lot and none of them will be heard of in the future. The winner turned up in Ajax, a son of Hero III. and Nell. Head color smutty; skull not good; muzzle much too long and neither deep nor wide enough; eyes rather light; ears heavy and not well carried, but may improve; loin and chest fair; cowhocked; tail long, coarse and badly carried; good shoulders and forelegs; excellent feet; coat too long; has plenty of size, but lacks character. Alice, second prize, was not entitled to notice. Adonis and Adele, unnoticed, are much better than she. Color smutty; white breast; forefeet and near hindfoot white; skull small; muzzle wretched, in fact not a mastiff muzzle; ears large; back and loin strong, but too short; quarters very light; cowhocked; coarse and badly carried tail; poor pasterns; light in bone; feet fairly good; body color not clear; too light all over; shows neither quality nor character; not a show dog.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MONTGOMERY).

The judge, who has had some experience as exhibitor and breeder of St. Bernards, handled his classes fairly well. Otho and Swiss Beda had the champion classes for rough-coats to themselves. The winners in the open class for dogs, with the exception of Bryan Borru, are well known. The new-comer, who took third prize, is too full in cheeks, muzzle pointed, stop not well defined, expression not correct, ears fairly good, chest and back above average, loin rather light, hocks too close, good brush carried too high, forelegs not quite straight but of good strength, good feet and coat; a dog of fair size and a better mover than the average. Bonivard II., vhc., is very snipy. The judge blundered in the next class. Norah, second prize, is undoubtedly a better specimen than Jeanne d'Arc, who took first. The latter is too full in cheek and pointed in muzzle; stop not well defined, eyes fairly good, ears not carried close, a very poor head; chest fairly good, back slack, loin flat but strong, good quarters and hocks, nice shoulders, legs and feet; fairly good brush, markings not correct, coat flat, carriage good, not a big bitch. Norah is well known to our readers, as is also Margery, third prize, and Tromba, c. Sheba, vhc., is faulty at both ends. Mona, c., has a fairly good head, but her nasty, washy color is against her. General Butler, first prize in the puppy class, has size to commend him, but he will never win in good company. Cheeks full, stop not well defined, muzzle pointed, eyes light, ears fairly good, good chest, back too short and hollow, loin fair, stifles and hocks straight, good brush carried too gaily, forelegs of good strength but not quite straight, small feet, coat too curly, lacks character. Silverhorn, second prize, shows more quality than the winner, but she will never be up to first-class form. This was a poor class. Hector, Mont Rose, Wotan, Queen of Sheba and Kader, winners in the classes for smooth-coats, are all well-known and were correctly placed. Leo, third prize in the open class for dogs, is too full in cheeks and not square in muzzle; ears fairly good, underhung—a serious defect; chest, back, loin and quarters fairly good; hocks not quite right, tail carried too high, legs straight but too light, good feet, coat better than average, not a big dog. Rigi was absent.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. MONTGOMERY).

Folly, by no means a good one, was the only decent specimen in these classes, and all other prizes and commendation cards should have been withheld. A wretched lot.

COLLIES—(MR. TERRY).

Scotilla, the Chestnut Hill Kennels' beautiful son of Dublin Scot and Flurry II., scored his first win in the champion class. This good-coated, clean-headed, and truly bred dog should improve the collies of this country. The four entries in the bitch class were owned by the judge, but none of them were present. Dublin Scot proved an easy winner in the open class for dogs. He has a grand frame and the best of legs and feet, but his head, while not bad, is not first-class. Strephon, second prize, should have given way to Clipper. These dogs are well known to your readers. Master Roy in his present condition was not worth vhc. He is very coarse in head, has poor ears and eyes, and is soft and short in coat, rather common but serious defects. The bitch class was well handled, Flurry II., Luella and Clifton Maid being placed in the order named, with Spoiled Miss vhc. All are well known. Dr. Vernon, vhc., is soft in coat. The judge blundered badly with the dog puppies. Roderick Dhu, a prick-eared one, was given first. We need hardly say that a prick-eared collie, however good in other respects, should not go forth as a first prize winner. But Roderick Dhu is chock full of other faults and should not have been noticed. Coat soft, head too round; poor eyes; expression dull; back too short; stifles and hocks straight; dew claws; legs and feet fairly good; does not move well behind. Not a show dog. Hector, first at Pittsburgh, Scotia, vhc., at Newark, and Albe Thorpe, are decidedly better than the winner. The bitch puppy class was a repetition of the judging at Newark. Scot's Bairn first, Hazel Thorpe second, Rutland Maid, hc. They were properly placed.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. BARLOW).

Chieftain and Wanda again scored in the champion class, the former securing the special for best deerhound in the show. Highland Laddie, placed over Robber Chieftain, got more than his deserts in the open dog class. Good dog that Laddie undoubtedly is he cannot beat Robber Chieftain who is vastly his superior in loin, legs, feet and coat, and at least his equal in other respects. If all goes well with this grand young dog he may prove a dangerous opponent even to the great Chieftain. We like him better than any puppy we have ever seen. Duncan, from the same kennel, would not have disgraced the three letters. Berga, Heather Belle and Thora, also owned by Mr. Thayer, were placed in the order named. Clearly the judge got the worst bitch first; in fact she is the worst specimen Mr. Thayer has exhibited this year. Heather Belle should have been first, Thora second, and the winner third. Robber Chieftain and Lorna Secunda, the Boston winner, had the puppy classes to themselves. The quality of these classes was excellent.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. BARLOW).

Pembroke, well known, was alone in the champion class for dogs. This is a valuable dog. His record has been equaled, but only once. Three weeks ago he blossomed forth in the open class at Boston. (Memnon was entered in the champion class.) He did not compete at Pittsburgh, and yet by some mysterious process he becomes a champion in time for the Philadelphia show, and walks away with the prize, there being no competition in the class. This is a bad case. Mother Demdike, looking fairly well, was the only entry in the corresponding bitch class. Balkis, second to Melton in the open class for dogs, should have won, being vastly superior in head, neck, loin and quarters. Lancashire Witch had the next class to herself. This is a grand bitch; her skull is a trifle round, and her neck, while long, is not well arched; back and quarters excellent. She might be a trifle deeper in chest and better in formation of ribs, and her tail is rather coarse. She stands on the best of legs and feet, and does not carry an ounce of lumber. Stormy Day was entered in the puppy class and another dog substituted for him. The club's attention being called to the matter, the dog was promptly disqualified. No excuse can be advanced in palliation of such work as this. Queen in Black (sire Clio, dam Double Shot—a queer pedigree) took second and is not a good one. Skull fairly good; weak before the eyes; ears and eyes fairly good; neck not clean; ribs not well sprung; loin light; tail badly carried; stifles and hocks fair; shoulders not quite right; good legs and feet. Lady May, vhc., is too weedy. A poor class.

POINTERS—(MR. WINSLOW).

The quality in these classes was not up to what we expected to find. The judge, who made his debut as pointer judge, made few mistakes, and his awards were well received. Nick of Naso, Mr. Peshall's well-bred and workmanlike-looking dog, had the champion heavy-weight dog class to himself, and in the open class for dogs Sachem, a muscular quartered son of Beaufort and Zuba, scored an easy win. He has a fairly good head, excellent chest and loin and a good stern, but is faulty in hocks and not straight in front. Jimmie got the place which should certainly have belonged to Mascot. The latter, while not first-class in head, eyes, pasterns or hindquarters, is decidedly a better show dog than Jimmie. Arsenic, vhc., is also a better dog than Jimmie, although very deficient in eyes, muzzle and neck. Clover, first in the corresponding bitch class, stands on excellent forelegs and feet, but is off in eyes, neck and tail. Devonshire Countess was second. Cheeks too full; muzzle not clean below the eyes, and rather snipy; back and chest fair; loin flat; quarters better than average; hocks not well bent; tail too long and not well carried; wide in front; shoulders rather heavy; stands out a trifle at elbows and over at the knees; good bone and feet. Beulah, vhc., is quite as good as Devonshire Countess in their present condition. There were no entries in the champion classes for light-weight dogs and bitches, and Naso of Kippen scored his third win in the open class for dogs. He has a clean-cut head, which is spoiled by a light eye; good ears; neck of nice length, but not clean; good chest, loin and quarters; tail rather coarse, but fairly well carried. His forelegs are good down to the knees, but his pasterns are not quite right or his feet well placed, defects which would handicap him heavily in a long day's work. He is a very small dog, but has plenty of bone, and should prove an excellent mate for large, light-limbed bitches. Leaving Brackett out of the question, he is the best light-weight pointer on the bench in this country. Bowdoin, in excellent condition, made a good second. Adonis, hc., is faulty in eyes, head and tail. Bitches, with the exception of Queen Bow, the winner, were a very seedy lot, and we never expect to see a worse lot than the puppies. Pommery Sec may fill out and be heard from again, but Grapnel, Grandee and Lady Graphic will never make show dogs.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. OHL).

Old Foreman, looking fairly well, was alone in the champion dog class. He slipped his collar early on the morning of the last day of the show, and, judging by his appearance in the evening, must have had a rattling time somewhere. Royal Albert and Royal Prince II. was again the order of things in the open class, Glen Rock, equally well known, being third. Clyde, hc., is very faulty before his eyes and wide in front, and should not have been noticed. Moorefield, vhc., is a useful looking dog, not first-rate either in head or ears. Bruce, c., is not a show dog. Pride of Dixie, reserve, was fully described in our Buffalo report. Mavis, second at Newark, got a peg higher on this occasion; we thought the fight lay between Lady Rock, second prize, described in our Pittsburgh report, and Fairy Belle, vhc., shown by the Blackstone Kennels; the latter is faulty in ears and is not first-rate in head, but she is a better bitch than Mavis. Blitz II., third prize, is a catchy-looking bitch; skull fairly good; muzzle not square enough; eyes light and not well placed; ears rather short; good neck, back and chest; loin rather long and flat; quarters drooping more than we like; tail long and badly carried; fair good legs and feet; coat and color very nice; a rather small and weedy bitch. Wee Clara, c., is not good at either end. Cassino Gladstone, hc., is snipy, short in ear and too full in eye. Mamie, hc., has a fairly good head but is lathy. Petrel IV., hc., has many good points, but her very bad eyes will always handicap her on the bench. Only one puppy was entered, and he is not a good one; skull fair; muzzle not cut out clean below the eyes, and stop not well defined; eyes rather light; neck and ears fairly good; chest and back fairly good; loin light and flat; quarters fairly good; limbs light; knees and pasterns deficient; feet large and open; coat harsh (may improve); tail ropy and quarters curly; will not develop into a good one.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. WENZEL).

These classes were very carefully handled and little fault can be found with the awards. Blarney and Bruce again met in the champion class. We were the first to say that Mr. Clark's dog should beat Bruce, and when he was two years old he could do it, but he has not retained his good form, having grown very coarse in neck and heavy in shoulders, while Bruce looks almost as well as he ever did, and his typical head is as clean in all directions as it was when he first made his bow to the public. Molly Bawn, the best bitch on the bench was, of course, first in the champion bitch class. The open class for dogs did not bring out a good one, and it is a notable fact that the old champions are away ahead of any of the youngsters that have been shown this season. Donnybrook, first prize, is a long way removed from high class form. Head too wide and flat; muzzle tapered some; eyes too light; ears and neck fairly good; chest hardly deep enough; loin a trifle light, would be better if arched; quarters fairly good; hocks would be better with more bend and placed lower; shoulders not very well placed; good legs and feet; feather scanty; color not quite first-rate. Prince was second. Head too wide and flat; muzzle rather shallow; eyes very light; ears placed rather high and not well carried; neck not quite clean; back, chest, loin and quarters fairly good; nice flag; hocks not well bent; legs good and strong to knees; stands over a trifle at knees; feet large but thick through the pads; good coat, color and feather; not a big dog, moves gaily. Bismarck made a good third. Head flat, good muzzle, stop not well defined, eyes rather light, ears fairly good, neck rather short and not quite clean; back, chest and loin much above average; quarters light, hocks straight, tail carried too high, shoulders fairly good, stands over a bit at knees

and would do with more bone above them; good feet; color on legs and quarters too light, a large dog carrying more lumber than we like to see. It was a close thing between these three dogs. Glenchovic, c., is faulty in head and eyes and is rather coarse. Laura B., the first prize bitch, was carefully criticised in our Pittsburgh report. Nellie, second prize, was at Boston, where she took first. Lady Fawn, third prize, has a good muzzle and fairly good skull to commend her. Bessie Glencho, vhc., was described in our Newark report. Irish Laddie, the first prize dog puppy, was first at Newark and Boston; he won easily here from Nicho. The owner of the last-named dog is going the right way to get himself into trouble. The animal entered as Nicho is not Nicho, neither did he win first prize at Buffalo. Laura Townsend, in the same ownership, should also be disqualified for incorrect description. She did not take first prize at Buffalo. This sort of thing must be stopped, and the Philadelphia Club must protect its patrons as well as itself. Louisa, second prize, is not a good one.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. BERGEN).

These classes were not well represented. Royal Duke, Nora, and Roxie are much better than the average, but are not first-class specimens of the breed. They have been fully described in these columns and are well known to our readers. The winners in the open class for dogs are a long way removed from first-class form, and would not be noticed at a show like Birmingham. Alp, first prize, is dished before the eyes and heavier in skull than we like, eyes rather light, good ears, neck short and not clean, back, chest and loin fairly good, quarters light, hocks not well bent, flag fair, shoulders, legs and feet above average, color light, coat not flat, feathered below the hocks. Bob was second. Head fairly good, stop not well defined, muzzle not cut clean below the eyes, ears fairly good, eyes light, ribs not well sprung, loin light, stifles and hocks straight, shoulders fairly good, good legs down to knees, pasterns not upright, good feet, stands too low at the shoulder, color fairly good, not a show dog. Dee, vhc., is very deficient in head and coat. The puppies were a bad lot—not show dogs.

SPANIELS—(MR. WEST).

The entries in these classes were light, but the quality was fairly good. Patsey O'Connor, described in our Pittsburgh report, made an example of his opponents in the class for dished; ears very short and placed high on the head; light eyes; body very short; loin flat; stifles and hocks faulty; very light of bone; knuckles over; skin tight; coat not very good; color and markings very poor. Flirt, second prize, is of similar type and has the same faults; she should not have been noticed. The next best specimen in the class to Rubenstein was Ruby, who got a vhc. card.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

Tippoo, Rhodora, Hillside Josephine and Carmen (formerly Patti) were Mr. Thayer's winners. Tippoo, who was shown in poor condition at Pittsburg, has not improved and needs rest. Gimlet, second prize in the open class for dogs, is a promising young dog. Skull for a puppy large and well-formed; good eyes and ears; plenty of depth in muzzle; will grow more up-faced with age; body not first-class at present; fair good legs and feet.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. KELLY).

Lucifer, who is vastly superior to Belgrave Primrose and Splauger, showed them a clean pair of hocks, and Safety, looking very well, was alone in the corresponding class for bitches. It is a pleasure to note the condition Mr. Belmont's dogs are now shown in as compared with their wretched form last year. We cannot indorse the awards in the open class for dogs, which were as follows: Bacchanal first, Raby Jack second and Raby Mixer third. It is always a close thing between Bacchanal and Mixer, and we think the former's cankered mouth should place him behind Mr. Thayer's dog. Raby Jack should have been third. It is unnecessary to call attention to the good and bad points of these dogs, we have done that so often. Diadem is a better terrier than Richmond Myrtle. The latter is not very good in front, but beats Diadem behind. These were the only two shown. Lady Warren Mixture, first in the puppy class, was quickly claimed by Mr. Rutherfurd at catalogue price, $35—a very cheap bitch. She is very nice in front; ribs not well sprung and quarters light; coat rather open at present. This bitch should improve and be heard from again. Of the twenty-three fox-terriers entered only fifteen were shown, and we think the fox-terrier men might have given the judge a better entry. But things are no longer as they once were, and a judge must be known, or he cannot draw a large entry.

OTHER TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

All of Mr. Dole's entries were absent from the bull-terrier

THE BENCH SHOWS.

DETROIT.

WE HAVE received the premium list of the Michigan Kennel Club's inaugural dog show, to be held at Detroit, Mich., May 24 to 27. The first premium offered is for "English setters, extra champion dog." Whatever that may mean we fail to comprehend. The rules of the A. K. C., under which the show is held, make no provision for any such class, on the contrary, Rule 10 expressly forbids it. This rule says: "Dogs that have won in a champion class shall be continued in said class." No construction of this rule, compatible with common sense, can justify any legerdemain that removes a good dog from a champion class in order that not so good a one may win the honor. The managers of the Michigan Kennel Club undoubtedly have been badly advised, and the proper thing for them to do is to at once cancel the extra champion classes and thus save the local delegate to the A. K. C. the trouble of enforcing Rule 22 of that Association. The prize in champion classes for English and Irish setters and pointers is $15, with $10 in the others, and $10 and $5 in the open, except in a few minor classes, where only one prize of $5 is offered. The puppies in the more important classes receive $7 and $3, the other classes $5. There are 138 special prizes offered, some of them quite valuable, and several others are promised, probably enough to bring the number up to 150.

SAN FRANCISCO.

At the regular monthly meeting of the California Kennel Club, held in San Francisco April 13, the executive committee was empowered to make arrangements for holding a dog show at as early a date as they may deem advisable.

ST. PAUL.

St. Paul, Minn., April 21.—Please make dates for our show read as follows: Sept. 13, 14, 15 and 16. We made dates 12 to 17 for local dogs only.—W. G. Whitehead, Sec.

STAFFORD SPRINGS.

The show of the Stafford Kennel Club will be held at Stafford Springs, Conn., Oct. 12 and 13.—R. J. Hicks, Sec'y.

PITTSBURGH.

The signature of Mr. Chas. H. Mason should have been appended to the Pittsburg show report in our last issue.



AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB CHALLENGE CUPS.

Irishmen, and Duchess II., well known to our readers, should have been second. King Marsh, second prize, is a very poor specimen of the breed. He has a bad front, is of poor color, and his coat is not right. Johnny again beat Drake in the Clumber class, and we are solemnly told that this is quite right because Drake is good in body, "but his head is quite domed." It would spoil a great deal of fun were we to inform the unfortunate gentleman, who has never seen a typical Clumber, why Drake is a much better dog than Johnny. Bob had the champion class for field spaniels to himself, and in the open class for dogs Newton Abbot, the Buffalo winner, was well ahead of Bonanza. Critic and Lady Abbot was the order of things in the bitch class. Brant, Ned Obo, Little Red Rover, and Juno W., all well known, won the cocker prizes. Only two puppies were shown. The winner Midnight II. will not make a good one. Very weak and pointed muzzle; ears short; eyes rather light; back, loin, quarters and chest fairly good; forelegs straight, but light of bone; coat just fair; rather weedy.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. HOFFECKER).

Three classes were provided and there were three entries, but Gypsey was the only one present—not much of a compliment to the judge. She is a very ordinary specimen. Her head is the best part of her; chest shallow; loin flat; shoulders badly placed; legs not straight and very light of bone; feet not first-class; tail not well carried; coat and brush poor.

BEAGLES, BASSET HOUNDS AND DACHSHUNDE.—(MR. ASHBURNER).

The winners in the beagle classes have been fully described time after time in these columns. The only new one was Stovella, given third prize in the open bitch class. She is not a good one. Head moderate; muzzle coarse; ears badly carried; too wide in front and out at elbows; legs and feet fairly good; coat rather soft and brush very poor.

Ele, the only Basset hound shown, is not a show dog, being deficient in head, ears, body and limbs; her coat and tail are by no means first-class.

The judging of the dachshund class is fairly entitled to precedence as the worst on record, and the awards in the English setter and mastiff bitch class at Pittsburgh must make way for stranger things. Here is another illustration of a judge undertaking to pass on a breed he knows nothing about, and, as usual, the exhibitors are the ones to suffer. Rubenstein, unquestionably the best dachshund ever exhibited in this country, and three times more valuable than all of his seven opponents, was not even commended. We have seen better dogs than Rubenstein, but he is a good one, and the dog has not been shown this season that can approach him in good looks; skull a trifle flat; muzzle might be longer and more tapered; ears much above average; eyes a shade too light; body of great length and well let down; crook much above average, but not quite first-class; coat and skin excellent. Gretchen, first prize, is not a show dog and should not have been noticed. A standard would have to be specially prepared to admit such a specimen into a prize list. Head very wide and flat; muzzle short, weak and classes. The winners, Baron, Mark-Eyed Victor, White Violet, Modjeska and Bess are well known to our readers. Modjeska has a wall-eye, and we would have placed her behind White Violet and Bess. Geesela once more beat Greymount in the Irish terrier class, and Mr. Sanderson's well known Skyes Jim and Lass O'Gowrie were well ahead of their opponents. Yorkshires were a poor lot. The first prize winner's coat looks suspicious and we would advise the owner not to exhibit her again in like condition. Jennie, much too dark in color and very scanty in coat and faulty in hindquarters, should have changed places with Lady, vhc. The latter is too light in color; in fact, she is neither a blue and tan or a silver; still, she should have been second. We liked Queenie, the second prize toy better than the unnamed winner; not so good in coat, but much better in head.

PUGS—(MR. BARLOW).

Max, Doctor, Othello, Buff, Vesta and Psyche are known to your readers. Duke, second prize in the open class for dogs was, by permission of the veterinary surgeon in charge, removed from the show before we had a chance to examine him. Yuma Yuma, third prize in the bitch class, should have been placed over Vesta, who was badly shown, thin as a rail.

OTHER TOY DOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

Banjo (this dog, like Mr. O'Shea's Irish terriers, has more than one name) was the only entry in the toy spaniel class. The Italian greyhounds shown are much too large, and in good company would not receive mention. We don't know what the fair owners would think could they see a Bankside Daisy or a Molly. C. H. Mason.

Some of the special awards as published last week were misleading, as it was not stated for what they were intended. Below will be found a complete list:

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel of rough-coated St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels; smooth, same; greyhounds, C. D. Webber; pointers, Clifton Kennel; English setters, Blackstone Kennels; Irish setters, Chestnut Hill Kennels: beagles, Woodstock Kennels; collies, Chestnut Hill Kennels; pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; best rough-coated St. Bernard, Hospice Kennels' Otho; Newfoundland, W. W. Silvey's Folly; greyhound, C. D. Webber's Mother Demdike; English setter dog, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman; bitch, J. S. Clarke's Mavis; Irish setter, owned in Philadelphia, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Mollie Bawn; Gordon setter, E. Maher's Royal Duke; cocker spaniel in open class, Fay & Baxter's Ned Obo; beagle dog in open class, Woodbrook Kennels' Chimer; bitch, same kennels' Lou; fox-terrier, owned by a member of the Fox-terrier Club, Blemton Kennels' Lucifer; pug, dog or bitch, shown with two of their progeny, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Dolly, with Max and Doctor; deerhound, J. E. Thayer's Chieftain; collie dog in open class, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot; bitch, same owner's Flurry II.; dog puppy, owned by a member of the Collie Club, G. A. Smith's Scotia; bitch puppy, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scot's Bairn.

THE IRISH SETTER CLUB.—Hoboken, N. J., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please to call a meeting of the Irish Setter Club for Tuesday evening, 8 P. M., May 3, at Madison Square Garden. Urgent business requires the attention of every lover of the breed. For the committee, Max Wenzel.

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB CUPS.

WE give this week cuts of the challenge cups given by the American Mastiff Club for American-bred mastiffs. There are three cups. The largest for the best dog or bitch bred in the country; it is open to all. Two cups of the smaller size are offered for the best dog and bitch respectively, owned by members of the club.

The cups originally intended to cost $150 and $100 have cost nearly twice those amounts. They are of solid silver and are manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of this city. In artistic excellence the cups surpass any bench show trophy heretofore given in this country. Only one of the smaller cups is shown; the other is like it with the exception of a different portrait. The cups will be first competed for at New York, where they will be on exhibition.

MADGE AND THE MOUSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have often read in your paper peculiar incidents, such as known facts of cats taking care of birds, etc. Briefly let me relate my little story: A field mouse had got into my kitchen, and by some bad luck in seeking about for food or shelter or both, the other morning had tumbled into a wash tub which had some four inches of water in it. I knew nothing of the circumstance until my Clumber bitch (18mos. old), as I went through the kitchen, drew my attention by whining to the tub. I passed on without further notice, but seeing her impatience, standing over it, I said, "What is it, Madge?" when she immediately put her head into the tub and carefully drew out, without injuring it in the least, in her mouth, the unfortunate drowning mouse, and laid it on the floor in a fainting or half gone state. She did not attempt to hurt it, but only stood over it and looking at me and whining. I took the poor little animal up on a sheet of paper and put him out by the root of a tree in the sun, with a few crumbs of cheese on the paper. In an hour he was all right. But I can't help thinking, as the bitch is in pup for the first time, the maternal instinct was asserting itself, unknown to her, and she could not bear to see the little mouse in trouble in the water, and so carefully lifted it out. Was it not strange?—F. H. D. V. (Ottawa).

LITTLE RED ROVER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of this week, in prize list for Philadelphia you give Mr. Laidlaw as owner of cocker Little Rover Rover, second prize dog. Kindly correct this, as I have owned him nearly a year, and entered him myself in my own name.—Chas. M. Nelles (Brant Cocker Kennels, Brantford, Canada. [Our correspondent probably means Little Red Rover instead of "Little Rover Rover." The last recorded sale of the dog was by Mr. Kelly to Mr. Laidlaw, and in lack of any record of sale to Mr. Nelles or any particulars in catalogue, we presumed he was still owned by Mr. Laidlaw.]

"THE HISTORY OF THE MASTIFF," by M. B. Wynn, is the best book on the subject, and should be carefully studied by mastiff fanciers.

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

HARTFORD, Conn., April 27.—The dog show given by the Hartford Kennel Club opened here to-day with 260 dogs of the 347 dogs on the bench. The judging resulted in the following list of

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Absent. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Orion; 2d, J. G. Monk's Paris. Very high com., G. H. Gallup's Leon. *Bitches:* 1st, G. & H. P. Cromwell's The Lady Clare; 2d, E. H. Moore's Southern Belle. Com., C. C. Richardson's Victoria.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. P. H. Ingalis's Brian; 2d, C. C. Richardson's Count Bismark. High com. and com., Tyrone Kennels' Girth II. and Harold. *Bitches:* No entries.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Otho. *Bitch:* R. S. Sawyer's Swiss Beda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Hospice Kenneis' Hadjar, Eiger and Alvier. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Jeanne D'Arc and Tromba.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. S. Pitkin's Prince Barry. *Bitches:* No entries. SMOOTH-COATED.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hospice Kennels' Hector. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hospice Kennels' Montrose and Wotan. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Gip; 2d and very high com., Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba and Kader.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Absent. *Bitches:* No entries.

ULMERS.—1st, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, R. O. Beach's Colonel, 2d, W. B. Martin's Tag.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Wanda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain and Duncan; 2d, J. A. Butler's Braie. High com., Tyrone Kennels' Samuel. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Heather Bell and Thora.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Lorna Secunda.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—H. W. Huntington's Lancashire Witch.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Balkis; 2d, E. Boardman's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Cassandra. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, E. Pyatt's Queen in Black.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Absent. *Bitch:* Clifton Kennels' Clover.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany; 2d, Clifton Kennels' Sachem. Very high com., J. A. Butler, Jr.'s Sancho. High com., S. H. Hubbard's Plunger. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Bellona and Kate VIII. Very high com., A. H. Aldrich's Nell. High com. S. T. Colt's Phyllis, and J. White's Lilly Faust.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen. *Bitch:* Clifton Kennels' Queen Bow.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. L. Reed's Dash III.; 2d, R. J. Gladwin's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, H. L. Rice's Belle Randolph; 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Glauca. Very high com., Dr. W. F. Spring's Model Doodle. High com., Greenfield Kennels' Lalla Crosteth, W. B. Martin's Lady Nell.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. S. Bank's Ned B.; 2d, Clifton Kennel's Pomery Sec. Very high com, C. A. Van Wie's Hartford. High com., W. E. Miller's Jimmie, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, G. L. Wilms's Mayflower 2d, Greenfield Kennel's Lalla Croxteth.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. Windholz's Rockingham. *Bitch:* F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Leonard's Royal Prince II.; 2d, Cohannet Kennels' Phil Warwick. Very high com., G. W. Neal's Pride of Orleans, A. H. Saxton's Dashing Sport, Cohannet Kennels' Rock Bondhu, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie. High com., H. Bryant's Dash H., A. J. Lee's Don Belton, R. B. Penn's Duke of Wellington, Warwick Kennels' Yale Belton. Com., G. W. Trantum's Pride of Dixie II., Dr. C. L. Stanley's York, Blackstone Kennels' Don Petrel.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; 2d, N. Wallace's Jennie III. Very high com., J. Lewis's Lady Rock, Warwick Kennels' May, Blackstone Kennels' Lulu and Fairy Belle. High com., Blue Belton Kennels' Maud, H. F. Nichols's Grace. Com., W. T. Cornell's Beauty Bondhu. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Blue Belton Kennels' Blitzen and Blondin. *Bitches:* 1st, J. K. Lanman's American Girl; 2d, J. M. Mohr's Queen. High com., Blue Belton Kennels' Blue Lorna.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Max Wenzel's Tim. *Bitch:* Max Wenzel's Yoube.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Cheney Jr.'s Jerry. *Bitches:* 1st, J. M. Leckley's Laura B.; 2d, W. C. Cheney's Perdita. High com., Max Wenzel's Ready. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., F. Chenoy Jr.'s Jerry and Tim; 2d, H. A. Fisher's Arrowwanna. *Bitches:* 1st, O. L. Kelsey's Curror Bell.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady. OPEN—1st, T. G. Benham's Jet; 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot and Donnil Dhu.

COCKER SPANIELS—ANY COLOR—CHAMPION—J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.—OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK—*Dogs:* J. P. Willey's Dandy W. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. P. Willey's Beatrice and Chloe W. Reserve, J. P. Willey's Dido W. Very high com., F. B. Root's Hebe, C. M. Nelles's Juno W. ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, C. M. Nelles's Little Red Rover; 2d, W. Dougherty's Dora. Very high com., G. H. Gilman's Snip. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Dandy W.; 2d, G. H. Carr's Obo V. High com., Miss Jarvis's Montague. *Bitches:* 1st, J. T. Benham's Nelly; 2d, W. O. Partridge's Bessie.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* M. Richardson's Newcastle. OPEN—1st, Meiner & Hill's Drake; 2d, M. Richardson's Tyne.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glengarry. *Bitch:* Hempstead Farm Co.'s Zulu Princess. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Smith's Brian Boru; 2d, C. Bryant's Ben Lomond. Very high com., Hempstead Farm Co.'s Ronald. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady Alice and Lass O' Lowrie. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Lothian Kennels' Lothian Chief. *Bitches:* Prizes withheld. Com., W. T. Well's Katrina.

FOXHOUNDS.—No entries.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* A. H. Wakefield's Little Duke. *Bitch:* A. H. Wakefield's Twinkle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket; 2d, H. F. Schellhass's Trailer. Very high com., A. H. Wakefield's Fitz Hugh Lee and Leader, Laick's Rattler. High com., A. H. Wakefield's Rover, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st and com., A. C. Krueger's Vickey and Maida; 2d, A. H. Wakefield's May Belle II. Com., J. E. Lord's Snow Flake. *Puppies:* 1st, A. C. Krueger's Whisper; 2d, H. W. & E. E. Lord's Dot.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand.

DACHSHUNDE.—Absent.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Doctor; 2d, Forest City Kennels' Santa Claus. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Daisy and Vista. Very high com., T. W. Eastbrby's Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Psyche; 2d, withheld. Com., F. E. Bliss's Bennie.

BULLDOGS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside; 2d, C. D. Cugle's Tostig. *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Porter's Belle of the Ball; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Carmen.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Moses. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Juno.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. S. Porter's Caliban; 2d, C. D. Cugle's Merry Monarch. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Juanita.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—W. J. Comstock's Victoria.—LARGE—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Comstock's Jubilee; 2d, W. W. Silvey's the Baron. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, E. D. Morgan's Grand Duchess and Queen of Milan. Very high com., G. D. Woodill's Modjeska. SMALL—1st, H. A. Waldron's Silver; 2d, H. W. Holmes's Bess. PUPPIES—1st, W. J. Comstock's Jubilee.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Blemton Kennels' Lucifer. *Bitch:* Blemton Kennels' Safety. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Hoey's Luke; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Raby Jack. Very high com., W. Meggat's Nobby. High com., Mrs. Amther Cheney's Piccinino. OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Marguerite; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Myrtle. Very high com., W. Meggat's Allspice. High com., C. Fletcher's Minnie. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture and Sandy Mixture; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Mephisto. *Bitches:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Gretchen. WIRE-HAIRED—No entries.

Black and Tan, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, Yorkshire and Toy Terriers.—No entries.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock; 2d and very high com., W. H. Russell's Sentinel and Elswick Sue. Very high com., W. W. Silvey's Rock.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate; 2d, H. S. Stearns's Highland Nelly.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—W. Phillips's Rosclus.—OPEN—No entries.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—W. Phillips's King Pepin.—OPEN—1st, Miss L. Hart's Little Bangj.

POODLES.—1st, J. A. Loring's Soot.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, W. E. Moore's Cute; 2d, Mrs. A. A. Morehouse's Minnie. Very high com., J. H. Hawkins's Fleet.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer and Excelsior Kennels' Coleen O'Donoghue. Very high com., F. W. Stockey's Patsy O'Connor and W. Hazelton's Waldo.

Special prizes will be given next week.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the 140 dogs entered in the April number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

4828. Blue Bell III., McFarland Bros.
4829. Daisy III., H. A. Merrill.
4830. Dude, H. A. Merrill.
4831. Little Swell, A. C. Krueger.
4832. Sprat, John Bateman.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

4833. Sailor, J. F. Byers.

COLLIES.

4834. Alta B., E. J. Spencer.
4835. Bessie of Clifton, Dr. T. A. Cloud.
4836. Blue Bell, James Reidy.
4837. Bruce VIII., G. A. Fletcher & J. Houghton.
4838. Collet, John Gribbel.
4839. Collie II., A. M. Webb.
4840. Daisy III., H. A. Thomas.
4841. Donald VI., H. S. Barnes.
4842. Donald Dhu, G. A. Fletcher.
4843. Dot II., W. A. Burpee & Co.
4844. Dundee II., R. J. Curry.
4845. Elspeth, Herbert S. Barnes.
4846. Felecie, W. F. Osborne.
4847. Flirt II., Jason Houghton.
4848. Flora IV., W. W. McKee.
4849. Jacob Gladstone, Jacob Bros.
4850. Kiowilla Carl, Margaret P. Sherwood.
4851. Kiowilla Jessie, L. C. Root.
4852. Lord Donald, Mrs. S. H. Davis.
4853. Lucy Cloud, Dr. T. A. Cloud.
4854. Meg V., Charles R. Hone.
4855. Model, James Reidy.
4856. Nellie of Kennett, Dr. T. A. Cloud.
4857. Prince II., H. T. Dillard.
4858. Sable Scot, R. Torpin.
4859. Shepress Girl, S. H. Seamans.
4860. Skip, John Johnston.
4861. Trix, C. H. Sanford.
4862. Vivacity, James Reidy.
4863. Wallace III., Jas. Reidy.

DEERHOUNDS.

4864. Juno, P. E. Brady.

GREAT DANES.

4865. Helen, F. C. Evans.
4866. Thyrus II., F. C. Evans.

MASTIFFS.

4867. Beech Grove Toby, G. Jackson.
4868. Beech Grove Wanda, J. P. Sharp.
4869. Beech Grove Zeus, J. A. Moore.
4870. Clapham's Duchess, Geo. Jackson.
4871. Count of Bismark, C. C. Richardson.
4872. Countess of Woodlands, Victor Kennels.
4873. Deacon, J. S. Wright.
4874. Gulnare, C. E. Barber.
4875. Jumbo II., E. L. Bartlett.
4876. Lady Mac, R. C. Pate.
4877. Lara, G. D. Burton.
4878. Leo, H. H. Davis.
4879. Leo III., C. E. Barber.
4880. Madge III., C. H. Pratt.
4881. Peer, G. Moores.
4882. Tor, A. M. Fletcher.

POINTERS.

4883. Belle of Maine, G. Lovell.
4884. Coronet, H. G. Preston.
4885. Hugh, S. Ayres.
4886. Lady Maine, H. Farnham.
4887. Lass of Maine, H. Farnham.
4888. Match Boy, H. G. Preston.
4889. Max, W. L. Woodnutt.
4890. My Queen, J. A. Robinson.
4891. Rex III., E. Orgill.
4892. Rose Michel, E. J. Spencer.
4893. Ruby, E. Orgill.

PUGS.

4894. Dixie, Goguac Kennels.
4895. Nellie, George E. Peer.
4896. Phillibuster, H. R. T. Coffin.
4897. Ruby, R. P. Cornell.
4898. Tillie Doe, Jessie D. Welsh.
4899. Trojan, R. C. Pate.
4900. Tuck, C. Henry Amsden.
4901. Twinkle, R. C. Pate.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

4902. Bernard, F. N. Woodward.
4903. Don Quixote II., Otto W. Volger.
4904. Fay, F. N. Woodward.
4905. Freda Valentine, George B. Vandervoort.
4906. Hildegarde II., F. N. Woodward.
4907. Josie, H. A. Thomas.
4908. Jovis, L. F. Beckwith.
4909. Juno of Clover Patch, Geo. J. Geer.
4910. Jupiter of Clover Patch, G. J. Geer.
4911. Lorna Doone, H. R. T. Coffin.
4912. Madchen, Adolph Hucky.
4913. Merchant Hero, Henry Sherman.
4914. Merchant Prince, Jr., H. R. T. Coffin.
4915. Merchant Princess, H. R. T. Coffin.
4916. Norfolk Leo, E. W. Lovejoy.
4917. Tania, L. F. Beckwith.

SMOOTH-COATED.

4918. Belle Meade II., Warren J. Potter.
4919. Ermine, J. O. Thurston.
4920. Flora III. of Clover Patch, Geo. J. Geer.
4921. Leo II., D. F. Willard.
4922. Lyon, James A. Holden.
4923. Minnehaha, J. R. Draper.
4924. Nanon, J. O. Thurston.
4925. Noble III., F. K. Locke.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

4926. Clifford Berwyn, J. B. Robertson.
4927. Crackshot, Will G. Comstock, Jr.
4928. Duke of Morris, H. B. Green.
4929. Gladstone's Mark, W. F. Streeter.
4930. Low, J. C. Lincoln.
4931. Rolfe, A. Robinson.
4932. Roy Gladstone, W. F. Streeter.
4933. Storm, C. R. Hodge.
4934. Westmoreland, T. Steadman Appleby.

GORDON SETTERS.

4935. Duke of Gordon, E. A. Mumford.
4936. Fanchon, J. M. Crawford.
4937. Frank, W. O. Lumpkin.
4938. Lark, E. P. Morse.
4939. Rex IV., P. Clagstone.

IRISH SETTERS.

4940. Dude III., R. W. Aldrich.
4941. Red Biz, F. Pauster.
4942. Red Rob, W. E. Lippencott.
4943. Roger, M. R. Bingham.
4944. Toby D. Glencho, Felix V. Riviere.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

4945. Ben II., J. T. Benham.
4946. Bess, E. Hayes.
4947. Bess II., A. H. Williams.
4948. Gypsey, I. W. Herbert.
4949. Jerry, A. H. Williams.
4950. Jet IV., J. T. Benham.
4951. Jett, Jesse D. Welch.
4952. Nellie II., J. T. Benham.
4953. Reitte, Wm. H. Moseley.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

4954. Rox, R. D. Armstrong.

TERRIERS—BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

4955. Lady Eva, R. Stucky.
4956. Sir Wallace, R. Stucky.

BULL-TERRIERS.

4957. Ace, Edwin Arden.
4958. Doc, Howland Russell.
4959. Snow III., C. W. Barker.

FOX-TERRIERS.

4960. Chico II., Chas. McNamee.
4961. Gerald, Robert S. Ryan.
4962. Tag, Maitland & Bunker.
4963. Tam Tam, Maitland & Bunker.
4964. Tangle, Maitland & Bunker
4965. Tarn, Maitland & Bunker.
4966. Trump, R. A. Bunker.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

4967. Peggy, J. J. Nussbaumer.

SKYE TERRIERS.

4968. Kyle Haken, E. S. Porter.

A SKY TERROR.—The Portland (Conn.) *Record* records: A very large bird of prey, supposed to be of a species of eagle, was seen in Pacousett last Saturday. It sailed overhead with quite a large dog alive in its claws, and alighted near the small pond. Being frightened, the eagle let go of the dog, which went limping across the meadows, while the eagle sailed northward, casting a shadow as it passed over (as an eye-witness says) "like that of a small tree." The bird was seen by Edward Markham, Edward Button, and Mrs. Hall and daughter, also by several children. All were considerably excited, and say that it "was an immense fellow and could have carried off a child as easily as it did the dog." It was seen in the same neighborhood the next day.

FOX-TERRIERS AT PITTSBURGH.—Blemton Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to your reporter's comments on an article appearing in one of your contemporaries *re* the fox-terriers Richmond Olive and Safety, and taking an unwarranted liberty in using my name in connection therewith, as also accusing me of prejudiced statements and criticism. I beg to say I know nothing of the report in question nor have I seen it; he had better try back, as he has overrun the scent this time. Trusting to your well-known sense of fair play to give this contradiction the same publicity as the false accusation.—GERMAN HOPKINS.

WEIGHT OF SPANIELS.—Warren, R. I., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry that I cannot testify as to the weight of Miss Newton Obo. In regard to Black Pete I am solid. Having been connected with the "musicale" at our Providence show, about dog weights, I felt a lively interest in the subject, and as I stood comparing Pete with a "dog that varies in weight," I asked Willey how much Pete weighed. He told me to weigh him. I did so, and found he balanced the beam at just 27lbs.—no more and no less. I did not remove his collar nor unhitch the chain. That was just previous to the judging. Am sorry I did not weigh the bitch. Mr. Willey returned home immediately after the judging, and for the remainder of the week I had a care over his dogs, and shipped them to him on Saturday, directed to Salmon Falls, not to Boston; and what possible excuse the express company can give for landing that box in that cellar (or basement), is more than I can conceive. If they had not been entered at Boston they might have remained there a whole week, unless Mr. Willey had hunted them up. I call it a piece of rank carelessness on the part of the express company, and trust they will dig open their eyes in the future, and not carry all dogs to one place because the majority of boxes are so directed. No member of the American Spaniel Club, nor any spaniel man, that knows J. P. Willey, will believe him guilty of misstating the weight of his dog. If Miss Newton Obo was under weight at Boston, who can wonder. No provision was made for the care of his dogs from Saturday until Tuesday, because Mr. W. expected them to arrive at Salmon Falls by Saturday night, instead of staying four in a box three days in a cellar, unfed and unwatered. Miss Newton Obo was one of the four. Does any one wonder if she lost flesh? If any one doubted the weight of these dogs why did they not complain the day of judging, and not wait till the last gun was fired, and then start in? I am not prejudiced in my writing, and have met Mr. Willey but three times, but I dislike a post "mortem."—CHAS. S. DAVOL.

GREYHOUNDS AT PHILADELPHIA.—New York, April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a copy of protest made against C. D. Webber's greyhounds at Philadelphia last week, and hope you will give it space in this week's issue of your paper.—H. W. HUNTINGTON. PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—*Gentlemen:* I wish to enter a protest against all awards of D. C. Webber's greyhounds at your show, and especially in the champion greyhound dog class. He enters Pembroke in the champion class. How does he get there when two weeks ago he was entered in the open class at Boston and took third prize to my Balkis's first? The dog was not eligible as he was absent from Pittsburgh, the only show held since Boston by a member of the A.K.C. He is clearly not entitled to the award under Rule 7, as in the event of the Boston entry being fraudulent the owner would be disqualified as "guilty of misconduct," and consequently ineligible to exhibit at any show given by a member of the A.K.C. In the puppy class he substituted one dog for another, which act I characterize as contemptible and ungentlemanly, to use the mildest terms. He has, consequently, made himself doubly amenable to Rule 17, which I shall do all in my power to have enforced. Such a gross insult and indignity to your club, and lovers of dogs in general, I feel sure will be justly dealt with, and that by enforcing Rule 17 you will disqualify all dogs shown by him, thus protecting yourselves and exhibitors from similar sharp practices in the future. In case he has already received the awards of money, medals, etc., he should not be allowed to follow the dangerous precedent adopted by the W.K.C. at Boston two years ago, but be made to disgorge. The unrighted evil has borne its fruit at last. Believing I have your hearty coöperation in putting a stop to all such disreputable practices, and that full justice will be meted out by you, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself, fraternally yours, H. W. HUNTINGTON.

WHISK BRUSH MASSAGE.—South Woodstock, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please accept my very warm thanks for your most kind favor of 7th inst., duly received. The little terrier is better, apparently well, frolicking and with good appetite, although his nose is dry too much of the time, I fear. Your prescription must surely be excellent. Again, thanks. I have an item from my own experience which may possibly interest you and help some one in trouble similar to that I once had. A little black and tan terrier which I owned was suddenly attacked with complete paralysis of the hindlegs, they looked as if they only hung to him by the skin, and the legs entirely useless and dragging after him as he attempted to move; a most pitiable sight. The little fellow was only a few months old, a choice thoroughbred, but I could find no one and no book to help me, and dared not delay long in doing something. I concluded the trouble must arise from over-feeding and lack of exercise, so commenced a strict diet (though I feared he would starve to death, he was so dainty), and taking a short, very stiff whisk brush, I commenced brushing him briskly down the spine and hindlegs especially, though rubbing the whole body some too. I used all my strength and followed up this course for several hours each day, and for some six weeks or more. He rewarded me by living until almost his seventeenth birthday, and was a healthy, happy doggie through all these years, dying at last of old age.—PET LOVER.

PATTI M.—Cleveland, O., April 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fair and unprejudiced criticism by a reputable journal like the FOREST AND STREAM of dogs exhibited at bench shows is never feared by those interested, but when a reporter's statements are so far from the truth as Mr. Mason's, in saying what he has in regard to the pointer bitch Patti M. in his report of the Pittsburgh show, it is time to protest against such criticism. The record of Patti M. on the bench, as winner of fourteen prizes, under Major Taylor and Mr. John Davidson, defeating such dogs as champions Vanity, King Bow, Robin Adair, Nick of Naso, Lady Croxteth and others, who have many times been pronounced good ones by the FOREST AND STREAM, refutes Mr. Mason's opinion of this bitch. That she has her faults I admit. Show me one that has not; but when Mr. Mason says that she is a second rater, it convinces me, if he means what he writes, that his judgment of pointers should never be sought by breeders. The owner of Patti M., who willingly exhibits her at shows under any judge, has never found it necessary to placard her stall with the information that she is a pointer, as Beaufort's owner had to do at New York, after suffering defeat by Meteor and Croxteth.—C. M. MUNHALL.

A FAMOUS HOUND.—Oxford, Me., April 18.—In reading the FOREST AND STREAM recently I saw the article about the Worcester fox hunt. Among the hounds used in this hunt was the foxhound Jumbo, the property of Mr. Jacobs. This dog was originally owned by the Edwards Bros. of Oxford, Me., and was one of the most celebrated dogs at that time in Oxford county. Articles respecting this dog's hunting qualities were published in all the leading papers, and a description of him appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM under the heading of "Old-Fashioned Fox Hunts." This description was published some time during the month of February, 1883. One time during a hunting expedition, the hunters were met by an old fox-hunter, some sixty odd years of age. After looking at the dog a while, and seemingly surveying his huge proportions, he at length said, "I have hunted foxes for forty years, but this is the first time I ever saw foxes chased by a two year old bull."—JOSH JEEMS.

DEERHOUNDS AT PROVIDENCE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A handbill printed in New York on the 9th inst. and subsequently distributed at the Philadelphia dog show, contained the following malicious statement: "Mr. Mason inquired of her keeper 'Can she gallop?' 'Of course she can,' replied the keeper, naturally enough, and then the blue ribbon was given to the large and 'catchy' bitch, while the perfectly sound Thora, who *can* gallop, was given second." The above effusion, like very many others in the same sheet, is absolutely false in every particular.—ALFRED HEALD. (In charge of Mr. John E. Thayer's dogs.)

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—The entries for the Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club close May 1. This will undoubtedly be the most important event of the kind that has ever been run in this country, and the honor of winning will be of far greater value than the amount of the prizes. The stake is for a purse of $900, with $400 to first, $200 to second, and two equal third prizes of $100 each, and a $100 cup to the breeder of the winner. Ten dollars forfeit with $20 additional to start.

ENGLISH SETTER JUDGE AT NEW YORK.—New York, April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received a telegram from Mr. J. M. Tracy saying that it will be impossible for him to be at New York to judge English setters, on account of illness. Mr. J. O. Donner will take his place.—W. R. HITCHCOCK, Sec'y W. K. C.

CURRENT NOTES.—There is considerable talk among the sportsmen of Portland, Me., of forming a kennel club and holding a dog show next season.... The Stafford Kennel Club will hold their third annual dog show in connection with the Stafford Agricultural Society's fair at Stafford Springs, Conn., on Oct. 12 and 13.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sandycroft Boast, Sandycroft Brag, Sandycroft Burly, Sandycroft Baffle, Sandycroft Beauty, Sandycroft Belle and Sandycroft Bessie. By Sandycroft Kennels, Milford, Del., for four fawn, black points English mastiff dogs and three bitches, whelped April 9, 1887, by Hero III. (A.K.R. 1765) out of Nell (A.K.R. 3847).

Sport. By D. A. Williams, Lynn, Mass., for Gordon setter dog, whelped May 10, 1883, by Jet out of Daisy.

Pink. By Chas. York, Bangor, Me., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 9, 1887, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Victoria Laverack (A.K.R. 4677).

Count Rex. By H. S. Humphrey, Indianapolis, Ind., for dark brown Irish water spaniel dog, whelped July, 1886. Pedigree unknown.

Patti Croxteth. By C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by Croxteth (Young Bang—Jane) out of Patti M. (Donald—Devonshire Lass).

NAMES CHANGED.

Nahmke to Bellfore. By W. H. Fuller, New York city, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 25, 1885 (A.K.R. 3422).

BRED.

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Ripple—Rum. Dr. Greenough's Chesapeake Bay bitch Ripple (A.K.R. 68) was bred to his Rum (A.K.R. 2807), April 14 and 16.

Norah—Fleetwood. W. S. Clark's (Linden, Mass.) beagle bitch Norah (Lee—Juliet) to Pottinger Dorsey's Fleetwood (Searcher—May Belle), April 17.

Lady Alpha—Hector. Alta Kennels' (Newport, Ky.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Alpha (imported Tell—Noma) to Hospice Kennels' Hector (Apollo—Thyras), March 18.

Jolie—Buckellew. T. A. Gill's (West Park, N. Y.) English setter bitch Jolie (Laithrop's Dick—Ely's Sylph) to Duke Rhoebe Kennels' Buckellew (A.K.R. 30), April 21.

Mydona—Buckellew. A. A. Francis's (Rochester, N. Y.) English setter bitch Mydona (Druid—Whirlwind) to Duke Rhoebe Kennels' Buckellew (A.K.R. 30), April 14.

Nettle—Marchboy II. F. W. Wheaton's (Wilkesbarre, Pa.) beagle bitch Nettle (Rounce—Spot) to W. F. Streeter's Marchboy II. (A. K.R. 2919), April 4.

Lizzie—Marchboy II. F. P. Quimby's (New York city) beagle bitch Lizzie (Ringwood—Norah) to W. F. Streeter's Marchboy II. (A.K.R. 2919), April 6.

Blonde II.—Foreman, Jr. Chas. Kimberly's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Blonde II. (American Belton—Blonde) to E. J. Calahan's Foreman, Jr. (Foreman—Jolly Nell), April 11.

Jolly Nell—Fairy King. Andrew J. Calahan's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Jolly Nell (Goodsell's Prince—Jolly May) to G. E. Osborne's Fairy King (Foreman—Jessie), April 15.

Daisey A.—Foreman, Jr. Chas. Kimberly's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Daisey A. (Tom—Fleet) to E. J. Calahan's Foreman, Jr. (Foreman—Jolly Nell), April, 1887.

Fannie Turner—Spot. G. A. Wynkoop's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Fannie Turner (Sensation—Queen II.) to his Spot (Joker, Jr. —Fussie), April 2.

Mina—Rex Gladstone. J. M. Gould's (Trenton, N. J.) English setter bitch Mina (Calibar—Beauty) to Wm. A. Poland's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Molly Druid), April 19 and 20.

Elmo—Rex Gladstone. Robert Chambers's (Trenton, N. J.) English setter bitch Elmo (St. Elmo—Lizzie Lee) to Wm. Poland's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Molly Druid), March 24 and 26.

Idylwoof—Buckingham. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) English setter bitch Idylwoof (Antic—Princess Mix) to George De Haven's Buckingham (Clinton T.—Kate Gladstone), Feb. 6 and 8.

Daisy A.—William Tell. C. A. Parker's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Daisy A. (Pete, Jr.—Daisy) to his William Tell (A.K. R. 2640), March 16.

Zadie—Bradford Ruby. Thos. Hildreth's English pug bitch Zadie (A.K.R. 2753) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby, March, 1887.

WHELPS.

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Roxy Vera. C. A. Parker's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Roxy Vera (Pete, Jr.—Roxy), March 14, nine (five dogs), by his William Tell (A.K.R. 2640).

Idylwoof. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) English setter bitch Idylwoof (Antic—Princess Mix), April 11, eleven (seven dogs), by Geo. DeHaven's Buckingham (Clinton T.—Kate Gladstone).

Dixie. J. J. Nussbaumer's (Okawville, Ill.) Scotch terrier bitch Dixie (A.K.R. 4604), April 10, one dog, by his Zip (A.K.R. 4606).

Nellie. G. M. Shaw's (Trenton, N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Nellie (Success—Rachel), April 20, seven (five dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' Doc (A.K.R. 3795).

Nellie D. J. H. Jewett's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Nellie D. (Vandevort's Don—Daisy B.), April 2, four (two dogs), by C. A. Parker's William Tell (A.K.R. 2640).

Peggie. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) English pug bitch Peggie (A.K.R. 1804), April 4, seven (five dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby.

Ashmont Bertha. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) mastiff bitch Ashmont Bertha (A.K.R. 3368), April 5, nine (four dogs), by Dr. W. T. Batterson's Leo (imported Lord Nelson—Maud).

SALES.

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Norah. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 4, 1886, by Lee out of Juliet, by Pottinger Dorsey, New Market, Md., to Linden Beagle Kennels, Linden, Mass.

Pantagenet. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped July, 1879, by Dashing Monarch out of Pearel, by Blackstone Kennels, New York city, to A. P. Gardner, Hamilton, Mass.

Patti Croxteth. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by Croxteth out of Patti M., by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to W. Hoyt, same place.

Walmer Jet. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped August, 1885, by Obo II. out of Gipsey, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to Abbott Kennels, Pontiac, Can.

Pendragon. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 11, 1883 (A.K.R. 2360), by G. T. Leach, New York city, to C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O.

Lady Bright. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1882, by Rink II. out of Aida, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to F. Pitzer, Washington, D. C.

Lizzie. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1884, by Ringwood out of Norah, by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to F. B. Quinty, New York city.

Gladstone's Mark. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1884, by Gladstone out of Bessie A., by W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to Geerge Jarvis, New York city.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Dec. 31, 1886, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to Chas. F. Manness, Scranton, Pa.

Norah (A.K.R. 750). Correctly marked white and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 21, 1883, by Bonivard (A.K.R. 361) out of Regie (A.K.R. 25), by Geo. Von Skal, New York city, to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Daisy Gates. Red Irish setter bitch, date of birth unknown, by imported Shot out of Katie Gates (A.K.R. 1080), by L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sancho. Red Irish setter dog, pedigree unknown, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. J. Fisher, Armstrong, Pa.

Princess Victoria. Black and tan King Charles spaniel bitch, whelped April 18, 1883, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to T. M. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Don. Liver and white pointer dog, 2yrs. last September, by J. R. Frank, Rowlandville, Md., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Junior. Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1886, by Argus out of Lady Nelson, by A. R. Blood, Warren, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beauty. Stone fawn, black points, English mastiff bitch, 18mos. old, pedigree unknown, by James E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silk, Jr. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July, 1885, by Hornell Silk out of Ruby, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont.

Master Shina. Black, white frill cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1886, by Young Obo out of Shina, by H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, Can., to Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont.

Little Boss. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 5, 1886, by Antic out of Bartlet's Dream, by Wm. Rogers, May's Landing, N. J., to A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa.

Donald Croxteth. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 28, 1886, by Croxteth out of Patti M., by C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O., to John R. Daniels, same place.

Prince (A.K.R. 1968)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181) whelp. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 28, 1886, by L. A. Van Zandt, Yonkers, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Homer (A.K.R. 1050)—Florence (A.K.R. 1558) whelp. Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped Feb. 6, 1887, by J. E. R. Boudreau, New York city, to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

READER, Forrestville.—Setter, 10mos. old, has been troubled with sore tongue. Tongue covered with red blotches raised considerably above the surface; bleed at times, and tongue nearly always covered with matter. He drules continually; seems to be all right otherwise. All I have done for him is to wash his mouth with borax water, which does no good. Ans. Get the following:

R.	Potass. permanganat	grs. vi.
	Potass. chlorat	ʒi.
	Glycerin	ʒi.
	Aq. q. s. ad	℥viii.

Mix. Sig. Wash the mouth three times daily with soft sponge.

DIFFICULTY of breathing, a short, dry cough, a quick pulse and pain in the left side are symptoms of approaching consumption. Relieve the chest and cure the cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by all druggists. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR PROGRAMME.

FOLLOWING is the programme of the fifteenth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association of America, to be held at Creedmoor, commencing Sept. 12, 1887, and continuing six days:

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds, open only to Directors of the N. R. A., rounds five, position standing, any military rifles, including specials.

No. 2. Judd Match.—Offered annually, under resolution of Board of Directors N.R.A., to commemorate the services rendered by Hon. David W. Judd in securing the passage of the law by which the Association was enabled to obtain its range. Open to all comers; any military rifle, including specials; Remington rifles, State model, .50-cal., will be allowed one point on each score, 200yds., position standing; rounds 7, entrance fee $1 each, only three entries allowed to be shot on each day, match to occupy two days. Prizes.—Cash presented by N.R.A. $200, divided into 25 prizes, viz.: $25, $20, $15, $10, six of $8, seven of $6, and eight of $5 each. The aggregate of the two scores to count for the first four prizes.

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds., thirty shots, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed, position any without artificial rest, entrance fee, $2.

No. 4. President's Match for the Military Championship of the United States of America.—First stage—200 and 500yds., seven shots at each distance, open to all members of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps of the United States, or the National Guard of any State. Rifles—Remington State model and Springfield .45-cal., three-grooved, and chambered for 2 1-10in. shell only, or any rifle issued by any State to its National Guard; Remington rifles, State model, .50-cal., allowed one point; twenty-three prizes, viz.: $25, $20, $15, ten of $10, and ten of $5 each; total $210; entrance fee $3 to both stages. Second stage—Open to all prize-winners in the first stage, 600yds., number of shots 10, position any, rifles same as in first stage, but .50-cal. Remington State model will receive one point allowance. Prize—The Mid-Range Championship of America for one year, and cash $25, to be awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both stages.

No. 5. The ——— Match.—Any military rifle including specials, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., any position, open to all comers, ten shots at each distance, entrance $3; eight prizes, aggregating $75, viz.: $20, $15, $10, $8, $7, and three of $5 each.

No. 6. Tiffany Continuous Match.—All-Comers' Continuous Match, 200yds., position standing, number of shots seven, on the American standard target, any rifle within the rules. Cleaning will be allowed between shots for rifles other than military, or special military. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Entries unlimited; fee $1 each ticket or three for $2 if taken at one time. Allowance, special military rules, 3 points; other military rifles, 4 points; Remington State model, .50-cal., 5 points, on each score. The allowance for military and special military rifles will be added to the total scores made. In case of ties the tie in each case will be decided in favor of the competitor having the fewest shots of low value. Prizes.—First prize, a silver cup, presented by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., Union Square, New York city; 31 other cash prizes, viz.: $30, $25, $20, $15, 5 of $10, 7 of $7 and 15 of $5 each; total, $264. Extra prizes of $5, $3 and $2 will be awarded each day to the competitors making the highest single scores in order of merit.

No. 7. Governors' Match.—Seven shots at 500yds., position any, any military rifles, including specials, open to all comers. Entrance fee $1 each or three for $2 if taken at one time, re-entries allowed, the aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes, ties in totals to be decided by the next best score or scores. Allowance, Rem. rifle, State model, .50-cal., 4 points, and other military rifles 2 points, on three scores, and in same proportion for single scores; $200 divided into 25 prizes, viz.: $25, $20, $15, $10, 6 of $8, 7 of $6 and 8 of $5 each.

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksmen's Badge Match.—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., position standing at 200, prone at 500, five shots at each distance, entrance fee $1, or three for $2 if taken at one time, re-entries allowed, Remington rifle, .50-cal., State model. Thirty-one prizes, $240, viz.: $25, $20, $15, 8 of $10 and $5 each. The firing at both ranges must be done on the same day or the score will be considered void.

No. 9. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of 12, from A—The Army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions. B—The United Navy. C—The National Guard or ununiformed militia of the several States and Territories. D—Other countries. 200, 500 and 600yds., 7 rounds at each distance, position standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600yds., any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government, ammunition any, entrance fee $2 each man. Prize—A trophy, presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually, value $3,000; also a medal to each member of the winning team.

No. 10. Short-Range Team Match.—Open to teams of 4, from any regularly organized rifle club or association or military organization; no limit to number of teams from one organization, but no competitor can shoot in two teams; 10 shots at 200yds, position standing, any rifle within the rules, standard American target. Teams using the Remington rifle, State model, .50-cal., will be allowed 28 points, and 16 points will be allowed to teams using other military or special military rifles. Entrance fee $5 per team; re-entries allowed, but only the highest score to count. Four prizes, viz.: $40, $30, $20 and $10. Cleaning will be allowed between shots for rifles other than military or special military. Members of teams will be allowed to use any rifle within the rules. The allowance for the Remington rifle, State model, will be 7 points; for other military or special military rifles 4 points each. The allowance for military and special military rifles will be added to the total scores made. In case of ties, the tie in each case will be decided in favor of the competitor having the fewest shots of low value.

No. 11. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States, consisting of 12 members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or Military of such State or Territory. 200 and 500yds., position at 200yds. standing, at 500yds. prone, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government. Prize—To the team making the highest aggregate score a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," value, $350; also a medal to each member of the winning team.

No. 12. Inter-State Long-Range Match.—Open to teams of 4 from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States. 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; 10 shots at each distance, any rifle within the rules. Entrance fee, $10 each team. Prize.—A trophy, to be held for the year by the successful team, which shall be deposited in some central place in the State whose team may win it; also a medal to each member of the winning team. Cleaning will be allowed between shots for all rifles.

No. 13. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York. 200 and 500yds., position, standing at 200, prone at 500yds.; the Remington rifle, State model, or such others as may be authorized or issued by the State; 5 shots at each distance. Prize—A trophy, value $300.

No. 14. First Brigade National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the first brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each distance, Remington State model rifle, position standing at 200, at 500yds. prone.

No. 15. Second Brigade National Guard Match.—Similar to No. 14.

No. 16. General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match.—Open to teams of 6 from the regular army, navy, marine corps, National Guard, volunteers, or militia or any county, State or Territory, 600 to 200yds. and return, second class targets, the military rifle with which the organization has been regularly armed, unless such be a magazine gun, in which case any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government. Entrance fee, $5 for each team. The first prize in this match is a trophy presented by S. D. Schuyler, Esq.; value $150. Also a bronze medal to each member of the winning team. Won in 1884 and 1885 by 4th artillery, U.S.A. Won in 1886 by Engineer Corps, U.S.A.

No. 17. Steward Match.—Open to all comers, 200yds., Creedmoor targets, 5 shots, position sitting, kneeling or standing, any military or special military rifle; an allowance of 2 points will be given to competitors who use the Remington rifle, State model, the allowance to be added to the aggregate of the three scores. All prizes to be won on the aggregate of three scores. Entries, 50 cents each, or three for $1 if taken at one time, entries unlimited, match open every day. Prizes for this match will be announced later. Ties in totals to be decided by the next best score or scores.

No. 18. Revolver Match.—Open to all comers, 50yds., 5 shots, American standard target, position, standing, off-hand, the use of one arm only allowed, revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight, maximum length of barrel (exclusive of chamber) 7½in., minimum trigger pull 3lbs., plain, open sights sufficiently strong for service purposes, cleaning allowed between scores only, any ammunition, the aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Entrance fee, 50 cents each, or three for $1 when taken at one time. Prizes —$75 divided into eleven prizes, viz.: $15, $10, $8, $7, and seven of $5 each. Revolvers must not be loaded until the competitor has taken his position at the firing point; the muzzle must always be kept vertical or pointed toward the target. In case of a miss-fire the cartridge that fails to explode must be extracted before another one is inserted.

WILMINGTON VS. WILLIAMSPORT.—The much postponed "telegraph" match between the Wilmington, Del., and Williamsport, Pa., rifle clubs was shot, April 21, by the former, the Williamsport having shot April 7. Standard target, 200yds. off-hand:

	Record Match.									
C Heinel, Sr.	10	5	6	5	5	6	7	6	6	4—60
H A Heinel	6	7	6	6	6	6	5	3	7	8—60
E M Clark	5	5	7	8	6	8	6	9	7	4—60
S J Newman	8	5	5	4	8	7	9	5	2	4—57
H B Seeds	6	4	7	4	8	4	5	6	5	7—56
R Miller	9	6	4	4	7	4	5	5	6	5—55
W A Bacon	5	8	8	3	4	5	5	8	6	3—55
J E Newman	3	2	6	6	4	9	4	9	6	5—54

	Telegraph Match, Wilmington Rifle Club.									
H B Seeds	7	7	5	4	5	7	7	10	8	10—70
R Miller	5	8	6	5	6	10	5	7	8	8—68
H A Heinel	7	5	6	7	6	8	3	9	8	5—63
C Heinel, Sr	9	5	7	9	4	5	6	4	4	5—58
S J Newman	5	4	5	5	6	7	7	8	5	4—56
J E Seeds	5	7	2	4	10	4	8	5	5	6—56
W F Seeds	7	7	7	2	6	7	6	2	5	7—56
J E Newman	4	3	6	3	6	8	5	7	3	5—50
E M Clark	4	5	4	7	9	6	3	3	5	7—50
W A Bacon	4	3	5	5	4	2	7	4	5	6—45—572

	Williamsport Rifle Club.									
J Platt	5	4	8	6	4	6	7	6	8	8—62
S C Stuber	4	5	6	8	8	4	8	7	4	8—62
P Wizal	4	7	5	7	5	7	8	4	8	6—61
N A Hughes	4	5	6	4	5	5	6	5	10	6—56
R N Johnson	3	5	7	5	6	7	6	6	4	7—56
R H Crum	4	5	5	8	7	5	5	6	4	4—53
H Whitehead	9	5	6	6	6	5	8	5	2	0—52
G W Harder	3	6	5	4	6	5	9	4	6	4—52
W P Barker	5	6	5	3	3	4	9	5	5	6—51
J H Millspaugh	4	3	3	4	8	4	5	6	5	4—46—551

WYOMING, Del.—Kent County Rifle Club, regular practice, Springfield rifles, off-hand and standard target:

	At 200yds.									
J Moore	8	10	8	8	5	6	5	3	10	4—66
M A Jones	6	3	8	3	2	7	6	5	5	5—48
F Diefenderfer	4	2	7	7	8	6	3	7	8	6—18
S H Thomas	8	4	5	3	6	4	3	3	5	3—43
F H Thomas	2	3	5	4	4	2	5	5	3	6—39
H M Thomas	4	3	4	2	2	3	4	9	2	7—37
R Diefenderfer	1	6	9	4	2	1	4	3	3	3—35
W A Aldrich	9	3	4	2	3	1	4	0	1	3—32
A Connor	0	4	6	4	3	1	0	2	0	6—26
G Rash	1	4	2	0	0	0	3	10	2	1—23

	At 100yds.									
M A Jones	5	7	6	8	9	10	7	8	9	9—78
J Moore	8	8	5	5	10	8	8	7	6	9—71
F H Thomas	8	7	9	7	8	9	6	9	7	9—71
R Diefenderfer	4	8	8	6	6	9	6	5	8	10—70
F Diefenderfer	8	5	6	4	6	9	10	5	7	9—69
W F Aldrich	7	9	5	6	6	6	5	6	10	6—66
S H Thomas	8	8	8	6	5	9	6	5	5	4—64
A M Thomas	10	4	8	4	7	7	6	4	5	5—63
A Connor	8	2	3	10	5	5	5	9	2	3—49
G Rash	8	4	7	2	5	4	3	0	7	2—42

LAWRENCE, Mass., April 23.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Lawrence Rifle Club this afternoon, 200yds., standard target:

E F Richardson	10	9	7	5	9	9	10	9	8	9—85
C M Hill	7	9	9	9	7	8	6	10	9	10—84
E N Archibald	9	8	7	8	7	9	9	6	10	8—82
W Fisher	6	9	9	9	5	8	9	10	9	7—81
F Clark	7	9	9	9	7	8	6	6	9	10—80
M Beal	7	6	6	8	5	6	7	6	4	4—59

HOLYOKE, Mass., April 23.—Silver Cup Match, 200yds., off-hand, Hinman target, new handicap rules. Rain and fog interfered so that it was impossible to see the target, and some of the scores could not be finished:

A James	7	7	19	7	8	6	5	8	10	10—100
S Winchester	8	3	7	7	8	4	5	6	6	10— 86
A Negrath	8	2	6	4	3	5	5	0	6	9 —72
Dun Well	8	8	9	4	7	7	9	3 ret.		
H E Ferry	10	3	2 ret.							PAPER CITY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., April 23.—At the regular club shoot for the medal yesterday, 200yds., off hand, Creedmoor target, Mr. W. H. Ross, a man who two months since was contented if he could get a bullet to hit the target, but who now thinks its "damned funny" if the bullet does not hit the bull, captured the medal on 45, shooting in a very ugly 5 o'clock wind, with occasional fits of rain and hail. Two of the "crack shots" missed the entire target; one of them did not get off the back stop, but the other evidently left the country entirely, and the Dr. and "Kap" will shoot off their discomfiture at short notice:

Ross	4445455455—45	De Lisle	4444434444—39
Baker	4445434545—44	Kapple	4444054554—39
Burns	4456554444—43	Dr Blanchard	4544544404—38
Lonagren	4445334445—40		ZERO.

HAVERHILL RIFLE CLUB, April 13.—Record match, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

H Tuck	6	10	9	6	10	8	9	8	9	10—85
J Busfield	6	9	7	9	5	10	10	9	7	7—79
A Edgerly	8	7	10	10	8	6	9	8	5	7—78
S E Johnson	5	7	10	8	6	9	9	5	7	10—76
R Griffin	8	7	9	10	10	7	9	4	4	6—74
F Merrill	4	10	6	8	8	5	4	7	4	5—61
C B Wright	9	4	7	6	8	2	5	4	6	9—60
L Jackson	5	6	3	7	9	5	10	5	4	5—59

A variable 10 o'clock wind made good scores hard to get.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 22.—The Topeka Rifle Club held their regular weekly shoot yesterday. There was a strong 12 o'clock and somewhat tricky wind:

J L Paine	10	8	10	7	7	10	8	7	10	7—84	
	7	7	6	9	8	8	6	10	7	5—73	
	8	6	8	7	8	10	9	4	9	5—74	
	10	7	8	6	6	7	8	5	10	7—74	305
Robert Thompson	10	9	8	5	10	6	9	6	6	10—79	
	5	9	9	5	8	5	7	10	7	8—73	
	8	10	7	8	6	9	6	8	6	7—75	
	10	9	9	9	7	10	6	9	4	5—78	305
F G Minkler	7	10	7	6	7	8	8	7	8	10—78	
	5	6	7	10	6	6	5	9	10	8—72	
	10	10	5	7	5	9	8	8	9	8—77	
	9	10	10	6	10	4	6	8	5	8—76	303
C R Paine	8	10	10	9	5	9	6	7	7	7—78	
	5	8	8	7	9	7	6	6	9	10—75	
	7	6	8	6	9	9	9	8	3	6—71	
	6	8	10	8	5	9	6	7	5	8—70	294
Reed McCarter	6	8	8	5	7	4	8	5	4	6—61	
	10	7	5	2	5	10	8	7	6	3—63	
	6	5	6	5	7	4	8	7	8	6—62	
	6	5	9	7	8	7	9	5	6	4—66	252

T. R.

BOSTON, April 24.—The attendance was large and the shooting very fine at Walnut Hill range to-day. Mr. Charles made a score of 89, decimal count, using a military rifle, and in a regular match Mr. Munroe made one 100 and seven 99s in the rest match. Following is the result of the day's shooting:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

W Charles, B (mil)	10	7	10	8	9	10	9	7	9	10—89
	8	9	7	8	10	9	9	8	9	7—84
O M Jewell, D	8	11	9	10	8	9	10	8	7	9—88
	10	10	10	6	7	8	6	10	9	6—85
R Dadman	7	10	10	7	9	8	9	10	8	5—83
	10	8	8	7	10	6	7	8	9	9—82
R Davis, A	8	8	6	8	8	8	9	9	8	8—81
W O Burnite, A	9	10	6	9	8	7	10	9	7	7—81
	9	9	9	6	9	6	7	9	6	10—80
H Cushing, D	10	8	8	7	10	6	9	8	6	7—80
	6	10	10	8	7	8	8	8	7	7—79
Felix, A	7	9	6	10	9	6	6	10	7	10—80
	9	7	9	9	5	9	5	10	7	6—76
W H Ohler, A	7	7	8	8	9	10	7	6	8	6—79
C Williams, A (mil)	8	10	9	6	6	8	4	7	9	10—77
B	4	10	8	6	7	6	5	5	9	4—64
R E Volner (mil)	8	7	8	10	9	6	6	9	5	7—77
	7	10	6	7	8	6	4	6	9	8—71
A L Brackett, B	7	10	5	7	7	5	10	9	9	6—75
H Withington, C	8	8	4	8	5	6	9	8	5	6—67

Rest Match.

J R Munroe, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9— 99
	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9— 99
D L Chase, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9— 99
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9— 99
S Wilder, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9— 99
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10— 99
N Washburn, A	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10— 99
W H Ofer, F	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10— 99
R Dadman, F	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10— 99
D L Chardon, F	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10— 98
H D Wilder, A	8	9	8	10	6	10	9	10	7	10— 90

Team Match.

G W Plaisted	8	10	10	7	10	0	8	8	6	9— 85
W Charles (mil)	7	8	9	7	8	5	7	7	10	7	
									75	5— 80
O M Jewell	7	7	9	9	8	10	7	7	9	6— 79
H Withington	5	5	5	6	6	10	9	7	8	10— 71
W H Oler	6	7	8	5	7	10	10	8	7	5— 70	385
W O Burnite	10	6	6	7	7	10	7	8	9	9— 79	
A L Brackett	6	6	10	10	6	8	4	6	8	10— 74	
R Dadman	7	8	10	5	9	5	8	8	6	6— 72	
R Davis	6	6	9	4	6	10	6	6	7	6— 66	
John Gunn	5	5	7	5	4	6	9	9	7	5— 61	332

100 FEET SHOOTING.—The prizes in the Mammoth, Boston range series of competitions for April will be awarded May 2. Following is a showing of the positions of the several contestants at the close of the third week:

Decimal Off-Hand.

W Ford	89	87	87	86	86	86	86	86	84	85—862
N York	84	83	83	82	81	81	81	80	80	79—814
C H Eastman	85									

Pistol Match—Possible 1,000.

B S Arthur	92	91	89	87	87	87	87	87	86	86—879
E B Codding	90	89	87	86	85	85	84	83	83	82—854
W George	89	85	85	85	85	84	84	83	83	83—844

Military Match—Possible 1,000.

J Smith	47	47	47	47	47	47	46	46	46	46—466
H Howe	47	47	47	47	46	46	46	46	46	46—464
J Briggs	48	47	47	47	47	45	45	45	45	45—461

Amateur Match—Possible 500.

J Hunt	48	47	40	45	44	44	44	44	44	44—450
E A Putnam	47	46	46	45	45	45	44	44	44	44—450
S Paine	45	45	45	43	43	42	42	42	42	41—430
J B Duffey	46	46	45	45	45	44	43			—314

The prizes this month consist of silverware, gold and silver badges, three prizes in each match.

NEW ORLEANS, April 19.—The following is the result of the recent contest between the Eicke Rifle Club and Olympic Club, both clubs shooting their third teams, at the Eicke Club grounds, distance 50yds., bullseye 13, possible 325:

Eicke Team.		Olymyic Team.	
J Swan	265	L Ruch	258
F Daubert	262	P Bruder	231
J T Seaward	255	E Miller	241
H Kenny	233	G W Miller	239
H Eicke	231	A Twigler	214
	1246		1183

In the contest for the shotgun put up by the J. V. Guillotte Rifle team, the following gentlemen tied and then shot off according to the subjoined score:

H C Claiborne	316	W North	282
H Miller	305	F Delaten	261

GARDNER, Mass., April 21—Regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club, Hackmatack Range. Hinman target, 200yds., off-hand:

F E Nichols	87 83—170	H C Knowlton	75 83—158
I N Dodge	90 80—170	W C Loveland	77 77—154
G F Ellsworth	79 83—162	S L Walker	71 76—147
G C Goodale	81 80—161	C J Crabtree	64 62—126

MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA MATCH.—The first of a series of matches at 200yds. between teams composed of privates of Company C, of Newton, and Company B, of Cambridge, of the Fifth Regiment, was held on the 23d at the Newton company's range in Newtonville. The following is the score:

Company B.		Company C.	
Swain	22	Purdy	19
Morse	20	Warren	24
Fitzgerald	27	Spaans	24
Lounsbury	22	Cormick	24
Henderson	28	Hodgson	22
Clark	25	Hayden	23
Chittick	27—171	Burns	23—156

The next match in the series will be shot at Company B's range in North Cambridge, on a date to be decided upon later.

WHITE ELEPHANT.—The latest feature in rifle shooting at the White Elephant Rifle Range, which is managed by the veteran Conlin, is the running-man target, at which some very good scores have been made up to date. Mr. Bowen heads the list with



THE MAN TARGET USED IN CONLIN'S GALLERY.

a score of 40 in a possible 42; J. W. Bowen 40, J. J. Eyre 38, Capt. N. B. Thurston 34, J. S. N. Crane 33, J. C. Jackson, 31, H. L. Noble 32, Wm. C. McCoy, 31, R. McLear 29, H. A. Alexander 32, D. Bacon 28, W. H. Anser, 23, A. R. Page 29.

BRITISH COLUMBIA RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The annual general meeting was held on the 17th ult. The association decided to renew the lease of the present rifle range at Clover Point until September next, though the present site is considered too exposed. The province will be represented by a team of five at the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association at Ottawa in September next. The following council was elected for 1887: Mr. E. C. Barker, M.P.; Lieut.-Col. Wolfenden, Maj. McDonnell, District Staff, and Major Prior, Surg. Trew, Capts. Peele, Bowles, Jones, Fletcher, Dorman and Woolacott, Sergt. H. H. Roper, Gr. Winsby and Messrs. C. E. Pooley, M.P.P., and Geo. Thompson, M.P.P. A meeting of the newly elected council was afterward held and the following office bearers were elected: Pres., E. C. Barker, M.P.; Vice-Pres., Lieut.-Col. Wolfenden and Capt. Peele; Sec., Capt. Fletcher; Treas., Capt. Dorman; Auditor, Capt. Snowden.

THE JAMESTOWN MEETING.—A tournament to decide the relative value of muzzle and breechloading rifles, open to the sportsmen of the world, will be held at Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y., May 17, 18, 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Anderson Rifle Club of Syracuse, of which C. H. Reimer is president. The home of the champions of the muzzleloading rifles is at Jamestown, and for this reason the Anderson Rifle Club have secured the use of the range at that place, which is owned by the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Shooting Club, and known as the Nypano Club Range. The programme of the tournament is based upon guaranteed cash prizes of $300. Matches will be called at 10 A. M., the first day of the tournament, and at 9 A. M. on each succeeding day, and five strings will be shot each day.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM will give a prize for competition on May 30, to be known as the "FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY." It is a solid silver cup, specially manufactured for the FOREST AND STREAM by the Whiting Manufacturing Company, of New York, at a cost of $100. The TROPHY will become the absolute property of the club which shall win it. For conditions see last week's issue or send for circular. Club secretaries are requested to give early notice of intention to enter. We hope to have an illustration of the TROPHY in our next issue.

TORONTO, April 16.—The Toronto Gun Club held their weekly shooting tournament this afternoon at Woodbine Park, clay-pigeons and Canada blackbirds being the targets. There was a large attendance of members and some very fair shooting:

First sweepstakes at 10 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise:

W Felstead	9	W Jefferson	6
W McDowell	8	A Ellis	6
E Edwards	8	G Pearsall	6
R J Kidd	7	D Black, retired	

Second sweepstakes at 10 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise:

W Felstead	10	D Black	6
A Ellis	7	E Edwards	6
W McDowell	7	W Jefferson	5
R J Kidd	6	H Newman	4
G Pearsall	6		

Third sweepstake at 10 Canada blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

A Ellis	8	H Newman	6
W McDowell	8	G Pearsall	6
W Felstead	7	E Gardener	6
E Edwards	6	C McClure	4

Ellis and McDowell shot off at 10 birds each, 21yds. rise, Ellis hitting 8 and McDowell 7. In a double rise sweepstake at 5 pair, Ellis and Felstead scored 7 each and divided first and second money.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—A goodly number of the lovers of trap-shooting assembled at the grounds of the J. C. H. G. C., Marion, on the 20th inst., to witness the match between W. C. Cannon and George Davis, but owing to a misunderstanding, Mr. Davis not receiving notice of the postponement of the match in time, and being under considerable expense in getting his share of the birds on the ground, etc., the match was declared off, Mr. Cannon manfully paying the forfeit, $25. The following match was then made between the two men for the 21st of May, on the same grounds. Match for $250 a side, 50 birds each, Hurlingham rules. $50 forfeit each was put up. The following sweeps were then engaged in. A fine lot of birds was furnished by "Old South Paw," and Duke the incomparable did the retrieving. A great, a wonderful canine is Duke, and no biped takes the solid enjoyment of a trap shoot like unto him, and no shooter knows better than he whether a bird can be safely gathered. Sweep No. 1, 4 birds, entrance $2, birds extra, Hurlingham rules:

Dickens	2012—2	Robby	1022—3
Davis, Sr	1100—2	Quinlan	1120—3
Day	0021—2	Geohegan	0011—2
Terry	0121—2	Lindsley	1201—3
Cook	1111—4	Wm Siegler	0221—2
Keark	2112—4		

In shoot off Cook and Keark divided first, Terry and Quinlan second, Siegler third.

Second sweep, same conditions:

Dickens	1211—4	Vogel	1111—4
Quinlan	1101—3	Hughes	0110—2
Smith	1211—4	J Von Lengerke	1211—4
Cook	0022—2	Seney	0201—2
Lindsley	2100—2	Cannon	1000—1
Day	1112—4	Willis	1100—1
Collins	0100—1	Creely	0121—3
Jim B	1012—3	William	1010—2

Dicker, Day and Von Lengerke divided first money, $16; Quinlan, Jim B. and Creely divided second, $10. Cook, Lindsley, Hughes (Old Reliable No. 1), Willis, Jersey, and Williams agreed to let the highest score on next sweep decide the third money, and as the result will show, Old Reliable knew what he was about.

Third sweep, 4 birds, $2 entrance: J. C. H. G. Club rules:

Jersey	1	0	½	½—2		Hughes	1	1	1	1—4
Day	0	½	0	1—1½		Jim B	1	0	1	1—3
Cook	½	½	0	0—1		Vogel	0	1	0	½—1½
Lindsley	1	0	0	1—2		Smith	1	½	1	0—2½
Cannon	1	0	0	1—2		Burdett	1	0	0	1—2
H Siegler	0	1	1	1—3		Williams	1	0	1	1—3
Dickens	1	½	1	0—2½		Collins	½	1	0	½—2
Wm Siegler	0	1	½	1—3½		J Von Lengerke	0	1	1	1—3
Willis	0	1	0	1—2		Quinlan	1	0	1	1—3

Old Reliable taking first money, third money in former sweep. Wm. Siegler took second, and in shoot off H. Siegler and Quinlan divided third.

During an interval a match between Day and George Davis was was shot, 10 birds, Hurlingham rules:

Day	2111001211—8	Davis	2121001120w—6

The return match between the Middlesex G. C. and the Essex G. C. (each club having won a match on their own grounds), will take place at Marion, on the grounds of the J. C. H. G. C., on next Thursday, the 28th, when a hot time is expected, as there is considerable interest already shown. Both clubs have been adding largely to their members and not a little money is up; 20 men, perhaps 25 a side, 10 birds each, Hurlingham rules, with exceptions as to weight of gun and armpit instead of shoulder. After the shoot a few friends accompanied Old Reliable to ye Hostelrie of one Duke in Hoboken, where ample justice was done to O. R.'s reliability at the trap, only equaled by his guests as trenchermen. And thus closed a very enjoyable day in Jersey.—JACOBSTAFF.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16.—The San Francisco Rifle Club met this afternoon at Adams Point to contest for the second medal shoot of the season. Twelve members faced the traps and shot at as fine a lot of birds as could be found in any part of the country. The figure 2 in the following score denotes the use of the second barrel when occasion required a second shot to keep the bird within the limit—80yds. The shoot was governed by Hurlingham rules. Score:

Ewing (32yds)	1112212012w0— 9	McShane (26)	1110210210w2— 9
Babcock (33)	1021011011w1— 8	Butler (30)	1110212212w1—11
Jellett (20)	2121011111w1—10	Orr (32)	1111102121w1—10
Lewiston (28)	2111111202w0— 9	Golcher (29)	2211022112w0—10
Sweet (28)	0110202121w1— 7	Laing (30)	2101110111w0— 9
Hanson (28)	1112202012w2— 9	Wilson (30)	0111001011w1— 8

Following the regular shoot came two freeze-out matches $2.50 entrance, 30yds. rise. Result:

Babock	1220	Hanson	2210
Jellett	1111	Orr	0
Ewing	1112	Lewiston	10
Laing	1111		

Jellet, Ewing and Laing divided the pot. Second freeze out:

Babcock	2110	Lang	1210
Jellet	1110	Hanson	2210
Ewing	1212	Orr	2212

Orr and Ewing divided. The day's sport terminated with two matches; the first at 3 double birds and the second at 2 pairs, 21yds. rise. First match:

Jellet	00	Hanson	10 00
Ewing	00	Orr	11 10 11
Laing	10 01	Butler	10 11 11

Orr and Butler divided. Second match at 2 pairs:

Jellet	10 10	Laing	10 10
Ewing	00	Hanson	11 01

Hanson killing three of the birds took the pot.

SACRAMENTO, Cal.—The Forester Gun Club held its first meeting of the season at Agricultural Park on the 10th of April, and though the weather was far from being settled, eighteen members took part in the medal shoot. The eighteen were divided into two teams, one captained by Henry Eckhardt and the other by Otto Miller. For the first time in Sacramento ground traps were used (three), and as their construction is such that the birds are placed in them with their heads furthest from the score, they are almost always "tailers" when the traps are pulled. The birds were old and very strong, and when they left the traps and skimmed almost straight away for several yards, only a few feet above the ground, the shooters found it difficult to bring them to grass, especially the blue pigeons, so nearly resembling the color of the vegetation. At the end of the team shoot it was found that each side had scored 66, there were but four birds remaining. It was agreed that the captains should shoot off the tie, but each of them missed once and the tie still remained. The score was as follows:

Miller's Team.		Eckhardt's Team.	
Miller	000001111111— 7	Eckhardt	010001001101— 5
J Gerber	011101111111—10	Todd	101001010111— 7
H Gerber	110101111111—10	W E Gerber	100010100101— 5
Ruhstaller	000001101111— 6	Chapman	100111111011— 9
Kane	010010111110— 7	Schroth	111111111001—10
Coffey	110011000101— 6	Tebbets	000110010110— 5
Ankener	110110100001— 6	Vermilya	101100111111— 9
Bronner	011010111111— 8	Verity	030001111101— 6
Starr	001110011010— 6—66	Watson	101101111111—10—66

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB.—Knoxville, Tenn., April 15, gold medal shoot, 25 Knoxville blackbirds, 18yds., 3 angles, very windy:

T C Eldridge	1001100001111011010101101—15
C M Woodbury	0001111110101001011110110—15
J E Ross	1100001101011111101011011—15
J M Ross	1101010001111001100010111—15
A E Mead	0101101101100100011101010—11
F H Post	0000000110000111000110101— 9

T C Eldridge won the medal on the shoot off.

Cleveland blue rock match, 9 single, 5 pair doubles, other conditions as above:

Eldridge	111111111101110011— 16	A Mead	010010111110101010101—11
J Ross	111111100101111101—15	J E Ross	101001110001000000— 7
Woodbury	101011110000101111—12	Post	110000000001000100— 4

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 23.—Wayne Gun Club. The day was disagreeable. Ligowsky pigeons, 1 trap, Wayne Club rules:

Sam Davis	1010000111—5	Gus Hessler	0100101010—4
Thomas Scargle	0301000111—4	E Shea	00010w
P F Yost	1011110011—7	George Scargle	1011111010—7
C Briney	1000100110—4	F Hessler	1111011111—9
E Hausberry	0300100103—2	W Ulary	0000011010—3
J Sparks	0110101100—5	H Kane	1011011111—7

WINCHENDON, Mass., April 21.—The Winchendon Gun Club have purchased a handsome badge, which is to be contested for each week the present season. At the regular meet yesterday was the first contest and of 10 birds the following were broken by each man: P. S. Davis 7, H. J. Lawrence 6, F. F. Hapgood 5, Dr. J. G. Henry, E. M. Whitney, A. O. Lawrence and Chester Houghton each 4.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., April 22.—The Leominster Gun Club has organized as follows: I. F. Gorham, President; C. H. Rice, Vice-President; R. B. Adams, Secretary; A. G. Powers, Treasurer; A. W. Woods, A. Thompson and E. Bartlett, Directors. The personal property and real estate of the club is valued at $125.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20.—At the bi-weekly shoot of the Capital City Gun Club, held on Analostan Island, the following scores were made. Those marked * are for record:

*Mills	1111110101111111—13	Collison	1100101101101101— 9
*Green	1110111101101101—11		

April 23.—N. G. A. rules, 5 traps:

*Mills (16)	1111011011111111—13	Whitman (18)	1001100111100001— 8
Godey (16)	1101111010011111—11	Williams (18)	1010000111100010— 7
Green (16)	1101011100111011—10	Adams (6)	0000011000000000— 2
*Collison (18)	0111000101011111— 9		

JAMES M. GREEN, Treas.

BROOKLYN, April 20.—The members of the Washington Gun Club had a good day's sport to-day at Dexter's Park. The shooting was very good for the club badge. Only eleven members shot for it, the conditions being seven birds each, both hands, club handicap. E. Rockefellar, 23yds., proved to be the winner, killing his seven birds straight. Six came in the second class, killing six birds each. The score follows:

Club Shoot.

R Monsees (25yds.)	0111101—6	H Winans (23)	1111101—6
A Rockfellar (23)	0011000—2	B Munch (21)	1111110—6
C Smith (23)	1111011—6	S Newton (25)	0111011—5
W Denyse (23)	1111011—6	J Simpson (25)	1001101—4
R Rockfellar (23)	1111111—7	H Kampfmuller (25)	1111101—6
A C DeGraw (25)	1111011—6		

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

Sweepstakes, 25yds.

A Rockfellar	01111—4	J Simpson	01101—3
S Newton	11111—5	R Monsees	11100—3
B Munch	10001—2	W Denyse	00000—0
A C DeGraw	11000—2		

SOLOMON CITY, Kans., April 22.—At the annual meeting of the Solomon Gun Club, the following officers were elected: Pres., E. E. Crooks; Vice-Pres., C. F. Dewar; Sec. and Treas., T. J. Edworthy; Executive Com., Chas. Pattison, W. T. Shane and John Dewey. Shoot, April 22, Peoria blackbirds; wind blowing a gale and sun bright, which accounts for some making poor scores:

T Robertson	0111101010101001— 9	J Kmenchi	0000001100011011— 5
T J Edworthy	1111001011101111—11	C F Dewar	0100101011000101— 6
E E Crooks	1110101110111011—11	W T Shane	1001011000000001— 5
C Pattison	0001010011001100— 5	John Dewey	0001010011011001— 6
M Robecker	0000000010000000— 1		

ABSIT INVIDIA.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 20.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club held their regular meet yesterday at Coal Mine Brook range. There were 11 events, aggregating about 150 entries. The last event was the most interesting of all. It was 20 birds, shot in strings of 5, and resulted in detail as follows:

J B Tougas	00111111100111111001—15
E T Smith	01110111111001000111—13
G W Russell	10011011111010111001—13
E F Swan	11001101101110010111—13
G Frank	01111110011010111010—13
H W Webber	11001011111010001110—12
E Whittaker	01110111001101100011—12
F Stone	11100110110011100100—12
W R Dean	01010011001111010001— 9
G J Rugg	11101101010010000010— 9
A B Franklin	10001101110010000100— 8

TORONTO, April 22.—The Toronto Gun Club commenced a series of ten weekly shoots at the Woodbine to-day. The targets were clay pigeons and Peoria blackbirds from five traps. The weather was very stormy and rain fell during most of the match. There are three prizes in each class. Those making the highest total scores in the ten shoots will be the winners.

20 birds, 18yds. rise, 5 traps:

R J Kidd	18	G Pearsall	12
W Felsted	17	M Gardener	11
W McDowall	17	J Kipp	10
G George	14	J Ayre	10

The shoots will be continued alternating from Friday to Saturday until the competition is finished. The members of the club have been divided into two classes, first and second. Three suitable prizes will be offered in each class. The contestants are to shoot at twenty birds each. Any member missing one shoot will be accorded the privilege of shooting two strings the following week. An entrance fee of 25 cents will be charged to the opening shoot. The prizes in each class will go to the three highest total scores.

NEWARK, N. J.—Champion William Graham, the English pigeon shot, has named Erb's grounds, Newark, as the place where his two matches with Dr. Carver are to come off, and selects May 5 and 6. Dr. Carver will then come East from Kansas City, where he is now residing. He has not accepted Graham's offer to bet $500 on each match. Dr. Carver has accepted William Tell Mitchell's challenge, and this match is to come off also at Erb's after the Graham matches. Nothing as yet has been heard by either Grahm or Carver from Capt. Bogardus.

WELLINGTON, April 23.—There was a large number of gunners at the grounds of the Wellington Club to-day, and the pleasant weather made the sport quite agreeable. Following are the first prize winners in the several sweeps: 1. Stanton and Schaefer. 2. Schaefer and Swift. 3. Swift and Gerry. 4. Ames and Warren. 5. Warren. 6. Warren and Gerry. 7. Ames. 8. Schaefer and Stanton. 9. Casey and Clark. 10. Stanton and Casey. 11. Stanton and Schaefer. 12. Schaefer and Stanton. In the medal match Ames won in class A, Baxter in class B, and Clark in class C.

BRIGHTON, Mass., April 23.—This afternoon the Brighton Gun Club held their first shoot for a diamond medal. This medal is open to club members only, and will be shot for fortnightly. The shooter winning it the greatest number of times between April 23, 1887, and Jan. 1, 1888, will on the latter date become sole owner. To-day's scores were close, McDonald making the highest, 15 clays and 15 bats:

McDonald	443253—21	Whicher	223431—15
Temple	434233—19	Grace	211333—13
J Coyle	324342—18	O'Connell	421132—13

The optional sweeps upon the same 30 birds followed.

TORONTO, April 23.—The Owl Gun Club held their first of a series of five shooting competitions at Peoria blackbirds for three gold rings to-day on Charles Ayres's grounds, Eastern avenue, 15 Peoria blackbirds, 10yds. rise, from three screened traps:

J Jobbett	1110101011111011—12	J Wells	1110110001101011— 9
W McCowall	1110101111111001—12	A Ellis	0111111010100010— 9
J Humphreys	0110101011111111—11	C O'Leary	1110011111010000— 9
J Colborne	0111011111101110—11	C Ayre	1100100011101110— 8
C Harrison	1011011110111101—11	W Lush	1010001111101100— 8
J Douglas	1010100111111011—10	W Stuart	0101011000101010— 6
J C Unwin	0001111111111010—10	W Taylor	0111001000101000— 6
W Smith	0011010111110111—10	G Fogg	0010011000100000— 5
A Lockhart	1101011111100011—10		

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 25.—Big scores were made at the live bird shoot for $400 and the championship of Buffalo to-day. Jacob Koch killed 97 and William Schieber 95 birds out of a possible 100. Two of Koch's birds fell dead outside the line, so he missed but one. The best previous record in Erie county was 89 birds.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

8. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

5. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Brooklyn C. C. has taken an early start this season, and for the last five weeks has had a good flotilla afloat every Saturday and Sunday, testing new rigs and preparing for the season's work at Bow-Arrow Point. There is but one new boat in the club, although at least four built last year are now being tested for the first time. Mr. Wilkin's new Peterboro has a new rig of his own invention, which is in appearance not unlike a fan, or a bat's wing; to the surprise of the connoisseurs it made an admirable flat sail, and seems to reef satisfactorily, although with the disadvantage of having to shift the jaw when reefing. It is certainly a very pretty sail, and while not of the largest size, promises to make a noteworthy cruising rig. Mr. Brokaw's boat, No. 570, also sports a new rig, a balance lug, which will have altogether about 85ft., with bamboo spars and battens. It is made of a very close sort of twill, and as the boat is undoubtedly fast, we are looking forward to the first race for our Brooklyn Cup, of which he is the holder, with interest. Another cruiser gone wrong is Mr. Harry Ward, who has the racing fever badly, having purchased a new Sunbeam, which is to be fitted with a larger sail plan, not unlike that described in your columns by your Colorado correspondent. This will also have bamboo spars, and from the experience of Mr. Ward in sailing larger boats, we anticipate a good place for him.

Among other new rigs is a marvel of ingenuity, devised by Mr. Weeks, of which the principal feature is an upright brass rod fixed on the after side of the mast, and on which the sail and spars travel by means of spontaneously detached hooks on the mast, and his sails are the admiration of all who have seen them for their flatness and compactness; this will be used for cruising only on another "Sunbeam." The Commodore has not yet shown his hand, so we can do nothing but imagine what his improvements may be; that he has something under way is pretty sure. Two members are daily practicing paddling tandem, but whether simply for company and exercise or with a view to Champlain flags, we do not know. Mr. Whitlock's Yvonne will take the name of his old boat, the Guenn—now offered for sale. This boat has been thoroughly overhauled, and the much-experimented-with sliding gunter is to be used on it, an after centerboard has been put in, a new rudder shipped, and the mast tube moved further forward. She will carry a 95ft. mainsail.

The new boat is Mr. Tucker's, built by Joyner, which, while not a Pecowsic, has many of its salient features; Mr. Tucker has not rigged her yet. The club also has a novice in training, who has a good fast boat, but his ardor is for the present restrained by the older members until the water gets warmer. The club house has been thoroughly rearranged, so as to accommodate now 34 boats. Ridgewood water has been introduced, giving us a shower bath and washing appliances; new lockers upstairs have been added, and the club house has been painted, and is altogether more comfortable this year. In addition a sleeping room has been hired on the bluff, which can be used as a club reception room during the day; this has been prettily hung with pictures, and adds greatly to the attractiveness of a visit to Bay Ridge.

The club propose to send a large delegation to the Haddam Island meet and will also spend July 4 at Dundee Lake with the Passaic boys. They propose to cruise to the A. C. A. meet in force, from the head of Lake George, through that lake and Champlain, and hope to have some of their members represented in the team for the division race, now being considered by the regatta committee. Their regatta on Saturday, June 18, is an open one, and it is cordially invited by visitors from all clubs able to reach there, will be represented. A camp-fire on the bluff is proposed and no pains will be spared to make the visit a pleasant one.

I have to add a chronicle of the first upset of the season, which occurred April 24, during a trial of speed between three of the boats. Nine boats were out under sail and seventeen of the members were at the house busy in various ways over their craft, when a flaw struck the Guenn, taking her mainmast out of her—dropping her captain with great suddenness into the drink to windward. As the temperature of the aforesaid beverage was too decidedly like ice to be pleasant he did not stay long, and in fact got back so quickly that he might have escaped detection but for his wet clothes. A brisk paddle in, soon warmed him and set matters straight. The accident, as usual, was found to be caused by the tacks fastening on the leather band at the foot of the mast which was in this instance 2½ inches thick. Moral: Put no tacks anywhere in your mast.

GUENN.

A CRUISE IN A FOG.

TWO weeks before Liberty Day a friend invited me to go double with him in an 18ft. cedar canoe, and as my own is a small canvas craft I cheerfully accepted. "The more, the merrier," he said; and so in a few days we had increased the prospective party by four more weather-beaten, salt-water canoeists.

We arranged to meet at a boathouse on the Passaic and sleep there on the night of Oct. 27, if the weather should be propitious for the trip; but, as every one knows, it rained that night, and so we agreed to meet just above the Erie bridge in Newark, at 8 A. M. the next morning.

We met, Mac and I, and waited till 8:45 for the rest of the party, and then decided to start on our way. It was about two hours before high tide, and we paddled at an easy gait down stream. Near the Pennsylvania bridge we overhauled a 14ft. sloop-rigged craft, beating down and bound for Liberty Island like ourselves.

When we had passed the plank road bridge, we hoisted our tall balance lug and sailed away with a good whole-sail breeze on our quarter. We sailed merrily along past the meadowwater and out into Newark Bay; then the fog began to get thick, but we kept in the track of the excursion steamers and held our course for the draw of the Central Railroad bridge. A tug went through just ahead of us and the bridge tender left the draw open; but before we reached it a passenger train came up from the west and stopped on the bridge. The engine was gaily decked with flags in honor of the day, and we thought it might grow impatient at the delay, so I picked up a half-paddle and we went through flying.

The wind had been freshening all the while and we laid to just beyond the bridge and tied down a reef. Before reaching the bridge we saw the little sloop go by in tow of a steamer. Soon after entering the Kills we lowered sail and, taking to the paddle against the wind, we overhauled the sloop again, beating through the Kills and making about 3ft. on a tack. As we were passing the Standard Oil Company's docks the captain of one of the vessels tied up there hailed us and asked where we were bound. We told him we were pulling for Liberty. "Do you call that fun, pulling against such a tide?" "Certainly, Captain." "We poor sailors go skimping up the mast while the landlubbers lie down below—below—below; while the landlubbers lie down below." "You fellows are the chaps." "We know it, Captain. Good-bye."

Then we settled down to a hard pull up the bay; we could not have made any headway by sailing against the strong tide and it was necessary to move along for it was now after 12:30 P. M. We paddled on for awhile, keeping over toward the Jersey shore and by and by began to search around for Liberty. Once or twice we thought we had discovered her, but it proved each time to be some object in Greenville. Finally we pulled up under the lee of some crib work, distant about 1½ miles S. W. of the statue, and ate an appetizing lunch; when this was over it was time to start for home.

We pushed on ahead intending to carry over into the canal at the pier in front of the Idle Hour. As we were making a landing here the piercing tones of a calliope were borne to our ears from a point about a quarter of a mile eastward along the shore. I blew an answering blast, and discovered a figure in yellow oilskins standing on the rocks and shouting "Hello, John! Hello, John! Hello! Hello! Hello!" "That's J. L. D.," said I to Mac, and returned the shout with "Hello, John! Hello! Hello!" Running along to where the yellow oilskins stood, we found three of the party who didn't start with us. They had come along about an hour and a half behind, and had now just finished their noonday meal, of which flapjacks formed the *pièce de résistance*, so they averred, with a little sand for ballast. They were going to see the ceremonies and then run down to Staten Island, leave their canoes there and come home by rail, going down for the canoes again some future day. We, however, were obliged to get our boat home that night, so we exchanged the compliments of the day, mutually requesting each other's company.

We made the best we could of the carry into the canal, and after paddling about half a mile came to the little house of the canal company's sergeant-at-arms. Pleasure boats are not allowed on this particular portion of the canal, and it is this man's duty to see that they are kept out. He was sleeping soundly when the other boys came past, so they told us, but he had roused himself by this time, and pounced upon us at once. "Say! you fellows can't go by here." "Why; what's the matter?" "Don't you know pleasure boats ain't allowed on here? The company's got signs up all along." "Is that so? We didn't see any." In the meantime we were paddling slowly by. "Well," he said, "I ain't the regular keeper here; he's gone down to the locks, and don't let him catch you. He'll make a big fuss if he knows I let you by. Don't tell him you saw me." We thanked him, congratulated ourselves and passed on, keeping a sharp lookout for the prospective fussmaker. We had gone about a half mile further when there was a shot and a tremendous roar behind us; but it wasn't the keeper, it was part of the celebration. That roar was kept up steadily for about five minutes, increased at intervals by the rattling fire of gatling guns, which sounded to us very much like rapid beating of drums.

A mile or so beyond this we came to the lock. I got out to look at the situation, while Mac remained aboard; and while I was looking I heard a deep voice say: "You take that boat out of here just as quick as you can." "That's what we are doing," replied Mac. "Where are you going, anyhow?" "Up to Newark." "Don't let me ever catch you in here again, you, nor anybody else." We did not dare to answer for anybody else, but busied ourselves about the canoe to hide a smile. The last portion of the carry was very trying; it was necessary to keep right side up while shuffling along a board walk which the silt deposited by the retreating tide had made as slippery as polished ice, moreover, the path was not level, but dropped down two steps at one place and at another vanished into a prospect of muddy water, seen through a 3ft. break. I didn't see Mac cut up any antics, but the crossing of that break nearly caused me to take a bath in the mud below.

The trip up the Passaic was chiefly and solely noticeable for the frequent and ever recurring dip, dip, dip of our blades as we fought our way against the strong ebb tide. We reached the boat house at about 5:30 P. M., having traveled 27 miles and not having obtained a single view of Liberty on account of the thick fog that prevailed all day long. One night, however, a few days later, we had the pleasure of viewing the brilliant illumination from a distance of 13 miles. A week or two after the trip, happening to meet one of the sand eaters, and inquiring as to when he got home I received the reply: "We haven't got home, yet." J. V. L. P.

A CRUISE ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

IT may interest Eastern canoeists to know that far out here on the bleak coast of Lake Michigan we have a canoe club, now in its infancy, and growing with fair prospects of success as a permanent institution, consisting of eight members and seven canoes, with three more to join in the spring. Every man speaks of his membership with pride, as belonging to a gentlemanly order, and with pleasure as he recalls the past season's many cruises—cruises fraught with excitement in every puff of wind and flying whitecap, with interest at every stroke of the paddle and with fond recollections of the camp-fire's many pleasing incidents.

Our canoes, two modeled from the lines of the Clyde canoe Laloo, one Racine and four others of indifferent model, are all good sailors, handy under paddle and fine sea boats, for we must cruise on the broad and open waters of Lake Michigan, and the length and breadth of the treacherous Muskegon.

Aug. 15, 1886, was the time chosen for the first cruise of the Muskegon C. C., the course being up the coast of Lake Michigan to Grand Haven, thence up the Grand River to Grand Rapids and return, a distance of 110 miles. Six boats with crews made the start. All hands were at the club house late Saturday night after business hours, off for a ten days' recreation. With canoes well provisioned and stocked with fishing tackle, shotgun, photographic outfit, etc., all being nicely stowed, the word was given to cast off, a few strokes, a rush out into the gloom of a smoky night and the little white-winged fleet had vanished, bound six miles down Muskegon Lake to the entrance of Lake Michigan, where all arrived at 12 o'clock, after a brisk run before an east wind. Here we lay to for consultation, for the more timid of the fleet hesitated at the ominous swash of the surf outside, through the thick night, which reached our ears. Yet as time was precious and next day was Sunday, it was determined we should head for Lake Harbor, seven miles up the coast, that night, and we flew along under full canvas, every nerve taxed to its utmost and on the alert for the powerful puffs of wind that swept down from the towering sandhills along the shore. It was a hand to hand struggle and every moment it seemed that the giant elements must conquer, but the daring little fleet worked nobly, with booms close hauled and stems to windward in one long stretch for our destination. We reached it, after a hard run of an hour and a half, the canoe Black Diamond being the first to round the piers of Lake Harbor, hard pressed by the Spear, with the Gale, Commodore, Amazon, Zephyr and Enchantress close in the wake. We cast anchor in the dark waters of Black Lake, a beautiful summer resort, made more attractive by numerous cottages and hotels, accommodating many guests from abroad during the warm season.

It was now close to 2 o'clock, and all hands turned in, under canoe tents, fatigued more or less by the hard work of the night, and it was not long before the sonorous sounds of the sleepers issued from each tiny craft that lay rocking the dreamless slumberer peacefully on the quiet rolling billow.

The morning woke bright and clear as a summer Sunday morning generally does, and ended in a dashing rain squall that tested our tents thoroughly and found them waterproof and comfortable. This being our first day in camp it was decided not to continue our course up the lake that day, but spend the time in a way that none but canoeists know how, and I shall not attempt to tell, for my simple words would fail to describe the glorious invigorating freedom of such sport.

The long calm Monday morning, heavy sea rolling outside, wind blowing half a gale from N. W., we lay under cover of our little fort all that morning, when, about 11 A. M., wind shifted and came light from W.; all sail was immediately set for Grand Haven, eight miles up the coast, where we arrived at 2 P. M., after a pleasant run with a light wind on our starboard quarter and a long-rolling dead swell with its unpleasant effects. The end of our trip up the lake was welcomed with feelings of relief as we now enter the broad and beautiful Grand River, which is truly grand in nature as well as name, the beginning of the first canoe cruise ever made on this stream. We now enter with a fair breeze over our stern as we ascend the sluggish current. When the wind blows our way all goes well, but we anticipate many a long pull with the double blade, as our destination lies forty miles up its winding course. Our camp-fire was lighted that night on the bank of Spring Lake, opposite the beautiful village of Spring Lake, three miles from Grand Haven. The special artist proceeded at once to photograph the first camp on the river trip.

A splendid bill of fare was prepared by the Doctor, which was speedily dispatched as all were as hungry as wolves. The evening was passed with many strangers in camp, all anxious to inspect our little fleet. Next morning, the wind fresh and fair, canoes all under way at 10 A. M., made rapid headway for four hours through a perfect panorama of natural grandeur. As we sped by the many little villages that dot the river banks, men, women and children, and even the dogs, would run out to catch a glimpse of the curious little ships that would soon disappear round some quick bend to plunge through the midst of a dense wood, or dart through the open country with rich farms on either side, sloping to the water's edge like a vast lawn.

We sighted the village of Spoonville at 2 P. M., where we came alongside the incoming steamer to the next town, and were informed by a half dozen wide-open mouths all at once, that it was just six miles further up. The wind had dropped to a dead calm, and the paddles taken its place, a short pull in the afternoon under broiling rays, against a current, and all hands were willing to accept the cool inviting shade of a spreading maple that sheltered a little valley and budding spring, where our tent was pitched for the remainder of the day.

On the 19th we got under way in a great hurry, as a steam tug brought a scow in for a load of gravel just at our landing place and we were routed out like so many bees, every man hurrying here and there with his arms full of dishes, pots, pans, etc.—all tumbled aboard pell mell, and shoved off up stream again, under full sail, with a very light wind. All day we drifted lazily along, slowly creeping mile after mile at a snail's pace. The village of Eastmanville hove in sight around a curve, and was passed about 10 A. M. Further up we landed alongside a farm for fresh milk, apples, potatoes, etc. Lunch was taken aboard, as we proceeded on our course, occasionally stopping to fish in some shady pool.

In the distance was sighted the beautiful village of Lamont, just half way between Grand Haven and Grand Rapids, situated high above the river and nestled among the hills. As we silently approach, one must almost hold his breath to hear a single sound, so quiet is the sleepy little town, only the tinkling of a distant cow bell, or the occasional bark of a dog is heard to disturb the dreamy repose of the villages. We went into camp for the night just above the town on the opposite side of the river. The Doctor immediately made preparations for dinner, which was the royal feast of the trip, and here is the bill of fare, I remember it as if it was but yesterday, so well did it taste: Green or moss-back turtle soup. Roasts—Young wild duck, blackbirds and snipe, or fried frogs legs and snipe. Boiled—Green corn and potatoes. Rye bread and butter, fresh milk, tea and coffee, wine and cigars.

All hands decided to remain in camp until next day in hopes of getting a fair wind, but we were doomed to disappointment, as the morning of the 20th broke clear and calm. The paddles were manned for two hours, when a light breeze arose and we made but slow headway for the remainder of the day, and went into camp at the clay banks, 12 miles below our destination.

Next day, Aug. 21, a dead calm struck the little fleet, not a ripple on the glassy surface, and Grand Rapids twelve miles away. The hot sun shone hotter, and the stiff current grew stiffer, while faint hearts grew fainter, yet Grand Rapids must be reached that day, as almost a week had elapsed since we first set sail, so every canoe shot out under paddle for a long, steady pull. With belts tight-

ened and sleeves rolled to the elbows, all hands worked manfully for what seemed to be about five miles, when we asked a farmer how far it was to Grand Rapids. He said it was just thirteen miles from his place, which put us back a mile from where we started that morning. The Doctor immediately fainted, and we went ashore for fresh water and the cool shade of a leafy grove. Somewhat refreshed, we embarked again for another long pull. Farm after farm was passed as mile after mile we ascended, the ever increasing current slowly but surely shortening the distance. The villages of Blendon and Granville were passed about mid-day, the remaining six miles of the hardest pull to accomplish yet. All landed for refreshments and for the Doctor to catch up, as he had dropped far in the wake.

A fresh start was made, every canoe hugging the short side of the bends, shortening the distance to four miles, then to three miles, two miles, when an afternoon breeze sprang up in our favor and the little fleet entered Grand Rapids under full sail, with colors flying, rounding to at the boat landing at 3:30 P. M., Aug. 21.

The return trip was made in two days and a half from Grand Rapids to Grand Haven by canoe, from Grand Haven to Muskegon by steamer, as our time was limited. T. X. S.

EASTERN DIVISION MEET.

THE following has been sent out by the officers of the Eastern Division, A. C. A.:

It having been decided by the Executive Committee and approved by the Commodore, the annual meet of this Division will be held on May 29th, 30th, and 31st at Haddam Island, opposite Rock Landing, on the Connecticut river, 33 miles below Hartford, and 25 miles from Saybrook, at the mouth of the river. The island is charmingly situated, easy of access, with a fine stretch of water for sailing and paddling courses. The island is admirably adapted for camping and there is a good hotel at Rock Landing, a regular landing on the east bank for all river steamers, where meals and lodging can be obtained at reasonable cost for ladies and those who do not care to camp and cater for themselves. Arrangements will be made with the Connecticut Valley Railroad, which follows the west shore of the river from Hartford to Saybrook, to stop all trains at Walkley Hill, a flag station, directly opposite the island. The camp can be reached by steamer daily from New York, Hartford, or from any of the river landings. Those who desire can come by rail to any of the following points and then cruise to camp: To Saybrook, by New York steamer, and cruise up with the flood tide, 25 miles. To Lyme, on the New York and Boston Shore Line and cruise up with the flood tide, 24 miles. To Springfield, by Boston & Albany, Conn. River, or New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroads, and cruise down about 53 miles. To Hartford, by N. Y., N. H. & H., New England, or Conn. Western railroads, and cruise down 33 miles, or go by river steamers or C. V. R. To Middletown by N. Y. Line, Conn. Valley or Berlin Branch N. Y., N. H. & H., and cruise down 11 miles. Some pleasant cruises can be taken from the island, viz.: To and up Salmon River, 7 miles from camp; to Whalebone Creek and Selden's Cove, 17 miles. The Connecticut River itself is worth a visit and one would be well repaid in charming scenery in a cruise from Springfield, Hartford, or even higher up, to its mouth. The famous Connecticut River shad which are caught in great abundance near the island will be just in their prime at the time of the meet.

Quite a number of canoeists from New York, Brooklyn, and adjacent waters have already signified their intention to be present, and everything points to a large and attractive meet. The regatta committee are preparing a programme of races which, with other important information, will be issued later. You are cordially invited to be present and to extend this invitation to canoeists in your neighborhood, whether they be A. C. A. men or not. It is also hoped, if you are not already a member of the American Canoe Association, that you will join and induce brother canoeists to do the same, and thus avail yourself of the many advantages secured by such membership. By sending your name and address to Mr. Wm. Carter, Sec'y-Treas. of the A. C. A., Trenton, N. J., together with $3 ($1 initiation, $2 yearly dues) your application will receive immediate attention and upon election you will be at once a member of the A. C. A. and this Division, provided you are a resident of New England.

OAKLAND C. C.—April 12 was a great day for the Oakland C. C., as it celebrated its housewarming in the enlarged quarters, and also the birthday of its commodore and most active supporter, Mr. W. W. Blow. In the afternoon a race was sailed for the Edwards cup, the entries being Waif, F. Tallant; Shadow, George Wright; course, three miles. Waif won in 1h. 22m. Next came the ladies' race, with four entries: Mystic, Com. Blow and Mrs. C. A. Tuttle; Flirt, Vice-Com. A. D. Harrison and Miss Lanbreth; Gipsey, A. Blow and Miss Sawyer; Zoe Mou, H. Darneal and Miss Gibbons. Gipsey won in 19¼m. with Mystic, Flirt and Zoe Mou in order. The next race was under the following peculiar conditions: To start from line at the signal call, sail to first stake, one-half mile distant, double reef mainsail and prepare for storm, putting on storm hatch, etc.; sail from thence to half-way stake; on and after rounding the stake, out reef, put the canoe in fair weather trim and bear away for home. When off the first stake each canoe shall make a "pilot luff" twice in succession, then lay the course for the home stake. Should any canoe omit any of the preparations, either in reefing, etc., or setting full sail and then win the race, she will be debarred and the next successful canoe be counted the winner. The entries were Mystic, Gipsey, Sampler and Flirt. Mystic had the best of it from the start, and Commodore Blow managed her very well, going through all the manœuvers skillfully, and bringing her back to the home stake in 23m. The others in order, Gipsey, Sampler and Flirt. Judges, Dr. R. Harmon and C. P. Holbrook. In the evening a large party assembled and dancing was kept up until late. During the evening a fine field glass was presented to Commodore Blow, and a silver sugar bowl and tongs to Mrs. Englebrecht, the only lady member, the mother of two of the members and friend of all the club. The new entrance to the club house is by a plank walk from Alice street bridge through the side of the building into the first boat room, which is 18x36ft. From this is another boatroom 18x45ft. which leads to the apron down which the boats are carried to the water. On the east side of the house has been built a member's dressing room 18x24ft. Off of the club room is a dressing room for ladies and the pantry, and off from the members' dressing room is the bathroom and lavatory. The dressing room is fitted up with twenty-seven lockers, in which the members keep their uniforms and other effects. Around, leading from the water front of the house, which is made entirely of glass, to the east side of the building, is a broad platform covered with red and white awning, which is really the reception room, as it were, for here the guests have to muster to gain entrance to the club rooms. These rooms are all tastefully and comfortably furnished and decorated with relics and belongings of the Mystic Club.

THE PASSAIC RIVER MEET.—The following invitation has been sent out by the canoeists of the Passaic River: "The Passaic River canoeists extend a cordial invitation to all canoeists to join them at their Fourth of July camp on Dundee Lake, near Paterson. A large camping party is already assured, and the various committees necessary to attend to all matters in connection with the meet have been appointed and are now busy getting things in shape. The Regatta Committee have drawn up a programme of eighteen races so distributed among the various classes of boats that all styles are about equally provided for. Saturday, Sunday and Monday are the days included in the camp, but the races will be held only on Saturday afternoon and Monday. Don't fail to bring your racing gear and tents.—JAS. CLOSE, J. V. L. PIERSON, Committee."

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gentlemen named below have applied for admission to the A. C. A.: F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. I. Wright, Lakefield, Ont.; S. Britton and J. G. Montgomery, Lindsay, Ont.; W. J. Read, Geo. Beck and F. Minns, Bobcaygeon, Ont.; H.W. Stock and J. J. Turner, Peterboro. Wm. Bradburn, Ornemee, Ont., Jas. L. Powers, Boston, Mass.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec.

CANOES VS. SAILING BOATS.—On April 9, Mr. Tredwen sailed the Pearl in the race of the Thames Valley Sailing Club, against five of the crack gigs and took second prize, the Ruby being first. On the following Monday Pearl entered again in the race of the Thames Sailing Club, on Teddington Reach, the smallest of nine starters, but withdrew in consequence of fouling a buoy.

MAP OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—The location of the A. C. A. camp for 1887 is marked in the last edition of the map of the Adirondack region, published by R. G. Fuller, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

CRUISES ABOUT PHILADELPHIA.—A correspondent writes to know a suitable river near Philadelphia for a cruise of two or three weeks in a small canvas canoe.

THE A. C. A. CONSTITUTION.—The Committee on Revision of the Constitution will meet in Albany on April 30, at the Delavan House, at 8 P. M.

MISTICKE C. C.—Winchester, Mass.—Officers: W. D. Richards, Capt.; Geo. B. Riley, Lieut.; Dr. Daniel March, Purser; W. W. Holt, Sec.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Mr. F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y., has applied for membership.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

APRIL.

30. Pacific, Opening, San Francisco.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
24. Miramichi, Opening Cruise.
Beaubair's Island.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28. Quincy, Club.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Brookly Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Great Head, Winthrop, trophy.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.
30. South Boston.

JUNE.

2. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, New York.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. N. J., Annual, New York.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
25. Quincy, Open.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
5. Great Head, Mooulight Sail.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.

AUGUST.

2. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
13. Miramachi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
10. Cor, Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
24. Great Head.

ARROW AND THE QUEEN'S CUP.

BESIDES the telegram published last week, Mr. Chamberlayne has written to Mr. Burgess as follows: "I am sorry you can not agree to my conditions, which were, I contend, framed solely with the object of preventing either vessel from having an unfair advantage over the other. I take it this argument is invulnerable. Either the centerboard is an advantage or it is not; if it is an advantage, its use should be restricted so as to place the other yacht on even terms if the latter has a fixed keel; if it is not an advantage, no exception can be taken to any interference with it. If you were left to manipulate your centerboard as you pleased, I am certain the result of the contest between the Mayflower and the Arrow would be a foregone conclusion, and you are, I am sure, too good a sportsman to care about carrying off the cup under such circumstances as that."

This excuse is all very well now that Arrow's owner is seeking a way out of the race proposed by himself, but before arguing on the truth of his propositions, it must first be determined which is the better boat, and this can only be done by a race under equal conditions. When Mayflower has beaten Irex, Wendur and the rest, it will be time for them to ask odds, but just now the question is, can she beat them? It is evident that Mr. Chamberlayne has had the aid of the editor of the *Field* in framing his conditions, and, from such statements as this, one might suspect that the humorous Mr. Gilbert had also been called upon to assist.

The *Field* of last week attempts to aid Mr. Chamberlayne out of a bad box by shielding Arrow behind Irex, but while this opens up another important question, it does not help Mr. Chamberlayne's case in the least. The *Field* says:

"It must be borne in mind that when Mr. Chamberlayne offered the Queen's cup as an international challenge cup that he did not contemplate a contest with centerboarders, and there is no denying that a contest with the Arrow would be a very cheap victory for the Mayflower, with or without restrictions as to the centerboard.

"But supposing that his conditions rendered a contest with the Arrow impossible, that surely would not be a sufficient excuse for not sending the Mayflower across to try conclusions with the Irex for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups.

"The vessel, as holder of the two American cups, is a standing challenge to American yachts, and until they have recovered possession of the cups on their conditions as to rules, it is the merest trifling to discuss and decline the conditions of a race with a sexagenarian vessel like the Arrow."

What Mr. Chamberlayne contemplated we cannot say, but what he actually said in his original challenge was, "I hope this challenge will catch 'the eye' of some enterprising owner of one of their (American) beautiful sloops. It is, of course, unnecessary now to speak of conditions, but I will name three: 1. The challenging yacht must be a cutter or a sloop." As there was no keel singlesticker in the American fleet that could take up this challenge, unless Bedouin, of 70ft., be owned, it would seem either that a centerboard boat was intended, or else the object was a cheap game of bluff; a challenge to American keel boats when there were none in existence.

Of course, a race with Arrow would mean a cheap victory for Mayflower, or even for Puritan or Priscilla, the two boats at whom the original challenge was aimed; but this should have been considered before the offer of the cup was made. Once made and accepted, the only manly course open was to meet the issue squarely and lose the cup if need be. That Arrow is no fit match for Mayflower is evident to all, and the honors of the contest would have inevitably gone to the smaller boat, no matter who took the mug.

Mr. Chamberlayne, on the contrary, has chosen a directly opposite course, and has made a square backdown from his open offer which is in no way lessened by such pleas as that he did not contemplate centerboards, that Irex is a better match for Mayflower than Arrow is, and the ridiculous argument first quoted above. It is also reported that, while withdrawing his own cup, he has offered to aid in securing other cups for Mayflower to race for should she cross.

Continuing on the same subject, the *Field* speaks as follows:

"A very unpleasant matter has just come to light here in connection with the talked of visit of the Mayflower. It had already been announced that that yacht had been sold to Mr. Barron, but this appears to have been a mistake, and to make it clear that the Mayflower is still in the market, the New York correspondent of the *Standard* has telegraphed to that paper the following dispatch, dated New York, Wednesday night: 'In reply to an inquiry from abroad, General Paine has stated that the Mayflower is for sale at the cost price.'

"It is very unfortunate that this sort of advertising should be possible through such a channel as the *Standard*, and coming close on the heels of the Coronet business, it cannot fail to make a bad impression among British yachtsmen, and may cause them to view with suspicion challenges from America.

"At any rate the current belief here now is that the Mayflower would have been sent across to defeat the Arrow so long as it was a certainty that she could do so, as an advertisement, but that the outcome of a contest with the Irex would not be risked at any price.

"But fortunately we know too much of the chivalry and singleness of purpose of the great body of American sportsmen to believe that they place a pecuniary estimate on the chances of success or defeat in competitions they enter upon."

It may not be known abroad, but the sale of nearly every leading yacht in the fleet to Dr. Barron has been negotiated during the past winter—by the daily papers. Dr. Barron made an offer last fall which was not accepted and since then Mayflower has been openly for sale at her cost price. When the challenge was sent to Mr. Chamberlayne she was withdrawn from the sale list, but now that this is off and her owner has a new yacht under way she is probably in the market again. The experience here has been that winning races does not sell a yacht at a big price, as Puritan only brought half her cost at the end of her first triumphant season and in spite of the enthusiasm over her victories. It is a pity to have to admit that the Coronet speculation will strengthen these reports abroad, but none familiar with the owner of Mayflower would suspect him for a moment of any similar transaction. In regard to Mr. Chamberlayne's course we have received the following from a gentleman intimately connected with international racing:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 21st inst., you say, "But this is not enough. Every English yachtsman should enter his protest against this surrender and in favor of a fair fight with no odds on either side." Will you kindly allow me to enter my protest in your columns, as an English yachtsman, and one who has had more experience of centerboards than any of my fellow yachtsmen. First, let me say that I acknowledge that the centerboard type is the best for match sailing in the large classes in American waters, and that my wish is to see both types fairly tested in English waters in order that we English yachtsmen may learn which is the best type for our waters. I regret, as I well know all English yachtsmen do, that Mr. Chamberlayne should have put any restrictions whatever on the centerboard in the proposed race for the cup won by his father, whom I well remember as one of the first sportsmen and gentlemen of the day. We regretted his death at the time, but how much more so now when his presence among us would bring about a meeting in English waters between the types of yacht as advocated by two friendly nations. Mr. Chamberlayne and a few English yachtsmen claim that the centerboard type of yacht will gain an advantage through being able to sail in shallow waters. Of course she will if you let her go there, but why let her go there? Why not do as the America's Cup Committee of 1885 and 1886 did at the request of Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn, and name so many buoys as in the course that the centerboard cannot possibly go inside them with advantage; this would be more to the point than putting 10 per cent. on the tonnage. Or, better still, why not sail the race over the Plymouth course, the course *par excellence* in England, where there are no centers to be cut off? Another error these f. w English yachtsmen fall into is, that a centerboard craft can work the slack with her board up. True, a boat like one of the older type, such as Fanny or Mischief, might do so, but a Puritan or Mayflower never; such boats as these who cannot reduce their draft beyond 9ft. 6in. to 10ft. 6in., cannot turn to windward with the board up to any advantage, and as a proof of what I say is the fact that the owner of Mayflower is willing, and I believe would prefer to sail in open waters where his craft would always be fathoms over the ground.

A great deal has been said as to England giving a perpetual International challenge cup. In regard to this proposal I would ask if "one" international challenge cup be not enough for the world. Is there not the America's Cup, and if so, what is the use of another? So long as that remains in America how can any other cup be called an International one? No, no, my hope is that my English fellow yachtsmen will, as I have been content to do, acknowledge the America's Cup as the sole International champion cup of the world, and devote all their energies to win it.

J. BEAVOR WEBB.

Now that the negotiations with Mr. Chamberlayne have fallen through it is definitely decided that Mayflower will not cross, and the preparations have been abandoned. That this is so will be a cause of sincere regret to all, but if she is hunting for glory or scalps there really seems no reason why her trip should be given up. The race with Arrow would at best have been a mere side show; what all want to see is a match between her and Irex, and it so happens that two opportunities are still open. After the action of Arrow's owner and the decision of some of the clubs in regard to centerboards in the Jubilee races, it is safe to be expected that an American yacht would cross for a race unless all conditions were fixed finally before she starts, but just now two cups are held in Great Britain by the yacht which is confessedly the best of her class, both of which cups are unhampered by any conditions of measurement or time allowance, or by any restrictions on the use of the board.

The only value which can attach to a cup comes from constant competition, making it an actual badge of superiority. As long as it lies unchallenged in the lockers, or is kept by any unfair restrictions, it is worthless as an international emblem. Who will say that the America's Cup has not robbed its value as a prize in the past two years? The Cape May and Brenton's Reef Cups were almost forgotten when Genesta took them, but just now they stand at one end of a long, deep-water course, unhampered by any conditions and only waiting for an American yacht to challenge for them. This is the chance that Mayflower should avail herself of if she wants to meet a foe really worthy of her. If it was deemed worth while to go 3,000 miles for an old pot whose possession, apart from sentimental associations, would mean nothing; and for a race with a competitor entirely beneath her, certainly it is well worth the same trip for two prizes, which would carry with it the supremacy of the yachting world. Though Arrow's cup may lie undisturbed in its case for another quarter century it will affect no one but the owner; but with two living and valuable prizes before them American yachtsmen cannot afford to rest content with the present advantageous position in which Mr. Chamberlayne's withdrawal has placed them.

AMONG THE BUILDERS.

WITHIN the last few years a great change has taken place in that classic locality known as Gowanus, once the home of the large portion of New York ship building. About the "Foot or Court street" as a center were "Hen" Smedley's, Lennox's, Frank Bates's, John Mumm's, Wallin & Gorman's and any number of smaller places devoted to the building of new craft and the repair and sale of old ones, the latter branch being a specialty with the denizens of this region. Here "Penny Bridge" has given its name to a large class of fast open boats, while "Seeley's" is responsible for the early nautical training of many well known yachtsmen who made their first ventures afloat in the old man's boats and under his instruction. The glories of this region departed, however, when the encroachments of wharves and similar improvements made the mud flats of some commercial value, and drove out the host of squatters and lessees to seek less central quarters down the shore. To-day the flats have been largely filled in, so that any of the old frequenters of the spot would be at a loss to locate their former anchorage grounds under the new lots and graded streets, while long piers and wharves run far out into what was once the open bay. This past winter has wiped out one of the best known of the peculiar institutions of the locality, the "Morgue," as it was familiarly known, where floating property of all ages, sorts and conditions brought up as a last refuge, and where a boat of some kind could be found to the purse of the humblest purchaser. Driven first from Gowanus Bay it took refuge further down, but now the new ferry to the foot of Thirty-ninth street has a large and handsome ferry house on its site, the old hill has been leveled and used for filling in the approaches, and the whole character of the place has been altered so that it is unrecognizable. The ferry will at once lead to the building up of the entire locality, new streets are to be cut through and another street railway is talked of, and soon there will be no vestiges left of the sandy beaches and mud flats that were the favorite haunts of the past generation of boating and sailing men. The rowing clubs have followed the sailboats, the Nereids to Sheepshead Bay, the Alcyones to Bay Ridge, and others to points down the shore.

It seems, however, that yacht building has not entirely forsaken its old home, but that the "Foot or Court street" may in the future become far more famous than in the past, as the birthplace of yachts. The same encroachments have been going on further up the East River, and of late two yards there have been compelled to seek larger and better quarters. Mr. Piepgrass has moved to City island, taking the yard formerly owned by David Carll, while the Messrs. Poillon have moved down stream and are now located on made ground at the present foot of Court street. Here they have built a large wharf, running out to the channel, a building for offices, mould loft, etc., and a new and extensive sawmill.

The first work in the new yard, besides two pilot boats for the Delaware service, is now partly completed, two centerboard sloops, both from models by Mr. Philip Ellsworth. The first and smaller of these, now planked up, is for Com. Henry Pierson, of the Jersey City Y. C. Her length over all is 40ft., l.w.l. 33ft., beam, 14ft. 2in.; draft, 3ft. 9in. The stem is plumb; the keel has very little rocker, but rises nearly straight from the heel to the forefoot, the draft being greater aft than forward, while the forefoot is quite square. The sheer is very straight and with a long counter, all the overhang being aft, and there is little of the old fashioned sloop cut about either. The sternpost is nearly plumb. The keel is shaped as in all the new boats, being 18in. square at midship section. It is 10in. wide on bottom and 4in below the rabbet, but is shaped to the midship section. This has a rise of about 8in. to the foot, with a very little hollow in the fore body, an easy bilge and a moderate amount of flare above water. The deck line is fair and narrows in aft much less that Crocodile and other Ellsworth boats, and the counter is quite different, being entirely above water and of good length and not so deep through at the archboard, while the triangular stern of Kangaroo, Elephant and the rest is altogether missing. The bow is shorter than in Arab, built last year, and the fore and after bodies are far better balanced than in Arab and Atlantic. The scantling is: Keel, oak, 18×18, 10in. on bot

tom and 4in. below rabbet; frames, oak, sided 3in., moulded 5 and 2½in., spaced 2in., clamps, yellow pine, 4×6in.; deck beams, 4×4in.; planking, four oak wales and garboards and broads, rest yellow pine, 1¼in.; stanchions, locust, 2½×3in.; headledges, 4×6in. sides of trunk 2½in.

The other boat, for Mr. J. G. Prague, bears the formidable name of Anaconda, and is to race in the class with Clara and Cinderella. She is 60ft. over all, 52ft. l.w.l., 18ft. 4in. beam, and will draw about 5ft. Her displacement is estimated at about 40 tons, and she will carry about 18 tons of lead, all inside, as in the smaller boat. She was not yet in frame last week, but will not differ greatly from the latter, having the same sheer plan and counter, but less flare aloft at the midship section. Her keel is 18in. square, 10in. wide on bottom, and 4in. outside of rabbet; stem sided 9in., sternpost sided 7in. and moulded 14in. at heel; frames sided 4in., moulded 6 and 8in., and spaced 27in., all of hackmatack. In both of these models Mr. Ellsworth has departed widely from his two ventures of last year, Atlantic and Arab, and with good results as far as may be judged from the present state of the boats. Both are of the class in which he has been most successful, and the faults that have appeared in the two attemps at deep, lead-keeled boats are not visible in these. The displacement in both is far better distributed than in the others, the area of midship-section is less, and the bows are shorter, the consequence being that the models are more symmetrical and better balanced fore and aft. The counters are different from those on the well-known Ellsworth boats, being longer and lighter, and without the triangle that finishes most of them, and that part beyond the sternpost is not immersed. The sheer, too, is very different from the much criticised Atlantic and smaller counterpart, and is fair and pleasing, with a good height amidships.

How long it will be before Bay Rigde shares the fate of Gowanus and the present headquarters takes another step seaward is a difficult matter to predict, but just now it is in full flower and the yards there are all busy. To meet the growing demands Mr. Sawyer is about to build a large sail loft and storage house near the Atlantic Y. C., a move that will meet the approval of all who visit Bay Ridge in yachts. The work can then be done on the spot, avoiding the long journey to the South street loft, that has always been necessary for all but the most trifling repairs.

At Mumm's yard there is plenty of work in hand. The Atlantic is hauled in the basin and delivered over to the painters, who are hard at work scraping the hull to the bare wood, while the priming coat of white looks as though she would try the virtues of the winning color. The caulkers are busy on deck and she will soon haul out for another try at the leaks in her keel as well as for some twenty tons more lead there. A lead keel on Pocahontas will no more make her the equal of Titania than a white hull will put Atlantic even with the other Burgess boats, but at any rate it will be tried, and she is now on Mumm's ways. Her old oak keel 14in. deep and 10in. on bottom, and under this a lead keel 9in. deep has been run for the whole length, being in five sections. Bolts of 1in. composition are first driven into the old keel, blunt-pointed and headed, each being driven at an angle. A section of the keel is then boxed in with 2½in. yellow pine plank, the trunk being cored to leave the slot for the board, and the lead is then poured. The entire hull has been refastened, the old square rudder has been improved in shape as far as was possible, the rail, bulwarks and stanchions are new, and the hideous square balk of timber that does duty as a bowsprit, will be hewn into some shape; the chain plates are now, three outside ones on each side in place of the old two, and all is coming on finely, and she will at least look more like a yacht than she has ever done in the past. The work on Venture is nearly completed and Mr. Mumm has made a very creditable job of it. The new sheathing is all on and planed down and the stem and new bowsprit are completed. Just ahead of her, on shore, is the new steam yacht for Mr. Aspinwall, his own design, we believe. She may very appropriately be described as a hollow-ground razor, thickened a little at the middle and on the back or top. The bow is so hollow that the first 15 or 20ft. is nothing but deadwood, a sort of scag; the midship section is light and the run is hollowed out as the bow is, the frames immediately abaft being an S in shape, which increases rapidly. The boat is built for speed and will have little room inside, but though all else is sacrificed for fast traveling it is very doubtful whether this single end will be gained.

Of course the most interesting craft about Bay Ridge at present is the new Shamrock, to be launched next Monday, by far the best looking boat that the locality has yet turned out, and one that will do credit to her sponsors this season. It may be noted here that Rule o' Thumb has had no hand in her production, but that, though the work of amateurs, the design has been worked out very carefully, and the elements of the boat have been calculated in advance. Should she prove a success, as now seems likely, she will open the way for still greater improvements in models and methods in this locality. The design was made by her owner, Mr. J. R. Maxwell, and Mr. H. C. Wintringham has made the calculations. The midship section is of the fashionable type, wide keel, well hollowed about the garboards, good deadrise, and a moderate bilge, with good freeboard. The keel has a very little rocker, the lowest point being a little forward of the stern-post, but it rises quickly to the forefoot, giving considerable drag. At the forefoot it makes a quick turn and rises from the water-line in a clipper stem of the ordinary shape. The sternpost has a moderate rake, and the counter is long and well shaped. The rudder is of peculiar shape for so deep a boat, carrying as it does a wide, 3ft. 8in., almost to the heel. The bowsprit, 14in. square in the knightheads, is round from the stem out, with a jibboom beyond, making a long horn. Over the saloon is a trunk 20ft. long and 18in. high, forward of which is a skylight and a hatch. Below there will be very good accommodations, considering the racing board and its trunk. The hull is now painted, decks caulked, bowsprit in place, mast (a 16in. spruce stick) ready on the ground, and the joiners are well advanced inside.

At Wallin & Gorman's yard, Dr. Loring's new cutter is ready to go overboard from the railway at any time and is practically finished. Though wide and with a centerboard she is such a near relative to her predecessors that like them she may be dubbed cutter, rather than sloop. With 29ft. l.w.l., 11ft. beam and 4ft. draft, she has the room below of many craft of much greater beam and length, as her owner's main object was to have a roomy boat of moderate size, and to this end the model is very full, being really a keel boat in proportions, with the keel cut off. The present lead keel is wide and shallow, but carries some 7 tons of lead, and the bolts are left long so as to add more if desirable. The beam, with the overhang of 7ft. aft, gives great deck room, and the cabin house is kept low. The freeboard is very high, and there is consequently good head room below, even in the forecastle. The cabin is specially fitted up for two persons, though there is room for four with a different arrangement of berths and lockers. Of these latter there is an abundance, fitted according to the owner's taste, and they give stowage room in plenty. The forecastle has a berth for one hand, galley and pantries, being quite roomy and convenient. The yacht will be cutter-rigged, but with fixed bowsprit and jib on stay, the latter probably being rigged to slack off and allow the jib to be handled from the deck. The boat will be used about an island where there is little more than 4ft. of water.

Besides a number of catboats and ducking skiffs Messrs. Wallin & Gorman have built this winter a small cruiser that is now nearly ready for the water. She was designed for singlehanded work about Long Island Sound, to give the largest possible cabin with a hull easily handled by one man, and to this end speed has not been considered in the design. In proportions she is much the same as the little Windward, which has proved such a success as a cruiser, half a dozen being built from the same design, but the necessity for less draft has made the use of a board compulsory. This boat, the Primrose, is 18ft. l.w.l., but has a long overhang, the working of which does great credit to the builders. Her beam is 7ft., draft 3ft. and freeboard 18in. The ballast is all lead, 1,500lbs. of it being on the keel. The trunk is 7ft. long and beneath is sufficient head room to allow a man to sit erect on the lockers. These make a bed on each side for two men, while there is plenty of room for stove, icebox, stores and cruising outfit. The cockpit is quite large with wide rail, and there is plenty of deck room aft. The deck line is kept very full forward in order to give room to work at the anchor and setting sail. The rig will be adapted for cruising with single jib and pole mast. The boat is very conveniently fitted up and the workmanship throughout is excellent. The frame is of oak, planking of cedar and yellow pine, all fastenings of copper, lead ballast and composition bolts, decks of selected pine. The topside will be white with a gold stripe, the bowsprit is round with bright locust bitts, very yachty in shape, and the rail is also bright. The coaming and rail of cockpit, the slide and doors and the trimmings of cabin are of mahogany and the rest of the inside work of clear white pine varnished, making a light and attractive cabin. There are four heavy oval windows in the sides of house and a 5in. deadlight for air in the fore side.

There are plenty of places where just such a boat is needed, small and easily handled by one man, with room for two to live aboard and live nicely if they enjoy the work and fun of yachting and do not merely wish to be sailed about by some one else, and room also to take along a party of half a dozen for an afternoon, while the light draft and low ballast make the boat suitable for most harbors and yet capable of good work in all weather from port to port, as far as is consistent with such small size. Messrs. Wallin & Gorman are also about to build a centerboard catboat for Mr. Thos. R. Sherman, from a design by Mr. Burgess. She is 20ft. 10½in. over all, 18ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft.

A CATBOAT CRUISE UP THE HUDSON.

"PASS down those potatoes and look alive." It was Aug. 8, 1886, and all was bustle on the wharf at Communipaw, N. J., where the yacht Cyclone, formerly a sloop-rigged boat of about 25ft., but changed to cat-rig during the previous week, was moored. The crew were busy passing aboard the necessary cooking utensils, blankets, canned goods, etc., for the annual two weeks cruise up the Hudson to Albany, and the skipper, Mose Mulhall, was busy stowing the canned goods in the stern locker. It was he that shouted the above order, being anxious to get to New York that evening, for it was now 5 o'clock, and the start was to be made from New York, bright and early on Monday morning.

In answer to the order Joe came down the gang plank to the float with a box of potatoes on his head, and in his anxiety to prevent some of them from rolling off, tripped and made a very creditable dive overboard. When Joe came to the surface the box was floating serenely away, and he didn't care very much about looking alive when he was pulled up on the float. Soon all was in readiness and the start made for New York, which was reached about 6:30 P. M.

The next morning was bright and clear, but very little wind was astir, and the tide on the ebb. After passing aboard the oil stove we were ready to start. As all of the party could not take their stations at the same time, it was arranged that the Skipper and Will should start, the others joining further up the river. A third, George M., joined for a couple of days, and a party of friends from New York went as far as Yonkers, where they left the boat, returning by rail.

After they left we purchased some bread and milk and started off about 5:30 o'clock. We tried to pull the small boat on deck, but it fell off and filled, so we had to come to and bail it out. We continued our course, now keeping a lookout for a good anchorage for the night, for it was getting late and the shores were being lit up here and there as the many villages on the river. We pointed for a group of lights on our starboard bow, and the Skipper, who had the tiller, had just shouted, "Stand by the anchor," when a gruff voice yelled, "Can't anchor here." Looking up we saw a man on the dock, which was nearer than we had supposed. "What place is this?" "Sing Sing Prison," answered the sentry, for such he proved to be. We did not care about landing there and did not stop to dispute his right, but held to the wind until we reached the village and made fast at a pier loaded with lumber. Here also was a coal barge, and the captain had a fine charcoal fire on deck. We found the captain, exchanged remarks about the wind, weather, etc., and then asked the privilege of using his fire, which he readily consented to, and even offered his cabin as a shelter for the night, not knowing that we had aboard our yacht the appurtenances by which we could rig as comfortable a bed and shelter and sleep as well as if we were at home. We cooked a supper of fried ham, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, coffee and preserves, after which we took a walk up to the village, the captain of the coal barge keeping a lookout on the yacht while we were gone. We returned about 9 o'clock, rigged up the boat tent, which we lashed on the boom with a ridge rope, and then strapped down the sides outside of the coaming, which gave it a bell shape, and getting out our blankets and soft sand bags, carried for the double purpose of ballast and pillows, we turned in.

August 10 dawned bright and clear; light wind from the south. We cooked breakfast, washed down decks, took a swim and then left Sing Sing about 8 o'clock A. M. We found we had run pretty well into Croton Bay, near Sing Sing, during the night, and we had to hold the wind on our beam for about a mile, when we squared off to make the run through Haverstraw Bay.

The wind being light it was about 4 o'clock when we reached Peekskill, and we had eaten a small lunch while under way. Soon after leaving Peekskill behind us, the wind increased almost every minute, and it was not long before the Cyclone was bowling along with the water at her stern bubbling over the top of the rudder. At Iona Island it grew to quite a squall, so we came to and anchored, took a walk through the grove, where there was an excursion from New York, and filled our water cask; then putting in a reef, we weighed anchor and started again, before a good breeze from the southwest.

At West Point the water was as rough as New York Bay, while around the bend, at Cold Spring, it was like a lake, the wind being shut out by the Highlands. Here we lay in a calm for about fifteen minutes, when we managed to make fast to a tow of coal barges bound for Newburgh, about seven miles up the river. It was about 7 o'clock when we reached Newburgh, where we cooked supper and put up for the night.

Wednesday morning we were up about 5. George M. had to leave this morning, taking the steamboat home. We left for Poughkeepsie at 7:30, and arrived at 11 o'clock, making fast to the wharf. Will then telegraphed our other friends to come up on the night boat. We moved up a little further and lay in the old ferry slip, washed down decks, put on our good clothes and visited the city, relieving one another on watch. At 9 o'clock P. M., the Skipper went to the wharf to meet W. and H. on night boat, but neither appeared, so we turned in. Will S. was up at 2 A. M. to meet the other night boat but with the same result.

They were both up about 5 o'clock Thursday morning and had a swim, after which they cooked breakfast, then waited for the New York boat, which arrived about 1 o'clock. It was about 11 o'clock when a shout from two young men in a rowboat attracted their attention. They proved to be the missing ones who had come up by train, and arrived about 1 A. M. After searching quite a while they went to the steamboat wharf and slept on some bags of oats. In the morning, a joker seeing them there shouted, "Come, pay your bill and get out;" this woke them up, and hiring a rowboat, they rowed around the different wharfs until they found us.

We then cooked dinner and started again about 1 o'clock, after staying twenty-six hours at Poughkeepsie. We had ebb tide and puffy head winds and could make little or no headway, so we dropped anchor and waited for a tow that was in sight. W. got in the skiff and towed the yacht near the tow, while the Skipper handled the tiller and threw a line to the men on the tow. This was caught and made fast; we then invited the men to come aboard the yacht and eat dinner with us. At Esopus Island the canal men took on water casks from the river, as this is claimed to be the best water. At Port Ewen the tow stopped, when we bid the canalmen good-by and hoisting sail, made for Rhinecliff, arriving about 8 o'clock. After supper W. and H. turned in and the Skipper, Will and S. went to town, bought some bread, milk and fresh meat, and wrote some letters, arriving at the yacht about 9:30, when, after taking a smoke, they turned in.

Next morning we cooked breakfast and left Rhinecliff at 8 A. M. There was a flood tide but dead calm, so while drifting up river we took a swim. We must have been becalmed about an hour and a half, when a slight breeze from the southwest sprung up, and at 11:30 we had reached Coat Island, 90 miles from New York.

By 1 o'clock the wind, which had been increasing, had settled down for a good blow, and we put in at Germantown and reefed, at the same time eating dinner. We left here at 3:15 under reef, and forty-five minutes later we were entering Catskill Creek.

Here we intended to stay until Monday morning, so we furled sail and made everything as ship-shape and snug as possible, then visited the town, wrote some letters and went to the Grant House to see a friend who was stopping there.

We were surprised next morning to find a little colored fellow rowing Joe M. up to the yacht. He had come up on the night boat; and our crew was now complete. This was Sunday with us and we proceeded soon after breakfast to wash and mend everything that required it.

After dinner the Skipper, W. and H. got in the skiff and rigged up a sail with a piece of awning. They had hardly gone 20yds. when the boat capsized, throwing them into the water.

In the evening we went to town for some bread, butter and milk, cooked supper and then went to the Grant House, where there was a fancy dress ball. It was very late when we got back to the yacht that night.

Next day was Sunday. We had an early breakfast and went to church, but the late hour of retiring the night before began to tell, for we were all nodding before we were twenty minutes in the church. The most comical part of it was, when the congregation rose up at a certain part of the services, the boys stood up also, but nodded to sleep, and when all the people had sat down they were still standing up, their chins resting on their breasts, while every one was snoring in a different tone, like a quartette of singers. They were waked up by Will S., who made a terrible lurch forward, which was occasioned, he said, by a dream that the Cyclone had run into another boat. A more sheepish looking lot of fellows than those coming out of that church that Sunday morning could not be found. When we reached the yacht, which was about noon, we found some friends awaiting us who had come from New York on a short trip to the Catskills.

Next morning we left Catskill Creek about 8 o'clock A. M. under a spruce breeze. After getting into the Hudson we were favored with a little breeze from the south. At Athens it blew too hard for full sail, and we had to reef. By the time we reached Coxsackie it was blowing great guns, and we put about to put in another reef; found it was five minutes of 12, so we anchored for dinner. Meanwhile the wind shifted to the north, and it commenced to rain; so we rigged up the boat tent, got out the oil skins and rubbers, and took turns on watch, for it was blowing furiously and we expected to see our anchor drag every minute.

Toward evening the wind moderated, and putting up our anchor light, we turned in. We were waked up during the night by loud talking. On looking out Will S. reported a tow of canal boats going down the river within twenty-five feet of us, and our anchor light had blown out. This he relit and then turned in again. We were waked for the second time by a scrimmage between Will S. and Joe, who were trying to reach the laps of the tent to get out. A passing steamboat had caused the yacht to pitch and toss, and as the previous nights had been spent very quietly in the creek, this was unexpected and gave them a scare.

We were up a little later than usual next morning and found the wind blowing very hard from the north; this, with an ebb tide, prevented our making much headway. We anchored for the tide to change. While eating dinner, the preserves we had attracted quite a number of bees and one of these landed on a piece of bread that H. was about putting in his mouth; of course the bee went with it and H. was stung on the tongue. There happened to be a little fellow from the town near by at the time, and within half an hour all the little fellows in the town came down to the beach to see "the fellow that tried to eat the bee." About 1:30 we started out to catch a tow of canal boats bound up river. When we got near enough the line was thrown and caught by the canalmen on the second boat, and there were about eight boats in line. The next thing done was to cut the tow line between the Cyclone and the skiff in which the Skipper sat waiting for us to come up to him and pick him up. It came up sooner than he thought and passed him. He then tried to hold the fender of the fifth boat, which he had caught; this upset the skiff and he was thrown out; climbing in again (although he doesn't know to-day how he did it) he waited for the next canal boat, which was the last, and he jumped, leaving the skiff, which was almost full of water. In the meanwhile those on the yacht had seen the whole thing and had let go from the tow. Coming near enough the Skipper jumped aboard the yacht and we went back for the skiff. Fortune favored us, however, for an hour afterward we made fast to another tow with better success, and we arrived in East Albany that evening.

In the morning, after a visit to the Capitol, we left to commence our trip homeward. We had a favorable tide and a strong breeze from the north that made the rigging groan under the pressure. We ate a small lunch under way and did not stop for dinner. At 8 o'clock we had reached Rondout; here we put up for the night.

Friday morning we were up early, and found a light wind from north. We then cleaned up and made for a tow bound down, as we had but two days to finish our cruise. We had made fast to a brick barge on this tow, and sought the captain who had just got up. We received his permission to remain fast to his boat, and in return we turned over to him some onions, potatoes and smoked beef, a surplus of which we had. He allowed us the use of his stove in his cabin; this saved us the bother of using the oil stove, and where possible we always built a fire on shore.

While cooking supper S. left the lifter of the stove on the stove, where it was soon warmed to a pretty high degree. Soon after Joe had occasion to use that very lifter without thinking of the consequences. It was dusk just as we entered the Highlands, and one could not ask for a prettier sight.

Saturday morning found us at Fort Lee where we dropped off the tow. Will S. and H. went ashore to cook breakfast, while the others put things in shipshape, and washed down decks.

We left Fort Lee about 8 o'clock and drifted down, for there was no wind. When off the Pennsylvania ferry the tide changed and we had to resort to rowing until off the Battery, where we got enough wind to reach our mooring, thus bringing to a close a most enjoyable cruise. M.

A LONG OCEAN CRUISE.

THE following additional particulars concerning the cruise of the Homeward Bound, whose arrival was noted in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 14, are given in the *Pall Mall Budget*:

"The Homeward Bound lay at rest in Dover Harbor after her ten months' tossings in two oceans, a weather-worn cockle-shell, sea-stained and barnacle-covered. It was Sunday, and the little boat was hung with streamers of bunting, their bright colors contrasting oddly with the wo-begone appearance of the hull. The day was brilliantly fine, and there was a constant stream of visitors to see the Homeward Bound after her adventurous voyage. The captain was at home, and he hailed to me to come aboard, which I did with some difficulty, for the Homward Bound is not an ordinary craft, but canvas-covered and cramped as a bit of cork.

"The crew consists of Capt. Nilson, his brother, and a blacksmith, one Olsen, who a couple of years ago were working together at a little settlement in the Orange Free State. The captain, who had been at sea for many years previously, had a store, a blacksmith's shop, a few horses, and a bit of land; and his brother and Olsen were in his employment. They had often discussed the question whether it was possible for an open boat to weather the towering winter waves off the Cape of Good Hope, and trade not being overprosperous they determined to try their luck. They had their project in mind

had taken out his papers from a very moist portmanteau on board, but we adjourned to his lodgings and examined its contents at leisure, for the crowd was a little too curious, and the cabin was exactly the place for an interview. Every bit of paper was endued with a romantic halo. There were all manner of mysterious packets done up in scraps of old newspapers, certificates, mail papers, note-books and photographs. But the log-book was the most interesting item in the collection, for Capt. Nilson has had a careful training, and his log-book has been kept in the most minute manner.

"In this voyage the crew was divided into two watches, the captain taking the first four hours, the other two taking the next four, and so on. They suffered much from want of sleep, the longest spell being three days and three nights. It is remarkable that they shipped a rat on board somewhere, and only got rid of him after a long chase, driving him clean overboard. In the tropics a huge shark followed them for a week, which was a little uncomfortable, but it sheered off eventually. Capt. Nilson was put to some queer shifts during his voyage. He had no chronometer, and it was often difficult to take the sun, owing to the lowness of the boat in the water, so that many of his courses were steered by dead reckoning alone, but the constant handling of the boat had reduced the uncertainties of the log to a minimum. St. Helena, which is but a spot on the ocean, was hit, so, too, was St. Michael, in the Western Islands, and Dover after a while. After leaving the Azores the log-line was lost, and then the eye alone measured the distances run, but still she hit the Isle of Wight. The little boat was in a sad plight more than once, the whole deck being submerged over and over again."

BOAT SAILING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Norristown, Pa., April 20.—The Montgomery Sailing Club was recently organized at this place, the officers being: Com., E. A. Leopold; Mate, E. P. MacAllister; Sec.-Treas., Wm. Sullivan. The racing rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. were adopted with slight modification, to suit the small boats used by members of the club. The boats vary in length from 12 to 16ft., and the handicaps in racing are based upon the rule of the Thames Valley Sailing Club of England. The following table gives names of boats and owners, with main dimensions and cubical contents of hull of each boat:

	Length. Ft. In.	Girth. Ft. In.	Cubic Feet.
Little Tycoon, Palmer and Boucot	16 00	10 06	54
Igideous, Wm. Rotchell	15 05	10 04	51
Flying Eagle, J. Berndt	15 04	10 04	51
Josephine, E. Sowers	15 05	10 00	48
Cocktail, Max Berndt	14 09	10 00	46
Elsie, E. P. MacAllister	14 10	09 00	38
Ino, Sullivan and Pickering	15 02	08 11	38
Gracie, E. A. Leopold	12 00	07 04	20

The club course is 5 miles, 2½ miles up the Schuylkill River and return to starting point. The first club cruise took place April 17, and the boats were timed as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Cocktail	8 59 00	10 34 59	1 34 59
Josephine	8 59 30	10 34 59	1 34 54
Elsie	8 56 00	10 35 30	1 36 38
Igideous	8 50 30	10 38 32	1 39 02
Flying Eagle	8 59 05	10 48 20	1 49 15
Gracie	8 58 00	11 00 30	1 53 27

The Josephine was the winner by 5s. The wind was fresh from the northwest, making the first half of the course a beat almost dead to windward. The Josephine carried 27yds. mainsail, Cocktail 20yds., Igideous 28yds., Flying Eagle 18yds. These are tuck-ups, and the measurement of sails is Philadelphia style, 6ft. to the yard. The Elsie is a ducker, and carried 18yds. The little Gracie carried 66ft. in main and mizzen, and led the Flying Eagle over the first mile of the course, after which she was terribly blanketed by a large boat which was not in the race, and was forced off her course several times. This latter boat is a hiker, 15ft. in length, and carries a mainsail of 50yds. The conduct of the captain was freely commented on by those who witnessed the occurrence.—E. A. L.

NOTES.—The model of the schooner Fortuna, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, which was sent some time since to the Liverpool Exhibition, has been sent to Havre, to be placed in the Exposition du Havre Maritime National.....Anixa, sloop, left Moorehead City, N. C., on April 21 for New York. Her owner, Mr. T. B. Asten, has returned by rail ...Reva, steam yacht, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, has been hauled out for cleaning at Greenpoint, after a winter in Southern waters.....Clytie, schr., is now at Beverly, Mass., in charge of Capt. Stone, who is refitting her for her new owner.... Fortuna, schr., has left her berth and is refitting at Foster's Wharf, Beverly.....Ex-Com. Hovey is expected home soon from a trip to the Sandwich Islands....Latona, schr., has also left the Bridges at Beverly.....Rebecca, schr., will soon haul out. She will come out this year with a single spar for a bowsprit and jib and staysail....Prince Karl—Mr. E. L. Williams, has launched his new cutter and has made several trial trips. She will sail in the South Boston Y. C. regatta....Puritan is to have a new jib and staysail made by Lapthorne & Ratsey....Cythera, yawl, was at Norfolk, Va., at last reports.....Angler, sloop, has been sold to Mr. Burrowes.....Viola, steam yacht, has been sold by Mr. Schroeder to Mr. L. S. Bent....Hope, sloop, Mr. J. H. Benedict, has been sold to Mr. H. G. Seguine.

RESTLESS.—This steam yacht, built for Mr. W. M. Singerly, by Houston & Woodbridge, Marcus Hook, Pa., was launched on April 20, being christened by Miss Mabel E. Meredith, grand daughter of the owner. The yacht was lately described in our columns.

GEN. PAINE'S NEW YACHT.—No official statement of the dimensions of the new yacht have yet been made, and her exact beam is as yet unknown. She will have a housing bowsprit, and Captain Hank Haff, of the sloop Fanny, will command her.

COMET, schooner, Mr. W. H. Langley, is at Jones's Railway, Port Richmond, Staten Island, for a new deck and other repairs.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—This club has lately adopted the measurement rule of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., with the following classification: Schooners—First class, over 60ft. l.w.l.; second class, under 60ft. Sloops—First class, over 38ft.; second class, between 32 and 38ft.; third class, between 27 and 32ft. Open yachts—All yachts under 27ft. l.w.l., shall be designated as open yachts, and shall be subdivided into classes as the regatta committee shall direct. The committee is required to keep a record of such division and to hand to the secretary a copy at least forty-eight hours before any regatta. The time allowance in the last sailing class is to be calculated by an allowance of one-half minute for each ten miles of the course to each foot or less of length on load waterline plus one-half of the overhang. From this is to be deducted one-half minute to each ten miles for each 25sq. feet of excess of sail area of standing sail.

A NEW CRUISING SCHOONER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has received an order from a yachtsman, whose name is withheld for the present, for a cruising schooner of 110ft. l.w.l. She will be built of steel, will have about 25ft. beam and 13ft. draft or over, with all lead in keel. The design is not yet begun, nor the exact dimensions settled upon. Messrs. Harlan & Hollingshead will build the boat, pushing the work as rapidly as possible. Mr. Smith has lately completed a design for a centerboard cruising yacht of the Cinderella type, 40ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam, 6ft. draft, with 7 tons of lead in keel. The stem is plumb, but the counter is similar to Cinderella's. The rig will be the modified cutter, with laced mainsail and fixed bowsprit. Poillons will build her at once.

SANS PEUR.—Steam yacht, arrived at Hamilton, Bermuda, on April 15, from Fernandina, with the owner and friends on board, and sailed on April 20 for England via the Azores. Her winter cruise has been as follows: Left Plymouth, Dec. 16, 1886; arrived at Bermuda Dec. 27, 1886; sailed from Bermuda for Charleston, S. C., Jan. 1, 1887; encountered cyclone Jan. 2; arrived at Charleston Jan. 4; sailed for Fernandina Jan. 13; thence to Havanna, remaining there for three weeks; thence to Key West, Goram Pass, Bow Pass, Charlotte Harbor, Tampa Bay, Tarpon Springs, again to Tampa Bay; then to Pensacola, St. Andrew's Bay and St. Andrew's Sound; thence to Fernandina, returning to Bermuda on April 17.

YACHT DESIGNING IN BOSTON.—Besides the two large yachts for Gen. Paine and Mr. Iselin, Mr. Burgess has designed this season a steam yacht for Mr. J. M. Forbes, a 45ft. l.w.l. schooner, a 42ft. l.w.l. cutter for Mr. Max Agassiz, a keel catboat for France, a 30ft. centerboard sloop for Japan, a 27ft. sloop for Wisconsin, a 30ft. l.w.l. cutter for Mr. C. F. Adams, 2d; a 32ft. 6in. l.w.l. centerboard sloop for Mr. Allen Ames, of Oswego; a steam yacht for England, a 27ft. centerboard sloop for Florida, a passenger steamer for Portland, Me., the 90ft. l.w.l. fisherman for Boston owners, a 35ft. centerboard sloop for Judge Brown, of Newburgh, a 22ft. 6in. cutter for the Messrs. Cunningham and six catboats.

THE JUBILEE RACE.—Genesta is having a new outfit of spars and canvas for the B Class, and will enter for the Jubilee Race around Great Britain. The other proposed entries thus far are Aline, schooner, Prince of Wales; Gwendoline, schooner, Major Ewing; Cetonia, schooner, Sir E. C. Guiness; Waterwitch, schooner, Lord Revelstroke; Dawn, yawl, F. Harris; Wendur, yawl, H. R. Laing; Florinda, yawl, J. E. & E. Jessop; Corisande, yawl, F. Sartoris; Bridesmaid, ketch, E. W. Fuller; Sleuthhound, cutter, Lord Francis Cecil. The race will start on June 14, from the South End pier, at the moutn of the Thames, and finish on a line from Dover pier to the High Light, on the South Foreland.

THE LAUNCH OF THE THISTLE.—The new challenger for the America's Cup, the Scotch cutter Thistle, was launched on Tuesday last at Henderson's yard, Partick on the Clyde. Besides her designer only a few of those directly interested in her were present. The yacht was hung about with canvas from deck to keel, so that nothing could be seen of her form as she slid into the water. She stuck for a moment on the blocking, but was soon hauled off. She will be rigged at once and will sail her first race on May 28, in the Royal Thames Y. C. match from Southend to Harwich.

A CHALLENGE FROM THE CRUISER.—The following letter from the owner of the well-known Cruiser explains itself: April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open boat Cruiser (20ft. 6in.) would like to sail a number of matches during the month of June with boats under 22ft. Should any of your readers who are interested in sport of this character desire such a contest, a communication to the following address will receive attention: "Cruiser, 114 East Twenty-second street, New York."

OSWEGO Y. C.—The first of the annual club books we have received is that of the Oswego Y. C., one of the largest and most active clubs on the lakes, though only in its seventh year. The roll includes 143 active and 24 honorary members, and the fleet numbers 20 yachts. The book is neatly bound in canvas, and contains the constitution, rules, etc., with code and allowance tables.

RESOLUTE.—The old schooner Resolute, lately purchased by Mr. C. A. Postley, will soon haul out at Poillon's for a new bow and other alterations under Mr. A. Cary Smith's direction. The bow will be lengthened some 8ft. on l.w.l., with a modern overhang forward, the masts will be moved forward, mainmast lengthened and jibboom cut off, the sail plan being much improved.

AN EARLY OPENING.—The deadly catboat has begun in good season, and has scored six drownings by the middle of April. Four of these were made at one time on April 17 by the capsizing of a catboat from Communipaw, all on board being drowned.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—A meeting of the S. C. Y. C. was held on April 25, at which the new constitution was submitted and the by-laws adopted. Twenty candidates are before the club for admission, and fifteen more have been proposed.

SOUTHWARK Y. C.—Officers: Com., James Daley; Vice-Com., V. Y. Dorp; Rear Com., A. Troutt; Measurers, William Baitzel and George Creasey; Sec., Francis George; Treas., Isaac Sharp; Steward, John Snyder.

GITANA.—In addition to a round bowsprit Gitana will, this year, carry a jib and staysail only, sloop fashion. She is now nearly ready and will soon have her new suit of sails, by Wilson, ready for trial.

WONA.—Mr. E. E. Cunningham's cutter, also building by Higgins & Gifford, will be christened Wona. She is 27ft. 8in. over all, 22ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam, and 4ft. 10in. draft.

TRUDETTE.—This name has been given to the cutter built by Higgins & Gifford for Mr. L. M. Haskins. She is 29ft. 3in. over all, 23ft. 10in. l.w.l., 9ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft.

A YACHTSMAN'S SCRAP BOOK.—Under this title Brentano Bros. will shortly publish a book by Mr. J. F. Loubat, one of New York's oldtime yachtsmen.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. H. Peterson has had built by W. G. Stone a schooner yacht 65ft. long, 18ft. beam, which he has named San Diego.

MR. EDWARD BURGESS has been appointed by Secretary Whitney to the commission to consider the designs for the new warships.

HELEN.—Schooner, Mr. C. D. Middleton, arrived at Philadelphia on April 24, after a cruise of six months in Southern waters.

HOPE LESLIE.—This schooner, built last year, is out at East Boston for a 16-ton lead keel. She is a keel boat.

ENTERPRISE, cutter, now owned by Mr. H. H. Hogins, has had a new mast stepped, 5ft. longer than the old one.

VARUNA.—George H. B. Hill, owner of Miranda, has sold his schooner Varuna to Mr. G. L. Rives.

NAMOUNA.—Mr. Jas. Gordon Bennett's yacht was at Colombo about April 1, from Bangkok.

MR. FORBES' STEAM YACHT.—The plating has been completed on this boat.

UNA.—Schooner, will have a shoe added to her present keel at Lawley's yard.

LURLINE.—Schooner yacht, arrived at Georgetown, S. C., on April 2.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

X. Y. Z.—The shells have been tried, but not exhaustively. Of ten shots fired some did just what was desired, others went as solid balls.

H. S., Toronto.—You will find good black bass fishing in Lake Erie either at Kelley's Island near Sandusky, at Point Pele Island below Detroit, or on the St. Clair Flats. In Wisconsin go to Fon Du Lac or Green Bay.

C. H. M.—The New York seasons are: Trout April 1, black bass June 1, with exceptions; ruffed grouse Sept. 1, woodcock Aug. 1, gray squirrels Aug. 1. For Vermont law address Fish Commissioner Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans, Vt.

EAGLE ELK.—1. There are a few buffalo outside the limits of the National Park, but we do not know where they are now to be found. 2. Bozeman, Montana, will be the point to fit out from, and there guides may be had. 3. The arm is large enough.

J. B. A., Wakefield, Kans.—Will you kindly answer through your valuable paper—1. What time black bass bite best in the extreme northern part of Michigan? 2. How early do they commence biting? 3. What are the best localities in those waters to find them? Ans. 1. June, July and September are the best months. 2. June. 3. Bays and inlets.

A. B., South Boston, Va.—1. Where can I obtain a supply of black bass fry? 2. Will California trout live in a pond as far south as lower Virginia? If so, where can I get them? Ans. 1. Write to Col. M. McDonald, U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C. 2. It is very doubtful. Col. McDonald is the fish commissioner of your State and can furnish them.

W. H. B., Nashua, N. H.—I have a 12g. gun, 7 lbs. 6 oz., 31½ in. barrels. It is the best shooting gun I ever owned, the only possible faults being the length of the barrels, and too close shooting with the right. Am thinking of having it cut down to 28in. What effect will that have upon its shooting (barring cutting off choke) as regards pattern, penetration and amount of powder burned? Will it do as good service for an "all round" gun as in its present length? Shall have the right barrel bored cylinder even if I do not have it cut off. Ans.: We have known some guns to shoot better with shortened barrels than they did before. The result cannot be determined with certainty beforehand.

T. M. D., Wheeling, W. Va.—I have a large galvanized iron can holding about 50 gallons of water, for transporting minnows for fishing; the top of the can is pierced with small holes to give them air; it seems almost impossible to keep them from dying, even by constant watering. 1. Is the galvanized iron injurious to minnows or fish? 2. Should the top of can be almost entirely open for air? 3. What number of minnows should be allowed to each by gallon of water, when transported, when watered occasionally? 4. Does pounded ice injure them when put in the can for transportation? Ans. 1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Not more than ten if the fish are over 3in. long, or twenty if under 2in. 4. No, ice is good for them. The colder the water the better they keep. Put in some water plant with fish and they will keep better. We would prefer smaller cans and more of them because of ease in handling. Wrap a wet blanket around your can to cool it.

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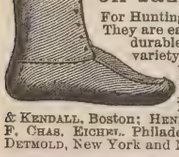
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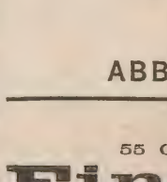
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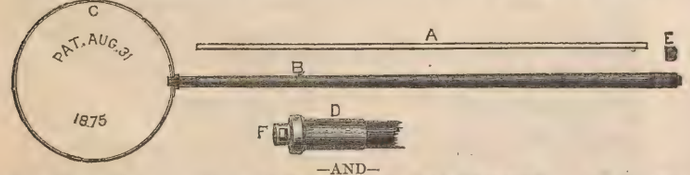
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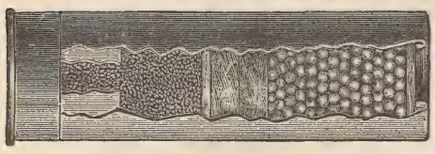
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The tone and high character of the journal, as one fit for sportsmen to receive into their homes, will be jealously maintained. As there is nothing in the recreations of field and stream inconsistent with the highest type of manhood, so, the editors are convinced, there should be in a journal like the FOREST AND STREAM nothing to offend good taste.

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The Sportsman Tourist

columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

Natural History.

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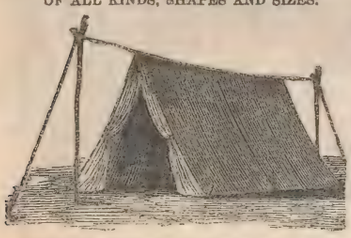
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GARRYOWEN (E.K.C.S.B.), breeder, William Graham, Newtownbreda, Belfast, Ireland. Sire, Paddy II. (E.K.C.S.B. 9,639); dam, Erin (E.K.C.S.B. 9,704). Winnings: Five 1st prizes, including New York, 1883, beating champion Spuds, whose picture illustrates "Stonehenge." Good tempered and a good workman and stud dog. Garryowen is the litter brother of champion Glory (E.K.C.S.B. 13,558), and the sire of champion Garryford (E.K.C.S.B.), winner in the champion class at the Crystal Palace show, Feb., 1886.

LITTER OF PUPPIES, by Garryowen ex Sheila, whelped April 2.
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Puppies by Clipper, A.K.R. 2529 (Eclipse—Nesta), brother to Glengarry, Lintie, Clipsetta and Mavis, out of Blackberry Girl, A.K.R. 2494 (Rutland—Strawberry Girl). JAS. WATSON, P. O. Box 770, Philadelphia, Pa. feb10,tf

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1887.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

THE movement initiated by the FOREST AND STREAM in February, 1886, for the protection of American non-game birds has met with great success. At the present writing the AUDUBON SOCIETY numbers about thirty thousand members, who are scattered over the length and breadth of this continent, besides a considerable number of persons in the various States of Europe, in India, Persia and other out of the way countries. The expenses of this movement, which have been very heavy, have been borne by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company without any assistance from outside persons.

In February of the present year the *Audubon Magazine*, a monthly publication, was produced. The purpose of this periodical was a double one. It was designed first to create a rational interest in birds, and to convey instruction as to their services—now so imperfectly understodo—to man, thus creating a popular sentiment in their favor, and second to create a fund which might cover the expenses of the Society and provide for its extension without any appeal to the public in aid of the movement.

It was determined to publish the *Audubon Magazine* at the very low price of fifty cents per annum in order to bring it within the reach of every one, to secure for it the widest possible currency, and so to secure the best results for the birds which the AUDUBON SOCIETY desires to protect. At this very low price it is evident that it must attain a very large circulation before even the expenses of publication can be met, to say nothing of contributing to a fund to meet the expenses of the Society. Four numbers of the magazine have been published, and we are thus enabled to form an intelligent judgment of the character of the periodical. It is full of matter which is both instructive and entertaining. Each number contains a full page illustration of some well-known bird, carefully reproduced from Audubon's plate, together with a description and life history of the species figured. Besides this the story of the life of the great artist-naturalist is appearing as a serial. Economic questions are treated in an intelligent and novel way, and there are lighter articles and stories for the younger folks. Simply as a work of instruction in natural history, and aside from the entertainment furnished by its well-written pages, and the good service which it must serve, the *Audubon Magazine* is by far the cheapest publication that we know of.

Sportsmen generally—and above all the sportsmen who read the FOREST AND STREAM—are opposed to any wanton slaughter of any living thing, and those who desire the protection of our small birds and sea fowl can in no way more effectively contribute to that end than by subscribing to the magazine and endeavoring to enlarge its constituency.

THE DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

DECORATION Day is observed as a public holiday in eleven States. While not a national holiday, its observance is so wide that the FOREST AND STREAM is perhaps justified in hoping that the participation in the DECORATION DAY TROPHY contest may be so widespread as to be national in character. The competition is open to the whole country and to every State, whether May 30 be observed as a holiday or not. The conditions have been made purposely broad so that small clubs might not be excluded and that general participation in the friendly contest of arms might be assured.

An illustration of the silver TROPHY is given in our Trap columns, and speaks for itself.

We repeat a request already made, that club secretaries will send in their entries at a day as early as convenient and in advance of the final date for closing of entries.

SPORT.

WHO shall define what sport is? The first definition of the word given in "Webster's Unabridged" is "that which diverts the mind," but the answer to the riddle we propound lies somewhere within the wide bounds of a definition further down the page, "diversion of the field, as fowling, hunting and fishing."

One sportsman would answer that it is to kill much game or catch many fish by legitimate and fair methods (and no one is a sportsman who would employ any other to that end), regardless of any discomfort one may suffer, or risk of limb, health or life he may run, indeed that such risk increases the sport.

Another, perhaps in the minority, would maintain that it is not the largeness of the score, but the interest and excitement of pursuit, and the skill exercised that constitute sport. That to obtain one shot at wary game, to make one successful difficult shot, to hook and land one large and cunning trout with nice choice of lure and skillful handling, is sport in a fuller sense than easier slaughter of a larger bag or creel. Another that for him there can be no sport with continued discomfort and hardship. He would not suffer the torment of July heat and mosquitoes for all the woodcock in the swamps, nor the freezing and drenching of November and December winds and waves for a boat-load of waterfowl, nor wade ice-cold April brooks for all the trout they hold. Give him the tempered air and water of May and June, when birds are singing and flowers blooming, October woods, abated of the nuisance of insect life, and perfumed with the pungent scent of falling leaves, invigorating with air neither too warm nor too cold, with fish and game plenty and not too wary, and his ideal of sport is realized. And another, doubtless in a smaller minority, will answer with fervor of conviction, that "it is not all of hunting to hunt, nor of fishing to fish;" that what makes the pursuit of fish and game most enjoyable and sport to him is the communion with nature which he has with rod and gun for convenient excuses and agreeable adjuncts. What he sees and hears are more to him than anything tangible he brings home.

The man who hunts foxes on foot, and shoots them before his one or two hounds, swears by his safe sport and sees nothing unfair in that which is as much despised by him who risks his limbs and neck in riding to the park as the drag hunt is by the other. One counts it no sport to shoot without the aid of a trained dog, and nothing game that such a dog will not stand. Another is content to stalk his own game, and almost everything wild is game to him. Highhole, squirrel and woodchuck help to fill his bag, and he enjoys the gathering of them in as keenly as the more ambitious sportsman does the scientific taking of his woodcock, quail and grouse. One is satisfied with the excitement of shooting at flying targets, living or inanimate, thrown from a trap; while another can see nothing but cruelty, or better than boys' play in such shooting.

One angler is happy "yanking" bullheads and sunfish from quiet waters with coarse tackle and a rod that was never made with hands, while another would find no more sport in such ignoble pastime than in digging the worms for bait. He must have delicate tackle, handled with nicety of skill in a well-fought struggle with a game fish to make fishing sport for him. It must be a fine art, not the hauling out of fish by main strength.

So, among the multiplicity of answers from these and many more, we get no definite one. We must be satisfied with that which comes nearest our own idea of what constitutes sport, and, spreading the broad mantle of charity over all, despise not kinship with any who, by means not unfair or dishonorable, seek diversion in the field in fowling, hunting and fishing.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE report of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Society for the year ending March 1, 1887, is a very satisfactory one. It shows a considerable increase in admissions, the total receipts from this source being $34,213.20, an increase over last year of $5,893.21. If the Philadelphia Society shows such good results, it is certainly fair to suppose that a good zoölogical garden in New York would do even better. The day when New York will have a satisfactory collection of wild animals cannot be much longer delayed. The sooner it comes the better.

This week appears the final instalment of our special correspondent's report on the winter features of the National Park. It has an especial interest to all sportsmen, for it gives a very full account of the large game to be found in the northern portion of the Park. In connection with this last letter of Mr. Hofer's series, the account of the arrest of trappers in the Park, by Captain Harris, will be read with interest. Eternal vigilance is the price of protection here, and Captain Harris is anxious to do his whole duty for the Park. His selection of Ed. Wilson as the guide who should lead the soldiers to the trappers' camp, was an admirable one, for Wilson is well known to have been one of the most efficient of the old force of assistant superintendents. As more and more comes to be known about the Park and the public interest in it increases, the prospects of obtaining from Congress the necessary legislation with regard to this reservation seem to grow brighter.

Game legislation at Albany drags its slow length along. The laws as yet remain unchanged, and the trout fishing season in the Forest Preserve began last Monday. The suggestion of a correspondent who proposes that a State convention be called to take charge of next year's game legislation is sensible. Years ago we pointed out to the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game a way to make itself useful in this work, but that society, which was so finical as not to endure to be titled a "sportsmen's" association, systematically neglected its duty. If ever any body of men looked tired it was this New York association whenever a member rose in meeting to talk about game protection.

These sunny May afternoons the FOREST AND STREAM'S grizzlies, in their Central Park rock pit, munch peanuts and gaze indifferently at the roaring lion over across the way. They are good-mannered, happy-dispositioned brutes. The policeman on the outside of their den enjoys the May days too, for the bright weather brings to the bear pit throngs of women and children, at whom he can bawl to move on, as he hustles them roughly away. Central Park policeman have not a very enviable reputation for their bearing toward citizens, and this one at the bear pit can on occasion make himself particularly insolent and offensive.

Our correspondent "Jay Bebee" in another column touches on the definition of hybrid, and his views in this respect will hardly be accepted by naturalists. Any of the North American wild geese are different species from the domestic goose, and so the offspring of a union of any one of them with the barnyard fowl would be a hybrid.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WINTER IN WONDERLAND.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ON SNOWSHOES.

V.

IN the evening I made inquiries about the whereabouts of the game around there. I was told of some being on the ridges near by, and then of the rescue of eight elk out of the cañon.

On the morning of Feb. 18, the Major and Mr. Thorn, while on a sight-seeing expedition, found eight cows and two heifers in the cañon between the two falls. There were no calves with the band. The Major thinks the lions killed them. If the lions did not there are lynxes around enough to do it. The river here is all frozen over and the snow at least 9ft. deep in the cañon. From all indications they had been in here a long time, probably over two weeks. They had traveled around all over the river and up on the sides of the cañon in their efforts to escape, but the deep snow on the steep hillside was more than they could get through.

There being no food for them in the cañon they had eaten the small limbs and boughs of the spruce and balsam fir trees as high up as they could reach, even eating the wood of limbs over half an inch through. The bark off dry trees and large limbs of a "quaking asp" (aspen) tree was almost devoured. Limbs over an inch in diameter were chewed off close to the body of the tree and the bark off that. The Major and Mr. Thorne hunted for the trail by which they entered the cañon; not finding this or any sign of it they decided to tramp a trail for them. The men returned to the hotel leaving their snowshoes: they tramped a trail from the little foot bridge crossing the gulch just above the hotel, down past that, through the gorge, between walls of rock, following the gulch on to Cascade Creek and out to the river. The Major was accompanied by his two dogs, Sue and Shep, who kept close to heel.

Keeping to one side they went below the elk and started them up. Two—a cow and heifer—broke past them. The cow, a very large one, went to the south side of the falls, ran up a very steep ridge forming the brink of a precipice overhanging the falls, got up to where the ice was almost perpendicular, paused a moment, looking back, when her feet slipped on the hard ice, she fell over backward, slid down on the comb of the ridge, then over the falls, and down, over 300ft., disappearing through a cloud of mist into a round hole between an ice bridge and the falls. Thorne ran to the edge and looked over. Nothing of her was to be seen. When the two elk went below the men stopped, expecting them to return and join the band. After the death of the cow, they started to drive the heifer back. She ran to the platform on the south side, from which tourists view the falls and cañon. When the men attempted to go near her, she would stamp and back up, until she was outside the railing and standing on ice that overhung the chasm below. Thorne went to the brink of the falls and threw boughs up at her, in hopes of driving her to the others. The Major was afraid to let the dogs go, fearing that both dogs and elk might fall over into the abyss. Finding they could not make the animal move, they left it. After much hard work running around on the elk trails, they got the eight elk started up Cascade Creek, but they missed the trail made for their escape up the gulch and went on up to Crystal Falls. While the Major with the two dogs stopped below, Thorne went up to and among them as he would domestic cows. At one time some of them broke past, almost stepping on him. All started down but one; she was wedged in between the snow and rocks. Thorne tramped a trail, and by pushing and twisting her got her out of this place into another where, by helping her, he thought he could get her out. Having about 6ft. of ⅜in. rope with him, which he used to carry his web snowshoes, he tied this around her neck and started to lead her out, but she would not come. When he pulled on the rope she would brace herself and pull back. He said: "When I would go to leave her she would bawl for me. I went back several times, but every time I tried to lead her she'd pull back, not knowing what I wanted of her, yet would make that same noise, calling for me, when I left her." Finding he could not get her out of her trouble he left her, with the intention of taking some hay to her in the morning, as there was part of a bale at the hotel. The seven elk Thorne had turned back had gone on down the creek to the gulch, and had then there turned up the trail tramped for them, passing within 8ft. of Major Lyman and the two dogs. The Major says they were very poor and weak. As they passed they paid no attention to him or the dogs, as by this time they had learned that they were not going to be hurt. The elk followed the trail, crossed the bridge and passed within 10ft. of the hotel, going on out in the open country. The men were worn out with their day's work tramping around in the snow.

In the morning they started down to get the others out. They found the one with the rope on had gone out in the night following, the others, or one could say, following Mr. Thorne out, as he was last over the trail. The heifer was still in the cañon. Every time they attempted to get between her and the Lower Fall or go near her, she would run to the platform and stay there. Knowing that she would soon starve if left in the cañon, they determined to make an effort to drive her away from the platform and out to the other elk. Thorne would go out on the ice where it projects over the falls and throw things at her, but she would not start away from there. He then climbed above, trying to get at her from that side, but could not. Out on the platform the elk showed fight, stamping and grinding her teeth. She had backed so far toward the edge that she had to stamp her hind feet to get a foothold on the ice. At last, as she stood there, her feet slipped and over the precipice she went. Whirling over and over for 300ft. distance, she struck on one end of the bridge of ice, near the hole where the other fell. The poor thing must have been killed instantly. It is possible that this elk would have found her way out, but this is not probable, as snow was falling most every day. There was not enough hay at the hotel to keep her alive more than a little while. Better sudden death than starvation.

On the 28th, a bright clear day, in company with Major Lyman and Mr. Thorne, we visited the two falls. Leaving the hotel we descended directly into the gulch up which the rescued elk came ten days before. We could see their trail although partially hidden by new snow. We followed this gulch down between walls of rock and overhanging snowdrifts to Cascade Creek, then on out to the river. This was frozen and covered with snow. Deciding to see the Lower Falls first we turned down stream. We soon saw signs of the elk where they had been eating off the limbs of trees. I broke off several of these, which I send to show the point of starvation which the elk had reached. We saw the trails on the side of the cañon where they had tried to force their way up through the snow, the hoof-marks on the rough ice where the cow went over, and the tracks of the heifer where she was when she plunged to instant death, and I even saw some of the boughs and sticks Thorne had thrown at her lodged on the ice.

The ice on the river projected 15ft. out over the falls, curving down on the outer edge until out of sight. Going near the brink the most beautiful frost work in the whole park was to be seen. Words could never describe this grand sight. On the south side the whole precipice from the river up and away around for hundreds of feet was one mass of ice and frost work. Up for about 200ft. from the river, the ice was in the form of gigantic icicles from 1ft. to 200ft. long. Above this the ice was more like a great bed of flowers, on edge masses of flowers, clusters, bunches and bouquets, projecting out from the rest; globular-shaped pendant clusters of ice, the surface covered with pearly frost-work like frozen dew drops, or the iridescent formation of the geysers, for 100 and 200ft. more. All this was not without color. The flowers were delicately shaded from a dark straw color to white, the icicles a faint blue, green and yellow. The whole of the cliff was overhung with a fringe of icicles from the top almost pure white. The top of the cliff and timber back of it was coated with fine ice that glittered as the sun shone on it from over the edge of the cañon above. Two dead trees, whose ice-coated tops were in the sunshine, looked like electric lights, they were so bright. The sun striking the other side of the highly colored cañon cast a golden glow over the whole scene impossible to describe.

Going to the platform and venturing out as far as one dared, I looked down to see the ice bridge formed across the river. This reached up at least one-third of the height of the falls, and was crescent-shaped, leaving an immense hole, into which the water poured; below this bridge the river was open. The water was a deep green color, although less in volume than in October, when I was last here.

Recrossing the river we ventured out as far as it was safe, to see the precipice on the north side, but could not unless we risked our lives on the comb of the ridge, over which the first elk fell.

Going to the Upper Falls we found great ice mounds and domes at its base reaching more than half way up its face. We climbed all over the bridges and mounds. From the top of one we saw that the main volume of water ran over the left edge as we looked at it in a solid stream. The rest of the falls were now but a cascade as far down as the level of the mound; the river below these falls is very wide, forming a circular basin, half of this was filled with the mounds, their bases reaching half-way across. From both Maj. Lyman and Mr. Thorne I learned that one mound of ice, at least 45ft. high, had formed in the last ten days.

At these falls were more ice flowers, some a dark yellow, some clinging to the rock over which the cascade ran. Some of the ice was a light straw color, shaded down to white. Part of the falls were covered with a lattice work of ice, through which the water and ice under it could be seen. Above dark rocks, covered with caps of snow, the edges of the cañon, fringed with timber, made a grand and imposing sight. We spent the day here in this cañon, going home when the sun was getting low. We climbed back up the gulch and turned aside to see some of the snow-covered buildings. In returning to the entrance I made a cut off by going over one end of the hotel to the front porch on my snowshoes.

The next day, March 1, we started for the sawmill, some two miles distant, in company with the Major, and his dogs harnessed to a sled. Two hundred yards from the hotel we came to the fresh trail of two elk going toward Cascade Creek. This I followed a short distance in order to learn how old it was. The elk had passed not over two hours before we started out. Expecting to get a shot at a mountain lion at the mill, or have a crack at a lynx, we took a .40-90 Sharps along and a small revolver. We had learned of five mountain lions said to have taken possession of the sawmill, barn, tent and other buildings out there. If the sign was favorable we intended to stay all night at the mill to get a shot at the lions. We soon got there and were disgusted, for we found nothing but a few lynx tracks. Not a lion or a sign of one could be seen. The barn was crushed in. A tent just showed from under the snow. The mill was standing, but the timbers with which it was strengthened were bent and twisted and some broken. A few more inches of snow, and this too would go down. The mill is situated on a spring creek, in the northwest corner of a large meadow.

We saw several old elk trails and places where they had been feeding. Coyote, fox, martin, rabbit and lynx tracks ran in every direction. There were many small birds. An osprey was noticed, and a few woodpeckers were seen hammering away for their dinner. A gull and a few ravens flying over the cañon made up the most bird life noticed. We were going toward Lookout Point and the Grand Cañon. Before we got there I saw several piles of lumber, and asking the Major about it, he said "it was the new hotel site." This is not the one selected back of Lookout Point, but one much nearer the cañon and considerably less than a quarter of a mile from it.

At Lookout Point we had a view of the Lower Falls, with its icy surroundings. Noticing a dark object on the end of the ice bridge, directly beneath the platform from which the elk fell, I called the others' attention to it. We concluded it was the body of the heifer. The long distance we were from the falls spoiled the effect of the frost work. Every point, tower, pinnacle, buttress, tree and projection in the cañon was crowned with snow. As the different additions were made to the cap it would settle out over the edges until now the cap of snow was more of a hood, covering the points and hanging down on the sides half their depth. This hid the darker portions of the rock in the cañon, giving it a much lighter appearance. The steam jets in the bottom and on the sides were sending up little columns of steam, like smoke from chimneys, looking as if people were living below. The cañon was not as attractive as in summer. Now there is too much white. In returning we crossed Cascade Creek where the Howard wagon train did in 1877 on its way over Mt. Washburne. Here the fresh trail of the morning came down and passed up the creek. We had gone entirely around the elk.

On the 2d and 3d it snowed some; these two days we devoted to resting and looking at the cañon.

On the 4th it was snowing, but cleared a little by 8 o'clock. At 8:30, with two days' provisions, we started for our trip over Mt. Washburne. Soon after crossing Cascade Creek we crossed the trail of the two elk whose trail we had seen on the 1st. In due time we were climbing a spur of Dunraven Peak; from here, on a clear day, one can see the Grand Tetons. Now the clouds hid them. Mts. Hancock and Sheridan were in sight. All the mountains on the east of Yellowstone Lake were in view. Leaving this ridge and keeping up, we soon came to the pass which takes us on to the waters of Carnelian Creek. Looking back we could see some of the country and timber in which Mr. Haynes and his party had wandered while lost. From the top of the pass we had a grand run down hill for some 500ft. following the water course; then turning aside to the right we commenced to climb the ridge which the trail follows up to the top of Mt. Washburne. Soon we crossed an elk trail made going down hill through snow 8ft. deep. Further on were the trails and beds of a large band of elk. Above on the ridge I saw the elk, twenty-three of them. Getting out of the timber, we found the western slopes of the hillsides almost bare, with good and sufficient grass on them to have wintered a large band of horses. Above was a band of eleven elk, six cows, two yearlings and three spikes (two year old bulls). I could not tell if this was a new band or part of the first twenty-three seen. I could see elk further up on the ridge. All had "winded us" and were moving. The eleven tried to come down and pass us on the ridge, but when within 200yds. of us they turned back. When I reached the summit of this ridge, I was a long distance ahead of Jack, and taking off my pack I walked out on to an immense snow drift on the east side that followed the ridge for miles. Here I sat down to rest and look for game. I could see Specimen Ridge, but not plainly, for a strong wind blowing filled the air with fine snowclouds. On all the bare ridges on this side of Washburne I could see elk scattered in bands, three, four and ten in a place. I could not see game across the river. While waiting for Jack I heard a "whining sound" to my left, and looking up, a spike bull was passing within 50ft. I could see shreds of old velvet still sticking to his horns; he was poor and drawn up. He passed out of sight over the edge of the drift. Snowclouds hid all the mountain tops, one resting on the summit above. My intention had been to go there for a view of the country and to look for game, but the clouds rendered such a trip useless.

Running down the mountain from here, we entered a grove to camp, flushing as we did so several dark grouse. Some call them blue, others dusky grouse. We selected a camp in this grove and passed a very comfortable night. By daylight we were on the march. As we left the grove I heard the song of a small bird, a wren. As the sun rose over the mountains to the east I came in sight of game. I saw thirty dark objects across the Yellowstone about one-third the distance from Tower Creek to opposite Washburne. These I took to be bison. As we were traveling toward them for some distance I constantly watched them for some movement. I could see elk on the other side opposite the mouth of Tower Creek. Soon we crossed a sag and on to the high ground looking into Antelope Creek. All around us the snow was pawed over by elk. My dark objects had turned to "sure enough" bison, yet were too far off to tell anything about them. A mile north of where the bison were was a band of fifty-four elk. Going on I saw other bands, fifteen in one, twelve in another, seven and twenty in others. Running on down hill, the longest runs we had on the whole trip, brought us to the hill overlooking Tower Creek. On the other side of that was a band of twelve elk and one old bull off to one side. The bulls had just commenced to drop their horns. I saw one fresh one on the ridge as we came down. Here too the snow was pawed over by the elk with trails leading through the deep drifts from one feeding place to another. The snow down here was about 5ft. deep. Following a ridge I went on alone to a butte directly over Tower Falls. Across the cañon and close to the edge, was a band of thirteen elk. There were four spikes in this bunch. Across Antelope Creek, between it and the Yellowstone, in the edge of the timber, were more elk, over twenty in the band. I followed down the ridge to where I had a view of the falls. These are the prettiest in the Park. Now they are almost hidden by ice up to within 25ft. of the top; masses of icicles are on each side and the brink covered by a hood of ice under a bed of snow. In the space behind the falling water could be seen icicles like stalagmites reaching up to within 10ft. of the top. The snow had fallen off most of the towers around the falls, filling the cañon below for 25ft. Returning to my shoes I crossed the creek above. Here there were open places. The volume of water is the same in this creek now as in August. Shouldering our shoes we climbed the steep hill, following an elk trail to the open bench on top. From this we could see elk in every direction. I soon gave up trying to count them. I could make out distant bands on the East Fork of the Yellowstone (Lamar River) bottoms and mountain sides. We crossed elk trails all the way to Lost Creek. Here we saw the first willows on our trip. The others were under snow. We soon came out to the Cooke City road, and half a mile further on we came to Yancy's Station.

We were kindly received. Mr. Yancy was looking for us, having learned we were coming out that way.

Here we learned people were discussing our trip, some going so far as to say they never expected to see us again. We spent the evening talking of the game in the Park, and inspected Mr. Yancy's new Winchester, a single shot, .40-caliber. This he thinks one of the best rifles he ever owned; is delighted with its fine shooting. Mr. Y. is an old hunter, and one of the best fishermen in the country. As the first mentioned sport is prohibited in the Park, he devotes some of his time to target shooting. Not far from his station is some of the best fishing in the Park.

By 8 o'clock in the morning we left Mr. Yancy's for the long 1,300-foot climb up Elk Creek to the high, open country above. In a quarter of an hour after leaving "Pleasant Valley" we saw elk. Nine were feeding on an

open spot not half a mile from Mr. Yancy's hotel. From this time on until I started down the cañon of Lava Creek (east fork of Gardiner River), I was not out of sight of elk at any time. We climbed the hill, easily following the sleigh road until we came to a deep cut into which the snow drifts and slides, making it impassable for teams in winter, but used for a wagon road in summer. The sleigh track turned to the left, over a higher hill to avoid this cut. Going through and out of the cut we came on to Geode Creek. Elk were to be seen in every direction; cows, calves and spikes. The calves could now more properly be called yearlings. Now and then there would be a bull or two off to one side. The proportion of cows, etc., was six cows and heifers, three calves and one spike to every ten head. The bulls older than two years are never with the band, except in the running season. Some of the older bulls have dropped their horns, commencing about the last day of February.

Before we came to Blacktail Deer Creek, Jack turned to the right, taking a trail to Gardiner, back of Mt. Evarts. I crossed Blacktail, seeing sign of game and elk on all the bare hills. The gulches were filled deep with snow. Soon I came to the head of the cañon of Lava Creek. Here are two very pretty falls, but buried under snow and ice. In the distance I could see the Mammoth Hot Spring terraces with high mountains for a background, with Electric Peak white and high above all the rest. To the left the Madison Range with its dozen fine peaks. To the right part of the Yellowstone Range, most of it hid by Mt. Evarts. On this was a band of some thirty elk and a bunch of ten mountain sheep.



Running down the long grade to Gardiner River, I went up it for two miles to the springs, and from there, next day, to Gardiner. Going down I did not see the six tame sheep observed when we started out. Jack was in town, having come in the day I reached the springs. We had made the round trip through the Park, as we intended to do when we started out, 160 miles on snowshoes. Counting in addition to this the side trips made, I traveled 225 miles. We camped out six nights, suffered no hardships or privation, and withal had a most enjoyable time. To be sure, we made no wonderful discoveries, for there are none to be made; the Park is too well known for that. My purpose in going through the Park was to see its winter features and to learn something about the game there. This I have done.

I can only give estimates in regard to the game. When it was possible I counted them, but still, one never sees all there are. To count all would require "a round up."

On the ridges around the Washburne there are at least 150 elk; about the falls, 50; on Specimen Ridge and the section of the Park to the north, at least 2,000; on Black Tail, Lava, Elk and Lost creeks, and country north of Tower Creek, some 1,600; in the country between Mammoth Hot Springs and the Madison Mountains, some 500. I know nothing of the number on the west side of these mountains. On Alum Creek and the country across the river there are elk, but how many I do not know. Perhaps 200 would be a large estimate, though some people put it as high as 800. In the south end of the Park I do not think the elk winter, but come in very early in the spring. Not counting these, this would give us 4,500 elk in the Park this winter. A few of the best hunters, men who do not get excited when they see a hundred elk and say there are a thousand, think there are from 7,000 to 8,000 elk in all; but I cannot think so, judging from the number I have counted in the country spoken of. One thing noticeable is the very small number of bulls older than two years old seen. On our trip not over fifteen were found. In one place where there were over a hundred cows and calves, there were but five bulls, and this, too, in a country where I could see almost all the game. We may be sure that the bulls we saw are not all there are by a long way. Some of the reasons for this disproportion of bulls to cows are these: The bulls are killed in summer because they are the best meat up to the running season. After that they are killed for their heads and horns for specimens. Then, too, a bull is easier to be found and approached than a cow, especially in the fall, for one sometimes goes up to a band of horses or a man on horseback just to see what they are, unless he has the wind of them.

Of bison I saw but thirty. I believe, however, that there are between 200 and 300 in the Park. Some people think there are not even fifty, as the high price paid for them, $50 to $75 for fine heads and hides, has induced hunters to kill them off and to take great risks of detection for the money offered.

Mountain sheep, antelope, blacktail deer and whitetail, as a rule, do not winter in the Park. There are a few sheep, some 200 antelope, but no blacktail or whitetail worth mentioning. Still, a great many have their young there and pass the summer, only going out as the snow comes. I have seen hundreds of sheep and blacktail on their way out in the fall, and returning in the spring. Last fall I knew hunters on the Gallatin River who saw, as they express it, "more blacktails coming out of the mountains in the Park this fall than I ever did before for years." Some say they think not less than 1,500 came out on the north side and west of the Yellowstone River.

Tourists through the Park, as a rule, keep the beaten roads, only going to the hotels, and never seeing any of the wild animals they hear so much about. Traveling as they do, nothing else can be expected. For their benefit some propose to pen up the elk in pastures for them to see as they ride along.

To see the game in this country, one must either leave the roads or visit the Park in the winter. At Yancy's (a day from either the Hot Springs or Gardiner) they would have elk on all sides of them. Thousands can be seen in a day from there. Elk may be seen within three miles of the Mammoth Hot Springs. At both these places hotels have been open all winter. A great many people with a few days practice on snowshoes, can see part or all the Park in winter and be well repaid for their trouble.

In a short time the proprietors of the hotels will find it to their interest to encourage winter travel, for, in addition to the game to be seen, certain features of the Park are much more interesting in winter than in summer.

E. HOFER.

SPRING IN VIRGINIA.

POINDEXTER PLACE, Virginia, April 15.—During the past fortnight, while "you all" (local vernacular) have been experiencing, as I learn from the papers (which every now and then I get hold of) a good deal of harsh weather. I have been rusticating in a climate where, for several days, the mercury flirted with 75° and 80° in the shade, and have fancied myself in the real woods by indulging in loafs under the shade of friendly pines, stretched full length on the springy sod.

I have not been entirely idle during this lay off, for upon several occasions I have worked more or less hard at hunting. Now don't throw up your editorial hands in horror and prepare to read me a lecture upon violation of FOREST AND STREAM ethics by hunting in spring, for I've neither killed nor tried to kill beast, bird or fish. I have "hunted without a gun." My first hunt was for trailing arbutus, and it led me through brier root tangles, wait-a-bit underbrush, muddy marshes, and up the faces of steep north-facing banks, rough enough work to satisfy the most cultivated taste of the most chronic pursuers of snipe and woodcock. It was my first tramp this year, and confiscated a good portion of my wind, to say nothing of a couple of pounds weight, if in perspiration, as in other water, the alliteration, "a pound a pint," holds good; but comparatively I had an easy time of it, for while my lower garments would permit me to stride clear of some of the tangles, petticoats would not. We were very successful and bagged lots of the shy flowers; our carrying resources were strained, and how I did miss the only handkerchief I had with me, which, shortly after our reaching the hunting ground, was, by a fair companion, borrowed to make a game bag of.

Another of my still-hunts was for Indian arrow heads, and such other implements as might turn up. About a mile from the house, the bank of a water-course is a low bluff; at certain places on this bluff (places which in consideration of the proximity of the Smithsonian—that camp of ardent hunters for such game—I shall not "give away") the face of the bank, as cut away by high tides and freshets, shows a conglomerate of clay, mud and shells. Arduous digging in this heap, and easier searching among the débris left by low tide, is often rewarded by a find. I was not lucky, the tide was high and the day warm; search I couldn't, and dig much I could, would and did not. The day before several very pretty specimens of obsidian and flint had been found and added to the cabinet of mine host, already enriched by quite a number of specimens, including a leather-dressing stone and rubber, a pestle and some spear heads. No traces of human bones have been found during the many years that these heaps have been known and searched. It seems probable that these places were simply the resort at certain seasons of some of the Virginia first families who came from the interior for a supply of fish, and while here subsisted on oysters.

I have enjoyed some "small deer hunting" after field mice. For companions I had Quail, Brasco and Major, three members of a happy family who deserve a brief description.

The happy family, led by Wallace, the bright and beautiful six-year-old, consists of Little Lord Fauntleroy of the manor, the three dogs mentioned; five cats, namely, Tonsy, Fanny, Alice, Smut and Maude; two pet fowls, Cleopatra and Cinderella; Lester, the solitary guinea hen, and Uncle Felix, a gorgeous, but lame old Muscovy drake. Sleeping and eating and in every way living together on the most intimate and friendly terms, this family gave me lots of fun, but for steady amusement I depended upon Wallace and the three dogs. Quail is a splendid old Irish setter, who through a long and busy life has earned a reputation second to none in th country, and has aided and abetted in the death of thousands of his namesakes. Now he is growing old and stiff, red-eyed, lazy and cross, but not so old or lazy but that the sight of a carried gun will draw him from his meal or nap. Brasco is a half-breed, setter and spaniel, who with no blood in particular o boast of, through his rare intelligence and docile disposition has become not only as good a bird dog as any man would wish to shoot over, but a valued friend and companion to every one who knows him. A dog that can do most anything but talk, and those who know him well claim that in that faculty he is not entirely deficient. He can and does make his wants known in unmistakable languge and by shrewd devices. For instance, but a few days since an uproar in the poultry yard, in which the growls of Brasco mingled with the yelping cries of Major, a little red pure blood cur, a warm friend and kennel mate of Brasco, drew Pay, Brasco's owner, to the spot. Major was on his back, legs up, tail in, mouth open, yelling, a very scared dog. Brasco was standing over him, holding him down with one foot and growling ferociously. Of course he was severely rebuked and driven off. Standing at a distance, looking beseechingly at his master and half whining, an idea seemed to strike him. He ran to the hen house and returned with an egg which he laid at Pay's feet with an air which was at once understood to mean that he had caught Major stealing the egg and had thrashed him for it. Major is simply cute, as good for nothing as a yellow cur could be when he came here a tramp and wiggled his way into a home, but so improved by his association with the others that he makes lots of fun for us.

A branch runs near the house, skirting a considerable portion of the farm. In this dwell many rats, and nearly every morning the trio start very early for a breakfast of fresh meat. Twice I have followed them up. Quail and Brasco take each a side, and with noses down work rapidly along till they strike a scent, and follow it to a hole. Then posting themselves, one above and one below, some ten yards distant, they stand as still as though on a point, except slowly turning their heads in search, while Major is set to digging. On neither of my trips were they successful. But I did not consider my time lost, for it's not bad in early April to be able to lie at ease on the leaf-covered ground and calmly smoke an outdoor pipe. Others have been more fortunate, and say that the instant a rat takes water the still-hunt becomes a chase, and that the dogs swim and dive so well that their chances of meat are full as good as are those of the rats for life; and they work in perfect harmony until the rodent is captured. Then if Brasco or Major get him a quarrel with Quail is imminent; if Quail gets him a trial of patience to the others, for they must wait till he is satisfied.

By the way, speaking of this little episode in Norfolk, I was informed that on the "eastern sho'" the muskrat, properly cooked, is esteemed a great delicacy, and this information came from a lady born and raised there, who knew whereof she spoke, for she herself had prepared many a good meal of them.

Our hunts for field mice were still more simple. Quail and Brasco would quarter the field with noses down; striking a scent a peculiar yelp would summon Major, who, as with the muskrats, was the boss digger, and he would go to work most eagerly, undeterred by the fact that he never got any mouse, for they fell victims to Quail and Brasco, and were evidently enjoyed.

So you see I've had one outing this year, and have revelled in pine odor, ozone and sunshine, and throughout all have been the happy recipient of the far-famed and well-known Virginian hospitality, which needs no description at this late day. Not all sunshine though. One morning, I think it was the last day of March or first of April, we awoke to a new sensation, the ground was white with snow, and mingled with the peach and apple blossoms were icicles—a pretty sight but not a welcome one. That day the northeaster kept us housed. I had the day before received a copy of "Nessmuk's" "Forest Runes," and while the ladies sewed I read aloud, first selecting by title, then after a narrow escape from running on a snag at "Elaine," saved only by a skillful sheer and sternboard, making reconnoissance before wading in, and we thoroughly enjoyed the rain.

I heightened their enjoyment as well as my own by a graphic description of the author and of my first meeting with him at the Forge House, First Lake, Fulton Chain, which, epitomized, may be thus rendered: *I*—"Take a seat." *He*—"Thank you," and sits down in my other chair. Five minutes after he had deserted it, and with an apology, when noticed, was most uncomfortably, I thought when I tried it, squatted and seated on his heels. On this trip I became familiar with that little hatchet, buckskin bag with ten bullets, muzzleloading rifle, ditty bag, and umbrella tent, all of which, when encountered in his camping-out instructions, were recognized as old friends.

On this occasion the jolly old fellow failed to appreciate my real character, for he certainly thought he was paying me a great compliment (which is true) as well as doing me a great favor by offering to me the use, when I wished it, of the Sairey Gamp, a boat which I felt sure would have drowned me off hand. He meant well all the same.

PISECO.

IN GEORGIA FORESTS.

THE very extensive pine country in Georgia between the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers is but sparsely settled; here and there, often at the distance of some miles, one finds a little clearing in this great forest. At this season (late in February) the scattered settlers set fire to the thick mat of brown and withered wire grass which covers the surface of the earth beneath the boughs of the lofty pines, which here frequently attain a height of 100ft. and upward, while their circumference 4ft. above the ground not unfrequently exceeds 11ft., as we ascertained by actual measurement. These forest fires do no harm to the pine trees which are sound, but those from which the turpentine has been removed by the ordinary plan of cutting a hole in the side of the tree, into which the turpentine descends and is gathered, are attacked by the flames from the burning grass and frequently completely destroyed. The surface of the ground among the pines, while gently undulating, is perfectly smooth, and the trees are so far apart that one can ride among them on horseback or even in a wagon. It is necessary, however, for the horseman to have an eye to the "gopher" holes, which are found in very many places in the light sandy soil from which the pines spring. These holes are large, and a horse putting his foot into one would be very apt to throw his rider over his head. The "gopher" is a variety of land turtle which remains in its hole dormant during the winter. Although running brooks and springs are rare in this pine country, one meets here and there with little pond holes whose shores are fringed with rank vegetation. In one of these we noticed a number of soft-shelled turtles.

After having left the highway we made our way with a wagon and pair of horses through the woods of Early, Miller and Decatur counties by private roads, if roads they may be called, which lead from one little clearing to another, and I am sure that I could not by any means find the same way back over the twenty or more tracks which we followed. Our way was ascertained by inquiry of the inmates of the scattered houses which we passed. Around or near almost every one of these lonely habitations clustered peach trees now in full bloom, while clumps of plum trees, covered with white blossoms, were nearly as abundant. Here and there in front of these log cottages stood a beautiful magnolia; one we saw was more than 30ft. in height. Or there might be a tall rose bush, of which we saw a specimen which was more than 12ft. high. In another garden was a huge cactus, whose buds were already preparing to open. The Cherokee rose, now in early bloom, we also met with. The holly, though common in the woods, did not seem to have been a favorite with the people; they made use, however, of evergreens as ornaments around their houses, the live oak occupying a prominent place. Wild flowers had already begun to make their appearance in the forest, especially about clearings or around the shores of ponds, the most prominent among the flowers of the forest were those of the red bud, a shrub, or rather tree, which was now a mass of lilac, the leaves not yet having put forth. About the ponds it often mingled its blossoms with those of the May haw, now in full bloom. This shrub stands in thick

bodies around the pools which are found all through these pine forests. We saw also the very fragrant yellow jessamine, in one case climbing the red bud close up to the white top of the blossom-laden neighboring wild plum, sprinkling the masses of lilac and white with its own yellow and filling all the surrounding air with its delicious fragrance. But with all of its beauty and fragrance the yellow jessamine is poison.

As we rode slowly past these lovely scenes, the balmy air and cloudless blue sky made me feel as if, in my own distant Canadian home, the storms and snows of icy winter must also have given place to the delicious breath of early summer. As if to add another charm to the scene, the blue and red birds frequently made their appearance amid the boughs, the bluebird, whose color is that of cobalt, is the harbinger of the Georgian spring. The redbird seemed to be of the most brilliant purple.

EDWARD JACK.

BAINBRIDGE, Ga., March 4.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVÈRES.

THE long Northern winter is not wholly cheerless nor unrelieved by seasons of pleasant inspiration. There come bright, glorious days, when a walk in the woods and fields is a positive exhilaration, when the melting snow assumes Protean forms of leaf and flower, mosaic and arabesque. Stripped of enshrouding foliage we learn the true meaning of the shrub, the bough, the tree. Sun and wind carve the ice-incrusted rocks and hills into forms of rare beauty. June is a painter; December the grandest and most tireless of sculptors.

It may be that in the dearth of light and color we learn to value more justly the wealth that remains. What sketches in black and white the snowbanks yield after a day of windy turmoil! Surely clinging vine of grape and twining honeysuckle were never clothed with such graceful vesture as that bestowed by the kingly frost; and as we tread the lonely forest aisles the hoarse call of the crow, the scream of the jay or the chirp of the chickadee remind us that our winged friends have not wholly forsaken us.

These are our troubadours, atoning for hoarseness of voice and infrequency of song by that firm constancy which will not permit them to desert in their age and decrepitude the fields and forests which wooed them with the June time's warmth and affluence. Southern airs may be balmier, Southern plains more bright and flower-strewn; they will not be seduced from their allegiance.

The little snowbird is the true moral hero of the feathered clan, extracting sunshine from the darkest day, sweetness from the sourest fate. No stalk of grass so dry and withered but he can find a hidden seed lurking for his delectation; no bramble so forbidding, no weed so bare, but that it furnishes him nourishment and support. His mate is a veritable Ruth in the field of gleaners, eking a rich harvest from the deserted stubble; and the ruby seed caskets of the wild rose, the flower-like berries of the bitter-sweet, furnish a dessert for the hordes of her followers. Drifting like the dead leaves, from which they are scarcely distinguishable before the gale, they form solid encampments upon our lawns, repaying with cheerful twitter the crumbs bestowed upon them.

A noisier suppliant is the chickadee, appealing to our benumbed sympathies with his ceaseless call of complaint. Let us harden our hearts against him, turn a deaf ear to his cajoleries and the laudations of the poets. What though his feet be cold with the storm and his heart a-flutter with forebodings of the fierce butcher bird, who thinks no more of impaling him upon a sharp bough than did the redoubtable Cyclops of spitting the unfortunate comrades of Ulysses. He is an ingrate; he will graciously receive our benefactions and reward our generosity when the spring shall come by picking to pieces the buds of our loveliest roses, our choicest fruit trees, in search of the incipient worm or insect. The chickadee is your true floral critic.

In the sunny mid-day I hear a low drumming among the locust trees. The woodpeckers are at work in the track of the borer. The whir of their wings gives life to the dead boughs, but like the jay they appeal to the eye rather than the ear, and win by silence.

On the bough of the great oak in the pasture near by, are perched the traditional two crows, "as black as black can be," and their hoarse cawing proclaims all manner of approaching evil. The crow is your born pessimist, the prophet of unfaith among the loyal minstrels. Himself is the paragon of fidelity. Would he were less so; faithfulness in an evil nature has its disadvantages. The burr and the wood tick have an adherent constancy with which we would gladly dispense.

The nights lengthen, the cold strengthens. A long-drawn note of onset, and the turmoil in the poultry yard proclaims that the horrid owl is abroad in the land. Sometimes we are wakened from slumber by the unearthly shriek of a viewless and disembodied spirit, and it takes some moments of severe mental discipline to assure us that it is only the cry of the harmless little screech-owl which has disturbed our rest.

As the days grow longer and the field supplies begin to fail, prairie chickens draw nearer human habitations, and the quail, forgetting their timidity, frequent the lawns and barnyards. Their voices, like the fingers of the ordinary musician, are out of practice; they give us no tuneful assurance of "more wet" in store for the submerged lands, nor relate in gossipy phrase the old story of "Bob White's" countless derelictions. They are wholly absorbed in pleasures of the palate, and emerge from their winter's banqueting round, plump and lazy.

The days slip by, and before we are aware April is tapping on the pane with the blushing fingers of the maple boughs. Some misty morning the far-off reverberant "boom" of the prairie chickens announces the advent of spring. Wild geese are flying northward, followed by the vast army of ducks, large and small; mallard, canvas or wood; black, white and mottled. Flocks of pigeons cross the sky, great hawks float with suspicious indifference above the poultry yard. Is that a fleeing patch of sunlight among the evergreens or the breast of a robin? And surely that bit of flying azure can be nothing but our errant bluebird.

Another morning and our doubts are put to rest. We are wakened by a stormy burst of melody from locust, oak and maple. The Trouvères are here, and the blackbirds open the melodic joust with an overture of trumpets and cymbals. The clear flute notes of the meadowlark pierce the chorus; the robin, soft-voiced and gentle, with winning caressing ways, supplicates remembrance; the plover calls from the steaming marshes; a saucy killdeer utters his challenge of defiance; the bluebird is all alive with the ecstasy of his song, and the jubilant warblers long-tarrying, low-flying, add strength and numbers to the harmonic force.

April brightens into May; the woods are white with bloom; the wild plum waves its flag of truce; falling apple blossoms carpet the orchards. One sunny morning as I take my way across the meadow, a saucy bobolink darts up from the willows, his black coat as fresh and shining, his white cravat as neatly adjusted as if he were but just escaped from the hands of his valet. He will not honor me with a nod of recognition, albeit I am assured he has not forgotten our long flirtation of a previous summer. His stare of indifference means, "we meet as strangers;" and take the hint and walk by on the further side. Vanity, however, is still his besetting weakness; he may be distant in demeanor, but I must not forswear my allegiance. As I pass on my way a strain of seductive music bursts on the air, so wild, so sweet, so thrilling, that the tears come unbidden to my eyes, and buried in the crowding memories of far away springtimes, I forgive him his coquetries.

The garden is in its glory; we are luxuriating in the thought of ripening berries, when one morning *pater familias* complains of the depredators among the pea vines. We have not far to look for the miscreant, whose lair is in the gnarled apple tree. His hanging nest swings to and fro in the breeze, and his flame-red plumage shines like a torch among the green leaves, while he pours forth an aria rapturously exultant. Prey upon our borders as you will, Sir Oriole! Take your pick of our choicest esculents, our daintiest fruits; only repay us now and then with song that makes us forget our toil and care, that runs like a tiny golden thread through the warp and woof of our dull material lives.

The South has its mockingbird, the prince of the Trouvères; yet not to be despised or overlooked is its Northern cousin, the brown thrush, who has a leafy perch among our maples, and drives the lesser singers to distraction by his faultless execution. Who can tell what wild jealousies, fierce contests and mad revenges are inspired by thine dulcet strains? True minstrel that he is, only to the inspiration of the master passion will his muse respond.

The langorous midsummer is at hand. The quail pipes softly in the stubble. In the quiet afternoons we hear the wood dove's melancholy complaint from the forest's deep recesses. The harvest moon builds a bridge of gold across the lake. Crickets chirp a shrill reminder of time's fleetness, and the whippoorwill, never forgetful, never to be consoled, bemoans its loss through the solemn twilight.

Swiftly the days pass by. Golden rod and aster bloom where but a few weeks since the wild rose showered its petals. The oaks turn scarlet, the maples crimson and gold. A strong wind smites the forest and it reels leafless and shivering in its desolation. The skies darken; there is a whir of wings, lone bugle calls from solitary trees, grand battle marches from the hosts encamped among the orchards and groves. The wild goose sounds the retreat. Fainter and further sound the echoes. The last note dies in the distance and our Trouvères have departed. Oh, balmy Southland, give them a grateful welcome!

SARAH D. HOBART.

WISCONSIN.

MIGRATION OF THE FOX SPARROW.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of April 23, 1885, Prof. Charles Linden, of Buffalo, reported "the capture of the first fox sparrow taken on the spring migration." On May 7, of the same year, I reported my observation to be right the reverse, never having seen but one specimen during the fall migration, but always seeing them in the spring. In 1886 I began to have my doubts about making my usual observations, but early on the morning of April 26 I saw one under circumstances that relieved me of all doubt. My attention was called to a bird sitting on the very top of a maple tree in front of my house. Securing my field glass I had a good view of him from an upper window; it was a fox sparrow, and he was enjoying a morning song. I had never before seen one in the act of singing, nor so late in the season, my last observation in 1885 being April 25. After he had finished his song he dropped to the lower branches of the trees on the opposite side of the street. I went out and followed him for some distance as he flew from tree to tree, always keeping a good distance between us.

A week ago last Tuesday (April 19) I started out about 4 o'clock P. M., and, as usual, took the light collecting gun with me, little expecting to use it, as I am not shooting as many birds as formerly. About five minutes walk from my house I came to some evergreens that inclose two sides of an apple orchard, and when within a few rods of them I saw a fox sparrow alight in an apple tree standing against the evergreens. My first thought on seeing it was of my promise of May 7, 1885, through the FOREST AND STREAM, to send the first specimen that I secured on the spring migration to Prof. Linden; and *Passerella iliaca* seemed to divine my thoughts as he kept a good gunshot distance from me; going from one apple tree to another until he came to the corner, when he went into the evergreens, and that was his fatal mistake, as his bright russet coat showed to better advantage against the dark green foliage, and the next moment it lay in my hand. After properly packing it away I returned toward where I first saw it, and on looking through the evergreens I saw another sitting in an apple tree not 25ft. away, and while watching it through my field glass another came into the same tree, and then two others. I watched them for some time and then walked a few rods away and went through the evergreens and approached them from that side, and in the next tree there were three more, making seven in the two trees, and with the one I had secured eight fox sparrows in the flock. I had never before seen more than a single one at a time, and can account for there being so many together only that there was a cold northeast wind, and the sun shining on the west side of the evergreens protected them from it. There was one much better specimen than the one I had secured, but I did not care to kill more of them, although I could have secured two at a single shot had I wished to do so. The specimen secured was duly forwarded to Prof. Linden that evening, and I have received a very interesting letter from him in regard to his observation of the species, and also of his receiving a specimen of the evening grosbeak, secured at Brant, within thirty miles of Buffalo, which I trust he will duly report to the FOREST AND STREAM.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, Niagara County, N. Y.

MONGREL OR HYBRID GEESE.

A CORRESPONDENT in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM expresses a good deal of interest in the question as to whether certain domesticated wild geese will cross with the common tame variety. Permit me to hazard the prediction that there will be no special trouble on that score if the birds are properly mated. But it seems hardly correct to speak of the progeny of such a union as "hybrids." More correctly, would they not be "mongrels" instead? A hybrid is a mongrel, but a mongrel is not necessarily a hybrid. Webster, it is true, does not exactly bear out this distinction, but then he is in the habit of blurring some of the finer shades of meaning that ought to exist between similar words in the English language. A mongrel might be said to be of mixed or impure blood, the offspring of two different strains of the same species; a hybrid would be the resulting product of a cross between two birds or animals of different species. The progeny of a bulldog and a shepherd would be a mongrel; the progeny of a hound and a wolf would be a hybrid. What do the breeders say to this distinction?

JAY BEBEE.

TOLEDO, O., April 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have kept wild geese for the last fourteen years. Last year a pair of them mated and bred three, which I have. The old couple have bred again this year, having commenced incubating April 17. The gander of the pair never mated, but bred with a China goose (or swan), a wild goose and a large roven duck, all in the same season; but, as I said, did not mate with any nor show any attachment, as he did last season and does now for his mate. The China goose raised from this wild gander seven young. I kept them two years, but they showed no signs of breeding, and as the ganders were the most vicious birds I ever had about me, I killed them for the table.

M. M. BENSCHOTER.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O., April 19.

CATS AFIELD.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., April 11.—I suppose snake-catching cats are common enough, but one never came under my personal observation until the other day. My daughter, walking in the woods near the house, saw one of our cats, a pet male Maltese, playing with a snake some 18in. long. After killing it the cat ate a mouthful or two, and then, running up the bank, put his head and shoulders into a hole and tugged away quite awhile until he drew out by the tail another snake, about 2ft. long, which he proceeded to bite and play with. Just then a mastiff puppy ran up to see what was going on and stopped the performance. So I cannot say whether the snake would have been eaten or not. The cat must have hunted these snakes either from fondness for the sport or because he liked the flavor of snake, for he is well fed and has a large preserve of rats much nearer.

J. W. ALSOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

FOREST AND STREAM has for many years done laborious and intelligent work to develop and elevate the dog family, with its many varieties, so essential to the welfare of mankind; but never a word has been said for the cat. From the sportsman's outlook she is classed with the vermin that destroy his pet game, and the word goes forth, "Shoot her on the spot whenever found afield." The cat's pedigree is never mentioned. Where she goes at night, on the housetop or over the fields, no one knows and no one cares; but the little kittens are found around the hearthstone in their season all the same. The breed continues to thrive without the aid of man, and unnoticed rats and mice by the tens of thousands are killed by her annually, a quail or perhaps a canary bird occasionally. I have always had a fondness for cats, and among the many heroes of the hosts I send you a photograph of the little Maltese cat Lucy, now in her sixth year, the mother of seventy-seven kittens, and with good prospects for another "brood" within a few days. Throughout all these long and trying years of motherhood Lucy has lived in a surrounding infested with rats and mice, but none of this vermin has ever annoyed the house she lives in.

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O., March 26.

FOOD OF HAWKS AND OWLS.—Agawam, Mass.—The night herons or "quaks" are coming in increased numbers this spring. There was formerly a large heronry near here, but it was broken up by the feather butchers, and the herons almost entirely disappeared, but they seem to be returning. These, with an occasional blue heron and eagle, show that the wild life is not extinct yet. I was much interested in the discussion of the food of owls and hawks. In the town of Hatfield, from the nest of a pair of large hooting owls, in the month of April, several years ago, two young owls about one-third grown were taken. There was in the nest parts of two muskrats and a wild duck. An old trapper resident here once told me that one morning, in the month of February, tracking a skunk on snow that had fallen the evening previous, he found the body of the skunk in open ground, with head split open and carcass partly eaten, and no signs of a death struggle, but on looking closer he saw a single track of a large owl close beside the body of the skunk, proving the bird powerful enough to kill so large an animal as Sir Mephitis with a single blow of beak or claws. We are in the midst of one of the worst snowstorms of the season, and yet last week a couple of fresh laid hawk eggs were found in a nest near here.—PINE TREE.

SWALLOWS IN MAINE.—Portland, Me., April 26.—Saw swallows here April 21, which is two to three weeks earlier than they generally arrive.—H. F. F.

ANOTHER THREE-ANTLERED BUCK.—Pinned up in my office is an illustration, taken from FOREST AND STREAM, of the horns of the "Old Hemlock Buck," which sported three horns, a very rare number. Knowing that a head was owned by Charles Richardson, of Rogersfield, which had a third horn, I got permission to take measurements, which I send you: Horns, proper shape and curve, 20in. long from base to tip, 5in. in circumference 2in. from skull; extreme width between horns, 17in. One horn has five antlers and the other three. The third horn is 2¼in. from the base of each horn, in the center of the forehead, directly between the upper half of its eyes, pointing directly in front. Length of horn 3in. from frontal bone. Does with horns have been killed here, but this is the only buck with three. The ice is 2ft. thick and people are catching plenty of "shad" weighing from 1 to 5lbs. Deer are plenty and come to the shore of the lake near the house, and occasionally one is driven across the lake by dogs.—R. M. SHUTTS (Indian Point, N. Y.).

DO SQUIRRELS HIBERNATE?—From what I have observed I think the striped squirrel is the only one that hibernates in New England. The red squirrel and the gray can be seen about any day through our long winter foraging for rations; but who ever saw the striped squirrel or chipmunk in the winter? When he does show himself the old folks say: "Spring has surely come." I dug one of these fellows out of his nest once and he had at that time about a peck of beechnuts in his underground home. While chopping wood I found a nest of young gray squirrels; snow was on the ground (April 9), and the weather was anything but warm. They were not many days old as their eyes were not open. I tried to raise them on "spoon victuals," as I had done with red ones, but failed, owing, as I thought, to cold weather. Will some one tell us if it is common for them to breed so early? —SOUTH SHORE (Massachusetts).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

REMINISCENCES OF HAVRE DE GRACE.

IT has been my good fortune, during many years of travel and exploration, both in this country and abroad, to visit many quaint and curious places, and not the least interesting of these is the city of Havre de Grace, Maryland, famous for duck shooting, and, more especially, for its canvasbacks. Although for all practical purposes, and in point of population, a mere village, Havre de Grace, like its more populous and important namesake in France, boasts a mayor and a city charter; its inhabitants are not, therefore, villagers, but "city" people—appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

But whether viewed in the light of village or city, certain it is that Havre de Grace is a most interesting place to visit at all times of the year, but especially in the gunning and fishing season. Although the city is located on a trunk line of railway, forming a great link in the all-rail connections southward, viz., on the P. W. & B. R. R., about half way between Baltimore and Wilmington, it is a curious fact that by far the greater number of its inhabitants have never been beyond the boundaries of their native place, and those few who have seen something of the outer world have, with few exceptions, extended their explorations no further than Baltimore, or Philadelphia at the furthest. The latter city is the great market for Havre de Grace; the gunners and fishermen ship all their ducks and shad to the Quaker City, and always command good prices. During the season some few stray invoices go to Baltimore and Washington, but little or nothing to New York, which draws its supplies from elsewhere.

In the spring and summer Havre de Grace is a most charming place, with its abundance of shade trees, velvety lawns and any quantity of flowers. Owing to the humidity of the climate, vegetation of all kinds flourishes, and roses especially grow in great abundance and attain the greatest perfection. I know of only one other place in the United States (Cambridge, Md.) where roses grow to such perfection in the open air as at Havre de Grace.

It is not flowers, however, but wild ducks, that have conferred upon Havre de Grace the distinction which it enjoys among sportsmen. Canvasbacks, mallards, redheads, broadbills (or blackheads), teal, greasers, bluewings and almost any other species of ducks are found here in the greatest abundance (that is, early in the season), and of greater weight and better quality than elsewhere. The gourmets of the City of Brotherly Love fully appreciate this, and buy up every duck shot by the professional gunners at Havre de Grace. These professional gunners (and the majority of the male inhabitants follow gunning for a living from October till April, and then take to fishing from April till October) are expert shots, although I fear that some of them are still given to the use of "great guns" on the sly—at least, when I was there last March, toward the close of the season, often in the stillness of the night I heard what sounded wonderfully like the report of a boat gun away down on the flats of the Susquehanna. When I spoke of it in the morning, my host winked his eye and said it was probably a heavily loaded train running across the bridge to Perryville; but I have traveled too much not to know the difference between a loaded gun and a loaded train. Too thin!

Be this as it may, I never saw any of these "big" guns while I was there, except in a photograph, and never heard them spoken of except in a derogatory manner. Certain it is, that by far the majority of the gunners shoot their ducks in an able and sportsmanlike manner, with 10-gauge guns, 4drs. of powder, and 1oz. No. 4 shot. That is the regulation charge. Chokebores are not in favor, as they shoot too close at the 35yd. range, which is the usual range for killing ducks from the sinkboxes. I found most of the gunners using double-barreled breechloaders of English make, with cylinder barrels, but those fellows will shoot well with any sort of a gun, and put the sports, with their expensive Scott and Greener hammerless, to shame. "It is not the gun near so much as the man the hitting depends on," as Mr. George Day said to me when we were discussing the "sports," and what Mr. Day doesn't know about ducks, and gunning for them, isn't worth knowing. He is conceded to be an authority on that subject by every man, woman and child in Havre de Grace, and his advice is sought (and, I may add, freely given) by every "sport" who comes there.

Havre de Grace folk never call amateur gunners by their right appellation of "sportsmen"; no, "sports" is the abbreviated and euphonious title by which this class of gentry is known there, and these "sports" add not a little to the material welfare of the place. They nearly all come from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, very frequently in their own luxuriously furnished yachts, and, as a class, they are liberal both with money and whisky. And as Havre de Grace is a "local option" place, the import of this last-named feature of the sports' liberality may readily be imagined.

All the duck shooting at Havre de Grace (ignoring the problematical existence of big guns) is done from sinkboxes, and that style of shooting requires considerable practice, as I know from experience, before one gets his hand in. To lie for several successive hours flat on your back in a tin coffin, sunk beneath the water, with the wings just even with the surface, is somewhat trying to the novice who shoots from a sinkbox for the first time. Bushwhacking or blind shooting is much less fatiguing. But, as with everything else, one gets accustomed to it, and, when the ducks decoy well, soon forgets incipient rheumatism and sore limbs. But when, as sometimes happens, the ducks, for some occult reason, will not decoy, then the position in a sinkbox, with the water just above the freezing point, is apt to become tiresome. I know that I grew very tired and cold and sore, and longed to get on shore to the flesh pots and warm fire of my kind host.

I found one double-barreled gun (a Remington No. 10, left barrel full choke, right barrel modified cylinder, made to order, A No. 1) as much as I could manage, but the native gunners always take two guns with them in the box, and rarely miss a bird for each barrel. If Mr. Day or Will Pennington is in the box, with two guns, four ducks decoying toward that box is four dead ducks, sure. Piff, paff, puff, bang! four shots in quick succession, and four ducks as dead as door nails, that is the way they do business. I have seen them do it, and tried to do it myself; but, somehow or other, I always got that second gun in too late. I could work the first two barrels all right on an incomer and a cross flyer, or on two cross flyers for that matter, but that second gun was too slow, and taught me how wonderfully fast a duck, when he is mad or scared, can fly. A locomotive on a down grade is nothing to it.

With good gunners, whether these be native or "sports," the habit is to use, at least, two sets of decoys, anchored at a distance of about 35 to 40yds. from the box; one set being anchored in front of the box and the other to the right or left of the same, according to the disposition of the boxes of the other sports or gunners. Where a "double box" is used, that is to say, two boxes combined in one float adapted for the use of two gunners, a third set of decoys is used, so that the box will have one set to the left, one straight in front, and one to the right, all anchored at a distance of between 30 and 40yds. I have had no experience in a "double" box, but I can readily imagine that shooting from that kind of a box must be a difficult affair, for the simple reason that the occupants of the two "coffins" in the box sometimes must shoot at cross purposes. Even from a single box, and with all the advantages in one's favor, shooting ducks from a sinkbox is no easy matter and requires a good deal of practice and experience before a sport will be apt to achieve any degree of success.

It is not for me to say what degree of success I met with, suffice it to say, that I did probably as well as most amateur gunners who come to Havre de Grace for sport. Based upon experience, however, I should advise sportsmen to come early in the season, because in February and March the ducks fly wild, on account of the incessant gunning, and it is very much harder to make a good bag of game in March than in November or December. While I was at Havre de Grace last March comparatively few sportsmen of any consequence were there, most having left earlier in the season; I was pleased, however, to see there the good sloop Reckless, belonging in Philadelphia, the owners and captain of which are well and most favorable known at Havre de Grace.

For the information of those who desire to try their luck at Havre de Grace, it may be well to state a few facts relating to the conditions on which professionals are willing to take out amateur gunners for sport. I, for myself and friends, was fortunate enough to have friends there who were glad to give us all the sport we wanted for nothing; but the case is very different with recognized "sports" who come from New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore, and are supposed to have a pocketful of money. To quote from the "Mikado," "it all depends, you know." If a man comes there dressed in a fashionable hunting suit, with two or three hammerless guns of latest pattern, the chances are that he will be "taken in" as a sport and imposed upon accordingly. But if a true sportsman goes there without putting on any style, he will meet with generous and warm-hearted people with whom he will soon make friends. And a more congenial, whole-souled and liberal-minded class of people than I met at Havre de Grace I have never met in the world, and I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean nine times.

If any of the readers of this article should ever desire to try either duck shooting or fishing at Havre de Grace, I should advise them to communicate with my genial host, Captain Henry O'Neill, the keeper of the lighthouse at Havre de Grace; or else with my esteemed friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. George Day, already referred to in this article. As I once stated, what Mr. Day does not know about ducks, and the secrets and arts of shooting them, is not worth knowing. He could have taught Audubon the true habits and classifications of the numerous species of ducks which frequent the Susquehanna and the Chesapeake.

In conclusion, I would advise every true lover of sport who goes to Havre de Grace to cultivate a friendly and social relation with the charming men and women of that place, and by doing so I may safely venture to assure them of a most pleasant time during their sojourn at that quaint and curious old place. LOUIS BAGGER.

MERIDEN, Conn.—The Parker Gun Club, on motion of J. F. Ives, has offered a reward of $25 for evidence that will convict any person of violating the game laws of this State.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, April 22, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago Capt. Harris, acting superintendent of the Park, learned that a party living at Norris was engaged in hunting and trapping for furs. He immediately set to work to effect their arrest. Temporarily disabling the telephone wire between this point and Norris, which had recently been repaired, he cut off all chance of their being warned in time to hide any evidence of their guilt. Securing the services of Ed Wilson, one of the ex-assistant superintendents, the Captain started him out on the night of the 20th, with two soldiers, Sergeant Swain and one private. They traveled on snowshoes. Arriving at the Gibbon, without making their presence known, they followed up different trails and secured the traps set for the capture of beaver and other fur-bearing animals. They then arrested the parties, James and A. Kelly. James is one of the freighters snowed in at Norris with his teams. The other, Con Sheehan, left the Park in March, taking his horses out on the crust. In James's possession they found beaver and otter furs. After arresting him they took possession of his horses, harness, sleds, rifle, gun, traps, and all property belonging to him. Kelly, who is in charge of the hotel at Norris, was placed under arrest. To what extent he is implicated I could not learn. Leaving the soldier in charge they returned to the Hot Springs with James as a prisoner. He was turned over to Captain Harris.

It appears that James, on his last trip over the Grand Cañon, where he was engaged in hauling lumber, killed three elk. This was some time in January. The snow getting too deep for the teams to work, he put in some of his time hunting small game and trapping.

It is reported that other parties are implicated in the killing of game. Who they are and what the extent of their depredations your correspondent has not learned. This arrest is the first one this season and shows that Captain Harris is doing everything possible to suppress all hunting or trapping in the Park. What action will be taken in the James case is not known, at least his property will be confiscated.

Captain C. B. Sears, the engineer in charge of improvements in the Park, has appointed Mr. Al Lamartine as superintendent of work on roads and bridges. Mr. Lamartine has been in charge of working crews in the Park for years constructing new roads under the direction of Capt. D. C. Kingman. There is $4,000 of last year's appropriation unexpended. This will be used in putting the roads in repair, removing fallen timber and rocks, and re-decking the bridges across Gardiner River. The heavy travel over this part of the road has cut it up and worn the bridge planks very thin, rendering them dangerous.

The $20,000 appropriated for this year's work is not available until July 1. This will be used in finishing the road from Norris to the Grand Cañon, making better roads from beyond Golden Gate to Willow Park, and along Gibbon River, the old road in these places being rough and narrow. They will be replaced by well graded roads thirty feet wide. It is thought no new roads will be opened this season. A good trail may be made over Mt. Washburne, following the old trail up the north side to the summit, then making a new trail from there down on the south side of the mountain to the east or Cañon trail, joining that in an open meadow at the foot of the mountain. This route, if opened up, will give parties who desire to ride over it all the advantages of the trail along the edge of the Grand Cañon for some four miles or more, then the advantage of a ride to the summit of the mountain, from which, on a clear day, can be seen the Yellowstone Lake, steam from the Geyser Basins the Grand Tetons, and hundreds of other peaks and mountains. This point gives one an unbroken horizon or about twenty miles in every direction, some of the peaks in the Madison range being the first to obstruct the view. The construction of this road will depend on the approval of Captain Sears.

Part of one of the bands of antelope that wintered on Mt. Evarts—about twenty—can be seen almost every day from the town of Gardiner, which is within a few feet of the Park line. The antelope come down on the hillsides and flats to feed on the fresh green grass, often within less than a mile of the town. The inhabitants often stand in their doors and watch them with glasses.

Several small bands of blacktail deer have been seen on their way to their summer range in the Park.

I saw one band of mountain sheep several times, each time a little nearer to the great national game preserve, where they can live, have their young, grow fat and enjoy life until forced out by deep snows.

We are having our spring snows now, making it very unpleasant for those who have to be out in them. They wet one through in a short time if not well clad; they come up very suddenly and sometimes last but a few minutes, at others developing into a blizzard which kills off many poor and weak animals of all kinds. Elk and other game that have struggled through a very severe winter will often die soon after one of these cold spring storms. Getting a little green grass in the spring weakens the very poor ones so much that they can stand but little more exposure.

The game has moved but little lately, except to go a little lower for the fresh grass.

We hear of no young animals among the game as yet. I hope soon to be out where they are to watch their movements. H.

THE OLD WIDOW.—There is being exhibited in Henry C. Squires's window at 178 Broadway, the remarkable gun called "the Old Widow," which has been in constant use by Dr. Carver for the last ten years and he claims to have shot it 500,000 times without repairs or miss-fire. It is a hammerless Greener, and notwithstanding its unparalleled service is now in good condition. Carver shot it at Crystal Palace, London, in 1879, and used it every day for four months in his exhibitions; he shot it before the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Leopold, the Emperor and Crown Prince of Germany, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and others of the crowned heads of Europe. He won with it 207 consecutive matches in England, France and Germany, and on his return to the United States, defeated Bogardus in twenty-two matches. Mr. Squires informs us that "the Old Widow" is to be exhibited in every large city in Europe. It is well worth while taking the time to see one of the most remarkable guns in the word.

A TRIP TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THOUGH I may be "giving away," in this article, the knowledge of as good shooting grounds as may be found in America, still I am only doing what every true sportsman ought to do for another, where recuperation of strength is to be combined with good hunting.

With my noble dog Dan I boarded the train on the first Monday in October, 1886, bound for Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, N. Y. I was accompanied by my kind and congenial friend, the crack wing shot of Ulster county, Mr. John H. Decker, assistant superintendent of the Ulster & Delaware Railroad. He had with him his dog Fly, over whose head many a game bird had been killed. As we passed through a part of the State new to us, now and then my companion would call out to me, "There is a good woodcock ground, or here is a good quail field," thus breaking the monotony of the ride. Arrived at Whitehall we repaired to the Yule House, a commodious hostelry, within a stone's throw of the lake. We found mine host a jolly, well preserved man of sixty years, who had spent the greater part of his life commanding one of the fleetest steamers on the lake, and now retired in "dry dock," as it were, but not to decay, nor too old to keep a hotel.

Upon inquiry of our skipper landlord, where suitable guides could be obtained, he at once recommended the Blanchard family, father and three sons, Mose, Edward and Jack, who by hunting, fishing and acting as guides for many years, had gained an experience which made them specially desirable. We sent for Mose and Jack and Mr. Decker and I repaired to the smoking room to look them over. Mose Blanchard, the eldest, was apparently about thirty-eight years of age, standing 5ft. 10in., medium weight, wiry, strong frame, as if peculiarly fitted for his calling; his countenance was rather pleasing; an unmistakable French nose bespoke plainly his descent. Jack, about thirty-five years old, at first inspection, appeared to be, in my opinion, the ideal of a woodsman and guide. Though not quite so tall or stout as his brother his compactly built frame and sinewy muscles showed him to be a most formidable antagonist if once aroused. His dress was of the typical frontiersman or "Buffalo Bill" style—a black broad-brimmed slouch hat, left side turned up, rested carelessly on one side of his head, coal black locks fell in clustering curls about his neck. His eyes were those deep, keen, jet black, which bespoke the fearlessness of the man; also warned one not to trifle or presume too far on the good nature of the owner. His forehead square, full height and nose like his brother's, was the only resemblance between them; mouth and chin expressed firmness and strong will. His moustache was waxed and pointed, à la Frenchman. Corduroy breeches were stuck into knee boots. Around his body was a wide leather belt, from which a huntsman's knife projected. A heavy blue blouse hunting shirt open at the front, with black handkerchief, tied like a sailor's, completed the outfit. Altogether he was a character, rare to be found, such as the romance writers of the day would be glad to know. Our inspection resulted in their engagement for the week.

The morning came, and with it a severe storm which awoke me by the rain beating against the window panes. It looked dubious indeed. At 1 o'clock, however, the clouds broke away, revealing here and there patches of blue sky, assuring us the storm was over, but the best part of the day gone.

We concluded to make a short trip along the large creek which flows from the Vermont side and empties into the great lake near the hotel. At a point which gave evidence of game, we had scarcely got under cover before we heard the sharp call of Mr. Decker to mark, followed by the ringing report of his hammerless, and a fine plump partridge came down. Dog Fly soon came proudly forward, bearing the bird in his mouth. First blood for Decker. At the call to mark the mate down, I saw the bird come flying out of the reach of my gun and located his landing. Dan was working in that direction, and in a little while he hauled up, made a most beautiful point, and stood like a statue—as pretty a picture as any hunter could wish to see. I called to Jack to look sharp and be on the watch if I should miss her. Dan was ordered to put her up. Fortunately, for me, the bird took a straight drive through a small opening. Quickly bringing to bear on her, I let go my right choke and brought her down nicely and Dan brought her in. These points exhibited by Dan and Fly greatly pleased Jack and Mose.

While working our way along the creek a single bluebill came flying over our heads at a fair shooting distance, but speeding like the wind. Mr. Decker drew right on her, carefully calculating the distance and speed of the bird, and in response to the call of 1½oz. of No. 4 shot the duck came down. This was a fine shot, and caused the guides to think they would have to look out for their laurels at the end of the week. This shot scored one against me.

We were now coming upon a low swale, marshy ground, which our guides said was good feeding grounds for woodcock. We divided into twos, working either side, while the dogs covered the low lands. We had not far to proceed before both dogs halted and stood on separate birds, Dan sending his to the left, where Jack and I were standing a few rods apart, while Fly flushed his bird, sending her within reach of Mr. Decker. It was a left-quarter shot for me, and I missed, but Jack stopped her and Dan retrieved. Of course Mr. Decker got his bird, although it was a long-range and right-quarter shot.

Mose, who had done but little, if any, of the shooting thus far, now left us to reconnoiter for gray squirrels in a large primeval forest near by, while we continued on the woodcock grounds, from which we gathered a fine bag full. In an hour and a half Mose returned from his lone hunt with seven large gray squirrels, and he told us that he could see gray squirrels running in all directions. They were so plenty that we could have loaded our wagon with them had we devoted time to them, but we preferred the game birds, and concluded to leave the squirrels to the "pokers." Darkness coming on, and five miles from home, tired, hungry and wet from the morning rains, we entered our vehicle, while Dan and Fly trotted along in our wake. Our road lay along the creek. On either side were patches of wood. Missing the dogs, we halted just in time to hear Dan give a short, sharp yelp. I knew what that meant, as on former occasions Dan had exhibited the same trait when he had flushed a partridge to a tree; so I said, "Get out, boys, and unlimber, game there sure." It was now so dark that we could not see the dogs in the woods. But Jack located the bark of Dan, and, proceeding cautiously in that direction, came to a small hemlock tree, where he found Dan and Fly both pointing to limbs of the tree. Peeping up he saw the bird standing out in bold relief against the starry sky. It soon came down to the call of Jack's gun. This making the total for the day seven woodcock, four partridges, one duck and seven gray squirrels, all taken in less than to hours actual hunting time.

The morning was bright and clear, with cold, frosty, nipping air—just the morning for hunting. It had been decided the evening before that we should spend this day in snipe shooting, to be followed by duck shooting in the evening, as the ducks came to the feeding grounds. Two boats were in readiness at 8 o'clock; our guides had also provided fishing tackle. Jack and I took one boat, Mr. Decker and Mose the other. Pickerel and bass were said to be plenty in the lake, and in the season it was no trick (we were told) to catch 75lbs. of pickerel in a few hours.

The snipe grounds were five miles up the lake, and there was good fishing all the way up. We expected no little sport. After getting out of the noise of the paddle wheels of the steamers we come to an historical point called Old Put's Leap (so informed by Jack). It is a rocky promontory, rising perpendicularly 20ft. out of the water. The water at its base is 30ft. deep. The lake is here very narrow, not more than 200yds. across; a low marshy ground on the opposite side, with rocky, broken bridle path, giving access to Vermont. Resting on his oars Jack related to me this story. I will not attempt to give Jack's vernacular.

Old Put (General Israel Putnam) was an Indian hater and had caused the death of many a redskin. The Indians feared him greatly, believing him to bear a charmed life, for he invariably escaped from the traps set for him. It was their desire to capture Old Put alive and to satiate their fiendish revenge by the torture of the stake. Old Put, aware of this, doubled his watchfulness; and many a hairbreadth escape he had, but none so narrow as this of "Put's Leap." Once, while making his way unattended from where Whitehall now stands to Ticonderoga or to Western Vermont, he came upon an ambuscade of a dozen Indians or more. The Indians were aware of Old Put's movements, and had prepared the ambuscade with the avowed intention to capture him alive and carry out their long-wished-for devilish scheme of burning him at the stake. With exultant, fiendish yells they closed upon him. But Put being mounted on a very fleet horse, gave him the spurs and sped for his life, sending a bullet crashing through the brain of the nearest Indian. He put directly for this rocky promontory, which seemed his only escape. Arrows whizzed past his head. The whole pack of howling redskins gave chase, believing there was no possible chance for escape in the direction he had taken. But Old Put's scalp was not to be taken yet. Going at headlong speed, with the yelling fiends close behind, he halted within a few feet of the edge of the cliff, looked back at the pursuing red devils, gave a yell of defiance, struck his rowels deep into his horse's flanks and sprang headlong from the cliff, landing full 20ft. from the rocky base, swam to the opposite shore and was ascending the bank when the Indians came up. They halted at the edge of the cliff in astonishment, viewed the mighty leap a moment, gave a grunt of disappointment, saying, "Pale face make mighty big jump," and left in disgust.

I gave Jack a look of incredulity, but he affirmed that the Government had erected a monument on the rock in commemoration of the event, but had allowed it to go to decay. Enough was left, he said, to convince me, if I would take the trouble to climb the rock and examine for myself. After this I could not doubt Jack's veracity, and adopted his narrative as truth.

During Jack's story we could see Mr. Decker on the opposite side of the lake pulling the pickerel in repeatedly. I quickly threw my spoon and reeled out a hundred feet or more, while Jack was guiding the boat within an oar's length of the grassy edge of the channel. My spoon was spinning finely, making a tempting bait for some lazy fellow. Sure enough, we had not gone many boat lengths before a tremendous big fish struck the hook, and made the reel spin like lightning for a moment before I could check him. My rod bent nearly double now, and Jack called out, "Handle him carefully; he is a big one." He was too large to reel in at once, and I let him get tired before I dared attempt it. Gradually now I began to reel in. He came very stubbornly until I had him within ten feet of the boat, when to my utter dismay he made a plunge nearly his length out of the water, turned in an opposite direction, tore the spoon hooks from his mouth, left part hanging to the barbs—"so near yet so far." Jack, who is all veracity, said, "That fellow was a good five-pounder." We had better luck before we arrived at the snipe grounds. We found the two boats had caught on the way up about 20lbs. of pickerel. We now exchanged the rod for the gun. On the opposite side of the lake was Jack's father, guiding a party. We had heard their guns for some time as they bagged the snipe. Their continued shooting had sent many redlegs over to our side of the lake, and we anticipated fine sport.

The bank of the lake at this point and for many miles up was a very soft mud, with grass which which made it very difficult walking; but, relying on my rubber boots, I soon struck out, Dan following. I had marked a small flock; Dan was working after them and finally stood on them until I could get in fair range.

These snipe, on their first flight, fly a wavy, oscillating motion for many yards, then fly straight, thus by instinct protecting themselves and making it extremely difficult to bring them down. But I know what my Pieper could do and waited till the birds got to their natural flight, when I sent an ounce and a half number ten shot after them and brought down two. I continued bagging them and in an exciting moment did not look careful to my footing, "the bottom fell out" and I was completely mixed in the soft mud. To keep from sinking further I threw myself forward with my gun under my breast, and reaching for a "bog," with great difficulty drew myself out of my boots and left them sticking in the mud. Jack soon came to my relief and assisted me to solid ground a pitiable looking object. I was nearly covered with mud from shoulders to feet. It soon dried, however, when it was easily removed and my clothing returned to its natural color. But the accident had greatly cooled my ardor for any more snipe shooting, I had bagged eight and felt satisfied to spend the remainder of the day on another kind of game.

The railroad ran close to the lake, and here crossed a small culvert which connected a large deep pond with the main lake on the east. Under the culvert was a depth of scarcely 6in. of water and it was not over 4ft. wide. While we were lunching Mr. Decker heard a flopping and splashing under the culvert. Jumping up and stepping to the edge of abutments he peered down and gave an exclamation of surprise and called to us. There, down in the shallow stream under the culvert was a good 5lb. black bass, trying to make a passage from the small lake to the Champlain. Probably he had been chasing minnows into this shallow water and was now trying to make his escape to deeper water. Quickly running down Jack grabbed him and brought him up. He was a perfect beauty, and gave us a nice meal the next morning. Jack thought that there must be a bonanza for him in that pond, where, he said, there were hundreds of fish like this.

It had been decided that the evening should be spent shooting ducks, which came by hundreds from all directions, to certain feeding grounds, about four miles further up the lake. When nearly to the feeding grounds, passing close to the shore, we came upon a camping out party, a board shanty, with small tents about, occupied by half a dozen sportsmen. A peculiar decoration of the shanty attracted our attention. Several different strings ran the whole length of the shanty (14ft.), and on each string, tied an inch or two apart, hung the caudal appendages of hundreds of gray squirrels. When our boat came directly opposite to the party two stalwart fellows came out, bearing between them, on a large pole, the shoot for that day—a bunch of gray squirrels as large as a two-bushel basket. We gave them three cheers and passed on to the feeding grounds, where we arrived at sunset.

This feeding place consisted of a flat with a few inches of water and fly grass covering a diameter of one to three miles. By taking different positions, on the corners of a square, as it were, a few rods apart, we could have better opportunity to bombard the ducks as they came flying over our heads, or near us. Jack and I had waded through mud and grass nearly to the channel, while Mr. Decker and Mose stood opposite to us on the shore. It was fairly dusk now, and already we could hear the whiz and whir of the swift flying mallards. The fusilade opened first with Mr. Decker, then Mose and Jack, followed by both barrels of my gun, in a flock of such length that I had time to slip in another shell and get one more crack on them before they passed by. It was a curious sight now, as eight barrels were continually being discharged as fast, nearly, as one can count. Never before have I witnessed such a gathering of aquatic birds. It seemed that we must be struck down by them, in their swift flight; and at times they flew so low as to cause an involuntary ducking of our heads for fear of being hit. We could hear the ducks fall with a heavy thud, almost after each shot, all around us, some near enough to pick up without moving from our tracks. Their numbers seemed to be untold. Thousands coming from the Adirondacks and northerly part of the lake; and when we left the grounds at 6:30 P. M., they were still coming in as large flocks as ever, and the whir of their wings seemed like the passing of a railroad train. As it was too dark to attempt to find the ducks we had killed, we concluded to go home and return in the morning to gather our harvest. We found six mallards, however, that had fallen near us.

When ready to start home our watches pointed to the hour of ten, and there was an eight mile row before us. It was a beautiful night, clear and starry, the water calm and unruffled. Although we were tired and hungry, the ride was greatly enjoyed. That trip on that calm night completely broke up my hay fever, from which I had been suffering for two months. This region, we found, is very beneficial to hay fever patients. When we arrived at our hotel it was midnight, but our host ordered a hot meal to be in readiness for us, and it need not be said that this was duly appreciated.

The next morning Mr. Decker set out for a visit to Ticonderoga. This broke up our intended return to the scene of the last night's bombardment to gather the many birds that we knew must be lying on the grounds. It was finally arranged that one of the guides should visit the grounds and secure the birds for his own disposal; as it was a sixteen mile row, there and back, the ducks could hardly compensate one for his trouble, even if there should be as many as we anticipated.

The two guides and myself drove to a small lake which lay between the two cultivated hills, with the mountain between it and Lake Champlain for background. Arriving at the southerly side of the lake Mose ascended one of the hills to reconnoiter, while Jack and I passed on to the northerly side. Mose was to give us signals. We had not long to wait before an exclamation from Jack caused me to look up. "Ducks in that pond, sure," said he. "I have got the signal from Mose." I looked in the direction indicated, and sure enough there stood Mose, and though nearly half a mile from us we could distinctly see his signs, made with both arms, a code of signals that these two guides understood and had been working from for years. Jack was all animation now. "Not less than fifty ducks in that lake in sight of Mose. We must follow his signals, and it will not be his fault if he does not bring us within easy gunshot of the whole lot." We set out, Indian fashion, down a ravine, leading up to the lake, screening us from the ducks, but in full sight of Mose, on the hill. A fringe of black alders had grown to a considerable height all along the shore of the lake, which, when once reached, would completely protect us from sight of the ducks, while the motions of Mose could be plainly observed. To reach these black alders we had to crawl on hands and knees, now verging to the right or to the left, as the directions of Mose's signals seemed to indicate. We finally succeeded in reaching the fringe of black alders without being observed by the ducks. Jack now partly raised his head above the alders, when a warning motion to be cautious came from Mose, followed by a signal to pass further on, keeping close behind the alders. We had proceeded to a small point making out into the lake, when cautiously Jack took a peep, and caught the signal from Mose, "Near enough."

My heart had been going pit-a-pat for some time under the restraint, and I was getting extremely nervous. Jack

motioned me to lie flat while he located the ducks. Taking a cautious peep through the alders in the direction indicated by Mose, he saw a sight that caused him to drop as if shot. He whispered that not less than fifty or sixty mallard and black ducks were not over 45yds. away. I slowly rose on one knee, and, peering through the alders, to my delight there opened a sight that brought my nerves steady as iron; within easy range were the big fat fellows ready for the slaughter.

It was agreed between us that I should take the first shot at them on the water and second shot while they were rising, and Jack was to give both barrels on the wing. Cautiously now I rose on one knee again, slowly brought my gun to bear on the thickest gathering, and pulled the left barrel. Seven ducks lay dead, with three flopping on the water. As the flock rose my right barrel tumbled over one more, while Jack brought down five on the wing. We immediately began peppering away at the wounded, until we counted fourteen dead ducks in sight from the bank, while a few more were paddling off through the grass out of the reach of our guns. Our success was due to Mose's intelligent direction, and it remained for him to show on this occasion that he was equal to any emergency. When the question arose, how were we to get the ducks, there being no boat, "I'll get them," said Mose; and suiting the action to the word, immediately stripped and plunged in through miry mud and water and snapping-turtles, which were plenty, until he had retrieved every duck killed. When he came out his limbs were black with leeches, and it took all hands nearly half an hour to remove them. Counting the ducks, we found six mallards and eight black of unusual size.

On arriving at our hotel we arranged our ducks in a showy pile and awaited the return of Mr. Decker. At 5 o'clock he came, soon espied our feathery game, and was astonished at the number and size of the beautiful birds. This day's shoot assured us that we were not going home empty-handed. We concluded to forego the pleasure of spending Saturday hunting deer. We were told that they were quite plenty within six miles of the town, but dogs were not allowed in the chase, consequently our chances were so narrowed that we gave it up.

Friday morning it was decided that the "Old Man" and all his boys, except Jack, should accompany Mr. Decker to a special reserved woodcock ground, while Jack and I should visit the scene of our former triumph and bag a few more ducks. There had been a nipping frost during the night, and the morning seemed peculiarly bracing and healthful. We were soon at the small lake where we had bagged the fourteen ducks the day before. From the bank we discovered five or six big black fellows on the opposite side of the lake. We went through nearly the same maneuvers as when guided by Mose the day before to reach the alders before spoken of. We got within 75yds. of the ducks, but we could get no closer without exposure. There were three very close together, while several were scattered in the grass near by. I concluded to try on the three, while Jack, as usual, was to take the wing shot. He had his doubts whether we could reach them at that distance. I had prepared some shells with 1¼oz. No. 3, and 3¼drs. powder, and with this I gave them the right barrel, and there lay the three, two "stone dead," while the other, in a moment, dropped with life extinct.

Jack had equally as good luck with his first shot; two fell in the water, near the others, while a splendid long-necked fellow was going in full flight on the left quarter. I fired my left barrel, but the duck continued his flight. "Shot a little behind," said Jack. "I'll stop him," and true to his word, brought him down. The dog Dan had accompanied us on this occasion, and unexpectedly after a little coaching retrieved every duck, except a wounded one, observed by Jack to swim to the shore. All our search for it was in vain. There was a large wood on this side of the lake which looked gamy, and we concluded to work through in parallel lines, a few rods apart, to try for partridges. Dan had been working to the left of Jack, in quite thick underbrush, about an eighth of a mile from the lake, when, in response to my call, he did not make his appearance. I knew by this that he must be standing on a bird, but before I got to the underbrush the dog came out, bearing in his mouth the identical big black wounded duck which we had been unable to find. This duck had climbed the sloping banks and waddled through the woods to this point, when caught by Dan. A wing was broken, otherwise it was unhurt. This was a great triumph for Dan, and Jack actually hugged the dog. This made six ducks of the flock numbering less than a dozen.

We continued our work through the woods, and Dan soon sent two partridges to the right of Jack, who quickly stopped one, while my shot on the other brought a few feathers to float softly away, the bird continuing her flight out of sight. I was a little annoyed by this missing shot, and Jack chaffed me considerably about it; but I was even with him before we returned home. We had come on a large grove of young poplars through which a small creek wound its way. On either side of the creek were quite high banks. Dan showed signs of game, finally pointing his birds. Two woodcock put off in different directions. I was in readiness and stopped one, while the other escaped by a miss from Jack. It was my turn to chaff now; but the dog gave Jack another chance on the same bird, when he was more successful.

It was now 4 o'clock P. M., and we were tired out and satisfied with our day's work. On counting the game we found we had six ducks, one partridge and two woodcock, enough to make a respectable show.

On our way to the wagon a beautiful hawk of unusual dimensions came sailing near by, lighting on a fence. Jack put a few shot through its head, hardly ruffling a feather. The bird was so pretty that I ordered it set up by Jack's father, an experienced taxidermist; and at this writing I have only to turn my head to view the bird, life-like, here in my library at home.

Mr. Decker, with "Father" Blanchard and son Edward, had arived home before us. Altogether they had twenty-three woodcock and two partridges. During the day Ed seemed very anxious to bag all the game, and was succeeding in his efforts, until Mr. Decker thought it time to take a hand in or lose his laurels. The dog Fly was working in range of the whole party, when he suddenly stood on a woodcock, making a beautiful point over his left shoulder. Fly was ordered to put up the bird, and before Ed could bring his gun to bear on it Decker, who was some distance away, sent his No. 10 shot after it and brought it down. It being a longer range than the guides were used to, the old man exclaimed, "Splendid shot! Splendid shot!" repeating it several times in his peculiar manner. When the hour came to return home Mr. D. had full his share, and left a record with the guides of best shot on the wing they had met in years.

Saturday morning we started home. Our game had been kept on ice and all were fresh and nice. It required some time to repack them in a large boot box obtained for the purpose. On counting our game for the four and one half days hunting we found 26 black and mallard ducks, 33 woodcock, 10 redleg snipe, 1 red rail, 1 bittern (standing nearly breast high), 10 partridges, 1 hawk, total 82. The week's work had wrought a material physical change in both and this was very noticeable by our own friends. At this writing it is a fixed determinatian with me to duplicate the trip to Champlain the coming season. Our game was distributed among our friends and quickly disposed of. D. C. OVERBAUGH.

KINGSTON, N. Y.

CANADIAN WOODS OUTFIT.

IN moose calling, as the sacking is generally heavy, cut down weight as much possible. The weather being mild at that season I never take a tent, but only a light waterpoof square to make a lean-to in a hurry; but usually I make the men peel spruce or birch bark, with which a sufficient shelter is soon made. I would not use a close tent on any account. Nothing can be more jolly than reclining on the fragrant fir boughs before a roaring hardwood fire, of rock maple for choice; and this luxury cannot be enjoyed in a closed tent. I have my blanket made into a bag, which I find a great improvement. A soft head covering is essential to comfort at night and for general purposes in the woods

The frying pan should have a short handle, with two rings on it large enough to pass a handle of hardwood through; this handle can easily be cut when wanted. The pan is very handy without the long handle generally used. A few dippers, plates, dishes and kettles from the tinsmith, with some forks and spoons complete the cooking outfit, and with some thin rope, two or three axes, varying from 2¼lbs. to 3½lbs. heads are nearly everything requisite, outside the important element of grub. The great difficulty in the grocery outfit is to take sufficient good plain food without running short or burdening oneself with unnecessary weight in the way of luxuries. The following list has stood the test of experience: Pork, beans, tea, canned coffee and milk, dried apples, canned beef, ditto milk, pepper, hardtack, flour, matches, soap, tobacco, ham, codfish or Digby's smoked herring and sugar.

As to rifles, each man will have his own ideas. My preference at present is a double express .45, weighing 9½lbs., charge 110grs. powder, and a 300gr. express bullet. This works well up to 250yds. with a very flat trajectory and great accuracy. This rifle I purchased ten years ago and took to Ceylon, where I proved its power against far more dangerous game than any we have here; if I ever have a rifle built especially for our shooting here it will be a .40 express. A sportsman accustomed to any particular rifle would probably do better with it than by changing it at the last minute for a superior weapon with which he was not so familiar. One of the most successful shots at deer I have ever known shot with an antiquated Spencer repeater, rim fire, and we all know what sort of trajectory that would have. A knife is wanted with good stuff in the blade, which need not be more than four or five inches long, with a plain wooden handle solidly riveted to the tang. No fancy articles, yclept hunting knives, are of much practical value. Never be without knife, matches and compass for any consideration when out of camp, otherwise unpleasant consequences will occur sooner or later. If a shotgun is taken let it be a common gun, as they get awfully knocked about in the woods, and any shooting iron will kill partridge; but when moose calling I recommend as little firing as possible, and only take a small .22 revolver with which many birds can be bagged without disturbing the ground.

In caribou hunting in the winter I take toboggans, a regular lean-to tent made of cotton or light duck, more blankets; and this year I think of trying a fur bag to sleep in, as a few more pounds weight does not so much matter with the greater facilities toboggans offer of carrying camp kit. Our hunting toboggans here are quite different from those represented on Christmas cards, and I believe really used in Quebec. Tbey are on runners and shod with sled steel 2½in. broad, and a good man will haul 100 to 150lbs. if the going is good. C. A. B.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

MACON, Ga., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noted with interest your correspondents' letters on spots in gun barrels, and the difficulty which they seem to have in getting rid of them. My experience is rather limited, having owned but two guns since boyhood, and shot those not exceeding 300 or 400 times a year. Before I became the happy owner of a breechloader, an old sportsman would sometimes gratify my boyish love of guns and shooting by allowing me to accompany him on an afternoon tramp for quail or squirrels. He gave me many valuable lessons on the handling and care of a gun, among them how to prepare an oil that has always kept my guns bright and free from rust spots or pits. I often admired his fine Scott gun that he had shot several years, and the closest inspection would not reveal a spot or blemish on nor in it. Take a pint of neatsfoot oil (the oil extracted from cows' feet by boiling) and put in a shallow vessel (a fry-pan is best) over a slow fire. Let it simmer until there is no longer any scum and it boils clear without bubbles or hissing sound. It is then pure and free from water or salt. While still hot, after taking off the fire, add one ounce of pulverized camphor, stirring briskly until thoroughly dissolved. After shooting I swab out the barrels perfectly clean with hot water and dry them by repeated wipings with soft linen rags, then make a liberal application of the oil both inside and out, using care to touch no part of the metal with my hands while putting it in the case. I had ten days shooting on salt water one season, and by the above treatment kept my gun in perfect order. After such a cleaning and oiling, if put in a dry case, I never find it necessary to clean again from one shooting season to another. E. C. F.

A PANTHER HUNT IN THE CANEBRAKE.

SLEMONS, Ark., April 22.—It was at an early hour on the morning of the 15th inst. that Lot P. Smith, of Chicago; J. C. Campbell, of Oconto, Wis.; Howard Robb, of Arkansas City; T. H. Baldy, a neighbor, and myself, left my house for a day's sport in the Mississippi River swamps. We had our team of bear dogs, led by old Blue. The programme was to go down Big Bayou to the mouth of Bear Bayou, across to Crooked Bayou, up this to the "water hole," thence west and home. We would pass on this route the "Devil's Nest," one of the worst canebrakes in Chicot county, and where, if there is a bear in the neighborhood, he is sure to be found. Old Blue, however, failed to find him, and we continued our ride, the stillness about us being broken only by the occasional hoo-hoot of the swamp owl.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were near the "water hole," which is a little long hole that holds water all summer, even in the dryest time, and is consequently a favorite resort for game of all kinds. Nature has so arranged as to suit them all, for to the north the woods are perfectly open, while on the south side the heavy cane reaches to the water.

On nearing this cane old Blue scents and gives mouth in a manner that tells us that the game is there and worthy our steel. Into the thicket he goes followed by the whole team, and soon we hear a roar that makes my Chicago friend tremble with excitement. The cane crashes. Everyone pushes to get nearer. There are a few rounds by the dogs, and all is quiet. I had worked down the west side of the cane and was near the dogs; in fact, when they quit giving mouth, they were all around me searching for the track. I knew by their actions that the game had made a short dodge or taken a tree. I look up and right over me, in a large oak, is a monster panther, alternately looking defiance at me and curiosity at the dogs. I dismount and select a good open place to shoot from. The sharp crack of my Winchester follows. He leaps high in the air and falls with a crash that is heard 200yds. At the same moment another panther, which I had not seen, springs to the ground from the same tree, and makes off through the cane with the whole team in full cry at his heels. The race does not last long for soon the deep baying of the dogs tells me they have treed again. A scramble through the cane and I am under the tree. The Winchester peals, and before the game reaches the earth he has three balls through him, and is dead.

The horn is blown, the men come. We drag him out of the cane. I tell them another and a larger one has been killed. We return and drag him out, and are congratulating each other on our fine luck, when old Blue, not yet satisfied, returns to the cane, and directly the whole team are making such music that Smith picks up his rifle, exclaiming, "If there's another, he's mine!" We follow on foot. They have tacked and are coming directly toward us. We are in an open slough while the dogs are in the cane. They approach, and we are looking every moment for them to pop out, when looking up, I whisper to Smith, "There he is. Take pains. Aim low." At the report of the Winchester, the panther tumbles end over end, and we suppose is dead; but not so, for away go panther and dogs. The chase is for only a few yards, however, and from the angry bay of the dogs we know the panther is badly wounded and means fight. Now a wounded panther is a tough customer to tackle, especially in a thicket like the one this chap was in. We knew the time had come when we must act quick and with coolness to save our dogs. We were anxious for Smith to complete the work, and Baldy and myself laid down our guns and proposed to go in with him. The fight was going on only a little distance off, and above the crashing of cane, barking and yells from the unlucky dog the panther had down, could be heard the hoarse growls of the game. This was Mr. Smith's first encounter with a panther, and as we started to crowd in we admonished him to keep cool, which caution, however, was unnecessary as he showed the nerve and pluck of an old hunter. The muzzle of the gun was shoved between dog and panther, a flash, and all was over. Several of our dogs were badly torn, but we had three large panthers, the largest 8ft., the other two 7ft. in length.

It must not be understood from this that there are three panthers in every patch of cane. I have been living here since 1861, and have never heard of just such an occurrence. The only way I can explain it is that the buffalo gnats were very bad and deer went into this cane to escape them (though to meet a worse fate), and the panthers, knowing this, congregated to have a venison feast. J. M. WADDELL.

A SEAL VISITS THE DECOYS.—Oakdale, L. I., April 18.—While duck shooting on the South Bay this morning I saw a black object swimming some distance outside of my decoys. After watching it some time it came almost up to the outside decoys, and raised itself up out of the water, as a duck does when he stretches up and flaps his wings. When so much of him was out of the water he looked like a large dog and appeared to be trying to find out what the decoys were, but was afraid to come too close to them. After raising himself out of the water several times to examine the decoys, he swam to the west of them and came to within a few feet of the shore, but as his curiosity was not satisfied he swam out again and took another look at the wooden imitations, and then swam into the shore to the east of the decoys. I did not see him again after that, as he disappeared altogether. I presume it was a seal, but is it not very far into the spring for seal to be in these waters? It was very cold, the rain and snow freezing on my clothes as fast as it fell. Although it is April 18, I did not suffer so much with the cold while gunning in the ice all winter, as I did to-day. —ALFRED A. FRASER.

CLEANING OUT THE LAST ONE.—South Duxbury, Mass.—In February, four weeks ago, I saw two very small lots of quail that had escaped the eye of the gunner. A city sportsman came here for a day's gunning; the first flock he struck was one of thirteen; after he had got through it was no more; he took them all in. A local market-gunner worked six weeks on a very large bevy that were hatched not a stone's throw from my house; when he got through there were six left. I got nary a shot. I don't like to post my place to get a few quail; for I don't like to appear to be a hog, nor do I like having the birds "hogged."—SOUTH SHORE.

THE ELUSIVE SNIPE.

NEW YORK, April 15.—I have often read in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM that spring snipe shooting should be abolished. I always thought before that this sentiment was correct, but now I know it.

My father had been urging me to go down into the classic State of New Jersey, where a pup of ours is hibernating, and combine with the pleasure of seeing whether the pup would recognize me the business of snipe shooting, and intimating that if I didn't take every opportunity for shooting that presented itself, I would never be able to slay anything. The latter argument, which was rather personal, finally started me off last Wednesday night, hand in hand with a bag weighing several hundred pounds, and a gun. I arrived at last at my destination with my hands full of blisters caused by the bag, and slept peacefully till early cock crow—which *was* early.

We then started to drive to various small ponds and meadows. We soon ran into a snipe, which my guide laid out all mangled on the ground, about sixty yards off. We then proceeded on our way, and found nothing but a few mosquitoes—which weren't, however, in good health—for some time. Finally, as we crossed a small piece of meadow I saw a snipe spring into the air. He corkscrewed off, and I was preparing to lay him low, when he sat down of his own free will. I approached him with great care, and when he rose I let fly both barrels at him in quick succession, which always sounds more sportsmanlike than to fire one only. He didn't pitch headlong in his swift flight. We never saw him again.

I have read in the pages of "Frank Forester" that when a snipe rises he pauses there and utters a peculiar whistle. My snipe (for he was mine in heart if not in reality) did not pause and he did not utter a peculiar whistle or any other whistle. "Frank Forrester" adds that when the snipe gets through pausing and whistling his peculiar whistle he begins to zig-zag, and after he has zig-zagged for a short distance he goes straight. My snipe did not zig-zag and then go straight. He flew as if he was intoxicated, in every way at once, but from the instant he started he made as hard as he could go for the dim distance, and he got there before he had straightened himself out.

Soon after this we started back and I soon realized that though it may sound more sportsmanlike to fire both barrels of your gun, it gives you double the amount of cleaning that you would otherwise have.

I got home to New York the same night. Next morning I had a stiff neck and a bad cold. To-day is Saturday and I am in the house with that same stiff neck and cold and expect to stay here several days longer. But that is not all. I would have gone after the snipe yesterday afternoon instead of Wednesday if it had not been that I wanted specially to see a base ball game to-day. The game is being played at this moment, but I am not looking at it, though I am in town.

But to cap all, my father gave my brother who does not shoot $5 to make up for my trip.

I don't want any more spring shooting. B.

HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In April 28 issue of your paper "Munsungun" has an article on hunting rifle sights which I must criticise. After admitting that the Lyman rear sight gives a large field of vision, he says the objections to it are: 1st, "It is confusing in catching the range of the sights, *i.e.*, the front through the rear," and goes on to say, "this is owing to the position of the sight on the stock of the gun, leaving too a great distance between the front and rear sight."

Most of those who use this sight do not find it confusing in catching the range of the sights, for when it is used properly the shooter does not try to look through it in the proper sense of the term, in fact he gives no attention to it at all. As his rifle comes up to the shoulder the attention of the shooter should only be fixed on the object to be shot at and the front sight, letting the rear sight take care of itself. The rear sight will take care of itself and guide the eye accurately, for it interferes a little with the field of vision of the right eye, giving the appearance of a large circle like a hoop, and one cannot get the eye away from the inside of this circle without an effort.

When aiming, if the sight is looked at, the lens of the eye becomes less flat, in order to get the shorter focus, as is the case in looking at all near objects. In trying to get this shorter focus the eye is not right for seeing the front sight, and the focus is very bad for seeing the object. This is clearly "Munsungun's" trouble, for he says that the fault is the rear sight is on the gun stock and that there is too great a distance between the sights. He evidently thinks it would be an improvement if the rear sight was further forward, which certainly would be the case if the sight must be looked at. If this were done, however, it would be useless for shooting rapidly, neither would it be as accurate, for then the sighting would be done on the old principle, that of trying to see three objects (the rear sight, the front sight and the object) at different distances all at once, which results in seeing none of them distinctly. One correct principle in all aiming is this, the right eye should be in focus with the object shot at. This principle cannot be easily carried out with any of the ordinary forms of hunting sights, for the shooter cannot give them attention enough to shoot with much degree of accuracy. With the Lyman sight, however, this principle is not violated, for although attention is given to the front sight, it is simply laid against the object, so to speak, and whatever effort there may be in getting the rear sight into line it is done quite unconsciously and does not delay the shooting any more than if it were not there. Old eyes especially must conform to this principle, for the lens of the eye in this case is not flexible and cannot change its focus. This explains why they cannot use the rifle in hunting with any degree of accuracy unless they use the Lyman sight.

"Munsungun's" second objection to this sight is that it is liable to get knocked down and out of position when hunting. This, I am sorry to say, has been the case with many of these sights in the past, and especially so when fitted to bases outside of the factory. This fault, however, no longer exists, for the sights are now so held by the base spring as to remain firmly in place, and when hunting cannot be knocked out of position by an ordinary blow.

I will here state to those having my sights with this fault of being too easily moved out of position, that they can have this trouble remedied without charge by mailing the sight to the factory at Middlefield, Conn. The greatly increased sale and popularity of the Lyman rear sight for hunting rifles is owing principally to the fact that it is far more easy to aim the rifle and the results are much more accurate than with any form of rear sight used on the barrel. WILLIAM LYMAN.

"THE SIERRA MADRE EXPLORING AND MINING COMPANY."—You may remember my last communication on the "Sierra Madre as a New Hunting Ground." Since then my time has been occupied with an investigation of this region, and in fact for many years previously. Your paper has been selected as the best medium for introducing the above mentioned enterprise to the public for the reason that it reaches a class of readers preferred for the exhibition. The Sierra Madre (or Mother Mountain) of northern Mexico was the richest mineral country reached by the Spaniards. The reason that development has not been made is that the country has been infested by the hostile Apache Indians until within the last year, when their occupation was terminated by the capture of Geronimo and his band. Deming, the railroad junction in New Mexico, has been selected as the starting point, on account of railroad, telegraph, express and postal facilities, its proximity to the boundary line, and most convenient base of supply. The Sierra Madre will be found as rich in minerals, land, water, timber and resources as California, with climate and salubrity unsurpassed. The entrance fee has been fixed at $500, as that is the least sum that will defray the outfit and expenses of each person; but men of means may subscribe a larger amount if they desire a greater interest. There is not the slightest intention to violate the laws or customs of Mexico, but the strictest observance of law and order will be enforced.—CHAS. D. POSTON (Deming, New Mexico).

WHY HE WATCHED THE DOVES.—Americans were scarce enough in Sonora at the time we were chasing Geronimo. About the only Americans we found in the State were some old Confederates who had left the United States right after the war, and had settled in that out-of-the-way place. One I stopped with a whole afternoon at Sahuaripa was Dr. William McClung Pigott, who was Chief Surgeon of McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps. The old Doctor went to Turkey first, and after wandering about the world some years settled in Sonora. He has a fine place, and whenever he hears of any Americans in his neighborhood he has them come and stop with him. After dinner we went out in the shade, and the old gentleman all at once began to take a great interest in some doves that were flying about. I guess he watched those doves a couple of hours, and I watched him. My curiosity was aroused. I couldn't, for the life of me, make out what he was trying to do. Finally, he got up, with an expression of satisfaction, went into the house, brought out a gun, and fired into the trees. Three doves fell down. Then he told me that he had been waiting all that time to get the three in a row. Powder and shot come high in that country.—*Scout Wm. M. Edwards.*

PENETRATION TESTS.—Let me return my thanks to "J. M. W.," of Augusta, Ga., for his second series of "Penetration Tests." He has come out just as I expected, and I have no doubt that he and I agree perfectly in our conclusions. He has proved that 2½drs. of powder, with one thick wad and one felt one, gave a better penetration than 3¼drs. with either two thick wads and 1oz. of shot, or with one thin wad, one felt one and 1¼oz. shot. In fact he has now covered the ground pretty fairly, and shown that there is a proper medium in all things. I should not expect one thin wad and one felt one to work well, for the soft spongy felt needs a proper backing to expand it and make it fill the barrel, but with the combination of one thick and one felt wad, which I tried last fall, and which he has now tested, I believe the happy mean is attained. I see that Von Lengerke & Co. are now advertising a special thin "shot wad," which may be a good thing, as all that is wanted on top of the shot is enough to keep it from starting from its place in the chamber when the other barrel is fired.—VON W.

EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA.—Mappsburg, Va., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season for fair conclusions as to the probable crop of quail in this section (Accomack county) is at hand. My observations are that quail are mating off very prettily. I have had occasion right recently on business matters to be from home, and on my rides through the country I have never in all my life seen quail better mated. On many and many occasions I have seen on the roadside a cock and hen together, as tame as dunghill fowl. This indicates a good crop of birds and should be very cheering to the lovers of the gun. Our Atlantic coast birds are not here yet Let your seekers of shooting come about May 15, then to June 15 birds are on their flight, between which time the best of sport can be had. During this time, too, the weather is pleasant and warm; the very best trout fishing may be had and the seeker of sport can get the worth of his money, you may be sure.—T. G. ELLIOTT.

AGAWAM, Mass., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can report for this section that a fair number of grouse are left over, and I think more than the usual stock of gray squirrels and rabbits; and certainly more than the usual flight of geese and ducks has gone over. But it has been a hard winter on the few quail we have here. Out of a flock of thirteen living up to the middle of January, I have been able to find but four in April; and I fear other flocks have suffered as much, but I have had no time to look them up as yet.—PINE TREE.

BENDING GUN STOCKS.—Noticing in your last issue a new method of changing drop of gun stocks, I say to your readers don't do it, as it will always show and does not alter the bend in the grip, where the change should be made to allow the hand to be lower when grasping stock. Don't steam your stock as that is not the correct way to do it, but send your gun to a first-class mechanic who knows a trick worth either of the above, and who will bend your gun stock to any crook needed without injury to it.—W. H. C.

LYMAN'S IVORY SHOTGUN SIGHT, unlike the ordinary metallic sight, does not glimmer in the sunlight and it can be seen in a dim light. Another improvement in this sight is its large size. Almost every sportsman knows how little is the value of the ordinary sights for quick work; in fact they are generally made so small and of such material as to be hardly noticed when aiming. With this sight one can do far better shooting at the trap and in the field. The sight is so made as to expose only the ivory above the rib of the gun and at the same time is held in the steel sleeve or holder, so as to give it the greatest possible amount of strength.

THE CROW AS A DECOY.—Of the many characteristics for which the common crow is noted, none can be used to a greater advantage by sportsmen than its mimicry, by employing the crow as a decoy for wild ducks, turkeys, etc. Having made myself sufficiently acquainted with the habits of this bird, I feel assured of its success as such. I have frequently seen domesticated turkeys, ducks, peafowl, guineas and even pigeons misled by the mimicking of a tame crow kept by a friend.—W. G. L. T.

GROUSE AND SNOW CRUST.—I do not think ruffed grouse ever get crusted in. Have tramped the woods of central Massachusetts since I was first able to run. Have seen where they have been struck by hawks, pulled down by foxes, flown against telegraph wires, and in one instance the feathers, where one had struck the iron bridge between this town and the city; but I never found one dead or alive crusted in. I think they are too thoroughly Yankee for that.—PINE TREE (Agawam, Mass.).

CADIZ, O., April 25.—There is plenty small game here, such as rabbits, squirrels, quail, coon and possum. My beagles are looking fine, and I expect to have many a merry chase after Molly in the coming season. The game law is pretty rigidly enforced in this section, and game is on the increase. The squirrel season opens June 1. Woodchucks or ground hogs are so numerous that the farmers pay a bounty on their scalps.—S. C. G.

MAINE LUMBERMEN AND GAME.—Under date of April 18, a Maine correspondent writes: Many crews are returning to the woods for driving, but for a long time they will do nothing but lay around camp and kill big game. The snow is between 5 and 6ft. deep, and the best crust for getting moose as it will bear up anywhere, even in black growth, without snowshoes.

BARNEGAT BAY.—Perth Amboy, April 9.—A postal card received to-day from Harvey Cedars, Barnegat Bay, says: "Bay birds have just arrived. Reported rather plenty for this time of season. Some sheldrakes left. Flounders still biting." A flock of yelpers was seen to-day at Cheesequake Creek. English snipe are scarce.—J. L. K.

GAME IN THE SWEET GRASS HILLS.—A correspondent writes, under date of April 18, from the mining camp in the Sweet Grass Hiils, Montana: "There are lots of antelope here and some deer and sheep. I saw a great many dead antelope—mostly yearlings—on the prairie when I came down here. They froze to death last winter.—J. W. S.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS FOR ARIZONA.—A correspondent desires to obtain from Kansas or Texas ten to twenty pairs of pinnated grouse (prairie chickens) for stocking the neighborhood of Tucson, Arizona. We shall be glad to hear from any one in either of those States who can supply his wants.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

THE Assembly has passed Bulkley's bill (No. 433) forbidding the use of nets in certain parts of Jefferson county, also Thompson's bill amending the Jefferson county act of 1886.

The Senate has passed Senator Wemple's bill providing for a fish hatchery in the Adirondacks.

The Senate has ordered to a third reading Coggeshall's two bills—the one prohibiting the catching of brook trout less than 6in. long; the other making the season for woodcock, partridges and squirrels, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, and relating to snared birds, etc.

ALBANY, May 2.—The Albany correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM endeavors to follow the legislation at Albany with great care. But sometimes he finds that he has omitted or misstated something that is quite important. For instance, last week he opened his letter by saying that Mr. Fitch had not been able to advance his bill relating to a fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, although he had made great efforts to do so. The fact was that, during the absence of the correspondent from the Assembly chamber, Mr. Fitch had already succeeded in doing what he wished. The correspondent at once sent a correction to the FOREST AND STREAM, but it probably did not reach the office before the time of going to press. The exact facts are that the bill was on the order of third reading in the Assembly, and that it has passed the Assembly. There is much less work to be done in the Senate than in the Assembly and so it is likely to reach the Governor soon.

The only bill that has been introduced during the past week in either House is one by Senator Murphy authorizing the possession and sale of salmon trout and other fish taken from waters outside of this State. The bill, which has already passed the Senate, is as follows:

Section 1. It shall be lawful to have in possession and to sell within this State, at any time, salmon trout, sometimes known as lake trout; Virginia chub, sometimes known as black bass, and pike-perch, sometimes known as wall-eyed pike, lawfully taken from waters outside or this State. Sec. 2. None of the provisions of laws heretofore enacted for the preservation of fish or other game within this State shall be construed to prohibit or interfere with the possession or sale of the above specified fish taken from waters outside of this State, provided that it be proven in any action or prosecution for such possession or sale that such fish was lawfully taken from waters outside of this State. Sec. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

The Senate has passed Senator Pierce's bill making the quail and rabbit season on Long Island, Nov. 15 to Dec. 31; also Assemblyman Moore's bill amending the song-bird act of 1886, in the interest of science.

The Senate has ordered to a third reading Assemblyman Bulkley's bill relating to fishing in Lake Ontario, within the limits of Jefferson county.

Senator Coggeshall made an unsuccessful attempt to order to a third reading his brook trout bill and his woodcock and squirrel bill.

The Senate Committee on game laws has reported Senator Dunham's bill relating to lessees of special privileges.

Senator Low does not feel at all discouraged in regard to his bill consolidating the duties of the dairy commissioner, forest commissioners, and the fish and game protectors in one official, under the name of the State Agricultural Bureau. The bill is now on the order of third reading in the Senate, and every one else beside Senator Low looks upon it as dead. But the Senator will not concede that he has been beaten.

Senator Wemple's bill for a fish hatchery at Mill Creek, Hamilton county, has passed both branches of the Legislature and now awaits the Governor's signature to become a law.

ALBANY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are probably no other laws of the State that are so often amended, so thoroughly bewildered, and in many cases made so utterly impracticable as the laws for the protection of game and fish. There is not a session of our Legislature that some wiseacres or fishmongers, or selfish defiant deer-slayers, do not use every effort to have the laws so changed that they may kill, catch and have in possession, such game or fish as may suit their selfish inclinations or purposes. If I am correctly informed, many of the proposed amendments to the game laws now before our Legislature would be entirely impracticable, and if enacted would be destructive of the purposes for which such laws are supposed to exist. It is time to call a halt.

New York city has its particular views about the matter and is ready at all times to back them with men and money. Other parts of the State with possibly more practicable ideas and with near approach to the beneficial operation of these laws, very materially differ, as to what may be taken as best for the general good, and therefore to a great extent arise these continued changes of laws, the enactment of which scarcely receives the signature of the Governor and passes from the printer's hands before a succeeding Legislature repeats the farce with the usual applause. No law can be enacted that will be satisfactory to the entire State, or that can or will be observed and enforced until such laws shall be agreed upon and perfected by a convention of men interested both in the protection and sale of game and fish; and not until then will there be an end of the constant and lamentable changes that are simply a delusion to the public and a disgrace to the State.

Why cannot the FOREST AND STREAM, as a suitable medium, call such a convention at Utica or Syracuse, say in September next?

SYRACUSE.

WISCONSIN GAME LAW.

CHAPTER 374. An Act to secure the better preservation of game. The people of the State of Wisconsin, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful to take, catch, kill, or have in possession when killed or taken, any woodcock, between the first day of December and the succeeding tenth day of July.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful to take, catch, kill or have in possession when killed or taken, any quail, partridge, pheasant or ruffed grouse, prairie hen or prairie chicken, sharp-tailed grouse or grouse of any other variety, snipe, plover or wild duck of any variety, or wild goose or brant of any variety, or any aquatic fowl whatever, between the first day of December and the succeeding first day of September.

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful to kill or take by any means, contrivance or device whatever, or pursue with intent to kill or take or worry, or to hunt with dog or dogs, any deer, buck, doe or fawn, between the tenth day of November and the succeeding first day of October.

Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful at any time to take, catch or kill, or to attempt to take, catch or kill any of the animals or birds mentioned in the first three sections of this act, by means of any snare, net, trap, or spring gun; and it shall also be unlawful at any time to use in pursuit of any such animal or bird, any pivot or swivel gun, or any other firearm not habitually held at arm's length and discharged from the shoulder.

Sec. 5. It shall be unlawful to take, destroy or have in possession the eggs of any of the birds mentioned in this act, or of any wild pigeon, or to wantonly disturb or molest the nesting place of any such bird or pigeon, or to kill, wound or take any wild pigeon within three miles of a pigeon roost.

Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful to use, in the pursuit of duck, goose, brant or other aquatic bird, any sneakboat, sailboat, steamboat or floating raft or box, or any similar device, and it shall also be unlawful to construct or use any blind in the open water outside the natural growth of grass or rushes then and there projecting above the water.

Sec. 7. It shall be unlawful at any season to hunt, shoot, catch or pursue any of the birds or animals mentioned in the first six sections of this act, in the night time, or to employ any device, means or contrivance whatever for catching, killing or destroying any such bird or animal in the night time.

Sec. 8. It shall be unlawful to kill, take, wound or pursue, purchase or have in possession when so killed or taken, any of the birds or animals mentioned in the first six sections of this act with intent to export, carry or convey the same, or any part or portion of such bird or animal, beyond the boundaries of this State. In determining the question of intent of any party charged under this section, any competent proof that the accused has within one year exported or caused to be exported or conveyed beyond the limits of this State, any bird or animal covered by this section, or any part of such bird or animal, shall be received as *prima facie* evidence of the existence of such unlawful intent charged in the complaint or information.

Sec. 9. It shall be unlawful to take, catch, kill or destroy, or have in possession when so killed or taken, any otter, martin, mink or fisher, between the first day of May and the succeeding first day of November.

Sec. 10. It shall be unlawful to pursue, trap, ensnare or kill, any otter, beaver, mink or muskrat, or other fur-bearing animal, upon the lands or to the middle of any stream of water adjoining lands of another person who is engaged in the business upon such lands of breeding or rearing any such animals.

Sec. 11. Any person who shall violate any provision of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 12. Sections 4,564, 4,565 and 4,566, and all acts and parts of acts contravening the provisions of this act are hereby repealed, but this act shall not be held to repeal or suspend the operation of penal laws of a local character applicable to the same subject which are now in force, within local territorial limits.

Sec. 13. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

(Approved April 8, 1887. Published April 26, 1887.)

"FOREST RUNES."

A collection of delightful poems that have the sheen of water, the odor of leaves and the fragrance of flowers, that tell of hunting and fishing, and of homely life in field and woods, of forest and mountain, plain and river, of things animate, inanimate, of heroes and heroines, and just such a book as one likes to read on a winter night or a summer day.—*Public Opinion, Washington.*

A Denver correspondent writes: "Some one writing of this book has an opportunity to commend its delightful simplicity, and its truthfulness to nature as well as the music of it. I like it because there is a sturdy honesty in it, with no striving for display. And it seems to me this of itself ought to win it a place in the esteem not only of plain folks like myself, but in the regard of scholarly men. I trust some one will do himself the honor."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NO CROOKEDNESS.—Clinton, Conn., April 18, 1887.—I advertised in various sporting papers. With one exception, none of them were courteous enough to send me the issue containing the "ad.," as you did; and it is my conviction that yours is not only by far the best advertising medium, but it is removed from any and all suspicion of crookedness or jockeyism.—DWIGHT HOLBROOK.

The Adirondack Railway Company issues an illustrated handbook, "Birch Bark from the Adirondacks," which gives much useful information to North Woods tourists.

The Maine Central Railroad sends us three illustrated guide books, prepared by Mr. G. H. Haynes, of Camden, Me. They are descriptive of the Rangeley Lakes, Parmachence and other resorts.

EVERY one knows that cocoa is an excellent tonic. Taken in the morning, at breakfast, it has no equal for nutrition and strengthening qualities; but it can be taken with advantage at any time. It is especially recommended for nursing mothers, to whom its benefits are invaluable. Unfortunately, cocoa is sometimes mixed with starch, arrowroot or sugar, and thus loses a great part of its special properties; hence, great care should be taken to procure the best in the market. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate preparations have long been the standard of excellence, and are guaranteed absolutely pure.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS.

(To my friend, Walter S. Viele, Fish Warden, First District, Ind.)

WHEN the warm spring sun is shining
And the flowers begin to bloom,
And the little leaves are peeping
From the forest's wintry gloom,
Then the angler roams the meadow
With his heart and footsteps light,
For the dogwood is in blossom
And the fish begin to bite.

Oh, the warm and mellow sunlight,
How it seems to kiss the ground
Till it quivers in its gladness,
How it wakes the song birds' sound,
And not a white cloud flecking
Dims the sky so blue and bright,
Ah, the dogwood is in blossom
And the fish begin to bite.

Beneath some forest monarch
Upon the sward I've lain,
Where the sunbeams through the branches
Break into light and shade;
And I feast my eyes in gladness
On the simple woodland sight,
When the dogwood is in blossom
And the fish begin to bite.

Half dozing, dreaming, waking,
I pass the hours away
Till the sunbeams slanting lower
Mark the closing of the day,
And the soft moon slowly rising
Bathes the earth with silvery light,
When the dogwood is in blossom
And the fish begin to bite.

Ye bustling men of business,
Take from your lives one day
And wander through the meadows
In the balmy month of May.
You'll be better, happier, purer,
When you wander home at night,
When the dogwood is in blossom
And the fish begin to bite.

F. M. GILBERT.

EVANSVILLE, Ind.

THE MAINE SEASON.

WARMER weather has inspired considerable activity in the minds of rod and line sportsmen in this vicinity, and the dealers in tackle begin to be very busy. Rods are being overhauled and put in order, while lines and reels are being examined. It now looks as though the opening of the Maine trout lakes would, after all, be welcomed by about the usual number of early sportsmen.

By the way, the latest invention in the way of improved tackle is a tension reel for trout, bass and salmon fishing. It is, as its name indicates, simply a tension reel, there being no spring for winding up the line, as in the automatic reel, but all of the effect of an automatic or a spring reel is obtained, to any degree desired, by a simple device which regulates the tension. The operator keeps winding, while the tension allows the fish to dart away and take all the line he wants. He comes toward the operator with as much of a jerk as a fish is capable of, but the tension causes the spool to revolve and the slack line is taken up in a moment. A good deal is expected of this reel, and Appleton & Litchfield, who are manufacturing them for the first time since the invention, have sold a large number, simply from the working model.

The opening of the Maine trout season comes with a good deal of water, so far as the streams are concerned. The first day of May brought a freshet of greater proportions than has been known for years in that State. The rivers and even the smaller streams were greatly overflown. Nothing has been done in the way of trout fishing on the streams, and a decline of the waters will have to be waited for. This is likely to come rather slowly, as there is yet a good deal of snow in the woods and on the mountains. It is expected that the Sebago lakes will be late about opening this year and the run of landlocked salmon will also be late. Last year these lakes cleared of ice the last days of April, but they are still ice-bound, or were on the second day of May. A good deal of attention will be given to these landlocked salmon this year by Portland, Saco and Biddeford parties of sportsmen, as well as by the local fishermen in that vicinity. The size of the fish imprisoned by the Commissioners for breeding purposes last fall in the streams leading into these lakes has not been forgotten by the local sportsmen, many of whom saw them. One male fish weighed over 30lbs., and there were two or three females nearly as large. Angling will have rather more of an incentive the e than usual this spring.

But it is at Bangor where excitement is expected to reign supreme among the salmon anglers. Already a number of Boston sportsmen are only waiting for the word that the salmon are rising below the dam, when they will take the first train for Bangor. Commissioner Stilwell and Tom Allen, the famous warden, whom all the poachers hate, both expect a better run of salmon than last year. The ice has gone out of the river with a tremendous freshet, and as soon as it has fallen to a reasonable pitch the salmon are expected. Boston sportsmen have letters from their friends in Bangor, warning them to be ready any day now. A club has been organized, called the Penobscot River Salmon Club, through the efforts of Mr. Allen, and they have built a club house for the entertainment of sportsmen, on the banks of the river near the fishing grounds. The papers say that a nine-pound salmon was taken the other day from the Kennebec, at Augusta. The Commissioners have for several years past been putting salmon fry into that river, and it is hoped that this is one of the first signs that this river, as well as the Penobscot, has at last been reclaimed, and is about to become celebrated for its salmon fishing.

The latest reports say that Moosehead Lake is not likely to open this year before the last of May. It is understood that Congressman Collins, of this city, will lead a party to Moosehead as soon as the ice is out. It is claimed that the rush to Moosehead will be larger than usual this year. Several parties from Boston, Hartford, New Haven and New York will go to Bangor and try the salmon till the ice is out of Moosehead, when they will depart for that region. The Androscoggin Lake waters are still ice-bound, and are likely to be till the last of May. The owners of camps and lodges in that region of monster trout begin to be impatient for the ice to be out. Warm weather and a few green leaves in Boston has set them to longing for the old haunts. Capt. Farrar has gone to the lake region to put his steamers in readiness; but reports of only a day or two ago speak of snow in plenty and thick ice. The prospect is that the recent freshet has raised the lakes to the highest water-mark, and that a vast quantity of the flowage-killed trees on the shores of the Androscoggin lakes must be raised up with the ice, and hence will be floated away. In short, this year is likely to improve the shores of Richardson Lake a good deal.

That notorious game warden murderer, Graves, has been brought back, all the way from California, to Machias, where he is now lodged in jail. It is reported that he puts on quite a bold front and says that he shot the two wardens in self-defense. It is thought that his trial will be begun as soon as the 9th of May, in the Supreme Court of Washington county, now in session. State Attorney-General Baker will appear for the State, with County Attorney Livermore to conduct the case for the county. Graves will be defended by Jasper Hutchins, of Bangor, with other counsel. There is some danger that public sentiment, having forgot the brutal murder of poor Hill and Niles, will begin to work in Graves's favor. Graves claims that he has made a record of the whole affair, which he shall present in court, showing that the wardens set upon him with revolvers, and that he "had to have the first shot." It is curious that during Graves's absence the State has abolished capital punishment; hence, by running away, he has saved his neck.

SPECIAL.

ADIRONDACK PRESERVE ASSOCIATION

AT the annual meeting of the Adirondack Preserve Association, held at 176 Broadway, May 2, the following officers were elected: President, Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway; Vice-President, Edwin W. Adams, 114 Wall street; Treasurer, Geo. W. Shiebler, 8 Liberty place; Secretary, J. G. Case, 105 East Seventy-third street. Trustees, to serve two years, J. G. Case, D. T. Ramsey, 247 Water street; to serve one year, A. K. Shiebler, 20 Maiden Lane; F. W. Kitching, 94 Reade street. These are all well known business men, and in their control the association ought to be well managed.

The association was incorporated last year, having for its objects the encouragement of social recreation, and of boating, fishing, lawful sports and the preservation of game and forests. The increasing population in the Eastern States and the growing scarcity of localities where sportsmen, pleasure and health seekers can enjoy primeval nature in all its beauty and attractiveness, have none too soon drawn the attention of the Adirondack Preserve Association to the necessity of an organization such as theirs—one sure to be highly appreciated by those who love to visit the beautiful collection of forests, lakes and mountains included in the Adirondack region. It is a hopeful sign to see sportsmen and lovers of nature identified with such a society as the Adirondack Preserve Association, thus lending their assistance in preserving the woods themselves and increasing game of all kinds in the forests and streams.

The high pressure at which business generally is now carried on demands recreation and recuperation for our business men. Only those who have visited the Adirondacks for a few weeks' vacation can realize or appreciate the renewed life and increased vigor which its high, pure air so generously bestows upon its frequenters.

The association has secured a commodious club house, situated picturesquely among the hills, and close to as good trouting and hunting as can be found in the Adirondacks. This enables them to give to their members such comforts as cannot be found elsewhere in that section. With the management in their own hands, the furnishing of the club house and table (which latter will be under the management of a competent caterer) will be made to suit the taste of the guests. Many Adirondack visitors will fully appreciate the necessity of this better attention to bed and board, for how many otherwise pleasant vacations have been partially marred by poorly cooked and served food and a worse bed.

The membership of the association is limited and the initiation fee $100, which is not excessive when the various advantages mentioned are taken into consideration.

BLACK COD OF THE NORTHWEST COAST.—A dispatch to the New York *Times* says: "Ottawa, April 28.—The Fisheries Department propose to send another exploring expedition to the northern waters of British Columbia this summer, with the object of completing the survey of Black Cod Banks discovered in the Pacific, northeast of Vancouver Island. A number of fishing firms operating in the Gulf of St. Lawrence have sent representatives to British Columbia, and if their reports prove favorable they will commence this season dry curing fish for export." This shows how quick to take a hint are our Canadian cousins. In his interesting volume entitled, "Our New Alaska," published last year, Mr. Chas. Hallock wrote at great length of the black cod of the Pacific and predicted that the fishermen of the Atlantic coast would soon give their attention to the great fishery resources of the Pacific.

ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—The committee of arrangements will meet on Friday, the 6th inst., at 3 P. M., at E. G. Blackford's laboratory in Fulton Market, to finish all pending business pertaining to the tournament to be held May 25 and 26. As the score books will be given to the printers on or before the 9th inst. all parties who propose contributing prizes or desire to advertise in same should communicate at once with the secretary. Copies of the score book will be mailed on issue to all members, prize donors and advertisers, and to those who send their address and stamp for postage.—GONZALO POEY, Secretary, P. O. Box 3049, New York.

SALMON IN MAINE.—Dixfield, Me., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our season is very backward, and it looks now as if our fishing would be very late. The ice has been out of the Penobscot but a few days. Last year we commenced catching salmon there with fly the 27th of April. The river is high and the water colored. The salmon have been fished for every day, and I have been expecting to hear of one being caught, but as yet none have been taken. The ice in the Sebago goes out very early. I heard in Portland yesterday that the upper part of the lake was clear, and I presume to-day the ice is all out. Mr. Stilwell and myself intend to go over there Monday, May 2, to look after our young landlocked salmon which we are hatching for Sebago waters, and of which we are to turn in there 750,000 this spring. Shall probably try the salmon a day or two, and will inform FOREST AND STREAM how matters are pertaining to fish in those waters. At Rangeley and Moosehead there is yet 3ft. of snow in the woods, and the travelers go on runners instead of wheels. A few warm days will make a wonderful difference, as there is no frost in the ground. I think it looks very favorable for good fishing the coming season in Maine, and would advise those who intend to come here at the opening to file up their fish hooks and be ready, as the time is close at hand and even at the door.—HENRY O. STANLEY.

THOMAS SATCHELL.—Literary anglers will regret to learn that Mr. Thomas Satchell died at his home, Downshire Hill House, Hamsted, London, on April 17. Notices of Mr. Satchell's works have frequently appeared in our columns. He was joint author with Mr. Thomas Westwood of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," and through his researches in ancient angling literature we can now obtain access to books, through his reprints, which were only known to us by their titles, or, at best, from a quotation. The "Library of Old Fishing Books," with the issue of which Mr. Satchell mainly, in collaboration with Mr. Westwood, was intimately connected, comprised "The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler," "The Secrets of Angling" (John Dennys, 1613), "Older Form of the Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle" (1450), "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line" (Leonard Mascall, 1590), and "The Angler's Note Book and Naturalist's Record," which appeared in serial form some two years ago, and after the completion of the "green series" was suspended for a year, and the "yellow series" remains incomplete. To the literary angler the death of Mr. Satchell is a loss that will be felt wherever the English language is spoken.

"FARMER BROWN'S TROUT."—Farmer Brown has the big end of the stick, for he owns the woods and the fields and is learning to protect or destroy. As an example of this, I can mention a little pond near here that a few years since in summer was a shady pool, beloved by the quiet angler, and affording bass, pickerel and perch, as well as lesser fish. Now in summer it is a dirty, muddy pond hole, so heated by the sun that the fish are scarcely fit to eat. The great trees are cut away and not a bush even allowed to take their place, because sportsmen, not content with fishing, must lawlessly tread down the grass for rods around the pond.—PINE TREE.

IT IS AN ANCIENT DEVICE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An old retired fisherman told me not long since a method of luring fish into nets, which he claims is original and uniformly successful. He had blown to special order several heavy glass balls about 8in. in diameter, with a lipped neck similar to those on bottles. Inside these were placed enough minnows to form an attractive bait, which were confined by a perforated cork stopple. A ball and its contents were then placed in the rear end of a net, the meshes of which were purposely arranged to entangle about the gills of fish that had made a savage rush to capture the minnows. The majority, of course, gained admittance at the regular openings, although in many instances he has taken about the same number from each place. Have you any similar lure on record?—JO (Wellsville, O.).

THE ALBANY FLY-CASTING ASSOCIATION will hold their annual tournament on June 21.—F. K. WOOD, Member of Executive Committee.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

THE following letter on the subject of salmon in the Hudson River and of fishways for them was written to Dr. Samuel B. Ward, President of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association in reply to a communication from him:

DEAR SIR—I have yours of Jan. 24, suggesting that I might wish to say something regarding the salmon in the Hudson River. I have, as you are probably aware, conducted the hatching and planting of the true sea salmon which have been placed in the river for the past five years, under the direction of Prof. S. F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The eggs were obtained from the United States salmon station on the Penobscot River, at Orland, Me., and were forwarded to the hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, which, while a station of the New York Fish Commission, does some work for the general government, which bears a portion of the expense. The number of fish planted in the river, your Association has already received from your vice-president, Mr. A. N. Cheney, to whose great interest in these experiments we owe much information regarding the existence of the fish in the river. Mr. Cheney first sent us specimens of about 7in. long from Clendon Brook, near Glens Falls, and has kept us advised of all that he has seen or heard of the fish. Last summer there were five, if not six, adult salmon taken in the river, one of which weighed 16½lbs. Some of these fish were taken near the Troy dam, one down at Coxsackie and one in Gravesend Bay at the mouth of the river; the latter a fish of 10lbs. I think that all the fish were taken in nets, but have no definite information concerning this.

It has been the policy of Prof. Baird not to interfere in any way, as I understand him, with State laws for the capture of fish. He supplies millions of fry of different kinds to many parts of the United States, wherever he thinks the waters are suitable, and then considers that he has done his duty, and it rests with the people whose waters are stocked to protect the fish placed therein. In making the following suggestions, therefore, I ask to be considered merely as a member of the Association of which you are president, and not in any official capacities as Prof. Baird's assistant in this matter, or as a superintendent of the New York Fish Commission:

It is well known that the Hudson was not an original salmon river, but that may have been on account of the obstructions which debarred the way of the parent fish to its upper waters, where we now have positive evidence that the young salmon thrive in the cool brooks which supply the river above Glens Falls, therefore, as the experiment of stocking the river was not a very expensive one, Prof. Baird thought it well worth trying, and the results so far are encouraging. It is not at all likely that every fish which returned to the river last year was captured, therefore we cannot say how many did return. Had only one been caught it might have been thought a stray fish which had come down from some of the Connecticut rivers; for at intervals of many years a single salmon has been taken in the shad nets of the lower Hudson, but on no occasion that I know of has ever more than one been taken in a single year. The fish captured last summer appearing just four years after our small planting in 1882, may with certainty be credited to our work, and I look forward to see the run increase yearly.

To properly protect these fish until such time as we may be enabled to obtain salmon eggs from the Hudson, it would be well, in my opinion, to prohibit their capture by any means whatever, for a period of four or five years, and after that to allow them to be taken by hook and line only, making it a misdemeanor for any person to retain a salmon in his possession, or to kill it, or to sell it to another if it is accidentally captured in a net used in taking other fish, or, in other words, compelling the person to return the fish to the water alive. I am aware that should such a law be passed those persons who were disposed to disregard it would not report their captures, and we would be deprived of the encouragement of further stocking which such reports give; but this is a secondary consideration to the preservation of this valuable fish, and however gratifying such reports may be to the fishculturist he would be unwise to counsel unrestricted fishing in order that he might receive such evidence of the success of his work.

Another thing needed is a system of effective fishways which will allow the salmon to reach the mountain brooks, where alone they find suitable breeding grounds. There is something which is called a fishway, or was built for one, in the dam at Troy, but is wholly useless. I think it is a mere timber chute built years ago, and is of a pattern that never worked well. The modern fishways, such for instance as the McDonald, will give free passage to the fish, and will pass them safely to the waters above, provided they are not netted or speared while in the fishway. Above Troy there are several dams and natural falls which, if I remember rightly, are something like 80 or 90 feet in the aggregate, and these can probably be supplied with fishways of modern construction at a cost of $10,000 to $12,000. I have not figured closely on this subject of cost, but estimates can easily be obtained from men who are more expert in the matter of building fishways.

It is among the possibilities that if the salmon ascend to the waters of the Upper Hudson, they can also be established in the tributaries of the Mohawk. The West Canada Creek would make a splendid salmon river, and the few dams upon it could easily be overcome by fishways. The principal obstruction is, of course, at Cohoes, where the total height to be overcome is somewhere between 110 and 130ft., and the cost there would probably be more than for the whole Hudson.

While on the subject of fishways, I would say that the Salmon River, emptying into Lake Ontario at Pulaski, was formerly a famous salmon stream, but of late years it has very much deteriorated, although a few are taken in it almost every year. I have also made plantings of salmon fry in this river, by direction of Prof. Baird, but find that the people there attribute the falling off in the catch of salmon to the erection of dams. There is a dam near Pulaski, about 11ft. high, which has the foundations for a fishway already laid, and it is possible that a proposal to build a first class fishway on that river would enlist the sympathy of residents in the western part of the State, and that their representatives would join a movement to erect fishways on all the streams of the State which contain salmon.

In this connection permit me to call your attention to the experiment of re-stocking the Connecticut River with salmon. It was originally a splendid, natural salmon stream, but under a system of netting, spearing and murdering the fish, even on the spawning beds, the last fish disappeared, and some twenty-five years had elapsed, I think, since the salmon had been taken in it, when Prof. Baird and some of the New England Fish Commissioners thought it worth while to try and restock the river. Four or five years after the first planting a few fish were seen in the river. The year following some 40 or 50 were taken. I can not give the exact figures for I am writing from memory, and for three years after, comparatively large numbers of salmon were sent to New York market, and Connecticut River salmon were common in New York. I have seen ten or a dozen at a time on the slabs at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market. The fish were taken in nets ands pounds at the mouth of the river and few or none were allowed to reach the breeding grounds. The plantings were stopped and the fish have gradually disappeared. I cannot recall when the last plant was made, but it must have been six or eight years ago, and now an occasional salmon surprises the shad fishermen in the Connecticut. It is possible that this history may be repeated in the Hudson unless an effort is made to protect the few fish resulting from the first plants, and access to the spawning grounds be furnished them.

Very respectfully yours,
FRED MATHER.

NOTE.—I am thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Mather greatly underestimates the number of salmon taken in the Hudson last season. From reliable information I believe that at least thirty adult fish were taken and perhaps fifty.—S. B. W.

THE CONNECTICUT SHELLFISH COMMISSION.

DURING the few years in which there has been a Shellfish Commission in the State of Connecticut there has been a great deal of most excellent work done in correctly mapping and locating the oyster beds of the State, a thing which never was attempted before, and the Shellfish Commission of the State is regarded as a model of all that is desirable in the way of mapping, leasing and controlling oyster beds on our coast, and the system has been proposed for adoption in the State of New York. The Commissioners are able and intelligent men, who have worked hard and faithfully to establish this state of things, and after all the most expensive part of the work is done, and it only remains for the Commission, with the aid of Mr. Bogart, the very able engineer, to complete the maps, a few persons who are interested in restoring the chaotic state of things which formerly existed, have petitioned to the General Assembly to abolish the Board of Shellfish Commissioners because, as they state, the remaining work to be done is of such a character as can readily be performed by one competent executive with far less expense than at present. This movement probably emanates from some person or persons who would like to name the successor to the Shellfish Commission, for reasons best known to themselves. We sincerely hope that their petition will be refused, and that the present Commissioners will not resign in the midst of their work and place its completion in the hands of men not familiar with the methods which the present Commissioners have built up.

BLUEBACK AND SUNAPEE TROUT.

CONCERNING the embryonic markings on these fish, on which something has been said in our issue of April 21 and 28, Mr. Henry O. Stanly, Fish Commissioner of Maine, writes to Mr. Mather as follows: "I have watched the bluebacks (*Salmo oquassa*) carefully, habits and characteristics, and have taken all the eggs that have ever been taken at Rangeley, have hatched them a number of years and watched them through all their stages till turned loose, and have never noticed any white line on the lower edge of the tail fin you speak of. Had there been any (even if very slight) I think I should not have failed to notice it. I am sorry to say we have not any eggs hatching this season to verify my opinion, but I feel very sure there is none. The adult fish does not have any white on the fins at all like the brook trout. The fins of the males are bright red, or the color of bright autumn leaves. When taken from the water they are of a dark color, but after death turn to a light yellowish cast. The spots are very minute, very thick, very bright yellow and red. Both thicker and brighter than on the brook trout. There are not a biting fish more than the sucker, about the same. I have occasionally caught them in summer in deep water, but never more than one or two at a time. They are a very hardy fish and tenacious of life, nearly as much so as the eel or bullhead. I have frequently seen them alive in the morning, where they have lain on the shore all night. When they come up the streams to spawn, they school together like the herring and smelts, do not make and work on beds like the trout, yet they spawn in same pools usually. My opinion is, that they are not the same species as the New Hampshire fish, although I have never seen one of the latter. All I know of them is from the description I have seen in FOREST AND STREAM and other papers. As I understand it, the Sunapee trout are caught of various sizes; the blueback never. Out of a thousand I do not think you could select two that will vary over one ounce in weight, or even that you could pick up five (take them as they come) that will vary an ounce from a pound—five to the pound is the rule. Their eggs are the same size as those of the trout, and the difference I am not able to detect by their looks and size. I have never found one with more than 100 eggs, as a rule about fifty. Are very hardy and will stand very rough handling, and about all hatch. From the 10th to the 20th of October is the only time they are seen.

"Within the last twelve years we have distributed them in various lakes and ponds in Maine, but have never seen any returns from them, yet they might have taken root in all the places where they have been put and not been seen, as there are only about ten days in the year that they show themselves, and I have not looked for them at that time.

"My opinion is (although I have no particular authority to found it on) that they attain their growth very quickly (say two years). The only reason I have to confirm it is that (in summer) when the brook trout are in deep water I have often taken large trout with from one to six bluebacks in their stomachs, and have never seen any but full-grown ones—none less than three ounces."

THE ADIRONDACK FISH HATCHERY.—Senator Wemple's bill for a fish hatchery at Mill Creek, Hamilton county, has passed both branches of the Legislature, and now awaits the Governor's signature to become a law. We have given a brief description of the site in a former issue, and will now give a more general description of the region to be benefited. The Adirondack region is divided by two great watersheds, from one of which the waters flow into the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and from the other into the Hudson River direct or into the Mohawk and its tributaries. This region is the great sanitarium of the Empire State, and future generations will bless those who builded so wisely in the enactment of laws for the preservation of its forests. The State Forestry Commission says: "As years go on and these woods are protected from spoliation, the young soft timber will grow up and the forest assume its primitive condition." We add, as well the lakes and streams teem with native brook and lake trout; that many lakes and streams have been depleted of trout, and the cause is well known to anglers in this region. Many of the causes are now removed, and we know that the inhabitants of Hamilton county will gladly aid in restocking and preserving its waters from further spoliation. The hatchery, if established, can supply all the waters on the south watershed—that is, the waters flowing into the Hudson and Mohawk and their tributaries. We hope it may receive the executive approval.—*Mohawk Valley Democrat.*

SABLE ISLAND SUPPOSITIONS.

IN an article entitled "An Ocean Graveyard," in the May *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley gives some account of Sable Island, famed for its wrecks. Because of the hazard of approach the island is rarely accessible and "a visit can be made only under certain conditions. * * * Let us suppose," says Mr. Oxley, "that we have obtained permission to accompany the Newfield upon one of her regular supply trips." And then he goes on to describe the island as follows:

"After exchanging greetings with the superintendent and his staff, * * * our first thought is to climb the big flagstaff and view the landscape from the crow's nest perched perilously on high. The ascent accomplished, a wonderful panorama lies outspread before us. From beneath our feet the narrow island stretches east and west its bow-like form, holding a shallow lagoon, some eight miles long, in its center, and presenting many an effective contrast of sandy upland and grassy meadow, bare, bleak and richly flowered nook, where fairies might hold their midnight revels. From the foreground with its group of buildings, the eye roams over to the West End lighthouse, whence the men are now hurrying, pony-back, at the summons of the flag announcing the steamer's arrival. Every sandy peak or verdurous knoll bears some sad tradition. Baker's Hill, Trot's Cove, Scotchman's Head, French Gardens—so many silent records of human suffering. Then turning eastward we see the little burying ground, nestling in the deep rich grass and consecrated to the last sleep of many a victim to the ocean's wrath. Nine miles further down a telescope makes plain the flagstaff at the foot of the lake, and five miles beyond that the East End light with its attendant buildings. Herds of wild ponies jealously guarded by shaggy stallions graze upon the hillsides, black duck and sheldrake in tempting flocks paddle about the innumerable ponds, while seabirds fill the air with their harsh chatter, and whole regiments of seals bask in snug content along the sunny beach. Here and there the bleaching ribs of naval skeletons protrude half buried from the sand, and the whole picture it set in a silver frosted frame of seething surf."—*Scribner's, pp. 605-6.*

Now, if Mr. Oxley will permit a suggestion, let him while supposing suppose an easier method of getting such a pretty little word picture. Let him suppose, for instance, that instead of going away down to Sable Island, he goes to his bookcase, takes from the shelf Dr. J. B. Gilpin's account of the island and copies it thus:

"Here and there along the wild beach lie the ribs of unlucky traders half buried in the shifting sand. * * * Nearly the first thing the visitor does is to mount the flagstaff, and, climbing into the crow's nest, scan the scene. The ocean bounds him everywhere. Spread east and west, he views the narrow island in form of a bow, as if the great Atlantic waves had bent it around, nowhere much above 1m. wide, 20m. long, including the dry bars, and holding a shallow lake 13m. long in its center. There it all lies spread like a map at his feet—grassy hill and sandy valley fading away into the distance. On the foreground the outpost men galloping their rough ponies into headquarters, recalled by the flag flying over his head; the West-end house of refuge, with bread and matches, firewood and kettle, and directions to find water, and headquarters with flagstaff on the adjoining hill

Every sandy peak or grassy knoll with a dead man's name or old ship's tradition—Baker's Hill, Trott's Cove, Scotchman's Head, French Gardens—traditionary spot where the poor convicts expiated their social crimes—the little burial ground nestling in the long grass of a high hill, and consecrated to the repose of many a sea-tossed limb; and 2-3m. down the shallow lake, the Southside house and barn, and staff and boats lying on the lake beside the door. Nine miles further down, by the aid of a glass, he may view the flagstaff at the foot of the lake, and 5m. further the East-end lookout, with its staff and watch house. Herds of wild ponies dot the hills, and black duck and sheldrakes are heading their young broods on the mirror-like ponds. Seals innumerable are basking on the warm sands, or piled like ledges of rock along the shores. The Glasgow's bow, the Maskonemet's stern, the East Boston's hulk, and the grinning ribs of the well-fastened Guide, are spotting the sands, each with its tale of last adventure, hardships passed, and toil endured. The whole picture is set in a silver-frosted frame of rolling surf and sea-ribbed sand."—*Dr. J. B. Gilpin, quoted in Osgood's "Maritime Provinces," edition of 1875, pp. 184-5.*

As a third supposition, does any one suppose that Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley ever sighted Sable Island himself or got his description by any other method than stealing it from Dr. Gilpin?

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 3 to 6, 1887.—Eleventh Annual Dog Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent. Entries close April 18.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4968.**

THE HARTFORD DOG SHOW.

THE Hartford Kennel Club's second annual show was given in Union Armory, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. It was a tiny affair—the smallest show given by a member of the A. K. C. The actual number of dogs in competition was two hundred and fifty-three, and the lesson that has been read to this club is one not likely to be forgotten by the management.

Last year Messrs. Tracy and Donner, the pointer and English setter judges, selected by a large majority of the exhibitors of this country, had sixty-four entries between them. This year Mr. John Davidson, who was not appointed by a majority of exhibitors, brought out ninety-six entries in the same classes, or thirty-two more than the people's choice combined; and Mr. Jas. Mortimer, the Spaniel Club's judge elect, mustered nineteen entries last year against the thirty-five of superior quality entered under Mr. Hemingway this year. Only one of the judges appointed by the people was re-engaged for the last show—Mr. James Mortimer—who was given the choice of classes and of course selected the ones which always bring out the largest number of entries. The tail end of the classes was given to Mr. Barlow, which certainly looked strange, seeing that this gentleman has a record as breeder and exhibitor of fox-terriers and bulldogs and of one or two other breeds.

The breeds selected by Mr. Mortimer were mastiffs, St. Bernards, collies, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, pugs, Italian greyhounds, poodles, toy spaniels and miscellaneous, which were divided into 46 classes. The number of entries in these classes was 118, of which 33 were absent, leaving 85 dogs to compete, which is something less than two in a class. This is a wretched showing, especially when we take into account the fact that the valuable Apollo Stakes for fox-terriers and other prizes given by members of the Fox-terrier Club were offered for competition. Last year the same judge had 139 entries in these classes. In calling attention to the above facts it has not been my intention to explode the "Hartford Plan" (that has already been done), but to convince certain parties that they can no more control the dog shows of this country than they can stay the flowing and ebbing of the tide. When men have had experience as exhibitors and breeders of high class dogs, the result of their labors is certain to be sought after and appreciated. But the intelligent exhibitor is not going to have any would-be judge or number of would-be judges pushed down his throat so long as he knows they have no record to back up their pretensions.

The benching was of the old-fashioned kind, which looks sadly out of date, and the management, with one exception, was excellent. Certain dogs, which were permitted to leave the building before the close of the show, should not have been allowed to do so. This is a growing evil and must be abolished. I am told that complaints are to be made through the press, and pending inquiry into the several cases I need say no more.

Mr. Tallman, of the firm of Spalding Bros., looked after the feeding, and each dog was liberally supplied with Challenge Dog Food. No complaints were reported.

I regret to say the attendance was very light. With few visitors and fewer dogs the Hartford Club must be in low water.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Ilford Caution was absent from the champion class for dogs and the corresponding class for bitches contained no entries. Orion, Mr. Moore's new purchase, made an example of his two seedy-looking opponents in the open class for dogs. They are not show dogs. The Lady Clare, better in muzzle, coat and color than Southern Belle, beat her. The latter is much better in size and strength in limbs. Countess, vhc., is shallow in muzzle, light in size and smutty in color. Victoria, c., is not a show dog; bad skull, muzzle, ear, expression and limbs. The winning puppies will never make show dogs—poor-headed specimens. Gurth, hc., and Harold, c., are faulty in head, ears and limbs. The classes were not so well filled or so good in quality as they were last year.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

It was a fortunate thing for the Hartford Club that the Hospice Kennels entered their dogs, had they not done so the judge would have had exactly two dogs to pass on. Twelve classes were provided for the breed, a very liberal number for a small show, and there were eighteen entries, four of which did not compete—a very poor showing. The winners, with the exception of Prince Barry, have been fully described in these columns. This puppy was removed from the Boston show before your reporter could get a look at him. He is a big dog and stands well on his legs, good coat, markings not correct, skull rather small, muzzle snipy, back a trifle slack, good loin, quarters much above average, brush fairly good, forelegs straight, good feet, stands well and moves well; more bone would improve him.

GREAT DANES AND NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. BARLOW).

Don Cæsar, looking well, was the only Great Dane shown. Colonel was much the best of the two Newfoundlands. His head is very much better than the average, and he has plenty of size; stop not well defined, back a trifle weak, stifles and hocks not quite right and coat not flat. Tag, second prize, is not a show dog, and should not have been noticed; very poor head, eyes, coat and tail.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were fourteen entries in these classes, and Mr. Thayer's well-known kennel made a clean sweep of the prizes. Robber Chieftain, highly spoken of in my Philadelphia report, was first in puppies and first in the open class for aged dogs. Heatherbelle again beat Thora, as she always will do under competent judgment.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Lancashire Witch, looking well, had no competition in the champion class, and Balkis easily beat Prince, whose coarse head, prick ears, and heavy shoulders are certain to keep him in the back ground. Cassandra was the only entry in the open class for bitches—a brindle of great quality. I will have something further to say about this bitch when certain parties have stumbled over her. Queen in Black, described in my Philadelphia report, was the only puppy shown, and was given second—all she deserved.

POINTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

There were fifty-five entries in these classes against twenty-seven last year—a rather substantial refutation of the club's statement that its judges were appointed by the votes of a majority of exhibitors in this country. The Graphic Kennels' exhibits were absent, owing to distemper having visited and carried away a number of their young dogs. But for this misfortune the quality in the classes would have been second to no show of the year, with the exception, perhaps, of Boston. Tammany and Sachem once more tried conclusions in the open class for large dogs, and Tammany won. Sachem is the truer made dog, but Tammany has the advantage in head. I could never tell how it was that a dog of such faulty conformation as Tammany undoubtedly is could be such a wonderful mover as he has from time to time been described. To satisfy myself on the question I had him brought out in company with Sachem. There must have been used some very elastic pens. Tammany is all tied up in his gait, and when he tried to keep pace with Sachem, it was apparent to everybody present that he was unequal to the task. He may be a plodding stayer, but to say he is either fast or an easy mover is to state what is untrue. Plunger, hc., is leggy, wide in front and light of limb. His eyes are not good and his ears are set too high. Sancho, vhc., is not first-class either in head or set on of ears, and is throaty and wide in front. Bellona scored rather an easy win over Kate VIII. and Nell. If she would breed she would be a very cheap bitch at the catalogue price. These bitches are well known to your readers. The judge was right in pegging Phyllis back. She has had a poor time of it since I pointed out her deformed chest at the Newark show. Lilly Faust, hc., has a domed skull, and her ears are not well carried, legs and feet fairly good. Naso of Kippen was alone in the light-weight champion class. He was taken home sick before the show was over, as was also the case at Philadelphia. Queen Bow won in the corresponding bitch class. Of the ten dogs entered in the open classes only two faced the judge. Dash III. took first prize. "Breeder, unknown. Sire, Game. Dam, unknown. $75." Such an entry as that would disqualify at a show given by the English Kennel Club, but here not a word is said. The dog has a fairly good head, neck not quite clean, chest round, loin flat, quarters and hocks fairly good, tail rather coarse and not well carried, much too wide in front, shoulders not well placed, nice coat and color, moves well. Don, second prize, is not a show dog. I would have withheld the prize. First in the corresponding bitch class went to Belle Randolph. Head too wide, muzzle not clean, eyes not quite right, ears not well carried, throaty, shoulders rather heavy, quarters and hocks much above average, tail coarse and docked short, good coat and color, legs light in bone, otherwise good. Here I think Mr. Davidson made a mistake. Glauca, second prize, was my choice for first. She is well known, having won first at Newark and second at Boston. Lady Nett, hc., has a poor head and her ears are placed too high. Model Doodle, vhc., was removed from the show before I had a chance to examine her. Fred B., first prize in the puppy class for dogs, was properly placed first. He has almost exactly the same faults as his sire, Tammany—light eyes, a heavy neck, wide chest, poor shoulders and faulty forelegs. Pommery Sec, well known, was second. Hartford and Jimmie, Jr., will not develop into show dogs. First in the bitch class went to Mayflower, who was first at Newark. Lalla Croxteth, second prize, is a new one. Head domed, muzzle fairly good, not quite clean below the eyes, eyes light, ears not carried quite right, neck of good length but very throaty, chest not deep enough and ribs not carried well back, back fair, stifles not quite right, hocks fairly good, tail coarse and not well carried, forearms light and legs not well placed, feet not first-rate, rather leggy and light in bone, color rather rusty, good coat, will not make a good one.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

The quality of these classes was decidedly better than was the case last year. Rockingham, Plantagenet, Foreman and Royal Albert were the entries in the champion class for dogs and Rockingham again won. My opinion of these dogs is well known. Rock is not in first-rate condition, neither is Royal Albert, but the fight lay between them. Cora of Wetherall, looking very well, was alone in the corresponding class for bitches. The closer one examines this bitch the more does he wonder how Daisy ever came to beat her at New York last spring. Cora is twenty points in a hundred a better bitch than she. Royal Prince scored rather an easy win in the open class for dogs, and Phil Warwick made a fair second. This dog has quite a nice head which might be cleaner cut just below the eyes. His eyes, while not bad, might be better and his ears are not perfectly carried, back and chest fairly good, loin long and light, quarters too light and hollow, hocks and stifles straight, shoulders straight, forelegs not very well placed, stands over a bit at pasterns; good feet, coat not flat, fair good flag and showns some character. Pride of Dixie II., c., is not good in head and is straight behind and deficient in coat. Pride of Orleans, vhc., is not good in head, quarters or loin. York, c., is all out of condition—much too fat. He shows setter character. Dashing Sport, vhc., has a fairly good head and beautiful coat, but his faulty shoulders, light eyes, poor loin and light limbs will always stop him at the critical moment. Dash, hc., is faulty at both ends. Don Belton, hc., is not good in head, stop not defined. Duke of Wellington has a poor head and is rather hollow in back and short in ear. Yale Belton, hc., is not in show form. Rock Bondhu is coarse in muzzle, light in limbs and faulty in stifles. Don Petrel, c., is not in good shape. Pride of Dixie, vhc., keeps popping in his nose for a card. His owner has considerable pluck to send him through the circuit, as he is only a third-rater. Daisy Foreman, well known as just a fair bitch, was first in her class and Jeannie III., made a good second; cheeks not quite clean, muzzle not quite square enough in profile, eyes and ears fairly good, chest too round, back might be better, strong loin; quarters and hocks fairly good, tail to long, not well feathered and not well carried, shoulders rather heavy, legs not quite straight, feet not first-class; do with more bone, coat straight, but rather scanty; shows some quality. Maud, hc., is not good in head, coat or ear. Grace, hc., has a fairly good head. Beauty Bondhu has poor head and eyes. The others are well known. Puppies were not very good, but of much better quality than last year. Blitzen won first in dogs; head rather heavy and not clean, muzzle coarse, especially below the eyes; eyes and ears fairly good, neck of nice length, but not quite clean; back and chest fairly good, loin rather long, quarters and hocks fair, tail long, legs not quite straight and feet turned outward; he will probably develop into a coarse dog. Blondin, second prize, is in the same ownership; head not first-class, muzzle short and not clean cut, ears rather short, eyes dark, a coarse head; back, chest and loin fair, quarters rather light, tail long, good legs and feet, shoulders much better than the average, coat fairly good. Prince, in the same class, is a white, brown and tan dog with yellow eyes. Premier Lad was absent. American Girl, not quite my sort, but clearly the best, was first in the corresponding class for ladies; skull rather heavy, muzzle clean cut, especially below the eyes; fairly good ears, placed too high, chest very deficient, ribs not well carried back, loin flat and back rather hollow, quarters and hocks fairly good, tail much too long, forelegs not well placed, but of good strength, feet turned outward, nice coat and color; looks like growing into a coarse bitch. Queen, second prize, will never make a crack, still she is better than the average exhibited this season; cheeks too full, muzzle not cut out clean below the eyes and not square enough, ears not carried quite right, eyes too light, neck fairly good, chest, back and loin fairly good, stifles and hocks very straight and quarters light, stands rather low at the shoulder, tail longer than I like and not well carried, limbs very light, shoulders not quite right, nice coat.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. DAVIDSON).

Chief, Tim, Gerald, Elcho, Jr., and Blarney, were the dogs entered in the champion class. Elcho, Jr., and Blarney were absent, leaving Gerald and Mr. Wenzel's brace to fight out the battle. There was no fear that Mr. Davidson would repeat the Newark blunder of placing Gerald over Tim, and the latter won, with a number of points to the good. Gerald is much too high on the leg, and is not so good in head and loin as Tim. In color he beats Tim, but color does not make an Irish setter, neither does size. I was the first to say that Tim is about the best Irish setter in this country, and he is the dog I selected to represent the breed in the work I am now writing. Hazel was absent from the champion bitch class, leaving Yoube and Zella Glenduff to compete for the mug. Zella is all out of condition, and her light frame and limbs looked lighter than ever. Yoube won. She is away behind Zella in head, but beats her in chest, back, loin, bone and substance, and being in good condition was clearly entitled to the prize; but she is by no means a crack. Jerry had the open class for dogs to himself, Tim having been transferred to the champion class, and Begorra and Bruce absent. He is a promising young dog, and if all goes well with him he will be heard from again. Head just a trifle heavy, peak fairly good, muzzle of good length and formation, eyes rather small, ears well placed and well carried, neck of fair length but not clean, back, chest, loin and quarters about average; hocks would do with more bend and are placed rather high; forelegs might have been better set on—too far under the chest; stands over a bit at knees, good feet, color not first-rate, condition poor, has plenty of size, shows character, and is almost certain to improve. Laura B., the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia winner, scored an easy first in the bitch class, Perdita being properly placed second, although not a good one. Head flat and much too heavy, muzzle short and not clean, ears placed too high, eyes a shade light—not at all a good head; back, chest and loin fairly good, quarters much above average, hocks rather straight, fair good flag, forelegs not well placed—too far under the chest; forearm light, feet turned outward, color might be better, coat flat, moves well. Ready, hc., is too small and weedy, but is a goer. Maud II. was not for competition. Jerry, first in the open dog class, was well-placed first in the puppy class, and Arrowanna made a good second. Head a trifle full, muzzle long and clean, eyes too light, show the haw, ears well placed but not perfectly carried, chest and loin rather light at present, stifles and hocks not quite A1, tail faulty, legs good down to knees, stands over a trifle at knees, good feet; rather a promising pup, shows character and quality, and looks like an improving sort. The first prize bitch puppy is not a good one. Head rather short, muzzle snipy, stop not well defined, ears short and wide and placed too high on the head, chest, back and loin fairly good, stifles not well placed, turned in a trifle, causing the hocks to be thrown out; flag not first-class, very light in bone, small and weedy, color just fair, good coat.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. GLOVER).

In quantity and quality these classes showed a falling off and were a very poor lot. The management had the misfortune to lose Gazette and Belle, owned by the Inwood Kennels, and the Hartford Club must pay for the dogs or face a law suit. Gem, well-known, had the champion class to himself, and Mont, who was second at Boston and Providence, scored an easy win in the open class for dogs. Gift, second prize, was second at this show last year and was fully described. He is not a show dog. Fly, hc., has poor head and light eyes. Rover is a black dog with yellow eyes. First in bitches went to Rose, fully described in my Buffalo report. She is not a good one and is points behind Jessie who was second. This bitch is also well known. She was second at Boston this year and last. Queen, vhc., is faulty in head and limbs. Countess, c., is small and weedy—a very poor class. There were no entries in the puppy class.

SPANIELS—(MR. HEMINGWAY).

Mr. Mortimer judged these classes last year and there were nineteen entries, several of which were absent. This year the club, profiting by past experince, secured the services of a breeder and owner of spaniels, the result being that thirty-five dogs were entered and the quality was decidedly better. Newton Abbot Lady, not in very good condition, was in the champion class for field spaniels, there being no competition in the class. Jet was first in the open class for either sex. Head too wide, stop not well defined, muzzle not square enough, ears placed rather high, eyes small and a shade light, chest, back, loin, quarters and hocks fairly good, limbs too light, coat not flat, rather leggy. Newton Abbot, described in my Buffalo report, was second, and Donnil Dhu, vhc. Miss Obo II. had an easy task set her in the champion cocker class. I gave Brunt first and special at Buffalo but he did not meet a Miss Obo II. on that occasion. Mr. Willey's grand bitch beats him many points in head, muzzle, eyes, ears, loin, and feather. Dandy W. had the open class of dogs to himself. Beatrice W., first in the bitch class, was third at Boston. Chloe W., second prize, is a long way removed from the excellent form of her kennel companions, Miss Obo II. and Shina. Juno W., vhc., is in whelp and did not show up well. Dido W., vhc. reserve, was second at Boston last year. Little Red Rover made an example of his opponents in the class for cockers other than black; Dora was second cheeks rather full, muzzle not square enough, ears rather short and might hang closer, neck, chest, back, loin and quarters good, tail thin, legs and feet fairly good but

light in bone. Dandy W. scored again in the puppy class, Obo V. being second. The latter is heavy in skull, muzzle very wide, with little depth and somewhat tapered, slightly underhung, eyes fairly good, ears placed too high—not at all a good head. Body rather light and ribs not carried far enough back, quarters and hocks fairly good, elbows out, legs of good formation but light in bone, feet fairly good, good coat, will not make a good one. Newcastle, Tyne and Drake were the winners in the Clumber classes. Johnny was absent. I will have something to say about these dogs on a future occasion.

COLLIES—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were twenty-three entries in the six classes provided, and of these nine were absent. Glengarry and Zulu Princess were alone in the champion classes. Brian Boru, a new one, was first in the open class for dogs. Head too heavy and muzzle rather coarse, ears not well carried, eyes round and full and light, back a trifle short, strong loin, stifles fairly good, hocks rather straight, brush a trifle short and carried too gaily, good frill and mane, coat rather short and too soft, shoulders, legs and feet fairly good, nice size, nice color and markings, moves fairly well, has dew claws. Ben Lomond, second prize, is not a first-rater; head much too heavy, muzzle short and rather coarse, too much brow, ears not sufficiently erect, chest too round, loin, quarters and hocks much above average, good brush, shoulders rather heavy, fair good legs and feet, nice mane and frill, top coat not hard enough, moves fairly well. Ronald, vhc., is soft in coat and carries his brush à la Pomeranian. Lady Ellis and Lass O'Lowrie had the bitch class to themselves. They are well known to your readers. Lothian Chief, first in the puppy class for dogs, will never make a good one. His head is not first-class and he is heavily handicapped with a prick ear. The bitches were a wretched lot and the prizes withheld.

BEAGLES AND BASSETS—(MR. ELMORE).

While the entries in these classes were not numerous the quality was good. Messrs. Wakefield and Krueger supplied the winners in every class. Little Duke had a walk over in the champion class for dogs, and Twinkle, looking better than she did at Boston, easily beat Bush in the corresponding class for bitches. Cameron's Racket headed the open class for dogs and also secured the special for best beagle in the show. I like Fitz Hugh Lee better than some of the dogs placed ahead of him. His head is not quite right, but behind it he beats Trailer, for instance, enough to outweigh the points he loses in head. In bitches I liked the second prize winner quite as well as Vickey, placed first. Maida, c., was all out of condition. Snowflake is faulty in skull, has a butterfly nose and stands wide in front. Whisper, third at Newark, won in the puppy class, which was not a good one. Bertrand, not first-class in head and ears, was the only Basset hound shown.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were ten entries in the four classes, half of which were from Dr. Cryer's kennels. Bessie, Santa Claus, Doctor, Vesta, Daisy and Psyche were the winners. They are well-known to your readers, having been fully described more than once of late.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

There were thirteen entries in these classes, and the quality was excellent. Robinson Crusoe, Britomartis, Hillside, Carmen, Moses, Juno and Juanita represented the Hillside Kennels, and took most of the prizes. Tostig, second to Hillside, lacks volume of skull, is fairly good in layback, but is not first rate in eyes or ears; ribs not well sprung and loin not roached, elbows might be better placed and chest more let down, good legs and feet, rather leggy and light. Belle of the Ball is shorter in face than Carmen but not so good in several other respects. Merry Monarch is full brother to Robinson Crusoe, but not his equal either in head, body or limbs; he is, however, a fairly good dog.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The quality of these classes was good. Victoria was alone in the champion class, and Jubilee and The Baron, both well known, were first and second in the open class for dogs and had no competition. Grand Duchess, an excellent specimen, was first in the bitch class. This beautiful bitch should have been first last year when she was placed second by the same judge. With the exception that she is a trifle fine at all points she is a smasher. Queen of the May, second prize, is a new one. She has a good record obtained at the other side of the Herring Pond, but is not quite first-class. Cheeks a trifle full, rather weak before the eyes and inclined to be lippy, expression not quite right, good length of head, chest rounder than I like, good loin, quarters muscular, stifles not quite right, nice straight legs and feet, tail rather coarse and might be better carried. Silver and Bess, the only entries in the light weight class, were first and second in the order named. Had I been judge the latter would have been disqualified. Jubilee was the only puppy shown, and he won. He was first at Boston and Providence and is well known.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Only sixteen dogs in seven classes to face a fox-terrier judge, is, I fancy, the worst on record. The valuable Apollo Stakes alone should have brought out as many dogs as competed in the seven classes. I have tried and tried in vain to find out why this valuable prize was offered at the Hartford show, and why it was not judged by a specialty judge. Perhaps Mr. Thayer or some other prominent member of the Fox-Terrier Club can throw light on the question. What is the use of having these specialty clubs unless specialists are appointed to award the valuable prizes offered? A man who poured water into a sieve would be laughed at; yet this is precisely what the Fox-Terrier Club is doing. Lucifer and Safety were the only exhibits to face the judge in the champion classes. Four only of the eight entered in the open class for dogs put in an appearance. Luke, first in the puppy class at the Newport fox-terrier show, won, with Raby Jack, well known, second, and Nobby, faulty in head and two or three other places, vhc. Piccinino, hc., is faulty in head and eye, and soft in coat. A poor class. The corresponding class for bitches was not a good one. Marguerite, well-known, was first, and Richmond Myrtle made a good second. Allspice, first in the puppy class last year, was given vhc.; she is not sound, but may prove a useful brood bitch, as she is fairly good looking and well bred. Shameless Mixture scored again in the puppy class. Mephisto, in his present condition, was not entitled to second prize, which clearly belonged to Sandy Mixture; he should not have been sent to the show. In many respects I prefer Sandy Mixture to Shameless Mixture. He is of better type, but his pins are not straight. Only one bitch puppy was shown; she was first at Providence. The class for wire-hairs did not fill.

OTHER TERRIES—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were very poorly represented. Tees Rock, the first prize Bedlington, is a good dog, faulty in head and muzzle, but good in body, legs, feet, coat and topknot. Put Sentinel's head on to his body and you would have a pretty good looking dog. Elswick Sue has a poor head. Rocks is improving, but he will never be first-class. Lady Kate was the best of the Skyes, and won. Highland Nellie, second prize, is rather soft in coat and would do with more length.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There was one dog in each of the three classes and they are well known to the readers of this paper. All were in good condition.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There were three entries in this class, but only one Italian greyhound. Minnie, second prize, should have been first, and the other prizes withheld for want of merit. Cute, first prize, has a very poor head and is prick-eared, a fault which should almost disqualify; eyes very light, chest and loins very poor, quarters wretched, tail broken and carried over the back, forelegs sadly placed and crooked, moves badly, too large, shows neither quality nor character, not a true Italian greyhound, and consequently should not have been noticed.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. BARLOW).

Mr. Mortimer was down to judge these classes; but, for some reason or other, they were handled by Mr. Barlow. My esteemed friend from Philadelphia should remember that, in trying to oblige Mr. Mortimer, he did himself and others an injustice which cannot easily be repaired. Patsy O'Connor, vhc., should have scored the easiest possible win over Lucifer and Colleen O'Donoghue. This was a shocking decision. Patsy O'Connor is a good dog, whereas Colleen O'Donoghue is a third-rater. The dog is better in muzzle, head, eyes, topknot, ears, coat, size and tail, and he shows considerable true character, whereas the bitch shows little, if any. I feel sure that Mr. Barlow will seek an early opportunity to re-examine the dogs and right the wrong so far as it lies in his power to do so. CHARLES H. MASON.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Inwood Kennels' Gem. *Dogs:* 1st, Dr. W. H. Tillinghast's Mout; 2d, J. Howe's Gift. Very high com., T. W. Hooker's Dash. High com., E. C. Howe's Fly. *Bitches:* 1st, W. E. Rothermel's Rose; 2d, G. E. Browne's Jessica. Very high com. and com., G. D. Terhune's Queen and Queen II. Com., Inwood Kennels' Countess. *Puppies:* No entries.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Kennel St. Bernards, Hospice Kennels; pointers, Westminster Kennel Club; English setters, Blackstone Kennel; spaniels, J. P. Willey; fox-terriers, Blemton Kennels; beagles, A. R. Wakefield; pugs, Dr. M. H. Cryer; deerhounds, J. E. Thayer; collies, Hempstead Farm Co.; Irish setters, Max Wenzel; mastiff dog, E. H. Moore's Orion; bitch, G. & H. B. Cromwell's The Lady Clare; puppy, Dr. P. H. Ingall's Brian; rough-coated St. Bernard dog, Hospice Kennels' Otho; bitch, R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda; puppy, H. S. Pitkin's Prince Barry; smooth-coated dog, Hospice Kennels' Hector; bitch, E. H. Moore's Gip; deerhound dog, J. E. Thayer's Chieftain; bitch, same owner's Wanda; brace greyhounds, H. W. Huntington's Balkis and Lancashire Witch; pointer dog, large, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany; small, Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen; best in show the same; brace (two), the same with Ballona; dog puppy S. S. Banks's Ned B; bitch, G. L. Wilson's Mayflower; bitch, sired by Croxteth (two) Greenfield Kennels' Lalla Croxteth; English setter stud dog, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman with Daisy Foreman and Jenny III.; dog puppy, Blue Belton Kennels' Blitzen; bitch puppy, J. K. Lanman's American Girl; get of Foreman, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; of Yale Belton, A. B. Saxton's Dashing Sport; Irish setter dog, Max Wenzel's Tim; bitch, J. M. Leckley's Laura B; dog puppy, F. Cheeney Jr.'s Tim; bitch, O. S. Kelsey's Curror Bell; black and tan setter dog, Inwood Kennels' Gem; bitch, W. E. Rothermel's Rose; brace field spaniels; A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot and Newdeon Abbot Lady; cocker spaniels (two) J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.; Clumber, M. Richardson's Newcastle; collie dog, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glengarry; bitch, same owner's Lady Ellis; puppy, Lothian Kennels' Lothian Chief; Beagle Club's cup, dog, A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket; bitch, same owner's Vickey; beagle puppy, same owner's Whisper; basset hound, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand; pug dog in open class, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Doctor; bull, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis; dog in open class, same owner's Hillside; bull-terrier (two), E. D. Morgan's Grand Duchess; bitch (two), the same; Bedlington terrier, dog, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock; bitch, W. H. Russell's Elswick Sue; Skye terrier, C. A. Shinn's Lady Kate; Chesapeake Bay dog, C. B. Jenning's Sport; poodle, J. M. Loring's Soot; Newfoundland, R. D. Cole's Colonel; American bred fox-terrier, F. Hoey's Luke; Fox-Terrier Club Apollo Stake, the same; dog in open class, the same; bitch, Blemton Kennels' Marguerite; dog puppy (three), J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture; dog and bitch and dog and bitch puppy, Blemton Kennels' pair, same owner's Lucifer and Safety; Blenheim spaniel, W. Phillips's King Pippin; Italian greyhound, W. E. Norris's Cute; pug in open class, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Doctor; field spaniel (two), A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady; bobtailed sheepdog, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer; spaniel puppy, J. P. Willey's Dandy W.; puppy sired by Graphic, Clifton Kennels' Pomancy Sec; black and tan setter in open class, Dr. W. H. Tillinghast's Mout; beagle puppy, A. C. Krueger's Whisper; setter dog owned in Hartford, H. Bryant's Dash II.; brace English setters, F. Windholz's Rockingham and Cora of Wetheral; collies, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Glengarry and Lady Ellis; beagle, A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket; brace, same with Vickey; cocker or field spaniel, J. P. Willey's Miss Obo II.; collie in open class, Hempstead Farm Co.'s Lady Ellis; water spaniel, B. F. Lewis's Colleen O'Donoghue; pug bitch in open class, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Daisy; in miscellaneous class, Sir Lucifer and Colleen O'Donoghue.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

IF any one financially interested in the success of the New York dog show looked at the sky on Monday night, his thoughts took a gloomy cast. The moon shone dimly through a mackerel sky, and the stars cast but a faint and misty light through a moisture-laden atmosphere. It looked like rain, and rain would reduce the attendance at the show at least one-half. Nevertheless, Tuesday morning was bright, warm and pleasant. Those were wise who were early at the show, for on this first morning was the best time to see the dogs and to get an idea of what there was present in the way of dogflesh. On entering the building from the Madison avenue side and turning to the left, the mastiffs are first to be seen on the outside benches, and following them the St. Bernards, rough and smooth, the Newfoundlands, deerhounds and greyhounds. The benches of the inner rows are occupied by the smaller dogs; hounds, pointers, setters, spaniels and collies on the Twenty-seventh street side of the judging rings; the remaining collies, all terriers, bulldogs, toys, beagles and poodles, on the Twenty-sixth street side. The benching is done by the Spratts in the manner adopted by all shows this spring, and certainly has the advantage of adding greatly to the appearance of things. Certainly Madison Square Garden never has seemed so roomy, so light or as well ventilated as at this show.

There are nearly a thousand dogs at the Garden, most of them apparently in good condition, though of course some of them are pretty well worn out by the campaigns through which they have already passed this spring. It is too soon to speak of the quality of the dogs, though a casual glance along the benches seems to show a great many weeds. The mastiffs, as a rule, are poor, and so are the St. Bernards. Collies and spaniels on the other hand seem unusually good. The exhibit of Clumber spaniels seems to attract a good deal of attention and admiration. Among the new dogs was the liver and white pointer Duke of Hessen, which arrived the morning of the opening day, a black poodle, Brigand, which has only recently arrived.

The judging was advertised to begin at 10 o'clock Tuesday but did not commence until about 11. It progressed rathe, slowly, and this, though it seemed to indicate bad management, was really due to the very bad method of benching the dogs out of their order. The result of this was that in some cases the attendants were only able to find the dogs which would be judged after a long and tedious search, and at least one case occurred where an animal was not found at all until long after the judging was over. We have had occasion before to call attention to this inconvenience and delay caused by this concession to owners who desire to have all their dogs benched together, and the occurrences of this show emphasize the necessity of placing the dogs in their regular order.

The attendance on Tuesday was light, but in the evening was better.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Winlawn Kennels' Homer. *Bitch:* Winlawn Kennels' Prussian Princess.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. L. Belmore Suydam's Prince Waldemar; 2d, R. H. Derby's Pharaoh; 3d, J. L. Winchell's Boss. Very high com., Scarsdale Mastiff Kennels' Hildebert. High com., F. S. Delafield's Vulcan, J. C. Smeton's Kaffir and E. R. Colman's Jag. Com., E. A. D. Maurice's Argus. *Bitches:* 1st, G. & H. B. Cromwell's The Lady Clare; 2d, E. H. Moore's Southern Belle; 3d, J. L. Winchell's Lady Gladys. Very high com., J. L. Hope's German Empress and F. Uhlenhaut's Venice. Com., S. A. Dayton's Gypsey.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. R. Boudrean's Homer, Jr.; 2d, J. R. Trissler's Noble Cautious. High com., E. J. Hawley's Brutus. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Moore's Duchess; 2d, H. Boudrean's Topsy. Very high com., R. Boudrean's Belle.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince; 2d, Hermitage Kennels' Duke of Leeds. Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Otho. *Bitch:* Hermitage Kennels' Rhona; 2d, E. H. Moore's Miranda. Very high com., R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Ehrich's Barry II.; 2d, very high com. and high com., Hospice Kennels' Hadjar, Eiger and Alvier; 3d and high com., D. P. Foster's Barry and Forrester. Reserve, Wells & Zerwick's Pasha. Very high com., W. Graham's Visp II. High com., L. F. Beckwith's Dare, A. B. Hilton's Victor and H. G. Cassidy's Bryan Boru. Com., D. Hamilton's Tell, E. W. Durkee's Barry, A. J. Massey's St. Triphon, J. Ogilvy's Lord Randolph and E. S. Dalziel's Mountaineer. *Bitches:* 1st, Hermitage Kennels' St. Bride; 2d, W. W. Tucker's Duchess of Leeds; 3d, Dr. W. Young's Empress. Reserve, Heathfield Kennels' Recluse. Very high com. and high com., Associated Fanciers' Sheba and Norah. High com., Hospice Kennels' Tromba and Jeanne d'Arc.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Col. A. B. Hilton's Colonel; 2d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, W. W. Tucker's Princess; 2d, T. M. Burke's Fideline. Very high com., B. Young's Princess. High com., J. Moore's Comasso. Com., C. S. Warren's Jessie.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. W. Tucker's Apollo; 2d, Hospice Kennels' Hector. Reserve, Hermitage Kennels' Don II. *Bitch:* Hermitage Kennels' Leila.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. W. Tucker's Victor Joseph; 2d, E. N. Howell's Lecco; 3d, J. Dunlap's Rigi. Reserve, J. B. Burnham's Bruno. Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Wotan. High com., Hermitage Kennels' Eric. *Bitches:* 1st, E. N. Howell's Belle of Sterling; 2d, W. W. Tucker's Flora II.; 3d, Hermitage Kennels' Alma II. Reserve, E. H. Moore's Gip. Very high com., high com. and com., Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba, Apollonia and Kader. Very high com., W. W. Tucker's Bernice. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Hermitage Kennels' Peter; 2d and very high com. E. N. Howell's two unnamed. *Bitches:* 1st, W. W. Tucker's Lucy; 2d, J. Thurston's Erminie.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, H. Ullmah's Nicholas. Reserve, R. D. Sullivan's Gypsey. Very high com., J. English's Flora. Com., J. Weiner's Creghton.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar; 2d, Associated Fanciers' Leo; 3d, withheld.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Chieftain. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Wanda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain and Highland Laddie; 2d, P. C. Ohl's Garry; 3d, C. C. Higgins's Galek. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Ramona and Thora; 3d, P. C. Ohl's Lady Biswell.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Robber Chieftain and King of the Forest. *Bitchics:* 1st and 2d, J. E. Thayer's Thedora and Lorna Secunda.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—C. A. Webber's Mother Demdike.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Heatherfield Kennels' Joe Jumper; 3d, Mrs. J. W. Luckey's Beauty. *Bitches:* 1st, E. A. Adams's Psyche; 2d, J. C. Emory's Dora; 3d, Heatherfield Kennels' Satchel.—PUPPIES—1st, E. H. Pyott's Queen in Black; 2d, P. Neary's Maud S.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Highland Kennels' Robert Le Diable. *Bitch:* No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany; 2d and 3d, Neversink Lodge Kennels' Drake and Neversink. Very high com., D. B. Keeler's Shirley. High com., F. Smith's Joe. Com., P. Dakin's Glen. *Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Tucka; 2d, Naso Kennels' Belle; 3d, Neversink Lodge Kennels' Jill. Reserve, E. A. Peck's Madge.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* No entry. *Bitch:* C. M. Munhall's Patti M.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. R. Hitchcock's Duke of Hessen; 2d, Locust Kennels' Vanderbilt; 3d, Dr. J. A. Wells's Puck. Very high com., C. L. Dick's Hamlet Sleaford, J. L. Breeze's Bang Grace and F. Vail's Naso of Devonshire. High com., W. Moller's Bon Ton. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, F. R. Hitchcock's Penelope and Pocahontas; 2d, L. W. White's Anna Hutchinson; 3d, Field Trial Kennels' Kent Queen. Very high com., A. C. Burt's Nell. High com., D. G. Hartt's Frank. Com., J. P. Cartwright's Rosa. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. S. Banks's Ned B.; 2d, F. Wallrath's Jersey Bang Bang. Reserve, G. W. Waite's Mort of Naso. Very high com., F. Vail's Naso of Devonshire and D. G. Hartt's Custer and Mack. High com., W. T. Payne's Donald V. and D. G. Hartt's Scout. Com., Miss Maud E. Hughes's Gunner. *Bitches:* 1st, D. G. Hartt's Pansy; 2d, Stratford Kennels' Wanda; Reserve, G. Wilms's Mayflower. Very high com., L. W. White's Anna Hutchinson and F. Hoecker's Belle. Com., E. W. Mead's Bess.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert; 2d, F. Windholz's Rockingham. *Bitch:* F. Windholz's Cora of Wetheral.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. R. Wright's Rollo; 2d, R. T. Kennedy's Prince Royal II.; 3d, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie. Reserve, Chautauqua Kennels' Ted's Bang. Very high com., W. G. White's Forest Planter, J. L. Breeze's Gloster, S. B. Duryea's Ned, A. P. Vredenburg's Prince Jester, H. Hartley's Royal Victor and E. W. Jester's Cecil. High com., J. Hathewayn's Blue Jim, F. R. Hitchcock's Swatara, G. A. Robinson's Wood Powder, S. B. Foard's Rock Glen and E. W. Jester's Glen Rock. Com., L. Gardner's Roger. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Blackstone Kennels' Lulu and Fairy Belle; 2d, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman; 3d and very high com., E. W. Durkee's Haphazzard and Chintz. Reserve, G. E. Schofield's Daisy. Very high com., J. H. Work's Queen, Chautauqua Kennels' Chautauqua Belle C., H. McIlwaine's Pandora and E. W. Jester's Wee Clara. High com., O. Rothmaler's Olivette and Compton Grove Kennels' Belva. Com., S. B. Foard's Ada Gladstone and Cannonsburg Cocker Kennels' Lady Rock.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. O. Herne's Westmoreland; 2d, W. H. Pierce's Bravo. *Bitches:* 1st, E. L. Vredenburgh's Lady Rockingham; 2d, W. Fiske's Donna.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr.; 2d, Max Wenzel's Tim. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Mollie Bawn; 2d, H. E. Chubb's Zella Glendiff.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Begorra; 2d, L. B. Wright's Glencho's Boy; 3d, Blackthorn Kennels' Bismark. Very high com., H. B. Goetchius's Chief II. High com., Max Wenzel's Catfoot. Com., F. M. Bennett's Shot and C. J. Stewart's Rodman. *Bitches:* 1st, J. J. Scanlon's Lulu III.; 2d, Dr. A. McCollom's M'Liss; 3d, W. Graham's Noreen IV. Very high com., H. T. Henshaw's Bessie Glencho. High com., Max Wenzel's Ready, T. J. Farley's Nellie Husted. Com., C. J. Stewart's Meg and Pet Glencho.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Stocky & Chisholm's Patsy O'Connor; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Colleen O'Donoghue.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—M. Richardson's Newcastle.—OPEN—1st, Mercer & Hill's Drake; 2d, M. Richardson's Tyne; 3d, J. M. Lawrence's Bateman.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—Compton Grove Kennels' Bandit.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot and Donuil Dhu; 2d, Miss Beatrice Jones's Nig. Reserve, Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Monk. Very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Mikado. High com., Lieut. Henn's Blue Peter and A. J. Berriar, Jr.'s Bettie Lottimer. Com., R. M. Bull's Black Joe. *Bitches:* 1st, Compton Grove Kennels' Lotta; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Woodstock Nora; 3d, E. M. Oldham's Lady Abbot.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—CHAMPION—C. H. Nelles's Brant.—OPEN—LIVER OR BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Boniface; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Master Shina; 3d, American Cocker Kennels' Dixie. Reserve, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jock. Very high com., Miss Lena Smithson's Jet. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Woodstock Belle; 2d, Compton Grove Kennels' Compton Gladys; 3d, American Cocker Kennels' Queen Obo. High com., W. J. Fryer, Jr.'s Bella.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st and reserve, A. Laidlaw's Robin and Rosy; 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Fancy; 3d, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Loto. Very high com., G. E. Curtis's Gyp. High com., H. P. Lane's Nero and J. H. Davis's Mary. Com., R. J. Scabury's Rex.—PUPPIES—ANY COLOR—*Dogs:* A. Laidlaw's Robin; 2d, A. W. Day's Nonesuch. Reserve, American Cocker Kennels' Dixie. Very high com., J. Stacom's Black Joe and Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Dick. High com., W. H. & J. B. James's Racket.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla. *Bitch:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Flurry II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot, Strephon and Nullamore; 3d, J. Van Schaick's Surbiton. Very high com., J. D. Shotwell's Shirley, W. S. Sanford's Success and J. M. Waterbury's Lad of Pleasance. Com., G. A. Fletcher's Scotson. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and reserve, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Luella, Spoiled Miss and Gem; 3d, J. C. Vail's Colina. High com., E. E. Sprague's Margaret. Com., H. A. Barry's Aurora, G. A. Draper's Queen Bess and J. M. Waterbury's Lassie of Pleasance.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' unnamed and Hector. Reserve and high com., J. M. Waterbury's two unnamed. Com., G. Bell's What's Wanted. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Lorna Thorpe and Albe Thorpe; 2d, J. M. Waterbury's unnamed. Reserve, Associated Fanciers' Berlin Lassie.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Rubenstein; 2d, C. Westerman's Polico; 3d, F. Houpt's Gretchen. Very high com., F. A. Watson's Kaiser.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* A. H. Wakefield's Little Duke. *Bitch:* A. H. Wakefield's Twinkle. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, very high com. and com., A. H. Wakefield's Fitzhugh Lee, Leader and Racer, Jr.; 2d, H. F. Schellhass's Trailer; 3d and high com., Somerset Kennels' Jupiter and Goodwood Rattler. Very high com., G. Laick's Rattler. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Wakefield's May Belle II.; 2d, Somerset Kennels' Jessie; 3d and high com., H. F. Schellhass's Trinket and Melody. Very high com., F. P. Quimby's Lizzie. *Puppies:* 1st, H. F. Schellhass's Riot.

BULLDOGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. E. Thayer's Robinson Crusoe. *Bitch:* J. E. Thayer's Britomartis.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Barnard's King Cole, Jr.; 2d, C. D. Cugle's Merry Monarch; 3d and reserve, T. W. Mills's Bruce and Guillermo. Very high com., J. H. Sanderson's Gimlet. High com. and com., C. L. Collins's Bendigo and Boss. *Bitches:* 1st, R. & W. Livingstone's Thespian; 2d, J. E. Thayer's Carmen; 3d, J. L. Boardman's Rose. Com., R. & W. Livingstone's Silver Pitcher. *Puppies:* 1st, J. H. Sanderson's Gimlet; 2d, A. Hoysradt's Rocksie. Very high com., T. W. Mills's Monarch.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—W. J. Comstock's Victoria.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. D. Morgan's Cairo; 2d, J. M. Cox's Tony; 3d, H. A. Waldron's Silver. Very high com., J. Patterson's Judas. Com., S. Van Vecten's Lord Nelson, C. Powers's Dandy and E. D. Adams's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., E. D. Morgan's Bonnie Princess, Queen of the May and Grand Duchess; 3d, Miss Fannie W. Ogden's Gipsey. High com., Miss Neilson's Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, H. D. & J. R. Steers's Queen Bess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* F. Hoey's Valet. Reserve, A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Lucifer. *Bitch:* A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Safety. Reserve, A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Marguerite.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and com., J. E. Thayer's Raby Mixer and Raby Jack; 2d, A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Bacchanal; 3d and high com., E. Kelly's Earl Leycester and Shovel. Reserve and high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's The Warren Spider and Warren Jim. High com., W. T. McAleer's General Grant. *Bitches:* 1st, high com. and com., J. E. Thayer's Richmond Dazzle, Richmond Myrtle and Meersbrook Nan; 2d, reserve and very high com., A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Diadem, Tiara and Verdict; 3d and com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Lady Warren Mixture, Warren Jostle, Warren Spangle and Warren Lusty. Very high com., E. Kelly's Flame.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and com., A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Resolute and Faust; 2d and 3d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Spider and Warren Swagger. Reserve and high com., J. E. Thayer's Shameless Mixture and Sandy Mixture. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Lady Warren Mixture; 2d, A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Tiara. Reserve, Mrs. V. Spader's Biddy. High com., Maitland & Bunker's Tarn.—WIRE-HAIRED—1st, W. M. Conner's Cheshire Laddie; 2d, J. E. I. Grainger's Tyke; 3d, S. Bell's Bristles.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7LBS.—1st, G. Bell's Bessie; 2d, H. Muss's Lady. Very high com., F. Gebhard's Harry O.

SCOTCH AND HARD-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, J. O'Neil's Boxer; 2d, E. D. Morgan's Highland Laddie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. D. Morgan's Tees Rock; 2d and high com., W. H. Russell's Sentinel and Elswick Sue.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, C. T. Thompson's Geesela; 2d and very high com., J. O. Haine's Eileen and Dennis.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. P. Sanderson's Lass O' Gowrie; 2d L. H. Spence's Ben. Very high com., A. W. Powers's Tunis. High com., N. V. Ketchum's Teddie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. F. Campbell's Sir Colin, 2d, Mrs. J. R. Gildersleeve's Dick. Reserve, A. W. Cabot's Lancashire Star. High com., J. Marriott's Charlie and J. Maddox's Prince. Com., J. Marriott's Niger and T. D. Burke's Bright. *Bitches:* 1st, B. J. Harrison's Mossey; 2d, W. Brooks's Midget. Very high com., D. J. McElroy's Polly and T. D. Burke's Beauty.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. G. Landau's Prince; 2d, Mrs. E. Keeler's Yum Yum. Very high com., Miss K. Nelson's Tiney. High com., M. A. Hanchett's Mousey.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—No entry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, P. F. Turner's Victor; 2d, Miss M. E. Bannister's Jumbo, Jr.; 3d, G. W. Fisher's Tom Thumb. Very high com., Mrs. H. Montgomery's Click and Dr. H. R. Surles's Rob Roy. High com., Mrs. R. Endicott's Wrinkles. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Mrs. Chas. Wheatleigh's Yuma Yuma, Yum Yum and Victoria; 3d, Mrs. Louisa Reed's Flora. Com., Mansfield & Hinckley's Little Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Tootsie Sloper; 2d, withheld.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, F. B. Fay's Milwaukee Charlie; 2d, W. Phillips's Roscius; 3d, A. W. Lucy's Duke. Very high com., Mrs. Lawson's Charley and Mrs. Kistemann's Champion. High com., Mrs. F. Senn's Prince. Com., J. S. Bacon's Lady.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, W. Phillips's King Victor; 2d, Miss Mamie Phillips's King Pippin.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. Kistemann's Lilly; 2d, withheld.

RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, 2d, high com. and com., King Charles Kennels' Princess Alice, Ruddygore, Red Rose and Red Tycoon.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Miss Eugene Clark's Kobe and Kuma.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Miss Edith M. Van Buren's Fanny and Cupid.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer; 2d, withheld; 3d, G. H. Watson's Carlo. SMALL—Equal 1st, Mrs. H. T. Foote's Me Too and Miss Helen Dauvray's Chiquita; 2d, Mrs. A Grinnell's Pedro; 3d, W. B. Anderson's Cliquot.

SPANIELS AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Mr. C. H. Mason's critique on the Philadelphia show, he says of the Clumber spaniels Johnny and Drake that it would "spoil a great deal of fun" were he to inform the "unfortunate gentleman who has never seen a typical Clumber" why Drake is a much better dog than Johnny. Would Mr. Mason have any objections to foregoing the amusement he speaks of by informing your readers in what way Drake beats Johnny and is a much better dog? Three judges—Messrs. Hemingway, Wilmerding and West, all members of the American Spaniel Club—have decided that Johnny is the better of the two, and I happen to know that in his native place (Ottawa) Johnny is considered much the best, and there are good judges of the breed there. Just a word with regard to Drake's much harped on "domed" skull. Mr. Rendle is right, although he uses an unfortunate term to convey his meaning. Mr. Mason need not remind me that the "marked stop" is an important feature in the head of the Clumber spaniel, but Drake's forehead is rather too heavy, and the top of his head is round, not perfectly flat, as it should be. This, I think, is what Mr. Rendle wishes to convey, and he is right. The only fault which can be found with Johnny's head is that it has not quite sufficient depth of brow, and in the opinion of many he does not want even in this particular. Let Mr. Mason refer to the fourth edition of "The Dogs of the British Islands," and turn to the illustration of Bruce, of whom Stonehenge says that he may be regarded a good type of the breed. Let him also look at the illustration in *Le Chenil* of Oct. 14 last of Dot II., one of the Duke of Portland's famous kennel. He will see that neither of these dogs has a deep stop. I do not quote these illustrations to prove that depth of stop is not a desideratum in a Clumber's head, but I think that as these dogs are said to be typical English Clumbers, despite their lack of stop, Johnny, who has far more than they have, is not a long way off the mark. Of course Mr. Mason is obliged to write in the strain he does to palliate his Providence blunder. It is only to be expected. I trust, however, that he will sacrifice his prospective amusement, and enlighten the "unfortunate gentleman" and at the same time your readers. Kindly insert this at as early a date as possible.—A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.

THAT BUFFALO SHOW.—Hornellsville, N. Y., April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would say to Mr. Cook, Secretary of Buffalo Kennel Club No. 2, that John Lewis, one of the directors of club No. 1, came here to Hornellsville and engaged me as superintendent. At that time I had never heard of Mr. Chadeayne. I send you part of premium list and catalogue; entry No. 88 was made by and the bitch is owned by the treasurer of club No. 2, so it is likely he knew what he was doing.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

STANDARDS AND JUDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dog show season will soon be over and your columns will not be crowded with show reports, and our few capable non-sporting judges will have time to do a little missionary work among us benighted outsiders. I think that Mr. Mason, Mr. Watson and Mr. Barlow would do real service to doggy interests, and I am certain they would contribute to the clear understanding by us Gentiles of judging, if they would give us a "precis" of how judging is done, on what grounds the awards are made, what determines a judge in placing this dog first, that second and t'other nowhere, and how far they take standards into consideration. Remember, I am asking this favor honestly and in good faith, not to put anybody in a hole. I take it for granted that the standard fairly and honestly established by any specialist club for the breed they represent is to be accepted as portraying an ideal of what the breed should be, and, of course, I take mastiffs as an illustration. Here Mr. Mason can answer better than anybody I know, for he has displayed that rare qualification in a judge of detecting real merit where it was not supposed to exist, and putting forward a dog that other judges had treated contemptuously; as, for instance, that great dog Ilford Cromwell getting he.'s, vhe.'s, seconds, and being generally despised, until Mr. Mason put the seal of merit on him at the New Haven show; and, with the exception of Mr. Wallack, Mr. Mason is the only judge that has appreciated just what the merits of Nap are, a dog the exact counterpart of such cracks of the olden time as Turk, Hanbury's Prince, etc., but not of the fashionable type of to-day. It has been so long since Mr. Watson judged mastiffs that I cannot speak in such terms of him, and, besides, he put my dog De Buch first, which he shouldn't have done, as Rover had the pull on him. Nevertheless, Mr. Watson can give us the philosophy of judging as well as anybody, and I hope the pages of the *American Kennel Register* will be ornamented by his philosophizing.

Now the mastiff standard expressly requires that a dog must have a square muzzle, and emphasizes this by strictly defining a "square" muzzle as "forming a right angle with the upper line of nose;" that the loin must be "broad, flat and muscular;" and that the hocks must be "bent." Well and good; the two latter are absolute necessities, not merely to appearance, but to strength, power and even moderate activity. Well, then, if a dog is notoriously deficient in all or any of the three, and thereby expressly contradicts the fixed requirements of the standard, how can it be a good specimen? How can a judge give a first to a dog that is just what the conservators of the breed say the breed must not be? I cannot see how superexcellence in some other direction can atone for fundamental violations in this. Even accept Mr. Wynn's scale as the existing authority (as it probably is, none other being in existence), can perfection, absolute perfection in head, with its 42 points, count as condoning positive contradictions in hocks? Then again, perfection in head requires a square muzzle; how then can a dog whose muzzle is 10 or 15 degrees out of square have a good head? Yet I have seen both Mr. Mason and Mr. Watson recently commend an animal the worst undershot I know of, and with hocks like an elephant's. Now take such a mastiff as we can recall half a dozen specimens of, who have truly square muzzles, broad flat skulls, admirable bodies, good legs, good action, and with heads certainly short as compared with any other breed, say much shorter than Alston's Colonel, whose muzzle was 4½in. to a skull 7½in. long, or Hanbury's Prince, or Turk, still further out of the way, yet not as short as certain "elephant"-hocked, frightfully undershot dogs. On what principle of rational interpretation can such a dog said to be worse than one who contradicts the standard in vital points? If a dog is not perfection in hocks, a bit straighter than we would like, or not as deep and thick in loin as he should be, yet still fairly coming within the definitions of the standard in these points and very much better in head than one that surpasses him in hocks, body and loin, I can see where the first mentioned is the better dog, on the principle of the superior value attaching to head properties; both dogs come fairly within the definitions, and the one excelling in the most highly valued quality is evidently the best. Suppose you would give the mastiff standard to—say Mr. Davidson, ask him to forget that he ever saw a mastiff, but to take this standard, study it thoroughly and form an idea of the dog intended to be portrayed by it and then take it into a show and apply its teachings to the selection of the best dog. Do you not agree with me that he would pass by many and many of our crack winners and say "Why this is'nt a mastiff, it has'nt a square muzzle, its hocks bend the wrong way, it has no loin at all for useful purposes." Then tell the judge that that is the winning type and he would ask "Are you a fool? or do you take me for one?" Yet is not this just what a standard is for? The judge who thoroughly knows the breed doesn't want instruction as to what its characteristics are, and the novice naturally expects, and on the strongest possible grounds of right, that the standard will teach him what is right and what is wrong about various specimens. Of course I do not say that the standard will make a competent judge of a novice; as Mr. Wynn succinctly defines it, "If the judge doesn't know his work *as a judge*, his knowledge of the breed is no use to him;" but it can hardly be denied that the standard should be applied with the same sound judgment and reasonable interpretation, on the same principles of common sense that all law is interpreted by in our courts.

I fear to stir up a hornet's nest about my ears by saying a word about collies, and although I don't pretend to know a good from a bad collie, I think I may be allowed an opinion on collie men and collie standards, as far as the plain English of them goes; and does the winner of to-day answer the requirement of the standard so recently set up of a "moderately wide skull?" Yet didn't the London *Stock-Keeper* lately call the attention of English collie judges to the woeful divergence of their judging from the standard of the English Collie Club? Surely mine ancient foe, "Porcupine," will admit that the *Stock-Keeper* is *the* collie paper.

Further along comes up another question. Which should the judge do, award prizes on the lines that other recognized judges have done, only striving to consistently apply the most obvious deductions from their decisions? Or should he go further back and apply the principles of the standards? It seems to me that the former involves the conclusion that all standards are to be taken in a "Pickwickian sense," and it is significant that the very worst offenders against the mastiff standard are the very lights of the O. E. M. Club who prepared it. They set up the requirements of square muzzle, bent hocks, etc., and then went to work to breed the most conspicuous departures from it that were within the limits of possibility. Setting up a standard and then putting Crown Prince up as a wonder, when he was about as flat a contradiction as well could be; glorifying him as a stud dog, when ninety-nine out of the hundred of his get have hocks as straight as a walking stick. If he ever got another than Debonnair with decent hocks, it didn't come to this side of the water.

The English Collie Club seem to have sedulously emulated the O. E. M. Club in their revival of the ruling principles of the Pickwick Club, but, like most imitators, they are but feeble strivers after their exemplars. Mark you how a real authority acts when he judges; how Mr. Hanbury put Prince Regent over Crown Prince; and how Mr. Wynn put Beau over The Shah when the latter was held a world-beater, and the astonishment Mr. Nichols would give "the natives" would be more panoramic than the results of Mr. Mason's independence about Ilford Cromwell.

To sum it up in two conundrums: Why do not judges give prizes on the lines the standards indicate? Or why do not breeders change the standards to fit the dogs that win under it?

In such an inquiry as I make, it is almost impossible to clearly state it, with full significance, without reference, by name, to judges and dogs. This generally raises a stir from the owners of dogs that may be disparaged, and the judge to whom lack of infallibility is imputed immediately boils over; and as I wish to restrain my question and any discussion that may arise on it entirely to principles, not individuals, I may not have made myself as clear as I would wish to do. W. WADE.

HULTON, PA., April 27.

THE PITTSBURGH JUDGING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the Pittsburgh show your reporter has treated me in two instances at least most unfairly, and says what he himself knows are not the facts, and therefore not true. In order that I may not be misunderstood and enable me to more fully explain, I will quote his own writing, viz.; "It is utterly impossible for any man who has not been in a good school for a number of years, to successfully handle one-half of the classes Mr. Goodman undertook to pass on. He himself discovered this before he got through with his work, and asked us to help him out of the dilemma his lack of foresight had placed him in."

Now the fact of the matter is, that I was in no dilemma, as he terms it, although he would have your readers infer that the judging had actually come to a stop, or, in other words, that I was stuck and could not go on without his assistance, when in reality and in fact, the judging had all been finished the day before, except some of the specials. The particular special in which your reporter gave his assistance, and the only one for which he was asked to assist, was the one of $25 for the best kennel of terriers. For reason of my own, not necessary to mention here, I did not wish to make the decision entirely on my own responsibility, and with the consent of Mr. Naylor, one of the contestants for this special, your reporter was asked to assist. This is the extent of his helping me out of the dilemma. It is plainly seen that he is trying to make a mountain out of a mole hill.

The other part of his report, to which I have to take exception, and which is wholly untrue, is where he says I asked the veteran Heald "if both dogs were owned by the popular exhibitor from Lancaster." This, as I said before, is false. I never asked any man (that is either before or during the judging) whom the dogs were owned by. I went to Pittsburgh to judge dogs, and not their owners, and right or wrong, I gave the ribbons to those I thought worthy of them. I find no fault with his criticism on my judging. That I may have made some blunders is possible, but in his preface he would have your readers believe that nearly every dog was wrongly placed, which, however, he fails to prove in his criticism on the dogs further on.

HARRY L. GOODMAN.

AUBURN JUNCTION, Ill.

WORKING AND NON-SPORTING SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I should like to ask the American Spaniel Club "whither are they drifting?" and what kind of a non-sporting cocker they are trying to evolve. It is surely time that this nonsense was stopped or else the club will soon be the laughing stock of the country. The oldest specialty club in America should know better than to foster a dog that looks like a cross of a crocodile and a sausage, with his long back and short crooked legs he is not worth keeping for the work that he can do, only fit to sit on a show bench and exhibit his glossy coat and long feather, and the more of the crocodile-weasel-dachs cross he shows the more prizes he can win.

I helped to make the standard and I know it was not intended to fit the non-sporting cocker of to-day, only an old man's dog that has not grit or life enough in him to pull a "settin' hen orfen her nest." Crippled as I am I could walk down half a dozen of them in a day. The judges are to blame for this, but "it's English you know," and they must follow the style, but if they will read the "Wanderer's" article in *Vinton's Gazette* of April 1, they will then see that English sportsmen are awakening to the fact that show spaniels are not suitable for work, and a judge of spaniels should be a man that knows the work required of a dog.

At Boston they had a great class of spaniels, but the best spaniel trainer in America wrote me that he would not have the lot as a gift to train for work, and he has ordered a pair of working spaniels of me. You see I am forced to breed two kinds, one for the show bench, and one for the field.

I am aware that this will not please many of my friends, and I am also aware of the fact that the cocker before the A. S. Club was organized was a poor, light-bodied, long-legged specimen, but he soon improved under the standard. But why not let well enough alone, or why try so hard to overdo the thing? Does the standard call for the dog that you and your judges have forced to the front? Not much, my dear friends.

In this breeding for long bodies and short legs you have overdone the thing, and you have forgotten all about the working qualities of a cocker, and from a graceful, well-built, active dog you have evolved a nondescript, lumbering, plodding wretch only fit to be looked at and used as a fertilizer.

The standard says "a cocker spaniel should be eminently a well-built, graceful and active dog, and should show strength without heaviness or clumsiness." That does not mean that he should be 6in. at the elbow and his whole length from nose to root of tail 35in.

"Head of fair length, muzzle square, skull rising in a graceful curve from the stop." That does not mean that the head should be as heavy as a Clumber's, with a prominent brow, or skull as flat as a collie's.

I think that will do for this time, and that it will set the boys to thinking; so I hope they will see their errors and reform at once, or else I shall be compelled to tell them what I know about working cockers. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

DETROIT SHOW.—The following changes have been made in premium list: Classes 38, field spaniels; 43, cocker spaniel puppies; 87, champion deerhounds; 88, open deerhounds; 92, champion bulldogs; 107, Scotch terriers; 109, black and tan terriers under 7lbs.; 110, Dandie Dinmont terriers, have been divided into sexes with the same prizes for bitches as for dogs. Classes for bitches being half numbers as 38½, 43½, 87½, etc. We have decided to make classes as follows: 38a, deerhound dog puppies; 88½a, same for bitches; 84½, champion Ulmer bitches. We have added and received about fifty more special prizes. The age of all setter puppies has been changed to 15, and of all pointer puppies to 12mos. The weight of cocker spaniel bitches should read 28lbs. wherever printed 24lbs. in the premium list. We are receiving a good many entries and the applications for additional blanks are coming in by the dozens. It is our aim to be third on the list this year in regard to number of entries, and we have done all in our power to make the show a financial success. Railroad and steamer excursion from all parts of Canada, Michigan and Ohio have been arranged for the week of the show and everything points to an enormous attendance. We have decided to withdraw the classes 1 and 2, extra champion English setters and classes 20 and 21, extra champion pointers, as no provision is made for them in the A. K. C. rules.—CHAS. WEIL, Sec.

PUG DOG CLUB.—The first general meeting of the above club will be held at the Westminster Kennel Club's show at New York on May 4, 1887, at 3 P. M. It is hoped the attendance will be large.

VACCINATION FOR DISTEMPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested of late in looking over an old bound volume of the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, published at Baltimore, Md., September, 1830 to August, 1831 inclusive. Its pages, as might be supposed from the title, are mostly given up to the horse, pedigrees, racing, etc., but at that time, as now, there were dog and gun men who had something to say, and I find a great deal both instructive and amusing in their writings; and I imagine, could these correspondents come back and read the sportsman's letters of to-day and find the questions that they themselves had finally settled more than fifty years ago still being discussed, they would surely think that the world had gone backward. How is this? In a note, July 24, 1830, "on the power of game to withhold the odor that betrays them to their pursuers," the *Register* correspondent is of the opinion that foxes have this power as well as quail, while they are permitted to keep their toes contracted. He had seen a fox steal away on his toes, and if he had not been driven out of that gait the dogs would never have been able to follow him.

The percussion gun at this time had superseded the flint, still the old flint had its advocates, just as the muzzleloader has to-day. A correspondent from Prairie du Chien sends a copy of his journal for September, 1830; total 308 birds killed, mostly grouse, the rest pheasant, woodcock, partridges and ducks. He says: "I hunted with a double-barrel percussion gun made by Constable, of Philadelphia. It has never yet missed fire. I was once upset in a canoe and lost it for several minutes in 6ft. of water, nevertheless both barrels fired clear. I have used a percussion gun for the last four seasons, and give it a decided preference over the flint; indeed, I would not for my own use give a quarter of a dollar for the best flint gun ever made." An editorial in the same number notes that a Mr. Gist while shooting received an injury in the forehead by the percussion cap flying off. "We understand an opening has lately been made in the front of the hammer that falls on the nipple to let off any pieces of the cap."

The choice of a gun, length of barrel, size of bore, size of shot, quantity of powder and shot, comparative merits of pointers and setters—all these come in for their share the same as to-day, and one man goes so far as to say in his opinion a gun bored a little smaller at muzzle than breech shoots some closer.

But what struck my eye this evening and prompted this letter to you was an article on vaccination. A correspondent at Waverly, Virginia, May 4, 1831, on "Vaccination a Preventive against Distemper," says: "I would advise your friends in future to vaccinate their puppies, and they will never be again under the necessity of administering their sovereigns for distemper. I shall not endeavor to explain the *modus operandi* of this preventive because I am ignorant of it, but leave it to the speculation of medical men, who can account for it preventing small-pox and whooping cough in children; but this much I know, I have made satisfactory experiments and have no hesitation in pronouncing it efficacious. The best place for introducing the matter I find to be the inside of the ear, which, being pendulous, prevents the dog scratching when the virus has excited inflammation."

I would like to ask if any readers of FOREST AND STREAM have tried, or know of this experiment being tried. It is certainly a simple and inexpensive thing to do, and if a preventive, or will in any degree mitigate the severity of this dread disease, it is well worth a trial. Make the experiment on one or two pups of a litter, and note results. In the fall of 18875 I had two pointer puppies, brother and sister, four months old, and on the strength of this article I took a vaccine point, scarified the inside of the ear, rubbed in the vaccine and covered with court plaster. I do not recollect that either suffered any inconvenience from it; the bitch lived to be two years old, when she tried conclusions with a locomotive on the Boston and Albany Railroad and was killed. The dog lies by my chair now as I write, and is, for a veteran of twelve years, as healthy a specimen as can be produced. Neither of them ever had any sign of distemper. Still I have known many dogs to escape without this precaution, so you must take the article and my experience for what they are worth. "No charge for advice—experiments at owner's risk." I, for one, should like more light on the subject, and any one who has had any part, or should attempt any in future, will report his experience through the FOREST AND STREAM. WM. M. WILLIAMS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

GREYHOUNDS AT PHILADELPHIA.—New York, April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to Mr. H. W. Huntington's article in your issue of April 28, regarding my greyhounds at Philadelphia, I think it would have been more to Mr. H.'s credit if, before writing or protesting, he had secured the facts relating to the case, as also Mr. C. H. Mason. After thinking seriously over the article mentioned I am led to believe it as a rather sharp trick on Mr. H.'s part to have all my dogs disqualified, that he may have the field entirely to himself. If he is smarting under the defeat of his new importation, Lancashire Witch, he knew perfectly well that she must compete with Mother Demdike, who had beaten her before she ever saw this country, and certainly the climate has not changed her formation. When I entered Pembroke at Boston he had only two first open class prizes to his credit (Newark, March, 1886, and Waverly, September, 1886). I entered him for the Newark show, March 22 to 25, where he secured first prize, and also Boston show, which entries closed March 19. You will readily see I entered my dog at Boston correctly "and in a gentlemanly way." It was therefore the duty of the Boston club to have him transferred to the champion class, which they failed to do. See A. K. C. Rule 9. As to the puppy class I have only to offer the commendable explanation I made at Philadelphia. On Monday, April 18, P. M., one day before show opened, I explained to the gentlemen in charge, "and members of the club," the cause of Stormy Day being absent, and asked if they would give me permission to enter Nick, his litter brother; this they readily did, and crossed the first-named dog off their sheets and placed the name Nick thereon. I ask of the dog public if this was ungentlemanly on my part? I acted honorably in connection with all that was done, not entertaining the least suspicion of fraud on my part. If, through their error, my dog is disqualified, certainly I must not be made to suffer. I am ready at any time to appear before the A. K. C. and state my case, which I believe will, as I have stated, be sustained by that worthy body.—CHAS. D. WEBBER.

BULL-TERRIERS AT PHILADELPHIA.—April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to make a few remarks upon Mr. Barlow's judging of bull-terriers at the Philadelphia show. First was given to Modjeska, a bitch with a blue eye, and White Violet, a very fair all-round bitch with two dark eyes, was placed second. In 1885 I was showing Young Venom; it is well-known she has a walled eye, and Mr. Barlow placed a weedy, thick-headed, round-eyed one over her. When he handed me the ribbon in the ring, I asked him the reason for making the award as he did. He replied, "I don't like a walled eye and could never give a dog a first prize that has one." He must have changed his opinion very much since that time. In England a dog would be disqualified or put back on that account. The standard calls for black eyes. I should like to hear the opinions of some of the bull-terrier breeders and fanciers on this subject and have this matter settled, so that we shall know what standard to breed to. For instance, how would a fox-terrier or black and tan terrier look with a blue eye and what notice would he get from a terrier judge?—EDWARD LEVER (Philadelphia).

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There will be a meeting of the Eastern Fields Trials Club at 44 Broadway, New York, May 10, at 3:15 P. M. As this is the last regular meeting until September a full attendance is requested.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pounce. By W. A. Dupee, Chestnut Hill, Pa., for black, white and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 7, 1885, by E. L. Dorr's Tom (Shot—Lady) out of A. Dorr's Lassie (Baily's Tom—Fay).

Flirt II. By Alf Watts, Jr., Brantford, Ont., for black, white markings, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 3, 1886, by Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup) out of Ruby (Sport—imported Flirt).

Donegal Boy. By C. P. Doerr, Chicago, Ill., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 13, 1887, by Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Maid (Brag—Effie).

Hebe Brant. By Mansfield & Hinckley, New Haven, Conn., for solid black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1886, by Brant (Obo II.—Blackie III.) out of Hebe (Obo II.—Belle).

Lady Fay. By Mansfield & Hinckley, New Haven, Conn., for black and tan King Charles spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 31, 1886, by Alick (Alexander the Great—Nelly) out of Nell Gwynn II. (Jumbo II.—Nell Gwynn).

Maggie Dale. By Wm. P. Mills, Baltimore, Md., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 12, 1887, by Frank Dale (Grouse Dale—Lady Thorn) out of Donna (Royal Blue—Dryad).

Bric-a-Brac and Beauvoir. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer dogs, whelped April 26, 1887, by Bracket (Graphic, A.K.R. 2411—Bloomo) out of Lady Snow (A.K.R. 3651).

Lady Bracket. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for pointer bitch, whelped April 26, 1887, by Bracket (Graphic, A.K.R. 2411—Bloomo) out of Lady Snow (A.K.R. 3651).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Constance—Blue Cap II. F. B. Zimmer's (Springfield, Mass.) beagle bitch Constance (A.K.R. 2912) to his Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008), April 26.

Goodwood Music—King William. S. C. Graff's (Cadiz, O.) beagle bitch Goodwood Music (A.K.R. 3811) to his King William (A.K.R. 4314), April 23.

Belle—Suil-a-Mor. T. Steward's (Manchester, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Belle (A.K.R. 4086) to Jos. Hayes's Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—imported Dido), April 8.

Nora—Suil-a-Mor. Jos. Hayes's (Manchester, N. H.) Irish setter bitch imported Nora (Cigar—Belle) to his Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—imported Dido), April 28.

Raby Belle—Mixture. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Raby Belle (Raby Tyrant—Jaunty) to his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), March 31.

Lady Mixture—Raby Mixer. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Mixture (Mixture—Warren Lady) to his Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olivebud), April 3.

Raby Susie—Mixture. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Raby Susie (Raby Tyrant—Jaunty) to his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), April 4.

Lorna II.—Chieftain. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) deerhound bitch Lorna II. (A.K.R. 336) to his Chieftain (A.K.R. 3726), April 11.

Jaunty—Raby Mixer. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Jaunty (A.K.R. 2696) to his Raby Mixer (Raby Mixture—Richmond Olivebud), April 11.

Britomartis—Hillside. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bull bitch Britomartis (A.K.R. 2594) to his Hillside (A.K.R. 4726), April 9.

Rhodora—Tippoo. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bull bitch Rhodora (A.K.R. 2596) to his Tippoo (A.K.R. 390), April 27.

Josephine—Tippoo. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bull bitch Josephine (A.K.R. 388) to his Tippoo (A.K.R. 390), April 8.

Miss Mixture—Mixture. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Miss Mixture (A.K.R. 4111) to his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), April 19.

Richmond Olive—Mixture. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Richmond Olive (A.K.R. 2699) to his Mixture (A.K.R. 2697), April 22.

Carmer—Robinson Crusoe. John E. Thayer's (Lancaster, Mass.) bull bitch Carmer (formerly Patti, A.K.R. 2528) to his Robinson Crusoe (A.K.R. 2397), April 12.

Flossie—Royal Monarch. Locust Grove Kennels' (Manton, R. I.) English setter bitch Flossie (Pete—Lotta) to C. C. Gray's Royal Monarch (Dashing Monarch—List), April 18.

Juno—Memnon. Dr. Geo. Stanton's (Simcoe, Ont.) greyhound bitch Juno to Terra Cotta Kennels' Memnon (Caliph—Polly), April 23.

Flirt II.—Guy. Alf Watts, Jr.'s (Brantford, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Flirt II. (Brag—Ruby) to F. Fawkes's Guy (A.K.R. 4537), March 8.

Nell—Don Quixote. Don Quixote Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Nell (Ritchie—Nell) to their Don Quixote (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), April 30.

May F.—Beppo III. H. F. Farnham's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch May F. (A.K.R. 3131) to Graphic Kennels' Beppo III. (Priam—Meally), April 1.

Belgrave Viola—Lucifer. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Belgrave Viola (Belgrave Joe—Viola) to his Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor), March 10.

Safety—Lucifer. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Safety (Darkie—Dalcie) to his Lucifer (Splinter—Kohinoor), April 11.

Festive—Resolute. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Festive (Bacchanal—Blemton Arrow) to his Resolute (Result—Diadem), March 14.

Damietta—Resolute. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Damietta (Bacchanal—Richmond Delta) to his Resolute (Result—Diadem), March 24.

Blemton Gingerbread—Bacchanal. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Gingerbread (Spice—Blemton Arrow) to his Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite), April 13.

Marguerite—Bacchanal. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Marguerite (Brokenhurst Spice—Daisy) to his Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite), March 23.

Betty Chimer. Chas. Nelles's (Brantford, Can.) beagle bitch Betty (Searcher—May Bell) to Woodbrook Kennels' imported Chimer (Jack—Dandy), April 7.

Tiney—Rattler III. Chas. Stauf's (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Tiney (Trailer—Music) to Woodbrook Kennels' Rattler III. (Rattler—Music), April 11.

Music—Rattler III. Henry W. Archer's (Belair, Md.) beagle bitch Music to Woodbrook Kennels' Rattler III. (Rattler—Music), March 25.

Vixen—Rattler III. Frank P. Quinby's (New York) beagle bitch Vixen (Flute—Queen) to Woodbrook Kennels' Rattler III. (Rattler—Music), March 8.

Lou—Chimer. Woodbrook Kennels' (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Lou (Kino—Fly) to their imported Chimer (Jack—Dandy), April 1.

Madge—Nick of Naso. Chas. Peck's (New York) pointer bitch Madge (Jimmie—Lucille) to Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo), April 13.

Nan—Nick of Naso. Jas. Swain's (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Nan (A.K.R. 355) to Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo), April 15.

Belle—Nick of Naso. J. G. Jacobus's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Belle to Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo), April 10.

Hawthorne Belle—Memnon. Terra Cotta Kennels' (Toronto, Ont.) greyhound bitch Hawthorne Belle (Doubleshot, A.K.R. 73—Clio) to their Memnon (Caliph—Polly), April 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nell III. F. H. F. Mercer's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Nell III. (Smash II.—Romp II.), April 25, two dogs, by his Johnny (Ben—Joan).

Lady Snow. Floyd Vail and G. L. Wilms's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Snow (A.K.R. 3651), April 26, nine (five dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Bracket (Graphic—Bloomo); one bitch since dead.

Cremorne. J. E. Gill's (Franklin, Pa.) pointer bitch Cremorne (Flake—Lilly), April 26, two, by Wm. Titterington's Trinket Bang (Croxteth—Trinket).

Rue I. Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Rue I. (Snapshot—Ruby), April 27, ten (five dogs), by Mr. Perkins's Mainspring.

Minnie B. Naso Kennels' (Ramsey's, N. J.) pointer bitch Minnie B. (Bang Bang—Fan Fan), March 27, five (four dogs), by their Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo).

Nellie. C. W. Fleece's (New York) pointer bitch Nellie (Jimmie—Temptation), April 10, five (three dogs), by Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo); five since dead.

Thorn II. Woodbrook Kennels' (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Thorn II. (Sport—Thorn), April 25, five (three dogs), by Flute Ringwood (Ringwood—Trinket).

Media. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Media (Arius—Nancy Lee), April 8, six (two dogs), by J. C. Tinue's The Moonstone (Roysterer—Diadem).

Blemton Arrow. A. Belmont, Jr.'s (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Blemton Arrow (Royal—Blemton Dart), Feb. 1, three (two dogs), by his Bacchanal (The Belgravian—Bedlamite).

Brunette. Chas. E. Bunn's (Peoria, Ill.) mastiff bitch Brunette (A.K.R. 3549), April 12, six (three dogs), by L. Cole's Turk III. (A.K.R. 4049).

Ruby II. C. Tucker's (Stanton, Tenn.) English setter bitch Ruby II. (Druid—Ruby), April 22, nine (four dogs), by P. H. Bryson's Gladstone.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Van. Fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped Jan. 14, 1887, by Doc (George—May) out of Rosy, by Col. R. J. Hamilton, Springfield, Mass., to Wm. P. Esterbrook, Rahway, N. J.

Nell. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April, 1883, by Ritchie out of Nell, by A. H. Aldrich, Melrose, Mass., to Don Quixote Kennels, Worcester, Mass.

Vixen. White and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1883, by Flute out of Queen, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to Frank P. Quinby, New York.

Betty. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped 1882, by Searcher out of May Bell, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to Chas. Nelles, Brantford, Can.

Little Prince. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 4, 1886, by Rattler III. out of Betty, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to Craig W. Wadsworth, Geneseo, N. Y.

Beau of Portland. Black and white and ticked pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358), by Fred F. Harris, Portland, Me., to H. F. Farnham, same place.

Don Cæsar. Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 13, 1887, by Glenche out of Fanchon (A.K.R. 1845), by Alex. Kirkland, Tarrytown Heights, N. Y., to Frank D. Sturges, New York.

Blue Cap II. White, black, tan and blue ticked beagle dog, whelped 1885 (A.K.R. 4008), by McFarland Bros., Vallonia, Pa., to F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass.

Folly—Black Bess whelps. Black Newfoundland dogs, whelped March 21, 1887, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., one each to Wm. Curlin and C. A. Muth, same place, and one to J. N. Stone, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

DEATHS.

Nell III. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped July 15, 1884 (Smash II.—Romp II.), owned by F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa, Ont.; exhaustion from protracted labor.

Rake III. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 2, 1886 (Johnny—Nell III.), owned by G. E. K. Cross, Ottawa, Ont.; distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. V. H., New York.—Give the dog a thorough purge of castor oil and feed on fluids only for some days. Watch the passages and you will find worms we think. If you discover worms give a half teaspoonful (about 30grs.) of powdered areca nut made into a large pill. A few hours after the pill give full dose of castor oil, two or three teaspoonsful.

O. C. B., Homer, N. Y.—Ans. 1. Distemper. 2. Give 5gr. pill of sulphate of quinine night and morning for a week. Feed fluids only with the exception of a very little raw meat finely minced with the white of an egg (raw) each morning. Add five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic to the milk or soups night and morning. Stop all other medicines.

E. M., St. Louis.—Can I hope to cure a mastiff pup, 7mos. old, of St. Vitus dance, the trouble being in the muscles of stomach. Please suggest a remedy. Ans. Be sure that your dog is not suffering from worms. If the twitching has become chronic you can use the following:

℞ Ferri et strychnin. sulph..... .....grs. xx.
Fit pil No. x.
Sig. One three times daily.

Keep the bowels regular with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses. The pedigree is unknown.

W. B., New York.—Please inform me what is the effect of animal carbolic soap on the skin and hair of dogs. Some tell me when using it to wash the dog off afterward as it may injure the coat; others say it can do no harm and use it constantly as they would an ordinary soap, and with good effect. Suppose the dog swallows same of it, can it affect the animal otherwise than perhaps make it vomit? Ans. The soap can do no harm. Any soap should be washed off thoroughly with water after using. What little the dog should involuntarily get in his mouth or stomach would not injure his health. Do not wash the dog oftener than once in two weeks.

A. T. H., Arnprior, Ont.—I gave a cocker puppy a thorough washing in our mill, intending to keep him inside till he was dry; he got out on a very cold day and it was some time before I could catch him again. A short time after he began to lose control of his hind part, and bob his head slightly; it is only when walking or trotting you will notice anything wrong, he does not seem to have full control over his hind part. I have asked every veterinary surgeon here, but they do not pretend to understand diseases of dogs. Ans. Your dog may have organic disease of the spinal cord or membranes, or it may be merely functional. Keep the bowels clear and give the following:

℞ Tr. nucis vom..... ..... ℥ ii.
Syr. simplicis..... .... ʒ ss.
Aq. q. s. ad..... .... ℥ iii.
Mix. Sig. One teaspoonful night and morning.

CITRATE OF IRON AND STRYCHNINE.

The following letter sent to us by Mr. W. Wade, of Pittsburg, Pa., is a copy of one written by Dr. J. Frank Perry, of Boston, the well-known author of "Dogs; their Management in Health and Disease." The original was addressed to a Mr. Arthur Rendle and relates to a prescription given lately in this department. Rendle has printed a garbled extract from the letter and has thus (innocently, we presume, for he is probably ignorant in such matters) made Dr. Perry appear to be guilty of professional discourtesy in criticising another physician. As the complete text of his letter relieves Dr. Perry of such an unwelcome imputation we gladly give it space, although beyond this the letter is of no moment, for it states elementary facts:

"Your letter of the 7th inst. is before me. With a courteous introduction you submit the following problem: 'A dog is troubled with a slight nervous disorder, probably resulting from distemper. We respectfully ask whether in your opinion the following prescription would effect a cure, as we understand it has been recommended. Give the dog a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine two (2) grains each, three times a day.'

"Permit me in reply to say that interpreting the prescription 'to the letter' as you submit it, the remedy would not, in my opinion, effect a cure. This literal interpretation, however, considering the peculiar nature of the prescription, I cannot assume to be justified, at least it would be stultification did I not qualify it. To make my meaning clear, Ferri et Strychniæ citratis, or the citrate of iron and strychnine is what is termed an officinal, or in other words, a standard preparation, not only in this country but in France and Germany. It is made by wholesale chemists, and rarely is its manufacture attempted by the dispensing druggist. Not only that, but the preparation is found in nearly all drug stores in 'pill form.' The pills of the citrate of iron and strychnine are what are termed one and two grain pills. The proportion of the ingredients, iron and strychnine, vary somewhat in the pills of different manufacturers. Nearly all one grain pills of that combination contain one grain of the iron and one-fiftieth of a grain of strychnine. In some, however, we find one grain of iron and one-sixtieth of a grain of strychnine, and, if memory is not at fault, one manufacturer prepares two grain pills of the citrate of iron and strychnine, in each of which there are two grains of the iron and one-fiftieth of a grain of strychnine. The pills referred to are commonly coated with sugar or gelatine, and are also made by the wholesale chemists, and sold in bottles of 100 each or more to the dispenser.

"While the prescription which you submit, *literally* rendered, calls for two grains of the citrate of iron and two grains of strychnine, considering the facts which I have mentioned, one would naturally construe that a two grain pill of the officinal or accepted combination of those drugs was wanted and a druggist would be justified in dispensing, on that prescription, such a pill and no other.

"That the prescription in question is improperly written is evident, and yet, in all fairness, the error, from the fact that it is so transparent, is really very trifling and scarcely rises to the dignity of the term, and cannot, in any light in which we may view it, appear dangerous.

"This question which you have done me the honor to submit to me is one within the province of the dispensing druggist. I therefore, copied your prescription, verbatim et literatim, and,

sent it to one of the most intelligent in his profession, than whom none are more rigidly exact in their methods. The following is his reply:

"'In answer to your query if I had a call for a number of pills of citrate of iron and strychnine two (2) grains each I would take it for granted that the regular Pil ferri citrat. et strychnia containing two grains citrate of iron and one-fiftieth grain citrate of strychnine was wanted and dispense such; properly they should call for a number of two grain citrate of iron and strychnine pills.'

"I have also submitted your problem and my solution of it to several other chemists, and to two practicing physicians, and they have done me the honor to agree with me. Very truly yours,

"J. FRANK PERRY."

Read between the lines this letter means, "Young man, let pills alone: Stick to putty."

COUGHING: with interludes of wheezing and sneezing, are heard in all public places. Every one ought to know the remedy; and that is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar—an absolute and immediate cure of all pulmonary complaints. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MILITARY RIFLE PRACTICE.

THE Adjutant-General of the State of New York issues very complete and detailed orders for the State practice of 1887. As this is the leading State in rifle practice, and the system has had the test of long use, the directions represent the experience of a dozen years or more. Gen. Porter directs:

Classification.—The third class shall consist of all who do not appear on a range for practice. The second class consists of all present for practice, without reference to qualifications in previous years, and the practice in this class will be 5 shots at 100yds. standing, on a third class or No. 3 target, and 5 shots at 200yds. kneeling, or sitting, on a third class or No. 3 target. The first class consists of those who score 25 and upward in the second class, and the practice in this class will be at 200yds. standing, No. 3 target, and at 500yds. lying prone, No. 2 target. A score of 25 and upward in the first class constitutes a marksman, and entitles the maker to receive the State decoration. A score of 42 and upward in the first class constitutes a sharp-shooter, and entitles the maker to receive a silver bar.

First General Practice.—(a.) The practice will commence with class firing in squads. Five consecutive shots will be fired at each distance. In regular class practice no officer or enlisted man will be permitted to fire more than five consecutive shots at any one distance on the same day; except the necessary sighting shots to ascertain elevation, windage and the condition of pieces, which may be fired by officers or well-instructed men, under the inspection or approval of an inspector of rifle practice. Trial practice between classes will not be permitted. At the first distance of either class (i. e., at 100 or 200yds.) a score of 10 or upward is considered as qualifying, and second practice may be allowed to such men as fail to qualify at either distance (as above) provided time will permit; but third practice shall not be allowed in any case. Those who may have qualified at 200 and 500yds., but not at 100 and 200, may make their scores valid by practicing through the second class without shooting in the first again. In regular practice each enlisted man will shoot with the piece issued by the State, and brought by him on the ground, unless the same is declared imperfect by an inspector of rifle practice. In that case the man may shoot with the nearest approved piece in the ranks.

(b.) Volley Firing, 5 Rounds.—Firing in ranks at 100yds. shall then be taken up in the following order, the squad or company being formed in single rank:

Fire by squad [or company], 3 rounds. Fire by squad [or company], kneeling, 2 rounds:

(c.) Firing as Skirmishers:—The troops shall be exercised as skirmishers from 325 to 100yds. and return; firing, on the advance, one round at 300yds., one at 200yds., and one at 100yds.; and on the retreat, one round at 150yds., and one at 250yds.

At the second or voluntary general practice, those present will practice in the classes to which they respectively belong. In other respects the tour of duty will be identical with that prescribed for first general practice, including volley firing and firing as skirmishers.

THE BULLARD RIFLE MATCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In view of the many entries and interest taken in the first series of our matches by the riflemen of the country, we desire to call the attention of all rifle clubs and military companies to our second series called respectively Matches 3 and 4. Match 3 will be a team match of five men, 50 shots each man. The prize will be one of our best detachable and interchangable barrel rifle, fancy pistol grip stock, checked with Swiss buttplate, midrange vernier, and windgauge front sight, with one interchangeable barrel, caliber .22, .32, or .38, as preferred by winners. Match 4 will be an individual match, the highest individual score to win, number of shots 50, prize "The Bullard Champion Off-hand Marksman's Badge," a valuable gold badge to be won by an individual three times before it becomes his private property. To be contested for twice a year, in May and October. Notice of entries and applications for targets should reach us before May 21, in order that we may make the necessary arrangements to supply all with targets in time. Applicants should state whether they enter for one or both matches. The rules governing matches are as follows:

1. Open to all rifle clubs and military companies in the United States and Canada.

2. Teams to be composed of active members of local rifle clubs, or of any regularly organized military company.

3. Distance to be shot 200yds., strictly off-hand position standing; the elbow may rest against the body.

4. Target, Standard American (Hinman).

5. Any team of the National Guard or Regular Army of the United States or Canada using the rifle furnished by the State or Government, and having the regulation six-pound pull and regular open sights as furnished for said military rifles, shall be allowed 5 points for each score of 10 shots. No cleaning between shots.

6. The number of men in Match No. 3 will be five.

7. In Match No. 4 each rifle club or military company may enter as many men as they see fit.

8. All practice shooting necessary allowed before matches.

9. Scoring shots in Match No. 3, thirty; in Match No. 4, fifty.

10. Match No. 3 may be shot on any of the following days: June 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 1887.

11. Match No. 4 may be shot on any of the following days: July 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 1887.

12. Teams may select whichever of the above dates is most favorable for making their scores in the matches.

13. Twenty-five shots only will be allowed on each target, the targets and score cards to be signed by the referee and president or secretary of the club, and forwarded by mail to the Bullard Repeating Arms Co., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A., not later than twenty-four hours after completion of match.

14. Practice shots must not be made on the scoring target.

15. No contestant will be permitted to shoot under an assumed name.

16. Any contestant in Match No. 4, using a military rifle as issued by State or Government, six-pound trigger pull, with same sights as issued to said rifles, will be allowed five points for each score of ten shots.

17. The referee will test the trigger pull of all rifles before the matches commence. All rifles must pull three pounds, except military, which will be six pounds.

18. Ties will be shot off and dates fixed by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co.

19. Any sights may be used for target rifles except telescopic and magnifying. Military rifles must use sights issued by the State or Government for military rifles. The maximum weight of target rifles will be 10lbs.

20. The president of each rifle club and the commanding officer of each military company will appoint a referee, who shall see that the above rules are adhered to through each competition. In case of any dispute arising the referee shall decide in accordance with the above rules, and if still under protest the referee and the captain of the team shall submit the matter to the Bullard Repeating Arms Co., whose decision shall be final.

21. Targets will be furnished competing teams and individuals free by the Bullard Repeating Arms Co. on application.

22. The team making the highest score in Match No. 3 will be awarded the extra fine Bullard singleshot detachable and interchangeable target rifle complete.

23. The individual making the highest score in Match No. 4 will be awarded the Bullard championship off-hand gold badge.

1'24. The Bullard Repeating Arms Co. will fix the date in May and October of each year for the competition for the championship badge until it is won three times by the same individual, when it becomes his private property. BULLARD REPEATING ARMS CO.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

WILMINGTON VS. BALTIMORE.—The match between the Maryland Rifle Club and the Wilmington Rifle Club resulted in an overwhelming victory for the latter club by 51 points. It was evidently an "off" day for the Maryland Club, although some of the scores of the Wilmington Club were far below their usual standard. The interest of the home club, both in the sport in general and the match in particular, was shown by the unusually large turnout of members to welcome the visitors. Standard target, 200yds., off-hand:

Wilmington Rifle Club.

J B Bell	7	10	6	9	8	7	6	5	4	10—72
H B Seeds	9	6	8	6	6	10	6	8	6	6—71
J Scott	7	4	6	4	6	7	10	6	7	6—63
R Miller	8	10	6	4	4	6	9	5	4	4—60
U Fuller	9	6	3	6	6	7	5	4	8	5—59
C Heinel, Sr	3	4	9	6	5	8	8	6	5	6—57
W F Seeds	6	7	5	9	3	6	6	3	8	3—56
S J Newman	6	2	6	5	9	6	3	2	5	10—52—490

Maryland Rifle Club.

Coale	10	5	9	4	8	6	7	1	5	10—65
C J Bell	8	4	7	6	7	6	10	4	6	3—61
Redwood	5	6	6	9	3	8	4	8	5	4—58
L Bell	7	8	4	4	3	8	7	7	6	4—58
Schreiner	4	3	6	7	9	2	6	3	6	10—56
Martin	2	5	10	5	7	5	4	2	5	4—49
O'Brien	5	8	7	3	8	2	3	5	3	3—47
Wheeler	6	2	2	5	6	3	7	3	4	7—45—439

WYOMING, Del.—Kent County Rifle Club, Wyoming, Del., first match with sporting rifles, 100yds., Standard target, off-hand:

S H Thomas	8	8	10	8	9	8	6	8	7	9—81
M A Jones	9	7	8	7	9	8	8	5	8	8—78
J Moore	6	8	9	8	4	5	5	5	8	7—65
F H Thomas	4	6	6	10	4	9	7	9	4	5—64
R Diefenderfer	6	4	5	7	8	4	4	9	7	8—62
H M Thomas	2	9	7	10	6	2	8	6	5	6—61
F Diefenderfer	4	4	4	7	6	9	6	6	7	7—60
E W Johnson	3	9	6	6	5	4	3	9	9	3—57
W F Aldrich	7	9	6	9	6	3	4	4	4	4—55
A Connor	3	3	7	4	2	5	5	1	8	10—48
J Lewis	4	5	7	4	8	2	3	0	5	4—48
O A Dockham	2	10	4	6	4	8	4	0	3	5—46
G Rash	4	2	0	4	2	2	4	4	6	5—33

ST. LOUIS, April 23.—The St. Louis Pistol Club considers itself a good one by the fact that the challenge which it issued a month ago has not been accepted. The club, however, still holds its weekly shoots at the Laclede gallery. At the last shoot Bauer and Perret tied on 112 and in the shoot off Bauer won. The following are the scores made out of a possible 120:

W Bauer	12	12	11	12	11	11	12	12	12	12	—117
L V D Perret	12	11	12	12	12	12	11	12	11	12	—117
F A Fodde	11	11	12	11	12	12	12	12	11	11	—115
W H Bonnell	12	12	11	11	11	11	11	12	12	11	—113
F D Gildersleeve	12	11	11	12	12	12	11	10	12	10	—113
W G Sims	11	12	12	12	11	11	11	10	12	11	—113
E C Mohrstadt	11	11	12	11	12	10	12	12	10	11	—112
W J Lard	12	10	10	12	12	12	10	11	12	12	—112
M C Billmeyer	12	12	11	12	12	9	10	10	12	11	—111
O Nehaus	12	11	10	9	10	12	12	11	11	12	—110
E E Grether	12	11	9	12	12	11	11	10	12	10	—110
M A Thurber	11	10	9	11	11	11	10	11	12	12	—108
W E Field	11	10	12	10	9	11	12	11	11	11	—108
A E Bengel	11	11	12	9	9	10	12	12	9	12	—107
W B McDowell	10	11	10	11	12	9	8	12	11	12	—106
W C Mackwitz	11	10	12	11	8	11	8	10	10	11	—102
J Sieminskie	12	4	7	9	12	11	11	12	10	11	— 99
W H Hettel	9	9	4	10	12	10	12	11	8	12	— 96
W Clark	12	8	3	9	8	11	4	11	0	7	— 73

NEWARK, N. J., April 30.—The Rutgers and Our Own Rifle Clubs are now the live organizations of the city, and almost every evening there is some match on hand. The Our Own Rifle Club has been divided into three teams, as follows: The first team for the month of May will consist of Drexler, Bertram, F. A. Freiensehner, Condit, Weider, J. M. Kiefer, J. W. Gill, Friedenheit, Weeks, O. A. Kiefer. The team will shoot every Tuesday. The second team is composed of Dietzel, Limberger, Ferd Freiensehner, Knothe, Frank Smith, Klem, Willms, Bauder, Kroeplin and Ochsner, and will shoot on Thursdays. The third team is as follows: Jamoneau, Brothington, Miller, Stentler, Gaertner, Coylar and Vreeland. Monthly averages will be taken, and the teams will change according to the merits of individuals.

The members of Our Own Rifle Club held their weekly shoot for the diamond badge on Thursday, April 28, with the following result: Snellen Team—Condit 97, Drexler 101, Dietzel 100, Kroeplin 96, Willms 107, Klem 99, J. M. Kiefer 103, Brothington 101, Smith 98, Bauder 100, Gaertner 89, Miller 87, Vreeland 100, Iglow 86, Snellen 118, Total 1,485. Ferd Freiensehner Team—Weeks 106, Gill 91, Friedenheit 102, Knothe 103, Limberger 96, Weider 96, O. A. Kiefer 101. Stentler 94, Bertram 101, Jamoneau 91, F. A. Freiensehner 100, Ochsner 90, Seitz 87, Coylar 98, Ferd Freiensehner 105. Total 1,461.

Otto Keifer, of Our Own Club, and Joseph Gocklin, of the Rutgers Club, shot their final match on Tuesday night, and Kiefer won by 42 points. His lead in the three matches is 120 points.

The Rutgers Rifle and Glee Club held its regular monthly meeting on Friday night, April 29, and took in several new members, making a total membership of forty-seven. The weekly shoot resulted as follows: Dietz Team—M. J. McArdle 93, H. Snyder 103, E. McCraith 104, J. Gocklin 96, H. Allen 97, L. Smith 83, W. Black 89, T. H. Gallagher 74, J. Daly 40, Schwartz 96, Dietz 105. Total 985. Hellenbrandt's Team—William Clark 95, G. Meisel 101, J. Dalton 95, W. Frost 89, T. J. Butler 62, J. J. Farrell 94, Wm. Smith 93, T. Osmun 85, C. Snyder 45, Joseph Smith 104, Hellenbrandt 96. Total 980. Dietz team won by twenty-five points.

HOUSTON, April 30.—The following is the list of the scores ending the fourth week of April, made at the Mammoth Rifle Range:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W Ford	93	90	89	88	88	87	87	87	86	86	—881
D Johnson	90	90	89	89	88	88	87	86	86	86	—870
N York	84	88	83	82	81	81	81	80	80	79	—814

Pistol Match.

B L Arthur	92	91	89	89	87	87	87	87	87	87	—883
W George	88	88	87	87	85	85	85	85	85	84	—856
E B Codding	90	89	87	86	85	85	84	83	83	82	—854

Military Match.

H O Arnold	48	48	48	47	47	47	47	47	46	46	—471
J Smith	47	47	47	47	47	47	46	46	46	46	—466
A Howe	47	47	47	47	46	46	46	46	46	46	—464
D Johnson	45	45	44	44							—178

Amateur Match

J Hunt	43	47	47	47	46	46	45	44	44	44	—458
E A Putnam	47	47	46	45	45	45	44	44	44	44	—450
S Paine	45	45	45	43	43	42	42	42	42	41	—430
L Brown	48	47	46	46	46	45	44	44	44	44	—453
J B Duffy	46	46	45	45	45	44	43				—314

The prizes for the month of April will be awarded to the competitors in different matches May 2.

NEW ORLEANS, April 23.—The following scores were made at Clinton's Shooting Gallery, on St. Charles street:

Rifle shooting, 30yds.; possible points, 60:

William Weiss	166	E W Marlberry	162
P A Duprez	164	George Wilson	162
Capt Burg	164	E R Stone	162
A B Rice	164	Dr Gammon	160
James White	162	Lewis George	160

Pistol practice, 15 paces; possible points, 50:

William Weiss	60	E R Stone	59
George Wilson	60	A B Rice	59

HAVERHILL RIFLE CLUB.—April 30, Badge match:

J Busfield	10	9	7	9	6	9	8	10	7	6—77
R Jones	9	5	6	8	7	7	7	6	6	5—66
S Mitchell	8	5	5	10	7	8	6	5	8	6—68
C B Wright	9	6	6	5	3	7	4	6	6	7—59

Busfield gold badge, Jones silver badge by handicap allowance.

Record Match.

S E Johnson	9	5	9	10	9	7	8	10	8	7—82
J Busfield	9	8	8	10	6	6	9	8	5	6—75
A Edgerly	7	7	6	9	10	5	5	9	7	8—73
R Griffin	0	10	4	10	4	9	4	9	5	6—70
F Merrill	5	3	6	8	11	5	8	4	6	8—69
L W Jackson	4	7	6	6	6	10	6	8	5	6—64
C B Wright	10	4	6	4	7	5	9	4	19	4—63

A very strong wind, shifting all the time, made difficult shooting.

MARKERLESS TARGETS.—Lieut. Patten, U.S.A., will soon have his new self-registering target in operation at Fort Sidney, Neb., and during May the experimental tests will be made. It is to be a very ingenious and simple device for getting rid of markers, and the practice when once begun will go on without interuption.

BOSTON, April 30.—The riflemen had a high wind to contend with to-day at Walnut Hill. Matches B and G came to a close. M. G. Witham won the bronze badge in the State Militia match. Appended are the best scores made and the names of the prize winners in the matches which closed:

Decimal Off-hand Match, 200yds.

W Charles, C	5	10	9	8	6	7	8	9	10	8—84
	5	8	9	7	10	9	7	9	8	8—80
H L Burt	6	5	7	7	6	7	8	9	9	10—74
	9	7	8	5	6	8	8	8	7	6—71
C E Berry, B	3	7	4	10	8	10	6	10	9	7—74
Felix (Mil.)	6	7	6	8	8	10	7	4	7	9—72
D L Chase, A	7	8	8	8	5	4	7	2	8	10—67

Rest Match, 200yds.

H J Foster	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—99
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	7—97
W B Oler	10	9	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	8—94
	8	8	9	10	10	10	9	7	10	10—93
M Willard	8	9	9	8	10	9	10	8	10	9—90

Military Creedmoor Practice, 200yds.

F W Reynolds	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	3	5	4—42
W E Simmons	5	3	5	4	4	3	3	5	4	4—40
—Whidden	4	4	4	4	4	2	0	5	4	3—34

Prize Winners in the Lewis Military Match.

J Francis	87	87	86	85	82	—427
W Charles	89	84	82	80	79	—414
A L Brackett	70	78	77	75	74—383	+ 20—403
F Carter	79	76	76	75	74—380	+ 20—400
W H Oler	68	65	64	63	62—322	+ 40—362
J R Missam	61	46	56	49	74	—286

Revolver Match, Prize Winners.

A L Brackett	46	44	44	44	44	43	43	43	42	42—434
J N Frye	45	44	44	44	41	40	40	40	39	39—416
J Francis	45	43	40	40	40	39	39	39	37	37—399
R E Valuer	40	40	40	40	40	39	39	39	38	38—393
F Carter	41	41	40	40	39	38	38	37	37	35—386
J R Missam	23	30	24	26	17	17	18	26	20	28—229

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 28.—Scores made by members of Bridgeport Rifle Club. S. H. Hubbard wins the badge for the best average, 76½:

E Nothnagle	9	10	9	8	8	7	10	7	10	8—86
W H. Beardsley	9	8	10	9	7	10	10	9	6	8—86
A C Wheeler	9	7	7	8	10	6	8	6	9	9—79
W B Wheeler	8	9	8	8	10	4	5	9	10	8—79
Geo E Betts	8	8	10	9	5	7	9	8	9	5—78
S H Hubbard	10	6	9	6	8	7	7	5	10	8—77
S C Kingman	7	4	8	6	6	9	10	5	8	7—70
P M Beers	6	9	10	3	6	7	5	7	7	7—69
C H Barber	3	8	10	8	6	8	9	7	8	6—66
R S Bassett	5	10	5	4	6	6	4	6	10	8—64
Dr F A Rice	4	8	8	5	7	8	6	5	5	3—59

The club has added as an attraction this season, a revolver match, which promises to be very popular among the members. This sport, which has obviously a higher practical application, is now creating widespread interest among the shooters of the country, and will result in the education in every city of a class of men particularly expert in the use of a weapon of self defense, which is in general use among the masses of the population. The club is anxious to extend its membership to all who are in any way interested in the use of the revolver and extend a cordial invitation to all to visit them at Readmoor and witness the shooting or try their skill. Wednesday, May 11 and 12, are shooting days, and further information will be cheerfully given by any member of the club. Practice match at the range with the pistol, 30yds., Standard American target, possible 100: Hubbard 86, Rice 83, Beardsley 82, W. Wheeler 77, Beers, 75, Barber 68.

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 24.—Today was a fine one for rifle shooting. The Shell Mound range from the shooting stand to the targets was void of the usual summer sea mist that invariably interferes with the marksman, especially when shooting at the long ranges. The City Guard Rifle Club, First Infantry regiment, N. G. C., was the first body of men to face the targets. It was the company's regular monthly shoot for prize medals. A. F. Ramon won the first-class medal with a score of 45, Edward Lundquist won the second class medal with a score of 31. The third class was captured by C. Bono with a score of 18. The next body of rifle shots to open on the targets was Second Artillery, N. G. C., San Francisco Fusiliers. The following was the order of the shooting at 200yds.:

Champion Class—A Lempcke	4445445445—43
First Class—J Ringem	3555444345—40
Second Class—A Brigg	4354554444—40
Third Class—A Lempcke	4443454424—38

Next came the regular club shoot of the Nationals, Company C, at the 200 and 500yd. ranges. The men shot splendidly as a whole. Johnston and Carson did excellent shooting at either range, the former finishing in the lead by one point. The following is a summary of the shooting:

	200yds.	500yds.
A J Ruddock	4344455444—41	4444554555—45—86
C N Meyers	4454544455—44	4344035544—38—80
A Johnston	5454454455—45	5454555555—48—93
P A Robertson	5454544454—44	5445545555—45—89
C H Brod	3445454443—40	5555424452—41—81
V Dodd	3034444454—34	4455554333—41—75
C L Lodds	4344444544—40	5455535454—43—83
J J Klein	4554544445—43	3444555445—43—86
A P Rayo	4344455444—41	5525444545—41—82
T E Carson	5455445424—45	5555555444—47—92

REVOLVER SHOOTING.—The remarkable improvements in the revolver shooting at Conlin's Gallery, on the northwest corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway, in the past two months is almost past belief. To say that with a revolver a person could split five playing cards placed on edge, or hit the ace of hearts five times in six shots, would have called for a great deal of comment six months ago, but it is an every-day occurrence at Conlin's with the revolver, as it is shot by Mr. Bird, Mr. Collins, Mr. Brennan and many others. It can be seen by the appended scores on the standard decimal target that revolver shooting is on the right road to perfection. The U. M. C. Co. have taken the matter in hand, and are turning out the right kind of ammunition for fine revolver shooting. The Smith & Wessons are also alive to the wants of the shooters, and are now working on a set of sights to be used on their revolvers, the shooting quality of which arm cannot be improved much, if any. When a man can hold six shots in the bullseye on a decimal target together as to have an old rifle shot like Col. R. C. L. Riggs, of the Zettler Rifle Club, ask if it was not made with the rifle, it is very complimentry, both to the shooter and to the maker of the revolver. Such targets have been made by Mr. Collins and Mr. Bird. Many of the shooters are getting ready for the coming season at Creedmoor and other outdoor ranges, it is a sure sign that revolver shooting is "taking holt," as can be seen by the large number of shooters all over the country, who nightly drop in at Conlin's to see and participate in the sport. The following scores are some of the best made on the decimal target, 6 shots, possible 60, shooting strictly off-hand at 12yds.:

George Bird	58	Allen P Kelly	49
J T B Collins	58	Chas F Jones	49
D A Davis	56	C E Blydenburgh	49
Wm M Chase	56	L H Livingston	49
Alfred Brennan	54	Maynard Bixby	49
Pierre Lorillard, Jr	53	A Brennan (at the word one)	48
Frank H Lord	54	Capt F H Swift	48
A M Hamilton	53	W S Bigelow	47
H D Blydenburgh	53	J V Rhoades	47
F Schuchardt	52	H W Wickham (at word)	46
S F Crosby	52	W B Young (at word)	46
J B Miller	49	G L Garrigues	45

A prize shooting tournament will begin May 1.—PRONGTHUS.

ST. LOUIS, May 1.—The score of the Grand Rifle team shoot for the week at the Grand gallery is as follows, with 1-inch bullseye and 50ft. range:

G Pins	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	5—46
John Lang	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	5—47
W Black	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	5—45
F Simon	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—43
Wm Scott	3	4	4	5	3	0	4	4	5	4—41
Wm Morgan	5	5	4	5	4	3	2	3	4	4—40
Chas Sbrig	4	5	5	3	5	5	4	5	5	5—48
Chas Bryan	3	4	2	3	4	4	3	5	4	4—36
T H Hass	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
A Hughes	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4—47

FOND DU LAC, Wis., April 9.—The Empire Rifle Club of Fond du Lac, Wis., has been reorganized and officered as follows: J. O. Ackerman, President; S. B. Amory, Vice-President; L. M. Wyatt, Cor. Secretary; W. H. Dilts, Treasurer; W. A. Ray, Captain. The club has leased a fine range near the city and has erected a commodious club house and shooting box with targets for short range practice. Regular practice will be given the team during the summer and a creditable record will no doubt be made before the close of the season. The club includes among its members some of the most expert riflemen in Wisconsin and the necessary drill will place the club among the leaders.

When the Nationals had finished shooting the following scores were made by a picked number of men from the company at 200yds:

Carson	5444444444—41	Robertson	4444455544—43
Klein	4455554444—44	Lods	4455445445—44
Brod	5454444344—41	Ruddock	4443544444—40
Dodd	4454444434—40	Townsend	4435444334—38
Johnson	4445454545—44		

The day's rifle shooting terminated with a 200yds. match shoot, two on a side. Summary:

Robertson	5445454555—46	Johnson	4545545544—39
Lods	4444434544—40—86	Brod	3454344444—45—84

At the ribe range at Tacoma, W. T., recently, in the match between Steir and Rowe, the former won, making a score of 54 and Mr. Rowe only 20. McNaughton won first class medal in both rifle and trap shooting. The score was as follows. The totals are standard and Creedmoor:

			S.	C.
McNaughton	2 9 10 5 5 6 8 8 6 6	5—54		43
Bell	8 4 6 7 8 5 8 6 4 8	—66		44
Wills	4 6 6 8 9 10 5 6 4—64			43
Bartlett	7 4 5 5 10 2 6 10 4 5	—58		41
Moss	8 4 3 6 6 6 6 7 3 8	—57		41
Box	5 5 6 6 4 3 5 9 5 8	—56		42
Ellis	6 7 3 5 4 4 9 9 5 4	—56		41
Steir	7 6 3 5 3 4 8 4 5 8	—54		40
Lister	2 4 5 4 6 5 8 7 9 5	—53		41
Tiedman	4 9 5 9 6 5 3 7 2 2	—52		39
Uhlman	4 2 5 6 4 1 5 5 10 1	—41		39
Heath	7 1 5 3 3 6 2 2 3 6	—38		34
McNaughton	1011111111—9	Albright	1101001103—5	
Box	0110011101—7	Bell	10100010w	

ST. LOUIS, May 1.—L. V. D. Perret won the St. Louis Pistol club's medal at their last shoot. Following are the scores of the club, distance 12 yards, possible 120:

L V D Perret	12 11 12 12 11 11 12 12 12 12—117
W Bauer	12 11 12 12 12 12 11 12 11 11—116
M C Billmeyer	11 12 12 10 11 10 12 12 12 12—114
W Lard	10 11 12 10 12 12 11 12 12 12—114
W G Sims	12 12 12 12 8 11 10 12 12 11—112
M A Thurber	11 12 12 11 9 12 11 11 10 12—111
F Gildersleeve	12 10 12 12 12 10 11 12 8 12—111
F A Fodde	12 11 12 11 11 11 10 11 11 10—110
A E Bengal	9 12 12 12 10 8 12 11 12 11—109
W Clark	11 9 10 10 11 11 12 10 12 12—108
E F Grether	12 9 8 10 12 11 9 12 10 11—104
W B McDowell	9 11 10 12 9 9 12 10 9 12—103
O Neuhaus	11 9 11 8 11 10 8 8 11 7— 94
J Sieminskie	10 8 10 7 9 9 4 11 11 8— 87
W Mackwitz	7 8 8 9 12 8 8 8 9 5— 92
J G Schaaf	6 6 9 9 6 11 7 7 7 8— 75

LAWRENCE, Mass., April 30.—Lawrence Rifle Club, 200yds., standard target:

E F Richardson	10 9 7 7 10 10 8 9 6 10—86
F Clark	8 8 9 10 9 10 8 6 9 9—86
C M Hill	9 10 8 10 6 9 6 6 9 10—83
O M Jewell	9 5 5 8 8 7 9 10 9 7—77
E H Archibald	8 8 6 9 5 10 3 10 10 8—77
D P Norris	8 9 7 10 9 5 5 7 5 9—73
W Fisher	8 9 6 5 8 7 9 8 8 7—72
J W Bean	5 10 5 7 6 5 8 8 9 7—70
M Bell	9 6 8 10 5 4 7 7 6 6—68

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

MIDDLESEX VS. ESSEX.—The third or return match between these crack clubs, each having won a match on their respective club grounds, drew a large and varied crowd at Marion—the grounds of the Jersey City Heights Club, on Thursday the 28th inst. The day proved anything but a first-class one as to weather, dark and chilly, with rain toward the close; but the enthusiasm of the shooters, the cheerful fire in the club-house, the hot coffee, and magnificent chowder furnished by that prince of chowder concocters, Dave Jarvis (and who of Jersey State fairs, tournaments and other gatherings don't know of Dave's glorious chowder?) put everybody in good humor. The birds were a good lot and there was considerable betting as to the result of the match. Both clubs had their best men on hand. Had the match been confined to 20 men a side instead of 25 we think the Essex would have stood a better show. And then there is always more or less of the unexpected to happen. Cloffey, one of their most reliable shots, good for 10 straight, or 9 out of 10, could grass but 6; for he was laboring under a violent sick headache and it was only by a strong effort that he could hold his gun or see a bird even. Rogers, another good man, went wrong for some reason; as did John Day of the Middlesex, he ought with that gun of his to have killed 8 or 9, but he tumbled but 6. There is great luck in birds; some shooters seem to have all hard birds, divers or twisters; others doffers or hoverers over the traps. These things will happen in all matches. More especially was this the case with Mr. Wm. Clark, every bird but one of his were direct and fast risers and he made some very brilliant kills. Mr. T. H. Force also did some very fine stopping. Everything went off with the best of feeling. These fraternal matches between clubs for glory and a good time are a good thing and they should be encouraged. Previous to the match the following sweeps were engaged in:

Match at 4 birds: Siegler 2, Lever 4, Forest 4, S. G. Smith 3, J. L. 3, D. L. Darby 3, Quinlan 4. All ties divided.

Sweep, same conditions: Siegler 4, Lever 4, Forest 4, S. G. Smith 4, J. L. 2, Brintnal 4, Fricke 3, Quinlan 4, Squires 3, J. H. Force 3, Dickens 3, Keller 2, Creely 4, Manitz 3, Jones 4. Ties divided. Duke did the retrieving in his usual good style.

Match between Middlesex Gun Club of Dunellen and Essex G. C. of Newark, 25 men, 10 birds, Hurlingham rules; Wm. Siegler, referee; Terrel, Keller and Eaton, scorers:

First Squad.

Essex.		Middlesex.	
Ford, 30yds	0111122112— 9	J Day	1220120220— 6
Heath	1121111010— 8	W Force	1210202010— 6
Hunt	1202122001— 7	Wm Clark	2211102122— 9
Class	2211212122—10	J H Force	2211111111—10
Edwards	1102121011— 8—42	S G Smith	2112112102— 9—40

Second Squad.

Yeomans	2112101101—8	Terry	1220121101—8
Roberts	2111020111—8	Jobbs	1101011011—7
Nicholas	2120102112—8	Miller	1212211012—9
O Von Lengerke	2212122200—8	Eams	1201102112—8
Hauk	2100121002—6—38	Dickens	1110112112—9—41

Third Squad.

C M Hedden	1002022111— 8	Shepherd	2211102221— 9
Rogers	1025020100— 4	Cannon	2021001210— 6
Carrington	2120212111— 9	C Smith	1012101100— 6
Whitehead	0011201101— 6	J D Vorhees	1111102121— 9
Kinsey	1110011101— 8—35	Wyckoff	1212122212—10—40

Fourth Squad.

Heinisch	2111021012—8	Squires	0011120111—7
Fricke	2221010100—6	Manitz	0121221110—8
C R Hedden	1221222102—9	Mulford	1122012102—8
Ryan	0110110122—7	Creeley	1211111021—9
Unger	1112120011—8—38	Gaddis	1111202110—8—40

Fifth Squad.

Breintnall	1112021111— 9	Lever	2111112221—10
Stewart	1211122112—10	Quinlan	2022102112— 8
Claffey	0200202141— 6	Campbell	1102001211— 7
Hays	2210111222— 9	Kraft	0010111121— 7
J Von Lengerke	1212112112—10—44	Jones	1121112211—10—42
Total	197	Total	203

The Canon-Davis match on the J. C. H. G. C. grounds on May 21 is exciting considerable interest.—JACOBSTAFF.

ALTOONA, Pa., April 27.—This afternoon a great number went out near Dempsey's farm to witness a pigeon shooting match. The match was at 19 birds each, 21yds., entrance fee $10, 30 per cent. of which was to pay for the birds, 50 per cent. of the remainder to go to the winner, 20 per cent. to the second and 10 per cent. to third:

W F Tappan	1110111111—9	W Peltz	1110111010—7
W Ford	1111110111—9	W Sands	0011111101—7
F L Brooks	1111111000—8	J E Brooks	1111110100—7

Tappan and Ford tied for first, Brooks second and the others tied for third.

ST. LOUIS.—The Mound City Gun Club was organized last week under very promising auspices, with the following officers: President, W. L. Wells, of the Western; Vice-President, W. H. Horner, of the Western and St. Louis; Treasurer and Secretary, E. Tell Grether, of the Western and Real Estate clubs; Directors—Hunt P. Wilson, W. E. Field and W. S. Brawner. The grounds are those of the old Cote Brilliante track, where live and artificial targets will be used. The National Association rules will govern all contests.

THE DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

CIRCULARS giving full conditions will be mailed on application.

Only the targets named in former announcements will be allowed, *i. e.*, those made by the following concerns:

Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Co.

Cleveland Target Co., Atlantic Ammunition Co., agents.

Niagara Flying Target Co.

Target Ball & B. P. Co.

The match is open to clubs in any part of the United States. The FOREST AND STREAM would be glad to see the South and West well represented.

The National Gun Association will govern points not covered by printed conditions.

There are no restrictions as to how the different strings must be



FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

Manufactured by the Whiting Manufacturing Co. for the FOREST AND STREAM. *Solid silver, height 6¼in., diameter, 5¼in.; ebony pedestal, height, 5¼in. Value,* $100.

shot; *i. e.*, a shooter may shoot all straightaway birds before shooting the others or may alternate.

The one-trap rule does not prevent use of more than one trap, so that two or three may be shooting at the same time, to expedite matters, provided one-trap conditions are preserved.

The N. G. A. rule is that all targets to score must be broken in the air before falling to the ground.

As score blanks for this match will be furnished, club secretaries are requested to send in their entries, if convenient, so that they may be received before the date named, May 21.

In all cases of dispute the decision of the FOREST AND STREAM will be final.

The match must be shot on Decoration Day, May 30.

Members of the team must shoot on the same ground.

One score only to be shot, not the best score selected from a series.

A second barrel break counts a whole bird.

Money to be sent through regular club channels, with list of team members.

The TROPHY is now on exhibition in Mr. Henry C. Squires's show window, at No. 178 Broadway.

EAST HARTFORD, Conn., April 27.—Ligowsky clay-pigeons, 5 birds, Ligowsky trap, 18yds. rise, National rules:

Vibert	01111—4	Albee	11110—4
Sterry	10101—3	Riker	10001—2
Prescott	00000—0	Higby	11011—4
Fitton	01100—2	Strong	00110—2
Ensign	01101—3	Stokes	11101—4
H. Burnham	11001—3	Martin	10110—3
Foley	10011—3	Avery	00011—2
O B Treat	10001—2	Manross	11111—5
M White	11101—4	Potter	10101—3
N Daniels	00101—2	James	00000—0
O Treat	11001—3	Hicks	11011—4
M Cook	11101—4	Brogden	11111—5
C Burnham	01100—2	Brown	01011—3
F E James	11111—5	W B Cheney	01111—4
L Francis	01111—4	J Cheney	00101—2
Venter	11111—5	Soper	11011—4

Ties for first and second divided; H. Burnham won third on shoot-off and Treat third.

Match at 3 birds, 18yds.:

C Burnham	011—2	Soper	001—1
Foley	111—3	O Treat	101—2
White	001—1	Avery	111—3
Ensign	111—3	Manross	011—2
Sterry	101—2	Potter	100—1
Marlin	111—3	C Daniels	000—0
Higby	000—0	O B Treat	111—3
Albee	100—1	Cook	001—1
Riker	011—2	J Cheney	000—0
Folsom	111—3	Brogden	111—3
Venter	010—1	Stokes	101—2
Strong	001—1	W B Cheney	111—3
Fitton	010—1	Hicks	011—2
Prescott	110—2	Brown	111—3
Gaines	101—2		

On ties, miss and out, Folsom won first, Gaines second, Cook and Albee divided third.

Six birds, 18yds.: Brogden 5, Hicks 2, Vibarts, 5, Fitton 2, Brown 4, O. B. Treat 3, Strong 2, Sterry 5, Cook 3, McMullen 4, Venter 5, Potter 3, Manross 5, Marlin 5, Albee 6, Prescott 1, White 4, Gaines 2, Ensign 3, C. Burnham 5, Avery 4, Stokes 4, Francis 6, Riker 1, O. Treat 3, Foley 4, Cheney 5. Ties divided.

Six birds, straightaway, 21yds. rise: Venter 4, O. B. Treat 6, Brogden 5, Fitton 3, Stokes 2, Cook 5, Marlen 4, Albee 6, Viberts 3, Foley 5, Hicks 3, Sterry 6, Brown 4, Strong 3, McMullen 6, Francis 5, Manross 2, W. B. Cheney 4, C. Burnham 5, Trager 6, Merriman 6, M. White 2. On shoot-off: Trager and Merriman divided first money, Brogden, Cook, Foley and Francis divided second, C. Burnham and Venter divided third, Fitton won fourth.

Three singles and 2 pair, 18yds.: Vibert 6, Trager 5, Folsom 6, Venter 3, Gaines 3, O. B. Treat 3, Foley 2, Albee 7, Riker 5, Merriman 6, Hicks 3, O. Treat 4, Brown 6, Cook 6, Stokes 4, Marlin 4, Brogden 4, Strong 3, C. Burnham 5, McMullen 6, Ensign 5, Fitton 2, Prescott 4, Melrose 4. Albee won first, Brown won second, C. Burnham won third, Stokes won fourth.

Six birds, 18yds.: Foley 1, O. Treat 4, Venter 3, Avery 4, Higby 2, Brogden 4, Trager 6, O. B. Treat 5, Marlin 5, Albee 3, Daniels 2, Folsom 5, Cook 5, Fitton 1, Ensign 6, Mnnross 4, Stokes 4, Melrose 3, Merriman 5, Sterry 3, C. Burnham 5, H. Burnham 5, Prescott 2, Riker 3, Bull 5, Brown 5, Strong 3, Gaines 4, Viberts 3, McMullen 5. Ensign and Trager divided first, O. B. Treat and Folsom divided second, Manross and Riker divided third, Vibert fourth.

Five birds, 18yds.: Melrose 4, Riker 2, C. Burnham 4, O. B. Treat 3, Brown 4, H. Burnham 4, Ensign 2, Folsom 4, Manross 3, Trager 5, Venter 3, Thomas 2, Cook 4, Marlin 2, Albee 4, O. Treat, Sterry 3, Brogden 3, Hyde 2, Stokes 3, McMullen 4, Avery 3, Soper 3. Brown and Trager divided first, C. Burnham and Folsom divided second, O. B. Treat and Stokes divided third, Ensign, Hyde and Marlin divided fourth.

Ten birds, 18yds.: O. B. Treat 7, Sterry 8, Folsom 9, Trager 10 Albee 5, Merriman 5, Melrose 7, Venter 7, Brogden 8, Brown 9, Hicks 5, Higby 8, Riker 8, Stokes 7, Foley 8, Ensign 7. Folsom and Brown divided second. Albee and Higby divided third. Melrose fourth.

Three pairs, 15yds.: Viberts 5, O. B. Treat 5, Trager 6, Marlin 4, Albee 5, Riker 5, Cook 5, Melrose 3, C. Burnham 3, Merriman 4, Folsom 5, Brown 6, H. Burnham 5, Venter 3, Ensign 5, Hicks 2. Trager and Brown divided first, Ensign and Albee divided second, Merriman and Marlin divided third, Venter fourth.

Miss and out, 21yds.: Trager 0, Folsom 1, Ensign 0, Merriman 2, O. Treat 0, O. B. Treat 2, Brown 1, Melrose 0, Hicks 1, Cook 0, Venter 0. Ties of 2 divided.

TAUNTON, Mass., April 30.—The Taunton Fish and Game Protective Association held their first shoot of the season at the new range on the Bristol County Fair Grounds; blue rocks, 18yds., 5 angles; ties, 3 birds, 18yds., 3 angles. First sweep:

G L Smith	00110—2	C T Snow	01111—4
J T Hall	01000—1	J J Davis	11100—3
W C Hall	01001—2	F S Keith	10010—2

Snow first, Davis second; ties for third: Smith 2, W. C. Hall 3, Keith 3.

Second sweep, 5 blue rocks:

Smith	11110—4	Snow	11111—5
J T Hall	10101—3	Davis	11111—5
W C Hall	01111—4	Keith	00111—3

Snow and Davis first, Smith and W. C. Hall second, Keith third in shoot-off.

Third sweep, 5 blue rocks:

Smith	00100—1	Keith	10110—3
J T Hall	10111—4	A Hardy	00110—2
W C Hall	10110—3	W A Barstow	01011—3
Snow	11111—5	E C Leonard	11111—5
Davis	11111—5		

On shoot-off, Davis won first, W. C. Hall second, Barstow third.

Fourth sweep, 5 bluerocks, Smith 3, J. T. Hall 3, W. C. Hall 5, Snow 5, Davis 2, Keith 4, A. Hardy 3, Barstow 4, Leonard 4. Ties of 5 divided, of 4 and 3 shot off.

Fifth sweep, 5 bluerocks; Smith 2, J. T. Hall 5, W. C. Hall 4, Snow 4, Davis 2, Keith 5, Hardy 3, Barstow 3, Leonard 1. Ties divided.

Sixth sweep, 5 bluerocks: Leonard 3, W. C. Hall 4, Snow 4, Smith 4, J. T. Hall 4, Barstow 4, Keith 4, Hardy 2, Davis 5, W. Davis 3. On shoot off, Davis first, W. C. Hall second, Leonard and W. Davis third.

Seventh sweep, 5 clay-pigeons, 18yds., 5 angles: Leonard 2, W. C. Hall 4, Snow 3, Smith 3, J. T. Hall 4, Barstow 4, Keith 5, Hardy 2, Davis 3, W. Davis 2. Keith first; on shoot off, W. C. Hall second, Davis third.

Eighth sweep, 5 clay-pigeons: Leonard 4, W. C. Hall 3, Snow 5, Smith 3, J. T. Hall 3, Barstow 3, Keith 5, Hardy 3, Davis 4. Keith first, Davis and Leonard divided on shoot off, W. C. Hall and Barstow third. Keith is a lad of 14 years, and used a Shattuck hammerless 12-gauge.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—The first trap meeting of the Seattle Rod and Gun Club for the season, last week, was the largest meeting held on the coast this year. It was a mixed shoot, both live and clay-pigeons being used. There were five clean scores made, Messrs. Terry and Bowman failing to hit one clay pigeon, and Messrs. Clark, McNaught and West not scoring a live bird.

The initial meeting of the Pacific Gun Club at Agricultural Park, Sacramento, was very successful, eighteen members shooting. The birds were good, but the smoke which hung over the score rendered barrels almost useless, except when wood powder was used. The Pacific Club is one of the most active shooting clubs in the State. At twelve live birds, Hurlingham style, handicap, for club medal, won by Mr. Wittenbrock:

Parrott (30)	1010111010110— 7	Graves (28)	1111101111—10
King (28)	1111111000111— 9	Pedlar (30)	1111101001l0— 9
C Flohr (28)	1101111001—1— 9	R Flohr (30)	0001011111001— 6
Kunz (28)	1101011101111— 9	Foss (28)	0101101111l0— 8
Nicolaus (28)	1000110101111— 7	Rush (28)	0101110101l00— 6
Damm (28)	0100111001001— 6	Reiber (28)	1000011100l1— 6
Wittenbrock (30)	1111111111111—12	Phillips (28)	1011110101l0— 7
Vaughn (30)	1010111110l0— 9	Nesbit (28)	1010111011l1— 9
Morrison (28)	1111001011l1—10		

In addition to the number of gun clubs that already figure hereabouts a new trap-shooting club was organized on last Friday evening by the election of Will J. Golcher, president, Major S. I. Kellogg Jr., vice-president, W. G. Crandall secretary, Charles D. Laingo treasurer, H. H. Briggs captain, and W. J. Fox and J. K. Orr directors. The name Blue Rock was adopted, and a constitution and a code of shooting rules submitted. The club will shoot at Adams Point on the first Saturday of each month at artificial targets.

Three members of the Golden Gate Gun Club took a trip to their shooting grounds at McMahons to-day, to decide a fifty-bird match. Clay-pigeons were used, 18yds. rise, from five screened traps. The score made was: S. G. Scovern 32, W. H. Ashcroft 28, R. Schlueter 22.

LIMA, N. Y., April 18.—A few of the members of the Lima Gun Club held their first practice shoot on the 14th inst., at bluerocks, 18yds.:

W M Hyde	0110100111—6	C Laly	0000001000—1
B G Vary	0101000100—3	S T Vary	0001000100—2

Second string:

W M Hyde	0011111110—7	C Latz	0000000000—0
B G Vary	1110101110—7	S T Vary	0111110101—6
J Lochington	0000000000—0		

W. M. Hyde won tie. Third string:

W M Hyde	0100101111—6	S T Vary	1010100001—4
B G Vary	0010101011—5		

Fourth string:

W H Buell	1101010100—5	B A Vatz	1101001011—6
W M Hyde	1011110110—7	J Lochington	1000w —1
F Bailey	0100100100—3	A Beckwith	1110w —3
S T Vary	1100100011—5		

S. T. Vary won tie.—SPORTSMAN.

GALESVILLE, Wis., April 13.—Second shoot of the Galesville Gun Club, 15 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, for gold badge:

A Kellman	0111101000111—10	Aaron Kribs	1101111111110—13
C Farrand	0010011011111—10	I S Farrand	1111101111111—14
Julius Jensen	1110111111011—13	J Jensen	1000101111110—9
Chas Arens	0101110101110l1—10		

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30.—Capital City Gun Club. Strong, puffy wind, making "puzzlers." Five American clays No. 1; N. G. A. rules. Sweepstakes. First match:

Cunningham	11110—4	Green	11110—4
Godey	10000—1	Whitman	11010—3
Collison	00100—1		

Green won shoot off for first, Whitman second. Second match.

Cunningham	11110—4	Collison	11110—4
Green	10011—3	Whitman	10011—3
Godey	10110—3	Thompson	00011—2

Collison first, Green second. Third match:

Cunningham	11101—4	Collison	01101—3
Green	01010—2	Whitman	00100—1
Godey	11001—3	Thompson	11001—3

Cunningham first, Collison won shoot off for second. Fourth match:

Cunningham	11110—4	Collison	11110—4
Green	01100—2	Whitman	00010—1
Godey	00001—1	Thompson	10011—3

Cunningham first, Thompson second. Fifth match:

Cunningham	11101—4	Whitman	01000—1
Godey	10110—3	Thompson	11100—3
Collison	11110—4	Green	01000—1

Cunningham first, Godey second.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS vs. ALGONQUINS.—A match between teams of eight was shot at New Dorp, Staten Island, April 28, 10 live birds each man, Hurlingham rules except weight of gun, 25yds., two traps, left barrel to count ½. Washington Heights scored 51, Algonquins 48 out of possible 80. Best W. H. G. C. scores: VanBrocklen 9, Fox 8. Best A. G. C. score, Edsall 7.

MICHIGAN.—The State Trap-Shooters' Association met on the 21st ult., and in a team match Milford was successful over Saginaw, Pontiac and South Lyon. The new officers for the year are: President, H. A. Whipple, South Lyon; Vice-President, W. J. Mason, Detroit; Secretary-Treasurer, H. H. Field, South Lyon; Executive Committee, A. G. North, Pontiac; M. Loew, Milford; J. N. Snyder, Saginaw.

HASTINGS, Minn.—The second annual tournament of the Hastings Gun Club, May 10, 11 and 12, will be open to Iowa, Dakota and Minnesota. Professionals positively barred; $1,980 in cash prizes.

MONTREAL, Quebec.—First match St. Gabriel Rod and Gun Club for cup presented by President A. W. Morris, to be shot for on Good Friday, Queen's Birthday, Dominion Day, and Thanksgiving day. Each competitor to shoot at 20 Peoria blackbirds. Referee for this match, Mr. Verity of Lachine Gun Club.

C H Wallace	11011011110111111101—16
W McCaw	01011101101111110010—13
L T Trotter	01100110110101001101—11
W Emond	01010011101110100101—11
A H C Walpole	10010111010110100000— 9
J McNab	01011000010001001011— 9
J Hayr	01010100001101110100— 9
J Allan	00001010010001111100— 8
J Sly	00101010001001000111— 8
F Sly	01110001001110000000— 7
D Steel	00000000110000000100— 3
Dr Barnes	00000000000w — 0

On the last ten birds of above match a sweepstake was shot for and won by C. K. Wallace with 8, W. McCaw 7, W. Emond 6. Another sweepstake was also shot:

W Emond	1111—5	W Green	11000—2
J Sly	01111—4	F Sly	10100—2
W McCaw	10110—3	J Ryan	00100—1
A H C Walpole	01101—3	J Allen	01000—1
J McNab	01010—2	T Donnelly	00000—0
L Trotter	00110—2		

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 30.—Wayne Gun Club, Ligowsky clay-pigeons, one L. C. P. screened trap, 18yds. rise, Wayne Gun Club rules:

Hugh Kane	1111111111—10	Gus Hessler	0111101111— 8
Graham	1010001000— 3	P F Yost	0110100111— 6
Sam'l Davis	0110111011— 7	F Hessler	0101010111— 6
Jackson	1010000001— 3	A Ulary	1000111010— 5
J W Sidle	1000010010— 3	James Sparks	0010001001— 3
T Scargie	0001101000— 3	Wm Ulary	1111011011— 8

WELLINGTON, Mass., April 30.—The wind seemed to-day as if off a snow drift, yet it did not deter a goodly number from attending the final shoot for the class badges, which were taken as follows: Class A, Shumway; class B, Warren, class C, Perry. The other events were won by: 1. Six pigeons, five traps—Shumway first, Gerry and Sanborn second, Clark third. 2. Six pigeons, five traps—Shumway and Schaefer first, Perry second, Ames third. 3. Five pigeons—Schaefer first, Sanborn second, Clark third. 4. Six blackbirds—Swift first, Schaefer second, Nichols third, Gerry fourth. 5. Five pigeons, five traps—Sanborn and Stanton first, Warren and Swift second, Stickney, Gerry and Shumway third, Schaefer fourth. 6. Ten pigeons—Stanton first, Swift second, Wardwell and Shumway third, Warren and Schaefer fourth. 7. Six blackbirds—Swift first, Warren and Stanton second, Ames third, Shumway fourth. 8. Five pigeons—Shumway and Schaefer first, Stanton, Sanborn and Nichols second, Wardwell and Swift third, Gerry fourth. 9. Six blackbirds—Ames first, Gerry second, Sanborn and Warren third. 10. Six macombers—Swift and Schaefer first, Warren and Wardwell second, Sanborn third, Stanton fourth. 11. Five pigeons, five traps—Swift and Stanton first, Shumway and Brown second, Sanborn third. 12. Three pairs blackbirds—Wardwell first, Stanton second. 13. Ten blackbirds—Stanton and Swift first, Lee second.

CARVER—GRAHAM.—The matches between W. F. Carver and Wm. Graham, to be shot at Erb's, Newark, N. J., to-day and to-morrow, have excited much attention. The match to-day is at 100 birds, Hurlingham rules; to-morrow it will be the same with the Monaco boundary. This is a wire fence about 40in. high, 17 metres, or 18yds. and 21½in., in a straight line from the center trap. The pigeons must be gathered within this limit, or scored a "lost bird." If Graham wins the first match Carver will give him $100, and $200 for winning the second. In the event of Graham's losing both matches he is to pay Carver's expenses. Graham and his backers want to make each match for $1,000 a side, but Carver said he had decided never to shoot for money again, and only went in for the glory of the thing. Carver and Graham have shot matches before in England, but the doctor has never shot a live bird match in the East before.

F. L. LAFLIN.—The death was announced on April 28 of Fordyce L. Laflin at his residence in Saugerties, Ulster county, on the day preceding. Mr. Laflin was a native of Blandford, Hampden county, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1824. For many years Mr. Laflin was engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder. He was treasurer of the Laflin Powder Company, which had several mills in Ulster county, for a long time, and later on when that company was consolidated with the Smith & Rand Powder Company, under the name of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, he was vice-president of the new corporation.

LIMA, Ohio, April 18.—The West End Gun Club of this place was formed and held its first shoot on Friday the 15th inst. The club is limited to fifteen members, and has the following officers: E. G. Wallace, President; Walter J. Ritchie, Sec.; A. W. Gilbert, Treas.; Chas. Roney, Lieutenant, and P. D. Galarneau, Captain. They hold their snoots on the first and third Mondays of each month at their grounds in West Side using the ordinary clay pigeon and five traps. They are all old shots.

THE CLIMAX SCORE BOOK is a handy blank book for trap shooters, published by the U. S. Cartridge Co.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

8. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

5. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

PEARL.—Mr. Tredwen was in the race of the Thames Sailing Club on April 16, doing well with the large boats during the first part of the race, but afterward fouling the buoy and withdrawing. Speaking of her races the *Field* says: "The achievements of the Pearl canoe among the centerboard gigs on the Thames during the last three or four years have on several occasions directed attention to what would be the outcome of a simple sail area rating; and it would seem that the length and sail area rule, even, cannot restrain. The up-river men are consequently much exercised in mind about her, and are already casting about for a new rule for above bridge sailing. The girth rule was, we believe, tried once; but that was much too easy a fit for such a canoe as Pearl, and her clever owner."

RECKLESS CANOEING.—We have frequently spoken of the great danger of overcrowding small and narrow canoes, and, in fact, of the danger attending the use of such craft in the hands of boys and novices. A sad corroboration of our caution was given last week when three boys from Philadelphia set out in a 14ft. canvas canoe, for Beverley, N. J. On the way home, when sailing, the boat was capsized by a squall and one was drowned, the others being rescued from the floating boat after three quarters of an hour. The oldest of the party was 18, the others 16 years. Such a canoe is fit for but one person, and when two or three are crowded into her the blame must not be laid on canoeing, but on the reckless and ignorant who claim to be canoeists.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., April 29.—Mr. Geo. Wm. Cox, of Newark, N. J., has applied for admission to the A. C. A.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

1. Newark Opening.
24. Miramichi, Opening Cruise. Beaubair's Island.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28. Quincy, Club.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Cedar Point Opening.
30. Brookly Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Great Head, Winthrop, trophy.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.
30. South Boston.
30. South Boston Opening.

JUNE.

2. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, New York.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. N. J., Annual, New York.
16. Portland, Annual,
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
25. South Boston Club.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
25. Quincy, Open.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
5. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

AUGUST.

2. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
18. Miramachi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
24. Great Head.

FIFTY YEARS OF YACHT BUILDING.

THE following paper was read before the Institute of Naval Architects by Dixon Kemp, on April 7:

It can fairly be said that yachts, such as we are now accustomed to, have been entirely developed during Queen Victoria's reign. Fifty years ago there were probably not 100 yachts in existence above 20 tons, and these were modeled after the brigs, schooners or cutters of the Royal Navy. Their scantlings were somewhat lighter, and their ballasting perhaps not quite so good, as in some cases weight was made up with stone. The brigs were about the size of those of the Royal Navy, and were considered superior in point of sailing qualities. One of the best known of these brigs was the Waterwitch, built by Mr. Joseph White, of Cowes, in 1832, for the Earl of Belfast (afterward Marquis of Donegal). This brig had a great reputation for speed and weatherliness, and beat H. M. S. brig Pantelon about four miles in six hours' sail to windward. This achievement led to the Waterwitch being purchased by the Admiralty, and subsequently to the employment of Mr. White to build other brigs for the Royal Navy, notably the Daring. This vessel and the Waterwich performed the best to windward in a strong wind and head sea in the experimental sailing of 1844.

Although brigs and schooners were occasionally sailed in competition, it was found that the cutter rig was so vastly superior in point of weatherliness that its adoption for almost all yachts intended for racing was a matter of natural selection. At first—that is, between the years 1815 and 1837—there was seldom any time allowed for difference of size, and the result was that with anything like a breeze the largest vessel came in first and won. As there was no tax of any kind on any of the dimensions, there was no inducement on that score to alter the proportions of length, breadth and depth from the prevailing Admiralty type. These proportions was from 3 to 3½ beams to length of waterline, and the greatest transverse section was placed ahead of the middle of length, varying in distance from one-tenth to one-fiftieth of the length. The center of buoyancy was generally situated at about the center of length, and it appears to have been an aim of the designers to keep the displacement of the fore body and after body equal. The upper horizontal waterlines of the bow were short and full, and the load waterline aft was generally full, but the buttock or vertical lines were long and flat. This kind of yacht is familiar to us as the cod's head and mackerel's tail type, and was firmly believed in even by men who took some trouble to investigate the qualities of hull which led to success in sailing. One of these was the late Mr. Fincham, master shipwright of Her Majesty's dockyard, Portsmouth, who designed several yachts for members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes. One of these was the Fair Rosamond, schooner, built in 1846 by Mr. Camps, of Gosport, for the late Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Fincham, in his papers on "Naval Architecture and Yachts," states that the center of buoyancy of the Fair Rosamond was 10ft in terms of the length abaft the center of length; she won some prizes at Cowes, but Mr. Fincham concluded that she would have performed better in a head sea had her center of buoyancy been further forward. Accordingly in the following year—1847—he designed the Novice, schooner, for the Earl of Desart, and placed her center of buoyancy .01 ahead of the center of length, or, in other words, 9in. further forward than the other's was. Mr. Fincham declared this to have had a great effect on the performance of the vessel, but, judged by the light of subsequent events, there is no doubt that Mr. Fincham was much mistaken in attributing so much subtle influence to slight variations in the fore and aft positions of the center of buoyancy.

About this time the theory of the late Mr. John Scott Russell (that the bow should be longer than the stern) began to be accepted as nearer the truth than the old theory of the cod's head; and in the year 1847, while Mr. Fincham was designing the Novice, a very remarkable vessel was built on the Thames as an exponent of Mr. Scott Russell's theory. This was the Mosquito cutter, of 59ft. waterline and 15ft. 4in. beam, built by Mr. Mare, of Blackwall, and launched in 1848. There is some doubt as to whether Mr. Ditchburn or Mr. Waterman or Mr. Mare designed the Mosquito, but Lord Brassey, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, 1883, says: "Mr. Mare was the author of her existence both in idea and in fact." It should be said that Lord Brassey at the time had special means of knowing. The Mosquito was like one of the cutters of the period turned end for end; her bow was long and showed considerable hollow, and her afterbody was short, showing great fulness both in the horizontal and buttock lines. Her midship section was placed 1ft. 6in. abaft the center of length of waterline, and her center of buoyancy was 2ft. abaft it.

According to the old practice, the Mosquito should have had no good qualities at all, especially in strong winds; but the fact is, she excelled in all the good qualities claimed for the bluff-bowed craft; she was faster than any other yacht of her length on any point of sailing, and in a strong wind to windward was a marvel compared with other yachts. However, so strong was the prejudice against the "long, lean bow," and so alarming the predictions—that some day the Mosquito would take a dive and never come up again—that no one could be found to try the experiment on a more extensive scale. It thus seemed likely that the old type would be continued in spite of the Mosquito having, in a superior degree, all the good qualities it was contended a yacht should have.

It will here be convenient to take a glance at what was being done on the other side of the Atlantic at this time. It should be said that the Americans had not as yet settled down to any kind of sport so as to give it a nationality, and had, consequently, evolved no special type of yacht. So far as can be learned the first American yacht race took place just fifty years ago, and it does not appear that any yachts existed in the States before 1835, and those built subsequently, up to the year 1844, were small schooners. In the year named, however, a remarkable vessel was built at Hoboken, named Maria, on the lines of the flat-bottomed coasters. She was 100ft. on the waterline, with an extreme beam of 26ft. 8in., and draft aft of 5ft. 3in. She was fitted with a centerboard which dropped 16ft. below the keel, and also had a small one aft, to prevent her griping. She had a long, hollow bow, and was sloop-rigged, with jib and mainsail only. The foot of her mainsail was 92ft. long and the foot of her foresail or jib 70ft. This vessel may be said to have been the original of the American centerboard yacht, but, although she showed extraordinary speed and weatherliness, there appears to have been a conviction that more depth of body and less beam would be better for good seagoing qualities. At any rate, George Steers, the son of a Devonshire shipwright who had settled in New York, produced the keel yacht America, which was destined to have such an important influence on British yacht building and sail making. In the America the principles so successfully carried out in the Mosquito were embodied with equal success. She had a long and somewhat hollow bow, a short run, and the center of buoyancy was considerably aft of the middle of length, as will be gathered from the accompanying table:

	Mosquito.	America.
Length on l.w.l.	59.2	87.3
Breadth, extreme	15.3	22.2
Draft of water, extreme	11	11.5
Proportion of beam to length	0.257	0.254
Midship section aft center of length in terms of length of l.w.l.	0.076	0.071
Center of buoyancy aft center of length in terms of length of l.w.l.	0.032	0.041

The America visited us in 1851, and achieved a remarkable success at Cowes over our schooners. This success was, no doubt, mainly due to the qualities of her hull, but the unusual flatness of her sails contributed greatly to her fine weatherly qualities. The immediate effect of the America's success was rather startling; almost every yacht in existence at that time was lengthened by the bow, her masts raked, and sails laced to the booms; and the principles which had been so strikingly exemplified in the Mosquito three years before were now adopted as a new discovery of infallible merit. This marked the commencement of a new era in yacht designing, and the subsequent development of yachts into the now fashionable type has shown no considerable departure from the principles observed in the design of the Mosquito.

	Arrow.*	Formosa.	Vandnara.	Samona.	Genesta.	Galatea.
When built	1882.	1886.	1880.	1880.	1884.	1885.
Length on load line	70ft. 7in.	82ft. 9in.	81ft. 9in.	80ft. 6in.	81ft. 9in.	86ft. 9in.
Breadth, extreme	18ft. 9in.	19ft. 11½in.	16ft. 2in.	16ft. 2in.	15ft. 6in.	15ft. 6in.
Draft, extreme	11ft. 6in.	12ft. 6in.	12ft. 4in.	13ft.	13ft.	18ft. 6in.
Y. R. A. tons	99	83	89	88	90	90
Displacement in tons	106 tons.	120 tons.	120 tons.	128.8 tons.	141 tons.	157.7 tons
Area of midship section	89 sq. ft.	100 sq. ft.	89 sq. ft.	88 sq. ft.	90 sq. ft.	114 sq. ft.
Midship section abaft middle of length of L.W.L.	57in. 5in.	4ft. 6in.	3.75ft.	5.5ft.	4ft.	
Center of buoyancy abaft middle of length of L.W.L.	32ft.	2ft.	1.98ft.	3.52ft.		
Area of immersed surface	1,400 sq. ft.		1,892 sq. ft.	2,029 sq. ft.		
Ballast	50 tons.	60 tons.				
Portion of this ballast on keel and in garboards	13.7 tons.	14 tons.				
Area of mainsail	8,000 sq. ft.	8,150 sq. ft.	7,500 sq. ft.	7,575 sq. ft.	7,200 sq. ft.	8,000 sq. ft.
Area of foresail	700 sq. ft.	750 sq. ft.				
Area of jib	980 sq. ft.	920 sq. ft.	1,500 sq. ft.	1,575 sq. ft.		
Total area lower sail	4,680 sq. ft.	4,800 sq. ft.				
Mast, deck to hounds	49ft. 4in.	48ft. 8in.	48ft. 6in.	48ft. 6in.	52ft.	53ft.
Main gaff	40ft.	38ft.	39ft. 3in.	39ft. 3in.	40ft.	73ft.
Main boom	64ft.	68ft.	63ft. 3in.	63ft. 3in.	70ft.	45ft.
Bowsprit outside	44ft. 3in.	44ft.	33ft.	34ft. 3in.	35ft.	36ft. 6in.

* Although the Arrow was built so far back as 1882, she has been many times altered, and originally her length on the waterline was 58ft., and beam the same as it is now.

There have, however, been causes at work which have largely influenced the proportions of yachts. Allusion has already been made to the fact that fifty years ago there was no such compensating reckoning to deal with as time allowances for differences of size. As soon, however, as yacht racing became a general summer pastime, a rating for size became a necessity and the size test adopted was simply the registered tonnage of the day or what we know as builders' measurement, which is as follows:

$$\frac{(L-3\text{-}5B)\times B\times \frac{1}{2}B}{94}$$

This measurement took no account of depth, but assumed that it always equalled half the breadth. Frequent competitions and teaching of investigators of naval science impressed yacht builders very forcibly with the fact that the element of size which gives speed is length, and that if two yachts were of equal tons, but one should happen to be longer that the other, then the longer boat would be certain to prove the faster, all other things being equal, such as sail spread, stiffness, fairness of lines, etc. Or if two vessels were of equal length and one measured fewer tons than the other, then her rating would be smaller and she would receive a compensating time allowance.

For a great many years the obvious tendency of the tonnage rule to produce relatively long and narrow boats had little effect, because breadth was so essential to enable a vessel to carry a large sail spread. Naval architects were, it is true, alive to the fact that stiffness could be gained by depth of hull, suitably ballasted, but this untaxed quantity could not be made use of to any great extent, on account of the heavy displacement it involved; consequently down to the year 1870 the racing yacht developed very slowly, and at that time a length of 4¾ beams was considered sufficiently extreme. From the date named, however, length for any given tonnage showed a very rapid increase, while breadth necessarily decreased. Lead keels, it should be said, had some years previously—about the year 1846—been introduced as a means of increasing stiffness after shifting ballast to windward during match sailing had been abolished; but lead keels were regarded with a great deal of disfavor by yacht owners, from the prevailing belief that they made a vessel pitch and roll heavily in a sea; and so up to 1870 no yacht was to be found with more than about a tenth of her ballast on the keel, and the majority had none. Some experiments, however, with small vessels, and a better knowledge of the good effect of concentrating the ballast in the middle third of the length of the vessel rapidly led to a larger quantity of lead being placed outside, until, at last, the whole ballast was placed outside on the keel. This lowering of the ballast, and consequently of the center of gravity, enabled the designer to dispense with a considerable quantity of breadth and add to the length, for any given tonnage, until in some of the smaller yachts the length has been equal to 6½ beams, and in the larger, 5¾ beams.

The power to carry an effective quantity of canvas in narrow yachts has not, however, been entirely due to placing the ballast outside, for any given nominal tons the displacement has been largely added to, as may be gathered from the table which is given herewith.

These large additions to the displacement, while the power for getting through a head sea may have been increased, have had a prejudical effect on the attainment of high speeds, mainly on account of the enormous wave-making it induced. Thus, so recently

as in 1880, the Arrow has been driven in strong winds as fast and sometimes faster than the Formosa or Samcena, and with very considerably less wave disturbance. The principal characteristics of this wave-making is a huge hollow under the weather bilge, although there is a considerable hollow on the lee side as well. The fact, however, that the greatest disturbance is found on the weather side is accounted for by the circumstance that upon heeling over the bulk of the deep displacement is on the weather side of the middle fore and aft line. The lead keel of one of these long, narrow yachts, it should be explained, is in breadth about one-third of the main breadth of the vessel, and in weight is equal to about 0.5 of the total weight present in a yacht like the Galatea, to 0.7 of the total weight in a 3-tonner.

The Americans, it should be observed, did not much alter their centerboard type of yacht, and built keel yachts during the period between 1845 and 1885. The reason of this was mainly due to the fact that they frequently changed their method of rating for competitive sailing, and, moreover, did not pursue yacht racing to the extent we did on this side of the Atlantic. Their yachts for any given length were capable of a greater absolute speed than our yachts in moderate breezes and pretty smooth water, because they were of a much lighter displacement; in very light winds the British type seemed to have the advantage when the sail spread to immersed surface was about the same in each yacht; in strong breezes the shallow American type had the advantage in speed when sailing well off the wind, but when pressed close to the wind the advantage was just the other way. This appears to be principally owing to the fact that the narrow deep yacht has practically an unlimited range of stability, while the shallower and broader yacht of the American type reaches the maximum of her range at an angle of about 30°.

The results of some encounters between small yachts of the United States and those of England during the years 1881, 1882 and 1883, at New York, Boston and other places, led Americans to consider whether some adaptation of their centerboard type to the British type could not be carried out with advantage. It was made plain to them that a British yacht would win a majority of races, but the type was already condemned in England, and Americans could not be persuaded to adopt it without modification. Accordingly, when in 1885 the owner of the British cutter Genesta challenged for the Cup won by the America at Cowes, in 1851, the Americans set to work to produce a compromise yacht, but distinctly more American in type than British. The yacht in section was of the broad V character—very like the America of 1851—with almost twice the draft of water that the ordinary shallow centerboard yacht had. Beyond this she had nearly the whole of her ballast outside, in the form of a lead keel supplemented by a centerboard of considerable area.

This yacht was named the Puritan, and, so far as can be judged, she defeated the Genesta on her merits. The same fate befel the Galatea last year, the Americans having built another yacht of this new type to meet her. They compare as follows:

	Galatea.	Mayflower.	Genesta.	Puritan.
Length on waterline.	87.00ft.	85.07ft.	81.00ft.	81.00ft.
Extreme beam	15.00ft.	23.05ft.	15.00ft.	23.00ft.
Draft of water	13.50ft.	9.00ft.	13.00ft.	8.03ft.
Area of transv'rse sec	114 sq. ft.	85 sq. ft.	.....	.....
Displacement	157.63tons.	110 tons.	141 tons.	105 tons.
Total ballast	81.50 tons.	48 tons.	72 tons.	44 tons.
Ballast on keel	81.05 tons.	42 tons.	70 tons.	27 tons.

The success of the Puritan over the Genesta, and Mayflower over the Galatea naturally produced a great impression on this side of the Atlantic, especially as the two American yachts were the work of one who, at the time, could only be regarded as an amateur at yacht designing. But there is no doubt that Mr. Edward Burgess had made a very close study of both English and American yachts, and his success was as much the result of a correct appreciation of what was required to achieve a certain object as that of George Steers was when he designed and built the America in 1851.

The practical outcome of the victories of the American yachts was that the British Yacht Racing Association realized the situation that while its rating rule (which taxed beam heavily, and depth not at all) might produce yachts which were, in some respects, superior to the American type, yet there are intermediate types of surpassing excellence, so far as match sailing is concerned. The old tonnage rating, it can be said, had assisted in bringing yacht building to a standstill in this country, as no one could be found willing to build a longer, narrower and deeper boat for any given tonnage than those which had already existed, and the rule would not admit of trying experiments with beam.

The rule had been modified to $\frac{(L+B)2 \times B}{1720}$

Under these circumstances the Yacht Racing Association appointed a committee to report upon the existing rating rule, and recommend such new rating as might be considered necessary. The committee obtained the opinions of all the leading designers and yacht builders, and these were almost unanimous in recommending that the rating should be in future by length of load line and sail area, the working formula being:

$$\text{Rating} = \frac{\text{Length} \times \text{sail area}}{6000}$$

The first outcome of this rule has been that the new Scotch yacht Thistle, built expressly to compete for the America cup, has been designed of proportions very similar to those of yachts of thirty years ago, before the squeezability of the old tonnage had been discovered. The actual dimensions of this yacht are:

Length of loadline	85.00ft.
Breadth, extreme	20.30ft.
Depth of hold	14.10ft.
Registered tons	100.67 tons.

The apparent large registered tonnage of this yacht is attributable to the fact that she is built of steel, and that her keel is specially constructed to form a kind of ballast box, thus giving great depth of hold. Vide the paper on "Construction and Ballasting of Yachts," in the Translations of 1882, by Mr. T. Phillips.

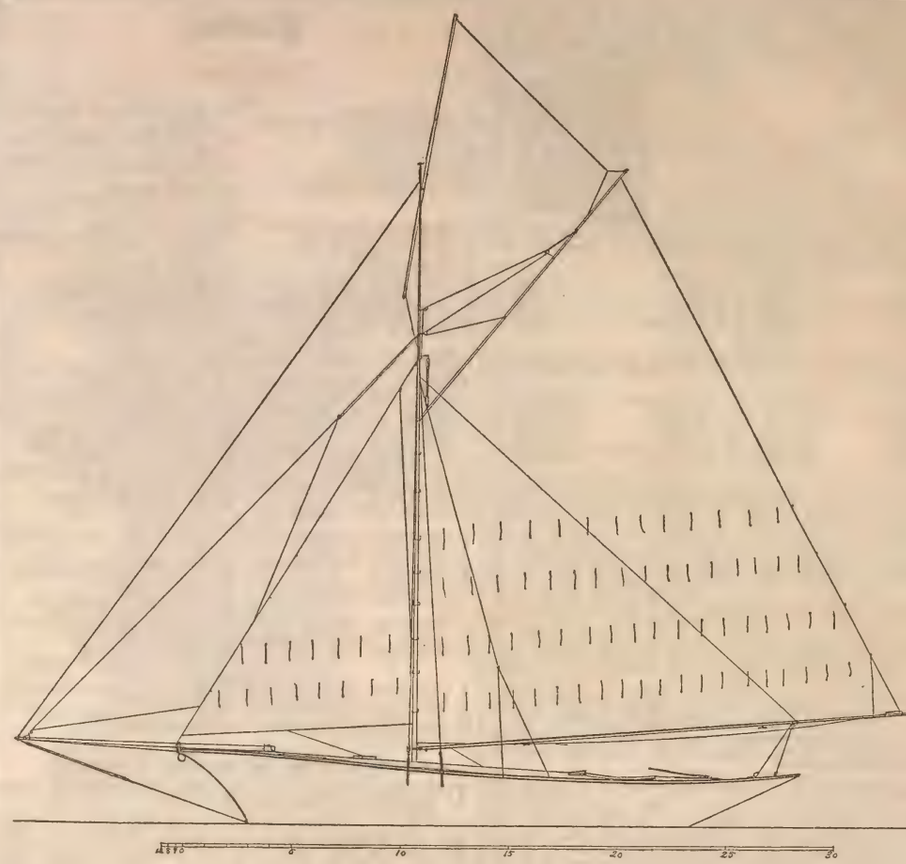
The Thistle, it should be said, has been designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, and is the first attempt since the Livonia was built in 1871, to meet the Americans on their own lines. She will probably have to encounter one of the powerful centerboard sloops, and it is contended, with some reason, that a contest between a keel yacht and one fitted with a centerboard cannot be considered a satisfactory trial of merit. So far as sailing by the wind is concerned, the board does not appear to hold the yacht to more advantage than the fixed keel does the modern yacht with a deep cross section; and often if, as the Americans say, the centerboard is outpointing the keel yacht, the feat is probably more attributable to the sit and trim of the sails than to the board, unless, of course, the keel yacht has a deficient area of longitudinal vertical section. Where the centerboarder has the advantage is in lifting the board for sailing off the wind. By housing the board in a yacht like the Mayflower, a reduction of about 10 per cent. is at once made in the area of immersed surface, and the effect of this is always manifest, especially in light winds or at low speeds. However, as far as the Thistle is concerned, it may be granted that Mr. Watson, while providing her with sufficient area of longitudinal section for lateral resistance, has so fashioned away the ends that she will give a good account of herself in any contest with American yachts, whether on or off the wind.

A CHALLENGE TO OPEN BOATS.

The open boat Cruiser (20ft. 6in.) would like to sail a number of matches during the month of June with boats under 22ft. Should any of your readers who are interested in sport of this character desire such a contest, a communication to the following address will receive attention. CRUISER,
114 East Twenty-second st., New York.

YACHTING NOTES.—Cyprus, cutter, arrived on the steamer Richmond Hill last week....Dolphin, steam yacht, Howard Jaffray, has been sold to Major W. B. Wetmore, who will use her on Lake Champlain....Henrietta; this fast launch has been sold by Norman L. Munro to E. S. Jaffray. Mr. Munro has a new launch building at Herreshoff's....Marie, keel sloop, has been bought by W. O. Gay, Dorchester Y. C....Helen, sloop, has been bought by C. E. Hodges, who will give her a new outfit of canvas....May A., cutter, of Boston, has been bought by J. T. Richardson, of Stratford, Conn....Mabel, sloop, has been sold to go to Havana....Ione, sloop, is having a lead keel of 4,700lbs. bolted on....Puritan is fitting out at Naushon, and she and Mayflower will probably be in the New York regattas....J. S. Poyen. This sloop, once well known about Boston, is now in Australia, having been sent out on the deck of the ship Roger. She has lately sailed against some of the home yachts and beaten them, though the race seems to have been a fluke.

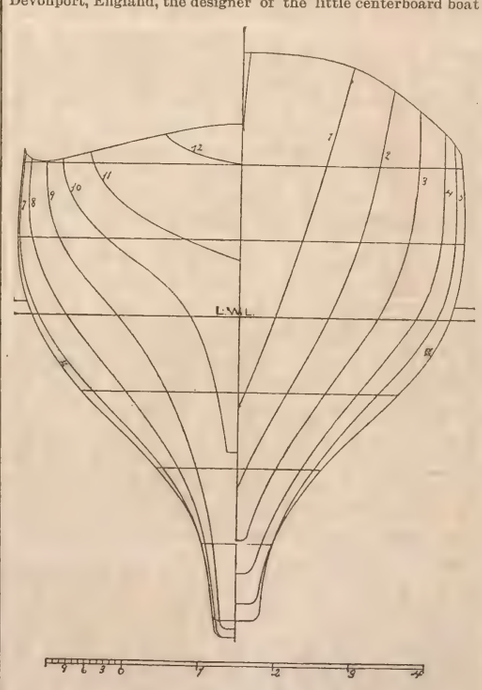
MONATIQUOT Y. C.—A club under this name has lately been formed at Weymouth, Mass., starting with seventy-five members. A club house will be built, courses laid out, and races held during the season.



SAIL PLAN OF CUTTER "DAWN."

THE SINGLE-HANDER DAWN.

THE little yacht shown in the accompanying drawings is of the same general class as the Windward, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 8, 1884, but is of greater displacement and draft, besides being much longer on deck owing to the clipper stem. The Dawn was designed for Captain James, R. A., by Captain Robert Barrington Baker, R. N., of the Royal Gun Wharf, Devonport, England, the designer of the little centerboard boat



BODY PLAN OF CUTTER "DAWN."

Pollywog. The general specifications were much the same as in the Windward, a boat that would accommodate two men, but that could be safely sailed by one; the extra 2ft. of length, however, allows a small forecastle for a 12-year-old boy, leaving the cabin for the owner. The dimensions of the Dawn are as follows:

	As Designed.	As Sailed.
Length over all	28ft. 9in.	
Length on L.W.L	20ft.	20ft. 5in.
Beam	6ft.	
Draft	4ft. 3in.	4ft. 6in.
Ballast, keel, long tons	2.25	2.5
Ballast, inside	.25	.50
Ballast, total	2.50	3.00
Mast, deck to hounds	20ft.	
Pole	8ft.	
Boom	23ft.	
Gaff	15ft. 6in.	
Bowsprit, outboard	7ft. 6in.	
Topsail yard	13ft.	
Spinaker boom	25ft.	
Area mainsail	304sq. ft.	
Area staysail	85sq. ft.	
Area jib	56sq. ft.	
Area yard topsail	102sq. ft.	
Area, total, lower sail	505sq. ft.	

The keel is of English elm, sided 14in., moulded 6in.; stem sided 3½in.; sternpost 4in., the timbers are of English oak, sided 3in., moulded 4 to 2½in. and spaced 2¼in. Between each pair are two steamed timbers, 2x1½in., of American elm. The planking is of ⅞in. red pine. There are four iron floors, each 2ft.x2½x⅝in. All the fastenings are of copper. The cost of the yacht was as follows:

Hull, lead, spars and steel wire rigging	£125
Cordage, blocks, anchor and chain	15
Sails—mainsail, foresail and two jibs, Lapthorne	15
Two spinakers and topsail, home-made	3
Sundries, lamps, etc	7
	£165

The entire cost was only $825.00, very much less than the boat could be built for in America. It will be noticed that there is no cabin house but only a flush deck, but under this there is from 4 ft. 4 in. to 4 ft. 10 in. headroom, owing to the great crown of the deck. The seats in cabin have flaps for sleeping and there are lockers everywhere in cabin and cockpit. The sail locker is in the counter. The Dawn has proved herself an excellent seaboat and has been out in some very heavy weather, including the gale last September, in Torbay. The gain in deck room by the clipper stem is shown by the dotted lines in the plans, which represent the outline of the deck with a plumb stem. In so small a boat deckroom forward is of first importance, and it is obtained by a proper use of this feature. The stem is built out to the full length, the rabbet being carried out to the extreme end, a very different construction from that employed in this country, where a large filling knee is bolted outside the stem, projecting several feet outside the rabbet. In the latter case there is useless wood and weight on the end of the boat with no corresponding gain; but if the stem is worked as shown in the Dawn the construction is at once light, strong and graceful, there is no superfluous material and there is a substantial gain in deck room.

THE LAUNCH OF THE SHAMROCK.

MONDAY last was a great day for Ireland, at least that part of it which lies adjacent to Bay Ridge, it was just like having two Patrick's days in one year. The occasion of this rejoicing was the launch of a new vessel, Shamrock by name, bright green of bottom, and with a tattered green flag aloft on a jury mast. This vessel is not, as some might suppose, the latest addition to the Irish navy, but belongs to the pleasure fleet of the Atlantic and several other yacht clubs, having been built for her owner and designer, J. Roger Maxwell, by John Mumm. At 3:30 P. M. all was ready, and a few minutes later the dogshores were slipped and the Shamrock slid into the water, while a regular wild Irish yell echoed across the Bay from Owl's Head to Toad Hill. The Shamrock has been described previously in the FOREST AND STREAM, but we give her leading dimensions again:

Length over all	78ft. 3in.
Length, l.w.l	66ft. 9in.
Beam, extreme	20ft.
Beam, l.w.l	19ft. 3in.
Depth to bottom of keel	10ft. 6in.
Depth of hold	8ft. 2in.
Draft	7ft. 6in.
Least freeboard	2ft. 10in.
Hoist of mainsail	47ft.
Main boom	67ft.
Gaff	42ft.
Bowsprit outboard	32ft.
Spinaker boom	65ft.
Ballast, inside	5 tons.
Ballast, keel	24 tons.
Displacement	68 tons.

On launching, with 5 tons inside, floors and tanks in place and bowsprit stepped, the yacht floated about 1½in. below her loadline aft and 7in. above it forward. The mast has yet to be stepped, which will bring her down by the head, but it looks now as though the lead keel had been carried too far aft. It runs to heel of sternpost.

CEDAR POINT Y. C.

THE Cedar Point Y. C. was organized at Saugatuck, Conn., on April 30, under the most favorable circumstances, and its future prospects are very promising. Eighteen yachts are already on its list, and it is expected that the number will be very materially increased during the coming season. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Francis Burritt, sloop Teal; Vice-Commodore, J. H. Jennings, cat Annie; Secretary, E. S. Wheeler, cat Go Softly; Treasurer, P. G. Sanford, cat Peggy; Treasurer, S. S. Dayton. Regatta Committee, Francis Burritt, P. G. Sanford, J. H. Jennings.

The opening regatta of this club will be held on Decoration Day, May 30, over the club course off Cedar Point, Conn. Open to all boats owned in and between Bridgeport and Stamford, Conn. Classes as follows:

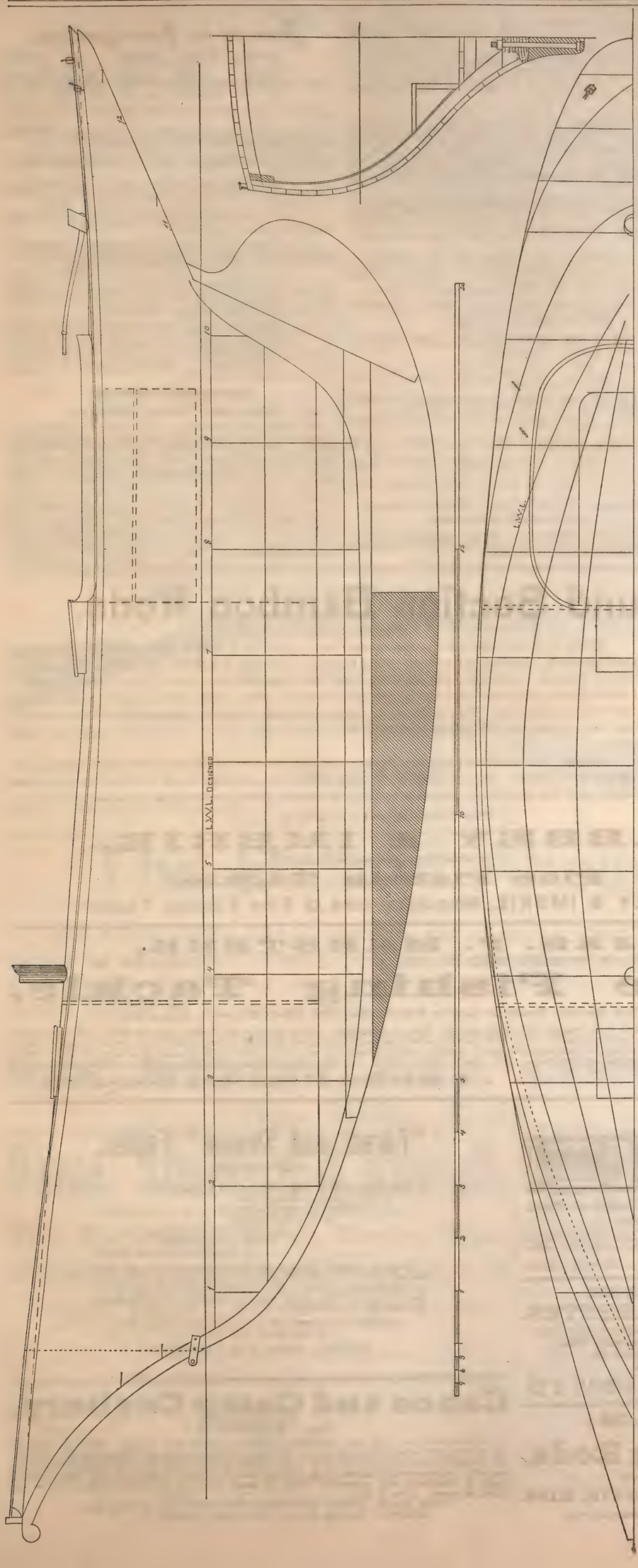
Class C—Boats 31ft. and under, waterline, sloop-rigged, no restriction as to sails.

Class D—Boats 25ft. and under, waterline, jib and mainsail only.

Class E—Boats 21ft. and under, cat-rigged.

The time allowance schedule of the New Haven Y. C. was adopted.

Liberal prizes will be offered for the opening regatta, and all boats owned between Bridgeport and Stamford, eligible for the above classes, are cordially invited to enter. E. S. WHEELER, Sec.
SAUGATUCK, Conn.



SINGLE-HANDER "DAWN."—Designed by Capt. R. Barrington Baker, R. N.

THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES.

THE following letter was received yesterday, and the accompanying reply sent by ex-Commodore J. D. Smith of the Cup Committee:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ROYAL YACHT CLUB, GLASGOW, APRIL 21.
DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge receipt of Mr. Krebs's letter of 4th inst., announcing that the papers relating to the challenge of the Thistle had been found by the committee having charge of the arrangements for contests for the above cup to be all in proper order. As requested by Mr. Krebs, I have pleasure in addressing this communication to you as chairman of said committee.

Mr. Bell is very glad to learn that the arrangements proposed have been so favorably received by your committee.

As regards the date of matches, Mr. Bell desires to bring before your committee the necessity for having this important preliminary arranged now. The business and other arrangements of Mr. Bell and a number of his friends, and doubtless also of many yachting men on your own side, will have to be so arranged as to fit in with the date of these matches, and whatever dates are fixed for the contest, the Thistle will be dispatched from here in ample time to make the voyage and be in New York three or four weeks before the date of the first race. Deferring, however, as far as possible to your wishes, Mr. Bell is willing that the contest take place any time between the 6th September and the 4th October, inclusive, but must ask you to fix definitely the days for the matches within this period, and he will esteem it a favor if you will bring this matter before your committee at the earliest possible date for definite settlement.

Number of Races.—In view of the expression of your committee's opinion, Mr. Bell is satisfied to let the result of the contest depend upon three trials.

I understand from Mr. Krebs's letter that the courses are held to be settled, viz., the same as in the Galatea matches.

Umpire.—Your remarks regarding the umpire are entirely concurred in by Mr. Bell. It is unlikely that any difference of opinion can arise as to the construction of terms, but it was thought that Mr. Schuyler's name should be inserted in our first letter, so as to limit, as far as possible, the points for correspondence.

Patrol Steamers.—Mr. Bell desires to thank the committee for their general approval of his suggestions on this subject. Minor details, as you suggest, may be left until his arrival in America, which will probably be about a fortnight before the date fixed for the first race.

Mr. Bell would also thank the committee for nominating Mr. Lloyd Phœnix as their representative on board the Thistle as well as for their kind offer of assistance in making arrangements for the Thistle's arrival in America. Trusting to hear from you by an early mail, I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

WILLIAM YORK, Secretary.

J. D. Smith, Esq., Chairman America Cup Committee, New York Y. C., 23 Broad street, New York.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1887. DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 21st ult., and note with pleasure that Mr. Krebs's letter to you of April 4 was satisfactory to Mr. Bell.

In relation to his request as to the date of matches, which is now the only point to be settled, on behalf of the committee I have only to say we did not intend to make objections to the dates of the matches proposed by you on March 16, viz.: October 4, 6 and 8, our ideas being that these dates could be mutually agreed upon after the Thistle arrived here; but inasmuch as you now state that Mr. Bell desires to have the dates for the matches fixed upon, at any time between the 6th of September and the 4th of October, we will make the dates Sept. 27 and 29, and if a third race is necessary, Oct. 1 next, providing that the clause in the latter part of your letter of March 16 last, in which we agreed, remain in force, viz.: "that in case of accidents happening at any time, either yachts shall have the time necessary for repairs, providing that no race shall be sailed after the close of the yachting season, as prescribed by the club rules."

The committee desire me to say that they have been anxious to have these international races made, in all respects, upon fair and honorable terms, within the spirit of the deed of gift, and that we shall be happy to welcome the Thistle and her owner upon her arrival in America.

I have the honor to be very faithfully yours,

JAMES D. SMITH,
Chairman of the America Cup Committee.

To William York, Esq., Secretary Royal Clyde Y. C., Glasgow, Scotland.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The programme for the open regatta of the South Boston Y. C., on May 30, has been issued. The regatta will be open to yachts of any recognized yacht club. The classes are: First, all yachts measuring 28ft. and under 38ft., two cash prizes of $25 and two of $15; second, yachts measuring 23ft. and less than 28ft., two cash prizes of $20, two of $12 and two of $8; third, centerboard yachts measuring 19ft. and less than 23ft., and all keel yachts under 23ft., two cash prizes of $20, two of $12, two of $8 and two of $5; fourth, centerboard yachts of 15ft. and less than 19ft., first prize $15, second $10, third $5; fifth, all boats measuring 12ft. and under 15ft., first prize $1, second $5. Schooners will sail at seven-eighths actual measurement. The start for all classes will be from anchor. At 1:30 P. M. the preparatory gun will be fired and the club flag hoisted on the judges' yacht, which will be the signal for all classes to form into line between flags bearing the number of their class. Yachts will be started at the following time and signal for the respective classes: 2 o'clock, second gun and lowering of club flag for first, second and third classes; 2:05, third gun and hoisting of club flag for forth and fifth classes. If, in any case, there should be a failure to fire the gun, the specified lowering or hoisting of the flag will be the signal to start. The judges are William Morris, chairman; Thomas Christian, C. McKenna, G. F. Clark, W. H. Godfren, J. P. Bullard and Herbert Pope. The Regatta Committee consists of Arthur Fuller, chairman; A. Henry Hall, Fred G. Conley, J. W. Sherman, jr., Frank T. Christian, James Bertram, W. J. McArdle and J. J. Bligh. Entries must be made in writing, giving name of yacht, owner, club, rig, centerboard or keel, length over all, on waterline, and after overhang, if known, and must be sent to G. F. Clark (Boston Yacht Agency), 43 Milk street, Boston, where numbers can be obtained on or before 12 M., May 28. There will be no restrictions on ballast or sails. The time limit will be four hours. No sharpies or catamarans will be allowed. The courses for the different classes are respective 14, 11, 9 and 6 miles.

SAILING BOATS FOR OPEN WATER.—Baltimore, April 18. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a boat that I think will just fill the bill for "Albatross." She is a lapstreak cedar boat, built by Conover, of Atlantic City. She is sharp at both ends and decked over fore and aft, with a coaming and 3in. deck all around. She is 18ft. long with 65 to 70in. beam, she is rigged with two lateen sails, one mast being stepped well forward and the other through the after deck. The tiller just clears this mast. The sheet of the dandy is run through a block on the rudder head and belayed to a cleat on the tiller. I have a pair of Lyman's bow-facing oars and a Radix centerboard. The boat is extremely safe and handy, and is the admiration of all who see her working, either under sail or with an ash breeze. I use this boat on the Gunpowder River, 18 miles from this city, for fishing and sailing. The river is very wide and is noted for the ugly sea it gets up on the least provocation. I fish eight or ten miles from my boat house, where the river is very deep and wide, and have frequently been out on the bay with her when it has been blowing quite fresh. I have been caught down the river on several occasions in the most terrific blows, and the good little boat has always carried me home safely. When it blows hard I take in the dandy and use only the mainsail, which is ample to carry the boat on a dead beat to windward. I have to pass under the P. W. & B. R. R. bridge, also a line of telegraph wires that are strung near the water and I accomplish it with great ease. It is but the work of a moment to take in the sails and unship the masts. I am sorry I cannot give "Albatross" accurate measurements of sails, masts and boat, but I cannot trust to my memory to do so. However, if he should wish them, you can give him my address and I will send them to him.—E. A. R.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE RACE.—The following notice has been sent out by the Royal Thames Y. C.: "The race is open to the world without any restriction as to rig or build. The course is round the United Kingdom, leaving the mainland of Great Britain and Ireland on the port hand; starting at Southend and finishing at Dover. H. R. H., the Commodore, has graciously intimated his intention to enter his yacht the Aline, and to start the race in person at noon on June 14. The sailing directions have been completed and entries will be received at the clubhouse between May 1 and June 7 inclusive. The entrance fee is 7 guineas, returnable to all members of the Royal Thames Y. C., whose yachts compete in the race. The first prize will be 1,000 guineas, and the owner of every yacht that duly sails the course will be entitled to a commemorative gold medal. The allotment of other prizes will be decided on the completion of the subscription list. The arrangements for a passenger steamer to accompany the race are in the hands of a special committee, and full particulars will shortly be published."—THORNTON SCOVELL, Sec. R. T. Y. C." A long subscription list accompanies the notice.

NOTES FROM THE DELAWARE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another week will see the Delaware in full bloom so far as yachts can be said to blossom—their crews noses will blossom the week after. The Minerva has been on the railway and is now bending sails. Carrie Z. will try to swing her big spread of canvas again this year, she has been refastened and completely overhauled. Maggie has had a log waist put on and is ready for the water. Susie is on the railway and will be slightly overhauled, she has changed hands and her new owner is a young addition to yachting. Monarch has not yet started, she is offered for sale. Sunbeam is at Norfolk, Va., but will be back for the races. Venitza is overhauling at Market St. Helen has just returned from Florida and is dismantled for overhauling. Avalon, with Valette and Ellis on board, in now in New York waters to return for the races. Igidious, formerly Shackamaxon, has been rebuilt and will show what is in her next week. Thomas has had a new well and a general overhauling. Lillie has changed hands and is now in the water. Kate has also changed hands. Olga is in the water in her usual good shape, and Dr. Howell's yawl Sea Gull will go off soon, while his son's new cutter has shipped her spars and is ready to show her mettle. Flyaway has had all her work and rigging overhauled and is almost ready to go over. Gretchen was the first yacht over and has been laughing at the slow ones for eight weeks, she has shipped her racing rig and goes on the railway for a lead keel. The Minerva of Trenton has just come off with a new iron keel.—CHAS. L. WORK.

AN IMPROVED YACHT'S ANCHOR.—A modificatian of the stockless anchor has been introduced in England. It consists in constructing the anchor in only two pieces, the arms and crosshead being in one and the shank pivoted through same, the whole forming a very compact and serviceable anchor with an entire immunity from fouling. These anchors have been adopted in every class of pleasure boat, ranging from the tiny canoe to Mr. Vanderbilt's leviathan, the Alva, of 1,300 tons. Several steam yachts have recently been fitted to stow these anchors up the hawse pipes, a simple method which entirely dispenses with all catting and fishing gear, and a system which the leading shipping companies are adopting everywhere for their new vessels.

QUEBEC Y. C.—A yacht race under the management of the Quebec Y. C. will take place during the Queen's Jubilee celebration on May 24 and 25, open to all the Dominion of Canada. There will be two classes of yachts and two prizes in each class. The yachts will start above Quebec, at Wolfe Cove, and will go round Beaumont Buoy, finishing at the Custom House wharf. All entries, with names of yachts and residence, must be made by May 15. The race will be governed by a committee of members of the Quebec Y. C. This club is the only one in America which prohibits centerboard yachts, by compelling them to seal their boards.

GEN. PAINE'S NEW YACHT.—The spars for the new yacht have been roughed out, the mast being 86ft. heel to cap, 19in. at partners, 19½ in jaws of gaff, and 18 at hounds. The boom is 82ft. long, 14in. at middle and 13⅝ in slings. The gaff is 50ft. The bowsprit is 53ft. over all and 15in. diameter. The topmast is 43ft. heel to hounds. The keel, which is now ready, is a trough of ¾in. steel. It runs well forward and aft of trunk, and the stem and sternpost are scarfed to it. The former is 6 x 1¼in.

DOMINO, sloop, is having a ton of lead bolted on her keel.

CRUISING CUTTER FOR SALE.—One of the most interesting yachts described in "Small Yachts" is the cutter Surf, advertised in another column. Built solely for cruising she has been all about the coast between Mount Desert and New York for four seasons, besides which she has won several races. Her two owners now wish to sell her, as business does not allow both to use her together. Those who wish to know more of her will find a full description in "Small Yachts." She has a good cabin, ladies' cabin aft and full 6ft. headroom.

A NEW BOOK FOR YACHTSMEN.—The Forest and Stream Publishing Company will publish next week a new book for yachtsmen and canoeists, under the title of "Yachts, Boats and Canoes," by C. Stansfield-Hicks. The book covers a wide range, including small yachts and single-handers, canoes large and small, and model yachts, with practical instructions for building and rigging them. It is very fully illustrated with woodcuts and large plates. The book makes an octavo volume of 380 pages, the price being $3.50.

MISCHIEF.—The iron sloop Mischief has just been sold by J. R. Busk to Messrs. Auchincloss, of New York, at one time owners of cutter Madge. The sale has given rise to the report that the new steel schooner that A. Cary Smith is at work on is for Mr. Busk, as he had in contemplation for some time the construction of such a yacht.

VERA.—This little cutter, advertised in another column, is well-known about Marblehead and Beverly, where she has raced for several seasons. She was built by D. J. Lawlor, and is 22ft. 2in. over all, 19ft. 2in. l.w.l., 6ft. 4in. beam, and 3ft. 2in. draft.

POCAHONTAS is afloat again, and has shipped some handsome mahogany skylights. Her bowsprit has been converted into a round stick, and her spars have been scraped.

CINDERELLA came to anchor off Staten Island on Saturday fresh in a coat of white paint. Mr. C. S. Lee and Oriva's old crew will sail her in all races this season.

ATLANTIC.—The P. of B. R. was hauled out at Mumm's on Monday for more lead. Her rail has been shaved down a little aft, and she is now painted white.

MAUD A.—The latest addition to the Rochester Y. C. will be launched this week. She is 20ft. over all and 5ft. beam.

CORONET.—The cable reports that Coronet passed the Lizard on April 30, bound for New York.

REGINA, sloop, Mr. Ralph W. Ellis, was at Newbern, N. C., on May 1, bound for New York.

INDIAN RIVER Y. C.—The annual regatta of this club was set for May 3.

FORMOSA, the famous old cutter, is being converted into a yawl.

SHONA, cutter, will have a new suit of sails from Lapthorne.

THE TRAVELERS of Hartford advertises what it HAS DONE, not what it is GOING TO DO; it HAS PAID over $11,200,000 to Policyholders in settlement of claims.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

W. B. R.—We do not know dates of publication nor cost of service.

H. W. T.—Laverack setters are a strain of English setters and are exhibited under that class at bench shows.

B. D. N.—The hairs are not necessarily a sign of poor stock; probably they will disappear. We do not know any breeder to refer you to.

C. L. S.—There is a variety of small targets for rest shooting at short distances. The large targets are used for both rest and off hand shooting.

G. W.—1. The book might be picked up at some of the second hand stores. 2. For coursing see "Stonehenge on the Greyhound," which we can supply.

W. L. C.—The gun can probably be so repaired by a gunsmith as to make it all right again. Take it to a competent repairer. It is difficult to pass an opinion on it without examination.

G. W., Concord, N. H.—1. Canoes are allowed to cross the boundary as a matter of courtesy to visit the A. C. A. meets. They are dutiable, however, and must pay duty if brought into the United States permanently. 2. Take the single shooter. 3. The recoil is not excessive. 4. No. 4 Exchange place, Boston.

H. E. M., Hazelton, Iowa.—What is this bird, a stranger to us? Full length 7in., bill ¾in. long and ⅝in. broad and thick at base, and of a light canary color; strip of bright canary-colored feathers ¼in. wide extending across front of head and back over eyes; top of head black, neck dark, brown gradually fading to canary on body; tail black, 2½in long.. Ans. Apparently an evening grosbeak (*Hesperiphona vespertina*).

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Col. White's experiments on the resistance offered by a bank of snow to a rifle bullet, which were made recently at Ottawa, were most interesting. It was found that the Martini bullets fired into a bank of well packed snow were completely spent after traversing a distance of not more than four feet. Snider bullets, in hard-packed snow mixed with ice, but not hard enough to prevent digging into it with a sheet-iron shovel, did not penetrate more than about four feet; in perfectly dry snow, packed by natural drift, but capable of being easily crushed in the hand, a bullet penetrated about four feet, and in loose drifted dry snow less than seven feet, though fired from points only 20 or 30 yards distant.—*Montreal Witness.*

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We have just finished and put on the market a *new caliber* round rod, 10 feet long, and weighing with the solid reel seat only 7 ounces. This rod has stood the most severe tests, and found capable of killing the largest black bass. The many expert anglers who have handled this rod pronounce it the *best balanced and most perfect rod* in the market.

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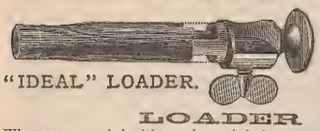
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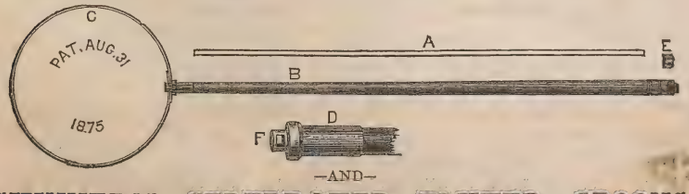
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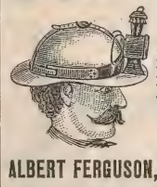
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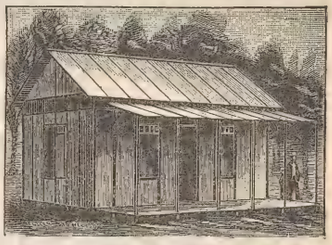


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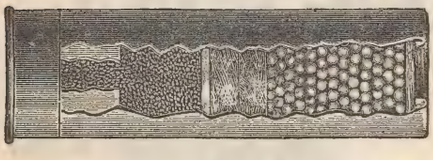
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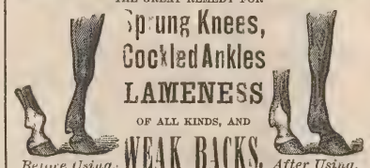
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Papers descriptive of bird life, chapters of animal biography, notes on the ways of field, forest and water creatures as observed by sportmen, anglers and naturalists, make up these pages. The special work of the past year has been the establishment of the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, begun in February, and having now a membership approaching 20,000.

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Time was when a single journal sufficed in this country for adequate discussion of all the heterogenous pastimes and practices dubbed sport. That time has long since passed away Some of the sports have been outgrown or put under a ban, others have developed to such a degree that each class requires a special organ. The particular fields chosen by the FOREST AND STREAM are those of angling and shooting. The pages given up to these topics are rich with the freshest, brightest, most wholesome, entertaining and valuable open air literature of the day. They have the sunlight and woodsy odor of the haunts of game and fish; they picture nature as seen by sportsman and angler. One has not long to read the FOREST AND STREAM before learning its attitude with respect to game and fish protection. The editors believe in conserving, by all legitimate methods, the game of fields and woods, and the fish of brook, river and lake, not for the exclusive benefit of any class or classes, but for the public. They are earnest, consistent and determined advocates of strict protection in the legal close season, and in restricting the taking of game both as to season and methods, so that the benefits of these natural resources may be evenly distributed.

The Kennel.

This department has kept even pace with the growth of the interest of breeding field and pet dogs. Reports of trials and shows are usually given in the FOREST AND STREAM in advance of other publications, and being prepared by competent writers their intelligent criticisms are of practical utility. This journal is not hampered by personal animosities. It has no judges to "kill." It does not decide a dog's merit by asking who the owner is. It treats all kennel subjects without fear, favor or ulterior motives, and in consequence enjoys a degree of public confidence and esteem denied to such as stagger beneath the incubus of malice and flounder in the bogs of ignorance.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

records scores of meetings and matches, discussions of topics pertaining to the butt, gallery and trap. Secretaries of gun and rifle clubs are invited to send their scores for publication.

Canoeing.

This country is a land of magnificent water courses, and Americans are just beginning to appreciate the canoe as a means of enjoying the delectable charms of river and lake, and bay and canal. The men who are making fortunes by making canoes know best how rapidly the ranks of canoeists are multiplying. Novices and old hands will find in the FOREST AND STREAM canoeing columns, in charge of a practical canoeist, accounts of cruises, lines of new craft, and hints and helps and suggestions without number. Closely allied is

Yachting,

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For Sale.

CANADA.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

FIVE AND TEN YEARS'

Fishing Leases.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, Fredericton, N. B. April 13, 1887.

THE exclusive right of Fishing (WITH THE ROD ONLY) in front of the ungranted Crown Lands on the following streams, will be offered for sale at Public Auction, at this office, at noon, on WEDNESDAY, THE ELEVENTH DAY OF MAY, 1887. Leases of the fishing rights will be governed by existing regulations, and will be for the term of FIVE and TEN YEARS, from the 1st of March, 1887, as mentioned below.

FIVE YEARS' LEASES.

Restigouche River—

1. From the Intercolonial Railway Bridge up to the mouth of Upsalquitch River.
2. From mouth of Upsalquitch River up to Toad Brook.
3. From Quatawamkedgwick River up to Madawaska Co. line.

TEN YEARS' LEASES.

Quatawamkedgwick River—

4. From its mouth up to 10-mile tree.
5. From 10-mile tree up to Quebeck boundary.
6. Patapedia River, on western bank thereof.
7. Benjamin River.
8. Jacquet River.
9. Tattagouche River.
10. Middle River, Gloucester.
11. Little River, Gloucester.
12. Caraquet River and branches.
13. Pockmouche River and branches.
14. Little Tracadie River and branches.
15. Big Tracadie River and branches.
16. Tabusintac River and branches.
17. Renous River and branches, excepting Dungarvon River.
18. Dungarvon River and branches.
19. Kouchibouguac River.
20. Kouchibouguacis River.
21. Tobique River and branches.
22. Grand River, Madawaska County.
23. Green River and branches.

Copies of the regulations to govern the above sale, or any further information, may be had on application to the Fishery Commissioner, J. Henry Phair, Esq., Fredericton, New Brunswick.

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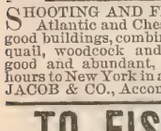
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NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1887.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 16. NOS. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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A New Book for Corinthian Sailors.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

A BILL has just been passed by the Massachusetts Legislature to permit the snaring of ruffed grouse by land owners and their families, from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Several of the Senators spoke in favor of the bill on the ground that the farmer's boy must be protected in his rights; and there was quite a display of codfish eloquence about the constitutional privileges enjoyed by the farmers of Old Massachusetts from earliest Colonial times, and not to be overthrown now in favor of men who want to kill grouse with guns. Much of this talk had evidently been inspired by the suggestions of the Rev. Dr. Barrows, of Reading, a retired clergyman, who has turned his attention from other fields of labor to busy himself with securing to the farmer's boy the privilege of trapping.

We have not at hand the figures to show how many thousands of farmer's boys there are in Massachusetts; but we quite agree that every mother's son of them should have his rights. It is by no means clear, however, that the license to snare ruffed grouse is one of these rights, nor is it any more clear that the farmer's boy is asking for the trapping privilege. The real demand for grouse snaring comes from the professional snarers who snare the birds for market. The professional snarer is one of that class of fellows who do no regular work for a living, but resort to all sorts of lazy shifts to keep themselves alive without honest labor. The market snarer is the man who wants this law, and it is for the market snarer and not for the farmer's boy that the Rev. Dr. Barrows and the members of the Legislature are interesting themselves when they restore snaring; the true object for which they are striving is to fix the law so that the Boston markets may enjoy unrestricted license to sell the snared grouse of Massachusetts and other States.

GAME IN MONTANA.

MONTANA is now the best and most accessible hunting ground for big game in all the Western country. The inhabitants of that Territory realize that their game is worth more to them alive and running free over the prairies and the mountains than it ever can be when converted into meat and hides. They are shrewd and far-seeing enough to understand that as long as there is game to be had, tourists from the East will flock into the Territory, will buy supplies and hire men and outfits, will spend money and make business good in many a little railroad and mountain town.

Realizing all this a special effort has been made this year by the Rod and Gun Club of Bozeman and by other enlightened citizens to arouse public sentiment on the question of game protection. The result of this effort is seen in the new Montana game law which we print in another column. This law is satisfactory in many respects, but its passage does not necessarily mean any great change in the methods of game destruction which have been going on for years in Montana, and which have practically exterminated large game in more than one Western State and Territory. To accomplish anything this law must be enforced, and if the Bozeman Gun Club and other public spirited citizens of the Territory will make it their business to see that this is done, they will not only earn for themselves the gratitude of all who are interested in the large game of the West, but will perform a great service for themselves and for Montana.

SNAP SHOTS.

FIDDLEDEEDEEING with game and fish legislation is still the order of the day at Albany. Governor Hill has displayed the alacrity we gave him credit for in signing Park Row saloon-keeper Finn's short lobster law repeal. Nothing else was to have been expected from a Governor who signed the deer hounding bill and on whom the game and fish clique wire-pullers rely for approval of every vicious measure to further their selfish interests. There was no reason under heaven why the lobster law should have been repealed except that certain dealers in this city, against whom suits for violation of the law were pending, decided that it would be simpler and cheaper to "put up" for the repeal than to stand trial and pay their fines.

James, the man arrested some time since by Captain Harris for killing game and trapping fur in the Yellowstone Park, has been escorted outside the reservation. Is it not a pitiful and humiliating spectacle that a great government like that of the United States should have no means of punishing a man who robs the people of their property? We owe this disgraceful state of things to the Honorable House of Representatives, elected by the people to take care of the people's interests. As things stand at present, any one can hunt in the Park, and the only penalty is expulsion.

The managers of the World's Trap Shooting Carnival, at Wellington, near Boston, Mass., are making preparations for a large gathering of shooters. The bruited British-American match will not be shot, as Great Britain has mustered no team to meet the Americans; but there will be a big time just the same, and if the projectors realize their expectations, the Hub will be enveloped in a pall of gunpowder smoke from Monday morning to Saturday night. It is announced that teams desiring to compete for the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY will be provided with the facilities to do so.

The sport of pigeon flying is assuming vast proportions in this country; it is carried on very much after the manner of horse racing; pools are sold on the different birds; the flyers in the air like the flyers on the track have their records; and a multitude of people are interested in the flights. Pigeon racing has come to be a well developed system of gambling. Not infrequently when a homer fails to return to the loft it is found to have been shot by some gunner who might have devoted his ammunition to a better purpose.

The impulse which sometimes impels an individual about to commit suicide to kill the members of his family before making away with his own life, had a curious illustration in Connecticut last week, when a man shot his favorite dog before shooting himself.

The National Rod and Reel Association prize list is unusually full and the classes are numerous. The class for experts in single-handed fly-casting, where distance alone counts, is always the one on which the interest of the visitors centers, and this class has usually been left for the last in order to hold the attendance until the close. In fact the interest in all the fly-casting contests is confined to the trials for distance, as can be seen by the groups watching the distance casting, while at the same time at another point the contestants are competing for delicacy and accuracy with few besides the judges to look at them, and the casters pride themselves on their length of line more than on any other point; and it has often been questioned if distance should not be the only point taken cognizance of in a tournament. We have often thought so, because we find that it is the main thing in the minds of those who cast. When a man has beaten another by five feet and the judges award him a lower place on the prize list because his rival has more points in either delicacy or accuracy, or both, he often feels a disappointment which he may or may not express. As we have before announced, the tournament will take place on Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 25 and 26, and the officers hope to begin at 10 A. M. There will be no postponement on account of weather.

When a South Sea Island savage, who has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of his enemies, notes that his captors are solicitous about his appetite, and realizes that he is taking on fat, his cannibal sense at once tells him that there is to be a feast somewhere in the vicinity, at which, duly fatted, he will be present. In very much the same way, when the spaniel dog Compton Brahmin reluctantly enters upon a course of physic and fasting, his dog sense tells him that there is to be a bench show at which, duly emaciated, he will be present.

A Fort Edward, N. Y., jury has disagreed in a case where a man was charged with deer hounding out of season. That the accused was not acquitted must be due to his lawyer's lack of enterprise. It would not have been difficult to subpœna a score of Dr. Wards, Dennys, Paul Smiths and other like eminent deer sharps for the defense to testify that a deer cannot be hounded out of season. The Hudson River may run up hill, and the Adirondack Mountains themselves dissolve in lava, but a dog follow a deer in close season never.

They do not put a high value on the life of a game warden in Maine. Graves, the deer-dogger who in cold blood murdered game wardens Niles and Hill, was last Tuesday at Calais found guilty of murder in the second degree, and it will be remembered that his accomplice, Macfarland, was let off without any punishment at all. This looks like a gross miscarriage of justice. The logical result will be the murder of other game wardens if any shall be found brave enough to try to do their duty in enforcing the deer law.

A correspondent writes to this effect: "Please look up date of paper in which you published New York trout law, as I have a bet on the season and want the number to refer to." We are always glad to give information that will help people, but we are not engaged in the business of hunting through newspaper files for the purpose of deciding bets. Life is too short.

The new regulations of the Yellowstone Park, printed in these columns a short time ago, have been posted up in various places in the National Reservation. In future, therefore, no one will be able to plead ignorance of the law as an excuse for any violation of it. For their own protection tourists who purpose visiting the Park during the coming season will do well to study these regulations with care.

The Massachusetts lobster law is undergoing revision, and by the time the Legislature is through with it, if the designs of those at the bottom of the business succeed, it will be worth very little as a protective measure. The proposed insertion of a clause requiring prosecutor to prove "intent" of lawbreaker will take from the law all its usefulness.

The Great Dipper points but the Dog Star sets.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE SONG OF THE FLOOD.

OH, a glorious sight is a field of ice
In the sunlight all a-glitter,
When the river is fast in a giant vise
And the wind blows keen and bitter.
But hurrah for the earth-stained, raging stream,
When the river runs bank full;
With a slippery clash as the ice cakes flash
Like the eyes of a maddened bull!

When the white plain breaks in a million cakes
With a shock like planets shaking,
And the crash of the fragments piled in flakes
Sets the granite ledges quaking,
Then hurrah for the earth-stained, raging stream,
When the river runs bank full,
And the ice fiend 's loose down the frightful sluice
With the roar of a maddened bull!

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY OLD MORTALITY.

"Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well."

THE arrangement for a shooting trip, in "the good old times," was a matter for considerable thought and involved some trouble, but the time and trouble were generally well rewarded. Game was plentiful, and it only required the "know how to do it" to insure success. To the eastward of Havre de Grace, across the waters of the bay, lies a strip of land divided from the main shore by a narrow inlet; this is known as Spesutia Island, or as we always called it, "Pesusi Island." Only a very small portion of it was at all suitable for cultivation, the most of the tract being composed of marshes overgrown with tall reeds, and cut up and intersected with small streams, ditches, channels and thoroughfares, a veritable wilderness on a small scale, and a favorite haunt for wildfowl of all descriptions. To thread this wilderness in a light skiff required as much "craft" and skill as does that of the hunter, who follows the trails of the forest with unerring precision. Among these wild marshes the savage swine roamed, the old boars, emerging from the brake, greeting the passing boat with a loud snort and showing their tusks viciously at having their solitude disturbed. Among these wilds I have spent many days of sport and pleasure in the olden time. In the bow of the frail skiff, with ammunition box in front of me and my No. 11 muzzleloader at a ready, and my dear old friend and companion of many hunts at the paddle, which he twirled in the water so skillfully that nothing could be heard of our advance but the whispers of the ripples as they parted from the bow. Ever and anon a teal, with bright blue or green wing, a gaudy mallard or a black duck, would spring from the reeds at the sides of the channel and often drop as quickly at the report of the No. 11. The echoes would startle numberless flocks of different kinds of ducks from the ponds and ditches, and these would circle about and then settle again and resume feeding or repose. To reach this favorite spot it was requisite to put our skiffs and traps on board of the propeller bound for Baltimore, and in the early morning or in the evening we were put off opposite the Narrows and made our way to McGraw's, who occupied an old mansion situated on a high bluff just above the landing. McGraw was a most peculiar man, both in appearance and habits. He had the infirmity of stuttering, and the contortions of his countenance during these paroxysms made him appear frightful; more so when he was angry or out of humor, which was quite a common occurrence. He had two stalwart sons and a most amiable and beautiful daughter; these, with the niggers and dogs, made up the household. Ah! what splendid times I have had in that old mansion, and how the trials of the day have vanished "in wreaths of smoke, the well-cracked joke and fumes of apple toddy."

On a crisp evening in November, many years ago, an old friend of mine, who had shared my pleasures on many occasions with rod and gun, together with myself, two gunners and my two dogs, launched our skiffs from the steamer, when near Turkey Point, and hurrying in the traps, pulled away for McGraw's landing. The sun had disappeared, leaving behind the glorious autumn halo that bathed the west in a flood of crimson and tinged the far-off clouds with orange, purple and gold. We old sportsmen have witnessed the glories of the sunrise and setting that would thrill with delight the heroes of the Alpenstock, or the Mt. Washington tourist. The gloom had settled down over the water and the marshes ere the prows of our boats grated on the sandy beach of the landing, and the lights from the windows of McGraw's twinkled like stars to guide us up the bank. A chorus of fierce howls and barkings announced our arrival, and the boys came out, lantern in hand, to quiet the dogs and give us a hearty welcome. Having provided Dash and Juno with good warm beds in the barn, we prepared to do justice to Sally's odorous buckwheat cakes, the aroma from which had whetted our appetites to a ferocious degree.

Now in this little sketch I propose to give my readers some idea of the ways that we enjoyed sport in "the olden time," when game, although plentiful, required skill, judgment and a level head to secure it. The breechloader was unknown; for every shot you were obliged to go through the motions with horn and pouch and wads and caps; and when ducks were flying around you, the bluewing darting with the velocity of a rifle ball at your decoys, a man needed to be cool to get through the operation without a bungle.

After discussing the good supper, although tired, we had to await digestion before retiring, which gave us an opportunity to talk over the chances for the morrow and the inevitable game of seven-up. Having arranged matters and got out the guns and traps, we all started for bed and much needed rest. "Breakfast by candle-light" is the duck shooter's motto, and the sun had not even tinged the leaden clouds ere we were off for the day's sport. As we left the house we could hear Dash and Juno whimpering in the barn, full of disappointment at being left at home; but keep quiet, good dogs, your turn will come before we return to town. After pulling our light boats over the sands and putting the decoys snugly away, we bad eone another good bye and wished good luck, and each boat pointed in a different direction. I had in my boat my old friend and companion, Dan Wills. I have designated him as a gunner, and while he was a gunner in every sense of the term, he was at the time a most jovial and welcome companion. There must be very few old sportsmen in this section who have not heard of or did not know Dan Wills. He was a famous shot, a capital boatman, and, indeed, up to everything that pertained to sport. He was also an accomplished naturalist and taxidermist. What Danny did not know about sport was not worth the knowing. He was a short, stout man, with small, dark, piercing eyes; quick as the lightning with his gun, and could shoot equally well from right or left shoulder. He was considered by many to be the best snap or cripple shot in this country. I have seen this man perform some wonderful feats at shooting during the many trips I have been with him. Years have passed since we put him to his final rest and his shooting days were over. Nothing could please Danny more than to place one of his friends in a first-rate position in the cripple, where he could see all around him, while Danny went into the deep thicket to start the woodcock. He was indeed a lucky man who would get down a bird to his gun, for with the whir of the cock would come Dan's cry of "Mark!" a little cloud of smoke in the bushes, a report, and down would go the bird with unerring certainty before our friend could get his gun to his shoulder. About the time Dan would have the bird in his capacious pocket you would hear him inquire in the most innocent manner, "Did he drop?" He used to fool me in this manner until I got to know him, when I gave up standing outside watching for chances, and pitched in with my dog, or I would never have got a bird. I was considered a pretty fair shot; but, in all candor, there was scarcely a trip that we took together, either at quail, woodcock or snipe, that Dan would not double me in spite of all my endeavors. I never beat him but once in my life, and that was at rail birds. Dan pushed his own boat, gathered his birds and shot with one hand, while I had Dennis Welsh, one of the best pushers on the Delaware, and had hard work to beat him at that. But I am getting into biographies, and forgetting that the morning is breaking in the east and we are out for duck shooting.

After rowing noiselessly through the maze of crooked channels, we halted for our morning's work at a point where two streams met, forming an open space of water, giving us plenty of room for our decoys. While putting them out we could hear the faint whistle of the wings of the flocks of redheads and baldpates as they passed swiftly overhead toward their favorite feeding grounds on the flats. Decoys being arranged satisfactorily, we pushed our boat among the reeds at the point and bent over the tallest ones toward us, so as not to interfere with our shooting. Having loaded up, we were ready for business. It seems to me that anticipation and expectation have nearly as much to do with the enjoyment of a sportsman as realization. We crouch in our little boat, eye and ear on the alert, and the heart throbs with a feeling of joyous expectancy, eager to hear the first sound of the soft whistle of the wings or the faint cluck or quack, or to catch the first glimpse of the little flock as they double with graceful movement toward the decoys.

We had not long to wait, for without warning and with a splash, in bounced a little bunch of teal close to the decoys. It was scarcely light and I could not distinguish them as they scurried away upon our rising to shoot. Not so with Dan, for with the double report from his gun, down came a pair, struggling for a moment on the surface of the water, and then floating quietly, dead, toward the shore. After a little wait three fine mallards came along, and I dropped a pair of them, Dan doubling up the other, a little cloud of feathers floating down on the wind, proving the certainty of his aim. And so we kept on until the sun had gotten about two hours high, and the flight seemed to have ceased. We had secured sixteen ducks, including two redheads. We then concluded to change our quarters to a spot some half mile away, where we had observed several bunches of ducks go down. Up came our twenty-five decoys, and we pulled away and soon had them out again. We waited here some time without a shot. Dan had been taking a look around for chances, when he suddenly crouched down in the boat, and pointed, with a chuckle, up the thoroughfare. By peeping cautiously out from among the reeds, I could distinguish our two friends in their boat, the one lying closely with his gun pointing over the bow, the other paddling noiselessly as they rounded the point so as to get a shot at our decoys. Before they arrived too near Dan gave them a hail, which put an end to their dream of a big shot, and we had a good laugh over their mistake. They thought from the report of our guns we were far away, and made an error that many duck shooters have made before and since. After consultation we concluded to occupy the rest of the day in paddling, so putting the decoys on shore we started for the ditches and thoroughfares. It was really wonderful to see Dan handle a paddle. Without any seeming exertion he would urge a skiff along noiselessly and steadily, and he could be on a duck before the timid creature was aware of the proximity of an enemy. Frequent reports of the guns of our friends gave promise of a fair bag, and thus the time wore away and the shades of evening were upon us ere we realized the day half gone, and we pointed our way toward McGraw's again. The boys met us and helped us with our load, which proved a good bag of forty-one ducks, five snipe and a muskrat. And now, my reader, let me ask you this, Did you ever sit over a plate of hot "corn dodgers" after a hard day's shooting? It seems to me that the boys had much better appetites in the olden time than now in the new. To be sure, we used to work harder, and my fingers have ached many a time from handling my loading rod, and from putting those infernal caps on the nipples that were a size too small for them. We have it easier now. The smooth and neatly made cartridge slips into the chamber, and with a snap the gun is ready for work. The old brown table cover, the steel knife and fork, and the imitation "Delf" china and bowl for coffee are now replaced with white china and plated ware. But I fancy the appetite is no better, and I am confident that "corn dodgers" never look nor taste as well from a white china plate and silver fork. Sally could make corn cakes, certain, and she had a company of hungry boys on that night that could put them away. Dash and Juno had a good supper also, and they pranced and barked and clung around us, giving us a welcome that only a faithful dog can express.

On the morrow Dan and myself arranged for a quail shoot on the mainland, and our friends were to try the ducks again and take a tramp on Black Island, where it was said some snipe had been seen. We made an early start. The dogs were wild with delight at the prospect of a hunt, and we bent our way to the ferry, crossed over by the old rope boat, and Dan and I and the dogs started for our day's hunt. Dash was a red setter, of Irish blood, and a very superior dog in all respects, the best dog I ever owned. He was a powerful dog and no brier patch was too thick for him. He was a great ranger, had a fine nose, and was as staunch as a rock. Juno was a pointer bitch, probably as beautiful a creature as could be produced in dog flesh, white and liver color, and slightly speckled. She was from the celebrated Cadwallader stock, and a present to me from Dan. She was a little too delicate for rough hunting, but was a perfect picture when on a stand or backing, her whole form trembling and her long whip-like tail bending a little at the point, her nostrils distended, and her eyes standing out like two balls. Juno could scent a bird further than most dogs, and it made her a little too careful. She would always approach a covey with a graceful, cat-like movement, while Dash would march up with a confident air, seeming to say, "There they are;" and he had a fashion of quietly turning his head a little to see if you were coming, and then would resume his statue-like position. Ah! my good dogs; what sport I have had with you in "the good old times."

We were soon among the birds, and Dash had a covey close to a dense thicket, from which they had come to take their morning sun-bath and meal. Juno was backing him, as usual, trembling with excitement. We were well aware that what was to be done with that covey must be done quickly. We walked up each side of the dogs; the birds sprang toward the thicket with a loud whir; the quick reports of our guns followed; and the smoke for a moment hid from our view the little bunches of floating feathers that proved that we had "pointed right." We had only fired two barrels, and two fine cock birds lay struggling among the leaves of the thick bushes.

It was of no use to follow this covey, quail were very plenty in these times, and our good dogs soon had another covey, Juno this time having the honors and Dash on the back seat. And so the day wore on, until we reached the ferry again on our way home with fifty-two quail and two woodcock, and a pair of tired dogs. We found our friends at McGraw's, and they, too, had a good account to render, they having killed twenty odd snipe without a dog, and several duck. So my reader can observe readily that with a little hard work it was comparatively easy in the olden time to have plenty of rational and lawful sport. But alas, the times have sadly, woefully changed. You might scour these fields and meadows now, and you could not find three coveys of quail or a half dozen snipe. What think you of a day's sport such as this, that a friend of mine and this same Dan Wills had a few miles from Philadelphia, starting in their wagon in the morning and returning for supper: 3 teal, 2 black ducks, 18 woodcock, 98 rail birds and 9 dozen reed birds? I saw this bunch of game. Such were the chances for sport in the old times, when breechloaders were unknown and other modern contrivances were not thought of, at least they were not used, and sport was carried on in a legitimate style.

And now, as we have talked over the old, let us have a little chat over the new. My first experience in sinkbox shooting was to me one of the most uncomfortable and tiresome modes of getting ducks that I could conceive of. I started, with one of the Bond boys, from the wharf near the Hartford Hotel at Havre de Grace, about 2 o'clock on a chilly November morning, many years ago. The little scow moved slowly from the wharf, the sail filled with a light wind from the northwest; nearly the entire deck and hold of the small craft were occupied with the decoys and sinkbox, a clumsy affair in those times. Our crew consisted of one colored man who was to attend us, with the boat which was towing astern. There were but few of these sinkboxes around Havre de Grace at that time, and even at this early date they had created a feeling of disgust among the "old sports" and punt-shooters, as being inhuman contrivances of market-shooters to murder the fowl on their feeding grounds. But canvasbacks were worth a dollar a pair and the Bond boys and Jake Poplar were wont to ship barrels of them to the game dealers and "Uncle John" Krider for sale, consequently sinkbox shooting and punt-gun shooting became the chief vocation and business of the half of the enterprising citizens of Havre de Grace. As our scow approached the vicinity of the flats, great ricks of ducks would get up with a noise of a passing railroad train. Having arrived at the ground that Capt. Bond had selected, we dropped anchor and unshipped the sinkbox and put out the decoys. The scow was then towed away some half a mile, and Bond was left in the box to take the early morning shooting, as I was a novice.

With the first gray of the dawn I saw the quick flashes and heard the boom of his gun. And the darky, who was still on board, proceeded to unloose the boat and ventured the remark, "that he had better be off, as Capt. Bond was knocken 'em." My attention was soon drawn to the flashes of the guns of other shooters far away, and the deep boom or faint report would come over the water. As it grew lighter I could take in the whole situation, and see the great flocks of wildfowl as they passed from place to place, disturbed by the cannonading on their feeding grounds. Bond gave signal to the man to bring me to the sinkbox, and after some trepidation and a ticklish balance on the side, I was safely ensconced in the "coffin," and awaiting my maiden effort. I will not go through the story of the day. We got lots of ducks and I considered it regular murder, and became heartily tired of it. I shall ever remember my feelings the next morning. My neck felt nearly dislocated, my poor back ached, my ankles were swelled from the strain, and on the whole I was pretty well used up. No more sinkbox shooting for me.

A short time ago a valued friend invited me to visit his newly purchased place on Spesutia Island. I gladly accepted, as it would give me an opportunity of again seeing my old favorite haunt and revive the glad memories of old times. On our arrival at Havre de Grace we were met by the captain, the commander of the "scow." Now in calling the present style of craft owned by wealthy

New Yorkers and Philadelphians scows, I must not be understood to mean canal boats or some other sort of clumsy craft. By no means. They are broad, flat-bottomed, well built vessels, with square ends sloping toward the water, large and roomy cabins, and furnished with every convenience that money and taste for luxury can provide. Our captain led the way to a neat little propeller, the property of my friend, that was moored at the wharf with steam up. In this we started for the island, and as we passed the lighthouse and approached the Narrows, I could readily perceive how vastly matters had changed from my old remembrance of the place. Now a beautiful modern cottage had replaced the old homestead, and instead of being ushered into the old dining room with its wide fireplace and blazing, crackling logs and aroma of buckwheat cakes and flappers, we walk into an elegantly appointed mansion, and the heartfelt expressions of hospitality is the only thing that serves to mitigate the disappointment of the scene. At the dock was moored the large and trim scow, which was in waiting to take us to the flats, her large white sail flapping in the wind. Servants were busied in carrying on board the essentials for a good time and a "good feed." There seemed nothing of the old left, and as I stood upon the bank in the twilight I pictured to myself the old scenes with Dan and Dash and Juno. We left from the wharf about twelve o'clock, and in response to my inquiry of surprise at so early a start I was informed that it was necessary to "get on the line," so as to pounce upon a place on the flats as soon as the legal hour should arrive. On the scow was a double sinkbox and six hundred decoys. Now this abominable modern contrivance will hold two men, each one of whom has two double breechloading guns, and there are some twenty of these "infernal machines" at Havre de Grace. Can any sane or sensible man, who is at all conversant with the habits of wildfowl, possibly expect these timid, wary creatures to frequent any feeding ground, however rich with their favorite food, for any length of time, surrounded and harrassed with such contrivances as these? And what is the natural result of such a course? Just the luck my friends experienced on that day. The pleasant northwester continued, just the wind for the flats, and all hands expected a big day. I was impelled to leave the round table in the roomy cabin by the sound of the clanking of the chain, which suggested that the anchor was being lowered and we had arrived at the border line. Coming on deck I inquired of the Captain "What in the mischief he wanted to run so close to the town for?" for all around us were lights seen in every direction. The Captain suggested that I had probably been inspecting a little too much of "Mumm's Extra," and that my vision was clouded. But I pointed to the numberless lights and he at once appreciated my meaning. "Oh," said he, "those are the lights of the different scows awaiting a chance for a place at 2 o'clock." "Good Lord," said I, "if there are any ducks on these flats two years from now, I do not know what the habits of ducks are." We secured a good place and the double box was launched and decoys placed in position. As the morning light permitted a view of the surroundings, I eagerly watched our friends in the sinkbox and many others that were within easy sight. But they were rewarded with very few shots. Bushwhackers were around, and were paddling on every little bunch of ducks that attempted to light; and there were numerous boats banging away at cripples. Such was the true condition of matters on this, my new visit to the flats. For be it known to you, that now canvasbacks are bringing three dollars a pair, and the agent at the station is ready to buy all that are offered. This is somewhat different from the olden time, when the cranky old steamer, with its load of passenger cars, would bump up to the landing at Perryville. There was no bridge then, nor any agent to buy ducks.

I was ruminating in this wise when I was aroused from my reveries by a shout from some friends, who had called to pay us a visit from a neighboring scow. They were grand good fellows, and although much younger than myself, they claimed me as "a chum," and I confess to a little vanity for young company, as I do not want to get old. I remember the glorious days of my young manhood, when I was full of vigor, and could follow my dogs over fields and fences and through the tangled brake; could climb the hills and mountains, thread the forest, and be thrilled with the bay of the hounds. How my young blood burned when I hooked the trout, as I waded the chilly, pure waters of the Beaverkill, or struggled with the springing bass on the bosom of beautiful Lake George. I have had some genuine sport in my life, and I want to keep young in spirits and not get old. These young companions insisted that I should visit their scow and partake of their hospitality. Ducks were scarce—and no wonder; so the time must be occupied in fun and not in shooting.

They rowed me over, and a jolly good time we had of it. There were four in their party, and they also had the inevitable double sinkbox. I shall never forget the amusing episode that occurred during this visit, and I am confident that you will enjoy its recital. Among their party was a real good fellow, who was a novice at sinkbox-shooting. Like many others of the human family who are fond of good living and good company, he was of a rather corpulent frame; in fact, his measure around the waist was considerably larger than that of any other part of his body. I arrived at the scow just about the time he and his friend were returning from the sinkbox, and, from his appearance, he looked somewhat used up. I inquired the reason for his distress, and he replied he would not give a continental cuss for such sport, if a man had to lie in a coffin for two hours, with a 75-pound weight on his belly, and see no ducks; he did not call that sport, and he wished he were home. It appears that his friend, who was a great wag and always up to some kind of deviltry, when he lay down in his side of the box put a wooden decoy on his corporation, and told Charley that his belly stuck up so high that it would frighten all the ducks, and that he also must comply with the recognized custom. Charley finally, after much persuasion, consented, and they placed on his belly one of those 50-pound iron decoys that are used to ballast and balance the box. And there lay poor Charley for over an hour, balancing this weight on his corporation. At last, however, human nature could stand it no longer, and Charley declared that if a man had to balance a hundred pounds on his stomach for two hours to kill ducks, he'd be darned if he would ever make a duck shooter. I came very near tumbling overboard for laughing, and, although we had a good time, I could not help thinking it was pretty rough on Charley.

I returned to our scow and sail was hoisted and we started for home, but the wind gave out and the sweeps were resorted to. Within a mile of home the propeller met us and towed us to the dock, and we were again in the beautiful mansion and among kind friends. The result of this day's shooting was thirteen ducks, mostly blackheads. What a change from the old time when Captain Bond could kill 200 canvasbacks and redheads in a single day on these same flats with a No. 10 muzzle-loader.

The evening was spent in conversation and cards, and I went over the scenes of the old times and compared them with the new. How the surroundings had been improved. But I could not fail to believe that modern improvements were rapidly destroying sport. I started for town the next morning and on my arrival home in my comfortable evening chair, I reflected over what was and what is. Of course, with the growth of great cities and the consequent improvement to the outlying country, game of all kinds will forsake their old haunts and seek the more quiet wilderness. But there are many places where nature has placed a bar upon improvement, and it is in such places that game should be rigidly protected against those who seek only to destroy, and who pursue and harrass the fowl by every conceivable device that man can adopt. Oh! if the scroll could be unrolled to the wondering eyes of the present generation of sportsmen. Could they behold the once teeming lakes and streams of the Adirondacks, and the dark, wild forest with its wealth of deer; and beautiful Lake George, a pearl dropping among the green hills, a lovely solitude, so still that the sound of the oars, as we trolled around those lovely islands, awoke the echoes from the hills. The years that have passed, the "good old times." And then compare them with the new. What a contrast!

To us who have passed the summit and are rapidly approaching the end of the journey, to us the memory of these olden times lends a sweet fragrance to hours of meditation and repose. We have had our share of the good times and we are deeply grateful. Life to me has been a blessing, and I cannot fail to join in the sentiment of that gifted poetess who wrote in closing her "Ode to Life:"

> "Life! we've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
> Perhaps will cost a sigh, or tear.
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time,
> Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
> Bid me good morning."

HALCYON DAYS.—V.

THE season was well advanced when Chip Mason took up his abode with old Shack, and a few days afterward the weather began to change. Howling winds and driving snows were succeeded by colder days and freezing weather until at the expiration of a month it was generally accepted as a fact that winter had fairly set in. The stove in the little store began to receive patronage by day as well as by night, for now the farmers had more time to spare, and the business of bartering for the winter's supply of boots and shoes and clothing brought them more frequently and in greater numbers to the dingy little shop, where affable Waxy Latin, whose harvest began as the farmers' ended, stood ready to welcome them and bestow his smiles in proportion to the custom he received. If one could judge by the beaming countenances and hearty salutations of those who gathered there, the season had been a bountiful one as well as a busy one. Some there were who, while not distant neighbors, met for the first time in many days, and the general inquiry concerning the welfare of one and another and their families, coupled with the invitation to "come over 'n' see us naow, du," was most frequent. Altogether it was an epoch in the life of the little village, which, occurring but once a year, served to relieve the monotony and furnish food for days of gossip.

I had made frequent visits to the shanty and each time found some improvement in the camp, until its occupants were comfortably situated and well prepared to stand the siege of winter. The shanty had been partially rebuilt and enlarged; the side walls were repaired and the chinks between the logs were filled with a mixture of mud and grass; a door had been added and a new roof of bark replaced the old leaky one, so that the shanty now presented the appearance of a comfortable hut. The little stove was taken from the scow's cabin and set up in the center of the room, and a bunk on either side well filled with straw, made them comfortable beds. Chip had provided himself with a pair of old blankets and a quilt from home, and there was every indication of solid comfort in the surroundings.

The trapping season had fairly opened, and that the trappers had not been unsuccessful was proven by an inspection of the anterior of the scow's cabin, which showed numerous bundles of dried pelts and others still stretched and drying. Conspicuous among the peltry thus displayed and which Chip took especial pride in exhibiting, were two of large size and darker color than any of the rest. They were those of the fisher, or as Old Shack calls them, "cats," the capture of which caused no little pleasure and satisfaction to the trappers, for aside from the removal of their thieving depredations among Old Shack's traps, their fur was valuable, many times more than that of their common quarry. One of these was what Chip had seen and taken for a black mink, the true character of which Old Shack saw fit to keep him in ignorance of until he was fortunate enough to capture them. Chip's gun proved a valuable auxiliary to the camp, for as long as the nuts lasted squirrels were plentiful. Rabbits could be had for the shooting, and until winter had fairly set in they were able to shoot woodchucks in the mornings and evenings. These, with the fish they easily caught, baked "taters" and corn cakes, interspersed with an occasional partridge when Chip could get a "settin' shot," made them good fare and was indeed better than Chip had been used to at home. Old Shack never left the camp except to visit his traps, but Chip made occasional visits to the village to replenish their store of "Injun meal" and tobacco, and in his brief, characteristic way, had told the story of their manner of living, and if his stories were somewhat embellished, it was because of his enthusiasm.

It was while he was on one of these errands that I dropped into the store one bitter cold morning and found him hugging the stove while waiting for his supplies. For better protection against the cold he had borrowed one of old Shack's coats, and while his broad body was nearly sufficient to fill it one way, it reached nearly to his feet the other, and the sleeves being too long were turned up in a thick roll about his wrists. On his head an old slouch hat, the brim turned down over his ears and held there by a woolen comforter that was brought down under his chin and tied around his neck in several folds with a large knot in front, did not add any attractiveness to his appearance, but it kept him warm and he "didn't care nothin' fer style, eny way." A simple "hello" greeted me as I entered and drew up to the stove beside him, while Snap, who was lying at his feet, looked up good-naturedly and tapped the floor once or twice with his tail, in token of recognition. To my query as to how things were going at the camp Chip replied: "It's bully. W'en yer comin' up agin?" and without waiting for an answer added, "Say, come 'n' go back with me this mornin'; we ain't goin' ter do nothin' to-day but set 'round 'n' maybe ketch some fish through the ice. Shack's makin' some snatch hooks 'n' said it 'ld be a good time to ketch 'em." There was nothing to prevent, and after a little more conversation, during which Chip manifested a slight impatience to be going, I decided to accompany him. Putting on his woolen mittens and holding them to the fire for a last warming, he gathered up his few packages and we started.

In his visits to the village Chip had not once been home, and as we had to pass there on our way I thought he would want to stop for a moment; but he seemed to avoid the place and hurried by. I was quite well aware that his home was none of the pleasantest from the fact that his stepfather was a shiftless fellow and given to drink, who, when in his cups, was ill-natured and sometimes brutal. On more than one occasion Chip had been the victim of his inequitable passion, even to the extent of bodily injury and temporary expulsion from home; and since his elder brother, who seemed to have a restraining influence, had left home to provide for himself, Chip's life had been anything but a pleasant one. It was not strange, therefore, that he should harbor a feeling of resentment toward the man who was the cause of his adversity. However, he had a tender regard for his mother, who was a passive, delicate woman; but her gentler influence being lost on her husband's callous disposition, she could offer but little protection to her boy, and while she would have been only too glad to keep him at home, her better judgment prevailed, and she knew that he was better off almost anywhere that would afford him shelter and food. So when Chip had approached her with the proposition to go and stay with Old Shack, she made no objection, but supplied him, as far as possible, with extra clothing from their scanty store. All this Chip had previously told me in confidential moments, and my heart warmed in sympathy for him. After we had passed the house I ventured to inquire why he did not stop. Quickly turning, he stopped, facing me, his eyes flashing fire as if offended, but for a moment; then moving on more slowly, he said:

"Won't yer tell nobody ef I tell yer somethin'?" I assured him that I would not. "I ain't goin' home no more; I'm goin' ter stay up 't the shanty this winter 'n' Ole Shack's goin' down ter the lake in the spring, 'n' ef I can't git a job down there I c'n git one drivin' on the canal anyway, 'n' next fall wen I come back I'll have some money 'n' me 'n' Old Shack's goin' into partnership. I'm goin' to learn all I kin 'bout trappin' this winter 'n' then Ole Shack says it'll be more ekill like, 'n' we'll do better."

"But what will your folks say?" I inquired.

"Darn the folks!—no, I don't mean mam either." His eyes softened. "But the ole man c'n git along without me, darn 'im! I never done nothin' to him, 'n' I ain't goin' ter stay 'n' be kicked round eny more. I got a chance to do somethin' fer myself now 'n' I'm goin' ter do it! I seed mam in the store the last time I was down, 'n' she said the ole man was gittin' worse 'cause I want ter stay with Ole Shack 'n' 's goin' ter set me to work 'n' make me pay up for it in the spring. I'm goin' to work, but by gol! I ain't goin' ter work fer him! Mam said I couldn't do any worse, 'n' mebbe I c'n help her a little too. Ole Shack ses I c'n git ten dollars a month drivin' 'n' ef I have a steady job I c'n make 'bout seventy dollars 'n' it won't take much ter keep me. Then we'll buy a lot o' new traps 'n' go up the river 'n' stay all winter." Having thus delivered himself, his feelings breaking out in alternating flashes of indignation and pleasant anticipation, he quickened his pace, letting me further into his plans for the future as we proceeded, cautioning me, as we neared the camp, "Don't yer tell nobody, 'cause the ole man 'll do somethin' agin it ef he knows it."

We had now approached so near to the camp that the blue smoke from Old Shack's fire was seen ascending in a straight column in the still, cold atmosphere, and no more was said on the subject. Chip's spirits revived as we neared the door, and opening it, found Old Shack just finishing an extra snatch hook which, as he gave a last turn to the lashing, he prononnced the best he had yet made. Holding it up for inspection, a long, slender withe of ramrod-like proportions, with four large hooks firmly lashed back to back to one end, Chip inquired, "How yer goin' ter ketch fish with that?"

"Didn't ye ever see it done? Wal, I'll tell ye, 'n' after ye git good 'n' warm I'll show ye. There's 's much in the makin' o' the tool 's there is in the usin' on it. Some fellers 'll take a stick 'n' pull the bark off 'n' finish it up fancy like, then they'll tie on three 'r four big hooks 'n' imagine they've got the best rig 'cause it's purty, 'n' when they git tu fishin' they wonder why they can't ketch fish. Wal, the reason is, that when a fish comes along 'n' sees a white shiny stick stickin' down in the water, it kinder shies away f'm it 'n' ye can't reach 'em. I always leave the bark on, 'n' the rougher it looks the better it is, 'cause it's more nat'ral; 'n' I file the barbs off 'm the hooks so 't when I git a fish out o' the hole I c'n shake it off without any foolin'. Up near the head o' the river, where I used tu live, there's a big pond where the water spreads out sumthin' like this, only it's a good deal bigger. Every winter a lot o' us 'ld git together 'n' hev a big time fishin' through the ice. Sometimes we'd use tip-ups 'n' live bait, but when bait was scarce we'd use snatch hooks like this, 'n' it's a heap more fun tu, besides ye c'n

jerk out yer fish, 'n' ef a little one comes along ye needn't take it ef ye don't want tu. We'd cut a long row o' holes in the ice, 'r sometimes in a big circle, 'n' throw in a lot o' white beans so 't we c'ld see the bottom 'n' anything 't passed over it, 'n' them 't wasn't fishin' 'ld run 'round stampin' 'n' poundin' the ice with axes 'n' clubs tu keep the fish movin'. When a fish runs under the hole, ef ye'r' quick enough, ye c'n snatch 'im out 'fore he knows what struck 'im. Wal, I guess ye'r' warm enough now, 'n' we'll go down 'n' see what we c'n du."

Picking up his axe, Old Shack led the way down to the eddy where, selecting a place to his liking, he cut a hole in the ice, thrust his hook down into the water, and placed himself in a kneeling position over it, while Chip and I did duty as drivers by running about, stamping and pounding the ice with clubs. Presently Old Shack bent lower over the hole, peering intently into the depths below, and cautiously moving his rod a little to one side, poised a second, then with a quick jerk hooked and brought forth a tolerably good-sized fish which, with a grunt of sat sfaction, he shook off and poised his rod for the next victim. Soon another lay kicking beside the first, and in this manner, varied only by an occasional miss, he continued to draw them out until a goodly number of various kinds and sizes lay scattered and frozen about him. enough to supply the camp for several days, and he arose satisfied.

Chip wanted to try his hand, to which no objection was made, and taking his place over the hole Old Shack coached him: "When ye see one comin' don't be in too big a hurry, but wait 'til it gits near enough so 't ye don't hev tu move ye'r hooks much 'r ye'll scare it away. Then move it careful like to'rds 'im, 'n' when ye git yer hooks under 'im, yank up. Ye'll git the hang 'f it after ye've fished a while." Saying which he took his turn at driving, while Chip waited a little impatiently for his quarry. He did not have long to wait, as was evinced by a violent jerk and an excited "gosh!" when he realized that he had missed his aim. He was more careful the next time but not quick enough, and only succeeded in catching a slight hold near the tail, and as he brought it to the surface the fish shook itself loose and darted away, much to the surprise of Chip, who had half risen, and losing his balance, tumbled over on his back. But after a few more trials he began to get the knack, and succeeded, between many failures, in adding half a dozen more to the pile.

This was considered sufficient for that day, and, gathering up the frozen fish in our arms, we repaired to the shanty. It was long yet until the dinner hour, but our morning's walk and exercise while running about over the ice had sharpened our appetites; so we set about preparing an early dinner. Chip had been an apt pupil and now needed no direction from his tutor in beginning operations. He had been long enough in the camp to lose what timidity he had at first felt as guest, and now with a feeling of independence he assumed the duties and responsibilities of partial host. His assistance in the menial labors of the camp he rightly considered an offset against Old Shack's capital; and Old Shack had come to regard his services as of considerable value, for Chip was willing to do a little more than his share of the drudgery, and, with the prospect of semi-proprietorship in view, he took no little pride in keeping things in order, while it relieved the old man of a great deal of work that was better suited to younger hands. With such appetites as ours, aggravated by the permeating odor of its cooking, it seemed like a long time while dinner was preparing; but at last the welcome announcement that everything was done and ready to be served caused us to move up to the rude table that stood against the wall, on which was soon placed the several dishes of potatoes boiled with their jackets on, fish fried with bits of pork, corn cakes and tin cups filled with steaming hot coffee, and for a time, which must have seemed interminable to Snap, who sat looking wistfully on waiting for his turn, there was little else but the sound of smacking lips and gurgling coffee, as it was supped in dainty swallows out of respect for its hotness. Old Shack finally arose satisfied, leaving Chip and me, who seemed to have a greater stowing capacity than he had, to finish, and, after lighting h s pipe, settled himself into a comfortable position to enjoy it.

Then a long interval of silence, superinduced by that feeling of indolence that always follows an over indulgence of the appetite, was broken by the tapping of Old Shack's pipe against the bunk on which he had been reclining, as he rose to knock the ashes from it and refill it, aroused us from our lethargy. "Ye'd better git some more wood in, boys," he said as he picked up the last chunk and put it in the stove, "it's gettin' colder out 'n' it'll be more comfor'ble with a good fire." We soon had enough piled up beside the stove to last the rest of the day, then after washing up the dishes and giving Snap the remnants of the meal there seemed nothing more to do but "set 'round," as Chip had said, and toast our shins before the fire. But Old Shack found employment for himself in looking over some of his traps that needed repairs. Some of the chains required fixing, the kinks taken out and broken links replaced, and as he proceeded with his work, assisted by us whenever there was anything we could do, we kept up a constant fire of questions concerning his business and past life that would have exhausted the patience of one less amicable. But Old Shack was enduring and seemed to take as much pleasure in satisfying us as we did in listening to him.

Thus the day passed in varying conversation until it came time for me to go, when Chip, who must have reserved the subject for the last, made known to the old man the fact that he had informed me of his intention to go with him in the spring. "Wal," he said, "I'm glad ye told him, 'n' I wish ye didn't hev tu keep it from yer pap. Ef he'd behave hisself I think ye'd be a good deal better off tu hum. Ye'll find it a purty tough kind o' life when ye've seen 's much 'f it 's I hev. But ye never will tho', fer trappin' 's playin' out mi'ty fast, 'n' 'fore ye git half 's old 's I be there won't be nuthin' tu trap. 'Taint always 's nice 'n' easy 's this, 'n' I guess you'll find it out 'fore the winter's over, so ye'll hev plenty o' time tu back out."

J. H. B.

MANSFIELD VALLEY, Pa.

MASSACHUSETTS TRAPPING.—The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a bill permitting "trapping or snaring of ruffed grouse, hares or rabbits by an owner of land upon his land, or by a member of the family of such owner if authorized by such owner, between the 1st day of October and the 1st day of January."

FROM CAYENNE TO PARA.

NOT being a regular correspondent of yours, but merely an ex-commodore of a canoe club, an ex-purser of a Brazilian mail steamship, and a full-blown incumbent of South American and West Indian malaria, I offer you the following, knowing that if it misses the waste-paper basket it only does so close-hauled. During my knockings about I naturally met fellows who had made some wonderful trips in all sorts of waters and in (sometimes on) all sorts of crafts. I am going to tell you about a voyage which was taken by Mr. Charles Backus, ex-American Consul at Para, Brazil, in the month of March, 1886. He is a marble sculptor of no little fame, and also a civil engineer. His home is at present somewhere in Mexico. The stone works and docks at Para were built by him, and it was in his endeavor to collect his dues from that procrastinating people, the Brazilians, that he chanced to make this trip.

Mr. Backus, hearing that there was an opportunity of being squared up with (he being in Rome at the time), hove anchor and set off for Para via England and St. Thomas, West Indies. Unfortunately, on arriving at the West Indies, the W. S. and B. mail steamer was found to have left just one day previous; Mr. B. thus missing connections.

Backus was not to be balked by a little thing like this, but at once took passage in a French steamer for Cayenne in French Guiana, thinking that the old line of steamers still plied between that port and the mouth of the Amazon. At the time of the venture yellow fever and every other sort of tropical disease were raging at Cayenne, and the French convicts and soldiers were dying and moving away by hundreds every day. Once arrived at Cayenne, what was the amazement and disgust of our friend to find that there were no steamers from there to Para and not a chance of getting anywhere from this infernal hole for some time. Determined not to be beaten nor to retrace a single step, a canoe was chartered and its three dusky and highly odoriferous hands instructed to "*Vam vam a Para.*"

A start was at once made and grub for a twelve days' outing carefully stowed away. I must remind you that the words "grub" and "canoe" do not convey to any one who has been in Brazil the idea of a beautiful little pleasure craft, all water-tight and fitted up with no end of tins of potted meats and soups and fruits—no such luxuries here. First, a craft dug out of a log, about 20ft. long by about 4ft. wide. This is built up with boards, or rather slabs, very rough, from 3in. above the waterline, and caulked with gum and grass. The bow runs away up into the air, like the bend of a stovepipe, and is quite round, tapering off to a point like a pencil. There is a rough slab deck over all, except aft, where a hole appears, down in which the passenger and crew used to take their turns of sleeping. A few bamboo rods are laid thwartships, and on these is a "'tween decks," made of the same material, stretched fore and aft. Not a very snug craft, I assure you. The main deck is about a foot from your nose when lying down, and if one's feet are big his chances of comfort are few. These boats generally have a rudder, which is a huge affair, swung at the angle 67° with the keel. The tiller is a work of art, if clumsiness and size go for anything. The mast is of hard wood—like everything else in the boat—and is a tough young tree with the branches and bark removed. To this is swung a very large lugsail, with which the natives are really wonderfully expert. The sail is never bent to the boom, but merely stretched out by it from the mast to the clew.

Paddles vary very much; they are always of hard wood, always single, and frequently are made like snow-shovels, or if you take a short stick, say 3ft. long, and fasten the bottom of a bucket to one end and a 3in. piece of wood for the hand to grasp at the other, you have it. Of course, on gongadas and catamarans the paddles are very much the same as we use here in North America; they are generally longer, though.

The grub, or bill of fare, consisted of dried fish, dried beef, the fruits of the season, and farinha, but principally farinha. The first few days was not so dreadful, but when the novelty wore off and a storm came on and land was entirely lost to view, it required no end of pluck and determination to make the three Indians work at all. They even refused to bail. The craft by this time was more like a basket than a boat. The old muzzle-loading gun was here called into requisition, and it looked so fierce that order was soon restored and the mutineers soon resumed their duties.

For four days not a sign of land could be made out, and, not having a compass, it was no easy task to navigate. The sun itself almost refused to give any light or to announce when it came up. However, more by chance than anything else, land was sighted, and as the grub was almost out, they put ashore.

The canoe was run up the Sucouju River, and no sooner had it got up a piece than an awful roaring was heard astern and a wave like the side of a mountain came boiling in with dreadful speed and certainty. This was the tide—called the bore—which rises like this every day during new and full moons, and God help any poor fellows who chance to get caught; it is all up with them. Luckily, once more the canoe was favored as though by Providence. It escaped the crest and lumpy part of the wave and only came in for the swell.

Mr. Backus found it necessary here to look out for more food, and so a hunt was made. He only had six charges for the old gun, and game was not very plentiful. However, out of five shots four monkeys were bagged, roasted and put into the larder for future supply. Mr. B. got on all right for a few days on roast monkey till he saw one of the Indians, knife in hand, sitting on the deck of the canoe enjoying a head. The brute was scooping away at the brain, then the eyes, then the cheeks. This was too much for our ex-American Consul, and he swore he rather starve than touch a morsel of anything so human-like again. Monkey was menu for several days, when suddenly about ten pounds of farinha were discovered concealed under one of the slabs of the deck. The third hand had stolen this, anticipating a famine in the land, and had actually kept it for himself and had been consuming it at night during his watch below. Mr. Backus almost threw the wretch into the sea, and I think would have done so had he not had an eye to his working powers and skill with the paddle. The mouth of the Amazon was at last reached and then the city of Para. The trip from Cayenne to Para took just eighteen days, and must have been an awful one, judging from the color of the Consul's skin and the amount of good things he enjoyed when he came on board our ship. At Para he told the proprietor of the hotel to give his three men anything they should want both to eat and to drink for one whole day. It is needless to say that they had but one meal, that, however, was a terror, lasted twelve hours and cost Mr. Backus quite as much as he expected. The three Indians remained as full as eggs for a couple of days, and I certainly can't see how they could ever be hungry again.

Mr. Backus was successful in making his collections, and left for New York with us the following day. He cannot bear the sight of even a monkey tied to an organ. Merely an organ grinder alone sets him thinking, no doubt of the missing link.

A ROLLING STONE.

Natural History.

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INDIOS MANSOS.

SHORTLY after the Spanish occupation of Mexico the Indians living in the country were divided by the newcomers into two comprehensive classes, "Indios bravos" and "Indios mansos," or wild and tame Indians. The boundary line between these two classes was fluctuating. Some bands, like the Papagos in the north, once rovers, at last settled into peaceful and placid citizenship; but there were tribes whose desert homes held out no temptation to settlers, and who thus, free from the pressure of a stronger race, kept up their predatory habits.

Peaceful Indians and persons of mixed Indian and Spanish blood form the bulk of the Mexican people today. Spaniards and persons of pure or nearly pure Spanish blood are important more by their prominence than their numbers.

If you should be in doubt about the race of a stranger you happened to meet on the road, and should ask him whether he were an Indian or not, he would probably tell you he was "a man of reason," and perhaps be indignant at the question, for the Spanish distinction which classed Indians with unreasoning brutes still lives in the speech of the people; but it may well be doubted whether the qualities of the native races are not in many points more valuable, when looked at with regard to the interests of civilization, than the qualities of the men of mixed blood. The latter are the quicker and of brighter intellect, but their lack of persistent application seems incurable.

In the United States we have, besides those tribes like the Seminoles and Creeks, who have been changed from warriors to laborers, examples of tame Indians in the Pueblos and Zuñis of New Mexico, people that have lived by regular industry from the time of their earliest discovery; but our settlers have never largely amalgamated with the dwellers on the soil, and the contrast between our methods and theirs is so great that the Indians are looked on with contempt and sometimes with hatred.

A rich and energetic Mexican is probably harsher and more tyrannous toward his inferiors than almost any American would be, but in Mexico the slower current of life gives a better chance for backward and ill-developed parts of the population to unite in the country's movement, and therefore, in Mexico, we find that not only have the tame Indians survived best, but we can even say that without them Mexico would be a crippled State.

A prominent feature of the Indian character is its lack of adaptability. They change slowly, and for that reason their true powers are undervalued.

A short acquaintance with these people on their own ground will convince an observer that for patient, enduring effort, for the power to work on the smallest fare and with fewest comforts, few men can compare with natives of Mexico; and that they are steadfastly courageous can be proved by numberless instances. These Indians will get drunk occasionally but not habitually, and as for their honesty, there are doubtless thieves among them, but you will rarely find instances of robbery, except the highway robberies common in time of popular commotion.

Let us come down from glittering generalities and relate a few facts tending to show the industry, the abstemiousness and the courage of the tame Indians.

We must first dismiss the notion that because a method is primitive it is simple enough for any one to practice without effort.

Let any one who has not tried to do it, make an arrowhead out of flint without metal tools to work with. Perhaps it would be better to begin with metal tools and try the other way afterward.

When one becomes an expert in the manufacture of flint arrow heads he can think with respect of the amount of work needed to make the stone mortars and pestles dug up by the hundred in southern California, and the stone "metates," or corn grinders, turned out still in great numbers in central Mexico.

No, primitive methods may be caused by poverty, by lack of intelligence or, often, much more often than is thought, because they are really cheaper and better in the particular surroundings. Rarely are such methods the result of laziness.

We smile when we hear of people scratching the earth with a crooked stick, but the style of plowing thus described cannot be done by a child with the first forked root he meets. Timber must be chosen with the right curve and the point jutting in the right place, and then hewn by an expert hand, perhaps for several days before the tool is ready, and this plow, in light friable soil, does good work.

The tools of the Indians are almost always primitive; sometimes they can work with nothing else, but usually the reason for getting poor tools is the want of money and knowledge. That the large amount and good quality of work they do can be turned out with these things increases one's respect.

Among the pines and spruces of the Central range you see lumbermen with only a narrow bladed axe like a large tomahawk; no saw, no broadaxe, hewing beams and boards and shipping them off on donkeys; boards that would look far better than sawn boards, true and straight as a level could have made them, and with the scoring of the blade scarcely visible.

From the Arizona line to the City of Mexico you find simple red pottery made without tools and baked in the

open air. In many places, besides this unglazed ware, you find glazed jars and pitchers with coarse, curious coloring and of original forms.

In the market places in the City of Mexico you can buy these pretty jugs for two, three and six cents at retail. Even strangers can get them for that price; heaven knows what the natives pay. Usually a whole village will have a specialty of manufacture. One village, for instance, making pottery with all the artistic waywardness and variation that the hand alone can give and that production by machinery loses forever. Another village will be famed for its corn-grinders; another for its mats, and so on.

Through this nearly roadless land a large amount of freighting is done by men. Donkeys and mules carry the heavier merchandise, but you will meet troops of men with a kind of three-storied cane cage ("huacal") on their backs, towering high over their heads, and filled to the brim with fragile wares.

The earlier miners used no hammer and drill, but a long steel "vara," which answered both purposes. A bar of ¾ steel 5 or 6ft. long, would be pointed at one end to use as a pick, while the other end had two teeth cut in it called a "boca." The miner braced himself and swung the bar like a churn handle at the rock. The writer has seen 14ft. of porphyry drilled in half a day by a man armed with this tool.

Drill men and hammer men are now common, as well as those skilled in the use of the "vara." And men as good as any Swede or Cornishman who ever used a hammer in Leadville get fifty cents a day for their work.

At a large mine in the State of Mexico the highest wages paid are less than seventy-five cents a day for miners, and the bulk of the men, such as ore carriers, etc., get from twenty-five cents to thirty-seven and a half cents a day.

But the "peones" on the farms have the most work and the least return of created men on this continent. Six and a quarter cents a day are fair wages in central Mexico, and benighted Americans sneer at the lack of modern machinery.

Not all these laborers are pure Indians to be sure, but the vast majority have more Indian blood in them than anything else. And with this labor and these returns the life of the people must of force be simple. White cotton drawers and shirt, a straw hat, a serape and a pair of rawhide sandals will meet the requirements of the usual dress. A little dirt-floored adobe house, or a still humbler dwelling called a "jacal," made of wattles, and sometimes daubed with mud, is what they live in, while two devices called a "tepesh" and a "petate," the one being a frame of canes and the other a mat, usually of palm leaves, do duty for a bed when a bed is needed.

Their food is the unleavened "tortilla," with jerked meat at times, and beans and fruit in their season. The writer has known an entire village to live for weeks on the "pitaya" cactus alone. Yet so poor as a class, the Indians are not without spirit. Look at the Yaquis in Sonora. Two rivers, the Yaqui and the Mayo, run into the Gulf of California, from Sonora, near its southern end. The flats around the mouths of the rivers are held by two tribes, of which the Yaquis are the more considerable. These Indians form the best laborers in Sonora. They built, for the most part, the Sonora railroad. They are everywhere engaged as the most reliable workers in the country, but they still keep their tribal organization, return periodically to their homes and forbid the entrance of intruders therein. Last year the Mexicans endeavored to enter in and possess the land. The Yaquis under their chief Cajeme, gathered together and inflicted a stunning defeat on the invaders, returning afterward to their peaceful ways.

Another much smaller band of Indians, living in the mountains near Pinos Albos, are so renowned for their courageous devotion and honesty that to their hands was intrusted for years all the bullion carried from the mines, with never a loss. Nor do the Indians remain always in low places. Of the many distinguished Indians perhaps Benito Juarez is the most prominent. He was not, however, as is sometimes thought, taken directly from his hut to rule the State. Juarez began life as a lawyer, and was a judge of the Supreme bench and a noted politician before his election as President. He may be well compared to Santa Ana to illustrate the difference between the Creole and the Indian character. Santa Ana, treacherous, selfish, of enormous energy and resource, but lacking dogged persistence; Juarez showing in a coarse mould many of the traits of Washington, and in particular the unwearied stubbornness that makes up for so many defects.

These few examples will be enough to show the capacities of the Indian races for modern life and the traits that enable these races to flourish under conditions that would discourage more ambitious men. You find none of the fanciful heroes, such as Cooper drew, lamenting in poetic style the downfall of their nation before the greed of the cruel whites, and occupying themselves with deeds of romantic generosity in the pauses of oratorical pathos; but you do find a great, laborious population, working uncomplainingly and well for the scantiest returns; a population without whose strong arms and patient toil Mexico would cease to be a State. H. G. DULOG.

THE GRASS PLOVER'S CRY.—To-day I heard the cry of a grass plover, a voice that I had always believed asserted the final and firm establishment of spring in this region. But the cold lowering skies and chill north wind, the fields almost as drear this 30th day of April as they were in the last days of November, and the Adirondack peaks white with snow, almost shook my faith, and I feared the bird was lying or woefully mistaken, till to-night, when I saw Split Rock shining again, and knew that the lake was clear of ice once more, and was assured that the plover knew whereof he had affirmed.—AWAHSOOSE.

WILD GOOSE HYBRIDS.—I winged a wild goose with a rifle, in the air, took it home and turned in with my tame flock. The wild bird was a gander. It bred with a domestic fowl, and though they produced young yet the young would no longer breed, neither with the tame goose nor the wild gander, nor with each other. They were to all intents and purposes of breeding mules. I cannot tell of what species the wounded gander was. Some of these mule geese are still living, they lay eggs, but the eggs do not hatch.—AMATEUR.

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST SNAKES.

I HAVE another snake problem which I should very much like to have Miss Catherine Hopley's views upon, as she is possessed of more snake lore than any one else I know of.

I was not fortunate enough to see the snake myself which I describe, but it was examined and described to me by Mr. C. H. Purvis, an assistant engineer, whose statement is perfectly reliable.

About April 1 he found the snake, which had been recently killed by levee laborers, lying on the levee in Coahoma county, Mississippi. It was about 5ft. long and quite thick through the body, with blunt tail. But the striking feature about it was the colors. All of the upper part, back and sides was of a uniform brilliant black, resembling jet (Purvis says the blackest snake he ever saw), while the under part was in alternate transverse bars of red and white, each about half an inch wide, the colors bright and clean cut. He examined its mouth and found no fangs and only one row of small teeth on each side in the upper part.

I never saw nor heard of such a snake before, though I notice carefully every snake I see.

The more my snake observations are extended the more I am convinced that very many varieties of snakes which are generally supposed to be venomous are really non-venomous. And it is remarkable that the harmless snakes are for the most part much more pugnacious than the poisonous varieties. All of the adders and chicken and bird snakes are ever ready for a fight, and strike viciously when disturbed, but they have neither fangs nor poison. There is a notable difference between these snakes and the dangerous ones in their manner of striking. The rattlesnakes and moccasins coil themselves in spirals, and when disturbed strike from that position. But the harmless snakes when made angry assume the "serpentine" shape of Ss and then straighten out the body in striking.

In the Southern swamps the bayous and ponds are infested by a great many large, ugly, rusty-looking water snakes, which are, in the popular mind, considered very deadly. I found one a few days ago which had been recently killed, and on examination found no fangs nor poison sacks in its mouth. I believe they are non-venomous, though they are called "water moccasins," and bear very bad reputations.

Last summer, while making a survey through a canebrake and battling with a horde of pestiferous mosquitoes, being a little way ahead of the party, I discovered a bird snake, one of the tree climbers, a grayish mottled snake, about 4ft. long. I put my foot on it, and taking it by the neck allowed it to coil itself about my arm and hand. I approached George Robinson, one of the party, holding the snake behind me, and told him I had found something that would keep off mosquitoes. George was much interested in the discovery and came up to see it, when I suddenly thrust out my hand toward him. He was greatly startled by the proximity of the snake and wondered at my temerity, and also at my permitting it to run away instead of killing it.

There is a great deal of senseless prejudice against the whole snake tribe, most persons being disposed to kill them all without discrimination. By far the greater number of snakes that are commonly encountered are quite harmless and, indeed, are very beneficial in destroying vermin, and it is a superstitious barbarism which prompts the ignorant to kill them all without mercy.

It is a curious fact that the constrictors and other non-venomous snakes strike at their enemies as do the venomous kinds, though they are not provided with weapons to be used in that manner. COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

MR. SUTRO'S AQUARIUM.—Mention has been made in the newspapers from time to time of an aquarium that Mr. Adolph Sutro intended to build out upon the ocean beach, near the Cliff House. Those who have been out to the Cliff House and have descended the steps that lead to the beach will doubtless have noticed a little cove sheltered between two high rocks about 100ft. from the steps. In this cove the aquarium is now being built. The aquarium will consist of a round wall of rock 50ft. in diameter, 15ft. thick and 14ft. high, and will be roofless. The flooring will be made in a unique way, according to Mr. Sutro's plans. Solid pathways of rock will be built around the interior of the aquarium, and between them there will be little ponds of water that will be 3 and 4ft. deep at low water. The water will come into these ponds from the ocean with fish and other marine objects in the following manner: A tunnel 300ft. long and 8ft. high will be bored through the rock between the ocean and the aquarium, and at the seaward side of the tunnel there will be wire-screen gates, which can be opened and shut. At high tide the gates will be suffered to remain open, so that the water and the living objects in it can come freely into the aquarium. At high water the whole aquarium will be flooded—the pathways and everything—and no one can go in then. When the tide begins to recede the gates are shut, and only the water can flow through them. The living objects will be retarded, and will seek the comparatively deep water in the ponds, and thus they will be caught as in a trap. When the waters have receded sufficiently from the pathway the public will be admitted inside the walls. Sea anemones, devilfish, angel fish, starfish, crustaceans, shells, all varieties of large and small fish, and perhaps even occasional seals may be caught in this aquarium. At low tide there will always be something interesting to see there.—*San Francisco Call.*

A STRAY PELICAN.—Oakland, Md., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An immense pelican was shot and killed by a fourteen-year-old boy in this county on April 31. The head was cut off and sent to this place, where it was mounted. The bird measured from the tip of its beak—which is about 16in. long—to the end of its short tail, 5½ft. Its extended wings covered 9ft. The pouch underneath its lower bill would hold at least a gallon. It is of the species *Pelicanus erythrorhyncus* of North America, having a horny excrescence developed upon the ridge of the upper bill, which is peculiar to the males of this species in the breeding season, and is said to fall off when it is over. The probabilities are that this bird escaped from some traveling menagerie and wandered off to where it was killed, as its species have never been seen in this vicinity before.—SPORTSMAN.

CAPTURED BUFFALO.—St. Paul, Minn., May 2.—Having business at LaMoure, D. T., last week, I made inquiries about the small herd of buffalo reported to have been seen in that vicinity last fall. I found that a party of hunters were out in the hills, thirty-five miles west, hunting antelope and small game, when they accidentally run into a herd of seven buffalo, five old ones and two calves. They killed one old bull, wounded a second, and captured alive one bull calf. I drove out seven miles to Grand Rapids and saw him. He is a fine specimen of a yearling, as tame as if he had never known anything else. The owner is out West looking for a mate for him, he having heard of one owned by some Sioux Indians, and if successful in getting one intends to raise a herd.—F. A. K.

CAPTURE OF A GANNET.—Bridgton, N. J.—A farmer drove in town a few days ago with a large bird of a species never before seen in this vicinity. It is about the size of a large black brant, is of snow white plumage except the tips of the wings, which are black, and the top of the head a dingy yellow. The bill is long and pointed and steel colored. The eyes a steel blue, feet dark and webbed. I suppose it is an adult gannet. Can you tell me what it is? The farmer found it in a spring by the side of a much traveled public road, and was able to secure it before it could take wing. He sold it for $5 to a shoemaker here, who exhibits it at five cents admission and is making money. His advertisement is worth the price of admission. It is "White throat Guarnett of the Meditranian." —C. [No doubt a gannet (*Sula bassana*).]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Two roe deer (*Cervus capreolus*) ♂ and ♀, one white-throated capucin (*Cebus hypoleucus*), one Indian antelope (*Antelope cervicapra*) ♀, one echidna (*Tachyglossus hystrix*), two red-headed ducks (*Fuligula ferina americana*), one black-footed penguin (*Spheniscus demersus*), two skylarks (*Alauda arvensis*), and one snowy owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Presented—Two opossoms (*Didelphys virginiana*), one gray squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), one bald eagle (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), two turtle doves (*Turtur risorius*), one European thrush (*Turdus musicus*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), four alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), and one green snake (*Cyclophis vernalis*). Born in Garden—Two Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), two Angora goats, one eland (*Oreas canna*) ♂, one buffalo (*Bison americanus*) ♀, 1 zebu (*Bos indicus*) ♀.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

JACK RABBITS AND ANTELOPE.

LAST November found me in Berlin. I had crossed in July and so long as we kept on the move my hunting instinct lay dormant. True, in Scotland, there was a constant watch kept among the hills for grouse, and stray salmon fishers with magnificent fly collections created a momentary excitement. Traveling through deer forests (so called, an Irish-American of our party suggested, because there were no trees in sight, nor deer either), we kept a sharp lookout for the stag of ten, but not even the Trossachs gave us a view of one, though doubtless there were deer hid from our sight in some of the hollows of that really picturesque region, which also rejoices in some pretty woodland. By the way, had Fitz James read the articles on hounding that frequently appear in the FOREST AND STREAM and its contemporary, he would have hesitated before turning loose those hounds of black St. Herbert's breed, and consequently when the stag rose from his couch, sprang forward and stood for an instant the "unerring shaft" of the royal huntsman would have speedily converted him into cold venison; and several distressing incidents that add interest to Scott's verse would have been avoided, to wit, first, death of gallant Gray; second, attempted mash of the fair Ellen; third, difficulty with Roderick Dhu—all favoring still-hunting vs. hounding.

In Switzerland we saw several chamois; and of course in London saw the Zoo and the animal collection of the British Museum, each magnificent; Paris with its Jardins, and finally Berlin, where the Zoologische Garten claimed many days; but in a museum on the Friedrich Strasse we saw a living walrus; small indeed, about 5ft. in length, but unmistakably a walrus, shivering and evidently miserable. In an adjoining cage were three beavers, and I wondered if they were blood relatives of those I had seen on the Jim River in Dakota a year before.

Thinking I would stay in Berlin through the winter, I sent for the FOREST AND STREAM and the London *Field*. Here began trouble. From waiting impatiently each week for the papers, I began to grow uneasy to be once more afield. Often in the evening I would walk through the Thier Garten, a large wooded, uninclosed park, to the little lakes, and, sitting on the bank under an old linden tree, watch the wild mallards come through the thickening dusk till it became too dark to see them, and only the whistling wings gave notice of their approach. Again, remembering my strolls through our home markets in the game season, I would visit the stalls where wild boars, stags, roe deer, pheasants, hares and the little striped European quail were displayed. All this tended to bring about the final result, and about the 15th of November I wrote to an old hunting chum in the States, telling him that I was coming over and wanted him to join me, if possible, for a protracted hunt. Early in December I reached home and found a letter from Dan (my hunting friend), dated from Syracuse, Kan., and reporting "lots of jack rabbits, a good many coyotes, a few gray wolves, antelopes quite plentiful." He inclosed a clipping from a paper printed in a town not far from Syracuse, reading as follows: "J. C. Youngblood has just come in from a ten days' trip. He brought in seven antelope, ten wolves and five buffalo." I had given up hopes of killing buffalo, and nothwithstanding the fact that an Austrian count on board the Fulda frequently repeated the phrase, "I kill bif-fa-lo"—the only English that he possessed—I hadn't the slightest idea that he would do so, especially as he was going to Florida. I had supposed the animal to be extinct in the United States, excepting in the National Park, northern Montana and in Dakota, where a few strays have been killed each year.

However, jack rabbit coursing with greyhounds promised excitement, antelope shooting would be decidedly novel, and with a coyote chase occasionally would serve. I have forgotten to say that Dan said he had been out the

week before, when the dogs caught a swift and killed a large wildcat. He further said: "If you can get a couple of good trailing hounds or a couple of greyhounds, bring them along." So the day before Christmas, a little before daybreak, I was on the depot platform at Syracuse, gripsack and two guns in hand, while three dogs, a greyhound, a trailer and an English setter were winding their chains around my legs. A setter is at present of no use in this country excepting as a retriever, there being no quail nor chickens here, or at least not in sufficient quantity to afford sport. I have heard of one lock of quail having been seen, and it is said there are a few chickens in the sandhills. The country is settling up very fast, and when grain fields become plenty the chickens will no doubt be here. Dan met me at the depot and divided the impedimenta with me. That day we went over to his cousin's place, Mr. Alexander Rinehart, a thorough sportsman, an accomplished story teller and a pleasant gentleman. His dogs were as follows: Fanny, a black, smooth greyhound, slim and tall, a great rustler and said to be able to run just as fast as she wanted to, but sometimes quit; next is Belle, Belva A. Lockwood, for short, a grayish brindle, rough greyhound, not so fast as Fanny and only eighteen months old, but a stayer. Then the trailers Buster, a very business-looking tan and black foxhound, and Gal, his litter sister, both rather below the medium size, but with the right look. The stock had been kept in the Rinehart family for many years, in central Iowa, where coons, foxes, wolves and wildcats had been the game they followed. Here there is enough game, but the ground is usually too dry to hold the scent.

The next day, Christmas, Aleck, Dan and myself went out for a hunt. My dogs, of course, being tenderfeet, did not show off to great advantage. The greyhound, Blue Bob, kept close to us. The trailer seemed to think it the dryest country she had ever struck, but the setter, a son of Bob Lincoln out of Cora, only a year old, ran to his own complete satisfaction; there were no fences to bother, and the fact that there were no birds larger than shorelarks didn't seem to trouble him in the least.

We rode over the prairie till 1 o'clock without striking a rabbit, though both my friends declared there were plenty of them about, and there are. Finally a jack jumped out of a bunch of long grass and ran directly back through the crowd of dogs. At first it ran with that hop, skip and kick style of going peculiar to the animal, while its ears were held erect, but as the dogs got straightened out its ears were laid down flat and it took that gait that is such a puzzler to the best greyhounds. Belle had a very good start and at once ran by the bird dog and trailers. Fanny had been off at one side rustling, and when she saw the chase joined, and running low to the ground, caught up with and passed Belle, and when she might have easily caught the rabbit, stopped and stood indifferently, while the more honest Belle kept on running till the jack reached open ground and got out of her sight. The trailers staid back, working out the track, while Bob, who had run over a hill out of sight, had got lost and rattled, and when we finally got sight of him was nearly a mile away and going in the opposite direction. By calling and shooting we finally drew his attention and called him back. About 3 o'clock we saw four antelope feeding a mile away. Getting behind a ridge we rode till within a quarter of a mile; then leaving horses and dogs, we crept forward to the top of the ridge and sighted the band about 350yds. away. We began to shoot, and could see the lead from the 45-75s cut the dirt "all around them," but they went on, as did the dogs, which, hearing the shooting, had come up. A coyote was running a half mile to the right, but the dogs were past recall, and when they came panting back, the wolf had gone. Another jack chase, in which the rabbit again got into rough ground and escaped, and we rode back to town. My friends were disappointed in the outcome of the day, but I was satisfied, for I was very new in Western hunting, and had never seen either jack rabbit or antelope wild.

The week following we were out several times, and the dogs killed four or five jacks. In fact, nearly as often as Black Fan decided to run she caught a jack. My dog was beginning to get the combination, though on straight, long runs he could by no means hold his own with the trained dogs. New Year's day four or five others joined our party for a day's hunt. The day was windy and cold; during the forenoon the dogs only jumped one rabbit, and that holed. The additional members of the party began to think of dinner and rode home. One, a young fellow of 19 or 20, staid. An hour after the others had gone we jumped a jack, and then began the prettiest chase of the season. Fan for once ran honestly, with Belle a good second. The jack started for a straight run, but Fan soon turned him, then Belle turned him again, and he ran back through the trailers; again and again he doubled; often he would start on a straight course as if to go clear, but in answer to our shouts Fan would gain on him and he would double again. Finally, when we had almost given him up and the dogs were running in that heavy, dogged way that greyhounds show near the end of a long chase, Fan coursing close, the jack essayed to dodge, but she was too quick and killed. When we came up with our ponies the dogs were lying down exhausted and refused to eat the rabbit. Of course when we saw those who had gone back early in the day we painted the glories of that chase in the brightest colors.

Two weeks were used in chasing jack rabbits, trying for antelope, and getting ready for our trip into the southern country, where Youngblood had evidently found his buffalo, and where we reasoned there must still be a few left. None of us had ever seen a wild buffalo, and at least one of the party had remarked that he would walk 200 miles barefoot to kill one. The old-timers of Syracuse warned us that there would be great danger from blizzards that might catch us out on the fields away from water and where the snow would cover the cow chips that would be our fuel supply, and that winds might blow so that it would be impossible to pitch our tent or that would tear it loose when pitched; but like the misguided and unfortunate youth whose motto adorns so many patent contrivances, we paid no attention to words of wisdom, but our cry was not excelsior but buffalo.

Alex Rinehart agreed to go and take his wagon and team of stout mules. Nig was, as the name indicates, black. He was high-lived, gamy and "mighty uncertain." It was a feat calling for much careful diplomacy to climb into the wagon behind Nig; those of you who haven't climbed into a prairie schooner, behind a flighty mule, cannot appreciate the delicate nature of the undertaking. The foothold afforded by the double-tree is insecure and liable to start a rattling that will set in motion the kicking apparatus of the aforesaid mule. Then the hand hold afforded by the bow is not firm nor convenient, and you are conscious at the moment that you swing around to get under the projecting cover that the bow is liable to let loose and drop you in a helpless heap on the long-eared and light-footed creature. We generally went around to the other side of the team and crawled into the wagon behind old Bill, no older in years than his mate, but of a sedate and gentle nature, and with that gravity of demeanor that is popularly associated with advanced age. Alex also took along his riding pony Willie, rather taciturn and reserved in appearance, but warranted to track, catch, throw, skin and eat a buffalo against time.

The 6th of January we started south, we took provisions for three weeks (and staid five); eight dogs followed the wagon, four greyhounds, three trailers and the bird dog. When we came back four followed still.

Our trip took us through the No Man's Land and into the Pan Handle of Texas, as far as the South Canadian River.

J. W. ANTHONY.

SYRACUSE, Kansas.

BRUIN IN THE FOLD.

OF one way that bears hunt sheep I can speak; and in stating that method I am bound to ascribe a large measure of intelligence to this apparently dull, doltish creature. The bear can certainly calculate and plan and carry out in most admirable perfection the conception of design. Whether a bear can catch a sheep in straight chase, but prefers an easier method, or whether he overestimates the ability of a sheep to hold out in a run, cannot with certainty be averred; but tactics that would do credit to a military general he can handle to completion.

It is to be presumed that he at first approaches with inten to take one. The flock, however, flee upon his near approach. He then cuts the shorter arc of the circle which the flock describe as they run, for, if inclosed in a given field, the frightened sheep will run around and around close to the fence.

The bear, making a loud, shrill noise, between a blow and a whistle, hastens into the course of the fleeing flock and waits for their approach. It need not be said that a flock of sheep will stop every 100 to 400yds. to look back, turn around and stamp a cowardly defiance or "Please don't you dare to come for me." This halt gives bruin time to place himself or to crawl up from the rear as they are faced about. The flock, after standing from one to ten minutes, will turn tail and run again. Oh! the racket that 100 sheep can create, the noise is much like distant thunder—on, on they go, and upon the enemy they surge—but this is a mistake, and very obv ously so to the Miss Sheep in the front rank which the cruel catcher does take—a sad mistake.

Many were the nights that I participated in the exciting work of warding off the bear. For hours we ran and stood and listened and tried to house the fold. Frequently we could have shot into the bulk of the bear had we been certain that he was himself. On such a night as this the bear will come out for field work—never when there is a good moon—it is risky business to attempt shooting in a field where from half a dozen to a score of men and boys are scattered, all peeping at what may be the "bar," some squatting and peering, seeking advantage of the uncertain light to be able to see the brute and say "Oh! boys, I viewed him square."

On one of those evenings I returned home at, say, 9 o'clock, in early autumn. At varying distances from the old farm back to the big woods lay a solid one hundred acres in primeval grandeur. These wild lots were the connecting links for the bears. Upon driving up to the house that sound as of a distant waterfall mingled with heavy foot falling, resembling, somewhat, a whirlwind passing quickly a pile of empty barrels, that sound already more than familiar, frightened the team and excited me.

The first person to come out in answer to my "Hello there" was greeted by "Grab them by the heads, they're frightened at something"—which grabbing the foreman of the farm did, saying, "Whoa, whoa there, what in thunder's got into you—hold on there, you—by gosh, it's the bear—come and hold your own team—say, it's danged mean to—whoa, you confounded—I say, I'll let them go to—gosh! if I'm agoin' to be bucked like this—oh! what a blasted sham—wa'n't I fooled by his dogoned 'Grab their heads'—I never thought of"—the appeal and the soliloquy combined was ended so far as I was concerned. My anxiety was to hasten in and secure my pick of the armory, doing which I bolted out followed by half a dozen men and boys, all armed, calling "Jim, which way did—oh! thunderashion, what tripped me?" The next man stumbling upon the sprawling heap exclaims: "My conscience, you scared me—I thought sure I was the lucky fellow to find the bear, and I wanted to swap off my luck, too." The hindmost coming up wants to know: "What have you fellows found, anyway?" Then "Hello Jim, I say, where's the tar—." "Hush, hush, I say, you fellers, I say, be quiet," interrupted a voice, as the owner of it steered off, according to his own guess, knocking his bootsoles against every protuberance on the sod. Running, stopping short, creeping and peering, advising and whispering in hoarse goose voice; more running and falling occupied the first quarter of an hour. A man falling and quickly scrambling up imitated quite closely the noise made by a bear catching a sheep and the sheep kicking desperately in struggles to break away. Hence a man's falling was always listened to with eagerness, and indeed, such a one sometimes produced quite a panic.

During harvest the fire had defaced the surface of this lowlond pasture, gouging out hollows many inches deep. There, scattered as we were, we stood gazing and wondering whether our quarry had gone, when my cousin Jack, the most adventurous and I dare say the most fearless of the outfit, made noises indicating that he was about in the middle of the meeting. He had ventured alone and unarmed toward where the flock had come in their circling; where the flock stood stamping, staring, bleating and constantly changing places, moving, if possible, into a more compact bunch. The ground was bestrewn with rails, the cross fence having been snatched down ahead of the fire's encroachments. Carefully stepping over rails, into and out of those burnt patches, Jack pressed forward among that quivering mass of terror, staring into the dim foreground as the sheep were doing. Each sheep that he approached gladly welcoming him as deliverer, crowded back to press against Jack's hand or leg, as it. bleating low and trembling, stares steadily forward. Meanwhile Jack had gained the front with half the flock at each side, those nearest rubbing their heads trustingly against him, the bold deliverer. Peering away into the gloom with hands on knees, Jack fails to locate the crouching or crawling beast of prey—nothing bears even a semblance to a black bear, unless those burnt places, one of which is within two yards and almost directly in front. A timid person might have made a whole "flock of bears" out of those spots, but not so Jack. He did not imagine some or all of these dark spots live beasts crawling forward—no, he wasn't worth a cent on imagining. See! hasn't that one slid closer there in front? No, why should it—how could it? What do those excited sheep smell or think they see? Alarmed beyond control the foremost turn to flee again as that black burnt spot rises, as Jack is now more eagerly straining his eyes to see far beyond it what causes the late alarm, glides forward with a single leap and lights upon the sheep which is standing jammed against Jack's leg.

Oh! what a rattle of fleeing feet amid the scattered rails, of the struggling sheep in the arms of the bear, both flat upon the ground, and of Jack expressing himself just as he felt and in utter absence of premeditation. The hideousness and blood-curdling effect of that guttural roar makes my flesh creep yet when I think of it. His profanity and prayers were mixed with a shocking distinctness. Not a man in the field breathed or had the power to move while this unearthly bellowing lasted, then every one ran excitedly to where we hoped to rescue Jack if he was not hugged to death, or scraped bare to the backbone or devoured quite. The hope was like that of Uncle Lisha's rescuers to deliver him and put back enough of his "innards to do a spell." Jack, ashamed of his outcry, was now so silent as to increase our misapprehension. He supposed that we knew how matters were; that he was unhurt; and we supposed that matters were as his sounds made them seem to be. With palpitating hearts we gathered to where we all expected poor Jack was being appropriated.

The anxiety and suspense of those moments in which we supposed Jack was being gobbled, and the nervous haste with which we did a week's wishing in a minute, touching the exact whereabouts of the unfortunate Jack, cannot be put on paper.

When found he swore. "The brute knocked me down and tramped all over me, and rolled on me, tryin' to gather me and a sheep at the same time. I do' know how I'm scratched, but I guess there isn't anything broke."

Whether Jack's roaring frightened off the bear, or whether the sheep's activity explains the escape, no one can more than guess. The excitement, however, was doubly thrilling throughout the next two hours while we were housing the fold. The escape of the sheep Jack explained by saying, "O, boys, he was a big, greedy devil; he wouldn't be satisfied with one of anything." We laughed heartily at Jack's classification of himself. Although he unintentionally put himself into the sheep class, he felt sheepish enough, indeed, over the ado he made as a witness of the attempt at sheep stealing. When one teased him about roaring more in a minute than several bulls could, Jack became aroused to an extent where he lifted his voice slightly again—because to hint at his being cowardly or frightened was to touch his tender place—but the more justification offered for trying to scare off the beast from the struggling sheep, and the surprise connected with the ground rising and coming straight at one, the worse, each attempt being rewarded by a fresh chorus of laughter. Jack was doubly "took down."

HURON.

GAME IN THE NORTHWEST.

SAINT PAUL, Minn., April 30.—Up here in this new Northwest my mind is continually reverting to my old home in northern New York, and I feel a little of that old inclination to look over my kit and get everything in readiness for my annual spring fishing trip among the Adirondacks, and I cannot help including in my thoughts many familiar faces who have as regularly as the season came put in an appearance for the sport, and all eager for the fray. My last trip was up Bog River to Mud Lake and surrounding water, and it will always carry with it my pleasantest recollections of the Saranacs proper. I have had much finer sport at Lake Placid with a troll than in any other Adirondack waters, for my trips there were always in company with a congenial spirit who was never too tired to fish, who never grumbled at the weather, and who was always satisfied. I am now seeking "greener fields and pastures new" in the "Middle West," and being sure that I am the gainer by the change, so far as variety in the sport is concerned, I feel a spirit of generosity pervading my being, and I am going to say to my friends in the East, read my letter, or letters, as the case may be, and then decide if I am not the gainer, and if you are satisfied that I am, come out here and enjoy it with me. I will give you such information and such references that I shall not be obliged to say, as some of the writers upon Adirondack stories have said, "Ask John" (Rev. W. H. H.) and "Ask Cort" (L. J. S.) to prove myself reliable as an authority.

This is not written to benefit any railroad or set of guides. It is simply for the benefit of those who wish to try some other locality, where they can kill not only white-tailed deer, but blacktails, elk, moose, cinnamon, silver tip, grizzly and black bears and cougar or mountain lion. From October until late wild geese and ducks are very plenty along the line of the N. P. Railroad. At Dawson you come into the goose belt, where they have their cover when flying north or south, and there is a roosting or resting place there where geese stop to rest, and they can be seen from the train. A method is employed here by the natives for getting them, which is this: They wait until after dark, and then approach them stealthily and kill what they wish with a club. They scatter some, but not far, and though the practice has been employed since the road was built, they have not been frightened enough yet to give up resting there. It would furnish magnificent sport with either shot or ball when they were preparing to alight. Shooting deer by jack light is tame work, as is also clubbing them to death after they have been driven to water by dogs, and it is no satisfaction to a true sportsman to kill nothing else but deer year after year. Here the game is so plenty that one can get any variety he chooses and several kinds in a day's tramp.

I know how well one feels when going into a new section to have some one in whom he can rely, not only to guide them but to advise them, and I can answer any of my Eastern friends or sportsmen friends, wherever they may be, that any information you wish will be furnished you willingly by Chas. F. Lee, General Passenger Agent of the N. P. R. R., or by his First Assistant, Joseph Marsh, at St. Paul. I can also cheerfully recommend for guide to the best resorts in the northwest, J. W. Proctor, who is thoroughly posted upon all these matters, and what is very agreeable in a guide, he is reliable, honest and truthful. He does not require liquor as part of his compensation, nor is he profane. He is a typical frontiersman, 6ft. 6in. high, weighs 190lbs., wears the regulation buckskins, sombrero, two huge navy revolvers and a bowie. He is accorded to be the best shot in the Northwest, and what is best of all he is not too officious. Any one can, with plenty of time, be thoroughly satisfied with a trip under his guidance. He has now under his control here in the city four black bears, one grizzly and two cow buffalo.

A little incident occurred at his ranch a few days ago and had a very unfortunate termination. One of the buffalo got out and made off. With the assistance of another buffalo, which is a pet, and aided by a cayuse and two veritable cowboys, she was headed and returned to the corral; but not wishing to go in, she made a break, and nothing but the swift-footed little cayuse, guided by the cowboy, could turn her. She was driven back several times, but would get a start every time, until finally she was secured. It had all the elements of a genuine buffalo hunt in it, minus the shooting, but the result was just the same, for within a half hour she was dead. Whether she broke a blood vessel or not could not be determined, but it is a sad loss. Her skin, head and legs to the knees and gambrels were carefully saved, and they will be preserved for mounting. The pet buffalo will drop a calf in about a month or so. The sire is a bull which belonged to the Major, but which, straying off one day, was seen by the soldiers of Fort Snelling lying down by a hay stack, and they went and shot him.

In my next I will give information that will enable any one to get an outfit in either Montana or Idaho, thereby saving much expense and getting all that one needs, besides giving points where fine sport with both rod and gun abounds in plenty. DR. T.

I left St. Paul in the early part of April for a month's outing, and have so far met with a good run of luck. After spending a few days at Aberdeen, Dakota, with more or less luck, the geese flying very high, I left for Webster, Da., and found the best of shooting. Between Webster and Waubay are innumerable sloughs full of ducks. I would advise any one to visit these points in the fall, as I have always found plenty of ducks and geese whenever I have been there. At Webster may be found a good hotel, and within a mile are the shooting grounds. Milbank is another good point. At Big Stone City I stayed several days and could not complain. Ortonville, Minn., is a famous summer resort, much frequented by St. Paul sportsmen, at the foot of Traverse Lake, a splendid sheet of water and a good feeding ground for ducks and geese. Fishing with hook and line has not yet begun, but spearing is good, pike and pickerel being taken. From Ortonville I went to Granville and from the car windows saw innumerable flocks of ducks. The sloughs are just full of them. At Graceville are Toka and West lakes. Plenty of ducks were swimming in the water, and as the game laws were enforced, no shooting was allowed. In company with some of the townsmen I took a row around Toka Lake. We spied a pelican in the water, and as its wing was disabled, caused by a shot, we finally captured it after a hard struggle. We placed it in a coop in company with a turkey. In the space of five minutes there was as pretty a fight as one could see, and we took the turkey out more dead than alive, and with very few feathers. From Graceville I went to Brown Valley, situated in a valley between Big Stone Lake and Traverse Lake, a natural duck pass. Owing to the pass being on the Minnesota side, I could do no shooting, but I can assure you it would have been a temptation, if I had a gun in my hands, to see flocks of ducks and geese continually passing over one's head. Spearing for pike and pickerel was very good, a 22lb. pickerel being speared in my presence. I am now on my way to Devil's Lake, where I expect to make a prolonged stay, as shooting is reported good in that vicinity. Fishing is good in the Red River here, mostly pickerel.

YOUNG SPORT.

WAHPETON, Dakota.

WHAT KILLED THE DEER?—The location was Beaver River a few miles above Stillwater, at the first pond on the south side, situated about 100yds. from the river. Wardwell's best dog was making it warm for something and coming down the river, as the sound indicated. I was not connected with that hunt, and so ran my boat ashore, that I need not turn the game; and none too soon, for a fine buck, about three years old, came in sight nearly as soon as I was secreted. He was swimming, but would cut the bends short and run in the shoal water, and was breathing heavily, as I could plainly see and hear. The dog ran past me down stream, but made no sound except with his feet. He was followed by his master a few moments later, using a double-blade paddle with the vigor of an athlete. The pine dugout yielded as only a fine model can. I was just stepping into my own boat when he said, "Have you seen the deer?" I replied, "Yes, and he is just a few rods ahead of you." I soon heard the report of his heavy rifle and the sharp bark of the dog running back up the river toward the pond, and then his "water call." I landed and walked across the short carry as soon as I could get there, and saw the dog following around shore, but no deer swimming. When Wardwell came back I called to him to take a look at an object near the center of the pond that must be the deer dead. We carried a boat across to the pond and he went out, returning with a very fat buck still warm. But there were no bullet marks, and Wardwell was not satisfied about it, but said he only had a broadside shot at the back of the skulking deer nearly under water in the alders. Dr. W. L. Collins, of Turin, Lewis county, who "put out the dog," after carefully removing the skin and finding no mark, asked how Wardwell looked when chasing it. I replied, "Eyes like peeled onions." "That's it. He scared it to death." But the Doctor found the lungs filled with blood.—NED NORTON.

NOTES FROM MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Geese have been flying for the past ten days. The ice left Green Bay April 23. An occasional flight of ducks has appeared for a few days. A few pigeons are seen. Too much cannot be said in praise of our present Legislature for abolishing our spring shooting. Wisconsin followed suit. It has been a blot upon both States allowing spring shooting. Our open season for deer is from Nov. 2 to Dec. 1. In the Upper Peninsula snow usually comes early in November, and it will have a tendency to keep people of weak constitution, who usually came here in August and stayed until froze out or driven out by snow, away from here, as cloth tents are a very poor protection up here. Three game wardens in each county will try and enforce the laws against shipment out of the State, hide hunters and the festive trout hog, who come at the same time that the flies, gnats and other vermin. At times he claims to be a tourist in search of health, but we know him as one whose only inspiration is to destroy any and all things in season or out of season. The days of worrying deer in Michigan are passed, any one finding a dog running in the woods can shoot him, and any one claiming him is liable to $100 fine for hounding deer. Our lumbermen will also, perhaps, suffer for want of meat at times, as nearly all camps keep hunters during winter. Deer only costs $35 per month, the cost of the man hired to keep the camp in meat. I am pleased that we have gained our rights, which we have tried for years to get. Judge Holmes and his co-workers should receive the thanks of all reputable sportsmen in the land for their untiring energy. S. E. B.

MENOMINEE, Mich., May 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The warden system is meeting with great success in the State, and the people seem to have taken hold of it with a vim, giving our deputy every encouragement possible, and game protection bids fair to become as popular as base ball. Here in Saginaw county, since the appointment of Connors, there has been an offender yanked up nearly every day. W. B. M.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich.

A DEER ON THE SAN PEDRO.

NACOSAN, the little mining town where I am, is in the Sierra Madre Mountains. Whitetail deer, turkeys and jack rabbits are plentiful near here, and a few miles up in the mountains are bears, mountain lions and bob and civet cats. There are also several different kinds of skunks or pole cats. My trip from Arizona down here was most of the way through cañons in the mountains. Near the San Pedro River, before we struck into the cañons, we saw several bunches of antelope. Along the Tronteriza River we saw large flocks of ducks, out of which I distinguished black ducks, mallards and green-winged teal.

One afternoon we camped about 5 in a cañon in some foothills. We wanted some meat. Shouldering my repeater I started up a small cañon that led off into the hills and followed the cañon a short distance, and then went up on to the hills. The sun was sinking below the tops of the mountains. After walking a short distance, I reached the top of a small hill and looked down into a little valley. There were a few scattering live oaks, and as I looked between two trees I saw three deer walking slowly along, about 350yds. away; and as it was quite dusky, I thought that I would get nearer so as to make a sure shot. One of the deer, a fine buck, was 20yds. in advance of the other two. I got down on my hands and knees and commenced to creep down to them, keeping behind a tree as much as possible. After creeping about 200yds., I raised myself up and looked for the deer. The buck was not in sight and the other two had stopped and were looking directly toward me. I raised my rifle carefully, but before I could get aim they started on a run up a little knoll quartering to the left from me. Following along with my rifle I pulled, and the bullet made the dust fly a few yards behind the deer I aimed at.

The two deer disappeared over the knoll, and as I threw back the lever and reloaded, I looked about and saw the buck going with a jump up a hill in the opposite direction. I fired one shot at him, but he kept on. I started on over the knoll in the direction the two deer had gone. When I got to the top, on a sidehill 200yds. away, I saw one of the deer standing under a small tree and the other walking slowly along. It was so dusky by this time that I could not see my sights, but I judged as well as I could and fired at the one standing under the tree. The deer that I had shot at ran about 50yds. and stopped, and the other disappeared over the hill. I reloaded and walked toward the deer that had stopped. It was now so dark that I had to shoot by guess work. I fired again at the deer, which was about 100yds. off; it slowly walked about 25yds. and stopped again. I got up to within 50yds. and pulled. There was a click. The cartridge did not go. Throwing out the poor cartridge I raised my rifle and pulled again, and the second cartridge missed fire. I pushed the lever back to throw out that cartridge, but it stuck, and by the time I did get it out the deer was gone. It was quite dark so I turned about and started for camp. After walking a short distance I heard two pistol shots from the direction of camp; I walked on and after nearly falling down a hill crossed a cañon up the side of a second hill, and reaching the top looked down into a cañon and saw the camp-fire, 100yds. away. The side of the hill toward the camp was very steep, but it was too far to go back and down the other side, and the thought of the supper awaiting me was enough to nerve me for anything, so I turned down the hill. It was dark and the hill was steep and rocky. I got about half way down safely and thought I was almost down; grew careless, my foot struck a round stone that gave way, and down I went at railroad speed, but succeeded in keeping my feet until I struck the foot of the grade, and there I succeeded in making an impression in the ground with the end of my nose.

Thankful to have escaped so easily, I made all possible speed to camp, and was soon engaged in eating my supper and relating to Nick my hunt. He thought it a queer deer that would not run away after I had shot at him several times. As we rolled ourselves up in our blankets after supper I remarked that I should get up at daybreak and go out and see if I could not be more fortunate. After that as I lay there thinking it struck me, and I wondered I had not thought of it before, had I not wounded the deer and that was the reason he did not run away. I rose very early in the morning, and started for the place where I had shot at the deer on the sidehill; I was fortunate enough to find the place without any trouble, and looking carefully about found the spot where the deer had jumped after I fired; and near by on the leaves saw some drops of blood. Following along the drops became thicker, and I reached the spoot where the deer had stopped the first time. Here there was quite a pool of blood dried on the leaves and grass. I went on 25yds. to the place where the deer had stopped when my shells missed fire. From this place the trail of blood was fainter and the drops were far apart; and I had decided not to follow any longer when they became more numerous and led up the side of a hill. Looking a short distance ahead under an oak tree I saw the antlers of a deer above the grass. With my rifle ready I reached the tree and found my buck just alive. The bullet had entered his right hindquarters and ranged along into his stomach. I raised my rifle and put a bullet through his heart, and then cut his throat and dressing him, proceeded to tote him to camp. It was about two and one half miles to camp, and when I got to the top of the first hill I chopped the deer. I then made up my mind that I did not want the whole of him, so I cut off the head and neck and the two hind quarters, and slinging them on to my back I started a second time for camp, which I reached with the sun one hour high. CHESTER.

NACOSAN, Mexico.

CARIBOU NOTES.

SMYRNA, Me., May 1.—Some time ago there were several articles in your columns in regard to female caribou having horns, and as I had the good luck to secure a specimen which had a nice set, I would like to hear from brother hunters as to what their experience has been. Is it common or is it of rare occurrence? Mine was shot in December, and was one of two killed by one shot and already briefly alluded to by one of your correspondents.

My partner and I were on a round to our traps, and were crossing the upper end of a large open bay, when looking down it we saw four caribou coming toward us and perhaps a quarter of a mile away. The wind being in my favor, I was not long in getting my 45-60 Winchester off my hand sled and getting to a friendly stump. They came up on a gallop to about twenty rods of me and stopped. I drew bead on the one nearest me and pulled the trigger. There was only a dull clink. The lock was frozen. Without stopping to examine I threw in another cartridge, and this time she responded and I saw one drop. The others, not knowing where the shot had come from, came toward us and passed within 50yds. when we saw one was badly hit. Going a short distance further she sank down and was dead when we got to her. The bullet had entered just forward of the foreshoulder, passed obliquely through and came out back of the other shoulder, passing just over the heart and cutting the large vein, which soon bled her out. On turning our attention to the first one that fell, we found the shot had broken the back of a yearling buck which stood behind the other. Only one shot was fired and here were two dead caribou. When we were skinning them out, one of those remaining came out of the woods and stood within 50yds. of us some time, and at last trotted off with that gait peculiar to them. It was near dark, and we had to hurry up to make our camp about a mile away, and we were soon discussing the events of the day by the warmth of our little sheet-iron stove in Camp Fisher. On our return trip we took the meat out to our homes in the settlement.

The past winter has been hard on game and good for the Province lumbermen, and if your correspondent "Special" doubts that they kill out of season he would do well to make a tour of the camps of Upper Aroostook in crusting time and see for himself. A few such winters and the moose will be a thing of the past unless the law can be enforced in the lumber camps. SPRING-POLE.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held on Thursday evening last, April 5, between fifty and sixty members sitting down at the hospitable boards of the Tremont House. After supper the following-named gentlemen were elected members: Chas. D. Appleton, Lyman Stickney, N. S. Jones, Chas. F. Sprague, William J. Fegan, H. W. Tenney, Jos. R. Scott, F. M. Tupper, Henry L. Roberts, H. B. Thayer, W. S. Shepard, H. J. Johnson, F. W. Dickinson and Geo. W. Williams.

Although business was by no means slighted, still the major portion of the evening was devoted more especially to social intercourse; and there were few who did not enjoy the evening thoroughly.

Many were the tales of fishing and shooting experiences, and also of projected trips the coming summer in quest of trout and salmon in Maine and Canada lakes and rivers. But of all present, the one most complimented and congratulated was the veteran sportsman Warren Hapgood, for more than fifty years a devoted sportsman, and who can still bring down his bird, and who prides himself in having been a member of the party recently commented upon in the Boston papers as having shot at Monomoy, Cape Cod, the wonderful score of 172 brant and Canada geese—of that number 112 being secured in one day (April 19)—the equal of which has not been known for over twenty years.

Several persons spoke in regard to certain proposed changes in the Massachusetts game and lobster laws, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Legislature of Massachusetts in the session of 1886-7 enacted a wise and consistant law for the protection of our game and insectivorous birds, a law that can be enforced, and if enforced will give the protection that is so much needed. In view of this it is

Resolved, That it is the opinion of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association that any change in the provisions of the law would be detrimental to the objects for which it was designed.

Resolved, That this Association most earnestly protests against any change in the existing law that will permit the snaring of the ruffed grouse (a partridge).

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Association, with the abundant evidence that we have, that such change would surely lead to the extermination of the bird in the localities where snaring is practiced.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.—Franklin, N. H.—Charlie H. and James O. were out for a little tramp. Charlie took his dog and gun along, but James only went for the tramp and to see the fun. In crossing a field where there was but little cover, the dog came to a point near a ground hemlock, and at Charlie's suggestion James walked up to flush the game, while Charlie took position to shoot. On nearing the bush James told Charlie that he could see a partridge lying very close. At the same time he gave a dive, frog fashion, and captured the partridge unharmed. Now Charlie, who can shoot four out of five partridges in quite thick cover, felt sure of hitting the bird, and proposed that they go to an adjoing field where James should throw the bird up for Charlie to shoot at. James readily assented; but as they walked along he thought of the old proverb of the "bird in the hand," etc., and thought how good partridge stew was, and, hugging the partridge tighter under his left arm and pinching his throat with his right hand, he mentally resolved that the partridge would be unable to fly by the time they reached the shooting place. "All ready," said Charlie; "throw him up toward the east." James, drawing him from under his coat, exclaimed, "He's dead!" "So he is," said Charlie. "I have heard of birds and animals dying of fright before." James had partridge stew for supper.—FACT.

GLEEN LOTTMAM, a frontier character, was in the city Sunday, reports a late date Denison, Texas, *News*. Gleen has been a hunter, guide, scout and trapper for a number of years. He has fought Indian and bear when Texas was an independent republic. He is from the headwaters of the Brazos, which he states is the finest game country left on the American continent. There are places which no white man has ever yet penetrated. Deer, bear, turkey, Mexican lions are so plentful that you can't go amiss of them. He states that the mountain streams are full of speckled trout. Lottman killed last year twenty-one bears, nine Mexican lions, and a number of panthers. He has a pack of about thirty dogs, which go with him on hunting trips and keep at bay dangerous animals. In a fight with a mountain lion last November he lost nine dogs before the beast was killed. Gleen has an express rifle which was presented to him with 1,000 cartridges by the late Gen. Ord. He has a Mexican wife, his sole human compaiion. She is quite as good a hunter as her husband. Lottman's nearest neighbor is twenty miles distant. He is sixty years of age and states that the only time he was ever sick was at San Antonio, when he mixed beer and ice cream together. He is en route to Arkansas to visit a brother who is a hunter on Black River.

HOUNDING OUT OF SEASON.—"The office of Justice R. O. Bascom at Fort Edward," says the Glens Falls *Times*, "was thronged Saturday with an interested crowd of spectators. Over twenty citizens of Fort Ann were present in the capacity of witnesses and sympathizers. Wilbur, it will be remembered, was charged with violation of the game law. The specific charge brought against him was that of hounding and killing deer out of season. The case went to the jury at 5 o'clock. After being out some hours they sent notice to the court that they could not agree. The jury were discharged. The defendant, Wilbur, was then arraigned on the charge of hounding deer. He pleaded guilty and was fined $15, which he paid. It is said by persons in authority that other parties, residents of Fort Ann, will shortly be arrested and tried on similar charges." The deer was hounded in Washington county, near Lake George. Three other men have pleaded guilty in this county, and three are under $500 bail for appearance.

CURE FOR THE BLUES.—Lewiston, Ill.—I sat in the office discussing the tariff Saturday. Half the county yelling for free trade, the other half for protection, and the scattering ones for tariff for revenue only, makes the manufacturers look blue and feel blue. Some one rang the telephone and one of my friends wanted to know if I wanted to go sniping. Well, I thought I did, and promised to join him at 1 o'clock sharp. We drove to the ground, found the birds and the mud, too; and such mud, all the way from 4in. to 1ft. deep. Birds wild, getting up 35 and 40yds. We went around to get the wind on our backs and went at them. A snipe likes to get up against the wind. He will not fly far with the wind. It was a miss and a kill, with more misses; and after three hours we counted up and found we had eighteen nice birds. We got back to the team feeling as if we were broken in two in half a dozen places, but after a pleasant drive and our supper we were cheery and chipper.—L. G.

DOGS ON RAILROADS.—Newport News and Mississippi Valley Company (Eastern Division), Office of the General Baggage Agent—Richmond, Va., April 29.—Baggagemen are instructed to receive and carry, free of charge, in baggage cars, at the owner's risk and without checks, bicycles, light equipment of sportsmen, their dogs and game, when accompanied by owners on same train holding first-class tickets, owners to load and unload their own property. Dogs, other than those accompanying sportsmen on hunting trips, must be turned over to the express company.—C. LORRAINE, General Baggage Agent.

A CHANCE SHOT.—Hawkinsville, Fla.—I was out hunting one day in a dense Florida hamak when my dog started a small buck. I saw it through the trees and palmettoes about 50yds., and held my gun to shoot it as it passed a small char place, but the gun was very easy on trigger and went off by accident. I dropped down, not dreaming the deer was touched, when to my surprise I saw it coming toward me with a broken leg and I shot it with the other barrel. When the gun went off the deer was out of sight and I did not intend to shoot.—MAYO DADE.

GROUSE AND LOCOMOTIVE.—Conneaut.—I was railroading in the locomotive department on the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Leaving Erie one stormy night, and having gone about three miles west, we came to a place where there is a thick hemlock woods on each side of the track. All at once the headlight went out. I went around at once to see what had caused the trouble, and found a large ruffed grouse inside. Being attracted by the light, I suppose it had flown against the glass and smashed it, and caused its death.—W. W. B.

INDIAN NAMES FOR ANIMALS.—If chipmunk or chipmuck is an Indian name for our little squirrel, I am quite willing to give up my idea of the origin of the name. Being of Rhode Island stock, anything Indian is better for me than anything Puritan. I am thankful, if not proud, that my Quaker ancestors would not have been permitted to come over in the Mayflower if their sect had been founded then. Speaking of Indian names, and I wish more of them had been preserved, is not "skunk" one of them? The Waubanakees call him "segunk," and the change from that to skunk is slight. What is it White of Selborne calls him? I have not that earliest and always delightful outdoor book at hand, but if my memory serves me aright, he calls *Mephitis* "stonk," and comes within a letter of getting near enough to it.—AWAHSOOSE.

CALIFORNIA GAME LAW.

THE game law of the State, as just enacted, is formed by amending sections 626, 631 and 636 of the Penal Code, and reads as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 626 of an act entitled "An Act to establish a Penal Code," approved Feb. 14, 1882, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 626. Every person who in the State of California, between the 1st day of March and the 10th day of September, in each year, hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys quail, partridges, or grouse or rail, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, in any of the counties of this State, at any time takes, gathers or destroys the eggs of any quail, partridge or grouse, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who, in this State, between the last day of January and the first day of June in each year hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys doves, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who between the 15th day of December in each year and the 1st day of July in the following year hunts, pursues, takes, kills or destroys any male antelope, deer or buck, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person in the State of California who has in his possession any hides or any skins of deer, elk, antelope or mountain sheep, killed between the 15th day of December and the 1st day of July is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall at any time, in the State of California, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any female antelope, elk, mountain sheep, female deer or doe, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall at any time hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any spotted fawn, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall take, kill or destroy any of the animals mentioned in this section, at any time, unless the carcass of such animal is used or preserved by the person taking and slaying it, or is sold for food, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall buy, sell, offer or expose for sale, transport, or have in his possession any deer, deer skin or hide, from which evidence of sex has been removed, or any of the aforesaid game at a time when it is unlawful to kill the same provided by this and subsequent sections, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. Section 631 of the same Act is hereby amended so as to read as follows: 631. Every person who shall at any time net or pound any quail, partridge or grouse, and any person who shall sell, buy, transport or give away or offer or expose for sale, or have in his possession, any quail, partridge or grouse that have been snared, captured or taken in by means of any net or pound, is guilty of a misdemeanor. Proof of possession of any quail, partridge, or grouse which shall not show evidence of having been taken by means of other than a net or pound, shall be prima facie evidence in any prosecution for a violation of the provisions of this section that the person in whose possession such quail, partridge or grouse is found, took, killed or destroyed the same by means of a net or pound.

MONTANA GAME LAW.

AN act to amend sections 1, 2 and 5, of an act entitled an act "to protect game, furbearing animals, and fish, approved March 8, 1883. Be it enacted by the legislative assembly of the Territory of Montana:

Sec. 1. That any person or persons who shall wilfully shoot, or otherwise kill or cause to be killed, any buffalo, moose, elk, white-tailed deer, black-tailed deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, or antelope, between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of August of the ensuing year, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than twenty dollars nor more than fifty dollars for each offense committed.

Sec. 2. That section 2 of an act entitled an act to protect game, furbearing animals and fish, approved March 8, 1883, be amended to read as follows: Sec. 2. That any person or persons who shall willfully shoot or otherwise kill or cause to be killed at any time any of the animals mentioned in section one of this act for the purpose of saving the head or hide only, or for speculative purposes or market, or for sale, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than one month nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 3. That section 5 of said act be amended to read as follows: Sec. 5. That any person or persons who shall wilfully shoot or cause to be killed any grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, fool hen, sage hen, partridge or quail, between the fifteenth day of November and the fifteenth day of August of the ensuing year, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty dollars, and all persons are hereby prohibited at all times from killing any of the birds in this section for speculative purposes or for market or for sale, and any person or persons who shall hereafter kill for speculative purposes or offer for sale any of the kinds named in this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than twenty-five nor more than fifty dollars for each offense committed.

Approved March 9, 1887.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.

THE Senate has passed Coggeshell's bird bill so amended that it allows the killing of woodcock in August (as the law now is), and prohibits the killing of wild duck, geese and brant in April, except in the waters of Long Island Sound, where they may be killed in that month.

Also Coggeshell's bill to restore the 6in. restriction (stricken out last year) relative to brook trout, speckled trout, salmon trout and landlocked salmon.

Also Vedder's bill making the quail season Nov. 1 to Jan. 1, and the hare season Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.

The Assembly has passed Ennis's bill exempting owls, night hawks, etc., from the song bird act of 1886.

Also Fort's bill forbidding the possession of snares, etc., on waters inhabited by salmon, lake trout, etc., in close season.

Also Collins's bill making the salmon season from March 1 to Aug. 15.

Also Brundage's bill prohibiting the catching of trout in Steuben county except in May, June and July.

The Governor has signed Finn's bill repealing the act for the preservation of lobsters.

Considerable progress may be reported during the past week in regard to game legislation. Of course much of this legislation is all moonshine, and it would be a great deal better if it were not passed at all. But there are so many men who come to Albany expecting to make a "record," that it is no wonder that they take the game laws and try to make a record there.

During the past week the Assembly passed the following bills: Hall, relating to Forest Commission; Hogeboom, forbidding shad fishing in the Hudson on Sundays, amended so as to add, in Section 1, after the word "river," the words "past the northern boundary of Westchester county"—thus limiting the space in the river devoted to the operation; Sims, authorizing boards of supervisors to audit bills of game and fish protectors.

The Senate has passed Bulkley's bill prohibiting fishing at Cape Vincent except by angling; Moore's, amending the song bird act in the interests of science; and Brundage's amendments especially applicable to Steuben county. The Senate has also passed the Hogeboom shad bill noted above, and it has gone to the Governor for his signature.

The Assembly Game Committee has reported Senator Coggeshall's six-inch trout bill; Mr. Sweet's bill allowing fishing with nets in certain parts of Cayuga Lake, and Mr. Reeves's bill for the preservation of moose, etc.

Erwin's bill has been amended to permit robin and blackbird shooting on Long Island and Staten Island, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1.

COUGHING, with interludes of wheezing and sneezing, are heard in all public places. Every one ought to know the remedy; and that is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar—an absolute and immediate cure of all pulmonary complaints. PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

213.

QUITE a party of fishermen had gathered at the old dam one day, trying their luck for bass, and several had very fine strings. Whenever any one got on a bass they would yell, and they all would watch with interest until it was safely landed, held up for inspection and placed on the string. Among the fishermen was William S., who had been in the habit of catching "awful big bass," with no one but himself for witness, and some of the boys asked him if he was going to catch any big ones that day. He replied, "Just wait and I'll show you a bass that beats them all; he has been biting my hook for some time." A few minutes later we heard an awful yell from "Bill." "I've got on a bass, and a big one, too," we heard him say. It certainly looked like it, for his light rod was bent nearly double, and the line would dart first one way and then another; again it would make a dive down, and Bill would let out line until it nearly reached bottom; then he would slowly reel up, the bass diving and plunging all the time, but never once coming to the surface. And all the time Bill stood there cool as ice, letting out line and reeling up again for nearly half an hour, but it did not seem to be affecting the bass in the least. The boys in the meantime had been offering suggestions as to the capture, putting bets on the weight and whether it would be safely landed. Bill was now growing tired, and concluded to land the monster. His companion stood ready with the net, and Bill slowly reeled up, the fish darting back and forth as he came near. All eyes were turned on Bill, and as he slowly brought it to the boat and carefully placed the net under—a large tin pail cover—as he held up his prize in one hand and wiped the sweat from his brow with the other, a shout went up that could have been heard a mile. The hook had caught in the handle in the center of the cover, and that was what made it dart. P.

ATHENS, Pa.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

THE committee of arrangements of the National Rod and Reel Association met Friday, 6th inst., at Mr. E. G. Blackford's laboratory, in Fulton Market, this city. The committee on grounds reported having obtained permission from the Park Commissioners for the use of Harlem Mere, May 25 and 26. The committee on rules reported having amended the rules, which appear hereafter. The committee on prizes reported having obtained gifts from forty donors, who have given or agreed to give sixty-two prizes, which, with those given by the Association will make an aggregate of seventy prizes with a value of $850. Three members of the Association contributed each $25 in cash toward the purchase of the gold medals to be given as first prizes. The president was authorized to place such prizes as might come in after this meeting in such classes as seem to him best.

REVISED RULES FOR 1887.

1. All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee at each contest as follows: Members, two dollars; non-members, five dollars. Memberships may be obtained on the grounds from the secretary.

2. No one shall be permitted to enter an amateur contest who has ever fished for a living, who has ever been a guide, or has been engaged in the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

The judges in the different classes shall appoint a member to see that the tackle is at all times in accordance with the rules and requirements of the Association during the contests. The judges in any particular class, on appeal, shall have power to decide in all matters relating thereto, and their decision shall be final.

3. No single-handed fly-rod shall exceed 11½ft. in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

4. In single-handed fly-casting any style of reel or line may be used. A leader or casting line of single gut, not less than 8ft. in length, will be required, to which three flies, one stretcher and two droppers shall be attached.

5. No allowance of distance shall be made for difference in length of rods; but in the contests with light rods of 5oz. and under an allowance of 1½oz. will be made in favor of all such rods as have solid reel-seats.

6. Persons entering these contests shall draw lots to determine the order in which they will cast, and must be ready to cast when called upon by the judges.

7. Each contestant will be allowed fifteen minutes in which to cast for distance, and will then stand aside until called in his turn to cast for delicacy and accuracy. In casting for distance, each contestant shall inform the judges of the contest when he intends to begin to compete. His time allowance of fifteen minutes shall then begin to run, and shall continue to run without interruption until its expiration or until the contestant voluntarily withdraws from the stand. Should, however, the contestant's rod break, time to replace the broken joint shall be given him. No allowance of time shall be made to any contestant for any other reason whatever, it being the intent and purpose of this rule that each contestant shall abide by his own accidents, except as herein specified.

8. The distance shall be measured by a line with marked buoys stretched on the water; said line to be measured and verified at least once each day of the tournament, by two or more officers, to be designated by the president or secretary. A mark shall be made on the stand from which the buoy line shall be measured, and the caster may stand with his toes touching this mark, but may not advance beyond it. Should he step back of it, unless directed to do so by the judges, the loss in distance shall be his.

9. The stretcher fly must remain at the end of the casting line in all casts. The others are not deemed so important.

10. Delicacy and accuracy shall be contested and adjudged at the same time and as follows: Each contestant shall be allowed twenty-five casts at an object in or on the water, 40ft. distant from him. For the purpose

of this tournament absolute delicacy in casting the fly shall be considered to be casting the fly or flies upon the water in such a manner as to disturbe its surface to the least possible extent. He who most nearly approaches this shall be adjudged the superior in delicacy. He shall be adjudged to be the superior in accuracy who, on an average of all his casts, places his stretcher fly nearest the mark. Twenty-five points shall be credited to him who is adjudged the superior in delicacy, and twenty-five points to him who is adjudged the superior in accuracy. The other contestants shall be awarded lower scores in accordance with their comparative excellence.

11. The ultimate scores of the various contestants shall be determined as follows: To the distance in feet each has been adjudged to have cast, shall be added the scores assigned for delicacy and accuracy, and prizes will be assigned in accordance with this aggregate.

12. To prevent fouling the measuring line and accidents to the spectators in the fly-casting contests, the points of all fly-hooks shall be broken off below the barb.

13. In the absence of an appointed judge the president or secretary shall fill the vacancy.

14. *Salmon Fly-Casting.*—The foregoing rules shall govern: Rods may be used with both hands and only one fly shall be required. Delicacy and accuracy casts to be made at a mark 70ft. distant from the contestant.

15. *Black Bass Casting.*—All general rules which do not conflict with the following special rules shall govern. No rod shall be more than 10ft. in length. Any reel may be used, but all casts must be made from the reel. Lines shall not be of less caliber than No. 6 (letter H) braided silk, nor No. 1 sea grass, or corresponding sizes of other materials, and be of uniform size throughout. The weight of the sinkers shall not exceed ½oz. (these to be furnished by the contestants). In casting but a single hand shall be used. Each contestant shall be allowed five casts for distance, the average to count, and five casts for style and accuracy; the latter points to be ascertained by casts made at a stake or mark 60ft. distant from the caster, and the judges to give points in accordance with the nearness with which the sinker approaches the said stake or mark. Style and form to be determined by the ease and grace of the caster.

16. *Heavy Bass Casting.*—Rods shall not exceed 9ft. in length and may be used with both hands. Any rod may be used, but the line shall be of linen, not less caliber than the trade No. 9, with twelve threads throughout its entire length. The casts shall be made with sinkers weighing 2½oz. (these will be furnished by the committee). Each contestant will be allowed five casts, his casts shall be measured, added and divided by five, and the result shall constitute his score. No allowance will be made to any contestant for the overrunning or breaking of his line.

17. *Light Bass Casting.*—Same rules as in heavy bass casting to apply except that the weight of the sinker is limited to 1½oz. (these will be furnished by the committee), and any line of uniform caliber may be used.

PROGRAMME—MAY 25.

I.—Single-Handed Fly-Casting—Class A—Amateur.

Judges—Francis Endicott and Hon. James Geddes.
Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss, Referee.

Open to amateurs under Rule 2, who have never taken a first prize in any tournament of this Association. Rods not to exceed 11½ft. in length. Except as to medal, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit. Scale of points—Distance, actual cast, delicacy and accuracy, 25 each. Delicacy shall be judged by the lightness with which the flies fall upon the water, and accuracy shall be determined by the judges. The casts for delicacy and accuracy shall be made at the same time. VALUE.

1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association.....$25 00
2. Premier split bamboo rod, extra tip, German silver mountings, given by A. G. Spalding & Bros., 241 Broadway, New York..... 25 00
3. Greenheart fly-rod, extra tip, German silver mountings, given by J. B. Crook & Co., Fulton street, New York.. 20 00
4. Rubber and German silver fly-reel and case, aluminum spool, given by Ed Vom Hofe, 97 Fulton street, New York..... 18 00
5. Greenheart fly-rod, independent handle, extra tip, German silver mountings, given by George C. Masters, 389 Fulton street, Brooklyn..... 15 00
6. "Fishing with the Fly" and assortment of flies, given by C. F. Orvis, Manchester, Vt..... 15 00
7. Patent net ring and handle, given by G. L. Bailey, Portland, Me..... 2 50

II.—"Switch" Fly-Casting.

Judges—H. F. Crosby, Dr. Van Geesen, Fred Mather.
James Benkard, Referee.

Open to all. Single-handed rods, not to exceed 11½ft. in length. Distance only to count. Casting to be from shore unless otherwise agreed by contestants. No cast to be counted on which the fly goes behind the caster. Except as to medal, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Gold medal, given by the National R. and R. Association.$25 00
2. Split bamboo rod, given by Harry Pritchard, 90 Fulton street, New York..... 25 00
3. Order for one silk hat, given by R. Dunlap & Co. 181 B'way, New York..... 8 00
4. Polished cherry tackle box, given by the Levison & Lamb M'f'g. Co., 287 Broadway, N. Y..... 4 50
5. One year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, given by Forest and Stream Pub. Co..... 4 00
6. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

III.—Salmon Casting.

Judges—Col. Locke, W. Winchester, James C. McAndrews.
Capt. Wm. Dunning, Referee.

Open to all. See Rule 14. No limit as to rods. Distance only to count. Except as to medals, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association.....$25 00
2. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association..... 15 00
3. Cash, given by the National Rod and Reel Association..... 10 00
4. Acme tackle box, given by H. F. Price, 29 Murray street, N. Y..... 6 75
5. One year's subscription, given by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company..... 4 00
6. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

IV.—Minnow Casting for Black Bass.

Judges—Wm. C. Harris, Hon. H. P. McGown.
D. W. Cross, Referee.

Open to all, as per Rule 15. Score: Average distance in feet. Accuracy and style, 25 points each. Casts for these points to be made at the same time and at a stake or mark 60ft. distant. A stand 12in. high in front and 6in. in rear and of suitable size will be provided, to be used at the option of the caster. Winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Lakeside rowboat complete, 15ft.x38in., given by R. J. Douglas & Co., Waukegan, Ill.....$45 00
2. Hand-made minnow-casting rod in case, given by F. D. Devine, Utica, N. Y..... 20 00
3. Split bamboo minnow-casting rod, given by B. F. Nichols, Brookline, Mass..... 16 00
4. One dozen bass and one dozen trout bugs, given by Chas. Plath & Son, 130 Canal street, N. Y..... 10 00
5. Pocket tackle case ($1.50), given by H. F. Price, 29 Murray street, N. Y., and set of German silver guides and agate tips and agate guide ($5), given by Chas. Koehler, 65 Clinton street, N. Y..... 6 50
6. Bray fly-book, given by A. G. Spalding & Bros., 241 Broadway, N. Y..... 5 00
7. One year's subscription, given by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co..... 4 00
8. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

V.—Single-Handed Fly-Casting—Expert.

Judges—Dr. A. Ferber, C. Van Brunt.
L. Dinwiddie Smith, Referee.

Open to all. Distance only to count. Rods not to exceed 11½ft. in length. Except as to medal, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit:

1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association.....$25 00
2. Amateur photographic outfit, given by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y..... 10 00
3. Cash, given by the National Rod and Reel Association..... 10 00
4. Epauleted ventilated rubber coat, given by the James J. Byers Epaulet Ventilation Co., 274 Broadway, N. Y..... 7 00
5. 100 "Forest and Stream" cigars, given by Ed. Eggert, 245 Pearl street, N. Y..... 6 00
6. One pair No. 3 canvas leggings, first quality, given by John D. Bethel, 124 Chambers street, N. Y..... 4 00
7. One year's subscription to *Outing*, given by the Outing Publishing Co., N. Y..... 3 00
8. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

PROGRAMME—MAY 26.

VI.—Single-Handed Fly-Casting—Class B—Amateur.

Judges—Eugene G. Blackford, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt.
Louis B. Wright, Referee.

Open to amateurs under Rule 2 who have never taken a first prize in any tournament of this Association. Rods not to exceed 11½ft. in length. Winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Leonard split bamboo fly-rod, given by Wm. Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, N. Y.....$35 00
2. Silver-plated net ring and handle, given by James Reed, Cambridge, Mass..... 15 00
3. Split bamboo fly-rod, presented by the Syracuse Split Bamboo Fish Rod Co..... 8 00
4. Automatic fly-reel rubber, given by A. G. Spalding & Bros., N. Y..... 8 00
5. Six dozen assorted trout flies, given by James Raunbottam, Freeport, N. Y..... 6 00
6. Patent net ring and handle, given by G. L. Bailey, Portland, Me..... 2 50
7. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

VII.—Salmon Fly-Casting.

Judges—John A. Roosevelt, Edward Weston.
J. S. VanCleef, Referee.

Open to all except winners of first and second prizes in prior salmon fly-casting contests of this Association. Rods not to exceed 16ft. in length. Distance, delicacy and accuracy to count. See Rule 14. Winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Split bamboo ebonized grilse rod, given by Jas. Reed, Cambridge, Mass.....$22 00
2. Ash and lancewood salmon rod, given by Wm. Mills & Son, New York..... 18 00
3. Double taper waterproof silk salmon line No. 2, 120yds., given by John Shields & Co., Brookline, Mass..... 10 50
4. Solid leather tackle case, given by Hoff Bros. & Herring, 87 Fulton street, New York..... 7 50
5. Levison fly-book, given by Wm. Mills & Son, New York.... 7 00
6. One year's subscription, given by Outing Pub. Co., N. Y.... 3 00
7. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris, New York 3 00

VIII.—Single-Handed Fly-Casting—Expert Light Rod Contest.

Judges—James Benkard, Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss.
J. S. Van Cleef, Referee.

Open to all. Rods not to exceed 11½ft. in length nor 5oz. in weight. All rods with solid reel-plates will be allowed 1¼oz. Distance only to count. Except as to medal, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association.....$25 00
2. Handsome smoker's stand, given by T. B. Stewart & Co., 21 East 17th street, New York..... 15 00
3. Cash, given by the National Rod and Reel Association.... 10 00
4. Epauleted ventilated rubber coat, given by the Joseph J. Byers E. V. Co., New York..... 7 00
5. 1,000 satin straight-cut cigarettes, given by Wm. J. Kimball & Co., Rochester, N. Y..... 7 00
6. One year's subscription, given by the Outing Publishing Co., New York..... 3 00
7. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

IX.—Heavy Bass Casting.

Judges—Martin B. Brown, John A Roosevelt.
James C. Vallotton, Referee.

Open to all under Rule 14. A stand 12in. high in front and 6in. in rear, and of suitable size, will be provided, to be used at the option of the caster. Except as to medal, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Gold medal, given by the National Rod and Reel Association.....$25 00
2. Silver King multiplying reel, given by Thomas J. Conroy, N. Y..... 35 00
3. Silver Queen multiplying reel, given by J. Kopf, 51 Scholes street, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 35 00
4. Ash and lance combination rod, four rods in one, given by James F. Marsters, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 6 00
5. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

X.—Fly-Casting for Black Bass.

Judges—G. M. Skinner, Francis Endicott.
Capt. Wm. Dunning, Referee.

Open to amateurs under Rule 2. Single handed rods, not to exceed 11½ft. Only one fly required (to be furnished by the committee, tied on No. 2 Sproat hooks). Distance only to count. Except as to medal, winners to have choice of prizes in the order of their merit.

1. Gold medal, given by the National R. and R. Association.$25 00
2. Split bamboo minnow casting rod, given by the George Karup M'f'g. Co., Trenton Falls, N. Y..... 20 00
3. Meerschaum segar holder, given by Kaldenberg, 371 B'way, New York..... 10 00
4. Single-barrel breechloading rifle, .28cal., given by H. C. Squires, 178 Broadway, N. Y..... 10 00
5. Gold and silver-plated assorted spoons, given by G. M. Skinner, Clayton, N. Y..... 10 00
6. One year's subscription, given by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co..... 4 00
7. One year's subscription, given by W. C. Harris..... 3 00

It is possible that several other makers of tackle may yet send in prizes, in such cases they will be apportioned to the above classes, under the authority given to the president, and due notice of such additions will appear.

FARMER BROWN.—Concerning Farmer Brown's trout perhaps some of us were a little harsh in our comments on the method of his taking off. But I for one would be glad to hear from Farmer B. himself. Doubtless he was fond of his pet, and doubtless he had been frequently tormented by poachers who were not honorable sportsmen and who had designs on his trout, and being a dull clod of a farmer he was not discriminating and did not know a canoeist from a fish thief. It is a lamentable fact that the majority of anglers and shooters are too regardless of the farmer's rights, and feel a sort of enmity toward him. The farmer is not a saint, though there are possibilities of his becoming an angel, and he reciprocates the feeling. Both parties are too selfish and too unconciliatory. Being a farmer and a lover of rod and gun I am unprejudiced, or at least my prejudices ought to neutralize one another. —AWAHSOOSE.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps a word from one of the greatest and best known trout fishing places in the Rocky Mountains would be of interest. This point is well known to all visitors to the great Yellowstone National Park as one of the most excellent trout fishing places along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. At this time of the year the grayling is easily taken, while our anglers get a good sprinkling of the larger size trout, weighing from 2lbs. to 5lbs. Mr. Pierce Hoops, Jr., of Bradford, Pa., took twenty-seven nice large trout one day last week in two hours. A pleasant party, consisting of Messrs. S. L. Wallace, of Washington; C. J. Cornell, of Oshkosh; Judge J. A. Savage and Supt. Richmond, of this place, went to a point on the Yellowstone River in the cañon, about five miles from here, last Saturday and made a catch of 129 trout and grayling during the afternoon.

It is rumored that parties are using nets and dynamite in the river near here, taking trout for the market, and strenuous efforts will be made to apprehend the guilty parties. The several gun clubs throughout the Territories are taking active steps to suppress this lawlessness and hope to overcome it. It would really be a great pity to spoil our excellent fishing by such unlawful modes, and local anglers are interesting themselves to suppress the practice.

The Yellowstone River affords immense pleasure for fishermen. Artificial flies are used entirely this time of the year; minnows are sometimes used to advantage, especially on cool days. More anon. C. G. H.

LIVINGSTON, Montana, April 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On or about July 15 the Northern Pacific Railroad will become connected, and trains from St. Paul and Tacoma will cross the Switch Back instead of going via Portland. Many of your readers may wish to take a trip through this country when they learn that the trout fishing in Green River (along which the road runs for twenty miles) cannot be beaten anywhere upon the continent. The fish run from ½ to 3lbs., and it is a poor fisherman who cannot get all the sport he may desire. The banks of the river and streams are all heavily wooded, so that one has to wade the river to find it.

The game in this section is not plenty, but we have bear, cougar, black cat, and a few mountain goats. Three goats were killed by one of an engineering party last fall. Nearly every stream emptying into Green River is dammed in places by beavers, but they are themselves not very plenty. Those of your readers who have never been West cannot spend their time to greater advantage than to take a trip over the Northern Pacific, stopping at the National Park, where, of course, they cannot hunt, and then come on to Tacoma, from there by steamer along the coast to Alaska. Those desiring to hunt should lay over somewhere in Montana. Fishermen should come over here. Still there is excellent fishing in the Yellowstone, the East and West Gallatin, the Madison and other rivers and lakes through Montana and eastern Washington. Of course there is no need of speaking of the numerous prairie chickens, grouse, etc., that are found anywhere and everywhere west of the Mississippi River. J. M. L. B.

EAGLE GORGE, King County, W. T.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have any of your readers lived for ten long months walled in on every side by mountains and for three of these months looked at these mountains covered with snow, preventing at all times that clear bright color and their towering peaks looking down on man's diminutiveness; and have any of the same readers, after this long siege, early in the morning climbed the rough sides of one of those lofty mountains, and as the sun rose, first tinging with gold every peak and then gradually coloring every low butt and at last sending sunshine into the valleys, looked over and beyond the furthest peaks, to see there a world beyond? If none have then I could make them understand the feeling of freedom and relief I experienced a few evenings since.

To come down to every day life—our fishing is now at its best; every one is getting his fill of trout. The hotel will be open in about thirty days and then every day will find parties on piscatorial pleasures bent, and I venture to say not one party will return without something to show for the day's sport. When that time comes I will endeavor to give you the experiences of some one else besides my own, in and around Lake Pend d'Oreille. F. T. A.

HOPE, Idaho.

DULUTH FISHING RESORTS.—Mr. C. F. Johnson, an enterprising newsdealer of the "zenith city of the unsalted seas," has offered two prize rods for the largest brook trout and black bass respectively caught by a sportsman of Duluth or vicinity in adjacent waters. Mr. Johnson has also prepared the following list of distances in miles from Duluth to angling waters: *To North Shore Fishing Resorts:* Lester River 5, French River 12, Sucker River 15, Knife River 20, Two Harbors (Agate Bay) 27, Tower (Vermilion Lake, by rail) 96, Stewart River 30, Encampment Island 35, Gooseberry River 40, Split Rock 45, Beaver Bay 50, Palisades 56, Baptism River 58, Maniteau River 66, Pitit Marais 69, Two Island River 82, Cross River 84, Temperance River 86, Grand Marais (Hotel Mayhew) 106, Devil's Track 111, Brule (North) River 120, Grand Portage 150, Isle Royale (Washington Harbor) 160, Port Arthur, Canada, 200, Lake Nepigon 290. *South Shore Resorts:* Amnicon 15, Brule 30, Apostle Islands 80, Bayfield 100, Pike Lake (Jeff. Daniels), Swan Lake Road, 14 miles from Duluth. *N. P. East, & St. P. M. & O.:* Brule 30, White Birch 40, Gordon 42. *Northern Pacific West:* Spirit Lake 7, Fond du Lac 18, Thompson and Dalles St. Louis 24.

A TWO-POUND TROUT disports itself in an elaborately gotten up aquarium in the show window of A. G. Spalding & Bros., 241 Broadway, this city. This trout and his fellows—a dozen of them—are playing the part of Tantalus, for there are scores and hundreds and thousands of gaudy and inviting flies in the vicinity.

MENOMINEE, Mich.—Should any of the "Kingfishers" come my way I will show them where they can get their fill of the finest fishing. We have black bass, big and small mouths, and the pumpkin seed and 'lunge.—S.E.B.

IN THE LAURENTIDES.

ST. ELIE, County St. Maurice, Quebec.—The Laurentian Mountains, or the Laurentides, are the backbone of the historic Province of Quebec, and are a perfect paradise for the lover of nature and the sportsman. Perhaps the most beautiful portion of the range, as it is certainly the most accessible, is immediately north of the old town of Three Rivers, distant by rail ninety miles from Montreal. Opposite Three Rivers the St. Lawrence is narrow, deep and swift, and here the dark and turbid waters of the St. Maurice, fostered and reared in the kindly Laurentides and their crystal lakes, flow into the St. Lawrence and add to its ever continuing march to the broad and mighty gulf below Quebec. The confluence of the two rivers is marked or divided by the presence of two islands, which form three channels, thus leading the old discoverers of "La Nouville France" to surmise that three rivers entered the St. Lawrence at this point.

Journeying northward from here—the Peles Railway can be used for about thirty miles of the distance, if desired, though many prefer to take a modest buckboard for the whole distance—successive ridges of land are met clothed with scrub pine, the ever present poplar, and various deciduous trees; the ridges bear evidence to the claim of a glacial epoch and to a gradual subsidence of the waters of those cold, distant, mysterious days. By gradual ascents, winding road and under clear blue skies and in a bracing pure air, full of health and appetite, at last the rocky nature of the ground, the precipitous cliffs and innumerable lakes show we are in the Laurentides, where nature's heart beats strong among the hills. These are said by geologists to be the oldest land in existence, and the marks of drifting ice are seen at various points; the face of the cliffs is scarred; boulders of many tons weight lie in impossible places, and mounds of drift gravel, showing the action of water, and seashells can be found almost everywhere. It was the first land to appear after the geological deluge. Here the village of St. Flore is reached, not far distant from the exquisite Shawenegan Falls. The Shawenegan Falls are most picturesque and at the same time grand and majestic. A view of them is alone worth far more than the trouble of the trip, and the splashing and surging of the waters is a continual hymn of musical rhythm and a grand lullaby to the communer with nature. Musing, the moments fly by unnoticed, one is absorbed in the majestic stillness and silence of the forests and the music of the waters.

While the scenery in the Laurentides is magnificent, there is yet a certain grandeur and variety that is most striking and beautiful. It is not on the same extensive scale of heights and distances as the Rocky Mountain scenery, and though of a different type, it is charming and exquisite in its own way. The forests are, as is usually the case, of varied character, though large areas are covered with symmetrical spruce, yet large growths of deciduous trees are of sufficient occurrence to vary the monotony, and trout lakes, possessing a soft loveliness all their own, are met with on every hand, in chains, in groups and in solitary beauty, so that surprises meet the lover of nature in the most charming way. The waters of these lakes are of varied and varying hues; some will be found of that deep brown tinge so common to Canadian forest rivers, others reflect an emerald green, others a deep blue sapphire shade, glinting with every ray of the sun. All are deep and clear and perfectly alive with speckled trout and lakers; some are the homes of bass and pickerel. Rocky are the shores, and spruce and tamarac people the cliffs like an array of silent sentinels; here and there the darker green of the more massive umbrageous pine is seen, a remnant spared by the ruthless lumberman. Across the waters of each large lake echo the cries of the wary loon, changing ceaselessly from a tone of thrilling and piercing sadness almost human in its apparent despair. Paddle your canoe into one of the little bays o'ershadowed, and shallower waters tempt the speckled beauties in here to feed. Cast your fly and you'll have lovely sport, as these waters teem with the *Salmo fontinalis*, and no angler has yet visited them. What! A big one! Aye, a two-pounder and not by any means rare, and sometimes you deceive a three-pounder with the cruel fly, and there are many more. Paddle, paddle over the crystal waters and say not too proudly that Venice was wedded to the Adriatic, the Laurentian lakes are fond mothers to the canoes, and carry them as gently as ever a fondest mother carried a favorite child. The camp-fire glows brightly and cheerily as the sun sinks in the west—a glorious phantasmagoria of color, the beautiful death of day, grand and sad, yet full of hope for the morrow—the shadows creep up as the lingering rays tinge less and less the distant mountain tops and die out, the trees and the waters of the lake look dark and black, and we appreciate the warmth of our camp-fire and its cheeriness. Throw on another log and see the golden stars and bright flames chase and jump in gladsome glee. Sleep on couch of odorous sapin after hearty meal of boiled trout and ham, toasted biscuits, tea and a luxurious pipe, and forget the close confinement and narrow walls of the cities.

This region is fast becoming appreciated. Some years since its only visitors were a few Montreal citizens who had each purchased a lake and erected hunting lodges and passed a couple of the hot months every year with their families away from the dust and smells of the city. Within the past few years, however, several clubs have been formed which have secured fishing properties here, have erected club houses and made most enjoyable retreats for their members. One of these, the Winchester Club, composed of New York, Boston, and three or four Canadian gentlemen, has a number of lakes, a fine club house, excellently equipped, and keeps up a pretty exclusive state of things. The Shawenegan Club is composed of about fifty members, they own a large number of lakes, have built an excellent club house, boat house and ladies' house, and are full of enthusiasm and are very hospitable, having a large number of guests during the season. They have made an excellent road to their property so that one can drive to it without the least trouble, and yet be in the heart of the woods and in complete communion with nature. Membership in the Winchester Club costs $250, and in the Shawenegan $100. Many private gentlemen have erected fishing lodges the past two years and purchased fishing rights. A new club was formed last year, the Laurentian, which has probably the largest membership, and has certainly very valuable fishing rights, as the writer knows by actual experience. The lakes belonging to the Laurentian Club lie within an area of about 150 square miles, the property being bounded on the east by the river St. Maurice, on the north by the river Mattaurin, and on the southeast by the Peche lakes. The lakes of the club are divided into four distinct groups, the most accessible being the Peche lakes and tributaries, about thirty in number. They are exceedingly well stocked with trout of large size. At the first Peche lake two substantial houses have been built for the accommodation of members of the club. The third and fourth Peche lakes, otherwise called Lac Clair and Lac du Français, are pretty little sheets of water and swarm with speckled trout, and these lakes are not more than five miles from the Peles railway station. No more accessible fishing grounds can be found anywhere. Other lakes belonging to this club are Lac Bouchard and Lac la Truite. This is a lake of considerable size and nearly two miles in diameter, its waters are remarkably bright and clear, and contain numbers of large speckled trout as lively and gamy as any angler could desire. Another group of lakes, named after the central and largest one, which is appropriately called Lac Fou, lies some distance to the north of the Peche group. Lac Fou is about four miles long and of very irregular shape. Its most remarkable features are the number of deep bays which radiate in all directions from the main channel, and the near approach of the opposite shores at several different points, affording, to a person seeing it for the first time, a succession of surprises as each new portion, previously unseen, comes into view. It is worthy of notice on account of the number and size of speckled trout it contains. Of sixteen fish caught successively not one was less than two pounds. The other lakes of this group are about eighteen in number. The Laurentian Club has a group on a stream called the McLaren Creek, of five lakes, in which the trout run from ¼ to 2lbs. in weight. The lakes of the fourth group, seventeen in number, are known as the Lacs des Cinq. Their waters flow into the Matawin River, about five miles above the junction of the latter with the St. Maurice. They are unrivaled with regard to the numbers of speckled trout they contain. The membership fee of the Laurentian Club is $25.

Camp life in the Laurentides is a most glowing, healthgiving and glorious experience. All are up at sunrise, and if you want to see a most beautiful and gorgeous sight, come into these regions of hills and lakes. The vault of heaven grows brighter in hue, brighter and warmer to the eye; the tall trees on distant higher levels are welcoming the golden rays, and soon Old Sol himself, with his gladdening power of life and hope, shines down upon our little camp and bids us welcome to regions hitherto his alone. A dip in the clear waters of the lake, a hearty breakfast, and we are off in our canoes exploring the lakes and testing and seeking the best fishing places till near sundown, to return for the hearty meal. In some lakes the markings and color of the trout vary considerably; said to be due to differences in the feeding grounds and bottom. And so the days come and go, till we are forced by other cares and duties to break asunder from this enjoyable existence and return to more practical matters.

The caribou and moose wander about these regions, affording noble sport to those who love the rifle, and the nut brown partridge and wary, gentle woodcock are numerous enough to test one's skill. A bruin can be met with occasionally; so this Laurentian range may truly be designated as a paradise for sportsmen and the lovers of nature. So make up your mind, gentle reader, to see them the coming season.

The fishing in these lakes being the exclusive right of the clubs owning them, the trout are carefully protected during the spawning season, and market-fishing being at all times prohibited, the supply can never be exhausted; so that the members can at all times depend on filling their creels.

W. H. P.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

THE salmon in the Penobscot River at Bangor, Me., still refuse to rise, though the most tempting of flies are being hourly thrown for their amusement. Boston sportsmen are getting a little anxious, and the hint has been thrown by the less hopeful that it is possible that last year was the first year and the last year of that sport there. But it is well to take the conditions into the account, though the salmon are eight or ten days late. In the first place the river is still very high, and the ice went out with a remarkable freshet that threatened to take dam and all with it. But the water is now subsiding somewhat, though still surcharged with the results of melting snow. The remark of a waiting sportsman yesterday is doubtless true, "The water is hardly a degree warmer than clear icewater." Warmer water will doubtless "set the salmon running."

There are no reports of the Sebago Lakes yet being clear, though the ice has started from the shores in many places. It is safe to assume that there will be no landlocked salmon fishing there this week, at the best. Reports of strings of brook trout begin to be heard from different sections of Maine, but there are still reports of snow and ice in the northern and eastern portions. Moosehead Lake is still fast in the ice of winter, though the latest reports speak of the rapid action of the recent warm days on the ice. Still it is not expected that the lake will be clear before the 20th of May. The waters of the Androscoggin Lakes are still ice-bound. I saw Mr. J. B. Straw, superintendent of the Union Waterpower Co., which controls the flowage of these lakes, yesterday, and it is his hope that Richardson Lake and Mooselucmaguntic will be clear by the 20th—10 to 15 days later than last year. Mr. Straw has had many years of experience at the Upper Dam, and his opinion is worth remembering. His is backed up in his notion by several of the older dwellers on these lakes—Capt. Fred C. Barker and Capt. Hewey. Boston sportsmen are getting impatient for these lakes to clear.

Mr. C. P. Stevens, the projector of the Vive Vale camp, built at the Narrows, Richardson Lake, this spring, of which the FOREST AND STREAM has already had an account, was on the grounds where his camp now stands, with rod in hand, last year by May 1. This year he and his partners in the camp do not expect to get started before the 18th to the 20th. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, the artist, who goes to the Upper Dam every year, will not start this year till well into June. Artist Griggs, who has usually accompanied him, will go to the Adirondacks this year. Dr. Haddock, of Beverly, Mass., is waiting for the ice to get out of the Androscoggin lakes. His tackle is ready. He caught an 8-pound trout last year. But the fun of the case was that his brother sportsmen were guilty of a wicked pun that any schoolboy might have made. They said that "the haddock must have been weighed instead of the trout." J. Parker Whitney, the owner of the splendid camp at Mosquito Brook, Lake Molechunkamunk, is about to sail for Europe, so that his jolly face, on board his steam launch, will be missed on that lake the first of the season, at least. He has been a regular visitor there for nearly thirty years. Mr. Sam Betton, another resident or camper on the lake for nearly thirty years, is to be in Philadelphia the first of the season. The Tuttle party, who make up a jolly visit to that splendidly equipped camp, Lake Point Cottage, Rangeley Lake, is about ready to start. The most of the company will leave Boston on Saturday next.

Most of the hotels in the lake regions expect a full run of guests this season, but there is one growing feature they will have to take into account. A good many of the old guides in Maine have, within a couple of years, become camp keepers. They have built camps and furnished them. One of them I have in mind, has written letters to about every sportsman he has ever guided the past winter, telling them of the merits of his new camp, and boasting among other things spring mattresses, and offering to take good care of all who may visit him. The worst feature for the old time hotels is that these guides offer entertainment, including guide, boat and board of both fisherman and guide, for about $4.50 per day, whereas the old price at the regular hotels, including guide, amounted to about $7 per day. Jock Darling, of defying warden fame at Nickatous Lake, has written some of these letters to his former patrons. One of such letters I saw the other day. The gentleman who received it admitted the killing of a deer in the water and acknowledged "that they don't mind the game laws down there." He says that a couple of deerhounds were furnished, he knew not from whence, and the deer was run into the water. Mr. Darling's letter to this gentleman, while it does not propose openly the same sort of sport this year, says that "game will be very plenty" and invites Mr. —— to "come down at any time and we will take good care of you." But Mr. Jock Darling has reckoned without his host this time, or rather without his guest, for the gentleman declares that he has had all of such sport that he wants, and that he never again will be guilty of so cruel a butchery as to kill a deer in the water, driven there by dogs.

SPECIAL.

THE FLOUNDER.—A reporter of the New York evening *Sun* has been interviewing several persons on the subject of flounder fishing. Among others the poet Geoghegan was interviewed and the following is given as the result: "The poet has thrown his brown-hackle and red-ibis upon the surface of complaining brooks in Delaware county; he has lured the long-nosed pickerel from shady pools in the Neversink; he has yanked the juicy bluefish from his environment of blue water; but the catching of all these require action, and the poet is not active. He is dreamy, contemplative, introspective. His favorite haunt is Gowanus Bay. Here he hies him with a pint of bottled bait and angles for the wily flounder. Just where Gowanus Canal ripples into the bay is his favorite spot. Here he sits and makes mental note of his impressions. He has kindly consented that the following beautiful poem, written on the margin of Gowanus's water, should be printed:

"Whin care and noise oppress me,
An' politics makes me sick,
To th' woods I go like a bumble bee
An' whittle a bit iv a sthick.

"An' whin I have it whittled fine
On its end I tie a string,
An' thin this gallus fishing line
In Gowanus Bay I fling.

"Then the flounders come to meet their fate,
While th' bay is soft an' c'am,
An' gobbles me bate, so clane an' so nate
Shure I always fish wid clam."

NEW YORK WATERS.—Two salmon were taken at the eastern end of Long Island on Monday, May 9. They were captured in Fort Pond Bay, which is a few miles west of Montauk Point. The fish weighed 10 and 12lbs., and were sent to Fulton Market. There is no stream near the bay, and the salmon were probably on their way toward some of the rivers of Connecticut, or possibly seeking the Hudson. Last Sunday, May 8, Messrs. Van Dwyer and Smack, shad fishermen of Stapleton, Staten Island, New York Bay, caught in their nets a 15lb. salmon.

A NEW FLOAT.—Mr. Levi W. Clark, of Nashua, N. H., has devised a new buoy or float which has a gripper in the head, from which the line is easily detached, allowing free play while the buoy floats on the surface. The buoy can be adjusted to any length of line, to suit depth of water, and can be taken off without removing sinker or hook.

THE PASSAIC COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, of Paterson, N. J., sends us its printed constitution and by-laws. This society is doing excellent work. The secretary is Mr. Chas. A. Shriner.

"SABLE ISLAND SUPPOSITIONS."

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to a paragraph in your issue of May 5, entitled "Sable Island Suppositions," in which, referring to my article, "An Ocean Graveyard," in the May *Scribner's*, you suggest that I have been guilty of plagiarism from Osgood's "Guide to the Maritime Provinces."

Permit me to say in reply to your charge, which you apparently sustain by quotations, that I am not aware of ever having had a copy of Osgood's Guide in my hands or of ever having encountered quotations from it. As to the resemblance between the passage quoted from my article and the paragraph attributed to Dr. Gilpin, the explanation simply is, that in my MS., as first submitted, due credit was given to Dr. Gilpin for the assistance his graphic account of a visit to the island had afforded me. Editorial exigencies, however, required the compression of the article, and in doing this the passage referring to Dr. Gilpin was omitted.

Asking your early publication of this, I remain, sir, yours very truly,

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

OTTAWA, May 7.

[To show that his uncredited Gilpin extracts were not taken from "Osgood's Guide," Mr. Oxley might have added that his *Scribner's* paper contained more Gilpin matter than is given in the "Guide." This, on further examination, we find to be the case. It makes really no difference where the reprint portions come from; the quotation marks at least should have been retained, and we advise Mr. Oxley in future to insist that his editor must do this in spite of the most exigent call for compression. We suppose that a better regard for quotation marks would have prompted the author of an article on "Sable Island" in *Harper's* for January, 1883, to have given credit for matter there borrowed from Mr. Oxley's *Scribner's* paper of May, 1886.]

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

PROSPECT PARK TROUT PONDS.

IT is proposed to stock some of the lakes of Prospect Park in the city of Brooklyn with brook trout, and then allow a limited amount of fishing when the fish are grown. To this end the Park Commissioners invited Fish Commissioner Blackford and Supt. Fred Mather to inspect the waters on Friday last. The "trout pool" is fed by a large stream of cool water which is pumped from the artesian well and which tumbles over rocks in its descent to the pool. Below this are two other lakes in which trout may thrive. Next season a small hatchery may be put up to show how it is done, as well as to keep up the stock. An inspection of the trout pool showed no sign of animal life, which was accounted for by its having been dry all winter, and having a new gravel bottom put in it. Mr. Mather promised to send down water plants and crustaceans from Cold Spring Harbor, and Mr. Blackford assured the park officers of the hearty co-operation of the State Fish Commission.

A visit to the great lake showed the same lack of vegetation, and also that several gentlemen prominent in political life were taking small perch with rod and line and then returning them to the water. A haul of a small seine brought in some large goldfish, white perch, yellow perch and sunfish; one angler took a black bass with a worm for bait. The fish were small and thin. The white perch were spawning and Mr. Mather took some eggs, impregnated them and left them with the engineer to hatch, if they will. A formal report will be made to the Park Commission by the experts, and their suggestions will be adopted soon. A dinner at the Casino was given to the invited guests and plans for the future of fisheulture in the park were discussed.

SHAD IN THE HUDSON.—With the increase in population and the facilities of transportation the shad in the Hudson River would have been among the things of the past had not artificial propagation stepped in. The efforts of the State of New York in stocking the river have been supplemented for the past four years by the general Government, and in addition to the fish hatched on the river there has been one or more millions of fry sent from the Potomac or Chesapeake by the U. S. Fish Commission. Last week the city markets were so full of shad that no man now in Fulton Market can remember such a catch. On Tuesday May 3, there were 70,000 shad caught between Sandy Hook and Yonkers, and on the next day 75,000 were taken. Mr. Blackford gives us the figures, and assures us that the market never had such a surprise within his memory.

THE DELAWARE COMMISSION.—The term of Commissioner Enoch Moore expired on April 23, and the Governor has appointed Mr. Elwood R. Norny, of Odessa, to fill the vacancy. An appropriation for purposes of fisheulture has also been granted and this, with the assistance of Dr. Shortlidge, who has been carrying on some hatching operations at his own expense, will give the State a start in the right direction. Mr. Norny is interested in seven nets near Port Penn, and proposes, with the assistance of the U. S. Fish Commission, to hatch sturgeon the present season.

CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.—Los Angeles, Cal.—You gave the new Fish Commission for State of California in your issue of April 14, but made a mistake as to the officers. Joseph Routier is the President; Thomas J. Sherwood, Secretary; and I am the other member.—J. DOWNEY HARVEY.

New Publications.

VERPLANCK COLVIN'S BOOK.

ALBANY, April 30.—The most unique report of the many that have come to the Legislature this season and been printed at the expense of the State is Verplanck Colvin's Adirondack State Land Survey. This is a sort of perennial institution that started in 1872 with an appropriation of $1,000, has being going on ever since, and is not finished yet, another appropriation being asked from the present Legislature to continue it. The total cost so far has been $71,775. It is the oldest of the State commissions. The maximum amount expended was $17,500 in 1880, and it has been tapering off since, though $15,000 is now asked for.

The report itself is prettily got up and has a lot of pictures of lakes and mountains and Verplanck Colvin surveying them in it. It is about ten inches by six, and two inches thick, bound in blue cloth, and well printed. On the outside of the cover is stamped a picture of Verplanck Colvin on the top of a frame observation tower. The name of Verplanck Colvin appears at the top of every other page, and "Verplanck Colvin, superintendent" is printed at the top of pictures of lakes and mountains. Colvin is a handsome young man with a fascinating look that any girl would take to at once. His hair is black and curly, his complexion is dark, his moustache curly, and his black eyes have a sad, yearning expression. He is the whole survey, and the report is a sort of annual story of how he spent the last year in the Adirondacks. Here is a sample of a few days' experiences:

HOHEN RANCH.

Nov. 2.—The dry fog which has so plagued us for years still obscures the horizon and cuts off all view of distant signals. Was there ever such provoking weather? If it were summer the guides would say it is "smoke," and advise me to defer observations until "cold weather." Now it is cold weather they have nothing more to say.

Nov. 3.—There are indications of a thaw. If the atmosphere can get thoroughly moistened and we can then have some strong gales the smoke may be cleared away and observations made. I am left with but one man now. The other could remain no longer. It is almost impossible to get men to encamp upon the mountain tops at this time of the year.

Nov. 4.—The haze begins to break away, and I shall get some observations.

Nov. 5.—The last man has deserted, and thus I am alone in camp. Cold and snow were too much for this fellow. Paid him off, and was glad to have him go.

Got some fine observations, although, being alone, I had difficulty in securing the canvas observatory against the high wind which arose at nightfall. Descended, however, at dark to the camp with the work at last accomplished, but had to cut wood, cook my own supper (thawing snow for water), and found housework after dark, with very limited knowledge of the location of utensils, rather difficult. Put out the light at 9 P. M., wrapping up in soft and comfortable blankets, stretched myself on a deep couch of evergreens, and rested well until morning, regardless of catamount or lynx, which had so recently been the discussion of the camp.

There is more like this. At one place the report tells of the red snow that fell. In another chapter he tells of climbing the mountain and camping out. Interspersed as illustrations are photographs of Indians, tripods, signal stations, and rural inhabitants. There has been a big demand for the book, and no wonder, for it is a story of Adirondack adventure printed at State expense. It is hard to see just where the surveying and official part of it comes in, but, the children of all the farming constituents, to whom country Assemblymen send their copies, read it like a real story book.—*Correspondence New York Sun.*

FISHING TACKLE, ITS MATERIALS AND MANUFACTURE. By John Harrington Keene. New York: Ward, Locke & Co. This book of Mr. Keene's is not up to the standard of his former publications, and bears evidence of being hastily written and well padded. In attempting to cover all sorts of fishing tackle, he gives illustrations on pages 30 and 31 of all those barbarous spring hooks which no man pretending to be an angler would use, but modifies the indorsement which he gives them in calling attention to them by saying that some American inventions are "questionable from a sportsman's point of view;" and the question naturally arises, why then does he allow them a place in his book, these spring hooks being only for poachers? He even recommends, Figure 42, the barbless arrangement with a spring point to hold a fish as one which is desirable to dress flies upon. Outside of these exceptions, his article on hooks contains much that is worth reading. Mr. Keene makes a subtle distinction between "reels" and "winches;" the former, he claims, refers exclusively to such contrivance "for winding in the line as are made from substances other than metal, such, for example, as wood, ebonite, vulcanite, etc.," while the winch, on the other hand, is generally composed of metal, a distinction entirely unknown on this side of the Atlantic. In Chapter IV. he makes the assertion that eels are summer spawners, a statement which will be news to all who are familiar with the habits of the eel. The chapter on fly-making gives very plain directions for this art, and, as Mr. Keene is a professional fly maker, it is here that he is at his best. In the matter of rods, he does not approve of the split bamboo rods, notwithstanding the great work done by them at the tournaments, but in their place he recommends a steel-centered rod, with the reel inside the butt, and favors that most abominable contrivance, a spike on the butt of a fly-rod, whereby it may be set in the bank or elsewhere. Our anglers on this side of the water will be slow to accept Mr. Keene as an authority on rods. Anglers will find many good points in the book, notwithstanding the fact that they might have been boiled down in lesser compass. It is profusely illustrated, the figures covering many things that are useful as well as much that is otherwise, and for the few useful hints which the book contains many anglers will think it worth perusal.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **4968.**

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

ENTRIES FOR 1887—DOGS BORN IN 1886.

GUYMARD (J. M. Cochrane, Philadelphia, Pa.), liv&w pointer dog, June 25 (Croxteth—Gwendoline).

GO-BANG AND MERRY LEGS (O. W. Donner, Coosaw, S. C.), liv&w pointer dog and bitch, Feb. 18 (Graphic—Leach's Bloomo).

FOXCHASE (Richard V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.), liv&w pointer dog, July 16 (Mainspring—Lady Beaufort).

STANTON (Ed. Dexter, Boston, Mass.), liv&w pointer dog, March 12 (Kinney's Spot—Shieffer's Dora).

JACK MODOC, b&w setter dog, July 25 (Buckellew—Ida).

COUNTESS POPPET (Sanborn Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.), bw&t setter bitch, Jan. 9 (Count Noble—Lit).

OSSIAN (P. I. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.), liv&w pointer dog, May 8 (Croxteth—Amine).

CHIEF (John B. Downing, Middleport, O.), liv&w pointer dog, April 4 (Croxteth—Trinket).

TRINKET'S COUNTESS (Paul Francke, St. Joseph, Mo.), liv&w pointer bitch, April 4 (Croxteth—Trinket).

DASHING JOE (H. E. Hamilton, Hackensack, N. J.), bw&t setter dog, July 6 (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

GLADRIGO (J. O'H. Denny, Pittsburgh, Pa.), bw&t setter dog, April 3 (Count Noble—Gladys).

LULU C. (Sanborn Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.), bw&t setter bitch, July 22 (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

GLADYS NOBLE (S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Pa.), bw&t setter bitch, Aug. 3 (Count Noble—Gladys).

SIM BONDHU (A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.), bw&t setter dog, June 1 (Gus Bondhu—Bo-Peep).

DAVE R. (James F. Fisher and R. M. Dudley, Nashville, Tenn.), lem&w setter dog, April 13 (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).

MISS DUDLEY (Middle Tennessee Kennels, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.), bw&t setter bitch, June 1 (Gath's Hope—Lady M.).

RUSTIC (D. S. Gregory, New York), lem&w pointer dog, July 19 (Bracket—Lucia).

MERRY GIRL (H. S. Barney, Ashland, Wis.), bb setter bitch, May 12 (Count Noble—Blanche Gladstone).

ROMEO (John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.), liv&w pointer dog, June 28 (Graphic—Seph G.).

CLARA (Seelin & Porter, Harrisburg, Pa.), bw&t setter bitch, June 20 (Roybel—Lucy).

BRAVO (W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y.), o&w setter dog, May 22 (Dash Dale—Dot B.).

PRIDE OF M. (Robt. M. Hutchings, Galveston, Tex.), lem&w pointer bitch, April 14 (Bang Bang—Zannetta).

LATANIA, HECTOR, NOBLE DIDO, BILLY B. (W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), bw&t setter bitch and three dogs, May 21 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

LIT II. (W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati, O.), bw&t setter bitch, July 21 (Rodney—Lit).

ROGER WILLIAMS, ANNA HUTCHINSON (L. W. White), lem&w pointer dog and bitch, Aug. 20 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

DEXTER, LIZZIE LEE (Highland Kennels, Red Bank, N.J.), liv&w pointer dog and bitch, April 7 (Nick—Tuck).

TERRY OF KEYSTONE (Highland Kennels), liv&w pointer dog, Oct 17 (Robert le Diable—Beau Beau).

CINCINNATUS (J. E. Doyer, Toledo, O.), bw&t setter dog, May 22 (Count Noble—Dido II.).

TOLEDO BLADE (J. E. Doyer, Toledo, O.), bw&t setter dog, May 21 (Roderigo—Lillian).

ALF NOBLE, BOYD NOBLE, ZORAYA (Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga.), bw&t setter dog, b&t dog, and bw&t bitch, Aug. 17 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

CINCH, ROD'S ROWDY, MISS THOMPSON (Memphis and Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn.), bw&t setter dogs and bitch, June 2 (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

CLAUDE, JOEY B. (Memphis and Avent Kennels), bw&t setter dogs, May 20 (Roderigo—Lillian).

BELLE MANDAN, PEARL MANDAN, ROSE MANDAN (R. B. Morgan, Akron, O.) lemon belton and black belton setter bitches, June 25 (Mandan—Prairie Belle).

LADY ZEAL (Jno. E. Gill, Franklin, Pa.), liv&w pointer bitch, May 8 (Croxteth—Amine).

SUNSHINE, TEMPEST, NORA (Latonia Kennels, Covington, Ky.), bw&t setter bitches, Jan. 8 (Count Noble—Lit).

DON (Ramapo Kennels, Mahwah, N. J.), o&w setter dog, Feb. (Clifford—Jersey Queen).

DALGAROOKY, DAGABURT (Chas. H. Odell, N. Y.), lem&w pointers, Aug. 20 (Bang Bang—Lalla Rookh).

NASO OF DEVONSHIRE (Floyd Vail, N. Y.), liv&w pointer dog, May 15 (Nick of Naso—Devonshire Queen).

FROLIC BONDHU (Jno. P. Gray, Utica, N. Y.), b&w setter bitch, March 19 (Gus Bondhu—Model Druid).

MAYFLOWER (Geo. L. Wilms, Jersey City), o&w pointer bitch, May 8 (Nick of Naso—Temptation).

DAN PETREL (W. Tallman, N. Y.), lem&w setter dog, Feb. 5 (Don Juan—Petrel III).

WALLINGFORD (Jess. M. Whaite, Newton, N. C.), b&w setter dog, July 4 (Sam Sterritt—Flora Bee).

LADY MINGO (J. M. Whaite), bw&t setter bitch, July 9 (Mingo—Zoe W.)

MINGO II., NELLIE W. (W. H. Wallingford, Newport, Ky.) b&w setter dog and bitch, July 9 (Mingo—Zoe W.).

BERTRAM (Philip S. P. Randolph, Philadelphia, Pa.) liv&w pointer dog, May 9 (Guess—Viola).

POTEEN, BRIAN BORHUE (T. S. & F. W. Parrott, Bridgeport, Conn.), red setter bitch and dog (Gerald—Judy).

COUNT NOBLE, JR. J. OTTO DONNER, DAISY FAIR OAKS, GEORGE E., WATERFORD, SMOKE, LADY (Pittsburgh Kennels, Pittsburgh, Pa.).

MARS (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), b&w pointer dog, April 10 (Bang Bang—Modesty).

AEROLITE (F. R. Hitchcock), liv&w pointer bitch, Aug. 5 (Bang Bang—Moonstone).

LITTLE GIFT ((Bert Crane, Chicago, Ill.), bw&t setter bitch, May 12 (Roderigo—Queen Bess).

RODERIGO'S ACE (Jas. H. Trezevant, Dallas, Texas), bw&t setter dog, June 7 (Roderigo—Countess House).

LALLA CROXTETH (Greenfield Kennels, N. Y.), liv&w pointer bitch, June 25 (Croxteth—Lady Gwendoline).

COUNT NOBLE, JR. (Ohio Kennels, Washingtonville, O.), bw&t setter dog, June 25 (Count Noble—Delle).

BANG SO (Francis F. Lane, New York), liv&w pointer dog, (Bang Bang—Underhill's Jane).

DELL B. (A. P. Gardner, Hamilton, Mass.), bw&t setter bitch, April 9 (Roderigo—Gypsey Maid).

BONITA (A. P. Gardner, Hamilton, Mass.), o&w setter bitch, Feb. 9 (Buckellew—Jolly Daisy).

GLEN OF NASO (Robert Garrett, N. Y.), liv&w pointer dog, May 8 (Nick of Naso—Temptation).

HUGUENOT (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.), liv&w pointer dog, July (Croxteth—Lady Gwendoline).

W. A. COSTER, Secretary.

WHY DOES A DOG TURN ROUND?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apropos of the discussion touching the canine habit of turning about and trampling before lying down, it may be well to cite the great authority, Darwin, who, in his "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," says: "Dogs, when they wish to go to sleep on a carpet or other hard surface, generally turn round and round and scratch the ground with their forepaws in a senseless manner, as if they intended to trample down the grass and scoop out a hollow, as no doubt their wild parents did, when they lived on open grassy plains or in the woods. Jackals, fennecs, and other allied animals in the zoological gardens, treat their straw in this manner, but it is a rather odd circumstance that the keepers, after observing for several months, have never seen the wolves thus behave. A semi-idiotic dog—and an animal in this condition would be particularly liable to follow a senseless habit—was observed by a friend to turn completely round on a carpet thirteen times before going to sleep."

As confirmatory of Darwin's theory, another authority, Mr. Jesse, says in his *Gleanings* that dogs in a wild state "seek long grass for their beds, which they beat down and render more commodious by turning round in it several times," and attributes the same habit in domestic dogs to instinct, *i. e.*, to inherited tendency.

If a layman in such matters may presume to supplement these opinions, I would say that dogs doubtless seek to "scoop out a hollow" in order to produce a bed which is comfortable both by reason of its form and because it affords some grateful protection from cold at one season and heat and annoying insects at another. And again, in turning and trampling the feet of the animal are likely to come in contact with objects—such as stones, sticks and stubble—that might render the bed very uncomfortable; and if they prove too large or immovable another place may be selected before lying down. But it is to be noted this formality and precaution are not observed if the dog happens to be very weary, for he then throws himself down where a place offers, regardless of everything but the much-coveted rest.

It is the common impression that the habit referred to is confined to dogs, wild and domestic; but all who are familiar with the habits of horned cattle must have noticed that they too sometimes practice it; but whether solely for the same reason is possibly open to some doubt.

That habits are often persisted in uselessly by both man and the lower animals after the causes that gave rise to them have ceased to exist, is a fact so easy of proof that no one can sensibly question it. The above-mentioned cases are evidence in point. POTOMAC.

The most plausible explanation I have ever met for the dog's turning around before lying down I have not yet seen given in the FOREST AND STREAM. It is that in a state of nature the wild dog usually made his bed in the tall grass or rushes and that he was accustomed to turn about several times to construct a "form" in which he might lie by trampling the grass and weeds under his feet and bending them about him. Now, although he no longer makes his bed in the long grass, instinct still leads him to follow the old habit. JAY BEEBE.

BOGUS PEDIGREES.—This is a sweet note, and it would be sweeter if we had permission to give the name of the St. Paul, Minn., man who sent it: "No. 32 Mannheimer Block, St. Paul.—*Dear Doctor:* Can you give me any name for Belle, which will show her pedigree? I can find a dog fancier here who wants her to breed from, but a pedigree is desired. If it was a fictitious one it would answer. If you cannot give her pedigree, can you give the name of some kennel of Laveracks from which a dog like her might have come? and if not can you give me any clue to follow so that I may get her pedigree?"

SPANIEL STANDARDS.—Hornellsville, N. Y., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "I take it for granted that the standard fairly and honestly established by any specialist club for the breed they represent is to be accepted as portraying an ideal of what the breed should be."—W. WADE, in FOREST AND STREAM, May 5. Judges and members of all specialist clubs, especially the Spaniel Club, cut the above out and paste it in your hat, for the expression has sufficient merit to become, and mark my words it will become, classical.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE eleventh annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club closed on Friday night, having had good weather and a very fair attendance throughout. It is said that the show more than cleared expenses.

In many respects this show stands out prominently among others which have been held in New York. On the one hand, the benching and all the interior arrangements were far better than we have ever seen before at New York. The attendants were more civil and obliging, and seemed to take better care of the dogs; there were none of the unseemly exhibitions of horseplay and skylarking on the part of these men which have taken place in former years, and which have made it seem that the persons selected to care for the animals had been picked up from the streets. The men were attentive and active, though they were heavily handicapped by the absurd system of benching, which permitted an exhibitor who happened to be the owner of a fox-terrier, a pointer and a mastiff to bench all his dogs together, an arrangement which of necessity hid two of the dogs far away far from the remainder of their class, and made it difficult, if not impossible, to find them when the time came for judging the classes to which they belonged. Of this system we said a year ago: "This method has to recommend it only the fact that it saves a keeper a few steps in caring for the animals, and that it pleases the owner, who likes to see his dogs together. The men whose duty it is to take the animals into the judging ring suffer, however, and the reporters, who also have to find the dogs, and above all the intelligent visitor, who desires to compare certain dogs in the class, is greatly inconvenienced by the confusion. This sort of thing should not be tolerated. The dogs should be benched in order, the classes and the numbers following one another in regular rotation." What we said then is just as true now as it was last year.

The garden was light and well ventilated. Some unpleasant odor was noticed for a little while on Thursday afternoon, but it soon passed off. We have never seen better arrangement for cleanliness and for exercising.

The catalogue called for 976 dogs, and of these over 80 were announced as not for competition in the regular classes. This reduced the number of competitors to less than 900, from which must be taken the absentees. A comparison of the catalogue entries can be made from the following table:

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENTRIES.

BREEDS.	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887
Mastiffs	26	18	20	36	24	36	61	40	42	44	36
St. Bernards	17	16	14	33	24	52	64	97	73	92	104
Berghunde	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	5	..	..	..
Newfoundlands	12	13	20	25	7	20	8	15	17	11	9
Greyhounds	18	23	15	15	28	28	20	16	10	24	18
Deerhounds	9	4	5	7	4	11	5	18	14	15	20
Pointers	121	83	128	134	125	144	112	149	100	96	113
English setters	203	123	157	235	160	172	159	150	77	102	101
Black & tan setters	65	64	73	74	91	58	56	53	36	38	14
Irish setters	149	108	158	135	97	99	97	105	84	67	62
Chesapeake Bay	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	4	1	..
Irish water spaniels	11	17	8	7	10	17	6	2	1	1	4
Field spaniels	32	18	31	41	43	56	8	13	20	19	17
Clumber spaniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Cocker spaniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	39	59	49
Foxhounds	14	46	9	9	18	16	10	13	5	14	7
Beagles	6	5	15	13	36	13	10	22	26	31	24
Basset hounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	8	2
Dachshunde	16	11	8	9	17	12	6	11	19	10	11
Fox-terriers	25	36	45	63	69	60	56	78	50	89	79
Collies	8	19	16	31	50	60	71	72	85	103	86
Bulldogs	10	10	8	19	15	14	23	20	17	12	26
Bull-terriers	11	29	36	31	23	24	15	19	34	25	30
Skye terriers	23	17	15	16	19	12	12	14	7	8	7
Irish terriers	..	..	..	..	4	3	5	..	4	5	8
Rough terriers	..	..	..	..	5	10	4	14	11	2	4
Black and tans	13	20	13	9	6	14	8	6	9	6	5
Dandie Dinmonts	10	3	8	6	5	6	4	3	6	3	2
Bedlington terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	7	3
Yorkshire terriers	..	39	26	26	30	18	22	53	30	19	25
Toy terriers	21	12	9	18	5	10	10	11	13	8	17
Pugs	27	30	23	33	22	32	40	47	31	23	23
Toy spaniels	8	13	13	9	13	15	10	15	18	29	22
Italian greyhounds	6	14	9	10	10	..	6	5	5	6	9
Poodles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	15	20
Miscellaneous	23	8	27	38	23	18	26	11	28	19	12
Retrievers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Great Danes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6
English bloodhounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1

Of the above, 1 mastiff, 14 St Bernards, 32 pointers, 8 English setters and 25 collies were entered as not for competition in the regular classes.

Just how many absentees there were we do not know, but we understand that out of the 113 pointers entered only 62 competed for the prizes. As nearly as we can get at it the number of dogs present and for competition was between 725 and 750—nearer the former than the latter.

After a very brief and superficial examination of the spaniel classes on the opening day of the show, we stated that these were good. A more critical inspection of the dogs obliges us to reverse this statement, spaniels were poor, worse even than at Hartford.

It seems inevitable that we should have bad judging at New York. Last year it was as bad as bad could be, this year it was scarcely better. Many of the classes were slaughtered. Pointers, setters, St. Bernards, spaniels, deerhounds and others suffered. Of course we expect mistakes to be made, but it will not do to have all the awards wrong. It is curious, as well as unfortunate, that so many of our judges are unable to stick to any one type of dog. They seem to have in their mind no clear idea of what a perfect dog of any special breed should be, but select for first prize a dog of one type, give second to an animal of another, and distribute their other prizes in a sort of haphazard way, which cannot fail to be very confusing to exhibitors who depend on the judges' decisions for their ideas of the type of dog which they should strive to breed. We had striking examples of this at New York in some of the classes, while in others—notably the fox-terrier class—the judge, with some of whose decisions we are obliged to differ—certainly kept to his type throughout.

At this, the last of the important shows of the year, it seems proper to speak of an abuse which is beginning to creep into our shows. At Hartford and Philadelphia the pointer Naso of Kippen was taken away, after he had won his prizes, on a veterinarian's certificate. At Hartford a beagle was taken out the same way, and it has been stated that these dogs were taken out in order that they might be conditioned for coming shows. If this is the case a manifest injustice is done other exhibitors. If a dog is really sick there is no reason why he should not be permitted to go home, but no certificate should be given unless the owner is really entitled to it.

MASTIFFS—(MR. MEAD).

The quality of these classes—thanks to Mr. Moore—was somewhat better than last year. Homer, the home-bred son of Cato, and Ilford Caution, the grand-headed son of Crown Prince, were the entries in the champion class for dogs. The blue ribbon was given to Homer, and we scarcely need say that it should have gone to Caution. The Melrose dog outscores his opponent so very many points in head, size and character, that the Winlawn Kennels' representative cannot fairly regain the lost points with his better loin, quarters and hocks. Prussian Princess probably scored her last win in the champion class at this show, and must soon make way for The Lady Clare, Lady Dorothy and one or two other better ones. A good bitch always, but never quite first-class, she has had a successful career in this country. Prince Waldemar, who has not been exhibited since he made his *début* at Boston two years ago, was correctly placed at the head of the open class for dogs. He shows considerable true mastiff character, but is too small and is rather deficient in muzzle, eyes and bone. He has neat ears and excellent coat and color. Pharaoh, that should have been second last year, equalized things this year by taking the prize from a better dog, and is now even with the New York judges. His place on this occasion should have been occupied by Orion. This gigantic son of Boatswain and Nelly has many points to commend him. His muzzle, while too long, is square in outline; he has plenty of ear, is too flat in rib and would do with more bone. His skull is much above the average, loin and quarters excellent, legs straight as gun barrels, capital feet. Boss, third prize, got more than he deserved. He is not of correct type, and was shown very much too fat. We would have placed Waldemar first, Orion second and Pharoah third, with Boss vhc. Hildebert, vhc., is still very light and shelly; he would have been plenty for him. Vulcan, hc., was vhc. last year. Duke is not a show dog—very poor head. Kaffir, hc., is leggy and light, has a bad head, and shows very little character. Jag, hc., has a domed skull and heavy ears; in fact, a very houndy head. He was a lucky dog. Argus, c., has a long, houndy head and very poor coat; he should not have been noticed. Minting was entered in this class, but did not compete. He came on to take care of the Mastiff Club's challenge cup for the best mastiff dog, and won it, with many points to spare. This is a magnificent specimen of the modern mastiff, and keeps on improving. He outclassed everything in his class. First in the bitch class was fairly won by The Lady Clare. This good-looking bitch was very fully described in our Philadelphia report. Her condition was a credit to those who have her in hand. Leaving Lady Dorothy out of the question, she is the best mastiff bitch in America. The judge very properly reversed the Boston decision by placing Southern Belle over Lady Gladys. Her ladyship is now a cripple and should be retired. We are surprised that her owner should have thought that a breeder of mastiffs would indorse the Boston award in her favor. We were the first in this country to say a good word for this bitch's many sterling qualities, but dogs must be judged as they are and not by what they may have been in the past or may be in the future. Southern Belle is well known to your readers. Lady Dorothy was absent. German Empress, vhc., should have been third instead of Lady Gladys. She is fairly good in skull, but lacks volume of muzzle, and would do with more bone. Gypsey, c., is houndy in head and her heavy ears are not black. She is also light of bone and leggy. Puppies, as usual, were a poor lot. Who will be the first American to breed a high-class mastiff? At present the odds are in favor of Boston. Homer, Jr., first prize in the class for dogs, will not develop into a good one. His head is not first-class and his ears are much too large. In body he is fairly good at present. Noble Caution is not good in head and ears, neither is his body first-class. Bruno, hc., will not make a show dog. His long houndy head will always put him on a back seat. Duchess, a daughter of Ilford Caution, was the best puppy shown; she was first at Boston. Topsy, second prize, is sister to the winner in the dog class, and has the same defects.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The quality of these classes was about the same as last year, when Mr. Tucker judged, but the dogs were not nearly so well handled, and considerable dissatisfaction was manifest. It was conceded that the classes should have been better judged than on any previous occasion, seeing that the judge received the entries and had the dogs' records before him, as well as the opinions of competent authority. We hope the judge's memory failed him or that he got badly mixed, as we would be sorry to think such awards were made after careful consideration. Mastiffs and St. Bernards are very large classes, and a large sum of money is invested in them, and for these reasons, if for no others, only judges of acknowledged experience and ability should be intrusted to handle them. The blunders made in these classes emphasize the opinions recently expressed on such questions in these columns. Merchant Prince, Otho and Duke of Leeds competed in the champion class for rough-coated dogs, and the prize was given to the former. We protest most emphatically against this and the like awards as not being in accordance with the requirements of any standard that has ever been adopted or suggested. That Merchant Prince and Otho are good dogs, and able to hold their own in keen competition, is well known, but they are not of the same class as Mr. Hearn's magnificent dog, and the latter was shown in superb condition. In loin and quarters Merchant Prince is better than Duke of Leeds, and in carriage of tail he is decidedly better. We must not be understood as meaning to convey the impression that Duke of Leeds is bad either in loin or hindquarters, for such is not the case. He is very good behind the back ribs for so large a dog, but Merchant Prince is better. In head, eyes, chest, coat, color, markings, forelegs, expression, character and quality the Duke of Leeds is clearly ahead of Mr. Moore's good looking dog, and should have won hands down. Before the withers Otho can beat either Duke of Leeds or Merchant Prince, but he fails behind. Rhona, Swiss Beda and Miranda competed in the champion class for bitches, and Rhona was properly given the prize. They are well known. Barry II., a white and brindle dog, shown by Mr. W. J. Ehrich, was the best dog in the open class and was given first. He is deficient in muzzle and stop, carries his tail very badly and is not well marked; he also stands back a bit at the knees, and is not first-class either in eyes or expression. In other respects he is a good dog. Hadjar, second prize, has put on flesh and was rightly placed second. But whatever the judge could see in the third prize winner is a mystery to us. The dog does not show a particle of St. Bernard character. He has wretched head, ears and eyes, and is as bad behind as he is in front; coat and color all wrong. To make matters worse he has not a tooth in his head and was shown as fat as a pig. There were at least twelve better dogs in the class. Third should have gone to Eiger, with Visp II. and Alvier next in order of merit. Rex, unnoticed, while faulty in head, legs and feet, is a much better dog than the third prize winner, and so is Bronze. Ajax, who was not mentioned, is deficient in head and is not straight in front, but a much better dog than the third prize winner, and Lord Randolph, c., fairly outclassed him. This dog deserved another letter. He is faulty in head and tail and his coat is not good; still, he beats the third prize winner, and Dare, Mountaineer and St. Triphon. The quality in this class was not good for a large show. In the bitch class St. Bride, in nice form, was the best, but why second was given to Duchess of Leeds we cannot say. She has a very poor head, is light of bone, and her markings and tail are certainly not correct. Leaving points entirely out of the question, her condition alone should have kept her back. Norah, hc., and well known, was about the best bitch in the class. Sheba, vhc., in same ownership, is not so good a bitch. Recluse, reserve, is not so good as Norah. These bitches are well known to our readers. Puppies were very poor; not a good one in the lot. Apollo, Hector, Montrose and Don II. were the entries in the champion class for smooth-coated dogs and as was expected the former won. Hector has improved on his puppy form, and while not so large as Apollo, he outclasses him in head, is better in loin and quite his equal in other respects; he should have won with several points to spare. Apollo's houndy head does not improve with age, and heavy work in the stud has weakened his loin and quarters. He does not transmit his hound qualities and is still a valuable stud dog, but we fail to understand how a judge of the breed could place him first in the company he met on this occasion. Victor Joseph, a dog of altogether different type, was selected for the blue ribbon in the next class and was well placed first. He is in the same ownership as Apollo, and if the latter was the best dog in the champion class Victor Joseph was clearly not entitled to the prize in this class. There is not a particle of consistency in such work and the award of first to Victor Joseph, if just, and we are sure it was, is evidence conclusive that Apollo was not the best dog in his class. Victor Joseph is a young dog of more than ordinary merit. His muzzle would be improved by depth and squareness; his back is a trifle slack and his ribs might be carried further back; good chest and quarters; forelegs not quite straight, has lots of bone and excellent feet. His body marking is not correct and his coat is too long. With the exception of coat, color and markings, he is a much better dog than Apollo. Lecco, second prize, is not first-class in head, and is a trifle slack in back; good chest and loin, quarters and hocks straight, forelegs not quite straight and light of bone. He was closely pressed by Rigi, who is well known. Wotan and Eric have been fully described in these columns. Belle of Sterling, Flora II., Alma II., winners in the bitch class, are well known. Peter, first in the class for dog puppies, is not good in head, and not likely to develop into a future winner. The unnamed puppy, placed second, is too young to say much about, but we fancy he will make a better dog than the first prize winner. A poor class. The winner in the corresponding bitch class was sold the first day of the show and taken out of the building. We wonder when this sort of thing is to be stopped; it should not be tolerated at a well-conducted show. The second prize winner is not good in head and will not be found in the van next season. These were the only entries in the class. A poor showing. Mr. Haines made quite a large entry, but his kennel did not compete for any of the prizes.

NEWFOUNDLANDS AND GREAT DANES—(MR. BARLOW).

These classes were poorly represented. In the one for Newfoundlands first prize was properly withheld and second given to Nicholas, a very ordinary specimen. He is good in coat, back and loin, but his snipy muzzle, faulty eyes and straight hocks will always keep him back in fairly good company. Gypsey, faulty in muzzle, eyes, quarters, tail and coat, was second. The others were a wretched lot—black dogs and nothing more. Don Cæsar is many points ahead of Leo and easily won the ten dollars offered for the best Great Dane. There were some very seedy looking specimens in this class.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

The judge was all at sea with these classes, except when it was impossible for him to get wrong. Chieftain and Wanda, as usual were the champions. In the open class for dogs Robber Chieftain, carefully handled by his owner, took first, and second was given to Garry. He has heavy drop ears, light eyes, is down at shoulders, long cast, rather straight in hocks, very wide in front and heavy in shoulders, with legs badly placed and very crooked—not a show dog. Galck was third. He is an undersized dog with no pretensions to show form. Highland Laddie, vhc., is worth a hundred such dogs as the second and third prize winners. Bras was absent. Highland Laddie should, of course, have been second. The judge appeared to know the winners in the bitch class and the first and second were properly placed. Lady Boswell, given third, is not a show bitch. She has a bad head, short neck, is down at the shoulders and not well sprung in the ribs, flat in loin, travels with her hocks close together and is light of bone and undersized. Her coat is fairly good. Six puppies were shown and the prizes went to Mr. Thayer, who showed Robber Chieftain, King of the Forest, Theodora and Lorna Secunda. We shall hope another year to see these classes handled by a competent judge.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

There was only one entry (Mother Demdike) in the champion class, and the open classes were filled with the worst lot of weeds we have seen this year. The management is alone to blame for this falling off in quality. First prize was withheld in the open dog class and second given to Joe Jumper, who is not a show dog. Third prize was given to Beauty, also a bad one. There were three entries in the class. First in bitches was given to Psyche, probably on account of her color. She is a "prick-eared one" with light quarters. Dora, second prize, while not a show bitch is better than the winner. Her head won't do for the bench. Satchel, third prize, was second at Boston and is also a poor specimen. Queen in Black, second at Hartford (first withheld for want of merit), was first in the puppy class. Maud S., second prize, is a better bitch, but will not make a good one.

POINTERS—(MR. DONNER).

In champion dogs over 55lbs., Robert le Diable, in the absence of Nick of Naso, had a walk over. He was in good condition; better than at Boston. In the heavy weight bitch class there were no entries. In the open dog class Tammany took first. Our opinion of him has often been given. Drake, second, is a strong, coarse dog, and was not in good condition. The same is true of Neversink, who is wide in front and very throaty. Shirley, vhc., Joe and Captain Fred, hc., and Glen, c., deserve no special mention. This was a very rough class. We thought the prizes well placed. In bitches over 50lbs., first went to Tuck, transferred from Class 39. She was undoubtedly the best in her class, though not a first-rater. Belle, second, has rather a coarse head and neck, but is otherwise a fair bitch, and deserved the reserve card. Jilt, third, deserved her place. Madge, reserve, transferred from Class 39, should have been second. Jewel and Lady each c. In the light weight dog class, first went to Mr. Hitchcock's new dog Duke of Hessen. He is in many respects a good one, but has light eyes, neck not clean, is a little faulty in quarters and has a bad tail. Third went, and rightly, to Vanderbilt, weak-headed and with badly carried ears. Puck, a pretty bad one, deserved third. Naso of Devonshire, vhc. reserve, was described at Newark. Bang Grace, vhc., is not so good as Bon Ton, having bad head and bad shoulders. The latter is coarse in head, but a better dog. Penelope, who took c. at Boston, was first here. She is weedy and snipy, but has good quarters, legs and feet. Kent Queen, third, snipy, legs badly placed, should have been first. Anna Hutchinson, second—whose name in the puppy class is Williams—seemed to have a deformed chest, but was taken away before we had an opportunity to examine her closely. Pocahontas, vhc. reserve, is very coarse in head. Nell, vhc., is weak in head, wide in front and rather light of bone. She deserved her card in this class. Frank has a poor head. In dog puppies, Ned B., fully described in our Hartford report, took first. Jersey Bang Bang, second, has a poor head, is bad in shoulders, forelegs and feet, has a fairly good body and straight stifles. He was worth about hc. Naso of Devonshire, vhc. reserve, well known, should have had second. The others were not worth mention. In bitch puppies, Pansy was first. She should have changed places with Mayflower, who was third, and was described at Newark. Pansy is faulty in head, leggy and light. Wanda, second, has a poor head, light of bone, bad feet, and lacks substance generally. She was not worth more than hc. It is a fitting commentary on the quality of the pointers at this show to allude to the fact that Tuck, first in her class at New York, took hc. Boston, and Penelope, first in hers here, took c. at Boston.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. DONNER).

In champion dogs, Royal Albert, transferred from the open class, met and defeated Rockingham. He has been fully described in our previous reports, but was looking bet

ter than we have before seen him. We preferred Rockingham for first place. Royal Prince II., transferred from the open class, was in good condition. In the bitch class, Cora of Wetherall won easily. In open dogs, Rollo, who won first, has already been described. He was entitled to third. First ought to have gone to Roger, who got c. He has a short head and light eyes, but good neck, shoulders, legs and feet, good back, loin and stifle, and well-sprung ribs, with fair depth of chest. Prince Royal II., second, has a fair head and neck, good feet, legs, shoulders and loins, and his ribs are fairly well sprung, but his chest is not deep enough. We thought he deserved a reserve card. Second ought to have gone to the unnoticed Dashing Rover, whose good head, neck, shoulders, feet and legs, fair back, loin, thighs and stifle should have carried him so far, notwithstanding his rather flat ribs. Pride of Dixie, third, was in bad condition. He has been already described. He did not deserve more than he, in such company. Blue Dan, hc., was in fair condition, and deserved another letter. Cecil, vhc., deserved his card; 349 in this class was a pointer. In the bitch class first went to the Blackstone Kennels' Lulu. She should have had a vhc. card. Daisy Foreman, often described in our reports, got second, and we thought deserved the place. Third went to Haphazard, a better bitch than either of the foregoing, who should have had first place. She has a good head and neck, fairly good chest, shoulders, feet and legs, but is a trifle low in the back with rather flat ribs. Coat and color good. Chautauqua Belle, vhc., ought to have had the reserve card. She has a fine head and neck; good chest, shoulders and back; fair legs and feet; is a trifle flat in ribs and droops a little in quarters. She will probably be heard from again. Third prize should have gone to Saddlebags, unnoticed, whose fair head and neck, fairly good shoulders, chest, legs and feet, well sprung ribs and good back and loins ought to have brought her over the lucky ones that came in ahead of her. Wee Clara, bad at both ends, deserved her vhc. card, and Lady Rock, c., was certainly entitled to another letter. In dog puppies Westmoreland, second at Pittsburgh, took first. He was the best of the lot. Second went to Bravo, a strong, fairly good puppy, correctly placed. In bitch puppies Lady Rockingham deserved the first, which she got, but Donna, second, was far too liberally dealt with, as she is a bad one.

[IRISH SETTERS—(MR. PIERCE).

In champion dogs first was given to Elcho, Jr., who is well known. He was shown in good form. Second was given to Tim. The awards were correct. In champion bitches first went to Mollie Bawn, often described. She should have been content with second place, and Laura B., transferred from the open class, ought to have had first. Zella Glenduff took second. Open dogs were a poor class. Begorra, first, fairly deserved his prize in this company, but the same cannot be said of Glencho's Boy, second, whom we should have placed third. He has a coarse head and neck, good shoulders, back and loins, long, poor legs, with good feet, coat and color. Bismarck, third, is a better dog. His head, though rather heavy, is well shaped, and his shoulders, legs, feet, back, loins and quarters are good; stifles well bent; his color is poor. Chief II. well deserved his card. Open bitches were a poor lot. Lulu III., the winner, has a fairly good head and neck, with shoulders too short and upright, fair legs and feet, good back and loins, fair quarters with excellent coat and color. She was properly placed. Second went to M'liss, a large, strong bitch, good in color and coat. She got all she deserved. Noreen IV., third, is a strong, good bitch, but rather coarse. Bessie Glencho, vhc., is weak in head and very leggy. Nellie Husted, vhc., has been already described. Irish Laddie, first, and Andy, second, have been described before. They were properly placed. Chieftain, vhc., is weak in head, with good shoulders, legs, feet, chest, back and loin; his color is good. He deserved his card. Jack Malone, hc., is a strong, coarse puppy, in poor condition. Ruby Glencho, first in bitch puppies, has not a good head and neck, but her shoulders are excellent, and her feet, legs, back, loin, quarters, stern, coat and color are good. She deserved her place. Red Belle, second, is weak in head and a little light in bone, but has fair neck, shoulders and chest, and good back and loin. She is light in color. Hazlenut III., third, has good head and neck, poor legs and feet, is light in chest, has fair back and loin, poor thighs and stifles, good coat and color.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS—(MR. PIERCE)

In champion dogs or bitches Royal Duke, already described, was shown in good condition and had a walk over. In open dogs there were but four entries. Don (Day's), first, is a dog of few weak points and has excellent coat and color. Don (Friedlander's), second, has neither the form nor color of the winner. His tan is too dark. He deserved the place. Bruce, third, has grown too wide in front and has lost his form. We would have given him a reserve card and third to Bush, a strong coarse dog lacking quality. In bitches first went to Madge. She has a good head and neck, fair shoulders, good legs and feet, good back and loins and a fair chest; she is too light in thighs and her tan is too dark. Vic, second, has a flat skull and wide eyes, not a first-rate neck, shoulders heavy, feet and legs good, back and loin good, coat on stern curly, tan rather dark. Jessica, third, is weak in muzzle, has fair skull, heavy shoulders, good legs and feet, good back, loin, color and coat, but bad tail; deserved vhc. Rose, vhc., already described in previous reports, deserved third. The only entry in black and tan setter puppies, dogs or bitches, is too young to express any opinion about. He took first.

SPANIELS—(MR. WINSLOW).

There were seventy-five entries in the spaniel classes, a slight falling off from last year, whereas the entries should have shown an increase. Messrs. Willey's and Hemingway's good dogs were conspicuous by their absence. In fact, the American Spaniel Club was but poorly represented, and taking them all in all, the quality was the poorest we have ever seen upon the show bench, considering the number of entries.

The Irish water spaniels numbered four. Patsy O'Connor and Coleen O'Donoghue were the best in the class.

In the clumber champion class Newcastle and Johnny faced the judge. The former won. Johnny was shown in much improved form. He has in a measure lost his tucked-up appearance. We have described these dogs before. In the open class Drake was an easy winner.

In champion field spaniels Compton Bandit had a walk-over. The open dog class witnessed some very peculiar judging. Blue Peter, one of the best in the class, was almost entirely overlooked. He was meted out to him. He should certainly have been second in the class, and but for his poor condition, his shortness of head and his front legs, which were a bit crooked, we would have placed him first. Newton Abbot, in the pink of condition, took premier honors, with Nig, a nice, well-made little cocker, overweight, second. This was wretched work and clearly showed the judge's inability to handle the classes. Nig is a typical cocker and should never have been entered in this class. Donuil Dhu, third, we have described before. Dash II., hc., a good long-bodied dog, ears a bit short and not quite right in muzzle, should have been nearer the top. He might have had third place and Donuil Dhu the reserve card. His tail needs docking. The bitches were not a strong class either in quality or numbers. Lotta was placed first. She is not a clinker. Woodstock Nora, second, belongs properly to the cocker class, where she won everything last year. Lady Abbot, third, we have described before. She did not show well in the ring. They were placed right.

The class for champion cockers was headed by Brant and Doc, with Little Red Rover, Hornell Silk and Brahmin bringing up the rear. Brant took the ribbon with Doc pushing him in great style. Shown in smooth coat and in better trim we believe Doc would win. Wherever there were three entries in a champion class a silver medal was given as second prize. In this instance it went to Doc.

Class 65, for liver or black dogs, was another class badly handled. Though with far too much coat, and a flat, spreading foot, Master Shina, second, was a clear and easy winner. He is a good little dog, taking him altogether, and will be heard from again. Hornell Jock got the reserve card. Jet, vhc., should have been satisfied with one letter. Cocker bitches were led by Belle, an easy winner, with Compton Gladys second. She is poor in head and high on her legs, but has a pretty coat. Queen Obo, third, is snipy in muzzle.

A new pair of reds were brought out by Mr. Laidlaw, in the other color class. Robin, first, was the best. He is high on his pins, short of ear and lacks feather. Rory, reserve, should have had second, and Hornell Fancy third. Fancy is good in body, low on legs, but is short in the back and faulty in head. Little Red Rover, looking well, but apparently close to the limit of weight, was transferred to the champion class.

The puppy classes were, with few exceptions, a weedy lot. Robin was again to the fore in the dog class, with Nonesuch close at his heels. The latter will let down with age and improve generally. Dixie got the reserve card. In bitches Bella Keno won handily. Black Princess has many bad points. She is bad in muzzle, ears set on too high, eyes light, and high on legs. Topsey, hc., and Mopsey, c., are two promising puppies. This should have been reversed, as the latter is much nearer the ground and equally as good as the former in other points. Pixie, c., was deserving of better notice.

COLLIES—(MR. TERRY).

The quality of these classes was better than last year, but the entries were rather light. The judge entered twenty-five dogs, and as most of them were absent, it looked as if they were put in to pack the catalogue. Scotilla was the only dog shown in the champion class for dogs, and his kennel companion, Flurry II., represented the ladies. Dublin Scot won in the open class for dogs, and Strephon was second. We liked Surbiton, who is rather strong in head, equally as well as Strephon. The judge has always shown a weakness for soft coats, which will also account for Nullamore taking the reserve card and Scotson only being commended. Luella and Spoiled Miss, first and second in the bitch class, are well known. The award in favor of Gem over Clifton Maid was a bad blunder. Gem has a soft coat. Both bitches are well known. Puppies were not nearly so good as we expected to find. Lorna Thorpe, first at Providence, was best of the lot. Mr. Terry's way of handling a dog does not give one much confidence in his ability, but he may have been a little nervous, which would easily account for his awarding several prizes without even having felt the dogs' coats.

POODLES—(MR. PIERSON).

First in the class for black dogs went to Styx, a truly grand dog, well built, good in head and ear and superb in coat, excepting that it is getting a bit rusty. Brigand, not so good in coat as his kennel companion but an excellent specimen, was second. If those who took exception to our comments in these columns two years ago will compare their dogs with Styx and Brigand, they will find ample proof that we were not far wrong when we said their exhibits were "not first-class." Only one black bitch was entered and we did not see her. Caro, the Newark winner, was first in the class for dogs or bitches of any other color. He is not up to the form of Mr. Sandford's cracks. Morton, second prize, is fluffy in coat and short in ear; not a good one. Daisy, third prize, is a little mongrel and should not have been noticed. This was a poor class.

BASSET HOUNDS AND DACHSHUNDE—(MR. BARLOW).

There were two entries in the Basset class. We failed to find Bergman. Bertrand, well-known, took the prize. There was no fear that Mr. Barlow would repeat the Philadelphia blunder and place Gretchen and Flirt over Rubenstein. The latter, of course, won with consummate ease, and was at least twenty points a better dog than anything in the class. Polico, not a good one, was second, and third was given to Gretchen. It would have been better to have withheld second and third prizes for want of merit, as outside of Rubenstein there was not a show dog in the class. Waldman, unnoticed, is a better dog than Gretchen.

BEAGLES—(MR. STREETER).

The beagles showed a decided falling off in number from the exhibits of previous years, and could not be compared with most of the recent shows. The quality of these classes was not up even to Hartford's display of this breed. As Mr. Ashburner at Philadelphia, so did Mr. Streeter, the judge, make a number of blunders, which are bound to prove detrimental to the beagle interest in general. We cannot approve of this experimenting with judges, for generally the exhibitors suffer by it. We have a number of judges who have proven that they fully understand the breed, and under whose judgment the right dogs and type are placed where they belong. It is but fair for exhibitors to refuse to enter their dogs under these "experimental" judges as they did at Philadelphia and again here. In the champion classes the judge could not go wrong, Little Duke having a walk over and Twinkle beating Bush, and should also have beaten Fitzhugh Lee for the special; Rattler, vhc., should have beaten Trailer for second place. We must congratulate the owner of Trailer on his success in getting his dog over the affection from which he suffered at Hartford, and which necessiated his removal from there immediately after the judging. He was apparently yet in low spirit here, for it was only with the aid of a piece of meat that he would show to advantage. Racer, Jr., should have exchanged places with Leader, and Tony Weller was good enough for at least two letters. Goodwood Rattler should have had another letter added. Duke, the remaining entry in this class, is a poor one, bad in forelegs, decidedly out at elbows, open feet, long cast, weak in loin, poor coat and brush, and decidedly off in head and ears. In the bitch class, we think Jessie can just beat the winner, both are well known, as are also the next two, Trinket and Melody; Lizzie, deficient in drop, has rather short ears which are badly carried, eyes small, out at elbows, light of bone and deficient in coat and brush. In the puppy class only one entry was present, who received the award. This puppy has been described in our report of the Newark show, and has not improved since then.

FOXHOUNDS—(MR. STREETER).

In this class the judge came nearer the mark. Rebecca, commented upon in our report of the Boston show, was the best in the class and received the award. Dashwood, third, might have exchanged places with Vinegar, second, whose mouth is entirely gone and who shows age. Dancer and Ringwood are both very good hounds; the former should have had reserve added to his vhc., as he beats Ringwood in head, coat and feet. Gipsey is long cast and stands too low on her pins and lacks in coat and brush. Dan, the remaining entry, looked a fair specimen of a harrier.

BULLDOGS—(MR. BARLOW).

Robinson Crusoe and Boz competed in the champion class for dogs. It is a close thing between them, and Crusoe won. They are good ones. Britomartis, the queen of the short-nosed race, had no competition in the corresponding bitch class. The first and second prize winners in the open class for dogs are well known. Bruce, third prize, is not a first-class specimen. Hillside, Tom Ball and Boz II. were absent. The winner in the bitch class is faulty before the eyes. Carmen, second prize, has been previously described. Rose is not good in head. Josephine was absent. Gimlet, first in the puppy class, was fully described in our Philadelphia report. He beats Rocksie and Monarch in front. The class was not a good one.

BULL TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Cairo, the great English champion, made his first appearance on the bench in this country and we venture the opinion that notwithstanding his excellent record he is an overrated dog. We think when he was a young dog he may have been one of the very best of his breed ever seen, but he is growing very cheeky and he always must have been a trifle faulty before the eyes. With the exception that his back is rather slack he is a grand dog behind the head. He was in very bad condition, and had the judge pegged him back on that account he would have been indorsed by us. Tony, second prize, is also a new one and is a dog of more than ordinary merit. He has a nasty coarse tail, his worst fault; is a trifle full in cheek and rather lippy. He, too, was in no condition for the bench. Silver and Judas, well known, were in good condition, and seeing that bull-terriers and white English terriers above all others must be in decent condition to compete for a prize we would have thrown Tony and Cairo out and left Judas and Silver to fight out the battle. First in bitches went to Bonnie Princess, a new one and a good one. She is rather full in cheek and not quite right before the eyes; back a trifle hollow and forelegs not quite straight. The second prize winner was described in the Hartford report. Our choice for first was Grand Duchess, who got vhc. Three of the six puppies entered were absent and Queen Bess, who has been very unlucky all through the season, scored her first win. She was second at Newark and Providence.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. PERCY REED).

The quality of these classes was excellent throughout and the judge did his work in a most consistent way. We cannot agree with several of the awards, but in each case there was plenty of room for difference of opinion, as the dogs were very close together in points of merit. Valet, Lucifer and Old Royal were the pick of the champion dog class, Splauger and Belgrave Primrose being outclassed in such company. The blue ribbon went to the good-headed son of Venetian. We are not disposed to cavil over the decision, as there is lots of room for difference of opinion. Valet beats Lucifer in head, muzzle and eye. Lucifer beats Valet in loin, shortness of back, size and coat, and shows more character and quality, and for these reasons would we have given him the prize. First in the bitch class went to Safety, but Richmond Olive is so vastly superior in legs, feet and bone, that we thought her just about good enough to win. Safety has the pull in head, and is of better size and has more liberty. Raby Mixer, Bacchanal and Raby Jack were again present in the open class for dogs. At Philadelphia Mr. Kelly gave Bacchanal first, Raby Jack second and Raby Mixer third, and in our report of the show we said that Mixer should have been first, Bacchanal second and Raby Jack third. Mr. Reed indorsed that opinion, but gave Raby Jack only commended, Earl Leycester, also well-known, being third. Warren Jim, Shovel and General Grant, all well known, were commended. Shovel continues to thicken in head, and Earl Leycester is a better dog to-day. We thought the class very nicely handled. In bitches, Richmond Dazzle, of nice quality and character, was well placed first, and Diadem was next best, with Mr. Rutherfurd's Philadelphia purchase third. We heard some "kicking" over the decision, but had we been judge the dogs would have been placed exactly in the same order. The owner of Verdict is overrating her. She is not so good in head as she was and is likely to get worse. Flame, vhc., is a daughter of old Belgrave Joe, and should prove a valuable acquisition to Mr. Kelly's kennel. Cheshire Laddie, first in the class for wire-haired dogs or bitches, is about the best dog we have seen in this country. Trap, well-known, was second, and Bristles, described in our Buffalo report, was third. We did not see Meg and conclude she was not shown. We were unable to devote more than a very short space of time to the puppies, and as the competition was close and keen it will be better to leave them over until we can do full justice to them. In dogs Mr. Belmont was first with Result, a son of the English champion Resolute, and the Messrs. Rutherfurd were second and third with Warren Spider and Warren Swagger. Mr. Thayer, with Shameless Mixture and Sandy Mixture, had to take a back seat, which he could well afford to do, as the prize list will show.

OTHER TERRIERS—(MR. BARLOW).

Bessie, in a poor class of black and tans, made an example of Lady, who is very faulty in fore face, wide in skull and not good in tail; coat, color and markings better than the average. Harry O., vhc., is not good in head. Boxer, first prize in the Scotch and hard-haired terrier class, is a cross between an Irish terrier and a Scotch terrier, and should have exchanged places with Highland Laddie, a fair dieharD. Dandies were a poor lot and the prize withheld. Three Bedlingtons were shown and were placed as at Hartford. Geesela was again first in the Irish terrier class. The first time this bitch was shown we said she was the best ever exhibited in this country, and the clean sweep she has made of the prizes this spring goes to indorse that opinion. Eileen, second prize, is of nice type, but not so good in head as Geesela. Skyes were poor. Lass O' Gowrie scored an easy win over Ben, who is faulty in head and too short in body.

TOY DOGS—(DR. CRYER).

Yorkshires, as usual, were a poor lot. Sir Colin, first prize, was about the best of them. Too leggy, body color too dark, leg color good, head color not clear, short of coat. Dick, second prize, is not a good one either in color or quality of coat. Lancashire Star, vhc., gets worse with age and was never first-class. In bitches, Dolly, second at Boston, was first and Beauty second. The latter is fairly well put together, leg and head color much too light, coat not quite straight. She has better length of coat than the majority, but is not a good one. First and second in the toy class went to a couple of little mongrel blue dogs. We would have given the prizes to the best of the black and tan terriers. Pugs were not well represented. Victor, not first class in head and deficient in markings, size, coat and carriage of ears, was first. He is good in wrinkle and better in muzzle than the balance of the class. Jumbo, Jr., is of better size than the winner, but is long and pointed in face, ears too large and not well carried, trace not well defined, stands down at the shoulder and is not straight in forelegs, nails not black and color not good. Yuma Yuma, for once in a time, was made happy, and there was peace in the pens of the pugs. Yum Yum, not good in head, was second, and Flora, described in our Boston report, third. What's That was not shown for competition. Tootsie Sloper, first in the puppy class, is fairly good in body and limbs but deficient in head properties. A poor lot. These classes were well handled. The winners in the toy spaniel classes are well known and have been fully described. The competition between Roscius and Milwaukee Charlie was keen, and Boston, who is in luck just now, won. Charlie never looked better in his life.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

Only two were shown, but the judge got wrong. Cupid, placed second, should have won. Fanny was all out of coat.

MISCELLANEOUS, OVER 25LBS.—(MESSRS. BARLOW AND PIERSON).

This class was badly judged. Sir Lucifer, first prize, and well known, was as good as anything in the class, and after him or on equality with him should have been the smooth-coated sheepdog Earl Percy II. Carlo, given third prize, is

a mongrel. We put in considerable time trying to ascertain his breed or one-half of it, but he beat us and our note book contains the following comment on him. "A large black, tan and white dog with long coat and yellow eyes." He can be bought for $350.

MISCELLANEOUS, UNDER 25LBS.—(MESSRS. BARLOW AND PIERSON).

MeToo and Chiquita were given equal first prize. The latter is a mottled bitch, and has considerable hair on her legs, feet and tail and some on her muzzle and head, she also has a butterfly nose, and appears to be a cross between a Mexican hairless and a Chinese crested. Pedro is not hairless and is very short in the legs, and long cast, and his head and ears are not good. We thought Clicquot, 3d prize, and MeToo the pick of the class.

SPEICALS FOR BEST EXHIBITS.

Eastern F. T. Club's for dogs with field trial record.—Pointer dog, Robert le Diable; bitch, Malite; English setter dog, Foreman; bitch, Manitoba Belle; Irish setter dog, Tim; bitch, Yoube. Westminster K. Club's for kennels.—Mastiffs, E. H. Moore's; St. Bernards, Hermitage Kennels; deerhounds, J. E. Thayer's; pointers, F. W. Hitchcock's; English setters, Blackstone Kennels; Irish setters, Max Wenzel's; field or cocker spaniels, A. Laidlaw's; brace of beagles, Fitzhugh Lee, May Belle II.; fox-terriers, A. Belmont, Jr.'s; collies, Chestnut Hills; bulldogs, Robinson Crusoe, Britomartis; bull-terriers, Victoria, Jubilee. American Foxterrier Club's—Champion fox-terrier dog, Valet; open, dog, Raby Mixer; bitch, Richmond Dazzle; puppy, dog, Resolute; bitch, Lady Warren Mixture; terrier whelped in 1886, Lady Warren Mixture; in show, Richmond Dazzle; dog in show, Valet; team of three, A. Belmont, Jr.'s; brace, J. E. Thayer's; exhibit, A. Belmont, Jr.'s. Mastiff Club's cups—American-bred in show, Homer; dog (members only), Minting; bitch (members only), The Lady Clare. Beagle Club's—Beagle dog, Fitzhugh Lee; bitch, May Belle II.; beagle in open class, Fitzhugh Lee. Bull-terrier, Victoria; pointer dog in open class, Duke of Hessen; collie in open class, Dublin Scot; King Charles spaniel, Milwaukee Charlie; Blenheim spaniel, King Victor; Japanese, Kobe; toy, ruby or Prince Charles spaniel, Lilly; Italian greyhound, Fannie. Kennel of English setters, Blackstone Kennels; kennel of pointers, F. R. Hitchcock's; kennel of St. Bernards, Hermitage Kennels; bull-terrier, Victoria; Clumber spaniel, Drake; liv&w field spaniel, Dash II.; brace field spaniels, A. C. Wilmerding's; get of Black Prince, Lady Abbot; get of Jimmie, Madge; get of Bang Bang or Naso of Kippen, Penelope (Bang Bang); English setter and stud dog and one of get, Belthus with Rockingham; mastiff, Minting; spaniel kennel, A. Laidlaw's; bulldog, Britomartis; English setter stud dog and two of get, Foreman with Daisy Foreman and Haphazard; pug, Victor.

DOGS AND JUDGES.

CLUMBER SPANIELS AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is something very clever in asking a man to give information on a question he has promised to say nothing about. Messrs. Wilmerding, Hemingway and West have too much common sense to suppose that the "unfortunate gentleman" alluded to in my report was aimed at them. Two of these gentlemen have owned and bred dogs for a number of years, and of course have gained knowledge in that time. The individual I referred to is just out of his swaddling clothes, and while quite a good fellow in his way and a nailing good judge of beefsteak and Bass ale, and of other things calculated to keep out the weather, he knows nothing at all about spaniels beyond that the dogs he owns are black. An infant astride his papa's walking-stick imagines himself a Fred Archer or an M. F. H. And the beginner when he buys his first dog, which is almost certain to be a rank bad one, not infrequently gets into his head the idea that he is owner, breeder, judge, reporter, editor, author, etc., etc. Fifteen years hence the lad who to-day rides a willow cane may steer an Ormonde to victory on Epsom Downs or successfully pilot a Colonel over the dangerous Aintree course; and the Mr. Rendle of to-day, if he works hard, has a natural love for dogs and an eye for beauty (I think he has the latter), may know something about dogs. Bagman judges and no-record owners are little thought of to-day except by themselves.

The evidence advanced by a member of the Spaniel Club to show that "Mr. Rendle is right," is as follows: "Messrs. Hemingway, Wilmerding and West, all members of the American Spaniel Club, have decided that Johnny is the better dog of the two." I most positively deny their having done anything of the sort. Mr. Hemingway has told me that it was purely owing to a blunder in taking down the numbers that Johnny got the prize at Newark. He was compelled to leave the show soon after the judging, and did not discover the error until long after the prizes had been paid, but, of course, as the dogs were in the same ownership no harm was done beyond leading people to suppose he preferred Johnny. Mr. Winslow not only considers Drake a better dog than Johnny, but has just placed him over Newcastle, and it is well known that Mr. Watson, when shown the two dogs (Johnny and Drake), pointed to Drake and said, "That is my dog." Nobody will deny that Mr. Watson is one of the best judges of a spaniel we have in this country, and he has the advantage of having inspected a number of the prominent English winners. In 1871 (fifteen years before Mr. Rendle blossomed forth as an exhibitor) I owned and exhibited as good a Clumber spaniel as we had at that time, and since then have seen and reported on the Duke of Portland's magnificent kennel, and carefully inspected the best dogs shown by Messrs. Bowers, Langdale, Arkwright and others, and while I do not consider myself a judge of the breed, is it not probable that I am just as liable to be right as Mr. Arthur E. Rendle? I am told that Mr. Wilmerding is not at all sure in his own mind that Drake is not the better dog; therefore, as the case now stands, it is Watson, Winslow, Hemingway and Mason versus Rendle and West. Mr. West is a recent acquisition to the fancy. If there is any evidence in all this to show that "Mr. Rendle is right," I fail to discover it. It was quite natural that Mr. Rendle should indorse Mr. Hemingway's decision at Newark seeing that he is entirely in ignorance as to the points of the breed, and it begins to look as though Messrs. Hemingway and Wilmerding have set a trap for the Broadway novice out of which he is not likely to escape until he has again clearly shown that his knowledge of dogs is entitled to as much respect as his knowledge of pills.

FOX-TERRIERS AT PROVIDENCE.

"Our Special Reporter" for the Babylon and Broadway firms, writing in a Chicago comic weekly, says: "Gretchen was the only entry in the puppy class; she is a good-fronted little bitch, with fair body and ears, but however any fox-terrier judge could place this little undersized, weak-faced bitch over Richmond Dazzle or Marguerite, is a mystery we have been endeavoring unsuccessfully to fathom." If the Jack-of-all-trades of the dog fancy had attended the Providence show, he might have seen or been told that Richmond Dazzle, who had just arrived from England, was all out of condition, and that Marguerite had just come out of a fight with a kennel companion, who had evidently had the best of it. Hempstead is not a great distance from Babylon, and had "Our Special Reporter" given Mr. Belmont a call he would have ascertained why Marguerite was put back; and a note to Mr. Thayer would have elicited the reply that Dazzle was out of condition, and that the judge informed her keeper in the ring that if she had been in shape she would have won. Now that the "mystery" is "fathomed" and a great load removed from "Our Special Reporter's" fertile brain, perhaps he will kindly tell us "however any fox-terrier judge could place" Valet vhc at Hartford last year in a class headed by Splanger, and possibly he may be able to muster manliness to apologize for his statement that your reporter could not "recognize fox-terrier character" because he refused to indorse such lamentable ignorance. And without allowing his blood to rise above 98, perhaps "Our Special Reporter" will explain why at Hartford a wretched specimen was placed over the best Italian greyhound that has been shown this year, and why vhc. was given to a mongrel black and tan in the same class, why Lady Dorothy was given third in the mastiff bitch class at Boston, why Merchant Prince was placed over Duke of Leeds at New York, and why Apollo beat Hector at the same show. In the event of "Our Special Reporter" failing to "fathom" the above and a host of other apparently unaccountable blunders I will cheerfully lend him aid by directing his attention to the direct cause.

Something must be done to save the sinking ship; the water is pouring in from all sides and the cranky carpenter's supply of putty is well nigh exhausted. In order that certain unfortunates be not altogether lost sight of, I will respectfully suggest to their few friends the formation of specialty clubs with the no-record-individuals for officers. If this is done before the show season comes around again the clubs will be in a position to write dog show managers that "we won't show our dogs" unless the pot-images we have created are put up for judges. When that time comes the bench show committees may be relied upon to "call for the record."

THE PITTSBURGH JUDGING.

I cannot withdraw my statement that Mr. Goodman asked Mr. Thayer's man if both dogs were owned by Mr. Thayer. My informant is a thoroughly reliable person and I cannot leave my point.

Mr. Goodman denies being placed in a dilemma. Let us see! When judging the mastiff dog class, he took down a bitch's number and was just on the point of giving her handler the second prize, when somebody called his attention to the fact that a bitch should not win a prize in a class for dogs. If a man who cannot tell a dog from a bitch is not in a dilemma when he enters the judges' ring I shall be pleased to have a definition of the word. Mr. Goodman gave first prize in the mastiff bitch class to one of the worst specimens in the class, and decorated The Lady Clare's stall with the hc. card. I call that being placed in a dilemma. There is evidence to show that some of Mr. Goodman's friends also thought him in a dilemma, and one of them, in trying to get him out, has again shown that his columns are wholly unreliable.

Here is the report: "She (The Lady Clare) was undoubtedly intended for first, but in some way overlooked afterward." I know this statement to be false, for I happened to be in the ring and close to the judge when the class was judged, and as soon as Mr. Goodman had taken the dogs' numbers and handed out the ribbons he turned to me, and, pointing to The Lady Clare, said, "I don't like that bitch's legs." Perhaps Mr. Goodman can explain why the Chicago editor concocted such a slippery statement if not to keep him out of a dilemma. Mr. Goodman clearly contradicts himself and indorses me when he says, "For reason of my own, not necessary to mention here, I did not wish to make the decision entirely on my own responsibility." In other words, he was "in a dilemma" and wanted to get out of it. Mr. Dole, of Philadelphia, certainly shewed the best kennel; but Mr. Naylor, the owner of another kennel and a friend of Mr. Goodman, went on from Chicago expecting to win the kennel prize ($25). Is it not possible, and even probable, that the "reason of my own" was that Mr. Goodman did not have the moral courage to give the prize against his friend, and, therefore, requested me to "help him out of the dilemma?"

PATTI M.

Mr. Munhall takes exception to my comments on his pointer bitch, and advances in support of his argument that I am wrong and he right the flimsy facts that Patti M. has beaten Vanity, King Bow and others. In judging of a pointer's merits for the bench Mr. Munhall evidently has his mind's eye on such dogs as Meteor, Vanity, King Bow and the like, whereas I have in mind Hamlet, Rap, Wagg, Sancho, Flirt, Bow Bells, Bang, Beaufort, Graphic, etc. Vanity, King Bow and Patti M. in the same class, I would give first prize to Patti M.; and in reporting the show would probably say: "Patti M., who is only a second rater, scored rather an easy win over Vanity and King Bow." But Patti M. in a class with any two of the dogs I have named would not be noticed. The difference of opinion is easily accounted for. We did not graduate from the same school. Mr. Munhall innocently enough calls a spade a silver trowel, whereas I call it a spade, and if it is not clean I call it a dirty spade.

It is not quite clear to me what the card placed over Beaufort has to do with my notes on Patti M., but as Mr. Munhall evidently has a weakness for such things I will suggest his borrowing the one written out by a Mr. Munson and nailed up over his Robert le Diable at the New York show of 1886. Here it is: "Winner of the pointer sweep-*steak* at Pittsburgh, 1886." Patti M. looks like doing justice to such a steak.

CHARLES H. MASON.

ST. BERNARDS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The best authorities in this country and in Switzerland consider Hector a better dog than his sire Apollo. That is quite sufficient for me and there is no necessity of my entering into a long-winded argument on the subject.

At the New York show Mr. James Mortimer places the sire over the son and repeats his former mistake by putting Merchant Prince over Duke of Leeds. He also gave third prize to Barry over Bronze. These decisions prove that Mr. Mortimer knows very little about St. Bernard quality, and that he is not competent to judge that breed.

In the case of Hector, he further states that he does not know his own mind, for at the Waverly show last fall where, under him, Apollo took the champion prize and Hector first prize in the open class, he himself told me that if we had had a special for best smooth-coated dog, he would have given it to Hector.

Like Mr. John E. Thayer and some other exhibitors I shall not show under Mr. James Mortimer again. K. E. HOPF.

ARLINGTON, N. J., May 7.

IRISH SETTERS AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your reporter at the Philadelphia show must have been guessing about how Blarney has grown very coarse in neck and heavy in shoulders, as Blarney was at my kennel in Manton, R. I., and did not go to Philadelphia, neither has your reporter had a chance to look him over since he was at Newark, as he was taken out of the Providence show the first day, being taken sick. He need not be afraid to stick to his first opinion of him. Blarney as he is to-day is the best Irish dog in this country, even if Messrs. Pentz, Glover & Co. do beat him with old Chief and Elcho, Jr.; and any man who knows an Irish setter on bench or in the field that is disposed to be honest will say so. They all seem to judge the man holding the dog rather than the dog.

T. M. ALDRICH.

MANTON, R. I.

COLLIE SWEEPSTAKES.—Philadelphia, May 5.—Will you kindly inform your readers that the time of closing entries to the semi-annual sweepstakes of the Collie Club has been extended to June 1.—GEO. A. SMITH, Secretary.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE annual meeting was held May 4 in this city, President Smith in the chair. The following clubs were represented: W. K. C. (J. O. Donner, del.), Philadelphia K. C. (J. H. Winslow, del.), Cincinnati (L. G. Hanna, prox.), Pittsburgh (E. Gregg, del.), N. E. K. C. (J. Grosvenor, del.), Cleveland (C. M. Munhall, del.), N. J. K. C. (C. J. Peshall, del.), Hartford (A. E. Rendle, prox.), Rhode Island (N. Seabury, del.), Hornell (J. Watson, del.), Fox-Terrier (T. H. Terry, del.), Michigan (J. H. Newbury, del.), St. Paul (H. T. Drake, del.). New Haven, National Field Trials and Wisconsin absent.

Minutes of last annual meeting read and approved. On motion of Mr. Peshall, Mr. Child was nominated as President. Mr. Hanna nominated E. Smith, Mr. Seabury nominated T. H. Terry. Result: Smith 6, Child 3, Terry 1.

For First and Second Vice-Presidents. Mr. Donner nominated Mr. Child, Mr. Munhall nominated General Shattuc. Child elected First Vice-President, Shattuc elected Second Vice-President.

Mr. Peshall moved Mr. Vredenburgh be elected Secretary and Treasurer by acclamation. Carried. Adjourned.

At the Executive Committee meeting the minutes of meeting Dec. 6 were read and approved. Treasurer reported receipts, $169.15; disbursements, $103.42; balance, $65.73.

Committee on discipline reported on Pittsburgh medals, submitted all the evidence in the case, and on motion of Mr. Munhall report was accepted and the matter laid upon the table.

Special committee reported on Sensation and Watty award at Boston, 1885. After hearing all the evidence Mr. Watson moved that the prize won by Sensation be retained by the W. K. C., as it is the opinion of this Association that the dog was not properly entered. Carried. On Mr. Peshall's motion the Watty matter was laid on table. Committee discharged. On motion by Peshall it was voted to recognize follow shows given previous to A. K. C.: St. Louis, Massachusetts, Baltimore, Washington (two shows), Meriden, Conn., Chicago, 1876.

In appeal against Watson's protest, delegate Peshall was sustained.

Rendle appealed from decision of R. I. K. C. in disqualifying Brahmin. Peshall moved to refer the matter to local delegate. Lost. Watson moved that it was duty of judge to weigh on official scales. Lost. Local delegate reported sustaining decision of bench show committee. Moved by Munhall that the judge have no right to weigh a dog on private scales. Adopted, and the R. I. Club was ordered to pay prize. Adjourned.

At the adjourned meeting, May 5, the constitution, by-laws and rules were adopted as amended, to go into effect Sept. 1.

Munhall moved to reconsider vote of Dec. 6, 1886, on his protest in Beaufort-Patti M. matter on ground of illegality (an officer of Association voting on proxy).

By Munhall—That decision of delegate Peshall be reversed in above matter. Carried by 6 to 4.

Communication from J. O. Fellows referred to Hornell K. C. with information that Buffalo is not a member of A. K. C. Voted that N. E. K. C. was not inconsistent in compelling a deposit of $5 with protest.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—River Beaudette.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being an ardent admirer of the Clumber spaniel, although not owning, at present, a specimen of this, the aristocrat of the spaniel tribe, and conceiving from the tone of the critics in the various sporting papers that a false impression of this breed of dog exists in the United States, I am prompted to submit the following: It does not seem to be generally known in the United States that the Clumber has greatly increased in size of late years. "Idstone," in his book on "The Dog," speaks of the weight of a Clumber spaniel as averaging 40lbs. or less, whereas Vero Shaw mentions their weight as averaging between 57 and 65lbs. for dogs. The former does not mention the height at shoulder of the typical Clumber of his day. In your notes on the Newark show, you speak of the Clumber spaniel Johnie, winner of first in open class at that place, as being much too high; and one of your contemporaries in criticising the same show says that he is much too large all over. Now I happen to know what Johnie's measurements are, also those of champion Psycho, unbeaten champion Clumber of Great Britain; and to demonstrate that Johnie is not too large, will give his and Psycho's measurements, also those of Lapis, owned by Mr. T. B. Bowers, who was selected by Mr. Vero Shaw to illustrate his description of this breed in "The Illustrated Book of the Dog."

	Psycho.	Lapis.	Johnie.
	In.	In.	In.
Height at shoulders	18½	18	18
Girth of chest	32	29	32
Length of body (from root of stern to occiput)	32½	—	34½
Girth of skull	19½	18½	18½
Length of head (from stern to occiput)	9¾	10½	9¼
Girth of muzzle	11¾	—	11½
Weight	68lbs.	60lbs.	67lbs.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Johnie is not by any means too large. To be sure he is slightly longer in body, but that is a point in his favor, not against him. In an account of a show in England, Crystal Palace or Birmingham, I forget which, where Psycho won, I recollect reading that he, Psycho, only beat one of his competitors by his superior size. Does not this go to show that size is a greatly sought after desideratum in the Clumber spaniel? Great Britain should be allowed to dictate what a Clumber spaniel should be until there is a much larger number of them in America than there are at the present time.—JAMES T. HUGHES.

SALE OF RANCOCAS KENNEL.—Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Rancocas Kennels have been broken up. The dogs were sold at auction in this city last Saturday to the following purchasers: Dashing Monarch to Geo. L. Pollock, cost $1,000, sold for $80; Lavalette to Pierre Lorillard, Jr., cost $1,500, sold for $150; Petrel II. to J. G. Heckshser, cost $400, sold for $60; Countess Mollie to P. Lorillard, Jr.; Madonna and four pups to W. Tallman; Nancy Roke and Glen Ada to W. Tallman; Pequest to J. C. Barron; Glen Lass to T. Lyons, Dashing Monarch—Countess Mollie pups, four to J. G. Hecksher; one to A. Lehman; Dashing Monarch—Nancy Roke pup to J. R. Murphy, Gypsie to G. E. Pollock. A lot of Hempstead Farm Co. collies was sold as follows: Twig and Meg to Joe Brown, Elspa and Lothian to W. J. Diffenderfer, Ronald to G. H. Turner, Twilight to A. K. Murphy, Daylight to W. P. Brock.

PUG CLUB.—The first meeting of the newly organized Pug Dog Club, held at Madison Square Garden, N. Y., May 4, resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Mrs. Charles Wheatleigh, of New York City; treasurer, Dr. M. H. Cryer; secretary, Mr. T. F. Rackham, of Grovestend, N. J.; executive committee, Miss M. Bannister, of Cranford, N. J.; Mrs. E. A. Pue, of Philadelphia; Miss H. H. Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass.; Mr. H. C. Burdick, of Springfield, Mass.; Mr. G. W. Foster, of Catawissa, Pa.; Mr. W. A. Peck and Mr. J. A. Seely, of Bridgeport, Conn. The club has adopted the English standard of excellence.

NEW JERSEY KENNEL CLUB.—The New Jersey Kennel Club will hold its annual meeting for the election of officers May 19, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, at 8 o'clock.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bravo, Sentinel, Clinker, Passion and Honor. By F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., for three fawn, black points, mastiff dogs and two bitches, whelped May 4, 1887, by Boss (A.K.R. 2218) out of Lillie (A.K.R. 2981).

Rim II. By L. D. Guerin, Morristown, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Dec. 6, 1886, by Rim (Roderick —Nerna) out of Fannie.

Betsa. By George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., for white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 7, 1886, by Laick's Rattler (Chancellor —Careless) out of Laick's Rye (Ringwood—Roxy).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lill—Fairy King. E. B. Clark's (Orange, Conn.) English setter bitch Lill (Ranger II.—Coin) to G. E. Osborn's Fairy-King (Foreman—Jessie), May 4.

Boqueen—Flect. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Boqueen (Sleaford—Dawn) to their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth), April 6.

Flash—Little Jim. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Flash (Trojan—Fannie) to their Little Jim (Wasp—Fannie), April 26.

Victory—Pride of Dixie. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Victory (Count Napier—Roigh) to E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid), March 24.

Jet Obo—Ranger. W. J. Furness's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet Obo (A.K.R. 4810) to his Ranger (A.K.R. 4502), May 4.

——*—Mainspring.* Dr. Field's (Red Bank, N. J.) pointer bitch (Croxteth—Lady Gwendolin) to Jos. T. Perkin's Mainspring (Mike —Romp), May 4.

Clover—Graphic. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Clover (King Bow—Dot) to Graphic Kennels' Graphic, May 9.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ruby. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Ruby (Carlyle—Westmoreland Lassie), April 30, twelve (seven dogs), by their Bute (Rutland—Noisy Girl).

Ruby III. L. K. Mason (Hastings, Ia.) Chesapeake bitch Ruby III. (A.K.R. 1913), April 29, eight (five dogs), by Geo. E. Poyneer's Gowrie (Sunday, A.K.R. 1408—Nellie, A.K.R. 1112).

Belle Boyd. Dr. R. L. Hampton's (Athens, Ga.) setter bitch Belle Boyd (Gladstone—Kate Claxton), April 6, eight (five dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (Count Windi'em—Nora).

Lady Edith. Chas. C. Doty's (Providence, R. I.) Irish setter bitch Lady Edith (Rory O'More—Lady Berkley), April 21, six (four dogs), by Wm. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen).

Doris. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Doris (A.K.R. 2767), April 20, eight (three dogs), by J. P. Willey's Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phœnix).

Ruth. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Ruth (A.K.R. 4241), April 28, seven (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Obo II. (Obo—Chloe II.).

Judy. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pug bitch Judy (Puggy———), April 23, one bitch, by J. Engelhart's Treasure (Fritz—Banjo).

Lillie. F. B. Zimmer (Springfield, Mass.) mastiff bitch Lillie (A. K.R. 2981), May 4, eight (five dogs), by J. L. Winchell's Boss (A.K. R. 2218).

Sue. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow); April 11, ten (six dogs), by their Fleet (Bodine—Ruby Croxteth).

Fannie. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) fox-terrier bitch Fannie (Pincher—Dummy), May 2, four dogs, by Wheaton's Barney (Sir Peter II.—Fawn).

Belle II. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Belle II. (Nixey—Belle), April 24, ten (six dogs), by Campbell's Major (Van—Queen).

Lady Brighton. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lady Brighton (Prince Phœbus—Rosey), May 5, seven (five dogs), by T. G. Davey's Knight of Snowden (Johnnie Faa—Swan).

Marguerite. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Marguerite (Robert le Diable—Belle Faust), April 25, eleven (four dogs), by Jos. T. Perkin's Mainspring (Mike—Romp).

Lassie B. F. G. Bixby's (Boston, Mass.) Scotch collie bitch Lassie B. (Prince—Lady Bess), April 10, ten (five dogs), by T. C. Faxon's Kilmarnock Bruce (Marcus—Drumlin Isle).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Shady—Edith whelps. Two black cocker spaniel dogs and one bitch, whelped Feb. 18, 1887, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass.), one each to D. W. Barrows, South Weymouth, Mass., J. Bardwell, Everett, Mass. and F. M. Thayer, Roxbury, Mass.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelps. Two black, white and tan Llewellyn setter bitches, whelped Dec. 31, 1886, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to A. P. Gardener, Hamilton, Mass.

Pink. White, black and tan Llewellin setter bitch, whelped March 9, 1887, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to W. B. Ryder, Brockton, Mass.

Barney—Flash whelp. Fawn and white fox-terrier dog, whelped Jan. 9, 1887, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Chas. E. Wallis, Montgomery, Ala.

King Bow—Rudy Croxteth whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 20, 1887, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Horace Comfort, Huron, Dak.

Lexington. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 5, 1883, by Nixey out of Princess Louise, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Wm. F. Jarvis, Detroit, Mich.

Tillie Doc. Apricot fawn English pug bitch (A.K.R. 4898), to W. H. Fendrich, Columbia, Pa.

Little Fly. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Bugler out of Laick's Rye, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to P. P. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Red Biddy (A.K.R. 1553). Dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 2, 1883, by Chief out of Laick's Biddy, by George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., to J. B. Delmotte, Elgin, Ill.

Rattler. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped October, 1882, by Chancelor out of Careless, by Chas. R. Hoe, New Brunswick, N. J., to George Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Dash. Dark red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1886, by Bixby's Ruby out of Flirt, by Franklin G. Bixby, Boston, Mass., to Capt. H. H. Buttrick, Concord, Mass.

Highland Belle. Black and tan Scotch collie bitch, whelped June 13, 1886, by Bruce of the Fylde out of Capt. Bixby's Bessie B., by Franklin G. Bixby, Boston, Mass., to George F. Mullett, Charlestown, Mass.

Joker. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped May, 1884, by Kilmarnock Bruce out of Iona, by Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, Braintree, Mass., to John J. Crawford, Galena, Ill.

Minnie. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped July, 1884, by Kilmarnock Bruce out of Winnie, by Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, Braintree, Mass., to John J. Crawford, Galena, Ill.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

BEAGLE, New York.—A beagle bitch is in whelp. I was obliged to send her to a party to keep for me. She lay over all day Sunday and was not taken out of the box until Monday, 10 o'clock. She was well March 25. Will this close confinement in any way injure her whelps or cause the puppies to be born dead? Ans. It is impossible to say; but if she had a comfortable box, food and water, we see no reason for apprehension.

L. H. H., Bridgeport, Conn.—My pointer, 2yrs. old, has been out of condition about six weeks, though he does not seem positively sick. He is thin in flesh, appetite capricious, sometimes hungry, sometimes not. Eats grass every time he is let off chain. Bowels rather loose and every day or so discharges dark, tarry-looking fluid. Corners of eyes full of mucus, especially in morning. Ans. Give 5grs. of calomel. Drop 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning. Give a very little meat.

E. B., Waterford, Mass.—My setter pup, 4mos. old, has been troubled for the last two weeks with her eyes. It began with the ordinary discharges as in common cases of opthalmia, and I used sulph. of zinc wash, which arrested the discharge, but the eyelids swelled and dropped so that the eye looked red. I discontinued the zinc and the discharges returned. Since then I have used borax and camphor, and still the eyes are swollen and the lids droop and the animal seems no better. She is in fair condition, a little thin, her appetite is fair, spirits good. What had I better do? Ans. It looks as if the trouble was more than a mere local one. You had better purge the puppy with 5grs. of calomel or a half teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn or castor oil. Wait a few days to see result of this. Feed very little or no meat. Give bread and milk and occasionally some beef soup with bread or toast.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, May 7.—A remarkable record was made at Walnut Hill to-day. Mr. Munroe scored three 100s and two 99s, Mr. Chase three 100s and Mr. H. J. Foster one 100 and four 99s. Altogether, the record is considered without equal. Appended is the record of to-day's scores in detail:

200yds.—First Team.

G B Yenetchi	4	10	9	7	7	9	10	6	9	4—75
*R Davis	8	8	6	9	5	9	7	8	5	9—74
J Francis (mil.)	5	10	8	8	10	5	7	8	7	6—74
Willard	3	5	9	9	4	6	9	5	7	6—57
Barker	7	6	5	3	8	8	7	4	6	3—56—336

Second Team.

W O Burnite	9	7	8	6	8	10	10	10	8	10—86
C B Edwards	9	6	7	9	4	7	9	6	6	8—71
Chickering	5	5	9	7	10	8	7	2	9	0—68
Burt	5	5	9	6	6	8	7	5	6	8—65
Withington	4	6	6	8	8	4	8	5	6	7—62—352

*Five points allowed for military rifle.

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W O Burnite, A	7	10	7	10	7	9	9	9	10	10—88
A	8	9	8	6	10	9	5	8	10	10—83
C E Berry, A	7	9	9	10	7	8	8	9	10	9—86
A	10	9	9	6	8	7	6	10	8	10—83
A L Burt, A	8	7	6	9	10	6	9	10	8	8—81
W H Oler, A	7	5	8	8	10	9	7	10	6	10—80
R Dadman, C	4	8	5	10	9	10	7	5	9	8—75
R Davis, A	7	7	7	8	4	8	8	8	6	10—73
H Wington, C	8	4	9	6	8	9	6	9	6	7—71
G B Yenetchi, A	6	6	8	8	7	7	8	6	10	5—71
J Hurd, A	9	5	6	5	9	8	10	2	10	3—67

Rest Match, 200yds.

J R Munroe	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
D L Chase	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
H J Foster	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—99
	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
W H Oler	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—99
R Dadman	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9—99
	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—99
D Chardon	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9—98
	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10—98

500yds. Practice Match (Mil.).

F Carter	5555445544—46	Simmons	4454453355—42
A L Brackett	4555545524—42		

OAKLAND, Md., May 2.—Picked teams of the Garrett Guards under Col. Wardwell and Capt. Browning shot to-day in practice for the Washington tournament. The contest was for a handsome silver salver, raised by subscription, upon which were engraved the names of the marksmen. The following is the score at 200, 300 and 500yds.:

Inspector's Team.		Commandant's Team.	
Capt R T Browning	27 30 31—88	Col Wardwell	28 28 27—83
Priv A N Chisholm	29 29 20—88	Capt Chisholm	29 28 28—85
Priv A Chisholm	32 22 26—81	Sergt Painter	27 29 30—86
Priv N C Browning	34 31 26—91	Capt Johnson	25 28 33—86
Priv H L Friend	28 27 26—81	Priv J F Browning	27 21 30—78
Major Bartlett	31 23 28—72	Corp S W Friend	27 24 25—76
Corp W Stoyer	28 28 23—79	Lieut R S Jamison	29 29 31—88
	580		582

These teams have never been beaten in any match they ever shot in. They use the regulation Springfield rifles.—SPORTSMAN.

LAWRENCE, Mass.—May 7.—The following scores were made at the regular shoot to-day:

O M Jewell	8	6	10	8	9	10	10	9	10	6—86
C M Hill	10	9	10	6	8	6	10	10	8	6—83
J W Beau	4	10	7	7	8	6	10	10	8	6—76
H F Simpson	9	6	8	6	9	6	8	8	6	6—75
E H Archibald	9	10	10	7	8	6	5	7	6	7—75
A B Elliott	7	7	6	6	7	5	9	8	7	10—72
M Bear	8	7	5	6	6	7	4	6	10	9—68
D P Norris	6	7	8	9	9	5	10	3	7	6—66
H F Clark	7	5	9	6	9	5	10	10	3	6—66
H S Rowell	7	6	2	8	3	8	5	6	3	6—59
H Preston	7	4	5	7	5	3	7	6	4	5—53
G B Robinson	6	0	5	3	9	7	7	6	5	5—53

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, May 7.—200yds., off-hand Standard target:

H Tuck	10	9	8	8	6	10	10	6	10	10—87
	10	10	8	8	6	10	6	9	6	10—83
S E Johnson	10	9	9	9	8	9	6	8	8	9—85
	9	8	9	6	10	10	10	6	10	7—85
J Busfield	9	7	8	6	10	6	7	8	9	10—80
R Griffin	8	7	8	4	10	5	6	7	9	7—71
F Merrill	5	4	8	5	9	7	8	9	3	5—63

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 7.—At the regular club medal shoot yesterday, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target, wind from 11 to 3 o'clock, light, from light clouds to heavy thunderstorm, at times nearly obscuring the target. The following scores were made in medal match:

Burns	4555444455—45	Ross	4445445344—41
Blanchard	4454445554—44	Ward	5553454444—41
Sonngren	4354545444—42	Baker	3454344333—36
			ZERO.

THE WASHINGTON TOURNAMENT.—At the request of the executive committee of the National Drill, Gen. Sheridan has detailed Col. S. E. Blunt, of his staff, to have charge of the rifle competition during the great Washington militia drill. The competition will be open to any regularly enlisted man or commissioned officer of the volunteer militia, not, however, to exceed two from any one company, to be governed by the rules regulating the annual competitions in the regular army, as contained in Blunt's manual. Each competitor will be allowed 10 shots at 200, 300, 500 and 600yds. Prizes will be awarded on the best aggregate scores. Eight prizes will be offered. First prize, a gold medal and $100; 3 prizes of a silver medal and $75, and 4 prizes of a bronze medal and $50. About 100 entries have already been received, and more are expected. The following entries have been made from the District of Columbia: Lieut. J. M. Pollard and Lieut. W. L. Cash, of the Washington Light Infantry Corps, and Lieut. Jas. E. Bell and W. B. Johnstone, of the Continentals.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—The spring meeting of the club will be held at Vernon, Vermont, May 25 and 26, 1887. A general invitation is extended to all interested in rifle shooting. Any one can become a member and entitled to all the privileges of the club by paying the $5 entrance fee to the match for prizes. The standard weight for rifle barrels being 15lbs., all over must give the following odds to the pound for every 10 shots: From 15 to 20lbs., ¼in.; 20 to 30lbs., 3-16in.; 30to 40lbs., 1-16in. Rifles not over 10lbs., using globe and peep sights and shot from shoulder, will receive 3in. on each string. Match to be 5 strings of 10 shots each, time rules, distance 40 rods. Match called at 2 P. M., May 25, and 9 A. M., May 26.—JOHN WILLIAMSON, President. N. S. BROCKWAY, Secretary, Bellows Falls, Vt.

SCHUTZEN AND CREEDMOOR.—The Bullard Repeating Arms Company has just completed a model of the single-shot rifle made by them, in which two sets of barrels fit upon the same stock. With one barrel mounted the weapon is a Schutzen rifle of 14lbs., with set trigger, having a .32cal. barrel taking a 40-155 cartridge, and having the regular 18in. twist. In just one minute and 40 seconds T. T. Cartwright had slipped off the barrel by taking out one screw, and by taking out two screws on the trigger plate a new trigger was put on and the weapon was a Creedmoor arm, 10lbs. weight, .32-40-185. Of course the sights may be changed as well. While with barrels dismounted, the whole arm goes into a convenient traveling shape. A clever novelty is a stock taking without change of firing pin a .22 rim fire barrel or a .32 centre-fire barrel.

THE NEW ARMY RIFLE.—The Government officials at the Springfield Armory are pushing on with the plan of reducing the army model to a .44 caliber arm. In a recent test of one of the new models, the rifling was the three-groove regular depth pattern, 1 turn in 15in., firing a 375gr. cast canellured bullet with 85grs. of powder. There was a pasteboard disc, 1 1-6in. thick, placed loosely between powder and ball; this disc was boiled in Japanese wax. One score made upon a Creedmoor target stood 48 in a possible 50, with two very close centers.

MANCHESTER RIFLE ASSOCIATION, Manchester, N. H.—The spring meeting will be held May 18, 19, 20 and 21. For programme address A. B. Dodge, Manchester, N. H.

CONLIN'S GALLERY.—The conditions of the revolver shooting tournament, begun in this gallery on Monday, May 9, and continued to May 19, are as follows: Massachusetts target, counting 12 in the carton, 1 3-16in. bullseye, 8 rings 5-16in. apart, counting from 3 to 12; distance, 12yds., weapon, any revolver; no restrictions as to caliber, sights or trigger pull; 6 shots to a score, making a possible count of 72; each contestant to select his three best scores made during the ten days, the highest aggregate to win. No substitute shots allowed for defective cartridges except in case of actual missfire; in case of a "squib" shot, the contestant may abandon that score and begin on a new target, contestants to shoot as many scores as they wish in the ten days. Any disputes arising during the match will be left to a referee to decide.—JAMES CONLIN.

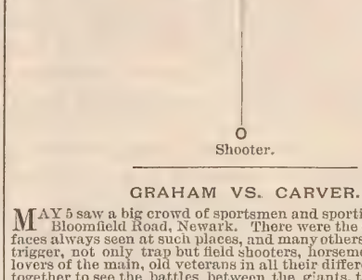
THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

NO special entry blanks will be furnished, but score blanks will be supplied. Teams attending the World's Trap Shooting Carnival at Wellington can shoot for the trophy there. The managers announce that arrangements will be made to that end. In the case of teams competing at Wellington, the three witnesses of the shooting need not be members of the club to which a team belongs.

The conditions of flight are: Trap to be set to throw birds at least 45yds. from trap. Five targets to be thrown straightaway, five at a right angle to the right, and five at a right angle to the left. In this case a right angle means a right angle, thus:



GRAHAM VS. CARVER.

MAY 5 saw a big crowd of sportsmen and sporting men at Erb's, Bloomfield Road, Newark. There were the old and familiar faces always seen at such places, and many others, disciples of the trigger, not only trap but field shooters, horsemen, dogmen, and lovers of the main, old veterans in all their different walks drawn together to see the battles between the giants, the champion of the old country and the new in the handling of the steel tubes. Dr. W. F. Carver had beaten Wm. Graham, the champion of all England, when the Doctor visited England several years ago. Mr. Graham said that he had improved in his shooting and had come over here for the purpose of proving it to the Doctor; that he had been here some time and was very anxious for a match or matches for the championship of the world.

Dr. Carver arrived on the ground shortly before noon and said to Mr. Graham that "he was not in trim to shoot, that he thought he had given up pigeon shooting, had been on his ranch in southern Kansas and had not fired at a pigeon in four years; that he believed he would be all right in a couple of weeks with practice; that these matches were gotten up in a hurry, but that he would give Mr. Graham $50 to postpone them for a fortnight. But Graham wouldn't have it; said he was there for the purpose of shooting, and if Dr. Carver was "a man of his word" they would be shot then and there. "All right," says the Doctor, "you will beat me to-day and perhaps to-morrow, but I propose to stay around here for a few weeks and then we will see. I will shoot you on the terms proposed to-day, 100 birds each, Hurlingham rules. If you win I will give you $100. To-morrow 100 birds each, Monaco rules, and if you are then the winner I will present you with $300. But for the championship I will not shoot under a couple of weeks. I am not in form. I have not a gun to suit me, but I will do the best I can."

The result of the first day's attempt shows how well the Doctor had diagnosed his own case. He was off to some extent. His gun did not come, and he borrowed a couple of old ones from Mr. H. C. Squires, of New York, one of them the famous "Old Widow," with which he had done such marvellous execution years ago, defeating Graham a number of times, once, we recall, by three birds, again by one; winning among the 207 matches on the Continent the 27,000 francs at Bois de Boulogne; afterward gaining the wonderful victories over the champion of the Western world, Captain Bogardus. But the old gun had had its day. After its 500,000 reverberations, "rimmed, racked and center shaken," it should have been allowed to rest quietly in Squires's showcase, a relic of the great victories of the past. It not only refused to go off when called upon, but seemed to carry its load all around the birds. In the match Dr. Carver had 23 missfires, enough in all conscience sake to throw off any man but one with nerves of steel. But the Doctor only laughed and said, "Well, this is rather rough, but I think we will do better to-morrow."

Graham was cool and collected, as he always is, and killed his birds clean, but he had it all his own way from the start, and made his best score in this country, 92 birds out of 100, equaling Brewer's score with him at Philadelphia.

Carver led off. He stands erect at the score, holds his gun solidly and gracefully, his left hand well forward, calls "Are you ready?" and "Pull!" almost at once. Graham holds his gun close up toward the armpit, his left hand grasping the stock close to the guard; takes two or three sightings and calls deliberately, "Are you ready?" a pause, and then, "Pull!" and the gun cracks almost the instant the bird is up. He killed many of his birds close to the traps. But the first day showed very mediocre birds, weak and slow flyers. It is difficult to get good birds at this time of the year. The following is the score:

W Graham	0221112111012121221221112110111011111211111211112
	1221101111111212121012112121211102121111011111111—92
Dr Carver	2020122112202210211211222022022222211212021221
	1022211210122111100221211112122020222111102121011—85

2 signifies used both barrels and killed. Two barrels used—Dr. Carver 59 times and W. Graham 23 times. Birds fell dead out of bounds—Dr. Carver 3, the 4th, 13th and 60th, W. Graham 2, the 68th and 82d. Dr. Carver killed 19 drivers, 29 right quarterers, 18 left quarterers, 15 incomers, 2 towerers and 2 hoverers. Total, 85. W. Graham killed 25 drivers, 23 right quarterers, 28 left quarterers, 15 incomers and 1 towerer. Total, 92. Dr. Carver had 14 birds from trap No. 1, 15 from No. 2, 22 from No. 3, 51 from No. 4 and 18 from No. 5. W. Graham had 18 birds from trap No. 1, 13 from No. 2, 22 from No: 3, 25 from No. 4 and 22 from No. 5. Time of shoot 2 hours and 23 minutes.

Friday, the 6th, brought almost the same crowd with many more of the same ilk. They come from every direction, south, east and west. We learn that large sums had been wagered by capitalists in New York city on Carver and some of their representatives were on hand to look out for things. Rather a majority of the sporting men on the ground, we think, favored Graham; the betting was certainly in his favor at first; but after the first 50 birds shot at changed to 5 to 3 on Carver. Several thousand dollars were lost and won. Carver shot in splendid form, his new gun fitting him, and he did some of his old time clean work. He is certainly a graceful and powerful shooter, the best, we think, in the world when he is at his best; and the next few weeks, if he has an opportunity, will see some marvelous feats of his skill and nerve.

Graham shot well up fully to his average if not better. He was cool at all times and his run of 27 straight in an up-hill race was really magnificent. His friends are by no means disappointed in him. Had they been shooting really Monaco boundaries, *i. e.*, a wire screen instead of a string drawn around from stake to stake, Graham would have won the match, or tied at least, as he had 3 birds drop inside, but found out across the string. Carver had one besides one crippled bird driven across the line by the colored gatherer; this could not have happened had there been a wire netting. One bird of the Doctor's was given as dead that called forth considerable comment at the time and a protest from Mr. Graham at the end of the match. The bird was hard hit, wing broken, and running out of bounds toward the score. The gatherer made a grab and gave us a handful of feathers, but the bird got across the line. The referee decided dead bird, we presume on the ground that as a dog was also used to do part of the retrieving and the rule is, when the dog has once had hold of the bird it is a dead bird; so with the man, he had had in his grasp the bird or at least some of it and it was given dead. The protest should have been made then and there and not at the end of the match. As the referee was about to announce the result, Graham with considerable feeling, we thought, made his protest. Dr. Carver replied that he had come on here to shoot a fair and gentlemanly match and that rather than be thought to have won unfairly he would shoot it over again. This Graham would not consent to, and the referee mounting a bench declared the match in favor of Dr. Carver, 86 to 85. We believe all bets were paid on that decision.

The Doctor lost his 57th bird by not having his gun cocked, and the bird soared away, even escaping the pirates outside, for they were not expecting it, hearing no shot.

Carver shot a Greener hammerless, 7lbs. 13oz., with American wood powder in first barrel, Eley's buff 3in. shells, loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold; in second barrel Curtis & Harvey's powder. Graham shot a Lang, 7lbs. 12oz., Shultz powder in Eley's green shells, also loaded 30 grains firm. Both guns 12-bore.

The day was dark and threatening and quite cool, the wind blowing from the trap to the score. They were a good lot of birds and mostly strong flyers; some hesitated on the start, but attempted lively action when they did get up. Carver took the lead on the 7th bird; at the end of the 75th he led five birds. Early in the last 25 the Doctor left the stand and shortly appeared with a black silk handkerchief bound around his head, over which was his white sombrero. He had been shooting in a black derby before. The Doctor's hair is closely shorn of the amber locks which, with broad, light-colored sombrero, used to make him so conspicuous years ago. Upon his return there seemed a marked contrast in his shooting, when, owing to a headache or other cause, he began to miss, losing his 78th, 82d and 84th birds. Things began to look dusty. He then rallied and killed 8 straight, missing his 93d. Many held their breath for Graham was doing marvelous execution, downing 20 birds without a miss, leaving him but one bird behind. It was nobody's race yet; but the Doctor was equal to the occasion, and the next 7 birds were cut down clean with the first barrel, winning the race and saving his $200 by one bird, the score standing 86 to 85

Match between W. F. Carver, of Kansas, and Wm. Graham, of England; 100 birds each, Monaco rules, *i. e.*, 30yds. rise, 18yds. boundary, both barrels. Wm. Siegler, of Montclair, referee. John Erb, handler of retrievers and furnisher of the birds. $200 to Graham if he wins. Carver's expenses from Kansas if he loses.

Dr W F Carver..1111111220111201120202021212121212221120111221
2112101111211102112212021012202011111121011111121—86
Wm Graham....12111011011911011102102011111112111120222221110
01202012122202110111021112221111111122112121112—85

2 signifies used both barrels and killed.

Two barrels used—Dr. Carver 42 times and W. Graham 43 times. This includes birds shot on ground.

Birds that fell dead out of Monaco boundary but inside the ordinary 80yds. boundary—Dr. Carver, 6—the 15th, 20th, 66th, 74th, 78th and 82d; W. Graham, 8—the 9th, 12th, 20th, 23d, 55th, 57th, 65th and 73d.

Birds that fell dead outside the 80yds. boundary—Dr. Carver 2, and W. Graham 3.

Lost bird scored from not having gun ready—Dr. Carver 1, the the 57th not shot at.

Miss-fires—Dr. Carver 1, and given another bird.

Dr. Carver killed 21 drivers, 24 right quarterers, 28 left quarterers, 9 incomers, 3 towerers and 1 hoverer. Missed 1 driver, 1 right quarterer, 1 left quarterer and 2 incomers. W. Graham killed 26 drivers, 21 right quarterers, 22 left quarterers, 13 incomers, 2 towerers and 1 hoverer. Missed 3 drivers and 1 incomer.

Biggest string of kills—Dr. Carver 18; W. Graham 27.

Dr. Carver had 20 birds from trap No. 1, 22 from trap No. 2, 15 from trap No. 3, 29 from trap No. 4 and 14 from trap No. 5. W. Graham had 21 birds from trap No. 1, 10 from trap No. 2, 23 from trap No. 3, 23 from trap No. 4 and 25 from trap No. 5.

Time of shoot—Two hours and 26 minutes. JACOBSTAFF.

THE WORLD'S CARNIVAL.

THE World's Trap-Shooting Carnival, held under the auspices of the New England Shooting Tournament Association, will be held at Wellington, Mass., May 30 to June 4.

The Association has made an equal division of the Merchandise Prizes, (value exceeding $3,000), giving to the amateurs prizes equal in value to those contested for by the experts. The conditions as follows: 20 birds each day, excepting Saturday, will be shot at, to go on record for the Merchandise Prizes. Total, 100 birds, the highest average taking the 1st prize, the next highest the 2d, and so on. Ties to be shot off, as there will be no division of these prises. As it is the desire of the Association to encourage and promote the interests of trap-shooting, the entries to these valuable prizes will cost the shooters only the price of the birds; but an optional sweep, as announced in the programme, will be shot in each event.

The committee in charge reserve the right to make any changes in the progamme that will better suit the shooters present. No handicapping of guns, all shooting at 18yds. rise; ties to be shot at 21yds., and at 5 birds. There will be two sets of 5 ground traps each, and three sets of 3 traps each, and extra sweeps will be in progress all the time. Only one kind of target used each day according to programme. Class shooting: all purses to be divided into four monies—40, 30, 20, 10 per cent., and all ties of four or less to divide, except by consent. No shooter can shoot in both classes for record for prizes, but amateurs may shoot in the expert class, if they so elect. Charge of powder unlimited; charge of shot not to exceed 1¼ oz. "dipped" measure, Dixon standard, No. 1,100. Ammunition for sale on the grounds. Refreshments furnished on the grounds. A committee has been appointed to classify the shooters.

The Executive Committee have made every effort to make the carnival a success, and from all parts of the country sportsmen have announced their intention to be present, as the classification of the shooters will afford the amateurs a good chance of winning a valuable prize.

The grounds of the Wellington Gun Club are located at Wellington, on the Boston and Maine R. R., five minutes' ride from Boston, and the shooting grounds within gun shot of the station. The headquarters of the Association will be at the Quincy Hotel, one of the best in the city, where special rates have been made for all shooters attending the carnival. The secretary will consider it a favor to be notified by those intending to come.

PROGRAMME.

There will be four events each day, beginning at 9 A. M., viz.:

First event, open to all comers, 10 birds, 5 traps, entry $2.00.

Second event, open to amateurs only, 10 birds, 3 traps, entry $1.00.

Third event, open to all comers, 20 birds. 5 traps, optional sweep, $5.00. Score to count on the Merchandise Prizes.

Fourth event, open to amateurs only, 20 birds, 5 traps, optional sweep, $2. C0. Score to count on the Merchandise Prizes.

Monday, May 30, will be Ligowsky Day, the targets being Ligowsky clay pigeons, with Ligowsky silver cup as special prize.

Arrangements will be made that teams wishing to compete for FOREST AND STREAM TROPHY on this day can do so.

Tuesday, May 31, will be American Clay Bird Day, shooting at American clay birds; special prize donated by American Clay Bird Co.

Wednesday, June 1, Blue Rock Day, shooting at blue rocks; special prize watch and chain (value $150), given by Blue Rock Co.

Thursday, June 2, Peoria Blackbird Day, shooting at Peoria blackbirds.

Friday, June 3, Lockport Bat Day, shooting at Lockport bats; special prize field gun (value $65), given by Lockport Bat Co.

On Saturday, June 4, $150 will be added to the prize in fourth event.

The officers of the Association are, B. S. Lovell, President; W. R. Schaefer, Vice-President; Edward Read, Treasurer; C. B. Sanborn, Secretary. Executive Committee, Edward Read, W. R. Schaefer, A. F. Adams, Hermann Strater, C. B. Sanborn, H. W. Eager, J. S. Sawyer, C. W. Dimick, C. H. Gerrish, W. H. Allen, W. L. Davis, O. R. Dickey, I. B. Wellington, T. G. Strater. Programme Committee, A. F. Adams, H. W. Eager, Dr. C. H. Gerrish, H. Strater, J. S. Sawyer. Classification Committee, H. W. Eager, C. W. Dimick, C. H. Gerrish.

Address: C. B. Sanborn, No. 29 North Market street, Boston.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., May 7.—The West End Gun Club of Long Branch held its final shoot on Monday, May 2, the end of a series of five shoots for a gold badge offered by the club to highest score in possible 100, each man to shoot at 50 glass balls and 50 clay-pigeons. Below will be found correct score of the five shoots:

W D Campbell	19 18 19 20 19—95	Wm Lloyd	16 17 16 18 15—82
Wm C Price	18 17 19 18 19—91	WHBennett,Jr.	10 20 18 16 16—80
Wm Green	18 16 18 18 18—88	R B Moore	14 17 15 17 15—78
E Price	18 17 16 18 19—88	Wm Goodwin	12 15 18 17 16—78
D B Bearmore	16 18 19 18 18—87	E E Taber	18 16 13 17 18—77
C Morris	15 16 18 17 16—82	Chris Murray	14 10 16 17 15—72
Geo Cubberley	13 18 19 18 19—87	J E Green	16 14 15 14 14—71
A P Cubberley	17 17 18 17 15—84	W R Joline	15 16 15 15 9—70
Jno Price	14 17 17 19 17—84	P Daly, Jr.	12 12 15 15 13—67
J Van Dyke	16 19 15 17 16—83	S Burtt	15 15 9 11 0—50

Burtt did not finish, but has taken the leather badge by not finishing.—PHILIP DALY, JR., Sec'y.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 17.—Lincoln Gun Club, shot at Alameda Point, fair weather, clay-pigeons, 5 traps, National rules, 1 medal, Campbell and Bruns 21yds., rest 18yds. rise:

First Class.		Second Class.	
Campbell	0101010111111101—10	Karney	0000001001010000— 3
Cate	0000110101001001— 6	Nutz	0000000000011101— 4
Dunshee	0111111111111011—13	Bovee	1011003100001l0— 6
Lee	1101000010000100— 5	Holmes	1001110101111101—10
Ford	0011010011010010— 7	Cohen	0010001100001000— 4
Schendel	0010000010010— 4	Brown	0110111001101111—10
Bruns	1101100111100001— 9	Horber	1000000000001111— 3
Edler	0001101101010011— 8	Penker	0100110000010110— 6
Parks	1011110101111010—10	Wenzel	1000101010101110— 7
Richter	0011001111100010— 8	Quinton	0011111100101001— 9
Potter	0010111000001001— 6		

The first class gold medal was awarded to E. Dunshee with a score of 13 broken birds for one month only. Second class, ties on first at 3 pairs birds, 15yds., Holmes 2, Brown 2. Tie at 18yds, Holmes 2, Brown 2. Tie at 21yds., Holmes 3, Brown 2. Holmes was awarded second class gold medal for one month.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 3.—Sportsmen's Club had a beautiful afternoon for their shoot at the Coal Mine Brook Range, and there was a large attendance of members and spectators. The sweepstake matches were unusually closely contested and excellent scores resulted. The interest centered in the Davis-Russell match at 100 clay-birds thrown from the open traps, in which Davis proved an easy winner, leading from start to finish, although Russell shot a very good uphill race. The total scores, 74 for Davis and 68 for Russell, were exceptionally good, as the new traps throw the targets at a lively pace and in the most unexpected directions, making the shooting extremely difficult:

Davis	1011011101011011101—14	Russell	0000011011011011100—10
	1111110111101101111—17		1101111011111111001—16
	1111101001010111111—15		1101001101111101111—15
	1101110311111010110—14		1110111011010111001—14
	1101100110111011110—14		0111110011001101011—13
	74		68

Sweepstake—20 clay-pigeons from open traps: Gilman, Stone and Smith divided first, Tougas second, Swain third, Dean fourth.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6.—A party of ladies and gentlemen went to Andalusia this afternoon for an afternoon's sport, the guests of the Philadelphia Gun Club. The participants in the match were Miss Rose Coghlan and Messrs. Patterson and Robertson, of the club. The match was shot under the regulation rules, 5 traps, and the birds were all good strong ones. After half an hour's practice the match was begun. Mr. Patterson shot part of the time with 30yds. rise and part with 27, the same as the others. Only 10 birds each were shot at, and the result was a tie, which was not shot off on account of darkness. Following is the score:

Miss Coghlan, 27yds	1001111011—7
Mr Patterson, 27 and 30yds	1111110100—7
Mr Robertson, 27yds	1111110100—7

Miss Coghlan was delighted with her score, which was her first attempt at pigeon shooting. She is, however, a very clever rifle and pistol shot, which accounts for her prowess.

SARATOGA, April 25.—The Gun Club had its first spring meeting to-day. Three new members, Messrs. Putnam, Meehan and Pike, were elected, making the total club membership twenty-nine. The shooting day, until further notice, will be Monday, at 3½ o'clock.

W H Bockes	1111110111—9	W M Meehan	0101101101—6
H H Levengston, Jr.	1111111101—9	R M S Putnam	0011011110—6
W L Pike	1001111111—8	J W Lester	0011010010—4

SOLOMON CITY, Kans., May 5.—Semi-monthly shoot of the Solomon Gun Club, 18yds., Peoria birds:

Kraenchi	1110100111101111—11	Dewar	1111110111111100—12
Crooks	0111111011101111—12	Shane	1010000010000000— 3
Edworthy	1111101111010110—12	Dewey	0010110101000w— 5

A. I.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—At the annual meeting of the Johnstown Gun Club, held on Monday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George Yost; Vice-Presidents, Frank Northrup, S. E. Trumbull; Secretary, James Y. Fulton; Treasurer, James H. Hillabrandt; Captain, James Bantaz; Lieutenant, Jules Pierson; Executive Committee, Frank Northrup, Daniel McMartin, L. Hillabrandt; Scorer, Marcus F. Pierson. Friday was designated as the regular day for the weekly shoot, and to-morrow the opening day of the season; the executive committee being empowered to name the day for closing. It was decided that blue rock pigeons should be used for targets during this month, and that they be shot at from the angles prescribed in the FOREST AND STREAM. Each member to be restricted to 25 targets at each weekly shoot. The executive committee was empowered to procure the badges, to be shot for the ensuing season—a club badge and a badge for the B and C class, to be held each week by the shooter making the largest score, the club badge to the member making the best average during the season; no average to count unless shot for at least fifteen times. It was also decided that the club join the State Sportsmen's Association.

MIDDLETOWN, (N. Y.), GUN CLUB.—At the annual gun club meeting, held May 5, William Clemson, Esq., a gentleman who has made guns and gunning a study, and is probably better posted in the matters coming before an organization of this kind than any other person the club could have chosen, was unanimously elected President. The old-timer, "Potty" Worcester, was re-elected Field Captain, and Wm. H. Crawford was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The regular shooting season will open Thursday, May 12, and continue as long as the weather will permit, every Thursday afternoon. The public generally are invited to join with the club in shooting, and those not wishing to become members, will be allowed to shoot by paying a small fee. It was decided to hold a public shoot Decoration Day, open to everybody. —B. H.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE GUN CLUB will hold its annual tournament on Thursday, May 26, and prizes to the amount of $300 will be competed for, among which are a Colt's hammerless $100 gun, Colt's $55 gun, lightning repeater rifle, revolvers, etc., also an attractive list of sweepstakes. For programmes in full address A. C. GALLUP, No. 292 Main street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

5. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
15. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NORTH BRANCH.

ONLY after long reflection did I conclude to write this. Its veracity will be questioned, and I can bring no proof to sustain myself, for all trace seems to have been swallowed up by the earth. But I will try to give a simple account of the strange adventures which befell me and my companions several years ago. We three, Dale, Carson and myself have kept the secret well. Perhaps if my intentions were known they would hold me to the solemn agreement which we entered into long ago, and which time has no power to annul. But at all events I shall keep my peace and they shall remain ignorant of my intentions until they see this in print. There are times when I fancy it was but a dream; and I can only convince myself of its strange reality by glancing at a broken fragment of rock, inscribed with uncouth and almost undecipherable characters. But looking more closely the eye can distinguish, in rude figures, "*July 2, 1773*," and in letters but faintly visible, "*I write this at the point of death.*" But I am digressing, and must go back.

In August, 1884, we made our first canoe trip down the North Branch of the Susquehanna. The country was new to us, and this added a keener enjoyment to our trip. One evening at sunset we were floating along through a mountainous country. That region is all mountains, but just at this point they were unusually steep and towered high on both sides of the river. We were looking for a camping place, but our search had been unsuccessful, and now the sun was below the horizon, and a dusky shroud had already begun to envelop the landscape. Darkness would soon be upon us. The steep mountain sides offered no protection. Abruptly descending into the river they afforded not even a foothold along shore, much less space to erect a tent. So we floated along too tired and weary to trouble ourselves much about it.

Carson and I were skirting along the one shore while Dale was far across on the opposite side. It had suddenly grown darker, and Dale and his canoe were lost to sight in the blackness which shrouded the distance. But all at once a shout rang out, echoing and re-echoing among the mountains, then a second, and then a third. We headed across and, nearing the other shore, Dale's form loomed into view. "Look here, fellows!" he exclaimed, "Here's a small gravel bar; we can drive stakes, and hold the tent up somehow." We paddled nearer, but suddenly encountered a swift current that nearly carried us past. A few vigorous strokes and our canoes grounded on the lower end. The mountain was steep as ever, but just at the foot lay a strip of gravel large enough to hold us comfortably. The current dashed past at a marvelous rate of speed. It was now very dark, though we knew the moon would soon be up. Under the circumstances we could hardly be very choice about camping, and with a feeling of relief we stood up in our canoes and stretched our cramped limbs.

And now happened a strange thing. Dale was at the further end of the bar. He rose up, placing both hands on the side of his canoe to steady himself. As he did this his paddle dropped into the water and was borne swiftly off. Hastily seizing mine, which I passed to him, he pushed off, and the current whirled him away. We saw him swiftly floating toward the mountain walls just below. We saw him in the dim light lift his paddle from the water, and then, just as we expected to see him stem the current and paddle up toward us, he disappeared completely from view. We rubbed our eyes, but to no purpose; he was gone. The space between us and the edge of the mountain was vacant. Could it be a delusion? A moment ago he was there in full view, and now he had vanished completely. Had the mountains swallowed him up? But hark! What was that?

"Help! help!" rang in our ears. What a horrible sound! So near apparently, and yet as if it came from the very bowels of the earth.

"Help! Help!" Again it rang out in agonized tones. It was Dale's voice. We hesitated no longer. Off we shoved with the current, and straight down toward the solid wall it carried us at terrific speed. If we struck our canoes would split from end to end.

Carson was a little ahead. I had hastily thrown him a line, and he was towing me behind. And now the lofty mountain, a mass of blackness, loomed threateningly above us, and then we seemed to pierce right through it. We scraped and bumped over rough rocks till our canoes threatened to fall apart. The dim light suddenly vanished and we were plunged in utter darkness. Dale's cries for help, magnified a thousand times, ringing despairingly in our ears. It was all too horrible to realize. Where were we? The current was swift as ever and we were gliding between rocky walls, for our canoes would scrape first on one side then on the other.

"We are under ground," cried Carson. His voice fell on my ears like a pistol shot, and echoed and re-echoed with numerous reverberations, which grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. It was the horrible truth. The current was bearing us every second further away from light and life and hope, and dragging us down, down under the earth, to what end we knew not.

The air chilled us to the very bones, and the darkness—no words can describe it. I was side by side with Carson now, and Dale was just ahead.

The current was not so swift, and the channel had evidently widened, for our canoes struck no more on the sides, and our paddles stretched out at arm's length touched only the empty air. I leaned over and drew a small bullseye lantern from my forward hatch. A moment more, and its bright rays shone out and illumined the darkness. All around us was empty space, and above us as far as we could see. We were on an underground lake; how large we could not judge. We were moving rapidly, too, for several times we shot past limbs of trees floating on the water.

We caught up with Dale, and, floating three in a row, we held a council. To go back against the current was simply impossible. We were far away from the entrance by this time. One thought kept our spirits up. There must surely be an exit for such a body of water, and by trusting ourselves to the current we would ultimately reach the open air again. Then a spirit of exploration took possession of us and relieved our minds so much that we made a lunch off a box of potted ham and crackers. We had evidently made a chance discovery of this cavern, for in size it appeared to be great. One thing was unaccountable. How could it have escaped notice? We had entered it in the dark. In daylight it must be in plain view. It was too knotty a question for us to solve, so we gave it up, and turned our attention to more serious things.

Long afterward I came to a conclusion which was probably correct. The entrance, which must have been narrow, ran in a few feet and then turned somewhat abruptly. Darkness prevented further view, and the few stray fishermen who came that way never gave it a second thought. An ordinary boat could not have entered. It had barely admitted our narrow canoes.

Dale now lit his lantern. We were assured of light, at all events, for we had a bottle of oil, plenty of matches, and even a dozen small candles besides. Our provisions comprised boiled ham and tongue, a variety of canned goods, groceries, plenty of crackers, and half a dozen loaves of bread purchased that day at a farm house—enough to last us a few days anyhow.

The current now varied, sometimes very swift and then at times sluggish. Once or twice we passed rocks on either side of us, and finally our light shone on steep ledges, which at first some distance apart, soon closed in on us and narrowed down to a channel probably 20ft. wide. Now and then rocky shelves appeared a few inches above water, and at times our light shone into dark galleries which ran back into the mountain. Once we saw a roof above us covered with stalactite formation which glittered like diamonds in the rays of our lanterns. For the most part nothing was visible above only black, empty space.

Suddenly a cry from Carson broke the stillness. Even now I shudder to think of it. "Look! Look!" he shrieked. "What is that?" His finger pointed to a square-shaped mass of rock probably 10ft. high. It sloped toward us and on the flat top lay the skeleton of a man, the bones whitened with age and the grinning skull presenting a fearful contrast to the black rocks around it. The arms were folded on the breast. Several stone vessels stood beside it. It completely unnerved us and instinctively we grasped our paddles, and not until the dread apparition was far behind us did we draw a full breath. We trembled all over and our fright did not leave us for a long while.

Even our perilous and strange situation did not drive off the feeling of weariness which now oppressed us. I looked at my watch. It was 12 o'clock. No material change had taken place in the channel. We still floated between rocky walls which extended up beyond our vision. Sometimes the channel widened considerably, but trusting to the current we floated straight on.

About half past twelve, I think, we floated into a pool of some width, and drifting near one shore our light fell upon a gravel beach. We mustered up courage enough to land. It ran back some 20ft. to the wall of rock. It was only about 30ft. long, but back from the center, a gloomy-looking hole pierced the rock evidently extending far in. It was just large enough to admit a man standing erect. We were too much exhausted to give it any attention, and wrapping ourselves in our blankets we lay down on the outstretched tent. I found it impossible to sleep and tossed about uneasily.

It was a strange scene. Our feeble lamps shed a sickly glare on my sleeping companions and upon our canoes pulled half way up on the beach. It could not pierce the darkness in front of us, and

the rocky wall in our rear, illuminated with this ghastly light showed up with horrible distinctness the gloomy hole in its sides.

I fell asleep at last from sheer exhaustion. Dale woke me some time after. He and Carson were up and anxious to start. They declared they had slept for hours. I looked at my watch and found it was 4 o'clock. We stowed our blankets away, and as we folded up the tent I picked up from the gravel several flint arrow heads in very good condition.

This discovery put us in good spirits. The cavern had been used by Indians and some exit from it must exist. We concluded to explore the passage behind us. As a wise precaution, we tied an oil silk line to the end of a canoe, and taking a light we started in, unwinding the line as we went. The passage was narrow but free from rocks. We picked up more arrowheads, and several times we stumbled over what appeared to be human bones. Our line was short, and on reaching the end we turned back, for numerous passages running from both sides of the main passage made it extremely probable that we should lose our way if we continued further. So we retraced our steps and shoved off into the unknown current more hopeful than ever of finding our way out.

Hour after hour we traveled on, and but for one good omen we should have given up in despair. Before us some distance we saw a bar of pale white light streaming obliquely down. We paddled swiftly to it, and there far, far above us, too great a distance for the eye to calculate, was a sunbeam streaming in through a small crevice. How far away it was! We lingered near for some time, loath to tear ourselves away from the one link which bound us to the open air. It was now about noon. It did not seem so to us. Down here under the earth day was night and night was day. And now comes the strange part of our adventures.

The channel had narrowed a little and consequently had become somewhat swifter. Suddenly we shot out into a vast pool, and so occupied were we in gazing round on the huge walls of rock that the current, unperceived, drifted us with an eddy and we floated up backward till our canoes grated on a beach of shining white sand.

We stepped out. Our feet scarcely left a mark upon its smooth, level surface, worn solid by time and the action of the water. On both sides it terminated a short distance away in solid rock abruptly descending into the water. Impelled by an irresistible curiosity we took a light and advanced. It sloped upward for some distance till it reached a point some 12ft. above the water level. Here it was perfectly flat, and as we reached the top, and threw the light before us we recoiled in horror, and with difficulty refrained from shrieking aloud. A few feet off lay the skeleton of a man, the limbs twisted out of shape and the arms thrown over a smaller skeleton which lay upon the breast. Evidently a man and a boy. They had died in each other's arms. For a while we gazed on this horrible spectacle with strange emotions. Was this prophetic of our fate? Were our bones destined to lie somewhere in this vast cavern? Were we never again to see the surface of the earth and the bright sunlight? We shuddered and turned away. Dale raised the light and it fell upon the rocky wall behind, and brought into view an inscription upon the smooth surface. We drew near, and there rudely scratched with some sharp-pointed instrument we read the dying message of the unfortunate wretches whose bones lay before us. The writer had started on a flat fragment of rock, and had inscribed the date, "July 2, 1778," and the single sentence, "I write this at the point of death." Then he must have fallen from exhaustion, and been unable in the darkness to find the place, for he began over again several feet away. It was very brief:

JULY 2, 1778.

I write this at the point of death. The Indians captured us five days ago, and bringing us here left us to die. We cannot leave this spot. My son is now dead, and I pray that the end may soon come.

ISRAEL B——

Moisture dripping from the rocks had worn the name away and his identity was lost. The Wyoming massacre following so soon after had probably swallowed up all trace of him. It was an awful fate—brought to this isolated spot and left to die in the darkness.

I grasped the flat fragment of rock on which the inscription had first been commenced, and succeeded in pulling it loose. I brought it with me, bulky as it was, packed away in the canoe, and it lies at my side as I write.

We picked up a few arrow heads and an Indian needle. The point was blunted, and it was probably with this that the message was written. We took one more look at the whitened bones, now divested of much of their horror since their history was known to us, and then we turned away and went down the sandy slope with sad hearts.

We embarked in silence, too anxious about our own fate to think much of the scene we were leaving behind us. We had no appetite, though nothing had passed our lips for hours. The current was now very sluggish and we used our paddle considerably, traveling in single file. The channel grew ragged, sometimes huge rocks threatened to block our way, and stalactites hung down within reach of our paddles. Here and there strips of sand gravel ran along the sides and the rocky walls were perforated by numerous holes, some large enough to enter. But we kept on, no stop and paddled on hour after hour. Once I struck a rock, and my lantern was thrown into the water, and instantly sank. Only one was left now. About half past seven the water grew very swift and our paddles were not needed. We were carried along at a tremendous rate. A little ahead we saw a belt of sand lying on the right. "Look!" said Carson, as we drew near, "What is that?" We were just opposite now, and there, a few feet from the edge, half buried in the sand, lay a small iron chest, studded with brass nails, which could hardly be seen for the thick coating of rust. Even as we looked the current had whirled us past and the chest vanished in the darkness. The current was too strong to go back and we could only conjecture at its contents. Treasure of some sort we thought it must contain, and we did make an effort to paddle back, but without avail. We could not gain an inch on the current, so we gave it up and with hope strong in our hearts we trusted ourselves to the current. Shortly after we reached a point where the channel divided, and cut by a massive wall of rock ran to the right and left. A moment's hesitation and then our eyes fell on an arrow marked distinctly on the rock, the barb pointing to the left. We accepted the guidance. And now the passage was very narrow, with smooth walls on each side and a low roof. Carson took the lead and Dale and I followed singly. Faster and faster ran the current, apparently gaining speed every moment.

Carson swung near one side and ran partly under a protecting shelf of rock. He pushed the bow out just in time, but the stern ran in close, and in an instant the lantern which had been placed behind him was swept off and we were plunged in total darkness. It was a moment of horror. Our speed had increased fearfully and the dashing water made a deafening roar in our ears. I shrieked, but my voice was drowned in the awful roar. I seemed to be gliding over a precipice, and then above the thunder of the current I heard distinctly, "Stoop low! Stoop low!" Instinctively I crouched down, my head seemed to be splitting open with the awful crash, long twining arms seemed to thrust out and strike my head and shoulders, my canvas helmet was jerked violently off, and then what a moment of happiness. I felt the warm air surge upon my burning cheek and throbbing temples, pale light burst upon my vision, I saw white-capped billows shoot past me, I saw trees and the dim outline of mountains and hills, twinkling lights away off in the distance, above me innumerable stars and the moon flooding everything with its silvery light. All in a moment I realized that we were saved and were shooting on the broad surface of the river again, every second speeding further and further away from our horrible prison.

We were beside ourselves with joy, and in the bright moonlight we paddled on, inhaling deep draughts of pure air. In fact we traveled several miles before we thought of stopping. When we had been vomited out of our subterranean prison and thrown on to the surface of the earth again, strange to say not one of us thought of looking back or fixing any landmark by which we could distinguish the place again. I can only remember from a hasty glance that mountains towered steep above us, and that the river was exceedingly swift and rocky. The exit from the cavern was evidently entirely concealed by over-growing bushes, and I have no doubt that the swift current would effectually prevent a boat from ever getting near. I have since located the place pretty correctly.

Little more remains to be told. In two days we rounded the great bend and reached Wilkesbarre, and from there made rapid progress home. We had a secret consultation, and agreed not to breathe a word of our adventure. Perhaps our thoughts were fixed on that mysterious iron chest.

The following summer we packed our traps and launched our canoes on the North Branch again, fully equipped for another underground journey. But a bitter disappointment awaited us. The entrance to the cave could not be found. Everything was changed, and the supposed entrance to the cavern was buried in tons of limestone and slab rock from a recently opened quarry on the mountain side. Search was useless, and we gave it up in despair.

It appears at times like a dream, and I have long hesitated about making known our strange adventures. For what proof have we? But now it is told. The location I shall keep secret, for, perhaps, some day when the mountain quarry is vacated, and the stones have been carried away or blasted out, the entrance to the cavern will appear again, and its mysteries will come to light. But that is improbable, and I am reluctantly compelled to believe that the ghastly skeletons, with their awful history, the corroded iron chest with its unknown contents, and whatever hidden secrets the dark caverns may possess, will be forever hidden from the eyes of man.

W. M. GRAYDON.

STATEN ISLAND AND ITS VISITORS.

ON Saturday last at about 8 P. M. Messrs. Vaux and Burchard, of the New York C. C., were running to catch a train at West New Brighton, Staten Island, coming from the direction of the Staten Island Athletic Club. When near the station a man threw himself violently against Mr. Vaux, who was some thirty feet in advance, and shouldered him into the street, where he fell heavily. Mr. Burchard, on coming up, spoke to the fellow, one "Burns" McTamany, a huckster, a tall, powerfully built young man with a local reputation as an athlete, remonstrating with him for maltreating a man so much inferior in size and strength. McTamany menaced Mr. Burchard, who stepped back, not desiring to miss his train, and become involved in a street broil with a man who was evidently partly intoxicated. He retreated into the street, the man following him and finally striking him. Mr. Burchard hit him in return with a light umbrella, when he was thrown to the ground and his opponent jumped on him, placing his left arm on Mr. Burchard's throat and choking him, crushing his chest and striking him in the face with his right fist.

Meanwhile a second man had attacked Mr. Vaux, but the wily canoeist, recognizing his inferiority as a boxer against a taller man, grappled and soon threw him. The fellow at once begged off and promised to go to the assistance of Mr. Burchard, who was struggling beneath his burly antagonist, the latter swearing, meanwhile, to kill him. Mr. Vaux attempted to drag McTamany off, when the other man, Johnson, interfered and tried to hold Mr. Vaux. Mr. Burchard finally broke away and crossed the street, when his drunken assailant followed him, again threatening to kill him. As he came up Mr. Burchard seized him by the arms, but was forced backward over the picket fence, severely injuring his back, and the fellow, unable to use his arms, butted several times with his head, breaking Mr. Burchard's nose and blacking both of his eyes. Mr. Vaux again freed himself and ran up, supporting Mr. Burchard from behind, while he reached around his head, and as McTamany butted forward, struck him a powerful blow in the nose, over Mr. Burchard's shoulder. Both then broke away and ran to the police station, and returning with officers, captured Johnson and found McTamany hiding behind a fence. A complaint was at once made and the prisoners held on $250 bail.

Mr. Burchard arrived home at 1 A. M. and placed himself under the care of a surgeon, who set his nose. His injuries, it is hoped, are not dangerous, but he was very severely handled. Both gentlemen were at a disadvantage, as they had run some distance and were completely winded when attacked. On Monday evening a hearing was had before Justice W. J. Powers, at which Messrs. Vaux and Burchard told the story of the assault, the defendants pleading not guilty. The case was postponed until Monday next at 7:30 P. M. at Justice Powers's court, Richmond Terrace, West New Brighton, Staten Island, the assailants being allowed to go on the same bail.

As both gentlemen were strangers to their assailants there is no visible reason for the assault except that McTamany, being partially intoxicated and out for a lark, thought that he could throw a small man into the gutter with impunity.

The assault was committed within a few rods of the police station on the principal street of the village, and people were passing at the time, but no one attempted to interfere.

Staten Island has long been a favorite resort for boating men on account of its facilities for yachting and canoeing, and there are many who board there in summer and visit it throughout the year, spending a great deal of money among its tradesmen. Among these the New York Canoe Club has been very favorably known along both shores, especially at West New Brighton, where it has made many friends. It remains to be seen now whether this brutal and unprovoked assault by two of its residents will be resented by the citizens of West Brighton and whether the offenders will be adequately punished. Such occurrences as these are calculated to drive away a very desirable class of residents and visitors, and self-interest alone should move the citizens to action in the present case. The many boat clubs along the shore are specially interested, as their members have before this been victims of similar attacks.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Canoeists in the vicinity of New York wishing to attend the Hudson River spring meet, May 28-30, can reach camp by steamer S. A. Jenks, which leaves pier foot of Harrison street, New York, daily at 3 P. M. Up river canoeists can probably get steamers to stop at Rockland, which is within easy paddling distance of the camp.

The camp site, which is on the southeast side of Crotou Point, has a good sand beach, a fine place for land tents, and a convenient spring of good water. Supplies will be brought to camp or can be obtained in the village.

A successful meet is anticipated, as all the prominent Hudson River clubs will be represented. Some of the Jersey clubs will also turn out in force. A cordial invitation is extended to all unattached canoeists as well as members of clubs. Any further information will be gladly furnished upon inquiry.

H. M. CARPENTER, Purser Shattemuc C. C.

SING SING, May 7.

BROOKLYN C. C. NOTES.—In spite of the bad weather there was a good attendance from the Brooklyn C. C. present at the boat house on May 7, to see the trial of Mr. Ward's new rig. This is practically a leg of mutton sail, with one batten starting from the tack of the sail. It gives a very flat sail, and proved very satisfactory in the light airs going. The Brooklyn cup has been challenged for, for the first time this season, and will be sailed for on Saturday, May 14. Eight entries are expected to start, and all the new rigs will undoubtedly be seen for the first time under actual trial. The challenger on this occasion is Mr. R. Blake, a new contestant for cup honors. Canoeists who may visit the club on that occasion will be cordially welcomed and taken care of. Private letters from England report that Baden Powell is building a 16x30 canoe, fine forward and full aft, with very little freeboard, said to be designed on the true wave form theory. He also has a new rig, giving nothing in front of the mast and very little sail aloft, approaching the leg of mutton shape.—G.

IRRAWADI C. C., Davenport, Ia., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fifth annual meeting of the Irrawadi C. C., held the first Monday in April, resulted in the re-election of the following officers for 1887: Com., Marcius C. Smith; Vice-Com., Lee G. Kratz; Sec., Edward S. Hammatt; Ex. Com., Marcius C. Smith, Joel M. Parker, Stanley B. Lafferty. The club totem is a dolphin, paddle and letter C. The old I. C. C. burgee was discarded and the new signal is a light blue-pointed burgee with a white disc in the center, on which is placed the club totem. The club was organized in 1883 and now has the following fleet: Ceiba, Isis, Lotus (No. 907 A. C. A.), Daphne, Solitaire, Sunbeam, Pocahonats, Naiad, Onaway, Dolphin.—E. S. HAMMATT, Sec.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., May 7.—Mr. Julius H. Seymour, of New York city, and Mr. Charles R. McNeil, of Litchfield, Conn., have applied for membership in the A.C.A.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

19. Carolina, Wilmington, N. C.
24. Miramichi, Opening Cruise, Beaubair's Island.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28. Quincy, Club.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
30. Cedar Point Opening.
30. Brooklyn, Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Great Head, Winthrop, trophy.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.
30. South Boston.
30. South Boston Opening.

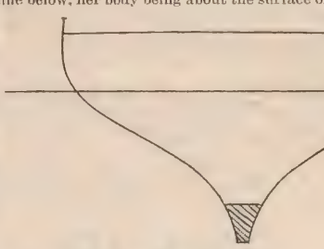
JUNE.

2. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, New York.
15. Corinthian Annual, N. Y.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. N. J., Annual, New York.
16. Portland, Annual.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
25. South Boston Club.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
25. Quincy, Open.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

TITANIA.

THOUGH, as it has proved, the second class is not to have the honor this year of furnishing a Cup defender, it will make a better showing than it has done for a long time, and threatens to monopolize much of the interest of the early races, in spite of Mayflower, Puritan, Priscilla and the new boat of Gen. Paine. Beside Bedouin and Gracie, which have virtually constituted the class for a season or so, and Pocahontas, who makes her entry into the class after some years absence, there will be two entirely new yachts by different designers and of different models, the success or failure of which will be watched with almost as much attention as the new boat in the first class. One of these, the Shamrock, was launched last week at Bay Ridge, the other will be launched on Saturday, at Piepgrass's yard, City Island. A special interest attaches to the latter craft from the fact that she is a departure in many respects from her designer's previous successful efforts, and also that she is built of steel, the second American sailing yacht built of this material, and the first vessel from the new yard.

Titania, as the new yacht is named, was designed by Edward Burgess for C. Oliver Iselin, of New York. but with the general features of the other two Burgess boats she differs materially from both in many respects. In the sheer plan she shows the same plumb stem and the long high counter, with less sheer, being quite straight on deck. The sternpost has a rake of some 30 degrees, but the draft is greater, and the keel, rockered at its middle portion, rises rather straight to the forefoot. There is very little crown to the deck which, with the straight sheer and great beam, gives it a very flat look. It is in the midship section, however, that the difference is most marked, the new boat having a regular S section, a deep keel rounding into a floor with a great deadrise, a hard bilge above, and a side slightly turning in at the gunwale, the greatest breadth being well above the water. The hollow of the garboards is carried well fore and aft, making the boat very fine below, her body being about the surface of the water.



The principal dimensions are:

Length over all	82ft.
Length on l.w.l.	69ft. 9in.
Beam, extreme	21ft.
Beam, l.w.l.	19ft. 11in.
Draft	8ft. 9in.
Displacement	75 tons.
Ballast, keel	30 tons.
Mast, diameter	16in.
Masthead	9ft.
Boom, extreme	70ft.
Boom, diameter	12½in.
Gaff	41ft. 6in.
Gaff, diameter	9in.
Height, deck to truck	107ft.
Spinaker boom	67ft.
Spinaker boom, diameter	7in.
Bowsprit, outboard	34ft.
Bowsprit, diameter	12in.

The hull is built entirely of mild steel, the plating being ¼in. The keel is 2⅝in. thick, built up of four pieces—one on each side of the slot, one forward and one aft. The fore piece is 6in. wide where it joins the trunk, and tapers to meet the stem, the after piece being of similar shape. One end of each lies between the corresponding ends of the pieces that run along the bottom of the trunk, the three ends being riveted together. The stem and stern forgings are each sided 1¼in. The headledges of the trunk are channel beams, 4in. wide, with side plating of ¼in. steel, stiffened with angle irons at every 2ft. The trunk is carried up to the deck beams and closed in with wood on top. The lead is run directly into the bottom of the yacht. The frames are single, 2½×2½×¼, spaced 21in., with deck beams of the same size and spacing, the latter being doubled at the skyhight and mast partners. On each frame is a gusset plate of ¼in. steel, 12in. on each arm. The butt straps are 6×¼in., double riveted. The bilge clamps are 2½×2½×¼, and the planksheer is 10×¼, covered with oak. The deck is of clear white pine, 2¼×2¼, fastened with a yellow metal screw from beneath through each deck beam. Abreast of the mast are two diagonal plates, 6×¼in., laid on the deck beams, the planking being scored over them, and from the rudder stock aft runs a similar plate, 10×¼in. The mast partners are of 4in. oak, and a filling of the same takes the bitts and windlass forward. The centerboard is 20ft. long and will drop 8ft. It is of oak, shod with iron. The stanchions are of locust, 2½×3in., the heels bolted through the plating well below deck. The rail is of white oak, 2×6in. and 11in. high amidships, with bulwarks of 1in. white pine. The rudder stock is of 2½in. steel, with a No. 8 Edson steerer. The main chain plates are 8×⅜in. and the others 2×⅛in. The bowsprit is a handsome round stick, 12in. in gammon iron and 8in. at end. It is fitted between the bitts of 4¾×8in. locust, with two hardwood rollers above it, to allow it to run easily. The fid is of locust, 3×5in. The heel of the stick is square, 12×12in. The gammon iron is a very handsome forging, in one piece; a ring 4in. wide, with three lugs forged on the upper side, between which are fitted a 1½x3in. sneave to starboard, for the foresay, and a 1x3in. to port for the tack. The spreaders are each 6ft. long, of hollow spruce, and fit on projecting bosses forged on the lower part of the gammon iron. The bowsprit is fitted to house, but the bobstay is a solid bar. The jib outhaul is of flexible steel wire rope, with no traveler. The shrouds are of 2⅜in. circumference, of crucible cast steel, and the running rigging is of manilla, specially made by Wm. Wall & Sons for the boat. The rigging has all been fitted by Phillip Low, who has turned out a very fine piece of work. The winch for the centerboard is of wrought iron, with a lignum vitæ barrel. The boom is fitted for its entire length with a jackstay of wood, on which run toggles for the foot of the sail to lace to. The sail can thus be hauled out or slacked in at will, being fitted with the regular outhaul at boom end. The boat below is finished entirely in white pine, painted. The head room is 6ft. 2in. under deck. There is a large main saloon, with two small rooms abaft it, on the starboard side is the owner's room and another adjoining it, with toilet room forward, and on the port side is a passage fore and aft, on which open two staterooms and a w.c. The pantry, galley and ice-box, with some large closets, are grouped about the mast, and forward is a very good forecastle. On deck there is a hatch to forecastle and galley, a sail hatch abaft the mast, a large skylight and the main companion, besides a sail hatch aft. The deck fittings are all neat and shipshape and the finish generally is in good taste.

The work is a credit to Mr. Piepgrass, the plating being specially fine, and it is something for New York to feel proud of that she has at least one yard capable of turning out the highest class of work in wood or metal. Bedouin, Oriva, Wenonah and Ilcen have stood for some time at the head, as far as wooden construction is concerned, and Titania is fully worthy to rate with them in quality.

HARLEM Y. C. REGATTA.—The Harlem Y. C. will sail a regatta on June 13 over the club course from Oak Point, open to all yachts. Yachts will be classed as follows: Class A, cabin yachts 35ft. and over; Class B, cabin yachts under 35ft.; Class C, open jib and mainsail boats from 23 to 28ft.; Class D, open jib and mainsail boats under 23ft.; Class E, catboats from 23 to 28ft.; Class F, catboats over 18 and under 23ft.; Class G, catboats under 18ft. The club will contribute $75 prize money, and all entrance fees will be added.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Magic, schooner, has been sold by Chas. G. Weld, of Boston, to Thornton N. Motley, Larchmont Y. C., former owner of the sloop Vivid....Ocean Gem, steam yacht, Wm. P. Clyde, owner, has been sold to Chas. H. Taylor, to be used by the *Boston Globe* for collecting shipping news, and has left New York for Boston....Norna, schooner, Alex. J. Leith, has been sold to T. N. Vail....Percy, keel sloop, of Boston, has been sold by A. H. Blackman to F. C. Fowler, of Moodus, Conn....Maud, keel sloop, has been sold by Wood Bros. to J. E. Davis, of Boston.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—A meeting was held on May 7 at the club house, at which the following classification was adopted: "Class C to embrace a sailing measurement of 75ft. and over; Class D of 60ft. and under 75ft.; Class E of 52ft. and under 60ft., and Class F of 42ft. and under 52ft. Thirty-five new members were elected,

A NEW BOOK FOR CORINTHIAN SAILORS.

THE growth of all outdoor sports, both in this country and abroad, has been very rapid within the last half dozen years, and yachting has come in for its full share of the general prosperity. Not only is the interest much greater than formerly, but the numbers have greatly increased, especially in the smaller classes, and the number engaged in the sailing of small craft of all kinds, from the little model yachts to boats of 20 to 30ft., is very much greater in proportion to the entire body of yachtsmen than it was but a dozen years since. At that time yachting was confined largely to the owners of the larger classes of yachts, but to-day there may be found in every town near the water, scores of young men who sail and perhaps design and build their own boats, who are familiar with the large yachts of the world and their racing, and who keep up a lively and active interest in all that pertains to yachts and sailing. It is only natural that this large pleasure marine should demand a literature of its own, to meet which want the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. have already published works that are the acknowledged standards in their various departments of yachting and canoeing. To fill out still further this valuable collection they have now ready a new book intended mainly for amateurs and young yachtsmen and boat sailors, treating at length of the design, construction and use of model yachts, canoes, sailing boats and singlehanders.

The sailing of model yachts, while looked upon by some as mere play, is a most important branch of yachting, and one from which much can be learn d by the careful sailor. While the actions of models and their larger prototypes are not in all respects identical, there so closely related that the value of careful experiments on models has long been recognized by the first authorities, many of whom have given much care and time to the subject, and with important results. In "Yachts, Boats and Canoes" the author, Mr. C. Stansfeld-Hicks, has devoted the first chapters to this subject as the one to which the young yachtsman first turns before attaining to the dignity of commanding a craft of his own. Considerable space is devoted to the subject, giving not only such simple directions as will enable the young naval architect to plan, build and rig his first boat, but going thoroughly into the finer details of this charming and instructive sport, into the construction, rigging and match sailing of the elaborate and costly model yachts found in the larger clubs. Several large designs of hulls and rigs are given on seperate plates.

Following the model yachts the author takes up canoes and small sailing boats of different kinds, explaining their construction, rig, fittings and uses, wood and canvas boat building, and the fitting out of canoes with rudders, centerboards, etc., the text being explained by a large number of small cuts in addition to large folding plates.

The main portion of the book is devoted to single-handed sailing, in which the author is an enthusiast, growing eloquent in praise of the sport in the following introduction which will in once appeal to all of similar tastes: "There is a peculiar charm in sailing small yachts, a sense of freedom and the consciousness that all depends on one's self, which to a great extent disappears with larger vessels; and this, perhaps, tends to create the feeling that the little craft herself is something more than a mere boat, a pleasant companion in fair weather, and a tried and true friend when the horizon darkens with wind, and the rising waves are tossing their snowy crests in eager anticipation of the fray. Then it is that the boat and her owner, as one sentient being, sweep forward their onward course, ready to take advantage of every puff and lull, now running down the steep declivity of some huge sea, and then quickly rising to meet the crest that comes rolling on as if certain to engulf the little craft; but buoyant as a cork, and kept well up to it by her helmsman, she gaily mounts the watery acclivity, and pausing for a moment on its summit like a seabird, heels well over to the access of wind in her sails, and shoots away into the valley below; and though the puffs may come heavier and heavier, and a real hard blow come on, yet still the little creature, under her small rag of reefed canvas, dodges away to windward, bowing and curtseying to the unfriendly elements, until the last tack is made, and with her port in view the sheets are eased, and in a few brief moments the boat and her owner, both dripping with brine, and the latter sufficiently exercised to enjoy the restful change, glide into their destined haven. A few moments more and the little craft, with her wings folded, is lying gently at her moorings, and the worthy owner, in dry flannels, is enjoying a well-earned rest, while he superintends those culinary operations which are soon to minister to the well-being and contentment of the inner man; and then to himself, if he be alone, or to his chum, if he have one aboard, will he proceed to reconsider and review various little episodes touching the performance of his vessel, or some delicate bit of steering, or how he did what he thinks it would be perhaps better not to do again, or *vice versa;* in short, he fights his battles over again, until the cabin clock warns him that an early start necessitates his turning in without delay, and so he retires to his comfortable berth, and soon the dryness and coziness, all the more appreciated when contrasted with the tossing he has just had, and the easy swing of the little vessel, and the swishing lullaby of the water running past her bows, send him off into the happy cruising ground where Morpheus reigns supreme.

"There are a few men who have had an apprenticeship in small craft but look back with a great deal of half-regret on those happy days, even though they may now be the proud possessors of a 'flying fifty,' and the contrast is strong between the two. On the one hand, all the comforts and pleasant surroundings which the superior accommodation of the large vessel affords; the spacious saloon, the natty owner's cabin, the pleasure of having a cabin at the disposal of a friend, and the additional charm of being able to enjoy the society of ladies, for whom the spacious after cabin is specially designed—these are all weighty arguments in favor of the big boat. Then you have the feeling that you are practically a passenger, and though your skipper may be a worthy man and consider you to be pretty fair for an 'amatoor,' still the mere fact that you have a crew perfectly able to pull and haul and do all the work of the vessel without your assistance makes it unnecessary for you to do more than take the helm so long as the skipper thinks fit to trust you with it (there are, of course, many owners who can and do sail their own vessels; but, as a general rule, the skipper is the practical man and takes charge when he sees need); and when racing, unless in a Corinthian race, the skipper is almost invariably master of the situation Again, in a large boat there is not only the boat to be considered, but the crew. You may have a good crew and you may have quite the reverse, and the same may be said as to the skipper; while in the small craft you have no one to please but yourself, and it is almost impossible for those who have not tried the experiment to imagine the amount of amusement and health-giving recreation that is obtained by working a small yacht."

The following directions will be useful to beginners in this branch of yachting: "In choosing a boat for working single-handed one cannot be too careful as to the amount of gear involved, and the whole matter should be looked at not as it is in ordinary weather, but how it would be in a hard blow; and the strength, knowledge and activity of the owner is a great factor in determining the size of the sail and the weight of the gear. In any case it is much better to be under spared and canvased to start with, and when you see what you can do with the boat it is easy enough to make any requisite alterations. * * * In selecting the type of boat, the intending owner will have to be guided by the nature of his requirements, as it is impossible to have a craft perfect in all points. There are, however, many points which a good boat should possess, and before discussing them I would say a few words as to a favorite mode of procedure with amateur yachtsmen, which is buying an open boat and converting it (or trying to do so) into a yacht. This is about the worst way of going to work, for many reasons. In the first place the boat was probably designed and built for rowing, with little or no rise of floor, and heavy quarters, so that however she may be altered aloft by her topsides being raised, and a deck given her, she remains a mere makeshift, and at the same time she will probably cost more before she is finished than a yacht of about the same size. There are certain advantages in this description of craft, i. e., good beam, roomy cabin, and capability of taking the ground, against which you have shallow draft, insufficient lateral resistance, unless with a great keel, and no head room. Such boats, too, being brought down by ballast to waterlines they were never designed for, have to carry a great press of canvas to get them along at any rate of speed, and, instead of dividing a sea, spank it, sending up showers of spray, while in a short chop they are almost useless, and in a long swell, and with sheets slightly off, they get along fairly; but from beginning to end they are boats, with no pretensions in form or ability to yachts."

The following remarks on the rig of small boats are of general application: "What is the best form of rig for a small boat is not an easy question to answer off-hand. If for an open boat, or for smooth-water sailing, it is best to have all the canvas in one sail if possible, and this may be either a gaff sail or a balance lug. The advantages of such a rig are simplicity in gear and great efficacy of sail power, as the more the sail plan is cut up the less result is obtained from it. The disadvantages are that while craft under such rig are very handy and close on a wind, they are inclined to veer wild and sheer heavily when running free; while for sea work, if the craft is of any size, one sail becomes difficult to manage in a breeze. Of the two the balance lug is better off the wind, and for small boats perhaps no better can be devised, the standing lug is also a useful sail, and has more lifting and less pressing tendency than the gaff sail. For speed there is no rig better than the cutter for sea work, and if a trysail is carried the boat can be made as snug as it is possible to make a craft; but a cutter-rigged boat is heavier to work than one rigged as a yawl, and for this reason many small boats are yawl-rigged. For getting under way easily, and for tiding down a river when there is no hurry, a yawl is charming, as it is not necessary to set the mainsail at all; but a smart little cutter will work almost as well under her headsails, and if a balloon foresail is set, the cutter will work almost as well as the yawl with her mizen added. Under all sail the yawl's mizen is always getting a back draft out of the mainsail, and never does half the work it should do. The great benefit derived from it is that the mainboom is kept in the boat, and I believe if a good boat were rigged as a cutter with a short boom, she would be better for sea work than a yawl, particularly if she carried a balloon foresail sheeting well aft to work under when reaching, or when it is not desired to set the mainsail. On the other hand there are certain advantages in a mizen, such as luffing the boat in a squall, but in a blow with any sea on, the mizen is almost the first sail to stow, as it can, as a rule, only be carried with large jib set. When this is shifted for second jib the mizen is reefed, and with a small jib stowed altogether, it will be readily understood that the reason of this is that, as diplomatists say, 'to keep up the balance of power,' and though from its low center of effort, the mizen does not heel the boat much, it must not be forgotten that in a breeze it is requisite to have commanding canvas set, and this must be of sufficient hoist to keep the boat going, otherwise when in the trough of the sea she loses her way. For this purpose all small boats should have a trysail, storm lug or some storm canvas with a good hoist and suitably fitted with strong double sheets. In a blow a foresail is a very pressing sail and the boat is greatly eased when it is doused. A small jib, set on reefed bowsprit and no foresail, will often enable a little craft to make good weather, when with the foresail, even if it were reefed, she would be buried. Of course if it is necessary to make tacks and the boat will not come around without her foresail it must be carried."

LAUNCH OF THE THISTLE.

THE cutter yacht Thistle, which has been specially built to race for the America Cup, was successfully launched from the building yard of Messrs. D. and W. Henderson, Partick, Glasgow, on Tuesday afternoon. In the fall of last year a syndicate of Clyde yachtsmen was formed and funds subscribed to build a craft, which would have a fair chance of success, sailing under the American rule of measurement for the America Cup. The Clyde confederacy, with the traditional shrewdness of North Britons, began at the beginning so far as the practical part of the business went; Mr. G. L. Watson, commissioned to design the Thistle, journeying last autumn from Glasgow to America to take stock of the Mayflower, Priscilla, Puritan, Sachem and others, and we believe that he came back with the idea that he would have a tough job to whittle out the model of a keel boat that would be able to tackle the Yankees in very fine weather. However, he set to work with a good heart, and the Thistle was laid down at the Meadowside Yard in January under a close shed, and none but workmen and those immediately interested have either watched or seen the vessel in course of construction, and it may be said that after the shed was knocked away the hull was covered up with old sails until she was water-borne. The actual model of the Thistle is, therefore, only known to her designer, who laid her off in the mould loft and supervised her construction, and we believe the joint owners of the Thistle, of which body Mr. James Bell, who for several years successfully sailed the Amadine schooner, is director, and among other prominent Clyde yachtsmen we believe that Mr. N. B. Stewart, Mr. John Clark and Mr. James Coats, Jr., have shares in the venture.

Late on Monday night the shed under which the Thistle had been built was pulled down, and the vessel was struck over on the patent slip carriage and run down the next morning to low water mark. About 2 o'clock everything was let run, the sail coverings having been removed from the hull, and Mrs. Watson, the mother of the designer, christened her "The Thistle." Viewed broadside on, the new craft does not appear to have more overhang than the Wendur, but she has a trifle more sheer and a prettier turned cutwater, which, it may be said, carries the national emblem as figure-head, and on the scroll work on the bow is the motto of the Scotch nation, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and the rampant lion in shield. She shows a nice round side, and is something substantial to look at end on compared to the plank-on-edge type which was the outcome of the exploded length-and-breadth rule. She has, of course, a grand platform to work on, and the deck of narrow plank is beautifully laid. The covering boards and stanchions are of teak, and the wide sweep described by the American elm-rail is hardly suggestive of a racing vessel to one accustomed to the pinched indeck plan of some modern boats that could be named. The principal dimensions are as follows: Length (Custom House measurements), 98ft.; length on load waterline, 85ft.; breadth extreme, 20·30ft.; depth in hold, 14·10ft.; registered tonnage, 100·67 tons. The hull is steel through and through, the plating below the waterline being ¾in., and above 5-16in. The ballast, all but a few tons, is run solid into the keel-plate, and what with keelsons, stringers, diagonal and cross plates, brackets, etc., the vessel is tied together in a wonderful way, although there is no excess of weight where not wanted.

Under deck she is plainly but substantially fitted, and from her great beam has great cabin accommodation. Her area of lower sail will equal the American centerboarder Mayflower, and the mast, with mere a gantline on, looked startling in regard to tautness. The ironwork is a model of neatness, and there is nothing cumbersome in regard to the skylights, hatches, etc., and even with the capstan shipped in its place the foreguard will have a nice clear deck to work on. After being launched the mast was stepped and the loose ballast put on board, and the Thistle was then towed down to Greenock, where she will complete her outfit. She is in charge of John Barr of that ilk, who, from small ship sailing, was promoted to the May, and his last charge was the Clara, which he sailed successfully for two seasons in American waters. The Thistle will probably be ready to bend sail in about a fortnight, and, according to present arrangements, she will be sent round to the Thames to take part in the New Thames Channel Yacht Match, from Southend to Harwich, on May 28. We hear that she will be entered for all available races from Thames to the Mersey, and shortly after the Clyde racing season is over, in July, she will set out for America.—*Land and Water, April 30.*

LAKE ONTARIO.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., May 5.—The annual meeting of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. was held last night, when the officers were unanimously chosen as follows: Com., W. H. Biggar (re-elected); Vice-Com., ex-Com. L. B. Robertson; Capt., ex-Com. R. J. Bell; Hon. Sec., Richard S. Bell; Asst.-Sec., W. H. Campbell; Treas., Geo. N. Leavens; Measurers, Geo. N. Leavens and W. S. Denney. Mr. Alex Robertson, M.P., was chosen chairman of the executive committee and Mr. D. R. Leavens chairman of the regatta committee. The delegates chosen to represent the club in the Council of the Lake Yacht Racing Association were Messrs. D. B. Robertson, R. S. Bell and D. R. Leaven. Com. Biggar is president of the L. Y. R. A., the Council of which body will meet in this city May 14. Four applicants were admitted to membership, of whom two are residents of Lachine, Quebec, who purchased the unfinished second class yacht which was designed by ex-Com. Roy and which is rapidly approaching completion. A committee was also appointed to consider the advisability of erecting a club house.

The club at the instance of the Hon. Secretary, declared themselves on the questions of sub-dividing the existing first class yachts, drawing the line at 50ft. corrected length, of prohibiting the letting of open boats in the second class and of uniform prizes in all classes above 25ft. corrected length. To all these proposals an affirmative response was given and ten representatives of the club will vote in accordance therewith at the L. Y. R. A. meeting.

There is but little in the way of news at present. Com. Biggar will try the experiment of outside lead on the Iolanthe, but will not race her this season so extensively as usual. The Norah will soon be launched at Deseronto and fitted out, and the Atalanta will make the round of the L. Y. R. A. races. She has not been sold, as was reported, but may change hands ere long.

By the way, a strong feeling in favor of excluding professional crews from races under the auspices of the L. Y. R. A. is growing up and I should not be surprised to see it acted upon at the meeting here, at least to the extent of allowing no professionals in races except a sailing master in each yacht. The bane of racing has been its expense, which the proposed reform would reduce to a minimum. PORT TACK.

TORONTO Y. C.—The officers are: Com., Thos. McGaw; Vice-Com., Geo. P. Reid; Captain, Wilton Morse; Meas., L. V. Percival; Treas., W. H. Parsons; Sec., D. L. Macmurchy; Committee—Hume Blake, Wm. Dickson, F. B. Polson, Geo. E. Evans. It was resolved to form a company to manage the business of the club house, instead of continuing the club as a joint stock corporation.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.

THE Rhode Island Y. C. is the latest, and perhaps the most remarkable, exemplification of the strong and general interest in yachting on New England seaboard. Though it has been an actual organization but a few months, its sudden standing and wonderful growth have indicated that only a charter and constitution was needed to draw together in a compact body a large number of men who were yachtsmen in spirit and deed, whether a yacht club existed or not. It was not realized, however, how great and wide was this interest in the sport until the club called it out. Hustled enthusiastically together last fall, the first annual meeting at Providence in February found the new organization equipped with a name, a charter and constitution and by-laws, and a membership of upward of 200, including nearly every small yacht owner on Narragansett Bay, representing Providence, Newport, Fall River, Pawtuxet, and almost every town on the bay or its tributaries where a sailboat could find water enough to float. As the characteristic boats of the bay are small craft—cats or sloops—it is to this class of boat owners that the club owes its membership and will owe much of its success; but its yacht list will also include a notable fleet of little steam craft and larger boats, like the schooner Madcap, of Boston, and most of the large sloops of the bay, and Peri, of Newport, Kelpie, M. F. Swift, of Fall River, Ada and Alice, well known on the bay, will be found in its club book.

The club adopted the old and well-known pennant of the once flourishing little organization, the Providence Y. C.; and thus organized, set energetically to work to get a permanent house. A site on a big rock off Pawtucket, the most prominent and picturesque spot on Narraganset Bay, was secured, and here the infant organization is boldly erecting a beautiful little Queen Anne style club house on top of the rock and connecting with the shore by a 300ft. bridge. This house and adjuncts is to cost $4,100, which figures will give some idea of the boldness and energy of the club in undertaking its creation in its infancy. Subscriptions have, however, been received by the club from interested gentlemen outside its membership, the treasury is fat with the initiation fees, and as a culminating stroke the club undertook in the latter part of April the revival of the opera "H. M. S. Pinafore," for its benefit, which appropriate nautical entertainment proved an event of social and financial importance in Providence, and netted the organization something over $500 for its building fund. The club house will be completed early in June, and will be gloriously "warmed," and then the organization will settle down to make Narragansett Bay lively with its regattas.

The membership has reached 330, including men prominent in social and business circles in Providence and throughout the State. Its officers are: Com, W. H. Low, Jr., Providence, sloop Lucille; Vice-Com., F. P. Sands, Newport, sloop Peri; Rear-Com., Charles F. Handy, Providence, steam yacht Alert; Pres., Dr. Sayer Hasbrouck, Providence; Sec., E. Howard Wright, Providence; Treas., Dr. R. Herbert Carver, Providence; Meas., Benjamin Stillwell, Paul B. Warren, Providence; Trustees, C. G. Bloomer, Pawtucket; Benjamin Davis and George H. Slade, Providence. Membership Committee, C. G. Bloomer, Pawtuxet; W. G. Brennan, Charles H. Howland, Edgar F. Knowles, R. L. Green, Providence. Regatta Committee, E. Howard Wright, F. P. Eddy, Providence; Elisha S. Arnold, Pawtuxet; R. H. Carver, Charles C. Manchester, Providence.

The club's laws have been based largely on those of the Larchmont Y. C. and the sailing regulations, which have not yet been completed, are drawn up with a view to the classes recommended by the FOREST AND STREAM and already adopted by a number of prominent clubs.

MAYFLOWER AND ARROW.

MESSRS. Paine and Burgess have written as follows in answer to Mr. Chamberlayne's letter:

Dear Sir—As the prospect of an international match between the Arrow and Mayflower has been definitely ended by your decision to attach to the contest a condition restricting the use of the Mayflower's centerboard, I must now, in Mr. Burgess's absence, write you the reasons that made it impossible for us to accept the restriction. The first reason is that the conditions require a yacht club to authorize a challenge, as well as to become the responsible owner of the cup, if won, and I doubt whether any yacht club that I belong to would wish to assume the defense of the cup, either directly or through one of its members, upon conditions which crippled its principal class of racing yachts. Furthermore, from the tenor of your letter to the public, Oct. 27, 1885, in which you require six months' notice, that you may have time to make the Arrow "fit to compete with a modern flyer," and the opinion you express in the same letter that, after some suitable alternations, you would be able to make a gallant, even if a losing fight, in defense of the trophy, I was led to suppose that the Arrow would be modernized and would defend the cup as a national champion, and I was surprised to find by your letter of March 30, 1887, that you did not intend to fully modernize her, but proposed, instead, to tax and discriminate against the Mayflower—thus eliminating the element of international championship. I was also especially surprised that the centerboard should be made the subject of restriction, because your whole motive in offering the cup seemed to be to attract (to quote your words) "such v ssels as the Puritan to our shores"—the Puritan at that time being the most conspicuous centerboard yacht in this country. A restriction of any kind upon either yacht in such a contest changes its whole character from an international contest to a private handicap, and by conceding the superiority which the international match was intended to determine, seems to make the match itself unnecessary.

Faithfully yours, CHAS. J. PAINE.

BOSTON, May 4.—Dear Sir—I have just returned to town and find your note of April 19 awaiting me. Gen. Paine has already answered the preceding letter. In yours of the 16th inst. you deem the argument invulnerable that "the centerboard is an advantage, or it is not an advantage. If it is an advantage its use should be restricted so as to place the other vessel on equal terms. If it is not an advantage, no exception can be taken to any interference with it." I am sorry I cannot agree with either conclusion; for, if the centerboard is a disadvantage, I do not see why it should be made a still greater one by restrictions in its use; and, on the other hand, if it is an advantage, we wish the benefit of it, believing that each yacht should derive all possible advantages from its form and rig. If in your letter you referred to the centerboard as an advantage, not for speed, but only with reference to passing over shoal ground, then it seems to me the only way to match yachts of different types is to arrange with them to meet everywhere deep enough for both types. I may add here that the course proposed in the present case would not have permitted the Mayflower to go to windward in racing form. The great object of these international contests is to contest the comparative speed of the keel and centerboard types. The latter type is built here partly for convenience, and sometimes for safety, and I think we may regard the question of the advantage of the centerboard in point of speed as still to be settled. Regretting that there is to be no match, I remain, yours. EDWARD BURGESS.

To Tankerville Chamberlayne, Canberry Park.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—The second race of the Montgomery Sailing Club took place on May 1; wind light, N. N. W., making a series of long and short legs 2½ miles to turning buoy and a run home. The start was made at 9 A. M. and the boats finished as follows:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Igidious	11 07 00	2 06 27
Flying Eagle	11 07 03	2 06 30
Cocktail	11 11 03	2 09 30
Ino	11 21 29	2 18 04
Gracie	11 27 58	2 18 22
Elsie	11 29 07	2 25 33
Little Tycoon	11 27 40	2 27 40

Igidious, Flying Eagle and Cocktail are 15ft. tuckups and carried 28yds. of sail; Little Tycoon is a 16ft. boat and carried 23yds. of sail; Ino and Elsie are 15ft. duckers and carried 18yds.; Gracie is a 12ft. rowboat, rigged with a single weather grip to starboard. She is 34in. beam and carried 65ft. of sail in main and mizen.—E. A. L.

OLEANDER POINT REGATTA.—A regatta was held on May 3 at Cocoa, Fla., over a 20-mile course for first class and 10 miles for the others. The classification and prizes were as follows: First class, 24ft. and upward, first prize $100, second $50; second class, 20 to 24ft., $60 and $30; third class, 15 to 20ft., $50 and $25; fourth class boats, or flat bottom boats of all lengths, $40 and $20; sweepstake $75. The summary was: First Class—Frost Line, H. G. Hawley; Ripple, Victor Vuillaume; Arrow, A. J. Canova; Minnehaha, Leon Vann; Minnesota, Hosmer Allen; Sparkle, C. J. Travis; Linda, C. Edward Cecil; Island City, R. B. LaRoche. Ripple, 3h. 13m.; Arrow, 3h. 16m. Second Class—Bessie, B. B. LaRoche; C uiser, S. S. Fleming; Water Lily, Geo. N. Hatch; Gretchen, C. H. Knapp; Rosalind, B. W. Jerome; Ida May, C. J. Coggin. Third Class—Rosa H., J. F. Houston; Gold Dust, B. A. Circle; Mildred, R. B. Burchfield; Meteor, Ellis B. Wager; Dot, J. O. Schofield. Fourth Class—Ohio, Edgar W. Holmes; Osceola, Julius King; Victoria, G. Cleveland; Ruby, E. C. Summerlin.

DELAWARE RIVER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Howell's little cutter behaved admirably on her trial trip May 1, heeling gently to the northwester and poking her nose almost into the wind's eye. I watched her first go about with some little anxiety, but she looked up and filled away handsomely, while the two tons of lead on keel kept her moving while in stays. She looks odd to local eyes. Mr. Work's keel yacht Gretchen is out with a new suit of sails, sloop rig, and while having an advantage under the new measurement rule, will have a lively time in her class (4th) among the cutter breed. The little cabin yacht Faust has been purchased by Philadelphia parties, Loland & Co., and will probably join the Q. C. Y. C. in the fourth class. She is in cruising rig and has an able, comfortably look. The Cooper's Point Corinthian Y. C. sailed their first race this season on May 3, starting from abreast of club house at 2 o'clock P. M., to sail to Horseshoe Buoy and return. The following boats started: Humes and Fitch, first class; Wilkins and Allmond, second class; Cook and Anderson, third class; wind light N. E. Time at Shoe buoy: Humes 3:30, Wilkins 3:32, Allmond 3:33, Cook 3:37, Fitch 3:38, Anderson 3:42. The beat up against the wind and tide tested the skill of the captains, and as the wind freshened made the race more exciting. Time at home flag boat: Wilkins 6:32, Capt. H. C. Funk; Humes 7:39, Capt. C. T. Humes; Fitch 6:54; Allmond 7:12; Cook 7:14, Capt. W. G. Cook; Anderson 7:35. One thing the Corinthians have learned and intend to adhere to in the future. The boats participating in the race must start promptly on time, as in the present instance, or be ruled out of the race. The next race will take place on May 17, and the laggards are now forewarned. "Time and tide wait for no man," and many a fine race has been utterly spoiled by unnecessary delay. Some of our old clubs might profit by this Corinthian hint.—R. G. W.

SANDY BAY Y. C.—This club will sail four races this year one each month from June to September. The prizes for the annual regatta are the Rockport Cup for first class boats, the Mackay-Bennett Cable Cup for second class boats, Mackay-Bennett Cable Cup for third class boats. Should only three boats compete in each or any class, only one prize will be given; six boats will insure a second liberal prize in cash, and a greater number a third liberal cash prize in each class. There will also be a dory sailing race for fishermen around an inside course, the prizes being donated by the Mackay-Bennett Cable Co., as follows: For dories over 15ft. in length, $10; under 15ft., $5. The prizes for the other regattas have not been selected.

MORE LEAD.—Hope Leslie, schooner, is out at Burnham's Railway, Boston, for lead in keel.... Atlantic is on Mumm's ways, where her fore and after deadwoods have been cut away and replaced with lead. The lead keel now extends to within 3ft. of the sternpost.... Jane, cutter, J. S. Poyen, is out for two tons on keel. .... The new catboat, 28ft. over all, 24ft. l. w. l., that Wood Bros. are building, will have 4,500lbs. of iron under her.

MR. COLT AND CAPTAIN SAMUELS.—The following letter from the owner of the Dauntless to Captain Samuels, who sailed her in the ocean race, should put an end to the newspaper canards concerning a disagreement between them: "SOUTHAMPTON, ON BOARD DAUNTLESS, April 23, 1887.—Dear Captain Samuels: I am very glad to hear that you arrived safe and sound at home and found your family in good health. I wish to thank you for your prompt and vigorous denial of the unfounded rumors of difficulties and disagreements between us during the trip across. I fail entirely to understand how such malicious reports could have been circulated, considering that we 'pulled ropes' together for the good of the ship with the most hearty good will. And I am as certain as you are that these reports originated from neither of us, but were made up of whole cloth. I wish I had been with you on the arrival of the Adriatic to add my denials with yours. If your business engagements should permit, I only hope you will pay me a visit on board this summer after I return, and only wish that you would make arrangements to come over as my guest and watch some of the English yacht racing, and return with me on the yacht. All on board join with me in good wishes to you and with kindest regards to Mrs. Samuels. Believe me, most sincerely, CALDWELL H. COLT."

YACHT RACES AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—At its last meeting the Martha's Vinyard Club appointed a committee of four to arrange for races to be sailed annually by yachts of the Atlantic coast, in Vineyard Sound. It is proposed to offer several cups (to be made by Tiffany & Co.), to be raced for every year at the visit of the N. Y. and E. Y. C. squadrons. The courses suggested are for first class sloops, from Nobsque light to flag boat off the west end of Squash Meadow Shoal, thence E. by S. ⅝ S. to Cross Rip Lightship, thence N.W. by W. ½ W. 6 miles to flag boat, thence W. by S. 6 3-5 miles to stake boat off East Chop, or, with an east tide, to start from East Chop down the sound to the Sow and Pigs and return. Second class from stake boat at Oak Bluffs S.E. by. E. ½ E. 6½ miles to flag boat off Hawes Shoals, thence N. by E. 3¼ miles to flag boat, thence W. by N. 7 miles to finish at East Crop. These cups will add greatly to the interest and excitement of the cruise, following closely on the Goelet Cups at Newport, and it is probable that a few seasons will see more of such racing, the fleet making a regular round with a race at every port.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. was held on May 3 at Delmonico's, last year's officers being reëlected as follows: Admiral, E. M. Padelford; Secretary, M. Roosevelt Schuyler; Treasurer, E. M. Clark. June 13 was set for the annual regatta, and the opening of the season will be on Decoration Day. At the regatta it is proposed to offer two prizes for different allowances in the same race, the object being to test the different systems. The club resolved to offer to Mr. Bell the use of the club house and landing stage during the stay of the Thistle at New York.

THE PALATKA COLORED Y. C.—This club was organized on May 5 of this year at Palatka, Fla., with twenty-six members and six yachts. A regatta will be sailed on July 4, to be open to colored yachtsmen of Palatka, St. Augustine and Savannah. The latest addition to the fleet is named the Mayflower, and was launched on May 4, a centerboard boat 23x8ft., built by E. F. Gilliard and A. H. Finley.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.—The Regatta Committee of the South Boston Y. C. has changed the published rules for the open regatta May 30, so as to conform with the rules of the New England Yacht Racing Association, of which the club is a member. A new circular will be issued during the coming week. These rules do not allow of shifting ballast, and place some restrictions on sails.

MONTAUK.—On May 4 Montauk left Bay Ridge for Norfolk, but in consequence of a fog she returned. In working to her anchorage she fouled the schooner Avelon, of Philadelphia, carrying away the main boom of the latter and tearing her own mainsail.

HILDEGARDE, schooner, lately purchased by Mr. George Gould, will sail for New York from Cowes this week. Hildegarde was built by Camper & Nicholson in 1874, and is about 100ft. l.w.l., by 21ft. beam.

A MATCH BETWEEN CRACKS.—A private match has been made between Atlantic and Pocahontas, over the N. Y. Y. C. course, for $250 a side, Atlantic to allow Pocahontas 30 minutes' time.

SUSQUEHANNA.—The new steam yacht for Mr. Jas. F. Stickney, now building by Harlan & Hollingsworth, will be named Susquehanna. Her length on l. w. l. is 150ft.

FORTUNA.—Ex-Com. Hovey, E. Y. C., will sail for England in the Fortuna about June 1, returning before the fall races. Mr. Chas. Longfellow will accompany him.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—A planked shad dinner with Oswego flap jacks as accompaniments, was given at the club house on May 8.

ROUND BOWSPRITS.—Gitana, Palmer, Rebecca, will all come out with round nose poles this year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LAMBS, New York.—A. wagers B. that there are more setters than pointers used in the United Stated for shooting purposes. Will you decide this and oblige J. M.? Ans. Probably more setters, but nobody knows.

THE TRAVELERS of Hartford advertises what it HAS DONE, not what it is GOING TO DO; it HAS PAID over $11,200,000 to Policyholders in settlement of claims.—*Adv.*

HUMPHREYS'
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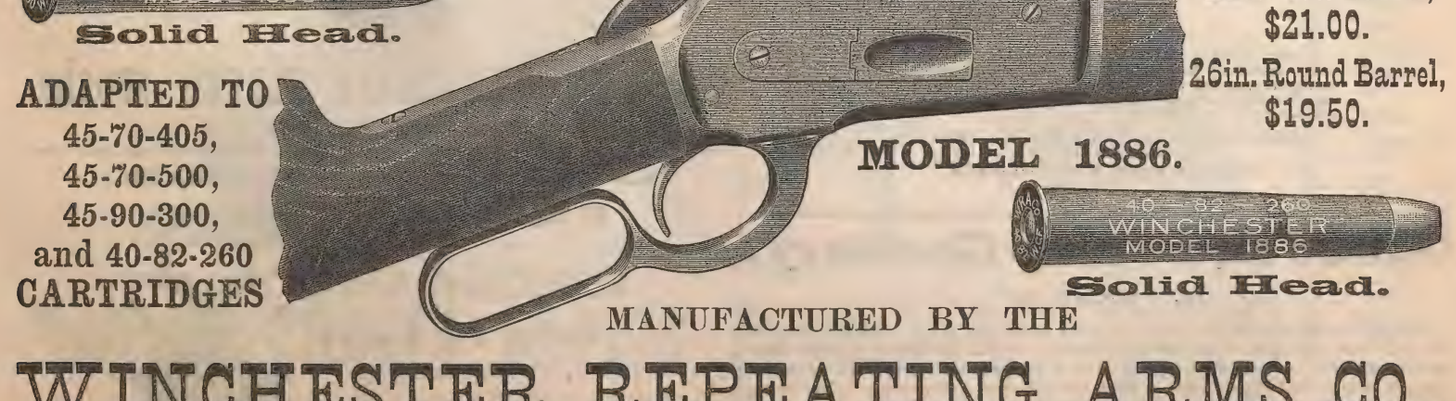
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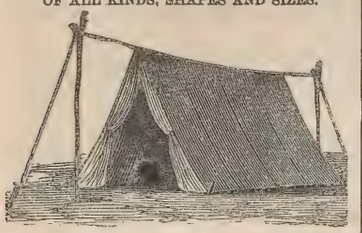
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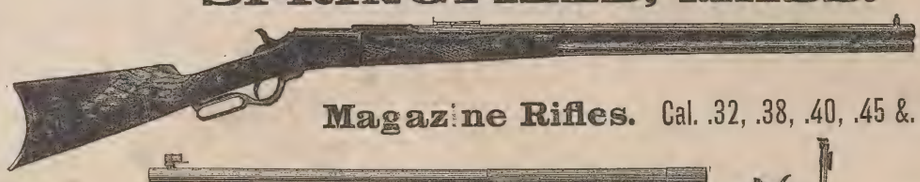
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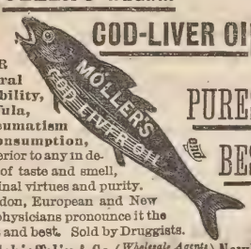
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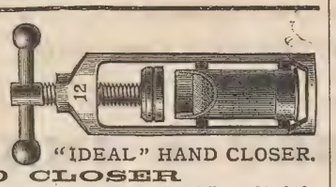
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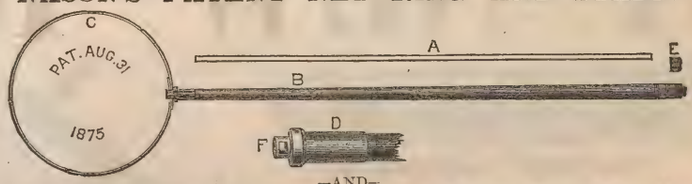
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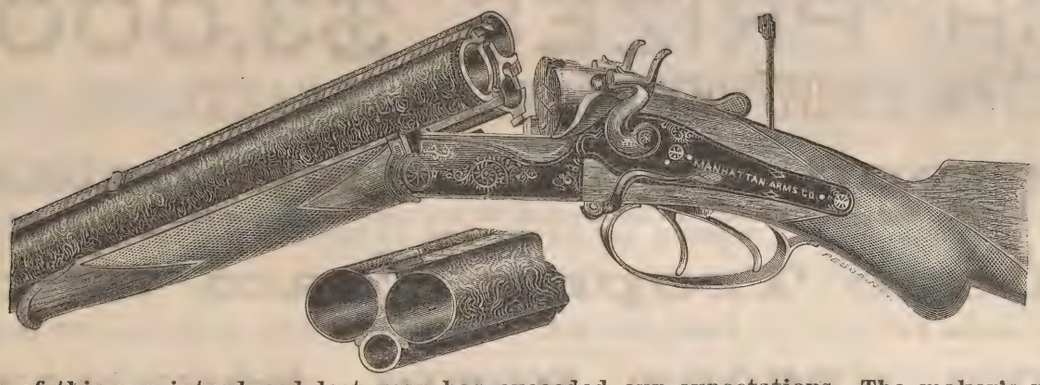


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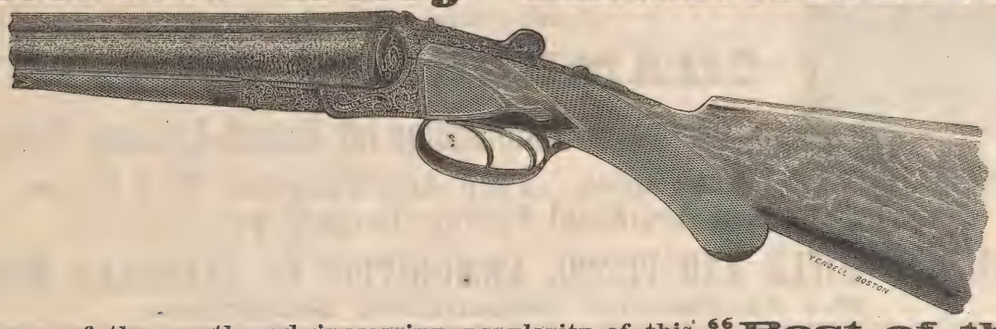


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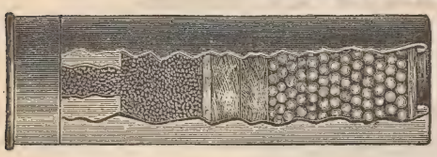
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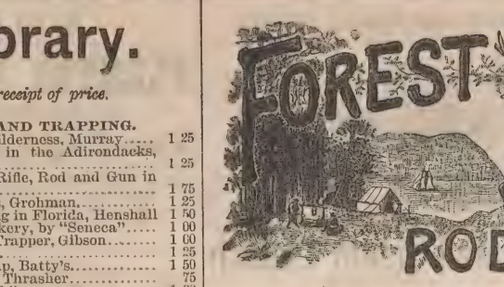
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columns are filled with bright sketches of travel, camp life and adventure, the reflected experience of a host of outers.

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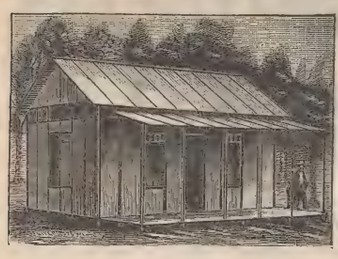
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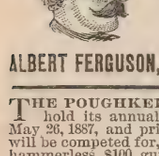
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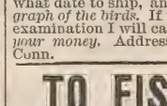
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1887.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

Four pages are added to the usual twenty-eight, and this issue of Forest and Stream consists of thirty-two pages.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE American Kennel Club is in a fair way to make itself just about as popular under the present management as it was under that of Major Taylor; in other words, it is acting in a way to disgust honest people. It seems a pity that this should be so, for if it would only do its duty in an honest and straightforward manner it might have the support of all the dog men of the country. If the governing body of the A. K. C. will not do what is fair and right, if they have one sort of treatment for their friends and another for those whom they regard as their enemies, if they are going to form themselves into a ring or clique, if no one who does not belong to this clique can expect just treatment while those who do are to receive favors—why then there is nothing surer than that they will incur the contempt of all right-minded men, and before long they will be the laughing stock of the better portion of the community.

The reported action of the club in a number of recent dog show matters is very discouraging. It seems as if there were one rule for one set of men and another entirely different rule for others. Everything done by one man is right, everything done by another is wrong. Of course this sort of thing will not do at all, and the American Kennel Club will have to mend its ways if it is to continue to exist.

When Major Taylor went out of office we were promised a change of methods, and the dog public waited patiently and respectfully for a fulfilment of the pledge. The public is waiting still, but no longer with patience nor with respect. On the contrary, it is beginning to jeer at the American Kennel Club and to speak of it in language more forcible than polite.

It should not be necessary for us to point out to the governors of the American Kennel Club that the questions which come up before them are not about Mr. Mason or Mr. Smith or Mr. Munhall or Mr. Watson, but have to do with matters of principle. Just as at our dog shows the merits of the dogs and not their owners are to be passed upon, so, in matters coming before the A. K. C., justice and right should govern decisions, and not likes and dislikes or prejudice and passion.

The governing body of the A. K. C. is not a convention of partisans, brought together for the purpose of seeing that their faction shall secure all the spoils that can be snatched away from some hostile clan. Their office is quite a different one. They constitute a high court to pass upon matters of abstract justice, to determine the facts and announce the law on these matters as they may come up.

If they fail to appreciate their position and its duties, they may be sure that the public will not be equally obtuse, nor equally lacking in comprehension of what an American Kennel Club ought to be and ought to do. The average man has a fair sense of justice, a contempt for trickery, and a hearty sympathy with any one who is badly treated.

The American Kennel Club has thrown away its opportunity twice already. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the officers and delegates from clubs have shown that they are incompetent to handle the most ordinary matters of dog show policy. If no one can be found with brains enough to grapple with the questions which must come up before such a body, the club had better be disbanded and give place to an organization which can accomplish something.

SPARROWS.

THE English sparrow has been justly credited with vast and varied capabilities for mischief, and the added charge may now be brought against the feathered nuisance that it has led the New York game law patchers to make themselves foolish in a new direction.

Mr. Erwin's bill, which in its original shape permitted the killing of hawks and other birds in his own district of St. Lawrence county, was subsequently amended to apply to Long Island and Staten Island; and its scope has now been further enlarged to provide a penalty for feeding or harboring the English sparrow. By the terms of the law any man, woman or child who throws crumbs to the sparrow or who gives it shelter is thereby guilty of a misdemeanor for which arrest, trial and punishment may follow.

This action of the Legislature is presumably based upon the recommendations recently sent out from the Division of Economic Ornithology, which is a branch of the Agricultural Department at Washington. In these recommendations the sparrow was declared to be vermin, and State legislatures were urged to provide for its destruction. The Albany members perhaps imagined that they were making such a provision when they passed this law, but it is patent to everybody outside of the Senate and Assembly that the sparrow clause can be nothing more than a dead-letter. No one, unless maliciously, will dream of causing the prosecution of a woman who throws table crumbs to English sparrows; nor will little children who feed the birds on the snow in winter ever be sent to jail for the offense. The sparrow law will be a dead-letter, as absolutely dead as the clause which declares it an offense for ladies to wear song bird feathers in bonnets has proved to be.

If the sparrows be a pest they should be exterminated. They cannot be exterminated, nor even diminished, by enacting dead-letter laws at which the community laughs. A bounty, however slight, would be of some account; and if the sparrow question is worthy attention at all at Albany, it is worthy of sensible action in place of child's play.

MICHIGAN sportsmen are organizing county game protective societies and subscribing funds to pay the deputy game wardens for their services. This action evinces appreciation of the new order of things. Thus substantially supported by public sentiment the wardens may be expected to do their duty. The Michigan Sportsmen's Association worked eight years to get the warden system, and now that their efforts have been crowned with success it is noted that individuals who had become discouraged and given over their efforts are manifesting renewed interest and activity.

SNAP SHOTS.

JAMES GEDDES, of Syracuse, N. Y., who died last Monday, was one of the best known sportsmen of the State. He was a man of earnest convictions, took much interest in game protection and fishculture, when a member of the Assembly in 1883-4 gave much attention to securing needed amendments to the game laws, and for several years had been interested in restocking some of the Adirondack waters. For the past thirty years Mr. Geddes and an intimate friend, Mr. John W. Truesdell, made an annual pilgrimage to the North Woods for hunting and fishing; and with his cousin, ex-Governor Tifft Jerome, resorted to Michigan deer forests. He was an ideal camp companion, a wonderful man for expedients, and of sunny, open disposition in camp as well as at home. Mr. Geddes held a number of responsible public positions, always acquitting himself with credit, and did much to develop the agricultural interests of the State.

A professional pigeon shooting match *à la mode* is arranged in this way: The principals publish wordy challenges, amicably arrange who shall win the match, and let in their friends; then the friends, betting on a known sure thing, lay wagers with the outside public, which is of course in blissful ignorance of how the match will end and only too ready to be fleeced. Since the Carver-Graham pigeon shooting matches at Newark, N. J., there have been rumors of disgruntled gamblers who lost their money because the prearranged result did not materialize in other words, one of the shooters is charged with having agreed to a certain result and then not sticking to his agreement, all this at the expense of the pockets of his friends. The victims who were bled will not have much sympathy; in the game of lamb-shearing they are old enough to look out for themselves. Individuals of mature age who bet on a cut and dried professional pigeon match, and then see the funds pocketed by greenhorns whom they had hoped to swindle, will only be jeered at by a heartless world. It is a case of the biter bit.

The transfer of the Southern magazine, *The Bivouac*, from Louisville, Ky., to New York, where it will be published by the Century Company, has been seized by the critics as a new evidence that the South cannot support a magazine of its own. If it be meant by this that there can be no successful purely Southern magazine, it is perhaps true enough. The same thing might be said of the North and the West. The *Atlantic*, *Century* and other magazines, though published in the North, are far from being purely Northern in their make-up. Many of their best things come from the South and always have come from there. Any American magazine, wherever published, will fail to attain great popularity if its material be limited by sectional lines; it is the variety that gives the spice to the magazines, just as it does to the FOREST AND STREAM.

The special prize lists of bench shows afford entertainment when read with enlightened understanding. The true philanthropist is he who gives a handsome and valuable prize, which he is "dead sure" can be won by no other dog than his own; in this way we have a silver cup for the best black dog with one white ear, and a house and lot for the best crack dog with a walled eye, owned by a resident of Blank street, Blanktown. At the last New York show an agent for a John Bull brand of dog cake offered a barrel or two of his product under conditions that took it to his own dog; and the rival agent of a Brother Jonathan brand followed suit with a cask of his dog cakes, and in due time saw it safely landed in his own kennels.

Some enthusiastic anglers of Dakota county, Minnesota, are so sure of the moral influences of angling, that they recently sent to the reform school commission a string of trout caught in the Vermillion River as substantial evidence that the school should be established in that vicinity.

"Shootist" is the term employed by a growing number of editists and reportists to designate the sportsman who shoots. By and by we will hear of fishists and anglists. But why not stick to the English language?

Entries for the FOREST AND STREAM'S Decoration Day Trophy competition must be mailed next Saturday, May 21. It is hoped that a large number of States may be represented by teams.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

AN ADIRONDACK WINTER TRIP.

A BIT of good luck came to me last winter, for by luck alone I was given opportunity to spend a week in the heart of the Adirondacks, and thus to enjoy greatly a very novel experience of winter life in the woods.

It so happened that coincident with my arrival at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, to make a long promised visit, business of importance summoned my host to visit a large lumber and logging camp, of which he is the proprietor, and which, being situated well up the Raquette River, and including the Great Tupper Lake within its boundaries, involved a trip of several days duration. The rather embarrassing alternative presented, for "to go or not to go" was temporarily the question, was quickly relieved by my ready acceptance of the cordial invitation to accompany him; and very glad was I that I did, from the hour we started until this present writing. Many trips into the wilderness had so familiarized me with the ordinary incidents of life therein, from sojourning room mate with the electric lights and bells of the hostelries at Blue Mountain Lake and Paul Smith's, to the camping out under the turned up boat of my guide, that I hardly expected to see or learn much, or enjoy many new sensations; but I did though, lots of them, and I enjoyed every moment.

When the trip was first proposed I felt a twinge of anticipated trouble in the way of possible rheumatic results, due to very low temperature. During the week we drove a hundred miles and I tramped perhaps twenty, with the mercury see-sawing over a central zero, and snow from 1 to 2ft. deep, but I felt hardly a bit of discomfort. This rather astonished me, for having spent the last two winters in the tropics, and this being my first winter with snow in it for three years, I feared that my blood was too thin and my feet too tender; but my fears proved groundless. To be sure I was well and warmly clad. My good wife, sister, nieces and every other female member of the family bethought herself of something that would aid in keeping me warm, and when a bulky, almost helpless mass of furs and felt, I was helped into the cutter, for I was packed like a mummy, and nearly as helpless, I reminded myself of the figure in the Smithsonian of Dr. Kane in his arctic costume. That sort of thing did not last though. When after a bit I found myself compelled to ask my companion to himself search my breast pocket for something he wanted, because I couldn't reach it, I thought it time to reduce, and I did.

Starting from Potsdam behind a pair of grays that could go, the air cold and clear, we soon pulled clear of the half-bare ground of the village streets—it was in early December—and struck the good going of the country. Our route was in general to the southward, and for a considerable part of the distance along the banks of the Raquette; and to me it seemed very odd to be steering south yet bound in and not out of the woods; but "we got there all the same."

Just a quarter of a century before, less the few months between December and July, I went over the same route on my first trip into the "South" woods. I had been often enough to the North, and I was surprised to find how strongly many bits of scenery that I thought utterly forgotten, had stamped themselves upon my memory, so that, although in the beautiful attire given by the "beautiful snow," I recognized at once.

I say "beautiful snow" with the utmost deliberation, and fears of the chestnut gong shall not deter me, for in the bright clear air of the mountains the surface of the snow fairly glistened and sparkled in the bright sunlight, as though strewn with myriads of diamonds. And most artistic had the snow transformed ugly landscape into beautiful; the stump-dotted clearings, with brush and log heaps, ordinarily hideous disfigurements, were changed; every charred and blackened stump, with its arched white cap and side trimmings, had become a symphony in black and white; the brush heaps pretty rounded hillocks; the rude log-cabin shanties, with the red glow of great wood fires shining through their little windows, reflecting upon the fresco of icicles adorning the eaves, were turned into Swiss chalets, and picturesque as comfortable; and as toward dusk we threaded the forest, the snow-covered branches which, in endless tangle, overarched our path, became almost invisible, while their white covers formed against the after-sunset glow of the sky a most delicate and beautiful network of lace. By the roadside the smooth surface was dotted at close intervals by the imprints, which showed that but shortly before us deer, foxes, martens and rabbits had been there. To the proprietor of much of the forest land we drove through the snow appeared beautiful, for its presence assured him of easy hauls to the skids, hence much, instead of slight returns for a given amount of labor; a few cents more or less of cost to each "standard" in cutting, skidding, hauling and floating, amount to quite a sum when 30,000 are to be handled. Now if every one who uses that venerable quotation could be forced, as I have been, to give so long an explanation, it might die out.

Twenty-five miles drive, in a little over four hours, brought us to "the Farm," just before reaching which, at Munger's tavern and landing (formerly Pelso's), we bade adieu to civilization as represented by barbed-wire fences and telegraph poles. There had been no lack of taverns along the route; in fact every farmhouse of larger than usual pattern was a place of entertainment, and these occurred at intervals of three or four miles. At most, if not all, of these wayside resorts prices are very reasonable, for a man and team are cared for to the extent of supper, lodging, breakfast and hay for one dollar, and the meals are of good, substantial, lasting quality. Of course each tavern has a bar, and it would be difficult to name a liquor desired that one or another of the three or four bottles in sight would not supply; but the bar is not very well patronized by the lumbermen, most of whom are French Canadians, and who while on a job are very temperate and frugal.

"The Farm" is quite a hamlet, and is part of the lumbering outfit owned by Mr. Luke Usher, my companion and host. It is situated on an extensive plain, the last clearing of any magnitude on the road to the woods; and is nearly half way (25 miles) between Potsdam and the lumber camp.

As we drove up after dusk, the many lights seemed to indicate a little village, but I soon learned that all of the dozen or more houses were parts of the same establishment, originally started by Mr. Usher as a farm and so named, upon which grain and hay for the twenty odd teams could be raised and potatoes for the hands, at rates made economical by the high tariff for hauling to the spot (ranging from $1 per barrel to $15 per ton); here, too, the horses could be pastured during summer, and sick or disabled men or horses sheltered in winter. As time passed a little hamlet was developed. Sleds and harness broke often, horses needed shoeing; and there grew a sled factory, harness shed and blacksmith shop, where work was turned out with the requisite strength; and part of the quarters were used as a hospital, where, when a lumberman cuts his foot, as often happens, or was otherwise injured, he could lie by and with sticking plaster, kerosene and castor oil doctor himself. The superintendent, Mr. W. E. Huggard, with his family, is provided with a very comfortable farmhouse, and they made us as comfortable as hearty welcome, good fires, good beds, plenty of blankets and most bounteous and well-cooked meals are apt to do. The store is well provided with the ordinary necessities of the woodsmen, such as tobacco, soap, flannel shirts, drawers, blankets, rubber boots, hats and leggings, felts and packs. The men are boarded by the firm.

We remained at the farm until noon the next day, Mr. Usher engaged upon his business, I amusing myself by interviews with sundry woodsmen, the results of which I will give you further on. I was seduced into an excursion after partridges, and with a .22cal. Stevens rifle tramped five or six miles through snow a foot deep without getting sight of a bird; it was too cold for them, thermometer standing 8° above zero; and they were all snugly housed under the bushes and snow.

About noon we started for another twenty-five mile heat, and a glorious drive it was, far exceeding that of the day before, for then starting from a town, we passed through several smaller ones, then groups of farmhouses with school house and tavern, then wide clearings, in which single houses with barns, first of frame, then of log cabin and shanties as the intervals between grew longer, made a comparatively tame affair; but to-day our route was through the forest primeval and was an enjoyable one. As a general thing the snow had reduced to one level, the usual irregularities of a woods road, and we spun along lively. Now and then a straightaway path for a few hundred yards gave us a beautiful vista and we were passing through a natural arcade, under the snow-covered interlaced branches of the giant spruce and pine, the natural droop of the spruces increased as was the upward tendency of the pines lessened by the weight of clinging snow, which formed a roof above us, broken here and there by tall and shapely tamaracks, bare as were the maples and birch trees; the pines and spruces so snow covered that but for the proud uplifting of the branches of the pine, contrasting with the droop of the spruce, it was hard for me to distinguish them until well taught as to their different barks.

Now and then there were obstacles in our path, the deep snow covered completely one that I shall always remember, for driving rapidly on a slope, the up-hill runner encountered the end of a projecting log; I was on the down hill side, but I didn't stay there. I remember the first shock, then standing on my shoulders, head buried in a snow drift by the roadside. The careless driver had "fired me out." There was a bit of malicious joy mingled with the regrets I expressed to him that evening when he discovered that he had broken his runner. Our drive was not a lonely one, for the woods were full of birds. I never saw half so many in summer time. Among them, and most common, were woodpeckers, chickadees, blue-jays, sparrows, and "meat birds," as the Canada jay is called in this part of the Adirondacks. The birds named, and some others, spend the winter in the woods, flocking near camps and cabins, and, especially the meat bird, becoming very tame and familiar; the meat bird is always on hand when a deer is killed, and being very fond of venison, becomes as fearless and impudent as a magpie.

We reached Gale's Hotel just before dark. There are undoubtedly many of your readers who will locate me at once, and feel as perfectly sure as I did when we drove up that I was in for a good time and had struck a most comfortable ranche. In ye olden times the Raquette was the abode of many and large trout, and its forest-lined banks then, as now, abounded in deer. The Devil misled one of the best of guides and woodsmen, and in a moment of temporary aberration, or "possessed of the Devil," Lysander Hall, it is said, introduced to its waters the pickerel. As a matter of course, once in they stayed, increased and multiplied, and the trout are a reminiscence of the past.

In those days the anglers thronged hither in season, as the hunters do now. One has but to read and enjoy some of our best sportsman's literature to become familiar with "The Bog," Setting Pole Rapids, Soe's Island and Massawapie Lake. Case's Hotel is very near to the last and still nearer to another very pretty little lake, Catamount Pond, in the center of a clearing whose horizon is dense forest, and but a mile from the Raquette. There were few old-time anglers who did not take the tramp across to the lake and make sure of a good bed and one good square meal, at least, and a chat with the veteran woodsman, father of the present proprietor, son, I believe, of a former one, successive hosts, who for years have made of the hostlery an attractive resort.

The Gale who welcomed me a quarter of a century ago, then a man of middle age, was no longer here; he had gone, as had his father before him, and as will Emory, the present proprietor, when the time comes, into the recesses of the wilderness to shanty out alone, trap, hunt and be happy.

We spent a couple of very pleasant days, with our headquarters at Gale's, and between meals at the logging camps, from two to four miles beyond, and from which, the air was so still and clear, the sound of the axes reached us. At the camps Mr. Usher transacted his business and I loafed around amusing myself.

There is wonderful fascination in watching the wonderful skill and precision by which, in such little time, such great trees are leveled to the desired spot; and the quick, handy work of the trimmers, who, with a sharp axe, have no need of a chest of tools. A shanty was being built, and the joiner work, casing of windows, etc., were being axed out. The men work from daylight till dark; have their meals in a large mess hall, whose two long tables were arrayed in shining tin and snowy crockery; all as "clean as a pin," and their supper, as I can vouch, was a most excellent one for a hungry, hearty man.

One cold forenoon I spent in Mr. Gale's cozy parlor amid comforts and luxuries which seldom appertain to a woods tavern. On the table was an abundance of interesting readings, including some standard books; around the walls were choice engravings, some from Europe, and here and there cases and single specimens of most skillfully set up and tastefully arranged stuffed specimens of nearly all of the birds and beasts indigenous to the woods. Mrs. Gale, the taxidermist, is self-taught, but there is evidence in her work that she has had the best instruction from nature, the best of teachers. On one side of the room a cock grouse drumming, very evidently, attracts the attention of two hens; a group of frisky squirrels, another of field mice and moles, hawks of several varieties, a grim blue heron silently fishing, owls from the largest down to a tiny one, no bigger than a quail, sneaking marten, minx and weasels, and deers' heads and antlers—which latter form the text upon which this letter is based.

Mr. Emory Gale spent as much time as he could spare from his work helping me use up time and some cigars, and we naturally discussed woods topics, and I learned a great deal, some of which may be new to others also. Noticing that none of the sets of antlers were remarkably large, not equal, in fact, to numbers which I have seen mounted in sundry halls and dining rooms, I commented on it. Mr. Gale replied that very fine sets were eagerly sought by many of the city sportsmen who come into the woods, and they thus commanded quite a high price. So great was the competition to secure first-class sets to carry out that while some bought, others would spend their entire time in continuous hunting, killing deer after deer, far more than could be utilized, in the hope of securing a very large pair of horns; and this was one great source of cleaning out the deer; in fact he said, "If the law makers would shut down on carrying out the horns as well as the carcasses, half the deer killed by outsiders would saved."

Mr. Gale gave me his views on hounding versus still-hunting, and every woodsman with whom I talked agreed with him, differing as radically from our legislators who hold that chasing deer with hounds tames them, in fact, that the deer rather like it. Franklin county adjoins St. Lawrence. In the former hounding is allowed, in the latter it is not. Before it was stopped in St. Lawrence county, the deer were equally abundant in both; now there are vastly more in St. Lawrence county and less in Franklin, the deer hounded in the latter escaping across the borders into the latter do not go back.

Hounding in late November and December is particularly injurious in that such deer as take to the water with their blood heated become chilled, and even if they escape they are sick all of the season, and if does, fail to bear fawns. Only the week before he had found on one bank of the Raquette a frozen deer, otherwise uninjured which had been, as shown by the tracks in the snow driven in on the other side, and quite a number of somewhat similar instances have occurred.

He and the rest of them seemed to be very unanimous in the idea that it would be well to extend the open season for still-hunting through November, inasmuch as then the fawns are large enough to take care of themselves, the venison is at the best and can be kept, and still-hunting can be carried on with greater success; to this end they think that the season should open and close a month later.

None of them, however, seemed to have any hopes that any measures dictated by knowledge would be taken, the repeal of the six-inch clause in the trout law appears to have weakened their respect for the common sense of the lawmakers.

As one of them put it very graphically "Any d—d fool that would go for that law would shoot robins in a burying ground and sell 'em for their hides." PISECO.

Natural History.

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EARTH BUILDERS.

[*From the May Audubon Magazine.*]

THERE are many people who roam through the forest or over the prairie, who see the fruitful soil everywhere bringing forth food for man and beast, who know that the same state of things has existed as long as man has lived on earth, but who never dream that an enormous amount of living energy was required to prepare the soil for man's occupancy, and that an equally enormous sacrifice of life is needed to maintain the soil in fruitful condition.

The farmer's experience has given him some clue to the truth—he knows if he keeps cropping the soil for all it will yield, without returning anything to it, its fertility will soon be exhausted. He knows, in fact, that crops want food to make them grow, that they find some of this food in the soil, and that after this food is all used up, it is no use trying to till the land any more until it is manured, or dressed with a fresh supply of plant food.

The farmer knows too that when land becomes so poor that it is no longer profitable to cultivate, it improves by lying fallow a few years. The soil gets fresh plant food from the air.

This can only be done by the agency of plants and animals. The life-work of every plant and tree and blade of grass that grows, is to live on the air and convert it into its own substance. The life-work of every insect and bird and beast that lives, is to convert the plant substance into animal substance. In doing this, all these creatures take something more from the air—not the same sort of food that plants take from it, but something different. This something, called nitrogen, which animals take from the air, is mixed in their stomachs with the vegetable food.

If plants and trees were simply to die where they live, they would not render the soil fertile; what they take from the air would go back to the air, and nothing would go back to the soil except the little they take up by their roots; just as when wood is burnt, nothing goes back to the earth but the ashes which came from it. Peas and

indigo and tea and coffee are exceptions, they take nitrogen from the air like animals. But almost every plant that grows is eaten by some creature, either in its green state, or when dry, or while it is going to decay. In this latter stage it is eaten by worms and other creatures, some of them so small that they are not visible without the aid of a microscope.

But everything is eaten, and although in the process of digestion something goes back to the air again, a large portion goes to enrich the soil with plant food, rendering it more fertile. A cow eating a ton of grass or hay, assisted by what it takes from the air, will make as much manure as will supply plant food to two or three tons of fresh grass.

And so it is that when the farmer finds his crops getting poorer and poorer every year, and leaves the land fallow, the worms and other creatures in the soil eat all the plant roots and dead leaves, and create plant food which provides for a crop of weeds; insects come to eat the weeds, and birds to eat the insects, and in a few years the fertility of the soil is restored in whole or in part. The worms and minute creature in the soil convert the plants into what is called the vegetable mould, and the birds preying on worms and insects supply what is necessary to render the soil fertile for grain crops. The black soil is really not vegetable mould, because it has all passed through the worms and soil microbes, as the minute creatures are called, but until lately no one knew that.

This then is the secret of the earth's fertility. Every creature that lives returns more to the soil than it takes from it; it gives it all back with something added which it takes from the air—finally it gives its own body. Consequently, in a state of nature, the soil always tends to grow richer from year to year, from generation to generation.

If a new continent were suddenly to rise from the ocean, man, oxen and horses could not live on it, because there would be no soil to grow grass or grain on. But some plants, and even some trees, want very little from the soil, they take almost everything from the air. The pine tree, you know, will grow in the cracks of rocky mountains. Such plants and trees would soon find all the food they want. By the time a vegetation of this sort had covered the surface, it would provide food for countless insects, which in their turn would become food for birds. In time the insects would cover the surface with black mould, and the birds, enriching it with their droppings, would render it fit to grow grass and grain, and thus prepare it for man and beast.

The old doctrine of transmigration of souls was a myth, and the modern view that all the noblest animals have descended from the lowliest cannot be proved; but the doctrine of transformation of bodies is a living reality—the self-same substances which plants take from the air enter into the living substance of animals, and are changed from living tissue to dead tissue, from animal tissue to vegetable tissue, and back again through a never ending series.

Perhaps the most wonderful fact in this connection is that one of the substances, called carbon, exists in the air in a quantity not sufficient to cover the whole dry land of the earth with mature forest at one time. The plants and animals of one generation must die to set free the carbon needed for the next generation, so that the carbon, which constitutes more than a fourth of the bodies of living plants and animals, is the very self-same carbon which entered into the substance of the plants and animals of the pre-adamite ages, and of every generation that has lived since.

Nature is very lavish of all the other substances derived from the air. The rains and rivers of this country wash away about four inches of its surface every century, and thus a great part of the plant food, which plants and animales take from the air, is carried to the ocean, necessitating the constant and universal activity of life and death to replace it by fresh drafts from the air; but nature is very economical of her carbon—animals give it back to the air with every breath, and plants as constantly take it in by their leaves.

But there is one substance necessary to men and animals, that is the phosphorus which enters into the formation of their bones and brain, which does not exist in the air, nor originally in the rocks. For this necessary substance we are indebted to the fish, which abstracted it from the waters of the ocean, used it to form their own bones, rendered it insoluble in water and left it at the bottom at the ocean, so that when the continents were up-heaved, the ocean mud was full of it; plants take it from the soil and men and animals get the necessary supply in their food, and thus it is that man, the highest branch of the tree of life, has inherited the substance of his body, not only from all the past generations of life on earth, but he has also inherited some of his substance from the fishes which lived and died in the ocean which once flowed over this continent and from the great creatures which lived ou the dry land—the giant saurians of a bygone age. These giant reptiles, some of them 50 or 60ft. long, which swam in the water, paddled in the mud and roamed over the dry land and some of which flew through the air, left us their bones as an inheritance, so that we are their heirs.

The roots of the tree of life stretch downward and backward and derive their support from the earliest creatures that first put on the mystery of life in air and sea, when as yet no part of the earth's crust had raised itself above the ocean's level.

Every creature that lives is an earth builder; living it adds daily to the earth's crust; dying it builds its body into it. Every drop of water in ocean, lake or river is full of living creatures, invisible to the naked eye, but dying by millions every minute, they fall to the bottom until their remains cover it with a bed of mud of vast thickness. Nothing lies in vain; creatures individually most insignificant, play most important parts as earth builders, and man could no more have existed without the lowly creatures which lived on the earth before him, than the topmost branches of a tree could exist if there were no trunk and roots.

And thus not only in the past, but in this present, the creatures most important to man are the microscopic dwellers in the soil. The farmer may dress his land with stable manure, but unless these minute creatures were present to pass it through their own system, and create a mould of uniform quality, his returns would be but small.

Some experiments on the value of these minute creatures in converting leaf mould into plant food were recently undertaken by M. Laurent, and published in the London *Lancet*, as follows:

"Seeds of buckwheat were sown in four different kinds of mould. In the first flower-pot natural mould was employed; in the second the same earth sterilized and then inoculated with bacteria of the soil; in the third simply sterilized mould; and in the fourth sterilized mould with the addition of chemical manure. Precautions were taken to prevent contamination of the four receptacles (*Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie*, No. 7). The production of wheat in each of the pots respectively was in the proportion of 94, 96, 23, 66. In all the experiments the third series was inferior to the others. The value of microbes in soil rich in organic detritus seems thereby to be proved.

Who would have supposed that such insignificant creatures could render man such important services?

C. F. AMERY.

GROUSE IN CAPTIVITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You will remember that some weeks ago your correspondent, "Lawyer," of Wilkesbarre, Pa., spoke of some live ruffed grouse which he saw at a county fair. On my application he was so good as to procure them for me, and they came into my hands on the 24th of last month. There were two birds, both hens, and the previous day I had been fortunate enough to receive a male grouse sent me by a gentleman living in Iowa.

One of these hens has already made a nest which to-day has two eggs in it. The peculiar liquid note of a nesting grouse is naturally a pleasing sound, but it was particularly delightful to me when I heard it again for the first time this year. I can compare it to nothing in the world but running water. My grouse hens began it last year when they first commenced making their nests, and kept it up at intervals during the period of incubation, as far as it progressed. This singular habit of the female grouse at nesting time was a revelation to me, but I suppose the fact is well known to hunters and woodsmen.

It is singular how jealous the male bird is. To-day I was compelled to shut him out of the part of the coop where the hen was on her nest because he persisted in standing over it and driving her off. If the eggs over turn out chicks I shall take special pains to see that he is not on hand to "assist," since I am strongly inclined to believe that he would make short work of them. Judging from my experience last year and this, it is not difficult to understand why the hen gives the cock a wide berth after the chicks are hatched and till they are big enough to take care of themselves. J. B. BATTELLE.

TOLEDO, O., May 11.

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., May 8.—Despite the backwardness of spring, the migrants appeared in this vicinity at about their usual time. I observed the first flock of horned larks (*O. alpestris*) Feb. 28; after this date they appeared in quite large numbers; several flocks could be seen in a short walk. On March 1 I saw the first slate-colored juncos; they seemed to be accompanied by the tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*); in fact, I observed several flocks, which were composed of both species, and they seemed to be on the best of terms with each other. The first flock of purple grackles came March 7; in this flock were three rusty blackbirds (*S. carolinus*); the same day came that melodious harbinger of spring, the song sparrow.

The first bluebird did not come until March 9, and three robins were seen the same day. On the morning of the 12th the great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*) came, four being seen in an afternoon's jaunt. The redwing blackbird was seen March 18, and the fox-colored sparrow arrived March 23. The first mourning dove was seen March 24, and on the morning of the 25th I heard a meadow lark. Later in the day I saw several more.

The first pair of brown creepers (*C. americana*) were observed the 26th, and on the following day the golden-crowned kinglet appeared, followed in a couple of days by *Regulus calendula*.

On the morning of April 9 the flutelike notes of the wood thrush were heard for the first time. A hermit thrush was also seen. While speaking of this bird I also wish to add it to the list of birds which occasionally remain with us all winter. On the morning of Jan. 1, 1887, while rabbit hunting, I saw a hermit thrush in a deep, sheltered ravine. I got within a few feet of the bird and positively identified it as a hermit thrush. If any of your readers have observed anything similar, I would be pleased to hear from them on the subject.

The first phœbe came April 10, and was followed on the 13th by the wood pewee (*C. virens*). A kingfisher was seen on the same day. The morning of April 14 brought several flickers (*Colaptes auratus*). The oven bird was also seen, as was also the great northern diver (*Urinator imber*). April 12 the white-throated sparrows (*Z. albicollis*) were seen. With them were a few white-crowned sparrows (*Z. leucophrys*). On the afternoon of April 13 I saw the first osprey (*P. haliaëtus carolinensis*) soaring around the river. A few spotted sandpipers were also seen. The green heron came April 30.

The first warbler to arrive was the myrtle warble (*D. coronata*); a few came May 1; three towhees were seen the same day.

The chimney swift appeared on May 2 and the next day another warbler appeared in quite large numbers, namely, the sweet-voiced yellow warbler (*D. æstiva*), whose dulcet note is heard as I now write. The beautiful little birds seem very abundant this year.

The least flycatcher (*E. minimus*) was also seen for the first time.

My old friends, the house wrens (*T. aëdon*), came the morning of May 4 and every morning since my ears are saluted by these diminutive songsters. On the evening of May 5, while on a fishing excursion, I saw a solitary kingbird (*T. tyrannus*) and later in the evening I heard the plaintive call of the whippoorwill in the deep woods.

May 6, as I glanced out the window from my work, my eyes were greeted with two of our handsomest birds, the Baltimore oriole, they were a beautiful pair of males and they were searching diligently for worms in an apple tree, every few minutes one of them would warble sweetly. At this writing, the 8th, they are quite plenty. While out for a walk yesterday I saw that prince of the meadows, bobolink, who has come to pass another season with us. Several catbirds were also heard for the first time.

Although these observations do not embrace all of our migrants that have arrived, they are such as I have had a chance to note in the limited time I have had to devote to my favorite pastime, the study of our feathered friends.

EDWARD SWIFT.

DOMESTICATING WOODDUCKS.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O., April 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last season I raised six young woodducks. When they had arrived at an age that I feared they might fly away, I caught all but one and cut the primaries off one wing. One, being more fully fledged than the rest, escaped, and though she kept about the premises and was often seen, did not return to the park in which the rest were kept for a week or more, then she returned and made her home with the rest of them as before. In November she migrated, and I saw nothing of her again until about April 1 this year, when she returned bringing with her a mate, came into the park, which is adjacent to a much traveled road, and seemed as tame as when she left. The drake, however, was shy, and when people were passing would fly and alight in the tops of trees in a yard near by. In the course of a few days he became more tame, and now pays little heed unless people gaudily dressed come too near. Two days after the pair brought with them another duck, and soon after another drake, all of which now come to the park to feed on wheat, which I have kept constantly where they can get it. The ducks are undoubtedly incubating now, and only come at night to feed and bathe in the pond; but the drakes spend most of the time in the park with mine of the same species. I have instructed all the gunners in this vicinity of the facts as I have written, and as the season is off for shooting ducks I think they will breed and bring their young here, as they seem strongly attached to the premises. Some time, if you wish, I will write you my observations regarding wild geese, which might be very interesting to some of your readers.

M. M. BENSCHOTER, M.D.

EVENING GROSBEAK NEAR BUFFALO.—An entirely unlooked for stranger to our own neighborhood in the shape of the fairly preserved remains of the head, neck and breast of a bird were handed to me by a boy of collecting proclivities, and proved on first sight to be a male finely plumaged specimen of the evening grosbeak. There had been two of these birds shot, and there was fortunately enough of one preserved to identify this well marked species. The locality where its capture was made is Brant, a little town on the slope bordering the Cataraugus Creek, which yielded also several years ago a four-footed stranger to our neighborhood in the shape of a marten, which fell fortunately into the hands of Mr. Otto Besser, an accomplished Buffalo taxidermist, who recognized at first sight the value attached to this animal. The date of the capture of the grosbeaks was April 15. A full and interesting account of the occurrence of the fox sparrow was communicated to me by Mr. Davison, of Lockport, with the *prima facie* evidence of a shot specimen, which was duly preserved in memory of the first fox sparrow I have thus far seen during spring in our immediate neighborhood, and is thus certainly entitled to take its place among the transient wanderers from the South. It would be interesting to know, however, how far south the migration of this species extends during winter, as I am not aware of any definite information in this respect.—CHAS. LINDEN (Buffalo, May 9).

CONGRESS AND THE NATIONAL PARK.—In the Forty-ninth Congress, Mr. Samuel J. Randall, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, refused to insert in the Appropriation Bill the usual item providing for the payment of the salaries of the Yellowstone Park Commission for the ensuing year, and for the salaries and traveling expenses of the Mississippi River Commission, both past due, and for the future. In these matters Mr. Randall deliberately took upon himself to obstruct the operations of a law of Congress, and in the case of the Park Commission to absolutely annul the law. In both cases Congress placed funds at the disposal of these commissions, and instructed them how to apply the money. Mr. Randall stepped in and (virtually) said: "You shall not obey those instructions. I will not furnish you the means wherewith to do it." In this way he destroyed the Park Commission, compelling them to resign, thereby taking the case of the Park out of the Interior Department, thus defeating the wishes of the Government. In the case of the river commission he evidently designed to accomplish the same result, to wit, destroy the commission and defeat the will of Congress, by first refusing to pay them what they had already earned, their back salaries, which were fixed by Congress, and for which the Government is both legally and morally bound; and secondly, refusing to provide them with the means of carrying out the instructions of Congress. The *Avalanche* must regard this conduct of Mr. Randall as revolutionary to an extraordinary degree, and what is needed now is a counter-revolution which shall revolve this autocrat of the House of Representatives out of the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche, May 12.*

SABLE ISLAND AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I trust you will not refuse me the right of a few words in reply to your comments upon my letter published in your issue of the 12th inst.

First, in regard to the paragraphs adapted (not quoted, and therefore not requiring quotation marks) from Dr. Gilpin, I can only repeat my previous explanation and my regret that in the course of the two compressions my article underwent, one before and one after the proofs passed through my hands, he should have been deprived of the credit due him.

Second, as to your mysterious reference to an article in *Harper's Magazine*, I am glad to be able to say that although aware of its existence, having in fact read it with much interest some years ago, but not since, I had absolutely nothing to do with it in the preparation of my article, and I challenge you to adduce passages from my article having anything more in common with passages in the *Harper* article than would be occasioned by their being based upon the same authority, to wit, Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin.

OTTAWA, Canada, May 14. J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

214.

OUR friend John M. is a famous story teller. He has a memory like wax and a style all his own. An audience will stay by John as long as the lamp holds out and longer, too. Into his open ear the boys love to pour their "best ones," well knowing that when they come out of his storehouse they will not have lost any of their richness, but will rather have gained a flavor which he alone can impart. John's comments on a story when he takes it in and puts it away for safe keeping, are sometimes better than the deposit itself. Listen to this:

One day last summer Jack E. came up the river for a day in town. He was loaded with a couple of "good ones." He soon ran across John surrounded by one of his congregations and quickly joined the company. At the first break in the conversation, Jack said: "John, have you heard the stories Brock is telling about his boy Sam and the deer?"

John had not heard them.

"Well," said Jack, Sam is a great chunk of a boy about 18 years old. He is something of a shot and also an amateur photographer. He had a chance to go to the mountains with a hunting party a spell ago, and was promised his first deer. He packed his camera, etc., with his traps, thinking he would get some fine views of mountain scenery. Toward evening of the first day in camp, while they were all lounging about, a fine buck dashed through the timber in plain sight, and took to the water in fine style.

"Young Sam sprang to his tent and in a minute appeared with a rifle. Running to the bank of the river he fired two shots in quick succession, just as the deer reached the further shore. The monarch of the forest fell dead in his tracks. A post mortem disclosed the fact that the first shot had broken his lower jaw so that it hung by the skin only. The second had done the same for the upper jaw. The verdict of the jury was that "that thare buck would never be able to browse no more."

Here this story ended, John had listened unmoved.

"But that's not all," said Jack. "The next day a hunt was organized and the boy Sam was placed on a runway by the stream. He took his camera along to while away the spare time. He had been at the crossing for some time and had just focused his instrument on a pretty riffle about a hundred yards above, when a fine doe came bounding into the water on the spot covered by the camera. In an instant Sam had a negative of the pretty leaping creature on a dry plate, and a second later had shot the deer dead with a load of buckshot from his double-barreled."

As this story ended a smile might have been seen playing around John's mouth and working its way up into the corners of his eyes and he said: "Well, now, d'ye see, Jack, if Brock had told you that his boy took that deer's photograph with the double-barreled shotgun and shot her with the camera, I might have believed it."

BLIVENS.

STEUBENVILLE, O.

Game Bag and Gun.

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A BRITISH SUBALTERN IN CANADA.

I GOT my commission in June, 187—, and joined the —th Regiment at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Among my new friends was a merchant of Halifax, an old moose hunter. We agreed to start out together to call for moose. The time selected was September, during the full of the moon, for it is then the lords and lady moose, tired of roaming forest glades alone, meet and make preparations for passing the winter *en famille*. It took the little steamer thirty-six hours to carry my friend C. and myself to Shelburne, where we had arranged to meet M., our guide. He was a man of about fifty-five, full of energy, and with cordial manners. He prophesied good sport with a confidence that made us wish to embrace him on the spot. Sending the ox team ahead he took C. and myself in a rickety dugout and paddled along a deep stream, on the banks of which were many traces of old beaver dams. We finally came to a broad sheet of water, and reached M.'s camp on the opposite shore about five in the afternoon. We could hear in the distance the creaking and groaning of the ox team on its way to join us.

The next morning, after tying all our traps securely on the cart, we started for the moose country. M. and his son, a stout lad of sixteen, went ahead to clear the way with an axe. Tom looked after the team and C. and myself deployed as skirmishers—and berry-eaters. We jogged along steadily to the north over a country that had evidently once been swept by fire. Hill and dale were covered with a growth of young trees, interspersed with granite boulders and huckleberry as well as blueberry bushes laden with the most delicious fruit. I had heard the expression "walking on your ear," but never realized what it meant until I saw the capers of our cart. It seemed able to clear everything, and while one wheel towered high in air, hung on nobly with the other. On our way we picked up a piece of moose horn. C. and M. on examining it declared it had been broken off in a fight. The horn is very tough and it is no easy matter for a strong man to break one up with an axe. The shipwrights in that country often use it as a caulking iron when the manufactured article is not to be had. It must be a thrilling sight, a duel between two big bulls weighing eight hundred pounds or more, and the impetus when they meet must be indeed tremendous to shiver such a formidable lance.

We were nearing a lake and in went the team, pawing and splashing, under the skillful guidance of M.'s boy, who maintained his equilibrium in a truly wonderful manner as the cart rolled over the uneven bottom of the ford. We on foot took a turn to the right and joined the team further on. Late in the afternoon we came to one of M.'s old camps on the top of a hill, unyoked the oxen, and prepared a supper of fresh meat from a moose M. had killed two days before. The meat resembles a very tender beefsteak, and some people cannot tell the difference, though a keen palate can always distinguish the peculiar moose flavor.

We were ready for a start early the next morning, and said good-bye to Tom, who was to drive the oxen back to M.'s meadows. Our packs were soon ready and carried on our backs Indian fashion by means of a rope or strap going across the chest and over the arms. Rifle in hand we descended the other side of the hill, which was thickly wooded. At the base was an immense caribou bog.

A caribou bog is comparatively dry and spongy, covered in spots with a white moss or lichen, a favorite food of the caribou. During one of our halts M. pointed out a rock whence he had one winter seen a wildcat make several ineffectual springs at a herd of caribou standing, as it seemed, directly under the rock. At every attempt they moved away only to return to the same spot, while the baffled cat climbed back to his vantage ground to renew the attempt. Pointing to another spot, M. told us that one winter he met there a moose cow completely exhausted, followed by three dogs in the same state. As it is against the law to hunt them with dogs in the winter, on account of the cruelty of their legs being cut to pieces by going in and out of the thin crust of ice on top of the snow formed by the sun's rays by day and frost by night, M. tried to drive the dogs off. Tired as they were they showed fight, when three cartridges from his Winchester settled their hunting forever.

At last our weary march across the bog came to an end. Right in front of us was a heavy belt of timber skirting the rising ground beyond. M. and his boy here left us to return for the rest of our traps. We started to get through the woods, not thinking it worth while to unpack our compasses, as there was only an eighth of a mile of timber to cross. After a long tramp we found we had lost our way and got into a dispute as to our future course, C. pointing one way and I insisting on going in an entirely contrary direction. C.'s eyes suddenly flashed with intelligence, and with a smile of confidence he started off in what I fancied must be the wrong direction. After fifteen minutes' tramp we came out on the right side. C. then explained that he had caught sight of some hackmatack trees that grow to a fine feathery point with an inclination to the northeast. He got a northerly direction by keeping the trees a little to the right.

M. and his boy soon joined us, and together we began seeking a suitable camping ground for the night. Wading knee deep through the long, dry ferns, we came to a regular fairy dell, with the scarlet pigeon berry, blueberry and huckleberry scattered around in beautiful contrast and abundance.

Here we found traces of a forest tragedy, the bones of a moose and the tracks of a large bear. The two experts disputed over the point as to whether the moose (a small one) had been wounded and had crawled to die before being found by bruin, or whether he had crept up on her unawares when she was calling, coming from the direction whence she expected her loving lord. M. told us his brother, formerly famous as a caller and woodsman, never went to call now since a shock he had received by nearly falling a victim to bruin's habit of creeping upon a calling moose. He had been imitating the call for some time, and was creeping noiselessly forward when a slight rustling made him swing around to see an enormous bear almost on top of him. Bruin, luckily, was as much startled and surprised as he, and beat a hasty retreat. Though the compliment to his calling powers was great, M.'s brother has not been much of a caller since.

M. now proceeded to make a moose-call. Selecting a birch tree, he removed from it a section of bark about 3ft. long and 6in. wide. This he trimmed and finally rolled into a funnel, fastening it with the young roots of the ground juniper. These are tough and pliable, and frequently used here as cord. We determined to camp without putting up our lean-to; so sending M. to look for water—never very far off in this country—the rest of us busied ourselves breaking up small spruce boughs. The butt ends of these we afterward inserted in the ground, much as a bird's feathers are imbedded in its skin. This makes a delicious, springy and aromatic couch. When covered with dried ferns and waterproof sheets it is a bed fit for a king. Our task was hardly completed when M. returned in great agitation with pail and dipper. He hurriedly told us that he had been chased out of a swamp by a big bull moose. C. and myself got our rifles, and, telling M. to lead, moved rapidly in the direction, but some hundred yards to leeward of the spot where the bull had last made his appearance. At length we reached a little valley. M. put the call to his lips. Almost instantly we heard the answer on our left. There, on the top of a hillock 200yds. away, stood the most magnificent animal I have ever seen. We might have tried a shot, but after what we had heard of his exploits, and his sudden appearance, we half expected to see him rush toward us. I being a novice, waited to see what the others did. To hesitate was fatal. He soon got our wind, turned and fled.

As it was getting late we returned to camp. At supper M. gave us the details of his being put to rout. While he was in the swamp the moose suddenly arose from behind some bushes. As M. was admiring the splendid beast, he was amazed to find the animal moving slowly toward him. He clapped his tin pail and dipper together, but it had no effect. His surprise turned to fright, and he took to his heels. His theory was that the animal was to windward, had never seen a man before, and being a big fellow, came up to see who his disturber was. When he got the scent he retreated, the reason of our finding him so much to leeward.

The next morning C. decided to retrieve his character by going out "creeping" (Nova Scotian for stalking). M. was to be his companion, while the boy remained with me. I had hurt my leg over a boulder in the wild goose chase of a day before, and was still very lame. We all started out together, but soon separated, the boy and I losing sight of C. and M., who had turned off to the right. We came to running water, and I decided to refresh myself with a bath. I had hardly thrown my coat down when I felt myself clutched from behind, and looking around saw a very excited boy gesticulating and saying something about a bull moose. Hurriedly slipping on my coat, which contained my cartridges, and seizing my rifle, I went a few yards to the edge of a little wood, and there, on the barren, walking leisurely toward the wood, I saw the noble animal. He must have been about 80yds. away. I could have stood there watching and admiring him for an hour, but the boy was too anxious. Raising my rifle I fired. Beyond a slight wince he seemed unconscious of hurt. I slipped in another cartridge and fired again, when he rose up on his hindlegs and fell over on his side. Running up we found the blood bubbling up from two holes just behind his fore shoulders. Both bullets had done their work, but the last one pierced his heart.

C. and M. came up at the sound of the shooting. M. at once sent the boy over to the meadows for the ox team, and the rest of our party set to work skinning and cutting up the moose. During this process we found several greenish stones, about the size of a chestnut, clinging to the inside of the intestines. "They were for the purpose of aiding the animal's digestion, and are a limestone formation," said M. Our disagreeable work over, we hung the beef, while M. stretched the skin to dry in the sun over a pole laid on a couple of crossed sticks. It remained there during our stay. I afterward had it tanned in Halifax, and it still makes an excellent rug. I noticed C. skinning the animal's ears. I asked him why. He answered with a grin that when he got his moose, he would have the skin of four ears. Sewn together, with the points in the center, they make an excellent winter cap. The hocks of the moose are also greatly prized. Moccasins are made of them perfectly impervious to wet and cold by simply sewing up the toes after cutting them the desired length. All that is needed to preserve them, after the meat has been scraped off, is to keep them filled with salt when not in actual use. The butchering work done, we moved our camp nearer the spring and put up the "lean-to." This is a simple piece of oiled cotton with flanges on each side, capable of sheltering four persons. We built a good fire and prepared for an early supper and a rest before going to call.

As the evening wore on with every appearance of an ideal night, a full moon and perfect calm, my impatience and excitement became intense. At last, just as the sun sank to rest and the pale moon began to shed its mysterious light we arose and started for the barren, the site of our old camp, and three hundred yards from our present one. C. and I had blankets and pipes. We chose a place in the middle of the barren. Leaving us at the foot of a huge boulder and cautioning us against making any noise, he clambered on top of the boulder and gave his first "call." One must experience to realize the curious sensations felt at the moment this peculiar sound breaks the silence of the night, when all is quiet except the quickened breathing of the hunters, amid witching scenery changing with every shadow of the moon. A pause of expectation follows the sound that dies quivering among the treetops. The call resembles that of a domestic cow, but is far more plaintive and broken, and pitched in a higher key. When given by a good caller it is not unmusical.

M. called several times without result. He then climbed a "ramspike" (that is, a tree blighted by fire or lightning), but still retaining a firm hold on the ground, leaving the branches bare, but sound. When he recovered breath after the effort, we heard again the call that seemed now to fill the whole atmosphere. In a minute or so he waved his call and nodded to us to show that he heard something. He called again, and now, surely from a great distance, I heard a sound as if some one had struck an axe into a tree. C. heard it too, and told me it was an answer. M. slid down from his tree, and as he did so we heard the answer repeated and coming nearer every few seconds. C. and I left M. at the boulder, crept with infinite precautions about 70yds. in advance, and knelt down behind two rocks 10 or 12ft. apart. By this time we heard the monarch of the glen coming through the wood, his horns every now and then striking a tree. The noise he made seemed to come from deep down in his throat, like gulps of intense excitement spontaneously ejected to save him from suffocation. He came steadily on, and I expected every moment to see him; but just then M. gave a call, and C., who was more excited than such an old hunter should have been, in trying to change his position snapped some dry sticks. The moose stopped short on the verge of a small thicket not 30yds. away, and although we could distinctly hear we could not see him. He remained in this position about half an hour when, with a sudden snort, he began to walk around us, keeping well out of sight until he got to leeward when, of course, he was off like a shot.

We stumbled over the broken ground back to camp, where a supper of Digby herrings and biscuits consoled us a little for our disappointment. I could not resist the temptation to chaff C. about losing the moose. M. told us that the animal, hearing the call and then hearing the stick snap so much nearer him, knew there was something between him and his inamorata, and was afraid of being attacked from ambush by a rival. We were surprised to hear him add that he had never known a cow to call unless a bull was with her. The general idea is that when the September moon is at its full the cow is alone or only accompanied by a calf. She then begins to call until answered by the bull, with whom she remains until spring. She then goes off to calve and the bull returns to bachelor life, growing the massive horns that attain perfection about the middle of September. M. certainly ought to know, for he has spent whole days and weeks lying down in the woods listening to the different sounds made by the moose. I have never since heard either white or red man call like him; certainly not as successfully. His theory was, that if his lordship, in paying his attentions to the lady of his choice, does not meet with ready acquiescence, he prods her with his terrible brow antlers. She cries out and brings to her assistance any chivalrous bachelor or dissipated husband of another cow who may be within hearing. The two bulls then fight it out. The weaker goes to the wall; the other takes the lady.

We called in the same place at early dawn the next morning, but had no luck. After breakfast we packed the moose meat for transportation in the ox team, which was to meet us at the edge of the little wood we had lost our way in. The night promised to be fine. Reducing our fire to a few live embers we went a short distance from camp and began to call. For a time we got no answer, but just as we were about to give it up we heard a loud reply in the valley beyond the hill and soon heard the call of a real cow in the same direction, luring the wanderer back. We kept up the competition for some time. The bull would come a little distance and then be

called to order by his wife. After testing his morals and distressing his wife for some time, we retired. On the next morning and evening we had no luck, but got one answer from our old friend in apparently the same place and with the same results. C. and I tried to work toward him, but found that getting along a barren by moonlight is no easy matter. So we sat down on a boulder, lighted our pipes and listened. We discovered that the happy family included a calf. Every now and then we could hear the bull utter a sharp bark (the noise they make when angry) and drive off the calf, whose plaintive cry would be followed by that of the cow, trying to make peace between the foster father and her young.

The following afternoon was devoted to a stroll in the woods. In the evening, after a short nap, we determined to try a call a little further from camp. When we reached the rocky barren we had selected for the operation M. went to work, but nothing came of it. To relieve the monotony a small owl perched itself on the limb of an old ramspike and surveyed us generally, as if expecting us to explain our presence in that solitude at such an hour. C. made a noise like a mouse. The little owl turned his head first to one side and then the other, as if to locate the exact spot. He suddenly swooped noiselessly so close to C.'s head as to almost make him lose his balance on the boulder where he sat.

I now fancied that I heard something like an answer from the woods, so I made the boy stop throwing pieces of granite at the owl on account of the noise it made. We tried the call again. An unmistakable reply was returned. C. and I went down the hill about 100yds. and intrenched ourselves behind some boulders. The boy had followed us unperceived. On came the gallant beast slashing through the trees, answering frequently and making straight for us without stop or hesitation. We both felt certain of a big fellow, he seemed so bold. As he came nearer and nearer the muscles of my leg began to quiver from the efforts I was making not to move. Before I lost control of them I saw the animal, about 15yds. off, emerge into the moonlight, and with head and neck outstretched stand there like a statue. So quietly did he come that I began to doubt my senses, but not for long. I saw C., 8yds. to my right, raise his rifle; the white tips on his sight glimmer for a moment, then came the report. We rushed forward, scared at each other's shadows; for it does not do to close with a wounded moose, one blow of whose forefoot will stop your hunting forever. Here was no such risk. A few paces down the hill we found him; the bullet had done its work well. The jugular vein was severed and the shoulder broken. We lit a fire of birch bark, and by the light of the moon skinned and cut up our game.

We returned to camp pretty hungry. While some marrow bones were cooking, M., in answer to the surprise I expressed at the animal's coming so close after the noise the boy made, told me that a moose does not mind a noise so much, and will often go toward where he hears the sound of branches breaking, because he thinks it is made by others of his species feeding, frisking or fighting. But when closer he advances so cautiously and quietly that when he finds out the lay of the land he can retreat without betraying his presence. But one whiff of a human being will set him running for hours in an opposite direction. Their sense of smell is so acute that they detect you half a mile away, if to windward and with open ground between you. To call with success there must be no wind, as, when he hears the sound, the bull, unless very big or very careless, will try to get to leeward of you. The reason C. and I worked well ahead of the caller was to try to meet the bull before he got too cautious. When a man calls alone, the moose will sometimes, after answering once or twice, remain still and creep close after the hunter has given him up, as shown by the fresh moose tracks in the morning. An Indian once showed me a hollow tree where a man, after calling until worn out, had gone to sleep, and awakened in the morning to find the fresh tracks of a moose close to his feet.

At dawn the next day we sent the boy for the team, and as the morning was too fine to waste gave a few calls, but soon desisted and returned to breakfast. Leaving C. in camp, M. and I finished cutting up the moose of the day before, and had hardly returned when we heard a shot, followed by another not far from the strip of woods. We wondered what it meant, but an hour later we heard a loud halloo directly south of our camp. After several minutes who should appear but Tom, our Indian driver, with a small boy on one shoulder and an old Queen Anne musket on the other. After making him welcome it occurred to us to ask him whether he had done anything in the way of sport. He calmly told us that he had that day killed a moose and did not feel quite sure of finding the carcas, though he had blazed the trees around the spot. We all started out to help him, but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. M., who had all the time advised a search in the opposite direction to the one Tom was leading us in, now as a last chance led the way. Whether it was luck or judgment I cannot pretend to say, but we soon found the moose in a grove of young spruce trees, and a monster it was. It must have been the king of the forest who had chased M. out of the swamp. Its horns were quite as large and its neck measured as much around as a barrel. C. bought the head and horns on the spot and afterward sold them for a large sum of money.

All things have an end. It was time to turn our steps toward home. After breakfast and a pipe in the morning, each of us, pack on back and rifle in hand, bade adieu to our temporary home and began the retreat. During our tramp across the caribou bog we disturbed a moose. So near did we come that a small branch he had trodden on in his flight was slowly rising to its normal position. We came soon afterward to a small lake and pitched our camp. In the morning M. tried his skill. After the woods had rung with his plaintive cries for a few moments, we heard an answer from across the lake. The animal seemed very determined and energetic, answering every few seconds. C. and I pursued our usual tactics, went to the edge of the woods, and lying down among the bushes waited eagerly for the moose to swim or wade the lake, a sight we might never be able to see again. To our intense chagrin, his last challenge sounded as if he had tried to check it in his throat; we heard him no more. M. told me a light breeze had sprung up, and the moose must have got our scent across the lake.

We traveled all the next day and camped at night in a grove of young spruce trees. After supper the rain came down in torrents. The storm continued all night, but we managed to get a little sleep at intervals, awakened, perhaps, by a gust of wind that caused the tree roots to rise up under us and ourselves to wonder whether we were to be catapulted into the air, killed by a falling tree, or blown up by the cartridges under our heads.

The next night was passed in M.'s house. The following morning, after buying for a mere trifle some horns of the moose and caribou M. had in his house, we shook his honest hand, asked him to look us up if he came to Halifax, and with a good-bye to "the family," started in Tom's wagon for the steamer. During the drive we shot about twenty partridges. C. and I added up the expenses of the trip, and found to our astonishment that it would be covered by a ten pound note.

We arrived late in the afternoon at Halifax, where the horns and partridges on the box of our cab attracted a good deal of attention. One of the newly joined was anxious to know whether we had killed all the moose the horns indicated ourselves, and seemed relieved when we told him "No."

There was a "wet" dinner at the mess that evening, and I have a faint, a very faint, recollection of sending for M.'s moose call and trying to imitate some of his notes upon that instrument. My comrades finally seized me, chaired me in the antlers and in that way carried me up to bed. Thus ended the first and not the least successful of my many moose hunts. CECIL FRANCKLYN.

DELAWARE BAY IN 1862.

AS I sit in my easy chair, with my right-hand friend FOREST AND STREAM in my lap, the perusal of its always interesting pages sets memory to work recalling the many and various trips I have enjoyed in pursuit of what to me is the most fascinating of all sport, duck shooting. While my thoughts run in this strain, it occurs to me that some of the young sportsmen of the present day, living on the borders of the noble old Delaware, may be interested in an account of a ducking trip in the waters of the bay away back in the 'sixties, before the days of breechloaders, at least before they were in common use; so I copy a log of one of my trips.

Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1862.—Louis S., Amos B., the Commodore; Captain V., a noted Delaware River yacht sailor; Captain Billy G., a noted bayman and duck shooter from Tuckerton, N. J.; our boat keeper and cook, George, and your humble servant, even at that time, although a young man, an old duck shooter and water rat, left Riverton (just above Philadelphia) for a cruise down Delaware Bay in the good yacht Nettle, stored with a plentiful supply of all the good things we could think of.

This trip was more for a cruise than to make shooting a specialty, the writer and his regular party of friends, who were all duck cranks, having already made three trips in the bay and having had splendid sport. The log says: Wind N.E., weather clear. Made Christiana Creek (Wilmington) at 6 P. M., where we made harbor for the night.

Wednesday, 20th.—Left the yacht for Wilmington, via yawl, for sundries which we found we had forgotten to put on board in our haste to start yesterday, among them a barrel of ale. The crew of yawl, on their return, gave us a glowing account of some of the inhabitants of the good city of Wilmington, especially of the charms of a young lady who waited on them at the baker's; and then they sold us by pretending that they had forgotten to buy a spigot for the ale barrel, but finally producing it from one of their pockets. We attempted to put it in place, and—oh, murder! split it in the attempt. With the help of a piece of marlin repaired spigot. Ale pronounced good, very good XXX.

Weather very foggy all the morning, and the one thing needful to all sailing craft minus. Fog lifted at noon and light breeze came out from S.W. All hands piped on deck to make sail. Wind ahead, light and baffling; fog again on the increase until it and the night shut out everything except Reedy Island, between which and Port Penn we dropped our mudhook.

After stowing sails the bell (companionway hatch hasp) sounded for supper, of beefsteaks, sausage, bread, butter, coffee, etc., etc., well cooked and served by our cook and factotum George. Several games of euchre, interspersed with a little boat talk and a heap of "blowing" generally, with hot toddies all round, finished the evening. Did not turn in until late, but soon a snore to port, then one to starboard, and one astern from our poor half-starved dog Wis (so fat he could hardly hunt) announced that the party were trying to make up for lost time.

Thursday, 21st.—Fine breeze, S.W., tide ahead, made sail and up anchor at 8:30 A. M. in company with a pungey, which we soon required the aid of an opera glass to see, and before long could only see by "going one eye on her" with our long glass. Wind increased rapidly, tide in our favor by this time, tied in two reefs off Listen's Tree. Very damp and cool, so much so that the ship's company were piped below to "smile." Lots of common ducks ahead, on both bows, on either beam and astern. Oh, what duck talk, what running for guns by the two novices of the party, crawling forward, banging away, and never a feather. "Well, they were fishy, decidedly fishy." Threatening rain, sprinkling rain, very decided rain, great cry for oil skins, gum coats and sou'westers, our party very soon so metamorphosed that we hardly knew "t'other from which."

Made mouth of Duck Creek (Cross Cut) before noon, tide ahead and narrow creek, boat too large for the creek or creek too small for the boat, don't know which; but our good ship worked like a top and showed her sailing qualities to perfection, which in addition to having a working crew, who all knew when to haul and what to haul and what to let go, especially the latter when we jibed over the main boom and didn't want to get our hands burned by the main sheet, soon got us out of difficulties. We thought it rained out in the bay, but we were certain of it before we dropped our hook abreast of Duck Creek ponds. Down sails, stow same, and down to dinner is the order of the day. Never tasted better corned beef and cabbage, with the usual concomitants. Those who were wet soon dried themselves, and those who were dry, I rather think "wet their whistles." A good harbor, a fine, roomy cabin, a stove—what shall I say of that stove? Well, it just wouldn't burn, having a long horizontal pipe that ran under the cockpit before it came on deck. Sent a long-legged man under the cockpit, who by taking a reef in his legs was enabled to take down the pipe and punch a scupper hole in it to let the rain out. Shipped pipe, fired up, but no go. Anathemas loud and strong against the "little varmint," but she asserted her prerogative of smoking. After some thinking, some talking, some wondering, Capt. Billy proposed that we put the stove out in the cockpit and bring the pipe in the cabin; but after coaxing it a little longer and getting the pipe hot the fire burned all right. "Now, boys," said one of our blowers, "I can beat any man at euchre." Down we sit, and midnight found us still at it. Then all hands turn in came the order.

Friday, 22d.—Rain, rain, rain, cold and rain. Up at 4:30 and a portion of the party turned out in the marsh, dragging their duck boats over to the ponds, trying on their way the depth of many "salt holes," some of which we declared had no bottom, or rather that our legs were not long enough to reach the same. All hands returned at dark with 31 ducks, nearly all baldpate, with a sprinkling of black ducks and others. Hungry was not the word. Such slices of bread and butter, sausage, beefsteak, oysters and other viands as disappeared on the occasion would astonish any one not accustomed to see duck shooters eat after such a day on the marsh. Euchre, pipes, hot toddies, and occasionally a yarn, wound up the evening. Through the night more than the usual amount of snoring.

Saturday, 23d.—Fine, clear morning, wind fresh N.W. All hands on the marsh. Wind wrong, only 32 ducks. In at dark, with the same royal appetites.

Sunday, 24th.—Fine, clear day, wind N.W. This being an "off-day," we made sail, ran down the creek, thinking we should lie off and rest, smoke, read and loaf generally; but "man proposes," etc. Slap bang into the mud, crack goes our centerboard. There's the mischief to pay and no pitch hot. Went to Mahon's Ditch where, after a good deal of work, we unhung our board, and horrors, found it broken in two. After taking a little more off it, hung it again and found we could use it, and piped all hands to supper, in which fat young baldpates made the principal dish. Do you understand, baldpates? No finer duck flies. The number we put away would astonish you.

Monday, 25th.—Clear, fine breeze, S.W. Made sail after a hearty breakfast (notwithstanding our duck supper of the night before) for Straight Creek on the Jersey side. A great popping of guns at coots by the greenhorns of the party in crossing the bay. Dropped our anchor in the creek at noon. All hands went up the creek to King Pond. Very few ducks this afternoon, only six: returned to yacht at dark. Usual card party in the evening.

Tuesday, 26th.—Clear; wind fresh S.W. The party, except Capt. V. and the Commodore, went to the pond and killed forty-three ducks, nearly all black. Stove smoking at both ends, "whew! my eyes." George (cook) certainly understands cooking ducks and the party as certainly understand eating them; nothing but shaking out reefs in the waistbands of our pantaloons all around the table.

Wednesday, 27th.—Rain this morning; cleared off by noon with a fine breeze, N.W. Three of the party, Capt. Billy, Amos and the writer, went up to the pond. Poor luck; only killed twenty ducks. Marsh party very cold and sharp set when they returned. Ducks, coffee, etc., etc., went down to fill the vacuum. After supper usual amusement, which was varied by the Commodore having an attack of sciatica; whisky and cayenne pepper was applied hot externally. An impromptu cupping attempted by the writer, who heated a tumbler and applied it to the Commodore's back, was pronounced a success by all except the Commodore. He did not exactly coincide in this view of it, as the tumbler had been heated too hot, and as it stuck to his back, brought him flying out of his berth, forgetting sciatica and all else except the tumbler; this caused a general snicker to pass around the card table which reminded the Commodore of the fable of the "boys and the frogs." Boarded an oysterman to-day who had some "coves" of the real stripe.

Thursday, 28th.—Clear, wind N.W. Made sail about noon. Small creek, wind dead ahead, very little water, but the Nettle behaved in her usual style and very soon put herself in deep water. Started up the bay; wind died out just as we reached Middle Marsh Creek, where we dropped anchor at 4:30 P. M. The party went to a pond near the creek, this being new ground to most of us. Captain Billy killed a pair of black ducks, and a pair that Amos claimed to have killed, but didn't get, would have made four. Hats bet on his getting them in the morning (which bet was lost). Supped on ducks, with fish, oysters, etc., etc. After supper "boat talk," and a round of "old sledge" closed the evening. Cook reported provisions getting low. No butter for supper, but we concluded that plenty of ham fat was a good substitute.

Friday, 29th.—Clear at sunrise, wind S.W. Made sail at 5 A. M.; ran up the bay; wind failed before noon. Boarded a schooner off New Castle for coal. Started our cabin stove, but could get nothing out of it but smoke, smoke, smoke. Dead float from New Castle to Marcus Hook. Sent a boat ashore there for provisions. Cook reports us out, dead out. A duck apiece for breakfast, and one and a half apiece for dinner, and a slice of ham each for supper—most decidedly short allowance for hungry men. Cook brought off some butter and some short-waisted mackerel; all he could find. Always thought the Hook a one-horse place; now know it to be. Evening, euchre, with some rich, very rich stories, with pipes, cigars, egg nog, and nightcap of hot toddy. Stove smoked awfully, euchre party smoked out. Small hours of the morning surprised all hands except the Commodore, who turned in and went to sleep, waked up and undertook a story, failed decidedly; not rich enough, couldn't get up a laugh.

Saturday, 30th.—Cloudy. Light wind, N.E. Looks and feels like snow. No fire. Made sail at 5 A. M. Wind increased. Piped to breakfast at 7 o'clock off Clemell Flats. Plenty of good bread and butter, mackerel, ham and eggs, first-class coffee, etc, Made Navy Yard at 9 o'clock, assorted and divided ducks, and drew lots for the different piles. Stood off and on at the island to set Captain Billy and Amos B. ashore, bag, baggage and ducks. Wind and tide ahead from here up. Cold and raw. Tried our stove once more; put in plenty of paper, then kindlings, chips, etc., but no go. Thought of hanging out a sign, "Hams taken in to smoke;" but after a long trial got the fire going, and it felt very comfortable. Reached Riverton about 4 o'clock, where party disbanded. So ends this log. SINKBOAT.

THE WHEATLANDS, Maryland.

AMONG MINNESOTA WILDFOWL.

"BOYS," said Bart, pointing over the prairie to the westward, toward an extensive area of high slough grass; "boys, do you see that bunch of buffalo grass off to the right of the road? Well, there's a big pond in there, and when I came by this morning it was chuck full of mallards, and if they ain't been disturbed, it's more 'an likely they're there yet. There goes a bunch in there now!" he exclaimed, as we observed a large flock of ducks circle around and settle into the grass. "We'll drive along as fur as we can and then see if we can't get a shot at 'em;" and reaching down under a couple of horse blankets in the wagon bed, he pulled out an old 12-bore pin-fire of French make.

"Is she a hard hitter, Bart?" asked George, throwing the gun up to his face two or three times, and examining it critically.

"Hard hitter!" ejaculated our host, "well I reckon she ain't nothin' else."

The above conversation took place one morning in October, 1885, on the road from Balaton, Minn., to Bear Lakes, in Murray county. My partner, George R., and myself, had planned a trip into that country along in the summer, and had watched and waited for the day to arrive when we should once more have a chance to drink in the pure air of the prairies, paddle our boats over the sedgy lakes, mark the flight of wildfowl and perchance bring to bag the wary mallard. The day of our departure finally arrived, and preparations being completed, we boarded the train in Chicago and in due time arrived at the little station of Balaton, Lyon county, after having passed through and enjoyed the beautiful Devil's Lake country of Wisconsin, and the rolling prairie land of southern Minnesota. Arriving at Balaton we waited over until the next day when, by previous arrangement, Mr. Bart Low met us, and loading our shooting traps and hunting trunk into his wagon, together with our boat, which had been shipped ahead of us, we were off for his home in Murray county, fifteen miles south.

This part of the State of Minnesota is noted for its numerous sloughs and lakes, many of which contain wild rice and are preëminently the home of the mallard. The majority of the smaller waters can be waded with hip boots, and the tall grass and rushes around the edges provide best of cover for the hunter. These sloughs occur frequently on the road from Balaton to Bear Lakes, and as we rode along over the rolling country we could see occasionally both geese and ducks winging their way to and from their feeding grounds, telling us plainly that sport was in store for us.

"Now, boys," said Bart, pulling up his horses, "I reckon we're about as near that slough as we ought to get with the team, so we better get out here."

We employed the usual tactics of approaching the pond from different directions, and, after getting ourselves into good cover, Bart, at a signal, fired a random shot over the water. With a great quacking and rushing of wings the ducks sprang into the air and made a break in the direction of one of the large lakes. This brought them over to me and a couple toppled over to my double report. This reception startled the flock, and in considerable disorder they turned only to meet with a similar reception from George. Again they were repulsed and sought a new direction, but such a height had they attained that I thought we should get no more; but Bart was the champion, for he stopped three ducks with one barrel. The No. 1 shot with which his shells were loaded told with good effect at such long range, and proved what he had said, that the old fusee could shoot. But I hadn't much time to think about the shot Bart had made, for at his sharp "Mark west!" we went down behind our blinds out of sight of an approaching flock of mallards. They were making directly toward George, and I watched them as they neared the fatal stand. On they came, steadily, until they were well abreast of him. Bang, bang! Three of them tumbled headlong into the rushes, while the rest of the flock mounted high in the air and went over me out of range. Bart managed to wing one, after which we retrieved our birds and were once more on our way.

To me there is not much real sport in this style of shooting, although the game is large and fine. It lacks the excitement of pass-shooting, while many birds are lost in the matted reeds and grass lining the shores of these ponds, to become the prey of hawks, minks and the like. We arrived at our destination about five hours from Balaton. The house of our host was in the edge of 300 acres of timber, the only natural timber, by the way, within a distance of 20 miles or more. This clump of woods, which is composed chiefly of elm, cottonwood, black oak, and burr oak, is nearly surrounded by lakes. The largest, two miles long by about one and a half wide, is Lake Tebbets; it lies east of the house within a stone's throw of the door. Several of the smaller lakes and ponds contain wild rice, and we had the good fortune to discover some very good flyways before our stay was over. We spent the rest of the day unpacking our effects and getting into shape in our new quarters. We put our boat into the water, cleaned our guns and loaded some shells. More than once that evening we paused to mark the flight of ducks or listen to the honking of geese.

Long before daybreak the next morning we had eaten our bread-and-milk breakfast, prepared for us the night before, and were on the way to the well-known pass on the south shore of Lake Tebbets. As we pushed along through the rushes, ever and anon a duck or two, startled from their morning nap, would take wing, or the hoarse croak of some water bird close by would in turn startle us. Finally, after a deal of hard paddling and fouling three or four rat huts on the way, we pushed our boat through the rushes on the opposite shore just as faint streaks of light began to show in the east. Wending our way to the higher ground above the margin of the lake, we took our stands about 200yds. apart behind some bushes. I had barely gotten on the stand, with shell box open and heavy outer coat off, when the whistling of wings overhead announced the commencement of the flight. But we were facing the west, and it was not yet light enough to distinguish objects in that direction. However, I had not long to wait, and standing with my gun at a ready, was wondering which of us would draw first blood, when whang! went George's gun, and I felt sure it would not be me who would bring down the first game that morning.

It is now light enough to see and a bunch of swiftly moving shadowy objects draw my fire. The distant boom of a gun comes borne on the wind from the direction of Big Marsh at the other end of the lake and now the ball had opened in earnest. As the sun climbs into sight I have half a dozen down on the land and two or three more have pitched into the pond behind me. A momentary lull in the flight gives me an opportunity to look around and gather my birds, which I do very easily, as the grass on the ridge where I stand is quite short. After securing a mallard and a sprigtail from the pond, I count my bunch. Four mallards, three redheads, two sprigtails and a green-winged teal, ten in all. I feel, though, I haven't any too many if I intend to be ahead of George, for his gun has been kept busy and I am too well acquainted with his skill and good judgment to be mistaken. The main flight having passed over, we are favored with more singles than flocks; and the shooting in consequence becomes more interesting because more difficult. The ducks begin to climb as they cross and I replace my No. 6 shells for those loaded with No. 5. Clean misses are frequent at the swift-flying birds. It seems at times next to an impossibility to swing the gun rapidly enough to cover and avoid shooting behind; but occasionally we feel repaid for the misses by making some long or difficult shot. The fun wanes as the sun mounts higher, and by 9 o'clock the flight is over and we have plenty of time to look about us. We adjourn to the boat and count our spoils. I have sixteen ducks, while George comes to the front with nineteen and I acknowledge defeat.

Leaving George to tie the birds in bunches, preparatory to setting out for home, I climbed a tall cottonwood, which grew near the water's edge, with a field glass to survey the surrounding country. Off to the northward could be seen the two Bear Lakes, connected by a narrow strip of water. In close proximity to the east was Rush Lake. To the westward stretched Lake Tebbets, behind us a long line of ponds and sloughs. The whole was hemmed in, seemingly, with rolling prairie, forming a beautiful picture to the wildfowler's eye. Indeed, as I drank in the panoramic view from the top of that cottonwood, I felt that it was indelibly stamped upon my memory. And even now the picture is as fresh to my mind as if I had beheld it but yesterday.

The evening flight was but a repetition of the morning's sport, only that it did not last so long. Not until the sun dipped the western horizon, and we had been on our stands over an hour, did the shooting become anyway brisk, the ducks then skimming the high ground and pitching down to the ponds behind us. As soon as it became too dark to shoot with any degree of certainty, we abandoned our stands and set out for home. Arriving there we found a good supper in waiting for us, some of the ducks shot in the morning forming no small portion of the meal. Supper over, we whiled away the evening discussing the events of the day—of remarkable shots or unaccountable misses—and listening to stories of early Minnesota life, when "Injuns was plenty and trappin' su'thin' to brag on," until, overcome with drowsiness, we retired, to sleep the sweet sleep of the tired hunter.

Such is the narrative of our first day's shooting. Nothing very startling, to be sure, but simply our experience and that, I dare say, of many another devotee of the gun who may chance to read these lines.

I have time to speak of the rest of our stay only in general, selecting only two or three red-letter days which were specially enjoyable—for let no one suppose that every day we did nothing but "bag meat."

At the western extremity of Lake Tebbets is a narrow arm of water filled with wild rice, through which the hunter may push his boat for a distance of perhaps five hundred yards, when he will come out into a large bay—it might properly be called a lake—containing three or four hundred acres of rice and rushes, with here and there a patch of open water, which is shallow enough for a mallard to feed in. Days when it blows hard, and the rough water on the open lake makes it difficult for a duck to live in it, they resort to these sheltered places until the wind subsides, as it generally does on these Western prairies with the going down of the sun.

On one such day the writer might have been seen edging along under the shelter of the timber on the windward shore, keeping as much out of the wind as possible, with decoys, shell box, lunch and gum-coat stowed in the bow of the boat. Occasionally a snipe would flush as I neared some point jutting out into the water, and after a short, zig-zag flight, would drop down again. A dozen mallards passed over from the direction of Bear Lake, going at a terrific pace before the wind, and, swinging around, settled into the rice toward which I was making. Away off to the westward could be seen a flock of geese struggling against the wind. At length I entered the rice in the narrow arm of water, and pushing through it as carefully as I could, I succeeded in getting to the other side without putting up very many ducks. But the instant I made my appearance on the other side scores took wing at once. I lost no time in putting out the decoys and getting into shape to receive the birds when they returned. First came an incomer, an old mallard drake, twisting his head first on one side, then on the other, evidently undecided whether to alight or not. He took a circle around the decoys and finally swung into range. As I threw the gun quickly to my face, he made an extraordinary effort to mount high in the air; but it was too late, the gun spoke, and he came down all in a heap. Instantly hundreds of well-concealed ducks, whose presence I had been unaware of, sprang into the air and made for the open lake, only to return after making a short flight, for nothing with feathers could live long on the wing in such a wind as was blowing. First came eight mallards, going over and well out of gunshot. Following them closely were four sprigtails, flying to the left and well down. Catching sight of the decoys, they swung around and prepared to settle. At the report of the right barrel two pitched into a bunch of rice; the left winged another. To say the remaining duck was scared would be putting it very mild. In an amazing short space of time he was far over the marsh. There was a good, open space of water around my blind, and I let the ducks lie where they fell, occasionally pushing out to pick up one which had fallen upon its back—for ducks will not decoy where the white breasts of dead ones lie upturned on the water. At 4 o'clock the wind went down. Huge banks of black clouds began to pile up in the southwest, and, fearing a storm, I pulled for home with a very fair bag of mallards, wigeons, sprigtails, and others.

Three miles east of the timber was a big slough, Bart had told us, which was a good flyway for ducks when the wind was right. There was a big pond in one end easily reached from the road which ran near it. Long Lake lay over the hill from the pond about a mile, and in coming from two smaller lakes to the southeast, the ducks, before rising over the higher ground, would dip down to this pond. There was good cover, and with a few decoys one might get good shooting, he thought.

The weather had turned off pretty warm, and we had been lying around the house most of the time. Time began to hang heavily on our hands. The days of our stay were numbered, and we were getting anxious for a change in the weather that we might try this pond about which there had been so much talk. Besides, we wanted a few birds for our friends at home, and unless it changed colder it would be useless to shoot them, for they would not keep well.

Finally, one evening Bart came in and said: "Boys, there's goin' to be a change in the weather, sure as shootin', and in less than twenty-four hours, too, or I'm mistaken, and it strikes me I've been too long in these parts to be fooled in weather signs." And even as he finished speaking a gust of wind whistled around the corners of the house and through the leafless branches of the trees in the yard, announcing a sudden change. "There she comes," remarked our host, as George made a break for the door. "Ducks 'll be thicker 'n hair to-morrow." George reported a few flakes of snow falling. "Now, boys," said Bart, "I'm going to Currie in the mornin', and if you fellers want to go to that slough I've been blowin' to you about, come right along with me and I'll drop you out there." The next morning we found the ground white with snow and a few flakes still falling. The sky was overcast; a high northwest wind was blowing; no better day for duck shooting could have been asked for. "If that slough keeps up her reputation to-day you fellers 'll have a chance to burn powder enough to last a year," remarked Bart, as we climbed into the wagon. In about an hour we hove in sight of the pond. It was full of ducks that had dropped in out of the storm; others were continually passing over. "Now, boys," said Bart as he drove away, "I'll be along here about sundown and I reckon you'll want some help, too, for the old slough is going to be a hustler for ducks to-day."

I got out the decoys as soon as I could, and waded out to an old rat hut, which was entirely concealed by rushes, and which made an excellent blind. George was in good cover on the other side of the pond, about 200yds. from me. The ducks flew as I never saw ducks fly before. The decoys were scarcely of any use whatever, as the birds seemed glad of a chance to drop down anywhere out of the storm. The wind continued high all day, with a flurry of snow along about 10 or 11 o'clock. Geese were seen frequently, high on the wing, the ▷-shaped order of the flocks indicating a long flight. At noon we adjourned for lunch, and, after a smoke, went back to our blinds. At 4 o'clock I got off the hut and went up to the other end of the slough, where I had a good open space of water behind me. I was wise in doing this, as I lost fewer ducks than if I had stayed at the old blind, where the rushes were high and the water rather too deep to be waded easily. There were many exhibitions of wretchedly poor shooting from both of us, and just so, because of the high wind that was blowing, and the terrific pace with which the birds sometimes went before it. Knocking down a poor, cramped-up pigeon thrown from a trap at 18yds. is a vastly different thing from killing a duck flying like a cannon ball in a high wind. A flock of prairie chickens flew over the slough not over forty yards from either of us. Away went four barrels after them, but not a bird responded to the call. At sundown a flock of brant went over, and I managed to fetch one out of the flock. It came down into the water about a dozen yards from where George stood. He waded out to retrieve it, when the brant took wing and flew around him in a circle. The old 10-bore cut loose twice, but the bird rose high in the air and sailed away in the direction of the sloughs to the southeast. I ran out of shells at dusk, and turned my attention to picking up the birds. I never saw wildfowl come into a slough thicker and faster than they did on that memorable evening. They came apparently from every direction, and dropped in anywhere and everywhere. Finally the bright spot in the western sky where the sun disappeared paled into twilight, and the twilight deepened into darkness, and we carried our birds out of the marsh to the road, which ran close by it, and waited for Bart. But no sound of approaching wheels greeted our ears, and after waiting a little while, we shouldered our game and started. I never had but one tramp, packing a load, that I remember any better than I do the one that night, and that was once in Minnesota, a walk of three miles through prairie grass almost waist deep, with twenty-eight large ducks and two brant, a heavy gun and a hundred loaded shells, and so dark I could scarcely find my way. That was the night when your humble servant was pretty near tuckered out.

Fortunately we got a ride when about a mile from home, and as the last mile is always the longest and hardest, the boost was most acceptable. Bart never turned up till 10 o'clock that night. He said he could smell powder and blood when he came by the pond, and he "reckoned as how thar might be two or three ducks less roostin' around Bar Lakes." When invited to take a squint around on the north side of the house where the bunches were hanging, he was convinced that "thar was at least three less."

Our bag that day was the largest of any during our stay. We shot somewhere between ninety and a hundred, bringing in eighty-three. They were all kinds—mallard, redhead, widgeon, pintail, gadwall and teal, including three brant and one Canada honker, the latter a contribution from my genial friend George.

We decided to put in one more day at the pond and then start for home. Accordingly, the next day found us at the old stand, but the ducks were by no means as numerous as on the preceding day, and our bag was only fair.

The next day being the one set for our departure we packed up and were taken to Balaton in time for the evening train. This was the beginning of the ending of two of the pleasantest weeks I ever spent in my life—two weeks full of unalloyed sport and good feelings. The weather was beautiful throughout nearly all of our stay—almost too pleasant for good shooting. For Mr. Low and his family I have only praises. They are wholesouled, genial and accommodating; and I want to say in passing that Mrs. Low can manufacture the best—mark you, I say the best—griddle cakes it has ever been my

good fortune to sample. Mr. Low is now a Representative to the Minnesota State Congress from his district, and did good work at the last session which passed the law abolishing spring shooting.

And now a word to any who contemplate going into the Bear Lake country to hunt ducks and I am done. By all means take with you a Bond boat; if not a Bond, then some kind of boat. Dogs are all right, as you will secure many birds from the grass and rushes that would otherwise become lost, but your dog will not save you a score or more long tiresome tramps, as a boat will. Aside from the hard work of tramping in slough grass up to your neck, you will not be able to get anywhere. For Minnesota water shooting I consider a boat indispensable. As to goose shooting, I cannot recommend this immediate section of the country as the best. There is scarcely enough feed for them. There were, however, a good many in the country while we were there, but, although they took their flights at daybreak and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, there seemed to be no particular feeding grounds or lines of flight.

Seven miles northeast of Bear Lakes are lakes Susan and Maria, where excellent canvasback and redhead shooting can be had. But we did not visit these lakes, so I am unable to speak from experience. We saw a good bag that was shot there by Sycamore, Ill., parties who stopped a couple of days or so with Mr. Low. I have no doubt, though, but there is good canvasback shooting there, for I was told by Dr. Thompson, an old duck hunter, and at that time proprietor of the railroad eating house at Tracy, Minn., that he had had excellent sport among redhead and canvasback at Lake Susan. There is an abundance of vallisneria (wild celery) in the lakes, which, of course, accounts for the presence of the canvasback. C. F. C.

CHICAGO, Ill.

BRANT SHOOTING AT MONOMOY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is now some years since a report of brant shooting at Chatham, Mass., has been made, and feeling that some of your readers might be interested to know how this work had progressed, we will briefly sketch the season's sport.

It must be understood that there are three clubs at Monomoy Island, Cape Cod, but that for two years the three have been united as one club, under the management of the elder—the Monomoy Branting Club. Then the members and invited friends are grouped into weekly parties of seven or eight for each week, the first party this year having entered the field on the 24th of March. The season was cold and backward, and all fowl—geese, brant, eider-ducks, coots, etc.—were a little late in their migrations. Several gaggles of geese (*Anser canadensis*) passed this point as late as the 20th of April, March being their usual migrating month. There is among these weekly parties some little rivalry to see which shall get the most birds, and this rivalry adds zest to the occasion. During the latter part of March and the first part of April the weather was very rough and cold, and the high tides and wind destroyed the bars as fast as they could be made, and so much extra labor was required on the other bars that the north bar was not made and covered with canvas till the season was far advanced, and the score for the first two weeks ran quite small. Ordinarily there are so few brant here as late as the 25 h of April as to render pursuit unprofitable after that date, but this season they were so backward that a party of six was made up for April 27 to May 4.

The score for the season was as follows: First week 23 brant, second week 6, third week 45, fourth week 171, fifth week 55, sixth week 65; and 15 were killed by the resident members before the weekly parties arrived, making a grand total for the season of 380 brant. There are during the season a good many other fowl killed, such as geese, ducks, etc., but only two of the former came to bag, though there were an unusual number on the ground.

We have been thirty years in this "bloody business," and we must say we have never seen more brant than during the present season. The proportion of young brant fairly astonished us. More than three-quarters of the number killed during the last three weeks of the season were young birds. Of the 71 brant hanging on the north end of the club house on the first day of May—the usual place for keeping them cool—only 7 were old ones; and of 11 killed in one day, there was not a single old bird among them. Earlier in the season the proportion of old ones would be greater. The difference in the weight of the birds on the first of April and the first of May is quite pronounced. The average weight at the first date is scarcely 3½lbs., while at the last date it is nearly 4lbs. The young birds especially have a "lean and hungry look" early in the season, but later nearly every one is a fine fat fellow worthy the tooth of a gourmand. All birds get fat very rapidly, we believe, when supplied with abundance of suitable food, and these birds must have fallen into such luxuriant feeding ground before their arrival here, though we confess we know not the place. Although we have here fine feeding ground, the birds do not seem to tarry a great while. They are coming and going all the time, this year especially, even down into May, though of course in diminished numbers.

In the nature of things, since in spring time the birds hug the shore, most of the brant that inhabit the east coast of North America must pass in sight of Monomoy and Chatham Bay, and to a person who never witnessed it, the spectacle would create wonder and surprise. Almost the first question asked by a stranger is, "Where do they all come from?" Let us suppose for a moment that last year we had a million of brant pass this point. Then let us further suppose that three-quarters of the brant that pass this year are young, then we have of these delicious little feathered migrants this season the magnificent spectacle, the grand moving panorama of four millions of brant. And this is thought by our resident members and best judges not to be an overestimate. The autumn of 1886, in the Arctic regions, where the birds breed, must have been warm and favorable. When cold weather sets in early, so as to make young ice by the 3d of September, there is no possible escape for the young birds, and the mother must depart or perish with her offspring. Instinct is stronger than affection, and the mourning matron wends her weary way to warmer climes, but the disconsolate gunner sees no young brant on Cape Cod the following spring. A fortnight more of warm weather would have saved thousands of the callow birds, and this fortnight was vouchsafed to them last fall.

If the reader has had patience to follow us to this point, we would in conclusion like to open our club journal and read to him nearly verbatim the record of a single day's shooting:

"*April 19, 1887.*—The heavy snow storm of yesterday was reduced by rain to three or four inches. During the entire night the wind howled fearfully, heavy thunder shook the earth, and the forked lightning made the night only more hideous. The wind continued strong from N. by E. till afternoon, when it swung more to westward and slackened somewhat in severity. High tide 9:13 A. M. and all the boys were out in good season, full of the highest hopes for a big day's sport. Nor were they disappointed. W. and T. occupied the South Box, G., D. and R. the North, L. and S. the Mudhole, and V. his old haunt the Hummock. Never was better day for branting. Never were there more brant here, and never did they behave better nor give more shots. In all our thirty years' experience never before have we seen so much powder burned in a single day. Three or four times did one and another come in for more cartridges. The wind was so strong it actually tore the water, and the poor birds could neither stay in it nor out of it, and they seemed tired out and seeking a place of safety and rest. Nearly all the birds were shot on the wing. The water was so rough it was no easy matter for them to light, nor were they all in one large flock, but broken up into small 'pods' of two, three or half a dozen, and these were decimated as they approached the decoys. Not more than eight were killed and recovered from any one shot. They kept coming along amid a continuous fusilade, now here, now there, now everywhere. The South Box took in thirty-seven, Mudhole thirty-six, North Bar twenty-six, and Hummock six. When the wind blows fresh from the east many dead birds are lost by being drifted off shore. Seven of these were recovered to-day when the wind changed, making the day's work foot up one hundred and twelve brant. There was great rejoicing at the club house as each party came in and dumped its heavy load down by the front door. Cheers, huzzahs and tigers rent the air, and the remainder of the day was absorbed in marvelous stories and circumstances that favored or obstructed the sport of each individual." W. HAPGOOD.

BOSTON, Mass.

NEW JERSEY GAME.

NEW JERSEY experienced an unusually good English snipe season this spring. It began early, and the last bird I heard of being killed was shot on Saturday last at East Newark. Several years ago Dr. Robinson, of Newark, killed thirteen snipe one hot July day on the Newark meadows. These birds, among some others, had bred there. I feel convinced that if unmolested in their spring flight snipe would, under certain conditions, breed on the Newark meadows and at Pine Brook. At present the shooters do not give them time to alight.

The woodcock have had a set back in New Jersey, owing to the cold rain and snowstorms in the middle of April. Along the Wallkill, between Hamburgh and Liberty Corner, old birds have been found dead. The rise of water in the northern counties is also said to have destroyed many nests. Something always interferes with the woodcock shooting in these days, and those who follow it have a hard road to travel.

Along with the apple blossoms came a big flight of yellowlegs and other bay snipe. On May 8 they were very numerous along Little Egg Harbor and Barnegat Bay, and the Sunday shooters enjoyed excellent luck. On the following day not a bird was to be seen.

Mr. James L. Anthony, of this city, has, along with his kennel partner, Mr. Charles Heath, established a game preserve at Lynch's, Va. Mr. Anthony has put out some English partridges there, and also about thirty birds of the same kind at the Graphic Kennels at Netherwood, N. J. SNIPE.

MICHIGAN WARDEN SYSTEM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had some experience with the State game and fish warden, and he seems to mean business. He informs me that within the last two weeks nearly a hundred arrests have been made.

The deputy wardens for Antoine county are Jesse A. Cary, of Central Lake; Alex Campbell, of Milton, and F. W. Severance, of Jordan. They are all men who will not be fooled with, and there is a growing feeling among the population that it is no longer safe to violate the fish and game laws.

Our protective association prepared the way for this feeling and its influence has been salutary.

I have good hopes to see our woods and waters restocked within a reasonable time. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 9.

MONTREAL.—The Fish and Game Club, of which Dr. Brainerd is president and Mr. John Molson secretary-treasurer, have just moved into new quarters at the corner of St. James and St. Peter streets. The rooms are most elegantly fitted up and are probably the finest in the city devoted to such a purpose, and to complete the arrangements for the comfort of the members and their guests, the services of Mr. Henri Beau have been secured as caterer. The Fish and Game Club, which numbers about 225 members, is in connection with the Fish and Game Protection Association, membership in which is a necessary qualification in those belonging to the social organization. The officers of the Protection Association are Mr. W. H. Rintoul, President; S. Cross, Vice-President, and John Nelson, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—This time in Florida. The Palatka *News*, May 12, reports: The old joke of carrying unsuspecting innocents into swamps on the pretense of catching snipe, has been practiced so often that nearly everybody is into the "sell," and it is a pretty hard matter to get a victim. Some of the Palatka boys, however, have been coaching a young man in town for several days, and last night they took him out beyond the junction to initiate him into the mysteries of snipe hunting. He was given an old corn sack and a light and stationed as far into the swamp as it was possible to go, where he was left while his companions went off to drive the snipe. They returned to the city in great glee over the success of their joke, and the victim doubtless kept a silent vigil for the snipe that never came.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

A NEW field trials club has just been organized under this name, and starts out with brilliant prospects for a successful career. It is not intended in any sense as a rival to any of the existing clubs, but has been formed by a number of wealthy gentlemen, who believe that there is room for another association of this kind in America. The membership of the club is to be limited to thirty, and this number will include representatives from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Providence and Boston.

The grounds chosen comprise 8,000 acres of land south of Annapolis, on the famous Eastern Shore of Maryland, the property being now owned by Mr. Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, who will turn it over to the club, of which he is a member. The initiation fee will be $500, and the annual dues $100.

The club expects to hold a field trial this autumn, to consist of a Derby and an All-Aged stakes. Entries for the former will probably close Aug. 1, and for the All-Aged Sept. 1. The trials will be run under a single judge, and it is intended to try to obtain the services of Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, to act in this capacity. All the heats will be run to a finish, and there will be no dividing of the stakes. Dogs that win must do so on their merits.

The grounds selected for the club are said to include some of the best duckshooting points on the Chesapeake Bay, and there are vast beds of the wild celery. The upland affords admirable quail shooting. An English game keeper, who brought over a shipment of 3,000 English pheasant eggs for Mr. Garrett, which he intended to hatch out and turn loose on his place at Montebello, near Baltimore, is now superintending the hatching of these eggs on the club grounds, and the birds, if sucessfully reared, will be turned out there. The eggs are being incubated by bantam hens.

Membership, energy and money are important factors in the success of any club. The United States Field Trials Club has all these, and will undoubtedly be successful and do a great deal of good.

MASSACHUSETTS SNARING BILL.—A Boston paper reports the discussion in the Massachusetts Senate last week on the grouse snaring bill: "In place of an adverse report, Mr. Wadlin, of Reading, moved a substitute bill to allow the trapping and snaring of partridges, hares and rabbits by landowners upon their own land between Oct. 1 and Jan. 1. Mr. Young, of Wellfleet, opposed the bill, because the game law has lately been passed and found to be in the public interest. Mr. Wardwell, of Haverhill, spoke on the same side, attacking the doctrine of private ownership in game and criticising the law of criminal trespass. Mr. Conant, of Acton, saying that he represented the farmers' sons, didn't believe in preserving the game for hunters by prohibiting the farmers' boys from trapping birds on their own lands. He ridiculed the idea of exterminating partridge and quail, and presented a unanimous vote of the town of Acton in favor of the bill. The farmers were not going to stand the greediness of the sportsmen any longer. Mr. Foss, of Rowley, followed on the same side. Mr. Wadlin, of Reading, defended his bill on the ground that the owner of land has a property right to wild bees, fish and birds on his land, and that snaring, as practiced by farmers' boys, does not exterminate game. After further debate, the bill was substituted almost unanimously, without amendment."

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

THE Governor has signed Senator Wemple's bill providing for a fish hatchery in the Adirondacks.

Assemblyman Moore has just introduced a bill somewhat similar to the bill of last year amending Section 442 of the penal code (relating to the use of steam dredges weighing over 30lbs. in taking oysters) by providing that nothing in the section contained shall be construed to forbid the owners of any legally planted beds of oysters from using steam power or heavier dredges on such legally planted beds.

The Assembly has passed Hamilton's amendment to the general game laws relative to fishing and hunting grounds where special privileges have been granted.

On Friday, in the Senate, Mr. Coggeshall read a communication from Forest Commissioner Townsend Cox, stating that charges had been made on the floor of the Senate against the Forest Commission, of which he is president, and requested an immediate investigation. Mr. Coggeshall, upon this request, attempted to have a committee of three Senators appointed to investigate the matter. Mr. Sloan thought such an inquiry might be expensive, and as some explanation might be made at once by the Senator who made the charges, he moved that the resolution be referred to the Finance Committee, which was done after considerable debate, during which Mr. Pitts declared that the resolution was offered to enable some one to spend the summer in the Adirondacks. Mr. Coggeshall replied that he did not need to take to the woods whatever others may do. Mr. Pitts replied that seven-tenths of these investigations are merely means of furnishing Senators with summer vacations.

The Assembly has passed Reeves's appropriation of $2,500 for a patrol steamer in the harbor of New York city to enforce the law against garbage; also Hadley's appropriation for the Adirondack Survey increased from $15,000 to $30,000; also Senator Murphy's bill, authorizing the having in possession trout and other fish caught outside of the State at seasons when fish caught within the State are not allowed; also the following bill (No. 1,440) introduced by Assemblyman Emery:

SEC. 1. No person shall set or take any fish by any device known as pound-net, trap-net, set-net or gill-net in any of the waters of Lake Erie within jurisdiction of the State of New York, opposite to and adjoining the shores of the county of Erie in such State, or engage in procuring or preparing for market any such fish or any part thereof, or exposing any fish taken in such nets as aforesaid for sale.

SEC. 2. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than five months or by a fine of $50 or by both such fine and imprisonment. One-half of all fines recovered by the provisions of this act shall be paid over by the court receiving the same to the complainant, and the balance after deducting his fees and fees of officers making the arrest to the county treasurer, and it shall be the duty of every sheriff, deputy sheriff and of every constable and of every game constable to arrest whereon found within this State without warrant any person whom they shall find violating any of the provisions of this act and immediately to bring such offender before the nearest magistrate having jurisdiction of the offense for examination and for trial.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

The Assembly has passed Erwin's amendment to the song bird act of 1886, making it a misdemeanor to feed or shelter sparrows; also, making it lawful to kill crows, hen hawks, owls and blackbirds. The bill was opposed by many members, who regarded the provision as relating to sparrows as most extraordinary legislation; but it passed.

There was considerable of a fight in the Assembly over Coggeshall's 6-inch trout bill, some of the members wishing to reduce the length to 5in. Passed with $10 fine clause omitted.

The Senate Finance Committee reported Hall's amendment to the Forest Commission act and it was ordered to a third reading. The same committee also reported Reeves's general oyster bill (the same which was worked over by the Assembly Game Committee) so mutilated that Reeves will not allow it to pass in its present form. He declares that in this shape it is worse than useless. It has again been taken back by the committee.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The lessons of the trajectory test appear to be many and various, and each rifle expert seems to draw encouragement or consolation from its study. What I, together with a great many others, don't know about rifles would doubtless make a good size primer, yet I cannot avoid the conclusion that the advocates of the muzzleloader are slightly off their base. Because the Romer muzzleloader beat the Bland Express less than 1¼in. in trajectory over the 200yd. range, while using 20grs. more powder and 40grs. less lead than the Bland, to claim that the muzzleloader is consequently proved to have a flatter trajectory than the breechloader, appears to me very like boasting because John C. Heenan in his prime could doubtless have carried a 10lb. weight further than a 10-year old schoolboy could carry a sack of flour. The Merrill muzzleloader should never have been included in the report, as its owner appears to have been the only contestant who "crawfished" when it came to the 200yd. test, while the little Hunter's Pet, with its pitiful 9grs. of powder to drive 85grs. of lead, (ye gods! what a cartridge) comes bravely to the scratch at any and all distances. Let a test be instituted between breechloaders and muzzleloaders of the same weight, length, bore, groove, powder and ball, and then the rifle that comes out ahead can fairly be regarded as the best in trajectory. Aside from the question of trajectory there can of course be no comparison whatever.

Every old boy in America who has served an apprenticeship in deer hunting with one of those abominable old war clubs called the muzzleloader, will bear me witness that when (thanks to the inevitable buck-ague of American boyhood) he has missed the biggest buck he ever saw in a fair shot at 75yds., the great brute will stand motionless as a staue through all that agony of suspense while the little fellow with cold stiffened fingers fumbles through four jackets for his powder bottle with newspaper cork, spilling half his small store of powder on the snow and the rest in his trembling hand, sifting at last about 200 grains of powder down the little bore a trifle bigger than a rye straw and rams the squirrel skin patched bullet furiously down the long barrel (skinning his knuckles shamefully in the excitement). All this time that buck will stand gazing curiously at the busy pantomime, but no matter how many times it may have been tried, no one ever saw the buck that would wait until the villainous little "G.D." cap could be fitted upon the tube. Should he live a thousand years that boy will never know a pang to match his sinking of the heart as the great white tail waves him a final adieu. "Fare ye well, Brother Watkins!" I shall always remember this against the muzzleloader. No doubt the mistake we all made was in not fitting the cap on first.

Since coming to this Territory in 1881, I have killed with the rifle 85 deer and 20 coyotes. During that time I have bought two new Winchesters, .45-90, three new Marlins, .45-70, and the "Old Reliable" Sharps, .45-110. The last named now hangs on the hooks in my bedroom. I have been induced to change rifles, partly because of my own experiments, and partly because of the perusal of the record of the experiments of others in the sportsmen's papers; and right here I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to editors and correspondents, who have so kindly aided me in my difficult search for the best hunting rifle. That carefully written article of your valued correspondent "P.," entitled "Nights with the Grizzlies," set me to experimenting with the express ball, and, consequently, led me to sell my .45-70 Marlin at the first opportunity. As I doubted my ability to get just the right shaped bullet-mould by correspondence, I took my old 405grs. bullet-mould, and with a three-cornered file, a piece of a small iron bolt, a little inherited Yankee ingenuity and the leisure hours of a rainy day, fashioned a pair of bullet-moulds to cast just the right shaped express ball I wished, weighing about 350grs. The next step was to purchase a new Sharps. .45-cal., 2⅞in. shell. After using it just about a year, I have proved, not only that it will do all that "P." claimed for it, but that I never saw the combination to be named in the same breath with it. For long-range shooting I use the solid ball.

A few of the shots this gun has made for me I wish to record. The first deer killed with it was a large, five-pronged buck. He was lying in his bed, 40yds. distant, looking intently at me as my head showed above the tops of the bushes. The ball struck him just between the nostrils and of course his head was a wreck. The next was a buck at 70yds., standing broadside nipping the twigs of a bush. Aim was taken at his neck and he fell in his tracks. No bone was touched, the ball passing just above it. The solid butt of the bullet passed through, while the rest of the ball flew into fragments, and when the skin was stripped from the neck my unclenched hand was easily passed into the hole where the ball went out, and my hand is doubtless larger than "P.'s"

Because a single buckshot can kill a deer it does not follow that a small-bored gun is best for deer hunting. Many a time deer are met with on the top of a mountain ridge where it is all important that they be killed instantly, for even though mortally wounded they are apt to jump down the wrong side of the ridge and run in cañons, where, when found, they are not worth carrying out, and many times deer are badly hit a trifle too far back, bleeding freely at first, but the flow of blood soon checking, the baffled hunter is forced to return empty-handed to camp, where on making his report he is consoled by some "Jobs' comforter" of a comrade with the assurance that of course the deer will probably die if it lives long enough. Small comfort to him when, a week after, the buzzards guide him to the carcass a few hundred yards beyond where he left the trail.

Not a single deer struck in the body by the big Sharps has yet escaped me, and twenty-seven deer have already fallen before it. The trajectory is lower than that of any muzzleloader I ever owned, and its accuracy appears perfect. Seeing a band of mule deer on a ridge while looking for meat, I crept within 125yds., and when about to take aim, with a solid ball in the rifle, not having any express balls with me, I observed another deer standing directly beyond the one I wanted, and as I did not wish to be bothered with the meat of two, waited until one stepped out of the way, when I fired and killed—two. A third deer, that I had not seen, was standing just beyond, and had I fired at first am confident that the solid ball would have killed three, for it went through those two deer without upsetting or striking any large bones.

A few days since, having a few express ball cartridges that were slightly defective, I concluded to use them in killing a kind of ground squirrel or diminutive prairie dog, which hibernates for seven months of the year, and works havoc with our crops during the other five. One of them sat on level ground, on grass 1in. high, with his right side presented, when I fired at his body at 40yds. As the smoke blew away nothing was seen of the squirrel, and I walked down to examine. A large black spot of earth appeared where the bullet struck, and two or three specks of red showed upon the black dirt, which upon inspection proved to be bits of flesh. Noticing still another in the very bottom of the hole made by the bullet, I picked it out, brushed off the dirt, and found the complete heart of the squirrel. Nothing else appearing, I walked on in the direct line of the flight of the ball, and just 16 paces distant from where the ball struck I found the ribs and flesh of one side, but without the skin, spread out on some weeds. I now returned to the house to ask my wife to come and see the effect of an express ball in the big Sharps, and accompanied by three of our children we walked back and began the search anew.

Twelve paces to the left front lay the head with most of the skin hanging in strings. Nine paces directly to the left of the point where the ball struck, at a right angle with the flight of the ball, lay one shoulder, while 11 paces directly to the right lay the tail and part of one hindleg. Thrown directly apart, right and left, lay fragments 60ft. apart.

Possibly the reader may think that this story is misplaced, and that it belongs in the "That reminds me" column, along with that of the sturgeon that wore the deer horns, yet I can assure him of the fact, verified by more than one witness. I have no idea that that squirrel felt a paug. The front sight of my rifle is a piece of the tooth of a mountain lion, the whitest ivory I could find. The rear sight is copied from T. S. Van Dyke, author of the "Still-Hunter," and the best and most practical gun sight I have yet found. Made of vulcanized rubber, level on the top, without a niche in the center, and with two projecting spurs, one at each side, ¼in. higher than the center, to take the friction given by touching other objects, and preventing the top of the sight, in the center, from becoming polished; the object being to secure a dull, black surface to the rear sight. When a better gun is made, I want it.

Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman tells, in a FOREST AND STREAM of last year, that he has often seen the old Hudson Bay Company's musket beat the Sharps rifle. I had, in consequence, some thoughts of selling the Sharps and buying one of these wonderful muskets; but reflecting that I had nowhere seen the list of prizes won by the Hudson Bay Company's musket in the shooting matches, I delayed the sale. Possibly Mr. Baillie-Grohman will kindly furnish the list for publication. A growing suspicion, that the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM confirms, inclines me to the belief that, after all, it was probably an English sort of a match (à la Tankerville Chamberlayne's yacht racing "conditions") that Mr. Baillie-Grohman refers to when the Sharps rifle was so ignominiously beaten. Probably the Sharps had 10 per cent. "added to its rating;" that is, it had to make ten bullseyes to one with the musket, and was prohibited from "using its centerboard," or, in other words, the Englishman insisted that the Yankee should put no bullets in the Sharps. I hope to try the Old Reliable on big-horns and white goats the coming fall. UNCLE FULLER.

THETIS, Washington Territory.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

PEAK O' MOOSE.

"And goodness gracious bless me,
What a deal of good it does
To have such recollections."

"CAPTAIN, if you want to catch trout, I'll take you up to Peak o' Moose." Now Peak o' Moose is the highest pinnacle of a spur of the Catskills, some twenty miles west of Kingston. Within the memory of the oldest settler the lordly moose might have been found in its well nigh impenetrable fastnesses, and even now one might perchance encounter the timid deer, though this is doubtful; or occasionally run across a bear.

"Of course, Billy," I said to my guide. "By all means let us start to-morrow morning early."

Four o'clock on a balmy June morning found us fully armed and equipped with Conroy's best, and rattling away seven miles an hour over the Lackawac road toward the scene of our labors. A slight wind from the southward and a cloudy sky betokened just the day for trouting. Fourteen miles rattled off, we pulled up at Joe Porter's. A bite of sandwich and a drop "of the dew that shines in the starlight," a good-bye to Joe, and off we go, up a rocky mountain road for the headwaters of the Lackawac. Sawmills to right of us, sawmills to left of us, sawmills in front of us, where can trout live, we wonder. The road soon became so rough we had to walk the horse. Old Sol shows us his glowing face as if he had been making a night of it, and then as if in compassion for us, veils himself under a cloud, while Peak o' Moose, seven miles off, towers up in solitary pride. And on we go, winding along through wood and ravine till we bring up at Hill's Mills, unhitch, stable, get out our rods and tackle, and ask the squire what's the chance for sport. "Waal, Capt'in, three of them fellers from York here yesterday, six the day before, more the first of the week—" "Hold on, Squire, that'll do."

Billy looked grave; he had fished every stream around Old Peak, man and boy, for twenty years, and didn't want the captain to be disappointed. Now I had thought the thing over, and on the supposition that the trout had had flies offered them until they were sick of the sight of them, I had quietly provided myself with a quart of nice worms carefully put up in moss. Just here I expect a howl to go up from those sarcastic fishermen who thank God they never caught a trout with anything but a fly, and not many at that, oh no! We old fellows have heard lots of such talk and value it accordingly. The youthful yachtsman "never deserts the tiller in times of danger, thrashes her through it," and loves the howling waves and mighty winds, wasn't frightened a bit, oh no, probably scared to death! The tyro visits the ranch, gets a shot at an elk, sees a bear in the distance, which is all he does see, and comes home with heart-rending stories of "Old Ephraim," and wouldn't cross the road to shoot any other kind of bear. Oh yes. Well, we know these "tender shoots."

Let not the men who fish with flies
The man who uses worms despise.
The chances are as ten to one,
He gets more fish and has more fun.

The result fully justified my expectations, and I refer the fly-fisherman to Thos. Todd Stoddard. Right by the sawmill, where the water came tumbling and foaming over a fifteen-foot dam into a pool, rock-bound, deep and impenetrable to a fly-fisherman, I began operating. Billy, a hundred yards below me, had already waded in. Crawling along carefully to a ledge overlooking the pool, and hanging on by teeth and eyelids, I tossed my worm gently in a moment, and away went my line; the next, out came a fine trout. So, baiting, casting and pulling up, without stirring from my resting place, I captured twenty-one nice fish; when, taking alarm at "the worm with a hook in his tail," they beat a retreat. As these trout had been taken out under the very noses of the gentlemen "who could not let a worm come between the wind and their gentility," with a grateful remembrance of Tom Todd, I rejoined my guide, and we waded down stream in company, through one of the wildest, roughest and hardest streams to fish I ever encountered. The water thundered down through rocky chasms and deep ravines; tall pines towered up on either side; maples and beeches overshadowed us, and on we toiled and fished. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove or the buoyancy of a balloon, or could turn myself into a fly—though I am not much of a fly-fisherman—that I might better get through! Prone, extended full length, we could peer down into some pool, reel off sixty feet of line, and drop in, but without much success. I thought of Watkins Glen. Here it was again, "linked sweetness long drawn out."

Suddenly I missed my guide. Gnats, mosquitoes, punkies swarmed around me; countless bills were drawn on me at sight; and though born under a lean star and thinking I did not offer much temptation even to a mosquito, I found I was mistaken. But where was Billy? Had some trout in rage and despair pulled him in? Had he come Sam Patch over me? Had he— "Halloa, Captain!" and a hundred feet below me stood my guide, laughing quietly and enjoying my perplexity. Stars and stripes! he never could have slid down. "Keep to your right, Captain, and climb up a little." Bless me, does the man think I am a lizard or a fly? However, by climbing, crawling, toiling, scratching and wriggling along sideways and downward, breathless I at last reached my guide. I had been an old sailor, and that stood me in good stead.

So on we went by fall and pool, with very moderate luck, until at length we found all further advance apparently barred by an impenetrable barrier. Billy scratched his head. I scratched every part of me—punkies, punkies; only that and nothing more. "Wait a bit, I'll climb up on that rock and take a peep." So up he went like a fly on a pane of glass, and reported, "I can get through if you can." Taking our rods apart and "belaying," I followed suit. There we stood, on a ledge of rock just large enough to hold us, tall pines at our feet, the stream like a silver ribbon below, and we perched up in mid air, like men on a royal yard. My guide worked himself along like a snail, and I followed him, though the more I looked the less I liked it. Soon came what Fishermen would call "the first drop." Billy let himself down full length, and holding on like grim death, found he couldn't touch bottom. No help for it, he had to let go, and he struck solidly enough, in a short fall, to start half the breath out of his body. My turn next, but being "muchly taller," here's where I had the best of him. Down I dropped, unharmed; and scrambling down through brush and brier, we reached the stream, deposited rods and baskets on a broad rock, baited, repaired damages, and getting out our pipes, sandwiches and concomitants, rested from our labors.

After lunch I said: "Billy, where does that stream come from?" pointing to a bubbling, rippling rivulet that entered the water just below us. "Out of a small lake just up there." The very mention of the word lake aroused me. "Any fish there?" "Dunno. Three or four years ago some fellers went in there with a seine and scooped out three or four barrels full." "Any left?" "Dunno." Boat on the pond?" "Guess not." "Well, I am going to fish that lake. My soul's in arms and eager for 'the fry.'"

We headed up stream for a short distance, when suddenly there burst on our view a lovely miniature lake, reaching far back, thick wooded on both sides. Old hemlocks fallen in on either side gave required shelter for the fish. There were trout there, but how to get at them. Face to face with them, no boat, how to begin the attack. I advanced a step or two in the water, and sank quietly down and quickly too, in the yielding sand; bah! this won't do. Another glance revealed a bar of sparkling gravel running out toward the channel way, and this I deemed hard enough to hold me could I reach it.

The old Second Corps was famed for flanking "Butternuts." Why not trout? My plan of action was instantly decided on. Noticing some 20yds. above an old hemlock stretching out into the lake, Billy crawled out quietly to its end and gleefully signaled to me the presence of the enemy. Making a detour, I gained the wished-for sandy reach and waded in, tossing the bait some 50ft. to them. What sport I had! Up to my waist in water, my ammunition stowed away aloft to keep dry, tossing and playing and retossing and capturing, I stowed away twenty or more fine fat trout, Billy also doing a good stroke of business and keeping his end of the log up, until a general alarm sounded, away went the fish up the lake, and away we went down the lake with baskets full enough to satisfy any reasonable fisherman.

On coming out on the wood pond, Billy, who was tired somewhat, sat down and counted the fish, while I, calling out "Legs, legs, do your duty," trotted off two miles up stream, hitched up, bid the 'Squire good-day, and picked up my guide and traps, with seventy fine trout. Not a bad day's work over a stream whipped to death. We fished from 11 o'clock to 4 o'clock.

Ten miles ride over a rough road found sunlight followed by twilight and night succeeding. Here and there as we passed a farmhouse, smudges were in full blast, while urchins kept continually calling out to us, "Say, Mister, give us a fly." Of course we did. I had a supply of flies on purpose to give away. Past Bear Hole, past Bull Run, at last we reached the hospitable inn. Out came our worthy landlord. "Come in, boys. What luck? By George, you have done well." Off came old toggery and wading boots, on went our dry rig; and sitting down to supper with an appetite that many a New York millionaire would have given a fortune for, we pegged away, until obliged to call for quarter. Striking out for home, on a good road, we set sail. A rapid ride in the cool of the evening refreshed and rested us, and midnight found us home. Everything stowed away safely. Seventy trout present and accounted for. Forty-five miles traveled. Our duty accomplished we slept the sleep of the just. CAPT. CLAYTON.

MONKS GOES FISHING.

THE following letter was read to the jury in a big divorce suit in the Supreme Court, this city, last week. It made the judge, jury and all the lawyers want to drop business and start for the woods with fish poles:

"MY OWN DEAR ROBERT—By your telegram, just received, I knew you must have the one I sent you, but it was my good fortune to find out the name of the hotel you would stop at, and not the address you gave. Now, Mr. Humbug, you were very smart to fool me the way you did, for I fully expected you back Wednesday evening, as in saying good-bye you were so uncertain, and just as likely as not you would be back, and all the time you intended to go. Well, I will know you next time. But there won't be any next time. You can make the most of your free foot, now that you are away, because I will not let you go ever again on business or pleasure. This I mean—no more until after February is over, and then we will see in the future.

"Monks, I forgot to give Katie your clothes' brush and whisk, also your soap, and it has worried me ever since that you had not them with you. I guess you have everything else you want. Do you think of going to Meacham Lake, now that you are so near? You are such a funny boy to have your way, with everything so uncertain. You did not give me the name of the place Mr. Hartshorne gave you to go to. How do you suppose I can write to you?

"I suppose you will not see the day's paper giving the account of the terrible storm all over the country and so many people killed by lightning. You can just watch out when you see the storms coming up, and keep from going under trees; any place is better than trees. If I were with you I would stay on the lake and not go ashore for shelter, as we did when we were together. I hope you will have a perfectly grand time, catch lots of fish, and eat them and grow fat, drink very little and eat a big lot, and look like a big, strong, hearty Monks, to stand the business months and winter storms.

"As for hunting, your chief delight, I wish you no end of good fortune. I hope you will shoot deer, and I guess by this time there must be other game to shoot, such as quail and partridge. If you get any you shoot yourself, like when we were in Branchville, if it is possible to send it, why, Monks, would like some. Forget everything and everybody and just see what an awful good time you can have. Be careful you don't catch cold, and that is all. I am all right, and will be as good a girl as I can with my Monks away. * * * This letter is terribly written, but I have a cramp in the palm of my hand. Mamie joins in love to you, all my heart's love, and oceans of kisses. Your devoted little wife, JOSEPHINE.

A FISHING TRIP EXPERIENCE.

WHILE sitting in my office one day last summer a friend bounced in with an open letter in his hand and said, "Ned, let's go up to the Falls bass fishing. Here's a letter from Ben and he says the fish are biting like all the world." "All right, Johnny, when do you want to start?" "To-morrow morning." "I'll be on hand."

We met at the depot with rods and bait buckets and were soon on our way to G., where we were to meet Ben and drive up to the Falls. After a dinner, presided over by Ben's very pretty and agreeable wife, we packed our things into the wagon and started for a sixteen mile drive to the Falls. Ben said he had made all arrangements for us, having engaged a nice room at the hotel, plenty of bait and the services of a first-class guide, who knew every hole in the river. We enjoyed our drive very much, and arriving at the hotel had the horses put away and asked to be shown to the room Ben had engaged for us. We were ushered up-stairs and shown the door of a room which we were told was ours. Being very tired and dusty, we hastened toward it, but opening the door we fell back aghast at the noise and sight that greeted us. Great Cæsar! what an air came from that room. We found it occupied by eight or ten men, at two tables, deeply absorbed in a game of poker. The air fairly reeked with stale tobacco smoke and the fumes of the whisky. The window was shut and two coal oil lamps were burning and smoking on the table and adding their stench to that of the stogies and whisky. We very politely informed the gentlemen that we had engaged that room and would be very much obliged to them if they would vacate and allow us to air the room a while before retiring. We were politely told to go to hades or some other room; they would not give up the room until they had finished their game and that would be by daylight. We appealed to the landlord, but he told us he was powerless; his house had been taken complete possession of by a large crowd of fellows who had come there to fish and have a spree.

We were preparing to make the best of a bad scrape, when the landlord said he thought he could accommodate us in a room over his storehouse across the canal. We had a very poor supper and then all went to the room over the storeroom. There were two frames of bedsteads in the room, across which we put some boards, on top of the boards the landlord put a new husk mattress, which he covered with a new Marseilles quilt and gave us another of the same material to cover us with. We turned in as soon as we could, hoping to get a good night's rest. But Great Cæsar's ghost! what beds and what coverings. Every place they touched the skin they rasped as a file, and the mattresses felt as if they were stuffed with stones. Besides, the smells that greeted our nostrils were something awful; there was a smell of tarred rope, onions, codfish, coal oil, turpentine, cheese, boots and shoes, and everything else that goes to make up the stock of a canal-lock store. Added to all this, in the next room to us was another poker party, and our room was the thoroughfare through which all had to pass to get outdoors. There was a constant running backward and forward by the fellows in the next room. Finding sleep impossible, I got up about 2 o'clock and went out in the moonlight for a stroll to try and quiet my nerves a little. I walked up the towpath a short distance to an overflow, where I saw two men sitting on a log. I found they were watchmen employed to watch the bait belonging to different parties at the hotel. They had about twenty buckets hung under the overflow, and one of the men had a large revolver in his hand. I asked if it was necessary to watch the bait so closely, and they said that if it were not watched there would not be a minnow there by morning; the black and white thieves would steal them all.

As soon as daylight dawned we were up and preparing for our day's sport. Our guide put in an appearance and we inquired for our bait. Of course it was the same old story—he had had not time to get it, but a friend of his had a nice lot for sale at one cent apiece. We purchased 200, and following the guide, made for the river. Nick, the guide, told us that if we wanted good fishing we must cross the river, and he immediately set up a series of whoops and yells, which in half an hour brought a man to the other side who shoved off a little boat. It looked more like a coffin than anything else; and would accommodate but two at a time. After four or five journeys we were all across. We heard Nick tell the man who ferried us across that we would be at his house at 1 o'clock for dinner. Johnny and I looked at each other, for a filthier specimen of humanity we had hardly ever seen. His beard was very long, reaching almost down to his waist, and he had a habit of gathering it up and tying it in a bow knot. By examining his beard closely you could tell what he had had to eat for several days before. He looked so poor and so dirty that we despaired of getting anything fit to eat at his house; but we said nothing, and put ourselves into the hands of Gus, who had made all the arrangements, and of Nick, who was a first-class guide and knew every hole in the river. We then went down on the rocks and prepared for fishing. Each selected a bait to his fancy and cast off; we waited patiently for bites, but none came. We tried all the best holes known to the guide, also the riffles and eddies and pools; we tried with minnows, still-fishing and casting, with artificial baits and flies, but to no purpose. One measly bass about ¼lb. weight was all we had caught up to the time we heard the tooting of the dinner horn.

We adjourned to the ferryman's house hungry as hawks and prepared to devour the fat bacon and greasy fried potatoes we expected to get. The house looked from the outside like a ropewalk or bowling alley cut down a little, being only one story high and five or six rooms in extent. In one end was a rude bar, where contraband whisky was dispensed at 5 cents a glass, and at the other end was the dining room. This room had a dirt floor and a ceiling of slabs from the sawmill. The table was three boards held up by a flour barrel at one end and a trestle at the other. The kitchen was detached from the house, and, casting a wistful and hungry glance toward it, I saw an old colored aunty moving about before the large, open fireplace. This, I thought, argued well for us, for there are no cooks in the world that could beat our old-time colored cooks. Finally, dinner was announced, and we piled in, but one and all stopped on the threshold filled with amazement at the feast spread before us. At the head of the table was a baked shad, and such a shad, most as thick as it was long, and must have weighed 8 or 10lbs. before cooking. At the foot was an immense dish of fried chicken, done to a turn. There was also delicious corn pone, with elegant white bread, splendid butter, plenty of milk and cream, preserves and pickles, coffee fit for the gods, and a pudding for dessert that beat anything we had ever tasted. When we asked our dirty host how much we had to pay he reckoned 35 cents a piece would do. The dinner was worth a dollar of any man's money. We paid him 35 cents and chipped in 25 cents apiece for Aunt Rachel, who had spread herself for Mars Nick, as she told us. After dinner we resumed our fishing, but with poor success, catching only four or five small bass. We returned home that night and footed up our expenses, which were $9 apiece—rather steep for one day's fishing; but then the surprise and elegance of that dinner was worth a good deal. E. A. R.

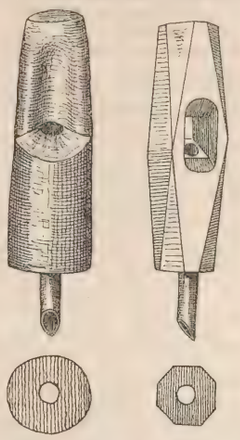
BALTIMORE, Md.

A FISH PRICKER.

MANY sea fish, especially those caught in deep water, fill themselves with wind on being brought into the air and then float belly up and die. Messrs. Rosendo Torras & Co., Brunswick, Ga., had an inquiry from a friend in Spain concerning an instrument which was said to be used by American fishermen to correct this evil, and they wrote to Messrs. F. Coschina & Co., Brooklyn, to know where such an implement could be bought; and the latter firm referred the matter to us.

Mr. E. G. Blackford tells us that he has seen marks on fish where such an instrument had been used, but has never seen the tool itself.

In 1876, when some sharks were brought into the New York Aquarium, which had their stomachs full of wind,



the fishermen tried to puncture them and let the wind out, using a penknife, which slipped on the distended stomach, pushed it one side, and failed to pierce it. A glass tube was then inserted down the throat of the shark and the wind came out readily.

Mr. R. E. Earll, of the National Museum, to whom we referred the matter, writes under date of May 10, as follows:

"U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, Washington, D. C., May 10.—We have in our collections two kinds of fish prickers. One form, used by the red snapper fishermen of the Gulf of Mexico, is made of hollow brass tubing, about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in a handle in such a way that the air can escape from an opening in same. The projecting end of the tube is cut obliquely, so as to form a sharp point on one side. The New York smack fishermen use a common awl, or any other sharp instrument, for liberating oil from poke-blown fish before putting them in the well.

"Our records do not show where any fish prickers, manufactured especially for that purpose, can be obtained; but I infer from those in our collections that they are made by the fishermen themselves. I inclose a drawing showing the two forms used by the red snapper fishermen of the Gulf of Mexico, which you can forward to your correspondent. These will, I think, give him a sufficient knowledge of the implement to enable him or the parties interested to make it for themselves.—R. EDWARD EARLL.'

FARMER BROWN'S TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reading "Pine Tree's" remarks on the above subject, I could not help thinking of a similar demonstration of a "Farmer Brown's" displeasure. On C—— Creek there used to be a beautiful camping place—velvet turf, shady trees and an excellent landing place. One day, after a space of eight months had intervened since our last visit, we paddled into the creek, meaning to camp at our old ground. But what a change had come over it all! The trees were gone, the turf plowed up, and the landing spoiled. It was utterly impossible to camp in such a place as it had become; but being wearied from a long paddle, we landed to rest.

Soon we saw the farmer coming toward us, and jumped up to greet him, he being an old acquaintance. He sat down, and at once began: "Well, I am sorry for the sake of the likes of ye to have done it; but I couldn't help it. Those campers used to come here from the city just for the sake of having a big spree. They'd get howling around here, chasing the cattle and making it so as we couldn't sleep up to the house. Then they'd pull my fences down and make great bonfires with them. So I says to myself, says I, if you burn my fences, scare my cattle and frighten the wife and children with your racket, I'll spoil your camping place. And I did."

And so it goes! The farmer's got the whip hand, and he's sure to get ahead in the end. Why not be civil and courteous to him? It's easy enough. Only one in a thousand is crusty and won't make friends. The others are always tickled if you ask them into the tent to sit down and chat for a while.

Even if a man's land is posted, if you go up to him civilly and ask leave to camp you will seldom be refused.

Treat a farmer well and he'll seldom treat you badly,
That has been my experience. DUSKY DUCK.

OTTAWA, Canada.

THE LARGE TARPON RECORD.

THE well-known tarpon angler, Mr. W. H. Wood, from this time forth must take a back seat, for Mr. Walter Man, of Fanwood, N. J., has just come back from Florida with a record of having caught nine monster tarpon, two of which weighed 151 and 149lbs. These are believed to be the largest tarpon ever caught by rod, reel and line. This record is absolutely correct, and in time will be sworn to by the entire population of New Jersey. This capture by Mr. Man is considered the greatest fishing exploit ever known on the western coast of Florida. The fish were taken at Punta Rassa, and the aggregate weight of the nine tarpon was 1,042lbs., being an average of 116lbs. for each. The summary of the catch from Mr. Man's note book reads as follows:

April 11, wind puffy and strong. Three fishes; one 5ft. 6in. in length, weight 90lbs.; one 6ft. 1in. in length, weight 113lbs.; one 6ft. 2in. in length, weight 120lbs.

April 20, wind west. One fish, 5ft. 6in. in length, weight 97lbs.

April 21, wind southwest and very light. Two fishes; one 5ft. 7in. in length, weight 100lbs., and one 6ft. 4in. in length, weight 151lbs.

April 22, wind south, blowing at the rate of 18 miles an hour. Three fishes; one 5ft. 10in. in length, weight 102lbs.; one 6ft. 3in., weight 120lbs., and one 6ft. 5in., weight 149lbs.

The first five fish were caught on a weakfish rod, 18oz. in weight and 8ft. long, the other four on a bass rod, 6ft. 8in. in length, which weighed 18oz. Mr. Man used half a mullet for bait, and cast after the manner of the big striped bass fishermen at Pasque Island, Cuttyhunk, West Island and Squibnocket. While he made his casts from his yacht while at anchor, he jumped into a small row boat alongside before he made his strike. In every case the tarpon was allowed to swallow the bait before being struck; this is done to prevent the fish from tearing out. Mr. Man says that the big fish, which is 6in. taller than Kelly, the baseballist, jumped out of the water 3ft. and then made a home run around the boat. He then turned several cart-wheels, and in all leaped sixteen times. At the end of an hour and a quarter the fish was gaffed, his throat cut, and by means of a rope passed through his gills, towed back to the yacht, where a sail was lowered and the fish lifted on board. He had made a terrible struggle, and at one time towed the boat quite a distance from the yacht. The fishes are now in New York city, at 16 North William street, being stuffed by J. Wallace, who years ago made mermaids and gorillas to order for P. T. Barnum. FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

POTOMAC BASS RESORTS.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the publication of a little sketch of mine in that dear old friend of the sportsman, FOREST AND STREAM, relating to black bass fishing in the Potomac River, I have received so many letters of inquiry in relation to the manner of reaching this point, the accommodations, expense, etc., that I have thought it best, there being so many of your readers interested, to answer all possible questions through your paper.

From New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia take Pennsylvania Railroad to Harrisburg, Pa., thence to Hagerstown, Md., where you change cars, taking train on Shenandoah Valley Railroad for this point. This route takes you to the famous Antietam battle field, which is but three miles from Shepherdstown, and which has become a "Mecca" to the pilgrims of the G. A. R. posts all over the North.

Good board and lodging can be secured by writing to Maj. Henry Hagan a few days before arrival here. His charge is $1 per day.

Maj. Hagan will also furnish men to keep fishermen in live bait, and manage boats for them and act as guides, at a cost of about $1.50 per day for man and boat.

Board can be secured with many of the farmers living along the river by those anglers who prefer fly-fishing and wading to fishing from a boat, as very few of the farmers own boats. If you prefer stopping with a farmer, write to me and I will attend to the matter, for gentlemen—we want no fish "butchers" who sell their bass.

We have a most delightful climate; being surrounded by high mountains, it is never very warm. Our river is often as clear as crystal, and with hundreds of ice cold springs flowing into it, and with splendid cliffs equaling the famed Palisades of the Hudson, in altitude and beauty it offers one of the most desirable points for a summer sojourn on the continent.

A half day of fly-fishing down stream, will bring one to the famous scenery of Harper's Ferry, which Thos. Jefferson said: "It was worth a trip across the Atlantic to see."

For the fly-fishermen, the months of May, June, September and October are the best. Those using live bait can also extend their stay through July.

Trolling is permitted, and any of the artificial minnows and Buel's No. 5 spoon bait will prove to be killing.

With the fly catches of from 20 to 60 fish per rod, averaging 1¾lbs., are a common occurrence for a day of sport.
E. D. BOWLY.

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

AT the time of our going to press next week the annual tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association will be in progress. The contests take place on the northeastern side of Harlem Mere, Central Park, at the corner of 110th street and Fifth avenue, opposite the Polo Grounds. There are two ways to reach the place: Take the Third Avenue Elevated road to 106th street and walk north and west, or go by Sixth or Ninth Avenue Elevated road to 116th street and walk back to 110th and then over to Fifth avenue. There are often hacks to be found at these stations, but not always, although they can be had at the Polo Grounds for return. The contests are called at 10 A. M., May 25 and 26. In our last issue we gave the prize list and rules.

The stand from which heavy bass minnow casting will be practiced will be 1ft. high in front and 9in. high at the rear.

"PISCATOR," who suggests plan for keeping fish fresh will oblige by sending his name.

MAINE WATERS.

THERE is still a shade of justice left, even in Maine, and when the murderers of game wardens get before the judges of the Supreme Court in that State they get their deserts, even though a sentimental jury, made up of the citizens of a district not in love with game protection, gives such a murderer only conviction in the second degree. That notorious game warden slayer—Graves—was tried at Calais last week, and though there was not a mitigating circumstance that his counsel could produce, yet the jury, for the simple reason that the crime had had six months to cool, found him guilty of murder in the second degree—one of the most cold-blooded deeds in the history of crime, where not only one man was shot down without a warning, and almost without provocation beyond a diabolical hatred of game wardens, but the gun was also turned, with fatal effect, upon a poor, one-armed soldier. But the judge saw the crime in a different light, the true one, and gave the murderer all the law would allow—imprisonment for life. It is curious to note that this punishment is the extreme that the statutes of that State could have given him, even had the jury found the murderer guilty in the first degree. The Legislature, during the absence of Graves in California, where he had fled to escape arrest for his crime, had changed the punishment for murder in that State from hanging to imprisonment for life. Hence, in spite of the unjust sentiment of the jury, Graves gets the full penalty of the law. Thanks are due the wisdom and good sense of Judge Enoch Foster—it is not a crime to commend a judge—for his just sentence. He might have given him only a dozen years in prison. Graves is safe now, till a sentimental governor pardons him out.

The telegraph this morning said that the ice had left the Androscoggin Lakes, the last one having cleared Sunday—eleven days later than last year. But the fisherman's cup of happiness is not yet full, for the ice has gone out leaving the lakes remarkably high, with but little chance of taking trout till the water falls. Indeed, so high has been the water that the dam at Errol, N. H.—the dam which controls the flowage of Umbagog, the lowest of the chain—has been carried away, and the Androscoggin River has run wild over farms and roads, to the utter exclusion of travel on some of the routes to the lakes. One or two early fishing parties have been delayed by the flood. But this has not been near enough to dampen the ardor of Boston sportsmen, and they are now leaving by nearly every train. Mr. Wardsworth, of the grain trade, Eugene Clapp and Mr. Haskins left on Saturday. They are old timers at Rangeley, but they are a little early this year. The Tuttle party has gone—started last week. The Vine Vale party will not leave till next Saturday, Mr. C. P. Stevens being hindered by a case in court. The ice left Moosehead Lake last week, but the water is reported the highest ever known. The vast quantity of snow, still back in the woods, is likely to keep the water up for a long time this spring. But the later sportsman has one idea to console him, high water always means good fishing for him that has patience to wait its departure. The loss of the Errol dam will greatly hinder the navigation of the little steamers on the Umbagog, as soon as the water begins to fall, and it will be likely to ruin the fishing in that lake till the dam is rebuilt and the usual pitch of the water once more restored. Besides, that route to the other lakes will have to be considerably modified, for it is doubtful if the steamer can come down as far as Upton at all. The Union Waterpower Co. will probably commence the work of rebuilding as soon as possible, but there is probably a whole season's work there.

It begins to be rather singular that no salmon of any consequence have yet been taken in the Penobscot. There are reports of one or two being taken at Bucksport, with the suggestion that the fish are working up the river. But the salmon fishing at Bangor is late, to say the least. But few landlocked salmon have yet been taken in the Sebago waters; it is evident that the smelts are not yet running. The fishing for landlocks is already reported good in Weld Pond, while some good ones have been taken from Wilson's Pond in Auburn. Brook trout fishing has not yet amounted to anything in Maine waters, the freshets having been too great. But from the lakes and ponds some trout have been taken, from the shores where the ice had moved down. It must take another week longer to settle the troubled waters, and make the life of the rod and line sportsman anything but a burden, if he dares to venture into the regions of Maine and the Granite State. But the patient waiter will this time be no loser, for the fishing is bound to be good when the waters have gone down to a reasonable pitch.

SPECIAL.

Fisciculture.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—The spring run of salmon in the Hudson River has begun, and in a few weeks we expect to hear of captures of these fish in the upper river. In our last issue we recorded the capture of a 15-pounder at Stapleton, Staten Island, and now have notice of one which weighed 12lbs. and was taken at Coney Island on Friday last. These places are at the mouth of the river, and are no doubt the advance guard of the plantings by the U. S. Fish Commission from Cold Spring Harbor. Last year so many fish were taken in the upper river that their appearance cannot be attributed to accident; over twenty were recorded, and the numbers taken must have exceeded that. We hope that the experiment of restocking the Connecticut will not be repeated, and the original plant be sent to market and the parent fish be killed without having a chance to reproduce their kind. Two things are necessary, an intelligent system of fishways and protective laws, and then we may hope to see this valuable fish firmly established in a river to which it was not native because of mechanical obstructions to proper breeding grounds.

SHAD FOR THE HUDSON.—Last week Col. McDonald, Superintendent of Distribution of the U. S. Fish Commission, sent 2,500,000 shad eggs from the central hatching station, Washington, D. C., to Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., where they were hatched and 850,000 fry were sent to Albany on Monday last, and 200,000 to the Nissequoque River at Smithtown, Long Island. On Sunday Col. McDonald sent car No. 3, in charge of Mr. Ellis, with the following: 1,500,000 fry for the Hudson at Albany, 1,000,000 eggs to be hatched on the way and 1,000,000 eggs to Cold Spring Harbor to be hatched and distributed as the N. Y. Fish Commission may direct. The car is ordered to remain at Albany until the fish are hatched and ready for planting, and will be visited by those who are interested in these matters.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5036.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The reports which from time to time appear of the American Kennel Club convey but scant information of the manner in which the business is conducted. I have been a member of a good many clubs and associations, but the whole series of blunders and mistakes of the entire number don't equal those made at almost every meeting of the American Kennel Club. Such travesties on justice would be amusing—were they not deplorable—and such a continuous series of errors in the rulings of President Elliot Smith betray either a supreme contempt for the sense of the members of the executive committee or the most callow and lamentable ignorance of the English language—perhaps it is a combination of both. To show that the very strongest terms of condemnation would be completely justified in speaking of President Smith's rulings and actions I will tell the story of last week's A. K. C. meeting at greater length than will be found in the cut and dried official report:

As usual, we had to wait patiently or impatiently for President Smith's arrival. For him to be on hand at the hour for which he calls the meeting is out of the question. Sometimes we wait an hour or two and then convene without him—no loss, certainly, except that of time. On this occasion he burst smilingly into the room an hour late and without a word of apology for the delay. The secretary proceeded with the calling of the roll, and this being an annual meeting, I asked for the reading of the credentials of the delegates. The request seemed to nonpluss the president, for the rule specifying that delegates were to come provided with them had to be read over to him three or four times. Finally the secretary was asked to read the credentials, and did read those of the gentlemen who had not hitherto been delegates. A request for the reading of all the credentials was refused and ruled out of order. The plea for refusal was that the constitution specified that delegates were to be elected annually, and the president decided that the "annually" referred to their own club electing them and had nothing to do with the annual meeting of the A. K. C. A delegate tried to assist him out of the mire by saying that the constitution provided for officers retaining their offices till their successors were elected. This was eagerly snapped at and pronounced conclusive for putting a stop to my request. Of course a boy in the street could have told President Smith that a delegate to an annual meeting is not an officer, but the omission of certain delegates to provide themselves with credentials had to be bridged at all cost.

Then we had the minutes of the last annual meeting read, and President Smith stated that, although the constitution provided that a certain form of proceeding should govern "at all meetings of this Association," he should rule that this did not apply to an annual meeting, and the election of officers would be next in order. The reason for this, we may presume, was that the new constitution was part of the regular order of business, and, not knowing exactly which way the cat might jump, it would be advisable to get a hold on the officers and then trust to possession being nine points of the law. The election was a narrow one, the vote being: Smith, 5; Child, 4; Terry, 1. The subsequent change of a Child vote to Smith made it 6, 3, 1; but the first told the tale of popular feeling. With the election of two vice-presidents, neither of whom is ever likely to be present at a meeting of the Executive Committee, and the reëlection of Secretary-Treasurer Vredenburgh, the annual meeting was adjourned.

The delegates then convened as an executive committee and proceeded to business.

In the secretary's report of business transacted *ad interim* appeared the announcement that H. M. Perry, of the Sans Souci Kennels, had been reinstated by a vote of 8 to 1. There is unwritten history about this case. The president had been appointed some time last fall as a committee of one to procure and submit the testimony to the Association. His failure to be present at or send the testimony to the December meeting of the Association prevented any action being then taken. The president, under date of Dec. 30, sent his report to the Association. Considering that it was so shortly after the Christmas festivities, it is perhaps hardly fair to criticise the document. However, necessity compels a fair statement of its contents. The instructions to the committee of one were to collect and submit the testimony. The president, as such committee, precedes the testimony with an opinion covering four pages of foolscap. The testimony covers thirty-four additional pages and consists entirely of letters, with a short extract from the Philadelphia Kennel Club's minutes.

The opinion which precedes and forms part of the report is one of the most remarkable productions I have ever come across in sporting literature. To put it concisely and briefly President Smith conclusively proves that with three aces in your hand and the knowledge that the other is somewhere about the table you can beat a full hand. The case, it will be well to say, was that in which H. M. Perry had but four dogs benched and the prize conditions called for five to be shown, Perry claimed that the absent dog was at the show and President Smith's opinion seems to be that the dog was there and produceable on demand. This he pronounces to be the pivotal point of the case. On Oct. 2 he writes H. M. Perry and says: "Should you prefer to submit the matter on affidavits please to secure those of such as saw the fifth animal (So-So, as I understand) within the building during the time the award was made. The issue is a narrow one and should be easily disposed of. It is as above stated simply a question whether she was there or not." Again on Oct. 11 he writes: "Your favor of date received. I leave town tomorrow or Wednesday for a fortnight, which will give you ample time to prepare your statement, which I hope will be as positive on the point at issue as possible. If you do not know of your own knowledge that So-So was in the building when the special was awarded you should produce the evidence of any one who does."

That is the question at issue as stated by President Smith and here is the evidence. In a letter dated Nov. 27, H. M. Perry says: "I wrote to the president or secretary of P. K. C., asking them to reverse the judge's decision in that I had found out that as my dog was not at the bench at the time of the decision, I was not entitled to the prize." On Nov. 29 President Smith again comes to the point at issue and writes: "Please inform me where So-So was at the time the special was judged. Was she in the building or on the grounds or absent from both?" To this plain inquiry the answer is: "Had I desired it I could have had the decision of the kennel prize postponed till next day or even an hour or two, and So-So would have been in her place."

That is the sum total of the evidence on the point at issue, and upon it we are asked to believe that no deception was practiced. I leave it to any of the eight voters for reinstatement to prove to his own satisfaction that So-So was at the show. The report dated Dec. 30 was mailed to the committee members early in February, and on Feb. 7 Mr. Peshall proposed the reinstatement of Perry. This notice was sent out by the secretary with an urgent request for an immediate reply, and as I knew more about the case than appeared in the alleged evidence, I offered an amendment to the effect that the New England Kennel Club be sustained in disqualifying Perry, but that the penalty be removed on March 1. Mr. Seabury, of Providence, also offered as an amendment that the matter be decided at a special meeting to be called by the president. Mr. Seabury's amendment was burked by the secretary, who does not seem to be aware that his duties are purely clerical in such cases, and the next thing we know is that along in April notice of H. M. Perry's reinstatement is made public and the case buried in the archives of the A. K. C., beyond all hope of bringing it up for a decision on its merits.

Another point worth noticing in the secretary's report was that an application received on Feb. 3 from the Buffalo Kennel Club for admission had never been acted upon by the committee appointed to advise on the subject of membership. Another case of burking, with no one responsible.

The Pittsburgh pewter medal case was reported on by the committee on discipline. Two members were of the opinion that the club should be censured as the officers acknowledged the deception. The depth of ignominy was reached, however, in a letter from a club official wherein it was given as an excuse for calling pewter silver, that it had been done when Mr. Wade was a delegate to the A. K. C. A mean, dirty fling which only needs to be known to recoil upon the writer and his club. Of course nothing was done. It would not be A. K. C. if anything had been done to reprimand an associate member.

Mr. Peshall reported on the time-worn Sensation case, and after President Smith acknowledged that at the time of the show he was fully aware that Sensation had no business to be entered as he was in the champion class, thereby admitting that the various defenses which had been set up in the case were without any foundation, I proposed that the judge's decision be allowed to stand with the declaration of the committee that the dog was not eligible. The boldness of the admission was sufficiently gratifying to wipe out all recollection of the abuse of my position so prevalent a year or more ago.

After that we took up the report of the committee on constitution and by-laws. My letter has already spread out to too great a length, but I would like to draw attention to the great wisdom of the president in deciding that it was not the province of the association to frame its laws for the guidance of the executive committee, but the duty of the executive committee. Fancy the State Legislature adjourning and saying it was the duty of the Governor and other officers charged with the execution of the laws to frame the laws of the State. But that is hardly surprising considering that a little later on President Smith decided that at a special meeting of the A. K. C. the business to be transacted was not necessarily confined to that specified in the call.

JAS. WATSON.

BEAUFORT—PATTI M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The action of the A. K. C. on the above at their last meeting is most extraordinary. As I understand the matter, Mr. Munhall protested Beaufort at Waverly, appealed to the local delegate, then to the A. K. C. All decisions were against him. Now, some five or six months after, the A. K. C. takes up the case again and reverses itself! Did mortal man ever know such colossal stupidity before? Remember that the A. K. C. is the court of last appeal in dog matters. Appeals lie to it from two lower courts, and who in the world ever heard of a court of last resort reversing its decision in the same case? Such judgments are held final as far as the particular case is concerned, the world over. Yet the A. K. C. gives final judgments that are not final. Can fatuity further go? Did not Mr. Mason and the N. J. K. C. have every earthly reason to conclude that the case as to Beaufort and Patti M. was closed? Now suppose Mr. Mason refuses to recognize this brilliant addition to supreme courts (I earnestly hope he will), is the N. J. K. C. to pay the money over again?

This is simply an enormous piece of asininity, no other name will answer. When, where and how are we to be certain that anything is safe about dog show, if courts of last resort can reverse themselves whenever they choose, and as often as they choose, on one case?

Then the preposterous grounds you give as reason for a reconsideration. An officer of the A. K. C. voted on a proxy. Well, why in thunder shouldn't he? Where is the rule against it? An officer has no vote unless as a regular delegate from his club. Does not this imply that he can act as a proxy for a regular delegate? The qualification for a proxy is, that he must be a member of a club, a member of the Association; and failing to give any disqualification, his officership in the A. K. C. can be no bar.

This is the first time the A. K. C. has disgraced itself. It has blundered, failed in its duty, has been disgraced by its officers (as in the "hole in the wall meeting" of "dearly beloved Roger and I," at Cincinnati, that enacted "construction"), but this time it has written itself down an insufferable knave or fool. Then whence the singular report of this proceeding in a western paper, eliminating all reference to the vital fact that the A. K. C. had heard and decided this very case before? I believe the case was worked against former rulings by working on the personal animosity some people have to Mr. Mason. Whether the case was rightly or wrongly decided before, sinks into insignificance in comparison with upsetting previous determinations long after they had been final.

Then another case, in which fortunately the A. K. C. comes off without disgrace. I mean the Glenlivat case at the late Newark show. Mr. Terry, before the A. K. C., acted as we all would have expected him to act, but the management of the protest was just what we all are sure he wouldn't do. Why was the consideration of the protest pushed ahead of the judging, forcing a meeting of the committee several hours ahead of the regular time? Then why was there the studied attempt to exclude Mr. Watson and his dogs from the ring? He had appealed the decision against him to the next higher court. Why not

hasten a hearing by that court? I was in a fine fix in that case, a drafted steward, with the steward's responsibilities, without knowing whether I had any authority or not, and I was told to exclude Mr. Watson from the ring. Of course, I wasn't going to make an ass of myself, as I did not know that the party who so instructed me had any more right than I had, so I just dodged the question by being very busy taking a dog's number when I saw Mr. Watson approaching until he got safely within the sacred inclosure. Why was this determined attempt to exclude Mr. Watson's dogs from competition? It could not have been the claimed irregularity of the entry, for a devotion to regularity, would have necessitated a protest against Mr. Van Schaick's dog (Scotson, I think), which was entered in the catalogue "will compete for stud dog prize only." Remember, I am not implying anything against Mr. Van Schaick. I know that the error was in transcribing his entry; but if regularity is so important that the regular course of affairs must be upset, and a class has to be ordered out of the ring for the A. K. C. delegate to hear it, I cannot see why sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. W. WADE.

HULTON, PA., May 16, 1887.

PACIFIC COAST DERBY.

LAST week a partial list of entries to the Derby of 1887 in the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club was given. A number of entries, among them many of the better ones, reached the secretary on Friday and Saturday and are published to-day, together with those given last week. The list is a sufficient answer to all croaking malcontents. No apology need be offered either for the size of the list or the character of the entries, and the names of those who own the dogs include a large proportion of the truest sportsmen in the State. Several remarked last week upon the absence of entries from the Messrs. Bassford, all of whom are recognized as leaders in everything relating to sport with gun and rod. At the last moment a budget of entries came to hand from them, three from Mr. Henry Bassford snd five from Mr. Joe M. Bassford, Jr. We did not for a moment doubt that from the large number of good young pointers owned by the gentlemen named a generous draft would be entered, but so splendid a list was not expected. Mr. Joe Bassford enters Susie and Don Ranger, and names Esther, Jocco and Essie, all ot the dogs being out of sterling old Beautiful Queen, and sired by the best pointer of the day, Vandevort's Don. Mr. Barney's entry is sired by a great field dog, Nick of Naso. Mr. Taft's famous Dorr is represented by a daughter, and a good one we are informed. There are thirteen English setters, one Gordon setter, one Irish setter and sixteen pointers in the stake, the first time, if memory is not treacherous, that pointers have outnumbered setters in a stake open to both. Most of the dogs will receive the best training attainable. Mr. Allender has a number of them, Mr. Allen has several, Judge Post will train his own, Mr. Barney will attend to Galatea personally, Mr. Joe Bassford will shoot over his own entries in the trials, Mr. Bennett's Sirius goes east in a few days to be trained for his races in the American Field Trials Club and the Eastern Field Trials Club, in both of which he is entered and from which he will return to make his race here. Aside from the excellence of the dogs we see a world of solid pleasure in the coming trials, because of the choice sportsmen who will attend to see the performance of their entries. There is no better sport than to listen to General Crosby, Judge Post, Mr. Barney, Mr. Schreiber, the Bassfords, comical Mr. Allender, Mr. Will Kittle and others of those whose names appear in the entry list and who will attend this year. The Derby will be an event to be remembered and if, as is hoped, Colonel Arthur Merriman judges it, it will be of great value to all concerned. The complete list of entries follows:

SALADIN—bw&t English setter dog (Sportsman—Sweetheart), May 24, 1886. Breeder, California Kennels. Owner, H. C. Chipman, Sacramento.

HERALD—blue bel&t English setter dog (Harold—Janet), April 29, 1886. Breeder, California Kennels. Owner, Henry Gerber, Sacramento.

SIROCCO—bw&t English setter dog (Sportsman—Sweetheart), May 24, 1886. Breeder and owner, California Kennels, Sacramento.

SUNLIT—or bel English setter bitch (Sportsman—Sweetheart), May 24, 1886. Breeder and owner, California Kennels, Sacramento.

STEPHANIE—bw&t English setter bitch (Sportsman—Sweetheart), May 24, 1886. Breeder and owner, California Kennels, Sacramento.

HIDALGO—lem&w pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen), April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, J. G. Edwards, San Francisco.

JOHN G.—bw&t English setter dog (Regent—Topsy), April 17, 1886. Breeder, J. B. Barber. Owner, William Schreiber, San Francisco.

RUSH—liv&w pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Drab), May 3, 1886. Breeder, R. T. Vandevort. Owner, L. J. Rose, Jr., San Buenaventura.

PILOT—bw&t English setter dog (Regent—Topsy), April 17, 1886. Breeder and owner, J. B. Barber, San Francisco.

POINT—lem&w pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Drab), May 3, 1886. Breeder, R. T. Vandevort. Owner, L. J. Rose, Jr., San Buenaventura.

MAID—lem&w po nter bitch (Lemme B.—Surf), April 28, 1886. Breeder and owner, W. S. Kittle, San Francisco.

SIRIUS—lem&w flecked English setter dog (Sportsman—Sweetheart), May 24, 1886. Breeders, California Kennels. Owner, Thomas Bennet, Oakland.

HONOR BRIGHT—bw&t ticked English setter bitch (Harold—Janet), April 29, 1886. Breeders, California Kennels. Owner, Thomas Bennet, Oakland.

DOTTIE SHAFTER—b&w ticked English setter bitch (Regent—Fannie), May 24, 1886. Breeder and owner, Charles Kaeding, San Francisco.

BOWSTRING—liv&w pointer dog (Bow, Jr.—Mollie Ashe), March 27, 1886. Breeder, H. C. Brown. Owner, W. W. Foote, San Francisco.

BLOSSOM—lem&w pointer bitch (Glen R.—Josie Bow), March 17, 1886. Breeder and owner, J. W. Bassford, Suisun.

MACK—liv&w pointer dog (Bow, Jr.,—Mollie Ashe) March 27, 1886. Breeder, H. C. Brown. Owner, W. E. Osborne, Sacramento.

SHOT—liv&w pointer dog (Bow, Jr.—Mollie Ashe) March 27, 1886. Breeder, H. C. Brown. Owner, W. E. Osborne, Sacramento.

SABRINA—w chestnut&t English setter bitch (Sportsman—Sweetheart) May 24, 1886. Breeders, California Kennels. Owner, C. L. Ecklon, Folsom.

DICK—bw&t English setter dog (Royal Duke II.—Adam's Nelly) April. 1886. Breeder, Edson Adams. Owner, W. W. Foote, San Francisco.

CLAIRE—Irish red setter bitch (Pat O'More—Lena). Breeder, J. C. Scott. Owner, Edward Fay, San Francisco.

FANNY DORR—b&t Gordon setter bitch (Dorr—Dorris) March 3, 1886. Breeder, F. A. Taft. Owner, H. A. Bassford, Vacaville.

BESSIE DON—liv&w pointer bitch (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen) April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, H. A. Bassford, Vacaville.

VAN DON—liv&w pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen), April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, H. A. Bassford, Vacaville.

GALATEA—w&liv ticked pointer bitch (Nick of Naso—Temptation), May 8, 1886. Breeder, Geo. W. McNeil, Jr. Owner, J. Martin Barney, Dutch Flat.

HUBERT—blue bel English setter dog (Harold—Janet), April 29, 1883. Breeder, California Kennels. Owner, Wm. H. Harris, Lowell Hill.

ESSIE—w&lem pointer bitch (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen), April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, Beach Bassford, Suisun.

JOCCO—w&lem pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen), April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, Dr. R. F. Taylor, Napa.

ESTHER—w&liv pointer bitch (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen), April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, T. L. Robinson, Vallejo.

DON RANGER—w&liv pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen). April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville.

SUSIE—w&liv pointer bitch (Vandevort's Don—Beautiful Queen), April 21, 1886. Breeder, H. H. Briggs. Owner, J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville.—*Breeder and Sportsman.*

AMERICAN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THE American Field Trials Club's first Derby for setter and pointer puppies born on or after Jan. 1, 1886, closed May 1, 1887, with 57 nominations—41 setters, 16 pointers (3 entries not yet received, having been lost in mails).

SETTERS.

BELLE NOBLE (W. W. Titus), liv&w bitch (Count Noble—Belle Boyd).

JACOBIN (W. W. Titus), wliv&t dog (San Roy—Nettle), May 18.

SIRIUS (C. Tucker), lem&w dog (Sportsman—Sweet Heart), May 22.

PHETNA (Manitoba Kennels) w,l&w ears bitch (Mark J.—Bredria), Jan. 1.

LINK (F. I. Stone), b&w bitch (Lincoln II.—imported Beauty), May.

HENRIETTA (F. J. Waddell), bw&t bitch (Baden Baden—Jennie), Feb. 28.

CLARA (James N. Macklin), bw&t bitch (Gath's Mark—Maggie Gladstone), April 24.

MAY (James N. Macklin), bw&t bitch (Gath's Mark—Dell), May 2.

DAISY ROYAL (D. Morrison), bw&t bitch (Lightning—Dot), Jan. 7.

LULU ROYAL (D. Morrison), bw&t (Lightning—Daisy Dot), Jan. 7.

SIM BONDHU (A. M. Tucker), bw&t dog (Gus Bondhu—Bo Peep), June 11.

DAVE R. (Jas. S. Fisher), or&w dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.), April 13.

MISS DUDLEY (Middle Tenn. Kennels), tri-colored bitch (Gath's Hope—Lady M.), June 1.

CLARA (Seiler & Porter), bw&t bitch (Roybel—Lucy), Jan. 20.

BLUE CHIEF (J. I. Case & F. K. Bull), blue bel dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton), July 12.

KING'S MARK (J. I. Case & F. K. Bull), blue bel dog (King Noble—Belle Belton), April 12.

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case & F. K Bull), blue bel bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton). April 12.

JACK MODOC (Edward Dexter), b&w dog (Buckellew—Ida), July 25.

RODERIGO'S ACE (Jas. H. Trezevants), bw&t dog, (Roderigo—Countess House), June 7.

AMERICAN DAN'S PUCK (Jas. H. Trezevants), bw&t dog (American Dan—Grace Gladstone), June 7.

LADY CARORE KEVE (Jas. H. Trezevants), bw&t dog (American Dan—Grace Gladstone), June 7.

COUNT PARIS (C. W. Paris), bw&t dog (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

TASSO ROYAL (A. H. Watson), bw&t bitch (Lightning—Daisy Dot), Jan. 7.

LILLIAN II. (W. R. Holliday), bw&t bitch (Roderigo—Lillian), May 23.

GLADSTONE, JR. (Ohio Kennels), bw&t dog (Gladstone—Jessie Turner), May 3.

LATONIA (W. Shattuc), bw&t bitch (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

HECTOR (W. B. Shattuc), bw&t dog (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

NOBLE DIDO (W. B. Shattuc), bw&t dog (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

BILLY B. (W. B. Shattuc), o&w dog (Count Noble—champion Dido II.), May 21.

LIT II. (W. B. Shattuc), bw&t bitch (Roderigo—Lit), July 21.

SAMUEL S. (W. T. Bowdre), bw&t dog (Paul Gladstone—Lottie), March 7.

OLLIE S. (W. T. Bowdre), bw&t bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie), March 7.

LADDY (W. T. Bowdre), bw&t dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep), June 2.

CINCH (Memphis & Avent Kennels) bw&t dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Jan. 2.

ROD'S ROWDY (Memphis & Avent Kennels), bw&t dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Jan. 2.

MISS THOMPSON (Memphis & Avent Kennels), bw&t bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Jan. 2.

CLAUD (Memphis & Avent Kennels), bw&t dog (Roderigo—Lillian), May 20.

JOEY B. (Memphis & Avent Kennels), bw&t dog (Roderigo—Lillian), May 20.

SUNSHINE (Latonia Kennels), bw&t bitch (Count Noble—Lit), Jan. 8.

TEMPEST (Latonia Kennels), bw&t bitch (Count Noble—Lit), Jan. 8.

NORA (Latonia Kennels), bw&t bith (Count Noble—Lit), Jan. 8.

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane), bw&t bitch (Roderigo—Queen Bess), May 12.

MASTER BRACKET (Jas. L. Anthony), lem&w dog (Bracket—Nell of Efford), July 18.

PEACHSTONE (Premier Kennels), liv&w bitch (Trinket's Bang—Pearlstone), April 13.

LADY MAINE (H. F. Farnham) b&w ticked bitch (champion Graphic—Zitta), June 10.

LASS OF MAINE (H. F. Farnham), b&w ticked bitch (champion Graphic—Zitta), June 10.

LADY W. (F. J. Stone), lem&w bitch (Heno—Lady Washington), April —.

POINTERS.

OSSIAN (P. T. Madison), liv&w dog (Croxteth—Annie), May 8.

TRINKET'S CASH (E. F. Stoddard), w&liv ticked dog (Croxteth—Trinket), April 4.

TRINKET'S COIN (E. F. Stoddard), w&liv ticked dog (Croxteth—Trinket), April 4.

TRINKET'S COUNT (E. F. Stoddard), w&liv ticked dog (Croxteth—Trinket), April 4.

GUYMARD (I. N. Cochran), liv&w ticked dog (Croxteth—Lady Gwendolin), June 25.

TRINKET'S COUNTESS (Paul Francke), liv&w bitch (Croxteth—Trinket), April 4.

GRAPHIC III. (Jas. L. Anthony), liv&w dog (Graphic—Bloomo), Feb. 18.

DONALD IV. (Jas. L. Anthony), liv&w dog (Donald—Revel III.), June 27.

FASHION (Jas. L. Anthony), liv&w dog (Donald—Revel III.), June 27.

FRIVOLITY (Jas. L. Anthony), liv&w bitch (Donald—Revel III.), June 27.

MISS GLEE (Jas. L. Anthony), or&w bitch (Bracket—Nell of Efford), July 18.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

ADDITIONAL ENTRIES.

RUE III. (Bayard Thayer, Boston) o&w pointer bitch (Bang Bang—Rue).

SIRIUS (Thomas Bennet, Oakland, Cal.) o&w setter dog, May 24 (Sportsman—Sweetheart).

MASTIFFS AND JUDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Mason pertinently asks, in his admirable critique of the New York dog show, "Who will be the first American to breed a high-class mastiff?" Remembering that he has owned a stud mastiff longer than the majority of American breeders, I certainly expected that he would show us, ere this, a first-class specimen.

The first and second prize winning puppies at Philadelphia were bred by me, and, when age is taken into consideration, they are better dogs than were ever sired by Mr. Mason's Nevison. This he must admit.

I do not agree with Mr. Mason and others, that a man must have been a breeder before he can be a competent judge. Some of our best horse and cattle judges have never bred a colt or calf.

Mr. Mead has been a breeder for some time, yet mastiff exhibitors did not accept this as a proof that he could judge the breed, or the entries of mastiffs at the New York show would not have exhibited such a large falling off. That he is president of the American Mastiff Club may also have had much to do with holding the entries down to 36. This club had been organized "on the sly," the most prominent mastiff men not being asked to join. The following gentlemen are not members: Messrs. Wade, Perry, Alsop, Craig, Lynch, Aston, also others, equally as well known. Mr. Moore is a member, but when admitted did not own the superb animals he does now.

While intelligence and knowledge have much to do with breeding a prize winner, "luck" has often been an important factor, and is illustrated by Dr. Sidney Turner. A late number of the *Stock-Keeper* says: "Dr. Turner was the first to use Crown Prince as a stud dog, notwithstanding his Dudley nose, his light eye and rather heavy ears, and in mating Lady Rowena with him he met with the greatest success. Four litters by Crown Prince were bred out of Lady Rowena. * * * * * They have all made their mark in the mastiff world, and the place each occupies individually is not a small one—we do not mean on account of their bulk."

How could Dr. Turner know that Crown Prince would not perpetuate his Dudley nose, his light eye, or other defects, upon his offspring? Sires generally do this thing, and Crown Prince is a great exception, and Dr. Turner is a remarkably lucky man. Had he been breeding after a fixed type for years, he would probably have finally accomplished his ends; but to have bred all grand dogs from the first trial was, I contend, "more luck than good management."

I have occupied considerable space to say that it is my opinion a man can be a competent judge without having been a breeder; that a breeder of high class dogs is not necessarily a good judge—though it is more than likely he is—and, finally, exhibitors are tired of having experiments tried upon their valuable animals. It's all right when the judge proves a good one, but it's all wrong, and can never be made right, when he proves incompetent. To illustrate this, I refer the readers to the unprecedented ignorance of the man who gave The Lady Clare hc. at Pittsburgh to Jessica's first. The management are to blame, as they were assured good classes if a reliable judge was chosen.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

POINTERS AT NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In criticising the late W. K. C. dog show, might I ask you to call attention to the fact that my entry, Puck, 253, Class 38, was awarded the red ribbon by Mr. Donner in the ring, and entry No. 266 was awarded the yellow ribbon. After wearing them around for several minutes in the ring, Mr. Donner requested me to remove my ribbon and change it for the yellow one, as he had since decided that he preferred No. 266 for second prize. I would request in justice to my dog, that whatever your own criticisms on him may be, that you call attention to this fact, as it was doubtless witnessed by your reporter, and I cannot see the difference between removing the prize several minutes or several days after it has been once officially awarded. Whether my dog deserved second or not, I would be the last to question the judge's decision, but it seems highly improper to award a prize and then remove it merely because the judge has changed his mind about the two dogs' relative merits.

JOHN A. WELLS, M.D.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cause of my absence from New York was distemper in my kennels, contracted at some of the earlier shows.

GEO. W. LOVELL.

MIDDLEBORO, Mass.

By an error of transcription Mr. S. K. Sperry's pointer Capt. Fred was credited with an hc., when he should have been noted as absent.

DETROIT BENCH SHOW.

DETROIT, Mich., May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following is an official list of the entries at the Detroit show: 63 English setters, 22 Irish setters, 14 Gordon setters, 32 pointers, 8 Irish water spaniels, 2 field spaniels, 39 cocker spaniels, 28 beagles, 2 bassets, 4 dachshunde, 38 foxhounds, 19 collies, 26 mastiffs, 22 St. Bernards, 8 Newfoundlands, 15 Ulmers, 19 deerhounds, 11 greyhounds, 1 Chesapeake Bay, 6 bulldogs, 15 bull-terriers, 27 fox-terriers, 9 Scotch terriers, 11 black and tan terriers, 7 Dandie Dinmont terriers, 5 Irish terriers, 7 Skye terriers, 4 Yorkshire terriers, 8 Bedlingtons. 2 white English terriers, 1 King Charles, 1 Blenheim, 19 pugs, 1 poodle, 6 miscellaneous; total, 503. A very respectable number for an inaugural show.

CHAS. WEIL, Secretary.

AMERICAN FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—At the annual meeting held in the Madison Square Garden on May 6, 1887, there were present Messrs. Belmont, Lewis Rutherfurd, Jos. Kelly, Grainger, Rathborne, Frothingham, Murphy, Hitchcock, Mortimer, Field, Inches, Terry and Hoey. The Treasurer's report showed a satisfactory balance to the club's credit. The following were elected: President, August Belmont, Jr.; Vice-President, Lewis Rutherfurd; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred Hoey; Governors—W. Rutherfurd, John E. Thayer. C. Rathborne, Ed Kelly, T. H. Terry and J. E. L. Grainger. Mr. Belmont was appointed with power to select three others to constitute the Bench Show Committee of the second annual show of the American Fox-Terrier Club. Mr. Thomas H. Terry was appointed delegate to the American Kennel Club. Mr. Percy C. Reid was elected an honorary member, and a vote of thanks was given him for his kindness in coming to America to judge at the New York dog show. Mr. Reid kindly offered a cup to be given at the Jubilee dog show in London for the best fox-terrier from America. After some minor business the meeting adjourned subject to the president's calls.—FRED HOEY, Sec. and Treas.

GREYHOUNDS AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read Mr. Webber's reply to my criticisms of the Philadelphia and Boston entries of his dogs, and also the comments of "Porcupine" relating thereto. As it appears by the admissions, Mr. Webber made application to the clerk in charge to allow the substitution of a dog not entered for one already catalogued. How he could expect a mere servant of the club to overrule all precedents in way of substitution without first consulting the officials I am at a loss to understand. He knew the dog Nick was not entered, that the entries were closed and the show on the eve of opening. Therefore I claim he should have presented his case to the officials, who I am confident would never have allowed the change. I am informed by Mr. Child, the secretary, that the first he knew of the substitution was when his attention was called to it. He immediately ordered a "disqualified" card to be placed on the stall. As willing as I was to censure Mr. Webber's conduct upon reading the reports of the shows and no one having stated the case as Mr. Webber has, through utter ignorance of the facts, so am I now equally prompt to withdraw my remarks regarding the Philadelphia entry, as by the books of the club the substitution was permitted by one who at least had access to the books, but who overreached his authority. The club unfortunately is held responsible for their agent's act. The prize awarded to Nick (though he would be entitled to it if entered) should be withheld. No disqualification can be served upon a dog which is absent, nor censure be attached to Mr. Webber in this matter as far as fraud is concerned, though I think he erred greatly in consulting a clerk and ignoring the secretary and other officials. As to the Boston entry of Pembroke, I am surprised at Mr. Webber's defense. Had he acted here as honestly as at Philadelphia, I should offer him an unqualified retraction. He claims that as the club did not make the transfer it was none of his affair to see it done. I take issue here with both him and "Porcupine." Mr. Webber made the entry, and as a subsequent change in the winnings of the dog affected it, it was as much his duty as a gentleman, as it was the club's, to see that he was transferred. Because through rush of business the matter was overlooked by the club, he was morally (though perhaps not legally) bound not to allow the matter to go unchallenged. The club's error or dereliction does not absolve him from his moral obligation as a gentlemanly exhibitor. He knew when he accepted the ribbon, that he was not entitled to it. He knew he belonged properly in the champion class where Memnon was, and in taking the ribbon that was offered him he accepted that which he knew did not honesly and fairly belong to him, but to the vhc. reserve dog, if there was any. Submit the case to a jury of twelve, and I am confident my position will be upheld. I will ask Mr. Webber one question: If upon arriving at Boston and finding Memnon absent from the champion class, would he have remained in the open class with six or eight dogs to compete against, for first prize, or would he have asked to be transferred to the champion class, in which there was no competition? As to my desire to have Mr. Webber disqualified, let me assure him it was through no fear of his dogs. My Lancashire Witch having faced Memnon, a better dog than ever Mother Demdike was, beaten him in England when he was in his prime, I also having beaten Mother Demdike with three different dogs under as many different judges, and on four different occasions, his statement that I desire to get rid of his competition falls far short of the mark. I never feared Mother Demdike and Memnon as a brace; I certainly should not fear the former alone. If Mr. Webber believes his bitch to be better than my Lancashire Witch and will call at my house I will be pleased to show him a letter written by Messrs. Charles, the representative exhibitors, of England, and former owners of both dogs, which will soon aid very materially in disabusing him of the idea. The letter is dated June 3, 1884, before the two dogs were purchased by either Mr. Smith or myself. If Mr. Webber desires to try conclusions with me, for his own edification, he shall appoint one judge, I another, and the two decide upon a third. Let the trio bring in the verdict who is to pay for a handsome silver trophy as well as the judges' expenses.—H. W. HUNTINGTON.

A DOG BITE CASE.—Mr. William Wall, a brother of Berry Wall and an ardent sportsman, was defendant in a dog case before Justice Murray, in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday afternoon. The complainant was a young lawyer named Henry C. Beach, whose bandaged right hand showed that up to the opening of the case in court he had had the worst of the encounter with the animal, upon whose legal execution he was bent. The story which he told to the court was that he called Tuesday night at the Rossmore Hotel, Broadway and Forty-second street, to see his client, Mr. Underwood, the engineer, and that while he was passing along a passage in the hotel basement a setter dog, the property of Mr. Wall, which was in a room opening upon the passageway, seized his right hand and lacerated it badly before Mr. Beach managed to make him let go. Mr. Beach said that he would not have caused Mr. Wall to be summoned had not the latter, during an interview earlier in the day, charged him with bringing the case with a view to blackmail. As it was, he desired that the dog should be shot. Mr. Wall said that the dog was not his property. It was a gentle bird dog, of considerable value, and had been sent him on trial by Jim Temple, formerly one of the owners of the Rossmore Hotel. It had been placed over night in the room near the engine room, and if it bit Mr. Beach it was the latter's fault, as he had no business in the basement of the hotel without having first obtained permission from the proprietor or clerk. Mr. Beach said that he had frequently visited his clients at the hotel, and that the clerk had given him a general permission to visit Mr. Underwood whenever he desired to do so. Judge Murray dismissed the proceeding because actions of the kind only lie in cases where dogs are unmuzzled and at large in the street. A civil remedy was the only recourse for a person who had been injured by a dog upon private premises.

A PRETTY POOR GRADE OF ADVICE.—Hartford, May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream;* What do you think of this kind of advice from a great paper like the *Journal of Commerce*. I think they should be called to account by the FOREST AND STREAM.—C. B. The advice referred to is as follows: "*Editor Journal of Commerce*: Please inform me what is the best action to take against dogs that make themselves a nuisance in a small country village by destroying seed beds. I do not wish to create the ill-feeling of my neighbors.—CORONA. *Reply.*—Twenty-five cents worth of strychnine placed in a piece of meat will forever destroy the appetite of a dog for reveling in seed beds. If the dog should subsequently be found reposing in that vicinity, a deep hole in the ground afterward well covered will remove him from sight. Nothing need be said about it to create ill-feeling in the neighborhood."

TRAILER.—The beagle Trailer, whose removal from the show at Hartford on a veterinarian's certificate was referred to in the introduction to our report of the New York show, is still sick. There is no question about his serious illness during the Hartford show, and Mr. Schellhass is still working hard to bring this good little dog successfully through a severe bronchial attack.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—Jersey City, N. J., May 12, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Myself and associates claim the name "The United States Field Trials Club" for field trial club now being organized.—C. J. PESHALL.

DACHSHUNDE AT PHILADELPHIA.—Allentown, Pa., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although I do not expect that you will recognize this criticism upon your critic, yet I think that judges and exhibitors should have a fair chance to answer Mr. Mason through your columns, as heretofore he has had full sway, and seems to have full power to say what he pleases or he thinks is correct, although he is as liable to err as others. Judging from his writings and criticisms on dogs and their judges, he is certainly a phenomenon and a wonder, for he knows all points, and of all dogs, whether foreign or domestic, while most of the judges claim to know but one or two breeds, with which they are familar by actual contact and by breeding. Some people criticise who have never even bred a dog. I notice, taking Mr. M.'s writing all through, that he is particularly severe against the judges who give a preference over New York dogs. There is a great flavoring all through his writing that there is nothing proper in the dog line outside of New York. Mr. Mason is rather severe with Mr. Barlow, and more than severe with Mr. Ashburner. I would like to refer Mr. Mason to Vero Shaw, of New York, to find out what a dachshund is. I am the breeder and owner of Gretchen, who won the first prize at Philadelphia, April 18, 1887, whom Mr. Mason criticises so severely. She is chocolate or seal brown and tan. Mr. Mason says her color is bad. Authority colors are black and tan, chocolate and tan, brown and tan, fallow or red. Her length is 38in. and height 10in. Mr. Mason says she is short. Authority says no dachshund should be over 10in. high and the length about 38in. and less for smaller dogs. Mr. Mason's favorite, Rubenstein, is certainly 12 to 14in. in height. Gretchen's ear reaches ½in. from nose and her head is broad behind the ears, which denotes courage. German authority and Vero Shaw say that conical heads and long ears are very faulty, and that the ears should come to within ½in. of nose. Another mistake of Mr. Mason's is that he is comparing a 14-month old bitch with a dog, and the bitches are always lighter in bone throughout than the dogs, and smaller and finer in every way. Gretchen's weight at Philadelphia was 17½lbs.; she will be lighter in New York as she is just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Authorities say no dog should weigh over 20lbs., or bitch 17lbs., and the Germans give ten kilos for dogs and proportionally lighter for bitches. One of the greatest prize bitches in England weighed but 15lbs., and the greatest dog 20lbs. Mr. Mason says Gretchen is too light. Next season I will exhibit two of my dogs to show the difference of size and bone between a dog and bitch of the same breed. Flirt, dam of Gretchen, was imported by Mr. Bailey, of New York, of circus fame; and Waldman, her sire, was imported by Theodore Engle, of Philadelphia, who owns him now. I am importing a dog myself at the present time to breed Gretchen, Dora and Ulrica. I also own two brown and tan dogs. As there are several classes of dachshunde I wish Mr. Mason would look them up or consult Vero Shaw and then give as near as possible what a dachshund should be, as there is such a vast difference of opinion by breeders and people who should know. Perhaps we are both right.—FRANK HOUPT.

CLUMBER SPANIELS AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Mason says that he has promised to say nothing about the subject under dispute. The writer feels diffidence in pressing the matter further, but has Mr. Mason the right to withdraw in this manner? Has he forgotten what he said in his report of the Hartford show, viz., "I will have something to say about these dogs on a future occasion." The writer did not infer, nor did he think that it would be the inference of any one, that either Mr. Hemingway, Mr. Wilmerding or Mr. West was the "unfortunate gentleman" of Mr. Mason's Philadelphia report. Mr. Rendle was without doubt the person referred to. That Messrs. Hemingway, Wilmerding and West had decided that Johnny was the better dog, was not advanced as evidence. It was a simple fact which there was no getting over. The writer gave his opinion of the heads of the two dogs and criticised them, and hoped that Mr. Mason would accede to his request and do likewise. With regard to Mr. Hemingway's decision at Newark, the facts of the case, as I have learned, are these: Mr. Marmaduke Richardson handled Johnny and Drake in the ring. The former's real number was 275, the latter's 276. Mr. Hemingway picked the dog with tag 276. Mr. Richardson said he had not found the dog, but Mr. Hemingway insisted that he was judging and that his decision must stand. Mr. Wm. Tallman, under whose charge Johnny and Drake were, was then called into the ring, and immediately said that the numbers were reversed, and that Johnny was the dog chosen for first place; therefore, the dog which Mr. Hemingway had decided must stand the winner was Johnny. Both Mr. Tallman and Mr. Richardson will, I know, be prepared to certify that these are the facts of the case. So much for Mr. Hemingway. Mr. Wilmerding, I would be prepared to swear, made a careful examination of the two dogs, and gave the blue ribbon to the dog which in his honest opinion was the better. Of Mr. West's capabilities as a judge I know nothing, but in my opinion, and until it is proved by facts to the contrary, it will remain my opinion, he showed discernment in his judging of Johnny and Drake at Philadelphia. In conclusion I would beg Mr. Mason not to fly off at a tanget, and quote the opinion of this man and that, but to keep to the point. He was requested to state his reasons for saying that Drake is a better dog than Johnny, and has not done so.—A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN SPANIEL CLUB.

PHILADELPHIA DOG CATCHERS.—A city ordinance authorizes the Mayor to detail as many police officers as he may deem necessary who shall employ suitable persons "to take up, kill and bury all dogs found running at large in the city of Philadelphia." For every dog taken up and killed $1 is paid to the dog-catcher by the city. Those redeemed by the owners net these same licensed pirates $2 for each dog. Elsewhere we publish a letter showing how these dog-catchers, protected by two or more policemen, interpret their authority to extort money from the owners of valuable, or at least valued, dogs. Police protection, and a good deal of it, is necessary for these dog-catchers, for so offensive have they become to the people that they would be hardly dealt with whenever they appear were the strong arm of the law not so visibly at their back. Mangy curs without owners are uniformly passed by when these discriminating highwaymen see a $2 dog within reach of their nets. Our correspondent tells how these men invaded his domicile and seized his dog in the doorway. They habitually grab dogs on the doorsteps and tear them from the very grasp of their owners. A dog in the street held directly by the collar or by a leash is "at large" in the estimation of the dog-catchers and their complaisant police protectors, and is certain to have the net thrown over him, in spite of the indignant protests of the owner. The pets of women and children are fair play for these bandits. A case is reported of a lady in the upper part of the city who sought to protect her pet poodle from seizure as the dog-catchers came up, but had the filthy net thrown over her own shoulders, and under such compulsion she consented to pay her assailant $2 for the privilege of keeping her dog. This is a gross and outrageous abuse which we hope Director Stokley will look into and correct. The law is at fault by holding out such extraordinary inducements to the dog-catchers to seize house-dogs regardless of the equities or decencies of the case. To offer a lot of hoodlums $2 apiece for every valuable dog they can catch is to make it certain that they will secure these dogs with just as little regard for the owners' rights as they are compelled to pay by policemen, who in all probability share in the blackmail extorted and think that every dog is legally "at large" which can be brought within the reach of the dog-catcher's net. The licensed robberies and outrages of the dog-catching gangs have been endured long enough. A reform administration will certainly find a way to put an end to them.—*Philadelphia Times.*

AN OLD YARN.—A Massachusetts correspondent suggests that the Providence *Journal* "should have the cake" for this: "Some time last fall a well-known huntsman lost a very valuable pointer dog, and the most strenuous exertions made to find the animal proved fruitless, so finally he was given up as being hopelessly lost. Last Monday the owner of the dog, in company with three other gentlemen, was travelling through a section of Buck Hill woods, when they came across the skeleton of a dog in attitude, the left fore paw raised and the tail sticking out straight as a ramrod, the bones being held in position by the sun-dried cords and sinews. The collar around the neck established beyond doubt the fact that the remains were those of the long-lost Leo, and a further search brought to view, about a rod from the dog's nose, the bones and feathers of a partridge. The mystery now became clear as day. With the wonderful and inscrutable instincts that control birds and brutes the partridge had lain perdu, afraid to rise, while the dog, like a Roman sentry at Pompeii, had died at his post of duty. The hunter exhibits the recovered collar as proof positive of the truth of his story." This is an old story of English origin, given in the books at least a hundred years ago.

CLUMBER IMPORTATION.—Mr. H. B. D. Bruce, of Ottawa, has imported from the kennels of Mr. Logan, of Portaferry, Ireland, the Clumber spaniel bitch Lucy II. She was whelped June 3, 1887, and is by Manners, bred by Earl Manners, out of Lucy, bred by the Earl of Arundel. Both her sire and dam were owned originally by the late Dr. Hind, and while in his possession won many prizes, especially the latter. Her grausire was the celebrated Thoresby, owned by Lord Manners. Lucy II. is a valuable addition to the Ottawa Clumber family.—CLUMBER.

VACCINATION FOR DISTEMPER.—May 11, 1887.—I am sorry to report the death by distemper of my Glencho puppy Kerry (A.K.R. 4578) in spite of every effort to save him. I cannot help thinking that if I had been here to attend to him myself he might have been saved. He had the handsomest coat of any dog I ever saw, and gave every promise of being worthy of his illustrious sire. It would be a boon to all lovers of good dogs if vaccination could be made successful to prevent this dangerous disease killing off so many puppies annually.—E. F. BISHOP.

BULL-TERRIERS AT NEW YORK.—Providence, May 11.—You do not credit Jubilee, Mr. Comstock's bull-terrier, with winning the champion prize at New York. The class was divided. Jubilee, having won three first prizes, was transferred to champion dog class and won.—W. J. COMSTOCK.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Geronimo and Marion. By Jas. B. Murphy, New York city, for black and white blue belton setter dog and bitch, whelped April 1, 1887, by Jock (Jocko—Nell Grouse) out of Bess (Duke of —— —imported Mollie).

Rose of Rancocas. By Jos. B. Murphy, New York city, for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped April 4, 1887, by Dashing Monarch (Dash II.—Countess Moll) out of Nancy Rake (Bergundthal Rake—Phyllis).

Clifford. By Elisha P. Baldwin, Norwich, Conn., for dark red Irish setter dog, whelped July 12, 1886, by Bruce (Elcho—Noreen) out of Zelda (Allison's Ike—his Nancy).

Bertie May. By J. C. Schuyler, Berryville, Va., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany (Tory—Moonstone) out of Bertie (Rab—Bellona).

Blanche May. By J. C. Schuyler, Berryville, Va., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany (Tory—Moonstone) out of Bertie (Rab—Bellona).

Chloe. By F. Tracy, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany (Tory—Moonstone) out of Bertie (Rab—Bellona).

Lucy II. By H. B. D. Bruce, Ottawa, Ont., for lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped June 3, 1886, by Manners out of Lucy.

Rockett. By Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany (Tory—Moonstone) out of Bertie (Rab—Bellona).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Saddlebags—Rockingham. E. W. Durkee's (New York city) English setter bitch Saddlebags (Foreman—Belle of Allendale) to F. Windholz's Rockingham (Belthus—Bess), May 2.

The Duchess—Count. G. D. Davelson's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch The Duchess (Count—White Violet) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), April 4.

White Violet—Count. T. A. Harris's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch White Violet (Dutch—White Rose) to Frank F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178), April 10.

Cautyre—Les. Hur Kennels' (Chicago, Ill.) mastiff bitch Cautyre (A.K.S.B. 4723) to Mrs. Peck's Leo (Jacob—Ruth), May 9.

Petry—Don Quixote. F. E. Loring's (Oakham, Mass.) pointer bitch Petry (Sancho—Tot D.) to Don Quixote Kennels' Don Quixote (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), April 30.

Fortune—Vortigern. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Fortune (Reveller—Lilly II.) to his Vortigern (Viper—Gipsey), March 26.

Floss—Bang. H. J. Gerald's (Milton, Mass.) pointer bitch Floss (Rox—Toy D.) to Tuckerfield Kennels' Bang, April 22.

Miss Druid—Fred W. C. Tucker's (Stanton, Tenn.) setter bitch Miss Druid (Druid—May B.) to B. F. Wilson's Fred W. (Count Noble—Spark), May 13.

Morning Star—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) Llewellyn setter bitch Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), May 9.

Effie Deans—Dublin Scot. Dr. John P. Gray, Jr.'s (Utica, N. Y.) collie bitch Effie Deans to Chestnut Hill Kennel's Dublin Scot, May 14 and 15.

Dot—Nullamore. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Dot (Rex, A.K.R. 149—Jersey Lily, A.K.R. 147) to owner's Nullamore, May 7 and 8.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Zadie. East Lake Kennels' (agents) (West Jefferson, O.) English pug bitch Zadie (Treasure—Peggy), May 1, four (one dog), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby.

Dela. Chas. H. Newell's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Dela (A.K.R. 1347), May 10, eight (five dogs), by Westminster Kennel Club's Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—Maggie).

Sensation's Rose. J. Bardwell's (Chicago, Ill.) pointer bitch Sensation's Rose (Sam—Fan), May 7, eleven (eight dogs), by Prichard's Ben (Croxteth—Trinket); one dog and one bitch since dead. Three are orange and white, eight liver and white.

Roxana. P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Roxana (Ringwood—Belle), April 26, six (four dogs), by A. C. Krueger's Racer (A.K.R. 4504).

Trixy. P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Trixy (Ringwood—Belle), April 27, four (three dogs), by A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010).

Nellie. Jos. B. Murphy's (New York city) pug bitch Nellie (Ring—Dot), April 10, eleven (four dogs), by Henry Bitz's Jack, pedigree unknown.

Bess. Jos. B. Murphy's (New York city) blue belton bitch Bess

(Duke of —— —Mollie), April 1, ten (five dogs), by Jos. Reynold' Jock (Jocko—Neil Grouse).

Miss Slick. C. S. Bailey's (Amenia, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Miss Slick (A.K.R. 3687), May 1, five (two dogs), by E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish).

Saucy. Geo. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) fox-terrier bitch Saucy (A.K.R. 4408), April 29, four (one dog), by E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish).

Gyp. S. J. Parker's (West Chester, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Gyp, April 15, six (five dogs), by E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish).

Judy II. C. S. Bailey's (Amenia, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Judy II. (A.K.R. 4226), April 22, five (three dogs), by E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish).

Safety. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Safety (King—Violet), May 14, six (four dogs), by J. Tatcham's Lord George (Burke—Luce).

Flirt II. Alf. Watts, Jr.'s (Brantford), cocker spaniel bitch Flirt II. (Brag—Ruby), May 8, four dogs, by Fred Fawkes's Guy (A.K.R. 4685).

Cordelia. Associated Fanciers' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Cordelia (Pascha—Gypsey), April 6, seven (three dogs), by their Bonanza (Watermark—Nellie).

Maggie Gladstone. A. P. Gilliam's (Stanton, Tenn.) setter bitch Maggie Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), April 11 five (three dogs), by Dr. G. G. Ware's Dean Swift (Gladstone's Boy—Grammie).

Pet Gladstone. C. Tucker's (Stanton, Tenn.) setter bitch Pet Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), April 27, five (three dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble.

Piper's Girl. Associated Fanciers' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Piper's Girl (Major—Belle), May 1, nine (five dogs), by their King Bruce (Leafer—Renda).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bob Clifford. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 22, 1886, by Clifford out of Lady Belle, by A. Quick, New York city, to C. A. Swindell, same place.

White Violet. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 28, 1885, by Dutch out of White Rose, by Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa., to T. H. Harris, same place.

Silver. White bull-terrier dog, whelped February, 1885, by Rebel out of Lilly, by Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa., to H. Alton Waldron, Providence, R. I.

Count—Bertha whelp. Bull-terrier dog, whelped March 1, 1887, by Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa., to L. Breisacher, Detroit, Mich.

Beauty. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped March 20, 1887, by Folly out of Black Bess, by Wm. W. Silvey, Philadelphia, Pa., to David T. Jones, same place.

Bitz's Jack—Nellie whelp. Fawn, dark pug bitch, whelped April 10, 1887, by Jos. B. Murphy, New York city, to John Schreiner, same place.

Kitty. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1886, by Vortigern out of Fortune, by Edward Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. R. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nanon. Black and tan terrier bitch, whelped March 23, 1886, by Vortigern out of Lilly II., by Edward Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. R. Bingham, Toronto, Can.

Ward's Tempest—Fanny whelp. Snow white English setter dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1886, by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to J. W. Knowles, Cambridge, Mass.

Gun (A.K.R. 1533)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1543) whelp. Black, white and tan Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Aug. 24, 1886, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to Geo. B. Mescrole, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mac. Gray and brown deerhound dog, whelped August, 1886, by Lance out of Lorna II. (A.K.R. 336), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to N. G. Flick, Ulysses, Neb.

Grit. White fox-terrier dog, whelped Feb. 12, 1887, by Squire, Jr., out of Snow, by Geo. H. Tator, Hudson, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Snow. White fox-terrier bitch, whelped May, 1885, by —— out of (A.K.R. 3182), by Geo. H. Tator, Hudson, N. Y., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don. Liver and white pointer dog, two years last September, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to W. P. Adams, Wahpeton, Dak.

Young Faust (A.K.R. 779)—Nellie (A.K.R. 1211) whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 16, 1886, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Clancarty and Brother. Red Irish setter dogs, whelped July, 1886, by Bruce (A.K.R. 54) out of Zelda (A.K.R. 240), by Jean Grosvenor, Boston, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sancho. Red Irish setter dog, date of birth and pedigree not given, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dot. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped March 13, 1886, by Dash out of Dolly III., by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bessie. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May 16, 1886, by Duke out of Vic, by Oakdale Kennels, Westbrook, Conn., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Homer (A.K.R. 1630)—Florence (A.K.R. 1333) whelp. Fawn English mastiff bitch, whelped Feb. 6, 1887, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Henry Drain, Baltimore, Md.

PRESENTATIONS.

Jock—Bess whelp. Black and white blue belton dog, whelped April 1, 1887, by Jos. B. Murphy, New York city, to James Donnelly, Morrisania, N. Y.

IMPORTATIONS.

Lucy II. By H. B. D. Bruce, Ottawa, Ont., lemon and white clumber spaniel bitch, whelped June 3, 1886, by Manners (Thoresby— ——) out of Lucy (—— —Nettle).

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

X. Y. Z.—The primary cause was doubtless worms. The abscess was probably the result of her debilitated constitution, one of the glands of the groin breaking down into pus.

J. M. H., Augusta.—My setter puppy, 7mos. old, is thin, with varying appetite; runs very badly at the eyes. In morning eyes filled with whitish matter so he can scarcely see. Drools saliva at the mouth and seems to choke in throat. Is restless and languid in movement. Have treated him with areca nut and oil for worms, without improvement. Ans. See answer in this issue to B. P. R.

B. P. R., Willamsport.—Irish setter dog, 20mos. old, has no life about him, is very dull, appetite not as good as usual, and in the morning he has a mattery discharge from his eyes; is always glad to be let out but will not run about, seems weak and tired. Ans. Dog is out of condition. Give 5grs. of calomel and 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food. Give but one dose of calomel, but continue the arsenic night and morning for two weeks.

C. E. B.—My English retriever puppy, 2mos. old, has very bad, bloody diarrhœa. He passes a kind of gummy substance, mixed up with a good deal of blood, is weak, listless, very thin, and has not a good appetite. Ans. Your dog has dysentery. Feed on milk containing lime water (two teaspoonsful to the pint). Give a very little raw meat each day, finely minced and mixed with the white of an egg. Give the following pill:

℞ Pulv. camphorac.....grs. v.
Pulv. opii.....grs. iii.
Div. in pil. No. x.
Sig. One morning and evening.

If very weak give teaspoonful of brandy and water three or four times daily.

A lady in Barringer Township had heard that sprinkling a little gunpowder on the fire would prevent hawks from molesting chickens. Hawks were very troublesome among her chickens, and she got the powderhorn and proceeded to pour a little stream of powder on the fire. What might have been expected to follow did follow—the fire ran up into the horn, the powder exploded, and her hand was badly torn to pieces.—*Statesville (N. C.) Landmark.*

Policeman Toner, the champion runner of the Jersey City police force, gave chase on Wednesday night to three suspicious looking men. They outran him, and his dog took part in the chase. The dog ran between the feet of one of the men and tripped him. The man scrambled to his feet and resumed his run. The dog again ran between his feet, threw him a second time, and Toner caught the fellow. A stolen coat, belonging H. H. Pelzer, of Palisade avenue, was found on him.—*New York Times.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 9.—The Kent County Rifle Club met for practice last Friday afternoon, but, as they were laboring under several disadvantages, the scores are not as good as they ought to have been. The club has lately been taking in several new members, which increased the membership to nearly thirty. This is very promising for so young a club, and as all of the members take an enthusiastic interest in the sport, it only needs steady practice to bring out good marksmanship. Standard American target. At 200yds.:

S H Thomas	8	7	5	8	7	4	4	3	6	5—55
M A Janes	5	5	6	1	2	7	2	8	4	4—44
F H Thomas	3	4	1	0	5	5	8	5	4	4—39
A Benson	6	5	2	6	5	6	6	1	0	2—39
W Johnson	2	2	1	0	1	1	7	8	8	2—32
H M Thomas	8	1	1	1	2	0	4	0	7	8—32
R J Diefenderfer	7	3	1	6	0	5	1	3	4	0—30
O A Dockham	6	6	0	5	1	1	2	2	2	3—28
E Ross	1	6	4	1	5	0	0	1	2	6—26
W F Aldrich	2	5	2	2	4	1	2	2	0	5—25
J Moore	3	2	4	3	1	2	5	2	2	0—24
J D Daniels	0	5	0	6	2	1	4	1	0	2—21
F Diefenderfer	0	0	1	2	6	7	4	5	0	1—20
J Carpenter	2	3	3	1	0	2	2	2	1	2—20
A Connor	2	0	1	4	2	1	1	6	0	1—18
R Holmes	3	2	1	1	2	0	3	2	2	0—16
V E Moore	0	5	0	0	0	0	2	0	4	0—11

At 100yds.:

F Diefenderfer	8	8	6	6	6	8	8	7	5	8—70
R Holmes	6	5	8	9	6	9	10	9	4	4—70
O Benson	3	5	8	6	6	6	9	9	8	7—67
F H Thomas	7	8	8	3	7	6	7	9	8	2—65
J Moore	6	8	7	8	4	8	6	5	7	5—64
E Ross	4	8	7	9	7	6	4	8	8	3—64
W F Aldrich	4	6	4	9	6	6	8	7	5	6—61
S H Thomas	7	9	7	6	6	7	6	4	4	5—61
J D Daniels	7	5	9	5	8	7	5	8	3	3—60
W Johnson	9	4	5	4	6	10	6	9	2	5—60
M A Jones	5	9	6	9	5	7	7	3	5	3—59
R J Diefenderfer	3	8	4	7	7	6	3	8	5	8—59
H M Thomas	1	7	7	5	7	6	4	8	2	5—52
A Connor	4	4	7	5	3	8	6	4	2	6—49
J Carpenter	7	3	8	5	4	3	5	4	5	3—47
O A Dockham	4	2	1	4	6	6	8	2	5	1—39
V E Moore	0	0	2	4	2	4	4	5	4	4—29

May 10.—The weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club took place at Schuetzen Park yesterday afternoon. Everybody was in good condition, and as a consequence the scores made were unusually good. Standard target, 200yds.:

First Match.

S J Newman	6	6	7	5	5	9	8	10	10	8—74
J E E Seeds	6	9	4	8	8	6	8	10	4	6—69
W F Seeds	6	5	9	6	4	5	9	8	6	5—63
J W Scott	5	5	10	5	7	8	4	5	5	4—71
C Heinel, Sr.	6	6	9	4	6	4	6	7	8	5—61
J E Newman	4	5	9	7	6	6	4	8	8	3—60
H B Seeds	6	8	5	4	5	8	5	5	4	5—60
W A Bacon	6	2	5	5	5	10	8	6	3	5—55

Second Match.

C Heinel, Sr.	10	7	10	7	8	7	10	7	8	4—78
W F Seeds	5	8	5	9	6	7	8	10	7	10—75
J E Newman	8	8	7	7	7	7	9	8	7	4—71
S J Newman	6	6	7	7	6	9	5	7	6	6—65
H B Seeds	7	4	9	7	6	6	9	4	8	5—65
J E E Seeds	8	5	6	4	7	9	3	6	6	6—60
W A Bacon	7	2	4	10	4	3	7	10	8	3—58
J W Scott	7	6	5	4	7	6	3	6	5	7—56

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—To-day the National Shooting Club went to Shell Mound Park Rifle Range, and there held its regular monthly shoot. The day was very propitious for rifle shooting; the wind was low and the atmosphere very clear. The shooting done by Hovey, Klein, Johnson and Robertson was something above the ordinary with military rifles:

	200yds.	500yds.
Julius Klein	3444444535—40	4442543455—40—80
A P Raye	4445444455—43	4023453454—34—77
S J Penbroke	5545544444—44	3524235345—34—78
E Hovey	5455544544—45	5444555554—46—91
Ruddock	4454444443—40	5555543545—46—86
Meyer	5554555555—49	4335435445—42—89
A N Brod	5444544444—42	5055244544—38—80
Neath	5544534444—44	
C L Lods	4444454534—41	4555535445—45—86
Retton	0424240330—19	
Johnson	5544444455—44	5555555545—49—93
J E Klein	4455444555—45	4555445555—47—92
Robertson	5455555545—48	4555545555—48—96
O'Connell	5432544443—37	
Stanton	2402000202—12	
Kennedy	4444433334—36	

At the termination of the shoot Johnson and Klein selected two teams from the marksmen present and, singular to relate, neither team won, both making an equal score. The result of the special shoot was as follows, at 200yds.:

A Johnson	5455544444—44	J E Klein	5455544544—45
P Robertson	5545444444—43	E Hovey	5444455554—45
C L Lods	4444544454—42	C Meyers	4345445454—41
P C Moore	4344334454—38	A P Reye	5344534444—40
A J Ruddock	4344334454—38—208	Col Bendel	4433434444—37—208

Ruddock and Meyers shot a match at 500yds., each firing 50 shots. Meyers won with a score of 223 so 216 made by Ruddock.

BOSTON, May 14.—The scores made at Walnut Hill to-day in the rest matches for practice were made on the new center designed for rest shooting, and used in connection with the Standard American target. Appended are the best scores made this week:

Decimal off-hand match.

W Charles, C	10	10	10	8	7	8	10	8	7	7—85
C	7	9	7	10	9	7	8	8	9	8—82
N F Tufts, A	8	8	8	9	9	10	9	7	8	7—83
D	8	7	8	9	9	9	7	7	8	5—77
H Cushing, D	8	10	9	9	8	6	10	6	5	9—80
D	8	5	10	5	7	7	8	8	6	8—72
A L Burt, A	10	7	7	6	6	10	9	10	10	5—80
A	4	8	6	7	9	6	8	7	6	9—70
W O Burnite, A	6	9	10	9	7	10	7	9	7	5—79
A	7	6	8	9	10	10	7	8	9	5—79
W H Oler, C	4	10	7	8	7	9	9	8	10	7—79
J R Munroe, A	6	9	7	7	6	10	8	9	7	9—78
A	6	9	7	10	7	8	4	8	6	10—75
R Dadman, A	7	10	8	8	10	4	6	8	10	5—76

Rest match.—Standard American rest target.

J R Munroe	11	10	12	11	10	11	12	10	10	12—109
	12	9	12	11	9	12	10	12	11	11—109
	12	11	11	9	10	10	11	12	12	9—107
S Wilder	12	12	10	12	10	10	9	12	10	12—109
	10	9	11	12	12	8	12	9	12	10—105
N Washburn	9	10	11	10	11	11	11	12	10	12—107
	11	10	9	9	12	9	11	11	9	12—103

Pistol Practice Match.

J Francis	81 78 77 73	R E Volner	73 69

THOMASTON, Conn., May 16.—At the shoot of the Empire Rifle Club, May 7, the weather conditions were excellent, the light being good, with scarcely any wind:

W H Dunbar	5	9	10	9	10	7	7	9	8	10—84
G A Lemmon	8	5	9	10	6	8	10	7	9	10—82
G P North	6	7	6	9	4	5	3	7	7	4—58
C F Williams	6	4	4	5	9	4	5	4	5	6—52

May 14 only two members were present at the range. A rather poor light, with a light 7 o'clock wind:

Fred A Perkins	7	6	7	10	7	7	10	6	5	5—70
G A Lemmon	8	8	7	7	6	7	9	8	3	7—70

GARDNER, Mass., May 12.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack range the standard target was used. The shooting was off-hand, 200yds. The totals were as follows:

N Dodge	76	80—156	H C Knowlton	75 67—142
C N Edgell	70	79—149	E B Taylor	76 60—136
F E Nichols	79	66—145	C J Crabtree	68 68—136
A E Knowlton	69	74—143	F B Edgell	63 63—126

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 19.—The Manchester Rifle Association is holding a four days' tournament on its grounds to conclude on Saturday. The prize list is an attractive one, embracing 25 articles valued at $330, including cash prizes of $40, $30, $25 and $20. The event is open to all comers, standard American target, rounds 7, 5 cards to count.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—May 14, 200yds. off-hand, standard target:

H Tuck	6	10	9	6	8	10	7	8	10	8—82
A Edgerly	8	7	8	7	10	7	8	9	10	7—81
J Busfield	10	9	8	6	5	10	8	5	6	10—77
S E Johnson	10	7	6	9	8	7	6	6	7	9—75
J F Brown	6	8	6	8	8	4	10	8	9	5—72
C B Wright	6	7	5	6	6	9	8	6	6	10—69
L Jackson	4	4	7	4	7	6	9	7	9	7—64

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE final day for making entries for the FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy competition will be next Saturday, May 21. The names of the members of each team must be named in the entry blank, and each shooter must be designated by his real name. In case any member of a team is prevented from competing, a substitute may fill his place, if chosen before the shooting begins.

Score blanks will be furnished to all competitors, and three members of the club will be required to certify that each score sent in was made in strict accordance with the conditions named.

The names of entered teams will be announced in our next issue.

The TROPHY, a solid silver cup, manufactured expressly for us by the Whiting Manufacturing Co., of this city, is now on exhibition in the window of the Atlantic Ammunition Co., No. 291 Broadway. It has won high praise from all who have seen it. The prize is not an annual challenge trophy; when given to the club of the winning team it will become the absolute property of the club.

No special entry blanks are required. Entries may be made in usual form. The names of team members must be given. Entries must be mailed on or before May 21.

BOSTON, May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the executive committee of the New England Tournament Association, held Wednesday evening, it was voted that I write to you, saying that arrangements will be made at the tournament so that if any parties wish to shoot for your prize on Decoration Day they could do so.—C. B. SANBORN, Sec'y N. E. T. A.

TAUNTON, Mass., May 7.—T. F. and G. P. Association. Small attendance on account of rain, 10 blue rocks, blue rock trap, 18yds. 5 angles, N. G. A. rules:

G A Davis	1110110100—6	A Leonard	0001100000—2
F M Scudder	1110100100—5	M Lott	0001001111—4
E C Leonard	0110111111—8	J J Davis	0101111110—7
F S Keith	0111100010—5	C E Cahoon	0011100111—6
C Hill	0000100000—1		

Match at 5 blue rocks, 18yds., 5 angles:

Leonard	01011—3	G H Davis	11010—3
J J Davis	11111—5	Scudder	01110—3
Cahoon	10100—2	A Harty	11110—4
Lott	10011—3	G L Smith	01110—3
Keith	01001—2		

Leonard won third on shoot-off.

Match at clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 angles:

J J Davis	01110—3	Leonard	10010—2
A Hardy	00011—2	Keith	11010—3
Scudder	10100—2	Cahoon	01111—4

Second divided, Hardy won third on shoot off.

Match at 7 blue rocks, 18yds. rise:

J J Davis	1111110—6	Keith	1010110—4
Cahoon	1011011—5	Hardy	0110110—4
G H Davis	0011110—4	E Leonard	0101110—4
Scudder	1111101—6	M Lott	0010100—2

Keith won third on miss and out.

Match at 10 blue rocks, 18yds. rise:

A Hardy	1001100010—4	Keith	0101110100—5
J J Davis	1011110111—8	Scudder	0000101011—4
Cahoon	1011111011—8	Smith	1101100110—6
E Leonard	0101111110—7	Lott	1110000010—4

J J Davis and Cahoon divided first, E. Leonard second, Smith third.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12.—Capital City Gun Club, match at American clays, No. 1, 5 traps, N. G. A. rules, sweepstakes, all ties miss and out:

Match 1:

Green	01011—3	Meyers	01010—2
Cunningham	01111—4	Collison	11010—3
McLeod	11100—3	Hart	00010—1
Goldsboro	00011—2	Finn	00010—1
Mills	10011—3	Williams	01111—4

Miss and out—Williams and Cunningham first, Collinson second, Goldsboro and Meyers third.

Match 2:

Collison	01101—3	Myers	10100—2
McLeod	11110—4	Williams	10101—3
Mills	11110—4	Hart	10001—2
Finn	10100—2	Goldsboro	10110—3
Cunningham	11111—5	Green	01011—3

Cunningham first, Mills and McLeod second, Williams third.

Match 3:

Cunningham	01111—4	Collison	01101—3
Mills	11111—5	Williams	11111—5
Hart	00111—3	McLeod	10111—4
Myers	00101—2	Goldsboro	11101—4
Finn	00001—1	Green	11101—4

Mills and Williams first, Goldsboro second, Collison and Hart third.

Match 4:

Cunningham	01111—4	Meyers	01100—
Mills	11111—5	Finn	00w
Hart	10100—2	McLeod	11110—4
Williams	11110—4	Goldsboro	10100—2
Collison	11001—3	Green	10100—2

Mills first, McLeod second, Collison third.

Match 5:

Cunningham	10011	Williams	11011
Mills	01011	Collison	00001
McLeod	11011	Green	10111

11 11—7
11 11—7
10 10—6

11 10—7
10 01—3
11 01—7

Ties, miss and out on doubles:

Cunningham	11 10 01 11—6	Mills	11 10 10 10—5

Williams 01, Green 00. Cunningham first, McLeod second.

SECRETARY.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—Fifth shoot of the season at Dexter's Park, L. I. Only 16 went to the traps, and with one or two exceptions did some fair shooting, the birds furnished by Chris Durber being first-class flyers and hard to kill, one barrel allowed, club handicap:

A Harned (23)	1011010—4	J Boyle (21)	0011100—3
R Monsees (24)	1101111—6	E Vroome (24)	1110110—5
R Midmer (23)	1001111—5	H Kirchel, Jr. (22)	1110101—6
J Blohm (21)	0000001—1	W Gilman (23)	1001021—3
C Plate (24)	1101011—5	C H Ring (21)	0100100—2
C Rankin (21)	0001010—2	H Lemken (21)	0100011—3
R N Williams (22)	0100000—1	H Von Staden (23)	00w
J Rathjen (24)	1111111—7	W Tomford (25)	0100 —1

Tie for third prize won by C. Plate.

Score of sweepstakes, 25yds.:

J Rathjen	101—2	W Tomford	111—3
C Plate	111—3	R Williams	001—1
W Gilman	101—2	M Monsees	010—1

CARVER VS. BREWER.—Philadelphia, May 12.—Dr. W. F. Carver, of rifle shooting fame, visited this city to-day, and had an interview with Judge Wescott, of Camden, N. J., John Brewer's backer. The result was that three matches were arranged for May 23, 24 and 25. The first two, 100 birds each, Hurlingham rules, Monaco boundary, and the third 100 birds each, Hurlingham rules, 80yds. boundary. Nothing has been heard of William T. Mitchell of Virginia, who accepted Dr. Carver's challenge and promised to shoot against Dr. Carver at Newark.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 13.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club held their fourth series of prize shoots this week. They were divided into two classes. In the classification score each man shot at strings of 10 bluerocks, bats and clay-pigeons, with a possible 50. In the prize score there was a possible 7 clay-pigeons, and in the shooting off of the ties a possible 3. The totals of each were as follows:

Class A.

	Classification. R.	B.	P.	Prize. C. P.
W L Davis	10	8	8—26	7
W H Cole	3	7	8—18	7
M D Gilman	7	9	7—23	6
W S Perry	7	7	7—21	6
E Welch	9	6	4—19	6
A R Boudish	7	9	7—23	6
E Whittaker	10	8	7—25	6
F Stone	4	8	8—20	5
G B Rugg	6	7	7—20	5
G W Russell	8	7	7—22	5
E T Smith	8	9	9—26	5
C B Holden	6	9	9—24	5
C Doono	7	8	6—24	4
A B Franklin	6	7	5—18	4
J B Tougas	8	8	5—21	3
C S Day	6	6	6—18	w.

Class B.

	Classification. R.	B.	P.	Prize. C. P.
H W Webber	4	5	7—16	7
C A Parker	7	3	6—16	5
E F Swan	4	8	3—15	5
J B Garland	2	5	7—14	5
V D Kennesson	5	9	3—17	5
L R Hudson	6	6	5—16	4
Chas Howe	7	5	5—17	4

There were ten other events during the afternoon. At this meet 1,933 targets were thrown. The interest in this series increases as they progress.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—The regular monthly shoot took place at their club grounds, Dunnellen, N. J., May 10, with a fair attendance. The day was rather warm. The birds a fair lot for this time of the year. A very pretty match was indulged in by Messrs. Quinlan and Lever, Middlesex rules, 10 birds each, $10 a side. These birds were quick, strong flyers, and some very pretty kills were made by both gentleman. T. M. K., referee. The following is the score:

Quinlan, 28yds.....1212112211—10 Lever, 30yds.....1212211121—10

Tie to be shot off next monthly shoot. Messrs. Dickins and J. H. Force have been appointed a committee to select teams, members of the club, to shoot for a supper, and the boys are expecting a good time: date to be announced when settled upon. The following are some of the sweeps shot. First sweep, miss and out: Lever 30yds., 0; C. Smith, 27yds., 4; Dickens, 30yds., 3. Second sweep, 4 birds:

Lever (30yds.)	1212—4	Voorhees (30)	0112—3
Gaddis (29)	0111 —3	Dickens (30)	1111—4
C Smith (27)	1121—4		

Lever and Smith tied again on 4 and divided first, Gaddis and Voorhees divided second. Third sweep, 4 birds:

Dickens (30)	2010—2	Lever (30)	1212—4
Cannon (30)	1011—3	Gaddis (29)	0200—1
Quinlan (30)	1112—4	Keller (26)	1001—2
C Smith (27)	1202—3	S G Smith (29)	1221—4
H Campbell (30)	1223—4	J H Force (30)	2211—4
Voorhees (30)	1312—4		

Ties on 4, miss and out: S. G. Smith 3, Voorhees 4, Force 7, Lever, Campbell and Quinlan 8 and divided, C. Smith and Cannon second, Keller and Dickens third. Fourth sweep:

Cannon	0001—1	Lever	1111—4
Dickens	1201—3	Gaddis	1122—4
S G Smith	1113—4	C Smith	2120—3
J H Force	1113—4	Keller	0101—2
Williams	2112—4	Warden	1211—4
Quinlan	0211—3		

Ties, miss and out: Warden 2, Force 2, Williams 3, Dickens and Smith 4, and divided. Ties on 3: Smith and Quinlan 3, Dickens 4. Fifth sweep:

Cannon	1223—4	Quinlan	2101—3
Dickens	2112—4	Williams	1110—3
S G Smith	1112—4	C Smith	2100—2
J H Force	1101—3	Keller	1010—2
Lever	1111—4	Warden	2200—2

Tie on 4: Dickens 3, Cannon 5, Lever 5, Smith 6. Ties on 3: Quinlan 2, Force 5, Williams 6. Ties on 2: Smith 2, Keller 3, Warden 4. Sixth sweep:

Williams	110—2	C Smith	102—2
Robby	112—3	Keller	110—2
Dickens	112—3	Warden	111—3
S G Smith	111—3		

Ties: Dickens first with 2, Williams second with 5. Seventh sweep:

S G Smith	111—3	Dickens	101—2
Robby	200—1	Warden	102—2
Williams	121—3	Keller	121—3

Ties: Smith first with 2, Dickens second with 1.—T. M. K.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 6.—Wayne Gun Club. Match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons, one Ligowsky clay-pigeon screened trap, 18yds., W. G. C. rules:

P F Yost	0101020011—4	Gus Hessler	1010101111—7
T Scargle	0010010110—4	C Briney	1000010001—3
S Davis	1100001111—6	J W Sidle	1001101011—6
A Clifford	0000101110—4	A Ulary	0000001111—4
Graham	0001111111—7	F Hessler	0001101110—5
Sparks	1010010000—3	Hugh Kane	0100000111—4
E Handsbury	0110101101—6	Geo Scargle	0000011110—6
Wm Ulary	0111110000—6		

May 15.—Regular monthly prize shoot; figure 2 denotes use of second barrel. Match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons, one Ligowsky C. P. screened trap, 18yds. rise, W. G. Club rules, 4 prizes:

Hugh Kane	1111100121— 8	H Graham	1110100111— 7
P F Yost	1012111212— 9	T Scargle	0111000111— 6
S Davis	1011101111— 8	A Ulary	0110001011— 5
E Handsbury	0000022000— 2	H Clifford	0110001011— 5
J W Sidle	0101101122— 7	I Jackson	0111001111— 7
C Briney	1111102220— 8	Jas Sparks	0000010010— 2
Gus Hessler	1111121111—10	G Scargle	1110101120— 7
Wm Ulary	1111011110— 8	F Hessler	0001001110— 4

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 14.—The Niagara River Shooting Club met for practice on their grounds at La Salle, N. Y., last Thursday. The meeting was largely attended and was a very enthusiastic one. At the close of the shoot Mr. J. H. Jewett, Sec. and Treas. of the club, was presented with a beautiful gift—"The Birds of North America"—as a memento of respect and gratitude. The presentation speech was made by Pres. Spencer Kellogg, Mr. Jewett, though much surprised responded in an eloquent and touching manner. There was a great deal of enthusiasm shown by other members and some beautiful and appropriate remarks were made by Mr. E. H. Smith and H. C. Howard. Taking it all in all a more pleasant day could not have been spent. Much interest was shown by members in watching "Man-afraid-of-his-horse" shoot, the style of holding his gun, the remarkable scores made by him, etc.; he is recently from the West and greatly resembles Buffalo Bill. Sweepstakes, 12 Niagara Falls blackbirds, 4 moneys:

Smith	010101001011— 6	Jones	0000111001O— 5
Howard	1101101111— 9	Talsma	1101100011— 7
Kellogg	1111101101—10	Jewett	1100110101— 6
McCarty	0010010010O— 3	Andrews	1111111111—12
Clark	0010010001 1— 5	Case	1101101001— 7

Sweepstakes, 9 bluerocks:

E H Smith	010011011—5	Andrews	111011110—7
Kellogg	001110111—6	Case	101010111—6
McCarty	111111110—8	Shirley	0100 w.
Clark	011011111—7	Jones	011110100—5
Jewett	001111101—6		

McCarty first, Clark second, Case third.

Twelve bluerocks:

Smith	101010311001— 6	Jones	101111011101— 9
Howard	101O01001001— 5	Tolsma	100111111101— 9
Kellogg	1111u1111111—11	Jewett	101101100111— 8
McCarty	101101110011— 8	Andrews	111111110111—11
Clark	111110111110—10	Case	111110011011— 9

Kellogg first, Clark second, Jones third, McCarty fourth.

Nine Niagara Falls blackbirds:

Smith	110101011—6	Jones	110011001—5
Howard	111000111—6	Tolsma	101101011—6
Kellogg	101111000—5	Jewett	110u110;0—5
McCarty	100111010—5	Andrews	111011100—6
Clark	011110001—5	Case	110101101—6

Andrews and Tolsma divided first, Kellogg second, Case third.

Nine Peoria blackbirds:

Kellogg	111111100—7	Case	111111100—7
McCarty	110101111—7	Jones	011110011—2
Clark	101101111—7	Jewett	101111111—8
Andrews	111111111—9	Hopkins	110110001—5

Kellogg third.

BROOKLYN, May 11.—The first shoot on the new grounds at Woodlawn, which took place this afternoon, brought a large representation of the members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. In addition to the usual prizes a badge of handsome design was to be competed for. This is to be worn from month to month by the member making the highest score, and at the end of the year will become the property of the member showing the greatest number of points for the twelve months. Club handicap, 21yds. rise, second barrels half a bird:

C W Jones (30)..1 0 1 1 1 1 1—6	G Monsees (21)..0 1 1 1 1 0 0—4
Davenport (29)..1½1 1 1 1½1 1—5½	H Bennett (23)..1 0 1 0 0 1½—3½
A Schwarts (28)..1 1 0 1 1 1 1—6	F Lanzert (23)...0 1 1 1½1½1½—4½
G Hayes (26)....1½½0 0 0 1½0—1½	J Smith (23).....1 1 1½1 1 0 0—4½
R Monsees (26)..1 1½0 1 1 0½—4	McLaughlin (25)0 1 1½½0 1½—3½
H Grace (23) ...1 1 1 1 1½1½—6	E Bushnell (27)..0 0 0 0 ½w.
W J Stewart (23)..1 1 1 1 1 1½1—6½	C A Coster (23)..1 1½1 1½1 1½0—4½
H Donnolly (25)..1 1 0 1 1 1½—5½	J Carlos (25).....0 1 0 1 1 0 1—4
J E Lake (21)...1½1½1½1½1½1—4	L Defrane (25)...1 1 0 1 1½1 1—5½
C Wise (23).....1½1 1 1 1½1 1—6	J Kearney (28)..1 1 1½1 1 0 1—5½

In shooting off, second went to C. Wise, third to L. Defrane, fourth divided, and fifth R. Monsees won.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—The Blue Rock Pigeon Club held their first pigeon shoot this afternoon at Adams Point, East Oakland. The traps, three in number, worked tolerably well in the single-bird shots, but they were decidedly irregular in springing double birds. The majority of points were made by right-quartering and straightaway birds, the left quarter proved a sort of "hoodoo," for during the afternoon some very fair bird shots were missed from that section. Twenty birds, 18yds. rise, three traps, regular club prises:

Briggs*....0101101010111001110—12	Fox.....1011111100111101110—15
Wattles....1001101000001001100— 8	Gould*...0010111110001011100—11
Golcher*...1110011111011100101—15	Kellogg...1010101111000010100111—10
Adams ...0101101001010111000—10	Schwarin..0300100110001000100001— 6
Havens*...0C0001100001C1111001— 8	Orr*.....0111111000100111010l—12
Putzman*.0111101011001101000110—11	Clayburg*0010011111000110011—11
Jellett....0111000000101100l111— 9	Kittle. ...0111100301101011000—10
Laing*....0111111111100110111—16	Crandall..0000110010101010000l— 7

*Twelve-bore 16yds. rise.

HASTINGS, Minn., May 13.—The second annual tournament of the Hastings Gun Club opened May 11 on their grounds at the southwest end of the city, under very favorable auspices, the attendance being good, both of sportsmen and spectators. The weather was propitious, with strong side wind all through the three days, and the exhibition of skill on the part of the contestants very interesting:

First Day.—No. 1, 10 Peoria blackbirds: Nixie 6, Kennedy 8, Shaft 6, Arthur 8, Noreen 8, Hanna 8, Sisson 7, Ruble 9, Hetherington 6, Skinner 10, Daly 6, Van Slyke 4, Bonte 10, Westerson 10, Paul 8, Greiner 10, Tuttle 10. First and third divided.

No. 2, 9 singles, 3 pairs Peoria blackbirds: Daly 12, Bonte 12, Westerson 10, Ruble 12, Hanna 13, Van Slyke 12, Shaft 12, Noreen 11, Nixie 6, Skinner 11, Kennedy 11, Greiner 9, Sisson 10, Hetherington 9, Paul 12, Arthur 10, Tuttle 12. Secoad shot off, third and fourth divided.

No. 3, 15 Peoria blackbirds: Hanna 12, Daly 13, Skinner 10, Ruble 11, Bonte 13, Greiner 9, Van Slyke 9, Arthur 11, Tuttle 11, Sisson 13, Paul 11, Kennedy 11, Hetherington 14, Shaft 12, Smith 8, Noreen 12, Westerson 8. Second divided. Third shot off, Shaft winning. Fourth divided among four ties, Arthur being shot out.

No. 4, 10 singles, 5 pairs Peoria blackbirds: Hetherington 13, Daly 17, Bonte 13, Skinner 16, Sisson 17, Kennedy 16, Ward 12, Van Slyke 13, Noreen 18, Ruble 15, Paul 18, Hanna 15, Shaft 14, Westerson 15, Greiner 15, Smith 14, Tuttle 15. First three prizes divided. fourth won on shoot off by Greiner.

Second Day.—No. 5, 10 straightaway Peoria blackbirds: Harrison 9, Paul 7, Ruble 8, Patterson 6, Skinner 10, Noreen 9, Daly 7, Whitcomb 7, Van Slyke 7, Westerson 9, Tuttle 10, Mack 9, Greiner 8, Ward 5, Smith 6, Hanna 10, Harold 9, Sisson 8, Bonte 9, Hetherington 10, Shaft 10. First divided, second shot off, Daly and Westerson winning; third and fourth divided.

No. 6, 14 Peoria blackbirds: Hanna 14, Skinner 11, Paul 12, Harrison 13, Van Slyke 13, Harold 9, Shaft 12, Smith 13, Greiner 10, Noreen 12, Daly 11, Whitcomb 8, Sisson 13, Hetherington 11, Mack 12, Bonte 9, Ruble 12, Westerson 10, Tuttle 11. Second divided, third shot off, Paul winning; fourth divided.

No. 7, 10 singles, 5 pairs Peoria blackbirds: Hanna 13, Noreen 17, Paul 18, Van Slyke 14, Tuttle 15, Daly 14, Bonte 14, Smith 16, Skinner 16, Mack 16, Sisson 19, Anderson 13, Westerson 15, Greiner 16, Hetherington 12, Ruble 15. Second and fourth divided.

No. 8, 10 Peoria blackbirds: Daly 10, Noreen 9, Hanna 7, Sisson 9, Bonte 7, Skinner 8, Paul 9, Tuttle 7, Westerson 9, Mack 8, Anderson 8, Hetherington 6, Whitcomb 5, Greiner 7, Ruble 9, Smith 8, Shaft 8, Emerson 3. Ties divided.

Third Day.—No. 9, 10 Peoria blackbirds: Paul 7, Hanna 10, Sisson 9, Harrison 9, Daly 9, Hetherington 8, Anderson 8, Wallace 7, Tuttle 8, Mack 7, Bonte 10, Skinner 7, Ruble 8, Peters 5, Greiner 4, Noreen 7, Shaft 9, Westerson 8. First and second divided, third shot off, Hetherington and Ruble winning, Paul won fourth on shoot-off.

No. 10, 7 single and 4 pairs Peoria blackbirds: Hanna 14, Sisson 12, Noreen 11, Harrison 11, Paul 9, Mack 11, Hetherington 7, Tuttle 11, Johns 14, Daly 15, Skinner 12, Anderson 12, Wallace 10, Bonte 13, Westerson 12, Ruble 14, Shaft 13. Second divided, third divided, fourth shot off, Sisson and Skinner winning.

No. 11, 6 singles, 2 pairs Peoria blackbirds: Skinner 8, Hanna 7, Daly 6, Sisson 9, Paul 6, Hetherington 3, Anderson 9, Bonte 9, Shaft 7, Johns 5, Baker 5, Hoffman 5, Sommers 3, Myers 7, Mack 6, Noreen 5, Ruble 10, Alstrom 5, Tuttle 8, Westerson 8. Ties divided.

Team shoot for championship gold medal, held by St. Paul club, 20 Peoria blackbirds, 10 singles and 5 pairs. It was won by the home team with the following score:

St. Paul.			
Blakely	14	Pfister	15
Macomber	14	Myers	11
Campbell	13	Paul	15—82
Stillwater.			
Ruble	17	Willman	13
Anderson	15	Castle	14
Newquist	16	McKusick	10—85
Hastings.			
Hanna	15	Tuttle	16
Westerson	17	Noreen	16
Shaft	17	Greiner	14—95

The following prizes were awarded for the best averages out of a possible 150:

1. Jerome Hanna, Hastings, gold watch	128
2. N. G. Sisson, Lakeville, $20	126
3. J. A. Ruble, Albert Lea, $15	123
4. John Pfister, St. Paul, $10	122
5. W. H. Skinner, St. Paul, gun case and cleaner, in shooting off ties with Henry Blakely, St. Paul, and Martin Noreen, Hastings	119
6. E. E. Tuttle, Hastings, pocket flask	118
7. Charles Paul, St. Paul, keg of powder	117
8. August Westerson, Hastings, $5	114
9. G. J. Hetherington, fish pole	99

NEWARK, May 13.—This afternoon two prominent members of the Caledonian Clay-Pigeon Shooting Club, Messrs. Ulbricht and Reinhardt, shot a match at 50 birds each, 18yds. rise, for a stake of $25 a side. The shooting took place on the South Fourteenth street grounds. Ulbricht was the favorite by odds, and would undoubtedly have won the match had he not accidentally loaded several of his shells too light. Several birds were shown to have been hit by him, but the charges were not strong enough to break them. Reinhardt broke all out of 50, and Ulbricht broke 39. Mr. Fritz Theurer acted as referee, and Mr. Beda Voigt as scorer. The return shoot will take place in a short time, either on the Erelinghuysen avenue grounds, or at John Erb's park. On the same day Mr. Reinhardt will shoot Mr. Eugene Flocken a match at 50 birds for a wine supper for a party of friends. In this latter match much interest is centered, as Mr. Flocken is a crack wing shot, and is considered to be the champion of the club.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—The Golden Gate Gun Club held its regular club medal shoot at McMahon's station to-day. The following is the score at 15 clay-birds each, 18yds. rise, five screened traps:

Ashcroft.....1111011100111111—12	Kershaw.....1001111000111111—10
Munson.....1101011000111010— 8	Louis.....1011110100011011— 7
Scorem.....0101010010001101— 7	Mayer.....1110000030000030— 3
Schlueter.....1101000011000000— 5	Foley.....1160100010000000— 4
Allen.....0100101001111000— 9	

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—There was only a fair attendance to-day at the San Bruno shooting grounds to witness the pigeon match between T. A. Pearson and J. D. Kerrigan. The match was for $200 a side, 50 birds each, 30yds. rise, 10yds. boundary, Harlingham rules. Pearson used a 12-bore Parker and Kerrigan a Greener of the same caliber. Jabez Swan officiated as judge, and Colonel Rice acted as trapper. The full score is as follows:

Kerrigan....30—0212121201212211112112011112211102111121111121—45	
Pearson.....30—0111112111212111101121111011122110112201112112O0—42	

ATHOL, Mass., May 14.—The Athol Rod and Gun Club has been organized with the following officers: Levi C. Sawin, President; Wm. A. Bearman, Vice-President; Cyrus M. Peirce, Sec. and Treas.

THE GRASS VALLEY STYLE.—The sportsmen of Grass Valley, instead of shooting at tame pigeons from traps, congregate under the wild pigeon roosts, near town, and blaze away as the birds return from the feeding grounds to their nocturnal quarters. Several matches that have taken place recently afforded the shooters much sport. Teams of six men to a side are chosen, and each team selects a certain line of flying birds. The shooting at incoming pigeons is generally kept up for an hour or so, until darkness sets in. On the return home the birds are counted, and the side or team scoring the most kills wins the honor of the day and a supper. The sportsmen of the mountain town say that wild-pigeon shooting discounts trap-shooting. The birds are harder to kill, and, as they come into roost with rapid flight, they afford the shooters many critical shots, and generally the misses outnumber the kills. Wagner and Stone are ranked as the leading pigeon shots of Grass Valley.—*San Francisco Call.*

GARDNER, Mass., May 12.—A few of the members of the Gardner Sportsmen's Association went out to the range to-day. Out of a possible 10 clay birds the following are the totals bagged: First event—I. N. Dodge 8, B. J. Buckman 5, E. C. Dodge 5, A. N. Henry 3, A. Elliott 2. Second event—E. C. Dodge 10, I. N. Dodge 9, B. J. Buckman 7, A. N. Henry 3, A. Elliott 2.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., May 14.—The Plymouth Gun Club held a shoot at its ground this afternoon. The targets were 5 clay-pigeons, 5 bats and 5 American clay birds. Score: I. M. Jackson, 10; W. C. Hathaway, 10; A. S. Rich, 10; F. Mater, 10.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

5. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
18. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHEN the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
When the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily on the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands, when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with its dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the silvery wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower
Or the ivy that mantels the falling tower,
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats to the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that I lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

—*Authorship unknown.*

THE ASSAULT UPON MESSRS. VAUX AND BURCHARD.—The trial of the two men who assaulted Messrs. Vaux and Burchard on Staten Island came up for trial on Monday, but was again postponed for a week until May 23 at 4 P. M., before Justice Powers at West New Brighton.

THE RACING AND CRUISING CANOE NOTUS.

WHILE the results of last season's many and important races were not as exact and conclusive as it was hoped they would be, there was at least one point on which each individual canoeist was fully resolved—that his own special craft was not so good and perfect that she could not be improved. The result of this has been much alteration and building during the past winter, the old boats being altered and a number of new ones being built. Among those who had new boats last year was Vice-Commodore Gibson, whose old Snake gave place to a new racer and cruiser, the Vesper, a boat whose performance in no way discredited her designer, but which, nevertheless, did not fully satisfy him. Late last season Mr. Gibson set to work on a new design from which the canoe shown herewith has been built in the winter, her trial trip being made last month. The Notus, as she is named, is a 16×30 canoe, much like the Vesper, her 6in. waterline being the same; but she is cut away more under water forward, giving a slightly hollow entrance, to improve her performance in rough water. The same long, fine bow and full stern already tested by Mr. Gibson has been retained, but the extremely broad and long floor is modified, Notus having about 10in. flat and an elliptical form of midship section, leading into the turn of the bilge, which gives remarkable strength. The stability is not perceptibly diminished by this slight rounding, and it probably assists turning, which Notus does with the greatest ease. The canoe was built in Albany under Mr. Gibson's personal supervision, and is a remarkably fine piece of work. She is a smoothskin, with only three planks to a side, the ribs spaced 6in. and fastened with brass screws from the inside. A few screws were required from the outside, but they are 12in. apart, leaving the bottom absolutely smooth. The planking and decks are of white pine, and the trimmings of maple and mahogany, two narrow beads along each side. The board is of sheet brass, 30×13×1-16in., dropping through a low trunk. There are four bulkheads, with a low hatch in the fore deck.

The dimensions of the Notus are:

Length over all	16ft.
Beam	30in.
Depth	10in.
Sheer at bow	8in.
at stern	6in.

The distances from fore side of stem are:

To Bulkheads	2ft. 6in., 5ft., 10ft. 6in., 13ft. 6in.
Mainmast	9in.
Mizen mast	11ft. 10in.
Board, fore end	5ft. 8in.
after end	8ft. 2in.
Coaming, fore end	4ft. 3in.
after end	11ft. 6in.

The table of offsets is as follows:

Station.	Heights.		Half-Breadths.					
	Rabbet	Deck.	Deck.	8in.	6in.	4in.	2in.	Keel.
0..	.....	18	0^{1}	0^{1}	.....	.....	.....	.....
1..	1	15^{5}	3^{7}	2^{5}	2	1^{3}	0^{6}	0^{2}
2..	0^{3}	14^{3}	7^{7}	5^{3}	4^{3}	3^{2}	1^{7}	0^{4}
3..	0^{2}	12^{7}	9^{7}	8^{2}	7	5^{3}	3^{2}	0^{7}
4..	0	11^{6}	11^{7}	10^{5}	9^{3}	7^{6}	5^{1}	1^{1}
5..	0	10^{7}	13^{4}	12^{5}	11^{5}	9^{7}	7^{2}	1^{4}
6..	0	10^{3}	14^{3}	13^{7}	13^{1}	11^{6}	9^{2}	1^{4}
7..	0	10	14^{6}	14^{5}	14^{2}	13^{1}	10^{7}	1^{4}
8..	0	10	14^{7}	14^{7}	14^{6}	13^{7}	12	1^{4}
⊠	0	10	15	15	14^{7}	14^{1}	12^{3}	1^{4}
10.	0	10^{1}	14^{7}	14^{7}	14^{6}	13^{7}	12^{1}	1^{4}
11..	0	10^{2}	14^{4}	14^{3}	14^{1}	13^{1}	11^{2}	1^{4}
12..	0	10^{6}	13^{4}	13^{2}	12^{6}	11^{5}	9^{4}	1^{3}
13..	0^{1}	11^{4}	11^{4}	11^{1}	10^{4}	9^{3}	7	1^{1}
14..	0^{2}	12^{5}	8^{3}	7^{7}	7^{3}	6^{2}	4^{2}	1
15..	0^{6}	14^{2}	4^{3}	4	3^{5}	2^{6}	1^{5}	0^{4}
16..	.....	16	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}	0^{1}

A NOVEMBER CRUISE IN RHODE ISLAND.

EXTREMELY cold was the night of Nov. 8, when the Scribe and his companion launched their canoe in the early morning in the waters of the little brook which runs nigh unto the home of the boat, and the cruise commenced. As we passed from the brook into the lake, the surface of the lake at its upper end was entirely covered with ice, which boded no good to the bottom of the canoe, if we attempted a passage. We decided, as the ice was very thin, to push on, breaking it within reach and trust to luck for the rest. Success attended our efforts, and we passed through to the open waters of the lake without damage. A half mile of paddling brought us to the first, and as it proved, the longest carry of the trip.

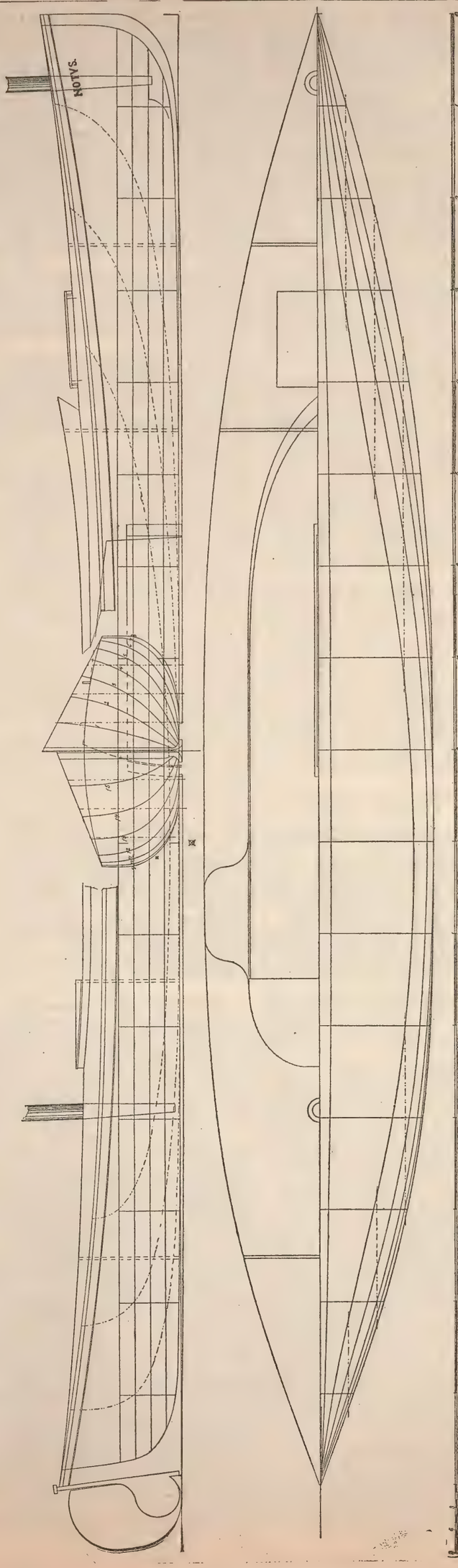
The Scribe adjusted the yoke and shouldered the canoe, while his companion tramped along under the fifty-pound pack containing the tent, blankets and other duffle. This carry we thought to be about four miles. We were told afterward that it was a mile and a half. We accomplished it, nevertheless, and launched in the dead waters at the head of what is known as Sherman's Pond. Here we agreed that our voyage proper commenced, and the Scribe took the stern seat, while Jink, his companion, grasped his Parker and seated himself forward.

The dead water stretches away for nearly a mile before entering the pond. The current is hardly perceptible. It is said to be a proper spot and feeding ground for woodduck and black duck. Accordingly the skipper, as silently and cautiously as his ability allowed, paddled along, while the Nimrod prepared himself to perforate the first thing of life which stirred in front. Silently the boat glided on, not a word being spoken, the dip from the paddle as it left the water the only noise to be heard. On we speed, carefully watching the rush-grown surface of the water as we round the constantly recurring turns and bends of the creek. Dead trees on the swampy banks seem silently to pass us by, their skeleton arms outstretched as if to point our way or direct our vision to hidden game in the sedgy grass at the water's edge. Indeed if such was their mission they did not belie their office, for even as the thought passed through the mind, out from the half hidden waters on our right arose two black ducks, straight away at first, then quartering slightly to the right they flew. Bang! sounded the Nimrod's gun, with the only effect the skipper could see of accelerating the speed of the flying birds. Once more before reaching the lake we started the affrighted pair, but too far away for an effective shot.

At the lake a strong northwest wind met us, rendering the efforts of the skipper to lay the course of the canoe in a proper direction anything but play, so the gun was laid aside and the second paddle took its place. For a mile or more we put in some strong paddling, which carried us across the lake and into a good lee near the outlet, which we presently entered, and were no more troubled by the wind.

A small lake of perhaps fifteen acres which has not been honored on the maps with a name, but which is locally known as the lower Sherman's came next. At its outlet commences the Chepuxet River, which, as it leaves the pond, and for perhaps half a mile on to where the Kingston road crosses, is quite deep; the current slight, but its line we thought very crooked; it afforded us, however, easy work with the paddle, and there were no obstructions, if I except one foot bridge, which would have saved us some trouble had it been a little higher. Below the Kingston road the river changes its appearance and condition entirely. It splits into narrow and shallow channels, almost precluding the passage of even so light and narrow a craft as our canoe (30in. being its greatest beam). The crew was obliged to disembark and assist the skipper from the shore by shoving and lifting and by finding the best channel. This condition of things continues for something like half a mile, when the river seems to gather together some of its strayed channels, enabling us to proceed more at our ease.

It seemed like a lost and forsaken land through which we were passing. The bed of what I conclude would be the river in time of freshet, all choked and grown full of the various sedges and



CANOE "NOTUS."—Designed by R. W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y.

grasses of the swamps, their spring-time green changed to the yellow of approaching decay, the old, the dead and dying trees plentifully sprinkled along our route, each outstretched arm hung with a long fringe of moss draped as it were in the habiliments of death, the river itself our only friend, ever binding itself in the constant turns it makes through this apparently interminable river bottom. Yet here were the historic lands of the Indian. These silent waters on which we floated were once cleft by the canoes of the Narragansetts.

The surrounding country was once the happy home and hunting grounds of Canonicus and his braves. On our left and right were the closing scenes of King Phillip's war enacted; scenes of unrecorded valor; scenes of individual privation and endurance on that cold December day which witnessed the close of the red man's power in Rhode Island.

Silently we paddled along the miles of this tortuous stream until the never varying scenery began to tire the eye and the distant trees to cast long shadows.

The splash of an occasional muskrat would sometimes break the quiet and twice the sudden rise and flight of ducks startled us into something like excitement. The trees at last seemed to part and presently through the vista of their opening we saw the glimmering bosom of the great pond of Rhode Island. Grass Pond, or Worden's Pond, as it is called on the map, has an area of about 1,000 acres. Great Swamp surrounds the greater part of this lake, very little high land reaching the water, therefore as might be supposed it is a very shallow sheet for most of its area, the depth in no part of the two miles which we passed over exceeds 2ft. and in many places, some distance from the shore, so shallow that the crew had to wade. Much of it is thickly grown with rushes and seemed like good ground for ducks, although we found none. The contour of the shore is very irregular, several points of land reaching far out into the lake. On one of these, which seemed of more solid ground than some of the others and moreover having a good growth of hardwood, we selected a spot on the dry sand and proceeded to start a fire, put up our shanty tent and generally prepare for the night. We had spun out a long day without a stop and should have pitched our tent earlier; however, by 6 o'clock we had had a good supper, our tent was up, our bed made and the blankets spread for the night.

The moon was just lighting the woods with soft, mellow light as the crew set out to forage for a proper supply of wood for our camp-fire. Looking down a couple of beech trees six or eight inches in diameter we dragged them to camp, cut them in proper lengths, and soon had a nice camp-fire burning brightly within three or four feet of the front of the shanty. Filling the dudeen for another smoke, we squatted on some convenient rocks watching the flickering fire as the flames curled in fantastic shapes in and around the closely piled wood. Weird sounds come from the woods, sounds which in daylight would be passed unnoticed. The rustling of the little field mouse in the leaves behind our shanty sounded to our strained hearing like the movements of larger game. We even fancied we could hear the flapping of an army of ducks as they settled in the lake. Could we have but heard the mournful cry of a loon coming across its moon-light surface we should indeed have fancied ourselves in the wilds of the north. As the tobacco burned low in the heels of the pipes we laid them one side and turned in, soon to fall asleep—that deep refreshing sleep which seems to come to a man in the woods more than elsewhere. In the small hours of the night the skipper turned out, replenished the fire and rejoined his fellow snorer to awaken again as the coming dawn tinted the eastern sky.

We made a quick breakfast of coffee, bacon and hard bread, made up our pack and got away before the sun had much more than shown its lower limb above the eastern hills. Not a breath of air stirred the face of the waters, and no sound marred the surrounding stillness save perhaps the dip of the paddle or the rushing of the canoe as it ever and anon glided through some patch of rushes. The temperature was just right—cool, crisp and invigorating—indeed, it was a morning to be enjoyed. The gun was held in readiness for any unwary duck which might be found feeding along our route. A mile or more was thus delightfully passed, no duck rewarding our vigilance, yet feeling well repaid that we were even permitted to be there. We presently began to pay more attention to the contour and appearance of the northern and western coast line, seeking to discover, if possible, the outlet by which we were to leave the lake and continue our cruise.

More by good luck than sagacity, for each new cove looked like its predecessor, the skipper pointed the nose of the canoe into the right cove and presently we entered the stream, which proved to be of good depth, narrow, and with a well-defined channel; but, oh! so crooked. I should think a proportion of four to one would be small in comparing the distance we paddled to the distance in a straight line from our entrance to our exit from the swamp through which it flowed.

This swamp might well be called impenetrable. It is a labyrinth of old trees, maples and oaks, with a thick underbrush of bullbriers and blackberry vines. A complete system of grape vines connects the whole.

The "nimrod" tried to make an excursion to where he thought he saw a gray squirrel whisk his tail, but soon returned with torn clothes and bleeding hands and gave up the job.

Four hours of pretty fair work carried us clear of the swamp and brought us to Kenyon's mills and the second carry. A mile beyond we ran into the first swift water we had seen, and in about three minutes the skipper managed to land the canoe about high and dry on a sunken rock. We shook her somewhat gently a few times, when she gradually slid off and we proceeded on our somewhat boisterous way. These rapids led into the milldam at Shamrock or Clark's mills, where the third carry was encountered.

Rapids met us below the dam, but presented no difficulties. Half a mile further we came upon the ruins of Shamrock Mills; the dam, however, was in good order, and necessitated a carry along the rocky, precipitous bank on the left. No immediate obstructions were known to be in the advance, so we took advantage of the tranquility of the slowly-moving river to solace ourselves with a bite of cold lunch.

The milldam at Carolina Mills caused the fifth carry. We landed as usual on the left bank and made a comfortable portage to the rapid water below. Here our little craft attracted some attention, and we rather divided the interest of the villagers with an itinerant photographer who was just entering the village as the Skipper, with the canoe on his head, crossed the road. One old resident inquired "where that pilgrim with his house on his head was going."

Below the dam and abreast the mill we found the most rapid water of the cruise; great black angular rocks stuck up in many places along the stream, seemingly placed purposely to wreck the unwary or unskillful cruiser. The channel as seen from the bank seemed very narrow, twisting and turning as the aforementioned rocks directed to the right or left. It was not without some trepidation that the Skipper took his position in the stern and made ready for a start. The "gals and fellers" stood at the mill windows and along the river walls, evidently ready to smile audibly if the Skipper took a dip. The passage was, however, happily made, and we continued on the way, believing that the last swift water and portage was passed. Four P. M. found us in the vicinity of Wood River Junction depot, where we telegrapbed a friend in Providence, who was to join us on the morrow.

As we reimbarked, the sky which for some time had been quite cloudy, became portentous of some immediate wetness. We hurried on, ever on the lookout for a suitable place to camp, the rain in straggling, intermittent drippings overtaking us. Low, swampy land formed the banks of much of this portion of the river, offering no inducements for a pleasant camp. Two miles from the Junction Wood River joins the Charles, and here, just as night was overtaking us and the rain had seen fit to cease its melancholy drippings, we found a desirable spot on the left bank of Wood River, where level, dry land came to the river's edge, and drew out the canoe and prepared to camp.

So tired were we with our long day's cruise and fast that only the most necessary work was done. The tent was set up in its crudest form. A cup of tea, some boiled potatoes and a bite of hardtack made our supper, and we turned in without the precaution of collecting wood, or even building more than the most temporary of night fires. About 11 we awoke shivering with the cold. The moon had dispelled the clouds of the early evening. The temperature which had prevailed when we turned in had lowered a number of degrees, and the air was nipping cold. Water left in the kettle where the potatoes were boiled was frozen nearly solid. A skurry for wood resulted in the lucky finding of a sufficient quantity of drift wood lodged in the fringe of bushes along the river's bank, brought down by the great freshet of February, 1886. In a very short time a blazing fire was sending its genial warmth into the furthermost corner of our snug little tent. Thoroughly warmed by our exercise in gathering the wood and by the fire, we again turned in.

Three o'clock found us up with our breakfast fairly under way for we had to make an early start in order to meet our expected friend on the morning train. Our bill of fare this morning consisted of boiled potatoes, hot Johnny cakes, broiled partridge and quail and hot coffee. It is perhaps needless to say we made a hearty breakfast. As soon as it was light enough to see our way up the river we started. A pleasant paddle of a mile landed us at the little mill village of Plainville, where the crew left to meet our friend at the depot, while the skipper started inland to find transportation to a proper spot for a more favorable camp.

The cruise proper of the canoe may be said to have here ended, although on the arrival of the others we did paddle a mile or more up stream to a point where we loaded everything into an ox wagon and were carried two or three miles into the back country.

The crew came to the front, took charge of the erection of the tent in manner and form as prescribed by "Nessmuk." The skipper took charge of the kitchen, and while the tent was being set up, prepared dinner for three.

Thursday—day and night was pleasant, all that could be desired even. Friday, which was to be the last of our camping, we designed to erect an ideal—a perfect camp-fire—which was to illuminate the night, warm the tent, and to burn long and slow, yet sure. Alas! for the best laid plans, etc. The morning dawned with every prospect of rain, and by evening the prophesy of the morn had become a fact. The wind changed from northwest to southeast, and blew almost directly into the tent, gradually increasing in violence as the hours passed by, the rain meanwhile falling very fast. Under such circumstances it was difficult to start the fire; however, it was at last accomplished, and we crawled into the blanket bags. Albeit we were a little moist in spots, we slept as tired men can sleep, turning out occasionally to replenish the fire as it burned low, again retiring for another nap or to listen to falling waters or to the roar of the blast as it tore around the tent, threatening to take it bodily from the ground. Between three and four o'clock, during one of our intermittent seasons of wakefulness, we discovered that the storm had ceased to be of an ordinary character, and that its velocity had become that of a gale, and rain was falling in torrents.

The fire still burned, but sleep was a thing of the past, and was no companion for the present status of the storm. As we sat or lay, seeking a little solace from the old "dudeen," wondering whether the fire would continue to burn or give up the struggle; whether we should long have a roof over our heads or not, there came a blast from old Boreas lustier than all the rest, and the query was answered, for the north side of the tent resigned its perpendicular, and now laid out nearly horizontal, flapping and snapping with the fury of the gale.

We managed after a little to draw it back to its proper place and to effect a partial fastening. Meanwhile the gale, as if the blast which wrecked the tent had been its climax, had sensibly reduced its force and the rain become light and fine. As the rain fell off and finally ceased, the fire burned brighter and better; we gathered around it, warmed, chewed and dried ourselves, made and drank a pail of hot coffee—'twas all the stimulant we had, 'twas all we needed—and finally concluded that the night hadn't been as bad as we imagined, and we really felt pleased that we had stayed in the tent and not emigrated to a neighboring barn, as had been suggested.

As daylight began to whiten the sky, we started the breakfast, shook out the blankets and placed them where they would dry, loosened the sides of the tent so the wind would draw through and dry that, picked up the loose and stray duffle, and so far as could be got things ready for the final packing.

The kitchen service, meanwhile, had been progressing rapidly, and the breakfast was soon ready—and was eaten with as good an appetite as if the previous night had known no rain and had been visited but by the gentle zephyrs of a perfect summer's night. By the time our friend with the ox wagon came lumbering over the hills, the duffle was dried and packed ready for transportation. Although but a short time had been passed amid the scenes we were about to leave, it was with regret that we bid them farewell. It was separating the last tie which bound us to the wild wood life; it was the end of the vacation; it meant our return to the haunts of men where quiet never reigns, where the eye forever rests on brick and granite, where the air which one breathes is dirty, smoky and laden with a thousand obnoxious smells; a return to the monotonous routine of business, necessary, no doubt, yet often disagreeable. There was one spark of cheer in the gloom of the parting. We might come again. With this thought we even, as man ever does, began to plan for the future. Thus the regrets were softened by the schemes of another trip.

Ten o'clock found us again in Plainville, where two of us decided to once more launch the canoe and paddle up to the station, while the crew went on with the luggage by ox power. It was a delightful paddle that the skipper and his friend had—more pleasant perhaps because of the two days' rest and that it would be the last for six months. One duck we started ere we had long been afloat, but he got off sound; we made ready to give him a warm reception should he in our path again.

Hugging closely the right bank of the stream, the Skipper silently paddled along; many bends we rounded without reward. Finally as the canoe noiselessly sped around a turn particularly short and sharp we almost ran on to her duckship and killed her before her wings had more than left the water. The Skipper doubted the shot striking the bird and rather held that he had killed it with the bows of the canoe. A close investigation, however, revealed the marks of a few shot, so the Skipper gave up the claim.

Too late for the morning train was the word the crew gave as he met us at the landing. We pulled out, interviewed the baggage master, weighed the canoe and checked the same with our duffle for home. The waiting hours were spent in the adjacent fields hunting quail, where some limited success attended our efforts. Four o'clock found us on the train for Providence and home.

All through this little State are a number of trips of like character to be enjoyed. The Pawtuxet, with its two branches, is a river open to canoe travel for quite a number of miles. Its headwaters are easy of access. I am sure a week could be well spent on this trip.

Queens River, the headwaters of Usquefang, Charles and Pawcatuk, as the river is known in the different stages of its journey to the Sound, will float a canoe from Fisherville, near the center of the State, to Westerly.

If this article be the means of interesting other persons in canoeing here at home, then the writer will feel that his object has in a great measure been attained. RHODY.

BROOKLYN C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

THIS event came off Saturday afternoon, May 14, as announced. The Regatta Committee fixed the course in conformity with the conditions governing these races, to be a triangle, and chose that formed by the buoy off Fifty-sixth street, from there in a northeasterly direction to the first buoy off Thirty-ninth street, then out to Channel Buoy No. 20, thence to the starting point off the Atlantic Basin; distance about 3½ miles. The wind was southerly, of sufficient force to give the tiny boats all they could do to carry full sail, and with a promise of increasing force.

Seven entries came to the starting buoy, and were as follows: M. V. Brokay, Canoe 570 (holder of the cup); R. Blake, Kelpie (challenger); J. F. Newman, Sunbeam; H. C. Ward, Evangeline; F. Dunnell, Niente; W. S. Harriman, Nettie; Wm. Whitlock, Guenn. The starter and judge of the course were Messrs. Charles Gould and R. C. Tucker; A. C. A. rules to govern, and race to be called at 4:30 P. M.

Promptly at the appointed time the preparatory five minute signal was given. The tide was ebb and the wind strong southerly, which favored the waiting boats. The second blast of the horn gave the boats one minute to approach the line, and when the final starting blast was given a beautiful start was had, the boats crossing in the following order: Evangeline was first over almost with the blast. He chose the in-shore course, hoping to cheat the tide. He was closely followed by Commodore Newman. The Guenn was third over, followed almost instantaneously by canoe 570. The Nettie, Kelpie and Niente crossed in this order, not far behind, and the run for the first buoy saw few changes. Mr. Ward's curious shaped leg of mutton obstinately remained in front, very closely held by the Sunbeam, which even with a small rig astonished all the contestants.

The first buoy was rounded as follows: Evangeline, Sunbeam, 570 and Guenn close together, Kelpie, Nettie and Niente following. The gybe was successfully accomplished by all, and the reach across the strong ebb tide in the channel and before the freshening breeze soon showed some changes. Sunbeam and Nettie here dropped out, their owners not caring to take chances so early in the season. Guenn before long showed in front, and Evangeline and 570 alternately passed and repassed each other; each one gaining in turn as he took his opponent's wind. Finally 570 established a slight lead and the channel buoy was rounded by Guenn first, 570 second, Evangeline third, and Kelpie and Niente in the order named. The lead boat to windward now commenced in quite rough water, with a favoring tide against a strong afternoon southerly breeze, which gave the small boats all they could stagger under.

All the boats started on the port tack for a reach down the bay; Guenn momentarily increased her lead, 570 was first about and stood in shore, and was soon followed by the others, acting on the principle of not breaking tacks with your adversary, although, as it proved, it would have been better judgment to make a long leg to the southward. For three tacks Guenn maintained her lead, and at one time looked a sure winner, but the other boats, admirably handled by their respective owners, and perhaps aided by her being somewhat overcanvassed in the strong wind, finally passed her almost on the last leg.

The finishing flag was approached by all three boats together, less than 300yds. separating the first and third, and each tearing along under every stitch they could bear. The sight was a beautiful one, and even the usually unappreciative captain of the street department tugs was sufficiently impressed to stop his tow and allow the leaders to cross his bows. Mr. Ward was the first home and came tearing down toward the line, crossing it very nearly to south; 10s. later the Guenn came home, following his lead across the line, followed in 20s. by 570, who, uninfluenced by the example of his competitors, but with that cool head which distinguishes him, rounded the buoy correctly, leaving it to port and walked away with the hard fought for cup. The other two contestants finished as follows: Kelpie and Niente in the order named. The time was 50m. and 10s., second boat 50m. 20s., third boat 50m. 40s.

A more perfect day, a larger and more enthusiastic entry, and a more closely fought race, has never been the lot of the Brooklyn Canoe Club. Nothing but the unfortunate mistake of the Evangeline at the finish marred the day. The cup has been already challenged for again, and will probably be sailed for in two weeks.

The club visit in a body the Field and Marine Club on the 22d, and other cruises are under discussion. Many will go to the Shrewsbury on Decoration Day.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Norristown, Pa., May 16.—The third regatta of the Montgomery Sailing Club was held May 15. Course 5 miles, wind light from the south, making it a run to the buoy and a beat back. The start was made at 2 P. M., the boats finishing as follows:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
Little Tycoon	16.00	4 19 20	2 19 20
Gracie	12.03	4 42 00	2 52 34
E. C. Potts	15.00	4 35 20	2 33 34
Igideous	15.00	4 34 20	2 33 48
Josephine	15.00	4 35 20	2 34 12
Ino	15.00	4 41 30	2 38 05
Cocktail	15.00	Withdrew.	
Flying Eagle	15.00	Withdrew.	

The Little Tycoon carried mainsail of 30yds., and in the run before the wind a 7yds. jib. The Gracie carried 75ft. in main and mizzen, the Ino, a ducker, carried 18yds., the other five boats being Delaware tuck-ups, carried the regulation racing sail of 28yds.—E. A. L.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET.—Newburgh, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Time is flying on apace, and ere many days have come and gone the blazing camp-fires the spring meet will be the center of attraction to jolly canoeists. With us Sing Sing and Decoration Day have become synonymous terms. We not only anticipate the pleasures of the cruise down—that is, some of us do—but we want to see some of the old faces again. We want to see those who made Plum Point a jolly camp in spite of hard stones. We want to see those who indulged in the luxury of shadroe at Rondout. We want to see the jolly faces of many we met at Grindstone. We have friends in Brooklyn whom we would like to see—in New York and Knickerbocker that would find hearty welcome. And if we don't find some Turtles sunning themselves we'll feel lost. Rondout—of course we expect to see them—and Poughkeepsie, too. We also want to see a lot of new faces—from Yonkers, from over in the Jerseys, from all along the line in fact, even from Amsterdam—yes, we want you there, too. We know we are going to have a good time, and we want a grand company to join in the fun. That's what is wanted by the DOCKRATS.

JACKSON C. C.—Jackson, Mich., May 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual election of the Jackson C. C. was held on May 9, the officers being: Com., Sam B. Mettler; Vice-Com., Chas. A. Blair; Sec'y-Treas., John Helmer; Meas., Fred D. Welling; Member Executive Com., Ralph B. Gould. There are now some twenty canoes in the fleet and the club is in a flourishing condition. Your correspondent from Muskegon claims that the Muskegon C. C. made the first cruise on Grand River. This is certainly a mistake. For four consecutive years the Jackson C. C. has cruised from Jackson to Lansing, a distance of about 38 miles by rail but about 90 by river. Our innate modesty has kept us out of print heretofore, but we will try to let you know more about us in the future. —CHAS. A. BLAIR, Vice-Com. Jackson C. C.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., May 13.—The following gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: George C. Forrest, Hartford, Conn.; S. G. Barnes, Syracuse, N. Y.; H. C. French, Northampton, Mass.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y.

THE REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.—The committee on the revision of the A. C. A. constitution met in New York on Saturday and completed a draft of the proposed changes, which will be acted upon at the next meeting.

AN ALLEGHENY RIVER CRUISE.—A correspondent who contemplates a cruise down the Allegheny River this coming summer desires a campanion. Trip to last about two weeks. Address, ALLEGHENY RIVER, Hoboken, Pa.

CANOE RACE ON THE SHREWSBURY.—There will be a free-to-all canoe sailing race for champion pennant, second and third prizes, on the Shrewsbury River at Red Bank on Decoration Day. There are 21 entries at present.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

19. Carolina, Wilmington, N. C.
24. Miramichi, Opening Cruise, Beaubair's Island.
28. Oswego Cruise.
28. Quincy, Club.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
27. Dorchester, 97th Regatta.
30. Cedar Point Opening.
30. Newark, Open, Greenville.
30. Brooklyn, Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Great Head, Winthrop, tri-ply.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.
30. South Boston.
30. South Boston Opening.

JUNE.

2. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
4. Larchmont, Pennant.
6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
10. Dorchester, 98th Regatta.
11. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, New York.
13. Corinthian Annual, N. Y.
14. Dorchester, 99th Regatta.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. N. J., Annual, New York.
16. Portland, Annual.
16. Atlantic, Annual, New York.
17. Dorchester, 100th Regatta.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
25. South Boston Club.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
25. Quincy, Open.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
5. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
9. Sandy Bay, Harwood Cup, Rockport.
11. Empire, Annual, New York.
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

AUGUST.

1. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
1. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Charlotte, N. Y.
2. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
4. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Oswego.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
8. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Kingston, Ont.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
18. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

THE LAUNCH OF THE TITANIA.

IN the ordinary course of things it has generally been the case that when a yacht was launched she was about half finished, and there was still some weeks work for riggers, joiners, painters and crew before she was in commission. It speaks well for the system employed in the yard at City Island that within a short time of her launch the new steel yacht Titania was under way for her trial trip, leaving the ways completely finished, except for the hanging of her board. On saturday afternoon the ways were ready, the sails bent, jib hoisted in stops, and the owner, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, with his family and a number of guests, was on board before high water. The yacht was dressed for the occasion with flags from truck to bowsprit end and taffrail. The bottle of wine was fixed on the forward deck, a heavy shackle hanging over it from a line leading to the after deck. The space for launching is very limited, there being a bulkhead just below the ways; so two hawsers were led to piles on the shore to check the yacht's way if necessary. At 5:20 P. M. the yacht was cut loose and started swiftly down the ways, little Miss Norah Iselin breaking the wine bottle by releasing the line on the after deck. In its fall the heavy shackle struck the hand of one of the crew, cutting it badly. Before the yacht was water-borne the ways struck the mud and she settled heavily on them with a severe shock. She was at once lightened of some of her passengers and lines were carried to the shore and wharf, and by means of one from the masthead she was listed until she could be hauled off. Her centerboard was at once swept into place, mainsail set and jib broke out, and the Titania was under way for her anchorage off New Rochelle.

The correct dimensions of her spars as given in the designer's draft are:

	Ft.	In.
Mast, deck to hounds	53	
Mast, diameter		16
Masthead		10
Mast, diameter at hounds		14
Mast, distance from stem	27	
Topmast, fid to hounds	40	
Topmast, diameter		9
Boom	69	6
Boom, diameter		12½
Gaff	41	6
Gaff, diameter		9
Bowsprit, gammon to sheave	33	9
Bowsprit, gammon to end	35	5
Bowsprit, diameter		12
Spinaker boom	62	6
Spinaker boom, diameter		8
Topsail yards, { diameter, 6in	46	
Topsail yards, { diameter, 4½in	33	

Mr. Burgess was not present at the launch, being in Washington on business connected with the new government vessels.

GENERAL PAINE'S STEEL YACHT.

AT Pusey & Jones's yard the keel, stem and stern of the new yacht are in place, and the frames all bent and partly erected. She should be launched by June 15, after which she will be towed directly to Boston, where Lawley & Son will finish her. The inside work will be of white pine, varnished. The new boat is deeper in body than Mayflower, the extreme draft of 10ft. being amidships, instead of at the heel of sternpost. The beam is 3in. less, and about the waterline the midship section is intermediate between Mayflower and Puritan, showing less flare aloft than the former and more bilge just below water. Near the keel the new boat will be fuller than either of the others. The sheer plan differs but little except in the two points of a clipper in place of a straight stem and the increased depth and rocker amidships. The dimensions, as far as given, are:

	Ft.	In.
Length on l.w.l.	85	9
Beam, extreme	23	2
Draft, extreme	10	
Mast, from foreside stem at l.w.l.	32	9
Mast, diameter, partners		19
Mast, diameter, greatest		19½
Mast, diameter, hounds		18
Mast, heel to cap	86	
Topmast, heel to truck	48	
Topmast, diameter		9¾
Boom	82	
Boom, diameter in slings		13⅝
Boom, diameter, greatest		14
Gaff	50	
Bowsprit, gammon to sheave	38	
Bowsprit, gammon to end	39	6
Bowsprit, heel to end	53	
Bowsprit, diameter		15

LAKE Y. R. A.—FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE fourth annual meeting of the L. Y. R. A. was held at Belleville on Saturday, the President, Com. Biggar, in the chair. There were present Messrs. Biggar, Bell and Robertson, representing the Bay of Quinte Y. C.; Mr. Carruthers, Dr. Simpson and Major Wilson representing the Kingston Y. C.; Messrs. Mott, Phelps and Mitchell representing the Oswego Y. C.; Messrs. Jones, Malloch and Edwards representing the Royal Canadian Y. C.; Messrs. Cartwright, Wallbridge and Worts representing the Rochester Y. C.; Messrs. McGaw, MacMurchy and Evans representing the Toronto Y. C.

The president upon taking the chair congratulated the association upon the addition to their body of the Rochester Y. C. and upon the full attendance of all the clubs at the meeting. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and adopted it was moved by Mr. Robertson that the classification of yachts adopted by the association be as follows:

Class A.—All yachts over 50ft. corrected length.
Class I.—All yachts between 38ft. and 50ft. corrected length.
Class II.—All yachts between 25ft. and 38ft. corrected length.
Class III.—All yachts under 25ft. corrected length.

It was moved in amendment by Mr. Evans that the measurement for class be by waterline length and that the classes be as follows:

Class I., 55ft. and over.
Class II., 35ft. to 55ft.
Class III., 25ft. to 35ft.

It was then moved by Mr. Jones that vote be taken as to whether classification be by waterline length or corrected length, put to the meeting and motion lost. Mr. Evans then withdrew his amendment and the motion of Mr. Bell was carried. It was then moved by Mr. Jones and carried that the club under whose patronage the regatta is being held may make such conditions as to the fusion of classes A and the first class as the club may seem meet, in the event of not more than two yachts sailing in either class.

There was some discussion as to fixing a uniform scale of prizes for all the clubs but it was decided to leave this matter to the discretion of the different clubs.

It was moved by Mr. Worts and carried that the measurers of the different clubs send in the measurements of their club yachts to the honorable secretary of the Association.

Moved by Mr. Phelps and carried that the Oswego Y. C. Code of Signals be adopted as the Association Code.

It was moved by Mr. Evans and carried, that the racing rules of the S. C. Y. C. be incorporated in the new Association book.

It was moved by Mr. Adams and carried, that the clubs be recommended to give a yellow flag with the first prize money, a red with the second and a blue with the third. The flags to be the same shape and color in the three classes, but smaller in first class than in Class A and in second class than in Class I. Each flag to have the monogram of the club presenting the same in the center thereof. The flag to be the property of the yacht winning the same.

It was moved by Mr. Jones and carried that the question of the Association trophies, to be given to the yacht having the best record in each class in the Association regattas, be left to the same committee as that having charge of the matter during the former year. The fixtures for the regattas for season were then settled as follows:

Royal Canadian Y. C., at Toronto, July 26.
Toronto Y. C., at Toronto, July 27.
Rochester Y. C., at Charlotte, Aug. 1.
Oswego Y. C., at Oswego, Aug. 4.
Kingston Y. C., at Kingston, Aug. 8.
Bay of Quinte Y. C., at Belleville, Aug. 11.

The Association then elected its officers for the ensuing year: President, Com. Carruthers of the K. Y. C.; 2d Vice-President, Com. John Leys of the R. C. Y. C.; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, George E. Evans of the T. Y. C. The next annual meeting was fixed for Kingston. The meeting then adjourned.

The delegates and some Belleville gentlemen, numbering thirty in all, were then entertained by the retiring President, Commodore Biggar, at a magnificent banquet, which was done most hearty justice to and at the close of which the usual toasts were given and responded to, the pleasant gathering not breaking up till well on the wee sma' hours.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA JUBILEE RACES.—The Royal Nova Scotia Y. C. has decided upon two days racing, either June 21 to 24 or July 18-19, as the visitors may prefer. The following circular has been sent to all yacht clubs on the seacoast:

"The citizens of Halifax have determined to celebrate the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria by holding public festivities on the 21st and 22d June next. Among other features of the celebration it has been arranged to have a sailing regatta, the preparation for and management of which have been entrusted to a sub-committee. The committee in charge, in the name and on behalf of the general committee of citizens, have the honor to invite the officers and members of your club in the Jubilee regatta. The city offers a silver cup of the value of $500, and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron offers two cups, to be sailed for by all British, American and Canadian yachts. There will be two days' racing, as follows: First day, the Halifax Jubilee Cup, open to all yachts. Second day, 1, the R. N. S. Y. Squadron Cup, open to all yachts over 70ft. l. w. l.; 2, the R. N. S. Y. Squadron Cup, open to all yachts 70ft. l. w. l. and under. Course, about 40 miles. Sailing regulations and time allowance of the New York Yacht Club to govern. Entries to be made on forms which will be forwarded on application to the secretary R. N. S. Y. S. In view of the fact that the date of the celebration is possibly too early to allow of the majority of your members attending it, the committee have been authorized to fix, if found advisable, a later day for the regatta, say the 18th and 19th July, in order to suit the convenience of yacht owners desiring to take part in the races. Will you, therefore, be good enough to inform us at your earliest convenience: Which of the above dates, June or July, would best suit your members? What number of yachts of your club would probably come to Halifax? We would add that a cup will be given for yachts of the smaller lengths, should any such enter. The warmest hospitality and the most cordial reception will, we need not assure you, be given to all visiting yachtsmen, both by the citizens generally and by the members of the squadron. Any further information your members may desire will be gladly furnished by this committee. A. C. Edwards, chairman; W. H. Troop and F. C. Sumichrast.—H. M. WYLDE, Secretary Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron."

THISTLE'S CENTERBOARD.—According to a telegram received from New York, the owner of the Galatea has obtained another rise out of eager reporters, by expressing an opinion that so much secrecy was observed over the construction of the Thistle because that yacht has a centerboard. This news was too much for the equanimity of those who regard the centerboard as an American institution, and cablegrams have been sent backwards and forwards to test the correctness of Lieut. Henn's astounding opinion. Of course a moment's reflection would have saved all this trouble, as, if Thistle is fitted with a centerboard she cannot compete in any British regattas before starting; and, moreover, as she has over 14ft. depth of hold, she must draw at least 13ft. of water, and what would a yacht with such a draft as this want with a centerboard? The centerboard question is still eagerly discussed, and, while British yachtsmen mostly regard it as a mere contrivance for skimming over shoals or for reducing immersed surface when sailing large, Americans believe it to have the virtue of giving special weatherly qualities, which Lieut. Schank and Capt. Shuldham, of the British navy, claimed for it a century ago, when they invented it. How much more weatherly such yachts as Puritan and Mayflower are than Genesta and Galatea seems at present to be a moot point, as none of the matches yet sailed between these vessels have been of a crucial character. So far as the evidence which we published in September, 1885, goes, Puritan had no advantage over Genesta in light winds, but it would be very unsafe to take this as a final test. That Americans, who might be supposed to know, have some faith in the centerboard which we fail to appreciate, seems certain, or otherwise the new yacht now building to compete against the Thistle would not have been given so much board area.—*London Field, May 7.*

DEATH OF A SCOTCH SKIPPER.—Capt. Mackie died suddenly at his residence at Port Bannatyne, near Rothesay, on Thursday week in the prime of life, and without any serious preliminary illness, leaving a widow and four children. Mr. Mackie has been well known over a lengthened period in connection with yacht racing in Clyde, Mersey, Kingston and Belfast Loch. He began his racing career in the 40-tonner Alceste, built for Mr. Hugh Walker, of Greenock, and was in many a famous contest with Norman, Myosotis, Bloodhound, Eritannia and Coralie. After various changes he was in charge of the yawl Condor, cutter Vanduara, and yawl Wendur, all built for Mr. John Clark, of Paisley. When in command of Vanduara he raced her in the Thames, English and Irish Channel, and the Clyde, and secured for the new steel cutter the position of first yacht of the season. Mr. Mackie was an enthusiast in the sport, raced his boat with great spirit, and took pride in having her in the most perfect equipment. A well-known exhibitor at leading dog shows, he more than other man promoted the popularity of the hard-haired Scotch terrier, exhibiting from time to time the very best specimens ever seen on the show bench. Only the other day his well-known champion Dundee realized £120, by far the largest sum ever paid for a dog of his variety. With a brusque manner that was often misunderstood, Mackie was obliging, kindly and admittedly clever.—*London Field, May 7.*

ROYAL THAMES Y. C.—The steamer Norham Castle will accompany the Jubilee race, provided a large enough party can be made up. The *Field* speaks of the project as follows: "In connection with this race, we notice that a steamship company have advertised that they will start a 3,000 tons steamer to accompany the race, taking passengers at £26 5s. per head, the trip to be confined to a fortnight; but fancy paying such a sum for tediously drifting round Great Britain, when a return ticket to New York can be had for less money, with the excitement of an Atlantic passage made at the rate of eighteen knots an hour. Anything more appallingly tedious than dribbling round the British Isles at about four knots an hour it would be impossible to conceive, and we shall be very much surprised if the required one hundred and fifty examples of patience are got together to pay 25 guineas for such an ordeal."

AMERICAN Y. C.—On May 14 the building committee of the American Y. C., Messrs. Hall and Kennedy, broke ground for the new club house at Milton Point, Rye Neck. The house will be in Queen Anne style, 120×60ft., and two stories high, with a circular observatory 30ft. above the roof on one corner. The entrance hall is to be 25×14ft., with a wide, open fireplace at the end and a broad stairway. The parlor will be 40×40ft., dining-room 35×25ft., divided by two sets of folding doors. There will be also a coat room, billiard hall and reading and smoking rooms on this floor. Above will be 16 sleeping rooms, each 12×18ft., with bath rooms, toilet rooms and the servants' quarters. The lower floor will be finished in Oregon pine and mahogany. The 13 acres of ground will be laid out handsomely, and there will be sheds, stables and bath houses. The architect is E. A. Sargent and the contractor W. S. Wittmer.

PRISCILLA.—On May 13 Priscilla arrived off Staten Island and next day went over to Poillon"s yard, where she will complete her fitting out. During the winter she has been laid up at her builders', Harlan & Hollingsworth, Wilmington, where an iron keel has been added. This is of ⅝in. plate iron with a filling between the two sides of 2in. thick cast iron, the whole being 16in. deep at its lowest point. This keel begins about 15ft. from the stem and extends the entire length with a rocker. The weight is about 6 tons and the area 61sq. ft. The centerboard has of course been made deeper to correspond and has also been lengthened 2ft. The mast has been lengthened 3ft. 3in. at the heel and a new boom 1in. larger in diameter and 6ft. longer, being increased so that the sail area will be 540ft. more than last year.

A DINNER TO COM. GERRY.—On Tuesday night a dinner was given at the New York Y. C. club house to Com. Gerry in honor of his return from Europe. Besides many members of the club, Mr. Edward Burgess and Lieut. Henn were present.

FORTUNA has hauled out of the Simpson's dry dock, East Boston, to clean and repair copper. She will sail for England about June 1, under her winter rig, her racing spars being sent by steamer and shipped at Southampton.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—Officers: Com., J. H. Stark; Vice-Com., H. I. Odell; Fleet Captain, H. G. Patten; Sec., W. P. Thayer; Treas., J. H. Stark; Meas, A. Lawrence Kidd; Delegate to the N. E. Y. R. A., F. J. Stark.

MEDUSA, Vice-Com. Centre, has returned from a cruise to New Bedford, and is lying off Bay Ridge. She grounded heavily in coming out of Port Jefferson, but was got off by her crew and proceeded.

DROWNED FROM A CATBOAT.—The body of one of the men drowned by the capsizing of a catboat off Communipaw on April 17, was found on May 11 entangled in a shad net off Robbins Reef.

ROAMER.—The draft of the cruiser Roamer, lately illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM, should be 5ft. 9in., instead of 4ft. 2in., as published. This year she will be trimmed to draw 6ft. aft.

MAYFLOWER.—Capt. Haff has taken command of Mayflower, and she has hauled out from her winter berth between the Beverly bridges and will soon be in commission.

CLYTIE, sloop, of Boston, has had a lead keel of 1 ton added.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The rules given in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 5 for the race on Decoration Day have been found to conflict with those of the New England Y. R. A., so they have been changed as follows, to agree with the latter: This club being a member of the New England Y. R. A., this regatta will be sailed under the rules of that association, with the exception of the fifth class, which does not come under the rules, and in which class only there will be no restrictions in regard to sails or ballast. Sails—Yachts in the respective classes will be allowed to use the following sails, and no others: First, second and third classes—For sloops and cutters: Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, jibtopsail (see note), topsails and spinaker. For schooners: Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib (see note), maintopmast staysail, topsails and spinaker. For cats: Mainsail, spinaker, jib (any size) and topsail. Note—The terms "jibtopsail" in relation to sloops and cutters, and "flying jib" in relation to schooners, have been defined to include any "fore and aft" sail set on the topmast headstay. Fourth class—For sloops and cutters, jib, forestaysail and mainsail; for schooners, mainsail, foresail, forestaysail and jib; for cats, mainsail only. Ballast—"Shifting ballast" will not be allowed under penalty of the boat, and owner of the boat and any other boat belonging to him, being debarred from further entry or participation in a race given by a club in affiliation with the New England Y. R. A., and upon the application of the owner or sailing master of a competing yacht, at least four days previous to the day of the race, the judges shall order a man put aboard a yacht in the same class, said man not to count as one of the number of men allowed by the rules. Twenty yachts have already entered.

BORDENTOWN NOTES.—The shipyard of Mr. Harry Ford presents a very busy appearance at present. On May 5 Mr. Ford launched a cutter named Countess, built by him for Mr. A. C. McElroy, of Beverly. The Countess is 30ft. over all, 26ft. l. w. l., 10ft. beam, 5ft. hold, 4ft. draft, and has a 2,400lb. iron shoe. There is also another cutter building, which will be launched in about two weeks. This boat is to be named the Nydia, and is 33ft. over all, 26ft. l. w. l., 9ft. beam, 6ft. hold, 6ft. draft, and has an iron keel of 6,000lbs. This boat has a very pleasant and roomy cabin, having 6ft. of headroom in all parts. Prof. R. T. Richert, of Philadelphia, is to be the happy possessor of the Nydia. Mr. Ford is also improving the Lark, Minerva and Cora F., of Trenton. The Lark, which Mr. Ford built last year for Mr. G. Whitehead, of Trenton, has had her mast moved about 10in. forward and a general overhauling. The Minerva is having all her spars lengthened and will carry a cutter rig at the next Q. C. Y. C. regatta. The Cora F. is to be generally refitted and made to look like a new boat. As this is not the first work Mr. Ford has done for the Trenton Club, his work must be satisfactory. Two or three gentlemen around Beverly and Edgewater are talking of building and the contracts may come to this city as they favor Mr. Ford's work. Mr. Ford has also turned out a couple of sneakboxes with overhanging sterns, which were fine samples of workmanship.—LOUIS W. WYESE.

EMPRESS.—This yacht which has just been completed for Geo. A. Ballard, was launched on May 10 at 10 A. M. from the yard of Read Brothers, the well known yacht and boatbuilders at Fall River. The Empress is to be yawl rigged and was constructed with a special view—to comfort, as she will be used largely in cruising. Her dimensions are 32ft. over all, 26ft. waterline, 9ft. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft, with 6ft. head room in cabin, which is finished in cypress and mahogany; three swinging berths, similar to a sleeping car, can furnish sleeping accommodations for six persons. She has a toilet room, with set bowl and w. c., and ample room for sails, stores, etc., the planking is of yellow pine full length, without butts, her deck of white pine laid straight in full length; she is painted black with gilt stripe and all her interior and decks are bright finish, her companionway, stairs, bitts, skylight, cockpit, etc., are of mahogany. She has one of the American Ship Windless Co.'s yacht windlass, a complete outfit of Herreshoff phosphor bronze blocks, sails by J. E. Gifford. The steerer is one of Oliver Adams's patent.

SILK AS A MATERIAL FOR YACHT SAILS.—When it was announced some time ago that Irex was to have a silk spinaker, which when rolled up would go through a wedding ring, etc., it was thought that a new expense had been invented for the over-burdened yacht owner. But it seems that the new material is not so very costly after all, and on the Clyde has already, as one might say, become popular "before the event." Messrs. Lapthorne and Ratsey, of Greenock, have already made several balloon sails of the material, and they think it will soon supersede duck for light wind sails, and it is even suitable for small vessels, as it is so close, firm and light. Messrs. Lapthorne and Ratsey are making a 6in. suit of it for Mr. J. Grant's Una, and balloon topsails for the 10-tonners Melissa and Marguerite. Several others are also having sails made of the stuff, which is a mixture of cotton and silk and has been named "Union silk."—*London Field.*

SANDY BAY Y. C.—At the meeting on June 14 the following races were decided upon: June 11, first pennant race; July 9, the Harwood cup; Aug. 1, second annual open regatta; Sept. 3, final pennant race. There will be pennants for two classes, with cash for second and third prizes. The Harwood cup will be the first prize for July 9. This is a fine silver ice service presented by United States Engineer T. T. H. Harwood. The prize for the second annual regatta is a beautiful silver punch bowl and ladle, made by Messrs. Reed & Barten, valued at $105. The second prize and the second class first prize on this day will be the valuable cups presented by the Commercial Cable Company. Arrangements are being made to make this a gala day. The classifications are as follows: First class, 24 to 30ft. sailing length; second class, 20 to 24ft. sailing length; third class, under 20ft. sailing length.

JULIA.—Mr. C. W. Chapin's steel schooner arrived in New York last week, and is now at Poillon's, where her racing rig will be shipped. On Monday she hauled alongside a ship, from the yards of which a fall was rigged, and her masts were lifted out and rigging removed. The masthead iron work was at once transferred to the new sticks. A single round stick will replace the bowsprit and jibboom, being 32ft. outboard in place of 23. The foremast is 7ft. 3in. longer, mainmast 8ft. 3in.; the foretopmast, 26ft. 6in., will be used, but a new maintopmast 3ft. longer will be carried. The new main boom will be 61ft. 6in. in place of 46ft.; gaff, 33ft. 6in. in place of 27ft. 6in. The topsail yards will be 41 and 29ft., and spinaker boom 57ft.

SAILOR'S LANGUAGE.—Mr. W. Clark Russell has done a good service in compiling the little glossary of sea terms which is published under the above title. In a compact little volume of 150 pages he has gathered together a great number of words and phrases in use by sailors. The definitions are clear and simple, and the book will be specially useful to those who, without being technical seamen, are interested in ships and yachts and their literature. It is well illustrated by woodcuts of typical vessels, old and new. Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, London, are the publishers.

MICHIGAN Y. C.—This club will at once begin the erection of a house on Belle Isle, the cost being about $4,000. The officers are: O. W. Baker, Com.; Arthur E. Albertson, Vice-Com.; Fred C. Whitney, Rear-Com.; J. G. Battelle, Sec'y; F. C. Langley, Treas.; Dr. A. Thuner, Fleet Surgeon; Andrew Kramer, Meas. The first four-named officers are members of the board of directors, together with A. I. McLeod, C. D. Joslyn, Capt. Joseph Nicholson, Fred Fayram and S. Dow Elwood.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—Mr. A. J. Forbes has presented a handsome silver cup to the Cape Ann Y. C., to be sailed for this season. The races of the club, as far as dates are set, are: May 30, Gloucester, open club sweepstakes race; June 22, pennant race; July 4, open sweepstakes race; July 27, club race at Magnolia; Aug. 10, pennant race; Aug. 22, open regatta; Sept. 7, pennant race.

THISTLE,—The trial trip of the Thistle was made on the Clyde on May 11, and was vary satisfactory, as she carries her canvas remarkably well. On May 14 she was out again, and on the following day she had a trial with Vanduara, and easily left her. She is reported as very fast in light winds. On Tuesday she was to leave for the Thames, to be ready for the match in May 28.

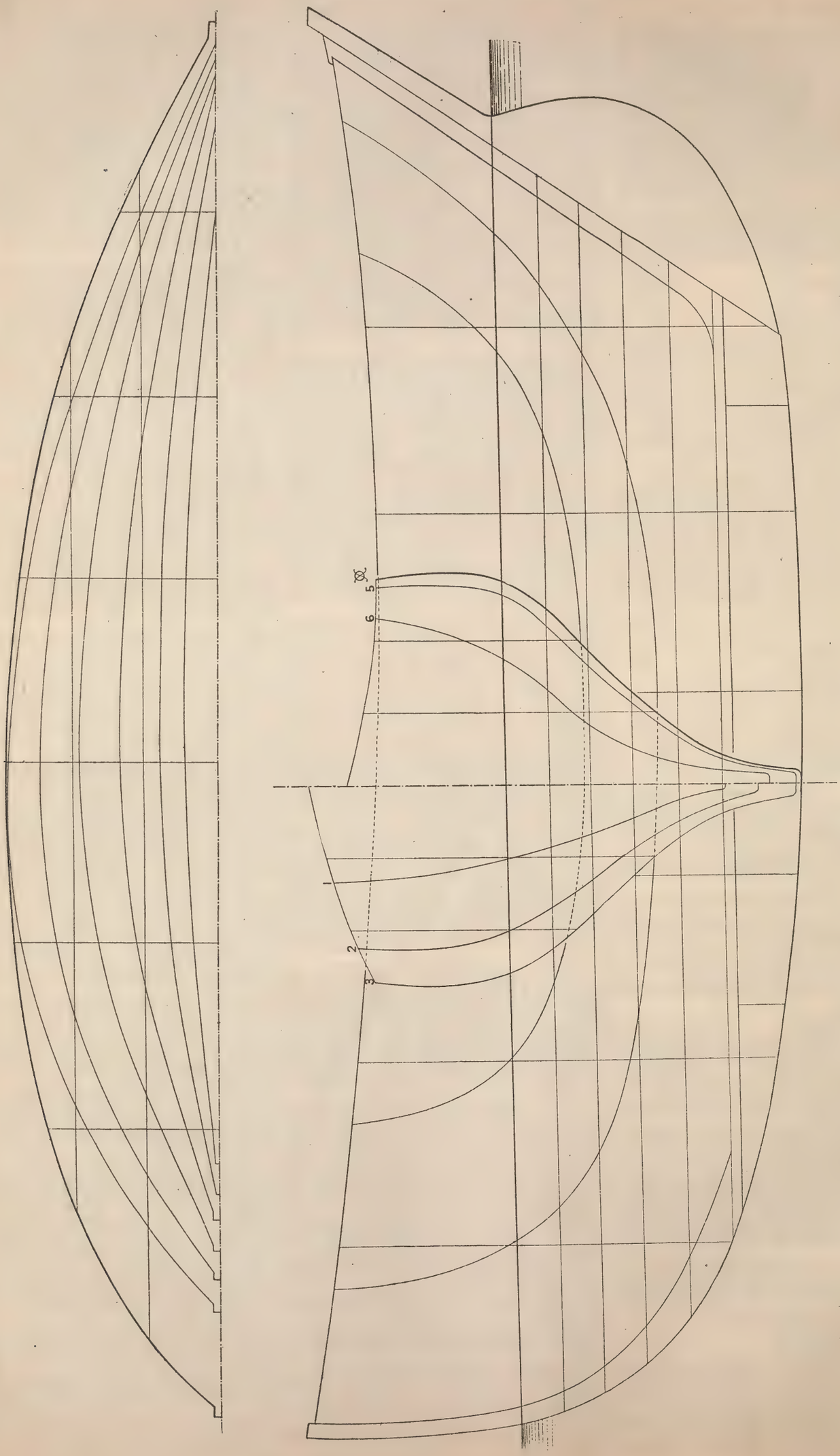
CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Romance, schr., of Boston, has been sold to Col. Granby S. Howard, Port Richmond, S. I. Active, sloop, has been sold by C. P. Kenney to F. C. Fowler, of Essex, Conn.... Wave Crest, sloop, E. R. Rogers, has been sold to G. W. Colding. ...Marie, keel sloop, has been sold by Jas. Hutchinson to W. O. Gay, of Boston.

YACHT HARDWARE.—We have received from L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of Boston, their new catalogue of boats, hardware, blocks and yacht gear of all kinds. The concern is one of the largest in the East, and carries a full line of all materials and fittings used by canoeists and yachtsmen.

MERLE.—This centerboard sloop left Boston last week for Oswego via New York and the canals. Captain Arthur Harding, formerly of the cutter Beetle, will take her out, the owner, Mr. Ames, and a friend, Mr. W. E. Lee, of Oswego, accompanying him.

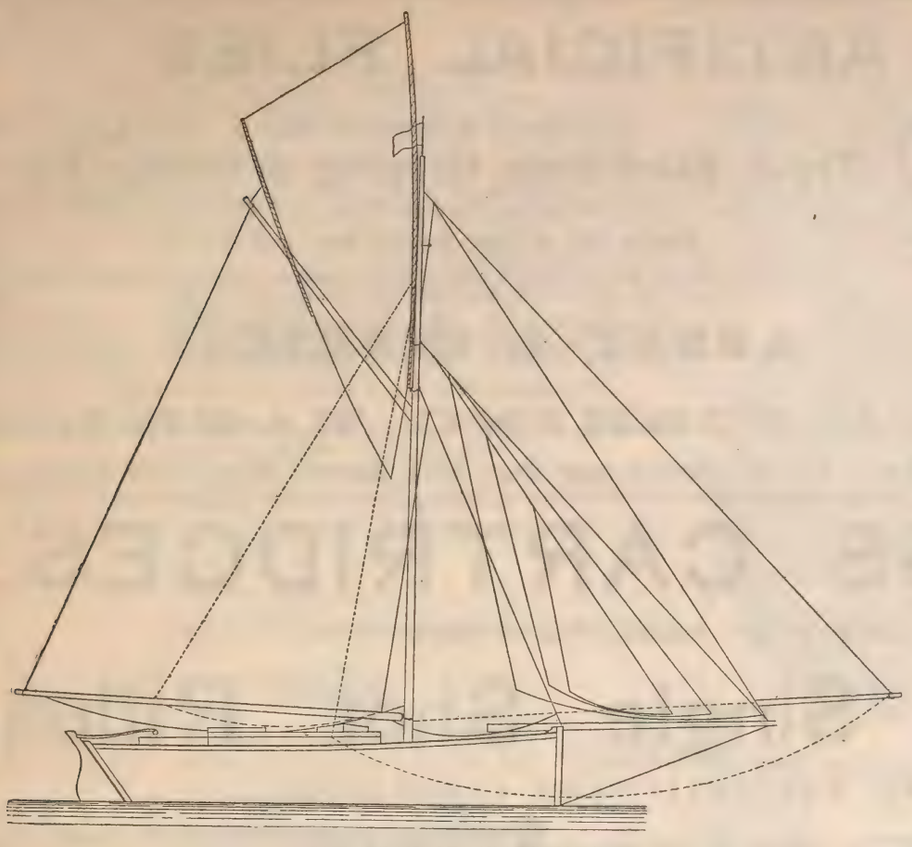
NIRVANA, schooner, Gen. H. W. Perkins, returned to New York on May 5 from a winter's cruise in the West Indies, and has gone to Port Jefferson to refit.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—Capt. Samuels has been invited to lecture before the club on May 20, at the special meeting.



THE SINGLE-HANDER "DABCHICK."—Designed by Chas. Livingston, Liverpool.

From "Yachts, Boats and Canoes," by C. Stansfeld-Hicks.



SAIL PLAN OF "DABCHICK."

THE DABCHICK.

THE book, "Yachts, Boats and Canoes," contains a number of plans of single-hand yachts of various types, the accompanying drawing, which we reproduce from the plates, being the smallest, a boat excellently adapted to the wants of young amateurs. The Dabchick was designed and built by Mr. Charles Livingston, of Liverpool, the designer of the canoe Laloo, and an old correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM. The boat was built by the owner, assisted by two ship carpenters, working only of evenings through the winter. The dimensions are:

Length over all	16ft. 9in.
Length, l.w.l.	15ft. 9in.
Beam	5ft.
Draft	3ft. 8in.
Displacement, tons	1.93
Ballast, keel	16cwt.
Ballast, inside	10cwt.
Ballast, total	1 ton 6cwt.
Mast, deck to hounds	12ft. 9in.
Mast, deck to truck	21ft.
Mast at deck	4½in.
Boom, diam. 3½in.	14ft.
Gaff, 2½	9ft. 6in.
Bowsprit, 3½ outboard	8ft. 6in.
Spinaker boom	17ft.
Topsail yard	13ft.
Jack yard	7ft.

The scantling is as follows: Keel, American elm, sided 10in., moulded 4in.; stem, English oak, sided 3in., moulded 6in.; sternpost and deadwoods of same, sided 3in.; planking, garboard to bilge, ⅞in. yellow pine, bilge to wale, ⅜in. white pine, and wale of birch; frames, American elm, 1¼x⅞in., spaced 7in., all steamed and bent; three oak floor knees, clamps 1x6in., deck beams 2x1¼in., knees and partners of English oak; planksheer, American elm, 3½x⅞in.; deck, white pine, ⅞in.; coaming, American oak, ⅝in.; deadwood and keel bolts yellow metal, latter 1¼in., and fastenings of handmade copper nails. The well is 9ft. long, but may when cruising be closed over by a trunk or hatch 5ft. 5in. long, with skylight and companion, making a snug cabin with 4ft. 2in. headroom and a cockpit 3ft. 6in. long. The sailplan is small even for one man in cruising. Mr. Livingston says, "I use oilcloth on the floor, as it is always dryer than carpet. For sleeping accommodation two iron frame cots which fold up against side in daytime and form comfortable cushions to lean back upon. Each contains a mattress, pillow and two blankets. Cots are certainly the best forms of beds for a small boat. They keep the blankets out of the way in the daytime, and I generally pack my change of clothes in one of them. Two cabin cushions covered with American cloth. One water breaker holding about five gallons. The cooking outfit includes a methylated spirit stove with two lamps, kettle (1½qts.), boiler, steamer, frying pan and small tin pot. All the utensils should fit the holes in the top of the stove and they will not tumble off if the boat is at all lively. I find that the most convenient way to carry the methylated spirit is in half gallon tins; three tins last about a fortnight with two living on board." Full tables of offsets and of blocks and cordage are given in the volume.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—The June meeting of the S. C. Y. C. will be advanced to May 24, the opening of the new club house at No. 7 East Thirty-second street.

VIKING, s. y., formerly owned by the late S. J. Tilden, has been sold to R. H. White, of Boston, for $35,000.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The date for the annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. has been fixed for June 16.

CYTHERA, yawl, W. A. W. Stewart, is at Poillon's for a new rail.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. M.'s query will be answered next week.

E. D. P., Clinton, Mass.—For map write to Colton Bros., map publishers, William street, New York.

W. W. R., Newark, O.—1. Use Express bullets. 2. The Upper Peninsula of Michigan is a good deer country.

A. W. S., San Francisco.—The address is given as Edinburgh, Scotland. You may send by international money order.

FULTON COUNTY, Ky.—Will some of your correspondents kindly inform me through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM regarding the opportunities for sport with rod and gun, available for a single day's outing, to a person residing in the western part of Fulton county, Ky?—C. N. C.

VIM, Hartford, Conn.—I have a setter pup which is being housebroken. I shall be able to give him one week's practice only on quail and ruffed grouse this year, but I can give him almost daily practice on rail after Sept. 1. Would it be advisable to let him have this practice on rail before working him on quail or grouse? Ans. No.

R. M., Freeport, L. I., May 12.—Yesterday I caught a trout out of a stream in which we seldom find one, and this morning while dissecting it I found about 30 matured eggs which should have been deposited last fall, and at the same time eggs forming. Can you tell me how this happens? Ans. There are many similar instances on record. The American brook trout is quite irregular in its spawning habits, and the eggs also vary in size more than any other fish known to fishculturists. The late eggs you saw might be laid, but for lack of impregnation would have produced no fish. They are usually through spawning in February, but in Caledonia Creek eggs have been taken by Mr. Annin in March. As the fish had only 30 eggs left, she had probably laid the rest earlier in the season.

THE TRAVELERS of Hartford advertises what it HAS DONE, not what it is GOING TO DO; it HAS PAID over $11,20 ,000 to Policyholders in settlement of claims.—*Adv.*

MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A few years ago several young men of Galt leased a lake in this county and went into the business of hunting for the market. They were quite successful, and finally struck a scheme which would have glutted the wild game market of the world if rival hunters had not interfered. One morning two of the hunters were coming to the city with a wagon load of game and had just crossed the railroad track when they discovered five dead ducks lying beside the track. "I wonder what killed those ducks?" asked the young hunter. "The telegraph wires, of course," replied his companion. "It very frequently happens that ducks, quail, and other birds which are rapid on the wing are killed by flying hard against the wires." "If that is true," said the first speaker, "why wouldn't it be a good idea to stretch lines of wire across our lake?" It was agreed that the scheme should be given a trial. A block and tackle were secured, and seven lines of wire, 100 feet apart, were drawn across the lake. The young men were up bright and early next morning to see what success they had. They took a boat, went out on the lake and picked up 107 dead ducks. The hunters laid aside their guns, quit purchasing ammunition and every morning for more than four weeks they secured a boat-load of ducks brought down by the small wires. The ducks would come into the lake like a shot, as darkness approached, dive down toward the water with terrific speed, and would be mowed down by the wires by scores. Finally older professional hunters became aware of the "fake" of the young men, cut the wires, and by threats prevented them from being again erected.—*Sacramento Bee.*

After the strikes alongshore were settled and the police reserves were withdrawn Capt. Gastlin obtained a short leave of absence to recruit his health, which had been somewhat impaired by his incessant work. He is a great sportsman and a crack shot. When, therefore, he announced that he was going South to do some hunting, some of his friends begged him to send them a souvenir of his prowess. Among the number was Fire Chief Benjamin A. Gicquel, who was anxious to get a bird. "No matter what kind of a bird it is," said he to the Captain, "if you can only get it alive send it along." The Captain promised. When he got down in Virginia he one day saw a coon. He was lively and went up a tree about as quick as a bird. A light dawned upon the Captain. Here was a good substitute. He hired a negro, got the coon alive, and sent him on carefully boxed and labeled. The animal arrived at the West Tenth street engine house, and the package containing him was opened a few days ago with great formality by Chief Gicquel. The bystanders say that coon went out like a streak of orthodox Jersey lightning, and it took half the engine company to secure him. He was promptly adopted by the fire laddies, however, and was dubbed "Gicquel's bird." A little coaching has given the coon an idea of discipline, and he shows promise of future usefulness. But Chief Gicquel has a little rod in pickle for Capt. Gastlin.—*New York Times.*

While making a call at Zinn's Hill, Salem, N. H., yesterday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Beriah Foster of this city witnessed by far the greatest exhibition of snakes ever coming under their observation. A woodchuck's hole on the farm of Rodney Woodbury had been dug out, and no less than 83 snakes brought to the surface in a torpid state, killed, and hung on a pole to dry. The collection included 78 black snakes, 3 adders and 2 striped. The largest snake measured 5 feet 2 inches in length, and 6 inches in circumference. Combined length of all, 327 feet. This is a big story, but a true one.—*Haverhill (Mass.) Bulletin, April 25.*

INDIAN POACHERS IN MICHIGAN Waters.—"It's a most infernal outrage," said Ed. H. Gilman last evening. "Just think of it! Fifteen of those Walpole Island Indians speared six barrels of black bass, the finest fish in the world, out of our spawning-bed in one day. They are Canadian Indians, and Canada gives them Walpole Island for a reservation. Then they go and lease it to the Toronto club under such strict rules that they cannot hunt and fish on the Canada side, and the blamed miscreants come over into American waters and spear our fish. It would be an outrage at any time, but to spear the fish now, before they have deposited their spawn, is terrible. Mr. Locke, a member of the St. Clair fishing and shooting club, came down on the City of Baltimore today and his attention was called to the six barrels of bass on board. The boat stopped at Bissell's dock, and Mr. Locke came direct to me to tell me the facts. About the time he reached me I received a telephone from Bissell stating that the fish were landed there, and that Joe Bedor had bought the six barrels for $14. I had been talking with Game Warden Smith at the Russell House, but I went back and laid this case before him. He was as much incensed as I was, and said he would look up the law of the State in the morning and see if there was any statute under which he could arrest the miscreants. If not he would proceed against them under the fishing treaty. He said he was determined to stop the practice of people from other States and Canada coming into Michigan and carrying off our fish and game. I tell you he is a good one. The State Sportsmen's Association has been working for eight or nine years to get laws that would protect our fish and game, but we had no one to look after them, and the state has been invaded by everybody. But now Gov. Luce has given us a man who is energetic and active; who knows his duty and will perform it. I estimate that those six barrels of fish represent about 10,000,000 black bass that would have been hatched from the spawning-beds in a few weeks more. Every man who has heard of it says it is outrageous for those Canadian Indians to come into our waters and take our fish in this manner. They cannot do such a thing on the Canadian side, and the game warden will see that they do not trespass on us in the future. A bill has just passed both branches of the Legislature, and only wants the signature of the governor to become a law, that will help to put a stop to this business. It makes the finding of fish in the possession of any man out of season prima facie evidence of a violation of the law. There is no doubt that the governor will sign it and that it will soon go into effect." Mr. Gilman was very earnest in his denunciation of the outrage on the part of the Indians and the man who encouraged them by buying the fish. He was not alone in his sentiments, but was warmly indorsed by several other sportsmen who heard the conversation.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Few people are aware of the fact that a life was lost in the destruction of the residence of Mrs. Carr; but such is really the case, and there is genuine mourning among the members of that once happy household. Their favorite house-dog Tip, so well known in this city, although taken repeatedly from the burning building, persisted in returning, until the cruel flames cut off his exit and poor Tip perished. Not many years ago, by the sagacity of this same dog Tip, a conflagration which might have proved quite as disastrous as the one we are now chronicling, was averted. Through the carelessness of a servant, the fence and side of the store in rear of Mrs. Carr's residence caught fire in the dead of night from an ash-barrel. Vigilant, watchful Tip saw the danger and set up such a howl of distress that the attention of Edwards House guests was attracted, and by them the fire was subdued. It was regarded then as a most fortunate escape, and to faithful Tip was accorded all praise and glory. While dropping a tear for poor old Tip, it is gratifying to know that our friend Joshua Blake succeeded in saving from the flames his famous dog King who with his kind master has crossed the wide ocean seven times, and is perhaps more widely known at fashionable resorts than any pet dog.—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Weekly.*

A private letter from Naples to a London correspondent contains the following: "If you like dogs you will be pleased with the annexed: At Ceriano a poor fellow who lived by hawking milk was buried under the ruins of his cottage a little way out of the town. As he usually set off on his rounds before four A.M., every one believed he was safe, but he too had celebrated the end of carnival by taking a little wine, and had slept late. His large dog, which used to drag the milk cart up the mountain roads, smelt out his master, and began to scratch away the rubbish until he laid his master's head bare, which was covered with wounds. Then the dog began to lick the wounds; but finding that the bleeding continued, and comprehending that he could not dig further, he ran off and seized by the coat the first individual he met, who, thinking the dog was mad, got loose and ran away. But a second person, guessing what the animal wanted, followed him, and consequently the poor milkman was released from his dangerous position. The Minister Genala paid him a visit, and found him with his head bound up under a tent, with the faithful dog lying beside him.

A remarkable illustration of the puzzling migratory habits of the herring has just been observed on the southwest coast of Norway, at the so-called Jæderen, between the towns of Stavanger and Egersund. This district used to be one of the richest herring-fishing grounds in Norway during the spring, but about twenty-five years ago the fish suddenly and completely disappeared from the coast. Last month enormous shoals once more came under shore, first "striking land" at the same spot as in former times. The quality of the herring is exactly the same as it was twenty-five years ago, and the shoals were accompanied by numerous "herring" whales.

THE KIND OF BIRD HE IS.—A "best on record" of an unusual kind has been made at Baberton, Cape Colony. An artist named Woodcock played the piano for twenty-four consecutive hours "without breaking harmony." During the twenty-four hours Mr. Woodcock took no other refreshment than some beef tea and an occasional cigar. He finished in capital condition, and subsequently performed at two music halls, at one of which he was presented with a gold watch and chain and the evening's takings.

The other day a portly, dignified-appearing gentleman walked along the street towing a pug dog by a leather leash. Near the Post Office the dog slipped his collar and left, but the owner walked on calmly and entered a neighboring store, holding the leash with the collar at the end as if the dog was there. He was well inside the store when he noticed the empty collar, and the next scene was a portly form moving rapidly up street looking for a dog that belonged on the other end of the string.—*Providence Journal.*

A wren has built her nest under the eaves of a car on a South Carolina railroad, and makes four trips over the road every day. The bird pays no fare, and does not appear to be entitled to a pass under the new law. Respectfully referred to the interstate commission.

When calkers or shipcarpenters are cut by an adze or other sharp tool they immediately bind the wound with oakum saturated with spirits of turpentine. This is a favorite remedy aboard ship, too.

San Diego fishing parties report fat takes. The barracouda bite like mosquitoes and pull like whales.—*San Francisco Alta.*

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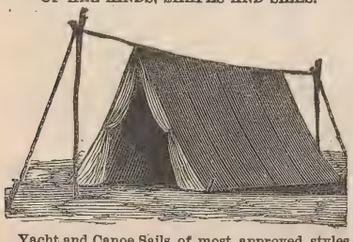
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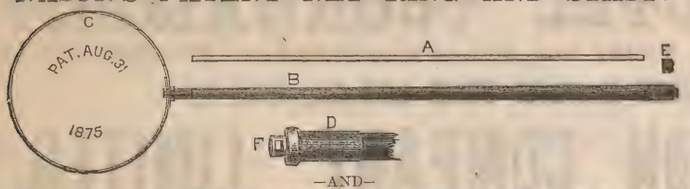
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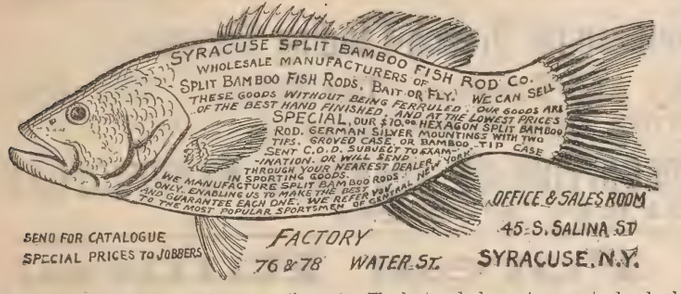
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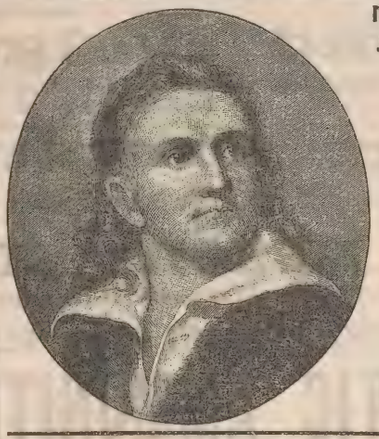
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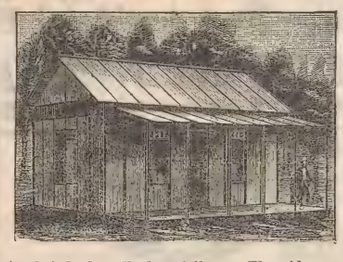
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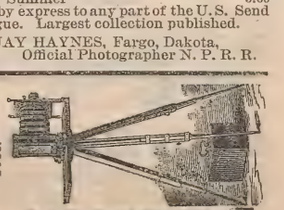
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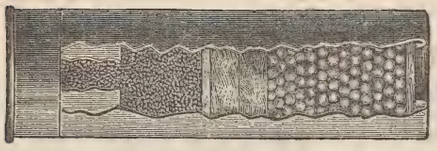
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Small imported pug dog, sire of many winners. Stud fee $10. (A.K.R. 3758). Particulars and pedigree, JAMES BOWDEN,

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NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1887.

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AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

AMONG the treasures exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History, perhaps nothing is more striking than the new exhibit of birds in their homes recently put on exhibition. This material consists of eighteen cases, in each of which is shown a mounted pair of birds with their nest and eggs and all their surroundings modeled after nature. The striking fidelity with which these surroundings are shown is explained by the fact that they are exact reproductions of the actual ground, leaves, shrubs and grass, on or over which these identical nests were found.

In the case of a ground-nesting bird, the soil is taken up in a block, and with everything upon it is transported to the museum, where impressions of all the perishable parts, such as green leaves, grasses, the soft parts of plants, etc., are taken, for reproduction by Mrs. Mogridge, in a composition which, to the eye, exactly represents the original vegetable material. This having been done, the block of soil is imitated by such a perfect representation as to mislead the most keen observer. Then it is placed upon a base or in a box. The models of the vegetation and the eggs and nest are put in position, and the birds, mounted in life-like attitudes by Mr. Richardson, the taxidermist of the museum, are placed on the ground or in the branches, and the whole thing is complete, and in a glass case might last a thousand years.

In the case of tree-nesting species, the shrub in which the nest was placed, together with the subjacent soil and all that was on it, is brought to the museum and treated in the same way. The leaves and flowers of the plant are reproduced, and the whole case seems like a little bit of the forest removed to the museum. A long description might be given to each of the eighteen cases which contain the different species which are here shown, but the cases themselves must be seen to actually appreciate the truth of these exquisite bits of nature.

The species represented are most of them our familiar birds: the robin, wood thrush, brown thrasher, song sparrow, field sparrow, swamp sparrow, seaside and sharp-tailed finches, yellow warbler, worm-eating warbler, red-eyed and white-eyed vireos, Louisiana water thrush, redstart, cardinal and rose-breasted grosbeaks, clapper rail and oven bird.

These beautiful scenes are but a beginning of what it is intended to show later on in the American Museum of Natural History. The birds are not to have a monopoly there. Arrangements are now on foot for representing the smaller mammals in their homes in the same way. An effort will be made to obtain specimens of these mammals and their young, as well as sections of their burrows, nests, or houses, so that visitors to this museum may see something more than the mere dried skins which ordinarily stare out of the cases in stiff and unnatural attitudes. It is purposed to give a representation, so far as practicable, of the life histories of these creatures, which will be far more interesting than any other method of showing them.

In order that this may be done as speedily as possible it is desired that specimens, or rather families, consisting of the male, female and young of each species be sent to the museum, together with their nests and their surroundings. In the case of burrowing mammals a section of the burrow should be sent, or, if the distance be not too great, the museum on notification will send a skilled person to secure and attend to the transportation of the material to the museum. The species especially desired at once are the following: mink, otter, skunk, woodchuck, gray rabbit, badger, muskrat, chipmunk, jumping mouse, star-nosed mole, common mole, white-footed mouse, and shrews.

Any of our readers who may have facilities for obtaining such specimens as those referred to, and who are willing to assist in so useful a work, are requested to communicate by letter with Mr. Jeness Richardson, American Museum of Natural History, New York city.

SHE DID IT.

THERE are some things for the full enjoyment of which a preparatory and reconciling experience is necessary. The glorious and exhilarating sport of water-killing deer at arm's length is one of them. The greenhorn, rowed up to his first deer, is quite likely to exhibit a bit of squeamishness. To pour a charge of buckshot into the struggling creature somehow goes against his grain; it is even on record that a certain clergyman, called upon to shoot an exhausted deer in the water, found it impossible to bring himself to the task.

An incident resembling this occurred on an Adirondack lake one September day not long ago. A city lady had heard her brothers brag so much of killing deer that she resolved to try it herself. They put her into a boat with a guide; the hounds drove the deer into the water; the boatman headed off the animal, quickly rowed up to it and directed the huntress to shoot it. "Oh, I can't. Let it go." "If you don't," he replied with an oath, "I will." And she shot it.

BOSTON NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

BOSTON has again come to the front with special enterprise to meet the rapidly growing needs of yachtsman. The Eastern Y. C. has decided to sail a second regatta in August and will endeavor to secure the continuation of the N. Y. Y. C. cruise to Marblehead, and as an extra inducement the Boston *Herald* has offered a $1,000 cup as a prize for the large single-stickers. Not to be outdone the Boston *Globe* has arranged for an open regatta for all yachts of 40ft. and under, to be sailed off City Point on June 25. The details are in the hands of the South Boston Y. C., the expenses being borne by the newspaper. Prizes will be offered for fishing boats in a class apart from the yachts. While Boston papers are actively booming yachting in this way, where are New York's great dailies, which were so loud in the praise of ocean racing last January; what are they doing to help yachting? The *World* is just now engaged in the promotion of ballooning, a system of navigation that might be adapted to all parts of the country, even where yachts are unknown, but this sort of navigation is far less important just now than that which keeps alive the national interest in the pleasure and merchant marine, and the construction of fast American vessels. Perhaps when it has provided the denizen of dry land with a means of transport by which he will be independent of the railroads, it will turn its attention to the needs of New York yachting. There is a good opening just now in organizing an open race for small craft about New York, or for a special race for the first class yachts, and the other papers might find excellent opportunities for the investment of any surplus cash in similar directions. Certainly they owe much to the yachtsmen, who furnish them with pages of news in the dullest season, and they should not be slow, with the example of the Boston press before them, in making a suitable return in a manner that will aid materially the interests of New York yachting.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN another column will be found the text of the new Wisconsin law which makes the killing of many species of small birds for millinery purposes a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $100. Of this fine, one half shall go to the school fund and one half to the informer. The purpose of this law is most excellent, and it is hoped that it may do a great deal of good. It is open, however, to two most serious objections. On the one hand it will be difficult if not impossible ever to prove that any bird killed was killed for millinery purposes; and, on the other, a great number of birds which deserve protection are omitted from the enumeration of the species forbidden to be killed. The futility of enacting laws dealing with the intention of the possible misdemeanant has been so often shown that it is scarcely necessary to speak of it again. It is impossible to prove the motive which actuates one who commits a wrong. That motive can only be inferred. The killing, except for certain specific purposes, should be absolutely forbidden.

Our columns contain two instances of fishcultural success, which should be conclusive to our German friends who have been listening to croakings from Russia to the effect that the artificial propagation of fishes is a delusion. Here are two instances in which rivers have been stocked with species of fish which never existed in them before, and now they are found there in numbers. One of these instances is the introduction of shad on the Pacific coast, and the other is that of the salmon in the Hudson. The attention of our German friends is called to these facts, for they have been worried by the attacks of a Russian who, having failed in breeding fish, denounces all fishculture.

On Friday last Governor Hill gave a hearing to those interested in the bill which recently passed both houses of the Legislature authorizing the building of a fishway in the State dam at Troy. The opponents of the bill are the millers and the Troy Hydraulic Co., who have leases of the water, and claim that a fishway would be an injury to them. It was pointed out that the bill was not in the interests of sportsmen, but for the public good. The Governor said that the bill did not limit the size of the fishway nor recognize the rights of the lessees, and recommended that it be amended so that the size should be fixed and the time in which fishways should remain open.

Spratts Patent, of this city, received a cablegram yesterday from London announcing that a £10 cup would be given for the best foxhound owned by an American exhibitor at the forthcoming Jubilee show of the Kennel Club; and in another column is announced the shipment of a number of fox-terriers to be entered at that show.

The AUDUBON SOCIETY now numbers more than 32,000 members. The civilized barbarism which the Society was organized to combat has not been wholly abolished, but the outlook now is very different from what it was a year ago; and there is every encouragement in the new aspect of affairs.

Spring grass plover shooting, and potting on the ground at that, is the variety of sport indulged in in Texas in May. The justification put forward is the common one that migratory game must be taken whenever it can be.

There is good salmon fishing at Bangor, Me. Last Monday a New York angler took a fish of twenty-two pounds after a struggle of thirty minutes. On Tuesday twenty salmon were scored.

The weather yesterday was most propitious for the fly-casters at the Harlem Mere tournament, and in this respect the change from autumn to spring has proved to be a most sensible one.

The FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy will be competed for next Monday by gun clubs representing fifteen States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

HALCYON DAYS.—VI.

AFTER a week of exceedingly cold weather, during which time the ground had been whitened by a light covering of dry snow, which in turn was drifted by the keen blasts of wind from the more exposed places into every nook and corner that would hold it, leaving exposed bare knobs and patches of yellow earth and ice, the sun, which had not shown its face through the dense gray veil of clouds that covered it, came out once more in short intervals of brightness, only to hide itself again, as if alarmed at its boldness in intruding upon a scene so dreary; but gaining courage after several more efforts, came out again in longer periods, until its influence began to be felt more strongly, and Boreas finally gave way, conquered, as it were, by its very gentleness. But in spite of the sunshine, which seemed powerless to do else than to give the scene a more cheery aspect, the atmosphere remained cold and raw, and those who had been allured from their homes by the pervading air of warmth and cheeriness, quickly found themselves disappointed, and returned to seek the more genial comforts of the fireside. Some, however, failing to realize their anticipations of a pleasant day, as if prompted by a mutual desire for companionship, had found their way into the little store, and were gathered in comfortable positions on the benches or stood watching the progress of a game of checkers between two players, one of whom, to judge from the frequent facial contortions of Waxy Latin, sitting on the edge of the counter above them, was making some very bad plays. There being an established rule that no outside influence, either by word or gesture, should be permitted during the progress of a game, Waxy, whose sympathies seemed to be with the poorer player, moved restlessly on his seat, unable to further conceal his impatience, and when an unlucky move on the part of his favorite gave his opponent a chance to turn the tide in his own favor so effectually as to win it, his feelings, no longer controlled, gave vent to a disgusted "A-w-a-w, gol durn it! why didn't ye move the other way?"

While the players were arranging their men for the commencement of another game, an individual whose presence had hitherto been unnoticed, owing to his position in an obscure corner, attracted by Waxy's exclamation and the chuckling laughter of the bystanders over the result, arose and shambled up to the outside of the circle, where he stood listlessly watching the board and the players. He seemed to take little or no interest in the game, his purpose evidently being to feel that he was in company and surrounded by spirits more genial than his own. His features bore many hard lines of dissipation, which, mingled with a presumptuous expression of self-importance, made him noticeable as a character in the village. Among his associates at the tavern he affected a pomposity of manner and speech, probably an inheritance of bye-gone days of prosperity and affluence, that ill became his general appearance; and being their superior in point of conversational and argumental ability, his tongue once oiled with liberal potations of "bug juice" ran in such unceasing strains of vulgar eloquence as to call forth the plaudits of his listeners and frequent demands upon the bar, though seldom at his expense. He was never known to get drunk, as the term was understood, that seemed impossible, for he had acquired a reputation of swallowing more whisky and standing up under it, or around it, than any other man in the vicinity. Here among his fellows he was considered a jovial, jolly good fellow, and almost a necessity to the life of a crowd who were willing to pay for his drinks for the sake of hearing him talk. But alas, for those who knew him best, at home his disposition was anything but what it appeared away from it. Neither did he presume too much upon the good nature of the company he was now in, for it was different from his choice, and he was satisfied to let his special talents remain dormant as far as possible rather than risk the chances of an unequal wordy collision with those whose argument he knew were better fortified than his own. At the tavern his voice would have been most conspicuous. There he felt that he stood upon equal ground and nothing would have pleased him more than to enter into a discussion on any subject, substituting a presumptuous familiarity for any deficiency in knowledge. Such was the appearance and character of Bill Carter, Chip's stepfather, who, for reasons best known to himself, had strayed away from his usual haunt and drifted into better company.

As the new game proceeded and the bystanders discovered that the principals were only ordinary players, their interest began to abate, and one after another casually withdrew from the circle to indulge in neighborly chat. Even Waxy, who had been called from his perch to serve a customer, did not see fit to return to it and remained on the opposite side of the room, where he sat industriously chewing his cud of spruce gum, stopping long enough, as Bill Carter shuffled over his way to inquire, "Wal, Bill, haow ye makin' aout these days? Duin anything naow?" And receiving the rasping, dignified reply he had expected.

"N-o, I have found nothing yet that suits me. Times are very dull, very dull indeed."

"Why, hev ye seen Mart Dewpew? he's bin lookin' 'raound fer men the last tew weeks, he's got a big contract with the railroad company to furnish 'em with I d'no haow many cords o' wood 'n' he's 'fraid he can't fill it. Ye c'n git an all winter's job with him, 'n' good wages, tu."

"Yes, Mr. Depew wanted to engage me. His terms are pretty fair, that is, as far as wages go, but he don't want to pay until spring, except in store orders. I prefer cash; cash, you know, Mr.—ah—Latin, is a very necessary consideration in these hard times, especially where one has a family to support."

"Wal, ye see, Mart can't pay cash till he gits it, 'n' he won't till he gits threw with his contract. I sh'ld think it 'ld be better 'n nothin'. Ye haint done nothin' all summer, hev ye?"

"W-ell—ah, nothing to speak of. I have been a great sufferer with dyspepsia and am consequently not able to do much manual labor. I would be very glad to help Mr. Depew out if he had some—ah lighter employment than chopping wood. I would not object to a clerical position, now, but of course Mr. Depew has nothing in that line. I think, however, that I will see if he can't provide something for Chip; you have no idea what trouble that boy has caused me, Mr. Latin."

"Wal, I don't thing he's causin' ye much trouble naow, 'n' I'd advise ye tu let him be where he is, 'n' ef I was yu I'd try 'n' set him a better example 'n loafing 'raound the tavern all the time. It's gol durned—" Waxy was growing indignant, and it was perhaps fortunate for Bill's peace of mind that he was interrupted before his feelings carried him beyond the pall of reasonable expression. The door opened, followed by a rush of cool air that caused Waxy to turn his head in time to discover Old Shack in the act of closing it after himself. Bill Carter, whose manner had begun to cringe before Waxy's unexpected tirade, was glad enough to take advancage of this opportunity to sneak back out of sight in the crowd which he evidently found unsuited to his taste, for he soon deserted it and was seen no more that day.

Chip Mason awoke early, and, casting his eyes toward the bark roof over him, discovered traces of daylight breaking through the cracks; but, not satisfied with his long night's sleep, drew his blankets closer about him and turned drowsily over on his side preparatory to a short snooze before rising. As he did so he noticed that the fire had been kindled in the stove and both Old Shack and Snap were absent. This was sufficient to fully arouse him, and, throwing off his covering, he swung himself feet foremost over the side of his bunk and began pulling on his boots, an operation that occasioned not a little tugging and kicking, for they were, as usual, frozen stiff and hard. While he was puffing and blowing over his exertion and kicking against the door post in his efforts to get them on, there came sniffing and pawing at the bottom of the door on the outside, and in a moment more Old Shack pushed the door open and Snap bounded in, nearly knocking Chip over as he jumped against him in his joy at seeing his master up; but Chip, who was more interested in the occupation of getting his heel beyond the sticking point than appreciative of the brute's affection, only rewarded him with an impatient "Git out, gol darn yer!" as he made a vicious, but unsuccessful, kick with the boot at which he was tugging.

"Hurry up 'n' git yer gun," said old Shack, "'n' I'll show ye as purty a shot as ye ever seen, I cum back after it 'n' tho't I'd surprise ye, but seein' 't ye 'r up yu'c'n hev the chance. Is it loaded?"

"Yep," said Chip, as his obstinate heel went to the bottom of his boot with a chug. "Wat is it, mushrats?"

"No, ye'll see purty soon ef ye hurry; ready, wal, cum on."

Chip got his gun, making so much noise in his excitement that Shack found it necessary to caution him. "Don't make so much noise 'r ye'll scare 'em; it's only a little ways f'm the shanty." Chip followed a short distance behind the old man, who proceeded cautiously until he came to a large tree, which shielded him from the view of what he seemed to be seeking, then turning he beckoned to Chip to come up, and as he drew near pointed to a limb of another tree a few yards away and whispered, "See 'em?"

"O, gosh! look out the way," and Chip nervously pulled at the old man's coat to get him out of the way.

"Hold on now, don't git excited 'r ye'll spile the fun; better let me shoot 'em."

"No-o, no, I c'n do it."

"Wal, then, rest yer gun on my shoulder 'n' take good aim. Be careful, now," he whispered, as he stooped, grasping the tree to steady himself, and Chip placed the gun on his shoulder. "Give 'em a side wipe 'n' ye'll rake 'em all off."

Half a dozen partridges were sitting in a row on the limb that Old Shack pointed out. He had discovered them while going down to the scow and hurried back to get the gun. Chip's hands trembled violently as he cocked the gun and it seemed to him as if he could never get it to bear on the right place as he took sight across the barrel, but while he was trying to steady himself his eye caught the movement of one of the birds' heads as if about to fly and he determined that the next time the muzzle wabbled on to the flock he would pull the trigger. It did a second later and with a sort of blind desperation he fired. Before the smoke cleared away Chip had dropped his gun and ran forward, and as he saw first one and then another of the birds fluttering on the ground he shouted as he made a dash for one that began to run away with a broken wing, "O, gosh! O golly! I got 'em all!"

"No ye ain't; ye ain't got that one yet," said Old Shack as the bird made a sudden turn and slipped away from him. "I seen two on 'em fly, 'n' thet one ye'r after won't be got onless ye'r purty lively."

Chip was bound to have it, however, and made a headlong dash just as it darted under a small bunch of twigs, and catching his foot on a projecting root fell flat over it, where he lay, afraid to get up, for fear it would get away again, until after fumbling around he caught hold of one of its wings and pulled it out dead. His weight had killed it.

"Ye made a purty good shot, anyway. Here's three," Old Shack said, holding up those that he had gathered while Chip was after the wounded one. "Purty good morning's work thet."

It was certainly a genuine pot shot, and one that would be greatly deplored, at least on paper, by the average sportsman of to-day; but neither Chip nor the old man thought of anything but the glory they had achieved, and Chip was so proud over it that he nearly forgot to pick up his gun when they started back to the shanty.

Breakfast was a simple affair with these two campers, and it was not long in preparation or dispatching. After Chip had washed the dishes and set things to rights, he stepped over to where Old Shack sat smoking, and picking up one of the birds, began to stroke its feathers and admire its plumage. Finally, after a thoughtful silence he said: "I wish mam had one o' these; I'll bet she ain't had nothin' 's good in a long time."

"Wal, there ain't no reason why she can't hev one. They're yours, 'n' ye c'n give 'em all tu her ef ye want tu."

"No, two of 'em 'ld be enough ef I c'd git 'em to her, but I dassent go home on account o' pap. Mebbe I c'ld git Waxy to send 'em up, though."

"I've bin kinder thinkin' o' goin' down tu the store this mornin' ef ye don't mind stayin' here alone. It looks 's ef it 'll be a purty nice day, 'n' one of us 'll hev tu go down soon, any way. Tell ye what," as an idea struck him, "I ain't afraid o' yer pap, 'n' I'll stop 'n' give 'em to her."

"Will yer? That's bully! Say, don't let pap see 'em, 'n' tell mam I shot 'em, will yer? Gosh, won't she be glad!"

"Yes," said Old Shack, laughing, as Chip hustled around trying to find a string to tie the bird together, and, picking out two that had the brightest plumage, he soon had them ready. Then the old man drew on his heaviest coat, and taking Chip's woollen comforter wrapped himself up about the neck and ears, was ready to start. "Better not go fur f'm the shanty," he said, as he opened the door; "but ef ye want to look fer them other partridges ye might find 'em down near the eddy somers. I don't think they went fur." And Chip was left alone.

Old Shack found Chip's mother busily engaged at some light sewing that she was doing for one of her neighbors to gain means to help provide her scanty table, and assuring himself that her husband was not around, presented the birds, faithfully delivering Chip's message in regard to their capture, and by way of encouragement added that Chip was "doin' well 'n' 'll make a man tu be proud of some day." Mrs. Carter accepted them gratefully, while the tears welled in her eyes and her voice almost choked her as she replied: "Oh, I'm so glad he has such a good place to stay. I know he is safe with you, and if you will advise him he will follow it. Here is something," she said, placing a small parcel containing a pair of heavy woolen socks in the old man's hand, "that I have been keeping for him until I could send to him. Tell him I will send him some more as soon as I can make them."

"Wal, I'll take 's good keer o' him 's I kin this winter, 'n' ef he strikes out right in the spring he'll git a start. I'd ruther he'd learn some other kind o' business 'n trappin', 'taint no kind o' business fer any one 'cept an old chap like me 't aint good fer nothin' else. I think ye c'n rest easy about him, tho'." With this assurance he left and proceeded to the store where, as he entered, he was greeted by Waxy with: "Wal' I'll be durned! Haow d'ye du, 't's good fer sore eyes tu see ye. What fetched ye daown?"

"Wal, ye see, I run out o' tobacker, 'n' they say 't nobody keep 's good tobacker 's Waxy Latin; so as one on us hed tu come, I tho't I'd stretch my legs a little, seein' it's sich a nice day. How be ye, Joe, John? Why, Bill, ez thet you? I ain't seen ye in a dog's age. Ye'r' lookin' well." This to Bill Carter, who had tried to retreat, but being cornered, could not decently escape the old man's conciliating hand. "Why—yes; that is, what is left of me, so to speak. I was just telling Mr.—ah, Latin, here—" But just then Old Shack was taken in hand by another of the party, and Bill Carter's grandiloquence was cut short before he could conclude his stereotyped tale of imaginary complaints. When the final handshaking was over, Waxy said: "Set daown, old man; set daown 'n' make yerself tu hum."

"No," Shack returned, "I ain't goin' tu stop long. I jist tho't I'd run in 'n' see how ye was 'n' git some tobacker. I ain't much 'f a hand fer comp'ny, ye know, 'n' I want tu git back. Mebbe I'll be down agin 'fore long."

"Wal, come whenever ye kin," said Waxy, as he handed him the paper of "Cut and Dry" and picked up the change; "ye're always welcome."

When Old Shack arrived within hearing distance of the camp he heard the sound of axe blows, as Chip was engaged in chopping a supply of firewood, and as he drew near Chip dropped his axe, and, picking up an armful of the wood, stood waiting until he came up. "Did ye git them other partridges?" the old man inquired.

"No," he said, "I couldn't find 'em. Did yer see mam?"

"Yes, 'n' I seen yer pap tu; but he wan't home. Here's suthin'," he continued, as they entered the hut and Chip threw down his armful of wood, "'t yer mam sent ye, 'n' she sed she'd send ye some more 's soon 's she could. Ye got a good mother, Chip, ef yer pap ain't what he ort tu be."

As Chip unrolled the package and discovered the socks that he knew was of his mother's knitting, he could not speak for a few moments; but when he finally regained his speech he said, as he began to fondle Snap's ears, whose head was lying in his lap, "By gosh! I'm goin' ter git some more partridge, an' I'll take 'em to her myself, pap or no pap."

J. H. B.

Mansfield Valley, Pa.

WEWAHITCHKA.

COLUMBIA, Ala.—Nearly parallel with the broad Apalachicola, in Calhoun county, west Florida, is a fine body of water, variously styled Chipola, Dead, or Wewahitchka Lake. It is about 20 miles long and from 2 to 4 miles wide. It is formed by a considerable stream, the Chipola River. The lake swarms with black bass, rock fish, sturgeon, trout, shell cracker (the finest of all the perch tribe), bream, sucker, jack, cat, loggerhead and soft shell turtles and some alligators. Fishing on the lake is superb from April 1 to June 1 and from October to January. In the winter months myriads of nearly all the varieties of ducks, swan, geese and brant, and many smaller wildfowl flock to its feeding grounds. There are turkeys, deer and wildcats in abundance, with a bear occasionally met. The lake seems practically inexhaustible, as nature has provided it with all the accessories that go to constitute an incomparable fish hatchery.

Annually, for five years, the writer has spent a week in May catching the finny beauties, and during his last visit, May 1 to 7, the fishing was much better than usual. The water is clear and soft, and being near St. Andrews Bay a sea breeze is almost constantly blowing. The nights are cool and bracing, the country healthy; in fact there is everything necessary to constitute a sportsman's paradise. There is no sport in Florida where a few weeks could be more comfortably spent than on Lake Wewahitchka. You will find comfortable hostelries on either side of the lake, kept by J. Glen, R. M. Carter, Miss Hunter, and many others, where a guest can find all the home comforts and the best sport.

Should parties from the East desire to spend a while here in winter or spring, they could take cars and run down from Savannah, Ga., to Chattahoochee Junction, and then by steamboats to Iola, which is within two miles of the lakes; and parties from the West could go by New Orleans, Mobile or Pensacola, and to Chattahoochee and by steam to Iola.

VIATOR.

BEE HUNTING.

ONE warm and sunny afternoon, while swinging in my hammock under the shade of a wide-spreading maple, partly dozing, partly meditating, I was aroused by a cheery voice, "Capt, do you want to go bee hunting?"

I sprang out on the lawn and looked at my interrogator and answered "yes" in an instant. Six feet and over, tall and straight as a poplar, hawk-eyed and sinewy, and one of the best shots with a navy revolver I ever met, Morris Brandigee was a man you would delight to look on. I had met him in the woods while hunting not long before, and the attraction was mutual. He was out after rabbits, and had two in his game bag when I met him and had nothing in his hand but an old navy revolver—not much of a hand. "Do you shoot rabbits with that?" "Oh, yes; I walk them up; they're quite plenty round here; after they get under headway I give a whistle, the rabbit stops and I pop him through the head." Though I did not tell him so, I imagine my face expressed incredulity. "Do you see that knot on that tree?" he said, pointing to a gnarled oak 15yds. away. He drew his revolver, cocked and fired on sight, and the ball struck it square in the center. "That's the way I kill my game." "Well, Morris seeing is believing."

So we sat down on a log and had "a multiplicity of talk." I had said "I don't mind hunting rabbits, but I never hunt foxes." "Why not, Capt?" "It sounds very captivating," I replied, "to talk of the brilliant throng of horsemen, the high mettled steeds, the music of the hounds, the rush and sweep of the men over a five-barred gate, the dash of the dogs, reynard straining every nerve in his gallant fight for life, and all that; but I was hunted down by hounds near Savannah, Georgia, in the last unpleasantness, and I have never seen a pack of hounds since without a curious sort of sensation coming over me, nor a fox without feeling a genuine sympathy for him." "Well, come and go bee hunting with me," replied my guide. And so it all came about. Making our way leisurely over to a field abounding in wild flowers not far away, and bounded on its we tern slope by an extensive wood, Morris produced a sardine box partly filled with honey, laid it down on a rock near by and awaited results. "It won't be long before you'll see one of the little fellers tackle it." And so it proved. Buzz, buzz. We watched the busy worker fill himself up, which he soon did, and the next instant he was off like a flash. But the keen eye of the hunter followed him in his flight, as he said, "We will watch him when he comes back."

"When he comes back? Why how can you tell one bee from another? How do you know he will return?"

"He will be back before long Capt, and he will bring some of his friends with him. Catch one and dust a little flour on him and you will easily distinguish him."

"He'll get up and dust," I answered.

"Yes, that's it."

In a few minutes several bees were humming around the box and going through the same process of loading and flying off, Morris watching them intently all the while and noticing the direction in which they flew. Presently he took up the box and moved forward a hundred yards toward the woods, then put the box down and again awaited the result. I became very much interested, for I have always been a great admirer of the "busy bee," though practically I know more about "double Bs." There was a continuous line of workers coming and going, and I myself could p ainly mark their flight now for some distance.

"They're over in those woods and I guess we had better be moving," said Morris, so we took up our line of march, crossing the meadow over the fence and into the woods we plunged, my guide stopping occasionally and watching the flight of the bees. Finally he stopped, and pointing up to the top of a high tree, said: "There they are. Confound it! I hate to disturb the little fellows"—a feeling in which I heartily shared. He made his arrangements for the attack. First he made up his mind where he would "lay the tree," which he explained to me was cutting it in such a way as to make it fall as he desired; then he prepared his smudges to smoke them out, and then he set to work. What an axeman he was, to be sure. In an incredibly short time the tree nodded, tottered and came down with a crash. The smudges were lighted and applied, and springing up on to the fallen tree and showering down blow after blow, surrounded by swarms of the insects whose habitation he had so ruthlessly destroyed, he worked away as calmly and expeditiously as if their presence was unheeded, and soon laid bare a large amount of honey. For my part, as I looked on this scene of wholesale destruction I felt sorry enough for them.

> I've been an old soldier in my day,
> And taken part in many a fray,
> And in the "on to Richmond" fight,
> Put in and fought with all my might:
> But when these bees in countless horde
> Buzzed round my head, upon my word,
> I might as well own up and say
> My first thought was to run away.

"Captain, you've got good grit," said the old hunter as he pegged away. "Before now I've seen many a feller take to his heels."

I thanked him and said: "I proposed to fight it out on that line. But do they never sting you?"

"Oh no, Capt, I don't know when I've been stung. Never, well, hardly ever. I don't get 'het up,' and the bees don't attack me."

He was so cool, so quiet, so self-contained, that I do not doubt his way of accounting for it was the true one. Taking off the covers from two large tin pails which he had brought, and working in the same quick and quiet way he soon transferred the contents from the tree to the pails, and gathering up axe and revolver, we made our way out into the clearing. Twenty or thirty pounds of honey were the result of the hunt. I wish I could recall all the incidents he told me about bee hunting. When he had found a bee tree, as he often did out in the woods, he would mark the tree with a large M. B., and according to the law of the woods, no man would touch it.

"Well, yes, I have had a man steal my honey, but not often." Once out in the woods he came across a swarm of bees flying overhead. On the impulse of the moment he fired off his revolver and the whole swarm circled around and lit. "Some feller from York" had been out with the old hunter and had overpowered him with questions, not being able to see how the thing was done at all, at all. "I told them I generally carried a spool of thread, which I tied to the bee's hindleg, and then paid out on him, as a boy flies his kite." "You don't say so! I should think the bee would get entangled." "Ah, you don't know their wonderful instinct. Besides, they fly in a bee line." "Oh, yes."

"Well, Morris, old fellow, I owe you a thousand thanks. I have been very much interested in this novel hunt, and I can now say I've hunted bees, bears and butternuts."

"Yes, and been hunted, too, Captain."

By this time the shadows were creeping over old Showangonk. Reaching home, my friend gave me as much honey as I could carry. I did not insult him by thinking of offering him any compensation, and with a "Confound it, Captain, I hate to destroy the little fellers," and a hearty good-night, we parted.

CAPTAIN CLAYTON.

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

CONCERNING HERBERT.

IT has been said that of the dead no evil should be spoken. Yet, if anything is said, the truth should be told, for overpraise is as mischievous as dispraise.

One who will always be held in high esteem as an honorable sportsman and a graphic delineator of sporting scenes, seems sometimes overpraised by those whose youthful enthusiasm was first kindled by his glowing descriptions of field sports, and whose oracle he became. Indeed, he is almost deified by some of them, who deem it rank heresy to speak of him a word that is not laudatory.

He was assuredly an honorable sportsman, a man who despised pot-hunting and scorned to kill game or fish out of season, or by means that he thought unfair. And with all the strength of his pen he endeavored to make Americans understand that field sports were no vagabond pastime, but good and wholesome recreation, and to convince our people of the wisdom and justice of game and fish preservation. For these things let all honor be accorded him.

But as a writer on field sports and all pertaining thereto, he was almost always dogmatic and prejudiced; often superficial and inaccurate. What he asserted no man must presume to gainsay; what was not in accordance with English usage was unworthy his approval. By force of circumstances he became a bookmaker, and as bookmaker's work is apt to be, his books on game, fish and kindred subjects are inaccurate, superficial and contradictory. His arguments against the possibility of breech-loading shotguns ever coming into general use and favor are amusing reading in the light of these days, and so is his unfavorable opinion of the finest game bird of the Eastern States, the ruffed grouse, of which he evidently really knew but little, though a little more than of the Canada grouse, judging from the alleged portrait of that bird in his "Field Sports." One would think that at the time this book was written he might have informed himself better concerning the Rocky Mountain goat than to have confounded it with the bighorn, and that by taking ordinary pains he might have given a portrait of so common a fish as the pike-perch that he would not have been obliged to acknowledge in the appendix to "Fish and Fishing" as grossly inaccurate. But he had set about making a book of so many pages, apparently with very little care for the real worth of its contents. The nine pages of "Jasper St. Aubyn" given in "Fish and Fishing" remind one most unpleasantly of the advertising chapte s put forth by the story papers, "for the continuation of this thrilling story see *Graham's Magazine!*" In "Game Birds in their Seasons" he says that the bittern, known in some parts of the country as the "bluttery bump," "never booms, blutters nor bumps," when there is not a Yankee boy born within a mile of a marsh who has not heard the strange note of this bird in the spring!

He sneers at "the prowling backwoods gunner," abominates wild turkey hunting, reviles, as he ought, the wretches who crust-hunt deer, but writes pages in praise of the noble sport of killing yarded moose as practiced by the officers of Her Majesty's troops then in Canada. Calling a turkey within shot of an ambushed hunter is characterized as pot-hunting too mean for a sportsman to engage in. Perhaps it is; but if it is, why is not the calling of moose to an ambush, and why not a word in condemnation of the practice? The killing of more turkeys than a "backwoods gunner" knows what to do with is wanton butchery. Not so the killing of ninety-three moose "during a short hunting tour" by a party of twenty-three officers, nor the killing of seven moose in one day by a friend of Herbert's. "On these occasions immense sport was realized!" In short, his prejudices are so unreasonable, his inaccuracies and misstatements so frequent as to almost destroy one's faith in him on any point. Yet people who ought to know this continue to proclaim him the great and shining light of sportsmen's literature, and demand that all shall acknowledge him as such. They have given him too exalted a place, and they ask too much when they ask that all sportsmen shall join in unqualified praise of their idol.

In his writings concerning the outdoor life with which his memory is most intimately connected, there is not much that shows him to have been the close observer of nature that his opportunities should have made him—and that he should have been before attempting to write with any authority of the lives and habits of beasts, birds and fishes. The example of his own life is one that it would profit no man to follow. That troubled life is ended; let him rest in peace, by no means dishonored, but not more honored than his works and life deserve. VETERAN.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SNARING bill was introduced for votes, not "farmers' boys," and before long the woods will be full of snares and empty of game, and we must turn off into other States or else hire the right from these boys to shoot over their land and pay them not to snare. As long as votes can be gained and poli icians sustained just so long will our laws be a farce and game will be at the mercy of every jackanapes who wants a seat on Beacon Hill. With the present low prices for guns and the existing tendency toward still lower prices, why can't these much abused farmers buy guns for their boys and teach them how to use them? The short-sighted land owners only see one side of the matter, and have not the wit to encourage the increase of game and charge so much per gun that shoots over their land. A well-stocked farm in this way would gain more pin-money for the boys in five years than all the snares in ten.—E. B. (Boston).

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

PRAIRIE DOG HABITS.

TO those who have never traveled over the prairies of the great West, a prairie dog village would be a curious and interesting sight. To begin with, the ordinary prairie dog of Montana is a species of rat (a member of the rodent species), is about 13in. long, with tail 4in. more, and a most interesting little creature considered in every way. The color is a light reddish, cinnamon brown, of different shades, which will be found quite handsome upon investigation.

Prairie dogs are always in fine condition, fat, healthy, and prime for broiling. Nobody ever saw a lean prairie dog. They are an exceedingly social set, always living together in large families, and always carrying on some sort of gossip or conversation from the tops of their dirt mounds. They feed on insects, plants, grass and prairie clover. By the Crows and other Indians in this latitude they are called "wish-ton-wish." They build up little conical mounds around the entrance to their domiciles, on which they sit and chatter to passers-by in the most nonchalant and independent style. When danger approaches they tumble helter-skelter into their holes and disappear from sight. These little fellows are active, playful as kittens and very prolific. Some of the villages run up into the tens of thousands, notwithstanding the ravages of rattlesnakes and wild animals, who live for a great part on prairie dog diet. The flesh of these rodents is fat, tender and juicy; excellent food, as most of the Indians hereabouts will testify. I remember in the summer of 1881, while traveling over the Powder River country, of passing through a single prairie dog village which extended for 18 or 19 miles in length, not to speak of width, as on either side the village stretched out as far as the eye could see in the distance. This particular colony must have contained a million or more inhabitants.

On the prairie back of this fort, at the base of a group of bluffs rising perpendicularly out of the plain, is a large prairie dog town. It is quite a flourishing community and has been increasing in population every year. As this particular village had selected a bare and arid plain for a home—fully two miles from the river and no water in sight—I was curious to learn in what manner they obtained moisture; if, in fact, they needed or obtained moisture at all. Two or three of us started in one day to investigate the matter; but before getting half started found it a harder job than anticipated. We dug down some 13 or 14ft., but still there seemed to be no end to the tunnel. Upon going a few feet further, however, we found the descent sloping off into a subterranean horizontal channel, and in a few minutes more the mystery of the water question was solved to our entire satisfaction. We came upon a well, which proved that the industrious little rodents actually dug for water like any other white man. This also answered the puzzle why rattlesnakes always seek out the prairie-dog holes for a home—first, because the snake is too lazy to build a home for h mself; second, rattlesnakes must have wat r, as they perish without it; so, when far back on the prairie, distant from river, creek or water hole, the lazy rattler discovers the hole and takes this means of satisfying the necessity; third, nothing suits a rattlesnake better than to sup occasionally on nice young, tender prairie dog pups, and so that explains why the rattlesnake and prairie dog inhabit the same dwelling. The burrowing owl is another loafer who lives at the expense of the industrious prairie dog, and, like the rattlesnake, does his part in looking after the census of his landlord. It is an interes ing and instructive sight to watch these animals while at work building a home. One family occupies each "hole in the ground," and all assist in the general work of preparing it for habitation. One of the party (usually the oldest and father of the family) will commence with his forepaws and scrape away with such vigor and vim that it will be sent in a perfect shower above and behind him. When he gets down a little way he steps aside, sits on i is haunches much like the domestic dog, and another takes up the job where he left off. Each takes a turn at pawing. When the dirt begins to pile, some of the others gathers it in their paws and throw it further to one side. These underground galleries often connect, so that a large village may be in perfect communication below the surface. They are somewhat like the bees in laying aside stores for a rainy day, so to speak.

If investigation were to be instituted, no doubt it would be found that these underground warehouses contain hundreds of tons of hay, roots and grasses. In nearly every village, too, there is one dog larger than the rest (somewhat like the queen bee of a hive or the horse mackerel of a school), who is the president of the republic. He bosses the rest and lives by the fruit of their labor. Within a mile or two of Miles City (on the other side of Tongue River from here), in fact, on the site of the old town where the Yellowstone steamers used to land, is one of the largest and most progressive prairie dog villages in the whole Northwest. This village goes on thriving and prospering notwithstanding its proximity to civilization. The citizens of Miles City pay little heed to this curiosity almost at their doorsteps, because they are too busy rolling up wealth for themselves. Any one visiting Miles City should make it a point to visit the spot and see how a real, live prairie dog village looks.

It is now settled beyond all question that the prairie dog hibernates. That they migrate annually is not so certain; yet a circumstance that came under my own personal observation not long since would perhaps throw a little light on the matter. I have heard that there is a colony of black prairie dogs somewhere down in Nebraska or Colorado, or possibly Wyoming. Now I have been pretty well acquainted for some years past with the individuals composing the dog town back of this fort, yet I never saw until this year a sable prairie dog in all my life. I discovered one this summer and only one among all the hundreds who inhabit our neighboring town. This little fellow is almost jet black, though on the flanks the color is a rich dark brown, while under the belly it fades into a dirty cream shade. The tip of the tail is white and the tip of the chin is grizzled or gray, showing our new-comer to be rather advanced in years. I have never seen or

heard of another specimen being seen north of the forty-fifth parallel.

There is no doubt that with the gradual extermination or rather thinning out of the destructive wild animals in the Territories, farmers and cattlemen of the West will have just as big a job on their hands to get rid of the prairie dog pest. The former were a nuisance in their way, and the latter bids fair to be just as bad. If any one will stop a moment to think and consider facts, they will soon find that the prairie dog is multiplying at an alarming rate instead of retreating before the advance of civilization, and that the little pest is emigrating there can be no possible question; but the curious part of the matter is that he is migrating east instead of west. They meet civilization half way, and unless checked are certainly going to get the best of it. Man has destroyed wolves, badgers, panthers, rattlesnakes and other reptiles and animals which have preyed upon prairie dogs, and now the prospect in store is that the vast free ranges of the West, instead of being a cattleman's paradise, will before long become a veritable verdureless desert. Draw a line from the Red River of the north, south to the Gulf of Mexico, and you mark the present boundary of prairie dog emigration. Scarcely a dozen square miles of the immense territory west of this boundary is without members of the prairie canine or wish-ton-wish family. A few years ago the line was somewhere back in western Nebraska, Kansas and Indian Territory. When it is possible to get grain it is foolish to suppose that the little pests will feast on dry roots and grass. Western people are alive to the danger, and scarcely any Western paper is without an ad. to the effect that prairie dog poison is sold by so-and-so in unlimited quantities. It won't be long either before the Territorial papers will be offering a bonus and free strychnine to all who will use it freely and to some purpose. Cattlemen are aroused and they have good reason to be. On the ranges they are particularly dreaded, because they not only destroy the grass, leaving the prairie as bare as a billiard ball, but their holes are a constant source of danger to the reckless coyboys who are always galloping over the plains rounding up and cutting out beef cattle. Many a lariat swinger has been violently hurled to the ground and seriously if not fatally injured by his pony unwittingly plunging into some gaping prairie dog hole. It takes all the romance out of cowpunching after you get a fall or two and perhaps a sprain calculated to lay you up the balance of the season.

It is very funny to watch a tenderfoot fresh from the States, who has the reputation of being the crack shot of his locality, attempt to shoot a prairie dog sitting bolt upright on the summit of his mound. Experience teaches that it is better to aim 6 or 7in. lower than usual, although the reason for the deception is hard to explain. A man from the States, too, if fortunate enough to "plug a mug" as the saying goes, cannot understand why, nine times out of ten, the tarnal little miscreant escapes. It is sufficiently clear to those who know, because they are aware that the dying struggles are used in making their escape, and which, although shot to the death, is generally accomplished by wriggling and squirming back into the barren holes they call home. Prairie dogs are easily caught, that is, if you known how to go about it. Simply pour enough water into the aperture until the half-drowned creatures poke their heads out, then with a gunny sack or something else of the kind held ready, it is not a hard matter to make prisoners of a few. After being caught and kept awhile they become somewhat accustomed to civilizing influences, and you will find it not such a difficult matter after all to tame them like as you would a squirrel, rabbit, or some other animal *feræ naturæ*.

J. M. Trimble.

Fort Keogh, M. T.

VICISSITUDES OF COLLECTING.

In an 1886 number of the *Ornithologist and Oologist* a very amusing article was written by one "J. M. W.," entitled "Pleasant." Nearly every collector has during his tramps more or less of these pleasant experiences. (He is a carpet naturalist if he don't.) Pleasant, perhaps, to look back upon, but not quite so delightful when viewed from the present tense. It is remarkably reviving after you have spent three-quarters of an hour shinning a smooth stub, barkless, and with none too many limbs, your poor body nearly blown inside out by your exertions, to gaze upon, instead of the handsome set you had hoped—expected to view, a solitary, dung-bespattered egg.

Take it in early June. Suppose you are out for a tramp and mark the fresh hollow of a downy woodpecker for future reference, a nest of the chewink with unfinished complement, and a tanager's poor excuse of a home containing a pair of beautiful eggs. Passing that way a few days later, you stop in to investigate the sapsucker's domicile, when lo! the hole has increased in size since your last acquaintance, and you mutter, "Boys!" and mad you are as you scale the wall, and down your heel comes on to as handsome a set of oven birds as you ever saw—that is, provided you are good enough judge to tell what the mess resembles. Disgusted, you pick yourself up, and after getting together, make a circuit, and after tacking right and left to get rid of that vile creeper, the "stop-a-bit" or "tear-all," as it is sometimes called, reach the little grove of scrub oaks, where you thought the tanager's nest was. But where is it? That is a query which the owner can answer better than yourself. And so I found myself gazing ruefully at the transparent platform of fagots, which was all that was left of what was once a nest. A valuable experience had been taught me, which I would, however, have gladly exchanged for the unhatched chickens I had been counting on. Moral: Never trust a tanager. "All is not gold that glitters."

The chewink's nest was the only one left me now, my only hope, I thought, as I crossed the sluggish creek which wound through William's back lots, and after descending a series of cascades transforms into a delightful little rivulet and at last empties into the river. On my chewinks I was not destined to be so badly disappointed as in the former cases. Here I had the punctured shells to show me that the loss of the eggs was not the cause of my own verdancy. This work was done by that miserable fellow, the bluejay, thinks I, but just you wait old boy, I'll pay you with interest when the chance offers. Later in the season a Wilson's thrush's home, for which I had made room in my cabinet, was also waited on by one of the rascals, but we gave him tit for tat by taking his own nest hard by.

Is there anything more aggravating than after spurring your way up a seventy-foot chestnut to find a trio of savage little buteos in place of the pretty set you had pictured? I think there is, for when the old lady swoops down and gives you as hard a crack on the head as she did to one of my companions, the fun in collecting eggs of *lineatus* looks decidedly obscure. On Rocky Hill, a sort of magnet in our collecting trips, we were once besieged by a pair of brown thrushes that kept up such a Bedlam of alternate chattering, scolding and crying that an inquisitive member of the party was tempted to see what such a fuss could be about. The thrashers led him to the densest tangle I ever had the luck to gaze upon. He tried to thread his way in the intricate mazes, but the further he got the more tangled up he became, and giving up all thought of the thrashers and all else except free air, he tried to back out. The wait-a-bit clung with surprising tenacity, and with his snuff-colored hunting jacket he resembled a fly in a cobweb as strongly as anything the imagination can picture.

In my spring collecting rambles I was led, with my two companions, to the borders of quite a body of water, where those dainty little warblers, the blue yellowbacks, were said to breed. Starting on our first morning at sunrise, we slowly sailed up the river, with the help of a slight southwest breeze, to where, I confess for one, we expected to "strike it rich." There seemed to be no scarcity of bird life. Red-winged and crow blackbirds were nesting by the water's edge, the latter invariably in some bush or tree. Now and then a heron of the pokeshite variety sailed over, lazily flapping its wings. Three sheldrake bound due northeast passed over within rifle-shot, and blue yellowbacks in the wet and swampy thickets lisping their *zeepy-zeepy-zeepy-zeep*. Not long had we been on the river when a nest was spied in the crotch of a maple bough overhanging the water. The ascent was quickly made, but after the limb had been partially severed it was found impracticable to reach the mossy home without the use of a forked stick. Measures were being made to procure one when the fearless female put in an appearance, and, oblivious of the fact that the branch was well nigh separated, entered her abode. Her tiny weight was sufficient to precipitate the contents to the water below. Then, elated as she seemed, her happy little song came grating from her throat, and we had no doubt but that she had an inward satisfaction at seeing us thus baffled. We could have encored, but felt a little too blue. We were partially appeased, however, by another nest low down in a huckleberry on the opposite side of the stream, containing the full complement.

The next discovery was a gigantic oak, draped with usnea, some rods away on a meadow. The marsh looked treacherous, but seeing cows feeding at no great distance I resolved to try it, and after some circuitous maneuvering succeeded in reaching the desired tree. A nest with contents secured, I started back. In returning I was not so lucky as on the previous detour. I tried to take the same course, but luck was apparently against me. Several times I was immersed to the hips in pure muck. My chief function was to keep the nest and its contents from danger. I had no box and the way they went up above my head when I sank would have made an ordinary martyr enviable. The boat at last reached, I was pretty well blown and wanted to get off my leaky rubber boots which were pumping water after the manner of an "improved centrifugal." My specimens were forgotten, and one of my companions admiring the architecture of the bird's nest, was greatly interested in the way the skillful little creatures had woven the bottom of the fabric. So the eggs took a trip to the thwarts, and the fresh yolks only made things more aggravating. We felt like getting out of the unhealthy region, so took advantage of a breeze which had sprung up and sailed out over the breakwater into the lake. Our troubles were not yet ended, however, for when we were reaching the wharf my companion was seated on the gunwale and the captain (my other companion), who was somewhat of a novice, made a slight blunder, and you all know what is liable to happen when she gibes, nautically speaking. Suffice to say my friend considered that he never had a better chance to sound the lake, which he did in a manner that gave him a good deal of credit.

An incident now occurs to me in which a green sportsman figured pretty strongly. I was out for "most anything" and would have given "most anything" to have bagged above all things some duck flesh. Singular to say my wishes seemed about to be gratified. I slowly rowed my fishing boat across the lake, and as I was rounding a little promontory I saw a fine male old squaw reposing in the sand not 15yds. away. I quickly concealed myself behind a huge pudding stone and tucked in two No. 4s and arose. There he lay as large as life and I was sure of him. But somehow he looked so comfortable that I took compassion on him. So I took a long aim and he never budged. He's dumpy, think's I, so I'll stand out in broad sight and give him some chance. So I drew another bead on him and there he lay as motionless as any decoy you ever saw. After seeing what kind of wood he was made of I left the clever image for the shot of some hunter who should show himself as unsophisticated as I had proved to be.

A. H. C.

Taunton, Mass.

Grouse and the Snow Crust.—There can be no doubt that "Pine Tree" (Agawam, Mass.), in Forest and Stream of May 5, is correct when he states that he does not think that ruffed grouse ever get crusted in. In confirmation of this, I give the following information received from a friend and hunter whose accuracy I will vouch for: "When camping on the Nashwalk (a branch of the St. John) a number of years ago, I snared a spring partridge by a noose, which I threw over his head by means of a long pole. It was a very pretty cock, and I determined to carry him home with me, as I was about leaving in a few days. The crust at this time was so very hard that I could walk on it without snowshoes anywhere. I cut a square hole in this crust near my camp and trod down the snow in it, so as to make a roomy spot for my bird, which I put in it, covering him with the square piece, which I made fit in as a cover. On top of this I placed a heap of snow, and felt sure that my captive was safe. To my astonishment on returning at the expiration of two hours and a half I found that he had left. He had worked his way for about 3ft. from the hole, following where the snow was softest, and made a hole in the crust, through which he regained his liberty. The work had probably been done by his active bill."—Edward Jack (Fredericton, N. B.).

CARIBOU NOTES.

Fredericton, N. B.—As regards the female caribou having horns, it is a matter of frequent occurrence, but not an universal rule by any means. Gabe, the Abenaqui hunter, who resides opposite this city, tells me:

"When I first remember, caribou were very plenty in New Brunswick. When about fifteen years of age I first went out with the hunters, we then seldom saw on the plains less than fifty caribou a day. The best place for them was on the head of Cain's River, one of the branches of the Miramichi. They are yet tolerably plenty there. Formerly they remained on the barrens; now they seek the green woods more. This is owing to the great number of forest fires of late, which have burnt away much of the white moss on which they feed. They are also very fond of the black moss, which grows on the branches of the tamaracks and scrubby spruce trees which surround the barrens. For the white moss they will dig three feet beneath the snow. I never knew them to eat either the leaves or bark of trees, nor will they eat grass. They are not at all particular as to the quality of the water which they drink, they are not quick-sighted, nor do they seem to trust to their eyes. Sounds do not seem to disturb them. With the wind blowing toward them they will smell a man at 400yds. distance.

"They are great travelers. I have seen them asleep on the big barrens in very cold weather, when the northwest wind was blowing and the snow drifting, with only their heads above the snow, no other parts of their body being visible. Both bull and cow have horns, those of the bull being much larger and longer and having more branches than those of the cow. They shed their horns every year, the bull about November, the cow not until April. Two-year old bulls carry their horns until about March 1. The bull is in full flesh about August 1, when his horns are completely grown. In October his flesh is strong and unfit to eat. They calve on the edge of barrens in the month of May. I never saw more than one calf with a cow. I once killed a cow whose calf refused to leave its mother's body, but stood close to it until I killed it."

Edward Jack.

Old Pomp.—Philadelphia, May 18.—Old Pomp, the blind and toothless lion, died to-day in his cage at the Zoological Gardens. Pomp's wife, Sally, died a year ago and he never fully recovered from the shock. For the past two weeks Pomp refused to touch food, and this afternoon when Keeper Shannon went to his cage and pushed in some tempting morsels of beef the old lion rolled his sightless eyes mournfully toward his attendant, gave one last roar that shook the building, and died. Pomp was about 29 years of age. Lions in captivity seldom live to be over 25. He and Sally were purchased by the Zoological Society on Dec. 24, 1874, from Dr. Geo. R. Spaulding. He was considered one of the largest and finest specimens of the African lion in this country. George and Minnie, the two lion cubs in the adjoining cage, witnessed Pomp's death, and they refused to be comforted. They were much attached to him, and after his death none of them would touch food. Pomp was of an affectionate and gentle disposition, and was never known to attempt violence upon his attendants. His skeleton will be set upon frames and placed in the museum attacked to the garden.

"Copper Belly" Snake.—Aberdeen, Miss., May 15.—On reading the account of strange snake mentioned by "Coahoma" in your issue of May 12, I was reminded of a similar specimen that I saw a few days ago. This snake was between 3 and 4ft. long and shaped as the specimen detailed by "Coahoma." It was jet black on back and sides and underneath the tinge was quite red. I was in a vehicle some little distance from the snake and did not observe any white markings, although they may have been present. My companion and the negro driver pronounced it a "copper belly" and said it was venomous. I am inclined to doubt this latter statement, as its head was shaped very much like the ordinary black snake, and it did not coil when struck.—Will. [It is impossible to identify the species from the description given. Possibly it may have been *Farancia abacura*, the red-bellied horn snake, or *Abastor erythrogrammus*, the red-lined snake. Neither of these are venomous.]

Eagles Breeding in Captivity.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My eagles have again bred in their cages. March 24 the female laid an egg, and on the 25th there were two eggs in the nest. May 1 one bird hatched, and on the 2d two young eagles were seen in the nest, the period of incubation being just thirty-seven days, a variation of two days from last year's hatching. The female stays close by the nest all the time while the male bird stands guard. When I give him a fish he carries it directly to the nest, gives it to his mate and comes back for another, which he eats himself. Last year's bird is a great pet and a fine specimen of the true American eagle.—Henry Hulce (Toledo, O., May 15).

Breeding Wild Geese.—Berlin Heights, O., May 17.—The wild goose came off the nest this morning with three young. I wrote you that she commenced incubating the 17th of April. Could any of the readers of Forest and Stream give the number of young usually produced each season in a wild state? A gentleman from Minnesota claims that the brood never exceeds five. Three seems to be the number of this pair.—M. M. Benschoter.

WISCONSIN SONG BIRD LAW.

Chapter 413. An act to prevent the killing of birds for millinery purposes. The people of the State of Wisconsin, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows: Section 1. That any person who shall shoot, kill or catch by means or use of any net, snare, trap, gin or spring gun, any robin, sparrow, thrush, bluebird, swallow, catbird, kingbird, woodpecker, flicker, pigeon, dove, blackbird, wren, finch, lark, pewee, oriole, humming bird, bunting, grackle, grosbeak, warbler, flycatcher, swift, waxwing, creeper, chickadee, goatsucker, tanager or whippoorwill, for millinery purposes, shall be deemed to be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction within this State, shall be punished by the payment of a fine not exceeding the sum of one hundred dollars nor less than five dollars for each offense, to be collected as provided for by the law of this State for the collection of fines. One-half of such fine when collected shall be paid to the county treasurer, and by him paid into the school fund; the remaining half shall be paid to the informer.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Approved April 11, 1887.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

G. T. T.

DECATUR, Wise County, Tex., May 13.—I wrote you several months ago that I had an idea of making North Texas my future home. From reports that I had heard of the country, and the vast amount of quail that were to be found everywhere, I expected that I was about entering a real sportsman's paradise, where I could kill enough quail every day for breakfast, dinner and supper, and lose not any time, or but little, from my business. I received a letter from a young man in Wise county last winter, stating that quail were as thick as bugs ever got to be in Mississippi, and that a quail could be flushed from under every bush in his father's pasture, which was composed of about three hundred acres of woodland. What a treat it would be to live in such a country, and what fun I would have kicking the birds from under the bushes and shooting them as they would fly away with a vain hope of finding another hiding place that was not already occupied by another bird: I decided to "Go to Texas," and sent my setter out the last of November, promising him that I would follow on as soon as I could wind up my business in Mississippi, and that we would have some rare sport—such as never fell to the lot of man and dog in Mississippi nor anywhere else, except in Texas. I did not suppose that I would need a dog to find the birds; but then it would be such a treat to my dog, and I could afford to let him point one occasionally just to keep from forgetting how a dog looked on a point.

I landed at Garvin, Tex., the latter part of February, and, as the shooting season was far advanced, I decided to lose no time, but would commence my quail shooting at once. I picked up my gun the next morning and started into that pasture where "a bird could be found under every bush," and as I saw that the bushes were thick and numerous, I smiled to think what sport I would soon have. My setter Robert looked wistfully after me, and the sorrow depicted in his face showed how much he regretted that I thought so little of him as not to invite him to help enjoy the sport that I was soon to engage in. I decided that Robert might be of some service in picking up my birds, and told him that he might accompany me, but that he must come to heel and behave himself as a Texas dog should, and not forget himself and imagine that he was back in Mississippi, where quail were so scarce that it required the services of a dog to get them up.

I lunged into the brush with thumb and finger upon hammer and trigger, and with a full determination that the first Texas quail that flushed should go into my game bag. The quail did not rise, so I strolled around from place to place, stumbling over the rough bushes until I saw that the birds did not intend to be scared up by a Mississippian. I then told Robert that he would have to take charge of that department of the business and get the birds up for me, for I expected after all that it would be best for us to fall back on the old Mississippian style. No sooner said than done. Robert let himself out at lightning speed, through the dry brush and over the ravines, making such a tremendous racket that it seemed that he would flush every bird that he came within a half mile of. All at once as he was passing a brush pile he came to a sudden stop, threw himself into a picturesque attitude, and became as rigid and stiff as Sut Lovingood's starched shirt. We have you now, I thought, the whole business of you has collected under that brush, and now the fun will begin. I cocked both barrels and advanced on the brush pile with a big intention, but the birds did not rise. I passed by it and around it, but still they refused to take wing. My patience was gone and there was nothing to keep me from acting rashly, so I lunged my foot into the brush and yelled at the birds to get out. There was a tremendous tumbling under the brush for a few seconds, then a little cottontail rabbit (those that don't like the appelation can read it "hare") shot out from under the brush and through the bushes, scared into an inch of his life, with Robert chasing after him at break-neck speed, in spite of all the calling and stamping that I could do. My fingers quivered restlessly upon the triggers, and my gun seemed anxious to leap to my shoulder, but I remembered Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking" and restrained myself for the moment. After a little deliberation, however, I considered that Robert had already had the necessary "training" in that respect, but departed from it, so I decided that a little "breaking" would be next in order, and broke me a post-oak limb and awaited Robert's return. After a considerable time he came sneaking back and prostrated himself at my feet, as much as to say, "I am at your service now. I could not stop when you were calling after me just now, for my legs were taking me off after that rabbit in spite of myself. I knew that it was wrong, for I had been trained better, but the fact is, I have suffered myself to keep bad company since I got to Texas and before you arrived, and we have been doing a great deal of rabbit hunting on our own hook."

I gave Robert a slight brushing as a gentle reminder of what would surely come if he persisted in his wayward course, and waved him off again. He seemed to hunt with renewed energy, and made the brush rattle in a fearful way. It was not long before he had another rabbit up and another exciting race. In a short while he came back, and when near enough to see me well, he stopped and looked at me as though he thought it doubtful whether I had seen the last race or not, and with a determination depicted in his face that he would show no guilt if I were ignorant of what he had done; but when I called to him to come in, his countenance changed, his head and tail dropped, and by the time he got to where I was, he seemed to regret what he had done even more than I did; but I chastised him, nevertheless, and sent him out again. Several times he repeated the rabbit chasing, and as often I administered the rod; but at last I discovered that I did not have patience equal to what it is said Job had—in fact, I am not really sure that Job ever had the trial of shooting over or trying to shoot over a wild, headstrong setter. I began to feel as if I had just as soon own a dead setter as one that I could not control, and I decided to administer a more lasting reproof as soon as an opportunity was offered. I was not long in getting the opportunity, for we had gone but a short distance, when a cottontail got up and let himself out as if he had urgent business ahead, and Robert after him as if it was his duty to see that the rabbit got there on time. I restrained myself for a second or two, but when Robert was about 40yds. distant, my gun leaped to my shoulder, my finger pressed the trigger and a load of No. 8 shot peppered Robert around and about that portion that bears the caudal appendage. With an unearthly squall he leaped into the air, and after falling back upon that part that was giving him the misery, as if he wished to crush his tormentor, he lost no time in getting to where I was and prostrating himself at my feet as if to plead for mercy. He seemed to think that he had been punished enough, but in order to show him that I did the shooting intentionally, and did not regret what I had done, I administered the rod again.

After a little persuasion I soon had Robert out again and hunting as busy as ever, and it was not long before another rabbit broke the brush and we had another brush, this time the rabbit going one way and Robert the other; nor did he stop until he was safe behind me. Then after looking for a considerable time in the direction the rabbit had gone, as though he regretted the rabbit's getting away, he looked up at me as if to say, "I am satisfied that I could have caught that one if I had not been afraid of that old blunderbuss of yours." We passed through the pasture, hunting it out well on one side and starting many more rabbits, but Robert never once seemed to think that it was his duty to try and catch them, but would often break back to me as soon as he saw the rabbit, as if he thought that there was really more pleasure in safety than in rabbit chasing.

But where were the quail? We had hunted one side of the pasture thoroughly and not one could be found, nor could we find any signs of their having been there. We then went into an adjoining pasture and hunted it with the same success. Then back into the first one again and hunted the other side on our way home. This side, however, was grown up in large timber and in many places there was no underbrush nor grass to form a hiding place for birds. We hunted through it, however, and were almost at the house when I saw Robert come to a sudden halt and his tail begin to quiver. He would smell on the bare ground a little and then raise his nose into the air with that peculiar quiver of the tail that I knew indicated game. I urged him on for a considerable distance and soon discovered ahead of us a small covey of quail that were trying very hard to find a hiding place on the bare ground, but they soon abandoned the undertaking as a hopeless one, and took wing when I was about forty yards from them. I succeeded in getting in one barrel and bringing one down. The majority of the covey took themselves to the tops of the trees, but a few made their way to a fence row and some treelaps not far off. I sent Robert to the fence row, and soon had the gratification of seeing him on a stiff point. As I walked up the bird flushed, but dropped at the report of my gun, and Robert brought it in. The dog next came to a nice point at a small pile of brush, and I walked up and kicked it. A quail flushed right under my foot, going straight off behind me, and at the same instant something tumbled out of the brush on the other side and ran off in the other direction. I first turned my attention to the quail, as that was the kind of game I was after, and succeeded in dropping it just over the fence. I then turned to see what had gone in the opposite direction, and saw an animal loping off slowly across the open ground. It seemed to be about the size of a young fawn, and somewhat resembled one, but its ears were much too large for a fawn. I sent a charge of No. 8 shot after it when it was about forty yards distant, which did not seem to have any effect upon it, but in following on with the hope of getting another shot I soon found it dead. I proved to be a large jack rabbit, the first I had ever seen. When loping slow and erect, with ears erect, I think that they very much resemble a fawn, but let one of them get scared, throw his ears back on his back, hump his back and get down to it right, and he presents a different aspect.

I went back to the fence row, and by diligent work succeeded in getting up one more quail, which was bagged. As the remainder of the covey were in the tops of the trees I gave them no further attention, but made my way to the house.

During the rest of that week, and for two or three weeks following, I hunted over the most of the grounds in that vicinity and found only three other coveys; one composed of six, another of about eight, and the other of ten or twelve birds. I killed only a few of these and left the others "for seed," thinking that birds were badly needed here for that purpose.

In complaining of my disappointment in not finding more quail in Texas, some of the residents told me that, as a general thing, the birds were very numerous here, but owing to the drought which had prevailed for about a year and a half it was impossible for them to get water on the high lands, and that they had all collected in the river valley. This looked altogether reasonable, and I believed that I would still enjoy the pleasures of Texas quail shooting, and accordingly made arrangements to go to the valley. My father-in-law proposed going with me and also proposed taking his pointer Zack. Now, I confess that I was not much of an admirer of Zack, for I did not think that he had had the proper training, and, besides, I had often heard that Zack was a very unsteady and headstrong dog, and would break shot and chase everything that got up before him; besides, I was satisfied that he was to blame for Robert's bad behavior the first time that I took him out, and that he had been persuading Robert off rabbit hunting of nights and at other times when he had a chance to boss the job. So I asked my father-in-law if Zack was not a little hard to control. He confessed that Zack would often break shot and chase things, but he thought that he was a capital dog in every other respect, and said that if he could only break him from this one fault his value could not be estimated; but it seemed an impossibility to break him, as whipping did no good whatever.

I thought I saw a chance to get revenge on Zack for teaching Robert bad habits, and told how easily and effectually I had broken Robert. He thought the plan worthy of trial and agreed to try shot on Zack in the future, so we started to the valley only a few miles off. I made Robert come to heel, but Zack scorned the idea of poking along behind, and took himself to the wayside, showing by his actions that he was determined to have a first-class rabbit hunt. He succeeded in getting up rabbit after rabbit, and having chase after chase, until he was puffing like a steamboat and seemed almost too tired to go further; but whenever a rabbit would get up Zack would gain new strength and have another race. My father-in-law shot at him several times, but always failed to hit him, notwithstanding he is a good shot and can hit other things as often as most people. I at last suggested that he must do better shooting if he had the desire to save his dog from utter worthlessness. He said he could not imagine why he could not hit the dog, and requested that I take the next shot, which I agreed to do, although I had entirely forgotten that I had just a few minutes before put in a cartridge of No. 7 shot for shooting some ducks we expected to find in a small lake close by. We had gone only a few steps when a jack rabbit seemed to spring out of the ground just in front of us, and had gone 50yds. before Zack seemed to know what it was. Although the rabbit had so much the start, and notwithstanding the fact that we used our best exertions to prevent Zack from going, he broke by us and started across the open valley in hot pursuit. When about 35yds. distance from us my father-in-law said, "put it to him," and although I thought the distance hardly great enough, yet I thought Zack needed a large dose of the medicine, and sent the charge after him. For about a half minute there was one of the liveliest performances there that that valley ever witnessed, Zack being the only performer and making all of the music. As soon as he was able to quit waltzing, singing and turning somersaults, he came back the bloodiest dog that I ever saw. He seemed to be bleeding from every part of his body and very profusely, and my father-in-law was afraid that he would bleed to death. I was afraid so, too, for I just then remembered that I had shot him with No. 7 shot; but I persuaded my father-in-law that the bleeding was caused from the dog being so hot from the many races that he had taken, so we carried Zack to the water and cooled and washed him, which had the desired effect and checked the blood.

Zack looked very sour at me, as if to say, "If you can't learn to shoot better than that you had better quit, for I was sixty or more yards behind that rabbit and there was no reason in your missing it and putting the whole load into me." I gave him to understand that the shot was intended for him and that it would not be good for him if he gave me cause to repeat it. We jumped quite a number of rabbits after starting again, but neither dog attempted to chase them; in fact Zack did not seem to be in much of a humor for the chase during the rest of the hunt till nearly dark, but failed to get up a single quail and had to gratify our detire for bloodshed by shooting a few jack rabbits.

I have never had an opportunity to hunt with Zack since, but my father-in-law tells me that he has done remarkably well and that he has had no trouble in controling him. I would not advise the shooting of a good dog, but whenever I own a dog that gets in the condition that these were I will try No. 8 shot on him, and if that does not break him I will try buckshot and get rid of him.

After satisfying myself that there was really no quail, or but very few in this country, I gave up quail hunting, came to Decatur and commenced business, but before doing so I traveled over portions of several of the adjoining counties and made particular inquiry about the game. I was told everywhere that quail was usually abundant in this country, and that in the fall and winter months geese, ducks, prairie chickens, etc., are sometimes plentiful, and that doves and plover were here in the greatest quantities. So far as doves and plover are concerned I believe the statement to be strictly true, for we have had rains here since the first of April, and the whole face of the country has been covered with doves and grass plover. Parties of two, three or four persons frequently drive out on the prairie from this place and bag large quantities of plover, and they are usually potted or shot on the ground. I have remonstrated with them for shooting birds so late in the season, and especially for shooting them on the ground. They excuse themselves by saying that the plover remain here only a short time, and are so wild that it is impossible to get near enough for a shot except from a hack or other vehicle, and that there are few opportunities offered for flying shots. In order to test the matter and satisfy myself I took my gun and went just outside the town one evening to try a few shots. I found no difficulty in finding plenty of birds, even before I was outside of the corporation limits, and went only a little way beyond the limits before trying the experiment, and it seems to me that as the birds are more likely to be harrassed near town than at a distance, they would be fully as wild here as elsewhere.

I selected a flock that seemed to be very wild. They had already raised their heads and given the alarm, and a few of them took wing and settled down about a hundred yards beyond. Instead of going directly toward the flock, I started in a brisk walk, as though it was my intention to pass considerably to the right of them. The birds then commenced running in the direction of where the ones that had taken wing had settled, and as some traveled much faster than others, the flock was soon badly scattered. I then commenced bearing in on them and the ones that were behind seeing that the course that they were going would bring them close to me they stopped and waited quietly for me to pass. As soon as I had the flock completely divided and was between them, I turned directly upon the ones that had stopped and walked within fifteen steps of them; they seemed to be perfectly bewildered and not knowing what was best for their safety. Although I stopped perfectly still these birds refused to take wing until I waved my gun at them, and when they did start they attempted to pass me and go in the direction of the rest of the flock. I got in both barrels very easily and secured a pair of birds.

I followed the same flock and tried the plan for the second and third time, always getting as near the birds as I could wish. Out of six shots I scored five birds, and the miss that I did make was caused from noticing that there was a cow beyond the bird, just as I was about to press the trigger. I will not say here whether I hit the cow or not, but I can say that I missed the bird. As the sun was nearly down, I gave up my plover shooting and returned to town. I have shot no plover since; but I have frequently tried this plan of getting near them, both on foot and on horseback, and I am satisfied that if a sportsman will use enough tact and caution that he can in this way get as many shots and as many birds as he should wish, and to me this kind of shooting is far more enjoyable than shooting the birds on the ground.

I passed through the valley of the west fork of the Trinity River about three weeks ago, and since the rains set in, and I saw an abundance of game. Ducks were in the most of the water holes, and plover, doves, jack rab-

bits, etc., were scattered over the open portion of the valley. I saw three varieties of ducks and three varieties of plover in the valley.

If it had been in the fall of the year and I had had my gun with me I could have made a large bag; but the shooting season is over, and artificial targets should take the place of living game until there can be a chance for what we have now to multiply and replenish.

FOREST FIELD.

RAIN AND MUD.

SOME time during the past hunting season, my friend Jethell and I put our guns and shells in our buggy, and started for a point on the Morrison Hill, about eighteen miles northwest of the town. Still later in the day, Dr. Still Weel and a boy who thinks himself of mature age and enlarged wisdom, went off on the same business. A little while before night we reached the dwelling we were seeking, and met a cordial welcome from the owner, Mr. Sim Chowdermilk. A substantial supper was served, and our horses and dogs cared for. We slept soundly, and at an early hour were summoned from our luxurious couches to breakfast, and then rode down to Buffalo Creek, one mile north.

Our route lay up the creek, whose broad bottoms, unacquainted with the shooting of bird hunters, afforded an inviting place. We had been told by parties who had chased foxes in that locality that birds were very numerous. A few minutes only passed before my irrepressible, untireable Argo had located a covey. Approaching cautiously, and well understanding on which side each was to shoot, we got in four barrels and bagged but two birds. Another was hit, but escaped. A cyclone in February of 1885 having passed right up the north bank of the stream, the birds made the fallen timber a convenient and safe retreat. Further pursuit was useless, and we went on. About 300yds. further on we got up another, and all escaped us, taking refuge in a pine thicket. Your correspondent succeeded in getting two birds out of it. In an old peafield the dog made another stand. But one was raised. Though badly hit, we did not get him. At this point some boys, one of whom was armed with an old muzzleloading rifle, made their appearance and proposed to be of the party. To this there was objection. They were told that rifles might do for squirrels, but were not fit for the kind of hunting we were doing. Besides, it was rather a dangerous weapon. They did not like it—but deferred to our wishes.

Proceeding up the creek we found a covey in the woods. My companion got a shot, missed the bird and we went on. Beautiful stubble fields were carefully hunted without success, until at last we got about eight in an open piece of ground. One only was killed, the others sought a bomb-proof. Turning back we met our companions who should have found us earlier, and for the rest of the day, with rare exceptions, we were on the border of fallen timber, tumbled in a confused and impenetrable mass by that fearful cyclone of February 9, 1885, which proved so destructive to that part of the country, the victim of its ravages. This jungle afforded a safe cover for the birds, and though we found quite a number of nice coveys our only trophies were obtained in the first rises, while the birds were seeking a safe retreat. In consequence of this when we returned to our quarters we had only about thirty birds.

The next day, though the clouds gave evidence of rain, we concluded to try our luck in a different place. Accordingly at an early hour we were in our buggies, driving rapidly down hill to a point near Little River, where it receives the waters of Buffalo Creek. Leaving the vehicle at a convenient spot, we soon got up some birds, and either by skill or accident bagged several before we reached the hunting grounds which we were seeking. When we got to them we were having an uncomfortable drizzling rain, which made the mud stick to our feet and caused our clothes to feel far from comfortable. Still as our "blood was up," we toiled on "with hope elate," expecting a good deal of joy to recompense us for the labors which we were undergoing. Near the mouth of Buffalo and on both sides of the river we found birds abundant. But we were subjected to the almost universal annoyance which is met by persons who hunt near a stream. A flushed covey goes at once to the other side and it is not always convenient to cross. Boats and logs are not at the right places. Thus we found it. Nevertheless we got quite a number of shots. Some were successful and some were not. At night we had forty-one birds. Getting into dry clothes and having the advantage of a crackling fire of oak logs, we were ready at an early hour after our return to the dwelling to enjoy the coffee and other "creature comforts," which our host and hostess had liberally provided for our entertainment. And soon we were ready for bed and pleasant dreams.

The following morning the clouds were lowering, and by breakfast time were dropping their condensed vapor upon the lands. The hunt was over, and with a few birds in the bags, we returned home to see our families and look at the "wee things," while they enjoyed the succulent morsels which Bob White can afford.

At some time hereafter I may feel inclined to let you have some other sketches of gala days and ambrosial nights. I shall not attempt to follow the plan of the "Wizard of the North," as Prof. Wilcox is sometimes called. If I did I should not succeed. I may give quite as good a description of quite as good a hunt as his opening chapter portrays—but then the *noctes* were of a character with which I have no acquaintance, and the *dramatis personæ* would not embrace the Ettrick Shepherd, Syme, Ebony and Maginn, and the subjects discussed would not relate to literary matters far beyond the knowledge of ordinary mortals. My narrative may speak of the philosophy of Mud, the quaint humor of Crickett, the solid talk of Dit, the jokes at Mud's expense by Teceel, the innocent boasting of Gully, the incredible stories of Gaffey, and the stupidity of Wells. Whatever they may be I shall hope to afford some little entertainment to your readers, untainted by the inculcation, directly or indirectly, of any thoughts which tend to human degradation. All my desires are that what I shall write will afford pleasure without consequent sorrow, and ennoble a pastime which when properly followed strengthens the muscles, aids the digestion and dulcifies the feelings.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C. WELLS.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, does not have to rely on "growth" for the security of its policies; its surplus of $2,089,000 is a sure foundation.—*Adv.*

MICHIGAN.—At a recent meeting of East Saginaw sportsmen, Mr. W. B. Mershon presiding, a county game club was formed to "back up" the game warden in his work. The following committee was appointed to solicit funds for game protection: Messrs. V. Kindler, H. A. Pratt, Frank Goddard, Henry Turner and E. N. Briggs, of East Saginaw, and J. K. Stevens, Frank Emerick, Harry Jerome, Gid Estabrook and Hugh Smith, of Saginaw City. Ferd. A. Ashley, J. K. Stevens and Louis Kreis were appointed as a finance committee to receive and disburse the funds of the soliciting committee until the organization of the club is perfected. The fining of violators of the game laws was next discussed, and Mr. Connors, the Deputy Warden, expressed the feeling of a good many sportsmen that he had met on the subject. The laws, however, provide fines in nearly every case, and nothing was done, but the feeling of the meeting was for fining violators to the full extent. The officers are: Pres., Isaac Bearinger; Vice-Pres., E. N. Briggs; Sec., Louis Smith; Treas., Vincent Kindler; Finance Committee, A. K. Penny, B. F. Cheeseborough, Frank Goddard. A fund of $250 has been raised.

SAUK CENTER, Minn.—There seem to be more ducks and geese hereabouts this spring than for quite a while back. Probably they know they are protected from the spring fusilade. I noticed the "Game Law" posted up in the L. F. & D. railway depot at this place the other day, so that all may see and govern themselves accordingly. Prairie chickens wintered finely and bid fair to make first-class sport next fall. The late burning of the prairies and meadow land may have a tendency to decrease some of this year's crop, but I think from present indications there will be good shooting this fall.

VIRGINIA.—Mappsburg Station, May 9.—Atlantic coast birds, all the sorts, are plentier with us than for years. Trout are in abundance. Lovers of shooting and fishing may for the ensuing thirty days have excellent sport.—T. G. ELLIOTT.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

ALBANY, May 23.—During the past week the Governor has signed several game bills and they are now added to the list of those that have gone before. It is certain that they will not be lonesome, because there are altogether too many such laws now; and, in the second place, more bills of the same sort are yet to come.

The bills signed by the Governor are these: Moore, amending the song bird act of 1886 in the interest of science; Hogeboon, forbidding shad fishing in the Hudson on Sundays; Brundage, relating to the sport of fishing in Steuben county, and Bulkley, forbidding the taking of fish in the town of Cape Vincent within a mile of the shore, except by hook and line. The latter bill was permitted to become a law by the Governor under protest, and he transmitted the following message to the Secretary of State along with the new law:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, Albany, May 18, 1887.—Memorandum filed with Assembly Bill No. 915, entitled: An act to prevent taking fish from the waters of Lake Ontario adjacent to the shore of Cape Vincent by other means than angling, which, not having been returned to the house in which it originated within ten days, became a law pursuant to Article IV., Section 9, of the Constitution.

"So far as I understand the object of this bill, it does not meet my entire approval. It seems to unduly sacrifice the interests of business fishermen for the sake of preserving game fish for sportsmen. But for over a year past I have made it a rule to refrain from interfering with the many local game and fish bills passed by the Legislature, because of the utter impossibility, owing to my other official engagements, of fully comprehending the circumstances of the locality to which they apply.

"While I cannot express my approval of this bill by signing it, I am reluctantly compelled, for the reasons aforesaid and by my necessarily imperfect knowledge of the local situation, to adhere to my former policy, and I therefore allow this bill to become a law without my signature.

"In such matters as local game and fish laws the Executive must rely upon the representatives in the Legislature from the locality directly interested to correctly express the wishes of their constituents, and upon the Member and Senator from the district affected must mainly rest the responsibility for legislation of this character.—DAVID B. HILL."

The Senate has passed Winne's Catskill deer park bill.

The Assembly has passed Reeves's bill extending the exemption clause to Gardiner and Peconic bays, so as to allow the shooting of wildfowl from boats.

The Governor has now in his possession, awaiting his signature, Emery's bill forbidding the setting of pound nets, trap nets and other kinds of nets in the waters of Lake Erie adjoining the shores of Erie county; also Sime's bill providing that the bills of State fish protectors shall be audited by boards of supervisors, as other bills are audited.

The Assembly has passed Sweet's bill relating to fishing in Cayuga Lake.

The Senate committee on game laws has reported Fitch's appropriation of $5,000 for the fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, and it is expected that the bill will be passed before adjournment.

Assemblyman Moore thinks that his bill amending the penal code relative to the dredging by steam to the injury of oyster beds will not come out of the judiciary committee before adjournment.

On Friday evening Senator Comstock's bill providing for a fishway in the Hudson at the State dam, Troy, was discussed before the Governor. There was a large number of interested persons present. In favor of the measure were: Dr. Schuyler, E. M. Green, W. Hagar, L. C. Griffin, Mr. Burdette, Mr. Knickerbocker. Against: J. A. Manning, A. A. Hall, M. Orr and Mr. Boswell. The bill has been recalled for amendment.

The Assembly amended Senator Murphy's bill relating to the sale of fish and game taken outside of the State so that such fish and game should only be sold in New York city. Murphy tried to confirm the Assembly action in the Senate, but he failed.

The Cornwell game bill relating to Seneca Lake has been so amended as to allow spearing any fish but bass and pike in Seneca, Keuka and Canandaigua Lakes, and also drawing of seines for the catching of bait. In this shape it has gone to the Governor.

By far the greatest excitement during the past week was in regard to the Assembly game law bill (which was Reeves's bill worked over) relative to the protection and cultivation of oysters. In my last letter it was stated that the finance committee of the Senate had so completely reversed the bill that it was unsatisfactory to Reeves and his friends, and that it would be killed rather than passed in that shape. Soon afterward, however, after a long consultation, the bill was amended so that it resumed almost its original shape, and in that form has gone to the Governor.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.

A MAINE reader of the FOREST AND STREAM writes to Major Merrill as follows:

MAJ. H. W. MERRILL—*Dear Sir and Comrade:* Permit me to call you comrade although we have never drunk from the same canteen. I recall your article on Capt. Martin Scott, in FOREST AND STREAM, of May 21, 1886, and as I have no recollection of an article by others, I trust you will redeem your promise to write one. I inherited a love of rifle shooting, and since quite a small boy have used one constantly, and while yet in my teens commenced the career of a hunter and trapper, and was for many years located in the vicinity of Bennington, Vt., where Scott was raised; and I often heard through mutual friends of his wonderful exploits, such as shooting swallows on the wing, and tossing two potatoes up and splitting both, and so I came to look up to him as a demigod. When his earthly career so untimely, though gloriously, ended in Mexico, I sincerely mourned him, and ever since he is often in mind.

Anent the rifle controversy, I am on the side of the muzzleloader vs. breechloader; but for many years past my life has been passed in the far-back forests among the big game, and for convenience's sake I have used a breechloader; but often, when I have to give the game several shots to stop them (because of the inaccuracy of the breechloader), I have wished for one of my old-time rifles that would place the ball where I aimed. I hunt bear, deer, moose and caribou, and once in a while kill with one shot; but it also often happens I have to shoot from three to seven bullets into one.

The last muzzleloader I owned was a 22lb. telescopic-sight target rifle, and what a delight it was to me. Its accuracy was perfect when all conditions were perfect, and I had everything in its use "down fine." And I often carried it all day in picking off crows, hawks and woodchucks and did not care for its weight.

I am now using a single-shot Winchester, .45-60-300, but it has too much curve. I am trying to find a hollow-pointed and lighter bullet, so as to get higher velocity and something that will "mushroom" when it strikes. I used a repeater a while, but discarded it for several reasons; one, the fact that in very cold weather the frost in the action made it useless.

A MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER IN MEXICO.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A SIERRA FOOTHILL STREAM.

ON THE 12th of April I was called to visit a patient in a sparsely settled portion of our foothills, where I had never visited before, and which lay fifteen miles away. For ten miles the way was thoroughly familiar, but the remaining five ran through a tract of the foothills of which I had no knowledge. Here I made a discovery. Within half a mile of my patient's house I crossed a beautiful little stream of clear, crystal water that babbled "trout" in every intonation of its voice, as it foamed away in mimic froth and fury to join a "slickens" polluted stream two or three miles further on. Arriving at my destination, I fear that I plied more questions regarding the stream than I did as to the ailments of my patient, and I learned that the waters did contain trout, but that no one could catch them, as they would not bite. I was also informed that it was better fishing, or at least that there were more fish, further up the stream, as in the lower part of its course it went dry for a part of the season, excepting in a few deep pools, and in those pools the dynamite fiends had been in the habit of killing everything, big and little, for several years past. In the upper reaches, the stream was ever living, and the trout, being more widely distributed, had a better chance to escape extermination. It made my blood boil to hear of such diabolical fiendishness. If there is anything on the face of God's earth that I hate, it is the skulking, cowardly, lazy libel on humanity that slinks along a stream, avoiding the eye of his fellows, and watching his opportunity to slip a dynamite cartridge into some well-stocked pool and destroy every living creature it contains. This is a curse that I think California suffers from more than any other part of the Union, as our long dry season always reduces the smaller streams to a string of pools in which all the fish congregate, and which offers the dynamite fiend just the opportunity his apology for a soul craves. But this is a digression into which the holy hatred in my heart has led my pen, and now to my subject again. I received the information regarding the non-biting qualities of the trout *cum grano salis*, and after hearing of the great size to which the trout in this particular stream attained, I was then and there seized with a severe attack of *febris piscatorialis*—fishing fever—for which there was no cure but a day's angling.

On my return I imparted my discovery to a friend, and he also contracted a severe attack of the fever which was burning in my veins. We laid our plans to go and stay one night, so as to have the evening and morning fishing, and set the day on which to start. This we did for half a dozen different times, but something always occurred to one of us to prevent our going. At last, when everything seemed propitious, my friend was taken with a sharp attack of rheumatism, which, in the language of the turf, "put him out of the running;" and after he had passed the crisis of the disease I determined to arise early the next morning and start alone for a day's angling.

The time had run along until it was May-day morning, when I arose at 4 o'clock and started.

It was not yet day, and the morning air was chilly; but the anticipations of sport, which a short time ago had been unhoped for until my annual summer holidays came around, gave a glow of light and warmth which supplied their lack in the atmosphere. In a short time Old Sol came driving his fiery steeds over the summit of the Sierras, lighting up such a landscape as can be seen nowhere but in our lovely golden State. I will stop for a moment on my journey and try to describe the outlines of the picture which lay spread before me.

My route led directly north, and on my right towered the grand and beautiful Sierra Nevada peaks with their summits clothed in unsullied white, and their sides enveloped with empurpling shadows. Then, stretching down to my very feet, come the yawning cañons, the long sloping ridges and mountainous spurs of the range, clothed in the grand majesty of the primeval pine forests, which the vandalism of man is fast sweeping from their rock-ribbed sides. On the left roll down the fruit and vine-clad foothills, until some miles away and two thousand feet lower, they melt into the great central valley of the State, through the middle of which can be plainly seen the silvery streak of the Sacramento River. North and south, further than the eye can reach stretches this fertile plain, clothed with emerald fields of wheat and dotted here and there with the "cities of the plain." Yonder a dusky line obscures the burnished silver of the river. 'Tis where a river steamer is pouring out a cloud of smoke as she slowly plows her way against the current with a huge lumber laden barge in tow. And beyond all, with their snow-capped peaks blending with the clouds on the western horizon, rises the coast range, shutting from view the rolling expanse of the Pacific Ocean. The fields around are a poem in blue and gold with the bloom of lupins and escholtzias, and the air is redolent with the scent of the mountain birch and red-bud, in the blossoms of which the bees are commencing their day's labor. It is well worth while, even for this view alone, to arise at 4 A. M. before the midday haze has obscured the vision.

But this is not fishing, and to your correspondent who only wanted the arithmetic of an angling excursion, I fear will be dry reading. But then, I hope your readers are not all "built that way." I am not. The roads for the last five miles of the journey were bad, and there were numerous rickety and contrary gates to be opened and shut, and it was after 7 o'clock when my destination was reached. After caring for my horse and eating

lunch (I had had no breakfast), I put my rod together and affixed my reel. And then came a time of trouble and a trial of patience. I had a little Fowler reel, carrying 40yds. of line, to which I am very partial, owing to its lightness and the rapidity with which it gathers line. But alas! it has one bad fault. It retrieves the line through a narrow, fixed slot, and the line piles up, then falls over, giving it slack, and in this slack kinks will form—and then—well, you know how it is yourself! The more you try to get a kink out of a line the more it gets in. I finally tried to take the reel apart, and then came the old frosty winter of my discontent.

The pesky thing would not come apart, and after consigning it and its inventor many times to the realms of Pluto, I gave up the job and returned its screws to their places and kept patiently at work until it finally started off with a merry click, as if nothing ever had been the matter with it.

I attached a short leader with two flies, as the stream is to small for more, and at 9 A. M. made my first cast.

What a waste of golden moments that contumacious reel has cost! I flattered myself before this occurrence that I was too old a fisherman ever to be caught unprepared when the fishing grounds were reached, yet here had I, like the merest tyro, lost an hour and a half of the best fishing of the day. For when the sun mounts the sky there is no more fishing under his fiery eyes until the shadows of evening darken the gliding ripples.

The point where I struck the stream was at the foot of a rocky gorge in which were two beautiful pools. At the head of the lower one was a fall of 6 or 7ft., and at the upper one of some 5ft. The water in each was all of 10ft. deep, just the home for a fine trout. The second cast brought a rise and I hooked a beauty. Great Scott! see him break water—half a pound if he's an ounce! And here I stand, on a rocky shelf, with scarce room to turn around, and no landing net. I never expected to get such a large fish in this small stream, so did not bring one with me. Well, he must be thoroughly tired out before attempting to land him. This is the only way out of the difficulty. Up and down the pool he goes: now breaking water at the head, then at the foot; now boring down to the bottom to rub his head against the gravel, followed by another wild rush. At last, completely exhausted, he turned belly up, and submitted quietly to be lifted by the leader up to where I was standing. But, alas! "there's many a slip," etc., for when I reached down to put my fingers into his gills he gave one last despairing kick, unhooked himself, and went tumbling back down the rocks into his native element.

Of course I felt for a moment as if all joy had departed out of this cold and unfeeling world, and that a poor orphan had no chance anyhow. No doubt this was the largest trout in the stream, and I "ne'er would see his like again."

A few more casts and I hooked and landed a fair trout, but he was not more than half as large as the one that escaped. Then I whipped away for fifteen or twenty minutes without a rise, following slowly up the stream until I came to a small pool with a fine ripple at its head. At the first cast I hooked a magnificent fish, larger than the one I lost. What should I do? The banks on each side were lined with thick brush, the tops of which hung over into the water, and if he once made a dash into the entangling branches it would be good-bye trout. Taking this all in at a glance, I took all the chances and gave him a "yank" that would have done credit to the most excitable novice, and landed him 10ft. away among the brush. He came down free from the hook, and there was an instant's circus among the grass and dry leaves; then an ominous splash—then silence. *Mort à le Diable!* What's the matter now? An instant's examination revealed all too plainly. There was a treacherous little rill trickling down the bank, with just enough water in it to enable a trout intent on business to make his way back into the main stream.

Then and there something broke loose. There was a certain angler about that time that caught hold of a stout sapling that grew near by to steady himself, took a long breath and ——!! ——!! ———!!! but what's the use dilating upon the sad scene?—you all know how it is yourselves.

After a time "the clouds rolled by," and I went to fishing again. I soon caught another fair-sized fish, and from that until past noon I whipped and whipped without a rise. Under California's sunny sky the middle of the day is n. g. for fishing.

Returning to the carriage, I ate some more lunch, filled my pipe, and stretching myself under the shade of a kingly oak, proceeded to console myself with the care-dispelling weed. And there I lay and smoked and mused three happy hours away, with the soft grass beneath and the trembling leaves of the oak above, with orioles and house-finches darting in and out of the dancing shadows, the soft west wind whispering of the ocean whence it came, and the fretful murmur of the little stream in my ear as it chafed and complained in its boulder-strewn channel. Ay, ay; surely it is true that "it is not all of going a-fishing to catch fish."

What time is it? Four o'clock, as I am a sinner! I must be up and at it again, as at 5 P. M. I must start for home, as I have many a tussle in prospective with contumacious gates and misleading by-roads, before darkness settles down.

For half an hour I whip the stream downward in vain. Not one single rise rewarded my labor, barring one, and that rise was made by myself, and I succeeded a very sudden fall on a treacherous and slippery rock. Contrary to a trout's custom I did not bite when I rose, it was when I sat down that I bit—my tongue.

Well, I must turn and retrace my steps. I have only half an hour left and, I fear, no prospect for any more fish. Ten minutes more pass and still no rise. Discouragement is fast settling down upon my spirits when —ah! you beauty, I have you firmly fastened! I know it by the natural intuition of an angler. Away he rushes—up, out of the water he leaps—down he bores, with his head scrubbing against the bottom, then out again, his sides gleaming in the rays of the setting sun and his head shaking like a bulldog's. In fact he goes through all the antics of a wily trout. If I lose him, my heart will break sure, for I am certain he will weigh a pound. The pool is a favorable one and I give him all the play he desires. At last he comes gasping to the bank fairly conquered, and I lift him out, kill, and lay him on a grassy spot to admire him. Oh, what a shame to kill so gloriously beautiful a creature. See the iridescent colors playing on his sides. See the beautifully swelling shoulders, lovely as a woman's bust, and the shapely head and tail. Surely there is no more beautiful nor hard-fighting fish in creation than a California rainbow trout. I slipped the hook of a pocket scale into his gills and he pulled down 1½lbs. exactly.

This was joy enough for one day if I did not catch another fish. From this on until my appointed time, and I far a little later, I caught them as fast as I could save them, and when I reeled up my line I had ten trout in my basket that weighed six pounds in the aggregate. This may seem to be a poor and tame day's sport to numerous anglers, and many times under more favorable circumstances it would have been so to me, but coming as it did, in such an unexpected time, and getting such large and fine fish in such a tiny stream, gave the day's outing such a surpassing zest and pleasure that I could not help trying to share it with your many readers in part return for the delight so often derived from your columns from the pens of others. Perhaps, after my annual summer's outing in the mountains, I can tell you stories of days of greater success and far larger fish, but none, I am certain, can I tell of more thorough enjoyment. AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal., May 17.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE weather throughout central New York is very dry, and trout fishing in our numerous streams has not therefore been as good as usual. But fishing in the various lakes is unusually good. Many Syracusans have gone to or are seeking the Adirondacks, where the best fishing of the season will be realized during the next two or three weeks. Few cities can boast of so many expert anglers as Syracuse has, from chief-justices of the Court of Appeals and bishops all the way down to the "chalk-line" fisherman in more humble pursuits. Justices Ruger and Andrews, of the Court of Appeals; Justices Vann and Kennedy, of the Supreme Court, and Judge Northrup, of the County Court, can all whip a stream in the most expert manner. Bishop Ludden, of the See of Syracuse, enjoys both fishing and hunting. The Rev. Dr. Lockwood, Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, spends his vacation in the Adirondacks each year, and is well acquainted with woodcraft. And so the list might be considerably extended. D.

SYRACUSE, May 19.

I am on my thirty-fifth annual spring trip. The trouting season opens here exceedingly favorable. Fly-fishing has commenced, and also trolling, and a few well-known old sportsmen are enjoying the waters. WOODS.

SARANAC LAKE, May 16.

"Piseco" sends us this note from an Adirondack guide whom he indorses as A No. 1:

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, May 12.—I think you miss it by not coming to fish. The ice went out of Blue Mountain Lake May 8. Yesterday I caught 32lbs. of brook trout, weighing from ¾lb. to 3lbs. apiece, and sold them to Geo. Tuncliff to-day. You could get here next Tuesday, May 17, and have two weeks of as good trout fishing as you want. I will guide you for nothing if you don't have as good time as any man can wish for.—HENRY E. TAYLOR.

[No one knows better than "Piseco" that he "misses it," but once in a while there are lions in the path that the most enthusiastic angler in the world cannot pass to reach the trout waters.]

THE NIPISSING REGION.

IT is about this time that the lover of the woods finds that he has been working too hard, that he is getting run down, etc., and he explains to wife and family that nothing but a trip to the North Woods, Moosehead Lake or Nipissing will give the necessary rest and tone to his system. And it is true enough that a little camp life in the wilderness usually is of great benefit to those in need of change and rest. For the last two years we have spent a few weeks each summer at Trout Lake and vicinity (Nipissing region), and while there may be more desirable points, still it will be hard to find places where so good fishing can be had so quickly and so easily. It takes two nights to reach North Bay, the intervening day being mostly spent in Montreal. The train reaches North Bay about 9 o'clock A. M. and Trout Lake is but four and one-half miles away with a passable road leading to it. It is easy to get breakfast, buy provisions, etc., and reach Trout Lake by noon.

We had dinner at Jessup's and went into camp seven miles down the lake at Big Camp Island. Trout Lake is connected with Turtle Lake, and there are many smaller lakes and ponds in the immediate vicinity which have been fished very little or not at all. A splendid canoe trip would be to go by rail to North Bay—Canadian Pacific Railway—thence to Trout and Turtle lakes, then over a very short portage to Pine Lake, from here an easy portage of perhaps a quarter of a mile takes you to Talcon Lake, through this fine lake to its outlet the Mattawa River, which joins the Ottawa; thence down the Ottawa to Pembroke or any point below, or even to the St. Lawrence. In addition to good fishing and fine scenery, this route is rich in historic interest, as Champlain and his soldiers passed over it as long ago as 1615, and for nearly a hundred years it was the regular route of the voyageurs and trappers of the northwest, and its rocky portages are well worn by the feet of thousands of hardy men. The Hudson's Bay Company once had a post on Trout Lake, the remains of which can still be seen. Near it is a grave marked with a wooden cross and inclosed with a fence of heavy timber.

Though so easy of access this region is virtually a wilderness, no one living on Trout Lake but R. B. Jessup, the guide. The nearest post-office is North Bay. Among the pleasant memories of last season is that of a day on Lost River, the outlet of Turtle Lake. At the foot of rapids and in pools we caught 37 fish, mostly bass, in probably two hours' fishing, the total weight being 60lbs., running from ¾lbs. to 3lbs. We used live bait and "Caledonia minnows" with equal success. The water was shallow and you could see the fish dash for the bait, sometimes from a long distance, and it was great sport. Had we used heavy tackle we could have taken as many again probably. We caught in the lake bass of 4lbs. weight, and the largest maskalonge weighed 28lbs. On Balsam Creek we caught 50 nice brook trout in an hour's fishing, though none weighed over a pound. B. AND H.

MAINE WATERS.

THE trout season may now be considered to be fairly begun in Maine waters, and yet the scores are still not very satisfactory. Indeed up to the present time they may be said to include no large fish of the class *Salmo fontinalis*. But this can hardly be considered strange, from the standpoint of a veteran angler, who remarked yesterday that the seven-pounders and above are rarely taken previous to Decoration Day in the Rangeley waters. Indeed the early fishing could hardly be expected to turn out very well this year, above all others, when the water has been so remarkably high, roily and full of snow water. My guide, who has had many years of experience in the Maine lake regions, as well as his father before him, is at our camp on Richardson Lake, where he has been for the past ten days—finds the fishing to be poor, and remarks in his last communication that there are more fishermen than trout. He also says that the water is the highest ever known, with still a plenty of snow in the woods. However, this will all pass away in good time, and there will be a limited run of good fishing. There are reports of some very fair scores of trout from the brooks in Maine and New Hampshire, where the water has gone down, and the chances are that Decoration Day will add to these scores. It is worthy of note that the trout scores of the early arrivals at Rangeley Lake are sprinkled with landlocked salmon, all the results of fish propagation, since they are not native to the waters of those lakes. The landlocked salmon fishing in the Sebago and adjoining lakes has not yet been very satisfactory. Commissioner Stilwell was there last week, en route to visit the hatcheries of the Commission at Eads Falls, where they were so successful in obtaining landlocked salmon eggs last fall, from the fact that a weir and dam were so constructed that not a breeding salmon could go up the river without falling into the net of the State, to be used for breeding purposes and then turned loose, either to breed again or to fall a prey to the angler's hook. The Commissioners were quartered at the club house near the mouth of the Songo River. They fished a part of two days, with the result of one fine salmon that weighed 8lbs. and a number of trout of very respectable size. There were other sportsmen there, both ladies and gentlemen, but the fishing was not very satisfactory, though some fine salmon were caught. Still the number of fish was not more than four or five to a dozen anglers. Such fishing is not satisfactory, especially to those who do not land the fish. Commissioner Stilwell is of the opinion—and Commissioner Stanley agrees with him—that the stock of landlocked salmon is not one-fourth part what it should be in those waters, where there is an abundance of food and also an abundance of room. The trouble always has been the destruction of the breeding salmon on the spawning beds in the little streams which flow into these lakes.

Maine's quota of shad fry passed through Boston on Sunday in the United States Government baby fish car, which car has already been described in FOREST AND STREAM. The car was destined for Augusta, where it was to be met on Sunday night by the Fish Commissioners, who were to be occupied for two or three days of this week in putting the 2,700,000 shad fry into the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers. This looks like a pretty strong stroke toward stocking those waters with shad.

Still the salmon fishing at Bangor is not up to that of last year. The result of Saturday's fishing—there were a number of boats engaged—was the hooking of 12 salmon, with the landing of only four. It is thought that the fish which have the courage to rise to the fly through such cold and roily water as has prevailed all the season so far are especially gamy and hard to capture. The chances are that there will yet be a number of days of good salmon fishing at Bangor. Fish Commissioner Stanley is expected here on Wednesday, and as he is an expert with the fly-rod, using flies of his own tying, it is likely that he will take a salmon or two. He has already been quite successful at Weld Pond, I understand; a fine sheet of water that never contained a salmon till the Commissioners put them there. Now the report says that in one day this season over 150 were taken, weighing all the way from one to eight pounds. There is something in an old saying about the man who makes two spears of grass grow where only one grew before, being a benefactor to his fellow man, and surely it would seem that a fish commission that had brought a pond up from a few scattering trout to the position of producing 150 noble salmon in one day, it would seem that such a commission was worthy of some credit. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Better salmon fishing at Bangor yesterday; seventeen were taken. There are nearly twenty noted sportsmen there. One million two hundred thousand of the shad fry go in the Penobscot. SPECIAL.

A SHORT KEY

TO THE TWELVE COMMONEST FAMILIES OF FISHES.

1. Toothless; single dorsal of less than 10 rays....Cyprinidæ—Minnows.

2. Eight barbels about mouth....Siluridæ—Catfish.

3. Toothless; dorsal of more than 10 rays....Catostomidæ—Suckers.

4. Dorsals 2; anal 1 or 2 spines; size small....Etheostomidæ—Darters.

5. Adipose fin; body scaly; head smooth....Salmonidæ—Salmon.

6. Four barbels in row, front of mouth....Acipenseridæ—Sturgeon.

7. Single dorsal 8 to 12 spines; anal 3 to 9....Ichthelidæ—Sunfish.

8. Dorsals 2; ventrals thoracic I-5; anal 3 spines....Labracidæ—Bass.*

9. Dorsals 2; ventrals thoracic I-5;† anal 1 or 2 spines....Percidæ—Perch.

10. Ventrals thoracic; vent jugular, in front of ventrals....Aphredoderidæ—Pirate perches.

11. Lateral line continuous (*i. e.*, running up to last scale and often on to the caudal fin); vertical fins bearing scales; dorsals 2, often connected, soft part most developed....Sciænidæ—Maigres or Drums.

12. Cheeks mailed; body naked; eyes high up, near together....Cottidæ—Sculpins. SYRACUSE.

*Do not confound the Labracidæ with the bass of sportsmen. The latter belongs to the Ichthelidæ.

†1-5 means "one spine and five soft rays."

"RARE OLD BEN."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sadly and with heavy heart I take up the unwilling pen to tell the brethren of the rod of the death of B. F. Renshaw—"Rare Old Ben"—whose quaint stories, genial, unselfish ways and sterling worth made him dear to all the hearts of the "Kingfishers," and—I may indulge the hope—to all the gentle craft in some measure, who made his acquaintance in the "Camps of the Kingfishers" on Black and Carp lakes.

He was taken down with lung fever on the 2d of April, which developed into typhoid pneumonia; and he died on the 15th at the residence of his brother, John Renshaw, on their farm a few miles north of Decatur, Ill., in the fiftieth year of his age.

He was a plain, unassuming farmer; a bachelor, making one of the home circle in his brother's family; a man of rare good sense—good "old-fashioned hoss sense," as he would have called it; large-hearted, tender as a girl in his nature, and a sportsman in the best sense of the term, for he loved the woods and the waters, his dog and gun, his rod and his neighbor, and had ever a kind consideration for even the lowliest of God's creatures—qualities that, I take it, leave nothing lacking in the make-up of one who claims kinship with the brotherhood.

Utterly unselfish, always cheerful and obliging, ready at all times to engage in any undertaking that promised sport, turning the gravest mishaps into a source of fun, full of "yarns and reminders," he was the life of the camp and beloved of all his associates.

We were looking forward to the coming annual summer's camp as one among the many pleasant ones to be remembered and talked over when the long winter evenings come, for Ben was to have gone along; but now we will miss his kindly old face, his inimitable "yarns," his ever ready jest, his brotherly solicitude for the comfort of others, his fund of humor and quaint sayings that were wont to set the camp in a roar, but more than all will we miss him as the most self-denying, the gentlest and truest comrade who has broken bread at our rude table wherever we have built our camp-fire, beside stream or lake, in all the past years; and none may fill his place, for his like is not, to quote one of his favorite phrases, "on the face o' this livin' a rth."

Rare Ben! our hearts are bowed down with grief at his loss. Peace to his memory, and may his camp in the happy hunting grounds be made beneath the fragrant canopy of woods of evergreen, beside some meandering stream whose wimpling melody will soothe his spirit to peaceful rest till joined, at the Master's call for the final round up, by his old comrades, the Kingfishers.

KINGFISHER.

LOPEZ CREEK.

"I DON'T knaow what to do with meself to-day," said my Eastern friend the other day.

"Let's go fishin' up Lopez Creek," I suggested, "there's a mighty lot o' trout up there."

Before two hours the ponies were hitched to the buckboard, loaded with blankets, grub, horse feed, cooking utensils, a shotgun and ammunition. We were soon off up the beautiful Arroyo Grande. I have traveled far and seen much. My boyhood's home was on the upper waters of the Abana, and over the range was the beautiful Pharpar. Naaman asked of Elisha, "Are not Pharpar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, better than Jordan?" And yet I ask myself, are not Arroyo Grande and Lopez better than all the rivers in the world? My soul answers, yes!

There was exhilaration in the fresh sea breeze that struck us in the back as we sent the ponies whirling along up the easy grade of the winding stream. On either side the busy farmer was planting the unpo tic bean. The young orchards in their wealth of fresh new leaves clustered around each cosy cabin, and away ahead of us the spurs of the San Luis Mountains showed the lights of wild oats on the southern slopes, and shadows of live oak, sage brush and chemisal on the northern slopes of its dark cañons.

About eight miles from the village we came to the junction of the Ranchita and Lopez creeks, which form the Arroyo Grande. I had said nothing to my friend about the change of scene he would meet, and he was utterly taken by surprise as we turned into the Lopez Creek Cañon. Below the scene was quiet, peaceful and happy—a valley of half a mile wide, devoted to orchards and bean lands. But the houses were now scattered out to a mile apart, the great rocks rose in sheer precipices. The water, while not of that hissing, foamy, frothy nature of Colorado's mountain streams, took more life from its surroundings, and whirled and dashed at a much more lively rate. Here and there a mimic waterfall sent a stream, such as might come from a garden hose, down a little fall of 10 or 15ft.

Three or four miles up a very rough road, and as many houses passed, we arrived at what C. called the "jumping off place." We had come to the end of the wagon road. Leaving the wagon, we piled blankets, grub boxes and fishing baskets on old Chappo's back in as neat and compact a pack as we could, and made our way up the trail for two or three miles further, at what is known as "fall cañon." About a hundred yards back a little tributary came dashing down a 15-foot fall into a large pool of c ear water.

On our way up we met two young men from San Luis on their way out. "What luck?" was answered by "About two hundred; just stayed over night; came up last evening." "Wat dum lies!" said C., *sotto voce*. I said nothing, as we had not come for a "killing." I thought that the trout must be in their usual good appetites. Picketing out the horses, we took our rods and started out just to try their temper and found they took the fly very well. We fished together and tried only the most likely places. We went further than we intended, but fishing over ground that had been already gone over that day, we only caught forty-six. We got in late, built a fine fire out of oak and laurel (a species of bay), and soon the coffee-pot was sending out an aroma that would make your hair curl, and the trout were sizzing and sputtering in the bacon fat. You never saw people eat as we ate that night. The trout right from the brook, a good beefsteak, coffee, bread and butter, canned apple sauce, and that sauce that makes a good appetite—hunger, made us enjoy as grand a supper as heart could wish. An after supper smoke, a few yarns, and spreading down our blankets in that glorious (I believe they call it) climate of California without a tent, without a fear of rain or storm, we needed no rocking to send us to sleep, for were not all the night voices of our good old mother nature singing us ln laby.

"Let's have an early start" was the last word at night, and at dawn we were up and after bathing in the creek were busy at breakfast, which was eaten as heartily as though we had gone to bed hungry. Before sunrise—I don't know when sunrise is in Lopez Creek cañon; we did not see the sun until ten o'clock—we were up and away up the creek to the great fall in the creek five miles off. Civilization had entirely disappeared. Stopping here and there to drop in a line where the trail crossed the creek we worked our way up through brush and chapparal, over level, open then by wooded forest glades, through ferns, poison oaks, blackberry bushes, willows. Away up the slopes on one side the hills were covered with the green-black live-oaks; on the other side grease wood, sage chemise, brush, tyone, and away to the top the bright green wild oats. Rocks and landslides scarred the face of the mountain away off nearly to the tops, which were only seen when some small cañon ran into the larger one, opening out our view to the distant summit. We caught so many fish before we were half to the falls that we considered it prudent to *cache* them.

The trout were in that fearless, snappy mood that delights the sportsman's heart. We caught them in pools, in eddies behind rocks, on the riffles, everywhere. C. declared one came out on the bank where he had laid his rod down, snapped up his hook and made off with it. We caught fish until we dreaded to throw in for fear of catching a large one. We finally made the big falls, which were in no way remarkable, being only a fall of 5 or 6ft. Above this there is no fishing of any consequence, as the creek breaks up into a number of small streams. With already tired bodies we started for our five mile trip through brush and over rocks back to camp. With inward groaning at the additional load to be taken on at our *cache*, we limped and stumbled along. We found all the fish there, and more too, it seemed to us. Fortunately we had brought the horses up a mile and a half or so, and when we got them we strapped our baskets and barley sacks (for baskets had overflowed) of trout to the saddle, and reached camp in pretty good shape about 1 o'clock.

After a lunch a start was made for Arroyo Grande, or, as it is familiarly called, "The Arroyo." We reached the Arroyo in good time for supper, and a count was made. Each kept his own count separate. C.'s was 153, while mine was 162. In the morning catch I was only two fish ahead.

This is a trip I have made a number of times in the last three years. Three of us once caught 600, but we were gone two nights. The fish caught were the common California rainbow trout. Lower down salmon trout are the only ones caught, which, though larger, are not so game as their red-striped cousins. LA PANZA.

ARROYO GRANDE, California.

IDAHO NOTES.

HOPE, Idaho, May 9.—I wish all you sportsmen could be here and enjoy some of the fine fishing we are having now. I never had grander sport in my life, and yet there is a certain amount of wounded pride connected with the sport. After trying my full stock of flies and trolls with poor success, I was compelled to go to the noble red man and learn the best bait to use. After a liberal donation of cigarettes, I succeeded in learning their secret from the Chief Monshelle. Now you needn't think I am going to give it away, but will reveal that to secure the right bait I shouldered an axe, and after a vigorous onslaught on decayed trees and stumps, and after exhausting my vocabulary of adjectives against the large ants that kept looking for soft spots on my lower extremities, I secured a large can full of "pish muck-a-muck"; and I have been having good success so far in landing nice ones.

The past week, however, has been one of rain and high winds, and has kept us indoors nearly all the time, and it is trying.

The o her evening, as I sat thinking of the sport we had been having and the grander sport we are going to have, the thump, thump of hurrying footste s startled me, the door flew open, and the white, scared face of Lew, my chum, appear d, and after many vain efforts to speak, blurted out, "Frank—there's—a—big bear up at hotel." I shouldered my rifle, buckled on my knife à la frontier scout, and after climbing the hill Lew showed me where the bear was and then made a break for the house in search of an axe; and it's my opinion he would have been looking for it yet if I had not yelled to him, "You great fool, it's my black hog and no bear, and the next time you rout me out at 10 o'clock to kill my own hog there will be blood shed sure." Of course, Lew has a different version, and when he gets an opportunity to relate o any one (in my hearing, of course) his tale reminds me of the old story of "How me and my Betsy slaughtered a b'ar."

The hotel will probably be opened soon. Already we have had several tourists, and they have had rare sport. Mr. Lougee, of San Francisco, spent two days with us with good success. He is one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen I ever met, and if all his fish weighed as much as he estimates at the first pull, a small number of them would sink a boat. C. E. Newton and Dr. A. H. Porter, of Spokane Falls, also spent wo days here, and although the weather was cold and windy, they were we l satisfied, carrying home about 25lbs. of nice trout. I succeeded in capturing a fine char (10lbs.) last Tuesday.

F. T. A.

SUNAPEE TROUT.—The first big fish of the season taken from Lake Sunapee was caught Saturday by W. L. Reed, A. F. Stocker and Ira Stowell. Its weight was 4lbs., and it was one of the "What-is-its;" in other words it was one of the new trout of the *oquassa* type, about which there has been so much discussion. Amos O. Woodbury, of this village, is a gentleman of keen observation and a scientific turn of mind. Besides, few men have had more experience in handling the rod about Sunapee Lake; and few, if any, have been more successful in angling for the trout which inhabit that beautiful sheet of water. Mr. Woodbury says that the new Sunapee Lake trout, about which so much has been said, is not of the *oquassa* type, but that it is a hybrid, produced from the mixture of the landlocked salmon and the *Salmo fontinalis*, which have always been found in the lake of a very large size.—*Newport (N. H.) Argus, May 20.*

THE ANGLING TOURNAMENT.

AS we go to press the fifth annual tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association is being held at Har em Mere, Central Park, New York city. The first contest is called for 10 A. M. on Wednesday, and there are classes which will occupy all of Thursday also. In our last issue we gave directions to find the grounds, which we now repeat. The contests take place on the northeastern side of Harlem Mere, at the corner of 110th street and Fifth avenue, opposite the Polo Grounds. There are two ways to reach the place: Take the Third Avenue Elevated road to 106th street and walk north and west, or go by Sixth or Ninth Avenue Elevated road to 116th street and walk back to 110th street and then over to Fifth avenue. There are often hacks to be found at these stations, but not always, although they can be had at the Polo Grounds for return. A full report will be found in our next.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.

THE Ichthyophagi dined at the Murray Hill Hotel last Saturday night. As a rule there have been too many persons at the dinners to make them enjoyable and it was decided to limit the number on this occasion to about fifty. Chas. R. Miller presided, and among others present were Senator Griswold, Assemblyman Robert Ray Hamilton, ex-Assemblyman Hotchkiss, Assemblyman D. E. Ainsworth, of Oswego, ex-Assemblyman Leverich, Assemblyman A. E. Stacey, Assemblyman H. A. Reeves, Postmaster Hendrix of Brooklyn, Chas. A. Dana, Bernard Gillam, Henry L. Nelson, Clerk of the Senate John W. Vrooman, ex-Assemblyman Lyon, Dr. E. C. Spitzka, Dr. W. E. Brill, Dr. Paul H. Kretzschmar, Eugene G. Blackford, Fred Mather, Amos Robbins, Wm. Ottmann, E. H. Hammond, F. G. Mather and H. S. Cunningham.

No new dishes were eaten, the club having about exhausted the list of aquatic monsters. The bill was: Bisque of crabs, bouchées of squid, sheepshead farci, with port wine sauce, skate à la Hollandaise, turban of filet of sole, sea robin, sauce rémoulade; German carp, with horseradish sauce; capon à l'Arthur, cold asparagus, Ichthyophagous punch, salmon braisé, Nesselrode pudding, coffee and cakes.

The sea-robin was excellent and almost rivaled the sheepshead, while the carp was lightly touched. It is not possible to report the bright speeches and witty stories which keep this club at table for five or six hours, and it will be enough to say that there was no lack in that direction.

OLD AND NEW RECORDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11.—I quote the following from Walton's "Compleat Angler:" It shows what grand fishing there must have been in those old days. It records ten years, one month and five days of angling.

Fish taken in the counties of Carmartken and Glamorgan, commencing April 11, 1753, to April 14, 1754, inclusive, 6,272.

In the counties of Pembroke, Carmartken, Glamorgan and Derby from April 11, 1754, to Oct. 24, 1756, 3,758.

1756. In the counties of York, Salop and Glamorgan, 3,739.

1757. In the county of Glamorgan, 9,275.

1758. In the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, Radnor Hereford, 1,762.

1759. In same counties, 3,490.

1760. In county of Glamorgan, 2,150.

1761. In same county, 2,522.

1762. In the counties of Glamorgan and Carmartken, 3,783.

1763. In the county of Carmartken, 3,158.

1764. In the county of Carmartken to July 23, being my last days angling in the principality. As it is the whole given to the public, 47,126.

Many pike, eel and chub taken, but not included in the above. F. Q. T.

Compare with the above the following record of trout taken from one stream, Castalia Creek, in Ohio, by members of the club leasing it. The report is given by Dr. E. Sterling, in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, May 4:

The following is the total number of trout taken by the Castalia Sporting Club from their fishing grounds for the last six years, the fishing season beginning March 15 and closing Sept. 15. No trout less than 8in. in length taken from the stream and all fishing done with artificial flies:

1880—1,497 trout	524lbs.	1883—2,203 trout	783lbs
1881—1,789 trout	556lbs.	1884—2,725 trout	906lbs.
1882—1,776 trout	676lbs.	1885—3,058 trout	992lbs.

J. L. Yale, of Cleveland, made a very handsome catch March 30, 1885, of 26 trout weighing 15lbs. 2oz., the weight of the largest being as follows:

One trout, 16in. long, weighing 1lb. 10oz.
One trout, 15 n. long, weighing 1lb. 4oz.
One trout, 14in. long, weighing 1lb. 4oz.
One trout, 12in. long, weighing 1lb.

Six trout, average weight, 12oz. The average weight of the 26 trout was between 9 and 10oz.

No record was kept at the Cold Creek Club previous to 1884, but since that time the catch has been as follows:

1884—4,275 trout	1,123lbs.	1886—2,800 trout	839lbs.
1885—3,651 trout	1,023lbs.		

So far this season, 496 trout, weighing 186lbs.

Considering that Castalia Creek is a comparatively new trout stream, the catch and weight of fish is exceedingly large. In five years from this this trout stream will be unsurpassed by any like stream on this continent.

A NEW BASS FLY.—That indefatigable black bass fisher, Mr. A. N. Cheney, has devised another feathered temptation to lure the wary bass to his destruction. As Mr. Cheney is purely an amateur fly-tyer, our professional friends will not feel sore if we say that it is a fly that looks as if a bass might rise to it. The fish can surely see it if placed within its angle of vision, for the colors are white and black. A long white mid-wing is overlaid on each side by a short black feather which has two white eyes in it, body white chenille with silver tinsel ending with red silk; hackle black, tail black with white end. We have two of them and will try them before long. The fly is named the "Marston," after Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*.

SALMON IN THE CONNECTICUT.—Hartford, Conn., May 18.—This year, as usual, a few salmon have been caught in the Connecticut River in shad nets and pounds. On Wednesday last, the 11th, a salmon weighing 10lbs. was caught in a gill-net off Saybrook Point, just below the Shore Line Railroad bridge. On Friday, the 13th, a very fine salmon was taken in one of Mr. Chalker's pounds, just east of Saybrook Light. It weighed 18½lbs., and attracted much attention in a market in this city where it was exhibited. Another salmon is reported to have been caught in Wethersfield Cove, three miles below Hartford.—E. H. F.

ST. JOHN RIVER SALMON.—Fredericton, N. B., May 20.—The first salmon caught in this section of the St. John River this season was taken by Mr. Lunt, of Crock's Point, ten miles above Fredericton, on Tuesday, May 17. It weighed 11lbs., and was purchased by the proprietor of the "Queen" at 25 cents per pound.

HUDSON, N. Y.—Our game protector Mathew Kennedy caught with a net in the river near this city a salmon weighing 17lbs. He will send it to Governor Hill as an incentive to his reappointment as game protector. What is the law on taking salmon, can they be netted?—G.

MR. THOMAS J. CONROY, 65 Fulton street, New York, has just issued a retail price list of fishing tackle, with hints on fishing and camping. It is a full octavo of 129 pages, fully illustrated.

A NEW JERSEY SALMON.—Red Bank, N. J., May 17.—An 18lb. salmon just caught at Port Monmouth in a pound. Boiled salmon, green peas, with gold seal; dinner at 5.—WILD.

STRIPED BASS.—Red Bank, N. J., May 10.—Took first striped bass last Wednesday, May 5, weighed 1¼lbs. This is the earliest I have ever taken one.—WILD.

"ESCUMINAC" advertises elsewhere to put a party of anglers on Canadian waters where fish are sure to be found and when found sure to bite.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE ART OF ANGLING; HOW AND WHERE TO CATCH FISH. By Wakeman Holberton. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. This is a little book suitable for the pocket. There are only 96 pages, but it is full of valuable suggestions to the angler, young or old. Mr. Holberton is well known as an expert fly-fisher.

Fisheulture.

SHAD CULTURE.

THE present season has been the best one for shad fishing in all the rivers of the Atlantic coast that is on record, and the yield of eggs has been enormous. The United States Fish Commission began work with the expectation of getting a large number, which was set at 30,000,000, and up to May 19 over 35,000,000 had been taken. Under the exact system of measuring the eggs these numbers may be relied on as exact. Three cars have been busy in transporting the fry, and under the improved methods of Col. McDonald it is now possible to hatch the fish in the car in a very small compass which was not thought possible when the cars were built. Eighteen McDonald hatching jars will hatch a million eggs and only occupy a table 6ft. long in one corner of the car. We inspected car No. 3, in charge of Mr. F. T. Ellis, at Albany last week, where 1,000,000 eggs were being hatched for the Hudson, in addition to 1,500,000 fry which were taken in the car from Washington. On the night before there had been 850,000 fry planted at Greenbush, from the hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, from eggs previously sent from the Potomac. This car had previously taken 2,500,000 to Wilmington, Del.; 3,000,000 eggs and fry to Columbia, S. C.; 5,000,000 eggs to Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; and has now gone to Augusta, Me., with 2,000,0000.

Car No. 2, in charge of G. H. Moore, has been to Montgomery, Ala., and to Mississippi with 1,000,000 for each place. Car No. 1, Newton Simmons in charge, has been distributing from Battery Station, at Havre de Grace, while Mr. Page, of the Central Station at Washington, has been hatching and distributing by messengers to the Upper Potomac and the Chesapeake.

From Cold Spring Harbor, Mr. Mather has distributed to the Hudson and to rivers on Long Island at Smithtown and Brookhaven. Col. McDonald is in charge of the whole work of distributing the fish, and, while almost overwhelmed at the magnitude of the season's work, has so perfected the arrangements that the eggs have been taken care of without delay. As the fish hatch in from three to six days, according to temperature, this work needs prompt attention and speedy action. The eggs, it will be remembered, are taken from fish caught for market and which would otherwise be lost. The men who take the spawn watch the fishermen and save the ripe eggs.

On the Pacific coast shad have been plenty in the Sacramento River and have strayed up as far as Puget Sound. The first plantings were made in the Sacramento some six or eight years ago; previously no shad were known on the Pacific slope. The New York Fish Commission will hatch shad about Catskill; the fish in this river spawn later than in the Potomac and more southern waters.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

IN our last issue we predicted that before long we would hear of captures of salmon in the upper Hudson. On Saturday last we saw a 14lb. salmon at Mr. Blackford's which was taken at Nyack. Mr. Gresham, of New York, had a letter from Mr. L. B. Hoyt, of Troy, saying he had taken a salmon with hook and line off Green Island, between Troy and West Troy, which weighed 28½lbs., the largest fish yet taken in the river. Mr. Mathew Kennedy, of Hudson, took a 13-pounder near that city on Saturday last. In spite of these evidences of the success of plantings by the U. S. Fish Commission it looks as if the movement to build fishways in the upper Hudson would fail this year. The mill owners oppose the bill, fearing that the fishways will diminish their water supply. The facts are that the salmon run up in May and June when the water is plenty, and during the August drouth the fishways are not needed. If the State of New York cares to preserve the salmon which have been planted in this river, and have proved by their return that the river is adapted to them, then fishways should be erected in order that the fish may reach the spawning grounds; and the fish should be protected from capture until the river is firmly established as a self-supporting salmon stream, or one that can furnish eggs enough to keep up the stock.

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

May 24 to 27.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Michigan Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Chas. Weil, Secretary, Newberry and McMillan Building, Detroit, Mich. Entries close May 10.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5036.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you were kind enough to publish my letter under the above caption I will, with your permission, proceed further with the story, directing attention this time to the protests which came up for discussion.

The first was the Glenlivat case, which will never be heard of more, though it would have been had it not been my misfortune to have him accidentally killed a week ago. In FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the A. K. C. meeting the case is briefly dismissed in these words: "In appeal against Watson's protest delegate Peshall was sustained." It was not my protest at all, nor will you ever catch my name attached to such a silly protest as that was. And I am glad to say that Mr. Terry acknowledged he had not been informed of the whole circumstances, otherwise his name would not have been attached to it. That leaves three other protestors to be accounted for, and of these one had what I cannot help calling the hardihood to tell me half an hour after the protest had been turned out of court that had he known I had indorsed my entry blank he would not have joined in the protest. The peculiarity of this statement can best be understood when it is known that this gentleman was present before the Newark show committee and heard the indorsement on the entry blank read and discussed, and an hour later was present as the representative of the protestors when Mr. Peshall again discussed the force of the indorsement and unhesitatingly overruled the committee.

As Mr. Wade has referred to the Glenlivat case, and I do not now see any prospect of it ever coming up for decision on its merits, I think it due to myself that the whole story be told: It appears that Mr. Kyle desired to breed his bitch Mavis to Mr. Jas. Lindsay's Rex. Mr. Lindsay has stated that Mr. Kyle was present when Rex and Mavis were mated. This, Mr. Kyle tells me, was not so. He sent Mavis by express to Jersey City and then, deciding to go to New York on business, went over to Jersey City. He waited at Mr. Lindsay's until it was time for him to leave, and just as he stepped out of the house the express wagon drove up. He, however, could wait no longer and left Mr. Lindsay to attend to the mating, and on the following day Mavis was shipped back to her owner. After the birth of the puppies, Mr. Kyle tells me, he felt convinced that they were not by Rex, and decided to have Mr. Lindsay come up and see them. After several requests Mr. Lindsay visited Sound Beach, and on being shown the puppies acknowledged that they were by Strephon. On the return of Mr. Kyle and Mr. Lindsay to the house from seeing the puppies, and while seated on the verandah, Mr. Kyle tells me that Mr. Lindsay gave him the following explanation: He brought Mavis into the passageway of his house, left her there and went for Rex, who was somewhere in the house. When he returned with Rex he found that Strephon had slipped in unobserved and the damage was done. This story he gave Mr. Kyle as from one Mason to another. Mr. Kyle was much put out at having his suspicions verified, and did not want any of Strephon's puppies. Mr. Lindsay was doubtless only too glad to get them, and a deal was made. Mrs. Kyle, however, said she wanted one and picked Glenlivat. This almost broke the sale off, but it was again made all right, and Mr. Lindsay got two bitches and a dog. Nothing further was made public about any of the litter until Mr. Lindsay entered his two bitches in the collie sweepstakes and the purchaser of his dog puppy also made an entry, all as by Strephon out of Mavis. I came across Glenlivat at the Winsted show and persuaded Mr. Kyle to enter him in the collie sweepstakes. He said he was willing, and I wrote to the Collie Club secretary asking him to please accept the entry if the books were not closed—I knew they were being kept open after Dec. 1. This letter I mailed for Mr. Kyle. Mr. Smith, the secretary, says I made the entry in person, but his memory is incorrect on this point. The entry was accepted.

Shortly afterward Mr. Shotwell unearthed the notice of the service of Mavis by Rex in the *American Kennel Register* and then the trouble began. Mr. Smith endeavored to make a telling point on me by saying I had said that the entries in the Collie Club sweepstakes should have been made with both sires. The point failed, however, when I willingly acknowledged the statement, but that subsequent information had caused me to believe that Rex had never been used.

Perhaps I had here better state my connection with the dog. I purchased him on Feb. 28 and it was before that that Mr. Shotwell's discovery was made public, by which the onus was thrown on Mr. Lindsay. He sought to get out of the difficulty by saying he had never sent the entry to the *American Kennel Register*. In a footnote to Mr. Shotwell's letter to the *American Kennel Register* (see January, 1887) I said: "It is for Mr. Lindsay to rise and explain about the breeding of Mavis. The entry in the Breeding Register was sent us by Mr. Lindsay." In a letter to me dated Feb. 3 he says: "You make a mistake when you say I sent notice of her breeding to Rex to the *American Kennel Register*. I never did; must have been Mr. Kyle."

I commenced thinking over the case, and bit by bit it came back to me. I soon distinctly recollected getting a letter from Mr. Lindsay, in which he asked me to put in the breeding of Mavis to Rex, and he went on to tell me a queer story of the condition Mavis was in when received by Mr. Kyle from Dr. H. M. Perry. I further recollected that as Mr. Kyle was not then allowed the privilege of the *American Kennel Register* I placed the letter aside for one month's issue to give it further thought. Before the number for February, 1886, came out I again had a lively note, asking me to be sure and get the Mavis—Rex entry in, and it was decided to do so. Mr. Lindsay at the same time sent in other entries, which also appeared in the February number. I did my best to get hold of the letters, but could not find them, search as I might. I felt convinced I had kept the first one, but the second being only a short note of request I did not expect to get.

On Feb. 9 I wrote Mr. Lindsay and said I was certain he had made the entry. On Feb. 10 he wrote, "You make a mistake when you think I sent in record of Mavis's breeding." I replied the same day, stating my recollection of his letters of the year before, and on Feb. 12 he again wrote: "When I first met Mr. Kyle I saw Mavis and she was lame, that I remember writing you. But I did not write you saying that she was bred to Rex. I made a correct statement. Should I on the other hand have said they were Rex pups what would the result have been, any man can see Strephon in them." After this Mr. Lindsay wrote to the *A. K. R.* and his denial of his having sent notice of the service was published without comment, as I did not wish to enter into a controversy without proof.

A few days before the Newark show I at last came across the missing bundle of letters, and among them was this one:

"JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 23, 1886.—MR. JAS. WATSON—*Dear Sir:* A. R. Kyle bought collie bitch Mavis (formerly La Reine, A.K.R. 1651) and had her bred to Rex on the 18th of this month, and he wants me to have the breeding recorded in the *Register*. What do you say about it? The more I hear of Dr. Perry the worse he appears. This bitch Mavis has had her hip disjointed and is lame for life. * * * Yours truly, JAS. LINDSAY."

I give the last sentence only to prove the correctness of my recollection when I endeavored to prompt Mr. Lindsay's memory.

Perhaps I seem to have given too much space to this point, but as the whole thing hinges upon Mr. Lindsay's veracity and the value to be placed upon his statements, it is only proper a determinable piece of evidence of this kind should be fully set forth.

As soon as I bought the dog I petitioned the American Kennel Club to appoint a committee to investigate and decide the question of paternity. I had by that time heard three separate and distinct stories of the breeding of Mavis The one Mr. Kyle got from Lindsay, on the word of a Mason, another directly from Mr. Lindsay, and the third from the secretary of the Collie Club. All could not be correct, for if one was the other two were not. Subsequently I heard two variations of previous stories and had such an ample assortment to select from that I preferred to keep my choice as the dark horse. Now that the best collie ever owned in this country is dead, and his pedigree is of concern to no one, I will state what my opinion and belief were. My opinion was that if an accident had happened there would have been but one story afloat as to how it occurred. My belief was that Rex was not capable of earning his stud fee. Therefore I chose to throw the onus of a decision upon the alleged governing power of dogdom.

Some day I may refer to the underhand work of certain persons between the time of my purchasing Glenlivat and exhibiting him at Newark, but that does not form a part of the case as before the public. The dog was protested and, as stated by Mr. Wade, the committee meeting was brought forward with seemingly the special object of throwing this dog out. People said I was a fool to take the dog there in his condition—lame from a blow from a horse's hoof—but, my good masters, there was a method in my madness. The delegate to the A.K.C. of the New Jersey Club, Mr. Peshall, is a lawyer, and with any person of legal training I felt safe. Just as I expected, the show committee made a mistake and chose to consider themselves entitled to investigate a pedigree and decide it on ex parte evidence. I think the counsel for the plaintiff at that Newark meeting must have felt flat. When we were all in the upper chamber Mr. Lindsay was, with great ostentation, called upon as a witness, and three or four leading questions put to him, and then with a Louis XIV. air I was requested to cross-examine him. They mistook their man. I was there to prove that the dog was identified as called for by Rule II., not to establish a pedigree at a few moments' notice, with every witness I could produce to testify to the various stories I had heard as coming from Mr. Lindsay fifty or more miles away. Leaving Mr. Lindsay alone, I did my best to impress upon the committee the fact that they were not investigating the dog's pedigree, but his identity; but they preferred their own course, and in language only a grade less refined than the offensiveness of the protestors, alleged my being party to a misstatement.

Mr. Wade has told the story of the disgraceful efforts to turn me and my dogs out of the ring. I am only surprised that men who did not hesitate to speak of my quietly asserting my rights as "a damned outrage," etc., did not stop at personal violence. Perhaps the practical lesson I administered to one of the parties the previous day had its effect. If Mr. Wade had known as I did that the person who was ordering him to turn me out of the ring was doing it simply as a fellow exhibitor he would have given him the proper answer.

This same exhibitor appeared as special counsel for the protestors when Mr. Peshall heard my appeal. I do not think I said six words to Mr. Peshall beyond saying that my only defense was my entry form. That was produced, and notwithstanding the pitiful pleadings of the protestors' attorney, the committee's decision to throw the dog out was "unhesitatingly overruled." The court was still instructing counsel for the respondent on the law of the case when I left the room. The judging was then resumed, and my poor lame dog, that had had no attention for three hours, had to be hurried into the ring. The result matters not now, but the horrible example he made of the sweepstakes entries is not likely to be forgot by those who were spectators of the scene.

I did not propose saying anything about the Collie Club in connection with this affair, but I cannot refrain from giving one incident. I was much surprised to receive from the Collie Club secretary a letter to the effect that if no objection was raised by Mr. Shotwell, whose entry came next to Glenlivat in the decision of the sweepstake, I would be paid the money awarded to my dog. Mr. Shotwell, the secretary informed me a few days later, had no objection, provided I agreed to give it back if the dog was thrown out. I never asked for the money, never even suggested that it be paid over, for I knew a little more than to expect to get cash "attached" by a protest. Still the only one who had claim to the money having waived his right, one would suppose that it would have been paid over as promised. Judge of my surprise, however, when I received a letter from the secretary saying the Collie Club committee had decided not to pay the money until the appeal was decided. Bear in mind that it was perfectly well known to all that the indorsement on the entry form had saved the dog from disqualification, and yet we find the committee saying the money should not be paid, although the only person they were protecting had at their request waived his claim, and at the next stage of the proceedings Mr. Terry of the club committee and one of the prostestors rises and says if the indorsement had been known the protest would not have been made. There is a nasty mess then somewhere.

Mr. Peshall hit the nail on the head when on looking over Glenlivat at Newark he quizzically said: "It looks as if they had reason to protest the dog."

The Glenlivat case is settled, and I think those who have followed me thus far will say they are glad of it. Still, gen-

tlemen, if you had experienced one fraction of the miserable, slimy persecution which dogged every step of my ownership of the dog up to the time I demonstrated I had the best in the country, it would have taken more than columns of FOREST AND STREAM to have chronicled your tale.

Mr. Editor, on mature reflection I think it would be advisable to head this letter with the old elastic line "Collies at Newark," in which everything under the sun can be treated of except the one at issue. JAS. WATSON.

BEAUFORT—PATTI M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have called attention to the protest made by Mr. Munhall at the Waverly show to the award made by the judge to Beaufort, and the action of the A. K. C., or I should say the actions of the A. K. C. in the same, please permit me to explain the case from first to last.

After the entries for the Waverly show had closed the following special prize was offered:

"Class XX. The president of the New Jersey Kennel Club offers a special cash prize of $50 for the best pointer dog or bitch, open to all comers. Entry fee $5, which will be added. Entry to be made with secretary of the club by Wednesday, Sept. 15, 10 A. M. The regular entry fee of $3 will be charged to all dogs entering for this prize not already entered in the show."

Mr. Mason, the owner of Beaufort, had been selected to judge some of the classes, and he had entered his dog Beaufort as "not for competition." The dog was entered long before the entries closed, and this prize was not offered until some days after the entries had closed. As you will see, it was in the nature of a sweepstake; the $5 entry was to go to the winner as well as the $50 prize. Three dogs were entered to compete, viz., Beaufort, Patti M. and Nick of Naso. Davidson was judge and awarded the prize to Beaufort. Mr. Munhall, the owner of Patti M., protested upon the ground that Beaufort was entered in the show as not for competition. The Bench Show Committee refused to sustain his protest, and he appealed to the local delegate of the A. K. C. The local delegate sustained the finding of the committee, from which finding Mr. Munhall appealed to the American Kennel Club at the meeting of the club held at the Hoffman House on Dec. 6. The appeal was heard by the A. K. C., and it was decided to sustain the finding of the local delegate. This I presumed was final, and settled it.

At the last meeting of the A. K. C., held at the Hoffman House the first week in May, Mr. Munhall, delegate from the Cleveland Club, further protested the previous finding of the A. K. C. upon the ground that Mr. Vredenburgh had voted to sustain the local delegate's finding, and that as he was secretary of the club he could not vote, and cited Article IV. of the constitution, which reads as follows:

"Officers of the American Kennel Club shall not be privileged to vote upon business before the executive committee unless regularly elected delegates from their clubs, except the president, who shall have the casting vote in case of a tie."

The above is a portion of Article IV. It prescribes the duties of officers. If the officer is a delegate he can vote and always has voted when he held a proxy. If Mr. Munhall will look at the latter part of Sec. 2, Article III., he will find the qualifications for a delegate or a proxy, viz., "A person to be eligible to act as delegate or proxy for a club or association, whose regularly elected member or representative is absent, must be a member of a club one of the members of this association, but in no case shall any delegate act as proxy for more than one other member of this organization."

The section of the constitution that Mr. Munhall cites simply prescribes the duties of officers. The section I cite prescribes the qualifications for delegates. Any club could have elected Mr. Vredenburgh delegate, or any delegate could appoint him his proxy. Mr. Vredenburgh was fully qualified to vote.

When Mr. Munhall made his motion to reconsider I raised the point of order that he was not recorded as voting with the majority at the previous meeting, and consequently could not move a reconsideration. It was so held by the president. Mr. Vredenburgh, who was and is the secretary, then stated that he voted at the previous meeting with the majority, and although he did not have a proxy for this meeting he would move to reconsider. The president accepted his motion, and it was voted to reconsider. Now we find, according to Mr. Munhall and the A. K. C., that a secretary with a proxy cannot act as delegate; but that a secretary who has not a proxy can act for some club as a delegate. It was then moved to reverse the finding of the local delegate and sustain the protest; and the votes recorded in favor of reversing the decision of delegate Peshall were as follows:

First—Cleveland Club, by its regularly elected delegate, Mr. Munhall, the owner of Patti M., and the party who made the protest.

Second—Cincinnati Club, by Mr. Munhall, proxy for Gen. Shattuc, the regular delegate, by Mr. Hanua, proxy for Mr. Munhall, the owner of Patti M. and the aforesaid party who made the protest.

Third—The Hartford Club, represented by Mr. Rendle, proxy for Mr. Collins.

Fourth—Pittsburg Club, by Mr. Richards as the proxy for Mr. Gregg.

Fifth—Mr. Newberry, regular delegate from Michigan Club.

Sixth—Mr. Drake, the regular delegate from the St. Paul Club.

And the votes to sustain the local delegate were as follows:

First—Rhode Island Club, by Mr. Seabury, regular delegate.

Second—Boston Club, by Mr. Grosvenor, the regular delegate.

Third—New Jersey Club, by Mr. Peshall, regular delegate.

Fourth—Philadelphia Club, Mr. Winslow, regular delegate.

Absent—Mr. Donner, Westminster Club; Mr. Watson, Hornell Club; Mr. Terry, Fox-Terrier Club; New Haven Club and Wisconsin Club.

Consequently we now find this state of facts to exist: That the bench show committee of the New Jersey Kennel Club's finding and decision, and the decision of the local club delegate of said club, and of the American Kennel Club itself, have been reversed by two newly elected members not having been present at any former meeting, in fact, just having been admitted; by one vote of the plaintiff, by one vote of the sub-proxy for the plaintiff, and by two proxies.

While the vote was being taken, I remembered that when I wrote my decision as local delegate, I said something about it being in bad taste for a judge in other classes at shows to compete; and I at the time having some faint idea that a protestor might have some slight prejudice, or in other words, that his opinion might be slightly influenced, suggested that under such circumstances the protestor should not vote upon his own protest, for fear he might unconsciously become influenced. But my suggestion did not become a winner. The same unconscious influence might unconsciously to a slight degree also influence a sub-proxy, when the proxy for the sub-proxy was the protestor.

I am very sorry that the A. K. C. has got itself into such an unfortunate position. Unless delegates and officers take interest and attend the meeting promptly, and show an interest by taking part and doing away with proxies and all semblance of the town meeting order of settling questions, and by deciding all matters quickly and rightly, regardless of who the parties may be, the club will soon come to an end.

In the beginning there was nothing in this case. The wording of the prize settle it. It was not even an open question; and the A. K. C. by its own fooling action and the lack of interest of delegates has permitted this unfortunate state of facts to exist.

I do hope that as soon as Mr. Drake of the St. Paul Club and Mr. Newberry of the Michigan Club read this article and this statement of the case, they will each of them forward to the secretary a resolution asking that the vote taken on this subject at the last meeting be reconsidered. This should be done at once. I do not believe that either of these gentlemen fully understood the case at the time they voted, as it was the first meeting they had attended; and having voted with the majority, they can ask that the vote be reconsidered. They can mail this motion to the secretary. I submit that this is a matter that should receive the immediate attention of the club.

Mr. Munhall has written to the secretary of the New Jersey Kennel Club demanding the amount of the prize. The prize was long since paid. C. J. PESHALL.

ARE SHOW SPANIELS SUITABLE FOR WORK?

PERHAPS there is no greater favorite among all sportsmen and exhibitors than the spaniel—that is to say, the sporting spaniel, whether he be the Irish water, the English water, the Sussex, the field, or the nimble cocker. He is known to be so sagacious, so good-tempered, and so forgiving, and so rarely to be found ill-tempered or vindictive. Every one knows the old saw—that "the more you beat a spaniel the more he will cling to you," and few have found this adage to be wrong. But I must keep to my text or heading, and trust that what I have to say of the modern spaniel may not be taken in ill part.

Any man who has stood near the spaniel benches at some of our large shows must have heard remarks such as: "What on earth is the use of those lumbering creatures?" "They can't do any work." "I could walk one of those down in two hours," &c.; and really, I firmly believe these people are not far out of the way in their remarks. I will take the field spaniel, the favorite color of which is black, and ask—Where in the canine world can a more beautiful creature be found than this lovely long, low, and heavy animal, with his flat, glossy coat, profuse feather, nice head, with an expression that is unequalled by any other breed of dog living? Yes, I admire them as such, and know full well the difficulty of breeding them to this standard, and what a hard job it is to get them long, to keep them down, to secure bone and to get flat coats, and how years and years have been spent by breeders to still improve upon these points, but with all this I must say it is my opinion that the working spaniel is deteriorating in the same ratio as the show spaniel is improving. I should like to know what is the use of the present cumbersome spaniel that has gone crooked on his legs because of his body being so long and heavy, and who is therefore almost a cripple, and is of as little use to the ordinary sportsman as a heavy brougham or cart-horse is over the Quorn country. I hope it may be kindly taken of me if I say the present spaniel is but an "old man's dog," as to my mind he is certainly too slow for a man in the prime of life. I know it is argued that a sportsman wants a slow dog, so that he can keep up to him, and not let him go too far, so as that the game may be flushed out of range; but I think this is all bosh, as a spaniel should be so broken as to keep within range—that is, in the open or on a fence.

Then, again, what is the use of a heavy spaniel working a wet bog or water course for snipe or wildfowl? Why, he plods on through it like a small crocodile, and you can hear him coming at a distance of 70 to 100yds., and how far the wary snipe or other water or wildfowl can hear him, goodness only knows. Then, again, in a thickset cover, where gorse and brambles are intermixed in an endless and indescribable entanglement, his short legs are certainly of some use to him here, but his other properties are not; he has to pull his long body through, and his coat—and that, too, often very spare so as to get it flat—is but a poor protection to his thin, fine skin, and often have I seen a poor brute held as fast by his ears as Abraham's ram of old was by his horns. I will now take the modern spaniel when the snow lies thickly on the ground, as it has for two or three seasons, and it seems to me that the recurrence of "old-fashioned winters" is altogether unfavorable for the lovely dogs on our show benches. You will then see the short-legged and heavily-feathered dog just as useless as one could possibly imagine, and as he plods about and gets up to his belly every step he takes, it makes the man who is out with him wish he had left him at home, and taken a terrier or some dog as nimble. Yes, such is the case, and that is the reason why most of our old sportsmen are wont to laugh at some of our specimens of dogs of all breeds that they see at our shows. Why is this? I think it is that in breeding for length and lowness the working spaniel has been lost sight of, and, indeed, what is known as "character" is too often now conspicuous by its absence in nearly every breed of dog. I take it that shows are held for the improvement of the different breeds of dogs, but should like to ask, Does the improvement lay in the way of the work these breeds are suitable for, or in the direction of fancy points as in pigeons or rabbits, where color and markings are very considerable points

I have always believed in the saying "that a good horse can never be a bad color." Then why on earth cannot the same thing apply to dogs? at least those breeds that are bred for work and not for household pets. What has become of the old liver-and-white field spaniel that would kill three long and low ones in a day, and get over twice the work to boot? We don't find him but very occasionally on the show bench, for all our judges, with the exception of one, refuse to look at him, and he is generally the first sent out of the ring. No, we do not find them at our exhibitions, but if we get round the kennels of shooting men, we find nothing else, and furthermore these gentlemen swear by them, and laugh at our show animals. And therefore, here it comes in, that we have one dog for weekdays and another for Sunday—one to stop at home to do the work, another to bring out to be scanned by an admiring public. I should like to know the proportion of our show spaniels that have ever heard the report of a gun, or have slobbered over the scent of a winged bird or a legged hare? Yes, it is to me a thousand pities that we are losing sight of our old friend, the dog that can afford a man a day's sport, but, at the same time, do not deny that the show dog is very beautiful to look upon—but why not combine the two qualities? If you show a "spaniel man" a shortly-backed, strongly-loined one, with rather long *but straight* legs, over 25lbs, in weight, he will turn up his nose at it and laugh it to scorn, and it certainly would be just as good for a man to throw his entrance money into the sea as to exhibit that spaniel, as he would be considerably out of pocket. Still we often hear the proprietor of this kind of dog challenge the owners of other animals that he will back his dog to find more game than a brace of them together, and so on, and it's ten to one that he knows what he is talking about. I am fond of spaniels. They were and always have been my favorite "fancy," and I have probably handled every dog of any note of this breed in the kingdom, and have always criticised them according to the scale of points laid down by the Spaniel Club, as, "when we are in Rome we must do as Romans do;" but still at the same time it has invariably occurred to me, What is the use of these lovely dogs for a day's work? I cannot for the life of me see they are suitable for it—hence the reason of this paper. I know from experience the immensity of trouble there is to breed them to points, and how the most difficult points to attain are the most valuable in the ring.

All this is very good in its way, but as the world cannot get along with "mashers" alone, I would suggest that we look a little more after the interest of our workmen, which are to be found in the spaniel world in shorter-backed, longer-legged, and less-feathered specimens. Then we could have one breed of spaniels, instead of so many, that would be useful for all kinds of work, if I except that of retrieving heavy birds from a rough and fast-running sea; then you are bound to have a stronger animal, such as the Irish or English water spaniel—the latter-named dog, by the way, seems to have gone out almost entirely. I was very much struck with some supposed specimens of this breed that were exhibited at the last Royal Cornwall show held at Saint Austells. They were certainly peculiar-looking creatures, and were more like liver poodles than English water spaniels. Still they had that workmanlike build and intelligent expression that one was not surprised when told they were admirable field and water dogs. However, again to the point—"Are show spaniels suitable for work?" and I am bound to answer in the negative; but at the same time it must be remembered that I admire the present show dog as a specimen of what careful breeding will do, but still think that good looks are not the only things to be bred for.—*The Wanderer, in Vinton's Gazette.*

THE DETROIT DOG SHOW.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

DETROIT, Mich., May 25.—The Detroit show, which opened yesterday, bids fair to be a success and to take its place among the good shows of 1887. The attendance so far has been fair.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the May number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

4969. Zulu, Sagamore Kennels.

BULLDOGS.

4970. Belle of the Ball, E. S. Porter. 4971. Carmen, J. E. Thayer.

COLLIES.

4972. Capt. Bixby's Lassie B., Capt. F. G. Bixby. 4973. Haddie Darling, O. Detchon 4974. Prinsor Lad, O. Detchon.

DEERHOUNDS.

4975. Oscar, A. W. Smith.

MASTIFFS.

4976. Beech Grove Juliette, C. F. Matteson. 4982. Sandycroft Bessie, V. M. Haldeman.
4977. Homer, Jr., J. E. R. Boudreau. 4983. Sandycroft Blucher, V. M. Haldeman.
4978 Juanita, J. M. Chaplin. 4984. Sandycroft Brag, V. M. Haldeman.
4979. Sandycroft Baffle, V. M. Haldeman. 4985. Sandycroft Burly, V. M. Haldeman.
4980. Sandycroft Beauty, V. M. Haldeman. 4986. Romeo, C. T. Matteson.
4981. Sandycroft Belle, V. M. Haldeman. 4987. Vulcan II., F. A. Dwight.

POINTERS.

4988. Boski, C. W. Winship. 4992. Floss II., H. J. Gerald.
4989. Climax, E. W. Briggs. 4993. Lambert's Bang, H. Flint.
4990. Dido II., T. L. Douglas. 4994. Little Eula, T. L. Douglas.
4991. Fan, J. Zimmerman.

PUGS.

4995. Juno L., A. C. Lewis. 4997. Santa Claus, Forest City Kennels.
4996. Ko Ko II., M. Smith. 4998. Topsy L., A. Lichty.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

4999. Bonnie Gipsey, G. F. Erbe. 5002. Phil Bernard, F. W. Burns.
5000. Duke III., W. Van Wyck. 5003. Princess, W. B. Allen.
5001. Nutmeg, C. A. Houck.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5004. Speranza, T. M. Burk.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5005. Bellgore, W. H. Fuller. 5007. Maggie Dale, W. P. Mills.
5006. Bess III., J. B. Murphy. 5008. Rim, F. Marsh.

GORDON SETTERS.

5009. Neva, F. M. Harris.

IRISH SETTERS.

5010. Bend Or, J. Work. 5013. Max II., T. Mullin, Jr.
5011. Glendalough, J. H. Cocks. 5014. Nell III., J. Work.
5012. Mahdra Rhue, W. Ross Proctor. 5015. Teddie, F. L. Cheney.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5016. Beatrice W., J. P. Willey. 5021. Nick, J. A. Nickerson.
5017. Dandy W., J. P. Willey. 5022. Star, W. H. Forsyth.
5018. Flirt W., J. P. Willey. 5023. Topsy W., J. P. Willey.
5019. Jeanie, C. W. Horne. 5024. Trixy, J. P. Willey.
5020. Miss Newton Obo, J. P. Willey.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

5025. Conn, A. B. Elford. 5026. Irish Girl, A. B. Elford.

TERRIERS—BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

5027. Cherokee, S. Cunningham. 5028. Gipsy Queen, A. W. Smith.

FOX-TERRIERS.

5029. Bayonet, A. Belmont, Jr. 5032. Richmond Myrtle, J. E. Thayer.
5030. Media, A. Belmont, Jr.
5031. Richmond Dazzle, J. E. Thayer. 5033. Tancred, A. Belmont, Jr. 5034. Tinsel, A. Belmont, Jr. 5035. Wasp II., J. E. Thayer.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

5036. Judge Pepper, R. F. Shannon.

DISGORGING FOOD FOR PUPPIES.—St. Joseph, Mich., May 11.—I heartily enjoyed "C.'s" description of the coon hunt in issue of April 21, in which I became so interested that by the time the climax was reached I could see that whole outfit, and I laughed heartily. I have "cooned it" many times in different parts of the country and recognize some of the dogs he so faithfully describes. I was very much struck by reading in a recent issue about the bitch that fed her puppies by vomiting her own food, as it was far ahead of anything I ever saw or heard of; but my foxhound bitch has done the same thing at least every day for the last week. I first noticed her seven-weeks-old puppies eating something odd-looking last Sunday, and upon investigation discovered that it was what had been vomited by the mother. I refused to allow them to eat it, thinking the bitch (who stood looking on) had eaten something which had caused sickness, but on Monday I discovered her in the very act of disgorging, and if ever an animal's face betokened shame, hers did. I myself and quite a number of others to whom I had related the circumstance, have watched her and have seen the same unusual performance every day for the last week. She leaves her kennel immediately after being unloosed mornings, returning in about twenty minutes to feed her puppies. She seems to be very careful not to disgorge when she notices any one looking, and is much more motherly with this litter (her second) than the first one. Would you consider it detrimental to the puppies to allow them to eat such food?—J. C. S. [No.]

THE POISON FIEND.—Allegheny, Pa., May 21.—Let me report to you that the scoundrelly dog poisoner has been at work here yesterday and succeeded in killing half a dozen valuable dogs and a few curs. Among the former was my German mastiff Cæsar, who was brought by me two years ago from Germany. He was a noble, harmless beast, and a general favorite in the neighborhood. He clawed the floor for about half a minute, stiffened out and died without a struggle. The police department refuse to do anything to further the arrest of the miserable scoundrel. Would it not be well to protect owners of valuable dogs by passing and enforcing a strict ordinance bearing on the subject?—E. P. HODGES.

MERCHANT PRINCE.—Mr. E. H. Moore's well-known rough-coated St. Bernard dog died last Monday, May 23. He was born May, 1883. Breeder, G. Kirkham. Sire, champion Bayard. Dam, Pastime. Winnings: First, St. Bernard show, 1884; first and silver cup, Crystal Palace; first, Otley; first, Glasgow; first and special, Heckmondwike; first, Harrowgate; first and cup, Bangor, beating champion Bayard; first, Darlington; first, Chester, C. St.; first, Boston; first, Skipton; first, Bishop Auckland; first, Birmingham; first, St. Bernard show and silver cup, all in 1885; first, Boston; first, New York; first, Hartford; first, Stafford; champion, Boston and New York, 1887. Cause of death, inflammation of the bowels.

THAT PILL LETTER.—In our issue of May 5 was published a letter written by Dr. Perry, of Boston. The original was sent to a young man in this city who had been for several weeks developing himself into a monomaniac on the subject of citrate of iron and strychnine pills. The copy published by us was one sent to Mr. W. Wade, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who on his own responsibility sent it to us. It did not come to us from Dr. Perry, but we are not advised that that gentleman has any fault to find with Mr. Wade for sending it to us.

AMERICAN EXHIBITORS AT THE JUBILEE SHOW.—Mr. August Belmont, Jr., has sent to England for entry in the Jubilee show the fox-terriers Lucifer, Bacchanal, Diadem, Verdict and Tiara. They were shipped from this port on the Helvetia, May 18, German Hopkins in charge. Mr. Fred Hoey's Valet went under the same care. The performances of these dogs on the other side will be watched with great interest.

WHY DOES A DOG TURN AROUND?—If "Jay Bebe" will turn to my letter in your issue of March 17 he will see that I there proposed the theory which he says none of your correspondents have touched on. Surely this theory is most probably the correct one.—CLUMBER.

LOST.—The black spaniel Donuil Dhu, at Bergen Point, N. J., on Sunday afternoon between 3 and 6 P.M. All black, tail docked short, weight about 30lbs. Thought to have strayed away. A suitable reward. Return to A. C. WILMERDING, Bergen Point, N. J.

SAFETY.—Mr. August Belmont, Jr., has lost his fox-terrier bitch Safety, poisoned by eating a piece of meat doctored with strychnine and picked up on the roadside. The bitch was due June 13 with five pups, sired by Lucifer.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS AT NEW YORK.—In our list of awards at the New York show an omission occurred. Mr. Thos. W. Burke's entry in the Yorkshire terrier bitch class took second prize.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ajax, Abel, Atlas, Asia and Andrea. By Richland Kennels, Wahpeton, Dak., for two brindle and one dark fawn, black points, mastiff dogs and one fawn and one light fawn, black points, bitches, whelped April 23, 1887, by Turk (A.K.R. 2222) out of Sylvia (Major—Celeste).

Amoror. By E. S. Bettelhein, Bath Beach, L. I., for orange and tawny St. Bernard dog, whelped April 8, 1887, by Manon (Herr Carl—Zean) out of Zada (Wilhelm II.—Zeltic).

Gunner the Second. By E. S. Bettelhein, Bath Beach, L. I., for red Irish setter dog, whelped April 18, 1887, by Gunner (A.K.R. 3637) out of Madame Stone (Buck—Juliana).

Richland Kennels. By Orton Gifford, Wahpeton, Dak., for his kennel of English mastiffs.

Orchard City Kennels. By G. W. Schenck, Burlington, Ia., for his St. Bernard and Newfoundland kennels.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sylvia—Turk. Richland Kennels' (Wahpeton, Dak.) mastiff bitch Sylvia (Major—Celeste) to Minnehaha Kennels' Turk (A.K.R. 2222), Feb. 23.

Romp—Johnny. H. W. Windram's (Bostom, Mass.) Clumber spaniel bitch Romp, pedigree unknown, to F. H. F. Mercer's Johnny (Ben—Joan), April 14.

Bessie—Johnny. H. W. Windram's (Boston, Mass.) Clumber spaniel bitch Bessie (Jockey—Romp) to F. H. F. Mercer's Johnny (Ben—Joan), April 8.

Fly—Mainspring. Mr. Swain's (Bronxville, N. Y.) pointer bitch Fly to Jos. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), May 20.

Rosa—Mainspring. J. P. Cartwright's (Augusta, Ga.) pointer bitch Rosa (Boon—Rena) to Jos. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), May 17.

May Belle—Sir Dash. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch May Belle (Guy—Pearl) to his Sir Dash (Tucker's Dash III.—Roberto Laverack), May 7 and 10.

White Maid—Sir Dash. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch White Maid (Banjo—Countess Zoe) to his Sir Dash (Dash III.—Roberto Laverack), May 9 and 15.

Roberto Laverack—Dash R. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Roberto Laverack (Robin Hood—Conestoga Belle) to Thos. Blyth's Dash R. (Ripple—Ruth), April 2.

Canada Beauty—Paxtang. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Canada Beauty (Paris—Dawn) to F. W. Seiler's Paxtang (Count Noble—Fate Gladstone), May 14 and 15.

Lady Isabella—Naso of Devonshire. Floyd Vail's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Lady Isabella (Beaufort—Fanny Turner) to his Naso of Devonshire (Nick of Naso—Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127), May 21 and 22.

Dame Blanche—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Dame Blanche (A.K.R. 3010) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), May 22.

Tromba—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Tromba (Brown's Sultan—Swiss Beda) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), May 17.

Queen of Sheba—Hector. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch Queen of Sheba (A.K.R. 4429) to their Hector (A.K.R. 4425), May 18.

Dido K.—Don Quixote. Don Quixote Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Dido K. (Bob—Daphne K.) to their Don Quixote (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), May 14.

Nell—Don Quixote. Don Quixote Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Nell (A.K.R. 1354) to their Don Quixote (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), April 30.

Betsey—Don Quixote. F. E. Loring's (Oakham, Mass.) pointer bitch Betsey (Sancho—Floss) to Don Quixote Kennels' Don Quixote (Robin Adair—Lady Belle), April 30).

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Minnetonka. J. M. Fronefield, Jr.'s (General Wayne, Pa.) Lavcrack setter bitch Minnetonka (Don Juan—Petrel III.), May 19, seven (four dogs), by Wash A. Coster's Buckellew (Druid—Hamilton's Ruby).

Sylvia. Richland Kennels' (Wahpeton, Dak.) mastiff bitch Sylvia (Major—Celeste), April 23, six (three dogs). by Minnehaha Kennels' Turk (A.K.R. 2222).

Nellie Sting. Pittsburgh Kennel Club's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) bitch Nellie Sting (Sting—Novelty), May 18, seven (two dogs), by their Count Noble.

Ione. F. G. Stewart's (Hoosick Falls, Mass.) mastiff bitch Ione (A.K.R. 3122), May 4, ten (three dogs), by Duke de Richelieu (A.K.R. 4566).

Little Nell. C. A. Barnes's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Little Nell (A.K.R. 2905), Feb. 8, three (two dogs), by F. F. Dole's Count (A.K.R. 3178).

Metchley Princess. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Metchley Princess (Charlemagne—Mint), May 10, nine (six dogs), by S. Boddington's Rob Roy McGregor (E. 18,558).

Winnie. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Winnie (Gairlock—Laurie), May 20, ten (two dogs), by their Kilmarnock Bruce (Marcus—Drumlin Isle).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

La Rosa. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 7, 1887, by Tammany out of Lady Vinnie, by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. Martineze, New York city.

Trailer—Gypsie whelps. White, black and tan foxhound dog and bitch, by F. G. Stewart, Hoosic Falls, N. Y., to E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del.

Everest—Hilda whelp. Tawny and white, with black facings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped March 1, 1887, by Chas. H. Baker, Boston, Mass., to M. F. Prouty, Chicago, Ill.

Nell (A.K.R. 1354). Liver and white pointer bitch, 4yrs. old, by Ritchie out of Nell, by A. H. Aldrich, Melrose, Mass., to Don Quixote Kennels, Worcester, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

P. G., Canton, Ohio.—Get the following:

℞. Ferri et strychnin citrat.....grs. xx
Div. in pil. No. X.

Sig. Give one pill night and morning concealed in a morsel of meat.

Give two grains of quinine night and morning.

T. H. J., Highland Falls.—Last week I noticed very bright red spots about the size of a ten-cent piece on my puppy's legs and breast, and he is shedding his hair very badly; he scarcely has any on his thighs and legs. Ans. Get the following:

℞. Ung. zinc oxid.
Ung. diachylon.....āā ʒi
Mix. Sig. external.

Give five drops of Fowler's solution once daily in the food, and keep the bowels open with castor oil or syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 16.—There was a good attendance at the weekly practice of the Kent County Rifle Club last Thursday afternoon at Wyoming, standard target.

At 200yds.

M A Jones	1	3	6	5	9	10	6	4	7	7—58	
A R Benson	6	3	5	6	7	5	3	5	3	3—46	
A F Diefenderfer	3	4	5	3	5	7	4	3	6	6—45	
W F Aldrich	6	10	1	6	3	3	2	3	9	2—45	
R J Diefenderfer	1	3	6	4	3	5	3	6	4	8—43	
J W Fouracre	0	1	8	4	4	4	2	6	9	5—43	
C W Johnson	3	2	1	3	3	10	7	5	4	4—41	
F H Thomas	6	3	6	3	4	2	4	4	5	4—41	
S H Thomas	3	6	2	3	2	3	5	7	4	6—41	
O A Dockham	2	3	1	6	5	1	9	6	1	3—37	
H M Thomas	3	1	5	4	1	5	3	3	4	6—35	
R D Clow	1	1	7	1	2	1	3	2	5	1—24	

At 100yds.

F H Thomas	6	7	7	9	8	7	10	5	6	9—74	
S H Thomas	5	9	9	6	7	8	10	6	7	5—72	
H M Thomas	10	5	6	4	7	6	8	10	8	7—71	
A F Diefenderfer	6	10	8	10	6	5	4	6	10	5—70	
M A Jones	9	5	4	7	5	9	8	9	8	6—70	
A H Conner	6	9	6	5	8	9	4	9	6	7—69	
E W Johnson	6	6	10	5	6	7	6	9	6	5—66	
J W Fouracre	5	7	7	4	1	7	6	9	7	6—58	
A R Benson	8	5	4	9	2	3	8	8	5	4—56	
R J Diefenderfer	5	2	5	6	7	5	5	4	9	6—54	
W F Aldrich	1	8	3	6	6	9	6	2	5	4—50	
R D Clow	1	3	7	7	8	4	6	9	3	2—48	
O A Dockham	8	3	6	6	8	5	5	1	3	1—41	

May 17.—Weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club, standard target, at 200yds.:

First Match.

R Miller	8	7	9	9	5	8	7	6	7	9—75	
H A Heinel	10	7	7	6	5	6	8	9	10	6—74	
H B Seeds	8	5	6	6	7	6	7	4	7	6—62	
W A Bacon	4	3	6	9	10	6	5	6	5	4—58	
J E Newman	8	7	5	2	8	4	5	3	6	9—58	
C Frederick	4	7	5	2	3	4	2	6	5	3—41	

Second Match.

J E Newman	8	8	6	8	7	7	5	7	4	8—68	
R Miller	10	7	7	7	3	5	10	7	5	5—66	
H B Seeds	7	5	7	4	6	6	5	4	10	10—64	
W Fuller	7	4	5	7	4	9	8	8	7	5—64	
W A Bacon	3	5	5	5	4	6	7	3	10	3—51	
C Frederick	4	4	3	4	5	4	2	5	10	1—42	

Third Match.

H B Seeds	7	8	6	10	6	10	9	5	6	8—75	
H A Heinel	10	1	6	6	6	10	7	5	5	8—64	
R Miller	4	6	6	6	5	6	4	8	7	5—64	
J E Newman	4	4	7	7	5	7	7	6	6	7—60	
W A Bacon	6	5	3	7	3	5	3	5	8	8—53	
W Fuller	8	5	5	2	6	5	8	3	3	4—49	

BOSTON, May 21.—A small number of riflemen gathered at Walnut Hill to find bullseyes in the regular matches. Salem Wilder made a full score of 100 at rest, which counted 113 on the new bullseye center. Below are to-day's scores in detail:

Rest Match.

Salem Wilder, F	12	11	10	11	12	12	11	12	12	10—113	
F	12	9	10	10	9	12	12	12	12	12—110	
J Francis	12	10	12	9	11	12	11	9	12	12—110	
N Washburn	11	11	12	9	10	9	11	12	11	10—106	
Chickering	7	10	7	10	6	9	12	8	9	9—87	
Yenetchi	7	8	7	8	12	9	11	9	9	8—88	
Baker	7	9	5	8	6	12	6	6	12	10—83	
Cutts	12	10	9	12	6	5	3	4	12	7—80	

500yds. Military Match.

F Carter	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5—47	
	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4—47	

Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

W O Burnite	6	10	7	10	9	10	7	8	7	8—82	
J A Frye	10	7	10	9	8	9	9	7	4	9—82	
A L Brackett	7	10	7	6	6	10	9	8	8	8—79	
	5	9	7	6	7	5	9	7	9	8—72	
F N James	5	6	5	8	6	9	9	9	7	7—71	
J F Smith	7	7	7	5	6	3	6	10	9	7—67	
Yenetchi	7	7	5	7	5	5	6	7	9	7—65	
Baker	3	9	5	4	9	6	1	7	7	9—60	
Chickering	8	4	5	3	3	10	8	7	6	5—54	

Revolver Match.

Bennett	91	87	82	77	76	76	Francis				79 52

MALDEN, Mass., May 21.—There was a large attendance at the Bear's Den Range this afternoon, and the following scores were made at 200yds. Private Hurd, First Cadets, won the bronze medal with 77 points in a possible 100. In the practice match the following scores were made at 200yds.:

B E Forrest	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5—46	
E A Coburn, Co L, 8th	5	5	3	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—43	
J C Allis, Co L, 8th	4	4	3	3	2	3	4	3	3	3—33	
Private H Warren, 1st Cadets	3	2	5	5	0	0	2	3	2	4—24	
Private Thayer, 1st Cadets	4	5	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4—36	
Private Hatch, Co. L, 8th	3	4	5	3	4	5	3	3	5	3—38	

THOMASTON, Conn., May 21.—The air full of smoke from heavy forest fires, with an intermittent 9 o'clock wind. Subjoined are the scores:

G C Canfield	10	6	7	6	6	8	10	10	9	9—81	
G A Lemmon	4	7	7	8	10	6	7	9	8	4—70	
F A Perkins	4	7	10	6	10	10	6	4	7	4—68	
C F Williams	4	7	4	9	4	0	4	7	6	5—50	

NEWARK, May 20.—This evening the final match between the Rutgers and Our Own clubs was shot at Rist's range, Orange street, with the following result: Rutgers—J. Hillenbrand 85, G. Meise 98, Wm. Clark 102, H. Allen 97, E. McCraith 106, W. Frost 90, H. Snyder 102, M. J. McArdle 105, F. Dietz 102, J. Farrell 102, total, 989. Our Own—Fred A. Freinsehner 108, C. Weeks 111, J. Kiefer 84, G. Dietzel 92, F. Smith 99, Fred Freinsehner 93, W. Drexler 96, E. Bertram 95, W. Weider 100, Mr. Friedenheit 96, total, 974. The grand total of the three series of matches was: Rutgers, 2,838 points; Our Own, 2,817; Rutgers winning by 21 points. The match was one of the most interesting and closely contested that has been shot in this city in a number of years. The Rutgers began the match with 6 points in the lead, but lost it early in the evening, when the Our Own secured a strong lead. In the 16th round fortune again smiled upon the Rutgers, giving them a lead, which they continued to increase to the finish.

HAVERHILL (MASS.) RIFLE CLUB, May 21, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

S E Johnson	6	8	8	7	6	9	8	7	10	10—79
J Busfield	8	8	10	6	8	8	8	5	7	8 10—78
J F Brown	7	6	10	8	6	7	7	6	10	10—77
R Griffin	7	6	8	5	7	10	7	9	9	7—75
F Merrill	7	6	6	4	9	6	7	6	9	8—68

THE REVOLVER SHOOTING TOURNAMENT at Conlin's gallery, Broadway, New York, came to a close last Thursday night, after a close contest lasting ten days, in which a great many fine scores were made. Mr. George Bird had the honor of winning the first prize, a handsome gold medal, winning it from Mr. J. T. B. Collins in fine style, with a score of 210 out of a possible 216 points, on the Massachusetts target reduced. Mr. Collins is an old-time shot, having been on the first American team and the winner of a great many hotly-contested shooting matches, and is a hard man to beat in a match. It looked for some time as if he would win, but Mr. Bird, although a young shooter, is a hard man to walk away with. Mr. Collins won the second prize, also a gold medal, with a score of 208 out of a possible 216. Mr. A. P. Kelly won the third prize with a score of 206 out of a possible 216. This is Mr. Kelly's first revolver match, and he hugged the leaders very close on the last day of the match, making two 68s and one 69 out of a possible 72. Among the other revolver shooters were A. Brennan, W. C. Southwick, J. B. Millen, Capt. T. H. Swift, F. Schuchardt and many others.

TORONTO, May 19.—Col. Gzowski, late president of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association was to-day presented with a fine sporting rifle by the members of the Association Council. Col. Kirkpatrick presented the address, which said in part: "The regret we feel at the severance of our official connection is only exceeded by the pleasant recollections we have of our past relations under your guiding and successful administration. Your untiring and self-denying services in the cause of rifle shooting have helped in no slight degree to stimulate the militia of Canada to maintain rifle associations and to perfect themselves in the use of the rifle, and thereby have added to the general efficiency of the militia force of the Dominion." Among those present were Lieut.-Col. Kirkpatrick, Kingston; Col. Ouimet, Montreal; Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. White, Major Tilton, of Ottawa; Lieut.-Col. MacDonald, Guelph; Lieut.-Col. Gibson, Hamilton; Lieut.-Col. Tyrwhitt, Bradford; Lieut. McNaughton, Cobourg, and Lieut.-Col. Otter, Toronto.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein was held to-day at Shell Mound Park. The weather was not at all propitious for target shooting at long range on account of a light wind that prevailed throughout the day, yet excellent scores were made. The shooting was at a 25-ring target, 200yds. range. Louis Haake won the medal for first-class shooting, having scored 409 rings. In the second class Captain Huber won a medal, being credited with 364 rings. The medals for the third and fourth classes were won by H. Kurdfinkle and A. Lemare, who scored 347 and 227 points respectively.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE entries for the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY number thirty-five clubs, represented by fifty-one teams. A number of entries, mailed after the time prescribed, have been returned. The competing clubs are as follows:

LIST OF ENTRIES.

South Harrisburg Gun Club, Harrisburg, Pa.
Northside Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind.
Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, Syracuse, N. Y.
Wayne Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa.
Johnstown Gun Club, Johnstown, N. Y. (2).
Middlesex Gun Club, Dunellen, N. J. (2).
Yonkers Gun Club, Yonkers, N. Y. (2).
Bristol Gun Club, Bristol, Tenn. (2).
Taunton Fish and Game Prot. Asso., Taunton, Mass. (2).
Washington Heights Gun Club, New York city. (2).
Kalamazoo Sporting Club, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Fountain Gun Club, Norwalk, Conn. (2).
Booth Gun Club, Osborn Hollow, N. Y.
Forest City Club, Wachita, Kan.
Knoxville Gun Club, Knoxville, Tenn.
Oswego Falls Gun Club, Oswego Falls, N. Y. (2).
Saratoga Gun Club, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Hill City Gun Club, Rome, Ga.
Jamestown Shooting Club, Jamestown, N. Y. (2).
New York German Gun Club, New York city.
Scioto Game Association, Portsmouth, O. (2).
Algonquin Gun Club. New York city (3).
Wingohocking Club, Germantown, Pa.
Athens Gun Club, Athens, Pa.
Bay Ridge Gun Club, Bay Ridge, N. Y. (2).
Baltimore Gun Club, Baltimore, Md.
Freeburg Gun Club, Freeburg, Ill.
South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J.
Smith & Wesson Shooting Club, Chicopee, Mass.
West End Gun Club, Long Branch, N. J. (3).
Springfield Shooting Club, Springfield, Mass.
Parkersburg Gun Club, Parkersburg, W. Va.
Solomon Gun Club, Solomon City, Kan.
Spring Hill Gun Club, Blauveltville, N. Y.
Monticello Gun Club, Monticello, Fla.

The conditions have been so explicitly stated in the circular sent to each team that there should be no ground for any dispute. Attention is called to the rule that scores must be made out in ink or with indelible pencil and mailed within twenty-four hours after the shooting. The result of the match can not be given until our issue of June 9.

The TROPHY is now on exhibition in the window of Merwin, Hulbert & Co., West Twenty-third street, near Broadway.

BOSTON, May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The vote at last meeting of executive committee, of which I wrote you, in regard to shooting for your trophy, appears to conflict with our previous arrangement in regard to shooting on May 30 according to our programme, clay-pigeons only to be shot on that day. We shall have a set of traps specially arranged to throw Ligowsky birds for your prize and shall be happy to accommodate any team which enters to shoot on them; but hardly see how we can arrange to throw any other target.—C. B. SANBORN, Sec. N. E. T. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14.—To-day a large delegation of sportsmen representing the Eureka Gun Club met at Bird's Point, Alameda. It was the third monthly shoot of the club. On the previous shoot the day was very disagreeable, and the members found it an unpleasant task to stand before the traps while the cold, crisp breeze from the ocean almost necessitated the wearing of overcoats. To-day was very pleasant, and the gentlemen present enjoyed a splendid afternoon's sport. Mr. Bird provided an exceptionally strong lot of pigeons, which darted from the traps with such surprising alacrity that some of the best shots found a task. The shooting was under Hurlingham rules. Following is the score, Davis, Chapin and Sanborn 28yds.:

Haskell	1111111101110—10	Sanborn	1001111111111—10
Goodall	0010110111011— 7	Adams	0111111111111—11
C W Kellogg	1111001111111—10	Maynard	0111111111011—10
Dr Mayhew	0001011111111— 8	Dean	1101001110001— 6
Davis	1110110111111—10	S I Kellogg	1110110100010— 7
Chapin	0110011001110— 7	Golcher	1111001101100— 7
Schwerin	1111111111100—10		

Immediately after the regular shoot a sweepstake, $2.50 entrance, was inaugurated, 30yds. rise, 6 birds. It was won by Mr. Maynard, who knocked over six of his birds in excellent style. Appended is the score:

Milton	011111—5	Schwerin	101111—5
Golcher	111001—4	Maynard	111111—6
North	111011—5	Smith	withd'n
Sanborn	111011—5	Knight	011010—3
Fraser	010101—3		

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—A new gun club has been organized in this city called the South Side Gun Club, with a membership of twenty and grounds on the south side of the city. The officers are: President, Edward Sterling; Vice-Pres., Alex. Allingham; Sec'y, H. C. Whiting; Treas., J. C. Ayers. Regular club practice every Thursday afternoon. The members are making great progress, and will shoot for a club medal in June.—E. W. S.

CARVER VS. BREWER.—The score of the first match at Philadelphia, May 23, was Carver 86, Brewer 80.

THE MISSOURI STATE SHOOT.

PALMYRA, Mo., May 17.—Rain began falling early last evening and continued until 10 o'clock this morning. It looked for a time as if the shoot would be a failure, but by noon the clouds broke and the shoot began. About fifty participated in the first shoot, St. Louis having about fifteen. The first shoot was for $100, 10 birds, 21yds. rise. Thirteen men tied on 10, 15 on 9 and fully as many on 8. The ties were shot off and Messrs. Underwood and I. R. Riley of Kansas City, John Lemmons and John Gash of Palmyra tieing, divided first honors and the money. Rightmyer, of Palmyra, carried off second money, $76. Messrs. Bates and Tuley, of Palmyra, Bingham, of Kansas City, and Edington and Cole, of St. Louis, tied on 9, and after a half dozen contests these were narrowed down to Bingham and Cole, who divided second tie honors. The attendance was unusually large for the first day. St. Louis had parts of four clubs—the Excelsior, the Western, the Missouri and Sportsmen's. There are fully fifty St. Louis men in the city. Excelsior had thirty-five men and established headquarters on the grounds with a tent, flag and silk banner. Kansas City had parts of three clubs—the Jefferson City, Gun club and the Butler club. In addition to this large numbers of individuals were present. The pigeons were lively, the afternoon fine and the sport excellent. Old members of the club say the best shooting ever done was done this afternoon. This evening Hanley's opera house was crowded with sportsmen assembled to elect officers and attend to other business. The members discussed the game laws and amendments and passed resolutions against the adoption and enforcement of stringent laws. The meeting lasted until near midnight.

PALMYRA, Mo., May 19.—Three shoots took place to-day and the teams were well filled in the first shoot of the day.

Shoot No. 5—Twenty-four men entered, shooting seven single birds, 26yds. Lyman, Smith, Cockrell, Bates, Bennett, Hatcher, Baehr and Jacobs tied on 7, and in the shoot-off, 3 birds at 26yds., Hatcher and Bennett lost and the remaining six divided the money, $50. Loerke, Thornton, Watson, Mensing and Shaw tied on 6 and divided second money; Riley, Mitchick, Youmans, Den, Denser, Kelly and Reeves tied on 5. Youmans, Den and Denser won on the shoot-off and divided. Fields, London, Underwood and Fairman tied on 4, and London and Fields in the shoot-off and divided.

Shoot No. 6—Twenty-four men entered, and Mensing, Caldwell, Loerke, Riley, Watson and Baehr tied, on 8 in the shoot. 4 pair of birds, 18yds. rise, ties 1 pair at 21yds., and in the shoot-off Caldwell, Riley, Watson and Baehr tied and divided the $36. Lyman, Bates, Youmans, Elliott, Thornton and Lemmons tied on 7, and Lyman and Lemmons won in the shoot-off and divided. Fields, Cockrell, Den and London tied on 6, and Caldwell won in the shoot-off, $18.24. Gash, Underwood, Haworth, Ryan, Denser and Reeves tied on 5, and Ryan won at the shoot-off.

The last shoot began late this evening, and by noon to-morrow the programme will be wound up. Most of the clubshave left the city.

PALMYRA, Mo., May 20.—This was the last day of the great shooting tournament, and only two shoots of any consequence took place.

Shoot 8. Seven single birds, 26yds., was shot off by twenty-four men, Baehr, Underwood and Watson dividing first money; Mensing and Webber, second; Thornton and Caldwell, third.

This ended the main programme, but several side shoots for entrance fees took place this afternoon.

The following are the official scores of the teams which competed for the tenth annual State tournament. Terms: 5 birds each at 21, 26 and 31yds. rise:

St. Louis Gun Club—Pitts 10, Coles 15, Peck 14, Wilson 15—54. First place, 1887.

Independence Gun Club, Kansas City—Bingham 23, Bingham 14, Anderson 12, Anderson 14—53. Second place.

Keystone (Cameron, Mo.)—Cockrell 14, Mitchick 13, Watson 12, Caldwell 13—52. Third place.

Gate City Club (Kansas City, Mo.)—Mensing 15, Savage 12, Fairman 12, Reeves 12—51. Fourth place.

Missouri Gun Club (St. Louis)—Griesidieck 12, Weiber 15, Schaaf 11, Fink 13—51. Fourth place.

Mound City Gun Club (St. Louis)—Sieminskie 13, Wells 10, Grether 12, Field 14—49.

Belt Line Gun Club (Kansas City, Mo.)—Denser 11, Baer 13, Hubbs 14, Godfrey 11—49.

Palmyra Gun Club (Palmyra, Mo.)—Bates 13, Hatcher 11, Lemmons 11, Gash 10—45. Winners last year on 52.

Excelsior Gun Club (St. Louis, Mo.)—Kulage 12, Loerke 8, Weber 12, Rinkle 15—45.

Kansas City Gun Club—Riley 11, Underwood 14, Smith 11, Bassett 8—44.

DAVIS VS. CANNON.—The adjourned match between these two trap-shooters came off on the grounds of the J. C. H. G. C. on the 21st inst. The day was fine, the birds a trained lot, furnished by Miles Johnson and Al. Heritage, and the number of interested spectators large. Representatives were present from New Jersey, Long Island and Staten Island, knowing that this match was no hippodrome affair, but would be shot on its merits, the best man (at least on that day) to win. Davis was in fine condition, taking the lead early and keeping it up. He shot in fine form, making some very brilliant kills. Cannon, though cool and plucky, was decidedly off, and missing five straight gave Davis a big percentage. We have never seen a more plucky shooter than this one-armed Cannon. He was not only jolly throughout, but continued to back himself with his own money, even when the match was half over and it was almost a foregone conclusion that he would be shot out and that soon, but he improved some and was not shot out until the 43d bird. Cannon had rather the hardest birds and let them get too far away from the trap before shooting, while Davis got on to them almost instantly. Davis had only one dead out of bounds, while Cannon had 3, his 41st dropping through a hole in the fence. There was some good shooting by both men, but we are of the opinion that Cannon has no business fooling with George Davis, and his nerve or pluck will only cost him so much more money. There was some talk of another match between the two men, but nothing definite was settled upon. South Paw's Duke, assisted by De Junge's pointer Frisco, did the retrieving. Match between Geo. Davis, of Greenville, N. J., and W. S. Cannon, of Newark; 50 birds each, $250 a side, Hurlingham rules, except weight of gun. F. Quinlan, referee, F. Satterthwaite, scorer:

Davis (30)	111112106111o02020121111—19
	11110101111011110110201021—18—37
Cannon (30)	201o012000001010lc1221101—13
	01001110221111lo11012022—18—31

o Dead out of bounds. "2" signifies used both barrels and killed.

Two barrels used to kill—Davis 6 times, Cannon 8 times. Birds fell dead out of bounds—Davis 1, the fourteenth, and Cannon 3, the fourth, eighteenth and forty-first. Davis killed 17 drivers, 7 right quarterers, 8 left quarterers, 1 incomer and 4 hoverers; total, 38. Cannon killed 21 drivers, 4 right quarterers, 4 left quarterers and 2 incomers; total, 31. Davis had 12 birds from trap No. 1, 14 from No. 2, 7 from No. 3, 12 from No. 4, 5 from No. 5. Cannon had 8 birds from trap No. 1, 16 from No. 2, 6 from No. 3, 13 from No. 4, 7 from No. 5. Time of shoot, one hour and fifty minutes.

After the match a sweep was engaged in, $5 entrance, 5 birds; and here is where Cannon's pluck came in again and to some purpose, as he outshot all the old trappers with a straight score, J. C. H. G. C. rules:

Cannon	1 1 1 1 1—5	Lindsley	1½ ½ 1 1—4
Von Lengerke	1 1½ ½ ½—3½	Cook	1 1 0 1—4
Davis	1 0 0 1 1—3	Winans	½ 1 ½ 1 1—4
G Freche	½ 1 0 1 1½—3	Williams	1 0 ½ 1 1—4
Dickens	½ 1 1 1 0—3½	D Terry	1 1 1 1 0—4
Kent	1 0 1 1 1—4	Creeley	½ 1 1 0 1—3½
Quinlan	1 ½ 0 0 ½—3	W Siegler	1 0 1 1 1—4
Perment	½ 1 1 0 0—2½	W Terry	1 1 1 1 0—4
S Castle	1 1 1 ½ ½—4		

Cannon first, $42.50; D. Terry, Wm. Siegler and W. Terry divided second, $25.50; Dickens and Williams divided third, $17.

Second sweep, 19 entries, Lindsley took first money, Hedden and Castle divided second, Hoffman third, Kinsey fourth.—JACOBSTAFF.

SARATOGA GUN CLUB.—Scores made on May 2, 9 and 17, American clay birds, 16yds. rise, second barrel ½; highest is entitled to 20 extra shots:

McVair	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9	Meehan	1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—6
Bockes	1 1½ 1 1 1 0 1 1—8½	Pike	1 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 1—6
Lev'gston	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—8	Gage	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0—5

Monday May 9:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Meehan	1110111111—9
Bockes	1111111011—9	Pike	1011101001—6
Gage	1111011111—9	Stevens	1011100110—6

Monday, May 16:

Levengston	1111111111—10	Clark	1011110001—6
Meehan	1101111111—9	Cramer	1000101011—5
Bocke	1111111011—9	Putnam	0100010111—5

At 15 birds:

Bockes	111111111101100—13	Levengston	111111101101111—13

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—There will be sweepstake shooting on May 30, 9:30 A. M., at blue rocks, clay birds and glass balls.—GEORGE YOST, Pres.

THE COLT GUN CLUB, of Hartford, Conn., had a sweepstakes shoot May 20. All the best shots from New Haven, Bridgeport, Wallingford, Springfield and surrounding towns participated. They shot all day. No. 1. State shoot, 6 clay birds, 8 angles:

Miner	101001—3	Nettleton	000010—1
Thomas	100010—2	Vibbarts	101100—3
O Treat	000101—2	N Folsom	010100—2
Dickinson	010101—3	Widman	110111—5
Higby	010100—2	Albee	011110—4
Reynolds	000101—2	Pixley	001101—3
Potter	011110—4	Bristol	110111—5
Bushnell	010000—1	Eley	111110—5
Colt	000000—0	Brogden	000010—1
Johnson	010111—4	McMullin	010010—2
E Folsom	101010—3	M Cook	011010—3

Ties were divided.

No. 2, 7 straightaways:

Widman	0101111—5	Higby	0101111—5
Brogden	1110010—4	Reynolds	0111010—4
O Treat	0001111—4	Dickinson	0101010—3
Miner (3d)	0111111—5	Bristol	0111011—5
McMullen	0101001—3	M Cook (div 4th)	0111100—4
Bushnell	0101000—2	E Folsom	1011111—6
Vibberts	1111101—6	Thomas	0100010—2
Potter	1111111—7	Pixley	0111010—4
Johuson	1110000—3	Eley (2d)	1011111—6
Albee (div 4th)	0111100—4	Peard	1010100—3
N Folsom	0100000—1	Nettleton	1010010—3

No. 3, 6 clay birds, 3 angles:

Vibberts	111111—6	Thomas	111111—6
Potter	010110—3	Woodford	111111—6
Brogden	111000—4	Howe	010110—3
Bristol	160100—2	Levanway	001010—2
Hill	101010—3	O Treat	010110—3
Widman (div 3d)	101110—5	Miner	111111—6
N Folsom	010300—1	Dickenson (1st)	001110—3
W Johnson	101101—4	Georgia (4th)	001110—3
Higby	111111—6	Peard	010000—1
Albee	110101—4	Alger	000011—2
Eley (div 2d)	110111—5	Colt	001100—2
Bushnell	000000—0	M Cook (div 3d)	100111—4
Reynolds (div 2d)	101101—4	Nettleton	110100—3
Hart	011111—5	McMullin	110100—3
Alcott	111110—5	J Cook	110010—3
Pixley	011111—5	Banning	111000—3
E Folsom	111110—5		

No. 4, 2-man team, 7 birds, 3 angles:

Alcott	1111011—6	Hart	1101111—6
Woodford	0110110—4—10	Georgia	1101111—6—12
Albee	0111101—5	Treat	0111000—3
Highby	1110110—4— 9	J Cook	1101110—5— 8
Miner	0011110—4	Howe	0100010—2
Thomas	1000110—3— 7	Johnson	1011010—4— 6
E Folsom	1111111—7	Dickman	1000000—1
Vibberts	1111111—7—14	McMullin	1010110—4— 5
N Folsom	0000111—3	Brogden	1001111—5
Wledman	1101011—5— 8	Pixley	1001111—5—10
Potter	1010111—5	O B Treat	0111011—5
Bristol	0111111—6—11	Shorry	0110111—5—10
M Cook	0101110—4	Nichols	1110001—4
Eley	0111011— 5— 9	Beers	1101111—6—10

Nichols and Beers fourth.

No. 5, 10 straightaways, 21yds.:

W Bristol	1101001110—6	M Cook	1011000100—5
Albee	1111111000—7	Baers	1100111010—6
McMullen (fourth)	1001101101—6	E Folsom (first)	1101111111—9
Vibberts	0111011100—6	Georgia	0111101100—6
Widman	1101011110—7	Howe	1100110101—6
Eley	1011111000—6	N Folsom	1010110011—6
Miner (second)	1111011011—8	H Burnham	1010000000—2
Nichols	1110010110—7	C Burnham	1100111010—6
Hart	1010101010—5	B Treat	0111010101—6

Ties on 7 for third divided.

No. 6, 6 birds, 3 angles:

Nichols	100100—2	Georgie	101010—3
Miner	000111—3	Bristol	101000—2
Beers	101101—4	Alber	000011—2
Thomas	011110—4	Vibberts	101011—4
J Cook	000110—2	O Treat	011000—2
Eley	101111—5	McMullin	111011—4
H Burnham	111000—3	E Folsom	001111—4
O B Treat	100100—2	Alger	011100—3
C Burnham	011110—4	M Cook	011111—6
Hart	111111—6	Melrose	111111—6
Alcott	110111—5	Potter	111000—3
Woodford	011110—4	Luzmoor	000000—0
Goodwin	011000—2	Brogden	101111—5
Widman	110110—4	Reynolds	110001—3
Levanway	111100—4	Higby	011010—3
Johnson	111111—6	N Folsom	101000—2

Ties on 6 divided first, Alcott and Brogden divided second, Woodford third, Reynolds fourth.

No. 7, 7 straightaway, 21yds.:

B B Treat	0001010—2	Thomas	1010101—4
J Melrose	0111110—5	Luzmore	1000000—1
C Burnham	1100000—2	Brogden	1011111—5
Colt	0000000—0	Georgia	0001000—1
N Folsom	1110301—4	Woodford	0111100—4
Nichols	0101110—4	N Cook	1111001—5
McMullin	1110010—4	Beers	1111110—6
Albee	1111101—6	Alger	0110100—3
Folsom	1111101—6	Vibberts	0101111—5
Widman	1110101—5	Collins	0101000—2
Bill	0001110—3	J F Ives	1001010—3
Ensign	0100000—1	Bull	0101101—4
Dickenson	1101010—4	Johnson	1011010—4
C Burnham	1011110—4	Goodwin	1011010—4
H Burnham	0000000—0	Olcott	1110010—4

Ties on 6 divided first, ties on 5 divided second, Johnson, N. Folsom, Olcott and Woodford third, J. F. Ives fourth.

No. 8, 3 singles, 2 pair doubles:

Vibberts	111 01 11—6	Ives	111 10 10—5
C Burnham	111 00 10—4	Melrose	111 10 00—4
Ensign	011 10 10—4	M Cook	100 11 11—5
H Burnham	010 00 00—1	E Folsom	111 10 11—6
Georgia	011 11 01—5	McMullin	111 11 10—6
Alcott	111 11 10—6	Colt	100 10 00—2
Woodford	111 10 00—4	Collins	100 00 00—1
Brogden	101 10 00—3	Nichols	001 00 00—1

No. 9, 4 pair doubles:

Melrose	00 10 10 00—2	M Cook	01 01 00 00—2
J Ives	11 00 10 00—3	Vibberts	00 11 10 10—4
Ensign	11 00 11 11—6	C Burnham	00 10 01 00—2
Dickenson	00 00 10 00—1	McMullin	00 10 10 00—2
E Folsom	10 10 10 11—5	Johnson	00 00 10 00—1
Nichols	00 10 01 00—2		

No. 10, 5 birds, 3 angles:

Ives	11011—4	Nichols	10010—2
Collins	00000—0	Folsom	01100—2
Ensign	10001—2	Cook	01111—4
Melrose	01100—2		

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—The Lincoln Gun Club held its regular monthly clay-pigeon shoot to-day on its grounds near Aalmeda Point. There was a large attendance of the club members. Although all the conditions were favorable to good shooting only average scores were made. The day's sport began at 10 o'clock with the second shoot of the season for the first and second class club medals. The rules were 15 single birds, 18yds. rise, from 5 screened traps. Following is the score of the first-class medal shoot:

Dunshee	1110110100101110 — 9	Richter	1010100001100000 — 5
Cate	0011111101101001—10	Edlar	0100001100 — 2
Campbell	1110010000001110 — 6	Potter	1010011010110001 — 7
Parks	1100000011011— 7	Bruns	1010010111111011—10
Ford	0010111011101110 — 9	Schendel	1101101011000111—10
Rose	0111011100110001— 9		

The three ties were shot off at double birds, Schendel taking the first-class club medal.

For the second class medal the following is the record, Quinton winning it with a score of 10:

Holmes	0001100010001010— 5	Horber	1011100000100001— 6
Venker	1011000110000100— 6	Booll	0110010000100010— 5
Kamer	0000110010001111— 6	Brown	0001000001000001— 3
Cohen	1000000000011011— 5	Quinton	1111101111010010—10
Wunil	1100111010101001— 9		

After the medal shoots, the following pool, $1 entrance, was shot:

Ford	1111011011—8	Bruns	1110111101—8
Cate	1110111110—8	Holmes	0100111000—4
Campbell	0110101101—5	Wenzel	1101011111—7
Quinton	0111000101—5	Scovern	0101110101—6
Druskee	1101001100—5	Parks	1110101101—6
Parker	1101010001—5	Fanning	1111100111—8
Larney	1000100010—3	Brown	0010000110—8
Burt	0110110010—5	Lendstrom	0101111000—6
Hooker	1000000000—1		

The four ties were shot off at double birds, resulting in a tie between Ford and Cate. Cate won finally.

NEW YORK, May 19.—A few members of the Eureka Gun Club had a shoot at their grounds on May 17. A number of ladies, friends of members of the club, were present, adding much to the pleasure of the occasion. Mr. S. acted as scorer, giving perfect satisfaction. The weather was all that could be wished for and the sport was very much enjoyed by all.

First shoot, 10 American clays:

Strope (2d)	1111010111—8	Quick (3d)	1010010111—6
Ring	1000100010—3	Swindell (1st)	0110111111—8

Second shoot, 6 live birds, 25yds., second barrel ½ bird:

Strope	1 1 1 1 1 1—6	Swindell	1 1½ 1 1 1—5½
Ring	1 1 ½ 0 1 1—4½	Ficken	1 1 0 1 ½ ½—4
Quick	1 1 0 ½ 1 ½—3½		

Third shoot, 10 American clays:

Strope	0110100111—6	Swindell (3d)	1101101111— 8
Ring (2d)	1110110111— 8	Ficken	11011w
Quick	1111111110—10	Dische	10011w

Fourth shoot, 10 blue rocks:

Strope	0110101111—7	Quick (2d)	1110111110—8
Ring (3d)	1011100111—7	Swindell (1st)	0111101111—8

Fifth shoot, 10 American clays:

Strope (2d)	0110111011—7	Quick (3d)	1101011101—7
Ring	0110001101—5	Swindell	1110110111—8

Sixth shoot, 10 American clays:

Strope	1110101011—8	Swindell	1001101100—5
Quick	1110011011—7		

E. D. STROPE, Sec.

NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at Utica, N. Y., commencing June 6, under the auspices of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. The shooting tournament will be held upon the grounds of the Utica Base Ball Association at Riverside Park, five minutes' walk from Bagg's Hotel. All the contests of the convention will be governed by the rules for shooting Cleveland blue rocks, except otherwise noted. There are eight contests with prizes aggregating in value $8,326. Address M. M. Brunner, Sec., Utica, N. Y.

COLLEGE MARKSMEN.—The first inter-collegiate shotgun match ever held in New England took place at East Watertown on May 11 between teams representing the Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania. The wind was a gusty one, blowing directly across the range, and it proved a puzzler to the visitors. At the end of the first round Harvard had a lead of 9 birds, which at the end of the second was increased to 7, and then to 13 in the third, 17 in the fourth and 15 in the fifth and last. For Harvard the best work was done by Clyde, who shot 14 birds straight, and Austin and Mead, who each shot clean rounds of 5 birds. Randolph and Chew did the bulk of the work for the Pennsylvania. It is but fair to say that the visiting team were handicapped by lack of practice at clay birds, as it is their custom to shoot at live pigeons. They have also been practicing at open traps and were considerably bothered by the screen used on the Harvard grounds. About 50 spectators were present; 25 birds per man, thrown at 18yds., rotation of 5 angles, score by rounds:

Harvards.		University of Pennsylvania.	
Clyde	2355s—19	Randolph	12233—17
Green	44433—18	Chew	34432—17
Austin	52425—18	Freeman	33224—14
Mead	42453—18	Smith	33221—10
Palmer	43223—14—87	Dolan	11012— 5—62

Referee, S. Bradstreet, J. P. G. C.; judges, Capt. J. S. Sawyer, M. R. A.; A. B. Bradstreet, J. P. G. C.; scorer, J. A. Frye, M. R. A.

TORONTO, May 14.—The Toronto Gun Club held its fourth weekly shoot at the Woodbine this afternoon. Those who missed the previous shoot made the following scores at 20 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise:

W Felstead	18	R J Kidd	16
J T Bayles	8	T Sawdon	5

The scores of the regular shoot are:

A Ellis	15	N Gardner	10
W McDowall	15	J T Bayles	10
W Felstead	15	H M Rupp	9
R J Kidd	14	W Pearson	8
G Pearsall	11	T Sawdon	4

The members of the Owl Gun Club have determined to hold a Peoria blackbird tournament on Wednesday and Thursday, June 21 and 23, at Charles Ayre's grounds, Eastern avenue, for $300 in cash prizes. The managing committee comprises W. McDowall, C. Ayre, A. R. Lockhart, J. R. Humphreys (president), J. C. Unwin (secretary).

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—The Occidental Club held a pigeon-shooting match to-day at the Six-mile House. There were nine entries, each shooting at 12 birds. A strong breeze was blowing and some fine fast birds were provided The prize of $30 was won by P. J. Walsh:

P J Walsh	011111111111—11	T Schach	100101100111— 7
F Williams	111011111011—10	W Garno	011011111110— 9
H Blanken	111011111110—10	T Pearson	111110000110— 7
J M Ropes	111101111011—10	J Swan	111101010100— 7
T Smith	101010101101— 7		

After the club shooting was ended a match was arranged between Messrs. Schultz and Walsh for $50 a side, each shooting at 15 birds. Walsh proved the victor after a close contest. The following score was made:

Walsh	011111111111111—14	Schultz	101111111111101—13

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—Plainfield, N. J.—The following new members have been added: Charles Richardson, New York; James Riggott, Rockaway, N. J.; J. Lawrence, Rahway, N. J.; A. F. Quimby, Newark, N. J.; Wm. Hughes (the "old man"), Jersey City. The club now numbers over 100 members. The furnishing committee's report for the month of May showed that the receipts had been (less dues) $467.57, expenses $427.97, leaving a balance of $39.60, which was turned over to the treasurer.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

MAY.

28-30. East. Div. Spring Meet, Haddam Island.
28-30. Hudson Meet, Croton Point.

JUNE.

5. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

TWO IN A BOAT.

THE Ides of March, 1886, found me as restless as ever for the woods; and this year mingled somewhat with the glorious recollections of birds and trees and lofty altitudes came visions of a summer's surf beating against an iron-bound coast, and then again, further to the south, a long stretch of sandy beach, up whose gentle declivity the same mad surf rushed in eager haste to lap the trunks of the trees growing far above the water's edge. Then I bethought me of the low strains and glees and carols of all the wood birds found even in the far North, mingled with the doleful cry of the great northern diver, rearing its young amid the wild solitudes and bays of the Lake Superior coast, and all these thoughts crowding upon me in a throng almost drove me mad; and I said to myself, "I will go and live in the forest for a brief spell this summer, if all the business accumulations of years hie themselves unto hades." Actuated and inspired by these longings, it became necessary, of course, to have a confidant, and who was so fit a confidant, who so appreciative of my desires and tastes, as she who had in her younger days been herself a wild wood bird, a creature of the woods and snows of a semi-Arctic region? Besides, was she not the partner of all my joys and sorrows, and was it not at least fair of me to suppose that she cherished like longings with myself? Whereupon I communicated to her all these things, and she said, "I will go with you." And thus it came to pass, when the fierce dog star was rolling high in the heavens, that we listened to the gulles of the passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and leaving Buffalo on a New York Central train, were hauled swiftly along the banks of the Niagara, saw the mists and spray ever rolling upward from the mighty chasm, and then breathlessly slid along under the lofty precipices of Lewiston, just across the river from Queenston Heights, and were speedily transported to the steamer Chicora, erstwhile a blockade runner, seeking to introduce arms and ammunition among our rebellious brethren at the south, but now peacefully and successfully engaged in passenger traffic. With the same speed as of yore, she crossed the western arm of Lake Ontario just as night closed down, and landed us in the Canadian city of Toronto. The following morning the railroad again took charge of us and transported us up to Owen Sound; where we found the Clyde built steamer, the princely Alberta, awaiting us, and the throb of her mighty engines rapidly propelled us northward and still further northward, until a second day found us through the locks of the Sault Ste. Marie and cleaving the deep blue waters of Lake Superior in an air-line course for Port Arthur on the north shore.

A few days were spent here with a party of friends in yachting and fishing, and steaming up the devious and curiously winding Kaministiqua, a fit modern prototype of the ancient Meander, until I felt that my days were growing precious, and I began to look about for the means of passing over to Isle Royale, lying dim and blue and cloudlike in the distance, which was the goal of my summer desires. No other conveyance offering, we at last took passage in a little sailboat belonging to the keeper of the Passage Island Lighthouse, a small island lying some three miles to the eastward of Isle Royale, and with two weeks' provisions Mrs. B. and myself loaded ourselves on board the light-keeper's craft about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a bright, sunshiny day, whereupon his assistant, a bright specimen of the typical French voyageur, pushed off the boat, and amid the solemn warnings and the tearful wishes for our safety of some kind friends on the plazza of the Northern Hotel we hoisted sail and bore away for the Sleeping Giant, stretching his slow length along the rocky promontory which forms Thunder Cape. Right here our troubles began with the boat, which was of the composite type, being quite deep draft and possessed of a ponderous iron centerboard; the craft was entirely decked over, except a small and very deep cockpit aft, and was rigged with an amount of aggravating cussedness that would have spoiled the temper of an angel. She had two masts, the foremast being set well up into the eyes of the boat, and hoisted by a single halliard a gaffsail and gafftopsail in one piece on each mast, the gaff being split and the halves clamped on each side of the sail. Probably a more awkward or embarrassing arrangement of canvas was never conceived of man, and to add to our difficulties she had no headsail to keep her off, and by simply letting go of the tiller she could be depended on to luff and go about on the other tack at least four times per minute. In length she was about 26ft., with 8ft. beam.

The wind was very light, and the light-keeper, who was a Dane, held her so close that we made almost no headway at all, until I applied for the position of helmsman, and insisted upon keeping her full, no matter how much the rudder dragged across her course. In a couple of hours we had got out into the sea which sweeps up between Pie Island and the mainland, and found it a very nasty lump, although the wind had increased but slightly, and it was dark before we were in the lee of the Welcome Islands. Then the wind began to rise, and by 8 o'clock it was blowing in sharp gusts from the southwest, and the seas broke on the deck at intervals. Hour after hour went by, and still Thunder Cape light seemed as far away as ever. The moon, just setting, to show us the angry rocks shutting out to the eastward from Pie Island, and the lofty, overhanging heights of Thunder Cape above our heads. At midnight the Frenchman, whom I had posted forward, reported Thunder Cape light about a mile off the port bow, and said that in his judgment it would be safe to run around the head of the cape at that distance from the shore. Meanwhile, the Dane, whose flow of talk seemed interminable, sat in the stern with Mrs. B., and added to her other discomforts of the night. In a few minutes more we were by the cape, and just as I had feared, found ourselves in a strong ground swell, with a stern wind barely sufficient to move the boat. It was obviously impossible to reach Passage Island, still twenty-five miles away, that night, and with the present wind, probably not until late the next day, to say nothing of the possible dangers and extreme discomforts of tossing about in those rough waters in that tub of a boat.

Great Tee and Little Tee harbors were only a mile up the shore, nestling right in among the cliffs at the Giant's feet and some fishermen had their huts there who might give us food and shelter, but in the darkness I feared to make for the narrow mouth of the harbor, which in the impenetrable gloom, we could not have distinguished from any other part of the rocky coast line, so I insisted on running up the shore to Silver Islet, some five or six miles away. The Dane at this point said that he was thoroughly familiar with the outline of the shore and would go forwaad and act as lookout, while I brought the Frenchman aft, where he busied himself with a long oar in keeping my little 16×28 boat from either smashing her nose or her counter. The roar of the surf as we alternately rose and fell in the deep trough of the sea was the most terrifying that I had ever listened to and argued ill for our lives in case we should make a mistake and strike a rock. The wind was light with a constant tendency to shift, and in order to prevent jibing I had the mainsail lowered, letting her run slowly along with the foresail housed out with the wind. Four o'clock came, no Silver Islet in sight; 2 o'clock came and the lookout ordered me to keep out further from the shore, although I barely had steerageway on her, as he fancied there was a rock ahead. A moment later he shouted: "It's all right, there is Silver Islet out there and here is Burnt Island on our left; turn in close around the point of the island." Obeying his instructions, I turned in so closely that our old iron centerboard reached the tops of numerous rocks underneath the water and bounded and thumped along at such a rate that Mrs. B., for the first time, lost her nerve and intimated a strong desire to walk ashore if possible. However, we passed in safety and shot out in the perfectly smooth water between Burnt Island and the shore and saw the old docks and rotting dwellings of an abandoned mining location perhaps a hundred yards above us. The wind now began to freshen and our clumsy old craft declined to beat up in the narrow channel, so there was no help for it but to get out a couple of ungainly sweeps, apparently intended for a Mississippi River coal boat and laboriously work our way up to the dock.

The boat securely fastened to a spile, Mrs. B. and myself dragged ourselves ashore almost too stiff and lame to walk, and seeing a light in a little house up on the bank, rapped loudly at the door for admittance. A tall figure clothed in a shock of black hair and a night shirt, stated that the house was full and that they were not in the habit of giving lodging to tramps. Whereupon he slammed the door viciously. I resumed my by no means gentle rappings, and stated in somewhat firmer tones that we were not tramps, that there was a lady with us, and that we proposed to have shelter and warmth if we had to make a bonfire of the location to do it. Our abrupt friend thereupon emerged from his habitation, and, becoming convinced of the truthfulness of some of my statements, kindly volunteered to see what could be done for us next door, with so good a result that a short ten minutes found us safely and comfortably quartered in the house of a Mrs. Fenn, whose efforts to see us comfortable and provide for the necessities of Mrs. B. we shall not soon forget. At 3 o'clock we dropped off to sleep, if you can call a dull stupor following upon such labors and anxieties as ours sleep, and at 9 o'clock we were down to breakfast, somewhat refreshed, and feeling at least a quarter of a century younger than we did the night before. Our interlocutor turned out to be Mr. Gifford, clerk and assayer of the mine in its prosperous days gone by, who, with Mr. Coe, still remained in charge of the stores, etc., and they proved to be delightful gentlemen, hospitable and kind to the last degree, and whose isolation in this God-forsaken spot in the wilderness is a cause of amazement to us yet. All that day we spent visiting with them, looking over the mine under their guidance, and listening to pleasing legends of blocks of silver and tales of Golconda and Eldorado, until we felt surfeited with riches, and no longer bemoaned the fact that our account was low at an Eastern bank.

Lying a little over one hundred feet from Lake Superior, and twenty-seven feet above it, is Surprise Lake, perhaps half a mile long and one-third as wide, running back into a nook in the hills that probably nature had provided for it, a never ceasing wonder to the stranger or the scientist, lying in such proximity to the larger body of water and at such an elevation above it without any outlet or inlet that has as yet been discovered. The next day we were visited with sundry heavy thunder squalls, but about 11 o'clock, wrapped in oilskins and blankets, we bade our Samaritan friends good-bye and shot out into the lake for Isle Royale or Passage Island. The wind was stronger than we had it in crossing Thunder Bay, and about 3 o'clock we slid gently over a mass of rocks which climbed up from the bottom so fast that it seemed to threaten our little bark with destruction, but still had ten feet of water on top of it, and found ourselves in a sylvan paradise, a fairy amphitheatre, near the mouth of McCargoe's Cove on Isle Royale. Here we transferred our duffle to the little cockleshell towing astern, and Mrs. B. and myself took our position in it and bade adieu to our kind friends of the sail boat, they presenting us as a farewell gift with a dozen fresh eggs which we would not have exchanged afterwards for nuggets of gold. I took the oars and Mrs. B. hid herself behind a barricade of tent, blankets, photographic apparatus, firearms, fishing-tackle, cooking utensils and grub, and expressed herself as perfectly happy. Of this more anon. The shore at this point seemed to have been scalloped out by no uncertain or inartistic hand in chaotic days, presenting an appearance of successive little bays in whose waters the surrounding trees were strongly mirrored; while up and back on the island the land gradually rose in rough and rocky steps until at the summit it attained a height above the water of perhaps seven or eight hundred feet. I had a chart of the island which I had secured from the coast survey, and with this spread on the bottom of the boat between my knees I paddled along to the westward about a mile until we saw McCargoe's Cove running back into the island at least two miles, and looking like a gigantic cleft that some Titan hand had made in a fit of anger upon the rocky face of nature. The trees grew thick and close down to the water's edge, consisting of birch and spruce and cedar, and occasionally a maple, but cedar predominated very largely.

We rowed rapidly along, and 5 o'clock found us unloading our duffle on the old dock away up at the bight of the cove, and within sight of some of the old houses and huge rock piles of the dead and gone Minong mine. It was dreary and desolate enough to satisfy the most exacting recluse, and the long drawn out, mournful cry of the loon added terror to the solitude. There were loons to the right of us, loons to the left of us, and loons swam in all sorts of little bays and notches in the rocky island, who all took up their cry of horror at our sacrilegious approach, until it required no vivid imagination to fancy that the whole island screamed in protest. With the tent roughly pitched, and eggs and bacon and coffee cooking over the alcohol stove, we began to lose some of our sense of fatigue, and after a hasty supper sat out on the end of the dock and watched the fish jump, and listened to a thousand strange sounds of the forest, until darkness and the mosquito warned us it was time to retire. We had barely withdrawn to the shelter of our tent before a severe thunderstorm, which had been grumbling and muttering around Thunder Cape all the afternoon, came rapidly across the eighteen miles intervening between us and it, and burst over our heads with an added protest against our trespassing upon its favorite solitude. Then it passed away as rapidly as it came, and the stillness became oppressive. Some animal prowling along the bank above our heads loosened a clod of earth and stones, which came rolling down with prodigious clatter and tuning our already excited nerves up to a still higher pitch.

It was our first night out in the woods for years, and though it all seemed natural, we were so far from our fellow beings and on an unknown island that we feared everything in the night time. Presently some small animal bounded lightly up to the ridge pole of the tent and gave vent to a mournful cry, while a field mouse ran slowly up the prostrate form of my wife and took a hasty survey of her hair, apparently with a view to pre-empting it. "Shooed" him away, and he departed with an injured air that showed plainly he understood his rights and was disposed to insist upon them. After such an interval of silence as only our camping place or the dark cell of a prison can possess, another heavy shower burst upon us with even greater fury than the former, and after a while we listened to a third, which was loud enough to suggest the dissolution of this mundane sphere. Again the perfect silence, and a noise of something crashing through the bushes near us, and so we passed the night, nervous and excited almost beyond endurance, until the first break of day seemed like a pardon from on high, and after a short debate as to the propriety of spending part of the day where in such indifferent style we had passed the night, took the affirmative, and the negative, ably represented by Mrs. B., stated that they would rather die than spend another night in that entrance to the lower regions; the decision was given to the latter by a narrow majority, and we began to pack up and start for a pleasanter clime. The chart showed it to be thirteen or fourteen miles in an air line to Blake's Point, the eastern extremity of the island, probably eighteen as we would have to go, and at 7 o'clock we took our places in the boat and began the long struggle with sleep and wind and sea, determined to cross from Blake's Point the three miles to Passage Island if the water was smooth enough, and if not, to reach the location of the wreckers at work on the hull of the Algona, ten miles up on the south side of Isle Royale.

Half an hour took us out of the cove, and after crossing the open bay where we had left the lighthouse keeper, we kept due N.E. through the passage, locally known as McClellan's Channel, between Angydaloid and Fish islands, with a strong wind dead ahead and the fog so thick that we could only see about 300yds., or the width of the channel. The shores were rocky, but heavily covered with evergreens and birches, as indeed is the entire island, and the moss in places was very thick. Landing at 10 o'clock in an old log fishing shanty, apparently deserted several years before, we found the moss knee deep in it, and a more gruesome place I was never in. The water in the channel was very deep, and it would be a good harbor for any vessel on the lakes knowing how to get in. Its length is about four miles. At noon I saw a small opening on our right, with a small fall or rapid, and ran down it into a small pool about 50ft. in diameter and nearly as deep. The water was clear as a crystal, and the light-colored rock so rounding underneath that we christened it the Devil's Punch Bowl, and a right handsome use he must make of it. There was a little current, but we must suppose the rapid must have been caused by the wind piling the water up in the channel. It was a sylvan scene of rare beauty, the trees hanging over the pool on all sides, and Mrs. B. was so impressed that she breathed freer when we had breasted the current and left the fairy lake behind us.

At 1 o'clock we turned off into a wide shallow bay, thick with islands, and landing on a huge rock, raising his gray back a few feet above the water, we discussed canned tongue, crackers and cheese beneath a huge cedar trunk, gnarled and twisted as the trees that placed it at the gates of Eden. This, we flattered ourselves, was a spot never before trodden by human foot; but alas! happening to go around the trunk I found a deep surveyor's blaze on the eastern side. Why won't those surveyors let somebody else discover something?

Two o'clock found us again on our way, with rocks and islets all around us. By this time my severe and protracted labor at the oars had blistered my hands so badly that I cringed at every stroke, and made the recover with my thumbs. The wind was still fresh, and our little craft tossed and pitched in the choppy sea in a decidedly uncomfortable manner. In order to let me get a few minutes' rest, Mrs. B. now took the oars for a mile or two, while I reclined in the stern and exulted in the magnificent panorama the shores presented. Then we drew around Lock's Point, where I resumed charge of the motive power and slowly we crossed Duncan's Bay and found ourselves beneath the lofty and picturesque cliffs of Blake's Point. We had intended to visit this bay, it being one of the most exquisite bits of water known on the lakes, but it is over three miles deep, and if we intended to round the island before dark it must be done soon, as it was already after 5 o'clock. Meanwhile we paddled slowly along and glutted our admiration of the rocks above us, they being somberly decorated in all the dull reds and greens and yellows of a Turkish rug. Lichens made fantastic faces on them and one "study" of a beautiful woman engaged in tying her bonnet strings appealed strongly to my companion who thought dubiously of her own Tam o' Shanter and the possibility of her never seeing civilization again.

As we approached Blake's Point the wind died away, but the sea was all that our boat could stand and live. However, at 6:15 P. M., we rounded it in safety and disembarked on a small island, near the remains of an Indian camp, where we cooked our supper and speculated on the prospects of reaching the wrecking camp, twelve miles up Rock Harbor, before giving out entirely. I hoped it could be done by midnight, but the fog was again coming up so thick that it looked very doubtful. Passage Island was not to be thought of in our cockle-shell, especially as its exact whereabouts was hidden by the fog. At seven we resumed our labors, but the numerous islands constantly looking up out of the fog and as rapidly disappearing would have unnerved a pirate. Soon it got dark, a darkness augmented and thickened by the fog until it was fairly sticky, and all bearing vanished into utter oblivion. To keep from running into the open lake I carefully opened and fastened the chart on the floor of the boat, laid my compass on it, and by occasionally looking at it by the light of a fusee, succeeded in keeping generally in the desired direction. But it was ticklish work, and several times we nearly knocked an island into the lake, to say nothing of discovering dozens of rocks, submerged and otherwise, set down on the chart.

About 10 it began to rain, but covering my wife with a waterproof and our duffle with the tent, I kept up the monotonous pull at the oars, half asleep and wholly afraid we were heading for some western territory we did not care to visit. Presently we heard the old Thunder Cape orchestra tuning up, and knew there was music in the air. In a few minutes it started, roared distantly across the water, swept grandly up the northern slope of the island, and rushed down upon us with a scream and a jump like a West Indian hurricane. It was pitch dark, and when the wind struck us the water on all sides burst into a foam, frightening my better seven-eighths out of her wits, as she wildly implored me to "pull for the shore." As the rain was falling in torrents, I pointed out to her as well as I could in the confusion the small margin of difference between being upset and staying in the boat; but, womanlike, she was deaf to reason, and insisted upon reaching *terra firma*. It was only about a hundred yards to the land, and as soon as we struck it she sprang out of the boat and asked for brandy.

A hurried examination revealed the fact that the brandy bottle was not wet through, and satisfying myself to that effect I handed it to her, when part of its contents disappeared like a flash. I then pulled the tent over some low bushes growing on the rocks, put her under it, for I saw she was thoroughly chilled and soon had our baggage inside. The oars served as tent poles, and lashing the ropes to huge stones I crawled in myself and removed my wet clothing, putting on dry found in our bags. The waterproofs and blankets failed to hide the existence of nature's bones, but tired and exhausted as I was after a thirty mile pull, I dropped off to sleep with a stone under my head and at least a hundred under my back and slept the sleep of a hard working man. Mrs. B. woke me up about four, when I found she had another chill, but our old friend the brandy helped that and we slept on until morning, when a suspicious feeling in my feet convinced me that all was not as it should be. So I arose and investigated, finding that I had slid down until the waves slapped the soles of my feet as they ran up on the gravelly beach.

Mrs. B.'s watch said it was 8 o'clock, and as the sun was shining brightly, the fog had disappeared, and we did not know where we were, we concluded to make another effort and try to reach somewhere before night. While bacon, eggs and coffee (our entire *menu*) were preparing by the cook, I rowed out on the water and found we were O. K.; that four miles more and the goal of our temporary desires would be attained. So we ate breakfast, loaded the boat, and were just about to start when a large sail came around the point above us, and never was sight of vessel to shipwrecked mariner more welcome. A hail brought her alongside, when a hasty conversation killed all our plans. They were the wrecking party, and had had the misfortune to sink their tug the night before; so there was no way of putting us on a passing vessel until another tug arrived from below. This might be a week or more hence, and, as I saw Mrs. B. was pretty well used up from our rough experiences of the last two days, I decided to return to Port Arthur in the sailboat. Our stuff was transferred, and the flat-bottomed clinker-built sloop filled away.

But our troubles had not ceased. All day long that old tub pounded and fell off in the heavy sea, occasionally shipping a little water to sweeten her bilge, while the whole of us sat up to windward and tried to hold her down. At last my remonstrances caused a reef to be taken in the sail, when she rode better, and supper time saw us beating up to the landing at Silver Inlet, tired, hungry and mad, but filled with a grim determination to try the trip again in a modern keel boat, large enough to sleep and live in, when wind and rain and sea would have no terrors for us. A chance fishing tug, the Kitty Marks, carried us back to Port Arthur, where our friends welcomed us as arisen from the dead, and where the reaction laid us by the heels, but did not finish us.

Next year we hope to explore Isle Royale from truck to keelson, and if any one on fishing bent longs for an almost unknown island, forty-five by eight miles, filled with lakes and bays and streams, containing trout who have never heard of a fly, or even a fisherman, and surrounded by waters abounding in lake trout and pickerel, with lofty scenery and dense forests, wherein rumor hath it the pixies dwell, and in whose rocky bosom ancient pits, and still more ancient and primitive tools, tell of the great prehistoric race who came from the West for copper, found it, cut it by their rude instruments when red-hot from fires kindled on it, whereof the remains are yet to be seen, and then one day left and never came again, let him gather a small and congenial party, equip themselves with plenty of provisions and a small steam launch, and after a month's sojourn around the shores of Isle Royale, if they don't thank me for my suggestion, I will go to jail for five years, and that is almost as long a sentence as this is.

AHMEEK.

THE NEW YORK C. C.

THERE is nothing that tests the stamina and backbone both of individuals and clubs like a little hard luck and adversity, and it is hardly too much to say that if one succumbs it is only in accordance with the just law of the survival of the fittest. A very good exemplification of the sweet uses of adversity is found in the New York C. C., which two years ago was saved from dissolution only by the hard work of three or four of its members. Driven from its home by the encroachments of a railroad, with an empty treasury, and weakened at the same time by serious dissensions among some of its members, it seemed a hopeless task to keep up the club organization. Since then it has built a temporary house that, while far from perfect, still answers very well; it has carried on two seasons of racing, and last year organized and carried out alone the most important series of canoe matches yet sailed by any club. To-day it has a membership of 98 active members, 25 associate members and 8 honorary. Every member is an active canoeist, unlike some boat and canoe clubs, which many join for social purposes, and many have honorable records as racers and cruisers. The fleet includes forty-eight canoes, three being club boats, and six sailing boats, including one sailing skiff, one Rushton cruiser, one sneakbox, two Barnegat cruisers and one canoe yawl. The club has lately improved the house at the Corinthian Y. C. Basin, at Tompkinsville, so as to give larger and more comfortable quarters, which are more accessible than any other about the city.

Two difficulties have always impeded its growth, the membership being scattered over a large territory it has been difficult to unite the men and to have them meet frequently; and further the difficulty of obtaining a suitable permanent location has prevented the erection of a suitable house. The latter is likely to disappear, as steps are being taken to secure a permanent site, on which a fine house will be erected, giving all facilities for camping and reunions and to a great extent removing the first trouble. The club holds the International Cup, offered by it last year and won by Mr. Vaux, for which it is prepared to receive a challenge from any foreign canoe club.

CANOE RACE IN FLORIDA.—A canoe race formed one of the features of the Florida Y. C. regatta on May 12, the entries and times being as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Madaline, B. Barnett	3 25 21	4 54 00
Annie B., Courtland Buckman	3 25 00	4 55 52
Irene, Robert Buckman	3 25 41	4 57 30
Louise	3 25 50	4 57 38
Ida C	3 26 00	4 57 50
Pelicon	3 26 15	. . .
Eriola	3 25 07	. . .

THE ASSAULT ON MESSRS. VAUX AND BURCHARD.—The case of Vaux against McTamany came up on Monday last, the defendant being fined $10 by Justice Powers. The charge against Johnson will be tried on Tuesday next. The case of Burchard against McTamany will be brought before the Grand Jury.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., May 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. George Stanton, Jr., and Cassius Thayer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have applied for membership in the A. C. A. —W. M. CARTER, Sec.

A CRUISE DOWN THE DELAWARE.—Several members of the Mohican C. C. will make a cruise down the Delaware, starting this week. Messrs. Brown and Stanton, of New York, will join them.

A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Monday, Aug. 15, 1887.

No. 1. Paddling, Class I.—This race exempt from "one man, one canoe" rule; 1 mile with a turn.

No. 2. Paddling, Classes II. and III., exclusively.—One mile with a turn. Men entering in this event shall not enter in event No. 3. Record event.

No. 3. Paddling, Class IV., exclusively.—One mile with a turn. Men entering in this event shall not enter in event No. 2. Record event.

No. 4. Paddling.—Open canoes with single-blade paddles; one mile with a turn.

No. 5. Paddling Tandem.—On the triangle, A and B sailing canoes, decked with wood; 1½ miles.

No. 6. Paddling Tandem.—On the triangle. Open canoes; 1½ miles.

No. 7. Paddling Upset, Classes II., III. and IV.—No special appliances allowed. At signal every canoe must be turned completely over, righted, and with the crew inside paddled across the finishing line.—240ft. Record event.

No. 8. Paddling and Sailing Combined.—On the triangle, Classes A and B., paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile; 3 miles. Record event.

No. 9. Sailing—On the triangle, Novices, Classes A and B. No limit to rig or ballast. Open only to members who never sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1886; 1½ miles.

No. 10. Sailing, on the triangle, Classes A and B.—No limit to rig or ballast; 4½ miles. To be started in squadrons. See Note B. This will be the trial race for places in the American squadron in the trophy race. Record event.

No. 11. Sailing, on the triangle, Classes A and B.—Sail limited to 75sq.ft. No limit to ballast. To be started in squadrons. See Note B; 3 miles.

No. 12. Sailing, on the triangle, A. C. A. trophy, Classes A and B.—No limit to rig or ballast; time limit 3 hours; 7½ miles. The American squadron will be selected according to the result of the trial race, viz., event No. 10, with the exception, however, that the regatta committee reserves the right to name three of the American squadron independent of the result of the trial race.

No. 13. Sailing, Club Race.—Each club shall be entitled to three entries. The first canoe to cross the winning line shall count as many points as there are starters in the race; the second shall count one less than the first, and so on to the last, which shall count one, and the aggregate of the score of the canoes starting for each club shall be the club score. To windward or leeward, 1 mile and return, for a prize banner.

No. 14. Sailing, Consolation.—Winners of either first or second places in events Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 or 13 excluded. No limit to rig or ballast; 1 mile to windward or leeward and return.

No. 15. Sailing, Upset, Classes A and B.—No special appliances allowed. Canoes to carry between 50 and 75sq.ft. of canvas in two sails. No limit to ballast. At signal, canoe to be tipped over until top of the foremast touches the water. Canoe to be righted and to cross finishing line under sail or paddle; ⅛ mile. Record event.

No. 16. Sailing, "Man Overboard."—While under way, at signal, some object that will float, and at least as large as an ordinary cushion, shall be thrown overboard, aft, out of reach. The same must be recovered and the race continued to the finishing line; ¼ mile.

No. 17. Hurry-Scurry Race.—100yds. run, 20yds. swim, 200yds. paddle.

No. 18. Grand Review of the Entire Fleet.—This is announced on this programme at the suggestion of the commodore.

No. 19. Presentation of Prizes.—To take place at the A. C. A. business meeting.

No. 20. Pyrotechnics, and Illuminated Procession on the Lake.

NOTES.

Note A.—As any programme for a fixed day, which includes sailing races, is subject to the risk of being disarranged by a lack of wind, the committee has decided not to have any stated programme for each day, but to announce on the bulletin-board at 8 A. M. each day the races to take place in the forenoon, and at 1 P. M. each day the races to take place in the afternoon, with the hour of starting each race. The first race of each forenoon will start at 9:30 o'clock. The first race of each afternoon will start at 2 o'clock.

Note B.—The unlimited and limited sailing races, viz.: events Nos. 10 and 11, will be started in squadrons, by signals, as follows:

First Signal, 5 minutes before the race, "fleet assemble," one gun will be fired from, and the A. C. A. flag run up at, the starter's station.

Second Signal, 4 minutes later, "first squadron prepare," one gun, and A. C. A. flag hauled down.

Third Signal, 1 minute later, "first squadron start," one gun, and red flag run up.

Fourth Signal, 4 minutes later, "second squadron prepare," one gun, red flag hauled down.

Fifth Signal, 1 minute later, "second squadron start," two guns, two red flags run up.

Sixth Signal, 4 minutes later, "third squadron prepare," one gun, red flags hauled down.

Seventh Signal, 1 minute later, "third squadron start," three guns, three red flags run up.

The number of signals will be increased on the same plan to cover the number of squadrons into which the fleet may be divided. The clerk of the course will assign contestants to the different squadrons by lot, and any contestant starting in any squadron other than that to which he has been assigned will be disqualified.

A time allowance between the several squadrons will be given corresponding with the starting signals.

Note C.—The committee reserves the right to amend this programme at any time, and also to cancel any event in which the entries are not, in the opinion of the committee, sufficiently numerous to warrant a race.

ROYAL C. C.

A MEETING was held on Tuesday, May 10, at which Commodore Edwards of Peterboro, Canada, was elected an honorary member of the club. This well-known Canadian canoe sailor is visiting England to compete in the Royal C. C. matches at Hendon, and for the £50 challenge cup. John McGregor, Rob Roy, the captain of the club, was in the chair. The sailing matches on Heudon Lake promise to be, as regards entries, the best that the club has held during its twenty-one years of life. Competitors, in addition to Commodore Edwards, of Canada, are expected from America, from Liverpool, the Clyde and Hull clubs, and the headquarter list of probable starters includes already some eighteen canoes. There is a large amount of "new blood" afloat in the club this season, and also a considerable augmentation to the fleet in new boats. Both Stewart and Baden-Powell have built new craft with many novelties in form, construction and equipment, which as to rig, may probably be classed as "inventions." Tredwen, it is thus far understood, will sail the Pearl of 1886, the craft which Stewart sailed in the American matches, and which is known to many by a nickname, the "oystershell" (she having a mother-of-pearl badge on each bow). That she is not the mother of a new Pearl many are regretting, as the production from the brain-pan of Tredwen of a new design—after the experiences of 1886, and simultaneously with the building of the two flyers aforesaid—would have added in no small degree to the racing excitement of the season. Yet Pearl is a very hard shell to crack, and her elder sister (also Pearl) is by many good judges considered even a faster boat; anyhow, this pair in the hands of two brothers, will give the best of the fleet enough to do to get the weather gauge.

The Nautilus of 1886, which was raced in the American matches, is at present looking for an owner, and therefore not to be counted on at present in the racing fleet; but her sister boat, now named the Diamond, has already on the lake shown such a clean pair of heels, especially to windward, that her flag may confidently be looked for in the leading division, if not actually heading it. Of the performances, so far as new boats are concerned, little can be said at present, as fitting and stretching sail is hardly completed with those afloat, and the majority are still in the builders' shops. But as regards the older craft, the deeds of the two Pearls on the Thames have been brilliant in competitions with the decked and half-decked sailing boats of the Thames clubs. The Nina, a beautifully fitted canoe, has been doing some wonderfully good sailing at Hendon, in company with Diamond, Kitten and others. The second class canoes, limited as to sail to 75 sq. ft., are showing up in great force this season, and five new ones added to the list will cause a considerable flutter among the flags of the older craft; hardly, however, will they ruffle the flag of Sabrina, whose doughty skipper is widely known as "Spinaker Boom," from his fondness in carrying a spinaker in all weathers and on all points of sailing, often, thereby, obtaining the "bath" without the knighthood. The racing at Hendon will take place on the 21st, at 3 P. M., and following Saturdays through Whitsuntide. By the 21st the new craft will be afloat, and we may then be more in position to describe their points, peculiarities, and improvements.—*R. C. C., in London Field, May 14.*

HAMILTON C. C.—This club will make a cruise in company with some canoeists from Brantford, down the Grand River on June 22-24.

THE EASTERN DIVISION MEET.—Arrangements for the division meet at Haddam Island, May 28, 29, 30 and 31, are now nearly completed. The terms at Rock Landing Hotel will be $1.50 per day, or breakfast 35 cents, dinner 50 cents, supper 35 cents, lodging 50 cents, and those wishing to engage rooms at the hotel, or straw for their tents, must send word as soon as possible to Dr. Parmele, 17 Haynes street, Hartford, Conn. All who send their canoes via the steamboat from Hartford, should, to save delay, have them in Hartford not later than 3 o'clock P. M., Friday, May 27, otherwise, owing to local complications, they will not reach camp until Sunday morning. Buy steamboat tickets to Rock Landing, and railroad tickets to Walkley Hill. Those who come down the river from Hartford by Saturday afternoon boat cannot land at Rock Landing, but must go three miles below the island to east Haddam, Upper Landing (the better way is to go down by train). For the benefit of canoeists who are photographers, the committee will try to provide a dark room. The programme for Monday's races is as follows: 9:30 A. M., paddling, ½ mile with a turn; 10:00, hand paddling, 150yds.; 10:20, tandem paddling, 1 mile with turn; 11:00, novice sailing race, ½ mile; 11:45, standing paddling, 400yds.; 12:00 to 1:00, dinner; 1:30 P. M., sailing, limited to 75ft., 3 miles; 2:15, sailing, no limits, 3 miles triangular; 3:00, combined, paddle ½, sail ½, paddle ½, sail ½, 2-mile race, finish under sail; 3:45, open sailing race, any canoe owned by A.C.A. members, 3 miles; 4:30, consolation sailing and paddling races, paddle ½ mile, sailing 2 miles. A novice is a canoeist who has not sailed a canoe prior to 1887. Open sailing race will be governed by A. C. A. rules, except regarding measurement. A canoe of any size may enter.

OAKLAND C. C. SPRING CRUISE.—On April 28 three canoes of the Oakland C. C. were shipped by rail to Healdsburg, and next day they were joined by a party of five bound on a cruise down the Russian River. After stopping at the hotel over night, on the morning of April 30 the party, consisting of Com. W. W. Blow and his daughter in the Zephyr, Vice-Com. A. D. Harrison in the Snoligoster, an Alaskan sealskin canoe; and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Wright, in the Columbia, launched at the railroad bridge at Healdsville and started down stream. The day's run of 20 miles was made through many rapids and some quite difficult places, the ladies resting at night at a farmhouse, while the gentlemen slept in their canoes. Starting early next morning a run was made through the redwood country, the river winding with many turns around the foot of the hills. During the day the Zephyr came to grief by striking broadside on to a small island in a rapid. Her lady passenger leaped ashore dryshod, but the canoe was capsized and much of her load lost. After repairing damages with the help of the other canoes, the cruise was resumed, and at 3:30 P. M. camp was made a mile below Guerneville. Starting at 10 A. M. next day, they ran on until a strong head wind was met, which made progress slow. Further on was a broad shoal, where the crews had to wade and drag the canoes. The end of the cruise, Duncan's Mills, was reached at 3:30 P. M., and friends were found awaiting their arrival. The canoes were taken to the railroad and shipped home, and the party spent the night at the hotel, returning by rail next day.

PRIZE FLAGS FOR THE A. C. A. MEET.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In February last the regatta committee sent to each member of the A. C. A. a most beautifully decorated circular letter, mildly suggesting the propriety of members contributing flags for the Bow-Arrow Point regatta. It will require about forty flags to satisfy the greed of the chronic prize winners on that occasion, yet up to the present time the committee has received promises of only twelve flags. A few days since I was honored by a call from the Commodore, who informed me that the expenses of the regatta committee would have to be limited to a sum he named, which is barely sufficient to buy champagne and cigars for the committee, therefore nothing will be left for flags. Of the twelve flags contributed, five will have to go as record prizes, and three were specially contributed for prizes in the trophy race; this leaves but four flags toward those needed for the general programme. Unless there is a more generous response by the members the committee will be forced to offer as first prizes tissue paper flags, and as second prizes, bone collar buttons.—HENRY STANTON, Chairman Regatta Committee.

PITTSBURGH C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a recent meeting of the Pittsburgh C. C. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Reade W. Bailey, Captain; W. E. Woodwell, Mate; W. W. Lawrence, Purser. After the meeting the members of the club adjourned to the Hotel Duquesne, where they partook of the annual dinner. The personnel of the P. C. C. has probably changed less than that of any other club connected with the A. C. A. All of the original members are still connected with it and the majority of them were present on this occasion. The annual Decoration day meet will take place as usual on the Monongahela River. The sailing race for the club cup will be the leading event and a strong effort will be made to wrest it from our champion sailor, Mr. Bailey, who has held it for the past two years.—REBA.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

28. Oswego Cruise.
28. Quincy, Club.
28-31. Portland, Cruise.
27. Dorchester, 97th Regatta.
30. Cedar Point Opening.
30. Newark, Open, Greenville.
30. South Boston Opening.
30. Great Head, Winthrop, trophy.
30. Knickerbocker Annual, Port Morris.
30. Brooklyn, Opening Day, Gravesend Bay.
30. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.

JUNE.

2. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
4. Larchmont, Pennant.
6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y. Annual, N. Y.
10. Dorchester, 98th Regatta.
11. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, New York.
13. Corinthian Annual, N. Y.
14. Dorchester, 99th Regatta.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. N. J., Annual, New York.
16. Portland, Annual.
16. Atlantic, Annual, New York.
17. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
17. Dorchester, 100th Regatta.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
23. Eastern, Annual, Marblehead.
25. Boston *Globe* Open, Boston.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
4. Larchmont Au'l, Larchmont.
5. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
9. Sandy Bay, Harwood Cup, Rockport.
11. Empire, Annual, New York.
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

AUGUST.

1. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
1. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Charlotte, N. Y.
2. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
3. New York, Cruise, New London.
4. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Oswego.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
8. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Kingston, Ont.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
11. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
16. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. Larchmont Fall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
24. Great Head.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

EASTERN Y. C. REGATTAS.

THE Eastern Y. C. has decided on June 23 as the date for the annual regatta, and has also decided to start the race off Half Way Rock, instead of Marblehead Rock, as formerly. This will avoid some of the trouble caused by the selfishness of the owners of the hosts of small boats that last year anchored directly in the course and refused to move out of the way of the yachts. It is not yet decided whether the course shall be to windward or triangular, but after last season the club cannot do better than to take a similar course. It is urged that the work of handling sails and spars over six short legs of five miles each is too heavy, but it is only by such drill, in actual races, that boats and crews are got into shape for the more important races that are to come, and a little hard work is well spent in tuning up the crews, while for the spectators no better course could be had. Another important change this year is the addition of a regatta on Aug. 12, in which the New York fleet is expected to join, coming round from Newport after the Goelet Cup race. The Boston *Herald* has offered a cup to cost $1,000 as a prize for sloops and cutters in the race of Aug. 12.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.

THE open regatta of the South Boston Y. C. will be sailed on May 30, starting at 2 P. M., and will be open to yachts of 16ft. and over, sailing length, enrolled in any yacht club belonging to the New England Y. R. A., and all boats under 16ft. sailing length whether belonging to any club or not. Entries must be made in writing, giving name of yacht, owner, club, rig, centerboard or keel, length over all and on l.w.l., and aft overhang, to G. F. Clark, 43 Milk street, Boston, before May 28 at noon. The first circular has been suspended and a second issued, containing some important changes in the rules. We print the circular in full:

PRIZES, CLASSIFICATION, MEASUREMENT, ETC.—First class: All yachts measuring 23ft. and less than 38ft. First prize, keels, $25; second, $15; centerboards, the same. Second class: All yachts measuring 23ft. and less than 23ft. First prize, keels, $20; second, $12; third, $8; centerboards, the same. Third class: centerboard yachts measuring 19ft. and less than 23ft., and all keel yachts under 23ft. First prize, keels, $20; second, $12; third, 8; fourth, $5; centerboards, the same. Fourth class: Centerboard yachts measuring 15ft. and less than 19ft. Prizes, first, $15; second, $10; third, $5. Fifth class: All boats measuring 12ft. and under 15ft. Prizes, first, $10; second, $.

Measurements.—Yachts will be classified according to sailing length, which will be waterline measurement, plus one-fifth of after overhang. Time allowance will be figured on the basis of the Jeremoff table of allowances. Schooners will sail at ⅞ of their actual measurement. The official measurer of any yacht club will be accepted, this club reserving the right to re-measure any yacht, and in case of conflict of measurement, to take its own.

Start.—The start for all classes will be from anchor. At 1:30 P. M. the first or preparatory gun will be fired, and the club flag hoisted on the judges' yacht, which will be the signal for all classes to form into line between flags bearing the number of their class. Yachts will start at the following time and signal for the respective classes: 2:00, second gun and lowering of club flag, for first, second and third classes. 2:05, third gun and hoisting of club flag, for fourth and fifth classes. If, in any case, there should be a failure to fire the gun, the specified lowering or hoisting of the flag will be the signal to start.

Courses.—First Class: From starting point, leaving Red Spar Buoy No. 2 and Thompson's Island on the starboard, Spectacle and Long islands on the port, Rainsford's Island, Wilson's Rock Buoy and Toddy Rocks Buoy on the starboard, Point Allerton Bar Buoy on the port; returning through "The Narrows," leaving George's and Galloupe's islands and Nix's Mate Black Buoy No. 9 on the port, Lovell's Islands and Red Buoy No. 8 on the starboard, Long, Spectacle and Castle islands and Black Buoy No. 9 Upper Middle on the port, to finishing point. Distance, 14 miles. Second Class: From starting point, leaving Red Spar Buoy No. 2 and Thompson's Island on the starboard, Spectacle and Long Islands on the port, Rainsford's Island and Wilson's Rock Buoy on the starboard, George's Island Buoy No. 7 on the port, returning through "The Narrows," leaving George's and Galloupe's islands and Nix's Mate Black Buoy No. 9 on the port, Lovell's Island and Red Buoy No. 8 on the starboard, Long, Spectacle and Castle islands and Black Buoy No. 9 Upper Middle on the port, to finishing point. Distance, 11 miles. Third Class: From starting point, leaving Cow Pasture Red Spar Buoy No. 6 on the port, Black Can Buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, on starboard, Spectacle Island, Sculpin Ledge Buoy, Red Can Buoy No. 6 Lower Middle and Black Buoy No. 9 Upper Middle on the port, to finishing point. Distance, 9 miles. Fourth Class: From starting point, leaving all of the following buoys on the port: Cow Pasture Red Spar Buoy No. 6, Red Spar Buoy No. 2, N.E. of Thompson's Island, Black Can Buoy No. 7, off Fort Independence, and Black Buoy No. 9 Upper Middle, to finishing point. Distance, 6 miles. Fifth Class: From starting point, leaving stakeboat off K street and stakeboat off City Point pier on starboard, judges' yacht on starboard, and repeat, passing between judges' yacht and stakeboat at the finish. Distance, 4 miles.

The finishing point will be an imaginary line drawn between the judges' yacht and stakeboat, all yachts must cross this line at the finish. By the kindness of Commodore Arthur Fuller, of this club, the flagship Frolic will be used as judges' yacht, which will be for the exclusive use of the regatta committe and judges.

Rules and Regulations.—This club being a member of the New England Yacht Racing Association, this regatta will be sailed under the rules of that Association, with the exception of the fifth class, which does not come under the rules, and in which class only there will be no restrictions in regard to sails or ballast. Sails—Yachts in the respective classes will be allowed to use the following sails, and no others: First, second and third classes—For sloops and cutters: Mainsail, forestaysail, jib, jibtopsail (see note), topsails and spinaker. For schooners: Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib (see note), maintopmast staysail, topsails and spinaker. For cats: Mainsail, spinaker, jib (any size), and topsail. Note—The terms "jibtopsail" in relation to sloops and cutters, and "flying jib" in relation to schooners, have been defined to include any "fore-and-aft" sail set on the topmast headstay. Fourth Class—For sloops and cutters: Jib, forestaysail and mainsail. For schooners: Mainsail, foresail, forestaysail and jib. For cats: Mainsail only. Ballast—"Shifting ballast" will not be allowed under penalty of the boat, and owner of the boat and any other boat belonging to him, being debarred from further entry or participation in any race given by a club affiliated with the New England Yacht Racing Association, and upon the application of the owner or sailing master of a competing yacht, at least four days previous to the day of the race, the judges shall order a man put aboard a yacht in the same class, said man not to count as one of the number of men allowed by the rules. No water shall be started from, or taken into the tanks after the signal to start has been made. No more than the usual anchors and chains shall be carried during the race, which must not be used as shifting ballast, or for altering the trim of the yacht. Ballast shall not be shifted or trimmed in any way whatever during a race. A race re-sailed, shall, as regards this rule, be considered a new race. Yachts will be furnished with two cloth numbers, which must be sewed or fastened one each side of the mainsail, as near the middle as possible. Numbers must be in place before going into line, and remain until the finish. Yachts not complying with this rule will not have their time taken, nor allowed in line. The courses must be sailed in four hours. Yachts will be allowed to carry one man for each 5ft. of waterline length, or fractional part thereof. Yachts will not use any means of propulsion except sails, and are not forbidden to anchor during the race, but on resuming the race they must weigh anchor. No person shall own the whole or a portion of more than one yacht competing for the same prize. If any owner or a captain of a yacht has any complaint to make, he must present the same in writing to the judges, within half an hour after returning. The decision of the judges shall be final in all cases. No second prize will be awarded in any class unless three or more yachts start, no third prize unless four or more, and no fourth unless five or more. The result of the regatea will be published in the daily papers, and the owners of the winning yachts notified by mail when to obtain their prizes, as none will be distributed on the day of the race. No sharpies or catamarans allowed in this regatta. The numbers allotted to yachts belonging to this club, entered for this regatta, will be their racing numbers for future races of the club during the season. Owners will therefore please preserve them. Regatta Committee—Arthur Fuller, A. H. Hall, F. T. Christian, F. G. Cooley, James Bertram, J. J. Bligh, J. W. Sherman, Jr., W. J. McArdle, Gunford S. Reed.

CAPE COD Y. C.—This club was organized on April 9 with the following officers: Com., J. H. Cummings, Orleans, Mass., yacht Madge; Vice-Com., H. H. Sears, Dennis, Mass., yacht Ariel; Fleet Capt., F. S. Allen, Brewster, Mass., yacht Percy Allen; Sec'y-Treas., E. D. Crowell, East Dennis, Mass., yacht Iris; Meas., Joshua Crowell, East Dennis, yacht Gracie. The fixtures thus far are: May 30, June 17, July 4, all club races with cups to first boat and cash prizes to second and third in each class. Crews are limited to one man for each 5ft. or fraction of waterline. No light sails and no shifting ballast. The club burgee is blue with white letters C. C.

YACHT RACING AND RACING RECORDS.

WHILE the claims of racing as a factor in the development and extension of yachting are admitted even by those whose only pleasure is in cruising, it is certain that there is a point beyond which racing cannot extend without injury to the sport at large. It will probably be a long time before this point is reached in America, but there can be no doubt but that it has been passed abroad, and with bad results. Without stopping to consider just how much of this was due to the adherence to a rule of measurement that had ceased to work for good, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that with a fleet of over 4,000 yachts, the racing last year in Great Britain was mainly confined to two large cutters, a few small ones, and several yawls, while the schooner class was dead. This year it would no doubt have been far worse but for two or three special occurrences; the rule has been changed for one far more liberal in its action, Thistle and the international races here will have a favorable influence on the racing, especially as the wide boat will meet Irex in the early season, and the general activity of the Jubilee year has extended to yachting as well as other sports. Thanks to these circumstances, British yachting is given an opportunity to recover from the straits it has fallen into of late years, and to make a new start under more favorable circumstances. The lesson, however, should not be lost on Americans now that we are entering upon a period of successful racing that is likely in time, as most things are, to be greatly overdone. Until a few years since yacht racing was carried on here in a very unsystematic and desultory manner, the races, few in number, being managed by the different clubs without regard to each other, measurement, classes and sailing rules all being different. The interest in the races, except in a few cases, such as the Cup contests, were entirely local, and few knew or cared much about boats that they never seen and hardly heard of.

Of late years this has changed in a marked degree, the whole tendency of American yacht racing has been toward a national system; and though the progress has at times been slow, and the task seemed hopeless to the few interested in it, there can be no doubt but what great progress has been made. Much has been done in the matter of time allowance, the vital point of yacht racing; not only have the clubs generally adopted far better rules, but the length and sail area rule has become so well known, and has been successfully tried by so many that it seems probable that it will be universally adopted at an early day. In the kindred matter of classification less has yet been done, but the clubs have been aroused by the efforts of the FOREST AND STREAM to the importance of the question, and the action thus far indicates that the subject will soon be satisfactorily and permanently settled. In the matter of sailing rules some of the leading clubs have devoted a vast amount of care and labor to the perfecting of their own rules, and these have been taken in turn by the smaller clubs, the faulty rules that date back to the early days of yacht racing being abandoned. In this work the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. is far ahead of all others, having lately given to yachting a set of rules which it is very probable will be adopted soon by all the racing clubs. Thus all seems tending to a time when a general uniformity in the rules and methods of the now separate and disunited yacht clubs will lead to a union similar to the British Yacht Racing Association, the American Canoe Association, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and similar bodies having charge of the development and welfare of other national sports.

An important feature of this great change that is going on is the interest taken by yachtsmen in the national fleet and its movements, as well as in their home clubs; for instance, the advent of a new yacht, such as Sachem or Cinderella last year, and Titania or Shamrock this season, will excite almost as much interest among yachtsmen at a distance, many of whom may never even see the yachts, as would the addition of a new racer to their own class in their home clubs. Thanks to the yachting periodicals, the boats are already known to them, and the races will be watched as intently, by those at a distance, through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, as the members of the New York clubs will watch them through their glasses. Every one knows that Mr. Burgess has designed a yacht for the Oswego Y. C., and her doings in the early sails and the round of the L. Y. R. A. will be watched eagerly by many who never saw the great inland seas, and who know her rivals, Iolanthe, Garfield, Katie Gray and Laura only through the FOREST AND STREAM.

Naturally each man's interest is first centered in his own boat, no matter how small she may be, and the boats with which he races, but next to this he wants to know what the great world of yachting is doing; about Thistle, Irex, Genesta, Wendur, Queen Mab and Marguerite, down to Doris and the tiny 3-tonners; about Mayflower, Puritan, Priscilla, the new steel yacht, Sachem, Julia, and Montauk, down to Shadow, Shona, Cruiser, Fairy, Jewel and the smallest of the fleet. To tell this story each week through the season and to tell it with a fair degree of accuracy and detail, has been the endeavor of the FOREST AND STREAM for many years, but the field is each year larger, while fuller and more accurate records are at the same time demanded, and in order to give them we venture to call on those directly interested, the clubs themselves, to aid us. The extent of the work may be gathered from the fact that some 350 races are sailed each year between the last week in May and the middle of October, or an average of 15 per week, the number at times running up to 25. These races are scattered over the entire United States and Canada, from Nova Scotia to New Orleans and from Boston to San Francisco. The larger ones of course demand special exertions and expense to secure full and complete reports by experts who are present in person, but with the majority this is not necessary, and even if it were it would not be possible, owing to the distances and the number of races at the same time. What is needed in the great majority of cases is merely a clear statement of the yachts which compete, the conditions of weather, wind and tide, the courses and prizes, and if possible a brief *resumé* of the leading maneuvers and interesting points of the race. Such a record it is the duty of each club to preserve for its own use, though it is not always done, and such, for its own interest, it should also make known to fellow clubs through the proper channel, the journal which carries the news to all.

The importance of keeping full records of boats and races, as well as of all club matters, is seen in a moment if we consider how little is known of many famous yachts, even the lines and much of the history of such a world-renowned craft as the America being involved in much doubt. It should be the duty of some careful and reliable man in each club to attend solely to such matters, as the most trivial occurrences to-day may prove of the greatest interest in the future. As to the second point, it is of the first importance to a club that its races and all its public business should be correctly made known to the rest of the yachting world. Many instances might be given of small clubs in unfavorable locations that have been built up solely by the labors of an energetic secretary who has fully understood the responsibility and opportunities which accompanied his office. The position which each club takes beside its fellows does not depend on the size and number of its yachts, on the wealth of its members, or on the waters on which it sails; but on the manner in which it deals with the important questions always before the clubs, on the spirit with which its races are conducted, both by owners and regatta committees, and by the reputation of its members as thorough sailors and yachtsmen. This is particularly the case with some of the smaller clubs about Boston, clubs whose boats are all under 30ft., and yet which, by the number and character of their races, have made themselves known throughout the country. The club whose actions and surroundings are purely local, that goes quietly on its way without regard to what others are doing, may continue in the same course for years, and yet its boats will never be familar to outside yachtsmen, its races will attract no attention, and it will remain in a position far below that which its size entitles it to. While it is to the interest of the FOREST AND STREAM as a newspaper to collect all the news in its different departments, it is none the less to the interest of every club that its movements should be fully and truthfully reported, and we therefore venture to ask the aid of the clubs, through their secretaries or other proper officers, in the following manner:

The FOREST AND STREAM has prepared a blank form on which may be entered the necessary information concerning each race, copies of which form will be sent to any club desiring them. What we ask is that one of these be filled out at once on the conclusion of a race and mailed to our office. The form will also be found very useful for keeping a permanent record for the club. What is needed in a report of the average yacht race; not fine descriptive writing à la Clarke Russell; not glowing eulogies of the beauty and the costumes of the ladies on the club steamer nor the ordinary personalities about gallant Captain X. or handsome Captain A., that go so far to fill up many reports. What the yachtsman desires is a plain story of the race, the yachts and owners, the weather, wind and tide, the courses and distances for each class, the winners and prizes, and a brief notice of the leading points throughout the race. Of course many events demand more than this; but in the greater number of races such a condensed account, if accurate, is better than a longer one. In the blank which we have prepared all these details are provided for in a way that makes it easy to fill out without omitting any important detail. Most of the races occur on Saturday, and in order that the account may appear in the following issue of the FOREST AND STREAM it is necessary that it should be received as early on Monday as possible. The matter is prepared for publication on or before Monday, only the most important of the news received on Tuesday being taken, while on Wednesday, the day the paper is printed, nothing is taken that can possibly be left over. In most cases the main entries may be made during the race, only the times at finish, elapsed and corrected times and winners being added, so that the report may be mailed the same day, reaching us by Monday. There are now some clubs which send regular reports of all their races, and we hope with this system to have many more; for those which do not care to work with us in the matter we can only promise to make the best use of such material as we may obtain through the means of our exchanges. In many cases we receive from members of clubs the local papers with reports of races, but while these are sometimes useful in connection with other information they are of little value in themselves, as the ordinary reporter deals with a yacht race as with a horse race, ball match, fashionable wedding, or political meeting, and such minor points as the maneuvers of the yachts entirely fail to interest him. In addition to the reports we would ask from club secretaries copies of the club book each year, notice of changes in rules, of meetings and elections, and also, when possible, charts or sketches of racing courses, for publication and for a better understanding of those unfamiliar to us. This season the racing promises to surpass anything yet known in American yachting, and with such help as the clubs can give, we propose to make special efforts to give full and reliable reports. Of course, many errors will creep in, but these should at once be pointed out, so as to be corrected as soon as possible, and it is desirable in such cases that the correction should come from the club rather than the individual, before any change be made in the official record furnished by the club.

Now, before the season opens, a few suggestions may prove useful to the new regatta committees, many of which have had no experience in the management of races. To do this well requires a knowledge and experience which is only obtained by long practice, and we would say to all clubs, when you get the right men on a regatta committee keep them there, do not let club politics or any similar cause operate to remove them. The position is a thankless one, involving not only hard work but much responsibility, and there are few who can and will fill it properly.

In order to carry out successfully a sailing regatta a thorough system is necessary, the innumerable details must be arranged well in advance, and there must be nothing forgotten at the last moment. The conditions of the race, the classes, entries, courses, crews, rules and prizes, should all be settled well in advance and full notice given. If necessary, blanks should be prepared for entries. The yacht should be accurately measured by the club measurer some days before the race and their measurements filed with the regatta committee in time for the allowance to be computed at least on the day before the race. This will not in all cases be possible, but the measurement should be taken as nearly correct as may be, and in the event of the boat taking a leading place it can be officially verified before the prize is awarded. The courses being fixed upon, they should be well marked with flags where necessary, before the day of the race; or where this cannot be done, flags, boats, buoys and moorings should be ready over night at the club house, and should be set out as early as possible next morning. Promptness and punctuality are the two things necessary to successful yacht racing, both on the part of the owners, crews and regatta committees, and nothing must be left until the last moment.

A word as to courses. In order to avoid collisions and disputes the starting and finishing lines should be always at right angles or very nearly so to the first and last legs of the course, and a portion of each line should be clearly marked by boats or buoys with flags, between which the yachts must pass in starting and finishing. The length of lines thus laid off must be regulated by the size and number of starters, so that there shall be ample room for the necessary maneuvers at the start and yet it shall be small enough to keep the boats within easy sight in timing. If there are half a dozen or so of 20ft. boats 100yds. would suffice, increasing to a quarter of a mile for a big fleet in a breeze and tideway. Whatever the distance is it should be plainly marked so that no boats can straggle across half a mile from the fleet, and no dispute can arise as to a proper crossing of the finish line. Unless the fleet be small and the boats well known each should have a number, figures not less than 2ft. in height, in black paint on white muslin, furnished by the regatta committee, to be securely sewn or fastened with the patent pins made for horse blankets about the intersection of the two diagonals of the mainsail. These numbers are usually placed where most convenient, but if in the throat or at the peak they are often hidden. They must all be placed on the side of the sail on which the committee will be to time the start, so as to be readily seen.

A suitable steamer should be provided for the committee, a comparatively easy matter in these days of small launches and swift steam yachts, and it should be under the exclusive control of the committee.

At the time of starting the wind and tide must be considered by the committee as well as by the skippers, but the committee boat should be at the starting point half an hour before the time, the final instructions, if any, should be given to the fleet and promptly to a second the first whistle should be blown and the Union jack set in place of the ensign. At the expiration of the proper interval the starting whistle should be blown and the club burgee set in place of the jack, the flag in every case being changed with the whistle, so that any one in doubt may see by the jack that the preparatory interval has not expired, or by the burgee that the start has been made.

A whistle is always the best for signals, as there is no missing fire, but a reliable man should be stationed by the cord with a large and heavy club for the "Give her a toot" fiend, who somehow finds his way even into the best regatta committees. The indiscriminate blowing of steam whistles, pleasant as it is to steamboat men, is only annoying and confusing to the yachtsmen, and the club steamer may at least set an example to the other boats. It it sometimes the custom to give a short blast as each boat is timed at the start or intermediate points and it is useful as enabling those on the boats as well as the spectators to catch the official time, but all indiscriminate whistling, as when the 19th boat passes an unimportant mark because Tom or Jack or Billy is on board is only childish.

One of the most import duties of a regatta committee is the timing, and this, in every case, should be beyond question. To do it properly two good watches are necessary, to be compared before and after the race. To catch the times of twenty boats crossing a line within five minutes is no easy matter, but if managed properly it may be done with the greatest accuracy. Two men are necessary, one stationed on the starting line ready to call the number of each boat as her mainmast crosses the line, one with watch in hand, and one to take down simply the numbers and time as called off. At about half a minute before the starting time the timekeeper begins to count seconds aloud, 30, 31, 32, etc., until he comes to 60, in place of which he calls the actual minute, on which the man at the cord blows a long blast on the whistle. The timekeeper does not stop but counts on in seconds, calling each minute as it occurs. Meanwhile the first man watches the fleet and sees that number three will be the first to cross. As her bowsprit is near the line he says "Ready, three," and as the mast is in the line he calls "Three." The third man, who is ready with pencil and paper, catches the number three and at the same time the second, as called off by the timekeeper, and wri es both down as rapidly as possible. He has already taken the hour and minute, for instance, 11h. 5m., and he hears first "Ready, three," then "three," and at the same time catches "Fourteen" from the timekeeper. He writes 3 before the hour and minutes and 14 after them, and is ready for the next boat. "Ready, seven," comes from the first man; he writes down 7 below 3; then comes "six minutes" from the timekeeper, which is also written below the 5 in the column of minutes; then when he hears "seven" again from the first man he catches the corresponding second from the timer with it and writes it down. All this is done very quickly, and it may be necessary to call out the number only once as the boat's mast crosses the line, and often two or three are so close that their times are almost the same; but the order at least can be taken, even if two cross in the same second. The entire results of a close race may depend on the accuracy of the timing at the start, and every care should be taken to insure it. No noise or conversation should be permitted while it is going on. A second man may be at hand to record the times as a possible check; it is well, too, to have a member of the commitee who is disengaged to look out for fouls, as those engaged in timing can do nothing else.

The engineer should be instructed to have a good fire and plenty of steam, and if anchored, all must be ready to get the anchor as soon as the last boat is over, especially if the start is down wind and with a lee-going tide. There are always some laggards who will not have crossed when the last whistle is blown and the handicap time has expired, but there is no obligation to wait for them, unless it can be done as well as not. In starting a race the invariable rule should be to blow the whistle on the exact second, no matter where the yachts are. There may be occasional exceptions to this rule but they are few, and if strictly enforced men would soon learn to be ready in good time. Accidents will occur to all, some lubber puts his boom end through your mainsail and there is a hurry job for the sail maker, or some important personage, who cannot well be left ashore as he deserves, keeps the gig waiting until the whistle has blown; but in the long run these delays are diminished rather than increased if it be generally understood that the race waits for no one, but the whistle will be blown on the exact second. It is a premium to the careful man who has all ready in time, and he should not be robbed of it to oblige some laggard.

Should there be any doubt of the committee boat returning in time for the finish, some one should be placed in the stake boat to time the yachts on their return, otherwise the entire race may be in vain. If the course is crooked and the steamer can cut across the corners, or if it seems likely that she can go near to the turn and yet run in while the yachts are beating home, it may be all right, but if the course is straight and before a good breeze the yachts are likely to outrun the steamer, and she must either not go out to the turn or some one must be left at the finish to time the yachts.

Once away the place for the steamer is with the yachts, to leeward or otherwise out of the way, but near enough to see all of the sailing and to watch closely the leading boats for fouls. The fleet may be so scattered that this is difficult, but with a speedy steamer and a careful engineer it may generally be done. That it often is not done all who have had experience can testify. An instance occurs that happened not long since within a thousand miles, more or less, of Long Island Sound. The regatta committee started the fleet, some twenty yachts, in a light breeze in which the steamer could have easily kept abreast of them, instead of which, as soon as they were well away, those on the steamer produced a big pail, some bottles, lemons and other ingredients, and proceeded to mix a punch, the steamer meanwhile heading off for a distant part of the harbor. The fleet sailed out, failed to find the stakeboat provided by this regatta committee, and straggled home, each yacht having turned a different mark and claiming it as the right one. The regatta committee was on hand to time them. The various awards were disputed and a great deal of ill-feeling ensued, the results being to the injury of the club; but the regatta committee had an elegant time, and that was all its members cared for. In one of the principal races of last year the steamer, instead of following the yachts as she was fully able to do, was taken off in another direction to engage in a friendly race with a rival tug on which were some friends of one of the committee, thus losing much of a very important and interesting race. Contrary to a very common idea, there is very little fun in the work of a regatta committee, and if any go on it with only that end in view, it will pay the club to give them a pleasure outing, with plenty of liquid comfort, on some other day, on condition that they stick to business and Appollinaris water during the race.

Once well away there is little to do save to look out for any possible fouls or violations of the rules, and perhaps to complete some of the calculations of measurement and allowances of boats not measured in time. If possible, the times of the leaders should be taken at the mark, as in a long race they often show some most important facts that would not be suspected from the mere elapsed times. The relative times down wind and to windward are specially interesting between different types. If the steamer cannot run out full to the mark she may take the best position possible and time the boats from it, the times being fairly correct provided she remains in exactly the same spot while taking all. The fleet is apt to be so scattered on the way home that the steamer can only accompany the leaders, but at any rate she should try to be on the finish line before the first boat comes up. It is usual to salute the winner with as much noise as can be made, but what we have said concerning the abuse of the steam whistle applies here as well as in other parts of the race. If a short blast only is given as each yacht crosses the line, her time may be taken by all in the fleet, and just at this time it is very acceptable to some, if not as welcome to others. All should be timed, to the very last, if possible, as the man who has sailed a losing race and comes in at the tail after a hard fight, is at least entitled to the official recognition of his having gone the course.

The yachts all timed, there yet remains the calculation of the elapsed and corrected times; but if the records have been properly posted thus far, this will not take very long. All calculations should be verified by two or more persons to insure their absolute accuracy, as nothing is so likely to produce discontent and ill feeling as the reversal of a decision that has once been made public. Should any protests arise they must be decided by the committee according to the evidence given by both sides and the rules of the club; and in such matters the decision of the regatta committee is final and beyond appeal. It will be seen that the reputation and welfare of the club is entirely in the hands of the regatta committee on the occasion of every race, and this fact should be borne in mind by every member in voting for men to fill such important positions. Their influence for good or ill is far greater than that of the commodore or any other officer; their positions involve much work and small thanks if they attend properly to their duties, and when men are found who are both willing and competent to undertake the task they should be retained in office as long as they will remain, as their work is sure to improve with practice.

THE HISTORY OF THE MUSQUITO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in the article "Fifty Years of Yacht Building," by Dixon Kemp, in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 5 inst. The article is very interesting all through and I desire to thank you for its publication. He gives some interesting particulars of the famous old yacht Musquito. The following notice, together with the working drawings, was published in the *U. S. Nautical Magazine*, August, 1857, Vol. VI., No. 5, page 399, by John M. Griffiths, Naval Arctitect:

"The Musquito is the famous British yacht that won a race in a contest with the renowned America; after she had passed from the hands of our countrymen, however. Her history is singular, and affords a hint of the value of seamanship in bringing out the qualities of a sailing vessel. She is built of iron, by Mare, of Blackwall, in 1848. There appears some doubt in regard to whom the honor of her design belongs. Ditchburn and Watchurn both claim it. On her first appearance she won a prize, beating the Arrow, Heroine and others, but for some years she was rather an unfortunate vessel, being generally beaten. In 1852 she changed commanders, and the result was soon manifest. In 1852 and 1853 the Musquito was engaged in sixteen races and was beaten but once, by a foot or two only. During this victorious career she was opposed to nearly every fast yacht afloat."

The America, Arrow, Alarm, Volante, Cynthia, Aurora and Julia were among those that had to acknowledge the wonderful sailing properties of the formidable Musquito. An English writer remarks;

"The Musquito, although constructed in 1848, possessed many of the qualities for which the America was so much admired three years afterward. The l.w.l. forward in the former is but one degree less acute than in the latter, and the position of the several centers of gravity and of the midship section is further aft than was usual. By a careful comparison of the elements of their construction, we shall find that in many principal proportions there is great similarity between the America and Musquito. It may be doubted whether the Musquito would have answered had she been constructed of wood. Her keel and garboard plates were of very thick iron, weighing several tons. This, added to the thin material of her bottom, admitting the ballast to be stowed near the keel, brought the center of gravity of the ballast very low down, and enabled her to carry immense sails. She differed from the generality of racing yachts in one important particular, as she had large cabin space and had upward of 7ft. height between decks; and in complete opposition to the commonly received notions concerning racers, that internal fittings are detrimental to speed, she had five complete bulkheads across her, besides two half partitions. As it may be interesting to many yachtsmen to know in what manner she was prepared for racing, I may state that on no occasion was any bulkhead ever removed. The doors were sometimes taken down, the sofa lockers removed and taken out of the vessel. The contents of the forecastle and sail room aft were transferred to the main cabin, together with the windlass, anchors and any weighty part of the equipment, which were placed under the platform of the cabin."

The principal fault in the construction of the Musquito was the excessive fullness of her waterline abaft, which caused her to drag a large wave on the lee quarter.

Length on loadline	59.2ft.
Load displacement in cubic feet	2,424
Load displacement in tons	60.25

The dimensions of her spars were as follows:

Mast, heel to cap	51ft. 10in.
Diameter	13¾in.
Hoist of mainsail	37ft. 3in.
Length of masthead	9ft. 7in.
Topmast, heel to sheave	37ft. 6in.
Boom, length	23ft. 6in.
Diameter	12in.
Gaff, length	26ft.
Bowsprit, length	46ft. 6in.
Diameter	13in.
Housed	12ft. 6in.

D. C. W. GOODSELL,
429 FIRST STREET, San Francisco, May 12,

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.

THE parlors of the new house of the Seawanhaka Y. C. were well filled on Tuesday evening with the members and guests of the club, gathered to celebrate the successful inauguration of the new scheme which has been in hand since the early winter. The house leased by the club, a large brown stone residence, No. 7 East Thirty-second street, next to the Knickerbocker Club, has been completely refitted to adapt it to the uses of the club, the parlors being used for a meeting and reception room, while the dining-room is now converted into a library and reading-room. In the basement is a billiard-room where models and samples of gear and materials of all kinds will be on exhibition.

The upper stories, except a part reserved for committee and toilet rooms, will be leased for bachelor's apartments. The parlor has been handsomely fitted up, the furniture being oak and russet leather. Around the room are horizontal strips attached to the walls, from which the models are hung. The center of the library will be taken up with a large oak table containing drawers for charts and the valuable lines in possession of the club. On the roof is a flagstaff, from which the U. S. Signal Service flags will be displayed, by special arrangement with the department at Washington, while the official notices from the Lighthouse Department of changes in marks and buoys will be posted in the meeting room. Full sets of the Government charts will be preserved in the library, being carefully corrected, as errors and changes are reported.

The June meeting of the club was advanced in date to the opening night, and Com. Canfield called the assembly to order at 8:30 P. M., telling in a well-delivered address the work that had been done, the great progress already made, and outlining the principal features of the scheme—the establishment of a fitting headquarters and rendezvous for yachtsmen, where books, charts, periodicals and the literature of yachting would be accessible to all, the collection and preservation of authentic models and drawings, the instruction of members in all relating to yachting by means of lectures by experts, and the organization of a naval reserve or militia of the sea. After the commodore's address the constitution was read and adopted, and a motion was passed to divide the schooner classes at 75ft. in place of 85, as formerly. It was also decided to offer prizes of $25 in each class for the opening race on Decoration Day.

The commodore called attention to the need of a more thorough system of classification that should be permanent and of general adoption, and it was resolved that he should appoint a committee to consider the subject and recommend some plan for adoption after the close of the racing season. The trustees reported the election of twenty members, with nearly thirty names now before the club. The secretary reported the membership on Jan. 1 as 208, and now, including those proposed, 270 active members. At the conclusion of the meeting dinner was served in the library. Mr. J. F. Tams has been appointed fleet captain. The fleet will rendezvous off Stapleton on May 30 at 10 A. M., captains reporting on board the flagship at 10:30 to decide upon the cruise. In the evening a supper will be served at the club house.

AN OPEN RACE AT BOSTON.

THE Boston *Globe* has arranged for an open regatta to be sailed on June 25, following the E. Y. C. regatta, the races to be managed by the South Boston Y. C., but all the expenses being paid by the newspaper. The regatta will be open to all yachts without regard to clubs, but in other respects will be sailed under the N. E. Y. R. A. rules. The conditions are as follows; the courses, etc., will appear later. The boats will be classed thus: Special Class.—All fishing schooners over 60ft. in length: First prize, $75; second, $50; third, $25. There will be no restrictions as to sail or ballast, and no time allowance in the special class. First Class.—All yachts measuring 30ft. and less than 40ft.: First prize for keels, $40; second, $20; centerboards, the same. Second Class.—All yachts measuring 24ft. and less than 30ft.: First prize for keels, $30; second, $20; third, $10; centerboards, the same. Third Class.—All yachts measuring 21ft. and less than 24ft.: First prize for keels, $25; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5; centerboards, the same. Fourth Class.—All yachts measuring 18ft. and less than 21ft.: First prize for keels, $20; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5; centerboards, the same. Fifth Class.—All yachts measuring 15ft. and less than 18ft.: First prize, $20; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5. Sixth Class.—All yachts under 15ft.: First prize, $10; second, $5; third, $3.

Measurement—Yachts will be classified according to "sailing length," which will be waterline measurement plus one-fifth of after overhang. Time allowance will be figured on the basis of the Herreshoff table of allowances. Schooners will sail at seven-eighths of their actual measurement. The official measurement of any yacht club will be accepted, this club reserving the right to remeasure any yacht, and in case of conflict of measurement to take its own.

Regatta Committee—Arthur Fuller, ex-officio, chairman; John J. Blight, secretary; A. Henry Hall, Fred G. Cooley, J. W. Sherman, Jr., Frank T. Christian, James Bertram, W. J. McArdle, Guilford S. Reed (ex-officio). The judges are Geo. A. Stewart, chairman; William Morris, Thomas Christian, W. H. Godfrey, C. McKenna, J. P. Bullard, G. F. Clark, Hubert Pope, Charles Griffin.

Entries must be made in writing, giving name of yacht, owner, rig, centerboard or keel, length over all, on waterline and after overhang, if known, and must be sent to G. F. Clark (Boston Yacht Agency), 43 Milk street, Boston, where numbers can be obtained on or before 12 M., Friday, June 24. Entries for fishing schooners must be made at the same place, giving name of vessel and owner. All entries to close at 12 M., Friday, June 24.

THE BRITISH RACING SEASON.

THE presence of Thistle in the early matches in British waters will make them specially interesting to American yachtsmen who wish to gauge the powers of the new challenger. She will make her first effort on Saturday over the fifty miles from South End to Harwich, in the match of the New Thames Y. C. This race is open to yachts of any rig or class, over 9 tons, to sail in cruising trim. The prizes are £50, £25 and £15. On the following Monday the Royal Harwich Y. C. will hold its annual regatta for yachts of all rigs, the prizes being from £40 down. On Tuesday the club will sail its Channel match, from Southend to Harwich. On Wednesday, June 1, the Royal Thames Y. C. will sail its first match from the Lower Hope, round the Mouse Lightship, and return to Gravesend, also a match from Lower Hope, around West Oaze Buoy, and return to Gravesend. On June 4 the same club sails its Channel match, from the Nore to Dover, open to the New York and Havre Yacht Clubs. On June 14 the ocean race, around the United Kingdom, will start from Southend at noon, the first prize being £1,000, with a gold medal to every yacht which sails the course. On Aug. 12 the Royal Victoria Y. C. will sail its Jubilee Race, twice around the Isle of Wight, passing outside the Noman Fort and Bembridge Buoy, the prize being £500, the race being open to yachts of any recognized yacht club in the world.

SAVANNAH Y. C. TWELFTH ANNUAL REGATTA, May 10.—Rain, hail squalls and calms conspired to spoil the regatta of the Savannah Y. C. on May 10, but still a close race was sailed by all four classes. In the morning there was a heavy rain, followed by hail, then a flat calm, and later a breeze for the finish. The summary was:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Claude	12 59 30	6 05 45	5 06 15	5 06 15
Glance	1 01 27	5 58 30	4 47 03	4 49 27
Vernon	1 02 00	6 00 15	4 58 15	4 50 13
Irene	1 01 30	6 06 40	5 05 10	4 53 53
Etta	Withdrawn.			
THIRD CLASS.				
Zinga	1 09 15	5 59 45	4 50 40	4 50 40
Jennie S	1 10 30	5 59 56	4 49 26	4 47 33
FOURTH CLASS.				
Gertrude	1 14 05	6 07 05	4 53 00	4 53 00
Nettle	1 14 00	6 07 10	4 43 10	4 39 55
FIFTH CLASS.				
Siren	1 15 00	6 03 10	4 48 10	4 48 10
Nana	1 15 06	6 09 53	4 54 44	4 53 59
Seca	1 15 30	6 06 22	4 50 52	4 44 07

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Norristown, Pa., May 23.—The fourth race of the Montgomery Sailing Club took place May 22, course, five miles. The wind was light from the south, making it a run to the buoy and a beat home. The Igidious, with three men aboard, capsized without any apparent cause, about three-quarters of a mile from the finish line. There was but one boat, the Cocktail, ahead of her at the time of the capsize. The race was started at 9 A. M., the finish and corrected time being as follows:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
Cocktail	15.00	10 45 49	1 44 16
Ino	15.00	10 54 33	1 51 08
E. C. Potts	15.00	10 53 39	1 51 53
Gracie	12.00	11 03 20	1 53 44
Elsie	15.00	11 04 04	2 00 39
Little Tycoon	16.00	11 03 41	2 03 41
Igidious	15.00	Capsized.	

The captain of the Igidious has sailed the winning boat in two of the four races. The Little Tycoon is the possessor of a 40ft. jib. She attempted to carry this sail in the first race, but drifted on the comb of the dam below the starting line. She sailed in the second race without the jib and came in last. In the third race she carried the jib and distanced the remainder of the fleet. She did not carry the jib in the fourth race and was placed last.—E. A. L.

FLORIDA Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, MAY 12.—The annual regatta of the Florida Y. C. was sailed on May 12 over a 20-mile course, in light wind, part of the time accompanied by heavy rain. The preparatory signal was given at 11:05 A. M., the start at 11:15, the yachts crossing and finishing as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
FIRST CLASS.		
Mikado, Stephens	11 18 26	. . . .
Estelle, Merry	11 18 42	2 49 09
Chemaun, David Kemp	11 19 01	2 43 42
Arrow, Canova	11 19 19	. . . .
SECOND CLASS.		
Arthur B., Napoleon Broward	11 18 00	2 05 19
Katie B., Williams	11 18 42	2 02 13
Tempest, Dempsey	11 19 01	. . . .
Hero, Charles Fozzard	11 19 19	2 01 35
Elly, John Green	11 19 19	. . . .

Chemaun, a boat once well known around New York, took first prize, and Estelle second. In second class the first prize went to Hero, second to Katie B. A canoe race in the afternoon, reported in another column, finished the day's sport.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Y. C.—This club was formally organized at Burlington, Vt., on May 16, with the following officers: Pres., Ex-Gov. J. Gregory Smith; First Vice-Pres., Dr. W. S. Webb, of New York; Second Vice-Pres., Hon. Henry Ballard; Treas., Horatio Hickok; Sec., Joseph Auld; Ass. Sec., T. A. Taft; Executive Committee—U. A. Woodbury, W. H. H. Murray, A. C. Tuttle, F. W. Smith, D. N. Robinson, Rev. C. F. Carter, Prof. N. F. Merrill, Elias Lyman, R. G. Severson, Horatio Hickok, Joseph Auld, A. C. Whiting, H. M. Phelps, C. A. Murray, of Burlington; F. E. Smith, of Montpelier; E. C. Smith and S. W. Cummings, of St. Albans; J. G. Hinds, of Vergennes; Building Committee—W. A. Crombie, Elias Lyman, R. G. Severson, George R. Holt, U. A. Woodbury. A constitution was adopted and a club house will be built at once.

THISTLE.—Prior to her start for the Thames on May 18 Thistle has had several trials under canvas, reports of which have been received here by cable, but which amount to nothing. She has beaten Vanduara and Cruiser, but one is an old racer with foul bottom and old canvas, and the other a little cruising cutter of 40ft. However, the accounts agree that she is going fast in light winds and carrying her sail well. On May 22 she arrived at Cowes after a rough passage, on which she lost her bowsprit and bulwark and fourth jib. She also picked up three men in a lifeboat from the steamer Harkaway which had foundered, so the gale must have been very severe. On Saturday she makes her first trial at racing.

LLOYD'S YACHTREGISTER.—With each succeeding year this valuable work increases in size and accuracy, the present volume being larger than its predecessors and containing a fuller list, over 4,000 yachts being included. A new feature this year is the addition of colored plates of racing flags of the leading racers. But few American yachts are represented in these plates, but the publishers desire to add them next season, and will be glad to have sketches of flags and names of racing yachts from American owners. The book contains the full rules and specifications for the construction of wood, iron and composite yachts.

LARCHMONT Y. C. SPRING PENNANT REGATTA.—The spring pennant regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on June 4, the start being made at 10:45 A. M., a pennant being awarded to the winner in each class, to be held for the rest of the season unless challenged for. If only one yacht starts she will receive a pennant, but second and third prizes will be given for three and five starters. The regatta committee includes H. B. Willard, F. C. Griffiths and Geo. L. Forman.

PERTH AMBOY AND RARITAN BAY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yachting about Perth Amboy promises to be lively this season. Hitty Maginn, La Fantaisie, Lorna Doone, Venture and Mamie P. Mead are overhauled and ready for business, and Skylark, Moya and Petrel (cutters) are already afloat. Mr. Langley's schooner Comet is overhauling at Brown's across the Sound on Staten Island, and Sagitta is doing the same at Rutan's hard by.—J. L. K.

A CRUISER FOR SALE.—The cruising boat built this winter by Wallin & Gorman, is offered for sale in another column, as her owner is called away by business. She is built in the best manner and designed for one or two men in cruising or for a small party in afternoon sailing. The hull is all copper fastened, lead keel and ballast, and there is a good-sized cabin, with cockpit. The boat is now ready to be set afloat with all gear and anchors.

YACHTING NOTES.—Edith, s. y., has been sold to H. E. Converse, of Malden, by R. H. White....Maggie, cutter, has been sold by L. Cass Ledyard to Frederick Roosevelt....Circe, cutter, a 5-tonner, designed by Watson and built in 1881, has been purchased by S. Grosvenor Porter, Cor. Y. C., and will arrive here on the Circassia....Hildegarde, schr., lately purchased by Geo. Gould, is on her way to New York.

FORTUNA.—The start for Scotland will be made on June 1, from Marblehead, only Com. Hovey and Mr. Chas. Longfellow being in the cabin. The course will be north of Ireland to Greenock, where the racing spars will be shipped by Warren Line steamer. Fortuna will visit the principal yachting ports, and may enter in some races, returning by the 1st of September.

OSWEGO Y. C.—The opening cruise, to Big Sodus Bay, will be made on May 28, sailing at 1 P. M. The run out will be a pennant race, the yachts being timed at the Oswego Beacon Light and the pier light at Big Sodus. A tug will carry the regatta committee and some members of the club. Further orders for the cruise will be issued at Big Sodus.

BLACK CLOUD VS. SILVER CLOUD.—A match was sailed on May 21, at Gloucester, between these two boats, the course being 10 miles triangular, two rounds, in a fresh N.E. breeze. Silver Cloud led to the buoy off Eastern Point, but was passed by Black Cloud, the latter winning in 4h. 23m., with Silver Cloud 5h.

LAUNCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.—On May 21 a steam yacht by this name was launched at Wilmington by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., who built her for Joseph Stickney, owner of the steam yacht Falcon. The Susquehanna is of iron, 150ft. long, 22ft. beam, 13ft. hold, with triple expansion engines.

CLARA.—We learn from private advices that Mr. Sweet, who had a crew and captain ready to send out to Clara, is detained for a couple of months more by business in England, so will not race her this year and she is still for sale.

CLEVELAND Y. A.—The fifth annual squadron sail of the Cleveland Y. C. will start from the breakwater at 9 A. M. on May 30, the destination being Rocky River, where arrangements have been made for dinner.

NAMOUNA, steam yacht, Jas. Gordon Bennett, called at Castlemare on May 10, leaving for Nice, where her owner landed, going to Paris by rail. The yacht will return to England in time for the Jubilee regattas.

GALATEA has completed her fitting out at Twenty-eighth street, East River, N. Y., and was towed to Sands Point on May 20, starting from there under sail for a cruise around Long Island. She will return to New York by next Monday for the S. C. Y. C. cruise.

CORONET.—The steamer Venitian, arrived at Boston May 18, passed the Coronet on May 8 at 6 P. M., in Lat. 50° 36′ N., Long. 25° W. She reports all well on board.

PURITAN.—Capt. Crocker will sail Puritan in the principal races, but in cruising Mr. Forbes will command her, with Capt. Ryan of the Thetis as mate.

ALTERATIONS TO THE ARROW.—Mr. Chamberlayne is at work on Arrow, putting her in racing shape. New lead and wood keels will be put in.

PIONEER, steam yacht, built for Dr. Cattanach, was launched on May 20 at New York. She is 23×6ft., and will be used on Lake Ronkonkoma.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—The rendezvous for the annual cruise this year will be at New London, on Wednesday, Aug. 3.

ARROW.—This once famous sloop has been sold by Wm. P. Douglas to Robt. Lenox Belknap, S. C. Y. C.

FANNY, sloop, has been sold by the executors of the late Wm. R. Travers to F. B. Fiske, A. Y. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. B., Detroit.—The number cannot be supplied.

J. W. D., Albany, N. Y.—Mr. Moore's bill in the New York Legislature is simply to amend the song bird law so that certain stupid or bad blunders may be corrected.

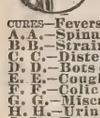
C. B. S., New London, Conn.—I send you a bird I secured from a black snake yesterday; please identify. Ans. It is a black and white creeper (*Mniotilta varia*), one of the Sylvicolidæ or wood-warblers.

THE BIGGEST ONE GOT AWAY.—Salmon fishing with a fly in the Penobscot River has been rewarded at last, notwithstanding the high water which seriously inconveniences the fishermen. Yesterday afternoon William A. Munro hooked a fine specimen of the noble fish and landed him after one hour's play. He weighed 19 pounds and was a perfect beauty. Soon after Mr. Munro landed his Mr. F. W. Ayer, Bangor's most noted devotee of the rod and line, hooked a fish, and after landing him was so unfortunate as to have him slip off the ledge into deep water and out of sight. It was estimated that the salmon would weigh 25 pounds. This forenoon Dr. W. L. Hunt caught a beauty of an 18-pounder, and probably before this item reaches the eyes of our readers many others will have been taken. Sportsmen from away will now commence arriving here as Officer Allen notified many of the anxious ones by telegraph last night. The water is falling so very rapidly that there will be good fishing all the while now.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial, May 18.*

THE HORSE-HAIR SNAKE MYTH.—Mr. George D. Griffin, of Parkdale, Ontario, thus writes to the Toronto *Mail:* "The 'horse-hair' question can be answered in this way. The roots of the hair must be with it or it will not become a 'living snakelike' existence. In muddy, tepid water it, through the roots, in accordance with the law of life by the law of affinity, absorbs vitalizing elements the same as it did when on the animal. And the substance of the hair being animal life as well as vegetable, it is naturally more or less sensitive to touch. I have seen the horse-hair phenomenon, and I once saw it duplicated a thousandfold in a stagnant pool where the hair of a slaughtered hog had been thrown, and in handsful as pulled out by the roots they exhibited the same kind of life, but more active than the horse hair does, and yet all this does not help the evolutionist a hair. For there is not and cannot be any reproduction, without which their whole faith is a delusion."

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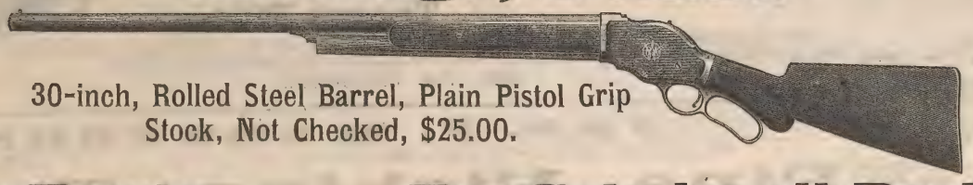
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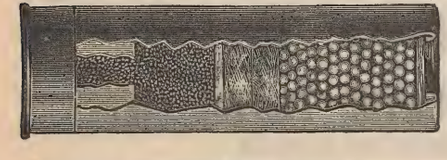
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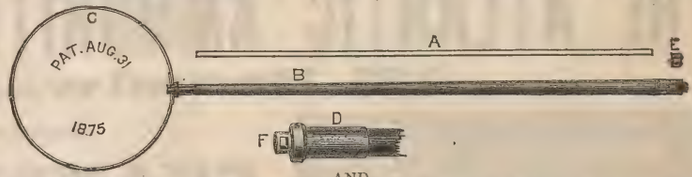
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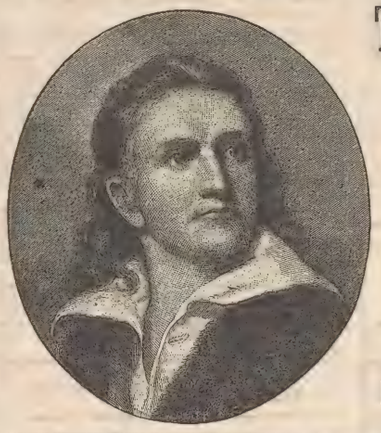
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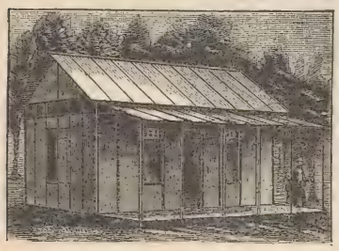
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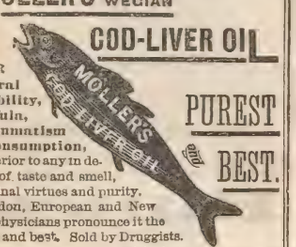


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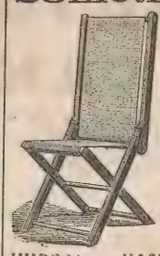
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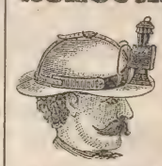
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BRASS MEDALS.

THE pewter medals given for silver at Pittsburgh in 1886 have passed into history, and the brass medals of 1887 now take their turn. The prizes offered for the champion classes at the dog show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Association were announced to be "gold medals." These were to be, the Association ordered, gold not in name merely, but actual gold. The discovery that the supposed silver medals of the year before were pewter, had disgusted a number of the directors of the Association, and we have the very best authority for stating that definite instructions were given to those who had the show in charge, that if medals were offered this year they should be what they were represented to be. How these instructions were followed out may be seen from the fact that the "gold" medals given this year have now proved to be a composition of brass, plated with gold. The men who are responsible for this petty swindling, for this obtaining money by false pretenses, for this luring people to their show by representing that they should receive as prizes coin, and then paying them in counterfeits, are reputable men of Pittsburgh, men whose standing in the business world is fairly good. They are not thieves, nor gamblers, nor blacklegs, but in their own world and with their own class they stand well.

People often express surprise at the moral obliquity of men who in their own business are honest and straight, while in matters connected with dogs and dog shows they are guilty of practices which would forever damn them in the commercial world. But the explanation is not difficult. Such men are honest in commercial affairs because to maintain any standing at all they have to be so. But they have learned that in dog matters such honesty is not an essential to good standing. A man may be guilty of tricks of all sorts and yet suffer no penalty. The supposed governing body in the dog world, the American Kennel Club, says in effect, that swindling of this kind meets its approval.

At its last meeting the committee on Pittsburgh pewter medals reported and submitted the evidence on the subject, and the report was accepted and laid on the table. There, no doubt, it will continue to repose until the subject of the brass medals shall come up, be reported on, and also laid on the table to keep it company. There, side by side, the brass and the pewter, they will be likely to remain for ages, suggesting sweet memories of Pittsburgh and of the methods of the A. K. C. It is very difficult to see how this body can hope ever to gain the respect of the dog public if it is to follow up the line of conduct which it seems to have laid out for itself. "Good fellow" methods were all very well years ago, but people interested in dogs have got tired of them, and look for intelligence and honesty from the body which is supposed to govern kennel matters. If such moral standards are to rule in the dog world, honest people want to look on from a safe distance.

We have enough confidence in the inherent honesty, uprightness and love of fair play of American dog owners to believe that acts of this kind will not be allowed to continue. That they have been permitted is due as much to the good faith and simplicity of some gentlemen, who are above suspicion, as it is to the knavery and trickiness of those who have been able to deceive them. But it is certainly time that the knaves and the fools be thrown down from their seats of authority, and that honest, capable men take their places.

As for the Pittsburgh show, it was all through, from the Bryson incident to the brass medal discovery, so disgraceful a piece of business that it is unpleasant to write about—nobody likes to handle a skunk if he can help it. It was made disgraceful, not by the directors of the association, but by the stupidity and dishonesty of those to whom they intrusted the management.

PROTECTION WHICH DOES NOT PROTECT.

FROM the condition of having almost no laws for the protection of fish and game, which this country was in within the memory of living men, it seems to some that it is getting into that of having too many, which they think is almost as bad as the first. Wherein are we better off, they ask, with a complication of statutes too ambiguous to be understood by even those trained and schooled in the legal profession, and too ponderous and unwieldy to be enforced if the best possible means were provided, as they seldom are, for that purpose? Wherein is there more protection with laws unenforced than in no law at all? An honorable man will not knowingly violate one of these statutes, though in his judgment it is unjust and unreasonable; neither would an honorable and thoughtful man violate one of the plain laws of nature for the preservation of fish and game, laws which the wisest and best of human enactments only reiterate, while they specify a penalty more immediate in effect than the extinction of species, which is nature's sometimes slow but always certain punishment for unseasonable and excessive slaughter. These laws are not made to regulate and control the actions of such men, but to restrain the sport-loving instinct of the thoughtless and the greed of the selfish and vicious, and if not faithfully enforced are as ineffectual as the Pope's bull against the comet, and worse than this, they are positively mischievous, for laws which are a dead letter breed contempt for all law.

In this there is weighty matter for the consideration of all those who are interested in protection. It is evident to every one who has watched it at all that legislation on this subject is apt to become more and more unwieldy and contradictory with each yearly or biennial legislative tinkering, that good laws are often repealed or made ineffective, and also that with all the new acts and "acts to amend acts," there is in but few States any more adequate provision made for their enforcement. It seems to have become as much the fashion for some legislative bodies to make game protection law, as to legislate on education and temperance. While ignorance holds its own, intemperance does not decrease, and unseasonable killing of game and fish is almost unnoticed and seldom punished. There is an infinite deal of loss but little protection. All laws for the protection and preservation of fish and game should be simple, reasonable in their exactions, easily enforced, and then—enforced.

TROUT WATERS are just now in their prime and every fisherman who can get away is improving the golden hours as they fly. The salmon streams are also affording capital returns, and the fishing at Bangor, Me., is remarkable.

THE WELLINGTON SHOOT.

THE enthusiasm which marks the sport of trap-shooting at present and which calls for a supply of millions of artificial targets annually, finds a marked expression in the Wellington shoot, now going on in the Boston suburb. Every preparation has been made there for a good time, with plenty of real, honest sport, where rivalry will help on the enjoyment and where the rules will see to it that the best man shall win in every contest. The managers of this tournament have sought to put the whole country under obligation in furnishing a supply of contestants, and men have come from the far West to show the Eastern shooters a few wrinkles on marksmanship, while locally a whole flock of trap-shooters has sprung up to make a lively fight for the honor and profits of the occasion.

These big contests are but indications of the growing conviction that among field sports trap-shooting holds a favored position. It is eminently a gentlemanly sport, where one can so easily pick his company in the way of fellow-contestants. There is little expense attached to it, any clear space of unused land will suffice for a shooting-ground, and for the man who is busy through the day with engrossing business cares, there is no task of enjoyment which he can set himself which will so readily take his thoughts from the office and the desk as that before the trap. Each target thrown is a challenge flung in the face of the marksman, and soon the keen sense of conflict, which is the very essence of the sport, is felt in all its bracing activity.

It is a sport which does not weary and grow stale. Take up any club list, read over any roll of entries, and see the number of names of men who have been popping away with muzzleloader and breechloader and later with hammerless, lo! these many years. So long as the sharp, quick eye is supplemented by limber muscles, so long the enjoyment of trap-shooting remains.

The FOREST AND STREAM match, even in its initial year, has shown in some measure the wide-spread desire for a trial of merit. Before the same trap, with shooters side by side, this feeling is much stronger, and in such a gathering as the Wellington shoot any trap devotee may be sure of adding something to his stock of practical knowledge, if in nothing more than by enforcing upon him the conviction that there is a great deal he does not know.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE has adjourned and the great grist of game and fish bills has come to an end. Of the three general bills, termed by their authors codifications, none passed, and the laws are for the most part unchanged. A number of unsigned bills now in the Governor's hands will doubtless receive his approval. Among them are a restoration of the six-inch trout clause and the bill forbidding capture of salmon save with hook and line. The one disgraceful piece of legislation at the last session—there is at every session one new law worthy of this distinction—was the repeal of the short lobster law. This was done at the instance of parties in this city who had fines to pay under the old law; and it was engineered by Finn the Park Row free-lunch man.

THERE are in this world a number of well-meaning individuals who are more than ready to croak at the good works accomplished or attempted by other people. There are the querulous carpers, for instance, who have their little wail about the undertaking of the AUDUBON SOCIETY. There are millions of human beings in distress, say these croakers, and yet here is the AUDUBON SOCIETY with its thousands of members bothering themselves to preserve the birds, but forgetting all about suffering humanity. Such critics go to bed hungry if they cannot have the whole loaf. It is a good rule in this world to do all the good you can, even though greater wrongs go unrighted.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is angling in the Adirondacks, and the reporters are on hand with spy-glasses and ear trumpets to chronicle his minutest risings up and sittings down, what the President and his wife have for breakfast, how many times he casts his fly, how many fish he does not get, and the number of times he slaps at the punkies and musquitoes. Evidently the reporter believes that it is not all of fishing to fish.

THE DECORATION DAY TROPHY scores are coming in, but the result cannot be known for some days yet. The full scores will be given in our next issue.

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the rugged mountains of Western America, where roads, even now, are not too common, freight is transported on the backs of animals. The load is tied on the saddle with ropes, and the burdened beast can travel over rough country or through forests where the timber stands close together, going wherever a man can ride a horse.

Down in old Mexico they have been carrying loads on mules' backs for more than three hundred years, and from there we have received a system of packing which is perfect for its purpose. The manner in which the single rope passes over and about the pack, in a regular symmetrical fashion, is called the diamond hitch. In this hitch there are no knots which can untie or become loose; the rope pulls always against itself. By means of this method in Mexico they will pack a twenty-gallon keg of water on a mule's back over the mountains day after day.

The origin of the diamond hitch is, so far as I know, buried in obscurity. Whence it came, or how, I cannot tell. Possibly the old Aryans, when they poured into Europe from the East, lashed their household goods on the backs of horses with this hitch, and thus transported them over the rough mountains of Transylvania. Or it may be that the Moors brought it from Africa into Spain, and that so it came to Mexico. Perhaps it is a slow development, painfully worked out little by little after years of patient thought and study, or it may be that it was the brilliant inspiration of some genius among packers. At all events, we have it to-day, the most satisfactory system for lashing a load on a saddle of which we have any knowledge.

Of the methods employed in packing in other countries I am ignorant, but I am told by a gentleman who was for many years resident in India and who has traveled extensively in the Himalaya Mountains, where packing is the only means of transportation, that the sawbuck and aparejo, or saddles essentially similar in type to these, are in common use among the Mahomedan people of India, the former for loading camels, the latter for mules. He believes, too, that the method of lashing with the diamond hitch is essentially the same.

If this is the case we are perhaps warranted in assuming that it was introduced into both Europe and India by the early Mahomedan conquerors, reaching this country through the Spaniards. This would put the Aryan people out of the race as regards any credit to the invention, leaving the rival claims of the Semitic and Tartar races whose united forces constituted the conquering armies of the Middle Ages. At that period it may have been in general use by the people of both races from the wall of China to Asia Minor, for the conquerors, whether Arab or Tartar, introduced it wherever they went. The invention might possibly be traced back to a far more remote antiquity if Chinese records were investigated.

The diamond hitch may be thrown in several ways, and from either the near or off side of the animal. The method with which I am most familiar, and which is generally employed in Montana and Wyoming, is called the "old Government hitch." It is perhaps the most simple. There are some minor modifications of this which it is quite unnecessary to give. The essentials are always the same, while almost every packer has his own way of attending to the details.

The amount which an animal can carry depends of course on the size of horse or mule, and somewhat on the shape which the load takes. Thus a heavier burden of oats could be transported than of bird cages. From 200 to 250lbs. is a good load for a fair country. Much more is sometimes put on, but it does not pay to overload. If animals have too much to carry, they are almost sure to get sore backs. One hundred and fifty pounds is enough for a moderate-sized animal.

Strictly speaking, but two types of saddles are used in packing. The aparejo, which is of leather, and the sawbuck, of wood, may be taken as representatives of these types. Old-fashioned wooden pack saddles with rings are still sometimes used, and an ordinary riding tree makes a very good pack saddle. Nothing, however, is so easy on a mule as an aparejo. It will carry, without injury, a much heavier load with one of these than it possibly can on a wooden saddle. This is due partly to the fact that an aparejo is more flexible and yielding than wood, and partly to the fact that its bearing surface is much greater than that of a wooden saddle, and that the weight is therefore more widely and more evenly distributed.

The aparejo consists of a flat rectangular leathern bag, a little more than twice as long as wide, or sometimes of two nearly square leathern bags laced or sewed together along the edges which are to go over the animal's back. The sides of these bags are held apart by small willow twigs introduced through the hand holes on the inside of the aparejo, and are stuffed with fine springy hay. A reference to Fig. 1 will show that the aparejo is placed across the mule, either end of the bag coming down on the sides nearly to the belly and close behind the forelegs, while the after edge is just above the short ribs. To the after edges of the bag on either side is sewn a strip of leather 10in. wide. Each of these runs well back around the hips, curving up on the lower side until they meet

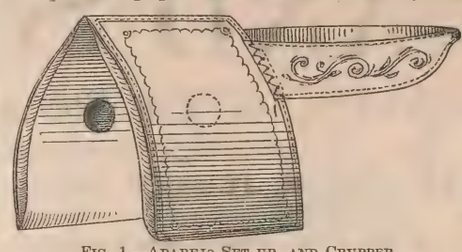


FIG. 1.—APAREJO SET UP, AND CRUPPER.

in a round smooth leather under the tail, forming a strong crupper, which pulls against the buttocks rather than against the tail.

The process of "setting up a rigging," by which is meant putting in the hay and placing the willows in posi-

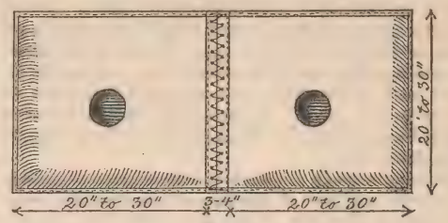


FIG. 2.—APAREJO. INSIDE, SHOWING HAND HOLES.

tion, need not be described. It requires much experience and can only be performed by a competent *cargador*.

The wooden pack saddle, from its shape commonly termed a sawbuck, consists of two thin flat boards shaped to fit either side of the animal's back, screwed to stout crosspieces, which meet and are firmly bolted together in front and behind. Fig. 3 gives an idea of the saddle on the animal's back. This is by far the most common form of saddle in use in the mountains, and is convenient enough for short journeys and for light loads. Its popularity is chiefly due to the readiness with which it can be made, and its small cost as compared with the aparejo, but it is not nearly so good to pack on. The aparejo being made of leather throughout, and either laced or sewed, by hand or on a machine, is much more expensive, the three different sizes costing from $15 to $30, while a sawbuck, with ropes, cinches and all, costs only from $5 to $10, according to the character of the rigging. Notwithstanding this difference the more expensive saddle is to be preferred for long trips.

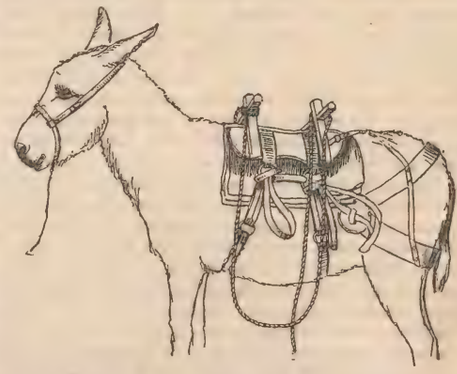


FIG. 3.—SAWBUCK. SLING ROPES IN POSITION.

The aparejo is put on by a wide, heavy cinch, usually of canvas, which passes about the middle of the aparejo and under the animal's belly. At one end of this cinch is a broad ring, or better a piece of hard wood somewhat longer than the cinch is wide, an inch thick from above downward and two inches wide from side to side. Through this from above downward are cut two long, narrow slits, through one of which the canvas of the cinch passes to be sewed to itself again, and the other is to receive the latigo. A foot or 18in. from the other end of the canvas cinch, a small ring is laced to it, by one side, and to this ring the latigo is attached. This is a flexible strap, 1½ to 2in. wide, and perhaps 10ft. long, tapering very gradually to its free end, where it is perhaps an inch wide. When the aparejo is put on, the canvas cinch is thrown over the animal, the wooden piece is brought up to within a foot of the nearside of the aparejo; the latigo passes through the slit in the wood, then up and through the ring, down again through the wood, and so up and down several times. Then a strong pull on the latigo draws the cinch tight. The aparejo must not rest close to the ridge of the animal's back but must be lifted up before cinching so that it and its blankets do not touch the backbone. A wooden pack saddle is usually put on with double cinches in the ordinary way.

A pack saddle, whether it be an aparejo or a wooden saddle, requires plenty of blanket under it. There should be enough to thoroughly protect the animal's back, and yet not so much as to make it possible for the saddle to slip or work. But the blankets must not set down close over the animal's backbone; they should be lifted up off it so that the air can circulate through them, otherwise you will have sore backs. Just before cinching, grasp the blankets over the backbone with the right and left hand behind and before the saddle, and pull and lift them well up into the crotch of the saddle and off the animal's backbone. The saddle must be so tightly cinched that there is no possibility of its turning. Dead freight is much more severe on a horse's back than is live weight. There is no spring or give to it, no relief to the animal. It bumps down with a heavy jar all the time. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that the saddle should stick close to the animal and the load close to the saddle, so that there shall be no motion between the various parts of the load, and no motion to it as a whole, apart from that of the animal that is carrying it. The pack must, therefore, be lashed on the animal's back as firmly as possible, and every effort made to keep the ropes tight and the load compact.

Two ropes are used in packing, one for slinging the side packs on either side of the animal, where they balance each other, and one for lashing the whole load on the saddle. If the lash rope remains tight the slings will probably do so also, but the lash rope must be kept tight if the load is to stay on. The office of the sling ropes is a minor one, and after the pack is securely lashed on they may even be removed and the load will ride well, but if the lash rope becomes loose anywhere, the incessant jolting of the pack makes it constantly more so, and presently the load tips to one side or falls off, so that the pack has to be taken off and put on again. This takes time and is to be avoided, if possible. The skillful packer arranges his loads so that they will not be disturbed, except in case of accident, during the day. Nothing more than an occasional tightening of the ropes should have to be done.

These ropes are stubborn things to handle. In damp or wet weather they shrink and in a dry time they stretch. However tight you may pull them they will always take a little away from you again. Moreover, often the articles to be packed are perfectly hard and stiff—as mess boxes—and do not yield at all to the rope, and if there is the least play in such a case it tends always to become loose; while if it passes over something soft, such as a roll of blankets, which yields to the strain and then springs out when it is relaxed, the rope loosens much more slowly.

When you know how to do it, to throw the diamond hitch is as easy as "falling off a log." Until you understand it thoroughly, it is a most complicated operation. You may watch its execution and may have it explained to you a thousand times, and may still know nothing more about it than you did the first time. It is necessary to have an expert show you each operation in detail, but when you have once fairly mastered the subject, you will be surprised at its simplicity.

So far as I can learn, nothing has ever been written about the method of throwing the diamond hitch. Good packers are not very numerous, even in the western country, though there are plenty of men who can lash on a load in a slovenly fashion, so that it will ride for a few hours. In this matter, as in so many others, constant practice is required to attain perfection, and it is only the man who has had this practice who is really master of his art. The good packer not only has no trouble with his loads, but his animals seldom, under ordinary circumstances, have sore backs. His eye is quick to catch the first indication of a tipping load, and he at once remedies it.

Whether it is possible for any one to learn by reading about it how to throw the rope is doubtful; but I am quite sure that the person who has once had the intricacies of the diamond hitch explained to him, will afterward, by references to these papers, be able so to refresh his memory that he can always throw the ropes, and after a little practice become a skillful packer.

In the papers to which this is the introduction I shall endeavor to explain as clearly as possible what I consider the simplest method of throwing the diamond hitch. I shall give first the operation as performed on the ordinary pack saddle or sawbuck, and afterward say something about packing with an aparejo; for, although the system is the same in both cases, the differences in the saddles necessitate certain variations of detail which must be explained.

Here and there will be found allusions to and directions for some of the ordinary duties of camp life in the mountains, but it must be understood that these are only mentioned incidentally and where they bear on the subject of packing. The papers are in no sense intended as treating of anything more than the operation of packing.

I have myself packed over some thousands of miles of mountains, and after the draught of these papers was made, it was submitted to two other practical packers of great experience, Mr. H. G. Dulog and Mr. E. Hofer, and to these gentlemen I am indebted for suggestions on several points. I am, therefore, hopeful that the papers will prove to be what they are intended for, a clear and intelligent exposition of the method of throwing the diamond hitch.

YO.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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AN ADVENTURE AT MONTE CARLO.

EUROPE possesses many wonderously beautiful and picturesque places of resort, and in addition to the richness that nature and art have bestowed upon them, there is a romance that surrounds them and some old story connected with them that lends peculiar interest to the spot and makes it deeply interesting to the visitor. Among the many of these places there is none more attractive nor beautiful, both in situation and surroundings, than the little town of Monaco, which rises from a rocky promontory, putting out into the blue Mediterranean Sea, a few miles from Nice. Here nature and art have combined to form a scene that might well be considered a little paradise.

In close proximity to the town is Monte Carlo with its lovely gardens, its terraced slopes and sparkling fountains, its shady inviting walks and the famous Casino, now the last of those sumptuous gaming halls, that once formed the chief attraction of Baden-Baden and Homburg, and is now that of this charming little spot.

I had arrived by the afternoon train, and having finished dinner, I lit a cigarette and stepped from the piazza of the Hotel de Paris for a stroll among the flowers and palm trees and a look at the calm blue sea. I seated myself in one of the pretty little nooks which, while they invite you to rest, at the same time open to you a portion of that gorgeous panorama that the eye never wearies of at Monte Carlo. For a long time I sat in a sort of reverie, my mind wandering from the surrounding beauties to my home far away, and I scarcely noticed the passers by, who all seemed to be wending their way toward the Casino. After a while I felt that I was entirely alone, the numerous lights flashed through the foliage and over the flower beds and made the water of the fountains sparkle like diamonds. I could hear the strains of sweet music creeping deliciously through the still air and trembling among the beautiful bowers. This music came from the orchestra in the music hall of the Casino, and as I had an hour or two to spare I decided to go to the Casino and see the play and listen to the music. I took my way along the terrace, and turning into the main avenue I arrived at the superb entrance of the grand hall which leads to the gaming room. As I entered the spacious door what a transition! I had left the flowers and fountains, and here was a noble hall, pillared with precious marbles, the walls and the ceiling gilded, panneled and richly frescoed, and the brilliant light from the numbers of crystal chandeliers made the entrance a scene of rich splendor. As I stepped toward this room a polite attendant addressed me in French and requested my hat and cane, and I was ushered for the first time into the famous gambling palace of Monte Carlo.

What a scene was before me. I had heard no noise while without, and yet when I entered this immense and splendid saloon it was nearly crowded with people, each one of whom seemed wholly engrossed in watching the progress of the games being played at the several tables, and if conversing at all, doing so in a low tone. There was no sound of laughter or jollity, no expression, aloud, of anger or disappointment, but only the rapid click of the little ivory ball, as it shot from place to place in the swiftly revolving wheel of the roulette board, or the measured voice of the stoical master of the table, as he mechanically called out when the wheel ceased revolving, "*Rouge, messieurs, numero trente-quatre,*" or "*Noir, messieurs, numero dix,*" as the little ivory ball ceased its clicking and dropped into the red or black number, and which decided which were the very few winners and the very many losers. The splendid chandeliers shed a flood of light over the hall. The polished jasper pillars, the grand frescoes, the gilded ceilings and luxurious furniture were all around and arranged with the most consummate taste and rare beauty. And yet this throng of players seemed oblivious to all, and engrossed in nothing save the chances of that little ivory ball dropping into the number in which they hoped to win a heavy stake, strolled around the hall admiring the splendor of the appointments, and as I passed the different tables I paused a few moments to watch the game, and when I saw the attendants draw in the heavy winnings of gold and notes and ivory checks with their little rakes, I could discern the sound of a sigh or groan from some of the heavy losers. I was naturally drawn at last to observe the character of the throng of people engaged in the play. The professionals, or steady players, were generally seated around the long tables, and I observed that many were females, not young and foolish, but staid middle-aged ladies, many of them richly attired, and nearly all heavy betters on the game. Each of them seemed sober, earnest and deeply engrossed. Now and then a man or woman would drop out from among the players with a downcast air and sad expression which plainly showed the heavy loser, and pass slowly from the room, while others, eager to try their fortune, would press into the vacant places. There was one class of those who occupied the tables upon whom the fortunes of the game seemed to have no apparent effect; no change of fortune, no heavy gains or losses seemed to ruffle them or change a single feature of their countenances. Their hard, calm, stern features never betrayed a single look of compassion, nor a glance of momentary pleasure. Such were the attendants, who dealt the cards or spun around the jeweled wheel, or with careless air drew in toward the bank with little ivory rakes the piles of notes or checks of the misguided victims. Such is a faint picture of the Bank at Monte Carlo.

At the end of one of these long tables there was for a moment a vacancy, into which I placed myself, anxious to see the game, although I had but a limited knowledge of its workings. As I took my position, a number of the players raised their eyes for a moment from the table to scan "the new victim." I felt a little embarrassed, but held my place. Beside me, on the left, sat a fine-looking woman, attired in a rich suit of black, with a large pile of notes, gold and checks in front of her upon the table. Her hand, which was ungloved, sparkled with the number of jewels which adorned her fingers. Leaning lightly upon the back of her chair, on either side, were two men, one much younger than the other, but both cultivated in their appearance, and taking no part in the game. As the lull occurred between the betting the lady would turn her face first to one side and then to the other, speaking in French and Italian to these gentlemen without any seeming effort. After a few moments I resolved to try my chances at the betting, and carelessly tossed a Napoleon on the red diamond. The lady in black, stooping forward, cast a quick glance upward toward me, and then resuming her position made her bets upon such numbers as she had selected. The wheel spun rapidly around, and each one near watched the motion of the little ball as the wheel turned more and more slowly to see into which number it would drop. The number and color were called out and the winnings thrown out upon the table. Several had been betting upon the red diamond and others upon the black, and I really did not know whether I had lost or won. At the right of me, a few paces off, stood a tall, straight individual, with long gray side whiskers and moustache and gray hair. As the bets were paid, this man reached forward his long, thin arm, and with his bony hand slowly drew in two Napoleons, which he deposited in his pocket and then resumed his quiet, confident air. The lady at my side again turned her head and looked toward me, this time a little longer than before, and I fancied with an inquisitive expression. However, I resolved again to risk another Napoleon, just to get even, and I tossed it again upon the red diamond. The wheel was turned, and when it stopped a faint smile came over the face of the lady. She had won a large stake. But even this luck did not seem to ruffle her or fix her attention, as will be seen by her action toward me. Again the long, bony arm of the military man was reached forward and the bony fingers were nearly grasping two bright Napoleons, when the lady hurriedly spoke to the attendant near in French, who tapped the fingers of the military-looking gentleman and he pushed the two Napoleons toward me, and the military gentleman quietly walked away without a look or a remark. The lady turned toward me, and speaking in perfect English she said, "That party was taking your money, and took the Napoleon that you won before. You do not seem to understand this game, sir?"

"No, madam," I replied.

"Then let me give you a piece of good advice; never, never learn it. I have been here for three weeks and have lost 43,000 francs."

Judge of my confusion at such an episode. Here I was standing among those that I deemed to be utter strangers to me and my nationality, and wished to appear, at least, not a novice. But I was covered with shame, my face flushed at the knowledge that this "military individual," who was one of the many "dead beats" that frequent all gaming places, picking up here and there a little money from the unwary, this fellow had read me at a glance, and had it not been for the lady he would have picked up my winnings as long as I would have bet. He knew that I was a novice and knew nothing about the game. But my greater confusion was caused by the lady, whom I thought was a foreigner of distinction, speaking none but foreign languages, and yet she turned to me and read me in an instant, and in my own language gave me some good, sound advice. I thanked the lady as well as my confusion would permit, and turning away, I left the room to think calmly over some common sense teachings that may be gathered even in the Monte Carlo gaming room. As I passed into the hall, my attention was attracted by a straight-built, dark-complexioned man, who was pacing the hall with measured step and approaching me. His chin rested upon his breast, his brow was deeply furrowed, his eyes cast down and he seemed to be buried in distressing reflections. I stepped to one side and he passed me, and as I left the door I turned back to look, and I saw the same figure, still pacing, with measured tread, the marble pavement, and his dark, troubled countenance seemed to haunt me. As I walked hurriedly along the broad gravel walk that led to the hotel, the thought of that troubled face filled my imagination, and although years have passed away, that countenance is photographed upon my memory. I knew that he must have been a heavy loser at the game and probably hopelessly ruined. But he was among the many who had suffered the same bitter experience and must have known when he commenced the game that the chances were much against him. And then the kind countenance of the lady in black would come to my mind, and I could hear her earnest voice exclaim: "Take my advice, sir, and never learn." But I had reached the hotel portico and it was getting late. I paused a short time to breathe the evening perfume that arose from the flowers around, and look upward at the clear blue starry sky; and then out upon the lovely sea, where the waves danced and shimmered in the soft moonlight. I seated myself at a table on the broad piazza among my friends, and sipped my coffee and smoked a cigarette. We talked over my visit to the Casino, joked a little over what so excellent a player as I was must have lost or won; but I kept the events of the evening to myself, and went to bed to pass a sleepless night, for it seemed impossible for me to rid my mind of that troubled face I had seen in the hall of the Casino.

The sun is an early riser at Monte Carlo and I was glad to welcome his charming light, for I could not have slept an hour during the night. As the dawn brightened I arose and cooled my fevered head with refreshing water; I dressed and made up my mind to take a long walk and enjoy the fresh pure morning air and endeavor to drive away my foolish reflections. There were but few of the hotel people up when I descended into the corridor. The porter bowed me a polite "*Bon jour, monsieur,*" as he opened the door, and I passed out into the fresh air. The sun had just peeped above the horizon. I walked along a narrow path taking a short cut to the terrace, and as I approached a thick portion of the shrubbery I detected voices talking in low hurried tones. I quickened my steps, and turning a corner formed by some dense boxwood, I saw three men, gardeners apparently, bending over a bed of mignonette and heliotrope. I hurried forward and was close upon them ere one of them heard me, when it was too late for them to prevent me from observing that among the beautiful flowers, nearly buried in the purple blossoms, lay the figure of a man flat upon his face. One of the men urged me to retire, but I persisted in staying, and he placed his fingers to his lips warning me to be secret. They now proceeded to raise the man, who was evidently dead. As they turned him over, from his hand dropped a small pistol, with which he had inflicted the fatal wound in his left breast, and which had ended his life. His tight-buttoned coat was burned with the powder, and the pretty flowers were stained with his blood. As they bore him past me I glanced at his face, when to my horror I recognized the dark troubled face I had seen pacing the hall but a few hours before. Oh, how sad! Oh, how horrible! Shall I ever forget the scene? I hastened back to the hotel and went to my room. During the morning I mentioned the whole circumstance to a friend of mine, an old habitué. He listened to my story and then with a melancholy smile replied, "Oh, such things are quite common here; they gamble, they lose, they die."

Well, I have ended my little tale of Monte Carlo. What scenes of misery, wretchedness and woe are hidden beneath the quiet beauties of this most lovely place. C.

A DAY'S DUCKING AT MARTIN'S.

THIRTY-FIVE miles south of Montreal, on the Richelieu, the outlet of Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence River, is Martin's. I imagine there is scarcely a sportsman in Montreal who does not know the place. For forty years it has been the favorite resort of the ducking fraternity of the Canadian metropolis. Ever since Père Martin—the best shot in all the province of Quebec in his day—built the rambling, white-washed, low-roofed house over against Isle le Noir and the duck hunters' marshes of South River, the place has been famous.

Is not the occasion when fortune disclosed to Père Martin his opportunities and his mission in life worth recounting? It was shortly after he had completed his domicile on the west bank of the Richelieu, and had settled down to the humble, hum-drum life of a small Canadian farmer and fisherman, that a party of Montreal sportsmen come up to Isle le Noir in a yacht, for a couple of weeks' sport shooting and fishing. One fine morning in September Père Martin heard a great banging of guns from Isle le Noir. Tumbling into his flat-bottomed scow, he rowed over to the island to see what might be the matter. As he stepped on shore he saw a long-extended line of sportsmen in high boots and knickerbockers, marching toward him. In front of them ranged a brace of fine dogs, which, as Martin left his boat, were just in the act of drawing to a point. The worthy Frenchman was no novice in the art of gunning, and he knew at once what this maneuver meant.

Scaipe, scaipe! Up went a brace of snipe between Martin and the gunners. Quick as thought the Frenchman dropped prone upon his face, and a dozen hurtling loads of shot whistled over his head. When the firing was over, Martin looked up, unharmed, and saw the birds, after circling around the chimneys of the old ruined British Fort on the island, pitch down in the swale beyond. It was a critical moment with the honest native. He was amused, to say the least, but he dared not betray it in the face of ten smoking guns!

"*Voilà! voilà!*" he cried, pointing in the direction of the swale. The ten sportsmen and two dogs hurried off in the direction indicated.

Now Martin always kept in his boat an ancient double fowling piece, whose barrels had at some time been so rudely divorced from the stock that the owner had found it necessary to reunite the parts by a stout cord, wound a dozen times or more about them. This venerable fusil Martin hastily fetched to land. He inspected the priming, clapped on a couple of caps, raised the hammers and stood awaiting developments.

Presently from the swale beyond the chimneys came a crackling sound, like the snapping of faggots in a giant's fireplace. Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang-bang! Over the chimneys whirled the snipe again, unruffled in so much as a feather, but complaining hoarsely with their metallic *scaipe, scaipe* at having their quiet so often disturbed by such purposeless racket. Martin saw them coming like the wind, one a little in advance of the other, their white breasts gleaming in the sunlight. He calmly raised the old fowling piece to his shoulder. Bang! Down dropped the first bird, turning over and over and fairly knocked out of shape by the heavy duck charge. The other bird turned and mounted into the air like a rocket. But Martin's aim, relentless, sure as fate, followed its towering course. Bang! a little cloud of feathers floated off in the morning sunlight, and the snipe, dying in the air, fell almost at the feet of the city sportsmen as they came hastening over the ridge. And thus it was that Martin and Martin's were discovered.

Every season thereafter the little whitewashed Canadian house opposite the island and the fort became a rendezvous of a score or more of Montreal gunners. They could run up in the evening to Stottsville on the Grand Trunk, only thirty-five miles from Montreal, and there Martin would meet them with his sturdy little French pony and they would be jolted over the rough road three miles to their destination. Scarcely a night for forty years, during the ducking season, has there not been jollity in that lonely little house by the Richelieu. Do you recall those dark stormy nights by the blazing wood fire, the pipes, the songs, the stories, the good cheer? But alas! Whom do I invoke? Who can answer of that band of choice spirits, through the shades and mists of well nigh half a century?

But the old place is the same, scarce changed a whit, save by the addition of a newly-built kitchen and loft, the latter divided by rude partitions into little 10x12 apartments for the accommodation of sportsmen who must be housed during the shooting season.

It was the second week in November when I made my last pilgrimage to Martin's. Père Martin has now two stalwart sons, Romauld and Joe, who do the guiding; and the boys have an invaluable ally who goes by the unmusical, but thoroughly distinctive name of "Gamash." The veteran himself, Père Martin, has seen his day. Gamash wields the venerable fowling piece of forty years ago, and there is life (and death) in the ancient fusil yet. It will beat many a breechloader of modern pattern and improvements at long range shots and for killing qualities. Romauld and Joe are both splendid shots, but they will never equal the veteran. When his eye was clear and his nerves unshaken by age and decrepitude he was as sure of bringing down his brace of ducks at 50yds. as though he saw them already lying breast up on the water.

When I stepped upon the platform of the station at Stottsville the ground on every side was white with snow. It was the first snowstorm of the season, and I had taken advantage of it in the hope that it would hasten the still lingering wildfowl south and afford good flight shooting during the few days that I could remain. I had had no

time to notify the Martins by mail, and consequently no conveyance awaited me at the station. I stepped into the adjoining tavern, where one Antoine Fortin presides over a shining array of cut glass and long-necked bottles, the only indication to the public of the existence of a hostlery, being the quaint announcement in French that the proprietor is "Authorized to sell all kinds of liquors." I asked Fortin if he could provide me with a team and driver to take me to Martin's. He was very doubtful about it; the roads were terrible—mud a foot deep. We went to sup over the question, however, and after imbibing an extraordinary amount of cabbage soup Fortin's heart warmed, and he assured me that I should be set down at Martin's door within an hour. Ten minutes later I was on my way thither, with a sociable young fellow, a friend of Fortin's, as driver. The wheels fairly wallowed in the mud and slush, and sank every now and then nearly to the hubs in some miry slough. But on we plunged. Our team of Canadian horses was a good one, tough and wiry, and after about an hour of tugging and floundering they landed us safe at Martin's door.

In five minutes more I was toasting my shins before the kitchen fire. Romauld sat opposite me. The grizzled veteran dozed on the bench beside the stove. The good wife and her sister sat at a little table busily engaged in sewing, while their tongues were busier still with the swift-flowing Canadian *patois*.

"Well, Romauld," I asked, "how are the ducks?"

"Scarce, very scarce. You should have written me."

"True enough. But I would have come if there were not a duck flying from sunrise to sunset. Do you suppose I could let a season pass without coming back to the old place?"

Romauld laughed. "We will try the cabin just below the island in the morning," he said. "Never mind; we shall have some ducks."

Up to the little room under the eaves—my room I had learned to call it—I climbed when the fast-moving hands of my watch said 9 o'clock. "At 5 o'clock, remember, I will call you," cried Romauld, as he went creaking down the stairs. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Romauld. Don't oversleep."

What's this, a sound of stockinged feet at my door, a rap. "Five o'clock, time to be starting."

Ugh, it was chilly as I crawled out of bed, and so dark that I had to light my lamp to dress by. Into my thick corduroys I plunged, drew on my cardigan, my coat and my overcoat, thrust my feet into the depth of my rubber boots and made my way down the rickety, almost perpendicular flight of stairs to the room below. Romauld was tossing my Bonehill to his shoulder and aiming it at an imaginary duck. "You ought not to miss," he said, fondling the gun.

"If I do it won't be the gun's fault, at any rate," I replied, filling my pockets with shells. "Well, shall we be off?"

We stepped out into the cold morning air and made our way down to the boats. Heavily clad as I was a shiver ran through me as the raw southwest breeze came sweeping over the white fields. Romauld placed a cushion in the stern seat of the boat and then spread a rubber coat over the cushion. He placed in the boat a dozen wooden decoys and a live decoy drake; and then, laying his gun across the thwarts, pushed the boat away from the rude little wharf, seized the oars and we were off.

With rapid and powerful strokes Romauld sent the light boat flying down the river. "We must try and be the first to reach the cabin," he said, "this is a good morning and there will be many out." Past the black indistinct shore we rapidly sped, past Isle le Noir, with the lonely chimneys of the old ruined fort showing dimly against the sky; out into the bay beyond where the river widened like a black gulf stretching out into the night. Romauld never turned his head, but rowed, as if by instinct, straight to the rushy point where the "cabin" was hid. It was nothing but a rudely constructed blind of sticks, intertwined with rushes, oblong in shape, three-sided, with one end opened to admit the boat.

Romauld first set out the decoys, disposing them in two small flocks with an open space between. While doing this the sound of approaching oars was heard, and presently a boat appeared in the dusk. Romauld chuckled audibly as the occupant of the boat, turning his head and seeing the favorable point already taken, uttered an imprecation in French and pointed the bow of his craft for the next cabin. But judge of our amusement when, as the boatman approached the next blind, a gruff voice issued from the darkness, "Keep off my decoys!" and the belated duck hunter again sullenly shaped his course down the bay.

But now it was getting gray in the east, and objects at hand began to be more clearly seen. We pushed the boat into the blind, took our seats facing the decoys, dropped some shells into our guns, and patiently awaited the beginning of the flight. Nothing was to be heard but the rattle of oar locks from some distant boat and the occasional muffled quack of our drake as he drifted about, now this way, now that, over his shallow anchorage.

By and by, like elfin music away up in the air, we heard the sound of the ducks' wings as the earlier flocks passed over us, far out of sight. "I am afraid they will fly high this morning," said Romauld, shivering and slapping his hands against his shoulders to warm his fingers. Then there was a long silence as we sat waiting for the daylight.

We waited, shivering, for ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. High up in the air the ducks were still flying over, with that tantalizing, shrill whistle of rapidly moving wings. But none came low enough to decoy. Occasionally a gun boomed out of the reeds, but not often. The flight was a poor one.

Suddenly I felt Romauld's hand pressing heavily on my shoulder. I crouched down low upon the gunwale of the boat. Romauld was peeping through a small gap in the blind. I knew by the glitter of his eye that the birds were coming. "Down!" Down!" he whispered. "Now!"

Suiting the action to the word, Romauld sprang to his feet. I sprang up too. A flock of eight or ten widgeons was just whirling over the decoys. The Bonehill cracked—not a feather! Then Romauld's old gun boomed out, and one of the pair fell wing-tipped into the water. Boom! again, and the other duck fell stone dead on the edge of the rushes. Once more the Bonehill cracked, and this time successfully, as the hindmost of the rapidly disappearing flock closed his wings and set the water splashing as he came down. But see! Romauld's wing-tipped duck is skittering off at a lively rate over the surface of the water. In a few seconds it will be out of range. Hastily dropping a shell into the right barrel of the Bonehill I cover the fugitive, and at the report he lies still on the surface of the water.

"Three out of the first flock is not bad!" cries Romauld. "But we must pick them up right off, or the wind will carry them off." We push our boat out from the blind and retrieve the ducks with all dispatch. Then, safely ensconced behind our rampart of rushes, we watch and wait again. Half an hour passes and no ducks. Romauld gets up and scans the horizon on every side. Not a speck against the sky. It is nearly 8 o'clock. We wait another half hour, but not a bird comes near us. Concluding that the flight is over, we are just pushing out to gather up our decoys when two little butterballs come darting around the point. Scarce seeming to notice us, they wheel to the outer edge of the decoys.

"I'll take the leader," I exclaimed. Bang!—bang! The leader keeps right on, but the other is down. Before, however, Romauld can "wipe my eye" I fire my second barrel, and the remaining duck comes down. We now have five birds bagged before breakfast, which is not so bad as we feared.

Hunger insures a quick passage home. And then that breakfast! Shall I ever forget how good it tasted? Bull pouts, fried as only a French-Canadian knows how to fry them; eggs, fried on pork; potatoes, baked; coffee and cream (at least cream is what we should call such milk in the city); rye bread, dark but sweet; doughnuts, and plenty of that same rich, creamy milk to drink. Under the circumstances, I am not ashamed to confess that I outdid even Romauld on the viands, to make up for his superior skill in shooting. As for the general greasiness of the repast, why, take the appetizer that I took, you dyspeptics and people of fastidious tastes, and see how you will be disposed toward grease!

After breakfast the fragrant weed. A wonderful digester is tobacco, when indulged in with moderation and in connection with plenty of outdoor exercise. Then to the boat once more. We rowed down the river three miles, and put out our decoys in front of a blind built parallel with the water and curved in at the ends to conceal the boat. There we sat until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, for the sake of six shots! Romauld was anxious to try the Bonehill, so I exchanged guns with him for the time being. The result was that he missed his first bird and I "wiped his eye." Then he got possession of his own gun again and wiped my eye twice. Two flocks of widgeons came in to the decoys, and one pair of redheads. We got one bird out of the first flock, two out of the second and one of the redheads. Then we hastened home, to carry consternation to the larder again.

With the evening came the most romantic and delightful experience of the day—shooting black ducks by moonlight. Fortunately, the moon was near its full at the time, and as we pushed our boats into the great South River marsh, shortly after dusk, Luna's great round orb was just coming up over the distant hills. South River marsh is the place where thousands of black ducks come to spend the night, flying from the Mississquoi Bay in Lake Champlain, fifteen miles distant. Hiding our boats in the rushes, we waited, Romauld and I in the skiff, Gamash and Joe in the canoe.

Hark! A sound like a heavy wind blowing in the woods. Look out, the ducks are coming, hundreds of them, thousands of them. Like flitting shadows the flocks pass over us in the moonlight, one after another, a long procession of phantoms. We wait until a flock whistles directly over the boat. Then the guns crack, and away off down the slough—so swiftly are the ducks flying—comes splash, splash. Two of them are down. Now lines of fire shoot skyward from the canoe, and we hear a bird drop on our companion's side, 200yds. away. The flight lasts only fifteen minutes, then stops as suddenly as it began. The ducks are all down, here and there, among the rushes. We can hear them quacking and rustling in the stillness of the night. Each boat has had, perhaps, a dozen shots. Some have taken effect, some not; for it is a much more difficult matter than might be supposed, to hit even a flock of ducks flying at more than railroad speed in the deceptive moonlight.

Now to retrieve our birds. Romauld has brought his little black retriever dog with him, for without this valuable member of the party we might as well have shot at the moon, for all the ducks we would have actually brought to bag. But now the intelligent little animal begins his work, half wading, half swimming around the boats. One by one he finds and retrieves the birds, most of them stone dead. Now and then there is a wounded one, which the dog, after an exciting chase, catches and brings in alive. Our total bag for the two boats is nine birds—a pretty good showing for fifteen minutes' sport.

As we row home in the moonlight Gamash sings a French-Canadian ditty, in a weird yet melodious monotone, keeping time with his paddle to the rhythm of the song. The moon sails higher and higher in the now clear and star-sprinkled sky. A light breeze steals across the water out of the northwest. Romauld poises his dripping oars for a moment and says, "It will be colder to-morrow." I shiver apprehensively. Gamash's song has died out with the final chorus, and as the beacon light from the window of our home and shelter shines over the bay, oar and paddle are plied more vigorously. The light craft come gradually together and shoot forward side by side. A few more strokes and we glide alongside the little wharf, and a day's ducking at Martin's is over.

PAUL PASTNOR.

CARIBOU NOTES.—Fredericton, N. B.—Henry Braithwaite, the Canadian hunter, who resides here, says that caribou are abundant within fifty miles of this city, at no great distance from the highway, and that from September to February he can secure one at any time. They are certainly much more plentiful in the green woods on the Southwest Miramichi and its branches than they have been before for a long time. The flesh of caribou which feed in the hardwood forests is much more palatable than that of those which frequent the barrens. These animals change their locations at night when the moon shines bright, but when the nights are dark they travel during the day. During March weather, when the sun shines bright and clear, they become very sleepy and stupid, and frequently lie down and sleep on top of the crust. During the hot summer months they seek the still waters and lakes to get rid of the flies which are then so troublesome. At this time they feed largely on the broad leaves of the water lilies, which grow abundantly in such places.—EDWARD JACK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FLORIDA BIRD NOTES.

HERONS, EGRETS AND SPOONBILLS.

(*Continued from Page 411.*)

IN the morning we concealed the boat in the rushes, and hiding ourselves in the bushes, began our watch for the spoonbills, which we knew flew over the island every morning and sometimes stopped there. After waiting patiently for almost an hour, a solitary one was seen coming toward the island. As he passed within thirty yards, a charge of No. 6 caused him to reel in the air; but catching his balance, he started to move on, when a charge from the second barrel brought him to the earth. I shall never forget how we admired him as he lay dead, his bright rose-colored wings, delicate pink breast and back, snowy-white neck, bald head and wondrous bill. Many a time have ladies in looking over my birds here exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely you have got that pink bird colored!" The morning sun had just risen over the bay. My companion, tired of his cramped position, arose for a moment to look around, but gave an exclamation and quickly jumped back under cover. On my inquiry of "What's up," he replied, "Keep still, there comes a whole string of those red fellows." And sure enough, about 200yds. to my right, flying very low and headed directly toward us, came a triangular-shaped scarlet line of fifteen spoonbills. But their watchful eyes had discovered him, and they turned sharply off and started in the direction of Rocy Island, another of their feeding grounds. We were now getting hungry and thought of returning to camp. The black-headed gulls were now flying around the island in large numbers, and after each of us had killed three of them, we packed everything in the boat, shoved her from the rushes, hoisted the sail and brought her about. She hesitated a moment while the sails filled, then cutting the waves like an arrow sped over the bay like a thing of life; and in twenty minutes we were landed. After breakfast the cases of tools were brought out and we spent the remainder of the day in preparing our bird skins and fighting sand flies. After replenishing our larder with some prime fish and snipe we retired for the night.

The next morning at daybreak found us busy cleaning guns, loading shells and getting our breakfast. A little after sunrise, having everything in readiness we set off for a day's cruise among the numerous small islands in the bay. The white and brown pelicans had been seen daily by us, but as yet we were unable to procure any. The bay this morning was unusually abundant with bird life. About 9 o'clock we saw seven white pelicans and a large number of cormorants on a small island. The bank on one side being high we saw that by making a long detour we would be able to approach within a few yards. Approaching the island quietly and looking over the bank I saw the seven sitting close together about thirty yards distant. Slipping a couple of shells of turkey shot in the chambers of the gun I fired. There was a loud commotion among the cormorants, and after the smoke cleared we found five pelicans and two cormorants. A pretty good shot if it was a pot shot. Loading them in the boat we once more headed for Shell Point. This time we had to pull with oars as the wind had gone down and there was a dead calm over the bay. We reached camp about noon and spent the remainder of the day in preparing our pelican skins.

The next day our supply of water being all gone, we set out in the boat to find Spring Creek, which emptied into the bay about three miles from our camp. None of us knew the exact place. After running up a number of bayous we at last entered one, and after following it a mile through the rushes came to the timber at the edge of which was an immense volume of water boiling from the earth with such force as to rise several feet above the surrounding water. Running the boat directly over the spring or boil several times we were disappointed to find it strongly impregnated with salt. About 50yds. to the left of this we noticed a large stream issuing from the woods. We followed this for 100yds. and came to a second spring about 50ft. in diameter. There was no current nor movement whatever in this spring and the water was cool and fresh—better than any I ever drank in the wells at Tallahassee. The spring was overhung on all sides with live oak and magnolia trees. On sounding, it proved to be over 40ft. deep. Having a few hours to spare we took the boat and ascended a small stream that emptied into Spring Creek near the first spring.

The channel was narrow and deep and overhung with dark green boughs that formed an arch overhead. A number of ospreys' nests were seen in this neighborhood. Water turkeys, or snake birds, were also very numerous, some sitting on snags or stumps just over the water, and others in groups of half a dozen perched on some tall dead tree pluming their feathers. The pileated woodpeckers could be heard on all sides, making the woods ring with their clear notes. Woodducks, with their broods of young, were seen every few yards, and an occasional heron. The sportsman who wants to shoot alligators ought to visit this place, for on every pile of driftwood, fallen log or muddy bank they could be seen by dozens, from the tiny lizard-like specimen a foot long to the enormous fellows of 10 or 12ft. in length, with their great ugly heads. Some would allow us to approach almost close enough to strike them with an oar before they went down. Cardinal grosbeaks and other small birds were abundant around this stream. At one place a horizontal limb overhung the water, and in this a pair of cardinals were rearing their young. The nest was only about a foot above water. Going down the stream we shot a snowy heron, three water turkeys and a great blue heron. Next day we added more tern and gull skins to our collection, and after spending several more pleasant and profitable days in the neighborhood, one bright afternoon we bade good-bye to the charming place. We had worked hard, but been amply repaid by the number of fine skins we brought away. The bay was rough that afternoon and the waves were just rolling high enough to make it interesting sailing. We were soon near the lighthouse, but shortened the distance several miles by coming through a narrow channel known as the Indian Pass. An hour later we were in the harbor of St. Marks, where we were to stay all night. St. Marks is not the thriving

town it was before the war. It is connected by rail with Tallahassee, twenty miles distant. There are two stores, a post office and half a dozen dwellings. On the north are the immense pine woods, and on the south an extensive marsh covered with rushes stretches away a distance of eight miles to the Gulf of Mexico. A number of spongers stop here daily, and in company with a number of these we spent the evening. We staid up late, as we had one stubborn fact to face, and that was there would be no sleep in St. Marks that night on account of the mosquitoes. All were glad when morning came, for then at least the mosquitoes would leave us alone.

From St. Marks we shipped all our luggage to Tallahassee by rail, as we had to take the boat up the river eighteen miles to the Natural Bridge. A person that has visited Florida and not hunted nor fished in this river has missed one of the richest treats the State affords; and the naturalist too will find here an almost inexhaustible field. More especially do the woods adjoining the river abound in rare and beautiful birds. As we passed up the river that day we saw or heard over 100 pileated woodpeckers, the most conspicuous bird of the cypress swamp. On bright days they make the woods ring with their loud, clear notes, and their heavy rapping on a dead cypress can be heard a great distance. They breed in the largest cypress trees, and commence nesting early in April. Not only are these birds abundant along the streams, but they are often met with in the open pine timber, especially when not nesting. Their bright scarlet crest is often used for a bait in trolling for black bass.

On one occasion while hunting along the St. Marks River I met a man with gun and fishing tackle. He said he was trying to kill a "logcock," to get his top-knot for bait. That "he heerd one poundin' up the stream a half mile, and he slipped up and let him down with his old gun, and when he got him he was the consarndest lookin' logcock he ever seed. He had nary a bit of red on him, and a big white bill." I told him I would give him a dollar if he would get him for me; he willingly consented, and in a short time I was in possession of my first ivory-billed woodpecker, a large female. Many and long were the tramps I took through that swamp to catch sight of the cock, but finally had to give up. I had heard a number of times of another pair of these rare birds that stayed in a very gloomy swamp some miles up the river. I had visited the place a number of times, but it was not until the 8th of April last that I caught sight of them. The pair were feeding on a decayed tree, and were so intent on their morning meal that they did not notice me as I approached carefully through the thick undergrowth. They presented a striking appearance in their jet black suits, with scarlet and white markings. The male was easily distinguished by his beautiful scarlet crest, and he was the one I singled out, as I thought at the report of the gun they would leave. I fired and the male fell dead at the foot of the tree, and the female alighted on the ground close to her mate and made a very loud noise. She too was easily killed, and the trio now adorn my cabinet. The notes of these birds when flying about are very low compared with the notes of other species of this family. It is a simple *pāt, pāt*. No other birds of woods make a similar noise, and the lover of birds who once hears it will never forget it. At one time the ivory-billed woodpecker was found as far north as Illinois, and in the State museum at Springfield is a fine male taken in this State many years ago. This bird if found at all outside of the boundaries of Florida must be extremely rare. I have not heard a single instance of its capture outside Florida for many years.

The beautiful golden-winged woodpecker is very abundant about Tallahassee in winter, but rare in summer. The red-bellied, hairy and downy comparatively common. The red-headed winters principally further south. Few are seen in winter, but during March and April a good many pass through, migrating northward. As we passed up the river that day we frequently saw the water turkey. They breed about the ponds near the head of the St. Marks, making a shallow nest on the horizontal limbs of the cypress, always over the water. Near the head of the river we found the nest of a Florida gallinule containing eight eggs. It was placed in some wild potatoe vines growing on a small island in the middle of the river. It remains in the neighborhood all winter. Its near relative, the beautiful purple gallinule, spends the winter further south and arrives in the vicinity of Tallahassee about the first of April. Just outside the city limits, south of the city, are a number of grassy ponds. Large numbers of them breed here every year. I have often watched them feeding as they walked gracefully about, stepping carefully from one lily leaf to another, their long, slender toes wide spread. Standing on one leaf, with their bills they raise the edge of another, and woe unto the unlucky marine insect that is lurking beneath. Their flight is heavy, very much like the rail's. During the mating season their loud cacklings can be heard for a long way. About these same ponds the least bittern breeds, sometimes making a nest in the low bushes, but oftener in the rushes. I observed the American bittern here also, but don't think it breeds. The clapper and Carolina rails also breed here. The beautiful American egret can be seen here almost any day in the winter. In the spring, as bird life becomes more abundant, I often noticed the water turkey, white ibis, great blue, green, snowy, blue and black-crowned night herons, to say nothing about the numbers of ducks, jacksnipe, killdeer plover, meadow larks and other birds. In the latter part of April large flocks of bobolinks put in an appearance. They feed almost entirely in the oat fields, but whether on the young grain or insects I am not prepared to say. They usually remain about two weeks. Here, at least, little Robert o' Lincoln is not persecuted. He is here known by the name of "wheat bird." Why he should be called that I don't know. Surely if he depended on wheat for a living in Florida he would not live long. If the bobolink escapes the local gunners, another species is killed for the same reason, and that is the red-winged blackbird, which is there called rice bird. I was asked last spring to go with a party gunning for rice birds and could not go. They reported at night with about 100 red-winged blackbirds, and were quite indignant when I told them they were not rice birds. However, they filled the bill probably as well as the genuine rice bird.

Another bird that ought to be protected, especially in the South in winter, is the turtle dove. Here they congregate in flocks of from half a dozen to several hundred, feeding in the cotton and cornfields. Thousands are killed every week; sometimes one man killing fifty or more in a day. I know in this locality (Ogle county, Illinois) there are not one-third the doves there were five years ago. They are not shot here for food, and it must be this promiscuous slaughter in their winter homes that is thinning their ranks. In a country where quail are so abundant as they are in the hill country of Tallahassee, doves should never be killed for food.

The greatest curse to the birds in the South is the negro. He kills, traps, shoots and ensnares any or all kinds of birds—the gay cardinal redbird, the sweet-singing mockingbird, and even the tiny wren all find their way to his capacious game bag and more capacious maw. He uses the old-fashioned figure 4 trap, in which nearly all kinds of our insectivorous birds can be captured while in winter quarters. I myself have known him to capture the following species: Robin, brown thrush, golden-crowned thrush, wood thrush, ground robin, cardinal grosbeak, catbird, mockingbird, ground dove, turtle dove, quail, house wren, and several kinds of warblers. Everything in his eyes is game. He will sit down and relish a thunder-pump fully as well as the finest woodcock, or he will eat a garfish as easily as a brook trout. This is a nuisance that should be stopped. If law making won't stop it, it would be a good plan to try law enforcing. In Tallahassee around the old buildings several thousand purple martins breed every year. Around the negroes' cabins and old plantation houses I often noticed a tall pole, with cross arms near the top, from which were suspended large long-necked gourds, in the sides of which were cut small holes. These are placed there by the country folks for the accommodation of the martins. They seem to enjoy these swinging homes, for none are ever left unoccupied. This bird is called by the negroes the "gourd martin" or "hawk's enemy." The name is very appropriate, as they will not suffer a hawk to be about the premises.

In April, 1886, I visited Lake Iamonia, about twenty miles north of Tallahassee. The lake was dried up, with the exception of a few dark-colored pools and some extensive mud flats. At this time there were several thousand white ibis in the neighborhood, as well as large numbers of herons and other aquatic birds. The ibis were in flocks of from a dozen to several hundreds. They were wild and I only procured one specimen. These birds have a large rookery on the Oclocknee River, two miles from the lake. They were not yet breeding when I visited the place, but commenced several weeks later. Their nests numbered hundreds, and the noise of the birds could be heard a great distance. Wild turkeys are abundant along any of the heavily wooded river countries. There are a great many species of birds common about this locality I have not mentioned, and a great many I expected to find abundant either were not seen or were very rare. Those three attractive birds so common in most parts of the North were only noticed once or twice, viz.: the Baltimore oriole, scarlet tanager and rose-breasted grosbeak. The orchard oriole, summer redbird, kingbird and redwing blackbird breed abundantly. The naturalist or collector visiting Florida will find as many interesting birds in the neighborhood of Tallahassee and the adjacent Gulf coast as anywhere in the State. A boat is something that can not be dispensed with. A tent is not needed, as the palmetto is everywhere abundant, and a tent equal to the best canvas can be constructed from its leaves in a short time. The naturalist will not find it all sunshine, orange groves, islands teeming with beautiful birds and beaches strewn with shells. He must make up his mind to endure any or all hardships that come in his way. He will be called upon to undergo thirst and fatigue many times. He will have to endure the pests of the many noxious insects that infest the State, from the tiny red bug and jigger to the sandfly and mosquito. Or perhaps it may be his lot to be on the dark waters of the Gulf of Mexico in a small open boat tossed about all night by the wild waves. But barring all this, there is a fascination about the place that binds one to it so strongly that he will willingly face the perils of land and sea so he can enjoy the rest.

HORACE A. KLINE.

FORRESTON, Ill.

GROUSE NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My second hen grouse began laying on the 17th inst., in the nest which the other hen had previously made. The hen which first laid began sitting on the 24th inst. This morning I found that the laying hen had taken advantage of her companion when the latter came off to feed, and had taken possession of the nest for the purpose of increasing the stock of eggs. Accordingly I picked her up and placed her in the adjoining coop with the male bird, where in a bunch of oak leaves fixed for her in a corner, she promptly made a new nest and went on laying as if nothing had disturbed her. On examining the first nest I found that the sitter had fifteen eggs under her, but suspect that perhaps two of them were laid by the second hen after the first had begun sitting. It seems a little remarkable that while both these birds come from the same locality, the eggs of the second hen are pure white, and very much larger than those of the first, which are cream color.

In 1885 my Ohio grouse hen (which was without a mate and laid sterile eggs) began sitting June 5. Last year the same hen, having been mated with a Canadian male, began sitting May 29. This year the Pennsylvania hen was four days earlier. As she has both her own eggs and those of her companion, she has a double chance of bringing out chicks.

J. B. BATTELLE.

TOLEDO, O., May 27.

BRUIN'S CUNNING.—One trick that bruin sometimes resorts to for his mutton evinces deep cunning. Finding a sheltering bush or hedge near a frequented path, he lies in ambush with great patience until a victim passes. On its approach he rises erect and at the right moment his powerful paws bring it to the earth, when his jaws instantly sever the neck bone. In this way he sometimes makes way with young cattle and colts and even cows. He will never feast where he kills, but drags his quarry to some convenient thicket and usually tarries in the vicinity until it is consumed. I recall an instance when a bear thus killed a fair sized cow and dragged it some two hundred yards to cover. On his next visit to the carcass he fetched up in a steel trap.—WARFIELD.

THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, does not have to rely on "growth" for the security of its policies; its surplus of $2,089,000 is a sure foundation.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A TRIP AFTER PHEASANTS.

WHEN my friend J. Cope, of West Chester, and I arrived at White Haven, Pa., we found Bob Mason waiting for us with his buckboard. He was glad to see us, and after a ride of two or three miles we reached his house in time for supper. "Pheasants," he said, "are as thick as hairs on a dog's back."

Monday morning we started off with Bob to Spring Run. We had hardly made our way into the thicket before we heard the welcome sound of whirring wings. "Look out, Dick!" But John was there, and he cut the flying game's career short. Two more made a bee line for the swamp. It was a snap shot for both of us, but each scored a clean miss. We continued down Spring Run, when Bob let loose and yelled at the same time: "Look out, boys!" John was on the right and I on the left of him. John let out but missed with his right barrel, though he brought him down with the left. While waiting for Bob to come up, I took a few steps, and almost from under my feet flew a pheasant; up went my gun and down he came, my first bird. So I, too, let out with my lungs in full blast. We walked on to the teaberry patch, put up four or five more, and made three misses, when Bob called out again: "Look out, boys!" One, two, three, four, would they never stop? five, and not one shot. "Where are you, boys?" came from Bob; but the birds made a beeline for the tamarack swamp, so we missed them. Thereupon Bob said: "Let us go to dinner."

After dinner we started out again toward the tamarack swamps. Soon after getting over the fence up went a fine bird and up went three guns; and there followed three reports. But the feathers went on with the bird. Philosopher Bob explained: "You fellows ate too much dinner." On we went and up rose another bird; but his shrift was short; John's aim brought him to the ground. Another bird rose to the left of me. I pulled on him and brought him to bag. Near the edge of the swamp in some pines two birds whirred up. Bob missed, I followed him, but John brought one to the ground. In the thick ferns John put up one and missed it; we marked the bird down at the head of the swamp and pushed after him, but could not find him, so turned our steps toward the house.

As we came out of the woods into Bob's field up went two pheasants. I covered my bird true. Bob took the other, but missed. He said the bird was going "like a streak of gimlets"—a great word with Bob. We returned to the house, put the guns away and counted the day's trophies. Seven in all, four for John and three for myself.

The next morning John and I repaired to Spring Run. In a buckwheat field we flushed three pheasants. I brought one down; John missed his. We marked them down in some oak brush; soon put them up. I made a clean miss with both barrels. They flew toward the Big Creek and we followed; soon put them up, with two more. John fired, missed with the right barrel, then cut him down with the left.

We walked down to Big Creek. Two more were flushed, but neither of us got a shot, for the laurel was very thick. I knew the cover, and knew that we would soon be out into more open ground. We were driving the birds ahead of us, and we had not gone far before an old fellow started from some logs and startled me; but I turned around quickly and shot, missed with my right barrel, but with the left broke his wing. We had a great time finding him, but at last I saw him under a log. Putting up three more, we lost them; they flew toward Spring Run, so we concluded to leave them and go across Big Creek. Soon we had four or five in the air, but both of us missed. The birds flew to Graham's swamp, on the edge of which we flushed them again. John shot one but could not find it. I missed. Now we crossed back to Spring Run on the way back to the house for dinner, put up another, and John gathered in. Two or three more were flushed before we reached the house, and both of us made quick shots into the alders, but the birds went on their way.

After dinner we set out toward the tamarack swamp and missed four or five shots. When we came near the teaberry patch, John started two up, but missed them. I had better luck, bringing one down. We found them very wary, much given to hiding behind bushes and trees. We pushed on, raised one, and John brought it down; then flushed two more, and missed seeing one of them. Seeking the woods, where it was more open, just before reaching the top of the hill we flushed one, and I pulled on him, but did not know whether I hit. John also shot, and when I came up to him he handed me the pheasant, saying it was mine. We started toward the house and scared three or four more on our way, but missed them. I had just stepped into the road, when a pheasant came out, and I sent a load after him which made the feathers fly, but he kept up his speed. I marked him down on the edge of the field an eighth of a mile away, and found him dead. This made our score eight, or fifteen for the two days.

Soon we hear Bob coming, so we go out. We started out in the morning, five in number, John's two brothers T. S. C. and Allen having joined us for the next three days and a half, going from one to two miles away from the house up Pond Creek, then up on Green Mountain, down in the valley alongside of Buck Mountain, at last down to Morrison's. We always came back to the house hungry as bears. It was astonishing how we would make the buckwheat cakes go, but Mrs. Mason said it did her good to see us eat. At the end of the week we counted 48 pheasants and 2 woodcock. John 17, T. S. C. 17, Allen 3, Bob 1 and the tail of one. This one he shot at while it was on the ground, and it flew away without a tail, so that we all had a good laugh at him. I shot 10 pheasants and two woodcocks. So ended our week's shooting.

FRENCH.

PHILADELPHIA.

VIRGINIA GAME.—Warrenton Junction, Va., May 25.—There is plenty of game left in this locality. I never saw so many quail at this time of the year; there are also plenty of wild turkeys; one man told me of seeing three large flocks of young ones in one woods. About two hundred were shot here last winter.—W. H.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

NATIONAL CITY, California.—Our game season has closed with more than usual success attending our efforts. Ducks have been very plentiful here, and the flight of geese has been unusually late. Mr. Geo. Beermaker, of this place, and myself bagged some forty-three ducks in one hunt on the Tia Juana during last month, while Mr. Mercer, Mr. Chick and myself brought in twenty-seven from an afternoon's shoot at the same place three weeks ago.

The boys are busily engaged at the trap to-day and have been for some time past preparing for a tournament, which will come off in the near future.

Some of the most successful hunts of the period were made during the past season, a number of the boys going up to the San Luis Rey Valley and on the Santa Margarita (the home of geese) at different times, and having great sport, besides shipping home great quantities of game.

I took my wife on one trip to San Luis Rey Valley and spent ten days in the field, camping out and enjoying it as only the California camper can. I found a jack snipe ground just back of the Mission San Luis Rey, covering about ten acres, which contained thousands of the game little bird, but having all my shells loaded for ducks and geese, and not being able to get any small shot nearer than Oceanside, distant about five miles, I had to let them go. But I went back there with Morgan the week preceding Christmas and then had some royal sport.

Morgan and myself arrived in the valley with my horse and hunting wagon on Sunday night, the 20th of December. After hunting all over the valley for three days and meeting with indifferent success, having bagged less than a hundred ducks, we determined to "beard the lion in his den" and go up and interview Mr. O'Niel at the Rancho Santa Margarita, distant three miles. Mr. O'Niel, the manager and part owner of one of the finest ranches on the coast, has been bothered so much by marauding sportsmen (?), who burnt his fences, shot his cattle and destroyed property generally, that he has determined to stop any and all shooting on the ranch, and has posted it and advertised it thoroughly. Those who defied him and dared to hunt without permission met with such a reception that the ranch very soon acquired an unenviable reputation for hospitality. It was, therefore, with considerable trepidation that we ventured to "take the bull by the horns."

However, we ventured it, and after a short parley Mr. O'Niel's son Jerome, the senior being away on business, very kindly accorded us the privilege of driving up to the laguna, as it is called, and spend the afternoon. To say we were delighted would hardly express our feelings. Up the valley we drove and camped at just 12 o'clock. After lunch we went over to the shores of the laguna and could see thousands of ducks and geese resting on the shores and on the surface of the water. It seemed a pity to disturb them, but our fingers fairly ached to commence pressing on the triggers, so we separated, Morgan taking the right and I the left banks of the lake. The laguna is about a half mile in width and it was very hard to get the geese in motion.

As soon as we commenced shooting, however, the fun waxed hot, and for about two hours we kept up a continual fusilade, and when we hauled off for repairs and proceeded to gather up our game we counted seventeen fine large Canada geese and a trumpeter swan, besides nine mallard and canvasback ducks. We felt satisfied indeed, and proceeded to pack up and get ready to make for San Diego, distant some fifty miles. It was then Wednesday night, and we had promised our respective wives to be sure and be home by Thursday night, Christmas eve, and it was worrying us to know how we were going to keep our promises. Finally we decided to leave my team at Oceanside and take the train for San Diego the next day, which would bring us home on time.

On arriving at Oceanside I found a friend who was intending to make a trip to San Diego; so I prevailed upon him to take my outfit in with him, thus relieving us of the responsibility. Here occurred a little incident which shows the intelligence of man's best friend. My old setter dog Trix had been with us during all our trip, and when the team left Oceanside we forgot to send him along. When the train pulled out from Oceanside on Thursday afternoon at 3:30, my old dog was left on the platform. After the train had gone perhaps a couple of hundred yards, I missed the dog and ran to the back platform onty to see him standing on the platform of the station looking after the train. To seize my whistle and give it a blast was the work of an instant; and the old dog ran down the steps and after the train. It is needless to say that he was soon left far behind the train. I gave him up for lost and speculated as to what farmer would get him, for it never struck me that he would find the way home, as it was forty-five miles to San Diego and over a road that the old dog knew nothing about. Well, I got home at 6:30 that evening, tired and hungry and worried about my dear old hunter, and wondering if I should ever get him again. Feeling fatigued I went to bed about 8 o'clock, and very soon fell asleep; but I was awakened by a noise at the side door at 11:30. Getting up, mentally blessing the disturbance, I opened the door and—in walked old Trix, wagging his tail. The dog had run that forty-five miles, over a strange road, following the railroad track, and had made it in a little over seven hours. I just put my arms around his neck and hugged him.

We had enjoyed this hunt so much and talked so much of it that the next week Mr. Will Francis and Walter Morgan took the train and spent another week there, doing even better than we had among our feathered friends. We propose to make a grand hunt in the vicinity of Warner's Ranch, some sixty miles southeast of here, said to be a grand hunting ground, during the coming season, and you may watch for a report thereof.

Our sea fishing has fairly commenced here now. The run of sea, or silver trout has commenced, and some fine catches of halibut have been made, both at this wharf and San Diego. A young man landed ten fine halibut in one day here from the railroad wharf, and the catches of croakers, smelt, rock, cod, etc., have been very large. I invested yesterday in 100ft. of oiled silk line of the largest size, and feel prepared now to land anything that "catches on." Mr. Francis hooked and succeeded in unhooking one of the largest halibut I ever saw yesterday, far exceeding in size the one you published a cut of a short time ago, and which was killed by D. B. Hinman, of this place, although that was a magnificent fish and reflected great credit on the angler who landed him, for the superb manner in which he handled so large and powerful a fish with so light a tackle.

Our fishing season here comes in just right to keep the sportsman occupied. Our game season closes March 31. The fish commence to run about April 30, and keep it up until about September 1. So from hunting we go to fishing, and don't lose any time either in making the change.

San Diego city has grown so remarkably fast that one can hardly realize it, and we meet sportsmen from all over the world now, while a year or two ago perhaps fifty of the fraternity would pay us a visit during a season. Our population in 1885 was 4,000, while in December, 1886, the census taken showed a population of over 12,000 people, a gain of 8,000 in twelve months, and the city is still booming. Town lots which two years ago were sold for $150 each, bring to-day $2,500 apiece. This is no exaggeration, as a look at our statistics will show. Our old hunting grounds in the near vicinity of San Diego are now under cultivation and fenced and posted. All our old duck grounds are being surrounded by dwellings and fences, until next season we expect to be compelled to go twenty miles or more to get a respectable day's sport.

National City is fast keeping pace with her sister city, and is doubling her population about every year, while fine buildings in the course of erection show the march of enterprise and energy. With the influx of immigration I hope it will not be long ere we can organize so as to be able to protect our game in this section. As it is, the birds have no protection whatever. It is only a question of time, however, for as the sportsman sees the increasing scarcity of game year after year, he will take alarm and do as they have had to do throughout all the Eastern and Western States. Let us protect the game while we can, for although quail here are considered a pest, at the rate the farmer destroys them by poison every year it will not take many years to make them a thing of the past. I have known cases within 18 miles of San Diego in which the farmers poisoned a spring and soaked a half sack of wheat in squirrel poison and killed thousands of quail weekly in order to protect their raisin and grape crops. It is no unusual thing here to bag 150 birds in 10 hours' hunt, so you can see how many there are and have been in this lower country. Three market hunters killed and shipped to the San Francisco market (in round numbers) 65,000 quail during one season.

But that day is past and new arrivals who are looking for homes with us are fast clearing up the land and killing off the birds, so that where we had thousands a few years ago we have hundreds now. AD. B. PEARSON.

A DAY IN A DUGOUT.

HOW delicious is the early morning as we push the canoes off from the bank and settle ourselves for half a day's paddle down the river and over the second Squatook lake. The breeze pushes aside the branches overhanging the stream, and allows the lights and shadows gaily to chase each other over the rocks and under the banks. Approaching some rapids, the guides grasp their iron-shod poles, and standing in the stern, deftly direct the canoes from off the rocks as we leap on down through the water, foaming white with its race. Entering the quiet and glassy pool beyond, the reflection is so perfect that we seem to float through waving tops of trees and drifting clouds. Coming quietly and quickly around a bend, we surprise a huge blue heron, which standing on the bank, rank with brakes, watches the water with hungry eyes. As he rises his wings, legs and long neck each seem to start at first in a different direction, and the saucy Canada jays (how faded and colorless in comparison with ours!) yell in derision at his unmannerly departure. Drifting around into a clear stretch of water, three huge ducks are seen winging rapidly toward us. Two of them see us, and porting their rudders, disappear over the trees. The third comes hurrying on, and mounting quickly into the upper air when too late, is easily cut down, and pitches headlong into the water within reach of the second canoe.

Snap! crash! and some animal plunges back from the bank a little ahead of us on the left. We paddle quickly down to where a tiny brook pushes out a bed of white sand and pebbles, and see the hoof marks of a caribou. Just my luck! Why did not that duck follow his brothers over the trees and allow us the chance of seeing the owner of those hoofs?

Entering the broad expanse of the lake, shimmering with the glare of the sun, we leave the guides with their tireless paddles to push the snaky dugouts through the ripples, sink back on the balsam boughs heavy with the sweet breath of the forest, and are lulled by the water swashing against the sides. The steady dip of the paddles grows fainter; the busy hum of nature wings itself away; the glare of the sun softens, and sinking softly, slowly, sweetly.

"Hush!" whispers Maxime, as I start up in alarm, the canoe coming to a sudden stop just at the mouth of the lake.

"What's the matter?" I ask, seeing the guide's excited look.

"There's something in the water round the bend, and—there, there it is again."

Dip, splash, ker-flop, went the "something" in the water, and thump, ker-thump, answered something else in my throat, jumping around in its endeavor to get out of my mouth in an alarming manner. I grasp the rifle—my hands trembling with excitement—and whisper to Maxime to go ahead.

With noiseless stroke he sweeps the canoe along, and gliding around a bunch of willows, we see a bear, standing up to his shoulders in the water, splashing about to cool and rid himself of the swarming flies. There stood the huge, sun-burned fellow, the first wild animal of any size I had ever seen, not more than 70ft. away and totally unconscious of our proximity. I shall never forget that moment!

It seemed as though I could touch the bear with my rifle he was so near and so tremendous. The moment I raised my gun the bear disappeared, and instead the trees, sky and banks skipped about the heaving barrel in a mad dance. Raising my head—the bear was still there enjoying his bath. I tried again, but the gun would not keep still. A cold perspiration covered me; I suffered agonies.

"Why don't you shoot?" breathed Maxime, in an agonizing whisper.

In my desperation I tried once more, and seeing both the bear and the gun at once, fired.

"I've got him, I've got him," I shrieked with joy, as the bear tumbled over backward in the water. I nearly capsized the canoe in my excitement and—great heavens! he was tearing through the water for the shore.

"Shoot, shoot again," yelled Maxime. My trembling hands seemed palsied as I attempted to push in another cartridge. Just as the bear was scrambling up the bank the other canoe came up, and a charge of buckshot was placed where it only tended to assist the agility of the beast, and he was gone. I was thunderstruck. How could I have missed him? There he was almost within reach of my gun, and now tearing through the underbrush a mile off probably. We landed and found a few drops of blood on the leaves where he had galloped through the bushes. Walking back to the canoes we paddled slowly down the river. What a great change had come over everything and everybody. Maxime gave a sharp, decisive little thrust to his paddle at the end of the stroke that sent the water twisting and sucking behind in a frothy, disgusted way. The other canoe exchanged the shotgun for the rifle and took the lead down the river. In disgust I sank back upon the balsam boughs only to find them dry and cushionless. The mosquitoes and flies buzzed about in the most assiduous way. The sun glared down derisively, and the shadows mocked me as they danced down the stream ahead of us. Closing my eyes, there stood the bear leaning against a tree, his huge sides shaking with laughter, and his claws wiggling before his muzzle in a very undignified way, and—. Well, I have had better luck since. F'LIN.

DEER DRIVING.

"GET ready by one o'clock to-morrow, for I have written to our friends Crickett, Tom, Bunk and one or two others to meet at our usual camping ground at sun down. Old Hamp Baldwin will be along with his antiquated long muzzleloader to take care of the dogs and make the drives; and that blab-mouthed nigger Sam Crafford has agreed to go and carry with him his pack, some of which, he says, are "famous" for deer.

That is just what Teceel said to me one day about the first of November, 188–. At the appointed hour I was at the meeting place. It was not an outdoor camp with only the shelter of boughs and dirt, or even canvas, but a camp made of scantling, plank, sills, sleepers, joists, rafters, flooring boards and shingles—in plain English, a house. In it were several plain bedsteads, mattresses on springs, chairs, tables, lamps and candles, buckets, plates and cups and saucers.

"The storm without might roar and rustle,
We would not mind the storm a whistle."

The following morning, before the sun had rolled his fiery chariot to the eastern hilltops, we were all out of bed and by the aid of Hamp and Sam had prepared our morning meal.

Breakfast being over the horses and buggies were brought out and we started off to occupy stands on the Job's Creek drive, our old hunting companion, Calvin Mc., having agreed to meet us at a certain point. When we reached it he was there and he gave full directions to Hamp and Sam how to manage the hunt. It was not a great while after we got to our stands before we heard the hounds. Nearer and nearer they came, and in a short while the clear ring of Teceel's little gun was heard. Then his shrill horn filled the atmosphere with its melodious cadences, and the cry of the dogs was hushed into silence. We knew what that meant. A forked-horned buck fell before his almost unerring aim. This was disposed of and off we went in quest of other deer.

Going over to Adams's Creek we were duly posted, and Calvin, Hamp and Sam took charge of the dogs. It was a long, and as we found, a fruitless drive. Calvin came up to where I was standing, and told me that though he had seen signs, and the dogs trailed some, they could not start. While we were talking we heard the dogs in full cry about a half mile to the north of us, and then both barrels of Hamp's and Sam's guns, they having followed the dogs. We separated so as to be about fifty yards apart. I had my setter dog with me, and he was so frisky that I found it hard to keep him quiet. At length I saw approaching, on a line toward both Calvin and myself, a doe and two well-grown fawns. But for my frisky dog they would have passed within twenty yards of me. They saw him, however, and turned off, passing me about fifty yards. At least the doe did, while the fawns were at much greater distance. I discharged my 14-bore at the doe, but she went on and fell at the crack of Calvin's big muzzleloader. Then in sheer desperation I fired at one of the fawns, fully eighty yards off. But he did not stop. My setter became uncontrollable and entered the chase by sight. We went to the doe, and found that she had been hit with only one shot, and that was not from my gun. The setter was still absent. Calvin remarked that he believed I had hit the fawn, for it ran like it. In about twenty minutes my dog came back. Inasmuch as he never was out of my sight more than five minutes, I concluded that he had either run until he became heated and was cooling off, or had found the deer. We examined his mouth, but saw no blood nor hair. I saw a drop on his ear, and ascertaining that it was not wounded, I told Calvin that the dog had caught the fawn. Taking an old hound with him which had come up, and holding him by a string, he set out. In less than fifteen minutes he returned toting the fawn. The dog had caught it in a straight course of about a quarter of a mile, and proceeded to recompense himself by a liberal bait from the hind quarter. It had been hit with one shot only, and that struck its hind leg, breaking it about the ankle. Who was entitled to the hide, the dog or the sportsman? One or two other drives were made, and though in all we started deer, no one got a shot except Sam, and as usual he missed. Then "the hour approaches, I am maun ride," and we set out for our resting place. When we got there we found our old friend Dit, who could not come along with us.

The following morning we had some elegant venison steak, and this and the coffee (we always have good coffee in our hunts) were eaten with great relish.

The following day Teceel and I took our setters, and with plenty of shells, concluded that we would divide the sport by going into some neighboring fields and see if we could not bring home some birds. The others went to the Crouch drive and the Rocky Fork of Naked Creek. Calvin went with them. When they returned at night they

brought with them a small buck, which Bunk killed; a large gobbler, which dropped before Crickett's gun, and a fox squirrel, which was Tom's trophy. They had started several other deer, and Hamp and Sam shot. Dit saw a big buck, but he was beyond the range of old "Broad Horns," and he saved his shells. Teceel and I were at the house getting supper ready for the other hunters. We had gotten 39 birds, of which he justly claimed 25. He always beats me, and as for that, everybody else with whom he hunts, regardless of the size of the gun which his competitor uses. He shoots a 16-bore, choked at that.

The next morning the hunt was declared ended, and "each took off his several way." We had had a pleasant time, and were not luckless. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

DAKOTA GAME.

A NEPHEW of mine who, with his brother, is making a farm in central Dakota, near Bismark, thus writes of the animals of that region in April last: "We have seen large numbers of swans this spring. Wild geese, especially the snow goose, are very abundant, as are most kinds of ducks. The avocet is quite common here in summer, a bird which I never saw near Chicago. We have a few ravens. The turkey buzzard is seen here occasionally, though it puzzles me to say what they find to eat; also we have the prairie or burrowing owl. We have not the prairie hen or pinated grouse, but the sharp-tailed grouse, a species nearly allied, are abundant, very tame and unsuspicious, and are slaughtered by the pot-hunters in a very unsportsmanlike manner. We have no prairie dogs or rattlesnakes. The place of the prairie dog is supplied by the gopher (*Spermophile*), which swarms about the grain fields and does great damage to them and to gardens. Their natural enemies are the buzzards and badgers.

"Large game is scarce. The buffa'o, once so abundant here, are all gone, and nothing is left of them but their bones, which are being gathered up and shipped East by the carload. The antelope is fast following the buffalo to extinction, and their fleetness will not save them. They are beautiful animals and their flesh is considered better than venison. A pair of them came within a quarter of a mile of our 'shack' last summer. People say that last winter was an exceptionally severe one, and I hope it was." S. C. C.

HE WANTED THEM TO SHOW HIM A BEAR.—Los Angeles, Cal. It happened thus: Three of us went hunting for large game in the Rio Honda, twenty miles from San Jose. The party included a "tenderfoot," who was loud in praising his own prowess as a hunter. He wasn't afraid of anything from a jack rabbit to a grizzly. We looked around for bear signs. Sure enough here were signs of fresh tracks up the mountains. All grabbed rifles and started in pursuit. We must have gone about three miles when we came to a thick clump of mosquito bushes and by the way the dogs acted we knew we had our game. We tried our best to get that bear out; threw stones, yelled and "sicked on" the curs, but to no avail. At last it was agreed that Tenderfoot should climb a small tree and try and get a shot, while H. and I were stationed in front to shoot if he made a break. He broke. No sooner had Tenderfoot showed himself than old Grizzly made a rush at us. We let him get in good range and then let fly. A convulsive shudder and he tumbled dead almost at our feet. But where was Tenderfoot? Alas, he had fled at the first charge, and when H. and I went back to camp he was hitching up to go for help to bring back our mangled remains.—C. B. W.

PENNSYLVANIA QUAIL SEASON.—Columbia, Pa., May 29.—The list of bills recently rushed through the Legislature toward the close contained one which amended the game law pertaining to Virginia quail so that it is illegal to kill that game between the 15th of December and the 15th of October. That gives but two months for sportsmen who have kept their pointers or setters the other ten months to enjoy themselves in the field. I think as the open season stood, from Oct. 15 to Jan. 1, it was in no wise too long, as we seldom have any snow worth speaking of that would injure the quail or make them easily captured before Christmas or Jan. 1. It closes, too, our Christmas sport, which so many in different pursuits of life look forward to when they can return from the cities to spend the holidays.—ONOJUTTA.

GUN SPOTS.—"Eternal vigilance is the price of" bright gun barrels. I thoroughly clean my guns the day they are used before retiring, using white cotton flannel swabs with oil, wiping out till no stain is left, finishing with a slightly-oiled swab. I use bear's oil, preferably; but coon or skunk oil is good. I prefer animal oil, as it is limpid and is rendered by great heat, thus evaporating all water. At the close of the season, in cleaning to put away, after the usual thorough wiping out, I use a dry swab till no stain or oil is seen, then swab with mercurial ointment, plug the muzzle with a sound cork, place in a canvas cover and put away in a dry closet where woollen clothes are kept, and when the season comes round again I find the inside as bright as when put away.—WARFIELD.

CAMP FRYING-PAN.—When I go "roughing it" I use a frying-pan fixed thus: Remove original handle and plug superfluous rivet holes, drill two holes 1¼in. apart, near the top of the rim on opposite sides. Usually one of the rivet holes can be utilized. Take for a bail tough iron ⅜in. wide, ⅛in. thick, split the ends 3in. and fashion the ends to fit the holes easily; turn outward at right angles ⅜in. and bend on a circle to match the rim of the pan with a ring 1½in. in diameter, riveted on top in the center. Fit the bail so it will require a little pressure to adjust or remove it. When packing the kit the bail fits close to the outside of the pan where the space could not be utilized for other things. I have tried various methods, but was never suited till I devised this.—WARFIELD.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my opinion, there are too many vital questions yet unsettled, pertaining to the modern rifle, which are open for discussion and ventilation, and which can be most profitably argued upon, to waste time, talents and good printer's ink in writing up the muzzleloader. I am free to admit that some of these articles, diagrams, etc., are very interesting. So would be an account of the long bow, the cross gun or any of the arms used some centuries ago. Yet as interesting as these accounts are, I do not think any one would for one instant desire a return to the use of these arms. Yet the modern breechloader, with its fixed and waterproof ammunition, is as much superior to the old-fashioned muzzleloader, with its loose powder, ball, patch, cap and ramrod, as that was superior to the matchlock and other queer firearms which first came into use when gunpowder was invented. Of course I am writing now of the rifle as used for hunting purposes, but I am not inclined to yield to the superior qualities of the muzzleloader as an all-round target gun. However, I will let some more able exponent take up the lance in behalf of the breechloader as a target rifle, though I think the past record of the arm in all matches, especially long range, has been such, that no champion need fear he has a poor cause to fight for.

What we need at present is open and fearless opinions on our modern arms and their ammunition. We have some very able writers who are doing much to assist and educate those who are looking for a good rifle and the proper proportions of powder and lead and shape of ball, etc. Witness the tests for trajectory and other experiments which have been recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM and other journals, by that very successful hunter and rifle expert, "P." Here is what we want, actual experiments with field guns and results on game. It is hardly necessary to mention the very exhaustive tests made under the auspices of the FOREST AND STREAM, which taught many very useful lessons and more wholesome truths, proving that the ammunition used generally was not the thing for good shooting, and that there, more than in the arms, was a great need of improvement.

This is a fast age and everything has the same tendency, therefore it has been that the repeater has gone rapidly to the fore. The main idea seemed to be not how accurately a bullet would fly, nor what execution it would do if it did strike the object, but to see how fast bullets could be sent flying through space; even if they flew wild, some might by chance strike the game, and a good many bullets would possibly kill, if one did not. The repeater no doubt is a very useful arm, and if such a one could be made as one would like, it might be preferred to the single shot, but so far that repeater is not on the market, and it is doubtful if it ever will be. There have been many improvements since the old Henry and Spencer guns, and to-day some of the repeaters lack very little of reaching the desired pinnacle of success, but even if it is little, they fail to "get there." In the matter of single breechloaders, I think all candid and unprejudiced riflemen, who have any extensive acquaintance with the system, will admit that there has been no improvement on the old Sharps. Here was a system that was safe, reliable and positive. No springs upon which depended the manipulation of the arm, to get out of order or break, unless we count the mainspring, which, of course, has to be used in some shape in every gun. No working parts exposed to the weather or to dirt and dust, but a gun that would stand all manner of hard usage, weather and abuse, and yet be what the trade mark said—the "old reliable." It has often been a source of wonderment to me that some of the many gun manufacturers did not continue to place upon the market rifles built on the old Sharps system, with outside hammer. It might not pay to run a factory for this exclusively, but in connection with their other models, the extra cost would not be so great for any manufacturer. If the friends of the old Sharps will come to the front and agitate this matter, some enterprising manager may be induced to try the experiment.

In the matter of ammunition there is much to be desired, even more than in the rifle line, as there are makeshifts on the market which have some of the needed points, but there is but little, if any, just such fixed ammunition on the market as is needed for a hunting arm, that can be called first-class. Why is it? Because the sportsmen of our country do not demand it. Let me quote a few lines from a recent letter received from that rifle expert "P." who has kindly given the writer some information in regard to the ammunition he uses. He writes: "I note what you say in regard to patched bullets, and your desire to have me 'prod' the manufacturers for not preparing patched ammunition. I have been doing that for several years, but I notice I never get any help from other riflemen." Brothers in the craft, let us help "P." "Of course they will make canellured ammunition as long as they can sell it, because it is all loaded by machinery and much more is shot away than if it were patched. The only way to bring about a change is to get up such a public sentiment among rifle men as to force manufacturers to supply a demand for the patched bullets. The factories are going to stick to the naked bullets because they can be loaded by machinery, whereas the patched ball cannot. Yet they are charging just as much, or more, than the patched ammunition would or should cost. In regard to the quick-burning powders, the dealers don't know much about it, if it is their opinion that slow-burning cheap FG powder is more effective. Their interest, of course, lies in the cheap FG powders. In Great Britain there is no other powder used for .40 to .50-cal. rifles, but one of their quick powders, the Curtis & Harvey No. 6, is almost exclusively used, and it is considered the standard for their sporting rifles. Using a light bullet you require a powder that will upset it. The Curtis & Harvey No. 6 is not only 15 to 20 per cent. stronger than any American powder I have tried, but it is cleaner and better in every way for a rifle."

These are "P.'s" sentiments, and most all will have to admit that he has had practical experience enough to make his opinion of some value and weight in an argument on this subject.

I do not think that any rifleman who has used naked and patched ammunition, or who has seen them both used under the same circumstances and conditions, will deny that the patched bullet does the best work.

In 1874 I was on the plains with a professional hunter after buffalo. He used a .44 cal. Sharps with patched bullet; I used a .50-cal. with naked bullet. Here were two rifles of the same make, and though of different caliber, otherwise, as regards rifling, etc., the same gun. The .44-cal. shot a few more grains of powder and less lead, and there was no comparison between the two rifles, the .44 being much superior, both in accuracy and execution. Considerable of the shooting was done at long range, and some very rapid firing was also done. The patched ammunition was superior in every way. We also did not find any trouble with the patches becoming torn or out of place in the belt, and things were not handled very carefully, either, and when it came to reloading shells it was very little more trouble to use the patched ball. So the cry that patched ammunition is not good for rough usage, or requires too much care, is of no moment.

A friend took an extended tour the past summer through the mountains of Idaho, where everything was subjected to the roughest handling, and he carried patched cartridges in his belt all the time, and I saw some of the cartridges afterward and they were in good condition.

We now come to the comparison of light and heavy bullets and large and small powder charges. It really is a matter that admits of no argument, for the facts have been so plainly proven during the last few years that there can hardly be any one so obstinate as to deny the superiority of the express cartridge. Even the manufacturers, the last ones to see these things, have admitted that there is something in it, by putting upon the market so-called express cartridges, but they lack the essential yet. Why will they not "put their ears to the ground" and heed the coming demand. Let us have a genuine express cartridge, powder, bullet and all. The novice, as well as the veteran, will do better work with express charges. Especially the novice, for with a rifle that sends its ball nearly along the line of sight, there will not be as many unaccountable misses as with one that sends the ball a foot or more high at 100yds., when shooting at an object 200yds. away. I fancy there is more game overshot than undershot, and when most sportsmen have to raise their sights, their shooting is not very accurate. A rifle sighted for 150yds. and shooting an express charge will kill more game in the hands of ninety-nine men out of one hundred than a rifle shooting small charges of powder, heavy bullet and only sighted for 75 or 100yds. As distance is apt to be over-estimated, the man with the latter gun is apt to raise his sights, and where does his ball go? At any rate, it is not apt to strike his game. With a rifle sighted to be shot at all reasonable distances with one sight, the shooter does not vary his sight, and if he has either over or under-estimated the distance, his chances are still good for his getting his game if he "holds on."

Now let our good brethren in the craft ventilate these points, let them cry a truce to "muzzleloader versus breechloader," and spend their time more profitably to themselves and others in trying to educate our rifle shooters and creating a demand for better ammunition, so that the manufacturers will supply it. Let also the owners and users of single-shot rifles come to the front and sing their songs of praise as loudly as do the lovers of the repeaters. The sportsman of the day wants a good, safe single-shot breechloader, good sights and an express cartridge, let us have it. There will be more game killed, but less wounded and crippled to crawl away into some dark nook or glen and die a miserable death, or linger through months of torture to end its life as a poor miserable cripple. We must hunt, it is our nature, and it is right to hunt, but let us try and kill, not maim. Don't let us say, "I hit that deer," or "this antelope, but he got away." Let us use such guns and ammunition that when we hit we kill. This will be a mercy to the poor beast and a joy to the heart of the hunter.

DETROIT, Mich. F. F. F.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Hum! hum! I'm coming, coming.
Don't you hear me humming, humming,
Like some distant drummer drumming
His tired troops to sleep?
Rat-tat-tat, and hum-hum-hum,
Near, more near, I come, I come,
With some to dine, to sup with some,
With all a feast to keep.

Hum! hum! How neat you are!
Hum! hum! How sweet you are!
Hum-m! Hum-m! Too sweet by far!
I'll dally for a bit.
Try you there, and try you here,
Taste your chin, your cheek, your ear;
And that line of forehead near,
Ere settling down to it.

Hum! hum! You cannot say
I sup and dine, and do not pay.
Behind me, when I go away,
Just here, and here, and here,
I'll leave a tiny, round, bright spot—
A brand-new coin, laid down red-hot,
In full return for all I got,
I pay most dear, most dear.

Hum! hum! I've supped, and rarely;
And you still are sleeping fairly.
Hum-hum-hum! We twain part squarely,
All my dues I pay for.
One more taste, and one more sip,
From your eyelid, from your lip,
Then away I'll skip-skip-skip—
There's nothing more to stay for.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A FISHING DOG.

"QUARTERMASTER, pass the word forward for T.' "Aye! aye, sir," and word came forward, and in a few minutes T. was aft in the cabin receiving his orders for the next day's fishing trip. We were lying in a nice basin of water about one mile and a half in circumference, into which we had floundered on the coast of Newfoundland, somewhere near Placentia Bay. Most all day we had been steaming up a beautiful river (we were on an exploring expedition on the coast and rivers) whose banks in some places we could touch on each side with a broom-handle, when toward evening we dropped the jack in this basin.

The next morning I had as you may supppose my wicker lunch basket packed and rods in cases all ready, real old 15-footers, two of them with which many a fine salmon had been brought to shore. Three of us landed with the dog Sailor, a Newfoundland pup about eight months old, which the captain had been presented with a few weeks before. We started on a tramp up stream, to cast down which was the captain's usual method. The captain made the first cast, and as the leader touched the water there was a strike, and then the fun commenced. The captain knew how to handle his rod, and the fish was a beauty; one second he would be off down stream, and the next would skulk and lie heavy on the line. It was exciting to stand with gaff in hand ready to pull the brave fellow on shore; and after twenty-five minutes the salmon was gaffed and lay in all its dying beauty on the green bank of that stream. This was the style of fun nearly all the way down stream, till we had seven of the beauties ranging from 5lbs. to the one of 13lbs. 4oz. first caught, which was the largest that day.

But now comes the story. While the captain and his clerk were fishing, the dog was taking a lively interest in every fish as it was landed, and would run along the banks, watching as a cat watches a mouse. Finally the captain was taking a rest at the stump of a tree, when his companion struck a small fish, which was pretty lively; but the angler was playing it pretty cleverly, and I was moving up with the gaff as the fish was almost to the bank, when the dog made one plunge and caught the fish by the back of the neck and brought him ashore and laid it at the captain's feet, and looked up as much as to say, "I caught that fish." At times after that we had to hold him when a fish was hooked, as he was always ready to retrieve. After that the dog was named "Sailor, the Fisherman." I have heard that dogs are trained to catch salmon on some of the rivers of Newfoundland, but that is the only time I ever saw it done. X.

A CEMENT FOR FERRULES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the time draws on apace when the noble bass may be lawfully taken from his native element and consigned to the frying-pan, it behooves all good and true anglers to look well to their tackle, and especially to their rods which did such efficient work last season. I find nearly all of the ferrules of my rods become loose and require to be re-cemented at the commencement of each season. Up to about one year ago I used shellac for this purpose, but I have learned better. During the last year I used Dodge's ferrule cement on my own and on several of my friends' rods with the most complete success. It holds good on both wood and metal, and as it melts at a comparatively low temperature the amateur will experience no difficulty in properly applying it, either at home or on the stream. I consider it an article of more than ordinary merit.—E. A. LEOPOLD (Norristown, Pa.).

FISHING TACKLE, Material and Manufacture, by J. Harrington Keene, $1. A. Grothwell, 1421 Third avenue, New York.—*Adv.*

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE fifth annual tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association took place on the Harlem Mere, Central Park, New York city, on Wednesday and Thursday last. It was by far the most interesting and important meeting that has yet been held, and shows that the interest in these contests has been gradually growing since the inauguration of them by FOREST AND STREAM in 1882. The records were broken so badly that there seems little chance to break them in future. The great cast by Hiram W. Hawes of 102ft. with a single-handed fly-rod seems almost incredible, but it is now placed on record as exceeding by 11ft. any cast heretofore made in public in this or any other country. The cast was made in what is called the "switch" style in America, but in England is known as the Wye cast, a style introduced by Harry Prichard, and one that was strongly opposed in the first tournament by those who were accustomed to put their flies as far behind them as in front; but our anglers were quick to see the merits of a cast which could be made with a wall of rocks or brush behind them, and it soon became popular, and now many of them consider it an indispensable mode of getting out a fly under certain circumstances.

As far as weather was concerned we did not see that May proved to be better than October, for the wind was strong and so variable that a contestant who used his full allowance of fifteen minutes might have the wind in all quarters during the time allotted him. It is to be noted that but one man in the first class used all his time, and one of them cast only four minutes when he said, "That's the best I can do."

There was less grumbling at the decisions of the judges by "mug-hunters," who enter for what they can win than on any former occasion, and this shows that the contestants in the amateur classes are men of more gentlemanly instincts and that the Association is getting rid of the small element which would put its contests on a level with the base-ball matches, where winning in any event is the central idea. Few men did more to bring about this result than the late Ira Wood, who used to take off his coat and help his opponents not only with his counsel but with assistance to untangle lines and to replace flies, an example we are glad to see has not been lost.

FIRST DAY.

The first class called was the amateur single-handed fly-casting, which was done from a platform one foot above the water, and along a line with marked buoys at every 5ft. Judges, Francis Endicott, Dr. A. Ferber; referee, Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss. The following is the score:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total Points.
G. Poey	10 11	8¼	77	15	17	109
T. B. Stewart	11 06	9	73	14	20	107
Dr. G. Trowbridge	11 04½	9¾	81	12	13	106
C. G. Levison	11 06	10	77	11	17	105
Graydon Johnston	11 02½	10¼	68	8	12	88
Fred Mather	11 06	10	57	13	10	80
J. L. Cornell	11 01½	10	65	6	6	77

"Switch" Fly-casting.—This was with single-handed rods, distance only to count, no cast to be counted in which the fly went behind the caster, and here Mr. Hawes outdid himself and all previous records. The judges were John A. Roosevelt, Hon. Henry P. McGown; referee, James L. Vallotton.

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance Cast. Feet.
H. W. Hawes	11 00	10	102
Harry Prichard	10 11	8¼	85
Ed Eggert	11 6	10¾	72
C. G. Levison	11 1½	10	70

Salmon Casting.—Here again the record was broken by Reuben C. Leonard, who beat the cast of 131ft. made by Hawes in 1884 by 1ft. The judges were Dr. A. Ferber, James L. Vallotton; referee, Wm. Dunning. The following is the score:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance Cast. Feet.
R. C. Leonard	18 00	37	132
H. W. Hawes	18 00	37	123
Ed Eggert	17 6	37	113
H. Prichard	17 6	37	108
T. B. Mills	18 00	37	107

Minnow Casting for Black Bass.—This contest was made with half-ounce sinkers on the turf of the Polo Grounds, and in this trial all previous records were beaten. The judges were W. C. Harris, Hon. H. P. McGown; referee, W. E. Hendrix. Mr. Dresel beat his own record of 1885, which was the best up to this time. The score was:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Score of Casts in Feet. 1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Average. Feet.
A. J. Dresel	8 6	9	115	133	69	110	128	111
Sidney Frey	8 6	9½	116	125	92	77	77	99 2-5
G. Poey	8 3	8	88	84	104	32	94	80 2-5
Ed. Eggert	8 6	7	54	82	44	77	80	67 3-5
J. L. Cornell	8 5½	7	3	53	47	25	47	32

Dresel—Accuracy, 25; style, 23; total, 159. Frey—Accuracy, 23; style, 20; total, 142 2-5. Poey—Accuracy, 15; style, 20; total, 115 2-5. Eggert—Accuracy, 12; style, 15; total, 94 3-5. Cornell—Accuracy, 5; style, 0; total, 32.

Expert Single-handed Fly-casting.—Here Reuben Leonard exceeded all the records of previous years, and, in fact, everything but the switch cast of Hawes this year, with a wonderful cast of 97ft. with a retrieved line. The casting throughout was remarkable. The gentleman who entered under the name of John Gray was as suspiciously like a contestant in the first contest as his name was, and many thought him to be the same elegant wielder of the rod. The judges were T. B. Stewart, C. Van Brunt; referee, Gen. R. C. Ward. In this class distance alone counted. The score stood:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance Cast. Ft.
R. C. Leonard	11 6	12	97
T. B. Mills	11 00	10	92
H. W. Hawes	11 00	10	90
Ed. Eggert	11 6	10¾	76
John Gray	11 2¼	10¼	70

SECOND DAY.

The first class for amateurs in single-handed fly-casting was called shortly after 10 A. M., and several gentlemen who had never taken a first prize entered their names. The judges were R. C. Leonard, H. W. Hawes; referee, James Rice. The following is the result:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Score.
C. G. Levison	11 1½	10	83	20	23	126
Dr. G. Trowbridge	11 4½	9¾	85	25	14	124
R. B. Lawrence	10 6	8¼	71½	18	25	114½
Graydon Johnson	11 2½	10¼	76	12	13	101
T. B. Stewart	11 6	10	75½	12	12	99½
J. L. Cornell	11 1½	10	69	7	15	91

Salmon Casting.—Mr. Harry Prichard, whose single-handed casts had never been equaled until now, entered and won in this class. He announced it as "the old man's last cast in public, but he's goin' to keep on fishin' just the same," and his friends were pleased to see the veteran in such good form. The judges were James Ramsbottom, Wm. Dunning; referee, T. B. Stewart.

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance. Ft.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Score.
H. Prichard	15 6	26½	113½	14	5	132½
T. B. Mills	15 6	26½	105	8	3	116
C. G. Levison	15 6	26½	104	7	1	112
J. L. Cornell	15 6	26½	92	7	1	100
R. N. Cranford	15 6	26½	75	0	2	77

Light Rod Contest.—This class was introduced in 1882, but has not had a place on the list since. Then Hawes won in two classes, casting with a 4½oz. rod 82 and 78ft. respectively. To-day Reuben Leonard beat the best cast by 6ft., using a rod of 4¾oz. Under the rules the rods were not to exceed 5oz. in weight nor 11½ft. in length, and distance only was to count. The wind blew hard from the west across the casts, which were made to the north, and at times it rained heavily. The judges were W. H. Wood, Dr. A. Ferber; referee, William J. Cassard.

	Length of Rod. Feet.	Weight of Rod. Ounces.	Distance cast. Feet.
R. C. Leonard	10	4¾	88
H. W. Hawes	10	4¾	87
Thomas B. Mills	10	4¾	82
C. A. Bryan	10	4¾	70

Heavy Bass Casting.—This was done on the Polo Grounds and again the records were broken, Mr. W. H. Wood, the celebrated tarpon killer, beating his average in 1885 by six feet. Judges, Hon. H. R. McGown, J. S. Van Cleef; referee, Col. Frank S. Pinckney.

	Length of Rods. Ft. In.	Score of Casts in Feet. 1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Average. Feet.
W. H. Wood	9 00	234.6	240.4	241.7	260.1	255.9	246.5-10
T. A. Buell	9 00	225.6	227.1	212.1	208.9	129.8	200.7-10
J. A. Roosevelt	7 06	181.7	198.5	203.8	198.2	203.4	197.1-10
A. J. Dresel	8 2½	163.6	164	176.7	178.7	175.3	171.6-10
Sydney Fry	8 2½	164.9	170.2	159.5	159.1	141.3	159
Ed Eggert	9 00	145.1	147	153.6	157.8	167	150.1-10
G. Poey	7 11	161.4	138.7	94.4	132	98.8	125

Fly-Casting for Black Bass.—This was a new class and was open to amateurs under Rule 2, single-handed rods not to exceed 11½ft. in length. Only one fly required, this to be furnished by the committee and to be tied on a No. 2 Sproat hook. Distance only to count. It was similar in all respects, save the size of the fly, to trout casting, and it did not awaken much interest. The judges were G. M. Skinner, Francis Endicott; referee, Wm. Dunning. The score stood:

	Length of Rod. Ft. In.	Weight of Rod. Oz.	Distance Cast. Ft. In.
C. G. Levison	11 1½	10	80 00
Dr. S. Trowbridge	11 00	10	79 00
Graydon Johnson	11 2½	10¼	75 6
A. J. Dresel	11 04	10¾	74 00
G. Poey	10 00	9	71 00
Ed Eggert	10 00	9	71 00
T. B. Stewart	11 6	9	70 06
S. Fry	11 4	10¾	62 00
J. C. Cornell	11 1½	10	58 00

YOUGHIOGHENY AND TRIBUTARIES.

IN looking over an old file of the FOREST AND STREAM of 1885, I find a communication from "Amateur" relative to the fish in the Youghiogheny River, in which he mentions the advent of black bass and the exit of other fish, *i. e.*, sunfish, chubs, catfish, suckers, etc. This is partially true, as above the falls at Ohio Pyle it is a very rare occurrence that a catfish or sucker is caught, although the fish he terms sunfish are really the rock bass, and they are quite frequently met with. As to the chubs, their name is legion. Frequently when the bass have refused to bite I have turned over a few stones and procured some dobsons, then standing in one place I have caught forty or fifty. These, however, are the salmon trout he speaks of. It appears that these fish were put into the north fork of the river near the town of Ursina by a party of gentlemen who had procured them for salmon trout, and while they failed in stocking the river with fish they had expected to, they most effectually stocked it with food for the bass. I coincide with "Amateur" when he says that as an ediable fish it is worthless. They have a peculiar trait that I do not understand and can in no manner account for it. They take a fly very readily, something that in my experience I never knew any other chub to do. I was fishing in the North Fork in June last, about the time that the large trout leave for the smaller and cooler streams. At my first cast a good sized fish arose, but I failed to hook him. At the next attempt I succeeded in capturing him. When "Amateur" says there is no game in them he is mistaken, for they fight as stubbornly as any fish I have ever caught. I was confident that I had hooked a trout, but what was my disgust upon landing him to find a "something" weighing about a pound, that was soft and worthless within an hour after I had caught it. They bit readily and fought well, and it was some sport to catch them. I attempted to take this lot home, but was compelled to throw them away before I got to the railroad station. I have caught a number of them since but always returned them to their native element.

We have a fish and game protection association here, and have done much in the way of stocking the "Yough" and its tributaries, having planted about 75,000 brook trout and about 15,000 California trout in ten streams in Fayette and Somerset counties. We did not have much faith in the rainbow trout, but have been agreeably disappointed, for within a year after planting I caught several that ran from 8 to 9in. long, and a friend of mine caught one about 10in. long; and I also heard of a number of others being caught, all being about the same size. This would indicate a very rapid growth. Most of our mountain streams are well adapted to brook trout. We have one stream in particular, fed by two small streams, which run through a swamp where the underbrush is so thick that it is impossible to fish it. The fish breed in this natural retreat and then go down into the larger stream. The supply seems to be inexhaustible. I know no stream that is fished as much as this, although the fish are small. The main stream is a series of ripples and pools well protected by rocks and trees. It is about five miles long; there is not a clearing on the whole length of it, and owing to its roughness and poor quality of the timber it is not likely to be bothered with much for years to come. All the streams that we have put trout in are natural trout streams, and our attempts at restocking seem to be a decided success.

There is one good-sized run in the mountains, at the head of which is an immense pond of spring water covering an acre or more and very deep, where they tell me leviathan trout lurk, and no man can entice them. It is a Mecca to which I have longed to make a pilgrimage, but as yet I have failed to rea h it. When the stream leaves the spring it flows under the rocks entirely out of sight for half a mile, although in places you can hear it running beneath. It derives its name from this peculiarity and is called Lost Cow Run. It is almost impossible to find where it enters the other stream. I have fully made up my mind to explore it this summer, and if I succeed in getting there will let you know more about it. I have fished the lower part of the stream for the last four years on Fourth of July, with a net result of about 300 fish, all being good-sized.

The greatest obstacle in restoring the "Yough" River is the work of the dynamite fiend. Almost every pool from Connellsville to Rockwood has been shot. It has been at the cost of very serious results to the perpetrators. I can now recall three instances, one in which the party had his arm blown off, another his eyes blown out and was disfigured for life, and the terrible accident at Brooks Tunnel, which occurred on a Sunday, last year, was caused by the explosion of dynamite cartridges which some men were preparing in the magazine at the mouth of the tunnel for the purpose of dynamiting Shoo-fly Hole, a favorite bass resort near by. Six or seven men lost their lives in this accident. You would naturally think that such lessons as these would be heeded, but still this dynamiting goes on. YOUGH.

CONNELLSVILLE, Penn.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

THE salmon fishing at Bangor is good. Some large fish have been taken. The showing of a 21lb. fish in Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's fishing tackle window has set all Boston talking salmon, and the interest centers around Bangor. The season has been good there since the late opening, and those high up in salmon lore say that it is going to hold out well. Mr. Fred Ayre is on record as believing that later there is to be a good run of smaller fish and everybody can take them. Indeed, they are everybody's fish in the fullest sense of the term. That salmon pool at Bangor is everybody's pool. Were it only in the Queen's Dominion now—just over the line in Canada—it would rent for thousands of dollars. A certain Englishman is said to have been asking the question if that pool cannot be leased. He has suggested that he would give $30,000 or even $40,000 for it. But not so in the State of Maine. You can't John Bull salmon pools nor trout streams there. Though the breadth of river at Bangor, below the dam, is proving to be the finest salmon pool in the world—thanks to the enterprise of the State commissioners—it is free to everybody who will fish within the bounds of the laws of Maine.

It must be rare sport to witness the salmon angling of everybody. The river driver, the beachcomber, who owns a boat, with his whole outfit of tackle not worth a dollar, is just as good a man as the aristocrat with $60 worth of flies alone, as carried there by one man last week. The river is broad enough for everybody to get a chance. The old Penobscot runs feather white for more than half a mile below the dam, when the tide turns, and it is then that the fun begins. The object is to have a good boatman, who by lusty strokes of the oar can set the craft up into the rapids as far as possible. Then the fly is cast down stream into the seething water, often without much skill. It is frequently done with a mere fish pole; but a reel or some sort of loose line is necessary. The salmon strikes the fly—not always a Jock Scott, worth $6 the dozen, for the Irish boy, the beachcomber from Bangor, must put up with something less costly. But, all the same, the fish is hooked. Give him loose line, for he darts down stream like lightning. Hurrah! Up anchor and down after him! He can never be brought to gaff in that rushing, boiling water. Everybody is watching. There is a crowd on the shore. The boat dashes down river after a hard fight, where the salmon is landed on the more level beach a mile below. Landed? Not all of them. It is said that, counting in all the ungainly tackle used, not one-quarter of the salmon hooked are landed. They break away. But not so from a few of the real salmon anglers there. Not all prove to be salmon that are hooked. More than one piece of slab or driftwood has been followed down river this spring, with all the excitement of a real live fish. Not all catch a salmon who go to Bangor. Two-thirds come home empty-handed. Our good friend Henry, of Appleton & Litchfield, has been there. Did he have a nice outfit? He is in the tackle business and is after every improvement. Did he hook a salmon? He did. "Did you land him, Mr. Litchfield?" His head is down and he is tending to the wants of a customer just the length of a fish rod further down the counter. Don't press the answer.

The fishing at the Androscoggin lakes is improving. This will doubtless be the best week of the season. The reports of 7lb. and 8lb. trout begin to come in. Mr. Tuttle, of Lake Point Cottage, is on record with one more of 8lbs. There is one curious feature of the season, if it be true, and the authority is good. There is said to be good fly-fishing at Moosehead Lake. Seventy trout were taken with the fly in one day last week off the grounds near the mouth of the river. Harry Mason and W. D. Weld, of Boston, are reported to have been among the lucky sportsmen. This is two weeks early for fly-fishing.

W. T. Rockwell, Will Whitcomb and Harry Moore are at Rangeley; C. P. Stebbins, Mr. Shuttuck, Mr. Smart and Mr. Stevens, of the Vine Vale Camp, are on their fishing grounds. What is known as the Faxon party of twelve were to start Saturday for the Upper Dam. Lieut. F. R. Mudge and wife, Geo. T. Freeman, Mrs. Freeman and Miss Wyman, are this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Mood at Camp Stewart. So the jolly parties go. Well, what a blessing this trouting is, to be sure.

SPECIAL.

A MEMORY OF HAYTI.

"TALK about your fishing around here, but I should shiver my timbers you aint anywhere, You ought to see some of the kind of fish we used to catch."

So spoke the old tar the other evening while we were telling fish stories, and he went on:

"Why, way back in the 60's when I was cruising in the West Indies, we laid some time at Cape Hayti during Gen. Salnane's insurrection there, and the first week we were there, having got everything aboard all a-taunt and nothing much to do, we thought we would organize a party and go a-fishing; and as I was generally the one to start the ball a-rolling for anything of that kind, and being pretty well in with the Captain, the business to obtain leave was most always left to me, and I generally could get permission. So aft I went to the First Lieutenant and got permission to take a party on shore to draw the seines, of which we used two; not the fine twine seines one sees here on the rivers, but real old sockdolager twine, as big as marlin. So, when we had everything ready, the boatswain's pipe was, 'All you who want to go fishing fall in aft.' When we fell in we mustered eighteen good, stout, able-bodied fellows to go and try to catch a few poor little fishes, but as the sequel will show, we got caught ourselves. So, landing our nets in the cutters (not the cutters the FOREST AND STREAM advocates, but regular 10-oared double-banked boats of a regular man-of-war), our Second Luff took charge, and we pulled for the shore, up to a sandy beach above what was then called the Bush Fort, above the coral reefs with which that harbor abounds, and prepared to get out our nets, which we were not destined then to do, for lo and behold, just as we commenced, 'What is that?' said the Second Luff to me. 'An apparition or what the devil is it? Hold on, men,' says I, 'see what's coming.' Well, sirs, it would have done some of you sportsmen good to see the apparition and hear the roar of laughter that went up from that party. Imagine to yourself first a small-sized mule with a rider on his back about 6ft. 4in., with his legs hitched under the mule's belly, one of his trousers' legs split up to the knee flying back with the wind, an old swallow tail green coat trimmed with yellow, with one gold epaulette on the right shoulder and an old cocked hat picked up from some old sea captain, and you have the commander of the hosts following, and you have the apparition which gave those jolly fishermen such a hearty laugh. But the laugh did not last long, for us, for about 200 of his followers came behind him and surrounded us on the beach, with such a miscellaneous set of arms as never was collected in any museum. They commenced to jabber away, which we could not understand, for they spoke some kind of French lingo. But one of our men knew enough of it to interpret to us as the apparition gave orders for us to fall in and he would escort us to headquarters to find out who we were. He gave orders to his men to haul out our boats and make them fast; and so we had to fall in and were marched through the brush to headquarters and reported to the senior officer, who decided, not knowing who or what we were at the time (we could not talk so as to be understood), that myself and two with me were to remain in camp as hostages, while he sent an officer on board to find out what we were doing there. When he found we were friends instead of enemies we were released. By that time it was growing dark, so we resolved to go on board, and this ended our first great fishing trip in Cape Hayti.

"But the next day, after dinner, we had permission, as the first day had been a failure and brought no fish, for the same party to land and catch some fish. We went to the same spot and commenced to draw, and when we were closing in the net, such a hullaballoo you never saw in a net. We had quite a number of most all kinds of fish, such as are found in those waters, several small sharks from two feet up to five; but the king pin was a fish I had never seen before nor had any of our officers. It was about 5ft. long, with perfectly round head, resembling a pig's, a large fin on each side, with one under belly, and tail up and down; the natives called it a sea-pig. I had seen the sea-horse of the Mediterranean and sea-lions, but had never seen a sea-pig before. Its skin was about ¼in. thick with no scales. The natives skinned it, and we cooked it, or at least some of it, all the ways we could think of, and it tasted neither like fish, flesh, nor fowl, but mostly like very young veal. We caught another of the same species, only not quite so large, which we put in the copper punt in hopes to keep it alive to send to the British Museum; but it only lived a few days, and I have never heard the name proper of it to this day. And that ended the most remarkable fishing trip I ever was on."

TAR.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn.

THE ADIRONDACKS.—Canton, N. Y., May 27.—Reliable reports to-day from Cranberry Lake say poor fishing in the streams, but very fine in the ponds and lakes. As usual, the trout-hog is abroad. One party is reported catching near 60lbs., another 125lbs., and the trout when seen were in a fair way to all spoil before the parties could either eat or sell them.—J. H. R.

Fisheulture.

ILLINOIS RIVER FISHING.

THE Illinois law forbidding seining fish between Feb. 1 and Sept. 1 is under discussion by some of the citizens of Peoria who propose to take measures to secure its enforcement. The Peoria *Journal* has interviewed the fishermen on the subject and this is their side of the story;

"The law is conceded by both amateur and professional fishermen to be a good one, and the only thing the latter have against it is a lack of unanimity and an evident discrimination against the firshermen at certain points or at one certain point. The given point is Peoria. The charge made against [the local fishermen, who ply their calling for the amount of bread and butter there is in it, is that they catch the young fish, destroy the spawn and disturb the fish in the spawning season, thereby preventing the immense piscatorial population that would otherwise swarm in stream, lake, slough, creek and inlet. That these charges are true and that they cannot be disproved is not denied by the seining fishermen. They admit that the supply of fish in the Illinois River and its tributaries is not near so large as it was twenty, fifteen, ten, or even five years ago. But they declare that this is not the result of seining, that is, not directly. They charge—and it will be observed that their charge is not without foundation—that the great decrease in the Illinois fish supply is due to the volume of sewage sent down of Chicago, aided and assisted by natural causes. For instance, last winter the river was high and the frost severe. Ice formed thickly and airholes were few. An hermetical seal was thrown over the Illinois River, under which were confined all the noxious gases and the deathly effluvia generated by the tremendous discharge of Chicago sewage. On the surface was clear ice, but below was a putrescent mass. Denied aeration the fish died in swarms, and when the river shook off its icy shroud the bodies of thousands of dead fish made a ghastly coverlet. It is not in any way rash to state that more fish were killed by that putrescence in a single season than are taken by seining fishermen in half a dozen seasons.

"Now then, a fair glance at the fish situation, and waiving a mass of details that might be introduced, bring the question down to this: Can Peoria afford to subordinate an industry, which sustains over a hundred people, to a pastime which affords occasional amusement to half a hundred wealthy men, who make large incomes in other departments of trade?

"We are aware of the fact that we have sprung this question rather abruptly, but we will follow it up with facts. Yesterday afternoon the *Journal* detailed a reporter to investigate this fish question and get all the facts, figures, and in short all the details it was possible to procure in the time granted him. An interview with the various boss fishermen, or masters of fish boats, developed the following facts: In the fish business of Peoria alone an aggregate capital of $15,000 is invested. The volume of business transacted amounts to about $40,000 a year. There are now three fish boats or fish markets in Peoria, each of whom man three crews of twelve men each. Each of these men are paid $25 a month and board. Each boat pays a tug captain $20 a week each. Another $12 a week is spent among grocery men for empty barrels and boxes. The icemen reap $150 from the fish interest. The express bills amount to $120 a week, or $500 a month, a sum equal to $6,000 a year. Here we have quite an industry, supporting, or doing their level best to support, other industries. At all events, and from facts and figures collated, it is evident that the fish industry distributes in Peoria and among Peorians not less than $40,000 a year. Can we afford to squelch this to gratify the sporting tastes of some half-hundred wealthy rod and line men? We guess not.

"Now, then, let us hear what the men who tug at the oar and haul the seine have to say. These are men who make only their monthly wages and have nothing whatever to do with the profits. They say that when the stream freezes over they are obliged to go down the river. During the spring rise they make a few good hauls of fine game fish, such as croppies, pike, salmon, sunfish, etc. But they go down with the flood, and all that are left are buffalo and catfish. In the early spring the fishing is as fine and as plenteous as it is anywhere in the river, but as soon as it goes down the fine fish seek other waters. Last winter was a terror on fish. Most of the catfish were killed and all kinds suffered. They deny the charge that they wantonly destroy the spawn. As an offset they declare that in every haul they find from 25 to 50 dogfish and gars. These are the cannibals, the pirates, of running water. More voracious fish consuming their smaller species were never created. For every gar or dogfish killed a hundred minnows or small fish are saved. The toil of the fisherman is of the severest kind. No manual labor ashore is heavier. Tugging the oar under a blazing sun or hauling a seine waist deep in water is not the easiest or healthiest work in the world. They are good, honest fellows, who earn their bread by the most profuse sweat of their brow; they are free from the baser of the vices that mar the characters of many classes of laboring men, and they are entitled to all they get in their wrestle with the water. In the winter they occupy their time in knitting nets or making ice, and are never idle and seldom dissolute. One of the men with whom the *Journal* reporter conversed was particularly intelligent and vouchsafed a flood of information that the man of news never dreamt of. There is material in the lives of our fishermen from which to write many a chapter.

"During this interview many of the fishermen grouped around the reporter and fired in an occasioned shot of quaint philosophy. 'The trouble with these fine-haired fellows,' said one, 'is that a fishing trip with them is only an excuse to go on a big drunk, to some place where they will be quiet and secure from arrest. I know 'em and have sold 'em many a string of fish.'

"Returning to their bosses it was remarked that most of this agitation came from the Chicago cold storage men who get vast supplies of lake and Wisconsin brook fish and freeze them down for the shipping trade. 'Why,' said one man, 'there is one Chicago firm that has $100,000 worth of fish frozen up by the ammonia process and has been since last season. Next winter those fish will be released and shipped to various points. By the time the fish reach their destination they will be two years old. Now so far as this prohibitory law is concerned we admit that it is a good thing. But it must be enforced from one end of the river to the other. Last summer we obeyed it to the letter. Not one of our men pulled an oar or drew a net during June, July and August. All that time we sat idly on our boats, and men at Havana, Beardstown below, and Chillicothe and points above, were seining and were not molested. This year we determined to haul anyhow, and we have done so. Now these rod and line men are bucking against us and they want to down us. We don't want to haul during prohibited months, but if they haul below and above us without interference what can we do? If the law can be so enforced that Peoria fishermen will not be discriminated against, we are in favor of it and comply with its demands cheerfully and willingly. But we do not want to be made the sole sufferers.'

"Here we have the whole question. Both sides of it have been presented fairly and impartially, but as faithful chroniclers we must confess that the preponderance of the evidence is in favor of the fishermen. We cannot afford to throttle any industry in Peoria at this or any other time. Here is one that supports over a hundred people directly, to say nothing of its indirect benefits. Let the rod and line gentlemen, who meet this week, give these facts due deliberation and act accordingly."

SALMON ABOVE THE TROY DAM.—The salmon in the Hudson are not disposed to wait for the erection of a fishway in order to let them pass to their breeding grounds, and some have gone up the canal lock. Judge F. M. Danaher, of Albany, reports May 23: "A friend of mine tells me that he saw three small salmon, the largest estimated at about six pounds, taken in a net yesterday above the dam at Troy, and near the lock, which is not to exceed 100ft. above the dam. Evidently they had come through the lock which had just been emptied. The fishes were returned to the water."

RAINBOW TROUT IN ENGLAND.—Mr. W. O. Chambers, secretary of the National Fishculture Association, writes from London April 22, as follows: "I much regret to state that our entire stock of rainbow trout, reared from eggs presented by Professer Baird in 1885, have been maliciously poisoned."

BOUNTIFUL NATURE AFFORDS NO FINER SPECIFIC for skin diseases than Sulphur, a fact that is proven by the action upon the cuticle afflicted with eruptions or ulcerous sores, of that supreme purifier and beautifier of the skin, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE—Black and brown, 50c.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5036.**

DACHSHUNDE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Houpt, whose remarkable production in your last issue will immortalize the name, appears to be a well-meaning gentleman, and I am glad you have unburdened his mind of the erroneous idea that he would not be permitted to "criticise your critic." And now that Mr. Houpt has jumped into the water instead of throwing his dogs there, I earnestly beg of you not to pull him out until he has been in long enough to teach him better than go there again. Life—especially the would-be dog critic's—is short, and editors should not have license to prolong it by transferring erratic effusions to the flames.

Mr. Houpt owns a couple of little liver and yellow dogs; they have taken first and second prizes at a dog show under incompetent judgment, and Mr. Houpt feels happy. Did you, dear reader, never feel that way yourself? How well I remember the proud feeling of satisfaction that takes possession of a man's very self when he steps out of the ring, his first blue ribbon in hand. And I, too, have felt the blood freeze in its course when I have taken up one of the papers only to find that my model of perfection was worth but two cents per pound, and not even that unless there was a reputable sausage manufacturer in the neighborhood. And memory takes me back to 1868, and I ask myself, "How ever did I have the cheek to be seen at a dog show and on a public thoroughfare with an animal like that at my heels?" If Mr. Houpt is spared to enlighten the world another twenty years, he will look back with disgust on the little liver and yellow snipe-nosed, light-boned dogs he would have us believe are typical dachshunde.

Mr. Houpt's love of truth must have left his body to take shelter in his clothes when he asked you to print the stupid statement that I am severe against judges who give a preference over New York dogs, and that I favor New York judges. Let Mr. Houpt call at the Broadway firm and ask any one of the partners to point out to him an unmerited favorable comment on any dog or dogs owned by the members. And where is the bagman judge from this section that can truthfully say I have whitewashed his record or refused to lay his blunders or presumption broadside before the "discerning public?" Mr. James Mortimer can testify that in his case I have never neglected my duty, and so can Mr. James R. Pierson and others. If Mr. Houpt is a gentleman he will support this part of his letter by stronger evidence than Mr. Houpt's opinion.

The report which caused so many tears to flow is as follows: "Gretchen, first prize, is not a show dog and should not have been noticed. A standard would have to be specially prepared to admit such a specimen into a prize list. Head very wide and flat; muzzle short, weak and dished; ears very short and placed high on the head; light eyes; body very short; loin flat; stifles and hocks, faulty; very light of bone; knuckles over; skin tight; coat not very good; color and markings very poor. Flirt, second prize, is of similar type and has the same faults; she should not have been noticed." In the same report I said that Rubenstein, unnoticed, should have won, and that he was three times more valuable than all of his seven opponents put together. This opinion was in a measure indorsed by the New York judge who placed Rubenstein first in a poor class and gave third to Gretchen. Flirt was not noticed. The main points of Mr. Houpt's reply, or "criticism upon your critic," are these: "I would like to refer Mr. Mason to Vero Shaw, of New York, to find out what a dachshund is. She (Gretchen) is chocolate or seal brown and tan. Mr. Mason says her color is bad. Gretchen's ear reaches ½in. from nose, and her head is broad behind the ears, which denotes courage" (so says Mr. Enoch Hutton). "German authority and Vero Shaw say that conical heads and long ears are very faulty, and that the ears should come to within ½in. of nose. Mr. Mason says Gretchen is too light. As there are several classes of dachshunde I wish Mr. Mason would look them up or consult Vero Shaw and then give as near as possibly what a dachshund should be.

How good a judge is Vero Shaw, of New York, I cannot say, but Vero Shaw, of London, was never a good judge. He became prominent just as several men in this country have done, and just like them, his ignorance is constantly leaking out. Never over-scrupulous and always heavily freighted with the most consummate cheek, in his bearing he was the living image of one of our own notorious bagman judges. He had a fifth-rate record as an owner, and in something less than twenty-five minutes learned more than the combined knowledge of such men as Adcock and Dawes. The Rev. G. F. Hodson, one of the right sort and an excellent judge, was the friend at court, and but for his influence Vero would have been relegated to where he belonged much sooner than was the case. His "Book of the Dog" is almost wholly made up of articles supplied by competent judges; indeed, if such were not the case, nobody would buy it. This was as well known to Shaw as to those who employed him, hence the many excellent and thoroughly reliable articles which appear in his (?) work. If Mr. Houpt had followed Shaw's plan, instead of writing on matters he knows nothing at all about, it would have been better for him.

The most valuable opinion Vero Shaw succeeded in getting for the dachshund part of his book was that of Rev. G. F. Lovell, who is one of the best, if not the best judge we have. Had this gentleman been specially retained as counsel in my defense, he could not have given the Philadelphia report a more substantial indorsement than his letter in the "Book of the Dog." If Mr. Houpt will compare Mr. Lovell's letter with that report, he will soon see what he has in his kennels. Mr. Lovell says: "They may be divided into three varieties—the hound, the terrier and the toy, though, of course, these are crossed with one another. The first of

these is more generally recognized in the south of England, the second in the north. The third breed [Mr. Houpt's], which seems chiefly to come from Hanover and adjacent countries, is distinguished by its snipy jaws, broad, flat head and small size. It has never found acceptance with judges, who prefer a dog that looks good for work. Dismissing this last, then, we find two distinct types, easily distinguished."

Mr. Houpt will kindly note that Mr. Lovell "dismisses" the Houpt type of dog, which is precisely what I did in my report. "The dachshund proper," continues Mr. Lovell, "as it would seem from old engravings, was a hound in miniature. * * * The head of the hound is long and narrow, the skull conical, with the protuberance strongly marked, though I have never seen it actually peaked as in the bloodhound; no stop, the jaw long and very strong, the teeth long, the canines curved, the eyes of medium size and somewhat deeply set, ears long, fine, set on somewhat low and further back than in any other breed * * * the skin over the head not too tight, the forehead being wrinkled when the dog is excited. * * * The loin is light and well arched; the muscles of the hindquarters should have immense development. The forelegs are very thick and muscular, bending in so that the knees nearly touch and then again turning out, so that a line dropped from the outside of the shoulder will fall just outside the feet. * * * The coat must be short, fine and as thick and close as possible, the skin very thick and extremely loose. * * * In height the dachshund ought not to exceed 10in. at the shoulder, and a dog of that height and 40 or 42in. long, should weigh 20lbs.; the bitches being lighter than the dogs. At the same time many of our very best specimens are a little more than this both in size and weight. The prevailing faults in this breed are too great thickness of skull, combined with ears short and badly placed; the jaw is very weak; in fact, not one dog in ten has a good level mouth, while many have a lower jaw like an Italian greyhound and cannot crunch an ordinary chop bone. Others get out at elbows from want of exercise or from weakness, while some have kness bent over, a great defect." How much does this leave of Mr. Houpt's dogs?

Now, let us see what Mr. Hutton says in his article in the same book. I know this gentleman well, have seen his best dogs a hundred times or more, have judged several of them, and know what his views are just as well as I know my own. "One of the pioneers of dachshund lore in England was Mr. John Fisher, who has had much experience as a breeder and as a judge. Mr. Fisher's unrivalled old dog Feldmann was also the pioneer of his race on the show bench in this country, in the days when even the judges had to be educated and enlightened as to the breed and utility of such an animal. * * * Now, as to what a real dachshund should or should not be like. He should be a hound in all houndlike points, the peculiarities of the breed only excepted—*i. e.*, he must have a hound's head, set on a very long body on very short legs, and the forelegs must be crooked or bandy without being much out at the elbows or knuckling over at the knees; the extreme length from the nose end to point of stem should be about four times the height at shoulder, and the animal should be massive, or, as some of us would say, clumsy and cloddy in appearance; in short, a big dog in small compass. The head should resemble somewhat that of a foxhound, but must not be of so decided a type as seen in the bloodhound." There is nothing in this to show that Mr. Hutton wants a dachshund with a head like a toy French poodle. I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Hutton would turn out of the ring such dogs as Mr. Houpt exhibited at Philadelphia, and I am quite sure I know what Mr. Fisher's course would have been, for I have had the pleasure of judging with him, and I think the last Sunday he ever spent from home was with me. As an all-round judge of horses, cattle, dogs, poultry, pigeons, cats, etc., John Fisher had few equals. The able article on foxhounds by "Vert" in "British Dogs" was written by him.

Mr. Hutton tells us that old Feldmann was the pioneer of his race on the show bench in England. So he was, but he was not bred by Mr. Fisher, and I think I know how he found his way into the Wood House Kennel. Mr. Thomas Fisher, a son of the old gentleman, was steward for Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, and the dog was a present to him from the royal kennels. No wonder he was so highly prized in the Fisher household. He was a beautiful fellow, long, low, excellent in coat and perfect in limb. I did not like his head so well as some of the dogs more recently exhibited by Messrs. Arkwright, Lovell and others, but that he was a grand dog is beyond dispute. The last time I saw him on the bench was in the spring of 1871, but he was shown a few times after that. I tried to get a son of his, but the best Mr. Fisher could do for me was to let me have a young dog by Festus, who was Feldmann's best son. This was a grand young dog and Mr. Fisher considered him quite as good as Festus, and wrote me to that effect. After having carefully examined such dogs as these, could anybody truthfully say that Mr. Houpt's dogs were anything but mongrels?

I have already occupied too much of your valuable space, but Mr. Millais is such an excellent judge of bassets and dachshunde that I must trespass still further on your indulgence and ask that you allow Mr. Houpt the benefit of his opinions. He writes in Vero Shaw's book: "That there are dogs, and, alas, too many of them, with fine bone, terrier sterns, terrier heads and light, crooked legs, I will not deny; but at the same time I say they are mongrels, * * * The dachshund proper is a hound, and a little beauty, too. It is very easy to breed a terrier from a hound, but it is impossible to breed a hound from a terrier. * * * The head of the dachshund should be conical. * * * The ears are set on low, and hang like a hound's; they ought to reach some way over his nose. * * * On no account should the joints at the ankles have a forward bend. * * * The skin should be loose all over the body, so that on grasping the hound you find you have a handful of skin. * * * Color is an essential matter to the dachshund. I myself care little whether it be red, black and tan, or chocolate and tan, but I will have a good color." Are Mr. Houpt's dogs beautiful little hounds, or weak-headed weeds? Mr. Houpt tells us that Vero Shaw, of New York, considers "conical head and long ears are very faulty." Perhaps he does, but Vero Shaw, of London, dissents from his views as follows: "For our own part we are certainly in favor of the type supported by Messrs. Lovell and Millais. * * * We consider that type —the hound type—has been proved to be in existence for centuries."

If one of the results of this letter is the drowning of Mr. Houpt's dogs and his appearance at our shows next spring with a string of dachshunde proper, I shall feel that my time and your space have not been wasted. CHARLES H. MASON.

A DOG'S FATE.—Saco, Maine, May 25.—Last winter a young setter dog disappeared from his home in Biddeford, and although a thorough search was made, no trace of him was found. The night after his disappearance a heavy snow storm set in, and this was followed soon after by others. At the time no particular notice was taken of the storms, but later developments showed that the secret of the dog's disappearance lay hidden in the beautiful snow. This spring, while men were working on the track of the Boston & Maine R. R. west of Biddeford, they discovered the missing dog's remains. He had evidently attempted to crawl under a barbed wire fence and had been caught by the back by the barbs and held in such a manner that he could not get either ahead or back. When found his legs were stretched out at full length, and his back was badly lacerated. The poor creature was headed toward home and was probably caught on the day of the snow storm and buried alive.—C.

DETROIT BENCH SHOW.

[From a special correspondent.]

DETROIT, Mich.—The first bench show of the Michigan Kennel Club has passed off very smoothly, and the managers have scored a credit mark. They had much to contend against, for the building was much too small, everything crowded, and the stalls took up so much space that unless the dogs could be seen when in the judging ring they could not be critically examined at all. The rings, too, were not large enough for some of the classes. The managers were conspicuously polite and mindful of the pleasure of visitors. They did the best they could with their restricted space. Among those in attendance was Mr. Chas. Hanitch, a representative of the Southern Ohio Bench Show Association, which is to give a show at Dayton next September. The judges were:

Major J. M. Taylor, Cleveland, O., English, Irish and black and tan setters and pointers.

Major J. M. Taylor and J. F. Kirk, beagles and foxhounds.

J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., all other classes.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

In the champion dog class Paul Gladstone, alone in his class, was shown in good condition. In bitches Juno A. was in good condition and Leddersdale in fair condition. Both are good bitches of entirely different types, the judge preferring the smaller and finer of the two. There was quite a good open class of dogs with few absent. Roderigo, the winner, deserved his position; his head is not the type we fancy, being a little too short and flat in skull; his neck also is not thin enough, and a little too heavy, and his coat coarse; those are about the only faults we could find in an otherwise extraordinarily powerful, well built, medium sized dog; and we cannot understand why Paul Gladstone could beat such a dog as Roderigo for the special prize. Keystone, described in your Pittsburg report, we thought unworthy of notice in such a class, and for the place would have preferred Little Dan, a handsome young dog with good head and neck, good shoulders, chest, legs and feet; good back; fair loins, quarters and stifles and fine stern, with a silky flat coat. Dude, already described in your reports, was well placed, owing to the bad condition of Mingo, who in equal condition we think can beat him. Blue Joint we would have given another letter; he is a little long in body and a trifle crooked in hough, but a dog of a good deal of quality with a silky flat coat. Dover we thought worthy of notice, and Knight of Snowdon we thought merited some notice, being shown in fine condition. The bitch class had a number of very fair bitches. Lady Rock, improved in condition, the winner, has been already described in your reports. Cambriana we would have preferred for the position, who is a bitch of great power and quality; she is a trifle full below the eyes and a little flat in skull; with good neck, shoulders, chest, legs and feet; good back, loins and quarters; fair stifles and stern and fair coat. Forest Fern deserved third place. She is a little coarse in head, but otherwise a very fair bitch. Blue Cubas we thought merited three letters, and in good condition would trouble that class, but unfortunately, like the others from the same kennel, she was shown in poor condition. Canadian Lassie we thought might have had another letter, as also others in the class. In the dog puppy class we did not fancy the winner Claude, he is short in the head, round in the barrel, and straight behind, although a muscular little fellow. We much preferred Forest Sport, who has a beautiful, long, clean head, good neck and shoulders, strong good legs, and fair feet, good back, quarters and stern, and flat, silky coat, although a little flat and lathy now. Frank Berwin, winner of second, and Forest Sportsman we considered more typical setters than the winner of second. In the bitch puppy class the winner, Eclipse, is quite a good puppy, her worst fault being in head.

IRISH SETTERS.

Elcho, Jr., in champion dog class, was shown in fine condition; and in bitch class Zella Glenduff had improved since shown at New York. In open dog class. Max, winner of first, is a very good dog and deserved his place. Earl of Bantry we favored for second place; he has a much better head than Glenduff and is quite his equal otherwise; aside from that, we thought this class correctly judged. In the bitch class Flame, a little faulty in head, deserved her position. Glenduff was correctly placed in dog puppy class; he has already been described. Bitch puppies were correctly placed, Mona being in much the best condition.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.

Royal Duke alone, in champion class, was shown in good condition. In the dog class Don, already described, had an easy win over Dashing Count, also previously described. The class was correctly judged, as were also the bitches.

POINTERS.

Champion King Bow, in fair condition, and Lady Macbeth, in good condition, were alone in large champion classes. Champion Robin Adair and Patti M., also well shown, were alone in small champion classes. Lansdowne, winner in large open dog class, is an excellent dog, a trifle faulty behind, but entitled to the position. Patterson has much pointer character, but lacks the quality of the winner. This was a good class of large pointers, and, we thought, correctly placed. Mollie Faust, first in bitches, is a good, large bitch, showing much quality. Queen was shown in fine condition, and has been previously reported upon. This class was properly placed. The small dog class exhibits were properly placed. Among the small bitches the winner, Juno S., we thought entirely the best pointer in the show; her head is a little faulty and neck a trifle thick at setting on of head. Aside from that she is as perfect a pointer as we often see, and combines power, symmetry and quality throughout; we thought her entitled to the special for best dog or bitch in the show. Second, Hyppolite, is also an excellent bitch, showing much quality, and merited her place. This was a good class and, we thought, properly placed. In dog puppies, the winner, Storm Bow, and second, Crow Bow, are large, handsome, well-formed puppies, and merited the awards; they were properly placed. The bitches were fair puppies and properly placed.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Patsy O'Conner, winner in champion dog class, has been often described in your reports. The two entries in open class, fair specimens, were properly placed. In bitch class Chippewa Belle, although badly out of coat, should have exchanged placed with Coleen O'Donoghue; winner of first. The winner in puppy class has been already described, and was entitled to the position.

SPANIELS.

The class for field spaniels, dogs, had no entry. The winners in the bitch class were correctly placed. In cocker champion class, other than black, Little Red Rover was the only entry and took the prize. He has previously been described, as has Brant, the winner in black champion class. The awards in the large open class were rightly given. In small dog class, Obo II., the winner, and Dixie, hc., have been described in former reports; the ribbons were correctly given out. Of the bitches we cannot write. They could not be examined in the confined space of the stalls, and when they were in one ring the pointers were being judged too. The same may be said for the puppy classes.

BEAGLES.

In champion class, champion Bonnie, first, and Rattler, second, have already been described. There was little choice between the winners in the open large dog class; the bitches were a good lot and got their deserts. The small dog class had only one entry. The bitches were a capital collection. Roxy was heavy in whelp; we liked her for first instead of second; she seemed to us the best of the lot. She is quite as well formed as the winner, and has more bone and substance and a better coat. Racy, unnoticed, we should have given second place. Foremaid has not so good head nor coat as those mentioned, and she is lacking in bone. The puppies we thought rightly judged. The beagle classes brought out in the exhibit of Mr. John Bross, of Dexter, Mich., a kennel of beagles probably quite equal to any in the country. This was Mr. Bross's first appearance as an exhibitor.

FOXHOUNDS.

Roxey, Mr. O'Shea's winner in the champion class, is well-known. The open dog class brought out probably the best display of American foxhounds, and shown in the best condition of any exhibits made by an individual in the history of American bench shows. This was the kennel shown by Mr. H. E. Cook, of Hillsdale, Mich. We thought them well placed. Brave, the winner, is a magnificent hound, of beautiful style and proportions. The bitches were also a grand class, but we cannot agree with the judges in the awards. Spotty was our favorite for first place; she is not a large hound, but level and beautifully proportioned, with fine style and carriage. Yum Yum we liked for second place, a level, powerful bitch, with much substance. We preferred Wild to the winner. Throughout they were a beautiful lot, quite equal to the dog class, and proved one of the principal attractions of the show. Mr. Cook has a kennel of foxhounds that he may well feel proud of.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.

The winner of second in dog class, Sportsman, is a fair hound, but showed himself badly; and in the bitch class second went to Romade, an ordinary specimen only. Puppies formed a good class and the awards were given justly.

COLLIES.

Scotilla, alone in champion dog class, is well known; there were no entries in the bitch class. In open class the winner is well known, and with the others has been described. In bitches, first went to Bonnie Brae, an excellent young bitch. Spoiled Miss took second. She has been described already. Garrick in dog puppies is a good one, and deserves his award, as did Jess in the bitch class.

MASTIFFS.

The mastiff prize winners have all been described in reports of previous shows. Awards in the puppy class seemed to be correctly made.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.

In champion dog and bitch classes Sir Charles and Swiss Beda were alone. The judge erred in giving the ribbons in the open class. Hadjar, vhc., was much the best in the class. Julien, the winner, was reported on at Buffalo. In the bitch class Plinthia has a larger head and more correct markings than Noma, but Noma has the better body, stands on good legs and feet and was in better condition than the prize winner, whose place we think she should have had. In the puppy class, if Monte Cristo was good enough for first, Cora, unnoticed, ought to have been given second.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.

In champion smooth-coated dogs Montrose was the only one shown; there was no entry in the bitch class. The open dog class brought out Darby, a cream dog, whose like we have never seen before. In bitches first went to Queen of Sheba, with Joan, Darby's sister, second.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

The winners are all well known and have been described; we thought the puppy awards correctly given.

ULMERS.

Don Cæsar and Juno were alone in champion classes; they have previously been described. Brock, winner in open dog class, is an excellent specimen, and in our judgment merited his prize. Cæsar, well known, was shown in poor condition. Paula, first in bitch class, is strong, of good proportions, stands well on her legs and shows much character; she deserved her position. Belle, second, was in poor condition, nursing a litter of puppies, and out of show form. The puppy class was rightly judged.

DEERHOUNDS.

Mr. J. E. Thayer's entries were absent, and the exhibits were only fair specimens. The awards went where they were deserved.

GREYHOUNDS.

Memnon, the only one shown in champion class, is well known. Bob, a good dog, given first, deserved it, and the other awards were correct. Belle, in bitch class, took first; she has been described. The puppies were well judged.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

There was but one entry, Rex. He was given first prize, but is not a first-rate specimen.

BULLDOGS.

Mr. Thayer's dogs were not shown. First in open bitch class went to Mope, the solitary bulldog in the show; she is of middling quality only.

BULL-TERRIERS.

Count and Maggie May, well known, were alone in champion classes. The open class winners, Young Count and The Baron, have been described. The puppy prizes were withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.

Champion Fennel was alone in champion dog class, and the champion bitch class was empty. We did not see the open class entries out. The dog puppies were a poor class, first withheld and second going to Mischief, a strong, coarse puppy. Bitch puppies were of inferior merit also.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

Glenlyon was much the best in his class. He has been described in your Boston report. Glen Gow was properly placed, Glengarry lacked in substance. The decisions in the bitch class we cannot indorse; both have already been reported on before.

DANDIE DINMONTS.

In the dog class Bobbie Burns scored a win, but we should have put Cromwell, second, ahead of him. Both are good ones. Pansy, described in Boston report, was correctly placed first in bitch class.

OTHER TERRIERS.

First and second Irish terrier winners have been fully described in reports of earlier shows. We agree with the judge in his Skye and Yorkshire decisions. In Bedlingtons, Rocks, given hc., we preferred for first place; he is a powerfully and symmetrically built dog. Belle deserved her second prize.

PUGS.

In champion classes, champion Joe and Bo-Peep, well-known animals, were alone. The open dog class prizes were well adjudged. In bitches, Frankie C., given second, we thought the most perfectly formed and marked bitch in the lot; the rest were properly placed, as were also the puppies.

TOY SPANIELS.

There was but one King Charles, and Little Banjo was the sole representative of the race of Blenheims.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir Lucifer scored another win and wagged his bob-tail with pride. Second went to something new in the line of canine miscellanies, Sandy, catalogued as a Russian re

triever; all we could make of him was that he was a mongrel from Toronto. Following are the

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog and bitch:* Memphis and Avent Kennels' Paul Gladstone and Juno A.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Memphis and Avent Kennels' Roderigo; 2d, S. L. Boggs's Keystone. Very high com. reserve, A. G. Harbaugh's Dude. Very high com., W. B. Well's Mingo, W. H. Jarvis's Lexington. High com., S. L. Boggs's Blue Prince, E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie, J. Kime's Blue Joint, J. E. Platt's London. Com., T. Donoghue's Count Noble's Druid. *Bitches:* S. L. Boggs's Lady Rock; 2d, C. A. Stone's Forest Fern. Very high com., W. B. Wells's Dinah G., Memphis and Avent Kennels' Dixie. High com., T. Donoghue's Dictator's Queen and Dari Gladstone, E. Richards's Canadian Lassie, J. Kime's Lucy Bee. Com., T. Donoghue's Jeanette and Blue Cubas, Detroit Kennel Club s Kelp and Rachel, S. L. Boggs's Sparkle, C. Smith's Lady and J. Chaffer's Lady Paris.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Memphis and Avent Kennels' Claude; 2d, Detroit Kennel Club's Frank Berwyn. Very high com., C. A. Stone's Forest Sportsman. High com., J. O. Horne's Westmoreland. Com., C. A. Stone's Forest Sport, D. O'Shea's Prince, T. R. Savage's Tasso. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Richard's Eclipse; 2d, J. E. Patterson's Louise Gladstone. Very high com., C. B. Merriam's Flash.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. *Bitch:* H. E. Chubb's Zilla Glenduff.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. L. Carmichael's Max; 2d, H. E. Chubb's Glenduff. Very high com., C. Hanitch's York. High com., Dr. C. Spaler's Dashing Elcho. Com., L. Lea's Pix and Earl of Bantry. *Bitches:* 1st, L. Lee's Fame; 2d, T. Donoghue's Irish Maud.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and special, H. E. Chubb's Glenduff; 2d, C. M. Nelles's Beau. *Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Mona; 2d, T. Donoghue's Irish Lass.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* W. Hammett's Royal Duke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. E. Rothermel's Don; 2d, E. A. Clobitz's Dashing Count. Very high com., A. G. Harbaugh's Sport; R. Schmidt's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Hammett's Rose; 2d, F. W. J. Ball's Lottie. High com., T. Donoghue's Malissa.

POINTERS.—LARGE—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow. *Bitch:* Idstone Kennels' Lady Croxteth.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Gillman & Barnes's Lansdowne; 2d, Idstone Kennels' Patterson. Very high com., Detroit Kennel Club's Fleet, J. R. Daniels's Donald's Ranger. High com., Mrs. C. I. Engel's Young Meteor. Com., R. Schmidt's Bow Faust. *Bitches:* 1st, C. White's Mollie Faust; 2d, E. Richard's Queen. Very high com., Detroit Kennel Club's Bow Queen.—SMALL—CHAMPION—*Dog:* J. H. Craft's Robin Adair. *Bitch:* C. M. Munhall's Patti M.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dayton Kennel Club's Rumpty; 2d, C.M. Dix's Hamlet Sleaford. High com., F. Billings's Tamarack. *Bitches:* 1st., T. Donoghue's Juno D.; 2d, J. A. Powell's Hyppolite. Very high com., Detroit Kennel Club's Lady Pearl and Rose Pape. High com., Detroit Kennel Club's Judy. Com., Columbus Kennels' Corsican Tobe.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Detroit Kennel Club's Storm Bow and Crow Bow. Very high com., J. H. Walker's Blucher. *Bitches:* 1st, Detroit Kennel Club's Countess Lill; 2d, J. H. Craft's Maggie Maguire.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Stock & Chisholm's Patsey O'Connor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. D. Alcott's The O'Donoghue; 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennels' Patsey O'Donoghue.—*Bitches:* 1st, T. B. Lewis's Coleen O'Donoghue; 2d, T. Donoghue's Biddy Malone.—*Puppies:* 1st, F. B. Lewis's Coleen O'Donoghue; 2d, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel's Patsy O'Donoghue.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dog:* J. L. Curtis's Kaysi—*Bitches:* 1st, J. Roche's Fan II.; 2d, R. G. Wilkie's London Jet.

COCKERS.—ANY COLOR EXCEPT BLACK, UNDER 28LBS.—CHAMPION—C. M. Nelles's Little Red Rover.—OPEN—1st, H. G. Charlesworth's Dandy; 2d, C. M. Nelles's Rage. Very high com., H. S. Falls's Tony. High com., A. Laidlaw's Robin.—BLACK, UNDER 20LBS.—CHAMPION—C. M. Nelles's Brant.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Obo, Jr., A. Ross's Smut. Very high com., H. A. Carter's Hector. High com., American Cocker Kennels' Dixie. Com., A. G. Wilkie's Count Obo.—*Bitches:* 1st, H. G. Charlesworth's Miss Ladybird; 2d and very high com. reserve, C. M. Nelles's Frou Frou and Juno W. Very high com., F. E. Curtis's Woodstock Flirt, J. S. Niven's Busy, O. Henry's Lady of the Lake. High com., C. M. Nelles's Bonita, H. G. Charlesworth's Ladybird Obo, Miss E. Saunders's Cora. Com., Abbotk's Belle Obo.—PUPPIES, ANY COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Guy; 2d, R. G. Wilkie's Count Obo. Very high com., J. A. Roche's Nob. High com., C. M. Nelles's Jack B., American Cocker Kennels' Dixie, O. Henry's Sir John A. Com., A. Laidlaw's Robin, A. Ross's Tom.—*Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Nelles's Frou Frou; 2d, H. G. Charlesworth's Vesta. High com. and com., R. G. Wilkie's Black Bess and Zulu.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—Mrs. C. White's Champion Bonnie.—OPEN—OVER 12IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Tomboy; 2d and very high com., J. Bross's Dexter and Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and high com., J. Bross's Rela, Belle and Flora. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Hasty. High com., C. M. Nelles's Betty.—UNDER 12IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. C. White's Bugle. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Foremaid; 2d, J. Bross's Roxy. High com., Mrs. C. White's Fairie. High com., H. B. Nichols's Banner Queen. *Puppies:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Music IV.

DACHSHUNDE.—OPEN—1st, Idstonek's Prince; 2d, P. Lach's Lisette. Very high com., L. Melchor's Gertrude. High com., W. Kyll's Fix.

FOXHOUNDS.—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH—CHAMPION—*Dog and bitch:* D. O'Shea's Ranger and Roxey. AMERICAN—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, very high com. and 2 high coms., H. E. Cook's Brave, Roderick, Roderic II., Hec and Willie H. Com., D. O'Shea's Leader. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, 2 very high com. and 4 com., H. E. Cook's Rose, Fly, Wild, Spottie, Fannie, Pearl, Flash and Belle II.—ENGLILH—*Dogs:* 1st withheld; 2d, H. Card's Sportsman. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, D. O'Shea's Romade.—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH—*Puppies:* 1st, H. E. Cook's Roderic II; 2d, E. R. Hickerson's Cook. Very high com., D. O'Shea's Forester. High com., H. E. Cook's Flash and Pearl. Com., H. E. Cook's Jewel and Fly.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scotilla.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Dublin Scot; 2d and very high com., reserve, McEwen and Gibson's Bonnie Duntroon and Bonnie Dunkeld. Very high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bonnie Scotland. Com., J. P. Teagan's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen and Gibson's Bonnie Brae; 2d and high com., Chestnut Hill Kennels' Spoiled Miss and Gem. Com., Abbott Kennels' Flyaway, A. R. Kyle's Heather Belle. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, McEwen and Gibson's Carrick. *Bitches:* 1st, McEwen and Gibson's Jess.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap; 2d, R. R. Oesterreich's Ashmont Tiger. Very high com., J. Stroh's Nero. High com., J. Mahoney's Prince Bismark. High com., A. Laidlaw's Leo, E. L. Thomas's Jeffrey and C. C. Cook's Cæsar II. *Bitches:* 1st, Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Rose; 2d, E. Oesterreich's Ashmont Bess. Very high com. reserve and high com., J. Mahoney's Betsy Baker and Kathleen Mavourneen. High com., Miss Maclean's Meg Merrilies. Com., J. Mahoney's Margarette and C. C. Cook's Rena. *Puppies:* 1st, H. T. Buchauan's Tom Snyder; 2d, C. C. Cook's Rena.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED — CHAMPION — *Dog:* R. J. Sawyer's Sir Charles. *Bitch:* R. J. Sawyer's Swiss Beda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Newberry's Julien; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Marco Palo. Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Hadjar. High com., R. Storrs's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, R. J. Sawyer's Plinthia; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Norna. High com., R. J. Sawyer's Floss and Dudley Kennels' imported Mercedes. Com., R. J. Sawyer's Priscilla. *Puppies:* 1st, Dudley Kennels' Monte Cristo.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Alta Kennels' Montrose.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Stephenson's Darby. *Bitches:* 1st, Hospice Kennels' Queen of Sheba; 2d, T. Stephenson's Joan.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, D. O'Shea's Bruno and Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Juno; 2d, J. Struthers's Juno II. *Puppies:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Carlo; 2d, A. Card's Queen.

GREAT DANES.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Osceola Kennels' Don Cæsar. *Bitch:* Wolverine Kennel Club's Juno.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Trinkle's Brock; 2d, Wolverine Kennel Club's Cæsar. Very high com., P. Merker's Nero. High com., Wolverine Kennel Club's Nero. Com., A. Goebel's Siegfried, P. Merker's Pluto. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Wolverine Kennel Club's Paula and Lady Gray; 2d, A. Trinkle's Belle. Very high com., A. Goebel's Lady Sawtelle. Com., W. F. Krehl's Minca. *Puppies:* 1st, E. Ortman's Brutus. Very high com. and com., Wolverine Kennel Club's Don and Augusta.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Krehl's Rube; 2d, S. W. Skinner's Maida. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. W. Skinner's Ronald; 2d, W. H. Mullin's Custer.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Terra Cotta Kennels' Memnon.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. C. Whitney's Bob; 2d, C. T. Reed's Rake. Very high com., W. R. Branch's Heber. High com., Abbott Kennels' Leicester Laddie. Com., C. F. Reed's Rake. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Nicholson's Belle. Com., E. Marchall's Branch and Jewel. *Puppies:* 1st, J. E. Kingston's Maud K.; 2d, withheld.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, J. H. Bishop's Max.

BULLDOGS.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, D. Maclean's Mape. *Puppies:* 1st, W. W. Campbell's Maggie May.



MASTIFF.

[From the American Kennel Register.]

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog and Bitch:* F. F. Dole's Count and Maggie May.—LARGE—OPEN—1st, F. F. Dole's Young Count; 2d, W. W. Silvey's The Baron. Very high com., W. A. Shaw's Miss Norah.—SMALL—1st, withheld; 2d, A. C. Orvis's Kit. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* R. Gibson's Fennel—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, ——'s Lytham Ben; 2d, E. Lever's Little Swell. Very high com., R. Gibson's Mischief. Com., J. H. Walker's Avenger. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. Gibson's imported Gaudy and Belvoir Teagle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, R. Gibson's Mischief. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld, 2d, W. Campbell's Bell.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and high com., J. H. Naylor's Glen Garry, Glen Gow and Glenlyon. Com., D. O'Shea's Major. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Fannie Fern and Rosie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—LARGE—1st, G. Bell's Bessie; 2d, W. Campbell's Turk. Very high com. and high com., N. Muss's Mahomet and Lady. SMALL—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. Lockwood's Tiney. 2d, W. Campbell's Toby. Very high com., M. W. Hartigan's Pincher. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Campbell's Trix. 2d, T. Blake's Tiney. Very high com., D. Martin's Tiney.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Rae's Bobbie Burns, 2d and very high com., J. H. Naylor's Cromwell and Bonny Briton. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Pansy and Pride of Leader. High com., W. P. Burns's Uno.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st, J. O. Home's Eileen; 2d, C. T. Thompson's Geesela. Very high com. and com., D. O'Shea's Erin and Fly.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, J. H. Naylor's Drollie and Harrie. High com., D. Maclean's Crecpie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, W. Campbell's Rowdy. 2d, F. Wild's Crickett. High com., L. Brown's Topsy. Com., W. H. Newton's Polly.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st E. C. Coldman's Hillside Sallie. 2d and very high com., D. O'Shea's Belle II. and Sting. High com., W. W. Silvey's Rocks. Com., D. Martin's Benjamin Ross.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

PUGS.—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Mrs. G. H. Hill's Champion Joe. *Bitch:* Mohawk Kennels' Bo-Peep.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Richard's Pudgie; 2d, C. Schwein's Punch. Very high com., O. W. Delano's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Bell's What's That; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Frankie C. High com., O. W. Delano's Kate, T. Billing's Dot. Com., Mrs. H. A. Bliss's Dot. *Puppies:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Frankie C.; 2d, H. A. Bliss's Tot. Very high com., G. Gillivan's Talent. High com., J. H. Lyrick's Jumbo. Com., J. W. Walker's Molly, Miss M. Edson's Don, Jr.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, C. Sander's Mickey S.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Miss L. Hart's Little Banjo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LARGE—1st, Glencoe Collie Kennels' Sir Lucifer (bob-tailed sheep dog); 2d, G. Bell's Sandy ("Russian retriever").—SMALL—1st, Miss I. A. Jones's Topsy (Maltese). Very high com., D. O'Shea's Nellie (toy-terrier) and Miss M. J. Sinclair's Joli (Bolognese spaniel).

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"I hope I don't intrude; "but query; the proxy of the Pittsburgh Club was cast in support of Mr. Munhall; the Cleveland Club was the only defender of "pewter medals"; I smell a rat. Was the proxy "instructed?" If so, doesn't it look like "a job?"

I must protest against Mr. Peshall's proposed mode of settling the difficulty. The A. K. C. has now twice given a "final decision." Are three times the charm? If so, why so? If the A. K. C. can reverse itself twice, why not twenty times twice? If an officer of the club, voting on a proxy, gives cause for a rehash, and the same officer, without a proxy, or any authority of any kind, can move for the rehash, why not hold a meeting of the protestor (or as Mr. Peshall inimitably puts it, "a sub-proxy, when the proxy for the sub-proxy was the protestor") and call in a "majority" of gutter snipes to vote the decision of the august A. K. C.?

The only solution of the difficulty, that will restore the tarnished honor of the A. K. C., is the defiance by the New Jersey Kennel Club of this preposterous summerset, and a declaration by the A. K. C. that the action at the May meeting was utterly null and void, and a direction that it be expunged from the minutes.

The only satisfactory thing the delegates of the Detroit and St. Paul clubs can do is to state that they voted not knowing that a final decision had not been given six months previous, and that they thought they were voting on an open question.

Just imagine the consequences of this ridiculous "bare-backed" act being allowed to stand as authority. Jones protests against Smith. The A. K. C.'s first "final" is in favor of Smith. Jones "hustles" in the most approved ward politics style, gets a majority with him, and gets a "final" number two. But Smith is no fool and he "sees the boys," gets a meeting of his, and secures "final" number three. Hey, how is that? Of course, the securer of each "final" immediately demands his "boodle." Well, that "speculative" show we used to hear rumors of, sees herein a bright idea, they get a protest from a "Mrs. Harris" for every award, and hold the money for the "final final." That's the racket, boys. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., May 27.

A BIGGER NUT FOR MR. RENDLE TO CRACK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your city contemporaries contains the following "nut": "Constable Riker has had an eye on Mr. Rendle's dogs, and in looking up the records for information in cases where persons had been accused of keeping dogs without a license, found that none of Mr. Rendle's pure-blooded canines had been duly registered according to law. Then he made a complaint, and Mr. Rendle came before the Justice yesterday and pleaded guilty to keeping two dogs without a license, and paid a fine of $11 and costs."—CHARLES H. MASON.

MASTIFF TYPE.

WE are able to present to our readers an old illustration of the mastiff that has so far escaped all writers on dogs. It is from "Bingley's Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," London, 1809, a copy of which, after a long search, was at last found. From the excellence of the workmanship, it is fair to presume that some pains was taken in securing a faithful likeness, and it will be noticed that it is a revelation, in presenting the extreme bulldog type, as existing eighty years since. It may be remembered that Mr. Wynn, Mr. Hutchings, Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Wade have discussed this question of what the original type was, Mr. Wynn maintaining that the bulldog type was the original, real thing, and the others differing and going to various lengths in claiming the modified St. Bernard type as the correct and original one. To our mind, all are wrong. A study of the heads of King (called Governor's by mistake), Turk and Hanbury's Duchess in *American Kennel Register* of November, 1885, will conclusively show that at their date the bulldog type was not the fashionable one, and the pictures in the "Sportsman's Cabinet," as copied in Capt. Brown's book, and Vero Shaw, also sustain this view; but here we have a picture, eighty years old, that shows the extreme of bulldog, undershot, short-muzzled type.

We believe the fact to be, that there was no such thing as type in the early days; dogs were bred for use alone, no strict definitions as to type being thought of, and a few characteristics, such as size, speed, habits, etc., were the only distinguishing marks of different breeds. Bingley dwells very little on the shape of the mastiff, what we now call "type," devoting his remarks almost exclusively to the habits, temperament, etc., of the breed, attributing to them exactly the faithful, wise, watching qualities their admirers now claim for them.

We propose to continue illustrations from Bingley of other breeds, as may be of interest to our readers.—*American Kennel Register for May.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

The admirable illustration of an English mastiff, taken from "Bingley's Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," given in the May number of the *American Kennel Register*, is worthy of more than cursory notice by lovers of this noble breed of dogs. As the editor pertinently alleges, "From the excellence of the workmanship, it is fair to presume that some pains was taken in securing a faithful likeness, and it will be noticed that it is a revelation, in presenting the extreme bulldog type, as existing eighty years since."

In the lengthy discussion in your columns upon the question of what the original type was, I confined myself to pointing out supposed inaccuracies of enthusiastic breeders who are struggling to perfect a type unknown a hundred years ago. To quote the article in the *American Kennel Register* again: "We believe the fact to be, that there was no such thing as type in the early days." This has always been my decided opinion.

The Old English Mastiff Club having adopted a description of what a modern bench show mastiff should be, it is the duty of those who wish to produce such dogs to follow their rules, and judges should make their awards consistent with this standard. There is no doubt in my mind that both bulldog and mastiff are derived from a similar source. Old pictures support my belief, Darwin has conclusively proven that all pigeons had a common origin—the wild rock pigeon—and it is probable that the various breeds of domestic dogs have descended from a few, or possibly one, wild prototype. From a limited variety of dogs, many have been made and are still multiplied. What annoys the mastiff fancier of to-day is the inconsistence of our judges. One is governed entirely by the shortness of the dog's muzzle, another by size and ability to move easily, while still another is undecided between the two extremes, and divides the prizes between the different types brought before him, in the most incongruous fashion.

Until recently the bulldog "layback" on a mastiff was unknown. I doubt if, formerly, the bulldog himself had this extremely short upper jaw, which is now his chief characteristic. A modern bulldog, had he to hunt his meat, would starve to death, ditto mastiff.

Formerly dogs were bred for certain uses, and it was the mastiff's duty to watch and protect his master's house. He was made large to command attention and impress trespassers with fear. As a guard dog speed was not essential, but strength of limbs, body, neck and jaws were indespensable. In breeding for fancied points all these grand characteristics of the mastiff have been ignored. The prize winning mastiff of to-day cannot walk, much less spring upon a man, nor could he take hold even if he did manage to get at him. As a guard he cannot compare with the despicable "yaller" dog.

The show mastiff is a new creation, and off the bench no one would have any use for him. Offer a brute of this kind to a person not acquainted with bench shows and your gift would be refused. The ladies call them "horrid brutes," yet they "go wild" over a dog the type of King and Turk. Deformeties are always repulsive, symmetrical and regularly proportioned animals are a pleasure to look upon.

As long as short-nosed cripples are awarded prizes, let those who want them breed that type of mastiffs, but let us encourage as much as possible the breeding of a large, heavy mastiff, of medium length of muzzle and of the noble qualities of mind that endeared them to their masters in former times. Are not mastiffs as a breed growing stupid and listless? If so, what use are they, and why keep them at all?

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

ENTRIES FOR 1887.

TRINKET COUNTESS (Paul Franke, St. Joseph, Mo.), pointer bitch (Crocket—Trinket).

LASSIE JEAN (A. J. Gleason, Alma, Kas.), pointer bitch (Corner Stone—Gertrude).

BELLE C. (C. T. Allcutt, Kansas City), pointer bitch (Corner Stone—Gertrude).

COUNT C. (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

CAPTAIN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr., and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

KING MARK (J. I. Case, Jr. and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Belle Belton).

QUEEN NOBLE (J. I. Case, Jr. and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter bitch (King Noble—Belle Belton).

BLUE CHIEF (J. I. Case, Jr. and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

RODERICK (J. I. Case, Jr. and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), English setter dog (King Noble—Elsie Belton).

JILL (J. I. Case, Jr. and F. K. Bull, Racine, Wis.), setter bitch (Dashdale—Bonfil's Dot).

ROSE (Branch Martin, Little Rock, Ark.), English setter bitch (Little Dan—Bet).

PRIDE OF M. (R. M. Hutching, Galveston, Tex.), pointer (Bang Bang—Zannetta).

LITTLE GIFT (Bert Crane, Chicago), English setter (Rodrigo—Queen Bess).

PRAY'S GLADSTONE (J. A. Bolen, Kansas City), English setter (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A).

HATTIE WEST (J. A. Bolen, Kansas City), Irish setter bitch (Bush, Jr.—My Maud).

VAN HORN (George McConnell, Chicago), Irish setter (Brust, Jr.—My Maud).

LADDY (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).

SAMUEL S. (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

OLLIE S. (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

BERTRAM (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), (Guess—Viola).

WELL (W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.), (Guido—Bell).

GRAPHIC III. (Graphic Kennels, Netherwood, N. J.), pointer (champion Graphic—Bloomo).

FRIVOLITY (Graphic Kennels, Netherwood, N. J.), pointer (Donald—champion Rene III.).

MISS GLEE (Graphic Kennels, Netherwood, N. J.), pointer (Ned of Effend—champion Bracket).

BABE GLADSTONE (F. N. Wood, Kansas City), lemon belton setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

STELLA JACKSON (R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City), Irish setter bitch.

JESSIE B. (R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City), Irish setter bitch (Patsy P.—Betsy Crafts).

RENÉ (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), English setter bitch, (Paul Gladstone—Lottie).

UNNAMED (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), (Roderigo—Lady Rake).

HUBERT (E. C. Sterling, St. Louis), pointer (Mainspring—Dell).

BELLE OF KANSAS CITY (Drury Underwood, Kansas City), English setter bitch (Paul Gladstone—Bessie A.).

MOLLY, JR. (A. T. Harridge, Alma, Kansas), (Frank—Flora).

DON CONSULTS THE DOCTOR.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith I send you an account of an interesting incident illustrating the marvelous instincts of the canine species. I can vouch for the reliability of the statements made by the writer of the letter.—C. A. KINGSBURY.

PHILADELPHIA, May 15.—*Dear Doctor:* Last Friday (May 13) I went to New Hope, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, to visit Dr. Richard C. Foulke. He met me at the station, and on reaching his house we were met at the door by two dogs, who were waiting for us, one belonging to the doctor, the other, a short-haired pointer called Don, belonging to a neighbor. Mrs. Foulke, the doctor's mother, met us at the front door, into which Don pressed in such a marked way as to cause her to remark: "Why, Don! what are you coming in for?" The doctor's dog remained outside. Don followed us into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Foulke and I sat down, while the doctor remained standing, talking to us, but taking no notice of the dog, who was standing directly in front of him and looking up into his face. After the dog had been standing this way for some time and no one noticing him, he held out his left foot as if to shake hands with the doctor, who was still talking. This movement of Don attracted the attention of Mrs. Foulke, who remarked to the doctor, "What makes Don hold up his foot to you? He wants you to examine it. He may have something in it." At this remark Don stood on his hind feet, placed his front feet on the doctor's chest, looking directly at him, and held out his left foot, which the doctor took in his hand and turned it over, saying: "No wonder he wants me to look at it! See here." There was a long, rusty pin, which had run some distance into the poor dog's foot. After the doctor took the pin out of the flesh the dog remained in the same position on his hind legs and began to gently lick the doctor's hand till I called him and said: "Come here, Don, and let me see your foot," when he came to me, put both feet in my lap and stood there while I examined his foot. Did Don tell the doctor's dog about his foot, and learn from him that his master could cure it?

I make this statement of facts at your request while fresh in my mind. ROBT. R. CORSON.

JIMMIE GOES TO ENGLAND.—Jersey City, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have concluded to send my old pointer Jimmie to the Jubilee show, to be held next month in Crystal Palace, London. Jimmie is a Yankee pointer and I believe he will be appreciated by the English. I also think that I will have the influence of Her Majesty, the Queen, because Mr. Mason, who is considered the English representative of dogs in this country, in one of his reports said that "Jimmie was a brown dog with yellow eyes," and I am informed that the Queen is very fond of everything that is brown, so I hope to have her influence with the judge. I will tack an American flag to his box and put in a few trade dollars and send him on his way.—C. J. PESHALL.

DOG POISONING.—Lynn, Mass., May 28.—In the town of Stoneham, some nine miles from this place, the dog fiend is at large, and is committing destruction by the wholesale in the ranks of the noble brutes. While on business in Stoneham for a few hours yesterday, I was informed by reliable gentlemen that thirty-seven dogs have been poisoned in the past two or three weeks. So determined has the fiend been to accomplish his ends, that crackers with the poison on them have been picked up on the streets and even from school house yards. The authorities of the town have offered a reward of $500 for the conviction of the poisoner, but such inducements have failed to find the guilty ones as yet.—R. L.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB DERBY.—Cincinnati, O., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the publication of the entries for the Derby of 1887 the entries of Graphic III., Donald IV., Fashion, Frivolity, Miss Glee and Master Brackett should have read by the Graphic Kennels, as it was their entry and not J. L. Anthony's.—C. W. PARIS (Sec. and Treas.).

BEAGLES AT NEW HAVEN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Mason in his reports of shows often states that a dog was beaten on the condition it happened to be in at the stated time. The same is necessarily an admission that, in his opinion, it is mere guesswork or a lottery to compare a dog as seen at one time with another dog is seen at another time and pretend to rate their comparative values, and it necessarily follows that he must consider such newspaper criticisms as not a criterion of the relative value of the dogs so criticised. Mr. Aldrich recently showed how Mr. Mason critically examined and criticised two Irish setters at the late Philadelphia show, one of which was the whole time in Mr. Aldrich's kennels at Providence. In your criticisms of the late Hartford show, signed "Charles H. Mason," the opinions expressed in the beagle comments are profusely introduced with "I's," therefore I take them as Mr. Mason's individual opinions. Mr. Mason, who refuses to judge beagles or American foxhounds at shows, as he does not consider his experience with the breeds warrants it, criticises Trailer and other hounds in the show, giving their comparative standing. Now, the facts of the case are: Trailer was a very sick hound and was withdrawn from the show before Mr. Mason's arrival, and as a result he never saw him at the show at all; and when he was being compared with the other hounds he lay sick in my kennel, under the care of Dr. Glover, or he certainly was at least on the way there. As Mr. Mason would have had my hound placed lower than he was, justice to my hound calls for the above, particularly as I have shown above that his own writings show it is not a proper way to judge a dog, much less to unfavorably criticise him. My reference to Mr. Mason's judging beagles and American foxhounds is not given as a personal insinuation, but as a necessary reply to his comments on my hound, particularly stated as his opinions, as I certainly think it is better to pursue such a course about judging than to do as some do, accept when not at all competent, and thereby do some an injustice by the natural result of improper awards.—HERM. F. SCHELLHASS (Brooklyn, N. Y.).

GREYHOUNDS AT PHILADELPHIA.—New York, May 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I became an exhibitor of greyhounds I least expected to be called upon to enter into newspaper controversy as the present one. If Mr. Huntington desires to continue he must excuse me from replying, as my time is too busily engaged at present. As to the Philadelphia entry I have stated my case, and can only say that three members were present to decide the question, and not one servant. As to the Boston entry, I can say that I did not know that Memnon was entered, nor did I know what dogs were in the open class, as I did not attend the show in person. Regarding the question of best dog he certainly does not agree with other judges when he calls Memnon a better dog than Mother Demdike. Lancashire Witch beats Memnon, and Mother Demdike beats Lancashire Witch and Memnon in England and America; also all the noted dogs in England, including Sister Mary, Acalia, Rose Marie and Destructive, and is pronounced by the press to be the most perfect greyhound living. I also remember an advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM in which Mr. H. calls Mother Demdike England's champion (very strange). I admit Mother Demdike has been beaten by Mr. H.'s dogs when not in condition, but she in return has also won from the same dogs. I do not care to go further into this subject, but can only say that my dogs are on exhibition in shows held for the purpose to demonstrate which is the better animal. I therefore deem it needless to accept his proposition. As to Messrs. Charles's letters, these are for business and for the sale of dogs, and do not judge them, and can only say that my esteemed friend, Mr. Smith, purchased the best bitch that Messrs. Charles ever bred. With these remarks I sincerely trust to be excused from further writing. —CHAS. D. WEBBER.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Merchant Prince. By E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., for St. Bernard dog, age not given, by Merchant Prince out of Nerina.

Daisy Deverell. By Sunnyside Kennels, New York, for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped December, 1886, by Count (Marquis—Kit) out of White Rose.

Bob O'More. By J. McKendree K. Bayly, Baltimore, Md., for red, white frill, Irish setter dog, whelped April 3, 1887, by Rory O'More (Rufus—Friend) out of Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly).

Bandit. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 1, 1887, by Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Maggie (Sport—Fannie).

Chieftain. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 29, 1887, by his Cameron's Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Trixy (Ringwood—Belle).

Joe. By John Poinier, Newark, N. J., for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped May 24, 1882, by Hindoo (Grouse—Bee) out of Pindell's May (Pindell's Dan—Pindell's Fly).

Zulie (A.K.R. 4969). By Sagamore Kennels, West Medford, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 29, 1885, by Rip (Victor—May) out of Blossom (Blunder—Rur).

Robin Hood and Robin Adair. By Geo. Shepard Page, Stanley, N. J., for two dark brindle deerhound dogs, whelped April 16, 1887, by Dunrobin (A.K.R. 1236) out of Shelloch (A.K.R. 2214).

Grace Beaufort and Lady Beaufort. By Elm Grove Kennels, South Norwalk, Conn., for two liver and white ticked pointer bitches, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) out of Lizzie Grace (A.K.R. 2476).

Calhoun Kennels. By Col. R. J. Hamilton, Springfield, Mass.

Ajax. Will the Richland Kennels please note that I some time ago claimed the name of Ajax; his A.K.R. number is 3919, and he is now a first-prize winner?—VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Judy II.—Shell. W. G. Young's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Judy II. (Johnny—Jill) to H. B. D. Bruce's Shell (Ben—Joan), May 19.

Cute—Taffy. Col. R. J. Hamilton's (Springfield, Mass.) Skye terrier bitch Cute to J. Barnes's Taffy, April 20.

Little Dorrit—White Sam. Frank F. Dole's (Philadelphia, Pa.) bull-terrier bitch Little Dorrit (Marquis—Kit) to Fred Hinks's White Sam (Silver King—Kettering Maggie), April 29.

Cora Lee—Ted Llewellin. Chautauqua Kennels' (Sheridan, N.Y.) English setter bitch Cora Lee (Cambridge—Cassie Lee) to their Ted Llewellin (Druid—Gessie), May 25.

Marcella—Ted Llewellin. Chautauqua Kennels' (Sheridan, N.Y.) English setter bitch Marcella (Prince Phœbus—Stella) to their Ted Llewellin (Druid—Gessie), May 20.

Fairy Lass—Belthus. W. Tallman's (New York) English setter bitch Fairy Lass (Prince—Fairy II.) to H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg), May 15.

Chas—Trailer. Geo. B. Magoan's (Babylon, L. I.) beagle bitch Chase (Ringwood—Vinnie) to H. F. Schellhass's Trailer (Racket—Fly), May 24.

Lady Tarquin—Tony. Sunnyside Kennels' (New York) bull-terrier bitch Lady Tarquin (Tarquin—Luce) to their Tony (A.K.R. 3890), May 19.

Lass o' Gowrie—Jim. N. V. Ketchum's (Savannah, Ga.) Skye terrier bitch Lass o' Gowrie (Jim—Queen Mab) to W. P. Sanderson's Jim (Birkie—Highland Mary), May 19.

June—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch June (Victor II.—May) to his Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise), May 19.

Maida—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Maida (Bob—Music) to his Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise), April 27.

Vickey—Cameron's Racket. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Vickey (Racer—Vic) to his Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise), May 12.

Daisy—Cameron's Racket. J. H. Merritt's (Battle Creek, Mich.) beagle bitch Daisy (Bob—Music) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise), May 20.

Fly—Kino. J. Satterthwaite's (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Fly (Pet—Beauty) to A. C. Krueger's imported Kino, April 22.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Little Eva. Elm Grove Kennels' (South Norwalk, Conn.) English setter bitch Little Eva (A.K.R. 2662), May 13, nine (five dogs), by their Buckeye II. (A.K.R. 2558).

Tyne. M. Richardson's (New York) Clumber spaniel bitch Tyne (Ben—Joan), May 14, five (three dogs), by F. H. F. Mercer's Johnny (Ben—Joan).

Nettie B. Percy C. Ohl's (Plainfield, N. J.) English setter bitch Nettie B. (Mark—Jackson's Belle), May 14, nine (four dogs), by H. F. Schellhass's Belthus (Rock—Meg).

Meg Merrilies. Harry A. Fletcher's (Woodfords, Me.) red Irish setter bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), May 24, ten (six dogs), by his Prince (A.K.R. 1968).

Excellence. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Excellence (Bannerman—Rena), April 19, four (two dogs), by his Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise).

Bannergirl. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Bannergirl (Bannerman—Pet), April 25, four (one dog), by his Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise).

Maggie. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Maggie (Sport—Fannie), May 1, five (three dogs), by his Cameron's Racket (Rowett's Rally—Louise).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Tarquin. White bull-terrier bitch, age not given, by Tarquin out of Luce, by Frank F. Dole, Philadelphia, Pa., to Sunny Side Kennels, New York.

Montrose. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, age not given, by Wotan out of Reka, by K. E. Hopf, Arlington, N. J., to Alta Kennels, Toledo, O.

Glengarry. Sable and white collie dog, whelped May 12, 1885, by Eclipse out of Nesta, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to W. P. Douglas, same place.

Hempstead Lad. Sable and white collie dog, whelped June 15, 1885, by Robin Adair out of Perkins's Lassie, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), to S. S. Chauncey, same place.

Lass o' Lowrie. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped July 23, 1883, by Robin Adair out of Zulu Princess, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to A. K. Murphy.

Twilight. Black and white collie bitch, whelped Nov. 11, 1885, by Robin Adair out of Zulu Princess, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to A. K. Murphy.

Daylight. Black and white collie bitch, whelped Nov. 11, 1885, by Robin Adair out of Zulu Princess, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to W. P. Brock.

Meg. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped March 3, 1883, by Robin Adair out of Perkins's Lassie, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to Jos. Brown.

Twig. Black and white collie dog, whelped June 14, 1886, by Robin Adair out of Zulu Princess, by Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to Jos. Brown.

Glengarry—Lorna Doone whelp. Black and white collie bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1887, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, to R. B. Moffat, same place.

Robin Adair—Flora whelps. Collies, whelped March 19, 1887, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, a sable dog to J. H. Cole, a black, tan and white dog to J. S. Bradley and a black, white and tan dog to Mr. Booth, all of same place.

Robin Adair—Sheila whelps. Collies, whelped March 12, 1887, by the Hempstead Farm Co. (Lim.), New York, a black, tan and white dog to Mrs. T. B. Illig and a sable and white dog to A. H. Tyson, Reading, Pa., and two sable and white dogs to Mrs. Teese, Newark, N. J.

Trifle. White and ticked beagle dog, whelped Dec. 7, 1884, by Ringwood out of Brush, by A. H. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Riot. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped January, 1885, by Rattler out of Spider, by Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt. to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Racer II. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped May 14, 1885, by Racer out of Hattie, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

June. Beagle bitch, whelped March 11, 1884, by Victor II. out of May, by Geo. Pownall, Thurlow, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Kino. Imported white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped 1882, pedigree not given, by J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville Pa.

Vickey. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 29, 1883, by Racer out of Vic, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to F. W. Rutter, Jr., Lawrence, Mass.

Lass o' Gowrie. Dark blue Skye terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1884, by Jim out of Queen Mab, by Dr. Wm. P. Sanderson, Philadelphia, Pa., to N. V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga.

Rory O'More—Gay whelp. Red, white frill on chest, Irish setter dog, whelped April 3, 1887, by W. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y., to J. McKendree K. Bayly, Baltimore, Md.

Hero III. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog (A.K.R. 1765), by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to Charles A. Altmannsperger, Minden, Ia.

Sandycroft Blucher. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped April 9, 1887 (A.K.R. 4985), by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to Dr. G. H. Ashman, Philipsburg, Pa.

Sandycroft Barly. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped April 9, 1887 (A.K.R. 4985), by Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., to Dr. J. P. Thompson, Johnstown, Pa.

Paul Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter dog, age not given, by Gladstone out of Lavalette, by Memphis & Avent Kennels, Memphis, Tenn., to S. L. Boggs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. H., Lyme, Conn.—A fox-terrier pup, 6mos. old, appears to have St. Vitus's dance, twitching and weakness of legs. Ans. The puppy has chorea, the result, probably, of a previous distemper. Get the following:

℞. Ferri et strychnin. citrat..... .....grs. xx .
Fit. pil. No. X.
Sig. One three times daily.

Hide the pills in morsels of meat and the dog will bolt meat and pill together. Satisfy yourself that the dog is free from worms.

WENONAH, N. H.—My English mastiff pup, 10mos. old, has been troubled ever since he was 4 or 5mos. old with a bloody urine at times, and also a white pus matter. He seems tender over the region of the kidneys, and I think may have received a strain while younger and weak. Ans. Use the following:

℞. Tr. ferri chlorid.	
Ext. ergot. fld.....	āā ʒ ss
Glycerin	ʒ ii
Aq. q. s. ad.....	ʒ iv

Mix. Sig. Give one teaspoonful three times daily.

A FIVE HUNDRED POUND TURTLE.—Sanner Brothers, commission merchants, received yesterday one of the largest, if not the largest turtle ever shipped to this city. It is one of the trunk-back species and weighs about 500 pounds. It was caught Tuesday at Gloucester Point, York River. The turtle became entangled in some nets running out from the shore and could not free itself. It was hauled in by ropes. About a dozen men were needed yesterday to put it in a wagon. The Messrs. Sanner had it turned over on its back on the lower floor of their store, where it was viewed by many people. It is said this turtle is the third of its kind ever seen here. It measures nearly seven feet from the head to the tip of the tail. The shell, which is smooth and shaped like a trunk, and not so hard that it will not yield to pressure by the hand, at the broadest part is about three feet wide. The color on the back is black, under the belly it is spotted with white. The two immense fin-like appendages growing out on either side near the head, when stretched out measure across nearly seven feet. The fins at the tail are smaller, and the tail is short. The head is very large, and the eyes in keeping with the proportions of the other parts. At the thickest part the head is probably nine inches in diameter. The back resembles black leather or hard rubber. A pure loggerhead turtle is white, but a trunk-head is black. If he is not disposed of soon a tank will be made for the curiosity, where he can have salt water and enjoy a square meal of fish or other food, if he will eat.—*Baltimore American.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WYOMING, Del., May 20.—Kent County Rifle Club, standard target:

	At 200yds.									
S H Thomas	6	9	7	6	6	4	4	4	7	8—63
R J Diefenderfer	6	9	1	2	10	6	5	3	5	8—55
J Carpenter	4	6	6	5	9	2	5	3	7	4—51
A R Benson	8	5	3	6	1	4	8	8	5	3—51
A H Connor	6	4	4	4	3	6	4	7	7	5—50
R Holmes	2	5	8	7	3	3	5	3	7	4—47
E W Johnson	2	8	7	2	5	2	7	3	4	6—46
M A Jones	6	5	3	3	2	6	6	3	5	5—44
H M Thomas	5	3	2	9	5	2	3	9	5	1—44
F H Thomas	4	4	4	4	4	5	8	3	0	5—41
A F Diefenderfer	3	8	3	3	4	3	6	2	5	3—40
J Moore	4	4	1	4	8	3	9	3	2	7—39
O A Dockham	8	3	2	3	5	2	8	1	3	1—34
D Clow	2	4	2	7	2	3	2	3	2	2—29
W F Aldrich	4	1	1	3	2	2	2	4	5	2—26
	At 100yds.									
M A Jones	9	8	9	9	8	9	6	6	9	5—75
R Holmes	6	5	7	5	9	8	9	10	7	9—75
A H Conner	9	6	6	8	6	10	9	7	7	6—74
A R Benson	5	7	9	7	10	7	9	8	5	6—73
F H Thomas	9	6	10	5	6	9	8	8	6	0—73
S H Thomas	7	5	8	9	8	6	9	7	7	5—71
J Carpenter	8	7	6	9	10	6	8	4	7	5—71
A F Diefenderfer	7	7	7	7	5	7	9	10	7	5—71
W F Aldrich	6	7	6	8	6	6	6	10	8	5—68
J Moore	8	9	8	9	6	8	7	6	3	4—68
E W Johnson	6	10	5	5	5	6	6	7	10	8—68
R J Diefenderfer	7	8	5	8	9	9	6	5	4	7—68
H M Thomas	5	4	8	10	4	8	6	4	8	4—61
O A Dockham	5	7	1	9	6	4	4	6	9	5—56
D Clow	8	5	6	5	5	6	5	4	7	5—56

WILMINGTON, Del., May 23.—Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park. The reflection from the bright sunshine impaired the shooting early in the afternoon at 200yds., but toward sundown the light became much better and showed the improvement in the 100yds. shooting. Standard American target:

	First Match, 200yds.									
S J Newman	6	5	5	9	10	5	6	6	4	9—65
E M Clark	7	7	7	9	8	3	2	8	4	7—62
J Scott	4	5	6	4	6	4	5	4	8	7—53
W A Bacon	4	4	7	5	6	5	3	7	3	9—53
J E Newman	3	5	5	6	4	9	4	6	4	5—52
J Francis	7	4	5	5	5	4	7	4	4	7—51
C Fredericks (mil)	8	6	1	1	1	2	0	8	2	2—25
	Second Match, 200yds.									
S J Newman	5	3	7	0	8	9	7	8	5	7—65
J Scott	5	5	6	6	5	5	3	10	10	8—63
J Francis	7	5	2	6	6	10	4	7	6	3—60
E M Clark	4	6	4	7	3	4	3	10	4	5—50
J E Newman	6	3	3	7	7	4	3	8	3	6—50
W A Bacon	3	5	5	2	7	5	8	4	5	5—49
C Fredericks (mil)	2	4	2	2	2	1	2	2	6	1—24
	Third Match, 100yds.									
S J Newman	8	8	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	7—91
J E Newman	9	7	9	10	10	10	9	9	9	8—90
J Scott	7	9	7	10	9	7	9	7	10	8—83
J Francis	6	8	8	8	10	6	10	6	10	9—81
W A Bacon	8	4	9	3	4	10	7	4	8	7—70

ST. LOUIS, May 29.—At the last shoot of the St. Lonis Pistol Club it looked very much like a three-handed shoot-off for first place between Perret, Bauer and Bengel, who had tied on 113, but the last man to shoot settled the agony by making 115. Following are the scores made out of a possible 120:

F A Fodde	11 12 12 11 12 12 11 10 12 12—115		
L V D Perret	11 11 12 11 11 11 12 11 12 11—113		
W Bauer	11 12 10 12 11 12 12 12 12 9—113		
A A Bengel	12 11 9 12 11 12 12 12 11 11—113		
M A Thurber	10 10 12 12 10 12 12 12 12 10—112		
W J Lard	11 10 11 11 11 10 12 12 12 12—112		
G W Alexander	11 11 11 11 11 12 12 11 10 11—111		
W L Wells	12 11 11 11 8 12 12 12 11 10—110		
O Wallace	10 11 11 11 10 11 11 12 10 11—108		
E C Mohrstadt	11 11 9 12 12 11 9 11 11 11—108		
F D Gildersleeve	10 12 11 12 10 11 10 9 11 12—108		
O Neuhaus	11 9 9 10 11 11 12 11 12 11—107		
W Clark	11 8 10 12 11 11 11 10 12 8—105		
W E Field	12 11 10 10 12 10 11 7 8 10—101		
W B McDowell	10 11 10 10 10 10 10 12 7 9—99		
E T Grether	11 11 10 11 12 7 7 12 9 9—99		
W H Hettel	11 11 10 9 12 7 11 8 9 10—98		
W C Mackwitz	4 9 7 11 10 11 9 10 11 11—93		
J G Schaaf	6 3 12 5 6 9 1 0 4 2—48		

MANCHESTER, N. H., May 23.—The spring meeting of the Manchester Rifle Association came to a close Saturday night, some high scores being made, the string of Mr. Richardson being highest I know of, and the card of C. M. Hill is high for this target—Standard American target, 7 shots to a card, 5 cards to count:

E Richardson	63 62 63 65 64—317	W Morris	55 56 56 56 58—281
W M Farrow	60 63 61 61 63—308	H Gray	55 55 59 57 54—280
E Munson	60 62 62 61 62—307	C A Joslin	52 52 59 56 55—274
C D Palmer	60 61 62 62 60—305	A Edgerly	53 54 57 52 56—272
C Wharber	61 63 61 59 61—305	J L Niven	55 53 54 55 53—270
O M Jewell	61 63 60 59 60—303	F George	53 56 53 54 53—269
C M Hill	67 56 62 56 61—302	C W Lyman	53 51 54 58 53—269
F Austin	60 60 60 58 60—298	J B Anthony	51 56 54 53 51—265
A C White	58 59 59 58 59—293	E J Knowlton	53 55 50 51 54—263
S Johnson	56 63 57 56 57—289	E Archibald	52 51 52 51 54—260
A B Dodge	58 61 57 58 55—289	E Cole	51 51 50 54 53—259
F J Drake	56 55 58 56 58—283	C W Temple	54 46 50 52 54—256
E J Cram	60 55 56 55 56—282		

Total valuation of prizes, $327.25.

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—Fitchburg, Mass., May 30.—The National Rifle Club had a large attendance at its spring meeting at Vernon, Vt., May 25 and 26. Mr. William Hayes, of Newark, N. J., was present, and used a rifle rifled by George Schalck, and using a lubricated bullet. This rifle was not clean at all, and had been fired hundreds of shots before coming to the match. The rifle and manner of shooting it were the subject of much favorable comment. The rifle was remarkable for the small vertical deviation of its shots, many strings of ten shots each being included within 1½in. in height. Mr. J. R. Munroe was present, one of the riflemen who have made themselves famous the past few weeks by their remarkable work in rest shooting at Walnut Hill. He used a .38-cal. Ballard, No. 6½. The bullets Mr. Munroe used were not suited to the condition of the gun, and he did not do as fine work as he has been accustomed to do. All the shooting was at 40 rods, string measure; 5 strings of 10 shots each were fired. All the shooting but that of Mr. Munroe was done from double rest. Efforts are being made to have a larger shoot in the fall, and an attractive programme will be presented. Mr. Munroe was allowed a discount of 3in. on each string of 10 shots. Mr. William Hayes was allowed a discount of 1½in. per string of 10 shots. The names of the winners and length of strings are given below:

First String.		Second String.	
N S Brockway	7 14-16	H W Smith	9½
William V Lowe	12 6-16	N S Brockway	10¾
L Park	12 14-16	William V Lowe	11 1-16
Third String.		Fourth String.	
N S Brockway	8⅝	William V. Lowe	6 13-16
William V Lowe	8 13-16	N S Brockway	12 7-16
H W Smith	13⅛	L Park	13½
		Fifth String.	
William V Lowe	8⅝	L Park	12 3-16
William Hayes	11 3-16		

William V. Lowe won the silver medal given for the shortest aggregate of 50 shots, with a string of 47 15-16in.—L.

CREEDMOOR, May 28.—The opening military match of the National Rifle Association was shot to-day. Notwithstanding the rain, the attendance was large and the scores were unusually high, especially for the first day. Distances 200 and 500yds. The winners were as follows:

J F Klein, 17th Sep. Co.	23 25—48
T Mahoney, 12th Reg.	21 24—45
J D Burhs, 17th Sep. Co.	20 23—44
Maj. Fox, 2d Brig.	20 24—44
G S Scott, Jr., 23d Reg.	21 23—44
R McLean, 7th Reg.	22 22—44
W A Stokes, 23d Reg.	21 28—44

HARTFORD, Conn.—A prize shoot, open to all comers and any rifle, will be held by the Franklin Rifle Club at Union Grove, Hartford, Conn., July 18. There will be $150 cash in prizes. Committee of Arrangements are: E. J. Hale, E. C. Henn, E. P. Whitney, Henry Andrus, H. M. Pope.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—There was an unusually large attendance of gentlemen interested in shooting at Harbor View Park this afternoon to witness the return match between the teams of the Carson Shooting Club and the California Schuetzen Club. The first match was fired this time last year, the California shootists having taken up a challenge issued by the Carson City club to any shooting club in the United States. The California men on that occasion won by some 68 points, and the match yesterday was the return game. Both teams fired in their respective cities, the Carson people appointing Colonel Kellogg to supervise their interests in San Francisco, while Colonel Boyle and Captain X. Stocker did similar duty for California at Carson. As on the last occasion, Creedmoor targets were used. The rifles used were the ordinary military rifle with a 6-pound pull on the trigger. At the conclusion of the match, Philo Jacoby, the president of the club, announced that the total score of the California team was 1,732, representing an average score of 86 3-5. The largest individual scorer, A. Johnson, was presented with a very handsome gold medal suitably inscribed. Following are the scores in full:

Johnson	5454544455545555445—92
Hovey	4445455455455145455—91
Heath	4036344445455355334—72
Robertson	4545554554555444444—89
Beaver	3444444454444445455—83
Carr	5554544455444455544—89
Carson	4444445445444445555—86
Smith	5555443544443554554—89
Barure	4444454445514454444—81
Waltham	4544455455554544554—91

Klein	5555545454554554554—91
Ladd	4454451345445434454—83
Werth'm'r	5455144445455445445554—87
Kuhls	4444454354444445444—83
Fields	5355554545444444554554—87
Stretcher	4544444445344444445—82
Dondier	4555545451555544444435—91
Jacoby	4444454444445444444—82
Utschig	5555554545145454444554—91
Stanton	4455355451555345444—89

The Carson City Guard team shot in Carson, Nev., and made a total of 1,709 points, according to a dispatch received last night. A year ago, in a similar contest, the score stood: California Schuetzen Club team, 1,709 points; Carson City Guard team, 1,658 points.

BOSTON, May 28.—A few riflemen ventured to attend the rifle matches at Walnut Hill to-day. The weather conditions were very poor. Mr. Wilder made ten consecutive 10's, and a total of 112, on the new target. Following are the best scores made:

	Best Match.										
S. Welder	10	11	12	11	12	12	12	11	11	11	11—112
	12	12	11	12	12	12	10	10	12	9	11—112
W. H. Oler	11	12	10	11	11	12	8	9	9	12	—105
	12	11	12	9	12	9	12	7	9	9	—102
J. Francis	12	12	10	12	9	8	10	12	8	8	—105
	11	9	10	11	12	11	12	10	9	9	—104
R. Dadman	12	11	8	11	12	10	6	9	10	9	—98
	Pistol Match.										
A. L. Brackett	7	8	9	10	7	8	10	9	7	8	—83
	9	9	6	7	9	8	7	10	8	7	—80
	7	8	9	7	10	6	8	6	10	6	—77
J. R. Missam	10	6	9	6	4	8	8	9	6	10	—76
	5	8	8	6	10	8	6	8	7	9	—75
	5	6	5	8	9	9	6	6	8	9	—71
W. H. Oler	8	6	6	8	6	7	7	9	7	8	—75
R. Dadman	9	5	8	6	10	6	5	7	6	8	—72
John Shot	6	9	5	8	6	9	6	9	8	5	—71
	9	5	5	9	4	8	8	8	7	7	9—71

BRIDGEPORT RIFE CLUB.—May 25, standard target, off-hand:

W H Beardsley	8	8	10	10	9	4	9	9	9	8—82
W B Wheeler	7	8	8	8	7	8	9	10	8	7—80
G E Bells	8	10	6	7	7	8	7	9	8	7—77
A C Wheeler	8	7	7	5	7	5	7	4	10	7—71
J W Brown	0	4	6	7	6	6	4	7	6	8—59
C H Barber	4	8	4	3	10	5	8	4	4	5—55

Revolver match, same target, 50yds.:

J W Brown	9	10	10	8	9	8	8	10	9	6—87
R S Bassett	4	9	6	6	6	8	10	4	7	5—66

THE MAYNARD RIFLE CLUB of Chicopee Falls, Mass., made the following scores Saturday at Riverside Range:

Clark	10	8	7	9	8	8	7	8	7	9—79	
	10	6	8	7	10	8	6	9	9	5—78	
	9	9	6	7	7	9	5	9	8	8—77	
	9	8	9	9	8	3	5	6	8	8—79	
Capen											

Engle

6	10	7	7	7	8	9	6	7	7	—74
9	8	6	6	7	6	8	7	10	7	—76
7	9	5	7	5	10	9	8	6	9	6—
8	7	8	10	8	7	6	8	4	8	—74
6	10	7	6	6	5	3	6	9	9	—65

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

To the list of competing clubs as given in our last issue there have been added:

White City Gun Club, White City, Kan.
Delhi Gun Club, Cleves, O.
Lockport Gun Club, Lockport, N. Y.

THE MINNEAPOLIS TOURNAMENT.

THE fourth annual tournament under the auspices of the Minneapolis Gun Club opened under very favorable circumstances in the club's range near Minnehaha on the 23d ult. The weather could not have been more favorable. There were 38 entries in the most popular event of the day. There were but a few spectators in the forenoon, but in the afternoon the number was large.

The first event was at 7 blue rock pigeons, with 18yds. rise. There were 62 entries and the scores were: Krueger 1, Harrison 3, Powell 2, Skinner 7, Bonte 4, Shaft 5, Ensign 6, Paul 5, Thomas 6, Sisson 3, Stevens 6, Madison 7, Johnson 4, Hopper 3, Williams 5, Chantler 5, Gordon 3, Hannah 6, Newton 3, Macomber 5, Ruble 3, Robinson 6, Tuttle 3, Dean 2, Henry 5, Catamaran 4, Maloney 2, Russell 5, Rockey 6, Jones 3, Zinke 3, Best 3. First and second money was divided, Russell won third, Bonte fourth and Tuttle fifth prize.

There were 33 entries for the second event—a shoot at 10 pigeons, sent out in 6 singles and 3 pairs, at 15yds. rise. The score was: Krueger 6, Paine 7, Paul 7, Skinner 6, Stern 7, Sisson 6, Chantler 5, Ensign 7, Jones 7, Ormonde 7, Rucker 4, Hanna 8, Shaft 8, Bonte 4, Thompson 6, Hopper 4, Newton 5, Henry 5, Tuttle 7, Madison 5, Zinke 4, Dean 7, Rockey 7, Robinson 8, Johnson 5, Williams 7, Gordon 8, Russel 8, Ruble 6, Rye 8, Macomber 9, Catamaran 6, Harrison 4. Macomber won first money, second was divided, Paul won third and fourth was divided between Sisson and Hanna.

The following event in the afternoon was a shoot at fifteen pigeons, sent away in nine singles and three pairs. The score was: Shaft 10, Robt. White 12, Paul 13, Skinner 12, Thomas 9, Chantler 8, Tuttle 10, Stearn 13, Madison 11, Krueger 10, Ensign 8, Bouts 8, Henry 9, Hooper 8, Kennedy 10, Zwicke 6, Dean 8, Rockey 10, Hanna 13, Sandpugh 6, Robinson 12, Gordon 11, Newton 9, Jones 11, Williams 10, Johnson 12, Harrison 11, Russell 10, Houghtaling 8, Sisson 7, Whitcomb 8, Pye 9, Macomber 10. After shooting off ties, first second and third moneys were divided. Krueger won fourth money, and fifth prize was won by Thomas.

Thirty-eight marksmen contested in the fourth event, a shoot at ten single birds. This was the showing made: Madison 8, Skinner 8, Rockey 7, Houghtaling 7, Whitcomb 8, Bonte 6, Tuttle 10, Stearn 7, White 6, Russell 8, Chandler 6, Robinson 7, Krueger 4, Shaft 7, Macomber 7, Hanna 10, Paul 8, Koontz 8, Thomas 7, Maloney 7, Jones 6, Newton 6, Gordon 7, Williams 8, Harrison 8, E. H. E. 6, Dean 7, Zincke 5, Kennedy 9, Ensign 4, Johnson 9, Daly 7, Hopper 9, Pye 5, Sisson 5, Henry 5, Rand 8, Morgan 6. Ties in first, second and third money divided; Thomas won fourth prize, and Dr. Skinner won fifth prize—an implement loader.

The marksmen who assembled on the 24th. at the Minnehaha range to participate in the second day's contests of the Minneapolis club's annual tournament were greeted with a very stiff breeze. The forenoon was too windy for comfort and good shooting, but the men showed the benefit of the first day's practice. The shooting averaged up well. In the afternoon it was quite pleasant. The most interesting features of the day were the team contests and the repeating rifle shoot.

The first event of the day and the fifth event on the programme was a shoot at ten Peoria blackbirds. The score was as follows: Skinner 9, Manhattan 9, Daly 7, White 9, Pye 6, Burke 9, Gordon 10, Russell 9, Thomas 8, Ensign 5, Hopper 9, Paul 9, Zincke 6, McCarthy 4, Robinson 8, Krueger 7, Harrison 8, Best 8, Madison 7, Kennedy 8, Sterns 10, Hanna 8, Jones 6, Dabell 9, Sisson 6, Tuttle 9, Whitcomb 6, Henry 8, Perkins 4, Dean 10, Knapp 8, Koons 6, Bonte 5, Johnson 8, Newton 9, Williams 7, Shaft 6, Hetherington 7.

The next shoot was at 15 blackbirds, 9 singles and 5 pairs. The marksmen made scores as follows: Shaft 15, Henry 12, Skinner 13, Manhattan 12, Kennedy 11, Hall 8 Thomas 14, Sterns 10, Burke 13, Sisson 14, Daly 12, Dobett 9, Ensign 7, Hanna 10, Bonte 7, Krueger 13, Hopper 11, Tuttle 13, Zincke 10, White 13, Robinson 12, Newton 12, Madison 11, Dean 11, Knapp 8, Johnson 10, Jones 12, Best 8. Gordon 12, Russell 13, Murphy 10, Whitcomb 9. Moneys were divided.

Teams of 6 men were organized from the shooters of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Hastings. Twenty birds were sent up, 10 singles and 5 pairs. The result was:

Hastings.		St. Paul.		Minneapolis.	
Shaft	14	Pfister	15	Russell	15
Hanna	18	Kennedy	16	Rockey	13
Tuttle	17	Burkhart	16	Krueger	11
Gremer	18	Paul	14	Ruble	16
Hetherington	10	Sisson	15	Dean	15
Westerson	11	Paine	12	Skinner	15
	88		88		85

To decide on the ties between the Hastings and St. Paul teams, 10 pigeons were sent out for each man. The score was: Hastings, 43; St. Paul 47.

This was at 10 Peoria blackbirds. There were 32 entries, and the score was: Krunger 8, Daly 8, Skinner 10, Manhattan 7, Whitcomb 7, Thomas 5, Sisson 5, Sterns 9, Shaft 8, Newton 7, Kennedy 7, White 3, Bente 9, Burke 6, Hopper 6, Dean 6, Gorgen 7, Quicke 6, Murphy 9, Bust 5, Ensign 8, Haun 9, Johnson 10, Knapp 8, Pye 5, Jones 7, Henry 7, Paul 6, Tuttle 9, Ralmson 7, Madison 9, Russell 7. First, second, third and fourth moneys were divided and fifth money was wonby Paul.

An interesting event in the tournament was the shoot for repeating Winchesters. The score: Skinner 11, Daly 13, Whitcomb 11, Manhattan 10, Burke 8, Kennedy 12, Morgan 9, Krueger 11, Shaft 10, Knapp 7, Newton 12, Tuttle 10, Sterns 10, Robinson 10, Thomas 13, Paul 13, White 11, Rocky 10, Johnson 12, Jones 11, Zincke 10, Henry 12, Dean 11, Sisson 12, Madison 10, Harrison 10, Ensign 10, Gordon 11, Williams 9, Hopher 13, Russell 10. The moneys were divided.

The third day of the Minneapolis Gun Club tournament was more pleasurable to those who participated in the events than either of the preceding days. Some of the local and State shooters got discouraged by the presence of some of the crack shots of the country, and did not participate. The entries were numerous enough to make it interesting, however. Budd and Stice, the great wing shots from abroad, fared well as usual. The weather was all that could be expected.

There were 22 entries for the first match of the day and the ninth of the meet, a shoot at 7 Peoria blackbirds, sent up at 18yds. rise. The score was: Krueger, 7; Russell, 6; Lake, 5; Bonte, 5; Budd, 7; Chantler 6; Whitcomb, 4; Willard, 7; Sterns, 5; Tuttle, 4; Daly, 7; Block, 6; White, 6; Paine, 6; Paul, 7; Penwell, 4; Madison, 6; Hart, 6; Kennedy, 6; Ensign, 5; Shaft, 6; Gordon, 5. First second and third money were divided and fourth was won by Gordon.

Eighteen marksmen entered for the second event of the day, a shoot at 15 blackbirds, sent away in 9 singles and 3 pairs. Mr. Willard made the only 15, with Budd and Stice, the famous wing shots, in second place with 14 birds each. The score stood: Krueger 11, Russell 12, Lake 13, Budd 14, White 11, Chantler 11, Daly 11, Shaft 12, Willard 15, Stice 14, Paine 11, Bonte 7, Ensign 13. Kennedy 9, Paul 9, Gordon 13. Messrs. Hart and Thompson, who had entered, withdrew after 10 men had shot. Third money was divided, while Shaft won fourth, after shooting off the ties on 12.

The Jacksonville marksman, Stice, won first money in the third event. It was a sweepstakes shoot at 10 blackbirds sent away in pairs. This was the score: Stice 10, Whitcomb 7, Shaft 8, Millard 5, Budd 9, Chantler 8, Bonte 7, Hart 6, Paine 6, Paul 9, Courtney 6, White 9, Russell 6, Daly, Tuttle 9, Ensign 7, Kennedy 8, Krueger 8, Sisson 8, Lake 8. All moneys but first were divided.

The fourth event of the day was a shoot at 15 birds. The score was: Lake 11, Murphy 13, Budd 15, Daly 11, Chantler 10, Krueger 10, White 14, Bonte 12, Paine 11, Stice 13, Shaft 14, Ensign 8, Hart 11, Paul 11, Willard 12, Kennedy 14, Sisson 10, Courtney 14, Gordon 9, Russell 12, Legg 9, Knapp 7, Rocky 11, Madison 13. Budd destroyed the 15 birds, White won second money and the other moneys were divided.

The attendance at the fourth day's shooting of the Minneapolis Gun Club on the 26th was much smaller than any previous day. There were many of the State and local marksmen who participated in the sport of Monday and Tuesday who did not think they stood any show in the contest entered by Budd and Stice, the great wing shots, whom many people regard as "professionals." So far as the weather was concerned, the day was the most favorable thus far.

The first contest was at 10 blue rock pigeons. There were but 9 entries. The score was: Stice 9, Paine 9, Harrison 9, Budd 10, Willard 7, Courtney 10, Whitcomb 8, Bader 4, Russell 7. First money was divided, second went to Harrison, third was divided and fourth went to Bader. There were but 6 entries in the next shoot, which was at 10 blue rock pigeons, sent up in 6 singles and 2 pairs. Shaft made a score of 10 and got first money, with Budd and Courtney dividing second money on 9. There was a special sweepstakes shoot at 10 birds. First was divided between Skinner and Budd, Courtney won second and third was divided between Shaft and White.

Budd and Stice carried off first honors in the next event, which was a shoot at 10 birds, sent away in 6 singles and 2 pairs. There were 16 entries and the score stood: Harrison 7, Shaft 8, Paul 7, Paine 7, Leonard 2, Budd 10, Stice 10, Skinner 7, White 8, Parker 6, Jayslin 8, Rand 2, Kennedy 6, Courtney 9, Whitcomb 6, Russel 6. First money was divided, second went to Courtney, third was divided and Harrison won fourth.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot at Dunellen, May 25. The match between Lever and Quinlan is off, and another made between Lever, Quinlan and Cannon for $50 a corner, at 30 birds, Cannon to stand 36yds., the others at 30 yds. Considerable interest is taken in this match as both Lever and Quinlan have their friends, with Cannon selling third choice. For a consideration, I think I could place them in one, two, three order at the finish. The day opened with first on the programme, a team shoot of 5 men a side for the birds. Teams captained by Dickens and Lever.

Dickens, (30)	10111—4	Lever, (30)	11211—5
Wyckoff, (30)	12111—5	C. Smith, (30)	22110—4
D. Terry, (30)	11021—3	N. Terry, (30)	11120—4
Darby, (30)	11111—5	Dean, (26)	22010—3
Keller, (28)	11122—5	Van Neise, (26)	01110—3
	22		19

Five birds:

Five birds for the birds:			
C Smith (30)	12211—5	Dickens (30)	11012—4
T H Keller (28)	21110—4	C Smith (30)	21010—3

First sweep, 3 birds, ties miss and out: C. Smith and W. Terry first, Darby second.

Second sweep, 4 birds:

Lever (30)	1112—4	Forrest (29)	1101—3
Quinlan (30)	1111—4	W Terry (30)	1010—2
Dickens (30)	1120—3	Dean (26)	0111—3
C Smith (30)	1101—3	Darby (30)	1122—4
D Terry (30)	1111—4	Keller (28)	0200—1
Williams (30)	1112—4		

Quinlan, Darby and Williams first, with second tie on 4, Dickens second, with 8 to Dean's 7. W. Terry third.

Third sweep, 4 birds:

Lever (30)	1001—2	W Terry (30)	1212—4
Quinlan (30)	2112—4	Darby (30)	1121—4
Dickens (30)	1112—4	Voorhees (30)	2201—3
C Smith (30)	1021—3	Creely (30)	2112—4
D Terry (30)	1101—3	Keller (28)	1020—2
Williams (30)	1112—4	Dean (26)	1112—4
Forrest (29)	1012—3		

Shoot off: Quinlan, W. Terry and Creely first; Voorhees and D. Terry second, Keller and Lever third.

Fourth sweep, 4 birds:

Cannon (26)	1120—3	Forrest (29)	0122—3
Miller (30)	1111—4	Quinlan (30)	1110—3
J H Force (30)	1100—2	W Terry (30)	1111—4
Manitz (30)	0101—2	Creely (30)	1120—3
Lever (30)	0110—2	C Smith (30)	1102—3
S G Smith (29)	1212—4	Dickens (30)	1221—4
Williams (30)	1112—4	Dean (26)	2100—2
Conover (30)	1111—4	Voorhees (30)	2110—3
Squires (30)	1111—4	D Terry (30)	2111—4

Shoot-off: Miller, S. G. Smith and W. Terry tied on 9 and took first, Quinlan, Forrest and Creely second, Lever and Dean third.

Fifth sweep, 2 pairs live birds, 21yds. rise:

Williams	11	11—4	Miller	11	11—4
Lever	10	11—3	Conover	11	10—3
Voorhees	11	11—4	D Terry	11	11—4
Quinlan	11	01—3	Cannon	10	10—2
Dickens	11	01—3	Creely	00	10—1
Forrest	00	00—0	S G Smith	10	11—3
J H Force	11	11—4	W Terry	1...	11	10—3
C Smith	01	00—1			

Ties one pair: Williams and Voorhees first, Conover second, Cannon third.

BROOKLYN, May 30.—The Fountain and Coney Island Rod and Gun clubs shot to-day in 25yds. sweepstakes at Woodlawn, L. I. C. W. Jones killed 17 birds straight. He took first prize in the first and divided the second sweepstake. Dr. Shield killed 16 out of 17 and of 311 birds shot at only 64 escaped.

CARVER VS. BREWER.—Philadelphia, May 23.—The first of a series of three matches between John L. Brewer, of New Jersey, and Dr. W. F. Carver, of California, took place this afternoon. The shoot began at 3:10 and ended at 6:05, with an intermission of ten minutes after fifty birds each had been shot at. Hurlingham rules with Monaco boundary, 18yds. and 21in. from the center trap. The pigeons were a poor lot, but the wind blowing across the traps made some of them hard to gather inside the bounds. Brewer used an L. C. Smith gun, Carver a Greener hammerless. Following is the score:

Carver.		Brewer.	
	2211222021 1212211211		1c22122111 c111212111
	2221112122 1222121c11		2211112222 2220211011
	2112221012 0123111110		1220120022 0211c12202
	2211222211 201o221222		2211212222 1120020220
	2221221212 0c212c0211—86		0111202210 1201111220—80

47 hit with second barrel. 39 hit with second barrel.

2 denotes birds killed with second barrel. o birds that fell dead out of bounds but inside of 80yds.

May 24.—The second match between Carver and Brewer was to have been shot this afternoon at Pastime Park, but just as they were about starting a representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals appeared and informed the principles that if the match were begun they would arrest every one connected with it. As there were a large number of gentlemen who had paid their admission to see the match, and not wanting them to be disappointed, Messrs. Brewer and Carver shot at 100 clay pigeons each, 30yds. rise, use of both barrels, both using the same guns that they used at Monday's match. The birds were thrown from three traps. Brewer defeated Carver by a score of 87 to 77, as follows. Brewer taking the lead on the sixteenth bird and keeping it to the finish:

Carver.		Brewer.	
	1112110222 1111101010		0121111111 1121221111
	0011102101 0111010111		1102111112 2211101201
	2100111111 0111120012		1101111111 2120111011
	1211110111 1112110111		2112110221 1110111120
	1001102111 0110221211—77		2221210111 1221120210—87

14 hit with second barrel. 24 hit with second barrel.

Dr. Carver will to-morrow enter suit against the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to recover damages to the amount of $10,000 for their stopping the matches of to-day and to-morrow between himself and Brewer.—H. T.

AVON, N. Y., May 25.—Matches at Peoria blackbirds, 15yds.:

First String.

C Goodrich	1101101—5	F Fisk	1001010—3
Wm Gugg	0000011—2	W M Hyde	0111110—5
S T Vary	1000001—2	E H Clark	1111101—6
N Dann	1100110—4	D Gugg	0100011—3
R J Nesbit	1001101—4		

Second String.

E H Clark	1000000111—4	N Dann	0011110001—5
C Goodrich	1101110111—8	S T Vary	0001000000—1
W M Hyde	1011011000—5	F Fish	0100101110—5
R J Nesbit	0000111000—3	Wm Gugg	1110111111—9

Third String.

Wm Gugg	1111101—6	E H Clark	0000001—1
C Goodrich	0001111—4	R J Nesbit	1000111—3
W M Hyde	0110111—5	S T Vary	0001011—3
N Dann	0111011—5	A Tripp	1101011—5
F Fish	0010100—2		

Sweepstakes.

N Dann	1000000010010100001— 5	S T Vary	0011110001101000111—10
R J Nesbit	1000101000010 w — 5	F Fish	0100001000011110000— 6
C Goodrich	1011111010011111010111— 4	W M Hyde	0111000111010 w — 8
Wm Gugg	0101011100011110111—12	E H Clark	1001111100110 w — 9

SPORTSMAN.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB, at New Dorp, S. I., May 25.—Match at live pigeons. H and T ground traps, 21, 25, and 30yds. rise, 80yds. bound. Shot under club rules. Gold medal prize.

Bierbaum, 25yds	1111011111— 9	Boesenecker (21)	1111011100— 7
Hassinger (21)	1100111110— 7	Klein (21)	1111111111—10
Schlicht (25)	0011111111— 8	Kunz, F. (25)	1001100101— 5
Bohling (30)	1101011101— 7	Kunz, H. (21)	0101111010— 6
Lucas (21)	0110010101— 5	Breen (21)	1010100101— 5
Santer (21)	1010110111— 7	Pfaender (25)	1110101110— 7
Hunt (21)	0101110111— 7	Schuler (21)	1111111001— 7
Schmitt (25)	1111111111—10	Fischer (21)	1011111110— 8
Greitner (21)	1111100010— 6	Strube (21)	1110111110— 8

Ties on 10 for first at 3 birds, 21 and 25yds.

Schmitt, 25yds	110— 2	Klein, 21yds	111— 3

Gold medal to Klein.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 21.—Match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons; one Ligowsky clay-pigeon screened trap; 18 yds. rise; W. G. C. rules.

Saml Davis	0111110101—7	P F Yost	1110110121—8
F Hessler	1101101111—8	G Hessler	0001110010—4
I Jackson	1111100110—7	G Scargle	1111111000—7
T Scargle	1011010110—6	Jas Sparks	1011010101—6
Wm Ulary	1011010111—7	H Kane	0111111100—7
J W Sidel	0122201201—7	T MacNamara	0111001111—7
H Graham	1122001010—6	C Spiney	0120010011—5

Miss and out, P. F. Yost 2, I. Jackson 1, C. B. Briney 0, S. Davis 6, H. Graham 0, T. MacNamara 2, H. Kane 1, T. Scargle 6; tie won by Davis.

Match, same conditions, May 23:

F Hessler	1110111111—9	A Ulary	1001011011— 9
E Handsbury	0000101011—4	S Davis	1111011211— 6
W Ulary	2110111121—9	J Jackson	0110111000— 5
T Scargle	0021010111—6	H Kane	0110001000— 3
H Graham	2202001101—6	G Hessler	2111121111—10
J Sparks	1110111011—8	P F Yost	0000001100— 2

KENT, O., May 13.—Kent Rod and Gun Club's bi-weekly shoot for the gold medal. Weather fine; 20 blue rocks, 3 traps:

Underwood	1011010001110000010— 8	Allen	0001010110100101001000— 3
Waldron	1111101111011101101—16	Rouse	0101100000010110110— 9
Caris	1101111111111011110—17	France	1110110010111110110—10
West	0111011111111110111—17	C H Kelso	0101001011100011111—12
Ball	1101110101001011111—14	Clemans	1101110111101101010—14
Musser	0010000100110100111— 9	E S Kelso	0110000111011001101—11
Claucy	1001001110010111111—12	E Creoger	1011000100011111100—11

Tie on 17: Caris 111—3; West 101—2.—SPORT.

CARVER VS. DAVENPORT.—Brooklyn, May 28.—On account of the rain the match between L. I. Davenport and Dr. Carver today was reduced to 50 birds each, instead of 100, as arranged. L. I Davenport was first to the score and succeeded in killing 37 out of 50. Dr. Carver only missed 3 out of the 50 shot at. The following is the score:

Dr Carver		L I Davenport	
	1111111111—10		1101011010— 6
	1111110011— 8		1111111100— 8
	1111110111— 9		1110110111— 8
	1111111111—10		0111111110— 8
	1111111111—10		1111000111— 7
	—		—
	47		37

Drivers—Dr. Carver, 10; Davenport, 7. Right quarterers—Dr. Carver, 16; Davenport, 7. Left quarterers—Dr. Carver, 17; Davenport, 17. Incomers—Dr. Carver, 4; Davenport, 4. Referee, Mr. Von Lengerke. Trapper, W. Mills.

BROOKLYN, May 25.—The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club had a very pleasant afternoon's sport at Dexter Park, Long Island, today. Besides the ten members who shot for the Bernard Midas diamond badge, there were upward of thirty members of the club and their friends present. Chris Dussler found the birds, and although they were young they flew very well. Out of 76 birds shot at 55 were killed. Both barrels were used. Ex-Supervisor Forbell tied with Phil von Drale for the badge, and in the shoot-off Forbell let his last bird go, after killing 6 straight, and let Von Drale win it. The score is as follows:

E A Forbell (27)	1111111—7	B Rausch (24)	0101111—5
J Selover (27)	1011100—4	F Ochs (27)	1011011—5
P von Drale (24)	1111111—7	W Wilte (21)	0110000—2
P Sutter (27)	1011111—6	D Powell (27)	0011001—3
C Magee (24)	0111110—5	W Linington (27)	1111110—6

ST. LOUIS, May 21.—The Mound City Gun Club held their weekly shoot at the Cote Brilliante race track to-day. The Mound City's have adopted National Gun Association rules and use five traps for all their shooting.

First sweep, 10 blackbirds, 18 yards rise: Thurber 7, Blue 5, McGivney 2, Fox 4, Bright 6, Brawner 6, Hill 9, Wells 6. Hill won first and Thurber second.

Second sweep, 10 blackbirds, 18 yards rise: Thurber 7, Blue 3, McGveny7 7, Fox 7, Bright 4, Brawner 4, Hilli 10, Wells 7, McDowell 6, Flynn 5, Simpson 3, Horner7, Weber 4, Henry 5, Meyer 7, James 8. Hill won first, Fox and Horner divided second.

Third sweep, 10 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise: Thurber 8, Blue 7, McGivney 6, Fox 7, Bright 4, Brawner 6, Hill 8, Wells 6, McDowell 9, Flynn 5, Simpson 4, Horner 7, Weber 5, Henry 4, Meyer 4, James 6, Faber 6, Bohn 6, Jacks 5, Louis 5. Hill won after an exciting shoot-off with Thurber, Fox and Horner divided second, McGivney and Wells divided third.

Fourth sweep, 10 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise: Blue 2, McGivney 6, Hill 9, Wells 7, McDowell 4, Flynn 5, Horner 5, Weber 7, Henry 4, James 4, Faber 1, Bohn 4, Louis 5, Adams 3, Bradford 7. Hill won first, Wells second and McGivney third.

Fifth sweep, 5 clay-pigeons: Horner 1, Wells 4, James 2, Flynn 2, McGivney 2, Adams 2. Wells won.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., May 20.—At the semi-monthly shoot of Solomon Gun Club the following scores were made, and there was a small turnout on account of weather and heavy winds. The club anticipates a good time at blue rocks and live birds on Decoration Day:

Dewad	1111111111211110—14	Kraeuchi	0011001101010100— 7
Edworthy	0222000101000020— 6	Crooks	1111010102101020—10

[We have received a photograph of the club members on their shooting grounds at Solomon City, Kan. There are ten in the club and as many more in the group who may, in process of time, develop into gunners and join the club. The picture is a pleasing one.]

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

The Royal C. C. will sail their Challenge Cup Race on Hendon Lake, on June 11, 1887, and invite American canoeists to attend and compete.

JUNE.

5. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

THE A. C. A. MEET OF 1887.

FROM the following report of the Committee on Camp Site it will be seen that an excellent location has been found, and at very small cost, the use of the ground being free. The arrangements for supplies, camp steamer, etc. are very satisfactory, and there is now every promise of a most successful meet in August. It is very doubtful whether our English friends will be with us this year, as nothing has been heard from them, but they may yet decide to return for another race for the trophy. The programme we published last week offers some good racing and will at the same time make an attractive exhibition for the spectators. Of course there will be a "Squaw Point" this year and many of the old dwellers in the grove at Grindstone will pitch their tents there. Already several parties are made up and the attendance will probably be quite large. The arrangements for meals makes it possible for those who wish to camp to do so with little trouble, as no cooking need be done. The regatta committee has requested Mr. Nate Smith of Newburgh to serve as clerk of the course, and he has consented to act. The report is as follows:

R. J. Wilkin, Commodore:

Your committee have the pleasure to report that on the 24th and 25th of May a visit was made to Plattsburgh and Bow and Arrow Point, Lake Champlain, and arrangements commenced for the 1887 camp. An unusually late resumption of navigation prevented any earlier efforts.

The site in question was found to be one desirable in the extreme, a well wooded wild point almost an island sloping down to an easy beach on one side and up to precipitous bluff on the other.

Headquarters will be at S. E. end. For sailing or paddling the surrounding bays are incomparable, several islands giving shelter for those who prefer it to the grander cruising of the open lake.

A good site offers for ladies' camp at the N. W. end.

There are no houses on the point and very few near. It is owned by Mr. J. A. Dodds, farmer, North Hill, Vermont, who agrees to give the A. C. A. its exclusive use during the camp in consideration of the advantage of publicity which such use will bring him.

The steamer Maquan, Capt. Hawley, is a large well appointed boat plying between Plattsburgh and Maquan. Captain Hawley will erect a small wharf and will touch at camp each trip. Fare 25c., baggage and canoes free, distance 7 or 8 miles.

The Foquet House is a first-class hotel opposite the railway depot, kept by Mr. Phelps Smith of Adirondack fame, who will erect the necessary shelters, tables, etc., and board A. C. A. men in camp for one dollar per day. Breakfast of meat, eggs, coffee or tea, milk, cakes, etc., etc. Dinner—Soup, roasts and vegetables, pastry, etc., etc. Supper—Cold meats, etc., sweets, tea or coffee, etc.

A prominent grocery firm, Nichols & Co. of Plattsburgh, will provide tent or other shelter and run a general store at usual prices, for all other necessaries beyond the meals supplied by restaurant. Farm produce from Mr. Dodds, the owner, will be retailed at the store, and orders for fresh meat or any other requisites not in stock will be taken in consideration of there being no other store in camp.

The railway depot is on the lake shore with side tracks on wharf by which special cars when used can be run alongside the steamer.

Gen. R. S. Oliver and Mr. C. V. Winne of the Mohican C. C. can give valuable assistance in making arrangements with the D. & H. Railway Company, whose representatives are always most courteous and obliging, and also with the connection at Albany with down river steamers, all of which land alongside the D. & H. tracks.

The camp of 1887 will enjoy advantages unsurpassed before and the above arrangements have been made without incurring any expense to the A. C. A.

The confirmation by the Commodore of the agreements above stated is awaited by the contracting parties.

Your committee and the A. C. A. are deeply indebted to the friendly assistance of the Rev. H. M. Smyth for introductions and information, also to Mr. Ross W. Nichols and Mr. W. L. Foote who put their yacht Dream in commission for the cruise about the site. And it is a pleasure to acknowledge the courtesy and good will of the gentlemen with whom arrangements were made, and to report that Plattsburgh extends so cordial an invitation.

Mr. Frank Hubbard of this committee reports that absence from the country prevented his attending, but a valuable letter of information represented him. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ROBERT W. GIBSON.

ALBANY, May 27, 1887.

THE SPRING MEETS.

THE races this year coming on Monday we are obliged to leave a full report until next week. The meet at Haddam Island was well attended and the racing was good, but both there and at Croton Point the cold and disagreeable weather made the first camping of the season less pleasant than it would otherwise have been. The Hudson River canoeists turned out in good numbers at Croton Point and a successful regatta was held on the Shrewsbury River.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following named gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Dr. H. E. Rice, Springfield, Mass.; F. J. Tate, Lakefield, Can.; W. Lister, Lakefield, Can.; C. S. Byington, Albany, N. Y.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.

THE programme for the races at the Northern Division Meet, July 31 to Aug. 12, is as follows:

PADDLING RACES.

1. Classes II. and III.—Open canoes, single blades.
2. Classes IV. and V.—Open canoes, single blade. (See Note B).
3. Classes A, B and C.—Sailing canoes that are decked and fitted with a centerboard.
4. Classes II. and III.—Open or decked, any blade.
5. Classes IV. and V.—Open or decked, any blade. (See Note A).
6. Classes II. and III.—Tandem—Open canoes, single blades; decked canoes, double blades.
7. Classes IV. and V.—Tandem—Open canoes, single blades; decked canoes, double blades.
8. Any class or paddle, three paddlers in a canoe.
9. Any canoe or paddle, lady and gentleman's tandem.

SAILING RACES.

10. Classes A, B and C.—Decked canoes, unlimited rig or ballast; 3 miles.
11. Classes A, B and C.—Open canoes, unlimited rig or ballast; 3 miles.
12. Classes A, B and C.—Decked, unlimited sail, ballasted with a passenger weighing at least 125lbs. (See Note C).
13. Classes A, B and C.—Open canoes; ditto.
14. Classes A, B and C.—Man-overboard race, to be started in the usual manner; at a pistol shot sails are to be lowered and skippers all jump overboard, regain their positions and finish the race.
15. Classes A, B and C.—Combined paddling and sailing race, open or decked; course 3 miles, the half miles to be alternately paddled and sailed, commencing under paddle.
15. Hurry Scurry Race.—200yds. race, 25yds. swim and 200yds. paddle.
17. Portage Race.—Course to be decided at the meet.
18. Catch the Duck Race.

Note A.—The best five flags will be given to the five competitors making the best average or record in races 3, 4, 5, 10, 11 and 15; canoes entering both 3 and 5 will have their best record in either of these races taken.

Note B.—The definition of Class V, paddling, and Class C, sailing, is length not over 16ft., beam not over 32in. It has been added to let in the majority of existing open Peterboro hunting and cruising canoes 16×31 and 16×32.

Note C.—The committee thought it advisable to have some kind of a cruising load race; they thought of making the canoes carry a certain amount of ballast, but came to the conclusion that it would entail too much work on themselves weighing out rocks or sandbags for each competitor. It was thought that the lady friends of the contestants might enjoy a sailing match and at the same time act as a good cruising load.

Note D.—First and second prize flags will be given in each of the events provided there are four starters. The above programme may be altered by the regatta committee, who will be pleased to receive suggestions from members of the Northern Division or any one intending to be present at the meet.

The events for each day will be posted on the notice board at camp each morning before 8 o'clock.

R. C. STRICKLAND, Chairman, Lakefield.
J. G. EDWARDS, Lindsay.
W. G. MCKENDRICK, Toronto.
} Regatta Committee.

TORONTO C. C. NOTES.

THE Masons, Tysons, Neilsons, Johnsons and all the other sons and members of the Toronto C. C. have moved into their new quarters in front of the Union station which command a magnificent view of the entire bay and the blue lake beyond.

The new club house is a substantial building 50×25 two and half stories high, with spacious balconies and a flat roof, from which the aged and less enthusiastic members, together with lady friends and admirers, will view the attempts of the members who will hustle for the five club medals. The first floor is filled up with 48 racks for canoes. The second floor contains the club room, 25×25, which is finished in pine, oiled and varnished, also the locker room, 20×25, where each member has a locker 10ft. high 20in. deep and 18in. wide (and yet some of the boys want more room to stow away duffle), this room has been so arranged that members can bring their canoes into it, hoist and work on a 100ft. sail without any inconvenience, it is also used to hoist all the wet sails and leave them to dry, twenty can be accommodated at once.

In one corner of this room is a shower bath, which besides being used to douse the boys, will be occupied by the photographers of the club as a dark room. In the other corner is a stair leading to the garret where about five of the boys have been roosting for two weeks and spending all their spare moments rigging, etc. The entire building is fitted up with gas and city water and on the lower flat a hose is connected with the latter so that members can clean the sand out of their canoes without getting down on their marrow bones and doing pendance.

The club intends this season to keep up the reputation it has gained in previous years as paddlers, as sailors, and above all as cruisers. In the paddling line Johnson, Jacques, Leys and some new blood will endeavor to hold up their end of the stick. In sailing it is an open question who will do the holding up, as there has been such a changing of hands in the craft that until the first race no one can tell where he will be in the list. But in cruising each and every one of us get there with both hands. This is the one thing in which every member of the club from the oldest to the youngest can take a turn at and have as good a time as the next fellow. A trip was arranged for and successfully carried out on our Queen's birthday, May 24, ten members started out on the Saturday afternoon and cruised along the lake shore, returning on Tuesday night, and reported having a glorious time. Heretofore all the canoes in the club have been built with the prime object in view of being good cruisers, but this season Messrs. W. A. Leys and W. G. McKendrick have left this hard-beaten path and built racers, or what we hope will be racers, 16×30in. with rising floors and pretty fine ends. Now we do not propose to call these craft cruisers. We leave that for those who think you can get a good cruiser out of a 30in. craft with a rising floor. We have built these racers to try to keep up with the A. C. A. programme in which a cruising canoe man has no place and apparently is not wanted.

Mr. Leys's craft is built by Ruggles off a design by Mr. W. P. Stephens, and appears to be very much like the Mona, of Brockville, and should be very fast. She will carry a suit of sliding gunter sails of about 85sq. ft. Her board is a 10lb. brass one and fitted in a low wooden trunk. The '87 Mac is a rather peculiar model 16x30x12, with a fine entrance of 9ft. and a full run of 7ft. The bow has no flare above the 6in. waterline, while the stern has considerable. Her bow at the keel is rockered 4in. and the stern the same. The foremast tube is 9in. from bow and the mizzen tubes 12 and 13ft., the bulkheads are 4ft. and 12ft. 6in. She is a smooth-skin built by Wm. English, of Peterboro, from a design by her owner, and is a splendid piece of workmanship and a credit to her builder. Her trial sails will have an area of about 75sq. ft. They are entirely behind the mast, and are hoisted by travelers running in a brass tube let into the mast and securely fastened. Her centerboard is of spring steel weighing 4lbs., encased in a low brass trunk; the drop rudder is of steel, of a new design, and with a very large area. Her skipper is much the same as last year, thank you, only with less hair on his head, owing to the way he racked his brains and tore his wool trying to get some of the aforesaid novelties to work satisfactorily. She will be ready for the first race of the club on June 11, and in the meantime her critics, of which there are many, are trying to calculate on which point, if any, she will be fast. Most of them agree in thinking her strong holt will be "getting upside down quicker than anything in the club," while several go one better by prophesying that in calm water with a light breeze she will be fast, provided her skipper can keep inside of her. These members, it is needless to say, have never seen a craft of the Pecowsic model. More anon.

TORONTO, May 27. MAC.

ROCHESTER C. C.—Rochester, N. Y., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Regatta Committee of the Rochester C. C. has adopted the following programme of races for 1887, to be held at Canoe Point, Irondequoit Bay. Course triangular, ½mile between buoys; the whole course 3 miles. A. C. A. rules govern all races. June 22, spring regatta and formal opening of new clubhouse. 11 A. M., sailing cup race (first in a series of five for the Ward cup. The four other races July 6, 20, Sept. 7 and 21); 12:00 M., dinner; 1:30 P. M., review of club fleet; 2:00, sailing, class B.; 3:00, sailing, "man overboard;" 4:00, hand paddling, all classes, no paddles, course straightaway; 4:30, upset, all classes, course straightaway; 7:00, opening of club house.—GEO. H. HARRIS, Purser.

OAKLAND C. C.—On May 23 the Oakland C. C., of Oakland, Cal., entertained at its hours the Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco. The Corinthian fleet sailed up in the afternoon, being met at the mouth of Oakland Creek by Com. Blow and the canoe fleet. The ten yachts of the C. Y. C. fleet were escorted into the basin, and, after a sail, anchored off the canoe club house, where the crews were entertained at dinner. Late in the afternoon they departed with the ebb tide for home.

RUSHTON'S BOATS AND CANOES.—To all who want a boat without knowing definitely the particular style of craft which will best suit their uses, we recommend the very full and complete catalogue of boats and canoes issued by J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y. The old canoeist and boatman will find much that is new to interest him, but it will be specially valuable to the novice from the number and variety of boats illustrated, covering all classes from the plainly finished rowboat for hard use and the light-weight canoe for paddling, up to steam launches and the most elaborately fitted racing canoes. The method of construction still employed is that described in previous catalogues, and so well known to the many who have tested the Rushton boats; but in addition two new methods have been added, described as follows: "In the semi-smooth boats all streaks will be beveled to an edge on the inside of the boat, and the next streak to be nailed on will be beveled just as much as may be needed to make smooth work inside. This will leave an outer edge like the simple lap-streak on the fourth and fifth streaks from the keelson, and the rest of the boat smooth. For a perfectly smooth skin the fourth and fifth streaks will be gotten out of a thicker material, and hollowed and rounded to give proper shape." We have seen some very nice-looking canoes made by this latter method, and there seems no reason why it should not be as strong in use as the plain lapstreak. The old list of stock models has been cut down somewhat, but there still are enough good models in stock of all sizes to suit any purpose. A new board is described, lately perfected and yet to be thoroughly tested—a plain plate board in a low trunk, the later being removable by means of cam bolts and rubber packing, so that the boat is left clear for an extra man, or for sleeping. A new addition to the list of boats is the Rushton Cruiser, an outgrowth of the sneakbox but with an overhanging stern and a plumb stem. It is built in two sizes, 13ft.×4ft. 4in., and 16ft.×5ft. The list of canoe and boat fittings is larger than ever before, and Mr. Rushton deserves much credit for his efforts to provide the many small appliances which were never before within reach of the canoeist. One of the latest novelties is a fitting for the foot of mast, a brass tube long enough to run down the mast tube for several inches and also to extend as far above deck, where it is fitted with a very convenient gear for blocks and also for swiveling the boom. Besides this there are many other fittings which are simply indispensable to a properly rigged canoe. Since he first began the construction of light boats thirteen years ago, Mr. Rushton has revolutionized the boat building business, and all who have dealt with him will agree that his success is due no less to the energy and originality which he brought into the work, than to his fair and honest dealing and the character of his boats.

OSWEGO C. C.—Officers: Capt., V. W. Poole; Mate, G. M. Kenyon; Purser, W. G. Thrall; Meas., J. B. McMurrich.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

2. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
4. Larchmont, Pennant.
6. Hudson River Annual.
9. N. Y. Annual, N. Y.
10. Dorchester, 98th Regatta.
11. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, New York.
13. Corinthian Annual, N. Y.
14. Dorchester, 99th Regatta.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
16. N. J., Annual, New York.
16. Portland, Annual.
16. Atlantic, Annual, New York.
17. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
17. Dorchester, 100th Regatta.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
23. Eastern, Annual, Marblehead.
25. Boston *Globe* Open, Boston.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

DECORATION DAY.

YACHTSMEN generally were blessed with good weather this year for the opening of the season and the day was observed throughout the country by races, cruises and informal sails. As far as racing goes May 30 is too early for good sport, as the larger boats are never entirely ready, but it serves a good purpose in furthering preparations that might otherwise be left until regatta week. Much was expected this year about New York, but although the results were disappointing to the racing men, all enjoyed a pleasant day's sail even though they must defer for a week or more before seeing some real racing. It was expected that the second class yachts about New York would turn out in force and that some real work would be seen between the old and new ones, but this hope was not realized. Bedouin was at her moorings all day, her owner being absent. Titania did not arrive from the Sound in time to start, and Pocahontas, on her trial trip a few days before, carried away the step of her mast and was disabled. Shamrock was out and did some fine sailing, while in the first class Galatea, Priscilla and Atlantic were with the fleets. In Boston the chief event was the South Boston Y. C. open regatta, but there as in New York, there were many smaller races and sails.

ATLANTIC Y. C.

A very large fleet started from Bay Ridge in the morning for a sail down the bay, the larger classes rounding Buoy 8½ and the small class Buoy 11. The cloudy sky of the early morning had cleared away by 10 A. M. and a nice breeze was blowing straight in the Narrows, as the fleet got under way in two divisions, Shamrock in the lead. Outside the Narrows there was much more wind and the fleet beat down to Buoy 8½ in fine style, nearly all carrying jibheaders, but the little fellows having all they wanted under lower sail. Shamrock led the fleet all day, beating Gracie and Fanny, of her class. Atlantic came in first in her class, having nothing against her. She showed no improvement over last year, either in appearance or performance. Though there were no prizes the yachts were timed as follows:

SCHOONERS.

Grayling	1 53 30	Leona	2 42 00
Gevalia	2 07 00		

CLASS C.

Atlantic	1 41 55		

CLASS D.

Shamrock	1 33 30	Fanny	1 55 00
Gracie	1 38 15		

CLASS E.

Hildegarde	2 12 00	Huron	1 54 00

CLASS F.

Roamer	2 05 55	Bertie	2 10 10
Athlon	2 06 00	Onward	2 18 00

CLASS G.

Adelaide	2 16 30	Stella	2 37 00
Vixen	2 31 00	Rover	2 40 00
Nirvana	2 33 30	Ariadne	2 47 06
Enterprise	2 35 00		

CLASS I.

Ilderan	1 00 43	Mistral	1 08 00

CLASS J.

Crocodile	12 45 30	Kangaroo	12 57 58
Arab	12 56 55	Louise	1 11 16

One or two of the small fry lost their topmasts. Titania towed down the Bay after the fleet and cast loose near the lower island, falling in with Shamrock as the latter came up, but she was unable to hold the white yacht. After reaching Bay Ridge she continued on up through the Gate.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.

The opening sail of the S. C. Y. C. is always in the shape of a scrub race, prizes of $25 being offered in each class. On Monday morning the fleet was at anchor off Stapleton, with two exceptions—Bedouin, whose owner was absent, and Titania, not yet arrived. The chief point of attraction was the new steel schooner Julia, now seen for the first time under a racing rig. If looks go for anything, with her handsome white hull and stylish rig, single round spar over her nose and tall mainmast, she should rate as high for speed as she already does as a seagoing cruiser. The preparations have been greatly hurried since her return from the South, and she is not yet in racing trim, sails and gear being brand new and rigging not in shape. It is expected to have her ready for the regattas next week, but of course the time is too short to show her at her best. Priscilla was on hand, with her new mainsail sitting badly and a foul bottom, as she has not been docked since she was set afloat. Galatea was hardly recognizable in her black coat, but looked very handsome. Cinderella came out in a white dress, instead of last year's black, and sailed so well that it made one wish that Clara was alongside so that it might be seen just how fast she was going. The fleet was ready at 10:30, but a wait was made for Titania, towing down in the distance. She was delayed so much, however, that the fleet was started at 11:06, Priscilla waiting to time the rest, and then starting even with Galatea at 11:10.

The entries in the various classes were: Schooners, Julia and Ray; first class sloops, Priscilla and Galatea; third class, Medusa and Cinderella; fourth class, Espirito and Mona; fifth class, Iseult and Beatrice. The course was from Stapleton around Buoy 10 and return, 20 miles, the wind fresh from south and flood tide. Cinderella had nothing to fear from Medusa under small cruising rig, but she nevertheless put on steam and ran ahead of the fleet. Galatea stood over to the Staten Island shore, but tacked and came across, soon planting herself on Priscilla's weather bow. Here she stayed, gaining with each tack until she had a good lead of the iron sloop. She held the latter to windward and at the same time ran away from her, both carrying working topsails. Priscilla carried her jibtopsail from the start, but Galatea, after setting hers in the Narrows, soon stowed it again. When the cutter turned Buoy 10, ahead of the fleet, Priscilla gave up all hopes of catching her and started for home to time the fleet. The times at the finish were: Galatea 2:02:00, Cinderella 2:06:15, Medusa 2:22:00 Julia 2:35:40, Espirito 2:38:02, Mona 2:40:20, Iseult 2:46:00, Beatrice 3:04:44. Ray did not go the course and Julia did not cross the line at the finish. Galatea, Cinderella, Mona and Iseult win in their classes. In the evening the members of the club dined at the club house, Lieut. Henn also being present.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.

A large fleet turned out on Monday in the open regatta of the South Boston Y. C., and a very good race was sailed, the southeast wind being strong enough to make fair time over the course. The new cutter Prince Karl, built and sailed by E. L. Williams, performed very creditably and won in her class. The summary is as follows. The courses and prizes will be found in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS—OVER 28FT. WATERLINE.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Violet, H. J. McKee	33.08	3 01 20	2 27 17
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.01	3 14 24	2 37 33
Mabel, E. B. Hitchcock	33.06	3 18 12	2 43 58

FIRST CLASS KEELS—OVER 28FT.

Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	3 22 03	2 42 49
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.06	3 22 50	2 44 00
Percy H., A. H. Blackmar	34.00	3 28 11	2 54 28

SECOND CLASS KEELS—23 TO 28FT.

Echo, Burwell and Isham	24.08	2 35 50	2 00 09
Lizzie F. Daly, Daly Bros	26.06	2 34 49	2 01 16
Æolus, Jacob Rood	27.00	2 43 26	2 10 26
Boreas, W. L. Nichols	25.07	2 45 20	2 10 45
Nydia, D. E. Moreland	23.02	2 49 26	2 11 49
Venture, W. C. Cherrington	24.05	2 52 25	2 16 20
Optic, G. S. Hutchinson	25.06	2 51 15	2 16 34
Diana, H. Burgess	23.05	3 00 15	2 22 59
Wanda, G. W. Trifils	23.03	3 09 45	2 32 15

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS—23 TO 28FT.

Black Cloud, Aaron Brown	23.07	2 22 40	1 48 37
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	23.00	2 32 02	1 53 13
Lizzie Warner, T. Lutted	25.03	2 39 24	2 04 25
Alda, J. V. Scott	23.09	2 45 10	2 08 20
Great Scott, C. B. Belcher	26.00	2 51 30	2 17 24

THIRD CLASS KEELS—19 TO 23FT.

Fearless, C. L. Crockett	21.04	1 53 15	1 20 22
Thelga, B. T. Hall	22.01	1 58 33	1 26 24
Cooper, T. Scannell	22.05	1 59 13	1 27 37
Zelta, Fowle & Warren	18.06	2 08 07	1 31 26
Alice, R. O. Harding	21.01	2 06 30	1 33 19
Cylia, W. H. Vesarick	21.03	2 06 55	1 33 56
Otter, P. A. Chase	22.09	2 06 00	1 34 46
Volante, J. M. Hall	22.08	2 07 45	1 36 26

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS—19 TO 23FT.

Tom Cat, C. H. Lockart	19.00	1 52 40	1 16 44
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19 11	1 53 10	1 18 29
Em-Ell-Eye, P. M. Pond	19.03	1 57 56	1 22 20
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	22.00	1 57 17	1 25 12
White Wings, Perry	20.04	1 59 25	1 25 17
Myth, P. X. Keating	21.09	1 59 46	1 27 23
Topsy, J. McGlynn	19.02	2 03 05	1 27 23
Nora, E. P. Boynton	21.09	2 00 50	1 27 45
Sprite, H. M. Sears	22.08	1 50 18	1 27 59
Grimalkin, E. L. Dow, Jr	22.07	2 00 10	1 28 54
Sunshine, E. W. Haskell	20.00	2 05 35	1 31 00
Flying Yankee, Sawyer & Rich	19.03	2 06 42	1 31 06
Una, Thomas Scott	21.05	2 07 18	1 34 31
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.02	2 09 28	1 35 07
Edith B., C. F. Bleghen	20.04	2 10 48	1 36 40
Pearl, J. F. Lee	22.09	2 08 10	1 36 56

FOURTH CLASS—15 TO 19 FEET.

Zoe, W. A. McField	18.00	1 03 44	0 38 47
Victor, S. A. Freeman	17.00	1 05 02	0 39 02
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.09	1 06 23	0 41 11
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 10 17	0 43 20
Mirage, G. E. Jordan	17.05	1 09 03	0 43 30
Scamp, F. Gray	18.04	1 08 12	0 43 35
Mischief, D. W. Belcher	16.10	1 09 54	0 43 43
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	16.05	1 10 55	0 44 16
Helen, C. E. Hodges	18.02	1 11 16	0 46 29
W. E., J. E. Robinson, Jr	18.00	1 11 39	0 46 42
Mamie, H. T. Bowers	17.10	1 12 07	0 48 00
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.07	1 14 38	0 48 10
Hebe, H. S. Ormsby	18.01	1 14 30	0 49 28
Imogen, B. T. Wendell, Jr	18.04	1 14 12	0 49 35
Evelyn, L. F. Harrington	18.03	1 14 45	0 50 03
Mabel S., John Shaw	18.00	1 17 25	0 52 28
Teaser, F. C. Estes	15.01	1 21 26	0 53 09
Sadie, F. A. Taylor	18 03	1 22 19	0 57 57
Peggy, J. P. Bullard	15.09	1 31 10	1 03 43

FIFTH CLASS—UNDER 25FT.

Minnie, H. Jackson	13.07	1 10 18	0 50 04
Mist, O. F. Wadsworth	14.04	1 13 02	0 53 31
Topsy, J. B. Mason	14.04	1 13 58	0 54 27
Lucy, W. H. Ransom	14.02	1 17 18	0 57 38
Baby, H. M. Wells	12.08	1 21 31	1 00 20
Etta, G. Garraway	13.09	1 21 51	1 01 47
Bessie, R. Tufts	12.00	1 31 05	1 09 09
Brunette, J. W. Bragdon	12.00	capsized.	

Winners: First class centerboards, Violet $25, Magic $15. First class keels, Prince Karl $25, Breeze $15. Second class centerboards, Black Cloud $20, Sea Bird $12, Lizzie Warner $8. Second class keels, Echo $20, Lizzie Daly $12, Æolus $8. Third class centerboards, Tom Cat $20, Mabel $12, Em-Ell-Eye $8, Good Luck $5. Third class keels, Fearless $20, Thelga $12, Cooper $8, Zelta $5. Fourth class, Zoe $15, Victor $10, Wildfire $5. Fifth class, Minnie $10, Mist $5.

CAPE ANN Y. C.

The first sweepstakes race was sailed on Monday, over a triangular course from a line between the judges' boat and buoy off Pavilion beach to buoy near Round rock, thence to buoy off Eastern Point and to starting line. The course for the first and second class was sailed twice, a distance of eight miles. The third and fourth classes went over the course once. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—OVER 21FT. TO 27FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem, Roberts	21.01	3 54 19	3 04 49
Petrel, Paul	21.01	3 36 15	3 08 45
Osceola, Gifford	21.02	4 51 20	3 21 56

SECOND CLASS—18FT. TO 21FT.

Lark, Bishop	18.08	3 45 47	3 13 25
Silver Cloug, McLoughlin	20.03	4 06 53	3 36 44

THIRD CLASS—15FT. TO 18FT.

Madcap, Wheeler	16.00	1 22 24	1 04 18
Alpine, Tarr	15.06	1 24 07	1 05 37
Alice, Brooks	15.07	1 26 59	1 08 33
Spark, Gaffney	16.11	1 33 02	1 15 38

FOURTH CLASS—15FT. AND UNDER.

Pilgrim, Lloyd	13.02	1 56 08	1 35 28
Thistle, Stetson	14.02	1 56 36	1 36 56
Wurwina, McFarland	14.00	1 58 00	1 38 10
Rocket, Hodgkins	13.11	2 03 32	1 43 38
Mollie, McPhee	13.05	2 15 09	1 54 45

A protest was entered against Pilgrim by Thistle for fouling the buoy, and she was ruled out. Osceola entered a protest against the Petrel for fouling.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.

The first of the annual regattas was that of the Knickerbocker Y. C., sailed on May 30 over the course from Port Morris around the Gangway buoy and home, 20 miles. The wind was southerly and the tide near the flood, the boats catching the first of the ebb at Whitestone. The first signal was given at 10:45 A. M., and at 10:55 Classes 6 and 7 were started. The steamer Sirius carried the regatta committee and guests of the club, keeping along with the fleet. The wind was moderate, but when off Whitestone a zephyr tangled itself up in some of the topmasts. First the Culprit Fay lost her topmast at the cap, then the John Demarest followed, losing her topmast and mastheaad, and then the Florence. Near the mark there was less wind; the turn was made as follows: Lorna, 12:49; Dora 12:51:30; Adele, 12:51:38. The full times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 31FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dora	11 10 00	4 50 30	3 40 30	3 40 30
Culprit Fay	11 08 12	3 04 21	3 56 09	3 50 19
Wacondah	11 09 12	2 52 10	3 42 58	3 41 43½
Florence	11 07 37	3 19 57	4 12 20	4 05 27½
John Demarest	11 08 08	3 15 50	4 07 42	3 59 47
Undine	11 10 00	3 04 35	3 54 35	3 44 57½
Mystery	11 10 00	3 28 40	4 18 40	4 07 50
Adelaide	11 09 24	3 03 58	3 54 34	3 42 31½

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 31FT.

Rover	11 10 00	3 15 33	4 05 33	4 15 33
Iris	11 10 00	Did not go course.		
Black Hawk	11 10 00	3 05 00	3 55 00	3 51 05
Iolantho	11 08 55	3 21 45	4 12 50	4 01 45
Mamie	11 08 43	3 45 33	4 36 50	4 24 50
Weary Wish	11 07 43	3 27 10	4 19 27	4 03 02
Ianthe	11 09 02	3 50 45	4 41 43	4 20 25

CLASS 3—JIB AND MAINSAIL, 23FT. AND OVER.

Duster	11 04 25	2 44 30	3 40 05	3 40 05
Lorna	11 04 37	2 35 20	3 30 43	3 30 23
Adele	11 05 00	2 44 57	3 39 57	3 38 27
Rosetta A	11 04 16	3 04 12	3 59 56	3 58 36

CLASS 5—CAT RIGGED, 23FT. AND OVER.

Lizzie R	10 56 18	2 53 20	3 57 02	3 57 02
Idalia	10 57 40	3 29 17	4 31 37	4 19 32
Nellie W	10 59 51	3 13 26	4 13 35	4 00 05
Mayotta	10 57 50	2 59 00	4 01 10	3 47 22½
Truant	10 59 09	2 52 08	3 52 59	3 39 09
Surprise	10 57 25	3 50 00	4 32 35	4 20 35

CLASS 6—CAT RIGGED, UNDER 23FT.

Raven	10 55 47	4 00 08	5 04 21	5 14 16
Thisbe	10 56 43	3 23 36	4 26 53	- - -
Torino	11 00 00	3 16 15	4 16 15	4 14 50
Fannie	10 56 56	3 53 38	4 56 42	4 54 02
Bubble	10 55 58	3 26 20	4 30 22	4 26 29½
Unfit	10 58 18	3 26 55	4 28 37	4 26 32
Ida K	10 55 56	2 57 40	4 01 44	3 57 56½
Maggie	10 58 17	3 16 27	4 18 10	4 10 15

CLASS 7—STEAM AND NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

Mystic	11 06 43	Disabled.	
Teda	11 06 08	Disabled.	

Lorna won the silk signal for best time over the course.

REGATTA AT FALL RIVER.

Four classes of yachts sailed in the regatta off Fall River, the course for the three large classes being 19 miles and for the small class 15. The wind was strong and steady all day. The times were:

CLASS 1.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mignon, C. G. Bloomer	3 45 51	3 38 57
Peri, F. P. Sands	3 45 20	3 42 59
M. F. Swift, C. F. Anthony	3 49 57	3 48 39
Kelpie, C. F. James	4 08 42	3 51 32
Alice, L. A. Buding	3 58 32	3 58 32
Ada, W. R. Pettis	Disabled.	
Feireen, F. Smith	Withdrew.	

CLASS 2.

Atlanta, J R. Thomas	3 17 43	3 17 43
Bessie and Essie, N. N. Bearse	3 38 39	3 58 07
Louise, O. F. Cummings	4 03 49	3 55 29
Louisa, Amos Chase	3 59 55	3 57 31
Tahona, C. W. Williams	Did not finish.	
Cora, H. Georgy	Did not finish.	

CLASS 3.

Alice, C. F. Herreshoff	3 15 58	3 03 33
Crawl, T. Hill, Jr	3 17 23	3 08 43
Zest, C. H. Hatheway	3 15 18	3 10 12
Traveller, C. H. Matheson	Withdrew.	
Minnie, W. Chace	Withdrew.	
Climax, E. C. Stetson	Disabled.	

CLASS 5.

Bertha, P. F. Davis	2 50 35	2 50 35
Florrie, L. P. Davis	2 55 50	2 54 11
Fedora, F. Antovs	3 00 17	2 59 29
M Louise, C. W. Simmons	3 03 54	3 03 06

First prize, $30, Mignon; second, $15, Peri; third, $8, M. F. Swift. Second class—First prize, $20, Atlanta; second, $10, Bessie and Essie; third, $5, Louise. Third class—First prize, $20, Alice; second, $10, Crawl; third, $5, Zest. Fifth class—First prize, $12, Bertha; second, $7, Florrie; third, $3, Fedora.

NEWARK Y. C.

The Newark Y. C. sailed its fifth annual regatta on Newark Bay the course being 15 miles triangular. Besides the class prizes was one for best elapsed time. The start was made on the first of the ebb with a good S.W. breeze, at 2:50 P. M. The times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alexander F.	2 59 05	4 40 26	1 41 21	1 41 21
Emmy C	2 59 53	4 44 30	1 44 37	1 41 55
Winnifred	2 59 00	Withdrew.		
Hattie	3 02 00	Withdrew.		
Loretta B	3 00 18	Withdrew.		

CLASS 2—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Falcon	2 54 20	4 34 42	1 40 22	1 40 22
Sirene	2 55 41	4 40 36	1 44 55	1 44 50
Rambler	2 54 40	4 54 31	1 49 51	1 49 06
Our Own	2 56 57	4 59 47	1 42 50	1 41 50
Cloud	2 53 40	4 39 36	1 45 56	1 42 56
Just Woke Up	2 56 45	4 46 55	1 50 10	1 46 15

CLASS 4—CATBOATS OVER 20FT.

Unexcelled	2 48 37	4 44 50	1 56 19	- - -
Arrow	2 48 38	4 49 40	2 02 00	2 00 57
Annie R	2 49 35	Withdrew.		
Sprite	2 52 00	Withdrew.		
Frank S	2 48 39	4 39 23	1 50 46	1 50 21

CLASS 5—CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.

Triton	2 49 03	4 47 00	1 57 58	- - -
Eddie	2 49 11	Withdrew.		

Falcon won on elapsed time, beating the best previous record of 1.44.22. Annie R. was stove in by a stake. The judges were W. Clark, A. Mayhew and Geo. E. Gar'land. The winners of class prizes were Alexander F., Falcon, Frank S., Arrow, Cloud and Triton.

CAPE COD Y. C.

The first championship race of this club was sailed on Monday, the course being from the judges' boat, anchored off Brewster breakwater, east to buoy in Orleans Harbor; thence north, leaving New Found Rock buoy on port hand and return, 7¾ miles.

The wind was very light and the race slow. The times were:

CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.
Percie Allen	1 06 45	3 19 00
Madge	1 03 00	3 19 15
Ariel	1 06 15	4 11 00
Guenivere	1 07 00	4 56 00
Fawn	1 09 01	withdrew.

CLASS 2.

Gracie	1 15 00	4 55 00
Magie	1 15 00	4 59 00
Iris	1 16 00	5 00 00

The judges were Edgar Lincoln, D. W. Sears, and E. Small.

At Canarsie a race was sailed over a 10-mile course, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Secret, E. F. Linton	2 10 30	2 01 33
Alert, F. A. Reid		Withdrew.
Josephine, O. Treadwell	Split mast.	Withdrew.

SECOND CLASS.

So So, D. J. Brinsley	2 05 38	2 05 38
Edda D., J. H. Ives	2 12 07	2 11 44
Excise, Wm. Bush	2 16 53	2 15 13
Maddie, F. Gallagher	2 17 58	2 16 18
Ethel, F. J. Viallenbach	2 19 18	2 18 03

A match was set for Monday between the open boats Nahli, Shrew and La Perichole, of the Larchmont Y. C., but in the early morning there was no wind, and it was not until noon that the race was started. The course was from off Pagoda Point to the buoy off Throgg's Neck and return, 20 miles. The boats were timed at the start: Nahli, 12:01:22; Shrew, 12:01:56, La Perichole, 12:00:38. The wind was mostly light, breezing up a little at times, and Nahli led easily.

A race was sailed between the Alice L., P. Lynch, Twilight, Messrs. Rideout and Burdan, of the West Lynn Y. C., for $25, over a 5-mile course. Alice L. won, but Twilight protested, and the judges have not yet decided.

The New Jersey Y. C. and the Jersey City Y. C. fleets were out during the day....The Yonkers Y. C. sailed down to Fort Lee and returned....The Brooklyn Y. C. sailed from the club house in Gravesend Bay out around buoy 7 and return, with a dinner at the club house afterward....The Pavonia Y. C., of Jersey City, sailed a race from a stakeboat off Bedloe's Island, around Fort Lafayette and return. In the first class Avalon won, as Maraquita fouled a buoy and stove her bottom, so returned. Maggie M. Conway won in second class. In the open boats the winners were: Class 1, Clara S., Alta; Class 2, Three Brothers, H. H. Holmes; Class 3, Hoodoo, Woolsey.

NEW BURGESS BOATS IN BOSTON.

IT is through the success of her large yachts that Boston has taken of late the leading place in American yachting; but very few have given any thought to a most important fact underlying the great advance she has made. The Eastern fleet has never been noted for the number of its fast yachts in the larger classes, the majority being, with very few exceptions, inferior to the New York fleet. Of a sudden, however, Boston has jumped to the first place in the very classes where she has before been weakest, and to-day her larger boats ask no odds of any New York craft. That such progress should be made spontaneously and without some cause that, though unseen, has been quietly working for a long time, is contrary to the natural order of things, and in looking for this cause we are inclined to ascribe it to the strength and vitality of the small yacht division of the fleet. This division has always been noted for the number of its boats and also of its races, while it has enlisted in yachting a vast number of men. The interest in its doings has been very great along the coast about Boston, and the growth has been healthy and regular. On this foundation, with its roots extending from Cape Ann to Cape Cod, with hundreds of small craft of excellent types and with thousands of men actively engaged in sailing them, the East has easily and naturally laid the first part of a superstructure of yachting on a more pretentious scale. New York, on the contrary, with all its famous fleet of large yachts, has not been as strong in its smaller classes, yachting has not been so universally popular, and to-day it is feeling the need of just such a foundation as Eastern yachting enjoys.

This season the larger division promises to be able to take care of itself, what with Sachem and Gitana at home, and Fortuna in foreign waters, while of single-stickers there are Mayflower and Puritan besides the new flyer. At the same time the small yachts have not been neglected, and the fleet will be stronger than ever in numbers and in quality, while an exceptionally brilliant season of racing is promised. Mr. Burgess, of course, is foremost in this branch, and while his work is not so generally known as that in the large classes it is no less important. Within the past two or three years he has turned out a number of very fine small boats, cats and sloops as well as cutters, both centerboard and keel; and the influence of this fleet is plainly perceptible throughout the East. A leading feature of the Burgess boats is the unity of the design, each individual boat is carefully worked out with the greatest care in all details, and there is harmony and absence of the crudities and individual fads and notions that are coupled with many good features in the work of the local builders along the coast. These boats have gone to different points, and in some cases designs have been furnished for boats to be built by local builders, and already the results are visible in the changes of model and build which are taking place generally. The presence of one good boat in a fleet establishes a new standard of excellence, it serves in many ways as a model for local builders and yachtsmen, and its good influence is very soon evident. It would be too much to expect that every yacht, large and small, turned out by Mr. Burgess, should retain the same success as Puritan, but thus far in all classes his boats have been remarkably successful. This has been the case in particular with the keel cats of about 20ft. and also with the centerboard boats of the same size. This spring the Lawleys are busy with half a dozen of these boats, most of them with a heavy lead keel in addition to the centerboard, and with the boats built elsewhere to beat them they will make a most valuable addition to the small fleet.

Of course Titania and the new steel yacht for Gen. Paine will monopolize the attention of racing men very largely this season, but Mr. Burgess is looking for more laurels in another class. We have before described the cutter building by Lawleys', from his designs, for Mr. C. F. Adams, of Quincy, but we give her dimensions more fully than they have yet appeared. They are:

Length over all	44ft.
Length l.w.l.	36ft.
Beam, extreme	12ft. 5½in.
Beam, l.w.l.	11ft. 4½in.
Draft, extreme	7ft. 6½in.
Freeboard, bow	4ft. 2in.
Freeboard, least	2ft. 9in.
Displacement, long tons	17.66
Ballast all on keel, lead	9.00
Mast, from stem	14ft.
Mast, deck to hounds	32ft.
Mast head	6ft.
Topmast, fid to hounds	25ft.
Boom	39ft.
Gaff	25ft.
Bowsprit, outboard	26ft.
Spinaker boom	34ft.
Topsail yards	31 and 21ft.

The boat is intended for racing and under the rules of the Eastern Y. C. will come in the class with Shadow and Shona, which boats she will probably meet in the coming regatta. How much time she will allow the little cutter we do not yet know, but to look at the two side by side the new boat looks able to carry the other at her davits. The main object has been speed, and in striving for it Mr. Burgess has followed the same methods as in the Titania, in both boats departing from his practice in the earlier yachts. The beam is great compared with the length, but at the same time the boats are relatively deep, the one in question drawing 7ft. 6in. on 36ft. The bilge is kept light and the topsides flare, while the shapes of hull and lead keel merge fairly into each other, unlike the class of keel sloops once so common about Boston in which the body was wide but shoal, the draft being made up by a deep fin. There is nothing of this kind about the new boats, the midship section shows a fair sweep from keel to plankSheer, but the same idea of a wide body with high bilge, coupled with very low ballast, is common to both. In the matter of deck room the new boat has plenty to spare, and below she is equally roomy, but her great beam gives a lot of waste space above the lockers that only goes into extra width in the berths. She has good headroom, 5ft. 9in., and good room between the lockers, but both of these she might have with less beam. The forecastle is high and roomy and there is a ladies' cabin aft. The width gives a very wide companion, more so than is really necessary, and there is a passage to the after cabin beside it. While the cramped companions and the narrow passages of the extreme cutters are absent, owing to the increased beam, it certainly seems as though the economic limit had been exceeded in the other direction, and that more beam had been taken than was really necessary for the best average of interior accommodation and driving power. The spars are those of a modern 10-tonner, but while the accommodation is much better in some respects, it is by no means in proportion to the added beam of 12½ft. compared to the 7ft. of the narrow boat. Of course, with the canvas the boat should be fast, but it is a question whether Mr. Burgess could not put another hull under the same rig that would give better results, both in racing and for room below. A yacht of different proportions is the other cutter on which Lawleys are at work, a cruising boat of 42ft. l.w.l. from Mr. Burgess's design, for Mr. Agassiz, owner of the cutter Kelpie. With 4½ beams and a draft of over 8ft., she promises to be a typical cruiser. The same firm have also begun work on a schooner of 53ft. from Mr. Burgess's designs.

A number of small yachts have been built during the winter and spring about Boston and vicinity which we have noticed at various times. The most interesting fact about them as a class is that moderate beam and lead keels prevail to a very large extent. Keel boats form a large proportion of the total; and while some small centerboard catboats have been built for the classes in the smaller clubs, there have been none of the old type sloops. The centerboard boats, outside the cats, are all of moderate proportions for their class, with a good share of ballast in keel, and a modified sloop rig. The old boats have many of them received additional ballast outside, and in Boston at least the idea of outside ballast has been universally adopted.

LAUNCHES AT POILLON'S YARD.—Last week both the sloops building at Poillon's yard, from Mr. Elsworth's models, were launched, the smaller one, Gertrude, for Com. H. G. Pearson, of the Jersey City Y. C., on May 26. This yacht is 35ft. l.w.l., 40ft. over all, 13ft. beam, with sloop rig. As she entered the water she was christened Gertrude by Miss Addie Elsworth, daughter of the modeler. The other and larger yacht, for Mr. J. G. Prague, was launched on May 28, receiving the alarming name of Anaconda from the daughter of the owner. She is intended to make it very warm for the class that Clara has headed for the past two seasons, her dimensions being: Length over all, 60ft.; on l.w.l. 52ft., beam, 18ft. 4in.; draft, 5ft. 3in.; ballast 8 tons. Both of these yachts will carry all ballast inside.

THE TRIALS OF THE THISTLE.

THE first of the Thistle's races has proved very unsatisfactory, there being no opportunity given for a test of her qualities beside Irex and Genesta. This much is evident, that she is a very fast boat in light weather and drifting, and that is what is most likely to tell in the Cup races; but what she can do in good sailing weather remains yet to be seen. Her first race was sailed on May 28, from South End to Harwich, a distance of about 50 miles. The starters were:

CLASS A.

	Sail Tons.
Thistle, J. Bell, cutter	139
Irex, J. Jameson, cutter	106
Genesta, Sir Richard Sutton, cutter	104
Sleuthhound, Lord Francis Cecil, cutter	54
Queen Mab, T. B. C. West, cutter	10

CLASS C.

Wendur, H. R. Laing, yawl	113
Neptune, C. D. Gough, cutter	42
Foxhound, Capt. Nottage, yawl	33
Sybil, C. T. G. Still, cutter	26
Mary, Cosmo Romilly, cutter	26

The start was made at 9:35 A. M. with a light S. W. wind. Sleuthhound was first away, followed by Thistle, the latter getting to windward of Irex. Sleuthhound soon lost her place and fell to fourth, the order being Thistle, Irex and Genesta. Later on the breeze fell, and all but Thistle were obliged to anchor to hold their own against a strong tide. From this out the race was a drift, the yachts finishing late at night. Thistle brought in a good breeze with her after midnight, Genesta being next, then Irex. The times at the finish were:

Thistle	0 50 20	Wendur	2 25 00
Genesta	1 34 00	Sybil	2 37 10
Irex	1 47 00	Mary	2 50 00
Sleuthhound	1 49 29		

The rest of the fleet anchored over night and came in next morning. The race off Harwich on Monday was even more unsatisfactory, as a fog prevailed through the latter part of the race. The course was from Harwich Harbor, around the northeast buoy, off Badasey Bank and the sunk lightship, leaving both on starboard hand; thence to northward of buoy at West Rocks; thence between Cork lightship and Cork sand buoy, and back to starting point, 35 miles. The starters were as before, excepting Sleuthhound, Mary and Queen Mab. At the start the wind was fresh from east, Irex leading over the line, with Genesta second and Thistle third. Genesta sailed away alone, while Irex and Thistle were busy with each other. A thick fog finally shut in and hid the course, but the yachts sailed on, Irex coming in first, with Genesta second and Thistle third. The times of finish were:

Irex	4 17 20	Wendur	4 35 13
Genesta	4 35 19	Thistle	4 52 06
Neptune	5 02 46	Sybil	5 01 45

The sailing amounted to nothing, as all were lost for a time in the fog. In the evening the annual dinner of the Royal Harwich Y. C. was held.

A third race was sailed on Tuesday under more favorable conditions for a test, the weather being clear and the wind of good strength. The course was from Harwich to Southend, about fifty miles. Irex was first away, with Thistle second, Wendur third, and Genesta fourth. The prizes were £40 and £30, with a cup presented by Mr. James Ashbury. All four carried full lower sail and club topsails. Thistle crossed to windward and led at the first mark. At 9:30 all set spankers, Thistle being slower than the others in getting hers out. Irex began to gain on her but never succeeded in catching her. At the Swin Middle Lights Irex was 3½6m. astern of Thistle, and Genesta 6m. astern. The times at the finish were, Thistle 1.01, Irex 1.04, Genesta 1.11, and Wendur 1.27. Thistle allows Irex 6m. 50s., and is consequently beaten by 3m. 50s. From the cabled reports Thistle seems to have been slow in working her canvas and to have suffered from a green crew, while Irex has had the same crew, almots to a man, for three seasons. Yesterday another race was set, around the Mouse and back to Gravesend, the Royal Thames Y. C., and on Saturday the race of the same club from the Nore to Dover comes off. After the latter Thistle will return to the Clyde to prepare for her voyage across.

STEAM YACHT BUILDING AT BRISTOL.

AT Herreshoffs's shops there is now building a high speed yacht for service between New York and the Shrewsbury to take the place of the famous Henrietta, lately sold. This new craft will be 81ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 3ft. draft aft. She will have triple compound engines, 7½, 12 and 19×10½, with a grate surface of 25ft. and a 36in. screw. The Henrietta has lately been to the shop for a spring overhauling before going into commission under her new owner, Mr. Howard Jaffray, and the firm have also a duplicate of her now finished in stock. These boats are 48ft. over all, 47ft. l.w.l., 7ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 2in. draft of hull and 2ft. 8in. draft of shoe. They are built after the usual method of the firm, a double skin, the strakes running fore and aft, and steamed frames, all being fastened with brass screws. The workmanship is of the very highest grade, the joints of each skin being almost invisible and no caulking being needed. The decks, like the bottoms, are of double thickness, being laid in whitelead with brass screws and also require no caulking. For the skin and decks mahogany has been proved to be better than any other wood, and it is used for all the smaller craft. The large yacht is planked with a very fine quality of yellow pine, clear and free from pitch —for the outer skin ½in. thick, the inner skin being of ⅜in. white pine, the fastenings of galvanized steel nails, clinched. In the bending house, besides the sister to Henrietta, is a steam whale boat 28ft.×8ft., with engines 6 and 3½×6in., such as was carried by the Greeley expedition. There is also a duplicate of Electra's launch, a new boat in stock, of mahogany, 27×6ft. 4in., weighing complete 3,800lbs. The wood in these launches is so carefully selected that a uniform grain and color is preserved over the entire boat. In one the mahogany is all straight-grained, while in another it is figured, but matching in all parts in color and grain. A valuable feature of all the Herreshoff launches is the hood or buggy top of oiled drill, stretched over bent wood frames hinged so as to be swung into any position. The cover can be raised sufficiently on either side to break the wind while leaving the boat open; it can be raised to cover half or more of the cockpit for protection from rain while running, or it can be swung entirely over the cockpit, making a complete roof by night. The same idea is adaptable to sailing craft, but so far as we know it has only been fitted to one, the cat-yawl Consuelo, owned and sailed by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff. In this yacht the steering is done by a horizontal bar on an upright standard in place of a tiller or wheel, and over the after part of cockpit a hood is fitted so as to protect the steersman from the weather. The Stiletto is now hauled out near the works, but will be fitted out soon for delivery to the U. S. Government.

GALATEA IN A BREEZE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Decoration Day there was a nice topsail breeze, and the way in which the narrow-beam cutter Galatea beat Priscilla and Atlantic to windward and running home was a caution. She can certainly also dispose of Puritan, as the latter has not sufficient length to cope with Lieut. Henn's smart cutter. That much may be regarded as settled. The only question remaining is whether Galatea can get away with Mayflower as well. Last year's races for the America's Cup offered no opportunity for sound judgment. Now why does Mayflower sulk in Boston? Is she afraid to meet Galatea in the spring breezes that she is held back till midsummer drifting sets in? She backed down from her proposed voyage to Europe, because she did not care to face Irex in a Channel sea, and now she refuses to give Galatea a chance. This is, no doubt, very shrewd from the standpoint of "yachting politicians," but it leads up to the question frequently asked of late: "Are our yachtsmen really *yachtsmen* or only yacht owners? SQUARE DEAL.

BAR HARBOR REGATTA.—A regatta will be held at Bar Harbor on Aug. 25 under the rules of the N. Y. Y. C., the course being 30 miles, triangular, with a time limit of 7 hours. The sum of $1,200 has been subscribed by the residents for prizes. The classes will be: Schooners, class 1, over 80ft. waterline length, $250; class 2, 80ft. waterline length and under, $200. Sloops and cutters, class 1, 80ft. and over waterline length, $250; class 2, 55ft. and under 80ft. waterline length, $200; class 3, 45ft. and under 55ft. waterline length, $150; class 4, under 45ft. waterline length (cabin yachts), $150. No prize will be awarded in any class unless there are two or more starters.

DORCHESTER Y. C., 97TH REGATTA.—The 97th regatta of the Dorchester Y. C. was sailed on May 27, for champion pennants in the fourth and fifth classes. The course was twice around the triangle formed by Farm Bar Buoy, Half Tide Rock and Old Harbor Buoy, 7½ miles. The times were:

Scamp, Frank Gray	0 58 49	Nora, G. E. Dennie	1 05 25
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	1 02 16	Nonpareil, E. Lanning	1 07 30
W. E., J. E. Robinson	1 04 43	Yolande, C. H. Nute	1 11 21

Mirage and Sheerwater withdrew. Scamp wins one leg for the pennant.

COOPER'S POINT CORINTHIAN Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second semi-monthly race of the Cooper's Point Corinthian Y. C. took place on May 24, over the club course. The following boats started at 2:20 P. M.: First class—C. T. Humes and R. M. Fitch. The H. C. Funk parted luff bolt rope and did not get off. Second class—Item, Russell, Wilkins and Allman. Third class—Cook and Anderson. A spanking breeze from S. S. E. sent the boats off with reefed sails, except the Wilkins; she carried whole sail throughout the race. The first round of the flagboat was made in the following order: Fitch, 3:15:30; Humes, 3:16:00; Wilkins, 3:17:00; Item, 3:19:00; Russell, 3:19:01; Cook, 3:31:30; Anderson and Allman, time not taken. Best time, 55m. 30s. The home stakeboat was reached on the second course as follows: Fitch, 4:02:30; Humes, 4:03:00; Wilkins, 4:08:30; Item, 4:12:00; Russell, 4:13:00; Cook, 4:40:00; Allman and Anderson, time not taken. The Fitch, Captain Will Kinsey, made the fastest time on record over the course by any sailboat, on the second round covering the 8 miles in 47m. 30s. The Corinthian fixtures are: Bay cruise to Cape May, June 20; up river to head of navigation (Trenton), Sept. 25. Three new boats, Funk, Item and Russell, have been added to the club this year, and new members are rapidly joining the club, which is in a prosperous condition. Their club rooms have been fitted up in good style.—R. G. W.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The Monatiquot Y. C., of Weymouth, Mass., organized April 27, 1887, now numbers 125 members, and 30 yachts now enrolled in its squadron. The club house (now building) will be ready for occupancy July 1, when a grand celebration is proposed. The officers are: Com., J. F. Sheppard; Vice-Com., G. H. Bicknell; Sec., F. T. Hunt; Treas., E. F. Worster; Fleet Captain, Andrews Lane; Meas., W. F. Maybury. Directors, Com., Vice-Com., Sec. and Treas; ex-officio, J. M. Knight, Henry Gardner. The following fixtures have been decided on. Fort Point course: June 22, first championship; July 23, union regatta; Aug. 6, second championship; Aug. 17, third championship; Sept. 3, club championship; Sept. 17, pennant. Inside course, club races: May 30, June 11, July 6, Aug. 27, Sept. 10 and 24.

ANOTHER CRUISING SCHOONER.—Mr. A. Cary Smith has a model ready of the 110ft. cruising schooner, and the vessel will be in commission by November. Mr. Smith will at once commence a design for a steel schooner 100ft. long for Mr. C. W. Chapin, who has sold his new schooner Julia to Thos. J. Coolidge, of Boston. Thought built for cruising last year and only in commission during the winter, Julia has made a reputation already for speed. Her owner, however, wishes a larger yacht, and having sold her, will have a new boat ready by fall.

QUAKER CITY Y. C.—This club has announced the following fixtures: June 13, annual regatta; June 15, ladies' day; June 26, river and harbor cruise; July 2-4, Corinthian cruise and regatta; July 24, river and harbor cruise to Lazaretto; Aug. 14-20, annual cruise Chesapeake and Delaware bays; Sept. 11, review; Sept. 25, cruise. The new rules of the club are printed, being the same as the S. C. Y. C.

YORKVILLE Y. C.—The annual regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was set for May 29 over a 17 mile course, off Oak Point, but there was not wind enough to finish within the limit of six hours. At 12:30 there was a flat calm, and it was not until 2:30 that a start was made. About half of the course was sailed before the yachts withdrew. The date for the re-sail is not yet announced.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. OPEN RACE.—The entries for this race, which is open to yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Larchmont, Eastern, New Bedford, Knickerbocker and New Haven clubs, all close at noon on June 9. Blanks may be had of the secretary, L. F. D'Oremieulx, 67 Exchange place, and entries must be made to L. P. Bayard, 167 Broadway.

AN ENGLISH YAWL FOR AMERICA.—The schooner Hildegarde, now on her way across, will soon be followed by the yawl Nonparielle, just purchased by S. B. Pomeroy, S. C. Y. C., who will sail her across. Nonparielle was built by Camper & Nicholson, of Gosport, in 1882, and is 69.3ft. stem to sternpost on deck, 15.9ft. beam and 10.25ft. hold.

A RACE BETWEEN FISHING SMACKS.—A match has been made between the fishing smack Julian T. Creeton, of Greenport, and the John Feeney, of Noank. The course is to be 20 miles to windward from Scotland Lightship to the Whistling Buoy off Fire Island.

LAUNCH OF THE FORBES STEAMER.—The steel steam yacht designed by Burgess and built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, for John Murray Forbes, was launched on May 27. She was named Barracouta, and is 108ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 10ft. hold.

QUINCY Y. C. OPENING REGATTA.—The only starter for the Quincy Y. C. regatta on May 28 was Echo, Messrs. Burwell and Isham. She sailed the course alone in 1h. 31m., taking first prize, $10. The judges were H. H. Sheen and G. G. Saville.

PACIFIC Y. C.—The opening cruise of the Pacific Y. C., on May 15, found Aggie, Nellie and Lolita under way at 11 A. M. The destination was Martinez, but so few yachts turned out that it was changed before the start to Mount Diablo.

CORONET.—At noon on May 25, the Coronet arrived at New York after a very unpleasant passage of 24 days. She went at once to her owner's dock in South Brooklyn, where she is now stripped and laid up.

THE "GLOBE'S" OPEN REGATTA.—The Boston fishing fleet expects to enter the regatta of June 25. The *Globe* has offered a cup for the Shadow-Shona class in the Dorchester regatta of June 17.

FELICIA.—This Boston boat has been converted from a centerboard into a keel. The catboat Cooper has also been changed into a cutter, and the cat Nora has had 1600lbs. of lead bolted to her keel.

FORTUNA was to sail yesterday from Marblehead for Greenock, touching at Queenstown. Her racing spars have been shipped to Greenock in advance.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—At the monthly meeting of this club on June 3, Mr. Adrian Wilson, the sail maker, will lecture on "Scientific Sail Making."

A SAILBOAT ADRIFT.—A 25ft. catboat, keel upward, was picked up by a tug on Sunday night outside Sandy Hook and towed to Atlantic Basin.

CYPRUS.—This cutter was at Oswego last week, having come from New York by canal. She fitted out at the former port and sailed for Toronto.

SILK KITES.—Mayflower and the new steel boat will both have spinakers of the new "union" silk, from Lapthorne.

ANETO.—This little yawl has been sold by H. W. Eaton to W. H. Browne of Boston.

NANTILUS.—Keel sloop, has been sold by Arthur Ryerson to S. P. Freeman.

ECLIPSE.—Sloop, has been sold by E. H. Wales to a Boston yachtsman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR, New York city.—A gun club publicly announces a clay-pigeon tournament in which all professionals or semi-professionals are barred. A party enters and shoots under protest, who is employed by a certain gun manufacturing company to show their particular make of gun to visitors at the factory and at shooting tournaments. Now, as the value of this gun in question depends on his skill at the traps, would he not be considered at least a semi-professional and barred from a strictly amateur shoot? Ans. The term semi-professional is a new one, and the club introducing it must define and determine who come within its meaning. There has never been any recognized ruling as to what constitutes a professional in trap-shooting. Following the rule which obtains in rowing and other sports, the individual named would be a professional, but the point has not been decided either way in trap-shooting.

GEESE KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—R. Burch, who resides on Rock Creek, north of town, paid us a call last Tuesday evening. He informs us that during the storm of last Friday afternoon, as he and his family were watching the clouds, a flock of wild geese passed near the house. As he was looking at them there came a vivid flash of lightning, which seemed to pass right through the flock of geese, and the next moment the flock seemed to be thrown into confusion, uttering the shrillest cries of alarm, and six of their number were seen falling to the ground. They had been killed by the lightning flash Mr. Burch had noticed. He went and picked up the dead geese, which he found to be plump and fat, without a mark to show where the lightning had struck them. He had a feast of roast goose the next day. This is the first instance on record, we believe, of geese being struck by lightning while flying in the air, and it is generally supposed that they are safe from the destroying bolt of Jove.—*Chico (Cal.) Chronicle.*

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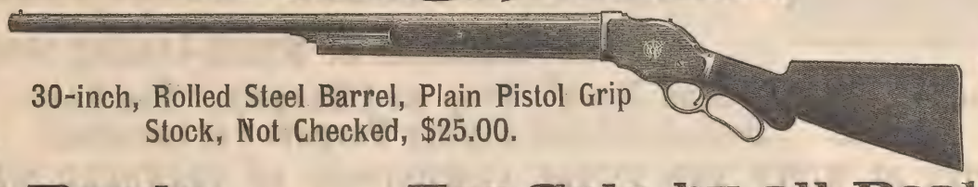
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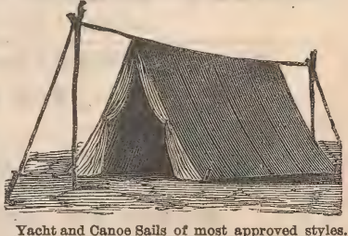
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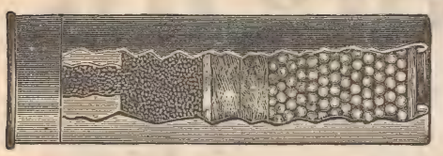
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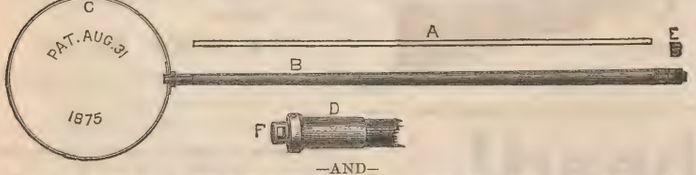
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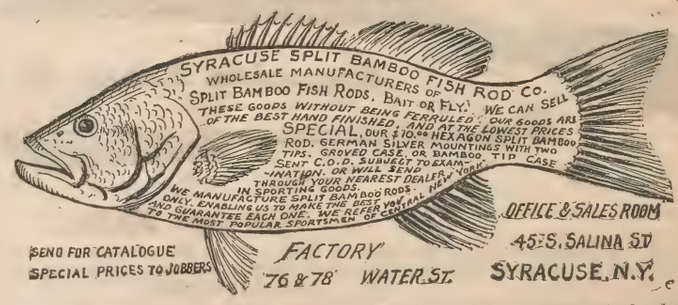
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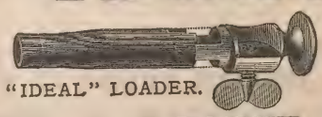
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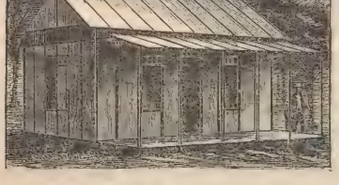
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A pool on Restigouche, 4 miles from Matapedia, till July 10, and from Aug. 1. Apply to Lock Box 35, Savannah, Ga. my26,6t

SHOOTING AND FISHING BETWEEN THE Atlantic and Chesapeake. Profitable lands, good buildings, combining shooting (geese, ducks, quail, woodcock and salt water birds), fishing good and abundant, oyster rights excellent; 8 hours to New York in a sleeper. Write BROWNE, JACOB & CO., Accomack C. H., Va. dec30

FOR SALE.—AN ISLAND ON THE SOUTHern coast of Massachusetts. Good fishing and beach for bathing. Located in the best summer climate in the world. For full particulars address EDWARD B. MERRILL, Mutual Life Building, 32 Nassau st., N. Y. my19,tf

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FOR SALE.

A long-range SHARP'S RIFLE (Borchard pattern), with a match record of 89 bullseyes out of 40 shots at 500yds. The rifle can be seen at No. 26 Church st., Room 17, New York. 1t

LATEST PARKER 12-GAUGE, TWO PAIR barrels, almost new, 60 brass shells, cover, rod, implements. Price $60; cost $120. J. M. GODINEZ, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 1t

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The undersigned will sell to sportsmen lakes and streams well stocked with trout and easily accessible, in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Tracings on linen on a large scale of any rivers there, showing granted lands, furnished to order. Address EDWARD JACK, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Can. jan6,tf



Chester White, Berkshire and Poland China Pigs, fine setter dogs, Scotch Collies, Foxhounds and Beagles, Sheep and Poultry, bred and for sale by W. GIBBONS & CO., West Chester, Chester Co., Pa. Send stamp for circular and price list.

LIVE WHITE HARES (*Lepus Americanus*), captured and properly boxed and delivered to express in Bethel, Me., in good condition on receipt of orders and remittances at $3 per pair. Refer to Hon. H. O. Stanley, Dixfield, Me., Fish and Game Commissioner. J. G. RICH, Bethel, Me. dec16,tf

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Chestnut Hill Kennels.

Our winnings at bench shows this year with our

Collies and Irish Setters

Number over 100 prizes, the young stock among many other prizes having taken 1st and 2d in the

Collie Club Sweepstakes.

The services of our dogs are offered in the stud, and we have **trained** and **untrained** stock constantly on hand for sale.

Address for stud cards or any other particulars,

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P. O. Box 1630, Philadelphia.

Stud St. Bernards.

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CHAMPION OTHO (A.K.R. 483), unsurpassed in head and immense in bone. Fee $50.

EIGER, imported from Switzerland; 1st, Buffalo, 1887. A dog of symmetry and quality above the average, of the best strain; excellent in coat. Fee $25.

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That grand young dog **HECTOR,** Apollo's best son, whelped Feb. 20, 1884, bred by Henry Schumacher, Bern, Switzerland, and purchased by us from him in Feb., 1886. Hector is the best smooth-coated dog in America. He won special for best St. Bernard at Buffalo show, beating champion Otho. Services for 1887 limited to eight approved bitches. Fee $100.

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WHITE ENGLISH BULL-TERRIER

YOUNG ROYAL PRINCE.....(A.K.R. 2102)
Weight 45lbs. Fee $15.

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Sire champion Spice, dam Relish; winner of many prizes in England. Fee $15.

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At stud, Fee $15. Puppies by the above dogs for sale. EDWARD LEVER, 906 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa. may19,tf

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CHAMPION POINTER OF THE WORLD.

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BEN WYVIS (A. K. R. 3623), **by Ben Nevis, ex Meg Merrilies. Fee, $15. Young dogs and puppies constantly on hand.** Can be seen or address **W. E. MUNSON, Branford, Conn.**

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MAINSPRING, Fee $50.

Champ. Beaufort's best son, **SACHEM,** Fee $25.

Apply to J. H. PHELAN,
75 Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J.

Silver Shoe.

Small imported pug dog, sire of many winners. Stud fee $10. (A.K.R. 3753). Particulars and pedigree, JAMES BOWDEN,
200 West Eleventh st., New York.

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A typical collie with the proper coat. See press notices. By champion Eclipse out of Nestor. This is the strain that produced Glenlivat, Glengarry, Clipsetta, Heather, Luella, Helen, etc. Fee $20. One or two good dog puppies for sale. JAS. WATSON, P. O. Box 770, Philadelphia.

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HEMPSTEAD, L. I.

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Champ. LUCIFER (as in præsenti)—Fee $50.

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BACCHANAL—Fee $20.

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Prize winner.

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tf Hempstead, L. I.

AT STUD

To a few approved bitches only,

Rough-Coated St. Bernard

BARRY II.,

Born Jan. 25, 1885. 1st prize at late Westminster show, N. Y.; only time ever exhibited.

Fee, $50.00.

Sired by Bello, S.H.S.B. Swiss Kennel Register No. 14; winner of many 1st prizes in Switzerland. Dam Gemma, 2d prize, Basle, 1885. Gemma, by Barry, now called Landgrave in England, winner of many 1st and special prizes in Switzerland and England. Breeders will notice that in breeding Barry II. combines the best strains of blood in Switzerland. His brothers are prize winners and sires of prize winners in Germany and Austria. Imported and owned by

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GIP (A.K.R. 3660), smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, won 1st at both Boston and Hartford this year. Also

Mastiff Bitch Hilda V.

1st Manchester, 1st Birmingham; 2d New Haven, 1st Boston, 2d Providence, and dam of Hilderbert, winner 1st St. Louis, 1st Chicago and many other prizes.

Apply at once to
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ENGLISH SETTERS.—ONE DOG, 14 MOS. old, fine bred, $20; one dog, 18 mos. old, $15; one bitch, 6 mos. old, $25; five dogs, 8 wks. old, $20 each; two bitches, 8 wks. old, $15 each. For description, pedigree, etc., address CHAUTAUQUA KENNEL, Sheridan, N. Y. 1t

Count Gladsome—Glen.

Perfectly marked black, white and tan puppies, 6 mos. old, by Count Gladsome (Gladstone—Leila)—Glen (1953). Healthy, active, full pedigree. Price moderate. T. POTTER, 161 West Fifth st., Cincinnati. jn2,4t

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FOR SALE.—THOROUGHLY BROKEN RED Irish setter. Also pair old flint pistols, fine condition; also Pride of Dixie II. Will exchange for fine 12g. B. L. gun. Write J. W. TRANTUM, Middletown, Conn. may26,2t

RARE CHANCE FOR HANDSOME BEAGLE puppies, cheap, 13in. size when grown. Full pedigree, imported stock. H. C. WOLFE, Lewisburg, Pa. may26,1t

FOR SALE.—THREE FOX-TERRIER bitches, all in whelp to a splendid son of Bacchanal; one dog pup by Regent Vox; solid fine black Spanish, Crevecoeur and beard; golden Polish fowls. Prices very low. Will exchange for Irish terrier, toy black and tan or King Charles spaniel or red Irish setter. Pups only wanted. Box 77, Ellicott City, Md. my22

DOGS BOARDED AND TRAINED AT REasonable charges; best references given. GREENFIELD KENNEL, S. C. Bradley, Manager, Greenfield Hill, Conn. my26

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Direct drafts from the Pape kennels, England, and noted Scotch kennels. Choice dogs of all ages for sale. CHAS. NELLY, Jr.,
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WM. GRAHAM, NEW TOWNBREDA, BELFAST Ireland, is prepared to purchase and ship dogs for importers. Dogs purchased from him had the following prizes awarded to them: At New York and Chicago, 1883, sixteen firsts, nine special, three second and one third. At New York, 1884, seven firsts, six specials and one third

The Field Sportsman's Picture Co.,

PALMYRA, N. Y.,

Are now prepared to furnish copies of the photographs taken by Mr. Walker at the Eastern Field Trials. Lists and prices on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1887.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TWENTY CENTS' WORTH OF GOLD.

THE "gold medal" offered by the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society contains about 20 cents' worth of that metal. It must not be supposed, however, that it is worth no more than this. To draw such a conclusion would be to do a grave injustice to the persons who offered these medals as prizes. They would cost perhaps $4 or $5 each if ordered in lots of 50. To make the die would perhaps cost $50; there may be $1 profit on each medal, $50 more; gold and labor of electroplating, 50 cents each, $25; copper, which composes them, say $2; labor, say $73; total, $200.

It must be understood, however, that these copper medals did not cost the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society anything like so much as this, for they already had the die—the one from which the pewter medals of last year were struck—so that really there was to them little expense beyond the copper and the gilding. The number of "gold medals" offered was about forty. We should really like to see the bill for those particular prizes. Would Mr. Gregg have any objection to sending us for the information of exhibitors a certified copy of this item, as also of the charge for the silver medals.

In manufacturing these medals a circular disc of copper of the proper size is cut out and sent to the electroplater, who gilds it and then puts it in the bath. When it is coated with gold to the amount of 15 or 20 cents' worth, it is taken out, and then put under the die and stamped with the words

WESTERN PENNA. POULTRY SOCIETY
BENCH SHOW.

This gives it a bright finish and obviates the necessity of polishing, which would be added labor and greatly increase the cost of these already valuable medals.

We shall be glad to quote rates to any association desiring to offer zinc, pewter, brass, copper or lead medals, or other prizes. A liberal discount on large orders.

We said last week that the directors of the W. P. P. Society were not to blame for the fraud which was practiced on exhibitors, but they cannot escape some measure of responsibility for it, if any of them saw the medals before they were awarded.

Any man who has an idea of the value of the precious metals and of business methods, and who saw these medals before they were awarded, would naturally say to himself that if these medals were of gold they would cost $50 or $60, a sum greater than any show could afford to give, while, if they were not gold, they were a fraud on the exhibiting public. He would then make inquiries, and on learning the price which was paid for the medals, should have protected himself by disavowing the action of the managers of the show. We are not informed as to whether such a course was pursued by any of the directors of the Pittsburgh society.

To talk merely about Pittsburgh in connection with these base metal trophies is manifestly unjust, if other clubs have been guilty of similar practices. It is reported that at the last meeting of the A. K. C. the Pittsburgh delegate attempted to justify the fraud perpetrated on exhibitors by alleging that the same thing had been done by other clubs. The *tu quoque* argument never carries any weight, and was particularly silly in this case. It has a certain interest, however, as being the first public announcement that fraudulent medals have been given by other clubs than Pittsburgh. Whispers to this effect have been heard before, but it has been impossible to trace them to a definite and responsible source. The question is one that ought to be settled, and, if exhibitors will assist us, the FOREST AND STREAM will be glad to determine the character of all medals awarded at recent shows, and will have them assayed or tested, free of cost, and then publish the results. Medals sent in for this purpose must be accompanied by an affidavit from the sender, stating at what show the medal was awarded, the date of the show, class, and the name of the dog and dog's owner, but the name of the person sending and the information contained in this statement will be regarded as confidential and will not be made public without the consent of the deponent.

Medals and statements should be forwarded by registered mail or express.

It is impossible to foreshadow the action of the A. K. C. on the subject of the Pittsburgh copper medals. The pewter medal fraud was in effect condoned, the subject being laid on the table, and there seems no reason to suppose that the A. K. C. will take any notice of this latest imposition on the dog public.

Since there is in this country a body of men which is supposed to take charge of bench show and field trial matters, and to see that such competitions are conducted in a clean and creditable manner, it ought not to be left to a newspaper to detect and announce a fraud like the one twice practiced by the Pittsburgh show. It was the plain duty of the A. K. C. to have discovered the deception, investigated it and promptly punished the offense. Instead of doing this it dawdles, temporizes, says that the Pittsburgh club are "good fellows" and lays the matter on the table.

The American Kennel Club can gain no friends by such a contemptible shilly shally policy. It has never yet done anything to command public respect, and until it is radically changed it never will. Founded on wrong principles, and originally controlled by schemers, it has been from the beginning incompetent and unworthy of its name. No doubt the intentions of most of its members are excellent, but prejudice has too strong a hold on many of them to permit them to exercise judgment. There must be a change and a speedy one.

THE WELLINGTON TOURNAMENT.

FROM the story of the week's shooting at Wellington, Massachusetts, told in our issue of this week, some notion may be formed of the tremendous proportions to which the pastime of trap-shooting has grown. Fifty thousand clay birds of various sorts thrown in the air invited a very lively bombardment from the small army of marksmen present, and so well was everything managed that there was no utterance of any complaint, no claim that there was any unfair play, nor that everybody did not get a good chance and win according to his merits as shown at the score. This shows that there is no need for anything like the number of complaints which are continually pouring in upon us, asking for decisions upon this or that point, and explaining all manner of difficulties which would never have been met had a clear study of the rules been made in advance.

The shoot shows, too, that the makers of clay birds and artificial targets in any form have so nearly simulated the flight of the real bird, or in fact, so far surpassed it, that shooting from a trap is a complete and thorough test of the comparative skill of the men entered for the match. There has been a wonderful improvement in trap and target since Bogardus came out with his glass ball substitute for the live feathered target. Shooting at the balls soon became monotonous, and long runs of breaks wearied the onlookers. There is nothing of this with the targets of to-day, as seen in the Wellington tournament. These tax the best shot to his best effort, and no pigeon, however wild, however full of flight or doctored by the trapper, could show the "get up and get" agility of some of the skimming clay saucers as they leave a trap well notched down.

The story of this big shoot, where the Eastern sportsmen so hospitably entertained and so cleverly outshot their Western associates, is particularly interesting when it is put side by side with the columns printed when law and nature combined to put down the shooting of live birds. It will be recalled how it was proven beyond a doubt to the satisfaction of the old-time trappists, that the flinging aside of the old time H and T trap was sure to be followed by a general flinging aside of guns. Armories, powder-mills and shot towers were all to fall into decay, according to those who wanted the real bird and no make-believe substitute. Well, the big roosts of wild pigeons dwindled away into flitting dozens, the legislators drew up statutes more or less stringent, and the artificial target came naturally to the front and has given to trap-shooting a position in the list of sports which it never had before. Hundreds shoot now where dozens shot a decade ago, and thousands of clay dishes are broken with ease and comfort where before the handling of a few hundred pigeons was a labor for several assistants for weeks before the actual match. The few live birds remaining will find a fitting grave under a heap of flying bits from the shower of clays sent up every day in every part of the country.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE articles on "The Diamond Hitch," which we are now publishing, will have an interest for a large class of people. Every man who has traveled with a pack train in the Rocky Mountains, or who ever expects to do so, will read them with pleasure; and to the large class who live among the Mountains and themselves throw the ropes, the papers will prove attractive. Experience has taught many of "Yo's" readers how difficult it is to learn to throw this hitch, but it is far more difficult to explain in words how it ought to be thrown. The author of the series now appearing is the first who has attempted this task, and he is to be congratulated on having set forth the operation so clearly. Criticisms and comments on these papers from old packers will be welcomed by all those interested in the subject. There is a great deal to be said about packing, and few pens have been found to do justice to this and a kindred topic, the Rocky Mountain mule.

Death loves a shining mark, and in league with him is the young fool who tries to make a man of himself by stuffing a revolver into his hip pocket. One evening of last week E. F. Stoddard, a prominent citizen of Dayton, O., was standing on the second story landing of a stairway in a hall leading to the street; a young man was passing; from the young man's pocket a revolver fell to the pavement, exploded, and the bullet killed Stoddard. Here were a wife and children left desolate and a community plunged into mourning, all by a pure accident, yet an accident made possible only by this foolish and detestable hip-pocket pistol carrying.

The comments on "Farmer Brown's Trout," and the incidental discussion of the relations which anglers, shooters and campers sustain toward land-owners, might be made profitable for all concerned if governed by reason and genuine feeling. In past years many columns of this journal have been devoted to the endeavor to show that the interests of sportsmen and farmers are identical. There should be no clashing between them; and where differences and difficulties do arise they are due to the unreasonableness of one or both of the parties concerned.

One of the magazines is publishing a series of articles by different writers on "Books That Have Helped Me." What a series might be written on the helpful influence of the "books in the running brooks."

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

II.

GETTING THINGS READY.

THE essential parts of the packer's outfit besides the pack saddles are as follows:

Sling Rope.—A 25 to 30ft. length of ¼ to ½in. rope, the ends whipped so that they will not ravel.

Lash Rope.—A ⅝in. rope 35 to 40ft. long. One end is passed through the ring of the lash cinch and spliced into the standing part, making an eye splice. The free end is either knotted, or better, is whipped, so that it will not ravel.

Lare Ropes.—Lengths of ¼ or ½in. rope, 15 to 20ft. long, used for lashing together in compact bundles the "packs," which may consist of a number of small articles.

Lash Cinch.—A cinch made either of horse hair or canvas from 6 to 8in. wide. At one end is a 3in. iron ring, either running through the hair or made fast to the canvas by a stout leathern string passed back and forth through the ring and the canvas, attaching the ring to the cinch so firmly that nothing can free it. To this ring the lash rope is attached by the eye splice. A better arrangement than the ring is shown in Fig. 4. In this a broad strip of leather is fastened to the canvas, passes over an ½in. iron rod as long as the leather is wide, and then returning to the canvas, is laced to it. Half way from either side of the cinch and close to the iron rod, is a hole large enough to admit the passage through it of the lash rope. This is passed through from the belly side

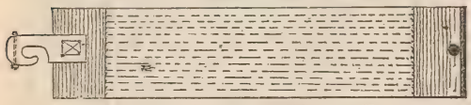


FIG. 4.—LASH CINCH WITH WOODEN HOOK.

of the cinch, and then either knotted so that it cannot pull out, or better spliced, as in the case of the ring above mentioned. The advantage of this arrangement is that the whole cinch pulls smooth from this end, whereas with a ring it is apt to gather on the lower side like a rag. To the other end of the cinch is fastened in the same way a hook, preferably of ½ to ⅝in iron, but often made of wood. The wooden hook is made of oak, hickory or other hard wood, and is laced on the cinch. It should be about 8in. long, 3½ or 4in. wide, and the hook end is often strengthened by a bolt or rod of iron riveted over a washer as shown in the figure. A bolt is best, as it can be tightened in case the wood shrinks. When the lash cinch is in position, the open side of the hook should look forward, and the end point downward and under the animal's belly. The inner surface of the hook is smooth, so that there may be as little friction as possible.

Blind.—A calfskin, or heavy cloth blinder, cut in a long oval and brought together at the ends. This is slipped over the ears of the animal to be packed, and falling down over the face covers the eyes while saddling and packing. To the front of the blind a strap is

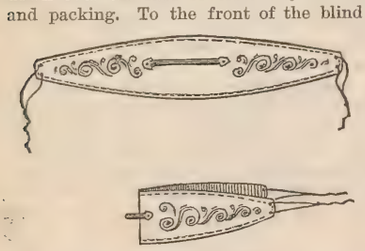


FIG. 5.—BLIND.

sewed for a hand hold, and it is often used as a quirt by the packer who carries it, or it may be hung over the horn of the saddle and carried in that way. The strings go back on the mule's neck.

Jaquima, or as it is more commonly termed, hackamore.—A loose halter, put on the animal when it is caught up in the morning and worn during the day, or until the load is removed and the animal turned out. The stem of the hackamore is the rope depending from it; the equivalent of halter shank. A convenient and inexpensive hackamore is shown in Fig. 6. It is made of ⅜in. rope. C is an eye made by passing one end of the rope, A, under a strand of the other end, B, and then passing the end of B under a strand of A, as in the diagram. Draw this up. Splice in the short end, which goes over the animal's head, about 12in. back from the eye, and then pass the long end through the eye. This completes the halter.

We will take it for granted that two young men quite unacquainted with Western ways are starting out to go through the Yellowstone Park by themselves. They wish to go as inexpensively as possible, and do not care to be confined to the beaten routes of travel. They want to see the nooks and corners that are hidden away among the mountains, to get away from the dust and rattle of the stage coach, and the exclamations of the "coupon" tourists. They decide—and very wisely—to pack through the Park, but do not feel that they can afford to hire an experienced packer. I shall try in these papers to so describe the *modus operandi* of packing an animal, that any two persons of ordinary intelligence can, with a little practice, perform the operation. Out of consideration for these two young men I allow them only one animal.

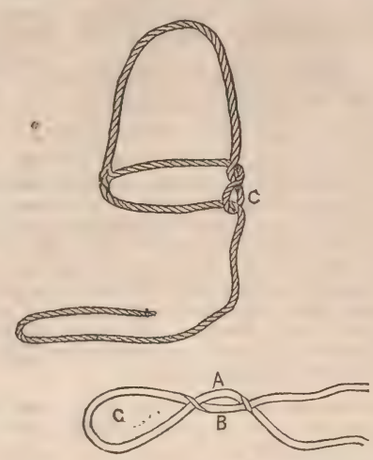


FIG. 6.—HACKAMORE.

I do this because I want them, if possible, to get started the first day, even if they only make half a mile. If they had two or three animals to pack it is very likely they would not get away from camp for a week.

In traveling in the mountains the animals are usually turned loose at night, the bell mare and in fact all the horses being hobbled so that they are not likely to stray, and the mules or burros left perfectly free. The latter will almost always stay with the horses. Of course, some time would be saved if the animals could be picketed out, but in the mountains this is impossible. There are so many trees, bushes and rocks to catch and tangle up a rope, that an animal which is dragging one will be sure to get itself tied up early in the evening, and have to go all night with nothing to eat. This is a serious matter, for if your stock gets poor on a trip, you will be in a bad way. In old times it was often the case that a man's life depended on the ability of his animals to travel, and to travel fast, with good loads, and although nowadays the condition of the stock is not often of such vital importance, still it is always worth while to look after it with the utmost care, and even if his trip is to be a very short one, the experienced traveler is always considerate of the well-being of his animals.

The single pack animal of our two heroes, or pupils, is probably feeding somewhere in the neighborhood of the camp. As soon as they have turned out in the morning—and they should always do that at dawn—one of the party should make the fire and begin to get breakfast, while the other goes off to look up the animals. If they are not in sight he will have to listen for the bell, which one of them should always wear at night, or, if he cannot hear that, he must look for their tracks made in the wet grass or on the snow, and follow these up until he finds the animals. They should then be driven close to camp, and allowed to feed there until needed.



FIG. 7.—BLINDED.

After breakfast one of the party should wash the dishes and get the "kitchen" in shape to pack up, while the other may take down the tent and fold up the blankets. After all this has been done the animals must be caught. If they are at all wild, take a couple of lash or picket ropes and stretch them about some trees standing near together, at a height of about 4ft. from the ground, so as to form an inclosure, with only one opening about 6ft. wide, and here leave a loose end of rope long enough to close this entrance after the animals have been driven into it. Drive the animals slowly toward, and at length into, this rope corral, and then catch them and put on their jaquimas and tie them to the trees. Of course, if the animals are so gentle that they will let you catch them without difficulty, you will not take the trouble to corral them.

We will suppose the animal to have been driven in, caught, its jaquima put on and the stem tied to the limb of a convenient tree. When you are ready to saddle, lead him out to the saddle, put the blind on and drop the halter. The operation of saddling need not be described, but several points must be kept especially in mind. You must see to it first that the blankets lie smoothly, *i. e.*, without wrinkles under the saddle; second, that there is plenty of blanket wherever the saddle bears on the animal's withers or back; third, that the blanket is well forward, for its tendency is always to work back; and fourth, that the saddle is put on so firmly that there is no possibility of its slipping, turning or working. Do not be afraid of cinching the beast too tight. Ordinarily two men take the latigo in their hands, and bracing one foot each against the animal's side, pull until the mule takes the shape of an hour glass. The animal grunts and groans and swells itself up as much as possible, but it is useless for it to resist. It is business, not sport, this packing. If you are using a double cinch saddle—a sawbuck—do not take the flank cinch up too tight at first, though it must be made tight enough, so as to hold well, especially where there is no crupper.

It is better to make up your packs before you catch your animal, because, until you have had some practice, this will be slow business, and you must not keep the animal tied up and starving while you are learning how to do your work. Let him feed until the packs are prepared. Of these there are usually three or more, two side packs and a center, or top, pack. It is important that the side packs be about equal in bulk and weight, for they are to balance each other on each side of the saddle, while the top pack may either be one bundle or two or three, as may be convenient. Rolls of bedding make convenient side packs, but boxes, sacks of flour or oats, or any single bundles, may be carried on the side. If you can do so, make up your two side packs of your heavy stuff. Keep the bedding out, if there is enough for side packs without using it. If there is not, then roll the hand bags up in some of the blankets, and then in canvas and tie for side packs, making the bundles as nearly as possible equal in bulk and weight.

Besides these bulky packages there will inevitably be a lot of small articles, which of course cannot go on the load separately, but must be put together in the top or center pack. This pack, therefore, may contain a varied assortment of articles; a lot of "grub," including flour, coffee, bacon, sugar, pepper and salt; the "kitchen" with its knives, forks, spoons, camp kettle, coffee pot, frying pan, tin plates and cups; a hatchet, the tent, matches, some extra ropes and extra ammunition. How is it all to go?

You have one or two extra squares of canvas, say 6ft. square, and half a dozen empty flour sacks. Your flour, coffee and sugar are already in sacks. If your flour sack is full, it can go on the saddle, between the side packs; but if it is less than half full, put it into an empty sack and tie it close down. Then put the sacks containing sugar and coffee and the tins of salt and pepper into the other end, and tie that. The knives, forks, spoons and cups, packed with grass or twigs about them so that they will not rattle, will perhaps all go into the coffee pot, which may be put in the end of another sack and tied, while the bacon, wrapped up in a sack, can go into the kettle, which if small enough can be tied up in the other end of the sack that has the coffee pot. If too large for that, the coffee pot with its contents can perhaps go in the kettle, and a sack should be tied over its mouth. If the kettle is small enough so that it will go between the side packs and yet not be smashed by the crosstrees of the saddle, it may be placed there, but it is safer to tie it on outside. The hatchet must have its cover put on so that it will not cut anything. Spread a square of canvas on the ground, and on it arrange all the packages in an oblong form, filling in between the larger ones with the smaller articles. After arranging the packages as compactly as possible, fold the canvas over as tightly as convenient. Make a loop in a lare rope and pass around one end, drawing it tight, then pass over the end of the bundle, and taking a half hitch around the other side of the loop, tighten. Make a loop about other end of the package and tighten; pass the rope over the end of the bundle, and take a half hitch and tighten, continuing until you have a compact package, which should be about 3ft. long, 18in. wide and 9in. or a foot deep; of course its size will vary indefinitely. If quite light two such packages may go on top of the pack. Have all your bundles compact and well tied up.

If you have an axe instead of a hatchet this must go on after the packing has been done, being shoved under the ropes, blade out, where it can do no harm, and securely tied. Your plates may go into a frying-pan and this into a sack. Never put a bucket or anything that can be crushed into a side pack. If you have any blankets left over from the side packs fold them twice. They will go on top of the load and under the pack cover. Leave your camp kettle and frying-pan one side for the present.

YO.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WORMS VERSUS FLY.

IF, as is said, "an honest confession is good for the soul," I propose to gain a little on the record book by making of your columns a confessional and entering them as an impenitent penitent. If I do not lay myself open to the serious charge of being a complete renegade, it will be only because of my starting from a standpoint at the least mugwumpian.

I have abandoned one of the strongest planks upon which nearly all trout fishermen who write up their adventures, from those who simply record

Date.	*Number.*	*Weight.*	*Largest.*
May 30.	400.	7lbs.	3oz.

to those who sprinkle profusely the ornamental phrases, "speckled beauties," "sulked," "rushed," "music of the reel" and "gave him the butt," stand as immovable as the Colossus, and some of them beyond doubt stand as firmly by the brookside as in print, and martyrs to a principle, catch their trout with flies or not at all. The plank is a slippery one when tested by actual work. Many when in seclusion slip off, and I have often been a tumbler, but I never before got such a fall as I have during the last week. My footing never was very secure, but I'm a goner now, and the next time I go trout fishing, if it be in early spring, and my destination be the Adirondacks, I shall leave at home my split bamboo fly-rod, and all that that implies, fit out with a stiffer bass rod, No. 1 to 1-0 sprout hooks, No. 8 and 9 ringed sinkers, and fish with worms and "chunk bait." Now don't understand me as starting in on the Don Quixotic windmill charging task of trying to persuade or convince any "true" fishing sportsman that worms, etc., are to be preferred to flies under any circumstances. There are men, very good fellows, sane on every other subject, who would write me down crazy on this were I so foolish.

My platform, or rather the plank in question, is this: When you go afishing the prime object, aside from the pleasure derived from the outing, etc., equal in either case, is to catch fish in any fair, sportsmanlike method.

The spring of the rod, the hum of the reel, the thrill of the strike and the pleasure of final capture are not lost to me because it is a minnow, a dobson or a crab that the bass has taken: while my fly neighbor, casting in the boat, experiences neither if the bass won't rise (and we all know that there are more times that they won't than they will) to the gang of flies with which he industriously whips the warm surface.

So it is with the trout. We travel many miles by rail, stage, buckboard and on foot through very rough country, and it costs us a lot of time and money to get into a good trout stream. When I get there I want to catch something. (Change that I to we, for I know there are lots of us.) I prefer a light rod and tackle and flies, but my preference for the latter lure does not continue if I find by the best of evidence that the trout prefer worms. for that spring and hum and thrill, etc., depend entirely upon the fish. If they won't take your fly, why there's the end of it; you might as well get into a more comfortable place than up to your hips in a brook, fighting flies and mosquitoes with one hand and with the other threshing a stream, empty to all intents and purposes.

Now all of us like the fun of catching them; most of us like them on the table; most of us like to have a good story to tell without padding it with lies; most of us like to carry out a few big ones. If sticking to the flies gives pleasure enough to any person to enable him to dispense with all of these other things, well and good; let him stick, and if he pleases whip the stream in vain; but to him I would say—and I speak as a representative of a large class—"Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" If adherence to the fly under all circumstances be praiseworthy, then the man who, for virtue's sake, will content himself with occasional little ones, while his companion—one of the wicked, with the same gear, except as to bait—is having great success, and is constantly engaged in tussles with big trout, is a martyr and deserves a reward of some kind.

A friend once tried to convince me that it was as cruel to deceive the poor trout by imbedding death in their hoped-for food, as to poison a spring; and he drew a pathetic picture of the feelings of the fish when he discovered the fraud. All of this I admitted; but I must say that the substitution of a 9ft. leader and set of flies for the worms, with which, when he began his lecture, I was fishing, was due, not to his sermon, but to the simple fact that then and there, on a lake where the trout were bred on flies alone, he was catching three or four to my one. I wonder, if the case had been reversed, if he would not at least have longed for the forbidden fruit. I admitted the deceit and the cruelty, but claimed that in both the worm fisherman was less guilty than he of the fly, for, while of a dozen trout that spring for the flies, certainly half is a fair proportion to bring to the basket, the other half dozen get but pricked mouths; while of the dozen that come for the worms, the greater part get them and we don't get the fish; a trout for every worm would be astonishing good luck. So with even 50 per cent. in each case basketed; his others get nothing, mine their breakfast. On the time-honored principle "the greatest good to the greatest number," worms are ahead.

I have been airing my old ideas, and as I have confessed my last trip has increased even their laxity. As between the rural method by which, with pole and string and sinker, the rustic snails 'em with worms and the æsthetic method of the experienced and well equipped angler with split bamboo rod, tapered line and flies, I have unhesitatingly championed the latter. But my views have become seriously modified; theoretically, I am still prepared to defend the fly system; practically, I have within the last week thrown it aside and adopted the rustic method, worms and chunk bait, sinker and all included. I did, however, adhere as a matter of comfort and as one connecting link between the present and the past to my rod, a shorter and stiffer implement than those in general use, and by so doing lost more than I saved of splendid fish. I propose to submit my story and I wonder if among your readers there will be those who will feel sure enough of their virtue to come out and affirm that, under the circumstances, they would not have done as I did.

Last autumn I was one of the many who spent a few delightful days at one of the swell hotels of the Adirondacks, strolled on its spacious piazzas, rolled ten pins, watched lawn tennis and dancing, and made sundry efforts to add the amusement of fishing to my resources; my only reward being a few medium-sized black bass. To obtain these I had, first, to work hard to secure a few worms (as yet a very scarce commodity, although this year they are growing more plentiful). After a four-mile row to a certain spot in Marion River, where the voracious bass had left a few minnows, I spent an hour or so in taking a few of them. Then I went back into Eagle or Utowana Lake and devoted the little remainder of my time to the bass. The first time I employed a so-called guide, a man faultlessly attired in a guide's costume, and who undertook to have everything all ready, providing all needed outfit, at usual wages, $3 per day and board. Arriving at the minnow rocks we proceeded to bait hooks, and found ourselves the possessors of three small worms. This was bad enough, for the pumpkin seeds were more plentiful than shiners, and great bait eaters; but when in succession our guide lost one of the worms, then attempted to convince us that bits of the salt ham of which our lunch sandwiches were built were "jess as good as worms to catch shiners," and that "punkin seeds were jess as good as shiners to catch bass," our wrath arose, and my companion, a gentleman of over eighty years, and for at least seventy years an ardent and successful angler, "spoke out in meeting;" and I don't think that "guide" will ever want us any more than we will him in future.

I longed for a day with the trout, but everybody, especially the "guide," combined to convince me that I was sighing for the unattainable, trying to turn the past into the present. But fortune favored me, for through accident I became acquainted with a lady whose son had the preceding day, under the guidance of one Henry Taylor, made a most successful trouting trip. It is needless to say that the next day I too was under the same guidance, bent on the same mission. A five-mile drive on a buckboard and a mile across country brought us to a large brook, in whose spring holes Henry guessed "we could tease a few of them out of the wet," and we did. We fished four springholes; two drew blank; two others paid. As it was the season for fly-fishing and the location was suitable we used flies. A large brown hackle and a grizzly king were eagerly taken. We had seven or eight fish, ranging from ¼lbs. up, when I hooked a large one. The ensuing fight, together with the necessary use of the landing net, spoiled the hole, and this one, weighing nearly 2lbs., was my last; even "chunk bait," to which we finally resorted, failed to draw. That evening Henry and I exchanged promises, his that if I would return in early spring he would insure me some splendid fishing, mine that, D.V., I would be on hand.

Two weeks ago I found that other business made it necessary that I should give up my proposed trip, and I wrote to that effect. By return mail came a letter which you have already published. It was full of glorious promises, but as you remarked editorially, there were "lions in the path." Obstacles so great stood in the way that I was most reluctantly forced to decline. I had business which demanded my time; pleasant as the trip might prove, I ought not to go, and I wrote Taylor to that effect. This was on Saturday morning, and for an hour or two I felt that glow of comfort which comes to a man who resists temptation and sacrifices pleasure to duty. But then came a reaction. All of the obstacles which seemed so high at first became gradually less formidable, and I began to feel despondent and downhearted. A member of my family, competent to judge, characterized my mental condition as "cross and sulky." My courage followed the example of Bob Acres, and the next morning, Sunday, I found it all gone. I showed my appreciation of my virtuous resolution by breaking it. My letter to Henry was not posted, and on Monday morning I started with a week at my disposal, of which three days must be devoted to the journey to and fro.

To reach Blue Mountain Lake one must be in Saratoga in time to start by the 10 A. M. train on the Adirondack Railroad; this brings you to North Creek (58') a little after noon, thence on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays now (every day later in the season), a thirty miles drive over a good road in or on a Concord stage, brings you to Blue Mountain Lake by 8 or 9 P. M., stopping half an hour for an excellent dinner at Eldridge's, as North River is generally called. A buckboard can be hired on any day, but this, while very comfortable, is an expensive luxury. One with seats for 3 costs $12; for 5, $20; while the stage fare is $3, and on a pleasant day well worth the money. From the westward, on the New York Central, it is necessary to go to Saratoga the day previous. I did, and spent the night there sleeping part of the time and the rest fighting mosquitoes, with which the town was well populated; and curiously enough, in the courtyard of my hotel there still lay a great pile of snow. Snow to make snow water, and the insects thus encountered at the very outset of my trip argued poorly; but there was one comfort in the woods, I could wear garments and tar oil, neither of which were adapted to the city. The events which thus apparently cast their shadows before, did not come. Once clear of Saratoga, I bade adieu to mosquitoes, seeing not over half a dozen in the woods, and no snow except in forest-sheltered swamps where, in holes, there still remained snow and ice. Arriving at 9 P. M., early the next morning Henry and I started, and arrived at the large pool under the dam. I could hardly wait to get at the big trout that beyond question were lying in wait.

Well, I exhausted my patience and my variety of suitable flies, with not a rise. Then came Henry, and dropping his big hook armed with a chunk of chub, and out came a beauty, then another, then chubs. We started down, and my results were repeated, his were not. Thinking, perhaps, that I fishing ahead, and being out of practice, spoiled the stream for him, we exchanged precedence, and he tried the flies, but, although a very skillful caster, the result was the same, and Rock River proved a failure. We afterward learned that but a few days before the dam had been opened to drive logs, and thus the fishing was spoiled. After an hour of failure, we struck across the woods to another stream. Taylor, born and brought up in the woods, and always a fisherman, knew them all. At this we did better; we took a few small trout, 4 to 6oz., with the flies, one brown hackle and scarlet ibis, in a long stretch of still water; then we came to a deep and large pool with a heavy rift in it. Both of us cast the flies with no success. Then, determined to test the matter, I put on a large hook, a sinker and worms. Hardly had my hook sunk before I had hold of, I thought, a snag. Lifting gingerly to avoid damage, the head and shoulders of a very large trout made their appearance, just long enough to let me know the nature of my "snag" to excite hopes; then he unbit, dived and vanished. After that, at every symptom of a touch, I struck hard, determined to sacrifice my stock of hooks rather than lose another trout.

My second strike was a success and I saved a pound trout, and during the day I saved quite a lot of good ones; but I lost more than I saved, for the amount of strength required to jerk the half-ounce sinker and heavily-baited hook up the swift waters left very little to be expended in setting the hook home. My rod is an 8oz., 9½ft., and unusually stiff for a split bamboo. I could strike and save anything up to half a pound; fish larger than that generally got away. When, however, I did manage to get good hold of a big one, the little rod did its work well.

Our day's work brought us a good basketful of fine fish. We improved on the 6-inch law and saved nothing under ¼lb.

That night I spent at Merwin's Blue Mountain House and had the honor of being the first guest of the season. This hotel, situated 200ft. above the lake, is a most comfortable resort when you get there; the 200ft. rise in a fifteen minutes' walk from the lake is a pretty stiff pull after a day's work. I made this my headquarters for three days, finding the fare good, attentions and accommodations all that a fisherman could wish. Being in advance of the season has, though, one disadvantage. While your guide is admitted to the family table, you sit in solitary grandeur the only feeder in a big dining room, and at such epochs listening to chat and laughter, music and children's play, from which your grandeur debars you. The position of "Lone Fisherman" is very lonesome, It is not the woods custom to give to outsiders a share of domestic pleasures.

As I had but four days to fish I worked hard and much of my time was wasted. For instance: A drive of four very long miles on the Long Lake stage road took me to Salmon River, two hours of hard fishing brought me two small trout. The snow water was still in the river and trout were not. At the south inlet of Raquette Lake there are a falls and resultant large pool. I rowed fifteen miles to fish that pool and caught two suckers, yet while I sat there chatting with Mr. Durkee, superintendent of the Adirondack Railroad, quite a number of large trout rushed from the pool and through a 3in. water apron which covered a sloping rock, 6ft. to the first resting pool, then after a time went on and surmounted the falls, yet in the still water above they showed no sign.

While all of the native fishermen agreed that too much snow water was the trouble with the forest-sheltered streams I fished, some held, and I think with truth, that one great cause of failure was that the trout were bottom feeding on sucker spawn. Never in my life, except in the salmon rivers of Alaska, have I seen streams so densely crowded with fish as were all of these with suckers, ranging from 8in. to twice the length. And at the mouths of the creeks a black converging mass was visible way out to the deep water of the lakes.

To obtain bait for our buoys or trolling we had but to place a trap, consisting of a big bag with hooped mouth, bent downward, from 10ft. to 15ft. above, and fill our bag with from three to four bushels. This unending supply of these otherwise useless fish is a godsend to these waters, for living as they do in the deep waters and coming on to the shoals to spawn before the bass begin to feed, the food supply for the lake trout is assured.

Not so, however, with the bass, with which some years ago the Raquette was stocked, and which have spread into all of the lakes (Raquette, Forked, Blue Mountain, Eagle and Utowana). They have cleaned the lakes of shiners, chubs and all other minnows, and now it is thought must live upon their own young, and such little supply of troutlets as is left. Every spring young bass an inch long are seen in countless schools, but the stock in the lakes does not seem to increase, and very few fish of any size are taken. Now and then a two or three pounder is the best record I could get for them.

At one stream only did we get first-rate fishing, and on that for several hours it was simply perfect. This stream ran through open country, there was no snow water, and every hole of the rapids yielded a trout. On this stream I again made a faithful effort with flies, and to insure against failure through any want of skill upon my part, had Taylor do the same. After a bit he got tired of it; then following close behind me, kept lifting and saving so rapidly that it was exasperating to me. Fish after fish, none less than ½lb., several up to 1lb., and a few of twice the weight were buried in a cold-water swamp that night—we had no ice. But Henry did not catch them all, for again I yielded, and this time for good; and fishing to get trout out of holes that held trout that would not take flies, I did it the correct way and got my share. Next spring, if I live and can, I'll do it again, and as I said in the beginning, take with me my bass gear and outfit.

Every one in the woods was praying for rain; not only was the fishing injured by the long drouth, but in all directions the burning woods gave evidence of careless fallow burning. From the Blue Mountain House (in the view from which are included Eagle and Utowana lakes) a dozen separate fires could be seen at once, and besides the loss of timber many had suffered loss of buildings, etc. On Thursday a very large fire seemed located on the road in and where I went out on Monday; we drove for miles through a burned, and in some places still burning, district. In one place the bridge over a stream was gone, burned down, and we had to make a difficult detour. Pleasant as it may be when all is right, the front top seat on a high stage drawn by four horses is not pleasant upon such detours; and on Thursday the driver informed me he had to run his horses to get through.

The lakers were taking the troll very well during my stay, but I did not care to fish for them. I did spend a few spare hours at the buoys, and caught several from 2 to 6lbs.

The flies made their appearance on Thursday (19th) but did not seem to be hungry, or had not been educated sufficiently, for it was not until Saturday afternoon that I received my first bite. Tar and sweet oil probably had its usual saving effect, but as we all know, there are times when even that will not save us. I think that the extreme dryness of the air kept them languid. There were very few mosquitoes. I was more troubled by them in my one night at Saratoga than during my stay in the woods. The "punkies" were not at all troublesome, and except that the dry weather interfered with the fishing, I could ask nothing better, and altogether I had a most delightful trip.

On the Raquette I passed a few pleasant hours. At one of my favorite Adirondack resorts, "Under the Hemlocks," as at Merwin's, I was first guest of the season, and Landlord Bennett, as did Merwin, exerted every effort to make it pleasant for me, and succeeded. I am prepared to testify that the people of the woods live very comfortably, even when the season has not yet opened.

A fine large hotel is building on the site where last season stood the Blue Mountain Lake House, more commonly known as Holland's, and I believe will be ready to receive guests by Aug. 1.

I am told that the rush for the woods is increasing, and that the various hotels have more rooms spoken for now than were taken a month later last season.

Speaking of the food supply of the people, they don't seem to care much for the bass. This may be partly due to prejudice, for one and all of the natives with whom I talked seemed to agree that the bass planting was a mistake, and a serious one, unless a suitable amount of food fish is provided for them. They claim that the Commissioner was mistaken in considering the trout supply of the Raquette practically exhausted when, some fifteen years ago, it was stocked with bass; that there were then a great many trout left for those who knew when and where to get them. And I know this. During my stay a guide trolling in South Inlet caught a number of large speckled trout, seven or eight, I believe, aggregating 13lbs. I myself, trolling along the bays of Raquette Lake, had several fair strikes which, through defective gear, I lost; and Taylor assures me that it is very unusual for him to troll near the shore in the various lakes at this season without fair success, always large ones. At Bennett's I was shown four two-pounders, which, with six others that had been consumed, were caught from his wharf the day before on live bait.

Thus, one thing would seem evident, either the work of the bass during fifteen years has not been as destructive as is commonly claimed, or the lake was not so depleted as it was supposed when the bass were put in, for I thus know actually of some thirty odd pounds having been taken by two men in two days, and that's mighty good trout fishing anywhere. PISECO.

CONCERNING HERBERT.

THERE can be no dispute as to much of "Veteran's" article upon Herbert in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 26, but still, it seems to me, the article in its entirety scarcely does him justice. On the contrary, it strikes me as being too severe. I think I am not one of those given to overpraise him, and certainly not one of those who almost deify him—if there are such—but yet I have always felt that the sportsmen of this country owe him a large debt of gratitude.

It is difficult at this time and with our present surroundings to understand fully the conditions under which Herbert undertook to perform his self-assigned mission, which was none the less a mission because it subsequently became a means of sustenance. There were not then in existence in this country any of the papers or periodicals which now in every quarter enrich the domain of sport. There were not then the hundreds of thousand readers of them, nor the hundreds of writers and critics constantly contributing to them. Porter's *Spirit of the Times* was the first, and for a long time was the only exponent of sportmen's views; and that was governed and colored by general sentiment of the day, of which, regarding such views, it may be safely and mildly said that the sentiment was not always moral or healthful.

It is somewhat difficult, too, to appreciate now with accuracy and candor all the personal relations and circumstances which blighted Herbert's career, and which finally destroyed his life. That these unhappy relations and circumstances were brought upon him by himself is not to be denied, and as "Veteran" properly says, "The example of his private life is one not profitably to be followed." But yet, they are to be considered when making an estimate of him as an author and a teacher. We are to read his works as we read the works of the early poets and novelists, and take "the form and body of the times" as part of themselves.

Herbert was a writer of strict purity. It is not only that his diction was pure and his style charming in its ease and grace, but that there is not a line of immorality or an unworthy precept emanating from him. If it shall be said that he brought potations into prominence, it must be remembered that that feature was an inevitable adjunct of the social system then prevailing among all classes, and that indulgence in it was his misfortune and his ruin.

He opposed all shams, all dishonesty, and all double dealing. He upheld honorable sportsmanship and inculcated manliness. If, perchance, he showed an Englishman's deference to rank and position, he did not carry it to servility; and if, sometimes, he expressed contempt for things American, it must be admitted that there were many things American which purposely were presented to him in an unattractive aspect. The truth was, he was here a stranger in a strange country, and in some sense, an outcast in it. It is not surprising, therefore, that ideas acquired at home should cling to him here, even to the extent of becoming bitter prejudices; nor that a superior education and a dominant nature should have made him appear imperious and offensive. But without that he was kind, generous and companionable.

That he did not foresee that the breechloader would supplant the muzzleloader is charged against him. But he is not alone in that want of forecast. English authors ridiculed the gun as much as he did, the elder Greener and "Marksman" being among them. It is also charged against him that he occasionally fell into error regarding both fish and game, but who does not fall into error occasionally when dealing with any specialty?

All such defects may fairly be set down as minor defects when casting up the grand total of his merits.

I have heretofore endeavored to make up an impartial judgment of him, in his public capacity, and I confess to an admiration for him in that light. It is an admiration which is elicited by the fact that he stood as the pioneer for the elevation and dignity of sportsmanship, for the enforcement of law, and for the protection of fish and of game; that he proclaimed his opinions honestly, sturdily and in classical English; and that, thanklessly then, but fearlessly and persistently, he sowed the seed which now is bearing such good fruit throughout the land. GLOAN.

CINCINNATI, O.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

DUSKY GROUSE GOSSIP.

THE FOREST AND STREAM columns, I notice, often contain letters from Pacific slope contributors, describing that peculiar and weird sound made in the spring of the year by the cock dusky grouse (*Tetrao obscuro*), and commonly known as "hooting."

Nothing, however, that I have seen, has been written concerning the hoot of the hen bird. Perhaps it has been forgotten by those who have written, or, perhaps, not identified by them as a sound made by a grouse; for it is a strange, mysterious cry, and one hard to locate in the woods. Moreover, I have found that it is not often made save by birds that frequent more sequestered parts—places where they are likely to be undisturbed during the breeding season.

Often when in the woods had I heard this sound and been unable to account for it. One day, however, when out on a mountain side specimen shooting, fern hunting, etc., I heard, when well on toward the evening, the same cry proceeding apparently from a thick forest of Douglas firs at the foot of the slope which I was on; and the place seeming suitable, I made up my mind to trace the puzzle to its source.

What a beautiful evening that was! Through the scented woodland, on the drowsy, languid air, the dreamy hooting of the grouse floated to my ears. The wild bees, butterflies and a thousand other insects were droning and fluttering among the grass and sweet wild flowers at my feet. How lovely was that mountain side! Ah, me! when one looks back and catches glimpses in memory of bits of forest and grassy hillsides, does it not seem like a glance at paradise?

Quietly I walked toward the spot whence seemed to issue the mysterious sound. Hark! There it is again, one short note, loud, yet mellow, and yet withal seemingly subdued "coo," repeated at intervals of two minutes. After going a short distance I heard a rustling in the leaves just in front of me and paused to ascertain the cause. The next moment from behind some short brush a large cock grouse stepped out in full view and strutted about with swelling neck and tail proudly spread, his wings slightly expanded and his red eye ceres glowing like vermilion. Unconscious of my presence, he went through his maneuvers, but whether these were hostile or amatory I could not then tell. I kept my eyes fixed on him, watching every movement and holding my breath for fear of alarming him. Soon I became aware of the fact that the cooing noise was drawing nearer, and nearer it got by degrees until it seemed to come from a small clump of bushes just beyond his lordship's circus ring, while that gallant seemed every moment to be nearer the bursting point. Presently the grass began to quiver, the cry, meanwhile having stopped, and then across the track of the cock, lythe and crouching, with coy upturned eye, softly stole the hen bird.

Here, then, was the solution of the mystery. I own I was astonished, for I had always, from the tone and character of the sound, imagined it to be made by some species of owl, certainly not by a grouse. Now, however, I recalled to mind several instances of my having heard the sound and the cackle of the hen grouse in the same part of the woods. I watched the pair for a while, and then crept gently away as I came. It would be a pity to disturb such a pair of God's most lovely creatures.

What a shame that so many call it sport and pleasure to shoot the cock in the spring when he is engaged in hooting to his innocent mate. Look at him now and see if he is not beautiful. Mark the poise of his noble head, the harmony of the slate and ashy tints in his plumage, with here and there a touch of Vandyke brown. What a pretty gorget of grey white feathers on his throat! See what an eye he has! Soft as a dove's, bright as a hawk's and overarched by its glowing cere. Note the breadth of his bonnie breast, the strength of his shapely feet, with the soft gray plumes coming to the toes. Alack, poor fellow! The pot-hunter will soon have thee when thou dost hoot, and mayhap he will boil thee with a small piece of fat bacon and a few brown beans, and will call thee "pot pie," and smack his poaching lips over thee. Poor hooter!

There is no doubt in my mind that the wholesale slaughter of the male birds in the spring seriously lessens the number of fertile eggs produced by the hens. I have myself seen in parts where many males had been shot in the hooting, a band of fifteen or twenty hen birds in July with eight or ten chicks for the whole lot. Other people who have had better opportunities than I for observing these birds during the breeding season have told me the same story, and this they have seen on ground where, when the cocks had been unmolested, from eight to ten chicks was a common number for each hen. I am not prepared to state whether the dusky grouse is monogamous or not, but from what I have said, and which I know to be correct, I should imagine they were. I am glad to say that the provincial game law has this year been amended, and hope with many others that soon the "way of the poacher will be hard."

May I now be permitted to relate a little incident which happened when I was out grouse shooting some years ago? It was on a pleasant day in September that I took a ramble over a woody mountainside in search of dusky grouse. A young half-breed accompanied me, and off we went to where the trailing arbutus was thick with berries, and other small autumn fruits, at the like of which the grouse's heart rejoices, were abundant. Having no dog, we were unable to get many birds, although they were plentiful enough. So, after enjoying the view and a good rest at the top of the mountain, we began to work toward home, keeping along the face of the hill and near the feet of some crags, where we expected we would flush some birds. We were walking over a piece of sloping ground covered with broken rock, with here and there a clump of withered fern, when my companion, who was a little in advance of me, stopped short, quickly raised his gun and fired. O, heavens! What was that? A scream like that of a human being in mortal agony piercing our horror-stricken ears, while the unfortunate shooter, with ashen face and trembling hands, sprang clear around in his tracks and confronted me with quivering lips and starting eyes. Not a sound could he get out of his parched mouth. I was horribly startled, but kept my eyes fixed in the direction he had fired in. In another instant out of the shaking fern tumbled a half-grown pig and rolled down the steep slope in his death agony, while his comrades, wakened into new life by the shout of laughter I gave, broke cover at a dozen different points and scattered grunting over the mountain side. Friend, hast seen the dawn break and flush a cold, gray sky with rosy tint? So it was with that poor hunter's face when at last, between my fits of laughing, I got him to understand what it was he had shot, for look he would not. He then explained that he had shot at what he thought was a blue grouse in a bunch of fern. What he had seen was the curly end of poor piggy well crusted with a fine coat of blue mud from his bath. We made uncommonly good time for home after that, thinking that the owner of the pigs might be handy with a double-barreled shotgun loaded for wolves; and there is no accounting for the keen desire some people have for testing a shotgun.

The circumstance taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten, and it is one which all young sportsmen would do well to learn by heart before venturing out with a gun: "Never shoot at anything in the woods until you are certain what it is." W. B. A.

FORT SIMPSON, British Columbia.

BREEDING OF THE WILD GOOSE.—Pittsburgh, Pa,, June 3.—I see by your correspondent M. M. Benschoter, of Berlin Heights, O., that a pair of wild geese hatched but three young ones, and that the opinion prevails that the brood never exceeds five. On a recent Western hunting trip it was my good fortune to find a pair of domesticated geese (*Bernicla canadensis*) which had hatched out seven healthy young ones. In the Allegheny City park there were hatched, about three weeks since, a brood of six of the same variety. One, however, has since died. Which proves the limit cannot safely be placed at five.—C. A. R. The eggs range in number from five to nine. They are usually five or six. "D. D. M." writes from Rockaway, N. Y., of a pair of wild geese in confinement: "Seven eggs were laid, beginning April 30, 1886, and seven young were hatched. This year the first egg was laid March 30, and in due time seven young were brought off the nest. Though in each case there was a good supply of grass with a pond, they died within a week."

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE BIG BEAR OF TOBY GUZZLE.

FOR a dozen or more years a monstrous bear had his stamping ground in the vicinity of McAdam, York county, New Brunswick. In the berry season his favorite haunt was on a cold spring brook, known as Toby Guzzle, which empties into the Digityquash, near the track of the New Brunswick Railway. His selected feeding ground was a large blueberry patch in the burnt land on the opposite side of the brook and road, where in passing to and fro he was often met with by section hands and track walkers with whom he always successfully disputed the right of way. Every spring on emerging from his winter quarters he visited the farms of the settlers and levied on sheep and other stock. So great were his depredations that the flocks and herds had to be folded; even that was no security as he would sometimes tear off the boarding of barns to get at his fresh meat. There were hunters in those days, for bears were plenty, but this old bear knew all about "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Once only had he got into a steel trap, but this he had soon reduced to scrap iron. It seemed his delight to follow the hunters' trails and tear down deadfalls and cuff, out from their places steel traps; thus he prevented the capture of other bears. He was indeed "a holy terror." My grounds were on the same line adjoining and north of it, where he seldom came, except on the approach of winter when he was seeking his den. Once in the spring of the year he was hunted out of his bailiwick by the disgusted local hunters, when he crossed the track about 300yds. from my camp, and I had a view of him for a moment, and he loomed up as large as an ox. Once I saw his track in black growth where snow was thin and damp and took the measure with a pocket rule Step, from heel to heel, 26in.; width of pad, 7in.

Three years ago I was on the way to my camp, and came across a lumber scaler, who said that during the past winter while on his way across country from one camp to another, he one day routed out a monstrous bear from his den; that the bear stood upright and fanned the air with his arms and rattled his ivories in so terrifying a manner that, as the lumber scaler was armed only with an axe and .22-caliber pistol, he wisely concluded he hadn't lost any bears. At a safe distance in cover, he saw bruin return to his den. He described the location, which was near a long beech ridge, a noted feeding ground for bears when nuts were plenty and at which place I had taken many in the past. I felt sure it was the big bear before mentioned; that he had lived on the ridge in the fall and would be there during the spring. I felt pleased to have a chance at him; even if I failed, the "other fellers" couldn't crow. I had to wait many days for the waters in the swamps to subside before I could get to the ridge. Finally one pleasant morning at break of day I started with rifle, axe and trap, the latter a brand new one. At about 8 o'clock I had gained the ridge where the beech growth was heavy, and the works and sign of bears were as plentiful as one could desire to see.

After a good rest and admiration of the prospect, I started with the intention of going the length of the ridge, but had gone less than a quarter of a mile when I halted as a big bear up-ended on my left a few rods ahead, giving a snort as he did so. With the first move I made to unload, he came down on all fours and started down the hill on a gallop. There was an open space ahead that he would have to cross, and dropping on one knee I got good and ready, and pulled on him as he came in sight where I wanted; but the shot struck just over his shoulders and plowed the ground on a rising knoll beyond. To say that I was disappointed, mad at myself clear through, and wanted to kick myself, doesn't begin to express my sensations. Why, if I had talked to another half as mean as I did to myself, I would have deserved a good thrashing.

After a little I calmed down and concluded it would be just as well to trap him. Still I couldn't account for the miss, as I felt sure I was dead on him; but upon reloading it was made plain. I used a cartridge that was no longer manufactured and difficult to obtain, andI reloaded shells with a round ball for use when necessary to shoot a trapped bear, saving those with long bullets for long shots, and I usually cruised with one of the latter in the rifle. There was a difference of 10in. in curve, the round ball shooting highest. That morning I had loaded with round ball by mistake. Thus my miss was excusable, and my equanimity was, in a measure, restored.

I shouldered my load again and started down the hill toward a brook to find where he got his drink, as bears always seek water after eating. A stream ran along at the base of the ridge, and beside it was a hard-beaten bear path. This I struck and followed till I found where the big bear stepped over it to reach the brook. Such old, cunning bears seldom travel the beaten roads, knowing that therein often lie the hidden traps. The problem now was to find the right place to set my trap. I had taken several cunning old chaps by a plan I studied out, and, though it is a "dead give away," it goes. I followed up his trail to where it passed through a clump of low hemlocks; cutting out only enough sprays to bed the trap, and those few were stuck beside the trap in finishing up, so as to fill the gap at the top. The explanation of this is that in passing through the brush a bear will close his eyes for their protection, and so not discover any disturbance of the surface to excite suspicion. The impress of the foot indicates where the trap should be placed. (Where there is no bush growing I improvise a hedge). Lastly, I made a cup of bark, fetched water, and with a whisp of fir cleansed everything I had touched, besides drenching the ground I had trodden. I put up no bait in such cases, as its presence is a danger signal.

Six days later on my second look the trap was gone and the sport began; for the most interesting part in trapping is trailing the game. From the word go, the old fellow meant business, stopping for no obstructions, tearing the heavy birch sapling clog through logs, fallen treetops and small growth like a plow hitched to a pair of runaway steers. Up the hill and over boulders and every obstruction he went with apparent ease. And how my heart beat, as I saw such evidence of his power, lest the new and untried trap should fail. Gaining the top of the ridge, he turned and started for the further end, keeping well up on the backbone. Over and down into a thick cedar swamp, and here I expected to find him, if at all, played out; as by the looks of the trail he had been in for thirty hours or more. On reaching the swamp I was well played out myself, but the probable nearness of the game nerved me up. After half a mile in the swamp I sighted him going like a colt, but often brought to by fouling snags. I closed up and kept within shooting distance waiting for a fall, so as to get a fair shot. Presently the clog caught, throwing him broadside, but so that only the head and neck were in sight. I fired quickly, and he dropped, but was right up again bleeding at the mouth. I aimed to break his neck, but shot a little under. He was away before I got in another shell, but fell again shortly full in view, quartering, head toward me. I sent another, this time at the shoulder, and he fell in a heap. I confess I had a wholesome respect for his power and kept my distance a while lest he should revive, and seeing me at close quarters reverse the order of the chase. But the old Remington .58-85-530 had done for him this time, and as I sat and enjoyed my pipe on his huge proportions, I congratulated myself on my success. The fatal ball of pure lead had struck the joint of the right shoulder, passed down and backward and lodged against the skin on the belly. It was flattened to nearly the size of a half dollar and pulverized the bone and flesh to a pulp for a diameter of 2in., tearing the heart to shreds in its course. Such ammunition is good medicine for big game. One front foot had been mutilated years before, evidently by a steel trap. The fat on his rump was 3½in. deep, that on the belly 1½ deep. I should have liked to see him weighed; but having weighed others I judged by comparison he weighed all of 600. His pelt weighed 37lbs., and when stretched was plump 8ft. long.

It was the largest bear I ever killed or have ever seen. His capture was hailed with pleasure by every one, and never since has any one seen the big bear of Toby Guzzle.

WARFIELD.

The pranks of what must be the Toby Guzzle bear's twin brother in ursine depravity are related by our New Brunswick correspondent, Mr. Edward Jack, who writes from Fredericton:

"Bears are numerous in many places in the country here. Last autumn one got so bold that he broke open several barn doors at Durham, on the Nashuaak, and carried off some sheep. In one instance when a party of young men were watching for his return to the carcass of a sheep which he had killed, he left that spot and helped himself to an animal belonging to a neighboring farmer. At another time he tore the shingles and boards from the side of a barn, looked in, and not deeming it prudent to enter, walked leisurely off. He also broke open a barn door where some cows were stabled, but left without doing any further damage. He is very bold, attacking animals in open day, and seems to have but little fear of man. He is also very cunning, refusing to be caught in any deadfall, though many have been set for him."

A WOODCOCK IN PAWTUCKET.—Pawtucket, R. I., June 2.—Tuesday evening watchman Crandall picked up on the platform at the passenger station a woodcock partially insensible. The bird had evidently flown against some of the wires and was "knocked out of time." It soon recovered, and this morning was apparently as well as ever in its captivity. The bird was kept in captivity until it fully recovered, when it was liberated and went on its way rejoicing.—R.

NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE.—Fredericton, N. B., June 2.—Fewer moose than ordinary were killed by New Brunswick lumbermen on the branches of the Miramichi last winter. Henry Turnbull a few days since saw the tracks of a cow moose and calf some miles above the mouth of the Taxis River, thirty-eight miles distant from the city of Fredericton.—EDWARD JACK.

THE PARKER GUN took the leading prizes in the expert class at the great Wellington shoot last week. A full report of the meeting is given in our trap columns.

ZINC FOR RUST IN BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sixty years ago, before the galvanizing of iron came into use, a citizen of this town strapped the blades of his oars with strips of sheet zinc secured by iron tacks. In three years' use in salt water the iron tacks had not rusted, and were as bright as when new.

Seven years ago I fitted a steel bar to the keel of a row boat, and laid under it before nailing a strip of sheet zinc. The boat was used in salt water two years, and has been used in fresh water to this time, and the steel shoe has always been and now is entirely free from rust.

I tacked a small piece of zinc with a bright tack to a piece of wood, and applied nitric acid to them. The tack remained bright.

Place a strip of zinc the length and width of the bore in the gun barrel when not in use, and there will be no beginning to rust, nor increase if already rusted. If preferred, roll up thin zinc to fill the barrel.

The Soule Brothers, of Freeport, heavy ship builders in the past, have improved this principle for several years by laying zinc under iron when the iron was not already galvanized.

The iron is galvanized as effectively when it lies in contact with zinc as when its pores are permeated.

The reverse action takes place with copper and iron. In this case the iron wastes rapidly. AUSTIN.

PORTLAND, Me.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

THE general object of game legislation during the past winter, according to Mr. Hadley, has been to keep the game laws about where they are without making many changes. Mr. Hadley claims that therefore it was foolish to go on and amend them any more. The general codifications that were offered by Senator Daly and Assemblyman Langbein shared the same fate with Assemblyman Hadley's bill covering the same ground. Not one of the three codes were reported; or, if it had been, it would have stood no chance of getting through.

In regard to sea game it may be stated that the 10-inch lobster act of 1880 has been repealed. The Governor has signed Senator Wemple's bill appropriating $5,000 to the Commissioners of Fisheries to erect, as soon as practicable, a fish hatchery at Mill Creek, Round Lake, Hamilton county, so as to restock the Adirondack streams with brook and other fish natural to that locality. The Governor is likely to sign Assemblyman Fitch's bill appropriating $5,000 for new hatchery buildings and improvement of grounds at the Cold Spring Harbor station of the Commissioners of Fisheries, to be expended under the direction of the Commissioners of Fisheries, on vouchers to be approved by the Comptroller; but no money shall be paid out of this appropriation till a lease of the lanes and water rights now occupied for such hatchery shall be executed to the State, rent free, from the owner, for such period as the same may be occupied as a public hatchery, which lease, when accepted by the Commissioners, shall be filed in the office of the Secretary of State. The Governor signed, under protest, Bulkley's bill forbidding the taking of fish in Lake Ontario in the town of Cape Vincent, within a mile of the shore, except by hook and line held in the hand. The Governor also signed Brundage's bill, making it unlawful to catch trout in the county of Steuben except from May 1 to Aug. 1, and Hogeboom's bill forbidding shad fishing in the Hudson on Sundays, amended so as to add, in Sec. 1, after the word river, the words, "past the northern boundary of Westchester county," thus limiting the space in the river devoted to the operation of the law.

The Governor has in his possession, and is likely to sign, the following fish bills: Senator Murphy, authorizing the possession and sale in the city of New York of salmon trout and other fish taken from waters outside of this State; McMillan's bill (Sheehan's in the Assembly), amending Chap. 437 of the laws of 1886 so that the act shall not apply to salmon trout or landlocked salmon caught in lakes Michigan, Superior, Huron, St. Clair, or in the waters adjacent thereto or connecting the same; Senator Comstock, providing for the construction of a fishway in the State dam at Troy amended so as to recognize the rights of the mill owners; Senator Coggeshall, restoring the 6in. provision stricken out last year relative to the possession of brook trout, speckled trout, salmon trout and landlocked salmon, the $10 fine being omitted; Assemblyman Cornwell, allowing the spearing of any fish but bass and pike in Seneca, Keuka and Canandaigua lakes, and the drawing of seines for the catching of bait; Assemblyman Hamilton, allowing any individual or association having exclusive right to shoot game on certain tracts of land to post notices and arrest trespassers; Assemblyman Sime, providing that the bills of State fish protectors shall be audited by boards of supervisors as other bills are audited; Assemblyman Giese (from the Audubon Club of Buffalo), amending Chap. 534 of the laws of 1879, Sec. 21, so that no black bass shall be caught in the waters of Lake Erie and Niagara River above Niagara Falls on the American side between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of July, bullheads in Lake George being exempted; Assemblyman Collins, providing that no person shall at any time catch salmon in the waters of this State with any device save that of angling with line or rod held in the hand, and then only from March 1 to August 15 in each year. Any person in fishing for other fish allowed to be taken by nets shall upon catching any salmon immediately return the same to the water without injury. The foregoing provisions not to apply to the artificial propagation of fish by State or public authority. Violations are termed misdemeanors and there is a penalty of $100, or one day's imprisonment for each dollar of fine, the informer to receive one-half of said fine; Assemblyman Sweet, allowing the taking of suckers and other fish with nets at the foot of Cayuga Lake; Assemblyman Emery, forbidding pound nets, etc., in Lake Erie adjacent to Erie county.

Among the fish bills that never reached the Governor were the following: Assemblyman Leete, prohibiting fishing in Oneida Lake between April 1 and June 1 for pike, perch or wall-eyed pike; Senator Dunn (similar to Assemblyman Hamilton's) relating to special privileges for fishing, etc.; Senator Vedder and Assemblyman Frost, prohibiting the killing of quail between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1, and hares between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1; Senator Kellogg, allowing the catching of all kinds of fish in Lake Champlain during October and the first 15 days of November; Senator Comstock, amending the game law of 1879 so as to include "set lines" among prohibited devices unless by permission of the Commissioners of Fisheries; Assemblyman Reeves, providing that notices forbidding trespassing must be placed on every half mile along highways, instead of every 50 acres, as now; Assemblyman Reeves, forbidding the taking up of any net, weir, etc., at the peril of heavy fines; Assemblyman Fort, forbidding the possession of snares, etc., on waters inhabited by salmon, lake trout, etc., in close season; Assemblyman Thompson, amending the Jefferson county act so as to except that part of Lake Ontario bordering on one of the towns.

The oyster interest has been helped by the new law, introduced by Senator Fagan and Assemblyman Hines, amending the Jamaica and Hempstead law of 1871 so as to place the planting of oysters in the hands of the respective boards of auditors of those towns. The Governor has also very important bill, introduced originally by Assemblyman Reeves, and afterward somewhat modified by the Committee on Game Laws in the Assembly and by the Finance Committee in the Senate, for the protection of shellfish cultivation within the waters of this State and to raise revenues. As finally passed, it provides for the mapping out of the oyster lands and makes very strict regulations. Assemblyman Moore's bill regulating the use of steam dredges weighing over 30lbs. in taking oysters never came out of the Judiciary Committee. Assemblyman Reeves's appropriation for a steamer to patrol the harbor of New York to prevent dumping did not pass the Senate.

In regard to the song bird act of 1886, several amendments were offered. The one by Assemblyman Moore, allowing the taking of birds and eggs for scientific purposes became a law. The Governor has before him Erwin's amendment to the same act which, in the first place, merely exempted St. Lawrence county so as to allow the shooting of blackbirds, hawks, etc. It was finally passed, making it a misdemeanor to feed or shelter sparrows, also making it lawful to kill crows, hen hawks, owls and blackbirds. Assemblyman Smith's amendment to the same law did not pass the Assembly. It made certain exemptions, so as to allow importers of plumage to deal in feathers, etc., of birds killed in other States.

The chief bill relating to forestry was the one introduced by Assemblyman Hadley appropriating $15,000 to continue the work of the Adirondack survey. This is now in the hands of the Governor, but there are slim prospects of his signing it. The Governor has signed the Hadley bill permitting the sale or exchange of consolidated tracts of forest lands to secure contiguity. The Governor has before him Assemblyman Winnie's bill appropriating $5,000 to allow the Forest Commission to develop the State Park in the Catskills; also Assemblyman Lyman Hall's bill amending the law for the taxation of forest preserves; also Assemblyman Hall's bill adding Oneida county to the forest preserve.

The Ways and Means Committee of the Assembly reported Assemblyman Eldridge's bill exempting from taxation forest lands exceeding ten acres from which no income is derived. The Committee on Game Laws never reported Davies's bill creating a commission to act in connection with the State Fishery Commissioners to prepare a codification of the fish and game laws. The Ways and Means Committee did not report Assemblyman Winnie's bill amending the law of 1880 so that the game and fish protectors appointed under that act shall be under the control and authority of the Forestry Commission, as created by Chap. 283 of the laws of 1885. The Senate did not pass Assemblyman Hogeboom's bill amending the Forest Commission act of 1885 so as to give certain exemptions to summer occupants and to leased premises.

In regard to the shooting of game, the Governor has Reeves's bill amending the general laws of 1886 and 1879, extending the exemption clause to Gardiner's and Peconic bays, so that wildfowl may be shot from boats. The Assembly refused to pass Senator Coggeshall's bill restoring the law so that woodcock may be killed in August, and prohibiting the killing of ducks, geese and brant in April excepting in the waters of Long Island Sound, where they may be killed during that month. The Assembly also refused to pass Senator Pierce's bill allowing the shooting of quail and rabbits on Long Island from Nov. 15 to Dec. 31. The Assembly did not pass Assemblyman Reeves's bill making the quail, grouse, hare and squirrel season on Long Island, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; woodcock, July 1 to 31 and Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; shore birds and wildfowl, July 15 to May 1. The three following bills were never reported from the Assembly Committee on Game Laws: White, providing that it shall not be lawful to shoot or kill any wild duck between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year; Reeves, amending the general law of 1879 so as to forbid the killing, possession or sale of wildfowl between May 1 and Sept. 1; Ainsworth, amending the laws of 1879 and 1880 so that the time for hunting deer is extended from Nov. 1 to Dec. 18, and the time for having in possession from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1, and the time for transportation from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1. ALBANY.

JUNE.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ADDRESSES WANTED.—"Hutch," D., C. C., P. C.

J. C. E.—Give the smaller bores a handicap of 2yds. each.

J. G. S.—Snipe shooting season on Long Island will begin July 10.

BOSTON.—We have published description of sleeping bag; see issue of Dec. 31, 1885. You will have to have one made.

A. M.—You can train your spaniels by the "Training vs. Breaking" system. We know of a bull-terrier which has been taught successfully by the book. Your time ought to suffice.

C. H. M.—1. Farrar's Maine guides will give you the information. 2. The rifle will do, but a .40 or .45 would be better. 3. The make is reliable. 4. The issue with "P.'s" grizzly story can be supplied.

E. G. B., Hartford.—The rifle and charge named would kill a deer, if hit in a vital spot, at short range. Choose a .40 or .45 instead, and a single-shooter. The short bullet will not be fitted to the long chamber.

C. B. W., California.—1. Is a 12ft. sneakbox large enough for two to cruise in? 2. What are the cheapest boxes built for, both 12ft. and 14ft.? 3. Are they safe to sail in? 4. Would you advise B. L. shotgun and rifle combined for Florida, or doublebarreled B. L. shotgun alone? 1. Yes. 2. The price varies from $30 to $200; see the builders' catalogues. 3. Yes, if not over-rigged. 4. Take the doublebarreled breechloader in preference to the other.

PUG, Waterbury.—1. Does a bitch in whelp need more exercise than she will naturally take if given her liberty? 2. What kind of dogs do you consider most likely to have distemper and at what age will it appear? 3. Which of the following breeds do you consider the best to breed for profit, the St. Bernard, Great Dane or cocker spaniel? Ans. 1. No. 2. Puppies from 3 to 7 or 8 months of age. 3. St. Bernards, if any one of the three, but it is not always safe to look for profits from the breeding of any breed.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TO KEEP FISH FRESH.

THINKING it may be of use to some of our brother anglers, and the season being on hand, I would relate my way of preserving trout which I intend to take home. It may be an old thing, but I never have seen it in print and to many an old woodsman it was quite new. I found it by experimenting, and here it is: Kill your fish when caught. Pick out the trout you wish to preserve, clean them well, taking out the gills and all the clotted blood on the backbone; wash them thoroughly in cold spring water (be particular about that), sprinkle a little salt along the backbone and let them dry off by air in a shaded place. They need not be so dry that the skin draws, but only in such a measure that no water drops off from them. While they are drying, select a shady place under some low bushes where the loam underneath is cool to the hand. Dig a hole 1ft. deep by 2 or 3ft. long, according to the quantity of your fish. Now put down one layer in such a manner that none touches the other. Then put on one inch of loam and put it down tightly with your hand. Be also very particular about that. You may then put in another layer and continue until the hole is filled up to within 2in. from the top, when it is to be closed with loam. If you take good care to close up every layer tightly, you will find your fish at the end of six days as fresh as when you put them in. I have kept them perfectly hard for ten days and then took them fifteen miles out of the woods and expressed them to New York, where they arrived in very good condition. In taking them out for final transportation do not clean them of particles of earth which may cling to them, but pack them closely in moss, and if you have it bundle all up in packing paper, so as to exclude as much air as possible. Now try it and you will have well conditioned fish to take home.

PISCATOR.

THE UNDINE FISHING CLUB of Rockaway, L. I., celebrated their annual opening on Decoration Day, May 30. The members were out in full force, and the spacious club house, with its wide verandas, presented an animated scene. The reception committee, headed by Com. Taylor and Dr. J. C. Ubert, welcomed a large number of visitors in royal style. An elegant dinner was served at all hours. Every one enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The club has a fine house pleasantly situated and well appointed, and its members are all good fellows who pass their spare time in fishing and yachting. We hope to be on hand to help them "open" another season.—BIZ.

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

THE OLD BAMBOO.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD CANOE."

OLD Bear Mountain's sides are gray and steep,
And Hudson's waters flow dark and deep.
The smoke from my pipe with its rich perfume
Scents every part of my quaint old room,
Where rods and rifles of many a make
Stand almost as thick as canes in a brake.
Where the sunshine shimmers the whole day through
There stands in one corner the old bamboo.

The tip is unbroken, the guide rings still there,
Though the old linen cover lacks sadly repair;
The joints and the ferrules are dented and worn
With the brunt of the battles the old rod has borne.
But still the old warrior, trusty as steel,
Is ready for duty from tip point to reel,
As fit for the fight as when first it was new,
My cherished tried comrade, the old bamboo.

Oh! many a time with my rod in my hand
Have I strolled along the pebbly strand,
Down many a stream where the alders grew thick,
And the gnats and the punkies bit like Old Nick;
And laughed as I tossed the gaudy fly,
To see how the trout were deluded thereby,
As I waded out where it deeper grew,
While I deftly handled the old bamboo.

The waters I fished, they flow there still;
The gnats and the punkies they bite with a will;
But of alders and fish every stream is bereft,
And who goes for trout will get sadly left.
The woodcock are gone and the merry quail
No longer whistles "Bob White" on the rail;
You may hunt, you may fish the whole day through,
You'll need not your gun nor the old bamboo.

So now as I muse in my old arm chair,
And glance at my phiz in the mirror up there,
The face that I see has much graver grown,
Though my laugh will preserve its ancient tone,
And the hand that lent the gay fly wings,
No longer can pick on the banjo strings,
Nor "whoop her up" as I used to do,
When first I handled the old bamboo.

So the dear old rod does my youth renew,
Those happy days and that merry crew,
And I think with a sigh, can it really be
That I was that youngster so joyous and free?
Is it only a dream, a fanciful tale,
Of rod and rifle, of trout and of quail?
And wonder, dear reader, between me and you,
Shall I fish once again with the old bamboo.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

THE BIG PIKE.

LOOKING back through the vista of recent years, and calling up to memory long tramps over hill and forest, camp-fires and snowy canvas along the Blue Juniata, adventures with canoe and paddle on the winding branches of the broad Susquehanna, and weeks with rod and gun along the forest-bordered Yellow Breeches and Conodoguinet; mentally reviewing all these memories of the past, fraught with pictures of lake and river, mountain and woodland, and the familiar faces of old friends, my thoughts linger with special interest on the recollections which cluster round the month we spent at Long Pond. Sometimes I sit with closed eyes and bring up the whole scene before me again with such accuracy that I am deceived myself, and sit there dreaming, until suddenly I wake with a bitter feeling of disappointment.

There is the pond before me, somber and gray in the early dawn, with feathery clouds of mist rolling lightly over the surface; and the opposite hills, lofty and fir-crowned, mirrored to perfection in the deep and silent depths. Then the sun peeps over the mountain top, and in an instant the golden light scatters the mist, penetrating all the dim and shadowy nooks, bringing into bold relief each rock and tree, and glitters and sparkles like ten thousand diamonds on the ever-changing water. A flock of ducks rise with a startled cry and skim over the surface; red-headed woodpeckers are thundering on the rotten limbs; over in the swamp among the gum trees the flickers sound their shrill whistles; a carrion crow pursued by hosts of smaller birds, utters cries of distress as he flies higher and higher over the pond; far up in the trees, screened by densest foliage, the squirrels are chattering. All the world of nature is wide awake. Over on that grassy knoll under the pine trees rises a column of smoke; the tent flaps are thrown wide open, and a procession of blanketed forms stagger out and deposit their many-colored burdens on the line stretched behind the tent.

All is activity. Some are cleaning fish, some watching the fire, and one eager angler is already out on the pond pulling toward the opposite shore with the scarlet and silver spoon dancing in the wake of the boat. Now they are grouped around the rude table. The coffee is steaming and fragrant, the potatoes are brown and crisp, and there come the fish, shedding rich odors and adding the last touch to our already voracious appetites. And then—But hold on! I am dreaming again and living over only in memory those shadowy days that are past.

On the morning that we reached Long Pond and stood gazing across the broad bosom we seemed to breathe in with the pure mountain air a sort of premonition that we were to have some stirring times before we broke up camp. That premonition was to a great extent fulfilled. The fishing in Long Pond was very good. Our boating facilities, however, were limited. Forster had brought his canvas canoe and down in front of camp lay the half sunken hulk of an old tub that had probably helped to land its own weight in fish many, many times over. It had been repaired so often that I firmly believe not a plank of the original boat still remained. Weeds grew out of the cracks and the bottom was so thickly impregnated with soil that a youg tree had taken root in one end and bade fair some day to shelter with its shade the fisher who sat on the seat beneath. But stern necessity knows no law, so we mustered it into use and contrived by the constant use of a bailer to navigate the pond. For want of oars we used the primitive paddle and it was a graceful sight to see the ancient boat under our muscular efforts, clearing the waves like a sand barge.

Our camp was beautifully located on a little eminence, and shaded by pine trees that perfumed the air with aromatic odors and carpeted the ground with their crisp brown needles. Our tent looked straight across the pond, and through the flaps the first rays of the sun glared in and never failed to wake those of us who neglected to turn out at the first call. And then we had a spring, of course—a sparkling, ice-cold stream, that flowed out of a circular basin, girt around by huge granite rocks and a massive pine tree that had twisted its gnarled roots in and out among the stones till it resembled a veritable Laocoon. We did a great deal of fishing. We hunted a little and made a few sketches.

In the mornings we used to paddle up and down on the pond, ricochetting our spoons over the surface, getting numerous strikes and frequently landing a nice pike. Forster trolled with great success in his canoe. He always went out in his bare feet until one morning, catching a good-sized pike, he threw it carelessly into the cockpit, where it floundered and thumped against the canvas sides of its prison. And then absent-mindedly straightening his cramped legs, Forster thrust his toes into the spacious mouth, and the triangular teeth and square jaws closed on them with a vicious snap. He yelled lustily, and thrown off his guard, another fish seized the hook and jerked the rod off the canoe. We paddled to his assistance, and then joined in the chase after the rod which was shooting rapidly toward the upper end of the pond, and was finally recovered minus spoon and fish. After that Forster wore shoes.

When we got tired of trolling we anchored our boat in a deep hole under the shady side of the mountain, and using a float and worms, landed yellow-bellied catfish, and sometimes a goggle-eyed sunfish, with bristling spine and rainbow-hued scales. We caught no very large pike, and concluded that the pond didn't hold any big ones. That was a rash and hasty conclusion.

One morning we went up half a mile through the woods to visit our one neighbor, and procure some fruit from his well-stocked orchard. He was an old settler whose father had lived there before him, and had built the abandoned log cabin which still stood in ruins near the present house. He narrated wonderful stories of the times when the savage painted in yellow and red ochre, whooped and yelled along the shores of the pond, and described in a thrilling manner numerous adventures with the crafty panthers and ravenous bears that used to roam in all their pristine savageness through the pine woods and over the mountains. That morning we found him standing down by the shore of the pond, and watching impatiently a flock of young ducks that were disporting themselves some distance out from shore. "What's the matter, Goliah?" we asked. His huge stature and muscular limbs had gained for him that nickname. He turned round. "Hullo! Glad to see you." Why, dern my luck, I can't do nothin' with them ducks. They're half gone now, and I'll hev to build a pen for 'em, or I'll soon have none. Why, only a week ago there was fifteen, and now dern it, there goes another. Look out there. See that."

We glanced out on the pond just in time to see something dark disappear under water. A heavy wave was spreading shoreward. A moment before I had counted nine ducks. I now saw but eight half swimming, half flying with frightened quacks toward shore.

Goliah was furious. "Dern that critter. I used to think it was a mink or a muskrat, but blamed if I don't b'lieve it's a fish; one of them big pike, I'll bet."

"Are there any big pike in here?" I asked eagerly.

"Waal, yes, there's a good many slappin' big fish in here, but it's tarnation hard to ketch 'em. But that fish out here, he's bold and he'd jump at a spoon. See that old stump stickin' out of water? Well, that fish is always around there some place; there when he ain't eatin' duck; he ketches young fish in among the lily pads. Try to ketch him and I'll give you the free use of my orchard long as you're here. Want some apples, do you? Well, go up and help yourselves while I pen these young ducks up."

We got our apples and started back to camp resolved to capture that big pike. We decided that our largest and brightest spoon with a young minnow fastened on the barb would be the most tempting bait. Minnows were scarce around camp, so that afternoon we paddled up the pond some distance to the mouth of a small brook, where we thought we might get some. Forster accompanied us in his canoe and landed a couple of small pike on the way up. We caught a good many bait fish, just the size we wanted. The first one we caught Forster claimed and put it on his spoon. He trolled round in front of us for a while without success, and having filled our box, we were about starting for camp when Forster cried excitedly, "I've got him! I've got him."

He was a few yards out from shore, right among the lily pads, and, although he was using the paddle vigorously, the canoe seemed to be stationary. Then we saw a splash in the water, and Forster headed the canoe around as the fish started for the open pond. He got free of the lily pads and into clear water, and then dropping the paddle he seized the rod. The fish was straight out from the stern now and the rod was bending dangerously. Then came a flank movement, and the strain was pulling the canoe sideways. Suddenly the line slackened. "Look out," we shouted, "he's coming toward you." The fish must have darted under the canoe, for the line suddenly tightened, the tip of the rod seemed to be trying to curve around the bottom, and Forster, taken unawares, leaned to one side, and in an instant the canoe upset and Forster and the rod plunged in headforemost and disappeared. He came up in a moment, gasping and spitting. We were soon on the spot and dragged him, dripping wet, into the boat. We righted the canoe and recovered the rod in among the water lilies. The line was tangled and twisted among the tough stems, and was broken off near the hook.

"I tell you what, fellows, that was a big fish," said Forster. "Why I believe he could have pulled that canoe all over the pond. I'll have another try for him." We advised him to stop fishing out of his canoe but he was obstinate, and continued to troll around the pond. But that very evening while paddling backward a hidden snag brought him to a stop, and made a six inch rip in the canvas. We rescued him for about the fifth time and after that the canoe for want of cement remained on shore, and was finally mustered into service as a camp table. The double paddle was bisected, and made to do duty on our ancient boat.

We had intended to have a trial at Goliah's big pike the next day, but when we got to camp with our bait Lester greeted us with a marvelous tale of a trout stream back among the hills, and produced as evidence a young mountaineer who had strayed across our camp. He offered to guide us to the place the next day. "Only two miles away" he said it was, "and just swarming with fish."

He accepted our invitation to spend the night, and as our accommodations were limited we quartered him in Forster's canoe.

I think his conscience must have troubled him, for he kicked out the end in his sleep, and roused Forster's wrath to such an extent that he refused to accompany us.

We started at daybreak and traveled for two hours through forest and swamp, over rocks and heaps of loose stones and thickets of tangled undergrowth. It was six miles if it was a yard, but our guide remarked pleasantly, "That he guessed they measured it differently down where we came from." We reached the place at last. The stream was a beauty, and ran through a deep gorge so narrow that the mountains almost touched above us. It was one continual succession of sparkling little waterfalls and deep brown pools, so densely shaded that not the faintest glimmer of the sky touched their surface. We fished for hours, landing a good many beautiful trout, till the sun warned us that it was time to start. Our guide accompanied us part way, and then pointing out a path that he said would take us to camp by a short cut, disappeared in the thicket. We took the path, and after walking for miles it seemed to us we came out on the shore of the pond.

But it was the wrong shore. We were just opposite camp. We yelled and howled and lit a signal fire, and waved our coats and hats, but to no purpose. No welcome boat shot out toward us, though we could see the fellows moving around camp. It was imperative, so we tramped a weary mile round the pond through brambles and cranberry bog, and finally came into camp muddy and footsore. Forster greeted us eagerly, "Hullo, glad you got back. There are a lot of tramps right across the pond. They've been yelling at us for half an hour, and I'll bet they'll attack us to-night. They are hid some place in the bushes now." We smiled sadly. Should we give ourselves away? We were silent, but we had our revenge all the same, for Forster spent the night at the tent door waiting with a loaded gun for the tramps who never came.

But to return to the pike. He appeared before us that night in every conceivable form. He danced over the bed clothes, took wings and hovered above our heads; he struggled with a huge hook hanging from his jaw, and finally appeared in the act of swallowing a plump young duck, whose vociferous quackings woke us up. It was 6 o'clock. And here let it be recorded for the benefit of supernatural-minded people that, according to Goliah's account, that identical pike was actually masticating the ninth duck at the same time that he took that *rôle* in our dreams.

Our bait fish were all dead, so we had to get a fresh supply. Then a flock of ducks tempted us, and we maneuvered round after them until noon; but about 2 o'clock Lester, Forster and I, with tackle and bait, started up the pond. Half an hour's steady paddling brought us to the upper end, where we exchanged our half-sunken craft for a somewhat tighter and less weighty boat, belonging to Goliah. The remainder of the brood of ducks were now safe behind a wooden paling, and could only look mournfully out on the pond and express their disapproval with vigorous and frequent quacks.

"You see I've got 'em shut up now," said Goliah, "an' as that critter ain't had no duck since mornin' he'll be just ready for supper now. And mind," he called after us as we shoved off from shore, "don't ye come back without him."

We reached deep water and first threw in our lines baited with minnows. But we got no bites, and pulled in nothing but water-soaked twigs and weeds that twined round our bait till they looked like water snakes with long green tails. The sun became unendurable, so we put on our spoons and trolled for a while. Back and forward we went past the old sunken tree, skimming over beds of fragrant lilies, the barbed hooks ruthlessly tearing apart the pretty white petals, and our reels singing a merry tune as the hooks clung for an instant to some tough stem or hard-fibred leaf. We traversed every foot of space in that corner of the pond, but in vain.

The pike was probably taking a siesta somewhere down among the lily roots or was in some lonely secluded corner basking languidly as is the wont of his tribe in the warm rays of the sun on the surface of the water. So we pulled inshore and refreshed ourselves, body and soul, with quart cups of iced milk, sitting in the chilly atmosphere of Goliah's spring house and listening to some of his rafting adventures, for he had handled the rudder on many a voyage down the Susquehanna and had twice narrowly escaped with his life, once at Naticoke, and once at old Mehoopany dam, now only a few shapeless piles of dingy gray stones and rotted timbers. But the sun was sheering off toward the west and its vertical rays had lost their intensity, so we girted ourselves anew for the fray, and with fresh hopes pushed off from shore. Once more we baited with minnows and dropped our lines in the water. Then we trolled again, lazily resting our rods on the stern and watching the spoons rippling in the shadowy wake of the boat.

Lester got a strike, and we were all excitement until he landed a wretched little 12in. fish. "Cut him open," suggested Forster, "and see if he has any young ducks inside of him." This was met with chilling contempt. We fished for a while in silence, while the sun crept lower and lower, and our shadows lengthened visibly on the fast darkening water.

Far, far away over the hills came faintly the sound of a distant farmhouse bell and the long-drawn, mournful howl of a dog in harsh contrast to the melodious tinkle. The mournful cry of a whippoorwill echoed from the thickets across the pond, and a moor hen, startled by something unseen, rose with a shrill cry and flew over our heads. It was supper time and we were getting hungry. Again we made the circuit, and crossed and recrossed the pond. Not a strike rewarded us.

"This is getting tiresome," said Lester. "It's no use to try for that fish. He has been brought up on duck, and he's not going to lower his dignity to take a painted piece of brass or a young minnow. I propose a halt."

"Yes, let's go to supper," chimed in Forster.

"Well, now see here," said I. "I'm hungry, too, but row up to that clump of bushes there at the end of the pond, and rest a moment. Then row on down rather

slowly past the old stump, and if we don't get a strike we'll give up and go back to camp."

This was satisfactory, so we rowed up to the end and ran the keel gently into the soft bank, greatly startling a monster frog, which leaped with a frightened "ker chunk" into the water, and buried himself in the soft mud. We remained there awhile, and Forster and Lester took apart their tackle. They had had a surfeit of fishing for that day. We pushed off. Forster seized the oars, Lester threw himself in the bow, and I stood watchful and expectant in the stern, rod in hand, and our largest minnow impaled on the triple barb. Silently and noiselessly we moved along. Right in front was the old stump. Now we were gliding past it. We were leaving it behind, and the glittering spoon, dancing in our wake, was rapidly nearing it.

Twice I dropped a foot or two of line, and the spoon sank for a second under water. Now it was at the stump. One short pull which made the swivel turn rapidly, then a gentle drop that left it motionless for a second, and then there came a fearful dash, a lunge forward, a shower of drops, the line tightened with startling rapidity, the rod described an involuntary arc, and we sprang to our feet wild with excitement. The fish was off for the open pond, and preferring to humor him, off we went in pursuit. Once, twice, he sprang full length out of water, shaking the drops off his massive head and silvery sides. Then down to the bottom settling with bulldog tenacity into a steady pull. We hung on closely, giving him plenty of line, and letting him dash at his own free will down the pond in the clear open water. On he went, then a sudden halt and off again at right angles, reeling out a few more yards of oiled silk. We were nearing the shore now. He was lost to us if he reached the weeds and beds of lilies. Carefully and steadily I gave him the butt and headed him off into open water again. Then down the pond and across from shore, and finally he settled down in the deepest part and sulked. He was obstinate and refused to budge, so we waited on him, resting on our oars while he gained fresh strength and energy.

The sun was out of sight, leaving behind only a pink and orange glow that was rapidly fading. It darkened visibly and a silence fell on the forest. A chill air from the mountain blew across the pond, and the outline of the distant hills was blending more and more into the horizon. Suddenly the reel sang merrily as the huge fish made a fresh start and dashed up the pond, now deep under water, swerving from side to side, now so near the surface that his back protruded, and then leaping savagely into the air in the vain endeavor to rid himself of the agonizing hook. Would we never tire him out? Apparently he was as fresh as ever. The chase continued until finally, out-flanked and out-maneuvered on all sides, he showed signs of weakness. We cautiously drew him closer, keeping the line well stretched; he made wild darts, dragging out foot after foot that had just been reeled in; and once, with a prodigious effort, he rushed up the pond carrying out yard after yard until the reel was nearly empty. That was his last effort. His struggles were now fainter and fainter, and we gradually drew him nearer to the boat. "Now, Forster," I cried, "we have no net, so we must gaff him. Take your knife and drive it into his head when he comes near."

The reel was nearly full now, and raising the rod the monster fish rose alongside still struggling convulsively and beating the water with his tail. All three of us were standing up in the boat. Just as Forster raised the knife the pike made a last dash, the knife descending pierced only the water, and Forster overbalanced plunged in headforemost, dragging us and the boat over with him. We sank and rose, and struck out for shore, pushing the boat ahead of us. Land was near, and emptying out the water we rowed anxiously back on the pond again. Alas! the rod was there but the line, broken or bitten off near the hook, floated idly in the water. Our fish had escaped.

At such a moment as that life loses all charm and existence is almost unendurable. That fish would haunt us for months—nay, more, as long as memory lasted.

To our excited imagination he had seemed as long as the boat. In very truth he was two or three feet in length, and joyed in a spacious mouth moulded especially to masticate plump young ducks. But he was gone now and bitter experience would in the future warn it away from all hooks, no matter how skillfully concealed. We rowed back to shore sad and weary in the gathering darkness, fiercely tugging at the oars, and crushing down in savage glee whole patches of fragrant lilies that, phœnix-like, rose up behind us brighter than ever and purified by their plunge under water. We grounded sullenly on the shore, and refusing all Goliah's well meant sympathies and urgent invitation to partake of fried chicken, went on to camp, where, strange to say, we forgot half our grief in describing to the rest our struggle with the huge fish.

We trolled for the big pike again and again, but always unsuccessfully; and, stranger still, the rest of Goliah's brood now sported in security on the pond, and each night's roll call found the list complete.

The next week we reluctantly broke up camp, and as our heavy-laden team piled up with paraphernalia came in sight of Goliah's tumble-down gate, that worthy individual hastened down the walk.

"Hello! Off, are you? Well, your pike's back an' he's just got away with another duck. Mebbe you'll get him another year. Well, good-bye." With a clasp of his muscular hand off we went, and in a moment a turn in the road hid from view the lofty pines and waving birches that clustered round Long Pond.

Some day we will get that pike. I feel convinced of that. But to-day the first born rays of the morning sun shine down on Long Pond, and play hide and seek around the gnarled old stump; and the evening sun in mockery floods it with golden light, and the moon throws a silvery glance upon it, and day and night the old pike keeps his ceaseless vigil watching and waiting in vain for the ducks that never came, for the last of Goliah's brood long since disappeared down that hungry throat.

W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON.—Fredericton, N. B., June 2.—Some grilse have already been caught in the southwest Miramichi. The best fishing in that river usually begins about July 1. This river, whose waters reached a very high pitch this spring, is falling rapidly and has now nearly attained its normal level at this time of year. A number of salmon have been caught during the spring with bait at various points on the St. John River.—EDWARD JACK.

WHEELER AS AN ANGLER.

IN the chapter on "Some of the Distinguished Anglers of our Time," in his "Angling Talks," George Dawson wrote as follows:

"Vice-President Wheeler is one of the distinguished anglers of our own time. His visits to the Saranacs and adjacent waters were and still are as regular as the seasons. His home is in close proximity to the best fishing grounds in the State, and he has grown up as familiar with all of them as he is with the various rooms in his own domicile. He has been a member of our State Legislature, has repeatedly served his district in the House of Representatives, been Vice-President of the United States and a busy man always, but he has never intermitted his annual visits to the beautiful lakes which make a terrestrial paradise of the far-famed Adirondacks. When years ago he was talked of for the high position which he subsequently filled, I ventured the prediction that he would take no office that would preclude him from these annual visits to angling waters. In 1876 'Hayes and Wheeler' were the candidates of their party, and I was proclaimed a false prophet. But I not only knew my man, but the fascinating pastime of which he was a votary, and the result vindicated my prediction. He more than once mysteriously disappeared from his place as presiding officer of the Senate, and while others were guessing his whereabouts, his most intimate friends knew he had gone a-fishing. His robes of place were laid aside for the garb of the angler, and the restraints and formalities of his office for the quiet and freedom which can be found nowhere so perfectly as in the primitive forests and on the crystal lakes and flowing rivers where the veteran angler finds his most refreshing rest and highest delectation."

A WEEK IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

WILL you take a week's vacation with us in the Adirondacks? What a question to ask a man who has been housed up all winter in a musty office, with his nose down to the grindstone; what a seductive bait to cast in front of a brain-weary man who is a lover of that beautiful collection of mountains and lakes.

The invitation came from the officers of the Adirondack Preserve Association, who were about making a spring visit to their club house and preserves in Essex county for the purpose of getting things in ship-shape for the coming summer. Thirty-six hours after the invitation was given found the party on board one of the Hudson River steamboats, and the day after the Adirondack Railroad carried us to North Creek, where we changed our mode of locomotion to the comfortable mountain buckboard, and were soon in the vast and wild wood solitude beyond civilization. The ride of 18 miles over the mountains was the same old appetizing, liver-shaking journey, and late in the evening we were dumped out at our destination, a tired, hungry lot of mortals, ready for both food and bed. The next morning found us early astir, all anxious to take advange of the beautiful weather and to inflate ourselves with as much pure mountain air as we could conveniently hold.

The association has certainly displayed excellent judgment in selecting the site for its commodious and comfortable club house. It is located in the midst of a 100-acre clearing, its distance from the surrounding forest and its high elevation giving ample opportunity for the enjoyment of the breezes, no matter from which direction they may come. The 100 acres of clearing are in excellent cultivation, thus permitting the keeping of cows and poultry, and consequently a ready supply of fresh milk, butter and eggs that are usually difficult to procure in these mountain fastnesses.

The view from the front piazza of the club house is extensive and beautiful, but if the front view is attractive, how shall I designate the outlook from Prospect Rock, situated about 300yds. back from the house? From this lofty eminence a view taking in 25 to 30 miles of country can be enjoyed. Lofty and lesser peaks can be seen on every hand, rising and falling in rotation until lost to sight in the dim distance, while almost at the foot of the mountain, in the valley below, can be seen the waters of the Hudson, just sufficiently near to hear its silvery sweetness as it tumbles over its rocky bed, gathering strength for its important work nearer the sea. Upon this lofty height a comfortable summer house is being erected, so that those members who care little for fishing or hunting will find sufficient reward for their journey in the simple pleasure of breathing the pure mountain air and enjoying the "subdued Swiss view" spread out like a panorama for their gratification. And how the cool breezes of this spot do remove the cobwebs from the brain, and what vigor it imparts to wearied bodies. Only those who frequent the Adirondacks can appreciate the renewed life which its pure cool air so generously bestows upon its visitors. The members of the association who are lovers of the rod and reel have every opportunity of indulging their mania, as Mink, Thumb, Beaver, Loon, Frank and Moose lakes are within easy distance of the club house, so that fishing and boating are almost at their doors, and if there is any virtue in "signs" the deer around these various bodies of water must be as plentiful as the most ardent sportsman can wish.

Of course there was an amateur photographer in the party; life is very dull now if there is not one of these enthusiasts at every wayside inn and summer hotel through the country. Our "amateur" was alive to the wants of the occasion, and although we were obliged to stop occasionally on our journey in to allow him to admire in a proper artistic way the many beautiful views that would burst upon us from time to time, still he was not too previous with his "negatives" and "positives," and as he was wisely reticent in thrusting professional terms at us, such as "hypo," "developers," "gelatine," etc., etc., we managed to submit to his society without premeditating manslaughter. The views which he brought back with him will be souvenirs that the members of the association will ever prize. As photographs, like figures, never lie, the pictures of the trout we caught in those few pleasant days will be convincing to the skeptical of the size and beauty of the fish in that particular region, and I imagine it would be difficult to exhibit a handsomer view than that of eleven beauties, aggregating 22lbs, that were captured in about two hours by a member of the party. The photographs of these trout obviated the necessity of our telling our friends the usual fishermen's yarns as to our success, but did not prevent our expatiating fully upon the big fellows we had upon our lines that, of course, got away.

The few days marked out for our stay at the club house rapidly passed away, and what with trouting, tramping over mountain trails and social intercourse, were too soon over. We reluctantly turned our faces cityward, and were shortly enjoying the tyranny of linen collars, struggling to get our minds diverted from trout and deer tracks, and concentrated on market reports, bargains and other surroundings of civilization.

The association have much cause to be satisfied with the property they own, as with the facilities for hunting and fishing over their domain, together with the beautiful surroundings, the members have everything to make life pleasant and enjoyable during their summer vacations. A view from Prospect Rock is alone sufficient to warrant a trip to the club house, and if you add the pleasure of boating and fishing on a lake as beautiful as Mink, situated but a half mile from the house, it leaves nothing further to be desired.

I cannot but envy those whose privileges admit of their enjoying, now and then, a vacation in the woods, and if the rest of the members of the Adirondack Preserve Association are as genial as the officers whose society I enjoyed for those few pleasant days, then indeed one of the objects of the incorporation, that of encouraging social recreation, will be carried out to a fault.

NOTES ON THE TOURNAMENT.

IN our report of the fly-casting contests we had neither time nor space for much comment on the different classes or the incidents of the day, and gave merely the results in the regular order. There is much that strikes the observer on such occasions, which, if published in full as seen through his glasses, would read strangely, and we propose to touch on this subject, although some of the details are unpleasant.

We have already said that there was less grumbling at the decisions of the judges by "mug hunters," and that a more gentlemanly spirit was apparent, but there is still an element which must be eliminated if the Association would attract the class of gentlemen which it caters for and which we are glad to see by the list of names that appear among the contestants is entering into the contests. At the first tournament it was said by some that few, if any, gentlemen anglers would cast in public, but five years' experience has disproved this, and each year has seen a gradual improvement in all the classes, in this respect. The class of men who growl if the judges do not give them a higher award than they deserve, and who "protest" on the slightest occasion has gradually dropped out, much to the benefit of the Association. The judges at these tournaments are gentlemen of experience some of whom come from a distance and act as judges for hours, at some personal discomfort, in order to foster and sustain a sport in which they delight, and the rule has been that their decisions should not be questioned and that any exception made to this rule would deprive the contests of their services. The judges are appointed before the contestants make their entries and the latter are in honor bound to abide by them or the fly-casting tournaments will fall to the level of the prize ring. We are glad to say that at the last tournament there was but one instance in which anything occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting, and this instance was of so pronounced a character that it cannot pass unnoticed, and disagreeable as the subject is we feel compelled to report it for the benefit of future tournaments.

In the first contest for amateurs with single-handed fly-rods the judges awarded C. G. Levison the third prize, whereupon he loudly protested that he was not fairly dealt with, and declared his intention to resign from the Association, an intention which it is to be hoped he will carry out, for several gentlemen have declared that they will never again enter a contest with him. He has been a chronic "protestor," and has made more trouble than any other member now in the Association. As an instance of the way in which he views these contests the following will suffice. On the second day there was a class in salmon casting, open to all, in which the rods were not to exceed 16ft., and several gentlemen urged Harry Prichard to cast. The old man, not feeling at all sore that Hawes had beaten his great record of 91ft. with his favorite switch cast the day before, consented, but had no rod of that length and asked Mr. Levison for the loan of his. Levison agreed, but stipulated that Prichard should give him any prize that he might win, and as Prichard won first prize, a handsome grilse rod, Mr. Levison claimed and took it.

To turn to more agreeable subjects we noted that in the amateur single-handed classes, on the two days Dr. Trowbridge did some elegant work in distance casting, delivering his flies with grace and precision, and making 81 and 85ft. respectively, the longest casts made, and only fell to the third place on the first day and to second on the second day by reason of deficiency in delicacy and accuracy, although in one contest he was awarded the full score for the first point. Mr. Graydon Johnston wielded an antique specimen of a home-made ash and lancewood rod, but astonished all by what he did with it. Perhaps he might do better with another rod, or it may be that he had the best tool on the ground.

The light rod contest for experts was one of the most interesting events of the tournament, the rods being 10ft. long and weighing 4¾oz. The shortest record among four contestants was 70ft., while Reuben Leonard led the field with 88ft., a most wonderful performance. A private trial of an extreme light rod took place in a quiet nook, which it is of interest to record. The rod, owned by Mr. William C. Harris, was of split bamboo, 8ft. long, and weighed only 3¼oz., and with this Mr. Thomas B. Mills sent out a line over 62ft.

The other contests are already recorded in our pages of last week, and there is little more to say of them except that there was a surprise in nearly all, for it was thought that the limit in casting had about been reached. The attendance was good and many distinguished gentlemen from a distance gathered at Harlem Mere to see the tournament.

MICHAEL MORRISON, a man known to hundreds of anglers and employed by Abbey & Imbrie, died last week of heart disease. Mr. Morrison was nearly 70 years old, and for the last 25 years had been engaged in tying salmon flies, his skill in the art being regarded as very great. "Mike" Morrison, as everybody called him, knew all about the habits and tastes of a salmon, his knowledge having been gained in Ireland, where he was born, and in Scotland.

MAINE WATERS.

MAY 29.—The salmon fishing on the beautiful Penobscot River of Maine is now excellent. The water has fallen to a medium depth and everything looks most promising for a very successful fishing season on the river. The fishing season here commences about the last of April and continues to the middle of July. The best of the fishing is from now till the last of June. The average run of fish is larger than that of any river in the Eastern States or Canada, excepting the Cascapedia. Most of the salmon taken here are over 15lbs. in weight. Ten fish taken here Thursday ran from 13½lbs. to 23lbs., but larger ones have been taken this season.

As the fish are "fresh run," in fact are caught while in the "tide water," they are very gamy. A long line and strong leaders are needed, as the fish run large and fight fast and hard. The most taking flies are the well-known favorites, silver-gray, Jock-Scott and silver-doctor, tied on rather large hooks. As the water is dark the bright flies seem to take best.

The early morning and evening are thought to be the best; others think the flood tide the best. However, some fish are taken at all hours of the day and at all times of tide.

This excellent fishing ground can be reached by leaving Boston at 7 A. M., when one will arrive at Bangor 6 o'clock next morning. A good breakfast for 50 cents can be had in the restaurant at the station, kept by Woodbury & Son. A hack can be had at the station to take one or two passengers to the ground for about one dollar, and 20 cents for toll bridge. If you want an express wagon, you will find Mr. Carpenter ready and willing to take all your tents and baggage and selves, as he did for us, for the very moderate sum of one dollar. But a less costly and very comfortable and expeditious way of getting there is to take the little steamer at Ferry Slip, a short distance from the depot, at 8 A. M., fare 15 cents. The captain, Chas. M. Robinson, like all the residents we have met, is very ready to accommodate, and at very moderate prices, *i. e.*, he will run his boat between regular advertised trips for parties of three, or the equivalent of three fares, thus enabling any one to get either to or from the fishing ground at any time of day.

The fishing ground is mostly on the Brewster side of the river, and is leased by Capt. Allen for a term of ten years. He has built a club house near the head of the ground for the use of members, who are admitted to all the pools and use of the house for the small sum of two dollars per year. It will be readily seen that Capt. Allen has not gone into any speculation, as with the present or even larger membership it would require all he will receive in four years to pay for the lease and building. This is the first instance of the kind that has come to my notice where a person has secured a very valuable salmon river solely for the benefit of anglers desiring to fish for salmon. None but a true disciple of Walton would have shown such a spirit. Thus to the untiring efforts of Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley in restocking the river, and to Capt. Allen for preserving this unequaled chance to catch salmon, all true anglers will ever accord the full honor due to them.

The ground reached, there is room for all, as the river is half a mile wide and full of pools and eddies. Here, as elsewhere, one will meet persons that do not know the etiquette of angling. So patience, brother of the angle, and when some untaught would-be angler casts across your pool, or worse, some ignorant boatman pulls across where you have seen a big rise, don't swear, but in mildest terms, on fit occasion, teach and practice better things. Little by little this new angler's paradise will get in shape, so that the true angler will find peace and pleasure in casting without being intruded upon by any.

On arriving at Bangor, anglers will find Capt. Allen at the Court street police station. Or those ever genial anglers, Messrs. Benson and Mosely, ticket agents at the depot, will furnish all information necessary to guide a brother angler to reach the desired pool. DR. R.

We had only one day at Sebago Lake for the landlocked salmon and the record was not very brilliant. Out of four strikes we only saved one salmon of 7lbs. As far as I have been able to learn the fishing has been hardly up to the average of the last five years. A large proportion of the fish taken have been spent fish, *i. e.*, fish which spawned last fall. This has not been done heretofore, and shows that they were not speared on their spawning grounds last fall as usual, owing to their being caught instead by the Commissioners at the mouth of the river, stripped and turned loose in the lake. They have 750,000 young fry now hatched at Eeles Falls (on Crooked River) which will be turned loose in Sebago waters the coming week. The best fishing at Sebago last year was in June.

At Weld Pond the fishing for trout and landlocked salmon has been good and many have been taken. The trout run from 1 to 5lbs., averaging about 2lbs. Salmon 2 to 6lbs., with occasionally one larger. Most have been caught trolling with smelts or angle worms. Within a week they have taken the fly readily and for the next week or ten days I have no doubt more could be caught with the fly than with bait.

At Rangeley and Moosehead the parties I have seen report good success.

The cream of the fishing is now at Bangor, for the Penobscot salmon, and many anglers from abroad are coming and departing every day. Nearly all are successful in either capturing or hooking a fish, and some five or six in as many days fishing. They run from 10 to 25lbs., averaging thus far about 18lbs., being fresh run and in tide water are the smartest fish in the world. Many old salmon anglers have been there and all say they are the smartest salmon they have ever seen. I fished there one day this week and was fortunate enough to capture one.

Eleven fish were caught that day, and as many hooked and lost. Bangor is delighted, and well she may be to have one of the best salmon pools on the Atlantic coast within the limits of the city, and she is reaping her harvest from the anglers who are coming to Maine. Being so early in the season, before there is any fishing in the Provinces, it is like early strawberries and should be valued accordingly. The water is yet high in the Penobscot, and as it gets lower am inclined to think the fishing will improve. Many salmon fishers I have seen here, who have fished the Provincial rivers, say this averages better than any they have ever fished before.

The rush of sportsmen to Maine thus far has been double what it was last year. The hotels at Rangeley and Moosehead are reported full. There is also a big rush to all our inland ponds and streams. HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, Me., May 29.

Mr. W. H. Wingate yesterday, while fishing off the mouth of Rogers Brook, boated a 3lb. landlocked salmon, in the stomach of which were found twenty-three smelts. Evidently the landlocks are "on their feed." This is the pioneer salmon to respond to light tackle in Long Lake. BLACKSPOT.

NORTH BRIDGTON, Me., June 3.

SENATOR QUAY'S MIDNIGHT TARPON.—Senator Matt S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, has entered the race for fame as a tarpon angler. His claim is based on a 155lbs. fish taken at Punta Blanco, Fla., at midnight, April 7, 1887. During his stay in Florida Senator Quay took twenty tarpon; and among his adventures or the adventures of his boatman, Ben Sooy, was the onslaught of a tarpon, which, in its second leap, struck the boat and knocked Sooy overboard. Unfortunately for Senator Quay's claims to a tarpon record, he did not use a rod but stuck to "Al Fresco's" method of tarpon fishing with a handline. Perhaps "J. M. S." is to blame for this, as Senator Quay is reputed to refer to him as an oracle, and "J. M. S." says that when you are going for tarpon, anything from a fly-rod to a hawser and derrick is allowable.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—Mr. Max von dem Borne, of Berneuchen, Germany, wishes some information about the black bass and wishes answers to the following questions: "Is the black bass, where met with in American fisheries, regarded as a harmful fish? Has the introduction of this fish injuriously affected any American fisheries? In the affirmative case name the waters or fisheries in question and the fish which have been so affected. Into what waters may black bass be introduced with advantage and without fear of their doing damage? Are waters containing nothing but pike and coarse fish the only ones in which there would be no danger?" Something on this may be found in "Piseco's" communication elsewhere.

FLY-CASTING AT BLOOMING GROVE PARK.—On May 30 a fly-casting tournament was held by the Blooming Grove Park Association at their grounds in Pike county, Pa., the first prize being a silver badge, which was won by our correspondent, Mr. Robert B. Lawrence. The following is the score: R. B. Lawrence, 75ft.; H. W. Nason, 73ft.; S. M. Nash, 68ft.; A. J. Post, 66ft.; N. S. Smith, 65ft. The time allowed each contestant was fifteen minutes, with no allowance for accidents. Many ladies and gentlemen witnessed the contest.

THE SOUTHERN TIER ANGLERS ASSOCIATION, of Elmira, N. Y., went on its third annual excursion to Germania, Pa., June 1. The great event of the occasion was a stuffed trout banquet, given in honor of the long and short haul of the "Interstate Commerce Law."

JOTTINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend "Wells" gives a short contribution in your issue of May 26. I call him my friend, though my acquaintance with him is limited to the intercourse afforded by your columns. "Wells" promises to give some other sketches of "gala days and ambrosial nights," and I hope he will, because what he writes is always interesting to read, even though the incidents be trivial. I must, however, give him a gentle chiding for calling my old friend Prof. Wilson, of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," "Prof. Wilcox;" but that was, no doubt, mere thoughtlessness.

I am also minded to say that "Wells" was whilom my ally in asserting the true name of our only Southern game bird, the partridge, and that he seems now to be afraid to use that term, but contends himself with the makeshifts of "birds" and "Bob White," which I am bound to look upon as a rather ignominious compounding of a felony, since it winks at the purloining of the true and traditional cognomen of our little favorite by our Northern brother sportsmen. But I note with gratitude, and give him due credit therefor, that he does not yield completely and adopt the horrid "quail," a designation which deprives the dear little bird of a great part of his peculiar charm. Let us stoutly maintain our right to our partridge, "Wells," the only game bird we have, and which is a heritage from our fathers, who shot him in the peafields of Virginia and the Carolinas in Revolutionary days, with flint-lock guns and very poor powder. He was "partridge" then and has been partridge ever since, and no other name will we accept for him.

But what has become of the racy "Nessmuk," charming "Wawayanda," piquant "Kelpie," delightful "Pisco," and other contributors who were wont to serve your readers with dainty and appetizing dishes? They have hibernated too long and should come forth, shake off their lethargy and give us something for our delectatin.

"Kingfisher," whose interesting narratives have afforded much pleasant reading to the fraternity, makes a touching and pathetic announcement of the death of "Rare Old Ben," and I am sure that all your readers will join heartily with me in tendering our sympathetic regrets, for all must have enjoyed "Old Ben's" humorous yarns and quaint expressions and will doubtless recall the story of his adventure in the Texas cabin with five pones of corn bread in the skillet, one of which was made after the woman had spanked the baby with meal-bedaubed hand, and failing to identify which, Ben had to eat them all to avoid not eating the right ones. Peace to his ashes.

Speaking of contributions, my own peculiar line is "snakes," but since Miss Catherine Hopley has gone to Europe, I am unable to get up any more discussion on that interesting subject.

"Will," of Aberdeen, noticed a snake similar to the last marvel I discovered. I regret that he did not make a closer examination of it to determine if it was venomous or otherwise. I am with snakes a good deal like the crazy tailor who, whenever any one stretched out his arm would rush up and measure it. So whenever I see a strange snake I must interview him and inquire if he has fangs or not. COAHOMA.

["Wells" did not inadvertently speak of Wilson as Wilcox. The mistake arose from an erroneous deciphering, by the well-intentioned compositor, of "Wells's" manuscript, which is, as Prof. Wilson himself would have put it, "hieroglyphical of wisest secrets," but sometimes hard to find out.]

A fox hunt recently occurred in Kent, Conn., which was in many respects the most remarkable this country has ever known. There was no anise-seed-bag nonsense about it. The game was a real fox, and Mrs. Monroe, the only hunter, was in at the death. She was feeding chickens in the yard when a fox entered and seized a hen, but before it could escape Mrs. Monroe seized the invader by the tail. Holding the hen firmly in its mouth the fox attempted to drag Mrs. Monroe away to its lair. The heroic woman retained her grip, however, and called loudly for help. It came in the shape of two sturdy dogs, who immediately despatched the fox. It must be apparent to the most careless mind that this method of fox hunting possesses many claims to consideration. No fields of grain were injured, no rider broke a limb, no expense was incurred. But, for all that, the excitement produced by the encounter was intense, the dogs had the pleasure of killing the fox, and the gallant heroine of the chase possesses the brush. Surely Connecticut economy and pluck often produce great results.—*World.*

Fishculture.

AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS.

THE sixteenth annual meeting of the Society was held in the lecture room of the National Museum at Washington, D. C. on Tuesday, May 31, and Wednesday, June 1. In the absence of Dr. W. M. Hudson, President of the Society, Vice-President W. L. May called the meeting to order at 11 A. M. on Tuesday, and after a short address the meeting adjourned until 3 in the afternoon.

On assembling again the following new members were elected: M. B. Hill, Clayton, N. Y.; Calvert Spensley, Mineral Point, Wis.; Walter D. Marks, Paris, Mich. The following were elected corresponding members: K. Ito, Hokkaido Ccho, Sapporo, Japan, member of the fisheries department of Hokkaido and president of the Fisheries Society; W. Oldham Chambers, Esq., secretary National Fishculture Association, South Kensington, London.

Dr. H. H. Cary said he had recently been examining oysters on the coast of Georgia with a view to planting in Lake Worth, Fla. The lake is situated on the east coast in one of the southern counties near Jupiter Inlet, and is twenty-three miles long. It was once a fresh water lake separated from the ocean by a barrier of coquina formation, but the inlet has been cut for the transportation of boats of ten tons or more, and now the lake is partially salt. The temperature of the Gulf Stream is not far from 79 degrees Fahrenheit, and the lake is about the same. The question now arises, is this temperature too high for the breeding of oysters? The average depth of the lake is eight feet, and the bottom of the south end is muddy; other parts have hard bottom.

MR. WHITTAKER—What is the temperature of the Indian River?

DR. CARY—I think it is lower. The Gulf Stream diverges almost northeast and the inlet to the lake is ten miles south of Jupiter Inlet. I believe that Mr. Mather has had some experience in raising oysters and perhaps he can give us some information on this point.

MR. MATHER—My experience has not been extensive enough to say at what temperature the eggs of the oyster will decline to hatch or the young will die. In 1885 Prof. Henry J. Rice came to Cold Spring Harbor to make some experiments in the propagation of oysters, and I loaned him a large wooden tank, in which he placed some young oysters immediately after hatching. The tank was put on the south side of the hatchery and was fed by a stream of salt water not larger than a lead pencil; it was exposed to the sun and the water attained a temperature of 90deg. and no result was obtained. The next year I continued the experiments in the same tank placed on the north side of the building with a temperature never exceeding 80deg., fair results being attained. How much higher a temperature they would have stood, I have no means of knowing.

DR. CARY—I can place layers of shells on the bottom for catching the spawn, but there is a great deal of moving sand, and I would like to know if this would be injurious to the young oysters?

MR. EARLL—No doubt moving sands would be injurious to the young oysters, because the shells to which they were attached would be buried and the young would be smothered.

DR. CARY—There are oysters in Indian River, but it has been a question whether there would be food in Lake Worth, the kind that oysters feed upon.

MR. MATHER—The oyster feeds mainly upon diatoms, and attains a size in proportion to the food it gets. Some of the best feeding grounds on Long Island are in the brackish waters of the bays.

MR. EARLL—While I don't know the limit of temperature at which oysters will spawn, I will say that I have found adults in water 84 degrees, and at 80 they spawn readily, Chesapeake Bay being 80 degrees every summer. Chrisfield, near Pokomoke Sound, and Tangiers Sound, famous oyster places, are often 80 to 85 degrees, and oysters spawn there in June and July.

The Secretary then read a paper by Prof. W. O. Atwater, entitled "Chemical Changes Produced in Oysters in Floating and their Effect upon the Nutritive Value." The meeting then adjourned until the following day.

SECOND DAY.

The meeting was called to order at 11:30 A. M. A telegram from Treasurer Blackford, stating his inability to attend, was read. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Whittaker, Spensley, Cary, Nevin and Earll, appointed on the previous day to nominate officers, made the following report:

For President—W. L. May, Nebraska.

For Vice-President—H. H. Cary, Georgia.

For Recording Secretary—Fred Mather, New York.

For Corresponding Secretary—W. A. Butler, Jr., Michigan.

For Treasurer—E. G. Blackford, New York.

Executive Committee—Calvert Spensley, Chairman, Wisconsin; J. H. Bissell, Michigan; Dr. R. O. Sweeney, Minnesota; Dr. W. M. Hudson, Connecticut; Livingston Stone, New Hampshire; Col. McDonald, Virginia; Frank M. Clark, Michigan; and upon vote these officers were declared duly elected.

MR. MATHER then read a paper upon the season's work at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., and a discussion upon the handling of glutinous eggs followed, in which several members took part. The Society then adjourned until 2 P. M.

In the afternoon session James Nevin read a paper upon hatching pike, perch and their adhesive eggs; Mr. K. Ito, president of the Fisheries Society of northern Japan, gave some very interesting statistics concerning the fish and fisheries of his country, for which the Society accorded him a vote of thanks. Mr. Earll made some remarks upon the changes and conditions of fishculture and the duties of Fish Commissioners under the new conditions. Mr. A. Howard Clark read a paper on "Fish Preservation by the Use of Acetic, Boracic, Salicylic and other Acids and Compounds." Mr. S. G. Worth explained a new method for outlets of fish ponds, which he illustrated by a diagram upon the blackboard; he also read a paper on "Inducements to Growing Shell Fish in North Carolina," and the secretary read an essay upon "Spasmodic Migrations of Lake Superior Whitefish," by W. D. Tomlin. The subject of the time and place of the next annual meeting then came up for discussion. Mr. Spensley moved that the meeting be held in Detroit on the third Tuesday in May, 1888. Dr. Cary amended it by substituting Washington for Detroit. A vote for the amendment was lost and the original motion was carried. Messrs. Whittaker, Mather and Bissell were appointed a committee to invite persons and papers, the treasurer's report was accepted and the meeting adjourned.

PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.—Pittsburgh, Pa., June 23.—The new fish commissioners for Pennsylvania as appointed by Governor Beaver are as follows: James V. Long, Pittsburgh; W. L. Powell, Harrisburg; H. C. Ford, Philadelphia; S. B. Stillwell, Scranton; A. S. Dickson, Meadville; H. Dermuth, Lancaster.

BOUNTIFUL NATURE AFFORDS NO FINER SPECIFIC for skin diseases than Sulphur, a fact that is proven by the action upon the cuticle afflicted with eruptions or ulcerous sores, of that supreme purifier and beautifier of the skin, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE—Black and brown, 50c.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5036.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No person seems very anxious to undertake the duty of defending the actions of the American Kennel Club, to which attention has been drawn by Messrs. Wade and Peshall and in my previous letter under the above caption. Surely, if there were any defense to make it would be given publicity, hence we must assume that there is no argument to be advanced.

The next subject to which I will direct attention is the case of the disqualification of Brahmin at Providence show. The judge at that show threw out Brahmin for being overweight, and the owner, Mr. Rendle, appealed from that decision. Every man is at liberty to present or conduct his case as he sees fit, of course, within parliamentary limits; but I think Mr. Rendle weakened his case very much by surrounding it with totally irrelevant matter. There was but one point for him to make, and that was the way in which the dog had been weighed. Mr. Mason, it appeared, used a spring scale which was his own property, while the club had provided a pair of scales for that purpose. What was done at Boston, or whether other dogs at Providence were overweight was altogether outside of the question at issue. Neither was it competent testimony for Mr. Rendle to produce a scale he had that day purchased for 25 cents, and proceed to illustrate the defects of this machine and how it could be altered. All that was not evidence, yet when I rose to a point of order, I was incontinently sat upon by the president. A base ball writer would say, "he jumped on my neck with both feet," so fiercely did he order me to resume my seat. When Mr. Rendle's case was all in, the fire of resolutions leveled at the president was brisk. Finally I got the floor, and briefly drew attention to the central fact that official scales had been provided and it was not competent for the judge to decide by any other. The reception awarded my remark was decidedly flattering, and I was asked to submit a resolution, which I did to that effect, adding thereto that it was not competent for the American Kennel Club to alter the award. "No, no," resounded all over the room and that settled my motion. Again were we treated to all sorts of extraneous talk, until finally Mr. Munhall proposed a resolution to the effect that it was the duty of the judge to use the official scales. This was carried and a motion to adjourn at once followed. Your report has it that "the R. I. Club was ordered to pay prize." This was not so, as a matter of fact, neither could it be so in point of law.

If Brahmin, the dog in question, had been awarded a prize and subsequently disqualified for being over weight, then he would unquestionably have been eligible for the prize taken from him by an illegal transaction. Such, however, was not the case, and the American Kennel Club has no right whatever to assume the position of a judge and award a prize in the manner suggested by the wording of your report.

The Patti M. case has been pretty well thrashed out by Messrs. Wade and Peshall. It was brought forward on the second day, when I was not present; but it is not a question of what was said, but of well-known facts, with a monumental annex in the way of one of the strangest of decisions ever yet given by President Smith. Mr. Peshall's statement has not been contradicted, and it is, therefore, unquestioned that he permitted a person who was not a delegate nor the holder of a proxy to assume the rights of the floor and make a motion. That of itself would seem to me the place to attack the whole subsequent miscarriage of justice. As to the facts, they are that a dog was entered at the Waverly show "not for competition." That subsequent to the closing of entries a sweepstake under special conditions as to entry was opened under the jurisdiction of the club, and that dog was entered and won. The sole question at issue is, can you make an owner's declaration on July 1 apply to an event which was not announced at that time and for which the entries do not close for two weeks later. The answer is, most decidedly not. Under the conditions of the sweepstake, had Beaufort not been entered at the show at all he would have been eligible; the appellant could not deny that, and yet we are asked to agree with him that he was not eligible simply because he was not a competitor in the regular classes. I quite agree with Mr. Peshall that Messrs. Craig and Newberry, the two new delegates, could not have understood the vital point of the case; but I must, at the same time, disagree with him as to the manner in which they can rectify their mistake. He suggests that they have the secretary send out a circular resolution for the delegates to vote upon. This cannot be done under the new constitution, which, happily, put an end to the transaction of business in this manner. We had enough of that in the Perry case.

Your report contains the following enigmatical sentence: "Communication from J. O. Fellows, referred to Hornell Kennel Club, with information that Buffalo is not a member of A. K. C." Mr. Fellows is the secretary of the Hornell Kennel Club, and was also superintendent of the Buffalo show, and he asked me as his club's delegate to submit the following letter to the A. K. C.:

"I charge C. J. Farley, of Albany, N. Y., with stealing from the Hornell Kennel Club one four-gallon tin sprinkler and two dozen two-quart feeding tins, also with telling barefaced falsehoods, Sept. 11, 1886.

"At Buffalo, March 9, I charge him with concealing five seven-pound cans of food. March 10, with concealing, with the intention to steal, one sprinkler, one dozen feed tins and one claw hammer, all of which I took from his crate, where he had them in meal bags and under the straw.—J. OTIS FELLOWS."

That was returned to me with the following letter, dated May 14:

"Dear Sir—At the meeting of the A. K. C., held 5th inst., I was directed to return to your club the inclosed letter, with the information that the Buffalo Club is not a member of this association. Respectfully, etc., A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary."

The question which will naturally arise in any man's mind is, what has the Buffalo club to do with a charge of theft at the Hornell Club's show? Further than that, does not the A. K. C. rule, with regard to dishonorable conduct in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, apply to anything beyond A. K. C. shows? Is Mitchell, disqualified by Eastern Field Trials Club, to be allowed to show at A. K. C. shows because the Eastern Club is not a member of the A. K. C? The clause with regard to dishonorable conduct in connection with dogs must of necessity apply to transactions outside of an A. K. C. member's show. What is the A. K. C. for if it is not to carry out its own rules? I should like to hear from Mr. Peshall on this case, as he perhaps can throw a side light on the manner by which the unaccountable decision was arrived at.

With your permission, I will in another letter show the manner in which the rules of the A. K. C. have been violated by the members of the association and how the mandate of the association has been completely ignored by those instructed to see that the rules are carried out.

JAS. WATSON.

A CHASE WITH THE DOG STAR.

I AWOKE one spring morning to find that it was the opening of a beautiful day; a light snow had fallen during the early part of the night and I saw it was going to be a nice day for a fox hunt. So I had a early breakfast, fed my two young thoroughbred foxhounds Star and Sport, brothers about 18 months old, and shouldering my 12-bore muzzle-loader loaded with very small buckshot, and with my dogs put out, prepared for a good day's sport all alone. Foxes inhabit the fields and woods around my farmer's home, as well as do speckled trout the famous Caledonia Creek and springs only three miles to the south of me.

I went east, but only for a half mile looking for signs, when I heard my young dog Star give tongue a little to the south in a small piece of woods with underbrush. I, of nimble 18 years, was not long in getting there, and found the dogs had struck the tracks of two foxes, evidently made about the middle of the night, and running side by side about five feet apart. The dogs ran on the tracks south for about three-quarters of a mile, when all at once Star stopped perfectly still, put his nose up in the air, snuffed, and then started at full speed at a right angle due east, with Sport at his heels. I knew they had scented a fox somewhere, but far out of sight, so I ran to a road at about the place I thought the fox might come out, and had no sooner got there than I heard the dogs at full cry, taking a rapid circuit of the woods, and the very next moment, his brush flying, out came reynard headed a little to the south of me, running at full speed with no discount at that. I now ran down the stone wall fence, keeping well under its cover, to within five rods of the place where I thought he would cross it and the road. I had stopped only a moment and hastily cocked my gun, when up he jumped upon the wall at the very place I thought he would. Could I desist? Not well. I fired my left barrel in an instant, when down tumbled poor reynard stone dead, with eleven buck or turkey shot sent through his body. Said I to myself, "No more robbing of hen roosts by you, nor midnight rovings."

Only one dog, Star, came up on his track, and after he had had the exquisite fun of shaking the fox, much to my astonishment I heard Sport running on a trail at full cry some distance west of me. I now looked on the top of the hills way west of him, and there I saw the other fox going over its brow, as if sent for and in great haste to be sure. He headed westward, as if bound for California. Star must have known there was another fox in this case, for when I looked around near by for him, behold he had slipped away and was already far out of sight, and bound for the track that Sport was on. It did not take him long to catch up with Sport, as he is a very swift runner indeed. (Query. Is it not possible the hound sense of these two young dogs dictated to each other to take a separate trail at the time the two foxes had parted? It certainly looks so to me, and as if reason, not instinct, controlled them. They are very sagacious animals.)

Both dogs being now on the trail and in full tongue, I saw more sport ahead. I slung the dead fox across my shoulder, and hastened for home not more than a mile away. Arriving there I hitched my hunter Mabel to a light craft, and started out at long strides to follow the dogs. They had gone far to the north, where I soon learned that another party of hunters living in Churchville or near there, and about seven miles from where I started the fox, on hearing the cry of my dogs, had hastened to the spot where they had crossed the country and put their hounds on the trail a little behind mine. The northern half of Monroe county was now fairly alive with the sweet music of the hounds. Old men and old women, and young maidens, too, as they faintly heard it, rushed out of doors to catch the joyful sounds and to witness the exciting scene of the flying cavalcade of bold riders. They ran that fox from nine in the morning sharp, till 1 o'clock in the afternoon, my hounds making not less than 30 to 40 miles I judge, when at 1 o'clock it was shot on the long lope by one of the Churchville party just east of Beulah Corner, and within less than a mile of my home, and very near where it was first started. Star, just behind the fox when killed, was leading the other dogs by a good mile, so he had the pleasure of seeing the other four fine dogs come up but not till after he had shaken his second fox in this day's run. This is his first year's hunting. This ended the chase for that day, as the snow had now melted away and destroyed all the other tracks, but we all thought we had had very good luck and had enjoyed much sport.

I have more than once seen Star with nose up as if scenting something, go a mile and then suddenly start a fox, and on one occasion I saw him evidently scent a fox at a distance (as I was told by one professing to know) of 2¼ miles. He never utters a cry, but goes with his nose up in the air until he strikes a track or winds the game, then he makes up for lost time both in cry and speed. There is no dog around here that can keep in sight of him on a long chase. He indeed runs almost too fast, and sometimes drives the fox way out of the country, and may not succeed in bringing it back again till late in the afternoon and perhaps not at all.

How do the two snowy owls that I got last winter and sent on to the Central Park museum for exhibition get along without an ice-house to keep them cool? When I had them it was cold weather, with snow on the ground, and they would then loll like hens on a hot summer's day. I think they miss the polar regions greatly. JAY L. MERRILL.

MUMFORD, N. Y.

[When recently seen the owls appeared to be doing very well, but were lolling with tongues out as described.]

HIGH POINT.—Mr. Geo. T. Leach, of this city, has received the following note, dated High Point, N. C., May 28: "Dear Sir—I am reminded of the field trials by seeing to-day a partridge's nest filled with eggs. The season has been very late, and the birds have been late in pairing off. But I have never seen more than there are around this season. There is a large area of small grain planted, so that the young ones will fare well. There will be more birds on the field trial grounds than ever before.—DAVID P. WHITE."

BUCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As rather an old timer, I have for many years looked in vain for some dog like the old mastiff of my boyhood near fifty years ago. I remember one, a perfect watch dog, belonging to the storekeeper of the country village where I lived. Off duty Buck was kindly and genial, at least to those who attended to their own business; but a meddler would see his teeth and hear his warning growl if he tried to go behind the counter. A tramp—for there were tramps as long ago as 1837—could only get entrance into the store doors upon the assurance of some one in whom the dog had confidence that it was all right. But no matter who tried the doors after they were closed for the night or at noon, except the owner or some member of the family, the dog was alert and fierce. Buck was my friend and frequent companion in the woods and fields and when I had pole and line (rods were then unknown) along the waters. But after the doors of the store were fastened and he was left on watch, he was as fierce on my approach as on a stranger's. I never feared he would injure me, but I took care not to invade his prerogatives. I waited outside the door many a morning for Buck, and we had many a tramp before breakfast together. But with his love of sport he never forgot his duty. My clothes were safe on the bank of the river where I went swimming with my mates when I put them in Buck's care; and yet, with all our friendliness for each other, he was as savage at my shaking the door, even when he could see me through the glass, as if he had never known me.

Buck was a large brindle-colored dog, the head somewhat of the bulldog character, but not nearly so pronounced, and as I recollect him very much of the appearance of the mastiff whose portrait is in your last issue, copied from "Bingley's Memoirs." In one respect there was a difference, the head was shorter in proportion to the size of the dog.

Of course I know nothing of the dog's breeding. He was called a mastiff, but there was little in common with the present type of dog known by that name.

I shall never forget a school incident in which Buck figured. We had for a teacher a man hated by the boys as sincerely as ever a teacher was hated by any boys. It was not an ordinary dislike, for, so far as I have ever learned, the lapse of fifty years has not availed to soften our feelings. Well, Sim C. was brother of the owner of Buck, and had been promised a thorough drubbing after the close of school for the day. Sim slipped out when school was dismissed, and soon returned with Buck. I was detained after school, probably for the same purpose that Sim had been told to stay. Sim, perhaps because he was the worse offender, was called out first, and he went to the front with Buck at his heels. The "master's" hand was raised, and with it went up Buck's upper lip and the note of warning was sounded. Suffice it to say there were no whippings that night. We all escaped, and I dare say not one of those present on that occasion has ever forgotten Buck. H.

JUNE 4.

TOY DOG CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The owners and breeders of various classes of toy dogs have been for some time under the impression, and perhaps justly so, that their favorites have been regarded as only of secondary consideration at the New York and other great bench shows, the sporting and great watch dogs having the monopoly. In order that the proverb, "Every dog has his day," may be verified, a large number of ladies and gentlemen are now enthusiastically interested in the subject, and are about to organize a club to be known as The American Toy Dog Club. Under the auspices of this club the dwarf pug, with his dwarf compeers of other breeds, will have the right to bark as loud—if he can—as his giant prototype the mastiff. To this end it is proposed to hold a meeting of owners and breeders in New York at an early day. Of the time and place due notice will appear in the FOREST AND STREAM and other papers so that all who so desire may be present. Those who by reason of distance or other causes cannot be present are requested to communicate their views and wishes in the meantime to Mr. W. Robinson, 221 West Thirty-eighth street, New York, who has consented to act as secretary pro tem. The breeds to be included are all those properly coming under the title of toy dog. As all the toy breeds will be equally represented in this club, none will have cause to be pugnaciously disposed toward, or jealous of the other; neither will the owners have any cause for jealousy as to the rank of their respectative favorites. And although the most aristocratic canine families are to be here represented, it will be seen that whenever and wherever they meet it will be on democratic principles, perfect equality. The title "Toy Dog Club" will at once remove the opposition and objection so generally and strongly urged against the name of one particular breed, such as pug dog or King Charles club. That this club will exceed in number and excel in interest any dog club now in existence there can be little if any doubt, owing to the rapid increasing numbers of the little household pets and their increasing popularity. It may be even now suggested that one of the objects proposed by those already interested in the formation of the club is the holding of an annual fall bench show of toy dogs in New York or Brooklyn and others of the large cities. This, however, to be determined by the general executive committee. TOY.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

WINNIPEG, Man., May 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Manitoba Field Trials Club will hold their trials this year commencing on Sept. 6, to be run on prairie chickens under the Eastern Field Trials rules, except that in the Derby retrieving will not be counted. Entries for Derby close July 1, and for All-Aged Stake Aug. 1. Open to all. Three prizes will be given in each stake. There is a splendid opening for a handler here. If any person who would charge reasonable rates, and not want the stakes, dog and a fee besides, came up, he could get quite a number of dogs to handle. These trials are not run to make a reputation for any particular strain, but will combine a shooting excursion with the trials. The club have secured this year about 20,000 acres of land to run on. Full particulars and forms of entry can be had by making application to the secretary, HUBERT GALT, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

OUR PRIZE DOGS.—Mr. C. H. Maason is hard at work preparing the material for his book, which will contain a full description of all the prize-winning dogs of this season at Buffalo, Newark, Providence, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Hartford and New York. The list comprises nearly one thousand dogs and the compilation of the book entails a vast amount of labor. In addition to the description of the animals, there will be added a full list of the winnings of many of them, and lifelike pictures of twenty-five or more typical specimens of the the different breeds. The pictures will be photographs taken from life by competent artists and reproduced by the artotype process. These alone will be worth more than the price of the book. Mr. Mason informs us that he has already received orders enough to insure the success of the venture.

AN OLD DOG HINT.—The quickest, surest and best way to break an old dog of bad tricks is to trade him off right away for a young puppy, and begin right by teaching him according to the system of Hammond as set forth in "Training vs. Breaking."

DONUIL DHU, Mr. A. C. Wilmerding's lost black spaniel, has been returned to his owner.

DEATH OF SENSATION.—Just as we go to press, a letter from Mr. R. C. Cornell informs us that the well-known pointer Sensation is dead. The grand old dog needs no eulogy; his public performances prove his worth. As a companion at home or in the field he had few equals, and the memory of his many good qualities will long remain green with those who were so fortunate as to know him, as he was a good dog. Sensation was whelped in May, 1874. Following is a portion of Mr. Cornell's letter: "I regret to say old Don is dead. He passed away quietly on Sunday last simply from old age. I have been expecting his collapse for some time, as he had outlived the usual span of dog life. Never shall I forget the good old dog, and I never shall have quite the same feeling for another. The most satisfactory days I have ever had in the field have been with Don."

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bow Bondhu. By G. A. Colman, Charlestown, Mass., for blue be ton English setter dog, whelped April 7, 1877, by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel) out of Bo-Peep (Rake—Claradale).

Bradford's Bonnie, East Lake Clara and East Lake Lassie. By East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., for one apricot fawn, black marks, pug dog and two bitches, whelped May 1, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Zadie (A.K.R. 2753).

Dixey and Lakme East Lake. By East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., for apricot fawn pug dog and bitch, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie (A.K.R. 1804).

Taddie East Lake and East Lake Laddie. By East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., for fawn, black markings, and silver fawn pug dogs, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie (A.K.R. 1804).

Bonnie Duntroon and Bonnie Brae. By McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., for golden sable collie dog and red sable bitch, whelped March 17, 1886, by imported Red Gauntlet (Charlemagne—Hasty) out of imported Brenda (Highlander—Hasty).

Carrick and Jess. By McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., for black, white and tan collie dog and bitch, whelped June 4, 1886, by Heather (Eclipse—Nesta) out of Madge (Highlander—Hasty).

Idstone Dream. By B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Planet out of Lady Croxteth.

Miss Idstone. By Henry Hardie, Nashville, Tenn., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Planet out of Lady Croxteth.

Idstone Prince, Idstone Bow and Idstone Trick. By B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., for liver and white ticked and liver and white pointer dogs and liver and white bitch, whelped Jan. 5, 1887, by Planet (Meteor—Accident) out of Spinaway II. (Bang—Spinaway).

Lulu East Lake. By East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., for fawn, black marks, mastiff bitch, whelped April 5, 1887, by Leo (Lord Nelson—Maud) out of Ashmont Bertha (Hero II.—Empress).

Bessie B. By Edwin Still, Philadelphia, Pa., for English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 14, 1886, by Bingo out of Nellie.

Major B. By T. C. Brown, Piqua, O., for dark fawn, black marks, mastiff dog, whelped April 5, 1886, by Leo (Lord Nelson—Maud) out of Ashmont Bertha (Hero II.—Empress).

Deacon. By E. A. Pitts, Columbus, O., for apricot fawn pug dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie (A.K.R. 1804).

Dee, Turriff and Ness. By Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., for two Scotch terrier dogs and one bitch, whelped May 15, by Charlie out of Perth.

Perth. By Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., for Scotch terrier bitch, imported.

Flirt II. By W. G. Young, Ottawa, Can., for lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1886, by Johnny (Ben—Joan) out of Jess (Jack—Jill).

Quart Cup and Lilly K. By Henry May, Augusta, Ga., for black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped March 14, 1886, by Harry S. (A.K.R. 223) out of Jessie (A.K.R. 590).

Bessie W. By Henry May, Augusta, Ga., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1886, by Harry G. (A.K.R. 223) out of Mary Belle (A.K.R. 1393).

Idalia. By A. Gerald Hull, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 27, 1887, by Debonair (Crown Prince—Idalia) out of Lorna Doone (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness).

Chicago Fawn. By J. B. Wickery, Chicago, Ill., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1886, by Fritz (A.K.R. 1351) out of Virginia (A.K.R. 1357).

Gladstone's Rake. By Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., for black and white English setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Gladstone out of Flounce.

Hur Kennels. By Robert D. Locke, Chicago, for his kennel of mastiffs.

Caumsett Kennels. By Richard H. Derby, Lloyd's Neck, N. Y.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Mary Belle—Harry G. Henry May's (Augusta, Ga.) English setter bitch Mary Belle (A.K.R. 1373) to his Harry G. (A.K.R. 223) April 28.

Devonshire Queen—Mort of Naso. Floyd Vail's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Devonshire Queen (A.K.R. 3127) to F. F. Benson's Mort of Naso (Nick of Naso, A.K.R. 4591—Temptation, A.K.R. 1590), June 1.

Lady Croxteth—Planet. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Lady Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass) to Idstone Kennels' Planet (Meteor—Accident), May 5.

Fannie—Tom II. G. F. Bond's (Worcester, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Fannie to F. M. Harris's Tom II. (Doane's Tom—Flora), May 17.

Vic—Tom II. J. L. Wells's (Attleboro, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Vic (Dinks—Mabel) to F. M. Harris's Tom II. (Doane's Tom—Flora), April 29.

Trinket's Belle—Doncaster. B. F. Seitner's (Dayton, O.) pointer bitch Trinket's Belle (Bang Bang—Trinket) to Idstone Kennels' Doncaster (Croxteth—Lass), May 3.

Nellie II.—Ashmont Sam. Maple Grove Kennels' (St. Louis, Mo.) mastiff bitch Nellie II. (Hero II., A.K.R. 545—Countess, A.K.R. 2220) to their Ashmont Sam (Hero, A.K.R. 545—Ashmont Lady, A.K.R. 2314), May 23.

Lady Winnie—Little Swell. J. H. Shepherd's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Lady Winnie (Sam—Wasp) to E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish), April 26.

Lilly II.—Vortigern. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Lilly II. (Cupid—Lilly I.) to his Vortigern (Viper—Gipsey), May 15.

Floss—Chief. H. H. Carr's (Lynn, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Floss (Glencho—Flame) to Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck), April 30.

Ready—Tim. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Ready (Chief—Yoube) to his Tim (Biz—Hazel), April 11.

Fee—Tim. F. W. Thomas's (Baltimore, Md.) Irish setter bitch Fee (Elcho—Strahan's Belle) to Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel), May 1.

Neva—Rudolph II. Herman Dietzman's (Clinton, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Neva to Chequasset Kennels' imported Rudolph II., May 23.

Lady Hanley—Lodi. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) imported St. Bernard bitch Lady Hanley (Plinlimmon—Lady Burghley) to their Lodi (Hermit—Brunhild), May 21.

Avis—Lodi. Ch quasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Avis (Alp II.—Daphne II.) to their Lodi, May 1.

Sibyl—Duke of Lancaster. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Sibyl (Hearn's Monk II.—Thorne's Sheila) to their imported Duke of Lancaster (Plinlimmon—Lady Burghley), May 11.

Heidel—Duke of Lancaster. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Heidel (Cæsar—Nun) to their Duke of Lancaster, April 25.

Lys—Merchant Prince. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lys (Hermit—Sombre) to E. H. Moore's Merchant Prince, March 25.

Bella—Duke of Lancaster. Geo. W. Schenk's (Burlington, Ia.) St. Bernard bitch Bella (Alp II.—Alma) to Chequasset Kennels' Duke of Lancaster, March 13.

Doris—Duke of Lancaster. Wm. M. Bullivant's (Boston, Mass.) imported St. Bernard bitch Doris to Chequasset Kennels' imported Duke of Lancaster, Feb. 28.

Krön—Duke of Lancaster. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Krön (Hermit—Brenner) to their Duke of Lancaster, March 7.

Ruby—Elcho, Jr. Will G. Simons's (Manchester, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Ruby (Berkley—Sirene) to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen), May 16.

Demetee—Ilford Cromwell. A. Gerald Hull's (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Demetee (Montgomery—Beda) to his Ilford Cromwell (Cardinal—Cleopatra), June 5.

Lucy—Debonair. A. Gerald Hull's (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lucy to his Debonair (Crown Prince—Idalia), June 1.

Alice—Debonair. A. Gerald Hull's (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Alice (Montgomery—Beda) to his Debonair (Crown Prince—Idalia), May 28.

Lorna Doone—Ilford Cromwell. A. Gerald Hull's (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lorna Doone (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness) to his Ilford Cromwell (Cardinal—Cleopatra), May 19.

Bal Gal—Debonair. A. Gerald Hull's (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Bal Gal (Beau—Lady) to his Debonair (Crown Prince—Idalia), May 21.

WHELPS.

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Maira. Isaiah Thomas's (Goffstown, N. H.) St. Bernard bitch Maira (Hermit—Alma), March 15, seven (four dogs), by Chequasset Kennels' Rudolph II.

Theon. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Theon (Rousseau—Hero), May 11, nine (eight dogs), by their Lodi.

Krön. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Krön (Hermit—Brenner), May 8, eleven (four dogs), by their Duke of Lancaster.

Marvel. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Marvel (Hermit—Alma), May 1, nine (eight dogs), by W. W. Tucker's imported Victor Joseph (Beauchief—Bertha).

Tantrums. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tantrums (Talbot's Pug—Pond's Lady), April 25, five (two dogs), by their Thunder (Young Toby—Lady Flossie).

Tra-la-la. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tra-la-la (Young Toby—Tantrums), April 29, three (two dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby.

Lady Bright. F. Pitzer's (Washington, D. C.) Llewellin setter bitch Lady Bright (A.K.R. 2047), April 25, six (three dogs), by Chas. York's Gun (Gladstone—May B.).

Liddie M. Henry May's (Augusta, Ga.) black and tan setter bitch Liddie M. (A.K.R. 1285), April 3, ten (eight dogs), by his Mackmaster (Redfield Glen II.—Redfield Jet); all black and tan.

Ruby. John O'Toole's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer bitch Ruby (Rush—Juno II.), May —, seven (five dogs), by Westminster Kennel Club's Comet (Meteor—Tinket).

Madge. F. H. D. Viette's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Madge (Ben—Joan), May 24, two bitches, by H. B. D. Bruce's Shell (Ben—Joan).

Perth. Geo. Sanderson's (Moncton, N. B.) Scotch terrier bitch Perth, May 15, three (two dogs), by Charlie.

Princess. Mrs. T. J. Fries's (Lima, O.) pug bitch Princess, April 11, seven (four dogs), by Geo. H. Hill's Joe (A.K.R. 925).

Zadie. East Lake Kennels' (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Zadie (A.K.R. 2753), May 1, four (one dog), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby.

Joan. F. H. D. Viette's (Ottawa, Ont.) Clumber spaniel bitch Joan (Flash—Flirt), May 10 (destroyed by dam), by H. B. D. Bruce's Shell (Ben—Joan).

Fortune. E. Lever's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan terrier bitch Fortune (Reveller—Lilly II.), May 28, six (five dogs), by his Vortigern (Viper—Gipsey).

Jersey Beauty. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Jersey Beauty (Chief—Doc), May 1, nine (three dogs), by his Tim (Biz—Hazel).

Ilse. R. H. Derby's (Lloyd's Neck, L. I.) St. Bernard bitch Ilse (A.K.R. 2755), May 15, twelve (seven dogs), by E. A. Hearn's Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice).

Lorna Doone. A. Gerald Hull's (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lorna Doone (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness), Jan. 27, two (one dog), by his Debonair (Crown Prince—Idalia).

May F. H. F. Farnham's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch May F. (A.K.R. 3131), June 1, seven dogs, by Graphic Kennels' Beppo II. (Sir T. Lennard's Priam—Mealy).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Idstone Bow. Liver and white, bronzed cheeks, pointer dog, whelped Jan. 5, 1887, by Planet out of Spinaway II., by B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., to Lieut. Geo. A. Cornish, Fort Pembina, Dak.

Idstone Dream. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Planet out of Lady Croxteth, by B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., to Geo. V. Neal, Columbus, O.

Red Prince. Fallow red dachshund dog, whelped June, 1886, by Prince out of Wallexie, by B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., to E. Hoffman, Cleveland, O.

Miss Idstone. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Planet out of Lady Croxteth, by B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., to Henry Hardie, Nashville, Tenn.

Jess. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped 1885, by Jack out of Jill, by Geo. Chillas, Toronto, Can., to W. G. Young, Ottawa, Can.

Nellie II. Fawn mastiff bitch, age not given, by Hero II. (A.K.R. 545) out of Countess (A.K.R. 2220), by E. Mansfield, St. Louis, Mo., to Maple Grove Kennels, same place.

Orgar. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, age not given, by Hector II. out of Nires II., by H. J. Clapham, Suspension Bridge, N.Y., to C. E. Lewis, same place.

Carrick. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped June 4, 1886, by Heather out of Madge, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to Fred. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.

Neva. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped June 8, 1884, by Trim out of Ruby, by Merrimac Kennels, Merrimac, Mass., to F. M. Harris, Worcester, Mass.

Fidget. Scotch terrier bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia.

Dixey. Apricot fawn, black marks, pug dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie, by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., to John J. Bauich, St. Louis, Mo.

Deacon. Apricot fawn, black marks, pug dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie, by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., to E. A. Pitts, Columbus, O.

Taddie. Apricot fawn, black marks, pug dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie (A.K.R. 1804), by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., to A. Hoover, Miamisburg, O.

Lakme. Apricot fawn, black marks, pug bitch, whelped April 4, 1887, by Bradford Ruby out of Peggie, by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., to Wm. Imas, Columbus, O.

Lulu. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped April 5, 1887, by Leo out of Ashmont Bertha, by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., to Rolin Bird, Springfield, O.

Hunter and Bessie. Foxhound dog and bitch, by A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., to C. E. Taylor, Bath, Me.

Johnny—Jess whelp. Lemon and white Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1886, by Geo. Chillas, Toronto, Can., to W. G. Young, Ottawa, Can.

C. A. P. and Wescott. Black and white English setter dogs, whelped May 18, 1886, by Dash III. out of Donna, by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to A. M. Tucker, Charlestown, Mass.

Leo—Ashmont Bertha (A.K.R. 3367) whelps. Mastiffs, whelped April 5, 1887, by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., a fawn, black marks, dog to T. C. Brown, Piqua, O.; a fawn dog to Charles Pryor, Columbus, O., and an apricot fawn dog to C. T. Bartlett, Muncie, Ind.

Bradford Ruby—Peggie whelps. Apricot fawn, black muzzle, pugs, whelped April 4, 1887, by East Lake Kennels, West Jefferson, O., a dog to E. C. Irvin, Philadelphia, Pa., and a bitch to Geo. E. Pengeman, Topeka, Kan.

Tim—Florio whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped Feb. 24, 1887, by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., a dog each to W. Beebe and Chr. A. Sackett, Brooklyn, N. Y.; a dog to Harry Edwards and a bitch to Ed. L. Cowart, Red Bank, N. J.; a dog to Ed. Aarenburg, Fort Sully, Dak., and a dog to L. D. Harrison, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.

Bonnie Duntroon and Bonnie Brae. Golden sable collie dog and red sable bitch, whelped March 17, 1886, by Red Gauntlet out of Brenda, by McEwen & Gibson, Byron, Ont., to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Princess and five puppies. Fawn, with black masks, pugs, two dogs and three bitches, by Joe (A.K.R. 925) out of Princess, by Mrs. T. J. Fries, Lima, O., to Geo. Gilliyan, West Jefferson, O.

Chloe. Liver and white bitch, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany out of Bertie, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Fred B. Tracy, same place.

Bertie May and Blanche May. Lemon and white and liver and white pointer bitches, whelped Dec. 14, 1886, by Tammany out of Bertie, by Fred Bollett, Brooklyn, N. Y., to J. C. Schuyler, Berryville, Va.

PRESENTATIONS.

Gladstone's Rake. Black and white English setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton Depot, Tenn., to Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga.

Idstone Belle. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 5, 1887, by Planet out of Spinaway II., by B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., to A. E. Godeffroy, Guymard, N. Y.

IMPORTATIONS.

Perth and Scot. By Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, N. B., Scotch terrier bitch Perth, dark grizzle in color, and a very handsome bitch. She is in whelp to Charlie, a dog which has taken honors at the Crystal Palace, London. Also Scot, a 6-months-old Skye terrier dog, dark in color.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

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RANGE AND GALLERY.

DELAWARE.—There was a good attendance at the weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club at Schuetzen Park on Decoration Day. The scores made were generally good and a notch or two ahead in the steady improvement which has marked the club's shooting this spring. But the event of the day was the breaking of Heinel's highest record of the club of 81 points at 200yds. (which was considered almost impregnable), by S. J. Newman, who over-reached it by three points. Although Newman last week tied Heinel's highest club record of 91 points at 100yds. no one was expecting him to surpass the high record at 200yds. Standard American target, off-hand, possible 100 points:

First Match, 200yds.

S J Newman	9	10	0	6	10	8	9	6	7	10	—84
R Miller	9	7	10	9	9	9	5	4	4	8	—74
C Heinel, Sr	5	6	7	7	7	10	5	8	10	6	—72
J Scott	7	6	3	6	7	7	10	4	10	6	—69
M A Jones	6	7	6	5	9	4	5	7	6	7	—62
H B Seeds	7	4	6	5	6	10	3	6	9	8	—61
J Francis	7	6	6	4	7	9	6	6	4	5	—60
J E Newman	6	6	4	6	9	4	4	9	3	4	7—58
W F Seeds	4	5	4	9	3	7	4	7	6	6	—54
W A Bacon	4	6	5	6	3	5	5	7	8	3	—51

Second Match, 200yds.

S J Newman	7	7	6	6	6	8	9	10	5	6	—70
J Francis	9	6	4	7	8	5	8	6	7	7	—67
R Miller	5	5	9	9	4	6	10	9	8	5	—67
C Heinel, Sr	7	8	6	5	8	5	6	6	7	6	—64
H B Seeds	7	9	6	6	6	6	6	7	4	6	—63
J Scott	5	4	9	7	5	6	9	5	6	7	—61
J E Newman	6	7	9	7	6	8	6	3	6	3	—61
H A Heinel	8	5	7	3	4	8	4	9	5	2	—55
W F Seeds	5	8	3	6	9	7	4	3	3	4	—52
M A Jones	3	4	4	3	6	3	6	4	9	4	—44
W A Bacon	5	7	2	7	3	5	3	4	3	3	—42

Third Match, 100yds.

J Francis	7	9	8	9	8	10	10	8	10	6	—85
H B Seeds	6	8	7	9	7	10	10	10	9	8	—84
C Heinel, Sr	10	7	10	8	6	9	9	7	7	7	—80
C J O'Brien	8	8	6	10	8	10	8	6	8	8	—80
S J Newman	9	7	7	8	8	8	9	6	8	9	—79
R Miller	9	8	10	8	8	8	7	5	7	8	—78
W F Seeds	8	8	9	9	5	10	7	7	6	8	—77
H A Heinel	5	10	8	10	7	8	10	5	7	6	—76
J E Newman	7	7	10	7	9	8	8	6	9	6	—75
M Jones	9	7	9	9	7	7	7	7	6	6	—75
J Scott	6	5	9	7	6	9	8	8	5	10	—73
W A Bacon	5	3	5	6	7	7	8	8	5	6	—60

MARYLAND.—The Kent County Rifle Club regular practice at Wyoming, Del. Massachusetts target, possible 120 points:

At 200yds.

R C Holmes	9	6	10	6	5	10	10	11	10	7	—84
A R Benson	7	6	8	7	10	9	3	9	9	10	—78
A Diefenderfer	7	4	8	11	10	8	5	8	7	7	—75
F H Thomas	10	6	8	8	4	6	9	10	4	8	—73
R Diefenderfer	6	0	10	8	7	8	8	7	8	10	—72
H M Thomas	7	7	9	4	8	6	2	10	5	9	—67
E W Johnson	6	9	11	5	2	7	8	8	3	7	—66
A H Conner	2	8	4	8	7	8	2	6	10	6	—63
J Carpenter	3	7	7	0	9	6	8	5	9	3	—57
W F Aldrich	3	3	11	3	6	7	2	4	6	7	—53
O A Dockham	4	3	5	5	0	11	7	8	4	8	—47
George Rash	0	2	5	10	8	2	3	2	3	8	—43

At 100yds.

R C Holmes	7	11	10	10	11	10	10	11	11	10	—101
A R Benson	11	10	8	11	10	10	8	10	9	10	— 97
A Diefenderfer	9	9	11	8	11	6	9	7	10	11	— 91
H M Thomas	9	9	9	8	10	9	10	9	9	8	— 90
S H Thomas	8	8	7	8	11	10	9	11	8	10	— 90
R Diefenderfer	9	7	11	8	8	9	8	10	7	10	— 87
F H Thomas	9	7	7	9	9	8	8	7	9	9	— 82
J Carpenter	7	10	9	5	9	6	11	8	10	7	— 82
A H Conner	8	10	8	7	10	4	11	7	6	8	— 79
E W Johnson	6	7	10	10	8	7	7	10	8	9	— 79
George Rash	5	8	8	9	9	8	6	8	6	10	— 77
W F Aldrich	6	5	4	10	9	9	10	6	8	10	— 77
O A Dockham	7	9	0	8	9	8	11	8	8	8	— 77

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—May 30, best scores. Record match, 200yds. off-hand, standard target:

Tuck	10	7	8	10	10	9	7	10	7	—85
Johnson	8	7	10	7	6	7	9	9	9	10—82
Edgerly	9	10	6	7	9	6	9	7	9	8—80
Griffin	7	7	10	9	8	6	7	8	10	7—79
Busfield	9	5	7	7	7	10	9	7	9	9—79
Worthen	7	5	6	6	7	8	10	8	8	9—74
J F Brown	8	5	8	4	9	8	9	6	7	7—71
Wright	10	7	9	5	10	8	4	3	8	7—71
Merrill	8	8	5	7	8	8	4	7	10	5—70
Green	9	7	6	6	8	9	10	5	3	5—68
Jackson	7	10	4	8	7	6	7	5	4	6—64

Badge match:

Worthen	10	10	8	7	6	9	5	8	10	8—81
J F Brown	7	7	4	8	8	7	10	10	9	10—80
Tuck	7	8	5	5	10	10	7	8	7	8—75
Johnson	10	8	7	6	9	10	4	5	6	9—74
Green	8	10	10	8	6	7	5	7	5	7—73
Edgerly	10	9	7	7	6	5	6	7	5	8—70
Wright	7	6	7	8	4	9	7	8	7	7—70
Busfield	5	8	10	7	10	5	7	6	7	4—69
Griffin	6	4	8	6	6	5	7	10	8	7—67

Worthen gold badge, J. F. Brown silver badge. A fine day but troublesome wind on our range.

BOSTON, June 4.—The Saturday matches were quite well attended at Walnut Hill Range. N. Washburn broke the record on the new rest target, and now holds the highest with a total of 116 points. Matches C and F will come to a close on the 11th inst. The spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be held at Walnut Hill on June 16, 17 and 18. Next Saturday the picked team from the Massachusetts Rifle Association will shoot the Bullard Arms Company's team match at the range. Wednesday, the 8th, will be rifle day and the range will be open. Following are the best scores made to-day:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

W O Burnite	8	9	10	7	8	8	10	10	6	9	— 85
	6	7	8	10	7	10	6	9	8	8	— 79
W Charles	6	10	10	8	10	6	8	7	7	10	— 82
	10	7	9	6	6	10	5	10	8	10	— 81
J Francis	7	6	9	8	9	8	10	7	9	6	— 80
W H Oler	10	7	7	8	10	10	8	7	5	8	— 80
R Dadman	9	7	10	6	8	7	8	8	6	5	— 74
D L Chase	6	8	5	9	7	4	8	8	5	10	— 70
Felix	9	6	6	6	8	6	7	5	3	5	— 61

Rest Match.

N Washburn	10	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	11	12	—116
	10	11	10	10	11	10	12	9	10	10	—103
S Wilder	12	11	11	11	11	11	9	12	12	10	—110
	10	10	10	12	10	11	10	11	9	11	— 99
	12	12	10	12	11	11	12	11	9	9	— 98
J Francis	12	12	10	9	12	9	10	10	11	12	— 98
	11	9	11	12	9	11	9	11	12	12	— 97
	10	7	9	10	12	10	11	7	9	7	—101
M Willard	9	8	9	7	11	9	9	12	12	9	— 94
H J Foster	9	9	11	10	12	12	10	12	11	11	—107
	11	12	9	11	8	10	11	11	10	10	—103
D L Chase	10	10	12	9	8	9	12	10	11	11	—102
	9	11	11	11	9	12	9	9	11	11	—102

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 30.—The Schuetzen Verein observed Memorial Day in their own peculiar fashion at Beldin's West Springfield range, where 20 of the best marksmen held a practice shoot to sharpen up for the bund shoot at New Haven, July 11-12:

A Hallenstein	13	17	15	24	25	20	22	21	13	20	—191
Capt Buchholz	7	11	17	15	18	21	13	19	20	22	—163
E Wunsch	12	14	13	18	17	22	14	11	13	15	—149
W Schraeder	10	14	6	9	15	16	14	14	14	16	—115
H Lehman	8	8	5	10	11	15	9	11	13	15	—109
P Rosstauscher	9	7	6	9	12	14	10	15	19	8	—105

THE MUZZLE VS. BREECH MATCH, which was to have been shot at Jamestown, N. Y., last month, is thus reported to us by a Syracuse correspondent: "I am sorry to reply that there was no attendance of breechloaders, hence no match. My own breechloader was the only exception. There were five in attendance with muzzleloaders, and part of two days were devoted to pool shooting, of which no official record was kept. I have no account of this myself, neither do I know of any one that has.—C. H. R."

WORCESTER, Mass., June 2.—The Worcester Rifle Association had a meet this week at Broad Meadow Range. The results of the work in detail were as follows:

Sporting Rifle, 500yds.

M G Fuller	5555555555—50	5555555555—50—100
S Clark	5555455555—49	5555555554—49— 98
A S Rice	5545445134—45	3545593353—38— 83

Military Rifle, 500yds.

A C White	5545455344—44	5554355524—43— 87
M R Morgan	4454544444—42	4443444444—39— 81
J B Willard	5254335444—39	2454454522—39— 78
E R Shumway	3553435445—41	
M Jefferson	3440245155—36	4454434040—32— 68

Sporting Rifle, 200yds.

A C White	9 9 8 5 10 10 8 10 10 6—85	
	6 10 6 10 7 10 10 6 8 7—83—168	
L Thomas	10 9 9 7 7 7 10 8 6 8—81	
	6 7 8 8 6 10 8 8 6 7—74—155	
M G Fuller	6 7 6 9 8 9 5 7 6 8—71	
	8 6 5 9 6 6 9 10 5 6—70—141	
H Henderson	8 8 8 10 5 6 5 10 6 5—71	
	7 4 5 7 4 7 4 7 4 7—55—126	
John J	7 6 6 5 8 6 10 9 8 6—71	

Military Rifle, 200yds.

A C White	5 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 5 5—46 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—43—89
James Earley	5 4 5 4 5 5 5 4 3 4—44 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4—42—86
M R Morgan	5 4 5 3 4 5 4 5 4 4—43 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 4 4—40—83
L G Taylor	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—42 4 3 4 4 4 5 3 5 4 4—40—82
M Jefferson	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
E R Shumway	5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 3—40
J Logan	4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—39
E A Harris	3 4 4 2 4 4 4 4 4 5—38
J B Willard	5 4 4 4 4 4 2 2 3 3—35

NEWARK, June 1.—The match between the Coppersmith and Snellen teams was shot this evening at the Essex range, and resulted in a victory for the Snellen team by 5 points. Some of the old riflemen showed that they have not forgotten how to roll up large scores, while others were a little rusty. The greatest surprise of the evening was Old Reliable John Doon, who made a score of 115 ring or 50 Creedmoor points. The following is the score:

Snellen Team.		Coppersmith Team.	
A C Neuman	116	John Coppersmith	118
John Doon	115	Geo Wiegman	115
G Snellen	109	C H Miesel	113
Wm Watts	108	Charles Weeks	111
Frank Helms	107	J H Huegel	106
Roger Marshall	105	Chas Cooper	102
S H Shackleford	103	Albert Steiner	99
J A McCallum	98	N Diethrick	98
A Lake	95—956	Wm Dutcher	89—951

A return match will be shot on June 16, commencing at 7 o'clock.

The election in the Our Own Rifle Club, last week, resulted in the following choice of officers: President, O. A. Kiefer; Vice-President, Fred Knothe; Recording Secretary, F. A. Freinsehner; Treasurer, William Drexler; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Kroeplin; Captain, M. Condit; Lieutenant, Ferdinand Freinsehner; Official Scorer, John Bander; Judges, O. A. Kiefer and A. Snellin; Referee, Frank Smith; Finance Committee, Miller, J. M. Kiefer and Bertram; Assistant Rifle Inspector, Emil Wilms. The club has thirty active and eighteen honorary members. The weekly shoot resulted as follows: F. A. Freinsehner 105, Bertram 104, Weider 94, Condit 100, Limberger 101, Kroeplin 96, J. M. Kiefer 99, Wilms 102, O. A. Kiefer 103, Drexler 101, Ferd Freinsehner 93, Friedenheit 92, Bauder 100, Steutler 87, Weeks 107, Knothe 97, Dietzel 104, Garthner 96, Smith 104, Klem 99, Miller 74, Petry 102.

BLOOMING GROVE.—Upward of fifty ladies and gentlemen, members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, were present at the spring tournament at the club house in Pike county, Pennsylvania, on Decoration Day. Through the courtesy of the officers of the Erie a special car was provided for the use of the members of the Association and attached to the Scranton express. On Monday the various contests were held. The prizes were handsome silver badges. Clay-pigeons, 18yds.:

D C Bacon	0111000010—5	H W Nason	0111111101—8
R B Lawrence	0111111111—9	C P Youmans	1111111010—8

Rifle match, 200yds., open sights, decimal target:

W A Stafford	4 12 11 8 5—40	H W Nason	10 7 8 11 7—43
S M Nash	10 10 7 7 9—42	A J Post	7 6 2 9 2—26
R B Lawrence	6 7 7 7 8—34	H M Williams	4 2 8 0 8—22
D C Bacon	9 0 9 2 5—25		

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, June 4.—Record match, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, wind very troublesome:

S Johnson	10 10 7 7 8 10 7 10 7 8—84
J Busfield	10 7 8 8 9 6 8 6 6 9—77
J F Brown	7 7 9 7 8 6 7 10 8 7—76
C B Wright	6 7 10 5 5 6 10 3 10 8—70
L Jackson	6 8 7 8 8 6 5 4 7 7—66
F Merrill	6 4 7 9 6 4 5 9 3 7—60

THE CANADIAN TEAM.—The following men have been chosen by the Dominion Rifle Association and have consented to go to Wimbledon as the Canadian team of 1887:

1. Pvt. A. S. Kimmerley, 49th Hastings Rifles, Napanee, Ont.
2. Qr.-Mr. Sergt. John Ogg, 1st Brig. Field Artillery, Guelph, Ont.
3. Lieut. W. Mitchell, 32d Bruce Infantry, Port Elgin, Ont.
4. Sergt. D. M. Loggie, 73d Northumberland Inf, Chatham, N. B.
5. Corpl. W. Langstroth, 8th Cavalry, Hampton, N. B.
6. Lieut. Geo. Crockett, 82th Batt., Little York, P. E. I.
7. Pvt. H. Marris, 13th Batt., Hamilton, Ont.
8. Sergt. J. Goudie, 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, P. Q.
9. Pvt. James Riddle, 6th Fusiliers, Montreal, Que.
10. Lieut. D. Hooper, 82d Batt., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
11. Col.-Sergt. C. N. Mitchell, 90th Rifles, Winnipeg, Man.
12. Pvt. H. Graham, 13th Batt., Hamilton, Ont.
13. Lieut. A. D. Cartwright, 47th Batt., Kingston, Ont.
14. Sergt. W. C. King, 45th Batt., Bowmanville, Ont.
15. Sergt. A. Thomas, 3d Victoria Rifles, Montreal, P. Q.
16. Pvt. W. Gamble, 46th Batt., Port Hope, Ont.
17. Pvt. J. Kambery, 5th Royal Scots, Montreal, P. Q.
18. Lieut. W. Hora, 14th Princess of Wales' Own Rifles, Kingston, Ont.
19. Corp. W. Taylor, 63d Rifles, Halifax, N. S.
20. Pvt. A. Gillies, 90th Rifles, Stony Mountain, Man.

Staff-Sergt. McAdam, Victorias; Lieut. Smith, 71st.; Sergt. Fairbairn, 43d, reserves.

WIMBLEDON.—The annual rifle meeting at Wimbledon promises unusual success. New prizes aggregating a thousand pounds will be offered to commemorate the Jubilee year. The Canadian team will occupy its old quarters. Other colonies are going to send teams.

COMING RIFLE SHOOTS.—Massachusetts Rifle Association spring meet, June 16-18; Newark Shooting Society, June 20-22; Creedmoor fall meet, Sept. 12-17.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE CARVER-BREWER MATCH, at Germantown, Pa., was stopped by the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There is in Pennsylvania no specific statute forbidding pigeon shooting, but the District Attorney gave his opinion last spring, in Philadelphia, that the sport came under the head of cruelty to animals; and since then the Society has been looking for an opportunity to test the matter. The Wingohocking Club, of Germantown, might settle the matter by arranging a friendly test suit.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—Utica, N. Y., June 6.—The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game met here to-night. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn; first Vice-President, Dr. W. H. Booth, of Utica; second Vice-President, James H. Brown, of Rochester; Recording Secretary, John B. Sage, of Buffalo; Corresponding Secretary, George B. Wright, of Albany, and Treasurer, D. M. Lefever, of Syracuse. Auburn was named as the place of meeting for the convention of 1888.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 4.—Wayne Gun Club, Ligowsky clay-pigeons, screened trap, 18yds.:

J Sparks	1101000010—4	W Ulary	1110011111— 8
T Scargle	0101100110—5	A Ulary	1101111000— 6
S Davis	1112120111—9	H Graham	1000122202— 6
A Clifford	0010000010—2	J W Sidle	1000000010— 2
C Briney	1 11101110—7	G Hessler	0111101211— 8
P F Yost	0111000001—5	H Kane	1211111111—10
E Handsbury	0016111110—6	J Scargle	11110w — 4

SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.—The third annual tournament at Seattle, Wash. Ter., will be held tomorrow and Saturday.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY match may be scored among the pleasant shooting events of the year. The entries numbered fifty-three teams all told. The Lockport Gun Club was last week by an error announced as one of the competitors. The total sum of entrance fees is $159. The second prize, 50 per cent. of this, is $79.50; the third prize, 30 per cent., is $47.70; the fourth prize, 20 per cent., is $31.80.

Some of the teams, for various reasons, did not shoot or did not send in the results of their shooting. The Bay Ridge Gun Club report that their two teams were broken up by unforeseen circumstances. The Spring Hill Club, of Blauveltville, N. Y., report that they did not strictly comply with the conditions; another team made such low scoring that they did not care to submit the result. The Algonquin Gun Club of this city were unfortunate. None of the three teams entered were able to shoot for the TROPHY, as the club grounds, which are also used as a baseball ground, were occupied both morning and evening for the latter purpose. Forty-four scores have come to hand, and are as follows:

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB, Knoxville, Tenn.—Cleveland Co. target and trap:

	Straight-Bore.	away.	Right.	Left.	Total.
T C Eldridge	10	11111	11111	11111—15	
J M Ross	10	11111	21111	11111—15	
C M Woodbury	10	12221	22111	12121—15—45	

Scorer, J. H. Cruze; referee, F. S. Davant; J. Ed. Ross.

DELHI GUN CLUB, Cleves, O.—American target and trap:

A B Whitlock	12	12111	11111	11111—15
W C Harrell	12	11111	11111	11111—15
C W McFee	12	11111	11111	11111—15—45

Scorer, H. A. Dick; referee, Jacob Fie; John Ingram.

WEST END GUN CLUB, West End, N. J.—Ligowsky target and trap:

Wm D Campbell	12	11111	11222	11111—15
E E Taber	12	11211	11112	11112—15
Will Price	12	11121	11111	11111—15—45

Scorer, Chas. Lewis; referee, Clarence S. Makely; Wm. L. Lloyd, Philip Daly, Jr., Wm. R. Joline.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, Norwalk, Conn.—Blue rock target and trap:

Will Capron	10	11111	11111	11111—15
Ed Smith	10	11111	11111	11111—15
Wm Richards	10	11111	11121	21112—15—45

Scorer, F. E. Lockwood; referee, Geo. Finch; John H. Aiken.

FOREST CITY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kansas.—Blue rock target and trap:

Wm Stoucer	10	11112	11112	11111—15
W C Williams	10	11111	11110	11111—14
Chas Smythe	10	11111	12111	11111—15—44

Scorer, E. T. Brown; referee, Wm. Merrill; John Merrill.

PARKERSBURG GUN CLUB, Parkersburg, W. Va.—Blue rock target and trap:

C E Verges	12	11111	11111	11111—15
A W West	10	11111	11111	11111—15
L Stephens	10	11111	11111	01111—14—44

Scorer, J. W. R. Attleberger; referee, A. Charicak, John T. Adair.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, Norwalk, Conn.—Blue rock target and trap:

G F Hendrie	10	11111	11111	11111—15
Chas Williams	10	11111	11211	11110—14
Geo Ferris	10	11111	22122	21111—15—44

Scorer, F. E. Lockwood; referee, George Finch; John H. Aiken.

BALTIMORE GUN CLUB, Baltimore, Md.—Ligowsky target and trap:

C S Wertsner	10	10111	12112	11111—14
Wm H Fieles	12	11111	11111	11111—15
E C Hall	10	11111	11122	11111—15—44

Scorer, E. L. Coulson; referee, E. V. Cordell; W. E. Buckbee.

WEST END GUN CLUB, West End, N. J.—Ligowsky target and trap:

D B Bearmod	12	12111	11121	11111—15
E W Price	10	11211	11210	12111—14
Geo Cubberley	10	11111	11111	11111—15—44

Scorer, Chas. Lewis; referee, Clarence S. Makely; Philip Daly, Jr., William R. Joline, Wm. L. Lloyd.

SOLOMON GUN CLUB, Solomon City, Kan.—Blue rock target and trap:

E F Crooks	12	11111	11211	01121—15
T J Edworthy	10	21111	11120	11111—14
C F Dewar	12	11211	12111	11111—15—43

Scorer, Geo. Smith; referee, John Dewoy; W. T. Shane.

WHITE CITY GUN CLUB, White City, Kan.—Ligowsky clay-pigeon No. 1 and Ligowsky trap:

E E Baer	10	11111	01011	11121—13
F M Hyman	10	11111	11112	11111—15
Chas Baer	12	12111	11211	11111—15—43

Scorer, J. E. Merritt; referee, Kate Alldridge; F. H. Greenwalt.

KALAMAZOO SHOOTING CLUB, Kalamazoo, Mich.—Blue rock target and trap:

Benj O Bush	10	11111	11111	11121—15
Henry Waruf	10	11011	11112	11111—14
Peter Appledoorn	10	11021	11111	21112—14—43

Scorer, A. E. Chambers; referee, Arthur M. Ransom, M.D.; Morris Gibbs, M.D.

WEST END GUN CLUB, West End, N. J.—Ligowsky target and trap:

J Van Dyke	10	11111	11111	11221—15
Jno Price	12	11221	11112	11111—15
Al Cubberley	10	10101	11211	11211—13—43

Scorer, Chas. Lewis; referee, Clarence S. Makely; Wm. L. Lloyd, Philip Daly Jr., William R. Joline.

SMITH AND WESSON GUN CLUB, Chicopee, Mass. — Ligowsky target and trap:

Geo W Miner	..	11111	11101	11111—14
E C Thomas	..	10111	11110	11111—13
H L Keyes	..	11111	11111	11111—15—42

Scorer, Edward F. Sullivan; referee, Wm. J. Hill; Ben Doutiny.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, Norwalk, Conn.—Blue rock target and trap:

H A Saunders	12	11111	11110	11111—14
J W Benedict	12	12111	11110	10121—13
Henry Green	12	11112	11111	11111—15—42

Scorer, F. E. Lockwood; referee, George Finch; John H. Aiken.

WINGOHOCKING GUN CLUB, Germantown, Pa.—Ligowsky target and trap:

Harry Thurman	10	11111	10111	21112—14
Wm Greenwood	10	11111	21121	11111—15
Jos Thurman, Jr	10	11111	11220	10122—13—42

Scorer, S. W. Kephart; referee, Benjamin Royds; F. W. Henson, James Royds, R. Provost.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB, Dunellen, N. J.—Ligowsky clay-pigeons, Ligowsky trap:

J H Force	10	11221	11121	11111—15
H S Craft	12	11221	11111	11102—14
D H Terry	10	11111	12100	02711—12—41

Scorer, M. W. Mulford; referee, John S. Bishop; G. W. Watson.

BRISTOL GUN CLUB, Bristol, Tenn.—Ligowsky target and trap:

Dr S W Rhea	10	10121	11111	21110—13
Samuel L King	12	11111	10101	21221—13
Jas P Lewis	12	11111	11121	21110—14—40

Scorer, S. W. Mort; referee, A. S. McNeil; Robt. Burrow. Weather very windy.

SCIOTO GAME CLUB, Portsmouth, O.—Ligowsky clay-pigeon and Ligowsky trap:

H E Green	10	11211	21121	21010—13
Jno Noel	12	11111	11012	22111—14
Wm Doerr	10	11111	11110	11101—13—40

Scorer, Philo F. Clark; referee, J. W. Fulton, Jr.; C. C. Fulton, C. A. Peters.

TAUNTON FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Taunton, Mass.—Blue rock target and trap:

C T Snow	..	11112	11111	11220—14
G L Smith	..	11111	12122	01111—14
J J Davis	..	01102	11111	01121—12—40

Scorer, Albert T. Keith; referee, Fred M. Scudder.

TAUNTON FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, Taunton, Mass.—Blue rock target and trap:

J T Hall	..	11110	11110	01011—11
E C Leonard	..	22111	11111	11112—15
G A Davis	..	11111	11011	11111—14—40

Scorer, Albert T. Keith; referee Fred M. Scudder.

BOOTH GUN CLUB, Osborn Hollow.—Niagara blackbird target and Ligowsky trap:

S S Wilcox	10	11111	01102	11111—13
F E Churchill	12	11110	20111	10122—12
Dr J W Booth	10	12111	10112	11221—14—39

Scorer, E. Harger; referee, Calvin Jenkins; R. E. Colyer.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB, Dunellen, N. J.—Ligowsky clay-pigeon target and trap:

	Straight-Bore.	away.	Right.	Left.	Total.
W W Lever	10	11011	11111	12111—14	
S G Smith	12	11111	11211	10110—13	
N Apgar	10	12110	11111	00011—11—38	

Scorer, M. W. Mulford; referee, John S. Bishop; G. W. Watson.

SPRINGFIELD SHOOTING CLUB, Springfield, Mass.—Ligowsky clay-pigeon target and trap:

E S Bradford	10	01111	11011	11110—12	
Aaron Bagg	10	10011	11111	11011—12	
M W Bull	12	11111	10111	21111—14—38	

Scorer, W. W. Colburn; referee, Ed. T. Houghton; G. T. Parker.

JOHNSTOWN GUN CLUB, Johnstown, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

James Kennedy	12	01111	11110	12111—13	
James Hillabrandt	12	11110	01022	11211—12	
A Walrath	10	11110	11101	11212—13—38	

Scorer, L. Hillabrandt; referee, George Yost; James Y. Fulton.

SCIOTO GAME CLUB, Portsmouth, O.—Ligowsky clay-pigeon target and trap:

A L Sangford	12	11110	11212	11212—14	
M Rader	10	11110	10111	11111—13	
Chas Hacquard	10	11111	20000	12111—11—38	

Scorer, Philo F. Clark; referee, J. W. Fulton, Jr.; C. C. Fulton, C. A. Peters, Sam E. Davidson.

JAMESTOWN SHOOTING CLUB, Jamestown, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

A A Walker	12	11011	11111	20201—12	
F A Pennock	12	21101	11111	01100—11	
W S Carnahan	12	11112	12122	01112—14—30	

Scorer, C. S. Ocobock; referee, G. B. Jones; Geo. S. Tuckerman.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB, New York City:

W W Disbrow	10	11101	10111	11111—13	
H Harrison	10	11111	10101	10111—12	
Geo Snooks	10	10110	11111	10111—12—37	

Scorer, Chas. H. Preyer; referee, Robert B. Saul; E. A. Fountain.

SOUTH SIDE GUN CLUB, Newark, N. J.—Clay-pigeon target and trap:

R H Breintnall	12	11021	10111	20210—11	
O Von Lengerke	12	21012	21212	02221—13	
W R Hobart	12	11111	12210	21100—12—36	

Scorer, J. McFadden; referee, B. F. Robertson; A. W. Wheaton.

BRISTOL GUN CLUB, Bristol, Tenn.—Ligowsky target and trap:

Dr J A Dickey	12	01111	11111	11120—13	
Frank Winston	10	01110	10112	11210—11	
W A Sparger	10	11011	20011	22121—12—36	

Scorer, J. W. Mort; referee, A. S. McNeil, Robt. Burrow. Weather very windy.

SOUTH HARRISBURG GUN CLUB, Harrisburg, Pa.—Ligowsky clay-pigeons and trap:

Brelsford	10	11100	12101	01110—10	
Etter	12	01111	11011	10211—12	
Fritchey	10	11111	12122	11011—14—36	

Scorer, Wm. Jeffries; referee, Samuel Knox; J. L. Cassel.

HILL CITY GUN CLUB, Rome, Ga.—Ligowsky clay-pigeons and trap:

M M Pepper	12	01111	11000	22110—10	
W M Towers	12	11111	11111	10111—14	
C H Underwood	10	22112	22120	11010—12—36	

Scorer, H. M. Tanner; referee, F. C. Hand; A. W. Walton.

ATHENS GUN CLUB, Athens, Pa.—Ligowsky clay-pigeons and trap:

Frank Fuller	10	12011	11111	11012—13	
N J Knaresboro	12	11101	11121	01021—12	
E W Davies	12	10001	20111	01111—10—35	

Scorer, Frank B. Marks; referee, J. S. Barber; C. E. Armstrong, John Carroll, Jr., A. D. Smith.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.—Blue rock target and trap:

H A Comstock	10	11111	11211	00002—11	
Geo C Beck	10	11111	10101	11101—12	
Royal Robinson	10	11111	02120	02111—12—35	

Scorer, J. E. Bombarger; referee, Ed. Voris; Dr. Britton, C. W. Meeker.

YONKERS GUN CLUB, Yonkers, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

Geo Osborn	..	00111	11110	10011—10	
Geo Langran	..	00111	11011	00111—10	
Lon Kolb	..	11111	21011	11111—14—34	

Scorer, William Rowland; referee, Edwin L. Thomas; P. H. Wing.

JAMESTOWN SHOOTING CLUB, Jamestown, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

Geo W Shattuck	12	11112	22011	00221—12	
C B Moore	12	10111	21221	01111—13	
M Fenton	12	21000	02112	11020— 9—34	

Scorer, C. S. Ocobock; referee. G. B. Jones; Geo. S. Tuckerman.

WAYNE GUN CLUB, Philadelphia, Pa.—Ligowsky clay-pigeons and trap:

H. Kane	10	00000	12120	11011— 8	
P F Yost	10	11111	20210	01111—12	
Gus Hettler	10	10211	11111	11101—13—33	

Scorer, John W. Lidle; referee, Edward Hansberry; Samuel Davis, Alonzo V. Clifford.

OSWEGO FALLS GUN CLUB, Oswego Falls, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

Chas Dexter	10	00102	11010	20012— 8	
Miles Ellis	10	00010	10212	10222— 9	
Fred Alger	10	11112	21202	11211—14—31	

Scorer William Brown; referee, Newton Johnson; Lyman Wilcox.

OSWEGO FALLS GUN CLUB, Oswego Falls, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

Henry Sowden	10	11011	11020	11102—11	
Albert Smith	10	11011	12100	01002— 9	
Harry Brown	10	11011	00021	21111—11—31	

Scorer, William Brown; referee, Newton Johnson; Lyman Wilcox.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB, New York City:

E H Fox	12	00101	11110	11111—11	
C H Davidson	12	11100	11101	00111— 9	
Edward Roe	10	01111	11111	11000—11—31	

Scorer, Chas. H. Preyer; referee, Robt. B. Saul; E. A. Fountain.

MONTICELLO GUN CLUB, Monticello, Florida.—American clay-bird target and trap:

B W Partridge	12	10111	12111	12211—14	
T B Simkins	12	10111	00110	22000— 8	
J E Turnbull	12	10111	10100	11001— 9—31	

Scorer, C. A. Bradley; referee, R. E. Sloan; D. B. Bird.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.—Blue rock target and trap:

Aug Schmidt	10	11111	11010	10100—10	
P Hassinger	12	11101	01110	10101—10	
P Garms	10	11101	11111	00110—11—31	

Scorer, J. P. Dannefelser; referee, Fred Sautan; H. Kunz.

FREEBURG GUN CLUB, Freeburg, Ill.—Ligowsky clay-pigeon and trap:

Chris Heiligenstein	10	11101	11110	21111—13	
Bernerd Jansen	10	11211	10020	00220— 9	
F X Heiligenstein	10	10100	10100	12111— 9—31	

Scorer, Fred Groh; referee, Philipp Ettling.

YONKERS GUN CLUB, Yonkers, N. Y.—Blue rock target and trap:

J H Fiedler	..	11111	11110	10011—12	
P Paulson	..	10101	00000	00111— 6	
L J Schlesinger	..	11001	11101	10102—10—28	

Scorer, Wm. Rowland; referee, Edwin L. Thomas; P. H. Wing.

There are four perfect scores of 45. Of these the Fountain Gun Club score has been rejected. The Fountain Club entered three teams: First, Messrs. Capron, Smith and Saunders; second, Messrs. Benedict, Green and Richards; third, Messrs. Hendrie, Williams and Ferris. In the scores as sent Messrs. Saunders and Richards have been transposed. This is not a substitution, and according to the conditions of the match, the scores cannot be accepted. There are then three teams to shoot off for the TROPHY.

Five teams have tied on 44 for second place, or first money prize.

Four teams have tied on 43 for third place, or second money prize.

There are three scores of 42 for fourth place, but of these the Fountain score has not been allowed for reasons already stated. This leaves two teams to compete for the third money.

The tie for the TROPHY must be shot off, and the teams have been communicated with respecting a date. The other ties may be shot off or divided by unanimous consent.

NEW ORLEANS.—On the 20th of June the Louisiana Gun Club will give a grand open tornament at the New Orleans Base Ball Park.

THE WELLINGTON SHOOT.

THE big shoot, under the auspices of the Massachusetts marksmen, has been successfully carried out, and the story of their doings before the trap is told in the figures and records below. Reasonably fair weather came in to assist the very admirable arrangements of the Committee of Arrangements. During the entire week the best of feeling has prevailed among the shooters, and not a cross word has been spoken so far as known, a fact which speaks volumes for the character of the 200 gentlemen who have faced the traps. Some of the best shooters in the country have participated in the tournament, and on every side only words of praise could be heard of the management of the tournament. Surprises and disappointments were the order of the day; the Eastern men surprised that their scores compared so favorably with those of their Western brethren, and the later disappointed in not taking to the land of the setting sun more prizes.

Mr. C. W. Dimick, of the United States Cartridge Company, is to be credited with the instigation of this grand tournament, and to the executive committee consisting of Messrs. Edward Read, W. R. Schaefer, A. F. Adams, Hermann Strater, C. B. Sanborn, H. W. Eager, J. S. Sawyer, C. W. Dimick, C. H. Gerrish, W. H. Allen, W. L. Davis, O. R. Dickey, I. B. Wellington and T. G. Strater, is due the credit of successfully carrying out the six days' programme.

The main prize list, apart from the sweepstakes winnings, will show that there are some good shots in all parts of the country. The distribution showing:

T. G. Strater, Boston, L. C. Smith gun, $450.
J. R. Stice, New Haven, Parker gun, $150.
G. C. Luther, Syracuse, N. Y., Pieper gun, $100.
H. W. Eager, Marlboro, Mass., Winchester gun, $50.
C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., Massachusetts Arms rifle, $75.
O. R. Dickey, Boston, Forehand Wadsworth gun, $75.
H. McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y., J. H. Lovell revolver, $20.
Ben Teipel, Covington, Ky., Smith & Wesson revolver, $60.
H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass., Winship shell case, $12.
C. M. Stark, Winchester, Mass., leather gun cover, $10.
A. L. Traeger, New Haven, Conn., oil painting, $1,000.
C. H. De Rochemont, Newburyport, Mass., Scott gun, $200.
E. Taylor, Cincinnati, O., Lefevre gun, $100.
E. M. Moody, Lockport, N. Y., Spencer gun, $100.
F. S. Mead, Davis gun, $140.
J. Buffum, Melrose, Mass., Manhattan gun, $75.
F. W. Partiss, Ilion, N. Y., Springfield roadster bicycle, $75.
A. E. Mead, Knoxville, Tenn., J. Stevens rifle, $50.
J. S. Snow, Cambridgeport, Mass., shooting suit, $30.
A. B. Bowditch, Oxford, Mass., Har.-Rich. revolver, $20.
R. H. Aldoes, Brockton, Mass., Belcher loader, $10.
W. R. Dean, canvas gun cover, $5.

Such a capital showing of shooters and sportsmanlike spirit was a surprise even to the hopeful and enthusiastic managers, but the success was earned and well won through intelligent well-directed work before the first shot was fired.

May 30.—The opening day was a perfect one for trap-shooting sport, and about the circle of shooters was gathered a large crowd of spectators. The ladies were out in large numbers, and took as much interest in the shooting as their gallant escorts. During the day many military men called, and expressed themselves as pleased with the proceeding. The matches were all shot according to list, but the largest interest was felt in Matches 7 and 8 of the day's list. These were the merchandise prizes, which were to run through the meeting, the aggregate score to count in fixing rank for the selection of prizes. The scores ran as follows:

First event, open to all, 10 birds for sweepstake purse, $2 entrance: Dickey 5, Eager 9, Stanton 6, Cooper 9, Spofford 7, Stark 6, Tiple 8, Steel 9, Livingstone 7, Pike 4, Miller 7, Mills 7, Osgood 6, Law 6, Early 8, Wagenar 8, Allen 7, Aldaes 5, Francis 8, Sherman 6, Budd 9, McMurchy 6, Charles 4, Atwell 7, Luther 7, Haskell 9, Cunningham 4, Faulkner 8, Linneman 6, Bartlett 5, Moody 6, Smith 10. Ties at 8 shot off and Francis won. Ties on 7 were shot off and Allen won.

Second event, open to amateurs only, entrance $1, 10 birds, 3 traps: Bancroft 8, F. S. Meede 6, H. B. Nichols 6, S. Cunningham 7, J. M. Greene 5, Leems 7, Rochemont 7, Pratt 5, Tucker 5, Folsom 4, A. S. Alexander 8, H. Crown 5, J. S. Barnes 6, M. C. Smith 9, H. M. Levington 2, W. L. Pike 3, F. W. Farliss 6, A. L. Goud 3, M. C. Poor 1, F. W. Gore 5, G. Gribbin 7, Fibert 7, Moody 5, Goodwin 4, Hoffman 5, Lowley 3, Allen 8, Wheeler 7, Haskell 9, Ackerman 7, R. H. Aldoes 3, H. Levett 5, J. Keith 4, G. Bates 5, M. Knowles 4, J. Spofford 6, P. Kenaird 7, F. Tirrell 4, L. W. Farren 7, C. Wilbur 7, J. A. Faulkner 8, B. C. Sherman 4, W. M. Hughes 6, R. F. Scherfer 6, Stickney 6, Brown 8, Amos 8, Rowdish 4, Hall 8, F. H. Smith 5, Beaudry 5, Nullrisy 8, Hopkins 6, C. J. Landers 6, F. H. Landers 6, Beekman 7, Nichols 7, Gerry 7, Austin 3, Butler 3, Francis 6, Gray 3, Snow 5. Hatch 4, Widman 3, Brazer 5, Doane 7, Downs 5, Temple 3, Russell 8, H. S. Taylor 7, S. H. Wurms 9, Baxter 6. Ties on 9 divided, ties on 8 won by Allen, ties on 7 shot off and divided between Renard and Wilbur, ties on 6 divided between Barnes and Hughes.

Third event—Open to amateurs only; sweepstakes, entrance $1, 10 birds, 2 traps: Faulkner 8, Saville 4. Bartlett 6, Frazer 8, Wilbur 5, Renard 7, Aldoe 4, Bates 5, Knowles 8, Elliott 5, A. E. Mead 2, Baker 8, Francis 6, Wheeler 7, Hargrave 4, W. F. Cook 6, Widman 6, Swift 6, Dr. Downs 4, Heele 7, Andrews 6. Farrar 2, Quimby 4, Richardmond 4, Osgood 6, Haskell 5, Spofford 5, N. S. Taylor 7, W. Ames 6, Law 8, Folsome 6, Allen 8, Pratt 7, Crown 2, J. M. Green 3, J. S. Smith 9, Nichols 7, Loring 6, Greener 4, Doane 5, Jason Smith 4, Gerry 6, C. M. Gray 4, W. J. Plimpton 3, Carey 9, C. M. Smalley 6, J. J. Walker 4, Davis 3, G. Roe 6, W. H. Sheldon 7, J. Nichols 7, G. S. Luther 8, T. Curtis 7, Atwell 2, E. W. Webster 3, W. R. Dean 5, E. M. Moody 9, W. H. Slocum 9, F. P. Austin 4, E. K. Butler 3, G. Wurms 5, Bowdish 5, Stickney 3, Baudrey 10, Buffington 7, Baxter 5, Taylor 8, Sherman 5, Wardwell 5, F. Beckman 5, T. Hall 5, Keith 5, Morandus 2, J. W. Russell 4, H. B. Bancroft 8, J. S. Snow 7, J. B. Churchill 4, C. M. Carpenter 7, A. Newton 4, F. H. Smith 7, A. W. Gorr 6, W. M. Hughes 5, G. A. Griffin 6. F. C. Hatch 6, W. G. Crandell 8, Capt. Hart 6, L. B. Nutting 7, Lefever 2, W. H. Cole 4, Mahare 7, C. Newcomb 4, D. S. Short 6, Friedel 7, Ackerman 3, A. W. Lawrence 4, Lee 7, Morehouse 2, E. S. Williams 7, Schaefer 8, Temple 4, Spanglee 0, C. Wilber 7, S. Morse 2, J. F. Swift 8, C. B. Scranton 5, Langelier 0. Ties on 7 shot off and Wheeler, Pratt, McDonald and Buffington divided. Ties on 8 shot off and Law won. Ties on 9 shot off and W. G. Cary, W. H. Slocum and G. Wurms 9 divided.

Fourth event, open to all, 10 birds, 3 traps: Eager 9, Charles 6, Stark 7, Dickey 6, Haskell 5, W. T. Quinlan 3, Stanton 7, Taylor 7, Lunneman 6, Mullen 7, Wagner 7, G. C. Luther 8. Trager 5, Stice 8, Folsome 8, Tiepel 8, Allen 8, Mills 3, Mead 2, W. T. Smith 5, Cooper 8, Earley 8, Ackerman 6, Francis 8, McMurchy 6, Budd 6, Bartell 6, Faulkner 10, Barnes 0, Widman 6, E. T. Smith 6, E. W. Tinker 6, M. D. Gilman 5, Bowditch 1, Vebert 6, G. W. Russel 5, W. R. Dean 4, Osgood 6, E. W. Buffington 6, T. G. Parson 7, W. S. Perry 6, S. W. Carey 4, C. B. Holden 2, Crowell 3, W. L. Davis 3, W. H. Sheldon 7, H. G. Wheeler 8, Amos 8, E. W. Law 5, Shaefer 1, G. C. Bates 7, M. Knowles 4, M. C. Smith 9. Ties on 7 shot off and Stark won. Ties on 8, Folsom and Amos divided. Ties on 9 divided.

Fifth event, for amateurs, 1 trap, sweepstakes, $10 each, 10 birds: Aldoes 5, Swift 5, Wheeler 10, Law 8, Temple 4, Triche 4, Williams 6, Elliott 7, Jones 2, Wilbur 4, Reneau 7. Tirrell 7, Renchaud 7, F. Tirell 4, Fuson 5, Taylor 7, Baker 6, Faulkner 9, Traeger 8, Saville 7, Sanborn 4, Francis 7, Nichols 3, Gilman 2, Doane 4, Amos 8, Parties 8, Beaudry 6, Cunningham 6, Crowell 6, Barnes 8, Russell 6, Davis 8, Cole 5, Newcomb 5, Tranaplin 6, Mankard 6, Folsom 7, DeRochemont 8, Atwell 4, W. Ames 4, McDonald 6, Widman 6, G. C. Rowe 5, Jayson 8, Steel 3, Haskell 7, Wardwell 9, Nichols 6, Barney 8, Hall 8, Bowditch 8, Yearrington 7, Smalley 6, Walker 4, Livingston 5, Swift 6. Ties on 7 shot off and Renaud and Taylor divided. Ties on 8, Traeger, Sayson, DeRochemont and Hall divided.

Sixth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstake purse: Tucker 6, Charles, 7 Steele 6, Allen 9, Stanton 9, Law 7, Budd 8, Wurms 5, Aldoes 9, Luther 7, Wagener 5, Miller 4, Tiepie 7, Beaudry 8, Carey 7, Eager 8, Perry 6, Haskell 8, Holden 7, Parson 9, McMurchy 7, Steele 8, Barnes 8, Cooper 9, Earley 9, Stark 7, Dickey 6, Mills 8, Francis 7, Spofford 5, Atwell 1, Faulkner 9, Wheeler 10, E. T. Smith 4, Gilman 9, Baker 9, Davis 8, Ackerman 4, Crowell 9, Bales 5, M. C. Smith 6, Nichols 7, Renead 7, Wurms 8, Folsom 5, W. H. Sheldon 9. Ties on 7 shot off and Francis won. Ties on 8 shot off and Eager and Haskell divided. Ties on 9 shot off and Stanton and Earley divided.

Seventh Event.—For experts only; sweepstakes optional, $5; 3 traps, 20 birds; score to count on merchandise prizes:

J. Miller	11111100100001111011—13	Stanton	11111100111111111011—17
Faulkner	10101100111100111101—13	Sheldon	01101101111111111011—16
E Folsom	11011001100000100111—10	Carey	11001010111100001100—10
W Allen	01111101101111010110—14	Perry	11111010011111111111—17
H Eager	10111001111111110111—16	Luther	00111011001111110110—13
Wagener	10110111111111101111—17	Crowell	01111010001110010101—12
O Dickey	10011110111111000011—14	Budd	11111011011110000111—15
Tipel	11110111101011111011—16	Wheeler	11101100111011010110—14
McMurcy	11100111010110000111010—12	M Smith	01011111010111111001—16
Stark	11110110111110111011011—16	E Smith	00101111101111111111—15
Cooper	11000010111111010110—11	M Gilman	11110101001001010110—12
Earley	00110101111010111101—13	W Davis	11011010011101110110—17
Tinker	00101001001111111000—10	Stice	11111111101111001110—16
Charles	11001110101111101010—13	Holden	10100100101011101011—11

Ties on 16 won by Sheldon.

Eighth Event.—Merchandise match. Amateurs only; 50 birds; one trap:

Swift	11101111001111011101—15	Haskell	10111101011110100101—14
Hargrave	11111101101110010111—15	Treager	11100011111001111101—14
Dimock	01010010000101111110—10	E Taylor	01011001111011111011—14
Deans	11111111101011001011—17	Bowdish	11101010011100101111—13
Doane	10100111111111100100 –13	Warren	11111010011101111110—15
Rochem't	11110100011110101101—15	Brown	01110111010100011101—14
F G Mead	10101111101111111101—16	Schaefer	01011010111111111000—13
Law	10011101101111111110—15	Gore	01100101101100011101—11
Gerry	11101111100100101111—14	Buffington	11111011111100111011—16
Pratt	00101100101101100111—11	Lee	11111101111111111010—16
Barnes	11110011111110011111—16	Curtis	00111110011101110011—14
Partiss	00011101100011001111—12	Swift	10101100001001010111—10
Snow	01111110111010010010—12	Hart	00011111100000001011—10
Alexander	11101010111100110010—12	Cook	11011100101101111000—12
Aldoes	11001001110010011110—11	H Taylor	11110111111111101110—17
E Moody	10111000010111111110—13	Frances	11111000101111111101—15
Andrew	11100111110110011110—14	Beckman	01111000101001001100—10
Ames	11001110000011101111—13	G C Bates	11010011111111100111—15
Keath	00111011011011101001—13	J Connell	00000101100101111110—10
Mead	01111101010000011100—11	Rennad	00011101011111011100—12
Cun'gham	11101011011011101100—13	Sanborn	11011011001001010000—10
Wardwell	01100111011010111000—11	McCoy	10000110110011101011—11
Hall	00111110001100111011—13	Beaudry	01111110111001111100—14
Nichols	10010100100101110111—11	Wurms	11110110101011111011—15
Russell	00100111111011111101—14	Bangs	01010110101011111010—13
Newton	01110011100001101101—11	Ellsworth	00000101111111100010—10
C Collins	00100110111111101100—12		

Ties on 14 won by Haskell; ties on 15 divided; ties on 16 divided.

Ninth event, sweepstakes for amateurs, 10 clay-birds, 5 traps—Doane 5, Cole 5, Luther 5, Barney 6, Wardwell 7, Wurms 8, Wheeler 9, Aldoes 7, Bartlett 7. Traeger 5, Haskell 8, Widman 6, Frances 8, Reneaud 8, Nichols 8, Sherman 6, Smith 3, Dean 5, Rowe 6, Buffington 6, Bowdish 5, Stickney 5, Bates 5, Swift 10, Downs 3, Gray 2, Hughes 3, Lawrence 6, Morehouse withdrawn, Stone 5, Nichols 6, Bates 4, Wilbur 6, Grimhier 1, Greene 4, Barnes 9, Steele 7, Gore 7, Newcomb 5, Law 8, Russell 7, Beaudry 4, Lander 4, Ackerman withdrawn, Jason 3, Smalley 4, Mahard 5, Short 4, Churchill 6, Tirrell 4, Nye 3, Mott 4, Walker withdrawn, Longley 6, Saville 5, Elliott 3, Swift 7, Warren 9, Mead 6, Webber 5, Hall 6, Taylor 7, Bancroft 7, Hatch 4, Knowles 7, Snow 8. Ties on 7 divided between F. Swan and Hall; ties on 8 divided between G. H. Wurms, Reneaud and Snow. Ties on 9 divided.

Tenth event, open to all, sweepstakes, 10 pigeons, 4 traps.—Eager 10, Budd 9, Charles 5, Wurms 7, Tinker 7, Allen 7, Farrar 6, Murchy 7, Parsons 6, Early 9, Jason 5, Ames 4, Tiepie 7, Bartlett 7, Swift 6, Stanton 8, Perry 7, Luther 5, Crandall 5, Wardwell 6, Smith 5, Crewell 9, Dickey 8, Stark 7, Barnes 8, Smith 8, Mills 3, Lineman 6, Folsome 9, Morse 6, Law 8, Aldoes 7, Luther 5, Davis 7, Stice 6, Reneaud 8, Wheeler 9, Bates 9, Knowles 8, Beaudry 8, Warren 7, Webber 3, Wagner 5, Miller 9, Saville 6, Baker 9, Elliott 6, Emerson 5, Frances 6, Haskell 4. Ties on 9 divided between Budd, Early, Crewell, Simone and Miller. Ties on 8 divided between Stanton, Dickey and Barnes. Ties on 7 divided between MacMurchey, Tiple, Stark and Warren.

Eleventh event—For amateurs only, 10 birds, sweepstakes, 2 traps: Renaud 5, Beaudry 8, Mead 6, Greene 1, Stone 3, Taylor 9, Cole 3, Sherman 8, Morehouse 4, Laurence 7, Hughes 8, Wade 3, Knowles 8, Swift 7, Baker 9, Lefever 7, Law 7, Stickney 6, Semple 3, Donald 6, Bates 8, Jason 7, Russell 5, Widman 6, Bowdish 10, Doan 8, Haskell 9, Wurms 8, Francis 8, Friedel 3, Ferson 5, Wilbur 7, Barnes 4, Aldoes 5, Dean 7, Hall 7, Nichols 4, Webber 4, Gove 4, Newcomb 6, Luther 8, Barnes 7, Alexander 9, Buffington 8, Schaefer 8, Morandus 3, Moody 6, Andrews 7, Partiss 7, Traeger 9, Nichols 7, Churchill 5, Snow 7, Spangler 5. Ties on 9 divided; ties on 8 shot off, and Beaudry, Hughes, Doane and Buffington divided; ties on 7 shot off and Swift won.

Twelfth event—For experts only, 10 birds, 4 traps, sweepstakes: Wagener 7, Tiepie 8, Cooper 7, Earley 8, Stanton 7, Miller 5, Luther 8, Dickey 8, Law 9, Davis 6, Crowell 7, Barnes 7, Francis 8, Parson 6, McMurchy 8, Stark 10, Budd 9, Beaudry 6, Stice 9, Linneman 5, Waskeld 7, Perry 6, Aldoes 9, Charles 9, Eager 9, Wheeler 7, M. C. Smith 7, Renaud 7, Warren 3, E. T. Smith 6, Wilbur 4, Wurms 10. Ties on 10 divided; ties on 9 shot off and Eager won; ties on 8 shot off and Tiepie, Earley, McMurchy and Wheeler divided; ties on 7 shot off and Cooper, M. C. Smith and Haskell divided.

Thirteenth event—Sweepstakes, 10 clay-pigeons, 4 traps: Eager 9, Charles 4, Perry 3, Budd 9, Luther 8, McMurchy 7, Stice 9, Dickey 8, Parsons 6, Stanton 8, Cooper 8, Tiepel 9, Linneman 8, Stark 9, Earley 8, Crowley 8, Wheeler 10, Sheldon 8, Carey 8, Smith 9, Beaudry 9, Haskell 7, Wagener 7, Wurms 7, Law 6. Ties on 9 shot off and divided between Eagar, Stice, Renaud and Beaudry; ties on 8 shot off and divided between Luther and Earley; ties on 7 shot and McMurchy won.

May 31.—The second day's contest in the World's Trap Shooting Carnival, under the auspices of the New England Shooting Tournament Association, was witnessed to-day by about 800 people, fully one-fourth of which number were participants in the shoot. The day was ideal as good as Monday for the shooting, the wind was from the east, was raw and cold, and the lowery condition of the weather hardly permitted the rise of the birds being seen quite as quickly as would have been the case had the sun been shining, and thus valuable seconds were lost by the gunners in gaining an accurate sight of the flying missiles previous to pulling the trigger. The scores, however, average better than at the preceding day's shoot, and taken altogether, the second day's contest compares favorably with its predecessor. The day was known as the American clay-bird day, and upward of 9,000 birds were thrown and shot at. In the programme of the events of the day only four matches were announced, but between 9 o'clock in the morning, the hour at which the shooting commenced, and 7 o'clock at night, 19 matches were shot.

The ties in the 10th event (merchandise match) were: De Rochemont and Taylor 18; Webber, Davis and Knowles, 17; Wardwell, Renaud and Griffin, 16; Andrews, Francis, Lee, Aldoes and Mead, 15. Darkness prevented shooting these ties off, and they will be shot to-day. Appended is the result of the day's shooting:

First event. 10 birds, open to all comers—McMurchy first, Wheeler, Tucker and Early second, Wagner third, Eager and Stanton fourth.

Second event, 10 birds, open to all comers—Eager first, Beaudry and Stice second, Aldoes, Wheeler, McMurchy and Barnes third, Teipel fourth.

Third event, 10 bird match for amateurs—Sherman first, Lawrence and Beaudry second, Lee third, Barnes fourth.

Fourth event, 10 bird amateur match—Aldoes, Snow, Swift, Cook, E. Taylor and Alexander first, Hughes, Knowles, Treager, J. F. Barnes and Folsom second, Griffin third, Spangle fourth.

Fifth event, 10 bird amateur match—Sherman and Schaeffer first, Bedich second, E. Taylor, Green and Partiss third, De Rochemont fourth.

Sixth event, 10 birds, open to all—Stanton, Beaudry, Dickey, Sheldon and Francis first, Stark second, Aldoes and Budd third, Early and Wheeler fourth.

Seventh event, 10 birds, open to all—Teipel first, Dickey, Mills and Stice second, Allen third, Early fourth.

Eighth event, 10 bird match, open to all comers—Luther, McMurchy, J. Barnes and Parsons first, E. T. Smith, Budd and Eager second, Treager, Charles and Early third, Dickey and Stark fourth.

Ninth event, 5 pairs of birds, open to all—Early and Budd first, McMurchy, M. C. Smith, Wardwell and Barnes second, Eager and Miller third, Teipel, Cooper and Perry third.

Tenth event, 20 birds, amateur merchandise match:

Rochem't	11111111111101111001—18	Ackerm'n	01111001111101010011—13
E Taylor	10111111111111111111—18	Brown	11110101011111101110—13
Webber	11111011111111101111—18	Folsom	10100111110101101101—13
Knowles	11111010101111111111—17	F Swift	11110100101011110101—13
Dan	10111111111101111011—17	Alexand'r	01010011011001111111—13
Gerry	01101110111101111111—16	Hall	10011111010010101011—13
Wardwell	10111111101011011110—16	Low	11101110011010111010—13
Treager	11110110111011110111—16	Barnes	10010101011111011001—12
Renaud	11111010111111111110—16	Moody	01100011101101110101—12
Buffum	11011101111110111101—16	Hargrave	01010111100011101110—12
Griffin	10100111111111111110—16	Buffingt'n	11010101010101011010—12
F S Mead	11111110010110111101—15	Parties	01111010111101011000—12
A E Mead	10111011111110111110—15	Curtis	01010111101111000001—12
Aldoes	10111101111111111111—15	Nichols	01110101111111000000—12
Lee	11010111010111111101—15	Snow	10011001011110111010—12
Francis	11111010111011001111—15	Scott	11011111000001001110—11
Andrews	11011010100111111111—15	Doane	01110010110010011011—11
Morse	11110111111010110110—15	Bates	10111010011000101011—11
Linneman	11011111111111110001100—14	Mills	11110101010100001101—11
Haskell	01110101011011010111—14	Hart	11000011001011011110—10
Swift	01111110010111100111—14	Sanborn	10101010011011100110—10
Warren	00011111011111010011—14	Bowditch	11100011010000101101—10
Rowe	10111100111111100101—14	Stickney	01001100011000111101—10
Collins	11101010101111110110—14	Goud	10000010111000011101—10
Jason	01010110101011101111—14	Terrell	00101111001000111011—10
Amos	11100011110101011011—13	E Taylor	01100110001101001010—10
Eleventh event, 10 birds, amateurs—Moody, Adams, Edwards and Law first, Reneaud, Ackerman and Taylor second, Barnes, Jason, Hatch and Webber third, Wardwell, H. Taylor and Lineman fourth.			

Twelfth event, 12 birds, open to all—Eager, Smith, McMurchy and Wheeler first, Stark, Tiepel and Stice second, Sheldon, Miller Luther and Crowell third, Wardwell and Cooper fourth.

Thirteenth event, 20 birds, experts, merchandise match and sweepstakes—Stanton, Stice, E. T. Smith and Cooper first, Luther second, J. E. Miller, Earley, McMurchy and Budd third, Dickey, Eager, Sheldon and Crowell fourth.

Stanton	10111111111111111101—18	B Teipel	01100111001111111111—14
J R Stice	11111111101110011111—18	E Tinker	11101101101100111001—14
AT Cooper	10111111111111110111—18	Parsons	01111101111010101011—14
Luther	11110011111111111111—17	Charles	11000101011101101111—13
Mills	11101111101010111011—16	Allen	10101101011110100011—13
CW Budd	11111110100110111111—16	Wheeler	00110011101111011110—12
M'Murchy	11101111010110110111—16	C M Stark	10001110111111010010—12
J Earley	11011111111111100011—16	W Perry	11010010001111111101—12
J Miller	11110111011011111011—16	Wagoner	01010100111111101100—11
H Eager	11111011111100101011—15	Carey	10110111011111000000—11
Sheldon	10111110101011011115—15	Lineman	00101110100100010110—11
Crowell	11001111111110010111—15	Gilman	10011010101000010100—10
M Smith	10100111111011111011—15	Folson	01000110110000111000—10
Dickey	01111111101100111015—15	Beaudry	00100100111011000010— 9
Faulkner	10011111111010110110—14		

Fourteenth event, open to all comers—Stice and Eager first, Carey and Wheeler second, Charles third, E. T. Smith and Dickey fourth.

Fifteenth event, 10 birds, free to all comers—Stice and Budd first, Wheeler and McMurchy second, Parsons third, Wardwell fourth.

Sixteenth event, 5 pairs birds, open to all comers—Early first, Law, Eager and Budd second, M. C. Smith and Renaud third, Teipel fourth.

Seventeenth event, 10 birds, professionals—Stark and McMurchy first, Eager second, Stice and Budd third, Parsons fourth.

Eighteenth event, 10 birds, open to all—Sheldon and Eager first, Stice second, Budd and Cooper third, McMurchy fourth.

Nineteenth event, 3 pairs of doubles, open to all comers—Sawyer and Taylor first, Moody, Hatch, Wardwell and Andrews second, Gore, Knowles and Renaud third, Aldoes fourth.

June 1.—The rain to-day interfered with the attendance of spectators at the third day's contest in the world's trap shooting carnival on the Wellington Gun Club grounds, but failed, however, to dampen the ardor of the participants in the numerous matches, for about 150 men, armed with shotguns and enveloped in rubber coats, put in an appearance before the traps, and defied the elements. The scores compare favorable with those of the preceding days, and in one instance a full score of 20 is to be credited to one of the Eastern men. Blue rocks seem to be the favorites of all the Western men. The day was cold and the fire in the shooting house was the center of attraction between matches. The special prize match, which was not finished Tuesday owing to darkness, was the first event, and as a result A. F. Cooper, of Exeter, N. H., will take to his home the beautiful silver pitcher. During the day a match for Saturday was arranged between C. W. Budd, the champion bird shot of the world, who has a record of 36 matches won to none lost, and H. W. Eager, of Marlboro, Mass., the champion inanimate pigeon shot of New England. The contest to begin at 3 o'clock and each man to shoot at 50 blue rocks and a like number of Ligowsky clay birds for a special prize of $300, donated by the executive committee. During the day's shoot over 7,000 pigeons were thrown from the traps. Appended is the result of the third day's shoot:

First event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Teipel first, Stark and Wheeler second, McMurchy and Budd third, Eager, Stone and Cooper fourth.

Second event, 20 blue rocks, amateur class, merchandise prize match—Haskell first, Renaud and Spangler second, Moody and Taylor third, Partiss and Francis fourth.

Third event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Luther first, Stanton, Budd, Early and Barnes second, Cooper third, Gilman fourth.

Fourth event, 10 blue rocks, amateurs—Aldoes first, H. Taylor, Knowles and A. Green second, Gerry third, E. Taylor and Buffington fourth.

Fifth event, 10 blue rocks, all comers—H. Taylor first, Treager and Amos second, De Rochmont third, E. Taylor and Barnes fourth.

Sixth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Teipel, Cooper and McMurchy first, Budd, Early and Wardwell second, Luther and Wheeler third, Stark and Perry fourth.

Seventh event, 10 blue rocks, amateurs—Knowles, Gerry and Barnes first, Bowditch and H. Taylor second, Wardwell third, Snow, Allen and Green fourth.

Eighth event, 5 pairs blue rocks, experts—Budd and Wheeler first, McMurchy, Perry and Eager second, Dickey, Early and E. T. Smith third, Stice and Teipel fourth.

Ninth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Luther, Mills, Stanton and Early first, W. S. Perry, Teipel and Stice second, Stark third, Wagener, Parsons, Treager and Mills fourth.

Tenth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Luther, Early and Wheeler first, Teipel second, Cooper, Mills and Stanton third, Perry and Wagener fourth.

Eleventh event, 10 blue rocks, amateurs—H. Taylor and Bowditch first, Warren second, Knowles third, F. Smith and Lefevre fourth.

Twelfth event, 20 blue rocks, experts—Stanton first, Budd second, Parsons, Teipel and Luther third, M. C. Smith, Crowell and Stice fourth.

Thirteenth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—McMurchy, Cooper and Wagener first, Dickey, Barnes, Gilman and Wheeler second, Teipel, Stark and Stice third, Jordan, Luther, Davis and Carsey fourth.

Fourteenth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Luther, Stice and Teipel first, Perry second, McMurchy and Barnes third, Budd fourth.

Fifteenth event, 10 blue rocks, amateur—Jordan and E. Taylor first, Green, Swift and Renaud second, Taylor, Bowditch and Gore third, Swift, Snow and Edwards fourth.

Sixteenth event, 10 blue rocks, all comers—Dickey first, Perry, Budd and Stice second, Stark, McMurchy and Linneman third, Wagener and Beaudry fourth.

Seventeenth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—McMurchy, Wheeler, Cooper and Miller first, Budd, Dickey and Stice second, Barnes third, Beaudry and Eager fourth.

Eighteenth event, 5 pairs blue rocks, double, open to all—Stice first, McMurchy second, Linneman and Wardwell third, Budd, Barnes and Teipel fourth.

Nineteenth event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—McMurchy, Wheeler, Teipel and Dickey first, Luther, Linneman and Wardwell second, Budd and Cooper third, Eager and Wagener fourth.

Twentieth event, 10 blue rocks, straightaway, all comers—Dickey and Luther first, Barnes and Dean second, Charles, Budd and McMurchy third, Wheeler fourth.

Twenty-first event, five pairs, all comers—Moody and Snow first, Bowditch second, F. Swift third, Hughes fourth.

Twenty-second event, 10 blue rocks, open to all—Early and Parsons first, Budd second, Wardwell, Dickens and Charles third, Luther fourth.

Twenty-third event, 5 pairs, open to all—Stice first, Budd second.

Following are the scores of the expert and amateurs in the merchandise prize match:

Experts' Merchandise Prize Match.

Stanton	11111111111111111101—20	Dickey	01101011111111110101—15
Budd	11111111110111110111—18	Wagener	11001111001111111110—15
Miller	11111011111111111111—18	Wheeler	10111111110010101011—15
Luther	11101011010111111111—17	Earley	01011110100111011111—14
Sheldon	00111111101111111001—17	Cooper	01101111101111100001—14
Parsons	11111101111111101101—17	Gilmore	11110010110101000011—13
Allen	11001111111111111001—17	Stark	10110101101111010001—13
Teipel	11111111110011101011—17	Eager	01011110011000101111—12
Charles	11111110111111111011—16	W Perry	11001111001100010111—12
M Smith	11111111001101110111—16	E Smith	10011010100100111110—11
Stice	01111111101100111011—16	Davis	11111010100010010111—11
Crowell	11101101011111111101—16	Beaudry	10110000100011101011—11
Buffum	10111111111011110111—16	M'Murchy	10111011010110111111—15
Nichols	10111111111111111111—16	Carey	01111000101011110010—11

Amateurs' Merchandise Prize Match.

Haskell	11111111111111111001—19	Rochem't	10110101011010111111—15
Spangle	11111101111111111110—18	Cuni'gh'm	10011111000111101111—14
Renaud	11111011111101111111—18	Tirrell	10011161111111101100—14
Snow	11111111111101111101—18	Gerry	10110111101001011110—14
Moody	11110111011111101111—17	Andrews	11011111000100111110—14
E Taylor	11101111111101111001—17	Knowles	11111111111011111001—14
Buffum	10111111111101110011—16	Green	11011101011010111101—14
Nichols	10111111111111111111—16	Webber	11101011010101010101—13
McCoy	11001101111111111111—16	Edwards	00101111010110101111—13
Linneman	11111010011101111111—16	A Meade	10111010111111001011—13
H Taylor	11011101011111111111—16	Brown	10000011011111111110—13
Warren	11101111010111111101—16	Law	11101110100010111011—13
Treager	11111101111111101110—16	Dean	11111001011101010001—13
F S Mead	11011111001110111111—16	A Green	10011000101111101111—13
Partiss	11111100101111111111—16	Dimick	01010101101000011111—12
Francis	01111000111111111111—16	Dare	00111111011011110001—12
Buffingt'n	11110101111101101111—15	Bates	01000111010101010001—12
Hall	11111111111010111101—15	Perry	00101011010001011110—11
Barnes	11111010011011111110—15	Amos	11001110100000111101—11
Griffin	11101111111111000111—15	F Swift	11011010011001110110—11
Bowdish	10101100111111101111—15	Lee	00111111001000120111—11
Wardwell	00111111001111101111—15	Sanborn	00001001111111000111—11
Schaefer	11101000111111101111—15	Aldoes	11000101011011010010—10
Jourdan	11111101111010110101—15	Jason	11100110010100011100—10
Alexand'r	10110011101111111101—15		

June 2.—As the shooting tournament on the grounds of the

Wellington Gun Club nears the end, the interest in it increases proportionately, as manifested by the arrival daily of prominent shooters from the West and South. Prominent among the new arrivals was W. L. Canon, of Newark, N. J., a one-armed man, who faced the traps and shot 8 pigeons out of 10 at 24yds. Also, Mr. D. Ledyard, of Montgomery, Ala., who made several excellent scores, also arrived during the afternoon. This carnival is the largest ever held in this country. In the merchandise matches alone there have been 149 entries, embracing representatives from all the principal shooting clubs in the South and West, while in the sweepstakes and special matches fully 300 men have entered, inclusive of the 149 mentioned above. The heavy rain in the forenoon somewhat dampened the ardor of many of the sportsmen who are not entered in the merchandise matches, and it was not until the early afternoon trains that the shooters in the sweepstakes matches put in an appearance in as large numbers as on the preceding days. Entries in the merchandise match, however, are on the ground early, as they are obliged to shoot a score of 20 each day of the tournament in order to have any claim upon the articles of merchandise offered as prizes. The special prize of the day, one of the peerless L. C. Smith shotguns, valued at $75, was won by J. E. Miller, of Cincinnati, with a clean score of 20.

There were 600 in attendance, and the 19 traps were kept constantly on the move as the 23 events were being shot. There were 8,300 birds sent skyward.

First event, 20 birds, amateur merchandise match, sweepstakes—Dean first, Aldoes second, Moody third, H. Taylor and Renaud fourth.

Second event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Dickey first, Eager second, Bradley third.

Third event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Dickey, Eager, Stark and McMurchy first, Allen, Perry and Wheeler second, Stanton third.

Fourth event, 10 birds, amateur sweepstakes—E. Taylor, Knowles and Jordan first, Bowditch, J. Clarke, Partiss and Renaud second, Bradley and Gerry third, A. Green fourth.

Fifth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Eager and Stanton first, Perry and Dickey second.

Sixth event, 10 birds, amateurs, sweepstakes—E. Taylor, Knowles and H. Swift first, Jourdan, Carey, Bradley and Moody second, Bowditch and F. Hatch third, Sherman and Schaefer fourth.

Seventh event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Teipel and McMurchy first, Allen second, Miller, Budd and Francis third, Wheeler, Knowles and Bowditch fourth.

Eighth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Eager, Teipel, Luther and McMurchy first, Stice and Parsons second, Miller third, Budd and Smith fourth.

Ninth event, 20 birds, experts' merchandise match, sweepstakes—J. E. Miller first, Stanton and Eager second, McMurchy third, Dickey, Sheldon and Luther fourth.

Tenth event, 10 birds, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Barnes, Bowditch and Francis first, Renaud, Wardwell, Warren and Hughes second, Snow, Sherman, Buffington and Green third, Hall and H. Taylor fourth.

Eleventh event, 10 birds, amateur match, sweepstakes—Warren, Knowles, Treager, Wardwell and Dan first, Francis second, H. Smith third, Aldoes and Gerry fourth.

Twelfth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Stark and Stanton first, Aldoes and Eager second, Luther, Stice, Bradley and Francis third, Cooper and Wardwell fourth.

Thirteenth event, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Wardwell and H. Swift first, E. Taylor, Wales and Walker second, Andrews, Letever, Baxter, and Hatch third, Hall and Francis fourth.

Fourteenth event, 5 pairs doubles, amateur sweepstakes—Warren, Moody, Knowles, Barnes and Snow first, Aldoes, E. Taylor and Law second, Lineman third, F. Swift fourth.

Fifteenth event, 10 birds, open to all comers—Stark, Budd and Earley first, McMurchy and Stice second, Eager third, Dickey fourth.

Sixteenth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Eager, Cooper, Parsons and Miller first, Stark and Luther second, Stice, McMurchy and Cannon third, Teipel and Aldoes fourth.

Seventeenth event, 10 birds, amateurs, sweepstakes—Dean first, Warren second, Tirrel and Knowles third, Taylor and Dan fourth.

Eighteenth event, 10 birds, amateurs, sweepstakes—H. Swift first, Barnes, Treager, Walker and Partiss second, Francis and Snow third, Aldoes fourth.

Nineteenth event, 10 birds, all comers, sweepstakes—Eager and Budd first, McMurchy and Davis second, Wheeler third, Stark, Aldoes and Teipel fourth.

Twentieth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Budd and Eager first, Wheeler and Stice second, Teipel third, Wagener fourth.

Twenty-first event, 5 pairs doubles, open to amateurs, sweepstakes—Knowles first, Dan second, A. A. Greene and Aldoes third, Law fourth.

Twenty-second event, 10 birds, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Earley and Dickey first, Wardwell, Budd and Teipel second, Walker third.

Twenty-third event, 5 pairs doubles, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Stark, McMurchy and Budd first, Stice and Eager second, Wardwell third.

Experts' Merchandise Match.

J Miller	11111111111111111111—20	Beaudry	10111111111101110110—16
H Eager	01111111111111111111—19	Earley	11011111111100001111—15
Stanton	11111111111111101111—19	M Smith	01110101111101101110—14
Crowell	11111111111101111110—18	Stice	11010101111011010101—15
M'Murchy	11111111111111111111—18	Stark	01111011111011101010—14
Sheldon	11111011111010111011—17	Cooper	11000011011011011110—13
Luther	11010011111111111111—17	Teipel	01111111101011000010—12
Dickey	11111110111110110111—17	Davis	11000110010100111111—12
Wheeler	10111111111010101111—16	Gilman	10101101001111100101—12
F Smith	11111001111111100111—16	Wagener	11100101001001011111—12
Allen	10101111111111010110—16	Charles	10101010010001111110—11
Budd	11101111010101011111—16	Perry	11000101011010010001—10
Parsons	11111111111010111111—16		

Amateurs' Merchandise Match.

Dean	11111111111111111101—19	Law	01111010101110111101—14
Buffum	10111111111111011111—18	Jason	00111100111110101111—14
Treager	11111101111111101111—18	A E Mead	01011100111010111111—14
Aldoes	01111011111111111111—18	Sanborn	11111111010011101010—14
Rochem't	11111011111111110111—18	F S Mead	11100111100101110110—14
Buffing't	11111111100111110111—17	Knowles	01111010101110011111—14
E Taylor	11111100111111111110—17	Collins	00111110100111111000—13
Barnes	10101110111111111111—17	H Swift	11011011101010000111—13
Moody	11110111110111111111—17	Snow	01101110111000011111—13
Tirrell	00131111011010111111—16	Gore	11010100001101101—12
Renaud	11111100111101101101—16	Dan	01001100011010111110—12
Edwards	10111011111111111001—16	Bowditch	10001111011000011111—12
H Taylor	01111111010111111011—16	T S Hall	10111101110001101001—12
Gerry	01010111111011110111—15	Wardwell	11110110000100010111—11
Haskell	11011110101111001111—15	Spangler	10110030111011001101—11
Schaefer	10111110101101111011—15	Perry	11100100001110110011—11
Partiss	11111011001011111011—15	McCoy	01100011011010001111—10
Francis	10101101111011110111—15	Nichols	11000000110101010100—10
A A Green	11101011110101010111—15	Lee	01110101011110001100—10
Andrews	10101011110100111111—15	Jordan	00100100111000111101—10

June 3.—The fourth day in the great shooting tournament on the grounds of the Wellington Gun Club was a red-letter day, as it decided the winners of the first prizes in the two merchandise matches, and contrary to the expectations of hundreds of prominent sporting men, the three principal prizes will remain in the East. Mr. T. G. Strater, of Boston (F. Stanton), is the successful aspirant for the chief prize in the expert merchandise match, an elegant L. C. Smith sporting gun, valued at $450. Out of a possible 100, Mr. Strater, who has been shooting during the week under the name of Stanton, scored 88 dead birds. A. L. Traeger, a 17-year-old boy, has done some phenomenal shooting, and for a score of 81 out of a possible 100, wins the elegant oil painting valued at $1,000. In the afternoon he was offered and refused $700 for the result of his week's shooting. The special prize, an English field gun, donated by the Lockport Target Co., was won by W. S. Perry, of Worcester, Mass. The second prize in the expert merchandise match, a W. & C. Scott gun, valued at $200, was won by C. H. De Rochemont with a score of 80. Thus, three of the principal prizes go to members of the Wellington Gun Club, and, naturally, members of the association are very much elated at the unexpected result.

About 8,500 bats were thrown from the traps during the day, and the attendance was 1,000. The scores made did not come up to the average of the four preceding days, through some unexplained reason, but it is claimed by many of the shooters that they did not take as much pains as on the preceding four days, as they are saving themselves for the final events, when all the ties will be shot off, and missing one bird may mean the loss of a prize worth $100 or more. In the appended scores are the results of the merchandise prize matches and the totals of each day's score for shooters in these events, from which it will be seen that about forty men will have to shoot off ties.

The tournament has proved, by comparison with previous shooting carnivals, to have been by far the largest ever held. In 1884 the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, in a grand carnival of shooters, had a total of 96 entries; in 1886, at Burlington, Ia., the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association had 86 entries; while in the present tournament there are 149 entries in the two merchandise matches, beside nearly 100 more in the sweepstakes.

First event, 20 bats, amateur merchandise and sweepstakes match, sweepstakes—Russel first, Knowles and C. B. Paine second, H. Taylor and H. Swift third, Barnes and Francis fourth.

Second event, 10 bats, open to all comers, sweepstakes—C. W. Bird, Dickey, McMurchy first, Stanton and Early second, Wagener and Crowell third, Treager fourth.

Third event, 10 bats, amateur sweepstakes—E. Taylor, Traeger and Swan first, Aldoes and Clark second, Bowditch, Schaefer and Buffington third, Dan and Partiss fourth.

Fourth event, 10 bats, open to all, sweepstakes—Allen, Eager, Budd first, Clark second, McMurchy third, Perry fourth.

Fifth event, 10 bats, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Budd and Eager first, Early, Crowell, Stice and Lodge second, Perry third, Stanton and Wagener fourth.

Sixth event, 10 bats, amateur sweepstake match—Swift and Clark first, Russell and Moody second, Wardwell, Schaefer and Renaud third, C. T. Snow, Traeger and Swan fourth.

Seventh event, 20 bats, experts, merchandise and sweepstakes match, sweepstakes—Stice and Perry first, Eager and Faulkaer second, Teipel third, Dickey, Cooper and Wagener fourth.

Eighth event, 10 bats, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Moody, Russell and Schaefer first, Knowles second, H. Taylor third, Wardwell fourth.

Ninth event, 10 bats, amateurs only, sweepstakes—Wardwell and H. Swift first, E. Taylor and Traiger second, Renaud third, Moody, Gerry, Nichols fourth.

Tenth event, 10 bats, open to all, sweepstakes—Stark, Stice, Gilman and Wagener first, Eager and Dickey second, Clark and Wheeler third, Cooper and Perry fourth.

Eleventh event, 5 pairs doubles, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Tinker and Perry first, McMurchy, Davis, Barnes and Teipel second, Stice third, Gray and Warren fourth.

Twelfth event, 10 birds, amateur, sweepstakes—Russel, Warren, Aldoes, Clark and Dean first, Bancroft and Bowditch second, Renaud, Gerry and Green third, E. Taylor, Moody, Rich and Baxter fourth.

Thirteenth event, 10 bats, open to all, sweepstakes—Dickey, Tinker and Miller first, Parsons, Teipel and Budd second, Stanton, Gilman and Perry third, Dodge fourth.

Fourteenth event, 10 bats, amateurs, sweepstakes match—Clark and Renaud first, Bancroft and Francis second, Dan and Russell third, A. Green fourth.

Fifteenth event, 10 bats, open to amateurs, sweepstakes—Dan first, Law, Russell and Barnes second, H. Taylor third, Snow, Baxter and Clark fourth.

Sixteenth event, 10 bats, open to all, sweepstakes—Wheeler and Dickey first, McMurchy, Luther and Stanton second, Parsons third, Miller fourth.

Seventeenth event, 10 bats, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Bancroft first, T. Snow second, H. Swift third, Law fourth.

Eighteenth event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—McMurchy and Teipel first, Stanton, Dickey, Luther and Budd second, Eager, Bradley and Wheeler third, Wagener fourth.

Nineteenth event, 5 pairs, double, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Knowles first, Nichols, Schaefer and Gerry second, Renaud, Wardwell and Law third, Barnes fourth.

Twentieth event, 10 bats, straightaway, open to all, sweepstakes—Stanton first, Dickey and Luther second, Budd, Eager and Teipel third, Wagener and Nichols fourth.

Twenty-first event, 5 bats, straightaway, amateur sweepstakes—Francis and Bowditch first, Bancroft and Schaefer second, Barnes third.

Amateur Merchandise Match.

Russell	11111111111111111111—19	A E Mead	11111010101011011013—15
Sanborn	11111111111111110111—19	F S Mead	11111111000011100111—14
Perry	01111111111111111111—19	Schaefer	11011111000111011111—14
Knowles	11111111101101111111—18	Renaud	01111101111010101010—14
C B Paine	11111111111011101111—18	Dean	00011010111111111011—14
Traeger	10111111110111111011—17	Law	01110101110011011111—14
Andrews	11110111101111111110—17	Haskell	11011110100111011101—14
H Swift	11111111110101001111—17	Warron	11010101000011111111—14
H Taylor	11110110111011111111—17	Rochem't	10110100110011111011—14
Buffum	01111101111111101111—17	M'Laugh'n	10010100011011101111—13
Collins	10111011111111111111—17	Morse	00011010011100111111—12
Moody	11111111101011111101—17	E Taylor	01010100111111100001—12
Dan	11111011111101011111—17	J S Snow	01010101011111001001—12
Wardwell	11111111111011111011—17	Gerry	01010110111000110111—12
McCoy	11011101111111001111—16	Nichols	01101114101010000101—11
Partiss	11101111111010110011—16	Bancroft	00010010110101111110—11
Tirrell	01111111001111101111—16	Aldoes	00110101000011000111—10
Buffingt'n	11110100111111110101—15	Swan	11000001001001011011= 9
T Hall	11101110101011011101—15	Jayson	10000110011000100101— 9
Barnes	11111100101011011—15	Dimock	01001100101000110011— 9
Francis	11110111011011011100—15	Gore	10100010011100101000— 9

Experts' Merchandise Match.

Stice	11111111111111111110—19	Early	01110101111011111110—15
Perry	10111111111111111111—19	Crowell	01111101011111101101—15
Gilman	11111101101111111111—18	M'Murchy	11110110101001111111—15
Eager	11101111111111111101—18	Stark	01111111111101101001—15
Luther	11111011111111111011—18	Budd	11111100001101110111—14
Faulkner	11111111111010111111—18	Tinker	01111011001111011110—14
Allen	10111011011111111111—17	Stanton	10011111111101100101—14
M Smith	11111100111011111111—17	E Smith	11110111101000110111—14
Teipel	11110110111111111111—17	Davis	10101110101111111100—14
Dickey	11111010111111111001—16	Sheldon	01111111101110100000—13
Cooper	11110111111011001101—16	Miller	10010101011011001111—13
Wagener	11111111111111111011—16	Charles	10011110001111111011—13
Wheeler	01110101011111110111—15	Parsons	01110000101111101110—12

Merchandise Match, Amateurs—Total of Shooters.

	Ligowskys.	Amer-icans.	Blue Rocks.	Peo-rias.	Bats.
A L Traiger, New Haven, Conn.	14	16	16	18	17—81
C H DeRochmont, Newburyp't	15	18	15	18	14—80
E Taylor, Cincinnati, O.	14	18	17	17	12—78
J Haskell, Lynn, Mass.	14	14	19	15	14—76
H H Francis, Randolph	15	15	16	15	15—76
E M Moody, Lockport, N Y.	13	12	17	17	17—76
H S Taylor, Exeter, N H.	17	16	16	17	17—76
Renaud, Lynn, Mass.	12	16	18	16	14—76
J S Barnes, Watertown, N Y.	16	12	15	17	15—75
H Swift, Boston	15	14	15	13	17—74
E L Buffington, Fall River	16	12	15	17	16—74
J N Buffum, Melrose, Mass.	7	16	16	18	17—74
J H Andrews, Spencerport, N Y.	14	15	14	14	17—74
W A Gerry, Somerville, Mass.	14	16	14	15	12—71
F W Partiss, Ilion, N Y.	12	12	16	15	16—71
E J Wardwell, Cambridge	11	16	15	11	17—70
E L Law, Cambridgeport	15	13	13	14	14—69
H G Warren, Boston	14	14	16	9	14—68
A E Mead, Knoxville, Tenn.	11	15	13	14	15—68
J S Snow, Cambridgeport	12	12	18	13	12—67
T S Hall, Fall River	12	13	15	12	15—67
Tirrell, Brockton	9	10	14	16	16—65
F C Dann, Marlboro	10	17	9	12	17—65
R H Aldoes, Brockton	11	15	10	18	10—64
Collins	12	14	8	13	17—64
E B Sanborn	10	11	14	14	19—64
R F Schaefer, Boston	13	6	15	15	14—63
Gerry, Boston	11	7	16	11	16—61
W E Perry, Somerville	7	9	11	11	19—57
Jason	5	14	10	14	9—52
J N Nichols, Boston	11	12	16	10	11—50
A W Gore, Cambridge	11	9	8	12	9—49
S Morse, Jr, Wellington	8	15	7	6	12—48

Experts' Merchandise Match—Total of Shooters.

T G Strater, Boston	17	18	20	19	14—88
J R Stice, New Haven	16	18	16	15	19—84
G C Luther, Syracuse, N Y.	13	17	17	17	18—82
J E Miller, Cincinnati	18	16	18	20	13—80
H W Eager, Marlboro	16	15	12	19	18—80
M C Smith, Syracuse	16	15	16	15	17—79
C W Budd, Des Moines	15	16	18	16	14—79
W H Sheldon, Providence	16	15	17	17	13—78
W H Allen, Brockton	14	13	17	16	17—77
O R Dickey, Boston	14	15	15	17	16—77
H McMurchy, Syracuse	12	16	15	18	15—76
S A Crowell, Jackson, Mich.	12	15	16	18	15—76
E T Smith, Worcester	15	18	11	16	14—74
J Q Earley, Manchester, O.	13	16	14	15	15—73
B Teipel, Covington, Ky.	13	14	17	12	17—73
A F Cooper, Exeter, N H.	11	18	14	13	16—72
H G Wheeler, Marlboro	14	12	15	16	15—72
C Wagener, Pulteney, N Y.	17	11	15	12	16—71
C M Stark, Winchester, Mass.	16	12	13	14	15—70
W S Perry, Worcester, Mass.	17	12	12	10	19—70
J J Parsons, Indianapolis, Ind.	8	14	17	16	12—67
W Charles, Exeter, N H.	13	13	16	11	13—66
W D Gilman, Worcester, Mass.	12	10	13	12	18—65
Beaudry, Marlboro, Mass.	14	9	10	16	15—64
D S Davis, Worcester, Mass.	13	5	11	12	14—55

June 4.—A few minutes before 6 o'clock this evening the echo of the last gun fired died away at Wellington, the judges called "dead bird" for the last time, and the largest and most successful trap shooting tournament ever held was at an end. The weather during the week has been anything but favorable to good scores, yet those made will compare very favorably with the scores in any previous tournament ever held in this country.

It was a gala day, the attendance being 2,130, and of this number more than 100 were ladies. Ten thousand birds were trapped, making a total of over 40,300 birds during the week, a number unprecedented in the history of trap shooting. As a matter of interest to the reader, some idea of the cost of the six days' shooting, to the contestants, may be gleaned from the fact that each shot fired at a clay-pigeon costs the shooter on an average 8 cents, 8 cents for the bird and from 2½ to 3½ cents for powder, shot and shells, aside from all other expenses incidental to the shoot, such as car fares to and from the range, implements used in keeping the guns in good condition, etc. Hence simply shooting in the merchandise match cost the shooter from $8 to $10 for pigeons, powder and shot alone, outside of his entrance fees and an occasional sweepstakes match. The championship match between H. W. Eager and C. W. Budd was the chief attraction of the day, and all other contests were declared off during their shoot. The match was for a purse donated by the committee, and the conditions were that each man should shoot at 50 blue rocks and 50 Ligowskys thrown from three traps. Budd scored a total of 85 and Eager 79, as will be seen by reference to the detailed score appended

One of the events of the afternoon was the contest of the reporters for a $25 engraving of Tait's sporting picture, offered by G. H. Litchfield, president of the Ivanhoe Gun Club, of New York. The judges selected informed the scribes that they were to have 10 shots each, and that if, at the end of an hour they failed to knock the bark off a bird, they would have to toss up to see who was to get the prize. Although the birds shot at were of the ordinary size, the reporters were able to "find them" as they sailed through the air. John Low, of the Boston *Globe*, broke 4 out of his first 5, and, as the others were unable to tie it with 10 shots, he concluded not to spoil his score by shooting any more. Following is a summary of the sweepstake matches to-day:

First event, 10 birds, amateurs only, sweepstakes—Dan first, DeRochmont and Knowles second, H. Taylor and Bowditch third.

Second event, 10 birds, 5 traps, open to all, sweepstakes—Shaefer, Barnes, Clark and Shumway first, E. Taylor, Renaud and Moody second, Knowles third, Bowditch and Lee fourth.

Third event, 10 birds, experts only, sweepstakes—H. McMurchy first, J. R. Stice second, Wheeler and Teipel third.

Fourth event, 10 birds, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Bowditch, Francis and Sampson first, Knowles, Wardwell, Clark and H. Swift second, Shumway, Gore and H. Taylor third, Bradley fourth.

Fifth event, 10 birds, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Wheeler and McMurchy first, Wagener, Budd, Knowles and Teipel second, Luther, Miller and Wardwell third, Early, Dickey, Gillman and Cooper fourth.

Sixth event, 10 birds, amateur sweepstakes—Barnes and Francis first, Linneman, Clark and Wardwell second, H. Smith and Dann third, Aldoes fourth.

Seventh event, 10 birds, open to all, sweepstakes—Stice and Luther first, Stanton, Teipel and Stark second, Budd and Charles third, Wheeler fourth.

Eighth event, 10 birds, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Teipel, Wardwell and Barnes first, Earley and McMurchy second, Stanton, Eager, Knowles and Dick third, Budd, Wagener and Faulkner fourth.

Ninth event, 10 birds, open to amateurs only, sweepstakes—Dan first, Barnes and H. Swift second, Lineman and Moody third, Dodge, Wardwell and Curtis fourth.

Tenth event, 10 bats, amateurs, sweepstakes—Barnes and J. S. Snow first, Moody, Shumway and Shaeffer second, Francis, Frank lin and E. Taylor third, Wilbur and Bowditch fourth.

Eleventh event, 20 birds, fancy hip match between H. P. Arkerson, of Texas, and Ben. Teipel, of Covington, Ky. Won by Teipel.

Twelfth event, 20 birds, 10 Ligowskys and 10 blue rocks, sweepstakes—Teipel first, Miller and Crowell second, Early, Barnes and Cooper third, McMurchy, Dickey and Stanton fourth.

Thirteenth event, 20 birds, open to experts for special prize of $150—Barnes, De Rochemont, Warren and Partiss divide 40 per cent.; Aldoes, Clark, H. Swift, Moody, J. S. Snow and Short divide 30 per cent.; Gerry, Dean and Sanborn divide 20 per cent., and Traeger, Francis, Meacham and Law divided 10 per cent.

Fourteenth event, 10 birds, experts, sweepstakes — Stice, McMurchy and Budd first, Tinker, Wheeler and Dickey second, Teipel, Luther and Stanton third, Eager fourth.

Fifteenth event, 10 birds, open to all comers, sweepstakes—Gerry, Swift, Tirrell and Francis first, Knowles second, Aldoes, Dan, Weymouth and Blake third, Dean and Renaud fourth.

Sixteenth event, 10 birds, members of press—Low, *Globe*, first, Stetson, Associated Press, second, Stearns, *Herald*, third.

Seventeenth event, 5 pairs doubles, open to all comers—Tinker, McMurchy and Teipel first, Budd and Early second, Knowles third.

Eighteenth event, 5 pairs, amateurs, sweepstakes—Law, Wardwell and Barnes first, Franklin, Knowles and E. Taylor second, Dan, Warren and Norris third, Moody and Dodge fourth.

Nineteenth event, 100 birds, 50 Ligowskys and 50 blue rocks, championship match between C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., champion live bird shot, and H. W. Eager, of Marlboro, Mass., champion inanimate target shot for a purse subscribed by members of the Association:

Budd, Lig.s	0101111111101111111101111111111101111111111110100—42
Budd, bl. rocks	1111011111011111101110011010111111111111111111111—43
	—
	85
Eager, Lig.s	0111111111111110011011010110110101111110110111—38
Eager, bl. rocks	1111101111111011111111111101010111111111011101111—41
	—
	79

Twentieth event, 10 birds, amateur sweepstakes—Partiss and E. Taylor first, Barnes, Bardwell and Andrews second, Warren third, Gore fourth.

Twenty-first event, 10 birds, amateurs only, sweepstakes—Dan first, Weymouth, Swift and Gerry second, Wilbur, Wardwell and Knowles third, Sanborn and Dean fourth.

Twenty-second event, 10 blue rocks, open to all, sweepstakes—McMurchy and Luther first, Wardwell second, Stark third, Stanton and Teipel third.

Twenty-third, 5 pairs doubles, open to all, sweepstakes—McMurchy and Dickey first, Wheeler and Stark second, Teipel and Dan third.

TAUNTON, Mass., May 30.—T. F. and G. P. A. Match at 7 clays, Ligowsky clay-pigeon trap, 16yds., 5 angles, N. G. A. rules:

Hardy	0010011—3	E Leonard	1011001—4
Snow	1111010—6	Barstow	1111101—6
Hayward	1110001—4	J J Davis	1110100—4
E Bowen	0101001—3	Smith	1001100—3
Hall	1101101—5	G H Davis	0111101—5
A Davis	1111111—7	F Scudder	0110110—4

Ties divided.

Match at 5 bats, 18yds. rise:

A Hardy	10101—3	J J Davis	10101—3
Snow	11111—5	Smith	01101—3
Hayward	11001—3	H Danforth	11000—3
E Bowen	11111—5	L Dow	10101—3
Hall	11111—5	Walker	11011—4
A Davis	11110—4	E Waterman	10100—2
E Leonard	11101—4	G H Davis	11100—3
W Barstow	11111—5	Scudder	01111—4

Ties—Snow and Hall divided first, Scudder and Davis second, J. Davis and G. H. Davis third.

Match at 15 clay-pigeons, 16yds. rise: Class A—G. A. Deane first on 13, C. T. Snow and E. Bowen divided second on 12, G. H. Davis and J. J. Davis divided third on 11, Scudder and J. T. Hall divided fourth on 10. Class B—W. H. Rogers first on 10, A. T. Keith second on 5, Hayward and King divided third on 4.

Match at 7 blue rocks, blue rock trap, 18yds. rise:

J T Hall	1111100—5	G L Smith	1101111—6
B F King	0100100—2	B E Lincoln	1010011—4
A Hardy	1010110—4	C T Snow	0111111—6
A Davis	1110101—5	J J Davis	1100111—5
G L Walker	0100101—3	F M Scudder	1101101—5
W Barstow	1110111—6	A Presbrey	1011101—5
G A Deane	1100100—3	F S Keith	1010011—4
E Bowen	1110011—5	W H Rogers	1011010—4
G H Davis	1101111—6	A T Keith	0100101—3

On shoot off Snow took first; Hall, A. Davis and J. J. Davis second; Keith third.

Match at 5 blue rocks, blue rock trap, 18yds. rise:

J T Hall	01111—4	W Barstow	11000—2
C T Snow	11101—4	G H Davis	00111—3
F S Keith	11001—3	G L Walker	11110—4
B F King	11100—3	F M Scudder	01011—3
A Hasty	00011—2	A Davis	01011—3
A T Keith	11001—3	G A Deane	11110—4
E Bowers	00111—3		

On shoot off Hall first, Brown second, third divided.

ALGONQUIN GUN CLUB.—A few members of the Algonquin Gun Club assembled at their grounds, Manitor Park, Decoration Day, for a practice shoot at blackbirds, 20yds.:

J Hanna	11111 11111 11111 10111—19
H Otten	11010 11111 11111 11111—18
P Radsinsky	11111 11111 11101 10100—16
F Turnly	10101 11011 11110 10111—15

POUGHKEEPSIE TOURNAMENT.—The shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club came off on Thursday, May 26, and was attended by quite a number of prominent shots, and on the whole proved to be quite an enjoyable affair. Dr. Gardener, of Albany, took the $100 Colt's hammerless. The shooters were favored, to a remarkable extent, by the weather, for, although it could be seen to be pouring on all sides, not enough rain fell on the grounds to interfere in the slightest degree with the shooting. Colts Manufacturing Company's match No. 2, 25 clay-pigeons, 18yds.:

M Jones.....0110111000101101111111000—15
W R Smith.....1100111111101101111111110—20
Dr Gardener.....1111111111111111011111—24
G Buesser.....0100111101011001111111111—18
T Huet.....1100011111110111101011011—18
E Harp.....1110010110101000100010111—13
E Eames.....1111110111111111111111010—22
Paul.....0011111110101111101110111—19
S Goggin.....0111111111001101111111011—20
O Thorne.....0110111111111111111111111—23
Beckwith.....1010111101101111111011110—18
W H Pierce.....1111111111010011101011111—20

Colts Manufacturing Company's match No. 1, 10 clay-pigeons:

M Jones	1111110110—8	T Huet	0011101010—5
C Pluckrose	1101001111—7	R Carroll	1110111110—8
O Thorne	1011101111—8	J W Bain	1101111110—8
J Hancock	1110000000—3	W H Pierce	1101111111—9
Patton	0100011010—4	C Irish	1001000010—3
S Goggins	0111111101—8	E Folsom	1111011111—9
Pane	0001110111—7	W Hyland	1010011100—5
Dommer	1011011011—7	Beckwith	0011110010—5
J M Godinez	1101100010—5	W R Smith	0101101111—7
A Parker	1010010101—5	E J Peck	0011011011—6
E Eames	1111111110—9	M Condit	1100011010—5
Dr Gardener	1011111110—8		

Eames, Pierce and Folsom shoot off for first, Folsom wins the tie but is protested as a professional; referred to FOREST AND STREAM. Thorne second Smith third.

MILFORD, Mass., June 2.—At a meet this week of the Sportsman's Club guests were present from Worcester, Upton, Ashland and Franklin, in this State, and Woonsocket, R. I. First event, 5 pigeons: Swan 5, Howe 6, C. Whitney, Warren, Saddler, each 4, Keniston, Wilkinson, each 3, G. Whitney 2. Second event, same: Swan, Keniston, Fletcher 5, Warren, Bass 3. Third event, 5 blackbirds: Bailey, C. Whitney 5, Kingman, Bass 4, G. Whitney, Coleman, Fletcher 2, Smith 1. Fourth event, 5 pigeons: Howe 5, Snow 4, Wilkinson 3, Warren, Bass 2, Keniston, Saddler 1. Fifth event, 5 blackbirds: Fletcher, G. Whitney, Kingman, Bailey, Bass 4, C. Whitney, Coleman, Redfield 3, Smith, S. Eames 2, Moore 1. Sixth event, 7 pigeons: F. Eames 6, Darling, Blake, Harris, Keniston 5, Swan, Howe, Ballou 4, Wilkinson, Gile, Aldrich, Brooks 3, Joslin, Saddler 2. Seventh event, 5 blackbirds: F. Eames, Blake, Keniston 5, Wales, H. Eames, G. Whitney 4, Warren, Darling, Aldrich 3, Manchester, Saddler 2. Eighth event, same: Bailey, C. Whitney, Eames 5, Fletcher, G. Whitney, Coleman, Warren 4, Gile, Bass, Kingman 3, Redfield 2, Smith 1. Ninth event, same: Bailey, Gile, Snow, Keniston, Aldrich, Howe, H. Eames, Fletcher 5, Wilkinson, Wales, Warren, F. Eames, S. Eames 4, Joslin, Ballou, C. Whitney, Saddler, Blake 3, G. Whitney, Manchester 2.

NEW YORK CITY, June 4.—Washington Heights Gun Club, on club grounds, One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street and Twelfth avenue. Mr. Keppler's shooting is remarkable, it being his second appearance with the club; he is 19 years of age, a son of Mr. Keppler, the editor of *Puck*. Match at 15 blue rocks and clays, 2 traps, 18yds. rise, club rules, for club badge:

G Snooks.....1111011101111111—13
E H Fox.....0111010011001111— 9
C Davidson.....1001011101101101— 9
C Parsons.....0100100010000000— 3
E Roe.....0111010111010000— 8
W Keppler.....1111111111001111—13
Wagner.....1000000010010111— 5
H Harrison.....1101011110110110—11
C Terwilliger.....0111110011010000— 8
Sauer.....0101100111111101—10

Snooks and Keppler tied again on 4 out of 5, and on miss and out Keppler missed first, Snooks broke, winning badge for second time; he must win it three times in order to hold it.

BRADFORD, Ont., June 2.—The first shoot for the W. M. Cooper cup, which has to be won three times before it becomes the property of the winner, was shot for to-day by the members of the Bradford Gun Club. Following is the score made at 10 blackbirds. N. A. St. Clair 9, P. Knoblock 8, D. Sutherland 8, T. Edmanson 6, James S. Boddy 6, James A. Neilly 5, Wm. Lowery 5, J. F. Lillicrop 5, James St. Clair 4, John Armstrong 4, Robert Weilly 4, B. Kilborn 4, Wm. Holmes 5, Samuel Neilly 4.

BRIGHTON, Mass., June 4.—The fourth shoot for the Rivett diamond medal, presented to the Brighton Gun Club by Edward Rivett, of Faneuil, was held at the Faneuil grounds this afternoon. O'Connell made the highest score yet made for this medal. 15 clays and 15 bats:

O'Connell	454	445—26	J Coyle	325	324—19
McDonald	344	444—23	Temple	012	355—16
M Coyle	343	534—22	Grace	132	324—15

WINCHENDON, Mass., June 2.—At the last regular meet of the Winchendon Gun Club out of a possible 10 birds the following were broken: H. J. Lawrence 8, H. M. Eaton 7, A. H. Felsh 7, L. T. Earle 7, A. D. Lawrence 4.

NEWARK.—The Woodside Gun Club held a clay-pigeon shoot on Monday, May 30, and entertained a delegation from the Southside Club. The Woodside Club shoots every Saturday afternoon, and invites members of other clubs and unattached marksmen to attend the shoots and take part in the sport.

At the shoot held by the West Newark Gun Club, May 30, the following scores were made with 40 blackbirds, 21yds. rise: J. Adleman 37, C. Doty 35, G. Deisler 30, C. Burgess 27, A. Wade 25, O. Hornich 23, J. Lamb 19, L. Bishop 17, L. Reiber 17, and J. Weber broke 17 out of 25.

UTICA, June 3.—The Oneida County Sportsmen's Club had a shoot at Riverside to-day for the Kirkland-Divine prize. The scores were as follows:

Scott	0011110101001110— 8	Christian	1111111100000000—8
Beckwith	1001011111100111—10	Candee	1101011001010001—8
Booth	1101111101101111—10	Howe	0111110001100001—8

In shooting off the tie for first Dr. Booth won. This is the third time that he has won this prize, and the contest is therefore closed. The prize is a handsome fishing rod. In shooting off the ties for second Scott won.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

THE DELAWARE RIVER MEET.

THE first meet of canoeists on the Delaware River was held this year on May 28-30, at Burlington Island, opposite Burlington, N. J. The rain of Saturday delayed the canoeists from Philadelphia, but four members of the Trenton C. C. arrived at the island on Saturday morning and went into camp. Later five canoes and six men from the Keystone C. C. arrived, but the Quaker City C. C., with five canoes, did not reach the camp until noon on Sunday. Decoration Day was cloudy and threatening, but the race programme was carried out as far as practicable. At 9 A. M. Class IV. paddling was started, the course being about ½ mile, with turn. There were ten starters, the winner being Kit, T. C. C., with Volusia, of Bridesburg, second, and Malta, Quaker City, third. Kit is a light canvas canoe, Volusia a light open cedar, and Malta a Sunbeam with plate board. The first and second prizes were silk flags. At 11:30 the Class B sailing race was called, with 8 starters, course 1½ miles, triangular. Bubble was first across, then Picnic, Pilgrim, Malta, the latter soon leading. On the first leg Malta's deck tiller was disabled, but she led at the first mark, Bubble passing her before second was reached, and finally winning, after a close race, by half a length, with Lenore third. Bubble carried 92ft., and Malta 85ft., a Mohican rig. The latter is a new boat and not fully fitted out. Though small in numbers and with cold and unpleasant weather, the first meet was a success, and will be repeated next season, it is hoped with a larger attendance. The number of canoes on the Delaware is increasing rapidly, both in Philadelphia and Trenton, and in the many small towns.

CANOE RACING ON THE SHREWSBURY.

AN open race was sailed on the Shrewsbury on May 30. Three minutes after the starting signal was fired 23 canoes, of all sizes and rigs, out of the 25 entered were over the line, presenting a pretty spectacle to the hundreds of interested watchers stationed on the neighboring wharves, boats and river banks, and provided with programmes showing the racers' numbers.

The wind, mainly astern for the first stretch of the three-mile triangular course (to be gone over twice), was variable and full of flaws, which would quickly drop down pretty hard on either side of the sails and as quickly leave the canvas flapping without a breath. It was such a bad day, indeed, that, had the canoes been classified, the poorest would have had a fair chance for first place. As it was, the broad beams, which could better take the flaws, won the day.

The Daisy, with her big blue lateen rig and double crew, the two-man Problem, the 15×40 jib-and-mainsail No Name, the Rival, Vixen and Medusa soon sifted out from the rest of the fleet and turned the first stake not far apart; but in the windward work that followed the first three gained a lead which they held throughout the second round to the finish, although the Problem's crew wasted two minutes cooling off in the shade of an oyster sloop, which they permitted to attach itself to their rudder yoke, until a passing catboat came to their rescue.

The No Name, Problem, Daisy and Vixen finished in the order named, but the second and third prizes went to the Daisy (Monmouth Club) and the Vixen, as the Problem was ruled out for accepting assistance. It is thought that because of his boat outclassing the entire fleet, the owner of the No Name (Monmouth Club) will do the graceful thing by relinquishing his right to the champion pennant.

An unpleasant feature was the conduct of a number of yachts with parties on board which, probably through ignorance, moved among the canoes, to their effectually blanketing them. Another drawback to exact sailing was a number of pretty girls who were gliding about in all manner of boats, and whose proximity few skippers could refrain from acknowledging. One jack tar reported a narrow escape from an upset when he doffed his cap to a pair of blue eyes that appeared alongside simultaneously with a good-sized flaw.

* * *

RED BANK, N. J., May 31.

THE WRECK OF THE RESTLESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Those who at Haddam Island meet were anxiously watching for Thornton Smith in his yawl Restless, as well as many of your readers who have heard of the Smith's Island Schooner Club and their Hell Gate pilot boats, will be interested in the following extracts from a private letter, showing why the Restless did not come to camp, and her sad fate since. OAHU.

MAY 31, 1887.—*Dear Oahu:* I sent a telegram to Vice-Commodore Butler yesterday morning to Haddam Island, stating my regrets in not reaching camp, so I will tell you why I failed to get there: I started Friday at 6 A. M. from New Rochelle, with my sister, Mrs. C., in the Restless. The wind was light and south, with prospects of a strong southerly before afternoon. I was provisioned and well packed for a long cruise and had everything aboard in good shape. It was 3:45 P. M. when we drifted by Smith's Island in a hot sun, 18 miles in 9 hours; so, rather tired for one day, we went ashore there and remained all night in our house on the island, as there was no wind to go any further with that day. I had the yawl ready for a 3 o'clock A. M. start Saturday. We arose at 2:30 and went out. Wind east and thus dead ahead. Concluded to wait until daybreak to see if the wind wouldn't shift. We waited until 8 A. M. and started out through the islands under reefed mainsail, dandy and small jib. We ran well off shore out into the Sound. It then blew harder with a bad sea, and I took in the dandy and kept her at it. The seas were too choppy for progress, though not wet. We stood about at 10:30 A. M. to work in shore, and reached the shore again by Southport at 11:45. Then I calculated the distance to Saybrook 45 miles, and 25 to Haddam Island, and saw that we couldn't reach camp in time while the wind was ahead. Then I left it to Mrs. C. what we should do, and there was nothing else but to give it up; and as I lifted sheets to turn back it went as much against me as anything you can imagine.

We reached Smith's Island again at 12:30 and scudded before the wind very fast. We lunched in the boat on shore under the lee, and lamented over our unsuccessful attempt to get to Saybrook. At 2 P. M. the wind had increased, and then seeing there was no chance of a change in it to south'ard, and not a vessel of any kind bound east, we left shore with our minds on Saybrook and what the Oahus would say at our not coming and what they would say at New Rochelle at seeing us return so soon. I reefed the dandy, stowed mainsail, set the small jib, and started for New Rochelle. It howled when we got off Stamford and here we scudded very fast. At 5:50 we were in our port and Pop met us. He saw we couldn't accomplish our trip, and he felt as badly as we did. It broke me all up. Last year I ran 52 miles in 10 hours, and thought I could make 95 miles in two days with any kind of leading wind; but luck was betting against the prow of the yawl, and she never was in better trim either. Yours, RESTLESS.

JUNE 2, 1887.—*My Dear Oahu:* If you know not already, then let me tell of the sad news of the wreck of the Restless at 5:30 A. M. yesterday during that hard gale. Like all other good craft, she was good for any ordinary summer weather; but a gale like that caused her to drag and go ashore, and what was a few minutes before a beautiful specimen of a well-equipped small cruiser, was in less than five minutes a sorrowful wreck, mixing itself up in the rocks and seaweed. I spent the entire morning collecting, not the boat, but sails, rope, brass and a thousand other things that she was fitted out with to attend the Eastern meet, to which she started, but ill luck on Saturday compelled her to return to what has proven her grave. * * * Of course, the kid is knocked out, but only for a short time. Other boats can be built, only it is hard luck to throw away so much time, to say nothing of the $ * * * * *

Yours, RESTLESS.

THE HUDSON RIVER MEET—MAY 28-30.

CROTON POINT, the scene of the Hudson River spring meet of 1887, is a beautiful spot, well chosen for a canoe camp. The camp site is on the southeast side of the point, where is found a good sand beach, a fine place to pitch tents on the meadow behind it, and good spring water in abundance. Close at hand there is also an old two-story house on the beach which had been cleaned up for the occasion, serving as a hotel, where a number found comfortable quarters. The camp was opened Friday evening by the Shattemucs, who awaited the coming of the visitors. Saturday morning brought some of the Newburgh club to camp, they having cruised down in the yacht Vision. Mr. Grant E. Edgar arrived in the afternoon in his new canoe (a beauty of his own build), having cruised down, the balance of the Dock Rats arrived soon afterward on Mr. Bartlett's steam yacht. The Amsterdam delegation were the next to reach camp, having sailed over from Haverstraw. The Yonkers Club arrived from the south, having cruised up. By this time the camp had the appearance of an A. C. A. meet; the evening was spent around the camp-fire. Sunday morning the Mohicans arrived, having stopped in Haverstraw over night. From the south came the Essex Club, of Newark, they having cruised to camp. In the afternoon a number cruised up the Croton River, under guidance of one of the Shattemucs and enjoyed the beautiful scenery found there, others ayailed themselves of the breeze, and a number of new and peculiar rigs were seen on the bay. The evening was spent around a huge camp-fire. Monday morning, after breakfasting and putting camp in order, every one was ready for the races. The day was all that could be desired for such a purpose, the wind blowing from the south in sufficient strength to make the races very interesting. The following was the programme with results:

First, 9:30, sailing, Class A, triangular course, 1½ miles; prize, a banner, won by A. Kayne, of the Dock Rats, in the Dido.

Second, 10:30 A. M., sailing, Class B, triangular course, twice around, 3 miles; prize, a gold medal, given by Com. F. Brandreth, of the Shattemucs; second prize, a banner, 14 starters, won by P. Wackerhagen in his new canoe; G. E. Edgar, Rat, second; G. Cox, of the Essex Club, third. This was a beautiful race from start to finish.

Third, 11:30 A. M., sailing, novice, 1½ miles; prize, a banner, won by F. W. Bartlett, of the Dock Rats, in the Dido.

Fourth, 1:30 P. M., sailing, any canoe, barring winners of Class A and B, triangular course, 1½ miles; prize, a banner, presented by the Newburgh C. and D. A.; second prize, a camp knife and fork, presented by G. Van Deusen, of Rondout, won by G. E. Edgar in the Rat; G. Cox's Vesper second.

Fifth, 2 P. M., sailing, special, any canoe, 1½ miles; prize, a banner, won by P. Wackerhagen, of Albany.

Sixth, 2:30 P. M., paddling, Class II., prize, A. C. A. pin, won by C. Stern, of the Essex C. C.

Seventh, 3 P. M., paddling, Class IV.; prize, a banner, won by F. B. Smith, of Newburgh.

Eighth, 3:45 P. M., paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV.; prizes, two singleblade paddles, won by Barlow and French, of Sing Sing.

The races were all well contested. The prizes were presented by the Shattemuc C. C. Monday afternoon and evening a number left camp, others stopped until Tuesday morning, and by afternoon all had left. On Monday a count of those in camp showed 55 canoes and 70 canoeists present. The following clubs were represented: Mohican, Rondout, Amsterdam, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Yonkers, Troy, Knickerbocker, New York, Columbia College, Essex and Shattemuc.

THE EASTERN DIVISION MEET, MAY 28-30.

THE members of the Eastern Divison, A. C. A., turned out in good numbers for the spring meet, which they have made a Division fixture, under the Division officers, a course that the other divisions are likely in time to follow. The camp was at Haddam Island, in the Connecticut River, below Rock Landing and some 25 miles from the mouth. Besides the members of the Eastern Division, there were present Com. Wilkin and Sec. Carter, of the A. C. A. Saturday and Sunday were spent quietly in the regular routine of camp life and Monday was given up to business and racing. The meeting was called in the morning and the Division officers elected, as follows: Vice-Comm., L. Q. Jones, Hartford C. C.; Rear-Com., Geo. M. Barney, Springfield C. C.; Purser, W. B. Davidson, Hartford C. C.; Member of the Executive Committee, Nathan Gibbs, of Norwich, Conn. The races of the day were as follows:

First Race—9:50 A.—Paddling, ½ mile with turn: First, C. M. McKnight, S. C. C.; second, Emil Knappe, S. C. C.; third, Dr. H. C. Rice, S. C. C.; fourth, C. M. Murphy, Salem C. C. First prize, pair spoon-blade paddles; second prize, silk flag.

Second Race—Hand paddling, 150yds.: First, L. Q. Jones, H. C. C.; second, C. H. McKnight, S. C. C.; third, G. C. Forrest, H. C. C. Emil Knappe, S. C. C., did not finish. Prize, silk flag.

Third Race—Tandem paddling: First, E. Knappe and Dr. H. C. Rice; second, C. H. McKnight and F. Walker; third, G. C. Forrest and C. Talcot. Prize, two silk flags.

Fourth Race—Novices' sailing: Narka, Dr. H. E. Rice. Prize, pair paddles.

Fifth Race—Standing paddling: First, E. Knappe, S. C. C.; second, L. Q. Jones, H. C. C. C. H. McKnight, S. C. C., and G. C. Forrest, H. C. C., did not finish. Prize, silk flag.

Sixth Race—Sailing, 75sq. ft., limited, 3 miles:

	Start.	Finish.
Pecowsic, G. M. Barney, S. C. C.	2 05 00	2 33 20
Blanche, Paul Butler, V. B. C.	2 05 00	2 33 45
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe, S. C. C.	2 05 00	2 34 30
Venture, L. Q. Jones, H. C. C	2 05 00	2 35 15
Hornet, C. H. McKnight, S. C. C.	2 05 00	. . . .
Xury, W. B. Davidson, H. C. C.	2 05 00	. . . .
Chrystal, C. H. Murphy, Salem	2 05 00	. . . .
Dimple, G. Forrest, H. C. C.	2 05 00	. . . .

First prize, silk banner; second prize, silk flag.

Seventh Race—Unlimited sailing, 3 miles:

	Start.	Finish.
Blanche, Paul Butler	3 15 00	3 44 00
Pecowsic, G. M. Barney	3 15 00	3 44 20
Venture, L. Q. Jones	3 15 00	3 45 10
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	3 15 00	. . . .
Chrystal, C. H. Murphy	3 15 00	. . . .
Hornet, C. H. McKnight	3 15 00	. . . .
Dimple, G. Forrest	3 15 00	. . . .

First prize, silk flag; second prize, silk flag.

Eighth Race—Unclassified sailing:

	Start.	Finish.
Blanche, Paul Butler, V. B. C.	4 02 00	4 32 30
Pecowsic, G. M. Barney, S. C. C.	4 02 00	4 32 49
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe, S. C. C.	4 02 00	4 33 07
Stranger, L. Q. Jones, H. C. C.	4 02 00	. . . .
Phyllis, W. F. Girard, H. C. C.	4 02 00	. . . .
Chrystal, C. H. Murphy, Salem	4 02 00	. . . .
Wanderer, G. W. Burch, H. C. C.	4 02 00	. . . .
Rambler, E. H. Fenn, H. C. C.	4 02 00	. . . .

First prize, silk banner; second prize, silk banner.

ISLE ROYALE.—Duluth, Minn.—I pity, yet sympathize with "Ahmeek," especially as his wife had to suffer "the trials, the tribulations, the difficulties" of that awful night, hunting for any portion of beautiful Isle Royale, in big Lake Superior, but admire the grit that determines to explore Royale from truck to keelson this season. The next time he comes let him make his plans to catch the Lake Superior Transit Company's steamer China, India, Japan or Nyack, at Buffalo, and come through to Duluth. From this point I can put him on a steamer under a captain I have known for years as a good and careful navigator, and who knows every cove and inlet in Isle Royale, who makes two trips a week to that isle. The steamer leaves Duluth harbor Wednesdays and Saturdays. My wife would not think of going to Isle Royale without taking a small .22-cal rifle to "pot wildcat;" there are abundance of them on the island, and presume it was one of these animals that scared Mrs. "Ahmeek." You have my address; if I can be of any service to "Ahmeek" I shall be happy to do so.—NORMAN.

MOHICAN C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please to announce through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM to the brethren of the paddle and the world that tries to sell them all kinds of things, more or less valuable or trashy, that owing to my "weak understanding," caused by my illness two years ago, I resigned from the secretaryship of the Mohican C. C. last July, and retired from the active list in February of this year, when the good fellows of the Turtle Tribe made me an honorary crawler. By doing so you will relieve me of considerable correspondence and my messenger of carrying it.—FERNOW.

PEQUOT C. C.—The Pequot C. C. will hold its second annual meet at Morris Cove, East Side, New Haven, July 1 to 5. The club assembles July 1 and camps during the night at the Cove, making an early start July 2 for the Thimbles. Sunday will be spent in camp at Morris Cove. Monday, July 4, will be race day. There will be sailing and paddling races and an upset race. The club is prospering and has now twelve members. Canoeists in vicinity are cordially invited to meet with us.—PARKER LEWIS, Secretary (New Haven, Conn.).

THE A. C. A. MEET AND THE ADIRONDACKS.—The nearness of Bow-Arrow Point to the Adirondacks opens up a new cruising ground to the smaller canoes among the beautiful lakes of that region. Stoddard's new map of the Adirondacks has the A. C. A. camp marked plainly, with distance circles up to ten miles, and will be valuable to all who intend to be at the meet.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., June 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gentlemen named below have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Nathan D. Bill, Springfield, Mass.; J. M. Johnson, Norwich, Conn.; H. A. Cowles, Unionville, Conn.; Edward C. Talcott, Hartford, Conn.; Chas. E. Curtis, New Haven, Conn.; Maxton Holms, Norwich, Conn.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec. A.C.A.

BROOKLYN C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the Brooklyn C. C. will be sailed on June 18 off Fifty-fifth street, South Brooklyn. The programme includes a novice race for club members only at 11 A.M., a sailing race, 4½ miles or over, no limits to rig or ballast, open to members of all canoe clubs, and at 5 P. M. an open sailing and paddling race, 3 miles.

CAMP GROUNDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A correspondent writes to know of a good location within 150 miles of Philadelphia for a camping party, in a wild and mountainous region; also whether there is such a place on the Juniata, and if so, how it may be reached by rail.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

9. N. Y., Annual, N. Y.
10. Dorchester, 98th Regatta.
11. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
11. Buffalo, Club.
11. Great Head, Open.
11. S. C., Annual, Open, N. Y.
11. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
13. Coriuthian Annual, N. Y.
13. Quaker City, Annual, Phila.
14. Dorchester, 99th Regatta.
14. Larchmont Pen., Larchmont.
14. Atlantic, Ladies' Day.
15. Quaker City, Ladies' Day, Phila.
16. Portland, Annual.
16. Atlantic, Annual, New York.
17. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
17. Dorchester, 100th Regatta.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
20. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise down Del. River.
21. Yonkers, Annual Regatta.
22. Monatiquot, 1st cham., Weymouth.
23. Eastern, Annual, Marbleh'd.
23. Columbia, Annual, N. Y.
25. N. J., Annual, New York.
25. Boston *Globe* Open, Boston.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
26. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

ATLANTIC Y. C. 22D REGATTA, JUNE 7.

THE first of the great regattas, that of the Atlantic Y. C., was sailed on Tuesday, and in spite of bad weather a very good race was made in all classes. It was in every respect an Atlantic day, as the two leading boats of the club, Atlantic and Shamrock, took all the honors, and it would have been easy on Tuesday night to have found plenty about Bay Ridge to back either against Thistle without any allowance. The race was the first that has been sailed under the new classification lately proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM, and if entries are any test the change is certainly a success. Both first and second prizes were offered, and the class limits were conveniently near, the result being a very fair turnout of well matched yachts. The schooners did not show up well, Magic, the only entry in the large class, not starting; while in the small class only two out of five entries went the course. The starters were:

Name.	Owner.	Length. L.W.L.
CLASS B—SCHOONERS, UNDER 75FT.		
Clio	E. Winslow	68.00
Southern Cross	J. H. Hanan	65.00
Gevalia	H. W. Coates	56.00
Agnes	J. N. Winslow	55.04
Leona	E. C. Sterling	46.03
CLASS C—SLOOPS, 75FT. AND OVER.		
Galatea	Lieut. Wm. Hemn	86.00
Priscilla	A. Cass Canfield	85.63
Atlantic	D. Chauncey	84.04
CLASS D—65 TO 75FT.		
Shamrock	J. R. Maxwell	66.09
Gracie	J. P. Earle	72.02
Titania	C. O. Iselin	69.09
Stranger	G. H. Warren	65.00
Fanny	T. P. Fiske	65.00
CLASS E—56 TO 65FT.		
Huron	Bloodgood & Kelly	63.00
Hildegard	J. C. Bergen	61.00
CLASS F—48 TO 56FT.		
Cinderella	W. E. Iselin	52.00
Athlon	E. B. Havens	53.00
Roamer	J. Cartledge	48.10
CLASS G—41 TO 48FT.		
Concord	H. C. Roome	45.00
Adelaide	R. Underhill	44.06
Rover	F. C. Swan	44.08
Vixen	J. C. Richardson	44.05
Enterprise	H. H. Hogins	44.02½
Ariadne	H. W. Banks	41.00
Nirvana	H. Hall	42.00
CLASS H—35 TO 41FT.		
Rival	Hope and Capman	38.03
Wayward	F. Beltz	37.04
CLASS I—30 TO 35FT.		
Mistral	G. V. Brower	34 00
Viking	F. C. Swan	33.00
Ilderan	W. Southwick	30.02
CLASS J—26 TO 30FT.		
Arab	N. D. Lawton	28.09
Hypatia	J. Weir, Jr.	26.07
Kangaroo	A. Bertels	27.00
CLASS K—UNDER 26FT.		
Gleam	T. L. Arnold	23.01
CLASS L—OPEN SLOOPS.		
Sirene	H. E. Doremus	24.07
Pilot	E. Fish	23.08
CLASS M—CATBOATS.		
Marjorie	W. H. Langley	21.00
Mosquito	W. H. C. Leverich	20.00

The courses were: For Classes A, B, C, D and E, from the anchorage of the club off Bay Ridge, down through the Narrows, to and around Southwest Spit buoys Nos. 10 and 8½, passing to the west of same, thence to and around the Scotland lightship, keeping the same on the port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook lightship, keeping it on the port hand, thence returning to buoys Nos. 8½ and 10, going around same, keeping them on the starboard, thence to home stakeboat, going to the southward and westward of Beacon on Romer Shoal; 37 miles.

For Classes F and G, from the anchorage of the club off Bay Ridge, down through the Narrows, to and around stakeboat near buoy No. 8, off the northern point of Sandy Hook, passing to the west of the same, thence to and around the Scotland lightship, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook lightship, keeping it on the port hand, thence home, going to the southward and westward of beacon on Romer Shoal; 32 miles.

For classes H and I, from the anchorage of the club off Bay Ridge, down through the Narrows, to and around stakeboat near buoy No. 8, keeping the same on port hand; thence to and around the Scotland Lightship, keeping it on the port hand; thence home, passing to westward of beacon on Romer Shoal, 24 miles.

For classes J, K, L and M, from the anchorage of the club off Bay Ridge, down through the Narrows to and around stakeboat near buoy No. 8, keeping the same on port hand, thence home, passing to westward of beacon on Romer Shoal, 20 miles.

The finish for all classes will be at buoy No. 15, and all yachts must cross the line between said buoy and a stakeboat bearing the club flag anchored to southward and eastward of buoy.

All yachts to pass to westward of Fort Lafayette and the beacon on Romer Shoal, and to the eastward of buoys 11, 13 and 15, on west bank, both going and returning; and at home stake between buoy 15 and stake boat marking the line.

The day was cool and cloudy, the wind hanging in the east but not blowing at all, while a light drizzle fell. The fleet was ready off Bay Ridge, but at the hour set for the start there was no wind at all. About 11 A. M., however, a light breeze was felt from S.E., and all got under way, standing up the Bay against the young ebb. The starting line was between two boats moored about a quarter mile apart, in a line with the club house.

At 11:37:04 the first gun was fired and at 11:42:04 the starting gun followed. Shamrock was near the line but was obliged to tack to avoid crossing too soon, and Atlanta, breaking out jibtopsail, and with clubtopsail and balloon foresail set, was first over the line on port tack. Following her closely to windward was Titania, with Hildegarde so close on her weather quarter that boom and bowsprit were nearly interlocked, the latter hailing for room to clear the mark boat. Closely bunched came half a dozen yachts, Southern Cross, Fanny, Galatea, Stranger, Gevalia, Priscilla, Huron. Shamrock was handicapped a little and had the worst of the start. The smaller boats now struggled over, Concord nearly fouling the mark, not allowing sufficiently for the strong tide and light wind, while the little Gleam cut in very cleverly between her and the mark. All carried lower sails, jibtopsails and working topsails except the three large singletickers, who were allowed clubtopsails.

The wind was very light, but the tide carried the fleet down, Atlantic keeping over to Fort Lafayette and Shamrock following, while part of the fleet, Galatea included, held over toward the Staten Island shore. The two white boats gained by this maneuvre, Atlantic not only getting outside the Narrows first, but meeting there a better breeze a little nearer south, so that she could lay her course nicely, while Galatea, Gracie and a lot beside were well inside Fort Wadsworth and in the lee. Shamrock worked things so closely as to make up at once a big part of her lost time, and Cinderella was also walking well through the fleet. First of all outside the forts and in the new breeze, Atlantic sped rapidly down, holding to the east side of the Bay. Some distance astern were Titania and Hildegarde, then Fanny, Shamrock, Priscilla, Galatea, Huron, Stranger, Cinderella and Gracie.

At 12:20 Atlantic, still holding her spurt, was well down toward Norton's Point, while near Fort Hamilton was Titania, with Shamrock now in threatening proximity, both being on port tack, while Priscilla was astern but some distance ahead of Galatea, and holding all her lead. At 12:27 Galatea cast to starboard tack and stood in toward Gravesend Bay, Shamrock doing the same, with Titania following her, the latter still the head boat. They only held this leg for three minutes when Shamrock went on port tack again, with Titania immediately after, on her weather bow. Now came the tug as the white sloop crept up with a steady gain on the steel yacht; hand over hand she went, easily and surely through the other's lee, and within less than an hour after the start she had overcome the great lead that Titania had taken. Priscilla had held her course out in the bay longer than Galatea and had gained on the latter, but at 12:32 she tacked to the east, soon going back to her old course, which proved the best, as Galatea, further in toward Gravesend Bay, was not holding her.

Meanwhile Atlantic was nearing Buoy 10, sailing a little race of her own. Shamrock was also clear of the fleet and with the prize in her pocket, barring any unusual fluke. Of the rest of the fleet, Priscilla was still chasing Shamrock, but Titania had fallen into company with Galatea and Fanny, and all she wanted to keep her place in the trio. Off Buoy 12 Galatea ran up on Fanny's lee, but failed to force a passage, and they came to Buoy 10 together, with Titania barely ahead of them. The times were:

Atlantic	1 02 30	Titania	1 16 40
Shamrock	1 12 20	Fanny	1 16 59
Priscilla	1 13 05	Galatea	1 17 35

As the yachts made a wide turn, Atlantic in particular, holding well over toward Raritan Bay, these times are not strictly accurate, but will serve to give a good idea of the relative sailing of the boats. The wind still held as light as at the start, the water being perfectly smooth. Shamrock went on starboard tack after passing buoy 10, Priscilla holding to port tack after Atlantic, while Galatea and Fanny tacked in Shamrock's wake and Titania followed Priscilla. Atlantic held her port tack for six minutes, then went about and weathered buoy 8½ handsomely, standing on out to sea, tacking again twelve minutes later to clear the point of the Hook. Shamrock worked to the eastward, while Priscilla was still on the port tack, and when they came together off buoy 8¼ the big boat was still to leeward. Meanwhile Galatea had run through Fanny's lee, Titania had dropped astern of the pair, Huron had left Hildegarde, and Cinderella, going a shorter course and not rounding 10 and 8½, was now in among the leaders off the Hook with none of her class in sight.

At 1:30, when well off Sandy Hook, the positions were, Atlantic on starboard tack, far in the lead, Shamrock in her wake, Priscilla and Galatea still fighting their duel with the iron ship ahead of the steel one, then Titania, Fanny, Stranger, Gracie, Huron, Hildegarde and Cinderella. Some schooners had started with the fleet, but they troubled nobody and were not in the race as far as the spectators were concerned. Making out to the Scotland Lightship, Atlantic turned and was away for the Sandy Hook Lightship nearly a quarter of an hour ahead of the others. At 1:39 Shamrock went on port tack followed by the Priscilla, but while she tacked again at 1:42, standing to the eastward, Priscilla held her port tack far down the Jersey beach, not going on starboard tack until 2:30. At 1:55 Atlantic had tacked to the east, and at 2:02:20 she turned the Scotland and stood to the north for the next mark. As the others rounded they followed her, except Titania, who held on down after Priscilla. The times at the Scotland, as far as taken, were:

Atlantic	2 02 20	Priscilla	2 15 00
Shamrock	2 13 00	Galatea	2 18 00

Cinderella was holding her place bravely, though with no real competitor in her class, and Adelaide, in spite of her 46ft. length, was well up with the second class.

At Sandy Hook Lightship there was a very pretty spinaker drill as each came up on starboard tack, jibed and set her kite. Atlantic was alone while Priscilla was much smarter. Galatea rounded with her boom swung forward, swinging it aft smartly and running up the sail. Titania had her boom only slung as she turned, and some time was lost in stepping and lowering it. Cinderella was by far the best handled of the lot, breaking out as soon as she was fairly before the wind, a big feather for her Corinthian crew. The times were:

Atlantic	2 40 55	Adelaide	3 16 50
Shamrock	2 54 50	Gracie	3 19 32
Priscilla	2 59 20	Stranger	3 20 24
Galatea	3 00 05	Huron	3 21 58
Cinderella	3 06 22	Roamer	3 23 50
Titania	3 10 23	Hildegard	3 34 00
Fanny	3 14 10		

Galatea had fairly collared Priscilla at the mark and run to windward of her as they started sheet, with the intention of blanketing her, but the other slid out from under her lee and gained steadily from the turn in. The procession home was devoid of any special interest, the boats being well strung out. Wind and sea held the same until late in the afternoon, when the laggards brought a better breeze in with them, but it was too late to help the leaders. Once inside the Hook balloon jibtopsails were set in place of spinakers. Atlantic bowled along in the light breeze, seeming better suited with the weather than ever before, and there was no hope of catching her, while Shamrock was so far ahead of all others that the run was devoid of interest. With balloon jibtopsail full Atlantic ran across the line at 4:53:28, the winner of her first race. One by one the others came up, until at 6:39 the last schooner was timed.

The summary of the race is given below:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS B—SCHOONERS UNDER 75FT.				
Gevalia	11 46 08	6 07 06	6 20 58	6 13 50
Agnes	11 46 07	6 28 04	6 41 57	6 31 42
Leona	11 46 45	Withdrew.		
Southern Cross	11 45 19	5 55 32		
CLASS C—SLOOPS 75FT. AND OVER.				
Atlantic	11 44 06	4 53 28	5 03 22	5 06 50
Galatea	11 46 07	5 16 34	5 30 27	5 30 27
Priscilla	11 46 06	5 11 16	5 25 10	5 23 31
CLASS D—SLOOPS 65 AND UNDER 75FT.				
Shamrock	11 47 01	5 05 56	5 19 32	5 19 32
Titania	11 44 25	5 24 19	5 39 54	5 39 33
Fanny	11 45 33	5 29 15	5 43 42	5 39 52
Gracie	11 46 34	5 32 47	5 46 13	5 45 56
Stranger	11 46 30	5 41 45	5 55 15	5 54 08
CLASS E—SLOOPS 56 AND UNDER 65FT.				
Huron	11 45 53	5 38 16	5 52 23	5 52 23
Hildegard	11 44 32	5 44 59	6 00 27	5 59 22
CLASS F—SLOOPS 48 AND UNDER 56FT.				
Cinderella	11 50 42	5 18 56	5 23 14	5 23 14
Roamer	11 52 04	5 34 09	5 42 05	5 36 14
Athlon	11 52 04	5 42 07	5 50 03	5 48 01
CLASS G—SLOOPS 41 AND UNDER 48FT.				
Adelaide	11 49 28	5 29 57	5 40 29	5 39 34
Enterprise	11 52 04	5 44 02	5 51 50	5 49 54
Ariadne	11 51 29	5 55 10	6 03 41	5 58 01
Nirvana	11 49 24	5 55 26	6 06 02	6 00 06
Rover	11 51 18	5 47 23	5 56 05	5 55 10
Vixen	11 48 29	5 52 40	6 04 11	6 03 00
Concord	11 52 04			
CLASS H—SLOOPS 35 AND UNDER 41FT.				
Rival	11 52 04	4 46 02	4 43 58	4 43 58
Wayward	11 54 04		Withdrew.	
CLASS I—SLOOPS 30 AND UNDER 35FT.				
Ilderan	11 52 04	5 11 18	5 19 04	5 12 32
Mistral	11 50 48	5 02 32	5 11 44	5 11 44
CLASS J—SLOOPS 26 AND UNDER 30FT.				
Kangaroo	11 56 56	3 31 20	3 34 24	3 32 15
Arab	11 54 00	3 30 20	3 36 20	3 36 20
Hypatia	11 54 51	3 40 02	3 45 51	3 45 40
CLASS K—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 26FT.				
Gleam	11 54 36	3 47 02	3 42 26	3 42 26
CLASS L—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Pilot	11 57 12	4 05 24	4 08 12	4 07 09
Sirene	11 57 00	3 41 15	3 44 15	3 44 15
CLASS M—CAT RIGGED BOATS.				
Marjorie	11 57 10	3 57 15	4 00 05	4 00 05
Mosquito	11 57 12	4 10 47	4 13 35	4 12 02

While the weather was of the poorest, the breeze, such as it was, was steady in force, and the only fluke was at the start, where Atlantic certainly made a big gain. This, however, by no means accounts for her victory, as what she made then she held fairly all day, keeping her place. In the hands of Com. Fish and Capt. Terry she was excellently sailed and piloted, but this alone will not account for all of her gain, as she was well sailed last season. Whether the alterations of the winter have made any substantial improvement, or whether her performance was due in part to the special weather of Tuesday, it is impossible to say now; in the puffs and squalls of Decoration Day she certainly seemed to act very much as last season. Shamrock's performance is something that all concerned in her may well be proud of, as she had the very worst of the start, but soon overcame the handicap and practically led the fleet after the first hour. The day, of course, favored the smaller boats, but she proved herself far and away faster than all the rest, including Atlantic, as the latter had a great lead of her at the line. Priscilla and Galatea kept up a very fair ding-dong game all day, the former having the best of it and winning by 7m. on the run, after losing at the turn nearly all of what she at first gained on the windward work.

Titania thus far has done nothing with the best of her class, barely tieing Fanny for second. She has beaten Gracie and Stranger, but that counts for little beside the rest. Cinderella sailed a shorter course than the larger yachts, so cannot be compared with them; but she held her place well while sailing with them outside the Hook, and in her own class she was virtually alone. In the next class the honors go to Adelaide, the new sloop built last year by Wood Bros. for Mr. Robert Underhill. She outsailed easily all of her class, winning the Livingston Memorial prize for best elapsed time, as well as the first class prize.

The new Class E created this year, brought out only Huron and Hildegarde, Thetis not being in commission, Thistle not ready and Mischief kept out through a serious illness in her owner's family. Arrow also will go in this class if she races again, and it should be a most interesting class in the future. The beating of 16m. in twenty miles which Huron gave Hildegarde on Decoration Day in a good breeze and the 7m. she took off her on Tuesday in the sloop's weather makes a very comical sequel to the claims advanced by a writer in the June number of *Outing* on behalf of this "typical American boat." If the writer still believes that "it has as yet, however, not been demonstrated that outside lead has developed greater speed than the older type possessed," perhaps a comparison of the times made by Hildegarde, not with her class, but with Cinderella and Adelaide, allowing for the five miles more sailed by the bigger boat may convince him. Pocahontas was not able to haul out in time, and was on Mumm's ways all day, but will sail to-day in the New York Y. C. regatta. We learn that, so far from Shamrock going by the stern, as we at first predicted, she really trimmed a little by the head, with anchors and chains in place, so that her inside ballast was shifted a little aft.

THISTLE, IREX AND GENESTA.

FOR the past ten days the attention of yachtsmen here, as well as abroad, has been fixed on that portion of the southeast coast of England about the Thames, where a series of preliminary trials of the new Scotch cutter have been under way. Though the events were only the regular ones of the early British season, they have possessed a special interest this year from the presence of a boat of such different proportions, to say nothing of her great size, and her performances with two tried boats such as Irex and Genesta, have been the subject of much study and conjecture. Thistle, as all know, is wider than her competitors by 5ft., her beam being 20ft., while in length they rate: Thistle 85ft., Irex 83ft. 6in., Genesta 81ft. Thistle, entirely new, is commanded by Captain John Barr, of Neptune and Ulerin fame, and so well known here from his work in the Clara for two years. He has with him a picked crew from Clara and Marjorie, twenty men in all. Irex is this year in much the same shape that she has been for her victorious seasons of '85 and '86, with O'Neil still in command, and the same crew practically that has raced her for three years, the most thoroughly trained racing crew ever in a yacht of her size. With her is Mr. William Jamison, famous among amateurs as Barr and O'Neil are in the professional ranks. Genesta has been altered this spring to the trim in which she raced in her first year, 1884. Her outside lead has been reduced, and her sails cut down to their original dimensions prior to her transatlantic venture. She is still in the hands of Captain John Carter, a skipper who made many friends here among those who came in contact with him during Genesta's visit. Though with much smaller sails than Thistle, both Genesta and Irex carry about the same crew, 18 to 19 men each. Besides these three, the races, all open club events, brought out a scrub fleet of small yachts, and cutters and yawls in the B and C classes, whose relative performances, with small rigs and exaggerated allowances, are valueless and may be neglected.

The series of races sailed up to date number seven, through which the usual proportion of fogs and calms have been interspersed, and perhaps the fairest way to sum up Thistle's capabilities thus far is to take the general impressions that the races together give, rather than to analyze and draw conclusions from each race. To sum up thus, Thistle, with her big rig, has shown up wonderfully fast in very light weather, and also able and fast in good breezes. She has generally outsailed Irex and Genesta by a good margin, and when she has lost it seems rather to be due to too small a crew, unable to handle sail alongside of Irex, than to any radical defect in the boat herself. The opinions quoted from across the water are generally favorable, and when the work she has done beside such a boat as Irex is considered, the difference in length being only 18in., it must be allowed that for a new boat she is very fast. The time allowance she gives Irex, by the new rule,

$$\frac{\text{Length} \times \text{Sail Area}}{6{,}000}$$

is about 7min. over a 55 mile course, but the corrected times thus far are not reliable, as none of the boats have yet been officially measured. The tonnages as given approximately are: Thistle 139, Irex 106, Genesta 104. The races may be summarized as follows:

No. 1. May 28.—New Thames Y. C., Southend to Harwich, 54 miles, light winds and calms, drifting match, Thistle wins easily, beating Irex by an hour, Genesta being second and Irex third.

No. 2. May 30.—Royal Harwich Y. C., off Harwich, 35 miles, thick fog for latter part of race, Irex first, Genesta, Wendur and Thistle. Thistle sailed well in early part of race.

No. 3, May 31.—Royal Harwich Y. C., Harwich to Southend, 54 miles. The weather was fair and warm, with a fresh breeze all day, making plenty of work jibing and shifting spinakers, at which Thistle's crew is reported as being slow, probably from her being undermanned. She came in at 1.01, with Irex at 1.04 and Genesta at 1.11.

No. 4. June 1.—Royal Thames Y. C., Lower Hope around the Mouse Light and return, 50 miles. The first half of the course was to windward against a strong breeze, Thistle beating Irex first at a luffing match, and leading Genesta at the turn by 8m., and Irex by over 9m. Home free she increased her lead, the wind at times being very light, and finished at 6.00.15, with Irex 6.23.50, and Genesta 6.25.02. The race was a very fair one, without flukes, and Thistle seems to have won entirely on her merits.

No. 5. June 2.—New Thames Y. C., course as on preceding day, 50 miles. There was more wind and sea, but Thistle with an increased crew of thirty sailed as fast as in the lighter weather. She carried topsail after Irex housed hers, and led the latter by 3 miles at the turn, losing somewhat on the way home. Genesta misunderstood the starting signal and was disqualified. At one point on the way home Thistle led Irex by 13m., but they were timed: Thistle 4.43.06, Irex 4.52.13, Wendur 4.59.54. The latter, a Class C yawl, took first prize on an allowance of 24m. 12s. from Thistle.

No. 6. June 4.—Royal Thames Y. C., Nore to Dover, 80 miles. The start was made off the Nore at 10 A. M., the wind being light, N.W. Genesta and Thistle led Foxhound at the start, but she passed both, the times being at West Gaza: Foxhound, 11:43, Genesta, 11:8. Irex soon after came up with Genesta, only to drop again to third place. At noon the wind was very light and Thistle shifted to balloon jib. The Shivering Sands Buoy was passed by Thistle at 12:25:15, Irex, 12:39:50, Genesta, 12:56, and Queen Mab, 10 tons, next in order. A calm followed, and off Ramsgate Thistle ran so far out as to lose the wind, being becalmed for some time, while the others carried a good breeze inshore. Soon a squall followed, Irex shifting her yard topsail for a jibheader, while Thistle housed her topsail, she also getting up a little. The leaders were timed at the East Goodwin lightship, Irex, 4:18:18, Genesta, 4:24:30, Wendur third and Thistle fourth. From here in was a beat, Genesta leading and finishing first, the times being: Genesta, 5:54:6, Irex, 5:54:19, Thistle, 5:59:39, Wendur, 6:07:13, Neptune, 6:22:37, Sleuthhound, 6:30:37, Foxhound, 6:38:58, Sibyl, 6:39:30, the latter, 26 tons, taking the prize on allowance. Thistle seems to have sailed very well until she ran out of the wind, after which she set no topsail. It is reported that she carried away topmast, and no other reason is known for her not setting topsail again, but still she took a fair place. In rough water she is reported to be much wetter on deck than the narrow boats, but she seems able to carry her big rig as long as they can their small ones.

No. 7.—Royal Cinque Y. C., Dover, triangular course, 44 miles, good breeze all day, Thistle easily led the fleet from the start. Times at finish: Thistle, 5h. 24m. 56s.; Genesta, 5h. 35m. 45s., and the Irex, 5h. 36m. 5s.

CAPE COD Y. C.—Regatta May 30. Course, from Brewster to stakeboat off Orleans, thence around New Found Rock back to stakeboats at Brewster; distance, 7⅞ miles; weather, cloudy at start, but sunshine before finishing the race; tide, flood. Summary:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
CLASS I.					
Madge, Cummings & Howes	23.05	1 06 15	3 17 15	2 13 00	1 47 01
Percy Allen, F. S. Allen	21.03	1 06 45	3 19 30	2 12 45	1 44 46
Ariel, H. H. Sears & Co.	21.06	1 06 30	4 11 00	3 04 30	2 56 46
Guinevere, V. D. Bacon	20.10	1 07 15	4 50 00	3 48 45	3 20 08
CLASS II.					
Fawn, James Smith	23.00				
Gracie, Joshua Crowell	17.11	1 10 15	4 55 30	3 45 15	3 13 16
Iris, E. D. Crowell	17.08½	1 11 00	5 00 00	3 49 00	3 16 45
Magic, Thos. P. Lewis	17.10	1 10 15	4 58 15	3 48 00	3 15 55

Percy Allen, Madge and Ariel win in first class; Gracie, Magic and Iris in second. Wind light and baffling, mostly N.E., ending in a calm and hot. A light wind sprang up from the S.E., which enabled the second class to finish. Regatta committee and judges, D. W. Sears, Edgar Lincoln and E. Small.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Norristown, Pa.—The fifth regatta of this club was held June 4. Course 5 miles, wind light to fresh southeast, making a run to the buoy and a beat back. The start was made at 9 A. M. The finish and corrected times are as follows:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
Cocktail	15.00	10 42 24	1 40 51
Josephine	15.00	10 44 06	1 42 58
Flying Eagle	15.00	10 43 38	1 43 05
Ino	15.00	10 51 50	1 48 25
Elsie	15.00	10 54 21	1 50 56
Gracie	12.00	11 01 04	1 51 28
Lulu	15.00	10 54 23	1 53 39
Little Tycoon	16.00	11 08 55	2 08 55

The Little Tycoon carried, in addition to her 30yd. mainsail, a 7yd. jib; but it did not save her from a crushing defeat. The Gracie used two narrow weather grips in this race; she sails much better in rough water with one wide one. Her favorite grip was broken and it could not be replaced in time for this race.—E. A. L.

LARCHMONT Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA, JUNE 4.

THE spring pennant regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on June 4 over the long course of the club, from the anchorage around the buoy off Execution Light, thence around Mattinicock buoy, thence around buoy off Captain's Island, and home around Execution again, 22 miles. The smallest class, cats under 23ft., sailed the 17-mile course, omitting the Captain's Island buoy. Classes D and E had each but one entry, so the two yachts sailed together for a cup offered by Com. Alley. The principal event of the regatta was the sailing of the new Titania, this being her first race, and though she had nothing of her size against her, she beat Cinderella easily, though the course offered no windward work. The wind was from the north at the start, allowing spinakers to draw from the line to Execution, later hauling into the eastward, and finally coming out of southeast, so that spinakers were again set on the last leg from Execution to the finish. The start was made at 11:35, the order across the line being: Petrel, Santapogue, Cinderella, Fanita, Daphne, Clarita, Titania, Mariotta, Orienta, Nymph, Volusia, Punch, Fairy, Cruiser, Schemer, Nora, Lorna and Ananda. The last three were handicapped.

The big steel sloop led the fleet to the first mark, all carrying spinakers to port. The times at Execution buoy were:

Titania	11 58 30	Volusia	12 04 35
Cinderella	12 00 40	Petrel	12 04 50
Fanita	12 01 24	Sachem	12 05 06
Daphne	12 03 08	Cruiser	12 05 17
Santapogue	12 03 51	Fairy	12 06 02
Mariotta	12 03 55	Punch	12 06 38
Clarita	12 04 24	Orienta	12 06 40

The fleet hauled on the wind on port tack for the next mark, but before it was reached, the wind, lighter than at first, had headed them so that several tacks were necessary. Fanita tried a hitch to the north, but Daphne, holding on a little longer, finally went well to windward of her. The four were timed:

Titania	12 53 55	Daphne	1 07 25
Cinderella	1 03 25	Fanita	1 10 35

The positions were not changed much on the reach across to Captains Island, the times being:

Titania	1 25 20	Daphne	1 41 00
Cinderella	1 35 10	Fanita	1 43 30

The next leg allowed spinakers to port before a very light breeze, and Titania gained so much on Cinderella that she was at the line before her rival turned Execution buoy. Fanita had also gained on her rival and led her at the buoy, the time not being taken. As Cinderella turned the mark a nice breeze came in from southeast, before which she set her spinaker to starboard and ran quickly home. The full times were:

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS—60 TO 75FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Titania	11 38 17	3 19 37	3 41 20	3 41 20

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS—52 TO 60FT.

Cinderella	11 36 41	3 42 23	4 05 42	4 05 42

CLASS I.—CABIN SLOOPS—42 TO 50FT.

Fanita	11 36 45	3 43 58	4 07 13	4 07 13
Daphne	11 37 23	3 44 46	4 07 13	4 07 13

CLASS II.—CABIN SLOOPS—33 TO 42FT.

Schemer	11 42 47	3 56 40	4 13 53	. . .
Santapogue	11 36 38	3 57 50	4 21 12	. . .
Volusia	11 41 14	4 11 21	4 30 07	. . .
Clarita	11 37 56	4 13 38	4 35 42	. . .

CLASS III.—CABIN SLOOPS—25 TO 33FT.

Nymph	11 40 16	4 04 11	4 23 55	. . .

CLASS IV.—CABIN SLOOPS—UNDER 25FT.

Nora	11 45 00	Not timed.		

CLASS V.—OPEN SLOOPS—OVER 25FT.

Lorna	11 45 00	3 49 24	4 04 24	3 56 02
Ananda	11 45 00	3 48 11	4 03 11	3 58 42
Mariotta	11 39 40	Not timed.		

CLASS VII.—CAT RIGGED—UNDER 23FT.

Fairy	11 41 31	3 46 17	4 04 46	4 04 26
Orienta	11 40 10	3 47 08	4 06 58	4 06 48
Cruiser	11 42 14	4 01 22	4 19 08	4 16 09
Petrel	11 36 27	4 04 27	4 28 00	4 28 00
Punch	11 41 25	Not timed.		

The Regatta Committee included Messrs. H. B. Willard, G. L. Forman and F. C. Griffiths.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. RACE, JUNE 13.

THE latest addition to the New York yacht clubs, the Corinthian, starts its second year with a race that promises to be one of the most interesting and important of the spring regattas, the details being so arranged, as will be seen by the following conditions, as to encourage a large number of entries from the ranks of those amateurs who race for the sake of sport rather than prizes. In two respects the programme differs from the ordinary ones; there is no attempt to give big prizes, and the yachts will be tried by three different ratings. In the matter of prizes, the departure is certainly a radical one, as in place of money prizes of one to two hundred dollars the club will give only pewter mugs, standing as record of the race. Of course, while prizes are necessary, yachtsmen have little respect for the man who races merely for money, and it will be a very interesting experiment to see how many will go in simply for the sport, with no hope of a money prize. The classification, that introduced by the FOREST AND STREAM, is ample, giving fair chances to every size of boat, the courses are good and the prizes should be sufficient to induce all to enter, as every owner has the chance to prove his boat the best in her class in a record race, and this is certainly far more than any money prize. The experiment of placing the three leading systems of measurement side by side under equal conditions is likely to throw some valuable light on this most important subject. In any given class it is generally not difficult to say which boat is best, or which won on her merits, and a comparison of the results of the three systems with the general opinion as to the boats cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. This first venture of the new club is certainly in the best interests of sport, and well calculated to advance yacht racing in New York, and yachtsmen can best show their appreciation of these efforts by full entries in the race.

The race, open to all yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club, will be sailed in New York harbor June 13. It is proposed to give three prizes in each class, all of equal value, one to the winning yacht on a rating of sail area, one to the winning yacht on a rating of load water line length, and one to the winning yacht on a rating of load waterline length and sail area combined. It will thus be seen that each yacht has the chance of winning three prizes. It is the object of the club to foster the spirit of racing for the sake of the sport and the best interests of yachting, rather than for the money value of the prizes, and it is hoped that owners of boats belonging to other clubs will support this policy by a large entry. It is particularly desired that the entries include various types of boats, and to that end prizes are offered under three systems of measurement. The prizes will be pewter mugs suitably inscribed, and besides the mugs to the winning boats, a mug will be given to each amateur member of each winning crew. The courses are as follows:

No. 1. 37 Statute Miles.—Starting from an imaginary line between club steamer and Fort Wadsworth, to buoy 10 on the southwest spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook Lightship; keeping it on the starboard hand, and return over the same course to buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15 on the west bank, and outside of buoy 5 on the point of Sandy Hook, going and returning.

No. 2. 30 Statute Miles.—From the same starting line to buoy 10 on the southwest spit, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around buoy 8½, keeping it on the port hand, thence to and around Scotland Lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return over the same course to buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15 on the west bank, and outside of buoy 5 on the point of Sandy Hook, going and returning.

No. 3. 22 Statute Miles.—From the same starting line to buoy 10½, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to and around buoy 1, off Point Comfort, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to the finish line, buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15 on the west bank, going and returning. If a stakeboat is anchored off buoy 1 it is to be rounded instead of the buoy.

No. 4. 15 Statute Miles.—From the same starting line, to and around buoy 10 on the east bank, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to and around buoy 10½, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to finish line, buoy 15, keeping to the eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13 and 15, going and returning.

The finish must be made across an imaginary line between the judges' steamer or the station boat and buoy 15. The first, second and third classes will sail course No. 1. The fourth and fifth classes No. 2. The sixth class No. 3. The seventh and eighth classes No. 4.

All yachts will be classed according to the load waterline length, as follows: First class, 65ft. and less than 75ft.; second class, 56ft. and less than 65ft.; third class, 48ft. and less than 56ft.; fourth class, 41ft. and less than 48ft.; fifth class, 35ft. and less than 41ft.; sixth class, 30ft. and less than 35ft.; seventh class, 26ft. and less than 30ft.; eighth class, less than 26ft.

The three racing ratings upon which time allowance is to be computed will be as follows, viz.: First—The square root of the area of lower sails and working gafftopsails. Second—Length on load waterline. Third—Half the sum of the square root of the area of the sails (lower sails and working gafftopsails), added to length on load waterline. Time allowances will be applied to the above ratings, according to the table of allowances in use by the New York Y. C. Entries must be made in writing or telegraph, to the secretary, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, 55 Beaver street, New York, before noon, June 11, or at the club house, Tompkinsville, before 9 o'clock on the morning of the race. The names of the amateurs in the crew must be declared at time of entry, and the entry must also declare length on load waterline and the area of sails (lower sails and working gafftopsails). There will be no restrictions in regard to sails, or the manner of setting or working them. Crews are limited to one man for each 5ft. of length on deck or fractional part. One man in three may be a member of the regular crew of the yacht; all others must be amateurs and an amateur must steer. Schooners and yawls may enter at one-third and one-quarter less than their actual measurement respectively, but shall not be classified by this reduced rating. The race will be sailed under the sailing regulations of the club, copies of which may be had by applying to the secretary, No. 55 Beaver street.

CEDAR POINT Y. C.

THE open regatta of the Cedar Point Y. C., sailed on May 30, was a complete success. The day opened with prospects of rain and with considerable fog, but cleared before the hour of starting; the wind was S.S.E., blowing a nice wholesail breeze. The course was from off Hill's Point to a stakeboat five miles, bearing S. by E., thence to a stakeboat one mile west of Penfield Reef light, thence to place of starting. The first gun was fired at 12 M. and the gun for Class C was fired five minutes later. The boats went off well together and no accidents occurred during the race. When the outside stakeboat was rounded the wind shifted to S. by E., making two sides of the race on the wind.

The Americus, Capt. Ed Sturtevant, with her butterfly rig, easily outsailed the entire fleet, with the Alice and Go Softly next. The following is the summary:

CLASS C, SLOOP-RIGGED BOATS 33FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.
Nellie, H. C. Eno	12 05 30	4 01 00	3 55 30
Silvia, E. S. Hall	12 06 10	4 08 15	4 02 05
Teal, F. Burritt	12 07 11	3 47 08	3 39 57
Helene, W. E. Bond	12 07 10	4 08 47	4 01 37

CLASS D, OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS, 25FT. AND UNDER.

Number 4, S. S. Dayton	12 11 17	3 51 10	3 39 53
Alice, Ed Smith	12 11 05	3 43 40	3 32 35
Americus, Ed Sturtevant	12 11 55	3 18 30	3 06 35
Tilda Jane, L. K. Young	12 11 40	4 08 05	3 56 25
Tripoli, Capt. Fredericks	12 11 40	4 10 15	3 58 35

CLASS E, CAT-RIGGED BOATS, 21FT. AND UNDER.

Compo, Bradley Bros	12 18 08	4 17 00	3 58 52
Go Softly, E. S. Wheeler	12 17 47	3 53 32	3 35 45
Peggy, A. D. Sanford	12 15 35	4 00 45	3 44 50
Anna, J. H. Jennings	12 15 57	3 59 30	3 43 33
Katie, J. Mulloy	12 17 23	Did not finish.	

Best time over course—Americus first, Alice second, Go Softly third.

In Class C—Teal wins, with Helene second on corrected time.

In Class D—Americus wins, with best actual time over the course, with Alice second.

In Class E—Go Softly wins, with Anna second.

MONATIQUOT Y. C.—The opening race of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed off Weymouth on Decoration Day for cash prizes. Owing to the counter-attraction of the open regatta at South Boston a large number of the club boats were absent:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Posy, sloop, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 53 50	1 25 29
Polly, sloop, J. F. Sheppard	26.09	1 53 43	1 29 31

SECOND CLASS.

Diadem, sloop, L. Hayward	18.06	2 02 07	1 29 31
Maud, sloop, G. M. Lincoln	18.10	2 04 32	1 32 22
Spider, cat, A. E. Pratt	18.10	2 11 57	1 39 47
Hester, cat, P. H. Blackman	18.07	Not taken.	

HUDSON RIVER Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 6.—The annual regatta of the Hudson River Y. C. was sailed on June 6 in a light southerly breeze, the courses being: For classes A, B, C, D and E to Yonkers and return, and for Class F to Spuyten Duyvil Creek and return. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 40FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alexander F	11 42 13	7 13 55	7 31 42	7 08 09

CLASS B—OPEN BOATS, 26 TO 30FT.

J. T. Corlett	11 44 15	6 36 12	6 51 57	6 51 57

CLASS C—SLOOPS, 23 TO 26FT.

Clara S	11 45 03	7 13 17	7 27 44	7 26 19

CLASS D—SLOOPS, 20 TO 23FT.

Geo. B. Deane	11 42 10	7 10 43	7 28 33	7 27 13

CLASS F—ALL BOATS UNDER 18FT.

Tough	11 34 35	5 03 00	5 28 25	5 25 47
Happy Thought	11 35 05	5 21 00	5 46 55	5 42 25
Richark K. Fox	11 36 10	5 44 00	6 07 50	6 07 50

OSWEGO Y. C. CRUISE, May 28-30.—The cruise of the Oswego Y. C. to Big Sodus was arranged as a regular race, the times at start and finish being carefully taken. The start was ordered for 1 P. M., and at that time, besides the committee boat, Ross, the steam yachts Ruth and Aida were ready to accompany the fleet. The wind was light, the latter part of the race being made under spinakers. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merle	3 51 30	3 50 27
Ella	5 54 06	3 54 06
Katie Gray	4 10 00	4 05 37
Laura	4 14 02	4 09 53
Cricket	4 18 50	4 08 42
Fascination	4 55 43	4 48 45

Merle is the new Burgess boat owned by Allan Ames. The Rochester Y. C. was to rendezvous also at Big Sodus, but the wind was so light that the fleet was obliged to tow, arriving early Sunday morning, the yachts being the Ripple, Ethel, Lady Eva, Petrel, Armida, Nokomis, Florence, Mary E. and Lily, with two launches. In the afternoon a review of the combined fleet was held, and on May 30 the yachts sailed for Rochester and Oswego.

PORTLAND Y. C. OPENING CRUISE, MAY 28-30.—The annual spring cruise came off May 29 and 30, seven of the yachts participating. Orders were issued May 21 for a cruise down the bay, starting at 3 P. M. on Saturday the 28th, returning the following Tuesday, but a severe easterly storm necessitated a postponement until the 29th, six boats starting then in fog and drizzle, and beating down to Hamilton's on the north side of Great Chebeague Island, where we lay comfortably until the morning of Decoration Day, which dawned cloudy with light wind from S. W. By 10 o'clock the sun came out bright and hot, and getting under way we made a short cruise in company around the island and up the Sound to Diamond Cove, 5 miles below the city, came to anchor, lay there an hour for dinner, and returned to the city by 6 o'clock. Although a short trip, this was none the less enjoyable, some thirty-five or more making up the party, including members and guests. In accordance with custom, an invitation to join the fleet was extended to yacht owners not members of the club, and the owner of the sloop Twilight, with a pleasant party, accepted and accompanied us, making a welcome addition. The boats kept in company during the entire trip, and as our club is essentially Corinthian, nearly all the owners handling their own yachts, there was much good-natured rivalry for advantage. The yachts taking part in the cruise were the Tempus (flagship), Idler (vice-Commodore), Warren, Gracie, Starlight, Clarence, Vera and Twilight, four sloops, one catboat and three sloops with cutter rig. Thus far this season the weather has been capricious, all our predicted westerly winds coming from the northeast; materially interfering with several contemplated private cruises to the eastward. Since the curtailment of the spring expedition, members are considering a fall cruise some time in September. Our club is prospering and its membership increasing. We shall be happy at all times to extend to visiting yachts such privileges and accommodations as our house and landing float afford.—K.

BOATBUILDING IN THE WEST.—We have received from R. J. Douglas & Co., Waukegan, Ill., their large catalogue of pleasure craft, including sailing yachts of 50ft. and over, steam yachts, sailboats, canoes, rowboats and hunting skiffs. The drawings are especially good, showing the lines of the boats, also sail and interior plans, and will prove very useful to persons at a distance. The boats built by Douglas & Co. are all of their own design, and the models in all classes are excellent. They make a specialty of several sizes of yachts, 20ft. x 8ft. 6in. by 18ft. draft, 25ft. x 10ft. 5in. by 3ft. draft, and steam launches of 40ft. x 7ft. 8in. and smaller sizes. By building to carefully prepared plans and having great advantage in obtaining suitable timber they are able to turn out these boats at very reasonable prices.

YACHTING AT DULUTH.—Duluth, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have sold before in columns of FOREST AND STREAM that Duluth was a beautiful city, that she possessed the finest yachting grounds anywhere on the chain of the great lakes, and we still think so. The inside bay, protected by Minnesota Point, a spur of land seven miles long and of sufficient width to keep any severe northeasters from intruding into the almost land-locked harbor. To yachtsmen who are looking for a summer cruise, look over a map of Lake Superior. At the extreme western end, from Bark Point to Duluth, a run of 40 miles, is admirable yachting grounds. Plenty of deep water, not a shoal spot in this run, and the road is about mid lake. The water shoals on the Wisconsin side out into the lake for some distance, but on the north shore the scenery is wild, bluffy, and at times grand. Boats can sometimes run in almost close to shore, but close as this rocks are found. The whole north shore is deeply scored with streams that abound in trout. The Wisconsin shores are famous for their trout streams, so that this Fon-du-lac Bay, as the old maps call it, 40 miles long and from 14 to 20 miles wide, presents an attractive and interesting ground for the yachtsman and pleasure seeker.—NORMAN.

LAKE'S IMPROVED STEERERS.—The Lake Manufacturing Company has lately opened an office in New York, at 291 Broadway, for the sale of their steering apparatus for yachts and larger vessels. This firm makes a specialty of the automatic holding or non-holding gear invented by Mr. Lake, in which the wheel is never locked but always free to be moved by hand, but at the same time the rudder is automatically locked fast, unlocking itself as soon as the wheel is moved. If desired the gear may be readily changed in a moment so as to leave the rudder free to swing. The same arrangement is fitted to use on a tiller instead of a wheel. The wheel gears are made in several varieties, single gear, double gear, and a special style for yachts with an outboard rudder, the gear being joined to the rudder head by wire ropes, so that it may be placed as far forward as may be desirable. The firm also manufacture a plain quadrant gear of excellent construction, and a powerful screw steerer, samples of which can be seen at the office in New York or at 608 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

YACHTING LITERATURE IN GERMANY.—The increased interest in yachting in Germany is shown in the greater attention lately given to its literature, which now boasts several bright and enterprising periodicals devoted to water sports. Among these the *Wassersport* holds a leading place, and its publishers have also added several books already to the library of the German yachtsman. The latest of these, now being issued in parts, is the "Sailor's Handbook, by A. Munchall-Viebrook, Lieutenant in the Prussian navy. This work, a large octavo, deals with the design, construction and handling of yachts, both in theory and practice. It is fully illustrated with large plates, and promises to become the standard work in the German language.

SHIFTING BALLAST AGAIN.—Just at this time, when nearly all clubs have given up the practices of shifting ballast and unlimited crews and sails, and the New England Y. R. A. is doing such good work in aid of better principles, it is rather surprising to see a large and prominent club like the South Boston Y. C., go back to the old ways. At the meeting last week it was decided to alter the sailing rules so as to allow shifting ballast in all races and also to remove the restrictions on sails. It is too late at this day for such action to have any serious effect outside the club, as the majority of yachtsmen are thoroughly in favor of fixed ballast and limited crews and sails, but the effect on the club itself is certain to be injurious in the long run.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—At the last regular meeting of the New Jersey Y. C., the date of the 15th annual regatta was changed from June 16 to June 25. The club intends this as an experiment, and proposes starting the race at 1 P. M., sailing over a triangular course from stakeboat in front of club house to a stakeboat in the region of Seventieth street, New York, and thence to Jersey shore, turning another stakeboat, and thence to place of starting, sailing over this course twice, making 15 miles. The cutter Mermaid, W. D. Anderson, Jr., arrived from Fall River on May 31, and is anchored off the club house. The sloop Wayward, Mr. Fred Beltz, has arrived from Port Jefferson, L. I., where she was fitted out. She is painted white this season.

THE SAILING OF FORTUNA.—After waiting for several days on account of an easterly storm, Fortuna sailed on June 3 from Marblehead for Greenock, Scotland, having her owner, ex-Com. Hovey, and Mr. Chas. A. Longfellow on board. Gitana was at Marblehead and accompanied her for a short distance, and a number of other yachts saluted her as she passed out. Fortuna carries her foretopmast on the mainmast, and no stick on the foremast. At 12:50 P. M. she passed Marblehead Rock, the wind fresh from S.W.

SHINNECOCK BAY.—A number of new boats have been added to the fleet, and there will be more racing than usual this year. The Modito, 20ft. on keel, a yacht that has never been beaten, has been purchased by Peter Gilsey, while Messrs. Bellows and Corwin have each a new 18ft. boat, making 9 in first class. In the second class, 16ft. on keel, are Fannie, James Carter; Flying Cloud, F. Carter; Comet and J. Perry's boat. In third class, 15ft. on keel, are a number of boats.

CIRCE.—The last addition to the fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. arrived at New York on June 5 on the deck of the steamer Ethiopia, from Glasgow, the five-tonner Circe, lately purchased by Captain S. Grosvenor Porter. She is 33ft. 4in. stem to sternpost on deck, 6ft. 1½in. beam, and draws about 6ft. 6in., designed by Watson and built at Barrow-in-Furness, in 1881. In size she will make a mate for Delvin, now in the club, but the latter is a more modern boat.

YOKOHOMA SAILING CLUB.—We have received from Mr. J. O. Averill, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for several years a resident of Japan, a copy of the sailing rules of the Yokohoma Sailing Club. The boats are rated under a formula—

$$\sqrt[3]{\text{Sail Area} \times \text{Length}} = \text{Sailing Length},$$

the time scale of the Y. R. A. being used, but it is provided that the new Y. R. A. rule may be adopted if deemed satisfactory. A race is sailed on each alternate Saturday from May 1 to Oct. 15.

ATLANTIC Y. C. LADIES' DAY.—June 14 is set for the ladies' day of the Atlantic Y. C., and a reception will be given at the club house at 2:30 P. M. A regatta will be sailed over an 8-mile course in the bay, ladies being carried on each yacht. In the evening there will be music and refreshment and an illumination of the fleet. If the day is stormy the entertainment will take place on June 15.

EASTERN Y. C. REGATTA.—The date last fixed for this race is June 21, the course for all yachts above 40ft. being from off Half Way Rock (outside Marblehead) to a mark boat off Davis's Ledge, off Nantasket Beach, distance 12 miles; thence to mark boat 12 miles out to sea, thence to point of starting, a triangular course of 36 miles. The Shadow-Shona class will sail out to first mark and back, 24 miles.

THE BOSTON GLOBE OPEN REGATTA, JUNE 25.—The circulars for the regatta given by the *Boston Globe* for fishing boats over 60ft. and for all yachts under 40ft. sailing length are now ready, and may be had of G. F. Clarke, 43 Milk street, Boston, Mass.

SPORT.—This keel schooner, said to be the oldest yacht in the United States, built in 1819, was sold at auction last week for $400. She has been re-built five times and only the keelson of the original boat is left.

LIGHT DUES FROM IMPORTED YACHTS.—By a recent decision of the Treasury Department, foreign built yachts owned by citizens of the United States must pay 50 cents per ton light dues.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—At the meeting last week Mr. Adrian Wilson delivered a very interesting lecture on practical sail-making, illustrating his remarks by diagrams on a blackboard.

CLUB BOOKS.—We have received the books of the Atlantic and Hull clubs for 1887.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it,* not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS



For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry.
500 PAGE BOOK on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation.
A. A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
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Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Price, Single Bottle (over 50 doses), .60
Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HILL ON THE DOG.
THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.
Price $2.00.
For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Fluttering Fly.
PATENTED MAY 4, 1886.



THE FLUTTERING FLY.
Patented May 4th, 1886.

With the exception of our Patent Compensating Reels and Section Bamboo Rods which we introduce to the pu blic, this fly, invented by Mr. Wakeman Holberton, is unquestionably the greatest and most radical improvement in fis hing tackle ever made. The chief points of manifest superiority of this method of tying flies over the old-fashioned way are:

1st—The wonderfully life-like and fluttering motion this fly has when moved on the water.

2d—The fish is almost certain to be hooked if it touches the fly.

3d—Any of the present favorite combinations of color and form can be tied in this way. Thus, those who beli eve that fish are attracted by particular colors or forms of fly, can have their old patterns in the patent style.

4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

Scientific American: "When so arranged the wings offer less resistance to the air in casting. As the fly is slowly drawn toward the angler the wings expand, and give it a fluttering, life-like motion, much more alluring to the fish."

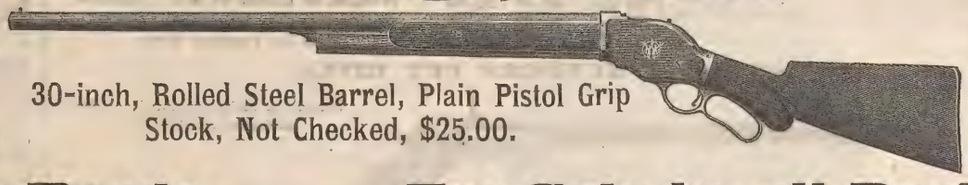
Forest and Stream: " * * * more like a natural insect than the old patterns whose wings close when being drawn through the water. * * * Great merit lies in its superior hooking qualities. A fish cannot nip at the wings or tail, but swallows the hook before any part of the fly."

American Angler: "There is no question as to the killing qualities of this fly. All fish are attracted more by the action of the fly than by color or form. * * * This fly will certainly, when drawn against the current or over a placid pool, *seam* the surface with an attractive wake, and its expanded wings will create a fluttering motion, assimilating the struggles of a live insect. * * * We are told that few fish are lost by those who use this fly. We do not doubt it.'

ABBEY & IMBRIE, Manufacturers of Every Description of Fine Fishing Tackle,
18 Vesey Street (Fourth door from the Astor House), **New York.**

WINCHESTER
Repeating Shotgun.
12-Gauge, 6 Shot.

Safe, Quick.



30-inch, Rolled Steel Barrel, Plain Pistol Grip Stock, Not Checked, $25.00.

A New System.

Now Ready. For Sale by all Dealers.

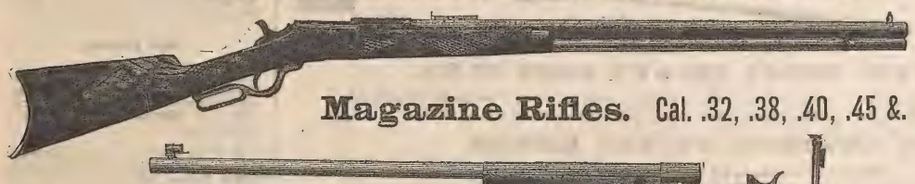
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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
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Magazine Rifles. Cal. .32, .38, .40, .45 & .50 EXPRESS.



Target Rifle.

New Detachable and Interchangeable Barrel Rifle, cals. .22, .32, .38, rim and center fire, now ready. The most convenient and reliable interchangeable barrel rifle made for target and hunting purposes.

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Camping or Fishing Tents
OF ALL KINDS, SHAPES AND SIZES.



Yacht and Canoe Sails of most approved styles. Also awnings for store fronts, windows, yacht boats, etc. New style of Canoe Tents made at low figures. Flags, Burgees and covers of all kinds. Camp Stoves, Camp Chairs, Sacking Bottoms, Hammocks, all kinds of Fancy Tents, and in fact anything made from canvas when an intelligent description is given of what may be needed. My beautifully illustrated circular now ready. Send stamp for price list. Address S. HEMMENWAY, 60 South st. N. Y. City.

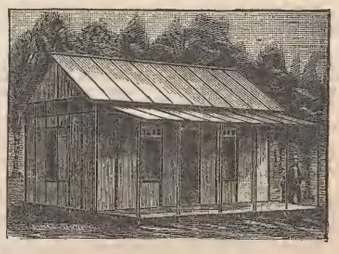
JAS. F. MARSTERS,
55 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN. DEALER IN
Fine Fishing Tackle.

First Quality Goods at Lower Prices than any other House in America.

Marster's Celebrated Fish Hooks, all ready snelled. Sproat, Limerick, Kirby Limerick, Carlisle, Sneck Bent, O'Shaughnessy, Aberdeen, Chestertown and Centripetal. Any of the above snelled on single gut, 15cts. per doz.; double gut, 20cts. per doz.; treble, 30cts. per dozen. Send 2-cent stamp for catalogue for sizes. Sample one-half dozen of any of the above sent by mail on receipt of price. Trout and Bass Gut Leaders, single gut, 1yd., 5cts.; 2yds., 10cts.; 3yds., 15 cts. Special arrangements to reliable parties to act as agents.

J. F. MARSTERS, 55 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE GRAND RAPIDS
PORTABLE COTTAGES



Are briefly described as follows: The sides and roof are 3-ply Veneer, *the fastenings are iron pins, no nails or screws being used.* Can be easily put up or taken down without mutilation. Are very light and durable, and are furnished in different sizes and designs.

Illustrated catalogue mailed on applica ion.
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MANUFACTURER'S AGENTS.

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—BY—
GEO. W. SEARS.
("NESSMUK.")

Large octavo, 208 pages, printed on heavy paper, bound in cloth, gold lettering, with a portrait of the author. Price, $1.50.

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Salmon Fishing in Canada.

We have the largest stock in America of Forrest & Son's celebrated Salmon Flies, Rods, Reels, Casting Lines, etc., etc. We have everything in Fishing Tackle for the successful capture of Salmon and Trout in Canadian waters. American anglers can obtain their complete outfit from us far below New York prices. Spliced Salmon and Trout Rods a specialty. Salmon and Trout Rods made to order and repaired. W. W. Greener's Guns, Eley Bros. Ammunition, Curtis & Harvey's Diamond Grain Powder, Clay Pigeons, Blackbirds, Glass Balls, Traps and all kinds of sporting goods. Send stamp for 42-p. illustrated catalogue.

T. W. BOYD & SON, 1641 Notre Dame st., Montreal, Canada.

J. STEVENS' ARMS AND TOOL CO. CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

EXTRACTS from actual letters received. The full name of any party can be had on application.

I can truly say I have never seen an imperfect gun from the Stevens' factory. Dr. A. R. O., Dundee, N. Y.

I killed 5 turkeys out of 6 shots 40 rods, and then was ruled out, pretty good for a 32 caliber, and wind blowing. F. H. P., Crown Point, N. Y.

I received the Rifle all right, and parties are well satisfied with it; they have shot a bull's-eye of 1½ in the centre at 15 rods. Every one thinks it is a fine gun. C. W. Y., Barton, Wash. Co., Wis.

Just received the 38 caliber Stevens' Rifle. My first target was 4 bull's-eyes and one shot ¼ inch from the eye, out of 5 shots. I then wiped out my gun and made 2 bull's-eyes on a 6 inch target at 200 yards, in succession. You can cheerfully add my testimonial, as I think for accuracy and penetration the Stevens' Rifle cannot be beaten. F. H. P., Crown Point, N. Y.

My Pocket Rifle is the best shooter in the country. I have killed ducks 200 yards with it. M. E. H., Tule Lake, Oregon.

The Stevens' Pistols take the cake everywhere. L.W.C., Seymour, Ct.

I recently made 18 out of possible 20 at 200 yards, with my 32 cal. Stevens' Rifle. F. D. S., Dubuque, Ia

I have tested my Stevens' Rifle; it will shoot 300 yards accurately. It is a daisy. D. R. B., Somerset, Ky.

At the shooting match here on the 4th, I beat everything with my Stevens' Rifle No. 7, 32 cal., making 48 out of 50 at 200 yards off-hand. 11 clubs shot. W. H. H., Presque Isle.

I have one of your 10 inch 22 cal. old Model Rifles. It has seen 14 years' service, and is still a good shooter. I consider it one of the best weapons I have ever seen. W. F. B., Raleigh, N. C.

The new Model Pocket Rifle is worth its weight in gold. D. F., Mt. Vernon, Ind.

I have at the present time 5 Stevens' Rifles, and they are all good ones. C. O. F., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

I shot at a chicken 100 yards measured distance with a Stevens' 28 in. 22 cal. Rifles and hit it the second shot. Also shot at its head sticking through a board at 50 yards and killed it the first shot, shooting being done off-hand. F. M. McM., Star, Rush Co., Ind.

I fired 100 yards at a 6 inch ring and hit it twice out of three times. Am very much pleased with my Stevens' Rifle. C. C. H., Hallowell, Minn.

I must say I fully believe the Stevens' Rifles are as near perfection as is possible. I shall recommend Stevens' goods in all places. I can't tell you how I enjoy the Little Pet. G. D. W., Chesterfield, Me.

The Hunter's Pet is all you said it was. It is good for any distance from one to two hundred yards. H. & T., Eminence, Ky.

I think my Stevens' Rifle is a splendid little Gun to shoot. I can hit a place as big as a half dollar 12 rods every time. F. W. H., South Stratford, Vt.

My Stevens' Rifle takes the cake every time. L. H., Lawrence, Mass.

I have a Stevens' Hunter's Pet, 24 inch, 32 cal., and I have never had it beat yet. S. S. L., Halcottville, N. Y.

The little Stevens' Rifle I bought last Fall proved satisfactory in every respect. I have made some wonderful shots with it. I killed a hawk 250 yards and squirrels 100 yards. G. W. L., M.D., Cayuga, Hinds Co., Miss.

I have used a Stevens' Rifle for 2 years, 22 cal., and has given me perfect satisfaction. J. S. M., Greenville, S. C.

In regard to its shooting I never saw a Rifle that could equal my little Stevens. A. R. O., Dundee, N. Y.

I should like to testify to the merits of the Stevens' Rifle which I have. It is 10 inch, 32 caliber. During the last summer I have killed 27 woodchucks and have not made a specialty of hunting them either. A. W. U., Kensington, Conn.

STEVENS' "PREMIER" RIFLES, Nos. 7 and 8.



Swiss Stock with Fore-end, Vernier, Open Back Sight and Long or Beach Globe Sight, as preferred.
Shall send with Beach Front Sight unless otherwise ordered.

Rim or Center Fire.

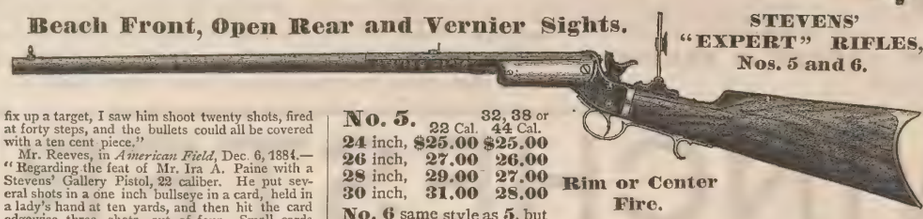
American Field, Jan. 10, 1885.—"The next gun was a 22 caliber Stevens, and a pair of beautiful pistols, made by Stevens, on the Lord pattern. These weapons Dr. Carver uses on the stage, and does all his fancy shooting with. I saw him during the morning shoot with these pistols, in two consecutive shots, two half dollars thrown in the air, and he sent them whizzing away with holes nearly through the center of both. Opening a window, and calling upon Hans (one of his attendants) to fix up a target, I saw him shoot twenty shots, fired at forty steps, and the bullets could all be covered with a ten cent piece."

Mr. Reeves, in *American Field*, Dec. 6, 1884.—"Regarding the feat of Mr. Ira A. Paine with a Stevens' Gallery Pistol, 22 caliber. He put several shots in a one inch bullseye in a card, held in a lady's hand at ten yards, and then hit the card edgewise three shots out of four. Small cards measuring four and a half by three inches were then substituted with three spots in the center of the card, like the three of hearts when he put a shot through each heart. The next feat was firing at a walnut and grape placed on the top of his wife's head, on a small pedestal about one inch high. He knocked the grape off the first shot, and then the walnut at the second shot, all at the same distance—ten yards."

No. 7.	22 Cal.	32, 38 or 44 Cal.
24 inch,	**$29.00**	**$29.00**
26 inch,	**31.00**	**30.00**
28 inch,	**33.00**	**31.00**
30 inch,	**35.00**	**32.00**

No. 8 same style as **7**, but fancy Stock, **$2.00** extra.

Beach Front, Open Rear and Vernier Sights.



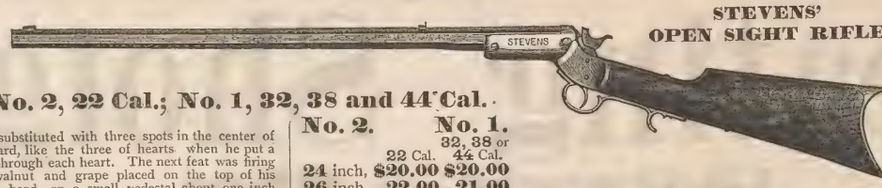
STEVENS' "EXPERT" RIFLES, Nos. 5 and 6.

Rim or Center Fire.

No. 5.	22 Cal.	32, 38 or 44 Cal.
24 inch,	**$25.00**	**$25.00**
26 inch,	**27.00**	**26.00**
28 inch,	**29.00**	**27.00**
30 inch,	**31.00**	**28.00**

No. 6 same style as **5**, but fancy Stock, **$2.00** extra.

No. 2, 22 Cal.; No. 1, 32, 38 and 44 Cal.



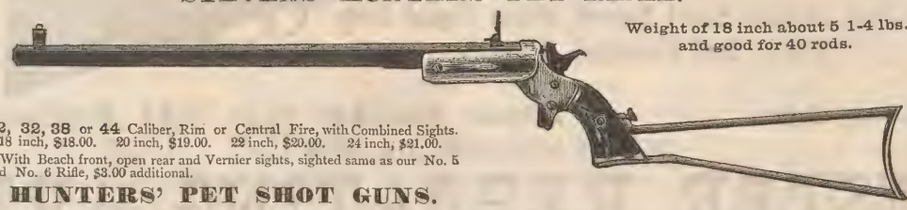
STEVENS' OPEN SIGHT RIFLE.

	No. 2. 22 Cal.	**No. 1.** 32, 38 or 44 Cal.
24 inch,	**$20.00**	**$20.00**
26 inch,	**22.00**	**21.00**
28 inch,	**24.00**	**22.00**
30 inch,	**26.00**	**23.00**

Fancy Stock, **$2.00** extra.

Weight of Rifles 6½ to 8½ pounds, according to Size and Length. Rim or Center Fire.

STEVENS' HUNTERS' PET RIFLE.



Weight of 18 inch about 5 1-4 lbs. and good for 40 rods.

22, 32, 38 or 44 Caliber, Rim or Central Fire, with Combined Sights.
18 inch, $18.00. 20 inch, $19.00. 22 inch, $20.00. 24 inch, $21.00.

With Beach front, open rear and Vernier sights, sighted same as our No. 5 and No. 6 Rifle, $3.00 additional.

HUNTERS' PET SHOT GUNS.

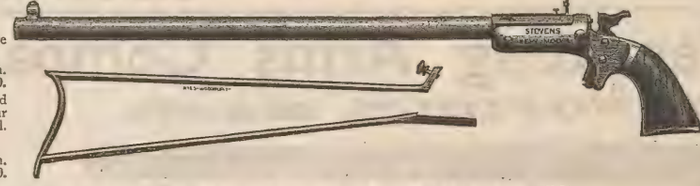
Same style and price of the above, to use the Stevens' Reloading Central Fire Shell, 38 or 44 Cal. or 20 Gauge Brass Shell.

NOTE.—Central Fire Hunters' Pet Rifle Barrels and Shot Barrels fitted to same frame when so ordered. Price of 18 inch, extra, $10.00.

Price of 18 inch Shot Barrel, - - - $10.00
Mahogany Cases for Pet, - - - - 5.00

STEVENS' NEW MODEL POCKET RIFLES.

Weight of 10 inch about 2 pounds.



22 or 32 Cal., Rim or Center Fire with Combined Sights.

10 inch.	12 inch.	15 inch.	18 inch.
$12.25.	$13.25.	$15.00.	$16.50.

With Beach front, open rear and Vernier sights, sighted same as our No. 5 and No. 6 Rifle, $3.00 additional.

Extra Barrels, only, full sighted.

10 inch.	12 inch.	15 inch.	18 inch.
$6.50.	$7.50.	$8.50.	$10.00.

STEVENS' NEW MODEL POCKET SHOT GUNS.

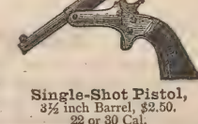
For Taxidermists' use, same style and price of the New Model Pocket Rifle, to use the Stevens' Reloading Brass Shells, 38 and 44 Cal.
Mahogany Cases for New Model Pocket Rifles, 10 inch, $2.50; 12 inch, $2.75; 15 inch, $3.00; 18 inch, $3.50.

STEVENS' FAVORITE POCKET RIFLES.

Weight of 10 inch, 22 Cal., 10 oz.

22 Cal. with Globe and Peep Sights, 10 inch, Plated Rest, $11.00; Japanned Rest, $10.50.

STEVENS' GALLERY PISTOLS.



Single-Shot Pistol, 3½ inch Barrel, $2.50. 22 or 30 Cal.

"Conlin" Model, 10 or 12 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight 2½ pounds, - - - - - - $20.00
"Lord" Model, 10 or 12 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight 3 pounds, - - - - - - 22.00
"Diamond" Model, 6 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight; 10 ounces, - - - - - - 7.00
"Diamond" Model, 10 inch Barrel, 22 Cal., weight 12 ounces, - - - - - - 10.00



No poor shooting weapon can leave this factory. Every one must make about as good a target as this or the inspector would reject it.

5 successive shots, 50 feet.



He would hardly allow even a 10 inch Pocket Rifle to pass unless it would make a better target than this.

5 successive shots, 50 feet.

WHY should every Lawyer, Doctor, Preacher, Teacher, or any one who needs pleasant recreation to draw the mind away from their daily cares, buy and constantly use some one of the various arms made by J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.?

BECAUSE you can have **more fun in a day** with a Stevens' Rifle or Pocket Rifle than with a common weapon in a whole year.

BECAUSE when any one practices with weapons of such wonderful accuracy the interest does not diminish, but increases constantly. You can practice an hour or two a day, a hundred and fifty times in a year, without tiring. When your skill is such that you can make targets like the first, try it at a longer distance and you will be surprised at the pleasure that results from the accomplishment of the object.

BECAUSE all their arms are so light and convenient and easily taken apart to carry in a trunk or bag, or in a small package.

BECAUSE you can with a little practice become a really expert shot at a merely nominal expense.

BECAUSE when you buy one of these arms you are sure of an accurate shooter. Every arm before it can leave their factory must by actual trial make targets of which the best one above is a fair sample. No Fisherman's outfit is complete without a two-pound Pocket Rifle with which to knock over any game, large or small, he is likely to come across.

Mr. Jones, of Pittsburgh, lately made some remarkable shooting with Stevens' Rifle, with **22 short cartridge at 200 yards.** It is something new to see a Rifle with 22 short cartridge competing successfully on the 200 yard range with Rifles of the best makers shooting very much larger cartridges.

Mr. Butler, of Syracuse, N. Y., has four other Rifles of the best makes, but says he uses his little Stevens' a dozen times **as much as all the rest,** it is so convenient to carry and so **wonderfully accurate.**

Mr. R. B. Fuller, 172 South Clark St., Chicago, has a twenty dollar Stevens' Rifle that has been used in his shooting gallery **every day for eight years,** which is now in good order, after having been shot **over 500,000 times.**

Mr. Carpenter, of Louisville, Ky., lately went to a turkey shoot and secured **7 turkeys in a couple of hours.** He shot a 22 caliber 18 inch New Model Pocket Rifle weighing 2½ pounds, at

225 yards.

Mr. Ingersoll, who has two of the finest shooting galleries in Pittsburgh, (and probably in the world,) has at present **Thirty-one (31) Stevens' Rifles** in use in his galleries.

R. P. Cory, of Consecon, Canada West: I have used for three years a Stevens' 22 caliber Pocket Rifle, have shot it about 15,000 times, can kill all sorts of small game with it a great deal farther than with the best Shot Gun. For squirrel shooting I will **match this little Pocket Rifle against any man with the best Shot Gun that can be brought forward.**

From American Field.—"For careful boring and grooving, and perfection of workmanship in every particular, *I consider the Stevens' Rifle the superior of any in the market.*" COQUINA.

I remain the owner of a Hunters' Pet Rifle, which twice the money cannot buy. I cannot cease to recommend it. J. A. Mc., Tipton, Tenn.

Would not sell my Stevens' single shot 3½ inch Pistol for $5 if I could not get another one. H. S. V., Sandy Lake, Mercer Co., Pa.

I am entirely lost without the Stevens' Rifle, for it is a perfect gem. I would not part with it. I killed a night heron with it 68 yards and have killed swallows on the wing. It is what you call a new model, with skeleton stock. L. L. S., Lansdale, Montg. Co., Pa.

One week ago to-day I took my 10 inch, New Model Rifle and went hunting gophers, and I killed 14 out of only seeing 15, shooting some of them as far as 8 rods. Your new Model Pocket Rifles can't be beat for shooting small game. E. R., Hunter, Boone Co., Ills.

My little 6 inch Stevens' Pistol has proved more than a success, as it is a surprise to all who see it shoot. To hit a copper cent at 60 feet is no trick at all. I am highly pleased with it. C. E. M., Columbus, Wis.

The 18 inch Pocket Rifle which I bought, I am happy to state, has given me the greatest pleasure in its use, both as regards accuracy and convenience. On my trip to Cuba last summer, such was the admiration it excited by its accuracy amongst my countrymen, that I managed to sell the weapon for $30.00. E. L. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I went out and shot 50 shots with my Stevens' Rifle, and must say that it shoots the evenest of any 32 cal. Rifle I have ever seen shot. I killed mud hens on the river over 150 yards away. A. A. W., Albany, Wis.

I went out with a Stevens' 24 inch 32 cal. Rifle in Oct. last, and killed 5 wild turkeys, later in the month I killed 6 more, making 11 in 2 days. I killed 1 at 150 yards and another at 200 yards. I consider the Stevens' Rifle the neatest, simplest, strongest and best Gun in the market. B. P. B., Searcy, Ark.

There is a Stevens' 10 inch Pistol here that has a pretty good record. It has killed partridges enough to load a horse, not to mention squirrels and other small fry. For long shots I picked a king bird at 45 yards, and my friend a pigeon at 60 yards. I know it sounds big, but it was done. H. M. R., Yarmouthville, Maine.

Rec'd the Rifle all right, and it is a good one. I have beat the whole Club at 200 yards. I made the best target last Saturday with it at 200 yards that ever was made on the range. The boys have all fallen in love with it. W. H. H., Presque Isle.

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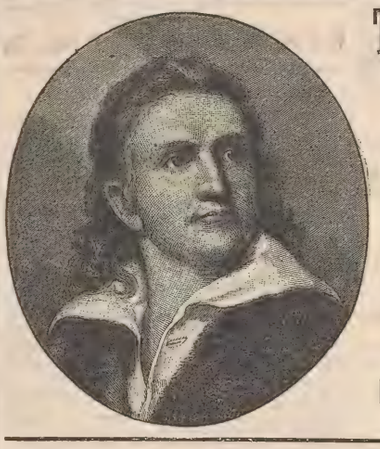
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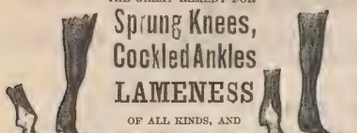
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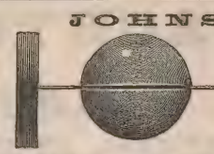
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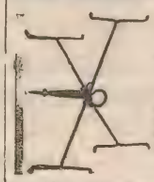
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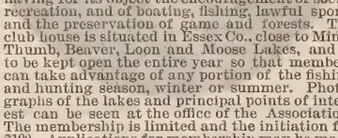
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE PITTSBURGH MEDALS.

IN another column is printed an interview by the reporter of a Pittsburgh paper with Mr. Elben, secretary of the last bench show held there. If this interview is authentic, the explanation given by Mr. Elben of the copper medal fraud furnishes a curious illustration of the elasticity of the English language. The catalogue of the Pittsburgh show said that in the champion classes gold medals would be given, but the secretary says that it was never intended to give gold medals. This statement throws a haze of doubt over the whole catalogue. What was the meaning of anything printed in it? Is it possible that where this publication read mastiffs it meant Yorkshire terriers? Where pugs are mentioned should we read rough-coated St. Bernards? If this is the case the problem of locating the different classes becomes at once too difficult for the average man to grapple with. This may possibly account for some of the atrocious judging there.

Mr. Elben says that the "gold medals" were not gold at all, but were composition. He is reported to have said further that no one supposed that they were gold, and to have hinted very strongly that exhibitors would have been bitterly disappointed if the promises made by the Pennsylvania Poultry Society had been fulfilled. This is a view that had not previously occurred to us, but now that it has been suggested it is easy enough to picture to oneself a circle of thirty or forty winners of champion gold medals, each worth $50 or $60, shedding salt tears of grief as they bit and whittled at their medals and discovered that they were after all real gold, and not composition. It must be confessed that it would have been a pathetic sight.

Mr. Elben is reported to have said that this is not the first time that this fraud has been perpetrated. That may very well be true, but why will not the secretary be a little more explicit and tell us by what club it has been done? If he is right, evidence to support his statement must be easily obtainable. Why should the Pittsburgh show alone bear the odium of this bad eminence if other clubs ought to share her shame? If it has been done elsewhere, let the facts be known. If Mr. Gregg and Mr. Elben only followed the example of other clubs, they cannot justify themselves on this plea except by stating who set them the example.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

IF God made the country man defaces it with patent medicine advertisements on the rocks. The advertising artists are ingenious in their way, but they have signally failed in repeated endeavors to make pill signs harmonize with the majesty of mountain crags or elixir notices set off the picturesqueness of cañon and waterfall. Even in the Far West, where enterprise is largely devoted to altering the face of nature in developing the resources of the country, there are plaints of the atrocities of these irreverent advertising sign painters. The Billings (Mont.) *Gazette* calls attention to the doings of one Zimmerman, a pushing citizen of that town, who is utilizing the historic Indian rocks of the vicinity by plastering "Zimmerman" in big letters over them. It can very readily be understood that a man who has dry goods or groceries for sale might scoff at Indian hieroglyphics and cover them up with advertisements of his wares, but most people will share the *Gazette's* opinion that "merchants who propose to paint posters on the rocks should order their workmen to avoid disfiguring the few points of interest left to mark the race that once possessed the land. When this valley is filled with homes made by the skill of mankind, let the rock-altars tell of the race that dwelt here when the country was designated as the 'Great American Desert.'"

Bad as are the pill and plaster legends on the rocks, they have been outdone by the startling "sermons in stones" for which the Salvation Army is responsible. Not content with beating drums and blowing horns in town, these people have gone about the country with pots of blue paint, and bedaubed highway and byway with warnings, entreaties, imprecations and exhortations of a religious character, all done in scraggly lettering, but in diction that is terse, direct and easily understood. With the nostrum notices and these irreligious signs confronting him on all sides as he travels, an angler in quest of fish and physical and mental surcease is not at all happy until he gets into the woods.

ONE SAMPLE CASE.

GWAS an editor wise. On six nights in the week he toiled from sundown well on toward sunrise getting a big daily to press. Once a week he had a night's respite from toil, and when the summer season came he figured to make an agreeable break in the round of labor out of this one day off. He found it by flitting away to a seaside hotel, finding bed and board and fresh air and bracing salt baths all awaiting his coming. He took train, moved with railroad regularity, got back on time and felt refreshed. But this was monotonous; he read an alluring "special" article about canoes. He would get one and would spend his weekly day off in a series of ever-changing trips here and there about the beautiful harbor of New York. He would investigate Staten Island, round and round. He would push up the Hudson over the track blazed by the original Hendrick. He would slip past Hell Gate with its queer tides and puzzling eddies and enjoy the waters about Fort Schuyler. There were lots of routes on the map, but first he asked the sporting editor a few questions and unfolded his plan. He was startled by the rush of queries which came back at him.

"What, you start out in a canoe? Ever been in one? Ever hoisted a sail? Can you swim? Do you know anything about wind and tide? Do you feel like buckling to with the paddle when the wind falls flat on you? Do you feel like wading ashore with your canoe under your arm to make a quiet landing? Would you feel huffy when you were flung on a lee shore by a sudden squall and your canoe and outfit evenly distributed for a mile or more up and down the beach? Are you prepared to work like a slave to get there and then turn to again and work like another slave getting up a meal for yourself? Are you willing generally to spread ten parts of the butter of enthusiasm over the one little portion of the solid bread of enjoymen?"

Editor G. gasped one general negative to all this and went on to explain that he would have a boatman bring about his canoe, hoist sail, and then he would step in, be wafted to the predetermined point, and there he would go to a hotel while the porter would attend to bringing up the canoe. That was his notion of things, and he turned to a heap of proofs just drawn and began to look them over. One caught his eye; it told how a catboat handy by had fished a canoeist out of the water after the canoeist had gone through a set-to with a passing tug. This story provoked thought in the would-be amateur sailor. Another proof told how a venturesome paddler had come out of a squall. There was quite a catalogue of wreckage and a long narrative of the long wave battle; and the deep shade of thought grew deeper on the young editor's brow. He will remain ashore. He will go as before to his hotel, will strut up and down the balconies, will listen to the band, will keep his cravat unruffled and will never know the rich reward which comes from a personal participation in any manly outdoor sport.

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A COMMUNICATION on game snaring, printed elsewhere, comes to us from a professional gentleman, who, at the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature, was active in securing the repeal of the snaring law. He worked in the interests of a number of Reading market-hunters who make a business of snaring for the Boston game stalls, and the reasoning he here advances as arguments was that which prevailed in the Legislature. The writer of the letter is not a lawyer, as his patent misconception of the principles of game legislation clearly enough proves, and it is equally clear that he does not speak with any authority for the 40,000 farmers in whose name he professes to make his plea. Not all sportsmen are depredating rowdies, nor are all farmers the curmudgeon dogs-in-the-manger he represents. Farmers and sportsmen are not two classes opposed to one another. Their interests do not conflict. As a matter of fact, hundreds of farmers in Massachusetts welcome hundreds of sportsmen to their lands, treat them courteously and receive courteous treatment in return. Any attempt to ignore the facts in the matter and to array class against class, as was done in the Massachusetts Legislature and is repeated in the communication of "Bay State," is of a piece with the mischievous rant of demagogues who harp on capital and "labor." The "labor" agitator poses as a reformer until his gulls discover that he has been stuffing his pockets at their expense; and a Massachusetts retired clergyman, who turns himself into a game legislation busybody and harps on the wrongs and rights of the farmers' boys, passes for a public-spirited citizen until it is discovered that he is laboring in the interest of a nest of professional market-snarers.

The principles of property in game, that is, the qualified "property," which consists of the sole right to take the game, have been so fully set forth in these columns that it is not necessary to go over them again at this time.

With tact and the exercise of average common sense and common courtesy by sportsman and farmer, each finds in the other not a natural enemy but a friend; and as a class the farmers of Massachusetts do not to-day occupy toward sportsmen the attitude of hostility attributed to them by the agents of the Reading grouse snarers. "Farmer Brown" does not always cover his lands with man traps, nor keep a gun loaded with buckshot to pot the first city sportsman who shows his head.

PROFESSIONAL TRAP SHOOTERS.

SOME time ago there was a discussion of the advisability of barring certain shooters from amateur classes on the ground that because of their skill they should be ranked as experts, or as agents of certain firearm manufacturers they should be classed as professionals. The managers of the recent Wellington Shooting Carnival made provision for all, amateurs and professionals or experts, and the attendance representing both classes appears to have proved the wisdom of the plan.

This subject of professionalism at the trap has come up with added force this season, and it is one which should be decided once for all. At the New York State shoot at Utica a curious complication arose. Two of the expected participants were members of the association, and so legally entitled to all the privileges of membership, but they were also agents of gun makers, whose arms they were paid to use for the purpose of practically demonstrating their merits. The delegates concluded that these members could not be barred from shooting, and so they politely requested them not to enter for the prizes. Happily there was no trouble about this, but it is too much to hope that such a conflict of interests can always be so happily adjusted.

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

III.

PACKING A SAWBUCK.

NOW you are ready for business. Your packs lie piled together, and in that little pile, on your saddles, and on your person are all the possessions in the camp. The mule being saddled, lead him up to where the packs lie piled together, so that his head is about even with and 8 or 10ft. distant from them, and slip the blind over his ears, so that his eyes are perfectly covered. This will keep him from moving, and the halter stem is dropped to the ground. Now tighten up your saddle cinches, otherwise when you cinch up on your lash rope you will find the saddle cinches loose.

The sling rope on a sawbuck is passed around the horn or the front cross pieces by two half hitches—a clove



FIG. 8.—SIDE PACKS IN POSITION, SQUAW HITCH. PACKS SWUNG LOW TO SHOW KNOT.

hitch—at its middle part, and hangs down in a loop on either side the animal, as in Fig. 3, the free ends being passed around the after crosstrees—or in the case of a riding saddle or a ring saddle, through the loops or rings, so that they will run freely—coming back in front of them and falling toward the ground inside or below the loop, as in Fig. 3. When you are ready to begin to pack, the nearside packer takes one of the side packs from the ground and places it on top of the saddle, holding it there until the offside man has it. The latter then slips it a little toward him, and supports it by his head and one hand, while with the other he grasps the

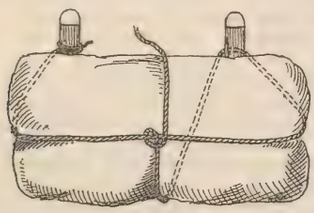


FIG. 9.—SIDE PACKS SLUNG WITH WEBFOOT HITCH.

loop of the sling rope on his side, and, throwing it over the pack, hooks it over the front and back crosstrees, and the nearside man does the same with his. Then the free ends hanging down to the ground are taken in hand, and if one pack hangs a little lower than the other, a slow steady pull tightens the loop, and after a little swinging and rolling the side packs settle down so that they just balance each other. The offside packer then throws his free end of the sling rope across to his partner, who ties it in a bow-knot over the bight and puts the ends between the packs on top of the saddle. This is called the squaw hitch (Fig 8). On a riding or a ring saddle

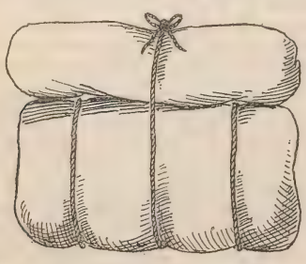


FIG. 10.—SQUAW HITCH. SLING ROPE TIED OVER CENTER PACK.

the loops are opened wide, and instead of being thrown over the side pack, the pack rests in the loop, which passes around either end, and outside of, or a little under, it. The free end is then drawn on till the packs seem to balance, is passed up, under and outside the pack, tied around the middle of the loop by an overhand knot or a half hitch, and is then thrown over to meet the other free end, being tied in a double knot above the saddle, where the loose ends are stowed away. The pack thus rests in a cradle. This is called the webfoot, or sometimes the basket hitch (Fig. 9). It is often used on a sawbuck for short bundles or boxes.

It is essential that the side packs should be nicely adjusted. They should be as nearly as possible equal in weight, and should hang at the same height so that the saddle will bear evenly on the animal's back. If one be heavier than the other, that one should be the higher of the two. The more nearly even they are, the better the load will ride. Sometimes the free ends of the sling rope are thrown over and tied above the center pack (Fig. 10). The side packs are now in position and the preliminary work done. The nearside packer now takes the pack which is to go on top and places it there, and the offside man assists in settling it down between the side packs, and placing it as nearly as possible in the middle. Perhaps one of the party thinks it too much trouble to carry his gun and wants that to go in the pack. He had better keep it on his saddle until he has learned something about packing, but if he insists on putting it in the pack it should be rolled up very carefully in a blanket and then be placed stock foremost between the top pack and one of the side packs, with the barrel projecting backward. No part of it must stick out in front, for it might catch on a stout limb of a tree and be broken or bent. The top load being on, the tent is folded almost square and thrown



FIG. 11.—THROWING THE ROPE. SLING ROPES NOT SHOWN.

over the load. It should reach forward and back so as to cover the whole load, and on the sides should come down half way on the side packs. Sometimes extra squares of stout canvas are carried solely to serve as pack covers.

Now comes the throwing of the lash rope, which is the important part of the whole operation. The nearside packer takes the lash cinch in his left hand and the coil of the lash rope in his right, and stepping up to his side of the animal, throws the cinch on the ground beneath its belly and the coil out behind it and toward the offside. The offside packer now stoops and picks up the hook end of the cinch in his left hand. The nearside man now gives the rope a flirt, throwing it up

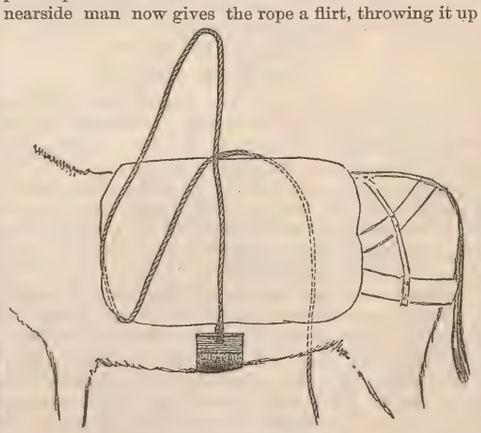


FIG. 12.—THE FIRST THROW.

over the load so that it runs diagonally across the load from the off quarter to the near shoulder. Standing near this shoulder he then rapidly pulls the rope toward him until he has gathered in eight or ten feet of slack, which he holds in a loop in his right hand, and stepping back even with the middle of the load (Fig. 11), throws this loop over to the offside packer, who catches the rope as it comes over, slips the hook through it, and pulls on the part coming from the cinch ring until he has drawn the hook and cinch well under the animal's belly and up close to it. Then he lets the nearside man pull over what slack there may be, and proceeds to arrange the ropes on his side. The nearside packer holds the rope coming from the hook in his hand until the other has the hook and cinch in position, and tightened just enough to keep the ropes in position. He then throws all the loose loop back out of his way, and passes the rope coming from the hook under the standing part below where it crosses the free end from behind forward, drawing the bight down and around the corners of the pack.

In the meantime the offside packer picks up the free end of the rope from the ground, and as soon as he has hooked the loop thrown over to him, as explained above, and has the cinch in position, he passes the free end between the two ropes coming from the hook, from before backward, well up on top of the pack, drawing through most of the slack and throwing the free end across and forward so that two or three feet of it will fall on the near side of the mule's shoulder. The result of this is that the free end when tightened will pull against the rope coming from the hook, which will make the forward part of the diamond. When all these operations have been gone through with the rope hangs loose, but is "all set."

The rope is now in position, the diamond hitch has been thrown, and it only remains to tighten the rope to set the load firmly on the saddle. Before any pull is made the load is examined from before and behind to see if it balances well and will ride evenly. If one side is a little too low it is lifted by the packer on that side, and the other side is pulled down or the side pack rolled or swung until it hangs just right.



FIG. 13.—LAST PULL.

Then the nearside packer steps up to the animal's side, opposite the middle of the load, takes the returning portion of the loop in his hand, turns his back to the load, and putting his shoulder under it or his back against it, to keep it from coming toward him when he pulls, prepares to put a strain on the rope. When all is ready the offside packer calls out to his partner, "All set?" and

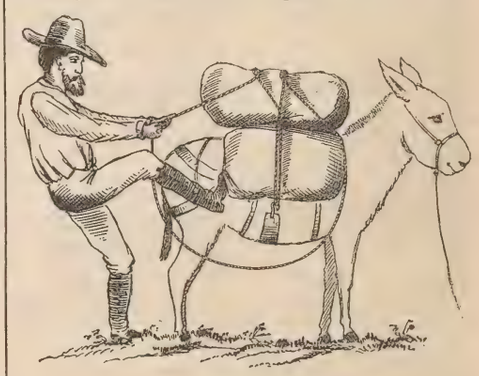


FIG. 14.—SAWBUCK PULL.

the latter replies, "Give it to her." The offside packer takes the returning portion of the loop in his hand, and putting his knee against the saddle, pulls out as hard as he can in a series of sharp jerks, and as fast as he tightens the cinch the nearside packer, by his steady strain, takes up the slack. When the cinch is as tight as possible and the offside packer can gain nothing more, he signifies it to the nearside man who, holding fast the returning part of the rope, so that he may lose nothing that he has gained, takes in his left hand the same rope in front of where it

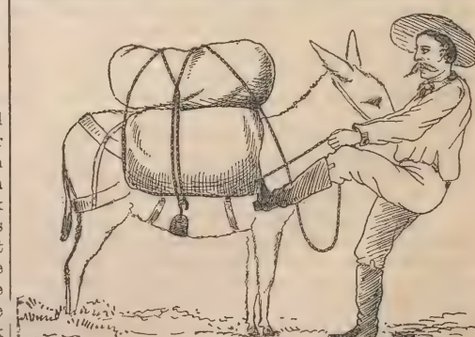


FIG. 15.—FORWARD PULL ON OFFSIDE.

passes under the standing part of the loop, and pulls it through until it is tight. Then by a series of sharp jerks forward the rope is slipped up under the standing part of the loop until it is near the top of the load. The tight pressure of the standing rope will usually keep the part which passes under it from slipping back.

Or, the nearside man may seize the rope at A, Fig. 13, close up to the standing part, and placing his left hand against the pack for a brace and to keep the pack in position, may take in slack there, and after he has got all he can, will put his foot up against the pack, as in Fig. 13,

but holding the rope at A, and pull hard. He will then, without letting it slip, pass the rope back under the front and after corners of the pack. The offside packer now grasps the rope, as shown in Fig. 14, and pulls back, taking up slack as soon as the nearside man has passed the rope under the corner of the pack. As soon as he has taken up all he can the offside man passes the rope forward and under the corners of the pack on his side, and gives the pull shown in Fig. 15. The nearside man then makes the last pull, shown in Fig. 13, and, passing the rope again under the forward corner of the pack, secures it at B, Fig. 13, taking care not to let it slip back, with two half hitches or a clove hitch made with the bight of the rope. Any end that may be left is fastened up on top of the pack out of the way.

It will be seen from this that the rope passing under the after corners of the pack pull against the standing part of the rope making the after part of the diamond, while that portion which passes under the forward corners of the pack pulls against the returning portion of the loop making the forward part of the diamond. The load is now packed.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE NEPISIGUIT.

LONG ago, I received an invitation to go up into the wilds of New Brunswick and go afishing—and I went. Turning over the leaves of my old diary, I thought an account of what I saw and what I caught in the olden time might interest some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It was my only trip, for I have never visited the river since, save in my dreams. Boston and the famous "Old Elm," Bunker Hill and Parker's Isle of Shoals, Portland, East Port, Grand Menan and Campo Bello, are not all thes fully described and fully inhabited? St. Johns and the noble view of river and rapids, the suspension bridge, the sail up that lovely river, through that, at that time, peaceful Acadian country; the constant tolling of the steamboat bell, the rowing out into the river of the passenger, taking him on board; Fredericton city, its cathedral, and our ride to Mirimachi, the road a capital one, the drive delightful, the valley most picturesque; past the Nashwalk, past quaint old-fashioned farmhouses half hid in trees, past countless streams—why, are not all these written in the Chronicles? Certes; tell us a new story. Story? why, bless you, sir, I have none to tell.

Well, we stopped at McCorges, at Boiestown, and so on to New Castle, and so down to Chatham and the "Widow Bowser's," and the next morning we drove over to Bathurst; on the way over our conductor drove us up to Mrs. Russell's, near the Bartibogue, where we took our first fly-casting lesson at trout. The drive during the morning took us through the celebrated burnt district, and a more desolate country could not be imagined, an immense tract of country had been desolated by fire—no end of timber and game and beasts destroyed—and many lives lost in the flames. Long after, the guides and hunters would come across the charred remains of those who had perished. On the stream we fished, it was told us that a woman with her children, seeing the flames approaching, sought shelter in the stream and saved their lives and her own by dipping them in the water. While standing thus, a large bear, panting and exhausted, walked quietly in, stood there all night without harming or being harmed, and went off at daylight, for other neighbors had joined her in her safe retreat. A violent rain storm extinguished the fire. We changed horses at the Tabusintic, drove by the "Esquidilloc," and reached Beulah Packard's at Bathurst by sundown, over the straightest road I ever traveled.

The next morning, with all our impedimenta, three canoes and six guides, awaiting us at the Pabineau Falls, away we went, armed and accoutered, reached our camp ground and "fell to fishing." The river comes foaming and dashing over the rocks, the scenery is wild and novel, the tents, the camp-fire, the laughter of the guides, their songs, their supper—all this was a delight to us. It was our first night in the woods to be remembered as would our first love.

Next morning we stopped at the Belervoc Falls. Here I captured a 5lb. grilse, and came very near killing a mink. "Captured" and "killed" here should be reversed. On we pushed to the chain of rocks, and caught more grilse or young salmon. Being "innocents abroad" after salmon, we took it for granted that the fish would grow larger the higher up stream we went. K. lost a 12lb. salmon here by the breaking of his casting line; just as the guide was going to gaff him, the ungrateful villain broke away. And here, as a Truthful James, I rise to say that fresh and innocent as we three were, we went for fur and feather and fin in a quiet, easy, tranquil way. Buck fever, bear fever, moose fever, the trembling with excitement, the smiling sardonically, the turning all sorts of colors worse than any chameleon—well, all this didn't attack us in the least. Our sensibilities were not sufficiently educated up to that high standard. My friend looked at the departing salmon "more in sorrow than in anger," and not long afterward we killed (I have it right this time) a ten-pounder; took him right out of cold water, and popped him into hot, a regular Russian bath; eat him up, every morsel, and voted him good enough to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious.

Night came on, and again we went into camp, and again the strange, wild beauty of the woods and splashing waters revealed itself. The twinkling stars, the glaring camp-fire, the cheery laughter and song and joke of guides, I think were as positive a pleasure as the fishing. Still, I satisfied myself that Canucks are too noisy for hunters. Indians do much better. I learned to shoot long before I ever saw a salmon; and I can stand a heap of silence when I go gunning. As I write this after a long lapse of time, and close my eyes and conjure up the whole scene before me, a horrible suspicion crosses my mind that those Canucks might have been laughing at our French as she was spoke. We all three of us, I think, privately prided ourselves on our "parlez vous," and here being a first-rate chance, it was not to be neglected. So we loaded up, unlimbered and went into action. Modesty forbids my saying much, and the victory was claimed by all parties. I don't think their patois was much worse than ours.

The next morning found us again paddling, or rather poling, up the river, and we admired the strong hearty woodsmen working day in and out, tireless and cheerful. We came across a bear trap, with a young bear in it weighing about 150lbs. He had fallen a victim to his curiosity, for in the deadfall was a little bundle wrapped up in birch bark which bruin must needs examine and tear to pieces, and his curiosity cost him his life.

As we pushed and poled on to the Grand Falls, suddenly one of the guides exclaimed "Diable! voilà un castor." Sure enough there was a beaver swimming leisurely along. We opened fire on him, and captured him. Then we skinned the bear and the beaver, and with the trout and grilse which had been caught, made a famous dinner. The bear meat tasted like a beefsteak served up a country inn. The beaver's tail was pronounced a novelty. I thought their skins the best part of them, and proposed to take the skins and leave my friends the meat; my generous offer was received with derision. It was explained to us that this beaver was an idler, and that as he preferred to loaf rather than work, the rest of the community had "fired him out." Wise animals. The best place to shoot the beaver is through the ear, but our beaver was shot through and through.

After dinner we shouldered bags and baggage and canoes, and made a portage of nearly a mile; it seemed to us before we got through about ten, and if anything is calculated to make a man think "Life is real, life is earnest," portaging will fill the bill, first, last and all the time.

The scenery of the Grand Falls is entrancing. The river leaps over the precipice 110ft.—in two plunges of 60ft. and 50ft., a miniature Niagara—and then glides through a succession of pools, Fall Pool, Lilly's Pool, Cooper's Pool, Landing Pool, Rocky and Unlucky. No salmon can jump these falls. The guides for a little extra tip poled us up quite close to the falls, and we gazed long and earnestly at the rush and roar of the river. On our asking them about the sources of the river, they told us that the Nepisiguit flowed from two lakes a long way up, and that no fishermen ever went up there, as there was nothing to catch save trout—no salmon. They laughed at the idea of going on a voyage of discovery, and that settled it, so up we went; but what we discovered and where we went, I will reserve for another article.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

Natural History.

THE WAYS OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

THE letter of Mr. J. M. Trimble, of Fort Keogh, Montana, in your issue of May 26, about prairie dogs, was very entertaining to your humble servant. Prairie dogs are my neighbors, living abundantly with me on my own grounds, and it is natural that I should be interested in them. Some people take more interest in their neighbors than they ought to, especially in "their faults and follies," as Robert Burns says. I trust that my interest in the prairie dogs is not limited to their weak spots only, but includes also all their virtues and their graces, if they have any.

Mr. Trimble says it is "now settled beyond all question that the prairie dog hibernates." That is to say, he falls into a state of profound torpidity, like a snake, on the approach of cold weather, his life suspended and practically extinct, until the return of warm weather revives him. It may be so in boreal Montana, but it is not so here. The prairie dog does not like cold weather, and he particularly hates it when it is wet and cold at the same time. When it is raining, hailing or snowing he hugs his hole in the ground; but he does not curl up for a three or four months' sleep and bid adieu to the world and all its joys. No, indeed; he is having a grand time of it down below with his friends. Perhaps he is practicing the art of the pugilist or wrestler in friendly matches; perhaps improving his residence; perhaps holding high discussions on matters of state. Perhaps they distill some sort of intoxicant and all get drunk on punch. I am told that in winter, when all things are snowed up in Canada, Vermont, Maine and other circumpolar regions, the people have their greatest gayety, feasting, dancing, having a fine time generally, because they can't do anything else. And it is evidently so with the prairie dogs in these parts. Mr. Trimble says they have "tons of hay" stored away in their holes. Why should they go to such labor if they know they are to sleep all winter? For they cannot eat while sleeping.

Many times I have seen them come out of their holes when the snow was just beginning to melt under a bright sunshine. But they don't stay long. They come up merely to see how things are getting along. Just as soon as the snow has melted away for a comfortable space about their holes, they swarm out in the sunshine, and are a very merry lot of fellows. And they stay out till the declining sun calls them to roost. They go to bed usually a little earlier than the chicken and they are late risers. They hardly ever get out of bed till all the rest of the world has had its breakfast, cleared off the tables, washed the dishes and is in the full tide of activity. We judge, therefore, that they are a luxurious people, in very comfortable circumstances, taking the world very easily. To their minds we bipeds, who go to bed late, rise early, laboring incessantly like galley slaves, must seem a most amusing set of fools. No doubt they think we are escaped lunatics.

And though the prairie dog does not hibernate in this country, he is certainly a champion sleeper. When he addresses himself to sleep he means business, and goes to sleep all over. When he has got a good hold on sleep, you can hardly awake him until his regular waking time arrives. You can pick him up and "tote" him around as much as you choose, and you can squeal in his ears, but he will sleep on in undisturbed slumber. When awake, if you tickle him in the short ribs, he will give lively manifestation of a very exquisite sense of enjoyment, and when you stop tickling he will plainly indicate that he would like to have a little more of that sort of business. But when you tickle him asleep, he will merely squirm a little, wink his nose a little, and sleep right on. I have seen many domesticated, and such was the way with them. Whether their wild kinfolks are such sound sleepers, I do not know, but perchance they are.

Mr. Trimble intimates that the prairie dog and the rattlesnake live together in the same holes, etc. I used to entertain that romantic notion, but do not now. It won't hold water. The rattlesnake cultivates prairie-dog towns simply because they furnish him abundance of provender. The prairie dogs hate him as a terror and an unmixed evil. To them he is an elongated and hideous bill of abominations. To circumvent him and destroy him doubtless gives them the keenest sense of happiness they ever experience in this world. And they sometimes do circumvent and destroy him. Every now and then we notice a prairie-dog hole closely corked up with stones. I saw some of these little creatures some months ago, on my own grounds not far from my house, very briskly engaged in corking up their hole in this way. They sealed it up splendidly, showing, as I thought, much knowledge of masonry. I showed this work to an old man of the plains, and asked him what it meant. Said he, "Why, don't you know? They've got a rattlesnake in there. He went in there upon them and they decamped and bottled him up. And he never will get out of that hole until somebody digs him out." He added that the prairie dogs will do this every time, if they find stones convenient, when a rattlesnake enters their holes in the day. If he enters at night, he doubtless examines the deep sleepers carefully and swallows that one which suits him best, departing at his leisure. Two to one the poor prairie dog thus swallowed has not been conscious of any change going on in his peculiar circumstances, and at his regular waking hour is amazed to find himself deeply housed in the belly of a rattlesnake, undergoing the process of dissolution and digestion. But it is not likely that he makes much noise or stir on this discovery, seeing that it would be useless.

I know an instance of a remarkable degree of good sense shown by a whole city of prairie dogs. I was riding with a friend in Presidio county, Texas, near the railroad station called Antelope. The road led through quite a populous city of prairie dogs—not a city like New York, but one about like Albany, say. My friend, as we rode through this town, said, "I can tell you of a strange thing about these dogs I have passed through this town nearly every day for months. About Sept. 1 I observed that all had suddenly left, leaving the city without a single inhabitant. This caused me to wonder so much that I looked around to see if I could find out anything. Well, sir, I found that the whole shebang had moved over yonder to that plantation and built brand new houses. Now, about two weeks after this—yes, sir, two weeks—it commenced raining like the very mischief, and on two occasions this valley was belly-deep to my horse in water, and it was full of water for a long time. Yes, sir, this was fully two weeks after the prairie dogs abandoned their town in this valley. After the weather became settled again and the water had all dried up the prairie dogs all came back again, and here they have been ever since. Now, sir, is it not certain that these prairie dogs knew what was coming and that to go away was the only salvation? And if they did know it I want you to tell me who came and told them of the impending flood and in what language did he speak to them?"

I could only answer my friend by calling to mind what was said by Him of Nazareth about the two sparrows and the Father.

N. A. T.

ABILENE, Texas.

AN EXHIBITION OF SNAKES.

TORONTO, Canada, June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Biological Section of the Canadian Institute is at present exerting itself to the utmost to get up a fairly representative collection of American reptiles, batrachians and fishes, alive, to be carefully named and placed on view, with an educational object, in our approaching exhibition. It is the particular desire of the committee that the venomous reptiles of this continent be as fully represented as possible; but we find great difficulty in bringing ourselves into communication with the isolated naturalists that are stationed in the remote regions containing our desiderata.

With the aid of FOREST AND STREAM, however, we believe that we will be able to reach every one able and willing to render assistance, especially those inhabiting the Western and Southern States, which chiefly are without representative reptiles in our collection. We are willing to pay fifty cents per head and express charges for all snakes, turtles, etc., excepting garter and the smaller species of snakes.

The Western rattlesnakes and the Southern copperheads are especially desirable, and with proper care there need be almost no risk in catching them. If on finding one of these species the collector approach with a previously prepared bag like a large bologna sausage, the mouth of which is held open by the prongs of a long-handled forked steel, he will usually find the reptile ready to crawl into the apparent protection of the dark hole, after which it may be easily dumped into a suitable box.

In all cases where correspondents are willing to assist us, we would like to learn beforehand, by mail, the nature of the contribution and the probable expense of transshipment. Address, S. Hollingsworth, Secretary, 325 Parliament street, Toronto, Ont.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

[Doubtless "Coahoma" and others will find it in their power to furnish the specimens desired.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—One rock kangaroo, ♂ (*Petrogale penicillata*), two vulpine phalangers, ♂ and ♀ (*Phalangista vulpina*), one raccoon-like dog (*Nyctereutes procynides*), one Spanish ichneumon (*Herpestes widdringtoni*), four Hamadryas baboons (*Cynocephalus hamadryas*), two mule deer, ♂ and ♀ (*Cervus macrotis*), one black-headed lemur (*Lemur brunneus*), one red-vented cockatoo (*Cacatua philippinarum*), one Chinese jay thrush (*Garrulax chinensis*), two nonpareils (*Cyanospiza ciris*), two whistling swans, ♂ and ♀ (*Cygnus americana*), one yellow-headed troupial (*Xanthocephalus icterocephalus*), two zebra finches (*Estrelda subflava*), two crimson-eared finches (*Estrelda phœnicotis*), three barn owls (*Strix flammea americana*), nine snow geese (*Anser hyperboreus*) one blue goose (*Anser cœrulescens*), and two yellow-bellied songsters (*Liothrix luteus*). Received by presentation—One raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), two Florida gallinules (*Gallinula galeata*), one barn owl (*Strix flammea americana*), two white-fronted geese (*Anser albifrons gambeli*), one pintail duck (*Dafila acuta*), one American magpie (*Pica melanolaica*), nine diamond-backed turtles (*Malaeoclemmys palustris*) one horned toad (*Phrynosoma cornuta*), one American crocodile (*Crocodilus americanus*), and one hawk-billed turtle (*Eretmochelys imbricata*). Born in the garden—One buffalo (*Bison americanus*), one beaver (*Castor fiber canadensis*), four muskrats (*Fiber zibethicus*), one hog deer (*Cervus porcinus*), four prairie wolves (*Canis latrans*), five Egyptian geese (*Chelanopex ægyptiaca*).

FERNS.

We have receit of fern-seed, we walke invisible.
—*King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Scene 1.*

OF the plants that grow in the woods there are none more interesting, to my mind, than the ferns. I well remember, when a boy, I noticed for the first time the brown spots that appear on the under sides of the fronds in the latter part of summer. I wondered what the strange bodies were; what part they had in the life of the plant. I did not know that for a long time it had been a great puzzle to the botanists to tell what these brown patches were. A few years later, when I learned a little geology, my interest in ferns was greatly increased; for then I knew that this family of plants grew and flourished upon the earth ages and ages before the tall, thick-stemmed trees that now tower above them. In those days, we are told, the rich young earth was well nigh taken possession of by luxuriant fern forests. Their huge fronds bent and waved in the air; perhaps strange birds flew among them, and odd, ungainly reptiles hid in their cool shade. And these fern forests, growing year after year and century after century, gave rise to the immense coal deposits, the benefit of which we enjoy. From one-third to one-half of all the known species of coal plants, both in America and Europe, belong to the fern family.

Perhaps the most common fern is that called the bracken (*Pteris aquilina*). It is to be found growing in moist places in woods almost in all parts of our country. Its large green leaves or fronds rise sometimes to the height of 5 or 6ft. The stem from which they grow lies underground, and by the unknowing would be taken for the root. The true roots, however, are easy to be found, being thread-like and growing from the underground stem. The old plant endures for many years, the old fronds dying down and new ones shooting up annually.

The life-history of the bracken fern, or, for that matter, of any fern, is an exceedingly interesting one. Every one who has admired its handsome fronds and observed that it produces no flowers, and so, of course, no seeds, must have wondered in what way new plants are produced. It is commonly known, to be sure, that the brown spots on the under sides of the leaves are spore cases, and that the spores contained in them take the place of the seeds of flowering plants. But few know the remarkable process of the development of a spore into a new fern plant. The study my properly begin with an examination of the spore itself. Under the microscope it is seen to consist of a firm sack or case containing a soft fluid contents; it is, in fact, a simple vegetable cell. But though so simple in structure, there inheres in it that principle of life, so mysterious to us, which shall develop it into a new plant. When, by the rupture of the spore case, a spore has fallen to the ground, what happens is that, under the influence of warmth and moisture, it gives forth a tiny process comparable to a sprout. This process grows in length and at the same time gives off a branch which sinks into the soil like a root, which, indeed, it is. For the sprout-like part gets larger and larger and finally becomes a flat, two-lobed green leaf, getting its nourishment from the soil through rootlets attached to its lower surface. So the minute single-celled spore has developed into a true plant (called a prothallus) consisting of a leaf-like expansion with roots and, in respect to its structure, of very many cells joined together. But this plant is very unlike the fern plant which produced the spore. However, it grows no further, but it gives rise to the true reproductive elements of the fern-plant; elements which correspond to the pollen or flower-dust, and the ovules of the flowering plant. And this brings us to a very important difference between the ferns and the common flowering plants; the latter produce flowers, the essential parts of which are the male and female reproductive cells, which by their union give rise to seeds, and the latter having fallen to the ground spring into new plants like those which bore the flowers. But the ferns not only produce spores instead of seed, but these spores give rise to plants not at all like the fern-plant—plants which, in fact, have the same office as the flowers of the other class, namely, to produce the male and female reproduction cells. By the union of these cells a new fern plant is developed.

The most interesting and remarkable part of the life-history of a fern plant is that which relates to the production and union of these sexual cells. Let us return to our leaf-like prothallus. Soon after it has attained its growth, rounded elevations appear on its lower surface. They are very small, indeed, too small to be seen with the unaided eye; but they are destined to play a very important part in the generation of a new fern plant. When the elevations have reached a condition of maturity they split open and there issue from them small bodies possessing some very remarkable properties. Each is spiral in shape, thick at one end and tapering toward the other; attached to the thin end are a number of vibrating filaments or cilia. By the movements of these cilia the curious body swims about in the drops of water that adhere to the leaf—water formed as dew or having fallen as rain. To look at it as it swims about in this way no one would suspect that it was any part of a plant. It is difficult to resist the impression that it is an organism possessed with an individuality, that its movements are purposeful, that it glides to the right or left by its own volition. But we shall surely be nearer the truth if we say that the little body moves simply because it is a property of its substance to move, that it is a bit of living matter to which belongs, along with other properties, that of motion. To understand what object is served by its possession of this property of motion we must turn to another product of growth in the prothallus. At the middle of its wider end the leaf becomes considerably thickened, and on the lower surface of this thickened portion a slight eminence makes its appearance. This grows until it takes on a form comparable to a chimney. With a microscope one can see that at the bottom of the hollow of the chimney there is a round sac or cell. It is evident that the whole purpose of the chimney-like growth is the production of this cell, the parts surrounding it serving for its nourishment and protection. This cell, in fact, is destined to develop into a new fern plant. But before this development begins it is necessary that it shall come into union with one of the swimming spirals. Accordingly, one of these bodies, having found its way to the mouth of the chimney, enters it and works its way along the passage to the cell. The two seem to unite, and this having taken place an activity is at once set up in the cell. It rapidly grows and gives rise, by successive divisions, to other cells, all of them deriving nourishment from the thick portion of the leaf to which they are attached. The group of cells thus formed gradually takes on the form of a plant, one part becoming stem and another root. The root, as we shou'd expect, sinks into the soil, but the stem does not grow upward, as in ordinary plants, but horizontally, and finally itself becomes covered with soil. However, it gives rise to leaves which grow upward and become the tall graceful fronds of the fern plant. Meanwhile the little prothallus has quite disappeared; as soon as its purpose had been accomplished, which, of course, was the production of the male and female cells, it withered away. And here, again, the analogy of the prothallus with the flower of the higher plants suggests itself. Just as the flower withers away when it has produced the pollen and the embryo seeds, so the prothallus dies when it has produced corresponding elements. And this comparison further suggests that the differences in the life processes relating to the reproduction of the ferns and flowering plants are not so great as they at first thought appear. The chief difference appears to be only this: the flowering plant provides nourishment out of its own resources for the production of the seed-bearing parts; the ferns do not do this, but the seed-bearing part is provided with leaf and roots by which it gets nourishment for itself. The fern plant, therefore, is able to use all the food matter it gets from the soil and the air for the growth of its large leaves; it needs to use no energy for the production of flowers and fruit, except, of course, the small amount needed to produce the spores. This fact helps to explain the luxuriant growth of ferns both in geologic times and at present. To get a knowledge of ferns at their best we must go to the tropics. One species, *Cyathea medullaris*, found in New Zealand, grows to a height of 80ft., and *Alsophila australis*, in Australia, to even a greater height. The fronds of the latter are sometimes 20ft. long.

The reproduction of all ferns is essentially the same as that described for the common bracken fern. It is only about forty years ago that the facts were found out. In olden times there used to be a notion that ferns were produced from invisible seeds. Hence, the line at the head of this article. S.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

LOWER GEYSER BASIN, May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We arrived here on May 24 with the first wagon to pass over the road this year. Leaving Gardiner, we found Road Superintendent Lamartine had two crews at work putting the roads in first-class condition. This work will require an expenditure of part of the $4,000 left over from last year's appropriation.

At the Mammoth Hot Springs some very necessary work is being done. All the old stumps on the flat in front of the hotels have been taken out and every unsightly object burned or carted off. The whole flat is to be hand-raked and cleaned. The old bath houses and many of the unsightly Government buildings will be removed. All this work adds much to the general appearance of the Springs. A few large drifts of snow yet remain about the Hot Springs and the terraces remind one of the severe winter just passed.

Following the road from the Springs, one finds no snow until Kingman's Pass is reached. Here there is one deep drift. The horses had to be unhitched and the wagon taken over by hand. Glenn Creek was crossed on a deep drift which hides the bridge, only a bit of the railing showing. From here on there was no snow until we crossed Willow Creek. Then the drifts increased in number and depth. Willow Park was covered with ice and snow. Entering the timber, the road was full of snow from 1 to 5ft. deep until Obsidian Cliffs was reached. We had no difficulty with the snow; where it was deep the horses and wagon went over it, the wheels cutting in but a few inches. From Obsidian Cliffs on there was snow only in the road where it ran through timber in shaded places until a place known as the Brick Yard was reached, about five miles from Norris Hotel. From there on we found no snow, except a little in the timber between Norris Basin and Gibbon Meadow. The meadow was wet and muddy, but much dryer than usually at this time of the year. The road over in to the Lower and Upper Basin is free from snow. About sixty trees had to be cut out of the way. Others were lifted around to one side, some we drove around.

In a meadow near Twin Lakes four elk were seen feeding. I saw one small silver-tip bear at Willow Creek crossing.

On the morning of the 25th a large yellow-faced grizzly bear came within 250yds. of the hotel here; he came from the Queen's Laundry Basin, crossed the Fire Hole and meadows within sight of the house, walking leisurely along, now and then stopping to feed on an ant heap, then entered some dead timber where he rolled logs over for grubs, hunted mice and beetles, but paying no attention to the carcas of a dead horse which he walked around. He was probably in delicate health and could eat only choice food. He would pick up a bit of sod with his foot, and after critically examining it, eat some root, then drop the sod and walk on in rather a zigzag course. Several times he came toward the hotel as though with the intention of making us a visit. We watched him through field glasses until out of sight in the timber on Nez Percé Creek. We then went out and measured his tracks, the hind foot not counting; claws were 8in. long. Judging from that he would weigh from 500 to 550lbs. at least, possibly more.

Several bears have been seen by the people residing in the Park, at the Upper Basin, the Grand Cañon and by people traveling the roads. There was one bison seen between here and the Upper Basin, and on the 24th, the tracks of eight where they crossed the wagon road; one of them a calf by the tracks. Elk are passing through the basins, scattering out for their summer range. The cows are now with their calves, the little things making a track like a young lamb. There is nothing pretty about a young elk but its head. When very young it is one of the most awkward of all the wild animals. After they are two months old they are very pretty and playful.

Sandhill cranes, geese and ducks are now nesting here. Thousands of song birds keep the air ringing with their music, meadowlarks and robins being most numerous. Several robins have their nests close to the hotel, one under the eaves of the kitchen. Not a day passes now without one's seeing game of some kind in the Park. The early tourist has come and seen game—bear, elk and deer. While the travel is light, game will be plenty along the roads, but when tourists are passing over the roads every day, the game of all kinds will get out of sight.

The worst enemy the Park has is fire. I noticed one small one on the Gardiner River, between the town of that name and the Mammoth Hot Springs, and a place where a small grove of juniper trees had been lately killed by a fire. How these fires were started I could not learn; not from camping parties, but from some smoker's burning match or cigar stump, I think.

Now is the time to use caution about fires. A little carelessness on the part of a camper, or even the tourist in coaches throwing a lighted match or unextinguished cigar or cigarette end in the dry grass or pines, will cause a fire. The damage it can do it is impossible to estimate. The game killed can be easily replaced by natural increase in a few years, but every acre of timber burned will take from fifty to a hundred years to replace.

All the streams in the Park are banksful, the rivers are hurrying the waters out of Park. By the time these notes are published the roads will all be dry and dusty, there will be no snow except in the mountains, the hotel will be opened, and the tourist will have possession. H.

GUNPOWDER TESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM for June 2, "F. F. F." quotes with approval from "that rifle expert P." as follows: "The Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 is not only 15 to 20 per cent. stronger than any American powder I have tried, but it is cleaner and better in every way for a rifle."

Thirty years ago Messrs. Curtis & Harvey probably made the best powder in the world, and that firm deserve great credit for having uniformly maintained a very high standard for some of their brands, and notably the "Diamond Grain." But it is of importance that sportsmen should know whether other powders can be obtained equally good, and the following tests can be relied on as made with the utmost accuracy, and with the benefit of the best appliances. The writer has carried out similar trials for many years, and the results here given are the latest, corresponding closely, however, with former ones. In the table, A, B, C and are the best powders of the four leading manufacturers in the United States. The next two are English, E being the "Alliance" of Pigou, Wilks & Lawrence, and F the "Diamond Grain" of Curtis & Harvey. G is made by a Canadian company.

RECORD.

Test December 21, 1886. Weather clear and fine; no wind. Thermometer 20° Fahr.; barometer 29.5 inches.

Powder.	Density.	Velocity.	Residuum.
A	1.745	1226.7	355
B	1.7553	1256.1	340
C	1.798	1119.5	419
D	1.73	1120.0	300
E	1.7549	1200.6	295
F	1.732	1228.1	320
G	1.781	1234.4	290

The density is the absolute specific gravity determined by the Bianchi mercurial densimeter. Other things being equal (but they seldom are), the more dense or hard the powder is the better. Measured charges contain greater quantity, the combustion, and therefore power developed, is more uniform, and the liability to deterioration from keeping or handling is less. On the other hand, light powder is quicker, and to that extent cleaner. For the remaining tests all the powders were first carefully sifted until grain was obtained of perfectly uniform size, in the present case one nearly identical with C. & H. No. 6. The velocity or strength was then measured with a Le Boulengè chronograph, the figures given being the actual speed of the bullet in feet midway between the electric targets, here 55ft. from the muzzle of the gun. This can be easily reduced to initial or muzzle velocity by the formula in the ordnance books, but it does not affect the result. The arm selected, on account of the heavy bullet, was the old pattern Springfield musket, .58cal., but of course one which had never been used. This was converted into a breechloader by E. Remington & Sons, and selected from the best they had in stock for the purpose. The powder charges, 77grs. each, were accurately weighed, not measured. The bullets were made to order by the Winchester Arms Co., and those picked out weighing exactly 480grs. each. The figures given are the average of ten shots with each powder. As showing relative uniformity, the maximum variation from that average was, for any single shot, in feet, of A, 36.4; B, 7.5; C, 20 5; D, 9.0; E, 9.0; F, 16.1; and G, 15.0. It should be remembered that in most rifled arms slowness within certain limits increases uniformity.

The residuum or cleanliness is determined thus. The thoroughly cleaned barrel of a 10-gauge single-barreled breechloading gun, made for the purpose with extra inside polish and an arrangement for instant detachment from the stock, is accurately weighed in a balance capable of showing one-half milligram with that load. Ten shots are then taken at intervals of one minute, and after the last the barrel immediately weighed again, before it can absorb any moisture from the atmosphere, and the increase noted. As some powder shows much less residuum when the barrel is cool, this test is then repeated, after carefully cleaning, with the same sample, but at five minutes interval between each of the ten shots. The mean weight of the residuum, in milligrams, from these two trials is the result given in the table. The charges are measured; 1¼ drams powder and 4 drams Tatham's No. 9 chilled shot. Eley's best paper shells and wads are used. In the present trial the maximum fouling in any series of ten shots was, C, 420 mg.; the minimum, G, 220 mg. It can be seen from the above that the powder in question stands very high upon the list, but taking everything into consideration there are two that surpass it, while a fourth makes a very close approximation. Evidently, however, the wise readers of FOREST AND STREAM (and are they not all such?) need be at no loss for good gunpowder. T. C. B.

INTERNATIONAL GAME PROTECTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The salmon in the Province of New Brunswick has received little or no protection on its spawning grounds from either the Dominion or local government; but fortunately for the preservation of that most valuable fish, certain citizens of the United States, who spend part of their summers on the wild and romantic shores of the Restigouche, have taken this matter into their own hands, and by means of a moderate expenditure of money in the payment of proper guardians, have so much increased the stock of salmon in that river that the right to fish therein has become a source of very considerable revenue to the Government of New Brunswick. The matter of moose and caribou protection in New Brunswick is now just in the same state as the fishermen from the United States found that of the salmon in the Restigouche when they first ascended that river. We have very elaborate laws for the protection of moose and other game, copies of which are being circulated abroad for the purpose of leading the sporting public of Great Britain and the United States to believe that our executive officials are really in earnest in this matter of game protection, which is not the fact. Far better were it that the present law should be expunged from our statute book, than that it should be allowed to remain there a virtual monument to executive incapacity or dishonesty.

This is not all. The peculiar system of enacting game laws, which are not enforced, is educating a class of scoundrels, who, allowed to do wrong by the connivance of the authorities in their own country, are encouraged by this immunity to make raids on that of their neighbors. What I have said regarding New Brunswick will, in all probability, apply equally well to the Province of Quebec.

Moose are being illegally killed in numbers every winter by men on snowshoes in New Brunswick, and they will soon be extinct there should no means be soon taken for their protection. By the expenditure of $2,000 per annum this can be done well, and in such case they will become again as abundant there as they were many years ago, and so long as such protection is continued the stock will never decrease while autumn hunting only is allowed. There is perhaps no part of the continent which is better adapted to be a home for the moose than the interior of New Brunswick, where hundreds of lakes dot the irregular surface of thousands of square miles, where the ground is so rocky and sterile that no husbandman will ever dispute with the wild beasts the possession of their gloomy and silent forests.

With respect to Canadian poachers extending their depredations into the territory of the United States, I may here mention that the extensive forests in the State of Maine on the head of the St. John, between Baker Lake and the Alleguash, were last winter invaded by hunters from the Province of Quebec, one of whom acknowledges to have slaughtered no less than twelve moose. This state of facts demands the attention of such of the public of the United States as are interested in the preservation of this noble animal, and the writer would suggest as a means to that end, and also for that of other game, the formation of an international association for the purpose of strongly urging upon the State and Provincial governments the necessity for prompt, vigorous and united action in the matter of game and fish protection in America. EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, N. B., June 3.

A TWINGE OF PLEASANT MEMORY.

ONE spring, less than a hundred years ago, a party of congenial spirits made up a hunt to Beaver Lake, Indiana. Our party was pretty well organized; we had a treasurer, who was advance agent, made all bargains, paid all bills, etc. We drove from St. Anna twelve miles to the lake. It was a muddy road, and some of us walked a good part of the way; to do our very best those twelve miles grew to at least twenty, or it seemed so to us; it was cold, mud hub deep sometimes, and it took all the fun we could scare up to keep our spirits above zero. About 3 o'clock we came in sight of the lake. Our driver entertained us with the story of the horse thieves that once had their camp on an island in the lake, and he showed us the holes in the sand where the thieves had stables for the horses. According to his story the band became so strong the State militia had to be ordered out to capture them. As we came out into the meadows and pastures used by stock men, away to the left we could see thousands of ducks, and to the right could hear geese booming. It made our very fingers tingle. Soon we came to a house and asked for lodgings. Carl, as we found his name to be, took a good look at our party, and then smiled all over his face, went into the house "to see the old woman," came out and said all right.

After a dinner of roasted goose we started for a crack at the ducks. Carl said "You are just a little too late; you ought to have been here a week earlier." Did you ever hear that before? Just as we started a team of ducks circled and went down into a little marsh bordering the lake, and Pete said to me, "Mark, let's you and I go for them." I let him take the lead, and as I climbed a fence behind him I slipped out the shells loaded with No. 6 for ducks and put in shells loaded with No. 1 for geese. We went into the marsh side by side. When we came to open water the ducks were in plain sight, and almost immediately they sprang up fully sixty yards away. Both guns cracked at once and neither of us fired the second barrel. One old duck when high up turned over and came down with a whack. Pete, who had long boots, waded out and brought in the duck. As he came he kept turning back the feathers, and his first remark was, "Well, it has been a hard hitting gun that killed this duck." "Why?" "Because just one shot has hit her in the back and gone clear through and come out at the breast. What number shot did you have in?" "No. 6. What did you have?" "No. 1." He just put that duck into his pocket and coolly remarked, "Nothing smaller than a No. 1 could have gone clear through as this has," but he told Bob that night that it was "Mark" who had killed the first duck. Pete was a good fellow, but I should have rather enjoyed carrying that duck myself, and it has always seemed to me that he might just as well have owned up to me that I was one ahead; but he didn't. You see that was about the first duck hunt I was ever out on, and that is why I felt it so keenly. I didn't kill another that evening, though Pete did.

Four of us slept in one room that night, Bob and I in one bed, Pete and Gibbs in another; yes, and a trundle bed full of children between the two beds. Along in the night, some time, to help matters Gibbs began to snore; then the children got uneasy; the old house cat concluded there wasn't quite enough in the room and began to bring in her kittens one by one. So they all kept it up, kittens mewing, Gibbs snoring, the children fussing and Carl out in the other room scolding. Bob reached out, got hold of a kitten and hurled it straight at Gibbs. His aim was good; Gibbs gave a most terrific snort, which scared the children into a howl, and brought Carl in to see what the row was. Bob, of course, was sound asleep. I told Carl "it was the cat," and he finally got her out, when we had it tolerably calm until morning.

The next morning I went out without a guide, followed a fence that was partly under water for, I should think, nearly a mile. It had been quite cold during the night, and there was a thin skim of ice over the edge and all along that fence. I had to break it at every step. It was a rather ticklish business for an amateur duck hunter, but I finally got to the point I had set out for, and I just fixed a seat on that old fence almost hidden by the flags and wild rice; and then the way I knocked the ducks would tickle an older sportsman. There I sat through that day, and in the evening I would have given $5 to the man that would carry me and my load back to the house. Sitting so long on the fence in the cold gave me a rheumatic pain in my hip and I couldn't walk upright to save me. If I recollect right I bagged more ducks that day than any two of the others.

The following morning at 4 o'clock we were on the road to the station, and long before we could see we could hear the whistle of wings overhead as the ducks flew out to feed. Just before we left the lake shore we began to see shadows floating over us, and as a flock came over I fired into them, when out tumbled a spriggtail, the last duck killed by any of the party. This delay caused us to get into the station too late for our train, and we had to wait; but the train that we missed was wrecked, so you see we saved our bacon by being late.

On this trip we had no decoys, no dogs nor boats; but we had a big time, and all of us vowed that we would go back the next spring with everything necessary "to just slay them." Some of the party have since died, the others are scattered far apart, and if one of them should happen to read these lines he will know that one at least never forgets a hunt, no matter when nor how taken. Moreover, I can still feel now and then a twinge of that pain contracted on Beaver Lake, and whenever such a twinge comes over me I live over again the pleasant time we had there. MARK.

MORNING SUN, Iowa.

AMONG MINNESOTA WILDFOWL.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I append copy of a letter just received from one of your numerous and attentive readers which will explain itself: "C. A. Zimmerman, Esq.—Dear Sir: In conning over the FOREST AND STREAM of the 19th I discovered such gross plagiarism in the article entitled 'Among Minnesota Wildfowl' that I want to ask if you have noticed that portions are stolen from your contribution to *Scribner's Magazine* of October, 1879. I regard your 'Field Sports in Minnesota' as an ideal sporting article, and have read it so many times that it has been partly committed to memory, and I was therefore enabled to discover the straight steal of 'C. F. C.' Respectfully yours, ——."

Of course it is not possible nor will it be necessary to make exhaustive quotations, as an extract or two and a comparison will convince your readers that they, as well as yourself, have been very unfairly treated:

"C. F. C." in Forest and Stream.

"We employed the usual tactics of approaching the pond from different directions, and after getting ourselves in good cover Bart, at a signal, fired a random shot over the water. With a great quacking and rustling of wing the ducks sprang into the air and made a break in the direction of one of the large lakes. This brought them over to me, and a couple toppled over to my double report. This reception startled the flock, and in considerable disorder they turned only to meet with a similar reception from George. Again they were repulsed and sought a new direction, but such a height had they attained that I thought we should get no more. But Bart was the champion, for he stopped three ducks with one barrel."

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"To me there is not much real sport in this style of shooting, although the game is large and fine; it lacks the excitement of pass shooting, while many birds are lost in the matted reeds."

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"The main flight having passed over we are favored with more singles than flocks, and the shooting in consequence becomes more interesting because more difficult. The ducks begin to climb as they cross, and I replace my No. 6 shells for those loaded with No. 5. Clean misses are frequent at the swift-flying birds. It seems at times next to an impossibility to swing the gun rapidly enough to cover and avoid shooting behind."

Scribner's, October, 1879.

"We employ the usual tactics by surrounding it, each one approaching it from a different direction. * * * * * When every one is posted in as good cover as possible, Bill, according to previous arrangement, fires a random shot from his 'pin-fire' over the water. In an instant, with a quacking and a terrible flutter.ng the well-concealed ducks sprang into the air and made a break for one of the large lakes. * * * * * and two birds topple over almost before the double report of his piece has drifted across the puddle. This reception has startled the flock, and in considerable disorder they turn, only to be met by a similar reception from W. Again are they repulsed and seek a new direction, which brings them over my stand, but such a height have they attained that only one drops dead to my gun. But Bill is the champion, for he stops three ducks with one barrel of his gun, having had time to exchange his finer shot for No. 1."

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"To me there is not much real sport in this style of shooting, though the game is large and fine; it lacks the excitement of the "pass" shooting, and many birds are lost by falling into the matted reeds and grass." * * * * * * *

"The main flight having passed over, and out of which we have taken fair toll, we are favored with more singles than flocks; the shooting is consequently more interesting, because more difficult. Clean misses at these swift-flying birds are frequent. It seems at times next to an impossibility to swing the gun rapidly enough to cover and avoid shooting behind."

Comments are not necessary; no doubt all your readers will see the point. C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

BUCKSHOT.—Will some of your readers give me the results of their experience as to different modes of loading buckshot, both in cylinder bore and chokebore guns. I should like their experience with bonedust and other powders to pack the shot in.—BUCK.

WHAT KILLED THE DEER?

I SAW in the FOREST AND STREAM, issue of May 12, the above question, and I wish to relate two similar instances that occurred on the Peshtigo River below Roaring Rapids in November, 1885. A party of Janesville, Wis., gentlemen was hunting them and one of them shot at a swimming deer. The ball struck the water in front of the deer's throat and three or four inches ahead of the deer, when the deer stopped swimming and floated down until pulled out. It was the only shot fired, and as the shot was a broadside one, of course the deer was not hit; this a very careful examination proved afterward, but it was killed as suddenly as if shot through the brain. A few days after at Caldron Falls, just below, another deer was pulled out without a shot mark or bruise anywhere on the body. I skinned it myself and took particular pains to examine it and I thought the cause of death must have been from the long race it had had, followed by the shock produced by the long swim or float after reaching the river, which must of necessity drive all the blood internally, thereby producing intense congestion, which was very markedly shown in the last deer. The lungs were full of bloody froth and the tissue was distended almost to bursting. Squirrels are frequently killed by shock from hitting the tree with a ball near enough to deprive them of all the vitality, and I think Mr. Wardwell's deer was killed by the shock of the shot and congestion, following the plunge in the water, as was the first deer in the Peshtigo. .45-60.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

UNTIMELY CALIFORNIA SHOOTING.

A California correspondent writes to protest against the article recently published in this journal entitled "Experience with California Game." The open seasons for game and fish up to January last were, for deer, July 1 to Nov. 1, (forbidden to kill doe or fawn); quail and grouse, Oct. 1 to March 1; trout, April 1 to Nov. 1. He writes:

In the second paragraph of that letter, its author states that he shot seven quail, "shooting five of them from the wagon." At the end of the third paragraph, he states that the road followed the bed of a stream which was now dry, (for the rainy season had closed more than a month before). This seemingly innocent statement contains the "milk in the cocoanut." When does the rainy season end in California? Is it not about April 15, or May 1 at the latest? If so, when was it that he was killing quail? In June evidently, and if in June, is that the open season for quail?

In the next paragraph he confesses that if he did not kill a doe it was not his fault, as on reaching the summit the deer was not to be found. A couple of paragraphs further on and we see him standing by the river side spear in hand trying to kill a salmon. Since when, pray, has it been lawful to spear a salmon?

In the very next paragraph he is trying to kill a deer again. Supposing he had been more skillful, and had secured a buck, would he or would he not, have transgressed the law again? Was it yet July? As to his trout fishing in Stony Creek, we have no word of animadversion. We have fished that stream ourselves, and can sympathize with any honest angler, who loses his tackle to the large trout its clear waters contain.

In the March number of the *Century* Mr. John R. S. Hassard has an article headed "Camping Out in California." In the second column of the first page of the article he states that he started for the mountains "on a bright morning in early June." If this means anything it must mean that he started some time during the first ten days of the month—nearly three weeks before the legal date for killing deer, and over three months after the legal date for killing quail. He then goes on to state that in the evening he made his first halt, and remained in camp two weeks. Here he proceeded to enjoy the lawful sport of trout fishing and the unlawful killing of quail (*vide* page 738). In this latter occupation he and his whole party—even to the Chinese cook—apparently took a hand, and he records it with unblushing effrontery.

That he did not further transgress the law by killing deer was evidently not his fault in intent, for on the same page he asserts that "although the guide and two or three of the most earnest of the party made long marches and spent watchful nights on the mountains, they saw only one deer, and him they did not kill."

From this to his final camp on the top of Pine Mountain his journey occupied another week, making three weeks in all, after which we will give him the benefit of the doubt as to the killing of deer. It must have been a close shave though, as he states that after the first establishment of his camp on the mountain he had venison in the larder continually (page 743).

On page 745 he chronicles the killing of a doe, which our law forbids, and on the next page is an account of a similar exploit. For a wonder he shot no quail after reaching his permanent camp, as, although he saw them, they were followed by young broods, "and we would not molest them." How wonderful considerate all at once. Yet, was it any worse to kill them while followed by their broods, than it was, two weeks before, while incubating?

On the same page, 747, is an attempt at humor in describing the killing of a grouse and his subsequent appearance at the table. It would not have been nearly so humorous if he had been obliged to pay the penalty of the "deep damnation of his taking off."

Does it not lessen our respect for our fellow men to see individuals of culture and intelligence leave their morals all at home when they start for an outing? Would either of those two men have been so unobservant of the law when at home and among their friends and neighbors? We think not. Then why did they proceed to transgress the instant they got out into the woods, when masquerading under the guise of sportsmen?

And, as if the actual commitment of these offenses was not enough, they must needs report themselves as offenders in the columns of two widely read periodicals This, again, is another evil, as it might lead innocent parties in other States and countries to suppose that all this sport was legal and so might induce them to come and do likewise.

Brother sportsmen who respect the law, speak out in the columns of the dear old FOREST AND STREAM and put all law breakers in the pillory of public opinion, and see if we cannot at least make such men ashamed to boast of their deeds before the readers of this journal. AREFAR.

AUBURN, California.

THE MICHIGAN WARDEN WORK.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith a brief abstract of the doings of the Michigan game warden, since his appointment on March 15 last, thinking that it may point a moral or adorn a tale to those who, in other States, are urging the appointment of a similar officer. The game warden is a State officer and is paid his salary and expenses by the State. He has the appointment of three deputies in each county, of which deputies there are eighty-two in the entire State. This being an entirely new thing the first month or so was passed in appointing wardens and getting the machinery of the office into working order. In the month of April last five arrests were made and convictions followed all of them. The fines and costs imposed that month amounted to $21.80. In the month of May the number of arrests was sixty-two, of which fifty-eight were convicted and four were acquitted, or nolle pros'd. The fines and costs imposed during the month of May under these convictions amounted to $322.83. Five of these convictions were for violations of the laws for the protection of fish and fisheries. The offenses were committed in twelve different counties, extending from one end to the other of the lower peninsula, showing how widely spread was the violation of the law, and how much somebody was needed to look after the offenders.

It will need but a few more months of prosecution as vigorous as this to put a stop to the greater part of the violations of the game laws. That so many have been prosecuted and convicted is a test of the interest taken in the subject by the deputy game wardens, who have made nearly all of the complaints. These deputies, as yet, are serving without any compensation, the only provision for their payment being that they shall be paid such compensation as the boards of supervisors in the various counties shall allow and for which the county boards have as yet made no allowances.

We hope to better this matter before a great while.

M. NORRIS.

MICHIGAN DEER HUNTING.

LAST fall, as has been my custom for the past sixteen years, with but one or two exceptions, I left home on Nov. 8 for a short hunt for deer. Our party, when gathered at our boarding place, consisted of five persons: Mr. P., from Penn Yan, New York; Cleveland and Harv, from North Muskegon; Cob and myself, from Palo, Mich. We boarded at Mr. Caster's, about seven miles northwest of Baldwin, a station on the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad. We have made this place our quarters for a number of seasons, not because deer are more plentiful here than in other sections, but it is a good place to board, convenient to post office, etc. Cob had preceded the rest of the party by one week, and had been looking the ground over and had had a few shots, killed one deer and wounded another fatally, which he found when spoiled.

Cleveland and Harv arrived the same day that P. and I did, on the 8th. On the ninth there was no snow, and as we use no dogs, we concluded to drive and watch runways. Cob stationed Cleveland and I on a road some thirty rods apart but in sight of each other. After waiting for some time a cold rain set in and I concluded to go to the house, and started on a run, and had gone a few rods, when I heard a ball from Cleveland's .45-60 Winchester singing past me, and I turned just in time to see a fine doe go into the bushes on the opposite side of the road within three rods of where I was standing. I had lost my first chance and felt chagrined. Cleveland got in two shots but failed to hit. Cob got two shots but no deer; thus ended our first day's hunt.

Wednesday, the 10th, it snowed during the night, and in the morning tracks were quite plenty, but before noon the snow was gone. I saw one deer and shot at it with buckshot, but did not kill. Harv two shots and Cob three and no deer. Thursday Harv made seven short and got one buck. Friday Cob saw two tails, but got no deer. Saturday P. made five shots and got one deer. Sunday we rested and spent the day in reading. Monday Harv had seven shots, but killed no deer. I had a running shot at a fine buck and scored a miss. Tuesday nothing. Wednesday morning there was a light snow. Harv scored five shots, no deer; P. three shots and wounded a four-pronged buck. P. and I were hunting together to-day and had tracked this deer a long distance before raising him. When he jumped out of his bed P. got in three shots, but had a very poor chance. And now comes the unaccountable part of the story. We followed the track for a half mile or more and found neither hair nor blood, and we had concluded that the deer was not hit. But just at this point P. was following the track, and said to me, "Some one has shot our deer," for new blood was scattered on each side of the track profusely. Having heard no gun and no person appearing, we concluded that P. had hit him hard. We followed for about a mile further, the deer still bleeding freely, whether walking or standing. P. started him again and the blood stopped almost entirely. It now began to rain and the snow went off, and we didn't get the buck. This is the only instance of the kind that I have had in hunting during the past forty-eight years. I have shot a deer and not found a drop of blood when there was a good snow, but have found the deer dead. I have shot others that bled freely from the start, but soon stopped bleeding. Cob had two shots that day and killed a fawn.

Thursday, 18th, there was a snowstorm; no deer. Friday P. shot a fawn. Saturday P. and Cob hunted together and brought in three deer, a doe, a yearling and a fawn. Monday, the 22d, we concluded to hunt with a bell, Mr. Caster going with us, making six in the party. Cob had three shots, but failed to kill a deer. We had a big tramp and came home in a heavy rain, late in the evening somewhat tired. Tuesday we did not hunt.

Wednesday, the 24th, P. and I came home. The rest of the party remained another week and had a good tracking snow with deer quite plenty, and yet they didn't get the deer. Mr. Coster got a fine buck when hunting with them. Cleveland and I failed to kill a deer, and yet I enjoyed my hunt first-rate and hope to have another next fall. We had a good time, secured ten or twelve deer, which are as many as any small party ought to kill in one season.

A few years ago I wrote up a hunt of our party—"An Unvarnished Tale"—and thought at the time that I would write something about hounding deer, but finding that the Senate had failed to pass the bill to prohibit hunting deer with dogs I was so disgusted that I felt it would be as well to say nothing. The House has passed this session a good bill for the protection of game, but I presume the Senate will fail to pass it. Our State game warden and his deputies are doing something in enforcing the present game laws; but as long as the Michigan Sportsmen's Association favor hounding deer and practice it in all their hunts, the deer will soon be a thing of the past. Mr. Ed H. Gilman is very active in enforcing the present game laws against pot-hunters, and full as active in his opposition to a law to prohibit hounding deer. Such a law would interfere with his sport and no doubt would reduce somewhat the number of deer that he and his party report after each season's hunt, which is usually from forty to fifty.

STILL-HUNTER.

PALO, Ionia County, Mich.

A SENSIBLE HINT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is a quotation from a letter recently received from a Virginian at whose plantation Northern sportsmen, with their dogs, can be entertained in the hunting season for a consideration. I send it in no pharisaic spirit, but as a hint which many of your readers may need and be thankful for. He says: "I must thank you for remembering me much oftener than a good many of my hunting friends. Some I don't hear from until old Jack Frost puts in an appearance, and then they want to know 'how is the weather,' and 'how are the birds,' and 'how are the dogs, etc.'" Now, an occasional copy of FOREST AND STREAM, or the *Graphic*, or the *Sunday Sun*, or a cheerful letter, however short, falls like a sunbeam upon the leaden dullness of winter farmlife, and shortens amazingly Sundays and rainy days of spring and summer. With these few words to the wise I remain—J. L. K. (Perth Amboy, N. J.).

SNARING GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A writer on this in FOREST AND STREAM of the 12th instant does not give the side of the law for Massachusetts. All valuables on the land, fixed or movable, belong to the owner of the land, whether cultivated or uncultivated. The decisions of the Supreme Court have settled this, as regards all wild fruits, nuts and berries, which are stationary by nature. In the same way the Supreme Court has decided as regards bees, fish and game, which are movable from one man's land to another's, by their own will. Their ownership goes with the land on which they are at any given time. A Bristol county decision of the Supreme Court ruled that a man in pursuit of his own game lost ownership and right to pursue when it went beyond his own boundary line. Fish in natural ponds of twenty acres and above are reserved for the public, but in brooks and smaller ponds they belong to the owners of the banks. Prior to 1884 the gunner had free range, liable only to damage by trespass, which ordinarily was of no account. But he was so taking it as a right, and sometimes so arrogantly, that a law was then passed allowing the owner to "post" his grounds, and so, if he would, keep off the gunner totally. This was in accordance with the court decisions referred to and conceded to the land owner total and absolute ownership and control of all game on his land. This "posting" law, fully enforced, would allow the game to die of old age, so far as the outside gunner is concerned. Still the farmer was tolerant of the gunner who disregarded this law, till in 1886 the sportsmen quietly secured a law which forbids the owner to snare on his own land. This was reserving all game for the gun and dog, which generally the farmers cannot use. It was the old story of the camel in the tent with no room left for the owner and no right for the camel to be inside. The farmers, of whom there are more than 40,000, became warm, and when the bill just passed was introduced it passed quite unanimously and with almost no division. They restored promptly a usage which has been enjoyed in Massachusetts from earliest colony time, excepting the one year of the law of 1886. Here are the rights and the laws and the facts as to snaring in this State. The "codfish eloquence" was not abundant nor needed, nor the "suggestions" of a "retired clergyman." The thing went itself when started. That gentleman, instead of being retired, was too busy with great educational interests east and west to do much. He got in only a few charges of No. 10 shot. Really, the gentlemen gunners are in a bad plight for partridge shooting, since they have passion and skill and splendid dogs for the sport, but no right in equity or law to any hunting ground. So to speak, they are thoroughly equipped and trained for a regatta, but have no water at control. No doubt if they let the owners' rights and snares alone and are gentlemanly toward them, they can have the shooting ground they once had, but they must ask the privilege of 40,000 farmers.

BAY STATE.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

215.

I SEND you some notes from my old friend and campmate "Bush" D. The documents explain themselves to a degree. I will add that "Bush" is one of the most genial and ardent outers I ever camped with. I never knew him to take a gun or rod into the woods, or catch a fish, or bag anything but his trousers. But when you came to the commissary department, he was what you would call reliable. He was not fond of risks or adventure, and my light canoes were a standing terror to him. When we found it necessary to double-team and muzzle a fractious hound to relieve him of porcupine quills, "Bush" always went to roost on a log; and I have known him to take to a tree for a wounded woodcock. But all the same, he was the life of the party; and for genial good nature, wit and companionable qualities, not easily beaten. And once more before I die I should like to rest with him, for a brief summer week, on browse, under bark.

NESSMUK.

Reading the "Log of the Bucktail," where "Nessmuk" speaks of deer not being so plentiful as they used to be, puts me in mind of a question I once asked an old hunter of "Nessmuk's" town. He came into the store, and knowing his propensity for telling big stories, I started him by saying, "Mr. L., I suppose deer are not as plenty as they were when you first came to W." "Oh, no. I remember one morning of taking my gun down and going just back of my house just over the hill. I stopped to see if there was any deer in sight, when up popped a buck's head just over a knoll a short distance from where I stood. I raised gun to shoulder and fired, and down went the head. Before moving I loaded my gun, and just as I was putting on the cap up came the buck's head. I thought it very strange that I should miss such a shot, and I shot again and the second time down went the buck. The third time I loaded, and just as I was ready to start up came the buck's head again. Then I was thunder struck, but I shot again, and as before down went the buck; and, sir, as true as I am standing here, I loaded that gun eight times, and as many times appeared the buck's head. The ninth load I did not shoot, as the buck's head did not appear, so I thought I would walk over and see what had become of my deer, for I thought it must be mine by this time, and when I looked over that knoll there lay eight as nice deer as you ever saw. No, deer are not as plenty as they used to be around here."

The first time I ever saw a wild deer I was in camp with "Nessmuk" at the same eddy he speaks of in his letter in FOREST AND STREAM, of Sept. 11, 1886. There were four of us in camp, Capt. N., George D., "Nessmuk" and myself. There is one thing "Nessmuk" never goes in camp without taking with him, and that is a canoe, and a light one at that. After dinner one day, Geo. D. proposed taking the canoe and crossing the eddy to the other bank. "Nessmuk" did not care to go. Capt. N. was too tired (he was born tired). I myself have a slight remembrance of starting to cross that eddy in that canoe, but I remember walking back as vividly as if it was only yesterday. The sight of my first deer was the cause of our returning without the canoe. We were about half way to the other bank when "Nessmuk" called to us to stop as there was a deer coming down the mountain. We sat there a moment and a deer came into the Tiadatton above us, crossing at the riffles. After getting into the stream it stopped and looked at us, and the first thought I had was of buck fever. "But," said I, "no buck fever about me, if I had a gun and the law would allow it, we might have venison for supper." After watching the creature for a moment, "Nessmuk" gave a whistle, and the deer made a break for the woods. I don't think that the deer stepped on my toes, but I felt a shock that went through me from head to foot—something very like an ague, I think they call it—and I made a quick motion with my hands for the sides of that canoe, but they were not where I could put my hands upon them. The deer, the shock and the canoe all started at once, and this is the reason why George and I walked back to camp, wetter, if not wiser men than when we left. George can tell you just how deep the water is in that eddy, for he is taller than I am. The moral is: If you go canoeing with "Nessmuk," walk.

BUSH.

216.

It happened in the wilds of New Jersey. Two friends, A and B, went to spend a couple of weeks of shooting in the Orange Mountains. A had his old reliable Remington, while B was equipped with a Greener, for which, two weeks before, he had paid $100. The third day was one to make any sportsman thrill with joy. The two New Yorkers started at sunrise in quest of birds, and by noon had quite good bags. While eating their lunch and resting under a large tree they were startled by a rabbit which ran by them, not more than three yards away. It was closely followed by a mongrel dog. The dog had hardly disappeared in the thicket when the owner appeared, as true a specimen of a Jersey farmer as one ever met. Discovering A and B he stopped, and asked if they had seen a dog pass that way. B was about to answer, when all three heard the dog barking, 300yds. away, where it had run the rabbit to cover. All three immediately followed after the dog and found him in a swamp, which was too marshy to penetrate. So the countryman proposed that A go around to the right of the swamp and try and rout the game from its stronghold. After A had gone, the farmer asked B to let him have his gun and he would go to the left and try and get a shot at the rabbit from that side. After patiently wating for five minutes or more to hear from the countryman, B started to find him. After hunting for an hour or more he arrived at the conclusion that he had been taken in and done for by an innocent Jersey farmer. He decided to go back to camp, where he found A. The first thing A asked was where was B's gun. B mournfully replied, "I let the countryman have it." The whole affair immediately became clear to both of them, and after promising not to give the joke away to the boys they returned home, B unburdened by the weight of a gun.

HUTCH.

217.

It is not all of fishing to fish. I went fishing the other day and had a combination of good and bad luck, so will tell you all about it. In this part of the country the last of May and the first of June are the time to catch pike, so accepted an invitation from three fellows to go fishing out to Clear Water Lake, which is about ten miles from here. Our stopping place was where P. F. Douglas, of Minneapolis, is building a summer house, and it is a very pretty place to camp and fish. There being no barn, we had to hitch our horses to the trees, giving instructions to the men to keep an eye on them. We soon got off on the lake, P. and L. in one boat M. and myself in the other. C. and L. pulled down to the mouth of the lake while we struck across about one mile from the other boat. We fished until the score ran up to 18 nice pike, when M. said we would pull back and see how the boys were making it. As we came ashore one of the carpenters came down and told us that we would have to walk home, for the team had left us. About 4 o'clock the horses broke the halters and "lit out" for home. They ran about half a mile and then came to a wire fence. One horse went clear over, while the other struck the top wire and got flopped over on to its back, cutting its forelegs very badly on the barbs. A man came down and told C. and L., and they threw up fishing and put out after the horses, tramping the ten miles in the hot sun and getting into town half an hour behind the horses. When we came ashore it was 7:30 o'clock, and sundown; and to walk ten miles after dark was anything but fun. But the best thing we could do was to grin and walk. We were soon on the road, and seeing an Irishman asked him if he had seen the horses. The answer was "Yis, and they wint at full spade." We got home at 11 o'clock at night, to stand the laugh of the boys and the damage to the horse. So ends my first fishing excursion of this season.

RAMROD.

CLEAR WATER, Minnesota.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

BOUNTIFUL NATURE AFFORDS NO FINER SPECIFIC for skin diseases than Sulphur, a fact that is proven by the action upon the cuticle afflicted with eruptions or ulcerous sores, of that supreme purifier and beautifier of the skin, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE—Black and brown, 50c.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

PLANK-SHAD.

I KNOW "plank-shad" are not classified in works on icthyology, yet fish epicures in and about the national capital refuse to admit there is any other worthy of mention in comparison. They divide mankind into these two great classes, those who have eaten "plank-shad" and those who have not. Candor compels the sad confession that the second class greatly outnumbers the first; but this is modified by the fact that the former are of the elect, and distinguished by an air of conscious superiority, born of triumph in the highest fish degree of gastronomy.

A certain Roman emperor sometimes found, and as often bewailed, that he had "lost a day," but ye who have never dined on "plank-shad" have lost all your days. Will you, reader, reform at once? If so, come with me on board the trim steamboat, the Corcoran, which will go this bright May morning sixteen miles down the Potomac to Marshall Hall, opposite Mt. Vernon, where Col. McKibben, the genial host and an old '49er, will see that you are served *secundum artem*. There, we are already on board, and are fast leaving behind us an extended view of the city, wherein the white dome of the capitol and the cloud-piercing pinnacle of the Washington monument will linger long after all surrounding objects shall have faded from sight. We steam swiftly past the green-carpeted and luxuriantly shaded Arsenal Point—sadly renowned since war days—past the broad mouth and picturesque bridges of Four-Mile Run, where, like many better, wiser and greater men, your humble *compagnon de voyage* is wont to resort for pastime in fishing and hunting; on past the city of Alexandria, deader than the hero from whom the name descended, and lastly past the peacefully frowning heights crowned by Forts Foote and Washington. Then the tolling steamboat bell announces that the bright green slopes and grand old mansion of Mt. Vernon are before us, and also that the end of our pleasant trip is reached. We disembark, to find a "summer resort" beautiful enough to merit a visit, even without the added attraction of "plank-shad."

But let us attend to the business of the day. Look down the river bank. You see fishermen—white, black and medium—hauling a long seine. It is full of shad, herring and perch, with a big sturgeon thrown in for luck. You see his back fin cutting the water like a razor as he darts here and there in the inclosure of the net, and some of the seine haulers are standing ready with club and gaff awaiting the first favorable moment for attack. There! they have stunned and perhaps killed him, and are hauling him from the net bag preparatory to ladling out the shad.

Well, you may now be sure that shad—our "plank-shad"—have been caught, and that you shall eat no stale fish. Now, come along to the outdoor kitchen, in the rear of the mansion, and look in at the open window. (It will be considered no serious intrusion if I explain that I want a "green un" to see how it's done). The black servants (whose heads are, by the way, all ornamented with red bandanas) are dressing the shad just caught.

Under that tall locust, a few yards from the kitchen, is seen a good fire of pine and cedar logs, and around them a row of planks—1ft.x2ft.—supported in nearly vertical position. A superannuated negro, a regular, old-fashioned "fo-de-wah" sort of darky, who is lame in one leg and "afflic wid rumatiz in de udder," hobbles around the firy circle, conspicuously and ostentatiously playing the rôle of inspector-general of shad cooking. With a knowing look at the planks, now browned by the fire, he gives the grand hailing sign, and forth from the kitchen comes a buxom bare-footed daughter of Ham, carrying a tray full of the fresh-caught and dressed shad. These the aforesaid inspector-general proceeds to nail to the planks with a haste limited only by dignity and rheumatism. You note that they are placed with the inner side next the fire; yet, please set down in your memory that it is preferable to give them a short "turn" to insure thorough cooking. The time has now come when the proud master of ceremonies can take up the insignia of his great office, to wit: a wand in the form of a long stick to one of whose ends a clean piece of linen or muslin is attached, and a bottle (or small bucket) filled with mysterious yellow liquid. Ever and anon he inserts the cloth end of the wand in the bottle, and then holds it above a steaming shad, so that the liquid trickles down over it. This is obviously shad basting.

"What is that liquid made of?"

"I've investigated and found out that it is melted butter, doctored with salt and pepper, nothing more; and, later, your appreciative palate will be duly thankful it is nothing less."

Note now the air and facial expression of the cook. They show he is conscious of your ignorance, and his own accomplishments. He looks down from his lofty height and wonders "why de pore white trash kin nebber larn dis ere trick." But note again how his manner changes. He's evidently becoming excited. What can it be? Are the fish ruined? Shall we have no "planked shad" after all? Oh! yes. Don't be alarmed. The cook sees that the looked-for climax is approaching. There! it has come. He gives another wild signal, and this time more than one dusky maid comes swiftly to the rescue, and in a trice the crisply-cooked shad are detached from the planks and borne away to the dining hall. Let us follow. We sit down at the table and begin eating at once, for in the lexicon of shad which a good stomach indites for deserved men, there's no such word as wait. Now for the first time in its dismal experience, your stomach—the fish corner of it—lives as it should. "It is a revelation." Well, I knew it would be. It is so to all. Better than any other fish you ever ate. Of course. But never mind talking of that, nor of "gratitude." There'll be time enough later. Eat and be full, for thus you'll be happy.

Dinner—such a dinner—is over, we rise with new dignity, because of added gravity, and wander slowly down the green lawn to a comfortable seat under the trees, whence the broad river and the opposite bank, with Mt. Vernon in the foreground, are in plain view.

Think of it! Just over there, from that high-columned portico, where yon sightseers are this moment wandering back and forth, Washington used to look out on this landscape, yea, this very spot. And then Lafayette and all the other historic personages who came to Mt. Vernon after the close of the Revolutionary War! What memories throng—

"Did Washington ever eat plank-shad?"

Your head is clearly as full of shad as your stomach. You can think of nothing else. Well, then, the interruption is pardoned, and I will answer your practical and prosaic question by saying I do not know. But let us, in thankfulness for the blessing of this day, not allow ourselves to doubt that to so good a man so great a boon as "plank-shad" was not denied.

The steamboat whistle sounds! We have spent a delightful day. Let's seek a quiet place aft, where we can look back on this landscape and indulge in reveries befitting its attractions, and make our plan for another visit.

WASHINGTON, D. C. POTOMAC.

AN EX-GOVERNOR'S POLE.

THE crowd of anglers to the Maine waters this season has been, in many sections, greater than last year, and yet the stay of the fishermen has been generally short, especially of those who were rather late in starting. With this the weather has had as much to do as any other cause. The last week in May was remarkably warm, as all will remember who had the good fortune to be on the Maine lakes. June came in with only a single cold day, and then came on a south wind and showers, with rain nearly every day for eight or ten days. The water grew warm at the surface, and the trout, as is their wont, sunk deeper than usual so early in the season, and all of the first week in June was very poor fishing. In fact those well acquainted with the Androscoggin lakes pronounced the temperature of the water equal to that of early July, and the smaller trout begun to rise to the fly near the mouths of streams and smaller rivers—something rather unusual for so early in June. I know of a number of trout being taken in that way in the Androscoggin waters, while the trolling was remarkably poor. With the poor trolling the sportsman began to get discouraged, and by the 10th of June the lakes were more destitute of sportsmen than ever at that date. But they did not all go home. Some staid for better luck, and if reports are true, they have had it.

The 11th of June brought a change in the wind. It came around to the northwest, and anybody familiar with the backwoods of New England in springtime knows what that means. The mercury fell 30 to 40 degrees in a few hours and the surface of the lakes was lashed to a foam by the cooling blast. The trout were pleased, and were ready for business again. One party of three caught seven large trout in two days, the united weight of which must have been not far from 30lbs., with a large number of smaller size. During three days before they had fished almost in vain. Dr. Mixter, of Boston, is on record in the papers as catching a trout in Mooselucmaguntic Lake weighing 11¼lbs. and measuring 29in. in length. It is also stated that the Doctor in two hours' time had not only landed this monster trout, but also two others, one of 8lbs. and another of 6lbs. This is a part of the record which followed the advent of a northwest wind and cooler weather on the Androscoggin Lakes. It is a well-known fact to those who keep their eyes open that warm water always drives the larger trout to the bottom in the Maine lakes, and those who would take them must either wait till the water cools, if indeed it does again cool for the season, or they must take their chances at very deep trolling.

A good many notables have been afishing this spring, and some of the good notables, too. The Hon. John D. Long, Massachusett's much loved Governor that was, now a member of Congress, and his young wife have been to the Androscoggin Lakes fishing, or else on a lark, I am not entirely certain which. They did ride in the cars to Bryant's Pond, the place where the sportsmen leave the railroad, by the Andover route to those lakes. But there they threw off conventionalities and started on foot. Report says that they walked some six or seven miles, almost to Rumford, when along jogged a farmer with his springboard; farmer kindly asked the lady to ride. She did so, sitting on the seat with him. The Governor stood up on the seat behind the pair, and they rode up to Rumford. There Deacon Tuttle, well-known to the sportsmen who go to the lakes by that route, let the whole story out, when in great surprise he shouted, "Why, Governor, is that you?" The farmer, Mr. M. F. Knight, never felt more honored in his life. But the Governor's lark did not end here. With his wife he kept on to the Upper Dam. There they made a halt. Perhaps that I should explain that they did not make the whole distance, some 35 miles, that night on foot, but they took the usual conveyance, viz., stage, buckboard and steamer. They found quarters at the Upper Dam, and the next day they went a-fishing. But neither the Governor nor his wife had a fish rod. Nothing daunted, however, they proceeded to cut two as straight poles from the woods the best they could find. The Governor was born in Buckfield, Me., and he had cut fish poles before. About his lady I am not quite so certain. They went up to Trout Cove. The Governor was his own guide, and rowed the boat. They fell to fishing and caught several trout. The Governor's wife appeared, so they say, "very much like other mortals, with a man's hat on and a veil tied over it." They walked back to the Upper Dam camp, rather proud of what they had done with what they were pleased to term their "fifty-dollar outfit." It is all right. If Governor Long and his wife prefer to support ugly heavy poles cut from the woods for a couple of hours—if they prefer such rods to a nice split bamboo, one of the achievements of the mechanical skill of the present day, a thing of beauty, weighing only a few ounces, then the sportsmen of the country have not the slightest objections.

In a former letter I suggested that the running of the little steamers on the Umbagog Lake, on the Bethel route to Richardson Lake, the Magalloway and Parmacheene, was likely to be a good deal hindered by the loss of the Errol Dam this spring. I find that this is hardly correct, since in building the dam, or another in the place of the old one, the location is to be slightly changed, with the old structure used to stop the flow of water while the new one is building. This is likely to keep up the water in the lake, so that the little steamer can run to Sunday Cove every day, and also to Errol Dam and Wentworth's location, where the sportsman for the Magalloway and Parmacheene is transferred by a team to the head of Aziscohos Falls to connect with the new steamer Magalloway for up the river to Parmacheene. This is a new route, or rather a new means of reaching that gem of the backwoods, Parmacheene Lake. SPECIAL.

VERMONT TROUT BROOKS.

"WELL, Charlie," said Ed, "let's take the horse and see if we can find a new brook, or at least one that has not been fished to death. A few years ago I was out with my cousin in B., and we struck a brook that ran this way and I caught forty-seven, weighing 11lbs., and I would like to try it again, but I do not know where it is."

Three of us, cousins, happened to be having a vacation during May in our native town in Vermont. We had had good luck around the village, but looked for greater things. Smith and I (the Charlie of the party) sneered at Ed's proposal, for we had pretty well scoured the country and thought we knew all the streams around, but we agreed for fun to try a trip; and it was settled that we should see what we could find the following Monday.

With tackle and horse I drove up at Ed's, and after getting the girl up found Ed had not yet arisen. It did not take him long to dress and eat; and off we went for Smith. He was found digging bait, but had had no breakfast. At last all was ready; and after stowing boiled eggs and crackers in baskets and pockets, off we went. We drove and drove, passing brooks that had been discovered; and meatime Ed, who is in the navy, told yarns. Eight miles out we met a farmer we knew and he informed us that there were two brooks further on that no one had visited to his knowledge and they were posted, too. On we went determined to try the one furthest on and then drive back and try the second one. We passed one and it looked thirsty; and the second looked the same; but we knew how streams would dry up for a distance and then go on, so we hitched the horse in the barn of the owner, obtained permission to tramp down his grass and started. Ed, 5ft. 4in. in a pair of boots 3ft. long, looked rather dumpy, but Smith was in the same fix with his boots. I went in a pair of shoes belonging in the family and large enough for the whole of it. As we supposed, the brook did start in and just below the road, so we baited up, chose positions and started.

"Hello, one here," I yelled, as I pulled up a nice one, "first blood;" and I looked down in time to see Ed unhooking one of about a quarter of a pound weight, and Smith just landing his. So on we went, at times the brook being so narrow that the grass covered it, and but for the swiftness of the water our lines would have been still. Up stream would dart the line, up would go the pole, and if we were lucky out would come the speckled fellow in the tall grass. So on we went, passing and repassing each other, crawling up to the bank and all the time going down the brook; past a schoolhouse, where the children gazed on us; through the barnyard, where we pulled out trout to the astonishment of the farmer; under the tag-alders, where we could but see the fish, as no one could put a line in, much less pull it out, until we came to where the dace were thick and trout few; and soon both ceased to show themselves, although the water was deep. But from the looks we knew the summer weather dried it all up, and the fish knew it too. Up the hill to a farmhouse we went, where the farmer told us that a man from B. had taken 125 trout the week before. Back we went over the ground, getting some we had missed, and at last came to the house. I kept on, getting two in the place where they washed clothes, and a nice one in a frog pond, it seemed to be, but the brook had dried up, so I returned. They had 48 and I 39 in our baskets.

On the old road, when we came to the bridge, I yelled. "Hold on," and out jumped Smith, and, creeping up, caught the two trout I had seen in the shadow of the bridge. Then on we went to the first brook. Ed drove on, leaving us to fish down. Smith struck in back of me, and, as I waited for him, caught three. Over the rocks, down through the woods, out in the meadows we went, until we saw the team hitched under the shed of a house near the road and Ed further down the stream. On the way I had caught a nice one and threw him into a hole in the rocks, where he was swimming around, near but yet far. Not to be outdone, I took the tin box out of the basket and bailed the water out until I caught the fish in my hands. Ed had been lost, so had no chance to fish back to meet us. He had not regretted it, and from the glowing account he gave of the farmer's daughter, who had piloted him to the right road, the family must have learned something of a sailor. Again the brook dried up, and we bundled into the wagon again, and first Smith and then I jumped out to fish the third and fourth brooks down, leaving Ed to drive as usual.

I fished till dark, found the horse and wagon, picked up the fellows, and we counted the spoils. Smith led with 79; how many had been transferred to Ed's basket for payment of bait I did not ask. I had 77 and Ed had 31, but the goddess of luck was with him after all, as his weighed as much as ours. Our 10lb. baskets were almost overflowing, we had found two brooks that were new (to us); and as at 9 o'clock we rolled into the village we felt that it had been a great day after all; and after supper I actually had life enough for a few games of whist.

Many of the brooks are posted, according to the Vermont law, but an application to the owner will generally bring permission to fish. I had good results every time I was out, and while the trout are not large, they are the right size for eating. One day I caught one that weighed a pound, one a half pound, and six of about a quarter pound weight, not counting those smaller; and I know from sight that I left one that weighed more than a pound and several smaller. These were all caught (and left) in a piece of water perhaps 40 rods in length.

There have been no large trout caught so far. The trouble with the fish does not lie in the over fishing, but the water, and the small streams that used to furnish most of the sport are now dry in summer. One brook in which was caught a trout weighing 2¼lbs. has not a fish in it from the same cause.

Fishing at Lake Bomoseen had not commenced, but from the zeal displayed in keeping out nets and spears and prohibiting tip-up fishing through the ice out of season, great results are looked for later on. I made a good haul of yellow perch one day, and wished that I had had a few flies, as they rose to the natural flies well. As it was, worms had to do for their diet if they came into my boat. NESHOBEE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A visit to Pawtucket Falls yesterday disclosed a lamentable state of affairs at the old fishway. A dozen or more large fish were seen trying to leap over the falls, noticeable among which were several large salmon and some fine eels (lampreys), besides quite a number of others, which would gladden the heart of any "lone fisherman."—*Lowell (Mass.) Daily Courier, June 11.*

TROUTING IN PIKE COUNTY, PA.—Milford, Pa., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Shohola and Blooming Grove, at the Park, were rather high early last week, and will stand another week's running after this gets into print. I could do nothing with the fly, although cloudy days, but the wind was east. Others had some success with worms. Came on to Milford, waded Raymond's Kill with Charley Mott, who killed six or eight good fish and took fifteen last night, one of twelve inches. I got one of 1¼lbs. Tried Hamilton's stretch on Sawkill next day, saw plenty but caught few. Last night fished Penny's woods and meadows from 4:30 P. M. to dark. Got thirty, mostly small, saw no big fish. They took small cowdung, sometimes grisly-king or professor, and yellow-sally in twilight. Tried to cast a few minnows where Vandermark runs into Delaware, but had no success. Water very clear, but high, no bass taken so far. —GRAY JOHN.

A CATSKILL MOUNTAIN CLUB.—Judge A. B. Parker, Public Printer Benedict and a score or more of other prominent men in various parts of the country, have formed a club and purchased 600 acres of land at a cost of $1,200 at the base of Slide Mountain, one of the grandest localities in the Catskill Mountains. Workmen are building a log cabin. Other men are building a dam across a ravine for the purpose of making a pond. This locality is famous for the big fat trout that are caught in the streams. Where the club house is being erected it is a cool spot even in summer, for ice can be found in some of the clefts of the rocks in the dog days. The club house will be ready for occupancy in a week or two. The jurists, statesmen and prominent office holders, who, it is expected, will be the guests of the new club, will find not only good fishing, but good hunting and, perhaps, some very lively adventures.

FISHING AT LAKE GEORGE.—The season is now fairly open at Lake George, and fishing for lake trout has been fairly good. Gen. Lewis L. Arms opened the season two weeks ago and caught ten fish, the smallest of which weighed 6lbs. Last week I met your correspondent Mr. A. N. Cheney in company with Judge Ranger and his son Will, and they reported fine sport, their catch amounting to 96lbs. The largest fish was taken by Judge Ranger and weighed 13½lbs. As I write several parties are about starting for the fishing grounds.—HORICON.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—The Governor has signed the bill providing for a fishway in the dam at Troy, and also the bill protecting salmon throughout the State. The latter law inflicts a penalty of $100 or one hundred days' imprisonment for taking a salmon in any manner except by angling. In case the fine is paid, one-half of it goes to the informer. Salmon are now taken daily about Long Island and in the Hudson River, the results of the continuous plantings by the U. S. Fish Commission.

THE CANADIAN TRIP described in our issue of March 31, was taken in the year 1882 instead of in 1886, as some readers, we are advised, have inferred; and the managers of the Northern and Northwestern railways ask us to say that the date should be taken into consideration in connection with the experience of "Homerus" and his party in chartering a special train to speed them on their way.

SALMON IN NEW JERSEY.—New Brunswick, May 31.—A salmon weighing 18lbs. was caught in the Raritan River below town to-day.—It was caught in a seine.—A. L. MUNNDY.

SALMON IN CONNECTICUT.—A salmon weighing 19lbs. was caught in Housatonic River, near Milford, Conn., on Saturday, June 5, in shad nets.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

WORK AT COLD SPRING HARBOR.

BY FRED MATHER.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society].

THE past season has been the most successful one we have had since operations were begun here in 1883. We have turned out more fish than ever before, the figures for 1886 footing up to over 6,000,000, while this year the figures are over 9,000,000. There was a decrease in the numbers of salmon hatched and planted, also in trout, but an increase in shad and Adirondack frostfish and other species.

SALMON.—We received 300,000 eggs from the United States station on the Penobscot River, which hatched in such excellent condition that our loss was only about 8,000, which is the best we have ever done; of these fish 50,000 were planted in the Housatonic River, near Kent, New Milford and Falls Village, Conn., 50,000 were placed in the Salmon River near Albion, Oswego county, N. Y., and the remainder were placed in the smaller trout streams on the Upper Hudson near North Creek, Warren county, N. Y., the terminus of the Adirondack Railroad. Mr. J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent of the D. and H. Canal Co. at Albany, very kindly gave us free transportation for cans and men to Albany, and Mr. C. E. Durkee, Superintendent of the Adirondack Railroad, offered us the same facilities over his road. Very encouraging accounts of our plantings of salmon in the Hudson are continually coming in. Last year over fifty were taken by different persons and this year we are hearing of captures every day. A letter from Judge Danaher, of Albany, says that some of the fish have gone above the dam at Troy and it is to be hoped that fishways will be placed there this year, a bill for that purpose being now before the New York Legislature. One salmon of 28½lbs. has been taken this spring, just below the dam at Troy, the largest fish of which we have any record of being captured in the Hudson. It has been proved conclusively that the Hudson can be made a salmon river. A bill introduced into the Legislature by Mr. Collins, which provides that no person shall at any time catch salmon in the waters of the State of New York with any device, save that of angling with line or rod, held in the hand and then only from March 1 to Aug. 15 in each year, passed both houses and is now in the hands of the Governor.

LANDLOCKED SALMON.—From 40,000 eggs received from the United States station at Grand Lake Stream, it was decided to plant 25,000 in the tributaries of the Hudson River, and the majority of the fish were sent to Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, who placed them in Clendon Brook, a trout stream where the sea salmon have done well for several years, while the remainder of the fry were planted in Long Island waters.

BROOK TROUT.—We received 90,000 eggs from the New York station at Caledonia, and from these and eggs which we took from our limited number of stock fish, we have distributed in waters in the State 148,986 fish and fry, and we may say that in all cases where the numbers are given there is no guess work about it. The eggs are counted in a measure and the rest are measured in the same glass, then when they are placed in the hatching troughs, an account is kept of the number of dead eggs and fry taken from each trough, so that we can tell exactly how many fish there should be remaining in each compartment.

BROWN TROUT.—We received several consignments of the brown trout, *Salmo fario*, the common brook trout of Europe, from the Deutchen Fischerei Verein, and also from Herr Max von dem Borne, the well-known fishculturist of Berneuchen. These were on account of the United States Fish Commission, and some of the eggs were sent to Michigan, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Washington. We hatched and distributed 34,000.

LOCH LEVEN TROUT (*Salmo levenensis*).—The eggs of this famous Scotch trout were sent to us by James Gibson Maitland, Esq., proprietor of the Howietown Fishery at Sterling, Scotland; 24,000 fry were produced from the eggs.

RAINBOW TROUT.—From 10,000 eggs sent us from the New York Station, Caledonia, we have 8,000 strong, healthy fry.

SAIBLING (*Salmo salvelinus*).—This handsome trout, which is a native of the cool lakes of Germany and Bavaria, and attains a large size, being one of the chars, is a very brilliant fish. I have seen a specimen of 5lbs., a male in breeding dress, in October, which was a brilliant crimson up to and above the lateral line. The eggs of this fish were distributed by the order of the U. S. Fish Commissioner in several States, some going to Virginia, Michigan and Pennsylvania. We sent some fry to Mr. Cheney for Lake George, and have retained some for breeders.

WHITEFISH.—From 1,000,000 eggs received from the U. S. station at Northville, Mich., we have planted in Dutchess county, N. Y., and on Long Island over 900,000 fry.

FROSTFISH (*Prosopium quadrilateralis*).—This fish, which is found in the Adirondacks, where in Chateaugay Lake it is called "shad," while in Maine and perhaps other places it is variously known as frostfish, shad-waiter, etc. We received some 250,000 eggs from the New York station at Lake Brandon, and planted 200,000 fry in Dutchess county, N. Y.

GRAYLING.—From 10,000 eggs sent to Mr. Blackford from France, we at first thought we could not save a fish, but we hatched and brought to the point of taking food 350 fry from these eggs. We placed these in a small pond of about 15ft. in diameter and 1½ft. deep, where there was a good flow of water, but we have never seen one of the fish since.

SUNAPEE TROUT.—From Mr. E. B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Commission, we received 10,000 eggs of the large trout recently discovered there; it is of the Oquassa type, concerning which there has been considerable dispute as to its species. We hatched 3,000 fry which seemed strong and healthy, which we placed in a pond similarly described for the grayling, but we have never been able to see them since.

WHITE PERCH.—We obtained some eggs of these fish from St. John's Lake, near the hatchery, and we also took some by hand from the fish; in all about 10,000 eggs. The eggs are adhesive, and when laid by the fish are scattered similar to those of the carp. The fry are the smallest of any that I have hatched, and it requires a second look to see them in a small glass aquarium. We tried to retain a few, but we were not successful, as they died shortly after the absorbing of the sac.

SMELTS.—Out of over 4,000,000 eggs we hatched and planted 2,000,000, or about 50 per cent., which is as good as we have ever done. I have on two former occasions read papers on the hatching of the fish before your honorable body and have nothing new to add. The little smelt carries a great many eggs for its size, from 30,000 to 60,000, or perhaps more, and from 100 ripe females of good size probably 5,000,000 could be obtained.

SHAD.—We received from the United States Commission at Washington over 5,000,000 eggs taken on the Potomac River, packed there and sent to Cold Spring Harbor. From this lot we hatched 2,000,000 fry, the last lot of eggs being a total loss, perhaps because they remained in New York a day and were placed in a refrigerator, for the shad egg will not bear the chilling changes necessary to preserve the eggs of salmon or trout. Of the fry obtained 800,000 were placed in the Hudson River at Albany, and 1,200,000 in Long Island streams, shipments being made to the Nissequogue River, at Smithtown on the north shore of Long Island, and to the Connetquoit River, emptying into the Great South Bay; the planting in the latter river was made at Bridgehampton. The weather was very favorable for hatching and we used only spring water for them, and no time the temperature of the water fell below fifty-nine degrees.

Last winter was the third winter we hatched the little tomcod, and we turned out 3,400,000 in the harbor. This little fish, although not in great demand in the markets, forms an important item in the food supply to the inhabitants of Long Island, especially on the north side, as the boys catch them by hundreds and sell them to the people in the vicinity. Shortly after we began our hatching operations and paid some attention to this fish, Cold Spring, Huntington and Oyster Bay harbors have been literally swarming with little tomcods, which are all credited by the people here to our hatching operations. We made no attempt to hatch codfish because of the condition of our hatchery, in which we could not keep the salt water pipes from freezing; but if we get a new building, as we expect, we will no doubt be able to proceed with the hatchery of the cod, as has been done at Wood's Holl. Last winter, when every salt water pipe froze, we had a portion of our tomcod eggs in jars, and as salt water was not available we tried fresh water, and after hatching them in fresh water, we kept a large number in the fresh water until they were ready to take food. No doubt this little fish could be acclimatized in the Great Lakes, and if not valued for food, would be desirable as food for the other fishes, but on Long Island the tomcod is regarded as a very desirable fish, and they are taken from all sizes up to perhaps 1½lbs., which is the largest I have ever seen. They resemble the common cod in having three dorsal and two anal fins.

The following table gives a summary of this year's work:

Penobscot salmon planted in Hudson River	192,000
Penobscot salmon planted in Salmon River	50,000
Penobscot salmon planted in Housatonic River	50,000
Landlocked salmon planted in Hudson River	25,000
Landlocked salmon planted in Hatchery Pond	12,000
Brook trout planted in State waters	148,986
Brown trout planted in State waters	34,000
Rainbow trout planted in State waters	8,000
Loch Leven trout planted in State waters	24,000
Saibling planted in State waters	5,000
Whitefish planted in State waters	995,000
Tomcod planted in Cold Spring Harbor	3,400,000
Smelt planted in Cold Spring Harbor	2,000,000
Shad planted in Hudson River and Long Island	2,000,000
Frostfish (Adirondack)	200,000
Grayling	350
Sunapee Lake, N. H., Oquassa trout	3,000
White perch	10,000
	9,157,336

COL. MCDONALD—So far I have found no satisfaction in handling glutinous eggs, and the only real success I have met with was with the eggs of the white perch. We had collected some adult fish for Mr. Mather to send to Germany, and they were put in a perforated can in the river to keep for a few days, and on taking it out we found the side of the can coated with eggs, and sent it to the central station, hardly expecting any results, as we were not certain that the eggs were impregnated. In three or four days a large proportion of the eggs hatched; we had given them no attention at all, but simply left them alone. The eggs were evenly distributed on the can, and not hung in masses; now, perhaps as good a thing to do with glutinous eggs is to let them alone. The eggs of the yellow perch are laid in rows and hung over twigs and are merely suspended where the eggs hatch without being disturbed. The catfish also lays glutinous eggs, but they are not stuck together; when the female lays them she leaves the male to hover over them. Now it may be that in all our attempts to hatch glutinous eggs we have only tried the same methods which we use in handling eggs which are non-adhesive, and have departed too far from nature in this matter.

MR. MATHER—You will notice in my report I mention the fact that all the white perch which we tried to keep and feed died.

COL. MCDONALD—So did ours, and I would like to hear from Mr. Marks about the "jack salmon," or pike-perch, and what success he has had in hatching the glutinous eggs of this fish.

MR. MARKS—We have hatched them for the past two years, and always by separating the eggs and never in any other way. Although it is a long and tedious process to break the adhesive character of the eggs, it is the only way we have ever succeeded. Mr. Nevin has a paper on the hatching of the fish, but I can only say that our method is the same as his. The eggs are taken in the rivers and transported to the hatchery on trays.

The Kennel.

AMERICAN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

REGULATIONS AND RUNNING RULES—1887.

RULE 1. The management of the meetings for the Annual Field Trials shall be entrusted to the Board of Control, and the interpretation of all rules governing the Trials lies with them, or with a representative by him appointed. They shall decide upon all matters pertaining to the trials not provided for in these rules.

RULE 2. For all stakes, the names, pedigrees, ages, colors and distinguishing marks of the dogs shall be detailed in writing to the Secretary of the Club, to be filed at the time of making entry or entries. Any dog's age, markings or pedigree which shall be proven not to correspond with the entry, shall be disqualified, and all the stakes or winnings of such dog shall be forfeited.

RULE 3. Dogs to be eligible for the American Field Trial Club's Derby must have been whelped on or after the first day of January of the year preceding the trial for which the dogs are nominated.

RULE 4. The forfeit money must accompany every nomination, and the balance of the entrance fee must be paid before the drawing.

RULE 5. Any objection to an entry must be made in writing and addressed to the Secretary of the Club, to be acted upon by the Board of Control, whose decision shall be final.

RULE 6. Dogs afflicted with any contagious disease, or bitches in season, will not be permitted on the grounds.

RULE 7. Immediately before the dogs are drawn at any meeting, the time and place of putting down the first brace of dogs on the following morning shall be declared and posted in a conspicuous place.

RULE 8. All stakes shall be run in the order of the programme when possible. Should, however, the competitors or their representatives in the various stakes agree otherwise, the order may, with the consent of the Board of Control, or their representatives, be changed.

RULE 9. Dogs shall be drawn by lots and numbered in the order drawn. The first two dogs so drawn shall run together in the first heat of the series, the next two shall run together in the next heat, and so on in like manner until all the dogs in the series have run in heats. The winners of a series shall run together in like manner in the next series, and so on until only one unbeaten dog remains, which shall be declared the winner of first place and prize.

The last dog beaten by the winner of the first prize shall compete for the second prize with the best of those dogs previously beaten by the winner of the first prize. The winner of this heat shall be declared the winner of second prize.

The discretion is given to the judges of deciding which is the best of those beaten dogs, in the competition for second, by selection or by running extra heats between them. After the first and second winners are declared, the judges may select the winners of any other prize from any of the remaining dogs in the stake without further running and without regard to the heats won.

Changes may be made as hereinafter provided. Any dog absent during the first series for more than twenty minutes after his number is called, in the discretion of the judges, may be disqualified from further competition.

RULE 10. If two dogs owned or handled by the same person should be drawn together in the first or come together in any succeeding series, the second dog so owned or handled shall change places with the first dog not so owned or handled. This change shall be effected in the order of running if possible; if not possible, then in the reverse order of running. If such separation is found impracticable, the running together of two such dogs may be permitted. The judges shall arrange and announce the order of running in the second and subsequent series before the running of such series is begun.

RULE 11. If in any series of heats there should be a bye, such bye shall run with the winner of the first heat of that series, as the first brace of the next series.

If a dog be withdrawn or fails to appear, the dog drawn to run against such dog shall run with the bye, if there is one, at the end of the series in which the bye occurs, or if three should be more than one withdrawal, the dogs drawn to run against such withdrawn dogs, shall run together in the order of precedence in which they were drawn, but this shall not be construed to interfere with Rule 17.

RULE 12. Each dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay; if absent more than twenty minutes its opponent shall be entitled to the heat, subject to Rule 9.

RULE 13. An owner, his handler, or his deputy may handle a dog during the running of the heats, but it must be one or the other; and when dogs are down an owner must not interfere with his dog in any way, if he has deputed another person to handle him.

RULE 14. The person handling a dog may speak, whistle to and work him by hand as he may deem proper, but he shall be called to order by the judges for making any unnecessary noise, or for any disorderly conduct; and if, after being cautioned, he persists in such noise or disorderly conduct, they shall order the dog, which he is handling, to be taken up and adjudged out of the stake, or they shall, at their discretion, fine the handler as provided for in Rule 15. An opponent's dog must not be interfered with or excited. In such case an appeal should be made to the judges.

The privilege is granted handlers to ask the judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point at issue; pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgment. Handlers shall not load their guns until a point has been established.

RULE 15. The judge or judges shall assess a fine upon any

handler who, while handling a dog under their judgment may be guilty of misconduct or disobedience toward them. The fine so assessed for each offense shall not be less than $5 nor more than $25. The handler so fined shall immediately pay the fine or give satisfactory security for such payment. Upon his failure to do so, the judges shall declare the heat finished and the dog run by said handler out of the stake.

RULE 16. If either dog points game, the other dog must not be drawn across him to take the point, but if the judges so direct, if the dog is not backing of his own accord, he must be brought around behind the pointing dog. Handlers must walk within a reasonable distance of one another, so that the dogs will be on an equality in the competition.

RULE 17. If, with the consent of the Board of Control, or their representatives on the ground, a dog be withdrawn from a stake, either on the field or at any time during the holding of a trial, then the owner of said dog, or his authorized deputy, shall give written notice over his signature of said withdrawal to the Secretary of the Club, or to the Board of Control, or their representative. If the dog belongs to either or any of the officials of the Club, written notice must be handed to one of the other officials.

When a winner of one or more heats is withdrawn for any reason, the best one of the dogs previously beaten by him shall be brought into his place in the competition, if in the opinion of the judges he has a chance to win in final heats for a place. No owner or handler shall be permitted to withdraw his dog or dogs from a stake on the field or at any time during the progress of a trial after such dog or dogs have been allotted a position in any heat, without the consent of the Board of Control or their representative on the ground. Any such owner or handler withdrawing his dog or dogs without such consent, may be debarred from any future trials or be penalized at the discretion of the Club.

RULE 18. If any person openly impugns the actions or decisions of the judge or judges, or acts in an ungentlemanly manner toward them, or intentionally interferes with or annoys them during the progress of a trial, he may be debarred from further participation in the trials and ordered off the grounds. The judges are vested with full power to preserve order and decorum upon the grounds at all times. The grounds are the private property of the Club (by contract), and as the judges are its representatives, they have, in law, the same right as any owner of private property to regulate and protect it, and may expel any obnoxious or disorderly person, using force if necessary. They have authority to provide police protection, if required, for themselves, agents, exhibitors, guests, handlers, attaches or servants.

All persons are hereby notified that permission to enter or remain on the grounds of the Club is given subject expressly to the above granted powers.

RULE 19. No person other than the judge, judges, President of the Club, stewards or reporters of recognized sportsmen's journals will be permitted to accompany the handlers of dogs competing in any heat, except owners of such dogs running in charge of a handler or deputy, and they shall be permitted to accompany the stewards until the finish of such heat, when they shall retire until their dogs shall again come into competition.

Two persons are prohibited from working one dog at the same time. If from any cause the handler of a running dog is disabled to such an extent that he cannot shoot, the judges will select some person to shoot for him, and they may in any case require handlers running dogs to go through minutely the evolution of shooting either a blank or shotted cartridge over any and every established point, upon being ordered to flush a bird. The handlers shall handle their dogs in the trials as in ordinary shooting, and shall go together so that the dogs shall be on an equality as to ground, opportunities for finding, etc. Spectators shall not be allowed nearer the handlers of dogs running than seventy-five yards at the rear.

Gentlemen authorized under these rules to accompany the judges in the trials, will not be permitted to give any information to, or converse with, the judges on any subject whatever, and it will be the duty of the judges to see that this rule is enforced.

RULE 20. All stakes shall be run to a finish when possible. If it is impossible to do so, then the judges shall place the dogs at their discretion according to the work done, regardless of the heats won.

RULE 21. Should the owner of a dog, or his representative, induce the owner of another dog, or his representative, to withdraw such dog for a consideration or bribe of any nature whatsoever, all prizes won by either shall be forfeited upon the facts being satisfactorily proven to the Board of Control. If, however, either dog be withdrawn without consideration, from lameness, injuries, or from any cause clearly affecting his chances of winning, the other dog may be declared the winner, provided that the heat has already begun, and provided further that it is not a heat for a place, on the facts of the case being clearly proven to the satisfaction of the judge or judges, provided the dog has been withdrawn as provided for in Rule 17. Any heat for a place cannot be won by a withdrawal. Heats for a place in case of withdrawals shall be governed by Rule 17.

When more than two dogs remain at the end of a stake, which is not run out, the stake shall be divided; and in case of a division between three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner, the dogs so owned shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount won by their owners, and in the division, the terms of any arrangement to divide winnings must be declared to the Secretary.

RULE 22. The first and second prizes in any stake cannot be divided. The judges may, however, at their discretion, divide the third prize, but in no case shall more than four dogs have part in the division, and they may be selected from any of the beaten dogs.

RULE 23. The dog last beaten by the winner of the first prize may run the final heat for second place on the following day with the approval of the judges.

RULE 24. All protests, except as hereinbefore provided, must be made and delivered to the Secretary of the Club, or in case of his absence, to a member of the Board of Control, or their authorized representative, at or before midnight of the date of the running of the final heat.

RULE 25. If a handler, either from physical inability cannot, or for any reason will not, walk as fast as in ordinary shooting, the judges shall not restrain the competing handler, who shall be permitted to handle his dog while walking as fast as in ordinary field shooting.

RULE 26. No one shall be allowed to talk to a handler while his dog is under judgment, unless what is said is spoken openly in the presence of the judges, and nothing shall be said at such time that shall prove advantageous to the handler in working his dog. If the judges know that any information has been given to a handler while his dog is under judgment, that may help him to locate birds, the judges may require the handler to draw off his dog from the birds so located, or they may decline to give any credit for the work of the dog upon birds so located or may enforce Rule 18.

In case a dog is lost while on point or he has gone astray, the judges shall appoint those who may assist in finding the dog so lost. No person other than those appointed shall be permitted to take part in any search. In case any unauthorized persons take part in the search, any credit which might come to the dog so lost shall, on account of their interference, not be credited to him, if the judges so decide; and any demerit due to the competing dog, on account of the interference of such persons shall not be scored against him.

RULE 27. If in the order of running there shall be but three dogs in a series, so that one would run a bye, then, while the competing dogs are running their heat, the third dog shall run a side heat without competition. The judges shall appoint (or, if they prefer, may request the Board of Control, or their representative, to appoint) an extra judge to see that the dog running the bye shall, while the competing dogs are running their heat, be run and handled the same as if in a competitive heat. The side heat so run is for the purpose of bringing together the winning dog of the heat and the dog running the bye upon an equality for the final heat determining first place.

If the dog running the bye would not compete for first place the same day he would run the bye, the side heat need not be run.

INSTRUCTIONS TO JUDGES.

1. The judges shall order up the dogs as soon as they have determined which is the better. Unless a dog shows such a low order of merit, that in the opinion of the judges he cannot show creditably, he shall, if time permits, have at least two chances to show his good behavior on birds. Either or both dogs may be ordered up by the judges for want of merit.

2. Pointing fur, feather, reptile or scent of game birds shall not be considered a false point.

3. Retrieving shall not be required or recognized as a merit in the Derby.

4. The judges shall give a dog ample opportunity to discover whether he is on a true or false point.

5. No assistance shall be given by the handler to enable a dog to discover whether he is on a true or false point.

6. Judges shall avoid, as far as possible, holding a dog so long on a point, for the purpose of securing a back or otherwise, as to enable the birds to run. Dogs should be brought up to the back only when opportunity offers, without interfering with the pointing dog, and a dog drawing on or pointing game which he has found independently, shall be afforded ample opportunity to locate the game without competition, and the handler ample time to flush the bird, it being left to the discretion of the judges to direct when to opposing dog shall be held in check. A dog shall not be held an unreasonable time upon a point, and if held on a point by order of the judges for a dog to secure a back, he shall not incur any penalty for results.

7. The number of times a dog points, backs, etc., shall not necessarily give him the preference, but the judges shall consider the quality of the performance rather than the frequency of the occurrence.

8. When a handler calls a point, it shall be considered only as calling the attention of the judges to the dog.

Backing.—The judges are requested to give no credit for backing unless it appears to be voluntary. Any assistance from the handler shall deprive the dog of credit for his performance.

Ranging.—The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that maintains the fastest and most killing range throughout, wide or close, as the necessity of the case requires; that works his ground with judgment; that observes his handler's course and position as a base of operations, and that hunts to the gun.

Obedience and Disposition. The judges are requested to give much greater credit to the dog that works promptly, without noise or severity, and is obedient, prompt, cheerful, and easily handled.

The rules are based upon the principle that each heat is a complete race, and the winner of the trial is the unbeaten dog which has directly or constructively beaten every other dog in the stake.

The judges are requested to observe that the scale of points given below is set forth as the scale of the Club. They are requested to use this scale, but they shall not consider the keeping of a score obligatory. Any scores so kept shall be solely for their use in determining each heat as scored, and said scores cannot under any circumstances be required of them.

MERIT.

Pointing	Nose	25	35	40
	Staunchness	10		
	Style in Pointing	5		
Ranging		15	30	75
Pace		10		
Quartering		5	35	
Style in same		5		100
Obedience in Disposition		10	25	
Backing		10		
Retrieving		5		

DEMERIT.

False pointing, breaking in, breaking shot, chasing.

These faults shall be gauged by the judges in their discretion.

The third chase, however, loses the heat.

DEFINITIONS.

Breaking In, is where a dog, through imperfect breaking, or from excitement, leaves his position when the birds rise, whether the gun is fired or not, and starts to chase, but stops within a few feet from where he started, of his own accord or by command.

Breaking Shot, is where a dog runs in when a shot is fired with the intention of getting to the bird, and does not stop promptly at command.

Chasing is where a dog follows the birds, either when a gun is fired or not, to an extent beyond the control of his handler for the time being.

Pointing. The judges will rate a dog's merit under this head by the display of nose and judgment in finding and pointing birds and his accuracy and quickness in locating birds after he has caught scent of them. False pointing, flushing, or uncertainty will detract from a dog's score under this head.

THE LATE E. F. STODDARD.—Cincinnati, O., June 6.—At a special meeting of the Board of Control of the American Field Trial Club, held at Cincinnati, Monday, June 6, the following resolution was adopted: "Whereas, Mr. E. F. Stoddard, a member of the Board of Control of this club, has been suddenly called from life, Resolved, that the following memorial be adopted and made part of the record: E. F. Stoddard was a man of well rounded character, of quick and generous impulse, which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. His sphere of activity in the community where he lived was large, and his death creates a void which will not be easily filled. A man of great versatility and inventive genus, his energies were directed largely in enterprises which tended to improve and ameliorate the condition of mankind. He was a consistent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and by his life and example helped to inculcate the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man. He was an ardent and enthusiastic sportsman and contributed of his time and means to the elevation and advancement of field sports in this country. As one of the founders of this club he took a keen interest in its success and labored unceasingly to enhance its prosperity. His loss will be deeply deplored in every walk of life where he was universally beloved and esteemed.—C. W. PARIS, Secretary.

DOG POISONING IN OTTAWA.—Ottawa, Can., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith a cutting from one of our local newspapers, which will show you to what an extent dog poisoning is carried on here. The letter gives the number of the victims as twenty, but this is far below the mark. There have been over one hundred dogs poisoned during the past month at the lowest computation. The majority were dogs whose taxes had been paid, and therefore the city is in duty bound to trace out the scoundrelly perpetrators of the outrage; but they do nothing. Dog lovers must take the matter into their own hands.—CLUMBER.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to letter of Mr. Watson in FOREST AND STREAM June 9, in regard to the charges made by J. Otis Fellows against C. J. Farley, I will say that I do not think the A. K. C. should or could take any action in the matter. I have always taken the position that the A. K. C. should never take upon itself original jurisdiction, but should be exclusively a court of appeal. If there has been any misconduct by this party at the Hornell Kennel Club's show, it is Mr. Fellows' duty to prefer charges against the party and give him notice and a trial, and if guilty disqualify. Certainly it is not expected that the A. K. C. will take up its time trying cases that should be first investigated by the club; and if the party is not satisfied he can then appeal. As far as the Buffalo club is concerned we have not any jurisdiction whatever, and we should not recognize the action of any club not a member of the A. K. C. In regard to the disqualification of Mr. Mitchell, as referred to by Mr. Watson, I will say that I do not see how any club could prevent his exhibiting his dogs nor why they should, as he was disqualified by a club not a member of the A. K. C.

Now, my dear Watson, if you are right, let us suppose that the Buffalo club should disqualify you; then all of the clubs should recognize the action of the Buffalo club, which is not a member of the A. K. C. You could not appeal to the A. K. C. to remove the disqualification of the Buffalo club against you, and consequently you would have no remedy. The A. K. C. can only recognize the action of clubs belonging to the association. It may be that the Eastern Field Trials Club was a member of the A. K. C. at the time it disqualified Mr. Mitchell. If such was the case, then the clubs would be bound to recognize the bar or disqualification, and if such was the case, Mr. Michell could appeal to the A. K. C. to remove the same, but if it was not a member at that time the A. K. C. would not have any jurisdiction in the case.

Mr. Watson is usually right, but sometimes he does slip clear off the log, and if he would think and look for an explanation he would write otherwise. I see that Mr. Watson, in the *Sporting Life*, says that the local delegate only has jurisdiction during the show. Under the old rule the local delegate could be appealed to from the action of the club. I expressly stated that we should have a rule of this kind, as we could then get a quick decision and that a large majority of the protests could and would be disposed of by the local delegate without bringing the case to the A. K. C.

C. J. PESHALL.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a rule of the American Kennel Club which reads as follows: "It shall be the duty of the local delegate of the club to examine all entries and see that they conform to the rules of the American Kennel Club." There being no penalty attached to non-performance of this duty little or no attention is paid to it, and as the you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you method of doing business does not permit of any person connected with an associate club being censured, we are left at the mercy of the delegate. Fancy Mr. Gregg, of Pittsburgh, doing such things. It is so much easier for him to wave his hand majestically and shout, "Away false phantom of the deep, thy bones are marrowless," or words to that effect, when a protest is entered, that he will never bother his head about seeing that entries are correctly made. There are others who ought to do their duty, and as examples I shall select Messrs. Peshall, Child and Donner as the most likely to see that the A. K. C. rules are enforced; but to see whether this is so or not I propose running through the catalogues of all the shows from Newark to Detroit and note infringements of the rules.

Newark had the benefit of Mr. Wilmerding's experience, and we must not expect to find many mistakes except those made by the exhibitor;

No. 14. Sir Charles, entered by R. J. Sawyer. No date of birth is given, the dam's name is omitted and a wrong breeder is named. Won first in his class. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3.

No. 26. Beda, entered by R. J. Sawyer. Date of birth and breeder omitted. Won first in her class. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3.

No. 39. Rigi, entered by J. W. Dunlop. Date of birth and breeder omitted. Won first in his class. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3.

No. 53. Adonis. Date of birth omitted. Won first in his class. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3.

No. 56. Jupiter, entered by Percy C. Ohl, agent. Won third prize. Should have been disqualified under Rule 2, requiring all dogs to be entered "in the name of the *bona fide* owner."

No. 65. Wacouta Rose, entered by Wacouta Kennels. Date of birth omitted. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won second prize.

No 73. Irene, entered by Benj. Meyer. Name of breeder omitted. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won second prize.

No. 74. Flora, entered by W. H. Croselmirs. Date of birth and breeder omitted. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won second prize.

No. 75. Follie, entered by W. W. Silvey. No pedigree or breeder's name. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won first prize.

No. 84. Jumbo, entered by F. W. Buerch. Pedigree given as "full pedigree." Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won third prize.

No. 137. Bang Bang—Countess puppy, entered by Westminster Kennel Club. This is not in accordance with the requirements of Rule 2. Should have been disqualified. Won second prize.

No. 177. Gerald. The first prizes won at New York and Philadelphia in 1885 were presumably in puppy classes, but it is not so stated in the record, which reads as if the dog should have been entered in the champion class.

No. 207. Edo, entered by A. F. Terhune. Pedigree given as Dash; no dam mentioned though bred by exhibitor. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won third prize.

No. 478. Meg, entered by Wm. Conner. No pedigree, date of birth or breeder given. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won first prize.

No. 480. Sprite, entered by R. Gildersleeve. No pedigree, date of birth or breeder given. Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won second prize.

No. 503. Dick, entered by P. Casedy. Pedigree given as "full pedigree." Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won second prize.

No. 504. Ben, entered by P. Casedy. Pedigree given as "full pedigree." Should have been disqualified under Rule 3. Won first prize.

As will be seen, all of the above are prize winners, and the list might have been greatly extended by including all of the dogs imperfectly catalogued. It is possible, of course, that some of the above may have been properly entered by stated "unknown" in the spaces provided on the entry forms; but we can only judge by what is before us in the catalogue, and as in many cases "pedigree unknown" appears, the presumption is that that did not appear in the cases set forth.

It is a pretty full list, and when we take into consideration that prize winners are in the main owned by men of experience in dog shows, it is fair to assume that the mistakes of the uninitiated will be proportionately more numerous. No effort appears to have been made for the enforcement of the A. K. C. rules at this show, and it will be seen later on that this was no exception to the custom prevailing during the season.

JAS. WATSON.

THE PITTSBURGH MEDALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must dissent from your editorial as far as any alleged guilty knowledge of Pittsburgh directors is concerned. I am sure that nine out of ten men, taking one of the "gold" medals into their hands, without special attention to the question of their composition, would lay it down again without suspecting anything as to its character; one does not critically investigate such a point, unless specially drawn to it. Remember that the gentleman who first discovered the fraud, had accepted his "gold" medal as genuine, until his attention was drawn to it, by finding his "silver" one was pewter, and that the gentleman who won the "gold" one you analyzed, also accepted it without suspicion. Further, how could one of the directors suspect anything bogus about the medals, when he remembered that the directors had given positive instructions that all medals should be as represented, or none should be given? Surely, they could not think that such a positive direction, in the interests of common honesty, would be totally ignored? You may ask what authority I have for this statement; well my informant is very sensitive about having his name in the papers in any way, but I will say to you that Mr. —— told me, in the presence of Mr. ——, both being directors, that such directions had been given by the board. I append the names, and you can certify to their character for truth and honesty, and I am sure that either will verify the statement to you, personally, if not for publication.

As to the A. K. C.; I cannot believe that such men as Peshall, Grosvenor, Winslow, Donner, Seabury, Collins (if he will act himself) Osborne, etc., will permit such performances as "pewter" medals, rowdyisms, reversals, re-reversals and sur re-reversals, etc. They will go astray in the future as they have done in the past, but each slip is warning them that the "knock down and drag out" of knaves is the only mo e of their suppression, and slowly the A. K. C. is coming up to where it should be. Mark what will be the action (if it has not already transpired) on the folly of the reversal in the Beaufort-Patti M. case. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., June 11.

The talk among local dog fanciers during the past week has been the alleged exposé of the gold medals presented to owners of winning dogs at the recent bench show.

The story, coupled with mention of the supposed pewter medal business last year, raised quite a commotion. Last week, in a journal devoted to the kennel, a bitter attack was made on the management of the show. It charged them with defrauding their exhibitors by offering gold medals and awarding medals made of composition and only gold plated. This fact it was said was proven by an analysis. It was said that the matter would be brought to the attention of the American Kennel Club, and an effort made to expel the Pittsburgh organization for the proceeding.

To ascertain the Association's defense in the matter a visit was paid to Secretary Elben this morning.

"Oh, I know where that story comes from," said Mr. Elben at once. "Everybody interested in the kennel knows that the man in question will do anything to kick up a quarrel and is constantly pitching into us. Ever since the show two years ago, when he selected the judges, and the show was a failure, he has been fighting us. But to the medals. No, they were not solid gold. No solid gold medals, as far as I can learn, have ever been given out by any bench show in the country. We did not announce that they were solid, and our exhibitors knew that they were composition. Many came and asked that they be given medals instead of money prizes. Now, I don't suppose many exhibitors melt their medals down as soon as they get them, or even at all. Medals are tokens, and that fact is generally understood. The gold medals were made in the East and the manufacturer said that they were among the best he ever made. They were of a composition and very heavily plated. The same parties attacked us last year, claiming that we gave out pewter medals and had them billed as silver. They brought the matter before the American Kennel Club, and it was laid on the table to their disgust. Every person who buys a piece of silverware in the jewelry store knows that he is not getting solid silver unless he has made a request that the article be sterling. So it is with the medals. The attack will do us no harm."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, June 9.*

TO RECONSIDER A RECONSIDERATION.

The following letter is a copy of one written by Mr. H. T. Drake (delegate from the St. Paul and Minneapolis Club, of St. Paul, Minnesota) in relation to the recent action of the American Kennel Club in the Beaufort—Patti M. protest:

Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secy. A. K. C.

MY DEAR SIR—After mature deliberation I feel it my duty as a loyal member of the A. K. C., and in spite of my friendship for Mr. Munhall, to move a reconsideration of the vote taken at the last meeting on the Beaufort—Patti M. contest. My reasons for this change of heart are as follows: I must confess to entire ignorance of the whole matter until I arrived in New York city, when Mr. Munhall told me that he had a personal matter that he was going to bring before the meeting of the A. K. C., but he did not enter into an explanation of it. At the meeting it was probably taken for granted that Mr. Newberry and I (who were both new members) were thoroughly conversant with the details of the contest and the merits of the case and but little explanation or discussion took place. When a vote was taken by acclamation I refrained from voting, for I felt that I could not do so intelligently. A second vote by raising of hands was called for, and I still refrained from voting. When finally compelled to vote when the ayes and nays were called, I favored Mr. Munhall, though I doubted if I was doing right and told him so at the time. I think that Mr. Newberry was in the same predicament and did not know much more about the case than I did; however, if he desires to explain his position, he will probably do so without any help from me. Before I left New York I was sure that I had made a mistake, but took no steps to correct it, as I wanted to see the executive committee of our club first.

I am fully aware that in making this move I am liable to stir up ill feeling and open old sores, and perhaps incur the displeasure of my friend Mr. Munhall; but I trust that he fully understands my position and knows that I am not actuated by any personal motives.

In closing I may be allowed a few critical remarks, viz., I consider that Mr. Peshall made a mistake, first in offering the special prize after the entries had closed, though every one knows that he did so from the great interest he takes in dog matters, and to make the Waverly show a greater success by bringing in dogs which were not previously entered, and secondly by allowing Nick of Naso to compete for a prize which he, the owner of the dog, had offered.

Again, Mr. Mason should not have entered Beaufort to compete for it, though he had a perfect right to do so under the terms upon which the prize was given. It was not wise to thus throw himself open to criticism.

Mr. Munhall had a right to refer the matter to the A. K. C. for decision, but should have allowed it to drop when it was once decided. It was not in good form for him to vote upon the question at the last meeting, as it was a personal matter with him and did not concern his club.

Mr. Munhall announced openly at the meeting that it was not the money that he wanted but justice. I and others understood him to say before the vote was taken that he would not make a demand for the money. I was, therefore, not a little surprised when I heard that he had formally demanded the amount of the prize from the secretary of the New Jersey Kennel Club.

Mr. Wade with righteous indignation and in very forcible language gives the A. K. C. a scoring for its action on this question. He should take into consideration the many extenuating circumstances, and also remember that the proxies and newly elected delegates committed this *faux pas* in the name of the A. K. C.

Pardon my prolixity. I shall try and do better next time. I hate dissensions, and try to keep out of them, but cannot help myself this time. Yours truly, H. T. DRAKE.

PEMBROKE DISQUALIFICATION.—New England Kennel Club, Boston, June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We beg to inform you that the greyhound Pembroke, owned by Mr. Chas. D. Webber, has been disqualified by the N. E. K. C., and his winnings at Boston withdrawn. This sustains the protest of Mr. H. M. Huntington that the dog was entered in the open class, when his owner knew he was a champion at the date of show. The committee find that Mr. Webber continued him wrongly classed, and has since stated in point that the blame for not transferring the dog rests with the committee, who accidentally overlooked the dog's record in the rush of work. We take this opportunity of saying that whatever blame can be attached to us by any construction of Rules 9 and 22, A. K. C., we think likely to occur again; and it is our opinion that an owner should be compelled to notify the committee of any change in his dog's record from the close of entries to date of show, and that responsibility to notice should rest with the party who is never ignorant of his dog's winnings.—BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE, NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have just received notice from the secretary of the A. K. C. stating that the N. E. K. C. have disqualified the dog Pembroke. I am sorry for this dog. What was the matter? Did he have the mange or some other contagious disease? If a dog has a contagious disease the Vet. in charge should order him out of the show; it is not necessary to disqualify him. Disqualification only may extend to dogs of exhibitor who has been found guilty of some violation of the rules, when the disqualification may extend to the dog. I hope in your next issue that the secretary of the N. E. K. C. will publish a letter of explanation and apology to Pembroke.—C. J. PESHALL.

WEIGHT OF A MASTIFF LITTER.—Wahpeton, Dak., June 6.—Herewith please find table of weights at the age of six weeks of a litter of mastiff puppies, which I think has never been equaled; certainly not when the size of the litter is considered. Comparing with the weights of the famous pair of Amidon puppies bred by Ashmont, it is seen that the bitch Asia weighs exactly the same, viz., 15½lbs., as the Amidon bitch, while the dog Atlas also weighs 15½lbs., 1½lbs. more than the Amidon dog puppy at the same age. These puppies are by Lee's Turk (A.K.R. 2222) out of my fawn bitch Sylvia (Major—Celeste), being Sylvia's first litter, and were whelped April 23, 1887. I attribute the large size and perfect development of these puppies largely to the fact that the dam has always been generously fed, her diet consisting principally of raw beef. Never having been chained or confined, her muscular system is splendidly developed. Weights at six weeks of age: Ajax, 15lbs.; Abel, 15¼lbs.; Atlas, 15½lbs.; Asia, 15½lbs.; Andrea, 14lbs.; aggregate weight, 75½lbs. These are genuine weights, taken in presence of responsible persons and can be substantiated. That the scales were correct was proven at the time by actual test.—ORTON GIFFORD.

THE UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS CLUB, after an examination of the grounds in Maryland which had at first been selected for their trials, have concluded that they will not do, and now propose to rent grounds in North Carolina. Any persons having grounds are requested to communicate with Mr. C. J. Peshall, Hoffman House, New York city.

MILWAUKEE SHOW.—Milwaukee, Wis., June 10.—Our next annual show of the Wisconsin Kennel Club will take place on Sept. 20, 21, 22 and 23, in the Exposition Hall. Mr. R. D. Whitehead, vice-president of our club, also officer of the Humane Society, will manage the show. Full particulars later.—A. M. GRAU, Secretary.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rumson Lilly. By H Johnson, Fair Haven, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 25, 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Marguerite (Robert le Diable—Belle Faust).

Marguerite II. By J. H. Dey, Red Bank, N. J., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April 25, 1887, by Mainspring (Mike—Romp) out of Marguerite (Robert le Diable—Belle Faust).

Frank Obo. By G. W. Canterbury, Cambridgeport, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Shady (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu).

Lady Catherine. By E. C. Johnson, Framingham, Mass., for orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped April 28, 1887, by Duke of Lancaster (A.K.R. 2862) out of Wm. M. Bullivant's imported Doris.

Ruby II. By E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 15, 1887, by J. E. Thayer's dog out of Ruby (Elcho—Flora).

Ned Elcho. By E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped January, 1887, by Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Lorna) out of ——.

Fred Gladstone. By C. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., for black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Gladstone (Dan—Petrel) out of Flounce (Druid—Ruby).

Kamernap Kennels. By Cammeyer & Knapp, Brooklyn, N. Y., for their kennels of St. Bernards.

Ajax and Ajax II. Mr. Victor M. Halderman having a prior right to the name Ajax, we claim Ajax II. for our brindle, with dark points, mastiff dog, whelped April 23, 1887, by Turk (A.K.R. 2222) out of Sylvia.—RICHLAND KENNELS (Wahpeton, Dak.).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Kelp—Pride of Dixie. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Kelp (Prince Rob—Kate Jewell) to E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid), May 24.

Ruby Croxteth—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxteth (Croxteth—Seitner's Lass) to their King Bow (Bow—Taffee), May 17.

Flirt—King Bow. L. F. Hatch's (Ann Arbor, Mich.) pointer bitch Flirt to the Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow (Bow—Taffee), May 30.

La Duchesse—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch La Duchesse (A.K.R. 3022) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), May 30.

Swiss Rhona—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Swiss Rhona (A.K.R. 3030) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), May 31.

Bridget—Tuck II. A. B. Norcross's (Milford, Conn.) pug bitch Bridget (Fritz—Nell) to his Tuck II. (A.K.R. 2752), June 7.

Patti M.—Nick of Naso. C. Munhall's (Cleveland, O.) pointer bitch Patti M. (Donald—Devonshire Lass) to C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo), June 2.

Temptation—Nick of Naso. Geo. McNeil's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Temptation (Fogg's Don—Alden's Maud S.) to C. J. Peshall's Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo), May 25.

Beulah III.—Leph. J. C. Schuyler's (Berryville, Va.) pointer bitch Beulah III. (Tim—Nipp T.) to A. H. Christian's Leph (Graphic—Seph G.), May 29.

Gilt—Black Pete, Jr. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Gilt (Col. Stubbs—Diamond) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete, Jr. (Black Pete—Miss Ginger), March 30.

Druidess—Turk II. Minnehaha Kennels' (Minneapolis, Minn.) mastiff bitch Druidess (A.K.R. 2221) to their Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222), April 8.

Pride—Turk II. Minnehaha Kennels' (Minneapolis, Minn.) mastiff bitch Pride (A.K.R. 1516) to their Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222), May 25.

Elsa—Bobbie Burns. Jas. Rae's (Buffalo, N. Y.) Dandie Dinmont terrier bitch Elsa (A.K.R. 2908) to his Bobbie Burns (A.K.R. 2907), May 31.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Gilt. J. E. Weston's (Utica, N.Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gilt (Col. Stubbs—Diamond), June 4, four (one dog), by J. P. Willey's Black Pete, Jr. (Black Pete—Miss Ginger).

Jersey Lass. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Jersey Lass (Rex—Topsey), June 3, seven (four dogs), by their Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry).

Mollie Bawn. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Mollie Bawn (Glencho—Biddy), June 6, eleven (six dogs), by Dr. Jarvis's (Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen).

Nellie. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Glencho—Bess). May 29, eight (four dogs), by their Beggora (Blarney—Lady Clare).

Victory. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) Llewellin setter bitch Victory (Count Rapier—Reign), May 31, seven (three dogs), by E. V. Hale's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid).

Virginia. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (Sensation—Rose), May 18, nine (four dogs), by his Fritz (Beaufort—Spot).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ladybird. Black, tan and white smooth collie bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Samuel T. Mercier, Gilford, Ireland, to Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fred Gladstone. Black, white and tan setter dog, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by C. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., to C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.

Minnehaha Tiger. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Pride (A.K.R. 1516), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to A. H. Linton, same place.

Minnehaha Duke. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Pride (A.K.R. 1516), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to R. S. Hall, Sibley, Ia.

Minnehaha Madge. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 11, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Vesta (A.K.R. 1154), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to Otto Schultiz, Gretna, Manitoba.

Minnehaha Turk. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Pride (A.K.R. 1516), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to Otto Schultiz, Gretna, Manitoba.

Minnehaha Vesta. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 11, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Vesta (A.K.R. 1154), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to H. D. Phillips, Marietta, Ga.

Minnehaha Ralph. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1887, by Turk II. (A.K.R. 2222) out of Pride (A.K.R. 1516), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn.) to H. D. Phillips, Marietta, Ga.

Vesta. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Jan. 26, 1884 (A.K.R. 1154), by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn., to Chas. Altmannsperger, Minden, Ia.

Frank Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 27, 1887, by Shady out of Judy Obo, by Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass., to G. W. Canterbury, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Gilt. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 14, 1884, by Col. Stubbs out of Diamond, by H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., to J. E. Weston, Utica, N. Y.

Dot. Black, tan and white collie bitch, age not given, by Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Jersey Lily, by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., to I. C. Curry, Beason, Ill.

La Duchesse. White and tawny rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 29, 1885 (A.K.R. 3022), by the Hospice Kennels, Arlington, N. J., to Kamernap Kennels, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bruno. Solid dark fawn rough-coated St. Bernard dog, age and pedigree unknown, by A. B. Norcross, Milford, Conn., to W. F. Crouch, same place.

Lady Belton. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 4, by Yale Belton out of Daisy, by A. B. Norcross, Milford, Conn., to C. G. Steinheimer, Boston, Mass.

Fleet—Sue whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 11, 1887, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to L. F. Hatch, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Naso of Kippen—Dela (A.K.R. 1347) whelps. Pointers, whelped May 10, 1887, by Chas. H. Newell, Portland, Me., a liver and white bitch to Dr. Geo. H. Bailey, same place, and a black and white dog to C. F. Jordan, Winchester, Mass.

IMPORTATIONS.

Fearnought. Blue and tan Yorkshire toy terrier dog, whelped June 21, 1883 (E. 18,079), by P. H. Coombs, Bangor, Me., from Mrs. M. A. Foster, Bradford, Eng.

DEATHS.

Minnehaha Brenda. Fawn mastiff bitch (Turk—Pride), owned by Minnehaha Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn.; convulsions during dentition.

Minnehaha Duke. Fawn mastiff dog (Turk—Pride), owned by R. S. Hall, Sibley, Ia.; cause unknown.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, June 11.—The second Qualification and Marksmen's Badge Match was shot to-day, the weather was perfect, but a strong tricky breeze blowing from 1 to 2 o'clock was very trying to the competitors, who, however, made good scores. The attendance was large, about 200 men being present, of whom 150 succeeded in making a qualifying score. The following made 42 or over and thereby became sharpshooters and are entitled to a silver bar, those marked * being the winners of the match:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
*S W Morritt, Co B, 7th Reg.	22	23	45
*J D Burtis, 17th Separate Company	22	22	44
*J D Foot, Co F, 7th Reg.	19	24	43
*W A Stokes, Co I, 23d Reg.	20	23	43
*W A Robinson, Co A, 23d Reg.	20	23	43
*J T Hull, Co F, 23d Reg.	21	22	43
*C W Thom, Co F, 7th Reg.	22	21	43
*C L Kelly, Co C, 69th Reg.	22	21	43
*G F Hamlin, Co I, 23d Reg.	23	20	43
W C Holmes, Co B, 23d Reg.	19	23	42
F L Holmes, Co I, 23d Reg.	20	22	42
F S Kennedy, Co F, 7th Reg.	20	22	42
Geo Ball, Co F, 23d Reg.	20	22	42
F W Singleton, Co I, 23d Reg.	20	22	42
C C Brown, Co I, 7th Reg.	21	21	42
W J Underwood, Co H, 7th Reg.	21	21	42
D Bacon, Co K, 7th Reg.	22	20	42

Next matches June 18 and July 4.

THOMASTON, Conn., June 12.—Six members of the Empire Rifle Club were present at the range this P. M. and succeeded in doing some of the poorest shooting ever done on the range. The light was good, but the wind was a difficult one, veering from 3 to 9 o'clock:

Fred A Perkins	8	6	6	7	5	7	5	9	6	10—69
G G Gilbert	9	8	5	7	5	7	6	6	9	5—67
E Thomas	5	7	6	5	10	7	4	7	7	8—66
A Fox	8	8	6	4	8	8	5	5	5	7—64
G A Leumon	4	6	6	7	8	8	7	7	0	10—63
G P North	6	7	6	4	5	8	6	9	0	9—60

We use only the target center.—.52-CAL.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, June 11.—Record match, 200yds. off-hand, standard target. Messrs. Hill and Elliott are members of the Lawrence Rifle Club, and were very welcome visitors:

H Tuck	9	8	7	7	10	8	8	9	9	8—
J Bushell	7	8	8	9	6	9	8	7	8	10—
A Edgerly	8	8	9	8	8	7	6	7	9	10—
C M Hill	7	9	8	10	9	8	5	6	9	8—
J F Brown	6	7	8	9	9	6	5	7	8	8 10—
A D Elliott	6	8	8	9	7	5	9	5	9	9—
L Jackson	9	5	8	5	3	6	9	5	7	8—

HALIFAX, June 8.—The competition for places on the Nov Scotia team in the inter-provincial rifle match was commenced on Bedford Range to-day. The wind was very unfavorable, and made good scores impossible. There were 23 competitors, and the ranges were 200, 500 and 600yds. The best scores were as follows:

	200	500	600		200	500	600
Capt Bishop, 63d	29	23	28—90	Lieut Stevens, 66th	27	30	29—86
Lieut Fiske, 63d	31	31	28—90	Capt Garrison, HGA	28	30	27—85
Pvt Corbin, 63d	30	28	30—88	Lieut Adams, HGA	30	29	26—85
Capt Corbin	30	28	29—87	Gunn'r Fader, HGA	29	28	27—84

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—The Niagara Rifle Association lately organized here with a charter membership of 10s, which includes nearly all of the members of the 42d Separate Co., N. G. S. N. Y. expect to have their range in readiness for an opening day some time this month. The Association is officered as follows: L. W. Pettebone, President; R. N. Campbell, Vice President; C. S. Rice, Secretary; Drake Whitney, Treasurer. It will be one of the finest ranges in the State, and as the Association contains some excellent marksmen, some great scores may be expected.—C. S. RICE, Sec'y.

NEWARK, June 7.—The John Magory Rifle Club met this evening, and after adopting a constitution and by-laws elected the following officers: President, E. Branigan; Vice President, Christopher Figuera; Secretary, J. Magory; Treasurer, G. Jothe; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. Vliet; Rifle Inspector, F. Schaeffer; Official Scorer, E. Howard. The regular meetings of the club will be held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at No. 84 Springfield avenue.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE ties for prizes in the Decoration Day Trophy match will be shot off on Saturday, July 2, or Monday, July 4. A club may select either date and we must be notified at least one week in advance which date will be chosen. The conditions will be the same as those governing the original shooting, and the teams be made up as before.

WELLINGTON WINNERS.

BOSTON, Mass., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There seems to have been a mistake in recording the list of prizes and names of winners in the late carnival held at Wellington, Mass. I herewith inclose you a correct list, according to the official score books. You will confer a great favor on the Association if you insert same in your next issue.—C. W. DEMICK.

EXPERTS.

	Score.
1. L C Smith gun, value $450, won by T G Strater, Boston	88
2. Parker Bros gun, value $150, won by J R Stice, New Haven	84
3. Piper gun, value $150, won by G C Luther, Syracuse	82
4. Winchester repeating gun, value $100, won by H W Eager, Marlboro	80
5. Massachusetts Arms Co. rifle, value $75, won by C W Budd, Syracuse	79
6. Forehand & Wadsworth gun, value $75, won by W H Sheldon, Pawtuxet	78
7. J P Lovell Arms Co. revolver, value $20, won by O R Dickey, Boston	77
8. Smith & Wesson revolver, value $15, won by H McMurchy, Syracuse	76
9. Winship shell case, value $12, won by E T Smith, Worcester	74
10. Leather boat box, value $10, won by B Teipel, Covington	73
11. Leather gun cover, value $5, won by H G Wheeler, Marlboro	72
12. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Wagener, Syracuse	71
13. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Perry, Worcester	70
14. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Parsons, Indianapolis	67
15. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Charles, Exeter	66
16. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Gilman, Worcester	65
17. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Beaudry, Marlboro	62
18. Set of Ideal loaders, value $1.25, won by Davis, Worcester	55
19. Set of Ideal loaders, value $1.25, won by Faulkner, Lowell	45
20. Set of Ideal loaders, value $1.25, won by Tinker, Providence	38

AMATEURS.

1. Painting, value $1,000, won by A L Traeger, New Haven	81
2. W & C Scott & Sons' gun, value $200, won by C H DeRochemont, Newburyport	80
3. Lefever Arms Co.'s gun, value $150, won by Ed Taylor, Cincinnati	78
4. Spencer repeating gun, value $100, won by E M Moody, Lockport	76
5. W R Davis & Son's gun, value $75, won by F S Mead, Knoxville	75
6. Manhattan gun, value $75, won by J N Buffum, Boston	74
7. Springfield bicycle, value $75, won by F W Prentiss, Ilion	71
8. J Stevens rifle, value $75, won by E J Wardwell, Boston	70
9. Shooting suit, value $30, won by E W Law, Boston	69
10. Harrington & Richardson revolver, value $15, won by H C Warren, Boston	68
11. Belcher shot shell loader, value $10, won by J S Snow, Boston	67
12. Canvas gun cover, value $2.50, won by A B Bowdish, Oxford	65
13. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Aldoes, Brookton	64
14. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Dean, Worcester	63
15. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by McCoy, Boston	61
16. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Nichols, Boston	60
17. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Perry, Somerville	57
18. Cartridge belt, value $1.50, won by Lee	52
19. Set of Ideal loaders, value $1.25, won by Gore, Boston	49
20. Set of Ideal loaders, value $1.25, won by Morse, Jr., Wellington	48
21. Set of Ideal loaders, value $1.25, won by Edwards, Boston	47

THE NEW YORK STATE SHOOT.

THE thirtieth annual gathering of the New York State Association was this year at Utica, and the arrangement was under the very excellent care of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. The last previous gathering of this Association was held in Utica in 1871, and there are many shooters who took part there just as enthusiastic to-day. The field portion of the annual programme began at Riverside Park on Tuesday morning, June 7. The day was bright and clear, and as there was no wind the weather could not have been more favorable for the sport. 12 blue-rocks, 4 traps, 18yds., 21yds. for ties:

Hess	011101001110— 7	F A Sinclair	000000110100— 3
Eames	110111111011—10	J Keunedy	101211011111—10
E Taylor	011111111100— 9	B Tolsma	011011111111—10
W C Hedley	10111111011— 9	F D Wolf	111111011110—10
A Baker	111111001001— 9	J H Urbrandt	111011011111—10
O Besser, Jr	011011111010— 8	C W Tuttle	111111111111—12
F W Candell	100010010110— 7	Charles Green	101110010100— 7
M C Smith	010011111011— 8	W C Harris	101111011011— 9
L Erbe	111010110110— 8	F Steele	010102111111— 7
E H Smith	010111110100— 7	Coolidge	100100011110— 6
G W Crouch	011101111110— 9	J York	111110010000— 6
Wagner	111111111112	Scott	101111111000— 8
F W Partis	111011111110—10	Walker	011011110011— 7
Rumsey	101110011101— 8	Whitney	111001111011— 9
Christian	001101101001— 7	J M Monroe	111111101111—11
J G Stacey	111110011111—10	O A Wheeler	010101010000— 5
D M LeFever	111111111101—11	W H Booth	111110101010— 9
J A Banta	11 011110101— 9	J Koch	011101111011— 9
Horkway	011001111111— 9	Chismore	011111111011—10
M T Blakeley	100101010110— 6	E Hudson	111011101110 9
E H Kniskern	101101011111— 9	B Catchpole	111110001111— 9
C H Walters	111100010110— 8	C Felton	001011031101— 6
W M Richmond	111101000111— 8	H L Gates	011000110011— 6
J B Hill	110011000110— 6	Kendrick	110110001001— 7
A Walrath	011111110011— 8	McCormick	111111010011— 8
F A Elliott	011000011011— 6	A Rickman	011010111111— 9
		H Candee	111100111111—10

The prizes in this contest amounted to $283. The first, $100 in cash, was won by Charles Wagner, of Poultney.

Ties on 11:

LeFever	110110—4	Monroe	0010w—1
Tuttle	100110—3		

The cash prize in this class, amounting to $63, was divided, and the Almo clock was won by D. M. LeFever, of Syracuse.

Ties on 10:

Eames	111111—6	Wolfe	011010—3
Partis	01010w-2	Hillbrand	00110w-2
Stacy	111010—4	Chismore	101000—2
Kennedy	00110w-2	Candee	111010—4
Tolsma	101100—3		

J. G. Stacy, of Geneva, and H. L. Candee, of Waterville, divided the second prize.

Ties on 9:

Taylor	111111—6	Harris	100w —1
Hedley	111011—5	Whitney	111111—6
Baker	101w —2	Booth	001w —1
Crouch	010w —1	Koch	011w —2
Banta	111001—4	Hudson	111110—5
Horkway	110w —2	Catchpole	11110—5
Kniskern	110w —2	Rickman	000w —0
Luther	101w —2		

Messrs. Taylor and Whitney tied again, and in shooting off the former broke 3 and the latter 4 birds. The first prize was awarded to H. B. Whitney, of Phelps, E. Taylor, of Buffalo, taking second.

Ties on 8:

Besser	111100—4	Richmond	101101—4
M C Smith	010011—3	Walrath	1010w—2
Erbe	01111—5	Scott	11101—5
Rumsey	110111—5	McCormick	0110w—2
Walters	101011—4		

Messrs. Erbe, Rumsey and Scott again tied and shot again to decide the matter, Erbe breaking 4, Rumsey 5 and Scott withdrawing on the third bird. The first prize was awarded to C. J. Rumsey, of Ithaca, and second to L. Erbe, of Buffalo.

There were fifty entries for the second contest in the afternoon. Conditions the same as before:

Wheeler	10111011100— 7	Kniskern	0110010011011— 7
Partis	11101111000— 8	M C Smith	11111001001— 8
Chismore	10101010010— 6	H Candee	01111000010— 6
Baker	111 111111—11	J Koch	11001010111— 8
Besser	10110111111— 9	F A Elliott	11111110111—11
Wagner	11 111111111—11	G W Crouch, Jr	11110111111—11
Hill	00011101010— 5	A Walrath	10111110100— 8
Steele	00110100101— 5	F D Wolfe	0001l0 drawn
Tuttle	01100000011— 4	Walters	10110010110— 7
Taylor	01111010110— 7	C J Rumsey	00001010100— 5
Kennedy	11001101011— 8	E H Smith	11111110 110— 9
Erbe	10011110101— 8	G C Luther	01111011111—10
Tolsma	01111010010— 7	Scott	00011101100— 6
Hildebrand	11101110111—10	Richmond	11111111111—12
Horkway	11011101011— 8	C Greene	01110001011— 7
Schmitz	00000100110— 3	A Rickman	11110 111111—10
Blakely	11101010000— 6	Hess	01110111111—10
Hadley	00011101011— 7	Sinclair	01100011000— 5
Stacey	10110011011— 8	Kendrick	01110011111— 9
LeFever	11101011101— 9	McCormick	01011100111— 8
Eames	11110010 11— 9	Booth	10011001111— 7
Munroe	10111011100— 8	Harris	11101 100111— 9
Banta	10010011001— 6	Hudson	1011 0011011— 7
Felton	11011111101—10	Dix	10100101010— 5
Kendall	11100011101— 8	Whitney	11011101011— 9

The first prize, a hammerless gun valued at $100, given by L. C. Smith, Syracuse, was won by William M. Richmond of Rochester.

Ties on 11:

Baker	001111—4	Elliott	111010—4
Wagner	101111—5	Crouch	010111—4

The first prize, $33 in cash, was won by Charles Wagner of Poultney. The other three gentlemen shot off for second place, and F. A. Elliott of Clinton won.

Ties on 10:

Hillebrand	101 w.	Rickman	010 w.
Felton	01101—4	Hess	110111—5
Luther	11111—6		

G. C. Luther of Syracuse won the first prize, and H. R. Hess of Geneva second prize.

Ties on 9:

Besser	110111—5	Kendrick	110010—3
LeFever	11010 w.	Harris	0110 w.
Eames	111111—6	Whitney	1010 w.
E H Smith	01110 w.		

The first prize was won by F. W. Eames of Bay Ridge; the second was won by Otto Besser, Jr. of Buffalo.

Ties on 8:

Partis	011111—5	Kendall	001 w.
Kennedy	101 00—3	M C Smith	1100 w.
Erbe	001010—2	Koch	01110 w.
Hookaway	110110—4	McCormick	101101—4
Stacy	011101—4	Walrath	101111—5
Monroe	011111—5		

Messrs. Partis, Monroe and Walrath again shot off, the latter won. The first prize was awarded to A. Walrath, and the second to F. W. Partis, Ilion.

June 3.—There was a little breeze to-day, but not enough to interfere materially with the shooting, and the weather on the whole was favorable for good work. Sage, of Buffalo, acted as referee, Messrs. Elliott and Stice as judges and James Brown, of Rochester, as caller. The third contest opened at a half-past ten o'clock:

J G Stacy	101010101111— 8	C Oehnig	1000011010 — 5
F W Kendall	10101110101— 8	W E Hookway	0111110110 1— 8
F M Eames	1101101111111—10	M J Blakeley	1100100111101— 7
A Baker	0101011111101— 8	C H Walters	0101011011— 7
E H Kniskern	0110901110 0— 5	J A Scott	1100011100110— 6
J Koch	1101111111111—11	F A Elliott	1001111101101— 8
J A Banta	1111111110 — 9	W C Hadley	1101111111111—11
G Wagener	1101111110110— 9	G R Vine	1000010010 — 4
J P Hill	010001160l0w.	N E Stoy	1111110110 — 9
O A Wheeler	1111101111101—10	W C Harris	1111111110 11—10
C O Babcock	1110101101001— 8	J Hillebrant	1110100111101— 8
E Taylor	1010011111111— 9	R Hess	1100111111110—10
A Walrath	0111011100110— 7	M Mayhew	1000111111 10— 8
W H Booth	1110111111111—11	C Green	0101110110101— 7
O Besser, Jr	1101001110 1— 8	H B Whitney	1111011001 1— 9
L Erbe	1111101101 1—10	B Tolsma	1001110000111— 8
J S Barnes	1101111111111—11	E J Rumsey	1111111111111—12
E H Smith	0011011111110— 9	J M Felton	1101011111110—10
D M LeFever	1000101111111— 9	H N Candee	1110011001101— 7
E H Smith	1111010001 1— 7	B Catchpole	0111111111101—10
G C Luther	0011111111110— 9	J York	1100110000010— 5
G W Crouch, Jr	0100101111111— 8	J D Gray	1111010011110— 8
A E Rickman	0 0011001w.	J E Coolidge	1100101111111— 9
E Hudson	0101011111110— 9	M M Brunner	0111111001111— 9
W Richmond	1111111011110—10	A J Minton	0011101011111— 8

E. J. Rumsey, of Ithaca, who broke 12 straight birds, was awarded first prize, $100 in cash.

Ties on 11:

Jacob Koch	00011—3	J. S. Barnes	111111—6
W H Booth	101010—3	W C Hadley	111111—6

The prize for leading score, $50 cash, was divided by J. S. Barnes of Waterloo and W. C. Hadley, Rochester. Ties on 10:

Eames	111110—5	Richmond	10110w
Banta	100111—4	Harris	111011—5
Wheeler	010000—1	Hess	0110w
Erbe	111110—5	Catchpole	0110w

Messrs. Eames, Erbe and Harris again shot off, the former scoring 5, Harris 4, and Erbe 3. The first prize, $25 in cash, was awarded to F. M. Eames, of Bay Ridge, and the second to W. C. Harris, of Utica. Ties on 9:

Wagener	0101111—4	Whitney	10110w
M C Smith	0 10 0—3	Coolidge	1010l1—4
LeFever	01 00w	Brunner	011011—4
Luther	111011—5	Taylor	1111100—7
Hudson	111111—6	Story	111100—4

The first prize was won by E. J. Hudson, Syracuse, and the second by George C. Luther, of the same place. Ties on 8:

Stacey	00w	Elliot	111101—5
Kendall	111111—6	Hillebrant	1100w
Baker	10110—5	Mayhew	0100l1—3
Babcock	0110w	Felton	110101—4
Besser	111011—5	Gray	111100—4
Crouch	111110—5	Minton	000011—2
Hookway	101001—3		

F. W. Kendall, of Wolcott, a member of the Lakeside Gun Club of Geneva, won first. In shooting off the ties of 5, A. Baker, of Syracuse broke 5 straight targets and won the second prize.

There were forty entries in the fourth contest, which occurred in the afternoon. The prizes aggregated in value $341.50. Messrs. Brunner and Stice acted as callers, Messrs. Elliott and Klages as judges and Mr. Elliott as referee. The shooting was quite brisk, and several very good scores were made. The record was as follows:

Taylor	1101010111 0— 8	Hookway	1111111110 0—10
Kendall	0001110010 1— 5	Smith	0111111111 9— 9
Richmond	0110101111 1— 9	Booth	1110101111 1— 9
Hudson	1111001101 1— 8	Kennedy	0000110101 1— 6
Rumsey	1111111011 1—11	Hadley	0010111011 1— 8
Banta	0110011101 1— 8	Williams	0101111001 1— 7
Wheeler	0010001111 1— 7	Elliott	1111111101 1—11
Baker	1111111011 1—11	Wolf	1111111111 1—11
Koch	1011111011 1—10	Whitney	1111111111 1—12
Rickman	0110111111 1—10	York	1000000010 0— 2
Barnes	0111111111 1—11	Felton	0011010111 1— 8
Harris	1010101111 9— 8	Minton	1110111110 0— 9

Luther.....1111111111 1—12 Gray.....1111010001 1— 7
Eames.....1111101111 1—11 Candee.....1101110010 1— 7
Besser.....0100011111 1— 8 Catchpole.....0111011010 1— 8
Walroth.....0101111010 1— 8 Wagner.....1101111111 1—11
Le Fever.....1111010010 1— 7 Coolidge.....1111110011 1— 8
Christian.....0111010011 1— 7 Walters.....0010101111 1— 8
Linck.....1010011100 0— 5 Blakeley.....1011101010 1— 8
Hess.....0010101011 0— 6 Scott.....0101111100 1— 8

Ties on 12:

Luther.....111101—5 Whitney.....111111—6

The first prize, a Le Fever hammerless gun, worth $100, given by the Le Fever Arms Company, was awarded to H. B. Whitney, of the Lakeside Gun Club, Geneva, and the prize for second score, $50 in cash, to George C. Luther, Syracuse.

Ties on 11:

Rumsey	111100—4	Elliott	111111—6
Baker	111011—5	Wolfe	00w
Barnes	100111—4	Wagener	1010w
Eames	111100—4		

The first prize, $60 in cash, was won by F. A. Elliott, of Clinton, a member of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club; and the second by A. Baker, of the Geneva Sportsmen's Club, of Irondequoit.

Ties on 10:

Koch	110110—4	Hookway	110111—5
Rickman	111110—5		

Messrs. Hookway and Rickman then shot off their tie and the former won. The first prize was awarded to W. E. Hookway, Syracuse, and the second to A. Rickman, of Greece.

Ties on 9:

Richmond	111111—6	Booth	101110—4
Hudson	111011—5	Minton	101111—5
E H Smith	01110w		

The first prize was awarded to W. M. Richmond, Rochester. In shooting off for second place, E. J. Hudson, of Syracuse, broke five birds and won.

Ties on 8:

Taylor	111111—6	Felton	111101—5
Banta	111011—5	Catchpole	101101—4
Harris	1000w	Coolidge	000w
Besser	0110w	Walters	111110—5
Walrath	011111—5	Blakeley	111111—6
Hadley	100111—4	Scott	100110—3

Messrs. Taylor and Blakely shot off, and the former won, breaking five birds. The first prize was awarded to E. Taylor, Buffalo, and the second to M. J. Blakeley, of Syracuse.

June 9.—The fifth and sixth contests were held to-day. The rain of the morning cleared the air and lowered the temperature so that the day was most enjoyable. The fifth contest, for prizes aggregating $315, was the consolation contest of the week, and was one of the most interesting on the programme. Fifty-six entries were made. J. R. Stice was referee, Dr. Gottlieb and J. Koch were the judges and W. M. Richmond the caller. The score was as follows:

W McCarthy	0011010000111— 6	Walker	0010011000010— 4
E Taylor	0110111101011— 8	T Scott	0010010111010— 6
J Banta	0101111110111— 9	Chesmore	1111111110111—11
F Schwartz	0001001111100— 5	Catchpole	1111111111111—12
C A Shader	0101011110010— 6	P M Keel	0010000010000— 2
J Kennedy	0110001100000— 3	L Erbe	1100110111101— 8
F W Partis	0010001111111— 7	C Oehmig	0100000000000— 1
F Northrup	0110110100011— 6	Brunner	1101010011100— 6
J Hillebrant	1100111100011— 8	Prettie	1101100111101— 8
E Howe	1111010101110— 9	Dr Booth	1010010101011— 8
Hookaway	0111111010111— 9	C M Felton	0010011110101— 7
Kniskern	1010010101111— 7	H N Candee	1101011101111— 9
U E Story	1101101000010— 6	W C Harris	0011010011111— 7
A J Minton	1100111111101— 9	E H Hudson, Jr	1111100011111— 9
M J Blakesley	1101010111101— 8	J G Stacey	0100101111001— 6
G R Vine	0111101011010— 7	W A Hunter	0110001111110— 7
A Downs	1000011000111— 5	H L Gates	1011100010001— 6
A Walrath	0101101101111— 8	W S Porter	1111100000100— 5
A E Rickman	0111010101111— 8	Jersey	0011111111011— 9
O A Wheeler	1100101000111— 7	J E Coolidge	1111101011110—10
F H Dix	0101011010010— 5	W B Kirk	1001100011011— 6
D M Le Fever	1111011101011— 9	F W Lyons	1100001000001— 4
C J Rumsey	1011110011111— 9	M C Smith	1111111111010—11

B. Catchpole, of the Northern Wayne Gun Club, of Walcott, won the first prize, $100 in cash.

Ties on 11:

H Chesmore	0101100—2	M C Smith	011101—4

M. C. Smith, of Syracuse, won the first prize in this class, H. Chesmore, of Ilion, won the second prize.

Only one contestant succeeded in getting into the third class of ties, J. E. Coolidge, of Walcott.

Ties on 9:

J Banta	111110—5	C J Rumsey	1010w—2
E Howe	100110—3	A N Candee	101101—4
Hookway	11100—4	E Hudson, Jr	0111001—4
A J Minton	011111—5	L F Jersey	0110w—2
D M Lefever	10110w-3		

Messrs. Banta and Minton, in shooting off their 5 birds broken, tied a second time on a like score. A. J. Minton, of Buffalo, in the third trial, broke 6 birds to his opponent's 1, and took the first prize, J. Banta, of Johnstown, won second.

Ties on 8:

E Taylor	11100—4	A Rickman	111011—5
J Hillebrant	01110—4	Prettie	011100—3
M J Blakesley	11101—4	L Erbe	110111—5
A Walrath	111111—6		

A. Walrath won first, and L. Erbe, in shooting off his tie with A. E. Rickman, won second.

The sixth contest, for prizes aggregating $325, occurred in the afternoon. Dr. Gottlieb and Messrs. Hudson and Baker alternately acted as judges, and James H. Brown, of Rochester, as caller. There were 37 entries. The score was as follows:

W C Hadley	0111111111101—10	Stilson	1010111110001— 7
A Baker	1111111011010— 9	F M Eames	1101111011 0— 9
W C Harris	0030110100010— 4	D M Lefever	1100011111111— 9
J Koch	1111111000011— 9	L Erbe	1111001111001— 9
W McCarthy	1110000111011— 8	H R Whitney	1111111111111—12
M C Smith	0111110011111— 9	H N Candee	1111010110000— 7
O Besser, Jr	0111111111111—11	Dr Booth	0010110110110— 6
Ed Taylor	1111111110110—10	F A Elliott	1110110111101— 9
W E Hookway	1101010111111— 9	G C Luther	1111111110111—11
E Hudson	1111001010112— 8	L F Jersey	1011111100001— 8
J Montgomery	1111011111111—11	M M Brunner	1110111111101—10
H R Hess	0010110111110— 7	J Banta	1011111011101— 9
E H Smith	0111010100011— 7	F A Partis	0010001110110— 5
C Wagener	1111111111112—12	B Catchpole	1111001111101— 9
O A Wheeler	1011111110011— 9	H Chesmore	0001000011110— 4
G W Crouch, Jr	0111110101111— 9	J E Coolidge	1100101111011— 8
J S Barnes	1111111111111—12	Storey	1110100000110— 6
J Northrup	1100001010111— 6	Felton	1001001011100— 5
Richmond	1101110010111— 8		

Messrs. Wagener, of Poultney, Whitney, of Syracuse, and J. S. Barnes, of Syracuse, tied on 12 birds broken. They divided the prizes in this class, consisting of $100 in cash.

Ties on 11:

Besser	111110—5	Luther	0110w
Montgomery	111110—5		

The second tie on five birds between Messrs. Besser and Montgomery was followed by a third five, a fourth of six, and a fifth of four. In the sixth trial O. Besser won the $50, J. Montgomery, of Jamestown, took second.

Messrs. W. C. Hadley, of Rochester, Ed Taylor, of Buffalo, and W. W. Brunner, of Utica, divided the prizes for the third class of ties.

Ties on 7:

Baker	1110l1—4	Eames	10110w
Koch	110111—5	Lefever	00w
Smith	111111—6	Erbe	1010w
Hookway	11010w	Elliott	111111—6
Wheeler	111110—5	Banta	110w
Crouch	010w	Catchpole	111111—6

In shooting off the subties of 6 birds a second tie of 5 was made by Messrs. M. C. Smith, of Syracuse, and F. A. Elliott, of Clinton. In the third trial Mr. Smith won first prize.

Ties on 8:

McCarty	0011100—2	Jersey	000 —0
Hudson	110101—4	Coolidge	011011—4
Richmond	111101—5		

The first prize was awarded to Mr. Richmond, of Rochester. Edward Hudson, of Syracuse, won second:

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon occurred the double rise contest between J. R. Stice, of New Haven, Conn., and Ed Taylor, of Buffalo. A large crowd had gathered to witness the shooting of these two champions. Mr. Stice, who is a large, finely built man, more than 6ft. in height, stepped to the score first. He is employed by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., and used one of their repeating shotguns in the contest. Each contestant had a chance at 25 double rises. Mr. Stice scored 23 birds out of 50, and his opponent 36.

Friday, June 10, was the last and by far the pleasantest day of the State shoot. The air was cool and pleasant. Contest No. 7, for prizes worth $318.50, was called early in the morning with 36

entries. The shooting was the poorest of the week. Following is the score:

Richmond.....0111111111111—11	C W Walters.....0111011101000— 7
F M Eames .....1110111011110— 9	H Whitney.....1110001111111— 9
J Koch.....1010101101110— 7	G C Luther.....1111100101111— 9
Heinold.....0100101100010— 5	G W Crouch, Jr..0001101111111— 8
M C Smith.....1111111111011—11	George Stillson..0111111000111— 8
E H Smith.....1111011111010—10	F A Elliott.....1110111111111—11
F S Clark.....1010010010011— 6	C D Jersey.....1110001010001— 6
A Baker.....0100101111111— 8	M B Link.....0001000000000— 1
O A Wheeler....1100111000100— 6	B Tolsma.....1101000001001— 5
C Wagener.....1111011111010—10	E Hudson.....1111011110001— 9
W C Hadley.....1110110010011— 7	J S Barnes.....1101010101111— 9
W A Hunter.....0000101010000— 3	A J Minton.. ..1111101111111—11
L Erbe.....1111000101111— 9	A J Storey.....0101111111101— 9
O Besser, Jr.....0111111111011—11	J A Davis.....0110300011101— 5
W McCarthy. ...1111101011003— 9	M M Brunner.....0111110011111— 9
D M Lefever. ...0111110111111—10	F Schwartz.....0010010000110— 4
H R Hess. .....0100111010111— 8	H Ayling.....0001000010000— 2
Dr Booth.....1110101001110— 8	W Prettie .....0011010111110— 7

There was no tie on 12, so the 11 class competed for the prizes of the first class of ties:

Richmond.....111111—6	F A Elliot. .....0110w—2
M C Smith..... ..110101—4	A J Minton. .....111101—5
O Besser.....011100—3	

W. M. Richmond, of Charlotte, won first, $100 in cash, and A. J. Minton, of Buffalo, the second.

Ties on 10:

E H Smith.....100111—4	D M LeFever..... . ..011011—4
C Wagener.... .....111010—4	

C. Wagener, of Pulteney, on the third trial won first, D. M. LeFever took second.

Ties on 9:

F M Eames.....111111—6	E Hudson.....111111—6
L Erbe.....110011—4	J S Barnes . .....10w —1
W McCarthy..... ...011101—4	A J Storey.... .....00w —0
H Whitney.....011011—4	M M Brunner.....0w —0
G C Luther..... ....011001—3	

In shooting off the second tie, E. Hudson, of Syracuse, won first, F. M. Eames, of Bay Ridge, won second.

Ties on 8:

A Baker.....000111—3	G W Crouch.....000000—0
H R Hess.....001101—3	Geo Stillson.....110110—4
Dr Booth.....010100—2	

Geo. Stillson, of Rochester, won first, H. R. Hess won second.

Ties on 7:

J Koch.....011001—3	C W Walters.....030001—1
W C Hadley.....111111—6	Prettie.....011100—3

W. C. Hadley won first, J. Koch, of Buffalo, won second.

In the afternoon occurred the annual shoot for the Dean Richmond trophy, a solid silver vase, beautifully ornamented. The trophy is valued at $1,150, and is to be held by the winning club each year in trust. The conditions of the contest were that it should be shot for by three members of each club entering, each marksman to shoot at 20 single live birds. Four clubs entered for the contest. The Oneida County Club would have joined in the match, but as there were not birds enough to go around, they withdrew in favor of the visitors. The scores made in the contest were as follows:

Audubon Club, of Buffalo.	Queen City Club, of Buffalo.
A Downs..10111111111011111111—18	T S Clark..10011111101111101101—15
Scheibert.11011011111111111110—17	Schwartz..00111110010111101111—14
Besser, Jr.11101101111010101111—17	J Koch....11111010011111111111—17
——	——
50	46

Genesee Club, of Irondequoit.	Onondaga Club, of Syracuse.
G Stillson.10111111111101111101—17	Hudson....11111111110101011011—16
J Brown..01111111101111111110—17	G Luther..11101110011011111110—15
Crouch, Jr11111111011010001001—13	Le Fever..10111011010110011110—13
——	——
47	44

Referee J. R. Stice, of New Haven, Conn., formally declared the Audubons the victors. William Richmond, of Charlotte, acted as caller in this contest, and E. H. Smith, of Buffalo, and F. A. Elliott, of Utica, judges. Dr. W. H. Booth, of Utica, also acted as judge during a portion of the shoot. This is the third time the Audubon Club has won the trophy. Last year its representatives scored 56 birds, and two years ago 57 birds.

The best of feeling ran through the entire meeting. On one day out of 1,126 blue rock targets sprung but 4 were broken in the trap, while in the seven programme contests during the shoot 7,021 blue rocks were thrown from the trap with a total breakage by traps of 45, or an average of 1 to every 156 thrown.

C. W. Wagener took away more in value of prizes than any other marksman. His winnings in five days reached $300.

The capital reports of the entire shoot made in the Utica *Herald* enabled each participant to keep a very satisfactory record of the meeting.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly shoot at the grounds, Dunellen, N. J., June 8. A medium lot of birds, as it is difficult to get other than young birds at this time of the year. Old South Paw acted as referee in his usual quaint and honest manner. The match between Quinlan, Lever and Cannon did not come off. Quinlan sent word in time that he could not be on hand, and had his forfeit withdrawn. Lever was on hand, and as Cannon could not very well arrive before 1 P. M., Lever demanded and got the forfeit of $10, packed up his gun and left the grounds. Cannon arrived later, and the air became blue at once. The hasty action of Mr. Lever, though strictly or technically right, is open to and receives the reprobation of very many of the shooters on the grounds at the time. The Middlesex Club is decidedly a live club, and the most enthusiastic one we know in the live bird line. They will have birds no matter what they cost, and they will stay by the traps until the last bird is shot even until long after the sun has gone down. The following are the scores of the different sweeps:

Match at 4 live birds:

Forrest (20).....0111—3	Lever (30)..... .....1122—4
J H Force (30).....1111—4	C Smith (30 .....0111—3
Williams (30).....1111—4	Dean (27).....0110—2
Robby (27)..... .....1100—2	

Match at 4 live birds:

Forrest ....0211—3	Lever.....2112—4
J H Force..... .....2111—4	C Smith.....2101—3
Williams.....1121—4	Dean.....0100—1
Robby .....2011—3	Ties divided.

Match at 4 birds:

Williams.....1111—4	Robby.....0010—1
Dean.....1101—3	Forrest..... .....1111—4
J H Force.....1111—4	C Smith ....2201—3

Ties divided.

Match at 4 birds:

Williams.....1110—3	Robby..... .....2212—4
Dean.....0110—2	Forrest ....1211—4
J H Force.....1110—3	C Smith ....1121—4

Ties divided.

Mech at 4 live birds:

Williams (30)..... ....1122—4	Forrest (29).....1010—2
Cannon (26)..... ....2111—4	Voorhees (30).....1011—3
J H Force (30).....1111—4	Robby (27).....2011—3
McMurchy (31).....1111—4	S G Smith (30).....1021—3
Dean (27)..... .....0110—2	D Terry (30) .....1111—4
Lawrence (29)..... .. ..0121—3	Keller (29).....0021—2
C Smith (30).....1131—4	

J. H. Force, McMurchy and C. Smith first, ties on 3 divided, Forrest third.

Match at 4 live birds:

Cannon..... .....1111—4	C Smith..... .....2011—3
McMurchy..... .....1111—4	Voorhees..... .....1011—3
Forrest..... .....1110—3	Robby..... .....1000—1
J H Force..... .....1111—4	S G Smith..... .....2112—4
Williams..... .....1111—4	Dickens..... .....1020—2
Lawrence..... .....1101—3	

McMurchy and Cannon first, C. Smith second, Dickens third.

Match at 3 pairs live birds, 21yds. rise, ties at 26 and 31yds.:

Cannon ....10 10 11—4	C Smith..... .....00 10 10—2
Dickens..... .....10 10 11—4	Forrest..... .....10 11 00—3
Voorhees..... .....10 10 01—3	Terry..... .....11 10 11—5
McMurchy..... .....11 10 11—5	S G Smith..... .....11 11 11—6
J H Force..... .....11 11 00—4	Robby..... .....01 00 01—2
Williams..... .....10 10 10—3	

S. G. Smith first, McMurchy second, shoot off for third won by Dickens.

Match at 3 pairs live birds, 21yds. rise, ties at 26 and 31yds.:

Cannon..... .....00 10 01—2	C Smith..... .....00 00 10—1
Dickens..... .....10 01 11—4	Forrest..... .....01 01 10—3
McMurchy..... .....10 11 00—3	Terry..... .....11 10 01—4
J H Force..... .....11 00 10—3	S G Smith..... .....11 00 11—4
Williams..... .....10 10 10—3	

Shoot off—S. G. Smith first, Williams second, Cannon third.

Miss and out 30yds. rise: J. H. Force 3, Dickens 0, Williams 2, C. Smith 4, Forrest 3, S. G. Smith 1, Dick 4. C. Smith and Dick divided.—JACOBSTAFF.

TORONTO, June 4.—The third and final shoot for the McDowell team medals took place at D. Blea's, West Toronto Junction, this afternoon. The weather was splendid and a large number of spectators went out to witness the contest. The Toronto Gun Club team No. 1 won the previous match with 92 out of 100, and in this were victorious with 74, thus winning the match twice out of the three shoots. The West Toronto Junction team won them in the first shoot with 77 out of 100. The following are the scores at 20 birds per man:

Toronto Gun Club No. 1.	West Toronto Junction.
C Malloy.....18	H Royce.....17
W Felstead.....15	W Wakefield.....17
A Ellis.....15	D Blea.....15
W Briggs.....14	C Hinton.....12
D Black.....12—74	W A Clark.....11—72
West End Gun and Dog Sports Club.	Toronto Gun Club No. 2.
J Bailey.....16	W Jefferson.....15
E Dollery.....15	R J Kidd.....14
P Wakefield.....14	F Martin.....14
R Wilson.....13	G Pearsall.....12
G Clark.....9—67	H George.....11—66

Owl Gun Club (one man short).

J Townson.....18	G Carruthers.....14
J Douglass.....15	J Jobbett.....12—59

BROOKLYN, June 8.—Not a dozen members of the Fountain Gun Club were present at the monthly shoot of the organization this afternoon at the grounds at Woodlawn, but those who did stand behind the traps made good shooting. The birds were as good a lot as ever sprang from trap. The first heat was a club handicap, 21yds. rise, 7 birds, both barrels. Scores as follows:

J Wynne, 30yds.....1111101—6	W Stewart, 26yds.....1111110—6
C Carlos, 27yds.....0110010—3	E W Wheeler, 21yds..1101111—6
A Eddy, 30yds.....1111101—6	C Williams, 30yds.....1111011—6
L T Davenport, 29yds..1111101—6	M Donnoley, 29yds....1111111—7
J E Lake, 23yds.....1011110—5	H McLaughlin, 26yds..1011111—6
H P Kearney, 25yds....1010111—5	

In shooting off ties A. Eddy won in Class B and H. P. Kearney in Class C. H. McLaughlin did not shoot.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5.—Members of the California Wing Club met at San Bruno to-day to shoot their third tournament of the present season. The medals shot for were as usual three in number and were well contested. The scoring did not average high, but this was caused by the high wind and great speed and strength of the birds. W. L. Eyre was judge and Rice manipulated the strings. Below are the complete scores, medal shoot, 12 birds each, 80yds. boundary, handicap according to gauge of gun:

Fay (30).....111012210111— 9	Coffin (30).....1211122102210—11
Haas (28).....1112100120222— 9	Slade (30).....1112121212120—11
Cross (28).....0010122101210— 8	Liddle (26).....1111200101001— 7
De Vault (30)...2012112021110— 9	Cole (26).....0110001122110— 7

In shooting off ties Slade won first medal, Coffin second and Haas third.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—Sixth shoot of the season at Dexter's Park, L. I., Tuesday, June 9. Seventeen went to the traps and did some good shooting. The club rules provide handicap rise, gun below the elbow near the hip, and one barrel only:

E A Vroome (24)... ....1111111—7	J Rathjen (24).....1101101—5
A Hass (23).....1111111—7	W J Lee (21).....1000111—4
M Chichester (25).....1111101—6	M Meyers (23).....1010100—3
W Gillman (23).....1111101—6	A Ramphen (21).....0010110—3
W Tomford (25).....1011111—6	L Boyle (21).....0010110—3
H Knebel, Sr (25).....1101111—6	A Harned (23).....1110000—3
H Knebel, Jr (23).....1011111—6	H Pope (24).....0110010—3
J Bahling (25).....1110110—5	C H Ring (21).....0001001—2
R Monsees (25).....1011011—5	

Ties for first prize and medal: E. A. Vroome (24) 010—1; A. Hass (23) 111—3.

Ties for second prize: M. Chichester (25), 00—0; W. Gillman (23), 11100—3; W. Tomford (25), 00—0; H. Knebel, Sr. (25), 0—0; H. Knebel, Jr. (23), 1101—4.

Ties for third prize: J. Bohling (25), 1010—2; R. Monsees (25), 1011—3; J. Rathjen (24), 0101—2.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 11.—Wayne Gun Club, regular monthly prize shoot, Ligowsky clay-pigeons, one Ligowsky clay-pigeon screened trap, 18yds. rise, Wayne Gun Club rules; 4 prizes:

Gus Hessler.....1111111111—9	A Hemingway.....1101001111—7
P F Yost.....0110111111—8	J W Sidle.....0011011100—5
E Handsbury.....1111101101—8	T Scargle.....0001111110—6
S Davis.....1001010101—5	J Sparks.....0011110011—6
Chas Briney.. .....1101101101—7	W Ulary.....0110110110—6
Hugh Kane.....1001111111—8	I Jackson.....1000011011—5
Frank Hessler .....0001010100—3	H Graham .....0001011000—4
Geo Harris.....1110011000—5	Geo Scargle .....1010111101—7
A Clifford.....1110111111—9	

Ties on 9 for first at miss and out, 21yds., Gus Hessler 4, A. V. Clifford 5; ties on 8 for second at miss and out, 21yds., P. F. Yost 0, E. Handsbury 0, Hugh Kane 1; ties on 7 for third at miss and out, 21yds., Chas. Briney 3, Geo. Scargle 4; ties on 6 for fourth at miss and out, 21yds., T. Scargle 4, J. Sparks 3, W. Ulary 3. Date of next match, July 4.—P. F. YOST.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1.—The Parker Gun Club gave its first monthly shoot at Alameda Point to-day. Although the day was windy, excellent scores were made by some members of the club. Wm. D. Howe won the club's medal. The score stood as follows: Twelve birds each, 30yds. rise, guns all 10-gauge:

Howe.....11101111111—11	McChesney.....1101110011111— 9
Ettling.....1011111000100— 7	Mather .....1111011111111—11
Franks .....1111101010100— 8	Van Orden.....1011100011100— 6
Brown.....0010000111110— 5	Johnston.....0000010001000— 2

In shooting off the tie between Howe and Mather on 3 birds each, Howe won the medal. He killed 3 birds to Mather's 1. The club will give the next shoot July 2, same place.

LEONIA, N. J., June 11.—Leonia Gun Club, Dr. J. A. Wells and Charles Townsend, of Engelwood, against J. R. Beam, of Ridgefield, and Geo. W. Gladwin, of Leonia, 25 American clay birds, 3 American clay-bird traps, 18yds. rise, N. A. rules, for birds, ammunition and expenses:

G W Gladwin.....11101110111101010111110—19	
J R Beam.....10111001001101011111111101—17—36	
Dr S A Wells.....00100111110111011000111—16	
Chas Townsend.....11101010111111011011001—18—34	

The above match had excited considerable interest in the neighborhood and there were from 75 to 100 friends present to witness it. The club afterward held its regular monthly shoot at 10 American clay birds, same rules, J. R. Beam won with a clean score of 10, Chas. Springer second with 8, several tied for third place with 7.

TAUNTON, Mass., June 11.—T. F. and G. P. A., first sweep at 5 blue rock pigeons. Blue rock trap, 16yds. rise. J. A. Negus 5, C. T. Snow 4, G. L. Smith 3, E. Bowen 4, Hayward 3, A. Davis 4, Keith 4, Mangam 4.

Tie for second shot off in next sweep. J. A. Negus 3, Snow 5, Smith 3, E. Bowen 3, Hayward 3, Keith 5, Scudder 2, Mangam 4, J. Davis 4, E. C. Leonard. Ties divided.

Match at 5 bats: Negus 2, Snow 5, Smith 2, E. Bowen 2, A. Davis 4, Keith 1, Scudder 3, Mangam 4, J. Davis 4, E. C. Leonard 3, G. L. Walker 2. Ties divided.

Match at 5 bats: Negus 3, Snow 5, Smith 2, E. Bowen 3, A. Davis 2, Keith 2, Scudder 2, Mangam 2, J. Davis 4, Leonard 3, Walker 3. Negus won third on shoot off.

Match at 5 bats: Negus 3, Snow 5, Smith 2, E. Bowen 3, A. Davis 1, Keith 3, Scudder 2, Mangam 2, J. Davis 4, Leonard 3, Walker 4. Tie for third divided.

Match at 7 clays: Mangam 7, A. Davis 5, J. Davis 1, Smith 6, Scudder 3, E. Leonard 4, E. Bowen 2, Keith 4, Negus 5, Snow 7, Ties divided.

Match at 7 clays: A. Hardy 3, A. Davis 4, Leonard 2, Snow 6, Smith 6, E. Bowen 3, Scudder 2, A. L. Carpenter 3, Keith 4. Ties divided.

Match at 7 clays: A. Davis 5, E. Leonard 5, Snow 5, Smith 5, E. Bowen 2, Carpenter 1. On miss and out, Davis won tie with 2.

ARTIFICIAL TARGET PATENTS.—The patent suits of the Ligowsky Clay-Pigeon Co. vs. the American Clay Bird Co., which have been hanging fire in the United States Court for several years, came to an end yesterday by Justice Mathews and Judges Jackson and Sage entering a decree declaring the American Clay Bird patent void.—*Cincinnati Inquirer, June 4.*

IOWA STATE TOURNAMENT.—The tenth annual convention and tournament of the Iowa State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at Sioux City, June 21 to 24. C. A. Bryant, of Sioux City, is the secretary.

DR. CARVER reports that in the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at Jersey City last week he left unwatched for a moment his Greener hammerless and Spencer repeating shotgun, and a thief made away with them. The Spencer has a long fore arm, No. 10G, and the Greener stock has been straightened and bent. A reward of $100 and no questions asked, will be paid for their return to Mr. Henry C. Squires, No. 178 Broadway.

INDIANAPOLIS TOURNAMENT.—The first annual tournament of the Indianapolis, Ind., Sportsmen's Association will be given June 28 to July 1. Live birds and artificial targets. Open to all.—J. E. BOMBARGER, Sec'y.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn., June 9.—At the last regular shoot of the Manchester Gun and Game Club, the following scores were made out of 20 Ligowsky pigeons: W. B. Cheney 15, W. Hyde 14, W. W. Cheney 11, F. E. Watkins 9, J. Shewry 9, Mark Cheney 9, J. D. Goulden 9, M. E. White 8, O. B. Treat 7, Geo. Taylor 7, Adam Schields 5, W. R. Tinker 3. The club will hold a tournament June 23, commencing at 9 o'clock.—F. E. W.

NEWARK, June 10.—The Fifteenth Avenue Gun Club shot today at 14 birds each, 25yds. rise. The score was as follows: J. Reiboldt 13, P. Trautfelter 13, L. Schilling 12, J. Jaquin 12, G. Cernachero 12, M. Bauer 11, J. Weber 11, C. Meisel 11, W. Fransel 12, E. Gromann 10, L. Spahn 10, A. Krause 10, F. Heller 8, F. Pippert 8, M. Doerzbacher 6, A. Gerst 5, N. Mabus 4.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

18. Brooklyn, Annual, Bay Ridge.
19. Quaker City, Annual, Philadelphia.
22. Newburgh, Club, Newburgh.
25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

2-5. Calla Shasta, Camp and Races.
3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
13-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

NEW BRITISH CANOES.

THOUGH the regular season of the Royal C. C., as regards sailing matches, does not commence until to-day, the muster of canoes at Hendon was so strong that the committee deemed it advisable to hold a "preliminary canter," in the nature of a handicapped sweepstake, which came off on Saturday last and produced a fine entry and good sport. The race was handicapped more particularly in regard to comparative sail area and length, though to some extent also on the known qualities of the competing boats; in the result, however, the fickle weather considerably spoiled the lesson which might have been learned, though the prizes undoubtedly went in the right direction. The starters were:

Pearl	E. B. Tredwen	1st class	Scratch.
Diamond	H. Church	1st class	4min.
Pearl 85	T. Knight	1st class	5min.
Nina	F. Miles	1st class	7min.
Minnie	H. Wilmer	1st class	9min.
Kitten	E. Leach	1st class	9min.
Sabrina	R. Turner	2d class	14min.
Atalanta	R. de Q. Quincey	2d class	18min.
Severn	H. Holding	2d class	20min.
Vanessa	B. de Q. Quincey	2d class	22min.
Spray	C. Dickenson	2d class	24min.

The match was under the charge of the mates, W. Baden-Powell and G. Herbert, and was started underway at 3.55 P. M. A frost-cold westerly wind was blowing at the start and during the first round, but it fell off into calms, doldrums and variable airs during the second round. The start was smartly made, and the performance of many of the second class was little short of the first class; indeed one, the Spray, appeared to be going the pace, and also pointing-up with the best of the first class. The Pearl took the lead at the start and held to it all through; she was three minutes ahead on completing the first round, and, though she eventually won with a safe lot of time in hand, the first round contained all the true sailing, and its times are the only performances worthy of note as a comparison between first and second class canoes. The round—a triangle of two miles, of which about three-quarters of a mile was close-hauled work, was completed in the times following:

Pearl 86	34 30	1st class.	Nina	40 03	1st class.
Pearl 85	38 30	1st class.	Spray	42 00	2d class.
Kitten	39 00	1st class.	Vanessa	43 00	2d class.
Diamond	39 10	1st class.	Severn	44 00	2d class.

The second round witnessed calms, streaks and shifts of wind, and Pearl 86 took first prize; Spray took second prize, saving her handicap time by 1m. 1s. The sailing of the second class, judged by their performances in the true wind early in the race, and where the sail area of the first class was brought by reefing to near about that carried by the second class (which is limited by rule to 75ft.), showed the second class canoes to be as fast through the water as several of the first class, though not quite so good at pointing to windward; and judging from the performances of similar sized craft in America, even this deficiency will be cleared off as fittings and practice improve.

At a subsequent period, two new craft were launched and taken out for a trial spin on the lake, and as these two new ships will probably figure among the leading novelties of the season, a word or two may here be in place as to their forms, though as to performance it is as yet impossible to speak definitely, as they were when out not completed in rig or fittings. The Churn, belonging to Mr. W. Stewart, is quite American in type; indeed the only distinction between her and the celebrated American Pecowsic (the lines of which are published in the FOREST AND STREAM paper and *American Canoeist*) is a difference in the actual modelling line, the type, or "notion," is quite similar. She is of extremely small displacement, with a very small amount of freeboard and body above water; in casual language she is like a craft would be if sawn through horizontally about 4in. above her load waterline, and her deck fitted on again to the bottom remaining. Her floor, as in Pecowsic, has a very considerable and straight rise, and her bilge turns, apparently, about the waterline, and is quickly ended by the aforesaid low freeboard. She is constructed on the "wave form of displacement," and therein, and therein only, we think, ceases to resemble Pecowsic, but this may prove a very important departure, for on all hands it was admitted against that celebrated craft that her performances, her marvellous speed and weatherly qualities would never have been prophesied from an inspection of her lines or model.

The Churn is rigged à la Pecowsic, with three standing leg-of-mutton sails, *i. e.*, "standing" in that they are laced to the masts, with battens across and boom at foot, the only rope beyond the lacing being the sheet; therefore, when once stepped into the mast hole, there they stand, and cannot be reefed or even topped up as at present rigged. The principle of the boat is, of course, light displacement, driven by light, small-area sails, and balanced by the outboard sitting position of the crew. In the few short spins after launching, she developed such high turns of speed, that those on the club raft appeared to turn thoughtfully silent, and, like Jack's parrots, "they didn't talk much, but they were beggars to think."

The new Nautilus, the other craft launched for a trial spin, is of a very different form to the Churn, being comparatively a deep-bodied boat; that is, though of only slightly greater draft of water, she has a flatter floor, larger displacement, and nearly double the amount of freeboard and sheer. The Nautilus is, however, as compared with other first-class canoes, a small-bodied craft; in fact, little if any larger than a second-class canoe, but owing to her being built with smooth skin instead of "clench with overlap," she is rated as first class. She has a fine bow but without any hollow in it. Her displacement is distributed in the "wave form" curve of area of sections, and is considerably greater than that of the Churn, as in addition to being heavier in construction, larger in bulk and more heavily rigged, she is designed to carry and accommodate a 13 stone instead of a 9 stone man, and also to sail at a load draft carrying 60lbs. weight of cruising gear and stores. Her steering is duplicate, the deck tiller being used with the skipper sitting outboard for reaching, and probably also for going to windward, and her footgear when the skipper sits below, for running. The two gears are worked upon a double-flanged wheel, set within the coaming and under a hatch, the tiller shipping into brackets on the upper surface of the wheel.

The rig of the Nautilus is a novelty in all parts and is at present only in trial stage, and it is doubtful if it can be completed in time for her to compete in the match on Saturday, 28th (to-day), at Hendon. The general feature of the rig is a triangular sail abaft the mast, in which the yard reef batten and spreader, or diagonal boom, radiate from one pair of jaws, the foot being kept flat by a light batten in place of a boom. The sail can be reefed up or down, peak lowered, or sail snugly topped up and down the mast. Being all abaft the mast, the windage of the mast on the sail, common to balance lugs when those sails are to leeward of the mast, is obviated. The Nautilus sail also can, by means of the transverse and diagonal battens, be stretched as flat as a drumhead, and the spreader prevents the foot topping of itself when before the wind.

The Churn was designed by her owner and built in a private yard. The Nautilus was built from designs of her owner by Turk, of Kingston. Mr. Turk has also built several new canoes this season, and of these six will probably compete in the Hendon matches.

The new boats vary in form and dimensions, and, with the older craft, form a fleet of some twenty sail, in which every type, from the featherweight Churn and second class cruiser to the weight-carrying, full-powered craft, such as Kitten or Marool, will be represented. With Pearl and Nautilus playing ding-dong, the Churn sailing half a point the other side of the wind, with Marool astern of her, and Sabrina with spinaker braced sharp up, a sailing treat will reward the lover of such sport who journey to Hendon on a match day.—*R. C. C. in London Field, May 28.*

THE PASSAIC RIVER MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The programme for the races at the Dundee Lake meet, July 1 to 4, is: 1. Sailing—Class A. 2. Sailing—Class B. 3. Paddling—Class 1. 4. Paddling—Class 2. 5. Sailing—Class B. 6. Hurry-scurry. 7. Paddling—Tandem. 8. Sailing—Class A. 9. Sailing—Novice. 10. Paddling—Standing. 11. Sailing—Consolation. 12. Swimming.

Races 1, 2, 3, 4, are open to any canoe whose measurement brings it within the class designated. Races 5 and 8 are open only to home-made canoes. Races 6, 7, 9, 10 are open to any canoe. Race 11 is open to all canoes that have not won a race at this meet. Race 12 is open to all canoeists. All paddling races except No. 10 shall be one mile. All sailing races shall be two miles over a triangular course. The Consolation race will be divided into professional built and home-made canoes, both classes will start at the same time. All canoes, whether built by professional builders or by amateurs, will be measured according to A. C. A. rules, but latitude will be given to allow any home-made canoe, whose dimensions come reasonably near any class measurement, to enter that class. Races will be held on Monday, July 4. All sailing races will be sailed as the wind may favor to avoid drifting matches if possible, and all who enter therefore will hold themselves in readiness for the call of the race at short notice, so as to get the benefit of a good wind if there be any.

A. C. MOLLOY, Secretary Regatta Committee.
(Post-Office address, Arlington, N. J.)

NEWBURGH C. & B. C. RACES.—The second of the series of the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association was sailed June 10. Course a triangular one of three miles, twice around. Wind light from the southeast. The elapsed time of each boat was as follows:

BOATS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scylla	1 40 30	1 40 30
Bub	1 42 30	1 41 00
Mabel	2 04 00	2 00 24
Ripple	2 08 30	2 05 51
CANOES.		
Pixie	1 43 00	1 34 00
Rat	1 43 30	1 43 30
Iolas	1 58 30	1 57 45
Cal-loo	2 00 00	2 0 00

Scylla was sailed by H. A. and F. W. Bartlett. Bub, H. M. Waring and S. J. Smith. Mabel, N. S. Smith. Ripple, J. T. VanDalfsen. Pixie, sailed by W. Williams. Rat, Grant Edgar, Jr. Iolas, C. D. Robinson. Cal-loo, H. A. Harrison.

This is the first appearance of the Pixie, and with the exception of the Croton Point races, the first for the Rat. The next race of the series will take place June 22. The Association held their first outing on the 8th inst. at Plum Point, (the site of the spring meets of '84 and '85). The Rats left the retreat with their lady friends, in all numbering over forty, about 5 P. M., in their various crafts. The point soon reached, the old salts repared the feast of good things that always is necessary on such an occasion, after which came the grand old camp-fire; music, vocal and instrumental; and a return home by moonlight. The weather was perfect and all things combined to make the event a most enjoyable one.

NEW YORK C. C.—The spring regatta of the New York C. C. will be held at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, on June 25, the first race being started at 2 P. M. This will be a sailing race over a short triangular course within full view of the club house. There will be three classes, novices, old canoeists, and a special class for sneakboxes, etc. There will be the usual paddling and upset races, the full programme being announced next week. The races are open to all amateur canoeists.

WESTERN C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Cincinnati, June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following is a list of new member of the Western Canoe Association: 120, Henry Theobald; 121, John Dover; 122, Lewis H. Vinsen; 123, Chas. W. Schaeffer; 124, Harry G. Hodge, Dayton, O.; 125, J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, O.; 126, F. G. Roelker, Cincinnati, O.; 127, Andrew Moos; 128, A. H. Rice; 129, N. S. Dryfoos, Fremont, O. A large meet is expected this summer. The canoe dock will be longer and larger this year, and there will be quite a variety of canoes in this meet. The Ruckawas, of Dayton, will send one of Douglas's finest works of art and one of Joyner's best. The Jabbers, of Springfield, send a duplicate of the Lassie. From the far North comes the Peggy with new rig. The Cincinnatis a Barney model and rig 16×28, and sails of latest invention. Cleveland and Sandusky will come again with their Mohicans and Princess.—S.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J. June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The gentlemen named below have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: A. R. Harriman, Ogdensburg, N. Y., H. A. Cooley, W. R. Hetherington, E. E. Knight, O. A. Marsh, J. G. Read, H. W. Rennie, C. E. Snow, and L. W. White, Springfield, Mass.; Chas. A. Lawford, Peterboro, Can.; G. W. R. Strickland, Lakefield, Can.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec'y.

QUAKER CITY C. C.—The first annual spring regatta of the Q. C. C. C. will take place on June 19, from the club house float. Four events are on the programme: 1. Class IV., paddling ½ mile, prize, canoe lantern. 2. Standing paddling, 200yds., prize, burgee. 3. Tandem paddling, Class IV., ½ mile, prize, "Nessmuk" camp kit. 4. Class B, sailing, triangular course of 1½ miles, no limit, prize, silver badge.—S.

CALLA SHASTA CAMP, JULY 4.—The Springfield C. C. will hold a camp at Calla Shasta from July 2 to July 5, with races on the 4th. All canoeists are invited. Those having no tents can find sleeping quarters in a barn near by, while meals can be had at a farmhouse. The regatta committee includes F. A. Nickerson, G. M. Barney and E. C. Knappe.

THE ASSAULT ON MESSRS. VAUX AND BURCHARD.—The case of Vaux against Johnson came up on May 31 before Justice Powers and the defendant was fined $10. The assault on Mr. Burchard will be brought before the Grand Jury at the end of this month.

IANTHE C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last meeting of the I. C. C a totem was selected: A blue butterfly 16in. from tip to tip and 13in. high, to be painted on the sail and decorated with yellow.—WM. P. DODGE, Sec'y-Treas. I. C. C.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

16. Portland, Annual.
16. Atlantic, Annual, New York.
17. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
17. Dorchester, 100th Regatta.
18. Cor. Penn., Hull.
18. Brooklyn Annual, Gravesend Bay.
18. Knickerbocker, Cabin Yachts
20. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise down Del. River.
21. Yonkers, Annual Regatta.
21. Eastern, Annual, Marbleh'd
22. Monatiquot, 1st cham., Weymouth.
23. Columbia, Annual, N. Y.
24. New Haven, Annual.
25. N. J., Annual, New York.
25. Boston *Globe* Open, Boston.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
26. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
2-4. Knickerbocker. Cruise.
2-4. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
5. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
7. Shamrock-TitaniaMatch, NY
6. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
9. Sandy Bay, Harwood Cup, Rockport.
9. Greenwich, An'l, Greenwich.
10. Atlantic, Cruise.
11. Empire, Annual, New York.
12. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
23. Monatiquot, Open, Weymouth
24. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

THE SPRING REGATTAS IN NEW YORK

WITHIN the past week four important races have been sailed over the New York course, and while taken in detail they are by no means satisfactory, yet enough good sailing has been seen to enable one to rate the principal boats very fairly. In only one of the four was there a sailing breeze from start to finish, but in spite of the flukes and calms that affected the others there were times in each when the boats were fairly tried. Out of the job lot of weather served out by the fickle imp that holds the strings of the windbags, we have had calms, moderate breezes, one or two heavy squalls, and a day of good working breeze in which the boats were seen at their best or worst as the case might be. To take first the large class, Atlantic of course has gained the greatest distinction, and the victories of the Pride of Bay Ridge are loudly proclaimed by her admirers as well as by the daily press. She has made a good record of four consecutive wins, but we believe the question of whether she is greatly improved since last year to be in no way determined. For one thing she is stiffer than before, with more ballast outside, and is much better in that respect though still a very cranky boat. Her model is the same and her appearance a little, and only a little, better. She has as fine a suit of canvas as a yacht was ever fitted with, well made last year and now in the best possible shape after the careful stretching they had in a season's sailing under Captain Joe Ellsworth's direction. Further than this, Atlantic has been well manned and steered, and there is not a lost point scored against her in the four days racing. Luck too has favored her in a wonderful way, for almost the entire time she has carried her own wind with her, regardless of what the rest had; but in this too there is a lesson that all can lay to heart, Providence helps them that help themselves, and she has been first at the line in every case, wind or no wind, and when she has found flukes it is because they were carefully worked and watched for. Both Mr. Fish who has had command in the races, and Capt. Terry of the Grayling, who with her crew are in Atlantic, have worked the boat to the best possible advantage.

As to Priscilla, she has undergone material alterations in the way of added sail area and more keel since last season, and this year is in good shape as far as bottom and sails are concerned, but she has not shown the smartness in getting away that has characterized the other, and in consequence she has sailed with the fleet and lost much time in her scrimmages with Galatea, all of which has gone to Atlantic's lead.

Galatea is sailing with the same rig as last season, a look at which, beside her class competitors, or even the canvas carriers of the 70ft. class, tells the whole story. She has, indeed, had a scupper breeze on two or three occasions, but at no time have her opponents been unable to carry topsails to windward. She has been handicapped by a very rough bottom, not being able to haul out preparatory to the races, which has told heavily in the drifts that have largely prevailed. On Thursday she had the benefit of Captain Ellsworth's pilotage, but the weather was such as to make this advantage count for little. In Saturday's race, the first working breeze she has had here, she was sailed all day by an amateur who had never sailed her before and who is unaccustomed to large boats, and while he did the work well it is not to be expected that he got the best she is capable of out of the boat. This, we believe, is a tolerably fair statement of the pros and cons for each boat, now what have they done? The story is told in detail last week and this, but in summing up not by the times, but by the actual sailing as seen, we would place the three very nearly on an even footing. Atlantic has won all the mugs and the glory belongs to her, but for actual performance when side by side at times, it is safe to say that neither has shown any great superiority. Wherever the three have been accurately timed over parts of the course in the same wind, the times are given, and they show very little in favor of one rather than the other if all circumstances are considered. Atlantic has done the best of the three, but we lay this more to handling than to hull.

As far, then, as they and New York are concerned, the question comes down to this: In speed the heavily-rigged sloops are a little better than the undersparred cutter. In case and safety of handling the odds are all in favor of the latter; in room and accommodation she is far superior, and she has been successfully tested as a seagoing cruiser, while few would care to ship for England in Atlantic.

It would have been far more satisfactory had one of the Boston boats been present in the races, that the changes in Atlantic and Priscilla might be accurately measured; but even without that it should be easy enough to form an opinion, and we venture to predict that Atlantic, now by popular rating the best of the three, will not be in it beside either Mayflower or Puritan, and that her reputation made this week will last only until she comes fairly beside them. This will not be until August, as she will stay in New York for extra head outside instead of entering at Marblehead. Priscilla and Galatea will be there, however, the cutter hauling out at Boston to get a racing bottom, and their sailing will tell the story.

The sailing of the second class has excited as much interest as the first, the two new boats, Shamrock and Titania, having been seen just enough before the races to make all anxious to see a fair trial. This they have seen and now there are some grounds on which to place them and the old boats. The first of the races, in light weather, showed Shamrock to be a very fast boat as long as she could carry her big rig, but how long this would be was not shown. Titania, on the contrary, did little in the drifts, and was twice beaten by her white rival.

In bottom the wooden boat was the better, as though new wood is none of the best, with seams just swelling and before a good surface is formed by repeated painting, yet it is far better than the rusty steel of the other, too new to hold the paint. It is needless to say that Shamrock has been well sailed, but Titania was not far behind her in this respect. The light weather honors went to Bay Ridge in second as well as first class, and for two days Boston stock was very low; but Saturday told another story. Shamrock barely held the steel boat on the first long reach, and when fairly into the windward work, with a strong breeze and good sea running, she fell astern both of Titania and Bedouin, being beaten by ten minutes in the ten-mile dusting to windward. She could not carry sail with either of the others, and when put to this test she was nowhere with them.

This work settled the yarns as to Titania's "tenderness" and showed her windward powers to the best advantage. It is well known that Bedouin is a hard boat to beat in a breeze to windward, but Titania did it, and we believe fairly, a fact that will, no doubt, be taken as evidence in favor of the compromises and against the cutters. As far as excellence of model goes, both Bedouin and Titania may be taken as representatives, but before any final conclusions are reached the difference of build must be allowed for. Bedouin, built of wood, has far less than the fashionable allowance of lead on her keel, much being stowed high up above a deep wooden keel, while Titania has her ballast in a steel box, all at the lowest possible point. Before the question of type can be satisfactorily settled by the races between the two, we must consider not the existing Bedouin, but a steel boat of the same model, with ballast in a trough keel, and spars and canvas increased in proportion. Shamrock has certainly a clean and beautiful model, and should travel fast under any reasonable rig; but while canvassed for the flukes and drifts of the New York course, she cannot hope to hold the others in any heavier weather. Titania is evidently a very powerful boat, and after her performance of Saturday there need be no question of her success, but something more is needed to bring her to the front in light weather. Before the season is out the three will have many bouts together, as there is nothing in their class to trouble them.

Pocahontas has not yet made her re-entrée, Fanny has been hopelessly left, and Gracie, though with her chances spoiled on Saturday by bad luck, has hard work to keep anywhere near the others by fast sailing. Hildegard is a peg lower, and cannot hold the pace with Huron. In the third class Cinderella is having it all her own way, with nothing in her class by which to rank her. Clara and Oriva are laid up and there is nothing now racing that is a match for her. In the hands of Mr. Alley and the old Oriva crew she has been well handled and has done well, as far as can be judged by the larger boats, being much ahead of last year, but until she meets another Clara we shall not know how much.

This year the schooner racing has been even below the average, and this in spite of two new and presumably fast vessels in the fleet. The day of its prosperity has long since passed and to judge from the little attention it attracted compared with the single-stick racing, it is not likely to return. Whatever the advantages of the rig it has nothing to commend for racing it beside the cutter rig for yachts of moderate size, and while those who own schooners will continue to race them, the interest in the sport has gone, and the great fleets of the past are not likely to be seen again in the regattas about New York.

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 9.

THERE may have been a time when the course of the New York Y. C. served the purpose of a real match course, as well as a picnic sail for the spectators, but if so, it was very long ago, and it has quite outgrown its usefulness as far as yacht racing is concerned. In the past three seasons not one respectable race has been sailed over it out of a dozen contests by the New York clubs, and after the miserable flukes of the past week it is time that a start inside the forts be abandoned by all the clubs. Even if this were done the course would be none of the best, and fluky and runney no breeze would too often prevail, but the cutting off of the first of the course, the two miles inside the Narrows, would be as great an improvement as the removal of the finish line to Buoy 15 some years since has proved. This spring a very good movement was on foot to lay out a uniform course for the New York, Seawanhaka and Atlantic clubs, but it was frustrated by the refusal of the latter to abandon its old starting line in front of the club house, to which is due a great part of the fiasco of Tuesday in the A. Y. C. regatta. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. went so far as to give up the objectionable starting line directly in the Narrows, and to make the course the same as the New York Y. C., but this change helped matters but little. What is wanted is a common course for the three clubs, both start and finish to be outside the Narrows, thus cutting off the worst parts of the present courses. The main consideration now is that the best possible course for testing a large fleet of yachts should be selected. Its eligibility for purely picnic purposes is another matter; what is most essential is that the time and money invested in preparing for and sailing regattas shall not be utterly wasted, as it generally is in the spring races. At the same time there is no reason why the spectators, even the ladies, need be deprived of a full view of the race, with the numerous steam yachts now attached to the fleet, and the large and powerful steamers that are both safe and comfortable anywhere about the waters of New York.

On Thursday last course and weather were certainly bad enough, but they were made far worse by the wonderfully bad judgment displayed by the committee in starting the race when the fleet was becalmed far from the line and less than a third of the yachts had sufficient steerage way on to cast on one tack or the other. The morning was hot and sultry with a light air from S.W. at sunrise, and by 10 A. M. there was not a ripple on the Bay. Far up the river a fleet of working schooners were coming slowly down against the flood tide with booms off to port before a light N.W. wind; across on Constable's Hook the smoke from the tall chimney of the chemical works rose lazily in a vertical column; over the Staten Island hills a darker wreath of smoke curled across from S.W., indicating a breeze in that quarter, and down toward Sandy Hook a lot of small vessels were visible with booms squared off to starboard before a south wind. Where the wind would come from, if at all, wise ones declined to say, but at 11 o'clock the fleet worked out to the line, most of them in tow. At 11:30, the time set for the start, all were ready, with club and jibtopsails aloft, but there was a flat calm over all the Upper Bay. The tide was just on the turn inshore and still running up in mid-channel, and the greater part of the fleet was about balanced in the slack. Failing wind, no one knew when a start might be expected, and it was a surprise to all when at 12:25 a gun was fired from the flagship Electra, on which were the members of the regatta committee. At this time half a dozen of the fleet were about the east end of the line with a light S.E. breeze, but nearly twenty of the larger vessels were motionless half a mile above the line and unable to come nearer. Instead of waiting until they felt the wind, the first signal was given, the second following ten minutes later, and at 12:44 the final gun fired and nearly all were handicapped. The full entries were:

KEEL SCHOONERS.

	Measurement.	M. S.
1. Gitana	96.23	Allows
2. Speranza	83.16	7 02
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.		
4. Montauk	94.06	Allows
5. Sachem	88.47	2 55
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.		
7. Clio	67.02	Allows
8. Agnes	57.66	9 12
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.		
9. Galatea	86.87	Allows
10. Atlantic	86.31	19
11. Priscilla	85.97	30
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.		
12. Titania	73.58	Allows
13. Shamrock	72.31	56
14. Gracie	71.02	1 27
15. Bedouin	71.45	1 34
16. Stranger	67.30	4 51
17. Huron	66.31	5 41
18. Hildegard	64.50	7 14
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.		
19. Whileaway	57.50	Allows
20. Athlon	56.11	1 29
21. Cinderella	55.48	2 10
22. Isis	54.21	3 35
23. Bertie	52.08	6 16
24. Roamer		
25. Adelaide	48.98	10 08
26. Fanita		
27. Concord		
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.		
28. Espirito	47.08	
29. Ulidia		

The usual club course was sailed, from off Owl's Head, by buoys 10 and 8½, around Sandy Hook Lightship and return over the same course to Buoy 15, 37 miles (nautical). This year the time limit of eight hours has been abolished. Hovering about the line and going over with the first light puff were Ulidia, Fanita, Adelaide, Hildegard and Stranger. Isis and Atlantic also managed to work across in good time, while Huron and Cinderella barely shaved the final gun-fire. Gracie, Espirito, Shamrock and Agnes were also lucky enough to find a little wind to waft them over, but the rest were hopelessly left. Galatea, Priscilla, Sachem, Montauk, Gitana, Titania and the smaller ones lay idly above the line watching Ulidia as she felt the freshening breeze below, while Atlantic was under good headway and Shamrock was getting after the leaders. Tediously the minutes went by, all hands alternately whistling for wind and heaping blessings on the committee, and a full twenty minutes had elapsed since the leaders started before Priscilla drifted down to the line and slowly crossed, with Galatea abeam, both with 16 minutes handicap. Sachem came slowly after Galatea, but Bedouin and Titania were jammed by the tide further up and lost a lot more time. The actual times of crossing were:

Ulidia	12 37 02	Concord	12 54 53
Fanita	12 9 34	Priscilla	12 59 27
Adelaide	12 39 56	Galatea	1 01 21
Hildegard	12 41 50	Athlon	1 03 26
Stranger	12 41 56	Sachem	1 04 10
Isis	12 42 43	Whileaway	1 07 55
Atlantic	12 43 01	Clio	1 00 55
Huron	12 43 44	Titania	1 13 25
Cinderella	12 43 57	Speranza	1 14 20
Gracie	12 44 11	Montauk	1 16 20
Espirito	12 45 34	Bedouin	1 16 44
Shamrock	12 47 35	Gitana	1 25 37
Agnes	12 47 54		

All after Cinderella were counted as starting at 12:44; the yachts crossed some on port and some on starboard tack, and the fleet was soon scattered over the Upper Bay from the Narrows, where the leaders were doing a little sailing, to above Buoy 18, where some were not yet filled away. Priscilla went over the line on port tack, with Galatea to leeward, then tacked for the Bay Ridge shore, Galatea standing to the west. Priscilla ran well in before she went on port tack again, and soon had a good lead of Galatea. The latter had been lightened of two tons of lead a few days before, but she had been unable to dock and the bottom was very foul, besides not having been put in condition since lying in the ice all winter. At 1:10 the wind freshed a little for all, the leaders having quite a breeze. When well clear of the forts Atlantic had taken the lead, Cinderella was hanging to the big fellow, while little Ulidia was near by. Strung out across the mouth of the Narrows were Hildegard, Adelaide, Fanita, Gracie, Stranger, Huron, Isis, Priscilla, Agnes, Whileaway, Galatea, Athlon, Sachem, Titania, Clio, Bedouin, Montauk, Speranza and Gitana.

It was 1:23 when Priscilla went on starboard tack just under Fort Wadsworth and about half the fleet was then ahead and half astern of her. Kites were drawing, jibtopsails full and all looked well for a light weather race in which the compromises should carry off the laurels, when the clouds in the northwest began to grow dark and heavy. The fleet held down, some along

the West Bank and others scattered across as far as Gravesend Bay, when all at once the squall was upon them. For a few minutes matters wore a lively look and several had very large contracts on hand. Atlantic, in the lead, let both staysail and clubtopsail come down with a run as she rolled down. The topsail yard dropped into the belly of the mainsail, but did no serious damage. Under jib and mainsail only she ran along with rail under and decks awash. Priscilla, astern, was glad enough to follow suit and lowered clubtopsail in a hurry, getting into trouble with it as she did so. Titania came down as rapidly as possible to mainsail and jib, and was then heeling at a great angle, while Shamrock went down to her combings before the canvas was off her. Of the sloops only Cinderella and Gracie came out well, the little fellow lowered away at first, but soon found that she was all right and up went topsail again, while Gracie hung to her clubtopsail through it all. Near Atlantic was the tiny Ulidia, with topsail and staysail down as the squall struck, but at once on her way rejoicing and gaining ground. Bedouin, near Titania, was holding to her clubtopsail and standing like a house, every moment getting further from the steel ship, as the latter heeled under her reduced canvas. Now, too, was Galatea's time, the first in two seasons, and she was there to make the best of it. Barely holding her own with those about her a few minutes before, she went into the melee without starting tack or sheet until, as the first twister struck her, the jibtopsail was run down. On she went under the full clubtopsail, for the first time wetting her decks with American waters as the tops of the waves rippled in the lee scuppers. As the heavier puffs struck her she put her planksheer fairly down, but not once during the day was her rail near the water. A few minutes of the blow and it was soon she could carry more sail, and the jibtopsail went aloft again.

Priscilla was now astern to leeward, Huron was picked up and left astern, Pocahontas, out for a sail, started sheet and went out the Swash as Galatea neared her, and soon through the last of the heavy rain she was near Shamrock, having in a few minutes worked off her big handicap, as well as the ground lost in the light wind of the first half hour. Sachem and Gitana were in close proximity to Bedouin and Titania when the squall struck, all being near the Lower Island. The schooners held to their canvas and made up the loss on the singlestickers. As they neared Buoy 10 Galatea was abreast of Shamrock, both turning together. The times were:

Atlantic	2 23 00	Ulidia	2 35 10
Cinderella	2 26 25	Gitana	2 35 40
Gracie	2 28 35	Priscilla	2 36 10
Hildegard	2 28 50	Clio	2 36 45
Stranger	2 29 40	Adelaide	2 37 30
Shamrock	2 30 20	Speranza	2 38 35
Galatea	2 30 45	Fanita	2 38 50
Sachem	2 32 33	Agnes	2 42 00
Huron	2 33 00	Espirito	2 44 15
Montauk	2 33 05	Isis	2 44 00
Bedouin	2 34 05	Athlon	2 44 20
Titania	2 34 33		

Before the buoy was reached the squall was all over, the wind had dropped, and the pace had decreased accordingly. Galatea got out spinaker to starboard but was obliged to carry it well forward. Astern Sachem and Montauk were having a very pretty brush, the white boat setting balloon maintopmaststaysail, on which Montauk followed with hers, both spinaker and balloon jibtopsail were also aloft on Sachem and she continued to hold her lead. At 1:43 the point of the Hook was just abeam of Galatea, Shamrock and Stranger, with Atlantic well out to the mark, and Cinderella, Gracie and Hildegard ahead of the trio. Cinderella was doing excellent work and held her place well from the start. Here Shamrock ran up on Stranger's lee, but failed to force it, the cutter at once setting spinaker and drawing ahead. The white sloop made for her weather quarter, but Stranger bore away with spinaker full and left her. Galatea was now clear ahead of Shamrock, when the latter set spinaker but at once took it in. At 2:45 Galatea passed Hildegard, and soon Shamrock pulled up on Stranger. The wind was now very light from the rear of the fleet, but a breeze was perceptible on the eastern horizon and the vessels out at sea were bringing it in. At 3 P. M. Atlantic was near the mark, carrying the last of the northwesterly breeze, Cinderella was well in her wake with probably half a mile between her and Gracie, and Galatea as much astern of the latter. Sachem lay on Galatea's weather beam with Shamrock further astern, Montauk was just astern of Shamrock, and Ulidia and Hildegard were to leeward of the schooner. Bedouin was leading Titania well in toward the Hook, the rest straggling along as far back as the Southwest Spit.

As Atlantic neared the mark the new S.W. wind was waiting for her and she started home before it, after carrying a fair wind right down to the turn. It was just 3:10 as the first of this breeze reached the body of the fleet, coming very light, and at 3:15 Galatea, with spinaker in, filled on port tack. Atlantic came down and passed through the fleet, but before all were fairly filled away on the new tack, both Cinderella and Gracie, now the leaders, were seen becalmed and unable to reach the mark. There was nothing for all to do but to watch Atlantic moving slowly but surely in by the Hook, and to wait for a change of the vile luck of the day, until another catspaw helped the leaders around. The times at Sandy Hook Lightship were:

Atlantic	3 16 15	Titania	4 05 20
Cinderella	3 34 05	Montauk	4 05 20
Gracie	3 36 00	Ulidia	4 06 30
Galatea	3 39 00	Priscilla	4 07 20
Sachem	3 48 15	Agnes	4 07 50
Shamrock	3 48 17	Adelaide	4 07 50
Stranger	3 51 03	Speranza	4 09 00
Bedouin	4 00 20	Clio	4 10 00
Hildegard	4 02 10	Isis	4 11 00
Gitana	4 03 10	Espirito	4 11 30
Huron	4 04 00	Athlon	4 14 20
Fanita	4 04 05		

The boats now started home with a moderate breeze, and for the first time Atlantic's luck seemed to leave her, as she struck a calm off the end of the Hook and lay there idle. Galatea, under balloon jibtopsail, was gaining on Gracie and Cinderella, but Shamrock, with a kite as big as Galatea's, was overhauling her, and finally came up with her at 4:45 just outside the Hook, where Gracie and Cinderella were both becalmed. Ten minutes before this Atlantic had set spinaker and started again, only holding to it until 4:50, by which time she was well inside and in a new wind that took her along toward Buoy 8½. It was about 4:50 that Cinderella and the rest came to the Hook, where each in turn as she came up stopped short and there they lay until 5:30 drifting about and watching Atlantic gaining steadily, if slowly. At last the fickle wind came out from the north, shifting about from east to west, but making a beat for the last part of the way in. With the darkness came more rain, but the wind was light and the pace slow and tedious. One by one each yacht disappeared in the haze, only leaving behind two globes of red and green to tell her place if not her identity. Along by Buoy 9 Galatea and Priscilla fell into company, the latter just astern of Bedouin and near Huron, all being by the wind on port tack. With boom well aboard Priscilla came for Galatea's weather quarter to force her way through the cutter's weather. Sheets came in with a will, the cutter worked out to windward and Priscilla paid off under her stern. Again she came up for a second attempt, only to be met in the same way and to drop astern with bowsprit fairly over Galatea's counter. Buoy 11 was now on the weather bow while Bedouin was just clearing it, and Galatea was obliged to pay off when Priscilla tried again and this time reached well through her weather. Off the West Bank the wind lightened again and in the dark a new shift of places took place, Galatea coming out ahead of Priscilla again. Slowly the fleet worked up, when suddenly a broad beam of light flashed out across the dark water, here, there and everywhere—the search light of the flagship guiding the fleet in to the finish. Atlantic had passed in already, and the first its rays struck was Shamrock, nearly becalmed for a time near the line. Close to her was Galatea, then Gracie, and one by one the others, until all but Isis and Adelaide were accounted for, Whileaway, Athlon and Concord having withdrawn. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
KEEL SCHOONERS.				
Gitana	12 44 00	8 44 36	8 00 36	8 00 36
Speranza	12 44 00	8 50 10	8 06 10	7 59 08
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Montauk	12 44 00	8 46 15	8 02 15	8 02 15
Sachem	12 44 00	8 40 10	7 56 10	7 53 15
THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Clio	12 44 00	8 52 07	8 08 07	8 08 07
Agnes	12 44 00	8 51 35	8 07 35	7 58 23
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Galatea	12 44 00	8 37 55	7 53 55	7 53 55
Atlantic	12 43 01	7 49 48	7 06 47	7 06 28
Priscilla	12 44 00	8 41 00	7 57 01	7 56 30
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.				
Titania	12 44 00	8 43 25	7 59 23	7 59 25
Shamrock	12 44 00	8 36 00	7 52 00	7 51 01
Gracie	12 44 00	8 41 20	7 57 20	7 55 53
Bedouin	12 44 00	8 43 35	7 59 35	7 58 01
Stranger	12 41 56	8 45 10	8 03 14	7 58 23
Huron	12 43 44	8 47 10	8 03 26	7 57 35
Hildegard	12 41 50	8 45 45	8 03 35	7 56 41
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.				
Whileaway	12 44 00	Not timed.		
Athlon	12 44 00	Not timed.		
Cinderella	12 43 57	8 44 12	8 00 15	7 58 05
Isis	12 42 43	Not timed.		
Adelaide	12 39 56	Not timed.		
Fanita	12 05 34	8 26 34	7 57 00	. . . .
Concord	12 44 00	Not timed.		
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.				
Espirito	12 44 00	8 54 45	8 10 45	. . . .
Ulidia	12 37 02	8 49 20	8 12 28	. . . .

Thus the Speranza wins the keel schooner prize, beating the Gitania 1m. 28s. The Sachem wins in the second class schooners, beating Montauk 9m. The Agnes beats the Clio in the third class 9m. 44s. Of the first class sloops the Atlantic wins, beating the Galatea 47m. 27s., and Priscilla 50m. 2s. Shamrock beats the Gracie 4m. 49s., and the Titania 8m. 21s. Fanita beats Cinderella 3m. 15s. in elapsed time, third class sloops; and Ulidia beats Espirito 1m. 43s., elapsed time. The re-measurement of some yachts may change the last result.

The times tell nothing as to the relative performances of the boats, Atlantic carried the wind with her nearly all day; Gracie and Cinderella lost their lead at the Hook when homeward bound; Fanita, half an hour astern of Cinderella at the outer mark, coming up then and beating Cinderella in. As the last boats came up the wind freshened, coming strong from N.E., and during the night it blew from the same quarter, holding throughout Friday, a glorious racing breeze.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 11.

FOR once at least, the first time in several years, both wind and weather conspired to make a good race over the New York course, and the week that begun so badly with the Atlantic and New York clubs came to a grand ending with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. on Saturday. From a "picnic" point of view the day was perfect, but this is no rarity in June about New York. Further than this, however, the day was what all have been watching for, a real race day, when honors were won on merit, and flukes and such evils were entirely absent.

The danger now is that the weather in which most American races are sailed, and which has prevailed almost exclusively in the late international matches and the attendant trial races, will dictate a certain type of yacht which will win all the prizes in such weather, however deficient she may be in those qualities most essential to the interests of yachting. The problem is a complicated one, the question of measurement is a great factor in it; the number of races in which a boat will sail each year, compared with the cruising she does, will exert a great influence, the general improvement of the yachts and the increasing closeness with which the leaders are matched, must play an important part in deciding what type shall be built. For the greater number of races the light weather drifter must in the end bag the most pots, but the honors are just as certain to go to the abler and stauncher yachts, while in all that the yachtsman, as distinguished from the pot-hunter, prizes, the latter are incomparably ahead. As a matter of fact, there is no immediate danger that yachting will suffer any relapse from the awakening of the last ten years, or that the machines will again come to the front, but it is not unlikely that many such days as Tuesday and Thursday of last week, the three of race week last year, and that of the Citizens' Cups at Newport in September, would give a very false idea of the real merits of the yachts, and rate many good boats below their proper place. Fortunately, however, there are exceptions to this weather, and at Marblehead last June, at Newport for the Goelet Cup race last year, and also in 1885, when prizes are won solely on merit, and the relative ability of every boat entered may be fairly gauged. Such a day was Saturday, a day neither of calms and catspaws like the preceding ones, nor, on the other hand, of the howling gales and tremendous seas which it is now the fashion to represent as the dearest wish of the cutter men. A happy mean was struck between the two, a working breeze of about the same strength and direction all day, dealt out fairly to all alike, without flukes or favor; more than some wanted, and enough for the stiffest; while the smooth water of the early week was combed into very decent-sized furrows outside the Hook, though quiet enough within.

Throughout Friday night a merry breeze from N. E. rattled through the rigging and banged the shutters on shore, and many an anxious Corinthian wakened to hear it, and to breathe a prayer for more before trimming sheets for another reach into the land of Nod. The morning was bright and beautiful, clear sky, warm sun and a bracing breeze from N. E. that promised plenty of work as well as a change from the sultry and stifling atmosphere of Thursday. Before the time of starting the wind was about East, rather less than a lower sail breeze, and as the fleet came out and worked about for a time under mainsails and jibs only, it was evident that its strength was not increasing, and that jibheaders might be carried to advantage. The courses were the usual ones of the club, except that the start was changed this year, being for schooners and first, second and third class sloops and cutters, from off Buoy 18, to Buoy 10, on the S. W. Spit, keeping it to port; thence to Buoy 8½, keeping it to port; thence around Sandy Hook Lightship, keeping it to starboard, and return over the same course to Buoy 15.

For fourth class sloops and cutters to Buoy 10, keeping it to port, thence around Buoy 8½ keeping it to port; thence around Scotland Lightship, keeping it to starbord, and return over the same course to Buoy 15.

For fifth class sloops and cutters to Buoy 10, keeping it on the port hand; thence to and around Buoy 8½, keeping it to port; thence around Buoy 8 on the point of Sandy Hook, keeping it to starboard, and return over the same course to Buoy 11.

The Luckenbach was at the line in season, and on the minute the first whistle was blown at 11 A. M. The interval was but five minutes, and the second and smaller classes started five minutes after the schooners and first-class singlestickers. All were well above the line, Priscilla having set a small clubtopsail, the rest content with jibheaders. With booms to starboard and breaking out small jibtopsails the fleet went over in quick time, Atlantic again leading. It is always a pleasure to see a boat well handled, and the way that the Atlantic has been brought to the line for four days in succession is well worthy of note. Luck has certainly been with her this year, but in every race she has been just at the spot where it might be expected and at just the right time, and she has reaped good rewards for her smartness in getting away. The schooners were evidently looking for weather or cared to take less risk and trouble than the sloops, for Ibis went over with only small maintopsail aloft, while Clio had both topmasts housed. The start was as fine a sight as any one could wish, the boats having all the sail they wanted, to say the least. The flood tide troubled them but little with such a breeze and they were soon outside the Narrows. The times at start were:

Atlantic	11 06 01	Fanny	11 13 30
Galatea	11 07 01	Cinderella	11 13 57
Priscilla	11 06 46	Santapogue	11 14 18
Ibis	11 08 37	Mariotta	11 14 28
Clio	11 10 00	Bedouin	11 14 31
Magic	11 10 00	Mona	11 15 00
Stranger	11 12 51	Rival	11 15 00
Titania	11 13 04	Iseult	11 15 00
Gracie	11 13 13	Culprit Fay	11 15 00
Shamrock	11 13 15	Beatrice	11 15 00

Atlantic was again first, Priscilla and Galatea together astern of her and helping her as much as possible by bothering each other, a course they kept up all day. Atlantic sailed so well that the prize was fairly hers, but she gained throughout the race from the fact that both of the others were kept back by the close shaves and luffing between them. This work began almost at the start; at 11:20, when just out of the upper bay, the two clinched, Priscilla finally forcing Galatea's lee, on which the latter bore away under her stern and laid a course in the wake of Atlantic, directly for the first buoy, while Priscilla luffed out, evidently overpressed by her clubtopsail. At 11:30 the schooners and second class were just off Fort Hamilton, the order being Clio, Ibis, Magic, Shamrock, Stranger, Gracie, Fanny, Bedouin, Cinderella. Gracie and Fanny were jostling each other for place, a proceeding brought to an end at 11:38 by Gracie's topmast snapping off half way above the cap, a sequel to her spurt on Thursday, when she held to her clubtopsail through the squall. The wreck fell under her bows, but the crew did some smart work in clearing away, and she sailed the course as well as could be expected, even setting spinaker, with an Irish reef in it, on the way home.

It evidently was not Shamrock's day. She heeled under the steady breeze that was now drawing from about E.S.E., and her decks were wet well up, when at 11:35 she doused jibtopsail and working topsail. Titania, on the contrary, was carrying sail well and had the better of her rival, even at this time in the race. About 11:45 she was to windward and both were at it, hammer and tongs; the result, as seen from a distance ahead, being that Titania took the lead of the white boat. At the same time, when Atlantic was near the Bell Buoy, Priscilla was passing to windward of Galatea, having come to her course again, but a little later she began to prepare for work by lowering her clubtopsail, having the jibheader already set under it.

As Atlantic passed Buoy 10 Galatea was fairly abreast of Buoy 10⅛, ¾ miles astern, and Priscilla was midway between the two. Of the fleet, Atlantic and Cinderella, the latter alone in her class, were sailing practically on their own hook, to make the best time possible. Priscilla and Galatea were together in a very pretty duel that was to last all day, Titania was fully awake to the necessity of redeeming the reputation she had lost in the former races, or of getting a bad name that it would take a season of hard work to remove, and she was doing her best with Shamrock, regardless of all else for the time being. Fanny has a long score to work off against Bedouin, and now, if ever, with a good breeze, in smooth water and on a long reach, was the time to do it. She held to the cutter pluckily until they came on the wind a little later, and then her game was up for all day in a hammer to windward in a lop. Poor Gracie was out of the game, but still held on, and Stranger was doing her best to snatch the bone that Shamrock and Titania, a little way ahead, were quarreling over. The small fry astern were tumbling along, mostly reefed, and some with housed topmasts, having plenty of fun, but out of clear view from the middle of the fleet, and as for the schooners, though Magic and Clio were still hard at it, no one cared to waste much time looking at such tame sport with a field of crack racers on trial all about them.

The reach of 10 knots ended at Buoy 10, where the times were taken, and it is worth while to compare them, as such even sailing between so large a fleet is seldom seen about New York. The times were:

Atlantic	12 01 20	Stranger	12 18 12
Priscilla	12 02 58	Fanny	12 19 12
Galatea	12 03 55	Bedouin	12 19 24
Magic	12 16 08	Cinderella	12 34 59
Clio	12 16 16	Mariotta	12 45 09
Titania	12 16 56	Santapogue	12 46 56
Shamrock	12 16 56		

The elapsed times from the start were:

Priscilla	0 55 12	Titania	1 03 52
Atlantic	0 55 19	Bedouin	1 04 53
Galatea	0 56 54	Stranger	1 05 21
Shamrock	1 03 39	Fanny	1 05 42

These times were taken as the yachts stood past the mark, some more distant than others; but they are correct within a very few seconds. According to them Priscilla beat Atlantic by 7s., while she beat Galatea by 1m. 42s. The large boats did the course in about 10m. less than the second class, or, on a reach of 10 miles the extra length of 25ft. between the classes gave a gain of 1m. to the mile. Shamrock and Titania were even, both beating Bedouin by a little over a minute, while Fanny was nearly a minute astern of Bedouin and even with Stranger. As wind and tide were alike to all, and there was enough wind to neutralize any small advantages from pilotage or better bottom, the conditions were unusually favorably for a test.

It was a game of "Follow my leader," as Atlantic, with smallest jibtopsail set, held past the buoy on port tack and stood on into Sandy Hook Bay. Galatea was next, but to leeward of Priscilla, who was holding more than her own; then came the rest, the schooners under working topsails, and Shamrock now with a small jiptopsail set, lowering it at Buoy 10. Titania also lowered her large jibtopsail as she made ready for a beat out. Running well into the bay, Atlantic went on starboard tack at 12:11, and the other two followed at 12:12:30. They worked out past the end of the Hook and were soon hammering away out across the bar, where the rollers were tumbling in at a very good gait; no great sea for an ocean race, but plenty of motion to try the gear and sticks of heavily rigged racers. They held across to the eastward for a long time on port tack, Atlantic riding easily and traveling fast, while Galatea took the seas with a long, easy lope, every now and then bringing up a very large bucketful of green water on the end of her bowsprit. There was little difference in the speed of the three; but while every inch of Atlantic's canvas was drawing, Galatea's mainsail was on the shake far more than was good for her.

Meanwhile there was some lively work among the second class, still inside. Titania was first to tack at 12:23, with Shamrock about at 12:24:30, followed by Stranger at 12:27 and Fanny immediately after. Bedouin stood on until 12:28:30, and then ended Fanny's fun for the day by tacking square on her weather bow and rapidly leaving her astern. Fanny hung to it, but in vain, the weather was soon too rough for her kind and she was virtually out of the race. Titania by this time had settled her white rival and it was plain that her only care would be with Bedouin, now coming along. The iron sloop held to her jibheader and went along easily, showing, now that she was really on trial, none of the "tenderness" that it is now considered the proper thing to attribute to a new boat when nothing else is known of her. Shamrock had only plain sail and wanted no more, as from the Hook out she failed to hold either Titania or Bedouin. Titania led the way, breaking tacks with the big boats and standing down the beach on port tack. At 12:32 Atlantic, now well off shore, went on port tack, with Galatea about at 12:33, Priscilla still holding her course. Titania, now down toward the Highlands, was far ahead of Shamrock, and Bedouin, after crossing the latter's bows about 1 o'clock, was chasing the leader very fast. The two classes were far apart, and from the middle course followed by the steamers, a fine sight was presented on either side.

To the south was Titania, with Bedouin chasing her, both doing splendidly to windward, while Shamrock, Stranger and Fanny were astern, with Gracie making up some of her lost time. To the east were Atlantic, Galatea, Priscilla, seen now stern on as they r n off on starboard tack, and again in a line, beam to, the white sloop ahead, the cutter next and the iron sloop last. In the first position the angle of heel was plainly noticeable, Atlantic lying down beyond the narrow boat, while Priscilla seemed about even with the latter. Reaching past, the cutter seemed, if anything, to be doing the best footing, but the difference was little, and as the times show, any gain in the speed must have been at the expense of her weather position. When they finally came for the mark it was evident that Priscilla had thrown away a good deal by standing on too far, as she came down quickly, when sheets were started.

At 1:13 Atlantic went on port tack, Galatea following, and two minutes later she crossed Priscilla's bow as the latter held on, on starboard tack. At 1:40 they were near the mark, Atlantic on starboard and Galatea on port tack, Priscilla being astern of the cutter but well to windward, and at 1:41 Atlantic crossed Galatea's bow, tacking for the mark at 1:43. As she rounded and jibed she ran up the small jibtopsail, and made ready to set spinaker. Galatea and Priscilla turned very close together, the latter having rapidly overhauled the cutter after she had freed sheet for the mark. The club steamer, the big Taurus, ran directly to windward of the two and so close to Priscilla that the yacht seemed in danger directly under her sharp iron stem, as the steamer had no steerage way. The two yachts were becalmed under her lee for a moment and then went after Atlantic, now speeding rapidly homeward. The second class came up a little later, having gained greatly on the large boats, as the following times show:

Atlantic	1 49 08	Titania	2 02 46
Galatea	1 51 03	Bedouin	2 06 49
Priscilla	1 51 22	Shamrock	2 13 09
Stranger, Fanny, Cinderella and Gracie followed in order, but could not be timed.			

The times here were taken very carefully, as each of the leading boats passed between the tug and the lightship. The elapsed times of each from Buoy 10, ten knots in the most direct line, are:

Titania	1 45 50	Atlantic	1 47 48
Galatea	1 47 08	Priscilla	1 48 24
Bedouin	1 47 25	Shamrock	1 56 18

The smaller boats had beaten the large ones easily, notwithstanding the extra size in rough water, and Titania had beaten her nearest rival by 1m. 36s. and left Shamrock nearly 10½m. astern in ten miles of windward work. In the large class Galatea had beaten Atlantic by only ½m. and Priscilla by 1¼m., the latter having lost more than that amount by overreaching the mark. The figures then indicate the three are equal to windward in a good breeze, while those at Buoy 10 show that the cutter was 1½m. slower on a reach. The work outside the Hook in the large class, at least, had been all clean sailing, with no luffing matches, each of the three minding her own business closely all the way out.

Galatea was first to air her spinaker, setting also jibtopsail; Priscilla broke out her spinaker at 1:59 and Atlantic at 2, both setting balloon jibtopsails. The positions did not alter much on the way to buoy 5; Atlantic held her lead and Priscilla was unable to pass Galatea, even with the help of her clubtopsail, now mastheaded. At 2:40 Atlantic made a handsome jibe when off the point of the Hook, and Priscilla about the same time succeeded in passing Galatea, both taking in spinakers at 2:42. Galatea jibed at 2:45, but Priscilla held her course, running away from the mark and did not jibe until 2m. later.

As Atlantic came up to Buoy 8½ she had all ready for a jibe, and, sweeping around, she let her boom come over as she reached Buoy 10. Galatea was leading Priscilla as they came for Buoy 8½, but just as they reached the mark the sloop cut in cleverly and turned inside her. Together they ran the short distance to Buoy 10, and again turned so close that Priscilla could barely pass between the buoy and her rival. From astern, as both jibed, Priscilla's huge mainsail completely covered the cutter. Hardly were they clear of the mark when Priscilla's balloon jibtopsail traveled up the stay and went into strings; "All together, nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst." Down the length of the stay was an

array of dry goods, of shapes and sizes that would discount the court yard of a tenement house on wash day; far out to leeward they streamed, and with them went her chances for second place, as Galatea luffed out across her stern and hauled away from her. Suddenly out to leeward went the great balloon jibtopsail of the cutter, the lee sheet having parted. Both crews had their hands full; on Priscilla they gathered in as best they could the worst of the wreck and prepared to send up a smaller topsail, and on Galatea the crew turned to, dropped the sail, and at last succeeded in securing the clew and bending a new sheet, by which time Priscilla had another topsail on the stay, though in rather curious fashion, as a hook fouled in hanking on and held the upper part of the sail to the stay. Together they went home flying, the finish being close and exciting, the iron sloop finally leading by 1m. It had been evident that the small boats were bringing the wind and picking up the leaders as they neared the Hook, and they were not far astern at Buoy 10, the times, as far as taken, being:

Atlantic	2 57 51	Galatea	3 02 43
Priscilla	3 02 41	Titania	3 09 11

Here was another surprise, as Titania in spite of 25ft. less length had run from the mark to Buoy 10 in 1h. 6m. 25s., while Atlantic's time was 1:08:43. Priscilla and Galatea were practically even, the times being 1:21:19 and 1:21:40. The times of the whole run of 17 knots from Sandy Hook Lightship to Buoy 15 were:

Atlantic	1 47 00	Titania	1 51 34
Shamrock	1 50 55	Galatea	1 53 00
Priscilla	1 51 31	Bedouin	1 55 22

The advantage of the wind was with the smaller boats, but still the time is remarkable when the extra length of the others is considered. The official summary is:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Magic	11 10 00	Not timed.		
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Clio	11 10 00	4 37 25	5 27 25	5 27 25
Ibis	11 08 37	Did not finish.		
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Priscilla	11 07 46	3 42 53	4 35 07	4 35 07
Atlantic	11 06 01	3 26 08	4 20 07	4 29 29
Galatea	11 07 01	3 44 03	4 37 02	4 30 07
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Gracie	11 13 13	4 33 40	5 20 27	5 18 55
Stranger	11 12 51	4 16 48	5 03 57	4 58 54
Titania	11 13 04	3 54 20	4 41 16	4 41 16
Bedouin	11 14 31	4 03 12	4 48 41	4 47 00
Shamrock	11 13 15	4 04 04	4 50 49	4 49 56
Fanny	11 13 30	4 29 15	5 15 45	5 11 49
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Cinderella	11 37 57	4 43 12	5 29 15	5 29 15
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Mona	11 15 00	4 46 31	5 31 31	. . .
Rival	11 15 00	4 22 00	5 07 70	. . .
Santapogue	11 14 18	4 56 00	5 41 42	. . .
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Iseult	11 15 00	3 06 00	3 51 00	3 51 00
Culprit Fay	11 15 00	2 59 15	3 44 15	3 42 46
Mariotta	11 14 28	2 43 00	3 28 32	3 24 50
Beatrice	11 50 00	Did not finish.		

Thus in the first class schooner class the Magic wins. In the second class the Clio wins. The Atlantic wins in the first class sloop and cutter class, beating the Priscilla 5m. 38s., and the Galatea 6m. 38s. The Titania wins the second class sloop prize, beating Bedouin 4m. 44s., and Shamrock 8m. 40s. The Cinderella wins in the third class, and the Rival wins in the fourth class, beating Mona 24m. 31. The Mariotta wins in the fifth class, beating Culprit Fay 17m. 56s.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 13.

THIS year the regular events of race week were supplemented by a fourth race given by the newly formed Corinthian Y. C., whose station is at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. This club, organized last year, proposes to devote all its efforts to the encouragement of Corinthian yachting, and especially to racing. The first regatta was more of an experiment than anything else, coming on a Monday and after a busy week of hard racing, and lack of time, as well as the difficulty of procuring Corinthian crews, prevented many from entering. The full courses and conditions were given last week in the FOREST AND STREAM. The prizes were handsome pewter mugs, each bearing the club flag in enamel. The lack of entries is not to be ascribed to the absence of valuable prizes, but to the fact that the club is as yet little known, and also, as stated, to the unfortunate date, on Monday. The day was fair and warm, with a light wind from the north, the tide running toward the last of the ebb. The starters were, yachts over 75ft., Atlantic, Galatea, Cythera; 65 to 75ft, Stranger; 56 to 65ft., Huron, Vision, Cinderella being placed in the same class; 41 to 56ft., Ulidia and Fanita; 26 to 35ft., Culprit Fay, Beatrice, Ilderan, Delvyn; 26 to 30ft., Kangaroo, Alexander F., Corinne, Petrel; under 26ft., Gleam. The Luckenbach, with the regatta committee, Messrs. Clark, Barron, Woodbury and Plummer, was late at the line, and the start was made an hour later than advertised. At 11:20 the preparatory whistle blew with the fleet all to windward of the line, the tug lying off Fort Wadsworth. Spinakers were hanging in stops and booms were lowered to port for the run out to Southwest Spit. Cythera was too quick and mistook the signals, going over at the first blast, but seeing her error she returned, being badly handicapped. The flying start led to some pretty maneuvering for place, in which Galatea got the best of Atlantic, leading her over, but the spinaker sheet fouled and delayed her in getting it out, Atlantic drawing up to windward. They went along very evenly, Atlantic on the other's port bow for a long time, both bearing to the eastward, while Stranger and the rest ran close in to the West Bank buoys.

At noon, when near Buoy 10½, Atlantic was a very little ahead of Galatea, while further to the west was Stranger, with Huron astern of her, Cinderella abreast of Huron on the windward side, and Fanita and Ulidia astern of the pair. At 12:20 Cythera, coming down astern, jibed her boom to port, and at 12:28 Atlantic, having run too far to windward, jibed over and stood down for Buoy 10, with Galatea jibing and following close. Atlantic gained a little here, but they came to the buoy very well together. The times were:

Stranger	12 38 36	Cinderella	12 41 25
Atlantic	12 39 30	Fanita	12 42 50
Galatea	12 40 45	Ulidia	12 45 10
Huron	12 41 02	Cythera	11 52 30

The speed was very slow at the buoy, as the wind had fallen very much, coming now more from the east, and the times do not show the actual distance between the boats. At Buoy 8½ they were so close that Atlantic's boom was hardly 50ft. ahead of Galatea's bowsprit. Thus in the run of 10 miles in a very light wind, when Galatea's foul bottom might be expected to do the greatest possible damage, she had just held the centerboard boat. The two lost by the course they took, as the others carried spinakers to the mark, Cinderella, in particular, handling hers very neatly, taking it in just as the spinaker boom was over the buoy. The times at 8½ were:

Stranger	12 43 55	Cinderella	12 46 40
Atlantic	12 44 35	Fanita	12 49 10
Galatea	12 45 55	Ulidia	12 51 35
Huron	12 46 20		

Past the mark, all came on port tack for Buoy 5, the wind falling until at 1:30, off the Hook. Atlantic dropped her anchor. Cinderella, very close in shore, was working the ebb out, but the rest were in no more than slack water. Galatea, outside of Atlantic, finally took a little air from the north and was away while Atlantic was getting her hook.

The puff proved but the first of a breeze, and soon all were boiling along fairly scuppers to, Galatea leaving Stranger to leeward and astern, and dropping Atlantic. Both carried clubtopsails and balloon jibtopsails, Atlantic having jib and staysail down. They had gathered way and were making good speed when an extra capful of wind was emptied out on the fleet from the north. Atlantic luffed up at once, dropping balloon jibtopsail, while Galatea held her course, also lowering balloonер. The rest worried through the squall all right except Cythera, who lost her maintopmast, and Ulidia, who parted a topmast shroud and had to lower topsails and repair damages, letting Fanita gain well on her. During the heat of the squall Galatea was leaving Atlantic, but the latter set her lower headsails and came up in hot chase. At 2:15 a lively luffing match took place, Galatea holding her weather berth, but Atlantic paid off under her stern, set jibtopsail and quickly ran through her lee. Out to the Lightship was a reach, with a good breeze, and Atlantic gained on Galatea, and at the end of the seven mile reach she was 1m. 20s. ahead. The times were:

Atlantic	2 33 55	Huron	2 40 40
Galatea	2 35 15	Cinderella	2 43 22
Stranger	2 40 20	Cythera	2 56 00

Atlantic's gain in sailing was more than the times show, as Galatea had much the best of the start when the breeze caught them at Buoy 5.

As they jibed sheets were pinned in for the close reach to the Hook and the two went at it in earnest. The breeze was dropping as they came in, though at the turn both were well heeled down, and at the Hook it was light again. They were timed at Buoy 5, Atlantic 3:16:15, Galatea 3:17:00. Galatea had thus gained 35s. on Atlantic, Stranger led Huron with Cinderella third.

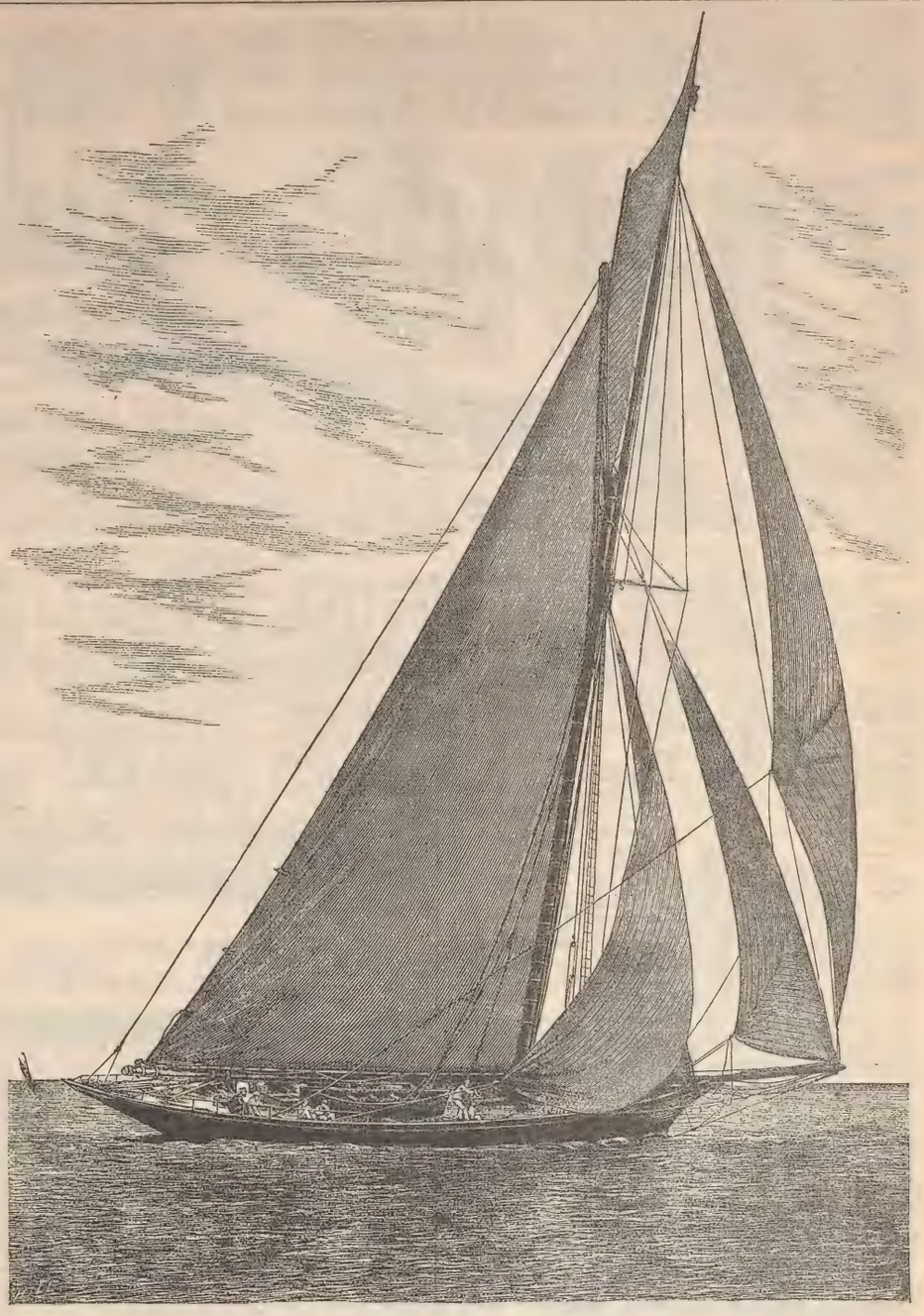
The times at Buoys 8½ and 10 were:

Buoy 8½:			
Ulidia	3 20 20	Stranger	3 44 15
Atlantic	3 28 05	Huron	3 45 00
Galatea	2 20 00	Cinderella	3 50 21
Buoy 10:			
Fanita	3 20 10	Stranger	3 49 10
Ulidia	3 25 22	Huron	3 51 13
Atlantic	3 32 25	Cinderella	3 57 28
Galatea	3 33 38		

The breeze dropped, until off Buoy 10 there was hardly any, while a strong ebb was running. Fanita and Ulidia were met here, the small fry having passed up long before. Fanita was ahead, working to the eastward with a light breeze, while Ulidia was nearer to the black buoys.

Now began a long and tedious drift, from 4 until nearly 8 P. M. The race virtually finished at Buoy 10, with Atlantic 1m. ahead. From here on was a succession of calms and catspaws, the yachts barely stemming the strong tide. Slowly they worked across until Atlantic was off Norton's Point and Galatea off the East Bank. About 6:15 a light breeze came over Staten Island, Atlantic taking it first and standing across Galatea's bow on port tack into Gravesend Bay. Galatea, also on port tack, held on slowly but steadily until she was within a mile of the finish, and had Atlantic becalmed a long way to the leeward. About 6:47 Atlantic found wind enough to tack and went about, standing across under Galatea's stern until she came up to the West Bank, near Hoffman Island. She barely made her way across the tide, and Galatea now had come to a standstill and began to fall astern as the wind entirely left her, and the tide caught her weather bow and paid her off. The other boats were stealing up the line of black buoys with a barely perceptible breeze, and Atlantic at last worked into it at 7:30, setting her balloon jibtopsail. This finished the race; with it drawing she ran in while Galatea was trying to get sufficient steerage way to head on her course. Fanita was becalmed on East Bank and did not get in. The finish was timed as below:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.				
Atlantic	11 25 00	7 40 31	8 15 31	8 14 27
Galatea	11 25 00	7 48 03	8 23 03	Allows.
Cythera	11 25 00	Not timed.		
FIRST CLASS, SLOOPS, 65 TO 75FT. ON LOAD WATERLINE.				
Stranger	11 25 00	7 45 48	8 20 48	8 20 48
SECOND CLASS, SLOOPS, 56 TO 65FT. WATERLINE.				
Vision	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Huron	11 25 00	8 08 20	8 43 20	8 43 20
Cinderella	11 25 00	8 45 08	8 20 08	8 13 21
FOURTH CLASS, SLOOPS, 41 TO 56FT. WATERLINE.				
Fanita	11 25 00	Not timed.		
Ulidia	11 25 00	7 57 13	8 31 13	8 29 19



THE THISTLE.

From the London *Field* of June 4. It is from an instantaneous photograph taken by Capt. Clarke, of Boston, and shows her as viewed from abaft the beam, in the recent Channel match to Harwich. Her enormously taunt spars are made very apparent, but of course the fore-shortening takes off the length of hull. The waterline length is 85ft., and breadth 20.4ft.

SIXTH CLASS, SLOOPS, 30 TO 35FT. WATERLINE.			
Ilderan	11 30 00	4 16 55	4 46 55	4 43 37
Culdrit Fay	11 30 00	3 47 07	4 17 07	4 15 01
Delvyn	11 30 00	4 22 45	4 52 45	4 52 45
Beatrice	11 30 00	3 56 30	4 26 30	4 25 10
SEVENTH CLASS, SLOOPS, 26 TO 30FT. WATERLINE.				
Kangaroo	11 30 00	2 43 50	3 13 50	3 11 44
Petrel	11 30 00	3 13 45	3 43 45	3 42 53
Corinne	11 30 00	3 10 35	3 40 35	3 40 35
Alexander F.	11 30 00	2 45 15	3 15 15	3 14 58
EIGHTH CLASS, LESS THAN 26FT. WATERLINE.				
Gleam	11 30 00	3 09 30	3 39 30	3 39 30

Atlantic beats Galatea 3m. 36s. Stranger has a sail over. Cinderella wins in second class, beating Huron 29m. 59s. Ulidia wins in her class, Fanita not finishing. Culprit Fay beats Beatrice 11m. 9s. Kangaroo beats Alexander F. 3m. 14s., and Gleam, in the eighth class, sails over.

The prizes will be allotted under three systems of measurement, length, sail area, and the two combined; but the about results will not be changed.

The weather and other adverse conditions considered, the regatta was very successful, and is likely to become in the future an important addition to the events of regatta week. The club will adhere as far as practicable to Corinthian sailing, only making exceptions as in the present case, with the large class, in which full professional crews are allowed. It is provided in the small classes that one-third of the crew may be professionals, a very wise action, as long experience has proved that it is impossible to get full Corinthian crews trained to handle the yachts successfully. Corinthian sailing is the mainstay and backbone of yachting, and should be encouraged by every club, but in practice there is a limit to its operation. About New York the Corinthian contingent is composed almost entirely of men in active business, and few owners are able to get together six or eight good men and to give them the amount of practice sailing and drill that is necessary to put them on a par with professional crews. Raw material of the best kind is plenty; there are many who are fully competent to take a place in any crew, but the opportunities for practice are few, especially before the June regattas; the men are unused to working together, their hands are soft and unfit for much of the rough work, and they are far more at home on the deck than at the crosstrees. Practically there will be more boats and better manned if a proportion of professionals is allowed than if the Corinthian rule be strictly enforced.

THE START OF THE JUBILEE RACE.—The Jubilee race of the Royal Thames Y. C., around Great Britain and Ireland, was started off Southend, on Tuesday at 12:55 by the Prince of Wales. The starters were Aline, Sleuthhound, Dawn, Dauntless, Genesta, Mabel, Vol au Vent, Atlantis, Gwendolin, Bridesmaid and Helene.

ARRIVAL OF THE HILDEGARDE.—The three-masted schooner yacht Hildegarde, purchased in England by Geo. Gould, arrived off Staten Island on June 14, after a passage of 38 days.

HARLEM Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 13.

THE annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C. was sailed on June 13, the courses being: Classes B and C, around Fort Schuyler buoy and around College Point, to and around a stakeboat near steamboat dock at College Point, the course to be sailed twice; 20 miles. Classes F and G, around stakeboat near Bowery Bay Beach, the course sailed three times; 15 miles. The wind was north at the start, dropping to a calm in the afternoon. The summary was:

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peerless	12 56 10	5 51 55	4 55 45	4 53 35
Charles Weide	12 58 00			

CLASS C—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Bessie B.	12 57 19	Did not finish.
Nettie	12 57 00	Did not finish.
Geo. B. Deane	12 56 20	Did not finish.

CLASS F—CATRIGGED, UNDER 23FT.

Daisy	1 02 40	4 12 40	3 10 00	3 07 56¼
Nazlir	1 03 15	4 32 15	3 29 00	3 29 00

CLASS G—CATRIGGED, UNDER 18FT.

Harry C	1 05 07	4 30 20	3 25 13	3 22 15
Little Dean	1 04 13	4 39 13	3 35 00	3 35 00
Jean	5 01 11	5 04 45	4 04 34	4 01 26½
Tough	1 01 22	5 12 22	4 11 00	4 04 15
Irene	1 01 08	5 19 12	4 18 04	4 15 56½
Biles	1 00 58	Did not finish.		
Lillian L	1 01 47	Did not finish.		
M. McCarthy	1 05 00	Did not finish.		

Peerless won the Commodore's cup for elapsed time in Class B, and Harry C won a second leg for the Bailey Cup for elapsed time in Class G. The judges were R. F. Baxter, H. B. McAllister and A. Metzger.

ATLANTIC Y. C. LADIES' DAY, JUNE 14.

AS usual, the annual ladies' day sail of the Atlantic Y. C. was a very enjoyable affair. There was a race over an 8-mile course on the upper bay, with ladies on each yacht, and music and supper at the club grounds at Bay Ridge. The summary of the race was:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS OF 75FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grayling	3 26 26	4 08 23	0 41 57	0 41 57

CLASS B—SCHOONERS UNDER 75FT.

Vidette	3 27 05	4 19 08	0 52 03	0 46 03
Gevalia	3 29 00	4 24 05	0 55 05	0 50 54
Wivern	3 29 00	4 27 08	0 58 08	0 52 08
Leona	3 26 10	5 00 00	1 33 50	1 26 58

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS 75FT. AND OVER.

Atlantic	3 25 50	4 03 33	0 37 43	0 37 43

CLASS D AND E—SLOOPS UNDER 74FT.

Shamrock	3 30 25	4 12 20	0 41 55	0 41 55
Hildegard	3 36 12	4 18 00	0 46 48	0 45 27
Fanny	3 31 35	4 18 56	0 47 21	0 46 31

CLASS F—SLOOPS 48FT. AND UNDER.

Athlon	3 30 20	4 20 52	0 50 32	0 50 29
Onward	3 34 00	4 26 36	0 52 36	0 52 36
Roamer	3 33 40	Did not finish.		

CLASS G—SLOOPS 41FT. AND UNDER.

Concord	3 28 05	Did not finish.		
Adelaide	3 31 10	4 23 05	0 51 55	0 51 41
Rover	3 30 55	4 24 15	0 53 20	0 53 06
Enterprise	3 33 15	Did not finish.		
Ariadne	3 32 45	4 29 43	0 56 58	0 55 33
Nirvana	3 31 03	Did not finish.		

CLASSES H AND I—SLOOPS 30FT. AND UNDER 41FT.

Rival	3 35 35	4 30 25	0 54 50	0 54 50
Ilderan	3 37 38	Did not finish.		
Tourist	3 36 23	4 44 11	1 07 48	1 04 41

CLASS J—SLOOPS 26FT. AND UNDER 30FT.

Arab	3 35 55	4 37 24	1 01 29	1 01 29
Myssa	3 37 13	4 53 35	1 16 23	1 15 57

CLASS K—SLOOPS UNDER 26FT.

Frolic	3 37 30	4 53 12	1 15 42	1 15 42
Gleam	3 37 08	5 01 04	1 23 56	1 23 16

DORCHESTER Y. C. NINETY-EIGHTH REGATTA, June 10.—Courses from starting line leaving Farm Bar buoy on starboard, Halftide rock on port, Old Harbor buoy on port, Farm bar on port, Halftide on port, Old Harbor on port, Farm bar on starboard to starting line; distance 7½ miles; weather fair and cool; wind east; tide high water at start.

FOURTH CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	20.01	1 27 16	58 33
Jester, W. H. Besarick		Withdrew.	
Scamp, Frank Gray	18.04	1 28 21	57 31

FIFTH CLASS.

Mirage, G. E. Jordan	17.05	1 31 40	59 44
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.01	1 33 27	59 38
Sheerwater, C. H. Woodsum	18.02	1 34 46	1 03 42
Nora, G. B. Denning	16.07	Withdrew.	
W. E., J. E. Robinson, Jr.	18.00	Withdrew.	
Peggy, J. P. Bullard		Withdrew.	

Scamp won first leg so gets the cup in Class 5. Mabel wins one leg for the championship in Class 4. Mirage protested Rocket's measurement. Regatta committee, L. M. Clark, H. S. Carruth, H. B. Callender, Frank Gray, E. H. Tarbell. Judges, A. J. Clark, H. Davenport, E. R. Tilton.

MONATIQUOT Y. C., SECOND CLUB REGATTA.—Weymouth June 11.—Course, inside, first and second classes, distance 8 miles, third class 6 miles. Weather fair; wind light and variable, E.S.E. Start on last quarter of flood tide.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Posy, sloop, R. G. Hunt	22.03	3 25 07	6 17 06	2 51 59	2 23 43
Folly, sloop, J. F Sheppard	20.08	3 21 19	6 16 55	2 55 36	2 31 20

SECOND CLASS.

Maud, sloop, G. M. Lincoln	19.02	3 28 55	Failed to complete	
Diadem, sloop, L. Haywood	18.02	3 26 10	course within time	
Spider, cat, A. E. Pratt	19.07	3 29 19	limit.	
Spray, cat, C. F. White	19.02	3 28 14		
Nereid, cat, C. F. Colby	20.09	3 26 55		

THIRD CLASS.

Helene Snow, sloop, A. Lane	16.03	3 32 30	6 16 30	2 44 00	2 17 27
Flora Lee, cat, E. B. Glover	17.05	3 31 48	Time not taken.		

Sailing length, length on waterline plus 1-5 aft overhang. Posy wins in first class and Helen Snow in third. Second class failed to finish within time limit. Regatta Committee, T. D. Bagley, chairman, R. G. Hunt, C. G. Sheppard, C. J. Colby, A. W. Blanchard, G. H. Bicknell. Judges, Henry Gardner, Geo. H. Bicknell, Major E. C. Pierce.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB, Norristown, Pa., June 13.—The sixth cruise of this club took place June 12. Course, 5 miles with a turn. Wind light to fresh from the east, making it a run to the buoy and a beat home. The start was made at 9 A. M. The following summary shows the finish and corrected times:

	Length.	Finish.	Corrected.
Cocktail	15.00	10 51 01	1 49 28
Gracie	12.00	11 02 15	1 52 39
E. C. Potts	15.00	10 55 45	1 53 49
Elsie	15.00	10 59 53	1 56 28
Flying Eagle	15.00	10 57 28	1 56 55
Little Tycoon	16.00	10 57 58	1 57 58
Priscilla	15.00	11 00 10	1 57 57
Igidious	15.00	11 00 00	1 59 27
Lulu	15.00	11 02 59	2 01 55
Josephine	15.00	10 57 48	Fouled mark E. A. L.

EAST RIVER Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 13.—The annual regatta of the East River Y. C. was sailed on June 13 in a fresh north wind, the course being from the club house around the Gangway Buoy and back. The summary was:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wacondah	1 04 40	4 43 40	3 39 00	3 39 00
Susie B	1 04 00	4 45 05	3 41 05	3 40 00

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Maud M	1 08 01	4 43 05	3 35 04	3 35 04

CLASS D—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

H. H. Holmes	1 01 45	5 48 40	4 46 55	4 46 55

CLASS E—CAT RIGGED.

Ida K	12 58 00	4 45 23	3 47 23	3 47 23

The rest of the yachts were not timed, as the last of the race was a drift.

QUAKER CITY Y. C. TWELFTH ANNUAL REGATTA, June 13.—Course from line between committee boat and a flagstaff on shore at Gloucester, to Horse Shoe Buoy, keeping it on starboard; thence around station boat off Marcus Hook, keeping it on port, returning over same course, keeping to westward of Block House Bar and Chester Island, both going and returning; distance, 30 miles; weather clear, wind fresh, afterward light, N.E., tide ebb. Summary:

SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Helen, C. D. Middleton	62.00	10 07 17	3 31 36	5 24 19	5 24 19

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Venitzia, A. Colburn	53.04	10 06 20	3 24 05	5 17 45	5 17 45
Minerva, R. P. Thompson	49.01	10 08 06	3 29 37	5 21 31	5 16 05

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Alga, Chas. E. Ellis	37.02	10 08 10	4 17 22	6 09 12	6 09 12
Consort, S. B. S. Barth et als.	33.03	10 08 56	4 07 47	5 58 51	5 54 59
Leda, Dr. Wm. H. Ireland	36.00	10 05 59	3 40 16	5 34 17	5 29 54
Anita, Fred. B. Yard	32.05	10 08 37	4 17 12	6 08 35	5 58 53

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Carrie Z., Louis Zeisse	30.10	10 07 41	4 16 06	6 08 25	6 08 25
Minerva, Wm. H. Mickel	26.02	10 06 11	4 13 49	6 07 38	6 04 42
Nahma, Frank P. Fern	26.00	10 06 39	4 15 00	6 08 21	6 05 23

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.

Comfort, John H. Britton	22.07½	10 05 30	4 24 36	6 19 06	6 19 06
Gretchen, Chas. L. Work	20.03	10 07 00	5 40 00	7 33 00	7 31 15
Lark, Geo. H. Whitehead	18.03	10 07 00	5 16 21	7 08 40	7 04 48

OPEN BOATS, CLASS B.

Hurley, D. F. Hurley	22.06	10 07 00	4 17 43	6 10 43	6 10 43

Middleton Challenge Cup for first class sloops was won by Minerva. Valiette Challenge Cup for second class sloops was won by Consort, Leda being barred out by not being sailed by an amateur, one of the specifications of the conditions. Ellis Cup to the yacht making the fastest time over the course, irrespective of class or time allowance, won by Minerva (first class sloop). Regatta committee and judges, Wm. J. Thorman, Addison F. Bancroft, Charles L. Wilson.

GALATEA AS A RACER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The races of the Atlantic and New York Y. C. may be dismissed without comment as the worst flukes ever seen in the harbor. The results were without technical value.

The race of the Scawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. last Saturday in a fair topsail breeze and light sea demonstrates that Galatea, Priscilla and Atlantic make practically an even match all round. Though Atlantic won by some five minutes, Priscilla covered Galatea on the run in and stole her wind. The latter pair also wasted time in a luffing match after rounding S. W. Spit coming home. But for this, all three would have made a very even thing of it over the whole course.

The honors of the match belong, however, to the cutter Galatea, with plenty to spare, for it must not be forgotten that the latter is racing under a sea-going rig, which is only a jury for racing in American waters.

The cutter is by long odds the stiffest of the three, which she ought not to be in view of her small beam. Were she rigged in proportion to her ability to carry sail, good judges are of the opinion that she would beat both Priscilla and Atlantic by ten minutes. The conclusion is that Galatea's cutter hull possesses greater possibilities for speed than our so-called sloops of New York, but the Galatea need look for no winnings as long as she sails to all intent and purpose with a reef down in light to moderate winds. Nothing less than a lower sail breeze can neutralize her extremely modest spar plan.

It is to be regretted that for lack of racing rig Galatea's true capacities remain obscured, and false inferences receive currency through the half-posted critics of the daily press.

Fortunately the new cutter Thistle will not rest content with mere hy-play, but is in the hands of keen men who are not so easy-going as to sacrifice their vessel's reputation for want of the rig to show what there is in her.

Although Atlantic has been the recipient of a good deal of Bay Ridge enthusiasm, cool heads see nothing in her performance last Saturday from which it can be inferred that she is doing any better than last year, and when she again meets the Boston clippers it will become suddenly evident that she has no more business with Mayflower or Puritan this year than she had before.

SALT HORSE.

CLEVELAND Y. C. CRUISE.—On May 30 the Cleveland Y. A. fleet sailed from the anchorage at 10 A. M., ten yachts following the flagship Wasp. The fleet anchored at Rocky River where dinner was served ashore, and returned in the afternoon, being struck by a severe squall on the way home. A new schooner, 38ft. over all, is now nearly completed at Buffalo, for Mr. Anderson, of Cleveland.

RACING ETIQUETTEE.—It seems hardly possible that any yachtsman would cross the finish line with racing flag flying and number shown when he has not gone the full course, and yet boats are timed at the finish only to be dropped afterward from the list. If you are out of the race for any reason, at once lower your racing colors and keep clear of the course.

LAKE ONTARIO.—Belleville, Ont., June 8.—Judging from various indications, I have come to the conclusion that the racing in class A and in the second class during the round of the L. Y. R. A. will be the sharpest that has yet been witnessed. Of the class A yachts the Norah, since her rebuild and remodeling, appears likely to prove even faster than last season. The Atalanta, at Brighton, is being smoothed up and getting a general overhauling. She needs, and will probably get, a new suit of canvas. These two, when they meet, will make a good race. In the second class the Iolanthe and Laura, both of which will receive every possible improvement, will renew their old rivalry. Mr. Ames's (of Oswego) new Burgess-built craft Merle, and the imported cutter Cyprus, as to the speed of both of which satisfactory reports have reached me, will add greatly to the interest of this class. Commodore Carruthers, Kingston Y. C., president of the L. Y. R. A., also intends to make an attempt to capture first honors in this class by importing a yacht from Boston. Thus there is rare sport in store for the lovers of yachting on Lake Ontario. I observe that some of the newspapers on your side of the line are already claiming, in view of the not improbable success of the Thistle in the America's cup races, that "she embodies many American ideas, and therein gets her great speed." Considering that nothing is known of the Thistle beyond her length and breadth, this does seem to be a little premature, as large cutters of beam as great as that of the Thistle were by no means a rare sight in British waters until the old measurement rule of the Y. R. A. caused their displacement by the narrow type, which will now in turn become obsolete under a more sensible rule of measurement.—PORT TACK.

YACHT BUILDING AT GLOUCESTER.—The yacht Sachem, built by Higgins & Gifford from the Osceola's lines, was launched just in time to sail her maiden race on May 30 and secure first prize in her class. The Wona, cutter, now building for the Cunningham Bros. of Boston, designed by Burgess, and the Trudette, building for ex-Com. Haskins, of the Sandy Bay Y. C., designed by Mr. Gifford, senior member of the firm, will both be launched the coming week. Much interest is felt by yachtsmen in regard to the sailing qualities of the two boats. While resembling each other in many respects, they are quite unlike in others. Higgins & Gifford have shipped during the past week to Savannah a small yacht from the celebrated Sassacus model. Sassacus is now at their shop, about ready to be launched, with an addition of more lead on the keel, longer and deeper centerboard of wood instead of iron, also a hollow mast. The Thisbee, Freya and Louette will also take water from the yard this week. Yachting on Cape Ann bids fair to be lively this season.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—On June 18 a race for small cabin yachts belonging to the Knickerbocker Y. C., will be sailed from the club house around Fort Schuyler buoy and return, tacking around the buoy. Prizes will be given in each class for corrected and elapsed times, no prizes being given unless two start in a class. No shifting ballast allowed. The annual cruise will start on July 2 at 4 P. M., ending on July 4.

COOPER'S POINT COR. Y. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Third race of the Cooper's Point C. Y. C. took place June 7, over the club course. The weather was threatening and only five boats started at 2:43 P. M., arriving at the home stakeboat in the following order: Item 4:30, Russell 4:35, Anderson 4:38, Allmond 4:39, Cook 4:40.—R. J. W.

EASTERN Y. C. REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed June 21, starting at 11:30 off Half Way Rock. Galatea and Priscilla will be in, but Atlantic will not enter, as some further changes are to be made in her.

ARROW.—The alterations in Arrow have progressed so slowly that she will not be ready before August, and so will not fit out this season.

THISTLE AND IREX.—These two cracks are matched to sail together in the Royal Mersey regatta of June 18.

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

L. S.—We do not know addresses of parties who propose camping in the North Woods.

A. E. M., Hamilton, Ont.—The restriction will be reviewed in a special paper devoted to the subject.

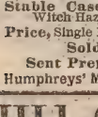
INQUIRER.—The preparation will preserve the hides. The dates asked for will be given in our next number.

J. W., Newfoundland.—1. The arm is reliable; a larger caliber would probably give you better satisfaction. 2. See answer to "Target."

G. F. Q., Bethlehem, Pa.—I have just secured a bird specimen in length about 6in.; head and neck grayish brown, bill black, thick and almost conical; back, upper coverts of wings and breast gray brown; belly dull yellow, tail and wings gray, upper tail coverts ash gray under white, legs black, secondary coverts have a pinkish hue, and secondaries each have a small bright red plume at tip, and tail feathers have a bright yellow bar across tips. The bird has a small crest on crown of head. It is uncommon here. Ans. The bird is probably a cedar bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*), a common eastern species.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Strolling into an extensive establishment where some of the best stock in the country is kept, a fine animal was brought from his stall evidently suffering from severe colic. He could not stand a moment, scringing with pain, pawing, and could be hardly kept on his feet. The foreman eyeing him for a moment stepped to a little case, opened it, took a small bottle, and with a little bent glass tube ejected a few drops upon the tongue. The horse was soon easier, and after a second dose in half an hour, began nibbling his hay. "That's the way we do it," said the foreman; "no bottling, no balling, no bleeding or blistering for any disease, only Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. They cure every time. We have not for years used any other medicines, and don't lose any stock from sickness." They are being used everywhere. —*Adv.*

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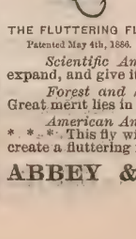
2d—The fish is almost certain to be hooked if it touches the fly.

3d—Any of the present favorite combinations of color and form can be tied in this way. Thus, those who believe that fish are attracted by particular colors or forms of fly, can have their old patterns in the patent style.

4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.



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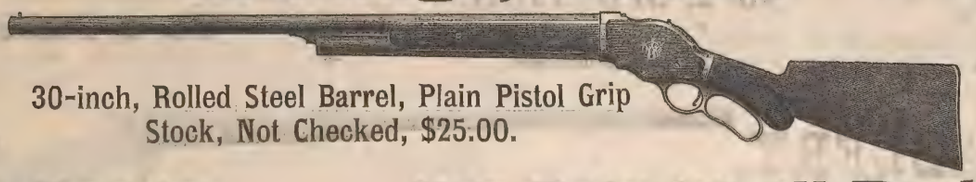
American Angler: "There is no question as to the killing qualities of this fly. All fish are attracted more by the action of the fly than by color or form. * * * This fly will certainly, when drawn against the current or over a placid pool, *seam* the surface with an attractive wake, and its expanded wings will create a fluttering motion, assimilating the struggles of a live insect. * * * We are told that few fish are lost by those who use this fly. We do not doubt it."

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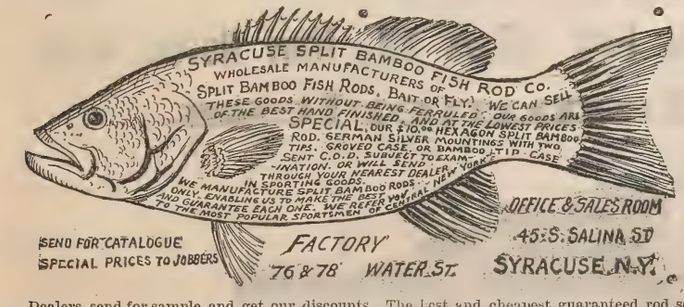
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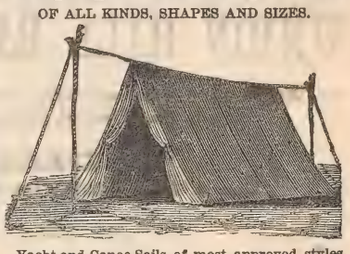
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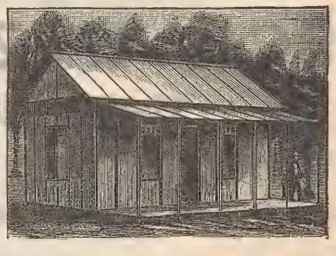
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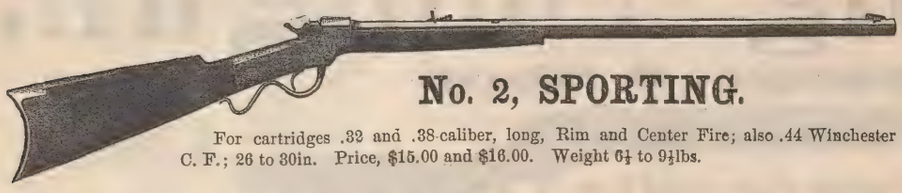
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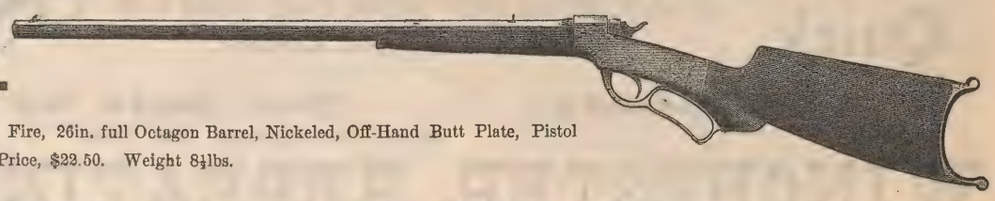
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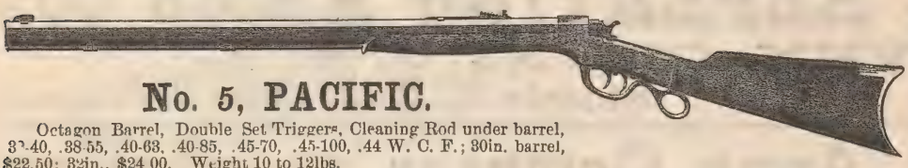
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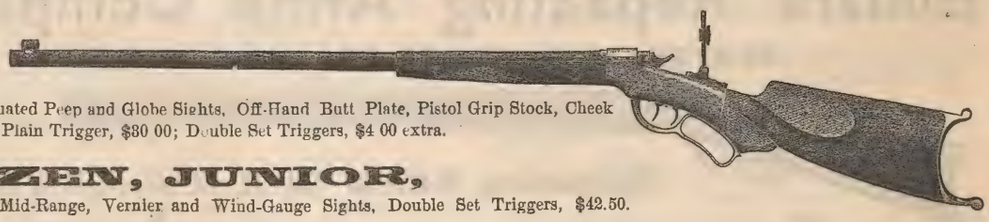
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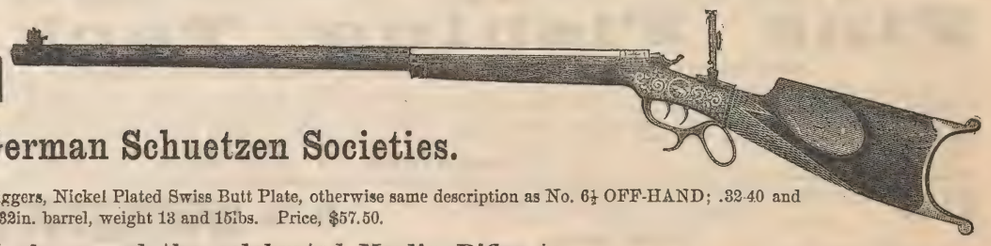
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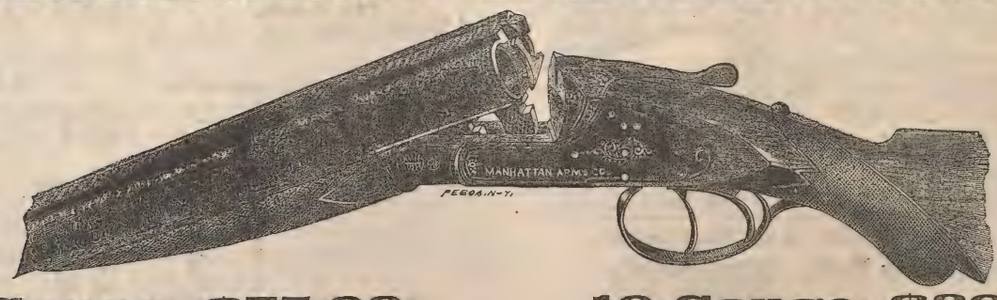
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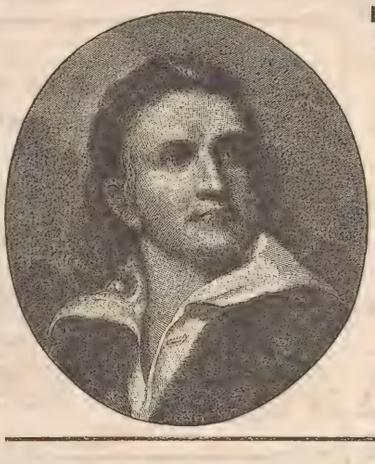
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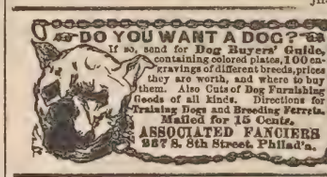
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THE PEMBROKE DISQUALIFICATION.

THE action of the Bench Show Committee of the New England Kennel Club in disqualifying the greyhound Pembroke is, though tardy, perfectly correct. The dog was shown in the open class, winning third prize, when he should have been shown in the champion class. The dog having won a prize for which he was not eligible to compete, there was nothing for the committee to do, upon learning the facts, except to render the decision they have given. The justice of their action is patent, irrespective of any consideration of who was to blame for the dog being shown in a wrong class.

When the committee go on to charge the dog's owner with entire responsibility in the matter, they are manifestly in error. The responsibility cannot be transferred from the local delegate of the American Kennel Club, upon whom it properly rests. When Pembroke was entered by his owner he was, as a winner of only two prizes, eligible for competition in the open class. Subsequently to the date when the entries closed he won another first at Newark, and thereby became eligible ican to compete in the champion class. The Amerionly Kennel Club rules prescribe that in a case like this a dog entered in the open classes shall be transferred to the champion class, and it is furthermore declared to be "the duty of the local delegate of the local club to examine all entries and see that they conform to the rules of the American Kennel Club." In this case, then, it was the business of the local delegate of the New England Kennel Club to see to it that the dog Pembroke was transferred from the open class to the champion class. It is not in good taste for the bench show committee to seek to evade blame for the dereliction of their local delegate. The rule is plain, and no rush of work nor other plea can be accepted in justification of the error. Local delegates must do their work; that is what they are appointed for.

If the American Kennel Club rules relative to this mean anything, they mean that the owner's duty ends when he has once correctly entered his exhibit. From that moment responsibility for any changes rests with the club local delegate and show committee. If the owner of the dog had been present at the Boston show, and had been aware of the negligence of the show authorities, it would have been his duty, as an honest man, to notify them of the oversight. But Mr. Webber was not at the show; he was in New York, and could not be expected to know that the local delegate in Boston was not doing his duty. He appears to have acted throughout in compliance with what he thought to be the strict letter of the rules, and to have lost the awarded prize through no error of his own.

We are not discussing the merits of the rule. If others agree with the Boston members that it is an unwise one, it can be very easily changed. But so long as it is in force clubs should live up to it, and if the press of business is so great that the local delegate does not or cannot perform his duties, exhibitors must continue to be the sufferers thereby.

THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN YACHT CLUB.

THE movement in support of rational outdoor recreation which originated last year in the efforts of Mr. W. H. H. Murray at Burlington, on Lake Champlain, and which culminated a month ago in the formation of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club, is so liberal in its scope that it calls for more than a passing notice from those who love healthy exercise and amusement.

The object which Mr. Murray had in view when he first began to advocate the movement was not to form an ordinary yacht club, but to organize a company of gentlemen in an associate capacity who should take courteous and benevolent charge of all the sports and pastimes natural to such a magnificent body of inland water. The gentlemen who quickly caught his enthusiasm, caught also his spirit, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the club has had a rapid growth. Its membership already numbers nearly three hundred, with ex-Gov. I. Gregory Smith, of St. Albans, for president, and Dr. W. Seward Webb, of this city, as vice-president. The personnel of the membership is most remarkable for its high standing and character; a wise rule of selection having shaped the canvas. A club house to cost $5,000, unfurnished, located on the very shore of the lake and commanding one of the most magnificent views in the world, is in process of erection, and when completed will be one of the most commodious and elegant aquatic club houses in the country. The membership is from all parts of our country, being truly national, and it is expected that Canada will bring a delegation to the list of its membership.

Lake Champlain is the natural rendezvous of all yachtsmen and canoeists, who would voyage from the coast to the St. Lawrence, or from the St. Lawrence waters to the coast, and such a club house as this will be will serve the very highest purposes.

All the expenses of the club are paid from an annual tax on the membership of $10 each, which is the sole financial responsibility membership imposes. The club, through Mr. Murray, who is Chairman of Committee on Membership, extends a cordial invitation to all gentlemen of standing who love the outdoor life, whether nominally yachtsmen or not, to join its membership and thus help provide for others, and personally enjoy themselves the facilities of pleasure which would not otherwise be attainable.

THE COLLIE TRIALS.

THE first annual sheep dog trials of the Collie Club of America are announced for Sept. 15 and 16, at Washington, Pa. This is a move in the right direction. Of late years great attention has been given to the importation and breeding of collies for the bench. At the shows the classes are well filled, and all things considered, as show dogs the collies are easily ahead of other nonsporting breeds. It is high time that due attention should be given, also, to the development of their actual field qualities and working merits. The collie is valuable as a pet, a companion, a "fancy;" but his true worth is developed only when he becomes the companion and aid of the farmer or stockman. Where there is one pure-bred working collie in America to-day there ought to be a thousand, and these collie trials in the practical work of sheep driving will demonstrate the merits of the breed much more effectually than competition on the bench. It is greatly to be desired that the meet at Washington may prove to be the beginning of a series of annual trials.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Governor of New York has signed the bill making unlawful the capture of trout which are less than 6in. in length. The purpose of this law, which works hardship to anglers in certain localities, is to stop the indiscriminate killing of little fish by summer tourists intent on making a big score. Streams restocked at an expense of money and time have been made barren again because the immature fish have been caught out by greedy fishermen. The sentiment in many parts of the North Woods was strongly in favor of the six-inch clause, and the Legislature forfeited the respect of guides and woodsmen when, under the leadership of Mr. Hadley, it omitted the clause from a revised draft of the trout law. There is one consolation about New York game legislation; the botchery of one Legislature can be remedied by the next.

Numerous broods of ruffed grouse are reported by observers in different quarters of New England, and the stock gives every indication of being an abundant one, with promise of a supply in the fall that will entitle 1887 to distinction as one of the grouse years. There are forebodings of trouble from the ticks; but one experienced grouse shooter, holding the opinion that by a winter like the last, marked by numerous thaws and freezes, the ticks are destroyed, prophesies that the birds will not be troubled by them this year. It will be interesting to note whether his theories are sustained by the facts. The birds have been comparatively free from ticks for a number of years, and it may be that the time has come around again, irrespective of what the winter may have been, when the tick will again do his deadly work. The certainty of a good grouse supply is never so well established by any known signs that an experienced man would be willing to wager much on the game abundance until the season actually arrives.

Success and failure in the field and on the stream, as elsewhere, are comparative. What is counted "a big thing" by one person may appear only ordinary and insignificant to another. The angler who has cause to complain because he is not permitted to take the largest trout in his stream—none of them 6in. in length—could hardly expect much genuine fellow-sympathy from another angler who has a personal interest in watching the record of 10lb trout to see that no one detracts from his own claims to head the list. The man to whom the capture of a pound trout is an epoch in the outing score of years may be just as much of an angler as the other man who complains that a five-pounder is a little one. He is the true philosopher who takes whatever of reward the waters yield and makes the most of it.

Fly-fishing for shad in the Connecticut River at Holyoke, Mass., began on the 17th of the month, the fish rising freely. There appeared to be many shad in the river. The fishing is below the dam at Holyoke. The proper tackle consists of a light trout rod and line, with large trout flies, the red-ibis, almost any brown fly, and at dusk the white-miller. The best success is to be had in the early morning and in the evening. Mr. Thomas Chalmers, of Holyoke, will undoubtedly take great pleasure in giving any hints to visiting anglers.

Although so brief a note, Mr. Fellows's allusion in our kennel columns to the prizes and medals which he has won at past dog shows is very interesting. Mr. Fellows has been a successful exhibitor for many years, and the fact that he has not been able to find in his large collection of medals any bogus ones except those furnished by Pittsburgh is rather strong presumptive evidence that the clubs referred to by Messrs. Gregg and Elben are guiltless of the charges brought against them.

That is a very interesting report of bison in the National Park. This refuge for big game was established none too soon. There are so many men in Europe and America who long to add a bison to their record that, were these creatures not protected by the Park regulations, they would straightway be surrounded by as many rifles as would equip a company of militia.

Quail were cut off in large numbers by the New England ice storms last winter, but Bob White's whistle is heard from the fields, the same old familiar call, significant of the brown and russet of autumn days.

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

IV.

PACKING AN APAREJO.

BEFORE turning our attention to the articles which have been left out of the pack and to various little odds and ends which must be attended to before the train moves off, I may make some mention of the packing of the aparejo. As has already been said, the two operations are similar in most essentials but there are a few important differences. The manner in which the aparejo is put on has already been described, and Fig. 16 shows the rigging on an animal. The latigo, after the cinch is drawn as tight as convenient, is passed, from outside and above downward, through a little leather loop sewed on the aparejo cinch above the ring, and the end of the strap drawn down toward the ring under the ascending part. The pressure and friction of the ascending part holds the end in place.

The sling ropes are arranged in one way on a pack saddle, and in quite another on an aparejo. On the aparejo the rope is doubled, not quite evenly, and the loop is thrown over the saddle by the nearside packer and hangs down on the offside nearly to the ground. One arm of the rope lies within a few inches of the front of the aparejo, and the other within a few inches of the back. The free ends hang down on the nearside of the animal almost to the ground. The nearside packer now takes one of the side packs and, raising it above his head, places it on the top of the saddle and holds it there, while the offside packer slips it down a little way toward him, and, supporting it by his head and one hand, with the other hand takes both sides of the loop of the sling rope, and throws it up and over the side pack, holding it there. Meantime the nearside packer has taken from the ground the other side pack, placed it on top of the aparejo, holds it there with his head and one hand, takes the forward free end of the sling rope in the other, passes it through the loop of the sling rope from above downward and ties it to the other free end in a simple bow-knot. The side packs are now supported by the sling ropes in front and behind and balance each other high upon the aparejo, as in Fig. 17.

The lash rope is thrown in the same general way as on a sawbuck, but the method may be described again.

The nearside man having thrown the loop over the load, lays the rope remaining in his hand on the mule's neck. Then taking the part of the rope which runs forward from the free end, and on which the standing part of the loop—that leading up from the cinch ring—now lies (see Fig. 12), in front of where they cross, he turns it back over the standing part and passes it about the after corner of the pack close to the animal's side. Then he takes the returning part of the loop and passes this rope under the standing part below where that and the free end cross (see A, Fig. 13), forward, downward and around the forward corner of the pack on his side, and pushes the part of the rope between these two corners down to the bottom of the pack. The rope now lies just as it would have done if after passing about the after corner of the pack it had been brought forward, a loop passed under the standing part from the cinch ring around the forward corner of the pack, and the upper part of this loop shoved upward.

When the pulls are made on the aparejo, all slack of the rope passing around the front corner of the pack on the nearside is taken up, and the two packers taking hold of the rope just behind the after corner of the pack, and bracing themselves against the pack or the animal's quarter, surge back on the rope with all their weight, pulling backward and upward, as in Fig. 18. When it ceases to come, the nearside packer still holds it, and the offside man steps round to his side and pulls downward and backward on the rope, which passes below the after corner of the pack on the offside, taking up all the slack which has been gained by the pull on the other side. Both men now surge on this rope with all their force. This pull makes the after part of the diamond, for, if the explanation has been clear, it will be evident that those portions of the rope passing about the after corners of the pack are pulling back against the tightly-drawn standing part of the loop, crossing it on top of the load.

The offside packer, keeping firm hold on the rope, now steps forward to the animal's shoulder and gives several vigorous pulls on the rope passing under the side pack on his side, while the nearside packer, on the nearside of the animal's neck, takes the free end of the rope (see Fig. 13), gathers in slack by pulling downward and forward, and then bracing himself firmly, pulls on it as hard as he can. This pull makes the front of, and completes, the diamond.

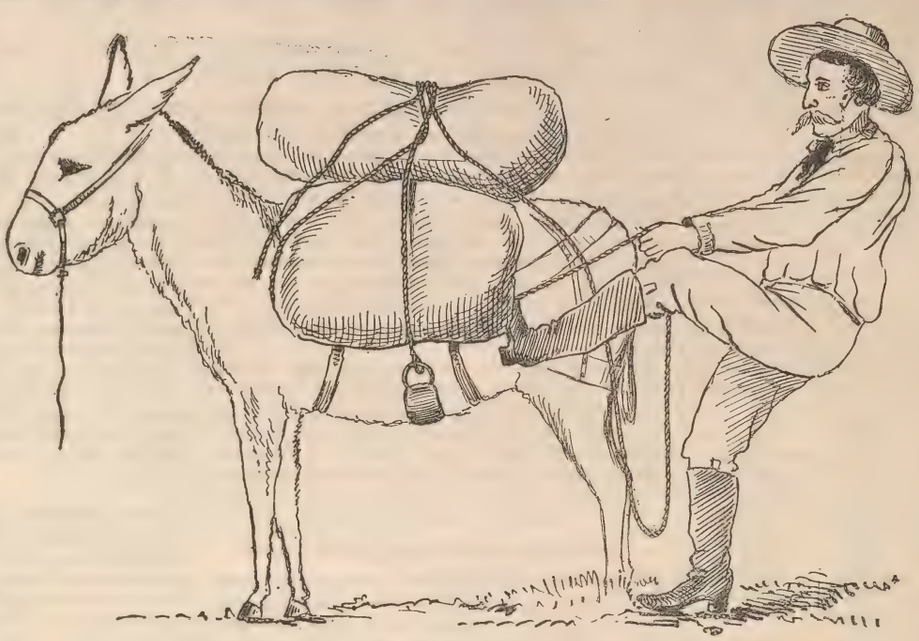


FIG. 18.—APAREJO PULL.

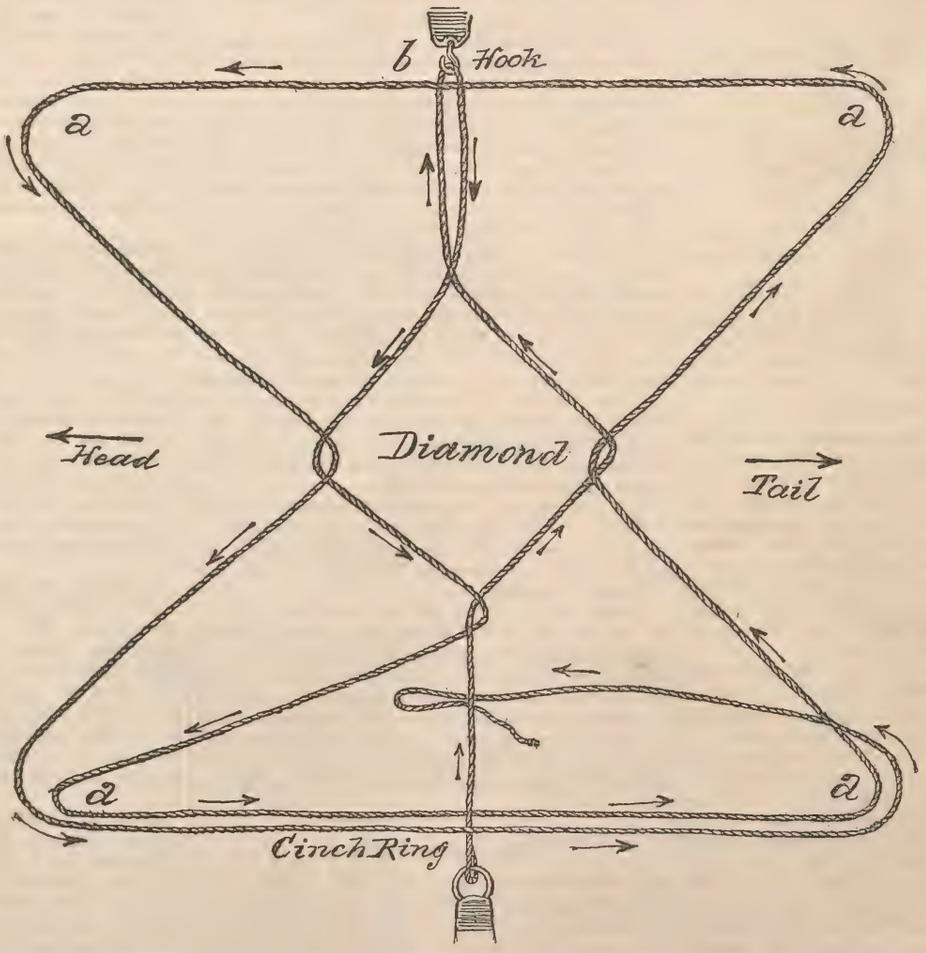


FIG. 20.—THE DIAMOND HITCH, FROM ABOVE. LASH ROPE ONLY. *a, a, a, a.* CORNERS OF PACK ABOUT WHICH ROPE PASSES.

In the case of the aparejo the rope, if long enough, is now passed around under the corners of the side pack and up on the side, and after being pulled tight, is passed once or twice double under the standing part of the loop, which holds it firmly. If the rope is very long it may be thrown again diagonally across the pack and fastened in the same way on the other side.

Now your animal is packed, but your frying-pan and camp kettle are still in sacks on the ground. Tie the camp kettle by its bail, behind the pack and high up, to the lash rope, and draw the corners of the sack which contains it under the lash rope and tie them. It must not swing, shake or rattle. If it does it will probably cause your animal to run away, or else to buck, and in either case you will have trouble. The frying-pan may also be carried on the outside by thrusting the handle beneath one of the tightly-drawn ropes and passing a string through the eye in the handle and tying it to some rope where it cannot slip. Turn the pan bottom upward and tie it close to a rope behind so that it will not be loose or jolt about.

Now you are packed, and you may take off the blind and lead your animal about a little to see how it will go. Very likely it will give you a fine exhibition of its powers. If it is an old and gentle beast it will go off quietly when started, but if young and wild, or it fancies itself too tightly cinched, look out for a display of ground and lofty tumbling. There will be plain, simple, honest bucking, varied by wild plunges, rearings, and finally throwing itself over backward. Let the creature have its buck out, and if your load remains firm, piously express your thanks to Heaven. If the load stays and the animal throws itself, make it get up at once and start off on your march. After the pack is on, you mount your saddle horses, and then ride around through the camp to pick up what you have left behind. You may be very sure that for the first few days you will leave something out of the packs every day, and these articles must always be looked for. Attention to this point will save much trouble and loss.

If the packers are experienced and the work has been well done, this load should ride all day. At night, when camp is made, the ropes are readily loosened, the hook taken out of the loop and the lash rope pulled over by the nearside packer or thrown back over the animal's tail to the ground. The top load is then lifted off, the sling rope loosened, and each man lifts the pack on his side to the ground.

There are a number of minor points about packing and pack travel, which can scarcely be enumerated, and are only to be gained by experience. Some hints may be given as to certain of these matters, but new circumstances will arise each day as you travel over the mountains, and, in general, experience must be your teacher. In traveling in a rainstorm the ropes of your pack will

get wet and shrink, and when the sun comes out and they begin to dry, they will stretch. It is necessary to watch the packs under these circumstances, and to tighten the ropes every little while. If this is not done you will have your packs all off before long. At all times the packs need watching, and it is better to have one man ahead of the train and one behind. The latter looks out carefully for the packs, and at the first sign

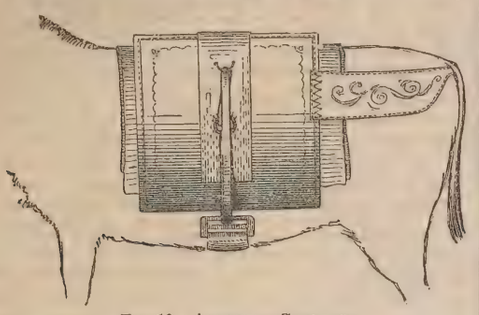


FIG. 16.—APAREJO. SADDLED.

that one of them is slipping, calls to the leader, who stops the train, catches the animal bearing the loose load, and with the assistance of his companion replaces it.

As the ropes bear on the packs very hard, the weight and strength of two men being employed to pull them taut, it will be apparent that articles of a fragile nature cannot be carried in a pack. If you are starting into the mountains with a fishing rod, the pack is not a very safe

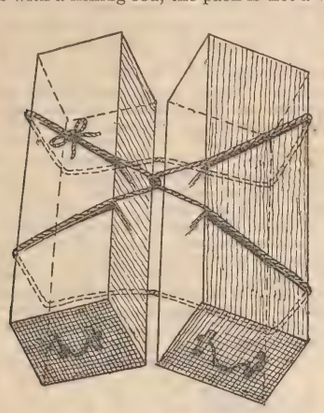


FIG. 17.—APAREJO SLING.

place for it. I have safely carried a rod over many miles of mountain on a pack, but I have also taken the implement off the pack and found it smashed into twenty pieces. If a rod is to be put in the pack, let it be put on after the ropes have been tightened. Run it through between a side pack and the center pack, and tie it by strings to the ropes. It should not project in front, but must run out behind. A heavy sole-leather case is a great protec-

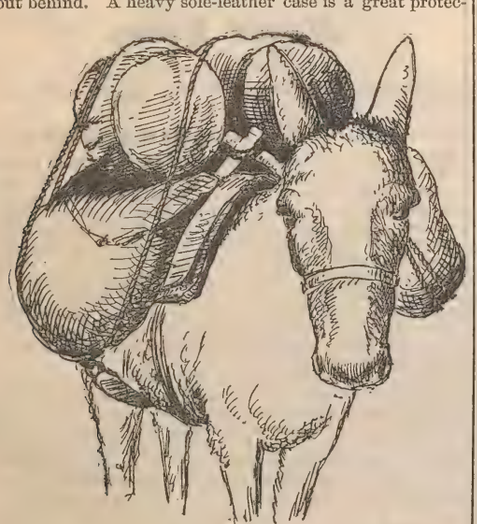


FIG. 19.—PACKED.

tion, but a stout cylindrical stick, with grooves cut for the joints, is even better.

See that you have no loose ends of rope or projecting loops about the pack to catch in the timber. You can be sure that if such things do catch, the mule will not stop, but will keep right on, pulling until something gives way, and probably by the time that takes place, the pack will be scattered on the ground.

Before leaving camp put out your fires, so that there shall be no danger of their spreading. Never by any chance build fires against trees or logs, or where there is danger of burning up the camp.

Whoop! Gunny-sack, git!" YO.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A ZEBRA CHASE.

"IF you are bound for the Transvaal, the Buffalo River will stop you, as it has been pouring on the Drakensberg for the last two days and all the streams are running banksful."

"Such being the case, I'll stop here, as the grass is good and I am in no hurry. Outspan, boys, and let the oxen have a regular blow out."

"That's right, as you will not be able to cross in two or three days."

And the transport rider, who had addressed me, yelled at his oxen, cracked his enormous whip and started down the road for the coast, while I knee-haltered my shooting pony, turned him loose to graze, and wandered over to the fire started by the Kaffirs to get a light for my pipe. After a few whiffs, it suddenly struck me that I was only some twenty miles, in a direct line, from the farm which I wished to reach, and I concluded that on the next day I would make the attempt of taking my light cart, which carried my bed and provisions, directly across an uninhabited portion of the country, and thus reach the banks of the river on the opposite side to the farmhouse, a short distance from it.

The next morning, after giving directions to the drivers of my heavy teams to remain camped for a couple of days, and then take the road leading around the headwaters of the river, I inspanned six oxen to the cart, and taking a couple of extra Kaffirs with the driver and forelooper, started off across the country. For the first six or eight miles there was but little difficulty, then I got into a series of wet-weather feeders of the Buffalo River and my troubles commenced. It was one huge gully after another, many being over 20ft. in depth, with sides sufficiently steep to appall any one who had not become acquainted with the wonderful effects of erosion, to be found in all the broken portions of South Africa. After crossing a number at the constant risk of upsets, I came to one which compelled the making of temporary diagonal roads on both sides, in order to cross with any degree of safety. Unyoking the oxen and allowing them to graze, I marked out the proposed road, set the Kaffirs to work with picks and shovels, and leading my shooting pony, we scrambled across, and then mounting I cantered up the rise in order to get a view of the country ahead. On reaching the summit I found myself on the edge of a saucer-like depression, in the center of which, some 200yds. distant, was a drove of some fifty or sixty Burchell zebras (*Equus burchelli*), regularly "rounded up" by a couple of vagrant curs. Hastily turning my pony back out of sight, I dismounted, threw the reins over his head and let them fall on the ground, which insured my finding him within a few feet of the place at any time within an hour. All the shooting ponies in South Africa are broken to remain quiet under similar circumstances. I then cautiously crept up the hill, and lying down behind a convenient boulder, had a clear view of the fun. The zebras were packed in a dense circular mass, heads in and tails out, slowly revolving like a huge wheel; while the dogs, on opposite sides, were ranging around without a whimper, and as one would occasionally venture too near it would be saluted by a series of vicious kicks, only to be equalled by those of a Kentucky mule. After enjoying the sight for some time, I sent a bullet from my Winchester pinging over the mass, whereupon the dogs dropped their tails and loped off in the direction of the river, while the zebras broke into an irregular body, and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust over the rim of the basin.

On returning to the cart it was found necessary to unload it, carry everything across the gully, then tie the wheels fast and skid it down one side, when the oxen were yoked, and after a deal of shouting and whipping, the empty cart was slowly drawn up the opposite side. Nothing in all my South African experience tried my patience so much as the oxen. So long as the loads were heavy and the roads decent I frequently made twenty-five miles per day, but when it came to a tight pinch in a bad place no dependence could be placed in them. I never saw one that was properly broken. The manner in which they are yoked would make a Yankee farmer stare. The yoke is simply a straight round piece of wood some three inches in diameter with holes mortised in it for the insertion of two wooden pins to pass down on each side of the neck, and all that prevents the animal from freeing itself is a small loop of rawhide caught across underneath the neck from the point of one pin to the other. It is a constant occurrence when one gets into a soft place, requiring a strong and steady pull, to find a majority of the team face to the right about and look the driver in the face. In colonial parlance a span or team of oxen consists of fourteen; so I don't think it would require a great stretch of imagination for the uninitiated to conjure up what a mess would be caused by such a number of half wild brutes stuck in a mud-hole.

After crossing I had but little difficulty in reaching the banks of the Buffalo River, which I found to be quite full. I struck it just where I proposed—in plain sight of the house, less than two miles distant—and while the Kaffirs were unyoking and preparing camp, a couple of heavy blank cartridges fired from my shotgun brought three Boers galloping down to the bank opposite me. Climbing into the cart and exhibiting a flask of gin caused an immediate disrobing, swim and handshaking with my friends. On telling them of my experience with the zebras, they informed me that the dogs of the neighboring farms frequently hunted alone, and if I had watched closely I would certainly have detected foals in the center of the revolving mass, as they were what the dogs were after. Moreover, as the river would not be fordable for a couple of days, they would get back home, make arrangements for catching a young one or two and rejoin me early the next morning. After finishing the flask they re-crossed the river and hurried off, while I had my supper, a pipe and turned in full of pleasant anticipations of the sport I expected to enjoy on the morrow. The Kaffirs were turned out early the next morning and had just made a pot of coffee, when a call from the opposite bank informed me of the arrival of the Boers, who soon crossed, swimming alongside their horses. After breakfasting, camp was broken up and we trekked back on my preceding day's track some eight or ten miles, when a halt was made and while I arranged camp matters, the Boers cantered off in diverging lines to hunt up the zebras. It was not long before they returned with the report of having discovered them and that there was a foal not over ten days old in the drove. It struck me at the time rather strange how they managed to speak so positively about the foal, but being a "tenderfoot" I felt ashamed to ask. After-experience taught me that they were not only magnificent shots at moving game, but that their eyesight was as keen as that of a Western Indian. I have frequently had one say to me, "There go gnus, zebras, blesboks, springboks, ostriches," etc., and on looking in the direction pointed, could indistinctly make out moving objects which, with the help of a field glass, invariably proved the assertion to be correct.

While eating dinner it was arranged that the elder Boer should guide me to a hilltop some miles distant, where we would have an uninterrupted view of the attempted capture by the two younger ones, one of whom rode a flea-bitten gray mare showing evident signs of Arab blood, a strain which was introduced into the Cape Colony by the original Dutch settlers, and can be frequently seen in the outlying districts. After reaching our lookout we did not have to wait long before a cloud of slowly rising dust warned us of the commencement of the chase. At the suggestion of my guide, I adjusted my field glass and could easily distinguish the two younger Boers driving the zebras in our direction. They had their horses well in hand, as it was a test of endurance rather than speed. When they came within about a half mile of us the foals began to knock under and fall behind, accompanied by their dams. Selecting the one with the youngest foal, which was furthest in the rear, the Boers managed to ride in between them and the drove, and gradually edged them off until a space of some 200yds. intervened. Then my young friend mounted on the gray mare, putting on steam, shot in between the colt and mother, separated them, and drove her back into the flying drove, which he forced over a piece of rising ground out of sight of his mate, who continued to press the colt. So soon as this was accomplished, he wheeled, and, taking an oblique course, was soon galloping alongside the foal, which was being pushed by his partner. Watching his opportunity, when it had been almost driven to a standstill, he drew ahead, quickly dismounted on the side opposite to which the colt would pass, and as it attempted to do so darted underneath his mare's neck with such force as to knock it entirely of its legs. Holding its head down until joined by his comrade, it was lifted on its feet and a portion of a pocket flash of gin poured down its throat and the balance divided between themselves. Soon after my guide and self joined them and I found the gray mare nosing the little thing as if it were her own progeny, while the captors were rubbing its woolly coat dry with wisps of grass. In order to give it a thorough rest, the horses were knee-haltered, allowed to graze, and we stretched on the turf until the sun notified us that it was time to start for camp. On mounting I was surprised to find that the Boers made no attempt to lead their little captive. It was allowed to trot alongside the gray mare, and acted precisely as if it had never known another mother. On reaching camp we found a couple of Kaffirs had arrived from the farm with a supply of fresh milk, which had been arranged for by the Boers while at home on the preceding evening. An ox horn, with a leather teat attached after the tip had been sawn off, served for giving the youngster its supper, but not without an incautious Kaffir getting a taste of its heels while it was tugging away at the horn, down which one of the Boers poured the milk. I frequently noticed in South Africa the invariable antipathy of all wild animals toward the natives, caused no doubt by the Kaffirs flinching and showing signs of fear while in their presence.

I once had a young zebra which would follow me anywhere, and it was frequently allowed to accompany me into town from the suburbs where I resided. The path led through some dense bush, filled with many varieties of thorny growth so characteristic of South Africa. In passing through, if I should happen to see a Kaffir coming in the opposite direction, I would quicken my pace, pass the Kaffir and leave the zebra well in the rear, who, so soon as he found out there was a native between us, would instantly charge as if he were going to eat him up. The Kaffir would be sure to press against the brush with his back to the path, so as to allow his enemy all the room possible for a free passage, when the zebra would rush past, but in so doing would manage to land his heels on the naked Kaffir's seat with such force as to pitch him headlong into the prickly brush, from which he would emerge filled with tiny prickly thorns. My pet finally became such a terror to all the native population that, so soon as I would turn into the main street of the town, the cry of "*Itubi! Itubi!*"* shouted from a dozen throats, would cause an immediate stampede of every native to the side opposite to that on which I was passing. One day, as I was returning home, the baker called me across the street with the information that a leopard had visited his pig pen in the suburbs on the previous night, and wanted to know if I could manage to shoot it as it would be sure to pay a second visit. While chatting with him his wife called out: "The zebra is eating all my tarts." On looking around, I found the zebra had passed behind the counter, poked his nose into the bow window and seized one of the cookies displayed therein, while the woman, flirting her apron and shooing vigorously, kept at a respectful distance, warned by his flattened ears and the ominous switching of his tail. Springing over the counter, I backed him out from behind it, and allowed him to munch away with my arm passed around his neck to prevent a repetition of the robbery, while I finished my conversation. Several times subsequently, but not constantly, when we would pass the shop, he would walk in, help himself, hurry out and trot down the street to catch me, chewing a tart, for which I had to pay. The idiosyncracies of animals, one of my favorite studies, must be my excuse for interlarding my narrative with these notes.

At nightfall when the horses were caught and tied to the wheels of the cart, the young zebra kept close to the mare and just before turning in we found it lying down almost under her heels. The next morning we started for the river, and on reaching its banks found it still too full to attempt fording. The afternoon was devoted to target practice, when my Wichester came into play and

*Zulu name for zebra.

caused great surprise to the Boers, as it was the first repeating arm they had ever seen. After firing awhile at 50yds. and 100yds. ranges, an ant-hill was pointed out, which the Boer said was 300ft., and laughingly asked if I could hit it, not believing that so light a looking weapon could be effective at such a distance. Adjusting the sights for that distance, I lay down, and resting the rifle across the pole of the cart, drew a fine sight and pulled the trigger. Fortunately I was successful, and as a puff of dust arose, caused by the bullet cutting a channel through the apex of the heap, one of the Boers who was watching yelled out "*Kek! Kek!*"* and started on a dead run for the target. On reaching it he signalled for the balance of the party to join him, when he told us that as the bullet struck the ant-heap he detected something dart around it and disappear, which was evidently a porcupine (*Hystrix cristata*) that had been sunning itself on the side opposite to ourselves, and being disturbed by the ping of the bullet had taken refuge in the hole mined underneath by a Cape ant bear (*Orycteropus capensis*) for the purpose of feeding on the ants. Pointing to the tracks to prove his assertion he called to one of the Kaffirs to bring the ox-whip from the cart, around the butt of which he wound his cotton handkerchief and thrust the long bamboo down the sloping hole. On withdrawal several quills were found sticking in the handkerchief, which proving he was right, preparations were made for an attempt at a capture. A tin-lined case in the cart was emptied, and with the picks and shovels taken to the ant hill, when the whip was again passed down the slanting hole and a measurement taken so as to sink directly over the porcupine. This was quickly done in the light sandy soil, as the depth was only some four or five feet. After the shaft was thoroughly opened it was found that the hole was tenanted by two porcupines instead of one as supposed, and a few vigorous punches started them up the incline. A Boer then jumped down and stopped the slant behind them with a large bundle of grass, which as the hole was enlarged was pressed up the incline until there was sufficient space to use a pick handle as a rammer, when the porcupines were shoved into the tin-lined case which had been turned over the entrance. The lid was then passed underneath, box righted and the top nailed fast, leaving a small slit on one side for air. The whole thing was managed so deftly and quickly that, coupled with the zebra catching incident of the preceding day I was compelled to acknowledge that my friends were certainly adepts in veldtcraft.

That night when the Boers rolled up in their karosses underneath the cart, I took to my bed above, very much inclined to spend the balance of my days in a country where, if the oxen were unreliable, one would be relieved of the worry of starched bosoms and weekly laundry bills, and the addition of a paper collar and soiled shooting jacket to a flannel shirt and moleskin trousers would transform one into a perfect swell.

*Boer for "Look! Look!"

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

THE NEPISIGUIT.—II.

AFTER sleeping the sleep of the just, bright and early next morning we started on our exploration. I fancied I traced an amused expression on the faces of the guides as they poled us along. Here, full of hope and enthusiasm, we were pushing our way up through a country where the foot of a white man had seldom trod (this last sentence comes in like a very old friend without knocking at the door), turning our backs deliberately on the salmon pools of the Nepisiguit. The river flowed quietly along, the country was wild, unbroken, fresh from the hand of its Maker. Here and there were seen the for provisions. Trout there were and no end of them; marks of the camp of the lumbermen, or a bear-proof house we could dangle our lines over the side of the canoe, skitter the red-ibis along the water and toss the fish into the boat. We struck Nine-mile Brook about lunch time, and went into camp "below the 40," the streams running into the river here being numbered 40, 41, 42, 43 and 44. Eating, fishing, sleeping, meditating—this *dolce far niente* existence agreed wonderfully well with us, I began to be rather alarmed about myself. Born under a lean star, the circumference of my waist was rapidly increasing. We poled up the river about 15 miles and had an addition to the family in the persons of Tom Narvey and Noel Prisk, the latter a fine looking man about 50 years old, and chief of the Indians who live near Bathurst. He and his son-in-law Tom were on a hunt after beaver, bear and moose. We invited them to dinner and then pushed on to Indian Falls. Here the river comes foaming over the rocks into a deep pool, and here we had to make another portage and go into camp for the night. Early next morning I threw in the pool, and at the first cast caught a trout weighing 4lbs.; the next cast brought out No. 2, of 3½lbs., and I was high-hook.

This Saturday morning, having taken leave of our friends, we struck a trout pool, where we would have been justified in taking leave of our senses; such fishing none of us had ever seen before, nor ever expect to see again. It is marked in my field book as the whitest of days. The pool was called the Devil's Elbow, and was just below Bear Island. The river takes a turn here, forming a sort of an elbow and a pool that would delight the eye of any fisherman. The guides had told us fabulous stories of the number and size of the trout, and here they were in full confirmation. Our canoes were drawn up on the beach. We three tossed in our flies, and in less than 15 minutes we had 60 odd pounds of trout, spread out on the beach, about the size of shad. Stop! We have enough, and more now than we can eat. And stop we did. But how long would those fish have remained there if the place had been more accessible? They would have been cleaned out on sight. The pool swarmed with them. As fast as we could throw our flies in, and we used two on our leaders, the fish would seize them and jump and fight for them, and the smallest fish we took was a 2-pounder; they would run right along 3 and 4-pounders.

And here "Truthful James" rises to explain and the truth to maintain. So much has been said and sung about deep and darkened pools, crystal waters, gurgling founts, the mad rush of the fish, their speckled beauty and their gleaming sides, the whirr of the reel and the soul-stirring emotions of the angler, to say nothing of the length of time in catching such a beauty—two hours and ten minutes—and so on *ad lib.*, that he feels called on to say that, with three-jointed ordinary trout rods and Conroy's rig, we quietly drew these five fish out of this pool and laid them down on the beach; and that all this was done in the most expeditious manner. I am not bragging; here we were, graduates of old Columbia, giving the trout Hail Columbia. Three old Knickerbockers, enjoying ourselves like boys out of school, keenly alive to the wonderful novelty of the scene and the beauty of the woods and river; not one of us but what would love, and does so still—

"To ses the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy,
To see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or throw the circling salmon fly
As lusty as a boy."

After a famous dinner off of these giants, I went off with one of the guides to look for beaver; long we sought him and we found him not, but the woods were a constant delight to me, and I felt no disappointment. On our return we came to a small stream, which my guide said he would carry me over, so I climbed up on his shoulders and perched up there like Robin Hood and Little John. Away we went—a stumble, a plunge, a wild shriek, splash, dash, and away I went head first into a villainous slough. What a mess. Oh, John! John! I had a hard time to make myself presentable, and K. and Jim, who had been strolling through the woods in various directions, were vastly amused at the figure I cut. No wonder. On we go up the river, dine at "44," our destination Silver Brook, which we fail to reach, and so camp at the South Branch of the Forks. Though there might be some monotony in the daily description of our fishing and camping; of our fights with that pest of the woods, the black fly, and how we suffered from their poison, yet the time never hung heavy on our hands, we never tired an instant of our sport. Here we are by Silver Brook. Bald Mountain and Squaw's Cap loom up before us; the scenery grand, wild, savage; the river winding along the base of the mountains; bear, beaver, moose tracks plenty; so are the cranberries and blue berries, of which the bear is very fond; trout in any quantity; pork and beans beginning to be valued. We pass a beaver dam, which well nigh obstructs our passage up the river, the active little workmen having nearly thrown it across the river. We pass a bear trap, a beaver and otter trap, and trail of Indians. Here we are at the "First Lake" at the headwaters of the Nepisiguit. We paddle through three lakes, each larger than the other, and go into camp on Caribou Isle, ninety miles from Bathurst. Our tents were soon up, fires going, everything in order, and leaning my gun against a tree close by my tent I joined my companions at grub, and then turned in. And here I made a mistake I have regretted all my lifetime, for instead of seeing my gun in good order I left it there, and mark what happened: Early the next morning, while K. and Jim were still asleep, I went down with the guides to get some trout for our breakfast. While fishing from our canoe, not far from shore, suddenly the bushes opened, and there stood a bull moose, weighing over 800lbs., looking calmly at us from the margin of the lake. What a magnificent animal he was! Head up, nostrils snuffing the breeze, expanded horns, motionless, he stood there looking at us as trespassers. The guide seized my gun, quietly cocked, and aimed, and fired. Snap went the cap of one barrel. Snap went the cap of the other. No report; and nothing went off but the moose, and how he did go when he got started; crashing through the bushes; and that was the last of him. The guide fairly howled with disappointment, and I didn't blame him, but I learned a lesson, at a bitter cost, I never forgot. K. and Jim, who was a good shot, walked over to the headwaters of the Tobique, and shot three grouse. I had not yet sufficiently got over the loss of that moose. The guides told us many a moose story, how to hunt him, where to shoot him, either behind the foreshoulder, side shot, or dead on through the jugular vein. They had before said the moose would not run at first sight of man. He will take one good look first. There was plenty of time to kill this fellow, if it had not been for my neglect. I walked out in the afternoon and shot a kingfisher and a rabbit and a grouse, (country boys always call them partridges), and I carefully constructed a fly out of flick and feather, that bore no resemblance to anything "in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the water under the earth." While gazing lovingly at this evolution of my inner consciousness, K. said, "What in heaven's name are you going to do with that thing?" Jim laughed outright, "Friend of my early days, are you going to heave the log?" "Now don't be jealous of me, gentlemen; if you do not know how to tie a fly don't laugh at the man who does. My boat is on the"—"Stop him!" So off we go in our canoes for trout. I am willing to swear to the following affidavit: At the first throw, when my fly struck the water with a mighty splash, a 2lb. trout grabbed it on sight and I yanked him into the boat, released him with some difficulty, the threads with which the materials were lashed together probably got jammed in his teeth, and launched forth again into the deep; up came No. 2, twin brother to No. 1. You couldn't tell them apart. This right under the nose of the scoffers, who hadn't caught anything yet. "Gentlemen, are you convinced?" "We are," and K. begged me to give him "the monstrosity" to take home with him, and present to Conroy. The fish actually tore that fly to pieces, wrenched and pried him apart, and we left him "alone in his glory." I felt his loss so keenly I never replaced him by another, he was my first, my only love.

So the time flew swiftly by, and at last came the day to say good-bye and pack up for our return. Down stream is easy rapid work; up stream "aye, there's the rub." We floated down to Bear Island and came across Prisk and Narvey again. They had killed a large moose, caught a bear in a trap, shot an otter, nine beaver and an animal they called "Lucifer"—he looked like the devil or worse. Head like a cat and legs like a kangaroo. We bought some moose meat from the old chief. Though shot might go through it, we could not get our teeth through; but moose meat at times is good and tender. Bidding them good-bye we pushed on down the river.

At Indian Falls we stopped over night and had a visit from the irrepressible Tom, apparently in great distress, his venerable father-in-law (not mother-in-law) had tumbled off a log into the river and lost his ammunition. We provided him—though honestly we did not believe a word he said—with powder and shot, and bought his otter and bear skins. He also showed us that night how to call the moose. "But will he come when you do call him?" "Oh, yes." He didn't put in an appearance, and I have a much higher appreciation of that animal. Any beast that could be deluded by the agonizing, mournful, Wagnerian sounds that Tom Narvey produced from his birchen pipe deserves "to be pulled down and shot on sight." I agree with General Dix.

"O for a blast on that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes born."

No comparison. Here we are again down among the salmon and the grilse. Four grilse and a 10-pound salmon are scooped up out of the pool at Pabineau Falls; and we make up our minds to run the rapids. Next to ice boating, of which I will tell you one of these days, I vote for the rapids. We came down through a succession of them; and what fun it was. One man in the bow with paddle and pole, another similarly equipped in the stern, the boats managed with great skill, the water tumbling, dashing, foaming. Here a rock and there a rock—Scylla and Charybdis on a reduced scale. This was exciting sport. K. led the way, Jim next, I brought up the rear. Ah! dear Jim, I hope you have long since forgiven me for not exchanging guides with you on this our "rattling run." The court didn't see it; not much. Down we flew through Round Rock Fall, Busk's Fall, Willis Fall and the Roll, this last one is well named, for Jim rolled like a flash out of his canoe. Of all things to happen is the unexpected. Incredible, Jim's guides, young fellows, lost their heads, then their paddles, so they hung on to the canoe like grim death. Up goes my friend like a rocket, lights on a rock, which he clings to, and away goes the canoe, end over end, almost over another rock. Away bob up and down the guides, while pots, pans, kettles, rods and guns "were in one huge burial blent." Some sink, some go bobbing around. I had dashed past Jim like a flash, though I called to him, needlessly, to hang on, and floating quietly in the pool at the bottom of the rapids I surveyed the scene of the disaster. There was nothing to be done, save to quit fishing for salmon and fish for Jim's baggage, the most of which we recovered. We rescued our friend off of the rock, and landing just above Rough Water Falls, which the guides said were too rough to go through safely (though I offered to tip my guide well to try it with a canoe with only ourselves in) we spread everything out on the rocks to dry, rigged Jim up in a dry suit and walked in safe and Sound to Beulah Packard's.

Here we had a grand spread, paid off our guides, gave them our flies and fishing duds; and here, as a wind up to our frolic, occurred an incident that was long remembered. K. was a much more scientific fisherman than either his brother or myself, and much more dignified; in fact, great dignity is not my strong point. I have knocked around this ball of earth until my stock has somewhat given out. K. is, without any exception, in the woods or out of it, one of the neatest men imaginable; Haggard's major would be nowhere. He would step out of his tent in the morning as fresh as a daisy, and an object of unlimited admiration to our simple guides. When, therefore, in paying off our men, one of them burst into tears and howls of lamentation, crazy with grief: "J'ai perdu tous ce que j'avais," K. found out that his guide's cow, during his absence, had broken her neck. Milk and potatoes are all these Kanucks live on. A cow is a fortune. K. is kind-heartedness personified. "Packard, what will a cow cost?" "A fairly good one will cost you $25." We voted this not much to rescue a man from such an abyss of woe; chipped in and bought the man a new cow. Presto! change. With smiles and tears of joy this unkempt, dirty-looking guide dashed at my quiet, dignified, well-dressed friend quicker than a trout at a fly, flung his arms around his neck and covered him with kisses. You can faintly imagine the result. I got the worth of my money right back. So we bid good-by to host and guides, and so our trip to the famous Nepisiguit fades away into the past.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

NOTES ON NEW MEXICAN SQUIRRELS.

VERY recently a number of people interested in our mammalian fauna, have written me with the view of obtaining information in regard to the several species of squirrels which I may have chanced to observe in the vicinity of this place, and this brief article is written with the view of placing on record a few notes respecting the three species of these interesting animals, all of which during the past few years it has been my good fortune to have collected here at Fort Wingate. The three species to which I have reference are: (1) Abert's squirrel (*Sciurus aberti*, Woodhouse); (2) the Arizona squirrel (*S. arizonensis*, Coues); and (3) the Gila chipmunk (*Tamias asiaticus dorsalis*, (Baird) Allen).

Two years ago *Science* (No. 123) very kindly published for me a short account of a specimen of Abert's squirrel, which I had at the time collected here, and in that article were presented both measurements and description of the individual in question. It was likewise illustrated by a life-size head of this squirrel, a female, being a reproduction of my own drawing, which I had made directly from the specimen soon after it was shot. As many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have possibly not seen this illustration, I reproduce it in the present connection, confident as I am that this splendid animal will well repay a second glance from those already familiar with the drawing, for it is a faithful likeness of the original, and I can only trust that those who have not yet chanced to see it, will be pleased with the figure.

In my description of the specimen in *Science*, I said that the entire upper parts were of a grizzly iron gray. Lower halves of inner aspects of ear-tufts, and a median broad stripe from shoulders to near root of tail, of a brilliant chestnut. Ear-tufts large, composed of straight black hairs. Entire under parts, borders of tail, circum-ocular stripe, and upper sides of feet pure white. A rather broad dividing line at either side, between white of under parts and gray above, jetty black. Central hairs of tail for its entire length, also black, forming a mid-third stripe down the member. Claws, horn-color and curved. Whiskers composed of six to ten black stiff hairs.

There is a splendid black phase of variety of this squir-

rel which is also said to occur in this vicinity, but up to the present time it has not been my fortune to meet with one. However, I have seen very dark gray ones which are really wonderfully handsome animals, as the white parts in them are generally purer, and the specimens improve by the contrast in the colors, which of course is still more decided when they are only snowy white and jetty black, which is said to be the case in the varieties.

They say that the California gray squirrel (*S. fossor*) is even a handsomer animal than Abert's, but never having collected the former it becomes impossible for me to express an opinion upon that point, though it is hard to believe that anything in the shape of a squirrel could surpass the present species in its spirited aspect, its grace and beauty, and then, too, it is one of our largest varieties, which also adds to its otherwise fine appearance.

Abert's squirrel is fairly abundant in the high pines which occur upon the mountain-sides, principally to the northward and eastward of Fort Wingate, and they have been frequently taken within a mile of the station. A good hunter once told me that he shot nine of them in two days, all within five miles of this locality, and only hunted for them a few hours each day.

The animal is essentially a tree lover, and rarely spends any length of time upon the ground. If you suddenly surprise one in the forest, it immediately seeks the nearest and largest pine tree within its reach by a series of very active jumps and skips, to ascend it with great rapidity to the first branches, where it often stops to take a glance at the intruder, thereby frequently affording the gunner a capital opportunity to bag the specimen.



FIG. 1.—LIFE SIZE HEAD OF A SPECIMEN OF ABERT'S SQUIRREL (ADULT FEMALE).

Now of the Arizona squirrel I have collected a number of specimens during my stay in these parts, and it is not infrequently seen within the immediate precincts of the station. In appearance it far more reminds one of our favorite gray squirrel of the East. It lacks the ear-tufts, though it differs markedly from the common gray squirrel in being more of a grizzly color above, and a mixed tawny one beneath. As to its comparative size I cannot speak with certainty, although I am inclined to believe, from recollection only, that it is rather smaller than the average gray squirrel of the Eastern States. It likewise has a broadish chestnut band rather than a stripe, down its dorsal aspect, between neck and root of tail. This latter coloration is but feebly marked sometimes, when a glance at the animal leaves the impression upon one's mind that it is of an ochrish color all over.

Unlike Abert's, the Arizona squirrel is rather partial to the crests and side-walls of the great cañons of this country, and is very much of a ground squirrel, rarely resorting to the trees when surprised by the hunter. Indeed, in recalling my captures of him, I fail to recollect an instance of ever having seen more than one in a tree, while on the other hand, I have frequently shot them as they skipped ahead of me on the ground, or clambered up the cañon-wall above me. My observations, too, incline me to suspect that this squirrel always rears its young in a hole, often dug in the side of a clay bank, or some similar locality; whereas I suspect the nest of the Abert's squirrel is placed up among the pine boughs, as is the habit of our gray one. In fact I have observed nests in the pine trees here, which I have taken to be the habitations constructed by *Sciurus aberti*, as they were evidently the handiwork of some representative of that genus of animals.



FIG. 2.—THE GILA CHIPMUNK (ADULT MALE, LIFE SIZE).

Next, to form our acquaintance with the third and last species of squirrel which occurs in this region, let us, this balmy June afternoon, pick our way through the fallen timber and masses of loose rock that incumber the bottom of one of the vast cañons hereabouts. In such a place you seat yourself for a moment upon one of the rough and partly-imbedded sandstone boulders, which long since took its plunge adown the cañon side to its present resting ground. Here you will be obliged to wait patiently for some ten or fifteen minutes in perfect quiet, when in all probability your ears will then be saluted by a not unpleasing little chirrup, which but partly reminds you of a sound often heard in the old, familiar woodlands at home.

With your eyes accustomed to peering into the recesses of nature's material that goes to make up the side of one of the rugged cañon walls in this part of the country, you are soon enabled to discover the presence of the author of this "*chip-chip, chip, ree, r-ree, r-reee, chip-r-r-rupp*," for stealthily issuing from his hiding place and coming over a broad sandstone slab with little measured steps and many nervous twitches of his tail, which is held almost vertical, you behold the timid little Gila chipmunk, one of the most interesting representatives of an exceedingly interesting genus. If you sit perfectly motionless, another, then another will now soon make their appearance at different and unexpected points, until fully half a dozen of these engaging little creatures may be in sight at one time. But upon the slightest movement of your body, off they all scamper to the weather side of rock, root or rubbish pile. You are not inclined to wait, however, another quarter of an hour, or perhaps longer, for a specimen, and as a fine male, bolder than the rest, has not taken part in the first general rush of the stampede, but stands displaying the pretty mixed gray of his back and the bright, though dark, fox color of the under side of his handsome tail, you awake the echo of the place as you fire a load of dust shot up in his direction. He is yours with hardly a visible mark upon him to indicate the cause of his so suddenly pitching down among the rocks, a *Tamias a. dorsalis* stone dead.

Even before he is cold, you cock him up in some pretty attitude among the rocks of his native haunts, and with your camera expose a dry plate upon him to take home and develop, and place aside for future reference. Then you have him life size in your collection sure enough. I made such a picture, and from it reproduced the drawing which now illustrates this article.

This chipmunk is a very different appearing little animal from his more handsome congener of the Eastern States (*T. striatus*). And although the markings, as will be seen in the figure, are quite distinct upon his head, the broad, diffuse stripes down his back, on the other hand, are but feebly defined, and hardly noticeable in some female specimens. He is of a dull ochrish, clay color beneath, and a brownish-gray on the back, while, as I have already said, the under side of the tail is a reddish chestnut shade, that extends to the nether aspect of the flank, on either side, where it merges with the color already described for the lower parts, beyond. In March here, I have found the females of this species heavy with young, and in May these latter are fully two-thirds the size of the adults. So I am inclined to think that they raise two litters and perhaps three in a single season. So much for the *Sciuridæ* of northwestern New Mexico, and after three, or nearly three years, residence here, there is nothing that gives rise in my mind, at present, to a suspicion that there may be any other species indigenous to this particular geographical area. R. W. SHUFELDT.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, June 10.

THAT "COPPER BELLY" SNAKE.—I think a specimen of the snake referred to in your issue of May 26 came under my observation about a year ago in Arizona. I was riding over the mesa in the vicinity of Fort Lowell when I came upon what I at first took for a black snake, about 3½ft. or 4ft. long. On nearer approach the reptile ascended a small meschite tree which stood near by, when I discovered the peculiar copper or pale pink color on the belly described by your Mississippi correspondent. The snake continued to climb the tree, and as he appeared to have no particular business on hand I concluded to make his acquaintance. Knowing the irritability of the black snake I decided to try the temper of my new acquaintance. I therefore dismounted and threw stones at him, which brought him to my side of the tree with such promptness and decision that I began to think I had stirred up the wrong fellow, and concluded to remount my horse. On reaching the extreme center branches on my side of the tree he began to descend in a manner most peculiar. Swinging by his tail he hooked his head over a branch below him, and swung down until his tail reached a branch still below, when wrapping his tail around this he repeated his previous maneuver, and this he continued to do till he reached the ground, when he started directly for me, and came on to within ten feet of my horse. He then turned to the right, and after a short pursuit disappeared among some rocks at the edge of the precipice. Though I tramped that region very thoroughly for nearly two years this was the only snake of the kind I saw, and have never found any one who could tell me its name. I feel quite sure it is the snake referred to in your Natural History column of issue of May 26.—J. A. P. (Fort Bidwell, Cal., June 6).

THE HORSE-HAIR SNAKES.—Galena, Dak., June 10.—I see by your issue of May 26 that Geo. D. Griffin, of Parkdale, Ont., is successfully raising horse and hog-hair snakes. Now, while I can have no fun yacht racing I want the fun of raising hair snakes. I will give $100 a pair or $1,000 for twenty snakes raised from animal hair. They may be delivered to the FOREST AND STREAM with a certified pedigree. As soon as I receive notice you will be authorized to draw on me for the amount.—W. W. ANDREWS. [It is not clear from Mr. Griffin's statement that he believes in the development of hairs into worms or snakes: but if he does, it would be prudent to let him hold his opinion, for a discussion of the "hair worm" question would be inopportune.]

THE MEDRICK GULLS AGAIN.—Portland, Me., June 14.—Mr. Grant, the assistant keeper of Matinicus Rock Light, writes me, under date of May 31, that the bird slayer, Mr. Cahoon, of Taunton, Mass., with an assistant whom he brought with him, is again shooting Medrick gulls in the vicinity of Matinicus Island. As there seems to be no way of reaching this fellow under the law, I trust you will hold him up to the opprobrium of all right-minded people.—O. A. BATCHELLOR, Commander U. S. N.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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OLD "Doctor" Deforest, a well-known character about Honeoye Falls, N. Y., was a great bragger as well as a famous muskrat trapper and sucker fisherman. One day the old fellow had considerable bilge water in his hold and was relating his exploits. Among them he told how one day he cut a hundred holes through ice a foot thick and took out over three hundred pickerel. "That's big work for a short day," said John Fish. "'Twant a short day nother," said the old man, impatiently, "it was one of the longest days in June." F. M.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.
The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:
GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,
—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

BOUNTIFUL NATURE AFFORDS NO FINER SPECIFIC for skin diseases than Sulphur, a fact that is proven by the action upon the cuticle afflicted with eruptions or ulcerous sores, of that supreme purifier and beautifier of the skin, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE—Black and brown, 50c.—*Adv.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—I.

TO my mind the Indian Territory presented always a beautiful, though vague and mysterious, appearance. That was when I was a boy, and used to read and dream about it. Even in late years—so strongly does an early, perhaps whimsical, idea of an unknown country often take hold of one—whenever I thought of the Indian Territory there came before me a picture of long, undulating reaches of grassy plains, broken by lines of noble forest growth, by clear streams and lovely interglades of level. And always, over the picture, softening every high light, lending its tone to every shadow, hung a deep, mysterious half veil of misty blue, dark, yet not unpleasing to the sense.

There are no seasons in the imagination, and my youth's picture was the same for all the year. Perhaps in the summer it may not be so very far wrong. Certainly, a couple of months ago, as I for the first time crossed the line into the "Nation," in the depth of wintertime, some points of the old picture showed true. There were the long sweeps of grass land, the bold lines of the timbered streams, the wide level plains; and, to verify the whole, over all hung a faint haze of blue, which deepened in the background into purple, royal purple, blue-black. It seemed then as if I already knew the country, though I afterward found that the peculiar blue haze arose from the effect on the atmosphere of the large burned districts which had lately been involved in the disastrous fires that had swept across the range; which latter had been set out by the fire-spitting monster of the railroad, that has already laid its serpent trail across the Cherokee Strip as far down as the Cimarron River.

Those who love a greyhound will remember that at the meet of the American Coursing Club, held at Great Bend, Kan., last October, the greyhounds of Mr. M. E. Allison quite bore away the honors. These hounds, the product of fifteen years of breeding and hunting, are known all over Kansas, and have killed all sorts of big game in all sorts of places. Mr. Allison had hunted with them over the very ground which we now proposed to visit. It was while describing this hunt to myself and my friend and partner, Mr. J. A. Ricker, the artist, that our comments induced him to form the notion of showing us a little fun with the same dogs and in the same country. Whereafter ensued tedious struggles to escape the fiend, Business. But at last we all did escape, or told each other that we had. At that time I found myself at Kiowa, on the border line, and here I was picked up by my friends, who came with the team overland from Hutchinson, two days' drive.

I found that the conveyance selected was a sort of Black Maria, a stout Surrey wagon covered with black curtains and fitted with light sideboards. The two ponies which pulled it were declared—by the liveryman—to be of the reversible sort, such as might be either ridden or driven. Inside the Black Maria were the two men, a few blankets and three greyhounds, in which latter I recognized the champion dog Sandy Jim, his runner-up Terry and the old veteran Mike. Behind the vehicle, coupled close together, trotted Buck and Drum, two trail hounds of such preternatural solemnity of countenance that I could never keep from smiling whenever I looked at them. These two foxhounds, coupled together as they were, always gravely, diligently and promptly whipped any dog which pitched upon them along the road, and then at once relapsed into mournfulness again. By the side of the team trotted old John, Mr. Allison's bay hunter, with ears thrown forward and eyes alert. John loves to hunt as well as anybody, and he and the dogs have a perfect understanding with each other.

Well, as I said, the Indian land showed blue as we rolled across the line. Our noses looked blue also, though, perhaps, not so picturesque. The thermometer was six below zero, and there was such a wind as only blows in the wide southwest. We found our curtained Black Maria very comfortable, however, though the poor greyhounds shivered pitifully. As soon as we had crossed the big wire gate which let us into the territory (for, as will presently appear, the Cherokee strip is only a big cattle pasture all under fence), we tied the foxhounds to the wagon, and kept the greyhounds inside for fear of poison. The coyote industry is a very prominent one in those parts, and we did not know when a dog might pick up a wolf bait and be gathered unto his fathers. And when a dog has as many fathers as some of ours had, in his pedigree, you don't want him gathered unto them. But, under any circumstances, the greyhounds would have ridden, for they were all more or less crippled up, by reason of recent argument with certain coyotes up around Hutchinson. Mike had been further lamed by a severe fall while running on ice; it is a question if he ever will get over this sprain, which is in his left hind leg. Jim was badly bitten up, and had a very tender ankle. Terry—not held to be so fast as either of the others—was the only one in fair condition. He seemed to be feeling pretty well, and lay on top of the other dogs, looking up at us intelligently and grinning perpetually. Terry has a peculiar undershot jaw, which gives him a strange look; but his eye is large and soft, and he is a singularly affable sort of a dog, so to speak, for a greyhound. Mike is very dignified, and won't speak to you without an introduction; if you ride well in the chase he will notice you a little.

They say that Mr. Allison always allows his greyhounds to ride, and, in fact, sometimes walks in order to leave room for them in the wagon. I do not know how that is; but I do know that a greyhound, even a big and strong one, is a running machine that is very liable to get out of order; for be it but a toe nail which is missing or injured, the machine is not at its best.

It was high noon when we rolled out of Kiowa, and 2 o'clock when we stopped at Mule Creek for a particularly frigid cold lunch. I should state that we were not intending to make a camping trip of it, but planned to stop at cattle camps during our time out. We were headed for the Cimarron River, and expected to do most of our hunting on the range of the 21 ranch. (Only tenderfeet speak of a ranch by any name olher than its brand). The 21 brand is the sign manual of the Messrs. Greever, from one of whom Mr. Allison had received a cordial invitation to come and bring his dogs, which invitation was seconded by Mr. T. H. Kirkpatrick, the foreman of the ranch, whom, by the way, we met at Kiowa. Just before we reached Mule Creek we passed Mr. Greever posting in for Kiowa to catch a train, and had but time for a hurried "How!" as we passed. We were, however, nothing daunted by the fact that our host was not at home. We just kept right on. That is the way they do in the cattle country.

It was some forty-five miles from Kiowa to the 21 ranch and the nearest stopping place out was at the Eagle Chief Pool, a distance of twenty-five miles. It should be understood that the "pool" part of this name has reference only to the company of cattlemen along Eagle Chief Creek, who have joined their assets and have agreed to stand each his *pro rata* in the expenses of the lease, fencing, ranch expenses, etc. There are several "pool outfits" in the "Strip."

At the risk of offending such as are anxious only for a hunt, I would perhaps better pause long enough to say a few words about the Cherokee Strip and the tenure under which it is held by the cattlemen, for it must be remembered that there is not an Indian in the whole of that great section of country, it being all leased to the cattlemen by the Cherokee people.

The rental paid by the cattlemen is two cents per acre—a ridiculous amount; yet one which affords the tribe an enormous income per annum; while it affords the cattlemen the opportunity of actually raising an animal to maturity for less than the taxes would amount to in the State of Kansas. Of course the cattlemen of the Strip pay no taxes at all. Blessed men. They have found Elysium on earth. Naturally, they want the lease renewed at its expiration—which occurs in a little less than two years. Politics will have much to do with it. If the Cherokees sell the land to the United States it is all over with the cattlemen. But if the matter is left with old Bushy-head, the present chief of the Cherokees, the lease will possibly be continued. Bushy-head is well educated and eminently level-headed. His views on the land questions were well voiced by his sub-chief—not so well educated as himself—who thus replied to the embassy of a certain syndicate who have long had their eyes on that favored country:

"Mebbe so Injun got hen," said he. "Mebbe so hen lay um egg. Injun take um egg in two, four week; buy um tobacco. Injun smoke; have a good time. Mebbe so Injun *sell* um hen. Get plenty dollar. Buy um plenty tobacco; have heap fun. Bine-by tobacco all gone. No have um egg, no have um hen!"

The red philosopher has the fable of the goose with the golden egg dead to rights, though he never heard of that celebrated fowl. His understanding, thus formulated, is the hope of the cattlemen.

The apportionment among the cattlemen of the land embraced under the lease was effected by mutual consent, or by arbitration, each "outfit" receiving what seemed fair for its count of cattle. Ten acres is the nominal allowance per head, but most of the ranges afford fifty acres per head. In case of heavy fires, one man may have to take the greater part of his "neighbor's" cattle upon his range. This is always done cheerfully. No class of men stand together so well as the cattlemen.

In establishing the lines of the different ranches, the survey committee followed the trend of the "divides." All the ranches are fenced. This whole great strip of country, big as a State, is crossed and threaded by wire fences. It is one enormous cattle preserve.

It is a game preserve, also. Into it no hunter is allowed to go under penalty of confiscation of his arms and property. Of course, the law is continually violated. "Granger" hunters come out every fall with wagon loads of deer. But let them come under the knowledge or the displeasure of a cattleman, and if the cowboys did not run them off at once, a word would bring a band of soldiers down on the gallop, and a very serious trouble would be the result. Some heavy confiscations have been made this fall, and the ignorant or wilful hunter has more than once learned that it won't do to kick against Uncle Sam.

Against any unpleasantness of this sort the members of our party were provided with proper passes, authorizing us to pass "Into and through the Indian Territory for the purposes of hunting and landscaping." As we met no soldiers during the whole trip, we were not called upon to produce the passes. Even had we not had them, we could perhaps have smuggled ourselves in as guests of the ranch. It is the marauding market hunter and game butcher against whom the soldiers have a grudge. They can tell one as soon as they see him, and once a darky soldier gets behind him with a gleaming bayonet, the butcher hunter is sure to march. I suppose there are times when officers are blind in the Territory as well as elsewhere; but if any one should ask how he could be assured of a safe trip into that country, and how he could arrange it, I would only say, don't go at all, unless you are on friendly terms with some cattleman. There are trappers and skunk hunters on the range in the Strip, who have been camped there all winter. They have no right there, but the cattlemen do not complain of them; perhaps because they kill coyotes, and coyotes kill calves. The 21 outfit do not allow hunting on their range—an exception was made in our case. The range is therefore better stocked with game than perhaps any other in the whole Cherokee Strip.

For the 21 range, then, under the circumstances hereinbefore set forth, we were, I believe, en route at the time the narrative stopped for lunch at Mule Creek.

Our piratical craft sailed over the six or eight miles of divide which lie between Mule Creek and the Salt Fork, and there met the first trouble of the day. The ice was very smooth and our ponies sorely disliked to venture upon it. A horse on ice is not a graceful object, especially when he assumes a supine position and waves his legs over his stomach as a signal of distress.

It was sundown, and we were very cold and quite chilled through when—having by great good fortune taken the right trail at a dubious cross road—we pulled through the gate into the Eagle Chief "pasture" (of some fifty or sixty square miles) and sighted the ranch house. A half dozen big greyhounds came out and greeted us noisily, but no sign of life appeared about the house. We were not acquainted with any of the owners here; but, according to the fashion of the country, had appointed this as a stopping place for the night. However, we met a rather funny rebuff here at first. Mr. Allison, while we others were unhitching the team, stepped up to the door of the house and knocked.

"Come in," said a voice. He did so, and espied a solitary figure sitting by the fireplace reading, which figure paid no attention to him—not even glancing up from the book.

"Can we stay over night with you?" asked Mr. Allison.

"S'pose so."

"Where shall we put our team?"

"Anywhere you please."

"Bring our traps in here?"

"Anywhere you please."

"Can we get some horse feed?"

"S'pose so."

Mr. Allison turned to go out. The young man looked up and said: "Got any chuck?" Mr. Allison intimated that we had not; that we intended to secure that at the ranches, but that we wished to pay for what we got.

"Oh, we aint that kind of an outfit," said the other. Then, as Mr. Allison murmured something about cooking, he inquired:

"Aint you as able to cook as I am?"

Here, indeed, was off-hand hospitality! Our embassy returned a little bit confused. We resolved next time to send Ricker, who was the good-looking man of the party, and who, as we jokingly told Mr. Allison, didn't so nearly resemble a horse thief. However, we attended to our team, making it comfortable in the ranch stables, and then sought again our new friend, who was now out cutting wood. We further introduced ourselves as having been sent to the Eagle Chief by Mr. Kirkpatrick, of the 21.

"You know old man Kirk? Come in, fellows," said our host. And we were at once made debtors to the universal popularity which Mr. Kirkpatrick has, not only on the 21 ranch, but all over the range.

We now transacted the formalities customary on the range, and soon we got pretty well acquainted with our entertainer, who thawed out rapidly and at once showed himself a very jolly fellow. He explained to us, as he went on cooking supper—he had had his own supper before we came—that there had not been more than two days in as many months when he had not had somebody come in on him. "I like to have company," said he, "when they're like you fellows and amount to something; but there's all sorts in this country, you know, and half or them just make a convenience of a cow outfit." At this we again had a laugh at Mr. Allison, and advised him to have his hair cut. There was not, however, very much room for criticism, for our cold weather clothes gave us all the appearance of hard citizens. We were not beautiful. But at the supper table we showed ourselves useful. Young Mason—for such was his name—cooked a big pan of biscuits (hot bread is the only kind known on the range) and these, though far outnumbering us, we routed ignominiously, together with much other slaughter.

After business session we spent the evening in talk about the big fireplace. The ranch house had but two rooms, and was built of boards and cracks. Mason informed us that he was alone most of the time in that one of the Eagle Chief camps at that season of the year. He had that day broken the monotony by taking the hounds out for a run, and had killed two coyotes. He told us that game was no longer plentiful on the Eagle Chief. The turkeys were nearly all killed off along the stream, where lately there were so many that he used often to run them down with horse and hounds (a feat not difficult on open country). Mason also reported plenty of poison above and below on the creek, and warned us that one range, which we were to cross on the following day, was full of poison.

We spent the evening pleasantly in comparing and discussing our pistols and rifles, and in talking over the cattle business. Then, having got our bearings for the remainder of our journey to the Cimarron, we folded each the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams.

E. HOUGH.

BISON IN THE PARK.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having occasion to remain a few days at the Lower Geyser Basin, I took advantage of this opportunity to look up the bison. Starting out with the government scout to the south and west, we saw the first signs of bison three miles from the hotel. They had rubbed and scratched themselves against small pine trees, breaking the tops off and the limbs down, and using the stumps to rub against, leaving bunches of hair all around. Some of the trees were 4in. in diameter where broken off. In soft sandy places we found "wallows," where the bison had pawed and rolled until they had made quite a hole in the ground, some 10ft. in diameter, and from 1 to 2ft. deep, the soil being well mixed with hair, giving it the appearance of a mortar bed. Following up the sign, we came to places where they had bedded during the winter on warm sunny hillsides and sheltered nooks. Some of the tracks we saw were immense, 6 and 7in. wide, made by bulls; others were smaller, made by cows. Often we saw many fresh elk tracks, but we paid no attention to them, as we were not out to hunt elk, but buffalo. Soon we came to bison sign, made that morning, and not over three hours old, where they had been feeding in openings and willow marshes. While trailing them up we were overtaken by a severe snow squall, which lasted about twenty minutes. When this was over, we concluded to tie up our horses and take up the trail on foot, as the horses made too much noise going through the timber, and we were confident we were close on the bison. Our object being to see them, and, if possible, to avoid frightening them, we securely fastened our stock, made a short detour, and approached the opening in which we thought to find the bison feeding.

We crossed a wide trail used by the bison in winter, and several fresh trails. Cautiously moving forward we came out to the open swamp, when my attention was attracted by a crackling in some timber ahead, where some large animal was moving. At first we did not notice anything in the opening, and so moved forward to see what was ahead. When we were about ten yards out from the timber, picking our way through the swamp and examining the fresh tracks, Wilson the scout noticed a buffalo to our left, a fine four or five-year-old bull, less than a hundred yards off, quietly feeding. We used our field glasses and had a good chance to examine him. He was very fat and in splendid condition, but not shed-off, except that the rump had lost the winter coat. The rest of his body was covered with the old hair which, excepting that around his head and neck, was much faded and

bleached by the winter storms and spring sunshine. His head and neck were quite black and his eyes shining through the long black hair, gave him a very savage and fierce appearance. Knowing how wild and timid he really was, we were careful not to alarm him, but watched him as he fed from side to side just as domestic cattle do. At last he turned toward us, giving us a fine view of his size and movements. We were expecting that he would wind us at any moment, as the breeze was blowing directly toward him from us, but he was so busy feeding with his nose close to the ground that it was some time before he showed any sign of scenting us. At last he raised his head and looked directly toward us for a moment, and then went to feeding again. We took advantage of this and slipped back into the timber out of sight, but so that we could watch him for a while longer. Soon the bison concluded that something was wrong and slowly moved off across the swamp, stopping once to feed as some extra fine bunches of grass attracted his attention. His smooth, sharp, black horns looked like good enough weapons for defense against anything but man with his rifles. As we did not wish to frighten or disturb any of the bison we returned to our horses and then to the hotel, being satisfied with seeing the one animal. To have looked up others we would have alarmed our first one and probably have caused them to leave this section.

A few days later we visited another part of the Geyser Basin, and saw trails of bison and sign of their having wintered there. One fresh trail showed where quite a band had traveled westward. A few days later I visited that point again, and, carefully examining the trail, saw and counted the separate tracks of five buffalo calves, where, a little to one side of the main trail, they had traveled beside their mothers. I could not make out any more calf tracks with this band, which, I think, numbered at least twenty, not counting calves. Calf tracks could only be seen beside the trail; if any walked in it, the larger animals would obliterate any sign made by the young.

These are the bison I wished to hunt up last winter on my trip through the Park in the interest of the FOREST AND STREAM.

While looking around for game I saw the bones of buffalo in two of the hot springs, where by some accident they had fallen in and so lost their lives. Occasionally a tourist sees these bones. I have noticed where quite a number of animals have fallen into the hot springs throughout the Park, on the lake shore, in the Mud Geysers, in the Norris Geysers; and this spring on the road from the Mammoth Hot Springs to Norris a yearling black-tail deer or young elk, I am not sure which, is in a hot spring not 10ft. from the road, where any one can see it while passing along. Often one sees tracks where elk and deer have waded out in the hot water of the springs and pools, going into very dangerous places, stepping into water hot enough to scald one.

Several bears have been seen this spring by tourists and a great many elk, but no tourist has seen a buffalo.

Song birds are nesting. One pair of robins, whose nest is under the eaves of the hotel, had hatched out their young on June 3. Ducks, geese and thousands of water-fowl are busy raising young, to make sport for people outside of the Park.

In an extensively circulated advertisement by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, it is stated as a noticeable fact that there are no song birds in the Park, while the fact is the Park is abundantly supplied with a great variety.

The roads are now in splendid condition. The trails have not been traveled up to this date, on account of snow in the higher parts of the Park. This snow is furnishing the water to feed the streams, which are unusually high throughout this section. The Yellowstone River has reached a point higher than ever known before by the whites, and is bringing down from the mountains great quantities of logs, whole trees and masses of drift-wood. All bridges over the river are in great danger from the floods of water now rushing to the sea. A short time ago this was snow and covered the lakes and mountains of the Park, and filled the cañons and the timber, over or among which a person could glide on snowshoes more easily than they can now walk on the ground.

The travel commenced in the Park this year before the hotels were opened. The weather was so delightful that tourists could not wait for hotels, but put up with any kind of accommodation. Some who could not procure transportation on account of the snow walked through. These are called FOREST AND STREAM tourists.

The Geyser Action in the Upper Basin has changed a little from that of last year. The Splendid, Castle and Grand give a daily display. The Giantess rests from nine to sixteen days between eruptions. The Giant has been seen but once in many months. The Grotto, Fan, Riverside, Sawmill, Turban, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, are in action, showing no noticeable change from last year. Old Faithful, the tourists' friend, keeps up its reputation with hourly eruptions. The Bee Hive is very uncertain, going off twice a day for a day or two, then remaining inactive for weeks. In the Lower Basin there is but little change, a little longer interval between the eruptions of Fountain and Great Fountain. No one has seen the Surprise in eruption this year, nor the Excelsior since the summer of '82. The Norris Basin shows an increase in activity over last year, and is becoming one of the most interesting Geyser Basins in the Park, well worthy of a day's study by any tourist, but is slighted by almost all, who hurry on by it with but a moment's time spent in running over a small portion.

Captain Harris's scout is making it very interesting for the hunters and trappers who venture into the Park. One man who thought it unsafe to go in from Gardiner, tried it by going around over two hundred miles, and then found Wilson in camp as he drove across the line. He is out of the Park now, after contributing a pack horse, traps and outfit to the collection made by the superintendents.

If fires are kept within bounds, and as well out of the Park as are hunters and trappers, it will be something for every one to rejoice over. H.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF FOREST AND STREAM.—Coralville, Iowa, June 14.—I have taken the combined papers for 14 years, nearly; and do not think I can afford to do without it. It seems to grow a little better every year.—JOHN WILLIAMS.

MOOSE IN QUEBEC cannot lawfully be killed before 1890.

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note with much interest "Yo's" opening articles on the diamond hitch. I wish that the spirit had moved him to write just one year ago, for then I was one of "two young men quite unacquainted with Western ways, who started to go through the Yellowstone Park," and who decided that they would not "hire an experienced packer." We had an aparejo, also the sawbuck saddles, and were not green hands at throwing most kinds of hitches, but a wall tent with its jointed iron-shod poles packed on the aparejo mule we never could manage. As a last resort each man shouldered a pole, for being government property we could not "forget them." Let me add this piece of advice to "Yo's." Economize in everything; horses, grub, guide and general outfit, but not on an experienced packer. If you do, then don't take an aparejo, a tent or poles, as they involve spending more time in packing and repacking than in traveling, more terrible swearing than Uncle Toby's army in Flanders, and such general ugliness of temper in the outfit that each man would be ready to wipe out his companion if the fact did not stare him in the face that then he would have to do all the packing himself. After we started in to carry the poles I hit upon a wrinkle which I think will be new even to "Yo." I made a flat square pack of the tent, then spreading it over the animal from withers to rump I lashed him up just like a hammock. NAVAL OFFICER.

NAVAL ACADEMY CLUB, Annapolis, Md.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A week or two since, in the first of the articles with the above title I said, "So far as I can learn nothing has ever been written about the method of throwing the diamond hitch." Since that was written I have come across a little pamphlet by Lieut. E. S. Farrow, U. S. A., entitled "Pack Mules and Packing," published in 1881. This brochure, while containing some useful hints, is not adapted to the wants of the novice at packing, because it takes too much for granted. Some of the sketches contained in it are, however, very excellent.—YO.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.—"R. R. R." hits the bull plumb center. We want and must have improved ammunition for hunting rifles. The light express hollow-pointed patched bullet, with a heavy charge of quick powder, fills the bill—almost. We want in addition the lands of the rifle reamed down at the chamber to give an exact center-bearing to the bullet so there will be no jump in starting; with the bullet seated in the shell just enough to hold it securely, and to load without inserting bullet and shell separately. I have discarded a repeater for a single-shot, and like the change, but am utterly disgusted with the common ammunition for big game.—WARFIELD.

OHIO.—Georgetown, June 4.—The prospect for plenty of quail here the coming season is most excellent, and the gunners are looking forward to great sport after Nov. 10. Our game laws are very well observed, every one being satisfied with the length of the open season.—N. S. G. W.

GUNPOWDER TESTS.—There is an error in the article mentioned, caused, I fear, by its being hastily written. Probably any sportsman will see that "1½drs. powder and 4drs. shot" should read "4drs. powder and 1¼oz. shot."—T. C. B.

THE BIG BEAR OF TOBY GUZZLE.—In my article, "The Big Bear of Toby Guzzle," I wrote the step was 36in. The compositor has it 26in., an error palpable to hunters, but perhaps not to others.—WARFIELD.

ONE SIDE OF IT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find cutting which will explain the situation in Arizona in regard to Indian affairs, and the cause of the postponement of the "Sierra Madre Exploration."

It was hoped by credulous people that the capture of Geronimo and his band would put an end to the Apache troubles, but as long as the San Carlos Reservation is kept up by the Government as a training school for these murderers and robbers there will be continued outbreaks.

I had just arranged with "The Sonora Land Company," of this city, for means to go on with the exploration when this news came here and upset the enterprise. "It was ever thus since childhood's hour." I wrote a "History of the Apaches" for General Miles last summer, commencing in 1542 and concluding with the capture of Geronimo. In the Sepoy mutiny the British government did not send the red-handed murderers to the orange groves of Florida; but to happier hunting grounds.

It seems to the frontiersmen very unjust for our government to educate, feed, clothe, arm and pamper these savages to turn loose on the settlers and murder, rob, ravish and plunder at their sweet will and pleasure; but experience does not give hope for anything better. It may be fun for the Indian agents, but it is death to the settlers. There has been no protection for life or property since the U. S. Government acquired the country in 1853. The army may give an excuse for its existence by chasing these renegades into Mexico at a cost of over a thousand dollars each, and when caught, if ever, I suppose they will be sent to enjoy the climate of Florida; and the humanitarian will howl because they are separated from their dear families. The subject is too nauseous for respectful consideration. CHARLES D. POSTON.

CHICAGO, June 14.

NEW YORK GAME LAWS.

THE Governor has signed the following bills:

Chap. 298, Senator Murphy's bill allowing certain privileges of selling in New York city, trout and other fish caught in other States during the off seasons in this State.

Chap. 512, Senator Comstock's provision for a fishway in the State dam at Troy.

Chap. 530, Assemblyman Collin's bill for the preservation of salmon.

Chap. 562, Assemblyman Winne's bill providing an appropriation for the development of a park in the Catskill Mountains.

The Fitch bill, making an appropriation for the fish hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor.

Reeves bill allowing the shooting of fowl in Gardiner and Peconic Bays.

McMillan's landlocked salmon bill.

Coggeshall's 6in. trout bill. Cornell's Keuka Lake bill. Giese's bill prohibiting bass fishing in Lake Erie or Niagara River between Jan. 1 and July 1. Sweet's bill relative to fishing with nets in Cayuga Lake. Hamilton's preserves bill.

Ambition and honest endeavor are to be commended. Make no mistake on this score, and there is a time when the rod and gun must be laid aside for the stern duties of life, but if our young friends will take the advice of the great and generally good *Telegraph* they will cling to youthful sports and pleasures as long as possible. You may not, in fact, cannot, all be President, however hard you may try, but don't forget that the President tries at times just as hard to be a boy.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

TROLLING FOR TROUT.

SINCE reading "Piseco's" letter in your issue of June 9, I have thought how much my case was like his. For some years I have done all my fishing on strictly scientific principles, using a fly or nothing; and although I have been moderately successful, still there has been times when I have been strongly tempted to become converted from a "fly lunatic" to a "worm digger." I have, however, always resisted temptation until this spring, when a combination of circumstances was too much for me, and I became converted, at least for the time being.

About May 24 I arrived at Middle Dam and took room at the Anglers' Retreat. I may be a little superstitious, but I never fish on the day of my arrival at my proposed grounds; and so I spent the afternoon in looking around and listening to the reports of the day's fishing. The chance for fly-fishing, I was told, was not good, and if I wanted to get any fish I must troll or still-fish. This was unwelcome news to me, as I knew very little of the art of still-fishing and less of trolling, and at that time thought I did not want to know. So the next day I started out with the intention of catching fish with the fly or not at all; and I fulfilled my intention, for I did not get a rise, although I used nearly every kind of fly that could be thought of and in every manner I had ever heard of. It was all the more discouraging as when I came through Errol, people were catching nice trout with the fly, and had been quite successful at Andover, but it was of no use, and at night I made up my mind that if I wanted any fish it was troll or still-fish; and as still-fishing does not possess any more attractions for me than clam digging, I at once gave that up. But in order to troll I should have a guide, and as that could not be procured I must go alone. So getting a boat of Capt. Farrar I started out for the Narrows, the scene of success and disappointment of the last four days, with the determination of giving trolling a good trial. I had received instructions from one of the guides as to the proper manner to put on the minnow and felt that I ought to be at least moderately successful. When I got out in the lake I baited up and let out about 50ft. of line and laid the rod down at my feet within reach. I had not gone far when I had a strike, which nearly took the rod out of the boat. I grasped it as quickly as possible, but not quick enough to save the fish; he had gone before I could lay the oars down and get the rod up. I started on again and again had a strike and again lost him. And so it went all day; I had strikes enough, but could not get the fish. About noon some gentlemen who were stopping at the Retreat invited me to take dinner with them. After dinner I succeeded in getting one small trout of about 1½lbs. and lost another when nearly in the landing net, but still I continued until nearly all the boats were home, and then I turned my boat toward home too, and trolled across the lake, feeling that although I had not been successful I had done all I could, and as John Danforth says, "kept my line wet." At supper all were relating the incidents of the day; some were happy over a six-pounder, while others had to be content with a three-pounder, and others still, myself included, with less.

The next morning I told Captain Sam Clark, of the steamboat service, to get me a guide, if he could; this he promised to do, but day after day went by, and no guide came to me. I was not idle all of the time, but I did not fish much, as they were sluicing logs through the dam and this spoiled the fishing in the river. At last, one noon when the boat landed, Captain Clark said, "I have a guide for you," and presented Frank Dunn, of Andover, to me. I was quite pleased to have him come, as I had learned he was a good guide, and he had a good boat and everything complete. We fished a little up in the Narrows that afternoon, but did not have much success, for the fishing had begun to be poor by this time, there being no less than eighteen boats there nearly every day. When we returned that evening I made up my mind that I would try some place where others did not fish. The next morning I told Frank I thought we had better try the South Arm. Some of my friends laughed at that; in fact, they had rather laughed at me for the last few days, as I had caught no fish, but was waiting for "something to turn up." But Frank said my judgment was good, and that there were as good fish in the South Arm as ever were caught.

We crossed the lake and trolled down Saints' Rest, and just as we got by the point I had a strike and got a little fellow of 1¼lbs. We took him in and cast out again and soon had another strike, and got what proved to be another small one, about 1¼lbs. This convinced us we had got where the fish were, but their size was not much to brag of. I said to Frank, "This is more like it; but it will take a month to catch up with my friends at the dam." "You hold on an hour or two," said he, "and I will show you some that are worth while." Encouraged by his confident tone, I "braced up" and waited. I had not long to wait, for soon there came a strike that bent my 13-ounce split bamboo so that its tip went into the water. Frank noticed it and started for the middle of the lake and I kept a taut line on the fish, until, when Frank thought he had got out far enough, he stopped rowing and I began to reel in. I soon had the fish up where we could see him, and we began to bet on his weight; but there was no chance to decide the bet, for just as we were going to slip the net under him he was gone. I do not know how heavy he was, but we set him down as 4½lbs. Frank was a little discouraged at the loss of the fish; but I told him that my luck was coming and I knew it would hold out until I had as many fish as I wanted, or at least as many as I ought to have. We kept on trolling, intending to go to the South Arm for dinner and return in the afternoon.

We were just passing a point where a large stump had been lifted up on the rocks by the ice; and Frank said, "There ought to be a big fish under that stump." He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when the rod was nearly pulled from my hands and the line went off from the reel as though it would never stop. Frank uttered a remark of great force and surprise and started for the middle of the lake as if his whole aim in life were to get away from that stump. I had turned around so as to face

the stern, and hung on to the rod as if it were my last hope. For as many as thirty strokes did Frank pull and not a foot did the boat go ahead except as I let out the line; but at last the strength of Frank's arms were more than the fish could withstand and little by little the boat began to go ahead.

Frank kept his course for the dam and I had the tip of the rod up in the air as well as I could with one arm, while with the other hand I tried to control the line so the fish would not take it in; but it was of no use; I had to let out a little at each rush or each shake, as I was afraid the rigging would not stand such a strain. We had tested the whole business that morning at 9lbs., but the fish was pulling more than that. At last all my line was out and something must be done. "Frank, suppose you stop rowing while I reel in some line." "All right, but just look and see what time it is?" "Ten minutes of twelve; I guess we will be late for dinner." "Never mind the dinner, I would rather go without dinner for the next week than lose that fish. He aint no minnow now, I can tell by the way this boat pulls; see, you are drawing the boat back to the fish." And so I was, for every foot of line I reeled in, I pulled the boat back just so much.

At last I had 50 or 60ft. out, and as I thought that was as near as I cared to have the fish, I told Frank to go ahead. He began to row and slowly the boat moved, but it did not go very fast, for the fish all this time was not lying still like a log, but was using his utmost powers to break away from the line and free himself from that fearful minnow which was so much more powerful than himself. Line, hook and rod all did their part, and we kept on up the lake, Frank rowing strong and steady and I giving and taking line as occasion required. At last Frank asked the time. "Half past twelve." "Great Scott! Forty minutes. Well, he is a tough one. Why don't you bring him to the top?" "I don't dare to. If he should happen to be hooked lightly he would be sure to break away, for he would be afraid of us and make a desperate struggle. I am not going to get him any nearer until he breaks water, and then we can see how tired he is." After a while he came to the top and gave us a sight of back and tail; and then we were more anxious than ever to save him. "He will weigh more than 6lbs.," said Frank. I thought he would, too, but did not dare to say so, so I replied, "I will take you under and pay if I get beat." "All right, but you will have to pay, for he is a pound bigger than those that the gentlemen with me last week caught, and they weighed 6lbs."

Just then the fish came to the surface and turned over on his side, and we were both surprised at his depth. It was an exhausted fish, and I thought that it would do to try to land it.

"Now, Frank, you sit on that side of the boat and take the net. No, don't get up, you will scare him; sit right down and I will bring him up to you. Wet the net so that it won't be light colored, and be careful not to scare him." I then reeled in the line until I had the fish near the boat, then I swung him round toward Frank and held him upon the surface. "Now take him." He moved the net gently in the water until he got the fish in it, and then it came into the boat in a hurry. Down on the bottom of the boat we all were, and while Frank was getting out his "war club" to kill the fish I held it down, or in its frantic flopping and jumping it would have gone out of the boat again. "Now see what time it is," said Frank, as he laid the fish in the bow of the boat and covered it up with moss. "Fifteen minutes of one. We must have had hold of that fish an hour; he was a game one and made a good fight. I have caught fish that would jump out of water more, but I never got hold of one that it took an hour of steady rowing to tire out. How far have we come?" "Two miles and a half or more, we are most up to the dam." "Well, I guess we will go down and see what Mrs. Sessions has for dinner." "I was just beginning to think of that myself, a little dinner won't go bad by the time we get there." So we started for the house at the South Arm, where the people who come in by the way of Andover first strike the lakes. We trolled down but got only one, and that a small one. When we got to the house our fish weighed just 6¾lbs. "There," said Frank, "now pay your bet." I did.

Mrs. Sessions came out, and as she saw the fish she exclaimed, "My soul, Frank Dunn, where did you catch that?" "Up here by the island." "Well, well," said the old lady, "to think that you come down here and catch my fish." I hastened to explain to her that I was a stranger and did not know which were her fish, but we got gold of one that might have been hers so we let it go. Frank had dressed the small ones and just then brought them up and gave them to her; so with a laugh she went in and began to bustle around about our dinner.

After dinner Frank asked where we should go. "Oh, back up by the island; those fish up there are good enough for me." So back we went and trolled on the way, but did not get anything except one little fellow. Just as we got up to "our" stump another boat came around the point. They had hardly passed the stump before the gentlemen had a strike. Up he jumped in the boat, and then began such a jumping around as I never saw. His rod was bent double, and he kept reeling in as fast as he could. His guide told him to sit down, but he was too much excited to do so, and kept pulling on the fish. At last he got him up to the boat, when he seized the line with his hand and was going to have the fish in quick order; but the strain was too much, the hook pulled out, and away went the fish. With an exclamation the gentleman sank back in his seat and the disgusted look that came over him was mirrored in the face of his guide. We went on and left them trying to get the snarls out of the line. In a few minutes we passed the point again and as the bait came near the stump I had the hardest strike I ever had. "Go out, go out, Frank; I've hooked a whale." Quick as a flash the boat was pointed toward the middle of the lake, and Frank was pulling as for life. There were a number of dead trees standing in the water, and the fish was making for them. I knew if he got to them he was "a goner." Raising the tip of the rod straight up in the air and grasping the line to the rod with both hands I held on for glory. The fish was going at right angles to us, and although Frank pulled as hard as he could the boat advanced not a foot, but kept off sideways with the fish. At last he began to turn and soon came easier and we got out of danger. "Look at your watch," said Frank. "A quarter to three." "Now, do your best, for this is a big one and no discount." Just there the fish stopped short, and although I pulled as hard as I could he would not come. "He is snagged," I suggested. "No he ain't; give him line; give him some line or you will lose him; give him what he wants." I let him take it a little, but kept one hand on it. He would shake his head and start out to one side and take 10ft. or 20ft. of line; but at last he had to give up and come with us; and although he fought hard he did not have the spring and rush of the big one before. We had not gone very far before he came to the surface away behind the boat. Then we saw him for the first time, and what a big one he was. All we could see was his back fin and tail, but they were as large as a man's hand or larger, and made such a commotion in the water that you would have thought lightning had struck them. "That's the biggest fish I ever saw; he will go over 10lbs." "Well, I'll take you under." "All right, you'll see. I tell you that is the biggest trout that has been caught this spring, and don't you forget it." "I will try not to; but we have not got him yet." "Well, we will. If you lose him I will jump out of the boat and dive for him."

Just then the fish made a rush for the boat and we had some sharp work to keep him from getting slack line, but we succeeded in keeping the hook in place and in holding what line we got. He soon came to the surface and turned up so we could see his shining side through the water. Oh, he was a beauty—a perfect giant—a whale. We became somewhat excited and began again to make bets on his weight. There, at last he was within 25ft. of the boat. "Now, Frank, stop rowing and we will see what we can do." "I am afraid he will get under the boat if I do." "Well, you lay the oars down so you can get them quickly, and I will try and get him up here, but I never can while those oars are slashing around in the water in that shape." "All right, but you will lose him, now you see. You had better let me row a while longer." "I don't think so. We have hold of him now twenty-five minutes, and I am afraid that he will get the hook out of his mouth and get away." "There is no danger of that as he don't get slack line." Just then the fish turned up his side, we saw he was very sick, and that it would be well to land him then, so Frank lay down his oars and took the net and sat there all ready, and I reeled him to the boat and easily and slowly swung him around to the side of the boat—when all at once he came to life and started under the boat—but the rod was thin—he forgot about that—that was on irresistible summons calling him back, and he had to come. Our hearts were in our mouths and we thought he was gone, but by quick work on the oars Frank soon got him behind the boat and was taking him up the lake as if he were trying to get ahead of the steamboat. At last the fish was indeed done for. We stopped the boat, drew him up to the side, Frank landed him in a scientific manner, and he was "our meat." What a beauty he was. So large, such splendid colors, such a broad tail, such strong fins, and altogether so powerful that it took all of Frank's skill to hold him down while I hunted for the "war club." I hated to kill him. How I wished I could keep him alive and take him home to keep in the place of the one that died last summer. How pretty he would be, but he must be killed "to save his life"—and with a last struggle he was dead. We sat there admiring him a few minutes while Frank rested, and then he put on another bait. "Let's weigh him," said Frank. "Well, you just row enough to get this line out and then we will weigh him."

He pulled for the shore, for we were a mile out in the lake, and I had a strike. "Hold on, hold on. I have him." A look of surprise came over Frank's face. He did not know what to say, for a strike out there in the middle of the lake was an unusual thing. But got him I had. And then commenced as lively a fight as I ever had. The fish was not very big, but he was all fish—and trout at that. Frank did not row this time, and we had it all to ourselves. He went to the bottom and he came to the top, he was out one side and then the other, first up to the boat and then at the end of all the line I had; but he could not get away, and at last he came up to the boat, struggled hard to escape the landing net, then lay in the bottom of the boat with the big one. "Now," said Frank, "let's weigh them while we have time." So the scales were brought out and we put on the big one. "Well, he is a big one, 9lbs. 2oz.," said Frank, "and a handsome one at that. Now for the other one. By George! 4½lbs. How is that for one afternoon, three fish that weigh 20lbs!" "That is pretty good, Frank, now I guess we will go home; this is glory enough for one afternoon." "Well, let's troll home. We may get another big one." So we started for the South Arm.

Frank dressed the fish after we had their outlines drawn on paper, and then packed them in ice.

The next morning we started up the lake. We had not gone far before we had an "awful" strike, and looking around saw the line going for the snags. Frank pulled as hard as he could, and I hung on to the line, knowing that if we let the fish get into those bushes he would surely escape. We had got him turned a little and were pulling out into the lake when the line came in and we knew something had parted. It was a big fish that did it, for this was the same rigging that had caught the 9lb. fish, and had that morning been tested to 9lbs. pull. We fished all day, but the wind came up and blew so hard that we did not get a bite till night, and that was by a little fellow. We did not complain. We had had good luck, and when we went home we were not afraid of any one's laughter. Quite a number of people who came in and were going out saw our fish and pronounced them the nicest string they had seen this summer. The next day we went back to Middle Dam, and were congratulated by our friends and envied by others; and best of all, they did not laugh at me. That afternoon it rained, and as we could not fish we spent the time in making a crayon sketch just life-size of the 9lb. trout, and hung up the sketch in the office. The next morning we started for home with five fish weighing 27lbs., and nicely packed in moss and ice; they reached home in good condition and were highly appreciated by my friends.

Now, to go back to the beginning, I am a convert. I will fish with a fly whenever the fish wants a fly; when they want a minnow I will fish with a minnow, and if it is worms then I will be a "worm digger." In short, if there is anything that a 9lb. trout wants, and I can find out what it is, he is going to have it, provided he will take a hook with it. I may not be scientific, but I hope I shall be successful. C. D. C.

NORTHUMBERLAND, New Hampshire.

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

THE LARGE TROUT RECORD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under date of July 8, 1886, you published the following: "The Biggest Brook Trout.—We have to record the capture of a brook trout weighing 12¾lbs., by Mr. J. Frederic Grote, of 114 East Fourteenth street, New York city, in Mooselucmaguntic Lake, Maine, on June 11. The fish was a female and Mr. Grote kept it in a car for one week, when it died. It was weighed several times at the Mooselucmaguntic House, in presence of Mr. John Schultz, of Philadelphia, and the proprietors, Messrs. Crosby & Twombley. It was 26¾in. long, 17¾in. girth, 7¾in. deep, and was 4in. thick through the back. The guide was Jerry Ellis, and they were trolling with a live minnow bait in 40ft. of water with a 7½oz. bass trolling rod. The trout was brought to New York and shown to Mr. Blackford, who decided that it was a *fontinalis*. It had been proposed to send it to the Smithsonian Institution to have a plaster cast made of it, but there were doubts as to its standing the journey, as it was beginning to soften. It is now in the hands of Mr. Wallace, the taxidermist, and will shortly be on exhibition at Mr. Grote's place of business. We believe this to be the largest brook trout yet recorded."

The following week, on July 14, I wrote to Mr. Grote as follows: "Dear Sir—I learn that you are the fortunate angler who took a very large trout at Rangeley Lake. Will you kindly send me the exact dimensions and weight? Two or three varying statements have been printed, and I would like the exact facts. Please state what the trout weighed at the time of capture, and after he died, and who was present when he was weighed. Trusting that I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you by return mail, as I am leaving the city, I remain, yours truly, GEO. SHEPARD PAGE."

In answer to this letter Mr. Grote called at my office, but found me absent. In reply to a subsequent note written him, asking for the particulars concerning the large trout claimed to have been caught by him, he mailed me a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM containing the above article. This was very unsatisfactory to me, as it did not answer the questions asked.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Grote's trout had been dead for four days when weighed, it seems to be growing, as indicated by the following item which appeared in *Outing*, in November, 1886: "A splendid trout 28in. long and weighing 13lbs., was recently caught in Mooselucmaguntic Lake. It was the largest specimen of the kind ever caught in this country. The lucky angler was Mr. J. F. Grote, of New York." The same number of *Outing* had also the following: "Dr. Charles Haddock, of Beverly, Me., with George Oakes as guide, has captured a trout weighing 10⅝lbs. It measured 28½in. in length and 16½in. in girth."

Not being able to get the desired information from Mr. Grote, I communicated with Hon. Henry O. Stanley, Commissioner of Fisheries for the State of Maine; with Charles G. Atkins, Esq., late Commissioner of Fisheries for Maine and for several years in charge of the Salmon Hatching Works, at Bucksport, Me., and Landlocked Salmon Hatching Works, at Grand Lake Stream, Me.; and with G. T. Richardson, Superintendent of the Oquossoc Angling Association. Following are copies of the replies received from these gentlemen:

INDIAN ROCK, Me., July 26, 1886.—Geo. Shepard Page, Esq.: Dear Sir—The trout which was caught by Mr. Grote was one which his guide, Jerry Ellis, called an 8-pound trout, but did not weigh it. They put it in a car in which it died, and lay four days in the water. After the entrails were taken out it weighed only 8½lbs. Truly yours, C. T. RICHARDSON.

BUCKSPORT, Me., Sept. 18, 1886.—Mr. G. S. Page: Dear Sir—Yours of the 6th at hand. I find no salmon on our record so short as 26in.; only one of 27in., which weighed 7lbs. 14oz. in November. Our heaviest 30-inch salmon, out of a list of several hundred fish examined, weighed 10¾lbs. Truly yours, CHAS. G. ATKINS.

DIXFIELD, Me., July 29, 1886.—Geo. Shepard Page, Esq.: Dear Sir—Yours of the 27th received, asking my opinion of the probable weight of a Rangeley trout of the following dimensions: Length, 26½in.; depth, 7¾in.; girth, 17¾in.; depth through the back, 4in. Fish of the same measurements at those points may vary about a pound, as it would depend upon the proportions of the rest of the body. My opinion would be that one of the measurements above given would weigh from 8½ to possibly 9½lbs. I have a cut and picture of one in my office 27½in. long, 7½in. deep, and finely proportioned; weight, 10lbs. He was what you would call a very solid fish. Truly yours, H. O. STANLEY.

The following is copied from the Phillips (Maine) *Phonograph* of June 3, 1887: "Last Friday, the 27th ult., Mr. W. F. Whitcomb, of Boston, caught a splendid trout near the Mooselucmaguntic House that actually weighed 9½lbs. It measured 26in. in length and 17in. in girth."

It is well known that the general outline of the Rangeley trout and the Maine salmon do not vary much in their proportions. The salmon are slightly longer for the same weight than the trout. Following are the weights and measurements of three Maine salmon, caught within the past week:

No. 1, 8¾lbs., 27in. long, 15in. in circumference.
No. 2, 9lbs., 29in. long, 15in. in circumference.
No. 3, 10lbs., 29in. long, 16in. in circumference.

A salmon trout weighing 8½lbs., measured 29in. in length and 16in. in circumference. The entrails had been removed from the salmon trout. The salmon were intact.

I think I have fully established the fact that a Rangeley trout measuring 26½in. in length, 17¾in. in girth, 7¾in. in depth and 4in. through the back, could not by any possibility weigh over 9lbs.

In common with many of your readers who feel a special interest in the matter of weight of large trout which they have caught at Rangeley, in the Adirondacks, New Brunswick, or on the Nepigon, I shall be glad to hear from Mr. Grote in substantiation of his claim to have taken the largest trout on record.

The Rangeley trout with which my name has been connected since 1867, measured 30in. in length and 18in. in circumference. After having been confined for three weeks, transported 500 miles, and placed in my pond at Stanley, N. J., it died in a short time. It weighed (after death) 10lbs. 1oz. on a steelyard scale. A score of persons were present at the time of weighing. Prof. Agassiz told me personally at an interview had with him at C

bridge, that the fish doubtless shrank 2lbs. after having been taken. Its dimensions according to the statements of Messrs. Stanley and Atkins, would indicate that alive its weight would certainly closely approximate 12lbs.

This great trout was as shapely in form and as beautiful in color as a pound trout. Those of your readers who are in New York city can inspect the stuffed skin of the fish at my office, 69 Wall street.

The Smithsonian Institution has a plaster cast of a trout 11lbs. weight, taken about nine years ago in Lake Mooselucmaguntic. This was a male trout less in length than the one just referred to, but very deep, its shape being what is known by the expressive term of "pot-bellied."

After an experience of twenty-five years' angling in the Rangeley waters, I am among the number who believe that trout exceeding in weight 12lbs. are still alive, and I shall be among the first to congratulate the fortunate angler who is really entitled to claim himself as the possessor of the largest brook trout on record. But the evidence on behalf of my authorities certainly seems to indicate that Mr. Grote's trout could not have exceeded the weight of 9lbs. GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been suggested that the big trout are increasing in the Androscoggin waters, the acknowledged home of the largest pure *Salmo fontinalis* in the world. This would seem to be the true state of the case, if the capture of such fish within the past decade is to be taken as the true index of the case. But it is possible that to the improved tackle of the present day and the skill that has been acquired in pursuing these fish, together with the great increase in the number who hunt them, may be attributed a part at least of the record of the great fish that have been taken. It is certain that up to 1879 there was no positive record of a trout weighing over 9¼lbs. ever having been taken from the waters of these lakes, though there were accounts of "great fish" held in the memory of guides; and, besides, there were records written and drawings made of very large trout—done in pencil and with a bit of charcoal—in several of the renowned "old camps" at these lakes. But these records were usually spoiled by some envious or witty late comer, who wrote "lie" or "fish story" under the records, or else immediately proceeded to draw a much larger and impossible fish, and under it wrote a story drawn purely from imagination. Again, it is too much to expect that positive statements should have been kept of the weight of fish at that time, before the invention of pocket scales, and when a pair of steel-yards in a camp outfit that must be carried for many miles into the unbroken forest would have been looked upon as an impossibility. Indeed, when the positive record of big trout was first startled by the fish that weighed 11¼lbs., taken by the guide of Mr. Marble, Steve Morse, of Upton, Me., Sept. 29, 1879, there were no steel-yards or scales at the Upper Dam that would weigh him. There were a pair of old steel-yards there that would weigh up to 10lbs., and that was as far as they would go. But the great trout tipped the beam and a small pebble was hung on to balance him and the calculation was made that he would weigh 12lbs. Afterward an actual weight was taken which was found to be 11¼lbs. Mr. Marble believed that the fish weighed considerably more at the moment of capture. It was a most ungainly fish; a male with a wonderfully prominent hooked under jaw. I saw the fish a few moments after his capture—had seen him several times before on the spawning bed which the trout had made at that time a few feet above the dam, owing to the low water. The trout, evidently an old one, was thin and flat, but very wide, with a crooked back—the numerous pictures on the covers of guide books and on the advertisements of the Maine Central Railroad only do him justice in point of ugliness. Still he had the bright spots and the vermilion sides of the perfect *Salmo fontinalis* at breeding time. The capture of this trout has always been something of a secret, since Mr. Morse hooked him when alone, though I have always understood that Mr. Marble was there at the capture. The water was scarcely 4ft. deep at that point and some mill logs were floating over the spawning bed. By placing a board across the logs and lying flat upon it one could see the great trout as they came upon the bed—females followed by the males. There were some very large fish there. Several large ones had already been jigged up by excited sportsmen. The big one had been seen a number of times, Mr. Morse says, following a female considerably larger. Mr. Morse is also understood to have said that this female fish followed the male fish up to the very top of the water several times during the capture, but disappeared.

This great *Salmo fontinalis* was soon after obtained by Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, as the largest specimen of that class of fish in existence, and mounted by his direction, and it is a prominent feature in the history of the trout family. But my reason for so extended a notice of this fish at this time is that another great fish has been caught, this time a female, as the following letter will explain:

BOSTON, June 18, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your inquiries about the brook trout recently taken by me in Lake Mooselucmaguntic I send the following details: The fish was taken off Sandy Point on June 7, while trolling with a minnow in deep water, John J. Wilbur, guide. Weight 11¾lbs., length 27½in., depth 8½in., thickness 4in., girth 20½in. These weights and measurements were taken at the float of the Oquossoc Club, by members of the club, after the fish was dead. The fish was a female and contained a considerable quantity of ripe spawn, considerable of which escaped before the fish was weighed. There is no doubt but it weighed, when taken from the water some hours before, fully 12lbs. This fish was one of three consecutive fish weighing 9½, 6, 11¾lbs. respectively; total 27¼lbs.—S. J. MIXTER.

Here is a positive record of another great trout, fully equal to the Marble trout. I mentioned its capture in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, but up to that time I had only a newspaper account, and did not feel certain about the size. In the case of this fish the suggestions are several. In the first place, may it not have been the great female trout that Mr. Morse mentions as present at the time of the capture of the Marble fish? The lake was the same, but the points of capture three miles apart. Again, what a pity it is that this female fish could not have been put in the hands of Prof. Baird for the Smithsonian Institute, and for a companion fish to the great male already there. Dr. Mixter says that he never thought of it, but is it not singular that no member of the Oquossoc Angling Association present should have thought of sending so large a female fish where it might have been a feature in natural history for years to come? Again, Dr. Mixter would have been much pleased to have furnished this fish to science and history, but alas, nobody thought of it. Copies of the FOREST AND STREAM with the history of this fish should be on a prominent shelf in the camp of the Oquossoc Angling Association, and every other camp in the lake region, in order that the mistake of men not thinking may never again occur. It is a feature of these big trout worth mentioning that the largest have all come from Lake Mooselucmaguntic, the largest of the chain, though there is merely a dam between that lake and Richardson Lake below. The largest fish ever taken in the latter lake would not go over 10lbs., while the record of Rangeley Lake, above Mooselucmaguntic, is not much better. What causes the *Salmo fontinalis* to grow to such size in the Androscoggin waters? Why are not the trout as large in Moosehead and other Maine lakes? Cut open the maw of one of the great trout and the question is answered. There you will find minnows in several stages of digestion, from the one just gulped down to only the backbone of the first one eaten. It is the feed. Millions of chubs, cyprinidæ, are there for the trout to eat. It is probable that these minnows, cyprinidæ, are increasing faster than the trout.

SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An item has been going the rounds of the papers in northern New York, stating that the largest trout (*fontinalis*) ever taken in New York State was recently caught by a lady in Loon Lake, Franklin county. A gentleman who was visiting Loon Lake at the time gives the following particulars: A female employe of the hotel where he was staying was rowing on the lake and found the trout dead on the surface of the water. It was 23in. long, 13in. in girth and weighed 6½lbs. The trout, a *Salvelinus fontinalis*, was extremely fat, and "it was thought that the super-abundance of fat killed it." A few years ago two trout were caught in St. Regis Lake which weighed, if my memory serves me, 5¼ and 5½lbs. respectively. Mr. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Conn., who caught them, told me that it was conceded at that time that they were the largest brook trout ever captured in the Adirondacks. I think that both fish were stuffed and are now at Apollo ("Paul") Smith's, St. Regis Lake, who can verify the weights. A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THEY WOULDN'T BITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial note in the issue of June 9 in relation to the "Farmer Brown's Trout" correspondence, is sound. That the interests of farmers and sportsmen are identical there can be no question, and it is in most cases no difficult task to convince the farmer of this, provided he is approached in a manly spirit.

In nearly every case it will be found that where a farmer repulses overtures civilly made, and looking toward the capture of game or fish upon his lands, it is because he has in the past been made the victim of thoughtless or dishonest practices.

Such annoyances and even losses as are caused by the failure to put up a set of bars, the leaving open of a gate, the tramping down of standing grass and corn, are bad enough in themselves, and often entail upon the toilworn farmer hours of labor which no one has a right to claim from him unpaid; and, when in addition, his rights as a property owner are defied or set at naught by reckless and dishonest men, he does as you and I would do, and "cave canem."

I know the American farmer as well as most, and can testify that in his normal condition he has commonly a strong fellow feeling for the true sportsman.

Usually he is, or has been, a fisher himself, and more or less of a hunter; and his trusty muzzleloader, perhaps long unused, but deadly still in the old man's hands, furnishes many a text for wise counsel to the amateur forester, or for thrilling tale of sylvan warfare in days when "game was plenty" and he was young.

Even though he be unskilled in the arts of the sportsman, he has probably sons or nephews whose tastes shall well atone for his deficiencies in this regard; he likes to see them come in full-handed from wood or river, and jeers them unmercifully when they fail of success.

If you be a gentleman—mind, I am not speaking of your clothes—he is quick to discern the fact; and will often go out of his way to show you "the best graound fer patridges," or "the crick where Pop Emmons ketched forty-three real pooty traout 'n one a'ternoon."

I speak of him as he still is, in some favored localities; as he *was* in many—to many more, where erst we and multitudes of your readers have passed in joyant quest of fin or feather, days which live still among the brighter memories of our past, where, alas, the feet of the poacher, the pot-hunter and the trout-hog since have been;

> And where the fish-hog's hoof doth prance,
> The sportsman gets but half a chance.

The lines quoted are from Byron, and their occult signification implies a belief on the part of the poet that when a farmer has been defied or trifled with, say a matter of fifteen or twenty times by the various breeds of swine above mentioned, the secretion known as "milk of human kindness" sours in his heart, or becomes deteriorated in quality to such extent that it is often unsafe to show a rod-tip or gun-muzzle on the homeward side of his defences.

My own experiences with the farmers over whose lands I have fished or shot have seldom been disagreeable, and I have tested the temper of these men in very many States of this Union. When I have found a farmer inclined to gruffness or incivility of speech, it has invariably appeared that I had been preceded by some "dead beat," or at least somebody who had, if knowledge of, certainly no respect for, the commonest equities or amenities of civilized life.

I seldom have found a farmer unwilling to listen to a reasonable request for the privilege of shooting or fishing in his preserves, and there has sometimes been a comical outcome to such experiences.

When living in Wisconsin, some years ago, I one day had occasion to drive about twenty miles into the woods, and took along my rod for the purpose of investigating the contents of a fair-sized brook, known by the name of Splinter Creek, the mouth of which I had often noticed issuing from the forest and losing itself among a collection of saw-logs in a small millpond. I was of the opinion that by going eastward from the "supply road" upon which I was traveling I could strike this stream at a point three or four miles above the pond.

I put up my team at a farmhouse, and, having completed the business part of my errand, started for the brook without having been able to get any information as to its contents or capabilities.

On my way I met a farmer named Archie, who, with another man of like calling and name lived near this brook, which traversed their clearings for some distance as they lay side by side. These men were unknown to me, but Archie No. 1, whom I had met, was civil enough and directed me how to reach my destination. I did not ask him about the fishing. The barn of Archie No. 2 stood within 20ft. of the brook, and the clearing was some eighty rods in length.

Walking leisurely up the stream until I reached a likely pool near the forest edge, I jointed my rod, long unused, sat down behind a stump and cast my hackle lightly over the surface of the stream. No; I am wrong; it wasn't a hackle that time, but a great green grasshopper, which was instantaneously seized by a ½lb. trout, which I landed without much parade, as I was after fish. Of these I had twelve very respectable specimens, when at last I strode forth in triumph from the shadow of the stump. About that time I may say that I felt good, and descending the stream until I had reached a suitable stretch of open water, I substituted for the traditional hopper an ancient red fly, which might perhaps have been an ibis, though this I doubt. Certainly it had long before seen active service on the Rangeleys.

There was a surge and a snap as the old relic floated through the air, and before it struck the water the trout had it, and I sprang to my feet just in time to keep his nose out of a cartload of roots and brush-wood, with the intricacies of which ligneous deposit he was evidently more familiar than I thought it advisable to become.

He was a good one, and as I had not fished for some time I was particularly anxious to save him, not that this made much difference, but it so struck me at the time and I did my level best, and so did he.

> "And up and down,
> And round and round,
> So fierce was his career,"

that more than once my heart sank within me as he missed but by an inch or two some "coign of vantage" he had vainly sought. No landing net or gaff had I, and he was hooked but lightly. Whew! how the leader hissed through the sparkling water as he made his final rush, after having sulked for a moment at the bottom of the pool. By good fortune it happened that his course lay for an instance toward an opening between two loose boulders, beyond which was a shallow with a gently sloping bank. Delicately as possible I put the helm hard down, he obeyed the signal and shot right into the opening. Somehow, he didn't stop until he had slid through the grass to a point about ten feet distant from the edge of the water.

Then I removed the hook, so slightly fastened that I was filled with wonder that the fish had not escaped. This done I proceeded to break his neck—unpleasant, doubtless, to the fish as well as to myself, but certainly merciful and a duty not to be neglected. Then I lighted my pipe and admired the trout.

Lastly I estimated his weight, and having no scales at hand with which to set at rest intrusive doubts, I had it all my own way, and continued to estimate after my pipe was out and I had recommenced my fishing.

I am still at times occupied in estimating the weight of that trout, and happy am I to be able to certify that since he quitted the seclusion of that brush pile in the edge of Splinter Creek, he has increased in weight until the more or less mythical "big bass of Bomaseen" would seem but as a minnow beside his magnificence.

Show me the idiot who totes around in his pocket a set of steelyards when he goes afishing, and—some time when I am in your office, or you in mine, I will give you my opinion of that man.

The brook narrowed and I resumed the grasshopper. Toward evening I had about eighty fine trout safely deposited at different points along the brook, and was just ready to "limber up." I neared the watering place just as No. 2 was leading his horse to drink. He saw me trying to work my hook into a hole concealed by a tangle of briers, and pleasantly said: "Tryin' ter fish, be ye?"

I nodded, and he continued: "The's traout here, but ye can't ketch 'em. We use ter see 'em when we was a-loggin' an' aburnin' in the foller (fallow), but they wouldn't bite. Hello! you hev got one, I swow. Well, I never see the beat," he continued, as having reeled up I proceeded to collect my fish. "Ye hain't got no fish hooks ter spare, now, hev ye?" It so happened that I had and we parted good friends.

Some months afterward I met him in town and he gave me a cordial invitation to come again and fish all I liked. Said he:

"T'other Archie tol' me 't he see ye a-pokin' 'raound the crick 'n 't fus he thought ye was a surveyin' 'n' then he thought ye was a dum fool; but nex' time I see him I tol' him 't was we 't was the dum fool, ter live alongside o' that crick long enough to clear up two farms 'n' never get the first mess o' trout aout on't." KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., June 13.

BLACK BASS IN QUEBEC.—The open season for black bass and maskinonge began here yesterday. So far but few catches have been reported. The season opens fifteen days too soon for bass, for those taken now are engaged in family cares, protecting their young, and are in ill condition for food, The Fishery Department suspended the law protecting black bass for the Queen's Birthday, May 24, and hundreds of bass were killed that day, which means the destruction of millions of the young fry. Among the class of so-called intelligent anglers for black bass there is not one in a thousand that knows, or, I believe, cares to know, anything about the breeding habits of that fish; and there is no game fish that requires closer protection during their spawning time, and for at least one month after the fry are hatched, than the black bass. Until their habits are fully known and proper laws are made and enforced for their protection, their numbers in our northern waters will be few compared to what they would be if they were rightly protected.—STANSTEAD.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL has returned from his long European trip in perfect health. The Doctor called in our office last Monday, and on Wednesday left the city for Cincinnati and home.

WORM VERSUS FLY.

PISECO, thou reasonest well! Penitent, hopeful, trustful, come my son, into the confessional and listen to me; an atom, a worm of the dust, and not fit to catch even a trout with. Nevertheless listen patiently to the teachings of an old worm fisherman. Success will crown your efforts, and whereas you have fished with the careless "who of the dozen trout that come for their hooks, have taken the worms, and they no fish," I will show you how to take the conceit out of such fishermen or fish, and scoop up the greater part of those that bite. I know who you are by old acquaintance in FOREST AND STREAM, and gladly welcome you among the worm fishermen, and I will partially reveal myself that you may know I am an old-time fisherman. Question me. "Art thou a sailor?" No. "A sea captain?" I am not. "Who are you, then? give an account of yourself, that I may know whether you can fulfil your promise. Cheek you must have, to tell Piseco anything, let alone fishing." I have always "loved the ocean, and my delight." "Stop, stop, I've heard that before!" I am an old friend of Capt. Shufeldt's and Dinwiddie Bullock. So, too, did I meet with great kindness from "Poly Harrison" at Hilton Head during the war. I was in Charleston Jail with Prendergast and Paymaster Billings of the Water Witch. I came home from China before the mast in a clipper bark. Have been an old Seventh Regiment man and wear the bronze Cross of Honor of that dear old regiment. Have been mistaken for a captain of a North River steamboat; was a captain in the Army of the Potomac, and have fished for trout with worms for many and many a year. So not to keep you any longer in this box (a bad box for a fisherman) I will explain and unfold to you the possibilities of worm fishing, that may perchance interest you.

There are niceties of execution undreamed of by a neophyte. Though I have caught trout with a fly,

> "It is good to be off with the old love
> Before you are on with the new."

It is good and very good, O "Piseco," to discard such profanation as "poles," "chunks of lead," and "yanking," "slinging," "snaking 'em out." These are terms used by the worldly. Put your worm on scientifically, so shall you save your fish, your money and your temper—three things well worth saving.

Let us give the trout a chance, and get all the good we can out of the worm. Tadpoles may do; bloomers or dobsons are very good; so are bumble bees and grubs; but for steady work give me the "diet of worms."

["Piseco," *sotto voce*—"Will this old fellow never stop talking? Does he think I don't know all this?"]

First and foremost, you want a good, strong three-jointed 9-foot rod. I will give you a reason for the faith that is in me as I go along. With a stiff rod you can drop into all sorts of most inaccessible places, and your line will not continually tangle nor your hook catch. You want your tip strong enough and stiff enough to spring the fish out; observe, my penitent friend, "spring," not "yank." When the fish is thus hooked and sprung out he does not often get away. I have caught thousands on my Conroy rod, and hope to go fishing again. A half-pounder is readily enticed out in this way and landed on bank or beach. Lift him up tenderly, take him with care, deal gently, persuasively with him, coax him, entreat him, let him feel and see it is for his own good; so shall you save him, not lose him, nor frighten other fishes in the pool.

Your hooks should be of large size, say double 0, round bend Carlysle; they will catch any size, and you will not have to behead the fish to secure your hook. Take plenty of them with you. Choose a reel large enough to hold 100ft. of silk braided line, with a click, for large fish. Let your line be large, so you may the more readily see it shine on any water, dark though it may be, white of course. Your shot (not sinker) ought to be No. 5 shot, split and put on in numbers to suit the strength of the current; your casting line or leader of the very best gut and about 9ft. in length, thoroughly tested, and looped on with what you would call a "topsail sheet tie." (Ah me! my thoughts are miles away). And a basket holding about 12lbs., with a broad strap to go over the shoulder. These patent gimcracks and folding up creels are a delusion and a snare, let them all be. *Anathema maranatha.* Last of all you must dig a plentiful supply of worms and —don't whisper this secret—Ah, this is the rub, if possible get some one else to do this for you; so shall you avoid unseemly language, and the straining of your back. But worms you must have at any cost, and they must not be made of gutta percha. Patience, O "Piseco," if you have borne with a garrulous old man so patiently, you will soon be released. Everything provided, present and accounted for, repair to the nearest trout stream, such as I used to find in Connecticut; take up your worm gently, and let him be of ordinary size, (not similar to a small sized garter snake), and fresh and lovely. Put him head on, first, last, and all the time, this is the golden rule and this the golden secret. Nature hath given him a head and also a tail. What instinct is it that prompts all fighting animals to dash at head and throat? "They all do it, and sometimes they rue it." And so does the trout. Softly now pass the hook this side of the band that goes round his body some way below his head, and let it run down, and up to his head. Don't let your hook show at all. When properly put on, the worm hangs suspended, as does the sword of Damocles. Now wade quietly into the stream (look out for your shadow) and toss the worm from you quietly, quickly, gently, deftly.

In springtime when the snow water is not yet out, and the fish bite sluggishly, use your shot. When you can dispense with shot by all means do so and let your worm float away. Fishing down stream the worm will always float head first down, the trout will always grab him head first, and you can handle three times or more your length of rod in line. Besides this, you roil the stream a little, which is a very good thing. Toss it to him as you would a fly. Play your line criss-cross. Skitter it. Keep your worm moving. Do all this with a firm, light hand. You are not heaving the log, you are dealing with a very wide awake customer; treat him accordingly. Fish with a loose line; that is, pull your line up toward you and let it float at leisure down, not at its full length, in the stream. When you get a big fish on, of course play him a little, do not propel him into space like a sky rocket; hang on to him; fight him for all he is worth, as Jack would say, "go for him," and "trust to your sticks," he will soon give in and you can land him without frightening the others. The moment your worm is injured throw it away and put on a fresh one. Never use the same worm twice—well, hardly ever. Even the much abused eel likes pure sweet bait; all the old North River fishermen know this. So provide yourself with plenty of worms, and as to where you shall carry them; in your pocket, certainly; never in your hat, leave that to the fly man; nor in your vest, nor trousers. Provide yourself with an old shotbag, turn down the top all around, put in a sufficiency of loose dirt and stow them away in the pocket on the port side of your coat.

My friend, I hope you have enjoyed your forty winks. What do I hear! "I have told you an oft-repeated story?" Nothing new or strange? Well, I suspected as much. Let us leave this box and seek fresh fields and trout streams new. I, too, will now confess that this of course is intended only for young fishermen, and that I pray them to bear in mind Sydney Smith's receipt for salad and not try to experiment with these receipts, except in a thunder shower; then you may try; I don't believe you'll catch any fish then. If I can give my readers one-half the pleasure I have derived from "Worm versus Fly," fully satisfied will be CAPT. CLAYTON.

THE LEAP OF THE SILVER KING.

WE left Philadelphia Feb. 20 for Punta Gorda, arriving there in two days and nights by railroad, Coast Line. Trabuc, the passenger terminus, is a new place; there are several small hotels, and a large one being constructed; the town is being rapidly built up, and it is expected that Punta Gorda at the headwaters of Charlotte Harbor will supercede Tampa and be the main point of trade, especially for New Orleans, Cedar Keys, Key West and Havana. There is sufficient depth of water for the largest steamers of that trade to come to the wharf; this is not so at Tampa, where passengers and freight have to be transferred a number of miles from down the bay. At Trabuc we chartered a sailboat with all appliances to live on board, and sailed down Charlotte Harbor south to Carlos Bay. We stopped at St. James City on Pine Island, which we think a fine winter resort. From St. James we passed Cape Sanibel Light, then sailed into the Gulf. Just south of this cape we fell in with a school of the monster devil fish. It was calm and we could certainly see twenty at once near the surface of the water. Some came within a few yards of our boat, which gave us a fair sight of them. They appeared to be 10 or 15 feet broad, perhaps more; the largest are said to weigh two thousand to three thousand pounds. It was a strange sight to see those monsters swimming on the surface of the water with open mouths, some 2 feet by 15 inches. They are of the ray family, but their mouths are at the head as in other fishes, not under them as with the common ray. They are in no way like the cuttlefish, having no prongs, arms nor anything of the kind.

We sailed south to Cape Romano, where, with a suitable breeze, there is good trolling for Spanish mackerel and kingfish. Here we first fell in with tarpon, the fish we had come for, and we did our best for two days but utterly failed to get a bite. There appeared to be a mass of sharks that took our bait and hooks about as fast as we could cast out. There a vessel loaded with cattle was driven aground by a storm, where a supply of neither food or water could be got for them. Many dead bodies were about the bay and the lowing of suffering creatures made it painful for us. We sailed back north into Marco Pass, where tarpon were found again. Here we hooked plenty of sharks but not one tarpon. We went nearly three miles toward the main land into a small bay, where the water was not over 2ft. deep, with muddy and grassy bottom. Here the tarpon were numerous, but here again with our best efforts we did not get one bite from them, and we came to the conclusion that with a hook and line they could not be caught. We could readily have taken them with the grains, but we were determined to catch them with a hook or not at all. We concluded that those caught had been comparatively by accident, as other non-biting fish are sometimes caught on a hook.

We sailed from Marco into Big Hickory Pass; we were informed that at the head of this bay was an entrance to an inland creek called Surveyor's Creek, where tarpon had been caught with hook and line. We were determined to leave no place nor mode untried. We went to the head of the bay which we think is called Oyster Bay, and found a little nook or opening about 30ft. wide with 18in. of water. It looked absurd to us that big fish like tarpon should come into such shoal and contracted water; we might have passed it many times without noticing this little opening or imagining that it led to a large body of water beyond. On the flood tide we worked our boat into this little opening and found it much wider when we got inside. We were surprised to find holes 20 to 30ft. deep, then shoals and more holes for about a mile, then to our increased surprise we came to what appeared to be a river about an eighth of a mile wide and ten miles long, with from 6 to 30ft. of water. The novelty of the romantic and mystical scenery—on one side the live oak studded with thousands of air plants in bloom and draped with long hanging moss and the basket-rooted red mangrove, on the other side the palmetto and pine all in the wild state—fully paid us for our labor the like of which we had not seen before along the coast. We went up the river about a mile, then came to a hut where a lone Norwegian lived. His only companions were a dog, a cat and some chickens. He showed us where tarpon were caught in this creek, or more correctly not a creek but a long lake. The next morning with fresh bait we fished in the spot pointed out. We could see plenty of tarpon but not a bite could we get. Moving to where there was 8ft. of water and a clear bottom, we changed our way of fishing, and in a short time we hooked a tarpon. It jumped 10ft. out of water time after time, ten times in all, and shook its head as if to break loose. We must have played with the fish an hour, and it must have towed the boat a mile. It was a big fish 6ft. 5in. long. Then we were surprised at ourselves, (for we are considered good fishermen), having been so stupid and dumb as to fish on muddy bottom where the bait becomes so muddied that no game fish would take it.

After this we had no difficulty in catching all the tarpon we wanted. Our catch of them would measure from 3ft. 6in. to 7ft. 7in. in length, the largest being 46in. around the body. When they rose from the water and the sun struck them they shone like silver.

Tarpon are not used for food; the flesh is something the color of unhealthy beef; soft, flabby and having a strong smell. The only object of fishing is the excitement of catching them, and their very large, white, silvery scales are sought for.

Our experience in tarpon fishing has taught us that the tackle should be as follows: A stout 8ft. rod and a reel that will take from 500 to 600ft. of line, 18 or no larger than 21 thread, a cotton snood about twice the size, and a medium sized hook. For bait use a medium-sized split mullet, hooked in the thick part, the tail tied above the shank of the hook with a string so as to keep it in place and to conceal the hook. Cast as short a distance as circumstances will admit, then run off 20 to 30ft. of line to lay slack so as to have the least resistance possible to the bait or they will drop it. The object is to let the fish swallow the bait before it is snubbed. They are the most delicate fish to take the bait of any we came across. Avoid fishing in the inlets and main channels on account of sharks, and do not fish on muddy bottom. We are satisfied that tarpon, like many other fish, go into shoal water and grassy bottom on the flood tide to feed. In these fish caught we found shrimps, very small crabs and small fish. On the ebb tide they return to deep water where they digest their food and sleep; one caught then would be taken probably by accident.

Having succeeded in the art of tarpon fishing, the great hook-fish of Florida and perhaps of America, we cruised along the coast northward. Just south of Cape Sanibel we again fell in with a school of the monster devil fish as before; it is said they are always there. We passed a number of cities laid out on paper, such as the city of Naples, on the Gulf south of Cape Sanibel, one little shanty and a wilderness of pine, palmetto and sand, with at times a dense population of mosquitoes, gnats and fleas, the surface water not fit to drink. We are not aware of any good well water in South Florida. Rain water is the best they have. In the rainy season, from July to October, there is such an abundance of rain that it overflows most of that part of the country, especially on flat land. So with other paper cities we saw. Yet we are told many lots are being sold. How the people who buy these lots to settle on are to make a living is not apparent to us. Many have told us that they were badly disappointed.

In the passes along the coast in Charlotte Harbor and south of there is fair fishing for grouper, mangrove snappers and other small fishes. There is good trolling for Spanish mackerel and kingfish outside.

We sailed to Little Gasparilla, north pass of Charlotte Harbor, where we had good sport for small fish; thence we went into the different passes to Tampa Bay, where, in the early part of January one year ago, especially at Long Boat and Anna Maria Keys, there was an abundance of game fish, but we got scarcely a fish in any of these passes; in the cold snap of that January all local fish of these places were killed; there was 1½ to 2in. of ice and 1in. of snow; we were there at that time and sailed through stretches of thousands of floating dead fish of all the kinds in these waters. It will take years to replenish the fish supply.

We sailed up to Palma Sola on the Manatee River, thence went by steamboat to Tampa, took the cars at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, and arrived at Broad street station, Philadelphia, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

We had a very pleasant and interesting excursion, and kept on the move so as not to tire of any one place. In Florida sportsmen miss it by having a boat of too great draft, because they cannot go into shoal bays and other places where the most interesting things are to be found, and where most of the food grows for fish along the coast. P. AND W.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Tuxedo Park has recently been presented with a mounted tarpon, which was caught at Charlotte Harbor by Mr. A. M. Jones, of New York. Its weight was 135lbs., length 6ft. 7in. The party of which Mr. Jones was one at the time included Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, and President John G. Heckscher, of the South Side Club, of Long Island. Mr. Rice's biggest catch was a tarpon weighing 133lbs. and measuring 6ft. 11in. Mr. Heckscher's was a tarpon weighing 128lbs. and 6ft. 2in. in length, and Mr. Lorillard captured one 110lbs. in weight and 5ft. 11in. long. Over 40 tarpon in all were caught by the party, many weighing over 75lbs. Each of the largest fish has been stripped and mounted. Mr. Heckscher will send his to the South Side Club. Mr. Rice will keep his at his residence, and Mr. Lorillard will take his to his office. All the fish were captured on 600ft. of line of No. 15 thread, and the hooks used were No. 12-0, Cuttyhunk shape. The panels on which the fish are mounted are about 8ft. long. The success of these gentlemen was so gratifying that they have formed a Tarpon Club to meet every year at Charlotte Harbor in February, when the sport begins. This club includes members of the Tuxedo and South Side Clubs and prominent anglers of Boston, Chicago and elsewhere.

THE CUSK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will some of your readers give me the proper name of a fish which is called "cusk" throughout the northern parts of the New England States and adjoining parts of Canada? It may be called by the same name elsewhere, and perhaps wherever found, but as I have never seen the fish except in the localities named I am in ignorance of the fact. The fish is found in lakes and large ponds and is an inhabitant of deep water. I used to catch them when fishing for lake trout with the minnow, and as they are a worthless fish, anathematized them accordingly. They resemble the true "torsk" or cusk of British waters very closely, but cannot be the same fish, as the latter are found in salt or brackish waters. I would also like to know the real name of Antoine's "bowfins," as described in "Sam Lovell's Camp." It is new to me by that name, and I fancy to many others of your readers. I hope the delightful *raconteur* of those tales will soon favor us with another dose, and no homeopathic one either, from his skillful pen.—AREFAR. [The "cusk" of fresh water is the same fish variously called ling, burbot, lawyer, and eelpout, the *Lota maculosa*. The "bowfin" is the *Amia calva*, and is called dogfish, Grindle, John A. Grindle, lawyer, mudfish, etc., in different parts. Both these fish are worthless for food and are found in the fresh-water lakes and streams, the former in the Great Lakes and in New England waters, and the latter everywhere except on the Atlantic coast north of Virginia.]

AMERICAN SILKWORM GUT.

ABOUT the first of this month I received a request from the noted German fishculturist Count von dem Borne, for cocoons of the American silkworm (*Attacus cecropia*), and wrote him that if possible they would be sent, but that the season was late and it was doubtful if they could be obtained. Letters of inquiry were sent to Mr. C. F. Orvis, Manchester, Vt., whose experiments in producing gut from the American worm have been lately recorded in FOREST AND STREAM, and also a correspondence was opened with Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland, Ohio. On June 15 Mr. Orvis sent me a box of cocoons, but they seemed to be so lively that there is danger of their hatching before reaching Germany, although they were immediately dispatched by a steamer sailing last Saturday. Mr. Orvis sent both the *cecropia* and *polyphemus* cocoons, and says that he has found the latter to produce nearly as large a worm as the *cecropia*, and very kindly offers to give Count von dem Borne the benefit of any experience he has had. Mr. Orvis has not found any difficulty in rearing worms this season, as he has raised great quantities of them.

A letter from Dr. Sterling refers to the experiments of the late Dr. Garlick, which have already been published in FOREST AND STREAM, and also by Mr. Wells in his book on fishing rods and tackle. He says that he saw Dr. Garlick draw a gut over 30in. in length from the worm, and it was as perfect in every respect as the most fastidious angler could desire. Dr. Sterling was unable to secure any specimens so late this season; years ago the wild rose swamps and the water sycamore bayous near Cleveland abounded with the cocoons of the *cecropia*, and a bushel could be gathered in a short time. All of these places are now converted into iron ore and coal docks, or filled up with warehouses and railroad buildings, and the insects have naturally abandoned the place. The best time to gather these cocoons for shipping would be February and March, so that they could reach Germany in favorable weather for development. Near Cleveland they do not hatch until the first or middle of June and sometimes not until the last of the month. They will devour the leaves of the ailanthus, common plum, currant, and, in fact, almost any of the soft and tender leaves. Dr. Garlick fed them almost entirely on plum leaves.

Should these worms reach Germany safely there are enough of them to give Mr. von dem Borne quite a start in experimenting with gut made from the American silkworm; but should they fail, I will try to obtain a lot for him next winter; which will no doubt reach him in condition to hatch after arrival. FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

CANADIAN ANGLING.

THE wilderness north of Quebec is just now an attractive region to anglers, because the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad makes it of very easy access, and because the region is still a wilderness in the true sense. Caribou, moose and bear may be had there; at this season it is trout fishing that occupies the mind. The entire country is filled with beautiful lakes, and almost every lake has an abundance of brook trout; in some are also pike and the fork-tailed trout. Such advantages of accessibility and an abundance of sport have already attracted many local anglers; some of the waters have been taken up by Quebec clubs, but there still remain a great many lakes, and even systems of lakes with connecting streams, unleased and ready to afford pleasure to a host of visitors. The railroad people, counting on sportsmen for a part of their revenues, find it to their interest as well as to their undoubted pleasure to extend every facility and courtesy to brethren of the rod and gun. The country is still too new to offer luxurious accommodations, but all is done that can be done to make one comfortable. The summer climate is delightful, with an elevation of 1,000 to 1,200ft., a northern latitude, and unbroken forests all around, the air is extremely wholesome and the nights are cool. The other day two men left the station of Lake Edward at 3 A. M., and returned at 6:45 A. M., after 2¾ hours of fishing, with 27lbs. of trout; the smallest weighed 1¼lbs., the largest 2¾lbs. As the water is still too high for fly-fishing, minnows are the bait. Plenty of these are caught in the lake. Another day two men, in about five hours, took 65lbs. of fine trout, the largest of which weighed 4lbs. 2oz. The famous Saguenay River, with its remarkable scenery, its salmon rivers and its landlocked salmon waters, lies at the end of the railroad. Altogether the region offers many attractions within easy reach. C. H. F.

COMPARATIVE WEIGHT OF MAINE AND CANADIAN SALMON.—Camp on St. Mary's River, Sherbrooke, N. S., June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in edition of June 9 communication of Dr. R.. under date of May 29. Not wishing to enter into a controversy with the Doctor, but feeling that he is mistaken, I wish to say in regard to his remark (speaking of the Penobscot River salmon), "The average run of fish is larger than that of any river in the Eastern States or Canada, excepting the Cascapedia. Most of the salmon taken here are over 15lbs. in weight," that my experience will contradict him. In 1884 I killed 11 salmon on the St. Mary's River that averaged 30¼lbs. In 1886 I killed 42 salmon on the Restigouche that averaged 23½lbs. This season I have killed 8 salmon on the St. Mary's River weighing 28, 27, 32, 47½, 39½, 28, 24½ and 28lbs.; total, 254lbs., and average 31¾lbs. I was late upon the ground, and most of the large fish had passed along before I arrived.—LAWSON B. BELL.

TAKING CARP ON FLY-RODS.—For some time past it has been evident that there were some good-sized carp in the lakes of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the result of plantings made there by Mr. E. G. Blackford, as agent of the U. S. Fish Commission. On Friday last Park Commissioner Somers, Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Blackford tried the fishing in Long Pond, in the Park, with fly-rods, using crusts of bread instead of flies, and they took thirty-one carp in less than an hour. The fish were all scale carp and weighed from 1½lbs. to 6lbs. The carp were all saved alive and planted in the pond by the music stand. Bread crust is now in order as a carp lure, and at the next tournament of the Rod and Reel Association we may see a class made for "casting the bread-crust."

THE NORTHERN NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—The Northern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, which was incorporated on Monday, held a meeting for organization last week at Troy. The following officers were elected: President, W. E. Hagan; Vice-President, Joseph DeGolyer; Secretary, Dr. C. C. Shuyler; Treasurer, Samual S. Bullions. The honorary members chosen follow: Marshall McDonald, United States Fish Commission, Washington; Eugene G. Blackford, New York State Fish Commissioner; the Hon. James Shanahan, Superintendent of Public Works, Albany; Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, and N. A. Cheney, Glens Falls. The association has a membership of about 100.

Fishculture.

Addresss all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

FISH PRESERVATION BY ACIDS.

BY A. HOWARD CLARK.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

AN important method of preventing decomposition of animal flesh is the application of antiseptic salts in a powdered form to the surface of the substance or to impregnate it with a solution either by atmospheric or hydraulic pressure. Among the commonest and most effective antiseptics, exclusive of chloride of sodium (common salt) are acetic, as contained in vinegar, and boracic acid. The latter preservative is fast coming into favor in the preparation of fishery products, because of its very satisfactory properties. As compounded with salt in the form of a powder or in solution with tartaric acid, boracic acid is found to effectually preserve either dry or pickled fish in good condition for a long time.

At the Fisheries Exhibition, at London, in 1883, some Pacific salmon were shown which had been packed in a solution of boracic acid and other ingredients for several weeks, and after their long land and water journey they were removed from the solution and exposed to the atmosphere at the fish market for several days, still retaining most of their original flavor and freshness.

It is my purpose in this paper to enumerate some of the more important methods of preserving fish by chemical treatment. Only a few of the numerous compounds which have been brought to the notice of fish curers have come into commercial use, though it is probable that many of them would upon trial be found effectual and profitable.

At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, there were some exhibits of fresh oysters and clams preserved in chemical liquids, and which the juries on awards pronounced of good quality. Boracic acid was reported to preserve animal matter for several months without changing the texture as common salt does. Citric and acetic acids also proved good preservatives, and fish cured in these acids were, after a little soaking in fresh water, found free from all unpleasant flavor.

In Portugal, fish are kept fresh for a considerable time by removing the viscera and sprinkling the abdominal cavity with sugar, when they are hung up to allow the sugar to impregnate the flesh as much as possible.

I shall notice the several methods in the order of their commercial importance, beginning with acetic acid, which, next to common salt, is perhaps the principal antiseptic in use in this country.

1. Vinegar, Spices, etc.—Lobsters, oysters, oyster crabs, mussels, scallops and some other marine products are preserved in vinegar alone, and, packed in glass jars, are common in the New York markets under the name of "pickled" products. Herring, mackerel, and other fish are largely prepared with compounds of vinegar and spices and sold as Russian sardines, marinated fish, soused fish, and by other trade names. The preparation of Russian sardines from the common sea herring was introduced into this country by some enterprising New York merchants during the Franco-Prussian war. The principal seat of operations was Eastport, Me., and the methods employed, as patented in 1875 by Messrs. Sellman, Reessing, and Wolff, have been as follows: The fish while alive are thrown into strong brine contained in suitable casks on board the fishing vessels. This part of the process is important, as it not only kills the fish but prevents them from spoiling while being cleaned and cured. After being kept in the brine for at least ten days they are beheaded, gutted, scaled, and are thoroughly cleaned in clear cold water and placed in large willow baskets or in sieves to drain off the superfluous water. In five or six hours they are spread upon packing tables and assorted as to size, each size being packed by themselves.

The fish are preserved and at the same time flavored by being packed with the following ingredients, the quantities given being for 120lbs. of fish: Two gallons vinegar, 1½lbs. allspice, 2oz. pepper, 4lbs. sliced onions, 2lbs. sliced horse raddish, 1lb. bay leaves, ½lb. cloves, ½lb. ginger, ½lb. coriander seed, ¼lb. Chili pepper, and 2½oz. capers.

In packing the fish a small quantity of vinegar and a thin layer of the other ingredients are placed in the bottom of the vessel and a layer of fish, placed back upward, are put in and gently pressed down. Another small quantity of vinegar and thin layer of the other ingredients are put in and another layer of fish, and so on until the vessel is full. The fish are ready for market and consumption in about four days in summer and from three to four weeks in winter.

Method of Sousing.—Soused mackerel and other fish may be prepared as follows: The fish are cut into pieces about 2in. long and cleaned. A souse is made of cider vinegar and cloves, nutmeg or other spices, with parsley, bay leaf and onions, and the fish are immersed in this souse for twelve hours, when they are put in a second souse, made the same as the first with the addition of capers, olive oil, Worcestershire sauce, and extract of anchovy and lemons After remaining in the second souse for ten hours, they are heated in the souse for four to eight hours at about 140deg. Fahr. and are then packed with the souse in air-tight pots or jars.

2. Acetic Acid and Carbonate of Soda.—The fish to be preserved are put in barrels, or other packages, with a liquid composed of acetic acid and carbonate of soda in sufficient quantities to make a slightly acid solution of acetate of soda, to which is added enough water to give the liquid a density of three to five degrees. A few grains of salt may be added to give an agreeable taste, and about five drops of nitrate of soda for each pound of the liquid to preserve the color of the substance. Prepared chalk may be used instead of carbonate of soda. The fish may be kept in this solution, or after being saturated with a denser liquid may be dried.

3. Boracic Acid and Common Salt.—In the United States, until within a very few years, little advantage has been taken in the fish trade of the effective preservative power of boracic acid in combination with common salt. In 1883 the writer found that at Gloucester, Mass., the headquarters in this country for the curing of dry-salted fish, the use of boracic acid was just begun, and then only by a few curers. Since that date, however, "Preservaline" and other chemical powders having the above substances as their base have come into quite general use, particularly in the warmer months, when without this preservative it is often found impossible to keep dry fish in good condition for many weeks or even days. This powder checks the peculiar reddening so commonly seen on dry-salted fish in summer.

The chemical powder used by the Norwegians in preserving fresh herring for export is a mixture of boracic acid and salt, using about two pounds of salt to each pound of boracic acid. Herring are packed in barrels in the ordinary methods with alternate layers of fish and powder, and after the barrel is headed they are "pickled" with a weak solution of pure boracic acid. Fish preserved in this way will keep perfectly fresh and of their natural flavor for a week or even longer. The Norwegians have already succeeded in profitably competing with Scotland in supplying the London market with fresh herring thus prepared. A more complete preservation of herring, so that they will keep in good order for a long time, is obtained by the Sahlstrom process and by the Roosen method by which a solution of boracic acid and salt is thoroughly impregnated into the flesh under a pressure of 60 to 100lbs. to the square inch. Successful experiments have been made in Scotland in treating fresh salmon by the Roosen process. Three hundred pounds of fish were packed in a strong steel barrel and with a pressure pump the solution was forced into the salmon until they were thoroughly impregnated. After three weeks subjection to this process the fish were cooked and found of excellent flavor. Strongly made wooden barrels may be substituted for steel barrels, or, after being treated under pressure, the fish may be repacked with the solution in common fish barrels.

4. Eckhart's Method.—By this process, devised by John Eckhart, of Munich, and patented in 1880-'82, fish are prepared in a preserving salt consisting of a mixture of 50 per cent. common salt, 47½ per cent. chemically pure boracic acid, 2 per cent. tartaric acid, and ½ per cent. salicylic acid. The fish are first stripped of skin and bones, and the flesh is mixed with the preservative in the proportion of 20 grams of the mixture to 1 kilogram of fish flesh. They are then packed in cases of parchment or other material and put into casks which are filled with a gelatine solution made in the proportion of 50 grams of gelatine, 20 grams of the preservative, and 1,000 grams of water. The casks are then headed and connected with a force pump and more of the solution is forced in until the contents are well saturated. The sacks or cases of fish are then removed from the cask and may be strewn over with more of the salt in dry condition and packed for shipment, or they may be shipped in casks with the liquid.

5. Boracic and Acetic Acids.—By the Am Ende process boracic acid either in a liquid or pulverous state, is compounded with acetic acid in the proportion of about one drop of acetic to every ounce of boracic acid, and the compound is applied in the usual manner. The acetic acid is said to prevent the formation of fungi, while the boracic acid prevents putrefaction by hindering the formation of bacteria.

6. Boracic Acid, Chloride of Potassium, etc.—The process devised by Hugo Jannash consists in subjecting fish to a compound prepared of chloride of potassium, nitrate of soda, and chemically-pure boracic acid, which ingredients are dissolved in water, then mixed under exposure of heat, thus forming an antiseptic salt composed of hyponitrate of potash, hypochlorate of soda, borate of soda, borate of potash, and free boracic acid. The compound is applied either as a salt or in a more or less strong solution according to the time for which the fish are to be preserved.

7. Borax, Saltpeter, etc.—By the Herzen preserving process meat is soaked for 24 to 36 hours in a solution of three parts borax, two boracic acid, three saltpeter, and one salt, in one hundred parts of water, and then packed in some of the solution. Before use the meat must be soaked 24 hours in fresh water.

8. Glycerine and Antiseptic Salts.—Oysters, fish, meats, etc., may be preserved by the use of a mixture of glycerine with phosphate of soda or other antiseptic salt in connection with aldehyde, formic ether or acid in a solution of carbonic acid, water, glycerine, etc., and the preserved substance is then covered with paraffine or stearine.

9. Miscellaneous Compounds.—Among the many other chemical compounds that have been experimented with, and some of which have been successfully used in the commercial preservation of fish, may be mentioned:

a. A solution of gelatine and bisulphite of lime forced under pressure.

b. Fish flesh ground into fine pieces, pressed, moistened with glycerine, and wrapped in tinfoil.

c. A solution of saltpeter and alum in proportion of 5lbs. of saltpeter and 4oz. of alum to 60 gallons of sea water.

d. A solution of thymol, thymic acid, or any of the thymate salts and water, alcohol or glycerine.

e. Acetate of lime solution in water at a density of six degrees by the ærometer, to which is added acetic acid of eight degrees, so that the liquid will produce sensible acid reaction upon blue reaction paper.

f. Sulphite of soda and carbolic acid in solution in proportion of 5gal. water, 2lbs. sulphite of soda and 2oz. carbolic acid.

g. Hydrocarbon substituted for the air, which occupies the space in and around the substance to be preserved and subjecting the same to a temperature of about 30deg. Fahr., the gas entering by a hole at the top and the air escaping through a hole in the bottom of the package.

h. A solution of salicylic acid dissolved in water, with which the fish is impregnated under hydraulic pressure.

i. Salicylic acid dissolved in hot glycerine and mixed with hot water. Preserving cans are coated on the inside with the above solution, then the fish are hermetically sealed in the ordinary manner.

j. A brine or composition for preserving fish, meat, etc., consisting of a solution of starch, sugar or glucose and common salt.

k Fish are packed in a dry powder of gypsum and carbon and then enveloped with plastic shell, composed of gypsum, carbon, silicate of soda and water.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5123.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Watson, in his communication under the heading "American Kennel Club Methods," in your paper of June 9, gives my name as that of one of the delegates who did not understand the vital point in the case. It should have been Mr. Drake's name. Had I been a delegate my vote never would have been given for a reconsideration of a decision that any one with a glimmer of sense should see was final. One does not need to be a lawyer to understand that a decision rendered by a court of last appeal cannot be reversed, even though the constituents of the bench have been changed since the last sitting of the court. The trouble seems to be that the court does not appear to know that it is a court, but appears to think itself an assembly of men without responsibility, and hence that a change of opinion on the part of those at the time forming a majority of the tribunal is sufficient for the promulgation of a new verdict setting aside the old one.

If the respective members of the A. K. C. could get it through their heads what the true functions of that body should be—the court of last resort in kennel matters—they would probably not get themselves into such foolish positions as they have in the past. Unless the A. K. C. can render just verdicts, it had better give none, for only decisions founded on equity and justice will be respected and obeyed, and unless its verdicts are obeyed there is an end of the A. K. C., for a court that is unable to enforce its mandates has become a mockery and a farce. Its usefulness has gone, and it becomes nothing but a laughing stock. R. A. CRAIG.

COLLIE TRIALS.

THE first annual sheep dog field trials of the Collie Club of America, will be held on the grounds of the Western Pennsylvania Agricultural Association, at Washington, Pa., September 15 and 16. Entries to be sent to Mr. G. A. Smith, Secretary, No. 331 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on forms which will be furnished upon application to him or Mr. A. G. Happer, Secretary, Washington, Pa. Entry fee, $5 for each dog. Entries close August 30. Held under rules of American Kennel Club. The following cash prizes are offered, open to all collies, or shepherds' dogs and bobtails, of pure breed: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10. The following prizes can be competed for only by collies owned by members of the Collie Club: First prize, $25; second prize, $15; third prize, $10.

SPECIAL RULES.—1. All dogs must be on the grounds not later than 9 A. M., each provided with a suitable chain and collar. Any dog found loose within the boundaries of the course, except when working, shall be disqualified, and the heat then being run may, in the discretion of the Committee of the Collie Club, be ordered to be repeated. Any dog seriously biting or worrying a sheep shall also be disqualified.

2. The time for working a dog shall be at the discretion of the judge. The decision of the judge as to any matter within his province shall be final.

3. The order in which the dogs shall run shall be determined by lot, and any dog fifteen minutes late shall be disqualified.

4. The owner of any dog causing injury in any way to the sheep, will be held responsible for such an amount as the Committee of the Collie Club may determine to be adequate to compensate the owner of the sheep for the loss.

5. The boundary lines as shown by the starter shall be strictly adhered to.

6. The Committee of the Collie Club reserve to themselves the right to refuse any entry or entries they may see fit to exclude. But in case an entry is refused the entrance fee will be returned.

7. Entrance fees must accompany the entry blanks, or the entry will not be received.

8. The handler of a dog shall have an opportunity to display any particular, practical accomplishment his dog may have.

In the driving trials the dog starts from the shepherd or handler, goes to three sheep, which are about 100 yards distant, drives them around a circular course marked out by posts, and finally pens them by driving them between two upright posts or hurdles. The shepherd must remain in the same place and direct his dog from there.

A DOG WOULD HAVE COME IN HANDY.

IN 1876 Captain Lusk was running the old Shoebridge mill down in our valley, some five miles distant from the mining camp. The Captain is a genial, pleasant gentleman, having a large and seemingly inexhaustible fund of good stories, of which he is an inimitable *raconteur*. When the mill was shut down for repairs, and he was not otherwise engaged, he was ready to tell or listen to a story, and would at times indulge in other innocent amusements. Happening down to the mill one day when it was idle, the Captain suggested that we go out on the flat beyond the mill and kill a few jack rabbits. Upon looking for the guns we found everything had been loaned but a singlebarrel muzzleloader, that had once been an old flintlock musket, but cut down and a lock of more modern make, with hammer and nipple, adjusted. We were not to be balked of our sport, however, and we started off for the flat with the old gun, some ammunition and newspaper wadding. It was agreed that we should shoot, taking turn about with the gun. The old gun was loaded and the Captain started out for his meat, blazed away and scored a clean miss. This rather tickled me, as the Captain thought himself a pretty good shot; but he would have it that the fault was with the gun. It was my turn. I saw my rabbit and let him have it. I broke one of his legs and he was badly hurt otherwise, but he was a very lively rabbit yet. My reputation seemed at stake, and I was so determined upon having him that I took after him afoot, gun in hand. For about ten minutes that was the livelicst race ever seen. My strong lungs and generous length of limb stood me in good stead, and need were, for that jack rabbit soon realized that for him it was a race for life, while with me it was a desire to get that rabbit or burst. Away we went, over, through and around sage brush, in straight lines, at right angles and in circles, the Captain laughing and shouting all the time fit to kill himself. I would gain on the rabbit so that I would be right upon him, and, thinking a good kick would lay him out, would launch out with such force as would almost throw me on my back, when the rabbit would dodge, and away we would go again. I was so intent on getting the rabbit that I didn't have sense or presence of mind enough to drop the old gun, and thus divest myself of about 8lbs. of dead weight. The rabbit was game and so was I. Again I would close upon him and give a kick that would have lifted him into the clouds, and again he would elude my utmost effort and far-reaching kick, and we would be off. All this time the Captain was shouting words of encouragement and splitting his sides with laughter.

Finally, a well-directed kick laid the rabbit out, and, grasping him by the hindlegs, I held him aloft, a proud victor, for the Captain to see, when he shouted, "Bring me that gun; you don't need a gun to kill rabbits with."

After this episode the Captain would assure me, with no little gravity, and, I believe, with all honesty, that he "would rather go on a rabbit hunt with me than go to a circus;" but I got the first rabbit on that hunt, nevertheless.

BARCHLAND.

SILVER CITY, Utah.

FIVE NEWSPAPER DOGS.

I.

THE latest victim of the inter-state commerce law is a tramp dog who has for some time been a daily passenger on the trains between Stuart and Anaconda. It has been decided that he must pay his fare or walk.—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

II.

John Losekamp is to-day trying to find a dog by the name of "Ben," which belongs to James Corson, who writes he left the dog in town, saying, "Catch him if you can and board him at my expense." If the dog is captured Ben Whitsett has taken the contract to board him. The dog is a small dog, white ring around neck, brown spots above eyes, one foot lame. Any information as to its whereabouts will be greatly appreciated by Mr. Losekamp, who cannot afford the time to run our streets, calling "Ben," "Ben!" after each band of dogs that follow the squaws about town. His large and increasing trade in the clothing line demands his attention more than the dog.—*Billings Gazette.*

III.

An amusing incident occurred at the Hill City wharf the other day while a large crowd was awaiting the ferryboat Myra. Among the number on the wharf boat was an overgrown youth of some 18 summers who belongs to that class who never miss an opportunity to do something smart, and who imagined he saw an excellent opportunity to get in his work by pushing a big mastiff into the water. The dog demurred to that arrangement, and in a hurried endeavor to escape slipped between the young man's legs, causing him to wind up a series of interesting gyrations with a very unwilling plunge bath. If he intended to amuse the bystanders the young man succeeded admirably.—*Chattanooga Commercial.*

IV.

A dog-loving family on Staten Island has a remarkably intelligent pet. Discussing his wit, one day, it was proposed to send him up stairs for his mistress's wrap. But first one of the ladies went up stairs, laid the wrap on the floor, and sat down on it with her sewing. The dog was sent, and quickly found the wrap. Vainly he tugged at it, first on one side and then on the other. Discouraged, but not dismayed, he paused for a moment, when, suddenly making a dive, he seized the sewing in his teeth, and ran toward the fire. His opponent, now off her guard, ran after him to rescue her work. This was enough; the dog dropped the sewing, ran for the wrap, and bore it in triumph to his mistress.—*The Epoch.*

V.

Edwin Booth told me a curious story about a dog that's worth printing. Mrs. Booth had a little pet dog of which she was very fond, and Mr. Booth was in the habit of holding this dog on his knee, and perhaps, during a conversation, pinching his ear in a kind of unconscious way. They went to Europe and left the dog at home, and, as they were away for some time, when they returned the dog did not seem to remember them much. Mr. Booth indeed did not seem to be recognized when he came back, and for a week or so the dog went about them in a purely perfunctory way. One day he had the dog on his knee, and in the old unconscious way began pinching his ear. The dog looked up at him for a moment, and then jumped up and licked his hand, and made every possible demonstration of delight. He had not recognized Mr. Booth until that old habit disclosed their familiar relations.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HIS NAME IS DAVIDSON.

Our London contemporary, the *Stock-Keeper*, has been interviewing Mr. German Hopkins, who is in England in charge of Mr. August Belmont, Jr.'s exhibits at the Jubilee Show. Among other things the interviewer reports Mr. Hopkins as saying:

"Then, again, no awards are printed, and, sharp as our American cousins are, they are decidedly behind time in the matter of dog shows; but the time will come, and you mark my words. As Macdermott used to sing in his Jingo song—'They have the pluck and the money, too.'"

"The sporting—pointers, setters, spaniels, and such like, are far and away ahead of the nonsporting division, although collies are certainly looking up."

"You said that the sporting classes were strong. It is said that the manner of showing setters is somewhat ridiculous."

"It certainly does seem funny, but one soon gets used to it. You see a man is perfectly right to show a dog the best way he can—and he endeavors in this to make his dog stand as for a model. One hand is placed under the dog's chin while the flag is held up by the other. I don't say that the practice is to be admired, but dogs that will not show themselves are by such handling undoubtedly set off to the best advantage."

"Do many new dogs 'come out' over there?"

"No; the same old faces, from one show to the other. All go the rounds, and take the 'off' chance that some others that have previously beaten them may be knocked back through distemper or some such disaster."

"Then when a new dog is imported there is a stir?"

"Quite a fluttering in the dovecotes, I assure you. Every one is eager to see him and criticise him to boot."

"Who is the most popular judge?"

"Well, that is a hard question, but John Davidstone, or, as he is familiarly called, 'honest' John Davidstone, is perhaps the most welcome face in the ring. He is a Scotchman—as canny as they make them—and a thorough good soul at the end of it."

"Then you are convinced that dog shows will become still more popular in America. Are they patronized well by the outside public?"

"Wonderfully so. Why, at Boston one could walk on the heads of the people. Indeed all the shows I was at were better patronized than they are here; but the more they have the more they are appreciated; and the fellows out there are determined to have the right quality."

"What sort of fellows are the American exhibitors?"

"As good as gold and as merry as sandboys. You, of course, know the fellows on this side; but upon my word I think they can give them a bit of weight and a beating."

The *Stock-Keeper* meant well, but the name of the judge is Davidson.

SHOW BENCHING.—We read in the same organ that the New York show has been a success, and, it is said, has more than cleared expenses. The reporter (FOREST AND STREAM) draws attention to an extraordinary custom in American shows which permits exhibitors to bench all their entries together, though they may consist of several different breeds. It is scarcely credible that the visiting public would put up with such a ridiculous and tiresome proceeding. Thank goodness no such high and mighty privileges and private vagaries are tolerated in this effete old monarchy. All the dogs of a breed together, irrespective of ownerships, is still good enough for English exhibitors.—*Stock-Keeper, June 3.*

SHE KNEW IT ALL.

WHILE on a recent visit to an excellent kennel of setters the subject of dog breaking was discussed, and the different methods practiced by various individuals commented on, no two systems being precisely alike, when the owner of the kennel stated that he had sold a puppy to a gentleman living near by who had never attempted to break a dog previous to this one, which was now about ten months old; and he had in this case carefully followed out the plans laid down in "Training vs. Breaking," by Hammond; and that he would have the bitch brought over in the evening and taken out into the field, to prove to us that any intelligent person by that method could thoroughly break his own dog.

Having been sent for, the gentleman came over in the evening, bringing a beautiful blue ticked bitch puppy with him, whose sire and dam, aside from being bench show winners, were also excellent field dogs. When cast off she ranged out a field beautifully, wheeled to whistle, dropping instantly to the upraised hand, came to heel, hied on, pointed and backed to order (a most important point in field trials where points and back are made largely that way), retrieved nicely, and altogether acquitted herself in a manner to satisfy the most exacting sportsman. Can't the kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM now get out another book whereby the older and broken dogs of a kennel may teach the younger and unbroken ones? If so I will guarantee it even a larger sale than the first. JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich., May 17.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the June number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BEAGLES.

5037. Kino, A. C. Krueger.
5038. Tone, E. J. Kenneally.
5039. Victor G., M. J. Geary.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

5040. Romp, Gard. G. Hammond.

COLLIES.

5041. Fannie IV., C. Chappell.
5042. Kiowilla Empress, B. Holmes, Jr.
5043. Kiowilla Queen, B. Holmes, Jr.
5044. Lady Macbeth II., Dr. A. P. Smith.
5045. Scottish Mary, G. L. Phelps.

MASTIFFS.

5046. Ajax II., A. E. Sunderhauf.
5047. Atwood's Patrol, K. C. Atwood.
5048. Baroness of Winchendon, N. P. Boyer.
5049. Beech Grove Gypsy, T. E. Gilpin.
5050. British Princess, N. P. Boyer.
5051. Countess of Graysmere, N. P. Boyer.
5052. Duchess of Devonshire, N. P. Boyer.
5053. Duchess of Gerolstein, N. P. Boyer.
5054. Eastern Queen, J. W. Alsop
5055. Eva, W. J. Dyer.
5056. Jill, J. W. Alsop.
5057. Lady Buff, W. E. Palmer.
5058. Oscar, J. T. Emery.
5059. Queen of Navarre, N. P. Boyer.
5060. Royal Beauty, N. P. Boyer.
5061. Zoe II., F. N. Riker.

POINTERS.

5062. Bertie May, J. C. Schuyler.
5063. Blanche May, J. Schuyler,
5064. Dick II., C. H. Haight.
5065. Don V., R. Browne.
5066. Don Quixote, T. White.
5067. Gunner, M. E. Hughes.
5068. Meteor's Madge, J. P. De Saussure.

PUGS.

5069. Bob S., W. Stewart.
5070. Maple Grove Goldine, R. L. Pate.
5071. Maple Grove Judy, R. L. Pate.

RETRIEVERS.

5072. Wilson Hunt, W. M. McDearmon.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

5073. Apollinaris, E. L. Handy.
5074. Cardinal, S. W. Coe, Jr.
5075. General Bem II., A. Dean.
5076. Lady Flories, J. Marshall.
5077. Lakme, F. Kimball.
5078. Marigold, Chequasset Kennels.
5079. Marquis II., E. L. Handy.
5080. Merchant of Melrose, J. Hellen.
5081. Merchant Prince II., O. W. Volger.
5082. Montavon, Chequasset Kennels.
5083. Monte Rosa, Chequasset Kennels.
5084. Rex III., Miss G. Stott.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5085. Asa, H. F. Vesper.
5086. Rhea, E. Platz.
5087. Queen II., H. F. Vesper.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5088. Belton's Sting, F. Ashman.
5089. Bese IV., R. W. Miller.
5090. Blunder II., F. E. Click.
5091. Dorma Gladstone, G. W. Felter.
5092. Freda II., A. E. Burr.
5093. Geronimo, J. B. Murphy.
5094. Marion, J. B. Murphy.
5095. May Gladstone, W. G. Lawrence.
5096. Nina, W. B. Ryder.
5097. Otto, H. Hedeman.
5098. Pink, W. P. Ryder.
5099. Rose of Rancocas, Jos. B. Murphy.
5100. Snap, R. W. Miller.

GORDON SETTERS.

5101. Don Cameron, N. P. Boyer.
5102. King Philip, S. O. Meader.

IRISH SETTERS.

5103. Belle H., H. B. Hunt.
5104. Dash V., H. Machmer.
5105. Duchess of Erin, F. S. Flower.
5106. Duke II., W. Tucker.
5107. Lencho, J. Hellen.
5108. Peg II., C. D. Conig.
5109. Prince Glencho, G. E. Potts.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5110. Clipper, G. W. Adt.
5111. Gypsie, I. Corbin.
5112. Trim, I. Corbin.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

5113. Daisy Deverell, Sunnyside Kennels.
5114. Lady Tarquin, Sunnyside Kennels.
5115. Flip, F. F. Dole.
5116. Lil, H. Russel.

FOX-TERRIERS.

5117. Bacchante, A. Perrin.
5118. Pretty Pickle, R. S. Ryan.
5119. Quaker Lady, W. T. McAlees.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

5120. Capt. Good, W. M. Rodgers.
5121. Dr. Jekyll, T. C. Beer.
5122. Foulatta, W. M. Rodgers.

SKYE TERRIERS.

5123. Lass o' Gowrie, N. V. Ketchum.

DOGS IN ST. PAUL.—St. Paul, Minn., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have no law requiring dogs to be muzzled or confined. Each owner is compelled to pay a license of $2 a year for each dog in his possession and $4 for each bitch. A thorough canvass of the city is made each spring by officers detailed for that purpose, and every unlicensed dog is captured and taken to the pound, where he is kept three days for redemption; at the expiration they are turned over to the fertilizing company and destroyed. Our city is overrun with dogs, and whenever one bites a person the police shoot the dog. We had a State law which made dogs property, but our Granger Legislature repealed it for some unknown reason. The State of Wisconsin has an excellent law, passed last winter, making dogs the subject of larceny, and providing as a penalty upon conviction of stealing a dog imprisonment in the county jail for not more than six months nor less than ten days, or by fine not exceeding $100 nor less than $5.—H. T. DRAKE.

SENSATION.—The death of the pointer Sensation removes one of the ancient landmarks of the canine world, an animal about which there has, perhaps, been as much controversy as over any dog ever owned in America. Sensation had a marked influence on the pointers of to-day, and his blood runs in the veins of a very large proportion of them. Besides being written about the old dog was photographed and painted, and from one of the best of the paintings was made the steel engraving which we are now selling.

A BIT OF DOG CHARACTER.—That a dog's bark is sometimes worse than his bite is proverbial; it is not only true that very few dogs will attack a man who resolutely ignores them or appears indifferent to their presence, but many dogs which when chained will spring on the intruder and act as if they only wanted the opportunity to tear him to pieces, will behave very differently if by any oversight they allow you to come within their reach unchallenged. As an illustration I once went to a friend's tent unmindful of the fact that he had a bulldog chained near the entrance. With mind preoccupied I entered the tent, got what I wanted and left without even noticing the dog in his kennel, but at the distance of three paces from the tent I was startled by the savage growl of the dog springing at me from behind and struggling to get at me. I had just time to congratulate myself that I was beyond his reach, when the chain snapped and the fierce brute which had probably never considered what was the correct course to pursue under the circumstances, turned around and sneaked back to his kennel.—C. F. A.

A CARD FROM MR. NAYLOR.—Chicago, June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By your permission of space I wish to make an open apology to Mr. Kirk for the offensive language I used toward him at the Detroit show. While I do believe it has been overdone in some of the papers, I am willing to acknowledge the corn, and do not forget the part of a gentleman, nor will I criticise any of Mr. Kirk's decisions, but will leave the past dead. I cannot bear malice toward man, and am sorry my quick temper should have run away with my heretofore good judgment. A mule is allowed one kick and a dog one bite before they can be considered vicious; and I think Mr. Kirk will overlook this one kick of mine, as I have no ill feeling toward him. Bench shows are a kind of family reunion where many friends meet, and sometimes good men, like "Philip," go wrong.—JOHN H. NAYLOR.

GREYHOUNDS.—Caldwell, Kas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have had quite a number of inquiries from owners of greyhounds through the Eastern States, asking me to take their dogs and fit them for the coming meeting of the American Coursing Club, Oct. 17, at Great Bend, Kas. I have all the dogs of my own I can possibly handle, and attend to my business at the same time, so it is impossible for me to take any. But I have prevailed on the secretary of the club to take charge of all the dogs that may be sent him at a merely nominal charge. Any owner of greyhounds, by addressing Dr. G. Irvin Royce, Topeka, Kas., can have his dogs trained to slips and put into proper condition, worked on jack rabbits, entered, run in the races and returned at the proper time. I have become a citizen of Kansas, and the Landseer Kennels will be located at Caldwell, Kas., hereafter.—DR. VAN HUMMELL.

FOX-TERRIER SHOW.—Long Branch, N. J., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I trouble you for space in your paper for the announcement by the American Fox-Terrier Club of their second annual bench show, which will be held at Newport, R. I., some time early in September. It is proposed by the bench show committee to give even a more liberal premium list than last year, and we hope to receive the support of all fox-terrier fanciers. Arrangements are being made with a prominent judge and exhibitor in England to come over and officiate in the ring. Until the list appears I shall be most happy to give any information necessary to all who may desire it. On behalf of the club, I am instructed to thank your staff for the kind consideration shown us in our first untertaking.—F. HOEY, Sec'y.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* I inclose corrections for Derby entries of W. F. T. A., published June 2 in FOREST AND STREAM. If you will kindly publish you will greatly oblige some of your patrons, and place under obligation, R. C. VAN HORN. Trinket's Countess is by Croxteth. Jill was entered by W. G. Mellier, Kansas City. Hattie West and Van Horn were sired by Brush, Jr. Laddie, Samuel S. and Ollie S. were entered by W. T. Bowdre, Memphis, Tenn. The dam of Miss Glee is Nell of Efford. Rene S. was entered by Will Davidson. The unnamed English setter (Roderigo—Lady Rake) is Silk B., owned by J. W. Besserer, Bozeman, Mont.

BOGUS MEDALS.—Hornellsville, N. Y., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to say that the statement of C. B. Elben is false and misleading. I have furnished medals for two shows, and I know that they were gold and silver. I have also won medals at all the prominent shows since 1880. I have had them all tested, and none were bogus or counterfeit except what I got at Pittsburgh. One champion badge from Chicago is very light and thin, cost about $2, still what there is of it is silver. I have one hard looking medal from the Cleveland Bench Show Association, but it is not engraved and I do not know when or where I got it.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

A DOG AT THE TRAP.—Quebec, Canada.—A gentleman in this city, Mr. F. G. Verity, has an 11mos. old setter, a "blue blood," that takes great interest in trap-shooting, retrieves the unhit clay-pigeons, assists in springing the trap, etc. We may expect some good work from him in the field next September.—STANSTEAD.

PEDIGREE WANTED.—Chicago, June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or your readers give me any information as to pedigree, or address of owner, of the mastiff dog Jacob, said to be owned by a Mr. Stevens?—ROBERT LOCKE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Byron and Diana. By Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H., for black and tan Byron foxhound dog and bitch, whelped April 24, 1887, by Bugle (Drive—Daisy) out of Fanny (Leader—Lady Gay).

Piper, Drive III. and Daisy. By Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Portsmouth, N. H., for black, white and tan Byron foxhounds, two dogs and one bitch, whelped April 24, 1887, by Bugle (Drive—Daisy) out of Fanny (Leader—Lady Gay).

Rushing Piolet. By J. W. Goodhart, Leesburg, Va., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 7, 1887, by Cary (Beaufort—Spot) out of Daisey (Joker, Jr.—Fussie).

Peter, Blucher and Judy. By H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniels, two dogs and one bitch, whelped April 23, 1887, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie) out of Fannie Obo (Obo II. —Smut).

Premier, Shadow, Arrow, Lily, Grace, Violet, Pearl and Cloud. By W. Dubois, Cincinnati, O., for liver and white pointers, three dogs and five bitches, whelped May 18, 1887, by Bodine (Bow—Jaunty) out of Fleet (Dash—Spot).

Glencho's Berkeley, Glencho's Providence, Glencho's Grip, Glencho's Kerry Gow, Glencho's Edith and Glencho's Norah. By Chas. C. Doty, Providence, R. I., for mahogany red Irish setters, four dogs and two bitches, whelped April 21, 1887, by Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Lady Edith (Rory O'More—Lady Berkeley).

Dartmouth Kennels. By A. H. Bassett, Somerville, Mass., for his kennels of English setters.

NAMES CHANGED.

Lady Beaufort to Queen Beaufort.—South Norwalk, Conn., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* June 5 we claimed name Lady Beaufort for liver and white ticked pointer bitch (Duke Royal, A.K.R. 2472—Lizzie Grace). Mr. Richard Fox, of Harrisburg, Pa., informs us he claimed the name two years ago for pointer bitch (Beaufort—Nellie Bird). We change to Queen Beaufort, as he has her entered for the field trials.—ELM GROVE KENNELS.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rose—Ebony. D. Shea's (Worcester, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Rose to C. G. Browning's Ebony (Obo II.—Lofty), June 7.

Flossy—Ebony. G. L. Tarr's (Hopedale, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Flossy (—— —Smudge) to C. G. Browning's Ebony (Obo II. —Lofty), June 13.

Ida—Buckellew. Edward Dexter's (Buzzard's Bay, Mass.) English setter bitch Ida (Dashing Rover—Ranee) to W. A. Coster's Buckellew (Druid—Ruby), June 14.

Belle of Piedmont—Count Noble. Edward Dexter's (Buzzard's Bay, Mass.) English setter bitch Belle of Piedmont (Dashing Rover —Ranee) to B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (A.K.R. 1509), June 8.

Temptation—Nick of Naso. Manhansett Kennels' pointer bitch Temptation (A.K.R. 1590) to Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso, May 25.

Cassandra—Balkis. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Cassandra (Debret—Dear Secret) to his Balkis (Clyto —Primrose), June 3.

Queen of Thorpe—Strephon. C. T. Sherman's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Queen of Thorpe (Nullamore—Gem) to Chestnut Hill Kennels' Strephon (Eclipse—Flurry), June 16.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fannie Obo. H. C. Bronsdon's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Fannie Obo (Obo II.—Smut), April 23, eight (five dogs), by J P. Willey's Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Jet. Black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by Dahl out of Dido, by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., to E. S. Gilman, same place.

Judy. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 23, 1887, by Black Pete out of Fannie Obo, by H. C. Bronsdon, Boston, Mass., to J. E. Bronsdon, Milton, Mass.

Flounce Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1887, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by George T. Hodgson, Athens, Ga., to Dr. R. I. Hampton, same place.

Count Noble—Belle Boyd whelps. English setters, whelped April 6, 1887, by Dr. Robt. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., a black, white and tan dog to Hon. A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga.; a black and white dog to C. W. Vincent, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a white and orange bitch to Chas. F. Harris, Providence, R. I.

PRESENTATIONS.

Count Noble—Belle Boyd whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 6, 1887, by Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., to Dr. Geo. G. Ware, Stanton Depot, Tenn.

DEATHS.

Bob O'More. Red Irish setter dog, whelped May 3 (Rory O'More —Gay), owned by J. McK. Bayly, Baltimore, Md., May 30, of intestinal worms.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. B., Little Rock, Ark.—A water spaniel is literally covered with lice. What would you recommend to get rid of them? Ans. Wash thoroughly with carbolic soap. If this is not effective, rub in some ointment of delphine or sprinkle on powder of same.

J. T. J., Newark.—My Yorkshire terrier is very badly constipated, and several times a day he will start off with a sharp, loud cry, as if in great pain. His appetite is medium; food, Challenge dog food and Spratts biscuit in milk. Ans. You must relieve the bowels at once. If necessary, give an injection of soap suds and olive oil. If the bowels move at all, give two or three doses of castor oil (tablespoonful each time). After the passages become regular, give a teaspoonful of syrup of buckthorn every other day for a week or ten days.

C. W. L., Leesburg, Va.—Will you kindly suggest a remedy for my pointer dog, age 6mos.? He has a rasping or gagging cough, accompanied by choking and vomiting frothy matter. He is in fair condition otherwise, seems quite well full of life, and has good appetite. Have dosed him for bronchial trouble, but without effecting a cure. He has had this cough for six or eight months and always seems worse at the beginning of exercise. The cough at times is quite loud and distressing, again short and husky, and I think worst in damp weather, though frequently bad when the weather is bright. Ans. Get the following:

℞ Acid hydrocyan. dil.
Chloroform.....āā ʒ i.
Tr. hyocyami.
Syr. tolutan.
Mucilago acaciæ.
Aq.....āā ʒ i.
Mix. Sig. One teaspoonful three or four times daily.

DUNROBIN, fox-terrier, is advertised for sale in our sale column. He comes of good blood.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, June 18.—The spring meeting of three days' duration at Walnut Hill came to a close to-night. The number of entries have been much larger than was expected. The standard of shooting never was so high, and it is seldom that so large a number of "crack shots" are pitted against each other. The summary:

"Herald" Cup Match—200yds. Off-hand.

E Richardson	66 64 63 62 63—319	C N Edgell	54 55 56 59 60—284
G F Ellsworth	61 61 62 63 64—311	A L Brackett	60 59 55 55 55—284
W M Farrow	63 62 62 61 61—309	F Austin	58 58 57 56 54—283
O M Jewell	60 60 62 62 65—309	G B Read	58 57 55 55 55—280
W Charles	61 61 61 62 63—308	A B Small	55 55 55 57 58—280
C L Cobb	66 64 61 58 58—307	J A Frye	58 57 55 54 53—277
G Wentworth	60 61 61 62 62—306	G H Pierce	54 54 55 55 57—275
J Francis	66 61 61 59 59—306	J L Thomas	53 55 54 56 58—274
A C White	60 60 60 62 63—305	F Hart	54 54 55 55 55—273
G W Foster	62 62 61 60 60—305	W Fisher	59 55 53 52 52—271
E Munson	59 60 60 62 63—304	J N Frye	58 53 53 52 51—267
C D Palmer	59 60 60 60 61—300	F H Ryder	56 55 54 51 51—267
H Cushing	61 61 59 59 59—299	A Clarke	50 51 51 56 57—265
J B Fellows	63 60 59 59 58—299	F J Drake	58 58 51 51 49—262
C M Hill	63 60 60 58 58—299	L O Dennison	48 49 51 54 54—256
G K Warfield	62 60 60 58 58—298	E B Taylor	49 50 50 51 56—256
D Newton	63 61 60 56 56—296	H Withington	45 46 50 52 54—247
W O Burnite	61 59 59 58 58—295	A Law	45 48 50 51 52—246
T Cartwright	56 58 59 60 61—294	A D Alden	55 49 48 47 45—244
E J Crapo	61 58 58 57 57—291	Hussey (mil.)	47 48 49 49 49—242
G G Franklin	62 57 56 56 56—287	H C Warren	22 23 27 54 36—142

Prize Winners—Rest Match, 200yds.

W V Lowe	78 78 81 81 82—400	J N Frye	73 74 75 76 77—375
J Francis	78 78 79 81—394	W M Farrow	70 70 72 72 74—358
N Washburn	77 77 78 79 80—391	W M Foster	67 68 71 72 75—353
D L Chase	77 77 78 78 81—391	S K Hindley	65 66 67 68 70—336
S Wilder	77 77 78 78 79—389	L O Dennison	36 58 58 61 63—276
H Joseph	77 77 77 77 78—386		

Prize Winners—Revolver Match.

B W White	42 42 42 42 43—231	J Francis	38 38 38 40 41—195
A L Brackett	40 40 41 41 42—204	D Harrison	32 32 34 35 41—174
B W Black	39 39 40 40 43—201	CH Eutebrouk	29 29 30 33 35—156
J N Frye	38 38 40 41 43—200		

HAVERHILL, Mass., Rifle Club, June 18.—200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Edgerly	8	9	8	10	10	6	9	6	6	10—82
Tuck	10	5	9	8	9	9	8	9	6	9—82
Busfield	8	10	5	8	7	8	10	7	10	6—79
J F Brown	6	9	9	9	10	9	9	7	5	6—79
Johnson	9	7	8	10	10	5	6	8	8	7—78
Worthen	7	9	7	8	6	6	8	7	8	7—73
Wright	6	7	8	7	7	7	7	5	10	9	7—73
E Brown	9	6	6	5	10	10	4	5	7	9—71
F Merrill	8	8	7	5	6	7	7	5	7	9	4—67

CREEDMOOR.—New York, June 20.—The third Qualification and Marksman Badge match was shot at Creedmoor, Saturday, June 18. The attendance was very fair considering the weather, which being cloudy with light rains in the forenoon, was very favorable to the competitors, some very excellent scores being made. Following are the best scores of 42 or over, those marked * being the winners of the cash prizes and silver medals in this match.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
S C Pirie,* Co. I, 23d Reg	24	24	48
J F Kline,* 17th Sep. Co	21	25	46
J S Shepherd,* Co. D, 23d Reg	22	24	46
W F Cody,* Co. K, 13th Reg	23	23	46
W P Pickett,* Co. B, 23d Reg	23	23	46
P W Brower,* N. R. A	23	23	46
L J Elliott,* Co. C, 23d Reg	23	23	46
W A Stokes,* Co. I, 23d Reg	20	25	45
T G Austin,* Co. G, 13th Reg	21	24	45
G S Scott, Jr.,* Co. A, 23d Reg	22	23	45
G F Hamlin,* Co. I, 23d Reg	23	22	45
F L Holmes, Co. I, 23d Reg	21	24	45
C C Wallace, Co. I, 14th Reg	21	24	45
F A Wells, Co. B, 23d Reg	22	22	44
B R Mcserole, Co. A, 47th Reg	22	22	44
C E DeLa Vergne, Staff, 13th Reg	19	24	43
A D Beeken, N. C. S., 23d Reg	20	23	43
G A Williams, Co. H, 23d Reg	18	24	42
W N Griffith, Jr., Co. E, 23d Reg	19	23	42
Geo Ball, Co. F, 23d Reg	21	21	42

J. MANZ, Jr., Asst. Sec'y.

The National Rifle Association matches at Creedmoor for July and August include only the military competitions. The dates are July 4, 16 and 30, Aug. 6, 13 and 27. The match conditions are as follows:

The Marksman's Badge Match.—Open to all members of the N. G., S. N. Y., and members of the National Rifle Association, 200 and 500yds., 5 shots at each range, Remington rifle, .50cal. (N. Y. State model). First prize 5 per cent. of the gate money, second 4 per cent., third 3 per cent., fourth, fifth and sixth 2 per cent. each. The competitor making the highest score in each match will be awarded a gold marksman's badge for 1887, offered by the National Rifle Association, to be held by him until the next succeeding match, the badge to finally become the property of the competitor who shall win it the greatest number of times prior to Nov. 8, 1887.

The Qualification Match of 1887.—Open to members of the N. G., S. N. Y. and N. R. A., 100 and 200yds., 5 shots at each range, Remington rifle, .50cal. (N. Y. State model).

MAYNARD RIFLE CLUB.—Chicopee, Mass., June 11, at Riverside range:

Engle	7	10	10	5	5	8	6	9	8	7—75
	9	8	6	9	8	8	6	6	8	7—73
	10	6	10	8	6	10	8	3	9	8—78
Cooley	9	7	10	10	7	8	5	6	9	5—76
Clark	7	3	7	8	8	6	6	6	9	8—68
Nye	10	7	7	4	7	8	3	6	7	5—64
Clark	6	9	9	8	8	10	8	7	8	8—81
	6	6	9	10	9	10	6	9	7	10—82
	10	10	10	9	7	9	10	9	7	8—89
Jones	8	9	6	10	7	5	5	7	9	10—76
	7	9	6	6	7	9	9	8	8	9—76
	8	9	6	6	10	8	6	8	8	7—76
Gassner	10	7	6	10	7	7	10	5	8	4—74
	10	8	7	10	8	4	6	9	6	7—74
Nye	5	9	10	9	4	5	7	10	7	7—74
Hill	4	10	7	5	6	7	9	7	6	4—65
	5	7	7	9	4	8	3	7	8	9—67

FRED N. WITHREL, Sec'y.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 6.—Although favored by a perfect day for rifle shooting, there was a small attendance at the weekly shooting of the Wilmington Rifle Club. Standard target 200yds.

First Match.

W O'Connor	5	6	6	8	6	7	8	5	9	7—67
H A Heinel	5	4	6	7	7	5	6	7	6	4—57
W A Bacon	4	2	3	9	6	8	3	3	7	9—54
W A Ruthven	10	6	3	5	3	9	5	3	3	6—53

Second Match.

H A Heinel	8	8	7	9	9	2	1	7	7	1—57
W A Bacon	7	5	3	3	7	8	4	4	4	8—53
W A Ruthven	3	5	4	4	5	4	10	7	6	3—51
W O'Connor	6	4	6	2	7	2	6	5	6	6—50

Third Match.

H A Heinel	10	9	9	7	6	10	4	5	5	10—75
W A Ruthven	3	5	3	8	4	6	9	6	5	3—52
W O'Connor	4	5	5	5	7	1	3	4	5	2—41

WYOMING, Del., June 3.—Kent County Rifle Club, Standard target, off-hand:

200yds.

A H Connor	5	7	8	5	5	8	5	9	7	5—64
S H Thomas	6	5	8	2	6	6	4	9	3	10—59
A R Benson	5	6	3	3	6	9	4	4	4	8—52
A F Diefenderfer	6	7	5	3	5	9	5	3	4	5—52
F H Thomas	9	1	4	6	8	5	4	3	7	4—51
R J Diefenderfer	5	4	4	9	4	8	7	4	3	2—50
H M Thomas	8	3	3	6	7	5	1	8	1	1—45
E W Johnson	7	8	3	3	3	4	3	4	3	5—43
O A Dockham	3	3	4	3	4	3	4	5	3	5—37
W F Aldrich	3	6	3	4	3	3	4	3	3	5—37

100yds.

A F Diefenderfer	8	5	9	5	10	9	8	8	8	8—78
S H Thomas	9	5	10	7	10	6	7	8	7	8—77
A H Connor	9	10	6	6	7	5	9	9	6	8—75
W F Aldrich	4	10	6	6	9	6	9	7	8	10—75
F H Thomas	8	7	5	8	7	5	7	10	7	8—72
H M Thomas	7	6	9	8	4	8	6	7	9	8—72
A R Benson	7	8	4	9	5	9	9	9	5	6—71
R J Diefenderfer	6	9	5	6	7	5	9	6	5	7—66
E W Johnson	6	10	5	5	4	5	6	5	6	8—60
O A Dockham	8	4	4	7	6	5	5	6	9	5—59

WILMINGTON, Del., June 17.—The medal offered on March 11 by William H. Pierson, to be contested for by members of C Company, First Regiment, D. N. G., was finally won this evening by Frank W. Pierson. By the terms governing this contest, the man winning the medal five times becomes the owner. The shooting took place at the armory every Friday evening, and during the time since March 11 there have been 13 matches, thirty-seven men contesting. The medal was won by James Geyer, three times; W. H. Pierson, Jr., twice; Harry Day, twice; J. J. Jordan, once; and Frank W. Pierson, five times. The following is the score made at the final match to-day.

F W Pierson	12	11	12	11	7	11	12	12	10	11—109
Nelson Gray	7	12	12	11	11	11	12	11	11	10—108
James Geyer	8	11	9	8	12	11	12	12	12	11—106
Harry Day	10	10	8	9	11	12	10	8	9	11— 99
Geo Truitt	6	9	11	9	8	11	10	11	12	11— 98
G Vannaman	1	6	0	8	9	10	9	9	11	7— 70
C Collins	0	3	6	10	9	4	9	10	12	5— 68
Geo Smith	5	5	5	2	7	3	8	11	9	2— 57

REVOLVER WORK.—The handicap revolver match, which terminated last week at Conlin's Gallery, Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York, included the pick of the best shots in the city. The handicapping was done by a committee, who made the distances from 10 to 14yds. Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., and Captain T. H. Swift entered, but were unable to shoot on account of business. The contestant to gain first place and prize in the match was obliged to shoot 4 out of 6 shots within the radius of a silver 5 cent piece. The other two shots of the 6 had to touch the black part of the bullseye, counting 70 but of a possible 72 on each of the three targets. The highest score possible on the three targets was 216. Mr. Garrigues won the first prize, a handsome gold medal, with a score of 211. The following are the contestants, with handicap and scores:

G L Garrigues (11)	71 70 70—211	A P Kelly (14)	66 65 65—196
J T B Collins (14)	70 69 68—207	O A Davis (13)	65 64 64—193
A Brennan (11)	69 68 68—205	B Miller (10)	66 63 60—189
G Bird (14)	69 69 67—204	M Tilkie (10)	61 59 58—178

MUZZLE VS. BREECH.—Syracuse, N. Y.—An interesting contest in rifle shooting will take place near this city some day next fall, the exact date to be appointed. For some time past there has been a dispute between several riflemen as to the relative merits of muzzle and breechloaders. Horace Warner, widely known as a maker of muzzleloaders, and August Kloeler, in the employ of Wm. Malcolm, also known everywhere for his telescope sights, have agreed to meet and test the question for a purse of $100. One hundred shots are to be fired at 220yds. The weight of rifles shall be the same; no restrictions otherwise. "String measure" is to be used in making up the score, which is to be composed of ten strings for each rifle, Each party is to select a judge, and the judges will name a referee. Each party will shoot his own rifle, or choose a shooter, as he may prefer. Mr. Warner will unquestionably do his own shooting, and the match will, of course, be shot from a rest. The contest will awaken wide and general interest among riflemen, for the test will be very sharp and will have much bearing on a disputed question. Mr. Malcolm will supply some of the conditions to both parties.—D. H. B.

READMOOR RANGE.—Considering the bad weather June 10, the result of the shooting by the members of the Bridgeport Rifle Club at Readmoor Range was excellent. In the usual club contest the following scores were made: W. B. Wheeler 89, George E. Betts 84, W. H. Beardsley 88, D. E. Marsh 74, J. W. Brown 71, A. Wheeler 61, C. H. Barber 68. These were out of a possible 100, 10 shots. In the Bullard match scores were as follows, 30 shots, possible 300: G. E. Betts 235, W. H. Beardsley 223, D. E. Marsh 220, W. B. Wheeler 416, Dr. F. A. Rice 199.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE STILLWATER TOURNAMENT.

STILLWATER, Minn., June 15.—The gun club tournament opened at 10 o'clock this morning. The day was fine and the range good. The day comprised five shoots, several sweepstakes being sandwiched in, some of which were on the programme. The first shoot was 10 single Peoria blackbirds, entrance $2.50. The second shoot was 7 single and 4 pairs Peoria blackbirds, entrance $3. The third shoot, 10 blackbirds, $3 entrance; fourth shoot, 6 pair birds, $3 entrance; fifth shoot, 7 single birds, $2.50 entrance. Representatives from St. Paul, Minneapolis and other parts of the State were present. The scores were as follows:

Shoot No. 1.—Lake 9, Tuttle 6, Anderson 8, Parker 9, Jones 10, Forbes 8, Shaft 7, Daley 7, Bonte 7, Willman 7, Mann 9, Grimes 8, Burk 7, Holcombe 7, R. S. Kennedy 5, Shnider 9, M. F. Kennedy 7, Brown 5, Heisel 5, Foster 5, Best 8, Cumming 7, Catamoran 6. First, Jones; second, Parker, Snyder, Lake and Brown; third, Anderson, Grimes, Forbes and Best; fourth, Shaft; prize, Tuttle.

Shoot No. 2.—Forbes 10, Lake 14, Shaft 9, Bonte 10, Daley 12, Parker 10, Brown 12, Chantler 11, Jones 11, Tuttle 10, Anderson 12, Willman 9, M. F. Kennedy 12, Hart 11, Shnider 11, Best 8, Holcomb 11, Heisel 8, Grimes 11, R. S. Kennedy 9, Johnson 10, Foster 9, Wallace 10, Newquist 8, Cummings 9, Burk 14, Catamoran 10. First, Lake and Burk; second, Brown, Daley, Anderson and M. F. Kennedy; third, divided between 10 scores; fourth, Johnson; prize, R. S. Kennedy.

Shoot No. 3.—Parker 8, Grienner 7, Shaft 8, Shnider 9, Daley 8, Chantler 7, Newquist 8, McKusick 7, Willman 9, Lake 6, Burk 9, Brown 10, Scott 9, Anderson 10, Jones 8, Wallace 6, W. F. Kennedy 10, Bonte 9, Heisel 7, Hart 9, Holcomb 7, Forbes 6, R. S. Kennedy 5, Johnson 10, Best 8, Tuttle 9, Catamoran 10, Gregory 7. First, Brown, Anderson, M. F. Kennedy, Johnson, Catamoran; second, Shaft, Shnider, Willman, Burk, Scott, Bonte, Hart, Tuttle; third, Jones; fourth, Gregory; prize, Forbes and Lake.

Shoot No. 4.—Shaft 8, Grienner 10, Forbes 10, Chantler 11, Daley 6, Bonte 6, Lake 9, Shnider 8, Anderson 8, Parker 9, Willman 7, Jones 8, Brown 8, Best 7, Burk 7, Johnson 8, M. F. Kennedy 8, Sheans 8, Hart Scott 7, Newquist 7, Tuttle 10, Gregory 6, Holcomb 8, Catamoran 6. First, Chantler; second, divided; third, divided; fourth, Shnider; prize, Burk.

Shoot No. 5.—Shaft 8, Forbes 6, Bonte 6, Brown 8, Parker 5, Lake 5, Rogers 7, Chantler 5, Daley 6, Jones 8, Grienner 4, Anderson 5, M. F. Kennedy 6, Burk 6, Foster 4, Johnson 7, Hart 7, Scott 5, Spears 6, Tuttle 7. First, divided; second, Kennedy; third divided; fourth, divided.

June 16.—The scores of the second day's shooting of tournament at Stillwater were as follows:

Shoot No. 6.—Six singles and two pairs, entrance $2.50: Shaft 5, Greiner 8, Tuttle 9, Daley 9, M. F. Kennedy 7, Jones 8, Bonte 5, Anderson 8, Foster 6, Parker 10, Brown 6, Bell 5, Foxes 7, Johnson 6, Sibley 7, Pennington 6, Burk 9. Parker first, Burk second, third divided, Kennedy fourth. Prize, Foster.

Shoot No. 7.—Fifteen singles, entrance $3: Greiner 11, Bonte 9, Chantler 10, Daly 12, Parker 15, Hart 14, Bell 9, Tuttle 12, Anderson 11, Forbes 13, Burk 12, Willman 9, Freeman 9, Chase 7, Jones 11, D. V. C. 11, Brown 13, Janson 12, Sibley 8, Reed 9, M. F. Kennedy 13, Foster 6, Shaft 11. Parker first, Hart second, Forbes third, Burk fourth. Prize, Anderson.

Shoot No. 8.—Ten singles, entrance $2.50: Tuttle 8, Bonte 6, Daley 7, Jones 9, Rogers 6, Beck 7, Macy 7, Hart 5, Greiner 9, Anderson 9, Harrold 7, Brown 9, Sheans 6, Reed 7, M. F. Kennedy 8, D. V. C. 8, Parker 10, Sibley 5, Forbes 8, Johnson 6, Shaft 9, Burk 7. Parker first, Brown second, Forbes third, Beck fourth. Prize, Bonte.

Shoot No. 9.—Nine singles and three pairs; entrance $3: Anderson 12, Sheans 10, Hart 9, Beck 9, Jones 11, Parker 12, Chantler 9, Harrold 11, Gregory 13, Bonte 13, Miller 10, Daley 12, Holcombe 10, Dunne 11, Greiner 12, D. O. C. 10, M. F. Kennedy 12, Reed 13, Forbes 13, Johnson 7, Burke 11, Brown 13, Tuttle 13, Newquist 8, Shaft 13. First, divided; second, divided; third, divided; fourth, Sheans; prize, Hart.

Shoot No. 10.—Seven singles, entrance $2.50; prize, sack shot: Parker 6, Forbes 6, Anderson 5, Shaft 6, Brown 6, Chase 4, Daley 5, Hart 5, Gregory 5, Roberts 4, Jones 6, Forster 5, Kennedy 7, Burk 5, Bonte 6, Johnson 7, Greiner 6, Sheans 5, Read 6, Chantler 5, Holcombe 5, Tuttle 4, Beck 5. First, divided; second, divided; third, Gregory; fourth, divided; prize, Harrold.

The Minneapolis Gun Club held their first match on the new ground in the afternoon. The score was as follows: Joyslin 13, Brown 10, Warwick 8, Kennedy 11, Krueger 16, Knapp 9, Boardman 16, Marshall 11, Best 4, Dennis 13, Hoblett 15, Owens 5. Krueger and Boardman were tied on 16, and in the contest between the two Krueger won the badge offered as a prize.

June 17.—The third and last day of the shooting tournament opened with cloudless skies and cooling breezes. Shoot No. 11, 10 birds, entrance $2.50; Parker, Bonte, Brown, Anderson and Johnson each a straight 10; first money, $21, divided; second money, $12.60, Reed and Jones; third money, $8, Barnum; fourth prize, Burke; fifth prize, Hart.

Shoot No. 12, 7 single and 4 pairs; entrance, $3; first money, $17.10, Bonte and Brown; second money, $12.80, Parker, Kennedy and Anderson; third money, $8.55, Reed; fourth, $4.50, Greiner and Hart.

Shoot No. 13, 15 singles. First money, $18.80, Sisson, Minneapolis; second, $14.20, Parker, Burke, Forbes; third, $9.50, Anderson, Hart, Griener, Scroggins; fourth, $4.25, Bonte; fifth prize, Manwaring.

In the best average Sisson (Brown), of Minneapolis, 132 diamond badge, $75; Parker, 131, cash, $50; Anderson and Kennedy, 124, cash, $35; Forbes, 122, oil painting, $25; Burke, 120, opera glass and plaque, $25; Grieuer, 118, rod and reel, $15; Jones, 116, Betcher loader, $12; Shaft, 115, gold mounted whip, $10; Tuttle, 114, rubber coat, $8; Bonte, 113, hunter's companion, $7.50.

LIMA, N. Y., June 18.—The Lima Gun Club held a blackbird shoot this afternoon, entrance divided into four moneys. First contest, 18yds.:

C Goodrich	1111100101—7	S T Vary	0000001111—4
W Gregg	0011110110—6	W M Hyde	0111011010—6
J W Quackenbush	0100101100—4	M Lafreau	1100001000—3
F Fish	0111011100—6	G Salmon	1111100101—7
S Weller	1010100000—3	G Quackenbush	1011010011—6
E H Clark	1111011111—9		

E. H. Clark first, second divided, W. Gregg third, S. T. Vary fourth. Second contest, 18yds.:

E H Clark	0111110101—7	B A Vary	0100001100—3
J W Quackenbush	1100111110—6	F Fish	1011111101—8
L Weller	1010110101—6	G Quackenbush	1011010011—6
W Gregg	0011110111—7	G Salmon	1110011001—6
S T Vary	1001100000—3	W M Hyde	1100111000—5
W H Beull	0001000000—1	C Goodrich	1101111100—7

F. Fish first, C. Goodrich second, J. W. Quackenbush third, W. M. Hyde fourth. Third contest:

J W Quackenbush	0110001000—3	W H Buell	1000010001—3
Wm Gregg	1011111011—8	G Quackenbush	1011110111—8
F Fish	1003101111—6	G Salmon	1110111100—7
L Weller	1010101100—5	W M Hyde	1111001100—6
E H Clark	0110110110—6	C Goodrich	1110111111—9
S T Vary	1100011000—4	S Skinner	1110101101—7

First, C. Goodrich; second, W. Gregg; third divided; fourth, F. Fisk. Sweepstakes, 5 birds, 15yds.:

G Quackenbush	00010—1	W M Hyde	11110—4
C Goodrich	11111—5	J W Quackenbush	01011—3
L Weller	00010—1	G Salmon	01000—1
S T Vary	01000—1	W Gregg	11101—4
E H Clark	01000—1	F Fisk	01001—2

First, C. Goodrich; second, divided between Gregg and Hyde; third, J. W. Quackenbush. Second string:

L Weller	10100—2	B A Vary	00000—0
E H Clark	01100—2	W Gregg	00111—3
J W Quackenbush	00011—2	C Goodrich	10110—3
S T Vary	11101—4	Roachville	01101—3
F Fish	00111—3	W M Hyde	11101—4

First divided between S. T. Vary and W. M. Hyde, each breaking 5 out of 6 on ties; second won by W. Gregg, third by J. W. Quackenbush.—SPORTSMAN.

TAUNTON, Mass., June 16.—Taunton F. and G. P. A. against the New Bedford Gun Club, team of 7 men, 20 bluerocks, 10 and 12 bores, 18yds. rise, 5 angles:

	Bore.	Taunton.	
C T Snow	12	1110111111111111101	—18
J J Davis	12	1110111111100110111	—16
E C Leonard	12	0001101000100111101	—11
G H Davis	12	1001110010011110101	—12
F S Keith	12	1110000000501100010	— 7
E Bowen	12	0010110111111011100	—13
G L Smith	12	1110111010171100111	—14—91

New Bedford.

Plummer	12	1111101111100110111	—16
Bryant	12	1110011001101000111	—11
Dr Post	10	1111110111000111101	—15
Butts	10	1110011100101010110	—12
Holmes	12	1100010001001111001	— 9
R Snow	10	0000011111100010110	—10
Hooper	10	0000001100100011100	— 7—80

There was a high southwest wind.

CAMPBELL VS. HARVEY.—A match between Harry Campbell of the Middlesex Gun Club of Plainfield, N. J., and Irving Harvey of the High Rock Gun Club of Norwich, Conn., was shot at Norwich June 14, 50 blue rocks and 50 American clay birds, 3 screened traps at all angles, 18yds. rise. After the fifteenth round Campbell found he was being terribly punished by his gun, but he pluckily finished the match under unfavorable circumstances, and won the plaudits of the large assemblage present, many of whom were ladies. We were handsomely entertained by the members of the High Rock Club. Mr. E. Y. Yerrinton, of the Home Club, and Mr. T. Earl, of the New London Gun Club, were the judges, and Mr. C. Brand acted as referee. Following is the score, a fair one under the circumstances, as the wind was blowing a gale:

	Blue rocks.	Clay birds.		Blue rocks.	Clay birds.
Harvey	1111101111	1110111111	Campbell	0110111111	0010001101
	0111010000	1110111010		1111111011	1001111100
	1110110111	1111111010		1110101111	0101101011
	1111111010	1001010011		1110111101	1111011100
	0111011111	1001001000—68		1010111100	1011011110—69

TEE KAG.

NEW DORP, Staten Island, June 14.—Emerald Gun Club, match at live pigeons, ground traps, 21 and 25yds. rise, 80yds. bound, shot under club rules, four prizes. Voss and McMunn 25yds., rest 21:

T Codey	1011000010—4	H Rubino	1111111010—8
Geo Remsen	0111111100—8	John Bade	1101011001—6
Dr Hudson	1101111110—8	N Maesel	1110111101—8
J H Voss	1110111111—9	P Butz	1110111111—9
Dr Dwyer	1111100100—6	T Schrader	1100110111—7
R Regan	1110011101—7	J Klein	1111110101—8
M McMunn	1101110111—8	J Glaccum	0111111111—9
J Maesel	1101000111—6	L C Gehering	1111111101—9
P J Keenan	0100011101—5	T J Oseikei	0100010001—3
T P Mackenna	1100011111—7		

Ties on miss and out for first at live birds, 25 and 30yds.: J. H. Voss, 30yds., 1; P. Butz, 25yds., 1; J. Glaccum, 1½ and won; L. Gehering, 25yds., 0. Ties on miss and out for second at live birds, 25yds.: G. Remsen, ½; Dr. Hudson, ½; McMunn, 1111101 and won; N. Maesel, 1111094; H. Rubino, 1; J. Klein, 0. Ties on miss and out for third at live birds, 21yds.: R. Regan, 0; T. P. Mackenna, 1½; F. Schrader, 11, won. Ties on miss and out for fourth or Oseikei trophy, at live birds, 21yds., John Bade.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, N. Y., June 16.—Both members of Washington Heights Gun Club shot on club grounds a friendly shoot, this is the first of a series of such matches between these two shooters. Fifty bluerocks, 1 trap, 18yds. rise, 80yds. bounds, shot under club rules:

E H Fox	1011110011— 7	C D Davidson	0110111100— 6
	1101111000— 6		1010111111— 8
	0100111111— 7		1111100110— 7
	0111111101— 8		0111111111— 9
	1111100110— 7—35		0110001111— 6—36

HE CLAIMS TO BE A SHOOTER.—Germantown, June 20.—I send you the scores of matches between "Sir Roger Tichborne," the claimant, and Charles Myers, of this city, at 50 clay birds, for $50 a side:

Myers..... 0100111100100101110110101111011111010011000111—31
"Sir Roger"..... 1100110101100011010011011001010111100110101111011—31

After the match between "Sir Roger" and Myers, another match between "Sir Roger" and Chas. Munch, of this city, was made; conditions $25 a side at 15 clay birds, which was won by C. Munch.

C Munch..... 1011101101111001—11 "Sir Roger"...0110111010101111—10

The claimant does not seem to amount to much as a shooter; at least, if he wants to put money up, he can get all the matches he wants in Philadelphia.—H. T.

JERSEY CITY, June 11.—Several hundred persons visited the grounds of the New York Gun Club, Greenville, this afternoon, and saw good clay-pigeon shooting, consisting of sweepstakes. The following were some of the scores:

Hoffman	1011000111—6	Greene	0001001000—2
Cook	0101101111—7	Richards	1101010111—7

Richards won tie.

Hoffman	1110110110—7	Meyer	1110111001—7
Willis	1011101101—7		

In the shoot-off Willis came out ahead, killing 9 birds. The next match was between Richards and Willis. The score was:

Richards..... 1111101111—9 Willis ..... 1101111011—8

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—A large crowd was present at the San Bruno range to-day to witness the pigeon match between Ferguson and Kerrigan, two wing-shooters well known on the Pacific coast. The elements were not at all favorable for pigeon shooting. A slight morning breeze was fanned into a perfect hurricane, which lasted during the greater portion of the day. Had it not been for this it is expected a much better score would have been made on both sides. The birds with few exceptions were strong flyers, and in almost every instance they went with the wind, rendering the shooting very difficult. Ferguson shot with a No. 10 bore gun at 28yds. Kerrigan missed his first bird, and seemed to lose all interest in the match after that. Some good birds were, however, recorded on his unerring second barrel. Following is the score, 50 birds, handicap:

Ferguson 2—28—12121022012012111011001011221212120001212120102O—36
Kerrigan 12—30—02212120012011110012001101211020220100C01101121 1—33

Preceding the regular match an outside contest took place with the following result: 12 birds, 28yds. rise, no entrance:

Schultz	011101110000— 6	C Heath	1111111111100—10
Ferguson	1111111000w— 7	J Fanning	1111111111O—11

BROCKTON, June 18.—The annual shooting tournament of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association closed to-day. Following are the results:

1. Individual sweepstakes match, 7 clay-birds, 26 contestants—Eager, Schaeter and Stanton divided first.

2. Individual contest, 6 blue rocks, 26 contestants—Lawson and Bartlett divided first.

3. Grand championship contest for the Ligowsky gold badge and the individual clay-pigeon championship of the association, 15 single birds per man—Eager, Stone, Dickey, De Rochemont, Sanborn and Howard were tied at 14. The shoot-off was warmly contested by Eager and Dickey, the former winning on the fourth set. In the sweepstakes Eager and Dickey divided first, Schaefer, Swift and Stark second, Bartlett and Bullinton third, Lawson and Smith fourth.

4. Three men team match, 7 clay-birds per man—Massachusetts Rifle Association first, with 19; Wellington team second, 18; Brockton third, 16.

5. Individual contest, 7 blue rocks, 24 contestants—Stanton, Aldoes, Swift and Barry divided first.

6. Grand champion contest, 10 clay-pigeons per man, for the team gold badge of the association—Massachusetts Rifle Association team first, with 42; Wellington second, 41; Brockton third, 40; Brockton, No. 2, fourth, 38.

7. Individual expert match, 25 single clay-birds—Dickey first, with a score of 24.

8. Individual contest, clay-birds, straightaway, 20 contestants—Evans, Bartlett, Lawson and Swift divided first, Dickey, Stark and Edwards divided second, Aldoes, Wheeler and Howard divided third, Smith and Knell divided fourth.

9. Three pair clay-birds, 20 contestants—Wheeler and Stanton divided first, Allen, Dickey, Evans and De Rochemont divided second, Aldoes and Stone divided third, Lawson and Lovejoy divided fourth.

10. Individual contest, 7 blue rocks, 26 contestants—Fish, Wheeler, Snow and Barney divided first, Tisdale, Schaefer, Stark and Lovejoy divided second, Swift and Stone divided third, Buffington, Wright and Eager divided fourth.

WELLINGTON, June 18.—At the Wellington Gun Club range the winners of events to-day were: 6 bluerocks, Gerry; 6 pigeons, L. Brown; 6 bluerocks, Savage; 6 pigeons, Gerry; 6 bluerocks, Savage; 6 pigeons, Savage; 6 blackbirds, L. Brown; 6 pigeons, D. Brown and Gerry; 6 blackbirds, Moore and L. Brown; 6 pigeons, Savage; 6 bluerocks, Gerry; 6 pigeons, Gerry; 6 bluerocks, Moore.

CARVER'S ACCIDENT.—The principal topic of conversation in sporting circles last week was the accident to Dr. Carver, while he was giving his marvelous exhibitions with the shotgun at Ridgeway Park. Dr. Carver had raised his Spencer repeating gun to fire, and as it did not respond to the pull of trigger and fall of the hammer, he naturally supposed a snap had been made; on the same instant, with the extraordinary rapidity characteristic of his style of shooting, he worked the gun so as to throw out the snapped shell. As the shell entered the receiving block to be thrown out it exploded, having evidently hung fire. The force of the explosion was in an upward direction, and for a few seconds Dr. Carver believed that the sight of both his eyes had been destroyed. He was taken immediately to the Wills Eye Hospital, where relief was obtained through the skill of Dr. Behrens, who declared that Carver's escape from a serious accident was miraculous. In justice to the Spencer gun it should be stated that the plunger had been broken a few days ago, and a new plunger had been put in by Dr. Carver himself, which evidently did not strike the cap with sufficient force, as one or two snaps had occurred with it previous to the explosion already mentioned.—*Philadelphia Item, June 19.*

NOT ALL OF TRAP-SHOOTING TO SHOOT.—Solomon City, Kans.—At the grounds of the S. G. C. were gathered many people among whom were several of the sons of the gun or rather lovers of true sport, and ere old Sol had elevated sufficient to wither with his fiery rays the sweeping breath generally found floating over the Kansas prairies, for it blew a steady gale until his highness disappeared beyond the Rockies, leaving by its cause the monarch dusk to cease the echoing sound of the guns which called several old vets to witness the day's sport. Blue rocks, Peorias and live birds, everything passed off pleasantly and good scores were made. Everybody present seemed happy and longed to meet again. The following were the winners of the day: Irwin, Kraeuchi, Eicoltz, Silvey, Bonebrake, Lash, Edworthy, Crooks, Dewar, Sham, Kelly, Gould.—A. I.

ST. PAUL, June 15.—The Capital City Gun Club was organized this evening with a membership of 25. The organizers are C. A. Rose, C. E. Nathurst, Wm. Breitenstein and C. A. Sandstrom. Among those present were Nels Sandell, Dr. C. H. E. Cassel, Wm. Anderson, S. Seaton, F. E. Wcdaff, O. O. Rindal, A. Ostrum, O. N. Clause, M. Mattson, C. O. Searle, Oscar Ilin, John Engberg, C. Welmerstein, John R. Anderson, M. F. Kennedy, H. E. Humphrey, O. N. Nelson and H. C. Lawrence.

ERIE, Pa., will have a blue rock and live bird shooting tournament July 4 and 5, under auspices of the Erie Gun Club, open to all, sweepstakes.—W. W. DERBY, Sec'y.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

25. New York, Annual, Staten Island.

JULY.

2-5. Calla Shasta, Camp and Races.
3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Rallast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

BRITISH VS. AMERICAN CANOEING.

THE R. C. C. opened its regular season of racing at Hendon Lake on May 28, with a first and second class match. The entries were numerous and the sport good. The craft which competed in these races were all of a high standard of efficiency, both as to model and rig, and the handling was in nearly all cases faultless. Racing in the Royal C. C. certainly cannot be said to be a chase of duffers, for a man who can successfully navigate a first-class canoe within reasonable time over three rounds of the Hendon Lake course must be above the average smallboat sailor in proficiency. The entries were:

Diamond	H. Church	1st class.
Minnie	H. Wilmer	1st class.
Nautilus	W. Baden-Powell	1st class.
Churn	W. Stewart	1st class.
*Pearl 86	E. B. Tredwen	1st class.
Pearl 85	F. Knight	1st class.
Kitten	E. A. Leach	1st class.
*Nina	F. Mills	1st class.
Sabrina	R. Turner	2d class.
Severn	H. Holding	2d class.
Spray	F. Dickenson	2d class.
Atalanta	R. de Quincey	2d class.
Vanessa	B. de Quincey	2d class.

*Did not start.

A flying start was made in a moderate N.N.E. wind, giving a reach and run for the first two sides of the triangle and a run home. Three rounds were sailed, making a course of six miles.

Nautilus, the new boat built this season, sailed her maiden race, and taking the lead at the start, was never headed, and won by 2m. 40s. She carried a new form of triangular mainsail of 75sq. ft., and an old m'zen, her new fit out of sails not being ready. Her most dangerous rival was found in Diamond, a Nautilus of 1886. Diamond sailed a very keen match, being only 1m. astern of Nautilus in the first round. The Churn (Stewart's new canoe) also sailed her maiden race. She is, as mentioned in the *Field* last week, almost similar to the celebrated American canoe Pecowsic, and sails under exactly similar rig; though in the first round she for a time held second place and exhibited a rare turn of speed in some of the puffs, she fell off in the lighter winds, and at the end of the first round was astern of Kitten and fourth in her class. She gave up shortly afterward, and having procured her third or middle sail, came out for a trial to leeward of the racers, but with but slightly better results as to speed. Kitten sailed better than ever, her mainsail, a large lug, being perfection in size and set. The final times in first class were:

Nautilus (first prize)	5 47 00
Kitten	5 54 00
Diamond (second prize)	5 49 40

The second class canoes were sailing the same course, and started at the same time as the first class. These canoes are somewhat smaller in hull than the first class—generally in the matter of length, as being about 14ft. to 15ft., and in depth of body 10in. to 14in. or so. However, the first class are rapidly coming down in size of hull, Churn, for instance, being shallower by inches than any second class canoe, and Nautilus, though of the beam common to second class—viz., 30in.—is only 1in. deeper at mid-body, *i. e.*, 11½in., but considerably deeper at bow, owing to her great sheer forward. The second class are, however, limited in sail area to 75 sq. ft. total, of which the mainsail may not exceed 60ft. The difference of sail area with first class average of, say 100ft., being 25ft., does not however, account for the very considerable difference of time in completing the triangular course of six miles, viz., first class, Nautilus, time over course, 2.16.00; Sabrina, 2.58.00, or 42m. difference. Such a difference of speed would tell heavily against the second class boat in any open water cruise, and would probably be even increased in cruising, as the small boat would have to carry a load of stores and camp gear. In the races the second class boat is generally sailed without any-

thing of weight on board, whereas the first class often carry more weight when racing than when cruising. The model of second class canoes is rapidly improving; the body is now getting to be of fair length, and the excessive hollow in bow and stern is disappearing. The most taking model in the second class is the Severn; probably she is also the best of the lot as a cruiser, owing to her stability and stowage capacity; but her sails are far too small for racing, or even long open water sailing, though possibly enough for a Scotch loch squall. There were several foulings in the second class, Sabrina and Spray eventually coming in close together, and, there being a question of fouling marks, it was finally agreed to re-sail the second class match on a subsequent day.

Monday, May 30, the second match of the season, saw all the above named boats (except the Churn) as starters for a first and second class match over the same course. Pearl '86 took a puff of wind just after the start, and got into first place, from which she was never ousted. She was sailing under her large sails, and traveled very fast at times. Pearl '85 was sailed by Mr. Edwards, of Peterborough, Canada (whose canoe, which is to compete for the challenge cup, had not yet arrived in England). Nautilus's racing sails not being ready, she was sailed at a disadvantage under a small suit, and only managed to play second fiddle; none the less, in such good company as Diamond, Pearl '85, Kitten and Nina, her performance was good. Nearly all the canoes are now sailed with the skipper on deck, instead of below, as of old; but Diamond and Kitten are sailed in the old style, and possibly some day their skippers will wake up to the fact that they lose minutes thereby in each round. The race ended with:

Pearl '86	1 03 00	Nina	1 18 00
Nautilus	1 03 00	Kitten	1 23 00
Diamond	1 18 00	Pearl '85	1 30 00

The second class had good sport. Sabrina fouled the buoy in the second round, and retired. Spray was well sailed, and made very good time while the breeze lasted; but it fell off rapidly, and the times in last round consequently became very long, though only a short distance separated the boats.

The interest of the race had been heightened before the start by the expectation that the two new (the latest) canoes—one for Major Roberts and the other for Mr. Ingram—might arrive in time to take part in the match. However, they remained at the builders. Spray eventually took first prize, and Atalanta dribbled in with a light air of wind and took second prize.

A second class race was held at Hendon on Wednesday, June 1. Start at 4 P. M. The wind was just a good sailing breeze from northeast. The starters were: Spray, C. F. Dickinson; Sabrina, Rede Turner; Severn, T. H. Holding; Vanessa, B. de Quincey. Vanessa made the best start, but was passed by Sabrina before rounding the first buoy. In the run down Sabrina seized the opportunity of setting spinaker, and held a good lead round the buoy. In the beat back there were several changes of place, and it looked like anybody's race, Severn, who had made a very bad start, having pulled up into second place at the end of the first round, and, trying to cut out Sabrina at the buoy, a foul unfortunately occurred, and Severn retired as did also Spray. The second round was barren of interest, except when Sabrina's spinaker gave trouble at the end of the run, and sent her a long way off her course. The finish was timed: Sabrina, 5.46.35; Vanessa, 5.50.35. The match was officered by Mr. Tredwen.—*Field, June 4.*

On Saturday, June 4, the sailing members of this club again met at Hendon. The events were a sailing race of two rounds for each class of canoe, and a maneuvering race in which both classes competed.

The entries for the first class were:

Nautilus..Mr. W. Baden Powell. Charm.....Mr. W. Stewart.
Pearl (1886)...Mr. E. B. Tredwen. Canadian...Mr. E. B. Edwards.

The wind was light from the W. at the start, giving a turn to windward down to the lower buoy. Nautilus was first away, with Pearl next, slightly to windward. Nautilus kept ahead all through the first round, and was about a minute ahead at the conclusion of it, Pearl being second, and Charm some distance astern. Mr. Edwards, in a new Canadian canoe, was unfortunate in breaking his tiller soon after the start, and had to retire. In the second round Pearl, standing closer to the shore, after rounding the buoy in the bight, got a slant of wind and weathered Nautilus half-way down the lake. Nautilus, however, came up again, and was the first round the lower buoy. In the run up Pearl again challenged for first place, and, after a splendid race, won by about two lengths.

	1st Round.	2d Round.
Nautilus (second prize)	3 45 30	4 20 00
Pearl (first prize)	3 46 30	4 19 47
Charm	3 49 45	4 44 00

The second class entries comprised:

Atalanta..Mr. R. de Q. Quincey. Sabrina.....Mr. Rede Turner.
Vanessa...Mr. B. de Q. Quincey. Severn.....Mr. T. H. Holding.

Sabrina soon took the lead in the race, and, near the conclusion of the first round was 5s. only ahead of Severn. Just before rounding the buoy, however, a strong puff caught her and she capsized. This left Severn with a good lead, which she maintained to the finish. The times were:

	First Round.	Second Round.
Severn (first prize)	3 56 05	4 42 00
Atalanta (second prize)	4 02 00	4 46 00
Vanessa	4 00 00	4 49 00
Sabrina	3 56 00	Capsized.

The maneuvering race brought out Pearl, Nautilus, Severn, Sabrina, Charm, and Atalanta. The competitors had, at a given signal, to throw overboard their paddle, recover it under sail, and then complete the course. At gun-fire the two old hands, Pearl and Nautilus, slipped over the line ahead of the rest, and were both smart in picking up their paddles. Nautilus led round the buoy in the bight, but in the run back Pearl closed up considerably. Nautilus, however, kept the lead, and a most exciting finish was witnessed, Nautilus securing the verdict by about 3ft. only.

The challenge cup race, for which there are 13 entries, will take place at Hendon this afternoon (June 11), at 3 P. M.—*Field, June 11.*

THE ASSABET CANOE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has published instructions for building the ordinary canvas canoe, but there is another variety of this cheap and useful craft that has never been described in print. The canoe was first made in Hudson, about three years ago, and has proved itself to possess many good qualities, among which are strength, lightness, and above all, cheapness, which is a very essential point to most amateur canoeists.

The plan of the one I have used during the past two seasons is as follows: Length, 14ft.; width, 30in., and depth 12in. The well is equally distant from each end, and is 6ft. long and 18in. wide. Braces should run from the well to each cutwater, and also from each end of the well to keel. For the frame procure three strips of clear pine 14ft. xl½in. xlin., and about 20ft. of the same size to make frame of well and braces. The cutwaters are made of ash boards 1½in. thick, 12in. long and 6in. wide. The leading feature of these canoes, and one which renders them a favorite with amateur builders, is the ribs, which are made of clear, straight-grained cheese boxes. About a dozen of these are required, and can be obtained at any grocery store at from five to ten cents each. Full width boxes are used under the well and should be placed ¾in. apart. From well to the ends narrower ribs must be used, and it will be found necessary to steam the last two or three on each end. Care must be taken in putting on the ribs not to bend in the keel. For covering, 12yds. of drilling, costing about 12 cents a yard, is required. Before putting on the cloth it is a good plan to cover with thick brown paper which will make the cloth fit much better than it otherwise would. A coat of oil should be first applied and at least two coats of paint. Painting is one of the most important points in these canoes, and each coat must be thoroughly dry before applying the next, otherwise the cloth will soak water or the paint peel off.

A light moulding round the sides and well is necessary to protect the cloth from wear. The bottom is protected by a strip of ash 1½in. xlin., and running the whole length. This is beveled off at the stem and fastened by bolts to the keel. Thick varnish applied on each side where it touches the cloth is the surest way to prevent a leak.

During the high water in February, 1886, I took a trip to Rockbottom, about three miles down the Assabet, and the strength of my canoe was well tested, as it was caught in a jam and thrown up on a cake of ice without any serious injury. The first of last season I fitted my canoe for sailing, and during the summer had many pleasant and exciting runs, including a half mile sail in a thunder storm.

There are over fifty of these canoes in Hudson, and many different styles and sizes can be seen. In weight they run from forty to fifty pounds, but could be made much lighter if wanted. Last August I had the pleasure of camping two weeks at Lake Wauchacum, whose four Assabet canoes were in daily use, and for all practical purposes I think they are as good as a much higher priced one.

A. N. STOWE.

AMHERST, Mass.

A. C. A. REGATTA.—The races of the A. C. A. meet will begin on Aug. 22, and not on Aug. 15, as announced in the published programme.

TORONTO C. C. NOTES.—A couple of weeks ago I gave you a few notes about two of our new canoes, and just now a favorable time has struck me to continue them. Ten of us are out at Anlan's Island spending Saturday afternoon and Sunday, camping and enjoying the rest and pleasure that means so much to every cruising canoeist. As I said before, a favorable time has just struck me, I have just been engaged in a collar and elbow with our secretary, who grabbed the seat of my ancient trousers, and as we wrestled and squirmed I could hear several rips and tears mid much laughter from the crowd. At present I am occupying a seat in the sand waiting for one of the boys to hunt up another pair of pants, so I will improve the shining hour by continuing my last. Mr. D. B. Jacques now has the old Evora that figured in the A. C. A. novice race of 1884. Her centerboard, mast tubes, etc., have been replaced by new ones, placed where they will have more effect, and with new and well-made sails she will prove a fast craft. A. Anderson has the '86 Mac, now called the Vic and is doing some fast sailing with her. Our secretary, Mr. Geo. Sparrow, has Jacques's last season craft, which is now called the Petrel; with a heavy board, 50lbs. ballast and a 105ft. mainsail, he is of the opinion that the fellow who gets away with him has to do some pretty fast sailing, anyway. A. H. Mason, Tyson, Neilson and all the old members retain their last season's craft. Our first race of the season took place yesterday, a combined ¼ mile a side, twice around. The starters were: Com. Kerr, Ada K.; H. Neilson, Boreas; D. B. Jacques, Dottrel; A. H. Anderson, Vic; A. H. Mason, Evora; W. G. McKendrick, Mac; Colin Fraser, Una. The wind was a strong steady easter with considerable sea rolling. The Mac and Una were a tie in the paddle to the first buoy. The Mac hoisted a 75ft. balance lug mainsail and 37ft. mizen and went staggering along like a reeling man that a 12ft. sidewalk would not hold; however, he managed to hold first place till the last paddling stretch, when the Evora came sneaking along and with considerable more power in his elbow took first place. Mac spurted, but the Evora responded by increasing her lead until the buoy was reached, when he hoisted sail, and with a clear run before the wind, finished a good first, Mac 30yds. behind, with Una third. The Dottrel had her rudder unshipped by another canoe and the Vic's mizen halliard parted, so that their performance cannot be judged by the place they took. The general opinion before the race was that either one of them had the best chance for first place.—MAC (Toronto, June 12).

THE CALLA SHASTA MEET, JULY 2-4.—To the visitors who have once visited Calla Shasta a recital of its advantages for a meet is unnecessary. We have here a beautiful stretch of water nearly half a mile wide and a perfect paradise for river sailing. Perched on a bluff between 20 and 30ft. high is Calla Shasta with its settlement of canoeists and their "shanties." A better place from which to watch the races, or a prettier view than can be had from the veranda of the cottage would be hard to find. For all canoeists who cannot bring their tents there are accommodations just across the road, at the Lester farmhouse, where good, nice, plain country fare will be served. The following is the programme as now perfected: Saturday, July 2, formation of camp. In the evening a camp-fire. Sunday service will be held in the Pavilion. Monday the following races will be sailed and paddled. 1. Single paddling, one-half mile and turn, deck canoes. 2. Tandem paddling, one-half mile and turn, open or deck canoes. 3. Hand paddling, 300yds. 4. Standing paddling, 300yds. 5. Capsize paddling, 300yds. 6. Gymnastic exhibition in canoes. 7. Open sailing, 3 miles. 8. Limited sailing, 3 miles. 9. Combined sailing and paddling, 3 miles. The order will be announced on the bulletin board in the morning. I extend in behalf of the club an invitation to all canoeists to be present at the Calla Shasta meet July 2-4, and to those who come we promise a jolly good time. Space to pitch tents, straw and other accommodations may be had by addressing either of the officers undersigned not later than the 30th of June.—CHAS. M. SHEDD, Captain (H. D. Marsh, Secretary).

PASSAIC RIVER MEET.—In addition to the races announced last week, a pair of paddles is offered for the best flapjack cooked in a competition to be held at the camp, and four or five other prizes have already come to the notice of the committee. Class A, sailing, is limited to 80sq. ft. of sail, and Class B to 100sq. ft. The races will all take place on Monday, July 4; entries may be made at the meet. Chinese lanterns will be in demand for a torchlight procession and musical instruments will of course be brought along. Every one should be provided with some kind of tent and cooking utensils. Wagons from Paterson will call with provisions, but every one would do well to bring enough for a couple of meals with him. An attendance of more than a hundred is already assured. The distance is about ten miles from the Greenwood Lake Bridge at Newark, and two short carry will have to be made. Come with the tide and run up the creek at the Passaic Mills at high tide and make the short carry into the feeder. At half tide this creek is too shallow, and the river must be kept as far as the railroad bridge above Dundee Island; here there is a very steep carry into the same feeder.—J. V. L. PIERSON, J. M. CLOSE, Committee.

NEW YORK C. C. REGATTA.—Programme of annual regatta of New York Canoe Club, Saturday, June 25, off club house, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, at 2 o'clock: Sailing Race—First Class, seniors, two prizes; Second Class, novices, two prizes; Third Class, unclassified small boats, two prizes. Paddling Races—First, single, one prize; second, Tandem, one prize; third, race of local clubs in character; fourth, standing, one prize; fifth, upset, one prize. First and Second classes, sailing, will sail three times around a triangular course of a mile in length, in easy view of club house. Third Class, such as sneak boxes, Rushton cruisers, St. Lawrence skiffs, etc., will be started ten minutes before the canoes over a special course. All the events are open to amateurs. C. K. Munroe, C. L. Norton, B. H. Nadal, Regatta Committe.

RICHARDS.—The many friends of Com. Richards, (Mona) will be glad to hear that he is still canoeing, having sailed lately in a race of the Oakland C. C. Com. Richards was obliged to leave Canada on account of ill health last fall and went to California, where his health has improved. He is trying to induce some of the O. C. C. to visit Bow-Arrow Point.

RED JACKET AHOY!—Now is your chance to do something besides talking. The Dundee meet will give a race for large canoes (and there are some on the river) if there are any entries. The one short carry is nothing for a canoe though it might be for a yacht, so come on and show what you can do, or forever after hold your peace.—D.

A. C. A.—Trenton, N. J., June 20.—The following named gentlemen have applied for membership in the A. C. A.: Walter W. Lawson, Joseph P. Battles, David S. Goddard, Lowell, Mass.; W. H. King, R. Elmer Townsend, Boston Mass.—WM. M. CARTER, Secretary.

THE SHATTEMUC C. C. will hold their annual regatta on Saturday, July 2. The races will include sailing, single and double paddling races. Prizes will be given to the winners of each start at 4 P. M. at Sing Sing, N. Y.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

23. Columbia, Annual, N. Y.
24. New Haven, Annual.
25. N. J., Annual, New York.
25. Boston *Globe* Open, Boston.
25. Hull Club, Marblehead.
25. Oswego, Ladies' Day.
26. Quaker City, Roview, Phila.
28. Great Head, Pennant.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
2-4. Knickerbocker, Cruise.
2-4. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
4. Cor. San Francisco Cruise.
2. Beverly, Open. Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont.
5. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
7. Shamrock-TitaniaMatch, NY
6. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
9. Sandy Bay, Harwood Cup, Rockport.
9. Greenwich, An'l, Greenwich.
10. Atlantic, Cruise.
11. Empire, Annual, New York.
12. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull. Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
23. Monatiquot, Open, Weymouth
24. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

SMALL YACHTS AT TORONTO.—The protested race between the yachts Mischief, Iris and Caprice and the skiff Uneasy, was resailed on June 11, at Toronto, the skiff winning by 5m. allowance, receiving 12m. 30s. from Mischief, the second boat.

FACTS ABOUT THISTLE.

WE are able to give the following facts concerning the Thistle, and trust that the critics of contemporaries will govern their pens accordingly:

1. Thistle was designed before Mr. G. L. Watson visited America.

2. The comparatively large beam of Thistle was selected for reasons of economy, for her designer is convinced that a six-beam cutter, such as an enlarged Doris (30x5.5), would answer equally as well in point of speed, but would entail greater cost owing to greater displacement than a wider boat.

3. The current yarn that Mr. Watson spent "months studying American models" and copied or appropriated "American ideas" in the Thistle, is devoid of truth. Mr. Watson was in America only a fortnight, collected no data, and spent but two hours in the club room of the New York Y. C., most of the time in general conversation. The Thistle is built after ideas incorporated for many years past in Mr. Watson's "length boats," and as the rule of the N. Y. Y. C. is practically a length rule, the proportions of the Thistle were adapted to suit the rule.

We may add that in view of the performance of the narrow cutters Madge, Clara, Ulidia and others, the possibility of attaining the highest rate of speed from that type cannot be logically questioned, whether such boats are desirable or not on other counts.

It may be taken as pretty well settled that there is a fixed relation between resistance and sail carrying power in well-designed vessels, regardless of their chief proportions. Extra sail carrying is derived from addition to beam or to displacement in dealing with the low weights accompanying it. In either case the addition means additional resistance, and competitive sailing between the various types shows this resistance to grow very nearly or quite in the same proportion as the increased stability or sail carrying power. On a large scale this is proven by the Galatea and Priscilla. These two yachts are practically alike in speed, and it is a very conservative statement to say that Galatea would be as fast as Priscilla did she carry sail area in the same proportion to her ability as has Priscilla. Yet Priscilla has great beam and small depth, and Galatea is exactly opposite in type. It may be said that Priscilla is not the fastest vessel which can be produced upon her dimensions. But the same is also true of the Galatea. Though over 85ft. waterline she is hardly a match for the Irex of 82½ft., and no one can assert that Irex is the best that can be expected on *her* length.

But since the old Y. R. A. rule has been abolished there is no necessity for adopting the extreme proportions of some of the latest English racing cutters, for it will be conceded by all that reasonable increase in beam does not interfere with attaining the highest rate of speed, while adding to accommodations, especially in small craft. Hence we may look for a moderate increase in the beam of English cutters in the future, but not to such an extent as to effect a change in type. The future cutter will simply be of normal instead of abnormal proportions. It is even likely that cutters built to sail under the English rules of "Length *multiplied* by sail area" will be designed as wide as the Thistle. For a narrow boat, say of five beams, would require less sail area to drive her, owing to diminished "wave-making," and could be lengthened without measuring more than Thistle. Such a craft would in all probability beat the Thistle. This will, however, be for the future to settle more definitely. What can be expected of "normal" or nearly normal cutters has received a striking illustration in the new Burgess boat Pappoose. It is not at all proven that Thistle beats Irex on account of her greater beam, because the two are designed by different men, and it can be rightly advanced that Thistle owes her success to superior grace of fashioning without reference to difference in proportions. That there is a possibility of equalling her with a narrow boat, were it desirable to do so, we know to be the fixed opinion of Mr. Watson himself.

THE FORM AND SPEED OF YACHTS.

UNDER the above title Prof. R. H. Thurston contributes to the June number of the *Forum* a very timely and interesting discussion of a subject that has of late obtained great prominence not only with those specially interested, but among scientists and with the general public. Speaking of the late international races, the author says: "In reality the contest for the America's Cup did not yield any such decisive determination of the relative merits of those widely different forms of yachts as was confidently expected on both sides of the Atlantic. In fact, it simply resulted in proving that the two constructions are substantially of equal merit; for although the Puritan and Mayflower gained their victories and preserved for us the prize, the Genesta and Galatea showed themselves so nearly equal in speed, under such conditions as arose during the races, that it was evident that the advantage gained was too slight to settle the great question decisively, and that any small improvement in construction, in handling, or even in the streak of wind struck on the course, might reverse the result. The impression left on the minds of such disinterested spectators as were familiar with yachting matters was probably that the British yacht might possibly do the best work in heavy weather, while the American type should be expected to excel always in light winds. It became evident that a yacht to be built broad and shallow or deep and narrow, and yet give substantially equal speed when pressed to its most favorable performance under most favorable conditions of wind and sea. The form of the cross section is thus, apparently, not of serious importance where speed is the principal object."

After considering the conditions of maximum speed the author touches on a very important subject, as follows: "One of the important unsettled problems of yacht construction is that relating to proportion of length to midship dimensions. Taking the product of the breadth by the depth, and extracting the square root, we have a mean measure of the midship section which can be applied to either of the two extreme types. The usual method of taking the length as so many times the beam is evidently not capable of affording a comparison of the wide with the narrow ship. An investigation made recently at the request of the writer by Mr. H. DeB. Parsons, and reported by the writer to the British Association of Naval Architects at the recent meeting, has shown that the fast-swimming fishes have all about the same proportions, thus measured, as the best modern steamships, and about the same as the fastest of the sailing yachts, *i. e.*, a proportion of eight to one nearly. Another problem seems to have received at least an approximate solution from the investigation just referred to; the question where should the greatest transverse section be located in the length of the vessel? It was found that in all the fishes studied, whether fast or slow swimming, the trout and the mackerel, the bluefish and the shark, as well as in the haddock and the slower fishes, the "midship section," as this maximum section is technically called, is placed at the distance of 40 per cent. of the length of the fish from one end, and 60 per cent. from the other, the length being taken as measured from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, the length of the body of the fish." The paper goes on to show that these same proportions are found in many of the fastest yachts, both sailing and steam, but that in some cases the bow is the longer and in others the run. The general conclusions reached by the author are that as far as the principles of design are concerned, the proportions and forms, the best results have been practically reached, and that no radical improvement is probable, but that any further gain in speed or other desirable qualities must be looked for in the directions of lighter construction and improvements in details of build and fitting and in increased perfection in handling.

PAPPOOSE AS A CHILD OF REFORM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The victory of the cutter Pappoose over the Shadow in the Dorchester match last Friday was a genuine triumph all around the course. It will be hailed with pleasure by all true salts, for it will do much to remove the ludicrous hallucination, that the centerboard "creates" speed and that a centerboard yacht has fundamentally superior possibilities for speed by virtue of her board.

It is easily understood that the majority of yachtsmen should object to extremely narrow small cutters like Shona for cruising purposes and that regardless of their claims to speed. But it is also certain that if the "moderate cutter," exemplified in the new Pappoose and the whole of her kind, can be shown to equal or surpass the best centerboard ever built, the great majority will not hesitate any longer between an uncapsizable, able, roomy, smart-looking keel ship and a shoal, centerboard makeshift without headroom, unreliable, unsightly and not ship-shape in hull or rig.

The Pappoose is only one more step in the inevitable evolution of the old-time American trap into the *bona fide* cutter of good all-round proportions and characteristics. Her splendid sailing will have an immediate and tangible influence in leading up to the general adoption of the English cutter of "cruising" dimensions, of which type thousands now exist in British waters with the new Scotch Thistle at the head of the list. To this end the "cutter men" have been striving, and Pappoose proves their reasoning and foresight well founded.

HONEST BOAT.

VOLUNTEER.—This will be the name of Gen. Paine's new steel sloop now nearly ready for launching at Wilmington, Del.

THE END OF THE BATTLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cutter-sloop controversy is apparently reaching its end. Mr. Burgess in recent interviews has declared his readiness to design keel or centerboard for speed, without preference. He has already succeeded in doing this on a small scale in the new cutter Pappoose, which beat the famous centerboard Shadow so roundly in the Dorchester race last Saturday. If the Scotch Thistle does the same thing on a larger scale, the centerboard disappears from the "American idea," just as nearly all the other points made by "cutter men" have already been conceded in the difference existing between the modern improved so-called sloops and the orthodox "American idea."

Lead on the keel, cutter rig, and cutter style and kinks all through have been generally generally adopted. Even wide beam and light displacement has given way to moderate beam, more displacement and deep draft, as in the Pappoose.

The American sloop is now three-quarters cutter, and with the introduction of the keel, which seems likely enough in view of Pappoose's victory, the "American idea" will at last have conformed to the "normal cutter" of Great Britain.

May that day come soon, is the wish of every SAILORMAN.

YACHTING NOTES FROM SYDNEY, N. S. W.

THERE are few places better suited for boat sailing than Sydney Harbor and its adjacent waters, and few in which it is pursued more eagerly. The harbor, as many of your readers will know, consists of a land-locked gulf some half dozen miles long, and of varying width, the narrowest part below the city being about a mile across. The upper part gradually narrows to form the Parramatta River, up which one can sail for some 15 miles, and branches into other rivers and creeks, some of which are practicable for small craft. There are very many deep bays and inlets, of which those extending into the town are not particularly pleasant or interesting, while others, remaining in their natural wilderness, form delightful cruising and camping ground. The harbor generally has deep water, free from mud flats, and with clean sandy beaches. Though surrounded by high ground, it generally gets a true wind during the summer months, when the N.E. sea breeze mostly blows all day with a nice wholesail force, and blowing nearly straight up the harbor, giving a fair wind on the homeward run. After about a week of N.E. winds one may expect a "southerly bu'ster," often of considerable strength; but as the land separating the harbor from the ocean forms a weather shore, this wind causes no danger to careful sailors. In winter, though the wind is less satisfactory, consisting mainly of variable breezes from the west, there is smoother water, which is good for rowing boats. The weather is never too cold for camping. There is only one thing to complain of in the harbor, and that is sharks, which are large and numerous, and do not seem incined to disappear before the advance of civilization. The ocean outside is generally navigable even by small craft, if well found, but the leegoing current which runs southward along the coast rather discourages outside cruising. The tides are small, both as to rise and run, except here and there in narrow channels, where they make perhaps a couple of knots an hour.

A few miles off we have other rivers and harbors, most of which give good sailing, and being wilder than Sydner harbor, afford better fishing and shooting.

The pleasure craft on these waters consist of a few yachts, from about 30 tons downward, and a large number of half-decked and open boats. Among the yachts there is often some pretty racing, chiefly marred by the monotony of the same craft meeting again and again. All sizes are very heavily sparred, as the fashion of the place is to carry all the canvas you can, and to drag what you can't carry. It is curious to see even the smallest yachts crowded with ring-tail and water sail, and every kind of kites. It must need much smartness to get more good than harm out of such a lot of extra rigging.

The squaresail, which in English racing has mostly been superceded by the spinaker, here holds its own, and probably is better than the last-named sail for the short runs which occur in harbor racing.

Of large or even medium-sized yachts there are none, the small sizes proving more convenient for day cruising, which is all that is usually attempted.

The greatest amount of energy is shown in the open and half-decked classes, the general sizes being from 24ft. to 14ft. The half-deckers are a comparatively recent introduction, and are rapidly coming into favor, especially for pleasure sailing. They are worthy, wholesome little boats, and perhaps less over-sparred than the other classes.

The keel yachts and the centerboard half-deckers simply follow English designs, the open boats, however, are a distinctive local type. They seem to have been evolved from the ship's boats, with which the inhabitants were first acquainted.

The general form is an expanded V section, which, though not in itself a good form for stability, can be kept right side up by unlimited beam and plenty of live ballast, and seems to suit the short seas of the harbor very well. One peculiarity of the boats is the great width of the transom, adopted probably to gain room for sitting to windward.

For sail-carrying power they depend wholly upon the live-weight of the crew, consisting of as many men as can find room on the gunwale between the rigging and the transom, the top rail being extended in width by pieces worked to the outside, in order to afford a seat for them.

A few years ago the sprit rig was in favor, but it is now almost entirely superseded by the sloop. Lug sails are never seen, and there is a remarkable absence of experimental and fancy rigs. For some reason the local genius does not favor novelty, either in design or rigging. The main idea is to carry sail, and to have as long a boom and bowsprit as possible; so that one sees some of the boats sailing for hours with their sails half shaking, rather than carry less, and the clue of the mainsail dragged out on a great pole of a boom, of which the last few feet serve to extend about as many square inches of canvas. This custom of over-canvassing has grown to such an extent that in a race with a good breeze it is not uncommon for half the starters to "turn turtle," at least in the smaller classes, and the curious thing is that the men don't seem the least ashamed of it, but seem to think they have done rather a smart thing. In the handling of the boats they are very skillful, and can get a great pace out of them as long as they can keep them on their legs, though no doubt much speed is wasted by sailing such beamy craft at an excessive angle of inclination.

It would be interesting to see what success these boats would have against one of the Thames gigs with balance lug sail. Probably they would beat the Kingston crafts; but there are a few on the lower river which would have a very good chance with them. Perhaps some day a crew will take their boat to England and try this question.

The 14ft. class is practically the smallest, though there are boats as short as 8ft., rigged and sailed just like the others.

In all classes centerboards are carried, generally being of great depth and size. This is perhaps an error, as a moderate area will keep a boat to windward and offers less resistance. The reason probably of the large centerboards is this: Being made of iron, their weight acts as a metal keel would do, and, accordingly, it is found that the larger they are the better the boats will sail to windward. This effect, due to the weight, is attributed to the area; and, accordingly, the large boards prevail. Doubtless a smaller and thicker board, or one with lead inside, on Mr. Tyson's plan, would give better results.

A great many of the smaller boats are of canvas; not the tarpaulin affairs that one commonly connects with the name, but very smart and handsome craft. They are lightly planked all over, without any attempt at being watertight, and canvassed over the planking. By careful painting and filling, each coat being rubbed down with pumice stone, they have a beautifully polished surface, and if artistically colored, with a touch of the graining brush here and there, look almost as if they were hewn out of solid mahogany. This method of construction is very good, as the boats do not become leaky from the effects of the hot sun or from the strain of sailing, as wooden boats are apt to do. It would probably answer well for canoes. A curious thing is that, in spite of high wages and dear materials, boats are singularly cheap in Sydney. There are so many boat builders, besides numbers of ship carpenters and others who build a boat now and then at odd times, that the supply exceeds the demand.

Not much is done with canoes. The Sydney sailing men are very gregarious, and solitary sailing does not appear to be suited to their disposition. A few canoes have been imported from England, but the purchasers mostly seem discouraged by the complicated gear, and as the canoes do not perform well under sail at the first few trials—with an inexperienced crew and the gear all in a snarl—and take a long time to get under way, they generally are not much used. A few canoes are sometimes built here, but being made to any or no pattern, are seldom fit to carry sail, and being rigged with fore canvas only, of small area and ill fitted, and good for nothing on a wind, and are very uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, under sail. A canoe within the A. C. A. or R. C. C. dimensions, sailing in all weathers and holding her own with the other small craft on a wind, is a thing not to be seen here, but there are two or three of the Mersey type, nicely rigged and kept. There is at present no canoe club, but doubtless that is a matter for the future, and if we may judge from the energy shown in other departments of sailing, we may fairly anticipate that when canoe sailing once gains a hold it will go ahead rapidly. It will be seen, even from the above brief description of the water, that it is exactly the place for canoes, owing to the combination within a few miles of each other, of ocean, bay and river cruising grounds, a variety to which no other class of craft is so well suited. At present, however, though canoeists visiting the colony will doubtless find a welcome, we cannot offer them a chance of airing their racing flags, C. P.

BROOKLYN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JUNE 18.

THE annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on June 18, from off the club house, Gravesend Bay. The courses were: The course of Class C was crossing an imaginary line drawn from the judges' steamer to a markboat anchored in front thereof, at a distance of 200yds., to black buoy No. 7 on the lower end of the West Bank, leaving the same on port hand, thence home, crossing said imaginary line at the finish. Distance 12 miles.

For Class 2.—Start the same as above, thence to Southwest Spit Buoy 8½, leaving same on port, thence home, crossing said imaginary line at the finish. Distance 15 miles.

For Class 4.—Start as above, thence to Southwest Spit Buoy 8½, leaving same to port, thence to Black buoy 5 at Sandy Hook Point leaving same to port, thence return to Southwest Spit Buoy 8½, leaving same to starboard, thence home, crossing said line at the finish. Distance 19½ miles.

The times were:

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS, 25FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizzie	11 27 57	1 42 45	2 14 48	2 11 00
Bess	11 28 47	1 58 07	2 29 20	2 26 05
Seneca	11 28 06	1 42 10	2 14 04	2 14 04

CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS, 35FT. AND OVER.

Lotus	11 28 30	2 29 10	3 00 40	2 47 59
Onward	11 28 24	1 57 57	2 29 27	2 29 27
Æolus	11 27 57	2 17 52	2 49 55	2 44 51
Elsie	11 26 43	2 19 54	2 53 11	2 41 28

CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS, 25FT. AND OVER.

Faustina	11 31 40	1 25 00	1 53 20	1 53 20
Surprise	11 32 01	1 27 30	1 55 20	1 54 00

CABIN SLOOPS, UNDER 25FT.

Gracie	11 28 57	1 45 00	2 16 03	2 16 03

The special prizes offered by Commodore Barnard for the boat making the fastest time around Spit Buoy 8½ goes to Seneca.

DORCHESTER, Y. C.—100th Regatta, June 17.—Courses, second class, twice round the following: From starting line, leaving Graves whistling buoy on starboard, Winthrop bar buoy on starboard, flag boat at starting line on starboard. Third and fourth classes, once around the same course. Distance 20 and 10 miles. Weather clear. Wind southeast by south and light. Tide ebb. Summary:

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pappoose, C. F. Adams, 3d	37.07	4 01 27	3 18 11
Aglaia, J. E. Davis	33.08	4 20 59	3 32 12
Shona, C. H. Tweed	34.00	4 32 15	3 44 05

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Shadow, John Bryant	34.00	4 10 59	3 22 49
Vision, J. L. Poyen	31.02	4 20 50	3 28 20
Mabel, Childs, et al	33.06	4 40 36	3 51 42
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.01	4 46 18	3 53 40
Violet, H. J. McKee	33.08	4 52 14	4 03 36

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.06	2 31 24	2 03 44
Lizzie F. Daly, Daly Bros.	26.03	2 33 20	2 07 35
Echo, Burwell & Isham	25.03	2 42 12	2 09 51
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	2 37 58	2 09 57

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Atalanta, Isaac R. Thomas	27.08	2 37 25	2 08 05
Lizzie Warner, Thos. Lutted	25.02	2 48 37	2 16 44

FOURTH CLASS KEELS.

Volante, J. Minot Hall	22.05	2 37 44	2 02 37
Kitty, Tarbell & Adams	23.05	2 38 08	2 04 15
Thelga, H. L. Johnson	22.01	2 43 40	2 08 08
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	23.08	2 43 28	2 09 43

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.00	2 35 13	1 59 34
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	2 35 46	2 00 58
Black Cloud, A. Brown	23.07	2 34 46	2 01 05

Winners: Class 2, centerboards—Shadow, Vision; keels—Pappoose (*Globe* cup), Aglaia. Class 3—Breeze (K.), Atalanta (C. B.), Lizzie F. Daly (K.). Class 4—Volante (K.), Posey (C. B.), Kitty (K.), Sea Bird (C. B.). Regatta Committe—L. M. Clark (chairman), H. S. Carruth, Frank Gray, H. B. Callender, E. H. Tarbell. Judges—W. B. McClellan, C. Barnard, E. R. Tilton, A. J. Clark, J. S. Snell, H. Davenport and S. G. King. Much interest was shown in the comparative sailing of Shadow and Pappoose. The latter, a new cutter designed by Mr. Burgess, beat the centerboard sloop Shadow quite handily. Whether she will do as well with Shadow in stronger winds remains to be seen. Pappoose is a cutter of moderate type, an excellent craft for crusing and fast as a racer. She seems to be good proof that a properly designed keel boat can be made a good match for anything in the centerboard line. Posey, winner in fourth class, carried away her gafftopsail block and lost several minutes, but landed the prize with something to spare.

YONKERS Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, June 21,—Course to Tarrytown Buoy, 10 miles and return. There was no wind when the whistle sounded for the start, and the first boats over the line had the advantage of some catspaws, which gave them a lead which could not be overcome. About an hour after the start a good breeze from S.E. came up, which held to the end of the race:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith	10 58 30	3 22 15	4 23 45	3 54 35
Serrella	10 59 30	3 22 00	4 22 30	4 22 30

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 40FT.

Adelaide	10 57 00	2 51 30	3 54 30	3 54 30

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 40FT.

H. W. Beecher	10 50 00	2 59 30	4 09 30	3 59 05
Crawford	10 57 00	3 18 30	4 21 30	4 13 00
Cygnet	10 57 15	3 26 00	4 28 45	4 16 00
Racket	10 58 00	3 45 30	4 47 50	4 32 15
Anna	10 57 00	Did not finish.		
Hazel	10 57 15	Did not finish.		
Tethys	10 54 30	Did not finish.		

CLASS D—OPEN SLOOPS.

Rambler	10 51 05	2 59 00	4 07 55	4 04 00
Bother	10 53 50	3 43 00	4 49 10	4 39 40
Montana Jack	10 53 45	3 48 00	4 49 15	4 49 15

CLASS E—CATBOATS OVER 20FT.

Ella F	10 53 10	3 16 31	4 23 31	4 23 31
Whileaway	10 52 30	3 16 30	4 24 00	4 22 43
Dashaway	10 52 35	Did not finish.		

CLASS F—CATBOATS 16 TO 20FT.

Comfort	10 46 00	3 50 00	5 04 00	5 04 00
Rocket	Did not finish.			
Spray	10 41 50	3 45 00	5 03 10	5 00 45
Cutty Sark	10 41 30	3 57 00	5 15 30	5 11 45
Cora	Did not finish.			
Mabel	10 46 05	3 54 30	5 08 25	5 10 30

CLASS G—CATBOATS UNDER 16FT.

Daisy	10 41 52	2 04 20	3 22 28	3 22 28
Uncle Jake	10 41 52	Did not finish.		

Prizes were awarded in the evening.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C., June 18.—The Knickerbocker Y. C. has among its fleet a very good lot of cabin yachts of small size, and for the encouragement of this desirable class of boat the club has started a series of races open to them alone. The first of these was sailed on June 18, the course being from the club house at Port Morris, around Fort Schuyler buoy and return. All got well away at 2:40, only Ianthe being handicapped. The times at the turn were:

Nanita	4 00 00	Weary Wish	4 07 09
Thisbe	4 01 45	Gem	4 14 41
Idalia	4 02 58	Surprise	4 14 35

The full times were:

CLASS A.—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 24FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Weary Wish	2 40 25	6 12 50	3 32 25	3 32 25
Nanita	2 42 00	6 19 11	3 37 11	3 34 31
Ianthe	2 45 00	6 37 00	3 52 00	3 49 35

CLASS B.—CABIN CAT YAWL RIGGED YACHTS UNDER 26FT.

Gem	2 43 47	6 39 20	3 55 33	3 55 33
Raven	Did not finish.			

CLASS C.—CABIN CAT RIGGED YACHTS UNDER 26FT.

Surprise	2 42 00	6 34 15	3 52 15	3 52 15
Idalia	2 41 28	6 18 09	3 36 41	3 35 43
Thisbe	2 40 26	6 18 31	3 38 05	3 35 07

CAPE ANN Y. C.—Race set for July 4 will be sailed off Annisquam.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S. RACE, June 11.—Course No. 2, starting from H. M. lumber yard to buoy in Dartmouth Cove, thence to Man's Rock Buoy, leaving these marks on starboard hand, and finish off H. M. lumber yard, distance 10 miles 8 cables. Weather fair, fresh southerly wind, tide on the ebb. Summary:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Halicia, cutter, Capt. S. Scott		2 2 22	4 34 25	2 32 03
Hebes, cutter, Capt. S. Scott	25.0	2 3 34	4 31 23	2 27 29
Psyche, cutter, Capt. Russell	24.2	2 3 16	Gave up.	
Wenonah, sch., J. Fraser, et al.	45.1	2 2 51	4 26 05	2 23 14
Phantom, sloop, H. M. Wylde	24.0	2 1 00	Broke rudder head.	
Daphne, sloop, F. H. Bell, et al.	23.7	2 1 25	4 43 58	2 52 33
Mentor, cutter, Wm. Black	20.6	2 1 59	Gave up.	
*Lenne, sloop, H. C. MacLeod		2 4 00	4 42 59	2 38 39

*Carried away bobstay. Hebe wins first prize, Wenonah second and Daphne third. Flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove lies south N.N.E. from starting line; Man's rock lies about due south from flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove. The yachts are not yet measured under new measurement (Y. R. A. rule) lately adopted by the squadron. Officers of the day, Rear-Com. W. H. Troop and F. C. Sumichrast.

AMERICAN Y. C. FIRST REGATTA, JUNE 11.—Course from stakeboat off city wharf around the inner can buoy and return, thence to the inner Hunf sands buoy, around a stakeboat off Ocean avenue and return to city wharf. Distance 10 miles. Weather fair and warm. Wind east, changing to east south east:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Freak, W. C. Thompson	21.01½	1 03 00	2 49 28	2 49 28
Teaser, Teel & Follensbee	20.05½	1 03 00	2 48 01	2 47 05
White Cloud, Rodgrass Bros.	17.11	1 03 00	2 46 13	2 44 29½
Budge, Paul J. Lowell	19.00	1 03 00	2 45 45	2 42 37½
Thorn, Lincoln S. Coffin	18.05½	1 03 00	2 44 40	2 40 39½
Clio, Elbridge G. Woodwell	17.05	1 03 00	Did not return.	
Hustler, C. S. Shackford	16.00	1 03 00	Did not return.	
Me Too, Ives & Pillegrew	16.00	1 03 00	Did not return.	

Regatta Committee, Henry T. Moody, Nathan Rodigrass and Lincoln S. Coffin. Judges, Elisha P. Pride, John W. Sargent, William E. Chase.

CAPE COD Y. C., June 17.—Course from stakeboat off East Dennis, around buoys on Shoal Ground to stakeboat off Brewster back to starting point. Weather, calm and rainy before the start, but clear at the starting time. Wind, N.E., veering to S.E., fresh breeze. Tide, ebb at starting, flood at finish. Summary:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Nobscusset, L. Hall	23.08	1 26 15	3 31 05	2 05 00	1 28 05
Madge, Cumming & Howe	23.05	1 25 45	3 29 08	2 03 23	1 26 07
Ariel, H. H. Leais & Co	21.06	1 26 00	3 37 50	2 11 50	1 31 54
Guinevere, V. D. Bacon	20.10	1 27 30	3 49 45	2 22 15	1 41 19
Fawn, Jas. Smith	23.00	1 28 45	4 12 10	2 43 35	2 05 46
Daisy, H. E. Radford	18.04	1 31 15	4 11 50	2 40 35	1 55 28
Gracie, J. Crowell	17.11	1 30 45	4 03 20	2 32 35	1 46 42
Magic, T. P. Lewis	17.10	1 30 45	3 57 55	2 27 10	1 41 08
Iris, E. D. Crowell	17.08½	1 30 30	3 56 15	2 25 45	1 39 29

Madge and Iris take firsts, Nobscusset and Magic second and Ariel and Gracie third. Regatta Committee, D. W. Sears, Edgar Lincoln and E. Small.

HULL Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA, JUNE 8.—The first pennant regatta of the Hull Y. C. for the year was sailed on June 18, the courses being 6 miles. The wind was light from east. The times were:

SECOND CLASS KEEL SLOOPS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Lizzie F. Daly, Daly Bros	1 16 39	0 58 24

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARD SLOOPS.

Atlanta, J. R. Thomas	1 11 55	0 54 16

THIRD CLASS KEEL SLOOPS.

Zetta, H. E. Fowle	1 27 46	1 05 09

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARD SLOOPS.

Mabel, F. L. Dunne	1 20 32	0 57 24

FOURTH CLASS.

Rocket, H. Faxon	1 24 18	0 57 11

PORTLAND Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, June 15.—Course: Down the harbor, leaving buoys on Stanford and Spring Point Ledges on starboard, House Island on port, out by White Head ship channel, leaving outer Green Island on starboard, thence to buoy No. 9 on Trundy's Reef, leaving it on starboard, and in ship channel, leaving Jordan's Reef buoy on starboard, to the starting point, 18 miles. Weather cloudy on start, with showers. Wind, S.S.W. Tide, ebb.

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Warren, J. W. Frye	36.08	11 01 50	Did not finish.	
Willie, J. F. Stubbs	31.10	11 02 21	2 49 20	3 02 19
Marie, Geo. A. White	30.3½	11 02 21	3 10 47	3 20 26
Millie, E. S. Paul	30.07	11 01 43	2 42 12	2 51 21

Regatta committee and judges: F. L. Mosley, H. R. Virgin, H. P. Larrabee, P. R. Slevin.

TORONTO Y. C., June 11.—A race was sailed at Toronto on June 11 between the small cutters of T. Y. C., the starters being: Verve, Cyprus, Rivet, Yolande (schr.) and Escape. The course was to Port Dalhousie. The start was timed:

Verve	3 01 00	Escape	3 02 45
Yolande	3 01 30	Cyprus	3 03 55
Rivet	3 02 30		

Cyprus was handicapped 4 min. but soon made it up, taking second place, but losing ground later on through an accident to her topmast rigging. The finish was timed:

Verve	6 51 50	Yolande	7 35 00
Cyprus	7 05 15	Escape	8 15 00
Rivet	7 15 32		

Verve beat Cyprus 2m. 5s. corrected time.

DORCHESTER Y. C. 99TH REGATTA, JUNE 14.—Course, the club course in Dorchester Bay. Weather clear. Wind east and strong. Tide flood:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	20.01	0 53 19	0 38 00
*Teaser, J. Colter	21.04	0 50 45	0 36 13

*Teaser ruled out for being over 21ft. The Mabel consequently had a walkover and wins the cup. The boats only sailed over half the course according to the decision of judges. Judges, A. J. Clark, E. Rockwood Tilton and H. Davenport.

CORINTHIAN SAILING ON THE DELAWARE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the gratifying features of the Quaker City Y. C. race, 13th inst., was that amateur yacht handlers win in every instance over experts of other days. Winners, Minerva, No. 1, Capt. R. Thomson, first class sloop, with a pure Corinthian crew; Leda, second class sloop, H. Clay Funk, Commodore Cooper's Point Corinthian Club, and crew from same club, distancing all but the two first class sloops, and first in the fleet if time allowance was applied irrespective of class; Minerva, of Trenton, third class sloops, Rear-Commodore W. H. Mickel; Comfort, fourth class sloops and cutters, J. Chatten. The little cutter Lark, Capt. Whitehead, much the smallest boat in the fleet, a perfect picture of boat beauty, pleased every one by her stiffness and fine sailing, came in No. 2 in her class. These boats are singlehand cruisers, and next year will find this class for outreaching all others in the club, in numbers at least, thanks to your able yachting editor. Professionals will hereafter look on and learn. As usual, the Trenton contingent takes home their quota of prizes. The schooner yacht Helen, C. Middleton, hurried the first class singlestickers without setting light sails, as she unfortunately had no competitor. Yet she behaved wonderfully well, especially in the baffling airs on the home stretch. Racing regulations, first, a flying start. The very best get-away of the club. Second, course (another departure from the old rules) proved a complete success, enabling modern yachts of deep draft to successfully contend with the "dish," who with lifted board can no longer shirk the opposing tide along in the "can docks," or jump a shoal to avoid a back stretch. Third, new measurement rules; they have been corrected and revised so as to apply to local necessities, and work admirably. The gentlemen of the regatta committee, Messrs. Bancroft, Wilson, Works, Wood and others deserve great praise for their untiring energy in bringing about these grand results. The Q. C. Y. C. has now a future of its own. —R. G. W.

COHASSET Y. C.—This new club held its first meeting last week, a constitution and by-laws being adopted. Mr. Lawrence Barrett has presented the club with a large landing float. W. E. Crocker is the commodore, the committee being: Executive committee, William E. Crocker, Frank R. Pegram, Harry E. Mapes, Edgar Bullum, George Jason, Henry Brennock, Thomas S. Grassie; regatta committee, John Ainslie, John J. Grassie, Manuel F. Grassie.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—The Great Head Y. C. sailed its first open regatta of the year off Winthrop on June 11. The winners were: First class, Black Cloud, Good Luck and Thelga; second class, Em Ell Eye, Topsy, Tarter, Mabel, White Wings; third class, Victor, Zoe, Scamp, Rocket, Wildfire; fourth class, Topsy, Mist and Etta.

ZOE—VICTOR MATCH.—A private match was sailed last week over an 8-mile course between these two boats, the time being: Actual, Zoe, 2.1.10; Victor, 2.2.28. Corrected, Zoe, 1.28.41; Victor, 1.28.2. Judges, James Bertram and Percy E. Burns.

LENORE.—A new yacht by this name has just been added to the fleet of the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., being designed by her owner. H. C. McLeod, who also designed the Meteor, a very successful boat. The dimensions of Lenore are:

Length over all	32ft. 6in.
Length on waterline	27ft.
Breadth on waterline	7ft. 5in.
Greatest breadth	7ft. 11in.
Draft of water	4ft. 6in.
Area load water plane	129sq. ft.
Area wetted surface	261sq. ft.
Area lower sails per sq. ft. of wetted surface.	3.03sq. ft.
Displacement	10,800lbs.
Ballast on keel (lead)	5,821lbs.
Mast from fore side of stem	8ft.
Mast, deck to hounds	21ft. 6in.
Pole of mast	13ft.
Diameter of mast at deck	5½in.
Main boom	29ft. 6in.
Main gaff	18ft. 6in.
Bowsprit outboard	12ft. 6in.
Area of mainsail	560sq. ft.
Area of jib	230sq. ft.
Area of topsail	150sq. ft.

The Lenore was built by Messrs. Chambers, Turner & Layton, of Truro. She made her first race last week, but was beaten, having lost her bobstay by collision with a rowboat before the start, and so being unable to carry full sail.

FORM OF YACHTS.—Extracts from Prof. R. H. Thurston's article in the June *Forum* are remarkable for the coincidence of their conclusions with those set forth at length by Mr. C. P. Kunhardt in "Small Yachts," especially the conclusion that no "best" proportion of beam to length exists, but that beam should vary with depth or with displacement dependent thereon. Prof. Thurston further concludes that one type is as capable of speed as the other, just what Mr. Kunhardt has strenuously insisted upon throughout in the pages of this journal as well as in the books he has written, having for a long time been the only person to take this stand. As to the comparison with fishes, we cannot place much weight upon the deductions, because fish are modifications upon the form of least resistance in consequence of the structural demands created by propulsion by the tail and after body. Hence in fish the greatest section is further forward than it should be in yachts. Apart from this, the causes of resistance to progress of wholly immersed fish and semi-immersed vessel are different and demand different solution. Questions of stability, etc., other than those of resistance must receive consideration in the vessel but not in the fish, so that the analogy should be accepted with great caution. We welcome Prof. Thurston's article because it is such absolute substantiation of the position taken by this journal for many years, and will tend to enlighten the public, as we have been seeking to do.

LORNA-NAHLI MATCH.—A third match will be sailed to-day between the open boats Lorna, E. J. O'Gorman, and Nahli, W. E. Conner, from Sand's Point, 10 miles to windward and return, with Capt. Geo. Mackey as referee. In the first race, sailed last fall, Lorna only won by 2-5s., and it was agreed to call it a draw and sail again, which was done, Nahli losing her sandbags and Lorna winning. The two are very evenly matched, Lorna being 24ft.5in. l.w.l. and Nahli 24ft. 3in. The former will be sailed by Captain Samuel Travers and a picked crew of boatmen from Cow Bay, and Nahli by Captain Samuel Seaman with crew also from Cow Bay.

PAPPOOSE.—This new cutter by Burgess captured the *Globe* cup last Friday and is now the talk of Boston. Possibly she is the forerunner of a new lot of similar craft.

"GLOBE" DAY.—The entries for the prizes offered by the Boston *Globe* will run above one hundred and a big match and evening fete may be looked for Saturday.

REGATTA AT BAR HARBOR.—The date of the open regatta at Bar Harbor has been fixed for Aug. 25, and $1,150 will be given in prizes. There will be two classes for schooners, prizes $250 and $200, and four classes of sloops, prizes $250, $200, $150 and $100. The details are in the hands of Admiral Padelford, Cor. Y. C.

HALIFAX REGATTA.—A meeting was held at Halifax on June 14, at which it was resolved to offer a cup to cost $750 for a race to be sailed between Aug. 1 and 15, open to all yachts from the United States and Canada. Galatea and Stranger will be present and other yachts from the States are expected.

ATLANTIC.—The pride of Bay Ridge was hauled out at Mumm's last week for more lead on her keel. Her joiner work will also be completed before she leaves the basin, as thus far she has been but partly finished inside. She will not meet her class before the cruise of the Atlantic, or perhaps the New York Y. C.

THE JUBILEE RACE.—Since the start on June 14, the fleet has been lost in fog and little is known of the leaders though it is supposed that Genesta is ahead. The English yacht Dauntless, ketch rigged, one of the competitors, was run into by the steam yacht Pandora and disabled.

VIXEN.—The Vixen, well known as a fast sloop, has become the property of W. G. Loring of Boston. Vixen was originally a Bob Fish model, but has been raised in the side. She is probably as smart as anything of her length, and about a match for the Fanita.

BAY VIEW (MASS.) Y. C.—Match last Friday in light wind. In first class, over 28ft., N. & S. won in 1.52, corrected time, beating Jennie, Trio and Hager. In second class, under 20ft., the catboat Flash won in 1.27, beating Alice, Annie, Dolsie, Kit and Goat withdrawn.

DAUNTLESS.—This American schooner is not sailing in the Jubilee race around Great Britain. The Dauntless, reported run into by a steamer, is an English yawl of 163 tons.

MELUSINA.—Horace Binney's cutter, previously illustrated in this journal, has been launched after being two years on the stocks, her owner having been in Europe.

IREX AND THISTLE.—In the match at Liverpool on Saturday Thistle beat Irex easily in light weather. The details of the race have not yet come to hand.

WHISTLEWING.—This Hamilton cutter has been purchased by Andrew Rutherford, of Toronto. The T. Y. C. now has the largest fleet on the lakes.

SHEERWATER.—This is the name of the new steel steamer built for John M. Forbes by the Atlantic Iron Works, of Boston.

UNDINE.—This old-time New York sloop will be sold at auction Saturday, at Lawley's, South Boston.

TORONTO Y. C. will arrange a jubilee race at Niagara, July 2, open to all over 25ft. sailing length.

Flash, the finely-bred setter owned by Dr. C. A. Packard, of Bath, has a favorite house in the city which he often visits. The other day he was there at the dinner hour, and, civil dog that he is, he waited till the family rose from the table, when he made his presence known and was at once admitted as a welcome guest. One of the family, a lady, is very fond of Flash, and he reciprocates the kindness shown him. The lady is a great knitter, and as soon as Flash entered the hallway he passed to a room, secured the lady's knitting work, and brought it to her. Finding that the ball of yarn was not with it he at once returned and secured that also, and then laid himself at the lady's feet while she went on with her work.—*Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. V. W., New York.—A.

C. A., Alston, Mass.—We never decide bets.

J. R. S.—The designer will not allow the lines to be published.

M., Roslindale.—Prince Waldemar is by Crown Prince and out of Negress (Colonel—Ida).

SMOOTHSKIN, Toronto.—The challenge trophy will be raced for but no intimation has been received from the British canoeists that they will be present. There will be a mess-room, but no boarding house at the camp.

MORTON, Los Angeles, Cal.—If a gunner steps to the mark, says "pull," the trap is pulled, the bird flies, he pulls the trigger, finds his gun not cocked, cocks his gun and shoots the bird in bounds, is it a dead bird or lost bird? Ans. Dead bird.

C. G. and W. B. B., Brooklyn.—Nothing will remove mildew from sails without injuring the fabric. See receipt for liming sails, FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 13, 1883. Only constant care will prevent mildew, drying thoroughly every time they are wet.

W. H. B., Nashua, N. H.—A friend has a litter of pointer puppies one week old, one of which is entirely white, not a mark or spot of any description. Is not this unusual? Will his coat change as he grows older? Ans. It is not very unusual. He will probably show ticks as he grows older.

P. P. L., Morgantown, N. C.—Please inform me as to the best bait and methods and time for catching German carp. I am living near a large pond which was stocked five years ago. Few have been caught, some weighing as much as 10 to 12lbs., but they were in shallow water. I have caught a few with angle worms, but they were small. Ans. Carp will take boiled peas, potatoes, flour worked into wet cotton, and other baits. See account in this week's issue of taking them with bread crust.

TARGET.—The dimensions of the Creedmoor (National Rifle Association) targets: First Class, up to and including 300yds.—Bullseye, circular, 8in. diam.; center, circular, 26in.; inner, circular, 46in.; outer, remainder of target. 2. Second Class, to be used at all distances over 300 to and including 600yds.; target, 6x6ft.—Bullseye, circular, 22in diam.; center, circular, 38in.; inner, circular, 54in.; outer, remainder of target. 3. First Class, to be used at all distances over 600yds.; target, 6x12ft.—Bullseye, circular, 36in. diam.; center, circular, 54in.; inner, square, 6x6ft.; outer, remainder of target. The count and circles of the Massachusetts decimal and the standard targets are:

Count.	Mass. Decimal. diam. of circles.	Standard.
10	3 in.	3.36in.
9	5¾in.	5.54in.
8	8 in.	8.00in.
7	10¼in.	11.00in.
6	12¾in.	14.80in.
5	16¼in.	18.68in.
4	20½in.	26.00in.
3	26 in.	34.22in.
2	33 in.	44.96in.
1	41¾in.	4x6ft. area.

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4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

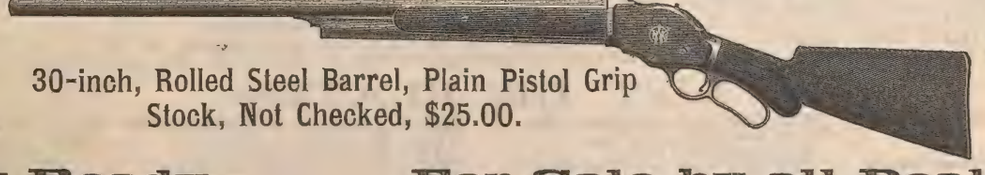
Scientific American: "When so arranged the wings offer less resistance to the air in casting. As the fly is slowly drawn toward the angler the wings expand, and give it a fluttering, life-like motion, much more alluring to the fish."

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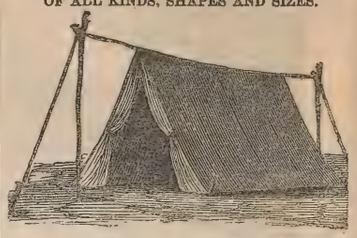
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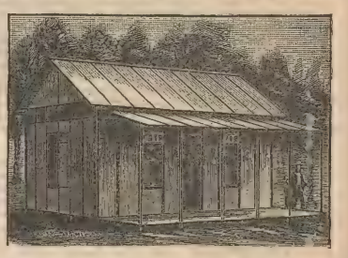
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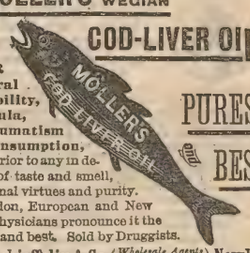


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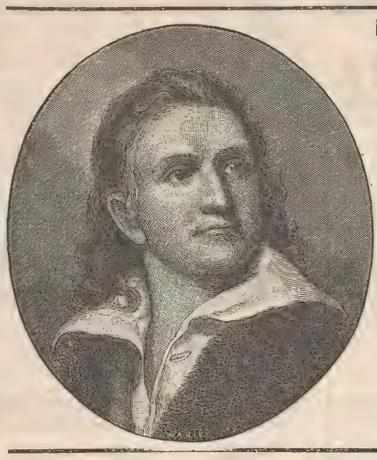
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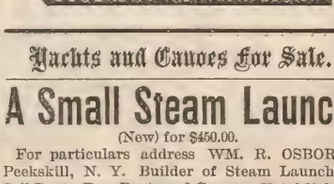
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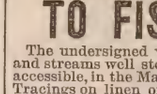
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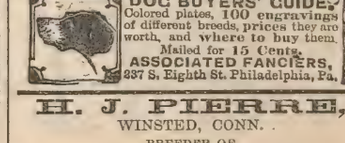
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PROTECTING THE BIRDS.

THE interest in bird protection, which last year led to the formation of the AUDUBON SOCIETY, continues to increase, and the publication of the *Audubon Magazine* has added greatly to this interest. We are told by the Secretary of the SOCIETY that on June 30 its books show a registered membership of 36,000. This is just twice as many as the SOCIETY had Jan. 1 last, showing that in the six months just past as many members have been added as joined it during the first eleven months of its existence. This is but natural, when it is remembered that each member added to the roll is another missionary ready to preach protection for our useful birds.

Among farmers a prejudice against crows, hawks and owls still exists, but this feeling is yielding slowly to the efforts which are being made to show that these birds are more beneficial than injurious. It is so much easier to see the evident harm sometimes done by these birds than to estimate the silent, unnoticed services which they are constantly performing for the agriculturist. A number of trained observers are now studying this particular question, and it seems probable that within a year we shall have an amount of evidence on the subject which will convert even the most obstinate enemies of the crows and the owls into their warm partisans.

Measuring the future by the past, a still greater interest in our birds may be looked for, and as this interest increases and the services of the birds to man are more generally appreciated, protection will follow, and on the heels of protection will come the reward to the farmer in increased crops and in many other ways. If the senseless craze for birds in hats has been finally killed, one great motive for destruction will have been removed, and so protection will be made more easy.

It is difficult to over-estimate the good which the *Audubon Magazine* is accomplishing. It teaches the lesson of kindness, of humanity and of man's best interests in simple, practical fashion, and so entertainingly that the reader is unaware that he is receiving instruction. Its essays and stories fascinate young and old alike, and it has attained a success which is quite without precedent. No doubt it has before it a long and profitable career.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

NOW that the annual meet of the American Canoe Association is in prospect, canoeists are setting their wits to work to devise arrangements for the transportation of their craft to the camp. The average canoe is not an ideal piece of baggage, and while on some of the Eastern railroads managers agree to carry canoes free just as they transport a passenger's trunks, the subordinates, who do the handling, look with no favor on the delicate craft committed to their charge. Owners find it advantageous to "soap" the baggage-smasher; for if liberally feed, say to the extent of an outlay equal to what the freight or expressage would be, he shows some consideration for the canoe and stays his hand. At best, however, a canoe does not fit well with heavy trunks, and the wise canoeist will personally look after his charge when transfers are to be made. It is the safest rule to paddle your own canoe when traveling by rail, lifting it to and from the baggage car yourself. If one feels peculiarly philanthropic he may also look out for the canoes of others who happen not to be along to take care of them themselves.

An instance of this came to our notice last year when two canoeiets from New York were on their way to the meet. In the baggage car along with their own canoes was a heavily-laden craft, whose owner was not on hand to look out for it. The two New Yorkers, prompted by fraternal zeal, hurried to the baggage car at every change, carefully lifted the heavy canoe and put it as carefully in place again; and at length saw it safely through to its destination, where they gave it the final lift and deposited it unscratched and unracked on the platform. Then emerged from the smoking car the owner, who tranquilly sauntered up to express gratification that his canoe had come through so nicely. The two philanthropists of the paddle then and there entered into a solemn compact for the future to let every brother paddle his own canoe.

DOGS IN THE CITY.

THE New York ordinance relating to dogs prescribes that every dog must be licensed and in public must be fastened to its attendant by a chain not more than four feet in length. Official dog catchers go about with a crate on wheels, capture unlicensed dogs and those which are loose in the streets, and take them to the pound, where, unless redeemed by their owners, they are drowned in the East River. A dog owner, who has evidently been a victim of the official dog catcher's zeal, addressed an inquiry on the subject to the Mayor last week, and received the following reply:

> You complain that your dog license does you no good. The answer is that it enables you to keep a dog, for without a license he would be seized and killed. With a license he may also be seized and killed, and properly so, if he is not muzzled, or held by a chain not longer than four feet. So far as the latter precaution is concerned, I have a case before me to-day in which a dog so chained and held by a boy has bitten a child, whose parents are naturally very greatly distressed. The truth would seem to be that right-minded persons should refrain from keeping dogs in the city. So far as my judgment goes, I would recommend the passage of an ordinance prohibiting the existence of dogs in the city of New York. In the mean time, however, I am doing what I can to keep the dog catchers under proper restraint, but if they should report to me that they had managed to destroy all the dogs, licensed and unlicensed, in the city, I should feel no personal grief.

To this the owner returned the following retort courteous:

> The character of your response to mine of the 21st I naturally anticipated in writing you originally. A man who would deliberately endanger the life of car horses, would manufacture as a private citizen tracks he could condemn as Mayor, who would revive dead laws for political reasons, would approve every action calculated to abridge the liberty of the citizen, as you have done. The publication of such a letter as yours of yesterday encourages thugs and ruffians by the knowledge of your support, just as your previous acts have encouraged our sanctimonious fanatics in the city to hope for absolute despotism under your proselytizing administration.

The dog question has thus, it will be seen, assumed importance as one of the political issues of the day. Probably Mayor Hewitt did not think three times before expressing his opinion on dogs. A discreet politician would have foreseen the strength of the love-me-love-my-dog principle in city elections as everywhere else; and after duly balancing the strength of the dog faction and the anti-dog faction, he would have maintained a secure perch on the fence and written a letter pleasing to both sides. As it is now, men in the street cars and other public places have freely expressed a determination never again to vote for Mr. Hewitt, since he has shown so little respect for their four-legged friends.

There are two sides to every question; and there are dogs and dogs. If the number of dogs whose taking off would have given the Mayor satisfaction had been limited by him to say a round ten thousand, few sensible citizens would have found fault with him. The Mayor is a victim of insomnia, has perhaps been kept awake at night by barking dogs, and can speak feelingly on the subject. A man's sleep is certainly of more importance than a dog's bark; and if the two cannot harmonize the bark must be suppressed. The law provides that if two citizens complain of a dog as a nuisance the police magistrates may order the canine nuisance abated.

The newspaper discussion of the dog question has recalled the fact that when Caleb Cushing was in Washington preparing the case of the United States against England in the Alabama claims, the eminent jurist was so disturbed by canine concerts at night, that he was unable to proceed with his work, and so it came to pass that either the dogs must be suppressed or the Government lose its $15,000,000. The dogs' owners were proceeded against, and bound over to keep the peace; but the serenades continued, and Mr. Cushing at length set about securing the enactment of laws to abolish dogs entirely and drive them out from Washington. Happily or unhappily for that city, the proceeding was interrupted by Mr. Cushing's departure from the city, whose dogs have multiplied ten fold since then, and will bay the moon with unabated yelp until another Alabama shall compass their ruin.

SNAP SHOTS.

THIS is the time of year when every one who can get away goes fishing, and it has come to be so common for a business man to take a day or a week off, that absence from desk or counter almost presupposes a fishing trip. A Michigan member of the "American colony" of runaway thieves in Montreal had occasion the other day to go to Coaticook, which is only ten miles from the Vermont frontier. A detective met him there and explained that the man he had come to see was absent on a fishing excursion, and he offered to drive the defaulter out to the pond. The Michigan man went along, but the route led over into Vermont, where the cunning detective promptly arrested him, and now he takes no interest in angling literature.

The inter-State commerce law has interfered disastrously with many fishing excursions. Your "true angler," whose pocketbook once bulged out with passes, has had occasion this season to restrain his fishing ardor within stricter limits than before; and editors have relief from the enterprising geniuses who were formerly eager to "write up" fishing resorts in consideration of railroad passes. In the palmiest days of dead-heading, however, only one sportsman tourist out of a thousand rode free. Railroads and steamboats have drawn immense revenue from passengers to and from shooting and fishing resorts.

A Philadelphia family have been poisoned by eating canned salmon. It appears that the salmon was all right when first opened, but it was allowed to stand forty-eight hours exposed to the hot and humid atmosphere, and by that time it was in a condition to poison a whole town, just as any other salmon, canned or uncanned, would have done. As canned goods constitute an important element in the camper's supplies, it is just as well to remember that canned meats and fish should be eaten when first opened.

The highest praise a recent obituary writer could give was summed up in these words: "He did more than any other person in this region to improve the breed of sporting dogs, and in this connection it is a sad pleasure to repeat that he was so highly esteemed for his conscientious and honest judgment of sporting matters that he was always sought to act as judge of field sports and bench shows, everybody being willing and anxious to have him decide such matters. His decisions were never called in question."

Men who enter their dogs at field trials and bench shows have a right to look for fair and honest treatment in these affairs just as they look for fair and honest treatment in business.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.--II.

IT was an icy and blusterous air which greeted us on the morning of our stay at the Eagle Chief Pool. Our fingers stiffened as we harnessed up our team, and our faces were covered with icicles before we had gone half a mile. It was, indeed, so cold that we made a late start; it was well on toward ten o'clock when we said good-bye to young Mason, promised to "pull in when we went north," and started on down toward the Cimarron. A brisk trot soon warmed up our shivering horses, and then we took turns on foot and warmed ourselves up. We kept the greyhounds in the wagon and tied up the foxhounds, thinking it better to freeze them than to have them poisoned. This precaution we kept up until within about six or eight miles of our destination, when, thinking we were through the poison belt, we turned the dogs all out on the Holmes range, which we afterward learned was precisely the most dangerous place in the whole country! None of them found poison, however, although Mr. Allison turned gray in a single night when he learned what a risk he had run.

As we traveled on down through the country we had ample chance to see the disastrous effect the recent great fires had had on the range. Thousands and thousands of acres lay black and desolate behind us and presently we could see a vast burned strip on the other side of the Cimarron. We traveled for a long time through the pasture of the "Drum outfit." The upper Drum pasture lies just below Kiowa and embraces 110,000 acres. The lower range, through which we were now passing, comprises 300,000 acres. Here be figures. And all of this vast area is under fence. And upon the upper range at least, sleek and happy cattle in such numbers that you can't hunt coyotes in any comfort among them. There are, I believe, thirty odd thousand cattle on this range. Such cattle as we saw as we went down into the country were looking in very good order. There was none of the sad picture of death and desolation which we saw along our road on a trip into the Panhandle last spring—product of last winter's terrible severity. This winter of 1886-7 has been a very mild one in the Southwest for the most part and the cattle on the finely sheltered range of the Strip have come through splendidly.

About the middle of the afternoon we entered the timber of Wildcat Creek, and knew we were approaching our destination. The country now had an indescribably gamy look. Thick brakes and swamps appeared along the road; upon the right, dark masses of "black jacks" hung over the low hills; to the left stretched out long rows of sandhills; while ahead of us, through occasional gaps in the timber and of the boundary wall of the sand bluffs, we could see the picturesque southern breaks of the Cimarron, blue-black and rugged—Round Mountain, fifteen miles to the east; Gloss Mountain to the right of that; and their long, flat mesas, jagged, scar-faced bluffs and more ragged half-turrets, all the way up to the right and out of sight. The impression was one of a wild and unfrequented country, whose echoes never had been, and never would be, wakened by the sound of the church-going bell. For myself, I am never quite happy within the city limits. A little more wilderness, please. And now I could feel my blood hum a little and I began to grow quite comfortable. Fiend Business, said the vagabond of me, thou wilt have a hard time to find us these two weeks now here in the breaks of the Cimarron!

We crossed Wildcat Creek in a pleasant little open level; twisted around among the sandhills for three-quarters of a mile further, following the trail, and finally came out on a hill, whence we could see the broad bed of the Cimarron, with its tangled threads and splashes of silver, and with its rough bluffs upon the further side. At the same time there also came into view the rude inclosure of the corral, and nestled in the big trees upon the river bank the long, low ranch building and the stables of the home camp of the 21. With a rush we went down the intervening space, and soon were out of the wind in the nook by the house and exchanging greetings with a certain very well-fed and hearty young man, who came out in his shirt sleeves, as if he didn't know it was cold. This was S. P. Chestnut, in charge during Mr. Kirkpatrick's absence. The ranch name of this gentleman was "Red," and so we all called him. Baptismal records are at a discount on the range.

We turned our horses into a stable, which was made of split logs. Behind each stall there was stretched, on the inside, a big raw hide. The tails of these hides stuck out between the roof and the top of the wall, and waved gracefully in the breeze. It looked as if a row of cows had crawled through the crack up there. It was very hard to understand at first. This was the only attempt at ornament I observed about the stables.

On looking about the premises, we found the *raison d'être* of the camp in a beautiful little "spring branch," which gushed out of the bank just below the ranch house. This bold spring of clear, sweet water was caught in a little reservoir, and passed through a log "spring house," where it kept cool, and at the same time kept warm—for its water never freezes—certain jars of milk and butter; for, on this Elysian ranch, milk, butter and eggs are actually produced and used—a thing unheard of on the range. This little stream riffled and bubbled along, furnishing cover for schools of minnows, which we could see playing about under the logs, and after a short course of perhaps 75yds. lost itself in the shallow, lazy, useless Cimarron, whose waters are too salt for man to drink.

I do not see the use of the Cimarron River. The cattle leave it and go to the creeks to drink; it is not pretty; and it is so salty that no self-respecting fish but the salt herring or codfish of commerce can exist in it. This fact will keep it from being a popular fishing stream. For what man, unless he be a market fisher indeed, can take pleasure in taking out so tired-looking a fish as a dried herring or in pulling out a headless corpse of a cod, all split open down the back like a summer ulster? No; the Cimarron is no good for real sport with the rod—not what I should call sport.

We found the ranch house to be built of logs, and to consist of two rooms, separated by a wide hall or porch, which was covered by the same roof and inclosed, except upon the south side. This porch makes a nice cool place in the summer, and it is a good place to step on a dog in the winter. In this forum we found eleven dogs, not counting our own. Of these dogs three were bob-tailed shepherds and the rest greyhounds, with one staghound. A very fine litter of pups, not yet a year old, of bright fawn color and all very large and strong fellows, made up the majority here. A likely young blue dog, just engaged in his favorite occupation of whipping one of his associates, attracted our notice. There was also a grand black bitch, just recovering from bad injuries got on a wire fence in a single-handed fight with a deer; and there came hobbling up to us, looking up with meek, suffering eyes, a noble brindle hound, almost off his legs with a horrible gash in his thigh, got in an encounter with a big buck, which had cut him with its hind feet. This hound, Boots, was the best one on the ranch; he was not able to run during our stay, but we saw his hurt mending with marvelous quickness. Nearly all the pups had seams and scars on their sides and heads, young as they were, and we could see we were fallen among a tribe of warriors.

After our dogs had been presented—the brace of foxhounds occasioning much wonderment among the long-legged greyhound puppies, who had never seen such a thing before—and after certain questions of precedence had been decisively argued among the dogs, we went into the room which was not the kitchen. Here we met Jack (John Middleton), another 21 boy, and Buck (which his father's name was Hurt), the cook of the outfit.

As per request, we "dumped our traps" on the floor and took possession, just the same as if we belonged there. There is little ceremony in a cow camp and absence of all fine talking. You are privileged to enter; you are expected to wait on yourself; no one will tell you where to unroll your blankets, when to go to bed, when to get up, when or how to do anything. The comforts and conveniences of the camp will not be explained to you; they are so simple that you are expected to know them and to take advantage of them if you wish to. You are, in short, given the run of the camp. Whether you will be welcome again or not depends on whether or not you are found to be "white" and "square." And depend upon it, your freedom from color and your rectangularity will be pretty accurately determined. A dandy, a half-man, a feather-bed sportsman, a hunter who wants to pay somebody something to wait on him, would better keep out of the cow camps. Yet no better, no more generous, honorable fellows live on earth than these much misunderstood "cowboys." Consider, Eastern reader, how lonesome, how same is their life on the range, how void of all entertainment. Rob you of your opera, your ball, your theater, your social gathering, your church, your night-out in any form—your chance for a change; take away your opportunity to see different faces, and exercise different faculties—in short, gentle reader, apply your revered nose to a grindstone of any sort, and let it whirl for about twelve months in the year. Mark my words, if you don't get wild the only reason will be that your work don't make you healthy and hearty and strong like a cowboy's, and full of that brimming devil which goes with animal health and spirit, from Viking dogs down. Give you your night-off, your day in town, your nose-off-the-grindstone, and if you are foolish enough to drink bad whisky, as most of the cowboys don't know any better than to do, the first thing you know you'll be riding your horse up on somebody's billiard table; if you know how to ride.

I have lived in the far West a little, and I know who does the murdering and all that sort of business. It isn't the cowboy. It's the meek-looking fellow in black clothes, and a diamond pin, and a stiff hat. He takes your money in his little game. He practices the art of quick pulling, and if you pistorially object, he comes in a little ahead of you, in "self defense"; until he has a reputation, and then he can kill you just anyhow. Crowded too close, he may take to the range for a while, and stay at a cow camp; but he isn't a cowboy. The cowboy has his peculiarities, his love of style, his pride of calling, his affectations, just like the rest of us; with this exception, that his code of etiquette, his style of dress do not change. He wears a twelve-dollar white hat, because it lasts, and keeps the sand out of his eyes; he sits in a forty-dollar saddle, because leather costs money, and he must have weight of well-fastened leather to hold a mad steer; he wears gloves, just as you wear a necktie; he wears heeled boots so that his feet won't slip through the stirrups when he is "cutting out"—for he rides with foot full in, as you would also, if you had his riding to do; he carries a Colt's .45, army size, square stock, single action, because he can soak that in water, cram it full of sand, run over it with a bunch of cattle, or knock down a broncho with it, and it will still go off, sure. He will not have a Smith & Wesson pistol, though acknowledging they may do "for such as like 'em."

The cowboy comes from pretty much all over. Those at the 21 came from Texas and Arkansas. If one cowboy speaks of another, as like as not he will call him a "puncher." In Texas he is called a "cattle driver." He does not altogether like the name of "cowboy," especially if he come from the south. If you are visiting with cowboys you don't want to go up to any one of them and ask how many men he has killed, and want to see the notches on his rifle stock, and inquire about his name in the States. I am not certain that you ought to go off and write a whole lot of stuff about him, either, as I am doing, as if he were a six-legged pig or a headless rooster, and not just like the rest of us, a laborer in a business of his own, which he understands better than any outsider does. But if it ever be your fortune, as it luckily has been mine, to be somewhat with the cattlemen and the cowboys of the cow camps, you will say as I do, Thank God! here, at least and at last, is a class of men genuinely sincere, and a hospitality simple and unstrained.

But right here Buck stuck his head out of the door of the kitchen and sang out one long and magic word:

"Chuckawa-a-a-y!"

Greyhounds *erectis auribus*. *Exeunt dramatis personæ*, each bearing a stool. E. HOUGH.

During the rebellion T. Buchanan Read, the poet, was sitting in Col. Forney's room when the editor began to dictate a vigorous editorial in which the word "war" was used. Read sprang up at the sound and exclaimed, "War! war! Oh, that some beautiful bird from the South would make its nest in the cannon's mouth and stop this awful carnage!"—*Baltimore American*. A robin has built a nest in the mouth of one of the Parrott guns that ornament the burial plot of the Maquoketa (Iowa) Grand Army post—a picture of peace which it would be difficult to improve upon.—*Omaha Bee.*

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

SPARROWS AND INSECTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A paragraph, frequently headed "Food of the English Sparrow," has recently been going the rounds of newspapers and other periodicals both in this country and abroad; and, judging from the number of copies received at the Department of Agriculture, it is accepted by many people as proof positive that the imported sparrow is a most valuable bird. As the article warrants no such conclusion, but affords a typical instance of the popular misinterpretation of facts, it seems desirable to point out a few of its fallacies before they become more widely diffused and absorbed. As originally published, the basis of this paragraph formed part of a statement submitted by the Rev. F. O. Morris to the Select Committee on (British) Wild Birds Protection, June 26, 1873, and is as follows:

"Two pairs of sparrows were watched by an observant naturalist feeding their young in their nests in only one-half hour with the larvæ of the bluebottle fly from a dead cat. They fetched these in all 104 times, and one of the birds also caught fourteen flies on the wing. Now, the common housefly is computed to produce in one season, so prolific is its progeny after progeny, no less than 20,000,900, say in round numbers 20,000,000, and thus were prevented by these two pair of birds no fewer than 280,000,000 by the capture of fourteen flies, and 2,008,000,000 by the destruction of the 104 larvæ. Again, we read on unimpeachable authority, that there figured in the parish accounts of one parish in Gloucestershire a charge for seventeen dozen tomtits' heads; in another parish, Melbourne, in Derbyshire, a sparrow club destroyed in one year 4,577 small birds, and in yet another 3,500. Take the smaller of these two last numbers and multiply by it the number of flies just calculated as prevented by the two pairs of sparrows and it gives what we may very well call 'a grand total' of 7,280,000,000,000. Linnæus calculated that the progeny of three flies would devour a dead horse almost as quickly as a lion. The aphis, fed on by several of our smaller birds, produces of herself as is well known, female aphides, generation after generation. As many as eleven of these female generations have been produced in one year, and it is believed that it may go on in the same way year after year."

The probable inference of the average reader of this statement would be that the house sparrow in this particular case did a vast amount of good, while the further inference that the sparrow habitually consumes large numbers of injurious insects might naturally follow. In reply to this it may be said:

First—It is by no means certain that the sparrows watched were house sparrows, although this is rendered probable from the fact that when "the sparrow" is spoken of in England, the house sparrow is commonly meant. The birds might, however, have belonged to one of the three or four other species of sparrows common to the country, and it is even possible that the "hedge sparrow" (*Accentor*—not a sparrow at all) was the species observed.

Second—Granting that the birds which carried the maggots to their young were house sparrows, it must then be admitted that in doing this they did, not good, but harm; for, the blue-bottle fly and the house fly are two of the most beneficial insects known, and their work as scavengers is so important that their entire extermination would doubtless be speedily followed by an alarming increase of human disease, if not indeed by universal pestilence.

Third—The number of flies estimated as prevented by these four sparrows has very little significance. The computed number (rather over three billions), although less than the six-millionth part of the theoretical increase, is yet unquestionably several hundred thousand times too large. According to Packard, the house fly in Massachusetts lays about 120 eggs; and the entire period from egg to mature fly is from ten to fourteen days. In the latitude of Washington this would allow at least eight generations between May and October, and if we assume that one-half of each generation consisted of females, and that all eggs laid produced perfect insects, the eighth generation would give us about 336 trillions of flies, or enough (allowing 100 to the cubic inch) to cover sixty-nine square miles 1ft. deep with dead flies. If one-half the 118 flies and maggots caught by these four birds were females then it might be argued that the birds had prevented the production of more than enough flies to cover 4,071 square miles 1ft. deep! As the blue-bottle lays many more eggs than the house fly, and rears fully as many generations in a season, this amount might be doubled or even trebled!

Of course all this is absurd. No one can tell anything definitely about the number of insects prevented by birds, except so far as the individuals actually eaten by the birds are concerned. In the case cited they undoubtedly prevented the dead cat from being as quickly destroyed as it would have been had they let the flies alone. By what allowance or calculation the estimate of 20,000,900 for the aggregate annual product of a house fly was obtained, I cannot say, but I know of no reason for considering it more correct than any other estimate between ten and ten billions. Of the thousands or hundreds of thousands of eggs laid by flies on a single dead cat the chances are that not one in a thousand will ever become a perfect fly; while in very many cases such a carcase will not produce a single mature fly.

It cannot be denied that the sparrows in this case probably did lessen somewhat the number of flies which might have been reared from this cat, but any attempt to estimate the actual number thus prevented is utterly futile; and it must be remembered besides that for every one of these flies actually killed the sparrow deserves blame and not praise.

Fourth—This destruction of the flies was the work of at least twelve birds (four adults and eight young), yet the number of flies prevented by these twelve sparrows is multiplied by 3,500, the number of small birds destroyed by a sparrow club in one season, and it is left for the reader to infer that the grand total thus obtained fairly represents the prevention of insects which these 3,500 small birds would have accomplished in a half hour.

The assumption that all the small birds destroyed by "sparrow clubs" are sparrows, is without any foundation in fact. One would be glad to believe this the case, but there is every reason to fear that more than half these small birds were species infinitely more valuable than sparrows—species which never inflict any injury on farmer or gardener, but which are continually lessening the number of insect pests.

Finally—No observant person who has had a fair opportunity of knowing the facts, denies for an instant that

the English sparrow destroys considerable numbers of injurious insects in feeding its young; but it is as universally acknowledged that the adults rarely, if ever, take insects for their own use, while it cannot be disputed that they often, if not habitually, drive off other small birds which do.

The popular ignorance which includes all small birds in one category as beneficial, cannot be too deeply deplored or too severely criticised. There is no longer any excuse for the blindness which fails to recognize beneficial as well as injurious insects, and injurious as well as beneficial birds.

WALTER B. BARROWS, Ass't Ornithologist.

UNITED STATES DEP'T OF AGRICULTURE, June 18, 1887.

THE AMIABLE BULLSNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A couple of evenings ago I walked alone in a pasture of some 300 acres, not far from home. The object was relaxation and to consider the wild flowers and the birds. Such walks are medicine to the mind and body, tending to longevity. While wandering along the banks of Catclaw Creek my attention was drawn to a certain umbrageous elm, standing partly in the water, in which a multitude of little birds were making a great noise. They were popping hither and thither, uttering cries of distress. I went near to see what was the trouble and presently saw a snake gliding about in the tree from limb to limb with ease that was remarkable. He seemed as much at home in the tree as a fish in water. He had discovered a bird's nest far out on an upper limb, and was evidently intending to take it. No doubt there were little babies in it, for as the snake drew nearer the cries of the old birds grew very distressing. They could not move their babies, and saw the dread enemy approaching who was to devour them before their eyes. Who can tell how heart-rending was their distress? Their cries had drawn to them a number of friends, who could do nothing more for them than join in their cries. They did not offer to attack the snake; did nothing but utter piercing cries, as if they hoped either to frighten him or touch his heart with pity. But the snake felt neither fear nor pity. He moved steadily on to devour the fat, unfledged little babies before the eyes of parents and friends. I determined to interfere. Seizing a short club of mesquite I threw it at him. He turned and looked and seemed to discover that I meant business. He stopped climbing and undertook to hide among the leaves the best he could, but showed no intention to quit the tree. However, a stone well-aimed and thrown with much force convinced him that he must seek safer quarters. I expected to see him let go all hold and tumble precipitately into the water, but he did not do so. On the contrary, he glided gracefully from branch to branch until he was only two or three feet from the water, into which he then let himself down so skillfully that he did not even get his head ducked. He crossed over on the side opposite me, and going a little distance in the prairie stretched himself in the sun full-length, as if awaiting my departure.

The birds were beautiful little fellows with dark yellow breasts, dull red about the throat and dark dove or slate on the back, a jaunty topknot and lively wagging tail, which they generally carried at an angle of about 45°. Being stripped I judge they would not be bigger than the first joint of a man's thumb. When they saw the snake going away they immediately hushed all their noise. Their joy was probably so great they could not find utterance for it. They all soon left the tree except two, who were doubtless the proprietors of the nest.

Feeling curious regarding his snakeship, I crossed over to confer with him. There he was, still basking in the sun, but seeing me approach he began to move off. I overtook him and began to thresh his hinder parts with a light but keen switch. This caused him to put forth his best licks at running, which only proved him to be a poor runner at his best. Seeing no escape in this way he climbed into a thorny bush and gathered his folds into as close a knot as he could. I tickled his nose and lips with the switch, but he did not offer to strike at it. He was an inoffensive poor fellow, with a very innocent expression of the eye. It seemed impossible to anger him. When I teased him most, his eyes still expressed nothing but meekness and gentleness. Finally I made him come down, and drove him about on the prairie a considerable time, in any way that I would, just as one would drive a horse in a cart. Still his meekness of temper remained unruffled. I undertook to drive him into some prairie dog holes, but he would not enter them, seeming to prefer to take his chances with my switch rather than with such creatures as he might perchance find in the holes. At last I told him he might go, and he went. My purpose was to kill him when I crossed the creek, being exasperated by his evident intention to devour the little birds; but having thus practiced with him, and found him such a model of meekness and patience, I could not have the heart to do so.

He was what we call the bullsnake in this country, and is the largest snake we have. I have measured one that was 7ft. 8in. long and there is no doubt they grow much longer than that. Their general color and markings are much like a rattlesnake's, save that the black markings do not take the diamond shape. They are non-venomous of course. They have an evil reputation here, as it is said they will invade the poultry yard at night and eat whole basketfuls of eggs. They will take the eggs from under a sitting hen so deftly she will never be aware of what is going on and so not squeal out and give the alarm. At least so they say of the bull. I have often had my eggs missing, and the bull gets the credit of it on all hands, but I cannot say whether rightly or not. On the other hand he is so amiable I think he could be trained to be a pleasant and useful companion about the house. They say he sometimes makes a low roaring noise like a bull, but I never heard it. What is his name in science? As he is one of my neighbors I would be glad if some one versed in snake knowledge would tell us all about him. I find that interest in snakes is very wide-spread in the human family, to such a degree that it seems to be an original principle or element of the human mind. Old and young, kings and beggars, philosophers and clowns are readily held by narratives of snakes.

We have another snake here of nearly similar habits to the bull, but very much smaller and more active. His color is a mixture of yellow and green, mostly blended together. We call him the prairie snake, as he is seen only on the prairies. I treat this snake with high consideration, and have instructed my little boys when they go wandering never to harm him. Though small, they are of great courage and strength. They attack the rattlesnake boldly and kill him by the strength of their grip. I saw one hardly four feet long attack a monstrous rattler fully three feet longer and many times surpassing the little prairie snake in thickness. The struggle was terrible, but he would have killed the rattlesnake beyond a doubt had I not in my eagerness to witness the whole of the affray, ventured so near that he was frightened away from his enterprise, being very timid of man. As he slid off into the brush he seemed entirely fresh, while the rattler fell heavily and almost exhausted. And yet this little fellow is non-venomous too, and one of the most amiable of all snakes. He will not climb a tree, but the bullsnake, if meddled with, will, I think, always do so if he finds one convenient. N. A. T.

ABILENE, Texas, June 21, 1887.

[The bullsnake is probably *Pituophis bellona.*]

"THREE BLACK CROWS."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You can readily understand that I am always interested in all ruffed grouse stories which do not have a gun in them, whether they relate to hybrids or full bloods. A few weeks ago, a man doing some work for me took special notice of my coops of ruffed grouse, and informed me that up in Michigan, where he came from, a gentleman had already been successful in breeding them in confinement. He insisted with such apparent good faith on his statement, that I procured the address as nearly as he could give it and sent out a letter of inquiry. One or two repetitions were necessary before the inquiry was answered, but I finally discovered the gentleman in question at Carp Lake, Mich. It appeared that the story was all a mistake, and had its only foundation in the fun-loving proclivities of some of the numerous guests who make fishing headquarters at Carp Lake. "We raised some fine bantam chicks," said my correspondent, "and the old hen looked so much like a partridge (grouse) that some people mistook the whole family for partridges;" and so the story spread that a family of young grouse had been raised in confinement. He does not say that the innocent tenderfeet were encouraged in their delusion about the grouse (bantams), but that, probably, was unnecessary.—J. B. B. (Toledo, O.).

NEW BIRDS FROM MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.—In the Annals of the New York Academy of Science, Vol. IV. No. 2, the veteran ornithologist Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence describes three new birds from Mexico, Yucatan and Central America. These are *Regulus satrapa azteeus*, smaller than *R. satrapa*, but with a larger and longer bill and much darker coloration; *Troglodytes brachyurus* from Yucatan, which resembles *T. intermedius*, but is lighter colored throughout, has a longer bill, but shorter wings and tail, and lacks the concealed white spots on the rump; and *Othœca flaviventris*, which is somewhat like *O. gratiosa sclater*, but differs in color and in some of its proportions.

Game Bag and Gun.

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CATTARAUGUS BREAKERS.

THE old Cattaraugus breakers are a thing of the past. The term breakers was applied to the slate-rock cliffs that environ the curves and bends of that most turbulent, unnavigable and fish-forsaken of all waters, the Cattaraugus Creek, New York. It is ignored and given a wide berth by even the most inveterate fishermen, except at the mouth, where it empties into Lake Erie. The water has a buttermilky hue and runs over a bed of broken slate rock, which is some hundreds of feet lower than the adjacent tableland, and where the perpendicular wall of rock towers up on one side a corresponding bluff of equal height is seen opposite, not quite perpendicular but nearly so. The rock cliffs are a prominent feature, on one side or the other, for nearly the whole length of the stream, or up to the main forks. In the early days it was not a rare occurrence that deer, when hard pressed by dogs, would make a flying leap from the brink of the cliff, and dog and deer have been found on the bed rock below, each a shapeless mass of crushed flesh and bones. The stream has always been a barrier in the way of travel, especially among the early settlers, who could ill afford to construct a highway even across the most favored points, where the occasional gaps led down to the stream. It is only within the last decade that a railroad bridge has been built across the chasm at an immense cost. Happily the main stream is not very lengthy considering the size and volume of water. There are many forks, and the several tributaries embrace a large tract of country where, in the olden time, game was abundant, even to repletion.

Here my experience in woods lore began, and here in my boyhood days I was conversant with many hunting incidents which occurred among the early settlers, some of which are as indelibly stamped on my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. These incidents were seldom of a tragic nature, but more often bordered on the ludicrous.

Once, two of the early settlers, King and Mayo, were out after coons. It was after a January thaw, the snow being about 2ft. deep. King, who walked on snowshoes, was a shrewd hunter, 6ft. 2in. tall, and carried a long-barreled English fowling-piece, which in those days was considered a very finely made gun, a flint-lock of course. Mayo was a heavily built Dutchman, much better skilled in chopping and log-rolling than hunting, so he carried an axe and was without snowshoes, but walked in King's tracks. Two large dogs followed up in the rear. They failed in their search for coons, although this game was plenty, but the thaw was of too short duration to bring them out. But the hunters struck the track of a bear, which had been made the day before; and this they followed, confidently expecting to find bruin high up in some large hollow tree. The track led them up to the borders of a deep ravine, on the brink of which the trunk of an old decayed tree had fallen, parallel with and jutting over the edge, and the crusted snow which had gathered on it projected over still further. The face of the bluff was too steep for any growth of timber, but a few boulders pointed out; and the bottom, which was some 60ft. below, was filled with snow which had blown in, to the depth of 5 or 6ft.

When they came up to the edge of the bluff, King, being one or two steps ahead, walked one step too far; and the snow bank caved off, pitching him headlong, just as the bear was routed from under where it had lain cooped up for the last two days. Mayo said he was quite sure that King struck square on top of the bear, and that the dogs lit on at the same time, and that they didn't slide down, but rolled, not separately, but in one promiscuous pile; and that it was a rolling fight from top to bottom, when the bear led off up the opposite bluff, followed by the dogs. But King had pitched head and shoulders deep down into the snow, his snowshoes being the most prominent feature. It was but the work of a moment for Mayo to slide down and pull King out of the snow. His snowshoes, which had been a sore impediment in his involuntary revolutions, still hung to his feet, and he had held on with a death grip to his gun. His clothes were badly torn; he had some rough scratches and was slightly bitten in the leg—didn't know whether it was by dog or bear; but otherwise he was not seriously injured. The dogs came back in due time, but the bear was seen no more.

As soon as King got righted up so as to breathe freely and was somewhat recovered, he turned to Mayo, half in anger and half in jest, and threatened to shoot him on the spot if he didn't promise then and there never to mention to any outsiders anything relating to the manner in which he got so unceremoniously thrown out of gear. At this Mayo burst into a roar of laughter, and called his attention to his gun, the barrel of which was bent into the shape of a half moon. King didn't seem to know how it was done, but Mayo thought that in his rough-and-tumble descent he had whipped it over one of the boulders which pointed out on the face of the bluff.

The generation to which King and Mayo belonged have long, long ago passed away; and the next have mostly gone, and the third and fourth are occupying their places. We might as well look for wild deer and bears on Broadway, New York, as anywhere in the region I have mentioned, which now contains a dense population. ANTLER.

GRANDVIEW, Tenn.

LYMAN MEETING HOUSE.

THREE miles from the town of Alfred, in York county, Maine, is a neighborhood which has been known for many years as Lyman Meeting House. It is a pleasant community of prosperous, intelligent farmers. For the meeting house itself, it stands alone, surrounded by pastures and woods. It is the old-fashioned, square edifice, in which New England Congregationalists have worshipped since the earliest times. Within a few years a bell tower, containing an actual bell, has been superimposed upon this ancient church, and a new and smart coat of white paint covers its gray and weatherbeaten walls. The sound of the "church-going bell" upon Sunday mornings has something startling and incongruous in it as it wakens the echoes in the near pine woods and the silent fields. Behind the church is an old burying ground, overgrown with weeds and brambles, and nearly filled with sunken graves and fallen headstones; yet it is such a peaceful and sunny spot that death seems a quiet sleep indeed. A few steps beyond an old lane opens from the highway, a veritable "grassy road." Here, in the hottest noonday, lingers a cool, dim gloom. The boughs interlace above it; tall ferns and sly, pale flowers love its damp green spaces. All at once, from this lovely walk, one comes upon a broad, smooth field, surrounded by a thick hedge of sumach, alder and gadding wild grape vines. In the middle of this field are the ruins of what was once the Congregationalist parsonage. The steps that led to its hospitable door yet stand in their accustomed place, but the feet which passed over them are still forever.

It is not an unusual thing for those who go on the first of September to hunt the partridge to lie at full length under some spreading tree, *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, pipe in mouth and faithful dogs by side, and muse on these surroundings, especially when they have been able to do but little else. Perhaps I should not say "but little," for Charles and Harry and I had six fine partridges and a woodcock as the result of a day's shooting and loitering through these beautiful woods and fields. I had a fine Irish setter (fine to look at but rather slow), while Charles swore by (and occasionally at) a black and white pointer, which he considered an uncommon animal. We held long discussions on the relative merits of pointers and setters, which were settled in this way: We came out, tired and thirsty, to a farmhouse, where the farmer and his tall, lank melancholy son drew water for us. "I say, pa," observed this youth, "I think the braown dorg [I prided myself upon his rich dark red color] is harnsomer than the bulldorg. Don't yeou?" Imagine the feelings of the pointer man!

When we finally reached home that day, where our wives and suppers were waiting, Harry, C.'s son, an irrepressible of fifteen summers, performed a lively war dance in the back yard, shouting "I've got one, mother! I've got one!" "You've got one," repeated his father sarcastically, "Yes you have. But [relenting into a smile]

"Little Nim'
Would have fared mighty slim
If he hadn't seen a partridge,
A-sittin' on a lim'."

A day or two after there came to our door a youthful native, accompanied by as "ornery" a cur dog as one would wish to see. This son of the soil carried an ancient muzzleloading gun; he also carried (ye gracious powers!) a tremendous string of partridges. I have usually in speaking of them said that they reached from his shoulder to his heel, and he was a tall fellow, too. I will now confess that this was somewhat exaggerated, but it was really a beautiful show of game. "Where 's Mr. ——?" asked he. "Gone out." "I 'd liked to a' seed him," said this mighty hunter. This wish was entirely upon his side. I did not yearn for his society. Then, followed by his "blarsted dorg," with his partridges dangling and flapping over his shoulder, he "went his ways." Soon after, I too, went mine, a sad and humble man. But if any one asks me if there are partridges around Lyman Old Church, I answer meekly, Yes, there are, for I have seen them. P.

MIDDLETOWN, Connecticut.

DUCKS AND DEER.

IN OCTOBER last year, wishing for a respite from business cares, I called in to my aid Mr. W. E. Towne, an artist of Chicago, who had been spending the summer with me; and we set out for a trip to the woods. Leaving the train at Section 19 of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, a wagon was engaged and a five-mile ride across the hills and swamps brought us to the home of our friend Davis, where we were duly welcomed. Placing our boat and traps on a jumper, a half mile out brought us to Cold Brook; our boat was launched, everything placed aboard, and we turned her bow down stream with a good-by to Davis. Cold Brook is heavily fringed with tag alders, balsams and cedar for the first two miles. Although the trees nearly interlock for the first mile, the water was deep and the stream all clear, having been cleared out some years ago by lumbermen for running logs. After the first mile ducks began to rise. Getting my gun in shape, I soon had use for it. Turning a sharp bend in the creek five woodducks rose; one fell to our first barrel, to the second shot none. Shooting then commenced in earnest, and on arriving at Moses Island we counted heads and found we had 14 ducks, 9 woodducks and 5 mallards, and 6 rail. Our tent was pitched and then as Towne suggested, "I think we had better be getting something to eat, for our four-mile run makes me wolfish." The kettle was soon simmering and the aroma of ducks pervaded the air. After what seemed a weary waiting our supper was ready, and as we leisurely disposed of it, the chances of the morrow were discussed. By the time our meal was finished the sun was setting.

Moses Island is between the creek and the thoroughfare that connects the chain of three lakes—Haywood's, Mud and North Lake. The three lakes are seven miles long, and Haywood's and Mud lakes empty through the thoroughfare into North Lake; then the outlet is the Big Cedar River, thence Green Bay. As we cared for no more duck shooting, we sat and smoked and marked innumerable flocks of ducks flying up the thoroughfare. Soon our thoughts turned to deer. The island is a favorite haunt for them, and the whole surface of the ground is literally cut up with their tracks. The island for years has been their crossing grounds, and is directly on the runway that crosses the marsh. Towne having never shot nor seen a deer, was anxious for a shot. Telling him I would give him a chance in the morning, we turned in.

At 3 o'clock Towne woke me up, asking if it was not time for breakfast. I told him to keep still and let me sleep; but in the end I rose, dressed and went outside the tent. Towne already had the coffee pot sizzling on the fire. I started for the creek to wash. Stepping upon a log that I could see by dim light of the fire, I stepped out a few feet, and the next thing I knew I was plunged into the creek in about six feet of ice-cold water. Towne hollered and wanted to know what I had caught, if a whale. As soon as I could get my breath I called him to help me out, as the bank was a straight drop off. He soon pulled me out with the help of a paddle, casually remarking that it was rather late in the season to jig for suckers. A change of clothes and some hot coffee, and I felt none the worse for my sudden immersion.

A red tinge showed in the east, and telling Towne to get the rifle and come along, I took him to the east side of the island and showed him a blind about 20ft. high between two cedars; I climbed up and showed him which way to watch, then came down and passed him up his gun. From his blind he could overlook several hundred acres of dry marsh land, across the thoroughfare as well as the whole slough. Telling him to keep close watch I left him, going to the boat and dropped down stream. At the mouth of the North Lake I pushed into the rice and waited. There were very few ducks stirring, and the sun began to creep up high before a flight came my way. At length a flock of teal came with a rush. Holding well ahead of them I pulled first one trigger then the other. Both shots brought me one solitary teal. Then a big black one came, but fortune favored me, and the first barrel laid him low. I counted five gray ones coming; anxiously I watched them; when almost in range the leader swerved to the left; but the last one came nearer and was soon lying on his back. Just then I heard the crack of the big 75-grain Winchester where Towne was watching, half a mile above; and the reports continued until it sounded like a skirmish line. I counted seven shots, then with an interval of perhaps five minutes three more shots in quick succession. Then commenced some indescribable yelling that would have done credit to a Comanche Indian. I pushed my boat out in the stream, picked up my ducks and started up stream.

As soon as the foot of the island was reached I saw Tom wildly gesticulating and pointing up the thoroughfare. As soon as his excitement would allow he told me that while looking across the marsh by a bunch of willows he saw something move and soon three deer came in sight, walking toward the thoroughfare, which was where he was posted, only a few rods wide. Towne waited for them until they came to the edge of the water, when, as he expressed himself, he "just turned the old thing loose on them." At the second shot one dropped, one jumped into the water, coming straight for him and the other turned and ran straightaway. Towne "turned the old thing loose" again on the one in the water. He fired two shots at it before it got to the island; it landed a few rods below the blind. While Towne was putting cartridges into the magazine it stepped into the brush. As soon as he could get down he followed after it and saw it lying down, but before he could shoot it it bounded away a few rods into the grass and was soon out of sight. Towne soon routed him, when he opened on him again, firing three more shots, and at the last shot he went down and Towne had his prize. He dragged him to the blind and commenced shouting for me. When he had finished his story I pushed across he thoroughfare and we soon found the other, a fine yearling buck, shot through the spine just back of the shoulder. Towne could hardly keep in the boat while we returned to the blind after the other one. That, like the first, proved to be a yearling, but a doe. Putting her in the boat I told Towne to paddle while I looked over the last deer. I found four balls had hit, three striking well back toward the flank and one close to the shoulder. I told Towne that he wasted his last three shots, as four of the five shots fired at her while swimming had hit her and would certainly have killed her. Towne is a splendid rifle shot, but had never seen a deer before and I think his luck something wonderful on killing two out of three deer. Many an older hand could not have done better. At last our tent was reached and the deer taken ashore. Towne produced his sketching material and was soon engaged in sketching them. After he was through I told him one thing was lacking in the picture, that was himself as I saw him when I came to the foot of the island. After dressing the deer and discussing them, dinner time came.

Towne was anxious to go home and take his deer to Chicago with him. Nothing else would do; so the tent was struck and a 4-mile paddle up the creek began. Three more ducks were killed on the way up. We got to the landing at 3:30. Friend Davis was soon aware of our arrival, and came down with his jumper. A good night's rest refreshed us, and the next morning we were on our way to Sec. 19, and at 11:30 we were once more at Menominee. Towne packed his baggage and at 6:30 P. M. took the train for Chicago, while I returned to my work feeling years younger by my three days outing. S. E. B.

MENOMINEE, Michigan.

VERY WILD TURKEYS.

ONE beautiful day in April, 1886, we left the little steamer at Pleasant Bluff, Choctaw Nation, on the Arkansas, below the mouth of the Canadian River. My friend, Mr. B., who has been merchandizing at that point several years, had kindly invited me to stop and take a hunt with him. As I did not have my gun with me, my friends fitted me out with an old muzzleloader, the owner of which declared it to be the best in the Territory. Of that I had my doubts, but as beggars cannot always be choosers, I concluded to try and believe him until I had tested it. Mr. B. presented me with a box of caps and two bottles. One I filled with powder the other with shot, all of which, along with some paper for wadding, I put in an empty shot sack; and after fastening a cord to the corners of the sack, I called it a shot pouch, and put it over my shoulders as such. When we had gotten our salt and pepper, two boxes of sardines and about two pounds of crackers, and strapped our slickers to the hind part of the saddles, we mounted our horses and started, going west, to the right of Peter Scrabbles (as the cowboys call a pyramid of stones that they have built up on one of the highest points of hill on that part of the prairie as a landmark). Then we crossed Brier Creek, which we could trace several miles in its meanderings to the Arkansas by the narrow skirt of timber along its banks. It was a beautiful scene, the undulating prairie covered with grass and flowers, stretching far away to the wooded hills, and the herds of cattle and horses dotting the surface as far to the south and west as the eye could reach.

Now we came to the edge of the prairie, and upon the side of the hill and in the edge of the timber is the second and last house on our route, and as we forgot one of our lariat ropes, Mr. B. rode up to the porch (there was no yard fence) and asked the woman of the house for one. But there is too much cussedness about an Indian for one to speak English unless he or she wants something. When he spoke Choctaw to her, she said that she had no rope. Then we thought, like the man that Noah refused to take into the Ark off of the chunk, come to think of it we "didn't want their assistance noway, as we didn't expect this thing to last very long nohow". When we got over the first hill after leaving the house, the trails divided, one going east to the mouth of the Canadian River, the other took Greeley's advice to the young man. We chose the center one. On top of the next and higher hill we are on the divide between Brier Creek and the Canadian River. Here our trail runs out into numerous cow paths and finally vanishes entirely, so we start down a point of ridge leading toward the bottom. Mr. B. leads the way, and after going a short distance concludes that he is wrong; we turn back and take the next right hand ridge and go a short distance; and then he thinks the next right hand is the one. We cut across the head of the hollow, go down that ridge to the point, and find out that it is not the right one, but we conclude it must lead down into the gulch and follow it down to the valley. We find it very steep and rough traveling and have to be careful that the horses don't slip and fall on to us. Getting to the bottom at last and no harm done, we mount and come to the spring and the old camping ground; pull off the saddles and hang them on a limb of a tree, and put blankets and lunch on top, for we see some hog sign near by, we don't know whether of wild or tame ones, but know our things will be safest in a safe place. Then after hobbling one of the horses and lariating the other out, we shoulder our guns and start in opposite directions on a tour of inspection, B. going east and I going west. B. didn't see any game nor any fresh sign, I saw one squirrel and some turkey sign, but neither of us killed any game for breakfast or supper.

Lunch over I started a fire, not because it was cold, but just because a fire is to camp what a mother is to a home. I commenced gathering up some wood. Mr. B. thought there was no need of it, but before morning concluded that I had good ideas about camping out. It had been thundering all the evening, but we intended to get all the sleep we could, so after spreading down our slickers to keep out the damp, and then spreading the blankets on top we turned in. But the thunder kept getting louder, until we concluded that it meant business, so taking up the saddles we had used for pillows, we hung them up again, and rolling up our blankets put them on our shoulders, and guns in hand started for a shelving rock at the foot of a bluff a short distance above camp. It begins to sprinkle a little now, and crossing the creek on stepping stones that we can see only by the flashes of lightning, we get across all right; but the trouble now sets in. When we got up to the bluff we found that we had to hang on to the bushes and jutting points of rock to keep from slipping into the creek, and we reached our house of refuge only to find the floor covered with water. The next best thing was to go back to the fire, put on our slickers and sit on our rolls of blankets to keep them dry. By the time we had piled on an extra supply of fuel to save our fire, and had got settled on our respective rolls of blankets in Turkish style, the storm came up and kept us squatted out there (like two chickens in the rain) until about 2 A. M. Then it cleared off, and the moon came out in all her glory. We took off our slickers, spread them on the ground, put the blankets on top and took all the sleep we could get until about 3:45 A. M. Then we put our things away, changed the horses to where they could get fresh grass, and examined our guns to see if everything was all right. By this time it was getting a little lighter in the east.

Then we began to listen for gobblers. If there were any turkeys within a mile of us, we thought they will let it be known very soon. Listen. Was that a gobbler? There it is again. No, that was a dog barking, but so far away that you can hardly hear it even on the still cool morning air. Listen again. There, did you hear that? that's one undoubtedly, but at least 1½ miles away, and 2½ miles by the way we will have to go. But we had better start, for where there is one there are most likely to be more within hearing, for they will not leave the hens very far at this season of the year. Now let us cross the hollow to the west and go up on to that point; then we can follow the ridge right up to the divide, where he is. Now we are nearly to the top, let us stop and listen. Just hear that; one right across the hollow on that next ridge. Yes, I will go on up the ridge after the first one; you can try your luck on this one. He must be a large fellow; just listen to him strutting, how his wings thunder as he struts on a limb of some of those trees over yonder. B. gives a few yelps to let his lordship know that there is a lone hen awaiting his call. I start off as B. wishes. After going about ½ mile I hear another beyond the first one, and find that owing to the direction the ridge turns here I will have to cross a deep hollow to get within calling distance of the either one of them. When I got on top of the next hill I was very close, not only to him but several others, so creeping up as close as I dare go for fear of their seeing me, I give a yelp or two and get an answer immediately from a gobbler and a hen. Then I know that my chances of calling him up are rather slim. I lay low for it was all open oak and hickory woods; the ground was covered with young grass only 3in. high, and if I should rise up, any game within 300 or 400yds., if on top of the hill, could see me. I call again and get another answer from three or four hens this time, to let this supposed lonely hen know where they were, but they would not move a step in her direction, and now a gobbler appeared on the top of the ridge about 80 or 90yds. away and must have seen me although I didn't think so at the time. He said *put, put*, and was gone, flying across the hollow in the direction from which I had come. The others were just over the top of the ridge and in the head of a little hollow and only 75yds. from me (as I found out afterward), but I dare not rise for fear they would see me. They had been having a grand old powwow and walk around for several minutes, then there was a lull in the racket.

A minute later I yelped again, and there came back a low answer up the ridge and I saw about a dozen of them in single file going on a slow trot up the ridge. I saw that there was no chance to head them off or call them back, so I crossed the next hollow and went over on to the next hill where the second gobbler had been trying to burst his throat or make the hens hear him. When I got over there I found I was on one of the short spurs running down from the main divide on which he and another one were. I went as far up the ridge as I dared, then lay down alongside of a fallen tree lying with its roots in the direction of his lordship, and gave a few yelps. They both answered, but neither one wanted to do the fair thing and meet their lady half-way, but finally the nearest one could stand the suspense no longer, and thought better of it, as Mahomet did by the mountain. He made a start and came along down off of the divide, stopping about every 100yds. to strut and gobble. Now he comes within plain view but is not advancing straight toward me, so I give a low call; he hears and responds, then he comes just as straight as if he could see the supposed hen. Just now from the rear comes the well-known warning of *put, put*, and I know that there is a lone hen hunting company and she has seen me, but I dare not turn my head to look at her or she would be gone in an instant, and give her lord a gentle hint to be gone also, which hint most likely he would not be slow to take. But here he is within 50yds., and I with my gun ready and finger on trigger wait for him to step out from behind that little red oak that he persists in keeping behind. Now he steps out between those two small oaks and I begin to add him to the number on my list of big ones as I press the trigger. At the report my fine fellow springs about 8ft. straight up and then sails off down the hollow to my right, and I don't know whether I gave him a mortal shot or not, but go to see if any of the shot scattered enough to hit either of the little trees on either side of the range. I found where one No. 1 buckshot had struck a foot above range, showing that the gun had scattered very badly. It is getting late in the morning, my chances for another shot are rather poor, and I am vexed at myself for not having shot out the old loads and put in smaller shot while in camp; but then that's the way with the old muzzleloaders after a man has been using the others. But there is no use grieving over lost opportunities. I guess that B. has had better luck, for I heard the sharp report of his rifle nearly an hour ago, and there it is again, but a long way off.

I go up the ridge to the divide, then follow the divide east to where we crossed it going to camp the evening before. As I was walking along very leisurely looking for game, I saw four deer come up out of the head of a hollow to the left and cross the ridge about 200yds. ahead. But as I never like to shoot at game just for the sake of shooting, I didn't risk a shot at them at that distance. A little further on I saw a turkey flying across one of the hollows to my left. Arriving at our crossing of the evening before, I start down toward camp but cannot find our horses tracks, and conclude that I have not gone far enough, so I cross over to the next hill on the right. Still no tracks. I go down into the next hollow, get a drink, and sit down to rest awhile and guess, if I can, just where I am. Like the Indian I began to think that I was all right, but camp was wofully lost. Finally I have to give it up. Nearly all the hills and hollows on the north side of the divide look just alike. I conclude to follow the hollow down into the main valley, but have not gone far before I find it too rough traveling, and so I turn up into the side of the hill to the right where there are no bushes and only a few rocks. After going about a half mile I come to another small hollow on the right. I start across this, and have just got across the creek when I come up on to a smouldering camp-fire. I notice some turkey feathers and entrails on the ground, and noticed that there had been horses hitched close by; and am thinking it rather strange that I didn't hear their guns, but then that might have been their guns that I had heard and mistook them to be B.'s gun—when noticing some peculiarity in the shape of the partly burned log that the fire had been built against, the thought like a streak of lightning flashed over me that I am at our own

camping ground instead of half a mile further southwest, as I had begun to think I was. B. had got at least one turkey and had gathered up our things and taken the horses, and was hunting for me. I fired a shot but there was no response, and I began to think that I should have to walk back. Then I shot again and with better success. This time I heard B. answer, and on my going over there he told me that he had started to hunt for me, for he thought I had got lost, as the woods were so much alike here. But he does not know to this day that his fears were not entirely groundless. He had killed the turkey that I left him calling early in the morning, and had shot another very large one, but it ran a few steps and pitched down over a bluff; he ran up to the edge as soon as he could, but saw nothing more of it. I mounted my horse and we rode back to the bluff to await the return of the boat. ALPHA.

POWDER AND SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I read a very interesting article headed "Gunpowder Tests;" please convey to Mr. T. C. B. my hearty thanks for the same.

In this connection I wish a word or two on shot. When I desire a number of pellets to the ounce I don't know what number to ask for. Makers seem to have no common standard. I think a sure way would be to ask for shot a certain number of pellets of which would cover, say an inch. I take a piece of paper and crease it; into this I run the shot and apply a rule, which, according to sizes, shows how many go to the inch, and I order accordingly. Why should not the makers adopt this plan and mark on the bags "13 to the inch," as the case may be?

Measures do not agree as to contents or weight. Of course none can represent the weight unless each referred to a particular size of grain or number of pellets. We all know the larger weighs less in the measure than the smaller. I therefore suggest that in speaking of quantities the weight and not the measure shall be referred to. It is an easy matter, after ascertaining the weight desired, to make a measure to suit; a shell cut to the desired size will answer the purpose.

I once shot a friendly pigeon match and won. The stipulations were 1¼oz. shot. My friend charged me with overloading in shot. I stoutly denied this. After going home I consulted my measure and found it on the figure 1¼. Not satisfied with this I weighed it and found the charge I was shooting weighed 1¼oz. The shot was No. 8. I did not try what No. 1 out of the same measure would weigh. Hence I say make weight the criterion and then there can be no doubt as to what you mean when you say one ounce, no matter what the size of your shot.

PICTON, Ontario. R. P. I.

["R. P. I." can get the information asked for by addressing "T. C. B.," care this office.]

ANOTHER TOBY GUZZLE BEAR.

ON the 10th of this month, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Seelye and two section men of the New Brunswick Railway in Canada were coming up the line of that road in a handcar. When they had reached a point about two miles north of Toby Guzzle they noticed a bear wallowing in the ditch at the side of the railway. The men who were propelling the car moved along so quietly that she did not notice the party until they all jumped off the car at her with a sudden yell. Terrified at the unexpected appearance of so many enemies at one time, the bear fled up the hillside, while her cub close by climbed an old yellow birch stub which stood near, to the height of about 20ft. At this juncture Mr. Stewart went to where the cub was, while the mother, chased by the rest of the party and traveling in a sort of a semi-circle, came to at the foot of the stub; then the fight commenced in earnest.

Mr. S. began the battle with a limb torn from a fallen tree, aided also by a dog which was with the party, which bit at the heels of the bear in a savage manner. The dog, however, was soon put *hors de combat* by a blow of the beast's paw in the ribs, which sent him off howling, and although no wounds could be seen, his death supervened the morning after the fight.

As the bear made charge after charge, one of the most excited of the party called out, "Boys, stand your ground like men," and when she turned her back the cry of "Charge now" was followed by a volley of stones and sticks, until finally she was driven off to the distance of upward of 100ft. from the tree. At this point one of the party climbed the stub after the cub; the mother seeing this turned upon the party which was standing around the stub, driving them off, and then ascending this stub herself after the man who was in pursuit of her young, had got about 6ft. from the ground, when Mr. Stewart, seizing her by the leg, hauled her off the tree. So soon as she struck the ground she ran after the party, which fled to the railway; then there was a succession of charges, they drove and were in turn driven, the fight waxing hotter and hotter all the time. The scene of the combat was in old burnt land, and for yards around the base of the tree limbs were torn off and stones were uprooted, until the whole surface of the ground presented the appearance of a veritable "bear garden."

As it was now becoming late Mr. Stewart saw that, without the aid of firearms the bears must escape, and determined that he would resort to this last resource, accordingly calling to three of his companions in clubs he promised them the reward of $5 if they would keep the cub up the stub until he went two miles to McAdam Station and back again with the handcar for the gun. Besides darkness was beginning to set in and the bear was getting the better in the contest. When he got back with the gun he found the mother at the foot of the stub and shot her there while the young one was secured by one of the men climbing the tree. The battle began at 6 o'clock P. M. and ended about 10 P. M. The old bear was about four years of age and weighed from 250 to 300lbs.

Mr. Stewart says that the Toby Guzzle bear whose fate was described in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM was seen by him twice, once at a distance of 20ft., when it sat down on its hind legs, eyed Mr. S. for a moment and quietly walked away; at another time he saw it swim out in the Digdequash River, not far from Toby Guzzle, ascend one of the granite boulders which are scattered over that desolate country and quietly seat itself on top of it, not moving until Mr. Stewart and the man who was with him, who were both unarmed, had got within 20ft. of it, when it quietly slid down, swam ashore and disappeared in the woods. EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, Canada, June 21.

LAKE WINNIPEG DUCKING GROUNDS.

VERY little is known in the East of the Lake Winnipeg region in Manitoba, north of Dakota Territory. The Red River of the North, which flows in a direct northerly course, empties into this great inland sea. The trip from Winnipeg to the mouth of the river, distance about forty miles by land and forty-five by river, is much more enjoyable by the latter route, traveling in birch bark canoes. Each successive bend of the river unfolds to view the continuation of farmhouses, fields and hayricks, with snake-like fences reaching down to the water's edge, and where the farmer has his scow or boat, for ferrying, tied to a stake.

Past the stone fort, a massive fortification of masonry, where the Hudson's Bay Company do a large business, frowns over the river bank; from this place the settlement begins to thin out until the Indian reservation of St. Peter's is reached, and from that point down we begin to enter a wilderness of reeds. The current grows less perceptible until we are fairly in the back waters from he lake. The banks from here on are not over a few feet above the water level, but the surrounding country is hidden from view by the tall growth of reeds that line the shore. The river here forms a delta, and any one of the three channels can be taken with equal chance of success in the pursuit of ducks. We are now fairly in the marshy tract that extends for a distance of about ten miles on either side of the river, east and west, and runs back from the lake shore to about eight miles inland. The lake is about 300 miles long, north and south, and averages thirty miles in width, the consequence being that when the wind is from the north there is a rise of the waters, which flood this vast tract of marsh, and on the subsiding of the wind there is a strong ebb, the action of which during lapse of time has worn the marsh into a network of channels, through which the water flows in conflicting currents until it has reached the normal level. It is necessary to have an expert Indian guide to pilot one through those intricate channels that run into one another at all the angles known to a geometrician; from the canoe nothing can be seen but the walls of tall reeds about 12ft. high on either hand, and the diminutive perspective of curving channel ahead.

Seated in the bow, with the Indian in the stern paddling noiselessly, yet swiftly, around the curves and bends, flock after flock of ducks arise as the canoe appears, and at each report of the shotgun a veritable cloud of ducks arises from the surrounding but invisible channels, and fly hither and thither with a continued quacking for a while, until they gradually settle down in their haunts only to be again disturbed by the gun.

In half a day's sport we had a canoe so loaded down with ducks that we had to be very careful in our movements to prevent her from filling.

The Indians make a business of loading their canoes with ducks and selling them at the town of Selkirk for a mere song.

The only fishing in that region is catfish, goldeyes and whitefish. A species of large sturgeon is also caught, but they are very scarce, and when caught requires the efforts of four or five men to pull one of them on shore. The half-breeds catch them in big nets stretched across the river, but sunk beneath the surface near the bottom of the river.

But for duck shooting, I have traveled the Labrador coast, the Canadas, on the Atlantic coast and through the Southwestern States, and have never seen the equal of the Red River of the North as a resort for ducks. J. P. S.

A COUGAR.

A FLOOD of August's golden light just tipped the top of King's Peak and surrounding mountains, bathing them in a soft halo of golden light, as old Sol rolled from beneath the distant horizon, proclaiming "Sluggard, up and away!"

Springing from my bed of boughs I grasped my trusty rifle with the determination to bring in a fat buck before the sun should reach his meridian; for the country abounds in some fine specimens of this kind of game, and deer become exceedingly fat at this season of the year. My course lay along an open ridge for perhaps a half mile, then enters short brush and rose gradually to some lofty peaks about two miles to south of camp. The ridge having been burned over about two years previous made it very difficult to ascend on account of the dead mancineta brush at all heights from 1 to 4 or 5ft., catching and hooking to one's clothing in a very disagreeable manner. The young sprouts from the brush affording fine food for deer at this season of the year, they leave the open country about July and feed upon browse the remainder of the season until it comes fall. As I proceed I see plenty of small deer and occasionally an old buck as he is alarmed and bounds down the side of the mountain and makes cover in some green patch of brush that the fire has failed to burn in its course. I reach the summit of a sharp back bone, running back from the crest and terminating abruptly at the coast, where beneath rolls the mighty Pacific with its billows glistening in the morning sun. Turn and gaze inland and you will see the ridge as it turns and sweeps to the south as far as the eye can reach the dark frowning peaks growing dim and blue in the distance. Turning back from the coast I keep my course in pursuit of the buck which I am anxious to obtain.

Scrambling along the side of the mountain, turning a sharp point of rocks, I come face to face with a cougar, sometimes called panther or California lion. He also seems to be in quest of game, and stands with his head dropped very near the ground looking straight at me. I raise my rifle and fire. At the crack of the rifle he bounds in the air and turns short and rushes down the mountain with his tail standing straight up, smashing and cracking the dry brush in a fearful manner. After reaching a small bench he made cover in a thicket of green bushes. Here he made an awful tearing around for a few seconds, then all was still. Taking the trail I proceeded slowly along. Seeing plenty of blood on the trail I concluded he must be dead, and had approached within about six feet before I was aware that I was so near. Seeing two large fiery eyes glaring at me I concluded I was as near as I cared to be, and having no time to lose I raised my rifle and fired between his eyes. At the crack of the rifle he bounded into the air and dropped dead in his tracks. My first shot had taken effect in the head, but too low to kill immediately. The ball had entered his cheek and broken his jaw and passed along the back of his neck to the top of his shoulder blades and lodged against the skin. When dressing him I found him very fat. The next day I returned with Mr. Frebeg and Judge Faxon, my two camp companions. We skinned him. On telling the Judge that hunters eat them often, and that I had also eaten them many times, he cut a few pounds from the ham and took it to camp. We cooked it and made a square meal of it and pronounced it good. The meat was as white as the breast of a chicken and reminds one of veal. The Judge took the skin home with him. HUMBOLDT.

PETROLIA, California.

CHEAP GUN AND SURE AIM.—Once with my old muzzleloader, cost $2.25, I was duck hunting on Findley's Lake, N. Y. It was late in November, a cold, wet day. But few ducks were to be seen. There were three of us in the party. Finally getting sick of looking for mallard we decided to pepper anything that came within reach of our arms. My companions both had Parker's best. I was armed with my old government fusee which wore a cap as large as a cartridge shell. I was ashamed to do much shooting myself and thought I'd tend the oars and let my chums bring down the game. They had banged away at a diver, estimated distance 25 rods, ten times apiece without effect, when I suggested to them that I try my hand. I dropped the paddles in the water, and raising the old musket to my shoulder fired at the little speck in the distance. The diver dropped on his back and we rowed up and pulled in the game. So much for cheap guns and a sure aim.—E. W. H. (Poplar Bluff, Mo.)

BEARS AND CARIBOU.—James Nadeau, who lives four miles above Bean Lake, on the St. Francis, New Brunswick, was recently crossing the portage to Cabineau Lake and saw five bears devouring a caribou which they had just killed. They resented the intrusion ferociously. Nadeau went home for a gun and trap, and, not seeing the bears on returning, set the trap, and I have just learned he had taken one bear and expects to have them all. The killing of caribou by bears is something new to me. Doubtless the bears were lying in ambush, as the portage is a runway for caribou, and their fleetness precludes the idea of capture by chase.—WARFIELD.

RIFLES AND BULLETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with great interest the discussions upon the relative merits of muzzle and breechloaders, large and small calibers, and heavy and light charges, which have appeared in the columns of your excellent paper, and my belief that the interest and desire for light in these matters is general among riflemen, is my excuse for adding to the much that has already been written.

I used to believe in the great superiority of the muzzleloader for accuracy, and when I was a lad I used a good many muzzleloaders that, for medium range, were beautifully correct shooters, but though that was not many years ago, the breechloader had not then reached the degree of perfection that it has since attained; and after having shot off the heads of grouse with the Sharps and Winchester for half a dozen years with but an occasional miss, my opinion upon the question of comparative accuracy has undergone a great change.

The muzzleloader is all right in its way, but in a game country I should feel almost unarmed with such a weapon. I believe it is Major Merrill who talks about "shaving a squirrel's head" along the whole range of 150yds. If he wants to pack a 15lb. gun that it takes ten minutes to load for the purpose of "shaving squirrels' heads," let him. That's the only use it is fit for.

The best shot, especially if a little out of wind, will sometimes miss or only wound a deer, even at short range, and if it takes him ten minutes with a monkeywrench and jackscrew to get a buckshot into his muzzleloader, he is not likely to get another shot that might retrieve the misfortune of the first.

It is bootless to talk about the muzzleloader, but about the caliber of hunting rifles I have found some difference of opinion among good hunters. While I have known expert game killers that put their trust in a .40-cal. and did excellent work with it, in all cases they used a long ball and a heavy charge of powder—never less than 70grs. The great majority of hunters in the mountains, however, use and prefer the .45-cal.; and my own experience—I have killed a good deal of big game—and my observations teach me that the .45, with about 90grs. of powder, and not more than 420grs. of lead, is the most satisfactory gun for our mountain game. More powder will, of course, give flatter trajectory and greater force, but it also gives greater recoil, and 90grs. of powder will drive a ball over any range at which one will have occasion to shoot with all necessary force and directness.

Other things being equal, a flat trajectory is desirable, but it is of less practical moment than is commonly thought. The novice will probably miss with any gun, but when the hunter understands his gun, and knows how it shoots at different distances, he will take care of the trajectory, and if his gun's point blank range is 100yds. he will "hold high" on a deer at 150yds. and low at 50yds., making proper allowance for what he has found to be the curve. More rifles, however, loaded as I have stated, will shoot close enough to the line of sight to require very little allowance in shooting at a deer from 50 to 150yds. If the mark is a squirrel's head, I shall get much closer than 150yds.

A small caliber ball, .40 for instance, with sufficient powder behind it, will give a flat trajectory, high velocity, and great penetration, but it makes too small a hole and does not let blood and smash up things enough to be the more effective missile for big game, while on the other hand a .50 travels too slowly, unless a very heavy charge of powder is used, in which case the recoil is too great for a hunting gun of the proper weight to stand. Whatever be the caliber, the powder should not be scrimped.

A few winters ago I ran across the camp of an interesting old hunter while on a hunt near Mt. Gunnison, who had hunted through the mountains of the Pacific coast for years, and had found the .44-40 Winchester sufficiently destructive for the white-tail deer of that country; but the blacktail of Colorado would run off with a shot that would have stopped a less hardy animal. Having lost deer enough to satisfy him of the trouble, he discarded his little gun and adopted the .45 Sharps, as did also his son, who had had the same experience, after which he had no difficulty. Experiences of this sort are common.

What your correspondent "F. F. F." says in your issue of June 2 about the Sharps will find a responsive echo in the heart of the old frontiersmen, to whom the "Old Reliable" is fondly dear. Hunters of the Rocky Mountains universally lament the retirement of the Sharps, and those who have one well preserved cannot be induced to part with it. No wonder, for there is not now upon the market a gun that, for shooting qualities, strength, symmetry, simplicity and general merits as a hunting rifle, bears any comparison to the "Old Reliable." Take it for all and all, I shall not look upon its like again.

The practical hunter cares little for the tangent and cosine demonstration of the man who shoots a .38cal. gun with thermometer and weather-gauge attachments, and all his abstruse reasonings and calculations, however logical and scientific, will not deter the said hunter when he goes after meat from taking about a 10lbs. or 11lbs. .45cal. breechloader that shoots a good stiff grist of powder and lead and which experience has convinced him is the most effective gun for big game that he can carry. But with any gun the hunter must "call his shot," never get rattled and put his lead where it will do the most good. Don't use a squirrel charge on elk. Humanity as well as self interest demands that we should not cripple game, only that it may wander away to become the food of coyotes, and a small ball will often do this, when a large one would be almost instantly fatal. M. F. S.

CRESTED BUTTE, Colorado.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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IMAGINE a camp in the mountains, three newspaper men and two guides lying on the ground by the fire, smoking and relating incidents of tortuous careers.

"Truth is stranger 'n friction," said Jerry, solemnly, "I heard a preacher say it onct, and I believe he knowed. 'Fore I left Pike county I went huntin' one day after bear, where I seen signs, and 'fore half an hour I found one, while I was lookin' over a bee-gum right at the bottom of an old oak tree. He was a big one, too, and mostly hid behind the tree so 't I couldn't get a shot at him. I just kneeled down on a bunch of dry leaves and rotten wood and took a good rest on the gum, and waited for a plain sight 'fore I pulled. The bear was nosing some acorns and wasn't movin' in sight much, but I knowed he'd come. While I was waitin' I see a settlement of yallerjackets bilin' outen the leaves where my knees was, buzzin' round and comin' fur me savage. In course I couldn't move, not with that bear there in twenty yards and likely to get mad if he found me out. You betcher life it was a stirrin' place. The bear didn't come in range and I was anxious, the yallerjackets drivin' into me like bee-martins into a crow. I must 'a' staid there nigh on to ten minutes, almost afeared to wink, 'fore that bear showed up right, then I turned the old gun loose and the bear rolled over quiet. The cur'ous thing was that all the yallerjackets was dead as well as the bear."

No one spoke up promptly to ask the reason of the singular phenomenon, or showed any vehement desire to know what destroyed the pugnacious insects. Jerry relighted his pipe and smoked thoughtfully. Finally Sunday, the other guide, unable to restrain himself further, asked what was the matter "with them air wasps."

"Well, you see, I had an old buckskin suit that was harder 'n a brass kittle, and that saved me."

"Yes, it saved you, but —"

"When a yallerjacket hit it, it just druv' his stinger back into him and killed him. See?"

"Truth crushed to earth may rise again," said the historian, "but it must be a painful effort," while Jerry patted the bowl of his pipe with his forefinger and preserved a calm demeanor. J. C. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

A MONTH UP THE SEVERN.

ALONG the Midland of Canada, on Georgian Bay, is situated the town of Waubaushene with its settlement of white houses and its lumber mills. It was from this point that in the early part of last July the Colonel and myself started for the mouth of the Severn River, intending to follow up that wild stream and its tributaries for a month of fishing. We engaged as our guide a native Canuck. In this country there are no regular guides to be found, and if you happen upon a native who would prefer the comparative luxury of camp life to the more laborious work of the lumber camp, you may consider yourself in luck. This individual demands $1.25 per day to paddle and cook. The wise fisherman pays him off in full when he is through with him. The Colonel and myself recall regretfully how one Almakook took French leave of us once at Waubaushene when we had returned for provisions.

And now a word or two about the country, for I doubt if you could find one rougher of its kind. It is a trackless wilderness of superb timber, through which flow innumerable streams, forming the many lakes with which the region abounds. So well watered is this lumber country that from some of the weather-beaten tops of the low line of "hog-backs" that seem to stretch out in every direction the region appears to you a labyrinth of mad rivers and picturesque lakes.

At Little Chute, fifteen miles from Waubaushene and just where the Severn empties into Big Lake, we built the camp which served as headquarters for the better part of two weeks. Here for a beginning we found a couple of log slants that had sheltered some hunters the previous fall. It was an ideal camp. Six Mile Lake lay but a few rods away, and the wild rapids at its outlet came tearing down just on the other side of the ridge and glided out into the exquisite stretch of water on whose thickly wooded shores we had made our camp. One could not have wished better fishing or more of it. The only hard part about it was—when to stop. In these waters we killed the very gamiest of black bass, all of them the hardest kind of fighters, and where the bass were there were pike and pickerel. There is very little choice of waters in this immediate region, one place seems as full as another. One might say, fish anywhere except through a log jam. These fish are not at all particular. Fly, spoon and bait to them are synonymous; the choice of lure lay at your discretion.

Yes, the flies in July and August are bad, but with your fly medicine you can keep well protected and finally you begin to forget them. In the early dawn, just as the loons commence to laugh and chatter away upon the lake, the flies lie on the water in great swarming patches. As the sun grows hotter they rise and go to the coolest parts of the woods, where they stay until twilight begins to settle, when they return to the water, where some hungry or sportive old bass with a plash and twist of his tail swallows them up. A "few" get away and find a corner out of the way of the smoke and blaze of the camp fire, and just under the roof of your slant camp. As you roll yourself up in your blanket after a good day's fishing they begin to be sociable, and then you reach over and from under the corner log extract the old bottle—tar oil of course—uncork it, and are soon asleep. As the hemlock brush fits into your shoulder blades you doze away. Again you give him the butt, and as his big tail swirls the surface, he zigzags his way across the rapids, drives his stubborn old nose among the rocks and—snaps your leader, with a start you awake to find the sun pouring in on you, and the pork fat enveloping your bass having a hot dispute with the Canuck. And so the days glide by. We regretted deeply leaving the Little Chute. We had become very much attached to the little camp to whose welcome roof we had returned so many nights after a good day's sport, but the almanac told us that we must push on up the Severn and so out to civilization and the railroad.

Up the Severn we found even better fishing. The bass were not so plentiful, but much heavier, ranging in weight from 3 to 4½lbs. In the Severn channel cat have been taken weighing 15lbs. I took one of these fellows on a rod in a pool below the Big Chute that weighed 7lbs., and gave me some logy fishing, although at times he displayed a great deal of power.

Thirty miles up the Severn, over log jams and hard portages and up rapids, brought us to the line of the Muskoka region and into Sparrow Lake. Along the shores of this lake lie scattered a few primitive farms, settled by the French Canadians and Indians. These were the first settlements we had seen since leaving Waubaushene.

The Severn continues as the outlet of Sparrow Lake, which is some six miles long, and winds in a stretch of still water, bordered by wild rice beds and willows, eight miles to Severn Bridge.

We killed no maskalonge on the trip, although Sparrow Lake is supposed to be the limit of the lunge region. The truth of the matter is they have been fished to death by the Indians.

At Severn Bridge the long canoe that has held us and our duffle for so many happy days is laid in the baggage car of the Northern & Northwestern R. R., and taken off and transferred to the Midland at Orilla; and that night she and her owners found themselves back again at Waubaushene. I can but add that I know of no country where you can obtain better bass fishing or will be more hospitably treated by the people. F. BERKELEY SMITH.

MAINE SALMON AND TROUT.

THE latest reports from Bangor, Maine, state that the "second run" of salmon in the Penobscot has begun, and the fishing is excellent, though the fish are smaller than they were in the "first run." A private letter from Fish Commissioner E. M. Stilwell yesterday says that "there has been an excellent run of salmon," and that "the fishing continues good." It is also understood, from other sources, that there have been more fish caught in the Penobscot with hook and line this year than last, while the capture down the river by the market fishermen has far exceeded last season. It is only reasonable to conclude that there has been a wonderful increase in salmon in that river—one that had nearly played out—and that this increase is the result of protection and propagation. There are numerous reports of the capture of landlocked salmon in the upper Androscoggin Lakes; particularly Rangeley Lake. The catches of trout are sprinkled now and then with a salmon or two. But I have heard of none in the lower lakes of that chain this season.

The reports say that the fly-fishing in Moosehead is uncommonly good this season, or has been up to date. The Kineo Club, a party of eight or ten Boston merchants and professional gentlemen, has just returned from its annual trip to this lake, and the members are more pleased than ever. Some of the names of the happy fishermen were: J. B. Thomas, of the Standard Sugar Refinery; Walter H. Sanborn, of the flour and grain trade; W. S. Hills, of the same trade; Leroy S. Brown, of the grain and provision trade; W. F. Nickerson, of the wholesale grocery trade. Mr. Lauriat, well-known in the book trade of Boston, was intending to be a member of the party, but a summons to Europe sent him across the water only two days before. Mr. Walter Sanborn is particularly pleased with his fishing trip. He is a sportsman who fishes with the fly only, but he made a score in nine days of 89 trout, with none less than ¾lb., and his largest weighing 3½lbs., a very respectable trout for that lake. He took two doubles and had a treble on his line. Mr. Thomas, also a reasonable sportsman, who can find as much pleasure in catching a few trout on a fly as the trout hog finds in his hundreds gobbled up with bait, says that the Kineo Club is made up of gentlemen who are above the taking of trout to be wasted. They fish for the pleasure of skillful capture and not for killing trout. It is a rule of the club that the trout shall all be used at the hotel, or, at least, none are allowed to be thrown away. The club charters a little steamer to take its members to the fishing grounds each day, and if at any time the catch is so great as to indicate that there is danger of a waste, the order goes forth to stop fishing. Still, not all the members of the club are above taking a trout with bait, if trout are to be had in no other way; but the feeling of a majority of the members is that fly-fishing is the proper method, and bait-fishing is generally discouraged. With the steamer the club is able to reach the more distant fishing grounds easily, and the cost of the boat is assessed on the members for the entire trip, no matter if a member cannot be present during all the time planned. Respectable strangers may be taken in, however, if there happens to be a vacancy, and charged pro rata, which income goes into the general fund. The largest trout taken on the fly by any member of the party this year was 5lbs.

A Mr. Woodward of the party had a curious experience, which rather set at naught such a thing as the selection of the "most taking fly." He fishes with two rods, one fairly heavy, weighing some 7oz., the other light, not over 3½oz. He usually has both with him, and after throwing the fly with the heavy rod until his arm is tired, he rests his hand by a turn at the little rod. He had three flies on each cast on the day in question, with no duplicate of style and name except in one case. He commenced to take trout, and each time he took one on a different fly till he had gone over the three on the little rod. He then took up the heavier rod, this time covering more ground than he was able to do with the little rod, but the selection by his trout of a variety of flies continued. He took each trout on a different fly till he came to the fly which was a doublet of the one on the rod, when no trout would take it. He had caught five trout, and each one on a different fly.

Mr. Harry Moore, of the firm of E. S. Soper & Co., in flour and grain trade, has just returned from his annual trip to the Maine waters. This time he spent his well-earned vacation on the lower Richardson Lake, with a party of six, one of whom wrote in the FOREST AND STREAM last week that pleasing letter from the same locality. Mr. Moore took a 7½lb. trout. He has a photograph of this fish, hanging against a tree, also a dozen or more other views of that lake and incidents of the trip. He showed them to his friends at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, and it was rather amusing to listen to the guesses of the weight of the big trout. It strikes me that Boston merchants have never drawn more real pleasure out of the fishing in Maine than this year, and many of the Boston merchants are true sportsmen. Next come the vacationists, and the stream-strippers who fish for numbers. Little fingerlings must go to make up these numbers, for the vacationists could not tell a lie. He must have trout, and a trout is a trout to him. But he will never know the real pleasure there is in trout fishing till his spirit rises above the mere name of catching a certain number of fish, and until he gets him away to the lake at the season when the real trout are to be caught, and there, with improved tackle, he succeeds in landing one of the fishes that fall to the lot only of him who is a worshiper of the trout in his size and might. SPECIAL.

MY WIFE'S VACATION.

AN ARTICLE in the FOREST AND STREAM by "Special," dealt with the advisability of sportsmen taking the lady members of their families with them upon their camping out expeditions. Another article closed with the query why this is not oftener done. I suppose some wretches will reply that it is because they go for pleasure. I propose to tell you my experience.

In 1885 I promised my wife she should go with me, but later she agreed to wait a year if I would certainly take her then. So I went with a party of fellows, had a good time, and on my return told her I thought she could stand such a trip. Last winter I took her out with me on one of my trips to fish for pickerel through the ice. The fact that I never before saw her in such good spirits as on that day led me to think that there might be as much "Indian" in her as in me. But as another year came around, I dreaded for her the eight days of travel by rail, stage and buckboard which the round trip would necessitate, and I represented the tediousness of it to her in a manner which made her weaken.

One day in the early part of August, 1886, I went out to a neighboring village a few miles from here to see a friend with whom I have spent many happy hours in quest of sport and health, and when I returned I had concluded arrangements with him to camp out during September in the eastern part of Maine, close to the scene of the late deer warden tragedy. At the dinner table that day, I told the "party of the second part" of my plans; and I thought they were received with rather an ominous silence. I felt quite sure of her opinions next noon, for when I came home she notified me that I "might make my plans to go to Maine, where I promised to take her last year, as soon as I pleased, for she was going." That seemed to me to settle the whole business, and I so remarked.

I was more than pleased with the idea of having her with me though, and I knew that once there, all right, she would enjoy such a vacation, better than any other, but as she had never been strong I dreaded the experiment. There seemed to be a pretty good prospect, however, of settling the question.

We started Aug. 29, stayed that night in Boston and the next day went via the Boston and Maine road to Kingfield, Me., arriving there very late. At the Portland transfer station I counted over twenty men with guns or rods.

We stopped at the new hotel which had been erected during the past year, and found accommodations quite in the modern style. I kept close watch upon Madame, but to my surprise she said she was not tired in the least. The next day we took the stage for a thirty-mile ride up into the Dead River country. A light rain was falling, and the fog had settled into the valleys, so that the fine views of Bigelow and other mountains were wholly obscured. Still the ride was enjoyable and the passengers all proved to be charming company. What lots of fine fellows we meet when cruising around in this way. One of our party was a New Yorker, a Mr. Beck, who was going into the woods from Eustis for a month's "solitary confinement," except for the company of his guide, it being his seventh successive yearly trip to this place. At night Madame declared she had had a splendid ride, and was in perfect order. I could not quite see how this could be, for at home a walk of half a dozen blocks was liable to tire her out. All right, my lady, you may pretend to me that you are as good as new, but I know of a seven miles buckboard ride for to-morrow that will surely lay you out, or I am no prophet. Although it was now cold and raining hard, and only an hour or two before dark, she was for going on at once; and only strong resistance on my part, and good advice from some ladies who knew what such a ride in such a storm meant, induced her to change her mind. I had walked over the road several times, but had never ridden. The next morning I thought I would ride a short distance, and when she had become accustomed to this style of locomotion I would get off and walk. Before we had gone ten rods I had one arm around her and was holding on "for all I knew how," or she would have been thrown off as fast as she could get on again. It was an awful road. At one time three wheels would be in the air and one in a hole, and perhaps in a minute this order would be reversed. But all things generally come to an end, and so did the road. This was the point at which I was to carefully lift my exhausted wife from the buckboard and help her into a camp. But I didn't do it. She was off before I could shake myself together, and my word for it, I never was so surprised in my life as I was then to find her not in the least tired or lame, but in every respect in as good condition as myself. Although it made me out a false prophet, it was very gratifying. We found a good dry camp and a bed of boughs, the best an expert could make, and with sheets on it too. Think of that.

We spent two weeks here in solid happiness, fishing perhaps a couple of hours a day, and reading, resting, gumming and rowing about the lake, or passing time in any manner that suited us best. Madame saw lots of things that were new to her, such as ducks, loons, rabbits, etc., and one day she was lucky enough to see a deer while she was sitting in the door of the camp. She will not admit that she was disconcerted except once, and that was one night about midnight, when a tremendous "hooter" came close to camp and awoke every one in it with his dismal crying.

All who have ever been in this region will remember Kennedy Smith, at least by reputation. A week before

our arrival he had been crushed by a tree, and we found him in camp here making a big struggle for life, and laying plans for a new camp another year, which he said would be by waters never yet fished, and at the same time easy of access. Good luck to him.

The fishing seemed better this year than ever. I have thought many times if I were running a camp of this kind, I would allow no one to fish who did not take a small car along with the boat and keep the fish alive if possible, and put them in a larger one I should have near the landing at night. This could be drawn upon for food and emptied when too full, and a useless waste of fish prevented. I saw a party bring in 289 dead trout one day which were not needed for food, and I am sure the boys would have been full as willing to have brought them in alive as dead. In my last three days of fishing I brought only five trout to camp, returning to the water all others caught, while the party I mentioned brought in 571 in the same time, all dead. Such a reckless waste as this could easily be prevented, but no one seems to care. In some such way only can sport for future years be assured, whereas I predict that under present arrangements one of the best fishing resorts in Maine will, in five years, have become one of the poorest.

Of the five trout I spoke of saving. I caught a double of half-pounders, one a silver trout and the other a blood red fellow. One was hooked through the back and the other through the belly. They made things lively, and I felt that I had done well when I had landed them. Madame fished two days with fair success, using bait; then she laid down her rod and said she was through fishing until she could use a fly, like other folks. She stuck to it, too, and this spring I am engaged to give her lessons in casting.

One evening after supper we went out for a little while, and saw what I had often read of, but had never been lucky enough to see, the water "alive" with fish. This evening every trout seemed to be feeding upon the surface, and I tell you I flew around. As a natural consequence I broke the tip of my rod the first thing. It was too late to go to camp and rig another, so I was compelled to quit or do the best I could. But it was one of those scarce days when fish are looking for you, and will bite at anything. Fancy casting wasn't needed, and I would point out the fish I would take next, and then get out my line as best I could, and I generally got him. Darkness came altogether too soon to suit me, but not before I had gathered in a couple of dozen. Fish are freaky creatures. The best day's brook fishing I ever had was one when, according to all traditions, I ought not to have had a bite.

Madam's vacation ended before we were half ready. She had been perfectly happy, and I was a false prophet. If it rained and the camp leaked a little she moved her chair and kept on with her work or reading and let it leak. In short, she took things as they came, like an old camper. The result of my experiment was a conclusion that any woman almost can not only take such a trip, but will enjoy it and be benefited thereby as much as her husband or brother, if she can only get the chance.

I was very glad that I gave one woman a chance, and that is not all, I shall never go again without her.

A. G. McK.

MIDDDETOWN, Conn.

SALMON AND TROUT TACKLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the fishing season is once more fairly upon us, and every true and worthy angler begins to be troubled with repeated twitchings of the wrist and elbow only to be cured by much casting of the alluring and deadly fly over deep and troubled waters, perhaps it may not be amiss to reflect a little on the tackle used, especially by the salmon and trout fisherman. What a difference there is in salmon rods alone. From the costly split bamboo of New York manufacture to the simple but efficient greenheart of Castle-Connel make is a big jump; there is also some difference between the heavy 20ft. weapon wielded by the muscular Scotchman and the light 14ft. rod of St. John make.

These differences, doubtless, have their *raison d'être*. On large and heavy waters fished from the shore, often in half a gale, the long and heavy rod is an enormous advantage, well worth the extra labor involved in its use: but for summer fishing, such as ours is, and with a handy canoe always at hand, a far less powerful rod answers our purpose and is far preferable in every way on one of those hot, bright days American anglers so frequently enjoy during the season. It must be confessed, however, that the very light rod and line generally employed are very trying with anything of a breeze blowing, at least I have found it so.

As between splices and ferrules, who shall decide? Both have their advantages, but I certainly think the "splicer" has the best of the argument. A spliced rod is lighter for the same length, throws a better line, and there are no ferrules to come apart from the wood, as they generally do in this dry climate every winter. But how delightfully handy a ferruled rod is at times; so it comes to pass that, though being in theory a "splicer," I often use a ferruled rod.

Of course the character of the rod governs the weight of the line; but a heavy line is a great advantage on a windy day. A line should always be tapered, a fact denied by some fishermen of the old school resident in these parts, but true nevertheless. I have some lines five years old and strong as ever. We are here unfortunately obliged to use single gut casts, owing to the transparency of the water. I say unfortunately advisedly; for do I not annually experience the torture of losing fish through bad gut? If we could only use it twisted even to the very hook, how many salmon it would save every year to be sure. "Some likes pork and some likes onions," so also some like multipliers and some plain reels, personally I prefer the latter, though some of the New York patterns are a wonderful improvement on European importations. The conflict here now is about double or single hooks, and the battle rages fiercely, but at present the smoke and dust of action is so dense that no man can foretell the issue. From experience gained I should say that the single hook hooks more fish and pricks fewer fish, but the double is a great institution when once fairly driven home, rarely coming back in one's face as the single occasionally does. The best style of gaff for rough service here is undoubtedly that with a long shank to tie on, all other sorts are clumsy or else dangerous.

Trouting may be divided into two broad divisions; fishing in small streams and fishing in large rivers or lakes, requiring very different tackle and methods. In the small sparkling streams, such as we have so many of in this Province, and which teem with trout of five to the pound weight, a short rather stiff rod, in two or three joints ferruled, I find catches the most fish, enabling the fisherman to deposit the little beauties on *terra firma* without risking the dangers incidental to a struggle in a small stream incumbered with bushes, drift wood and all other obstructions, specially made and provided for such occasions. By the bye, I heard of one take of seventeen dozen with worm the other day in Nashwaak, though the average was doubtless less than five to the pound. In the large and heavy river, where the so-called sea trout are found, a different rod is wanted. I well remember the appearance presented by a small, elegantly furnished single-handed trout rod after two days fishing in a small, rapid northern river, where trout ran to 4lbs. in weight and over. Double-handed rods about 14ft. long are to my mind the most satisfactory. These sea trout require a large and gaudy fly. Last week they took well a fly that has since been christened the "Gesally-Jigger;" why it was designated by this elegant cognomen I am at a loss to discover. Dressing, scarlet body and hackle, gold twist wing and tail slips of gray goose; salmon heok.

FREDERICTON, June 16. CHAS. A. BRAMBLE.

ALBANY FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a copy of the official score made at the first tournament of the Albany Fly-Casters' Association, on Tuesday, June 21, and a clipping from the Albany *Argus*, of June 22. The weather was very much against us, blowing hard from the south during the whole day. The place where we were casting is so situated that we got the wind in squalls as it came over the hills and trees and about the neighboring buildings. Under the circumstances we are all quite pleased over the result. This was our first tournament as an association. Of the thirteen contestants all but four used the Spalding rod, Wood and Ball used the Leonard, and Parkhurst used one made by himself. The *Argus* reports is as follows:

Wind and weather were forbidding enough yesterday to have discouraged the most ardent disciple of the reel and rod. The sky was full of big black clouds and now and then a few scattering rain drops spattered in the water of the park lake, about which gathered about thirty members of the Albany Fly-Casters' Association, at a little before 11 o'clock yesterday morning, intent upon carrying out if possible the programme of their first fly-casting tournament. A small float moored near the east end of the lake house held up the contestants as they sent their lines whizzing out over the ripples toward a line of bobs set one foot apart on a long cable. Beyond bob 75 was anchored a boat containing the judges, Dr. Herman Bendell, Mr. W. W. Byington and Dr. S. B. Ward. Owing to the non-appearance of expert Roosevelt, from New York, Mr. William Kirk was chosen judge at the float. The competitors were divided in two classes. The first included those who had cast and fished with a fly previous to Jan. 1, 1887; the second those who had neither cast nor fished with a fly up to that date. Four prizes were originally offered for the first class and three for the second, but as Mr. H. Olcott was the only person who entered in the latter, two of the three prizes were transferred to the first class. When all the preparations had been looked after the contestants drew lots for positions, and Mr. P. M. Luffman took his place on the float as number one. After his rod had been weighed and measured he poised it daintily, and with a quick turn of the wrist sent the line whizzing out over the water and dropped his fly 40ft. from the toe line drawn across the float. After ten minutes of careful work, whipping the rough surface of the lake, he retired with a record of 71ft. for the long distance cast. The other contestants followed in regular order, each casting twenty-five times in addition at a buoy sunk one inch in the water 40ft. away from the float, as a test for accuracy and delicacy, twenty-five points being allowed for each. The total for both with the distance cast was recorded as the final score. This appeared at the close of the contest late in the afternoon as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length of rod.	Weight of rod.	Distance in feet.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
	Ft. In.	Oz.				
P. M. Luffman	11 2	9	71	20	9	100
H. R. Sweny	11 3	9½	73	21	3	97
H. D. Frothingham	11 6	9	74½	23	8	105½
Fred Wood	11 2	8¾	69	19	5	93
S. G. Spier	11 3	9½	61	18	6	85
Edwin Parkhurst	10 2	7	65½	22	9	94½
G. A. Brooks	11 3	9½	59½	20	4	83½
Dayton Ball	11 3	8½	65½	17	4	86
W. G. Paddock	11 3	8½	70½	16	6	92½
B F. Reese	11 4	8¾	60	24	7	91
W. W. Hill	10 7	7¼	63	24	10	97
Howard Paddock	11 3	9½	71	22	5	98

First Prize—Fly-rod, given by A. G. Spalding & Bros., won by W. D. Frothingham.
Second—Automatic reel, won by P. M. Luffman.
Third—Bray fly-book, won by Howard Paddock.
Fourth—Bray fly-book, won by H. R. Sweny.
Fifth—Fifty yards enameled line, won by W. W. Hill.
Sixth—Fifty yards enameled line, won by Edwin Parkhurst.
Seventh—Two dozen assorted trout flies, won by Fred K. Wood.

SECOND CLASS.

H. M. Olcott	10 7	7¼	58	10	0	68

First Prize—Automatic reel, won by H. M. Olcott.

Despite the unfavorable weather and the flawy wind, which descended at times in a spiteful manner upon the surface of the water, cutting it into a lace-like foam, in which the bobs were hardly perceptible, the records made were excellent, and every detail of the programme was carried out with scrupulous smoothness and accuracy.

Mr. Howard Paddock, who won first prize last year, was forced to be content with third place, much to the disappointment of many, who expected to see him again in the front. Mr. W. G. Paddock surpassed his previous record, and the winning cast of 74½ft. breaks the record in this vicinity. The number of spectators was large, many of them being ladies, who watched the sport from the lake house and their carriages. Among the admirers of the art who were present but did not participate were Chief Willard, Mr. A. B. Benson, Mr. Worthington Frothingham, Rev. Russell Woodman, Mr. John H. Farrell, Mr. Simon Vine, Superintendent W. S. Edgerton, Dr. Balch, Mr. J. W. Burdick. The association is considering the question of holding another tournament in the autumn.

A CATCH IN THE DARK.

BY A LADY CONTRIBUTOR.

IT WAS when we lived near Bull Creek, in White county, Arkansas. Our house was not more than twenty rods from the deep hole where I had some catfish hooks set. My husband had taken off two fine catfish that morning, and I had saved some of the entrails for bait. I did not get time to attend the hooks until after supper; but the moon was shining brightly upon the grass field that lay between the house and the creek, so taking my can of bait I set out for my hooks.

It it was light enough in the field, it was terribly dark under the trees along the bank, and as I entered the dark place an owl up stream began to hoot, while the frogs were calling in every direction and some of them said very strange things. It was a dark, damp place, and in spite of myself a shudder crept over me.

But I was not afraid. Was not Joe at the house or the stable? Of course he was. And my dog Dash—but now I remembered that I had left her watching a rabbit we had treed in a huge white oak; I could not get it and told her so, but she refused to believe me and would not leave it, so I had to go home without her; and now I was alone.

I took up a stout cane pole and put a fresh bait on the hook, and giving a good cast out toward the middle of the stream, drew it slowly toward me. Suddenly something seized my bait. I jerked too soon, let go, and when I felt my hook, I found the bait intact.

"Next time you bite you may take the hook along and swallow it at your leisure," said I.

So I threw in again and soon had the creature high on the bank. And now the fun began.

By this time my eyes had become a little used to the obscurity of the place, and as the thing went past my head, I saw that it was more than 2ft. long, and all too slim for a fish of that length.

Immediately I thought of the great moccasin snake I had seen there the day before. Meanwhile the thing was writhing and jumping all over the place. Sometimes right against my feet; and in an instant it would be as far off as the line would let it go. I held to the cane and knew the hook was fast in its mouth, "so then it cannot bite me," I thought, and it may be an eel. Quick after this came another thought. If its tail is flat it is an eel, if round a snake. Just then it squirmed up to me and I set my foot on the part I supposed must be its neck, and reaching down, felt for its tail. Yes, it was flat.

But the thing was so slick, and so cold, and so all over alive, that for a moment I did not know what to do. The next minute I had my apron off, and was down on my knees, wrapping it tightly around him. The hook was still in his mouth, so I wound the line around the bundle and went home dragging the pole after me.

The grass field looked brighter than ever with the moon shining on it. About half way to the house I met Dash. She had come home, and not finding me there had started to find me. We had a nice dish of eel for our breakfast next day. I like them better than fish when properly cooked; and Dash, who had a good piece as well as all the bones, seemed to think it as good as the rabbit would have been.

There is plenty of game here. A good many deer were killed near here last winter, and I often see wild turkeys, but I have never killed one, for my 8lb. muzzleloading shotgun will not carry large shot far enough. I have killed several ducks and quite a number of squirrels as well as hawks and owls with it. I mean to get a breech-loader one of these days, and then I will write you again if you print this. MRS. M. R. BARNES.

WHITE COUNTY, Ark.

A FORMULA FOR TROUT WEIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apropos of the discussion in late numbers of the size and weight of trout, particularly that in your last issue by Mr. Page, the following may be of interest:

The weight of a trout if of normal shape, and by this I mean not excessively short and chunky, extremely so, in fact, may be approximated with great closeness by the following formula:

$$W = \frac{L\,G^3}{1{,}000}$$

in which w equals weight, L equals length from eye to root of tail (not total length), and G equals girth, which, as the formula shows, should be cubed. The result is the weight in ounces. In fish up to say 5lbs. this is extremely close, in larger fish it, of course, is liable to slight differences, increasing as the fish departs from normal form.

Applying this now to some of the fish whose measurements and weights are given by Mr. Page, say for example his own trout, which was 30x18, and subtracting a reasonable amount for nose to eye and tail (for the length was of course total length) we find the weight 10½lbs., which is close to Mr. Page's figures. Applying it to Mr. Grote's we find it about 8½lbs., which is what the fish must have weighed. If it weighed what it is reported there are several hypotheses to account for it. First the fish was of the same girth from head to tail. This is hardly supposable. Second, he was loaded like the jumping frog with Tatham's chilled before b ing weighed. Third, the scales were out of order. Because a fish of that bulk weighing 12½lbs. would have such great density that he could no more swim than a stone, providing the rest of his composition was normal. PERCYVAL.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

THE CUSK.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I was surprised to see that in your issue of June 23 you pronounced the fresh-water cusk a worthless fish. I have nothing to say in favor of its beauty or game qualities, those attributes being far below par; but a chowder made from cusk taken out of the deep cold water of Sebago Lake (Me.) is good enough for any one, and we have passed our plate a second time for the fish when fried or baked. During the winter, many parties living within a radius of thirty miles of Sebago Lake, visit it for a few days, or rather nights of cusk fishing, knowing that if they catch more than their families can use their neighbors are more than willing to relieve them of all extra fish. In Sebago Lake is an unlimited supply of fresh-water smelts, which are there the principal food of the cusk. Does the food of the cusk in these waters make its flesh better than elsewhere, or is it perhaps a better fish than it gets credit for being? Should like to hear from others who have eaten fresh-water cusk.—BLACKSPOT.

JUNE RISE ON THE ASPETUC.

THE beauties of the Housatonic, river and valley, the "Schaticoke" and Berkshire Hills, have all been fully described. No lover of wood and water can turn away from that succession of hill and dale and not confess his expectations have been fully realized. All the way up that lovely river, countless streams ripple and leap down from the surrounding hills; and in the olden time they were full of trout. They would be full now if half, yes one-twentieth, part of the trouble were taken to replenish them that has been spent on depleting them. There are few if any streams anywhere near Kent or New Milford that I have not fished; and one pleasant day in June stands pre-eminently forth in my memory as giving me more sport than I shall ever look for in that part of the country. Last summer I fished the same stream and never had a rise.

But on one occasion I went down the well-known Aspetuc with very different results. There had been a steady rain in the latter part of June and I made my preparations accordingly. One good rainy day, and I among the first to get on the stream, would, I thought, give me a chance to get some fishing. Bright and early on a lovely June morning by 4 o'clock, I started off "over the hills and far away" on a five mile tramp. I dislike very much getting my feet wet, and I would rather charge on a battery any day than run across a snake. "A son of Adam and of Eve" all through. I was known all through the country as the man with the "Ingy rubber boots;" and though they are heavy and logy, I kept them for wading, and lest some of my readers may think it strange an old campaigner should mind such trifles as wet feet or snakes, I beg leave to say that one of the bravest officers in our Navy would tremble at the sight of a mouse and shiver and shake at their being any where near him—which he seemed to be aware of instinctively

Away I trudged, up hill and down, over a road every inch of which was familiar to me, until at last I came out at Hill's Mills. Then I walked down leisurely to just below the old dam, put my rod together and set to work. Those of my readers who have honored me by perusing my article on worm fishing will know how I go to work to catch trout. Those (and many there must be of the FOREST AND STREAM) who know this and other streams in the vicinity of which I write are aware that one cannot throw a fly on these brooks. The banks are fringed with willows and alders and overhanging branches; the streams are comparatively small and you have to go along carefully and slowly and take your time.

All the trout in any trout stream are not hungry at the same time. Only patient, quiet fishing will get you your fish. So I pulled up my boots and waded in. The very first fish caught I knew was a new comer. How bright and fresh and shiny he looked. He had his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit on—no store clothes there. I waded down, now tossing in by yonder whirl, now by that ripple, now off to the left by the old tree, again to the right by where that little brook comes murmuring in; and every fish was looking his best and I was doing fairly well.

How the trout can get up the streams they do, where a flying fish could hardly succeed, is one of those mysteries no fellow knows anything about. That they do go up we know, but the "how" is a conundrum. Across from Kent, on the Charles Edward stream, how do they skitter up that lofty rock at the base of the brook as you begin to fish? There was a stream, I made up my mind, in the olden time that must have trout in it. Every one laughed at the idea. I explored the stream and found, of course as I expected, that it was full of small mountain brook trout. I had a grand day's sport. It was like fishing among the Catskills. What will my readers think when I tell them that, though I circulated alarming stories of encounters with rattlesnakes, in order to keep the trout destroyer away, a so-called friend of mine "gave me away," and in one week's fishing 550 odd trout were taken out of that brook by actual count, and now some folks wonder why are there no more trout. Yet are there younsters there yet; and all they want is a tariff for protection, and that they will never get.

And here were a lot of new arrivals, and how they got over the damway down by the mouth of the stream was what stumped me. I kept on my way, and had passed a place where not long before one spring two little urchins saw two wild geese come flying along as if tired out; they splashed into the water and these two boys ran down and plunged in and captured both birds and took them home. Here the stream narrows and runs swiftly through quite a reach, at the end of which there is deeper water, and an old beech tree stands on the left, half in and half out of the water; and here I had famous good fortune at the very first cast of my worm. I let my line swirl and float down through this channel, and I knew a big one had hooked himself—big for that stream. I brought him up, for I knew my tackle would hold him, though he showed good fight, and he just went across my basket—13in. to the pound is fair measurement. Again I let my line go down, and again No. 2 tries his hand and again he is taken into camp. A third time and No. 3 dashes at the bait, hooks himself, and gives up after a gallant fight. Now, here I stood in rapid running water, alders on both sides of me nearly touching me, and branches overhead. No chance for light work or fly, or playing my fish, tiring him out by the spring of my trusty rod; and I caught three fish weighing a pound apiece. As with cutters and centerboards, so it is with fly and bait rods; adapt them to the waters you use them in.

So soon as I could get to a landing place, I waded out and took account of stock. I had twenty-one trout, which when dressed weighed over 11lbs. I looked at my watch, it was a very little after 10 o'clock, and I had 5 miles to go to get my fish put up for New York, to catch the 12 o'clock train. I'll try it and away I leg it, as fast as I can go. I am a little tired, and have fish and boots to lug. But I have a big brother in town, and I want to give him some trout as a change for salmon. He's an old salmon fisherman. So I keep my mouth shut—which is a very hard thing for me to do as a general thing—and I pull through and reach the depot. Charley and Dan, old chums of mine, turn too and help me. We clean our fish, give them a pinch of salt all round, put them in ice cold water, get some nice clean sheeting, wrap them in a fold of linen, then fish, then another fold of linen, and so on until all the fish are carefully covered up. Then I procure a box large enough to hold them; put them in, pack them in solidly around the sides with fine ice, nail on cover and direct them. All aboard! Off goes train with fish billed through for prompt delivery; and off I go contentedly home. The sequel is this telegram:

"NEW YORK, 22d street, 7 o'clock.—*Dear Capt.:* Fish come to hand in A 1 order and were delicious. Yours affectionately, SALMO." CAPT. CLAYTON.

GOOD STRIPED BASS FISHING.

THERE has been the best fishing for striped bass in Martha's Vineyard that has been known for over three years. At the Cuttyhunk Club the fishing opened June 18, and the record of the catch there up to noon on Saturday last, one week, was 60 bass, weighing 818lbs., averaging 15 3-5lbs. each. The largest fish was taken by Judge McGown and weighed 41lbs. The next largest was captured by Mr. William A. Woodhull and weighed 38½lbs. The smallest fish taken weighed 7lbs. The bait used was lobster tails, no menhaden having appeared there this season.

Hon. Henry P. McGown left Cuttyhunk on Saturday, and has kindly allowed us to copy the following from his score book: June 19, 3 fish, 14½, 10½, 9¼—34¼; June 21, 6 fish, 18¼, 15½, 14¾, 14¼, 12½, 10¼—85½; June 22, 2 fish, 16½, 12¾—29¼. The two following days the wind blew a gale and no fishing. June 25, 2 fish, 41, 8½—49½. Total for 15 fish 198¼lbs., averaging 15¼lbs. each.

Mr. McGown used a split bamboo rod, with ash butt and solid reel plate, which weighed 20oz., but without the butt and plate would not weigh more than half that. The fish were all taken on a nine-thread linen line. He reports excellent fishing at Pasque Island and other clubs. At No Man's Land Mr. Butler took 6 bass, which weighed 300lbs., the largest one turning the scale at 60lbs.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of June 9 you have taken the liberty of referring to me in an article assailing my friend, Mr. C. G. Levison, and in justice to him as well as myself, I wish to say that the statement in reference to the salmon casting contest for short rods, that Mr. "Levison agreed [to loan me his rod] but stipulated that Prichard should give him any prize that he might win, and as Prichard won first prize, a handsome grilse rod, Mr. Levison claimed and took it" is a decided misstatement of the facts. On the contrary, Mr. Levison made no stipulations whatsoever, nor did he refuse me the rod, but offered to loan it to me before the tournament. I took no rod of my own because it was understood that I was to use his, and I believe he loaned it to every other contestant in that class. I knew I would beat Mr. Levison, and thinking it hardly fair to use his rod under the circumstances, I offered to exchange prizes with him; but as for him taking the rod I won, even after my offer, he would not do it, but kindly got it the following day on my order for me and delivered it to me. He took the third prize, which he won. I cannot perceive how Mr. Levison's views of the tournament contests can be deduced from a consideration of such an incident, even if it were true, but think his views are perhaps fairly suggested by the devoted assiduity with which he labored to make the tournament a success.

Hoping the above correction is sufficient to right the wrong which has been done Mr. Levison, and that you will give this as prominent a place in your paper as you did the article it refers to, I am yours,

HARRY PRICHARD.

NEW YORK, June 20.

[About a week after the publication of our notes relative to this matter, Mr. Levison called at this office to explain that the reason he took charge of Mr. Prichard's rod was because Mr. Prichard could then not take charge of it himself. Mr. Levison was requested to put his explanation in writing, but he appears to have preferred to ask Mr. Prichard to write, as above. Mr. Prichard's letter, it will be noticed, is dated June 20. Inquiry has developed the fact that the rod was returned to Mr. Prichard after the publication of our article on June 9. We know of a gentleman who heard the bargain between Levison and Prichard, which was that Levison was to have the rod if Prichard won it. That Mr. Levison regrets his action at the tournament there is no doubt, and there is also no doubt that Mr. Prichard is willing to try and smooth the affair over. It is to be hoped that in the future there may be no repetition of such unpleasant incidents at the angling tournaments. The Association should add to its organization a governing committee to take cognizance of such matters and provide a remedy for them.]

THOSE SILKWORMS FOR GERMANY.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I recorded a shipment of coccoons of the American silkworms to Herr von den Borne, of Berneuchen, Germany. They came to me by mail and I put them in a cigar box and remailed them. After lying in the post office at New York for four days they were returned marked "over size and over-weight," and several had hatched. Owing to the lateness of the season we cannot send our German friend any more this season.—FRED MATHER.

WHO LOST THIS FISH?—Thomaston, Conn., June 21.—A dead trout, weighing 3lbs. 10oz., was found in a branch of the Naugatuck River in this town a few days ago. It had a hook through the root of its tongue. It is the largest ever seen here, and but few trout are caught in the stream.—E. M. C.

WEAKFISH.—Weakfish are in. I was down at Gifford's last Saturday, and two rods got 21 weighing 16lbs. They took shedder and shrimp; lots of the latter on the dock. Go for last of flood and first of ebb.—GRAY JOHN (New York).

STURGEON IN THE CONNECTICUT.—Sturgeon are rare fish in the upper Connecticut waters, but an ugly little 5½lb. specimen was caught last week opposite South Hadley.

DRUM FISHING on the New Jersey coast is said to be good now. Anglesea is the place to go to.

BOUNTIFUL NATURE AFFORDS NO FINER SPECIFIC for skin diseases than Sulphur, a fact that is proven by the action upon the cuticle afflicted with eruptions or ulcerous sores, of that supreme purifier and beautifier of the skin, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE—Black and brown, 50c.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

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PRESERVATION OF FISH BY ACIDS.

[Discussion before the American Fisheries Society.]

AFTER the reading of the paper on the preservation of fish by acids and other compounds, by Mr. Clarke, published in our last issue, the following discussion was held:

MR. MAY—The paper just read treats of preserving fish by means of acids and other compounds, but does not say what effect these preservatives have upon the human stomach. Is there any member present who has eaten fish which had been kept by any of these processes?

MR. MATHER—I once ate a trout which had been kept for some ten days without ice. It was given to me by Mr. Thomas J. Conroy, of New York, the dealer in fishing tackle, and had been preserved by a patent process or powder called Rex Magnus, not now on the market, and which probably may have been largely composed of boracic acid, and the fish was fairly eatable, a little dry but still better than no fish.

MR. MAY—As our worthy secretary still lives, it is fair to presume that the use of these preparations does not bring on instant death, but what would be the result of eating a thousand such prepared fish?

MR. MATHER—I cannot say. Prawns preserved in some acid come to New York from Charleston and other southern ports, and I see them at Blackford's daily. I have here the quarterly number of the *Journal of Fishculture*, published by the Fishculture Association of England, in which there are two items referring to this matter, which I will read. The first one favors the use of acids and the second one condemns them.

There are two sides to all questions. The *British Medical Journal* writes thus as to herrings cured with boracic acid: "Large quantities of herrings preserved with salt and boracic acid being at present imported from Norway, and sold in the London and Newcastle markets, attempts have been made to prevent their sale. The National Sea Fisheries Protection Association discussed the question at a recent conference at Fishmongers' Hall, but no decision as to such fish was arrived at. It may, therefore, be worth while to point out that boracic acid, being the essential ingredient of our many food preservatives—be it in the form of the acid, of boroglyceride, or of borax—has been used for years, especially to preserve milk in hot weather, and no evidence has ever been brought forward even to suggest injurious effects upon the health; it may, therefore, be taken to be perfectly harmless. The Norwegian herrings preserved with salt and boracic acid are of exceptionally fine quality, are perfectly fresh when brought into the market, and are of course, subject to the usual process of inspection by the market inspectors, whose power of rejection is almost absolute. If, nevertheless, an outcry is heard against this sale, it is difficult to resist the belief that it is dictated by the jealousy which is notoriously rife in Billingsgate circles.

"The introduction of cheap food from new sources, welcomed as it always is by the public, is invariably opposed by the trade who, after all, reap the chief advantage in the long run. One has but to recall the sneers of the meat venders at American and Australian meat to value the agitation against Norway herrings at its proper worth. Hitherto, happily, we have been spared the bitter discussions which have on the Continent led to legislation against certain food preservatives, such as salicylic acid, which we in England admit without hesitation. The question is mainly one of public economy: Shall good food be wasted for want of a preservative, even if certain objections may be urged against their use, or shall we put up with these objections and aim at cheapening food for the masses, provided, always, that nothing which could injuriously affect their health is allowed to be present? A sufficient guarantee is afforded by the vigilance of medical officers, public analysts and market inspectors against the abuse of antiseptics and food preservatives."

On the other hand, a fish trader writes to the *Fish Trade Gazette:* "Hundreds of barrels of herrings from Norway out of one cargo were condemned, and also, that there were about 1,500 barrels unsold lying in London at that time. France will not admit the Swedish and Norwegian herrings nor any other fish cured by the process named. Many shopkeepers soon find out to their cost that once their customers have tasted herrings cured with acid they don't ask for them a second time."

The Kennel.

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A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5123.**

MASSACHUSETTS DOG LAW.

BOSTON, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This State has just passed an act of considerable interest to dog owners. Until now there has been nothing in our law to fix the age at which a pup becomes taxable as a dog and subject to our dog license laws, which are strict. The fine for keeping an unlicensed dog is $15, and $5 goes to informer, and the magistrate has no discretion to reduce the fine or abate it.

The new law provides that dog breeders keeping five breeding dogs or less pay a fee of $25, or more than five breeding dogs $50, and such persons are entitled to keep the pups until they are six months old without being taxed for them. The implication is that all other persons are taxable for pups under six months old. There may be some question whether unweaned pups would be taxable, but there is no question but weaned pups under six months old are taxable to all persons who have not taken out the breeder's license provided for by our new law, which took effect May 26 of this year. S. W. HATHEWAY.

ESSEX COUNTY KENNEL CLUB.—A kennel club has been organized at Lynn, Mass., to be known as the Essex County Kennel Club. The present officers are as follows: President, Robert Leslie; Vice-President, Dr. O P. Macalaster; Secretary, Benjamin Phillips; Treasurer, E. L. Rogers. The object of the club is to encourage the breeding of blooded dogs, and to hold bench shows and field trials. The club was formed to meet the want being felt by the owners of dogs throughout Essex county for such an organization, and its list of members is rapidly increasing.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is to be hoped that out of all the recent discussion of the Beaufort-Patti M. case some good will arise. The last decision was a piece of nonsense; there is no reason for discussion on that point, although lots of people may be of a contrary opinion. Mr. Drake in his letter says there are many extenuating circumstances, giving as reasons that the *faux pas* was committed by the proxies and newly-elected delegates, and that some of those who voted knew nothing of the case. Well, certainly, the principal movers in the reopening of the case can't make that plea. They at least fully understood all about the matter in all its bearings, for it was thoroughly discussed at the December meeting, and they must certainly have known that the New Jersey club would have taken their decision then given as final, and have paid over the money according to that verdict. It certainly is not a mitigating circumstance that the motion to reconsider was made by Vredenburgh, who at the last meeting was not entitled to vote, and a stickler for propriety would hardly indorse the making of Mr. Hanna a sub-proxy for Mr. Munhall. How can a proxy delegate his powers? I am informed that Mr. Elliot Smith ruled that there would be no objection to Mr. Munhall appointing Mr. Hanna as sub-proxy. But surely Mr. Smith's approval was not the only necessary thing. It would appear to me that the one who appointed Mr. Munhall as proxy was the one to be consulted. He might have been satisfied with Mr. Munhall, but how does the latter know that his shifting of his responsibilities on to the shoulders of Mr. Hanna was satisfactory? However, these are merely incidents in the main folly, and as such are not of the importance that the definite settlement of the case is. For this certainly is a matter of importance. The American Kennel Club has made plenty of mistakes before, but probably none of such colossal stupidity as this, the latest.

There are some people who only look at things superficially and therefore imagine it is a great deal of fuss about a small matter. But the fact of the matter is that the American Kennel Club has reached a point at which it either has to get itself on a business basis and act out the purpose for which it only has a reason for existence, or it can go on blundering and lose the respect of decent men and practically fall to pieces. It is a critical period in the history of dog shows in this country. We have arrived at a time when thoughtful men see that if dog shows are to be successful in this country, there not only must be a rigid code for their government, but a court capable of interpreting the code and enforcing its articles upon all, no matter who they be. If this does not take place there will still be dog shows, but a very large portion, and that the most respectable portion, of the breeders of the country, will not exhibit. Entries will be poor and receipts light, and the public, that only now is just beginning to support dog shows with its entrance money, will come to look upon dog shows and dog men with suspicion and disgust, and support them not at all. We can not have an autocratic body in this country, like the English Kennel Club. It must be a representative body, and in all such abuses are liable to creep in if the men elected do not act in good faith and with regard for justice.

It seems to me that the A. K. C. does not know what its functions are; in its deeds it cannot separate the act from the man. If he is "one of us" the severest thing that can be done is a mild censure. It appears to be afraid of handling anything without the gloves lest it should hurt the feelings of some one. Why did it take no action upon the Pittsburgh pewter medal business? I am informed the reason was because there was no special article in the rules that it could act under. And yet the president of that society is a lawyer. Could he not help them out of the difficulty they were in of not being able to find some mode of action? If it could do nothing else, could the A. K. C. not have placed itself on record as being opposed to such practices, even if indulged in by one of the members of the association? Let us have done with child's play. In the Beaufort—Patti M. case there are two courses open by which the A. K. C. can right itself. The proper way is for a declaration to be made that the action of the last meeting was illegal and the decision rendered null and void on the ground that the mover of the resolution was not entitled to vote at that meeting, and further, that a decision on the case having been filed last December it was out of the power of the A. K. C. to reverse that decision, its action in its capacity of appellate court necessarily being final. Judging from the past it is not likely that the A. K. C. will take that course, although it is the most manly one.

The other course is for it to speedily act upon Mr. Drake's motion to reconsider, and let it do the crawfish act. The new constitution and rules do not take effect until September 1, and under the old rules this method of doing business by correspondence is yet permissible, and Mr. Drake's motion is in order. If it will straighten out this case by either of the above two methods there is yet hope for belief that in the future the follies of the past may not be repeated, and that affairs will be conducted upon a sounder basis than they have been.

As long as the central governing body is lax in its methods the clubs composing that body will not be less so in the management of their shows. In FOREST AND STREAM for June 16, Mr. James Watson furnishes a list of seventeen entries, at the Newark show alone, which were incomplete and upon which that club should have taken some action. No action was taken because so much of this kind of carelessness exists that much is not thought of it. These errors are as they appear in the catalogue, and it is possible the blanks as filled out by exhibitors may be without the errors. I suggest this as I appear as one of the guilty parties, the date of birth of Wacouta Rose having been omitted, and I remember at subsequent shows to have seen errors in the catalogue that I am positive were not committed by me on the entry blanks. The unreliability of show catalogues is so notorious that no exhibitor would turn to one to settle any disputed question as to names or dates. This should not be so. It is now time for a change; let us hope that after the A. K. C. has squared its record, a new start may be made and in future a more rigorous enforcement of the rules be had, so that the bench shows of the next season will be carried on upon a less slipshod method than heretofore. WACOUTA.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Surely Mr. Peshall wrote without due reflection when he said that the A. K. C. should never have original jurisdiction. If this were the rule how could a member be disciplined for any wrong, however glaring? In the case quoted by Mr. Peshall I think he is right. Ordinary offenses should first be published by the club concerned, and then the A. K. C. give its final on the subject, but to restrict its jurisdiction exclusively to hearing cases on appeal would often be a flat denial of justice. Nor is it correct that the A. K. C. should not take cognizance of wrongs unless committed at shows of their members. This should be the practice but not the rule. Suppose some glaring fraud, some vile outrage had been committed at the Buffalo show; should the perpetrator go free because the Buffalo show was not held by a member of the A. K. C.?

On this general point I have always admired Mr. Elliot Smith's famous "opinion" on the Perry disqualification. He took the ground that while it would appear proper that only the club at whose show the wrong occurred should disqualify, yet in the newness and rawness of dog show precedents, and the danger that local influences might operate to the detriment of justice, it was not safe to trust to this, and therefore he voted to sustain the principle that one club might disqualify for a wrong committed at the show of another club; and in spite of "Porcupine," I maintain that this was one of the soundest, clearest decisions ever given in connection with the A. K. C. It puzzles me, however, to understand how Mr. Smith subsequently decided or allowed that the secretary, without a proxy or authority to act for anybody, could move a reconsideration of previous action of his, when he was duly clothed with power as a proxy.

I cannot agree with Mr. Watson's reasoning as to a dog's being disqualified because one of the identification items required is not given. Sufficient must be given to clearly identify the dog, and none must be of the deceptive character that "full pedigree" involves. But suppose there is an uncertainty as to some item, say whether Jones or Smith was the breeder, you cannot say that the breeder is "unknown," for that involves that nothing is known of him, while the only question in doubt is, which of the two was the breeder? Or it may be uncertain which of two names of the dog's sire was the correct one, we know that it was both Tom and Jack. Can we say it is "unknown?" And further, does not the leaving of one item unstated imply an uncertainty as to what it should be stated as?

After prescribing the "musts" required for identification, the rule says, "Otherwise it must be entered as 'pedigree unknown.'" If the name of breeder is not given, it must be entered as "pedigree unknown." The rule is stupidly vague, and Mr. Watson makes the mistake of applying, with Draconian severity, an indefinite rule. This will not do. Strict constructions can only apply to clear, unmistakable rules. Nothing, however, except ignorance on the part of the user, can excuse that stupid evasion "full pedigree." If used in good faith, the requirements of the identification rule as to sire and dam must be known to the user; therefore, why not give them? If they are not known, then he cannot know whether the dog has any pedigree. This piece of humbug is a survival of the old ramshackle days of "good fellows," humbugs, etc., that gave birth to pewter medals "100 cents on the dollar," etc. I remember how astonished I was to find my dog Tiny entered at Louisville as "full pedigree," when I had entered him as "pedigree not yet ascertained."

Mr. Drake is hardly happy in his use of the word "extenuation" as applicable to the "back action" act; for those who knew the history of the case, the full discussion that had been had on it, and the final decision that had been rendered, there can be no extenuation. For himself and Mr. Newberry, new members, entirely fresh at the subject, "extenuation" seems too strong a word, a mixture of excuse and justification would seem nearer the mark. I am not generally accused of being slow in "shooting off my mouth," but I confess had I been in the predicament described by Mr Drake I would have done as he did. Whether the answer to the question "Is the A. K. C. to live?" will be affirmative or negative, depends simply on backbone. The accession of Messrs. Grosvenor, Seabury, Drake and Newberry, and Mr. Child's shoes being so worthily filled, adds vastly to its promise of usefulness, which, however, can only be fulfilled by positive and decided action; squarely sitting down on a few knaves or knavish actions will do more than all the flapdoodle administered to it in the intervals of study of "citrate iron and strychnine pills." W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., June 24.

THE PEWTER MEDAL FRAUDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The paragraph you published last week, taken from a Pittsburgh paper, would seem to prove that Mr. Elben, the secretary of the Pittsburgh Pewter Medal show, was made of a composition "heavily plated" with brass. His statement only occupies about twenty lines of type, yet almost every line contains a falsehood. He admits that the medals were not gold—but his catalogue says gold and silver, not brass and pewter, medals were to be given—and he thinks it all straight, because they did not say they were to be "solid" gold, as they really contained a thin scale of gold on the surface. The statement that "every person who buys a piece of silverware in a jewelry store knows that he is not getting solid silver unless he has made a request that the article be sterling," on the face of it is so absurd that no one would imagine that any but a fool would have made it. Mr. Elben would imply that there was something that gave value in the word "solid." When the United States mint issues a gold coin it is not gold, then, unless it is publicly stated to be "solid." If I call Mr. Elben a fool or something stronger, it does not mean anything unless it reads a "solid" fool, and for the sake of the libel law I will omit the word "solid." So, too, when the catalogue stated that a special prize of "one box fine cigars, value $10," was to be given for the best mastiff, that I, as the owner of the dog who won this special, should not feel myself aggrieved at finding them to be worth only $5, because the catalogue did not say a "solid" $10 worth of cigars, but merely a plain every day $10 worth, which, of course, every smoker knows only means $5 worth. But in justice to the donors of the cigars, let me say that I have found that they stated the box was only worth $5 when they gave it to the show authorities, and they marked on the box $5, but this same secretary Elben raises the $5 to $10, but considers it all right, as the word, the magic word "solid" was not prefixed. Mr. Elben says he does not suppose "many exhibitors melt their medals down." True, but medals from other shows are worth keeping. The only one of this season I have yet received is from Philadelphia, and that is a handsome "solid" medal, a work of art, and it has a genuine ring to it, so pronounced that one does not need to "melt it down" to find what it is made of. It is only Pittsburgh medals that need that treatment.

Here's a contradiction to Mr. Elben on the point that no other show ever gave solid medals. We did right here in St. Paul. It was not a "bench" show, as the dogs were not benched; but it was a dog show, and held on our ice palace grounds last February. We announced "gold and silver medals," not "solid" gold and silver. There were some thirty medals in all, and the gold ones were 22 carat gold, and the silver were coin silver. What simpletons Mr. Elben must consider us to be, when, according to his method, and that which he claims to be the universal practice, all we had to do was to promise gold and silver—omit the prefix "solid"—and give three cents worth of composition.

By the way, it might be interesting to know who were the many that went to Mr. Elben and asked that they be given medals instead of money. If this is true, does it not prove that the other statements of Mr. Elben are not correct, when he says, or implies, that people do not expect gold or silver when it is so stated in the premium list—for who on earth, who goes to the expense of sending a dog to a show, at often large cost, would beg for a medal worth three cents in place of money? Should any one prefer a medal to money prizes (and exhibitors sometimes do so), they only do so when they have reason to expect the medal to have some artistic and genuine value.

It is bad enough to get such a medal as I have, but it is rubbing it in too much to have it followed by such an exhibition of imbecility and mendacity as that put forth by Mr. Elben in defense of the action of his club. It is a disgrace to the kennel world—the attempt to cover their own iniquity by claiming that all others do the same. After this public statement I think it right that all other kennel clubs put themselves publicly on record as to the kind of medals they gave when they announced gold or silver. WACOUTA.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

NON-SPORTING SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is there no one among all the judges, breeders, exhibitors and lovers of the "crocodile cocker" who is willing to take up his pen in defense of his pet? Here I should say was a good chance for Mr. Mason, but I hardly think he could demolish "Uncle Dick" as easily as he has the most of his opponents, for Mr. Fellows is clearly in the right, and I for one wish to indorse all he says in your issue of May 5, and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking him for sending me such a fine and workmanlike brace of spaniels. Although but eight months old when I received them last September they required but little training; in fact did good work the first time I had them afield. It would astonish Eastern sportsmen were I to tell them how many woodcock and ruffed grouse I had killed over them or how many ducks they have retrieved. They once brought me a swan against a head wind for at least an eighth of a mile. They also, when only eleven months old, tracked and held at bay two wounded deer. No mud is too deep nor day too long for them. When I ordered the pair I wrote: "I want no long-backed, short-legged dog, but one that can work six days in the week and then be ready for the next," and I am pleased that I can say I got what I ordered.

I once had a brace from New Hampshire; their sire and dam were champions. They had very long bodies and very short legs, but they were positively useless for the field, as they had no ambition; snow or mud would stop them in fifteen minutes. I often used to wish I had left them at home. I gave them away and one is now in the champion class, having won three first prizes. At our show here the judge gave all the prizes to the non-sporting dogs that I am almost certain are useless afield. As Mr. Fellows says, the judges are to blame, for I well remember the same judge at Cleveland in 1883 scored that king of cockers, Dandy, 94½ points, which is nearly perfect; but Mr. Fellows writes me that Dandy would not be noticed now in craze for the non-sporting spaniel, and strange as it may appear, Mr. Kirk, although one of the committee that made the standard, was the first to depart from it, and by so doing forced the "crocodile cross" to the front.

I did not exhibit my dogs here, as they stand 14in. at shoulder and are only 30in. long; but I was told they could not win under Mr. Kirk, especially if there were any dogs from Canada on exhibition.

Now the remedy for all this nonsense is field trials for spaniels; let them be tested in the field, and mark my words the working type will beat the "crocodile" type every time, and the more he has of the Dachs-weazel-double-action-Skye cross, the less will be his chance for a place.

B. A. OSBORNE.

DETROIT, Mich.

THE PEMBROKE DISQUALIFICATION.

[COPY].

BOSTON, June 6, 1887.—*Mr. Chas. D. Webber:* Dear Sir—In reply to your favor of May 31, we beg to inform you that we sustain the protest of Pembroke (by Mr. H. W. Huntington), being shown in the open class when he was a champion, and have disqualified the dog Pembroke and request you to return the prize card. We take this opportunity to say it is our decided opinion that the owner and exhibitor ought to be responsible and notify the committee of any change in his dog's class preceding the show, and hope the A. K. C. will make the rule positively so. We have noted your attempt to throw the blame on the committee for not transferring the dog. But we think this unfair, because you positively knew your dog belonged in the champion class, whereas we might have known (and ought to by the rule) had we time to have examined [*sic*] the record of every dog during the rush of getting a show ready, which we think is nearly impossible. We changed every one we noticed, and think the committee ought not to be responsible for transfers. Very respectfully yours,

BENCH SHOW COMMITTEE, N. E. K. C.

[COPY.]

NEW YORK, June 20, 1887.—*New England Kennel Club:* Gentlemen—Yours stating Pembroke has been disqualified received, and I inclose you, per your request, the prize card which you desire returned. Your letter is somewhat complicated in its construction, and do not in certain sentences "catch on." However, permit me to say, at the time of mailing the entry and fee I supposed so far as exhibitors was concerned the transaction closed, providing same was correctly filled out, as mine was. I admit that my calling your committee's attention to the additional win it would helped you, but according to Rule 9, and especially Rule 22, it remains with the local delegates of the club to examine entries (the exhibitor not being called upon), which, as you say, was done in a number of cases you noticed, but unfortunately for me Pembroke was overlooked, and you now ask the A. K. C. to make the rule positively apply to the owner of notifying any additional win, and in the meantime I must accept the disqualification through errors. I sincerely regret the occurrence and trust that exhibitors have profited thereby, and avoid trouble in the future, especially those contemplating going in the show business, and can only add that whatever dealings I may have with dog shows to come, will be, "as I believe I have," according to the A. K. C. rules. Very respectfully, CHAS. D. WEBBER.

JUMBO.—A member of the Worcester Fur Company, of Worcester, Mass., asks us to reprint, from our issue of Feb. 15, 1883, this account of the doings of the foxhound Jumbo. The story comes from Oxford, Me., under date of Dec. 6, 1882: "I will relate the experience of a party of five hunters (three amateurs and two professionals) with their dogs, Jumbo, Tassle-tail, and Diamond Dick. There having come about six inches of snow upon the night of Nov. 29, we proposed to give the dogs a run, and try our luck for a fox. At break of day upon the morning of Dec. 1, we shouldered our guns and started for the Highland Farm, a noted place for foxes at this time of the year; we had no trouble in finding a fresh track. We cut loose the dogs, Jumbo going to the front with music that would quicken the blood of the laziest fox hunter that ever sat upon a stump waiting for his faithful dog to drive a fox down his gun barrel. It was not many minutes before reynard was upon his pins; taking a circle across the little Androscoggin, he ran over a poplar ridge with the dogs within forty rods of him; it was music to my ears to hear them go; but pretty soon they were coming back and we deployed for a shot. Lorenzo King, an old fox hunter, sighted him first and stood as straight and as stiff as a stump. When the fox was within ten rods Lorenzo's gun went to his shoulder; the cap snapped; his gun hung fire; and reynard went on his way to the next man, who also was an old fox hunter, Wm. Heywood, of Pittsfield, N. H. William stood by an old brush fence, and the first thing he saw, reynard was sitting up within six rods looking for the dogs. William's gun went to his shoulder, his fingers pressed first one and then the other of the triggers; but no go. He looked and discovered that he had forgotton to cock his gun. The fox seeing the movement, skipped over the fence, and went on his way to the next man. This was George Edwards, an amateur, and the proprietor of Jumbo. George saw the fox coming and was straightway taken with the shakes; he afterward confessed that the fox looked as if it was 30ft. long. Having a heavy charge in his gun, George took hasty aim and pulled the trigger. There was a terrific explosion. George turned two or three back somersaults, picked himself up and hollered, 'I've got him!' but upon

investigation it was found that he had shot the top off a pine tree some eight or ten rods away. Reynard meantime had quickened his pace and passed along to the next man. This proved to be Lewis Edwards, brother of George, and the proprietor of Tassel-tail. Lewis saw the fox coming, and like George began to shake; but as he had an open field and the fox was coming straight for him, he dropped upon one knee and covered the fox with his gun until reynard was within twenty-five rods, when he shook so violently that he discharged his gun and then jumped up and sent the other charge after the fox; while reynard shook out another reef, skipped over the fence, across a field, down over a bank and into his hole—a sadly frightened and persecuted fellow, but a sound fox still. I rushed to the front and demanded my turn for a shot. Louis pointed at the hole and said: 'There he is in there; shoot away.' I declined a shot and summoned a council of war. George proposed to dig him out, but we concluded that it would be a disgrace to take so mean an advantage of a fox that had run the gauntlet so nobly and come out so well. Our verdict was to let him rest. We'll give him a try some other day.—W. R. F."

RUDOLPH II. AND SIBYL.—We have shipped to the Maple Grove Kennels, East St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Robert L. Pate, proprietor, the well-known imported rough-coated St. Bernard prize winner and stud dog, Rudolph II. (champion Cadwallader—Myra), and the rough-coated bitch Sibyl (Hearn's Monk II.—Thorne's Sheila). Breeders at the West are to be congratulated that so valuable a stud dog as Rudolph has proved is now within easy reach. He is four years old, vigorous and in perfect health, of unusual quality and coat, grand carriage and style, and all that can be desired in character and intelligence. His kennel companion, Sibyl, is one of the largest bitches in America, excellent in build, a fine breeder, and also a healthy, strong, handsome animal. She has been lately bred to Duke of Lancaster, and we anticipate the best results from this combination of blood. Mr. Pate has also added to his stock of pugs the imported prize-winning little bitch, Lady Flossie (Max—Dot), and Nan (Sam—Titania). Both are fine brood bitches and of valuable pedigree. At the age of fourteen months, Nan has already successfully weaned a litter of five pups.—CHEQUASSET KENNELS (Lancaster, Mass.).

A DOG POISONER JAILED.—Suspension Bridge, N. Y., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the past few weeks nearly all of the valuable dogs at Niagara Falls, Ont., have been poisoned. A detective was set to work on the case and soon arrested one Douglas Cook. Strychnine was found in his possession, and he was found guilty and sent by Judge Hill to Central Prison for one year, and to pay a fine of $100. Cook is a crank on the subject of dogs, and it is believed has destroyed hundreds.—C. E. LEWIS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ivy. By L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for white, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 6, 1886, by Blue Dick (A.K.R. 936) out of Queen Meg (Prince Al—Moll).

Pride of the Stubble and Sage of Graystone. By L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for white and liver and white and lemon ticked pointer dogs, whelped March 12, 1887, by Pap Smizer (Meteor—Diana) out of Cute (A.K.R. 2632).

Black Pete II. By Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1887, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie) out of Chip (Obo II.—Darkie).

Max. By B. P. Van Court, Detroit, Mich., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 24, 1887, by Major (Van—Bailey's Queen) out of Belle II. (Nixey—Old Belle).

Idyl Guss, Idyl Fred, Buckingham II., Idyl Buckingham and Lady Buckingham. By A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., for black and white Llewellin setters, four dogs and one bitch, whelped April 11, 1887, by Buckingham (Clinton T.—Kate Gladstone) out of Idylwoof (A.K.R. 4669).

Nimo. By Wm. C. McArthur, Burlington, Ia., for white, brindle spot over left eye and cheek, bull bitch, whelped March 18, 1887, by Moses (A.K.R. 323) out of Katie (Sultan—imported Katherine).

Prince Karl. By G. R. Johnson, Portland, N. B., for black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by Shady (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Edith (Brush II.—Olivia).

Flossy, Fussy, Frolic and Fury. By Col. R. J. Hamilton, Springfield, Mass., for four blue Skye terrier bitches, whelped June 17, 1887, by Taffy out of Cute.

Robine and Robinette. By Geo. Shepard Page, Stanley, N. J., for two dark brindle deerhound bitches, whelped April 16, 1887, by Dunrobin (Torrom—Loyal) out of Shelloch (Ossian—Brenda).

Bradford Dot and Bradford Pet. By G. E. Peer, Rochester, N.Y., for light fawn and silver fawn pug bitches, whelped May 24, 1887, by Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny) out of Nellie (A.K.R. 4895).

Ashland Grove Kennels. By Geo. E. Peer, Rochester, N. Y., for his kennel of pugs.

Monastery Kennels. By W. H. Jocckel, Jr., Whitestone, L. I., for his kennel of St. Bernards.

NAMES CHANGED.

Rattler to Laick's Rattler. As there are several beagle dogs known by the name Rattler, and to avoid mistake, I change the name of my imported beagle dog Rattler (Chancellor—Careless) to Laick's Rattler.—GEO. LAICK (Tarrytown, N. Y.).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Van—Mainspring. Dr. Geo. H. Bailey's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Van (Bang Bang—Zanetta) to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), June 22.

Nellie Dale II.—Gus Bondhu. W. A. Faxon's (Braintree, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie Dale II. (A.K.R. 3779) to A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel), June 22.

Myrtle—Chimer. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Myrtle (Minstrel—Handmaid) to Woodbrook Kennels' imported Chimer (Jack—Dandy), June 10.

Dixie—Little Duke, Jr. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Dixie (Elmore's Flute—Thorne) to his Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2389), Feb. 18.

Little Duchess—Rattler III. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Little Duchess, formerly Jewell (Racer—Dolly) to his Rattler III. (A.K.R. 2789), June 15.

Phyllis—Black Pete. H. D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis (Obo II.—Darkie) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete (Obo II.—Phonsie), May 12.

Cadess—Bayard III. Weimer & Lincoln's (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Cadess (Cadwallader—Myra) to Blackmore's Bayard III., May 27.

Newton Abbot Lady—Black Pete. A. C. Wilmerding's (New York) spaniel bitch Newton Abbot Lady (Bend Or—Ladybird) to J. P. Willey's Black Pete, April 6.

Fan B.—William Tell. H. J. Bates's (Webster, Mass.) pointer bitch Fan B. (Bigelow's Don—Fan) to C. A. Parker's William-Tell (A.K.R. 2640), April 28.

Dot—Laick's Rattler. P. P. Lewis's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Dot (Ringwood—Maida) to Geo. Laick's Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), June 6.

Rye—Laick's Rattler. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy) to his Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), June 15.

Cricket—Laick's Rattler. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Cricket (Bugle—Pittsburg) to his Laick's Rattler (Chancellor—Careless), June 21.

Wacouta Rose—Wacouta Nap. Wacouta Kennels' (St. Paul, Minn.) mastiff bitch Wacouta Rose (Montgomery—The Princess) to their Wacouta Nap (Morgan's Lion—Morgan's Bess), May 15.

Little Bess—Rex Gladstone. A. S. Hoffman's (Morrisville, Pa.) Laverack setter bitch Little Bess (Antic—Bartlett's Dream) to Wm. A. Boland's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Molly Druid), March 15.

Queen Obo—Doc. American Cocker Kennels' (Camden N. J.) cocker spaniel bitch Queen Obo (A.K.R. 3082) to their Doc (A.K.R. 3795), June 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Maida. Dr. J. W. Greene's (New York) spaniel bitch Maida (Black Prince—Marion), Feb. 11, three (two dogs), by A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot (Black Prince—Newton Abbot Lady).

Lou. Woodbrook Kennels' (Baltimore, Md.) beagle bitch Lou (Kino—Fly), June 8, four (three dogs), by their Chimer (Jack—Dandy).

Dixie. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Dixie (Elmore's Flute—Thorne), April 26, four (two dogs), by his Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2389).

Maida. J. E. Evaleth's (Brooklyn, Mass.) English setter bitch Maida (Tempest—Lilly), June 9, eight (five dogs), by C. Fred Crawford's Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty).

Elmo. R. Chamber's (Trenton, N. J.) English setter bitch Elmo (St. Elmo—Lizzie Lee), June 2, seven (six dogs), by Wm. A. Boland's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Molly Druid).

Mina. John Gould's (Trenton, N. J.) English setter bitch Mina (Calibar—Beauty), June 18, ten (seven dogs), by Wm. A. Boland's Rex Gladstone (Royal Gladstone—Molly Druid).

Boss's Gretchen. J. G. Avery's (Buffalo, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Boss's Gretchen (Boss, A.K.R. 2218—Bess, A.K.R. 2217), May 10, seven (two dogs), by Wacouta Kennels' Wacouta Nap (Morgan's Lion—Morgan's Bess); three bitches since dead.

Nellie II. C. Fred Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Nellie II. (Count Noble—Rosalind), May 29, five (three dogs), by his Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.).

Cute. Col. R. J. Hamilton's (Springfield, Mass.) Skye terrier bitch Cute, June 17, four bitches, by J. Barnes's Taffy.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Buckingham II. Black and white English setter dog, whelped April 11, 1887, by Buckingham out of Idylwoof (A.K.R. 4669), by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Wm. A. Poland, Trenton, N. J.

Idyl Fred. Black and white English setter dog, whelped April 11, 1887, by Buckingham out of Idylwoof (A.K.R. 4669), by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to John W. Hoffman, Pullman, Ill.

Lady Buckingham. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped April 11, 1887, by Buckingham out of Idylwoof (A.K.R. 4669), by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Chas. A. Neale, Trenton, N. J.

Max. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1887, by Tip out of Flurrey, by E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., to C. H. Brown, same place.

Silver Shoe. Golden fawn pug, whelped Jan. 16, 1884, by Prince out of Queen, by Jas. H. Bowden, New York, to L. S. Hudson, Lansing, Mich.

Rockford. Blue belton setter dog, whelped Jan. 12, 1887, by Frank Dale out of Donna, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., to John Burwell, Chicago, Ill.

Clinker. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped May 4, 1887, by Boss (A.K.R. 2218) out of Lillie (A.K.R. 2881), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to H. S. Ward, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Gypsy Tell. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped March 14, 1887, by William Tell (A.K.R. 2640) out of Roxy Vera (A.K.R. 4176), by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to W. N. Clark, Brockton, Mass.

Monty Tell. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped March 14, 1887, by William Tell (A.K.R. 2640) out of Roxy Vera (A.K.R. 4176), by C. A. Parker, Worcester, Mass., to James H. Paine, Brockton, Mass.

Doc (A.K.R. 3795)—Nellie whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 20, 1887, by American Cocker Kennels, Camden, N. J., to E. P. B. Southworth, Rochester, N. Y.

Buckingham—Idylwoof (A.K.R. 4669) whelp. Liver and white English setter dog, whelped April 11, 1887, by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Chas. Watson, Fallsington, Pa.

Joe. White, black and tan beagle dog, age not given, by Racer out of Viola, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to W. H. Miller, same place.

Tinker. White, black and tan beagle dog, age not given, by Little Duke, Jr., out of Fannie, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to Abial Hathaway, Freetown, Mass.

Pansey. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1886, by Flute D. (A.K.R. 2388) out of Dixie, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., to Thos. Callahan, Stoughton, Mass.

Black Pete—Althea (A.K.R. 852) whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 19, 1887, by Harry D. Brown, Waterbury, to Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Max. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 24, 1887, by Major out of Belle II., by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to B. P. Van Court, same place.

Rattler III. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped June, 1883, by Rattler out of Music, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.

Rowdy. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 20, 1886, by Rattler III. out of Music, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.

Myrtle. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped 1882, by Minstrel out of Handmaid, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., to W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.

Little Duke, Jr. (A.K.R. 2387)—Dixie whelps. Beagles, whelped April 26, 1887, by W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., a black, white and tan bitch to S. Thrasher, same place; a black, white and tan bitch to W. Fanner, Fall River, Mass., and a white, black and tan dog to Thos. Callahan, Stoughton, Mass.

Flute-Ringwood—Thorn II. whelps. White, black and tan beagles, whelped April 25, 1887, by Woodbrook Kennels, Baltimore, Md., a dog to W. J. Flynn, Natick, Mass.; a dog to Thos. B. Draper, Canton, Mass.; a bitch to T. A. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa., and a dog to F. P. Quinby, New York.

PRESENTATIONS.

Shady—Edith whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by C. E. Gilchrist, Charlestown, Mass., to G. R. Johnson, Portland, N. B.

Idyl Buckingham. Black and white English setter dog, whelped April 11, 1887, by Buckingham out of Idylwoof (A.K.R. 4667), by A. S. Hoffman, Morrisville, Pa., to Geo. DeHaven, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEATHS.

Sport. Black cocker spaniel (A.K.R. 4212), owned by G. B. Sweetner, Toronto, Ont., June 22.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

E. A. B., Warsaw.—Puppy's legs will jerk so that after standing for a few minutes he has to lie down, and his legs are very weak. Ans. Examine the passages for worms. If you detect any give twenty grains powdered areca nut made into a pill with lard. Purge the puppy first with a teaspoonful of castor oil and feed with milk only.

COCKER.—A cocker 4mos. old is just over distemper and is becoming very bowed in front legs. I am feeding now on dog cake and milk with tablespoonful powdered bone twice a day. She has taken this turn in the last month. Ans. See a veterinary surgeon and ascertain whether he can straighten the legs by the application of splints. Get the following:

℞ Syr. hypophosphit. cum ferro..... ʒ vi.
Sig. One teaspoonful three times daily.

A. M.—My foxhound, one year old, about four months ago was troubled with worms. I gave him areca nut. After that he was troubled with distemper, and ever since that there has been a twitching in his left shoulder and leg, and in his paws; his leg is very weak; he has been this way for about three months. Ans. Keep the bowels in good order; put 5 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food night and morning and get the following:

℞ Ferri et strychnin. citrat..... grs. xxiv
Div. in pil. No. 12.
Sig. One three times daily.

W. N. W., Boston.—An English setter 14 months old, has been for the past four months fed on meal and house scraps; since getting him home I have fed pearl barley and Challenge food. He is very poor, his bones quite prominent. He is lively; coat not rough but smooth; appetite perfectly enormouse. Instead of eating his food in a rational way he simply bolts it whole. He has had worms. ANS. Purge with castor oil (one teaspoonful) or if necessary give injection of soapsuds and olive oil. Give nothing but a small quantity of milk for 36 hours. Six hours after purging give a teaspoonful of powdered areca nut, made into a bolus or pill with lard. Keep the bowels loose for two days afterward with syrup of buckthorn or oil. He still suffers from worms.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

THE PRESIDENT'S MATCH.

THE N. R. A. of America.—New York, June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose copy of an autograph letter from President Cleveland that speaks for itself, and shows that he still keeps up his interest in that important branch of the National Guardsman's education, rifle practice.—JOHN S. SHEPHERD, Secy.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, June 18, 1887.—John S. Shepherd, Esq., Secretary, etc.—Dear Sir: Your letter of May 9 has remained unanswered thus long because I had an idea that the programme of which you wrote would give me more information regarding the matter. Your letter having been again presented to me, according to my direction, of course I can see that all the matches must be filled or provided for before the programme is issued. I desire to contribute to the extent you indicate to the success of the objects of the association, and inclose herewith my check for $25, the amount of the prize to be offered for the second stage of the President's match.—Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE BULLARD ARMS MATCH.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—Appended are the returns of the competition in Series 2, Match No. 3. It will be seen that the National Shooting Club, of San Francisco, Cal., are the winners of the prize, one of our detachable and interchangeable rifles with fancy P. G. stock checked, Swiss butt plate, nickle plate, wind-gauge and Vernier sights. The score of 1099 made by the California riflemen is good, they used the straight military rifles, with 6lb. trigger pull, which according to our rules gives them a handicap of 75 points, which brings their team total to 1174, a very fine score indeed and one which it would be very hard to beat under the same conditions.

The targets and score cards as received from the Massachusetts Rifle Association did not correspond, the targets show 150 shots with a total of 1189, while the score cards show but 148 shots and a total of 1170. It is to be regretted that circumstances should occur that debarred the fine score made by the gentlemen of the team, as their shooting was very good indeed. There were 50 entries, but returns have been received from but 30. Some of the clubs write us that they were unable to shoot owing to causes which could not be foreseen.

The teams entered from the Massachusetts Militia could not shoot owing to the annual State encampment, occurring June 6 to 11. The highest individual score was made by Mr. E. F. Richardson, of Lawrence, Mass., who made the fine total of 258; Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, of Boston, making 254; Mr. G. H. Wentworth, of Dover, N. H., 252, and Mr. O. M. Jewell, of Lawrence, 251. The individuals who made strings of 80 or better were:

E F Richardson, Lawrence, Mass	89
O M Jewell, Lawrence, Mass	89
F J Rabbeth, Boston, Mass	88
J B Fellows, Boston, Mass	88
C L Cobb, Brattleboro, Vt	88
G H Wentworth, Dover, N H	88
C F Walsham, San Francisco, Cal	86
Mat Gindele, Cincinnati, O	85
Ed Hovey, San Francisco, Cal	84
H Nieman, Cincinnati, O	84
L Brehm, Pittsburgh, Pa	84
Geo E Betts, Bridgeport, Conn	84
C D Palmer, Manchester, N H	84
C W Jones, Waverly, N Y	84
Capt J E Klein, San Francisco, Cal	83
C H Galusha, Carson City, Nevada	83
G C Thaxter, Carson City, Nevada	83
Ben Huggins, Pittsburgh, Pa	83
W M Boothby, Manchester, N H	83
A B Dodge, Manchester, N H	82
G R Russell, Boston, Mass	82
R H Buns, Jamestown, N Y	82
Geo Hodgdon, Pittsburgh, Pa	82
S Curnor, Virginia City, Nevada	82
O B Hull, Collinsville, Conn	82
Geo Wilcox, Carson City, Nevada	82
M H Burke, Virginia City, Nevada	81
G B Read, Brattleboro, Vt	81
H C Browning, Oakland, Md	81
J W Adams, Waverly, N Y	81
H W Hawes, Central Valley, N Y	81
F L Norton, Jamestown, N Y	80
J H Bidwell, Collinsville, Conn	80
J Saffell, Jr, Carson City, Nevada	80
G H Prevar, Leomenster, Mass	80

Match No. 4 for the championship off-hand gold badge will be shot July 11 to 16. There are 250 entries from almost every State in the Union, and some fine scores may be expected, as in several clubs the individual members who are entered are practicing diligently. Some of the teams in match No. 3 report very poor weather indeed, which accounts in part for some of the poor scores made by teams that were expected to be pretty near the top of the list. BULLARD R. A. Co.

National Shooting Club, San Francisco, Cal.

Ed Honey	5	7	8	7	9	8	8	10	5	—75	
	6	7	7	8	10	8	7	8	7	10—76	
	7	8	9	8	10	9	5	8	8	10	6—75—230
C F Walsham	10	7	8	8	6	7	5	7	6	6	7—69
	4	8	8	8	8	10	10	7	6	8	—77
	9	9	8	7	7	6	10	7	10	8	—81—227
P E Robertson	10	6	10	6	7	5	7	7	8	8	—74
	4	6	8	6	9	9	7	7	8	8	—74
	6	7	8	7	7	10	6	8	8	8	7—74—222
Capt J E Klein	6	6	7	7	6	9	8	4	5	7	—66
	9	5	8	7	6	8	10	8	7	5	—73
	9	6	9	9	8	9	10	5	5	6	8—78—217
A Johnson	6	8	8	7	7	7	7	9	5	5	—69
	6	4	6	8	6	7	7	7	9	6	—66
	7	9	7	4	7	5	6	9	7	7	7—68—203
											1099
Military allowance											75
											1174

Massachusetts Rifle Association, Boston, Mass.

C W Hinman	7	7	6	9	7	9	9	8	8	10—80	
	9	9	6	9	6	8	8	7	6	9—78	
	6	5	6	8	6	9	10	7	9	6	7—72—230
F J Rabbeth	7	8	10	8	7	7	9	10	10	9	—85
	7	9	8	9	9	10	9	8	9	10	—88
	10	9	6	7	9	10	8	9	6	7	8—81—254
J B Fellows	8	8	10	5	7	8	8	9	6	9	—78
	9	8	9	9	8	7	9	9	10	10	—88
	8	9	7	6	6	6	8	4	10	10	7—74—240
G R Russell	8	8	10	8	9	8	6	8	5	5	6—75
	9	10	8	6	6	6	7	10	10	10	—82
	8	8	6	9	7	10	9	10	7	8	8—80—238
J W Frye	10	10	7	8	8	9	8	6	4	10	—76
	10	5	10	6	10	6	8	8	5	9	—77
	6	9	6	7	7	8	7	5			—55—208
											1170

Cincinnati Rifle Association, Cincinnati, O.

M Gindele	7	8	6	10	9	8	9	6	8	8	—79
	10	7	7	5	8	10	9	10	8	9	—83
	8	7	9	9	10	9	8	9	8	8	8—85—247
H Nieman	9	6	8	8	8	6	7	8	10	9	—79
	5	8	10	8	9	10	10	7	9	8	—84
	5	5	7	8	10	10	9	8	8	8	8—78—241
J Gabelman	6	9	10	4	8	7	6	6	10	4	—70
	8	5	7	6-	7	8	6	8	7	8	—70
	9	8	9	6	6	8	8	6	7	7	7—74—214
E M Brumbach	6	6	7	9	6	4	10	10	9	10	—77
	8	8	6	9	8	6	9	10	9	9	—82
	8	10	8	4	5	8	7	7	6	8	8—71—230
J Peacock	8	10	7	7	9	9	7	6	6	8	—79
	8	8	5	10	7	9	5	7	9	8	—76
	9	9	8	7	10	7	7	3	6	6	6—72—227
											1159

Lawrence Rifle Club, Lawrence, Mass.

E F Richardson	8	10	10	8	8	10	8	10	7	10—89	
	10	7	9	8	9	8	8	7	7	7—80	
	6	9	8	8	10	10	10	10	10	8—89—258	
O M Jewell	7	10	8	6	9	5	8	7	7	8—75	
	10	8	7	10	10	10	8	7	8	9—87	
	10	8	9	10	10	10	10	9	6	7—89—251	
C M Hill	8	9	8	5	5	7	8	7	7	10—74	
	5	8	9	10	6	7	6	6	8	7—71	
	6	7	6	9	8	9	6	9	9	6—75—220	
J W Bean	7	4	5	5	9	8	5	5	8	9—66	
	7	6	7	8	9	9	7	6	8	6	8—72
	8	9	9	7	6	6	6	9	8	7	7—77—215
W Fisher	7	2	8	10	8	5	9	8	5	8	—70
	6	6	9	6	10	8	7	7	5	9	—67
	9	6	8	7	4	8	9	5	10	6	7—72—209
											1153

Co. F, 1st Regt., N. N. G., 2d Team—Carson City, Nev.

C H Galusha	5	5	10	10	7	4	7	10	10	6—74
	8	6	10	8	7	5	6	8	6	10—74
	9	10	7	10	7	7	8	7	8	5—78—226
G C Thaxter	9	6	6	7	4	8	7	6	7	9—69
	9	7	6	8	7	9	7	6	9	9—77
	7	7	9	8	6	6	9	10	9	9—78—224
Geo Cowing, Jr.	6	9	6	8	9	8	5	9	7	10—77
	6	10	9	10	6	6	9	7	4	7—74
	7	10	4	10	9	4	6	9	5	7—71—222
H G Parker	7	3	6	7	7	7	7	10	9	7—70
	3	6	6	7	6	8	10	9	4	7—66
	7	8	4	8	7	4	4	7	8	7—64—200
J W Holbrook	4	4	6	6	9	5	8	5	5	4—60
	8	5	4	5	8	7	7	7	7	7—65
	8	6	3	4	9	9	7	7	6	6—65—190
										1062
Military allowance										75
										1137

Chautauqua Sportsman's Association, Jamestown, N. Y.

R H Burns	9	8	7	10	6	9	9	9	6	9—82
	7	10	4	6	7	7	7	10	8	8—74
	8	8	6	9	8	9	8	8	6	8—78—234
Dr L Hazeltine	6	7	6	10	7	6	8	10	10	8—78
	9	8	10	5	6	10	5	6	5	7—71
	6	6	10	6	10	9	10	7	7	6—77—226
Fred L Norton	9	9	10	5	6	8	6	7	6	10—76
	5	8	10	10	8	9	10	5	10	5—80
	6	8	5	10	8	7	6	6	5	6—67—223
H D DeLisle	6	8	10	7	8	6	5	8	6	8—70
	9	8	6	10	5	7	7	7	10	8—77
	6	6	7	7	10	6	5	9	9	7—72—219
S N Ayers	6	5	6	7	8	6	5	7	10	6—66
	7	8	9	8	9	7	5	10	6	9—78
	9	5	6	8	8	7	7	8	5	8—71—215
										1117

Pittsburgh Rifle Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Geo Hodgdon	7	10	0	5	5	6	9	9	7	9—76
	8	5	10	6	10	9	6	6	7	8—75
	8	6	9	10	7	9	10	8	8	7—82—233
S W Rothwell	7	4	7	10	9	7	7	7	9	9—75
	10	7	7	7	8	6	8	7	5	8—73
	8	3	6	9	10	6	9	8	7	10—80—228
L Brehm	5	6	3	7	10	9	6	6	8	9—69
	10	4	7	7	7	7	6	8	8	8—72
	6	8	7	10	9	9	9	9	9	9—84—225
B Huggins	4	4	4	6	5	8	6	7	3	7—54
	8	6	6	9	6	9	10	9	9	7—78
	8	6	9	9	9	7	9	10	9	9—83—215
J B Jones	9	9	6	5	4	9	7	5	5	9—68
	7	7	7	7	10	9	3	9	7	10—76
	8	5	8	5	9	8	7	9	7	7—70—214
										1115

Nevada Rifle Association, Virginia City, Wis.

M H Burke	6	6	5	10	8	9	8	6	8	8—74
	7	10	7	9	7	4	8	10	10	5—76
	8	10	9	9	6	5	5	7	7	7—73—223
S Curnow	8	8	5	8	6	5	7	6	6	8—67
	9	8	9	6	6	7	7	6	10	6—74
	8	10	6	9	9	9	6	7	5	8—77—218
B J Genesy	6	5	6	9	6	9	8	8	8	8—75
	9	5	5	7	6	6	8	6	10	6—68
	9	10	9	5	5	7	6	7	9	9—74—217
H Carden	5	7	7	6	5	6	6	7	5	7—61
	6	9	6	9	6	10	4	9	8	8—74
	6	3	6	5	9	5	8	10	10	6—67—202
Thos Wren	3	4	7	4	8	6	5	6	6	7—56
	6	7	6	5	6	4	10	4	7	4—59
	5	5	8	8	9	9	7	6	4	3—64—179
										1039
Military allowance										75
										1114

Canton Rifle Club, Collinsville, Conn.

O B Hull	7	6	8	9	4	7	6	8	10	10—75
	8	9	10	9	4	7	7	10	8	10—82
	7	7	6	10	8	8	6	10	10	8—80—287
J D Andrews	10	8	7	7	6	9	8	6	8	7—74
	8	8	8	5	6	8	10	8	8	7—76
	9	9	7	10	5	10	8	6	7	6—77—227
D A White	7	5	9	10	7	10	5	7	7	8—75
	9	7	7	6	9	6	7	9	7	5—72
	5	6	7	8	9	8	6	6	6	10—71—218
J H Bidwell	8	4	8	8	6	5	5	5	8	9—66
	6	6	10	8	6	5	9	6	7	7—70
	6	9	8	10	10	7	9	8	6	7—80—216
S J Lyon	8	4	10	7	6	5	8	6	9	8—71
	7	10	9	4	6	7	7	5	10	8—73
	8	8	9	6	10	4	4	7	6	9—71—215
										1113

Brattleboro Rifle Club, Brattleboro, Vt.

C L Cobb	7	8	8	7	7	9	7	8	7	9—77
	8	7	10	9	8	10	6	10	7	9—83
	10	8	9	10	7	8	10	8	8	10—88—248
A W Nichols	4	7	7	10	7	8	8	7	10	7—75
	9	10	8	5	9	7	10	7	8	4—77
	6	8	5	9	9	7	6	8	4	7—69—221
G B Read	10	9	5	8	8	10	9	7	7	8—81
	5	6	4	6	9	9	10	9	5	9—72
	4	6	10	7	9	8	7	6	5	3—65—218
W S Brockway	9	9	5	4	5	7	6	9	7	6—67
	6	5	6	7	8	7	7	7	5	7—65
	9	7	8	9	9	8	6	7	8	8—79—211
A S Nichols	4	5	10	3	8	8	7	5	10	8—68
	10	7	8	6	7	9	6	9	6	9—77
	6	5	7	8	6	8	9	3	7	7—66—211
										1109

Company F, First Regt., N. N. G., first team, Carson City, Nev.

Geo Wilcox	9	7	8	8	7	7	9	7	5	8—74
	5	5	9	10	6	10	9	7	9	7—77
	7	4	7	10	5	9	6	10	8	10—76—227
J Saffell, Jr	5	8	7	9	10	5	6	6	8	5—69
	6	4	9	10	10	9	8	7	7	4—75
	6	4	9	8	9	7	10	9	6	6—74—218
Dr. Geo Coning	8	6	10	6	7	7	7	9	4	9—72
	7	5	7	6	10	7	8	7	8	8—73
	5	5	4	6	7	7	4	9	9	5—60—205
F McCullough	4	5	10	8	7	8	6	8	8	6—70
	5	4	6	7	9	9	8	4	9	8—69
	4	7	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	7—56—195
Dr S L Lee	9	8	10	6	5	6	6	7	5	4—66
	5	9	3	4	8	5	6	7	5	8—60
	4	8	9	5	9	1	4	9	6	5—60—186
										1031
Military allowance										75
										1106

Bridgeport Rifle Club, Bridgeport, Conn.

Geo E Betts	7	10	10	5	9	9	10	8	10	6—84
	7	10	8	8	7	10	4	5	7	7—73
	8	9	5	9	10	7	8	8	7	7—78—235
W H Beardsley	9	8	8	6	7	9	8	10	7	6—78
	8	4	8	10	8	8	10	5	5	8—74
	7	7	9	8	4	8	6	8	7	7—71—223
D E Marsh	6	3	8	7	4	9	6	10	8	6—67
	7	5	7	8	10	9	8	9	7	8—78
	7	8	8	6	9	10	8	4	8	7—75—220
W B Wheeler	10	5	8	6	8	6	5	6	9	6—69
	6	8	8	8	9	6	7	7	8	6—73
	9	8	4	9	9	9	8	7	9	7—74—216
Dr F A Rice	4	5	7	6	8	6	6	7	6	6—61
	8	8	7	6	8	4	4	9	5	10—69
	8	4	5	8	8	3	10	8	7	8—69—199
										1093

Manchester Rifle Association, Manchester, N. H.

W M Boothby	4	7	4	7	6	7	4	7	4	3—53
	5	6	5	7	7	9	7	6	3	9—64
	8	9	8	10	10	9	6	6	8	9—83—200
A B Dodge	8	8	8	8	10	6	9	9	10	7—83
	10	5	8	10	9	8	9	8	9	7—83
	8	9	9	8	8	9	6	8	7	8—81—247
Palmer	10	8	8	8	9	8	8	9	8	6 10—84
	7	8	6	8	8	10	9	10	7	9—82
	6	6	6	10	7	9	8	6	9	5—72—238
Lighten	5	5	4	7	7	4	4	8	5	5—54
	6	8	8	8	6	8	6	5	9	7—65
	7	10	6	5	6	8	6	5	9	7—69—188
Drake	5	5	10	7	4	10	10	9	8	10—78
	5	6	8	8	8	6	7	3	4	9 6—62
	8	7	10	10	9	6	8	8	6	6—78—218
										1091

Cocked Rifle Club, Dover, N. H.

G H Wentworth	10	9	8	7	8	5	10	9	10	6—82
	10	10	9	7	8	8	7	8	6	9—82
	9	7	9	10	9	7	10	10	7	9—88—252
J B Stevens, Jr	9	4	7	6	7	7	6	6	3	3—58
	7	9	6	10	10	6	5	8	7	4—72
	5	9	9	6	4	8	6	5	5	6—63—193
McIntyre	9	5	6	9	7	6	10	10	7	4—73
	7	9	6	7	7	8	5	7	6	9—71
	6	8	9	4	5	7	10	6	7	4—66—210
Wiggin	6	7	9	7	10	6	7	4	7	7—68
	10	7	5	7	9	7	6	10	8	6—74
	8	6	7	6	7	8	9	7	6	8—72—214
Horton	8	8	5	9	7	4	7	7	7	8—70
	5	8	6	10	7	8	4	7	5	6—66
	8	9	8	6	8	8	10	7	5	7—76—212
										1081

Leominster Rifle Club, Leominster, Mass.

E M Rockwell	10	7	7	8	9	8	10	9	7	4—79
	6	7	7	7	7	5	10	9	10	10—78
	6	4	7	6	7	9	6	9	9	7—70—227
F A Whitney	6	10	4	7	7	5	8	7	7	7—68
	6	10	8	9	7	7	6	8	8	7—76—222
	7	7	9	10	7	6	8	8	6	7—75—222
G F Prevear	10	7	6	6	8	9	8	8	10	8—80
	7	9	5	7	9	8	8	7	7	6—73
	6	6	3	7	10	5	10	6	4	7—64—217
C A Joslin	7	8	8	7	5	9	7	4	5	8—68
	7	7	6	7	8	10	6	7	5	7—70
	9	8	5	10	3	6	8	5	8	8—70—208
G W Foster	9	7	6	5	4	6	5	8	8	10—68
	6	10	7	5	6	8	8	7	8	7—72
	5	6	8	4	5	5	10	8	6	8—65—205
										1079

Co. B, 2d Maryland Infantry, Oakland, Md.

Capt P A Chisholm	4	5	5	4	4	5	0	5	10	5—47
	7	7	6	6	9	5	7	8	6	9—70
	7	7	10	5	5	7	5	7	6	10—69—186
Sergt J H Painter	9	5	4	4	4	10	8	8	6	6—64
	6	5	5	4	4	7	4	10	10	8—63
	4	5	9	5	9	10	7	7	5	9—70—197
Corp Wm Stoyer	8	9	8	7	7	10	6	6	7	8—76
	8	8	9	4	5	9	9	8	6	6—72
	6	5	5	4	5	5	4	6	4	9—53—201
Private H C Browning	9	4	10	10	9	7	5	6	6	8—74
	10	10	8	7	7	8	7	9	5	5—76
	5	10	6	6	5	10	5	6	8	5—70—220
Capt R T Browning	5	5	9	6	5	8	8	7	8	7—68
	7	4	8	9	4	4	4	5	8	5—58
	5	8	4	7	7	7	5	7	4	4—58—184
										988
Military allowance										75
										1063

Onondaga Rifle Club, Syracuse, N. Y.

A O Jones	7	7	8	6	7	6	7	6	6	6—66
	10	9	7	6	7	5	7	5	7	4—67
	6	7	7	10	8	8	10	8	5	6—75—208
W A Koehler	7	7	7	9	9	6	7	9	7	6—65
	7	4	7	7	7	4	8	6	5	6	7—61
	9	8	7	6	7	7	9	5	8	6—72—198
A Gates	7	7	9	7	6	7	9	10	9	6—77
	7	8	8	8	5	6	10	9	5	10—76
	10	9	7	7	7	9	9	8	7	6—75—228
O Zishaug	9	7	8	7	8	5	7	6	7	7—71
	7	7	8	9	10	7	7	6	7	8—76
	8	8	10	6	7	6	8	9	4	7—75—222
W Morris	9	7	10	5	4	9	6	8	5	5—69
	8	10	6	6	5	7	7	6	7	7—69
	5	5	10	6	7	8	7	6	6	6—66—204
										1060

Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, Tacoma, W. T.

R B Mullen	9	10	10	6	7	9	9	7	5	5—77
	6	5	5	7	5	7	9	10	5	7—66
	8	8	10	9	5	6	6	6	7	6—71—214
J M Bell	5	9	4	9	7	5	8	5	9	7—67
	10	5	5	10	9	6	4	8	5	5—67
	4	7	6	6	8	5	6	10	7	8—67—201
A W McHaughton	3	5	7	7	5	7	9	6	10	6—65
	7	6	8	9	6	6	5	7	8	7—69
	4	8	9	6	6	5	7	6	8	4—63—197
W E Box	10	7	8	8	6	5	6	6	8	5—69
	4	4	8	8	4	4	9	3	5	6—55
	4	5	5	4	6	7	5	5	5	9—55—179
J T Wills	6	10	2	5	4	8	10	7	5	8—65
	4	7	4	3	5	6	4	4	3	5—45
	3	5	7	5	4	7	9	10	9	6—61—171
										962
Military allowance										75
										1037

Waverly Short Range Rifle Club, Waverly, N. Y.

A J Decker	4	3	5	8	9	8	3	7	5	5—57
	6	7	7	3	5	10	8	4	8	9—67
	7	8	4	4	5	9	5	5	4	6—57—181
J W Adams	9	4	7	10	7	5	5	8	5	5—64
	8	7	7	6	5	5	7	9	6	8—68
	10	9	9	9	6	9	6	9	8	6—81—213
A C Thatcher	10	6	7	5	9	4	8	10	9	4—72
	10	4	5	9	9	6	5	6	6	7—67
	9	6	6	7	7	8	5	2	9	5—65—204
C E Pendleton	4	8	6	8	7	7	5	9	9	9—70
	6	10	9	8	5	9	7	8	8	8—78
	10	5	6	10	8	5	6	5	5	6—66—214
C W Jones	5	8	8	8	3	7	4	6	8	7—66
	10	7	10	6	7	9	10	7	10	7—84
	5	6	10	8	8	6	7	7	4	8—69—219
										1030

Topeka Rifle Club, Topeka, Kan.

G E Morrison	8	6	7	9	9	9	7	10	8	6—79
	10	10	9	5	9	4	7	9	5	7—77
	10	8	6	7	8	8	5	8	10	9—79—225
F G Minkles	8	7	6	8	9	6	7	10	10	6—75
	5	7	10	6	7	6	6	9	5	6—67—215
J L Payne	6	4	4	10	10	10	5	8	9	10—76
	9	8	7	5	7	5	6	7	9	8—71
	5	7	10	6	7	6	6	9	5	6—67—214
C C Trimmer	8	5	4	10	6	8	7	7	7	4—66
	5	5	6	6	8	8	5	7	4	5—59
	6	7	5	3	10	6	9	5	7	7—64—189
C R Payne	8	9	5	7	8	5	5	7	8	7—69
	6	8	7	5	7	7	4	8	3	5—60
	6	3	5	5	6	7	7	5	8	5	7—57—186
										1029

Wheeling Schuetzen Verein, Wheeling, W. Va.

O Jeager	7	8	6	6	4	7	9	9	6	7—69
	7	7	4	5	7	10	7	9	8	4—68
	7	7	5	5	7	8	7	7	7	6—66—202
H Schockey	8	7	7	8	5	8	9	7	9	3—74
	7	7	9	7	9	7	5	9	9	8—77
	5	9	9	8	8	5	8	6	8	9	5—72—223
T Schreiber	9	10	7	5	7	8	6	6	5	6	9—72
	5	7	6	4	3	6	8	6	4	8—57
	8	4	7	8	5	8	7	10	8	7—72—201
E Scheufler	6	5	5	6	9	10	7	6	4	5—63
	5	10	8	6	7	5	5	7	4	4—61
	8	8	8	7	5	10	8	7	3	6—69—193
W Cox	8	8	6	7	7	6	6	9	8	8—73
	8	6	6	8	9	9	8	6	8	5—73
	6	4	3	5	5	10	4	10	8	7—62—208
										1028

Central Valley Rifle and Rod Association, Central Valley, N. Y.

H W Hawes	6	9	7	9	8	7	6	5	10	8—75
	8	5	9	8	6	7	7	7	8	7—72
	10	9	7	10	6	7	6	9	10	7—81—228
H L Leonard	7	5	7	6	8	6	8	8	5	3—63
	5	7	3	6	8	10	8	5	8	7—67
	5	7	10	7	9	5	5	5	7	7—67—197
E F Payne	7	6	4	7	8	6	3	10	3	5—56
	6	5	9	7	7	9	7	5	6	4—65
	9	4	8	5	7	7	6	6	7	7—66—187
L Hawes	7	7	6	6	8	6	6	7	6	7—66
	5	9	7	7	7	7	6	7	6	7—67
	8	8	5	4	6	6	10	8	7	7—69—202
M E Hawes	5	5	5	6	6	7	8	8	4	7—61
	7	9	5	7	7	8	4	5	8	6	7—66
	5	7	7	6	7	9	5	5	7	3—61—188
										1002

Co. C, 1st Regiment, Minnesota National Guard, St. Paul, Minn.

Sergt W B Heal	5	6	3	3	8	7	4	7	9	7—56
	8	9	3	4	6	5	4	6	4	3—56
	4	5	8	4	3	4	8	5	6	5—51—163
Pvt J M Moreland	5	6	5	5	5	7	6	6	7	8—60
	4	4	6	3	8	7	7	10	5	7—60
	8	7	5	6	3	6	6	6	10	6—63—183
Pvt E H Whitcomb	5	9	5	6	8	10	9	5	4	6—67
	8	7	4	7	7	6	6	3	6	7—59
	3	5	5	7	5	6	8	5	7	6—57—183
Capt S Blakely	7	9	9	6	5	3	5	9	6	4—63
	8	4	10	7	7	4	5	4	4	8—60
	4	3	4	4	6	5	7	4	4	7—48—171
Lieut A E Chantler	6	4	4	6	6	6	7	8	8	7—62
	6	3	5	5	8	4	8	6	4	5—55
	7	6	5	6	6	9	8	4	10	5—66—183
										883
Military allowance										75
										958

Salem Independent Rifle Association, Salem, Mass.

W G Hussey	3	7	6	10	5	6	6	9	6	9—67
	7	9	6	6	7	8	7	9	8	5—72
	7	7	7	5	4	5	5	9	8	6	5—68—202
G A Wilson	3	8	3	7	8	8	7	3	7	8—62
	7	8	4	7	10	7	3	7	9	3—65
	6	6	7	4	7	5	5	6	5	6—54—181
R S Ayres	7	5	5	5	10	3	7	9	5	4—60
	3	6	6	5	6	8	3	3	3	6—49
	5	7	4	7	7	3	6	6	5	3—53—162
W E Bacheller	3	4	5	3	5	3	5	4	5	3—40
	7	5	9	4	7	9	6	4	7	3—

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, June 25.—To-day the riflemen met at Walnut Hill for their weekly shoot. The wind was unfavorable for large scores, but some fair work was done. A 100-shot match with an army revolver at 50yds. distance, was shot by W. W. Bennett, the amateur pistol shot of Boston. The match was under the same conditions as that shot by Captain Paine, and Mr. Bennett scored within four points of Captain Paine's total, the score standing: Paine, 841; Bennett, 837. Bennett's highest score was 93 to Paine's 90. B. L. Knapp, Company D; H. V. Thayer, Company C, First Corps Cadets, each win the bronze medal in the State militia match. The following shows the best scores made during the week:

Decimal Match.

Richardson	8	10	9	7	8	7	10	10	9	7—85
	7	9	8	9	10	8	9	9	6	8—83
	9	8	9	7	10	6	9	10	9	6—83
Felix	7	7	8	10	10	8	10	7	6	9—83
	5	10	9	10	6	5	9	10	9	7—80
Fellows	10	8	10	5	9	8	6	6	8	8—80
Charles (mil.)	6	6	9	7	9	9	6	9	9	9—79
Dadman	9	6	9	9	6	9	8	7	9	4—76
Chase	9	10	7	5	6	9	6	8	8	5—71
	9	7	8	5	7	4	6	6	5	5—62
Darmody (mil.)	5	9	7	6	7	5	8	7	5	9—68
	6	4	6	7	7	10	5	5	8	6—64

Rest Match.

S Wilder	12	11	12	10	12	12	12	12	10	12	—115
	9	11	11	11	11	12	12	11		9	—108
	11	8	11	12	10	12	12	10	10	11	—107
W H Oler	10	11	9	12	11	9	11	12	12	11	—107
	9	11	10	11	12	11	10	11	10	11	—106
R Dadman	9	9	9	11	12	12	9	11	12	9	—106
	9	9	9	11	12	12	12	10	11	9	—105

State Militia Match.

C R Hurd	18	19	20	20	20	21	22				
H V Thayer	18	19	19	20	20	21					
C F McSorley	19	19	20	20	22						
B L Knapp	18	18	18	19							

Pistol Match.

W W Bennett	10	7	10	9	9	10	8	10	10	10	—93
	7	9	10	9	7	10	9	10	8	10	—89
	9	10	10	8	10	8	9	10	8	6	—88

TOPEKA RIFLE CLUB, Topeka, Kan., June 24.—Yesterday we held our regular weekly shoot. Dr. Dinsmore, of the Troy Rifle Club, was a visitor. The shooting of Mr. Paine we consider very fine; 26 bulls out of 30 shots is not made every day. Mr. Paine in the 30 shots made 13 consecutive bulls:

J L Paine	8	6	8	10	8	8	10	10	8	8	—82
	8	6	10	8	10	8	10	10	8	8	—86
	8	10	8	10	9	7	8	10	8	10	—88
Robt Thompson	7	9	5	9	9	8	7	6	9	5	—73
	10	4	10	7	6	7	6	9	6	7	—72
	8	6	9	6	9	9	8	5	10	10	—80
F G Minkler	6	5	6	9	8	9	8	7	8	8	—74
	6	9	9	8	8	9	7	8	5	6	—75
	8	10	7	8	7	6	5	9	9	6	—75
J H Leonard	4	8	8	7	8	6	8	10	7	8	—74
	5	5	9	6	4	9	7	10	6	9	—70
	8	6	8	4	7	8	10	10	5	7	—73
Reed McCarter	3	7	7	6	8	8	8	5	7	9	—68
	8	6	3	8	6	9	7	5	6	10	—68
	5	9	6	8	7	6	9	6	7	7	—69
Dr Dinsmore	7	9	6	7	8	8	5	5	7	7	—66
	9	6	7	6	5	8	6	7	6	5	—65
	7	6	4	7	10	10	6	3	7	6	—66

[To be intelligible to other people, rifle scores should have details of distance and target, rest or off-hand, etc.]

FRANKLIN RIFLE CLUB, Hartford, Conn., June 18.—Winning scores made at the public shoot held by the Franklin Rifle Club. All ties were divided, which gave better satisfaction than ranking shots; thus ties on first of 73 divided first and second prizes. German ring target at 100yds., 3 shots to a score, entries unlimited:

H Andrus	24	25	25	—73
H Engle	25	25	23	—73
E C Henn	24	21	25	—70
T T Cartwright	22	23	24	—69
S J Lyon	23	22	24	—69
E T Stephens	24	22	22	—68
H M Pope	23	21	24	—68
D S Seymour	20	24	24	—68
W W Tucker	22	23	21	—66
O B Hull	18	24	24	—66
L H Robertson	20	21	24	—65
E E Beach	22	16	21	—59
T H Britten	21	22	21	—64
W S Loveland	24	19	21	—64
O W Howr	24	21	19	—64
Z C Talbot	23	24	16	—63
Fred Engel	24	20	17	—61
H B Wood	20	20	20	—60
F K Rand	18	20	22	—60
J A Wilson	18	24	18	—60

Bullseye target, 2½in. center in 10½in. black: first center, H. M. Pope, last center, E. H. Williams, most centers, H. M. Pope, 10, second most centers, E. H. Williams, 7. A good light, but little wind, and a very pleasant meeting.—H. M. POPE.

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, June 25.—200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Tuck	8	10	10	7	10	8	10	10	6	8	—87
Johnson	8	9	8	6	9	9	10	10	7	9	—85
Edgerly	9	9	7	5	7	10	6	9	10	6	—79
Busfield	5	8	7	10	9	8	5	6	10	10	—78
J F Brown	9	9	6	10	7	7	8	5	7	6	—74
Worthen	0	10	7	9	7	7	5	10	7	7	—69
Merrill	9	6	10	10	5	3	6	6	6	5	—66

J. P. M. GREEN, Sec.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—During this day forenoon there was a private shooting match at the Shell Mound range between Messrs. McBrun, Hahn, Orelup, Susbuttel, Finucane and Bennett, the distance being 200yds. It resulted as follows:

McBrun	3454453453—40	A Susbuttel	4453543543—38
J Hahn	2354323245—34	W Finucane	3454435543—40
Orelup	3454443335—38	Bennett	2345453535—36

THOMASTON, Conn., June 18.—Low scores again to-day; no wind but a bad light:

G A Lemmon	7	6	5	7	9	6	9	8	6	5—68
Fred A Perkins	6	8	10	8	6	6	6	7	7	4—68
G P North	5	8	5	7	8	5	8	7	8	5—66
C F Williams	6	8	5	6	3	8	5	6	7	4—58

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

LAKE CITY GUN CLUB.

MADISON, Wis., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual tournament of the Lake City Gun Club, of Madison, Wis., was held at the Lake Monona Park grounds June 14, 15 and 16, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators interested in shooting.

The tournament, which was a grand success, was under the following committee of arrangements: Geo. Joachim, chairman; J. E. Howe, A. C. Mayer, C. F. Ford, A. H. Chamberlain. Shooters were present from Oregon, Prairie du Sac and Whitewater, Wis., McGregor, Ia., also from Janesville, Wis., and in addition to about sixty shooters of the Lake City Gun Club, made things lively for trap setters. The tournament was presided over by Mr. Joseph Cuddy, of Madison, as referee, and Mr. Walter C. Giddings, of Nashua, N. H., as scorer and judge, and passed off very pleasantly to all parties present. The following are the scores made on regular matches during the two days and a half of the tournament:

June 14.—10 single and 3 pairs Peoria blackbirds, score to count on citizens' purse of $50:

R W Hurd	1111110011— 8	10 10 11—4—12
Sutherland	1111111111—10	10 01 10—3—13
Schlotthauer	0111111111— 9	11 11 10—5—14
C Meyers	0100111001— 5	00 00 01—1— 6
Stoltze	0100101101— 5	01 10 10—3— 8
Stannard	1111110100— 7	11 11 11—6—13
Fauerbach	0101111010— 6	10 01 11—4—10
S C Baas	1011111110— 8	10 00 00—1— 9
Joachim	1101111111— 9	01 10 11—4—13
J B Howe	1111101111— 9	11 11 11—6—15
A C Mayer	1101111111— 9	01 11 11—5—14
Wm Baas	1101010101— 6	11 11 11—6—12
Foresman	1100111011— 7	11 10 01—4—11
Buergin	1011011111— 8	00 00 01—1— 9
Breckheimer	0001101011— 5	10 01 11—4— 9
A G Park	0111011011— 7	11 10 10—4—11
R Lang	0111010101— 6	00 10 10—2— 8
Hippenmeyer	1011011100— 6	11 01 10—4—10
C F Ford	0011101111— 7	01 11 11—5—12
Chamberlain	0111011101— 8	11 01 11—5—13
Northcott	0111111111— 9	11 01 11—5—14
E Meyers	0100011000— 3	01 01 10—3— 6
A M Daggett	1110000100— 4	10 00 11—3— 7
A A Mayers	1011000101— 5	00 10 01—2— 7
F Curtis	1101011111— 8	11 10 10—4—12

Second and third divided, Wm. Baas and C. F. Ford fourth.

Seven Decatur red birds, 1 trap, screened, sweepstakes:

J B Howe	1011101—5	Fred Curtis	0010101—3
A M Daggett	1001101—4	R W Hurd	0111111—6
L Fauerbach	0001101—3	C F Ford	1000110—3
G Joachim	0101111—5	A Chamberlain	1111101—6
F Stoltze	1100111—5	Sutherland	1111110—6
S Northcott	1011110—5	Paul Giese	1001100—3
A C Mayer	0111011—6	F P Stannard	1110111—6
O Schlotthauer	0000101—2	A Hippenmeyer	0011101—4

First divided. On shoot off Stoltze and Northcott divide second; third divided.

Nine blue rocks, 3 traps, sweepstakes:

A Chamberlain	111111101—8	O Schlotthauer	011000000—2
Geo Joachim	110111000—6	Robt Lang	010110001—4
A C Mayer	010001100—3	Fred Curtis	011001010—4
F P Stannard	111111110—8	J B Howe	000111110—5
A M Daggett	010011111—6	L Fauerbach	010010110—4
S Northcott	111011110—7	A Hippenmeyer	101001000—3
F Stoltze	110111011—7	C F Ford	101010110—4
Paul Giese	111101100—6	Wm Baas	100100111—5
Sutherland	111101101—7	Schweinem	101011110—6

Ties divided.

Ten Macomber targets, 2 traps screened, sweepstakes:

Robt Lang	0111010101—6	Rigby	1111001010—6
Geo Joachim	1110111010—7	R W Hurd	1010101000—4
F P Stannard	1111011111—9	Sutherland	0111110011—7
S Northcott	0100110111—6	Fauerbach	0100110011—5
F Stoltze	0101010010—4	Wm Baas	0111001001—6
O Schlotthauer	1001010003—3	A Chamberlain	1101101101—7
Paul Giese	1100001100—4	Schweinem	0010101003—3
A C Mayer	1001011100—5	Fred Curtis	0000000001—1
A M Daggett	0000011011—3	J B Howe	1101011010—6

Ties divided.

Thirteen Macomber targets, 1 trap screened, sweepstakes:

R W Hurd	0000010000000—1	Fauerbach	0001111000010—5
Daggett	0111000111001—7	Hippenmeyer	0111001100101—7
Chamberlain	1001000001101—5	Sutherland	0010000000010—2
Northcott	0000 1000 000—1	Wm Baas	1000001110000—4
F Stoltze	0001000000000—1	Dyson	0000001000001—2
Schlotthauer	0001000001010—3	J B Howe	1110001000000—4
F Curtis	0011000010010—4	C F Ford	1000090100000—3
Paul Giese	0001010001001—4	Stannard	0000010010110—4
A C Mayer	1101011100000—7	Stewart	0001010110—4
A A Mayers	0001000010110—4	Robt Lang	0000000000100—1
"Rigby"	0110000000000—3		

First divided, second divided. On shoot off Howe third, Ford fourth.

Four pair Pecria blackbirds, sweepstakes:

Stannard	10 11 11 11—7	Sutherland	11 01 11 00—5
C F Ford	11 01 01 11—6	Northcott	11 01 11 10—6
Wm Baas	01 01 11 11—6	Norstrom	00 10 10 11—4
A C Mayer	11 11 11 11—8	Schlotthauer	10 01 11 10—5

On shoot off Wm. Baas won third:

June 15.—Ten singles and 3 pairs Peoria blackbirds; score to count on citizens' purse. Scores of first event Tuesday to be added in:

Stoltze	1111111101— 9	11 01 11—5—14— 8—22	
Tuttle	1111101111— 9	11 11 11—6—15	
Park	0110111101— 7	11 11 11—6—13—11—24	
Daubner	1001111111— 8	11 11 10—5—13	
Northcott	1111111111—10	11 11 11—6—16—14—30	
Foresman	1010111111— 8	11 01 01—4—12—11—23	
Wm Baas	1111111111—10	01 11 00—3—13—12—25	
Sutherland	1110111100— 7	11 11 01—5—12—13—25	
Howe	1111011111— 9	11 10 10—4—13—15—28	
Joachim	0110111001— 6	11 10 11—5—11—13—24	
Daggett	1121110100— 6	11 10 11—5—11— 7—18	
Stannard	1111 11101— 9	11 11 01—5—14—13—27	
Hurd	1011101011— 7	01 11 01—4—11—12—23	
S C Baas	0000111111— 6	10 00 00—1— 7— 9—16	
Hippenmeyer	0111101110— 7	10 10 00—2— 9—10—19	
Fauerbach	1110001100— 5	01 01 01—3— 8—10—18	
Curtis	0011111010— 6	11 11 11—6—12—12—24	
Schlotthauer	1010111010— 6	11 11 10—5—11—14—25	
J C Land	1110111110— 8	11 11 11—6—14	
Chamberlain	1110101011— 7	11 11 11—6—13—13—26	
A C Mayer	1101111111— 9	11 11 01—5—14—14—28	
C F Ford	1011111101— 8	11 11 11—6—14—12—26	
Robt Lang	1111100110— 7	00 10 10—2— 9— 8—17	

Northcott wins first on citizens' purse, $25, and sweepstakes; Howe and Mayer divide second on citizens' purse, $15; F. P. Stannard wins third on citizens' purse, $10. Tuttle wins second on sweepstakes. On shoot off on tie Mayer wins third and Daubner fourth on sweepstakes.

June 15.—Grand prize shoot, forty-two excellent prizes, values from $2 to $15; 10 single and 3 pairs Peoria blackbirds:

Tuttle	1111110110— 8	11 10 11—5—13
A C Mayer	1111011111— 9	10 11 11—5—14
C F Ford	1110111111— 9	11 11 01—5—14
Chamberlain	1111111111—10	11 11 11—6—16
Wm Baas	0110111110— 7	10 10 10—3—10
Schlotthauer	0010111011— 6	10 10 10—3— 9
Stannard	1011111101— 8	00 11 10—3—11
Curtis	1000100111— 5	11 11 10—5—10
Stolze	1111101011— 8	00 00 00—0— 8
Northcott	1011111110— 8	10 11 01—4—12
Fauerbach	0010101000— 3	11 11 01—5— 8
Hippenmeyer	1111111111—10	11 10 10—4—14
J C Land	1100011101— 6	11 11 10—5—11
E Meyers	0000000011— 2	00 01 10—2— 4
Fitch	1010111111— 8	10 00 00—1— 9
Daubner	1101111111— 9	10 00 10—2—10
R W Hurd	1011111111— 9	00 00 10—1—10
Norstrom	1001 111010— 5	11 01 00—2— 8
Foresman	0010111100— 4	11 10 01—4— 8
S C Baas	0111111011— 8	11 10 10—4—12
Luckensmeyer	0010000000— 1	00 00 01—1— 2
M Terwilliger	1011010010— 5	01 00 00—1— 6
Vogel	0001000010— 2	00 10 10—2— 4
E E Smith	1001101000— 4	10 10 10—3— 7
Paul Giese	1110101111— 8	00 10 00—1— 9
Cooley	0000000000— 0	10 00 00—1— 1
Sutherland	1011100011— 6	11 10 10—4—10
Joachim	1011111110— 8	11 10 11—5—13
Howe	1111111110— 9	11 11 11—6—15
C Meyers	1100111001— 6	11 01 01—4—10
Wm Terwilliger	1010000111— 5	10 10 10—3— 8
Dyson	0000300011— 2	00 01 00—1— 3
A A Mayers	1101110010— 6	11 01 00—3— 9
Robert Laug	1011100000— 4	10 00 10—2— 6
Park	1111111001— 8	11 00 10—3—11
Daggett	1011111101— 8	10 10 00—2—10
K Wood	1111100100— 6	11 11 10—5—11
T Lucas	0101110010— 5	11 10 10—4— 9
Buergin	1101111010— 7	00 00 00—0— 7
Wm Dunn	0011111111— 8	10 11 11—5—12
Fred Hurd	0000000000— 0	11 10 11—4— 4
Breckheimer	1000010111— 5	00 00 10—1— 6
Conover	1010101110— 6	11 00 00—2— 8
Bancroft	1001100010— 4	10 11 10—4— 8
Schweinem	0111101000— 5	10 10 10—3— 8
Geo Smith	1011110110— 7	10 10 01—3—10
Henrichs	1100000100— 3	10 11 11—5— 8
L Sumner	1001100011— 5	10 10 10—3— 8
J M Thorp	1110000000— 3	11 01 00—3— 6
Van Slyke	0111010110— 6	00 11 01—3— 9
H Allen	0001110000— 3	01 00 11—3— 6
Gaertner	0000000000— 0	10 10 00—2— 2
Quinlan	0000101010— 3	00 10 00—1— 4
Spurling	1060100110— 4	10 00 00—1— 5
Munsel	0001001111— 5	10 10 11—4— 9
Bennett	0111010000— 4	00 00 10—1— 5
Bowman	0000100101— 3	10 11 10—4— 7
Jackson	0000111110— 5	00 10 10—2— 7

June 16.—Ten single and 3 pairs Peoria blackbirds, sweepstakes:

Joachin	1111011000—6	11 11 11—6—12
Land	1011110101—7	11 10 11—5—12
Fauerbach	1011111100—7	10 11 11—5—12
Schlotthauer	1110011111—8	10 01 10—3—11
Norstrom	1011110001—6	00 10 10—2— 8
Schweinem	0101011001—5	00 11 01—3— 8
Daggett	0011011000—4	11 10 10—4— 8
A A Mayers	1011000010—4	11 01 11—5— 9
Howe	1111100110—7	11 10 11—5—12

On the shoot off J. B. Howe won first, Schlotthauer second, A. A. Mayers third, Daggett fourth.

Ten singles and 3 pairs Peoria blackbirds:

Nostrom	1111011101—8	10 10 10—3—11
Luckensmeyer	0001000001—1	withdrawn.
M Gaertner	0000001000—1	withdrawn.
Hoverson	01000 withdrawn.	
H Gaertner	01000 withdrawn.	
Wyman	0111011001—6	withdrawn.

A. H. Chamberlain wins first prize, $3.50; J. B. Howe, silk umbrella; Hippenmeyer, lady's work basket; A. C. Myer, sack of shot; C. Ford, bottle of cologne; Geo. Joachim, pointer painting; Sol Tuttle, box cigars; Northcott, silver butterdish; Wm. Dunn, silk handkerchief and box cigars; S. C. Baas, silk handkerchief; J. C. Land, lamp; A. G. Park, fish basket and cologne; K. Wood, camp chair; A. M. Daggett, telescope; Wm. Baas, card table; Fred Curtis, umbrella; Sutherland, whip; Geo. Smith, box cigars; C. Meyers, meerschaum pipe; T. Lucas, snipe painting; Van Slyke, cup and saucer; Schlotthauer, pair stuffed birds; Fitch, sack of shot; Paul Giese, lady's slippers; F. Conover, fish rod; L. Fauerbach, tobacco set; Bancroft, box cigars; Wm. Foresman, album; Wm. Buergin, gas lamp; F. Bowman, goat's slippers; R. Jackson, picture and box soap; H. Allen, clock; Robert Lang, woolen shirt; M. Breckheimer, hunting knife; J. M. Thorp, alcohol lamp; F. Spurling, silver pickle dish; E. Meyers, $3 cash; Fred Hurd, fruit dish and oil stand; D. Daggett, silver castor; H. Gaertner, cigar holder; Luckensmeyer, umbrella; Cooley, carving set.

THE NEW ORLEANS TOURNAMENT.

NEW ORLEANS, June 30.—To-day was the first of the first annual tournament of the Louisiana Gun Club. Notwithstanding the rain, a fair crowd was present at the New Orleans Base Ball Park. The shooting was very good and was participated in by many visitors. The following are the scores:

Match No. 1—Class shooting, 10 single birds, 25yds.: H. B. Febiger 10, T. A. White 10, W. Maroune 9, H. Reinecke 9, H. DaPonte 9, L. P. Nap 9, W. W. Stroup 8, J. Mayans 9, W. N. Jackson 8, J. Stumpf 7, B. James 7. Ties on first divided by Febiger and White; second, H. DaPonte 6 straight, Reinecke 5; third divided by Stroup, Mayans and Jackson.

Match No. 2—Class shooting, 10 double live leather-winged bats, 25yds.:

P L Maspero	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11—19
Dumont	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10—18
Jos Custer	10 11 11 11 11 11 11 00 11 11—17
E Landry, Jr.	11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10—17
L P Nap	11 10 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10—16
F A White	11 11 11 11 11 00 10 11 10 10—15
J Stumpf	10 11 11 00 11 11 10 10 11 11—15
E Stanton	00 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11—15
H DaPonte	10 11 00 11 11 11 11 10 11 10—15
H B Febiger	10 10 11 11 10 10 10 10 11 10—14
W Mayronne	10 10 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 10—14
H Reinecke	10 11 11 11 10 11 00 11 10 10—14
V M Jackson	00 10 11 10 00 10 11 00 11 11—11
E Jones	11 10 10 00 11 11 00 00 10 10—10

Third money divided.

Match No. 3—Class shooting, 15 American clay birds, 5 traps, 18yds.: H. E. Febiger 13, W. Mayronne 12, V. M. Jackson 11, F. A. White 11, E. Landry, Jr. 11, L. P. Nay 10, J. Custer 10, E. Phillips 9, B. James 9, W. W. Stroup 9, H. Reinecke 7, J. Boltz 7. Ties for third: Jackson 2, White 3, Landry 0.

Match No. 4—Class shooting, 7 single live birds, 30yds.: H. B. Febiger 7, L. P. Nap 7, F. S. White 7, C. B. Rich 6, J. Stumpf 6, W. W. Stroup 6, W. Mayronne 5, H. Reinecke 5, J. Mayans 5, H. DaPonte 5, V. M. Jackson 4, P. L. Maspero 4, E. Landry, Jr. 4, Schaffer 4, B. James 3, E. Phillips 3. On ties for first White killed 3 straight and won, second divided by Rich, Stroup and Stumpf.

June 21.—Second day of the Louisiana Gun Club tournament. First Match—Special match, 10 live pigeons, 26yds.: H. B. Febiger 10, F. A. White 10, J. Stumpf 10, H. DaPonte 10, W. W. Stroup 9, L. P. Nap 9, H. Reinecke 8, J. Mayans 9, V. M. Jackson 7. Ties for first: Febiger 3, White 3, divided. Ties for second: Stroup 5, Nap 4.

Second match, 8 single live pigeons, 26yds.: W. Mayronne 8, J. Stumpf 8, L. P. Nap 8, H. B. Febiger 7, F. A. White 7, W. W. Stroup 7, V. M. Jackson 6, C. Rich 6, J. M. Parker, Jr. 6, J. Mayans 6, Schaeffer 6. Ties for first: Mayronne 7, Stumpf 7, Nap 8. For second: Febiger 3, White 3, Stroup 3, divided. Third divided by Jackson and Schaeffer.

Third match, 10 single live pigeons, 28yds.: H. Reinecke 10, F. A. White 9, W. Mayronne 9, Voigt 9, J. T. Smith 8, C. Rich 8, H. B. Febiger 8, L. P. Nap 8, W. W. Stroup 8, Schaeffer 7, J. M. Parker, Jr. 7, V. M. Jackson 6, J. Stumpf 5. Ties for second: White and Mayronne each killed 11 straight, Voight 10. Money divided by White and Mayronne.

June 22.—Third day of the tournament. First match, 10 single live leather-winged bats, 30yds: E. Landry 9, Joseph Custer 9, John Stumpf 8, L. P. Nap 8, F. A. White 7, W. Eberle 7, H. Da Ponte 6, H. Reinecke 6, V. M. Jackson 6, J. T. Smith 6, W. W. Stroup 6, Dumont 5. Tie for first, Landry 2, Custer 2. Second tie, Landry 2, Custer 1. Tie for second, Stumpf 0, Nap 2. Ties for third divided.

Second match, 10 single live pigeons, 25yds.: H. B. Febiger 11, J. Stumpf 9, F. A. White 9, J. Custer 9, H. DaPonte 9, W. W. Stroup 9, V. M. Jackson 8, L. P. Nap 8, W. Eberle 8, A. M. Jumel 8, E. Philips 8, H. Reinecke 7, J. T. Smith 7, George Baltz 7, E. Landry, Jr., 6, J. Mayans 5. Tie for second, White 3, Stumpf 3, Custer 3, DoYont 3, Stroup 0. Second tie, White 11, Stumpf 0, Custer 0, Da Ponte 11; White 3, DaPonte 1. White wins. Tie for third, Jackson 0, Nap 1, Eberle 3, Jumel 3, Phillips 0. Eberle and Jumel divided.

Third match, 10 single live pigeons, 25yds.: H. B. Febiger 10, W. Eberle 10, W.W. Stroup 10, L. P. Nap 9, H. Reinecke 9, H. DaPonte 9, J. Dumont 9, F. A. White 8, Allen Jumel 8, G. Baltz 8, J. T. Smith 6, V. M. Jackson 6, J. Stumpf 5. Ties for first, Febiger 3, Stroup 2, Eberle 2. Ties for second, Nap 11, Reinecke 0, DaPonte 8, Dumont 3. Tie for third, White 5, Jumel 0, Baltz 5, divided by Baltz and White.

Fourth match, 8 single live pigeons, 28yds.: E. Landry, Jr. 8, E. Phillips 8, F. A. White 8, J. T. Smith 7, L. P. Nap 7, W. Eberle 7, H. B. Febiger 7, H. Reinecke 6, J. A. DeHart 5, W. W. Stroup 5. Tie for first divided by White, Landry and Phillips. Tie for second, Smith 4. Nap 4, Eberle 7, Febiger 0.

Fifth match, 8 single live birds: L. P. Nap 8, E. S. Voight 7, H. H. Febiger 6, H. Reinecke 6, W. W. Stroup 6. E. Phillips 4.

June 23.—The Louisiana Gun Club held another day's shoot today. The weather was excellent and the birds strong on the wing. Match No. 1—5 double live birds, 24yds.:

L P Nap	10 11 11 11 11—9	W Eberle	01 11 11 00 10—6
J V Shakspeare	01 10 11 10 11—7	F A White	10 11 10 11 11—8
H Reinecke	11 01 01 00 11—6	W Stroup	11 01 11 10 01—7
H B Febiger	10 01 01 00 10—4		

Match No. 2—5 double and 10 single live pigeons, 20 and 26yds.: H. B. Febiger 14, J. V. Shakspeare 16, L. P. Nap 14, E. Landry, Jr. 10, S. P. Jones 10.

Match No. 3—10 single live birds, 26yds.: L. P. Nap 9, H. B. Febiger 8, J. V. Shakspeare 8, W. Eberle 7, E. Landry, Jr. 8, H. Reincke 5, J. Stumpf 7. Ties for second: H. B. Febiger 3, J. V. Shakspeare 0 and out, E. Landry 3; divided by Febiger and Landry.

Match No. 4—10 live birds, 26yds.: J. V. Shakspeare 9, J. Stumpf 8, H. B. Febiger 8, H. Reinecke 9, E. Landry, Jr. 5, L. P. Nap 9, W. Eberle 7, G. Lafaye 6, M. Scott 6, F. A. White 9, A. Hart 7.

TAUNTON, Mass., June 25.—T. F. & G. P. A.—A few members met and shot at blue rocks. First match, at 5 blue rocks, 3 blue rock traps, 16yds. rise:

G L Smith	01101—3	A Davis	10100—2
C T Snow	11110—4	E C Leonard	11111—5
J Davis	11010—3	F S Keith	00111—3

On shoot off Smith and Keith divided third.

Match at 5 blue rocks:

Smith	11111—5	Leonard	11110—4
Snow	11011—4	Keith	10111—4
J Davis	10111—4	G H Davis	00100—1
A Davis	01111—4		

On shoot off Davis and Leonard divided.

Match at 7 blue rocks: Smith 4, Snow 7, A. Davis 2, Leonard 6, Keith 5, G. and J. Davis 6 each and divided second on shoot off.

Match at 7 blue rocks: Smith 7, Snow 6, J. Davis 5, A. Davis 5, Leonard 5, Keith 4, G. Davis 6. J. Davis and Leonard divided on shoot off.

Fifth match: Smith 7, Snow 5, J. Davis 5, A. Davis 4, Leonard 7. Ties divided.

Match at 3 pair blue rocks: Smith 4, Snow 4, J. Davis 2, Leonard 2, A. Davis 2. First divided, J. and A. Davis second. For third, miss and out: Smith 6, Snow 2, J. Davis 5, Leonard 3, A. Davis 0.

BISMARCK, Dak., June 21.—The following scores were made by the Bismarck Gun Club this evening. Ten birds and 5 balls, 21yds.:

Tyler	0111110101— 7	11101—4—11	
Redner	1111111111—10	11001—3—13	
Richholt	0110011001— 5	11011—4— 6	
Scott	0110110111— 7	10100—2— 9	
Williamson	1010000011— 5	11101—4— 9	
Wetherby	0011101100— 5	01111—4— 9	
Ward	1011031101— 6	11101—4—10	
Wachter	0111011101— 7	01010—2— 9	
Newburn	1111111111—10	11111—5—15	

Five bird shoot:

Tyler	01010—2	Wachter	10001—2
Newburn	11011—4	Richholt	11101—4
Ross	10011—3		

Newburn, Redner and Wetherby used light 12-bore guns.

MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB.—The regular semi-monthly shoot of the Middlesex Club was held at Duneilen, N. J., June 22. The day was stormy and the attendance, early in the day, very slim, so the boys had a few sweeps at clay birds. Later the guns began to come in and the sweeps at live birds began. There is some talk of the State law prohibiting live bird shooting being enforced; if so the boys will have to learn to smash the crockery.

Ten clays, 15 clay birds, 3 traps, all angles:

C Smith	0110101011111101—10	Keller	0111101101111111—11
Vochel	0001030000101001— 4	Wheeler	0110110001100001— 7

Ten clays, same conditions:

E Miller	1111011011— 8	Wheeler	0:01010101— 5
Voorhees	1010101100— 5	C Smith	0101001111— 6
Keller	1110111111— 9		

Ten clays, same conditions:

Miller	1111110111— 9	C Smith	1110101111— 8
Keller	0111111111— 9		

Three live birds, handicap rise; ties, miss and out:

Miller (30yds)	011—2	Keller (28)	112—3
C Smith (30)	021—2	Creeley (30)	110—2
Voorhees (30)	211—3	Ties divided.	

Four live birds:

Cannon (26)	0210—2	Voorhees (30)	1221—4
Miller (30)	2112—4	Dickens (30)	0101—2
Richards (26)	2111—4	Keller (28)	1100—2
C Smith (30)	1121—4	Creeley (30)	1110—3
Conover (30)	1101—3		

On shoot-off, Richards first, Conover and Creeley second, Cannon third.

Four live birds:

Cannon (26)	2010—2	Conover (30)	1101—3
C Smith (30)	1200—2	Richards (26)	1102—3
Dickens (30)	1110—3	Creeley (30)	0111—3
Miller (30)	1212—4	Keller (28)	0101—2
Voorhees (30)	1111—4		

On shoot-off, Miller and Voorhees first, Dickens second, Keller third.

Four live birds:

Conover (30)	1111—4	C Smith (30)	0110—2
Miller (30)	2111—4	Williams (30)	1221—4
Richards (26)	1102—3	Cannon (26)	1101—3
Chaffee (30)	0121—3	Dickens (30)	1020—2
S G Smith (30)	1102—3	Creeley (30)	1012—3

Conover and Miller first, Cannon second, Dickens and C. Smith third.

Three pairs live birds, 2yds. rise; ties shot at 3 pairs 26yds. rise:

Cannon	10 10 11 01 10 10—7	Richards	11 01 01 10 00 w.
Miller	11 01 10 11 01 11—9	Chaffee	11 10 10 10 11 10—8
S G Smith	11 11 10 10 11 10—9	C Smith	01 10 10 —3
Williams	11 01 10 10 00 0w.	Dickens	11 10 11 01 10 w.
Conover	10 11 10 11 00 w.	Creeley	11 11 10 01 11 01—9
Voorhees	11 01 11 11 w.		

S G Smith and Creeley first, Miller second, Chaffee third.

Four live birds, Cannon 26, rest 30yds.:

Cannon	1111—4	Dickens	1111—4
S G Smith	1101—3	Conover	1111—4
Miller	1111—4	Creeley	1010—2
Chaffee	1001—2	C Smith	0221—3

On shoot off Miller and Conover first, S. G. Smith second, Creeley third.

Miss and out, one barrel, 30yds. rise: Cannon 1, S. G. Smith 0, Chaffee 1, Dickens 2, C. Smith 3, See Me More 0, Creeley 2, S. Smith 0.

Miss and out, one barrel, 30yds. rise: Cannon 0, S. G. Smith 0, Chaffee 2, Dickens 0, C. Smith 1, See Me More 0, Creely 3, Kronic 0, Billy C. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—Since the disbandment of the Cosmopolitan Club, the once leading shooting organization in this city, several of the more prominent members have been anxiously looking forward to some means by which the club might be reorganized and the former members again enlisted in the ranks. And it was decided to give a pigeon shoot, open to all comers, at San Bruno to-day. The reorganized local crack shots were present in full force, and the weather was favorable for shooting. The conditions of the shoot were: Twelve birds each, 10yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, no entrance fee being charged. There were nearly twenty competitors, twelve of whom were formerly members of the Cosmopolitan Club. Bowen made the excellent score of eleven birds out of a possible twelve. He missed his first bird, a blue rock, by having it drop dead on the outside of the boundary. Considering that several of the contestants had not handled a gun for some time and lacked practice, the scores, as a whole, were very good. They were as follows:

Ault	2S—110212201101— 9	Slade	30—111011121100— 9
Rix	30—121220011220—10	Coffin	30—101211111101—10
Bohen	30—012111211112—11	Osgood	28—121111111100—10
Putzman	30—110111221110—10	Pearson	28—111111121211—12
Kelly	28—121001120110— 8	Kerrigan	30—112011112212—11
Liddle	30—220211120111—10	Scott	30—011111111111—11
Sharten	30—102009011110— 7	Heath	30—121120111001— 9
Edwards	30—112112100022— 9	Fay	30—211111011211—11
Smith	28—122121011222—11	Ferguson	30—111201111021—10
Meed	30—101120211211—10	Browell	30—012100111211— 9

As the conclusion of the first shoot a "freezeout" was gotten up, with 9 entries: Fay 1, Osgood 6 Much 2, Kerrigan 1, Fox 2, Bohen 6, Ferguson 1, Pearson 6, Neith 6. Osgood, Fox, Pearson and Neith, who killed the largest number of birds, concluded to divide the money.

A second sweepstake was shot off and resulted as follows:

Osgood	111011—5	Coffin	011100—3
Day	110100—3	Meed	111111—6
Fay	101111—5	Ferguson	111111—6
Fox	111111—6	Pearson	111101—5
Kerrigan	111000—3	Bohen	111111—6
Slade	111111—6		

The five contestants who tied divided the pot. Garrity and Ferguson, as a team, tried conclusions with Rix and Ault, with the result that the latter team won by killing their six birds while the others killed only four.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 25.—The Worcester Sportsmen's Club had their seventh prize shoot this week. In the classification shooting each man had a possible 10 blackbirds, 10 blue rocks and 10 clay-pigeons; the prize shooting was a possible 10. The work of each man in detail was as follows:

Class A.

	Classification. B.	B.R.	C.P.	Prize Score.
W S Perry	6	9	6—21	1111111—7
C W Howe	8	7	4—19	1111111—7
M D Gilman	5	9	8—22	1110111—6
W L Davis	7	6	9—21	1011111—6
A R Bowdish	7	7	9—23	0111111—6
E T Smith	5	9	7—21	0011111—5
F Stone	6	4	9—19	1100111—5
C Whittaker	8	4	8—20	1001111—5
G W Russell	6	6	8—19	1110001—4
C Doane	7	7	6—20	1000w

Class B.

J B Tougas	5	7	5—17	1110111—6
E F Swan	4	5	7—16	1011110—5
C S Day	8	5	4—17	0101111—5
L R Hudson	2	3	3— 8	1011110—5
H Colvin	3	3	3— 9	0111001 4
C R B Cloflir	2	7	5—14	0110100—3
G J Rugg	3	3	6—12	0001110—3
J B Gardom	8	6	2—16	0100100—2
L S Kilburn	1	4	2— 7	0000w
Dr Frank	3	5	1— 9	0000000—0

Ties divided. In the contest for 1,000 shells, five averages, there were 19 entries, G. J. Rugg was first, E. T. Smith second, J. B. Tougas third, M. D. Gilman fourth, G. W. Russell and C. Doane fifth.

WELLINGTON, June 25.—The Wellington Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day, and the pleasant weather attracted a large number of gunners. Following are first prize winners in the several sweeps: First, 6 clay-pigeons, Brown; second, 6 blue rocks, Savage; third, 6 clay-pigeons, Gerry; fourth, 6 blue rocks, Gerry and Savage; fifth, 6 clay-pigeons, Gerry and Savage; sixth, 6 blue rocks, Brown; seventh, 6 clay-pigeons, Brown; eighth, 6 blue rocks, Moore and Brown; ninth, 6 clay-pigeons, Savage; tenth, 6 blue rocks, Gerry; eleventh, 6 clay-pigeons, Gerry; twelfth, 6 blue rocks straightaway, Nichols and Perry; thirteenth, 6 blue rocks, Gerry; fourteenth, 6 blue rocks, Snow and Sanborn; fifteenth, 6 blue rocks, Baxter.

THE BOSTON SHOOT.—New York, June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Cleveland Target Co. donated a handsome watch and chain, costing $150, to be shot for at the Boston tournament. The writer, who was present, saw Mr. F. G. Strater (Stanton) win the prize with a score of 20 straight. In your report and all other published reports of the tournament, no mention is made of this valuable prize. The Cleveland Target Co. would like to know what disposition has been made of their watch and chain? And it strikes me very forcibly that if such donations are silently ignored or forgotten, very little encouragement is given to donate anything in the future.—CHAS. RICHARDS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 18.—Wayne Gun Club. Match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons; one Ligowsky clay-pigeon trap; 18yds. rise; club rules:

A Clifford	1000000000— 1	A Hemingway	2020000001— 3
S Davis	1110001011— 6	P F Yost	1111103001— 6
Geo Scargle	0110111120— 7	H Graham	1111121111—10
A Ulary	1001010102— 5	Geo Harris	1111111100— 8
E Handsbury	2011122220— 8	C Briney	1000212101— 6
I Jackson	1010111101— 7	J W Sidle	0201011020— 5
T Scargle	1011101011— 7	Hugh Kane	1010120000— 4
W Ulary	1010011111— 7		

Miss and out, Kane 1, T. Scargle 8, G. Scargle 0, W. Ulary 5, Davis 5, Clifford 0, Briney 7, Graham 1. *June 25.*—Match at Ligowsky clay-pigeons; Ligowsky clay-pigeon trap; 18yds. rise; club rules:

H Kane	1101111012—8	I Jackson	0001100101—4
T Scargle	0101101111—7	W Ulary	1001011011—6
P F Yost	0001100111—5	Joe Scargle	111110 w.—5
H Graham	0000111110—5	Wooner	00001 w.—1
J W Sidle	1010100110—5	A Ulary	1111111100—8
S Davis	1021001102—6		

Miss and out, T. Scargle 0, W. Ulary 0, Graham 10, Davis 9, Sidle 2, Yost 1, Jackson 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 19.—Lincoln Gun Club, very hot weather, at Alameda Point; 15 clay-pigeons, 5 traps, 18yds. rise, National rules, gold medal prizes:

First Class.

Schendel (18)	111111100111011—12	Ford (18)	101000101101101— 7
Dunshee (18)	101111111011111—13	Richter (18)	010010101001010— 6
Campbell (21)	001111111010100— 9	Lee (18)	011001000001001— 5
C H Cate (18)	111011110111101—12	Bruns (21)	110111011010111—11
Potter (18)	100011011110010— 8	Parks (21)	101101100111010— 9
Edler (21)	100101111010100— 8		

Dunshee takes first class medal for one month only.

Second Class, 18yds.

Quinton	000000111011101— 7	Boyce	000010010101111— 7
Holmes	111000000111101— 8	Nutz	001111110100101— 9
Wenzel	111111111111101—14	Brown	010011000100001— 5
Horber	010000101111101— 8	Karney	101010111011111—11
F Cato	010001100010000— 4	Doane	000011100110110— 7

Wenzel takes second class medal for one month only.

LEONIA, N. J., June 25.—Leonia Gun Club team shoot, Dr. John A. Wells and Chas. Townsend, of Englewood, vs. J. R. Beam, of Ridgefield, and Geo. W. Gladwin, of Leonia. 50 American clay birds, 3 A. C. traps, N. A. rules, birds and ammunition prizes:

Townsend, 15yds.	111011010010101011001111111010111000001111011111010—32		
Wells, 16yds.	111101101111111111001111011111101010111111111111111—42		
			—74
Beam, 16yds.	111110111100111111101111111101000111111111111111011—42		
Gladwin, 18yds.	001100111111110111101111111010111011110110110001101—35		
			—77

This was a return match, first of which was also won by Gladwin and Beam.

TORONTO, June 21.—The West End Gun and Dog Sports Club held a Jubilee meeting at Nurse's place at the Humber this afternoon. In spite of the rain there was a large attendance and some good sport. Ten Peoria blackbirds, 3 screened traps, 18yds. rise:

First Class.

Bailey	1111111011—9	Kipp	0111111111—9
Blea	1011110111—8	Brown	0110111111—8
Wakefield	1110111111—9	Dollery	0001111111—7

Ties at 5 birds: Bailey, 5; Wakefield, 4; Kipp, 3.

Second Class.

Howell	0110111000—5	Boswell	0011110110—5
Beatty	0111110000—5	Spiller	1000111000—4
Derry	1111011101—8		

Third Class.

Jackson	0111101101—7	Hobart	0100100010—3
Hill	1011010001—5	Gorman	1001000000—2
Evans	0010101100—4		

KINGSTON GUN CLUB SHOOT, June 3, 20 bluerocks, 18yds. rise:

Frazier	00101001001011001110— 9	Overba'gh	10011111101111110111—16
Colburn	10110110100101110111—13	Hoveland	10111111000001111011—11
Weber	01001110010100111101—11	Short	10111100101111101w —11
VanBuren	11111101000000103011—10	D. C. OVERBAUGH, Pres.	

TORONTO, June 22.—The Owl Club's tournament was opened to-day, when the following scores were made, shooting at 25 birds: Whitney 23, Roote 22, Cameron 22, Townson 22, Glover 21, E. H. Smith 21, Lewis 20, Felsted 19, P. Wakefield 19, D. Blea 19, McDowall 17, Smyth 17, Campbell 17, Colborne 17, McCarthy 17, Bowman 17, Stevens 15, Ayre 16, Wake 14, Jefferson 14.

June 23.—There was some good shooting at the Owl's tournament to-day, as the following scores testify. At 25 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise, 5 screened traps: H. Whitney 23, J. Wayper 23, W. L. Cameron 22, J. Townson 22, Adam Kay 22, J. Rooke 22, J. R. Humphreys 21, C. K. Rogers 21, E. H. Smith 21, J. Glover 21, J. Lewis 20, Wm. Scott 20, H. George 20, J. Griffith 19, D. Blea 19, P. Wakefield 19, Wm. Felstead 19, John Walker 18, J. Jobbett 18, J. Colborne 17, J. McCarthy 17, Wm. Bugg 17, J. Campbell 17, Isaac Smith 17, W. McDowall 17, Dr. J. W. Smith 17, F. Mallett 16, B. Barrow 15, F. Stevens 15, C. Ayre 15, A. Ellis 15, W. Wakefield 14, J. C. Unwin 14, J. Jefferson 14, W. Lush 14, A. R. Lockhart 14. Whitney and Wayper divided first and second, Cameron third, Townson fourth, Kay fifth, Rooke sixth, E. H. Smith seventh.

WALNUT HILL.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Mass., on Wednesday, June 29, and succeeding alternate Wednesdays, viz., July 13 and 27, Aug. 10 and 24, Sept. 7 and 21, Oct. 5 and 19, Nov. 2, 16 and 30, Dec. 14 and 28, 1887, will, in addition to the regular practice and sweepstake matches, offer for competition a series of silver prizes, and the elegant gold Macomber target badge, originally donated by the Boston Gun Club, won by Mr. O. R. Dickey, and presented by him to be competed for at Walnut Hill on the days above named. The merchandise prizes will be on exhibition during continuance of the match at the store of Messrs. Wm. Read & Sons, 107 Washington street. Total value of prizes, $125. All the competitions will come off at the designated time, regardless of weather. Class shooting in all matches. Shooting to begin at 10 A. M.—H. S. HARRIS, Sec., Equitable Building, Boston.

WINCHENDON, Mass., June 23.—Winchendon Gun Club scores: F. E. Mann 9, H. J. Lawrence, F. F. Hapgood, A. H. Fitch, Dr. J. G. Henry, each 7; J. Sutherland and H. M. Eaton each 6, A. D. Lawrence and P. S. Davis each 5.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

2-5. Calla Shasta, Camp and Races.
3. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
4. Passaic Meet, Dundee Lake.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

THE ASSOCIATION MEET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just noticed an article written some time since by a New Jersey gentleman, in which he makes complaint that the A. C. A. meet for the current year was fixed at such a great distance from his dooryard. Seated in my easy chair and musing upon the article in question, I fell asleep and dreamed a woeful dream. Methought in my slumbers that this New Jersey grumbler had torn himself away from his native mosquito land and had moved out here into the wild, wild West, as so many Easterners seem to consider the State of Ohio. When the time drew near for the A. C. A. meet he determined to attend. The meet was to be held at a point dimly defined in my dream, but seeming in some unaccountable manner to combine Lake George, Stony Lake, The Thousand Islands and Bow Arrow Point all in one. This emigrant from the New Jersey swamps began to cast about him for the ways and means of making the trip. He found that the A. C. A. transportation committee, having labored under the impression that the scope of the Association was bounded on the west by the western limits of New York State, had failed to arrange for special rates or conveniences for members residing outside the charmed circle, and therefore he must negotiate for his own accommodations over the 800 miles of railway which lay between him and his Mecca. After paying out a part of his next year's salary for a passenger ticket, he turned his thoughts toward solving the question as to the best manner of transporting his canoe. He interrogated an old hand at canoeing who had made the journey repeatedly, but the old hand refused to advise. Perhaps the hesitancy of the old hand in giving advice was caused by the remembrance of a time when he himself had shipped his canoe by express to the point at which the meet was held, and the fact that when it arrived he found it was damaged just too little to bring suit against the company for damages, but just enough to spoil the looks of his handsome canoe and to keep his temper at boiling point during the meet. Or he may have been influenced by the memory of the sardonic smile which pervaded the express fiend's face as he handed him a bill for transportation which was marked boldly with the figures $38.45. Then, again, he may have remembered another blessed experience of his when he had shipped his canoe by slow freight three weeks before the time for the meet and it had arrived at the camp two days after the meet was over; and he, poor soul, had been compelled to sponge off of his fellow members for blankets, tent room, etc., his effects having been shipped with his canoe. Is it any wonder that the old hand didn't feel competent to advise? Then the unadvised New Jersey man concluded to take his canoe with him as baggage. After something less than a ton of correspondence with the numerous officials of the various railroads over which he must travel, he succeeded in getting permission to take his craft in the baggage car over the greater parts of the route. He started. He had failed to have the word "gratis" inserted in his baggage permit, and before he had journeyed far it seemed to him that the railway corporations of the particular lines over which he traveled had imported all the vampires of South America to act as baggage men on their roads—they bled him so much and so readily for handling this extra piece. He was compelled to travel two nights and one day to reach the meet. In that time he changed cars so often that he lost all sleep, and at each change the new baggage man struck him for from one to five dollars. When he reached the meet he was worn out from loss of slumber and his canoe was almost a total wreck.

Then, in my dream, I thought that this whilom New Jersey man turned his eyes toward his old home and wept. He remembered how (through arrangements made by the A. C. A. or his club, and without trouble to himself) he was wont to load his canoe on board the car assigned for that purpose, climbing in his sleeper some pleasant evening, and on the next morning find himself at the place of meeting, his temper unruffled, his canoe uninjured, and withal the merest trifle expended for fare and transportation. Just as this New Jersey exile was beginning to realize what a pleasant thing it was to be an Eastern member of the A. C. A., I awoke.

Yes, Mr. FOREST AND STREAM, we Westerners pass through a great deal of tribulation in getting our canoes to the meet, and it seems as though if any grumbling is to be done we should be allowed to lend a hand. But when we look at the fact that members come to the meet from Montana and other portions of our far West, we haven't the heart to grumble over our little journey of a few hundred miles. This is not a grumble, for I have attended the meet at each and every place where it has been held since the organization of the A. C. A., and am now looking forward to the privilege and pleasure of taking my canoe under my arm and "stepping around to see the boys" at Bow-Arrow Point next August.

But, remembering the effect upon the Canadians of holding a meet in Canada, I think it would be beneficial to the Association, as well as to its Western members, to hold one big meet of the A. C. A. at some Western point; at least as far West as Michigan. There are hundreds of unattached, practical canoeists here in the West, and such an action of the A. C. A. would give a boom to Western canoeing such as nothing else could.

ORANGE FRAZER.

WILMINGTON, O., June 20.

TORONTO C. C. RACES.

SATURDAY last saw the following canoes in line ready to start for the decked and open sailing medals which go to the competitor winning them the most times during the season, the races for each being limited to 5.

Dawn	W. A. Leys	Decked.	
Mac	W. G. McKendrick	Decked.	
Dottrel	D. B. Jacques	Decked.	
Acis	A. H. Mason	Decked.	
Boreas	H. Neilson	Decked.	
Ripple	W. A. Cooke	Decked.	
Una	Colin Fraser	Open.	
Werra	R. O. McCulloch	Open.	

The course was the usual triangular one of 3¼ miles, twice round. The start was made in a moderate wind and the Mac quickly took the lead with Dawn second and Dottrel third. At the finish of the first round the positions were the same, with the Mac about 100yds. of a lead. On the next leg of the course the two leading canoes had to go about three or four times on account of steamers and yachts, and when the buoy was rounded the Dawn had a lead of 50yds. The wind continued to fall lighter and lighter and the race was finished in a drift with the Dawn a good first and the Mac 2m. astern, none of the remaining canoes finishing. The Una was leading the Werra when they took to their paddles to get back in time for tea. After a short rest the paddling race was started.

Dawn	W. A. Leys	Decked.
Wanda	W. H. Weston	Decked.
Mac	W. G. McKendrick	Decked.
Ripple	W. A. Cooke	Decked.
Acis	A. H. Mason	Decked.
Modjeska	W. B. Raymond	Decked.
Werra	R. O. McCulloch	Open.
Una	Colin Fraser	Open.

The Dawn, which has so distinguished herself, was designed by W. P. Stephens and built by Ruggles. She was rigged with a new and ill-fitting sliding gunter mainsail of 70sq.ft. and borrowed mizen of 20ft., and if she is as fast in heavy weather as in light, she will soon own all the silverware of the club. MAC.

TORONTO, June 26.

AMERICAN CANOEING IN ENGLAND.—The sailing of the new canoe Charm at Hendon last Saturday took the old hands at the sport quite by surprise; but they generously congratulated the owner on his skill both as a designer and sailer. The canoe is said to be on the wave-form system, but so is the Nautilus, so that beautiful system *per se* could not be the cause of the success of the Charm. No doubt the small hull and sails, well balanced to suit the weather, were the main features which led to her success, but we should not like to go so far as to say that she would not have beaten Nautilus and Pearl in a harder blow. The American style of sailing these boats, with the "crew" sitting on the gunwale, and prepared on an emergency to produce a cataleptic back extended to windward, has resulted in some advantages from a speed point of view and portability; but for many purposes the roomy old Nautilus or Pearl is much to be preferred.—*Field, June 18.*

OAKLAND C. C.—On June 9 the Oakland C. C. gave a reception in honor of Vice-Com. Richards, now in San Francisco. The fleet turned out for a moonlight sail, each canoe carrying a lady; and after returning to the house at 11 P. M., a supper was served. Vice-Com. Richards has taken part in several scrub races at Oakland.

SQUAW POINT.—The ladies are already planning for a big camp at the new Squaw Point on Lake Champlain. Among others who will be present are Mrs. Carter, Mrs. and Miss Furman, of Trenton, Mrs. and Miss Seavey, of New York, and Mrs. W. S. Herriman and Mrs. R. N. Dennison, of Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN C. C. REGATTA, JUNE 18.

THE friends of the Brooklyn C. C. who enjoy a good sailing race had a treat on Saturday last, when Grant E. Edgar, Jr., canoe Rat, of Newburg, won the first open race given by the club.

The course was from a buoy off the club house to and around Buoys Nos. 18 and 20, and finish at the starting point, about 4½ miles.

The starters were G. E. Edgar, Jr., Rat; B. S. Nadal, Sea Urchin; Wm. Whitlock, Guenn; R. J. Wilkin, Queen Bess; H. C. Ward, Evangeline; M. V. Brokaw, Minx; R. N. Denison, Yvonne; R. S. Blake, Kelpie; F. L. Dunnell, Niente.

Queen Bess was first away, with Guenn and Evangeline close behind, Rat and Niente having the worst of the start. The Evangeline, sailing very fast, soon took the lead, working well to windward, and rounded the first buoy some distance ahead.

From here it was a run to Buoy 20 with the tide; Rat, taking second place, followed after the leader, who mistaking the position of the buoy was running off to leeward, the error giving those in the rear a good chance to better their position, all rounding the buoy nearer together than at any time since the start, Rat having slightly the best of it. From here it was very close to the finish, Rat winning by 40s., Evangeline second, the others following in the order named: Guenn, Minx, Kelpie, Yvonne, Sea Urchin, Niente. Queen Bess became disabled after rounding the second buoy and withdrew. The second race on the programme was a combined paddling and sailing with four starters: Guenn, Kelpie, Evangeline, Minx. The Minx took the lead and increased it till the last half mile, when the Evangeline, by superior windward work, took first place and the race.

The steam yacht Marion, chartered by the club for the occasion, followed the races with a jolly party of ladies and gentlemen on board. The success of the regatta was due to the exertions of the committee in charge, Messrs. Ward, Gould and Tucker.

THE ROYAL C. C. CHALLENGE CUP RACE.

ALTHOUGH no one from the States has been able to cross and enter in the race of the Royal C. C. on June 11, the contest was really of an international character, a continuation of the races sailed here last year, as the winning boat was distinctively of American model, while American methods of sailing contributed to her success. The following account, from the *Field*, tells the story of the race. Com. Edwards's many friends will be sorry to learn of his ill-luck, as he had a very fine canoe with him. The increase in the cruising or second class canoes has evidently exerted a very good influence in the racing fleet. The *Field* says:

The sailing race for the Challenge Cup took place at Hendon on Saturday last, and was productive of one of the best exhibitions of sailing over witnessed since the formation of the club. The entries reached the fair number of fifteen, of whom thirteen actually came to the line, including Mr. E. B. Edwards, of Toronto. The race resulted in a surprise to many, as Mr. Stewart, in his new canoe, the Charm, took the lead at the start, and gained steadily throughout the course, finally winning by nearly nine minutes from Pearl. Nautilus, during the fourth round, was unfortunate enough to carry away her main halliards, which put her out of the race. At the time she was holding second place, and having a ding-dong race with Pearl, there being every prospect of another close finish between these two old opponents. The Charm has already been described in these columns, but it may be as well to state that her lines are totally different to those of any canoe previously sailed in these waters, and her success is likely to lead to a marked change in the construction of our racing canoes. While sufficiently light to paddle with ease and at a good speed, she showed wonderful weatherly qualities under sail, and great credit is due to Mr. Stewart for the manner in which he designed and sailed his new craft. Several second class canoes competed in the race, and special mention should be made of the Spray, whose owner, Mr. Dickinson, sailed her well and pluckily, and completely spread-eagled the rest of the cruisers.

SAILING RACE for the Challenge Cup (value 50 guineas), and a presentation prize of £5; course, five times round the lake (ten miles). Entries:

Charm	Mr. W. Stewart	1st Class.
Pearl (86)	Mr. E. B. Tredwen	1st Class.
Nautilus	Mr. W. Baden-Powell	1st Class.
*Pearl (85)	Mr. F. G. Knight	1st Class.
*Nina	Mr. F. Miles	1st Class.
Diamond	Mr. H. Church	1st Class.
Kitten	Mr. E. A. Leach	1st Class.
Minnie	Mr. H. Wilmer	1st Class.
Marool	Mr. W. E. Hammerton	1st Class.
Sintram (decked Cana'.)	Mr. E. B. Edwards (Toronto)	1st Class.
Spray	Mr. C. F. Dickinson	2d Class.
Sabrina	Mr. Rede Turner	2d Class.
Atalanta	Mr. R. de Q. Quincey	2d Class.
Vanessa	Mr. B. de Q. Quincey	2d Class.
Severn	Mr. T. H. Holding	2d Class.

*Did not start.

At first gun fire there was a nice breeze from the westward and the canoes had to be careful to avoid collisions. One competitor, evidently thinking thirteen an unlucky number for a start, proceeded to settle the difficulty by running over Vanessa and capsized her promptly. Severn indulging in "watery wanderings," on the port tack, ran into Pearl and threw her on her beam ends, but she was cleverly righted and escaped with a bucket or two of water aboard. The second gun was fired at 3 P. M., when Charm was first across the line, followed by Nautilus, Diamond, Pearl, Sintram, Minnie, Sabrina, Spray, Severn, Atalana and Kitten, the last named having put about to the assistance of Vanessa.

Charm was first round the buoy in the bight, all having to make a board in order to fetch. After rounding, she settled down for a steady ping to windward, during which Charm more than held her own and Pearl walked into second place. The Canadian canoe here showed very good form and made a tough fight of it with Nautilus. The times at the westernmost buoy were taken as under:

Charm	3 25 00	Kitten	3 34 00
Pearl	3 27 00	Minnie	3 34 30
Nautilus	3 29 00	Severn	3 34 30
Sintram	3 29 00	Sabrina	3 36 00
Diamond	3 30 00	Atalanta	3 36 15
Spray	3 30 15	Marool	3 36 15

On the run up the lake, Pearl and Nautilus gained slightly on the leader, but Charm was still two minutes to the good at the conclusion of the first round, which was timed as under:

Charm	3 33 00	Severn	3 41 30
Pearl	3 35 00	Minnie	3 41 32
Nautilus	3 36 30	Atalanta	3 42 00
Sintram	3 37 00	Marool	3 43 00
Spray	3 38 00	Sabrina	3 44 00
Diamond	3 38 15		

On the turn to windward, in the second round, Charm again increased her lead, and Nautilus closed up with Pearl, and the times of the canoes at the W. buoy were:

Charm	3 58 00	Severn	4 11 15
Pearl	4 00 15	Sintram	4 12 30
Nautilus	4 00 30	Minnie	4 16 00
Diamond	4 08 00	Marool	4 19 00
Spray	4 09 00	Atalanta	4 19 30

Sintram shipped a lot of water in a puff, but was quickly righted. In the run up this time Charm ran the others, and during this round Sabrina took his customary bath. The times were:

Charm	4 04 30	Sintram	4 21 00
Pearl	4 08 45	Minnie	4 24 00
Nautilus	4 09 15	Severn	4 24 02
Diamond	4 17 40	Atalanta	4 47 45
Spray	4 17 45	Marool	5 12 00

After rounding, the breeze piped up a little, and Sintram, heavily pressed, failed to right herself, although her skipper did his utmost, and she sank close to the raft. Nautilus managed to slip past Pearl on the beat down, and rounded the W. buoy five seconds ahead of her old rival, but Charm had meanwhile been pegging away merrily, and was seven minutes and a half to the good; Pearl and Nautilus, however, gained a minute on her in the run up this time, and the conclusion of the third round was timed:

Charm	4 36 00	Minnie	5 07 30
Nautilus	4 42 00	Atalanta	5 11 00
Pearl	4 42 30	Marool	5 12 00
Spray	4 56 00	Severn	5 30 00

During the fourth turn to windward Charm appeared to just hold her own with Nautilus, who, in turn, was two and a quarter minutes ahead of Pearl at the west buoy. Shortly after rounding the buoy, the main halliard of Nautilus parted and let the sail down with a run, but the skipper smartly rigged up a fresh halliard with the topping lift, and made a fresh start. Half way up the lake, however, his "second string" carried away, and he was unfortunately forced to retire. It had been for some time evident that, bar accidents, Charm must win, and she eventually did so with great ease. The times of the fourth and fifth rounds were as follows:

	4th round.	Finish.		4th round.	
Charm	5 09 50	5 34 15	Minnie	5 49 00	Finished the
Pearl	5 17 00	5 43 00	Severn	5 42 00	course but
Spray	5 29 00	6 06 00	Atalanta	5 45 00	times not
			Marool	5 47 00	taken.

The winner sailed with the conventional Chinese lug and mizen in this race, instead of the three leg of mutton sails with which he raced on the previous Saturday. Too great credit cannot be given Mr. Stewart for the successful manner in which he has lowered the flags of two such formidable opponents as Pearl and Nautilus, and his victory ought to serve as an encouragement to the junior members of the club to persevere in their efforts to become masters of the art of canoe sailing and racing.

MOHICAN C. C.—Five miles below Albany the Mohicans have built a lodge on a knoll overlooking the Hudson, with a boat house on the beach below, and are rejoicing in their new possession. An ample piazza, luxurious rocking chairs and lounges, a big fireplace and well filled provision kits are good aids to the enjoyment of a lovely bit of river scenery; and last, but not by any means least, the one fleet of old and new boats, handsomer and swifter than ever before even in Mohican meetings is a source of pleasure inexhaustible. July 2, 3 and 4 are to be gala days, especially the last, and for friends of the Turtle the doors are wide open as ever. The club is not racing much yet, perhaps the flyers are nursing for bigger contests than with one another; perhaps there is so much enjoyment afloat that they have no time to waste in racing. After all the critics have said there is pleasure in canoeing without a three-mile course. Yet we have a three-mile course in reserve too.

A CANOE CLUB AT OGDENSBURG.—The Oswegatchie Canoe Club has been formed at Ogdensburg, N. Y., with a membership of 25. Joseph M. McNaughton is Com.; James G. Knap, Vice-Com., and F. S. Cooley, Sec-Treas. The club are now making arrangements to build a $2,500 club house.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., June 27.—Messrs W. L. Wright, H. S. Davidson, of Springfield, Mass.; Chas. M. Baker-D. C. McEwen, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Wm. Brandon, of Haliburton, Can., have applied for membership in the A. C. A.—WM. M. CARTER, Secretary.

NEW YORK C. C.—The calm of Saturday last caused a postponement of the regatta of the N. Y. C. C., the fleet starting but coming home under paddle. It will be sailed on July 16.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

1. Miramichi, Annual Cruise, Bay du Vin.
1. Brooklyn Cruise.
2. New Rochelle Annual, New Rochelle.
2. Nahli—Loma match postponed.
2-4. Knickerbocker, Cruise.
2-4. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
4. Cor. San Francisco Cruise.
2. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
2. Hull, Penn., Hull.
4. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
4. Buffalo, Annual, Open.
4. Boston, City.
4. Cape Cod Y. C., Club.
4. Larchmont An'l, Larchmont
5. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
7. Shamrock-TitaniaMatch, NY
6. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
9. Sandy Bay, Harwood Cup, Rockport.
6. Eastern Cruise, Marblehead.
7. Boston 2d Cham., Boston.
9. New Jersey Annual, postponed.
9. Greenwich, An'l, Greenwich.
10. Atlantic, Cruise.
11. Empire, Annual, New York.
12. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull, Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
23. Monatiquot, Open, Weymouth
24. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

AUGUST.

1. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
1. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Charlotte, N. Y.
2. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
3. New York Cruise.
4. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Oswego.
6. Beverly, Cham., Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
6. Monatiquot, 2d cham., Weymouth.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
8. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Kingston, Ont.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
11. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
14-29. Quaker City, Cruise, Chesapeake Bay.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
16-17. Halifax Jubilee Regatta.
17. Monatiquot, Cham., Weymouth.
18. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
25. Bar Harbor Open, Bar Harbor.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
27. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. LarchmontFall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot, Club, Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

EASTERN Y. C. REGATTA, JUNE 23.

IT is very evident that the tendency of American yachting is toward the extinction of that ancient and once popular institution, the regatta, that its day of usefulness has passed, and that it must make way for something better. There was a time when the real regatta, the day specially given up to water sports, with craft of all kinds in competition, served a good purpose in attracting the popular attention to a branch of sport then but little known and appreciated; but this period has fortunately passed away, and now the water sports, at the head of which stands yachting, need no such assistance, their place, in the public favor as well as among sportsmen being too well assured. Year by year it is more apparent that if the needs of the racing men are to be first considered, the courses and arrangements must be altered from those of old, so as to suit the modern demands for match sailing rather than the old regattas. The problem is apt to cause much trouble to regatta committees before it is finally settled how to equalize the two conflicting interests. The non-yacht owners, always a large part of each club, look to the regatta in its full sense for a return of a part of their contribution to the club treasury in the shape of a pleasant day's excursion and a good dinner for their families; while, on the other hand, the men who race, generally the hard-working division of the club, look to their interests receiving the first consideration at the hands of the regatta committee. As to the financial aspects of the question, the cost of any of the half-dozen great regattas of the year may be placed at about $2,500, of which a little more than half goes for prizes, tug boat, printing and some minor expenses connected with the racing, while the remainder goes for the hire of a large steamer, for dinner for several hundred members and their families, and for music. To spend the whole amount so that one portion shall not be entirely wasted is a very difficult matter, as long experience shows. Every one familiar with yachting will recall days by the dozen where all was favorable but wind, the club guests had their sail and spectacle, but the money spent for prizes was simply thrown away by the failure to make a close race; while there are almost as many instances where there has been a rattling race which those on the steamer were too sick to see, the "picnic" feature being a complete fizzle. Worse still is the frequent case where, in an effort to do justice to both, two failures result.

As we have had occasion to remark before, the way of the regatta committee is seldom strewn with roses, but that of the Eastern Y. C. this year was more than usually thorny, and the points touched on above were all brought into more prominence than common. The day set for the annual regatta was June 21, the place being off Marblehead; but as luck would have it, morning dawned, or tried to do so, through a fog so dense that the fleet in the snug little harbor was invisible, even from the club house on the beach. The judges' tug and the big steamer Twilight had been engaged to come down from Boston, another tug had been sent to lay out two mark buoys, and all the preliminaries for a race had been well arranged; but in the fog there was nothing but doubt and uncertainty as to what was best. To make matters worse, the fog lifted at intervals and a glimmer of light gave promise of better weather, only to darken again in a few minutes. At noon it was decided to give up for the day, and word was sent to the steamer which was waiting with a crowd of impatient sightseers at a wharf in Boston. Hardly had this been done, however, before a breeze came, driving away the fog and making a very good race possible; but the committee very properly did not feel justified in starting the great regatta of the year in the absence of the club steamer, so the opportunity was lost. As soon as it was decided not to start, Galatea and Stranger dressed ship in honor of Jubilee Day, with flags from the truck to bowsprit and boom end. At night the fog shut in again from the sea and held through next day, with rain at times and a thunderstorm in the evening of Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning the Twilight left Boston in company with several other steamers, as the weather was clear and there was every prospect of a race, but after running a few miles the fog was met and the day was spent in steaming through it, the disgusted guests being landed at Boston in the afternoon without having seen one yacht. The steamer was given up, after having cost the club nearly $1,000 for her alone, and it was decided to sail the race, as soon as the weather permitted, without any club steamer.

The experience of the Eastern Y. C. on this occasion is only one of many instances that point to the need of separating the picnic from the match sailing in the large clubs, though how it is best to be done is as yet an open question. At any rate, whatever provision be made for the amusement of the non-racing members, and they certainly deserve some sport of their own, the interests of the racing contingent seem paramount and should be first considered by committees, both in the selection of courses and in starting the race whenever the fleet is ready and there is weather and wind. It may be possible to organize a review of the fleet with some incidental racing in which the interests of the spectators shall be first considered, or to institute a club sail in which the non-owners shall be taken on the yachts, but the first question now is to give the best test of the yachts for the satisfaction of those who put out their time and money freely in preparation.

As a regatta, that of the Eastern Y. C. must be set down as a decided failure, racing men were worried and disappointed by two days of fog and the spectators saw nothing in the shape of a race; but curiously enough the sequel to all this was a series of brilliant and exciting matches between the leading cracks in several classes, and a race that was as fair a test as any could desire. As set forth on the programme, the "annual regatta" was open to all schooners and sloops of any yacht club, and the anticipation was that there would be a large gathering of racers and that each class would be well filled. On the contrary there were few starters and they were such that the regatta resolved itself into several close matches between different pairs of boats. This year New York was not represented, the only yachts from around the Cape being Huron, an Eastern boat until this season, and Iroquois, from New York, but sailing her first race under an Eastern owner. Neither Atlantic, Priscilla, Bedouin, Titania nor Shamrock were present. The entries were:

	Sailing Length.	Allowance.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.		
Mohican	104.50	
Gitana	96.23	3 06
America	91.44	5 25
Sachem	88.47	6 55
Iroquois	81.75	10 34
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.		
Mayflower	87.99	7 11
Galatea	86.87	7 43
Puritan	83.85	9 23
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.		
Stranger	67.25	20 29
Huron	66.31	21 17
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.		
Adrienne	65.72	21 40
Meta	64.21	22 54
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.		
Dream	46.46	41 37
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.		
Clytie	36.00	
Shona	35.13	00 40

Iroquois is the new steel Julia, lately sold by C. W. Chapin to T. J. Coolidge, and re-christened by her new owner. Puritan, Meta, Dream and Clytie did not start and Shadow made a post entry. Pappoose did not enter as her owner was busy with the Harvard examinations.

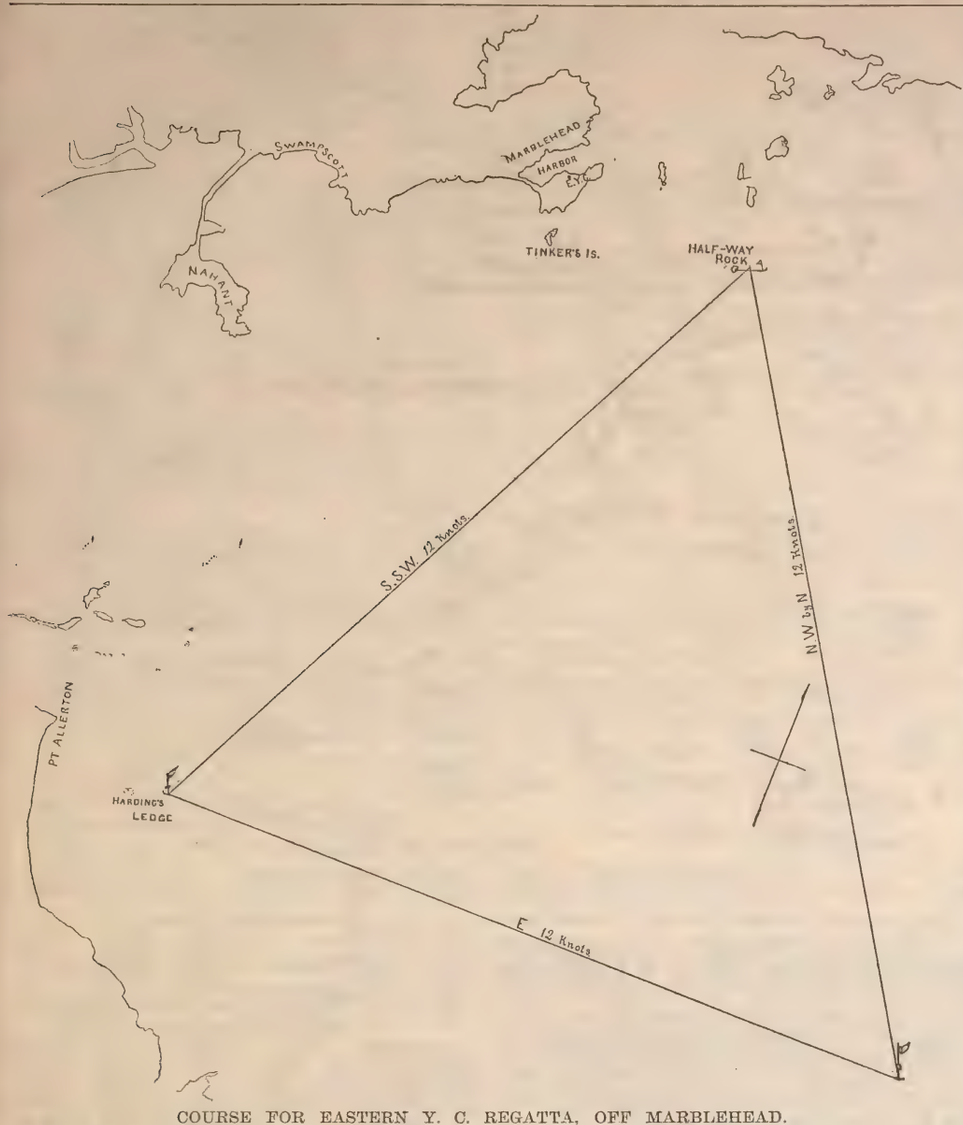
The field was not a large one, but as events proved it gave better sport than if each class had filled to the limit. In the schooners Sachem and Iroquois sailed a very pretty race, the first for the steel boat, while Gitana and Mohican were fighting out a battle of their own astern, America being too far in the rear to trouble any one all day. Puritan declined to start, as her bottom had been badly prepared and the putlead and varnish were in poor shape, so the class was left to Mayflower and her plucky rival of last season, and at last they had what all have eagerly looked for, a good breeze and clear course. Of course it was a disappointment that Puritan was not in, and with the strong breeze that held she could have entered as well as not, but it left the course unimpeded for the duel between the two cracks, and the result was more satisfactory than if there had been a third boat. In the next class Huron and Stranger made a good fight all day, finishing so closely that a remeasurement is necessary to determine the prize, and in the small class Shadow found revenge for the defeat of last September in the Beverly Y. C. race, by beating Shona badly.

After two days of fog it was a relief to see the shores of Beverly and the vessels out at sea on Thursday morning, even though it was through a steady drizzle. There were whitecaps to be seen from the rocks on the Neck, and a strong and steady S.W. wind had come in place of the sluggish east wind that had brought and held the fog. It was clear that there would be a race and a good one, though the prospect was for less wind as the day advanced. The committee were on hand, the tugs were in the harbor, there was no steamer to be waited for until the breeze had gone, and at 10 o'clock Galatea broke out her jib, turned on her heel like a weather cock, and under jib alone kicked her way out of the crowded harbor and through the fleet. Puritan, with topmast housed, also came out, but shaped her course for Boston instead of for the starting line. After Galatea came the rest, Gitana stopping by the way to pull the topmast out of a little sloop, the Carmen. The club this year had two experiments on trial besides that of an open race; the yachts were all numbered, and the course was laid further out than usual, being from off Half-Way Rock, a triangle of 36 miles, 12 mile sides.

The course was around an equilateral triangle, the starting stake-boat at the north angle, about a third of a mile from Half Way Rock, thence twelve miles to a mark buoy, consisting of a small raft, having a mast with a red ball and red flag above which was anchored about half a mile east of the Harding Bell Buoy, thence to a similar mark or raft at the eastern angle, bearing twelve miles east from Harding's and twelve miles southeast by south from Half Way Rock with a steam tug lying near. The bearings of the legs were respectively, S.S.W., E. and N.W. by N.

The smallest singlestickers sailed only to first mark and back. The wind was S.S.W., holding there pretty steadily during the race, and as the first leg sailed was from Half Way Rock to Harding's Ledge, it was a dead hammer to windward. The start was set for 11:30 and by 11 A. M. the fleet was off Half Way Rock, to the east of which a schooner was anchored, marking the starting line. Mayflower was under three lower sails with topmast housed in readiness for bad weather. Galatea carried working topsail and No. 2 jib, with a reef in the foresail. In towing from New York the hawser got under her bows at one time and the lower link of the bobstay was so badly bent that in the effort to straighten it, it broke, disclosing a flaw in the center of the bar. An anchor shackle was shipped in place of the broken part and the bowsprit was sent in to first reef with No. 2 jib. Iroquois carried main gafftopsail at the start, but Sachem had housed her foretopmast. Shona and Shadow had topmasts down and reefs in mainsails. When the whistle blew Mayflower was at the west end of the line, near Half Way Rock and she went over on starboard tack at 11:32:35. Galatea was at the other end of the line, coming up for a sharp turn as the whistle blew, but the committee boat lay just beyond the markboat and directly in her way, so that some time was lost before the tug ran astern and gave way for her. She was timed at 11:33:20 as she reached along the line for a little way and then went over on port tack, heading in shore. Next came Iroquois, saving her time, but the rest of the class were handicapped. The actual times of crossing were:

		Handicap
Mayflower	11 32 35	
Galatea	11 33 20	
Iroquois	11 34 35	
Gitana	11 36 35	1 35
Mohican	11 39 04	4 04
America	11 41 16	6 16
Sachem	11 38 41	3 41
Stranger	11 41 16	
Huron	11 42 17	
Shadow	11 46 03	
Adrienne	11 46 09	6 09
Shona	11 46 40	



COURSE FOR EASTERN Y. C. REGATTA, OFF MARBLEHEAD.

The second class started at 11:40 and the fourth at 11:45. While Mayflower held off shore, Galatea ran in on port tack for the land, and at 11:40 Mayflower came about and stood after her. At this time there was just wind enough to put Galatea fairly planksheer to, while Mayflower could have carried gafftopsail from the start, as events proved, and saved the time it took to run up topmast and set it a little later. As the wind was in the morning it was only good judgement to start to windward with the stick down, and she was as well off without topsail for the first half hour, but at no time was there so much wind that she could not carry it all her working sail. As for the sea, there was a very sizeable tumble to it, such as would have been death to the old sloops, but that experience proves, does little harm to the more modern boats.

As the whole point of the race hinges on the weather it is well to understand exactly what the conditions were. The breeze that rustled about Marblehead last Thursday has since grown in force as it traveled over the country, by telegraph wires and the daily papers, until now it is a howling gale of unexampled severity; while the sea has continued to rise to the same gigantic proportions. Beaufort's scale is the standard of wind force, and in the slightly modified form necessary to apply it to small vessels instead of large ships, a rate of 10 to 15 knots per hour is classed as No. 5 fresh breeze, in which any good yacht should carry jibheaded topsail. From 15 to 20 knots per hour is rated as No. 6 strong breeze, in which one reef would be carried, the intermediate point between the two being at 15 knots, a lower sail breeze with topmast housed. A "gale" is placed at from No. 8, 26 knots, to No. 9, 36 knots, for heavier weather than many races have been sailed in for a long time here. The wind on Thursday was for the big boats no more than a working breeze in which all plain sail could be carried with safety and advantage, without a thought of reefing or even striking topsail on either boat after its force was once ganged. The sea was a long roll, rough in places but not short and hilly, and has as they were driven, neither boat took a bit of water on deck. In short, there was nothing abnormal in the condition of wind or wave, and a boat of 85ft. which would suffer any serious discomfiture from either is not fit to be considered a yacht.

Taken all through the conditions were only what any yachtmen could fairly ask for a test of the best boat, a true working breeze, an open, deep-water course, and water rough enough to tumble anything in the way of a skimming dish or fair weather racing machine. Such conditions have been reached but once in all the cup races of '85 and '86, for a half of the last Puritan-Genesta race, and the friends of both Mayflower and Galatea have looked anxiously for their recurrence in a race between the two, the latter believing that the narrow boat would show far better than in the extremely unsatisfactory weather of the cup races of last September. For this both boats waited at Marblehead last year, for this Lieut. Henn went into the races in New York, expecting Mayflower to enter, and for this he went again to Marblehead last week. Now for the performance of the boats: For a time they held pretty evenly, but shortly after Mayflower came on the same tack it was evident that she was more than holding Galatea. On they went, Galatea holding her tack until her bowsprit was almost aboard of Tinker's Island at noon, when she went on starboard tack. Mayflower was nearing her, and a little later crossed her bows, weathering her with a good margin, and tacking to windward of Galatea's beam. Now the race began in earnest as the two hurried on, Galatea holding better to windward, but the white boat gaining slowly in distance. The wind had decreased enough since early morning to indicate that it would blow lighter rather than heavier as the day wore on, and now Mayflower felt the need of her topsail, as Galatea's was evidently aiding her. Up went the topmast at 12:10, but it was nearly 12:30 before the sail was set. At once the gain was more apparent, as Mayflower continued to gain. The road to the second mark was long and rough and there was still a chance for Galatea to make up her loss, but it was soon evident that the other was too much for her. Bravely she kept up the fight, the time had come to show herself, and all on board realized it and no chance was neglected, but still she could not hold the pace. Sailing along boldly she looked higher than Mayflower and worked well out to windward of the latter's course, showing now none of that crabbing off which was perceptible in light airs last fall, but work out as she would the other was too long in the legs for her, and inch by inch she was left astern, so that there was no hope of her lifting far enough to windward to counterbalance Mayflower's speed on end. The leg was a long one, ten miles, and the wind held steady, only coming at times in chunks as they worked more in under the land; there was no question of spinaker drill or spar tossing to test the training of the crews, but the big spars lay snugly lashed on deck all day. It was a square bout to windward between the two, and Mayflower won it. A light rain was falling, at times coming down heavily and then ceasing for a little, but in other respects the weather was as good as a yachtsman need want. For over an hour the pair held on, Mayflower gaining slowly but unmistakably, until at 1:10 she tacked for the mark. Galatea held on until clear of her lee and then followed her around. The rain and light mist on the water made it very hard to distinguish the mark, and both had overstood a little.

Mayflower came for it with balloon jibtopsail aloft in stops, and as she rounded it was broken out, the whole maneuver being well executed, but it could not be sheeted close in with such a breeze. As Galatea neared the mark Mayflower flew past her on the second leg, but the black boat swung about quickly, the great boom jibed, and she was off in hot haste at a pace only a little less than her rival, setting a jibtopsail as soon as she was on her course. As Mayflower neared the first mark a bark, the Edna H. May, bound from Boston to Honolulu, luffed up to give her a clear way, dipping her ensign at the same time, a marked contrast to the conduct of the steamer Stamford and the steam yacht Viking, both of which crossed Galatea's bows nearly together, paying no attention to the latter.

The two leaders were so far ahead that they monopolized all the interest in the race, but astern were one or two battles just as closely fought. Iroquois had started with a good lead while Sachem was handicapped, and the former was third boat for a long time, holding starboard tack to seaward, while, in company with Gitana, Sachem worked along nearer shore. That she was picking up the leader was evident, but it became still more apparent when the two came nearer together off shore and both left Gitana. Mohican and America were sailing astern and troubling nobody, the historic old craft being hopelessly left again in spite of all improvements. Sachem was coming up on Iroquois when the latter set a maintopmast staysail and knocked her head off most effectually, spoiling what chances she had left. Adrienne was sailing a walkover and could afford to take her own time, but Huron and Stranger were making a very close thing of it in the second class, holding together along the shore. At the start and in the rough water Shona had the best of Shadow, but as soon as the time came to shake out reefs the latter left her for all day. The little cutter sailed on through what was for her a tremendous sea, but she was nowhere beside the larger and more powerful boat. At first mark the times were:

Mayflower	1 34 49	Mohican	2 13 30
Galatea	1 40 07	Stranger	2 15 55
Sachem	1 55 45	Huron	2 15 30
Iroquois	1 59 56	America	2 18 25
Gitana	2 08 18		

Mayflower had thus beaten Galatea 4m. 33s. in the 12-mile beat to windward.

After jibing the boats brought the wind on the starboard quarter, and for a time the puffs fell heavier than they had yet done. Both of the leaders heeled considerably, Galatea being nearly rail to in the squalls, but never putting her rail under. At this point the deck angle was considerable, as may be imagined, but the speed did not decrease, as Mayflower gained less on this leg than on the former, though she should have outreached the other far more than she beat her to windward. Half of the leg was covered without any material change except that Mayflower was gaining slowly, when her big balloon jibtopsail went to leeward like a soap bubble, blowing completely out of the bolt rope, and being hauled in over the stern like a log line, after falling in the water. This cost her some time, but in the end she lost little, as she was better off with the jibtopsail quickly sent up in its place, and the balloon had to be taken in, a troublesome job as the wind was. Sachem, too, tried a ballooner and lost it, and Iroquois fared still worse, as her big maintopmast staysail pulled the topmast out of her when half over the leg. No official times were taken, as the judges' tug was not at the second mark, but the leaders were timed from one of the press boats as follows:

Mayflower	2 50 55	Sachem	3 01 30
Galatea	2 58 22		

Iroquois, Gitana, Mohican, and America followed in order but were not timed. Thus Mayflower had gained 2m. 54s. on a 12-mile reach.

Another jibe brought the wind on the port beam of the last leg, Mayflower traveling very fast until she struck a soft hole in the wind, when her speed lessened. Galatea continued to draw up on her, but at last Mayflower reached past the calm and took the strong off shore breeze. Now came Galatea's turn, she too struck the calm and with it came a drenching downpour of rain, the heaviest during the day. For a time she made little way while Mayflower was steaming home with the shore breeze, but at last she too was free of the doldrums and off for Half-way Rock at a good pace, but too late to make up anything on the leader. Following her came Sachem and then the tail, the times being as given in the following official table:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Sachem	11 35 00	4 35 20	5 00 20	4 51 07
Iroquois	11 34 35	4 56 27	5 21 52	5 07 47
Gitana	11 35 00	4 52 42	5 17 42	5 13 34
Mohican	11 35 00	5 06 38	5 31 38	5 31 38
America	11 35 00	5 14 44	5 39 44	5 32 41
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.				
Mayflower	11 32 35	4 15 17	4 52 42	4 33 07
Galatea	11 33 20	4 30 07	4 36 47	4 46 30
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Adrienne	11 40 00	Walkover.		
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.				
Huron	11 40 00	5 32 57	5 52 57	5 31 40
Stranger	11 40 00	5 32 56	5 52 56	5 32 21
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.				
Shadow	11 45 00	5 04 34	5 19 34	5 19 34
Shona	11 45 00	5 19 17	5 34 17	5 33 01

Of course the event of the day was the match between Mayflower and Galatea, but next in importance comes the performance of Sachem. In spite of a heavy handicap she made a splendid race, and overhauled both of the leaders when off the wind. The question between her and Iroquois is still open, as the latter was badly sailed by a cruising crew and skipper and also came to grief in the middle of the race, but all through the day Sachem did the best sailing of her class. The popular reports of the race overlook the difference in size of the two, Sachem being 86ft. and Iroquois but 80 on l.w.l. This fact offers another strong argument in favor of the uniform classification proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM. Had there been a definite and permanent schooner class between 80 and 90ft., Iroquois as well as Sachem would have been built up to it in all probability, and these two boats, the finest of their class ever built, would have raced on even terms instead of trusting to the chances of weather and measurement rules to show which is the winner. They will no doubt meet often in the future, but how much more exciting would the racing be, and how much more valuable the results, had time allowance been practically eliminated by a common length of waterline. Gitana won easily among the keels and America was never near enough to be considered in the race, being beaten 45m. by Galatea. Shadow beat Shona by 15m., and though in the late races the little cutter has been badly handicapped by a very poor suit of new sails, she can never hope to sail on even terms with a boat so much larger as Shadow, to say nothing of the new Pappoose.

As to the main feature of the day, the result has been a disappointment to the many friends of Galatea who have believed throughout that she was not fairly tested in the previous light weather races and that she would do better in such a day as was found last week. The fight has been a fair one and there is a certain satisfaction in having it definitely settled, however distasteful the conclusion may be to us and to many others. After what we have seen of all the performances of Genesta and Galatea with the two Burgess boats there is nothing to be said but that the latter are faster in any ordinary racing weather, from a drift to a lower sail breeze, than their rivals, and this carries with it the conclusion that Mayflower is faster than Irex under the same conditions, judging by the relative performances of Irex, Genesta and Galatea. This means that, in the largest class yet built, that tonnage boats, built under the old Y. R. A. rule, are slower than the best boat of the same length built in this country and without regard to the tonnage rule; and practically the question is settled in favor of the compromise against the tonnage rule boats in the 80ft. class.

There may be yet some who decline to accept this conclusion, and who may urge that not one of the three is the best possible boat on her dimensions, or further that weather may yet be met in which they will badly distance the Boston boats, but neither of these arguments is admissible. Given certain dimensions, no one can argue over an ideally perfect boat that has never been built, but all must accept the best existing representatives of each class, and base judgment on the actual performances. As to performance under other conditions than have thus far prevailed, it is merely a secondary consideration, and even though a boat may show great superiority under two reefs, or in a gale and sea, it will count but little from a racing standpoint if she cannot stand the test of speed under fair working canvas and normal conditions of weather such as yachtsmen care to race in. We have rejected the results of such races as those of Genesea and Galatea over the New York course as proving of themselves nothing; but the same cannot be said of a race like the present, when the conditions were thoroughly fair to both types, and such as must commend themselves to all sportsmen as encouraging no type that is radically bad, such as the old skimming dish.

The question of type in the abstract is not of necessity settled, but it is unlikely now that it will be disputed further in the large class. In order to test it thoroughly it would be necessary to build a Doris or a Clara of Mayflower's length, and there is no doubt but that such a boat would be far and away the superior of any large tonnage boat yet built, but the draft would be 17ft. instead of the 13½ and 13ft. of Galatea and Genesta. With the enormous gain in stability, the extra sail area and an increased lateral plane, the disadvantages apparent in the present boats would disappear and we could confidently expect to see the wonderful work of Clara and Doris repeated in the first class. The difficulties in the way of such a boat, however, are insurmable, even if she should prove very much faster than Mayflower and her successors. The first cost of such a vessel would be very great, she would be debarred from many courses and from most harbors along our coast, and there are few docks or railways that could handle her. The mechanical difficulties, too, would be great, if one considers the relative size and weight of the average man compared with the spinaker boom or topsail yard of a 52ft. and an 85ft. Clara, and the great difficulty of handling the large spars on so narrow a deck, as well as that of holding the big mast in place. It is highly improbable now that such a boat will ever be built, and while the friends of narrow beam feel not unnaturally a disappointment that the issue they have defended so long is not to be carried to a decisive end in the hands of such masters as Mr. Watson and Captain Barr, they do not fail to recognize the fact that while a vindication of their position by a big Clara would be very acceptable to them, the gain to yachting at large would be but small, as for the reasons given above such a boat would not be practicable for general use in England or America.

No doubt the advent of the Thistle will work good to both sides, but while her beam is great for a British racing boat, it must not be taken for granted that all others in the future will be nearly as wide, and in this connection we may quote Mr. Waton himself, who in regard to the choice of Thistle's dimensions says, "The point at issue I took to be this: Given the laws of nature *and certain laws laid down by the New York Y. C.*, who shall most successfully build a yacht under these laws?"

We have declined thus far to accept the common opinion as to the abilities of Mayflower and Galatea, and the classes they represent until they had raced under more satisfactory conditions than have before prevailed, but without attaching too much importance to a single race, making all due allowance for the small rig of Galatea and for the scratch crew with which she sailed last week, recruited partly from local fishermen never before on her deck, with the small margin between Genesta and Puritan in their only decisive race still in view, and the possibility that Galatea may yet in her races here make a better showing than she has yet done, we must concede freely what we have thus far denied—that in the question of speed in racing weather the boats of the first class built in this country are superior to those built under the tonnage rule of the Y. R. A. The conclusion that our opponents will draw from this admission is easy to foresee. "The Burgess boats are wide and have centerboards, the cutters are narrow and have keels, ergo, beam is the correct thing and the centerboard is better to windward than the keel." This is the conclusion that will be reached by many, but the truth lies below the surface for those who care to seek for it. As to type and narrow beam we have shown above that in the size of boat now under consideration the narrow cutter of over 5 beams cannot practically possess the advantages of the smaller sizes, in which the greatest successes have been scored, or in other words, that the extreme type is not the best in these sizes, all the requirements of racing being taken into account. Certainly in the matter of beam more will be taken than has been done for a dozen years in Great Britain, while the new boats will have an enormous advantage in ballast over the old ones of the same beam. As to the exact proportion, we place it at about 4¾ beams, or 18ft. absolute beam for the length of Mayflower and Galatea and Thistle, and a little more in the smaller sizes. This, it is true, is a great departure from the 5¼ beams of Galatea, but it is by no means a "concession to American ideas, or a surrender of the vital principles involved in the original controversy between the British cutter and the late lamented American sloop.

On this side the question of beam is a much more difficult one to predict. We have held the view for a long time that the coming boat was a cutter of modified beam to suit the altered conditions of American yachting, a keel boat, except where shoal waters dictated the contrary, and to-day we see this realised in all respects but two, the beam and the board. Depth, keel, ballast and rig have all been naturalized within the past five years and are now just as thoroughly American as a New York alderman or the reconstructed brigand who dreams of the smoke of Vesuvius as he watches the steam rise from his peanut roaster.

The question of board vs. keel is already settled for all who have watched the races of the last few years and seen how closely the extreme boats, though handicapped in other directions, have pushed the best results of fifty years' experience with centerboard boats; and to-day the best informed and most liberal friends of the compromise boats admit that for speed the board is inferior to the keel. Coming events cast their shadows before, and in the complete defeat of the fastest centerboard of her size ever built, a boat with a reputation held against all comers for sixteen years, and sailed by a crew that has handled her in many victorious races, the wise ones see a forecast of the contest of next September. The new boat Pappoose is virtually a small Thistle, a keel boat of wide beam and great depth, but with a form such as has never yet been found in the many previous efforts about Boston to combine these two elements. Fresh from the builder's yard, with new sails and gear stiff and unwieldy, and sailed by her owner, a young man just in the midst of his college examinations she beat the famous Shadow with Captain Crocker at the wheel, by 10m. in 20 miles, the wind being light and the water smooth. The waterline lengths of the boats are: Pappoose 36ft., Shadow 34ft.; beam 12ft. 4in., and 14ft. 4in. respectively; draft 7ft. 6in. and 5ft. 4in. There were no flukes, the race was seen by many, and it has set all Boston to wondering just how the moral can be applied to Mayflower and Thistle. This is but the beginning of an attempt to bring to bear in the designing of keel boats untrammeled by extraneous conditions, the same skill and knowledge that has been for years expended on centerboards, and we are content to leave the result to the near future, confident that the old dogma of the inherent excellence of the centerboard to windward is nearly disposed of, and in the meantime can do no further harm.

The question of the coming proportion of beam in America is a far more difficult one than that of keel; the movement in behalf of much less beam was quite strong two years since, but of late the success of the modern compromise boat has caused a recoil, and just now the beamy boats are at the front. The old extremes were wide apart, three beams on this side the Atlantic and six on the other, and even if the latter be proved too little it does not follow that the former is just right. Mr. Watson has made a step into the space between the two and we believe that he has hit very near the mean of future American practice. No one now will build a Galatea, but it would be as absurd to imagine a man putting his money into a Fanny. Just now Mr. Burgess is working earnestly on the wide side of the question, as in Titania and Pappoose, and evidently with fair success, but before a definite conclusion is reached these boats must be tried with others of similar build and ballasting but of less beam. Both were built exclusively for racing, and whatever other merits they possess are incidental, while few of the narrow keel boats that are likely to meet them have the same proportionate advantages. Bedouin, the acknowledged head of Titania's class thus far, though she has won the first place as a racer, is, in construction and ballasting, but a cruiser, with only a portion of her lead outside and cabins elaborately fitted up in hard wood. With ballast all outside and light pine bulkheads, she would not be the same boat, and until Titania is matched with a boat of the opposite type, but of similar construction, no accurate measure of the types can be had.

Formerly the differences of build counted for little, but racing has now reached a point here where every refinement is made use of, and not until racing boats are matched against racing boats can exact and definite conclusions be reached in cases where the difference between the first and last of a fleet of half a dozen is measured by less than as many minutes. Never before have the conditions been as favorable on both sides of the Atlantic for a test of these two issues of beam and board, nor have there ever been so many experienced and competent men on both sides at work on the problem. In America the standard of design and construction has been greatly elevated; the boats of to-day were never before equalled in build, in ballasting, or in equipment, while as a rule they are better manned and handled than of old.

In England the old rule that for some years past has pressed so heavily on design has passed away, making room for a far more liberal measurement, under which a new period of development may be looked for. The yachts of the two nations are now sailing under the same rig and on a perfect equality as far as materials and methods of construction are concerned and with the racing growing keener and better as the boats improve, it is safe to leave the few points now in dispute to the hard logic of future events with the confident expectation that successful boats will be the best for the permanent advancement of yachting, and that whatever type may ultimately be adopted it will embody as its most essential qualities, safety, seaworthiness and general efficiency, as well as the greatest speed.

Though the racing career of Galatea in America has not been successful, it has certainly set before American yachtsmen an example of the true sportsman's spirit, and there are many owners of racing craft who can profit by it. Entering boldly every race open to him, throwing out a challenge for an ocean race that no one cared to take up, confident to the last as every sailor should be in the abilities of his ship and fighting for her against all odds, Lieut. Henn has won the good opinion of every one who has come in contact with him, doubling it now by the frank admission of his defeat when it has at last come in a perfectly fair race.

BOSTON Y. C. CHAMPION CUPS, June 23.—The first of two matches for the Pfaff and Meer cups was sailed on June 23 over a 15 knot course from the club house down Broad Sound, around whistling buoy off the Graves, and back. Unfortunately the two postponements of the E. Y. C. race prevented the entry of Shadow and some others, and only one class filled, the second class sloops. Edna won the Pfaff Cup for the third time, so retains it. Eight races have been sailed for the cup. The Meers Cup is still to be won. Echo takes second prize, $20. Summary:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edna, K	28.10	11 02	1 52 50	2 50 50	2 08 27½
Echo, C.B	25.02	11 02	2 03 58	3 01 58	2 14 03½
Majel, K	27.04	11 02	2 00 48	2 58 48	2 14 18

The race was sailed in a S.W. wind, the weather being cloudy, with rain. The tide was against the yachts both ways.

ONONDAGA Y. C. OPENING REGATTA, JUNE 20.—Courses: Onondaga Lake start, Lake View Point to buoy off town of Liverpool, to buoy off town of Geddes, to Lake View Point; distance, 6 miles. Weather, fair. Wind, north northeast:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Eclipse	25.00	3 27 15	5 40 00	2 12 45	2 12 45
Rival	20.08	3 27 00	5 38 00	2 11 00	2 08 46
Crow	15.04	3 27 45			

Winners: First prize, $15, Rival; second prize, $10, Eclipse. The Rival was bought by Commodore Masters at the close of the race. Regatta Committee—E. C. Stearns, C. R. Nott, J. J. Keefe, J. G. Warner, H. L. Kennedy, C. G. Masters and C. F. O'Donnell. Judges—H. L. Kennedy and C. R. Nott.

CAPE ANN Y. C.—The first penannt race of the Cape Ann Y.C. was sailed on June 22 over an 8-mile course and in a light wind, coming strong from S.E. during the latter half of the race. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lark, Bishop and Murphy	18.03	1 49 21	1 28 46
White Wings, Perry and Docherty	19.07	2 04 38	1 45 07
Osceola, Higgins and Gifford	21.02	2 06 10	1 47 48

BAY VIEW Y. C.—Eight yachts sailed in the regatta of the Bay View Y. C. last week, over the courses of the South Boston Y. C. The times were:

FIRST CLASS—ALL BOATS OVER 20FT.

	Length.	Corrected.
N. S., Ivar Jensen	26.03	1 52 00
Jennie, R. Barr	21.07	1 55 51
Trio, J. H. Fleming	21.03	1 58 09

SECOND CLASS—ALL BOATS UNDER 20FT.

	Length.	Corrected.
Flash, D. McCarthy	17.06	1 27 00
Alice, C. J. Harris	17.05	1 34 24
Annie Laurie, J. Fleming	17.07	1 37 48
Doisie, A. Jones	12.00	1 34 30

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—The market for yachts has been unusually active of late, and a number have changed hands. Thetis has been sold by Henry Bryant to Oscar C. Ferris, of New York; Triton, schooner, has been sold by the estate of the late Edward Pomeroy to J. F. Fay, of New York, and Azalea, schooner, has been sold by J. M. Forbes to Edmund Blunt. Valkyr, centerboard cutter, has also been sold by J. E. Schermerhorn. The purchaser of Sentinel, steam yacht, lately sold, is G. L. Ronalds. Mr. Henderson, of New York, has purchased Kelpie, keel sloop, from J. N. Winslow. A report has been current of the sale of Mayflower to E. D. Morgan, owner of Amy, steam yacht, but though he has been negotiating for her no sale has been made.



COURSES FOR "GLOBE" REGATTA, OFF BOSTON.

THE "GLOBE" OPEN REGATTA, JUNE 25.

YACHTSMEN are familiar enough with "newspaper" yacht races; they are usually sailed in mid-winter when the fleet is laid up, the courses are far out at sea, and the winners are boats that are never seen at the line in summer. It has been left to one of the brightest and most enterprising of the great American dailies to inaugurate a reform and show what a newspaper can really do in the way of a yacht race when it tries, and the result has been successful in the extreme. The great open regatta given by the Boston *Globe* on June 25, following on the gift of a $500 cup for the Dorchester race of a week before by the same paper, testifies to the great interest at present felt by the public as well as by those more directly interested in yachting, as well as to the enterprise of the paper which has so liberally come to the support of the sport. The details of the race were in charge of the South Boston Y. C., and the courses sailed were those of the club, as shown on the accompanying chart. Of the 135 entries, 75 went over the course, many others starting but giving up. The race for fishing vessels did not fill, as the fishermen are busy now at a profit and have no time for racing. The full summary or the race is as follows:

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS, 30 TO 40FT.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Shadow, John Bryant	34.00	3 44 50	3 01 29
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.01	3 49 39	3 02 17
Mabel, Childs et al	33.06	3 55 59	3 11 58
Violet, Henry McKee	33.08	4 17 26	3 33 40

First prize, $40, Shadow; second, $20, Magic.

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

Carmen, B. L. M. Tower	30.00	4 25 15	3 36 14

First prize, $40, Carmen.

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS, 24 TO 30FT.

Eva, D. Sargent	25.07	3 41 44	3 01 12
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.04	3 45 03	3 05 16
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	27.08	3 55 37	3 17 29
Sea Bird, C. H. Joy	24.00	4 11 08	3 27 53
Hector, T. Floyd	25.00	4 14 23	3 32 47

First prize, $30, Eva; second, $20, Folly (These awards are subject to a protest of Eva by Atalanta on the ground of false start, and of Folly by Atalanta for a foul at the start); third, $10, Atalanta.

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	29.01	3 39 26	3 03 01
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.06	3 40 52	3 04 54
Trudette, L. M. Haskins	24.11	4 02 49	3 21 01
Lizzie F. Daly, Daly Bros	26.08	4 00 48	3 21 22
Echo, Burwell & Isham	24.11	4 03 37	3 21 49
Optic, G. S. Hutchinson	25.01	4 34 20	3 53 30
Raven, J. Donavan	26.07	4 39 34	4 00 01
Scobin, Higgins & Canfield	26.08	4 54 27	4 15 01
Quimber, H. T. Wheeler	26.04	4 55 28	4 15 36

First prize, $30, Prince Karl; second, $20, Breeze; third, $10, Trudette.

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS—21 TO 24FT.

Black Cloud, A. Brown	23.07	2 26 46	1 47 05
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	2 23 24	1 47 58
Madge, Cummings & Howes	23.09	2 33 28	1 56 50
Silver Cloud, John McLaughlin	21.07	2 37 02	2 00 50
Petrel, H. H. Paul	21.09	2 39 43	2 03 44
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	21.09	2 39 55	2 03 56
Myth, P. X. Keating	21.09	2 40 31	2 04 32
Wanderer, Joseph A. Turner	21.05	2 43 36	2 07 11
Percy Allen, F. S. Allen	21.05	2 44 43	2 08 18
Pearl, J. F. Lee	22.09	2 49 54	2 15 22
Osceola, Asa T. Gifford	21.11	2 54 15	2 18 30

First prize, $25, Black Cloud; second prize, $15, Posy; third prize, $10, Madge; fourth prize, $5, Silver Cloud.

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Kitty, Tarbell & Adams	23.05	2 38 23	2 04 30
Halcyon, James R. Hooper	21.09	2 43 35	2 07 36
Wanda, George W. Griffis	23.03	2 42 41	2 08 36
Thelga, Benj. R. Hall	22.01	2 45 05	2 09 33
Fearless, H. Stickney	21.04	2 46 26	2 09 54
Volanta, J. Minot Hall	22.08	2 57 05	2 22 17
Alice, R. O. Harding	21.01	2 59 15	2 22 23
Violetta, Henry S. Porter	22.09	3 05 47	2 31 05
Diana, Henry Burgess	23.05	3 12 13	2 38 25

First prize, $25, Kitty; second prize, $15, Halcyon; third prize, $10, Wanda; fourth prize, $5, Thelga.

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS, 18 TO 21FT.

Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.03	1 44 32	1 12 54
Coyote, M. K. & W. Abbott	20.03	1 45 01	1 14 02
Zoe, W. A. McField	18.01	1 48 20	1 15 11
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.06	1 46 38	1 15 18
Scamp, Frank Gray	18.04	1 50 42	1 17 53
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	1 50 17	1 18 21
Mabel, F. S. Dunn	19.11	1 49 40	1 18 50
White Wings, Perry & Dougherty	21.00	1 49 54	1 19 28
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.04	1 50 15	1 19 55
Jester, W. H. Besarick	18.08	1 52 32	1 20 10
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.02	1 53 10	1 20 26
Sheerwater, C. H. Woodsum	18.02	2 01 08	1 28 06

First prize, $20, Em Ell Eye; second prize, $15, Coyote; third prize, $10, Zoe; fourth prize, $5, Tartar.

FOURTH CLASS—KEELS.

Vesper, R. Benner	18.10	1 54 25	1 22 15
Zetta, Fowle & Warren	18.06	1 55 38	1 23 02
Annie, C. H. Cousens	19.07	1 58 04	1 20 51
Twilight, Rideout & Borden	18.08	2 08 29	1 36 07
Vidette, P. F. Burke	19.05	2 08 59	1 37 33
Annie May, Johnson & Pratt	20.03	2 09 12	1 38 46

First prize, $20, Vesper; second prize, $15, Zetta; third prize, $10 Annie; fourth prize, $5, Twilight.

FIFTH CLASS, 15 TO 18FT.

Victor, Hildreth	17.01	1 10 00	0 44 05
Alpine, Wm. P. Tarr	16.02	1 15 50	0 48 53
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.09	1 15 05	0 49 53
Mirage, G. E. Jordan	17.05	1 17 09	0 51 36
Nora, E. M. Dennie	16.02	1 20 17	0 53 29
Shadow, Weeks and Freeman	16.00	1 20 43	0 53 39
Helen, C. E. Hodges	18.02	1 19 44	0 54 42
Mamie, H. T. Bowers	17.10	1 19 17	0 55 10
Lydia, J. E. Conway	15.02	1 23 25	0 56 15
W. E., J. E. Robinson, Jr	17.01	1 21 55	0 57 48

First prize, $20, Victor; second prize, $15, Alpine; third prize $10, Wildfire; fourth prize, $5, Mirage.

SIXTH CLASS, LESS THAN 15FT.

Bessie, J. R. Tufts	12.00	1 05 13	0 46 17
Minnie, Henry Jackson	13.08	1 05 00	0 44 51
Lucy, W. H. Ransome	13.11	1 05 03	0 45 07
Amenda, Griffis and Anderson	14.01	1 06 24	0 46 59
Archie, R. J. Bibber	14.09	1 07 30	0 48 22
Sport, J. F. Gaskin	13.08	1 08 20	0 48 01
Baby, Fred Borden	12.08	1 09 51	

First prize, $10, Bessie; second prize, $5, Minnie; third prize, $3, Lucy.

It is of course impossible to give the details of the work in each class, but of the larger boats Shadow again won, chasing Magic all the way to Egg Rock and rounding ahead of her, leading on run home. In the second class keels the new Prince Karl, sailed by her owner, won easily, beating Breeze, Echo, Trudette, and the famous Lizzie F. Daly. This is the second race only of this new boat, and when in good racing trim she promises to do still better. The protests will not be decided until this week.

The regatta committe included Arthur Fuller (ex-officio) Chairman; John J. Brigh, Secretary; A. Henry Hall, Frank T. Christian, Fred G. Cooley, James Bertram, Guilford S. Reed (ex-officio), J. W. Sherman, Jr., W. J. McArdle.

The judges were: George A. Stewart, Chairman; William Morris, Thomas Christian, W. H. Godfrey, G. F. Clark, C. McKenna, Herbert Pope, J. P. Bullard, Charles Griffin.

MONATIQUOT Y. C. FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, JUNE 22,—Courses: Fort Point. First and second classes, 9 miles; Third class, distance, 7 miles. Weather slightly foggy. Wind S S.E. heavy. Tide, 12 M.:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'ct'd
Folly, J. F. Sheppard	26.08	2 35 55	4 27 42	1 48 47	1 21 29
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.03	2 35 30	4 34 20	1 58 50	1 27 02
Alice, A. W. Blanchard	25.00	2 40 25	Did not finish.		

SECOND CLASS.

Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.05	2 40 25	4 45 52	2 05 27	1 30 12
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.02	2 41 12	4 52 06	2 10 54	1 37 44
Maud, G. M. Lincoln	19.02	2 43 47	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS.

Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	2 45 42	4 22 00	1 36 18	1 09 21
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	17.05	2 47 12	4 35 20	1 48 08	1 22 35
Helen Snow, A. Lane	16.06	2 48 00	Did not finish.		

Folly and Posy win in first class. Tartar and Diadem in second, Rocket and Flora Lee in third. Wind just before start light from W., five minutes after start shifted to S.S.E., blowing a half gale; all yachts double and three-reefed. Posy lost greatly by topsail fouling on gaff. Maud sprung a leak. Regatta Committee—P. D. Bagley, R. G. Hunt, C. G. Sheppard, C. T. Colby, G. H. Bicknell, A. W. Blanchard. Judges—H. Gardner, G. H. Bicknell, N. F. Hunt. Vice-Commodore's steamer, Bessie B., judges' boat.

NEW HAVEN Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. was sailed on June 24 in a strong breeze. The summary was:

CLASS B.

Thistle	5 01 30	Wild Pigeon	5 04 34
Concord	6 05 09		

CLASS C.

Mascotte	4 17 14	Marguerite	5 58 05
Genevieve	6 14 22	Sea Belle	6 21 03
Flora	6 07 08	Thalia	6 21 10

CLASS D.

Defiance	dis.	Ruby	dis.
Endeavor	6 29 49	Acme	dis.
*Ceres	6 21 18	†Stranger	5 46 19
†Zephyr	6 24 55	Vixen	5 37 23
*Anita	6 28 14	*Vidette	6 38 00

CLASS E.

Venus	5 51 05	Dare Devil	6 09 14

*Actual time. †Corrected time.

SIREN, schooner, carried away her foretopmast head in the heavy squall of June 19, off Hog Island, and was towed into Larchmont by the steam yacht Oneida.

ALVA.—William K. Vanderbilt has for some time been considering the arrangements for an extended voyage on his yacht, the Alva. Accompanied by his family and a select company of friends he will sail July 2 for Cowes, stopping at the Azores on his way. From the Isle of Wight they will proceed to Southampton, and after spending a few weeks in and about England and Scotland, will probably proceed upon a trip up the Mediterranean Sea; but what their route will be or where they will afterward go has not yet been determined. In Scotland Mr. Vanderbilt has engaged a moor for the shooting season, and due attention will be given to that before the tour is resumed. The voyage is expected to last six or eight months.

A "QUACK" YACHT IN TROUBLE.—One of these nuisances, a yacht with a patent medicine advertisement on her sails, was in collision with a ferryboat last week in the North River. Her crew of two were thrown into the river but were rescued. The boat was badly damaged, but will probably be repaired and started again on her evil course. It is a pity that there is no means of suppressing such a nuisance as these craft with flaring puffs of patent pills and Cheap John tailors, which are seen now wherever yachts congregate.

THISTLE AND IREX.—Since Thistle reached Gourock on June 21 with seven flags flying, she has added two more to the string by that number of victories over Irex. On June 25 in the R. N. Y. C. regatta only 20 miles were sailed, owing to the light wind. Irex kept to windward over the first leg but was finally beaten by 12m. 1s. elapsed and 9.21 corrected time. On June 27 the pair again met over a 50-mile course, Thistle winning by 1m. 8s. over the allowance.

A MISSING YACHT.—The yacht Zena is reported as sailing from Somerville, Mount Desert, on May 13, and has not been heard from since June 7, when she was at Portland, about to sail for New York. She was formerly the Moette, and is 29ft. over all, 26ft. 6in. l.w.l., 6ft. 2in. beam, and rigged as a pole-masted cutter. Her crew was composed of two men, Clifford B. Richardson and Harlan P. Mason. A yacht resembling her has since been reported off Chatham, Mass.

THE JUBILEE RACE.—The Jubilee race of the Royal Thames Y. C. was won by Genesta on June 27, her time from South End to Dover being 12 days, 16h. 55m. Gwendolin finished at 2:11 P. M. June 28, Selene at 2:59, and Aline at 7:13 P. M. Genesta takes the prize of 1,000 guineas, which she has very fairly won, but it seems a great pity that so much money should have been recklessly squandered in a race that has done absolutely nothing for the advancement of yachting or the encouragement of racing.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.—Wellsboro, Pa., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If Gen. Paine wants a name for his new yacht, what's the matter with Plymouth Rock? The name suggests itself. It is a natural sequence. Puritan, Mayflower, Plymouth Rock. Plymouth Rock is as pat for New England as Thistle for Scotland. Let the Thistle try conclusions with the Plymouth Rock and the best win.—NESSMUK. [Gen. Paine has already named the boat.]

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—At the annual meeting on June 4 the following officers were elected: Com., J. Leys: Vice-Com., G. Gooderham; Rear-Com., G. Boyd; Hon. Sec., S. Bruce Harman; Committee, R. Cochrane, B. Jones, C. C. Dalton, Dr. J. Leslie, A. M. Cosby, A. R. Boswell, E. W. Edwards, A. B. Lee, T. E. Robertson. The Governor-General has presented a cup to the club.

LARCHMONT Y. C.—The annual regatta will be sailed on July 4, as usual. The yachts are divided into 18 classes, with good prizes in each, and as the race is open to the yachts of the New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka, Atlantic, Corinthian, Oyster Bay, New Haven and New Rochelle clubs, large entries are expected.

ATLANTIC Y. C. PENNANT RACES.—On June 25 the first of a series of pennant races for the small boats of the Atlantic Y. C. was started over an 8-mile course off Bay Ridge, the entries being: Frolic, Gleam, Cygnet, Musquito and Owl. The wind fell so light that after three hours trial the race was abandoned.

NEW JERSEY Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.—The attempt of the New Jersey Y. C. to sail the annual regatta on June 25 was a failure from lack of wind, so it will be resailed on July 9. The course this year is up the Hudson instead of down the bay, a triangular course from the club house.

COLUMBIA Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, June 23.—The 20th annual regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was set for June 23, but the rain and fog made a race impossible, the yachts which started failing to finish, so it was postponed, the date being unsettled as yet.

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS.—At Bay Ridge Atlantic is out for more lead on keel. Ilderan also will have two tons transferred to the bottom of her keel. Titania has had her boom and gaff lengthened, each 3ft.

JULIA—IROQUOIS.—The steel schooner Julia has been rechristened Iroquois by her new owner, T. J. Coolidge, of Boston, as Mr. Chapin has reserved the old name for his new schooner now building.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—The cruise of the Eastern Y. C. will begin next week, the rendezvous being Marblehead on July 6. The Commodore has appointed R. D. Sears fleet captain.

BONITA—GERTRUDE.—A match is reported for some time next month between the new Burgess boat Bonita and Com. Pearson's Gertrude, modelled by Mr. Philip Ellsworth.

ECLIPSE, sloop, formerly owned by E. H. Willard, has been sold by her late owner, E. H. Wales, to Samuel Fessenden, of Stamford, Conn.

VOLUNTEER.—Gen. Paine's steel yacht will be launched at Wilmington this afternoon and will be towed at once to Boston.

STAG Y. C.—A new organization under this name, incorporated Nov. 1, 1886, opened its new club house at Bay Ridge last week.

WASP.—Com. G. W. Gardner, Cleveland Y. A., is now on a cruise through the lakes in his sloop Wasp.

REGINA, sloop, is at Mumm's for a new stern and general repairs after a winter's cruising.

BANSHEE.—The new yacht building at Poillon's for Mr. Pearsall will be named Banshee.

TILLIE, steam yacht, formerly Polynia, has been sold by W. H. Starbuck to Henry S. Ives.

FORTUNA.—Com. Horey's schooner reached Queenstown on June 28.

DECOY, sharpie, has been sold by H. S. Wood to John Dimon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. W. G.—The New York woodcock season will open August 1.

W. H. P., Kennett Square, Pa.—Stoddard's Guide to the Adirondacks and his map are the best.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DRONE'S HONEY. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 280 pp., price $1.50.

PUBLIC RIGHTS IN NAVIGABLE RIVERS. By P. Edward Dove. London: Horace Cox, 1887. Pamphlet, 32 pp., price 6d.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS, as related by Thomas Didymus. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 448 pp., price $1.50.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES; Cycling. By Viscount Bury and G. Lacy Hillier. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1887. Cloth, 460 pp.

LISTS OF THE BIRDS, MAMMALS, BIRDS' EGGS and desiderata of Michigan birds in the Museum of the Kent Scientific Institute, Grand Rapids, Mich. By E. L. Moseley.

THE OBELISK AND ITS VOICES; or the inner facings of the Washington Monument and their lessons. By Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 48 pp., price 50c.

BRIDGE DISASTERS IN AMERICA; the Cause and the Remedy. By George L. Vose. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 89 pp., price 50c. A consideration of the importance of adequate bridge inspection before the structure falls.

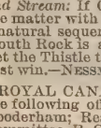
HOW SHALL MY CHILD BE TAUGHT? Practical Pedagogy; or The Science of Teaching Illustrated. By Louisa Parsons Hopkins, teacher of Normal methods in the Swain Free School, New Bedford. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 276 pp., price $1.50.

SKAT. A complete treatise how to play skat, with chapters on German playing cards, model games, glossary of skat-terms, German card table talk and a bibliography of skat. Second edition, revised and greatly enlarged. New York: B. Westermann & Co. Cloth, price $1.

HEALTH OF OUR CHILDREN and "Health in Our Homes," by "Dr. Frank," are two valuable little books lately received. These neat volumes do not aim at being exhaustive, but, as the author himself says in one of them, they are a series of talks upon matters too often neglected. In "Health of Our Children" the subject of infant feeding is thoroughly discussed and much valuable information given; and under the important heading of "Clothing" and "Sleep," we find many useful facts and suggestions. In "Health in Our Homes," "Dr. Frank" proves himself a zealous advocate of country life, and outdoor work and sport, especially for growing children. As, however, a large part of our population must necessarily live in cities, he has given considerable space to the ways and means of mitigating the unhealthiness of towns and tenements. The vexed problems of drainage and plumbing are touched upon, and ventilation is thoroughly treated. Overheating of apartments is severely condemned. We feel sure that the head of a family will find that either or both these books will amply repay the reading, and will thank "Dr. Frank" for the information so pleasantly given.

A short time ago Mr. Aderhold, of Douglasville, Ga., saw a large black snake drive a partridge away from her nest and swallow the eggs. A few days later Mr. McElathers, of the same town, saw a covey of young partridges fly out one by one from the snake's mouth and gather around it. They had evidently just been hatched from the eggs in the snake's belly, and the reptile seemed very fond of them. Not long after this Mr. Butler observed the snake gliding through a patch of oats and picking the kernels from the oat-heads. After filling its mouth the snake would drop the kernels on the ground to feed the young partridges as they followed it.—*Douglasville (Ga.) Star.*

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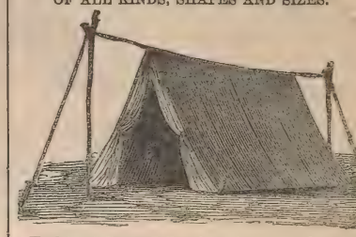
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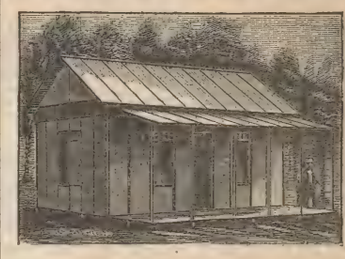
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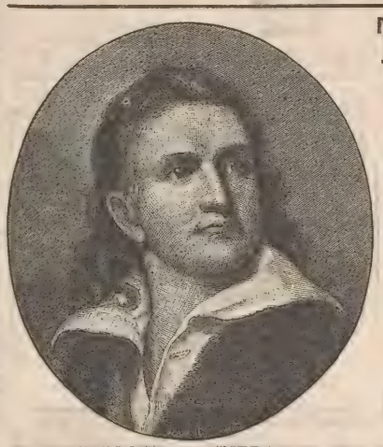
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NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1887.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications on the subject to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded: No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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MR. PARKER'S DEER.

IF he has presented a true bill, the individual who signs himself A. M. Parker, in the Putnam (Conn.) *Patriot*, of June 24, 1887, is one of those shameless braggarts who break the laws when in the woods and then think it smart to boast in print of their misdemeanors. This Parker writes from an Adirondack camp, which, he says, is thirty miles from Corry's hotel on Indian Carry, Upper Saranac Lake. He went in via Casey's, and if he has not already gone out again, the game protector (if he cares to take this hint) may intercept him there. His camp companion is spoken of as Dr. Miller. The guides are Ance Parsons, Marshall Brown and George Johnson. Johnson appears to be like the average Adirondack guide, ready to do whatever his "party" pays him for; and in this instance he helped Parker in his law breaking. Parker writes as follows:

George and myself had quite an experience the other day at a lake about ten miles from camp, where we had gone to fish and hunt. Now although the law is on against shooting deer at this season, it is a well understood forest law that a buck once in a while straying across our path might possibly, I might say accidentally, help to increase our camp larder and keep grim starvation from the door. We fished until nearly evening and then, not having the best of success, decided to try our hand with the rifle. There was one big buck about a mile down the lake on the right hand shore which I longed to possess. * * * With noiseless paddle we pass out from behind the point and follow close to the line of shore in the direction of the big buck, only paddling while his head is down and he is feeding, and at a snail's pace almost approach nearer and nearer to the deer. We pass two does on our way, approaching nearly to a shotgun distance to them before they are aware of our existence on this mundane sphere, and just to see them stand an instant and gaze in speechless wonderment at the intruders of their forest home and then bound away into the woods, seemingly 20ft. at a jump, well repays us for coming so far from home. It is considered no honor in a sportsman to shoot a doe at this season of year. * * * George's paddle made no sound, not a ripple in the water, but it was tedious to sit so long in one position without venturing to move a hair's breadth. The end was slowly approaching, however, for when within a little over a hundred yards, just a beautiful rifle shot, the buck suddenly raised his head and with startled eyes took in his danger, his ears and horns in the velvet, for deer drop their antlers every season, and high extended head forming a picture as indelibly rooted upon our remembrance as if but a half hour gone by. All the shakiness of buck fever has departed, and in that second while he stood before turning to flee, the rifle rang out its sharp report and without one struggle his majestic head drooped. The rifle ball had passed through his right shoulder and reached his heart, and with a splash lay in the water dead. * * * A feeling akin to sorrow for the death of so kingly a beast possessed us, but with the thought that if not I, he would have fallen to some other's bullet, came the exultation of our capture. George and I "shook hands over the bloody chasm," and then lifted with all our strength to deposit the buck in the canoe, and as it was fast growing dark and we had a rough carry to get over, etc., etc.

There are in Putnam, as the FOREST AND STREAM happens to know, right-minded anglers who can go into the woods without leaving their respectability behind them. They should reason with these Adirondack tourists on their return, and if not successful in inculcating morality, at least strive to arouse a sense of local pride which shall for the future deter Putnam June deer killers from heralding their achievements in Putnam papers.

There are two classes of game law breakers, one, those who are ignorant of the law and thoughtless, the others who know the law well enough but deliberately violate it. Neither class is excusable. For the first ignorance of the law cannot be plead in extenuation. In this year of grace, when a person takes firearms to kill something, it is his business first to learn if the game may be killed lawfully. In default of such investigation his unseasonable shooting is culpable.

It does not compare with the acts of the second class of men who, as this Parker, know the law perfectly well, but instead of regarding it, find a spice of satisfaction in killing game and defying the law at the same time. These fellows are not sportsmen. They were not born with the instincts of sportsmen. They have not acquired the sentiments of sportsmen. They can never be sportsmen. They have nothing with the guild. They belong outside. A thousand pairs of antlers to their score and a thousand trout added to that could not make them sportsmen. When they get themselves up in hunting suits and hire a guide to wait on them, they are only parodies strutting about in a rig that does not fit them. When they write of their prowess and herald in their home paper their woodland abominations, no sportsman nor self-respecting, law-abiding citizen finds anything very pleasing in their vaunting reports of misdemeanors committed.

As the two classes are different, so are the remedies. Your ignorant, thoughtless June deer killer may be taught better; and then he will do better. But your intentional game law violator can be cured by nothing other than a moral regeneration, and to achieve that is a task of such magnitude as to be indeed well nigh hopeless.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Helena (Mont.) *Independent* of June 22 prints a Washington dispatch, which states that J. W. Shively, who gives his address as Brainerd, Minn., has written to Secretary Lamar asserting that the National Park is infested by a lot of robbers, cut-throats and thieves, "who are now engaged in slaughtering Rocky Mountain sheep by knocking them down with clubs while they are stuck in the deep snow in the mountains and unable to escape." The man referred to as authority for this statement is a deaf mute, who entered the Park about June 1 and went as far as Norris Basin with Henderson, once an assistant superintendent. Here there was some disagreement about the price of transportation, and Shively left Henderson and walked back to the Hot Springs. After leaving the Park, Shively made a complaint, charging that an attempt had been made to rob him at Norris Basin. An investigation showed that there was no foundation whatever for the charge. No special comment is needed on the charge that mountain sheep are being clubbed to death. *Ovis montana* in June is fairly well able to take care of himself, and is not likely to be run into the snowdrifts. It is thought by those who are in a position to judge that Shively's troubles arose wholly from his own infirmities.

An expedition has started form the University of Michigan for exploration in the Philippine Islands. The party consists of Prof. J. B. Steere, whose chair in the University is that of Zoology; Messrs. Worcester and Bourns, students; Mr. E. L. Moseley, of the Kent Scientific Institute, of Grand Rapids; and a native of the islands, who came from there with Prof. Steere when he returned from a former expedition. It is proposed to spend fifteen months in study of the flora and fauna of the Philippines. Much of the time will be spent on Mindanao, the southernmost island of the group, next to the largest, and whose interior has never been explored. It is anticipated that the results of the expedition will add very much to our knowledge of the islands. In his former stay there, Prof. Steere discovered thirty-nine new birds, which were named by Prof. R. B. Sharpe, of the British Museum. The FOREST AND STREAM has arranged for a series of letters from one of the members of the party.

The many friends of Professor Spencer F. Baird will be glad to know that he has improved in health sufficiently to go to Wood's Holl, where he now is. Two months ago he was seriously ill and went into the Adirondacks, leaving Profs. Langley and Goode in charge of the Smithsonian and the National Museum, and Maj. Ferguson, Assistant Fish Commissioner, in charge of the other work. The Adirondacks did not agree with the Professor, and he returned to Washington a month ago. At that time the newspapers published rather exaggerated accounts of his illness. Although better, he has not yet resumed work.

All things come to him who waits. A faithful rifle bearer, who has gone annually for seven years to the Adirondacks for a panther, declares that he will keep it up for seven years more, and another seven, if necessary, but a panther must fall to his aim. There are two or three noted panther and wolf slayers in the North Woods who for a suitable consideration ought to be willing to lead this enthusiast to the game. A skilled panther hunter is not apt to divulge any knowledge of this sort without being duly rewarded; for the bounties accruing from a carefully protected pair of panthers count up.

Wolves are said actually to be on the increase in the North Woods. Most of the Adirondack wolf stories when sifted prove to be based on fiction. The average wolf turns out to be a smooth-tailed specimen. That there are genuine wolves in certain parts of the range is quite true; and this despite Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt's theory that the Adirondack mongrel deer hounds are an efficient force of four-legged police to rid the country of such varmints.

One day last week a Passaic, N. J., boy climbed out on the limb of a tree overhanging a canal after a bird's nest. He secured the prize but fell into the water and was drowned. The moral of this is that if small birds are to lure small boys into deep water, the small birds should be exterminated forthwith.

The second series of the Decoration Day Trophy matches were shot July 2 and 4, and the scores are given in our trap columns. There are new ties for the Trophy and first and second money prizes. The ties for the Trophy will be shot off; the others may be shot off or divided.

If ever there be pleasure in turning to records of wood and field and stream life it is found in these days when newspapers are filled with war talk and partisan harangues. There is at least one weekly in whose pages politics have no place.

ARTIFICIAL TARGETS.

TRAP-SHOOTING artificial targets is a sport that is booming, and the wiseacres who used to tell us that there could be no lively trap-shooting except at live birds are beginning to see that they did not know all about it after all. The professional alarmists, who were wont to beat the tocsin and tell us that any legislation against live-bird shooting was but the entering wedge and meant nothing less than the entire abolition of field sports, are coming around to a calmer view, and we hear little of their rant.

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at their last tournament employed artificial targets in the place of live pigeons in all matches where live birds were not called for by the deeds of gift of certain prizes. It is probable that by another year the entire shooting will be at artificial birds. At its recent convention in Sioux City the Iowa State Association went so far as to discuss the adoption of a resolution forbidding live-bird shooting at future tournaments. The vote showed that the delegates were about equally divided, the resolution being lost by a single vote.

These are indications of the tendency of the times. The substitution of clay and tar and plaster for live birds means an increased participation in trap-shooting.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.—I.

MY boat parts from the oozy bed where it has lain so long that the marsh weeds overlap its gunwales, with a sound somewhat like a sigh, I know not whether it be a sough of relief, or of regret, but I, afloat again on Little Otter, feel something of the old exhilaration that warmed my heart when I first beheld it shining like a floor of silver at my feet; something of the delightful trepidation that thrilled me when with old Mingo Niles, the good black angel of my childhood, as caretaker and boatman, I first adventured upon these waters. Back through the lapse of years come to me the childish awe of the dark water only an inch board's thickness under foot and encompassing me all about; the wonder at strange sights, the delight at being here at last in the fulfilment of the vague promise that I might "some time go a-fishing with Mingo," in what had seemed such far away, almost unattainable waters as they gleamed in the breadth of their springtime encroachment on marshes and lowland, or in summertime ribboned the green levels with a silvern or golden or azure band. The memory of those sensations is revived with such vividness that I am appalled by the swiftness of time. It was more than forty years ago, and yet it seems that it might have been but last summer. Can it be that in so short a time the little tow-headed boy has come to man's estate and grown old enough to be grizzly? Looking down into the still waters, the gray-bearded face I see there returning my questioning gaze with something of wistfulness, something of reproach, answers, "Yes, even so; and with youth old friends are gone, and in the swift years old scenes have changed," and I am constrained to admit that even so it is, but breathe a silent prayer that my heart may continue somewhat longer in youth and in the enjoyment of what in youth delighted it. With these softening memories upon me I have no desire to kill anything, not even time, though I wish I might cripple him as he has me, and retard his flight a little, and am quite as happy in hunting without a gun to-day as I would be with the most approved and improved hammerless. Indeed, I would not hunt with a hammerless gun. I wish to see how a gun does it when I take a shot at a bird on the wing, or as often happens in my experience, how it does not do it. If I am to hunt with a gun, give me at least the time-honored form and semblance of the weapon. Presently, I doubt not, we shall be given that safe ideal gun of the old woman's, "without lock, stock or barrel," and as the rapid disappearance of game would indicate, presently such a gun will be as good as any. Then we may all go hunting without any show of a gun, and enjoy the pleasant and quiet pastime of shooting without fire, smoke, noise—or game. So I am hunting to-day, in close time, for all fowl but those that no one but a murderer of innocents would care to kill.

Such is my unprotected friend, the kingfisher, who comes jerking his clatter along the channel till he spies my harmless craft, then sheers off, distrustful of all mankind. Far astern he poises in fluttering steadfastness over the waterway, then drops like an arrow fallen from the sky, throwing an upburst of crystal drops skyward. I hope he got his prey; it was no fish that I care for and it will comfort him greatly. With such approval he might greet my taking of the pickerel that is forever robbing him of his minnows. As unprotected, a bittern starts from his damp seat among the weeds with a guttural squawk. Then a stately heron breaks from his statuesque guard of a minnowy shoal and fans his way to some more undisturbed retreat.

It must have been hereabouts that Tom Sweet belabored with his paddle and drowned his bear, the only bear of whose death there is any tradition in this neighborhood, and a memorable instance of the success that hunting without a gun may bring, for Tom had only come a-fishing from the back side of the township, armed with no deadlier weapons than his fishpole and paddle.

Rounding the bend, half-way between the Myers Landing and the Sattley Landing, I come to the turn of the channel that I can never forget while I remember anything of the stream, for here I killed my first duck, shooting it on the wing, astonishing myself no less than Jule Dop, who paddled the boat for me. I was so swelled up with pride that I wonder now how that scow, roomy as it was, could have held me and Jule and the duck, a dusky duck that certainly was, as I remember it, as big as any goose. But the good boat contained and upheld us with our burden of glory, and when we rounded the wide marsh off Horse Pasture Point, another duck went splashing and fluttering and quacking out of the wild rice straight landward. I blazed away at her, though my paddler said, "She's too fur." Down she tumbled, but so far away in the wide unmarked level of marsh that we could not find her. Yet it was enough to have that incomparable paddler regard me with unfeigned admiration and say: "Well you're a cuss to shoot!" and he not less than three years my elder, and as his mother said, "Lawge of his age an' smawt as he was lawge!"

If I might by any shot at anything, once more have my heart warmed with such exhilarating fire as those two shots set aflame in it, I could not with any sincerity recommend this blood-guiltless hunting, nor practice what I now uphold.

Poor Jule! many years ago, while he was yet a boy, he resigned this weary world and tobacco-chewing and departed into the unknown. I doubt not that Charon impressed him into his service, for he would not let so good a paddler depart into eternal uselessness. Poor vagabond, he was good for nothing else, nor ever could nor ever would be. I fancy that in my last voyage I shall be assured by the noiseless stroke and undeviating course of the craft, that Jule propels it, as I go hunting then as now, without a gun, in search of I know not what. I must confess that this companionless revisiting of old scenes is somewhat depressing to the spirits.

The yearly growth of lily pads, wild rice, rushes and sedges, is the same that it was forty years ago, but I miss the old familiar trees that then bent over the marshes from the shores, now only naked banks of clay, and the broad primeval forests, in whose place are now only dreary acres of blackened stumps and scant herbage. I miss the once teeming wild life of the marshes. I do not see one duck, nor hear one, and few bitterns, and only one heron; there are not so many kingfishers, and even the blackbirds are scarce, scant flocks of them rising in a scattered flutter out of the wild rice, where once arose a black cloud with a startling thunder of wings that made one's gun spring toward his shoulder in expectation of larger fowl worthier of its lead. Some alarmed fish break the water with retreating wakes at my approach, and I see some signs of muskrats, the floating remnant of their late suppers and early breakfasts, and hear sounds behind the green arras of rushes, splashes, plunges and smothered squeaks, that I attribute to these little representatives of their long departed bigger brothers, the beavers. It is comforting to one who loves the inhabitants of the wild world to know that some of them still fairly hold a place in it in spite of all persecution and all encroachment of civilization. Every spring, three or four hundred or more of these fur-wearers are taken out of the marshes of Little Otter by the trappers and shooters, and yet there are muskrats, and the chance of their continuance for many years to come, for it is hardly probable that the water and the marshes will be improved off of the face of the earth within the lives of several generations of men.

I notice as many as ever of the marsh wrens' nests on their supports of gathered rushes, and hear the rasping notes of these birds, always reminding me of those well-intentioned persons who have neither voice nor tune, but will always be trying to sing.

Button bushes are not worth cutting, even in malicious spite of woody growth, and their wide patches of scraggly, impenetrable tangle flourish and bear balls of purple buds, white inflorescence, and green and brown fruitage, whose bristling rotundity nothing seems to assail.

There is promise of a great crop of wild rice this year, but the old-time harvesters will not come in any force to gather it, as they did in the days of our youth. Then by the middle of September every stalk was stripped by the hordes of ducks, and the wet fields so cleanly gleaned by the throngs of blackbirds that it was a wonder how a kernel was left for next year's seeding. It is sad to think how the few survivors of that countless peaceful army will be harried by the more numerous army of gunners, and will not have a day's, hardly an hour's, truce given them to rest and feed in the midst of this bounteous fare. Sometimes as one considers the ruthless bloodthirst of his kind, he is almost ashamed that he is of mankind, and then, considering how little better he is than the meanest of his fellows and how much safer he is to be one of them than to be any wild thing, however harmless, he is humbly reconciled.

The blue spikes of pickerel weed bristle as of yore against the pale of rushes, and the white blossoms of saggitaria thrive there, above the spent arrows of their leaves, that some time since were shot up out of the mud and water by invisible sprites of the under world.

The white dots that toss on my boat's wake as it stirs the border of rushes to a rustling of their intermingling tips I fancy at first are the breast feathers of some murdered waterfowl, or possibly a drift of castaway land blossoms; but upon examination they prove to be what my friend the botanist tells me is a species of buttercup—a milkman's buttercup it must be, so white and so watery, yet nevertheless a pretty flower.

In every little sheltered cove, or rush-locked pool, is moored a great fleet of duckweed, with as unstable anchorage in the shifting waves as have the myriads of water bugs that thrid the mazes of their dance in midchannel and among the lily pads. I have an impression that that motionless green lump is a bullfrog, and slowing my stroke until the boat lies almost motionless abreast of him, I detect the solemn wink of his eye, and presently he begins to thrum the strings of his water-soaked banjo, which his brethren hearing and quickly catching the old air, all join in a melody of thin but resounding bass. I am constrained to admit, much against my stomach, that I enjoy them more so than fried in bread crumbs, and indeed there is less grossness, less animalism, in feasting one's ears than in feating one's stomach. The twang of the bullfrog's chorus coming to our ears, the blush of the apple blossoms to our eyes and their scent to our nostrils, used to inform us that it was time to go fishing for "pike," as we always called, and I suppose always shall call, the pike-perch, in defiance of correct nomenclature, as long as we call our commonest thrush, robin. The habit of using familiar names is hard to break one's self of in the ever-present temptation to make one's self easily understood. Ask the ordinary country boy whether there are any ruffed grouse in such a piece of woods, and if you get any answer but a blank stare it will be in the negative, possibly supplemented with the remark that he "never heard o' no sech critter." Meet him half-way and inquire for partridges, or come quite down to the level of his speech, beyond that unnecessary first "r," and he will tell you all he knows of those familiar woods-acquaintances of his, all the more readily if you are hunting without a gun, for he is jealous of those who hunt with one.

Floating lazily along, without even a rod to hinder day dreaming, my thoughts and fancies run counter on the trail of time, back to the old, old days when, on the shores behind the marshes, the border of the primeval forests bristled streamward in a great abattis of prone trees and trees slanting in all inclines toward their final fall. Then the moose and elk and deer came here to feed on the succulent water plants; the woody walls tossed back and forth the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf; the wake of the otter broke the stream that, in three languages, he gave his name to, and such innumerable hordes of waterfowl as one can hardly imagine now, bred here and congregated here in their passage to and from northern and southern homes.

Waubanakees and Iroquois prowled in the bordering coverts, and neither for safety nor sport would one have chosen then to hunt or even to journey here without a gun.

These waterways were the paths of the pioneers who first adventured here, paths smooth and unobstructed in summer and winter, leading up into the depth and mystery of the forest. Where the marsh spreads widest from channel to shore, or where the shining path stretches toward the sunrise, those travelers caught glimpses of such unmistakable landmarks as Mozeodebe Wajo* and Tawabede Wajo† towering above this frayed seam of almost unbroken forest. Otherwise they saw only the undistinguishable sameness of the fringe of willows, the lofty palisade of water maple, ash and elm, overtopped by dark crests of pines behind them.

The sense of loneliness and isolation must have fallen heavily on those not born to the spirit of adventure or to the as alluring love of solitude. I wonder if these voyagers were garrulous, and if many jests were bandied back and forth among the crew or whether they were well nigh voiceless, using only eyes and ears and muscles. Doubtless they lightened their hearts with jests, as Kane's men did theirs in midst of Arctic desolation, and were not so lonely as I am here to-day, though I am attended by ghosts of departed friends who were once here in the flesh and by ghosts of slain trees and by memories—what ghosts haunt one more than memories—of sports that are gone forever. Sad company are they, but yet far better than none. To have seen them and known them as they were in the happy past is something to cherish,

All along the creek the memory of old homesteads lingers in the names of landings, where foundation stones, a pit that was once a cellar and a few scraggy apple trees are all that are left to show where men once lived. Almost as faint traces of human occupancy as the pot shards and flint chips that mark the sites of old Indian camps.

The same instinct of happy choice seems to have governed the white man as the red, for I think of four landings, bearing English names, where there are traces of quite permanent aboriginal occupancy. The Hazard Landing, better known now as Mud Landing, and better so named, as any one will attest who has set foot in it—and I say in, advisedly. At the Myers Landing, where old John Myers's locusts still flourish; at the Davis Landing, nearly across stream from this, and most notably at the Sattley Landing as well as what is now called Hawkin's Landing, its former name being lost, some of the red pre-possessors of the shores dwelt long enough to make a yet enduring mark. All of these were places where shore and channel wooed one another, and the access to land or water was easy to lazy Indians or tired white men.

Where the East Slang is yet bounded by stable shores of its own, at the spot where my friend Sam Lovel once built his camp, there is a landing that never had a name in modern times, unless for a little while old John Cherbineau was its godfather, where is abundant proof that Sam instinctively chose a good camping place. On a lucky day one may find handsome arrow points there, on any day chips of flint and fragments of pottery to show that for reasons not all apparent now, this place was in favor with those ancient campers out. No doubt they had a name for it as drowsily musical as the gurgle of a brook or the lazy song of a wood pewee. The Waubanakees spend no unnecessary strength in the triviality of speech, never struggling, as we do, with rough consonants, but just opening their lips and letting the smooth words ooze out. What a lazy, effortless sound their "yes" and "no" have, "Onh honh," "n' dah." They have not to stir their tongues nor pucker their lips to utter them. One can but wish their christening of these streams had been recognized and held to by their successors. Such names as Peconktuk, Wanakaketuk and Sungahneetuk certainly are better than Great and Little Otter and Lewis creek. They suggest something, even though one does not know that they mean the Crooked River, the River of Otters and the River of Fish Weirs.

A bumble bee comes blundering aboard my craft, and after a brief inspection of crew and cargo, settles on my paddle handle. I wonder if he can be the same old golden-coated voyager who used to board our craft in those long ago September days when we came here duck shooting? His dress and manners are most familiar, especially his unceremonious manners. In spite of statistics, I am willing to believe that he is our fellow voyager and visitor of those days. Also that the hoary-headed eagle who swings in majestic rounds above the bluff at the creek's mouth is the same one we used to see there in just such noble flight, scorning this lower, creeping world, even when he deigned for a little while to enthrone himself on the tallest of its trees. It is pleasant to fool one's self with the belief that not all the wild life of those days is extinct.

A family of wood ducks, the youngest well grown and strong-winged, rise out of the marsh with a prodigious startling splash and flutter and squeaking, close at hand, and offer such a tempting shot that I take aim with my paddle, and tell them how lucky it is for them that it is close time and that I am hunting without a gun. So is his majesty of the skies over there, above the mouth of the creek, but I warn them to beware of him, for he has cruel weapons.

Poor, persecuted wretches, get you into the furthermost nooks of the marsh, hide behind the thickest screen of rushes and bide there, for these waters will be populous with men who are hunting with guns when the first September morning dawns.

Somehow this dispersed congregation of ducks convince me that I have had enough of hunting without a gun for to-day, and I turn my prow homeward, pondering, as the swallows skim and wrinkle with their light touch the blue-black path before me, on recent advice concerning the loading of shells.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

*Mansfield: "The Moosehead Mountain."
†Camel's Hump. "The Saddle Mountains."

SOME INDIAN SONGS.

AFTER trying for some time to arrange business matters so as to give me a chance to do a little investigation into Indian archæology in an amateur way, I succeeded a month ago in partly carrying out my plan. Some notes on the subject of Indian songs made with a good deal of care and trouble at that time, may interest your readers. To show the amount of credit to be attached to these records I will briefly tell the circumstances under which they were taken down.

An old Mexican friend of mine had for long been telling me about the last remnant of the once considerable population of the islands of Santa Barbara Channel. These islands, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and San Miguel, were from the time of the first discovery by Cabrillo up to the early part of the present century inhabited by a race of simple, mild-mannered fishermen. All the island Indians were, however, at last removed to the mainland by the mission priests in order the better to wean them from their idolatries. The Indians of the coast have now few living representatives, but the last relic of the island tribes is a white-haired palsied man who has been blind for fifty years, and whose intelligence, never bright, is clouded by the failure of his senses. This old man was

brought down from the interior, where he had lived since his blindness, and from another direction was summoned one of the coast Indians, nearly or quite as old as the islander, but much more intelligent. The coast Indian was a "capitan" or chief of his scanty tribe. His eyesight was impaired through age; his hearing was defective, and his speech muffled by loss of teeth, but the brightness of his mind was surprising.

These two interesting people lived for some time in a roomy adobe house under the care of my Mexican friend. There I interviewed them for several successive days, taking down partial vocabularies of their language and writing out at dictation animal stories and accounts of the manners and customs of the lost tribes. Both of the Indians spoke Spanish and were in so far easy to communicate with. On the last day of our meeting we had progressed far enough to take up the subject of music, and this was the occasion of some excitement. Some part of the small presents I had given the Indians had been exchanged secretly for rum, as was perceived by the breath and demeanor of the two culprits, but the amount drunk was luckily not enough to dampen their artistic ardor, rather to inflame it.

Dresses and native rattles had been provided, but the latter alone were used, the performers being clad in modifications of civilized clothes. Four songs in all were taken down in the Indian tongue. I attempted to get the right metre for all these by marking the accented syllables. Complete success in this matter was only had in the "canoe" song. The others are nearly right but not certainly so. The English translations given preserve the metre and the idea as near as may be, though not precisely literal.

The difficulties experienced in getting even these short songs were great. The singers could not, it seemed, give any part of the song without going back to the beginning. You would catch the first few words and ask for a repetition of the next. Then the performer would start his rapid shouting and go over the whole thing, leaving you to understand what you could; just as children repeating by rote have often to recur to the very beginning in order to remember the connection of words.

The "airs" of all these songs were, I was told, of Chuma or island origin, while in process of time the early words had been replaced by those of the "Mish-khon-a-ka' " dialect spoken by the Indians of Ventura. The melody, so to call it, did not appeal to our ears, but there was clearly a fixed succession of notes, some low and some high in the scale. The many repetitions made this sure. In measure, however, or beat, the songs were remarkable, and when accompanied by dancing, the dancer's movements also were in perfect time.

This feature is found, I think, in most of the barbarous systems of music, though some Asiatics, as the Chinese, seem to regard neither time nor melody, valuing noise alone.

For two of the songs dances were given—the bear dance and the canoe dance. So much spirit and vigor were shown in these renderings that I feared the police would come to check the flow of science. This danger, however, was avoided.

With this long preface I proceed to the songs.

SU-TI-WEU-EUSH—SONG.

Ká-yu-wa wil'-le-le
Ni'-mu-stu mé-sip-pokhsh
Si'-mus-il ká-teush-weu
Sá-li-o li-o
Lwéu-neu

Now will I tell you all.
Uneasy my troubled heart.
Charm-stone is lost by me.
Sad am I; am I.
Sad, sad.

This describes the grief of a man who has lost the magic stone which, when hung around the neck, protected the wearer from the arrows of the enemy and gave him strange powers.

Each line was repeated many times in this as in the other songs. The last two lines were groaned out with lengthened despair.

The next song I can give only in the Indian tongue, and for that reason the words will be left out. It is all the more interesting, however, for that, if I may be allowed the enigma.

The song was entitled "El-yé-weun"—The Swordfish. It was repeated many times in the same exact way, syllable for syllable and tone for tone. The singular part of it was that the Indians did not know the meaning of a word of it except the title, which was of recent origin. The rest was said to have been comprehensible to the tribe that formerly lived on the island of Santa Catalina, near San Pedro, far to the eastward. This fact is a curious commentary on the investigations of some scientific men who declare, if I remember aright, from skull measurements, that the race living on Santa Catalina differed from those on the other islands. The swordfish song showed more decided trace of melody than the others and was elaborate in its composition, there being three divisions, one singer taking the first part, another the second, and both joining in the third.

The title of the next song is "Wi'-ma" or the "Canoe." Wi'-ma is also a proper name signifying a former Indian village on Santa Rosa Island. The village was probably named from the canoe, but the derivation goes yet further back. Wi'-ma in the Chuma language meant a red-wood tree. This tree does not grow here and the early Indians only got those trunks that floated down from the Northern coast on the ocean. These prized logs were the material for their canoes.

WI'-MA—CANOE SONG.

Li'-sa li'-sa lis' po
Ki'-la-pak teú-pa
Sli'-a-kas khá-min
Wás-ku-pa só-mu
Yá-ki-sis te'ks

Come now. Come now. Come now.
With your hands kindle
Flames in the mid-sea.
Thus shall we slaughter
Those that live there.

The song ended with a powerful stress on the word "teks," somewhat as in the Yale song of "Saw my Leg off" the final word "short" is brought out with great emphasis.

The song was used as a religious ceremonial before going fishing to give the fisherman luck. The idea of kindling a flame in the ocean's heart has the poetry of bold imagining at the least.

With this song we had a dance. Perfect time was kept by the excited performers, and it is to be noticed that the dancer goes through a dramatic act and does not attempt to sing the words of the song; while the singer who shouts and rattles does not dance.

The dancer in this case went through the motions of shooting with the bow in vivid style. This may be partly because fish were sometimes taken in that way. More probably it is because the dancer's movements have become more or less conventional in the course of time, and that the shooting motions appropriate to so many subjects are applied also to other and foreign ideas.

NE-WUS-I-KHUS—THE BEAR.

A'-pi-ii ták-tak
Sákh-khive-khe-wán-a-las-pái
Si'-wu-lu lú-khe-mi shúp
Sá-li-shu-a-lákh shik'
Ek-shi-spu-kú

Listen! men. Listen!
Grumbles the monster above;
Solid earth crumbles beneath.
Painful the bones of his foot.
Ah! how it hurts.

The song was acted out by the old blind Indian with great effect. It represents the lumbering march of the bear, so ponderous as to injure his own feet, and the last line is accompanied by heavy stamping.

The apparent confusion in the song arises from the fact that the second line represents the feelings of the bear divinities in the sky, sympathizing with their awkward earthly brother, whose mischance is related in the latter part of the performance.

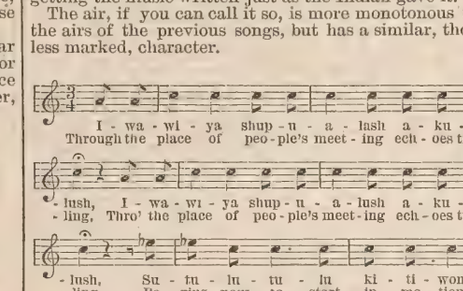
This ended the list of songs that I was able to take down at this time. They form, however, but a small part of the repertory of the Indians, and much matter of great interest can be amassed by a careful patient observer who has time to spare. If the observer be skilled in musical notation the result will be still more valuable.

I will give here two more songs, known as bear songs, taken down from the words of an Indian of the Tsa-má-la band that lived at and near the Santa Ynez Mission.

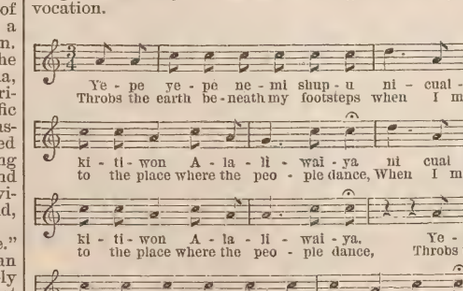
The words are in a dialect differing somewhat from that of the songs given before.

My brother, a cultivated musician, spent a morning in getting the music written just as the Indian gave it.

The air, if you can call it so, is more monotonous than the airs of the previous songs, but has a similar, though less marked, character.



The words show, to a striking degree, how far the songs had lost any devotional meaning or tendency to invocation.



I asked the old man what the fog bank in the second piece had to do with the bear, and he answered, logically enough, that it had just as much to do with him as the dancing place had. The music had, in fact, become conventional; merely the melodic accompaniment of tribal dances.

The two words A-la-li-wái-ya and I-wa-wi'-ya are proper names, the first referring to a place consecrated to Indian dances in a valley called the Alamo Pintado, near Santa Ynez, and the second to another locality devoted to the same rites.

Notwithstanding this fact it is noticeable that in all the music that refers to the bear you find the lumbering power of the brute's march a prominent idea. Clouded as the subject may be by later and incongruous applications, the central conception still remains, clothed often with strongly poetic language.

H. G. DULOG.

CANOEING IN MAINE WATERS.

THERE were two of us besides the canoe. We speak of the canoe as almost a personality, so strong grew our affection for the fragile little bark before we reached our journey's end. The less important members of the expedition were a young man usually called Mell, M. T. Cates and the chronicler.

We left Bangor Aug. 2, by the Piscataquis 1:30 freight, reaching Upper Abbott station at about sunset. We slept in the station loft that night or tried to. The heat was so intense, sleep was almost out of the question anywhere. We drew what consolation we could from the thought that our faces were toward the north. At daylight next morning a friend appeared with a team, took us, our canoe and camp furniture aboard, and before noon we were at Greenville, a small village at the foot of Moosehead Lake. About 3 o'clock we put ourselves and all our belongings aboard a steamer for the forty-mile trip up the lake, passed picturesque, beautiful Kineo half way up, reaching the head of the lake, Northeast Carry, a little after sunset. The Winnegarnock House stands at the head of the lake in a wilderness of scrub growth. We took a room there for the night, leaving our traps piled up out of doors, with instructions to have them hauled across the carry early in the morning.

We were out at daybreak, and finding our canoe and luggage loaded on a wagon just going over the carry, we concluded to go with it and eat breakfast on the bank of the Penobscot River. Here a short two miles divide the waters of Maine's largest rivers, the Penobscot and the Kennebec. The Kennebec drains Moosehead Lake. The part of the river we launched upon is the west branch of the Penobscot, some 75yds. in width, with little current at that point. As our eyes took in certain interesting topographical facts we were speedily made conscious of another fact not so agreeable, viz., that the location was favorable to the development of that lively outrage upon man, the cheerful mosquito. When he is around he usually has the cheerfulness all to himself. It is hard for any one else to keep much unless he be a hardened camper. As we set about breakfast he made it known that it was his breakfast time too. The west branch mosquito is as wide-awake, enterprising, persistent a type of his kind as can be found, not excepting even his far-famed Jersey relative. We don't swear either of us, but we did not bless the mosquito, and his bloodthirsty fellow pirate, the black fly, save in a vague left-handed way which could not by any possible twist of language be construed into a compliment. Many songs in the night did the former give us. He was lots of company, though not what we should have chosen if we had been allowed voice in the matter.

Mell took the bow, I the stern, and off we set in the charming morning. Eighteen miles would bring us to Chesuncook Lake. The way was between plain wooded banks, amid unvarying scenery and through alternating stretches of quick and dead water. It was a warm day, and we were glad when the help of a smart current, with an easy glide, came in to aid the paddles. There were stretches, however, where the current was a little too zealous; too much in a hurry to comport with vacation moderation. We had no guide and had never been over the course before, but had heard of two places in this part of the river where we should need to be well awake. These are Rocky Rips and Pine Stream Falls. The first is down a sharp grade, in water made very ragged by the boulders that fill the channels but we rip it without a drop of water slopping in, Mell handling the setting pole, I the paddle. We did this so easily that we approached Pine Stream Falls, a mile beyond, with a good degree of confidence. Perhaps we felt too proud. If so, pride, as well as water, had a fall that afternoon. As a faithful historian, I must tell all the truth. I can't tell a lie, or, at least, I will not about this, for Mell would tell the truth and I should be found out. These falls have three distinct pitches, each quite a drop off. The first is the worst. We did not take it in the right place. Our canoe pitched over, struck and stuck. Instantly our poles were out, but we could not lift off. Water began to pour over the gunwale. There was nothing else to do but jump out into leg-deep water, lift off, leap in again and paddle ashore to empty out the water before running the rest of it. Nothing was damaged except our good feelings. We humbly accepted the hustling received, and with meekness and caution safely ran the other two falls. Two miles more through slack water brought us to Chesuncook Lake, which is little more than a bulge in the river. It is eighteen miles long and from one to three miles wide. As we rounded a bend in the river and advanced upon the lake we obtained our first view of Mt. Katahdin, standing like a grim old king in the midst of a bodyguard of lesser heights. We worked down the lake about five miles and camped on a ledge point on the right shore.

Refreshed by a long sleep which we very much needed, we leisurely made ready for a start next morning and got away at about half-past seven. The day was clear and hot, we were in no hurry, so we paddled slowly, reaching the foot of the lake about noon. Here is a dam, built to aid in driving logs out. From Chesuncook Lake the water flows over a succession of falls to Ripogenus Lake, half a mile below. Of course we had to carry by this. There was a good road, made by the driving crews, and before dark we were comfortably camped on the Ripogenus with beans simmering in the bean hole. The next day was Sunday, and we were glad of a day of rest. It was a lovely spot for a halt. Ripogenus is a gem of a lake, with bold, bluffy shores in part, and a good view of Katahdin from our tent door. Beans for breakfast made it seem quite like Sunday, despite our novel surroundings. We had a minister with us, but as the audience did not care to go to meeting that day we did not have the regular service—we had beans. And how good they tasted. This sort of life is an astonishing appetizer as we had demonstrated several times before. As an ominous destructiveness of victuals rapidly developed, the usual anxious question was raised on the very eve of the expedition, have we rations enough to last through? Horrible doubt!

We were astir early Monday morning, and after breakfast struck tent, loaded everything into the canoe, and launched out to fish in what we deemed the best part of the day. We got plenty of fishing but no fish. It appeared that no part of that day was a good time to catch trout in Ripogenus Lake, at least where we dropped hook. We finally brought up at the foot of the lake near where the river makes out of it. A shower threatening we pitched tent, stowed our baggage within, then took our fishing rods to explore and fish the river below. And a very tumultuous river it is for two miles and a half. A good part of the distance it leaps like an arrow through a wild gorge between rocky walls, sometimes 100ft. in height. In places the river is narrowed to 12 or 15yds. The Big Heater and Little Heater, so named from their fancied resemblance to flat irons, are curious freaks of nature. In the case of the Big Heater, the rock is rifted to the depth of 100ft. in two channels, leaving the Heater between its top on a level with the lofty banks. The grandeur of nature's display well repaid us for our tramp of a mile and a half, though we took no fish. Rain began to fall before we reached camp. When we came to our tent we found a party of four pitching tent close by us. They proved to be Messrs. Mudgett, Blakir and Garland, and Knox, the guide, the two former from Bangor, the other from Bradley. Very pleasant, companionable gentlemen we found them.

At the foot of Ripogenus Lake, by the angry water just noticed, a carry of two and a half miles was before us. Here is where the fun does not so much come in. A mile is a long thing when you are measuring it with a canoe or big pack on your back. But before starting on this adventure we had learned just how much lugging there would be and were never put out by a mile or more of carry. Ripogenus Carry is the longest by much of any on this trip. But we had been on the way three days and had not seen a trout. Where were the trout? About a mile along this portage is a small pond called Carry Pond. We had heard of it and had planned to visit it. The rain holding up after dinner, Will and I took our canoe along to this pond. It is a shoal little affair, and at first we doubted the propriety of catching a fish fool enough to live in such a place. Over in a small cove some cold springs send their waters into this pond, and the fish there are some of the smartest, prettiest trout we have ever seen, and we had sampled the genus in many localities. They were not so very large, ranging in weight from half a pound to a pound and a half, but their flesh was hard and delicious owing to the cold water in which they live. It showered at intervals, but what true fisherman cares for rain when the fish are biting. Hoeing corn in the rain is altogether a different matter, and an unspeakable hardship. Six hungry men had more trout for supper that night than they could eat. Rain, in the form of showers, strung on streaks of lightning fell nearly all through the night. They have a saying, "It always rains on the Ripogenus," and we saw no reason while we were round there to dispute the truth of the proverb. The abundance of water in this region, and the Katahdin Mountains near by to condense its vapor, combine to give copious rains, sent largely as thunder showers.

Early next morning the members of the other party began transporting their effects across the carry. About nine we took each a load of our stuff two-thirds of the way over, to what they call the "putting in" place, where some take to the water again, but most carry all the way. We returned to the old camp, and after dinner shouldered the rest of our property, bade good-bye to Ripogenus Lake, carried as far as the pond, and went out to try the fish again. We quickly had the bottom of the canoe lined with trout. There was no more apprehension of a trout famine. We carried everything except the canoe to the "putting in" place

and camped there for the night with the others. Of course it rained nearly all night, and the next morning the foliage was pronounced too wet for the stern work of "sacking" camp furniture. But it was not too wet to go fishing. Mell and Blaker went back to visit Carry Pond again. The two others wandered elsewhere, while I spent the forenoon smudging mosquitoes, reading "Last of the Mohicans," cooking oatmeal, and varying these pursuits with some mild theological sparring with the guide, who was deep in culinary mysteries close by. That afternoon we moved everything to the foot of the carry and camped there that night. The Chronicler used the waning light of that evening to put a patch on the seat of his pantaloons, which had approached a state of alarming tenuity. He was not the only one of the six haunted by a terrible fear of reaching civilization in a new style of undress uniform. A huge slice had to be cut from an undershirt to furnish the patch in question. The one who planted it was interrupted more or less by mosquitoes during the operation, but he got it hitched solidly. It conduced much to after peace of mind to be able to sit down without dread of consequences.

The next morning all hands started off down river, a fleet of three canoes. Passing through two miles of quick water, leading by one pitch, we came to Gulliver's Pitch, or, if you want, to its Indian name, Ambajemackemus Falls, as they sometimes call it for short. Here we had to carry a hundred yards or so. At the foot of this fall begins what is called the "horse race," two miles of rushing water. It is a hard stretch to run, especially for amateurs. The bed of the river is filled with boulders of all sizes, some pushing above the surface, others lifting their backs almost in sight—lying in wait to catch the unwary canoeman. It is nerve-trying work dodging all these and spots of tumbled water, when very likely sheering off from one difficulty leads into a whole school of others. It is not easy to decide in three-quarters of a second which one of six different things to do, any one has time for, even if had been told that a setting pole would not work here. We did not see why, for it was plain the river had a bottom, and it was not far down. We soon learned why. The guide with Garland led, Blaker and Mudgett followed, and we brought up in the rear at the start. I took the paddle and Mell stood up in the bow with the pole. He did not stand long. After a few rods his pole caught between two rocks and refused to let go. The onward sweep of the canoe seated him very abruptly and emphatically. As my end struck the pole it struck me an ungentle blow in the jaw, and we rushed on, leaving it standing stiffly up in mid-channel, a moment of misplaced confidence itself. We did not long keep the order of our going as inaugurated. Blaker and Mudgett deposited the middle of their canoe on the top of a rock, and whirled round and round, giving themselves a rapid and comprehensive survey of the scenery at every point of the compass. Then a rock reached up and called halt to Mell and me, and we too paused and gyrated for a little space. Again a huge boulder lifted itself high in the air so suddenly we could not in the time given us determine which side to go, and making a splendid header we took it plumb in the center. We did not hurt the rock any and at once decided without debate that we could not go that way, so backed up and went round. But to cut this part of the story short we ran the race without damage to man or canoe, and without shipping any water worth noting, as good a record and possibly a little better than is averaged in this undeniably bad water.

At the foot of the "horse race" begins a three-mile course of quiet water called Sourduahunk Deadwater. This is one of the most beautiful parts of the river. The clear air bright with falling sunshine, the smooth, limpid water reflecting the wooded banks, Sourduahunk and Katahden mountains in the perspective, filled all this three miles with ever-varying charm. This deadwater is suddenly broken by Sourduahunk Falls. Here is a carry of forty rods, with a good spring and plenty of blueberries. We ate dinner before carrying as our morning's trying work had given us all an early appetite, and below these falls the Sourduahunk stream empties in the Penobscot. We camped here one night. A few rods up the stream at the foot of some falls we took some very fine trout, larger than any we had caught yet. We found no pleasanter camping ground on the whole trip than this. The water of the stream was cool and drinkable, the scenery altogether satisfying, blueberries were abundant, and there were trout. We should stop longer there another time if possible. We had all the blueberries we wanted most of the way, a valuable contribution to the larder, and indeed to health, since vegetables are too bulky and heavy to carry.

The next forenoon we dropped easily down river three miles with a strong and for most of the way still current to the mouth of Sand or Aboljackarmegassic Stream. As we had our choice of these names we always used the first and so had more time for fishing. From here we were to make the ascent of Mount Katahdin and from this point the finest view of the mountain is obtained. When the air was clear it bulked itself so hugely and clearly as to seem right in our dooryard, so to speak, when in reality it was five miles away. A few rods above Sandy Stream is the mouth of Aboljackarmegas Stream. We were glad to find this name already abbreviated for us. They call it Abol, as also some falls just below, hence we were not delayed by any struggle with its pronunciation.

It was Friday, Aug. 19, when we pitched tents and all six started for the mountain. The usual plan which we followed is to leave the tent by the river, tramp to the foot of the mountain in the afternoon, sleep there that night, make the ascent next morning and return to camp in the afternoon. The trail is hardly more than a spotted line, though some of the way a faint path has been worn. No special incident occurred on the march. Once a covey of partridges created a little diversion. One of these birds took position on a knoll and looked and listened with apparently serene satisfaction while two of our party emptied their revolvers in its direction, the other members of the crowd soothing and encouraging them with such remarks as "Heave a club at the bird," "Kick him over," "Lay for him on him." The partridge seemed ever so interested, probably thinking it was some show brought in for its special entertainment. It finally hopped leisurely away as some of the others began to look for stones. We wonder why so many men and boys spend money for revolvers; hardly ever is anything hit with one, save by accident.

We reached the foot of the west slide about 5 o'clock. These "slides," of which there are several, are the light up and down streaks one sees upon the mountain in summer when viewing it from a distance. It is where the surface has given way and rocks and gravel have slid down. After supper the ambition of Mell and myself took fire, and we determined to try the ascent that night and sleep on top, a laudable ambition enough perhaps but one not based on a very intelligent idea of the situation. Night shut down when we were yet quite a long climb from the edge of the table-land, where we would still have been a mile from the highest point. The ground was tilted up at so sharp an angle it was hard finding a spot level enough for a bed. We finally found a shelf about 2ft. wide, half under a rock, and behind another big one which kindly fenced off the strong cold wind. I hooked my neck over a crooked root to prevent rolling down the mountain, and trigged up Mell who took the back side of the bed. This sleeping in the clouds made us acquainted with an interesting feature of the upper air. There was no moon though it was a clear night. On the lower levels the eye could cover but short distances and then see indistinctly. But up there, as I lay looking out, ponds glistened clearly, seemingly so near that I should roll into the one of them if I fell out of bed and got well going, when in reality they were some six, eight, ten miles away. We rested well until half-past four, when we rose and scrambled to the top. All tree growth ceased at the line near where we slept. As we rose over the steep, a plain a mile in extent was before us, sloping gradually upward to West Peak, the highest point. This plain is covered with moss, sprinkled here and there with three or four varieties of hardy little flowers. In a depression we found springs of good water. As we crossed this plateau clouds dashed upon and enveloped us from time to time, though when we reached the peak we were above most of them. It was a novel and exhilarating sensation to be skylarking with the clouds in this free and easy way. As the sun came up the air cleared and we drank in the wide magnificence of the view, a happy mingling of forest, lakes and mountains. We will give a specimen of the ease with which the eye devoured distance. We had been told of a place further on in our route in lakes Ambajejus and Pamedomcook, where we were liable to become confused and lose our course. From Katahdin, though twenty miles distant, we saw plainly the way we should go, took mental note of certain landmarks, and three days after went along there by aid of those signs without the slightest uncertainty.

As we sat sheltered from the wind behind a cairn of rocks built on West Peak, we could look straight down half a mile into the Great Basin. The mountain curves about this huge well or crater, in which lies a pond nearly a quarter of a mile long, but from our aerie it appeared but a few rods in extent. For years this was one of those fabulous ponds without a bottom; but not long ago some one took the trouble to drop a line into it, and found a reliable bottom a few score of feet down. We crept across the sharp-backed path to East Peak, a dangerous peak when the wind blows hard. Here we also found a monument of stones, and in emptied meat and fruit cans quite a list of names left by visitors, among them several signatures of ladies. One pathetic record told a story we knew how to interpret before we reached camp. Some one—of course a man—had written this outburst of anguished feeling: "I wish I hadn't went!" Well he might wish that if he was played out at the top, for the descent is harder on toes and knees than the ascent. We did not feel like that, but were glad we "had went." It was worth more than it cost, and very reluctantly we turned our steps downward. The others of our party were going up as we went down, so without waiting for them we proceeded at once to the camp on Sandy Stream, arriving about 1 o'clock, tired and footsore, but well satisfied. The others joined us toward night.

Next day our four companions went on, but we were content to wait and rest. We went back three miles to the last camp to look for a coat I had left, and spent the remainder of the day reading, resting, cooking and eating, congenial pursuits all, especially the last.

Monday morning we were up at half-past 4 and got away before 6. Half a mile took us to Abol Falls, where was a short carry on the right. A mile through Abol Deadwater took us to Pockwockamus Falls. The carry, about 60yds., is on the right. At the foot of these falls begins Pockwockamus Deadwater, three miles long, containing numerous islands. Along here, and, in fact, all day, the course was most interesting, the scenery charming. Another time we should move more slowly through this very pleasant and beautiful part of the river. Fine views of Katahdin were obtained all day, though the old mountain grew dim as we proceeded.

At the foot of this deadwater are Debsconeak Falls, where we had again to carry nearly half a mile on the right. Then came Katepsconegan Lake, merely an enlargement of the river. There are about four miles of this. In the course of it the river changes direction, and is so broken up with islands there is some difficulty in finding the way. Ducks were plenty. If it had not been against the law we should probably have hit some. At the end of this stretch we found Passamagamock Falls, and another carry on the left about a hundred rods long. Here we took dinner and should have stopped for a long rest, but the mosquitoes and black flies drove us to the canoe again. Two miles more brought us to Ambajejus Falls, with a half mile portage on the left. This was our last carry, and we began to think it time for the last one. That sort of thing had become somewhat monotonous. You grow too well acquainted with pieces of property you have picked up, lugged and laid down about four hundred times. Half a mile of quick water from these last falls took us into Ambajejus Lake. This lake is in two parts, connected by a thoroughfare, the first part long and narrow, the latter broader. Some of the way across we had a stiff breeze and a disagreeable sea against us. Ambajejus lets into Pamedomcook through a chain of islands. The way looks blind, no passage presenting until close to these islands. Pamedomcook Lake is quite a body of water, eight miles long and five or six wide. We only crossed its lower end, and camped on a sandy point near the outlet. We were ready to camp. We had done a big day's work and had come twenty-five miles, with the extra delay and labor of the five carries. This account of the day's run may seem too statistical to be interesting. I give details and distances for the benefit of those who may possibly make the trip some time. We could tell by the roar when we were approaching the falls, and had no difficulty in finding the entrances to the carries.

We made no haste to leave in the morning, as we had a pleasant camping place, where the mosquito ceased from troubling. I have not told yet how we secured sleep all these nights when the mosquito was omnipresent. We laid rocks round the edges of the tent so they could not crawl under; then, driving them all out, we pulled the flaps of the tent open enough for ventilation and fastened screen cloth over this opening. They would cover this outside, glare in upon us, and blow their horns the livelong night. But how they did go for us when we went out to cook breakfast! Here, at the foot of Pamedomcook Lake, we found no mosquitoes, and yet we were not loneseme.

A half-mile passage leads from this lake into North Twin Lake. Four miles of paddling through this brought us to the outlet at its foot. We did not call on the other twin, South Twin Lake, which lay at our right as we went through the former. We took it for granted it was a likely pair of twins, judging from the one we saw. We had to grope a mile before finding the river and the way out. Once in it, and a mile of distance covered, we were at North Twin Dam. With this dam, before the West Branch drive passes, an enormous quantity of water is held back in Ambajejus, Pamedomcook and the Twin Lakes, to float the logs as they take the river below. Of course it was running free now, as the drive had passed. Below the dam we found some of the liveliest perch fishing we ever enjoyed. We would sit on the pier, let the line run down with the current just at the edge of the eddy, and about as soon as it was out 50ft. or so a fish would strike, and strike hard, for they were large. We fished about an hour and caught so many we were almost ashamed, it seemed so like slaughter.

Did you ever see a cat try to go along and up an icy roof, slipping nearer the eaves all the time? Then you know about how we looked as we worked across the river below the dam, after we started again on our travels. There was about a hundred yards of comparatively smooth but swift water, then a fall and dangerous running unless we got well over to the shore, where we could get along with reasonable ease. Of course everybody knows without my telling that we shoveled water with tremendous diligence while we clawed across, every second sliding nearer the bad drop-off. But we made it, and shaved by the bad water without dipping up any. We would not have gone that way, only that the man stationed at the dam said that was the way he always did, and it was easy enough. It would never do to show that we were afraid of what was so easy to him. From the dam a mile of rapid water took us into Quakish Lake, a swell of the river filled with islands. Two miles of this and a mile of swift water and we were at what is called Fowler's Carry, though Fowler does not live there now. Instead of going down the river several miles through very rough water, and by Grand Falls, canoeists cross here, two miles, into Millinoket Stream, go down that and come into the Penobscot by a nearer and much easier route. We walked across to the house, had the man haul our traps to the bank of the Millinoket, paddled a mile down that beautiful stream to Shad Pond, the last bulge in the Penobscot, then up river a little to an opening near the foot of Grand Falls, where we overtook the other party and camped there with them. The falls are 15ft. or so in height, and are well worth turning back to see.

Our friends went on next morning, but as we cared only to reach Bangor Saturday, we stopped another day resting, luxuriating in blueberries, and fishing with indifferent success. We were twelve miles above Medway, and our minds dwelt upon that twelve miles with some nervousness. The man back at the carry had comforted us with the intelligence that we should find ahead of us worse water than we had come through. We were sorry to have him talk so, for we had already passed over some quite bubbly places and hoped the rest would be smoother. We found the whole reach to Medway sharp-running water, with five distinct falls, requiring all our skill and strength to run safely. Think of sliding down a hill twelve miles long with five very jolty places and you have a pretty good description. But we had been learning and went over it all without any disaster. Now and then in the falls a little water would come over into the canoe, but we sponged it out as we passed the quieter spots. At Medway the east and west branches unite to form the main river Penobscot. We reached Mattawamkeag, eleven miles below, a little after noon, where we posted letters and found some from friends. Here tourists on a trip like ours usually take the cars for Bangor, fifty-eight miles distant, but as we had more time than money, we decided to go by water all the way, though this would keep us out two nights longer. We should have chosen to do this anyhow, regardless of any bearing of the money question. This night we camped on an island just above Lincoln Center, the next night, Friday, on the left bank of the river, near Olamon. We reached the water works, Bangor, about 4 o'clock P. M. Saturday.

PITTSFIELD.

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukesha, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Minnetonka, White Bear, and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it*, not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHIER

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE RATTLE.

IN Mr. Hay's very interesting paper on the massasauga, in the March number of the *American Naturalist*, his speculations on the use of the *Crotalus* rattle attracted my special attention; hoping he would add a few words on the growth of the rattle as well; very few authorities having, so far as I know, afforded us much information on that subject. I cannot credit a *Crotalus* with sufficient intelligence to designedly warn or alarm an enemy by sounding its rattle, though it may have that effect. It seems simply indicative of fear or anger as other snakes—other reptiles one may say—and all other animals who possess a tail, express emotions in the action of it. The long-tailed lizards and newts are particularly eloquent in the action of this appendage, lashing or curling it, as may be, when alarmed or displeased. Most snakes vibrate their tail in expressing fear or anger, and would also sound it had they a sounding apparatus, and, indeed, do sometimes sound it, when by accident it is in contact with loose and light rubbish, dead leaves, etc., so that it has been mistaken for the *Crotalus* rattle. As other snakes hiss, so, as Duméril explains, the *Crotalus* is able to produce continued and prolonged sounds by the aid of a special organ that supplies the office of the voice, which in these serpents is lacking.

Regarding its development also, the rattle has given rise to various opinions. Dr. Elliot Coues supposes it to have "possibly resulted in the course of time from the continual agitation of the caudal extremity of these highly nervous and irritable creatures."

Among the many theories that have obtained regarding the growth of the *Crotalus* rattle, the most popular appears to be that the length of it, that is, the number of links it contains, indicates the age of the snake, an additional link having been developed each year. The next most popular belief—and a far more rational one—is that a new link appears each time the snake sheds its skin, an idea not wholly inconsistent with the previous one, if, as is often stated, the snake casts its cuticle only once a year. But a regular annual change can by no means be established as a fact, so far as observation of snakes in confinement leads us to decide. The casting of the epidermis depends very much on the condition of the reptile, its health and its habitation. The old coat, when soiled or uncomfortable, is discarded for a new one, which is ready for the emergency, a sanitary arrangement that some superior animals might very well like to adopt if equally practicable. Granted, therefore, that a new link to the rattle is developed with each change of garment, and that a *Crotalus* changes twice or thrice a year, which it often does, we perceive that the length of the rattle determining the age of the snake is a fallacious theory that may be dismissed at once. The rattlesnake may or may not change once a year and once only. In our London Reptilium we have known them to change as often as three or four times a year; generally, but not invariably, developing a new link to the rattle on that occurrence. There was one *Crotalus* that for many years developed no rattle at all worth calling such, although it cast its skin at irregular intervals like the rest. An abnormal, deformed sort of "button," just one terminal link (Fig. 1) was all that it ever boasted, although sometimes this single link seemed to give indication of increasing, there was never a second joint to produce the slightest sound when the tail vibrated. A young snake of 15in. long it was when brought to the Zoological Gardens; it lived ten years, attaining a length of fully 5ft., and was to all appearance in good health, but this is all the "rattle" it had with which to express its emotions. The tail was eloquent in action, as usual, but inaudible.

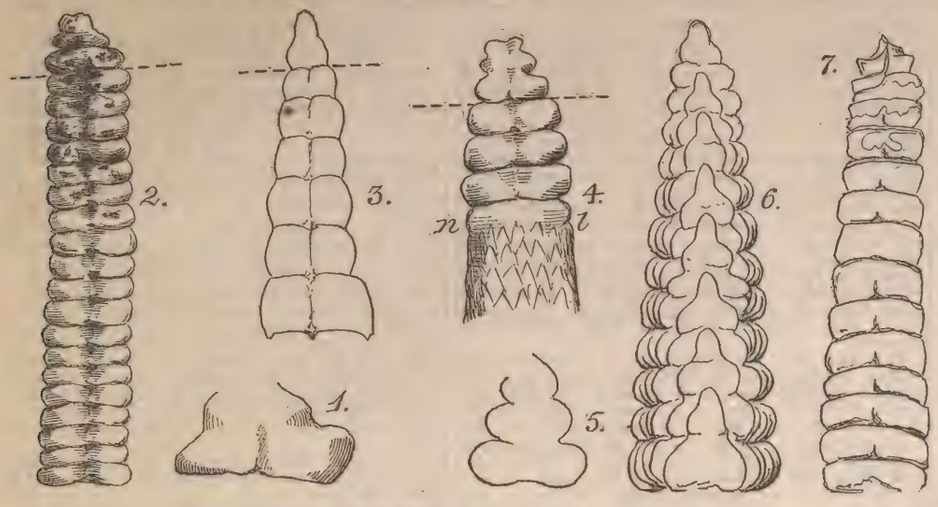
Indeed, when we reflect on the exceedingly fragile nature of *Crotalus* rattles—a mere arrangement of loose links easily separated or broken off, it is surprising that the idea of length, as indicative of age, should ever have prevailed, and should even continue to prevail. It is an every day occurrence to hear persons when visiting a reptilium, speculating on the age of the *Crotalus* by carefully counting the joints of its rattle. An amusing instance of this occurred quite recently. We have in the London Zoological Gardens at the present time a full-grown *Crotalus durissus* that has been in the collection about two years. Until lately it boasted a splendid rattle of twenty-three links, attracting the attention of the majority of visitors. "Oh, there's an old snake! A fine old fellow," some one would say. "One, two, three," and the gentleman would make repeated attempts to count the links of the rattle, which did not always please his snakeship to hold quite still for the purpose. "Why, that snake must be more than twenty years old!" continued the patient reckoner, after many not quite satisfactory efforts to count accurately and wait for the "bothering thing" to keep still. A few days after this the keeper found the boasted appendage lying in the cage and the quondam possessor with now only three remaining links wherewith to announce his presence. Probably one of the other snakes in the same cage was lying upon it when the owner moved away, or it might have got wedged under the edge of the water pan, and being so easily separable, was thus left behind; accidents that may so easily occur in the woods and wilds as well as in a cage, and all helping to exemplify the fallacy of deciding on the age of a snake by the length of its rattle. But that very day along came another visitor who evidently thought he knew all about rattlesnakes.

"Now there's a young snake, but big for his age," exclaimed the observer. "One, two—why that fellow can't be more than three or four years old."

"If you go by the length of the rattle," quietly remarked the keeper, "he was twenty-three years old yesterday."

And then ensued a series of astonished, though somewhat crestfallen and incredulous inquiries, until the keeper produced the portion actually detached, and showed the visitor that even that had previously lost the earlier links (Fig. 2).

By measurement as well as careful copy this is the exact size and length of the rattle broken off. That it is a rattle developed since the snake had attained its full growth may be seen in the fact that the links are all of the same size, except in those slight variations which, in common with nails, claws, horns and hair—the substance



THE RATTLES OF THE RATTLESNAKE. (Sizes not exact).

being the same—are seen in a single individual. Probably it is very seldom, indeed, that a full-grown snake preserves the perfect and entire rattle from its earliest development. A perfect rattle may be always known by its tapering form and by the roundness and compactness of the terminal link. (Fig. 3).

Just as the claws and nails of younger creatures are smaller than those of adults, so are the first links of a *Crotalus* rattle. This one was copied accurately from a specimen in the writer's possession at the time. The difference between the terminal link or "button" in this perfect specimen and in those of Fig. 2 and Fig. 4 will be readily seen. They are indicated by the dotted lines, the lobes or bulges in them, similar in Figs. 2 and 4, showing that they interlocked with the previous and earlier links, whereas in Fig. 3 there could be no interlocking of that rounded, tapering "button."

Fig. 4 is an exact drawing from what remains of the late rattle. Since the principal portion (Figs. 5, 6) was broken off the snake has had a new coat once and one new link on that occasion. At the present time (May 12) it is again about to cast the cuticle; an indication of a new link (*n l*) may be distinctly traced beneath; so that probably before this meets the eyes of our readers the snake will again possess a tolerably respectable rattle. This particular *Crotalus* may develop its rattle more rapidly than the majority of its relatives, a question which can be decided only after very accurate observations of many individuals. With better certainty we may surmise that the next ready reckoner, according to links, may decide him to be "five years old," and by the same suppositious rate by next Christmas be declared "six or seven years old." If the lives of both of us are spared the new developments will be carefully watched and accurately recorded by his faithful friend, CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

*In my work on "Snakes" I have devoted a chapter to the development of the rattle according to Duméril, one of our best authorities from personal observations, and many illustrations from nature are there given.

THE BARBAROUS ENGLISH SPARROW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two instances have lately come to my notice illustrating the vicious character of the imported sparrow; and as I think reports of such cases tend to harden the hearts of the people against the bird, I consider it desirable that they should go on the record.

My attention was called one morning to the excited actions and notes of a pair of white-breasted swallows, which were rearing a brood in a box near my door. Looking at the box I saw a male English sparrow at the entrance, alternately thrusting his head inside and facing around to ward off the assaults of the swallows. Suspecting mischief I shot the sparrow, and my suspicions were confirmed. His bill, covered with blood and down, proved that he was deliberately murdering the young swallows.

The other case is similar. Dr. Adams, of this place, reports as follows: One morning he observed English sparrows apparently occupying a box in which he knew swallows were nesting. Investigating he found in the nest the body of the mother swallow, with the fresh wounds on the head from the sparrow's bill.

Now this is simply atrocious. I would like to have some friend of this bird—and I understand there are yet a very few such—set forth a single item in his favor to offset the huge pile of indictments against this filthy, noisy, quarrelsome and bloodthirsty foreigner. Something must be done. How long are we to stand with our hands behind us saying, too bad! too bad! Probably until it is too late, if, indeed, it is not so already. It should be "war to the knife!" F. C. BROWNE.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., June 25.

A week ago I called on a farmer friend, where I often go to get a good bowl of bread and milk with cream not missing. My friend's wife, knowing my weakness for things pertaining to birds as well as to kine, handed me a box containing an English sparrow's egg. They had heard a hen cackling in the orchard, and found her in the top of one of the apple trees trying to get into a nest nearly as large as a half-bushel measure. On getting up to it, my friend found that the nest contained three eggs like the one shown to me, two of which the hen had broken in her efforts to add to their number. Mr. Green destroyed the nest, but had he replaced the sparrow's eggs with a set of hen's eggs I have no doubt that in due time he would have had a brood of chickens up there in the tree, for the sparrow is very persistent in incubation as well as in rebuilding its nest when destroyed. My next door neighbor has pulled down a nest more than half a dozen times from under the roof of his piazza this season, and it was rebuilt each time within twenty-four hours. I am confident that the English sparrows are breeding in hollow trees in woods half a mile from any building or orchard. A year ago a boy brought to me a set of six of the eggs (one of which is no larger than a humming bird's) that he took from a woodpecker's hole, in woods two miles from the city. And within a week I have seen young English sparrows that could hardly fly, in a large dense woods half a mile from any building—and there were also plenty of old birds with them—and I might add that I did not see any other small birds but a very few song sparrows, while a year ago I saw plenty of the latter, and a few yellow warblers and indigo buntings. Now that there has been a law passed making it a misdemeanor to feed or protect the English sparrows, they may all take to the woods; and then where shall we look for the song birds? J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 20.

WAYS OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 16, your correspondent "N. A. T.," of Abilene, Kansas, gives the readers of your paper an exceedingly interesting account of the ways of the prairie dogs, as observed by him in that locality. I can from personal observation and experience subscribe to all he says of this interesting rodent, and that even in boreal Montana, not more than a hundred miles west of Fort Keogh, viz. at Fort Custer, I have repeatedly observed the dogs outside of their burrows on a clear, sunshiny winter day, even if the mercury was below zero, and I have not the slightest doubt but what the same thing can be seen at Keogh any winter; they certainly do not hibernate in the strict sense of the word.

In regard to the popular belief that the prairie dog, the rattlesnake and the burrowing owl all live in harmony together in the same hole, this is mere nonsense, like many other myths in natural history. The latter both unquestionably live to a greater or less extent on the young dogs, whenever these are to be had, and it is astonishing how quickly one of these little owls is able to capture and kill rodents a great deal heavier and larger than themselves. I never have seen an owl actually capture a prairie dog, but have time and again seen them dispose of the western ground squirrel, which is about the size of a half grown prairie dog, and is very common in portions of Oregon and Washington Territory. As I have already published a lengthy article on this subject some years ago in the *Ornithologist and Oologist*, I will say nothing further about it here.

The fact that the dogs and owls do not live on friendly terms at all times was clearly demonstrated a few years ago at the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia. If I remember rightly, I think it was Mr. Arthur E. Brown, the superintendent of said gardens, who told me that during that season he had received several burrowing owls from the West which he placed in the wire inclosure in which quite a colony of prairie dogs were kept. In order to prevent the owls from flying away their wings were clipped, and laboring under such disadvantages they were at once set upon and promptly killed by their so-called friends, the prairie dogs, who undoubtedly enjoyed meeting their old-time enemies in such a fix. I have not the least doubt but what a partly crippled rattlesnake would fare the same way. C. E. BENDIRE.

DOMESTICATING WILDFOWL.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can report a little better success, to date, than last year. From thirteen wood duck eggs there are now three ducks, which are ten days old and are lively, following a hen and getting their own food along the ponds. The pintail laid seven eggs in a nest on the ground, broke two, and after hatching the young a week ago escaped from the wire netting and has not been seen since. My Chinese mandarin duck laid twelve eggs. Two of these were hatched under a hen and crushed in the nest. Another hen was set on seven mandarin eggs and hatched four birds yesterday, one of them a perfect albino, and last night crushed one. The old duck sat a week on three eggs and then abandoned the nest. Therefore, I have at present writing only three young wood ducks and three mandarins.—FRED MATHER.

THE STEP OF A BEAR.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not see just why it should be apparent to hunters, as one of your correspondents suggests, that the latter meant 36in. for a bear's step when your printer put it 26in. My experience is that large fat bears—common black bears—step very short. I would set down a 36in. stepping bear as too lean, poor and fond of traveling to make it worth my while to follow it. Of course, with a trap it matters not how long a step is. When a bear is so heavy that in ordinary walking, when unmolested, it steps little more than the length of its own foot, there is inducement to follow it.—CECIL CLAY.

Game Bag and Gun.

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IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—III.

OUR first morning at the 21 dawned windy and very cold, the thermometer—for the camp boasted such a piece of furniture—showing 12° below zero. It was too cold for horseback hunting, or at least Mr. Allison and all the ranch boys thought so. Ricker and I were the only ones to venture out in the morning, we resolving to still-hunt down the river.

Ricker and I had each secured one of the new model Winchesters, .45-90, for this trip, and these arms attracted some attention at the camp. They were not, however, liked by the boys of the ranch, who all pronounced them "too heavy." The old popular worthless .44-40 is the favorite gun with the cowboys. They didn't know anything about a rifle; and I imagine they like that old arm because it is light and handy and does pretty well for a saddle gun. There has been more game killed with these old .44s than with all other guns put together, and they are or have been the most popular gun on the plains and in the mountain, so far as the native population is concerned. Because cowboys have used them, cowboys think cowboys ought to use them. I suppose I wouldn't have one, with a prize package thrown in, myself. But I think the .45-90 a very excellent arm; only they will have to get the action a trifle smoother, though I never saw but two of the new make, and got the first one which came into the State of Kansas.

The .45-90 is the rifle I shall use, until the Winchester people make a .50-110 repeating rifle of this model (or one with even greater powder charge), in which either express or solid balls can be used, the former of not over 300 grains weight. This action is so arranged that a cartridge of that length can be easily thrown by it, I think. I would want the gun to weigh at least 9½lbs., and to be not over 24 or 26in. in the barrel. The action of the '86 model being so short, the result would be a gun short enough in its entire length for one to stick in a saddle holster, and run his horse as hard as he wants to go without fear of the horse getting the rifle between his legs and giving his rider a fall. I would most assuredly want the rifle to have a shotgun stock of exactly the same length and drop of stock my shotgun has. It is much a matter of fancy, this gun business; but it is my fancy that in the above I would find a practical gun for practical hunting, flat, accurate and so terrific a hitter that I would stop a deer or any large animal every time the ball struck him. If there be such a thing as shooting a heavy solid ball from an express rifle, the penetration of a solid ball from such an arm would be something fearful. But as far as range and accuracy are concerned, there is no one who can often hit a deer over 200yds., especially if it be running. He would be just as apt to do it with a wild-shooting gun as with an accurate one. There are many who might hit a small target regularly at that distance, or even a deer on paper, but I mean a deer with hair on it. The express charge would therefore give range and accuracy enough for deer shooting.

But, as I had not the .50-110, I took the .45-90, which is, practically, about as good. Ricker shouldered his favorite, a fine three-barrel Daly gun, which shoots a rifle cartridge of .38-55, and shoots it mighty accurately, too. With this, and a handful or so of buckshot, he calculated to make the air warm about any deer that jumped near him. I persecuted him for a pot-hunter. I believe a man can get more deer with a good three-barrel gun. He can get more fish with a seine, too. He can kill more squirrels with a good shotgun than he can with a rifle, too. Ricker and I were talking about this business when we parted at the edge of the sandhills, and I had almost persuaded him to give his gun away to some object of charity; but by night he had backslidden entirely, and I shall have all that work to do over again.

There are some 280,000 acres in the 21 range, and most of this is on the south side of the Cimarron; yet I walked for a long time through the sandhills of the north side before I came to the wire fence which marked the boundary of the range. I walked nearly ten miles down the river, and got well over on the T5 range. I must confess that the day was dull for me. The weather was so cold that nothing was moving, and I saw so little sign that I doubted if there were any deer in that country. Indeed, I did not see a living creature all that day, excepting a poor innocent little woodpecker, which I noticed just as I got back to camp, and which I was wicked enough to shoot at and kill with my new .45-90, thereby winning for it the name of the "woodpecker gun" when I told the boys at the camp what I had shot at.

When I got in, nearly at nightfall, I learned that Jack, one of the boys, had been out after we left, had jumped a buck in the edge of a swamp, and killed it running with his .38 Winchester. He had also seen four other deer in the black-jacks north of camp. This was more encouraging.

Presently Ricker came in, tired but happy. He had been down about the same distance as myself, though nearer to the river. He had seen no sign of deer until he came to the top of a big sandhill which was scooped out on the further side, and had a clump of large trees growing in the hollow. The tops of these trees came up nearly even with the top of the hill. As he peered down through the trees, a sudden whistle and a smashing in the brush announced an occupant, and he saw a big doe rushing down the hill for the tall grass. Did that benighted heathen use the rifle part of his machine? No. He just launched about seven hundred buckshot over in that direction, and took his chances. Hit something? Why, of course. And then that poor doe, denied a civilized death, ran on down the hill, blundered, stumbled, and fell in a bunch. Buckshot, sir! Four hundred buckshot. Murder? How can we ever know he killed the deer he shot at, and not some other deer, somewhere around there?

All hands now ate supper. The fact was developed that Buck, the cook, made excellent biscuits. I broke about fourteen straight myself. I wish the hotels in Kansas could bake as good biscuits. We came very near losing one of our best dogs on this trip before we ever got into the territory at all. He would have been drowned in crossing a river if he had not been tied to the wagon. He had in an unguarded moment swallowed a hotel biscuit at a

little town called Hazelton. Now, Buck's biscuits would not drown a dog.

On the following morning we found the thermometer still low-spirited, and the wind still very buoyant. The ground was frozen hard, and would have made bad running for the greyhounds, even had it been warm enough to ride with any comfort in the open country. Ricker took a pony and went after his deer, while Jack, who was to get a load of wood, concluded to bring in his game on the wagon. I started up the river through the sand hills in the direction opposite to that of the preceding day's hunt. Mr. Allison stayed at home with Red and Buck, and studied history.

A light snow had fallen during the night and trailing was easy. Ordinarily it is almost impossible, in the dry and sliding sand of these hills, to tell whether a trail be fresh or old. I crossed a fresh wildcat trail a mile west of the camp, and saw several coyote trails; but though I went up the river fully eight miles, I saw no sign whatever of deer. The country was wild and rough looking, covered with scattered bunches of timber (for which the local name is always "mottes"), especially along the little spring-fed streams which ran down toward the Cimarron. The sandhills all looked exactly alike. It would be almost impossible not to lose one's way among them, if one had not a compass or was not sure of his course from the direction of the wind. Indeed, at one time I found myself lost—the English language permits me so to speak—and was so turned around that I came upon my own trail when I thought I was going straight ahead on my old course. I reflected how serious a matter it is, as Bill Nye says, to be lost, while the whole country is left in suspense during one's absence. But at last I climbed a high sandhill and found I could see my own private landmark—a peculiar bluff on the other side of the Cimarron, nearly opposite the camp. Then I tired of my fruitless hunt and started back for the camp, getting out into the level bottom land, where the walking was easier. I was wearing a pair of felt boots, with light rubber overshoes—the very perfection of footgear for riding, but not good for walking, especially if there be a wet snow. My boots began to crawl down into my overshoes, and I found that the softness and lack of support made the ankles and feet very tired and sore. It seemed as if I never should close up the gap between my landmark bluff and the long mesa from which it jutted out. From the camp the bluff line appeared to be unbroken.

When about two miles above camp I heard a noise which very soon made me forget all footsoreness and drove every ache out of my body. It was the note of the foxhounds, belling rich, clear and deep. They were running! The day had been clear, the weather had warmed up, and the moist ground offered so good a chance for trailing that the other boys at camp had taken the foxhounds out late after dinner to see if they could start a wildcat out of the swamp which lay along the spring branches above the camp. The voices of the hounds came strong and clear, nearly in the same spot. Then I heard them roaring in a changed note, which clearly said, "at bay." Then came a shot. Then confused barking and fighting. Then "Oo! Oo! Oo-oo-oo-oo-ow! Ow! Ow! Ow-oo-oo-oo-oo!" The animal was off again. Four-legged Persistence, wrinkle-headed Fate, black and tan Destiny after him. Sure to catch him.

I struck the earth occasionally I suppose, but I don't remember anything about it.

"Come ahead," called out Mr. Allison, as I smashed through the tangled flags, "we've got a cat!"

It seems that they had struck the trail soon after putting the hounds into the swamp, and they could see by the tracks in the snow that it was a wildcat. Red and Mr. Allison were on horseback, and they kept as close to the dogs as the tangled cover of the swamp would permit. The swamp was not large, and as they sat their horses at the edge, they several times saw the cat—a very big fellow—slinking along in the reeds not 10ft. from them, seemingly not in the least mindful of their presence, and not very much concerned about the dogs. They could have shot it easily, had they wished to end the sport in that way. Closely crowded, the cat had taken to a tree once, and Red had purposely cut the limb under it with a ball from his six-shooter; whereat it sprang far out from the tree, slid out from among the dogs, and was now off again.

The second run of the cat was a long one. We followed it fully two miles out into the sandhills, then back into a second swamp. Here we took stations, and urged the two shepherd dogs into the swamp also, keeping the greyhound puppies—for these were the hounds which had been brought out—upon the outer edge of the reeds.

Presently the shepherds gave tongue—a thing they never did except when in sight—and at the same instant the musical complaint of the foxhounds changed into an angry roar. A spotted, sinuous figure sprang up from among the rushes and struck the trunk of a small tree, clung fast, and glided up among the branches.

"Don't shoot, anybody!" went the word; "put in the greyhounds!"

The greyhounds put themselves in. Every dog in the pack had his eye on the cat. The beautiful creature lay flat, claws working, ears back, mouth wide open—a perfect picture of feline beauty and feline venomousness. It did not seem to be very much afraid.

We threw a stick or two at the cat. It growled and tried to lash its sides with its tail, but couldn't, because its tail wasn't long enough. A wildcat isn't built that way, or else he'd lash his sides. We threw some more sticks. With a big scream the cat vaulted out into the air and fell right among the dogs.

Did you ever see a dog fight? One with nine dogs in it? And did you ever see a cat fight with about fourteen large-sized cats in it? Well, you combine these and shake before using. It may give you some little idea.

Not one of the greyhound puppies had ever seen a wildcat, but they all showed their breeding out of fighting stock. The cat had not struck the ground before it was covered with dogs, and every dog stayed in the fight, too. The puppies did not know much about fighting tactics, but each laid hold wherever handy, catching by the foot, back, neck, or anywhere else; one young enthusiast seized the cat by the tail, and seemed to think he was doing more than almost anybody toward paralyzing the foe. A wildcat is a very strong and active animal, and his natural weapons are something terrible in their way; and although not very thick-skinned, its tenacity of life makes a struggle of this kind a long one. The yelps and howls of the dogs gave notice that they were being badly punished, and once in a while one broke out of the ring with a split ear, a bloody face or a lame foot, only to shake himself, and, with loud clamors for revenge, to plunge again into the fight. Over all the tumult sounded the roar of the foxhounds, both busy as they could be. The growl of the cat was only occasionally heard. The fight was going on in the middle of a bunch of flags, so dense that we could only see a whirling mass of legs, tails and fur. We knew, however, that the dogs had the cat strung out, so that it could not use its hind feet in that terrible ripping stroke which sometimes disembowels a dog outright. We, therefore, concluded not to push in and kill the cat with the knife, but to let the pack finish it. We stood around in the flags and shouted and jumped and stood on one leg and urged on the dogs. Presently there was a general movement toward the open, and the whole pack pushed out, each tugging at his hold, and all bearing the cat stretched out clear above the ground, limp and dead. The gallant fighter had made his fight and had yielded to the majority.

The dogs now felt very proud of themselves, and wished constantly to kill the cat all over again. With difficulty getting it away from them, we tied it behind a saddle, and then, petting up the wounded dogs, and calling them all "good dogs," we started home, the dogs trotting behind in long file—Drum, the young foxhound, occasionally lifting his nose up toward the fallen victim, and giving vent to a loud boom of exultation, as if to announce to all the country about, "We've got him, sure!"

We now had something to put on the game-rack; and we ate supper very cheerfully, feeling that the trip was opening well.

E. HOUGH.

IOWA GAME AND FISH.

THE tenth convention of the Iowa State Sportsman's Association met at Sioux City, June 22, and had a very successful tournament. Des Moines was selected as the place for next year. President J. G. Smith, of Algona, was re-elected, and with him are the following officers: President, J. G. Smith, of Algona: First Vice-President, Charles Hinsdale, of Newton; Second Vice-President, F. B. Gove, of Creston; Secretary, A. L. Zwort, Des Moines; Treasurer, G. L. Easton, Des Moines. The president appointed as directors C. W. Budd, Des Moines; L. Wordney, Waverley; J. B. Aldrich, Atlantic; C. A. Bryant, Sioux City; W. Howard, Davenport. The Law Committee, also appointed by the president, is as follows: Geo. E. Clark, Algona; G. Parsons, Des Moines; A. L. Hudson, Sioux City.

Mr. Pierce offered a resolution prohibiting the shooting of live birds or animal targets at future tournaments. After a lively debate of the resolution it was lost by a vote of 21 for and 22 against. A resolution was then carried that the question be considered at the next annual meeting, that the delegates present might be enabled to intelligently represent the wishes of their clubs in the matter.

PRESIDENT SMITH'S ADDRESS.

In looking over an assembly of gentlemen like this I feel myself hardly competent to speak to them as one should do who presides over them. Yet as we have met for an interchange of views I will express mine to you in as short and concise a manner as possible. This is the tenth annual meeting of our association, and being a regular attendant at all the meetings I have found a great deal of pleasure in the attendance. Here I meet old friends and find many new ones, and when sportsmen meet there is a kind of an affinity between them, one knows that he has found friends, and friends that it is a pleasure to meet. If we accomplish but little each year, our meetings will do much good. We are at present the largest State association, and there seems to be more interest taken in the fish and game laws in the State of Iowa than in any other State. And it is with us, gentlemen of the State Association, to protect and preserve the game and fish so that our children's children may know what it is to have good shooting and fishing. We have laws enough, and all there is for us to do is to see that those laws are strictly enforced. During the last twenty years there has been a large amount of game destroyed. Game laws have been violated in almost every county. But we can see a change within the last two or three years. The formation of clubs so that sportsmen can work together has produced a change. And there are but few counties in the State at the present time where it is not looked upon as a disgrace to violate the game laws; and the day is not far distant when we shall scarce hear of a violation of our game or fish laws.

The prairie chicken must go. I do not see any help for them in the State of Iowa. There is not waste land enough in the State. Almost every acre can be cultivated, and that leaves no chance for them to nest. The fire, plow and reaper will soon do their work. Already we see large flocks of old male birds together, which shows us that the female birds will soon be among the things "that were." The wildfowl, the quail, the snipe and the plover we can always have if we will take means to enforce the game laws.

The fishing in the lakes and streams may, with proper care, be good as long as these lakes and streams last, and it is with you, fellow sportsmen, to preserve and protect these fish. See that we have a competent man for fish commissioner, one who understands the work and whose heart is in it. It was a direct insult to the sportsmen of the State of Iowa when Gov. Larrabee appointed the present fish commissioner. Nowhere in the State has there been so much violation of the fish and game laws as in Dickinson county. The present commissioner has lived there some fifteen years, and who ever heard of his trying to enforce the "game" or "fish law." Not a single case has been prosecuted in Dickinson county. His mill wheels have ground up thousands of fine fish. And yet for all this he receives the office as fish commissioner for the State of Iowa.

I am no politician, but I could not speak to you to-night without expressing to you my feelings in regard to such an insult to the sportsmen of Iowa by the present governor. I had intended to say a few words on the subject of spring shooting, but I fear I have already taken up too much of your time. But I will say this, that I am not in favor of passing any law that does not stop the shooting of wildfowl the first day of December of each year all over the United States. I do not believe in a law that allowed men in the Southern States to shoot till March 1 and then say stop when the birds leave for the North. Let the birds rest in the South December, January and February, and then they will have as much open season as we of the North. In most parts of Iowa the spring shooting is better than the fall. Many of our sportsmen would never have a chance to kill a wildfowl except they did so in the spring. They have not the means to go where the wildfowl are. And were it not for a few days' shooting in the spring they might as well have no game. It is less than ten years since any sportsmen could go to Spirit Lake and have a good day's shooting. He did not have to wait for a flight of birds from the north. It was good shooting any time after the 20th of September till the lake froze over. How is it now? I do not believe there has been a good day's shooting there for the last three years. And why? Not on account of the farmer boys. Not on account of the "spring shooting," for there is no "spring shooting" there of any account, as the lakes seldom open till after the birds have gone north. The trouble is in July and August the visitors to those lakes go out over the country to every slough where the waterfowl breed and destroy those birds before they can fly. Ten years ago most of the ducks that bred in Dickinson county as soon as they could fly went to the large lakes. The northern ducks dropped down among them. The wild celery tempted them to stay; and I believe I have seen twenty thousand ducks in East Okoboji Lake at one time.

There is one change I would like to see made in our game laws, and that is in regard to the shooting of ducks, geese, and brant, the 15th of August. I do not think the season ought to open before the 15th of September. We should then have more decoys to decoy the flight birds and many more would stop with us. As it is at present, many ducks that are bred here are killed as soon or before they can fly. It also gives men a great chance to violate the law in regard to "prairie chickens." They can go out after ducks and geese, but will kill more chickens than ducks and geese.

One word before I close, in regard to the careless handling of firearms. I wish there could be a law passed in the State of Iowa making it a "criminal offense" for one person to point any kind of a "firearm" (loaded or not loaded) toward another. I would make the offense punishable by five years in the State's prison. Scarcely a month passes by but that some one is made to suffer by the careless handling of a gun or pistol, and it is the old story, "Did not know it was loaded." In my own county over twenty persons have been killed within the last twenty years by the careless handling of guns, and it seems to me that it is time something was done to stop it.

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Naval Officer's" brief story of a "pilgrim packer's" trials and tribulations, as detailed in your issue of June 23, is interesting, and, may I confess it, just a little amusing. It brings up again the subject of packing tent poles, to which I had at first intended to allude in my remarks on the diamond hitch, but which on second thought I determined to omit. It is difficult enough to learn to pack an animal with ordinary supplies, and I did not wish to add to this difficulty by putting tent poles in the pack. These, unless they are properly put on the load, will rack it to pieces in a very short time. Besides, in the Yellowstone Park, where timber is so abundant that one can camp every night at the edge of a grove of trees, tent poles are scarcely necessary. By means of a couple of ropes tied to the corners of the ridge and drawn tight about two trees, a tent can be spread very comfortably and the labor of packing poles entirely avoided. Besides this, there will perhaps not be more than two or three days on the whole trip, when the party will care to put up their tent. On this you cannot depend, however, and when you do require your tent you will need it badly.

The tent poles, like everything else in the load, must be lashed together compactly, and the best method that I know of for doing this is to put the loop of a lare rope about one end of a bundle of from four to six pieces, and draw it as tight as possible. Then pass the long end of the rope—at the untied end of the bundle of poles—under one pole and draw it smartly back as near the loop as possible. Then take a half hitch about the bundle and tighten; pass the rope under another pole and draw back nearly to the half hitch; make another half hitch, tighten, pass the rope under another pole, and repeat this until you have either got to the end of the poles or made the bundle so tight that you cannot pass the rope between the remaining poles. Now fasten by means of a couple of half hitches and your bundle will not come undone. This is essentially like a hammock hitch, except that the rope is passed between the poles to tighten the lashing. The bundles of poles, two bundles to a mule, should go between the top and side packs, pretty well back, the ends projecting very little, if at all, in front of the load. As an additional security, they may be tied to the lash rope after it has been tightened, but this should not be necessary if the latter is properly arranged. A wall tent can, of course, be packed well enough; but two small A tents would be much more conveniently handled, and one of these will furnish abundant tent room for two persons.

If I understand "Naval Officer" correctly he wrapped his mule up in his tent, but if he did this he must have made the tent meet under the animal's belly, or nearly so, or else the ropes of the lashing must have galled the poor creature. May I ask why the tent was not put on over the load, or else under it, over the aparejo?

The spectacle of "Naval Officer" and his companion marching through the Yellowstone Park armed with tent poles must have been highly diverting to those who saw them. Such or similar ridiculous experiences have, however, befallen most of us who prefer to depend on ourselves, rather than on others, who can always be hired to do the work, which is really an important part of the pleasure of one's outing.

A word more as to side packs. I have seen the Mexicans use canvas sacks, about 18in. deep and from 2½ to 3ft. long, from before backward, in place of side packs. These are fitted near the top and on the side next to the animal with stout leather loops to hook over the cross trees of a pack saddle, and are provided with a flap which buckles over on the outside to keep the contents from spilling out, as well as to protect from rain. My friend, Capt. Bendire, tells me of a long narrow sack, working somewhat on the same principle, which the Mexican packers used in the Gunnison country back in the '50s. This sack was

closed at both ends, but was slit across on one side. The sack was placed across the aparejo, the uncut side down, and the load for either side was introduced through the slit, which opened in the middle line above. The two ends of the sack were loaded so as to balance each other, and, of course, after the lash rope was put on, there was no chance for it to slip.

Boxes and baskets are often put on as side packs, but the latter, unless specially arranged for the purpose, are likely to be crushed and racked to pieces after being in use for a short time. Yo.

NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

FOLLOWING are brief abstracts of the reports of the State fish and game protectors for the month of May:

Geo. W. Whitaker, of district No. 1, traveled 256 miles and expended $20.07. Among other places he visited Meacox Bay to see and inquire about the shooting of small birds and snipe. As usual, the witnesses to whom he was referred knew nothing except that they heard guns and supposed that some one was shooting birds.

Joseph H. Goodwin expended $10, but does not appear to have done more.

Francisco Wood, of district No. 4, traveled 230 miles and expended $37.50 in a hot search for illegal fishing apparatus, which, however, he was unsuccessful in discovering.

Seymour C. Armstrong traveled 304 miles and expended $13.60. In Lake Champlain he seized fourteen fyke nets, worth $500, part of which were destroyed and the rest are at Whitehall. He also seized one in Saratoga Lake valued at $15. The suit against Leander Pasco for hounding deer in Warren county was concluded by the discharge of the defendant. He says that the evidence was very plain and conclusive, but the jury acquitted the man.

John Liberty of district No. 6 reports that he recovered $100 in penalties from Wallace McFarland, and that he has a suit pending against Fred Lewis, Jr., for killing a deer. Mr. Liberty traveled 111 miles and expended $16.75.

Peter R. Leonard of district No. 7, including St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, is a very active man. He traveled over 300 miles, spent $36.40, brought three new suits for killing deer, disposed of three suits brought on the same charge, and has one pending for illegal trout fishing. He has destroyed one seine, value $25, and one scoop net valued at $3, and taken two trap nets valued at $50 each. He has recovered $75 in fines.

Thomas Bradley of district No. 8 traveled 364 miles and spent $27.35.

J. L. Brinkerhoff of district No. 9 succeeded in traveling 307 miles and spending $31.38. He captured a set line worth $1.50

Nathaniel C. Phelps of district No. 10 traveled 188 miled and expended $20.92.

Fred P. Drew of district No. 11 is another active man. He traveled 592 miles, and expended $5.70. He has brought suits against John Kelley, N. M. Burdick, H. Burdick, George H. Adams, Arthur Burton, Morris Stowe, Burton Stowe, F. Schlosser, and W. Archer, for hauling seines in Oneida county and against George H. Adams, for catching bass and pike in the closed season. He has recovered $200 from parties who were convicted of seine hauling. He has destroyed nets and other apparatus in the lower end of Oneida lake, worth $700.

William N. Steele, of district No. 12, has captured $510 worth of nets, traveled 196 miles and paid out $27.85.

William H. Lindsley, of district No. 13, has destroyed 2,900 feet of gillnets and brought a suit against W. Kline for violating section 23.

G. W. Schwartz, of district No. 15, has destroyed nearly $800 worth of nets, and brought two suits for illegal fishing and has three suits pending.

T. O. Roberts, of district No. 16, has destroyed $60 worth of nets on the shore of Lake Erie. The month's work was a good one.—*Utica Herald.*

ALBINO WOODCHUCK.—Indian Rock, Me., June 29.—Did you or any of the contributors or readers of the FOREST AND STREAM ever see or hear of a white hedge hog? I killed two last evening, one young black and one white; the black one was quite small. Some six or eight men saw them and said they never saw nor heard of a white one before. I have seen a white woodchuck, and only one, but have heard of others.—C. F. RICHARDSON.

CLINTON, Mass., July 1.—The Clinton Sportsmen's Club have elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, G. Walton Goss; Vice-President, William H. Gibbs; Secretary, George S. Avery; Treasurer, A. G. Larking; Directors, Walter D. Bowers, Henry W. Welsh, Charles H. Lasselle. A committee has been appointed to arrange for a meet some time the present month.

THE RIGHT TO SNARE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your edition of June 16, in an editorial criticising the communication of "Bay State," you lay strictures on the sportsmen of Reading, calling them "market hunters," "grouse snarers," etc.; and by the general tone of your editorial show your want of sympathy with us. Of course you are not personally acquainted with any of us and are obliged to get your information at second hand and from persons who wish to vent their spite and venom through your paper. These are the facts of the case: The farmers of this vicinity, or those representing about 5,000 acres of our best hunting ground, were very tired of being liable to a fine of twenty dollars for snaring a bird on their own land or permitting their children to so do, and among them was the retired clergyman of whom you speak as a "game legislative busybody," who is here held in high esteem; and they very properly brought the question before the Legislature, which promptly restored their rights after the most strenuous opposition from a lot of men who like to hunt on others' land. The farmers naturally did not like to be denied the right to take their birds in their own way, and yet to see daily parties of sportsmen from the city (only twelve miles away) get over their fences as might be and go through their land shooting right and left (Sundays and week days alike) and on requesting the intruders to move off, to be met with abuse. This is the whole story in a nutshell.

Now in regard to the "market hunting" and "nest of grouse snarers." I have been in business here for fourteen years, and with an intimate knowledge of most of the sportsmen within fifteen miles, I can recall but one person (and he not a resident of Reading) who ever made a business of snaring for the market, and he only for one fall when he was out of employment, and the only other snaring there may have been has been done by the farmers or their children for a few birds for their own use, so you can see by my statement it is not a very large "nest." If you should ever be fortunate enough to come to Reading, you will find as good a class of gentleman gunners as you would find anywhere, with good dogs and guns, and no country louts who make a trade of bird snaring. As for bird protection, we are as solicitous about it as any one, but we concede to the farmer his right to the bird on his own land, where we go at his pleasure. As for myself and most intimate friends, we believe in a close season from the first day of January on all kinds of game, and do not favor any extension of time to shoot ducks in the spring, as was done a year ago, giving to gunners fifteen more days time to shoot them in when they need to be protected. We do not like to see the Wilson snipe and five or six other of our best game birds protected by placing them with birds of prey, as was done in a game bill passed three or four years since through the influence of the person from whom you probably received your information about the Reading boys; but from the word "go" we believe in strict game protection, always conceding gracefully the right of the farmer to take game on his own land in his own chosen way during the open season, and in this way avoiding any friction between farmers and sportsmen. PHARMACIST.

[No reference was made to the sportsmen of Reading. The farmer's "right" to snare game is not a "right" beyond the sphere of legislative control, no more than is his "right" to net trout. The permission to snare was restored in the interest of professional snarers and of the Boston dealers in snared game. It is barely possible that the FOREST AND STREAM'S information is quite as full and accurate as that of "Pharmacist."]

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE CUSK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Black Spot" asks for the experience of others as to the edible qualities of the "cusk" or "eel pout" (*Lota maculosa*). My experience with this fish commenced in the month of March, 1844, at the Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. The navigation of the river did not open that year with Lake Huron below until the latter part of May, consequently the inhabitants were driven to short rations in winter, stored provisions, and were obliged to subsist largely on such fishes as the adjoining waters supplied. Even the few horses and cows of the place were taking their daily allowance of fish and birch browse, the store of hay having also quite given out. On the table of our host it was fish, fried and boiled and broiled, morning, noon and night, day after day, with a short accompaniment of potatoes and bread. A more constant accompaniment and one new to us was an overloaded dish of what was considered a great delicacy, the fried livers of the eel pout, a tid-bit I did not care to indulge in, owing to my antipathy for this "disgusting looking creature," remarking always on its being offered me, "While fish was good enough, those that wanted 'loche' livers, as the fish was called by the Antoines at the Sault, were welcome, not any of it on my plate."

Every evening about dusk some one would go down to the ice on the river and pull out a dozen or more set lines with as many 10 to 15lb. "loche," "ling" and "eel pouts" hooked at the baited end. Knock them on the head, extract the livers, which were put carefully in a basket, while the loathsome-looking "pouts" were loaded on a dog sled to be taken, as I remarked, "for cattle provisions." "Oh, no, mon ami," replied the fisherman, "part go there, some go to the house likewise; these are the kind of whitefish you likes so well every day since you come here. You see the whitefish, you suppose, are not caught now. See the rapids and the middle of the river. See the ice. Catch no white—poisson blanc, little or big truite, long as the ice goes over there. Break the canoe through every time. Ice run now six week or more, will run, maybe, a month or more, too. If you stay here and want fresh fish, may be you eat 'loche,' white and herring all the time, two, three, four times a day, jes as good as seal whitefish, so you don't know him."

Well, to tell the truth, I was a little weakened after hearing this disclosure; but I ate "loche" that evening for supper and daily afterward until the catch for real "poisson blanc" set in. Even then, possibly, I partook of one fish as often as the other. I will not say that the "loche" of the Sault equals the whitefish of that locality, as the latter is considered the most superior of its kind; but this I will say, this "loche" from the cold waters of the North is a most excellent fish for the table. Its fat liver, which I have often eaten since, I prefer to that of the overfed, stuffed goose of Strasburg, which is so much sought after.

But the "loche," like all other fishes, as many know, must vary in food qualities according to its general surroundings and season. The "loche" from Lake Erie does not rank in fine flavor and firmness of flesh above the catfish of the Mississippi Valley, neither does our whitefish (*C. albus*) in this point equal those of deeper, clearer and colder waters; it is often so fat, oily and soft as to be hardly fit for food, and those who have only eaten the fish from this locality consider it very inferior fish; and more, we have heard many declare it to be a "worthless fish."

In Sir John Franklin's first overland Arctic expedition this *Lota maculosa* was met with in all lakes and rivers tributary to Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean. Dr. Richardson, who accompanied him as a surgeon and naturalist, mentions this fish as excellent food, the livers especially. The late Wm. Mittleberger, of this city, once twenty years a factor in the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, often interested me in relating his experience in that lonely and little-known region. One day while watching the hauling of a seine, a burbot, as he called it, was thrown out with some other worthless fishes. He remarked as he examined it, "This fish is quite abundant on the Great Slave Lake, Peace and Athabaska rivers, and is considered there one of the best of fishes, and how is it that it was considered worthless here?" Since then I have learned that in Montana it is eagerly sought after, its liver and roe being considered a delicacy. Even to Alaska it is known as an excellent food fish and weighs 40 to 50lbs.

It has often been a wonder to me why this fish is so generally condemned, it certainly is quite as attractive on close acquaintance as any of its salt water relations, the Gadidæ, such as the cod and haddock, compared with eels and catfish it is a perfect beauty.

Let the Ichthyoplagous Club explain.

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Cusk are plentiful in the St. John River near Fredericton. The usual time for the commencement of fishing is at that period of the year when the river begins to freeze; they are also taken during the winter through the ice. They are said to be of the finest quality when taken in the autumn before they have spawned. The fish and roe, which is very large, are fried in butter; as they are thus served up at the Queen Hotel in this city, they are very highly prized by the Fredericton Blue Noses. Whether such food would be agreeable to the dainty palates of New York aristocrats is doubtful. Cusk are also plentiful in the lakes on the left hand branch of Green River, one of the tributaries of the St. John; the immature fry being a favorite food of the Green River trout which, when gorged with them, will pay but little heed to the angler's wiles. The cusk is also found in many other lakes in New Brunswick. EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

MEMORIES THAT DO NOT FADE.—I.

EVERY sportsman who has grown gray in the cause finds still clinging to his memory fond recollections of incidents and events connected with his early experiences with the rod and gun, which, unlike "footprints on the sands of time," do not grow dim or vanish. Wherever his lot may be cast, or whatever his calling in the busy scenes of life, there will be intervals when these incidents in his early sporting career will come uppermost in his mind with all the vivid freshness of the long-gone days in which they occurred, and he lives over again some of the pleasantest incidents of his early life.

Most of such incidents may seem trivial to the general reader, but I fancy will awaken an interest in the breasts of those who began early in life to gather that enjoyment which can be found in no other way; and there may also be an interest, and possibly some grains of instruction, to those who are just beginning to learn the ways of the imperial, wary and gamy denizens of the forest and stream.

It was my fortune to be permitted to begin early in this interesting pursuit, and though bereft of a father's care and guidance when quite young, a kind and indulgent mother aided my strong and natural desires in this direction much more than the average mothers are wont to do. She evidently took a sensible view of the matter, for she did not allow me to run wild in this direction, but kept me under due restraint; and though often assisting me in the care of my gun and fishing tackle, the former of which she always kept in her own room when not in use, I was never allowed to go out without due caution to beware of accidents and a promise exacted from me to return by a stated time. And I kept my promise faithfully, partly out of dutifulness and partly, no doubt, because I knew a failure on my part would endanger the frequency of my little outings.

The first silk line of which I was ever the proud possessor my mother made for me, twisting it on the old spinning wheel from sewing silk, and though my joy and pride were exceedingly large over it, they were of short duration, for while fishing in the river a few days after it was given to me, a fish took it away, breaking the tip of my rod, and as I had no reel I saw my beautiful silk line vanish from my sight, but not forever. I have often wished it had been so, for the next day I went down to the river where some men were fishing with a seine, and I saw them take out of their net a splendid pickerel with my hook and silk line still fast to its mouth. I told them it was my line and how I had lost it, but they neither gave me the line or fish. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that my physical powers were not as great as my boyish indignation and wrath, for if they had been I should certainly have recovered that line or made things very lively for those unjust fishermen. I have never ceased to despise the man who refused to give me my silk line, though this may be wrong in me, for he has long since gone to his reward.

In the gratitude I now feel for the kindness of my mother who so cheerfully aided me in my early efforts to win these gentle pleasures, may I not be indulged in asking, if it would not be better if more mothers and fathers would in like manner guide, direct and instruct their boys who evince a love for these sports instead of striving to smother or obliterate an instinct which, if properly encouraged, will afford pleasures rational, manly and lifelong? A.

JUNE 24, 1887.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I've been thinking over the tournament and venture some suggestions for criticism:

Should there not be a limit to size of line used in single-hand fly-rod casting, and to the weight of rod?

I would put the entrance fee in each contest down to fifty cents or a dollar anyhow.

Contestants should be classed the way trotting horses are. Thus, for single-handed over head fly-rod casting I would suggest classes as follows: Sixty feet and under, 70ft., 80ft., 85ft., 90ft. No man with a record to be eligible below his class save in a free-for-all. If a good lot of prizes were put in the lower classes we would have a big entry. The judges should have discretion to cut the time down to five minutes; and then give the first three or five a further period of five minutes. Distance only to count in these contests, but special contests for delicacy and accuracy being had.

Rule 2 should be done away with or else strictly enforced.

What do you say, folk, specially about the classing, and if so name your classes for each sort of casting.

GRAYDON JOHNSTON.

[It is time now to make a class for winners of first prizes in the amateur classes. Under the present rules they are forced to stay out or to go in with the experts. It is also time to do away with the rule prohibiting men engaged in the fishing tackle business from entering amateur classes. This rule was forced upon the Association after the first contest in Central Park, because men who test rods in a factory came down and swept the amateur classes, and it was necessary to provide against an occurrence of this. Perhaps if memberships could not be obtained on the ground it would be well. This practice encourages mug-hunting to a great extent. We agree with Mr. Johnston that classes should be made according to the previous records, but do not think that rods and lines should be too severely restricted, because one object of the tournaments is to develop the tools which can do the best work. His other suggestions are well worth the consideration of the Association.]

TROUTING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

DURING the past three years my attention has been attracted in various ways to the climate and year-around healthfulness of western North Carolina. Last October an article written by E. A. Gatchell, M.D., and published in the *New York Medical Record*, fell under my notice and that settled it. Nov. 5 I packed up my grip, bade good-bye to wife and family, and went to Asheville, N.C. My objective was Highlands. I made the acquaintance of Dr. Gatchell and his partner, Dr. Hargan, both of whom are gentlemen of high standing in their profession, and they gave me much valuable information and assistance. I crossed the Balsam Range to Webster, and went thence by stage twenty-one miles to Franklin. Highlands is but nine miles from the latter place; however, I went no further. After a few days sojourn I returned to Asheville, made more inquiries, enjoyed the delicious, invigorating air, the clear sky and the wonderful mountain scenery. I mentally pledged myself the pleasure of a longer stay in this section at some future time to participate in some of the delights of forest and stream, and also to give this climate an opportunity to cure the abominable catarrhal and laryngeal affection which had caused me so much pain and money for several years. The memory of this three weeks' trip gave me food for sober reflection during the long, dreary and sunless days of the Northern winter. In due course of time May came, and I made up my mind to go to Asheville, spend three or four months, study its summer climate, breathe the fresh, pure mountain air, put myself under the direction and care of a good physician, and enjoy all I could. I came and am still here.

Naturally I very soon instituted queries regarding fishing opportunities, for how could one brought up and trained on the famous Caledonia Creek, restrain his propensities when in the neighborhood of a trout stream?

I discovered that the streams in the immediate vicinity of Asheville were devoid of my favorite fish, but by retiring from this vain world to the mountain fastnesses, one could find an abundance of trout.

One day a young gentleman—patient of the Doctor's—came into the office and reported having spent three days on a mountain stream and brought home 270 trout. Said I: "You are sure they were 'speckled trout'?" He looked offended and said he thought he knew trout. I felt afraid I had at last come into the august presence of a veritable "trout hog" and I mildly asked, "How large was the largest one?" "About 12in. long." "And the smallest?" "Six inches." Well, I looked at Dr. H., who, by the way, is an enthusiastic sportsman, but had never seen, much less caught, a trout, and he looked at me. "We must go a-fishing," said I. "We certainly must," he replied.

Canvassing the subject we found that in the headwaters of the Pigeon River good trout fishing could be had. The Doctor had some patients in Waynesville, who needed attention, and we planned to start early Thursday morning, consult with the afflicted until after dinner, then drive sixteen and one-half miles over the mountains to the east fork of the Pigeon River and seek shelter with one Jim Osborne.

The air was warm and the town sleepy. We had a platform-spring wagon, two good horses, and a colored Jehu to hold the reins. There were four of us, Dr. H., his son Guy and a young friend, "Doc" N., and the subscriber. We started at 1 P. M. in good spirits and with the assurance of all that we should have plenty of trout. Such roads, such climbing, such forest-crowned mountains, such views of peak and valley, such rugged slopes and rich bottom and cove lands! I had never traveled such rough, tortuous lanes before. However, I confess my utter inability to give an adequate description of the varied scenery through which we passed. Had I the pen of a ready writer like "Nessmuk" or the chronicler of "Uncle Lisha" and "Sam Lovel," what pen pictures I could portray. He who anticipates riding to his headquarters in a parlor car and casting the dainty fly from a luxuriously cushioned boat with fish tank inclosed, and a polite, skillful oarsman to relieve him of all unnecessary labor, need not apply. Such men know not the exultation from overcoming difficulties in pursuit of this favorite pastime. It has graciously been ordered that keenest enjoyments and grandest successes shall be the legitimate outcome of obstacles surmounted and sharpest struggles. I do not remember how many times we forded the Pigeon, but it seems to me it was about twenty.

Our journey was one long emphatic exclamation point. At 5:30 we drew in sight of Jim Osborne's house, beyond which it was impossible to go a mile with a wagon. For the last three miles of our journey the sound of the roaring stream smote our ears continually, and my fingers itched to test every good pool and riff which came in sight.

We came unannounced, and consequently found things unprepared. Mrs. O. said that she did not keep boarders, but she "reckoned" we could stay. Tumbling our grips into a square room uncarpeted and unfurnished except for two beds, a bureau and a sewing machine, we rapidly assumed our fishing toggery and prepared for the contest. I had to furnish experience for the party. The three "tenderfeet" went together to that portion of the stream directly in front of the house, while I went up stream about a quarter of a mile. Ugh! how cold the water is even through my wading boots. How swift the current. No casting from the bank here: too much laurel, rhododendron and other stuff. After a time a few small trout rise and are deposited in my creel. The water is deeper than I thought, and so clear. I come to a bend, and just below is a most inviting pool, shady, cool, still and deep. I cannot reach it just as I wish, try as I may. However, one good one is hooked and landed safely. How handsome he is! Working along slowly and carefully, occasionally picking up a trout, until dark, I finally become aware of some one fishing just below me around a rock and log dam. Soon he comes in sight, wading in the water minus rubbers and fishing with a short willowy tip of an ordinary cane. I say "good evening." "Howdy" comes in reply. "How far is it to Jim Osborne's?" "About a quarter you way. I reckon I'm the man you'r lookin' for." I introduce myself, and after a few moments spent in watching him we take a short cut to the road and then cross lots to the house. My "tenderfoot" friends are seated on the wide porch awaiting my return. I was quite disgusted to learn that they had beaten me badly, having a score of about forty, while I, who prided myself on my ability, had about ten. They all used bait.

Entering our sleeping room I found a stranger, seemingly quite at home, enjoying the blazing fire in the huge fireplace. He was introduced as Mr. Kimball, of Boston; coming from Savannah a week previous, shaking with chills and fever, he had retired to this mountain region, since which time he had not suffered from fever, chill or cold, although wading in the water every day.

Our supper consisted of trout, bacon, inevitable corn bread, coffee and milk. When supper was ended we all gathered around the fireplace and indulged in fish talk, while incense from the fragrant weed filled the room. Plans for the morrow were freely discussed. Jim O. could not accompany us, being obliged to attend assessor's meeting down the river, much to his disappointment. Kimball and I agreed to go up the stream four miles to the junction of Pigeon and Shining creeks and fish down to the house. (Kimball is very deaf and persists in calling it "Chinese Creek." Jim shouts "Shining Creek, Mr. Kimball." "Yes, yes," with a nod, "Chinese Creek," whereat Jim laughs.)

We take an early start. The rising sun illumines the tips of the mountains with molten gold, while our way leads us through laurel and rhododendron thickets, interspersed with giant hemlocks (spruce pine here) sycamores, oaks and birches. The stream roars and dashes on our left, and the grass and bushes are wet with the heavy dew. Involuntarily I stop to admire the seething water, the laurel blossoms, the opening buds of the rhododendron, the flaming mountain pink; to measure a mammoth hemlock, which by my rod measures 5ft. in diameter and towers without a limb for 60ft. The forest-covered mountains rose on either side at an angle of 50 degrees, and the stream rushed down an incline of two feet to the rod at a 2:40 gait. I wondered how I could ever withstand that current. We follow the sharp curves and tumbling rapids for nearly four miles, when Kimball announces that in his opinion we had gone far enough and will be sufficiently weary by the time we reach home. I concur.

Now I am an ardent fly-fisherman, and dislike the use of any other bait. We both put on flies. I cast and cast and stumble and slide and stagger and catch a few trout, when K. comes to me with several good ones and puts them in my basket. He wades without the slightest attempt at keeping dry. An old pair of pants and broken shoes suffice him. At eleven o'clock we are tired and hungry, and as the trout do not rise well we conclude to rest, eat and smoke awhile. We sit on a huge boulder and examine our lunch. Soda biscuit (soggy), fried trout and bacon. Well, I eat the trout, nibble a piece of bacon, take one bite of the biscuit, groan and reach down for a drink of the ice cold water. If I had eaten all the biscuit I would have had the grim satisfaction of knowing there was a solid accident policy in the safe at home. One good purpose the biscuit might serve, viz., as ballast. We produce our pipes and proceed to talk fish, travels, art, and of the ever present scenery. Having come so far as this to catch trout, I conclude, as did "Piseco," that I must while in Rome do as the Romans do if I wish to save my reputation; and noticing Kimball slipping on bait I follow suit. This on, the queen as stretcher seems to suit, and I gather in the trout. Out of one pool I take five, the heaviest ¾lb. and the smallest about ¼lb. See Kimball standing on that great flat rock which obstructs the middle of the river. He fishes the pool below and the rapids on either side, then concludes to cross to that tail race. He must jump to that dome-shaped rock about halfway across and a foot under the rushing water, and then leap to the gravelly shore. The water below is about 10ft. deep, that on the right and above is about 4ft. and going like a quarter horse. He pauses a moment and then jumps. That rock was slippery, and he slid with a splash into the shallower water with full pockets. I lean against a rock and laugh. The roaring flood and his deaf ears defend his sensibilities, and he does not look backward. "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." My turn soon comes, when I slip and fill my boots. That was the longest and most wearisome four-mile journey I ever tramped. The basket grew heavier every hour, my arm grew tired, my ankles were bruised and my boots weighed a ton. But we had over fifty good trout. Kimball was disappointed. A few days previous he had caught 8lbs. alone over the same ground. But trout are a "precarious" fish.

At the house we found "Doc" N., who had been feeling badly all day and took no interest in fish or fishing. After a time he wandered up to Strawberry Hill and returned with a handful of strawberry stems and the luscious fruit hanging from them. K. and I eagerly devour them. "Doc" said he had had all he wanted. Dr. H. and Guy soon returned with about twenty-five fish and the whole catch are readily cleaned and we await supper. Jim Osborne returning from the "listing place" concludes he will see what he can do in the "aidge of the evenin'." I give him some flies and he departs.

Before supper is announced he walks in with eleven. More trout, fried bacon, soda biscuit, hot corn bread, coffee and milk. More fish talk, hunting talk, anecdote and smoke. Jim says there is an abundance of bears in the mountains. When he kills a mutton on the mountain the great gray wolves come prowling around for fresh meat. Deer are not plenty but can be shot. But turkeys, ruffed grouse, quail, fox and gray squirrels "till you can't rest." Meanwhile "Doc" has retired and Guy follows suit. Soon we all turn in, Kimball in a trundle bed very near the boys' bed, Dr. H. and I in the other bed in the opposite corner.

The morning found us too sore and lame to attempt any fishing before our team should come for us. We must reach home that night, as the following day was the Sabbath. Doc stated his ability and readiness to go fishing. The rest, even to Kimball, demurred. We packed up and waited for the wagon. Fearing our team would be late in reaching us and delay us over the Sabbath in Waynesville we decided to walk down the road and meet the wagon and so save what distance we could. Jim furnished a horse, and tying our grips together they were slung across the saddle and Guy was seated on top to direct affairs. Jim Osborne accompanied us to the listing place. We bade good-bye to Kimball with regret. I fancy our coming was a pleasurable break in the monotony of his daily round of fishing, eating and sleeping. Two miles down the road we met our conveyance, transferring our baggage and bidding Jim good-bye we are soon seated and ordered Jehu to drive on "right smart."

Dr. H. and Guy both being silent an unusually long time I was informed by Doc in a half malicious manner that the Doctor had been trying to smoke some freshly cut plug and after burning half a pipeful he concluded he didn't "enjoy smoking this morning, nohow." Guy sat with Jehu, Doc and I on the middle seat, while the Doctor, who weighs 200lbs. endeavored to make active those heavy rear springs. He couldn't accomplish it. It was very amusing to see him brace himself for each anticipated shock, only to be bounced around like a pea on a hot griddle.

We enjoyed the fishing, the scenery and each incident of the trip. Our total catch reached 150 trout. Surely it is not all of fishing to fish, else the pleasure of pulling fed fish from one's private pond should be the acme of sport. No, the rushing water, the rocks, the trees, the flowers, the birds, the floating clouds, the clear sky, the wealth of foliage, the lofty mountains and the solitude even—each and every one contributes its share to the full measure of the angler's pleasure on a fishing trip.

There are several streams in a radius of fifty miles of Asheville where good fishing may be had at the right time, according to reliable information. On the headwaters of the romantic Swaunawoa, on the Ivy, the Richland, the Catalouche and the east and west forks of the Pigeon.

Space fails me in which to mention the beauties of this mountain region for the tourist and health-seeker. The malarious, the asthmatic, the sufferer from catarrh or pulmonary affections, the rheumatic, the "played-out" business or professional man, and even the healthy sight-seer should come and behold and enjoy for himself.

P. P. Staunton.

MY FIRST TROUT.

I FREQUENTLY see an account of the first deer or bear somebody killed, but I do not remember reading of anybody's first trout; so I am going to tell how I made my first capture in that line. I warn you fly-fishers to shut your eyes and ears to this, for it was all done with bait. It was a long time ago and I had never heard of rods nor anything connected with them except the hook and line; but of course this will be no excuse to the fly man. If it will be any satisfaction to him, know there that I now use nothing but the finest tied flies and a reel that you can hear sing, when I am so lucky as to hook anything heavy enough to make it sing, above the roar of the rapids. And my heart is made sore by scoffs and fears of the small boy who sits in judgment and, when I make a "fly" cast that don't cause Father Izaak to turn in his grave, offers to bet me that I can't do it again, or when I deliberately reel the lord of the pool in and the rod don't break as he predicted, and I am so reckless as to call his attention to the fact, he vulgarly turns up his nose and says anything would hold that little thing, and expresses surprise that from its small size it was able to bite at all. These things all go to make up the fly man's troubles, but I bear it patiently. But to that trout. It was caught long, long ago in a certain river where I expect to catch a good many more.

In the fall of the year the salmon are on their spawning beds and the sea trout or salmon trout follow them up to eat their eggs and later to spawn themselves before going back to salt water. During this season we who "loved the gentle art" were in high glee, but suffered one very disagreeable drawback; that was, that to insure a good catch we had to be at the river by daybreak, and, as we lived a mile distant, this forced us to leave our beds at a most uncomfortable hour. At this time I had seen but seven sunny summers sandwiched in between as many winters, and my horror of this early hour of rising would have done justice to a person of more mature years; but I generally managed to be on hand.

There was one favorite place known as the "big log," where the water had made quite a hole around the mass of roots and drift at one end, where I could generally be found trying to beguile the minnow out from his retreat with a small bunch of salmon or trout roe on a No. 2 hook fastened to a cotton line, attached in turn to a clumsy willow pole. The log had something about it that struck my fancy that I could never account for, unless that it was so slippery that it was almost impossible to stand on it. I would get up on it and balance back and forth until steady, then make a cast, and then be out of balance again, and see-saw around with my bait part of the time in the water, with the minnows madly chasing it, and then up in the air dangling in front of my nose. Finally I would get settled again and some thoughtless minnow would be reckless enough to take hold, and then, with a jerk and splash, I would be struggling up to my neck in the water, for I never succeeded in maintaining my place on the log after a vigorous jerk. The next thing was to creep off to the fire and try to dry myself and get worms, and declare for the hundredth time that I never would come fishing again. This scene was gone through almost every morning, until once on a time a big trout took up his quarters under the old log.

I came down as usual, clambered up on the log and went through the usual contortions in getting position, threw in bait, and was standing there cold and sleepy, when presto! jerk! splash! snap! and the water boiled and foamed around me, for I had fallen in, as usual, and a monstrous trout came to the top and flurried and jumped and threw the spray like a young Niagara. The "pole" had snapped at the first vigorous jerk, but luckily the line had been too long, and I had given it a turn around the tip and tied it back near my hand, so the fish was not loose. He took a run out into the swift water, and when the current struck him almost dragged me out, and I really think I would have held on if it had been a whale. He next took a turn up stream, and by that time I had begun to get my senses back, and started for shore pulling and tugging with all my might. Finally he floated into the dead water, lying on his side and showing his bright red markings, that to me looked prettier than if it had been pure gold. I pulled him ashore and raised a whoop that brought the other boys who did not know but what I had managed to get out in deep water and was drowned. There he lay gasping away his life, and as for me, I was the high hook of the season. He was 22in. long, and as fat as butter. And wasn't he a beauty with his glistening sides throwing off their shining colors. A section of the rainbow would have paled by his side, had I been the judge. And those spots, how they did shine out like stars in the sky. Surely the trout had never been taken out of water that was his peer.

After all the boys had taken a look and reluctantly admitted him to be the prize catch, I proceeded to dress him,

thinking all the while what a show I would make when I carried him home.

But, alas! pride had a fall. There was a band of hogs hanging around there, which lived on the salmon we speared to get spawn for bait, and if we were so thoughtless as to leave any fish lying in their reach, with one swallow they would put them where they would do the most good—to the hog. Dressing my fish I laid it down on a piece of board and was warming myself by the fire, when I was aroused by somebody shouting, "Run! run! the old sow has got your fish." I lost no time getting there, but, alas, it was too late. She had eaten all but the tail, and she grabbed even that and made off into the willows, and that was the last I ever saw of my fish. There is a crowning joy in every life and why not a crowning sorrow. I passed through both mine that morning.

I declared war against that hog right there, and ever after, no matter how well the minnows were biting or how comfortable the fire felt, I always had time to "heave rocks" at her just as long as I could see a bush shake.

I had cut the length of that trout on the big log, and whenever the boys thought they had a big one, I would march them up and have them measure it, and if it did not come up to the standard—and none of them ever did—I lost all interest in that one.

A few years ago I re-visited the old fishing place and found that a freshet had carried the big log off, thus blotting out all the record of my first trout. RED FIN.

UMPQUA FERRY, Oregon.

AMERICAN ANGLING LITERATURE.

THE history of angling literature in America is not difficult to trace for one who has clasped hands with those who were sponsors at its christening, and has had the good fortune to know personally almost every author of note since the era of angling books began; but to do full justice to each one, and to apportion to each the part he has borne, and the good he has done, is a difficult task, likely to become invidious. There are many exceedingly valuable contributors to the general fund of information in the several departments of ichthyology, who do not appear as authors, and there are comparatively few authors who write on the basis of their own personal observations and experience, trusting rather to the statements of accepted authorities to insure accuracy to their publications, and give them the requisite backbone. My preference would be not to laud the popular author so much as to designate such as have been able to contribute anything at all to the sum total of knowledge, and to an intelligent comprehension of the fishes of the country. There was a time when a printed volume was the emanation or expression of a mind which was master of its subject, and its opinions were entitled to respect as those of one speaking by authority, and not as the scribes; but, nowadays, well—as Joel Penman pertinently remarks, "Any fule kin rite a buke!"

There is no end to the literature of angling. One is amazed at its redundancy. Every one who goes a-fishing must needs tell of it in the sporting papers, if not in more pretentious publications. Their manifold collective utterance are like the chattering of blackbirds, joyful but vapid; yet they include a fair proportion of monographs and random field notes, which in the aggregate form an exceedingly valuable compendium of ichthyological research. Much of this class of materials has already been collated and compiled by the collaborateurs of the Smithsonian Institution into several illustrated quarto volumes entitled "Fisheries Industries of the United States." The full statistics of the past having been brought down to date and the work thoroughly systematized, it will be prosecuted to the end of time, as long as fish swim and Congressional appropriations can been voted for collection and printing. The steps progressive toward the ultimate accomplishment may be partially outlined in the brief synopsis which follows:

In earliest Colonial times, the reports sent to the home governments from New England, Virginia and Florida included a fair description or enumeration of the ichthyofauna of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; and as the population gradually spread toward the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, interest was continually kept alive by the multiplying forms which were discovered. Angling was sometimes practiced by gentlemen of leisure, as we discover from a musty little volume printed in Philadelphia in 1830, and most interesting it is, too—which gives the "Memoirs of the Schuylkill Fishing Club" from 1732 to 1830. Such a diary, extending over a period of nearly one hundred years, must be without a parallel in any land. The subsequent occupation and development of the country opened out an immense and abounding field for the angler and his inseparable associates, the commercial fisherman and the naturalist—a fact which Englishmen, who are always foremost in such matters, were not slow to discover and avail themselves of. British officers stationed in the provinces were able to enjoy exclusively the delight of the Canadian salmon streams for half a century at least before the unsophisticated settlers or their neighbors in the States were even aware of their existence. Quietly they tossed the "Kippurns." or what-not, into the sequestered pools of a primitive wilderness, and were not envied or disturbed, because, forsooth, their sports were not appreciated or understood. This anomaly of tastes and pastimes can be explained. Up to forty years ago Americans were too busy to while away time in fishing. They had not accumulated the "piles" which now make millionaires as plenty as blackberries; indeed, they hardly knew a salmon or trout by sight. If they wanted sport they naturally turned to hunting. The gun and the chase were incidental to their every day associations, and employment of subduing the forest and driving pioneer stakes. And so it happened in respect to the primitive literature of this new country that many topical books appeared on the dog, gun and saddle, bear hunting, trapping, buffalo running, Indian fighting and the like, but none at all on angling.

Once in a while a contemplative author like Thoreau, sauntering by the river side, or Willis, from "Under a Bridge," or Prime in "Owl Creek Cabin Letters," or Ik Marvel, wrapt in "Reveries," would lead us unsuspectingly into secluded by-paths of the forests, discanting piously upon the silvery denizens of the brooks in a fashion to prompt an occasional vacation rambler to go a-fishing. But these new men (*novi homines*) in the days of their novitiate never aspired to higher game than the "trout in speckled pride." The way in which they held him up to tender recognition might make a sentimental person wish to fondle, but never to skin and eat him. Prime, good master, was adolescent then and callow, but he was a born angler, well versed in the mysteries of the brooks; and, as soon as ever his heart was hardened and he ceased to regard the beautiful things as pets, he began to write bravely of kidnapping them from their fluvial homes and "playing them scientifically," and so has continued to write for forty years, though he has never risen to the higher plane of the salmon. I suppose that the undisputed pioneer of American angling literature, pure and undefiled, is Charles Lanman, who came as one crying in the wilderness, as early as 1848, when he printed (in London) his "Adventures of a Salmon Angler in Canada." The same book was issued contemporaneously in America as a "Tour of the Saguenay." His subsequent wanderings by lake and river were woven into a double octavo volume of most entertaining sketches, under the title of "Adventures in the Wilds of America," printed in 1856. He has no peer among his countrymen. Surely it was no kid-glove excursion to go salmon fishing here before the era of railroads, clubs, culexifuge, and all that, though the chap who daintily airs his latter day experience seems as much of a "feller" as the man who took it in the rough before the lad was born. No doubt the memory of the Rev. John Todd has passed away with his corporeal taking off, yet he was a companion of Audubon, and wrote "Long Lake" in 1850, a volume which embodied the first oracular utterances from the Adirondack Woods. And there was the Rev. Dr. Bethune, who edited a volume of Walton in 1840, or thereabouts; he knew the intricacies of the Maine forests and the haunts of the mysterious landlocked salmon for forty years before the scientists determined what it was. It seems but yesterday since I knew them all—indeed, Lanman and Prime are still living and hearty.

Although I write of pastime, I would not detract one iota from the meed of praise which belongs to those progressive men in the early decades of the present century, who blazed a warpath into the fallow field of New World icthyc science. There were Lewis and Clark, partners in exploration beyond the Rockies, who discovered the mountain trout and whitefish in 1809; Rafinesque, whose synoptical report of the "Fishes of the Ohio River and its Tributaries," printed in 1820, was the first American publication in the interest of ichthyology; Dr. Kirtland, who followed with his "Fishes of the Ohio," in 1828; Professor Edward Hitchcock, on "Massachusetts Fishes," in 1835; Storer, on the "Ichthyology of Massachusetts," in 1839; Agassiz, on the "Embryology of the Salmon," in 1842; De Kay, on "Fishes of New York," admirably illustrated with plates, in 1842; Storer, on "Fishes of North America," in 1846, an ambitious, but really comprehensive work; and, finally, a general treatise on "Fishculture," by Theodatus Garlick, in 1848. These admirable text books furnished a sufficient ground work for intelligent prosecution of the study, and no doubt stimulated the pursuit of angling, for thenceforward angling books appeared in gradually increasing numbers, the field broadening as the area of the country extended. English publications which had hereto served as the angler's *vade mecum* began to be discarded, or they were revamped and adapted to what gradually came to be discovered as American wants and American ideas. Such were Smith's "Observations on Angling," printed in 1833; the "American Angler's Guide," printed in 1846; Bethune's "Walton," in 1848; and Frank Forrester's "Fish and Fishing," in 1849. The first strictly indigenous native American book was John G. Browne's "Angler's Guide," which appeared in 1849. It marked a new era. But Browne was only a poor tackle maker, without classical education or social position, and how should he be expected to know anything? The critics rated him unmercifully. Nevertheless his was a very complete and trustworthy guide to salt and fresh water fishing for the time and well illustrated. Yet we are surprised to note its deficiencies. There is not a word about Canadian salmon, or grayling or striped bass, or the fifty other principal kinds of fish which afford sport now. Fly-fishing itself was then a new art. Up to 1845 it was scarcely known and little practiced. Americans never knew how to fish for salmon until 1850. Lanman was the only angler among them who had been initiated, and he was not proficient. A meager twelve lines on page 80 is all that Frank Forrester devotes to salmon in America and Forrester was thought to be an advanced writer. But he taught the natives English only, and we should still have been calling our pickerel a jack, and our trout fario, and our reel a winch, and our waterproof a mackintosh had we stuck strictly to the letter of his instructions; nay, we might have been fishing yet for barbel, tench and bream, which do not exist in our waters at all.

I have said that Englishmen were foremost to discover the unusual attractions of our virgin salmon streams. So also they were the first to divulge them to the world in books. One by one those who had fished began to reveal the secrets of the primeval penetralia, into which they had ventured years before. "Chiploquorgan," by Capt. Dashwood, and "Forest Life in Acadia," by Capt. Hardy, both British officers, printed in 1858, are incomparable sketches of scenes which no hearthrug knight of the quill would dare attempt to portray. "L'Acadie," a London book, printed in 1849, is a delightful idyl of the Canadian woods. Latrobe's "Rambles in North America" (1835), contains something about fishing. Though of material essentially American, these books were English in sentiment and emotion. They lack the *amour propre* of one who "treads his native heath." Long we have waited for such a book, but I doubt if it has ever yet been written.—*Charles Hallock in London Field.*

CARP ON THE FLY.—St. Paul, Minn., June 22.—Can you inform me how the German carp can be taken with a hook and line? There are a number of lakes in this State where they are quite numerous, but no one has been able as yet to take them out. Any information you can publish in your paper will be read with great pleasure by the many readers of it here.—E. S. P. [Carp have been taken with light fly tackle. In our issue of Aug. 19, 1886, "Big Sandy" reported successful fly-fishing for carp in Kentucky with fluttering flies, colors not given. They can also be taken with grasshoppers, bread crumbs, etc.]

LAKE HOPATCONG.—The fishing in this New Jersey lake has greatly improved with the past five or six years, largely owing to plentifnl plantings of fish. Our correspondent "Jacobstaff" was there last week and had some good sport taking black bass, pickerel and perch. One of the bass weighed over 4lbs.

BIG TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the several weights of monster trout on record and authenticated, as shown by your columns, the largest of which appear to belong to the Rangeley waters, I beg to state that I have a memorandum of a trout taken in 1871, which reads as follows:

"July, 1872.—Henry D. LaRonde, Nepigon House, Lake Nepigon speckled trout by balance weighed 12lbs."

I got Mr. LaRonde, who is the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company's port at Nepigon Lake, to write this statement and vouch for its truth in presence of several witnesses. My impression is that the fish was taken at the mouth of the Agawa River, which empties into the lake. So far as I know and have seen, the trout of Rangeley waters do not compare with those of the Nepigon for beauty, whatever they may do for weight. I remember very well when the first lot of trout was brought from Rangeley by Mr. Allerton, some twenty years ago; it may be longer. They were spread out on a waterproof blanket in his rubber store, near the corner of Broadway and Fulton streets. They were a gross-looking lot, quite immense and unprecedented for size, and very red in the belly, distended with spawn and protuberant. I looked them over in company with Genio C. Scott. These were October trout.

Rangeley fish taken in June are shapely, but those caught in October are impressive only for their size and ugliness. Nepigon trout being taken in July are at their best for comeliness, and it seems to me they are at all times the brighter and more attractive fish of the two, clipper built, with a cleaner run, as your yachting editor would say. The Nepigon water is by far the colder of the two, and I think the more transparent.

Mr. Page's big fish made a wonderful excitement at the time of its capture and exhibition, which has hardly subsided yet. There are incredulous people who will not even now accept the testimony of their own eyes as to its being a simon pure brook trout. They view it, in its case, "as through a glass darkly," and remain unconvinced. I do not see why this specimen should not head the record until some larger and better one establishes its precedence by actual presence in *propria persona*, either alive or skinned and mounted. In 1873 Mr. Colin Campbell, now of 42 Wall street, exhibited a dozen 5 to 8lb. trout at the tackle shop of Andrew Clerke & Co., in Maiden Lane, which he brought from Nepigon River in good order, their average weight being altogether above that of Allerton's Rangeley Lake collection. There are certain localities on the Nepigon where heavy fish run, just as there are at the Rangeley Lakes, and my belief is that they attain a size fully as enormous in the one as in the other. It would be easy in these days of Rex Magnus and other antiseptics to ship specimens from long distances, and science might be served by a very little effort on the part of those whom chance puts into the possession of phenomenal fish. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the size of trout caught in the Adirondacks in your issue of June 23, the weights 5¼ and 5½lbs. are given as the heaviest weights actually caught. In July, 1881, I saw a trout caught under the slide of the "old saw mill" on the Oswegatchie River that weighed 5lbs. 13oz. by three different scales. The fish had not ceased flopping when we reached the spot, and we took his weight before he had time to lose much. The fish was caught by Mr. Mills, afterward keeper of the State dam at Cranberry Lake, and by him sold for $2 to Mr. James Smith, of Hermon, who with George Sawyer, my guide, can substantiate this statement. Had there been any way to send him to Syracuse I should have sent him to Uncle Rube Wood, who had caught two very large ones in the same spot two years before. A. AMES HOWLETT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

TROUT IN MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please find inclosed score of brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) for three days in June, 1887, at Kineo, Moosehead Lake, Me., which may be of interest to your readers:

June 14—Saved 8; total weight, 16¼lbs.; largest, 4¾lbs.; next largest, 3¾lbs.

June 17—Saved 6; total weight, 10½lbs.; largest, 3lbs., and next in size, 2¾lbs.

June 18—Saved 7; total weight, 9¾lbs.; largest, 2¾lbs.

The above is a score of the three best days' fishing done by the undersigned. All the fish were taken with the fly, casting with an 8oz. 10½ft. Leonard rod. A cast of three flies was used—silver-doctor, grizzly-king and scarlet-ibis, the ibis being the hand fly. The grizzly-king proved the most killing. Flies tied on Nos. 5 and 6 sproat hooks. Much of my success, as also that of the past four seasons, is due to my faithful Indian guide and friend, Thomas Dana. N. A. PLUMMER.

Last evening at Quimby Pond, five miles from Rangeley, Col. John B. Marble, proprietor of Rangeley Lake House, and Capt. Robert Irvine of Galveston, Texas, with Geo. Thrasher as guide, caught with rod and fly sixty-eight trout that weighed 40lbs., between the hours of eight in the evening and twelve midnight. It was a bright moonlight evening. GEO. H. HAYNES.

PHILLIPS, Me., July 1.

JACK PARSONS, an old fisherman on Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, is responsible for the following story: While fishing one day he had an old brown stone jug that he was very fond of in the boat, and when taking a nip it fell overboard. A long time he mourned its loss and would fish for hours on the spot where it had sunk. Some years afterward, while anchored on the ground and as usual fishing, he had a bite and pulled up twice, but did not catch the fish; the third time he hooked it, and, as he expressed it, thought he had the bottom of the lake on his line, but at length managed to pull up the line, and, behold, it was his jug, but with a fish inside. When young the fish had been attracted by the whisky in the jug, entered the mouth, and lived on the spirit until it was too large to get out. Three times he had dropped his line in the mouth of the jug, catching the fish the last time. Some of the liquor still left he poured out and drank, and then taking the jug on shore he made a fire, cooked the fish in its own juice and whisky flavor, and ate it with a corkscrew.—S.

EXPERIENCE WITH TACKLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing in a former issue an article on reels, I have taken the liberty to write you on a subject which has long been in my mind, and which I am afraid would never be satisfactorily determined were it not possible to get other people's opinion.

I have thought many times, both while reading and fishing, why do not more anglers use the automatic reel. I have seen articles on various kinds of reels, but no one has anything to say either for or against the automatic. Perhaps the best way to call out the different opinions is to relate my experience with it.

When getting an outfit last spring, I got a reel with both click and drag, and after using it once or twice came to the conclusion that I did not like it, and having seen something of the automatic, I decided to change the one I had for one of the latter kind. When it came it seemed so heavy and cumbersome that I was prejudiced against it, but gave it a trial as soon as possible. The place selected was a small pond where the fish were not large, but were very plenty, and sometimes gave very good sport.

After having anchored the raft I proceeded to test the whole rig. The rod was a light lancewood 10ft. long, the line 45yds. enameled fly line, the flies cowdung and stone fly; but after getting the rig strung up I was so disappointed with it that I was about ready to give up and go home, the whole thing was so heavy and cumbersome; but my friend persuaded me to give it a fair trial.

I can not cast very well at any time, but the first cast I made there took my companion's hat out into the pond, at which he made a few eloquent remarks relative to my style of casting; after this, nerved by the stinging sarcasm and forcible expressions which my friend used, I succeeded in doing better and a last got the hang of the thing. The weight was so great and so much below the hand that it seemed very unhandy at first, but after a while I found I could do better than ever, and after casting about half an hour, I had a rise and struck a trout that would weigh about half a pound. I raised the brake and the spring was so strong that it brought the fish to the raft so quickly that he came near making his escape by being entangled in the logs.

I had two or three rises, and soon found that if I wanted any fun fishing I must uncoil the spring, as the reel was doing all the fishing. After some experiments I got the tension just right and then had some fine sport. All to be done after the fish was hooked was to keep the brake raised and the reel took all care of it. If he chose to run he could have all the line he could unwind; if he tried to sulk, there was that steady strain on him, and no matter how he might tear around he could not get any slack, but could be brought to net at any time.

After catching about 20lbs. we came home, both very much pleased with the reel. Since that time I have used it on both quick and dead water, and found it to work splendidly in every respect.

Last June I took it to the Rangeley Lakes, and although the fishing then (about the 20th) was not good, I had some fine sport both at Middle and Upper Dams. While fishing one morning on the boom walk at Middle Dam, I struck a fine trout, and to test both the rod and reel, I gave the fish the line and let him have a good start. He made for the gate, and seeing that he was going through I gave him the butt. As I did so I thought, "Good-bye, old rod," but to my surprise the rod did not snap but stood the strain perfectly. The trout had got down the sluice as far as the gate when he began to feel the spring in the reel and in the rod. He stopped, and I could feel the line quiver as he strove to gain his ground, or rather water; but opposing forces were too much for him, and little by little he came to the top, and at last broke water and came skipping back almost into the landing net. The current was so strong that I could not hold him with one hand, and he got started again; but after a few moments he gave up and was drawn into the landing net, as handsome a fish as ever came into the air. For fully twenty-five minutes that trout, aided by the swift current, was struggling against the rod and reel and at last had to give up, and all the time I had not aided the reel, but was determined it should be a test case between the fish and current on one side and the rod and reel on the other.

One morning a guide named Will Sargent came up to camp and told Capt. Farrar and others that he had hooked a very large trout above the dam; it was, he thought, the largest one he had ever seen. He was standing on the boom walk and was not very far from the gate. The fish started to go down the sluice and Sargent tried to stop him, but his line broke and away the fish went, taking a number of feet of line with him.

The next morning I went down on the apron of the dam, and putting on a minnow, cast into the little eddy, by the side of the sluice. The bait had not been in the water more than a minute when a very large trout took it and started for white water, and quicker than it takes to tell it he had nearly every inch of line out and I was holding the butt of the rod with both hands, while the tip was nearly in the water. The strain was tremendous, and it did not seem as if the fish could hold it long, and I knew I could not. But at last, when my arms were nearly pulled out of my shoulders and it did not seem as if I could hold on another minute, the line began to wind up and I knew that he was as tired as I was and was coming in. After he left the white water and struck the eddy I could see him, and I give you my word he did come, but not too quick for the reel, for when he was lying in the still water near the bank the line was all in and not a foot of slack out and there had not been any at any time.

I was alone, but there were two gentlemen across the stream whose attention I tried to attract, but the water made so much noise and the spray was so thick that all attempts were failures. I tried to get the net under him alone, but could not reach him, and there was no way to reach the shore except to go back upon the dam and around the end, so I had nothing to do but to wait for him to make a move. I did not have long to wait. Soon he began to move, and move he did. I thought I had seen fish when they seemed to have urgent business in some other place, but this one had more business than "a man on the town;" he was in three or four different places at once, and I was so excited that I could not have done anything to help capture him; but there was no need of it, for the reel was doing all that there was to be done. Back and forth, up and down the pool he ran, trying to get slack enough to snap the line, but not a foot did he get, for the reel had the line wound up as soon as the fish was done with it. It was a tremendous fight, such a one as I never thought possible for a trout to make, and I have caught them for the last twenty years. He seemed determined to get away. Sometimes he would throw himself out of the water, then down to the bottom he would go; and then, as if he had thought of something new, would start for the foot of the pool, only to be turned and brought back, contesting every inch of the ground.

At last the line came in rapidly, and I knew something was the matter, the rod straightened out and the reel burned as it took up the line, and I knew it was all over. The fish was gone, the fun was over. I had lost my golden opportunity of getting one of the big Rangeley trout. My vacation was spoiled, and I was going home as soon as I could. That was the way I felt as I took my rod apart, and in fact all that day. It seemed as though I could never fish any more, I had lost my good luck and it was no use trying.

Upon examination of the line I found that the hook had pulled out of the snell, which was a double one, having been turned around the hook, cork-screw fashion. This same thing has happened to me several times, and always when I have had large fish on, and I have come to the conclusion that dealers can not be too careful how the hooks are snelled.

From the time the trout took the bait until the line came back was nearly an hour, and all this time the reel had kept the line wound up in good order so that there was not a foot of slack nor a kink, nor anything to trouble or bother me; and a one-armed man, could he have held the rod, would have had as good a chance of securing the fish as I did. CHAS. D. CHASE.

RIGHTS OF POND OWNERS.

THE right of pond owners to take fish from their ponds in the close season has come up in Indiana. Mr. W. C. Harmon writes to Mr. Enos B. Reed, fish commissioner of Indiana, as follows: "Sir: As you are the fish commissioner of the State, I have a few questions to ask in regard to the fish law, and which I hope you will be kind enough to answer. First—Has the State legal power over private property that overflows and leaves fish in ponds and sluices on their land? Can the owners of such lands take seines and nets and catch the fish that remain in said ponds and sluices without violating the State law? Please state what streams and tributaries in the 'Pocket' the fish law reaches?" To this the commissioner replies: "An owner or occupant of lands most assuredly has the right to control them, and if the State streams overflow, and fish get into private ponds, the fish are lost to those streams and become to all intents and purposes the property of the owners of the ponds, who have the right to do what they please with them—appropriate them to their own use or give them away to whomsoever they please. A man has the right to fish in his own waters in any way he chooses. The fish laws are applicable to all public streams of the State—lakes included. Send a two-cent stamp for the codified fish laws of the State. Address State Fish Commissioner, Indianapolis, Ind."

If Mr. Reed be correct in his interpretation of the law, there must be in the statute some provision expressly conferring such a right, or providing that it be not taken away. It has been repeatedly decided in the courts elsewhere, as in New York, that the State does have control over private waters. In the famous Phelps-Racey case it was settled that the owner of a private trout pond could not lawfully take trout from the pond in the close season.

On a farm near Pennellville, New York, are three beautiful lakes, in which the boys have done their fishing for years. The lakes always swarmed with fish of the common kind. Five years since a city gentleman purchased the farm on which the lakes are located, posted notices forbidding fishing, and proceeded to stock the lakes with bass. We understand that the State did the stocking, and as some four years have passed since the fish were put in, the lakes now afford the finest fishing in the county, judging by the strings carried by some of the city friends of the owner. If the State stocked the waters can we be prevented from catching the fish, although it is impossible to reach the waters without trespassing, as they are surrounded by his land? What would the damages amount to if we were caught fishing in these waters, providing it could be proven no damage was done but the catching of the fish? PENNELLVILLIAN.

[The law on the subject is as follows, Chap, 243, Sec. 16, Laws 1885: "Any person who shall knowingly trespass upon inclosed or cultivated land, for the purpose of shooting or hunting any game protected by this act, or shall take any fish from private ponds or private streams not stocked in whole or in part by the State, or after public notice has been given by the owner or occupant thereof, or person, association or corporation hiring or leasing the exclusive right to shoot or hunt thereon or fish therein from the owner or occupant, as provided in the following section, shall be liable to such owner or occupant, or "person, association or corporation," in addition to the actual damages sustained, exemplary damages to an amount not exceeding twenty-five nor less than fifteen dollars."]

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

HATCHING THE WALL-EYED PIKE.

BY JAMES NEVIN.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE eggs of the wall-eyed pike cause more trouble while undergoing the process of hatching, than those of any other of our better class of fish, owing to their great adhesiveness. If not attended to properly before being placed in the hatching jars they will stick together in bunches and float off through the outlet from the jar, and should screens be used to prevent this, they will be blocked up and the eggs carried off with the overflow. In our Milwaukee hatchery we have been raising pike fry for the last three seasons, and after trying various plans to counteract this evil, I have found the following to answer most satisfactorily.

As soon as impregnated the eggs are placed in tubs or some such vessels, and kept in constant motion by gently stirring until they have become hard, usually about five hours after being taken from the fish. They are then placed on cotton flannel trays and shipped in boxes in the same manner as whitefish eggs. As soon as they are received at the hatchery they are put into tubs, each tub to be not more than three parts full of eggs; they are then gently stirred with the hand until thoroughly loosened or separated. Immediately alongside should be a screen about three inches deep and with holes just large enough to allow the egg to pass through. This screen fits into a tub of clean water and the eggs are dipped into it, and by gently shaking the screen they all pass through. By this means we know that each egg is separated from those surrounding it. I then take some of the sediment from the bottoms of the supply tanks and mix thoroughly with the eggs. A certain amount of this sediment adheres to the egg and prevents the "bunching" when placed in the jars. After carefully following this plan the eggs can be placed in the jars, and if given a sufficient current of water to keep them moving very gently there will be no danger of them floating off; nor do they require continual watching for the first forty-eight hours as in the old method.

They take from fifteen to thirty-five days to hatch, according to the temperature of the water, the colder the water the longer the time required. When the fry are seven or eight days old the little fellows will begin eating one another, and hundreds of them can be seen swimming in the tanks, each with a fish in his mouth that seems as large as himself. A small percentage of loss can be put down to this cause. We usually ship 50,000 in a twelve-gallon can, and find it necessary to use ice to keep the temperature of the water sufficiently low for them to stand the journey.

If 50 per cent. of the eggs can be hatched it can be considered very fair success. My opinion is that the general average is lower, although one case that came under my notice very much exceeded this. In the instance I refer to there were two small shipping boxes of eggs sent to a hatchery and fully 75 per cent. were dead before leaving the spawning grounds, and the man who took the eggs told me that the rest of them died when put in the jars, and there were no more pike eggs sent to that hatchery that season; yet, on reading the annual report for the same season's operations at that hatchery, I saw that ten millions of wall-eyed pike fry had been distributed! Men claim that they can hatch 50, 75 and even 90 per cent. of the eggs of certain fish; but here is a case that calls for special attention—several hundred per cent. from dead eggs. Why each egg, even if dead, must have brought forth twins, or triplets, at least. I think it would be a capital idea for all of us that are engaged in pike culture to get our eggs from that locality for the future, and we should work hard to get very stringent laws passed protecting the locality, so that such a very prolific and peculiar class of fish should not be killed or destroyed.

There is no doubt that such deception as this injuriously affects the science of fishculture. The people of the country on reading or hearing of certain waters being stocked with thousands or millions of fry, as the case may be, naturally look for some beneficial result in the near future, and when no such result shows itself they are inclined to say that artificial propagation of fish is very much over-estimated, nor can we blame them.

During the season just passed we secured for our Milwaukee hatchery about 30,000,000 wall-eyed pike eggs, estimating them at 120,000 to the quart measure, and though as fine a looking lot of eggs as one could wish to see I do not expect to have more than 10,000,000 fry to distribute. These 10,000,000 will fill about one hundred of the applications we have on file, leaving nearly another hundred to be left over until next year.

The best breeding grounds in Wisconsin for this fish are Green Bay, and Fox River emptying into it. Last winter our Legislature passed a law preventing the killing, buying, selling or having in possession any wall-eyed pike from these waters weighing less than 1½lbs. A similar law protecting our whitefish in Lakes Michigan and Superior, and their bays, was passed, and I have no doubt that a very few years will prove the wisdom of these laws, as the fish will be enabled to reach an age and size that will make them useful as breeders and valuable as commercial fish. The main trouble hitherto has been that our lake fish have been caught when weighing a pound, and even less, consequently they had no opportunity of being reproducers of their kind and brought such a low price per pound that a fisherman could hardly make more than living expenses.

In conclusion I will give a brief summary of the fry that have been turned out and the number of applications filled in 1887 up to the present time, by the Wisconsin Fish Commission:

	No. of applications filled.	No. of fry planted.
Brook trout	212	2,980,000
Mountain trout	119	1,350,000
Mackinaw, or lake trout	...	500,000
Whitefish	...	31,500,000
Wall-eyed pike	67	8,800,000
Total	398	45,080,000

MADISON, Wis.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMISSION.

WE have the report of the Fish and Game Commissioner, of New Hampshire, giving the work done by them for the year ending May 31, 1887. The fish distribution in 1886 consisted largely of landlocked salmon and brook trout, which observation and experience has shown to be the best adapted to the waters of the State.

The work of the Commission for the past few years has returned very favorable and encouraging results. Protection in the breeding, or close seasons, in addition to largely increased number of fry planted, have done much to restock many waters nearly barren. Over 600,000 brook trout were distributed last year.

The establishment at Plymouth is in good condition, and the new plan in taking the trout eggs adopted by the superintendent, has resulted in a large saving of eggs. So far they have never been troubled with fungus, which in some places is so fatal to the young. The wanton destruction of small landlocked salmon in Hebron River, compelled the Commissioners to close that stream to all kinds of fishing for three years. That river contains the finest spawning grounds for these fish in the State, and it is from there that the supply of eggs is expected to be obtained.

The report of Col. Elliot B. Hodge, superintendent of the State hatching houses at Plymouth and Sunapee Lake, naturally gives a detailed account of the work. Six hundred thousand salmon were hatched and planted in the Penigewasset River in May at various points from one to twenty miles above Livermore Falls.

The number of young fish and eggs in the hatcheries for distribution in the spring of 1887 is as follows:

Penobscot salmon	500,000
Brook trout	600,000
Landlocked salmon	157,000
Lochleven trout, from Scotland	30,000
Saibling, from Germany	3,000
California trout	10,000
Brown trout, from Germany	5,000
Total	1,305,000

The question of the species to which the newly found trout in Sunapee Lake belongs is touched upon, and the Commis-

sioners think that it is an indigenous fish and not the result of a small plant of blueback trout from Maine, made in 1879.

It is recommended that an appropriation for a branch hatchery on Lake Winnepesaukee and for repairs and enlargement at Sunapee and Plymouth be made.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 3.—Inaugural Dog Show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. J. E. Watson, Secretary, 516 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 24. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 12 to 17.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5123.**

THE DOG FOR BIG GAME.

IN passing all our canine families in review it is sometimes very difficult to adapt a use for the majority, although there might be a flourish to commence with, say, the bulldog. We might have read about it or imagined it, that this old English breed was useful to add in pluck and stamina to degenerated sorts. Then it might be well to consider who has tried it for the last quarter of a century, and the mind is not impressed with a sense of what is useful when attention is turned to mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, or even bloodhounds. Highly ornamental they are, it must be admitted, and grand companions, but for practical use what can be said of them? There is a great deal of sport for Englishmen in all climes, and every year fresh fields open up for the rifle and shotgun in distant shores; but with small exceptions very little work is found for dogs, and for big game nothing that belongs to our recognized valuable sorts have as yet been requisitioned. Every sort of hunting that depends on the nose is best performed by the foxhound, excepting, of course, working for feather, when the pointer or setter is the requirement all over the world. But a great many sportsmen to my knowledge have puzzled over the question of what would be the best dogs for India or Africa to pull down the largest species of deer and antelope, or to attack any of the feline tribe below the status of the lion and tiger. I have been interrogated a great many times on this subject, and have discussed the mastiff in believing him to be too slow for any sort of attack on a lively, active animal even if brought to close quarters. But how could a mastiff be got into action? as he could not travel fast enough to get there. A bloodhound would hang on a line far too long to be of much use even with deer in a jungle country; and the deerhound or the largest-sized greyhound is not powerful enough for elk or some of the other big deer tribes, and not fierce enough to tackle big beasts of a carnivorous nature. It is a puzzle altogether, as what is wanted is the weight and power of the mastiff combined with the speed of the greyhound and the nose and aptitude for order of the foxhound. If any one could breed such an ideal sort of animal as I am drawing a sportsman could start on the trail of any beast, run him to his lair by nose, stop his dog or the pack if the position was too strong, or run down by view if the occasion offered.

I thought a good deal about the Great Dane when that breed became popular in England, but several conversations with those more conversant with the breed than I am gave me but a poor idea of their scenting powers, and suggested also that when once roused to tackle anything there would be no getting them off. In fact, that in their disposition to go in for attack and hold they are bull-terriers on a big scale. Now, there is no greater nuisance than a bull-terrier in mimic sort of warfare, such as with badger or fox, as they are always attacking at the wrong moment, and in their excitement will often worry their comrades. They are the exact counterparts of a foxhound, as in full chase this hound can be stopped, and they can be so steadied that in running right into their quarry they can, when in numbers or singly, be checked instantaneously. This is one very important quality to be observed, and one it might be very difficult to secure in a Great Dane or any dog akin to him. The deerhound is more manageable, and from that source there is something important to be gained besides pace and activity, but nothing in nose. The lurcher teaches us the greatest lessons in these crosses—as the most killing poacher's dog is the cross between the greyhound and setter. In this combination is nose, pace, and an aptitude to be trained to hand, and there is nothing radical about the greyhound that would make him an impossibility to train in any way. By this means, therefore, two sorts that might fairly amalgamate are brought together, and a result for a purpose is obtained. I am rather dubious about the Great Dane and deerhound without other elements in the composition, but for real service something should be tried, as I will now explain.

During the last six years several Englishmen and Americans have settled under the Canadian Government on prairie lands that stretched away for many miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. There have been two millions and a half of acres let out in ranches during the last six years, and there are now more than sixty settlements or ranche farms in these districts. The mountains which divide this country from British Columbia are well stocked with deer of various kinds, and in what may be called bigger game still for the sportsman's rifle, bear and wolf. I have had a journey related to me very lately by one who walked over these mountains, and the wolves were in packs around him, kept off only by the fires he made during one particular night that was very perilous. These wolves come down and bother the settlers, not as yet in packs, but one now and again by himself harboring in the timber tracts or woods that are maintained for fuel and building materials, and coming out to pounce on a straggling colt or a calf that may offer him an opportunity. A ranche owner who has lived out there five years, and who is going out there again next month, assures me that these wolves would show splendid sport if the right sort of dog could be devised to run them. There are two sorts of wolves, he says—the bigger and the lesser—and the latter sort, he quite believes, might be bowled over by a brace of large-sized greyhounds; but the big ones are another matter altogether, and he considers, and I expect rightly, too, that one would beat a pack of foxhounds from any ranche in a straight line to the mountains. This would be from fifteen to twenty-five miles on an average, but a wolf travels very fast in a swinging sort of gait, and he never tires. Hounds running on his line, therefore, would be very likely beaten, excepting they were almost upon his back at start. My informant says that what they want is a very fast, stout hound, that would put his nose down if wanted, but one that could be lifted without any trouble, as a wolf is very quick in leaving his lair, and might be two miles off, though in view on open prairie, and then the plan would be to race to him on horses, to get the hounds in view. That stage reached, the hounds should be nearly as even in their stride as a brace of greyhounds, as the wolf always turns round and snaps as he runs, or would boldly attack a single hound and do the latter no end of damage; but four big, powerful hounds should bowl him over like a rabbit, and pin him before he could do much harm. It is considered that there should be four hounds at least for this business, but two couples would be still better. And now will any reader of the *Gazette* do more than I can do in giving this ranche owner—or, I may say, all the ranche owners—the correct advice as to how such hounds as are required should be bred?

It is really a trial test for the Irish Wolfhound Club. Can that body bring out the genuine article for the requirement? I do not feel quite sure of the cross that has been already tried between the Great Dane and the deerhound for reasons I have given above; but still it might be tried, as certainly there are qualities in the Great Dane that might befit him as an opponent for the wolf. Personally I am rather inclined toward raising up the old-fashioned stag hound from the foxhound source, and, at any rate, I think the foxhound element must be introduced. I am assured that, provided the required hound could be found, there would be a great demand for his services throughout all the ranche districts, as, besides wolves, deer come down from the mountains and settle on the farms at most times of the year, and would show great sport before powerful hounds. I will undertake to introduce my informant to any one who feels interested in this subject, and I should very much like to see some good spring from it, or from our large canine breeds, as at present their want of practical use is a great slur upon their characters.—*"Leatherhead" in Kennel Gazette.*

HOUNDS AND THEIR ATROCITIES.

MEN, as a rule, adore hounds: certainly a fox hunter. But the woman that likes them is hard to be found, and few there be that tolerate them even.

From my earliest infancy I have always heard the call "Shut the door or the hounds will get in." There is nothing they will not eat and nothing they will not dare to get it. They were continually plundering, even with all the care to shut them out. To steal seems to be an instinct with them. Even when they are well taken care of they will steal every chance they get. Stolen things are always sweeter to them, it seems. What I am going to tell will sound like a fable, certainly great exaggeration; but it is all honest fact.

I have often known them to scratch ash cakes out of the fire and eat them—seen them do it myself. Several times they took pieces of meat out of the boiling pot and carried them off—sometimes out of the pot hanging over an open fire on an old-fashioned crane, and sometimes out of the boilers on the stove. We have a puppy now that gets up on the stove and takes off the cooking bread. How they do them I cannot imagine, but they do all these things. Many and many a jar of milk have they destroyed, and several times when the mouths of the jars were small they got their heads hung, and, not being able to get them out, smashed the jars to pieces, but went around for several days with a collar of jar around their necks. Once one of them put his head in the coffee pot, and this being tin, could not break it, and could not get it out, so went around banging and banging in vain. Some one saw him and cut it off.

One summer, when we had no ice, I found that the bottom of my flower pit was very cool, and kept the butter and milk nicely, so we put it there, and all went well till one day one of the hounds, Rollo by name, a famous, or rather infamous rogue, nosed it out, and actually broke several panes of glass, went down and ate it up, regardless of my feelings in having my flowers smashed up, as well as butter and milk gone. We thought we'd not be conquered by a hound, so sunk a box, put a chain on it and tied it down with a leather string and moved my flowers back out of his way should he go down again. He did so, and gnawed at the leather string till he untied it, and again butter and milk disappeared. We were still unconquered though, and this time, in addition to fastening the box more securely, we put a tremendous rock on it to weight it down. Due as the night came he went down, and I know not but that he would finally have taken the rock off had not my brother heard the bump bump of his moving the rock, and at once suspected the cause and crept there and caught him in the act, and gave him such a severe whipping that it was long and merry before he tried it again. We had never known before which hound it was. This same wretch took a whole ham out of a safe which I kept in the porch in the summer time, and which was locked. He caught the door in his teeth and shook it backward and forward till he opened it. It had been very dry for some time and the door had shrunk and I had not noticed it. I would not have known how he got it open had I not seen him after this trying to open it again. When that same dog was a puppy he ate up a young brood of fourteen turkeys at one meal. Several severe whippings broke him of turkey eating, but to the day of his departure from us he was always stealing, and in a way to surprise us. All hounds are thievish, but he was the worst I ever saw. They would go all around my flower garden hunting for a loose paling, and when they found one off they would rip it and then go in and make their beds among my flowers. This was in the summer time, when they wanted a cool and soft bed at the same time.

They would often get in the hen houses, and there would be no eggs left when they left you may be sure. I have had them to destroy five or six settings of hens' eggs at one time, and they just ready to hatch, too. Sometimes they would scratch a hole underneath and go in, and sometimes rip off a loose plank. You can't always be thinking of hounds, even though you know them well, they seem to be always ready to take advantage of any forgetfulness on your part.

These are only a few instances of their atrocities, samples of which I have endured all my life, and am afraid will for the rest of it.

Now I have told of how mean they are, I must tell of the sagacity of one and how he saved me from being torn to pieces perhaps, certainly badly hurt. I was on a visit to one of my little cousins, and had on one of her dresses, when my father came for me accompanied by his pack of twelve hounds. I started across the yard never thinking of the dogs attacking me, for they were used to me and I to them, but the pack came dashing at me, Lizzie and Alp in the lead, and they unusually large hounds. My father was almost paralyzed with horror when he saw the attack, and these two large and fierce dogs in the lead, but what was his delight and astonishment to see Alp jump up and catch Lizzie by the back of the neck and pull her off just as she was springing on me. He of all the pack recognized me in spite of the dress my cousin had been wearing. I was too young to recollect how I fell, I only recollect their rushing at me and Alp's noble conduct, and my father's screaming and running toward me. This same dog at hog-killing time would not allow one of the negro men, who was very thievish, go near a hog by himself. He just followed this man Henry around, and if he dared to touch a hog, unless some one else was by, he would show his teeth and growl at him so that he was afraid and let go the hog. This dog was one in a thousand though you may say, for I never knew another like him.

Fox hunting is a healthful and delightful amusement to those that like it, and it is all very well for those to keep hounds who can afford it and who will keep the dogs in kennels as they do in England and at the North, too, now, I have heard. But it certainly is very trying to the ladies of a household to have to be ever on the watch to keep out the hounds. A gentleman told me once that on one occasion when he returned home, after a visit of some weeks, he was surprised to see his dogs looking so well and thanked his wife for taking such good care of them, and she then confessed that she had given them arsenic hoping to kill them, but they would not die. He told her that that was the best thing she could have done for them. I could not and would not poison them, though, under any circumstances—pests though they are. N. C.

DOGS IN STUD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owners of stud dogs who do not advertise have no idea of the many stud fees they lose by not having their dogs in the kennel columns of sportsmen's journals.

Some dogs are not placed before the public because there are better ones in stud. This is a mistake; our country is large, and the average breeder will send his bitch to the nearest stud dog he knows of.

Within a week two gentlemen have borrowed my FOREST AND STREAM to get addresses of dogs at stud. One a Yorkshire terrier man, the other an owner of a Great Dane. The former found one advertisement, but the distance was too great to send his bitch; the latter found no Great Danes in the stud at all.

It has always been a wonder to me why the *American Kennel Register* has not been patronized more freely by owners of dogs in stud. It is *the* breeders' journal; they all scan its contents carefully and file it for future reference. A stud-dog directory there would reach the very men who would want this information, the rates are cheap, and I found it brought me more fees than any other journal. Strange as it may appear to some, there are gentlemen who do not take weekly kennel papers, subscribing for the *American Kennel Register* alone.

The advantage of registering dogs in the *American Kennel Register* is too well known among breeders for me to write of it. It is a guarantee of the honesty of the breeders, and the majority of purchasers now insist that the dogs they buy be registered in this responsible and reliable paper.

It is great pleasure to us breeders who are most interested in the *American Kennel Register* to see it holding its own without any apparent effort, while the "kill 'em quick" organ is rapidly nearing its end, in spite of the reiterated assertion that it is published in the interests of the dog.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wacouta," in his commendable article on "The Pewter Medal Frauds," says: "It might be interesting to know who were the many who went to Mr. Elben and asked that they be given medals instead of money."

I was one of the men who expressed my preference for a medal; but when I saw them exhibited in the show case, it required but a hasty glance to cause me to change my mind, and take the "100 cents on the dollar."

It is my opinion that the present president of the A. K. C. is as great an impediment to the success of the club as was Major Taylor, and unless an impartial man is soon put into the presidential chair the club will certainly go to pieces.

The A. K. C. since it organization has been run by a clique of "friends," abusing the proxy business, a few have controlled the majority. Of course, it was Mr. Drake's "friendship for Mr. Munhall" that led him to open the Beaufort—Patti M. case, and their dislike to Mr. Mason was sufficient reason for certain men to vent their spleen upon him.

As apparently there are few honorable men interested in dogs, would it not be well to swear delegates to, and officers of, the A. K. C.? While the FOREST AND STREAM is the exponent of all that is just and right, we can still hope it may yet be able to cleanse this Augeas stable of the kennel world. VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

FISHING DOGS.—J. N. McConnell of Crawfordsville, Ind., is the owner of a dog that he values very highly. It is a full-blooded Scotch shepherd, about one year old. It seems to understand every word that is spoken to it. Among its many accomplishments is that of being an expert fisherman. The dog will take a position in a drift in a small stream running near Mr. McConnell's house, and by making a racket will scare the fish out into the water where he can see them. Then, diving suddenly, he will bring a fish up in his mouth. This operation he will repeat until he catches as many as he wants. Spectators on the bank in no wise embarrass him in his piscatorial pursuit. The dog is very fond of the fish, and eats all that he catches. That is the only objection to the whole proceedings, as his owner thinks that he could supply his table with fresh fish all the year round if the dog could only be taught to retrieve, and he will give him a few lessons in that art. So says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and commenting on it a correspondent writes: There is a water spaniel at Minnetonka Lake, owned by Mr. Whital we believe, which catches frogs *at infinitum* along the shores of the lake. If they jump into the water it makes no difference, he will catch them all the same. If they get beyond his depth, he dives; and if once he gets on the track of one, he never leaves him until he has him in his mouth. He can get you all the bass and pickerel bait you want.

THE ST. PAUL SHOW.—St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn., June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We beg to inform you that we have engaged Mr. Chas. Weil, the Secretary of the Michigan Kennel Club as Superintendent for our coming bench show, which fact should assure exhibitors that they and their exhibits will be properly taken care of, when coming out here. We have also secured one of the best halls in the city and shall be ready to mail our premium lists, which we try to make as liberal as possible, on or about July 10. Our entries close Sept. 1.—ST. PAUL AND MINNESOTA KENNEL CLUB (W. G. Whitehead, Sec'y).

FOX-TERRIER SHOW.—The second annual bench show of the Fox-terrier Club will be held at Newport, R. I., Sept. 7 and 8. Entries will close Aug. 24. The secretary's address is F. Hoey, Long Branch, N. J.

DOGS AND MUSIC.—Will the editor or some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM give a reason why a dog howls so piteously when a harmonica is played or a dinner bell rung? —D. S. W. (Portland, Ind.).

DOGS IN THE CITY.—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 1.—I have just finished reading your editorial "Dogs in the City," and I must say that I feel strongly with the mayor's correspondent. I am the proud possessor of three of the "best dogs in the world," that I value on the average at $150 apiece. For these dogs I pay the city $6.30 per year. When I take them out of doors at all, in preference to muzzling them I take them coupled together upon a cash. Yet it was only the other day that a dog catcher was only persuaded not to detach two of my dogs (licensed and leashed according to law, from the leash held by me) by a sound drubbing from the heavy stick I had in my hand; while on the other side of the street, lying in the gutter in front of a livery stable in full view of the catcher, lay three curs, never licensed, nor muzzled nor tied, but which roam the streets at large and have perfect immunity from the catchers. In my immediate neighborhood are eight or ten cur dogs that never are licensed and yet year by year go scot free. My dog catcher friend threatened to make me pay dearly for the bloody knuckles I gave him; but as I never allow the dogs on the street except on the above conditions, and always carry my stick, I have not heard from him yet. I only wish he'd try coming into my kennels to take them, for there's a red Irish dog there that I think would do him.—ELK.

MR. KIRK AS A SPANIEL JUDGE.—In the communication headed "Non-Sporting Spaniels," page 497 of last week's issue, a correspondent said, "I did not exhibit my dogs. * * * I was told they could not win under Mr. Kirk, especially if there were any dogs from Canada on exhibition." In justice to ourselves we explain that such an insinuation against Mr. Kirk was permitted to appear by inadvertence only. In the absence of the editor of that department, Mr. Osborne's communication was not read with the care it would have received under ordinary circumstances. Mr. James Watson writes: *Editor Forest and Stream:* It is so contrary to the long established custom of FOREST AND STREAM to allow such a sentence as that to appear in its columns that I know it must have slipped in without notice. I further know from an experience of years the great amount of care necessary on the part of an editor to eliminate such remarks and others of a like nature, and I bespeak for you Mr Kirk's forgiveness.

LUCIFER.—Mr. August Belmont, Jr.'s fox-terrier Lucifer, which was sent to the Jubilee show of the English Kennel Club, took first and special for best in open class. Mr. Belmont's dogs have won a number of prizes at other shows in England. Mr. Fred Hoey's Valet also came in for a first. Mr. Peshall's trade-dollar Jimmie is yet to be heard from.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Baffler. By G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 2, 1886, by Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph) out of Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude).

Obo III. By E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 26, 1887, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Phonsie (A.K.R. 1482).

Gun Gladstone, Daisy Bright, Queen Esther and Belle of Dixie. By F. Pitzer, Washington, D. C., for white, black and tan Llewellin setter dog and two white, black and tan and one black, white and tan bitches, whelped April 25, 1887, by Gun (Gladstone—May B.) out of Lady Bright (Pink—Aida).

Elcho Kennels. By A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal., for his kennels of Irish setters, pointers and Irish water spaniels.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Apollonia—Otho. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Apollonia (A.K.R. 4418) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), June 18.

Laone—Hector. The Hospice Kennels' (Arlington, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Laone (A.K.R. 2416) to their Otho (A.K.R. 4425), June 18.

Babbie—Black Prince. Mr. Sievert's (New York) spaniel bitch Bobbie to A. C. Wilmerding's black Prince (Benedict—Madcap), June 12.

Lady Mac—Bob White. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude) to his Bob White (Joker, Jr.—Gussie), June 26.

Gypsey—King Bruce. H. Forbes's (West Haven, Conn.) collie bitch Gypsey (Major—Belle) to Associated Fanciers' King Bruce (Loafer—Renda), April 1.

Flossie—Speculation. F. M. Shelley's (Sheridan, N. Y.) beagle bitch Flossie (Bross's Prince—Krueger's Maida) to his Speculation (Ringwood—Fannie), July 2.

Blossom—Little Swell. W. B. James's (Philadelphia, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Blossom (Crisp—Vic) to E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish), May 31.

Gaudy—Little Swell. Richard Gibson's (Delaware, Ont.) fox-terrier bitch Gaudy (Brag—Tricks) to E. Lever's Little Swell (Spice—Relish), May 26.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bene. Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Bene (Bob III.—Black Bess), June 14, six (four dogs), by American Cocker Kennels' Doc (Young Obo—Rose Obo); solid black.

Millie Q. Ad. J. Klofanda's (Eau Claire, Wis.) setter bitch Millie Q. (A.K.R. 3047), June 21, twelve (seven dogs), by F. H. Graham's Duke G. (Moon's Duke—Gem of Tennessee); eleven orange belton; one blue belton dog since dead.

Bessie. H. W. Windram's (Boston, Mass.) Clumber spaniel bitch Bessie (Jockey—Romp), June 11, two (one dog), by Mercer & Hill's Johnny (Ben—Joan).

Bessie. W. O. Partridge's (Arlington Heights, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie (Obo II.—Critic), June 18, seven (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Dandy W. (Black Pete—Miss Obo II.).

Madge. C. Peck's (New York) pointer bitch Madge (Jimmy—Lucille), June 22, eight (four dogs), by Naso Kennels' Nick of Naso (Naso II.—Pettigo).

Constance. F. B. Zimmer's (Springfield, Mass.) beagle bitch Constance (A.K.R. 2912), June 27, nine (four dogs), by his Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008).

Gypsey. Henry Forbes's (West Haven, Conn.) collie bitch Gypsey (Major, A.K.R. 1550—Belle), June 2, seven (three dogs), by Associated Fanciers' King Bruce (Loafer—Renda).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Primi. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 19, 1886, by Tip out of Flurrey, by E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., to H. G. Murse, same place.

Grover. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1887, by Tip out of Flurrey, by E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., to Tom Gray, same place.

Zip. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1887, by Tip out of Flurrey, by E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., to Myron Dayman, same place.

Miss. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 30, 1884, by Glencho out of Biddy, by Dr. A. McCollom, New York, to Hugh Carr, Paterson, N. J.

Pride of Loudoun. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by Jacksnipe out of Fussie, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to A. W. Burnett, Charleston, W. Va.

Donald Dhu. Black spaniel dog, age not given, by Obo II. out of Miss Nauce, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to B. A. Haggin, same place.

Dash. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1887, by Tip out of Flurrey, by E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass., to Frank Brown, same place.

Bravo and Honor. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped May 4, 1887, by Boss (A.K.R. 2218) out of Lillie (A.K.R. 2381), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to Aug. G. Loweree, Chihuahua, Mexico.

Jacksnipe—Gussie whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 4, 1887, by G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., to C. A. Grant, Middleburg, Va.

Vicious and Valor. Black and tan terrier dogs, whelped May 28, 1887, by Vortigern out of Fortune, by E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to Fred Wilson, same place.

Lord George—Safety whelps. Black and tan terrier dog and bitch, whelped May 14, 1887, by E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

SYMPTOMS.—On the 20th inst. my dog apparently enjoyed first-class health. He was one of those bounding, unusually active, determined spaniels; always ready for a meal. The following morning (21st) he was totally blind, but otherwise unchanged. In the afternoon he barked considerably, lost appetite, general twitching set in, suffered partial deafness, emitted frothy saliva and breathing became labored. Next morning his entire left side was paralyzed, tongue red, foaming had ceased; but blindness, deafness and twitchings were as before. He continued thus, steadily growing weaker until his death in the evening. There was not any cough, fever, thirst, discharge from nose or eyes. He vomited but once, and then shortly before his death, consisting of a few pieces of apple and fat wholly undigested although in his stomach forty-eight hours. Stools and urine were natural. I might add that his staple food was Spratts dog biscuits. He also got scraps from table, but no meat. Ans. Symptoms of cerebral hemorrhage, apoplexy or bursting of a blood vessel at base of brain.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, July 4.—The matches of the National Rifle Association were well attended, the weather was fine, but a strong 6 o'clock fish-tail wind was very trying to the competitors who, however, made good scores. Maj. Edward Duffy, of the 69th Regiment, was the Executive officer for the day. Following are the best scores, the marked * being the winners in the match:

	200yds.	500yds.	T'l.
*F T Cooke, Co. I, 23d Regiment.	22	23	45
*W Lawson, Co B, 12th Regiment	22	23	45
*C L Levieu, Co G, 22d Regiment	22	23	45
*M B Flynt, Co K, 13th Regiment	22	23	45
*G W Lotz, Co G, 13th Regiment	23	22	45
*H G Morris, Co G, 13th Regiment	24	21	45
*F L Holmes, Co I, 23d Regiment	20	24	44
*J D Foot, Co F, 7th Regiment	21	23	44
E V Howard, Co I, 23d Regiment	21	23	44
*J S Shepherd, Co D, 23d Regiment	22	22	44
G S Scott, Jr., Co A, 23d Regiment	22	22	44
E Lockley, Co E, 12th Regiment	19	24	43
T A Bartley, Co H, 7th Regiment	20	23	43
G A Lane, Co A, 13th Regiment	22	21	43
E F M Wendelstadt, Co C, 23d Regiment	23	20	43
G H Frazer, Co G, 47th Regiment	18	24	42
H B Thomson, Co C, 7th Regiment	19	23	42
A McDougall, Co C, 7th Regiment	20	22	42
E F Young, Co C, 7th Regiment	21	21	42
W F Townsend, Co I, 23d Regiment	22	20	42

The next matches will be on July 16 and 30, and on Aug. 6, 13 and 27, commencing on the three first dates at 6:45 A. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—The range at Shell Mound this forenoon was taken up by a party of private marksmen. Following is the score:

	500yds.	200yds.
Carson	5554445545—46	5444444444—41
Waltham	5333554545—44	4555545445—46
C Johnson	5455444555—46	5555445545—47
P Robertson	5455444545—45	4444454445—42
Capt E Klein	5544553445—44	5544454445—44
C Meyers	2833455454—38	4454444555—44
Ruddock	5535553325—15	4455535444—43
A H Brod	3345514455—42	5444444453—41

A match was shot during the afternoon between the teams of A. Johnson and P. E. Robertson. Following is the score:

Johnson Team.

	200yds.	500yds.
A Johnson	5455445545—46	3404424454—34
J E Klein	5454554544—45	5445454455—45
P E Carson	5455445545—45	5555455455—46
A J Ruddick	5445454544—44	5454455151—43

Robertson Team.

P E Robertson	5455445555—47	5445445545—45
C F Waltham	3445314544—40	5455555555—49
C Meyer	3444315444—39	4254514554—42
A H Brod	5444554544—43	5554444455—45

At the conclusion of the regular match E. G. Martin and S. Leavitt decided their respective merits in a short pool match at 200yds. It was the first time that either man had used the military rifle. Following is the score:

E G Martin. 4454434535—41 S Leavitt. 3444323445—35

LYNN, Mass., July 2.—Some excellent shooting was done at the Indian Hill rifle range, this afternoon, although the heat was intense. Among other features was a team shoot, standard target, 10 shots each man, between Captain J. W. Gerry's five and Captain M. W. Howard's team. The score resulted as follows:

Gerry's Team.

J W Gerry	4	4	6	4	3	3	2	5	9	0—35
R B Edes	4	8	7	6	5	5	5	9	8	6—68
A Ballou	10	2	7	6	5	6	8	5	8	5—62
W Webber	7	5	5	3	3	3	3	7	4	3—43
T A Bacheller	4	2	8	5	3	6	2	5	2	4—41—249

Howard's Team.

M W Howard	4	8	10	6	8	7	6	3	6	9—67
W C Oler	3	6	4	10	2	9	5	7	6	7—59
F H Tuckson	2	6	2	4	4	4	3	6	10	6—47
I M Chase	0	4	3	7	4	4	2	2	4	2—32
E F Bacheller										—44—249

As this tied the score between the two teams they shot off and in doing so it resulted as follows:

J W Gerry	5	M W Howard	2
W Webber	5	W C Oler	3
T A Bacheller	7	F H Tuckson	4
A Ballou	2	E F Bacheller	7
R B Edes	8—27	L W Chase	10—26

Other 200yds. scores stood:

Johnston, Jr., mil	8	10	4	6	7	9	9	8	4	6—71
A Ballou	9	7	8	6	10	8	6	5	8	—74
M W Howard	7	2	5	9	10	5	10	10	5	5—65
E Barnes	9	5	6	5	6	3	8	4	9	5—63
F Murray, mil	2	5	1	9	5	9	6	4	3	8—57
J W Chase, mil	7	10	7	7	8	3	7	4	4	4—54
E F Bacheller	10	10	3	3	3	3	3	8	3	8—54

BOSTON, July 2.—A large party of riflemen visited the range at Walnut Hill to-day, but the extreme heat prevented much practice, and only a few present completed scores. The new matches are open for practice. They are the same as those which have just closed, with the exception of slight changes in handicap allowance:

Rest Match, 200yds.

D L Chase	3	11	12	11	10	11	11	12	12	12	—110
	10	10	9	11	12	11	10	12	9	9	—103
S Wilder	11	12	10	11	11	9	12	11	11	10	—108
	10	9	9	11	12	9	11	11	10	12	—104
H Joseph	9	9	9	12	12	12	10	12	10	10	—105
	11	9	10	11	12	9	11	10	10	12	—105
M Willard	10	9	9	6	12	8	8	5	11	9	— 87
	9	8	10	8	9	9	9	8	9	8	— 87
W H Oler	9	11	6	8	8	8	11	9	8	7	— 85
	9	7	6	6	10	10	11	10	11	4	— 83

WORCESTER, Mass., July 2.—There was a 75-bird contest at the grounds of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club this week. The birds, clay-pigeons, were thrown from open traps, the results were as follows:

W S Perry	4445545544454—66	E F Swan	2224443441332—40
M D Gillman	3155534444444533—59	L Robinson	3333323335342w —36
G W Russell	1245533335354454—58	Tolmon	4332222434 1w —30
H W Webber	4324543333221—45	Franklin	0141323222222w —24
W L Davis	4432122234234434—43		

AMERICAN RIFLES ABROAD.—Messrs. T. T. Cartright, of Springfield, Mass., and J. A. Higgins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., sailed on the Furnessia last Tuesday. They will represent the Bullard rifle in Europe, shooting at Wimbledon, Geneva, and elsewhere. We hope to have some notes from Mr. Cartright.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

THE competition on Decoration Day for the FOREST AND STREAM DECORATION DAY TROPHY resulted in four classes of ties. Four teams tied (three of which were allowed) for the TROPHY, five teams for the first-money prize, four teams for the second-money prize, four for the third, and three (two allowed) for fourth. The tie for the last prize was divided, the others were shot off on July 2 and July 4, under the original conditions, namely: Trap set to throw targets at least 45yds. from trap; 5 targets thrown straightaway, 5 at a right angle to the right and 5 at a right angle to the left; 10-bores at 18yds., 12-bores at 16yds. from trap; gun held below the armpit until shooter calls pull; use of both barrels allowed; bird broken in air before falling to the ground; charge not in excess of 1¼oz. shot. There were no restrictions as to order of shooting targets thrown in the several directions; but the record must be entered under the proper head as here given: Hits with second barrel are designated by figure 2. The scores are as follows:

TIES ON 45 FOR THE TROPHY.

DELHI GUN CLUB, Cleves, O., July 2.—American target and trap:

	Straight-Bore.	away.	Right.	Left.	Total.
A B Whitlock	10	11111	11111	11111	—15
W C Harrell	12	11111	11111	11111	—15
C W McFee	10	11111	11111	11111	—15—45

Scorer, James Carlin; judges, R. C. Flowers and W. C. Hughes, M.D.

WEST END GUN CLUB, Long Branch, N. J., July 2:

W D Campbell	12	11111	11011	11111	—14
E E Taber	12	11211	11101	12111	—14
Will Price	12	11111	11111	11111	—15—43

Scorer, Charles Lewis; referee, Clarence S. Wakely; Philip Daly, Jr., Stacy Pitcher, Charles Morris.

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB [Special to Forest and Stream.]—Knoxville, Tenn., July 5.—Total score 45.—J. W. SLOCUM.

TIES ON 44 FOR FIRST MONEY.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB, Norwalk, Conn., July 2.—Blue rock target and trap:

G F Hendrie	10	11111	11212	11111	—15
Chas Williams	10	11111	12111	11111	—15
Geo Ferris	10	11111	21221	11111	—15—45

Scorer, F. E. Lockwood; referee, G. N. Finch; John H. Aiken.

BALTIMORE GUN CLUB, Baltimore, Md., July 2.—Ligowsky target and trap:

C S Wertsner	10	11111	12112	11121	—15
Wm R Fieles	12	11211	12121	12111	—15
E O Hall	10	11111	12111	11111	—15—45

Scorer, Edward L. Coulson; referee, W. E. Buckbee; Geo. F. Pilson.

WEST END GUN CLUB, Long Branch, N. J., July 2:

D B Bearmod	12	11111	11111	11122	—15
E W Price	10	11111	11021	11122	—14
Geo Cubberley	10	11111	21212	11111	—15—44

Scorer, Charles Lewis; referee, Clarence S. Wakely; Philip Daly, Jr., Stacy Pitcher, Charles Morris.

MCDOUGALL GUN CLUB [Special to Forest and Stream.]—Parkersburg, W. Va., July 5.—Score Parkersburg Gun Club team 45.—JOHN T. ADAIR.

The Wichita, Kan., scores have not come to hand.

TIES ON 43 FOR SECOND MONEY.

SOLOMON CITY GUN CLUB, Solomon City, Kan., July 2. Blue rock target and trap:

P Crooks	12	11111	11111	12112	—15
C Dewey	12	11111	11111	12111	—15
T J Edworthy	10	11111	21211	11111	—15—45

Scorer, Wm. C. Silvy; judge, Thomas Robertson; referee, John Kraenchi; R. A. Sullivan.

KALAMAZOO SHOOTING CLUB, Kalamazoo, Mich. Blue rock target and trap:

Ben O Bush	10	21111	11111	11111	—15
Henry Warnf	10	11111	11111	11121	—15
Peter Appeldoorn	10	12112	11121	12211	—15—45

Scorer, J. De Kam; referee, John Herson; A. M. Ransom, M.D., president K. S. C., James Bellinger.

WEST END GUN CLUB, Long Branch, N. J., July 2:

J Van Dyke	10	11111	11111	11111	—15
John Price	12	11121	11211	11111	—15
Al Cubberley	10	11121	02102	11111	—13—43

Scorer, Charles Lewis; referee, Clarence S. Wakely; Philip Daly, Jr., Stacy Pitcher, Chas. Morris.

WHITE CITY GUN CLUB, White City, Kas., July 2.—Ligowsky clay pigeon and trap:

E E Baer	10	11111	11111	21111	—15
F M Hyman	10	11111	12111	12111	—15
Chas Baer	12	11111	11111	11111	—15—45

Scorer, J. E. Merritt; referee, E. A. Brush; F. H. Greenwalt.

TIES ON 42 FOR THIRD MONEY.

The Wingohocking Gun Club, of Germantown, Pa., and the Smith and Wesson Gun Club, of Chicopee, Mass., divided third money, which was 20 per cent. or $31.80.

A special correspondent writes of the shooting of the West End Gun Club:

The West End Gun Club, of Long Branch, N. J., shot off their ties for the FOREST AND STREAM Decoration Day Trophy on their summer grounds at Pleasure Bay, on 2d inst., and it proved a very creditable affair for the club. This comparatively new club having tied other clubs for the three first prizes, we were anxious to meet face to face such skillful disciples of the trigger and were not disappointed in our personal acquaintance. We found them, from their President Morris down, not only first-class shots but a square lot of sportsmen from heel-plate to muzzle. Some of them, like Justice W. D. Campbell, Taber and Will Price are live bird shots of considerable local reputation. Will Price has grassed his 38 birds straight, and Campbell nearly as many without a break, and others are not far behind.

Upon arriving on the ground, which was a pasture lot on the north branch of the Shrewsbury River, some three-fourths mile from the hotel, we found a tent pitched, traps arranged and everything ready for a few hours of solid sport. But alas "the scheme of mice and men"—you know the rest. One of the traps becoming weakened would throw the crockery but about 30 or 35yds., while the new one got from Von Lengerke for the occasion would send the disks 50yds. or more. But the latter required the longest clay, a limited number of which only were on the grounds. As the boys wanted a fair thing and nothing else, a delay occurred after the ninth round and a member was despatched to town for a fresh supply of birds with a tongue. When they arrived other delays occurred, more or less annoying, enough to throw off any shooter at all inclined to be nervous. The shooting under the circumstances we consider more than creditable. A total of 130 out of 135 is very good. It was an honest and closely fought contest. The men stand erect at the score, holding their gun in a graceful and easy manner well below the armpit, and shoot with care and deliberation. Some shoot quicker than others, and again if they miss with the first are pretty sure with the second.

That the club was somewhat disappointed in the first team all agree. They expected to equal their Decoration Day shoot and make a clean 45. But Campbell felt too sure and one of his saucers escaped without a scratch, as did one of Tabers of same team. [The scores appear in their regular order above.]

Where all did so well it seems invidious to made any distinction, but we cannot refrain from speaking in praise of the bearing and the shooting of the Prices. They seem to be natural-born shots. E. H. Price, proprietor of Pleasure Bay Hotel, is one of those old-time pigeon shooters of the days of Jack Taylor, Wm. King, Bill Seeds, Miles Johnson and Uncle Billy Hughes. He has not yet forgot his cunning at the trap, and has brought up his three boys ("chips of the old block") in the ways of their father in deliberation and adroitness at the score. The old man wants to challenge the world as "a family affair," father and three sons to shoot any other father and three sons for $1,000 a side, a clam roast or the birds and beer. All those who know the old man, and he isn't so very old either, believe he means what he says. Clarence S. Wakely (not Makely as your paper had it) makes a good referee. He has a keen eye and his decisions are prompt and correct. It is but justice to say that no less than three of the birds scored as killed by the second barrel were really broken with the first, but the shooters, either not hearing the decision of the referee in time or in their anxiety to make sure, got in their second; and as long as it was used it was scored as by the second. It does not change the result of the score, but looks a little better on paper to have more 1s than 2s. The West End

Club, if they don't get some of the prizes, at least deserve them. We understand that they have twice defeated the South Side Gun Club, the crack clay-pigeon club of the State, once by only one bird in 400 shot at; another time by two birds, showing how closely these clubs are matched. We met a couple of the members of the South Side Club. They own up, say the West Enders are good fellows and "heap big" shots, but that they have been practicing some more lately and want another trial. The West Enders are ready for them or, they say, for any club at the crockery in the United States. JACOBSTAFF.

THE DAYTON SHOOT.

DAYTON, O., June 24.—Many shooters arrived from Cincinnati at 9 o'clock this morning to participate in the opening match of the two days' trap shooting tournament at the Fair Grounds here, there being also crack shots from Kenton, Columbus, Springfield, Greenville, Red Lion, St. John, Miamitown and Covington, Ky.

The traps for artificial birds, 18yds. rise, and 5 traps for live pigeons, 30yds. rise, were set on the lawn in the center of the race track, with tents for judges, secretaries, reporters, shooters, etc. Shooting commenced promptly at 10:30, J. D. Winston, of Covington, Ky., and George E. Fryer, of Dayton, judges; Charles Wendt, of Kenton, referee; Charles Hanitch, score-keeper.

First Match—Ten single blue rock, entrance $3, 17 entries. Score: Taylor 8, Cole 9, Winston 8, Heikes 9, Wilson 8, McClellan 5, Bandle 10, Hill 9, Teipel, 8, Wadell 6, Nose 10, Hutchins 6, McCartney 8, Goldrick 5, Lefever 5, McFee 6.

First money divided between Bandle and Nose; second money, Heikes won in the shoot off; third money Winston won in the shoot off.

Second Match—Six singles and 3 pairs American clay birds, $2 entrance, 14 entries: Bandle, 6 singles and 6 doubles; McFee, 6 singles and 5 doubles, divided first money; Taylor, 5 singles and 5 doubles; Nose, 4 singles and 6 doubles; Heikes, 6 singles and 4 doubles, divided second money; Winston, 5 singles and 4 doubles; Teipel, 6 singles and 3 doubles; Hill, 5 singles and 4 doubles, third money divided; Wilson 7, Cole 6, Lefever 6, Goldrick 5, Slover 4, Wadell 3.

Third Match—The third match was intensely exciting; 5 live pigeons, $5 entrance, 21 participants, 5 ground traps so concealed in the clover that they could not be seen by the shooters, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, 80yds. boundary:

Bandle	11111—5	Hill	11001—3
Heikes	11101—4	Winston	10110—3
Wilson	11111—5	McCartney	11111—5
Goldrick	10111—4	McClellan	01011—3
Lefever	01011—3	Peck	11111—5
Teipel	11111—5	Sander	11111—5
McFee	11111—5	Wheelen	11101—4
Nose	11101—4	Sheets	01101—3

In the shoot-off for first money, 3 birds each, Peck missed his second; Bandle, Wilson, Teipel, McFee, McCartney and Sanders broke 3 each and divided. Heikes, Goldrick, Nose and Wheeler divided second money. In the shoot-off for third money, 3 birds each, Hill missed his first, McClellan his second, Winston his third. Lefever and Sheets each broke 3 straight and divided.

A special match was made for 7 single blue rocks, $1 entrance, 14 entries: Winston 7, McFee 7, Teipel 7, Hill 7, Peck 7, Wilson 6, Bandle 6, Cole 6, Nose 5, McCartney 5, Wendt 5, Heikes 4, McClellan 4, Goldrick 4. McFee, Peck and Hill divided first money, Wilson, Cole and Bandle divided second, Nose and Wendt divided third.

Fourth Match.—Five live pigeons, $5 entrance, same conditions as previous matches, 18 entries:

Bandle	10011—3	Taylor	01111—4
Heikes	11111—5	Peck	11111—5
Wilson	11110—4	Puterbaumh	01110—3
Teipel	11111—5	Sauder	11111—5
Lefever	01011—3	Hutchins	01001—3
Nose	11111—5	Cole	11101—4
Ackerman	01111—4	Hill	11111—5
McCartney	00111—3		

In the shoot off Heikes missed his first bird, Nose his second, Teipel, Peck, Sanders and Hill each killed two and divided first money. Wilson, Ackerman, Taylor and Cole divided second. Bandle, Lefever, McCartney, Puterbaumh and Hutchins divided third.

In the closing match, 5 singles and 5 pairs of American clay birds, $5 entrance, there were thirteen participants:

Teipel	1111011111111011—13	Puterbaumh	1101101001111100— 9
Winston	1110111010111111—13	Nose	0101111010101110— 9
Bandle	1111111010010111—12	Hill	1111101111111010—12
Heikes	1101111110100l—11	Smith	1010100111010111— 9
McFee	1110101111110010—11	Taylor	1111110101111011—12
Ackerman	0110010101010111— 8	Wilson	0011111111111110—12

Teipel and Wilson divided first money, Bandle, Hill, Taylor and Wilson second, Heikes and McFee third.

June 25.—Shooters assembled at the Fair Grounds to participate in the sport of the second day of the trap-shooting tournament at an early hour, and began practice with superb weather and everything in fine shape for a hotly contested finish. Three clay-bird matches were shot in the morning and a number of specials. A great crowd of people assembled to witness the live pigeon shoot and the Heikes-Bandle match.

Awards of the cash prizes, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to the three highest per cents made during the tournament, were announced by Scorekeeper Hanitch as follows: Bandle, first money, per cent. 64-71; Hill, second money, per cent. 59-71; Teipel, third money, per cent. 58-71. Other per cents. were as follows: Nose 56-71, Heikes 56-71, Wilson 55-71, Taylor 52-71, Cole 45-71.

The live-bird shoot was 7 pigeons, $5 entrance, 24 entries, Hurling rules; H. B. Robinson, of the *American Sportsman*, referee:

Taylor	1101110—5	Whealen	1101110—5
Cole	1110101—5	Peck	1101111—6
Heikes	0011100—3	Wense	1001001—3
Wilson	1111101—6	Goldrick	1111011—7
Bandle	1111111—7	McCartney	1111001—5
Hill	1011011—5	Whetstone	1011111—6
Teipel	1011001—4	Stroble	1111111—7
Nose	1111101—6	Ackerman	1011101—5
McFee	1001101—4	Houchins	1110001—4
Le Fever	0101101—4	McClellan	1111111—7
Murphy	1110111—6	Nicholas	1001111—6
Sander	0111111—6	Hanitch	1011100—4

First money was divided by Bandle, Goldrick and McClellan; second by Wilson, Nose, Murphy, Sander, Peck, Whetstone and Nichols; third by Taylor, Cole, Hill, Whealen, McCartney and Ackerman.

The closing match of the tournament, the match between Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, and Al Bandle, of Cincinnati, was the big event that attracted an intensely interested audience, and was not on the programme. Conditions were fifty singles and twenty-five pairs blue rocks, five traps, 18yds. rise, $160 a side, National Association rules. Heikes chose Scott McDonald as judge, Bandle selected John Whetsone, of Cincinnati. These two judges agreed upon E. C. Kolter, of Wapakoneta, as referee; Chas. Hanitch, score-keeper. Bandle won first at the score by the toss.

Bandle's first bird was given to him from trap 4, and his score was as follows:

Bandle's singles..1111111111111111111111111111111111101111110011111—46
Bandle's doubles.0101101010111111111011101101011111111110101011—36
—
82
Heikes' singles...1111101111111111101111111101111111111111111111—47
Heikes' doubles..1010111111010101111111100111111111110111111101111—42
—
89

Neither Heikes nor Bandle could get down to their regular work, although both were cool and used good judgment in every emergency of the contest. The doubles were sprung from traps 1 and 2, left outgoing and straightaway. Both shooters used ten-gauge guns, Heikes an L. C. Smith and Bandle a Parker, shells loaded heavily. Bandle offers to shoot Heikes the same race he shot and bet him $200 to $150 to shoot in Cincinnati, or even money on neutral grounds. Hill, of Aurora, will shoot Heikes three matches for $100 in each, same race as the match to-day, one match to be shot in Dayton, one in Cincinnati, and a toss for a place to shoot the third match.

SOLOMON CITY, Kan., June 23.—Shoot at blue rocks and Peorias, 21yds. rise, by the Solomon Gun Club:

C Dewar	111111111110110w —13
E Crooks	111111111111111000110w —16
T J Edworthy	111111111111111111111000—22
John Kraenchi	111111111111111110000000—18
T Robertson	000111110111110111111110—19
John Dewey	010011111001w — 7

WINCHENDON, Mass., July 1.—Members of the Winchendon Gun Club at their regular meet this week for trap shooting made the following totals out of a possible 10: A. H. Felch 10, F. E. Mann 8, H. J. Lawrence 8, Dr. J. G. Henry 7, J. Sutherland 7, F. F. Hopgood 6, A. D. Lawrence 6, H. M. Eaton 6, P. S. Davis 5.

GERMANTOWN, July 2.—The Wingohocking Gun Club met today at 12 o'clock and took the handsome four-horse coach driven by Mr. Samuel Ladley with his team of spanking bays and drove over to Conshohocken, the home of our genial friends the Matsunk Gun Club, where we had a very pleasant match, although we were beaten. After the match we were taken to headquarters and entertained by the club and their lady friends. After partaking of a bountiful supper we had a very pleasant drive down the romantic Wissahickon by moonlight, arriving at home about eleven o'clock after an afternoon and evening that would please the heart of any shooter. We missed the services of Wm. Greenwood very much.

Matsunk Gun Club.		Wingohocking Gun Club.	
ClasCressman	1011111101111111—13	H Thurman	1111111111101111—14
J C Carter	1100101011101111—10	E M Gordon	0110101011101011— 9
C Dickinson	1110010101111111—11	Ben Boyds	1011011111111110—12
Geo Noblitt	0001110011001110— 8	A G Collom	0000010010000001— 3
J O'Brien	1111111101000010—10	Wm Jay	1101111111111110—13
S K Knox	1100101010101010— 8	Jos Thurman	1000011101011010— 8
J F Nettles	1001101011110000— 8	Wm Garvin	0111110101111111—13
R Swartley	1111101111111111—14	Th Greenwood	1011110111111011—12
W Miller	0101111111111101—12	F W Henson	0000110101111011— 8
H Noblitt	0111010111111111—12	TheoMitchner	1101111101111010—12
Geo Ritter	0111111111011110—12	A Engard	1000111111111011—11
J Hefenfinger	1001111101111111—12	J F Kleintz	1010110111111111—12
	130		127

H. T.

BOSTON, June 29.—The merchandise and Macomber target badge matches, beside sweepstake matches, were shot at Walnut Hill to-day. The first two matches will be continued on July 13 and 27, Aug. 10 and 24, Sept. 7 and 21, Oct. 5 and 19, Nov. 2, 16 and 30, Dec. 14 and 28. The opening yesterday was very successful, there being a good attendance of shooters and excellent scoring. Sweepstake matches.—1. Five clay-pigeons—Nichols first, Hunt second. 2. Five clay-pigeons—Hunt first, Nichols second. 3. Five Macomber birds—Nichols first, Hunt second. 4. Three pairs Macombers—Nichols first, Hunt second. 5. Six bats—Hunt first, Nichols second. 6. Six bats—Nichols first, Snow second. 7. Five clay-pigeons—Nichols first, Snow second. 8. Five clay birds—Snow first, Nichols second. 9. Five Macomber birds—Snow first, Hunt and Nichols second. 10. Five clay birds—Nichols first, Wilson second, Hunt third. 11. Five clay-pigeons—Snow first, Wilson second. 12. Three pairs clay birds—Warren first, Nichols second. 13. Five birds—Snow first, Wilson second.

Macomber badge match, 10 single and 5 pairs Macomber birds:

Warren	1110101111—8	10	11	11	00 11—7—15
Snow	1110001110—6	01	01	11	10 11—7—13
Wilson	0101100110—5	11	11	10	01 00—6—11
Nichols	1111110011—8	01	00	00	10 00—2—10
Healy	1000000100—2	00	00	10	11 01—4— 6

Merchandise match, 10 single and 5 pairs bats:

Nichols	1111101011—9	11	11	11	10 01—8—16
Warren	1111111011—9	10	10	10	11 01—6—15
Snow	1110111011—8	00	11	11	10 01—6—14
Wilson	1010111111—8	11	11	11	10 10—8—16
Healey	0100010011—4	01	00	10	11 01—5— 9

16. Five clay birds—Nichols first, Warren second. 17. Five clay birds—Snow first, Wilson second. Miss and out match—Nichols won.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—The Alameda County Sportsman's Club held its fourth monthly shoot to-day at Bird's Point, Alameda. Very few members were represented on the grounds when the shooting commenced. The day was exceedingly disagreeable, a cold sharp wind blowing across the traps during the afternoon. In the club shoot only three members faced the traps, notwithstanding that the club has a membership of fifty. At the end of the season's shoot trophies will be awarded to the shooters making the highest aggregate scores during the season. The following is the order of to-days shooting, the figure 2 representing where the second barrel was brought into requisition. Club shoot:

Slade (31)	2212111100111—10	Adams (30)	0100021122 3— 8
Mayhew (31)	2300110222?1— 9		

First sweepstake, $2.50 entrance, at 6 birds:

Slade (30)	210111—4	Smada (30)	100101—3
Pixley (30)	210012—4		

Pixley won on the shoot-off. Second sweepstake, 6 birds, $2.50 entrance:

Slade (31)	12010w	Smada (31)	20111w
Pixley (31)	111121—6	Kartan (30)	11210w

Third sweepstake, same conditions:

Slade (31)	121020—4	Smada (31)	022002—3
Pixley (31)	211012—5		

NEW YORK, July 2.—Washington Heights Gun Club on club grounds, One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street and Twelfth avenue. Thermometer registered 90° in shade, which may account in a measure for poor scores made. E. H. Fox shot 16-gauge Ellis hammerless. Match at 15 blue rocks and clays, 2 traps, 18yds. rise, club rules, club badge prizes:

E H Fox	0000110111101111— 9	V Eitch	0101000101010110— 6
W Keppler	0000101101111011— 8	C Parsons	0001001000000000— 2
G Snooks	1110101101101111—11	C Pryer	0001010009101001— 5
C Davidson	0101100000111000— 5	E Roe	0101101101111000— 8

Mr. Snooks having won the badge twice previously it now becomes his property. Other winners of this badge were Mr. Davidson and Mr. Roe, once each. We can report our club in a very flourishing condition with a rapidly increasing membership, and the members one and all taking great interest in the club shoots. —HAMMERLESS.

LISTON, Dakota, June 28.—Liston Gun Club's regular monthly shoot, match at bluerocks, 4 singles and 3 pair, 16yds. bounds:

R N Stevens	1101	11	01	11—8	Buydon	0100	00	01	01—3
R W Stevens	1111	11	11	10—9	Pitmeber	1100	01	11	01—6
W Fleming	1111	11	11	10—9	B Soul	1101	10	11	00—6
Parker	1011	00	01	10—5	Durbey	1101	00	01	00—4
Worton	1101	00	10	11—5	F Soul	0000	10	10	10—3
Doherty	0100	10	01	11—4	Breed	1011	01	11	11—8
Bronson	1001	10	10	00—4	Lock	0001	01	10	11—5
Allen	1111	01	10	10—7					

On account of a storm ties were not shot off.—W. S. P.

GENTLEMEN who desire a stylish, comfortable, well-made shoe, unequalled for wear, should get the W. L. Douglas $3 Seamless Shoe. This shoe now has the upper cut in one piece, thus doing away with the old-style seams at each side, making it much neater in appearance and more comfortable to the foot. No other $3 advertised shoe in the world has this improvement, nor is any other made of as good material. But no expense has been or will be spared to make every possible improvement in the manufacture of this shoe, and those who wear them testify that it is just what it claims to be, "the best $3 shoe in the world."—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

16. New York C. C., Annual, Staten Island.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-20. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

A STERN CHASE.

AWAY off in the northwest a thunder gust was gathering. The far off mountains purpled by distance were melting and blending into the black horizon. In the east the sky was bright and blue, and the sun shone down ardently on the river and the forest. Off in the west bright fleecy atoms of vapor were flying swiftly before the wind. Billowy masses of shifting white and yellow clouds obscured the sky, opening at intervals and disclosing like a turquoise set in pearls, a little patch of pale blue. And back behind the horizon, enveloping mountain and forest in a dark dusky shroud, lay the oncoming storm, gathering within its black threatening folds forked lightning and drenching torrents of rain. The farmers that afternoon, as they glanced up from their work and saw the darkening sky, laughed for joy, and leaving their uncut grain they hurried, with thankful hearts, out of the field and down the lane to the farmhouse, for no rain had fallen for weeks and the wells and springs were dry and the grass was parched, and the crops well nigh consumed with heat.

But we three canoeists, as we floated carelessly and idly down the river in the noonday glare, shielded by broad hats, and making merry over iced lemonade—for at a fabulous price we had purchased a lump of ice at a country inn—did not trouble our thoughts with the drought-stricken farmers and the dry, parched country. For was there not enough to carry us home, and plenty to spare besides for drinking and bathing? So when the first advanced courier of the storm, a puffy white cloud, hid the sun and threw a shadow on the earth, we looked up first with indignation and then with fear as we saw the darkness behind us. That much abused and elastic sophism, "the greatest good to the greatest number," did not reconcile itself to our views in this instance, and we were selfish enough to wish with all our hearts that the storm would pass harmlessly over us or else change its mind and recede to the west.

But it did nothing of the sort, and as it grew darker and the air became oppressively hot and still with that shuddering calm that always precedes a storm, we hastily dragged out our shelter coats and began to look about for a place of refuge. Half a mile below the river narrowed, and then made a sudden and abrupt turn.

"Grab your paddles," cried Forster, "we must get around the bend before the storm comes." It was very near now, and a sharp breeze was rifling the water, rapidly increasing in strength until, like magic, white caps sprang up, and the trees on shore bent and quivered from root to stem in the fierce gale. But we paddled lustily, scudding before the wind, cleaving the waves and throwing them to right and left in billowy curves that rose and fell and subsided harmlessly in our foamy wake. Then a few pattering drops of rain fell. The wind dropped, the rolling whitecaps gave way to short, choppy waves, and down came a crashing, drenching torrent, that rattled savagely on our stretched canvas, and then quickly ceased as we dashed through a course of rapids, made a sharp curve, and ran in under a sheltering cliff that stood far out in the air, and against which the storm struck and glanced, and in baffled fury raged with redoubled violence further out on the river.

"Look out there, will yez? Don't be afther runnin' into my line."

We dropped our paddles and looked upon the rocky ledge which rose sheer above the water three or four feet. Three individuals were seated on the edge, dangling their legs in the air and watching with evident enjoyment three fishing lines that hung into the water and rose and fell with every wave.

They belonged to the genus tramp we saw at a glance, and no older specimens ever trod a turnpike. Two of them were full-bearded, muscular fellows, with ruffian written on every line of their faces. Their attire was worn and faded, and looked to have been gathered in from divers places of the earth. The third was a curiosity. His face was smooth and a large mustache completely hid his mouth. He was attired in a pair of pants cut off at the knees, and he wore no stockings. A greasy black dress coat was pulled on over a red flannel shirt, and a much dilapidated plug hat rested on his head.

We hesitated a moment, casting a glance out on the river where the rain was falling so thickly as to almost conceal the opposite shore. That settled it; so we ran into a break in the ledge and climbed out on the rocks. The man with the plug came forward at once.

"Gentlemen," he said, "h'allow me to welcome you. I presume you are like h'ourselves, traveling sportsmen. On yonder rock you will see our autographs, which we 'ave just finished inscribing. Let that serve as an introduction."

We followed the direction of his hand and saw on the side of the cliff rudely daubed in red chalk:

"Birmingham Pete."
"Boston Jake."
"Sibletown Mike."

"To me," he continued, "belongs the honor of the first name. I'm a Hinglishman, and am traveling with a view to writing my impressions of America. My companions are merely traveling for sport, and 'aving chartered a boat, we are making a trip down the Susquehanna. Now, gentlemen, may I ask you for some tobacco?" We handed our pouch to this illustrious tramp, who carefully filled a blackened clay pipe and then passed it on to his companions. "I prefer Shag or Bird's H'eye, gentlemen, but this will do. You see that I forget constantly that I ham in America. Now Mike, produce the bait, and the gentlemen shall join us in fishing." It was raining yet, so we accepted the situation and eagerly prepared our rods. The bass bit freely and we caught a good many. The Irishman had good luck, and landed a fine three-pounder, pulling him hand over hand, and then with a dexterous twist, hauling him out on the ledge. Then the rain stopped and the sun came out. The fish stopped biting, so we concluded to start.

"We'll show yez a campin' place right below here," said Mike, "Why don't yez stop there? Shure an we'd be deloighted to spend the night wid yez, but we have a pressin' engagement tin miles down the river."

We much preferred to be in the rear of such a party as this, so we concluded to camp if there was a suitable place. We embarked together, and less than a quarter of a mile below we reached a grassy spot, shaded by huge oak trees and bisected by a spring that poured down from the mountains. It was a beautiful place, so we landed and ran up our tent. The "tourists" continued on down, bidding us an effusive farewell, and in their haste entirely forgetting to return our tobacco pouch, a box of hooks and a curiously carved brierwood of Foster's that Boston Jake had taken a fancy to. With a feeling of relief we saw them round the bend, Birmingham Pete still waving his hat frantically in the air, while Sibletown Mike, who appeared to be a novice at rowing, pulled lustily at the oars. Tourists of this class were scarce along the river. They were not the most desirable company and we devoutly hoped we had seen the last of them. They had evidently stolen the boat some place, for it was in good condition and newly painted.

The sun was getting low, so we got supper, and after fishing awhile with good success we turned in, first lifting our canoes carefully out on the bank and placing them in a semi-circle around the front of our tent. Early hours seem to come naturally on a canoe trip and we fell asleep at once.

I have an indistinct recollection of waking in the night and seeing Morton standing up in the dim light and peering out through a crevice in the tent. "He thought he heard a noise outside," he said. Then I fell asleep again. I woke up suddenly some time after that with a feeling of alarm. I glanced round the tent. There was Forster on the right and Morton on the left, both sound asleep. But why was the tent door open and one flap thrown back? and what was that?—a dark figure just inside the tent. "Help! help," I shouted. The figure rose with a bound, aimed a savage blow at me and sprang outside the tent. The boys leaped up at once, just as the ropes, cut on one side, gave way, and the tent fell in with a crash, entangling us in its heavy folds. We crawled out and rose to our feet in time to see a plug hat disappear over the slope to the river. We followed closely in pursuit, but when we reached the water Birmingham Pete and his fellow tourists were some distance out from shore, and the oars were striking the water with a very rapid movement. We went back and made an inspection. Our canoes were all right fortunately, but Forster's paddle was gone and all our fishing rods and a small valise containing a pistol, cartridges and other necessary trifles. "This won't do," said Morton, wrathfully, "pack up at once and we'll catch them yet."

We hastily carried the canoes to the water, and stowed away all our things. Morton took Forster in his canoe and towed the empty one behind.

It was near morning and the east was already faintly streaked with gray when we embarked and started down the river. We kept a close watch on both sides, fearing they might have landed.

Finally it grew lighter and soon the sun rose over the mountains, and like the breath of a Sirocco the cool atmosphere suddenly became hot and sultry. The long stretch of water before us danced and glimmered and fairly blinded us with the rays of heat that quivered in the air.

Toward noon we shot round a curve and saw far below us the unfinished piers of the Wyalusing bridge, standing gaunt and solitary between the thickly wooded shores. And we saw something else, too, for there, just passing under the shadow of the central pier was a boat, and even at that distance we could see that it was heavily freighted. Our chase was nearly ended, and

with energy we bent to our paddles. We hung closely to one shore, hoping to gain on them without being seen, and we did actually gain half a mile this way. Then fortune favored, and we reached a chain of islands which ran for some distance. The boat had gone to the left, and as soon as it disappeared round the point we shot into the channel on the right and paddled harder than ever.

We ran on for nearly a mile, and finally the end of the last island came in view. At the same time the current had increased, we saw a line of white foam below us, and the dull ominous roar of the rapids rang in our ears. The point of the island was but a few yards above the rapids, and was covered with overhanging trees. We ran our canoes in under these, and peering out through the branches we saw the "tourists" floating down stream.

They believed themselves perfectly secure, for the oars hung idly in the water, and grouped around a hastily improvised table —the middle seat—sat the trio deep in a game of poker. They were nearly opposite now and close to shore.

"Pass that 'ere Mike," said Birmingham Pete, "I take the ——."

"Stop, you villains," shouted Morton, thrusting aside the screen of branches, "pass over that stolen property."

That card party came to a sudden end. The Englishman fell back in the stern, Mike, first scooping the contents of the pot into his pocket, grabbed the oars and pulled savagely away from us. But Morton was already within a couple of yards and we were close behind. At that moment we struck the rapids and plunged in among the hidden rocks.

The boat grounded savagely on a sharp ledge and came to a full stop; Morton's canoe struck the end, and, swinging round, plunged on down backward just as Birmingham Pete, aiming a savage blow at him, overbalanced himself and fell in, followed in a moment by Morton himself, whose canoe struck sideways and tilted over.

Another moment and we were through the rapids and Morton was swimming to shore, while his canoe floated on down and was caught uninjured. As we all landed, the "Englishman," dripping wet, crawled out on shore and threw a sorrowful glance out on the river on which his glossy plug hat was dancing among the waves and finally sank out of sight. "Just my blasted luck," he muttered.

Just then the clattering of hoofs in the rear startled us, and, as we looked round, two men on horseback galloped down the road. In an instant they dismounted and had the "Englishman" by the collar. "Let me go! Let me go!" he cried. They shook him until his teeth chattered.

"Where is our boat? You villain, we had a long chase, but we've got our hands on you now."

"Pete" wilted at once. "There's your boat," he cried, "go and get it."

They turned their attention to Mike and his friend, who had now succeeded in getting clear, and were moving on down the river. The glittering barrel of a pistol had a marvelous effect, and they meekly steered in shore. Their captors procured a wagon, and after our property had been restored to us, the three tourists, with their hands ignominiously tied behind them, were driven off to the county seat, only a couple of miles away, where prison cells awaited them. They parted from us effusively, and Sibletown Mike requested us to inform his friends down in Dauphin county that "he'd be out afore Christmas for shure." The rattle of the wheels died out on the dusty road, and disembarking, we started off on our interrupted journey.

Long after Christmas, when the spring buds opened and the trees were all in blossom, I met Mike one morning under very different circumstances. He was breaking stone in the public square in company with a gang of tramps, under the watchful eye of a sturdy policeman. He knew me at once. "Shure an' I'm glad to see yez; I only got six months an' Oive been out sense New Years. Pete, did you say? O, the dirty spalteen. He swore as how we stole the boat an' enticed him into it, an' shure an didn't they let him clane off. But be jabers I'll lay for him an'——

"Get to work there. Be quick about it too."

The stern voice of the guard broke off our colloquy and I left Mike alone with his hammer and his reflections.

W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

CRUISES ABOUT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

WHEREVER the A. C. A. meets it is generally the custom for those who are acquainted with the neighboring cruising grounds to give the fraternity the benefit of their knowledge. Acting on this precedent, the writer would venture the observation that at no time since the organization of the association has a spot for the annual encampment been selected that has offered such a wide range of waters, both in variety and extent, combining all that makes canoeing pleasant, as the site which has this year been chosen. Lake Champlain and its sister, Lake George, are already familiar to the canoeist and need no description; but the vast wild region to the west, covered with virgin forests, teeming with trout, alive with deer, and studded with almost numberless small lakes, connected by navigable rivers, has been as yet, strange as it may seem, comparatively little frequented by the average canoeist. Perhaps it is the swift water, the occasional necessity of a portage, joined with the fact that the modern canoe is usually decked and built for sailing and wide expanses of water rather than for rapids and small rivers and lakes, that the charm of leaving the ordinary routes has not sufficiently presented itself to the canoeist to induce him to explore the Adirondacks.

The writer last summer, in company with a friend, paddled through Blue Mountain, Raquette, North, Long, Big and Little Tupper and Rock lakes, besides descending the Racket River. He can truthfully say that if a country was ever made to order for a canoe, that one was. The region above described is within forty or fifty miles of Lake Champlain, and is best reached by the Adirondack R. R. north from Saratoga to North Creek, thence thirty miles by stage to Blue Mountain Lake. He can get into the Saranac district from the Racket River by means of a two-mile carry, and can find egress by the Saranac and St. Regis chain of lakes and a newly-constructed railroad to Plattsburg, seven miles from the proposed camp. Why not give the Adirondacks a trial since they are right in the way of those wishing to visit the meet?

Another fine and easy trip is to start at Rock Lake, seven miles from Blue Mountain Lake, follow the Rock River nine miles to where it enters the Upper Hudson, down the Hudson to North Creek, a short portage of two miles to the Schroon River and down the Schroon River thirty miles until within seven miles of Lake George, up which lake and Lake Champlain a steamer will carry the canoeist direct to the A. C. A. camp. This trip would, under ordinary circumstances, occupy about two weeks. The writer has a 16ft. double Peterborough open canoe, tent and camping equipment at Blue Mountain Lake, with which he intends to take the journey last described, and is willing to take a companion who has the time and who is not afraid of roughing it.

305 FAYETTE STREET, Peoria, Ill. R. K. WING.

QUAKER CITY C. C. REGATTA.—Philadelphia, June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual regatta of the Q. C. C. C. took place on June 19, the winners being as follows: Class III., paddling, Vixen. A. A. Jackson, first; Caprice, E. H. Barten, second; four starters. Standing paddling, Malta, J. A. Barten, first; others not finishing, three starters. Tandem paddling, Malta, Jackson and Barten, first; Flash, F. Geiger and E. H. Barten, second; Scamp, Munchen and Golze, third, five starters. Class B, sailing, Malta, J. A. Barten, first; Caprice, E. H. Barten, second; four starters. Caprice sailed a pretty close race with Malta, her performance being largely due to her flat sails, which are all aft of the mast, the mainsail of 50ft. having five battens; all the battens and spars are of the same length. The silver champion badge, won by Malta, is open to all comers.—S.

WATERPROOFING CLOTHING.—A correspondent asks for a method of waterproofing a hunting suit. The Belgian War Department has for some time been engaged in experiments with liquid alumina for waterproofing uniforms and clothing, and it has been proved that the following mixture allows the perspiration to pass off readily, and in no way injures the color or material of the fabric; but in order to be done economically and effectually, it must be conducted on a large scale: Solutions of equal parts of alum and acetate of lead are made in separate vessels and then mixed, when sulphate of lead will be thrown down, leaving acetate of alumina in solution, which is then decanted. The articles to be waterproofed are soaked in this solution and dried in the air without wringing.

CALLA SHASTA MEET.—The Springfield and Hartford canoeists spent their holiday in camping and racing at Calla Shasta, the races being held on July 4. Dr. H. E. Rice, in the Cid, won the single paddling race, and also with Emil Knappe, the tandem paddling, both using the Narka. Mr. Geo. M. Barney won the limited sailing race in Pecowsic, with Blanche second, and Hornet and Cid following out of 8 starters. Mr. F. A. Nickerson won the upset race and also the prize for canoe gymnastics. Pecowsic again won in the unlimited sailing race, with Nickerson second in Ghost, and Knappe third in Le Cid. Mr. Nickerson also won the standing paddling race.

PASSAIC RIVER MEET.—A very successful meet was held on the Passaic River from Saturday until Monday, but full reports have not yet been received.

THE ORION ROWING AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION is an organization dating back to 1872, when it sprang into life through the push of Major Jack Kase, Dr. Levering and others as the Orion Rowing Association. In 1875 it joined issues with the Hudson Athletic Club, making one of the strongest clubs in the State, comprising on its roll some of the best of the young citizens of Jersey City and the county of Hudson. It has been growing in strength and popularity until now it has between 90 and 100 members on its roster. It has a neat and commodious club house on the Hackensack River, two two-oared barges, two four-oared barges, and several single sculls or shells, as you choose to call them, and an ample and well-furnished athletic room on Newark avenue, opposite the Court House. Under the auspices of one of its most popular members, genial, rollicking Frank Hill, and Captain Brook, a very successful regatta was held on the Hackensack some two weeks since. On the 3d inst. a crew rowed around Staten Island for a flyer for their trip in their new four-oared barge, the Orion, to Troy on the 5th inst. This will be their first long row as a crew. It will be a row of about 170 miles, and they will visit other clubs on their route. They will start from their boat house on the Hackensack early in the morning, rowing down the river to Newark Bay, through the Kill von Kull, around Bergen Point, and then to the pier of the Troy boat. Taking the boat up, they expect to row back. The boys expect to have a good time, though they calculate on some hard work some of the time. The crew will consist of Frank Stone, John Colwell, Lew Reed, Brit Kitchen, Charlie Strong and Geo. Reed.—JACOBSTAFF.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

7. Boston 2d Cham., Boston.
7. Shamrock-TitaniaMatch,NY
9. Hull, Club Cruise.
9. Beverly, Cham., Marblehead.
9. Great Head, 1st Cham.
9. Quincy, 1st Championship.
9. Sandy Bay, Harwood Cup, Rockport.
9. Greenwich, An'l, Greenwich.
10. Atlantic, Cruise.
11. Empire, Annual, New York.
12. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
13. Great Head.
16. Beverly, Sweep. Mon. Beach.
16. Hull. Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
16-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
23. Monatiquot,Open,Weymouth
24. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

AUGUST.

1. Sandy Bay, Open, Rockport.
1. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Charlotte, N. Y.
2. Great Head, Mooulight Sail.
2. Sandy Bay, Annual.
3. New York Cruise.
4. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Oswego.
6. Beverly, Cham.,Swampscott.
6. Great Head.
6. Monatiquot, 2d cham., Weymouth.
11. Great Head, 3d Cham.
7-13. Buffalo, Cruise.
8. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Kingston, Ont.
10. Quincy, Review and Ladies' Day.
11. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Race, Belleville.
12. Eastern, Fall, Marblehead.
13. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
13. Hull, Open, Hull.
14-29. Quaker City, Cruise,Chesapeake Bay.
15. Cor. Ladies' Race, Marblehead.
16-17. Halifax Jubilee Regatta.
17. Monatiquot, Cham., Weymouth.
18. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
20. Beverly, Open, Marblehead.
25. Great Head.
25. Bar Harbor Open, Bar Harbor.
26. Quincy, 3d Championship.
27. Great Head, 4th Cham.
27. Beverly, Open, Mon. Beach.
27. South Boston Club.
27. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Great Head, Moonlight Sail.
3. LarchmontFall, Larchmont.
3. Sandy Bay, Pen., Rockport.
3. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
8. Quincy, 3d Championship.
10. Cor. Cham., Marblehead.
10. Beverly, Sweep., Mon. Beach.
10. Great Head.
10. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
11. Quaker City, Review, Phila.
15. Miramichi, Race for Cups.
17. Buffalo, Club.
17. Cor. Sweep., Marblehead.
17. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
24. Great Head.
24. Monatiquot,Club,Weymouth
25. Quaker City, last Cruise, Del. River.
26. Cooper's Point, Corinthian, Cruise up Delaware River.
27. America's Cup Match, N. Y.
29. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

OCTOBER.

1. America's Cup Match, N. Y.

SOMETHING ABOUT STEWARDS.

A GROUP of yachting men were sitting, lazily smoking, on the piazza of the Great Brewster Yacht Club House one evening, waiting to see the colors come down when the sunset gun should be fired on the Commodore's yacht. There were Commodore Ward of the Black Prince, Warren of the Sea King, Hale of the Lady Jane and Wetmore of the Roysterer, besides a number of small-boat owners.

"By the way," said Hale, looking at his schooner, "I've got a sad experience in store for me."

"What's up?" all asked with more or less sympathizing interest.

"Oh! Another new steward," he answered dolefully. "Each one is a revelation of some new phase of human depravity. I am wondering what this man will disclose." The truth was, that the Lady Jane was only 40ft. on her waterline, and her accommodations were so limited that Hale had hard times finding men who would cook there, even with extra high wages.

"What was the trouble with the last man?" asked the Commodore.

"His commissions were excessive," answered Hale demurely, "Jones & Son, that I deal with for supplies, said he demanded ten per cent. of all bills, and I discharged him."

"That was a great mistake," said Warren, "when you know just where a steward's fault is you can know how to get even with him; but now you'll have to begin to watch again. I had a man on the Sea King last year that I thought was going to prove just right; in fact, I kept him all summer and then gave him a rousing recommendation when I got ready to put the boat up. He left me the day before I began to dismantle, pretending that some one of his family was very sick, and what do you think he did but go straight into Boston and get a large order of goods from every store that I ever traded at, and had them all delivered at a certain hour at the boat landing; and then he got a job wagon and took the whole load somewhere. I never could find where it went, but he got into me about a hundred dollars. He told the storemen all around that we were 'stocking up' to go Down East."

"That was rough," said Wetmore, "the rascal I've got now plays this on me: Each time he goes to market he gets a couple dozen extra of eggs that he trades at the barroom for a good drink on his way back. In keeping the account, though, and when we come to settle, I shall have the price of several hundred dozen, less or more, of eggs to deduct from his pay."

"Eggs!" said the Commodore, "I caught my steward one day trading a quarter of spring lamb at forty cents a pound for a drink of whisky."

"And what did you do about it?" asked Wetmore.

"I couldn't do anything at the time. The man had me at his mercy for I had friends aboard for a trip, and of course couldn't discharge him then; but I did as soon as we got back. After all, I got the worst of it," added the Commodore, laughing at the reminiscence, "for I paid him up and left him to be set ashore by one of the men. Before he went he stirred coal ashes into the flour barrel, so that we had to throw all the flour away; emptied the pepper and spices into the sugar bucket, put salt into the coffee, broke every egg on board, poured kerosene into the pickle jar and wound up by coming into our staterooms and strewing a handful of mustard between our sheets. 'Twas a good thing for him that I never could find where he went to."

"After such a row as that 'simple drunks,' as the court would call them," said Hale, whose yachting experience was brief, "must seem very unobjectionable. But drinking is one thing I won't put up with. I must have a sober man to work for me."

"Then I guess you intend to live on air," said Wetmore. "When I first had a yacht I stood out for sober men, but I found I might as well insist on getting along without fogs. They all drink just the same when they get a chance."

"That's about so," assented the Commodore. "I had a man once on the Black Prince that brought a little framed pledge and hung it up in the galley, and I was just green enough to think he meant it. Indeed, he hadn't been on board a week, when he came back from shore one evening raving drunk, and was so noisy that I ordered a man to set him ashore again. He refused to go, grabbed the boat hook and made a rush for me. My revolver was carefully packed away, unloaded, in the bottom of my locker, so that didn't do me much good. My sailing master seized the man's arm and he at once turned, threw down the boathook, pulled out his knife, and before any one could prevent him, gave the master's hand a bad cut. By that time a seaman and I had come to the rescue, and we simply pitched the fellow overboard into the water."

"Wasn't you afraid he'd drown?" asked Hale.

"I was a good deal more afraid he wouldn't," said the Commodore. "We lowered a boat and he scrambled into it. The wetting brought him too, a little, and when he got ashore—we were in Gloucester that night—I couldn't find a policeman right away, and the fellow slipped out of sight in the dark, and we never heard of him again. I made my master a handsome present for his injury and hunted up a new steward."

"Well, you have had hard luck," continued Wetmore. "I once had two men get to fighting in the forecastle. One had a marlin spike and the other a hammer, but before they had either of them hurt the other seriously the steward ran in from the galley and threw a handful of pepper right into their faces. Well, the fight ended, of course, I discharged the men and the steward left too, because he said they would manage to get even with him and he must get out of their way, so I had to make him a present to pay him for his interference and then get a new crew. Wouldn't it be fine if we didn't have to eat at all? If we could just fill our water tanks and start for a cruise!"

"I thought you were going to say fill our demijohns and start," said a catboat man who had been a silent member of the group. "Now you see, if you couldn't afford a bigger boat than I can, you wouldn't be plagued with stewards. A light purse brings some compensation after all. Since I'm my own steward, I've no one to find fault with. An alcohol lamp and a can-opener make my galley furnishings complete."

"You're too modest," said Wetmore, retaliatingly. "You've overlooked your corkscrew." Every one laughed at this sally, and then he went on to say, "Warren, what made you get rid of your steward in Portland last year? You know you wouldn't tell at the time."

"Well, that was too much," said Warren. "Do you remember that cross-eyed Irishman I had then? He was just about my size and as impudent a fellow as you ever met, but smart and capable too. I sent the Sea King ahead to Portland to wait for me till I could get away for an eastern cruise, and that villain used to put on my fleet captain's uniform and go ashore and swell around pretending to be me, and I actually met him on the wharf myself in that rig. He even had on a pair of eye-glasses, and was so far 'set up' when I saw him that he was sitting down on a pile of dry fish to recuperate. Now you know why I didn't use my uniform the last end of the season, but I felt too cheap to tell before. To add to the scrape, the fellow had been in a bar room, where he had sat down on a sheet of sticky fly-paper before he had taken his repose on the fish pile, and you may imagine the consequences. As for my coat, he had leaned up against some freshly tarred ropes some where, and that was all in a mess. I tell you I was the maddest man in Portland when I saw him. I just snaked him on to his feet, and the way that coat came off wasn't slow. I was so mad that I gave it a fling over the wharf into the sea, as I supposed, but it really fell into a boat, and a few minutes later I saw a man rowing off for dear life with his prize before any one might claim it and get it back. I dare say the coat does duty on the Grand Banks on some fisherman's back. I was still scolding and shaking the tipsy fellow, and, as usual, a small crowd of boys and men had gathered around, when a happy idea took me. I told the crowd that anybody might have the pants that would get them off, for they were mine. A first-class row was well under way, and the crowd were pulling and hauling the wretch round in grand style, when a policeman appeared and sort of settled things. I found I could not appear against the man in court without delaying my cruise, and so I didn't have the policeman arrest him, but told the fellow to stay there till I should send his belongings off to him from the yacht. I didn't owe him anything, for I had paid him a week's advance wages when he left Boston, but he felt pretty humble, I tell you. One boy had run off with the suspenders, and both my back pants pockets were torn down a foot or less in the scuffle. A darky was parading round with the eye glasses on, and the dirtiest boy you ever saw had mounted my naval cap. I wanted to give the fellow a good kicking, but the policeman persuaded—in fact, you might say coerced—me not to. So I finally telegraphed to Boston for a new steward and then went on board. By good luck a new man was sent down on the night train, and so that little episode didn't delay me long, but the captain kept a sharp look out all night for fear the man might come out and do us some harm."

"What harm could he do?" asked Hale, whose ideas were rapidly broadening as to steward possibility.

"Oh, he might have come aboard slyly and stolen something. I know a man who cut an anchor cable just out of spite, and so the vessel drifted until the first thing that any one noticed she was stuck in a mud bank, and the tide went out and left her there, so that the party on board had to wait till flood tide to get off. The time wasn't the worst part either, for when the flats were dry they smell horribly in the hot sun, and the people on board were nearly perished for a breath of sweet air. This happened in Salem Harbor, and I dare say you have smelt the flats that catch the refuse from the tanneries. Some of the party were sick for weeks after, it was like being poisoned."

"I begin to think," said Hale, "that the best way to do would be to enlist a steward, as they do in the navy, and have a code of discipline that could be enforced."

"Then they don't get rid of trouble." put in a hitherto silent listener. "A cousin of mine, a commander in the North Atlantic Squadron, told me that they had frequently to punish their stewards, and that they made more trouble than all their men besides."

"I've heard enough for one time," said Hale, rising to whistle his call for his tender. "Your yarns beat mine, though I thought I'd had a hard time. All these stewards you tell about have been vicious men. I had a *non-compos* man once that was about as bad to deal with. He hadn't the first idea of how much or in what proportion to buy things. He laid in forty dozen eggs in Boston to take Down East, where eggs are fresh and cheap. He actually bought a whole half-barrel of pig's feet at one time, and you know that my galley is so small that I buy flour in a paper bag. He'd buy a gallon of milk when the ice chest was empty, and all sorts of like things. What he cooked was well enough, but his buying was beyond all belief. I threatened one day to make him eat all the wasted things; but he answered serenely that nothing was wasted, for if things didn't keep he just threw them overboard. So to save myself from bankruptcy I had to get rid of him. But my boat is coming and I must go. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" said the Commodore, and the little company all rose to disperse, for it was getting dark and the anchor lights were shining brightly from the fleet in harbor. "Tell us your new steward's failing when you find it out, will you?"

"All right, I will," answered Hale.

"I don't believe you'll tell us any new trick," said Wetmore, laughing at his recollections, "I haven't begun to disclose my experience with stewards yet."

"Nor I," added Warren, "another time I'll tell you more. Good-bye." G. E. REISE.

A CENTERBOARD IN BRITISH WATERS.—The centerboard cutter Murre, lately described in the FOREST AND STREAM, designed by Captain Bayly, of Exmouth, has been tried and has proved quite speedy, as well as very convenient. She lately arrived at her future home, creating a decided sensation. The *Exeter Post* says: "The ancient and historical borough of Lyme Regis has been long famed for the fossils found in its neighborhood, and from its blue lias come the finest specimens in the British Museum. It would appear, however, that this fossil characteristic of Lyme is not solely confined to the geological formation of its soil, but is largely developed also in its inhabitants, or at least that portion of them who follow the briny, as was amusingly illustrated by their various remarks on the Murre when she arrived at the port of her destination on Monday last. Her clipper bow, as she rounded the Cobb, first raised their bile, and came in for a whole volume of wholesome abuse, but when by the ebbing of the tide she was left dry, and the economy of her entire underwater body became apparent to the nautical critic, the adverse feeling reached its climax, and the forcible adjectives that flew about were quite worthy of a Tanner or a Healy and fully up to the standard of Mr. Gladstone's following in the House of Commons. Her cutaway forefoot; the mysterious and wonderful apparatus inside by which she could draw 9ft. of water when afloat, though then squatting like a duck punt; the wide iron keel and, above all, her sitting upright upon the ground without any support from legs or shores, created a feeling of antagonism in the minds of the ancient mariners of Lyme, which vented itself in observations indicative of abhorrence and disgust. Familiarity may in time ameliorate these feelings, but at present the Murre is regarded not only as a monstrosity but as a sort of "Frankenstein," a creation positively diabolical, as something against nature, and a direct flying in the face of a Divine Providence."

LAUNCH OF THE VOLUNTEER.—On June 30 the new steel yacht building for Gen. Paine by Pusey & Jones, of Wilmington, was launched in the presence of Mr. Burgess and a large number of spectators. She was taken in tow on Saturday by the tug Ocean King, and started for Boston, arriving at 2 A. M. on July 5. Lawley & Son will rig her.



THE SCOTCH CUTTER "THISTLE."

THE RECORD AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After the Puritan-Genesta races of 1885, a correspondent, "C. P. K.," went on record with the assertion that if ever Galatea or her type caught Puritan or her type in a gale and a sea, Galatea would make a show of the Puritan centerboarders. Since then a good deal of evidence on this point has come in, which is worth summarizing:

1. In a 70-mile beat to windward in a gale of wind and "chalk-pit sea," centerboard Thetis beat cutter Stranger out of sight.

2. In as strong a whole sail breeze as the boats wanted and an ugly jump of a sea, centerboard schooner Sachem ran away from cutter schooner Miranda in the heavy windward work, and not only was she faster but the drier and more comfortable.

3. Centerboard Titania, new, with rough bottom and stretching sails, took a 12-mile bout out of cutter Bedouin, crack of her kind and in fine condition, in a beat in a strong wind and jumping sea, outside Sandy Hook, and easily disposed of her. What Titania at the end of the season, when in condition, might do in a beat to windward with Bedouin can easily be inferred.

4. Mayflower, with a wind at times reaching 30 miles an hour, and a very ugly sea, beat Galatea 13 minutes in 36 miles. Galatea's owner is reported as saying that neither his cutter nor any of her kind has any business with Mayflower in any weather.

5. Little centerboard Shadow faced little cutter Shona, crack of her class, at Marblehead, with topmasts housed, and beat the cutter 14 minutes in 24 miles.

Something has split in C. P. K.'s theory of the "cringle blow and the chalk-pit sea." D. W. BROWN.

NEW YORK, June 24.

[Our correspondent's assumption of a gale and heavy sea is not justified by the facts in several of the instances quoted, while in the most important ones the yachts have not been reefed, as the expression "cringle blow" indicates. Thetis and Stranger represent opposite extremes in that while the centerboard is notoriously slow in moderate weather, the cutter has only performed well in the lightest winds and smooth water, being designed and sparred for such work. The mere fact of her being a cutter does not insure the conclusion that she is a heavy weather boat, while her opponent thus far has done nothing unless in the race referred to, being repeatedly beaten by Stranger in light weather. As to Sachem and Miranda, although the latter was beaten in the only race sailed, she was fitted out and manned in a way that showed more valor than discretion on the part of her friends. Whether or no she can beat Sachem in such weather, it is certain that this trial was most unfair to the old boat. Neither the Seawanhaka race of Bedouin and Titania nor the E. Y. C. race between Mayflower and Galatea were sailed under the conditions mentioned by D. W. B., a short steep sea and a reefing breeze, but in comparatively long seas and under working topsails. In the last instance mentioned the conditions were more nearly realized, but the evidence all goes to show that in the heaviest weather, at the start, before the reefs were shaken out and in the roughest water inshore, Shona led Shadow, the latter passing her afterward as sea and wind decreased. We do not consider Shona any match for Shadow in size or power, but as proved in the first of this race and again last September, there are some conditions under which the smaller boat is the faster. From a racing standpoint it is of little importance what a yacht will do in a "cringle blow and chalkpit sea," as these conditions are seldom met in racing here, and when they are, as in the Brenton's reef race of Genesta and Dauntless and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. race of '84, when Oriva beat Gracie to windward all other sloops going back, the sloop and compromise are seldom there to try.]

CUTTER WEATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a fitting comment on the recent remarks in your columns of certain sanguine, if illogical, cutter friends, allow me to state that yesterday, at Marblehead, a race was sailed in cutter weather (so called), and that the result won a decided, unquestionable and easy victory of every sloop over every cutter, and a conclusive showing of the superiority of bilge, beam and centerboard over dead weight, keel, and unnecessary displacement.

We hear a vast deal of talk about the value of the cutter's keel, but I believe that neither Galatea nor Genesta have any keel worth mentioning. They would probably hang on better if they were provided with at least some substitute for what they can never beat—namely, the centerboard.

Some day we will probably learn that the Scotch keel sloop Thistle has a keel, also that her midship section is pretty fairly copied from that of Mayflower.

Oh, by the way, can fifteen-year-old Shadow beat Shona in a blow and a seaway? THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., June 24.

[We must decline to accept Mr. Clapham's term "cutter weather" until it is defined more clearly, as at present it means nothing. The weather of the race was yachting weather of the right sort, nothing less nor more. There was no drifting, but there was as much wind and sea as most racing men care for; certainly not enough to favor Galatea at the expense of Mayflower. The "unquestionable and easy victory of every sloop" sounds well, but it comes down to the fact that in the great race of the year in Eastern waters one real sloop, and one whose claim to that name rests only on the possession of a board, were all that faced the cutters at the line. It is all very well for these two that went in, but how about the score or more of real sloops that judiciously kept out? It is true that none of the cutters have such marked lead keels as Mr. Clapham puts under his flat-floored sharpies; but Bedouin, Madge, Clara and Oriva have never found any trouble in leading the way to windward, and the larger cutters have more clearly defined keels than some of these, though, as we have shown, deprived of the full advantages of a proportionate draft to that of the smaller craft. As to Shadow and Shona, it was considered quite a performance once for Shadow to share the honors with ten-tonner Madge, but now five-tonner Shona is expected to sail evenly with her. That she can more than do so in some weathers was shown last September, but it is too much to expect her to make up for the great disparity in size and power except under favorable conditions. However, she suffers just now from entering two races where the chances were against her, from mere love of sport; instead of pursuing the course now in favor with all of the old sloops, of saving a beating by having a pressing engagement elsewhere on race days. Boston boasts a big fleet of boats of 30 to 35ft., but only Shadow seems to be anxious to try powers with the wee cutter they all affect to despise. If Mr. Clapham is right in his theory as to cutters not "hanging on," it may be to his advantage to bring his new weather grip to the notice of the owners of Galatea and Thistle.]

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB, SEVENTH REGATTA, JULY 3.—Courses: Schuylkill River, from Norristown to Indian Creek and return; distance, 5 miles. Weather clear and hot. Wind fresh, southwest. Current ½ mile per hour:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'd.
Priscilla, E. Stanley.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 29 51	1 29 51	1 28 05
Flying Eagle, Julius Bernat.	15.00	9 00 00	10 29 37	1 29 37	1 29 04
E. C. Potts, Parker Bros....	15.00	9 00 00	10 36 28	1 36 28	1 34 42
Josephine, E. Sowers.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 41 48	1 41 48	1 40 40
Igidious, Wm. Rochell.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 45 21	1 45 21	1 44 48
Gracie, E. A. Leopold.....	12.00	9 00 00	10 54 58	1 54 58	1 45 22
Little Tycoon, J. Boucot....	16.00	9 00 00	10 46 55	1 46 55	1 46 55
Ino, Wm. Sullivan.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 52 07	1 52 07	1 48 42

Winner first prize, champion pennant, Priscilla. Protest filed against Flying Eagle for picking up one member of her crew after crossing the line at the start. Judges—A. B. Parker and Samuel H. Pickering.

Championship regatta, July 4. Course, Norristown to Indian Creek and return, distance 5 miles. Weather clear. Wind fresh, southwest. Current, half mile per hour:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'd.
Gracie, E. A. Leopold.....	12.00	9 00 00	10 35 43	1 35 43	1 26 07
Priscilla, E. Stanley.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 29 26	1 29 26	1 27 40
Ino, Wm. Sullivan.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 32 30	1 32 30	1 29 05
Little Tycoon, L. Palmer....	16.00	9 00 00	10 29 32	1 30 32	1 29 32
E. C. Potts, Parker Bros....	15.00	9 00 00	10 31 45	1 31 45	1 29 59
Igidious, Wm. Rochell.....	15.00	9 00 00	10 31 38	1 31 38	1 31 05

The time made in this race is better than has been made in either of the previous seven races held by the club this season. Winner first prize, championship pennant, Gracie. The Gracie carried 85ft. of sail in main, mizen and jib. Her beam is 34in., and she is fitted with a single weather grip to starboard. The Ino, a ducker, carried 18yds. of sail. The other boats are tuckups, and carried from 27 to 30yds. of sail. Judge, Elwood Wanner.

TORONTO Y. C. CRUISE TO NIAGARA.—The fleet of the Toronto Y. C. sailed on July 1 to Fort Niagara, and on Saturday a race was sailed off the latter place. The newly imported cutter Cyprus sailed very well, but mistook a mark and went far out of her course. Aileen finally won, with Cygnet second and Escape third. The fleet included Oriole, Aileen, Cygnet, Cyprus, Rivet, Whistlewing, Condor, Escape, Molly, Yolande, Maida, Mischief, Tramp, Orient, Guinevere, and the steam yachts Vivid and Rosamond. A hop was given in honor of the yachtsmen at night, and on July 3 the fleet sailed home.

LORNA—NAHLI.—This match was sailed on July 2, ten miles to windward and return, the course being from Sands Point around Fort Schuyler Buoy, two rounds. Nahli parted her throat halliards and withdrew, Lorna sailing one round and taking the race.

NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. FIRST ANNUAL REGATTA, JULY 2.

WITH a large membership and a fine new club house the New Rochelle Y. C. has opened its third year by a most successful regatta, and in the future there will be two events nearly together, as the Larchmont Club, only a few miles distant, has long held July 4 as its date. With such inducements there are sure to be large entries, as yachts from all the Sound ports will come in greater numbers each year; and as all sizes are provided for, these events, if properly managed, may fairly divide the interest with the older clubs, whose races come a little earlier on New York Bay. Certainly this year the fleet was larger in these two Sound regattas than in those of last month, and, though many of the boats were smaller, the interest was as well sustained throughout, even though none of the first-class racers were present. Saturday was clear and warm, with a brisk S.W. wind and smooth water. The courses sailed were nearly the same as the regular ones of the Larchmont Y. C., to Execution, Matinnicock and Captain's Island for the large yachts, and home from Matinnicock for the others. The start was made at 11:15, most of the yachts crossing on port tack. The first leg, to Execution, was a beat, then a reach to Matinnicock, a run to Captain's Island and a beat to Execution, coming home free. The full times are:

CLASS B—SCHOONERS, 75FT. AND OVER ON WATERLINE.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Leona	11 17 00	3 15 05	3 58 05	3 49 50
Gevalia	11 15 20	3 07 30	3 52 10	3 52 10

CLASS D—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 75FT.

Shamrock	11 18 25	2 33 20	3 14 55	3 14 55
Hildegard	11 17 50	2 49 10	3 31 40	3 28 24
Thistle	11 16 25	Disabled.		

CLASS I. A—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 56FT.

Onward	11 15 40	3 03 50	3 48 10	3 48 10

CLASS II. B—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 48FT.

Fanita	11 16 05	3 04 45	3 48 40	3 48 40
Rover	11 16 40	3 14 20	3 57 40	3 56 51

CLASS II. A—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 41FT.

Rival	11 15 50	3 23 25	4 07 35	4 06 10
Santapogue	11 20 43	3 27 10	4 06 27	4 06 27
Mona	11 17 20	3 33 15	4 15 55	4 15 26

CLASS II. B.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 35FT.

Elephant	11 20 30	3 20 55	4 06 25	4 06 05
Volusia	11 19 31	3 28 30	4 08 59	4 07 13
Iseult	11 16 20	3 23 40	4 07 20	4 07 20
Ilderan	11 20 40	Time not taken.		

CLASS III. A—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 30FT.

Arab	11 22 05	2 42 20	3 20 15	3 18 33
Amazon	11 15 10	2 39 00	3 23 50	3 19 35
Vixen	11 19 30	2 44 40	3 25 10	3 22 10
Nymph	11 22 30	2 55 10	3 32 40	3 29 55
Curlew	11 18 00	2 56 20	3 38 20	3 38 20
Helene	11 15 10	3 08 20	3 53 10	3 49 40

CLASS III. B.—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 26FT.

Gleam	11 16 10	2 59 25	3 43 15	3 41 15
Maida	11 19 40	3 21 55	4 02 15	4 00 51
Reverie	11 16 35	3 19 30	4 02 55	4 02 55

CLASS IV.—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS 20FT. AND OVER.

Dolphin	11 21 30	3 37 30	4 16 00	4 16 00
Echo	11 19 20	Not timed.		

CLASS VI.—OPEN MAINSAIL BOATS 23FT. AND OVER.

Adele	11 20 20	2 43 45	3 23 25	3 23 23
La Perichole	11 22 05	2 49 50	3 27 45	3 27 45

CLASS VII.—OPEN AND MAINSAIL BOATS 19FT. AND UNDER 23FT.

Ada	11 21 15	2 49 20	3 28 05	3 28 05
Olive N.	11 22 50	2 59 00	3 36 10	3 35 41
Orienta	11 23 00	3 03 55	3 40 55	3 38 59
Petrel	11 18 20	3 03 40	3 45 14	3 43 28
Kate	11 17 50	3 30 20	4 12 30	4 05 05
Marion	11 17 55	3 38 40	4 20 45	4 14 43

CLASS VIII.—OPEN MAINSAIL BOATS UNDER 19FT.

Terrapin	11 23 00	3 55 10	4 12 10	4 11 10
Gracie L.	11 18 01	3 31 50	4 13 49	4 11 27
Narrioch	11 14 58	3 35 00	4 20 02	4 19 11
Sadie	11 14 40	Time not taken.		

In class B Leona wins by 2m. 20s., in class D Shamrock wins by 13m. 29s., and Fanita in class I. B by 8m. 11s. In class II. A Rival beats Santapogue 17s., Elephant beats Volusia in class II. B by 1m. 8s. Arab wins in class III. A by 1m. 2s. and Gleam in class III. B by 19m. 36s. Dolphin, in class IV., had no competitor. Ada wins in class VII. by 7m. 36s., Terrapin in class VIII. by 6s., and Onward had a walkover in class I., B. In this, the first race she has sailed since her recent alteration, Thistle carried away her topmast. The regatta committee included Messrs. Theodore P. Jenkins, John S. Nicholas and Henry D. Phelps.

LARCHMONT Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JULY 4.

THE Larchmont Y. C. was in luck this year for once, as July 4 turned out a regatta day of the finest sort, clear, warm but not sultry for the season, with a fine breeze all day, enough for the big schooners and not too much for the small fry, though the latter carried reefs and had all they wanted. The arrangements, with the single exception of a long delay at the start, were exceedingly good, and as the entry list was large the race made a sight well worth seeing. The classes were practically the same as proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM, the class limits in some being different by a foot or so, but the principle of small class divisions was well carried out, the result being a fleet of 46 yachts. The entry list included 75, but many did not start, though in few cases for a good reason. Thistle lost her topmast on Saturday, Anaconda had to replace her new mast, which had sprung, and was still on the ways, and Pappoose failed to arrive from New London. Besides these were a lot which might well have entered, but which did not do so. When a regatta committee does so much as in the present case, even to providing wind, the least that every owner in the club who has a fairly fast boat can do is to aid them by starting and making a race. Hanging out for fear of being beaten may be one way of saving a boat's reputation, but it is a poor one, and it is far more satisfactory in the end to go in and take an occasional beating with the chance of winning.

The courses were: For Classes A, B, D and E—Start between two stakeboats anchored south of Hen and Chickens Reef off Larchmont Harbor, around red and black horizontal buoy at west end of Execution Reef, passing same on port, thence around black buoy off Center Island Reef, passing same on port, thence around stakeboat ¼ mile south of Captain's Island Lighthouse, passing same on port, thence around buoy at Execution Reef, passing on starboard, thence to line. Distance 27 nautical miles. For Classes C, F, G, 1 and 2 from same line around buoy at Execution Reef, thence around buoy off Matinnicock Point, thence around stakeboat off Captain's Island Lighthouse, thence around buoy off Execution Reef to line. Distance 21 nautical miles. For Classes 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, around buoy at Execution Reef, around buoy off Matinnicock Point, around all spar and barrel buoys on Hen and Chickens Reef, passing same on port, around Execution Reef, keeping it on starboard and outside of all three spar buoys on reef and around red and black horizontal buoy at west end of reef, passing same on starboard, to line. Distance 16 nautical miles. For Class 5 around buoy at Execution Reef, around buoy off Matinnicock Point, around buoy at Execution Reef, keeping outside of all three buoys on Execution Reef, to line. Distance 14 nautical miles.

The tide was just ebbing and a brisk S.S.W. wind was blowing when the preparatory gun was fired at 11:45, followed by the start at 11:50. Cinderella had been cleverly hove too for some time at the south end of the line, and with the gun she filled on port tack and led the fleet across, all going over on port tack. The little ones suffered from the blanketing of the schooners, but still a very fair start was effected. The order was: Cinderella, Plover, Elephant, Comet, Ariadne, Southern Cross, Magic, Adelaide, Fanita, Gevalia, Rival, Crocodile, Amanda, Schemer, Santapogue, Troubadour, Hildegarde, Lotus, Sirena, Speranza, Olive N., Volusia, Gleam, Devil's Own, Beatrice, Leona, Ilderan, Carrie, Shamrock, Titania, Maida, Fairy, Nora, Nymph, Curlew, Aida, Narrioch, Vixen, Cythera, Arab, Volusia, Brenda, Rajah, Orienta, Terrapin, La Perichole and Adele.

Cinderella worked out to windward for the turn at Execution Buoy, all carrying working topsails. Shamrock and Titania were well astern at the start, the former luffing out at the line and taking the better berth. Titania held on but Shamrock made a short leg to windward, and then all began to break tacks until the Sound was covered with racers large and small. Cinderella rounded first, setting balloon jibtopsail for the reach along the shore, then came Hildegarde, Shamrock and Titania, the latter blanketed by the schooner Comet. The fleet went along toward Matinnicock at a very good pace, Shamrock leading Titania, but Cinderella and Hildegarde keeping ahead of the pair until the time came for the smaller two to jibe and set spinakers for Captain's Island. The puffs came freely over the hills and finally lifted the foretopmast out of Troubadour, while Comet lost foretopmast and jibboom. The large yachts held on to Center Island but were not timed there. Titania had picked up Shamrock and when near the markboat at Captain's Island they were nearly even, but in rounding Shamrock gained a slight advantage, taking the better position. The times at this mark were:

Cinderella	1 19 45	Leona	1 39 44
Hildegarde	1 20 43	Ariadne	1 40 27
Gevalia	1 27 08	Santapogue	1 42 18
Fanita	1 29 03	Shamrock	1 47 32
Lotus	1 34 24	Titania	1 48 06
Rival	1 35 07	Troubadour	1 49 09
Adelaide	1 35 23	Magic	1 52 15
Schemer	1 36 56	Speranza	1 56 32
Crocodile	1 37 06		

Hildegarde gained on Cinderella off the wind, but on the long beat to Execution the latter held her better in spite of 9ft. less length. Cinderella seemed to point closer and held a good lead. The battle royal of the day, however, was on this leg between Shamrock and Titania. The latter had already made up a large loss and was nearly even at Captain's Island. As they continued on port tack she fell astern, but seemed to hold to windward better. At 2:20 Shamrock, ahead but to leeward, went on starboard tack and came for Titania's bows. It was evident that the latter could not clear, so she was forced to tack also, going about just at the right moment, so close under Shamrock's bow that the wind from her mainsail seemed thrown into Shamrock's sails, setting the headsails aback. With this impulse Titania shot ahead while Shamrock lost a little, enabling the leeward boat to get from under her and to escape a blanketing. Once clear, Titania continued to gain both ahead and to windward, until she had a safe lead.

As the fleet worked closer in shore the puffs came heavier, until Titania heeled well down and Shamrock took in jibtopsail and partly clewed down her working topsail. After a time she set it but soon lowered again as she only lost ground. At Execution all set spinakers and came home flying, the courses being so adjusted as to laugh that the fleet finished well together. At the last Hildegarde came up with Cinderella and beat her by 29sec., but the latter entered Hildegarde's class at a length of 55ft., her real length being 52ft. In consequence of few starters several classes were abandoned, Cythera going in with the schooners. Fairy capsized off Matinnicock and lost her bags, coming home under jib. Volusia fouled a markboat in starting, but made a new start and sailed the course. The full times were:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Magic	11 52 50	3 50 10	3 57 20	3 52 57
Speranza	11 55 16	3 51 43½	3 56 27½	3 54 09½
Troubadour	11 54 13	3 37 18	3 43 05	3 43 08

CLASS B—SCHOONERS.

Comet	11 52 18	3 54 17	4 01 59	4 01 59
Southern Cross	11 52 50	3 24 37	4 31 47	4 27 23

CLASS C—SCHOONERS.

Gevalia	11 53 29	3 28 50	3 35 21	3 35 21
Lotus	11 54 52	3 39 12	3 44 20	3 44 18½
Leona	11 56 02	3 56 15	4 00 13	3 52 05
Cythera	11 59 50	3 50 20	3 50 30	. . . .

CLASS E—SLOOPS.

Shamrock	11 56 57	3 19 59	3 23 02	3 22 02
Titania	11 57 30	3 17 43	3 20 13	3 20 10½

CLASS F.

Cinderella	11 51 13	3 04 23	3 13 10	3 11 46
Hildegarde	11 54 36	3 04 42	3 10 06	3 10 06

CLASS 1.

Fanita	11 53 10	3 28 18	3 35 08	3 34 20
Adelaide	11 53 10	3 32 36	3 39 26	3 39 26
Ariadne	11 52 21	3 53 43	4 07 22	3 58 30

CLASS 2.

Crocodile	11 53 35	3 46 01	3 52 26	3 52 26
Schemer	11 54 06	3 47 55	3 53 49	3 49 17½
Rival	11 53 33	3 44 15	3 50 42	3 49 05
Santapogue	11 54 12	4 01 08	4 06 56	4 06 09

CLASS 3.

Elephant	11 52 16	2 46 35	2 54 19	2 54 19
Beatrice	11 55 59	2 58 08	3 02 09	
Rajah	12 00 00	3 02 07	3 02 07	3 01 32½
Volusia	12 00 00			
Ilderan	11 56 20	3 05 11	3 08 51	3 07 11
Curlew	11 58 57	3 16 31	3 17 34	
Carrie	11 56 31	3 15 32	3 19 01	2 16 22

CLASS 4.

Arab	12 00 00	2 59 52	2 59 52	2 59 52
Devil's Own	11 55 52	Not timed.		
Nymph	11 53 40	3 14 37	3 15 57	3 14 57
Vixen	11 59 39	3 13 27	3 13 48	3 08 26
Plover	11 51 59	3 11 41	3 19 42	3 15 04

CLASS 5.

Gleam	11 55 46	2 43 05	2 47 19	2 47 19
Nora	11 58 31	2 48 31	2 50 20	2 47 47
Brenda	12 00 00	3 00 00	3 00 00	3 02 08
Maida	11 58 15	2 47 30	2 49 15	2 48 38

CLASS 6—OPEN SLOOPS.

Sirene	11 54 56	3 01 09	3 06 13	3 02 15
Inanda	11 54 00	2 51 38	2 57 38	2 57 38

CLASS 7—OPEN SLOOPS.

Fairy	11 58 20	Not timed.		

CLASS 9—CAT-RIGGED.

La Perichole	12 00 00	Not timed.		
Adele	12 00 00	3 14 37	3 14 37	3 14 25

CLASS 10—CAT-RIGGED.

Ada	11 58 56	3 11 17	3 12 21	3 12 21
Orienta	12 00 00	3 21 33	3 21 33	3 19 41
Olive N.	11 55 35	3 25 49	3 30 14	3 29 47

CLASS 11—CAT-RIGGED.

Terrapin	12 00 00	3 46 49	3 46 49	
Narrioch	11 59 27	3 46 16	3 46 49	

The regatta committee included Messrs. H. B. Willard, F. C. Griffiths, and Geo. L. Forman.

SHREWSBURY RIVER.—A very successful regatta was held on July 4 on the Shrewsbury River, the summary being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Falcon	10 33 59	12 04 13	1 30 14
No Name	10 31 37	12 02 15	1 30 35
Iroquois	10 32 39	12 12 11	1 39 42
Eolka	10 31 41	Capsized.	
Nellie	10 31 27	12 18 56	1 44 29
Nestle Nigh	10 31 50	Capsized.	
Ada	10 31 26	Withdrawn.	
Kittie B	10 36 00	Withdrawn.	
Nettie Thorp	10 32 22	12 12 20	1 39 58

SECOND CLASS.

Mount	10 36 57	12 04 38	1 27 31
Henry Gray	10 37 20	12 18 57	1 47 37
Ripple	10 36 48	Withdrawn.	
Willwaw	10 37 05	12 15 30	1 28 35
Columbia	10 38 04	12 18 45	1 40 41
Undine	10 37 58	12 12 46	1 35 36
No Name	10 37 10	12 14 52	1 37 42
Annie B	10 36 58	12 14 13	1 39 25
Willie	10 37 48	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS.

Daisy	10 42 37	12 35 10	1 52 33
Fern	10 41 23	12 36 50	1 55 27
Little Spot	10 43 27	12 36 18	1 53 51
Mischief	10 42 20	Withdrawn.	
Yum Yum		Withdrawn.	
Electra		Withdrawn.	

The judges were Commodore James B. Weaver, Dr. Dunbar Throckmorton and William Willy.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., TENTH REGATTA.—June 25.—Club courses one and three. Distances 10 and 6 miles. Weather fair. Wind N.W., moderate. Tide one hour ebb.

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	26.00	3 05 00	5 11 05	2 06 05	1 35 05

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.04	3 10 00	5 11 50	2 01 50	1 27 51
Sprite, H. M. & P. S. Sears	22.08	3 10 00	5 17 55	2 07 55	1 33 07

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Saracen, W. P. Fowle	23.09	3 10 00	5 14 52	2 04 52	1 31 29
Beth, W. M. Jameson	23.06	3 10 00	5 25 24	2 15 24	1 41 37
Annie, J. B. Rhodes	22.02	3 10 00	5 32 05	2 22 05	1 46 39

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Vera, Paine & Randall	19.09	3 15 00	4 35 13	1 20 13	0 56 57
Wraith, John B. Paine	19.02	3 15 00	4 37 57	1 22 57	0 59 04

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Banshee, H. P. Benson	17.02	3 15 00	4 38 11	1 23 11	0 57 22
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	19.10	3 15 00	3 37 17	1 22 17	0 59 06
Dash, A. S. Browne	20.02	3 15 00	4 37 09	1 22 09	0 59 15
Viva, F. S. Eaton	17.06	3 15 00	4 37 58	1 22 58	0 59 28
Greta, S. D. Allen	20.00	3 15 00	4 42 03	1 27 03	1 03 33

Class 1, first prize, Agnes. Class 2, keels, Saracen first, Beth second. Class 2, centerboards, Expert. Class 3, keels, Vera. Class 3, centerboards, Banshee first, Pixy second. Judges, Lieut. Wm. Ilonn, of Galatea; W. W. Whitcomb; Nate W. Goddard.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—The annual regatta of this club has been postponed until fall.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, JULY 4.

THE annual city regatta was sailed at Boston on July 4 in a strong southwest wind. The arrangements were well carried out by the committee, Alderman John H. Lee (chairman), Aldermen Bromwich, McLaughlin, Sullivan, and Councilmen Leary, Clark, McKenna and Powers. The judges were Mr. M. J. Kiley (chairman), William Morris, Charles F. Loring, Lyman H. Bigelow and P. J. Kennedy, and the affair was a great success. The summary is as follows:

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS—27FT. AND LESS THAN 40FT.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Shadow, John Bryant	33.06	2 04 54	1 30 41
Magic, E. C. Neil	30.02	2 16 31	1 39 17
Violet, H. J. McKee	33.00	2 14 47	1 40 03
Mabel, — Donkin	33 06	2 23 55	1 49 42

SECOND CLASS KEELS—27FT. AND LESS THAN 40FT.

Hilda, C. P. Curtis	30.06	2 20 56	1 43 24
Prince Karl, E. L. Williams	28.06	2 23 49	1 43 50
Breeze, C. E. Paget	29.00	2 27 59	1 48 39
Levana, C. H. Andrews	28.06	2 29 30	1 49 31
Lizzie B. Daly, Daly Bros	27.00	2 27 47	1 45 47
Carmen, B. S. M. Tower	29.02	2 35 15	1 56 08
Æolus, Jacob Rood	27.00	2 39 50	1 57 50
Zaidee, — Wright	25.10	2 34 49	1 51 11

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS—23FT. AND LESS THAN 27FT.

Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.00	1 50 48	1 15 11
Black Cloud, A. Brown	22.10	1 50 51	1 16 16
Nereid, C. F. Coby	20.01	1 55 10	1 16 53
Erin, J. Cavanagh	26.04	1 50 15	1 19 35
Posy, R. G. Hunt	21.07	1 55 47	1 19 35
Tyrant, S. Elwell	20.06	1 54 45	1 21 33
N. and S., F. P. Horton	25.09	2 05 10	1 31 54

THIRD CLASS KEELS—23FT. AND LESS THAN 27FT.

Ione, J. S. Poyen	24.03	1 39 29	1 06 34
Banneret, J. F. Brown	23.09	1 43 09	1 09 40
Kitty, Tarbell & Adams	22.08	1 49 22	1 14 34
Venture, W. E. Cherrington	23.00	1 54 30	1 20 07
Halcyon, J. R. Hooper	21.03	1 57 50	1 21 11
Optic, G. S. Hutchinson	26.05	1 54 00	1 23 25
Nydia, D. Moreland	22.01	1 59 21	1 23 49
Quimper, H. S. Wheeler	26.10	1 54 05	1 23 55
Scandia, C. Anderson	22.05	2 09 45	1 34 38

FOURTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS, 18FT. AND LESS THAN 20FT.

Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.04	1 28 48	0 57 16
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.05	1 29 23	0 58 08
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.03	1 29 54	0 58 16
Jewell, W. Sherriffs	18.09	1 36 48	1 03 32
Coyotte, W. Abbott	19.11	1 34 30	1 03 41
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	18.06	1 40 22	1 07 46
Heron, E. Cunningham, Jr	19.00	1 43 14	1 11 18
Trouble, J. Mason	19.00	1 46 24	1 14 28
Spray, C. F. White	18.05	1 48 10	1 15 28

FOURTH CLASS KEELS, 18FT. AND LESS THAN 20FT.

Vesper, R. M. Benner	18.05	1 32 09	0 59 27
Zetta, Fowler & Warren	18.05	1 33 52	1 01 10
Meteor, W. H. Cutter	18.05	1 49 06	1 13 34
Hard Times, W. E. Geyer	18.03	1 47 01	1 13 59
Twilight, —Hideout	18.01	1 51 25	1 18 17
Vidette, F. F. Burke	18.08	1 54 40	1 22 08
G. L. Babb, J. W. Adams	18.06	1 56 18	1 23 42
Inez, Woodridge Bros	18.06	1 56 28	1 23 52
Annie, C. H. Cousins	18.09	1 56 18	1 24 02
Annie May, Pratt & Johnson	19.10	1 56 27	1 25 32

FIFTH CLASS CENTERBOARDS—ALL LESS THAN 18FT.

Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.03	1 36 21	1 02 03
Mirage, G. E. Jordan	16.11	1 39 27	1 04 40
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	15.09	1 41 34	1 04 58
Zoe, W. A. McField	17.07	1 39 07	1 05 18
Mamie, H. T. Bowers	17.00	1 40 50	1 06 10
Victor, Hildreth & Freeman	16.03	1 42 10	1 06 22
Nonpareil, E. Lanning	16.03	1 48 10	1 12 22
Helen, E. Hodges	17.06	1 46 24	1 12 28
Parole, J. J. Bowers	17.10	1 46 00	1 12 32
Una, Captain Ahern	15.00	2 07 35	1 29 44

The winners are: Second class centerboards—First, Shadow, $40; second, Magic, $25. Second class keels—First, Hilda, $40; second, Prince Karl, $25. Third class centerboards—First, Sea Bird, $40; second, Black Cloud, $25; third, Nereid, $15; fourth, Posy or Erin, $10 (undecided). Third class keels—First, Ione, $40; second, Banneret, $25; third, Kitty, $15; fourth, Venture, $10. Fourth class centerboards—First, Mabel, $20; second, Tartar, $15; third, Em-Ell-Eye, $10; fourth, Jewel, $5. Fourth class keels—First, Vesper, $20; second, Zetta, $15; third, Meteor, $10; fourth, Hard Times, $5. Fifth class centerboards—First, Wildfire, $20; second, Mirage, $15; third, Rocket, $10; fourth, Zoe, $5.

HULL Y. C.—A regatta was sailed on July 2 in a strong S.W. wind, the summary being as follows. Shadow did not start as she had no competitor.

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atlanta, T. R. Thomas	27.10	1 14 12	1 46 31
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 13 13	1 51 57
Lizzie Warner, T. Lutted	25.04	1 12 29	1 49 12

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.04	1 10 30	0 50 15
Echo, Starwell & Laham	24.09	1 10 16	0 50 51
Lizzie F. Daly, Daly Bros	26.07	1 11 41	0 53 26
Thelga, H. L. Johnson	22.01	1 16 12	0 54 42
Haligon, J. R. Cooper	22.00	1 16 17	0 54 54

THIRD CLASS.

Coyote, Walter Abbot	20.06	1 19 25	0 56 48
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.11	1 22 21	0 59 17
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.00	1 25 08	1 15 02
Jewell, W. E. Schriffe	19.05	1 25 37	1 20 28
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.05	1 16 49	1 23 14
Niobe, Hull & Keats	20.02	2 26 41	1 23 51
Trouble, J. B. Mason	21.11	Withdrawn.	
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.07	Withdrawn.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Victor, S. A. Freeman	17.05	1 24 38	1 59 05
Rocket, H. M. Faxon	16.02	1 28 30	2 01 33

PLEON Y. C.—A club by this name has lately been established by the boys of Marblehead, Mass., the limit of size for yachts being 18ft. sailing length. The first regatta was sailed on June 29 in a strong south wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Reba, Palmer and Poole	12.09	43 31	40 42

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Monarch, W. O. Taylor	11.08	49 20	45 41
Clyde, H. W. Perry	11.09	Carried away mast.	

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Snail, A. G. Wood	14.08	52 55	51 31
Laura, F. A. Poole	13.06	57 33	55 33
Mole, G. W. Walker	14.11	Carried away sprit.	

The officers are, Com., A. G. Wood; Vice-Com., H. W. Perry; Sec. and Meas., F. L. Rhodes; Treas., W. I. Palmer; Regatta Committee, Com. and Sec., ex-officiis, and Howard Whitcomb; Membership Committee, Vice-Com. and Treas., ex-officiis, and Edgar Pierce. The next race will be on July 13.

BEVERLY Y. C.—The Beverly Y. C. sailed a regatta on July 2 off Monument Beach, the summary being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Surprise, J. M. Codman	27.03	2 01 18	1 50 45
Climax, E. C. Stetson	30.05	1 58 13	1 50 55
Quisset, R. B. Hiller	29.06	1 59 12	1 50 57
Mollie, J. Hill	27.00	2 02 39	1 51 50
Syringe, C. C. Hanly	28.04	2 02 21	1 52 57
Aurora, J. C. Crosby	28.06	2 03 34	1 54 10
Angora, Henry Norton	28.07	2 07 49	1 58 40
Mattie, J. M. Stockton	28.08	Withdrawn.	

SECOND CLASS.

Wildcat, S. P. Hill	26.04	2 00 22	1 48 49
Mist, F. W. Sergeant	26.08	2 00 48	1 49 37
Elinor, J. Parkinson	26.07	Withdrawn.	

Judges—H. Elliot Cabot, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

SANDY BAY Y. C, FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, June 29.—Club course, repeated for first and second class, once round for third class. Distance 6 miles. Weather fine. Wind S., fresh. Tide ebb:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Trudette, Haskins	21.11	Walk over.			

SECOND CLASS.

Petrel, H. H. Paul	22.00	Walk over.			

THIRD CLASS.

Lochiel, Cameron	19.00	2 20 01	3 22 10	1 02 09	1 02 09
Albion, Gott	16.00	2 20 00	3 30 00	1 10 00	1 08 30
Inez, Herne	16.06	2 20 32	3 33 05	1 12 33	1 11 10

Lochiel and Albion won in Class 3. Regatta Committee: Geo. A. Lowe, H. H. Paul, Frank N. Griffin, Geo. M. McClain. Judges: J. R. Pringle, H. Thurston, J. Leman.

CHANGES OF OWNERSHIP.—Rena, schooner, has been sol by Sir Roderick Cameron to Handren & Robbins for $5,500.... Beth, cutter, has been sold to Mr. Eaton, of Beverly, by W. M. Jameson, who has bought the keel cat Musquito....Carmita, cutter, has been sold by C. H. Foster to C. S. Eaton; her iron keel will be replaced by a lead one of 2,000lbs....Sagitta, sloop, has been sold by H. C. Ward to A. B. Claflin....Wigwam, sloop, has been sold to Chas. Macre by R. G. Remsen....Fedalma, steam yacht, has been sold by E. M. Brown to John Stetson.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALVA.—On July 2 the steam yacht Alva sailed from Staten Island on a long cruise, having on board her owner, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, with his wife and family and a party of friends. It is stated now that a cruise around the world is not contemplated, but that after a visit to England and Scotland the party will join the yacht in the Mediterranean for a winter's cruise there, returning in the spring.

AN OPEN CHALLENGE.—Frank E. Brown, of Annisquam, owner of the sloop White Swan, has challenged all boats under 30ft. over all, to a sweepstake race from Squam light around the Isles of Shoals and return, the start being made at 9 o'clock A. M., July 9; entrance fee $5. The entries thus far are, Petrel, Howard Paul; Wona, Charles E. Cunningham; Trudette, ex-Commodore L. M. Haskins.

AMERICUS—CRUISER.—These open boats sailed on July 2, over a course of ten miles to windward and return, off Bridgeport for $250, per side, Americus winning by 11m. 4s. Messrs. Augustin Munroe, of Larchmont, and A. H. Davis, of Bridgeport, were the judges.

MAYFLOWER.—Gen. Paine has finally sold Mayflower to Mr. E. D. Morgan, of New York, subject to no conditions, but it is certain that she will be raced for the rest of the season, including the trial and if necessary the Cup races.

THISTLE AND IREX.—These boats have sailed three more races since last week, Thistle winning all, but the reports are very meagre. The wind seems to have been light and fluky.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—San Francisco.—The C.Y. C. of San Francisco sailed their annual regatta on June 18, Sirely winning in second class and Spray in first.

OPEN BOAT RACING.—On June 30 a match was sailed off the Columbia Y. C. house between the catboats Mystic and Daisy, the former wiuning by 5m. 40s.

EASTERN Y. C.—The cruise of the E.Y.C. will begin to-day from Marblehead, the destination probably being Bar Harbor.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. M. H., Boston.—You probably can get the trout for stocking purposes from W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass.

J. E. K., Hartford, Conn.—Will you please inform me to what size or length rattlesnakes grow and about what length they average? Ans. The rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) is usually less than 4ft. in length. Sometimes specimens are taken much longer.

H. K. C., Clyde, N. Y.—1. Will you please give me the address of Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Dr. Carver? 2. Also the address of any one you may know who manufactures brass row locks? Ans. 1. Dr. Carver, care H. C. Squires, 178 Broadway, N. Y.; Capt. Bogardus, care Adam Forepough's Show, Erastina, Staten Island, N. Y. The Captain is shooting there. 2. The oarlocks may be ordered from L. W. Ferdinand, 260 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

E. N. F.—Does a pedigreed bitch lose that pedigree if by a misshap she be bred to a mongrel? And are the pups from that bitch in future years if sired by a pedigreed dog entitled to a pedigree? Ans. 1. Pedigree means the line of ancestry; a bitch cannot lose her pedigree; whatever happens to her, her sire and dam, and grandsire and granddam, etc., are the same. 2. The produce of a pedigreed bitch by a pedigreed dog will of course have a pedigree.

R. H., West Torrington, Ct.—Are the scarlet tanager and cardinal grosbeak the same bird? If different please describe both as to color? Ans. The cardinal and the scarlet tanager are entirely different birds, the former belongs to the *Fringillidæ* or Finch family, and the latter to the *Tanagridæ* or Tanager family. They are different in habits and in appearance. The cardinal is red vermilion, with large bill, and very noticeable crest on head, a jet black mark on face extending down on throat. The female is reddish mixed with ashy. The male scarlet tanager is a smaller bird, bright scarlet except wings and tail which are black; no crest on head. Female yellowish and olive green above, bright below, no black anywhere.

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SKYLARKS ON LONG ISLAND.—In the year 1852 some Brooklyn gentlemen (among them the present writer) assembled at the Brooklyn Institute, at one of the regular meetings of the Natural History Society, to consider the best means to rid the city of the insect pests then devastating the shade and ornamental trees. A committee, appointed to report on the subject, decided to import a lot of European birds, and the following were selected: Sparrows, blackbirds, skylarks, siskins, woodlarks, goldfinches, bulfinches, thrushes and robins. A sum of money was subscribed, and the late Mr. Perry, then secretary of Greenwood Cemetery, gave an additional hundred dollars toward the expenses. The writer, being about to sail for England, was appointed a committee of one to superintend the selection of the birds there. On his arrival in Liverpool he communicated with Mr. Thomas Woodcook, a great lover of birds, then at Manchester, and the draft and list of birds were forwarded to him for their purchase. He promptly fulfilled the task, and the birds were soon on their way to New York in charge of an officer of the steamer. They arrived safely and were housed in the tower of the building at the old entrance to Greenwood. They did not seem to thrive there, so they were removed to the house of the late Mr. John Hooper of Bergen street, Brooklyn, who cared for them till spring. The sparrows were then let loose in the city, and half of the skylarks on Gen. Johnson's farm at the Wallabout and the other half at Flatlands. The rest of the birds were taken to Greenwood in cages and hung up in the trees. They were all supplied with food and the doors of the cages left open so that they could come or depart at pleasure, and a trusty person was engaged to watch the birds so that none should molest them. This plan was successful, as the birds roosted at night in the cages, going out in the daytime, and continued thus for about fourteen days. The blackbirds, goldfinches, thrushes, siskins, etc., soon disappeared from view, but the skylarks now seen at Flatlands are no doubt descendants of the birds then liberated, as their nests have frequently been found, showing they have become acclimated to our severe winters, which evidently destroyed the other birds. The above were the first birds imported into the United States for the purposes of colonization that I am aware of.—*Nicolas Pike in Evening Post.*

Mr. J. A. French keeps a hotel at Andover, Me., which is well known to visitors of the Androsocoggin lakes by the shortest route. Mr. French is a noted fox hunter. His score last winter was 26, chiefly killed with the gun. He is a keen shot with the rifle, as is also his son Tom, 19 years of age. A few days ago a farmer living a mile below French's Hotel, in Andover, found that an old bear had killed a couple of lambs from his flock of sheep. Mr. French advised the careful housing of the balance of the flock, but requested that the dead lambs be suffered to remain where bruin had put an end to their existence by a single stroke of his paw. Mr. French says that he calculated that about the second night the old bear would return to finish his repast. Accordingly, on the second night, French and Tom took their rifles and quietly stole away from home. About 10 o'clock they were on the ground near the dead lambs. They came to ambush 30 yards away and calmly waited for the moon to rise. By the time that luminary was well up in the sky an enormous black object was seen coming down the mountain. "There he is," whispered French. "I see him!" answered Tom. "You give the word!" By this time Tom's gun rested on the top of the fence, but French's gun was at his shoulder, without a rest. The old bear rather slowly and cautiously approached. At this moment another bear, up in the mountain, only a short distance away, gave that dismal scream that generally unnerves the night bear hunter, but not so French and Tom. They were eyeing their game with all their might, trying to draw a close bead on him by the moonlight. He stopped and turned his head in their direction. He had scented them or seen them, and the next bound would have given the hunters only a running shot, or perhaps no shot at all. But they were too quick for him. Both rifles rang out. The bear gave one leap backward and fell dead. French had shot him through the head and Tom through the spinal chord, just forward of the shoulder, both fatal shots. Both guns had spoken so near together that French asked Tom why he did not fire. The hunters went back to the hotel happy at their exploit. And so short a time had they been absent that their neighbors could hardly believe that they had really shot the bear, till the enormous carcass, nearly nine feet in length, was dragged into the village by willing hands.—*Boston Herald, June 13.*

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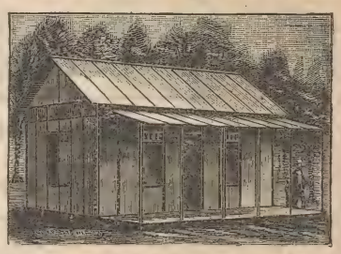
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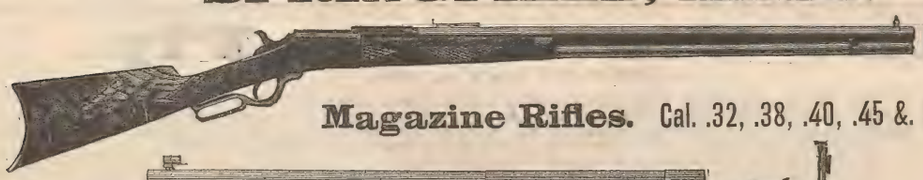
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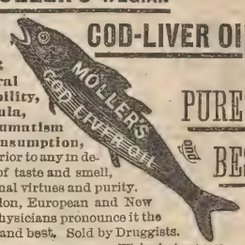


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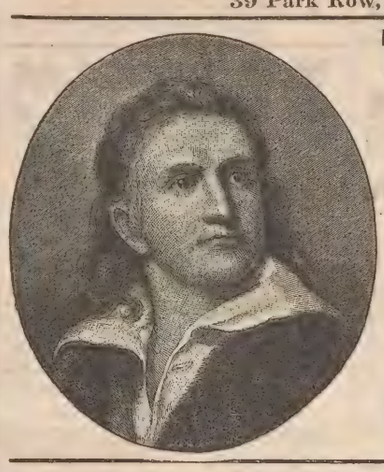
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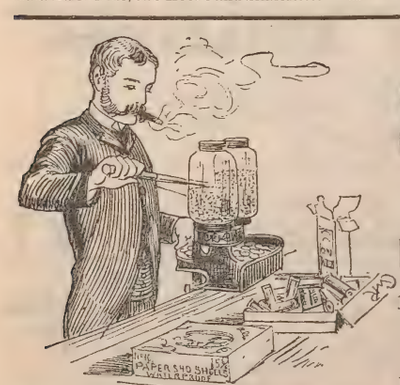
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. PARKER'S DEER.

THE criticism in these columns last week on the alleged killing of a deer in the Adirondacks in June by A. M. Parker, of Putnam, Conn., is met by the rejoinder from Mr. Parker that his story was only made up, and he did not kill the deer at all. Our criticisms were expressly conditioned on the presumption that Mr. Parker's account of what he had done was "a true bill." We are quite willing to accept his present statement that he did not kill the deer, which in the *Patriot* he said he killed; and that he did not violate the law, which in the *Patriot* he alleged he had violated.

This, however, does not fully relieve him of the odium attaching to those paragraphs of his letter to the Putnam paper. "A law-abiding citizen" who boasts that he has committed a misdemeanor may save himself from jail by swearing that his boast was a lie, but he cannot reconcile the boast with good citizenship; nor can a camper who brags that he has killed a deer out of season make good his claim to holding sportsmanlike sentiments by confessing that his brag was only a piece of "woodland romance." It is the duty of a good citizen not only to obey the law, but to encourage obedience in others as well; in like manner a sportsman—a member of the class which profits by wise game laws—is bound strictly to conform to them himself, and to treat them with such decent respect as shall encourage obedience to them by the community in which he dwells.

No right-minded sportsman can deliberately treat the deer or grouse or bass or trout law as a farce, even in his home paper. If by reason of his ability to write an entertaining letter from the woods, as in this instance, he has an opportunity to discuss game protection at all, it should be to commend it to his readers as worthy of their support and co-operation. His own deeds, profession and standard of morality in this should be above reproach.

We do not believe Mr. Parker to be so morally obtuse that after considering this point he will not fully agree with us in it; and the FOREST AND STREAM will quote with pleasure from the Putnam *Patriot* any statement Mr. Parker may there make to explain to its readers that his story of deer killing and law breaking was manufactured, as well as to demonstrate to them his regard for game laws of the States he visits for a summer outing.

ETHICS AND EXPERIENCE.

THERE appears to be a perennial and unfading interest in the discussion of that branch of angling ethics which has to do with the use of worm, grasshopper, bug or grub, when the trout refuse those styles of lure which originate in the glass showcases of tackle shops. Our angling columns have of late recorded the experience of several correspondents, some of whom have always been unreclaimed devotees of the worm, and others only recent backsliders from the ranks of fly-fishermen.

Perhaps the subject is one that will never be wholly set at rest. Fishing is fishing, and there is fun in it for the man at the big end of the rod, no matter whether it be a fly or a worm at the other end. This, more than anything else, is to be said in praise of angling, that its charms and rewards are not to be monopolized by the adherents of any one particular code of ethics. He enjoys it who hauls by main strength on a hand-line the drum from the deep sea; and so does the holier than thou angler whose highest felicity is found in casting his fly of correct color, with rod of correct weight, correct twist of wrist, and correct curve and distance and splash, and crossing of the arms upon the breast and rolling up of the eye, after the manner of the Pharisee. One fisherman enjoys catching fish and telling how many he caught and how big they were; another acts the pantomime of casting and tells how scrupulously careful he was not to violate a single precept of his fly-fisher's Koran.

Perhaps the ideal angler will be found somewhere between these two extremes. But after all each one to his taste, so he takes the good things bountiful nature affords, uses them with reason and moderation, and with it all clears his brain and expands his lungs and hardens his muscles. In these days, when the mercury is up among the 90s, blessed is he who can go fishing at all.

SNAP SHOTS.

DOGS imported for breeding purposes are admitted free of duty, as are other animals. Oath is required of the importer as to the purpose of the importation. This oath has been frequently violated, and in some instances glaring frauds have been perpetrated. It has been shown that of the eleven thousand horses imported from Canada last year, all of which came in free of duty, on this oath, the great majority were brought in for the purpose of sale only. On the Rio Grande border herds of sheep are fraudulently admitted in the same way, only to be shorn. It will be remembered that Barnum secured the free admission of Jumbo by such an oath, and we never knew that there was any ground for questioning his good faith in doing so. The Treasury Department has intimated that in future the law will be enforced more stringently than it has been, but the importation of dogs will probably not be affected thereby.

The New York law relating to exclusive hunting and fishing privileges in territory set apart as a private preserve, and making trespassers liable in exemplary damages, has in the past extended such privileges only to the owners or lessees of the lands. At the last session of the Legislature this law was amended by extending its operation also to individuals and societies leasing the exclusive hunting and fishing rights only, but not leasing the land. As the custom of securing exclusive sporting rights on land and water is extending, such protection has been found essential. This amendment originated with the Brooklyn Gun Club, whose members having leased the shooting rights on a number of contiguous farms on Long Island and having stocked the lands with quail, found themselves, as lessees of sporting privileges only, unable to protect their game from trespassers. To secure such an amendment might appear a simple matter, but when the bill had passed one branch of the Legislature and was taken into the other, it was amended so as to exclude Long Island from its provisions, by an enterprising member who saw his chance to make a dicker on it, and the bill coming from Long Island could not be made to apply to Long Island until this dickering politician had agreed with its promoter to support some of his own little bills. That is the way game legislation is juggled at Albany every year.

A live deer is a valuable piece of wild flesh; a dead deer is worth but a trifle as venison. Sportsmen's guides recognize this principle, and when they can manage it—and they generally have no difficulty in doing so—they will keep the deer alive as long as possible and just out of the way of the sportsman. As long as the would-be deer slayer's courage does not ooze out nor his ambition tire, they will keep him in pursuit of that deer; and then, it may be after all, save it for the next man. If by untoward accident the guide's "party" actually kills the deer after all, it is not at all beyond the bound of possibility that the guide who goes into the brush to find the game may report it lost, then return to the place the next day, secure the antlers and sell them to his next "party" to exhibit as a trophy of prowess. This explains the mystery of how A, who is a fairly good shot, goes home from the North Woods with no tangible evidences of his skill; while B, whom all his friends know to be an arrant duffer with firearms, has a fine pair of antlers to prove that he covered himself with glory. It explains also how the thrifty guide manages to get paid twice over for a dead deer.

Through private advices from the Yellowstone National Park it is learned that on the night of July 4 the coach running from Gardiner, Montana, to the Mammoth Hot Springs, in the Yellowstone Park, was "held up" by two masked men, who are said to have obtained from the passengers the magnificent sum of $16.50. It is not thought that the robbers were the old time road agents of early days, but very commonplace "pilgrims," ordinary highway robbers in fact, and it is hoped that before long they may be arrested. This occurrence only lends emphasis to the oft-repeated calls for a form of government for the Yellowstone Park, a call to which Congress has for years refused to respond. We are not informed as to who were passengers on the coach which was robbed, but we earnestly hope that a part of this $16.50 came out of the pocket of some member of the next House of Representatives. If this should be the case, the advocates of a Park bill would be likely to have one more strong friend in the next Congress.

The remarks of our correspondent "Special" on the stream-strippers who clean out New England waters are eminently sensible and to the point. Hotel men in all the more frequented summer resorts patronized by sportsmen are coming to a recognition of the wisdom of preserving the natural attractions which brings patrons to the hotel. It has taken a long time for the average landlord to see this, and perhaps he does not see it yet; but yet there are many hotel men who are wise enough to encourage decency in this respect, if not for its own sake, at least for the sake of their own tills. There are still to be found those who provide a compost heap for the superfluous fish caught by their guests, as at some of the west coast hotels of Florida, but in New England and the West a wiser rule prevails.

In his paper on American angling writers in the London *Field*, copied in our columns last week, Mr. Charles Hallock wrote: "I suppose that the undisputed pioneer of American angling literature, pure and simple, is Charles Lanman, who came as one crying in the wilderness as early as 1848." From that time to the present Mr. Lanman has added sketches and volumes to our angling literature, and in these latter years the spring gushes forth not a whit less pure and sparkling than of yore. The paper on "Pioneer Fishing," from Mr. Lanman's pen, in another column, is from one of his forthcoming books, and will have added interest by reason of Mr. Hallock's reference to him.

A Colorado correspondent, whose statements are entitled to great respect, tells us that since the passage of the law forbidding the marketing of game and fish a change has been wrought in the attitude of men who formerly made a business of hunting and fishing for the market. They see the wisdom of the law and indorse it. If such a change could be wrought all through the West the question of game protection would be in large measure settled.

Michigan has a new law forbidding deer hounding. The subject has been agitated for a number of years, the proposed law being opposed each year by the Michigan Sportsmen's Association. Dr. F. M. Wilcox, of Rochester, Mich., was one of the most earnest advocates of the measure.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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PIONEER FISHING.

THE leading varieties of fish associated with my sporting experiences correspond in number with the Muses of antiquity, and I am confident that the tuneful nine were never more affectionately remembered by the Greeks than I remember the flowing waters associated with my earlier years. Of course the big fish, or "whoppers," which I have captured are not to be ignored in my memories of forest and stream; but many of the pleasantest places where my line has fallen are associated with my earliest exploits. Until I had attained my sixth year the pin hook and the small rock bass of the River Raisin afforded me all the sport that I could then appreciate; but it was not long after that important era before I had expended a few pennies for regular "hooks of steel" and had captured my first black bass. That event took place under an old mill, where, when the big wheel was at rest, the fish had a habit of hiding themselves, as they thought, under a submerged timber, and where they were wont to delight my eyes as they floated in the amber-like waters. It was on Saturday; I was alone, my pole was of hickory, neatly trimmed, and after putting two or three worms upon my hook, I seated myself in a convenient corner of the shadowy mill and threw out my bait. The troubles I had experienced the day before in trying to straighten out the hard words of my spelling book were all forgotten, and just as I was watching a conflict of authority between a wren and a swallow over my head I felt a severe tug at my line and found that I had actually hooked a large bass. The fellow sprang out of the water, scooted about in a frantic manner, then burrowed his way among some jagged sticks, as if very angry with me and the whole world; and on finding that he could not move out of his hiding place. I plunged into the water, waded to the spot where the fish was hidden, caught him by the gills, dragged him out and carried him to a grassy spot near the old mill and sat down to contemplate my prize and then the magnitude of my victory. The weight of this fish in reality was probably not over 2lbs., but to my eyes he seemed perfectly enormous, and the wonder was with me why I was not dragged down to the bottom of the pool under the mill, and how I should manage to carry such a huge creature to my home. This feat was duly accomplished, however; nor did I omit to see that my prize was properly cooked, and, when upon the table, that it was judiciously divided between the various members of the family. And when, on the following Monday, I heard the boys at school descanting upon my exploit, my vanity was excessive, and I felt that I was a boy of mark in spite of my inability a few days before to spell the proper noun Syracuse.

From that time fishing for black bass became a decided hobby with me, and I have since taken them with worm and minnow and fly, in the Upper Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers, Lake Champlain and Lake George, in many of the tributaries of Lake Michigan, in the streams of Florida, and along the entire valley of the Potomac, my biggest haul in a single day having been made on the St. Joseph River, when I captured about fifty specimens in one afternoon; and my largest, weighing nearly 7lbs., having been born in Lake George.

It was also in the waters of my native Michigan, at the mouth of the river Raisin, that I captured my first muscalonge. I was then in my teens and was fishing from my canoe in the vicinity of a sylvan island, not far from La Plaisance Bay. My companion was a good old Pottowattamie Indian, and it was, doubtless, to his experience and judgment that I was indebted for my success. My bait consisted of live minnows, and it was after I had caught a large pickerel, or pike-perch, as the books properly designate them, that I hooked something which I thought was a sturgeon, but which proved to be a muscalonge. The fellow swept backward and forward under the canoe as if preparing himself for a dinner of man meat, and before he could be secured he had dragged our canoe a goodly distance in the direction of Lake Erie. The weight of that fish I never knew, but as I remember him, he was at least 3ft. in length and as savage in appearance as an alligator. The place where this fish was taken was only a short distance from the bark camp of my Indian friend, and on his motion—made by the hand—we paddled for the camp, and while the sun was setting we enjoyed a decided feast, composed, principally, of the pickerel we had captured. It was almost 9 o'clock before I reached home on that eventful day, and the scolding onslaught made upon me by my parents for having been gone so long was only the prelude to their astonishment on seeing my stupendous muscalonge. My subsequent exploits with this fish occurred in the river St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain.

As time progressed and I was toiling as a merchant's clerk in New York city, my vacations were all spent at Norwich, Conn., where my parents then resided. I had read "Izaak Walton," and also heard something of a very old man living in Voluntown, near Norwich, who was reputed to be a noted fisherman. I was now the owner of a Conroy rod, a trout basket and a book of flies, and, equipped with these, on a bright April day, started on horseback for Voluntown, a region inhabited chiefly by charcoal burners, and noted at the time for its wild and rocky hills and miniature trout streams. I found the old fisherman's home, was kindly received, and in a short time was piloted by him to a half level region through which a small brook, with many turnings, was hurrying on its way to the Quinnebaug, near Jewett City. On producing my book of flies the old fisherman expressed his surprise and told me to drop such nonsensical things and to cover my hook with worms.

I obeyed orders and started down the little stream with my guide following slowly in the rear. At the very first bend of the brook I picked out my first trout, weighing about 4oz., and I met with similar success at almost every turn of the stream for the distance of half a mile, the average weight of the fish proving to be about half a pound. They seemed to me the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen. My enjoyment of this purely Waltonian sport, barring the worms, was simply exquisite, and yet it seemed to me that my venerable companion was quite as happy and enthusiastic as his pupil. Of course, as the afternoon was waning I was invited to his home, saw his wife and children, had a good talk about the fish to be found in other streams, enjoyed a bowl of bread and milk, gave the old man half of my supply of money, and mounting my steed, like the solitary horseman of the novelist, returned to the banks of the Thames. In due time I made several additional visits to the wilds of Voluntown, which I have elsewhere chronicled, catching many trout, and watching with interest the labors of the charcoal burners and making many friends among them, until the time arrived for me to return to my employment at the mouth of the Hudson. In May of the following year, I was permitted to revisit the trout streams of Voluntown; but my old friend was not there to greet me with his cheerful words; he was gone, and so also were all the trout in the neighboring streams, as if they did not care to remain where the voice of their friend could never more be heard. And years afterward, whenever it was my privilege to catch trout with the fly, among the White, Green, Alleghany and Carolina mountains, in the region of Lake Superior and the wilds of Canada and New Brunswick, I never failed to recall with rarest pleasure my experiences among the hills of Voluntown.

The heaviest common trout I ever caught—weighing 4lbs.—and the largest I ever saw, weighing 7lbs., were taken in New Brunswick; the greatest number I ever caught in one day was among the Catskill Mountains—140, but they were little bits of things, and it required about forty to satisfy the hunger of the laborious fisherman. My most exciting sport for trout took place at the Sault Ste. Marie, where I fished from a canoe managed by a Chippeway Indian; and I have long claimed that I am the citizen of Washington who first caught trout in Difficult Run, within sixteen miles of the metropolis.

Taken as a whole, I look upon my trouting days as among the happiest of my life. Indeed, it has seemed to me that the trout is associated with the scenery of the United States to a greater extent than any other variety of fish; first and always, with our wood-covered hills and mountains, with wild and spectral waterfalls, with the loveliest of rivers, brooks and lakes, with charming valleys inhabited by a happy yeomanry, with the continuous woods and their feathered tribes, with free and independent rambles and the kindly hospitality in pleasant farm homes and isolated cabins, with the sunshine and shower which do so much to nurture our love of the grand and beautiful in nature, and more than all, with the riverside philosophy of dear old Izaak Walton.

For deep-water fishing I have never had any special aptitude, and hence my exploits among the salmon trout of the Great Lakes, and the smaller lakes of New England and Canada, have been limited. When in season they are all admirable for the table, but their sporting qualities are not as enlivening as the melodies of Thomas Moore, but more in keeping with the sombre story of Homer, as translated by Alexander Pope. The Greek poet and the American salmon trout are splendid subjects to talk about, but life is short, and I, for one, beg to be excused. Let the procession move on.

The next specimen of my pioneer friends that I would mention is the perch—the yellow perch. He was a stalwart fellow of half a pound and a native of Gardiner's Lake, in New London county, Connecticut. I formed his acquaintance while attending school in Norwich, and he was associated with one of the most frolicsome summer days of my boyhood. A party of us had gone over to the lake in a wagon from Norwich. We were splendidly supplied with bread and butter, cakes, pies, lemons and sugar; we had secured the best boat on the lake, and the calmness of the waters as we paddled to and fro, or anchored where the fish were plentiful, was only equalled by the quiet which surrounded the sylvan homes on the neighboring hills. And it was in one of these country homes, not far removed from the hills of Gardiner's Lake, that Donald G. Mitchell lived for several years on a farm, and where he imbibed those impressions which helped him to write at least two of his most delightful books. The drives in going to and returning from the lake aforesaid were delightful in the extreme, and I was recently rejoiced to learn that the scenery of the old time has not yet been blasted by the influences of greed and civilization. But I cannot let the yellow perch of Gardiner's Lake pass out of my mind without recalling the beauty of those which I have since captured in a hundred New England ponds and other waters; nor without mentioning the cousin of my yellow friend, known as the white perch. I have fished for them in many regions, but nowhere have I ever found them so abundant as in the Potomac, where even the great men who make our laws are sometimes tempted to wet a line for them, by way of recreation.

But I should not omit in this connection an allusion to another small fish, viz.: the dace, or as they call it in the valley of the Potomac, the fall fish. My first capture of this beautiful and good fish took place in Rock Creek, along whose charming banks I used to wander of an afternoon in the olden times. I sometimes caught them with the fly, but generally with the live grasshopper; and my very first fish was taken in a pool near what was known as Adam's mill, whereby hangs an interesting fact. This old grist-mill, less than two miles from the White House, was once the property of John Quincy Adams, but I do not know whether it was built by him or not. When he was President he used to visit this romantic spot to recreate, after the toils of his official position. The contrast between the Executive Mansion and the old mill was certainly very great, but I have no doubt that the rural retreat on Rock Creek with its beautiful foliage, bright flowers, sweet country sounds and sparkling waters, gave the good man more real happiness than he could possibly obtain from the excitements of society. I know not that he ever condescended to cast a line on his little domain, nor has it ever transpired as to the number of barrels of flour he used to dispose of in a single year. The last time that I threw a grasshopper for dace in Rock Creek was during the rebellion in 1862. I was trying my luck in the shadow of Adams's mill on a pleasant afternoon, when a regiment of cavalry came winding down one of the hills near by for the purpose of watering their horses, which duty they accomplished in the very pool where I was "waiting for a bite." That my disgust was supreme can be well imagined, and I never afterward sought for recreation or peace of mind in the vale of Rock Creek.

The next fish that I would mention is the striped bass or rockfish of the Southern States. My first capture of this favorite occurred at Watch Hill, in Rhode Island. That event took place when the lighthouse on the point and the tavern on the hill were the only habitations to be seen in the vicinity of the surf. I was the guest of good old Captain Nash, who, after keeping me up until a late hour with his fish and sailor stories, roused me out of bed about 4 o'clock on a September morning and piloted me to the boulders surrounding the lighthouse on three sides. We fished with hand lines, using a squid inside of an eel skin, and threw our bait into the surf. My first prize was a silvery and plump creature weighing about 5lbs. On one of the mornings during my stay with Captain Nash I took about twenty of these fish, and have been a devoted friend of the tribe during all the intervening years. These fish were also taken from a boat in those old days, and I remember seeing a 60-pound specimen that was captured by a local fisherman in the immediate vicinity of the lighthouse; and in the waters north of Fisher's Island I once had the pleasure of killing a 40-pounder from a boat, but with a salmon rod and reel. It is the Potomac, however, just above Washington, which lives in my memory as the best ground I have ever known for striped bass or rockfish fishing. It was there, at the Little Falls, that I played the cicerone for Daniel Webster and Sir John F. Crampton, and where, under the tutelage of Joseph Paine, the fisherman king of the Potomac, I have taken fish with the fly and bait almost by the ton. But the civilized seines of the Lower Potomac, often measuring miles in length, and the enterprise of the United States Fish Commission have changed all that, and the rockfish have almost entirely disappeared; and the fishing cockneys of the metropolis who annually assault the nesting places of the black bass in the early spring are doing their best to annihilate that admirable fish in the waters of the Potomac, to which it was originally transported from the Ohio.

Coming now to the blackfish or tautoug, I must confine my recollections within a limited area along the Atlantic coast, say from Long Island Sound to Massachusetts Bay. A reef, one or two miles off the Watch Hill Light, had the honor of introducing me to the blackfish. When well cooked they excel almost every other salt water fish, and because of their scarcity, stupidity and disagreeable appearance may justly boast of a kind of aristocracy, peculiar to themselves. Could the great National Fish Commission secure some of their spawn and deposit it in the waters of the Sandwich Islands, I have no doubt that this fish might become common all along the shores of the Atlantic, from Key West to Wood's Holl or Gloucester, where the summers are so delightful for people worn down by official toil. I have always looked upon Marshfield as the northern limit for tautoug fishing, and it was there that I caught them when Mr. Webster was my companion.

But now the October breezes are beginning to blow, and I would take my reader to the blue waters of Block Island, where the bluefish reigns in his glory. Sixty boats, each with a single sail, were passing to and fro, and in them from 120 to 180 men were trolling with the squid, and all of them as busy as bees. In that crowd of fishermen I was the only one who had never been there before, but my right to that privilege was established by the fact that I had taken, with many others, one bluefish weighing 14lbs., when, by my enthusiastic conduct, I might justly have been called a wild man. And as a result of that day's sporting, it may safely be stated that I have ever since been a lover of Block Island, have revisited it on many occasions, and published a history of the domain and its people, who were a thousand fold more interesting in the old days than they are in these later times when flying the banners of modern civilization. But the grandeur of the cliffs and the splendor of the surf, which have given the island its fame, remain unchanged, and, it is to be hoped, will be perennial in their influence upon the pilgrims who annually visit the island in search of health and freedom from the cares of busy life.

And now the flowers of summer are beginning to fill the air with their fragrance, and those who have experienced the joys of salmon fishing in Northern waters are becoming restless and sighing to be off with their rods and reels and artificial flies. It was after I had been reading William Scrope's superb book on the salmon that I started upon my first foray after the king of the finny tribes. My first stream was the Esquemain, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, to which I was piloted by William Price, of Quebec, son of the lumber king of Canada, bearing the same name. It was a lovely morning in June, and after many preliminaries I found myself on a rock, overlooking a pool which seemed alive with fish. I tossed my first fly over the golden waters and fancied that I had hooked a rock, for away went my line into the air, as I gave a savage pull. One, two, three and even four similar trials followed in quick succession, but every one resulting in the loss of a fly. Then the thought occurred to me that I was making a fool of myself by my undue excitement, and so I attempted a more gentle style of fishing, which resulted in my hooking and holding a large salmon. I played him as best I could, when he treated me with marked contempt and bolted out of the pool and started for the St. Lawrence. Afraid that he would rob me of my entire line I plunged into the stream and followed him as best I could. The route of travel was very rough and continued for a quarter of a mile, and when the strength of my victim was fairly spent, my friend Price was on hand with a gaff, and my first salmon passed into the history of angling with all the honors of his race. His weight proved to be about 12lbs., and his beauty like the crescent moon, or any other object in nature which language cannot fully describe. It was on this stream, moreover, that William Price captured his first salmon, and with him I subsequently caught salmon in the Ste. Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay, and where, many years afterward, he assisted the Prince of Wales in securing his first fish—with the fly—in American waters. My own exploit took place in 1847, and until about the year 1863 I visited Canada and New Brunswick almost every year, and since that period the Restigouche, the St. John, the Aroostook, the Metapedia, the Nepisiguit, the Mirimichi, the Rivière du Loup, the Jacques Cartier, as well as the Escumain and Ste. Marguerite have been the scenes of many of my most delightful dreams. But like those dreams, the superb realities of my experiences as a fisherman for salmon can never return; and, alas! with them have departed many of my old friends with whom I have thrown the fly and bivouacked in the wilderness.

The expenses attending salmon fishing are a decided drawback; indeed, I have never had the courage to

estimate the actual cost of the salmon that I captured in the waters of Canada and New Brunswick; and I must confess that when in Quebec, during the Rebellion, I found a Washington dollar worth only about thirty cents in coin, I began to contrast the joys of salmon fishing with the question of ways and means. And the blight that was thrown upon salmon fishing by the troubles of the war have since been perpetuated by the advent upon Canadian streams of certain sprigs of the English aristocracy with the traditional bad manners and supremely selfish instincts.

As "pioneer fishing" is the title of this essay, it seems quite appropriate that I should devote a paragraph to the pioneer custom of spearing fish. For recreation, the custom cannot be defended, and yet I must confess that I have frequently tried my hand with a three-pronged scimiter. My first exploits in this line took place on the river Raisin when I was a boy, when the game consisted of mullet, pickerel and sturgeon, and while the fish were running up stream in the spring, and their passage was obstructed by the mill dams. And it was there, moreover, where a sturgeon did his best to deprive me of my life by pulling me into the roaring stream. When once spearing pike in the Upper Mississippi with Chippewa Indians, I saw a large fish captured, which, when opened, was found to contain a blacksnake about three feet long. On that day I lost my appetite for a pike steak. While traveling down the Upper Tennessee, many years ago, one of the natives tempted me on a torch light expedition after salmon. I knew the man had never seen a real salmon, so I went for the purpose of testing the correctness of the name he used. We had some luck, and the fish proved to be the pike-perch or pickerel, whereby the folly was illustrated of calling things, and especially fish, by improper names. And yet I know that the genuine salmon has often been taken with the spear. I never had the heart to commit that sacrilege, but I have seen the Indians spearing salmon by torchlight from their canoes in many of the streams of Canada and New Brunswick. The sport was picturesque, of course, but very heathenish.

In former years, when the black bass of Lake George were large and had not been frightened out of existence by the fashionable villas on the surrounding shores, it was quite common for the natives to spear them by torchlight. They did it in the spring when the fish were on their spawning beds and entirely unfit to eat, and I have never been able to find words to describe the rascality of that kind of fishing. And it was, perhaps, because I had a "finger in that pie" that I subsequently had the following experience: I had gone with a companion, one autumn evening, from Norwich, in Connecticut, to Preston Pond, for the purpose of spearing pike by torchlight. Our conveyance was a wagon drawn by one horse, and on reaching the pond we secured a suitable boat, packed in it our traps, and as we supposed, carefully fixed our horse in the corner of a lot near by. We were excited, fished far into the night, caught many fish, and when tired out went ashore to prepare for our return home. At first we could not find our wagon nor the horse, but after a while we did find the vehicle, but the fills were broken and the whole concern very much of a wreck. We then rooted out the horse out of some bushes, when we found that his harness was all torn into fragments; and there we were, with our horse quite as wretched as ourselves, far from home, hungry as bears, and in a quandary that can hardly be imagined. The only thing connected with our equipage that was not broken was the horse's neck, and as he seemed ready for any change of circumstances, my friend and I mounted upon his back, and in that predicament returned to Norwich. I never visited Preston Pond a second time excepting for the purpose of saving what I could from the wreck, which had resulted from the grossest carelessness in the tie up of our horse and wagon.

CHARLES LANMAN.

Natural History.

ON THE TONGUE IN THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY R. W. SHUFELDT, C.M.Z.S., ETC.

THERE still seem to be two opinions in vogue relative to the structure of the tongue in the hummingbirds. In his second edition to the "Key to North American Birds," Professor Elliott Coues tells us that "The tongue is in effect a double-barreled tube, supposed to be used to suck the sweets of flowers" (p. 458); while that painstaking anatomist, for whom I have always entertained a great admiration, W. MacGillivray, writes in the fourth volume of Audubon's "Birds of America" in referring to the same subject, that "The tongue, properly so called, moves in a sheath, as in the woodpeckers; its length is 10 twelfths. When it is protruded, the part beyond this at the base appears fleshy, being covered with the membrane of the mouth forming the sheath, but the rest of its extent is horny, and presents the appearance of two cylinders united, with a deep groove above and another beneath, for the length of 3 twelfths, beyond which they become flattened, concave above, thin-edged and lacerated externally, thick-edged internally, and, although lying parallel and in contact, capable of being separated. This part, being moistened by the fluid of the slender salivary glands, and capable of being alternately exserted and retracted, thus forms an instrument for the prehension of small insects, similar in so far to that of the woodpeckers, although presenting a different modification in its horny extremity, which is more elongated and less rigid. All observers who have written on the tongue of the hummingbirds, have represented it as composed of two cylindrical tubes, and the prevalent notion has been that the bird sucks the nectar of flowers by means of these tubes. But both ideas are incorrect. There are, it is true, two cylindrical tubes, but they gradually taper away toward the point, and instead of being pervious form two sheaths for the two terminal parts or shafts of the glosso-hyal portion of the tongue, which run nearly to the tip, while there is appended to them externally a very thin-fringed or denticular plate of horny substance. The bird obviously cannot suck, but it may thrust the tip of the tongue into a fluid, and by drawing it back may thus procure a portion. It is, however, more properly an organ for the prehension of small insects, for which it is obviously well adapted, and being exsertible to a great extent enable the bird to reach at minute objects deep in the tubes and nectaries of flowers. That a hummingbird may for a time subsist on sugar and water, or any other saccharine fluid, is probable enough; but it is essentially an insect-hunter, and not a honey-sucker" (pp. 197 and 198).

During the past year the writer has made a large number of dissections upon a great many species of hummingbirds, both adult specimens and embryos; and the object of the present paper is to present his own view upon the structure of their tongues, which has been the outcome of those investigations.

It has proved to be my good fortune to fully confirm the researches in this direction made by MacGillivray, whose very lucid account of them I have just quoted; and I must dissent from Professor Coues's opinion, as I could never believe that the tongue of a hummingbird is such an "extraordinary structure" as he still seems to take it to be.

In examining into the real facts in the case the writer would advise the investigator to proceed in the following manner. Having secured a fresh adult specimen of any of our hummers, and placed it in alcohol for an hour or so, in order to sufficiently harden the tissues for our dissection, carefully skin the head. First a word, however, to those who may not be quite familiar with the bony structure of a bird's tongue. To make this clear, all one has to do is to take the tongue, say of a chicken, and that by carefully removing the jaw, and taking not only that part which shows in the mouth, but those delicate prolongations which extend backward from it, and curl somewhat up behind the skull. These latter and the mid-portions will be found to be covered with muscle and other structures, all of which must be carefully peeled off with a penknife. Then we have the bony parts only left, or the *hyoid arches*, which will be found to consist of the following separate parts, as shown in my drawing of them:

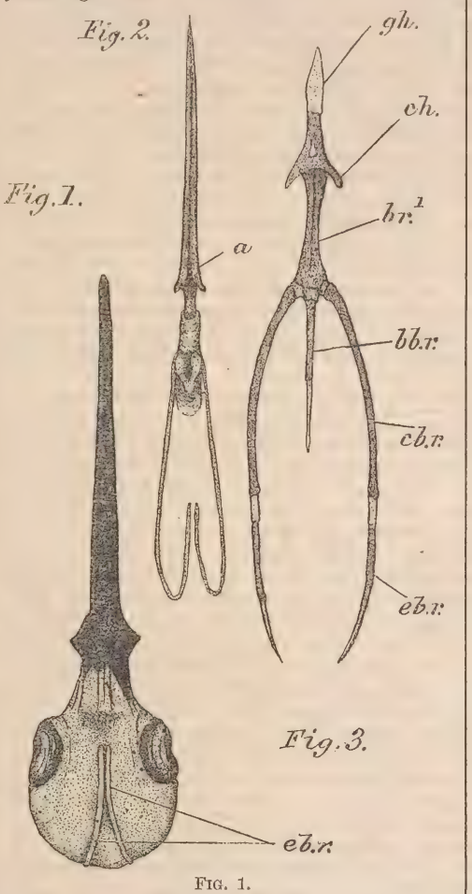


FIG. 1.

Upper view of the head of the broad-tailed hummingbird (*T. platycercus*) after the skin has been removed; *eb. r*, the epibranchials. (x 3).

FIG. 2.

Upper view of the tongue or *hyoidean apparatus* of the same bird, immediately after removing it; *a* the point where the incision is to be made to expose the glosso-hyals (x 2).

FIG. 3.

Upper view of the tongue-bones of a chicken; somewhat enlarged, *gh*, glosso-hyal; *ch*, ceratohyal; *br*.1, first basibranchial; *bb. r*, second basibranchial; *cb. r*, cerato-branchials; and *eb. r*, epibranchials.

First we find the bone and its cartilaginous tip (*gh*), which were within the horny part of the tongue in the mouth; then a medium bony rod, in two pieces, with a posterior or hinder cartilaginous tip (*br*.1 and *bb. r*.). In some birds these pieces are united into one, while in others the hinder piece is absent. Now we have two limbs jutting out, one on either side, as shown in Fig. 3; when spoken of together these are the *thyro-hyals*, and are the parts which curl up behind the skull, and are so wonderfully prolonged in most woodpeckers, and in our hummingbirds. (See Fig. 2).

To return then to our specimen from which we have removed the skin, (Fig. 1), we have no trouble in finding at once the *epibranchials* (*eb. r*) on top of the head. By the use of a sharp knife these can easily be lifted from their position, and finally with a little care the entire tongue removed from the head, when it will appear as I have drawn it in Figure 2. We next bring to our aid a lens of some considerable power, and after having examined our specimen, and carefully compared it with MacGillivray's account, which I quoted above, we may insert the delicate point of our dissecting knife at *a* in the figure, when by a gentle motion and a little well-directed force, the horny part of the tongue is easily split clear to its tip. Now our lens at once shows us that the cylinder (the right one in the figure) although hollow, is *completely filled* by the cartilaginous rod of the *glosso-hyal*, and is in reality *not hollow* at all.

In closing I would like to say that it must be evident to all that not a single structural character in the entire head of this hummingbird agrees in any way with the corresponding characters in the head of a swift, with which latter birds they, the hummers, have heretofore been associated in the same Order in classification.

FORT WINGATE, New Mex., June 26.

CHEEWINK.

CORALVILLE, Iowa, June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a bit of excellent poetry. It was contributed to the *Independent* by S. B. McManus, of Lima, Indiana, and is as follows:

The catbird sets on the willer lim'
As is bendin' over the run ter drink,
And yapps what I recken es seems ter him,
A wonderful gallus song—*chee-wink.*
Et haint' no meanin' es I can make out—
Et may be Lating er elsewise Greek;
But he sets there a-singin' his tune like he mought
Hev a dozen pianers inside of his cheek.

But the brook likes the tune, an' goes laffin' a laff
Right under it, heartier, leastwise so I think,
An et keeps up a kind of a banterin' chaff.
Fer ter hearten the singin,' *chee-wink, chee-wink!*
En the blue Johnny-jump-ups (they allus mind me
Of my little gal's eyes so lovin' an' sweet)
They smiles like a human when they hears on the tree
The catbird a-fillin' the air complete.

And the cowslips they grin 'n' git yellerer yet,
Like es ef they was blushin' a new-fangled blush,
When they seen the "cheewink," in the willers rain-wet,
Er hoppin' about in the dead elder brush,
En the sweet-William tops all a bendin' with blows,
Nod back'ards 'n' for'ards a-keepin' of time
To the chirk little tune as it mellerly flows
Out inter the air like a short-meter'd rhyme.

I hoe an' I listen 'n' listen 'n' hoe;
That bird in the willer a-pipin' away
Makes my worries go fast, an' my pleasures go slow,
'N' the sun ter shine clear on the cloudiest day.
Et's a mighty small thing, I suppose, for ter make
A man ter feel happy, folks most like may think,
But fer me ter be cheerful, et don't allus take
More'n the catbird a-singin' *chee-wink, chee-wink!*

Now isn't that just splendid? But what a pity he doesn't take FOREST AND STREAM, so that he might have been a little better versed in natural history, and not have spoiled it all by confounding the catbird with the "cheewink." I sat down on reading it and wrote the author that I thought it a pity his fine poetry should be spoiled by so palpable an error; and he sent a reply which I inclose:

"*Warsaw Daily Times*, Warsaw, Ind., June 18, 1887.—Mrs. Violet S. Williams: Mr. McManus handed me your letter to answer. I certainly think you are mistaken in regard to the catbird out here in Hoosierdom; that bird says *cheewink* as plainly as the whippoorwill. I am pleased, however, to know that you are pleased with our poet, and it may possibly be your good fortune some day to listen to him, as he contemplates going on the lecture platform. He is spending a few days in our city. I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant, QUINCY A. HOSSLER."

Now will you please say if the catbirds of Hoosierdom or any other locality were ever known to hollow *chee-wink?* VIOLET S. WILLIAMS.

[Although we have seen the catbird from the Atlantic Coast to the Rocky Mountains, we have certainly never heard it utter the call *cheewink*. The cheewink of the Missouri River Valley and Rocky Mountain foothills does, however, utter the characteristic catbird "mew." The apparent mistake of the poet should be explained in some way.]

ROBINS FEED THEIR YOUNG IN CAGES.—Cold Spring Harbor, July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time ago my terrier picked up a young robin which had fallen from the nest, and as it seemed to be uninjured by the dog, I took it down to the fish hatchery and put it in a bird cage. It was about ready to fly, and therefore too old to accept a man as its natural nurse, and declined all overtures of food. Knowing that it would starve under these circumstances, I thought of trying to see if the old birds would feed it. All of my men were of the opinion that the old ones would poison it, a theory I had heard from boyhood; and to test it, the cage was placed in a lilac bush near where the bird was found, and the old ones fed it regularly for a week. It grew strong and fat, and thinking that I had carried the experiment far enough, and that the old ones would soon abandon it, I opened the door at night and in the morning it was gone. Both the parent birds fed the young robin, and one or both of them could be seen at the cage or about it almost every day. As the consumption of worms by the young robin is vastly greater than any one would imagine who has never attempted to raise any, it is probable that in the alleged case of poisoning of the young, they might have died from starvation. Who knows that old birds poison their young when confined in cages? and what poisons do they use?—FRED MATHER.

NEW MEXICAN SQUIRRELS.—With reference to his article on New Mexican squirrels, which recently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, Dr. Shufeldt desires us to say for him that for the moment the prairie dog (*Cynomys columbianus*), which occurs all over this region, slipped his mind as a representative squirrel of the Fort Wingate fauna. Its name should at least have been mentioned, even if its far better known habits rendered unnecessary the more extended description bestowed upon the other three species mentioned in his list.

ALBINO HEDGEHOG.—Boston, July 10.—In regard to communication from Mr. C. F. Richardson, in issue of July 7, I have a stuffed specimen of a perfect albino hedgehog, captured some years since in Stoddard, a small town in southwest New Hampshire. It was the first one I had seen, but on referring the subject to Prof. Agassiz, he informed me that they were not as rare as I had supposed, and stated that specimens existed in all our museums.—E. M. MESSENGER.

Game Bag and Gun.

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A TRIP OF THE GUN CLUB.

THE Gun Club had determined to have another hunt. Riley and I had so decided and as Riley and I constituted the Gun Club that settled it. Riley and I had been hunting on several different times for short periods of a day or two only, but we determined to make an effort worthy of the club. The appellation of the Gun Club had been born of sarcasm and nourished on ridicule from some of our particular friends, on a memorable occasion when we went on a wild duck chase for a couple of days, and left two-thirds of the ammunition at home, each having a sublime faith that the other had brought it. So when we returned we had to accept the gibes of our friends and listen to Mac discourse in his most facetious vein on the late "exploit of the Gun Club, so called, gentlemen, because in hunting they prefer a club to a gun."

The name given in derision was adopted as a badge of honor, as in many other historical cases, though we did harbor secret and painful recollections of an alleged ranch where we intended a stop, and which we found to be a deserted "dug-out," half full of snow; of two long days of snow and rain and wind and overflowed flats, and no ducks; and of an intervening night of intimate association on the dirty floor of a contracted shanty with a soldier, a Mexican sheepherder, a half-breed Indian horse-breaker, and a ruffianly cowboy whose hirsute presentment and characteristic conversation were equally lurid; and where our nerves were soothed by a spasmodic nocturne by a quartette of cats that varied the performance by charging over, and fighting on, our beds and eliciting sulphurous remarks from the "cow puncher." But this time we were to make a business of it for about ten days.

After careful inquiries from ranchmen, hunters, cowboys and all sorts and conditions of men endowed with all degrees of knowledge and lack thereof—mostly lack—we concluded to make our hunt on Big Pine Mountain, lying some sixty miles off to the southward, in hopes of deer and elk, and possibly bear and mountain sheep. Right here we may as well drop bruin and the bighorn as they do not enter further into this history. It was mid-October and we had a right to expect good weather and the game at its best. On the morning of the 15th the four-mule team we had procured, with its sheeted wagon, pulled up in front of the door and received its load of forage, a large tent, mess box properly provided with various edibles; not forgetting the various available canned goods, cooking utensils, canvas wrapped rolls of bedding, and the score of odds and ends of personal equipment deemed desirable. O'Donnell drove and Moran, the cook, lending his moral support on the front seat, the wagon rolled away. Riley and I soon followed *à cheval*, each provided with a California saddle, lariat, repeating rifle and filled ammunition belt.

My horse was a little black broncho about as big as an exaggerated dog, and I felt somewhat ashamed to impose my weight on him—moderate though it was. However, I thought he would get me down the country and I could get another horse at some ranch to do the really hard work. Later I had more respect for that little equine cub. I failed to get another horse, and he put in about ten days of as hard work as I ever expect to demand of any quadruped, and at the end of a push of fifty miles over a broken country on the last day he seemed in about as good spirits as the day we started, except that he didn't try to run and buck.

We soon left the little town out of sight and pursued our southern route by a fair road among broken and precipitous hills at first, and then across a broad and broken valley to Quaking Asp Mountain, up the steep sides of which we scrambled with considerable difficulty and loss of breath. This road was evidently surveyed mostly with a plumb line. An hour of hard work and we were across the bare summit, when a short, gradual descent brought us to water in a little creek bordered with willows, where we halted at about noon, watered the animals, unsaddled the horses, and proceeded to investigate the subject of lunch. After a rest of nearly an hour we pushed on southward over a high plateau, the view, a vast sea of barren hills, broken into all shapes; a dozen or more miles away the cañons of Green River, and nearly a hundred miles beyond the snow-clad slopes of the Uintah Mountains, looming up clear and distinct in this rarified atmosphere.

About mid-afternoon we ran into a band of antelope and fired a few shots at them on the run, but bullets have a great faculty of going over, under or between, and we failed to knock one over, and having a long march to make, wasted no time pursuing them.

Our destination was Barney's Ranch, in the mouth of a cañon locally known as "The Gap," and leaving the team to follow the road, Riley and I pursued our way across country over high and broken barren hills. We stirred up a few rabbits which we scorned to notice, had an impromptu circus with the broncho about crossing a deep washout, which he finally jumped in a wild leap, that seemed to indicate that some intimate connection existed in his equine logic between the depth of the hole and the height necessary to jump to clear it, and finally reached the ranch, after a forty-mile ride, just before dark, and an hour ahead of the wagon. We were hospitably received by a half dozen cowboys and hunters, and passed the evening after supper sitting about the big stone hearth before a blazing fire, listening to the talk and chaff of our entertainers.

Any one who lays himself open to being joked in that branch of social life is pretty sure to reap his reward. Raphael, a tall, dark Mexican herder, while riding the range one day, had found a half-grown bear cub and roped it (a tenderfoot would say he lassoed it), and taking a turn of the lariat about the pommel, he started his horse off at a lively gait; but the cub squealed and his mother came on deck and made the fun so lively that Raphael had to let go and pay strict attention to getting out of the neighborhood, leaving a $15 raw hide lariat as the price of his amusement, though his friends seemed to derive the bulk of the fun from the episode.

Then Barney had to take it, too. Barney is an old frontiersman and somewhat given to romancing. He came in one day claiming to have shot two yearling bears, and sure enough he had their hides. But there was a hiatus in the evidence; there was no bullet hole in either, and soon after it was discovered that the two bears had been gnawing at a carcass poisoned for wolves, and Barney had found them dead and did not have the presence of mind to shoot a hole in each to support his story. So, as philosophically as possible, Barney had to endure considerable chaff.

Up and on again the next morning through a deep cañon for some miles, and then out on the "Cherokee trail" to the southeast. We stopped for luncheon at a crossing of a small creek, with willow thickets lining its banks, and there found a round-up wagon belonging to a cattle outfit, returning to the ranch after driving through to the railroad with a "bunch of steers." The driver was a typical Western cowboy and hunter, thoroughly conversant with all the country for scores of miles around. We asked him about the chances for game on Big Pine Mountain, and incidentally about bears; the dangers of bear hunting were touched upon and brought from him about as good a piece of practical advice as I have recently heard: "Now when you tackle a bear," said he, "aim at his ear when you can get him on the side. If you hit him anywhere around that he's your meat, and if you miss him he'll hear the bullet zip and he'll run away. You don't want to wound no bear; you can give 'em a mortal shot and then they'll like as not run three or four hundred yards and chaw you up before they die."

In this country, where bears are spoken of, it should be borne in mind that, unless otherwise specified, the cinnamon is usually meant, and he is in savagery second only to his noted first cousin, the grizzly of the Sierras. One frequently hears, when bear hunting is mentioned, and from hunters and frontiersmen of long experience, the sententious remark that betokens the reputation that bruin has: "Well, I ain't lost no bar."

We reached Scrivner's ranch, at the foot of the eastern slope of Big Pine Mountain and about twenty-five miles from the Gap, at 2 P. M. There was no one at home but the cat; but Western hospitality does not lock its doors, and as we knew the proprietor we raided the milk room, helped ourselves to all we wished to drink and carried away a small kegful with us. This is a typical ranch; the dwelling is in the shape of an L, built of logs in one low-coiled story and with pole and earthen roof. As the proprietor, unlike most ranchmen, had a wife—and a very pleasant one, too—a sitting room and bedroom, cosily furnished, carpeted and papered, formed one branch of the L, while storerooms, kitchen and a room for the ranch hands formed the other. Wagon and tool sheds and stables, with extensive corrals, comprised the other buildings. The surroundings were not over attractive, as high, bare hills hemmed it in and the sage brush and greasewood crowded hard on the front door yard. Some people would think it lonely and isolated to live sixty-five miles from the nearest post office and telegraph station, and one's nearest neighbor eight and ten miles away; but Mr. S. did not regard it in that light; it was cattle range he needed, not sociability, and he was seriously thinking of emigrating to some locality "where it wa'n't settled so blame thick."

From the ranch to the place where we intended to camp was a steady pull for some six miles up the mountain. We reached the neighborhood of the top late in the afternoon, and, finding a small stream in a scattered grove of quaking aspens on the side of the mountain some distance below the crest, we pulled in and established our camp, pitching one tent and squaring up the wagon to accommodate the cook and teamster. The mules were quickly unharnessed and picketed out, congratulating each other the while on the completion of their day's work with subdued snuffling brays in a minor key, inspired largely by faith in oats to come. Just before the camping ground was selected, Riley had left the road and gone off around a neighboring knob in hope of getting a deer or antelope, as we had recently seen two of the latter; and while we were arranging the camp a bunch of deer stood on the slope a half mile away and regarded our intrusion with curiosity. Supper was ready and darkness falling, but Riley did not appear; his experience had been limited, and he was not used to "rustling" for himself on a strange mountain on a cold night, and I was getting decidedly uneasy. Another half hour passed and it was now night, but still no Riley; and all hands, including two visitors who had come over with us from Barney's, were turned out and set to gathering brush and packing it up the steep sides of a bare knob near by, on the crest of which a big fire was built and we commenced firing our rifles. After a while a distant shot was heard; and, much to our relief, some twenty minutes later Riley put in an appearance.

He had gone around the camp and was headed directly away from it and about a mile distant when our signals caught his attention. Well, we soothed ourselves with a ration from the keg (the reader will remember that we had put milk in a keg), and spreading down our blankets were soon dreaming of the elk and deer to fall on the morrow. Morning came and with it a storm, half of rain and half of snow, but we were not to be dismayed by a little weather, and all started out only to come straggling back again one by one through the afternoon, wet and almost frozen; and not a shot had any one fired. That night the drizzle turned to snow in good earnest, and a foot of it covered the ground the next morning. Again we started out; one or two flying glimpses of deer were had, but no one had a shot all that day. It was so cold that one's fingers were in a half frozen condition, and the snow so deep that our horses could get through the timber only with the greatest difficulty. That night there prevailed in the tent an atmosphere of disgust and wet clothing, and a disposition to make explosive remarks of a deprecatory nature regarding the game, the weather and the luck.

Hope returned with the dawn and we were soon at it again. After an hour's hard work scrambling in and out of gullies, over fallen trees and through deep snow drifts, my pony was plodding across an open space or top of the mountain, where I discovered a fresh trail—elk and no mistake. There it was, not an hour old, a track as big as a two-year-old steer's, and I at once put after him, hoping to overhaul him while feeding or resting. The trail led into the dense pine woods, and I soon had to abandon my horse. I could doubtless have ridden him through, but he made too much noise, and if a shot offered it was desirable to be afoot. Tying the pony to a tree by a rather loose knot in the stiff and frozen lariat, I resumed the trail, following its windings back and forth through dense pine groves, and across wide, wind-swept openings deep with snow, until I finally came out on the southern crest of the mountain. Before me and two miles away rose Diamond Mountain, well within the State of Colorado, its western base crowding hard upon the Utah line. Beneath my feet was visible the trail which, after a few turns and twists of indecision, led straight for the valley. There was no doubt about it; he had crossed to the other mountain. In a disgusted frame of mind I followed. I wanted my horse now but he was two or three miles behind, and there was no time to go back. So down I went, sticking to the trail, occasionally baffled when it crossed bare, rocky ground, across the valley and creek, and then up the foot slopes of Diamond, veering off to the east and keeping an ascending spiral; crossing coulées and gullies all filled with snow; through dense brush thickets, and as I got higher and higher through windfalls of fire-killed pines lying over each other in all direction; falling into holes concealed by the snow, but still hopeful and every moment watching the woods and thickets in front.

But the sun was long past the meridian and I was gradually getting discouraged, and finally on the south side of the Diamond, miles from where I had started, I gave up the chase, after a six-hours' steady struggle. It was now after 3 o'clock and I ruefully turned back to seek shelter for the night at Butterworth's ranch, which lay at the head of the valley behind me. The back tramp was no easy one through the snow and windfalls, but I reached the ranch just before dark and was welcomed with all hospitality by Mr. B. and his attractive wife. After a hot supper and a pleasant evening I retired, more than ever convinced of a fact frequently noticed, that any one who goes hunting and really hunts had better not anticipate any *dolce far niente* kind of a picnic. If he does a wreck of expectations is in store for him.

Early the next morning along came Riley leading my horse, which had staid all day in the woods where I left him, and finally getting tired of it, had loosened his lariat and made a bee line for camp. All hands there became stampeded, thinking some accident had occurred or that the horse had broken away when I was trying to pack some game on him, and so the signal fire and discharge of rifles was repeated for my benefit while I was comfortably ensconced in the ranch.

That day, however, the others had better luck; our visitors got into a runway and killed four deer and Riley had killed two. I congratulated him, but he didn't appear to be very enthusiastic and finally said: "Well, I'd have been a perfect chump if I hadn't killed them; they just hung around and watched me get a defective cartridge out of my gun and gave me fair shots at both of them, and of course I got them."

From Butterworth's we started on another day of hard hunting and no finding until late in the afternoon, when I was returning to camp along the mountain crest when I thought I heard a rustling in the neighboring brush, different from that caused by the high wind; and going in I found the fresh tracks of a half dozen deer leading into a bunch of timber about a half mile long and from one to four hundred yards wide. With something tolerably sure to work on at last I pushed up the mountain across the wind until well free of the timber and then followed it down, and coming in on the leeward side, fastened my horse and worked cautiously into the brush and woods, and not in vain, for after working in about a quarter of a mile a mule deer jumped up in front of me, about 100yds., and after making two or three bounds stopped to look at me. I was waiting for this, and taking careful aim at the shoulder, I fired. The doe made a few wild bounds, falling and scrambling up again until death overtook it about 50yds. from where it stood when hit. The bullet had gone through the base of the neck just in front of the shoulders.

I went on a few paces and there, not more than 30yds. away, stood a young buck, held by curiosity, with one foot in the air ready to fly. I brought up rifle again, and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger. The cap failed to explode, and before I could try again, *cervus* was in full sail through the brush. To say that I was disgusted mildly expresses it, but I went ahead, failing, however, to get another shot, and in a half hour returned to my horse and brought him up to my game, which I had bled and drawn before leaving. The doe was soon across the saddle and secured by a few turns of the lariat; I started for camp, and reaching there just before dark, hung my deer up by the heels with the half dozen others.

The next day O'Donnell and I started out together, and in less than half a mile from camp crossed some fresh elk tracks, which we followed a short distance, and scared four elk out of a bunch of brush in a hollow before us. They trotted up the opposite slope for a short distance and then turned to look at us. It was a sight to bring joy to any hunter. A big bull with magnificent spreading antlers, a cow, and two half grown calves, the latter about the size of a six months old colt, composed the band. There they stood, in plain view, and about five hundred yards away, calmly looking at us. To fire or not was the question. If we could only be sure of the distance over the deceptive glare of the rolling snow a hit at that range would not be difficult, but if we missed they would be frightened and there would be no telling when or where they would stop. We therefore concluded to try and get under cover and quietly work up on them to close quarters. My eyes had been pretty well strained the previous day by the glare on the snow, and the overpowering brilliance of the sun reflected into my face soon made them very uncomfortable, and it was only in the shade of the timber that I could see at all without the greatest difficulty.

Leaving our horses soon after entering the woods, we followed the trail of the elk on foot, but they had evidently taken alarm, and it was only after a toilsome chase of between two or three miles that we overtook them feeding in the brush.

I was nearly snow blind and the scalding water ran from my eyes every time I tried to look ahead, but there was no help for it then. O'Donnell espied the game and we approached as closely as we dared, and aiming at the spot of fur I could see between the trees, we both fired. O'Donnell was fortunate enough to bring down one of the calves, but my shot went wild, as did the other three elk, and I saw the last of the much coveted antlers. We pursued their trail for nearly a mile further, but with no result, and fearing if I went on my eyes might fail me entirely, I turned back and sorrowfully gave it up. It was now snowing and our tracks rapidly becoming obliterated, so that I made all haste possible back to my horse and

brought him up to the game, which was soon drawn and quartered and packed.

Then the return march for camp commenced. It was getting late in the afternoon and the storm increased rapidly and soon became a regular blizzard, rendering our return a very hard piece of work; but by keeping careful note of landmarks it was finally accomplished. That night, wet and worn out, the wind howling without, our tent presented a dispirited appearance, and we finally unanimously voted the war a failure, and the mandate was uttered to break camp the following morning and start back.

Our visitors had gone two days before; they did not appreciate nature's moods and left for either milder climes or more shelter. On the following morning a negative was obtained of our game, and immediately after down came the tent; bedding, mess-box and all our traps were bundled into the wagon with the seven deer and one elk, and the procession was soon moving down the mountain to Mr. Scrivner's ranch, where we stopped that afternoon and all night. Riley and I were in the saddle at 7 A. M. the next day and headed for home, leaving the wagon to come in two days by the road. We cut straight across regardless of trails, scrambling down rocky hills and up again, through cañons and across sage-covered, bleak and barren hills. We ran into a band of antelope, but we were not hunting and had no way of carrying meat if we did kill it, so they scurried away unharmed. Riley looked after them longingly, and I think really regretted missing such a good chance for shooting nearly as much as our hard and comparatively fruitless week's work.

At about 10 A. M. Riley left me to call on a ranchman living some miles out of our way, and did not get in till the following day. I pushed on and ran into a thick snow storm on Quaking Asp Mountain that delayed me somewhat in finding the road; and finally dismounted at home in time for a 5 o'clock dinner after a ride of something over fifty miles. Late the following evening the wagon arrived, and so ended the second trip of the Gun Club, chiefly signalized by a plethora of hard work and a paucity of result. L. D. G.

WYOMING.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—IV.

WHEN Jack went up the river after his deer he took with him one shepherd dog, a greyhound and the staghound. As he was returning with the load of wood, these three dogs struck a trail in the grass near the river, and began to run it. (It is a mistake to think greyhounds will not run a trail. They often do, even the best hunting greyhounds. There was not a greyhound on the ranch which would not run scent, and the staghound was an excellent trailer.)

The dogs followed on down the bank, and presently the yelp of the shepherd attracted Jack's attention to an exciting race which was going on out on a sand bar, in plain sight. A long, slim, black creature was about a hundred yards ahead of the dogs, and it kept there, too. Jack knew it was an otter. The dogs chased it off the bar into a swamp, and here the creature played with them, now in, now out o' the water, until it discouraged them, and finally took refuge in a big pool of water, some fifty yards long and eight or ten feet deep, which formed the home of all the otters in that region during very cold weather.

This pool was nothing less than a series of mighty springs, and never froze in any weather. Jack had often seen otters here, but the wary creatures never gave him a chance for a shot. He knew they were in here now, and determined to make a campaign against them in the morning.

In the morning, therefore, Jack waited till the sun came up and shone warmly, as fortunately it did on this, the third day of our stay; then, without saying anything to anybody, he slipped up along the river, taking his own particular hunting dog, a bobtailed shepherd, and a hound or two. Arrived near the pool he kept the dogs back—an easy matter when wished—and crawling up a little sand ridge, peered through a net of wild grapevines. He was not ten yards from the pool, and there, right below him, were some otters—not one or two, but eight full-grown otters—lying on the edge of the ice, basking in the sun, and each with its nose up, sniffing at a danger they all knew was near. You may know Jack was an accomplished still-hunter. He tells the rest of the story thus:

"I saw one ole feller a little ways back from the water with his head right to me, and says I, ole feller, I'll jest shoot your eye out fer you; so I drawed down fine on him an' let her go. Every otter but that'n jest give a flip an' was gone like lightnin', an' all the dogs jumped into the water after 'em. But I shore got Mr. Otter, an' I hit him right plum in the eye, too."

The game-rack began to assume variety. An otter was something we had never dreamed of seeing.

We at once set out a couple of steel traps near the pool, but though we one morning found a mangled toe in one trap, where an otter had pulled the trap out of the shallow water—not deep enough to drown him—and gnawed off his own foot, we did not capture one; and the warm weather coming on they scattered from the pool and we saw no more of them.

The weather was now warm enough for a deer hunt with the dogs, and accordingly we started out for the open country—five of us in all—with nine of the best greyhounds, the staghound and a sprinkling of shepherd dogs. Mr. Allison took Jim and Terry, leaving Mike at home. The old fellow begged to go, but he was too lame. Jim limped badly. Terry seemed in good form. The puppies were all in high spirits. These puppies are all out of Mr. D. R. Streeter's big fawn dog Prince, a noted game dog, and a very large and powerful one. The puppies are large, strong and gritty; one of the litter, Joe, was larger than any of Mr. Allison's dogs, though not a year old. He will be a grand dog, and will crowd his sire hard as a game killer. The big greyhounds are the sort for ranch use, such as can kill coyotes and wolves, or pull down a deer. The little Eastern rabbit dogs, though very fine and very swift, would be worthless on a hunt like this.

Striking an interminable little cowboy trot—for the regular gait of the cowboy is not a gallop, but a short, choppy little trot, kept up if need be all day long—we rode out across the sand hills, and emerging from the timbered country, struck into the open section known as the "flats," consisting of long draws or sloughs, low grass-covered hills, and an occasional stretch of level land, covered closely with buffalo grass.

We rode for an hour or two across this country without sighting a deer, though we saw plenty of fresh signs. At length we struck the trail of five deer while riding across our own back trail, and as we knew they had crossed less than half an hour before, we determined to follow them. Jack and Red rode rapidly along, following the trail, which our slower eyes often lost altogether, until at length we came down into a little slough, where the ground was moister. Here the dogs all began to trail very rapidly, and strung out at once in a long line, the staghound far in the lead, with head up and running fast. The only thing that staghound could do was to trail a deer, and he was good at that. Next to him ran the blue pup—a very good one—and then the others, all perfectly silent. The foxhounds, of course, were not taken along on this hunt. The pace of the hounds increased we urged our horses after at full run. The pack was actually running away from us, with not a deer in sight anywhere! We topped a little hill. The dogs were stretching across a flat at full speed. "There they go!" called some one. And sure enough, there were five white good-bye signals hopping, bobbing and drifting along, fully half a mile ahead of the hounds.

It takes a good hound to catch a deer. No hound can do it every time, nor can any two or three, or any pack do it every time, even when the start is only two three hundred yards, and even when the ground is not covered with timber. A deer knows a thing or two, and let the hounds once lose sight of him behind a hill or in the tall grass and he will gain so much by the instant the hounds lose that he will get clear off before the dogs can be sighted again. There was little hope in this case, that with so poor a start and in so rough a country the dogs could come up with the game; but as they were off we followed, Mr. Allison and Red taking the line of the dogs, while Ricker, Jack and I held off to the right in hopes of seeing a part of the chase—or rather one of the chases—for the bunch had divided and we could see one deer by itself, evidently followed by one or more dogs.

There are all sorts of sport. There are men who shoot mud pigeons and enjoy it. To catch a sunfish is sport; to kill a cottontail is sport. I have shot rats with a .22 rifle and enjoyed the fun. To stop a partridge, to make a double on mallards, to break a Canada goose all up, to stalk a deer, to kill a buffalo, to kill a bear—all this is sport, and each seems better at the time than anything else could be. But it hasn't the bigness, it hasn't the intensity, it hasn't the enduring power of the stern excitement known in the wild brush across the prairie, after the swift runners with a swift runner under you, with your eyes on ahead, and the rhythmic whirr of the wind singing in your ears in unison with the lift and fall of your horse's shoulders. It is steeple chasing with a deer hunt thrown in. What matter if the ground be full of soft spots and gopher holes—there are so many gopher holes between you and the chase. So long as your horse is up, it is all right. Coursing jack rabbits is fine sport; coursing deer is a grand sport—a sport fit for kings and princes, and one which few kings or princes or proved sportsmen have a chance to enjoy. In it the young hunter grows reckless, the old hunter forgets his experiences, and both unite in a perfect disregard of all earth outside the little strip ahead. The very horses love it. You couldn't hold old John after the hounds had started. Even our town horses showed themselves game, and after that first run were always eager for the next.

But we were distanced; the start had been too much for us. As if by magic both chases swept away, and the sandy hills stood up around us, barren and silent. Dismounting, we loosened the cinches, allowed our horses to breathe a bit, and then walked slowly on. We had no idea which way our other two companions had gone, but headed in toward camp, after a time striking and following the trail of a deer which we supposed was the one we had seen run to the right.

"Hello! Here's the dog's trail, too!" called out Jack. And there we could see them both, now closely parallel, now blending together. The leaps of both animals were astonishing. "He's shore been crowdin' her," said Jack.

Presently we met a hound coming along the back trail. It was Terry, and he had evidently had a hard run. We tried to induce him to follow us down the trail, but he had had enough of it, and presently started off on his own hook to find the other dogs.

Terry had run this deer, which we took to be a doe, alone; and what he did with her we never could find out. He was not bloody, and we did not think he had killed his game. Yet as far as we could follow the trail there were his tracks right in those of the doe; and we followed the trail much further than it seemed possible for him to go and return in the time he was absent. We lost the trail on some hard ground. While we were searching for it we jumped a doe not three hundred yards from us; but we thought it hardly possible that this was the same deer, as the dog appeared to have been too close to allow her to lie down in the high grass and let him run on by. We left this unsolved mystery and started for camp. As we neared the gate in the wire fence of the 21 pasture, we heard a shot faint in the distance, and saw the forms of our two companions dimly outlined on the crest of a hill, far to the east. We knew the shot was the signal for calling in the dogs, and rode on in, knowing that the hunt was over, though ignorant of what success our friends had had.

At supper that night it transpired that the day had been a blank one, so far as the deer were concerned. Mr. Allison and Red had followed the main body of the hounds after their bunch of deer and had ridden hard for over two miles, the dogs staying wonderfully for puppies; but their fate had been the same as ours—the deer had shaken off their pursuers and escaped among the rough and broken sandhills of the T5 range. We told Mr. Allison he ought to recant a little about the infallibility of his hounds. Of course, he explained just how it was.

Another sudden change of weather now occurred, and after supper it came on to rain. By night it was raining and sleeting in an impartial sort of way, and the darkness soon became so thick you could cut off a piece and chew it. We got restless sitting about the camp, although by rights our ride of nearly thirty miles ought to have satisfied us for one day. Some one said something about its being a good night for coons to run, and some one else issued a challenge for a hunt; so—though it seemed to me, and perhaps to others, that any sane coon would hunt the very longest and deepest hole he could find on that particular kind of a night—we threw on our "slickers," loosed the two foxhounds, and calling up thirty or forty other dogs which were lying around loose, started for the marsh lying near the otter pool.

We splashed along at the foot of the river bank, now in, now out of the countless little spring branches which run out of the bluff, and getting wetter and quieter every minute. The big pool looked mighty black and lonesome and the trees overhead creaked their icy limbs dismally. The foxhounds nosed about industriously, the young dog Drum showing his great disposition to "rustle" all over the country. Drum seemed always to think that when we put him to hunting something had to be found. We never once had long to wait for his call after we put him in. He was an obliging little fellow. Indeed, I suspect that sometimes just to accommodate us he used to "let on" a little, when he hadn't any trail at all to speak of. If the theory about the sanity of the raccoon race on such a night be true, then I shouldn't wonder if Drum lied a little, just to keep our spirits up. He gave a few little preliminary whines and then away he went in the dark, singing "wow wow woo-oo-oow." He fooled us, but he didn't fool old Buck. The latter would not open and would not run, but said plainly:

"That young pup is only joking about that. He hasn't got any trail. Come on, let's go home."

We splashed and waded and crashed along for awhile, and then as Drum came back wagging his tail and looking up at us with a semi-wink in the corner of his eye we took Buck's advice and went home. E. HOUGH.

In No. 2 of the "Cherokee Strip" articles, for "From Viking dogs down" read "Viking days down." Please correct. Do you want some cowboy to kill me?—E. HOUGH.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME INTERESTS.

IN their annual report the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commissioners recommend the adoption of an amendment to the game law so that the possession of snared grouse or quail shall be illegal. Of the public interest in game protection they say:

"The law passed by the Legislature in 1885 prohibiting the exportation of game birds out of the State has worked well and done a great deal of good. It has put an end to much of the illegal snaring of the ruffed grouse or partridge, and has been the means of keeping our local markets well supplied with this excellent bird. The only thing now needed to entirely put an end to snaring is an amendment to the law making it illegal to have snared birds in possession.

"The good that has been accomplished by the enforcement of the game laws is shown by the rapid increase of deer in the northern and central portions of the State. And during the past summer they have been frequently seen in Plymouth, Rumney, Ashland and many other towns where none have been seen before for many years. If the parties who kill deer during the deep snows of winter would only let them alone for a few years they would become numerous enough to afford fine sport in the fall and early winter.

"Hon. Luther Hayes, of Milton, who was appointed Commissioner in 1876 and served in that capacity for the past ten years, has done an efficient and successful work for the State. His successor is the Hon. John H. Kimball, of Marlborough, appointed August, 1886.

"There is a marked interest throughout the State for a more efficient enforcement of the fish and game laws. A circular was issued and sent to all of the town clerks in the State, early in March, calling their attention to the law, and requesting the election of fish and game wardens from their towns. The Commissioners are highly gratified at the result. More than 325 fish and game wardens have been elected and qualified, and have been furnished with the laws relating thereto. Scattered as they are all through the State, they will be of great advantage in the enforcement of the laws and protection of fish and game."

MR. PARKER'S DEER.

PUTNAM, Conn., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The old adage that "fair play is a jewel" and that there are always two sides to a question you are doubtless well aware of, and it certainly is but "fair play" on your part to publish the facts concerning the charges contained in your issue of the 7th inst.

I confess that to a certain extent I am to blame in writing the article which you copied from a Connecticut paper, and which you have taken for granted as being *bona fide*, but I think you will acknowledge the injustice of your denunciations, when you are made aware that the "deer story" was one of those visionary "that reminds me" stories, so often rehearsed around the camp-fire, and to relate which in my letter was too great a temptation to be resisted.

The paper it was written for was not a sportsman's journal and the letters published in it were written solely to pass away the time, as thousands of others are, and were well spiced with imaginary incidents which never transpired.

I would simply say, not to take up too much of your space, providing you see fit to use this, that my guide and self were there; the deer were there; but there was no rifle nor any sort of a firearm to our knowledge within five miles of the lake where we were, and even if there had been no amount of so-called glory would have tempted me to break the law of the State of New York. You are perfectly right in your abhorrence of June deer shooting, but do not hurl all the vengeance of a wrathful Jupiter on our devoted head until you know both sides of the story.

You can take my word for this statement or not, just as you choose, as I am under no obligations to accept, or even ask for, clemency from either man or newspaper; but as a law-abiding citizen, and a member, although perchance an unworthy one, of the noble profession of sportsmen, I ask the withdrawal of your charges, as they are founded but on the ideas of a woodland romance, and existed only in the idle scribbling of a vacation hour.

A. M. PARKER.

NEW ENGLAND GAME LAWS are summarized on a card for gratuitous distribution by Messrs. Wm. R. Shaefer & Son, of 61 Elm street, Boston.

PORCUPINE HUNTING.

THE many able correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM have given us very interesting accounts of the capture of nearly everything that wears fin, fur or feather, except the porcupine.

Our party had been in camp some days on Squaw Point in Ganannoque Lake, where we had gone in pursuit of ducks. We found them quite plenty, but provokingly difficult to get, for the margin of the lake was filled with brush, stumps and dead treetops. This was caused by the dam at Marble Rock setting the water back over an extensive tract of forest. As the trees died, or were cut for timber when the lake was frozen, the tops and large limbs were left as they fell, thus causing a barrier impenetrable by our boats. Every bird that fell in there, dead or crippled, was lost to us, for not knowing the condition of things before visiting the lake, we took no dogs with us for retrieving.

Tiring of this unsatisfactory sport, I said to my boatman—James W Green—who has rowed me for many successive years, "Jim, I have heard that porcupines are to be found in the woods around here, and as I never killed, nor even saw a live one, what say you to a porcupine hunt to-day?" "If we go to Lost Bay I guess we can have all the shooting we shall care for at that kind of game," was the reply. That settled it and soon we were under way.

The day proved one of the loveliest of the year, one of those October days when life is a luxury, when air, water, mountain and wood all blend harmoniously to form a perfect day. Although nearly a score of years have passed, the impressions of that particular day remain fresh in memory, so that I regard it as the "red-letter day" of all my many outings. The lake shores were bold and of peculiar form and color, the water clear and blue, with a vegetable growth at the bottom that, as we passed over it, gave one a conception of how forests must appear to the baloonist as he passes them in mid air. Although our objective point included a run of several miles, everything had been so delightful that before I was aware of it Jim said, "We are now in Lost Bay, and which way would you go to get out of it?" After looking for an opening in all directions I was compelled to say, "I give it up, you will have to settle that question when the time comes for us to leave."

Finding a suitable landing place, we hauled our boat up on the shore and at once commenced our uphill tramp, keeping a short distance apart and on the lookout for the game we were in pursuit of.

We had not proceeded far when, high up in a hemlock tree, I discovered an animal new to me; but whether a young cub, fisher or wildcat was not certain, as it lay close on a nearly horizontal limb. But my guide at once decided it to be a porcupine. Raising my rifle and sighting for a dead shot, I touched the trigger; a report followed, but the game neither fell nor moved. This surprised me, for the rifle had ever been my favorite arm, so that I considered myself something of an expert with it, having at the target placed the second ball in the hole made by the first. But it was a porcupine, not a wooden target, that I was trying the rifle on now. Soon a second ball followed the first, but with precisely the same result. Surprise now turned to wonder. What could it mean? A glance at the sights and through the barrel showed everything in order. I rubbed my eyebrows, but the old story of a certain insect there was not repeated in my case. A third ball was sent; still with no apparent result. After the fourth I thought I saw a slight shrug of the back, but no change of position. The fifth, sixth and seventh followed rapidly, Jim in the mean time laughing at my skill in rifle shooting.

But the end had now come. The animal made an effort to crawl up the limb, when its entrails dropped out and he fell nearly off the limb, but held on by one foot for a little, then fell to the ground, a mangled and disgusting mass of quills, blood and entrails. An examination showed that every bullet had passed through the body, leaving fourteen holes in the pelt. This stopped Jim's jibes as to my shooting ability.

As no use could be made of this specimen we climbed the hill still higher, and soon another was found in a tree, far above us. After my experience with the first I decided to try the shotgun on this one, although it was loaded with No. 5 shot. A single discharge brought it down dead, rolled up like a ball, and it continued to roll down the hill, the leaves adhering to its quills, so that it looked more like a bundle of leaves than any animal form, as it came near us in its down grade rotation. Why such difference in the tenacity of life in the two animals?

Having had all the experience in porcupine shooting that I cared for, and having a fair specimen, we took to the boat and started leisurely for camp, which we reached about dark, well pleased with the day's adventure. My guide skinned the animal for me to take home; but it fell a prey to the Clayton rats and never filled the place it was intended for. J. H. D.

GUN AND GAME IN GERMANY.

GERMANY has the most stringent game laws of all the civilized states in the world; or, which fits the case more properly, the existing game laws are better enforced and better observed here than anywhere else. The natural consequence is that game is comparatively plenty in this thickly-settled state.

Within one or two hours' ride by railroad from Berlin may be found hunting grounds with red deer, roe, hares, partridges, ducks, snipe, etc. Hubertusstock is in close proximity to Berlin, and there the lover of game may see at any time from one hundred to four hundred red deer in one herd. Hubertusstock is the favored hunting ground of the German Court family. The aged Emperor still regularly attends the *Hofjagd* (court hunting) every November, when in two days from two to three hundred red deer—mostly stags—are killed. During the remainder of the year no gunner, nobleman or peasant, is allowed to enter these grounds. A large number of wardens protect the grounds and game against all intruders and especially against game sneakers.

The government forests throughout Germany are only hunted by the profes ional forester. They are never rented nor leased for hunting purposes to private citizens. The forester is not allowed to kill more than a fixed number of red deer, fallow deer and roe every season. This number varies and is kept in accordance with the total number of game of each species of each particular district into which the government forests are divided. It is due to this rule in connection with the game laws that game is kept at about the same number, and that particularly the red deer has not long since become extinct in Europe.

Before a person can enjoy the sport of hunting he is required to procure a hunting permit, the price of which is only seventy-five cents in Prussia, but in some German States as high as $7. This hunting permit, however, does not carry with it for the holder any more right than the privilege of carrying a gun, at least not for the majority of the gunners. Only those who own more than 300 acres of land in one tract are permitted to practice hunting on their own grounds without any further restriction and permission than the hunting permit. The great bulk of hunters must lease a hunting district—*Jagd Revier*—from some village or town. Such a district is generally from 1,000 to 6,000 acres in size, and the price paid for it runs from $50 to $1,000, the average price being about $150 annually.

The principal game of most of the private hunting grounds consists of hares, partridges and ducks, although many of them also have a small number of red deer and doe. The average battue of game killed annually on a hunting ground, for which say $125 are paid, is about 100 to 150 hares, 100 to 250 partridges, a small number of ducks and snipe and from 6 to 10 roe and a few red deer. Partridges can be shot from the end of August to November, hares from Sept. 15 to Jan. 1, ducks from July 1 to March 1, male roe from May 1 to Feb. 28, female roe from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15, and male red deer from July 1 to Jan. 1, and female red deer the same as female roe; rabbits can be hunted the entire year.

Every government forester is a game warden and also every police officer. A roe or female red deer killed out of season means for the offender a fine of $10 to $150 or imprisonment and frequently in additon the withdrawal of the hunting permit for a number of years.

The only persons in Germany who ignore the game laws are those whose passion for hunting is greater than their respect for laws in general—the game sneakers. The game sneakers can always be found where bigger game is plenty. They are, as a rule, a desperate class of men, at all times prepared, if they can, "to get the drop" on the officer when detected trespassing equipped for hunting on foreign hunting grounds. Quite a number of government and private foresters are killed every season by game sneakers. Imprisonment seldom reforms a professional game sneaker, as a rule it makes him only more careful in his illegitimate pursuits. A person once convicted for game sneaking will not for a long time enjoy the privilege of carrying a hunting permit. In fact, hunting permits are withheld from every person of ill-repute. Only persons of good morals and acquainted with the handling of a gun can obtain without difficulty a hunting permit, which also serves as a permit for carrying deadly weapons. Persons under age are in no case permitted to carry a gun.

The most popular gauge for guns in this country is the 16, a 10-gauge is a curiosity and few use the 12-gauge. Of late the 3-barrel gun, or, as it is called in this country, the triplet, is quite the fashion. Such a gun is indeed well adapted for this part of the world, where, while searching for partridges one may suddenly approach a roe buck.

Most of the hunters here as elsewhere are business men. They can not afford to enjoy their sport on week days, and thus spend their Sundays mostly on their hunting grounds. The laws here do not prohibit hunting on the Sabbath, except that during church hours—from 9 to 11 A. M.—the reports of guns must cease. Owing to this fact this class of hunters are called Sunday hunters—*Sonntags Jäger*—a term which implies imperfection or a stage of amateurism. Berlin alone counts thousands of this class of hunters within its walls.

The German railroads offer many accommodations to hunters. During the hunting season proper—September to January—every train has its compartment for hunters, where dogs are permittted to ride with their masters, and from which ordinary passengers are excluded. Of late the railroads sell dog return tickets, thus enabling hunters to jump on the train homeward bound immediately before its departure. The fares for dogs are about one-third of the regular passenger rates. Only hunting dogs are allowed to ride in passenger cars, and only for these dogs are return tickets issued.

In my next I shall, with your permission, dwell upon the different ways of hunting in this part of the world, which show a great difference from the American hunting style. ARNIM TENNER.

BERLIN, S., June 7, 1887.

ADJUSTABLE GUN STOCKS.—Solomon City, Kas., July 7. Have I not read in FOREST AND STREAM about a patent adjustable gun stock, or did I dream of it or see it in my travels abroad? I have not seen it in this country, nor do I know of any in use. Have they ever been introduced to the American knights of the trigger? Would not such pay every shooter to have say one that could be adjusted from a 2in. drop to 4½in.? Then a gun with such a stock would fit any sportsman. I think the thing should be brought into use by some of our leading gunmakers. I would like to hear from some of the older sportsmen on this subject, and especially some of the manufacturers of guns, both the trap-shooter and those who take vacation in game seasons are the principals interested in it.—GUN STOCK.

COLORADO.—Hot Sulphur Springs, June 20.—The season is unusually dry and warm. Grouse made a good hatch and are plentiful. A man driving in horses the other day saw a herd of seven deer within three-quarters of a mile of this place. I have not heard of a single violation of law in the killing of deer or other large game this season. Old hunters and fishermen who have formerly followed hunting for market, so far as I have talked with them all commend the more stringent protection now in force.

AROOSTOOK COUNTY, Me., June 30.—Deer and caribou are plentiful, and I think on the increase. Grouse wintered well and the dry weather this spring is favorable for the young. Bears are not plenty as common. No reports of catches have come to hand.—SPRING POLE.

BOUNTIFUL CLACKAMAS.—Since last September in Clackamas county, Oregon, there have been captured and killed 184 wolves and coyotes, 495 wildcats, 18 cougars and panthers, 27 bears, and upon which bounty has been paid.

HUNTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with interest the numerous articles on this subject in your columns, and being a user of the weapon for hunting game both large and small, I will venture to give my ideas of what the average hunter in this section wants. The rifles in use by hunters here are most of them of small caliber and light powder charge, viz., .38-40, .44-40, Winchester and Colt, very good and effective at short range, but with too much curve for the varying distances which we have to shoot over, one shot being at perhaps 60yds. and the next across a bay or pond at from 150 to 300yds. Now, we want a gun that we can shoot up to 250yds. without change of sights and shoot close enough to hit deer, caribou and all large game. We want more powder charge and a lighter ball, either express or solid, as light a gun as consistent with the increased recoil, and a patched bullet so constructed that the cartridge can be carried in a belt without injury to the patch. When we can get such a gun the days of the repeater will be over with me. We ought to have a rifle that we are not obliged to hold over or under the game at the distances before mentioned. The secret of the great accuracy of the old muzzleloader lies in a nutshell—heavy powder charge and light bullet. But who wants to go back to the old muzzleloader again?

I have been using a .45-60 Winchester with very good success, but would like a flatter trajectory than it gives, for it is difficult to judge distances correctly in the woods here, and a deer will not always wait for you to measure the distance and elevate your sight; and if you hold over or under it is guess work. If you guess right, good, if wrong you are out your game. It may be slightly hit, to wander away to die a lingering death and do no one any good; better far to have made a clean miss. I hope the rifle makers will turn their attention more toward the hunting rifle, and bring out a gun that will fill the wants of the hunters of northern Maine. With such a weapon and a set of Lyman sights a man may be reasonably sure of getting his meat.

The Lyman sights are the best I have ever used, and I have had experience with most all ordinary kinds. I have no hesitation in recommending them for quick work and in uncertain light.

SMYRNA, Me. SPRING POLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in FOREST AND STREAM of June 30 relating to rifles and bullets, like some previous articles, contained many useful hints to hunters of large game. But for those following the chase in the Eastern States quite a percentage will be found that would object to the weight of a Sharps rifle weighing 10 or 11lbs., preferring a gun that ranged in weight from 8 to 8½lbs., and at the same time carried an effective charge of powder and lead. But as nearly all of our breechloading guns—unless of very small caliber—exceed this weight as they come from the factory, ordered otherwise or not, how are we to overcome this defect? Last year I ordered a .38-45-190 Bullard magazine breechloading rifle, 26in. barrel, and weighing 8lbs. 9oz., cut on a uniform twist, one turn in 20in. It answered well enough for killing squirrels, but after trial last October upon the leaves for deer, it proved a failure, so much so that I decided to take it to a gunsmith and have it altered over into a .40-60-190 and cut on a twist of one turn in 10in. This change could be made by taking a .40-70 Ballard shell and cutting it down to the required length to hold the powder and lead, and still work in the magazine and carrier block. It has been doubted by some as intimated in previous numbers of this journal, whether any good results would come out of the tinkering of any breechloader after it came from the factory. That would depend entirely upon how good the gun was in the outset, and what change could be and was made afterward. For instance, as my gun came from the shop I was shooting 4 2-10grs. of lead to 1gr. of powder. As altered I use 3.16grs. of lead to 1gr. of powder. This gives me a much flatter trajectory, a ball larger in size and thrown with more speed and twist, cutting a much larger hole for blood to flow and giving the animal more of a shock. The recoil is slight even with shells loaded with Curtis & Harvey No. 6, and the penetration—with balls tempered one to twenty—is good for any game east of the plains. CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, N. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

ON THE MACEDONY.

I GOT a note one morning from an old fisherman and friend of mine: "Captain, come over into Macedonia and help us," and how I went and how I helped him this story will set forth.

Among the famous streams of Litchfield county, Connecticut, Macedony stands first and foremost. How many fishermen have waded up and down it, how many tons of trout its waters have yielded, how many nets and corn baskets have been lugged through its sparkling waters, no one can remember. Go view it now and see the ravages of the bushwhacker and charcoal man. Do you mean seriously to say, Captain, that this is a trout stream? Certes I do; and what a famous one it must have been to withstand so bravely the merciless slaughter of its occupants. Preserve it, guard it well, put on the law, and see that the law be carried out, and old Macedony is like the old copper kettle, "the harder 'tis rubbed the brighter 'twill shine." Not many streams, if any, have yielded me more fun and positive enjoyment, and a sense of duty and pleasure to a dear old friend prompts me to give some account of it. It is a fine, clear, sparkling stream, fed by living waters and running into the Housatonic. Near the pretty village of Kent, northward up in the Schagitoke hills, west of the river several miles up, it heads and so comes tumbling and leaping down to its mouth by the river. I am going to try once more my "old bamboo" down through the meadows at the lower end of the stream, for I believe patience there may yet do wonders.

The stream is endeared to me by fond recollection, for I there made a convert of a fly man, and convinced him so thoroughly of the "error of his ways" as to win his lasting friendship. It came about thus: I had met the ingenious youth on "Old Macedony" one pleasant summer day when I was loitering down stream, and, as he was rigged out in gorgeous array and with an elegant rod "and fixin's," had had "a multiplicity of talk" with him and had accepted his invitation to join him in a down-stream fish. "What luck, sir?" "None at all. These fish do not seem to be educated up to the fly." "No," I replied, pulling out a fine fish under his very nose with an ignoble worm. "You are right, sir. Try some of my worms." What an indignant look he gave me; with what well-bred contempt did he refuse my well-meant offer! Fancy giving a man who smokes Henry Clays a penny cigar and you have my friend's expression to a dot. Away went his fly, first under a bush, then on top, then into a tree, then off altogether, and I didn't blame the poor insect for flying away to a land of rest; he needed it sorely. I pursued "the even tenor of my way," and brought out fish after fish under the eye of my indignant friend, until at last, taking pity on his forlorn condition, I said to him with a tone that was childlike and bland, "Youth from New York, have you come up here to fish or to merely go through the motions? Are you going to enlighten the 'Nutmeggers' as to how to fish this stream?" "What shall I do to escape going home troutless? Show me the way." And I did; and that young fellow followed my advice and took many goodly fish, and if he should mayhap read

this, let him laugh heartily at that pleasant June morning and the lesson I taught him, and go and do likewise.

On another sunny day I was on the stream with a man who wanted to borrow some flies from me. I always "go heeled" and my red-ibis was at his disposal. We had an amusing race down stream where, the stream being wider and broader, my friend had some sort of a chance. So we struck in and waded down, he one side of the stream and I the other, and we had no end of fun. Away would go the fly, down soft as a snowflake on the ripple; if the trout would rise, well and good, and if not I would try my hand; and so *vice versa;* sometimes one would succeed, sometimes the other, sometimes both. We kept this up, until after going down stream some distance, we came to a fence running right across the brook with alders on either side. My friend made a dexterous cast just over the rails, when in an instant he felt a strike and called out, "Captain, I have a whale." What a commotion—flutter, splash and dash and crash. Hold him, play him, steady; give him the butt. Snap! away goes the tip, short off. Hold on to your rod. Over the fence dashes Charley, and lo and behold there was a duck, a tame one. It had grabbed his red-ibis, gobbled it up and was raising merry Cain with rod and line. He seized that unfortunate fowl by one leg, and with vigorous language and a rapid twirl put it out of that creature's power forever to seize any more flies. That finished our amicable contest. Not long after this, shamed into it, in fact, the law was put on "Old Macedony," and the famous stream had, or was supposed to have, a rest.

It was at the expiration of the time, or very nearly so, that I got word to "come over into Macedony and help us." Jack drove over to see me after writing, and I said: "Help you to what? How! When! Where! The law is on the stream; we shall be caught and lugged off ignominiously to jail, every mother's son of us. Wait a while." Under a wide-spreading willow, in sight of the Housatonic, close by a rippling, bubbling trout stream, on the grass together, "Jack said: "Come, now, don't go off half cocked; listen, and I will a tale unfold. Let us reason together. Did you see in the paper the other day that the editor of a certain Bridgeport paper had a very fine mess of trout sent him?" "I did see that." "Friend of my early days, do you know Pipe Chamberlain caught those fish?" I did not. "Well," said Jack, "I happen to know from information received that that is the truth, and those fish were caught in Macedony." Pipe was the sheriff of the county and as well-known as any man in the Nutmeg State; a big-hearted, broad-shouldered fellow, as full of fun as an egg is of meat, and a great chum of mine. "The old scaramouch; why, Jack, I tried to pump him the other day and he was as dumb as an oyster; innocence personified. Didn't know a trout from a shiner, hadn't been fishing he couldn't tell when. I made up my mind he was basely deceiving me, and I told him so, and he only laughed the louder." "Well, Captain, I have got posted up, and you are going to emigrate from here very soon; and if you want a little sport say the word and we will go." And go we did.

Though there was a law on the stream, there was more than this; there was a law for outsiders, and a law unto themselves for the dwellers close by; when they wanted trout they caught them, but more than one man had been ordered off on short notice. I have had in my mind's eye an unhappy "Johnny Crapeaud" who chanced my way to fish, got up as only the native of Gaul can get himself up, "Solomon in all his glory" nowhere, who was captured and led ignominiously into camp by "Old Burt," as he explained to me, for pure fun, with "sacreés" and shrugs innumerable and fearful rollings of the letter r, and lamentations. This victim of misplaced confidence was despoiled of his rod, line and fish, and was consoled by being told "he had been let off cheap," and so "with rage in his heart and fire in his eye," he was started due west toward the setting sun; he brought up, mayhap, in Dover or Poughkeepsie, but never again was he seen on "Old Macedony."

Jack had made the startling discovery that the law was up three days before the popular supposition. On this hint of the town clerk he spoke and we acted. So off in the cool of the morning we drove up for Kent. Where can you find a lovelier drive than along the Housatonic? And what a salmon river that would make. Following up the winding river past Cat Rock, by Ten-Mile Run, by Balls Bridge and its falls, we drove on to our destination.

However, as we wanted the whole thing kept quiet, we had sent word to an old hunter to keep his weather eye open, and, as an extra precaution, we had provided ourselves with a bottle filled with the most villainous stuff that could be concocted in Kent: as I knew very well my friend and myself never touched such stuff, and, as he handled it so tenderly, I made up my mind Jack knew his investment would turn out profitably, a result which showed how level-headed my chum was. We pulled up after an hour's drive at the old hunter's wigwam, put up the horse, and told Burt to come along and see the fun. The patrolman of the stream, who lived near by, was cautiously interviewed, and the bottle containing the finest old rye given him. The look on Jack's face as he handed the old toper this as a present from the Captain would have done credit to Burton. Then, telling the old fellow to keep mum and with very serious doubts in my mind as to whether we should ever see him again, we set out for a walk up the stream. Burt whistled for Dorcas, one of Sam Scranton's famous breed of dogs, and took his gun and we our tackle, and so we started.

After going up about a mile we struck in and went to work. The most of these mountain streams come down through the ravines and hills, dashing and splashing over rocks and waterfalls, their banks fringed with alders, so that fly-fishing is one of the lost arts here. It's no joke to work your way through. Patience becomes a great virtue here. I set to work, and I own up for once I struck oil. Such fishing I never had in Litchfield county, nor ever expect to have again. The stream was full of fine fish, the day warm and lowery, with a light south wind; just the day for fishing. Burt had double fun; he could watch us taking them out as fast as we could throw in, and every now and then up would go a woodcock which he was too good a sportsman to wish to kill. "Plenty of time for them later, Captain; wait till the fall weather comes; that's the time to shoot these birds." And he was right.

Once we heard the noise of the wheels from a rapidly approaching wagon. Charge! Down goes the well trained setter, down goes Burt and then the Captain and Jack followed suit: three of us hugged dear old mother earth, but my friend was wading in the stream and could not get ashore in time, and—trump of a boy that he was—down he went in the water. Flat he laid himself on his neck with just the tip end of his nose and mouth out, not a sound nor a motion, while not more than 20ft. away on the high road old Tom Stone, who made it his business to patrol the road, was peering through the bushes and evidently looking out for trespassers. As for me the sight of the heroic exertions my companion was making in the cause of fishing prompted me to come to his rescue and I was on the point of betraying my hiding place, when Burt walked out into full view with his dog and gun. "Halloo, Tom!" "How are you, old man? 'Pears to me I heard some one fishing here." "Oh, no, I guess not. You heard me. I was just giving my dog a little exercise." "Seen any one 'round here, Burt?" "No." So the old fellow finally drove off. Talk of Venus rising from the sea, you should have seen Jack. "Captain, I'm most drowned and frozen stiff." We started him off on a run and kept him moving, and in the course of fifteen minutes he was himself again.

Then the fun grew fast and furious. Every time we threw our lines in the trout would go for the bait and in half an hour's fishing we had all we wanted. Jack and myself both believed in moderation, we came for a fish and we got what we came for; we came for rest and recreation, and the lovely scenery and the sunshine, and blue sky and breath of the balmy posies. All of this was a positive delight to us, we could have caught pounds and pounds of big trout. We caught between us, that memorable day in about 3 hours' fishing, some 54 trout, many of them fine fish that would "go all the way across the basket." Then we walked back to Burt's house, had a good lunch, a good drink of cider, found the old man of whom we spoke still alive, which was an inexpressible relief to me, and started for home.

Half way home we met the irrepressible Pipe. "Boys, you have been fishing?" "We have." "Fishing in the Macedony?" "Oh no, Sheriff, the law is not off till the 14th and this is only the 13th." "I know better; I know when the time's up." "Old man," I said to him, sternly, "didn't you fish this stream before? Own up!" "Well, once, and only once." "And you sent your unlawful gains down to Bridgeport." "I did, Captain." "Very well, sir, the next time we pass your house you shall give us a glass of your best cider, and we will give you forgiveness." "I will do so! good-bye, good-bye."

We never saw Pipe again. He sleeps his last sleep close by the streams he loved to fish. Since then I have once revisited Macedony, and once partially fished down its waters, but it was not as of old. I did not get 54 nor 40, the last time. A few fish but many remembrances.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

ETHICS AND EXPERIENCE.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Colorado, June 26, 1887.—I am not a late convert, redeemed at last when in "the sere and yellow leaf" like "Pisco" and "C. D. C.," from the artificial-fly-or-nothing to worms "and sich" for bait. It must be they never fished-for-meat-or-went-to-sleep-hungry in their earlier years. Ravenous hunger would have impelled them to conceal the too apparently deceptive combination of tinsel and feathers under a real live grasshopper or a wriggling worm long, long ago, if they had been dependent solely upon the result of their angling for something to eat. For me, when I go a-fishing I go for fish. True, "it is not all of fishing to fish." There are a thousand other pleasures attendant. The freedom from care, the beauties of nature in myriad forms, singing birds, frisky, chattering squirrels, rippling waters, heavenly breezes, rustling leaves, buzzing in—but why get over the edge.

As I said before I go for fish. Having tramped afoot or straddled a bronco over four or five miles to the fishing water, only to discover that the "speckled beauties" do not care for a glittering, skittering fraud to-day, but want something more substantial, I try to oblige them. I do not reel up my line, put away my flies and retrace my profitless journey, now seeming eight or ten miles of sage plain, rocky hillside or hot, dusty road, empty-handed and only to be laughed at. That is, I don't do these particular things if I can find minnows, grasshoppers, dobsons or something else that the trout want. Thirty-five years ago, when I first caught trout in the streams of the "Great American Desert," our faith and hope and main reliance, at times, were centered and concentrated in the Egyptian locust and the Mormon cricket. With those we could get trout. There are conditions of the water when the fly is useless. There are days, and hours of other days, when fish will not touch the fly. Why, then, should sportsmen insist and persist that the fly is the only lure that may be used? Some insist that anything else is unmanly, a deception upon the innocent, unsuspecting fish. Out upon such balderdash. What more outrageous, barefaced deception is there than the artificial trout fly itself? It makes no pretense to being anything else. If the fish is taken at all it is by a deception, and it is a fatal deception to the victim. What matters to it whether that deception is one concealed by substance or if it is a fraud in fact as well as in its concealment? Is the latter any more manly? Does it give the fish any more chance for its life? Hardly so much, as results show. In point of fact the artificial lure is more fatal in effect than a natural one. This kind of Pharisaical preaching is near akin to that other which says that no bird should be shot except upon the wing. What nonsense. Who makes the big bag of birds but the wing shot? Who takes the big creel of trout but the fly-rodsman? Fortunately the latter cannot do it every day, nor in all waters, if he sticks to his creed. It is these extra skillful sportsmen who exterminate game from the land and the same who sneeringly designate all others who lack their peculiar skill as "pot-hunters." A "pot-hunter" may be, and he generally is, a very expert with the double cylinders at birds on the wing, requiring a pair of retrievers to gather them in and an assistant to load and hand up his guns. A "trout-hog" may handle a five or six ounce split bamboo never so deftly and drop his gray-miller and black-ant upon the water gently as snow flakes, luring the fingerling trout so skillfully by a counterfeit and landing them so quickly by his skill that they do not have to be removed from the hook, but drop off themselves on the bank of the brook. They all count, though it may require a magnifying glass to see them. I heard one of these gentry boast that he once caught from a stream that he could step across at any point and dropped them from his fly-hook on the other bank without touching one of them with his hands, over four hundred little trout. Yet we are told that men who can do these things are the only genuine, simon-pure, original-Jacobs sportsmen, the only ones who give the birds or the fish a "living chance." Would it not be more just to designate as sportsmen those who kill what they shoot and land what they hook, ending the life of either in a speedy and humane way and who know enough to quit killing when they have acquired a fair and reasonable supply? But this may all be considered as scolding and we had better drop the subject.

I came over here the first of the month to enjoy a little fishing in June. Our laws now permit fishing with rod and line, but not otherwise, all the year. They also prohibit fishing for market, or the sale of fish caught from the public streams. Formerly fishing was forbidden from Jan. 1 to July 1. Usually it is almost impossible to catch trout earlier than July 1, but this year is exceptional, the seasons being nearly a month earlier than usual. Well, when I came over from Denver, the streams were yet high and roily, with a strong flavor of snow in the water, and more or less grass land and willow land covered. However, the water was falling, and in the larger streams a few fish could be taken, but only with minnows. The fly was entirely useless. We have no angle worms in Colorado, except in Denver, where they were transplanted about twenty years ago, and have since spread all over the city. I never caught a trout with an angle worm, but I don't call another man a horse thief because he did. In the absence of other bait, many use grubs or muck worms and wood worms, but I have never resorted to either.

On the 10th of June the trout flies, May flies, willow flies, helgramites or dobsons, appeared in the winged forms in the lower end of the park, and on the 11th, at this place and above, but they extended, as I am told, up to only about 8,000ft. above sea level. They were very plentiful and gorgeous in wings and coloring. With these for bait the fishing became at once first-rate. The flies lasted five days; that is, they were not plentiful in the lower end of the park after the 15th, nor in the upper part after the 16th. Occasional stragglers can since be found, but not enough to rely upon. Immediately following their disappearance the trout began taking the artificial fly, but were choice in their selection. A little ashen-gray miller next appeared along the streams, hovering over the water, and when the wind blew, thickly sprinkled its surface. The fish feed ravenously upon these, but they are not very filling and a reasonable sportsman can easily catch all the trout he wants with any modest appearing neutral tinted fly, even where the millers are most plentiful. The fish are vigorous and fat, and average large in size for these streams, the ordinary catch ranging from 6 to 20oz., with a majority of them from 10 to 14oz. I have hooked but three fish to throw back into the stream—under 7in. My fishing so far has been confined to Grand River, two miles up on both sides, and four miles down on one side. More fish can be taken in the smaller streams, but this is good enough.

There is one fact in connection with fishing in the Rocky Mountain country that seems never to be taken into account. I allude to the almost total exemption from annoyance by insects. A large share of the details for outfitting a party for a fishing excursion in most countries is devoted to the methods and appliances for circumventing insect pests, and for neutralizing the effect of their bites and stings. Innumerable lotions, emulsions and ointments are provided. Elaborate nets and protectors are carried along. And they appear, from all accounts, to be fully necessary. The daily journal in the woods is usually about half made up of particulars of fights with the big fish that finally got away in daytime, and the other half of how they doped themselves and each other with coal-tar and turpentine and other condiments, and smudged the mosquitoes, black flies, punkies, etc., at night. The party is generally flanked right and left and whipped all along the line, on land and water, day and night. I reach this conclusion from evidence of their historians who publish their testimony in FOREST AND STREAM. Have had no experience. Now in this country we have no such unpleasant experiences. There are no black flies, punkies, sand flies or buffalo gnats. There is a short mosquito season, seldom lasting more than two or three weeks, in either the latter part of June and the first part of July, or else wholly in the earlier part of July, during which that insect may be found somewhat annoying at certain hours of the day or in certain places. But they always disappear when the sun goes down. None are seen, felt or heard during the night. Along many of the streams there are no mosquitoes at all at any time. It is only where there is shelter of willows, or tall grass, or sloughs of dead water, that they are annoying. Throughout the latter part of the summer and all of the autumn there are no insect pests at all. W. N. B.

BETTER FISHING IN THE UPPER HUDSON.—Mr. A. N. Cheney thinks the Upper Hudson is a far better stream for fish than it was a few years ago. The paper mills no longer use such quantities of bleaching material as formerly, and consequently a smaller quantity of lime passes into the river. New processes in paper making have superseded the old methods, which polluted the water to a great extent. His attention was called to this fact, that lately some black bass have been taken at the foot of Glens Falls, opposite the great paper mill there, which is said to be the largest in the world. It was a common thing to take them there some years ago, but of late years they had abandoned the place. The superintendent of this mill says that soda ash is no longer used in bleaching, and that but a small quantity of lime is required in their processes, and that what is true of his mill is also true of all paper mills on the river.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—State Game Protector Mathew Kennedy, of Hudson, furnishes the following list of salmon taken in the Hudson River this season. One fish of 8lbs. at Kingston Point, by John Mahoney; one of 18lbs. at Port Ewing, by Al. Munson; one of 14½lbs. at Tivoli, by Christopher Coon & Co., and one by himself at Hudson of 17lbs. We have recorded the latter fish before, and it was taken before the passage of the law forbidding their capture in nets, but we have not the dates of the other captures. They were probably taken during the shad season, and before the new law went into effect.

SALMON AND TROUT.

SALMON fishing in New Brunswick waters has not yet been much of a success this year, that is if we are to judge by the reports. Several parties from Boston have tried them, but even where costly leases are presumed to protect the fishing till the lessee arrives, there are no fish or very few fish. Two gentlemen from this city—they would not want their names mentioned—took up the line of march, or rather took the line of railroad, to a salmon preserve the other day. They were supplied with all that modern invention could provide for a successful trip, but they have returned empty-handed. They are not pleased with New Brunswick salmon waters this year. They have both had great luck on former occasions, but now they declare that there is a scarcity of fish. Black flies! Don't mention them in the hearing of either of these two sportsmen for a year to come, no more than you would mention one of the occasions of great suffering that may have been a part of their lives. They were "perfectly dreadful!" The outfit of the sportsmen contained some of the best fly preventives known to the woods fisherman of the day, but all to no purpose, or at least to no purpose after the compound had been exposed to the rays of the sun or the scorching of the parched atmosphere for a few moments. Then the flies were ready to live upon what the inventor druggist had designed for their destruction. When fresh and pungent the swarms of blood-thirsty insects were turned back for a moment, but soon they worked through the wall of aroma, and once the most venturesome of the throng had drawn blood the rest came on like a pack of hungry wolves. These gentlemen say that the only respectable feature about the black fly is that "he retires at nightfall, while his brother in deviltry, the mosquito, carouses all night." The accounts of salmon fishing in the Penobscot, at Bangor, are still good. The number of smaller fish being taken is large.

The brook stripper is abroad. Accounts of 200 and even up to 500 to the catch are far too common. When will the day of such foolish and unmanly slaughter, such wicked waste of what might be reasonable sport if allowed to mature, be done? The cheap writer in the country papers, the country editor who hangs out his porringer for whatever the lover of cheap notoriety may drop in; both are to blame in a measure for this deplorable destruction of fingerling trout. They chronicle the big catch of little fish, but carefully leave out the little part of the item. They make the catcher out a brave and an expert with rod and line, when rather he ought to be ashamed of his deed. But the scribbler usually eats the fish—or a part of them—and what can be expected of a man of little caliber with a lot of baby trout in his stomach? But the spirit of protection is on the move, and legislation in Maine will in due time be asked to stay this destruction of nursery stock. It begins to be understood that these brooks and streams are the nurseries where the little trout seek safety from the larger fish till they are better grown, and that to take a fingerling is to kill what would be a great fish, but perhaps in deeper waters, if left alone. Those who have given the subject the most study are on record as believing that to protect the smaller fish in their growing places is one of the true secrets of successful fish propagation. Again, the landlords and guides in some of the trouting sections of the northern New England States are becoming greatly dissatisfied with this brook stripping, especially if it be done by those they term "the natives." They mean the inhabitants of their own and adjoining towns; and it is by such fishermen that the worst of the brook stripping is done. They alone have the patience—the hardihood—to travel through brier and tangle and up the bed of the rocky stream for miles, simply for the sake of the little trout. The city sportsman—the vacationist—is apt to tire on the first mile, and the flies are too much for him by the end of the second. These "natives" leave the landlord no money. Said one of them to me the other day, "I am sick of this brook stripping by the men and boys of —— and the other tows below here. They come with their own teams driving in over our road, which it has cost us so much labor and money to build. They bring all that they have while in the woods, both for themselves and their horses, and the result is that we never get a dollar out of them. They camp on the stream and they stay till they have taken every trout. They catch them by every means that they know of, be it fair or foul. They will even stoop to dynamite cartridges in a pool where there are a few trout left, too shy to take the hook. They strip the brook till there is nothing left for the reasonable sportsman who comes later and pays us for board and teams, and is satisfied with a few large trout taken on the fly. I am sick of such work. We need a law that shall limit the number of trout that a man can take to 25 or 50. Then the fishermen will try for the larger ones, and will put back the smaller ones. The next time you write for the FOREST AND STREAM write something that will make a man ashamed of taking hundreds of little brook trout, just for the name of it."

The following item is from a daily paper of yesterday:

"Two hundred trout in two hours is the record of an Elm House boarder on a late trip to a brook in the woods just west of Madrid. They were small, but toothsome, and fairly offset Chicadee's two suckers a day which was mentioned as an index of our piscatorial attractions. Since then a string of pickerel has come to our frying-pan, and they were even sweeter than the little trout."

This is from an occasional correspondent, and it is evident from the reading of the item what was uppermost on the mind of the writer. Truly toothsomeness and the fryingpan are mighty elements. The pen! the sword! Both bow to the frying-pan. But "piscatorial attractions" even can soon be dissolved in a frying-pan.

The latest reports from the Maine trout regions speak of another rise in the waters, and consequently good fishing. It appears that recent rains have raised the streams in eastern Maine, as well as some of the lakes, and that this has brought good fishing. It is remarked by nearly every sportsman who has lately returned, that the season on trout has held out most remarkably. This is also true of salmon in the Penobscot. There are also reports of big catches of trout in locations where the sportsmen have almost ceased to frequent, for the reason that the idea had got out that the streams were exhausted. The fishing in some of the ponds in Somerset county, more notably Pleasant Ridge Ponds and Carrying Place Pond, has been better this year than for a long time. It is thought that the higher water has had something to do with the better sport. There has been good fishing at the outlet of Moosehead Lake, and for a short distance down the Kennebec. The Moose River region is being more thoroughly visited by sportsmen than usual this year, and there are reports of some fine catches of trout at Moxie, both at the falls and on the stream. These catches of trout are many of them larger than they should be. They come within the scope of the brook stripping, which has come to be such a shame in many sections in Maine. The Rangeley region is now pretty thoroughly populated with summer tourists and vacationists, and it is the grand object of some of the local and county papers in that part of the State to keep up the idea that there is good fishing even in July and August, or when the mercury is running from 90 to 100 in the shade. Well, let the tourists and vacationists have all the fishing there is when the weather is as hot as it was last week, they will the sooner tire of such things, and the field will be all the more clear for the real sportsman, who is willing to go to the lake and stream at the time when the fish do bite, instead of when it is fashionable to take a vacation.

There are reports of several catches of landlocked salmon with the fly this season. It has always been a question with sportsmen, as they all well know, as to whether the landlocked salmon was ever to be much of a success as a fish to rise to the fly. Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has given the subject a good deal of attention, being an excellent fly-fisherman himself, and also tying with his own hands some of the best trout and salmon flies in use. He has caught landlocked salmon on the fly in Weld Pond and other waters, but at the same time he has had but little success in that method of fishing in the Sebago waters, where the landlocked salmon is found naturally—that is, where there is no record of the sea salmon having been put in, from which the original landlocked salmon sprung. But now comes Mr. R. C. Stanley with the report that he took six landlocked salmon in Sebec Lake last week, all with the fly. The united weight of these fish was 27lbs. Mr. Stanley says that he had nearly all of his success with the brown-hackle.

SPECIAL.

ANGLING LITERATURE OF AMERICA.—II.

IN 1850 the indefatigable Storer, of Massachusetts, wrote up the "Fishes of Nova Scotia and Labrador." Dr. Gilpin, Matthew Jones, of Halifax, N. S., and Rev. M. Harvey, of Newfoundland, were also industrious pamphleteers. In 1852 Girard published his "Fresh Water Fishes of North America." In 1855 the ichthyology of the Northwest was fairly covered by Dr. Suckley, U. S. A., in the "Pacific Railroad Reports." Moses Parley printed his "Fisheries of New Brunswick" in 1862. In the same year Holbrook's ambitious work on the "Fishes of South Carolina" appeared—a large quarto, with colored portraits of the fishes described. The civil war broke out before the work was finished, and the subsequent death of the author precluded its continuance. In 1866 Lord's "Naturalist in British Columbia" was published. Other books, of more or less interest to the angler, appeared from time to time, but none of special value. Nothing like a comprehensive manual was published until 1864, when Roosevelt's "Game Fish of the North" came out. That was during the year of the first lease of a Canadian salmon river, the Nepissiguit, and the book made special reference to that famous stream in its chapter on salmon fishing, itself a new revelation to the fraternity of fishermen. How to fish for salmon, and the implements to be used, and a description of the sport, had never been presented before. The volume was a godsend to anglers, for it included the technology of angling, fly-fishing, tackle-making, entomology, fishculture, camping out, etc. It described new devices, new methods and new fields of sport, which had come into use during the sixteen years that had intervened since the enterprising Browne had prepared his "Angler's Guide." Moreover, it introduced new species of fishes, not previously regarded for sport, and identified others which had been in doubt. The whole subject was in chaos at that time, scientifically considered. Experts had not even quite determined whether a brook trout and a samlet (parr) were the same, or that brook trout were not, in fact, immature salmon. The world has moved since then.

In 1865, the year following, Roosevelt put out a supplementary book, entitled "Superior Fishing," relating chiefly to the fishes of the Great Lakes, and touching the lately mooted subject of fish protection. The two books together covered the common brook trout, the sea trout, the salmon, landlocked salmon, the coregoni group, the common carp, the mascalonge, pickerel, and great northern pike (now known as the Mississippi mascalonge, in distinction from the mascalonge of the St. Lawrence system), the two then scarcely recognized varieties of black bass, the rock bass, yellow perch, pike perch or wall-eye, the great lake trout (namaycush), lake trout, and siscowet, all of them fresh-water fish; and the bluefish, striped bass, Spanish mackerel, and snapping mackerel (which has since been identified as a young bluefish), all salt-water fish—twenty-one varieties all told. The same year "Uncle" Thad Norris produced his "American Angler's Book," a magnificent illustrated octavo of 700 pages (distinctively American, and no mistaking its type), of the same general character and scope as Mr. Roosevelt's dual publication, and including descriptions of some fifty varieties of fishes, of which sixteen were salt-water forms; but with the disadvantage of being not always accurate. The author was somewhat "mixed" in his ichthyology, and liable to describe without having seen. His carelessness in these respects drew upon himself the gentle reprehension of certain professional Canadians, which he had the good sense to receive graciously, and print in an appendix to later editions. For the most part, however, the book can be relied on, and is serviceable. In 1869, Genio C. Scott, an expert in trout and striped bass fishing, printed a copiously illustrated octavo volume, entitled "Fishing in American Waters," which is open to the same objections as Norris's book, only more so. He devoted large space to salt-water fish, with many of which he was well acquainted, and would have made a first-class book had he not prospected beyond his depth. By this time, too, science had made considerable progress, so that his errors became the more glaring. The praiseworthy quality about Roosevelt is that he seldom makes mistakes.

The same year Mr. Allerton described the monster trout of Maine, which have been caught of 18lbs. weight, in a very creditable book with the rather general title of "Brook Trout Fishing." There were other readable books of the generic type, some of them having high literary merit (Dawson's "Pleasures of Angling" being one of them, and Dr. Updegraff's "Bodinco" another), but whose specific value consisted in the acquaintance they made with new resorts, such as the Adirondacks (Headley, 1856), the White Mountains (Prime, 1867), the Delaware Waters (Krider, 1853) the Blue Ridge of Virginia (Strother, 1856), the Magog District of Canada (1867), the Upper Mississippi (Oliver Gibbs, 1869), and Carolina Sports (Elliott). Bertram's "Harvest of the Sea" (1866) was valuable to naturalists, containing much new information about Florida fishes. By the close of the decade fishculture attracted increased attention, and we therefore note sundry books on that subject, to wit: "Artificial Fish Breeding," by Fry (1866); "Fish Culture for Shad, Salmon, etc." (1868); "Directions for Raising Trout" (Stone, 1868), "Domesticated Trout" (1872), by the same author, and "Trout Culture," by Slack (1872). Perhaps a full bibliography of American books to the date last named will assist the collector and interest the reader, in spite of the partial recapitulation, and I therefore venture to interpolate it here as a sort of relay house on our historical tour. I claim it as the most perfect list yet printed:

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN ANGLING LITERATURE.

Rafinesque—Ohio River and tributaries	1820
Fishes of Ohio, Kirtland	1828
Memoirs of Schuylkill Fishing Club from 1732 to 1820	1830
Observations on Angling, Smith	1833
Massachusetts Fishes, Hitchcock	1835
Rambles in North America, Latiobe	1835
Ichthyology of Massachusetts, Storer	1839
Embryology of the Salmon, Agassiz	1842
Fishes of New York, De Kay	1842
American Anglers' Guide (English)	1846
Fishes of North America, Storer	1846
Walton—Bethune	1848
Fishculture, Garlick	1848
Adventures of an Angler in Canada; Tour of the Saguenay, Lanman	1848
Owl Creek Cabin Letters, Prime	1848
L'Acadie (London)	1849
Fish and Fishing, Forrester	1849
American Anglers' Guide, J. J. Browne	1849
American Sportsman, Lewis	1850
Fisher's Manual for the United States	1850
Long Lake, Todd	1850
Wild Hook and Line, Forrester	1851
Fresh-Water Fishes of North America, Girard	1852
Old House by the River, Prime	1853
Sporting Anecdotes, Klapp-Krider	1853
Blackwater Chronicle, Strother	1853
Hills, Lakes and Streams, Hammond	1854
Pacific R. R. Reports, Suckley	1855
Wet Days at Edgewood, G. K. Marvel	1855
Virginia Illustrated, Strother	1856
Adirondacks, Headley	1856
Frank Forester's Manual	1857
Hudson Bay, or Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America	1858
St. Lawrence and its Tributaries, Hattle	1859
Carolina Sports, Elliott	1859
Salmon Fishing in Canada, Hamilton	1860
Fisheries of New Brunswick, Perley	1862
Fishes of South Carolina, Holbrook	1862
Game Fish of the North, Roosevelt	1864
Arcadia (Northern New York)	1864
American Angler's Book, Norris	1865
Shooting and Fishing, Revoil	1865
Superior Fishing, Roosevelt	1865
Naturalist in British Columbia, Lord	1866
Artificial Fish Breeding, Fry	1866
Later Years' Fishing, Prime	1867
Magog District	1867
Hints to Anglers, Bell	1868
Random Casts	1868
Adirondacks, Murray	1868
Directions for Raising Trout, Stone	1868
Lake Pepin Fish Chowder, Gibbs	1869
Brook Trout Fishing, Allerton	1869
Fishing in American Waters, Scott	1869
Forest Life in Acadie, Hardy	1869
Chiploquorgan, Dashwood	1871
Trout Culture, Slack	1872
Domesticated Trout, Stone	1873

Hallock's "Fishing Tourist" appeared in 1873. It was chiefly a record of personal observation and travel, which covered all the trout and salmon waters of the continent, including the Pacific coast. It introduced the Michigan grayling, which thenceforward became such a popular game fish that it was well nigh exterminated in the course of the succeeding ten years. In 1877 the same author, being editor of FOREST AND STREAM at the time, printed the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," a volume of 900 pages, which became at once the standard reference book of American sportsmen. It was strictly an encyclopedia. It described and classified some three hundred varieties of salt and fresh-water fishes, giving their local names and synonyms, the first attempt ever made in a popular work. It included also a copious glossary of sporting terms, and a complete directory to all the sporting localities in each State, Territory and Canadian Province, by townships and counties, even to far-off Alaska—a region whose ichthyology has since been treated at length by the same author in "Our New Alaska." The "Sportsman's Gazetteer" made the first classification of Pacific coast fishes, the same having been revised and verified by Professor Gill, whose scientific work plays such important part in advanced ichthyology. In 1878 Professor Jordan issued his "Manual of Vertebrates," a comprehensive and much needed work, fully up to the times. Ferguson's "Fishes of Maryland," and the annual reports of the thirty or more State fish commissioners, formed important accessions to the rapidly accumulating knowledge on fish subjects. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass" (1881) was a special monography of great value. "Sport with Gun and Rod" (1883) is deserving of mention as an elegant collocation of sketches which combine vivid style with practical information. In the technology of angling four books have appeared during the past three years, which are quite thorough and comprehensive, and altogether indispensable to the practical angler. "Fishing with the Fly" (Orvis-Cheney, 1886) is illustrated with colored lithographs of salmon, bass, and trout flies, in no less than 143 popular and approved patterns. "Fly Rod and Tackle" (Wells, 1885) is a thoroughly American book of instruction, covering the entire field of angling mechanics in a masterful way, with drawings, diagrams, and demonstrations of perfunctory problems. The author is somewhat theoretical, and consequently dogmatic and arbitrary, a disposition which is made especially manifest in his more pretentious but less reliable book "The American Salmon Angler." Old anglers accept as much of it as they can approve and quietly reject the balance. A more thorough paced book, as a horseman might term it, is Keene's "Fishing Tackle" (1886). The author is an Englishman, resident in the United States, but equally at home in both countries, and altogether dispassionate and unprejudiced. He seems to have the happy faculty of a wise discrimination and judicious selection, rejecting whatever is bad in this or the other, and striving to combine, hold fast, and recommend that which is good. "Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making'

(1887), by the same author, is a sensible book, which will suit the anglers of the old school. It indorses tried and approved methods, and is cautious of innovations. One very remarkable production, most creditable to its compiler, and certainly falling within the scope of legitimate angling literature, is the latest catalogue issued by Messrs. Abbey & Imbrie, of New York, which contains some 1,500 illustrations, covering the entire range of angling outfits. Such an inimitable pictorial exposition is most useful in objective instruction and ought to be catalogued in every angling library.—*Charles Hallock, in London Field.*

THE SLIDING LOOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am firmly convinced that a fair trial will prove all that I claim for this arrangement. The short space of time required to change a cast of flies, also the fact that when the gut gets worn at the head of the fly, it can be cut above the worn place and another loop tied in, will greatly recommend it to every fly-fisher. My first attempts at using the sliding loop (or slip noose) were not very successful. It did not work well for the simple reason that the head of the fly was not the proper shape. I did not find it out until some time afterward, but laid the trouble to every cause but the right one; that trouble disposed of the loop has always stood by me in actual use. I have used it in all my fishing with only the end knot; the knot close to loop fastening blocks any tendency to loosen up and should always be used. A fair trial will convince the most stubborn angler of its advantages over the old-time methods.

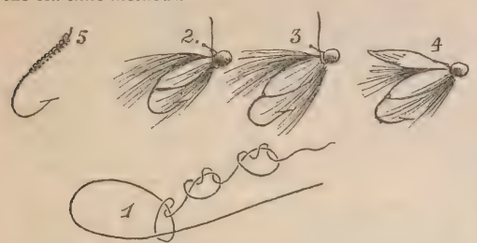


Fig. 1 shows manner of tying the loop and knots. Fig. 2 shows loop in position with knots drawn tight. Place a finger on the fastening and pull upward on the leader; it will then settle into place as in Fig. 3. To unfasten pull on the knotted end. The drawings give the proper shape and size of the head of the fly in proportion to the body. Avoid tying head of fly as in Fig. 4. A fly of this description will answer tolerably well if strong waxed thread is wound over wrapping until large enough to give a good hold. Fig. 5 represents a hook slightly turned up at the end, with waxed thread wound on up to the head, in the usual manner of wrapping, omitting gut in all cases. A hook slightly knobbed, or as in Fig. 5, is the proper thing to use to give this arrangement a fair trial. A straight hook can be made to answer the purpose, provided the angler is careful enough to tie in everything in the strongest possible manner, with four or five half-hitches, is a very good way of finishing off or fastening on.

Where extra strength is required, wind strong waxed thread around hook in the usual manner of wrapping, finishing off opposite the point, leaving about 6in. over. Now tie in two or three pieces separately close up to where you finished off, leaving the same length over; bring them together and wind toward the head, tying in each strand separately and close up in finishing. For bait-fishing wind waxed thread back of projection (see Fig. 5) to form a cushion to keep the gut away from the head of the hook; wax your thread well with shoemaker's wax, and rub some warm wax over the wrapping and fastenings; if the weather is cold do your work near the fire.

Now I leave you to your own devices, or rather mine.

ARTIST.

RAHWAY, N. J.

NOTES FROM ALASKA.

THE waters of southeastern Alaska are quite well stocked with fish. Among others there are codfish, flounders, herring, halibut, red and dog salmon and salmon trout. The codfish, flounders, halibut and salmon trout are taken with the line, and sometimes a fine salmon may be taken by trolling with a silver spoon. Usually, however, salmon and herring are taken in nets.

Without doubt the Northwest Trading Co. take more herring at Killisnoo, on Admiralty Island, than any other establishment in Alaska. Hundreds of tons of the fish are caught during every month of the season, and thousands of barrels of oil produced therefrom are shipped back to the States, where it is often sold under quite a different name from that which its origin makes proper.

The herring run in such dense schools that with no other implement than a stick, through which several nails are driven with a backward slant and the points sharpened, an Indian may take two or three at every dip and fill his canoe in a very short time.

These Indians make a great deal of fish oil in rather a novel manner. A large wood fire is made into which they cast many stones. They prop one of their wrought wooden canoes securely on the ground and pour some water into it. When the stones have become very hot they pitch them into the canoe. Then they put several bushels of fish in also, and allow the mass to stew. By and by the oil will rise to the surface of the water. It is then skimmed off and deposited in tight wooden boxes, which the Indians very ingeniously make. It is then stored away for future use to make their dried berries and hard tack more palatable.

Halibut grow to immense size in these waters. The Indians frequently catch them with hooks of their own manufacture. They dry vast quantities of halibut and salmon upon frames or racks in the sun or overhead in their one-story wooden houses, where the circling smoke of the fire in the center is sure to reach them. These dried fish may be called their staple article of food, for it is often all they have to eat. But both the taste and smell of Indian dried fish are enough to nauseate the stomachs of most white men, though they are somewhat preferable to starvation.

A gentleman related substantially the following incident in the writer's hearing: Himself and his brother-in-law, who was a young Indian boy of perhaps ten years, set out to fish for halibut. Each had a canoe to himself and had soon made the necessary preparations for securing their prizes. Very soon the boy had a bite, but instead of catching the fish he was caught in quite a predicament. It seems the line was secured to one of the canoe's braces, and the halibut feeling the hook, and being large enough to "make way for liberty," was not disposed to be taken captive tamely; so off he swam, drawing the canoe at such a lively rate that Mr. G. had grave fears for the safety of the lad. They went in the opposite direction from him, and he began to pull in his line that he might try to overtake them. But he found a large fish was attached to his own hook, so he quickly cut the line and paddled in pursuit. There is little probability that he would have overtaken the canoe had not the courser turned sharply round and taken a back track. Mr. G. then managed to get hold of the canoe, and together they worked the canoe toward shore. Some Indians appeared on the scene with poles and assisted in dispatching the marine monster. His weight must have been three or four hundred pounds.

The red salmon are deep sea fish and migrate to the inlets, entering the rivers and penetrating far inland in order to deposit their spawn. They come in almost incredible numbers every spring. Several canneries preserve great quantities of them fresh, and at the fisheries they are packed in barrels with salt. They are then shipped to the Columbia River, and the packages marked as Columbia River salmon, whence they are sent far and wide.

The Indians spear the salmon, oftimes seeing only the ripple made by the fish on the surface of the water until a huge salmon of 50 or 60 pounds weight is brought struggling to the surface and deposited in the canoe. But the whites catch them in nets. J. P. WHITE.

JUNEAU, Alaska.

THE TOURNAMENT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On returning to the city and reading up fishing matters, my attention was attracted to the Levison-Prichard affair, as published in your issues of June 9 and 30. As a member of the Rod and Reel Association who has taken a great interest in its welfare, I regret that such an affair occurred, but rejoice that you had the courage to expose and condemn it. From the letter of Prichard, June 30, it is evident that he has been bought off by Mr. Levison, who gave him the rod back after the publication of your article, and, therefore, he is practically as deep in the mud as Levison. In your editorial comment on Prichard's letter you say: "The Association should add to its organization a governing committee to take cognizance of such matters and provide a remedy for them." You will find such a remedy in the constitution, which provides for the expulsion of members guilty of ungentlemanly conduct at tournaments; and if the Association values its existence it should not suffer this case to pass. The feeling among those I have talked with is unanimous on this subject, and has been intensified since the publication of Prichard's letter, which was easily seen to be the product of a "deal."—HARLEM MERE.

NETTING IN THE MOHAWK.—William H. Burnett, Deputy Sheriff of Albany and Warren counties, N. Y., writes under date of June 29 to Mr. A. N. Cheney, Vice-President of the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, that he has arrested George De Voe, John Todd, John Bulsom and Charles Stevens, of Schenectady county, for violation of the law in catching fish at the fishway in the Mohawk River. They all plead guilty and were fined ten dollars each, or ten days in jail. These cases were disposed of since June 26. He also arrested John Clute for the same offense on June 16, who plead guilty and was fined five dollars. All these cases were tried before a justice of the peace in the town of Niskayuna. Mr. Burnett found seven nets on the bank of the Mohawk at the fishway, which had been used in the illegal capture of fish at the fishway, making fourteen nets taken by him in Schenectady county. He also had three Polanders arrested for netting in Saunders Lake. Two of them were fined five dollars each, and the other one, who owned the nets, was fined twenty-five dollars before a justice of the peace in Glenville. He tells Mr. Cheney that there are more cases to follow, as soon as he can get time to bring them up.

HUDSON WATERS.—Sirmount, Hudson, N. Y., July 9.—I have been having some big fishing here. Mr. I. W. Hankes invited me to spend the Fourth at his country seat and one of the objects of interest was a fish pond he has just stocked out of the Hudson. The fisherman got some live bait and some one suggested to try the pond. I put a fly-rod together, hooked on a minnow and after a few minutes' dibbling handed over to Mr. J. W. Haaren. Inside two minutes a small-mouth of about a pound had taken hold and it is an open question whether the fisher or the fish was the more astonished. The ladies were all present and the variety of advice which was vouchsafed was awful. Finally his bass-ship was lifted out, admired, unhooked and put back again for another season. I have tried all around Hudson with no great success. Pulver's seems a very handsome trout stream, and big striped bass are reported from Walden. We were two days at Lake Copake, where Mr. Lyon has a well-fitted fishing hotel with first-rate boats. I got five big-mouths skittering with a bogus mouse and rock bass by the peck.—GRAY JOHN.

BLUEFISH IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.—Great numbers of bluefish are now being taken along the south shore of Long Island, and are more plentiful in the Great South Bay than in several years. The bay is filled with boats from all the ports, and they are meeting with great success. There are no menhaden to be had, and the anglers are using the small minnows known as mumichogs, or "mummies," for bait and for chumming. These latter are deficient in oil, and therefore are not as good for chum as the menhaden, but are the only available bait. The bluefish, though plenty, are not in as good condition as usual, probably from the absence of their favorite food.

THE CUSK.—Will Dr. Sterling, as a supplement to his interesting article, kindly tell us through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the proper way to cook the livers of the "eel pout." Am glad to know this fish has its friends. —BLACKSPOT.

CONNECTICUT SALMON.—Hartford, Conn., July 5.—It will perhaps interest the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to know that a salmon weighing 16lbs. was taken in the Farmington River, a tributary of the Connecticut, at Windsor, just below the Poquonnock Dam, on July 4, 1887. This is the second one that has been taken this season, the first one weighed about 8lbs.—D. W. H.

Fisciculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

THE FISHERIES OF JAPAN.

BY K. ITO.

[Before the American Fisheries Society.]

GENTLEMEN, my intention in being present at this meeting is simply to benefit myself by gathering the crumbs that fall from your table, and not to benefit you by any talk, as I am not at all prepared to make any remarks; but at the same time I am very much interested in this society. I have heard and read so much about it while in my own country that it gives me great pleasure to be able to be present at this meeting, my great interest in which has prompted me to make the bold attempt of addressing you in a tongue with which I am not familiar.

Fish constitute the chief article of food in Japan and the fishing industries are necessarily the most important pursuit of the Japanese. It gives employment to 1,654,178 men and yields $35,000,000. The peculiar features of the country afford every kind of fishing, and a great many varieties of the marine animals and plants are collected and utilized. It is not possible, however, without some previous preparation, for me to enumerate them or to give any account of the methods used for catching and curing them. I will, therefore, limit my subject to the fisheries of northern Japan, or Hokkaido, with which I am more familiar. Hokkaido, more familiarly known to you under the name of Yesso, is one of the islands constituting the Japanese Empire, and is situated between 40 deg. 21 min. and 45 deg. 30 min. north latitude. It covers an area of about 319,000 square miles. The fisheries industry is the oldest and most important of the island. I will give a brief description of some of the principal fisheries of the Hokkaido.

First in the order of importance are the spring herring fisheries. The spring herring (*Clupea harengus*) approaches the western coast of the island in tremendous groups in the spring and early summer, and fishing is carried on from the first part of April to the last of June. The implements used for the capture of this fish are of two kinds—the gill-net and the moored trap-net. The fish caught are gutted and the bones and head taken off and dried upon scaffoldings. They are then made into bundles and sent to the southern part of Japan for food, while the roes, which are left, are dried on the flake or pickled and used for food. The head bones and gills, left after making the boneless herring, are also dried and utilized as fertilizers. But since the introduction of traps, about thirty years ago, and also the introduction of the pocket attachment after that, the catch became so enormous that every fish caught could not be utilized in the old way, and so the guano and oil industries were inaugurated. This industry has grown from year to year and at present is the most important of the fisheries of the Hokkaido. At present the total amount of the dried scraps manufactured reaches the enormous quantity of ninety thousand tons.

Next in importance is the salmon fishery. Our salmon belongs to the same genus as the Pacific coast salmon. There are two principal species of salmon, namely, the spring salmon (*Oncorhynchus perryi*) and the fall salmon (*Oncorhynchus haberi*). The spring salmon ascend the waters for the purpose of spawning in the months of May and June, and the fall salmon in the late fall months. The fall run is the more numerous of the two, but inferior in flavor.

The methods used in the capture of this fish are several, but the principal kinds of nets used are the drag-seines, traps and gill-nets in the seas, while only the drag-seines are used in the rivers. Some of the chief salmon rivers in the island can still compare with any salmon rivers in this country. The most important river for salmon is Ishikari, emptying into Strogonof Bay on the western coast. Curing in salt used to be the only way of preparing the salmon for market, but about eight years ago the Government employed Mr. Treat, of Eastport, Me., to introduce the method of canning the fish, and the new industry is growing constantly, and some of the articles are now sent to France. About three years ago a gentleman commenced a smoking business there and this we hope will soon become one of the principal industries in the salmon fisheries.

Now, I will make a few remarks on the cod fisheries. The cod are most abundant in the winter and early spring. The fishing ground at present is limited more to the in-shore, being from five to twenty-five miles from the shore and in water of 100 or 200 fathoms. The gear used for capture is the trawl exclusively, the construction of which is on the same principle as the trawls used in the New England fisheries of this country. The vessel used in this work is very small. It is an open, flat bottomed boat, about 36ft. in length, and is furnished with a single mast and one large clumsy rectangular sail. The most common method of treating the cod is to take off the head and bones and dry them very hard, like the Norwegian stockfish. The second way is to split and thoroughly cure them with salt. Still, some of the fish of the early catch are just gutted, slightly cured and sent away for more immediate consumption.

Another important fishery is the iwashi (*Clupea melanosticta*), a kind of herring, that comes into the open sandy beach of the eastern coast in the months of June and July. Their schools are not so large as those of the spring herring, and are sometimes mixed with "seven dots" (*Etrumeus micropus*) and also with the young of the spring herring. The principal contrivance for the capture of this species is the drag seine. The fish are all made into scrap and oil.

Next I will mention the trepang fisheries. Trepangs, or sea-cucumbers, occur in the sandy bottom of the sea all along the coast, and are gathered by the use of a dredge. The fish caught are gutted and boiled in a decoction of mugglewolts or artemesia, and are then spread on a sort of cleat with bamboo bottom, and dried for exportation to the Chinese market.

Another fish for the Chinese market and of great importance is the awabi. The awabi is a gigantic gasteropod, which is known on the Pacific coast of this country as "abalone." It is speared from an open boat just like the dories used by the New England cod fishermen, in water from two to four and a half fathoms deep. The fishermen formerly used cod oil in order to look into the bottom of this deep water, but water glass is now almost universally used for this purpose. About five years ago some adventurous fisherman introduced the diving apparatus, but in consequence of its injurious effect upon the propagation of the shellfish it was finally prohibited by legislation. The fresh product of this fish is separated from the shell, cooked, slightly smoked and dried, and then sent to the Chinese market.

Next comes the squid. The squid, which has its run in the fall, lives in big schools and is caught with the jig. It is split open, pressed and dried and sent over to China.

Another product of the sea I would like to mention is the

kombu. The kombu is a kind of algæ belonging to the species of *Laminaria*. They occur in great abundance all along the coast, but the best kind is obtained on the north-eastern coast, where the cold current comes down from the north. They are taken from the rock upon which they grow by the use of the wooden hook; they are then dried on the sandy beach, made into bundles and exported to China.

Now let me say a few words in reference to the fishermen on the island. They are divided into three classes: First, outfitters; second, fishery proprietors, and third, employees. Outfitters are those who furnish the fishing gears, or capital or food supply to the fishermen who cannot fit out themselves; the fishery proprietors are those who own the fishing vessels, fish houses and all fishing gears, and the employes are those employed by the fishery proprietors for the prosecution of the fisheries. Some of the fishing is done on shares, like the cod fishery of this country, while others are part in shares and part in wages, and in some cases certain parts of the entire catch are given to the gang of employes, besides regular wages.

The fishermen of my country are a most open-hearted and frank set of people, and are sometimes superstitious. Among the fishery proprietors there are a great many well educated, intelligent and progressive men. They have formed associations there for the purpose of preventing the manufacture of inferior articles and to adjust any disputes arising between fishermen. They have a fishery society there under the name of Hokusui Kyokwai, for the promotion and improvement of the fisheries. They publish monthly reports and distribute among the fishermen important and useful information in regard to the fisheries. They also publish the translated account of valuable information from this country. I think it will be of some interest to you to know that the recent number of a publication which I have received contains a translation of the paper read before the Fishery Convention in London, by one of your prominent members, Prof. Goode. This society holds fairs for competing in the kind of articles manufactured by the different fishermen.

Now I will say a few words in regard to the measures adopted by the Government for the promotion of the fisheries on the island. Under this head there are only a few laws for the protection of salmon. The principal feature of the legislation protecting salmon is that no stationary apparatus is allowed in the river, and the only kind of net allowed is the drag seine. The next feature is that all nets must be taken out of the water from sunset to sunrise, that is every night they must cease fishing. The next prominent feature is that fishing of any kind is prohibited in the spawning tributaries, and during the spawning season the Government appoints fish wardens to protect the fisheries from the poachers. In addition to this legislation in regard to salmon, there is also a law, which I have already mentioned, against the use of diving apparatus for the capture of the awabis.

Next, let me refer to the measures adopted for encouraging the fishermen. The Government has a fund which is loaned to the fishermen when they meet a bad season, and when they cannot borrow the capital to furnish their outfit. The Government also exempts for certain length of time from the fishery tax all those fishermen who open new fishing grounds or who make new fishing establishments wherever it is impossible for making them without the expenditure of large sums of money.

Lastly, let me just touch on the legislation for regulating the fisheries. Under this head I may mention the method which has been adopted by the Government to govern all fishing grounds. In every fishing locality the position of all traps and seines is located on a map and this map is filed in the county offices for the reference of fishermen, so that when they have any quarrel in regard to the position of nets it can be settled very easily. Under this head comes the regulation for inspecting the manufacture of "kombu." The manufacture of "kombu" lately became inferior, and to check this evil the Government has made a regulation requiring that all kinds of kombu must be inspected and branded before it is exported, just as the mackerel are branded in this country.

Now, before I finish my remarks, let me read a few statistics concerning the fisheries of the island, which I prepared some time ago for the United States Fish Commission Bulletin:

NUMBER OF PERSONS, BOATS, SEINES AND NETS ENGAGED IN THE FISHERIES OF HOKKAIDO IN 1884.

	Hakodate district.	Sapporo district.	Nemuro district.	Total.
Fisheries proprietors	3,218	3,324	1,338	7,880
Employed hands	17,440	33,630	14,703	65,773
Boats	15,100	16,800	3,473	35,373
Seines	496	267	326	1,089
Trap-nets	953	1,828	335	3,008
Gill-nets	150,820	33,365	65	184,250
Miscellaneous nets	6,406	40	65	6,511

VALUE OF THE PRINCIPAL FISHERY PRODUCTS OF HOKKAIDO IN 1884.

Fishery.	Hakodate district.	Sapporo district.	Nemuro district.	Total.
	Yens.*	Yens.	Yens.	Yens.
Herring	1,412,762	2,023,883	108,003	3,544,648
Fall salmon	31,389	221,993	281,874	535,856
Spring salmon	1,528	5,617	118,675	125,820
Cod	16,396	85,048	712	102,156
Iwashi	116,577	15,434	1,640	133,651
Trepang	5,661	23,210	14,623	43,494
Ear-shell	26,818	95,123	.....	121,941
Squid	35,250	2,817	.....	38,067
Kombu	49,993	189,811	164,440	404,244
Sea-otter	.....	.....	3,150	3,150
Oyster	.....	.....	13,413	13,413
Total	1,696,974	2,662,936	706,530	5,066,440

*One yen equals about 80 cents.

I will remark here, however, that the figures just given are rather smaller than the average on account of the poor catch and the low prices during the year; but I think they will give an idea of the amount of the fish caught on the island.

THE MISSOURI FISH COMMISSION.—The Governor has appointed Mr. H. C. West to be a Fish Commissioner in place of Dr. I. G. W. Steadman, resigned. Mr. West's address is Box 699, St. Louis.

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukesha, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Minnetonka, White Bear, and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—Adv.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 28. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Stafford Kennel Club Show, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5123.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is one trifling error in "Wacouta's" letter of June 30, which calls for a reply from me, and that is his statement that I "ruled that there would be no objection to Mr. Munhall's appointing Mr. Hanna as sub-proxy." I never had occasion to rule on the subject. When one of those gentlemen informed me that it was proposed to transfer the proxy, I did exactly what "Wacouta" does in his letter, viz., told them that the transfer of a proxy from one to the other was a question of authority only, and a matter between the club giving the proxy and the gentlemen in question, and none of my business—I may now add, none of "Wacouta's" business, too. As he justly says, "The one who appointed Mr. Munhall was the one to be consulted."

I also take issue with "Wacouta" on his statement that Mr. Vredenburgh was not entitled to vote at the December meeting. In my judgment he was. To quote "Wacouta" once more, "There is no reason for discussion on that point, though lots of people may be of contrary opinion."

ELLIOT SMITH.

NEW YORK, July 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade, of course, hits us all around. He agrees with me as against Mr. Peshall on the subject of A. K. C. having original jurisdiction when appealed to directly. The arguments are too many and too strong to leave any doubt as to the correctness of this position. As to the old Sans Souci "opinion," it is evidently pulled in by the ears to draw me out. What rendered President Smith's opinion so famous, Mr. Wade and not I says it was so, was that he led up to a decision in favor of the appellant and then gave a verdict against him. The verdict was correct, the argument was all wrong. What does Mr. Wade think of the A. K. C. now that it has reversed Mr. Smith's decision and forbidden a club disqualifying for bad conduct at another member's show? No one can say that the way of the transgressor is hard in dogdom, for every possible loophole is made for the evasion of just punishment.

Mr. Wade objects to my saying a dog should not be disqualified for incorrect description. His argument is too weak to call for extended response. The rule is perfectly plain and well understood by exhibitors, as will be seen by examination of the various catalogues. I had drawn attention to cases in which the rule had not been complied with at Newark, and with your permission will state the results of further examinations. The Rhode Island Club's inaugural show might be excused for a good many errors on the score of youth and inexperience; but Mr. Seabury needs nothing of the kind. He prepared an admirable catalogue; true there were but 323 dogs entered, but it is not number but method that is the question before the house.

The first note I have is a query against No. 9, Belle, whose date of birth is given as May 20, 1878, and she is entered as "pedigree unknown." I merely make the suggestion that it is strange the one fact is known and not the other.

38. Prince, greyhound, is imperfectly described.

39. Don Quixote, greyhound, date of birth given and no pedigree.

40. Royce, greyhound, breeder's name omitted.

59. Cæsar, Great Dane, breeder's name omitted.

60. Juno, Great Dane, breeder's name omitted. In these two cases I find by reference to other catalogues that the breeder is unknown.

62. Charles Ross, pointer, no pedigree. The name would suggest that all such particulars had been lost.

65. Capt. Fred. "On account of point in pedigree being in controversy, not given." It is evident that Mr. Sperry knows how to enter a dog properly under the rules.

70a. Rosaline, pointer, "Ben—Daisy. Not for sale," is all that is given. Mr. Phelan, who made that entry, knows the requirements and that that was not a proper entry.

86. Polly, pointer, date of birth omitted.

97. Zip Coon, English setter, entered by T. M. Aldrich, manager. It is possible that printers' punctuation is accountable for what reads as if Mr. Aldrich was only acting for the real owner. This also applies to No. 100, Canut.

117. Jim, English setter, pedigree omitted.

137. Nora, Gordon setter, pedigree, etc. omitted. In the Pittsburgh catalogue she is entered, "Whelping, etc., unknown.

139. Dan, Gordon setter, date of birth and breeder both given, but no pedigree.

149. Rose, Gordon setter, "whelped June, 1885." No further particulars given. At Pittsburgh she is catalogued "Whelped September, 1885. Breeder, etc., unknown."

155. Blarney, Irish setter. Breeder and dam's names omitted.

175 and 176. This was a litter of puppies, half in the dog class and the others in the bitch class. Two prizes were awarded in each class. It is wrong to let more than one puppy compete from a litter for each fee paid.

227. Spot, beagle puppy, date of birth and breeder given, but no pedigree.

228 to 230. Zip, Zeb Vance, Wade Hampton, foxhounds, pedigrees omitted.

244. Marguerite, fox-terrier. Pedigree has been mangled by the printer.

246. Gretchen, fox-terrier, whelped June 14, 1886. Pedigree, Bacchanal—Marguerite. In 251, Mephisto, brother to Gretchen, the pedigree appears, "Hempstead Joe or Bacchanal—Marguerite."

262. Rose, bull-terrier. Pedigree and breeder omitted.

266. Topsy Venn, bull-terrier, date of birth given, but no breeder or pedigree.

271. King, bull-terrier, breeder, owner. No pedigree given.

283. Tiny, Yorkshire terrier. Whelped Dec. 25, 1885. No breeder or pedigree.

291. Tom Ball, bulldog. No pedigree given.

There are one or two other cases not included above, in which the presumption is very clear that the error was not on the part of the exhibitor. It should be borne in mind that the bringing to light of errors and omissions of this kind will, I feel assured, prompt officials to be more careful hereafter and see that their catalogues are complete. There is one which is almost perfect, and it will doubtless surprise others as much as it did me when I come to its discussion.

JAS. WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The A. K. C. is certainly getting some wholesome advice and profitable censure just now. Mr. Watson, "Wacouta" and Mr. Haldeman have been showing up its shortcomings in no tender style; you, with your usual dignified way of doing it, have been reading them the riot act; all very proper. But let us all remember that there is such a thing as too much strong medicine. (Three pills, each 2grs. strychnine, per day, for instance, which appears to have finished the A. K. C. fugleman). There is good material in the A. K. C.; do not censure in such terms as to drive them out. Remember how infinitely worse the A. K. C. was in the days of construction, hole-in-the-wall meetings of "dearly beloved Roger and I," appointment of a defendant to try his own case, "standard" committees to suit certain setters, etc., etc. Pitch into the blunders the A. K. C. makes, but recognize that about a majority mean right, and will do right when they see they have done wrong. Remember that, with the exception of Cleveland, the clubs that voted so wrong on the late tumble act, were pretty much dead and rotten; Hartford didn't vote, and was simply misrepresented by a proxy; St. Paul and Detroit were new at the business, and St. Paul has nobly redeemed its error. Don't blame the A. K. C. for the miserable, rotten toadying it gets. "Wacouta" has clearly defined what a national club must be to stand well in the estimation of the dog public, and instead of trying to break the present club down, try to strengthen the hands of the right-minded men in it. Again I say, what it wants is backbone, and after they have enjoyed the fun of killing one knave, they will be so captivated by the amusement that they will trail one as keenly as a hound does a rotten herring.

Suppose the A. K. C. goes down under the load of ridicule it has brought on itself, what is to take its place? Ah! if you were a mastiff man, not in the "ring," you would have forebodings of a "clique club." You might remember to have heard of a club being organized on a letter setting forth that —— was to be president, —— was to be secretary, etc. If a collie man, you may have smelt a very ancient mouse. Do you not think there might be an "American" kennel club organized on the principles of "you tickle me, I'll tickle you"? The A. K. C. was intended to be used for this purpose, it was used for personal and private ends, but the stalwart common sense and love of square dealings of the American dog public set the pretty schemes at naught, and the conspirators got a very black eye. We don't want to go over all this again.

The stud book whim is a passing fancy of the hour, and the A. K. C. will soon tire of its rag baby (if indeed it now has anything to do with it) and will come to devote itself to its proper business of regulating dog affairs. That it can do this the public course of Messrs. Peshall, Grosvenor, Child, Seabury, Collins, Drake, Osborne, Smith, Donner, etc., shows, and some day they will get rid of the infernal "good nature" that has so often defeated their own real wishes, Speed the day, say I. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 8.

BEAGLES FOR WORK AND SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have often scanned the kennel department of your valued paper, hoping to find therein some article upon the beagle with special reference to the question of bench and field work, but so far with little success. There are undoubtedly many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who would with the writer be interested in having the question discussed in all its lights, the breeding of beagles for bench and field work. My experience has been limited with beagles, and at the same time a surprise in many ways. My first purchase, two years ago, was made without the slightest knowledge or regard of the established laws governing beagles for the bench. She was of Granby stock, and I took for granted that all other considerations were of minor notice. I found soon after that I had a beagle that was, to use a common phrase, "boycotted" from the bench, being 17in. in height. It afforded some amusement to other members of our club, but my satisfaction came from another direction. I had the pleasure of making one of a party that passed a week in the brush with our beagles, and in our party were five beagles that were bench winners—indeed one a champion.

Our first day's run brought a verdict, confirmed by each succeeding day's work, that a bench winner was not necessarily a field winner, and my surprise was about as great as was my satisfaction to find I did possess a prize winner after all. I supposed, as was natural, that a beagle covered with honors and glory from competition on the bench would as easily carry off the honors in the brush as upon the bench.

The more I looked into the matter and watched the working of the dogs I found that there was a limit to endurance even in a beagle, and it came to the smaller dogs first. I gradually became convinced that a dog 13in. in height must find it a severe trial to work all day against one of 17in and built out in proportion. After so long a trial the smaller dog has got to resort to nerve force for assistance.

I found the smaller dogs were no faster or quicker in locating and I at once concluded that in restricting the beagle down to 15in. in height we were robbing it of just those qualities most essential, their power of activity and endurance.

If this is the experience of all others I am surprised that a size has not been attained whereby we can reach the greatest amount of work with the beagle. I am convinced that for rabbit work no foxhound can do the work of the beagle at its best size for field work.

I have often wondered why we can not have field trials for beagles as well as for other game dogs. It would surely demonstrate their qualities in the brush, and at same time result in radically changing the present laws governing size of beagles for the bench.

The present laws cannot but compel others than myself to breed their beagles for the field rather than bench when such an apparent advantage is obtained in size. H. H.

SPANIEL SPECIAL AT DETROIT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last show of the Michigan Kennel Club a special prize was awarded by mistake to my champion Little Red Rover. It should have gone to Mr. Charlesworth's Dandy, Rover not being eligible to compete, as he is a champion dog and the prize was offered for open class only.—CHAS. M. NELLES (Brant Cocker Kennels, Brantford, Ont., June 2).

THE ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

THE twenty-ninth dog show of the Kennel Club was held June 28 to July 1. We are indebted to the *London Field* for the following report. A full list of awards will be found in the *American Kennel Register:*

The visit of the Kennel Club to the beautiful grounds of the Ranelagh Club, near Barnes, for their summer show of 1887, will possibly prove historical, because it resulted in the finest exhibition of dogs ever brought together. 1750 animals were shown, but they covered 2012 entries, as in the case of some puppies, and in contesting for the team prizes, individual dogs competed in more than one class. Thus we cannot call this show the largest of its kind ever held, for that at Islington Agricultural Hall, in 1863, included over two thousand dogs, none of which were entered in more than one class. But in quality the one of which we write stands right out without a rival, for in the earlier exhibitions a vast amount of rubbish was sent for competition by exhibitors who had still to learn what sort of an animal was likely to be successful on the show bench. We are more advanced now, and the general public knows pretty nearly as well the merits of a dog as the specialist did twenty years since. The committee of the Kennel Club have taken extra pains to make the gathering a success, and, being well assisted by the various dog clubs and private individuals, a list of prizes was offered of unusual value, and, to give an international tone to the affair, exhibitors resident out of the British Isles were allowed to make entries free of charge. The latter induced competitors from America, Canada, and elsewhere to send representatives.

Of the general excellence of the show we have already spoken, and, taking the various classes separately, the setters may be pronounced the best ever brought together by the Kennel Club, and reminding us much of the great quality always seen in these sporting divisions at Curzon Hall, Birmingham. Pointers were, on the whole, an average; spaniels came up better than was once expected; retrievers were quite satisfactory, the wavy variety especially so; St. Bernards still prove themselves the fashionable big dog, the 120 exhibits thereof being a fine show in themselves. Great Danes were ahead of the mastiffs both in numbers and quality, and, strange though it may appear, Irish wolfhounds outnumbered the more elegant and graceful Scotch deerhounds. Bloodhounds only proved fair classes. The eighty bulldogs benched were indicative of the fact that this ancient British dog is by no means on the wane; and the smooth fox-terriers, to the number of 160, caused more criticisms than any other group in the tents. Dachshunde were again numerically strong, but by no means elegant, and the various varieties of terriers—English, Irish, Scotch, Welch, *et hoc genus omne*—winked and blinked amid the straw, dreaming, perhaps, of drawing badgers and killing otters and rats, creatures which their grand parents had often come across, but themselves never. The pug classes, and those for toys, both terriers and spaniels, were fairly well filled; but more interest centered round the griffons from France and Germany (not to be confounded with the fabled animal, in part an eagle, and in part a lion), the tailless schipperkes from the canal boats of Holland, and the extremely handsome eastern greyhounds of varied strains. The bloodhounds, an extremely small collection, caused by no means great interest in their competition.

The mastiffs, as many expected would be the case, were a poor lot throughout, and Mr. Wynn's judgment was criticised, and not always in the most favorable manner. Beaufort was shown very fat, but otherwise in capital form, and beat Victor Hugo, reserve, Montgomery, second prize, and Ilford Chancellor in the challenge class. All these dogs are well known, and ninety-nine breeders out of a hundred would call Montgomery the worst of the lot, and we think so. Victor Hugo looked well, but he does not show sufficiently the bulldog type of head to please the judge. Cambrian Princess, in her division, had no opponent; and in the open dog class Wodan, a fairly nice dog, a bit flat in ribs and slack in the loins, was first. Alfgar, a cleanly-made dog, light in bone and poor in head, but smart and attractive in the ring, was second, and Lionel, an excellent brindled specimen, rather small, perhaps, was third—this dog should have been second, for in addition to his properties all round being uniformly good, he was an excellent mover; but of this more anon. Ormond had but hc., Mr. Hutchin's immense brindled dog Admiral fourth, while Hotspur, second to no dog in the division, was vhc.—his excellences and deficiencies we have repeatedly written of lately. In bitches, Princess Ida, a well-known face, scored, with Gerda, a middling bitch, second, her face and muzzle being anything but tip-top; but her body, legs and feet are fair, and she moved nicely—very well, thought the judge, who gave her the special prize for the "best-moving mastiff among the prize winners; she walked badly, galloped fairly, but Lionel was far ahead of her in both respects, while Victor Hugo, as not having won a prize, did not compete. Frigga was the third prize bitch, but the best in the whole class was Ilolda, who had hc.; both these have lately won prizes. The puppies were only so-so, the best by far being the brindled dog Constable, who, though at present a little plain in head, is well-formed, level and evenly made, standing on excellent legs and feet; and should he make up in head, will probably be our best dog of his color. Wodan and Frigga were placed over Victor Hugo and Princess Ida in the brace prize. The chief cups went to Beaufort and Cambrian Princess, and the remainder of the awards followed pretty much those already made.

St. Bernards were an exceptionally fine lot, but there were few new animals of note likely to make a mark in the future, excepting such as have already been shown. Plinlimmon was, as usual, at the head of all, looking as well as ever, and bigger, for on the judging day he scaled 217lbs. The challenge bitches, too, require little comment, but in open dogs we were introduced for the first time to Baron Cardiff, a fifteen-months-old puppy, by Plinlimmon—Donna Bayard; he is not so big as his sire, and never will be, but with a trifle more coat and a rather better expression he would be about perfect; he is a splendidly made dog, stands straight in front, and we never saw a big dog move nearly so well in his hocks and hindquarters; his color and markings, too, are good; he won easily in his class, and later on achieved a greater triumph when he beat the smooth dog Guide in the class for novices. The latter we commented upon at the St. Bernard Club's show, and he has not altered since then; his head is absolutely fine in expression and shape, but he is too straight in his stifles and hindquarters, which natually makes him move stiltily. After Cardiff we should have been inclined to place Duke of Marlboro' third, for Duke of Wellington is not improving, and was not in such bright bloom as his opponent, nor is he so good in expression and body, though more active looking. Valour was absent, and of the remainder, the immense orange and white Ben Lomond was the best. Hermit II., a dog of similar color, but smaller and plainer in head, took vhc. All the winning bitches are old faces, excepting Lady Ruby, third prize—a nice one in most particulars, but not so good in head, shape and expression as those placed over her. Baron Cardiff, being under 18mos. old, was able to compete in the puppy class, which he, of course, won, a kennel companion, Burns, a dog possessing considerable style and character, but peculiarly dark in his head markings, being second. In the other divisions for puppies and novices, a number of fair second class animals were behind the winner, the chief of which have already been mentioned. The smooth St. Bernards were, as a rule, poor, the winner, of course, excepted. Nike, in the bitch class, had the reserve, and she is going off instead of improving, and was not shown in good condition.

One of the greatest attractions in this large show lay in the number of foreign dogs of several varieties, some of them possibly not hitherto seen in this country. The first class of this kind was for foreign wolfhounds or greyhounds; but of the six entries only two came forward, and they were of quite opposite types—an equal prize was awarded to each. Paul, a so-called Russian wolfhound, is a big fawn-colored dog, with a long shaggy coat, but bearing more the appearance of a bob-tailed collie with a greyhound's tail than anything else. Drourhook, placed on a equality with him, is a fair Russian or Siberian greyhound, a dog by no means uncommon in this country, a remarkably fine specimen of which strain was shown at Norwich the other day. For other foreign hounds there was a better entry, but unfortunately a couple of handsome Afghan hounds were severely handicapped, one having accidentally lost the whole of his tail and the other being lame—both are dark fawn in color, have long pendulous ears, covered with extremely fine, but long hair of a rather lighter hue than the body color, and their ribs are also covered with a coating of a similar kind; the tail of the one which had not lost it was extremely fine and carried with a rather graceful curl. The shape of the body and head of these animals is like that of a greyhound, but they are smaller. The first prize went to Koff, an ordinary Russian greyhound that has previously won at our shows. Then we had a great collection of German pointers, great strong dogs, with immense bone, of the type of our pointers, but coarser throughout. In color they varied from liver to liver and white and ticked of different shades; and in almost, if not all instances, they have their tails docked. The latter gives them the appearance of the old Spanish pointer in Stubb's well-known picture and which is so charmingly engraved by Woodlet. We fancy these dogs will not be likely to popularize themselves in this country. The German boarhounds are much the same as those we have in this country, but not so good. By far the most interesting foreign dogs were the griffons, but unfortunately of the seven entered, but three were present. Baron Coppen's Medoc is an extremely handsome animal of a peculiar liver and white ticked color, with a broken-haired coat as hard as pin wire and close and weather-resisting too. In appearance he is what one would expect to find in a cross between an otter hound and pointer, the head leaning toward the latter type, the body and coat to the former. Two others in the class were liver in color, soft and silky in their jackets, favoring in appearance the old Welsh drover's dog, but a little smaller. The schipperkes we have often mentioned lately—little black dogs, born without tails, some 10lbs. in weight or so, and having much the appearance of the black Pomeranians with little coat. They are bred by the boatmen in Holland and elsewhere, and besides bearing a reputation for fidelity, are said to be excellent hands at killing rats.

The challenge class for black Newfoundland dogs was a strong one, and Lord Nelson, in nice condition, beat Joe Sadler and Black Prince—still, we do not consider Mr. Nicholls's champion so good a dog as he was two years ago. The other challenge classes call for no comment, nor did the open for black dogs, where Hanlon won rightly, but Bismarck, second prize, was a mistake, for he is neither good in coat nor type, nor has he size to recommend him; Admiral Seymour and Waterman were about as good as anything in the class after the actual winnor. The bitches were remarkably good—perhaps the best group of the variety we have yet seen. Lady M., the winner, excels in coat, style and character; she moves well, and is a strong bitch with powerful loins. Princess Nell, much of the same stamp, perhaps not quite so good in front, was second, and although entered in the catalogue as pedigree unknown, she shows abundance of quality, and must have come from good stock. Lady Tramp, third prize, is a small bitch, and we did not quite like her head, and her ears, too, might be improved. Stella II. had an extra fourth prize awarded—a roomy, good bitch, with extra bone, but a rather bad mover in her hindquarters. Baroness, with the reserve, is another good sort, and, taken altogether, there was not much to choose between these five, and perhaps another judge would have placed the last first. The Landseers, or black and white, do not appear to make much headway, and after the first prize winners their quality was most moderate, the second prize bitch Psyche especially so, and there was nothing of great repute among the puppies.

Great Danes mustered in great force, but, with one or two exceptions, all the best animals have repeatedly been criticised here. In the challenge class, a very strong one, the winner, Vendetta, was also pronounced the best Dane in the show, the fawn, Cedric the Saxon, and the immense Cid Campeador having to lower their colors to her, and we hear little complaint at the decision; the bitch is every bit as neat as Cedric, and possesses better feet, but, of, course, is not so big. Paramount appears to be a favorite, and, his legginess notwithstanding, was placed first; his head is very good indeed, and possibly he will improve in body. A new dog, Silver King, was third, a big black-spotted fellow, who appears to be good all round, not so showy as the winner, but better made up in body, his hindquarters and stifles are not such as they ought to be for perfection, and he appears higher behind than in front. An enormous light fawn-colored hound was second; he is built on similar lines to the winner, and a litter brother of his, more massive, was fourth—two remarkably fine puppies, which will take a considerable amount of beating when matured. Ortrud, the handsome marbled bitch, won in her class, with Clara, well known, second. Arishman, third prize, is a bit heavier in head than we like, and so we preferred the fourth prize winner, Ina. This is a remarkably clean-lipped brindled and white bitch, a little small, and not perfect on her forelegs. The bitch Flora Queen, of Wurtemberg, took the reserve. A second prize was over a big-eared bitch called Duchess, who might have had a chance of winning in a mastiff class. The Great Danes, open to residents in Germany, was so poor that but one prize was given in the two classes. The Irish wolfhounds were present in strong force, but there was really nothing of particular merit that had not hitherto appeared on the benches, nor is there yet any appearance of any great distinctness of type, some still being smooth, others rough with soft coats, while some have shaggy jackets of good hard hair; and the third prize bitch is by the Dane Cedric the Saxon, from the deerhound bitch Lufra.

Deerhounds were poor classes, and in open dogs we did not like Ossian, who took first prize; he lacks character, is light in bone, has bad eyes and a soft jacket. Ben Bolt should have won, with Buscar next and Jock third; the respective merits of these hounds are well known. Princess Marjorie, the winning bitch, is a red-fawn in color, is very typical in every way, but soft in coat; her ears and head are exceptionally neat. Old Morna has grown quite curly in her jacket, and we failed to find in what respects Blue Belle and Duchess II. beat the Warwick winner Brora. The greyhounds need no special mention. Though Lord Horncastle was marked "absent" in the catalogue, a dog very much like him was benched under his name on Wednesday. The winning bitch, New Girl, is a coarse one, and though powerful and muscular behind, is not so good, from a show bench point of view, as either Second Sight or Counterpane.

Mr. Norrish had his hands full when he came to judge the pointers, and at the outset let it be stated that all Mr. Lloyd's entries were "not for competition," and those from the Graphic Kennels, New York, were not present. The latter was certainly a disappointment, for rumor has borne on her tongue statements to the effect that our American cousins have some better pointers than ourselves. The challenge class for dogs any weight was a foregone conclusion for Naso of Upton, who, though he might be improved in his hindquarters, is so much better in front and neater throughout that he easily beat Don Pedro and Sussex Don II.; and Pardon we liked best all around of the champion bitches, M. Mulard's Beau Ideal being an absentee. Some took exception to the feet of the dog Banker, who won in the open large-sized class; and here he might be improved, for they are thick and well-padded; in other respects he is a lovely dog, exceedingly neat at his shoulders and neck; big and strong in bone, without being coarse; he certainly was our selection. Cornish Don never looked better; still, he can only beat the winner in head, and Don's feet, though close, are not thick enough; he took second, the two occupying an exactly similar position to that of Warwick. Kent Shot, a dog with a good front and capital legs and feet, but a trifle plain all through, was third. Bowman is a coarse, big dog, with bad shoulders. Marcoline we rather liked, a dog bred in Hanover, and remarkably neat and level all through, excellent in shoulders, and straight in front, with a nice and smart carriage of stern; he has a peculiar appearance in front of the eyes, but this alone should not have kept him out of the honors list. Such good dogs as Polites, Gladsome, and Milton Ponto had to rest contented with cards of honor. Cornish Belle, the winner in the bitch class, is neat, with an extremely pretty head, good bone, and a smart, showy mover. Molton Broom, the Warwick winner, quite the good bitch we said she was when she won there, was second, with a nice old sort, minus the sight of one eye, Climax, third. The latter was dull in the ring, and only her character took her so near the top of the class. Molly Colroy, a Hamburg bitch, had vhc; she was not in show form at all, but with great bone, and certainly, properly mated, should prove of great use to our Continental friends, but her day for the show bench is over. The small-sized dog class was another most equal one, and here a Belgian bitch scored a third prize. This was Luck of Prene, by Naso of Kippen, who, shown in better bloom and condition, might have stood higher; she possesses a fair head, is level topped, has strong, muscular loins, good bone, without being coarse, and moves well. Monk of Upton, who won, is a little plain in head and a bit gay in his carriage of stern, still a nice dog; Bang of Kippen is a smart, good mover, a little faulty behind, and his eyes are a shade or two too light in color. Rex of Milton and Chandos were about as good as anything in this class, which, as we have already hinted, was more remarkable for evenness than extraordinary excellence in any individual. In the corresponding bitch class some three or four were of great quality, and Milliner is one of the neatest bitches Mr. Sam Price has shown for some time; she carries her head well up and her stern nicely down, moves freely, and possesses good strong bone, a nice head and prettily hung ears. Rex of Milton is rather small, almost white, and pretty and neat. The well-known Blossom came second, and Isabel, also a winner previously, third; the latter stood rather wide at times, and her place might have been taken by the orange and white bitch Aldin Rose, who, however, seemed a little off bloom in the ring; still she is a rare nice one, and has been in the prize money in equally as good classes as this before to-day. Eros, too, is a nice bitch. Naso of Upton was pronounced the best pointer in the show; Mr. Bryan, mostly by the aid of Banker and Molton Broom, won the team prize; and Naso of Upton, as he has done before and can do again, beat Gladsome, Polites and others in the class for field trial winners.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

THE AMERICAN MASTIFF CLUB.

THE annual meeting of the American Mastiff Club was held Wednesday, June 8, at 17 Broad street, New York. The old board of officers was unanimously elected for the ensuing year. Following is the report of the secretary:

On the 23d of June, 1886, the American Mastiff Club was founded. Before the completion of the first year of its existence the club has forty-four members, and has secured for itself an acknowledged position among kindred organizations in this country.

It was a fortunate thing for the development of the American Mastiff Club that already in the mother country the Old English Mastiff Club had for several years existed. The American club may justly be regarded as an offshoot of the older organization, and whatever success has attended the history of our club during the last year must be largely ascribed to the hearty good will shown by the parent club. It is no small satisfaction to the American club to know that several of the best-known members of the Old English Mastiff Club have joined our organization as active members.

During the past year seven meetings of the Executive Committee have been held.

A challenge cup for the best American-bred mastiff has been offered by the president of the club. Besides this, two challenge cups for the best mastiff dog and bitch respectively have been offered by the club, and mastiff sweepstakes have been competed for by members of the club. The challenge cup for the best American-bred mastiff was competed for and won at the Westminster Kennel Club show by Winlawn Kennels' Homer. The challenge cup for the best mastiff dog was competed for and won at the same show by E. H. Moore's Minting. The challenge cup for the best mastiff bitch at the same show was won by H. B. Cromwell's The Lady Clare. The sweepstakes were won, first by E. H. Moore's Duchess and second by C. R. Allen's Boss's Zulu, at the Boston show. Silver medals were awarded at the same shows where competition for the cups was held. The report of the treasurer shows a balance on hand of $55.36.

RICHARD H. DERBY, Secretary.

WEIGHT OF A MASTIFF LITTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 16 you have a communication from Mr. Orton Gifford, of Dakota, giving weight of his five mastiff pups at six weeks of age. In the East we have large dogs as well as large pups and large litters. My bitch Boss's Minnie whelped on the 25th of last month fifteen pups; at birth their combined weight was near 30lbs. From their present appearance I think the weight of either five will equal his when of the same age. He gives the weight of his five pups 75¼lbs., a record he need not be at all ashamed of. My bitch Bess (A.K.R. 2217), litter sister to Boss, whelped on Feb. 20 one bitch and four dogs; at one week old they weighed 17½lbs., at three weeks 43⅜lbs., at six weeks they weighed 85½lbs., 10lbs. more than his did at the same age. They are now owned by E. H. Shirk, Jr., Tipton, Ind.; J. W. Alsop, Middletown, Conn.; J. O. Low, Castle Hill, Newport, R. I.; Wm. Dyer, Portland, Me. When last heard from any one of them were heavier than the dogs of Mr. Amidon he quotes. The fifth one is not for sale.—J. L. WINCHELL (Fair Haven, Vt., June 22).

VACCINATION FOR DISTEMPER.—*The Journal of Comparative Medicine and Surgery* translates from a foreign veterinary journal the following notes: The analogy of the cutaneous eruptions in distemper in dogs, with those of variola, was noticed by Jenner, and suggested to him the idea of vaccinating dogs to preserve them from the distemper. "It appears," he says, "that dogs are very susceptible to vaccination by inoculation, and that it produces in them all of the symptoms of distemper which is common to them, but in a foreign form, from which they do not die. They are, moreover, protected from future attacks. Out of forty-three puppies vaccinated with success none died. All were immune from contagion." Wasbot found that distemper was inoculable, and verified the analogy with variola, but found they could contract the disease later. Dupuis, of Brussels, has just made a complete report on the subject. His experiments were made by scarification with vaccine

matter, prepared at the vaccine establishment of the Cruegh hem School. In all dogs, young or old, whether they had had the distemper or not, the inoculation succeeded, the pustules were well formed on the eighth or ninth day, desiccation commenced the eleventh or twelfth; in all, reinoculation was without effect, proving that the subject possessed immunity against vaccinia. Inoculation in the veins, or by hypodermic injection, in all cases conferred immunity without producing an eruption. The vaccination has in no case proved preservative against the distemper. The work of Dupuis establishes: 1. That vaccinia is transmissible to the dog, and that a first inoculation protects the dog from the effects of a second. 2. Vaccination does not protect the dog from distemper, and that distemper does not protect from vaccinia.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on the prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bessie. By L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Mc., for blue mottled and tan foxhound bitch, whelped May 24, 1887, by Boxer (Gip—Nell) out of Sis (A.K.R. 4728).

Smoke and Jumbo II. By L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me., for blue mottled and tan foxhound dogs, whelped May 24, 1887, by Boxer (Gip—Nell) out of Sis (A.K.R. 4728).

Sport, Joker, Dime and Nell. By L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me., for red, lemon and white foxhounds, three dogs and one bitch, whelped May 24, 1887, by Boxer (Gip—Nell) out of Sally.

Bracket II. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 26, 1887, by Bracket (Graphic, A.K.R. 2411—Bloomo) out of Lady Snow (A.K.R. 3651).

Donald C. By E. G. Clarke, Rochester, N. Y., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 7, 1887, by Debonair (Crown Prince—Idalia) out of Cleopatra (Don—Nana).

Huntress and Miss Black Pete. By H. D. Brown, Waterbury, Vt., for black cocker spaniel bitches, whelped April 19, 1887, by Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

Kaffey. By Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped May 15, 1887, by Tuck (Comedy—Booth's Lady) out of Toodles (A.K.R. 2147).

Bitts. By Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for fawn, black markings, pug dog, whelped June 15, 1887, by Tuck (Comedy—Booth's Lady) out of Toodles (A.K.R. 2147).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Alice—Sachem. W. T. Payne's (Kingston, Pa.) pointer bitch Alice (Clifford—Lady Belle) to J. H. Phelan's Sachem (Beaufort—Yuba), May 21.

Sweet Brier—Don. W. T. Payne's (Kingston, Pa.) pointer bitch Sweet Brier (Pete—Belle) to Mr. Stoddart's Don (Donald—Nympher), June 15.

Neva B.—Dan. W. H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Neva B. (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle) to F. L. Sanford's Dan (Cid—Floye), June 30.

Maple Grove Goldine—Trojan. Maple Grove Kennels' (Badin, St. Louis, Mo.) pug bitch Maple Grove Goldine (A.K.R. 5070) to their Trojan (A.K.R. 4899), June 27.

Toodles—Tuck. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Toodles (A.K.R. 2147) to C. H. Amsden's Tuck (Comedy—Booth's Lady), March 15.

Italie—Goldie. Chas. J. Tanner's (Topeka, Kan.) Italian greyhound bitch Italie (A.K.R. 4354) to his Goldie (A.K.R. 4353), July 6.

Folderol—Royal Albert. J. B. Clarke's English settor bitch Folderol (Foreman—Grace B.) to Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert (Sir Allister—Novelty), June 29.

Fortuna—Royal Albert. B. A. Gage's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Fortuna (Foreman—Grace B.) to Blackstone Kennels' Royal Albert (Sir Allister—Novelty), July 3.

Vida—Cameron's Racket. P. M. Carman's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Vida (Ringwood—Belle) to A. C. Krueger's Cameron's Racket (A.K.R. 4010), July 4.

Drumlin Isle—Bruce of the Fylde. Kilmarnock Collie Kennels' (Braintree, Mass.) collie bitch Drumlin Isle (Mac—Rosa) to their Bruce of the Fylde (Marcus—Lucy), June 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Juno. Geo. Stanton's (Simcoe Ont.) greyhound bitch Juno (Master McGrath, Jr.—Flirt). June 26, five (three dogs), by J. G. Kent's Memnon (Caliph—Polly).

Toodles. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Toodles (A.K.R. 2147), May 15, two (one dog), by C. H. Amsden's Tuck (Comedy—Booth's Lady).

Jet Obo. W. J. Furness's (Ogdensburg, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet Obo (A.K.R. 4810), July 8, eight (four dogs), by his Ranger (A.K.R. 4592).

Fairy Belle. C. Fred Crawford's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Fairy Belle (Plantagenet—Fairy III.), July 8, six (one dog), by his Royal Albert (Sir Alister—Novelty).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Sheila. Red Irish terrier bitch, whelped July 1, 1881 (A.K.R. 137), by Lawrence Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to W. E. Morris, Letington, Mass.

Oltello. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped Jan. 28, 1887, by Brutus out of Juno, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Donald C. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped May 7, 1887, by Debonair out of Cleopatra, by A. Gerald Hull, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to E. G. Clarke, Rochester, N. Y.

Neva B. White and lemon ticked Llewellin setter bitch, whelped April 4, 1888, by Pride of Dixie out of Fairy Belle, by F. L. Sanford, Lynn, Mass., to W. H. Beede, same place.

Alice. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May, 1886, by Clifford out of Lady Belle, by Wm. Eaton, New York, to W. T. Payne, Kingston, Pa.

Donald V. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 14, 1887, by Lord Palmer out of Sweet Brier, by W. T. Payne, Kingston, Pa., to Livingston Roe, Jr., New York.

Joker. Lemon and white foxhound dog, whelped May 24, 1887, by Boxer out of Sally, by L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me., to Frank Weymouth, same place.

Nell. Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, whelped May 24, 1887, by Boxer out of Sally, by L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me., to Martin Caffery, Sabattus, Me.

Jumbo II. Blue mottled and tan foxhound dog, whelped May 24, 1887, by Boxer out of Sis (A.K.R. 4728), by L. N. Edwards, Oxford, Me., to A. J. Wheelock, Clayton, N. Y.

Duke of Lancaster—Lyra whelp. Fawn and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Feb. 22, 1887, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Thunder—Trinket whelps. Apricot fawn pug dogs, whelped April 10, 1887, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., one each to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., and Joseph Gould, Dorchester, Mass.

Gus Bondhu—Matchless whelps. English setters, whelped April 1, 1887, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., a blue belton bitch to Frank Thurlo, same place; a blue belton dog to J. A. Rockwood, Charlestown, Mass., and a black and white dog to S. A. Ellis, Harwich, Mass.

Trixy and Roxana. Black, white and tan beagle bitches, whelped April 29, 1886, by Ringwood out of Belle, by P. M. Carman, Wrightsville, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, same place.

Garryowen—Sheila whelps. Red Irish terriers, whelped April 2, 1887, by Maizeland Kennels, Red Hook, N. Y., a dog to J. E. Cowdin, Far Rockaway, N. Y.; a bitch to Victor M. Haldeman, Milford, Del., and a bitch to C. J. Wood, Jersey City, N. J.

DEATHS.

King Philip. Gordon setter dog, whelped June 15, 1886 (A.K.R. 5102), owned by Stephen O. Meader, Saylesville, R. I., from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

R. C. N., Ravenswood.—A fox-terrier 6mos. old shows symptoms of worms, and occasionally vomits his food. Otherwise in the best of health. Ans. Purge thoroughly with castor oil, teaspoonful, and repeat if necessary. Give only milk for three days. After the purge give 30grs. of powdered areca nut, made into a large pill with lard and purge again in three hours.

T. C. M., Easton, Md.—Our dogs are all getting sore ears, caused by the dog flies' incessant attentions. What is good to put on them? Do you ever give a dog more than five drops Fowler's solution? Ans. If the inside part of the ear is affected, use the following:

℞	Bromo-chloral	3i
	Tr. opii	3i
	Aq. q.s. ad	3ii

Mix. Sig. Drop in ear night and morning.

Externally use the following:

℞	Unguent. zinc oxid	3ii
	Iodoformis	grs. xxx

Mix. Sig. External.

The usual dose of Fowler's solution for adult dogs is four or five drops night and morning. It should be discontinued after three weeks, as it has a cumulative effect.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 7.—At the regular meet of the Worcester Rifle Association, at their new range this week, they found much trouble by reason of a strong wind. The work of each man in detail was as follows:

Sporting Rifle, 200yds. Off-hand.

A C White	9	7	8	8	7	10	10	9	9	8	—85
Thomas	7	10	6	9	9	8	7	8	7	10	—81
	8	7	7	4	8	9	10	7	6	8	—74—155
Rice	5	6	6	8	7	5	4	5	8	6	68
	6	7	7	7	7	7	0	5	7	6	—59—127
Fuller	8	7	7	10	4	5	5	6	6	6	—64
Titus	7	5	5	8	2	4	4	5	2	3	—45

Military Match, 200yds. Off-hand.

Morgan	4554544455—45	4434445544—41—86
Shumway	5444455444—43	4435434445—40—83
Jefferson	5435454434—41	4344444344—38—79
Cleveland	4425444344—38	
Pepper	5325544443—37	
Willard	4544424434—36	
Tisdale	4325342444—35	

State Match.

Wright	34343—17	Dewey 33333—15

Military Match, 500yds.

White	4555555345—46	4455344445—42—88
Shumway	5454454545—45	5555455333—43—88
Willard	5353544531—41	3443435345—38—79
Morgan	2444342335—34	
Tisdale	5444033225—32	
Pepper	3233205402—24	
Jefferson	0024453503—26	

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB.—200yds., off hand, standard target, record match, July 2:

Tuck	10	8	7	9	10	7	9	7	10	6	—83
Johnson	8	10	6	9	7	6	7	10	10	7	—80
Edgerly	8	7	8	10	7	7	6	8	9	8	—78
Palmer	8	7	10	8	7	7	7	7	3	7	—76

July 4, the range was open all day and below may be found the best scores:

Tuck	10	10	10	8	9	9	9	5	10	10—90
Johnson	10	8	8	9	8	7	8	9	9	8—84
Busfield	9	8	9	10	9	5	9	6	9	7—81
Palmer	6	10	6	9	8	7	7	9	10	8—80
J. F. Brown	7	7	6	10	8	10	6	10	7	8—79
Edgerly	8	8	6	7	8	8	10	7	8	7—77
Merrill	6	7	7	5	7	8	6	8	5	7—66
C. Brown	7	4	8	4	7	6	7	4	5	9—61

The club has had a handicap prize match running since April 1, closing July 4, the conditions being the best 3 scores of 10 shots each to count, handicap allowance added:

H Tuck, 1st prize	87	86	90—264 —264
Johnson, 2d prize	85	85	85—255+ 3—258
Busfield, 3d prize	81	85	81—247— 9—256
Edgerly, 4th prize	81	81	82—244+ 9—253
J F Brown, 5th prize	83	79	79—241—12—253
Jackson, 6th prize	67	65	66—198+48—246

July 9, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Busfield	6	7	10	9	9	9	8	9	10	6—83
Tuck	8	7	7	9	8	8	9	9	8	9—82
Johnson	5	9	9	9	9	6	7	8	10	10—82
Edgerly	6	9	9	8	9	8	7	10	8	7—79
F Merrill	4	6	7	6	4	6	5	8	6	9—66

J. P. M. GREEN, Sec.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 9.—Progress Rifle Club versus the Humboldt Shuetzen Corps, of Brooklyn; Schleich's gallery; 150ft., 25-ring target; measure of full target, 19in. divided into ⅜in. bullseye, counting 22, 23, 24, 25; measure bullseye 2⅛in.; highest possible ten shots 250 points:

Progress Rifle Club.

C W Horney	19	19	17	20	20	24	25	20	25	19—208
John Schermer	24	25	22	23	23	19	17	17	24	24—218
R Abesser	17	20	24	19	23	22	23	20	21	23—212
C Geiger	18	21	15	22	21	19	25	20	11	18—190
Chas Schenner	24	21	21	24	22	24	18	23	20	19—216
A Hoffman	23	24	18	18	20	22	18	24	22	19—208—1252

Humboldt Shuetzen Corps.

Becker	23	17	17	24	21	22	17	23	25	—211
Koerner	17	12	11	15	17	19	17	14	17	25—164
Kleinbube	19	16	18	15	21	15	17	19	21	17—178
Knister	19	17	15	12	16	21	22	16	18	19—175
Klingelhoeffor	22	25	20	14	19	23	25	22	21	19—209
Kerler	22	17	21	19	22	14	22	22	19	21—199—1136

The above is a true report. Scorer for Progress, S. Gozyr; scorer for Humboldt, Anton Kupffer; Captain for Progress, A. Hofmann; Captain for Humboldt, George Kleinbul; I. R. P. for Progress, B. M. Abesser; I. R. P. for Humboldt, Geo. Klingelhoefer.

LEOMINSTER, Mass., July 7.—At the meet this week of the Leominster Rifle Club there was a strong wind which troubled some. Two teams were made up and shot as follows:

First Team.		Second Team.	
E M Rockwell	71 71 77—219	G W Foster	77 66 77—220
G F Prevear	78 73 68—219	C A Joslin	66 68 73—207
J W Elwell	64 72 76—212	A J Rugg	60 66 68—194
W H Wood	64 56 58—178	F A Whitney	62 56 75—193
J Symonds	57 58 56—171	H Lawrence	55 63 65—183
H Prevear	45 61 59—165	C Foster	49 42 65—155
Thompson	32 30 30— 92	Thompson	30 32 30— 92
	1256		1242

THOMASTON, Conn., July 9.—Only three members of the club were present at our shoot this P. M. Clouds and sunshine with a strong and somewhat gusty 9 o'clock wind, 200yds., off-hand, Standard target. Subjoined are the scores:

F Whitlock	10	10	9	8	7	8	5	4	7	9	—77
G C Canfield	8	10	8	6	5	9	9	8	4	8	—75
Fred A Perkins	8	7	6	6	4	5	6	6	6	9	—63

BOSTON, July 9.—The attendance at the range at Walnut Hill to-day was large, and several good scores were completed. Appended are the scores:

Decimal off-hand match, 200yds.—W. O. Burnite 87, W. Charles 80, Darmody (mil.) 78, H. W. Pope 75.

Rest match, 200yds.—D. L. Chase 115, J. Francis 114, S. Wilder 110, W. H. Oler 108.

50yds. match—W. Charles (mil.) 50, C. W. Hodgdon 48, Parker (mil.) 45, F. Carter (mil.) 42.

Pistol match, 30yds.—W. W. Bennett 86, F. Bennett 82, H. Cracow 77, R. Dadman 76.

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 8.—At the meet at the river street range of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club this week, there were 13 events, as follows: Six blue rocks, all angles, Putnam and Cummings first, Dean second, G. R. and H. I. Wallace third. Six clay pigeons, all angles—Putnam first, Cuumings second, G. R. Wallace third. Walk-around, 5 birds—Putnam first, Cummings and H. I. Wallace second, G. R. Wallace third. Six clay-pigeons, straightaway—Cummings first, Putnam and Haines second, H. I. and G. R. Wallace third. Six blue rocks—Putnam first, Burbank and Foss second. Six clay pigeons, all angles—Putnam first, Cummings second, Same, Burbank first, Wallace second, Foss third. Five clay-pigeons, all angles—Putnam first, Cross second, Burbank third. Five blue rocks—Putnam first, Burbank second, Cummings third. Same, Putnam first, Burbank and Roby second, Foss third. Three pair blue rocks and clay pigeons—Burbank and Cummings first, Wallace and Putnam second. Three pairs—Putnam first, Cummings second, Burbank third. Seven blue rocks, straightaway—Putnam and Baker first, Foss second, Cummings and Burbank third.

LYNN, July 9.—There was a good attendance at the rifle shoot at Indian Hill, Wynna, this afternoon. All of the conditions were favorable. Private Walter H. Merrit, 2d Cadets, M. V. M., who has already made a 24 on his score for a gold medal, made a 24 and a 23. He has but one more 23 to make to fill his score and win the medal. The latter is an elegant affair. The total scores were: Private Walter H. Merritt, Company B, 2d Cadets, 112; Sergt. I. W. Chase, Company D, 8th, 79; Corp. A. H. Sisan, D, 8th, 78; Private R. B. Dawson, A, 1st, 57; Sergt. A. T. Hilliker, D, 8th, 38. Record match—E. F. Bachelier 161, William P. Webber 154.

MILFORD, Mass., July 8.—At the recent meet of members of Company M, 6th Regiment, M. V. M., at their range, George McLaughlin was added to the list of third class marksmen, which makes 17 in the company, and J. F. Barrett was promoted from the third to the second class. The totals of their practice at this meet were as follows: G. A. Moore 22, J. F. Wilcox 20, R. C. Hussey 18, G. E. Thayer 15, P. Z. Whiting 13, W. E. Knight 22, W. Annette 19, T. P. Keane 17, G. Kelley 14, W. Tongas 13, J. F. Barrett 20, F. Clark 18, G. M. Laughlin 17, T. Berrell.

WINCHENDON, Mass., July 7.—The Winchendon Gun Club went out to the range yesterday to shoot clay-pigeons; out of a possible 10 birds the following were broken: A. H. Felch 10, H. M. Eaton 8, F. E. Mann 7, J. Sutherland 7, H. J. Lawrence 6, O. Lawrence 6, F. F. Hapgood 6, T. S. Davis 6, C. T. Houghton 5, L. F. Earle 4.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

DECORATION DAY TROPHY.

FOLLOWING are the detailed scores of the Knoxville, Parkersburg and Wichita clubs tie shoots:

KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB, Knoxville, Tenn., July 4.—Cleveland target and trap:

	Bore.	Straight-away.	Right.	Left.	Total.
John M Ross	10	11111	11111	11111	—15
T C Eldridge	10	11111	11111	21111	—15
C M Woodbury	10	11112	11111	11111	—15—45

Scorer, J. W Slocum; referee, R. Saxton, Jr.; J. E. Campbell.

PARKERSBURG GUN CLUB, Parkersburg, W. Va., July 4.—Blue rock target and trap:

L Stephens	10	11111	11211	21121—15
A W West	10	11111	12111	12111—15
C E Verges	12	11211	22122	11121—15—45

Scorer, Albert F. Lane; referee, A. Charnock; W. Ruberry.

FOREST CITY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kan.—Blue rock target and trap:

Wm Stancer	10	11111	11111	11111—15
W C Williams	10	11111	11111	11111—15
Chas Johnson	10	11111	11111	11122—15

Scorer, E. T. Brown; referee, W. A. Merrill; John Merrill.

THE MIDDLESEX GUN CLUB had an extra day at their grounds at Dunellen, N. J., on the 4th. There was a good attendance. The scores of C. Smith, Eames and Forrest were particularly good, as the birds were the best I have seen for many a day; they were all strong flyers, and many fell dead out of bounds. "The Mayor of B. B." officiated as referee in his usual satisfactory manner. Ties divided. First sweep, 10 bats thrown from traps at all angles:

Eames	1111101001—7	Forrest	1100001011—5
S G Smith	0001111111—7	P Martin	0111000010—4
Ellis	1010100010—4	Clark	0011010011—5
S Martin	0001010111—5		

Four live birds, handicap rise:

S G Smith (30)	1000—1	Robby (27)	0000—0
Forrest (30)	0100—1	P Martin (30)	0001—1
Clark (30)	2011—3	Dickens (30)	0000—0
Eames (30)	1211—4	S Martin (29)	0211—3
Ellis (29)	0100—1		

Four live birds, handicap rise:

S G Smith	1022—2	Robby	2012—3
Forrest	0022—2	P Martin	0001—1
Clark	1011—3	Dickens	0001—1
Eames	1112—4	S Martin	0021—2
Ellis	0000—0	Heminway	1010—2

Four live birds, handicap rise:

S G Smith	2002—2	Eames	1111—4
Ellis	0000—0	Clark	1101—3
S Martin	0020—1	Capt Matton	1010—2
Heminway	2101—3	Robby	2000—1
Forrest	1020—2	Warden	0091—1

Four live birds, handicap rise:

S G Smith	2201—3	Clark	2111—4
Ellis	0000—0	Warden	1011—3
S Martin	0011—2	Apgar	2110—2
Hemniway	2112—4	P Martin	1110—3
Forrest	0200—1	Keller	0110—2
Eames	1111—4		

Four live birds, handicap rise:

S C Smith	0220—2	Heminway	0121—3
Forest	1211—4	Ellis	0020—1
Eames	1220—2	D Terry	1101—3
S Martin	0010—2	Warden	1020—2
Apgar	2112—3	Keller	1122—4

Four live birds, handicap rise:

S G Smith	2002—2	Warden	0111—3
Forrest	1011—3	Williams	1211—4
Eames	1211—4	Keller	0211—3
Heminway	1201—3	D Terry	1101—3
Ellis	0000—0	C Smith	1111—4

Ten bats, thrown from 2 traps at 5 angles:

S G Smith	1010010011—5	P Martin	0110100101—5
Forrest	0100101010—4	Eames	1111111111—10
C Smith	1001010011—5	S Martin	0111110110—7
Williams	0000111101—5	Matton	0010100010—3
Keller	1010111001—6	Heminway	1111011110—8
Ellis	0111011001—7	W Squires	1111111111—10
Wheeler	0001000111—4	D Terry	0111111100—7
Apgar	1011010100—5		

Eames first, Heminway second, S. Martin third.

Three pair live birds, 21yds. rise; ties miss and out, 1 pair, 26yds. rise:

S G Smith	111111—6	Williams	111000—3
C Smith	111011—5	Ellis	001111—4
Forrest	110111—5	D Terry	001101—3
Eames	111001—4	Keller	011111—5

Ties: C. Smith 1; S. G. Smith first, Forrest second, Eames and Ellis third.

Four live birds, handicap rise:

Eames	1012—3	Robby	2012—3
Ellis	0200—1	Forrest	2220—3
Heminway	2121—4	Keller	0111—3
S Martin	0010—1	D Terry	1212—4
C Smith	1211—4	Worden	1000—1
S G Smith	2011—3		

Ties on 4, miss and out: Heminway and Smith 1 each and divided, Terry 0. Ties on 3: Eames and S. G. Smith 6, Forrest 7, Robby 4, Keller 2. Worden third.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 7.—At the regular meet this week of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, at Coal Mine Brook Range, there was the regular prize shoot. The classification score, 10 B., blackbirds; 10 B. R., blue rocks, and 10 C., clay-pigeons. The results of the several scores in detail were as follows:

Class A.	Classification. B.	B.R.	C.	Prize Score.
W S Perry	10	9	8—27	1111111—7
A R Bowdish	8	10	8—26	1110111—6
M D Gilman	7	9	10—26	0111011—5
E Welch	7	6	8—21	1110110—5
C A Parker	6	7	6—19	0111110—5
F Stone	8	9	8—25	1010100—3
E F Snow	8	5	6—19	01010w.
Class B.				
A B Franklin	6	6	2—14	1101110—5
L R Hudson	5	6	6—17	1110101—5
Dr Quimby	6	5	3—14	1111000—5
A L Gilman	6	6	4—16	0110110—4
E S Knowles	7	3	4—14	0110010—3
L E Divoll	6	8	2—16	1001100—3
J B Garland	5	5	6—16	0011000—2
H Colvin	6	5	2—13	0010100—2
S S Kilburn	6	5	2—13	0100010—2

In Class A, Perry took first prize of $7.50, Bowdish second of $4.50, and Gilman the third of $3. In Class B, Franklin and Hudson divided the first prize of $5, Gilman took second of $3, and Knowles and Divoll divded the third prize of $2.

BRISTOL, Tenn., July 7.—Bristol Gun Club with a part of Knoxville Gun Club. Match at Knoxville blackbirds. All matches at 18yds. rise and 45yds. boundary, shot under National Gun Association rules, four prizes:

Winston	0011110102—5	Woodbury	1111111111—9
Eldridge	1101011000—5	Rhea	1111011111—9
King	1111100010—6	McNeil	1110010004
Ross	1111111101—8	Lewis	1111111007
Sparger	1110011013—6		

Woodbury first, Ross and Rhea divided second, Lewis third, Sparger fourth.

Match at 5 pair doubles, Cleveland targets:

Ross	11 11 10 11 11—9	Woodbury	11 11 10 10 10—7
Dickey	11 11 01 01 11—8	Rhea	11 11 10 11 11—9
Eldridge	11 10 10 11 11—8	Sparger	11 01 11 11 10—8
King	00 00 11 10 01—4	Winston	11 11 11 01 01—8
McNeil	11 11 11 11 01—9	Lewis	11 11 11 11 01—9

Ties on 9 for first at 2 pair double birds, 18yds.:

Ross	11 10—3	Rhea	11 11—4
McNeil	11 01—3	Lewis	00 00—0

Ties on 8 for second at 4 double birds, 18yds.:

Dickey	11 01—3	Sparger	00 00—0
Eldridge	11 11—4	Winston	11 11—4

Winston and Eldridge divide.

Third match, Cleveland target and trap:

Ross	111111—6	McNail	111100—4
Dickey	111101—5	Franklin	111010—4
Eldridge	001111—4	Woodbury	111000—3
Winston	100111—4	Rhea	111111—6
King	011111—5	Sparger	111110—5
Pepper	111111—6	Lewis	111101—5

Ties on 6 for first at single birds, 18yds: Ross 2, Pepper 0, Rhea 1. Ties on 5 for second at single birds, 18yds.: Dickey 5, King 4, Sparger 3, Lewis 2. Ties on 4 for third at single birds, 18yds.: Winston 4, rest missed.

Fourth match, Cleveland target and trap:

Dickey	1110101100—6	McNail	1100101000—4
Ross	1101011101—7	Rhea	1111110111—9
Winston	1001100001—4	Woodbury	1111110000—6
Franklin	1000000110—3	King	1110001001—5
Eldridge	0110101111—7	Sparger	0111011110—7

Ross second, Woodbury, third.

Match at Cleveland target:

Ross	1111111111—8	Franklin	11010100—4
McNeil	1101110—5	Lewis	10110111—6
Eldridge	11000111—5	Mort	00000110—2
Woodbury	00110110—4	Miles	11011000—4
Rhea	11111101—7	King	11110000—4
Dickey	01111111—7	Sparger	01011110—5

Ross wins first; Dickey and Rhea divide second, Lewis third, Eldridge fourth.

Second Day: First match at Cleveland target and trap:

Ross	1011111—6	Eldridge	1111111—7
Dickey	1001111—5	McNeil	0011100—3
Woodbury	1111010—5	King	1111010—5
Winston	0111101—5	Rhea	1011111—6

Rhea and Ross divide second, Dickey wins third, McNeil fourth.

Cleveland target and trap:

Ross	111011111—8	King	101001111—6
McNeil	111010000—4	Winston	111111010—7
Eldridge	111011011—8	Rhea	111110111—8
Woodbury	000011110—4	Dickey	110011110—7

Ross wins first on tie.

Four pair double Cleveland target and trap:

Ross	10 11 11 10—6	King	11 10 10 11—6
McNeil	01 11 10 11—6	Winston	11 11 01 00—5
Eldridge	01 10 11 11—6	Dickey	10 11 11 11—7
Woodbury	11 11 11 00—6	Sparger	10 11 11 11—7
Rhea	11 10 11 01—6	Lewis	11 11 11 11—8

Lewis first, Dickey and Sparger second, Ross third, Winston fourth.

On the regular matches Rhea broke 73 birds out of 83, Ross 70 out of 83. Rhea gets the special club prize, a handsome gun case. Ross gets second special prize, cartridge belt, Eldridge third special prize, bag of shot.

WHITE CITY, Kan., July 2.—In shooting off tie for third prize of your Decoration Day Trophy match, the boys were all in good trim and had a lovely day to shoot. Had the 30th of May been as nice our team would have been in for the Trophy. I inclose scores of some sweepstakes shooting done in the afternoon. the FOREST AND STREAM shooting being done in the morning, before the heat of the day. The blackbirds and live birds are new targets for our club, this being the first time we have ever used blackbirds on our own grounds, while with three exceptions the live birds were faced by the greenest of green shooters at that kind of target. First shoot, 10 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

E Baer	1101111110—8	Brush	1110010011—5
Hyman	0111111111—9	Weirich	0111010011—6
C Baer	1001011111—7	Merritt	1110100110—6
Green Walt	1111100011—7	Bangler	0111010010—5

Ties, C. Baer 101110—4 Greenwalt 101010—3. Hyman first, E. Baer second, C. Baer third.

Second shoot, 5 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise:

E Baer	11111—5	Brush	01100—2
Hyman	11111—5	Weirich	11111—5
C Baer	01111—4	Merrill	11011—4
Greenwalt	11001—3	Bangler	11100—3

Ties, E. Bear 0. Hyman 1111111111—9. Weirich 111111110—8. Hyman first, Merritt second, Greenwalt third.

Ten Peoria blackbirds, 18yds. rise:

E Baer	1111111110—9	Brash	1111001010— 6
Hyman	1101011000—5	Weirich	0110000111— 5
C Baer	1011011000—5	Merritt	1111111111—10
Greenwalt	1111110101—8	Bangler	0111010010— 5

Merritt first, E. Baer second, Greenwalt third.

Five live birds, 30yds. rise, both barrels:

E Baer	21111—5	Brush	10200—2
Hyman	11011—4	Weirich	00100—1
C Baer	11110—4	Merritt	02101—3
Greenwalt	12210—4	Bangler	12001—3

E. Baer first, Hyman and Greenwalt second, C. Baer third.

THE FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—The monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club took place amid heavy showers of rain. Nevertheless the gunning was fairly good considering the shifting light of the rain-cloud background. The birds were strong, most of them springing from the traps like Fourth of July rockets. Last Monday electric traps were tried, but owing to weak batteries and bad insulation were not a success, and were abandoned for the usual traps. The following were the events:

Club handicap, 7 birds, both barrels, 3 cash prizes:

L Davenport (28)	1110111—6	G Eddy (30)	1101111—6
W Shields (30)	1111111—7	M A Stewart (26)	0111110—5
C S Kendall (27)	0100011—3	H P Donnelly (23)	0110111—5
H McLaughlin (26)	1111111—7	C W Jones (30)	1111101—6
G L Edwards (23)	0111111—6	H Kearney (28)	1101101—5
J E Lake (23)	1111111—7		

In shooting off ties, W. Shields won first prize, Davenport and Jones divided second and Kearney took third.

Club sweepstake, 25yds. rise, 3 birds, both barrels. Three cash prizes:

L Davenport	111—3	H McLaughlin	101—2
M A Stewart	111—3	H P Donnelly	010—1
W Shields	111—3	J E Lake	111—3
G Eddy	111—3	C W Jones	010—1
C S Kendall	100—1		

In this event Davenport gained first prize in the shoot off, Jones second and McLaughlin third.

GERMANTOWN, July 5.—I went on the afternoon of the 4th to Frankford, which is the Twenty-third Ward of Philadelphia, to visit the North End Gun Club, which was to have a grand shooting match at clay pigeons; and they had made great preparations for having a good afternoon's sport, having plenty of eatables on hand, also about sixteen special prizes for the shooters. But I was very much disappointed on arriving on their grounds to find that Mayor Fitler had ordered them not to shoot or they would all be arrested, as he had given orders that no fireworks or firearms of any kind were to be fired off in the city limits on the Fourth of July. I tell you, it is getting to be very hard on shooters in Philadelphia, what with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stopping pigeon matches, and now the Mayor stopping clay-bird shooting on the Fourth. I saw Dr. Carver since his eyes have got all right, and he says the accident was caused by the rim of a shell splitting and allowing the powder to blow out. He was making a hip shot at the time, and had his eyes right over the breech of the gun. It was not the fault of the gun, as published in some of the papers, as it might happen with any make of gun.—HARRY THURMAN.

KINGSTON, N. Y., GUN CLUB.—Shoot, July 4, 20 Macombers, 18yds.:

Short	0111011111011001010—12
Hoveland	1111110101101101001—13
Decker	011 011 101001000111—12
Van Buren	00100101010010000111— 8
D. C. Overbaugh	1001000100 w.

HAMILTON, Ont., July 4.—The regular quarterly shoot of the Wild Fowler's Gun Club came off to-day on Dyne's grounds on Burlington Beech, at 25 blackbirds:

T Stephens	0011111111111111111111011—22
J Smith	1101111111111011111101011—21
S Hipkins	0111111111011111011001—20
Hunt	1010111011111111101111041—20
Morris	0111101111111111111011110—20
Hunter	1111101111011111710011001—19
Bowron	1601011111011111110101011—18
Brant	1601011101111101101111011—18
Pett	0011111110103111101101011—17
A Smyth	0101111101101110101011110—16
Geo Smyth	6011000011100000111111111—14
Booker	1000001111001111000100110—12

Stephens first, Smith second, ties divided. Second match:

Pelt	01011—3	Hunter	11110—4
A Smyth	11011—4	Hunt	01111—4
J Smyth	11100—3	Stephens	01100—2
Brant	10110—3	Morris	11110—4
Bowron	11111—5		

Ties for second, miss and out, Morris 2, Hunter and Hunt tied on 2 and again on 3 and divided.

CHATHAM, N. Y., July 4.—Chatham Gun Club match against Wilbor Gun Club, of Chatham Centre; 20 glass balls each, whirl trap, 20yds. rise; shot under FOREST AND STREAM rules, no prizes:

Chatham.

G J Spengler	11101101001111100001—13
Will Colpaugh	1111101111100010111—15
Pat Mealey	1100111101110111110—14
Geo Skidmore	1111111101110110111—16
Irving Lanphear	1011110011010100111O—12
John Traver	0000000111300110100— 7
A B Ford	1100111011110111111—16—93

Wilbor.

M Powell	0010101111111111001—14
J Goodrich	1101010111111111111—16
J Williams	1110010011001111111—14
F Fowler	0111010111111011111—16
B Lanmore	1013111111101011111—16
G Bagardus	0110100101010010010— 8
A Van Alstyne	0110001100010100100— 6—90

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—The California Wing Club shot their fourth medal shoot at San Bruno to-day. Burlingham rules governed the event. Fay was first at the score, but made a bad showing, scoring only 7, but his birds were hard. Haas also shot worse than usually. De Vaull missed his second and then made a run of nine straight. Slade killed his first nine and then flopped, missing his last three clean. Liddle, one of the old-time shots, scored 10 and tied de Vaull for first prize. Day scored 11, the highest figure of the day, including a run of 9, but being a non-member, shot only for honor and glory, taking no profit. The third medal was won by Slade with 9. Liddle and de Vaull shot off their ties at 4 birds each, according to Hoyle, when de Vaull played second fiddle to the veteran, missing his first, while Liddle grassed a straight four. A sweepstake was then disposed of, eight members putting up $2.50 each to make a pool, the money being divided into pots of $10, $7.50 and $2.50 respectively. The shoot was supposed to be at 12 birds each, but at the last round it was found there were not enough pigeons to go around, and therefore the three ties, Haas, Liddle and Day, alone shot at their 12 birds. Haas and Day again tied, each killing, and so divided first and second money. Liddle made a miss and had to content himself with third place. Horace Briggs was judge, and Rice, trapper. There was a fair audience including a few ladies. The weather was favorable for shooting, though the wind was occasionally strong. Following are the scores:

Club shoot, 12 birds, 80yds. boundary:

Fay (30)	011110110001— 7	Culver (30)	011011010101— 7
Haas (28)	011101011110— 8	Liddle (30)	111101101111—10
De Vaull (30)	101111111110—10	Bogart (26)	010101101111— 8
Slade (30)	111111111000— 9	Day (30)	110111111111—11
Osgood (28)	110111000110— 7	Shaff (28)	110111011011— 9

Twelve-bird handicap, 80yds. boundary, $2.50 entrance.

Fay (30)	111110101111— 9	Osgood (28)	101111010110— 8
Haas (28)	111111111101—11	Liddle (30)	111111101110—10
De Vaull (30)	011110110110— 8	Day (30)	111111111011—11
Slade (30)	101111110 w — 7	Shaff (28)	101100110110— 7

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 9.—Match between Mr. Winston, of Covington, Ky., and Mr. Beck, of this city, for $100 a side, 100 bluerocks each, half singles and half doubles, 5 traps. Mr. Winston shot a No. 12 Scott, and Mr. Beck a No. 10 Greener gun:

Winston.

Singles	1111111111111111111111111111011111111101101101011—46
D'bles	11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—46
	—92

Beck.

Singles	1111110111111111111111101111011111111011101011111—43
D'bles	10 11 11 10 11 10 00 01 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 00 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 11—37
	—80

RICHMOND.

MERIDEN, Conn., July 7.—As the members of the Parker Gun Club held several shoots for prizes before the list was complete, I now send the official scores and list of prizes. The first prize is a Parker gun made to order. Other prizes consist of a silver ice pitcher, bronze table lamp, silver fruit dish, vase lamp, hunting suit, pair of trousers, lady's gold lace pin, comb and brush, box of cigars, also a prize for the one who shoots the most holes in the air, most likely a leather medal gotten up in "the highest style of the art." There will be 11 shoots, winner of first prize to have highest average; 25 American clay-pigeons, 18yds. The largest number broke handicaps the shooter or shooters back 3yds., and 24yds. the limit:

First shoot, May 23: H. Venter 13, I. L. Baker 17, H. E. Burgess 13, Ed. Avery 17, A. Stokes 21, E. Goodrich 10, C. Johnson 10, Ed. Soper 17, G. A. Strong 8, E. B. Booth 10, A. H. Merriman 16, O. C. Burgess 16, D. C. Pease 14, J. Phœnix 13, Ed. Birdsey 14, F. Brown 20, L. J. Gaines 10, C. P. Bradley 9, J. F. Ives 17, J. A. Thomas 13.

Second shoot, June 8: F. Brown 10, Ed. Soper 13, C. Johnson 9, A. H. Merriman 17, Ed. Avery 14, G. A. Strong 9, I. L. Baker 15, A. Stokes 17, E. Goodrich 7, O. C. Burgess 17, D. C. Pease 14, G. F. Ives 18, Eli Booth 13, C. P. Bradley 9, H. E. Burgess 12, Kinnie 8, F. Stevenson 8, G. H. Wilcox 11, D. C. Burrows 8, Dr. E. W. Smith 10, Amos Ives 20, C. S. Howard 4, C. P. Morse 8, J. A. Thomas 13, L. J. Gaines 14, H. C. Venter 7.

Third shoot, June 25: Ed. Soper 10, E. Goodrich 4, J. Brogden 13, Eli Booth 9, C. P. Bradley 17, Ed. Avery 18, C. Johnson 12, Amos Ives 14, O. C. Burgess 15, G. A. Strong 12, I. L. Baker 12, A. Stokes 16, Ed. Birdsey 17, G. H. Hill 9, D. C. Pease 9, F. Brown 20, D. C. Burrows 12, C. S. Howard 9, W. B. Hall 8, Geo. Savage 6, L. J. Gaines 16, A. H. Merriman 15.

Fourth shoot: C. P. Bradley 11, D. C. Burrows 11, Geo. E. Savage 10, Ed. Avery 20, Amos Ives 16, F. Brown 17, C. Johnson 15, G. H. Hills 8, I. L. Baker 21, A. H. Merriman 14, J. A. Thomas 10, Kinsey 11, C. P. Morse 7.—SILVER CITY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3.—The match between John Kerrigan and Peter Walsh was shot at Birds Point this afternoon. The match, originally arranged for fifty birds, was reduced to twenty-five by consent of both parties. The weather was all that could be wished for, the wind being very light. Walsh came to the score first, with a 10-bore gun, at 30yds. rise. He killed his first bird on a single barrel. Kerrigan faced the traps under the same conditions, and scored No. 1 on his second barrel. Walsh was evidently in shooting humor; he had a clean score up to No. 13, with only four second-barrel shot. Kerrigan shot very well, but six of his birds died out of bounds and one over time. Out of a score of eight lost birds only one escaped without injury. After luncheon Walsh broke his score on the fourteenth, and repeated it on an easy No. 15. Kerrigan scored lost birds on Nos. 15, 18, 19, 24 and 25. Every bird dropped outside except No. 25, the only bird that got away. After missing No. 20 Walsh killed five straight, and won the match by a score of 21 to 17. Kerrigan's shells were decidedly imperfect. Appended is the score, the figure 2 denoting the use of the second barrel:

Walsh	1112111121120021100111—21
Kerrigan	2101101101111100111001—17

LONG ISLAND CLUBS.—The long talked of match between the Glenmore Rod and Gun and the Coney Island Rod and Gun clubs, the two most prominent shooting organizations on Long Island, took place on July 8 at Dexter Park, L. I. The match was originally made for 15 men a side, but so many of the respective clubs were present that the limit was extended to 22, to shoot from the 25yds. mark. The shooting was much above the average. On the Coney Island side C. W. Edwards, Dr. Shield, C. Wise, A. Williams, Capt. Crammer, A. Schwartz, C. F. Russel, J. E. Lake and L. Davenport each killed 7 straight. On the other side E. H. Madison, H. Borkman, G. W. Forbell and C. Bass did the same. Out of 308 birds shot at only 63 escaped, a remarkable event in an interclub shoot. The Coney Island Club was the favorite from the start and odds of $50 to $20 were laid that they would win by 20 birds. The score is as follows: Coney Island Club—Killed 127, missed 27; Glenmore Club 118, missed 36.

BROOKLYN, July 9.—A pigeon-shooting match took place today at Woodlawn, L. I., between members of the Brooklyn Riding Club. Mr. Kirboe was the winner with a score of 8 killed out of 10 shot at, Mr. Miller coming next with 7. The traps were sprung by electricity. The following is the score. Referee, H. Blattmacher:

Kirboe	1101101111—8	Webber	0010100110—4
Bush	0011010101—5	Speisser	1011011001—6
Miller	1011011101—7	Leib	0010011101—5

NEWARK, N. J., July 4.—The East Side Gun Club shot glass balls to the following extent: Out of 25 balls Chas. Walter broke 22, Philip Schilling 21, Philip Schork 20, John Schilling 20, Frank Sona 18, C. Ramsberger 15, A. Martin 14....The Elizabeth Gun Club shot a sparrow match, 12 birds each, 21yds. rise, and followed it with a clay-pigeon match at 20 birds each. The shooting was excellent throughout, and R. S. Williams killed all of his sparrows, while the others killed 10 and 11 each....The Fifteenth Avenue Trap Shooting Club, at 20yds., made the following score on Peoria blackbirds, shooting at 25 birds each: P. Trautuetter killed 24, J. Weber 24, W. Drastal 22, A. Krauss 21, G. Deissler 21, E. Jaquin 21, C. Russel 19, L. Spann 19, F. Pippert 17, L. Schilling 17, T. Weber 17, M. Bauer 13, P. Derzbacher 12, J. Gerst 11, W. Heller 9, J. Senecaro 6.

WELLINGTON, July 9.—To-day has been ladies' day at the Wellington range, there being nearly as many of the fair sex present as shooters. The winners were: Six pigeons, Gerry; 6 blackbirds, DeRochemont and Gerry; 6 macombers, Brown; 8 pair blackbirds, De Rochmont; 6 pigeons, Warren and Brown; 6 blackbirds, Stone and Gerry; 6 macombers, Warren and Gerry; 6 pigeons, straightaway, Brown; 6 blue rocks, Brown; 6 pigeons, Warren; 6 blackbirds, McCoy; 6 pigeons, Nichols; 6 blackbirds, Brown; 6 blue rocks, straightaway, Warren; 6 pigeons, Warren.

NEW YORK CITY, May 18, 1887.

The U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to thank you for the very excellent shell you are putting on the market. I refer to the "Climax." *I swear by it,* not at it, as I have had to do with other makes. It has given me unqualified satisfaction ever since I first began to use it, and that is since its introduction. Don't allow it to deteriorate, and sportsmen will call you "blessed." Very truly yours,

—*Adv.* (Signed) C. W. CUSHER.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

16. New York C. C., Annual, Staten Island.
18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-26. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

CALLA SHASTA CAMP, JULY 4.

THE weather was fine, a good south wind blowing through the entire meet, and a happier lot of canoeists seldom came together, they numbered about 75 with 28 canoes, among which were the following: Paul Butler and Mr. Nichols, of Lowell; Dr. and Mrs. Parmele, Messrs. Davidson and Hubbard, of Hartford; Messrs. French and Gilfillan, of Northampton; Mr. Bennett, New York; and from the Springfield C. C., Messrs. E. H. and G. M. Barney, Shedd, Nickerson, Knappe, Walker, McKnight, Russel S. and F. D. Foot, Marsh, Bowles, Patterson, Read, Cooley, Safford, Ireland and Dr H. E. Rice.

The committee in charge were Messrs. Nickerson, G. M. Barney and Knappe. On account of scarcity of water, Mr. Jones, of Hartford, did not reach here in time to take part in the races. The races were as follows:

1. Single paddling, 1 mile, 3 entries:

Le Cid, H. E. Rice	14 45
Hornet, C. H. McKnight	15 52
Ella C., F. D. Walker	15 53

2. Tandem paddling, 1 mile, 2 entries:

Narka, Rice and Knappe	7 52
Hornet, McKnight and Davidson	8 53

3. Limited sailing, (75ft. area), 3 miles, 8 entries:

Pecowsic, G. M. Barney	35 30
Blanche, Paul Butler	35 59
Hornet, C. H. McKnight	37 50
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	38 07
F. D., F. D. Nichols	38 20
Narka, H. E. Rice	Time not taken.
Ella C., A. C. Patterson	Did not finish.
Northampton, F. French	Did not finish.

4. Upset race, 300yds., 2 entries:

Ella C., F. A. Nickerson	8 10
Hornet, C. H. McKnight	8 45

5. Canoe gymnastics, 2 entries:

F. A. Nickerson and C. H. McKnight being the only entries, Mr. Nickerson did some very pleasing feats, winning very easily.

6. Open sailing, 3 miles, 7 entries, gale blowing:

Pecowsic, G. M. Barney	35 20
Ghost, F. A. Nickerson	10 45
Le Cid, E. C. Knappe	47 10
Hornet, C. H. McKnight	Capsized.
Blanche, Paul Butler	Capsized but finished 1 10 00
Ella C., A. C. Patterson	Cap ized.
Northampton, F. French	Capsized.

7. Standing paddling, 300yds., 2 entries:

Ghost, F. A. Nickerson	3 12
Hornet, C. H. McKnight	3 24

The sailing of Pecowsic was remarkable, the heavier the wind blew the more she seemed to fly, taking the lead at the start she seemed to leave the others out of the race.

Ghost (Vesper model) acted bravely in the heavy wind, carrying more sail than Pecowsic.

The capsizing of Blanche was due to shoal water, her centerboard striking ground.

Le Cid and Hamlet (Joyner) acted bravely through the heavy wind, carrying more sail than necessary.

The wind blew a regular gale throughout the race and the above race could be compared with the Stony Lake meet of the A. C. A. when so many capsized.

The meals were served in the open air by Farmer Lester, and seldom did canoeists enjoy a meal more than there.

After selecting prizes the canoeists started home, many being towed up by Mr. Barney's launch, others taking train from Longmeadow, which is just across the river. E. C. K.

MOHICAN C. C.—We have received a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Mohican C. C., a very neat little pamphlet in a blue cover, with the club device in gold. The club now numbers forty-four active members, with twenty-seven canoes.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—The annual regatta of this club was held on June 23 at Lowell, Mass., two tandem canoe races, junior and senior, being on the programme.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF THE A. C. A.

THE following report and the accompanying constitution and by-laws have been submitted to Com. Wilkin by the Committee on Revision. Besides the changes mentioned in the report the basis of representation has been changed from one member of the Executive Committee for each 100 members of a Division, instead of for each 30 members present at the Division meet. The changes in the dues and in the proportions paid by the Divisions to the general association should remove the objections formerly made and largely increase the membership:

To R. J. Wilkin, Commodore:

Your committee have carefully considered the matters referred to them by resolution of the Executive Committee, and have studied the recent changes in the constitution, together with such others as have been considered advisable, and now beg to report unanimously in favor of the accompanying constitution, which will explain itself. Although the changes seem to be numerous, nothing has been done which was not absolutely necessary for consistent working. The work of your committee may be divided under two heads: First, the arrangement in perfected form of the amendments already adopted. Second, the introduction of new amendments. Among the latter the chief is that reducing the subscription to the old rate of $1. Reliable estimates and the experience of the Divisions, and of this year's committee on A. C. A. camp and of the W. C. A. show conclusively that the amount is ample; and a large increase of membership will, without doubt, immediately follow. Besides which the acceptance by the Western Canoe Association of the invitation to join the A. C. A. apparently will be more practicable if the change be made. Other amendments arrange for the collection of dues and admission of new members by Division officers, and the contribution by Division of 30 per cent. toward the general fund; this proportion is recommended after careful inquiry, it is assumed that a more economical administration by honorary officers will reduce expenses considerably and that most of the camp requisites will be self-supporting instead of expenses to the A. C. A. Provision has been made for regular rotation of commodore and camp in the different Divisions, also for representation of clubs on nominating committee, also for duties of officers and committees hitherto very loosely defined.

This has been done in the most conservative spirit, an endeavor to embody the prevalent opinion of the Association as ascertained by correspondence with every Division. All of which is respectfully submitted.

ROBERT W. GIBSON.
EDWARD W. BROWN.
GEORGE L. PARMELE.

Constitution and By-Laws, as amended up to date, including the changes passed at Executive Committee meeting in New York, Feb. 12, 1887, and recommendations of sub-committee appointed at that time:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be called the American Canoe Association, and be comprised in such geograpical divisions as may be deemed advisable by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE II.

Its object shall be to unite all amateur canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or explorations, by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books.

ARTICLE III.

Any gentleman over the age of 18 years may become a member of this Association whose application for membership has been announced for fourteen (14) days in one of the official organs of the Association by the Division Purser, and approved as provided in Constitution, but only canoe owners in good standing are active members and are entitled to vote at any meeting of the Association or of their respective Divisions.

ARTICLE IV.

Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee. Practical canoeists only are eligible. The honorary membership list shall be revised every two years by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.

The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore and a Secretary-Treasurer, and for each Division a Vice-Commodore, a Rear-Commodore and a Purser.

The Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer shall be elected by the Executive Committee at the A. C. A. Camp, or at some subsequent meeting of that Committee, and they shall hold office for one year from the first day of the following November or until their successors are elected.

The Commodore shall be elected from each Division in turn, and the next annual meet of the Division to which the Commodore belongs shall be merged in the A. C. A. Meet.

In the event of one or more of the Division Officers being chosen to fill these positions, the vacancies so caused shall be filled from the same Division to which the officers vacating the position belonged, by the members of the Executive Committee, and the said vacating officers may vote on this and other questions on their Division Committee until their successors are selected.

In the event of the office of Commodore becoming vacant by any cause, the same shall be filled for the unexpired term by the ranking senior officer of the Division from which the Commodore was elected.

The Vice and Rear-Commodores and Pursers shall be elected by the members of their respective Divisions at the Annual Division Meet, or at the General Annual Meet of the Association, or as otherwise provided herein, and shall hold office for one year or until their successors are elected.

Regular nominations for Division Officers shall be made by a committee of active members, each club having six A. C. A. members being allowed one representative, and clubs having twelve A. C. A. members being allowed two representatives. Any twelve members not belonging to represented clubs may have one representative on committee.

All officers shall be elected by ballot.

ARTICLE VI.

In each Division exceeding 100 members, there shall be elected one member for each hundred or fraction thereof beyond the first one hundred, and these members with the officers of the Division shall be the Executive Committee of such Division. The officers of the Association with the Executive Committees of the several Divisions shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association. They shall have the general government of the Association, and power to fill vacancies until the next annual meeting of the Divisions. They shall hold a meeting at the A. C. A. Camp to elect the Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer, and to determine the locality for the next A. C. A. Camp, and shall hold the annual Committee meeting in November at such time and place as shall be specified by the Commodore-elect. At all meetings of the Executive Committee seven members and deputies shall constitute a quorum, and when in the opinion of the Commodore a special meeting is not necessary, all questions may be voted upon by letter to the Commodore. A member of the Committee may appoint by letter another member in good standing of his own Division as deputy to vote for him in his absence at any meeting of the Committee, but no person to have more than one vote.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Commodore to preside at the annual meetings of the Association and Executive Committee, to attend the A. C. A. camp, and to make all preliminary arrangements for the same, to examine and certify for payment all bills presented to the Treasurer, to arrange dates of the Division meets according to Article III. of the By-Laws, to visit, if practicable, each of the Division meets during the year, and to see that all rules and regulations are properly enforced, to pass on qualification of names whenever published for membership in the official organs. The Commodore-elect shall, within thirty days of his election, appoint a Regatta Committee of three members for the annual camp of the A. C. A., and a Committee on Camp Site and Arrangements of two members, with power to add to their number.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Vice-Commodores shall organize and preside over the annual meets of their respective Divisions, and within thirty (30) days after their election appoint a Regatta Committee of three (3) active members for their Divisions. In the absence of the Vice-Commodores the Rear-Commodores will act in their stead. Those officers in whose Division a meet is held take precedence as to rank.

ARTICLE IX.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary-Treasurer to keep a record of the proceedings of the Association and of the Executive Committee; to keep a correct roll of members; to report to Division Pursers any applications for membership; to print each year the "Association Book;" to receive all moneys due the Association Treasury from the Divisions or elsewhere; to pay all bills approved by the Commodore, and to make an annual report of finances.

Pursers shall receive and expend for their Division meets and other necessary expenses, subject to the approval of the Vice-Commodores of their Divisions, the money due from the members. They shall also forward to the A. C. A. Secretary-Treasurer within four weeks after the Annual Camp of the A. C. A. a list of members and canoes of their Divisions, and the amount due from the Division to the A. C. A. Treasury. Pursers shall receive applications for membership in their respective Divisions, and cause same to be announced in one of the official organs, after which, if not objected to within fourteen days, and if approved by the Vice-Commodore, he shall notify the candidate of his admission. The Commodore may prevent the admission of any person by his formal objection—objections from other members shall be passed upon by the Vice-Commodore.

ARTICLE X.

A quorum for the transaction of business at the annual meets of the Association, or of the Divisions, shall consist of twenty (20) members.

ARTICLE XI.

This Constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Executive Committee, provided the amendment receive the votes of at least two-thirds of said Committee, and have been published in general terms in the official organ of the A. C. A. at least two weeks before being voted upon.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

Application for membership shall be made to the Division Pursers and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of the non-election of the applicant. Purser shall forward names of applicants to Vice-Commodore.

The dues of members elected after Sept. 1 of any year shall be credited from the following January. Each subsequent annual payment shall be one dollar and shall be payable before April 1. If not paid the Purser shall notify the members in arrears; and if at the end of one month more the dues are still unpaid the membership shall be forfeited and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in the case of absence from the country or other sufficient reason.

The entrance fee and dues shall be received by Pursers, 70 per cent. for the Division and 30 per cent. for A. C. A. Treasury.

ARTICLE II.

No assessment shall be levied for any purpose whatever.

ARTICLE III.

There shall be an Annual Meeting and Camp of the Association, and if practical of each Division, for business, camping and racing, the date and places to be subject to the approval of the Commodore. Division Annual Meets shall, if possible, be held before the A. C. A. Camp, and so as not to interfere with one another.

ARTICLE IV.

The Association signal shall be a pointed burgee, the breadth being two-thirds the length—the size for canoes being 12x18in.—the field red with a longitudinal white stripe one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red.

ARTICLE V.

The officers' flags shall be swallow-tailed pennants 12x18in., that of the Commodore shall be of blue, on which shall be displayed in white a pair of crossed paddles, with the letters A. C. A. in the upper three corners and a star in the lower one; that of the Vice-Commodore to be of red with the same device in white; that of the Rear-Commodore to be of white with the same device in red, and that of the Secretary-Treasurer to be of white with the letters A. C. A., supported by a quill, in blue; that of the Purser to be of white with the same device in red.

ARTICLE VI.

Each canoe may carry a distinguishing signal, rectangular in shape, 12x18in. The Association signal shall be carried at the peak of the mainsail, the officer's or private signal immediately below it; national and club signals at discretion.

ARTICLE VII.

The Secretary shall publish, after each annual meeting of the Executive Committee, "The Association Book," containing the Constitution, By-Laws and Sailing Regulations, lists of officers, members and their canoes, and shall send a copy to each member.

ARTICLE VIII.

When the same name has been given to two or more canoes, the one first entered on the list of the Association shall be regarded as the original owner. The others shall be designated by bracketed numbers, [1], [2], etc., in the order of entry. Cases of doubt as to priority of entry shall be decided by the Secretary.

ARTICLE IX.

It shall be the duty of each Regatta Committee to prepare and publish, not later than June 1, an order of races for their respective regattas; to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; to provide the prizes; to appoint judges, starters and time-keepers, and to decide all protests. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place, at least one hour before the race is called; and shall have entire control of the races at their respective meetings, except that at the A. C. A. meet the Division Committee shall act as local sub-committee.

ARTICLE X.

The uniform of the officers of the A. C. A. shall be o blue, with the letters A. C. A. embroidered in gold on the collar. The Commodore shall wear three rows of gold lace on each sleeve, the Vice-Commodore two, the Rear-Commodore one. The use of uniforms shall be at the discretion of each officer.

ARTICLE XI.

Each member will send to one of the official organs a list of such cruises as he may have made upon completion of the cruises; noting especially the condition of such water as he may have cruised on, rapids, dams, shoals, good and bad camp grounds, and all items of value to other canoeists.

ARTICLE XII.

Any member who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or of racing for money, shall be liable and may be expelled by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee at any of its meetings, but fourteen days' notice shall have been given to the person it proposes to expel. Any canoeist who shall, after this date, Nov. 7, 1885, race for money, shall be considered a professional, and shall be ineligible for membership in the A. C. A.

ARTICLE XIII.

No changes shall be made in the classification, measurement or sailing regulations unless sanctioned by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE XIV.

These By-Laws may be amended by the vote of a majority of the Executive Committee of the Association, excepting Article II., which can be altered only by a unanimous vote of the Association.

THE WESTERN MEET.

MR. ORANGE FRAZER'S article in June 30th issue has caused a broad ripple of merriment to o'erspread several hundred Western canoeists' faces. The old tried and true member of the A. C. A. has fallen asleep, and, like Rip Van Winkle, awakens to find many changes, of which he will learn as the years roll by.

Can it be possible that a cancer living in Ohio is not aware of the Western Canoe Association, just entering its third year? And yet Mr. Frazer totally ignores the large meet that is to be held this month "right in his back yard," and implores the A. C. A. to hold her next camp "as far west as Michigan," because it would be of such great benefit to the Association and Western members.

O, Orange Frazer, I weep for you! It was the A. C. A. who ignored the little band of thirteen that applied for recognition as a Western Division in her first season, July, 1885, and it is the few old tried and true A. C. A.'s who break forth now and then lamenting the long and narrow path to Bow Arrow Point, totally failing to remember the first circular issued in the West: "Believing there are many members of the A. C. A. and unattached canoeists in the West who are unable to attend the Association meets in the East, we wish to call attention to the forming of the Western A. C. A.," etc.

The W. C. A. has formally asked to be made the Western Division, and we truly trust the deed will be done in August, and that the A. C. A. 1888 meet will be held under such supervision, "as far west as Ohio," any way.

Don't fritter away your rest over the trials of "the man in New Jersey," but "take your canoe under your arm" and step into "your own front yard" to find "many old, familiar faces round the camp-fire" ready to give you a hearty welcome.

W. C. A. No. 76.

W. C. A. MEET, JULY 18-31.

THE programme for the third annual meet at Ballast Island, which begins next Monday, is as follows:

No. 1.—9:30 A. M.—Grand opening, sailing, 3 miles, open to all canoes, no limit to ballast or rig.
No. 2.—Sailing, Class B, 3 miles, no limit to ballast or rig.
No. 3.—Sailing, Class A, 3 miles, no limit to ballast or rig.
No. 4.—Paddling, Class II., 1 mile.
No. 5.—Paddling, Class III., ½ mile.
No. 6.—Paddling, Class I., 1 mile.
No. 7.—All classes, 3 miles; sail first ½ mile, paddle second, sail third, paddle fourth, sail fifth, paddle sixth.
No. 8.—Double paddling race, two men, Class IV., ½ mile.
No. 9—Upset race, Classes I. and A, 300ft.
No. 10.—Sailing, all canoes, ½ miles, open to novices only.
No. 11.—Paddling, Class IV., ½ mile.
No. 12.—Sailing for Gardner Challenge Cup, no limit to ballast or rig, 6 miles. The cup is now held by C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.
No. 13.—Sailing upset race, all classes, upset, all sail spread. No special appliances allowed, open cockpit.
No. 14.—Hurry-scurry race, open to all canoes, run 100yds., swim to canoe and paddle 200yds.
No. 15.—Sailing, all classes, no ballast, 3 miles.
No. 16.—Hand paddling, 100ft.
No. 17.—Tournament.

All the races will be made during the first week. The time for each race will be fixed by the Regatta Committee, and will be duly announced. The races will be governed by the American Canoe Association rules. The course will be around an equilateral triangle of one-half mile sides. Monday, July 18, will be given to the formation of camp; Tuesday, July 19, review of the fleet, after which general cruising and visiting among canoers; Wednesday, July 20, beginning of the races. Fireworks on Thursday night. The Canoe Hop will take place at Wehrle's on Friday night, July 22.

The second week will be given to general cruising and visiting the neighboring islands. The time for holding the annual business meeting will be announced at the meet.

The regatta committee includes William Ford, Sandusky, O.; Harry Gardner, Cleveland, O.; C. J. Bousfield, Bay City, Mich.; Lane Lockwood, Sandusky, O. The general regulations are as follows:

1. A member of the executive committee will be appointed daily by the commodore to act as officer of the day.
2. The occupants of each tent are expected to put their tent and the surrounding space in order by 9 A. M. each day.
3. No visitors will be allowed in camp before 10 A. M.

It is left to each canoer to see that the above rules are carried out.

A branch post office will be established at headquarters. Mail should be addressed to Canoe Camp, Ballast Island, via Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

Tents will be pitched to the liking of each individual or club, under the supervision of the Superintendent of Camps.

Invitations to the canoe hop will be restricted to the canoers and their immediate friends. The number of invitations will, of necessity, be limited, and it is especially requested that all who expect to attend will procure tickets from the Secretary on or before noon of the day of the ball.

Meals can be obtained at the hotel by those who do not desire to cook in camp.

Ballast Island can be reached by daily boats from Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit.

Camp supplies can be obtained at Put-in-Bay at moderate prices.

Canoes will be carried free of cost on the steamers, provided owners are with them.

Headquarters, Commodore's tent.
Assembly Room, Ballast Island Club dining room.
Secretary's office at headquarters.

Camp opens next Saturday. A number of distinguished visitors are expected. Among them comes Vaux, Gibson, Com. Wilkin, Com. Blow from California, Will McKendrick and Leys from Toronto, F. D. Shiras from Iowa, and Mr. Rushton. Com. Ellard will bring his old oaken canoe Kelpie. He has a new rig and the canoe fixed up for the occasion. The Stillwater C. C., of Dayton, O., will be there a dozen strong and with their own cook. The Jabberwocks will also be on hand with their own cook.

Phil Wackerhagen, of the Mohicans, sends his regards and regrets his inability to gather in more prize flags on account of business engagements in Albany. He also says: "Was mighty glad to see that young Stewart in his Pecowsic cleaned out those old mug-winners. How sick it must make them!"

The Sandusky C. C. had a regatta on the Fourth. Five starters—five upsets; that's all.

The W. C. A. Year Book is just out and contains a good deal of information. A few mistakes are noticed. No. 123 should be Alfred H. Rice, and 130 Thomas S. Gates. It is much regretted that the map of the Lake Erie Islands was not in the book. The greatest omission of all was leaving out the name of that prince of canoeists, C. B. Vaux, 133. The only excuse is that the book was printed in a distant city and the time too short to permit of proof reading by the editor. But C. B. V. is one of us all the same. The following are the latest names of members: Chas. L. Rist, 131; Rollin DeWeese, 132, and Geo. S. Schaeffer, 134, all of the Stillwater C. C., Dayton, O.

The Wabash C. C., of Terre Haute, Ind., expect to join in a body. Their membership is ten at present. The vote on the question of the W. C. A. becoming the Western Division of the A. C. A. will be taken at the meet.

THE PASSAIC RIVER MEET.

THERE was a large attendance of canoeists from Paterson and Newark at the Passaic River meet at Dundee Lake on July 2-4, but the only ones from below Newark were half a dozen from Bayonne and one from Bergen Point. No New York canoeists were present, and Com. Wilkin, who was cruising in Newark Bay with the Brooklyn C. C., got no nearer than Bayonne. The meet was a very pleasant one, the only drawback being the mosquitoes, which were present in such numbers that sleeping was impossible. The programme of races was successfully carried out on Monday, the events being as follows:

Sailing Race.—Class A.—E. Stern (Essex), 1st; Charles Blumdell (Paterson), 2d; E. Pennington (Paterson), 3d; C. J. Kirker (Paterson), 4th.

Sailing Race.—Class B.—George Cox (Essex), 1st; Charles Cooke (Paterson), 2d; Linn Palmer (Ianthe), 3d; H. S. Farmer (Ianthe), J. L. Douglas, Jr., (Ianthe), Geo. Douglas (Ianthe), O. F. Coe (Hudson River), withdrawn.

Paddling Race.—Class A.—E. Stern (Essex), 1st; L. B. Palmer (Ianthe), 2d; F. L. Hatch (Ianthe), 3d; George Cox (Essex).

Sailing Race, Class B, Amateur.—George Douglas (Ianthe), first; J. L. Douglas, Jr. (Ianthe), second; Dr. O. F. Coe (Hudson River), third; William Burling (Ianthe).

Novice Sailing Race.—Charles Cooke, Paterson, first; W. Burling, Ianthe, second.

Consolation Sailing Race.—J. L. Douglas, Ianthe, first; Charles Cook, Paterson, second; W. H. Hillier, Essex; O. F. Coe, Hudson River, and Lyn Palmer, Ianthe, capsized.

Tandem Paddling Race.—O. F. Coe and C. J. Parkman, Hudson River, first; G. A. Magie and F. McLees, Rutherford, second; J. Pierson and W. Burling, Ianthe, third; E. Stern and W. Walker, Essex; W. Scott and George Scott, Essex.

Class A Paddling Race.—W. H. Walker, Essex, first; W. Burling, Ianthe, second.

Quarter Mile Swimming Race.—Wm. Walker, Essex, first; E. Pennington, Paterson, second; Frank Kirker, Paterson, third; G. A. Magie, Rutherford; D. W. Bain, Rutherford.

Upset Race.—50yds. run, 50yds. swim, 50yds. paddling, upset, and paddle around buoy, J. Levi, Paterson, first; E. Pennington, Paterson, second; E. Stern, Essex, third.

Standing Paddling.—G. P. Douglass, Ianthe, first; George Cox, Essex, second.

Mr. Frank Kirker won the prize for the best flapjack. A number of handsome prizes were presented. The judge of the races was Dr. Graves, of the New York C. C. As far as the Passaic River was concerned the meet was a great success, but the location was so badly chosen that canoeists from about New York could not reach it. The few who tried it from Bayonne were 8 hours in covering the 18 miles, and encountered many obstacles and some very difficult carries, the return trip taking as long. There is no reason why this meet should not be a fixture each year, but it must be held in a central locality, the Newark canoeists coming down river and the New York going up, and all carries and dams must be avoided.

A. C. A. PRIZE FLAGS.—PROTEST.—New York, July 11, 1887.—To each and every member of the A. C. A. who have promised a flag to the regatta committee: Please take notice that your promise of a prize flag for the Bow Arrow Point meet not having been kept and performed by you, the said promise has been publicly and solemnly protested for non-fulfillment. In *testimonium veritatis*.—JOHN DOE, Notary Public.

A. C. A. NUMBERS AND SAILING EMBLEMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The regatta committee begs leave to call the attention of the sailers of the A. C. A. to the fact that the executive committee has amended the 4th rule of the sailing regulations by empowering the regatta committee "to dispense with so much of this rule as requires the carrying of numbers on sails in cases where individuals have private emblems on their sails of such size and character as, in the opinion of the regatta committee, will enable the judge to distinguish the canoes as readily as if the numbers were carried."

If any considerable number of sailors conclude to adopt private emblems, it is quite probable that if they make their choice without regard to what may have previously been adopted by others, some of the emblems will be so like others as to occasion confusion. With this in view, the regatta committee, under the discretionary power given it by the amended regulation, requests that any member intending to discard his number and carry a private emblem instead, will, in advance, submit a sketch and description of his proposed emblem to the regatta committee for its approval. The committee will not approve any emblem which is so like any other emblem previously approved as to occasion confusion; nor will the committee approve any emblems except such as are sufficiently large to be easily distinguished at a distance.

No member will be allowed to take part in a sailing race who does not carry either his A. C. A. number as provided in the 4th rule, or a private emblem which shall have been previously approved by the regatta committee. HENRY STANTON,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

NEW YORK, June 11.

[While this new regulation may meet with favor from some who prefer the circus poster style of decoration, it is a step in the wrong direction, as nothing is as neat and shipshape as a clean, white sail with the red number, and the latter is readily distinguished, while the emblems must be confusing at any distance. While some of these are amusing, the plain sail is in far better taste, and it only should receive official recognition from the Association.

TRANSPORTATION TO BOW-ARROW POINT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Brooklyn C. C. has made a very desirable arrangement for the transportation of its canoes and camp effects to Bow-Arrow Point, the advantages of which we shall be glad to share with any canoeists who may wish to avail themselves of them.

Captain M. Knowlton, of the canal boat C. W. Woodford, will take canoes, together with tents and baggage direct to Plattsburgh and the A. C. A. camp (or to any intermediate point) at $1.50 per boat, tents, baggage, etc., free.

We have arranged with Capt. Knowlton to tow to our club house at Bay Ridge on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 6, to take on board our canoes. We shall be glad to extend the courtesies of our house and to be of any assistance we can to canoeists who may desire to ship their boats from this point.

On Sunday, Aug. 7, and on Monday, Aug. 8, the C. W. Woodford will be at the canal boat piers on the East River, beside South Ferry, New York, and will take on board any canoes or baggage intended for the A. C. A. camp. She will leave New York, Monday, P. M., Aug. 8, by tow, arriving at Albany Wednesday morning Aug. 10. Fort Edward, Thursday, Aug. 11, Plattsburgh and Bow-Arrow Point Aug. 13. Canoeists desiring to cruise through Lake George should have their canoes marked Fort Edward. Canoes may also be landed at points on Lake Champlain should owners so desire.

Capt. Knowlton has been highly recommended to us as a reliable and careful man. The advantage of having canoes taken direct to Bow-Arrow Point without re-shipment will at once commend itself to canoeists.

Any further information will be cheerfully furnished by our Purser, Mr. M. V. Brokaw, 92 William street, New York, or by the undersigned, at 19 John street, New York.

J. F. NEWMAN, Com. Brooklyn C. C.

NEW YORK, July 11.

"THE OLD CANOE."

CHICAGO, July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being an appreciative reader of your most excellent paper and believing you will be pleased to learn something of the authorship of the beautiful poem "The Old Canoe," which I noticed in your issue of May 19 last, I take the liberty of inclosing you herewith what the New York *Graphic* had to say in the matter in one of its weekly issues during the summer, I think, of 1874. I quote *verbatim* from the paper:

"As questions of disputed literary authorship seem to have a tireless zest for the popular mind, there may be some entertainment for the general reader in a devotion of our Solitaire column this week to at least two such questions which relate to poems that have been given there. There, for instance, are the much discussed lines on 'The Old Canoe,' concerning which several friendly correspondents have addressed us. M. T. Hardy, of Mobile, pleasantly known as adding many choice fugitive brilliants to our collection, says: 'I have the 'Old Canoe,' published in your seventh number, as by Emily Rebecca Page, in my portfolio, with the name of General Albert Pike as author. Am I positively wrong?'

"Another communicant, Mr. W. F. Fox, of Davenport, Ia., after remarking incidentally that 'Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well,' much disputed of late, was written by Thomas H. Bailey and published as his in the 'Musical Odeon' in 1846, says of 'The Old Canoe': 'I have in a scrap-book a copy of this poem, the authorship of which is attributed to Albert Pike, formerly of Little Rock, Ark., but now a prominent attorney of Washington, D. C. Mr. Pike has long been known as a poet and author, and several years ago he published 'The Old Canoe' as his production, which he would not do were he not the real author. Have you considered Mr. Pike's claim to the poem? I would very much like to hear further from you in this matter through the columns of the *Weekly Graphic*. If now in error will only be too glad to be correctly informed.'

"Several other literary collectors write to the same effect; yet the claim of the late Miss Page to the authorship must remain the stronger until Mr. Pike himself asserts his superior property. The poem had been wholly out of print for many years, when in August last the present writer, who had found it published anonymously at least a dozen years before in an obscure and short-lived Southern paper, reprinted it with a question as to the authorship, in a social and literary department long conducted by him in the New York *World*. The poem, as taken from the Southern paper, was very defective in versification and was corrected, and even amended by whole lines in the aforesaid reprint. The corrected version is the very one sent to us anew by our Iowa friend as Mr. Pike's.

"From the *World* the lines were copied by a multitude of newspapers, several of which, without explanation, credited Mr. Pike with the authorship—possibly because they had been spoken of as coming from an Arkansas journal, but presently Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, herself a poet of established reputation, author of 'Rock me to Sleep, Mother,' and other charming verses, wrote as follows on the subject to the *World* editor: 'Sir—In the *World* a few Sundays ago, I noticed the poem of 'The Old Canoe,' and recognizing in it an old acquaintance, I am tempted to state the facts regarding its authorship. The author of the poem was Miss Emily Rebecca Page, of Bradford, Vt. It must have been written nearly, if not quite, twenty years ago. Miss Page was born, I think, in 1832—certainly within a year of that time. She died in Chelsea, Mass., in 1859 or 1860. For the last three years of her life she was, I believe, copy-holder in the office of Ballou's publications. The poem in question was probably her best, and was quite popular at one time. Mr. B. P. Shillaber, of Boston, was for some years a personal friend of hers, and could say much more regarding her than I can do, as I never saw her after her school days. From an extended notice of her, written by Mr. Shillaber after her death, I quote the following: "The poem that won her the widest celebrity was 'The Old Canoe.' It was extensively copied in this country, and in Europe was deemed worthy of illustration in a French publication, wherein it was attributed to Eliza Cook." Miss Page was quite ambitious and appreciation was very sweet to her; so, though I suppose it makes small difference to her now, I make this little statement in her behalf. Even people who write verses should have their due after they are dead. I remain, very respectfully, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Greenville, Hudson County, N. J., Sept. 5.'

"Other apparently competent authorities wrote in similar assertion to the same journal. And so the case rests. There may be an error on either side of the controversy. Such other verses by Miss Page as we have seen are far inferior to 'The Old Canoe,' and the latter is certainly more masculine than feminine in sound; yet the argument for the lady's authorship is not to be easily combatted."

Finding the authorship of Albert Pike denied I took occasion to write him, asking if he were the author of the poem "The Old Canoe," to which he replied, as per copy of letter herewith:

"ALEXANDRIA, Va., May 20, 1874.—W. F. Fox, Esq. My Dear Sir: I have been from time to time disclaiming the authorship of 'The Old Canoe" for ten or more years. Last summer I sent to the New York *World* an express disclaimer, having seen in that paper that the authorship of the poem was supposed to be claimed by me. I shall by to-day's mail send disclaimer to the *Graphic*. I did not write the poem, nor even add a word to it, or change it, or try to amend it. I suppose it was attributed to me because it was published once in the *Little Rock Gazette*. Certainly I never thought of setting up any claim to it. Very truly yours, ALBERT PIKE."

Mr. Pike's letter settles the question, so far as his claim to authorship is concerned. He distinctly states he did not write the poem. It was certainly not written by Eliza Cook, although strange as it may seem, it has been accredited to her, though not to be found, nor referred to, in her published volume of poems. I think it fair to conclude upon the evidence of Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, and of Mr. B. P. Shillaber, that the authorship of the poem should be conceded to Miss Page, as, since Mr. Pike's denial of having written it, Miss Page's claims seem to stand uncontested.

If not intruding too much upon your space, for me, I should be pleased to have you print the statement of facts I give you, which may be appreciated by many of your readers who may admire the poem and who would be gratified to know who wrote it.

W. F. FOX.

CANVAS CANOE BUILDING.

FOR amateur mechanics who are fairly good workmen and at the same time fond of boats, the construction of a first-class cedar canoe is a most interesting task, testing well the skill and ingenuity of a mechanic. There are many, however, who care nothing for the mechanical work, but who wish to build a canoe for the sake of having one and who look on the time spent with hammer and saw as so much wasted. For those unskilled in the use of tools or who do not care to expend time and money in the construction of a wooden boat, canvas offers an excellent substitute, as a very good canoe can be built in a few days and at a nominal expense. The many articles on canvas canoe building that have appeared in the last few years all take for granted the possession of some mechanical training and a knowledge of the use of tools. There are many, however, to whom this class of instruction is useless, as they do not understand the terms used and have not the time to master them. To meet the wants of these novices the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. has just issued a most useful little book, "Canvas Canoes and How to Build Them," by Mr. Parker B. Field, of Boston, an amateur builder. The directions are as plain and explicit as possible for the construction of a canoe 13ft. 6in.×27in. at an expense of not to exceed $7, while the simple operations are within reach of the skill of any careful amateur. No technical terms are used and the successive operations are carefully described in detail, each step being made clear before proceeding to the next.

THE LORNE AMATEUR AQUATIC CLUB, of Halifax, N. S., are the fortunate possessors of one of the finest boat houses to be found on the continent. It is beautifully situated on the shores of Halifax Harbor near the "Narrows," and can be reached by the horse cars from the center of the city in about twenty minutes. The buildings were originally erected by the Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron for their own accommodation, but that organization finally broke up and the property was disposed of at sheriff's sale. It remained idle for a number of years and had fallen into a rather bad state of decay when the Lorne Club secured a lease on favorable terms and commenced a work of reformation which is now well advanced, and when completed will give the members of the club quarters of which they will have every reason to feel proud. On the water front there is a good-sized boat house with flat roof. On either side a pier extends out into the water with landing steps. Moored alongside the south pier is a floating bath with a number of dressing rooms. Just back of the north pier is a building formerly a bowling alley, but now used for storing scull boats and boats of a similar character. South of this and overlooking the boat house is the club house, a two-story wooden building with pitch roof and basement, in which there is ample accommodation for the club, janitor's family, and storing masts, sails, oars and the numerous other articles which the members of such a club collect around them. On the side of this building facing the harbor are two substantial verandahs from which a magnificent view of the harbor is had, and which form one of the pleasantest lounging places imaginable on summer afternoons and evenings. Much of the success of the club is due to the co-operation of Dr. Charles Cogswell, of London, G. B., formerly of Halifax, whose name has for many years been associated with aquatic sports in his native city.

THE NORTHERN DIVISION MEET.—The Northern Division meet, which takes place from Aug. 1 to 12, already promises to be very successful. Our genial Vice-Commodore, Col. Harry Rodgers, has made arrangements with the Grand Trunk Railway for single fare for the round trip, canoes and kits free. The steamer Norsman, from Charlotte, the port of Rochester, to Point Hope, has agreed to carry members for the round trip for $2, canoes and kits free; for any other information regarding transport address I. D. Collins, Peterboro, Ont., who will be pleased to furnish it. The camp will be at the same place as the '83 A. C. A. meet, at Stony Lake. The islands in the neighborhood are in much better shape for campers than they were at that date, and are minus the centipedes which caused so much consternation to many of the uninitiated; they have all disappeared. The fish have improved the passing hours by growing larger and more hungry for silver in the shape of spoon baits, and no doubt many a "lunge" will make a savory breakfast for the hungry canoeist. The racing promises to be specially good in the paddling line. It is not known whether Johnson will be present, but Brockville will send some of her cracks, also Ottawa and Kingston, while Peterboro, Lindsay and Bobcaygeon will send all their old veterans and many new ones, and the man who gets first place in the races will have to hump himself and have a pretty slippery canoe. In sailing, the Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Brockville and Ottawa clubs will hunt for the decked flags, while Galt, Peterboro, etc., will look after the open canoe races. It is expected that several of the Western Division will be present on their way to the A. C. A., also Commodore Wilkin and several members from among the border clubs who can make it convenient to be present. To all who come we promise a rattling, jolly good time, such as true canoeists enjoy.—MAC.

NEW YORK C. C. REGATTA.—The difficulty of finding wind and tide suitable for canoe sailing on the Upper Bay has led to a change of programme for the regatta of the New York C. C. on Saturday, postponed from June 25. On that date the two main sailing races were started first, with a strong tide and little wind, all the boats finally being recalled. This so disarranged the programme that the other events were postponed. On Saturday next an interesting series of paddling races will be first started, with sailing races later if there is wind. The programme is as follows, the first race being called at 3 P. M.: Paddling, Classes 2 and 4; tandem paddling; burlesque paddling race; sailing race, inside course, 3 classes, seniors, novices and unclassified boats; standing paddling race; hand paddling race; gymnastics. The races are open to members of all other canoe clubs.

CANOEING IN CHICAGO.—The Chicago Navy, organized last year, held its first regatta on Calumet Lake, at Pullman. The Navy includes the following boat and canoe clubs: Farragut, Delaware, Pullman, Evanston, Tippy-Canoe, Iroquois, Hyde Park, Ogden, Quintard, Union, Douglas and Catlin. Its officers are: G. A. McClellan, Com.; J. M. Price, Vice-Com.; E. W. Crain, Ensign; L. J. Marks, Sec. and Treas. The canoe races included two single paddling races, a tandem and an upset. In the first, A. W. Kitchen won in 11.37, with W. M. Dunham 12.09 and H. B. Cook 12.29. In the second race R. P. McCune beat B. W. Wood. In the tandem, Messrs. Kitchen and Dunbar beat A. B. and N. Cook. The upset race was won by Dunham.

A NEW HALIFAX CLUB.—Last season a number of interesting skiff and canoe races were held on the Northwest Arm, the picturesque sheet of water adjacent to the city of Halifax, N. S. One of the the results is the formation this season of the "Sailing Skiff and Canoe Club of Halifax," with the following programme of events yet to come off, July 16, 30, Aug. 13, 20, Sept. 10, 24. The officers are W. S. Clouston, Capt.; J. C. C. Almon, Sec.-Treas., and W. S. Clouston, J. C. C. Almon, G. C. Hart, and A. W. F. Moren, Committee on Management. The club numbers 22 members with fourteen skiffs and canoes.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The applications for membership to date are: Wm. T. Hilton, Chas. D. Robinson, Chas. S. Williams, Harry A. Marvel, Newburgh, N. Y.; Geo. C. Clark, Edward Prime, New York city; Jas. R. Gilfillan, Northampton, Mass.—WM. M. CARTER, Secretary.

SINCE ladies have been accustomed to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet their personal attractions have been multiplied, and it is seldom they are seen disfigured with blotches and pimples, or rough or coarse skins. Sold by all druggists. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, black and brown, 50 cents.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

16. Beverly, Sweep, Mon. Beach.
16. Hull. Cham., Hull.
16. Cor. Cham. Marblehead.
18-31. Interlake, Put-in-Bay
20. Hull, Ladies' Day.
20. Pleon Club Cruise, Marblehead.
23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.
23. Monatiquot, Open, Weymouth
24. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.
26-28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.
27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
27. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
30. South Boston Club.

THE CAPSIZE OF THE MYSTERY.

LESS than a year ago we spoke in strong terms against the criminal carelessness that crowds trusting and ignorant women and children into boats of the most dangerous description and commanded by reckless and incompetent men. The capsize of the centerboard schooner Sarah Craig, to which we then alluded, seemed to surpass most similar cases, both in the loss of life and in the display of ignorance and recklessness by the leaders of the party; but the disaster of Sunday last at Ruffle Bar unfortunately exceeds it in both respects.

Without going into the painful details that fill pages of every daily paper, it is enough to recount the leading facts. An organization known as the Crescent Y. C. held a picnic on Ruffle Bar, an island in Jamaica Bay, about 3 miles from Canarsie and just opposite Barren Island. Two "yachts," the Mystery and Christina, shoal draft centerboard sloops, with the large rigs common to the locality, the former handled by "Captain" David Hendrickson and the latter by "Commodore" Williamson, of the Crescent Y. C., carried over a number of persons, chiefly women and young children, from Canarsie to Ruffle Bar in the morning. Plenty of beer was carried, too, and the picnickers indulged all day.

At sunset all prepared to return, but as the Christina was leaking four men and twelve women went in her, the remaining women and children, to the number of 35, being packed in the cabin and about the decks of the Mystery, a boat 40ft. long over all and 15ft. beam. In charge of this load was the captain, who was partly intoxicated, his son, 9 years old, and a youth who was not a sailor. The wind was strong and puffy from southwest, and the mainsail was double-reefed. The boat started away, followed by the Christina, and as the latter came nearer Captain Hendrickson started to shake out the reefs. The women protested as the wind was still heavy, but the captain paid no attention to them. Whole sail was made and the yacht was again under way. A puff struck and heeled her, the passengers as far as possible crowding to windward, when she came about, at once capsizing. Many of the children were crowded in the cabin and could not escape, while those on deck were thrown into the water.

Moored at the Barren Island wharf near by was the coal schooner Reaper, the colored cook, Andrew Robinson, being on deck. He at once jumped into the yawlboat and rowed to the wreck, where he picked up nine or ten women and children, his boat being loaded to the gunwale. By this time the tug Deane, which had been some distance off, had rounded the bar and come up, taking Robinson's load on board. Another young man, August Lutz, employed on Barren Island, took a bateau and also came to the rescue, saving several. The other yacht, in command of the brave "Commodore," was not far away at the time of the disaster, and might have saved nearly all, but instead of crowding up to the wreck the mainsail was lowered and the anchor dropped by her crew when a hundred yards or more away. Two men on board her plunged in and swam to the Mystery, each succeeding in rescuing his wife. The boats stayed by the wreck until nothing more could be done, and then the Deane took the survivors and several dead to Canarsie.

On Monday the Mystery was found floating by the Barren Island wharf, with mast carried away, and was towed to Canarsie, where ten bodies were taken from her. The cabin and cockpit was full of bottles and kegs. The total number drowned will amount to nearly 25, nearly all children, as but 13 are reported saved, while there were about 40 on board.

The causes of the disaster are plainly seen, and the warning stands clear to all. The boat was a shoal draft, light displacement, centerboard craft, with the usual sand ballast and a big rig, a near relative of the Sarah J. Craig; both being of the type that abounds about the south shore of Long Island. She was overcrowded with persons who were absolutely helpless in any emergency; she was commanded by a reckless and irresponsible man, under the influence of liquor, and with no one to aid him but a child and an ignorant young landsman. Under these conditions and in a dangerous breeze the boat was racing with another.

The immediate responsibility for the murder of so many rests with the captain who perished with them. In a lesser degree it rests also will the husbands and fathers, the protectors of the victims, who through carelessness or ignorance imperilled the lives of those who trusted in them. There are others, however, who are responsible for these occurrences which shock the community with such frightful regularity, the men who encourage, who build and who use such craft as the Mystery, the Craig and the Sophia. Only last summer we wrote of these men and their boats in the following words:

"Perhaps the most blame in the whole matter attaches to those who, while fully competent to judge, have persistently championed the cause of the wide, beamy, "seaworthy" centerboard boat, and who for ends of their own have opposed the reforms now so general in the direction of depth and less beam. To their false teachings is due much of the ignorance and misapprehension of nature's laws which has kept in use for pleasure purposes these floating coffins. The shoal draft, beamy centerboard boat is a necessity in America; with our shoal harbors and streams commerce is only possible by their aid. They have a function in our domestic economy; and so has a powder mill or a dynamite factory. In their proper place when used for inland commerce and manned by professional crews accustomed to them, who know and undertake the risks as a matter of business, as a man works in a powder mill, they fill a legitimate purpose. Sometimes the one capsizes, sometimes the other blows up. Neither can well be dispensed with and no one thinks of condemning them. The trouble arises when they are diverted from their proper purpose; in which case, to carry out the parallel, the person who takes a party who are utterly ignorant of any danger afloat in such a death-trap as the wide, shoal, badly-ballasted yacht or boat, is as directly answerable for the consequences as though he had taken them for a pleasant picnic to the vicinity of a powder mill or under the roof of a dynamite factory."

In each of the three cases the same parties are found, the reckless ones who, for purposes of gain, hire out dangerous craft; the ignorant and careless men who charter such boats for others who depend upon them; and the trusting women and children who form the great bulk of the victims. In such localities as the Great South and Jamaica bays the shoal centerboard boat is a necessity, but unless manned exclusively by experts the present class of boat is utterly unfit for use. For carrying pleasure parties of landsmen, women and children, the boat, though of shoal draft necessarily, should be of safe model, with ballast so secured that it cannot shift to leeward, as in the Mohawk, Mystery and Craig, and with only a moderate sail plan, whether sloop or cat-rigged. She should be in the hands of a competent sailor who should have absolute control, with sufficient aid to enable him to reef or to help in some emergency. The boat should not be crowded beyond her capacity, the guests should obey the captain and keep their places quietly and no liquor should be allowed on board. Under these conditions a reasonable amount of safety is assured, but the violation of any one of them is apt to result in disaster and death.

In the locality in question the evils of the favorite type are specially marked, these boats abound, and rum and recklessness are found aboard of them. Capsizes are of weekly occurence, but a mere drowning from a centerboard boat is too common to attract notice, and it requires such a wholesale murder as the present to call public attention to the evil. On Decoration Day a similar capsize occurred, a party of men and women being thrown into the water, but as it was only 3ft. deep, no lives were lost.

It is extremely improbable that this disaster will have any greater effect on the ordinary bayman and longshore sailor than that of last summer, or that any improvement in model, rig or methods will result, but there are others who can and should profit by such warnings. The landsmen to whom are intrusted the lives of ignorant and confiding women and children, are directly responsible for any results which follow when they allow their charges to enter a boat without being sure that the conditions we have given above are all complied with. If through ignorance they are not competent to judge, the only safe course is to stay ashore.

RACING IN BUFFALO.

BUFFALO Y. C., open regatta, July 4.—Course from stone lighthouse at entrance to Buffalo Creek, thence to buoy off Jersey street, leaving it on starboard, thence to buoy off Carolina street, leaving it on starboard, thence to buoy three miles southwest of red light on north end of Government breakwater, leaving it on port, thence to south end of breakwater, leaving it on port hand, thence to start. Distance 10 miles. Weather clear at the start, squally at finish. Wind at start S.W., squalls from S.E.:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'd.
Alarm, slp., Buffalo	31.03	2 31 40	6 21 50	3 49 50	3 43 05
Ripple, slp., Buffalo	35.06	2 31 40			
E. B. Jewett, schr., Buffalo	33.05	2 31 20			
Sylvia, cutter, Buffalo	35.00	2 30 40			
Emma, yawl, Buffalo	31.03	2 30 00	6 31 45	4 01 45	3 55 00
May Belle, schr., Buffalo	35.04	2 31 00			
Molly, cutter, Hamilton, Ont.	30.00	3 31 15	6 29 13	3 57 58	3 50 28
Corsair, schr., Erie, Pa.	31.00	2 30 40			
Susy, schr., Buffalo	36.01	2 32 45			
Verve, cutter, Toronto, Ont.	41.09	2 30 15			
Alice Enright, slp., Toledo, O.	39.09	3 32 15	6 21 25	3 49 10	3 49 10
Coquette, slp., Hamilton	33.09	2 33 15			

Alarm wins first prize in Class 1, Alice Enright in Class 2, Molly in Class 3, and Emma in Class 4.

The race was started with the wind blowing about 2 to 3 miles, which continued until the boats had traveled about 2½ miles of the course, from then until about 5:45 it was nothing but a drifting match, with the Enright far in the lead, at that time a very severe rain and wind squall came up which made a very exciting finish. Regatta Committee, H. D. Williams, Geo. G. Smythe and D. P. Dobbins; judges, E. F. Bishop and G. M. Stowe; referee, D. P. Dobbins.

The finishing time of the other boats was not taken on account of the squall, which drove the steam yacht inside.

June 15.—Regular inside course of the B. Y. C. Distance 14 miles; weather clear; wind southwest, 6 to 10 miles, unsteady:

Alarm	2 21 30	4 00 29	1 38 59	
Sylvia	2 21 35	4 10 50	1 49 50	
Emma	2 21 45	4 46 00	2 24 15	
Jewett	2 22 30	4 29 00	2 06 30	
May Belle	2 23 15	Not taken.		

First prize, Alarm; second prize, Sylvia; third prize, Jewett. Regatta Committe, A. S. Chisholm, L. G. Northrup and W. C. Cowles. Judges, Wm. M. Hawkins, E. F. Bishop. W. F. Nursy, referee.

RHODE ISLAND Y. C.

THE first regatta of the new Rhode Island Y. C. was successfully sailed on July 11. The prizes were the Low, Flint and Anderson cups; one in each class, to be won three times before becoming the property of the winner. Courses, classes A and B, from off club house, Pawtuxet, to and around stakeboat off Papasquash Point and return. Distance, 20 miles. Weather, heavy lower sail breeze with occasional light showers. Wind, northwest. Tide, high, 11:10 P. M.:

CLASS A—SLOOPS 30FT. AND OVER.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Peri, F. P. Sands[2]	38.06	12 51 56	4 13 10	3 21 14	3 18 06
Mabel F. Swift, C. Anthony[4]	40.09	12 54 06	4 16 05	3 22 05	3 21 37
Mignon, C. G. Bloomer[2]	35.09	12 55 00	4 29 10	3 34 10	3 27 30
Alice, G. H. Slade[1]	41.02	12 53 10	4 43 15	.. .. ..	3 50 05
Jennie, R. B. Banister[1]	30.06	12 54 32	5 13 46	4 19 14	4 04 36
Kelpie, C. F. James[1]	30.09	12 55 00	Carried away topmast		
Witch, James Lawless[2]		Did not start.			

CLASS B—CATS 24FT. AND UNDER 30FT.

Luciphene, H. B. Chace[1]	25.03	12 57 35	4 44 50	3 47 15	3 39 59
Rowena, J. W. Sayle[1]	28.11	12 56 31	4 40 33	.. .. ..	3 44 02
Windward, T. H. Jenckes[4]	24.01	12 58 30	5 14 02	4 15 32	4 05 40
Nancy Lee, J. G. Warren[1]	28.02	12 59 55	5 14 46	4 14 51	4 13 27

CLASS B—SLOOPS 24FT. AND UNDER 30FT.

Mascot, O. E. Collins[2]	26.07	12 56 39	4 55 10	3 58 40	3 54 10
Frolic, E. P. Butte, Jr.[1]	26.11	12 59 25	5 14 15	4 14 50	4 11 00

CLASS C—CATS UNDER 24FT.

Vision, H. D. Salisbury[1]	18.05	1 01 05	2 53 45	1 52 20	1 48 53
Moya, B. J. Potter[2]	17.00	1 02 12	3 03 35	1 01 23	1 55 09
Dowell, Wm. Pawtuxon[1]	20.11	1 01 06	Sprung main boom.		
Jay See, J. C. Padgett[2]	20.04	1 03 50	Withdrawn.		
Glimpse, Orray Taft[2]	17.11	1 04 00	Swamped.		

Note—[1] Providence; [2] Pawtuxet; [3] Newport; [4] Fall River; [5] Bristol; [6] Riverside Y. C.

Regatta Committee—E. Howard Wright, chairman; R. H. Carvel, M.D., Frank P. Eddy, Chas. I. Manchester, Elisha S. Arnold. Judges—Ditto.

GREENWICH Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, JULY 9.

THE Greenwich Y. C. has lately established itself on Tweed Island, opposite the Indian Harbor Hotel, at Greenwich, Conn., and on Saturday last the annual regatta was held in Indian Harbor, the courses being: For cabin sloops, from a mark off club house around Matinnicock buoy, thence around Hog Island buoy, off entrance to Oyster Bay, and back to start, 20 miles; and for catboats, from same start around buoy off west end of Captain's Island, past mark boat a mile southeast of Captain's Island, thence to buoy off Old Greenwich Point, and back to start, 7½ miles, to be sailed over twice.

The starters were: First class cabin sloops—Alcedo, Com. W. A. Hamilton, 34ft. 9in.; Volusia, John W. Williams, 32ft. 4in. Second class cabin sloops—Nellie, Capt. Alexander Williams, 26ft. First class open cats—Orienta, George I. Seney, Jr., 20ft. 10in.; Zelda, Edward Selleck, 19ft. 6in. Second class open cats—Terrapin, John Jacobs, 18ft. 6in.; Telephone, George D. Tyson, 17ft. 6in.; Triangle, W. Edwards, 16ft.

The wind was light from the south and the tide was running up during the race. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS CABIN SLOOPS—OVER 33FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alcedo	12 24 09	3 51 11	3 27 02	3 27 02
Volusia	11 24 41	3 56 34	3 31 53	3 27 34

SECOND CLASS CABIN SLOOPS.

Nellie	12 23 20	4 08 10	3 44 50	3 44 50

FIRST CLASS CAT-RIGGED—OVER 20FT.

Orienta	12 30 27	4 00 09	3 29 42	3 29 42
Zelda	12 24 19	4 05 49	3 41 30	3 38 35

SECOND CLASS CAT-RIGGED—UNDER 20FT.

Terrapin	12 24 49	4 20 36	3 55 47	3 55 47
Telephone	12 23 07	4 11 11	3 48 04	3 46 49
Triangle	12 26 47	Not timed.		

In first class Alcedo beats Volusia 1m. 18½s. Nellie had a sailover. Orienta beats Zelda 8m. 53s., and Telephone beats Terrapin 8m. 58s.

Another regatta will be sailed on Aug. 2. Mr. W. H. Lee will give a cup costing $150 for first class, and Com. Hamilton one costing $50 for second class. On July 30 the club house will be formally opened with a clambake.

COLUMBIA Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 9.

THE postponed regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was successfully sailed on July 9 over a triangular course on the Hudson, in front of the club house. The times were:

CLASS B—CABIN YACHTS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Julian	1 47 37	4 35 01	2 47 24	2 47 24

CLASS D—OPEN YACHTS.

Henry Gray	1 56 19	4 14 36	2 18 17	2 18 17
Mischief	1 56 30	4 15 49	2 19 19	2 19 19
Martha Munn	1 56 11	4 14 34	2 18 23	2 16 01½

CLASS D.

Columbia	2 07 45	4 24 52	2 17 07	2 17 07
Mystic	2 07 05	4 27 22	2 20 17	2 16 46⅞

CLASS E.

Defiance	1 57 14	4 25 58	2 28 44	2 28 44
Daisy	1 57 34	4 22 26	2 24 52	2 24 52
Hy. Fisher	1 57 27	4 26 02	2 28 38	2 27 33

The winners are Julia in Class B, Martha Munn in Class C, beating Henry Gray 2m. 15⅔s.; Mystic in Class D, beating Columbia 20⅔s., and in Class E, Daisy beating Henry Fisher 2m. 4½s.

The judges were Com. A. J. Prime, of the Yonkers Y. C., and Henry Andrus of the Manhattan Y. C.; Mr. Geo. E. Gartland, New Jersey Y. C., and Mr. Stephen Simonson.

BANNERET AND IONE.—The owner of the keel sloop Banneret has issued the following challenge through the Boston *Globe*: "In the city of Boston open regatta July 4 the Banneret lost the first prize for the first time in seven consecutive years, being defeated by the Ione. Feeling that the race was lost, not by being outsailed, but as the result of several unfortunate mishaps, I take this opportunity to challenge the owner of the Ione to sail the race again for a cup of a value of not less than the July 4 prize. If preferable, I will make the match over an outside course to windward and return under the same rules, and if Banneret is defeated will pay the racing expenses of the Ione. I will sail either with professional or corinthian crews.—J. F. BROWN, owner keel sloop Banneret (Boston, July 9, 1887).

TITANIA—SHAMROCK MATCH, JULY 7.

THE close racing between the two new boats of the year, Shamrock and Titania, in the spring regattas, has created a great deal of interest in the match made between them over a month since. The conditions were that the race should be from Sandy Hook Lightship fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return, for $500 a side. On July 7, the day set, both were taken by the Luckenbach and towed to the start, arriving about 10:30. The wind was south, a good breeze, and there was some sea left after the bad weather of the previous days, but not enough to trouble the boats. The tug took her place to the eastward of the Lightship, and at 10:55 blew the preparatory whistle. Both yachts were under lower sail and working topsails, with spinaker booms on deck. There was some sharp manœuvering at the line, in which Titania came out ahead, going over at 11:05:35 on port tack, while Shamrock, to leeward of her, barely cleared the Lightship, crossing at 11:06:17. The pair stood inshore, running up small jibtopsails, Shamrock outfooting her rival. The wind held moderate and steady, with no puffs, but at 11:40 Shamrock's topmast, a new one, went at the hounds. The topsail was kept on her, and she held her course until 12:05, when below Seabright, where she went on starboard tack. Titania followed suit. The latter also took in jibtopsail, but was gaining all the time, although Shamrock was doing wonderfully well, considering her crippled condition. At 12:54 Shamrock went on port tack, and Titania followed, but the white yacht at once paid off and started for the Hook, lowering her mainsail and taking in two reefs as she did so. Her mast had also sprung at the hounds and she was unable to continue the race. The press tug which was following the race at once took her in tow, while Titania continued and sailed over the course, winning the stakes. The mishap was due to the lower mast, which was of white pine. It buckled and so sprung the topmast. Both will be replaced by Oregon pine, the new mast being 2ft. shorter.

HALIFAX JUBILEE REGATTA, AUG. 16-18.

MR. F. C. SUMICHRAST, an old correspondent, and one of the sailing committee of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, has lately been in New York, after a visit to Boston, in the interests of the coming regatta at Halifax. The date has been finally settled, Aug. 16 to 18, as the most convenient time for the New York and Boston fleet, as July is taken up with several club cruises. The leading events thus far settled after these cruises are: Aug. 3, start of N. Y. Y. C. cruise; Aug. 6, Goelet cups, at Newport; Aug. 12 (about), Eastern Y. C. regatta, Marblehead. This latter event will bring the combined fleet to Marblehead, and if no postponement is necessary the yachts will be ready to sail on Aug. 13 for Halifax, a distance of 400 miles. At that season clear, fair weather and strong S.W. winds are the rule, and the fleet should cover the distance in time for the first day's racing, the 16th. The trial races at New York are not likely to take place before the first week in September, so there will be time to get back for them, and to stop at Bar Harbor for the regatta of Aug. 25. The full programme of the regatta has not been completed, but the races will be under the rules of the New York Y. C., and there will be good prizes, while yachtsmen may be sure of a hearty welcome. The R. N. S. Y. S. is desirous of having a large fleet from the United States, and will make every effort to entertain the visitors suitably, so all may be sure of a pleasant cruise. There promises now to be plenty of racing from the beginning of the New York cruise, and those who start will certainly want to go to Marblehead, and from there to Halifax.

THE LOSS OF THE WAVE.

THE centerboard yacht Wave is well-known to New York yachtsmen, as she attained some prominence from the races with Madge in 1881. She has been owned for some time by Stephen Cooper of New York, who on Saturday last started in her on a cruise to Nantucket in company with three friends, C. A. Jones, H. F. Terhune and A. F. Denyse. When off New Haven on Sunday afternoon a heavy squall struck the yacht, heeling her so that the oil stove in the galley was capsized and exploded, setting fire to the yacht. Among the stores was a keg of powder, and out of consideration for it the crew quickly jumped into the gig and cast off, Mr. Jones wanting to secure some money and narrowly escaping. By the time they were well clear the powder exploded, blowing the deck off. The party in the boat had a hard time, partly swamped and drifting about in the squall, but after three hours they were picked up by the schooner Lydia Chestine, and landed in New Haven. They hired a tug and hunted up the wreck, which was burned to the water. On their return to New Haven they were each obliged to purchase a complete outfit of clothing. A considerable sum of money and the watches and other valuables were left behind in the hurry. The Wave was built in 1878 by Gorman for John Dimon, and was afterward owned by Dr. Barron.

UNIFORM RACING RULES.

THE disqualifying of Titania in the Larchmont regatta furnishes a strong instance of the faulty condition of racing rules. The general regulation as to crews is one man to every 5ft. of length on deck, but in the L. Y. C. it is one for 5ft. of corrected length. The difference was overlooked by Titania's owner and too many men were carried, the result being that the race was lost. It is immaterial whether the allowance be based on one length or the other, but it is most important that the rule be the same in all clubs. Rules are necessary evils which may be made lighter by having them as few and simple as possible, so that the same thing is done in the same way in every club. Yachtsmen are beginning to realize the importance of these matters and the time has come for a general agreement among the leading clubs. Of course this cannot be done just now, but it should be attended to in the winter, before another season begins.

EMPIRE Y. C. 11TH ANNUAL REGATTA.—On July 11, the 11th annual regatta of the Empire Y. C. was sailed, the course for all but Class G being around the Gangway Buoy, this class turning Throgg's Neck Buoy. The wind was strong northwest all day. Tip Top carried away her jib, Sophia Emma her gaff, and Growler was run down by the steamer Sylvan Dell, her crew jumping aboard the steamer but afterward continuing the race. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN BOATS OVER 32FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma and Alice	12 10 00	3 36 15	3 26 15	3 15 15
Louise	12 00 30	3 37 00	3 25 30	3 25 30

CLASS B—CABIN BOATS UNDER 32FT.

H. W. Beecher	12 06 00	3 20 00	3 14 00	3 12 00
Katie Louisa	12 09 15	3 36 00	3 26 45	3 25 40
Rappahannock	12 06 15	Not timed.		
Sorceress	12 10 15	Not timed.		

CLASS D—JIB AND MAINSAIL OPEN BOATS UNDER 26FT.

Sophia Emma	12 01 00	3 50 30	3 49 30	3 49 30
Tip Top	12 03 00	Did not finish.		
Gipsey	12 01 30	Not timed.		

CLASS E—CATBOATS OVER 24FT.

Jessie	12 03 11	3 31 30	3 28 19	3 21 39
Dan O'Brien	12 05 49	3 44 30	3 38 31	3 38 41

CLASS G—CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.

Happy Thought	11 52 15	3 02 00	3 09 45	3 07 45
M. McCarthy	11 50 00	3 01 30	3 11 30	3 11 30
Growler	11 51 00	3 24 55	3 33 55	3 33 55
Jessie A.	11 52 00	3 31 50	3 39 30	3 39 00

EDGEWATER Y. C. ANNUAL SPRING REGATTA, JULY 4.—Course—Start from Dunedin round buoy 1½ miles north, thence south to buoy 2¾ miles and back to Dunedin, 1 mile; first and second classes twice around, third and fourth once. Distance 4½ miles. Wind fresh S.W.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'd.
Wanda, A. R. Douglas	24.09	2 01 30	3 52 00	1 50 30	1 47 12

SECOND CLASS.

Waterwitch, T. A. Currie	19.11	2 04 00	3 48 00	1 44 00	1 41 18
Minnie, I. M. Baggett	18.06	2 04 15	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS.

Fairfield, D. R. McCracken	16.00	2 05 45	3 10 00	1 04 15	1 02 36
Evadne, Bayly	13.09		Did not finish.		

FOURTH CLASS.

Ruby, Geo. Douglas	13.03	2 09 15	3 12 00	1 02 45	52 20
Lotta, Leftwich	13.09	2 12 15	3 18 00	1 05 45	1 01 51
Tino, Brown	17.03	2 09 00	3 16 45	1 07 45	1 07 09
Ida, Alderman	12.06	Did not finish.			
Bo-Peep, Hunter	13.10	Did not finish.			

Winners: Class 1, Wanda. Class 2, Waterwitch. Class 3, Fairfield. Class 4, Ruby first, Lotta second, Tino third. Wanda had to come to anchor to clear topsail rigging. Several boats arrived too late to enter, but sailed over the course. Regatta Committee, T. A. Currie, A. R. Douglas, W. H. Brown. Judges, I. G. Snedecor, James Barnes, C. M. Perry.

PILGRIM.—Dr. Winslow has sold his cutter Pilgrim to a Philadelphia yachtsman, who will use her about Mount Desert.

MONATIQUOT Y. C., THIRD CLUB REGATTA, JULY 6.—Inside courses; first and second classes, 8 miles; third class, 6 miles. Weather, fair. Wind, southeast; heavy. Tide, high water at start:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS—CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor'd.
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.03	12 15 55	1 06 10	0 51 15	0 37 07

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS—KEELS.

Alice, A. W. Blanchard	24.00	12 15 00	1 10 00	0 55 00	0 41 43

SECOND CLASS.

Diadem, L. Hayward	18.02	11 27 20	1 03 40	1 36 20	1 03 18
Maud, C. J. Lincoln	19.02	11 25 44	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	17.05	11 48 49	1 17 47	1 28 58	1 03 25
Nifti, E. F. Linton	17.01	11 48 44	Did not finish.		

The winners were Posy, Diadem and Flora Lee. The first class was started after the other classes, and, owing to the state of tide (ebb) sailed over the course but once; hence their time is for four miles. Regatta Committee—F. D. Bagley, G. H. Bicknell, R. G. Hunt, C. G. Sheppard, C. F. Colby, A. W. Blanchard. Judges—T. D. Bagley, G. H. Bicknell, T. P. Willey.

HYDE PARK BOAT CLUB REGATTA.—The Hyde Park Boat Club, of Chicago, sailed a regatta on July 5, over a course from off Fifty-first street, southward around Hyde Park Water Works crib off Sixty-eighth street; northeasterly around south spar buoy; westerly and crossing starting line, leaving everything to port. Distance 7½ miles. The wind was from southeast, puffy and squally, with smooth water. The times were:

SLOOPS.

Pastime, H. B. Cook	1 18 00	Lillie, A. D. Reid	1 20 51
Lemo, C. L. Palmer	1 10 44	Menantic, D. M. Lord	1 27 28
Blank, W. H. V. Rosing	1 12 18		

CATS.

Atlantis, Archie Bouton	1 01 10	Guenn, Edward Nolan	1 26 59
Cathie, F. L. Douglas	1 16 01	Andrews, W. S. Peck	1 27 49

SCHOONERS.

H. G., Harry Griswold	1 07 38	F., Edward L. Frasher	1 19 22
Hypatia, B.P. Hinman, Jr.	1 14 12	Marie, Chas. A. Bixby	1 30 44

The prizes were, for sloops, a silver cup, won by Pastime; cats, a compass, Atlantis; and schooners, a pair of sidelights, H. G.

BOSTON Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 3.—Course from club house, City Point, round Harding's, Egg Rock and home, course 1, distance 25 miles. Weather, fair. Wind, west, whole sail breeze. Tide high about 12 M.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Undine	51.10	10 56 00	2 31 00	3 35 00	3 19 05
Shadow	34.10	10 36 00	2 44 30	4 08 30	3 09 50

Only Undine and Shadow started in the sloop class, the schooners not starting as Adrienne declined a sailover. Shadow won easily in spite of the difference in size, being well inside of her allowance. As she before held one leg for the cup, she holds it permanently. Judges: Thos. Dean, E. Denton, Coolidge Barnard.

FORTUNA'S CRUISE.—The runs of Fortuna on her voyage from Marblehead to Queenstown were as follows:

Date.	Lat.	Long.	Distance.	Wind.
June 4	42.09	67.46	135	N. to N.E. by E.
5	41.51	66.18	82	N.E.
6	41.20	64.41	71	N.E. by E. to S.S.W.
7	41.00	60.36	192	S.W. to N. W.
8	40.51	55.26	234	N.N.E.
9	41.21	53.00	165	N. by E. to W.S.W.
10	41.28	48.41	195	W.S.W. to E.
11	41.56	46.00	141	E. to N.E.
12	42.10	42.56	137	N.E. to E.
13	41.58	41.10	79	N.E. to E.
14	43.47	37.58	168	S.E. to E. by W.
15	46.10	33.01	266	S.W. by W.
16	47.27	29.47	160	S.W. by W. to N.E.
17	47.50	28.41	70	N.E.
18	47.14	28.15	25	N.E. to E.
19	47.27	27.27	43	E. by S., with calm.
20	47.32	25.32	87	E., light.
21	48.53	24.32	93	E., light.
22	49.58	23.28	76	E. to E.S.E.
23	51.19	20.35	147	S.E. by E.
24	52.18	18.24	101	E.
25	52.00	16.18	83	E. to N.E.
26	52.03	14.42	61	E. to N.N.W.
27	57.23	9.40	180	
28	Passed Fastnet Light 1:20:10 P. M., making the run in 23 days, 20 hours, 10 minutes. At 10:30 passed Kinsale. Anchored at Queenstown at 6 A. M.			

The total distance sailed was 3,060 miles. On June 5, the second day out, when near George's Bank, she was hove to for 14 hours under single-reefed foresail, and again on June 16, 17, 18, she was hove to in a N.E. gale for 45 hours in the three days. The course sailed was that laid out by Capt. Newcomb when he started. Fortuna is now with the racing fleet, having shipped her racing rig at Greenock.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.—The cruise of the A. Y. C. this year promises to be of unusual interest, as a large fleet will start and prizes will be given for the best average runs as well as for a special race from New London to Shelter Island, the amounts being: Best average—Classes A, B, C and D, value $50; E, F, G, $40; H, I, J, $30. Special race—Schooners, Class B, value $100; sloops, Class D, $100; E, $80; F, $70; G, $60; H, $50; I, $45; J, $40. An informal start will be made at 9 A. M. on July 16, from New Rochelle for the rendezvous at Black Rock, Conn., at 6 P. M. On Sunday service will be held on a yacht hereafter designated. At 10:30 A. M. a gun will be fired from the flagship, when "service signal" will be hoisted on the yacht on which service will be held at 11 o'clock. Captains will have their gigs at the disposal of the fleet captain, in case of need, to convey shore guests to the service. The programme for the cruise is on Monday, to New London (off city); Tuesday, to Shelter Island (Deering's Harbor); Wednesday, to Stonington; Thursday, to Newton; Friday, to New Bedford; Saturday, as may be determined. There will be two divisions of the fleet during the cruise. Classes A, B, C, D, E, F and G, comprising the first, and all other classes the second division, and the signals for starting will be as follows: First gun from flagship, to prepare sail; ten minutes later, second gun from flagship, for second division to start; fifteen minutes later, third gun from flagship, for the first division to start. The first yacht arriving at the destined port will take its own time of arrival and that of the other yachts of the fleet (selecting a point for turning or crossing that will be equitable and fair to all), and report to the Commodore. Rowing races for yachts' boats will probably be held during the cruise.

THISTLE.—In the Mudhook regatta of June 29, in which Thistle beat Irex by 14m., the former was steered by Mr. G. L. Watson. Up to date Thistle has won 13 races. She will now ship her cruising rig for the passage across. The following resolutions were presented to Capt. Barr on his arrival at Liverpool by Capt. J. Freear, of the steamer Harkaway: "To the captain, officers and crew of the yacht Thistle: Liverpool, June, 1887. We, the undersigned, survivors of the crew of the steamship Harkaway of London, which foundered off the Smalls on the morning of the 20th of May, 1887, beg respectfully to offer you our heartfelt thanks for the timely and gallant rescue which you effected when we were in a most dangerous and exhausted condition, having been nearly ten hours in the lifeboat full of water, and the sea breaking continually over us. We also wish to express ourselves in the warmest possible terms of admiration for the able and seamanlike manner in which your vessel was handled under most trying circumstances, the wind being still blowing a gale from the west northwest, with a very heavy cross sea, and also for the very kind treatment which we received from all on board from the time we were rescued until we were landed at Cowes, two days later. Wishing you Godspeed in all your undertakings, and a prosperous career in your magnificent yacht Thistle, we remain, yours sincerely, J. FREEAR, Master; RICHARD SMITH, Mate; STEPHEN ROBERGE, A. B. S."

INTER-LAKE Y. A. REGATTA, JULY 18-31.—The work begun at Ballast Island two years ago is already bearing good fruit and the meet of yachtsmen and canoeists at the same place next week will be the largest gathering of the kind yet held in the West. The programme of the yacht races and other events is as follows: July 18, Monday, rendezvous at Put-In-Bay; 19, review of fleet; 20, races, first and third class; 21, ladies' day, cruise to Kelley Island; 22, races for fourth and fifth classes; 23-24, cruising and visiting, 25, races for Second Class; 27, race from Gibraltar Island around West Sister Island, open to all with time allowance; 28, ladies' day, cruise; 29, special cup race, club course, first and second classes. Sunday, July 30, will be the last day of the meet. The regatta committee includes Messrs. W. Scott Robinson, C. Y. A.; M. A. Quinn, O. Y. C.; C. L. Dean, M. Y. C.; J. W. Hepburn, T. Y. C., and G. H. Beebe, P. B. Y. A. The programmes of the meet are ornamented with a beautifully executed etching of a sloop yacht.

BEVERLY Y. C.—117th and 118th Regattas. The 117th regatta of the Beverley Y. C. was sailed on July 4 off Monument Beach, Surprise winning in first and Mist in second class. On July 9 the 118th regatta was sailed at Marblehead, Beetle winning in first, Sprite in second, Holden in third, and Dolphin in fourth class.

CRUISER.—Mr. Alley's challenge, lately published in the FOREST AND STREAM, resulted in three matches, one on June 18 at Larchmont, 7 miles to windward against the Punch, cat rig, 20ft. The breeze was fresh N.E., the course to Captain's Island, Cruiser winning by three minutes. The next race, on June 25, was against the Orienta, 21ft. 9in., cat-rigged, to Gangway Buoy and back, two rounds. Orienta started four minutes ahead, and sailed off before the light northerly breeze about as fast as Cruiser, rounding the outer mark about four minutes ahead. In beating back the Cruiser gained the four minutes, and as Orienta was standing for the home mark on port tack she fouled Cruiser, the judges awarding the race to the latter. Each race was for a $50 cup. The third match, July 2, off Bridgeport, for $250 per side, was won by Americus.

STEAM LAUNCHES.—Bowdish & Co., Skaneateles, N. Y., are building a 19ft.x4ft. 6in. steam launch for a gentleman of Denver, Col., and a 25ft.x5ft steam launch for a gentleman of New London, Conn. Both of these launches have oil-burning engines. The 25ft. launch is to have cedar planking, oak frame, copper and brass fastenings, mahogany decks, fancy wood finish in cockpit, and all metal fittings are to be polished and nickle plated. All of the wood work is to be bright except the planking outside below the guard rail, which will be painted white. Alonzo Springstead, of Geneva, N. Y., is building for Messrs. Allen & Grime, of Skaneateles, N. Y., a steam yacht 70ft. long by 11ft. 4in. beam, from lines furnished by Bowdish & Co. This yacht is designed for speed and will have powerful machinery.

THE VOGELSANG PROPELLER.—This new propeller, which was first built and tried by the inventor at the Washington Navy Yard, has been tested in Prussia with excellent results, the gain in one case, a torpedo boat, being reported as 5 knots, or from 21 to 26 knots. The leading feature of the invention is the grouping of two or more blades, spaced at unequal intervals on one side of the hub, the other side being either plain, provided with a counterbalance weight, or with a single blade opposite the group, no two blades in any case being diametrically opposite. It is claimed that by this arrangement all the blades work in more solid water than if equally spaced. The invention will be tested on a large scale on one of the North German Lloyd steamers.

TITANIA—SHAMROCK.—The protest of Mr. Maxwell against Titania for carrying too large a crew was considered by the Regatta Committee, on July 6, at Larchmont. Mr. Iselin admitted carrying 16 men in place of 15, believing the rule to be one for every 5ft. of deck length, whereas in the Larchmont Club it is one for every 5ft. of corrected length. On his own admission the rule was not complied with, and the boat was consequently ruled out. Mr. Maxwell has declined to accept the prize and it will be sailed for in the fall regatta. Hildegarde wins in her class, beating Cinderella by 47s.

HULL Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 9 the cruise of the Hull Y. C. commenced, the fleet sailing at 10:30 and arriving at 1 P. M. at Marblehead, sailing from there for Portland. The fleet comprises the following yachts: Schooner Silvie, Com. C. V. Whitten; steam yacht Eugenia, Vice-Com. Harry C. Converse; sloop Carmen, Fleet Captain, B. L. M. Tower; steam yacht Annie C., Fred Pope; schooner Widgeon, A. S. Wattles, and Arethusa, H. M. Savage; sloops, Aglaia (Davis), Hera (Howes), Nimbus (Souther), Echo (Burrill), Ione (Poyen).

VOLUNTEER.—The joiners are busy inside of Volunteer and much of the inside work is already completed. The arrangement will be similar to Mayflower but the finish will be in varnished pine, trimmed with mahogany. The sails are ready, and by Saturday all will be ready for a trial trip. The yacht will be sailed every day to stretch her canvas, and will be docked at Lockwood's by the last of the month, preparatory to the Goelet Cup race.

E. Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 7 the E. Y. C. fleet sailed from Marblehead for the Isle of Shoals, the fleet including Gitana, Mohican, Ambassadress, Adrienne, Galatea, Stranger and Wanderer.

MAYFLOWER.—At 2 A.M. on July 9 Mayflower left Boston for New York in charge of Captain H. C. Craven, formerly of the schooners Idler, Resolute, Halcyon and Sappho, the sloop Regina and the cutters Vindex and Muriel. Captain Craven will at once ship a racing crew and will race the yacht for Mr. E. D. Morgan, her new owner. She arrived at Bay Ridge Tuesday afternoon, her crew returning to Boston.

A WRECK IN GRAVESEND BAY.—The sloop Cloud, Newark Y. C., was wrecked near Bath on July 6, dragging anchor at night and going ashore and proving a total loss. Her crew were rescued by persons on the beach, assisted by the Coast Survey schooner Ready.

GREAT HEAD Y. C., LADIES' DAY.—The Great Head Y. C. fleet turned out on July 5 in the evening for a sail, each yacht carrying a party of ladies. After the sail an entertainment was given at the club house.

ALVA, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at Queenstown on July 22, 9 days 12 hours from Sandy Hook. On July 4 to 7 a heavy W.S.W. gale prevailed, and on the latter date she lost foretopmast.

CLUB BOOKS.—We are indebted to the secretaries of the Seawanhaka, Hull, Portland, South Boston, Corinthian (Marblehead) and Royal Nova Scotia Y. C. for copies of club books for 1887.

SIPPICAN Y. C.—A club by this name was lately organized at Marion, Mass., with the following officers: Com., J. E. De Kay; Vice-Com., J. A. Whiting; Sec. and Treas., F. L. Luce.

AMERICAN Y. C.—The second regatta of the series was sailed on July 9, the winners being White Cloud first prize, Teaser second, Budge third and Freak fourth.

QUINCY Y. C. OPEN REGATTA, JULY 9.—Winners, first class keels, Echo; centerboard, Good Luck; second class, Diadem; third class, Victor.

COHASSET Y. C.—The first race of this club was sailed on July 4 in a strong S.W. wind. Ethelinda won in first class and Madden in second.

SANDY BAY Y. C.—Regatta, July 9. Atalanta won the Harwood Cup and Petrel took second prize. In second class Alpine was first.

NONPARIELLE, yawl, lately purchased by Mr. S. B. Pomeroy, arrived off Staten Island on July 6 thirty-four days out from Southampton.

ZIGEUNER.—On July 9 Lawley & Son launched the cutter building for Mr. Agassiz. She is 42ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 9in. beam, and 8ft. draft.

GREAT HEAD Y. C.—July 9, First Championship Regatta. Winners: First class, Etta May; second, Em Ell Eye; third, Flirt.

COSETTE, steam yacht, late Marina, has been sold by C. F. Chickering to T. J. Montgomery, of New York.

LUCILLE No. 2, steam yacht, has been sold by Herreshoff Bros. to G. W. Wright, of Duxbury, Mass.

MADGE, cutter, has been purchased by Mr. Harry Trevor, of Yonkers, and is now fitting out at Nyack.

THISTLE, sloop, has hauled out at Mumm's for more lead on keel and will also shorten mast 4ft.

SHEERWATER.—The new steel steamer for Mr. J. M. Forbes is nearly ready for a trial trip.

PERMELIA, steam yacht, has been sold by J. M. Forbes to J. W. Winchester, of New York.

INTREPID, schr., Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, arrived at Havre on July 9.

COLUMBIA, schr., is at Poillon's for a new keel.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. A.—Brant Lake will be the better of the two for black bas fishing.

BUNKER HILL.—The Maine law restricts number of fish you can bring away and number of moose and deer you can shoot. Write to E. M. Stilwell, Bangor, Me.

OLD COLONY CLUB, Plymouth.—We know of no precedent covering such a case, but the most equitable manner of dealing with it is to order the two leading boats to sail off the tie. The question of third boat is already settled, and a re-sail by the first two will settle the question of first and second prize.

JOHN P. LOVELL'S IMPROVEMENTS.

The improvements lately made in the already extensive establishment of the John P. Lovell Arms Company will make this store one of the most attractive in the city. As now arranged, the store has large frontages on Washington and Brattle streets and Cornhill, and consists of two buildings connected with each other at each story by wide doorways. The rear building is the one that has been so thoroughly changed that it might with almost entire truth be said to have been reconstructed from top to bottom.

The basement has been enlarged and extended several feet beneath the Cornhill sidewalk. On the Brattle street side an entire glass front has been inserted and an attractive entrance made, so that people may enter this room, which is devoted to the retail sale of fishing tackle, sporting and base ball goods, directly from the street. On the floor above is a room that is flooded with light, both ends being composed almost entirely of glass. This is the retail gun room, and around its walls are fowling pieces of almost every description. Directly over this is the wholesale department. A part of this story is devoted to the Springfield bicycle and bicycle sundries, of which this house makes a specialty.

The several stories are connected by a large elevator of an improved kind, which is very smooth running.

Besides their Boston store the company has a large factory in Worcester, in which are employed 400 men, and where they manufacture some of their well-known fire-arms. In addition to their many different patterns of revolvers, they are busily engaged in producing a new hammerless self-cocking revolver, which is entirely new, and which will possess many improvements not found in any other as yet in the market.

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The great superiority of these equipments over the old kind consists in their lightness and strength. They have already been adopted by most of the leading cities in the United States, including Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington; also by the government for use in the United States navy. Besides handling these sporting and other goods, the company is New England agent for Reach's base ball goods.

Also sole agent for the United States for the Hunt's patent life-saving gun and projectile, which are now on exhibition in the window at No. 147 Washington street. All interested in navigation should examine them. The small gun is especially adapted to the use of vessels, and none should be without one.—*Boston Globe, July 2.*

WRITE UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN, Valparaiso, Ind., for new catalogue of sportsmen's and civil engineers' wear.—*Adv.*

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4th—These flies not only offer less resistance to the wind in casting, but more resistance to the water in drawing. Hence one can do as good work with a small hook tied this way as a large hook tied as before. Experience proves that flies dressed this way can be tied on hooks two sizes smaller than one would use on old-fashioned flies.

We take this means of notifying dealers and fly-tyers that we shall prosecute any infringement of our rights under this patent to the fullest extent of the law. Our course, in regard to the protection of our patents and copyrights, is known to some people. We assure such people that the same old course will be pursued by this firm.

We add a few extracts selected from the numerous and unanimously complimentary press notices of this fly. We could add many letters from well-known and expert anglers if we were willing to drag the names of private gentlemen into our advertisements.

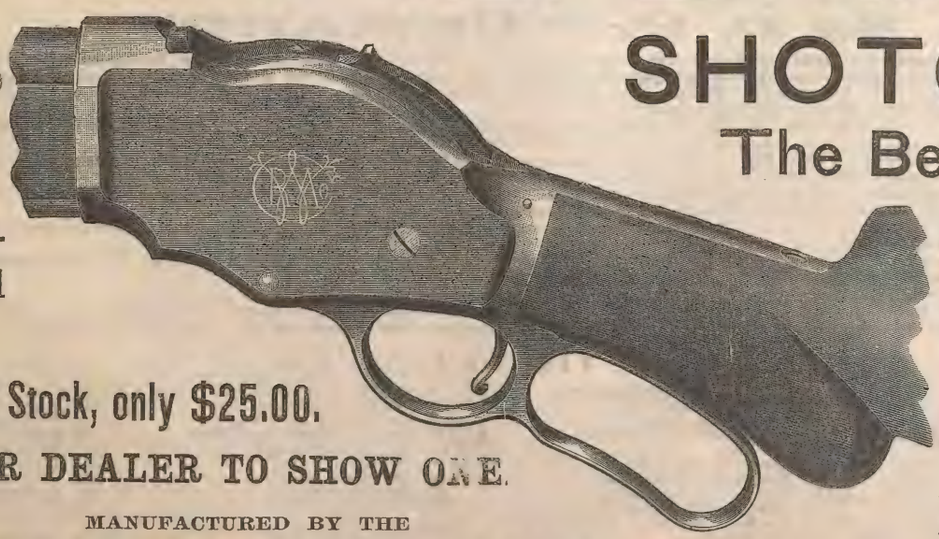
Scientific American: "When so arranged the wings offer less resistance to the air in casting. As the fly is slowly drawn toward the angler the wings expand, and give it a fluttering, life-like motion, much more alluring to the fish."

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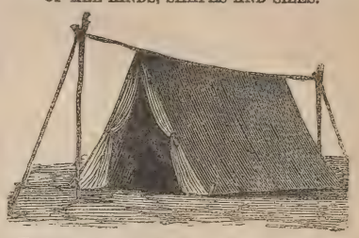
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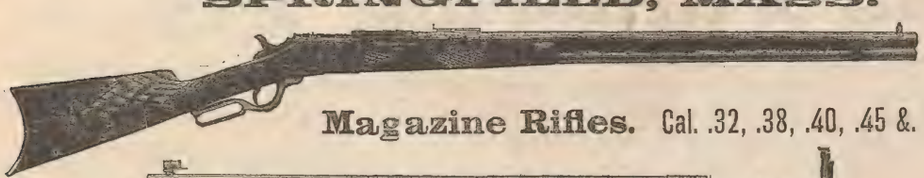
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XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
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XIII. A Skipjack.
XIV. The Centerboard Sloop Gleam.
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XVI. The Centerboard Sloop Midge.
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XVIII Mignonette—Sail Plan.
XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
XX. Light Draft Cutter Carmita.
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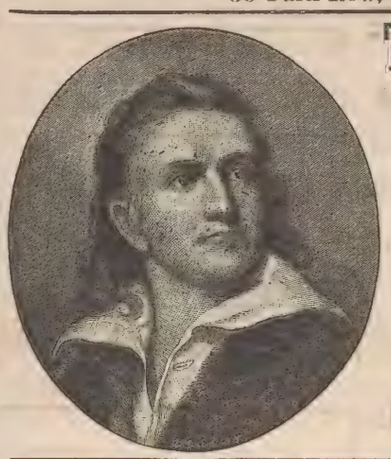
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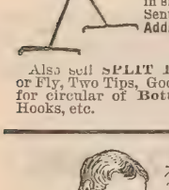
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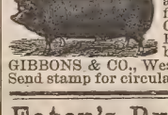
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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CARELESSNESS ON THE RANGE.

THE Pascoe-Robbins episode of June 11 on Creedmoor range and the subsequent proceedings with reference to it seem to have a little more than passing significance. According to the reading of the rules made in that case there is little more than the common law relief left to victims of careless marksmen on the range; and it appears that while a man who may for the sake of a temporary gain in securing a cheap medal falsify a score shall be disqualified permanently, a man who through criminal carelessness puts the lives of his fellow riflemen and the spectators in jeopardy may simply be invited to leave the grounds and lose any chance he might have had of winning in the particular match then in progress.

The details of the Pascoe case are very simple. On the afternoon of June 11, during an all-comers' match at the range, Second Lieut. Pascoe of the Second Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., a man who has been familiar with rifle practice on the range for a decade or more, was gathering up the rifles at the firing point. He took up one, and without examining its condition, tried the trigger pull by cocking and snapping the piece. It was loaded, and a bullet went spinning up the range away from the firing point and found lodgment in the ground close to the feet of a brother officer. Gen. Robbins, who was the executive officer in charge of the competition, came up in angry mood, and having discovered who it was that fired the shot, proceeded to give the offender a severe tongue lashing in a very unmilitary fashion.

Charges and counter charges have followed. The Lieutenant explained that he had had indeed picked up a rifle which "had been carelessly left loaded and that it was accidentally discharged"; but he wished the General disciplined in some fashion because of the wordy drubbing he had administered. The executive officer simply called the attention of the directors to the incident; and then when hearing was had, it was very promptly decided that with the word wrangle the Board had nothing to do, nor singularly enough with the shooting incident either, since the rules did not provide except the most mild of punishment for the offense of which the Lieutenant had been guilty.

It is upon this last point that the significance of the whole affair turns, for it would seem to be the fact that the most reckless handling of firearms is only to be met with the mildest of rebukes. There are two rules which bear on the offense in question and they are really duplicates. The first provides that—

"Any person discharging a rifle or snapping a cap within the inclosure, except in accordance with the regulations for shooting, may, at the discretion of the executive officer, be required to leave the ground."

The other is very similar and says:

"Any competitor discharging his rifle accidentally, either by his own want of care or by reason of any defect in the rifle, may be disqualified from further competition in the match at the discretion of the executive officer."

Could anything be more mild, more thoughtful for the feelings and considerate for the rights of the careless ones? They may be invited to leave the ground, and having taken a beer may return for ought on the rule to the contrary, and then they may be cut off from further competition in the match, a very mild reminder of wrong doing, especially as in this case the match was over and it was during the gathering up of the weapons that the bit of criminal carelessness was enacted.

Creedmoor has had a wonderful run of good luck. Sharp-eyed officers and the general good shooting ability of those going to the range have prevented a fatality; but according to the revelation made in this case, it is rather in spite of bad rules than because of good ones. There should be a wide discretion lodged with the Board of Directors to make an example of a man who is so careless as to send a bullet whizzing he knows not where. "I didn't know" should be rather an aggravation than a palliation of the offense, and the sooner the National Rifle Association regulations are made to conform to this very excellent rule of punishing criminal carelessness as a crime, the better for all concerned.

THE LOYALHANNA.

THE Loyalhanna River, of Pennsylvania, is just now in a suitable condition of filth and corruption to point a moral. There is less water in it than at any time within several years, and all the nastiness which the dwellers along its banks see fit to dump and drain into it just stays there to putrify and poison water and air. Vitriol from paper mills, spent liquor from tannery vats, sewage from towns, and sundry other ingredients compose a liquid medium in which the fish indigenous to the originally pure waters of the Loyalhanna do not thrive. Suckers, perch, and catfish, together with the bass which were put into the stream by the State Fish Commission, have perished, and are piled up along the shores, screens and tail-races for miles, where they threaten a pestilence on a large scale. The inhabitants are said not to relish the evil which has come upon them in this day of reckoning; but they who dance must pay the piper, they who dig pits for themselves must fall therein, and they who convert a stream of pure water into a sewer and transform a blessing of bounteous nature into a conduit of filth must expect some time to have their nostrils filled with the stench thereof. And the beauty of it all is that in spite of this lesson the Loyalhanna folks will go right on draining their tanneries and paper mills and sewers into the stream, and making all ready for another pestilence, whenever the clouds of heaven again refuse to purify the river. That is human nature, the world over.

THE CATSKILL PARK.

FOREST COMMISSIONER TOWNSEND COX is now in Ulster county with a committee invited to aid him, to select a site for one of the State parks provided for by the Legislature. It is thought that the most suitable district to begin operations is one lying partly in the town of Denning and partly in Hardenburg. A park of one hundred acres will be fenced in with wire netting, and in this inclosure will be placed a number of deer. This is the first step toward restocking the Catskills with a species of game once abundant there. In early times deer hunting was an amply rewarded pursuit in that magnificent range of mountains, but the dogging exterminated the stock and the deer have been as scarce as the wolves of which the garrulous, gray-haired village grandfathers tell wonderful stories. The deer put out by the Forest Commission will be in charge of a game keeper and as local sentiment favors the new undertaking, it is possible that the game may escape death at the hands of poachers. The preserve is also to be stocked with wild turkeys, hares and ruffed grouse (there are "patridges" there now). Acting on the suggestion of Dr. Henry C. Piffard, of this city, the Commissioners will put out a number of guinea fowl, which they are advised will quickly revert to a wild state and take care of themselves.

The law passed at the last session of the Legislature providing for the Catskill preserve, is as follows:

SECTION 1. The Forest Commission is hereby authorized and directed to set apart tracts of land not exceeding three in number of such size as they may deem proper, belonging to the State in the Catskill region, now constituting a part of the Forest Preserve, for the purpose of breeding of deer and wild game.

§2. Said Forest Commission may establish all proper rules for the protection of said land and game therein.

§3. Said Commissioners are authorized to purchase and turn out upon such land such deer or other game as they may think proper.

§4. No game shall be killed or pursued, trapped or in any way destroyed within the limits of said lands so set apart for a period of five years.

§5. The sum of five thousand dollars is hereby appropriated to be paid by the Comptroller, at such time and such amount as the Commissioners may desire for the purposes of this act, and the Commission is authorized to receive private subscriptions and expend the same for such purposes.

§6. This act shall take effect immediately.

The appropriation of $5,000 will not go a great way, but once a beginning is made the undertaking will be supported by public and private enterprise. The deer which are to be put out have been presented by gentlemen who are interested. The people of Kingston and Catskill Mountain hotel and railroad managers are expected to support the Commission with liberal subscriptions. The results of restocking the depleted trout streams have amply demonstrated that money wisely expended to enhance the sporting attractions of the region is invested where it will yield profitable returns. State lands in Ulster county comprise 43,000 acres, and in Sullivan county 3,000.

SNAP SHOTS.

IF THE reports concerning the new French arm, the Lebel rifle, are true, there is to be a revolution in rifle shooting, for the powers claimed for it are far beyond those of any firearm now in use. The gun as described is smaller than the ordinary military arms, has a small bore, shoots a steel bullet, sharply pointed at one end and revolving at the rate of a thousand revolutions in a second, and capable of going through an eight-inch brick wall at 500yds. The gun is a repeater, and the ammunition is so light that a soldier can carry 220 rounds in place of the regulation 116 rounds of old-style cartridges. The powder is an entirely new compound which, when fired, has neither smoke nor recoil. The Lebel gun is said to be as effective at a mile as at ten paces, and if it is ever to be used for hunting purposes all the long-distance yarns of sportsmen will have to be revised and rewritten to suit the times.

From the detailed report of the National Park stage robbery, given in another column, it appears that the highwaymen were amateurs nerved by the Dutch courage which comes from copious libations of Gardiner's rotten whisky. The scene of the attack was just within the Park limits, and for that matter it might just as well have been outside the Park altogether. The robbers were of a very mild type, and the least display of spunk by the passengers would have thrown them into a panic. There is not the remotest probability that anything of this nature will occur again, for the night stages from Gardiner are now escorted by a detachment of soldiers.

Gen. Richard Rowett, of Carlinville, Ill., died suddenly in Chicago, July 13. Gen. Rowett was distinguished for his services in the war, and was widely known as a breeder of fine stock, his attention having been given specially to horses. He was also a successful breeder of dogs, and was the originator of the celebrated "Rowett strain" of beagles.

Mr. Edmund Orgill sailed on the City of Rome yesterday to spend a few weeks in England and on the Continent. He will visit some of the kennels of Great Britain but holds to the faith that it is unnecessary to leave the United States to find good dogs.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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MY TRIP TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

NOT feeling quite up to the mark, and thinking that perhaps a few days among the mountains and along the tumbling streams would set me straight, I packed up my pipe and tobacco, together with my rod and a change of clothing, and made a break for the woods. Leaving Springfield, Mass., at 8:15 P. M., June 24, by the Connecticut River Road, I found myself in the early morning at St. Albans, Vt. After breakfast and nearly an hour's wait I took the train for Malone, where I arrived at 9:45, and at once proceeded to skirmish for a team, or rather a man who said he owned the best team in the State skirmished for me. A trifle bewildered by the very brilliant manner in which he tumbled, a step at a time, from twelve dollars and road expenses down to five and find himself for the 25 miles to Meacham Lake, I left him and sought other conveyance. Finding just what I wanted at the stable of Mr. Shields, a start was made for the lake. My driver, China, was apparently an ordinary lad of some thirteen or fourteen summers, but I am now well convinced that more than this number of decades must have passed since his first trout, to use his own expressive words, was "snatched bald-headed" from its native element. It has ever been deep mystery to me where Murray obtained the facts for his book, but the matter is now clear, China undoubtedly coached him through the woods.

Our road for a number of miles wound along the banks of the beautiful Salmon River. A more trouty (big ones, too) looking stream is not often seen, formerly large fish abounded in almost every one of its most inviting pools. but now, alas! its glory has departed. China has depopulated the once prolific waters and the angler's paradise is "a little further on." It was worth my journey to hear him catch trout. Not a ripple of its creamy rapids, not a foot of its still reaches but had paid tribute to the preternatural skill of China; no diminutive fingerlings ever disgraced his creel, leviathans that the mere telling of made my finger-ends tingle came from the bright waters at his bidding in such numbers that our gallant steed but just managed to stagger along with the prodigious load, and when China, doubtless encouraged by sundry well-timed exclamation points, "snatched" from under the shadow of a big rock five or six busters, the discouraged old gray incontinently stopped and refused to budge an inch until I bade China throw overboard at least one-half of his catch, when we resumed our journey. This ended our fishing, not another cast would China essay, somehow he appeared to have lost his grip, and with the exception of a deprecatory glance at me out of the corner of his eye he made no sign.

Fifteen miles from Malone we stopped for refreshment at Ayre's Hotel. The table was spread with a capital-looking dinner. The fried trout I know were good; the other viands I did not sample, but have no doubt that they were excellent. About four miles from Ayres's we entered the woods, which continued without a break until we arrived at the lake. The guide books pronounce Meacham Lake one of the finest sheets of water to be found in the entire region, with scenery and landscape unsurpassed for primitive wildness and quiet beauty. A lovelier spot I have never seen, and memory will long retain grateful remembrance of the restful hours enjoyed while idly floating upon the bosom of the bright waters or lazily reclining under the spreading balsams, fanned by gentle breezes that came from the mountain tops with "healing on their wings." The hotel is composed of several buildings very pleasantly situated on the north shore of the lake, with accommodations for some forty or fifty guests. From the opening of the season, May 1, to about the middle of June, the house is filled with guests who come to enjoy the fishing. Early in July the house again fills up, and remains so until the close of the season. The proprietor, Mr. A. R. Fuller, appears to know how to run a hotel, as nearly all of his guests are old friends who come each year with ever-increasing confidence in the ability of their host to provide for their wants. For many years Mr. Fuller has been a successful fishculturist, and each spring he has turned into Lake Meacham and adjacent waters many thousand fry of both trout and lakers, as they are called. In consequence of this wise forethought the fishing here is said, by those who have had ample opportunity to judge, to be the best to be found at any hotel in the woods. The lake and the streams that empty into it, as well as the outlet, appear to be full of fish, and it is the pride and boast of the house that plenty of trout are served to the guests at every meal.

Trout, however, are not the only attraction at Lake Meacham, there is an abundance of deer in the adjacent forests, no less than forty-three having been killed by guests at the hotel last season. The guides appear to be a woodsy lot and have the reputation of being well up in all that pertains to their calling. Bear are also occasionally found, some five or six being killed last year. On June 28, Geo. Selkirk, one of the guides, invited me to go with him to his bear trap, a short distance from the south end of the lake, but it was very hot and I did not feel able to tramp through the woods after a very uncertain bear. This was a blunder on my part, as he found his bear and brought him in. He also saw another one getting away and cut loose at him three times with his Winchester but failed to bring him to bag. Thinking that the last one was too badly scared to return to the locality George did not go to set his trap again until the next day, when he found that bruin had been there during the night and carried off all his bait. This episode taught me a valuable lesson, and I shall go with him next time, as I could not bear another disappointment like this.

One afternoon during my stay I stood upon a rock at the mouth of the brook that empties into the lake not a stone's throw from the hotel, and caught nearly a hundred trout; my cast was made up with a red-ibis, a black-gnat and a brown-hackle. Twice in succession I landed three at a cast; none of them were large but many of them were of fair size. When I arrived at the hotel only two guests were present, Professor Newberry, of Cornell, and his brother. They had been baiting some buoys in the lake and also in Clear Pond, a beautiful sheet of water some half mile from the hotel, noted for the transparency of its waters and the enormous size of its trout, many having been caught weighing in the neighborhood of 5 pounds each. The Messrs. Newbury captured one that weighed 2 pounds and 7 ounces, and in Meacham they caught three lakers, the largest about 4½ pounds. Accepting their very kind invitation to join them in fishing the buoy in the lake, we were soon at the spot, and with tingling nerves I hooked on a minnow and made my first essay for a laker.

Ah! those lakers. Reader, have you ever felt the electric thrill, half ecstacy, half fear, caused by the impetuous, irresistible rush and strike of a 15lb. laker with nothing between you and bliss supreme or dark despair save a slender line and 7oz. rod? Have you felt the resistless pull that doubled the pliant rod and almost snapped your heart strings? Have you watched with wide open eyes the fast disappearing line from the whirring reel that would run out in spite of well pulled oars? Have you held on like grim death when the line was all out until, just before it broke, the fearful strain slackened and your hopes, almost crushed, again cheered you on and your heart resumed its pulsations? Have you deftly managed each frantic rush of the monster, and inch by inch fought for your line as only a desperate man can fight until captor and captive were utterly exhausted, and the cruel gaff fast in the side of your victim laid him quivering at your feet? If you have done this, shake. I fully intended to accomplish it, but had never a strike.

On July 6 Mr. C. C. Clark, of New York, caught by deep trolling a laker that weighed 8lbs, with a 7½oz. rod. His wife was in the boat, and, judging from their story, they had more than eight-fifteenths of the fun that I anticipated. Since my return I have received a letter from Mr. Fuller, dated July 12, a portion of which I append:

"Since you left the guests of the house have done lots of deep trolling, catching many salmon trout, many of them weighing over 6lbs., the largest one up to date 10lbs.—one of 8lbs. and one of 8¾lbs. to-day—and, as usual, one of exactly 27lbs. 8oz. was lost to-day, after having him in a landing net. You know, those large ones always get away. Mr. Geo. S. Hier has so far made the largest catches—ten fish in one day—he uses not a silver hook, but a copper line, which gives him telegraphic connection between the fish and his hand and enables him to yank at the right time. Mr. Clark caught quite a number while here, but did not have just the right kind of tackle, though I think he got about as much fun out of it as any one. He used a 7½oz. rod and a very fine line, finer than most fishermen use as a casting line for brook trout. He is one of the kind of fishermen who thoroughly enjoys fishing. I was very sorry you and Newbury got away before the fun really began. Newbury worked hard enough to start it and he ought to have had his share."

Not meeting with success at the buoys, I took a guide and trolled nearly all the next forenoon, but, alas, the result was the same, and I gave it up in disgust and tried the flies, but the day was too bright and only an occasional straggler came to basket. After lunch we tried the inlet and succeeded in coaxing a few out of the very attractive looking water. Rounding a point, I cast my flies just under an overhanging bush and slowly drew them toward me. "There was a silvery gleam just beneath the surface of the dark waters, and instinctively I struck." The guide apparently did not know how to manage the canoe, as it gave a lurch to starboard, and there was nothing left for me but to counteract the erratic motion of the cranky bark by surging upon the fish, which was fairly hooked. This master-stroke I accomplished with more of success than usually attends efforts of this nature, and the frail craft at once righted. I have ever been an ardent student of nature and am moderately credulous when reading or listening to the tales of travelers. I had read of flying fish and to a certain extent accepted the statement for fact. Here I stopped; fish that climbed trees I took no stock in, indeed I went so far as to discard all statements that I did not know to be true when made by writers who advanced such preposterous theories. Right here I wish to humbly beg pardon of those now-believed-to-be veracious raconteurs and to state that I fully believe their tales to be "ower true." I am also constrained to add that I have no doubt that with a good squirrel dog, properly trained, rare sport could be had in bringing to basket these redoubtable arboreal beauties. The reason for my sudden conversion lies in the fact that just as I accomplished the aforesaid master-stroke a fish rose from the surface of the water some thirty feet beyond us, and flying straight over our heads, lit in the top of a cedar full that distance behind us. "That was a daisy," said the guide. "No," said I, "that was a trout;" and sure enough, when we backed ashore and the guide shinned up the tree, he found that, as usual in matters of this kind, I was correct. The weight of our capture I cannot state, as we had no scales that would record more than 4lbs., and they gave us no indication of his avordupois. I therefore leave this to the imagination of the reader, only suggesting that perhaps the oft told tales of the many worthy disciples of the venerated Izaak, who have whipped those prolific waters and furnished for the delectation of their less fortunate brethren glowing accounts of the size of the denizens sporting therein, may be of assistance to them in forming an estimate. After this episode we returned to the lake, and as the shadows lengthened we had better luck, taking home over forty fish of good size.

Days of rare sport and restful enjoyment succeeded, passing all too quickly, until it was time to reel up and start for home. The Northern Adirondack Railroad is now open to Paul Smith's station, some eleven miles from Lake Meacham, making much the easiest route to the St. Regis and Saranac waters, with three trains each way daily and though sleepers to New York. I had intended to take this route home, but young Mr. Newbury was going to Lake Placid and urged me to accompany him. I needed but little persuasion, as I wished to see more of the beautiful country that I had obtained but a glimpse of. Regretfully leaving the beautiful spot at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning in a private conveyance, we drove along the lake over a capital road, that with its line of telegraph posts that extended to Fuller's, looked anything but a wild woods trail.

Arriving at Paul Smith's in time for an early dinner, my first disappointment or rather two of them came to me. In the first place I learned to my disgust that the world renowned Paul Smith was not Paul at all but Apollos A. Then we had no trout for dinner, and my feelings overcame my appetite and I was unhappy. After dinner I looked up Apollos, and a half hour's chat with him set me straight again. He is truly a son of the forest, and I do not wonder at the popularity of his house. I have promised that when he comes to New York I will take him down to Dorlan's and treat him to a trout dinner.

The journey to Lake Placid was simply delightful. We arrived there in time for an hour on the beautiful lake, where we saw grand old Whiteface put on his night cap of fleecy clouds, and heard him lovingly echo back the weird notes of the evening song of the hermit thrush. The scenery at Lake Placid is grand and awe-inspiring, but somehow I did not feel at home. As some one has aptly said, "A mortal feels very small in the presence of grandeur like this."

The next forenoon was devoted to fishing, or rather we made fishing an excuse for becoming better acquainted with the beauties of this very appropriately named gem of the wilderness. Calmly gliding over the still water, occasionally lazily making a cast, we dreamily passed the hours drinking in with eager delight each new beauty of shimmering water, darksome forest and rock-crowned peak. Truly, "it is not all of fishing to fish," indeed I have faint recollection of the number and size of our catch. I only remember the wondrous beauty of the lovely lake and its majestic surroundings and that we forgot to bring to the house the few fish we did catch. Leaving Lake Placid on Saturday morning on the regular stage for Westport we passed through the historical town of North Elba, and as we came within sight of the grave of the "hero martyr," passengers and driver, six of us, attempted to sing:

"John Brown's body lies mold'ring in the grave."

What the others thought of the performance I know not. I was very forcibly impressed with the opinion that if the grand soul that is ever marching on had not got out of hearing, its pace would most assuredly be greatly accelerated if not entirely broken up. Passing through the narrow and rugged defile along the shore of Edmund's Pond, then down a long and steep incline to the beautiful valley of Keene, we halted for dinner; then up and down the mountains to Elizabethtown. We tarried until the stage was ready for Westport, where I took the train at 9:15, and at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning was home again with renewed health and vigor. Blended in sweet confusion and indelibly engraved upon memory's tablet is the wondrous wildwood picture, "a thing of beauty, a joy forever."

SHADOW.

Natural History.

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DOMESTICATING RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My second ruffed grouse hen began sitting on the 4th of June last. She had previously laid five additional eggs in the new nest which she had made on being transferred, making ten in all, while the first hen had laid thirteen. It has always been stated that the male grouse takes no interest in the process of incubation and the rearing of the family. But this spring my male bird went several times into the nest on the day the second hen began sitting, and spent some time in it, as though he was about to undertake the work of incubation himself. The hen apparently did not relish the interference, whereupon I removed the male bird from the coop, and she promptly entered the nest and remained there during the afternoon and night.

An examination of the earlier sitting of eggs after a few days foreshadowed what was afterward fully established, that the eggs of the first hen were all barren, while those of the second hen were all fertile. I am not prepared to believe that this goes toward establishing the theory that the grouse it monogamous, and that the male bird having mated with one hen refused to mate with the other. The first hen apparently is a bird only a year old this spring, while the second is probably three years of age or older. The younger hen began laying within twelve days after she had first been placed in the coop with the male bird, and it is possible that her eggs had so far matured as to render their impregnation unlikely, if not impossible. Both last year and this the male birds were from a locality further north than that from which the hens were obtained, and their mating seasons consequently a little later. All these conditions are to be taken into account in drawing any conclusions as to the habits of the grouse in this respect.

The second hen showed no signs of restlessness or uneasiness during her entire time of incubation. But on the afternoon of the eighth day I found the first hen in a high state of exciment, created by some unknown cause, rushing about the coop, beating against its sides with her bill, and evidently having forgotten all about her eggs. The trouble was possibly caused by a pet game rooster which occasionally perched on the coop, and which had been rather noisier than usual that day. But the hen quieted down in less than an hour, and thereafter had no trouble.

The twenty-first day of the first incubation was completed at noon on the 15th day of June. That afternoon the eggs were found to be "pipped," as the poultry raisers would say, and everything promised fairly. But the next morning the chicks still tarried, and I began to be apprehensive. The next morning, the twenty-third day, I called in a poultry expert, and we both felt satisfied that the eggs had become so dry, owing to their situation, that the outer membrane had not softened down enough, and remained so tough that the chicks could not break through it. They were moistened several time at intervals with tepid water, and I hoped to save those developing later. But unfortunately the help came too late, and only one chick succeeded in extricating himself from the shell on the night of the twenty-fourth day. He lived and flourished for some twenty-four hours after hatching, but his mother most unluckily stepped on him on his first excursion from the nest, and as he was still feeble from his long struggle he did not survive. [Certainly one and possibly two of the eggs in this nest were laid by the second hen after the first had begun setting. This will readily account for what would otherwise seem a strange difference in the time of hatching.]

Subsequent examination showed that the last two of

the chicks that died in the shell had lived in their narrow prison at least a full day beyond the time when they should have been set free. This was evident from the fact that not only had the yolk been entirely absorbed into the body of the chick, but a portion of it, in each case, had been digested and passed off in feces, which were found in the bottom of the shell. When the hen found these chicks unable to extricate themselves, she went to work and carefully removed all the shell from the upper half of each egg, picking it off in pieces scarcely larger than the flattened head of a pin. But when this was done the tough membrane contracted about the little innocent, gripping him like a vise and crushing out his life before it had fairly begun. I am thoroughly convinced that at the time I last saw these two chicks alive they could have been saved by delicately cutting apart the membrane so that they could struggle out into the world. And these two, with the one that did hatch, would have been three, etc., etc.

This difficulty of the "drying up" of the eggs of game birds in "assisted" hatching is one that is liable to occur. My own theory is that the eggs of the grouse and quail being disproportionately small for the size of these birds (Nature's provision to aid their concealment), are relatively deficient in their watery part, and hence if the evaporation resulting from the incubating process is not properly made up by the reabsorption of surrounding moisture, the membrane about the chick adheres to it, and being unnaturally strong cannot be broken. At least two cases have come under my observation where gentlemen who had attempted to hatch quail found that the chicks had perished in this way, and thereupon decided that it was not possible. Having a hen quail sitting in my coops three years ago, I was so afraid of a similar miscarriage that I was in the habit of turning the lawn hose on the nest every day or two. As a consequence it was kept so damp and cool that the eggs were twenty-three days in hatching, but of the entire twelve every single one brought out a chick.

The grouse nest of which I write, however, was in a bunch of oak leaves on the ground, and being in a comparatively shady place seemed not to need any artificial moistening. But it had a southeast exposure where the sun shone warm during the greater part of the forenoon, and the coop was partly roofed over so that the rain could not fall on the ground about the nest. It was too dry.

Speaking of handling and examining the eggs, I did more or less of this from the time that the first hen began laying (always very carefully, of course), and I could not see that it made any difference with the birds in their laying or sitting, or in the hatching of the eggs. The second hen was so tame that after she began sitting she would allow me to take the eggs from under her without leaving the nest, and both of them would carefully replace in the nest with their bills an egg laid down before them, very much indeed after the manner of the common hen.

But the first hen manifested an intelligence during the hatching of her eggs which was most remarkable, and which would seem to partake more of reason than of mere instinct. The first chick that failed to hatch was removed by the hen as soon as it died to the limit of the coop furthest from the nest. The next day another dead chick was removed in the same way and to the same place. How the removal was effected I am unable to say, but the coop was locked and no other bird or animal but the sitting hen had access to it. Yet the two last chicks that died in the shell after or about the time that the live chick was hatched were not carried from the nest at all. The hen was apparently unwilling to leave the nest for such purpose the instant there were any living chicks to care for. Can anything more nearly approach human intelligence than this, and not be human?

After they had fairly "settled down to business," the grouse hens proved the most faithful and persistent of sitters. Yet they were equally regular in leaving the nest about the same hour each day for their feed of whole Indian corn, with which they were liberally supplied, remaining away from the egg never more than twelve or fifteen minutes. When the first hen had finished all the fertile eggs, having no chicks to care for, she still adhered to the nest which held a few barren eggs. For the purpose of testing her "staying qualities," I allowed her to remain, and when she was finally broken up, she had been sitting continuously for thirty-six days. The second hen was on her nest for twenty-eight days continuously. It is probable that they would both have been sitting up to this time, but that they were forcibly removed to the adjoining coop, and shut out from the nests. After a lapse of eighteen hours, they were readmitted to the nests and at once resumed their places as usual. In the course of the day they were again removed and after being shut out for twenty-four hours, again admitted to the nests. The same result followed in each case, although in the meantime all the eggs had been removed. They were finally shut out altogether.

But there still remain the fertile eggs under the second hen to be accounted for. Their story is soon told. By some mishap this hen managed to break one of her eggs in the nest after she had been sitting some ten days. The remaining eggs were carefully cleaned as soon as the mischief was discovered, but for that or some other reason the development of the embryo stopped, and the partly formed chicks died. The hen remained on these eggs four full weeks, but when the shells were broken at the end of that time it was evident that the chicks had never come anywhere near maturity.

This then is the result of my second year's experiments looking to the domestication of the ruffed grouse. It would seem as though they have demonstrated conclusively that the breeding of these grouse in confinement is not only possible, but practicable, and that so far as tried they adapt themselves with most readiness to the changed conditions resulting from captivity. And while all attempts at rearing grouse chicks under foster mothers appear to have failed, I am reasonably sure that chicks hatched under a tamed hen of their own species would at once take their cue from her and become easily accustomed to confinement and the sight of man. As for myself, I am not altogether unconsolable, having actually hatched a live grouse chick under a grouse hen, and from eggs fertilized and laid in captivity. Another year I shall hope to go on with my efforts, should nothing interfere.

I cannot close this report (which is written for the purpose of aiding any one who may follow up these attempts) without acknowledging my obligations to Mr. George R. Wright, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., (to whom I am indebted for birds) to Mr. C. H. Ames of Boston, Mr. Eugene Powers of Cortland, N. Y., Mr. J. L. Davison of Lockport, N. Y., Judge E. D. Potter and Mr. W. O. Dakin of Toledo, the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and other gentlemen who have taken a lively interest in these undertakings.

Fifteen or twenty years from now the ruffed grouse will come to occupy very much the same place in this country as does the English pheasant in Great Britain—a semi-domesticated bird. When that time comes the magnificent *Bonasa umbellus* will be less of a stranger.

TOLEDO, O., July 12. J. B. BATTELLE.

AN EXAMPLE OF OPHIDIAN SENILITY.

THE death of a large snake (*Python seba*, of West Africa) in the London Reptilium lately afforded in its gradual decay of powers some interesting physiological features. It must have been at least thirty years old when it died, having been an inmate of the gardens twenty-three years, and being—so far as could be judged from its size when brought there—seven or eight years old at that time. When in its prime it measured 18ft. in length and was then a very handsome serpent, the pride of the collection. Latterly it was scarcely more than 14ft. long, having gradually shrunken during the last three or four years. In this shrinking of the form, as well as several other phases of natural decay, there was much similarity between the infirmities of the snake and those of human beings on the approach of old age. And they were such as could not fail to excite the sympathy of the observer. As far as one could venture to designate its chief affliction one would say that it was rheumatism, and to every appearance "the rheumatics" are an ophidian as well as a human malady. But fortunately we do not suffer to such an extent, and even if we had them from top to toe they could scarcely be so inconvenient as the python's 18ft. of rheumatism, or say even 14ft. or 15ft. *Python seba* has, according to Duméril, 357 vertebræ, of which 71 (beginning at the third as far as the tail) support a pair of movable ribs, one pair to each vertebræ; and as the ribs act as legs in crawling and are elaborately articulated with the complex spine by muscles still more complicated, the sufferings of a rheumatic constricting snake must be very severe indeed.

As much as three years before its death the keeper observed a difficulty and awkwardness in grasping its prey. The vertebral column, once so pliant, so swift in coiling, deft as ready hands, dexterous as fingers, and always equal to the occasion, became stiff and unmanageable. With difficulty it dragged its slow length along and drew itself into inadequate loops. Ten or twelve years ago I used to watch this snake at the feeding hour, and then realized the truth of what an old writer, Boget, said of the marvellous adaptation of a constrictor's coils to meet any emergency. With incredible swiftness it proved "its whole body a hand" in bringing two or more loops of it as two or more hands, to hold, press down, or arrange the outspread wings or limbs of the bird or animal it was swallowing. And all this without the aid of sight, the snake never so much as turning its eyes in the way of observing what was required, but by a sense of touch alone making its coils or loops serve the purpose of limbs and tactile organs.

When a constricting snake is hungry for food it will within six minutes seize with its mouth, coil, kill and swallow its prey. But our aged python with its poor stiff spine could no longer achieve this and had to be assisted. The keeper would get the prey into easy position and even present it to the mouth of the snake, holding it there until grasped. The old python, as if conscious that its coils were ineffective, would sometimes have recourse to the wall when the doomed animal happened to be close enough, and tried to kill it by force of pressure; an example of adapting means to an end practiced systematically by another snake, also a constrictor, which from an injury to its jaws could not seize and hold its prey in the ordinary manner. Our *Python seba*, unless assisted, would be hours fumbling over its dinner, painful alike to the victim whose life would otherwise have been swiftly destroyed, and trying to the feeder, who, as the keeper remarked, made as much fuss over a duck as if it had been a large-sized quadruped. And when at last the prey was killed and ready for swallowing, the keeper would patiently hold it to the mouth of the imbecile, who in addition to its other infirmities, suffered from sore gums, that required frequent washings with lotions and so forth. It also breathed with difficulty, and was probably asthmatic.

The incapable spinal column with its attendant pain was by no means the only feature of ophidian senility. Another affliction was the loss of its teeth; and this is worthy of note in ophidian biographies, since snakes are supposed to renew their teeth throughout life. As a rule this is true, but the clause, so long as they are in health, must be added. In the present case our python had for a long while ceased to renew them. The keeper in washing its mouth had observed they were becoming fewer and fewer, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that at the time of its death not one was left in either of the jaws nor on the palate of all the six rows of teeth. As it had no means therefore of holding and retaining its prey when in the mouth—the recurved teeth which would have served this purpose being all gone, and having difficulty in breathing and in swallowing, and with a diseased mouth besides, we can imagine that to partake of a meal must have been a very painful operation to this old snake. Indeed, we may reasonably conclude, that uncared for and unassisted, its death would have occurred much sooner. "And why not let it die?" it may be argued. "Only a snake, after all." Well, that python was an old inhabitant and a favorite, and had been a heroine in her time, affording to students of ophidian habits a great deal of practical information. A large python is worth a good deal of money, too. After attaining any size it is valued at so much per foot, like some other choice commodity. One pound or five dollars a foot, is an average price paid for such snakes, and at which rate there are now some at the gardens worth at least $125 each.

Serpents are supposed to be very long lived; and inasmuch as they sleep away more than half their existence, and are, moreover, always in a recumbent position, one which must be far less fatiguing than to stand erect, it seems reasonable that they should attain a great age, but authentic information on this point is difficult to procure. In her natural habitat our particular python might have escaped the maladies of civilization, asthma, rheumatism, gum boils and cramp; but as a set off to this she had now the advantage of skilled nursing and medical attendance, with carefully chosen diet. When a duck became too much for a meal a pigeon was offered her, and latterly even a small guinea pig was swallowed with difficulty. There seemed to be a contraction of the throat, and it was observed that the ribs, formerly so obedient to the will of the snake, now ceased to expand, the anterior ones especially, so that the entrance to the gullet was choked.

One more phase of this rather painful ophidian diagnosis must be mentioned as of interest, and which exhibited that marvellous adaptation of the breathing apparatus which enables a snake while gorged to bring forward the trachea beyond the mouth. Often do the larger snakes, if any length of time in swallowing some unusually bulky prey, advance the windpipe toward the mouth and even protrude it, if a fresh supply of air is required, but for a few minutes only. I have seen this frequently occur at feeding time; because, although a serpent can remain a long while without drawing a fresh breath, it does become necessary to do so occasionally while feeding. Among the many remarkable volitionary powers with which serpents are endowed, as if to compensate them for the absence of limbs—as, for example, the volitional action of the ribs; the ability to withdraw the delicate tongue within a sheath over which a valve closes it in safely from injury; the volitional action of a viperine fang, etc.—this ability to draw forward or to retract the trachea is surely one of the chief. And when so protruded beyond the mouth, you can observe that it opens and closes at will, otherwise there would be danger of dust or any small insect causing irritation and even danger. You may observe the aperture expand or contract, and even the feathers or fur of an animal in the snake's jaws stirred by the breath of the snake while the trachea is in contact with it. In the case of our aged invalid, in consequence of its difficulty of breathing, and indeed of performing any of its natural functions, the windpipe would hang from the mouth an hour or two at a time while the snake was making such painful efforts to swallow its food. The entrance to the windpipe is not back in the throat, as in most creatures, but forward in the mouth, lying immediately over the tongue sheath: and, like the tongue, can be safely inclosed when not in use. This *Python seba* once, in taking a prolonged yawn while close to the glass front of its cage, enabled me to examine all these interior arrangements at my leisure. In several other ways she afforded me valuable information, and I, in concluding this little obituary notice, only trust that my obligations to my old ophidian friend have not caused me to be very wearisome to my readers.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

Postscript, May 30.—Just as I am winding up my dismal narrative of the deceased python, FOREST AND STREAM of May 12 is to hand with "Coahoma's" too flattering allusion to myself and his puzzle in naming the blacksnake found on the banks of the Mississippi. With so many able herpetologists in America I feel diffident in offering an opinion and particularly with such scant data to guide one. If it had no teeth on the palate it was a venomous snake. The absence of palate teeth may, I think, be taken as a safe guide in this respect. Many of the *Heterodons* have crimson tints in their colorings, though not clearly defined reds, but five feet is rather long for a *Heterodon*, though the form, "stout and with a short tail," would agree, and the brilliant coloring might be in consequence of a recent desquamation. I would suggest that when any rare or unknown species of snake is found it might be desirable to send it at once to the authorities of the National Museum at Washington, packed in a bottle or jar of alcohol, safely sealed and protected, and let it be accompanied by a clear account of its capture, if near or in water, or on dry soil, etc., etc. Better still not to kill it, but pack it in a box with moss and address it to H. C. Yarrow, M.D., Washington, D. C.

C. C. H.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have all heard that snakes sometimes charm birds and little animals; that is, that they will fix their deadly gaze upon them and so fascinate them with terror that the little creatures will lose all control of their muscles and so fall an easy prey. Whether this notion exists in the North or not I cannot say, but in the South it is or was general. I learned it from the negro slaves on my father's plantation in North Carolina, and when I was a little fellow I had a mortal dread of all snakes, lest they should charm me. But as the years passed by and no such incident befell me, and never seeing a snake charm a bird or animal, I concluded it was a negro superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think till a few days ago, when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him, which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about 6 or 7ft. from the dog, staring steadily upon him. This, said he, is a case of charming. He then rode almost upon the prairie dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the dog by the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, what was it? My friend who told me this is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well-known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm, or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they can catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost as good as dead. What say the scientists?

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one even when he is cold in death, you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature of so

dreadful appearance as the eye of the rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals but men with nightmare. I have on several occasions examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand it more than a moment. N. A. T.

ABILENE, Tex., July 12.

THE ENGLISH SKYLARK ON LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Led by an article by Mr. Geo. A. Dennison (in New York *Evening Post* of July 6) in company with Mr. E. D. Bellows, of Jersey City, in the neighborhood of the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, Flatbush, L. I., at 7:20 P. M., July 15, 1887, I listened to the characteristic flight song of one of this species. The bird began singing at about 30ft. from the ground and continued its song to a very high altitude and until in its gradual descent it reached about the same height, when it sank like a plummet to the ground.—L. S. FOSTER (New York, July 15).

Game Bag and Gun.

THE GARDINER STAGE ROBBERS.

GARDINER, Mont., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About 11 P. M. on the 4th of July, the train being late, one of the Park Association stages was stopped by two or three men, the passengers made to get out, and were robbed of their pocketbooks at the muzzle of a pistol. The point at which this outrage was committed was about a mile from this town and the same distance inside the limits of the Park. Only one of the robbers was seen by the passengers. He had a handkerchief tied around the lower part of his face; and at the point where the stage was stopped, the timber being thick and the road narrow, the darkness and the fright of the passengers prevented any accurate survey of his person. It was agreed that he was a man past middle age, of medium height, dressed in grayish clothes, with his trousers tucked into his boots. He appeared to be a novice at the business, was very nervous and frightened, took what was given him without searching the passengers or asking for more, and was in a great hurry.

There were three gentlemen and four ladies in the stage, which was the last one to leave here; the baggage wagon being some distance in the rear. Two of the ladies remained in the stage and were not molested.

The whole amount secured by the bold highwayman was sixteen dollars. No watches or jewelry were taken. Some of the passengers had with them large amounts, but were wise enough not to hand them over. One who had $250 in his pocketbook gave up his card case instead. No positive clue has as yet been discovered looking to the detection of the robbers, although efforts to that end are still being actively prosecuted. The town of Gardiner had been filled with a rough crowd, who were gambling and drinking through the whole day, and it is believed that the robbery was the work of amateurs who had got their courage up to the sticking point by the use of large quantities of Gardiner whisky.

Gardiner is outside of the jurisdiction of the Park, and is destitute of all means for the preservation of law and order, besides being the resort of all the hard and worthless cases in the country. This incident has no reference whatever to the police condition of the Park, and yet without doubt it will, by prejudiced parties, be made to appear that it was due to the inefficiency of the military. Captain Harris has worked hard for the past two months to keep the Park clear of tramps and adventurers, and it is in as good condition as ever before. Hereafter it is believed, an escort will be sent with the stages which go in after night. This will effectually prevent any further trouble. ALEXIS.

IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—V.

THE morning after the sleet was cold, and the ground in such condition that it would have ruined a greyhound's feet to run. We therefore cast about for amusements in camp. Ricker made a few sketches and I exposed a few dry plates for views about the place. This was my first serious attempt at amateur photography. Generally speaking, photography and hunting don't go together very well. The result proved that I had pretty fair success, however, as I brought back some forty very decent negatives. As we had no way to develop the negatives, it was necessary to keep the sensitive plates in absolute darkness, the least ray of white light being fatal to them. Our efforts at improvising a dark closet were various. Sometimes we crawled under a bunk and hung blankets down over the edges; sometimes we went into an old tumble-down dugout, and got behind a pile of boxes; at last we hit upon the expedient of making a tent of some wagon bows covered with buffalo hides, blankets and wagon covers. We found this dark enough, but the ruby lantern made the little hole almost insupportably hot.

At about noon we were visited by a neighboring ranchman or two, and with these came down young Hildreth, ex-cook on the 21. Hildreth hunted a great deal while at this ranch, and killed a great deal of game. He told us himself how he killed a mountain lion (or panther, I don't know the difference, and I don't believe anybody else does) not long before he left the camp. He was hunting deer in one of the dense swamps below the camp, and came upon a fresh deer bed, yet warm. In this was plainly to be seen the footprints of the lion, left there after the deer had vacated the premises. The trail of the lion followed the trail of the deer, and Hildreth followed the trail of both. All at once the lion sprang up out of the tall grass, not ten feet away, then stopped and looked around over his shoulder. Hildreth was badly "rattled" and missed on his first shot, though he could nearly poke the creature with his gun. At the second shot he hit it in the flank; and to follow his description, thereat it gave a scream which could be heard for about ten miles, and jumped at least forty feet above the top of the grass. It lit upon its feet apparently uninjured by the fall from such a height, and then stood up on its hind legs, facing him and seemingly looking for him. Hildreth shot the animal eight times, crossing four balls through the heart and lungs before it succumbed. The weapon used was a Winchester .38. I would prefer my woodpecker gun, the .45-90.

The panther is invested with a halo of romance, handed down by the daily newspapers—which must be entertaining—from the days when men shot little round bullets out of muzzleloading rifles and got chewed up by a mad feline before the panther had time to die, or the man had time to load. The panther is not dangerous, and I wish the Sunday dailies would quit telling those horrible stories about California lions, mountain lions, panthers *et id genus idem*. They are mostly horrible lies, and not excusable, especially on Sundays. Last spring Mr. Kirkpatrick was out with one of the ranch boys mending fence. They had two shepherd dogs with them, and these two shepherd dogs treed a panther in a little tree. The panther was 8ft. long, and the tree was about 6in. through. The boys walked up to the tree and shot the panther seven times with a Colt's revolver. The big coward held on like a squirrel, and never fell out until it was as dead as Julius Cæsar or Oliver Cromwell or Napoleon Bonaparte. Why didn't it jump down and clean out the outfit? Again, last New Year, on the west of the Eagle Chief Pool, two boys, the oldest of whom was fourteen years, killed a full-grown panther with an old muzzleloading shotgun, loaded with duck shot. They trailed Mr. Dreadful in the soft snow, and having never read any big dailies, shot him twice. Off ran Mr. Dreadful, and the two boys went back to the wagon for more bird shot. Then they trailed the "infuriated beast" into a brush pile, and filled his cowardly yellow hide so full of little holes that it looked like a sieve. He "fell dead at their feet." Why didn't he carry a couple of those boys off to his lair in some lonesome mountain fortress? These are true stories of the Cherokee Strip, all of them. They therefore will not do for the Sunday dailies. Sure, the panther is little thought of for a fighter in that region. I never read a real big panther lie but I think of Ko-Ko's story of the execution in the "Mikado."

I believe my partner, Mr. Ricker, is the most religiously conscientious sportsman now alive in this Western country. Once convince him that it is the duty of a sportsman to do so, or so, and he will do it or die. He has not died yet, but I would have more peace if he would. A part of his creed is that a sportsman should waste no time in camp. He improves each little shining hour—and some which are not so shining. Accordingly, nothing would do but that another try must be made for the deer; and I wasn't going to stay at home and let him go out alone, and maybe kill a deer when I didn't. Anyhow, I laughed him out of taking his scatter-gun—told him it was his duty to take his .45-90 (he also had one). When convinced of that he yielded. It was late when we got among the black jacks north of the camp, and separated for the day. We did not much expect to jump a deer, as at that time of day they were usually out on the flats, eight or ten miles away. They came that distance in the evening, fed among the black jacks, and went out again in the morning. This was their habit while we were there.

However, I followed a tolerably fresh trail that I found, and stuck to it until I began to think I should start them. At one place the trail crossed a tight wire fence. The deer had crawled under the fence. I should not like to crawl through the same space myself. At last the trail began to get crooked, and stand around in warm corners under the sand hills.

"Sit still, my heart," said I, "something is going to happen!"

I grasped my trusty woodpecker gun and groaned as I asked myself for the thousandth time why on earth the Winchester people put such beastly, miserable, straight, impossible stocks on their rifles. I tried to get a shotgun stock of a certain prominent gun house of St. Louis, but one of their men wrote me that the "new model Winchester did not have any hole in the stock for a cleaning rod." That fellow had a great head! If it had not been for the courtesy of one of their traveling men in getting my gun to me so quickly, I should have exploded wide open when I got that word about the "hole in the stock."

I just throw in that incident about the cleaning rod to make this story seem natural. A fellow is always thinking of something else when a deer jumps. I don't know what I was thinking about, but I presume it must have been about that unknown genius who attended to my order for a "shotgun stock." At any rate, I wasn't ready when the old buck said "Pull!" and they all pulled.

They were pulling out pretty fast when I got to the top of the little ridge, and saw them bouncing over the little basin below. Four big ghostly white creatures, very large, and apparently very warm, for they fanned themselves vigorously as they ran.

The sharp lower corner of the rifle stock just happened to catch me high up in the shoulder. Accordingly, I just happened to hit the buck at the first shot. The ball of the .45-90 went clean through him, and has since been found over in North Carolina, by my "esteemed friend," Col. James Henry Goshweiler. I found the buck myself a little later on.

When I fired the buck stopped fanning himself and made visible complaint. Turning upon the other three deer—two does and a yearling—which had run much further to the left, I fired three more shots, rapidly and with great precision, at an angle of about 45° in the air, keeping my eye steadily fixed upon a point about half way between the two sights of my gun. The does fanned themselves on over the hill.

It is wrong to kill does. Upon their safety depends the preservation of the race.

I ran on across the hill and satisfied myself that the does were preserved all right. Then I bethought me of the buck. Taking his trail I soon found I had not far to go, and before long I saw him standing hunched up in a little draw, about 200yds. ahead of me. He gave a few stupid little jumps and hunched up again. I stooped and ran rapidly 30 or 40yds. nearer; then, fearing he might make off, I fired and melted his legs on the spot.

I found that the first ball had ranged too far back. The second broke his neck. E. HOUGH.

TEXAS.—El Paso, July 14.—I am glad to say that through the efforts of Col. Baylor, representative from this district, El Paso county has again been placed under the game law. However, our game law is such a miserable apology and the pot-hunter and old-fogy element is yet so strong that we might about as well not have a law. But having a law we hope for better by and by.—G.P.R.

THE BIG BUCK OF CHETKO.

FOLLOWING the coast of California to the northward from Crescent City, the boundary line of Oregon is soon reached and a few miles beyond is the mouth of the Chetko River. This is a beautiful little stream of clear, cold water, abounding in trout and formerly visited by salmon in large quantities, many being taken by the Indians, who some years ago were in the habit of frequenting the banks of the river in considerable numbers during the run of fish.

The coast line here is somewhat irregular, forming a small bight, where a few vessels may find comfortable quarters, sheltered from the strong northwest wind, which in summer sweeps along the shore with sufficient force to make a protected anchorage at times desirable; and though not of sufficient size nor sufficiently secure to be denominated a harbor, Chetko Bay is in point of picturesque scenery perhaps equal to any part of the coast between the Golden Gate and the Columbia River.

Happening several years ago to be traveling up the coast, and circumstances rendering a delay of some four or five days at Chetko necessary, I proposed to my friend and traveling companion, Stanton, to take a run ashore of a day or so in order to stretch our legs, and, if possible, get a shot or two at the deer, which we supposed would probably be found in that region. Entering the mouth of the river in one of the ship's boats, after barely escaping a capsize in the surf on the bar, we landed on the north bank and immediately set off. Our course took us along a level plateau extending in a westerly direction from the coast range of mountains two to three miles to the ocean, where it terminated in a bluff some 50ft. or more in height, and to the northward indefinitely, its surface being broken occasionally by the course of a small stream traversing the plain on its way from the mountains to the sea, or by a solitary butte, which, rising abruptly from the flat surface, and covered with a thick growth of sage brush and scrub oak, afforded a pleasant relief to the otherwise monotonous landscape.

Our start was made in the early morning, our intention being to hunt leisurely along during the day, and at night find shelter at a house said to be some ten miles up the coast, where we were told a warm welcome would await us, which we afterward found to be the case. The day at first was clear, but it was not long before a thick fog was blown in from the sea, rendering it difficult for us to find our way along the trail upon which we had set out.

After making our way for a couple of miles, we found ourselves approaching a butte about 40ft. high and situated on the edge of the bluff, the trail winding around its base on the inshore side and passing between it and a clump of similar hills, distant a mile inland, as we afterward ascertained, when the fog lifted. While endeavoring to make out the outlines of the hill which loomed up indistinctly, my attention was arrested by a head, surmounted by a huge pair of horns, apparently near the summit, and turning with deliberation and dignity from side to side, in a manner indicating that its owner was upon the alert and ready to seek a more secure position upon the slightest sign of the approach of an enemy.

"Stanton," I whispered, "do you see that? It looks big enough to be an elk!

"It is not an elk, but an almighty big buck," he replied, "and I don't see how we are going to shoot him from here, as he must be 200yds. away, and if we attempt to climb the hill we cannot get through the brush without his hearing us, and then he will be off in no time."

After consulting a little, we determined that our only chance was to shoot from where we were, so we both pulled up and fired at the word, aiming for the head, which, as before stated, was the only part visible. Our shots produced no impression, apparently, the old fellow continuing to move his head slowly around, without stirring from his tracks. Stanton then drew up to shoot again, while I decided that I would not fire, but await the result of Stanton's shot, which this time proved effective. He fired, lowered his rifle, and we then distinctly heard the sound of the bullet as it struck him, and giving a bleat like a sheep, he came tumbling down the hillside directly toward us. When about two-thirds of the way down he stopped, gathered himself up, and ran off to the left, around the side of the butte, whereupon we immediately legged it around the base, thinking that perhaps we would get another shot before reaching the edge of the bluff. We were right, for after going but a little way we saw the old fellow standing in a clump of brush, broadside to us. Now, never having shot a deer, nor even having shot at one until that morning, I naturally felt disposed to have a hand in the affair, and no "buck ague" interfering, to my surprise, although I had it afterward upon another occasion, with a steady sight behind the shoulder I let drive and had the satisfaction of seeing the old gentleman drop in his tracks. It did not take long for us to reach him and for some time we stood over him admiring his size and beauty. He was indeed an enormous fellow. I will not pretend to give any idea of his size and weight, suffice it to say that he had the largest horns, the largest hoofs and appeared by far the largest deer that has ever come under my observation, and although an old hand at deer hunting, Stanton fully agreed with me that this was something beyond even his experience.

"Well, Stanton," I said, "we've got him, isn't he a splendid big buck, shall I cut his throat?" "No," he answered, "he is not hurt mortally, don't you see he is breathing regularly? he is probably only stunned; I thought I saw a piece of his horn fly off when you fired, and if you attempt to cut his throat he may do you some harm with his forefeet; you had better shoot him in the head." Whereupon I walked round to where I could get a fair shot between the eyes, carelessly pointed my rifle and fired. To my astonishment the deer suddenly sprang to his feet, whirled round and set off at full speed down the side of the butte, and before either of us could bring our guns to bear was out of sight in the brush.

I stood for a moment too much surprised to move or speak, and then said, "Well, I suppose we will find him not far off." "No," said Stanton, the chances are that we will never see that deer again." And we never did. We followed his trail by the blood for about a quarter of a mile, when we lost all traces of it in an open spot.

Thus I lost my first deer, and although I have since killed many of his kind, I have never seen his equal, and expect I never will. Upon each of the rare occasions when I have since met my companion of that day he has not failed to speak with regret of the big buck which came so near to being our game. CHETKO.

ERIE, Pa.

GAME IN PRUSSIA.

[Translated from the *Weser Zeitung* for the FOREST AND STREAM by Chas. L. Schember.]

AS long ago as 1874 a commission sitting in Berlin had under consideration, in a plan for collecting general statistics of German forests, the value of the proceeds of hunting. Since then have been published from different sources several more or less complete lists and tables, and lately an attempt has been made in the monarchy of Prussia to obtain a statement of the distribution of the various kinds of game and their abundance in different parts of the country, which would be made use of for administrative and legislative purposes. This was accomplished by statistical reports, based on counting cards, and comprising the period from April 1, 1885, to March 31, 1886. The reports were made according to certain regulations in every community or estate-district. The cards were required to be filled out by the presidents of the communities or estate authorities, under the supervision and control of the *Landräthe*, aided by the lessees of the hunting privileges. The material thus obtained was then tested and worked up in the Royal Statistical Bureau.

Although the lessees were not obliged by law to give the desired information, it was nevertheless furnished willingly in almost every instance, and the result of these statistics is—for Prussia at least—an approximately correct statement of the game shot during the above named period. The result deviates somewhat from the truth for three reasons: First—No account has been taken of the game shot by poachers. Second—No reports could be obtained from thirty-eight communities and estates, and third (not to mention possible errors)—Lower estimates by a number of lessees than the actual results of the hunt, they fearing the raising of their rent.

The tabulated statements lately published by the Royal Statistical Bureau show—notwithstanding the unavoidable incompleteness in the material furnished—a result more than double that of all former estimates. With certain kinds of game, especially hares and partridges, the result seems to exceed that of former years because it is asserted that the year 1885-86 was especially favorable for the increase of this game. There were shot or trapped, during this period, of the more important kinds of game and fowl:

RETURNS FOR 1885-86.

Game.	*Fowl.*
14,460 red deer.	378 mountain cocks.
8,543 fallow deer.	6,016 birch fowl.
108,602 roes.	2,209 hazel fowl.
9,019 black game (wild boars).	2,521,195 partridges.
2,367,927 hares.	102,836 quail.
314,009 rabbits.	139,568 pheasants.
84,301 foxes.	818 bustards.
5,051 badgers.	40,819 woodcock.
4,092 otters.	277 wild swans.
606 wildcats.	3,400 wild geese.
5,475 pine martens.	269,765 wild ducks.
5,312 rock martens.	51,991 snipe.
27,578 fitchets.	1,277,177 field-fares.
23,578 weasels.	15,888 herons.
592 seals.	119,694 birds of prey.

Among the birds of prey are mentioned 158 stone, screech and golden eagles; 34 sea, fish and river eagles; 190 horned and 349 other owls; the remainder consisting of falcons, hawks, kites, buzzards, etc., and no doubt including crows and magpies, which are considered obnoxious in hunting. The same is true of wildcats and horned owls, among which were included—as proved by further correspondence—a number of domestic cats become wild, and other owls.

Of the rarer game there were shot: One ure-ox in Upper Silesia (raised in the Zoological Garden); 9 elk in East Prussia; 4 wolves, (1 in East Prussia, 1 in Brandenburg, and 2 in Rhineland); also 17 beaver in the Elbe and tributaries, in the province of Saxony.

FURRED GAME.

Considering the distribution of game in the whole territory, including that not shot over, and those parts from which no information could be obtained, each 100 square kilometers averaged 4.15 red deer, 2.45 fallow deer, 31.17 roes, 2.59 black game, 679.79 hare.

Of red deer, the provinces of Brandenburg, Saxony and Silesia yielded 11.11, 7.75 and 6.92 respectively.

Fallow deer: Hohenzollern, 9.19; Schleswig-Holstein, 8.69; Brandenburg, 7.67.

Roes: Silesia, 61.11; Hesse-Nassau, 58.31; Brandenburg, 40.25.

Black game: Rhineland, 6.57; Hesse-Nassau, 5.77; Brandenburg, 5.08.

Hares: Silesia, 1819.90; Saxony, 1650.71; Rhineland, 778.34.

FEATHERED GAME.

The average in the whole territory for 100 square kilometers was 723.79 partridges, 29.52 quail, 40.07 pheasants, 11.74 woodcock, 14.50 snipe, 77.45 wild ducks.

The largest number of partridges killed for 100 square kilometer were: Silesia, 1835.11; Saxony, 1301.68; Posen, 1009.68.

Pheasants: Silesia, 252.93; Saxony, 26.55; Brandenburg, 26.37.

Woodcock: Schleswig-Holstein, 28.99; Westphalia, 26.10; Rheinland, 14.43.

Wild ducks: Schleswig-Holstein, 217.03; Pomerania, 119.98; Brandenburg, 108.31.

Field-fares: Hanover, 720.10; Rheinland, 539.45; Westphalia, 472.53.

Aggregating the value of the entire amount of game shot from April 1, 1885, to March 31, 1886, the prices fixed in the official game schedules for the several districts have been used as the basis of calculation, as follows: For red deer, the average value of smaller deer, forked and old deer; for fallow deer that of a small deer, spike and old deer; for black game that of a 2 or 3-year-old pig; for roes that of a buck and doe. The value of a rabbit has been put at 0.50 mark (12 cents), the skin of a fox at 4 marks (96 cents), otter 12 marks, wildcat 4 marks, pine marten 12 marks, rock marten 10 marks, fitchet 2 marks, quail and field-fares at 0.30 mark and 0.15 mark respectively. Computing, then, the value of the game for the year, we find a total of nearly twelve million marks, to which sum the furred game contributes nine and the feathered three millions—a surprising result in view of the fact that the last official estimate in 1881-2 ("The Condition of the Prussian Forests," by Hagen-Donner,) put the value of the yearly game supply at 5,772,000 marks, and adding the value of the skins, 6,700,000 marks. The sum of twelve million marks would no doubt be considerably larger were the receipts from all the items connected with the hunting privileges taken into consideration, as explained in the work by Dimitz, "The Hunt in Austria," for Cislithania.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME.

Arkansas.

Deer, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; wild turkey, Sept. 1 to May 1; pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; quail (Virginia partridge), Oct. 1 to March 1.

Colorado.

Elk, deer, buffalo, antelope, mountain sheep, Sept. 15 to Jan. 1; partridge, pheasant, pinnated grouse (prairie hen), Oct. 1 to Nov. 15; quail and wild turkey protected at all seasons.

Connecticut.

Woodcock, quail, gray squirrel, ruffed grouse (partridge), Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Maine.

Moose, deer, caribou, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1; shore birds, Aug. 1 to May 1; quail, Oct. 1 to Dec. 1; woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1.

Massachusetts.

Woodcock, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1; ruffed grouse (partridge), Oct. 1 to Jan. 1; quail, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; wild ducks, Sept. 1 to April 15; plover, snipe, sandpiper, so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, July 15 to May 1; wild pigeon, gull, tern, Oct. 1 to May 1; gray squirrel, hare, rabbit, Sept. 1 to March 1; deer not to be killed at any time.

Minnesota.

Woodcock, July 4 to Oct. 31. Pinnated grouse (prairie hen), sharp-tailed grouse, Aug. 15 to Sept. 30. Quail (partridge), Sept. 1 to Nov. 30. Ruffed grouse (pheasant), Sept. 1 to Nov. 30. Wildfowl, Sept. 16 to Dec. 31. Deer, moose, elk, month of November.

New Hampshire.

Moose, deer, caribou, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Gray squirrel, Sept. to Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.

New York.

Deer, Aug. 15 to Nov. 1. Dogging season, Sept. 1 to Oct. 5. Dogging not allowed in St. Lawrence and Delaware counties. Hare, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1. Black and gray squirrels, Aug. 1 to Feb. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1 (Long Island waters, Oct. 1 to May 1; Chautauqua county, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1). Quail, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1 (in Niagara county not before 1889). Woodcock, Aug. 1 to Jan. 1 (in Oneida, Delaware, Dutchess and Columbia [?] counties, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1). Ruffed grouse (partridge), Sept. 1 to Jan. 1 (in Queens and Suffolk counties, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1; in Niagara county protected to 1889). Spruce grouse, Canada partridge, Nov. 1 to Jan. 1. Shore birds, July 10 to Jan. 1.

Ohio.

Quail, pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), Nov. 10 to Jan. 1; wild turkey, Nov. 1 to Jan. 14; ruffed grouse (pheasant), blue-winged teal, Sept. 1 to Dec. 31; wild duck, Aug. 31 to April 9. (In waters of Lake Erie and its estuaries wildfowl cannot be killed on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday of any week between Sept. 1 and April 1.) Woodcock, July 4 to Dec. 31; turtle dove, Aug. 1 to Dec. 31, squirrel, June 1 to Jan. 1; rabbit, Oct. 1 to Jan. 31; deer, Oct. 15 to Nov. 20.

Rhode Island.

Rabbit, hare, gray squirrel, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; shore birds, Aug. 1 to April 1; dusky, black, wood, summer ducks, blue, green-winged teal, Sept. 1 to March 1; ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; quail, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Vermont.

Deer not to be killed at any time; wildfowl, Sept. 1 to May 1; woodduck, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; ruffed grouse, partridge, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; woodcock, Aug. 15 to Feb. 1.

Wisconsin.

Woodcock, July 10 to Dec. 1; quail, partridge, pheasant, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse (prairie hen), sharp-tailed grouse, snipe, plover, wildfowl, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1; deer, Oct. 1 to Nov. 10.

S. HEDDING FITCH, a Yonkers (N. Y.) lawyer, was out in a boat on Little Tupper Lake, in the Adirondacks, one evening recently, catching minnows for the next day's fishing. His repeating rifle lay in the boat. Stopping at a log, Mr. Fitch stepped out upon it and after netting some fish stepped back into the boat. His doing so in some way disturbed the rifle and exploded it. The bullet entered his thigh, fracturing his thigh bone, and came out at the knee, fracturing the knee joint. Mr. Fitch's sufferings for the next three days were terrible. His guide did what he could to stop the bleeding and then carried him to their camp. The nearest place where help might be obtained was Pliny Robins's house, eight miles away, and the nearest telegraph station was Saranac Inn, forty miles beyond Robins's. At daylight the next morning the guide left Mr. Fitch alone and made his way over a difficult trail to Pliny Robins's for help. Mr. Robins was away and there was only one man available to go to Saranac Inn. This man hastened on and telegraphed to Dr. Trudeau. The party which had left Mr. Fitch the day before he was shot and were on their way home to this city, received word of the accident, turned immediately about and reached their wounded comrade at 11 o'clock Thursday morning. That night they moved him to Pliny Robins's, and by Friday at midnight they had him at the Saranac Lake House, sixty miles from his camp. The next morning his physician, Dr. W. H. Sherman, of Yonkers, and the other doctors who had been summoned performed an operation on his leg. Reports from the wounded man to-day are to the effect that he is improving.

THE AUBURN CLUB MEANS BUSINESS.—Auburn, N. Y., July 18, 1887.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Christopher Peterson, residing on the shore of Owasco Lake, Cayuga County, having been caught spearing fish and criminally convicted and fined for that offense by members of the Fish Protective Association of Auburn, N. Y., the said Peterson being at the time a member in good standing of the Auburn Gun Club, has been expelled therefrom. We wish this placed before the public, and especially before the gun clubs of this State belonging to the State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish. Requesting them to follow up the work begun, and make examples of any and all persons in their districts who can be found guilty of evading the laws of the State in the protection of game and fish.—GEO. B. WRIGHT, JR., Secretary Auburn Gun Club; also, Corresponding Secretary State Association.

SOUTH PRESQUE ISLE, Me., July 12.—Small birds, such as woodpeckers, robins, blackbirds, jays, etc., are very abundant. Huge cranes are to be seen daily feeding in Arnold Brook. Yesterday as I stood near Quaggy Joe Lake, of which the brook is the outlet, four wood-ducks left the lake and flew just overhead. To-day, sitting on a mossy log in the thick woods, I noted several ruffed grouse and chicks which were very tame. Several deer and caribou have been seen lately. Uncle John Sprague, the bear hunter of this region, has trapped two bears since last Friday. Some animal in three visits to our hen house has carried off (1) a sitting hen and 14 eggs, (2) ten chickens, (3) eighteen chickens, some of them half grown. Last night he stole the bait from a steel trap. As the lake is a resort for ducks and geese during the fall migrations I am looking cheerfully forward to September and October and anticipate fine sport with my shotgun.—W. H. W.

MICHIGAN DEER LAW.

AN Act to amend section one of Act number one hundred and twenty-four, session laws eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, entitled "An Act to revise and consolidate the several acts relating to the protection of game and for the better preservation of elk, deer, birds and wild fowl," approved April third, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, and all subsequent amendments of said section, the same being section two thousand one hundred and ninety-eight, Howell's Annotated Statutes.

SEC. 1. The people of the State of Michigan enact: That section one of an act number one hundred and twenty-four, session laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, entitled "An Act to revise and consolidate the several acts relating to the protection of game, and for the better preservation of elk, deer, birds and wild fowl," approved April third, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, and all subsequent amendments of said section, being compiler's section two thousand one hundred and ninety-eight, Howell's Annotated Statutes, be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 2198, Section 1. No person or persons shall pursue, or hunt, or kill any deer in this State save only from the first day of November to the first of December in each year. Provided, That in the Upper Peninsula deer may be killed between the first days of October and the fifteenth day of November only, in each year; or kill at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any fawn when it is in its spotted coat, and the having in his possession the skin of such deer or fawn shall be *prima facie* of such illegal killing. No person shall at any time kill or capture any deer in the water of any of the streams, ponds or lakes within the jurisdiction of this State, or kill or capture any deer by means of any pit, pitfall or trap, nor shall he make use of any artificial light in hunting such deer. No person shall make use of a dog in hunting, pursuing or killing deer within the boundaries of this State, and any dog pursuing or killing a deer or following upon the track of a deer is hereby declared to be a public nuisance, and may be killed by any person where so seen, and the owner of such dog shall have no recourse at law against the person so killing such dog. No person shall kill or destroy by any means whatever, or attempt to take or destroy any wild turkey at any time, except in the months of October, November and December of each year, or kill or destroy by any means whatever any woodcock, or any partridge, or ruffed grouse, or any wild duck, wild goose, or other wild water-fowl, or snipe, save only from the first day of September in each year to the first day of January next following. The taking, carrying or sending by any means whatever, into or through any county of this State, or any of the game or animals which have been killed or captured contrary to the provisions of this section, or the hide of such animals, shall be illegal and is declared to be an offense against the provisions of this act in any county in or through which such game, animals or hides may be taken, and such offense may be punished as provided in section six of this act hereby amended.

This act is ordered to take immediate effect.

Approved June 25, 1887.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

220.

"THAT reminds me" is the preface of so many good things that one never hears this expression without naturally expecting to hear "something drop" very soon thereafter.

It is the magic key that unlocks chests where deeds of forty or fifty years ago have slept calmly and peacefully through the changing seasons. That dear old period "when boys were not what boys are nowadays." Those happy days when puncheon floors "were good enough for me to cut a pigeon wing on," and when the honored guest would have been assigned to a "front parlor on the ground floor." And then again it introduces such an aggregation of events of yesterday and to-day that one could only expect to find a parallel case in the attractions to be found in the greatest show on earth. Tales, too, of almost invisible texture, yet tales, you know; happenings as strong and vigorous as young goats; and stories, if not as old as the ark, were there or thereabout, when the historical voyage was ended. Yet all of these things have entertained many a camp-fire; they have lessened the toil of many a tiresome portage, and if they were not angels in disguise, have on many occasions at least discharged the good office as if they were. Certain tales I listened to not very long ago at a social gathering of congenial sports impressed me very forcibly with the idea that however much men may be affected by the decaying touch of time, physically, there is a singular friend, one of the mental organization from like influences.

Some of us had barely reached thirty, and while others of the party had doubled that period of life, I must add with much pride, that the younger members acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner, but finally succumbed to the experience and wisdom of age. It would be needless for me to detail the occurrences of that evening. Your space would not allow it and my time is too limited. There were, however, tales of land and sea; stories by men who had followed in the footsteps of their fathers as they blazed trails through the unbroken forest of Ohio. The years sent back to the informal loan association, the leafy temples that once shaded our hills and with them, the attendant scenes; songs from the faraway Susquehanna; feats of the keelboat-man along the Ohio; panoramic views of the Mississippi; a bird's eye view of the "Cresent City," down the vista of fifty years, and events that marked the coming tribe, that now ranks third among the hosts that are encamped around the tabernacle of the Republic. But I digress. An Irish gentleman, who feared nothing but the "beauty of women and the jollity of wine," as he himself declared, had made the rash statement that salmon sometimes grew to be 8ft. long in Ireland. He of course admitted afterward that he could afford to fall a foot or two, but as a farewell shot, was willing to swear that they were that long when he was a boy. He couldn't answer for the present, but for the past he was a living witness.

When he had finished, the Doctor turned smilingly toward him and raid: "Tom, that reminds me of an incident of my boyhood days. It is not a fish story in fact,

but figuratively speaking, it might be taken as such. When young I was very fond of foxhounds, and consequently had many chases. In those days I was not hampered with aches and pains as I am now. No, indeed. I was a lively chap, and as limber as an eel. One morning in December, I took the dogs and started away to the flats for a chase. In the big swale, or what are now known as the Horse Meadows, I turned them loose. I don't think the pack drove the woods ten rods before they jumped the fox and away they went; I tell you the music was grand. It was so inspiring that, when an hour later the pack broke cover at Green's clearing, I laid off my surplus rags and joined the procession. There wasn't any dead march accompaniments, either. It was more like marching to the tune of 'We'll all drink stone-blind when Johnny comes marching home,' etc. It was vigorous. I roared a few times to encourage the dogs, but soon found there was a limit to my wind supply and no reserve to draw from. Nature was wise in the attainment granted me, I suppose. I was not proud that I could run like a hound, but if I could have bayed like one, I might have succumbed to pride. Men have their weaknesses.

"They out-footed me the first mile, but after that I began to catch my second wind, and being irritated by the many saplings and briers I met, I spurted, as those aquatic fellows call it, and showed what a man could do when spurred on by ambition. I ran in good form, but didn't get in any better humor. In fact, the longer I ran the hotter I got. I began to realize that among the unwilling spirits the animal was gradually coming to the front. The air was full of strange whispers as we whirled by. Once I even imagined I heard John's wife offering to bet on the old dog in ticking pants. This galled me, but my tongue was silent, though my heart resented the insult. If my wind and the horn holds outs, guard well thy walls, oh Jericho, thought I, as soon afterward I discovered there were but three of us in the race any more; the fox, myself and 'another hound.' If the fire of my blazing eyes did not paralyze, if my burning breath did'nt scorch that trailing brush it was not my fault. Ten minutes later I reached forth my hand and the prize was mine. The resolution of man out-stripped feet winged with fear and trained by instinct to seek safety in flight. My feet marched to the music of my wind, and I caught him on the dead level. Such experience rarely comes but once in a lifetime, that was forty years ago, Tom."

There was not very much said when the Doctor finished his story, only that a man who knew a great deal about salmon thought there must have been some kind of an epidemic raging among the fox family when that race came off. It had its effect, however, for the Squire faced the music and went at it.

"Doc, that reminds me of one of my ventures in farming. It was, I think, probably the first year I was married. The fact is, that I had a reputation for neglecting business in those days. I grew out of it at last, but it was a pretty hard rub between the gun and the plow for several years. That spring I put out a crop of corn in the Buckhorn bottoms, but the weather got so wet that I let the field go and paid no more attention to it. Of course, the place soon overran with weeds and was the most desolate spot in the country. I felt mean every time I passed that field. It was in a measure gratifying, it is true, for me to know that it furnished themes for many of those domestic symphonies that my wife could render with such semi-heroic effect. I then experienced my first 'May festival' season. There was something so ecstatic, so exquisite in those entertainments, that even my uneducated ear began to 'catch on,' and by the time the summer was half gone I had mastered the score and could tell by watching the shadow of the baton just where the orchestra was playing. I felt that it was far better to be an appreciative audience on the occasion of these concerts than a demonstrator of connubial felicity several volumes in advance of my studies. I was a hero, because I was the historical character in all the legends; villain, because the virtues of Job sheltered me from a tongue as remorseless as the hand of Sancho Panza when he did penance in five hundred lashes. But the season came on, and if I felt a little older, if I felt a trifle meaner every time I passed that field, no one was the wiser.

"Success needs no herald, and I was too brave to tell the world of a failure. But the knowledge of one wore on me. My wife was the bell buoy that constantly dinned it into my ears. One day I went out and looked on the swaying acreage of weeds and thought, oh, misery how bountiful thy vintage! As I stood pouring out my lamentations one of my dogs ran a ground hog into the field. I followed and was simply appalled, for there growing from cornstalks, not half as high as the weeds, were ears of corn as long as my arm. My wife said it was not a discovery that grew out of virture, therefore I deserved no praise. That afternoon I dug out seven ground hogs from under one stump and the next week gathered my crop. It went sixty bushels to the acre. Men that owned land in this section forty-five or fifty years ago, had a bonanza."

"Go on, Mr. Lavering, go on. No one must feel under any constraint here this evening. That reminds me of some farm work I once did myself. Not that there is any similarity in the incidents, but it simply calls to mind experience I had almost forgotten. One season old Sam Manning and myself made arrangements for a trip up to the 'big woods.' I had a patch of land up there I wanted to look after. Between business, hunting and fishing we expected to spend about two months. A few days before the time set to go Sam sent word to me that I would have to give him a lift on the harvest, or he could not be ready on time. Sam was a good hunter, but a powerful lazy farmer, and I knew had already wasted a week on ten acres of wheat. If I started away without him the wheat would never be cut, I reasoned, for he will not be an hour behind you. So the next morning I went over to Manning's, and, as a matter of course, found them all in bed. I loafed around a while, and then strolled down to the field. The wheat stood well, and, to pass the time, I concluded to cut one round before breakfast. Well, I made the grand circle and the voice of the horn was still silent. There were about three acres in the patch, and, while it angered me to think of the slothfulness of some people, I started in again. A dozen rounds and the mellow notes of the horn still slumbered. I was mad all over then. Jacob, I said to myself, you must wrestle with this field; and I smote her hip and thigh. The sun was just peeping through the treetops when I cut the last swath. Even this did not lessen my wrath. In the next field was about an acre and a half of red brush and laurel. It grew thick, like the hair on a dog's back, and was a menace to my tireless arms. The sight of it added fuel to my anger, and, jumping into it, I never stopped until that thicket lay in winrows as high as the fence. Just as I finished the voice of the horn got loose. But I scorned the hospitality that came after the laborer had won the golden medal and become a hero. Honest sympathy is often distrusted because of its late coming. That was the summer before I crossed the plains, and I went to California in '49.

"I am now sixty years of age, and twenty years of that time have been spent on the bench as Common Pleas Judge. Many of the occurrences of youth, when related in after years, are sometimes accepted as exaggerations, but if the truth is told, there have been episodes in the lives of all that seem more like estrays from the realm of romance than living children of the present or relics of the past. One should therefore be very careful not to pass judgment until all the evidence is in. I know myself that I experienced some things in my youth that have influenced my after life, notable among these was one that taught me never to discuss a subject in public until I had given it thorough study, never to ridicule any man's story until I was assured a chain of circumstances might not come in to substantiate everything that had been said. On a night a party of us went out coon hunting, but the weather proving unpropitious, we adjourned to meet at Hainsey's Crossing, where we sampled old Sol's app'ejack so often that the place grew too small for us. Like boys of the present day, we started out to "paint things red," and finally landed in the old log church that still stands down on Pine Creek. Everything went well until Bill Camp got to relating his experience and telling how he was called to exhort; that straw broke the camel's back. I rose from my seat, cleared my throat and was about to speak, when I heard the stentorian voice of my father cry out: 'Sit down, Sam, sit down, you are drunk.' Of course I was drunk, too drunk to be choked off in that manner and so I proceeded: 'Mr. Camp is mistaken about his call to exhort. I was out on Potter's Ridge the night he speaks of and can testify that it was nothing but a whippoorwill that called. I am not prompted by any selfish motive in making this statement, but think it a moral duty to free one from duties they consider burdensome, especially if the supposed obligations are assumed through a mistake.'

"I thought I had the old man, but that was another mistake, for popping up out of his seat, he exclaimed with much fervor, 'God bless you, Sammy, God bless you! This opens the way for an explanation I never could make before. But now here is a witness that heard the bird call. Twice I heard my name distinctly, and when I answered the bird came to me and I took a sealed package from its knapsack and in it was my call.'"

PARSON O'GATH.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

EXPERIENCE WITH TACKLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps it would be in order just now to say that the article which appeared over my signature in your issue of July 7 was written some four years ago and has only now made its way into the printer's hands, Since writing it my opinion in regard to reels has changed a number of times.

Since about the year 1865, at which time my parents moved here from Massachusetts, I have devoted more or less of my time to fishing for trout. I early learned the use of the fly-rod, and from the time I first begun to handle the reel until the present time I have never found a reel that was just as it ought to be. I have bought a number of reels and used a number of different kinds, and still have never found one that was all right. Perhaps it is my fault, but if there is anything that will cause an angler trouble and expense it is a poor reel.

I thought when I wrote the article referred to that I had found the thing I had long been looking for, and that henceforth I should have no trouble with slack line, broken tips, and accidents of that nature. When the next September came, and I had made preparation for a trip to the Connecticut Lakes, Parmacheene Lake and the Rangeleys, I did not think it necessary to provide myself with another reel, more especially as a good part of my way was to be through the woods, where all luggage must be carried on my back, and I well knew that every pound would grow to be a hundred before I had carried the pack ten miles. After spending a day or two at First Connecticut Lake, and another with Uncle Tom Chester at Second Lake, I went through woods to Parmacheene. I wish I could describe the days I spent on the headwaters of our noble river, or had the power to make you see the beauties of nature as I saw them in those perfect September days. There had been a frost in the lake region and the maples and birches had begun to take on those beautiful colors which nature is so lavish of in our Northern latitudes and which break up the one solid mass of green, and by contrast make the spruce and hemlock look almost black, and which nearly drive an artist crazy in trying to reproduce on canvas some of those various colors, from the silver green of the poplar through every combination of yellow, red and green of the maples and dark green of black timber. There was the pale blue sky, which seems so far away, and floating along near the horizon were masses of soft white clouds, whose outlines, as well as those of the mountains which rose pile after pile and peak upon peak in the background, were softened by a purple-blue haze which made the scene one of perfect beauty; and, as we sat in the boat and saw the whole mirrored in the waters of South Bay, we could not help thinking that, pretty as the picture was, it must have been more beautiful before man, with his improvements, had built dams and cut timber. We made a sketch of the lake and background in our sketch book, and stored away in memory the scence as it was. I know you will excuse me for diverging from the line on which I started, for, as an angler, you have perhaps, when fishing on some lovely sheet of water, had your mind called away from the contemplation of the chance of catching another fish to the beauty of the scene around you, and have been, for the time, entirely wrapped up in the contemplation of its loveliness.

The morning after our arrival at John Danforth's I put my tackle together and started out to try my luck at catching a five-pounder, but just then five-pound trout were a little scarce, so I had to content myself with some of about a pound weight. The reel worked all right for a time, but about noon I succeeded in hooking a fish much larger than any before, and then I noticed a little hitch in the internal arrangements of the mechanism. At first it would go all right, then it would seem inclined to dispute the rights of the line with the fish, but it would soon repent of being so hasty and make amends by giving him nearly all the line it had. But evidently that was not just right, for then it would sulk and refuse most decidedly either to take back the portion of the line that the fish had got through with or to give up any more. The state of my mind at that time could be easily imagined, but would be hard to describe. At last the reel got over its obstinacy and went along as well as ever, and I had begun to have hopes of being able to secure the fish, when as it made a desperate plunge and run for liberty, I felt something snap inside the reel, and then there was such a whirring noise that one would think an old-fashioned clock was getting ready to strike, and the reel was dead. To say that I was vexed would be to state it very mildly indeed. There was 50yds. of line out and a good fish on the end of it, and no prospects of being able to get it in in any kind of shape. My anxiety in regard to the fish was soon released by his going away somewhere and taking a good leader and three flies with him. I succeeded, after a time, in getting the line on the reel and started for camp, where I immediately began to take the reel apart and ascertain the extent of the damage. I found that the spring had become unhitched at one end, and after working on it all the afternoon succeeded in getting it back together again.

After that it went along quite well for two or three days, but I did not take any comfort with it, for I did not know how soon it would "baulk up" again. At last, one afternoon as we were beginning to fish, snap went the spring. It was broken and as a reel was of no use, but as an infernal invention for keeping a man from enjoying himself it was a decided success. I immediately returned to camp, and was expressing my opinion of the reel in quite decided terms, when an old gentleman who was present implied his readiness to deprive himself of a nice reel he had for a sufficient remuneration, an offer which I at once accepted.

The reel proved to be, when produced, a nice-looking multiplying reel, small but compact, and seemed as if it would do good work. The gentleman said he was going out and would have no further use for it, a statement which I could readily believe after I had used it a while. I thought I should not be able to do better, so I gave him a sum which he said was a little less than he paid for it, and fixed it on my rod. It seemed to work nicely and would take up the line quite fast, and I thought I had a "daisy;" but "the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof," and I found that the gifted inventor, who had got up that masterpiece of ingenuity, had so arranged it that the fish had all the advantage, and while it would handle a half-pound fish all right, it was almost impossible to reel in a trout of one and one-half pounds. It was very easy to see why the old gentleman had no further use for the reel. That evening John Danfoth succeeded in finding an old reel which he had thrown by, and with a little fixing with a wire and a nail or two, we succeeded in getting something that would stand, and after that my days were unclouded and the time passed so pleasantly that when my departure came it was with great reluctance that we took the Cupsuptic carry and bid good-by to Parmacheene.

The careful reader will perhaps have surmised before this that my opinion in regard to the "automatic reel" had changed, but for the benefit of those who have not already come to that conclusion, I will now state that, while the automatic is a good reel as long as it works well, it is so liable to get out of order and is so expensive to keep in repair (and if broken when in the woods it can not be mended) that I think I am justified in saying that it is a good reel not to have.

The automatic reel is not the only reel that the dealers try to sell which is more than useless; but it is not worth while to make a list of them, for every angler knows one or two and perhaps more. I think all will agree with me that a poor reel is the most vexatious thing a man can have, and if one is made that is perfect in every respect, the angler who is going to the waters where large trout are caught should have one, let its cost be what it may.

Mr. Henry P. Wells, in his "American Salmon Angler," describes in the chapter on reels an incident in which a poor reel played a very conspicuous part, and I think that every one can relate one instance at least where his reel has caused him more or less unhappiness.

This spring before going to Middle Dam I procured of a celebrated New York dealer a nice reel which he said was just the thing for a long line. I put it on my trolling rod and had not used it two days before it began to show signs of wearing out, and when I caught the trout weighing 6½ pounds, of the taking of which I wrote you some time ago, I had the reel on, but before I got the fish in the boat the reel was all worn out, and for the last five minutes I had had to hold my finger on the side to keep it from overrunning. Upon examination we found that the ratchet and pawl were both worn away so that there was no click. That evening the reel was thrown into the lake, to be fished out a short time after by a young man who did not know that by so doing he was placing himself in a position to break one or more of the Commandments in a manner which would be fearful to behold.

I have just got a new reel from another well-known dealer, and expect soon to find out what the timber is with that. C. D. C.

NORTHUMBERLAND, N. H., July 9.

PITCHFORKING SALMON.—Hartford, Conn., July 12.—I understand four salmon have been captured in the Farmington River, near this city. One of these noble fish was jigged by a frog hook, another speared with a pitchfork, while another was shot, the means by which the fourth one was slaughtered is not known to the writer, but probably clubbed to death. This State should be congratulated on its sportsmen (?) who kill woodcock out of season, and murder salmon with clubs, pitchforks, and rifles.—A. C. COLLINS.

SHARK AND PORPOISE.

NOT long ago, I tried to interest the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM with an account of a quiet stroll I took one June morning down the Aspeluc with hook and bait and line to entice from his native element a fish weighing not over half a pound; and as variety is the spice of life, I propose now to describe how with hook and line and bait on one occasion, and harpoon on another, I helped entice fish of very different weight out of their native element also—yanked them out and up on deck would be the literal truth, for stout arms and willing hearts were at work and shark and porpoise stood no chance whatever.

From my youth up I have associated with "all sorts and conditions of men," in all sorts of byways and highways. So it came about, as the old-fashioned story teller begins, "Once upon a time, when pigs were swine and turkeys chewed tobacco," I found myself far out at sea on board a clipper ship bound for where "with wind and sail Chinese drive their cany wagons light." I have embarked on some comical voyages at various periods of my life, but for out and out comedy, more fun to the square foot than I look for ever again, commend me to this one. Our captain was a thorough sailor, a pupil and an apt one of the famous Bob Waterman; irascible and zealous, he had suddenly been converted from the error of his ways, and like all new recruits, had set himself to the herculean task of converting passengers and crew to his persuasion, willy-nilly. All denominations were on board, and when you reflect how these long sea voyages try the best of tempers, how sorely they chafe and strain us, how necessarily slow must be the process of conversion of these "Innocents Abroad," you will see that our worthy old seahorse had a "hard road to travel," a hard nut to crack. Working out his ship's course was mere child's play to the sum he was trying to do. For my part I say frankly I took no stock in this enterprise at all. Miles away from home, the voice of the great Creator was daily speaking to me through winds and waves and the boundless ocean I so dearly loved with an effect that mocked at man's feeble efforts. They that go down in ships to the sea and occupy their business in great waters know this to be the truth. Here we were all in one boat, though. Prayers morning and evening, and business so conducted as to make it an act of charity for a man to smile.

We had been fanning along through the doldrums and were approaching the Equator. I had not allowed the time to hang heavily on my hands; always brought up not to be idle, I had become very much interested in a youthful fellow passenger, tall, thin slabsided, and the "greenest" subject I ever encountered. What mysterious dispensation of Providence ever started this man out among the quick-witted Chinese I never inquired. We christened him 'Jibboom," which in name and form he resembled. He was eternally asking the most curious questions, and on board ship to a mind thirsting for information there is always a good chance for reward. We were on deck of a sunny morning when he began: How were the sails mended? Generally by the captain's wife; owners can not afford a seamstress on board. Why were the gulls called bonitas? Naturally enough; they pick up the chicken bones the steward throws overboard. Did the flying fish have feathers? Oh, very soft and downy ones, they do; brilliant plumage like the humming bird. Alight on the ship? Very often. No, they don't sing; they hum along. What was to be done with such a receptive subject? It had been a great trouble to explain to him how Napolean Bonaparte had crossed the Alps in an open boat; how Mahomet captured Rome; how Julius Cæsar swam the Bosphorus with Helen of Troy on his back; and that the English were called Anglo Saxons because they were such great anglers; but when one day I slipped on deck and sprained my ankle, and my unsuspecting friend came to my rescue, bandaged my foot and treated me so kindly, I felt a wave of remorse break over me; I felt how little I deserved this treatment; and recognizing his kindly heart, I made him all the amends in my power, and I never took advantage of his innocence after that, nor allowed others to if I could help it. I am right glad to say this, for he died not long after we reached Hong Kong.

Forenoon watch, four bells had struck, and many were at church, when suddenly there came a cry of sharks! sharks! No row at a camp meeting ever more quickly broke up a congregation. Every pew almost was in an instant vacated. Prayers could be had daily; sharks were a novelty. I had left my friend "Jibboom" and gone forward on the topgallant forecastle, watching with great interest two sharks just by our bow, with their faithful friends the pilot fish; and some of the men had rigged a chain and hook to the studding sail gear at the foreyard, baited it with a good-sized piece of salt junk, and lowered it to the shark, which seized hold of it and swallowed it in a twinkling, when presto, change! two dozen stout arms ran him up and over the bulwark on deck; and then the fun began. It didn't seem to amuse him very much, but how we fed him on "belaying pin soup," capstan bars, belaying pins, anything to hit him with; and all hands at him tooth and nail. It did not take long to convert that fellow, I tell you, we beat the captain hollow, and changed him instantly from a shark to a jelly fish. How we did thump and belabor him, to be sure, every man had his whack of shark; and "last scene of all," we cut off his tail and hove him overboard amid the cheers of his exultant captors. Down went the tempting bait, the same process was gone through, and up came No. 2. It was a bad day for sharks. The second one was subject to the same heroic treatment as No. 1 had had; if anything more so. But the Captain, by this time thoroughly aroused (I wouldn't have had his temper for his ship), and furious at the want of decorum and taste of his parishioners, ran forward and ordered the remaining shark to be thrown overboard. So over he went. We were anything but a pacific crew on the Pacific Ocean. However, should the "Old Salt" happen by any chance to read this, which I very much doubt, I hope it may relieve his excited feelings, as well as interest him, to know that on that Sunday morning "he got left out in the cold"—we didn't lose our shark. Not much. Tom had passed a running bowline through the shark's nose and secured him, and when the fish was thrown overboard, "and peace with dove-like wings brooded o'er us," that shark was quietly hauled on board, his skull, jaws, and backbone cut out and distributed for trophies. No. 1 was about 6ft. long, No. 2 about 8ft. I was very much interested in the curious formation of the shark's skull; when skinned and scraped it looked very much like the cast of the bust of a woman.

Hardly had this episode passed away when we sighted three or four canoes coming out to us from Lord North's Island. This was a break in the monotony of the voyage, as good as a shark. Soon the canoes came alongside, full of the queerest people imaginable, black as the ace of spades, with bracelets of reeds round their arms, beads and shells strung round their necks, naked save a sash round their waist, their canoes loaded with shells and fruit, tortoise shells, grasslines, etc. Some of the creatures were by no means so bad looking, with fine large black eyes and gentle countenances. Soon all hands were busily engaged in trading, and I am bound to confess I don't think we got very far ahead of these children of nature. I traded off three old knives of hoop iron for helmet shells, and a seidlitz powder with another; he swallowed paper and all but made an awful face. Old bottles, nails, razors, scraps were in great demand. No one was allowed on board save the chief. This illustrious stranger was taken in and done for by the captain, who curtailed the services on this occasion for the benefit of his royal highness. An old worthless musket worth about $3 was handed over to his serene mightiness with great pomp and ceremony in exchange for a bird of paradise, worth probably $50, which I saw long afterward ornamenting the head of the captain's wife at a ball at Hong Kong. His gracious majesty was also made the joyful recipient of an old stove pipe hat, a dungaree shirt and trousers and some few yards of ribbon. So he was led to the gangway with all the "pride and pomp and circumstance" of ceremony imaginable, and went down into his canoe full of smiles and honors. At a signal from him away went the natives, while we gave the royal sovereign three rousing cheers at parting.

Not many day afterward, we struck a school of porpoises, as we were bowling along with the northeast trade winds. How easily and gracefully they sped along right in front of our clipper. No trouble for those fellows to "storm along my stormy." Here was a chance not to be neglected. Jack, persistent grumbler that he is, would rather eat porpoise. He don't hanker after shark when he can get "sea hog." So Allen Hay, a Cape Cod man and a royal sailor, armed himself with a harpoon, this time "the old man" not objecting since he too was longing for the flesh pots of Egypt. Hay went out by the dolphin striker, and watching his chance drove his harpoon well into a porpoise, and we brought him up on deck as quickly as we had the shark. He weighed a great deal more than any of my trout; and what a godsend to us fresh meat was just then. To us, satiated with high living, tired for once of pork and plum duff, washed down with copious libations of S'wankey, *i. e.*, vinegar and sugar and water, this sea hog, as Jack calls him, came welcome as the "first breath of spring." "Our doctor" was "no slouch" of a cook and we lived high off of porpoise while it lasted. Jack likes good victuals, and here they were. Morning, noon and night we pegged away at him. We feasted off of him, fried and roasted and fricaseed. I've tried all sorts of delicacies and have eaten almost everything edible, fish, flesh, and fowl; but I can shut my eyes, and even now almost fancy I can taste that porpoise.

CAPT. CLAYTON.

BROOK TROUT IN GEORGIA.

HAVING often heard of brook trout in the mountains of Georgia and North Carolina, I lately made a trip over the North Georgia R. R. to Murphy, in North Carolina, to look for them. But as under certain conditions *Salmo fontinalis* assumes the brilliant variety of the colors of the rainbow, so it also resembles the rainbow in the quality of escaping from its pursuers.

Murphy is a sleepy-looking mountain village, about as old as Chicago, but containing only a few hundred people. It lies in the fork of two tributaries of the Tennessee, the Hiawassee and the Valley rivers; clear, swift streams tumbling over ledges of rock and whirling in deep pools in a very trout-bearing manner, but their only fish are black bass (here called trout), perch, catfish, and some of the sucker family, as I am informed, the rivers being at the time of my visit too high for fishing with any prospect of success. I employed my two days in riding about the country, and climbing an accessible mountain.

From a delightful boarding house near the village, kept by Professor Beal, one has a view of ranges of mountains from 500 to 5,000ft. high. The Blue Ridge in Georgia, and the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina shut in the horizon. These are covered with a heavy forest, and are filled with minerals; gold, copper, iron, manganese, mica, talc and marble are some of the most important—no coal, these mountains being too old for that, or any traces of organic life, as I learn from Professor Beal, who is a skilled geologist and has a fine cabinet of minerals. Indeed, he claims that these mountains are the oldest in America, probably in the world.

In the forest are to be be found a few bears, panthers and deer; plenty of turkeys, ruffed grouse, quail, rabbits and squirrels. The river bottoms afford rich natural pastures for cattle and sheep, and bring good crops of corn, oats and wheat.

Professor Beal, who has lived in this region more than thirty years and knows its fauna and flora as well as its minerals, tells me that in some of its streams on the west side the mountain brook trout are to be found, small, but numerous. When he wants a mess he sends an Indian into the wilderness, who brings him back a hundred small trout for a dollar.

The Snowbird Creek, sixteen miles from Murphy in the woods, contains these fish; also one thirty miles away, the Nantahala, has larger ones, and on it there is a tavern where the angler can stay. These prospects seemed too distant and uncertain to suit one whose days of tramping the woods and wading streams had long passed away.

The only adventure which befell me was on Mount Butler, one of the lower mountains, 600ft. high, where Professor Beal and I stumbled upon a pair of rattlesnakes basking in the sun on a ledge of rocks at the summit. These were killed and measured 3ft. long, with the thickness of a man's wrist, and had each five rattles and a button. They were the first that Mr. Beal had ever seen on the mountain, though he often ascended it with his friends, and they usually sat down on that ledge of rock, and after many years' residence in Georgia and Florida, I have never but once before met with a rattlesnake.

S. C. C.

MARIETTA, Georgia.

FRESHETS, TROUT AND BLACK-FLIES.

IT seems that the June freshet in the Maine trout regions was rather severe on camping parties, especially those who were dwellers in tents. The rain in the western part of the State began in the morning and continued falling in torrents till past 12 o'clock of the next day. The mountain streams were swollen to the highest freshet pitch, and all fishing was precluded. This naturally set the campers thinking about home, and the rule was "go home." But in this direction all was not smooth sailing, for there were rocks on the bottom of the swollen streams which had to be forded—in one case the water even flowing over a buckboard, with the horses swimming. A party of four, said to belong in South Paris, Maine, two prominent citizens of the town with their wives, are said to have been caught by the storm, as they were encamped at the Narrows, Richardson Lake. They bore the rain like martyrs, but everything was drenched through. They gave up in disgust, and started for home. They have camped on the same spot for a couple of seasons, during their trouting trips, but they are sick of a tent, and have applied for a lot to erect a permanent camp.

But if these drenched sojourners in all the Maine woods had but staid a day or two longer they would have been rewarded for all their wetting. The weather came out warm and the streams soon fell to a reasonable pitch and "of all the fishing!" as one enthusiastic gentleman remarked, who was fortunate enough to have been in the woods when the rain was over. "The fishing was simply wonderful! Big ones, too! We caught them by the wholesale." Another party which reached the fishing ground at the pond in the river, just below the Middle Dam, soon after the rain was over, tells big stories about the fish caught. The trout rose to the fly—large ones—and even landlocked salmon, several of them were added to their creels. This shows that the landlocked salmon plant ng that has been in the river below the Middle Dam has not been in vain. Capt. Farrar planted a large number in that river two or three years ago. The landlockers caught were small, indicating that they may have come from that planting. There are chances, it is true, that they may have come from the lakes above or even below, but it is easier and more reasonable to imagine that they are the fish planted in the river.

The Union Waterpower Co. has worked the gates at the Upper Dam and at the Middle Dam this season. The gates were first put up at the Middle Dam early in June, and the Upper and the Lower Richardson lakes were drawn down 9ft.—the lowest since the last flowage was put on. The gates at the same time were closed at the Upper Dam, and a great change took place in the location of trout fishing at that point. In one instance great trout were left in a pool just below the mill at the Upper Dam, and some of them were taken. Those who saw them were much surprised at their size and the way they lay quiet on the bottom, very much the same as the same fish on the spawning beds. Above the dam, also, there was a wonder in the fishing line. A great many trout were taken on the fly in the still water just above the closed gates. The fish seemed to be disturbed by something, and it is suggested that they desired to pass down the river into the lake or the rapid waters of the river below the dam. Father O'Brien, the well-known Catholic priest of Cambridge, Mass., was there. The trout were first seen on Sunday, but the reverend father waited till the Sabbath of his church had closed, and then he went for the trout. On this occasion, as well as many others, he made a big haul. He is an enthusiast at trout fishing, and he has made trips to this celebrated trouting place annually for several years.

It is reported that the "pestiferous black-fly" has been more numerous and more troublesome to the seeker for trout and waters cool than ever before. They have bitten without mercy. But now comes a new theory concerning them. The guides, some of them, say that the black-fly hides in the cedars and other evergreens only. The theory is to cut and burn all the evergreen trees around your camp and thus escape the black-flies. I do not care to vouch for the success of this plan, but perhaps it would be safe enough, for to cut all the evergreen trees around one's camp and burn them out of the way would be something of a job, besides exciting the ire of the lumberman. But the black-flies are said to have been followed by midges, and the poor camper has had a hard time of it. The driver of a buckboard over one of the lake roads in eastern Maine is said to have hit upon a plan. He makes a smudge in an iron kettle, sets it a going and coolly places it between his legs on his team. In this way he is not welcomed by the flies. In short, they despise him.

SPECIAL.

ON GREEN RIVER.—On July 6 the writer, accompanied by two friends, ascended Green River, a large stream of clear, cold water free from rocks, about ten rods wide, which empties into the St. John near the northern terminus of the New Brunswick Railway. The party was on the river three or four days. As the water was high the trout were scattered all over it, having deserted the pools; sufficient were however taken from the canoes by two of the party to afford an ample supply of delicious fish to all at every meal. The river, which runs through a forest-covered country, is bounded by high, hard wood covered hills, and at its ordinary height is accessible by canoes to its sources. The canoe in which the writer was carried was propelled by an Acadian Frenchman and his son, a boy about fourteen years of age, who knew only a word or two of English, but who was remarkably bright. He seemed to think that our fishermen, with their long lines and curious flies, were not doing so good work as he thought they ought to do, or such as he could have done with his own hook, so as we ran our canoe ashore for a few moments he jumped out and taking a fork in one hand and his pole in the other, commenced turning over the stones with the pole as rapidly as possible, and suddenly darting down his fork into the water brought it up, a big-headed little fish with a very tapering tail impaled upon it. The fish was about two or three inches long. He wished us to try this as a bait, as it was the best he knew of. This fish was a small species of loche or cusk. The rising water had turned the stones over in many places, and the trout, which were wandering over the whole river, had such an ample supply of their favorite food that they disdained to seize the glittering fly which skipped so temptingly over the translucent water above their heads.—EDWARD JACK (Fredericton, New Brunswick, July 16).

THE BASS OF OTTER.

THERE are innumerable small lakes in the northern part of Frontenac county, Ontario, and none of them are more prolific than Otter Lake, about twenty-four miles north of Kingston.

What splendid expeditions we have made from our little village of S——, some eight miles nearer Kingston! What almost fabulous catches we have reported upon our return!

On one occasion five of us, two gentlemen and three ladies, made an exceptional catch, and not a bit fabulous. We started from home at 6:30 in the morning in a two-seated democrat, drawn by a strong team—for the rocky hills and valleys are something to be dreamed of. Our boats had been sent out the day before, as anything better than a leaky punt is a thing unknown in those regions. We had a glorious drive; lakes to the right of us, lakes to the left of us; from the tops of some of the hills lakes right beneath us, all fringed with tall maples, elms and beeches; high masses of granite, almost mountains; the outskirts of the Laurentian range, with an occasional clump of spruce or pine decorating their inclines.

Well, we got there, found our boats launched and ready for us, and dividing our party we embarked, Charlie and his sister in one boat, his wife, the doctor and myself in the other. Then commenced the adjusting of rods and leaders, screwing up of landing nets and prospecting for good fishing grounds. Of course, we girls threw the flies first. After skirmishing round a while, bringing in some baby bass which the doctor invited to return to their home and grow a bit, Charlie's wife gave a scream and her rod a bend which nearly brought it tip to reel; then the line began spinning out at a lightning speed. "First blood," shouted the doctor. "A log," said I, contemptuously.

The little wife was too much excited to do any more, so I came to her assistance, and reeling in as fast as possible thought I would soon bring her snag to light. In an unguarded moment I let the line loose, when zip! away went the line faster than I can say it, and it required all my knowledge of fly-fishing, aided by timely instructions from the doctor, to keep the rod from snapping (it is a little jewel, weight, 8oz.). This maneuver completely convinced me that it was no snag I had hold of, and after careful winding up and skillful use of the net by the doctor, I succeeded in landing a 5lb. large-mouth bass on the second fly, and a 2lb. one on the first. There must have been singular unanimity in their start to have sent the wheel round as they did. This was the best catch of the day, but when we got back to S—— at night after a beautiful moonlight drive, which was not the least enjoyable part of the day to those of us of an artistic turn, we reported a catch of 63lbs. of fish, weighed immediately after catching, and only two of these fish were other than black or green bass, and they were Otsegos. If any one thinks this too fishy, just ask the doctor.

FREYDA.

SYDENHAM, Ontario.

ANGLING LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

CONCLUDING his review of the angling writers of this country, Mr. Charles Hallock writes in the London *Field:* * * * An attempt to mention every writer of merit who has scratched his name with a fish-bone on the illusive sand would make one tired; yet there is an indefatigable collector, Professor G. Brown Goode, the well-known chief of the U. S. National Museum, who has been compiling a bibliography of American ichthyology for the past ten years (!), and although the product increases faster than he can garner, he hopes some day to corral the entire lot. His collocation will bring out prominently the names of noteworthy pioneers who are inseparable from early efforts, like Seth Green, Mather, Milner, Ainsworth, Hessel, Barnet Phillips, S. C. Clarke, Redding, Atkins, Brackett, Hudson and a host of others, as well as the busy and more enlightened systematic workers of the present day, like Bean, McDonald, Bendire, Earll, Ingersoll, Allen, True, *et al.* to the end of the long and distinguished list.

"Zoology of the Northwest" (1878), prepared by Lieut. Wheeler, is the title of the first of those ponderous volumes prepared under the auspices of the Government, and now being issued from year to year, which are to render the labor of the future reviewer a pleasing task. It is an illustrated quarto, covering ground in part which had been imperfectly investigated by Dr. Suckley in 1855. Gill's "Bibliography of Fishes" (1882), and his "Arrangement of Fishes" (1883) are scientifically important, and so is Jordan and Gilbert's "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," which gives the nomenclature and descriptions of all known species of fishes north of the boundary between the United States and Mexico. It has a compass of 1018 pages, and describes 23 orders, 172 families, 487 genera, 1340 species, and over 2,000 varieties of American fishes. Justly collossal, it stands like a mighty monolith at the very vestibule of the majestic Temple of Ichthus which is gradually taking form and dimension through the combined efforts of trained artificers and master workmen operating under the skillful direction of U. S. Fish Commissioner Baird.

This book of Jordan's is illustrative of a new era. It forms a preliminary part of the great cumulative work which it foreshadows and may perpetuate, and of which such elaborations as Goode's "Fishing Industries of the United States," illustrated with hundreds of plates, and the pioneer merely of a forthcoming series, and the annual "Bulletins of the U. S. Fishery Commission," and Baird's "Pacific Railroad Reports" and the "Fishes of the Eastern Coast of the United States from Greenland to Georgia," already stand out in conspicuous proportions. Henceforth the philology of angling is relegated to the poets, of whom the venerable Isaac McLellan, now living, and still singing at the age of eighty-three, is almost the sole American representative. He and "Nessmuk" may chant their "Forest Runes" together in the porch of the Temple, and dillettante authors hang their garlands on the horns of its high altar, but science will henceforth be the reigning god, and all the ichthyc offerings be made to him alone. Knowledge is everything. No angler may catch a fish without a Latin name, and all the arts, appliances and methods of fishing will be contrived to that end. Nature and science will plod perpetually hand in hand over the classic boulevard, *pari passu,* trained to equal steps, while high upon the architrave, over the porch, appears in bold relief the cabalistic legend, alike suggestive of the impulse and incentive: *Pisces in hoc signo vinces.*

A continuation of the angling bibliography may here appropriately follow, concluding what has been begun:

Fishing Tourist, Hallock	1873
I Go a Fishing, Prime	1874
Camp Life in Florida, Hallock	1876
Fishes of Maryland, Ferguson	1876
Fish Hatching and Fish Catching, by Roosevelt and Seth Green	1876
Adirondacks, Wallace	1876
Richardson and Rangeley Lakes, Farrar	1876
Pleasures of Angling, Dawson	1876
Fur, Fin, and Feather	1872-6
Sportsman's Gazetteer, Hallock	1877
Vacation Rambles in Michigan, Hallock	1877
Whitney's Pathfinder (Florida)	1877
Adirondack Tales, Murray	1877
Northern Michigan, Leet	1878
On the Ebb, Hotchkiss	1878
Adirondack Wilderness, Warner	1878
How to Camp Out, Gould	1878
Moosehead Lake, Farrar	1878
Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, Warren	1878
Canoe and Camera, Steele	1878
Canoeing in Kanuckia, Habberton	1878
Manual of Vertebrates, Jordan	1878
Trout Culture, Seth Green	1878
Zoology of the Northwest, Wheeler	1878
Voyage of the Paper Canoe, Bishop	1878
Four Months in a Sneak Box, Bishop	1879
Flirtation Camp, Van Dyke (California)	1881
Book of the Black Bass, Henshall	1881
Bibliography of Fishes, Gill	1882
Arrangement of Fishes, Gill	1883
Sport with Gun and Rod	1883
Fish, Prouty	1883
Wilson's Scientific Angler, Harris	1883
Pacific R.R. Reports, Baird	1883
Fishes of the Eastern Coast, from Greenland to Georgia	1883
Synopsis of Fishes, Jordan	1883
Bodines, Dr. Updegraff	1883
Fishery Industry of the United States, Goode	1884
Camping and Cruising in Florida, Henshall	1884
Woods and Lakes of Maine, Hubbard	1884
Fly-Fishing in Maine, Stevens	1884
Rod and Line in Colorado, France	1884
Menhaden, Goode	1885
Fly-Rods and Fly Tackle, Wells	1885
Angler's Guide, Harris	1885
Bulletin of United States Fish Commission	1871-87
American Salmon Fisher, Wells	1886
Our New Alaska, Hallock	1886
Fishing with the Fly, Orvis-Cheney	1886
Fishing on the Brule, King (Wisconsin)	1886
Fishing Tackle, Keene	1886
Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making, Keene	1887
Forest Runes, Nessmuk	1887
Fishes of Georgia, etc., Jordan	1887

In contemplating the varied brilliancy of the stars, I sometimes see a luminary cross the field of vision which is nearer and brighter than all the rest. It leaves a train of glory in its transit, which seems for the moment to eclipse all brightness, and while it blazes it excites the admiration of stolid gazers who are wont to regard the steadfast planets without emotion. Occasionally these asteroids occur in bewildering showers, so that all the firmament seems filled with scintillations of unwonted genius, and modest mortals hide their diminished heads. Then their light abruptly goes out, and the fixed white orbs gleam steadily as before. And so it is with books. The moral applies: Fame is a headstrong jade, and fickle.

BIG TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the last number of your paper (July 7) an article by Mr. Hallock upon the subject of big trout. In the summer of 1880 I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Henri Le Ronde, the Hudson's Bay Company factor at Nepigon House, Lake Nepigon, and have since seen him. Mr. Le Ronde is an intelligent, high-minded man, and no one who knows him will ever have any doubt as to the correctness of any statement he would make.

In a series of papers commencing with the issue of Dec. 18, 1880, I gave your readers an account of the visit of several fishermen to Nepigon Lake and river, and there noted some information obtained from Mr. Henri Le Ronde, his brother Alexander, and some of the Indians about Nepigon House. By reference to these articles it will be seen that trout larger than 12lbs. have been taken in Lake Nepigon. The largest in 1878 was 9lbs. by the Hudson's Bay Company's scales at Nepigon House. A much larger one was taken two or three years before that, the weight being by the company's scales 17lbs. This fact was stated by both Henri and Alexander Le Ronde at the time of our visit to Nepigon House and in the presence of Rev. M. W. Reed (now of Denver, Col.) and my son. As to the fact I have no doubt, for I have no reason to doubt it other than that I have never seen so large a trout. These large trout were not intentionally taken, as I remarked in the papers referred to, but in nets with other fish for the winter's supply for the post, along in October, in sandy bays near there. I saw one of 4½lbs. taken in July with a silver minnow—not trolled, but gently moved by the drifting of the canoe—from close to the bottom in 60ft. of water, a half mile from shore. We were at the time deep-fishing by deep trolling for lake trout.

I believe Mr. Hallock is in error in thinking the trout mentioned to him was taken at the mouth of the Agawa River, as that is a river emptying into Lake Superior. The river was probably the Wabenoosh, which comes into Lake Nepigon some twelve miles north or northwest of Nepigon House.

The White Rapids of Nepigon River are noted for large trout. I think those of 7 to 8lbs. are not less common there than the same size in Rangeley Lakes, although I have taken none so large as that. I am not so certain about the 8lbs. as I am of the 7, but have reliable assurances to that effect. Mr. Campbell's display, mentioned by Mr. Hallock, would fix the 8-pound weight, however, for the river beyond dispute. If the judgment of a fisherman is "of any account," I might tell of much larger ones which carried away my tackle in the swift waters of the Nepigon; but later on I almost invariably became convinced that I over-estimated those that got away.

C. C. H.

FROM TROUT TO STRIPED BASS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I went on to Phenicia, N. Y., but the big Esopus Creek, was high and roily, so no fish. I went on and tried the two first brooks and got a heap of little ones, and a dozen legal fish, all on worms, though I tried several casts. The brooks are very small and a short stiff rod of about 8ft. is in order. They served me a lot of babies for breakfast. I went to Walden after striped bass but prospects were bad and so I returned to Hudson. On Saturday I went out to Wavecrest and tried for kingfish in Far Rockaway Bay. Fished about two hours at high water with shedder and got four, ranging four pounds and a half down to one-third that weight.—GRAY JOHN.

THE CUSK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apparently the opinions of FOREST AND STREAM readers differ as widely concerning the edible value of the bowfin as do those of people here, where there is a general prejudice against the bowfin, mudfish, cusk, lawyer, or whatever his name may be; but there are some who affirm that he is an excellent food fish, as there are some who will tell you that the ling is, and that there is no better fish in our waters than our fresh-water sheepshead. As to these two last, which I have tasted, their admirers can never convert me to their belief until I taste the fish cooked in some very different fashion from what I have ever seen them served, or I take with me to the feast more than ever before of the Spartan sauce. But I must confess so that great has been my repugnance to the bowfin that I never yet have tasted him. Yet, though his looks are undeniably against him, he is really no more repulsive in appearance than the ling, nor than the bullhead, which is certainly one of our best food fish, and I admit that my prejudice is unreasonable, as prejudices often are.

Perhaps it was inconsistent to make Antoine denounce the bowfin in such unmeasured fashion, for probably most of the bowfin eaters here are French Canadians, but it so happened that he did not like them, just as it happens that some Yankees do. It is said that some of the old settlers here used to salt down barrels of them in the latter part of summer, when great numbers can be caught by any one who cares to fish for them in the deadest of dead water, with stout tackle and a bit of skinned frog for bait.

If the feast of the Ichthyophagi (I'll bet I haven't spelled it right) occurred in that season, I could send them all the bowfins they would need for a thorough trial of their edible qualities, and have the question settled—if their judgment would settle it.

AWAHSOOSE.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

THE PERCY SUMMER CLUB.—*Among the Clouds,* the Mt. Washington sky-top journal, of July 12, says: "A story has lately gone the rounds of the New Hampshire press of a fisherman who cast a line, to which he had attached five flies, and hooked four trout and a landlocked salmon. As his position was the top of a leaning cedar, he was so unfortunate as to lose the salmon, but he landed four trout, and at the very next cast secured another salmon weighing 4lbs. The scene of this exploit was Christine Lake, perhaps the most beautiful sheet of water in all the White Mountain region, although not very well known because its situation is to the north of the region frequented by tourists, and the lake has for many years been protected by proprietors who maintain here the most complete and thoroughly equipped fishing resort in the country. Visitors to the White Mountains are familiar with the Percy Peaks, two bare granite-topped cones, rising to the height of 3,400ft., a few miles north of the Pilot Range, which forms so attractive a feature of the landscape from the valley of the Connecticut at Lancaster. Christine Lake is situated in the shadow of these peaks and covers a surface of 300 acres. It is best approached by the Grand Trunk Railroad, the visitor leaving the train at Percy station, in the township of Stark, twenty miles north of the Alpine House, at Gorham. The Percy Summer Club is a corporation organized under the general laws of New Hampshire, and among its active members are the Hon. Ossian Ray, a leading lawyer and late member of Congress from the Granite State. The president of the club is Francis H. Leggett, Esq., of New York. S. H. Kauffmann, president of the Star Newspaper Company, of Washington, is also a member, and other gentlemen from northern New Hampshire and the city of New York make up the association. The club takes an active interest in local affairs, contributing toward the support of the church and public library of the inland town wherein it is situated, and being besides one of the most considerable taxpayers of the town, has the good will of its citizens to an unusual degree." Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, of advertising fame, is secretary of the club.

THE DIVA PAYS FOR THE TROUT.—Tannersville, N. Y., July 14.—Mme. Fursch-Madi, whose dulcet voice used to be the special property of the National Opera Company, until she began to use some of its falsetto notes in one of the periodical rows of that organization, has been a distinguished guest of our town for some weeks. She brought with her her husband, who occasionally sallies out in knickerbockers and velvet jacket with a nickel-plated reel and other appurtenances of a fisherman for trout. Yesterday, as he was engaged in an animated encounter with a native of one of our mountain streams, he was much gratified at the lively interest in his efforts manifested by a rural-looking party on the banks. The party permitted him to capture the trout and then captured the angler. He was a constable, the guardian and legal angel of the stream, which was under the protection of the law, the inhabitants of it belonging to the lord of the manor. The fisherman had disregarded the posted notices. The unlawful trout catcher in the Kaaterskills corresponds to the horse thief in the western communities. These disagreeable points were unfolded to the fisherman, and the culprit was led back to his wife, Mme. Fursch-Madi was aroused from her *dolce far niente* in her hammock and accompanied her husband to the place of justice. A messenger was dispatched for the magistrate, who was enjoying the afternoon slumber that follows a country dinner, supplemented by watermelon. This functionary arrayed himself with deliberate care in a linen duster, a palm-leaf fan and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and responded to the call of duty. After much deliberation the worthy justice fined the lady's husband $25. Mme. Fursch-Madi remonstrated in a lively recitative and her husband sang a solo of objurgations, but were not rewarded by any applause. The fine was fished out of Fursch-Madi's pocket and paid under the most solemn protest. Mme. Fursch-M di's husband has wound up his reel until he is better "posted" on the streams.—*Correspondence Star.*

SMALL CATCHES OF MENHADEN.—The menhaden fishing, upon which large numbers of persons in several of the eastern villages of Long Island depend for their living, is said to be a failure this season, the catches by the steamers being unusually small. The factories at Long Beach and Promised Land, where the fish is converted into oil and fertilizer, are running on short time. The loss will amount to over $100,000.

GOOD FISHING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Sunapee Lake, N. H., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The trout fishing here has been exceptionally fine this season, and it is said that more trout of 4lbs. and over have been taken in this lake than at any time in the Rangeley region. Col. A. J. Hobbs, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, has been up here for two or three weeks and found excellent sport; his largest fish was about 8lbs., but he took several of 4 and 5lbs., which are quite common. These fish are the new Sunapee "What is it," a discussion as to their species having gone on in your columns a short time ago. At this time of the year they are only taken with bait. Col. Hobbs also took a brook trout of 6lbs. during his fishing. Last spring a great many were taken with a fly, more than have been taken any year previous.—SUNAPEE.

BLUEFISHING IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.—The bluefishing is better than ever this week along the south shore of Long Island, but the menhaden are scarce and therefore chumming is not as remunerative as trolling with the squid. There is a rush of fishermen to all the villages on the South Bay and boats are at a premium. Large catches are reported and one man is said to have taken nearly 500 fish in five days. The prohibition of net fishing is credited with this state of things, but, whatever the cause, anglers are rejoicing. The towns on the bay can be reached by the Long Island Railroad in two hours, or less, and strangers in this city can easily look up the time tables of that road. Boats can be obtained at any of the ports on the south side.

RAINBOW TROUT FROM THE WILLOW.—Hudson, Wis., July 11.—June 24 H. C. Reed of this place caught from the Willow River six rainbow trout and two brook trout. The largest rainbow trout weighed 3¾lbs., the smallest 2lbs., and the two trout weighed ¾lb. each. A few days later L. G. Green took from the same stream two rainbow trout that weighed when dressed 3lbs. each. The rainbow trout were all planted within the last three years. So much for our State Fish Commission.—JAS. P. BALSOM.

JOLLY HUNTING AND FISHING CLUB.—At the annual election, which was held about the middle of June, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Jas. R. Watt, president; Humphrey Mount, vice-president; S. S. Hudepohl, secretary-treasurer; Samuel Atkinson, assistant secretary; Herman Pannier, camp sergeant. The other members of the club are: W. J. Siebert, L. E. Hanky, John B. Bailie, Thomas Watt and David Jones.—S. S. HUDEPOHL, Secretary (Creighton, Pa., July 13.)

A RARE VISITOR.—Perth Amboy, N. J., July 13.—A strange fish, supposed to be a white whale, was seen today in Raritan Bay off this town by several persons. It was about 30ft. long, and rose to the surface at intervals of about one minute.—J. L. K.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

NEW YORK OYSTER LAW.

THE following law relating to the oyster grounds of New York has been signed by the Governor and is recorded in Chapter 584, Laws of 1887:

SECTION 1. The Commissioner of Fisheries, appointed under Chapter 309. Laws of 1879, and his successor in office, shall be known as the Shell-Fish Commissioner, and shall finish and complete the survey now being made under his direction of all the lands under the waters of the State suitable for use for the planting and cultivation of shell-fish, and shall make a map thereof as heretofore provided. He shall finish and complete the survey now being made of all the beds of oysters of natural growth located in the waters of the State, and such beds of oysters of natural growth shall be set apart and preserved, and shall not be deemed to be included in the lands for which franchises are to be sold under the provisions of this act. Said commissioner shall ascertain the occupants of all lands claimed to be in the possession or occupation of any person or persons, and no grant of lands so occupied or possessed shall be made, except to the actual occupant or possessor thereof; provided said occupant or possessor, within one year from the passage of this act, shall make application for, and purchase the same.

SEC. 2. For the further purposes of this act, the Governor is hereby authorized to appoint an additional Commissioner of Fisheries, who shall be a man of experience in oyster culture, and who shall be a resident of Richmond, Queens, Kings or Suffolk counties.

SEC. 3. Immediately after the passage of this act the Commissioners of Fisheries shall meet at some place, to be designated by them, in the city of New York, for the purpose of making such rules and regulations as shall be deemed necessary as preliminary to hearing and granting applications for perpetual franchises for the purpose of shell-fish cultivation on the lands under the waters of this State, mentioned in section 1 of this act, suitable for planting and cultivation of shell-fish. After such rules and regulations shall have been agreed upon and formulated, the said Commissioners of Fisheries shall proceed to grant franchise for the purposes of shell-fish cultivation, as hereinafter provided. But no such franchise shall be granted until one month's notice of the application for a franchise or franchises shall have been given by posting in a conspicuous place, in the office of the Shell-Fish Commissioner, and in the office of the town clerk of the town nearest to the lands applied for.

SEC. 4. No grant shall be made to any person or persons who have not resided in this State at least one year preceding the date of application, and no grant shall be made to any person, firm or corporation in excess of two hundred and fifty acres, and no person, firm or corporation shall be allowed to hold, at any one time, more than two hundred and fifty acres.

SEC. 5. When the conditions precedent to the granting of franchises, mentioned in the foregoing sections, have been complied with, the Commissioners of Fisheries are hereby empowered, in the name and behalf of the people of the State of New York, to grant, by written instruments under their hands and seals, perpetual franchises for the purposes of shell-fish cultivation in the lands applied for under the waters of the State, for the consideration of not less than one dollar per acre if the lands are unoccupied or unused, and not less than twenty-five cents per acre if the lands are in present use and occupation, and the right to use and occupy said grounds for said purposes shall be and remain in the said grantee, his legal representatives or successors forever; provided only that the said grantee, his legal representatives or successors shall actually use and occupy the same for the purposes of shell-fish cultivation, and for no other purpose whatever. And the moneys received for the sale of such franchises shall be paid forthwith into the treasury of this State.

SEC. 6. The franchises thus granted shall be deemed to be personal property, and courts of law and of equity shall have power, authority and jurisdiction to determine and enforce the rights of persons, firms or corporations thereto as though such franchises were actually personal property owned and possessed by such persons, firms or corporations, and such franchises may be sold, transferred, assigned or conveyed the same as other personal property. Immediately after the receipt of the aforesaid instruments of conveyance, the grantee shall at once cause the grounds therein conveyed to be plainly marked out by stakes, buoys or monuments, which stakes, buoys or monuments shall be continued by said grantee, his legal representatives or successors.

SEC. 7 The said commissioners are hereby authorized to appoint and employ a clerk whose compensation shall not exceed fifteen hundred dollars per annum, which compensation and the necessary expenses for carrying out the provisions of this act shall be paid by the Treasurer upon the warrant of the Comptroller, to the order of the said commissioners, upon vouchers to be approved by the Comptroller. The said clerk shall give a bond, to be approved by the Comptroller, in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, for the faithful performance of his duties.

SEC. 8. The provisions of this act shall not be deemed to limit or interfere with the powers of the Commissioners of of the Land Office to grant to owners of uplands adjacent to such fisheries any of the lands under the waters of this State as is now provided by law. But in case any grant shall be made by the Commissioners of the Land Office of any land actually occupied and in use under the provisions of this act for the cultivation of shell-fish, such grant by said Commissioners of the Land Office shall be subject to the right of the occupant to occupy such grounds for two years thereafter for the cultivation and removal of the shell-fish there planted.

SEC. 9. This act shall not apply to nor be held to affect in any way lands under water owned, controlled or claimed under colonial patents or legislative grants by any town or towns, person or persons, in the counties of Suffolk, Queens, Kings and Richmond; lands under the waters of Gardiner's and Peconic bays, ceded by the State to the county of Suffolk, pursuant to chapter three hundred and eighty-five of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-five, lands under water in Jamaica Bay, lands in the jurisdiction of the towns of Hempstead and Jamaica or in the county of Westchester.

SEC. 10. The sum of three thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, payable by the Treasurer on the warrant of the Comptroller to the order of the said commissioners for carrying out the provisions of this act, upon vouchers to be approved by the Comptroller.

SEC. 11. This act shall take effect immediately.

THE MOHAWK FISHWAYS.—A correspondent has examined the fishways of the Schoharie and Mohawk rivers and reports them to be in perfect condition, although they were subjected during the past winter to the heaviest ice-floods known there for a number of years. Mike Crane, who is in charge of the work connected with the canal at Schenectady, says that during May he and numbers of others frequently observed bass, pike, suckers and other fish passing the fishway freely during the day time. The fishway at Schenectady has one fault—it is open—and evil-minded persons have thrown rocks and sticks into it, which have made obstructions which accumulate leaves and mud and are liable to clog the working of the fishway. When Col. McDonald visited it this summer he promised to remedy this by placing a heavy iron grating over the central opening, which will allow nothing but leaves, sand and mud to pass through and this will be swept out by the force of the current. We learn from Mr. Shanahan, Superintendent Public Works, that Col. McDonald has filed improved plans for the Troy dam and for the fishways in the western part of the State, which will obviate this difficulty entirely, by being covered over and thoroughly protected against damage by ice or flood, and that there is also provided an automatic means for discharging all sand and gravel that may enter with the water.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—Under the provisions of the new oyster law, published elsewhere, the Governor has appointed Mr. A. Sylvester Joline to be a Commissioner of Fisheries. Mr. Joline, although appointed under the oyster law, has the same powers and duties as the other Commissioners, and we think that the whole board are now oyster commissioners as well as Messrs. Blackford and Joline. Among the oystermen the appointment of Mr. Joline is regarded as a good one. The State now has five Fish Commissioners, namely: Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Gen. R. U. Sherman, E. G. Blackford, W. H. Bowman and A. S. Joline. The address of the latter is Tottenville, Richmond county.

A TROUT PHOTOGRAPH.—New York, July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a photograph which I took at the State Hatchery at Caledonia of the trout being fed. The old man throwing out the food is David, the first employe of the Commission and the one who struck the first pick into the ground to erect the buildings. As you will see, some of the fish are in the act of springing out of water to get the food, and the commotion they make at such times is fairly well reproduced. I thought you might like the print as a sort of memento, if it is only the work of an amateur.—R. B. ROOSEVELT.

A LARGE CARP.—A carp weighing 29lbs. lay on Mr. Blackford's slabs in Fulton Market last Monday. It was caught in the Potomac River.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MAP OF THE ADIRONDACKS.—Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has issued a new edition of his "Map of the Adirondacks," for 1887, showing the new railroad running into the Saranac region.

SHOOTING AND YACHTING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—Cruising yachtsmen will find much that is interesting and useful in the little book under the above title, lately published by W. H. Allen & Co., London. The author, Mr. A. G. Bagot, better known by his *nom de plume*, "Bagatelle," attached to many papers on sport, is a thorough yachtsman, familiar with all the routine of cruising, and in the present volume, a brief log of a shooting cruise along the coasts of the Mediterranean, he has gathered together much useful information concerning the leading localities, as well as the fitting out, provisioning and expenses of long cruises. In spite of the amount of practical information the book is by no means dry, but the writer has made a very interesting story of his cruise.

AMONG THE NORTHERN LAKES of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated. Each recurring season brings to Oconomowoc, Waukesha, Beaver Dam, Frontenac, Okoboji, Minnetonka, White Bear, and innumerable other charming localities with romantic names, thousands of our best people whose winter homes are on either side of Mason and Dixon's line. Elegance and comfort at a moderate cost can be readily obtained. A list of summer homes with all necessary information pertaining thereto is being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and will be sent free upon application by letter to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 7 and 8.—Second Show of the Fox-Terrier Club, Newport, R. I. Entries close Aug. 28. F. Hoey, Sec., Long Branch, N. J.

Sept. 13 to 16.—First Show St. Paul and Minnesota Kennel Club, St. Paul, Minn. W. G. Whitehead, Secretary; Chas. Weil, Superintendent.

Sept. 20 to 23.—Wisconsin Kennel Club's Annual Show, Milwaukee, Wis. R. D. Whitehead, Manager.

Oct. 12 and 13.—Third Annual Show of the Stafford Kennel Club, Stafford Springs, Conn. R. S. Hicks, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Manitoba Field Trials Club Field Trials. Derby entries will close July 1; all-aged entries Aug. 1. Secretary, Hubert Galt, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Oct. 31.—First Annual Field Trials of the Indiana Kennel Club at Bicknel, Ind. Open to dogs owned in Indiana. P. T. Madison, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 7.—Third Annual Field Trials of the Western Field Trials Association. R. C. Van Horn, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 21.—Ninth Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at High Point, N. C. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Kings County, N. Y.

December.—First Annual Field Trials of the American Field Trials Club, at Florence, Ala. C. W. Paris, Secretary, Cincinnati, O.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **5206.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB METHODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wacouta" is to be congratulated upon having elicited a denial of at least one of the allegations against the president of the A. K. C. As the latter has seen fit to deny one the fair assumption is that that is the only one to which he can make any reply. A little investigation of President Smith's answer to "Wacouta" cannot, however, result in anything but confirmation of the widespread opinion that he is perfectly incompetent to fill the position he now occupies in the A. K. C. In speaking of the transfer of the proxy held by Mr. Munhall to Mr. Hanna he says: "I told them that the transfer of a proxy from one to the other was a question of authority only, and a matter between the club giving the proxy and the gentlemen in question, and none of my business—I may now add, none of 'Wacouta's' business, too."

The wind-up of the sentence is a true Smithism, and reminds me of the riding of the high horse in the mastiff puppy correspondence in which Mr. Smith came to grief so ignominiously. Is the action of an officer of an association presumed to be national not a proper subject for criticism and discussion? I rather fancy Mr. Smith will be left in a minority of one in arrogating to himself such a freedom from question.

The position he takes is, however, entirely erroneous. The duties of a president include those of seeing that everything that is done is in proper parliamentary form, and to prevent the exercise of the privilege of membership or representation by any one not fully authorized to act. And I maintain that the transfer of a power to vote on a proxy is illegal. The customary form of a proxy is "to vote for me and in my name," and does not authorize its transfer to a third party. If we look into the standing of President Smith's Club in the Patti M.-Beaufort case we can hardly evade the conclusion that the defeat of Mr. Mason's side of the question was the object sought to be accomplished. At the December meeting the Westminster Club declined to vote on this question, and at the late meeting the club was again silent on the question. At the same time the president allowed the case to be reopened in a manner which must either be charged to collusion or discreditable ignorance.

The vote to reconsider was taken upon the motion of Mr. Vredenburgh, who was not entitled to the privilege of the floor at all. In his capacity as employe of the A. K. C. his duties are purely clerical, and he can exercise none of the rights of a delegate. At the December meeting of the A. K. C. he voted as the proxy representative of the Pittsburgh Club, and not as A. P. Vredenburgh. The vote was recorded as that of the Pittsburgh Club, and a motion to reconsider could only be made by the club he represented, and not by himself individually. The club was represented at the late meeting, and if Mr. Richards, who held the proxy, had offered the motion to reconsider, it would have been a legitimate one.

Taking this view of the case, I have declined to vote on the question of another reconsideration of the case. In my letter to the secretary I have explained my views as given above, and advised him that at the next meeting of the A. K. C. I shall upon the reading of the minutes move that as Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh was neither a delegate nor a proxy holder, he was not entitled to offer a motion, and that it be stricken from the minutes. I fail to see how any delegate can vote in the negative on that motion, and the whole case will then revert to its original position as decided at the December meeting.

Again quoting from President Smith's letter in reply to "Wacouta." "I also take issue with 'Wacouta,' in his statement that Mr. Vredenburgh was not entitled to vote at the December meeting. In my judgment he was." I quite agree with the president that he was, but that unfortunate official in his letter to the secretary authorizing him to submit Mr. Drake's resolution to reconsider, mis-quotes Article IV. as follows: "Officers of the American Kennel Club shall not be privileged to vote upon proxies before the executive committee unless regularly elected delegates from their clubs." He cannot even quote rules correctly, much less determine their meaning.

Again he says: "In the absence of any rule, such motion [Mr. Drake's] is in order." Considering that a motion to reconsider is perfectly legitimate if submitted in proper form, and that the rules of the A.K.C. provide for the decision of questions by mail vote, the assertion that there is an absence of any rule on the subject is but another instance of the blissful state of incompetence of the president.

And now a few words more pertinent to the caption of this letter. Mr. Drake's resolution bears date "St. Paul, June 13," and should have been in the hands of the secretary on June 15. President Smith's office is within five minutes' walk of the A. K. C. establishment, and he should have had it on the date of its reception by the secretary. The letter of the president to the secretary bears date July 2, an inexcusable delay of at least two weeks. The secretary cannot, even if he wishes to make such an excuse, allege absence of the president as the cause of the delay, for Mr. Child is vice-president and holds office for the purpose of performing the president's duties in the latter's absence. Allowing for holiday time the president's letter of July 2 should have been in the hands of the secretary on July 5, and on July 6 he dates his circular letter asking for votes on the q

submitted. That is the first straw of business-like method found in the whole transaction, but when it is found that the circular letters bearing date July 6 were not mailed until July 12, the business-like promptness of the secretary receives a severe setback. What in any office would have been accomplished in a week at the outside, dating from Mr. Drake's letter of June 13, occupied a whole month. That is a case of American Kennel Club methods worthy of the consideration of the delegates who are striving to get the thing in running order and to accomplish some good results.

The envelope, postmarked July 12, also contained a request to vote on the admission of the American Field Trials Club, the Pacific Kennel Club, and the National Poultry and Bench Association of Atlanta, Ga. As the A. K. C. old constitution under which the proposition is submitted, distinctly states that only clubs organized solely for the purpose of holding bench shows can be admitted, it will puzzle the two remaining members of the credentials committee to uphold their favorable report on the application of that club. Another instance of how the committee misuses its power is in the case of the Stafford Springs Club. I fear you will think I am not telling the truth when I say that the reason the committee declines to vote favorably on the Stafford Springs Club is because there are already two clubs from the State of Connecticut in the A. K. C. That decision ought to be awarded the entire bakery. Mr. Wade says "Pitch into the blunders the A. K. C. makes, but recognize that about a majority mean right." That is perfectly true, but how in the world are the majority to do right when they are befooled in this manner?

And now I am going to give Mr. Wade a little work, if he will undertake it. First of all I would call attention to what is doubtless a slip of my pen, when I am made to say in my letter published last week, "Mr. Wade objects to my saying a dog should *not* be disqualified for incorrect description." The word italicised should be struck out. As an evidence of my further statement that the rule governing the making of entries is perfectly plain and well understood by exhibitors, and which he controverts, I wish to call Mr. Wade's attention to the Pittsburgh catalogue. So far as the secretary's work on it is concerned, it is perfect—a model catalogue in every particular. I have gone through half of it without finding an error outside of a very few typographical ones and the misspelling of a few names, which, of course, cannot be avoided owing to bad writing and other well-known causes conversant to all who study pedigrees. Here we find again and again, "Breeder unknown," "Pedigree, etc., unknown," and no better evidence can be adduced in proof of my statement that the rule is perfectly plain and thoroughly understood, and that when not carried out the omissions should be dealt with by disqualification, as provided for in the A. K. C. rules. I even find that the club of unsavory reputation as to medals carried out the disqualification rule in the case of the St. Bernard, Duchess of Leeds, the only entry I have come across that is not catalogued properly. Let us give Pittsburgh credit for having produced the only thoroughly accurate catalogue, and for being the only club to disqualify for incorrect description. I said I would give Mr. Wade a task, and it is to find a mistake of incorrect description in the catalogue.

JAS. WATSON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Wade, in his communication last week, leads your readers to suppose a majority of the A. K. C. "mean right." They can scarcely mean right when they do wrong. Gross favoritism is certainly not honorable.

It was hoped that the judges and lawmakers of dogdom would show some redeeming qualities, which would at least command our silence during their blundering struggle between self interest and equal justice to all.

Mr. Wade says the A. K. C. "was used for personal and private ends." How long ago, Mr. Wade, did they cease these sordid uses? When did "the stalwart common sense and love of square dealings of the American dog public set the pretty schemes at naught, and the conspirators got a very black eye?" My dear Mr. Wade, the great American dog public got a very black eye at the last meeting of the A. K. C. The "conspirators" have never for a moment let up on the rapid gait they are running the machine.

The idea of swearing delegates to the A. K. C. was not an idea of my own. A friend made the suggestion, "Why don't you swear the delegates and put the secretary-treasurer under bonds?"

It is no insinuation against an officer's character to place him under bonds. Treasurers of all corporations and societies give bonds, and why should a great exception be made with Mr. Vredenburgh? I know he is a "good fellow," but for all that the A. K. C. to command respect and confidence, must drop their goodfellowship and transact their business on strict business lines.

Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.

VICTOR M. HALDEMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing the reply of Mr. Elliot Smith to "Wacouta," in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, permit me to say that his statement as made is true. He was never called upon for such a ruling, the records of the A. K. C. will prove it. Meeting Mr. Hanna, "who is a member of our Association in good standing," unexpectedly in New York, I proposed to him that he act for Gen. Shattuc, whose proxy I held. I did ask President Smith, "before the meeting," if he thought there could be any objection to my transferring the Cincinnati proxy to Mr. Hanna. He replied that that was a matter which rested entirely with Gen. Shattuc and myself. I did transfer the proxy upon my own responsibility purely out of courtesy to Mr. Hanna, and am alone holden to Gen. Shattuc for my actions.

C. M. MUNHALL.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 15.

INDIANA FIELD TRIALS.

THE first annual field trials of the Indiana Kennel Club will be run at Bicknel, Knox county, Indiana, beginning Monday, October 31, 1887, open to all pointers and setters owned in Indiana.

Two stakes will be run. The Derby, open to all pointers and setters born after Jan. 1, 1886. Four purses: First prize, 50 per cent.; second prize, 25 per cent. and two equal thirds of 12½ per cent. each. Forfeit $5, and $5 additional to fill. Entries close Oct. 1.

An all age stake, open to all pointers and setters that have never won a first prize in an all age stake at any recognized field trial in America. Prizes and entrance same as the Derby. Entries close Oct. 1.

These trials are not given for the purpose of making money, but for the purpose of demonstrating by practical tests in the field the merit of individual dogs; to make such trials elevating and instructive, and to encourage legitimate sport with the dog and gun, that the gentlemen who favor these objects may be assured of honorable example and cordial fraternity. The officers and board of directors individually and collectively will undertake to see that the objects of the club are not defeated by the action of any one connected with the trials. Competent judges will be selected and the rules of the club will be impartially enforced and to the letter. The expenses of printing, postage, and one fence man will be deducted from the entrance money.

The club has secured ample grounds with plenty of quail, and we know of no reason why we may not predict a very successful trial. We solicit the co-operation and support of all who wish for the success of the club on the basis of honorable and fair dealing with all concerned.

For entry blanks and other information, address P. T. MADISON, Secretary, Lock Box 4, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

[Concluded from page 539.]

ANOTHER fine lot proved the setters, especially the English variety, and it was not until after luncheon that Mr. Webber commenced his task. Sting had been sent out of the show by order of the veterinary inspector; but still he came into the ring for the challenge prize. Poor old chap; he was free enough from mange, but it is almost cruel to show him now. Count Howard, very smart and active, won, with his sire, Sir Alister, sadly out of show form, but still lively and smart, the reserve, an honor which the little Sir Tatton now better deserved; indeed, no one would have grumbled had he actually won outright. Four bitches were present in the challenge class, Bonnie Belle and Magic Lantern being absentees. Queen Elsie, though suckling puppies, won; a smart little bitch, very gay in carriage but light in bone. Pearl had the reserve; a better bitch, especially in loins and bone, but she looked stained in her coat, and Belle of Furness was quite out of jacket. Wild Rose, too, was not in good bloom; indeed, none of the challenge bitches were. The open dog class was an unusually showy one, and the awards there caused considerable surprise. The winner, Prince Pommery, is a great, big, coarse, blue and white, young dog, with great bone, a little out at his elbows; and, though his head is long, it is not a good type, and throughout he is a commoner, worth perhaps hc., certainly not more. Second to him came a dog of a different type, Blue Dash II., showy enough, but coarse in head, and not straight in front as he appeared in the ring on Tuesday. Third prize was Sir James, another big-boned, coarse-headed dog, but better in front, and with more style throughout than either of those placed over him, and the liver and white ticked dog Dashing Leven, with the reserve, is a better dog than any already named. Behind them were King Ned, who moved very badly, but was in nice form; he could not have been higher. Monk of Furness, a little thin in coat, but in beautiful form otherwise, and one of the four best English setters of to-day, was early sent out of the rig with hc.—he should have won easily; Condon, vhc., is a good-looking dog, like work, a little plain in head, but far better than the winner; so is Glencairn of Dalgoner. Winsome Dash is a neat puppy in every way, and later on took a prize in the more juvenile division. Sir Gilbert, Lord Tom and Prince Rupert were absentees, and Sir Julyan is not sufficiently straight in his jacket to win a prize when the competition is keen. The bitches were almost better than the dogs, and here Mr. Webber pleased the knowing ones better. Bashful Maiden, who appeared to fill the judge's eyes immediately she came into the ring, is a lovely bitch in every way, simply perfect in her head and expression, has a good coat for a puppy, excellent legs and feet; to be critical, one might say her stern is a shade long and her ears rather large, but no one could gainsay the justice of this win, and catalogued at £50, she speedily had more than one claimant after her, and they not all confined to Great Britain. Lune Belle, second to her, is a rather heavier and coarser bitch, a little masculine in head, and her we selected as the rightful winner in the puppy class at a show where she was not noticed. Then came a mistake, for the third prize winner, Gaudy of Kippen, is but a commoner in every way, excepting in color. Madam Rachel, a bitch in grand form, and with the best of legs and feet, and who hitherto bore an unbeaten certificate, took but the reserve; possibly, being better furnished than the winner, this last-named bitch should have won outright. Countess of Dalgoner, a fair bitch, is longish in back and generally a little coarse. The dog and bitch puppies were particularly even, with no great star among the lot, and generally the judge selected about the best for the honors. Mr. Duncan, with three puppies by Romany Rye—Truth, was particularly successful, and Mr. Cartmel and Mr. Moser showed a fair youngster or two; but space will not allow us to criticise these young ones *seriatim*. Mr. Webber was more at home with the Gordons, and his selections here were correct enough all through. Bang IV., who won under Mr. Cunningham at the last Palace show, still goes on well, and now separated Mr. Chapman's brace, Heather Don and Heather Grouse. The first-named had won at Darlington, but Grouse is but a puppy, a big one without being at all coarse, excellent in color and coat, and likely to become a champion if he does not go off. There were but half a dozen bitches, of which the best made are two puppies, both Mr. Chapman's.

Irish setters came up in better force, but they were by no means well judged, and it is rather a pity that Mr. Webber, who, we believe, does not claim to possess any particular knowledge of the variety, undertook so unthankful a task as to judge them. Derry II., who secured the championship, is a bad color, and in no one respect, excepting in activity, nearly so good a dog as Mountaineer, who, however, did not appear very gay in the ring; still, he can beat Derry going on two legs. Nellie was in the bitch class placed over Lallah Rookh, with which decision little fault was found, though the loser was the fresher and in the better bloom. The open dog class was a strong one, and a youngster, Shandon II., was given the pride of place. This is a nice dog in color, form and style, with capital legs and feet, and plenty of feather; he is a little coarse in skull, and does not possess so much character as some of the older dogs before whom he was placed. Ballingcarry, late Carlo, came second; a good stamp of dog, grown grizzled in muzzle, but a fair sort all round. Carrowdore was third; but that excellent dog Frisco, all round as good as anything in the class, did not get a card; yet he looked well, and not a word against his winning outright would have been heard. Pat VII., vhc., is, on the contrary, a moderate specimen in every way, and not to be put on the same degree of merit as Mangerton, Moonlighter, Drogheda and Lismore. Aveline was shown too fat, and she got second in bitches; a favorite she is with her owner. Nellie IX., who won, is again wrong in color and form, quite a moderate one, and how exhibitors are to know what to breed when she wins here, and Killaloe, who won at Birmingham and Warwick, and then pronounced an extra good bitch, now failed to obtain a card. Molleena, who has done some winning for Mr. Wilson in the north, had third honors. Aveline was awarded the special for dogs that had won a heat at a field trial, beating Wild Rose, and the catalogue was wrong when it stated this competition was confined to Irish setters. The award for the best team of all varieties of setters was next made, and proved a most interesting competition. On paper this looked like a win for either the Gordons of Mr. Chapman, which contained a first prize winner and a winner of third, or for the Laveracks of Mr. Potter, which included the winners in each champion class, second in open dogs and an hc. in the same class. However, Mr. Cockerton won with a team which included the first prize bitch in the open class, Bashful Maiden, Madam Rachel and Born a Flirt, vhc., Belle of Furness unnoticed, and the reserve dog, Dashing Leven. They were a grand lot, quite deserved the honor given them, and we believe the award was well received.

Then came the beagles, an extremely pretty group, which Mr. Cox judged well, though we would like to have seen Mrs. Mayhew's charming little rabbit beagle in the money, perfect little animals in her class are so rare. One or two of the hounds shown here are too low on the legs, and certainly exhibit a suspicion of basset strain. Owing to some misunderstanding in the Spaniel Club, there appeared a likelihood of this division proving a comparative failure, but such happily did not prove to be the case. The Irish watermen were in great force for them, the challenge class having three entries, and each individual in the open division really deserved a first prize. Of the Clumbers little need be said: Psycho continues fresh and well, and won the challenge class; a dog of nice color—Ralph, strong in bone and big and strong, being similarly successful in open dogs; his coat, too, is good, but his skull is either too big or he is too narrow in front of the eyes. Royal, second prize, is no more than a fair dog, but he is bigger than Cynic, hence we fancy the reason of his winning. Dash XX. and Noble X. have both nasty, light-colored eyes, but their bodies and coats are quite average, and their bone is good. The two leading bitches were placed just as they were at Birmingham last year. Mr. Woolland showed, as usual, a powerful team of Sussex spaniels, with which he gained some of the awards, Bridford Brida II., the winner in the open bitch class, being of special excellence in color, coat and other particulars. Solus won again in his division, but in the open one for dogs a new face to south country shows won. This was Glencairn, a great, big, strong-boned dog, long, low and powerful, with extraordinary coat and feather, but coarse and heavy in his head; Gipping Sam, mentioned by us previously, was second, with Newton Abbot Victor third, another dog that has done considerable winning in his time. The last named has the better ears and head, but his coat is finer than we like it; Pluto R. is another excellent spaniel, not so long in body or low as those already mentioned, but quite their equal in head; and Noble of Orley is also of exceptional quality. Dinah Waller, third prize, we liked best in the next class; her head, ears and expression being equal to anything seen among the spaniels here, and her bone and body, too, leave little to be improved upon. Staley Belle and Beverley Rhea, placed under her, have previously scored on the bench. The pretty tri-colored Fanciful should have beaten poor old Fop, who did not look nearly so fresh as when we saw him a fortnight ago. The variety class was mostly made up of black and tans, and the smaller one did not contain a single pure cocker, though the winners are charming little black spaniels, but little like the two Scott so prettily engraved from a drawing of Reinagle's about 1802. The puppies were fair, and Mr. Woolland was now beaten in teams by Mr. Bryden, who showed a particularly even lot. We fancy it was at Warwick the Beverley fancier was placed back because of the inequality of his representatives, but judging such classes is "a promiscuous piece of business," at least so one of the keepers said.

The summer season is a bad time at which to show collies, because they are then casting their coats, and a prize sheep dog without a mane and frill and "well-coated tail" is but a sorry spectacle after all. Still, the present show was a little ahead of previous summer ones. Vulcan is wonderfully full of a coat of good quality, still he carries his stern so gaily that he had no chance of beating the neat little Eclipse; and Ruthand did not compete for anything but a special. Later on Mr. Krehl's dog won the club trophy, we believe, though he is not honored with the award in the official prize list. Metchley Surprise then beat Peggy II., looking as charmingly handsome as ever, and they were followed by the dogs over two years old. Here Brighton won—a dog we have always had a good word for, and should on Tuesday have certainly given the great honor which went to Eclipse to this dog, who is far more like working in every way and equally handsome. Reality was out of coat; Charlatan and Paramount were second and third, but far away the second best dog in the class was K. T., a black and tan, who took but hc. His ears, expression and general style are capital, his coat full and profuse, hence his backward position was a matter of wonderment; Young Wolf excels in profuseness of coat; Leal, fourth prize, exquisitely handsome, is small though full of character, and her ears are perfect; Malcolm I. is a rare old sort. Bertha, looking fresh and fit had an easy win in bitches, and took the special as the best bitch in the show, an honor it was pleasing to see given there, for she has been some time in coming to the front; Lunesdale Lass, third prize, we liked better than the short-legged Sooty, who took second; and over Mrs. Mac a first card was placed, though she had not won it, nor ever will do; Sweet Lassie we always liked better than Sooty, and the best of the others are pretty well known. Metchley Wonder was absent from the two-year-old and under class, where Metchley Wolf won, as he had done at Warwick, and his coat has improved since then. Cœur de Lion, second prize, had an excellent body and good strong back, his expression is not so good as it might be, arising no doubt from his rather too full eyes. The Curate, in fuller coat than we have seen him, was fourth. The winner of third at Chelmsford again third, so readers will see this was by no means a good class; nor was the corresponding one for bitches any better, the judge not giving a single card of honor after he had placed the prizes. The smooths were just fair, the winner, a nice black and white dog with a superabundance of coat.

Basset hounds were good classes, and showed more uniformity than is generally seen. In the challenge one, Bourbon, as might have been expected, defeated Fino VI., and though the latter cannot boast of the quality Bourbon possesses, he seems to be improving. Chopette won over Pallas III. in bitches, but if quality is to score, taking also into consideration the condition of the winner, who appears to be suckling a litter of puppies, then this decision should have been reversed. Forester added fresh lustre to his fame by winning in open dog, and rightly. He is a big, fine hound, grand in body and true in front, and improving with age. Flora, own sister to Forester, won in bitches, a rare-bodied one, and good in ears, is not absolutely first-class in skull, she is fair and stands low. Her dam, Medore, who errs in the same direction, but more so, is still a grand bodied and boned bitch, and was placed on an equality with Chopette II., a low, long, and good-colored hound. Mr. Krehl carried off the team special, and divided with Mr. Stokes the cup given to the exhibitor showing the greatest number of bassets, their entries being just equal, and Bourbon and Bretonne were awarded the special for best couple of hounds hunted last season. Dachshunde were equally good in quality and uniform in type. Maximus carried off the challenge dog prize, Gil Blas being his most formidable opponent. In bitches, the lovely black and tan Lady had to give way to Cerise II., a true dachshund, and in a trifle the better condition, or matters would, no doubt, have been altered. Open dogs introduced us to the aspiring young black and tan Jackdaw, who literally carried all before him. A first glance at him impresses one with his great quality, and a close inspection proves his merit. He is nice in size, has a beautiful skull and set on of ear, is low without being crippled, and long without being unwieldy. He is not furnished, and at his age, if he was, it would be against him. Jupiter made a good second to him, a nice and well-formed red dog, with an excellent loin; and Belgian Hero, a good-shaped, sound-limbed dog, a trifle coarse, came third. Duckmanton Conrad is a lengthy black and tan, and has a long head, but rather square in shape. Sieger shows more quality in head, and being sound in front, with good feet and skin, might have superseded Conrad. Guinevere, a well-shaped red bitch, with good ears, loins and limbs, and a nice mover, beat Wagtail for the first time on record, and though the latter has the most quality in head, the decision was right. Scarsdale Jungfrau is a lengthy red bitch, with a long head, fair set on of ears, good loin and skin and fair bone; and she might have beaten Wagtail who, though pretty, is quite small enough, in view of the work these dogs are expected to perform. This bitch won in novices. Zulima is a fair hound, but not over good in loins, and Irrlicht, who, though not high class quite in head, is a low, long, well-formed liver of good size, who ought to have stood higher. The puppies were good, and the novices have all appeared in previous classes, and the specials were thus distributed: Jackdaw won the 50-guinea challenge cup, and Jupiter the one for the best dog in open classes, other than the winner of the larger trophy; Guinevere took the corresponding bitch special, and Jack-

daw and his dam Wagtail the brace cup; Maximus, with his family, carried off the stud dog, and Lady the brood bitch special. Irish terriers were fairly good classes. Bachelor represented challenge dogs, with Buster second; and Extreme Carelessness easily disposed of Norah Tatters in bitches. Neither St. George's owner himself nor other exhibitors were perhaps prepared for the honors which literally showered upon this dog. Still, upon a close scrutiny of his excellencies, there is little fault to be found. He is exceedingly well formed, and of good size; his neck, shoulders and front are nearly perfection, and he moves with great freedom and liberty; he has a long taking head, and small, perhaps too small eyes, which rob him of that intense character peculiar to the Irish terrier. Here Extreme Carelessness has the pull and a little in coat, but loses from him in shoulders. Mick McQuade is a very good coated dog, and well put together in body, but thick in skull, as well as narrow in face; Cruisk, third, has a good head and true expression, but is straight behind, and did not move well in the ring, and he was not in show condition, but no dog in the ring possessed greater character than he, and his coat is excellent. In bitches, Miss Rattle won, and, though quite big enough, she is a good stamp nevertheless; she was, however, very closely pressed by Miss Jummy, a beautiful-headed and straight-fronted bitch, who probably lost position a little by her pale color; better in this respect, she would have no superior in the show. Erin III. is weak in face and loin, but a nicely shaped and coated animal; and Whisky Slee, on the other hand, is good in body and has a nice head, but soft in coat. A lot of excellent puppies were likewise forward. St. George, besides winning the valuable produce stake of £26, followed by Mick M'Quade and Miss Rattle, took the specials for the best uncropped dog in open and puppy classes, best terrier in the show bred by exhibitor, and the 50 guineas cup, as well as the one for the best dog and bitch in the open and puppy classes in conjunction with Sea Shore. Extreme Carelessness got the cup for best bitch, Mick M'Quade took that for best exhibited by an Irish member of the club, Miss Rattle was awarded the one for the best uncropped bitch, Spital Gem won the special for best puppy bred by exhibitor, and, together with Spital Crack, the one for best brace of uncropped puppies; Mr. Hoare secured the team special, and there were money specials awarded to the second, third, and fourth best uncropped specimens in the open and puppy dog and bitch classes.

Pugs were a good class, but not well judged in some instances. Little Count beat Daniel in challenge dogs, and won the 20 guinea cup for the best pug in the show. This was perfectly right. Little Countess took precedence in bitches, and was the most compact, and showed most quality in the class; but Setset has a better skull and body, and, with black toenails instead of white, should have beaten Lady Clematis for second. Prince Tragedy won in open dogs. His leading features are his wonderfully large globular eyes; he has also neat ears, and is a good-bodied dog. He, too, has white toenails, and we thought Loris a better dog, take him all round, having more wrinkle, a better trace, and greater quality. Tang, third, is a long-faced and somewhat pig-jawed dog, and was well beaten by Sunlight, who, though not made up in body, is an infinitely better pug, and should have come third. In bitches, Ducie, second, might have won; she has a splendid eye, and is a good-bodied and compact pug of character. Pegg is small in eye, pinched in face, and has no wrinkle, but good in bone and body. Queen Rose is nice in quality, but shows age; Lady Crusoe is shallow in muzzle, but good in body and color. Royal Duke won clearly in dog puppies, and he is a compact, short-headed, and good-skulled little dog, with a nice tail and carriage. There was not much else in the class.

Fox-terriers were as numerous as ever, but there was a dearth of good young ones. The open smooth dog was the best division of the lot, we thought. Result of course won again, and took the challenge cup for the ninth time; there is nothing yet likely to make him vacate his position; and to Rachel went the great honor in the corresponding bitch class. Last week at Bury St. Edmunds we drew attention to the mistake made in placing Valet over Lucifer. The latter won now and Valet was fourth, a position he scarcely deserved, for his thin coat and whip tail are totally unlike those seen on other winners. Second place should have gone to Reckon, who looked well, a terrier without coarseness; though his bone is so excellent, he had vhc. only. Bachanal, with his bad mouth, was fifth, a nice little terrier, as we all know; Hunton Prince, late Syrup, second, and fit as a fiddle pin; Hunton Baffler, vhc., is an old-fashioned stamp, and, all white on his head instead of being marked, he would remind one much of old Tyrant; Professor, third prize, is a gay, smart terrier, big in ears rather, and not quite elegant at his shoulders; Embryo is rather leggy, but terrier-like, with a capital head; Barton Spicer, tan in markings, is a neat terrier in ears and body, and straight in front, he is, however, too bitch-like in head; Moonstone is another white terrier we have previously noticed. Radiance should, we fancy, have been placed over Ethel in the bitch class, at least so far as we could examine the two, for the later could not be persuaded to drop her ears, which are thick at the roots. Radiance is a good bitch in bone, coat, and form, a little lacking quality, which Ethel undoubtedly possesses in a greater degree; Dinah Do and Venilia are both too leggy and light; Wildfire, fifth prize, was dull and listless in the ring; Meersbrook Marvel, third prize, has been mentioned in our reports of some north country shows, and Verdict, an American bred bitch, is a better specimen than her sister Tiara. Some thought Verdict should have been higher, but though her legs, feet, and character are good, she is a little weak in jaw, and her jacket is not right; she might perhaps have been fourth, but no higher. New Forest Danger won in dog puppies; he is wonderfully terrier-like, but weak in head and generally toyish; while the second prize dog, Horton Trap, has a very long head, which is not at all the shape a terrier's should be, and so he scarcely deserved a card. A nice dog here, but quite big enough for his age, is Dandy Duke, all white, we presume placed back because of his oversized ears. Volador, likewise a fair puppy, is at present unfurnished, and he looks like growing too big, and has a commonish expression; Douglas Jester, showing more quality, is like an improving sort. In the remaining classes the awards, as given below, must suffice; and Mr. Clarke had little difficulty in winning the team prize. The wire-hairs were strong.

Coming so soon after the show of the Bulldog Club, we had nothing much more than we saw there, and Mr. Jackson got through his labors well. As an opening, he had to give his judgment in the challenge class between Grabber, Rustic King and British Monarch, the latter taking the great honor, which included the challenge cup. The first named was not in good form, and the others are of such distinct types that it must lay with the fancy of the judge which wins. Personally we are averse to the twisted nostrils of the Monarch family, and think Rustic King's big ears are not such a severe handicap. The latter, however, took the cup for the best bulldog in the show, bred by the exhibitor. In the challenge bitch class Queen Mab again won, and as Jennie Howlet was in bad form, and Wheel of Fortune in good, the latter took second honors. In the open dog class of the medium-sized the large-sized one did not attract more than two entries. All the winners are old faces, Roller (a brindled and white dog) has a fairly well-shaped head, but is not full enough in his cheeks, and rather leggy too; still he deserved a card—a far better dog than the long and down-faced Chelsea Grip. Nap is possibly the best headed dog in the class, but his narrow front kept him back. Horsa possesses a good skull and ears, a little pinched in muzzle, still a fair all-round dog. Rustic Model won in the bitch class, where again there was a repetition of previous awards; and so on in the smaller-sized divisions, where the winning dog Forceps was not looking so well as when at the Aquarium show. Harper, the winning puppy, is not deteriorating, and Hades appears to show improvement in head.

Como beat Trentham Dutch in the bull-terrier challenge class. In the open one for dogs and bitches over 30lbs., Margery Daw, a fair headed bitch, is a little long in loins, but might have been higher than he, had she been in better coat. Duchess III., second prize, is a useful sort, level and good, just a trifle lippy; Graceful has a good head, but bad legs; Topper, with the reserve, is lightish in eyes, a shade thick in jaw; legs, feet, and body fair; Harvester and King of Hearts are both well known, the latter a rare dog, shown in beautiful form, just a little wide in front, and too long in stern. In smaller class, Wild Violet carries her ears badly; Daisy Flower is a nice bitch, but a little out of condition. Principio won well enough, her fault being a little extra length in loins. The remainder in this class, like those in the smallest size division, were fairly good animals; but among the little ones there was nothing to compare with such as Nelson, Dick, Rebel, and others—15lb. gems of bygone days. The white English terriers were badly judged, Diamond Spark in eyes, head, legs, and feet, and form generally being the best. The winners here are all well known, as are most of the black and tan terriers, the latter mustering in good force, and apparently correctly judged throughout. Pearl, the winner, very rich in tan, fairly distinct in markings, and terrier-like in body. Jeanette won the Victoria prize for the first time of offering, this being value twenty guineas, to be competed for by uncropped specimens over 12 months old. Scotch terriers were numerically poor; but Dandie Dinmonts were quite fair, though not such good classes as were produced at the last Kennel Club show; the prizes in both divisions were satisfactorily placed, as was the case with the poodles and Pomeranians. The black variety of the former were particularly strong, but Lyris still keeps at their head.

The same old faces were to the fore in Bedlingtons, but we rather felt inclined to favor the Miner over the Bishop in the challenge class, who now is the better fronted dog of the two, although rather the larger. Newton Lad and Toothpick were well ahead in the open class, the former excelling, particularly in neck, head and shoulders, and in coat too. Toothpick is scarcely so good in hind quarters and stern as the winner, and Humbledon Buster's stern is bad, otherwise he is a fair all-round dog. Wansbeck Maid, the winning bitch, possesses a sweet head, but in front she is not what she might be; Bridget might fairly have been second instead of vhc., being good in head, front, body and coat, for Lady Colin, who took that honor, is plain all through; and Gipsy Queen, third prize, shows too much of the Dandie Dinmont type; Creole, reserve, is small and weak in muzzle. In the any other color than blue, Hotspur was fortunate in beating Humbledon Bruiser, who certainly scores in head and size; Grace Darling is too full in eyes, but excellent in ears, body, legs, and feet. A promising puppy is the liver-colored Jack Monkman, handicapped a bit by his age. With little exception the winning Skye terriers have already occupied similar positions, and the awards were quite correctly made by the Rev. T. Nolan. Strathern took the cup for the best Skye in the show. The Clydesdale terrier class, the first time such a one has been at a Kennel Club show, had but five entries, two being purely Skye terriers. The winner, Nelson, is a handsome silky-haired terrier, groomed like a little Yorkshire, with prick ears, and silvery blue in color; and the two best behind him are of similar stamp, but not so good in either coat or ears. This variety will best be recognized under their old name of Paisley terriers.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

FOLLOWING are the numbers of the dogs entered in the July number of the *American Kennel Register:*

BULLDOGS.

5124. Crib III., W. Walker.
5125. Nino, W. C. McArthur.

COLLIES.

5126. Clyde LXXVIII., C. P. Mattocks.
5127. Fly X., C. P. Mattocks.
5128. Fly XIX., C. P. Mattocks.
5129. Gladstone, H. H. Benedict.
5130. Lady, C. P. Mattocks.
5131. Maggie IX., C. P. Mattocks.
5132. Maggie XVIII., C. P. Mattocks.
5133. Myra, W. V. Cranford.
5134. Quinnie, C. P. Mattocks.

MASTIFFS.

5135. Beech Grove Cleopatra, A. L. Dale.
5136. Commodore, J. R. Hand.
5137. Czar II., J. F. Rule.
5138. Cyclone, Minnehaha Kennels.
5139. Daniel Webster, G. Rice.
5140. Iola, Minnehaha Kennels.
5141. Jess, F. A. Stafford.
5142. June II., J. D. Bodman.
5143. Lulu II., R. Bird.
5144. Mary E., F. A. Howard.
5145. Minnehaha Duchess, Minnehaha Kennels.
5146. Minnehaha Madge, Otto Schultz.
5147. Minnehaha Pride, Minnehaha Kennels.
5148. Minnehaha Sultan, Minnehaha Kennels.
5149. Minnehaha Turk, Otto Schultz.
5150. Muncie Turk, C. T. Bartlett.
5151. Sphinx, B. W. Hunt
5152. Wacouta Baron, Wacouta Kennels.
5153. Wacouta Rose, Wacouta Kennels.

POINTERS.

5154. Gipsey Tell, Wm. N. Clark.
5155. Marguerite II., J. H. Day.
5156. Monty Tell, Jas. H. Paine.
5157. Pride of the Stubble, L. Gardner.
5158. Rumson Lilly, H. Johnson.
5160. Sage of Graystone, W. L. Gardner.
5159. Rushing Pilot, L. Goodhart.

PUGS.

5161. Jingo Sniffles, G. E. Peet.
5162. Lakme, Wm. Imas.
5163. Maple Grove Gem, Maple Grove Kennels.
5164. Snap, Geo. Kingoun.
5165. Trump, Chas. J. Tanner.

ST. BERNARDS—ROUGH-COATED.

5166. Alvier, Hospice Kennels.
5167. Chimborazo, G. H. Larned.
5168. Eiger, Hospice Kennels.
5169. Hadjar, Hospice Kennels.
5170. Lady Catherine, Ed. C. Johnson.
5171. Leda II., W. V. Carolin.
5172. Phœbe II., Rockingham Kennels.
5173. Sultan III., A. M. Cunningham.
5174. Tromba, Hospice Kennels.

SMOOTH-COATED.

5175. Kader, Hospice Kennels.
5176. Mark Anthony, Jas. Hicks.
5177. Montrose, Hospice Kennels.
5178. Reka, Hospice Kennels.
5179. Winchester, G. P. Wiggin.
5180. Wotan, Hospice Kennels.
5181. Yum-Yum, Jas. Hicks.

SETTERS—ENGLISH SETTERS.

5182. Grouse II., J. J. Mellus.
5183. Ivy, L. Gardner.
5184. Jet, Henry J. Thayer.

IRISH SETTERS.

5185. Dan, David Ousterhouse.
5186. Dude's Noreen, B. F. Kratzer and R. K. Norton.
5187. Glencho's Berkley, Charles C. Doty.
5188. Glencho's Edith, Charles C. Doty.
5189. Glencho's Grip, C. C. Doty.
5190. Glencho's Kerry Gow, C. C. Doty.
5191. Glencho's Nora, C. C. Doty.
5192. Glencho's Providence, C. C. Doty.
5193. Prince II., W. K. Patch.

SPANIELS—FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

5194. Don III., Mrs. F. A. Thayer.
5195. Flossie, J. P. Willey.
5196. Frank Obo, G. W. Canterbury.
5197. Ligero, Horatio L. Sprague.
5198. Newton Abot Lord, E. M. Oldham.
5199. Pet, J. B. Daniels.

TERRIERS—BULL-TERRIERS.

5200. Ben Hur, F. W. Chase.

FOX-TERRIERS.

5201. Chester Minnie, Sam J. Parker.
5202. Domino, A. H. Morton.
5203. Maple Grove Duchess, R. L. Pate.
5204. Maple Grove Kate, R. L. Pate.
5205. Mt. Toby Sparkle, C. J. Bailey.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

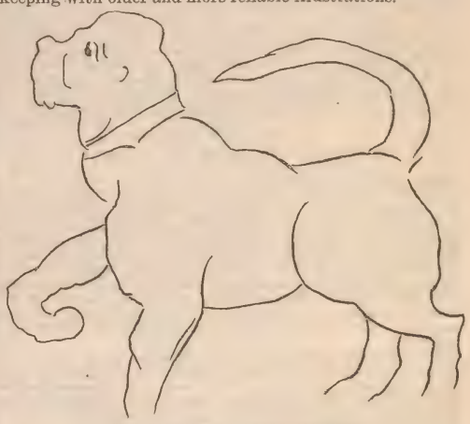
5206. Fearnaught, P. H. Coombs.

MASTIFF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was pleased to see the reproduction of the mastiff from Bingley, 1809, in your issue of June 2, and also to read the letter by "H." in the following issue, which letter is quite as valuable and interesting as the sketch from Bingley. "H." points out the true disposition of the mastiff incidentally, as well as the color, and his description reminds me forcibly of Dr. John Brown's description of the mastiff Rah (1824 about). I was very pleased to read "H.'s" unsolicitated testimony as to the greater proportionate shortness of head, in which respect I suspect the drawing in Bingley's to be decidedly faulty, and although this said drawing in Bingley's furnishes additional proof of the correctness of my delineation of the original type of the English mastiff, as laid down in my "History of the Mastiff," yet this sketch in Bingley, by an unknown artist and of an unknown specimen, is comparatively worthless compared with the engravings of Bewick and others I have mentioned.

I feel certain the more mastiff fanciers will take the trouble to investigate the subject carefully the more they will have to admit the correctness of the so-called bull and pug dog styles being the true and original type. Interesting as it always is to read letters like that of "H.," bearing testimony to the correctness of the type we may advocate, yet it must always be borne in mind that the specimens they saw may or may not have been even pure bred, and although their recollection may be vivid, yet one mastiff no more makes the type than one swallow makes the summer. What A, B or C may have seen respectively is of little importance to breeders and judges who have spent fifteen to twenty years or more in carefully gleaning historical information as to what the type was and should be. I for one have never advocated exactly such a type as shown by Bingley as the type we should cultivate for our show bench. Like Mr. H., I do not consider the head sufficiently short to be typical and in keeping with older and more reliable illustrations.



THE CATHEDRAL STALL MASTIFF.

With this I inclose a tracing you may care to reproduce, and when the antiquity of the carving from which it was taken is known, its roughness will be overlooked. I discovered it quite accidentally a short time since, on taking a clerical friend and visitor to inspect some ancient monument in a church close to this. The church had been repaired, the old material being cut down and used again; but fortunately the stalls in the chancel had never been touched, and on the head of one we discovered a large dog, plainly a mastiff; and I consider it furnishes a most satisfactory and interesting proof of the true type of our early English mastiffs. I may point out the short, deep muzzle, the pendulosity of the lips being distinctly marked, also the development of the dewlap. It shows a compact, muscular, active animal, with short, stout limbs, and a certain pug-like shortness of back, a point often conspicuous in the older illustrations; and it may be remembered that such authorities as the late G. W. Thompson preferred this compact build, not liking long backs (*vide* "History of the Mastiff," page 195). The stern, like most illustrations up to the commencement of this century, is carried over the back, approaching toward the carriage of that of the pug dog and Thibet mastiffs. My drawing, although rough, is exact, showing original size, as I carefully pressed the paper over the original so as to get an exact impression. The carving is very ancient, rotten with age and worm-eaten, and is judged by a party versed in such matters to be probably as old as the reign of Edward III., certainly before the battle of Agincourt.



FROM AN OLD ETCHING.

I also inclose a photo of a mastiff from an old etching published in 1792, picked up and presented to me a short time since by my esteemed friend, Mr. John Lyall. Both of these specimens are more interesting and show more of the true mastiff type than Bingley's.

M. B. WYNN.

THE ELMS, Rothley, England.

BEAGLES FOR BENCH AND FIELD.

LINDEN, Mass., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing in this week's paper an item on the beagle by "H. H.," I will give my experience for the past three years. He speaks in rather a discouraging way of the show winner and small stock. I have at present in my kennel eight beagles, all under the standard but two. They are all good workers except two, which have never had any chance, but which I am in hopes to have in good trim for running by September. My small dogs can go as long as the larger ones, but of course not quite as fast, though they will all stick from daylight till dark, and be all ready to go the next day if necessary. My best running dog is by champion Little Duke, out of an extra nice bitch, and he is only 14in. high.

I have been looking into this matter for several years, and have come to the conclusion that the show winners have been petted too much and not given a chance to do as well as they might do for fear of getting lost or hurt. There is no reason why a winning dog on the bench should not make a good dog in the field. I have now in my kennels two very nice bitches, one a show winner (May Belle II.) and the other never shown, but to be heard from next spring if she is alive. They will run a little while and then come in and follow to heel; they only appear to be lazy, and are doing much better than when I first took them out. I go out about three nights every week for about two hours. The way I do is to take a couple of good workers and go where I know I can start a rabbit, and take the green dogs along with me. I had been out three or four times before they would take any notice of the dogs that were driving, but I am beginning to feel quite encouraged about them now. A beagle can be trained to run when from six to seven months old if a little pains be taken with them. I have had quite a number of pups the past two years, and the way I do is to take them out with the old dogs after they get to be four or five months old, and they soon learn what is wanted of them.

I hope to see a little more in your columns in the future on the beagle; they are to my mind the finest little sporting dog of the day, for the New England States especially, as most every other kind of game is so scarce, but rabbits are quite abundant still. I would be glad to hear from others on this matter and what they consider the best dog for work, the undersize or oversize beagle. For my part I like the little dog best, only I want him to be able to last all day.

W. S. CLARK.

FOXHOUNDS AND STOCKADES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"N. C." is amusing in her paper concerning foxhounds in the issue of July 7. I am fond of foxhounds, but!

The inference is probably unfair, but perhaps not altogether unnatural, that when the old gentleman went after his daughter with his pack of hounds unmuzzled, it was of no importance how many little girly they might absorb so long as the daughter remained unharmed. If I had been the father of the "little cousin" I would have taken the contract at extremely low figures to start that pack the first time they showed unmuzzled noses within the limits of my bailiwick.

The patience of "N. C." is commendable or not, just as you choose to look at it. She is, I take it, a Southern lady. Well, she and her friends of the feminine persuasion have in my opinion been "put upon" quite long enough by their chivalric hasbands and fathers, and it is high time that they begin to assert their rights.

Let them combine and quietly but firmly make known to the aforesaid husbands and fathers that if no better kennel system is attainable, a good stockade of logs, say fifty or sixty feet high, and placed not more than five-eighths of an inch apart, will restrain and keep from stealing or other depredations on the rights of the housewife the most thievish hound that ever bayed.

A few sheds inside will make the dogs comfortable, and the owner will know where to look for them when old Hercules reports "big bar tracks jes' down by the lower edge ob de co'n fiel'."

Instead of the hounds being permitted to select for themselves such delicacies as hams, butter and the like, the best of these may be chosen for their delectation, and poked through a wicket into the stockade, at the end of a long pole.

Therefore, let the ladies, as I have said, combine and insist upon the kennel or stockade system, or some modification thereof. As a motto for the society I would suggest "stockades or strychnine." KELPIE.

DOGS FOR BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 7 are some remarks by "Leatherhead," taken from the *Kennel Gazette*, upon a suitable breed of dogs for hunting big game. He desires speed, courage, strength and nose, and he can get just these qualities by breeding a dog half greyhound and half Great Dane to a foxhound bitch, the hounds to be from good hunting stock. I had some dogs a number of years ago bred from a foxhound bitch and a dog, a cross between a staghound and a German boarhoand, and they would trail anything, run a sight chase like a greyhound, and kill anything they came up with. They were famous bear dogs, doing their own trailing, and showing wonderful quickness and skill in their attack when the game was at bay. They always ran to kill and were ferocious in battle.

If "Leatherhead" will spend a few years in breeding such dogs he will have a pack that will trail, run down, and kill any game on this continent short of a grizzly bear.

PISCATAQUA.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., July 18.

SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.—The Pacific Kennel Club will give a dog show in San Francisco on April 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1888. An organization known as the California Kennel Bench Show and Field Trial Club is said to intend giving a show in August next, but from observations made here we conclude that it will not do so. The date selected by the Pacific Kennel Club was that best suited to local conditions. All, or nearly all, of Californian owners of sporting dogs use them. There is no class of benchers purely. The autumn and winter months are those in which field dogs are used, and few owners would suspend preparation of their dogs for the field simply to place them on the bench, as would be necessary if a show was held in October or November. In April all classes will be in good coat, and showing them will in no wise interfere with using them in coursing, deer hunting, or on birds. It is the wish of the Pacific Kennel Club to have a good entry from crack Eastern kennels, and some dogs are expected, but local demands must first be met.—*Breeder and Sportsman.*

SPANIELS FOR BENCH AND FIELD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of last week you have an effusion from a Mr. B. A. Osborne, which, if intended for a free advertisement for Mr. Fellows, may or may not be considered clever, but to a breeder of the recognized type of cockers as bred to-day it must be regarded as the veriest twaddle. We were not aware until this Solon came to the front that cockers were supposed to retrieve in water, much less to be expected to run deer. This wonderful pair he possesses may probably answer his purpose for this mixed kind of work, as we have seen many a mongrel do similar service. But we can imagine how this pair would look on the show bench; we think they would require to be labeled to enable the public to decide to what breed they belonged; this is our conclusion from similar experience of those who always have such wonderful dogs "at home." They don't often venture to show them, and for the credit of our shows it is well they do not. But there is a more contemptible feature about this letter, his insinuations that the judge discriminated in favor of Canadian dogs, should be promptly condemned by every respectable beeeder and exhibitor, for Mr. Kirk is known to be an honest, conscientious judge, and should be protected from such vile calumniations. Regarding Canadian dogs, we ask this man how it comes that at all the best shows for years, under all the best known and most competent judges Canadian dogs have secured a large proportion of the honors. We have before us a letter from Mr. Fellows, written a few months ago, in which he says, "Toronto has more good dogs to the square inch than any other city in America." This is true and it applies to Canada as well as the city of Toronto. We like the long, low, strong built little fellow, such as we breed here, and we think we can produce them of this style, that for endurance, pluck and work, day in and day out, will be more than a match for the long-legged specimens Mr. Osborne owns. Besides there is a class, known as field spaniels, that will allow a little more scope for size and weight to those whose fancy so directs, but for mercy's sake let them not be confounded nor condemn the one simply because the other is what is desired. To our mind the cocker and field spaniel are distinct classes, and we hope to see them bred as such. Such terms as crocodile, Dachs, weasel, double-action Skye-cross and similar silly expressions as applied to the princely cocker may to your correspondent seem very funny, but to the average reader are decidedly low, vulgar and nonsencial.—H. G. CHARLESWORTH (Toronto, Canada, July 9).

"JUDGE AND JURY" is the title of a new sporting paper which hails from Boston. It has a live kennel department, and will, we presume, represent the current opinion and thought of Hub dogdom. *Judge and Jury* starts out as if it meant business, and there is evidently a vast amount of go in it.

KENNEL NOTES.

Notes must be sent on prepared blanks, which are furnished free on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Sets of 200 of any one form, bound for retaining duplicates, are sent for 30 cents.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Baritone, Bass, Tenor, Alto, Soprano, Solo, Air, Blue Cap, Jr. and Zimmer's Blue Bell. By F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., for three white, black and tan beagle dogs and four bitches, and one white, black, tan and blue ticked beagle dog and bitch, whelped June 27, 1887, by Blue Cap II. (A.K.R. 4008) out of Constance (A.K.R. 2912).

Boot Black and Nigger Baby. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for black pointer dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 26, 1887, by Bronco (Pape's Sweep—his Nellie) out of Miss Nellie Y. (Meteor—Flirt).

Junie Obo. By W. L. Dearborn, Dorchester, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 28, 1887, by Perrin's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie) out of Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu).

Naso of Maine. By Chas. H. Newell, Portland, Me., for black and white pointer dog, whelped May 10, 1887, by Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—champion Maggie) out of Dela (Bang Bang—Zanetta).

Tuthana. By C. Henry Stouffer, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 12, 1886, by Guess (Start—Maud) out of Viola (Sensation—Guido's Lilly).

Matinee. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 12, 1886, by Guess (Start—Maud) out of Viola (Sensation—Guido's Lilly).

Donnell. By Dr. Geo. H. Bailey, Portland, Me., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped May 10, 1887, by Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—champion Maggie) out of Dela (Bang Bang—Zanetta).

Dido. By Chas. H. Newell, Portland, Me., for black and white pointer bitch, whelped May 10, 1887, by Naso of Kippen (Naso II.—champion Maggie) out of Dela (Bang Bang—Zanetta).

Tomahawk and Lou-Belle. By D. S. Gregory, New York, for lemon and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped January 25, by Tammany out of Lucia.

Ballet Girl. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver-colored spaniel bitch, whelped October, 1886, by Black Prince (A.K.R. 62) out of Fairy (Charley—Queen).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Van—Mainspring. Geo. H. Bailey's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Van to Jos. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), June 22.

Lulu—Mainspring. Mr. Gilmore's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) pointer bitch Lulu (Jerome—Swan) to Jos. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), June 23.

Rosa—Mainspring. J. P. Cartwright's (Augusta, Ga.) pointer bitch Rosa (Boon—Rena) to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), May 17.

Ferry—Mainspring. T. R. Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Ferry (Tammany—Erie) to J. T. Perkins's Mainspring (Mike—Romp), July 9.

Clapham's Duchess—Ashmont Sam. Maple Grove Kennels' (St. Louis, Mo.) mastiff bitch Clapham's Duchess (A.K.R. 4870) to their Ashmont Sam (Hero II.—Ashmont Lady), July 14.

Sal—Beppo III. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Sal (Dick—Ruby) to Graphic Kennels' Beppo III. (Priam—Mealley), June 7.

White Pink—Young Royal Prince. John Forrest's (Randolph, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch White Pink (Young Royal Prince—Princess Louise) to J. W. Newman's Young Royal Prince (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), May 30.

Daisey Royal—Royal Diamond. J. B. Rockwell's (Springfield, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Daisey Royal (Young Royal Prince—Princess Louise) to J. W. Newman's Royal Diamond (Hornet II.—Lulu), June 17 and 19.

Heather Lass—Argus II. A. H. Aldrich's (Melrose, Mass.) Gordon setter Heather Lass (Jock—Gipsey) to Geo. E. Browne's Argus II. (champion Argus—Beauty), July 6.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Ladybird. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) smooth-coated collie bitch Ladybird (Sheila—Lady), June, eight (four dogs), by Dr. James's Earl Percy; all black, tan and white.

Clover. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Clover (King Bow—Dot), July 14, twelve (six dogs), by Graphic Kennels' Graphic.

Phyllis. Harry D. Brown's (Waterbury, Vt.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis (Obo II.—Darkie), July 12, five (three dogs), by J. P. Willy's Black Pete (Obo, Jr.—Phousie).

BESSIE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. H. W. Windram's clumber spaniel bitch Bessie had seven pups by Johnny, not two, as stated in "Kennel Notes." Kindly correct.—F. H. F. MERCER.

Judy Obo. Geo. E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Judy Obo (Obo II.—Daisy Zulu), April 28, six (five dogs), by F. H. Perrins's Shady (Obo II.—Darkie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Boot Black and Nigger Baby. Black pointer dog and bitch whelped Feb. 26, 1887, by Bronco out of Miss Nellie Y, by W. W. Tucker, Waskom, Texas, to J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Junie Obo. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 28, 1887, by Shady out of Judy Obo, by Geo. E. Browne, Dedham, Mass., to W. L. Dearborn, Dorchester, Mass.

Young Royal Princess. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped March 15, 1887, by Young Royal Prince out of Nellie Bly, by J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass., to Phil H. Wheeler, Columbus, O.

Sentinel. Fawn, black points, mastiff dog, whelped May 4, 1887, by Boss (A.K.R. 2218) out of Lillie (A.K.R. 2981), by F. B. Zimmer, Springfield, Mass., to John W. Reily, Harrisburg, Pa.

Punch. Cocker spaniel dog, color, age and pedigree not given, by H. C. Brensdon, Boston, Mass., to J. F. Neil, same place.

IMPORTATIONS.

Ladybird. Smooth-coated black and tan collie bitch, whelped Jan. 25, 1885 (Shila—Lady), by Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., from Messrs. J. & W. H. Charles, Warwick, England.

DEATHS.

Prince. Gordon setter dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1886 (Lang—Maud), owned by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass, July 14, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

SUBSCRIBER, Boston, Mass., should follow advice given C. G. G.

C. G. G.—Is it necessary to use any means of reducing the size of a bitch's udder after having suckled her pups? I wish to use her in the field. What preparation is the best and how should it be applied? Ans. Give 5 drops of tincture of belladonna three times daily and rub belladonna ointment into the udders each day.

W. H. J., Argentine, Mich.—A pointer pup, male, 3 mos. old, has a breech at the navel; it protudes about as large as a small walnut. Will it grow up with age or will it need an operation? The pup seems to be in good health at present. Ans. Reduce the rupture and place a pad of lint doubled four or six times over it. This can be held in place by a broad band of adhesive plaster, long enough to overlap. Change whenever it becomes loose. If it is kept up for a few months it will not be likely to return.

J. T. W., Waterbury.—My cocker bitch has been affected with mange for some time. Her hair is all coming out and it is all off on her feet, neck and about her head; there is one sore between the eyes, a little back, about the size of a half dollar, that is scabbed over and matterates, also a bad scab on neck and on leg. She is lively when out for a run, but sleepy when inside. She eats well: bowels quite loose; she smells bad; she is 16mos. old and has been kept on a farm. I began treatment this morning by washing with carbolic soap and giving 5 drops Fowler's solution of arsenic. Ans. Continue the arsenic, giving 5 drops morning and evening. Get the following:

℞ Ung. diachylon
Ung. zinc oxid..... ää ʒi
Mix. Sig. External application each day.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, July 16.—A large company of riflemen were at the range to-day to shoot in the regular matches and the individual Bullard match. The wind was not favorable and the scores were poor during the early part of the day. Next Wednesday is rifle day again and the regular matches will be open. The best scores are as follows:

Decimal Off-hand Match' 200yds.

O M Jewell	10	9	8	8	8	10	8	8	10	10—80
	9	10	9	8	9	8	7	7	8	8—83
W H Oler	10	7	8	7	9	7	7	8	9	10—82
	10	8	7	7	10	6	6	10	9	8—81
G G Franklin	8	8	7	8	7	9	10	7	9	7—80
	6	8	6	10	10	7	7	5	8	4—72
J A Frye	8	9	9	8	6	8	8	7	10	6—79
	6	8	9	9	6	5	9	8	6	8—74
A D Alden	8	5	10	6	5	9	10	8	9	7—77
	6	8	6	8	8	6	7	10	7	8—73
R Dadman	5	8	7	4	8	8	8	8	5	6—67
	3	9	8	8	8	4	4	6	7	10—66
Darmody (mil)	4	6	5	10	4	7	6	7	9	7—65

Rest Match, 200yds.

D L Chase	11	12	12	10	10	11	11	12	9	10—110
	10	12	12	11	10	12	11	9	9	10—106
S Wilder	12	9	12	9	12	12	11	12	9	11—109
Read	9	11	8	9	11	10	10	10	12	12—102

500yds. Match.

C W Hodgdon	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5—48
Hills (mil)	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4—43
Darmody (mil)	3	4	4	5	4	5	4	6	3	4—41

Pistol Match.

W Bennett	9	7	10	10	10	7	8	10	9	9—88
	8	10	7	6	10	7	8	10	7	9—82
Cracow	10	10	9	9	10	6	8	9	8	6—85
	7	10	8	7	7	7	8	10	10	8—82
G Bennett	6	10	7	9	7	10	10	7	10	7—83
	9	10	9	10	10	8	6	9	5	6—82
W H Oler	10	8	8	7	10	7	5	7	10	9—81
R E Valner	6	4	8	10	8	6	9	6	6	9—67

Individual Bullard Match—50 shots, 200yds.

F J Rabbeth	6	10	9	10	7	7	9	10	6	9—83
	9	10	8	7	8	10	8	9	0	7—82
	8	9	9	7	6	6	10	8	6	8—77
	10	7	8	8	5	9	9	8	5	7—76
	8	9	7	6	8	7	7	6	8	8—73—391
C W Hinman	8	8	6	10	10	10	9	6	7	9—83
	6	8	9	9	8	10	7	8	8	8—81
	6	7	9	7	8	9	7	8	8	8—77
	9	9	6	7	7	7	5	8	6	9—73
	8	4	5	8	6	8	5	10	9	9—72—386
G R Russell	9	8	7	15	10	8	7	6	10	7—82
	9	9	8	6	9	10	7	9	7	7—81
	8	7	6	10	7	10	8	8	8	8—80
	7	7	8	8	6	7	5	6	7	10—71
	7	6	7	7	10	8	6	10	5	4—70—384
J A Frye	7	10	6	8	5	8	9	9	6	7—75
	8	5	9	9	8	8	8	8	8	10—73
	9	4	8	7	7	6	6	8	5	6—66
	5	6	7	5	6	9	10	5	7	6—66
	6	6	4	5	7	4	5	7	8	8—60—340

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—The San Francisco Schuetzen Club held its regular monthly medal shoot at Shell Mound range to-day. There was an unusually large crowd of marksmen who took part in the sport, and considering that a high wind prevailed all the afternoon the scores were well up. Philo Jacoby captured the medal in the first class, having scored 392 points. The trophy for the best marksman in the second class was won by John Horstman by 353. Henry Tietgen won in the third class shoot by a score of 344. Jacoby having won the medal in the first class three consecutive times it becomes his personal property.

Five members of the Independent Rifles held a match shoot at Shell Mound in the afternoon. The shooting was at a five-ring target, 200yds. range:

Capt Schmalholz	4344434534—38	George Miller	3534444344—37
Dr Chaigneau	3434434454—37	J R Pahl	4445434445—40
Sergeant Gaetjen	3432334444—34		

CREEDMOOR, July 16.—The fifth marksman's badge match was shot to-day. The attendance, owing to the intense heat, was small, but the weather was favorable for shooting and the scores were good. Gen. C. F. Robbins was the executive officer, assisted by Major H. C. Brown. Following are the winners of the match:

	200yds.	500yds.	Tl.
G S Scott, Jr, Co A, 23d Reg	23	23	46
C W Thorn, Co F, 7th Reg	24	22	46
R M Kulloch, Co H, 7th Reg	23	22	45
E F Young, Co C, 7th Reg	23	21	44
H C Brown, Staff, 13th Reg	20	23	43
W J Underwood, Co H, 7th Reg	21	22	43
G L Hoffman, Co H, 7th Reg	21	22	43
G P Brower, Co B, 23d Reg	22	21	43
D Bacon, Co K, 7th Reg	22	21	43

HAVERHILL, MASS., RIFLE CLUB, July 16.—Record match, 200yds., off-hand, standard target:

Busfield	10	10	7	10	8	9	9	6	10	8—87
Tuck	10	6	10	7	9	10	9	9	8	8—86
Hill	7	10	6	7	6	8	10	9	8	6—77
J F Brown	7	5	8	7	10	8	7	9	5	5—71
Merrill	5	8	5	5	10	9	5	3	6	7—63
E Brown	5	6	5	5	4	4	5	7	8	10—59

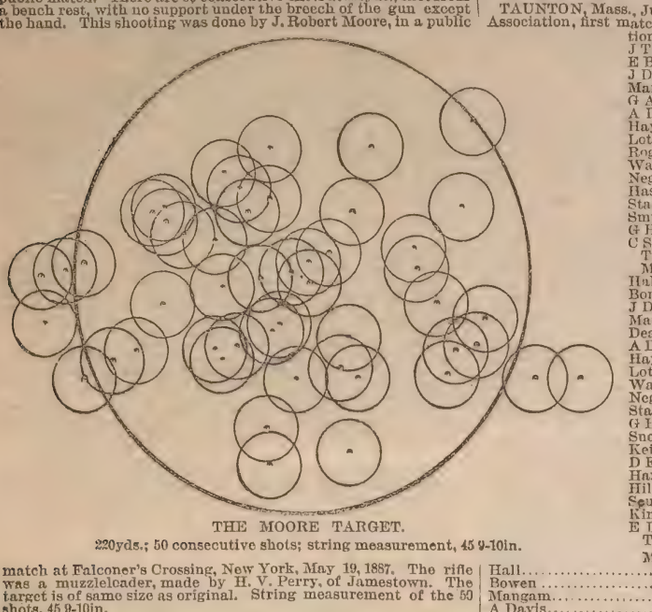
A new prize match was begun to-day, to run three months. Open to members only.

NEW ORLEANS, July 10.—The following is the result of the contest which took place to-day between the second teams of the Ecke vs. Arnoult, on the grounds of the latter. Distance 50yds., 2in. bullseyes, with .22-cal. rifle. After a spirited contest the Ecke team came out victorious. Possible points, 525; Ecke Team—C. C. Julier 285, O. E. Scott 269, E. H. McFall 282, J. Brewer 279, C. Heyl 256, L. Sporl 253; total 1,624. Arnoult Team—Schindler 268, P. Kilnair 286, F. Ahren 279, C. Ahren 274, M. Toefler 267, J. Smith 245; total 1,619.

WIMBLEDON, July 16.—In the shooting in the first stage for the Queen's prize at Wimbledon to-day, Dodds of the First Dumfries regiment and Gardiner of the First Cumberland regiment tied for the first prize. They subsequently shot off the tie, Gardiner winning the bronze medal by 14 points against 11 in three shots. The silver medal for the highest aggregate score in the second stage of the shooting for the Queen's prize was won by Hill of the Fifth Lanarkshire regiment.

MUZZLELOADERS AT THE SCORE.

THE diagram of target here given is pronounced by Maj. H. W. Merrill to be the finest ever made under like conditions in a public match. There are 50 consecutive shots at 220yds., shot from a bench rest, with no support under the breech of the gun except the hand. This shooting was done by J. Robert Moore, in a public



THE MOORE TARGET.

220yds.; 50 consecutive shots; string measurement, 45 9-10in.

match at Falconer's Crossing, New York, May 19, 1887. The rifle was a muzzleloader, made by H. V. Perry, of Jamestown. The target is of same size as original. String measurement of the 50 shots, 45 9-10in.

In this connection we give the detailed scores of the National Rifle Club meeting at Vernon, Vermont, May 25 and 26, 1887. The measurement of each string (10 shots, 40 rods) is given in inches, and eighths and sixteenths of an inch:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Total.
Wm. Hayes, actual	15.3.1	17.6.1	16.4.0.	16.7.0	12.5.1—	79.2.1
Corrected	13 7.1	16.2.1	15.0.0	13.3.0	11.1.1—	71.6.1
J. R. Munroe, actual	20.5.0	20.7.0	18.2.1	19.4.1	22.7.0—	102.2.0
Corrected	17.5.0	17.7.0	15 2.1	16.4.1	19 7.0—	87.2.0
L. C. Cory	20.3.0	18.0.1	16.7.1	13.3.0	19.0.1—	85.0.1
L. Park	12.7.0	14.3.0	13.7.1	13.1.0	12.1.1—	66.4.0
Charles Henry	19.0.0	16.3.0	2 .2.0	15.1.1	16.3.1—	87.2.0
Daniel Cox	14.3.1	19.0.0	25.5 1	22.3.0	18.2.1—	100.4.1
H. W. Smith	14.0.0	9.4.0	13.1.0	14.3.0	14.1.1—	65.1.1
N. S. Brockway	7.0.7	10.6.0	8.5.0	12.3.1	13.6.1—	53.4.0
W. S. Lowe	12.3.0	11.0.1	8.6.1	6.6.1	8.7.0—	47.7.1

Mr. Lowe's score reduced to inches and decimals of an inch is as follows: 12.37, 11.06, 8.81, 6.81, and 8.89; total string, 47.95in.

William V. Lowe won the silver medal given for shortest string for 50-shot string, 47 15-16in. William Hayes used a Ballard-Schuetzen fitted with a band rifled by George Schaick, .33-cal. and lubricated bullet, and shot without cleaning. Shot from double rest; used peep and wind gauge sights; allowed 1¼in. per string. J. R. Munroe used a .38-cal. Ballard, No. 6½, peep and wind gauge sights; shot from shoulder, with muzzle rest only; allowed 3in. per string. H. W. Smith used a .38-cal. Ballard 1½lbs. rifle, telescopic sights, double rest. William V. Lowe shot a .33-cal. muzzleloader made by Horace Warner; telescopic sights and double rest. N. S. Brockway shot a .42-cal. of his own make. All the other guns were .38-cal. of N. S. Brockway's make, telescopic sights, double rest.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your paper of the 14th inst. a letter from "Cap Lock," stating that he had a .38-45-190 Bullard rifle changed over to a .40-60-190. Will Mr. "Cap Lock" please inform us through your paper who the gunsmith is that did this job for him, and whether the improvement is a success in every particular? We have thought of having this done, but feared there was not a gunsmith in the country with sufficient skill to do this kind of job by hand and make a good gun in every respect. FLINT LOCK.

BRADFORD COUNTY RIFLE AND GUN CLUB.—For some time past our local riflemen and lovers of wing shooting have been agitating the formation of a county association. There are many experts in the county both with rifle and shotgun but because of lack of organization and opportunity they have had only an occasional chance to indulge their tastes in this direction or to try their skill. After consultation with some of the leading marksmen it was decided to effect an organization for the promotion and more general practice of this health-giving and fascinating sport. With this end in view about twenty-five representatives from Athens, Canton, Troy, LeRaysville and Towanda met in the office of John W. Mix, of this place, on Wednesday, the 20th ult. After considerable discussion it was decided to form an organization that would include shooting with both rifle and shotgun. There was some difference of opinion as to the practicability of such an organization—the principal objection being that the inclusion of the two kinds of shooting would operate against the successful practice of either. But there appearing to be quite a general interest among the sportsmen of the county in both trap-shooting and rifle practice it was deemed best to include all who could be interested in either kind of shooting. Membership fee $1, and the executive committee was instructed to solicit members and see that so far as was possible the co-operation of sportsmen throughout the county be secured. It is hoped that all who feel an interest in the matter will make it known at once by enrolling their names and giving such other encouragement and assistance as they can. It is desired that all parts of the county may be fully represented and to that end it is requested that all gun clubs and rifle teams already organized join the county organization also. It is hoped that the latter will include all the best gun men in the county as it is intended to select, after trial, one team from the riflemen and another from the trap shooters, to meet in friendly contest any team rash enough to accept their challenge. The officers are: President, John W. Mix, of Towanda; Secretary, A. C. Fanning, of Troy; Treasurer, L. P. Blackman, of LeRaysville. Executive Committee, LeRoy Coleman, LeRaysville; N. F. Walker, of Athens; J. M. Edson, of Towanda; C. E. Bullock, of Canton; and Dr. Gregory, of Troy.—*Towanda (Pa.) Reporter.*

DOVER, N. H., July 16.—The Cocheco Rifle Club shot off the Bullard rifle practice match No. 4 this afternoon. George H. Wentworth scored 402, Harry M. Wiggin 370, H. D. Horton 334, John D. McIntyre 309, O. B. Stevens, Jr. 289.

THE TRAP.

Scores for publication should be made out on the printed blanks prepared by the Forest and Stream, and furnished gratis to club secretaries. Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5.—Capital City Gun Club, match at American clays, 5 traps, shot under N. G. A. rules, club prizes:

Wagener	1111101101010111—12	Carter	1111100110101111—11
Cunningham	1111111111111111—15		

July 8.—Same conditions:

Collison	1110101011111101—11	Mills	1101111010101111—12
Cunningham	1010111111110111—11	Carter	1000001010111001— 7

July 12.—Same conditions:

Hosford	1111100010101101— 9	Green	1111001110011111—11
Collison	0 01110111111110—10	Whiteman	1001110000011101— 7
Wagener	1101111000111111—11	McLeod	1110111111110111—13
Cunningham	1110111111101111—13	Mills	1111011111111111—14

Sweep:

Wilson	1111110111— 9	McLeod	1111101111— 9
Wagener	1111111111—10	Jackson	1111111111—10
Cunningham	1111111111—10	Mills	0011111000— 7

SECRETARY.

TRAP NAMES.—The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that the reason some men who trap-shoot pigeons use false names at the traps is because they think trap-shooting cruel and do not wish to be known as taking part in it. The *Picayune* is mistaken.

TAUNTON, Mass., July 4.—Taunton Fish and Game Protective Association, first match at 7 blue rocks, 3 traps, 16yds. rise, National Gun Association rules, 3 prizes:

J T Hall	1111110—6
E Bowen	0011111—5
J Davis	1111101—6
Mangam	1000111—4
G A Deane	0101100—3
A Davis	0000011—2
Hayward	1010001—3
Lott	0010000—1
Rogers	0100001—2
Waterman	0101000—2
Negus	1111100—5
Haskins	0101001—3
Staples	1010011—4
Smith	1101001—5
G H Davis	0111000—3
C Snow	1101111—6

Ties divided.

Match at 7 blue rocks, 16yds. rise, 3 prizes:

Hall	0101001—3
Boner	1011001—4
J Davis	1011001—4
Mangam	1110001—4
Deane	0000001—1
A Davis	0110111—5
Hayward	0110010—3
Lott	0000100—2
Waterman	1110010—4
Negus	0111111—6
Staples	1001000—2
G H Davis	1111110—6
Snow	1111111—7
Keith	0110011—4
D Faber	1001001—3
Hardy	0001001—2
Hill	0000010—1
Scudder	0000101—2
King	0001010—2
E Leonard	1011011—5

Ties divided.

Match at 7 blue rocks:

Hall	1010111—5	G H Davis	1000111—4
Bowen	1011100—4	Snow	1110011—5
Mangam	0010101—3	Keith	0000011—2
A Davis	0101110—4	Scudder	1000011—3
Lott	0100110—3	Walker	1010100—3
Negus	0010111—4	E Leonard	1000101—3

On shoot off Negus and G. Davis divided second; Scudder won third.

Match at 7 bats, 3 Ligowsky clay pigeon traps:

Hall	1111111—7	E Bowen	1011011—5
Snow	1101111—6	Leonard	1100000—2
Smith	1001101—4	G H Davis	0111101—5
Hardy	0011011—4		

Match at 7 blue rock pigeons, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, three prizes: Mangam 2, Bowen 5, Fales 1, Leonard 5, Snow 5, J. Davis 0, Hall 5, Hayward 3, Scudder 5, Hardy 4, G. H. Davis 4, Smith 6, Walker 3. Tie for second won by Scudder.

Match at 5 pair blue rock pigeons, 15yds. rise, two prizes: Hall 7, Snow 8, Smith 4, Hardy 4, E. Bowen 6, E. Leonard 7, Scudder 7. Tie for second won by Leonard.

Match at 7 clay pigeons, Ligowsky clay-pigeon trap, 16yds. rise, three angles, three prizes: J. T. Hall 2, W. Rogers 2, A. Davis 2, Leonard 5, Hayward 3, Mangam 1, Hardy 3, C. Hill 6, E. Bowen 5, J. Davis 7, Scudder 4, Lott 4, Walker 3. Ties divided.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly shoot at Dexter's Park, L. I. The shooting was good, only one barrel being allowed in the shoot for the club badge and money prizes, for which 18 members went to the traps. Sweepstakes:

H Knebel, Jr (23)	0101011—4	A Hass (23)	1011111—6
C Dettlefson (25)	1111110—6	W J Lee (23)	1100101—4
J Rathjen (24)	0111111—6	R Monsees (25)	0110111—5
C Gilman (23)	0111101—5	H Pope (24)	1101011—4
G Rankin (21)	1001111—5	H Vroome (24)	1111111—7
M Brown (25)	1111101—6	I Jones (25)	1001111—5
H Van Staden (23)	0111111—6	C Ring (21)	0011010—3
R Stillwell (22)	1010011—4	A Harnott (23)	1101011—5
J Boyle (21)	1110010—5	J Schroeder (25)	0111111—6

Ties for third prize: Gilman 0, Rankin 0, Boyle 2, Monsees 2, Harnott 1.

Sweepstakes, 25yds., 3 birds, ties: Dettlefson 5, Hass 2, Van Staden 0, Rathjen 3, Pope 4, Knebel, Jr. 1, Jones 1, Humphreys 2, Monsees 9, Brown 4. Referee and scorer, R. N. Stillwell.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—The fourth medal shoot of the Golden Gate Gun Club took place to-day at McMahon's, or the "Cemetery" Station, in San Mateo county. Six members faced the traps—a poor showing for a club of two dozen members. The wind blew strong and the birds seemed hard to smash, and the scores were consequently small. In the first class Ashcroft, Lee and Munson broke 7 apiece. The tie was shot off at 5 pairs of doubles:

Ashcroft	0111110100000011—7	Munson	1110001101011000—7
Lee	0011100101010110—7	Schlueter	0000000001101001—3

Ties:

Ashcroft	11 11 01 11 10—8	Munson	11 10 10 10 10—6
Lee	00 01 01 01 01—4		

In the second class only two appeared, Foley and Louis, the latter of whom won the medal with a score far in advance of the "first class" shooters:

Foley	1000000101001— 5	Louis	0110101011111110—10

Lee carried off the honor and glory as well as the best part of the pool in a sweepstake at 10 Peoria blackbirds, in which 5 shooters contributed $2.50 each:

Ashcroft	0001100101—4	Lee	1110111110—8
Louis	0101101000—4	Munson	1111000110—6
Schlueter	0010111101—6		

On Saturday next the Lincoln Gun Club shoot clay birds at Alameda, and on the same day Kerrigan and Walsh shoot their return match for $100 a side at Birds Point, the latter event being a 50-bird.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9.—The Eureka Gun Club met at Bird's Point to-day to compete for the club prizes, which go to the best three aggregate scores of the season. In view of this fact the ties were not shot off. The club percentage was a trifle under 73 per cent. The figure 2 signifies use of both barrels. The club score was as follows:

Black	112220010012— 8	Davis	012212021000— 7
Haskell	120002210112— 8	Schwerein	120121011111—10
Goodall	002201222022— 8	Kellogg	221220110222—10
Chapin	210001102011— 7	Sanborn	200211201011— 8
Mayhew	212120011121—10	Golcher	211111210121—11
Adams	220211221111—11		

BOSTON, July 13.—Shooting for the Macomber badge occurred at the Walnut Hill range to-day. Mr. H. C. Warner won the badge for the second time. In the merchandise match, Smith won in Class A, Snow, Nichols and Swift in Class B, Stanton in Class C, Warren in Class D, Hall and Jewell in Class G, Tuttle in Class H. Appended are the scores: Sweepstake Matches—1, five clay pigeons, Smith and Swift first; 2, five clay pigeons, Snow and Stanton first; 3, five Macomber birds, Smith and Stanton first; 4, three pairs black birds, double, Snow first; 5, three pairs bats, double, Smith and Snow first; 6, Stanton and Swift first; 7, ten clay pigeons, Smith first; 8, ten Macomber birds, Warren first; 9, five pairs Macomber birds, Warren first; 10, ten clay pigeons, Smith first; 11, five pairs bats, double, Swift and Tuttle first; 12, seven straightaway clay pigeons, Swift first. Merchandise match score, ten singles, three pairs—Smith, 10, 8—18; Snow, 9, 8—17; Nichols, 9, 8—17; Swift, 8, 9—17; Stanton, 9, 7—16; Warren, 7, 8—15; Hall, 7, 7—14; Jewett, 7, 7—14; Tuttle, 3, 9—12. Macomber badge medal, ten singles, five pairs—Warren, 10, 7—17; Swift, 9, 6 15; Nichols, 8, 6—14; Snow, 8, 6—14; Stanton, 7, 6—13; Smith, 9, 2—11; Eames, 4, 5—9; L. E. Nichols, 3, 5—8; Tuttle, 2, 3—5.

WILMINGTON, July 16.—The Wellington Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day, a good attendance being present to participate in the sport. Following are the first prize winners in the several events: 5 bluerocks, Metcher; 5 bluerocks, De Rochemont; 5 bluerocks, Snow; 5 bats, De Rochemont; 6 bats, Stanton; 6 clay-pigeons, straightaway, Stanton; 6 bluerocks, Snow and Richards; 6 bats, Sanborn and De Rochemont; 6 macombers, Sanborn; 6 clay-pigeons, Nichols; 5 bluerocks, De Rochemont, Nichols and Richards; 6 clay-pigeons, Nichols and Stanton; 6 macombers, Nichols and Brown; 6 bats, Sanborn; 5 bluerocks, Snow.

SINCE ladies have been accustomed to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet their personal attractions have been multiplied, and it is seldom they are seen disfigured with blotches and pimples, or rough or coarse skins. Sold by all druggists. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, black and brown, 50 cents.—ADV.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

18-31. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
24. Oakland, Mayrisch Badge.

AUGUST.

1-12. Northern Division, Stony Lake.
7. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
12-29. A. C. A. Meet, Lake Champlain.
13. Lake St. Louis Chal. Cups, Lachine.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.
24. New York, Sailing and Paddling.

OCTOBER.

9. Oakland, Edwards Cup, Mayrisch Badge.

NOVEMBER.

6. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

DECEMBER.

4. Oakland, Edwards Cup.

A. C. A.

FOR membership apply to the Secretary, W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J. Required age, 18 years or over. Application to be accompanied with $3 and recommendation of an active member. Sec'y A. C. A. Central Div., E. W. Brown, 4 Bowling Green, New York. Sec'y A. C. A. Eastern Div., W. B. Davidson, Hartford, Conn. Sec'y Northern Div., J. B. Collins, Peterboro. Sec'y W. C. A., J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O.

NEW YORK C. C. REGATTA, JULY 16.

THE postponed regatta of the N. Y. C. C. was held on July 16, off the club house, the result being a decided success, in spite of the lack of wind for the sailing races. In view of this contingency the former programme had been changed, giving more paddling races. The first of these, for Classes III. and IV. together, brought out the following starters:

Hermit	15 ×30	W. P. Stephens.
Psyche	14.6×28	C. K. Munroe.
Siren	15 ×28	R. B. Burchard.
Rattler (Pecowsic)	16 ×29	H. O. Bailey.
	15 ×30	C. L. Roush.

The course was half a mile, with one turn, Hermit winning this, her first race, by a length, with Psyche second.

The next race, for Class II., had three starters:

Black Maria	Decked Rob Roy—W. P. Stephens.
Lark	Decked Rob Roy—L. L. Coudert.
Blackbird	Open Canadian—W. A. Rogers.

Black Maria won by a good distance after a hard race.

In the standing paddling were: Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal: Hermit, W. P. Stephens; Psyche, C. K. Munroe. Sea Urchin won with Hermit second.

Thirteen canoes started in the sailing race, seniors and novices together, the course being triangular, three rounds. The wind was very light and tide strong flood, and most of the boats had much difficulty in rounding the second mark out in the channel. Evangeline, Mr. H. C. Ward, Brooklyn C. C., won easily, the canoe being very well sailed and making the most of the very light wind. Tramp, C. J. Stevens, N. Y. C. C., came second, while Natchez, E. H. Platt, N. Y. C. C., won the novice prize.

The tandem paddling brought out only two crews:

Minx	Brokaw and Blake—B. C. C.
Hermit	Stephens and Coudert—N. Y. C. C.

Minx led over the course, winning by two lengths.

The hand paddling race was won by C. H. Eagle, and the upset race by Com. Munroe.

The great feature of the day was the burlesque race, in which six clubs were represented. The Mohican C. C. entered Chief Nosebig, in blanket and feathers; the Sing Sing C. C. sent down on leave Mr. J. L. Bird in the Black Maria and a striped suit, while the N. Y. C. C. of Sailors Snug Harbor, Staten Island, was represented by W. Bowline, in oil skins, with a patch over his eye and a crutch. From the City of Churches came Rev. Gowanus Goggles, while the Royal Salvation Navy C. C. entered Lieut. Jubilee Jones, in red uniform and fatigue cap. The Ideal C. A. was out in full force in a large boat rowed by a waterman, a French cook at work over a stove in the stern, while the association reclined under an umbrella in the bows. The motley procession provoked much laughter from the spectators as it swung into view, and the race was very exciting. The Rev. Goggles won, though capsizing at the finish, and the prize was awarded to the B. C. C.

The race for sneakboxes and cruisers was not started for lack of wind. The prizes were handsome silk flags. In the evening the canoeists, with their guests from the Brooklyn C. C. dined at Tompkinsville, the meeting terminating at 11 P. M. with songs and speeches.

A sailing race for a cup to cost $25 to become the property of the winner, will be held on Sept. 24, and two paddling races, for Classes III. and IV. will probably take place at the same time. The races will be open to members of all recognized canoe clubs.

A NATIONAL A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of July 14, "W. C. A., No. 76" complains that the Western Canoe Association was "totally ignored" in a little item which I furnished for publication in a previous issue. I do not see how such an interpretation can be put upon the item in question. It simply treated, firstly, of a gentleman who was not wholly pleased with the location of the A. C. A. meet; and secondly, suggested incidentally that an impetus to the growth of canoeing might result from a meeting of the A. C. A. being held in the West. I do not understand what connection the W. C. A. could have had with "firstly"; and as to the "secondly," "No. 76" himself indorses the suggestion in his criticism, and trusts "that the A. C. A. 1888 meet will be held under such supervision as far West as Ohio, any way." Will "No. 76" please state where the "ignore" part comes in? There was no intention to ignore the W. C. A.—an organization which has done inestimable good in the cause for canoeing and canoes in the West, and one that, whether it remains an independent body or becomes a division of the A. C. A., is destined to be the principal factor in canoeing matters in this section of America for many years to come. I am personally acquainted with a number of its members, and know that better men never grasped a paddle. But, to state it mildly, no injury could result to the W. C. A. or to canoeing generally, for the Eastern men to materially increase their interest in the development of the sport in the West. It is not probable that there is any jealousy or ill feeling between the A. C. A. and the W. C. A. There certainly should be none. United or separate the two bodies ought to work together harmoniously for the good of the manliest sport in existence. Having no authority to advise as to what course should be taken in the matter, yet, as one interested in the healthy growth of canoeing, I earnestly hope that the two organizations may become united under one burgee.

"No. 76" intimates that, Rip Van Winkle-like, I have been asleep and dreaming. No, I have not been asleep. I have carefully watched the steady growth of the W. C. A., and have noted its achievements with as much pride as though I had participated therein. But as for dreaming, that is another thing. I look up to the wall of my room whereon there hangs a paddle, old and seamed and battered and broken. Few would consider it a beautiful paddle; but as I gaze upon it my memory runs back to certain dreams of the past few years. I see along the thousands of miles we two have traveled together hand in hand, this paddle and I; where it has guided my course among the rocks of fierce rapids, through the lily pads of brightly-flashing lakes, and into quiet, shadowed bays. The cleansed tablet of my memory brings out glorious dreams of Lake George, the St. Lawrence, the rivers and lakes of Canada and many water ways of our Western and Southern States.

Yes, "No. 76," my hand shaped itself to the paddle, and my canoeing dreams began long before the birth of any canoe organization in America; and although my glass tells me a story of gray hair and wrinkled face, yet at each returning summer time I go out to seek and find the lost fountain of youth on the dancing waves and under the forest trees. To-day by the side of the old paddle there hangs another, bright and new in its coat of varnish, which I propose to baptize in a dream this summer among the Adirondacks. May your paddling dreams be as pleasant as mine have been. ORANGE FRAZER.

WILMINGTON, O., July 16.

W. C. A. MEET.—Messrs. W. A. Leys and D. B. Jaques, Toronto C. C., will be at Ballast Island with their canoes Dawn and Dotterel.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C.

JULY 1 being the day in Canada on which the people celebrate what is called "Dominion Day," the Lake St. Louis C. C. decided to have a cruise that would occupy the entire day. So at half past eight the following members left on the steamer Prince of Wales, their destination being St Ann's, some 18 miles above Lachine on the Ottawa River:

S. P. Howard,	Ada.	E. B. Busteed	Mayflower.
S. White		W. J. White	
T. Stewart	Water Lily.	Dr. Rattan	Atlantic.
C. S. Shaw		Dr. Johnson	
F. Fairbank	Grace.	T. Doran	Rapid.
T. Moffat		T. B. Shearwood	
A. E. Nash	Ardie.	P. H. Levin	Netta.
T. K. Thomson		T. Hilditch	
H. E. Gunn	Baden-Powell.	Harry Shaw	Wanderer.
W. Shackell		B. McDould	
Robin Adair	Dr. Neidé.	W. Brock	Stephens.
Dr. Hutchison		A. S. Grasset	
Fred. Stewart	Vaux.	Harry Stewart	Coquette.
W. Woods		B. Thessecrault	
		W. Robertson	Maud.
		Geo. Auldjo	

We managed after getting away from the wharf to monopolize the hurricane deck, and to the enjoyment, I fancy, of the numerous passengers, the boys started some songs with good choruses. Getting a little weary and feeling the heat of the sun we all came down to the cabin, and taking possession of the piano proceeded to give the passengers an imitation of a canoe club afloat. One of the best singers in the club, Mr. Phil Levin, favored us with two songs.

On our arrival at St. Ann's and having portaged the lock we found a photographer ready to take us, and having accommodated this gentleman, we started our actual cruise, which was to Vaudreuil, then across Lake St. Louis to Beauharnois, and from there down the lake to Lachine, about thirty miles in all.

At Beauharnois we met a party from Lachine in a steam launch, which had come up for the day, and having spread our wet clothes out to dry we all, to the number of 43, repaired to Kelly's Hotel for dinner. Any other day would probably have been better to strike this hotel, as on this particular occasion a Sunday school was holding its annual picnic, and most of the people had patronized Kelly's for dinner, and we had to come in for a scanty repast.

From here down we got a fair wind, and taking advantage of this those who had sails dispensed with paddling and sailed home. We greatly missed our commodore, W. H. Binnell, especially when starting out from St. Ann's, one of our members taking it upon himself to lead the party, and not knowing the route, took the boys two or three miles out of their course, our commodore, who knows every inch of the river, is a very welcome leader. I would suggest to members of other clubs that when starting out on a cruise they look to see who are going with them, and not take out greenhorns on an all day cruise, as it is not only unpleasant for the older members to be kept waiting, but it is too much to ask them to "hold up" every few miles to wait for stragglers.

The Lake Saint Louis annual regatta takes place at Lachine on Aug. 13, the programme of which will appear next week.

MARION L.

NORTHERN DIVISION, A. C. A.—The races at the Stony Lake meet will be on Aug. 6 to 9. W. G. McKendrick will sail for England on July 20, so has resigned from the regatta committee, and Vice-Com. Rogers has appointed J. N. McKendrick, Ubique C. C., of Galt, in his place. A large meet is expected.

PASSAIC MEET.—Two canoeists from New York were present at the late Passaic meet, Messrs. O. F. Coe and C. J. Parkman, of the Hudson River Boat Club, who paddled and sailed from 135th street to Dundee Lake and back. Mr. Coe did not upset in the consolation race, as incorrectly reported last week.

NEW YORK C. C. FALL REGATTA.—The New York C. C. will offer a $25 cup for a sailing race, open to all members of canoe clubs, to be sailed on Sept. 24 off Staten Island. There will probably be a paddling race for 30in. and one for 28in. decked canoes, also open to all.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Trenton, N. J., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Chas. C. Kritzer, Newaygo, Mich.; J. A. MacMillian, Lindsay, Can.; G. Lyle Kingsley, Rome, N. Y.; Chas. Cooke, Paterson, N. J.; P. W. Stuckland and Giles Store, Lakefield, Conn., have applied for membership in the A. C. A.—WM. M. CARTER, Sec.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

23. Beverly, Cham., Nahant.	27. Great Head, 2d Cham.
23. Monatiquot, Open, Weymouth	27. Pleon, 2d Cham., Marblehead.
24. Quaker City, Cruise, Del. River.	30. Beverly, Cham., Mon. Beach.
26. Quincy, 2d Championship.	30. Hull, Cham., Hull.
26–28. L. Y. R. A., Cruise and Races, Toronto.	30. Cor. Open, Marblehead.
	30. South Boston Club.

"COMPROMISE SLOOPS" (SO-CALLED).

Editor Forest and Stream:

Possibly the fact that you deem it necessary to comment so freely, not to say facetiously, on my brief remarks printed in your issue of last week should be by me considered a compliment. Be this as it may, will you permit me to add that what you are pleased to term "Mr. Clapham's theories," as to the non-"hanging on" qualities of cutters without keels—namely, Genesta and Galatea—are not theories at all.

Any intelligent man who used his eyes while watching the Puritan-Genesta and Mayflower-Galatea races must have plainly seen that on several occasions when the cutters were sailing in the wake of the sloops the former pointed nearer the wind than the latter, yet at the end of the tack the sloop would "fetch" to windward of the cutter. If this did not show that the cutter was making leeway perhaps you can inform us what was the matter, and no theories about it.

For seven years we have been persistently told that such narrow and deep boats as the Genesta and Galatea must beat beamy boats of comparatively light displacement and carrying a centerboard when turning to windward in a breeze and a sea. That apple cart has now been effectively upset by Shadow, Puritan, Mayflower and Titania, all of them being sloops of practically the same type. The FOREST AND STREAM has recently admitted this to be the fact, but at the same time "theorized" to the extent of saying that some almost impossible combination of depth, narrowness and dead weight would, if produced, beat the "Burgess boats."

During this seven-year sloop-cutter controversy I have pinned my faith to the Shadow type of boat.

The success of Puritan and Mayflower is due, primarily, to John B. Herreshoff, who, sixteen or seventeen years ago, designed and built little Shadow; for all that is best in the two large sloops comes through introducing and fining down the lines of the small one.

It is a pretty time now to tell us that the two white sloops represent a new and compromise model of great depth and displacement, when for sixteen years we have had a deep sloop, relatively to her size, winning races each successive season.

Call the Scotch Thistle a compromise keel sloop and you will hit the mark, but please in any event do simple justice to the Shadow type of sloop. It is quite true that Puritan and Mayflower carry lead under them; but in view of the fact that some of us, thinking ourselves the wisest, have made great mistakes, may it not be quite possible that a carefully enlarged Shadow, carrying all her weight inside, where it belongs, would beat both of her big sisters?

Now, Mr. Editor, here's a chance for another lecture on theories, but please cast no sarcastic reflections on that good invention, the weather grip. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., July 1.

[We have not denied that in light weather neither Genesta nor Galatea has held to windward with the Burgess boats, the two former being decidedly lacking to windward at low speeds, though as the speed increased this disadvantage disappeared in proportion. The performance of two boats, however, in the face of much evidence on the other side, is no ground on which to base a general condemnation of all cutters. In all the others, from Madge to Bedouin, no such lack of weatherly power is seen; they can go to windward with the centerboards of their class, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the difference in the two large ones is due to some defect in them, rather than that it proves the entire type to be wrong. Clara, Oriva, Bedouin and Madge represent no "impossible combination," and it is certain that in the case of all but Clara, a boat of the same class and type built to-day would have many advantages in build and ballast over these, the newest of which is five years old, during which time many changes have been made. There are many others now besides the correspondent who are willing to sweep by Shadow, but before they can do this they must explain why, if they have believed so strongly in her, they have so persistently denied the value of depth. If the writings of Mr. Clapham are to be taken as evidence, it would seem that he has pinned his faith less on the "Shadow" than on the "shallow" type for many years. We have been over this same ground before with him, and have shown that Shadow is a deeper boat by far than her contemporaries, and also that she was far in advance of the boats of her day, so much so that she cannot be said to represent the ideas generally accepted and acted upon in 1871. In the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 14, 1886, appeared a letter from Mr. Clapham making the same claim, that Mayflower and Puritan were closely related to the old sloops, and giving some figures. We went into the question thoroughly at the time, and showed by many instances the incorrect nature of the claim; and it would profit little to repeat what we then said, to which Mr. Clapham made no reply at the time. No one disputes now the skill of the Herreshoffs, but for many years after Shadow was built no one cared to follow them in the matter of depth. No doubt but that Shadow of late years has exercised an influence on design in the East, but for one feature in which the new Burgess boats resemble her there are a dozen in which they differ radically. We have already compared her with the new Burgess cutter, Pappoose, and unfortunately there is nothing else in her class of modern build with which to compare her. Going to the Puritan class, the latest exponent of the new type, Voluuteer, an improved Mayflower as Mayflower was an improved Puritan, has a ratio of length to beam of 3.7, Shadow's ratio being 2.36. The ratio of draft to beam is 43 per cent. in Volunteer compared with 37 per cent. in Shadow, but this does not show the full difference, as Shadow's draft is largely at heel of keel, while Volunteer's represents actual depth of body amidships. One has all ballast high up, the other at the lowest possible point; Shadow has the sheer, counter and entire outline of the old sloops, while in these particulars the new boats are copies of the latters; Shadow is and has always been a sloop in rig, while the others are cutter in all but a laced mainsail. A Shadow properly enlarged to the length of Volunteer would make a fast boat beyond doubt, but no one to-day would put anything but a cutter rig over such a hull, and it is reasonably certain that with the same ballast plan she could win but occasional races from the leaden-keeled compromises. The subordinate place that New York holds to-day is mainly due to the position she has taken against low ballast; and some day, when they are even more hopelessly astern of Boston than at present, her yachtsmen will realize the truth of this "theory" that the FOREST AND STREAM has so long upheld. We do not wish to cast reflections on Mr. Clapham's latest opinion, as far as we can judge it is an admirable device for sailing boats and canoes, but if he will persistently tread on our pet keel, he had better rig out another guy or two, or we may be tempted to run it down.]

THE JUBILEE RACE—GENESTA'S LOG.

THE following are abstracts from the log of Genesta in her late race around the British Isles. The weather was light throughout the trip and there were no special incidents:

June 14—Weather fine and hot; light breezes east by south; started at noon and passed Sunk light vessel at 7:10 P. M. At 11 P. M. the wind died out and fog came up. Weather cleared next morning and at noon the log showed 80 miles from Sunk light vessel; distance covered in 24 hours, 118 knots.

June 15—Weather fine and clear; Genesta running with spinaker set; glass began to fall at 7 o'clock P. M. On following morning wind shifted to south by east; jibed and set spinaker on starboard side; distance, 24 hours, 100 knots.

June 16—Vessel still running with spinaker. Moderate breezes, which dropped away at night; distance, 24 hours, 130 miles.

June 17—Wind north, light and variable from east by south, south by west. Sighted Buchan Ness light on the port bow at 10:45 P. M., four miles away. Next morning at 9 o'clock passed Caithness. Wind light during most of day; 24 hours' run, 118 knots.

June 18—Weather fine and hot. At 12:30 took nice breeze from northeast and sighted Noss Head at 2 P. M. At 6 o'clock A. M. next day Cape Wrath bore seven miles away. Spinaker was set on port side and vessel run eight knots an hour; 24 hours' run, 140 knots.

June 19—Weather fine and clear; wind strong northeast. Run down to North and Little Minch. Wind freshened at 4 o'clock P. M., when spinaker and topsail were taken in, and set balloon foresail on the spinaker boom. At 6 o'clock P. M., off Mt. Hecla, wind and sea increasing so much that we hauled down one reef and stowed our balloon foresail. At 10:45 P. M., abreast of Barra lighthouse. The wind moderated early next morning, shook out reef and set jib-headed topsail. The wind backed to east by north at noon, when the spinaker was set; 24 hours' run, 204 knots.

June 20—Weather fine and clear. Wind moderating; swell setting in from north. Nearly ran over a dead whale. At 9 o'clock P. M., having logged 170 miles from Barra, we hauled up to southwest by south. At 11:30 P. M., abreast of Black Rock light, distance four miles. At 4 o'clock A. M. off Slyne Head, Galway. The wind was squally, but it veered to southeast and dropped away. Twenty-four hours' run, 125 knots.

June 21—Weather very fine and hot; wind dropped away to a calm, with a swell from the southwest. By 9 o'clock P. M. drifted down off Teraght lighthouse. Light air during most of the 24 hours. Distance run, 48 knots.

June 22—Weather fine and hot. Swell from southwest, light airs from northwest, which dropped away to a flat calm. At 5 o'clock P. M. were between Calf Rock and Dursey Head, Bantry Bay. We altered our course a little from Mizzen Head, where we took a light easterly breeze. Twenty-four hours' run, 140 knots.

June 23—Weather fine and clear, fresh breeze. At 9:30 P. M. took nice breeze from east-southeast, and saw Bishop's Rock Scilly, at midnight. Wind freshening; beat up Seven Stories lightship and Scilly. Wind still freshening, stood into Mount's Bay, Penzance, and under close-reefed main and foresail beat up around the Lizard in a moderate gale. Wind east, heavy sea. Twenty-four hours' run, 103 knots.

June 24—Rounded the Lizard at 12:30. Signaled our name to Lloyds and received back answer "First." Off the Marrack's buoy the wind fell light and we shook out a reef. At 9 o'clock P. M. we were under a whole mainsail and No. 2 jib. Beat all night under the shore, and next morning were off Dartmouth. At noon were off Exmouth, with wind dropping, Twenty-four hours' run, 100 knots.

June 25—Weather misty and wind dropping. At 9:45 P. M. saw Portland Bill lightship. Drifted around Bill lightship; took a breeze from the southeast and stood up to Anvil Point and crossed toward the Shingles; stood out on the port tack and then to St. Catherine's Point, and were abreast of it at 9 o'clock A. M. Signaled "all well" to Lloyd's. From here we worked up to Owers light vessel, which was reached at noon. Twenty-four hours' run, 110 knots.

June 26—Fresh breeze and hazy weather. Beat up under the shore and were off Beachy Head at 7:30 P. M., which we signaled. At 2:30 A. M., off Dungeness Point and crossed the line between Dover pier and the North Foreland high lightship at 5:15:30 A. M. Twenty-four hours' run, 86 knots. Following is the official score of the running:

Time.	Place.	Knots.
June 15, noon	Off Cromer	118
June 16, noon	Off Scarborough	100
June 17, noon	Off Frith of Forth	130
June 18, noon	Off Frith of Moray	118
June 19, noon	Off Stornoway	140
June 20, noon	Off Foreland	202
June 21, noon	Shannon	195
June 22, noon	Skelligs	48
June 23, noon	Between Scilly and Fastnet	140
June 24, noon	Kynance (by Lizard)	103
June 25, noon	Exmouth	100
June 26, noon	Owers	110
June 27, noon	Dover	86
Total		1580

A NEW YACHT FOR DETROIT.—The yacht built by the Detroit Drydock Co. for the City of the Straits Y. C., of Detroit, from designs by Mr. E. B. Wendell, was launched on July 2, and will be ready for the Interlake Y. R. A. regatta at Put-in-Bay. She is a compromise boat, 48ft. 9in. over all, 34ft. 11in. l.w.l., 15ft. 2in. beam, 5ft. draft, with 5 tons of lead in keel. She is cutter rigged, mast, deck to hounds, 40ft.; topmast, fid to sheave, 28ft.; bowsprit 24ft., boom 41ft., gaff 26ft. Area of mainsail 1,278sq.ft., jib 406ft., staysail 254ft.; total, 1,938sq.ft. She is unfortunately handicapped by the very awkward and inappropriate name of City of the Straits.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—On July 13 the fleet arrived at Bar Harbor. The accident to Gitana's mainsail was caused by a cigar thrown into it carelessly, burning a large hole.

HALIFAX JUBILEE REGATTA.

THE yachtsmen of Passamaquoddy Bay have agreed to give up their proposed regatta, the R. N. S. Y. S. promising to assist them next year in return, in organizing a regatta at Passamaquoddy Bay. The following correspondence has passed between Mr. Sumichrast and some New York and Boston gentlemen:

NEW YORK, July 4, 1887.

F. C. Sumichrast, Esq., Representing the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, Sturtevant House, New York:

DEAR SIR—On behalf of citizens of Boston and New York who desire to mark their appreciation of the courtesy of the citizens of Halifax toward American yachtsmen, we offer a cup by Tiffany & Co., to be sailed for by yachts belonging to the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron during the regatta at Halifax in connection with the jubilee celebration. The names of the subscribers will be forwarded to you with the cup. We are yours sincerely, George Vm. Curtis, Wm. Astor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Allen Thorndike Rice, Erastus Wiman, Chauncey M. Depew, Chas. F. Chickering, Norman L. Monro, James Russell Lowell, Wm. Butler Duncan, R. B. Forbes, Roderick W. Cameron, Wm. P. Douglas, Daniel Appleton, John P. Kennedy, H. M. Flagler, Committee.

STURTEVANT HOUSE, New York, July 7, 1887.

George Wm. Curtis, Esq., and others:

DEAR SIRS—I have the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your letter of July 4 informing me, as the representative of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, that you offer a cup to be sailed for at Halifax by the yachts of our squadron on the occasion of the Jubilee Regatta there next month. It gives me sincere gratification to accept on behalf of the squadron this very handsome gift, which will, I need not assure, be highly prized by the citizens of Halifax in general as well as by the members of our squadron, as more especially interested. The competition for this cup will be not the least attractive feature of the forthcoming regatta. Your valued gift will, I hope, be sailed for in the presence of a large fleet of American yachts.

I beg you will convey to the subscribers to the cup the cordial thanks of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron for the honor you have done them. I remain, yours sincerely,

F. C. SUMICHRAST,
Representing R. N. S. Y. S.

The course for this cup will be 21 miles, that for the leading races being 41 miles, from off Green Bank, Point Pleasant Park, to inner automatic buoy, thence around a triangle of 9-mile sides, and back to start. The R. N. S. Y. S. at its last meeting passed a vote of thanks to the yachtsmen of New York and Boston who had aided Mr. Sumichrast on his mission.

The following notice has been sent out on behalf of the Royal Nova Scotia Y. C.:

The Jubilee regatta at Halifax, N. S., will take place August 16 and 17 next. The dates have been settled after consultation with the leading yacht clubs in New York and Boston, and appear most suitable to the majority of yacht owners. The races are open to all American yachts, and entries, for which there will be no fee, may be made by mail or telegraph, with the Secretary R. N. S. Y. S., Halifax, Nova Scotia. Name of yacht, rig, length on load waterline, name of owner and of club, if any, should be given. The Eastern Y. C. having kindly agreed to sail their regatta at Marblehead immediately after the Goelet Cup races at Newport, yachts will be able to proceed from Halifax in ample time for the regatta and festivities there. On behalf of the R. N. S. Y. S. I express the hope that American yachts will visit our waters on this occasion, when they may depend on receiving a very warm welcome.—F. C. SUMICHRAST (Rep. R. N. S. Y. S.).

CAPSIZED CENTERBOARDS.

ON Saturday last a very severe squall broke over New York, a gale from northwest, with rain and hail, lasting about an hour. Again on Sunday, at noon, there was a second storm of almost equal violence, with a third and lighter one at 10 P. M. In these three many yachts and boats were capsized and a number of persons thrown overboard, but no correct estimate can be had. The proportions of drownings to capsizes are smaller than usual, as the weather was so warm that persons were lightly dressed and could well stand a few hours' exposure in warm water, while there were many boats out to the rescue as soon as the height of the storm was over. The conditions were very different from the early spring and the fall, when persons heavily dressed are thrown into ice-cold water that soon chills and numbs them. The squall of Saturday struck the fleet of the K. Y. C., nearly capsizing the Truant, but she sailed through it, though partly filled with water.

Among other capsizes on Sunday was that of a yacht with five men near Staten Island, the sloop Angler, with thirteen on board, all saved, one catboat near Robbins Reef, a yacht off Manhattan Beach, and a catboat near Barren Island. The crew of the latter, two men and a boy, were rescued by Mr. Hatch, of the Windward Club. Off Norton's Point the open boat Marion capsized, her crew of three being picked up by a rowboat. The catboat Ethel was capsized off Rockaway Inlet, her crew of four, with a dog, hanging to the bottom until rescued. Another party of six, three of them women, which started from Jersey City in a catboat, was rescued after the boat capsized by a young girl and a man who put from shore. A pilot who came up the Bay reported three capsized yachts outside the Narrows. In Jamaica Bay a boy was drowned from a capsized catboat, two men who were with him being rescued, while near Neptune station another capsize threw two men and two ladies into the water, but they were rescued. The steam yacht Reva blew ashore at Bay Ridge but came off safely. A seaman from the sloop Fanny was in the gig stowing an awning when the boat broke loose and was driven a long distance before help arrived and towed her back. On Saturday, at Rockland, Me., Frank Pollard was drowned by the capsizing of a centerboard boat, his companion saving himself by swimming.

A NEW HERRESHOFF STEAMER.

THE shoal draft steam yacht, Now Then, built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for N. L. Munro, former owner of the Norma and the Henrietta, arrived in New York on July 12 from Bristol, making the remarkable run of 130 nautical miles in 7h. 4m. The yacht is entirely new and this run was a trial trip. The course of the American Y. C., between New London and Larchmont, was run in 4h. 9m. The full times of the run are:

Newport	11:22	A. M.	Stratford Shoal	4:02	P. M.
Point Judith	11:55	A. M.	Eaton's Neck	4:47	P. M.
Watch Hill	12:56	A. M.	Larchmont	5:36½	P. M.
New London	1:27½	P. M.	New York, 24th St.	6:26	P. M.
New Haven	3:24	P. M.			

On July 13 the new boat made her first trip to the Shrewsbury River, where her owner resides in summer, beating the steamer St. Johns by several miles.

The Now Then is built with steamed oak frames 1½in. square, spaced 14in. and double skin of wood, the inner being of ⅝in. white pine and the outer of ¼in. selected yellow pine, with galvanized steel fastenings. The planking in each layer runs fore and aft, the two skins breaking joints, while the deck, of mahogany, is laid in a similar manner. The hull is 85ft. over all, 81ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and draws 30in. at lowest point of keel, with an extreme draft of 38in. under shoe. The least freeboard is 3ft. 6in. She has a long, clean bow, but aft the hull widens above water into a flat oval overhang, the object being to prevent squatting. The buttock lines are very easy, giving a good delivery of water to the screw, which is placed beneath the overhang. The triple expansion engine has cylinders 7⅜, 12 and 19in. × 10½in., and the coil boiler has 25ft. of grate surface. The screw has four blades 36in. diameter and the shaft is of 3¼in. steel. Mr. Munro offers to race any steam yacht in America with a record, over the A.Y.C. course, giving the competing yacht a start of ten miles.

VOLUNTEER.

OWING to delay in the iron work for boom and gaff the Volunteer will not be ready for sea before to-day. The joiner work, all white pine, is about completed below, and skylight and hatches are finished. The mainsail will have an extra cloth added, as time is too short to stretch it fully before the N. Y. cruise. The balloon jibtopsail is of linen and the spinaker of cotton. The blocks are of special design, the peak halliard blocks on the gaff being pear-shaped, with a roller in place of the usual hook and shackle on the span. Each of the three gaff blocks weigh 15lbs. less than Puritan's and 12lbs. less than Mayflower's. The peak halliards reeve through one double and one single on masthead, while the throat halliards have a four-sheave block on masthead and three-sheave on gaff. All will be of white ash, kilndried. The bowsprit can be run in about 8ft. The report is current that the width across the stern is less than in the original plans and also that the rail height is different.

PLEON Y. C.—The second regatta of the Pleon Y. C., of Marblehead, was sailed on July 13 in a light south wind. Lady May won in first class and Monarch in second.

LAKE ONTARIO.

BELLEVILLE, July 18.—Never, during the past thirteen years have yachting matters been so dull on the Bay of Quinte; but despite the apparent dullness on the surface there is a good deal of agitation beneath, as future developments will show. The fact is that the advent of the Boston compromise Merle, at Oswego, and the English cutter Cyprus, at Toronto, and their prospective appearances in the association's round of regattas has set the owners of the second class flyers to thinking how to beat these new importations. Cyprus does not excite much anxiety, but the most profound respect is held for Merle, which, at the recent rendezvous at McDonald's Grove, was greatly admired in all respects by experts. The result will be a thorough overhauling of Iolanthe and Laura, of Kingston, and the adoption of such improvements in hull, rig and ballast as experience or ingenuity can suggest. The old Surprise, of Trenton, is also being rebuilt and improved and will take a prominent part, it is expected, in the later races of the series. The new sloop Wanderer is an unknown quantity. It is thus apparent that the second class will this year be made up of the most brilliant performers that have ever answered to the gun on fresh water.

In Class A, Atlanta, with hull properly prepared and a new suit of canvas, will make a great effort to regain the laurels of which Norah deprived of her here in a fine sailing breeze and smooth water last year; while the latter, with improvements too numerous to mention, including lead keel, lengthened overhang, improved bow and new mast and gaff, will be found a hard nut to crack in moderate winds. She is now on a cruise around Lake Ontario with her owner, Mr. John Bell, Q. C., wife and family, and his son Mr. Robert J. Bell and wife on board. The big compromise schooner Oriole and the cutter Aileen have also shown great speed this season.

In the first class the sloop Cygnet and cutter Verve, of Toronto, have shown a considerable improvement on last year's forms. The former has been lengthened 6ft., and the latter has donned a new suit from Lapthorn's famous loft. White Wings, of Trenton, has been put in racing condition, and what with Garfield of Kingston, Ethel of Rochester and others not as yet known to fame, this will be a magnificent class, among which it will be no easy matter to pick the winner.

The races are close at hand, but so far none of the clubs have issued their programmes. Our local club will meet at an early day, although Belleville is last on the list, and of their doings I will keep you advised. PORT TACK.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

THE fleet of the A. Y. C. was at the rendezvous off New Rochelle on Friday evening, at least as many as could get there, for a number of yachts lay becalmed at a distance, and their crews were out of reach of the dinner and reception prepared by the N. R. Y. C. in their honor. Some came in during the night, and at 9:30 Saturday the fleet attempted to get under way, but there was no wind. All day they drifted with light airs only, the squalls that visited New York passing over the fleet. It was nearly 9 P. M. before the fleet anchored off the George Hotel at Black Rock, where they were invited to a hop which filled the rest of the evening. On Sunday the yachts lay at anchor, service being held on board the Gevalia, schr., by the Rev. H. H. Thomas, chaplain of the club.

The programme for Monday was to race to New London, but the wind was so light at the start that Morris Cove, New Haven, was decided on instead. After a slow run in light airs the fleet arrived there in the afternoon and anchored for the night. On Tuesday, a start was made under similar conditions for New London, the fleet arriving late in the evening. On Wednesday, a race will be sailed from New London to Shelter Island, the fleet racing in classes. The runs thus far have been timed, but owing to the weather the results are valueless as tests.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C., JULY 16.

FOLLOWING up the idea of class races through the season the Knickerbocker Y. C. held a race for open boats on July 16, the starters being: Class A—open sloops, 27ft. and over—A. Doelger's Adelaide and F. E. Barnes's Zena. Class B—sloops under 27ft.—Christie Sturz's Duster and T. R. Smith's Rosetta A.; Class C—cats 23ft. and over—Geo. Green's Adele, Com. Rosenquest's Mayotta and A. Kerker's Truant; Class D—cats under 23ft.—C. B. Thompson's Bubble and C. W. Nolze's Ida K. The course was from the clubhouse around Fort Schuyler buoy, 10 miles; allowance 1m. per foot. The wind was light southwest and tide flood at the start. There was a pretty race out to the mark which was timed thus:

Truant	4 13 24	Adelaide	4 23 04
Zena	4 14 23	Rosetta A	4 25 59
Adele	4 19 20	Ida K	4 26 30
Duster	4 19 40	Bubble	4 26 50
Mayotta	4 20 56	Idalia	4 29 45

On the way home Truant continued to lead until off Classon's Point, when a very violent storm struck the fleet. The wind blew a gale from northwest, while rain and hail fell heavily. The fleet reduced sail, only Zena carrying through the squall. Truant partly capsized and filled, but was finally sailed home partly waterlogged.

CLASS A—SLOOPS 27FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zena	3 15 43	5 35 00	2 19 17	2 15 04½
Adelaide	3 18 11	5 54 22	2 36 11	2 36 11

CLASS B—SLOOPS UNDER 27FT.

Duster	3 16 25	5 47 05	2 30 40	2 30 41
Rosetta A	3 16 25	5 57 07	2 40 42	2 40 02

CLASS C—CATS 23FT. AND OVER.

Adele	3 17 56	5 40 51	2 22 55	2 22 48¼
Truant	3 16 11	5 42 15	2 26 04	2 26 02¾
Mayotta	3 17 20	5 45 02	2 27 42	2 27 42

CLASS D—CATS UNDER 23FT.

Ida K	3 16 17	5 55 40	2 39 23	2 39 15½
Bubble	3 16 02	Not timed.		

SPECIAL CLASS.

Idalia	3 16 21	Not timed.		

In class A Zena beats Adelaide 21m. 6½s. In class B Duster beats Rosetta A. 9m. 22s. In class C Adele beats Truant 3m. 14s., and in class D Ida K. wins.

It was intended to settle the question that arose in the spring regatta between Surprise, Idalia and Thisbe, by a race on Saturday, but only Idalia started.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C., JULY 9.—The races for the Lorne and Landsdowne cups were sailed on July 9, over a course on Toronto Bay from the club house through western channel to bell buoy, thence to buoy five miles to the eastward, thence to buoy five miles out in the lake and about south of the club, thence to finish off Exhibition wharf. The wind was very light at the start, 2 P. M. Aileen and Oriole started for the Lorne Cup, and Verve, Cyprus and Yolande for the Lansdowne Cup. The wind was fluky and the yachts also failed to find the eastern buoy, so the race was resailed on July 16, the yachts starting in a 20-knot breeze as follows: Aileen 2:21:25, Cyprus 2:21:50, Verve 2:22:50, Oriole 2:23:50. Out to east buoy spinakers were carried, though they were almost unmanageable at times. The turn was timed: Oriole 3:00:30, Aileen 3:03:00, Verve 3:12:00, Cyprus 3:16:45. On the next leg, close-hauled, Aileen carried away the jaws of her gaff, losing a good deal of time in making repairs. The turn at south buoy was timed: Oriole 3:37:00, Verve 4:00:00, Aileen 4:03:30, Cyprus 4:10:00. Aileen finally gave up and Oriole won the Lorne cup. Cyprus carried away her topmast head and could set only lower sails, while Verve had No. 2 topsail and jibtopsail set. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cyprus	6 10 15	3 48 25	3 25 02
Verve	5 52 10	3 29 20	3 13 53
Oriole	4 57 00	2 33 10	2 33 10

Oriole holds the Lorne cup for this year and Cyprus scores one leg out of three for the Lansdowne cup.

CAPE COD Y. C.—The postponed race of July 4 was sailed on July 16 over a 11-mile triangular course. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Madge, Cummings & Howes	1 02 03	2 01 01
Percy Allen, F. Allen	2 09 36	2 05 56
Ariel, H. H. Sears & Co	2 01 15	2 07 08
Guinevere, Von Bacon	2 21 00	2 16 58

Fawn's time not taken.

SECOND CLASS.

Iris, E. D. Crowell	2 31 15	2 30 59
Magic, T. P. Lewis	2 38 20	2 38 12
Gracie, J. Crowell	2 44 28	2 44 17
Daisy, H. C. Radford	2 44 38	2 44 38

The judges were F. H. Sears, David W. Sears, E. B. Sears.

AREOLAS Y. C.—This club sailed a regatta on Sheepshead Bay on July 16. The catboat race was won by Lily B., and the jib and mainsail race by Ida T.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The first championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on July 16, the courses being: For first and second classes—From judges' line, leaving buoys 5 and 3 on starboard, Halfway Rock on starboard, can buoy on outer breaker at Pig Rocks on starboard, buoy off Tom Moore's rocks on port, buoys 3 and 5 on port to judges' line, 10 miles. Third class—From judges' line, leaving Chappel's Ledge buoy on starboard, Gooseberry Ledge buoy on starboard, stakeboat one-half mile off Marblehead Rock on starboard, buoys 3 and 5 on port, to judges' line, 6 miles. The summary was:

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gem, C. S. Dennison	26.03	2 42 15	2 11 34
Countess, R. S. Sewall	30.03	2 43 53	2 16 53
Agnes, W. E. Cummings	26.00	3 00 42	2 29 42
Echo, E. L. Burwell	24.10	3 05 58	2 33 54
Majel, W. H. Wilkinson	26.09	3 16 15	2 46 00

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.04	2 43 04	2 09 05
Petrel, H. H. Paul	21.09	2 51 25	2 15 26
Sprite, H. M. Sears	22.08	3 12 19	2 37 31

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	23.01	3 17 57	2 43 40
Saracen, W. P. Fowle	23.10	3 17 43	2 44 20
Otter, Percy Chase	23.03	3 19 35	2 45 34
Carmita, C. S. Eaton	21.02	3 22 54	2 46 09

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Viva, C. H. W. Foster	19.06	1 55 39	1 32 09
Dash, A. S. Browne	20.02	2 03 54	1 41 00
Josephine, D. H. Follett, Jr	18.08	2 07 01	1 42 45
Banshee, H. P. Benso	17.11	2 09 28	1 44 10
Pixy, F. W. Chandler	20.09	2 07 09	1 44 45
Nevena, R. Saltonstall	20.10	2 08 56	1 46 15
Dolphin, Royal Robbins	17.02	2 13 11	1 47 23
Tyro, J. C. Mills	20.00	2 11 53	1 48 53
Greta, S. G. Allen	20.00	2 14 37	1 51 07
Carrie, Poor & Rice	19.02	Withdrawn.	
Polly, J. L. Putnam	20.10	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Wraith, J. B. Paine	19.01	2 08 29	1 44 36
Nixie, A. L. Cochrane	20.09	2 07 03	1 44 42
Vera, Paine & Randall	19.09	2 10 26	1 47 10

Prizes, first class keels—Gem, first prize, $10; Countess, second prize, $5. Second class centerboards—First prize, $10; second prize, $5, Petrel. Second class keels—First prize, $10, Witch; second prize, $5, Saracen. Third class centerboards—First prize, $10, Viva; second prize, $5, Dash. Third class keels—First prize, $10, Wraith; second prize, $5, Nixie. Championship pennants are also awarded in each class of keels and centerboards, to be won twice to become the owner's property. The Witch has not yet been officially measured, and the prizes in her class are awarded subject to her measurement. The judges were Vice-Commodore I. S. Palmer, W. W. Whitcomb and Oscar E. Doolittle.

HULL Y. C.—The first championship regatta of the Hull Y. C. was sailed on July 16 in a light S.W. wind. The summary was:

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS—6 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Posey, R. G. Hunt	22.02	1 37 48	1 06 32
Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	27.10	1 36 45	1 09 14
Rambler, J. J. Henry	26.08	1 29 21	1 11 09
Folly, J. F. Shepard	26.07	1 30 57	1 12 42
Secret, E. F. Linton	22.06	1 34 03	1 13 02
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	22.00	1 38 08	1 16 45

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Thelga, H. J. Johnson	22.01	1 38 32	1 17 03
Halcyon, J. R. Hooper	22.00	1 42 59	1 21 36

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Coyote, W. Abbott	20.03	2 01 13	1 38 23
Mabel, F. L. Dunne	19.11	2 07 54	1 44 47
Tartar, J. B. Forsyth	19.07	2 09 46	1 46 21
Tom Cat, C. H. Lockhart	19.00	2 13 09	1 49 11
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.05	2 16 10	1 52 36
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.03	2 18 14	1 55 24
Trouble, J. B. Mason	20.00	2 20 51	1 57 48
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.01	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Vesper, R. M. Benner	19.00	2 31 41	2 07 43
Zetta, G. E. Fowle	20.06	2 38 42	2 16 05

FOURTH CLASS.

Victor, S. A. Freeman	17.05	2 05 03	1 39 30
Zoe, W. A. McField	18.01	2 06 10	1 41 18
Mirage, C. E. Jordan	17.05	2 18 40	1 51 07
Spray, C. F. White	18.04	2 28 52	2 04 15
Idlewild, J. H. Conant	17.00	2 30 48	2 04 48
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.01	2 27 18	2 02 26
Flora Lee, E. B. Glover	16.08	Withdrawn.	
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.09	Withdrawn.	
Arab, H. Waldo Friend		Withdrawn.	
Laurel, R. C. Smith	16.05	Withdrawn.	

The judges were M. J. Kiley, J. R. Chadwick and B. W. Rowell.

SAVIN HILL Y. C.—The first race of the season was sailed on July 16, in Dorchester Bay. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Jester, W. A. Besarick	19.04	1 26 30
Alice E., Coleman	22.10	1 29 15
Aida, Stark & Scott	24.02	1 41 20
Flora, W. E. Briggs	19.06	1 46 15
Rover, J. H. Stark	21.08	1 50 50
Anemone, H. G. Patten	22.06	1 51 30
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn	21.09	Not taken.
Eldrian, G. W. Adams	27.10	Not taken.
Emily, T. Badger	22.08	Not taken.

First, Jester; second, Alice E.

FOURTH CLASS.

Norah, E. M. Dennis	1 30 12	
Avis, I. H. Odell	18.09	1 37 14
Gypsy, A. Lawrence Kidd	15.02	1 44 20
Moya, J. H. Shaw		1 46 00
Iris, Capt. Sheehan	15.09	1 46 20

First prize, Nora; second, Avis.

FIFTH CLASS.

Ione, T. M. Hodgson	12.06	0 29 00
Volante, R. K. Rice	11.02	0 48 00
Bessie, J. L. Corr	14.00	0 49 00
Little Alda, Stark & Scott	10.00	0 49 30
——, Darling	13.06	Not taken.
Belle Helene, W. A. Shaw	12.08	Not taken.

First prize, Ione; second, Volante.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S. RACE, JULY 9.—Course No. 1—Starting from H. M. lumber yard to Litchfield Buoys thence to inner Automatic Buoy (red); thence to Rockhead Shoal Buoy, leaving these marks on port hand; thence to Litchfield Buoy, leaving it on starboard hand, and finish off H. M. lumber yard. Distance, 16 miles, 5 cables. Weather, fair. Wind, light, south to southwest. Tide, ebb:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed
Wenonah, Jas. Stairs et al	46.25	1 30 00	5 13 55	3 43 55

SECOND CLASS.

Halicia, Capt. S. Trott		1 30 00	5 24 23	3 44 23

THIRD CLASS.

Lenore, H. C. MacLeod	27.02	1 30 00	5 16 00	3 46 00
Psyche, Capt. L. G. Russell	24.02	1 30 00	6 11 25	4 41 25
Hildred, W. G. Jones		1 30 00	6 12 32	4 42 32
Hebe, Capt. S. Trott	25.00	1 30 00	5 29 30	3 59 30

FOURTH CLASS.

Phantom	24.09	1 30 00	Gave up.	
Daphne, F. H. Bell et al	23.07	1 30 00	6 18 55	4 48 55

Winners: First prize, Lorne Cup, Lenore; second, Wenonah; third, Daphne. The start was a flying one. Phantom crossed the line before second gun and was recalled. Regatta Committee—Officers of the day, Judges—Vice-Com. A. C. Edwards and A. Allison.

MONTGOMERY SAILING CLUB.—Ninth cruise, July 17.—Course from Morristown to Indian Creek and return. Distance, 5 miles. Weather clear and hot. Wind fresh, westerly, making it a beat to the buoy and a run home.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Flying Eagle, J. Berndt	15.00	9 00 00	10 36 23	1 36 23
E. C. Potts, Parker Bros	15.00	9 00 00	10 45 13	1 43 33
Igidious, W. Rotchell, Sr	15.00	9 00 00	10 44 10	1 44 10
Josephine, E. Sowers	15.00	9 00 00	10 46 00	1 45 25
Gracie, E. A. Leopold	12.00	9 00 00	10 57 50	1 48 47
Elsie, E. MacAllister	15.00	9 00 00	11 11 09	2 08 17

The four leading boats are Delaware River tuckups and are limited to 180ft. mainsail. With a crew of three men and a steady wholesail breeze with smooth water they do their best work and probably cannot be beaten under such conditions by any other style of boat carrying the same amount of sail. Winner, first prize, champion pennant, Flying Eagle. Judge, Wm. Rotchell, Jr.

R. Y. S. JUBILEE RACE.—On Aug. 8 the R. Y. S. will start a race for a prize of £800 from Cowes to Cherbourg, thence around Eddystone Light and back to start.

WHAT TO DO IN THE WATER.—Just at this season the number of deaths from drowning is greater than at any other time. Many of these might be prevented if the simple points were observed of keeping the mouth closed and the hands down when thrown into the water. The first involuntary act is to throw the arms and head up, immediately submerging the entire body, while the mouth is opened to cry for aid; at once filling the lungs with water. Many persons will float steadily if the body is kept as far under water as possible, only the nose and mouth being free. Remember that every ounce *out* of water is trying to sink you, and every ounce *under* water is trying to float you at the surface. On the back, with mouth closed except to breathe, and hands and arms extended, the hands paddling a little vertically, any one can keep afloat for a few minutes, often giving time for aid to arrive. The following, published some time since in the London *Times*, is worth a careful reading: "When I first went to sea at the age of 12½ years I fell overboard in the Bay of Biscay when the ship was going ten knots with studding sails set. A heavy sea was running, and the captain wrote that he had never known any one saved under such circumstances. I had been taught to swim at Eton, where I had gained some proficiency in diving for chalk eggs. This practice gives a boy the two qualifications to which, under Providence, I owe my life—first, that of not being afraid when under water, being in the habit of swimming about under water looking for the eggs which had been scattered; and, secondly, that of treading water, for we used to come up with eight or ten eggs, two or three being stowed under one's arm-pits, and we had to retain them all and put them into a punt or they did not count. My first sensation on feeling myself in and under the water was to force myself in the customary way to the surface and then, seeing the ship sailing away and the lifeboat apparently close to, to try the good straightforward breast stroke recommended by the secretary of the swimming association. Less than a minute convinced me of my error. My cloth uniform was very heavy, as it was midwinter, I was losing all my strength, and filling my nose and mouth with spoon drift. I at once gave it up, turned around and trod the water as long as I could; and when I could no longer do that, turned on my back and floated, in which position I was picked up by one of two cutters sent to search for me, as they had lost sight of me from the ship. I will not take up your space by praising the smartness of the ships or speaking of the officer, still living, or crew who manned that boat. My only object in writing is to add my testimony to that in your issue of to-day, that the 'art of sinking,' added to that of quietly waiting—treading water and floating—till assistance can reach you, will be found far more efficacious than wasting power by swimming."

PAPPOOSE AND SHONA.—Owing to the fact that these two boats, as well as Shadow, are in the same class in the E. Y. C., they are generally considered to be evenly matched; a supposition which is very unfair to the smallest of the three. Under the rule of the club the two larger pay practically nothing for their excess of sail area, but the racing is virtually on waterline length, while in other clubs about Boston the three race on mean length. The unfairness of the comparison is admitted in the following by the *Boston Herald*, which has always been opposed to the extreme type which Shona represents. The practical application of the differences of these small boats to the larger ones opens also an interesting field of speculation: "The races thus far this season seem to have resulted in contests between 'pairs,' and the Pappoose and the Shona form one of them. The victory of the Pappoose over the Shona, in certain quarters, seems to be taken as a great one, and thus in locating the Shona, the Pappoose outsailed Watson's best five-tonner. This is not so, for the five-tonner Doris can easily outsail the Shona. In fact, the latter never held first prize in her class in Scotland. The Shona could be stowed away in the Pappoose, so great is the difference in the relative bodies of both yachts. The Pappoose is to the Shona—as the Thistle is to the Irex—greater in displacement, beam, sail area and draft. The Pappoose measures over all 44ft.; waterline, 26ft., beam, 12ft. 5½in., and draft, 7.9ft. The Shona is 32.7ft. on the waterline, 5.75ft. beam, with about 7ft. draft. By the above it will be seen that the Pappoose is over 3ft. longer on the waterline, and nearly 6ft. wider. The Pappoose has a very high freeboard, for her size, and this makes her more powerful than the Shona at great angles of heel. The same advantages that the Thistle has over the Irex the Pappoose has over the Shona, and, with the results of the race between the Pappoose and the Shona and the Thistle and the Irex before one, the conclusion must be that a keel vessel with moderate beam in racing weather is apt to be faster than the 'plank on edge,' which is unable to carry the driving power of a yacht with greater beam. According to a gentleman who was on board the Shona in the Eastern Yacht Club race, in the head sea and windward work, the Shona got the best of the Shadow. The result of the race proved that the Shadow, in the race, handsomely defeated the Shona. In the Thistle, Watson has adapted the hull to the driving power he wished to put on it, and the result is that he has got a good, beamy, powerful and remarkably fast yacht."

Q. C. Y. C.—PROFESSIONAL vs. AMATEUR.—Cooper's Point, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notwithstanding the little unpleasantness arising from the distribution of prizes in the annual regatta of the Quaker City Y. C. it is hoped everything will be amicably arranged. The regatta committee worked faithfully for the interest of the club, and as judges decided by the letter of the law, and as I feel assured conscientiously, yet, in my opinion, erroneously. It is, however, an open question that may be settled hereafter, and in the meantime let us call a halt. I desire in this connection to thank the committee for their valuable assistance in my official duty as measurer. That the club is on the verge of disruption, as some alarmists predict, is without foundation in fact. Will you kindly once more give your views as to what constitutes a professional boat sailor.—R. G. WILKINS. It is impossible to give a hard and fast definition of a professional, but any man must be considered such who is paid for his services in sailing yachts, or earns his living wholly or in part by labor about the water, as in fishing craft, coasters or other working boats. Of course this would not apply to naval officers or officers of large vessels, and many cases must arise that will be difficult to adjust, but the best guides are the broad principles that an amateur is one who sails for pleasure and with no idea of money profit, and that he should not be forced to compete with those who have become proficient through regular work about the water.]

A JUBILEE RACE OF HIS OWN.—Mr. R. T. McMullen, the singlehand sailor so well known to yachtsmen through his books, "Orion," "Cruise of the Procyon," "Cruise of the Leo" and "Down Channel," is nothing if not original, and it will not surprise any one to hear that as he was dissatisfied with the arrangements for the R. T. Y. C. Jubilee race, he has started and sailed a little Jubilee race of his own in the famous old Orion, 20-tonner, of 42ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and 7ft. draft. Mr. McMullen believed that as a matter of sentiment the race should be entirely and not partly around the British Isles, and so chose the former course for his race. On July 10 he left Dover with a crew of two seamen and a friend, and sailed east and then north, around the Scotch coast and Ireland, arriving at Dover again on July 2. At the finish Orion crossed her original starting line, fired a gun, and made a tack or two for good measure, before taking in sail. The distance was 1,800 nautical miles, made in 22 days, and the entire undertaking speaks well for the spirit and pluck of the four men on board.

A STOLEN VESSEL.—On July 16 a large sloop was sighted by Capt. J. H. Mulligan of the Life Saving Station at Sandy Hook, with no one in command and sails flapping as she headed for the beach. With his crew he boarded her and found only two boys on board. The name on the stern was R. A. Marsh, while in the cabin was painted Mary A. Marshall, Prince's Bay. The prize crew sailed the vessel to Stapleton, S. I., where the boys were arrested. They proved to be Charles Holt and Charles King, of Boston; both runaways. How they came in possession of the vessel is a mystery.

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The articles of incorporation of the Corinthian Y. C., of New York, were filed at Albany on July 13, the objects of the club being set forth as being to promote the interests of yachting in American waters; to increase the knowledge of naval architecture and of navigation; to encourage and promote sailing designing, management and the handling of yachts by their owners. The trustees for the first year are C. Smith Lee, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, A. Bryan Alley, Evan Clark and J. Murray Mitchell.

A CUTTER IN A GALE.—The Cypress afforded a very interesting sight to yachtsmen on the bay yesterday afternoon. The wind was blowing a gale from the northwest as the little Scotch cutter left the R. C. Y. C. moorings to beat across to the T. Y. C. house. The skipper carried a small jib and the mainsail triced up, and with a lee rail several inches under fairly ploughed through the water. The boat, as seen from the R. C. Y. C. launch, was a sight to gladden a yachtsman's heart.—*Toronto Mail July 11.*

THE WHITE SWAN'S CHALLENGE.—The challenge issued by Mr. Frank E. Brown in behalf of the White Swan was taken up by Black Cloud, Wona and Viola, and sailed on July 12, from Gloucester around the Isle of Shoals. Starting at 8 A. M., Black Cloud turned at 3:15 over a mile ahead, and arrived at 9:24 P. M., with White Cloud at 9:35.

BANSHEE.—A fine little cruiser of the compromise type has just been added to the fleet of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., the Banshee, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, and built by Poillons under Mr. J. F. Tams's supervision. The Banshee is a centerboard boat with a deep lead keel of 7 tons, and cutter rigged. She is 48ft. 6in. over all, 39ft. 9in. l.w.l., 14ft. beam, 5ft. 11in. draft. Below she has a large stateroom on starboard side, a toilet room forward, an extra stateroom on port side, and a very good saloon aft. She was launched on July 12 in the presence of her owner, Mr. P. S. Pearsall, of Black Rock, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Pearsall, Miss Pearsall, Mr. Thomas Pearsall, Mrs. J. J. Thorne, Miss Cochrane, Miss Endicott, Mr. J. Fred Tams, Mr. Daniel Lindley, Mr. J. F. Schiff, Mr. E. Robbins Walker, Mr. F. M. Cronise, Mr. Frank Polk and Mr. Wm. Bond. The yacht was launched with topmast on end and all ready for a trial trip, the christening being done by Miss Lottie Pearsall, who broke a bottle of Irish whisky over the bows.

DELVYN AND BEATRICE.—A private match was sailed on July 6 between these two yachts for a $50 cup, the course being from Larchmont around the Gangway Buoy, two rounds, making two legs to windward and two free. Delvyn is a 5-ton cutter, 33ft. l.w.l., 5ft. 5in. beam and 6ft. 8in. draft; while Beatrice is a centerboard sloop, 31ft. l.w.l., 12ft. 6in. beam and 3ft. 3in. draft. On the first round a squall came up which sent the cutter ahead so far that she had a lead of over a quarter of an hour at its termination. Beatrice gave up at the end of the first round, Delvyn finishing alone. The judges were Messrs. Monroe and Flint, Larchmont Y. C.

R. J. DOUGLAS & Co.—The firm of R. J. Douglas & Co., successors to Powell & Douglas, has lately been changed by the withdrawal of Robert Douglas, whose place is taken by Miles G. Nixon, of Chicago. Mr. Nixon is well known as a yachtsman and designer, and under his practical supervision a still higher standard of excellence may be looked for in the work turned out by the firm.

CHALLENGE TO OPEN BOATS.—Hugh Masterson, of Bridgeport, Conn., will match his 20ft. boat Americus against any 20ft. boat in the world for $250 or $300 a side. Race to be 10 miles to windward and return, boats to be rigged jib and mainsail. Challenge open for the next thirty days.

YACHTING NOTES.—Nokomis, schooner, has been chartered by J. D. Cheever, of New York....Thistle, sloop, has had her mast cut off 4ft. at Mumm's....Nirvana, keel sloop, has stepped a new mast 6ft. 4in. longer with larger rig....Carlotta, schooner, is fitting out at Mumm's Basin.

BURLINGTON BAY.—The second series of yacht races for the championship of Burlington Bay was sailed at Hamilton on July 16, resulting as follows: First Class—Surge, Coquette, Cacique. Second Class—Flirt, Mystery, Stella. Third Class—Flight, Rustler, Adeline.

DEATH OF EX-COM. HUSSEY.—Mr. Henry Hussey, ex-Com. South Boston Y. C., died on board the steamer Saale on her last voyage to New York. He had been to Germany for his health but was ordered home. For three years he was commodore of the South Boston Y. C.

ULIDIA-SCHEMER.—The three matches outside of Sandy Hook between these two yachts will be sailed the last of this month.

BEVERLY Y. C.—A regatta was sailed off Monument Beach on July 16, the winners being Surprise, Mist and Elinor.

RACING ON THE SHREWSBURY.—A race was sailed on July 13 in which Daisy and an unnamed boat won.

GENESTA.—Genesta is now racing in the A Class with the spars and ballast she first carried in 1884.

BRUNHILDE, schooner, J. J. Phelps, sailed from St. Croix on July 12 for Bermuda.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. D.—See our game columns.

B. L. C.—See our shotgun columns.

A. G. W., Miramichi, N. B.—Write to Fred Allen, Monmouth, Ill.

TADOUSAC.—Writer of paper on Tadousac will please send address.

S. M. H., Boston.—For trout to stock with apply to F. M. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass.

ROMME.—Go into a New Orleans gun store and they will give you the information.

BARCHLAND, Silver City, Utah.—Letter sent to you has been returned. Please send address.

D. J., Exeter, N. H.—Write to Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 84 & 86 Chambers street, New York city.

J. P. V.—We have written to address given about "Woodcraft" poem, but letter has been returned. Please send correct address.

NORTH WOODS, Yonkers.—Woodcock are not so abundant in the Adirondacks that any special point can be recommended to you. For deer go to Fenton's at Number Four.

J. A. M., Middleburgh, N. Y.—If three tied on score of 9, one broke 7, and two tied on 5, the one who broke 7 won second prize. Those who broke 9 divide first or shoot off for it.

A. C. S., Ithaca, N. Y.—Richard D. Sears, of Boston, is the champion lawn tennis player, and has been ever since the championship matches were established at Newport in 1881.

J. J. S., Chicago.—1. Bogardus uses a Scott gun, Carver a Greener, Paine a Smith & Wesson pistol. 2. There is no other .22 that we know of. For snap rifle shooting get Raub's trap and flying target; see advertisement of them elsewhere.

C. R. K.—1. Write to C. A. Coleman, Moscow, Maine. 2. A rifle is the proper weapon for deer. 3. Choose a caliber not smaller than .38. 4. If you use a chokebore shotgun chamber the buckshot on a wad at the bore to determine proper number to load in a layer in the shell.

A. E. M.—1. Most all of the winning Irish setters in this country have Elcho blood in their veins. 2. Write to W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y. 3. As to muzzle the standard says, "the color of the nose dark mahogany or dark chocolate." As to color the standard says, "white on chest, throat or toes, or a small star on the forehead, or a narrow streak or blaze on the nose or face not to disqualify." See full standard in "Standards and Points of Judging."

A. N. S., Brooklyn.—Will you kindly give me the address of parties of whom I can purchase helgramites, as I intend spending a couple of weeks in Sullivan county, at White Lake, where I hope to catch some black bass. If you know of any other good bait for bass, will you kindly mention it? Ans. We do not know of any one who keeps helgramites for sale, certainly not in the city. At Greenwood Lake some of the guides keep them. Take some saltwater shrimps with you, alive or salted, and you will find them a good bait.

E. N. F. Northampton, Mass.—If by a mishap a bitch is served by a mongrel, are the pups of future years liable to take back to the mongrel to their detriment in any way, if sired by a thoroughbred? Ans. This is a mooted point. We have seen many cases of such mishaps, but we have never observed anything in the subsequent produce to justify the conclusion that they were in any way influenced by the previous sire. In one instance a pointer bitch was by accident bred to a bulldog and had a litter of promising bull pups, but in all the subsequent litters no trace of the bulldog was to be seen.

A. J., Solomon City, Kans.—Please decide the following: Shooter No. 1 goes to score, calls pull; the bird is thrown from trap; he shoots; bird alights near trap; judge calls dead bird. Other shooter, No. 2, stands back watching bird; boy traps another bird and is coming in; boy attempts to catch bird; shooter No. 2 challenged the bird; it on being approached by boy flies away; shooter No. 2 had not been called to score, nor had he gone to score nor had five minutes elapsed. Ans. No. 2 had not lost his right to challenge, and his challenge being manifestly a correct one, should be sustained.

W. D. C., Katama, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.—The State of Massachusetts exercises jurisdiction over all ponds over twenty acres. Now, assuming such natural pond, first, would it be lawful to anchor a boat in such pond to shoot ducks therefrom? second, is it lawful to shoot ducks from a boat in this State? Of course the foregoing applies to the open season. Please answer with as much degree of certainty as possible, as sportsmen here are in doubt as to their rights under the law. Ans. So far as game laws go, the size of the pond is immaterial. The law (Chap. 276, Laws of 1887) imposes a penalty on any one who "shoots at or kills a wild fowl or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds, with or by the use of a swivel, or pivot gun, or by the use of a torch, jack or artificial light, or pursues any wild fowl with or by aid of a sailboat or steam launch." This we do not construe as forbidding shooting from a rowboat at anchor. A special law (Chap. 246, Laws of 1886) prescribes that "whoever shoots at or kills any wild fowl or any of the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds from boats in the harbor and great ponds of Nantucket, and the waters in and around the islands of Tuckernuck, Muskeget and the Gravelly Islands, shall be punished for each offense by a fine of $20."

INFORMATION WANTED.

G. T. wants to know best points for quail in northern Virginia and West Virginia in the fall.

Dr. G. V. H. wants address of Savannah, Ga., publisher of a chart of the Okefinokee Swamp. He proposes to go there with a party in the fall.

Will some of your readers please give me a receipt for cleaning the corrode left by powder from a rifle barrel, which will not injure the rifling. This corrode was caused by the rifle not being cleaned after use.—S. R. N.

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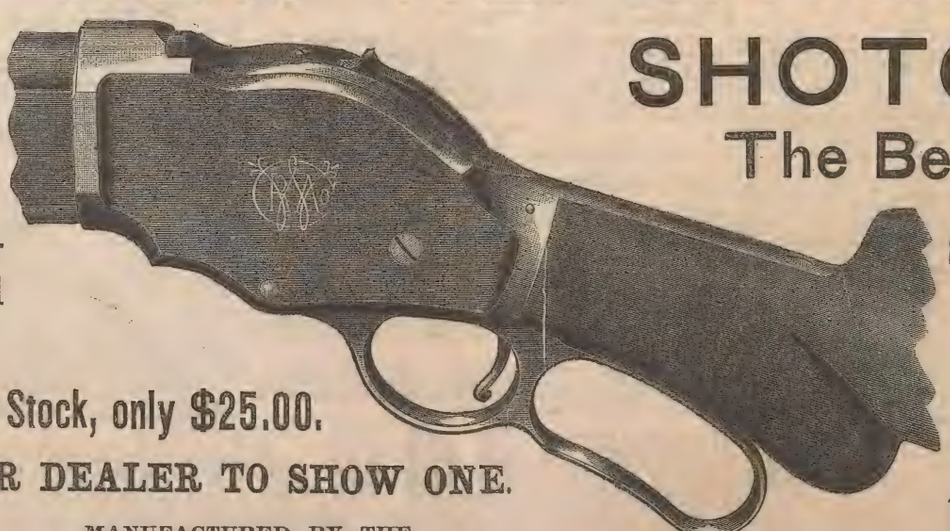
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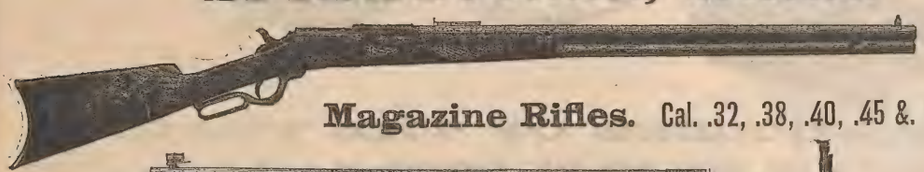
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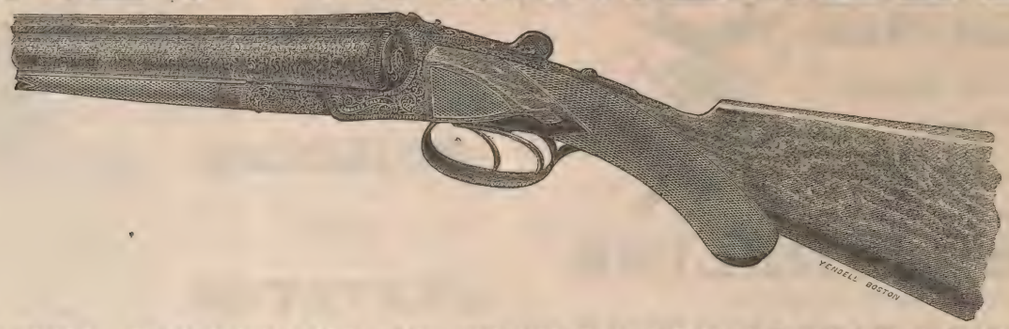
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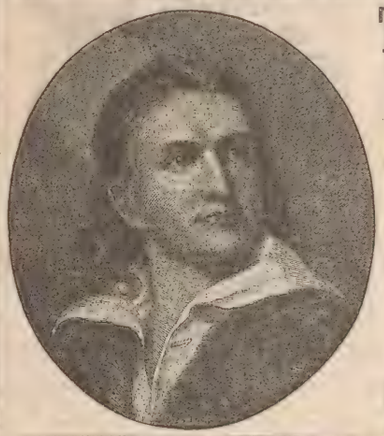
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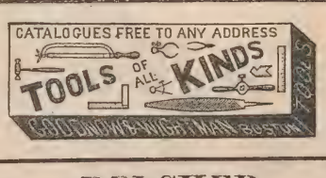
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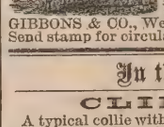
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